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# Wicked

A Harry Potter Fan-Fiction

Desolate03

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## Prologue

He'd never thought it could be like this.

After all, his life was supposed to have ended nearly a decade ago. He toyed with the end of his wine glass as he looked at the blood red liquid with only bored interest and then a slow smirk formed over his sensuous lips. His life *did* end a decade ago.

Now he was merely the walking dead, a vampire. He took a long, languid sip of his wine and sighed in appreciation. He moved with an elegance and confidence that made vampires even older than himself quake in their boots. His footsteps echoed through the enormous chamber as he strode along the blood red marble floors to the long oak paneled doors; with a flick of his hand, the door opened for him and the servants on the other end stopped and kneeled.

"High Lord," they stated in deference.

He bowed his head in acknowledgment and kept moving. He was a little preoccupied this night. Something was coming. The tapestries of old and the pillars carved of black marble barely fazed him as he walked towards the main doors. It was time to feed; his fangs elongated at the thought of a luscious neck to quench his need, yes, mortals were good for something. A guard noticed his approach and came forward.

"Bring the car around," he said, his deep sultry voice flowing deep into the guard's mind as he trembled in fear and pleasure at the sight of High Lord in front of him.

"Yes, Excellency," he stated and hurried off. A dark chuckle came from the shadows and the High Lord smiled, baring his fangs.

"You have come home," he said warmly, very pleased that his old friend had returned. A shadow disconnected itself from the remaining shadows and flowed forward like a tide of darkness. The body of a lithe man formed as he gracefully sank to his knees before the High Lord. The Lord scoffed. "Come now, none of that, after all, you are my mentor and the only family I have left." The man rose, and a small darkly beautiful smile formed over his full lips.

"We are family aren't we?" he purred as he came closer and wrapped his long, pale arms around the High Lord. The Lord sighed, at peace for a moment in the arms of the man he loved more than his own father. The sweet scent of the night clung to him and the High Lord breathed it in with giddy excitement. "A little giddy tonight are we?" The voice that was usually cold had warmed to a gentle amusement.

"No, anxious, something is coming. I can feel it in the air," the Lord said as his eyes lit with mischief and power. "The sweet smell of death is in the air, the hunt shall begin shortly. Will you join me?"

The man shook his head and bared his teeth in a savage grin; his fangs elongated briefly and then retracted. "I have had my fill," he said laughing slightly, his raven locks cascaded over his shoulders,

down to the middle of his back. The soft moonlight glinted off the silk black, button down shirt he wore, and the snakeskin leather black pants that looked to be poured on. "I leave the rest of the night to you."

"Why thank you," the Lord said dryly. The main doors were opened and the rays of the moon rolled over the stretch limo that was now out front. The Lord glided down the steps and then tossed his head as he looked back at his mentor. Silvery blond locks cascaded over his shoulders down to his slim hips, which were encased in black leather pants. His eyes flashed glacial blue and he smiled coyly. "You are keeping secrets Sev, what has made you so happy tonight?"

Severus Snape laughed out loud, the sound so rich it felt like velvet caressing soft skin. "I have found a toy to play with." A shaped eyebrow arched in question. "Another time Draco, the hunt awaits." He smiled and then winked playfully as he sashayed his way into Draco's home.

"God, the man is like a teenager again." The smell of fresh blood wafted through the air and Draco Lucius Deveroux Malfoy, High Lord of Europe grinned savagely as he climbed into the limo.

"Where to, Excellency?"

"Take me to Wicked," he said as he looked on the floor of the limo. A man laid there, blood slowly making its way from his body from the cuts along his wrists. "You will taste like fine wine, mortal," Draco stated, his eyes dilating until only the pupil remained. With his undead strength, he lifted the man, held him like a child as he squirmed and begged, and sank his teeth into his jugular. His body sang its pleasure as he drank greedily. The man did taste like wine: like wine, sex, prime of his life, and vitality. His heart began to speed up like a distant echo to Draco's senses, before it slowed to a grinding halt. Draco sat up and licked his lips, his eyes lighting up with renewed power. Tossing the now dead body on the floor away from him, the vampire crossed his legs casually as he watched the city of Paris fly by him. He had been in the city for only five years and yet he was weary. He had power, money, and everlasting life... but what was eternal life... with no one to share it with?

Draco sighed heavily, but a small sneer formed over his face as they entered the Red Light District. It was really called the Lair, but it didn't matter what name the humans gave it; it was still his part of town. The chauffeur opened his door in front of a nondescript building with a very long line waiting outside of it. Even from here, Draco could feel the pulsating beat of the bass as rock, techno, and gothic wafted out into the night. As he made his way towards the front of the line, a face caught his notice.

It was one he'd never forget.

"Harry Potter," he breathed as he took in the sight of his nemesis. For being twenty-eight, Potter looked almost two decades older. He was bone thin, his eyes dead, and a sickly pallor clung to his skin. Draco took an unnecessary breath to sniff the air around the wizard and smirked. Ah, so the Boy Wonder was lonely, tossed aside like a dog after his job was done, or did he just leave? Draco cocked his head to the side as he thought and then gave a gesture that looked like a shrug but was too graceful to be just that.

"Hey, you can't just... Oh hey, Boss." The burly security guard corrected his tone immediately as he saw Draco's eyes flash coolly.

"Bernard," he said smoothly as he walked in, "bring that skeletal mortal right there to the VIP lounge. He is... an old friend," Draco drawled.

Bernard just nodded. "Sure thing, Boss," he said and as Draco turned towards the pulsating dance floor and the gyrating bodies he gave a sexy laugh and smiled.

The Golden Boy was entering his domain.

The night was looking up already.

## Chapter One

"Hey, runt, Boss wants to see you, follow me," the big brute said. Harry barely acknowledged him; he was in a haze of his own misery. He did hear the words 'Boss', 'see', and 'follow me,' but that was it. Harry just shuffled along after him. Wicked was actually his favorite place to be, he could fade in here with all the other rejects of society and fit in like a charm. No one knew he was the savior of the wizarding world. No one knew he was an orphan who had relatives that beat the living shit out of him for years. No one knew that after a war that he didn't start, but finished, that all those he called friends would reject him, or did he reject them? He was never too sure about that.

The bass of the techno music throbbed through him like magic pumped life into this ill begotten world. It made him feel alive, and every night he left, he felt death creep into him like a long lost lover. Following the Brute, as he'd dubbed him, Harry noticed vaguely that he was being led to the very back of the club: the VIP section. And this, he knew, was no ordinary VIP section; this was for those people who were so filthy rich they could crash here and spend twenty thousand francs every night for five years straight and still have millions upon millions to do away with.

The walls were made with silk, blood red wallpaper, the floors done with ebony marble and an Oriental silk runner thrown over it. Mirrors ran along the ceiling and torches lined the walls that were done in twenty-four carat gold engravings. "Nice place."

"This is the Boss's private lounge," the Brute grumbled and Harry Potter was intrigued: okay, so this was for the filthy rich over the lesser filthy rich. Mr. Brute man pulled back a heavy looking, blood red velvet curtain and revealed a room with suede couches and chairs decked out in a rich crimson red with modern stainless steel end tables and coffee table and a black rug added harshness to the cream marble floors. Harry whistled lowly.

"Nice place your Boss has here."

"Well thank you Potter, it seems you have some taste after all," a very familiar voice drawled. Harry focused his gaze through his cracked glasses to the man sprawled on the couch like he owned the place, which, in fact, he did.

"But, you're dead," Harry said, "you can't be alive." A drop dead gorgeous Draco Malfoy lounged in front of him, a glass of white wine dangling from his long, elegant fingers. He was wearing black leather that looked poured onto his legs, snakeskin dark blue boots and a matching dark blue silk shirt that had the top two buttons undone revealing a smooth expanse of creamy, alabaster skin. His hair was still that silvery blond, but was longer as it fell like a wave down his back and shoulders to pool a little in his lap. Playful silver blue eyes flashed at him and he waved a hand towards one of the two love seats.

"Join me, please, Bernard, please bring Harry some food, he looks like death warmed over." The Brute or Bernard gave Harry a scathing glare but did as his boss commanded. Once they were alone, Harry turned back to Draco and narrowed his gaze.

"You're dead."

"That I am," Draco said as he gave him a salute with his wine glass and drank some. Harry blinked and then Draco smiled and that answered all his questions; he had fangs.

He was a vampire.

"How?" Harry asked snapping slightly. Draco arched an eyebrow.

"Well, Voldemort did have vampires on his side. Let's just say that they got out of control and killed at least two hundred of his precious Death Eaters. Bunch of bloody cowards if you ask me." Draco snorted. Harry narrowed his eyes further.

"You were one of those cowardly Death Eaters." Draco laughed.

"Shows how much you bloody Order Members knew." Draco rolled up his left sleeve casually showing his long slim arm, completely free of the Dark Mark. "Had I been a Death Eater and been killed by a vampire, *before* the Dark Lord's demise then I would have that horrific tattoo on my beautiful skin," Draco rolled his eyes and his full sensuous lips curved into a smirk, "but as you know, I was supposedly 'killed' before Voldemort even fell."

That was true; Draco's body had been found hours before Voldemort had finally fallen. They had never been able to deduce what he had died from, because as soon as they came for the body, four hours later, it had mysteriously vanished. "So you weren't a Death Eater."

"No Harry, I wasn't." Draco cocked his head a little and smiled. "I can call you Harry, right? I mean, why should we be enemies now, it's been, what, a decade since we last saw each other?" He eyed Harry up and down. "I would think you'd be living like a king now."

"Some people didn't see it that way," Harry said lowly. Bernard came back with a tray of every kind of meat, cheese, and fruit Harry could dream of. He felt his mouth watering and as soon as it was set in front of him, he dove in.

"For Merlin's sake Harry, have some semblance of manners. Get him a bloody glass of water to wash it down," Draco said, exasperated. Bernard went to the bar that was on the very far wall, poured Harry a tall glass of water, and brought it back to him. Harry mumbled his thanks with a mouth full of food and nearly choked. "Slow down," Draco said lowly. Harry blinked and found himself doing exactly what the ex-Slytherin wanted. "Thank you, now, when was the last time you ate?"

"Um, maybe a month or so," Harry said softly. "I'm not really sure, the days seems to blend together."

"Are you tripped up on something?" Draco asked narrowing his eyes. "You don't smell of anything, but—"

"No, just tired, I don't sleep that well," Harry mumbled.

Draco's eyes widened in realization. "Ah, nightmares, they get you mortals like bees get honey. A shame really, I don't dream anymore," Draco said almost wistfully. "I just sleep and rise. It gets lonely

sometimes." There was an aging wisdom in his eyes, Harry saw, and then it was gone, replaced by one of the snotty masks he always had when he was younger. Harry cocked his head, now that he thought of it, Draco looked like he was twenty-eight or slightly younger, how was that possible when he'd died at eighteen?

"You've aged, how is that possible?"

"Oh, don't tell me you believe all of those bloody movies do you?" Draco asked, scowling. "Let me give you the truth. If a vampire is turned at a very young age or even at eighteen, he or she will age until he or she chooses otherwise. I have met vampires that have chosen to stop aging at eighteen, but then when trying to fit into society, even the nightly variety, they would look at you like a child. So, I decided to age until I was at the point where my youth was still with me and yet I look like an adult as well. I stopped aging when I was twenty-six." Draco shrugged. "It's all about preference."

"Oh, but what if you were changed later on in life, like say forty?" Harry asked, remembering as well that Severus Snape had mysteriously vanished right around the same time Draco did. Draco gave him a slow smile.

"You are thinking about Sev, aren't you?" Harry's eyes widened and Draco tapped his temple. "I can hear your thoughts clear as day. Unfortunately for you, Severus is still alive as well, he was killed after Voldemort's demise so his Mark is no longer there, but he is a vampire and stopped aging immediately. Older people do not get a choice, their bodies just stop aging, no one really knows why. He's beautiful too." Draco smiled fondly as he thought of his mentor.

"I'd always wondered what happened to him," Harry said as he munched on the remaining food. Draco drank the last of his wine and shrugged.

"Now you know." Draco eyed him. "I brought you back here for a reason and that reason is to figure out why the hell you look so terrible. Did they just throw you out or something, or did you choose to be rejected?" Harry blinked and Draco watched as he closed in on himself; his eyes dulled, his body curled in on itself. Draco was shocked.

"A little of both I guess. After the war... so many had died, and then everyone began pointing fingers." His eyes darkened in anger. "Those I thought were my friends turned bitter at the family they had lost because of 'my recklessness,' what a load of bloody bullshit. After a while, I stopped denying it and stopped going out. I went through my inheritance within a few years. I gave nearly everything I had besides the clothes on my back to those damn people as an apology, and tried to provide for those that had lost everything. Bloody ingrates," he said. Draco looked at him and realized that this wasn't the same Harry Potter he knew as a boy.

This one was defeated.

He didn't like that at all.

"I have a proposition for you," Draco stated.

Harry looked up at him through those ugly and broken glasses with a curious look on his face. "A proposition?"

"Yes, I help you get back up on your feet, and you keep me company."

Harry blinked and then laughed bitterly. "Keep you company?" he asked incredulously. "What the bloody hell would you need company for?"

Draco narrowed his eyes and turned away from him. "Vampires are very social creatures, we like decadence, blood, music, sex, and companionship. I have found my mentor, my teacher, in Severus, but he has his own life. I have no one to come home to. I want a companion to while away the night with; I want someone who will stay with me and only me for all time. For eternity."

Harry looked at him with wide eyes. "You want me to be your lover?"

Draco gave him a soft smile and a small chuckle.

"No, not lover, at least, not yet. Vampires mate for life, Harry, and though I may have wanted to make you miserable in school, I would never condemn a person to eternal darkness if that wasn't what they truly wanted. We choose companions first, and if we happen to fall in love with them and they with us, we give them the choice of joining us, if not, they shall remain our companions until we find that special someone."

"And what happens to them afterwards?" Harry asked.

"We let them go, they will die mortal," Draco said softly. Harry was puzzled. "You have a question." It was a statement and Harry blushed; blast, Draco'd read his mind again.

"You said if you fell in love with them, the vampire would make their companion a vampire, right?" Draco nodded. "But then you said if you didn't, they'd just stay a companion, but wouldn't that mean they'd die, or at least grow old?"

"No, a companion is a mortal who is both mortal and immortal." Harry blinked and Draco laughed. "What I mean is that the chosen person will drink from the vampire that they will be companion to. That small amount of blood will stop their aging, giving them everlasting vitality and youth, however, they can walk during the day and eat regular food. They'd basically live like a mortal, but for many years. I have met companions to vampires that had been companions for centuries."

"Wow," Harry said softly. Draco stood and Harry jumped as he just appeared before him.

"So, what do you say?" Draco purred. Harry felt himself shiver under that intense gaze. He looked at the exquisite creature in front of him and then at the opulence and wealth all around him. "I will give you the world and then some." Harry gave a weak laugh, but choked on it at the sheer lust in Draco's gaze. Be Draco's companion for the rest of his life... but what a long life. There were so many advantages to that. Harry thought that it was a little selfish of him to be thinking only for his own gratification. "But



Harry, who else do you have to look out for now, but yourself? You've taken care of everyone else since you were eleven and look at how they repaid you. You've earned your due."

"But—"

"What do you have to lose?" Draco asked and Harry knew the answer right away: nothing. He had nothing to lose. Harry stood up, and found to some degree of satisfaction that he was taller than Draco. Draco arched an eyebrow and gave a slight tilt to his head and Harry felt lower than dirt. How did he do that? "Practice." Harry held out his hand, vaguely remembering Draco doing the same thing so long ago. He found himself wondering silently what would've happened if he'd taken Draco's hand all those years ago.

*We shall find out.* Harry was startled when he heard that rich velvety voice in his head and then was shocked again when he felt the smooth, elegant manicured fingers of Draco's hand wrap around his like steel, sealing their bargain. Draco smiled dazzlingly. "Welcome to your new life, Harry."

Harry prayed he hadn't made the biggest mistake of his life.

## Chapter Two

They left Wicked after that. Harry eyed the way everyone either bowed or cowered away from Draco in fear and respect at the same time. "So who are you in your new world?"

"What do you mean?"

"These people," Harry waved a hand at all of them, "they bow and cower away from you like you're a new Voldemort," he said lowly. Draco arched an eyebrow and laughed, but then his face turned somber and Harry saw a flash of concern flow over his eyes.

"Are you really so tired that you didn't notice the glamour?" he asked. Harry just blinked slowly and went over Draco's appearance again. There was something new. Around his neck was a choker; it was very old and expensive looking. It appeared to be made of platinum and was encrusted with a row of large, crimson red rubies.

"That must have cost a fortune."

"No, it was given to me, to signify my rank and office."

"Huh?" Harry said dumbly. Draco sighed and waved a hand; a chauffeur quickly jumped out of the stretch limo they were standing by and opened the back door. Draco casually made a motion with his hand signaling Harry to go first. Harry hesitated a brief second before entering the limo and Draco followed after him.

"Where to, Excellency?" the chauffeur asked.

"To my estate," Draco said. Harry turned and looked at him.

"What are you some kind of king or something?" Harry asked and then his green eyes narrowed. "Just who are you to these people?" Draco casually looked down at his nails before lifting one hand to brush along the choker around his neck. Harry watched as the stones seem to come to life, they pulsated briefly before just glowing dimly as he removed his hand.

"This choker is a Signet. You do know what a Signet is, don't you?"

Harry thought about it and took a chance. "Isn't it like a seal of some kind?"

"Yes, technically it's a seal used for official document or letters. Or it's a ring with the seal of a family crest on it." He brushed his fingers lightly against the stones again. "This is a seal of office, vampires are very organized, and they know that if mortals knew about us we would be in grave danger. With that in mind the Ancients of our race went to wizards and sorcerers and Elves and asked them to create five different Signets with a consciousness of their own to determine who would be strong enough to rule over the underworld."

"So there are four other vampires like you that are... what?"

"They are called Lords or in case a female takes the Signet, Ladies of the continents they rule over. I am a special case," he stated softly. Harry had a sinking feeling of what that was.

"You rule over them, don't you?" he asked slowly and Draco nodded.

"I am the High Lord; this Ruby Signet signifies my rank over all vampires in all territories, including the present Lords or Ladies. I am also the Lord of Europe. My prime estate is actually in Italy, however I have estates in every major country in Europe and a few in other continents as well, specifically for my use when I am visiting. The Signet chooses who should rule in each area, and they rule until they are killed, and whoever kills them takes their place."

"Wow," Harry said softly. He watched as the streets of the Lair faded behind them and the more posh and expensive places of downtown Paris emerged. "So where is your estate here?"

"On the other side of the city," Draco said quietly and then smirked. "It's actually right next to one of my Malfoy estates here in Paris." Harry laughed softly at the irony, and then fell silent. "Is there anything else you want to know?"

"Yes, I guess my first would be: when will you feed on me?" he asked. "Or will you?"

"I will," Draco said slowly, "but you don't have to worry about that right now. Right now, you need to be concerned with getting healthier and once you are better and your magic is where it should be, then I will feed from you and give you enough blood to be my Companion. After that, I may feed on you once or twice a week to keep the bond between us strong. As the years progress I will not have to feed on you so often."

"Am I supposed to travel with you to all of these places?"

"Of course," he said, "you must be with me at all times. Because you are my Companion, you'll have the same authority and respect given to you that I have. Companions influence their Lords or Masters very much," Draco frowned as he tried to explain. "We wish to please you. We vampires believe that the mortals who give themselves to us are very generous with themselves and very... brave if you will. So we try to make the transition and their life as wonderful as possible." He looked at Harry and smiled impishly. "I am sadly no different. You will probably find yourself very spoiled soon. I appreciate that you accepted my offer, I was beginning to feel very lonely, and a lonely vampire is not a happy vampire."

"Why not, you'd think with all the power and fortune you have you'd be able to have anyone you want," Harry said, flabbergasted.

"I am able to have anyone and anything that I want, however, what are all the time, money, and pleasure in the world if there is no one to come back to at sunrise? No one to listen to me voice my worries or ideas with, no one to be with me when I do not feel like going out at night?" Draco sighed. "Being a vampire is a lonely existence sometimes. Sometimes it drives the vampire to commit suicide. They have to watch all those people and things that they loved and held dear die as the decades pass... and they are still here, walking the earth to a constant drum of long night, blood, and decadence. It

makes one bitter, and it makes us forget that we too were human once," Draco said softly, "It is why we seek out those who will keep us in line, but also make our long lives more enjoyable. You were my rival, Harry, you always tried to keep me in line, to keep me from making mistakes. I feel that if circumstances had been different, and we had been friends, that you would have been my confidant as well."

"You've changed," Harry said softly. "Who are you and what have you done to the Draco Malfoy I used to know?" he asked teasingly. Draco laughed despite himself.

"I grew up; you would have too when all of eternity waits for you to claim it," he said. Harry nodded slowly, understanding for a moment the exhilaration and the fear that your life is your own, but that independence comes with a price. Draco's humanity was stolen from him and he was given immortal life, to a certain extent, the burden of all that time on his hands...

"I never thought of it that way until now," Harry said. "And when you became High Lord, you now have a purpose?"

"Yes, I have a purpose, but for the last eight years, that is all that has been standing between me and the brink of insanity. It is why I opened Wicked; it gave me something to do. And then I saw you there tonight... so defeated; I didn't like it. So in that short span of time, I decided to take a gamble and make you my Companion, if you'd have me as your Vampire Lord." He grinned, his fangs glinting. "And you accepted." The limo slowed to a halt and the chauffeur jumped out, ran around, and opened the door. Draco gracefully climbed out, while Harry clumsily followed him and then his jaw dropped at the huge building.

"*This* is where you live?" he asked. "There has to be six floors in this place."

"There are, the bottom two are for the household staff, guards, and the kitchens and supplies. The two upper floors are training rooms, meeting rooms, ballrooms, and the two uppermost floors are my personal residence, as well as yours now."

"I don't get my own room?" he asked and Draco chuckled.

"No, silly wizard, you sleep with me," he said casually and began walking up the stairs to the entrance to his home. Harry shook his head and hurriedly followed. Two butlers opened the doors.

"Excellency," they said in unison and Draco nodded in acknowledgment.

"Where is Severus?"

"Master Severus is in the library."

"Excellent, thank you," Draco said and glided past. Maids and male servants alike all bowed to him and looked curiously at Harry. "Emily, darling, there you are," he said warmly to a harsh looking woman in a severe black servant's dress.

"Yes, Excellency?" she asked warmly and her eyes showed surprise as she gazed at Harry. "And whom have you brought home with you?"

"This is Harry Potter, Emily, I knew him from my mortal life, and he is going to be my Companion." Her eyes widened and many gasps could be heard from behind them. Harry bowed his head, embarrassed; he looked half dead and Draco looked, well, absolutely drool worthy. "As you can see he has fallen on hard times, so we need to fatten him up and get him out of those appalling clothes."

"Yes, and out of those dreadful glasses," she added and looked him up and down scrutinizing every part of him. "Well, once he's fed, slept properly, dressed nicely, and clean, he will be beautiful. Come," she said, seemingly taking on the challenge with happiness, "let's get to work, Mr. Potter."

"Harry, please."

"Very well, my Lord," she said and began pushing him up the grand staircase. Harry looked back beseechingly at Draco, but the High Lord merely smiled one of those rare and beautiful smiles at him as if he were more precious than gold and Harry didn't have the heart to ask him to rescue him from this woman.

He took one last look at the regal vampire before Miss Emily pushed him into a huge bathroom and began his 'makeover'.

"Harry Potter, hmm?" Severus asked with some disdain.

"He is not the same, Sev," Draco said sadly as he lay his head in Severus's lap, letting the elder vampire run his fingers through his hair. "He's so defeated, so broken, whatever happened after we died and then rose and woke, and it hurt him terribly."

"They looked at him as if it were his entire fault?" Severus inquired.

"Yes, I believe that's part of it and he bent over backwards trying to help them. Sev, he bloody well blew all his money and time and energy into helping them regroup from the war, and they just basically gave him the finger and said: sod off. It isn't right," Draco said firmly.

Severus nodded to himself. "You're right it isn't right, but that is the way they think. They blame him because they don't want to point the blame at themselves."

"It's sad really," Draco stated, his eyes closed, his body relaxed but alert. Severus's silence was his agreement with that statement. They sat in companionable silence, before there was a soft hesitant knock on the door. "You can enter," Draco called out. Harry poked his head in before shuffling in almost shyly. Draco smiled. "You look much better."

And he did. His hair was clean and hung thick and silky, framing his face nicely and brushing his shoulders. His skin had been scrubbed until it glowed softly and creamy pale. He was wearing some of Severus's clothes, much to Severus's agitation. Harry looked very good dressed in all black: black cashmere slacks, a black silk shirt, and black loafers. The only thing unchanged was the wariness in his

eyes and those hideous glasses. "I feel much better," he said and then looked at Severus in shock. "Hello Prof—"

"I am no longer a Professor, Potter, just call me Severus or Snape," Severus said with a smirk. Harry was having a very hard time coming to grips with the fact that he thought his old professor... beautiful. Perhaps because he didn't see it those years ago, how striking Snape was, how all those harsh angles made him different, so different that no one understood him. The darkness of his gaze, its intensity, the dark power that lurked behind those onyx eyes, the temptation they cast, and the paleness of his skin—that sick pallor had now given way to such a creamy paleness his skin looked the color of the moon. It was all wrapped up in what was 'Severus Snape' and Harry was just now seeing how tempting the package really was.

"Severus then," Harry said after he stopped staring. "How are you?"

"Very well thank you," Severus said, surprised to say the least. Draco motioned for Harry to join them.

"Do you find the accommodations to your liking? If not I can change something for you."

Harry blushed and ducked his head. "You don't need to change anything for me." He looked at Draco slightly bemused. "You've always had amazing fashion sense, it extends to interior decorating as well; every room here is gorgeous. It's really marvelous, Draco."

"I'm glad you like it," Draco said warmly and then his gaze became predatory. "Come here, please." Harry went from being comfortable to being on edge in two seconds flat, but regardless, he still stood and walked towards the two vampires lounging in the other couch. Draco turned his head slightly and sat up. Severus nodded, kissed his temple, shot Harry a scathing glare that Harry interpreted as 'You hurt him, you're dead,' and left with the grace and deadly stride of a tiger.

"Yes," he said as he sat down in the place Severus has just vacated. Draco held out his hand.

"Do you trust me?"

"I don't trust anyone," Harry said quietly. Draco seemed unfazed by this, but still held out his hand. Harry put his hand in his and made a startled noise when he was pulled into Draco's lap. Though he was weak, he would have had to be deadlier than dirt not to feel the immense power rolling off of Draco in waves now that he was within his personal space. "Merlin," Harry breathed. Draco nuzzled his throat, and licked the spot where his pulse lay.

"Relax," he purred, "this will be very pleasurable in a few moments."

"Wait... I thought you said you'd wait until I was healthier." Harry squeaked in protest.

"My blood will help you," he said in that rich velvet voice of his. Harry felt Draco's fangs sink deep into his throat; it was painful and then Harry went boneless. Mind numbing pleasure scorched through his body like fire as Draco began to drink deeply. This was better than about three-quarters of the sex he'd ever had and the vampire was only sucking on his neck. Harry whimpered in disappointment, when

Draco raised his head. He watched, fascinated, as Draco licked the blood off his lips and then lifted his wrist, keeping eye contact with Harry as he bit into it. "Drink," he demanded. Harry took Draco's wrist carefully into his hands, bent his head, and began to suck. A guttural sound came from his throat; Draco's blood was like honey. It was so sweet it burned down his throat like Fire whiskey, but ten times headier and a lot more powerful. "Enough," Draco said lightly as he pulled his wrist from Harry's grasp.

"God," Harry moaned; his body felt tired but energized, hot yet cold, satiated yet burning with a need that only the beautiful creature in front of him could sate. "You taste like the finest wine." Draco stared into Harry's eyes; they weren't dead anymore, they burned like emeralds and he nodded his approval.

"I gave you enough to help you heal. You will probably pass out soon, but we will do this a few times a week. Once you are healthy enough I will make you my Companion." He sat back, thought, and then nodded. "By that time it should be time for me to go to Hogwarts." Harry blinked at him and Draco gave him an apologetic smile. "I'm sorry, but I have been summoned," he scoffed at that, "by Dumbledore himself. He actually asked me if I had seen you around."

"Wait till he sees me as your Companion," Harry said. "I never wanted to go back."

"Well, now you will have to, but just think, they cannot touch you; you are mine. To do so would be instant death."

Harry gave him a shaky laugh. "I'm sure you'd just love that."

"I would," Draco said seriously and Harry looked at him in surprise. "They had no right to treat you the way they did. Death is almost too good for most of them. But that is a few months off. Concentrate on getting better. Between then and now, there are many things you will have to learn and Severus will teach you while I am in meetings and otherwise occupied with my duties. Let's get you to bed, you are about to fall over."

"But I'm not..." Harry trailed off as his vision began to blur and he fell into Draco's solid chest.

*Sleep*, Draco commanded and Harry felt his head loll to the side as he lost consciousness, blissfully sinking into the darkness, unafraid.

He didn't dream.

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### Chapter Three

Harry woke automatically. He didn't know what had woken him; he just knew that it was time to get up. He felt around and finally found the nightstand and slipped on his glasses. Even through the cracked lenses, he saw that he was laying on a huge king sized four-poster bed made out of expensive ebony wood. Black silk clung to his skin and a satin black comforter kept him toasty and warm. Harry turned on his side and froze.

Draco was lying next to him pale as death. Harry felt his heart begin to quicken, cold fear running like ice through his veins. "Fuck!" Harry swore harshly, but he didn't move. He looked like he was made from alabaster marble, there was no life; he didn't breathe. Harry slowly reached forward, touched Draco's pale elegant hands, and then jerked his hand back at the iciness of that skin. Draco's full lips parted and he took a shuddering breath, his eyes opened slowly and he blinked. Every movement seemed like it was painful.

"Draco?" Harry whispered. The High Lord turned to him slowly and his lips curved into a smile.

"Good... to see you awake," he spoke slowly, articulating every word carefully. "How... do you feel?"

"I'm fine, thank you, but what's wrong with you?" Harry asked. Draco let out a slow chuckle.

"It is still day," he said simply and his eyes closed, but he opened them again. "Before... sunset... my body slows down... my brain becomes muddled, it happens... to all..."

"Shh, I'm sorry I woke you," Harry said softly. Draco tugged at his hand, brought him close, and kissed his temple.

"Don't... worry about it," he said sluggishly. "Either lie still... or go walk around until I get up."

"When are you truly supposed to rise?" Harry asked as he slid from the bed. Draco was already going to sleep.

"Two... hours," he said and then he stopped moving all together.

Harry smiled and silently left the large darkened room. He had to blink several times as his eyes adjusted to the light and he slowly made his way down the white marble hallway. Tapestries hung on both sides of the walls that displayed wars, death, famine, and all were vampires. It was almost beautiful in a way, but all Harry could see was the destruction. It hit far too close to home still.

"Oh, my Lord, how are you this early evening?" Miss Emily smiled at him. Harry smiled a bit shyly and shrugged.

"Draco just scared the life out of me. I thought he was..."

"Dead, my Lord?" Miss Emily said with a knowing smile and Harry nodded slowly. "Well, he is in a way. The blood of us mortals keep him alive, without that blood he can sustain himself if need be on animal blood, but for not long. Until the sun sets, he is somewhere between death and life, his body moves



slower, his mind functions at a rate we humans would think fast." Miss Emily sighed and then smiled brightly at Harry. "Most times he has to wake alone, I'm so happy you are here my Lord, just having someone with him makes him happier," she gave a quick curtsey before turning to leave.

"Wait," Harry called out.

Miss Emily turned and looked at him with curiosity. "Is there something you need, my Lord?"

"Yes, why do you call me Lord?" he asked.

Miss Emily smiled softly. "Why you are Companion now to the High Lord, your official title is High Companion or High Lord Companion, once he places his mark upon you, and then all the servants shall call you Sire or Your Grace. Dinner is at seven my Lord, have a pleasant evening," she said and hurried off, leaving Harry standing dumbfounded.

When Draco fully woke, Harry was right by his side. He was pleasantly surprised and told Harry so. Harry just smiled. "I was afraid of getting lost, the place is bustling, but I really didn't see anyone around besides Emily."

"Severus still sleeps, and my personal guards are off until I ring them to tell them I'm awake," Draco said quietly as he stared intently at Harry. "Come, walk with me, I will explain to you how you are supposed to act."

"But dinner is in forty-five minutes. Don't I have to get ready? Miss Emily—"

Draco brushed his cold fingers along Harry's lips and smiled softly. "I am High Lord, a meal can be arranged to be sent to our rooms," he said simply. "There are more important things to discuss first, and then I will take grand pleasure in bossing you around and fattening you up." He winked impishly. Draco rolled off the bed elegantly and stood gracefully, Harry climbed clumsily after him as the vampire Lord walked slowly out of his bedroom and into the torch-lit hallway.

"You said something about talking about how I am supposed to act?" Harry said softly as they walked through the quiet halls.

Draco nodded and smirked softly. "A Companion in many cases is looked on with contempt and disgust. Some vampires merely think of Companions as a concubine, or a whore." He saw Harry flinch, and put a hand on his arm. "However, they are wrong, a Companion is much more than that."

"If they got that impression, they must have gotten it from somewhere," Harry said bitterly.

"They did. Most vampires, who are not of nobility, or at least within a Court of some kind, treat their Companions as whores. They beat them, starve them, and most were made Companions against their will. A True Companion is one that can honestly say that they are happy. Most are very elegant, very submissive, although if you become submissive on me I will be very upset." Draco smirked. "I like your fire; it makes you seem so much more alive. In a way, a Companion is very similar to his or her Lord. In some things we are relatively alike."

"I doubt that," Harry mumbled. Draco merely smirked and kept walking.

"We shall see," he said softly. "A Companion is truly what the title entails; they accompany their Lord wherever they go. It is a best friend of sorts, a confidant, and a lover, someone who is willing and able to walk the long road of eternity by the side of the one that they chose and whom chose them," Draco said. "It is really that simple."

"And you think that I can do that?"

"Yes, I believe you can," Draco said quietly. "There are not many that would go against my word, let alone want to be with me. I am High Lord, Harry, and being at the top is truly a lonely existence." He eyed Harry carefully. "You should know this very well."

"Yes," Harry choked out. Draco watched him carefully before turning towards the gardens and stepping out onto the open patio.

"Eternal life and power comes with a price Harry, and that price is that you see the world you grew up in, the world you love, die away to give way to the new. You watch your friends, your colleagues, grow old and die. The world you know is no more and you must find a place in the world that is to come. Of course, we vampires are creatures of habit and therefore, will probably preserve our way of life as long as we can; however, concessions will have to be made. We get lonely, Harry, and I would like to share eternity with someone."

"And you think that I will be able to last eternity by your side?" Harry asked and Draco nodded.

"Yes, yes I do believe that you will last," he said with a surety that Harry didn't feel in the least.

"I don't know what to say about that," Harry said softly, he looked down at himself, at his skeletal frame. Draco chuckled quietly.

"In a few weeks you will see the difference. Your confidence will come back as will your magic," Draco said. "Make no mistakes, you will not regret your decision to become my Companion."

"About that again, will I have to wear a collar or something?" Harry asked. Draco shook his head, his hair softly glowing under the moonlight.

"No, follow me, I will take you to your vault."

"Vault?" Harry asked puzzled as he curiously followed the vampire. "How the hell do I have a vault?"

"Every Companion has a vault," Draco said simply as he led them back the way they'd come, up the stairs of white marble, down the halls of tapestries and priceless vases and jeweled décor, to a room on the left of the main doors to Draco's... *no their* bedroom. The room was made of black marble and had a very large vault built into it. "Right now, this is keyed with my magical aura; however, once you get stronger, it will be keyed to yours," Draco explained. He pressed his palm on the handle of the vault.

There was a smooth 'click' and he pulled the handle towards him and opened the door, moving out of the way at the same time so that Harry could look inside.

"Merlin, Draco," Harry breathed. From floor to ceiling, from wall to wall were rows of priceless pieces of jewelry. Most were chandelier earrings each with a matching ring. "Draco, these—these are gorgeous, they're priceless. How—"

"These are the High Companion's jewels. In the corner over there are some bracelets that go with some of these pieces." Harry fingered the jewels reverently, and he took a special interest to the chandelier earrings with the red rubies encrusted in white gold. There was a matching bracelet and ring to go with the set.

"These remind me of your Signet," Harry said softly.

"Yes, those are what you will normally wear," Draco said softly, "especially when I am holding court and the other Lords are around, because they have some of these jewels before you as their Signet stone, you must stand out. However, until then, my secondary color is emerald green." Draco smiled as he found the beautiful earrings, ring, and bracelet and showed them to Harry. "They remind me of your eyes."

"What did you mean by secondary color?"

"Each Lord has a Second in Command if you will. He or she is the one who takes the Lord's orders and disperses them among the guards and some members of the Court. Severus is my Second, so technically this is his color, but most times he wears onyx."

"You've mentioned the Court often, what is it exactly?" Harry asked as he fingered the jewels in front of him.

"Court is made up of what the vampires think of as the nobility. Most vampires in Court have political, financial, or even black market connections. They are filthy rich and twice as snobby. Another thing is that they are very old, and very wise. Usually the Court comprises of the heads of each vampire line and their subsequent Children."

"Vampire lines?" Harry asked weakly.

"All vampires came from a few who we call Ancients; they are the fathers or mothers, so to speak, of the vampire race. Each vampire can trace their line back to their maker. Severus and I were made by the Eldest Ancient." Draco smiled fondly at the thought. "You will meet him soon." He brushed back Harry's black locks and smirked. "We'll have to get your ears pierced so you can wear those earrings."

"Why do I have to wear earrings, anyway?" Harry asked. "You don't wear earrings."

"I do occasionally. However, for you it is almost a sign of submissiveness really. Vampires are truly creatures of vanity. We like beautiful things, whether a woman or a man Harry, all the Companions you meet will be absolutely gorgeous. In the earlier times most Companions were women, so the jewelry

was modeled to show their feminine beauty, however as times changed, and some male and female vampires turned to their own sex for comfort, the jewelry merely became symbolic." Draco shrugged his shoulders. "Does it bother you?"

"No, not really, I just didn't want to be dressed in drag or anything," Harry said and Draco laughed.

"That will never happen," he said, he looked to the hall and then back at Harry. "You must be hungry, I just called Emily, and she'll bring you a plate. Tonight I just want you to rest, tomorrow we'll go shopping, and then get your ears pierced while we are at it."

"You're taking over my life," Harry muttered and then looked at Draco who gave him a dazzling smile with fangs and all.

"That's what a Lord is supposed to do."

## Chapter Four

Harry leaned in close to the mirror as he took the kohl eyeliner and traced his eyes. Then, just as meticulously, he spread a mixture of black and emerald green eye shadow over his eyelids; the effect was stunning. His eyes glowed like emerald fire; his skin was a creamy and pale. He rubbed a small amount of glittery lotion in his hands and then ran it through his hair that now fell to his shoulders, full, silky, and thick. Harry looked down on the vanity, picking up the ruby red ring and placing it on his left hand's middle finger, and then he placed the bracelet around his right wrist and then picked up the matching chandelier earrings and placed them in his ears.

As he looked at the finished product, Harry still could not believe that it was himself in the mirror. The young man in the mirror looked darkly sexy, his eyes were catlike and sultry, full lips curved in a toying smile, a body lithe and graceful and well-nourished and an outfit that cost more than most cars: emerald silk shirt, snakeskin black leather pants, and knee-high black leather boots.

It had been two months since Draco had taken him in, two months and his magic was more powerful than it had been, his vision was corrected, which he liked a lot, and furthermore he didn't look half dead; he looked decadent. It was two months of Draco feeding him blood, nourishing him, making him heal faster, as well as starting on the path of making him Draco's Companion.

"You look to be lost in thought, Harry," Draco said quietly. Harry turned to him with a slight smile before it turned into a shy blush and the wizard averted his gaze from the naked vampire. Draco was not modest in the least, but Harry supposed that he didn't have to be. Draco had the body of a god: skin like silk and as pale as alabaster marble, all liquid grace, and unimaginable power. Muscles rippled along his frame as he walked to his wardrobe and began getting dressed. Tonight was a very big night; tonight Harry and Draco would be going to Hogwarts.

Dumbledore had summoned Draco two months ago, now Draco was answering that summons. Harry went to Draco and began helping him dress, it was one of those things that a Companion did and Severus, believe it or not, explained all the rules and social etiquettes he had to know, before being able to attend Draco in public. "I'm just thinking about myself... I am not the same as I was," Harry said softly as he buttoned the blood red silk shirt Draco had picked out.

"You would not be, with my blood, plus all that you had been through, it was obvious to all that you would end up changing at some point," Draco said smirking and then he chuckled and flicked Harry's nose with affection. "Besides you are still very naïve in some respects, and the darkness of your past still makes you bitter. You are healing, Harry; it is what is expected from that." Harry smiled.

"Emily told me that it was almost time for me to become your True Companion," Harry said, "I'm not really sure if I still want to go on with it." Draco merely looked at him serenely as Harry knelt and helped him into his black leather, knee-high boots with three-inch heels. One thing Harry had caught onto was that Draco never followed a fashion style, but made up one for himself and himself alone. Draco mixed feminine things with masculine and still gave off the air that you were dirt and he ruled. Harry smoothed

out the leather pants he wore over the boots, stood up again, and backed away. Draco walked to the vanity and sat, and Harry obediently picked up a brush and began brushing Draco's beautiful hair.

"You are ready physically, however, not mentally. You have been on your own for so long, you do not feel that you can trust someone with your welfare. Like I have said before and probably three times tonight, you are healing, we are going at your pace. If you do not feel ready, then we will not do it. The blood that I have given you over the course of these couple of months gives you the very definite aura that you are mine and that is enough. No one will touch you. There is no need to worry, Harry," Draco said. Harry nodded and continued to brush Draco's soft hair. A knock sounded at the door. "Enter."

"Ah, I see that you two are almost ready," Severus said with a tiny upwards curve of his lips. His skin looked flushed with color. Harry guessed he must have fed; he looked positively giddy, well, for Severus anyway. He walked in and smoothly closed the door behind him. He was wearing leather pants that were black as usual, but his shirt was a rich blue silk. A glimpse of silver flashed at his right ear and Harry noticed a long, cylindrical earring dangling in the mass of his hair. Emerald jewels wound around the earring; it was quite stunning.

"Is everything ready, Sev?" Draco asked him calmly as he fingered his Signet briefly.

"Yes, we can leave when you are ready, Excellency," Severus said respectfully. Draco rose and smiled, his fangs showing slightly.

"Good form Sev, Harry will go in first when we get there, I am sure Dumbledore will not announce us, but make it seem as if we have dropped in for a little visit," Draco rolled his eyes, "while having every member of the staff there no doubt. He wants his Golden Boy back, and he's not getting him." Draco smirked and Severus nodded, an anticipatory gleam in his onyx eyes. Draco turned to Harry, who stood at his side and smiled slightly. "Sev, wait outside please."

"Yes," he said and quickly left.

"What is it, Draco?" Harry said softly. Draco merely gazed at him first in the eyes and then dragged his eyes down Harry's entire frame in appreciation.

"You look beautiful, my sweet," Draco purred. Harry felt some of Draco's vampiric power reach out and caress him and his eyelids lowered over his green eyes, making his gaze seem hooded and lazy.

"You're hungry; you always get like this when you want to feed," Harry stated. "I may look good, but I'm not beautiful."

"Humph, that remains to be seen," Draco growled as he cupped Harry's head in his left hand, gently tilted his head back and sank his fangs deep into his beautiful throat. It didn't hurt anymore since it had happened almost every night since he had been here, however, the pleasure—that velvety pleasure—seemed to heighten every time. Draco lifted his head and gazed into Harry's eyes deeply. "You taste decadent, your power has almost doubled since you've been here and you are more at ease."

"I still don't trust you."

"That comes later."

"You still want me?"

Draco's bloodied lips pulled into a sensual smile. "Oh yes."

"Why?" Harry shivered as those eyes became smoldering.

"I've wanted you for a long time," he said and then he pulled Harry close and covered his lips. Power raced through Harry's body, making him soar and moan in pleasure. Draco ran his tongue over Harry's closed lips and Harry granted him the access he desired. Draco moaned as he made love to Harry's mouth, letting his power and Harry's magic feel the other, binding them slowly, but noticeably.

When Draco pulled back, Harry felt boneless. Draco licked his lips like a cat licking cream. "Your blood is now mine, your breath of life is now mine, do you concede?" Draco breathed in his ear. Harry felt his head loll into Draco's shoulder as his body shuddered.

"Yes, yes, I concede," Harry said and Draco's arms and power tightened around him. For a brief moment he felt like he was suffocating, and then it was gone. Harry pulled away from Draco slowly and then blinked owlishly. "What have you done?"

"Started the process," he said quietly as he looked deeply into Harry's eyes, "of making you my True Companion," Harry said nothing but he nodded. "You were ready for one step, not everything." Draco kissed him chastely and then gave a tiny smile. "We'll take it slowly; you need to trust me implicitly to take the last step."

"And what is the last step?" Harry asked as they walked to the door. Draco opened the door marginally and then turned around.

"You must give yourself to me body and soul," Draco said softly and then stepped out into the hallway.

"That will bloody take forever," Harry muttered as he kept step with Draco as the High Lord strode down the hall, with Severus behind them both.

*I am patient Harry,* Draco said seriously.

"Yes, but you are no saint," Harry said sarcastically.

Draco just grinned. *I never said that I was,* he quipped, and Harry just rolled his eyes.

Harry looked at the doors of Hogwarts like they were the gates to Hell. It had been nearly ten years since he'd been at these doors or even inside them. His entire past was coming up in front of him, looming there like this castle and he felt panic claw at him. The confidence that he'd reclaimed was waning; he didn't want to be here at all. A solid arm wrapped around his waist and the presence of the High Lord washed over his senses, soothing his frayed nerves. "Steady," Draco said in his ear as he waved a hand

at the doors and they burst open. Draco merely turned his head and Severus swept ahead of them, as did four of the strongest guards Draco'd had at the house.

They walked in silence, but their presence was noted; many of the people in the portraits turned and ran. A few cautiously stayed and waved and then when Harry finally looked up and ahead of himself, gasped at the sight of Harry Potter with the 'walking dead'.

"Bloody portraits, I hate the lot of them," Draco said with a scowl. Harry smiled despite the memories trying to pull him back into their nightmarish claws; it was almost comforting to see that scowl on Draco's face.

"It seems being at Hogwarts has brought out the kid in you," Harry taunted. "You're getting back into character as Malfoy the Prince of Slytherin." Severus snorted ahead of them and Draco glowered at Harry before making his laughter turn into a yelp as he bit his ear.

"Silence Companion mine, I will have no tongues wagging that I cannot handle my Companion," he said haughtily, but Harry saw his slight smile. They neared the doors to the Great Hall and Harry felt the butterflies in his stomach double. "Do not worry, I will be right behind you," Draco said softly, as he slid his pale fingers through Harry's unruly locks, brushing them back, letting the blood red of his ruby earrings strike the dim light.

"I'm ready," Harry said. Severus arched a cool eyebrow and without pause, flung open the doors dramatically. All the kids in the hall fell quiet as he strode through the doors like he used to, except now, rather than robes billowing behind him, a black dragon-hide duster did its damage. Harry almost laughed at the fearful expression on the students' faces.

Dumbledore stood with a twinkle in his eyes. "Severus, my boy—"

"Don't start old man, I no longer take orders from you," Severus said smugly and then flashed his canines in a feral smile. "I am dead after all."

Dumbledore's ready smile lost some wattage at the sight of the vampire and Harry took this as his cue and proceeded into the Great Hall.

No one seemed to breathe.

Dumbledore's eyes widened in surprise and delight. Harry saw Ron and Hermione as well as Remus and surprisingly Neville, sitting at the high table and they all leapt up. "Harry, blimey it's really you, what the bloody hell are you doing with this arse!" Ron said, happy to see him, but definitely not excited to see Severus. Harry just sighed nervously.

"Hello Ron," he said tentatively. He had to remind himself these were the people that didn't want to see his bloody face anymore all those years ago.

"Harry, we're so happy to see you," Hermione said with tears in her eyes. Harry looked at them all warily and they all saw that and most were dejected.



"That remains to be seen." Draco's lazy drawl echoed in the silence of the room as he strolled gracefully into the room. Dumbledore smiled.

"Ah, Mr. Malfoy, it is so good to see you."

"I am High Lord to you now, Dumbledore, I am not a bloody student under your wing any longer, and neither is Harry," Draco said coldly as he scanned the tables. Most of the children shrank back from him. Harry could feel why. It was his aura; it was very immense, even more so than Dumbledore's. How he had amassed so much power in a decade, Harry didn't know and didn't want to. That power churned like a helix of black and crimson around his lithe frame, swirling and then rolling back on itself. Harry felt a thread of desire as he watched Draco slink towards them all. A cool sneer was on his face, his Signet glowed fiercely in the muted light and the blood red of his shirt made it stand out all the more.

"Yes, that is true, but thank you for bringing back Harry, Excellency," Dumbledore said faking humbleness. "We've been looking for him." Draco's sneer turned downright scary as his lips curled into a sadistic grin.

"Who said I brought him back to you?" he purred. Harry had the supreme pleasure of seeing Dumbledore's face turn pale and his eyes take on a confused look.

"Well of course you brought him back, this is why I called you here, to find him," Dumbledore said quietly, anger seeping into his tone. Ron and Hermione looked at Harry in worry, as did Remus.

"Harry?" Remus said his eyes searching the young man's. Harry just stared back, tension running through him like a taut string. Draco's cool hand at his back relaxed him marginally and he turned and gave him a slight smile.

"I'm surprised you hadn't noticed," Draco drawled, smirking slightly as he tucked some of Harry's hair behind his ears; Dumbledore went white as a ghost and Hermione gasped. "Harry is my Companion, of course I would bring him here, I am his Lord, and he goes where I go." Draco smirked and then laughed. "Didn't see that one coming did you, old man?"

"You can't do that you sodding bastard!" Ron roared. Draco turned his gaze to Ron and pierced him with his eyes so viciously that Ron took a step back.

"Do not presume, mortal, that you can call me anything!" Draco snarled; his aura spiked dangerously. He turned back to Dumbledore. "I know you called me here thinking all you had to do was order me to find Harry and I'd bring him here like a puppy, but guess what mortal, I am no longer young and I have never been stupid. You want something more from me and I will see that you tell me now or I will leave you to your pathetic fate. As for Harry, as you can see he is mine and therefore out of your reach. So choose carefully, you are on thin ice with me already."

"There are rooms prepared for you all," Dumbledore said, his eyes sad as he looked at the faces of his two strongest former students. "In the dungeons, of course."

"Of course," Severus muttered.

"We can meet with you tomorrow night—"

"We'll start this discussion tonight," Draco said shortly. "I have other things to attend to, I am a busy man."

"Very well, Dr-High Lord. In my office, in fifteen minutes," the Headmaster said. Draco merely tugged on Harry's waist gently and they both turned and began walking out of the hall, Severus following close behind them. "You do not know the password."

"I have no need for it." Draco smiled cruelly and vanished.

Silence reigned in their wake.

## Chapter Five

Harry rose from his place beside Draco and walked towards a bar that had been added in the Headmaster's chambers. He thought it quite odd, but then again a lot could happen in ten years. His eyes darkened in pain as some parts of his life flitted before his eyes, yes, a lot could happen in just a decade. Selecting one of the red wine glasses, Harry poured the rich Merlot into the glass until it was halfway filled before stopping. "Severus, would you care for some wine?" he asked.

"That would be nice," Severus stated with a slight spark of surprise in his bottomless gaze. Harry smiled softly as he poured another glass. He felt the eyes of his old comrades on him as he swept past them, first handing Draco a glass and then Severus.

"Thank you, darling," Draco stated huskily in his ear, after he had sat down beside Draco once more. Harry felt a delicate shiver run down the length of his body at that voice, but more so from the words, because he knew Draco meant them. It was one of the few things he had learned about the man in the short amount of time that he had spent with him. Draco rarely, if ever, lied about anything. He did not use sugarcoated words, he did not try to placate anyone, and he was very blunt—almost to the point of being brutal sometimes. However, he always spoke the truth, even in the endearments he used. It was one thing Harry had grown accustomed to as well as used to, and he admitted secretly to himself that he selfishly was pleased with the attention.

Draco lifted his glass regally and sipped it slowly. Licking his lips when he finished his full lips curled into a smirk, and his silvery blue eyes turned even more glacial than they had been previously. "I believe you wanted something Dumbledore, speak up, or I will take the remaining night to return to my home." He looked around the room and frowned. "This place brings back some dark memories," he said softly, so softly that no one heard but Harry and Severus. Harry had to agree, he wanted to be gone from this place.

Dumbledore cleared his throat. "Yes, well, I would like to see if your vampires would help us with a little problem."

Draco arched an eyebrow and took another sip of his wine, seemingly not interested.

"Is that all?" he asked snidely. "If it is such a 'little' problem, than why do you need the assistance of the vampires?"

"Well, though the war has been over for the past ten years," Dumbledore calmly stated, "there are still factions that have risen and are gaining followers. They are not pleased with this world the way it is. The Order does not want all it fought for to be lost. We lost countless lives trying to rid them of Voldemort." Harry glared at Dumbledore and Draco waved a hand dismissively.

"You couldn't have hoped that everything would fall into line. Please, I know all that the Order did." Draco sneered. "However, I believe you've forgotten two small details: one, is that without Severus's help this freedom wouldn't have been possible, and two: Harry killed Voldemort for you and he is the most powerful wizard this world has ever seen, including that deceased snake," Draco said quietly. "Your

Order merely assisted them and cost Severus his life if I remember correctly." Harry blanched and looked towards the darker vampire; Severus sat elegantly and yet on guard. There was an even darker light in his eyes now and Harry realized that it was the need for revenge.

"That was merely an accident," Ron muttered and Draco rolled his eyes, feigning casualness, though Harry could feel his anger. Unconsciously he moved towards Draco, melding his body around the High Lord's. Draco moved as well, switching his glass to his left hand, he wrapped his other arm around Harry and held him close.

"A mere accident, hmm? If I'm not mistaken I believe it was one of you foolhardy Gryffindors that blew his cover a bit too soon," Draco said with fake sweetness. "I will not have you endanger them again."

"But we need help; they are dabbling in the Dark Arts again," Hermione said anxiously, "thirty people have been killed and I'm sure that the number will rise."

Draco turned to her and frowned. "My answer is still no. If they are dabbling in Dark Arts, then dabble back. Most of the spells and magic aren't even 'dark'. It is their caster that decides what they are used for, and the number will rise if you don't figure out what they want." He turned to Dumbledore. "This is not vampire business, if there are no vampires involved I am forbidden from using my powers to help you."

"What do you mean you're fucking forbidden?" Ron snapped, "You are the High Lord!"

"And I am the one who is enforcing the rules that have been set in stone for millennia!" Draco stressed. "The last High Lord existed four hundred years ago, and he did not listen to the rules and did not follow them; anarchy was running the streets. Without the rule of the High Lord all vampires around the world will just do whatever they damn well please, give their help to anyone they choose, just imagine what would happen. I am not making special concessions for you. If there are no vampires helping them then I am not to help you. And even if there were vampires," Draco said cutting off any protest Ron would've made, "I'd have to take it up with the Council and if they vote not to help, and I still see danger in it for me, my Companion, or my Second, and any other vampire then I will still refuse to help." Draco was adamant; Harry could see that nothing was going to change his mind about it. It was a lost cause.

"What if I told you that there were rogue vampires with them, working for them?" Dumbledore asked. Draco narrowed his eyes and snarled; his aura spiked dangerously and his canines lengthened.

"Do not back me into a corner, Dumbledore. Rogue vampires are not acknowledged by the Houses or any Court, therefore, they are not under my jurisdiction, and they can do what they want."

"And you let them?" Remus said angrily. "They are killing innocent people."

"You forget: if a rouge vampire is sired, it was sired by another rouge, I cannot help that, and they were innocent people as well, they just got fed on," Draco snapped. "If I had the chance I would kill them." Draco's eyes widened as Dumbledore's eyes twinkled. "No."

"You just said—"

"You are a manipulative bastard," Draco said lowly and he stood rigidly. Harry glared at Dumbledore as he stood as well. "I will not succumb to what you want, you dug this hole, so lie in it."

"These are the repercussions of the war, High Lord, it was inevitable."

"It was."

"This is your fight too," Ron spoke up stubbornly.

Draco was in front of him in a second, grabbed him roughly by the neck, and hoisted the six foot seven Weasley clear off his feet. Silver eyes blazed with a rage and thirst only a vampire could fathom.

"I am dead because of that damn fucking war! If it weren't for that war, I would not be who I am now. My fight is finished." His grip on Ron's neck tightened and Ron's eyes went wide as the vampire slowly began crushing his esophagus. "I am now much more than a wizard and more than a vampire truly." Draco's voice deepened and became more primal, more dangerous. "***You do not know what I am so spare me the insignificant thoughts of your pathetic brain. You do not want to push me, mortal.***"

Severus inched his way to Harry's side. "You must stop him," Severus said.

"What the hell is happening to him?" Harry asked, horror in his gaze. He could feel the energy, the magic, and the power rolling in him and knew it was a mere shadow of what was inside of Draco himself.

"Later, not now, I will tell you later. It is one of the reasons that we are glad he is going to have a Companion." Harry nodded and slowly made his way towards Draco. He carefully placed a hand on the rigid back. Draco's head whipped around and Harry flinched at the glowing eyes.

"Draco, let him go, you'll kill him. I'm sure the Council wants no problems with the wizards, don't you agree?" Harry asked softly and carefully.

Ron was unceremoniously dropped on his ass. He coughed hard as he began to breathe again.

Draco turned fully to face Harry. Harry looked back into his eyes, his beautiful silvery blue eyes. He stepped closer to Draco, the vampire's arms wrapped around him; he still hadn't spoken. A shudder went through his rigid frame and his eyes closed as he sighed. Harry felt that power and magic recede into his being, behind all his control and walls that had contained it. When Draco opened his eyes they still held that sparkle, but his gaze was shuttered.

"Draco?" Harry asked quietly. Elegant fingers brushed across his lips and Harry felt his eyes fall shut as Draco kissed him gently, tenderly, and then those soft lips moved down his neck. He felt Draco lick his skin before sinking his teeth into him.

He didn't take that much, but it was enough that Harry leaned against him in dizziness. "I think this discussion is over," Draco said very carefully. "My answer remains no. Tomorrow at sunset we are leaving." Dumbledore began to ask something, but Draco cut him off, "Harry is coming with me." He ran

his slender fingers through Harry's hair. "Come Companion mine, in a few hours the sun will rise, and I am already growing weaker... let's sleep."

"As you will it," Harry stated and followed Draco down the spiral steps, Severus following. Harry shivered as they walked down more stairs into the dungeons. Draco seemed to know exactly where Dumbledore had put them. "Where are we sleeping?"

"Why in Salazar Slytherin's rooms, no other suite will do for a High Lord," Draco stated. "Severus, I believe will be in the guest chambers in that suite."

"Yes, the others are at random stations in the suites of other rooms."

"How big is this place?"

"Well, since this is Hogwarts, it probably has an infinite number of rooms since it was a Founder's suite after all," Draco said with some amusement. "Ah, here we are."

Harry found himself looking at a thirty-foot door with the symbol of a snake embossed in the middle of it and as he watched, the snake moved and eyed them all warily.

*"A High Lord, my, my, it has been centuries since I've seen one. And there is a Parseltongue among you,"* the snake hissed. Severus looked confused but Harry smiled and replied.

*"That would be me."*

*"What is your name?"*

*"Harry Potter."*

*"Ahh, the savior, you are a pretty thing. Your Lord will see that you are well taken care of."* The snake's golden eyes almost gleamed with secrecy as Harry cocked his head and frowned.

*"How so?"*

*"He cares for you deeply. All vampires care for their Companions."*

*"I am not his Companion yet, we just started the bonding. I can change my mind whenever I want."*

*"Oh, but you will be his Companion, you will not want to change your mind,"* the snake said knowingly.

*"Why?"*

*"Because to be the Companion to the High Lord, especially the vampire next to you... it is the most wonderful experience in this world."*

*"How do you know... I'm sorry, what's your name?"* Harry asked sheepishly.

*"I am Denna, and I know because I met a High Companion before, many years ago. It was when Salazar was here. I shall speak to you later about it, but right now, you must get your lover to bed. The password is Salazar."*

"Not very original."

*"It doesn't have to be, because only Slytherins are allowed in here, or the undead. Have a pleasant stay, High Companion,"* Denna said as she coiled back up and stopped moving.

Severus snorted. "Are you going to tell us what it said?"

"It's a she, her name is Denna, and the password is Salazar."

"Not very original," Severus muttered as the doors opened. Harry chuckled as he walked by Draco's side.

"That's what I said. Denna told me that it doesn't have to be original because only Slytherins are allowed in the room and I'm guessing that includes all Dark Creatures."

"But you aren't a Slytherin," Severus muttered and Harry turned and looked at him a bit sadly.

"I guess I have enough of Voldemort in me to pass as one." Severus stared at him for a moment before nodding almost in apology before he turned down a dark hallway and disappeared. Harry sighed and turned to face Draco. The High Lord was unusually silent and that worried him. "What's wrong?"

"She said more things to you than that," he said carefully as he walked down a hallway. Torches burst into flame as they walked and Harry looked in wonder at the centuries old tapestries, paintings, and weapons that lined the wall.

"Yes, she did, don't you want to know?"

"It is your business Harry, I will be your Lord, but never your keeper," Draco said softly. They lapsed into silence once more before Draco spoke up again, "I'm sorry for the scene I caused, it was not my intention to get that upset. Damn Weasel." Harry chuckled softly.

"You don't have to apologize, Ron can push anyone's buttons when he wants to." Harry frowned.

"Dumbledore should not have tried to manipulate you into helping. I'm sure he was relying on you to get angry in order to persuade you to help." They reached a set of double doors and Draco pushed them open. Harry gawked openly at the massive bed that dominated the very large room. It stood on a dais, was made of ebony wood, and was covered with what looked to be black silk.

"No, he tried to suck me in with the rouge vampire rubbish. He knows that the vampires in Court hate rouges. They plague us endlessly, killing innocents and leaving the bodies to be found." Draco shook his head in disgust and he walked around the room. "They are threats to our livelihood because they have no honor, no home, and no sense of purpose. The more bodies that show up, the more mortals get suspicious and if they trace it back to vampires then they will not care if one is rogue or a part of a Court, we will all be annihilated."

"I see," Harry said. He began moving on autopilot; he turned down the bed and then climbed up onto it and then over it to get to Draco and began helping him undress. Harry always only helped with the shirt and the boots, then Draco would lay a hand on his shoulder and Harry could safely turn as Draco pulled off his pants and climb into the bed. Harry was still shy about that, much to Draco's amusement, however, once in bed Harry didn't mind anything.

"Come to bed," Draco said tiredly. Harry frowned in concern at the weariness in his voice, most times he could talk fluidly until the sun was almost rising, but tonight he could barely keep his eyes open. Harry took off his boots, shirt, ring, and bracelet, and Transfigured his pants into silk pajama bottoms and climbed into bed. He snuggled into Draco's side, resting his head on the High Lord's chest without pause.

"You are weaker tonight."

"My little stunt cost me dearly," Draco stated sleepily. Harry thought back to that and shuddered.

"Next time you go psycho, warn me," Harry muttered. "That was a little intense." Draco ran a hand along his side in a caress.

"I'm sorry, I will warn you next time." His voice was laced with amusement. "There will probably not be... a... next time." It was starting. Harry could feel the body cooling underneath him, his breathing was slowing down, and Draco's arm around his waist was beginning to feel like dead weight and his heart... the beat of his heart was slowing. "Will you... be here... when I... rise?"

"Of course, don't try to speak Draco, you need your rest, go to sleep," Harry said gently. Draco snorted.

"Yes... mother." Harry laughed and then quieted as he listened to the steady decrease in Draco's heartbeat. At first, it was just as steady as a clock chiming and then gradually it slowed down, and down, and down. It slowed until it beat only once every two minutes, and then again until it was every ten. Harry strangely felt at ease with that, and slowly drifted off to sleep.

Green eyes snapped opened. Harry slowly sat up, blinking around the room; something wasn't right. Carefully, so as to not disturb the resting vampire, Harry slipped out of the bed and pulled on Draco's discarded shirt. He opened one of the doors to their room and shut it behind him.

"Sire, what are you doing up?" Harry turned and stared at one of the guards. He was honey blond haired and blue eyed.

"I'm sorry, I never got your name."

"It's Hunter, Sire." Hunter bowed to him.

Harry smiled. "Hunter, then, what time is it?"

"Two hours before seven in the evening my Lord, sunset is close by." Harry nodded and then frowned at that.

"Then how are you awake?"



"Well, the other guards and I slept in intervals."

"I didn't know vampires could do that."

"It is extremely difficult; however, we were trained for such things," Hunter said with a shrug. Harry smiled and began walking again.

"There is something wrong, I can feel it," Harry whispered, "It's what woke me up." In the months that he had been with Draco, he too had taken on their sleeping habits, but more specifically, he was finely in tune with Draco's sleeping habits, more so than anything. Most times, they ended up waking at about the same time.

Hunter frowned. "We have searched all the rooms and even outside the doors, there is nothing..." All of a sudden, someone was banging on the entrance doors. Hunter narrowed his eyes, and gently but firmly pulled Harry behind him. The other three guards glided out of the darkness towards the doors and on their own internal count threw the doors open, their weapons coming up in defense instantly.

"Fucking hell!"

Harry sighed exasperatedly as he marched forward and placed his hand over Hunter's.

"Stand down," Harry ordered and all four bowed to him and stepped back. "What are you doing here, Ron?" Harry asked, snapping at him. The large redhead frowned down at Harry and took a step forward, only to curse as he was pushed back outside the doors. "You can't enter, Ron, you aren't Slytherin or a vampire."

"You aren't Slytherin," Ron protested and Harry gave a bark of bitter laughter.

"Oh really, now you say that I'm not Slytherin," Harry said bitterly. Ron paled and his blue eyes became apologetic.

"Listen Harry, we're sorry about what happened—"

"Sorry, you're sorry!" Harry yelled. "What bloody right do you have to be sorry for what all of you and this damn wizarding world put me through. All the hate letters, all the fingers pointing the blame," Harry pointed at him, "even you and Mione turned against me in the end, saying all the lives lost were my fault. Well guess what, I never wanted to be a murderer in the first place!" Harry shouted in his face. "You people made me into one, because you were too cowardly to do it yourselves."

"Harry—"

"Goodbye Weasel." Harry sneered and slammed the double doors in his face.

"Well, I have to say that was the most enjoyable thing I've witnessed in twenty years." Harry turned and saw Severus standing in the shadows with a smirk on his face. Harry sighed heavily but gave him a weary smile.

"I'm glad you enjoyed yourself," Harry said quietly. He nodded to the four guards and just like that, they vanished into the background. Severus stepped forward; his long raven locks were pulled into a braid that swung like a slight pendulum as he walked.

"You haven't gotten over it," Severus said quietly. "What they did to you, I mean, it's just festering like an old wound." Harry eyed him warily.

"You can't talk, you walked around Hogwarts with a perpetual black cloud over you for years," Harry said spitefully. Severus arched an eyebrow but smiled nevertheless.

"Yes I did, and the only reason I ever got over the things that I had done, the things done to me, and my own bitter heart was by dying." He eyed Harry shrewdly. "Hopefully you won't have to go through the same thing."

Harry nodded and smiled. "Hopefully I won't." He looked over his shoulder, back towards Draco and his room and then carefully looked at Severus again. "You said that you'd tell me what happened back in Dumbledore's office."

"I did tell you that," Severus said quietly. "However, I truly don't think you are ready for it, but I will keep my promise to tell you."

Harry frowned. "What do you mean, I'm not ready?" Severus looked at Harry and opened his mouth, but then shook his head. "What?"

"What Draco is, is almost unheard of in this time. He's right that he's more than a wizard, far more than a vampire. I'm sure you've noticed he feeds almost every night." Harry nodded. "A true vampire merely feeds once or twice a week. It sustains us. Draco fed like that once... he killed five people because the thirst was so strong." Harry's eyes widened. "You aren't ready for the knowledge of what he is, perhaps our Dark Father can tell you."

"Dark Father?"

"Our Sire, the one who made the two of us," Severus said quietly.

Harry felt his stomach drop as he thought of something. "Can you tell me one thing... is he more powerful than Voldemort was? Is he that dark?"

Severus looked at Harry with an almost sympathetic glance. "If Draco had been who he is now, back then at even half of his power... Voldemort wouldn't have stood a chance," Severus said softly. The silence between them was palpable and Harry turned away from Severus.

"Draco is waking up, I must go," Harry stated and began walking.

"Harry," Severus called out.

"Yes?"

"He may have kept this from you and not told you, but you must remember, everything that the High Lord does is for a reason," Severus said. "Draco will tell you the rest when he knows you are ready. You must believe that, trust him."

Harry looked over his shoulder. "I don't trust anyone," he said, and kept walking.

Severus didn't stop him again.

## Chapter Six

Harry moved effortlessly with the crowd on the dance floor. The myriad of strobe lights reflected off the smooth pale skin of his face and his silky hair. His still thin body was now developing into nothing but lithe muscle and grace and was encased in leather pants and a skintight, sleeveless black shirt. His eyes were aflame with a passion that Draco found intoxicating.

Draco sipped his wine as he stared at the sinfully delicious picture that Harry made. Yes, he'd made a wise decision to lend his aid to Harry. Gone was the man looking for death, in his place the ugly duckling was fast becoming the most beautiful swan Draco had ever seen.

"You want to make him yours," Severus stated to him. Draco turned his head and slowly smiled at the vampire beside him. He stared in lustful appreciation at the rich blue silk shirt that molded to Severus's lithe frame and at the skintight leather pants that showed off every inch of his delectable long legs and cute arse. Severus arched an eyebrow. "My arse is not cute, Draco."

"Whatever you say," Draco conceded in amusement and then chuckled when he heard Severus's snort. "By the way, you said you had found a new toy to play with, I have yet to see it." Severus merely glanced at him, but Draco could see a burning desire in those bottomless eyes of his.

"I have, but I have more finesse than most vampires. I do not merely go in for the kill; I wait. He knows that something is stalking him, he just doesn't know it's me yet."

"Well, some of the mystery is solved; I know it is a man," Draco said thoughtfully as he cocked his head to the side and gazed down at Harry, who was looking right at him. *Come to me.* Draco smiled seductively as he saw Harry shiver and make his way through the crowd, and up the two flights of metal stairs to the VIP balcony where Draco and Severus stood. "You look exquisite tonight darling," Draco purred as he pulled Harry's head down and kissed him softly. Harry sighed, his body shivering in delight at the power and magic that oozed out of Draco's every pore.

"And as always Draco, you look like a god," Harry said breathlessly once he was released. He smiled at Severus. "Severus," he said and then gave him a slow appreciative glance; emerald fire sparked with mischief as Harry grinned softly. "Cute arse." Severus's eyes narrowed and Draco laughed.

"See, you have been vetoed godfather mine," he said with a grin. Severus rolled his eyes.

"Children," he muttered, but he was smiling softly when he said it. Harry leaned into Draco willingly as the High Lord wound an arm around his slim waist as they walked towards their private rooms. "I will stay here."

"Thank you, Sev," Draco called over his shoulder. "You looked wonderful tonight, Harry. I had no idea you could dance so well." Harry blushed.

"It wasn't something I indulged in all the time." A brief flicker of despair flitted across his eyes. "It seems so long ago that my life meant nothing to me," he stated. Draco casually flicked out a hand and the doors slammed shut and locked.

"Sit," he said commandingly, yet softly. Harry sat and Draco poured them each a new glass of red wine, before coming to sit beside him. "It has been some time since you came here."

"About five months, remember? We have only just gotten back from Hogwarts two months or so ago."

"Yes, and you have improved greatly." Draco smiled. "Your magic is back to normal, you are healthy again, but whatever happened still haunts you."

"Is that why you haven't made me a True Companion yet?"

"Partly, a Companion must be free of his or her past before they can take on the role that they have chosen." Draco paused and then said gently, "But I also know that Dumbledore had planned out your life a little too clearly for your taste. I do not want you to think that I am forcing you to become something that you don't want to be."

Harry looked at him sharply. "But I'm not! I mean, at first it was daunting, but now..." Harry trailed off and then looked at Draco somberly. "My life would be over if it wasn't for you, I do not consider this a debt paid or an act of kindness. You told me why you chose me and I conceded. I want to be your Companion, Draco." His eyes turned sad. "Can't you see that?"

"Yes, I can, I can feel it in your body, and I can hear it in your mind. However, you have yet to tell me what happened in the span of ten years that made you so lost," Draco said.

"And you have yet to tell me what happened at Hogwarts," Harry countered.

Draco arched an elegant eyebrow and then nodded. "Touché," he stated. "However, what I have become can wait. What has happened to you can't. You must get over your anger and betrayal for what they did. It will haunt you for so long if it is still on your mind once we've completed the bond."

Harry gently eased himself away from the gorgeous Adonis next to him and stood up slowly; he needed space in order to speak his mind. "It is not easy to talk about that part of my life."

"I understand."

"Do you really?" Harry asked almost bitterly. "You have the world at your feet. Ever the Malfoy you are. You still have the looks, the arrogance, the power, and the massive wealth of your family, but not only that you are High Lord over an empire of vampires. The only thing that has truly changed in you is your perception of the world around you, and the kindness you show me."

"However I can still see the ruthlessness in you, the Slytherin side of you, and even that comforts me, because though you are a vampire Lord, you are still Draco Malfoy. You haven't changed; you are still

very much the same," Harry said softly. "I feel safer with you than most." Draco could say nothing so he waited to see what else Harry would divulge.

"But I... I changed, not that I tried not to, but it seemed like it was inevitable. At eleven I found out I was wizard, and the enemy of someone who was older and more powerful than anyone to date in the Dark Arts. All through my years at Hogwarts Voldemort was the ever-oppressing shadow over my head, waiting, mocking, and flaunting his presence. I was in school learning to be a wizard and he was running amuck already, bodiless, but his presence was still there.

"As the years progressed my insecurities grew, not that I wasn't insecure already, but it seemed that all the fame and celebrity that Gryffindor and the other houses, save Slytherin, showered on me made it worse. Can you imagine such a burden?"

It was a rhetorical question but Draco answered anyway. "I can in some ways, in others I cannot, but please continue."

Harry smiled softly.

"I guess it all came to a head after Cedric and then Sirius died." His eyes became so sad and despair engulfed him. Before his eyes, Draco saw his beautiful Harry dim to what he had been when he saw him for the first time in a decade, and he hated it. "I was so lost, everyone said it wasn't my fault, but I knew that if I hadn't acted rashly, if I hadn't done many things, they would still be alive. To make it worse those very same people that said it wasn't my fault had doubt in their eyes and I think that was what hurt the most. These people, my friends, the only family I had did not believe in me." Harry let out a bitter bark of laughter. "What could I do? I didn't even believe in myself, how could I possibly get them to believe in me?"

Harry took a deep breath. "Dumbledore was still manipulating everything to his advantage and leaving me in the dark about most things. Severus had begun truly spying for the Order again. Ron... Ron's jealousy went to new heights and Hermione's mothering of me began to grate on my nerves. I was a bitter, cynical, sarcastic, morbid, supposed hero and I felt so alone. I learned to hide it after a while, and many fell for it, well except for the Slytherins." He cocked his head. "It was odd how sometimes one or two would nod to me in the halls, or how Parkinson helped me in Potions one day, or Crabbe and Goyle would not push me around. It was like they knew, knew that I felt like shit, and knew how it felt to be under the burden of so much pressure, and how it felt to almost crack underneath it all."

"All Slytherins knew how you felt," Draco said simply. "I knew more than most." Harry smiled again and Draco felt himself smile back.

"You would wouldn't you?" he said quietly but then shook his head. "Anyway you know what happened, I end up killing Voldemort, the entire wizarding world was happy and then everything went to hell."

"What happened, Harry?" Draco asked quietly.

Harry took in a fortifying breath and continued. "After Voldemort's demise, the Order and Aurors all went looking for the remaining Death Eaters. We found them all, most committed suicide before we could get them to talk, others committed suicide after their trials, it seemed none wanted to face life in Azkaban or the Dementor's Kiss. For the better part of a month, I was in the Hospital Ward at Hogwarts, recovering. Many came by to see how I was doing, but as the time wore on I got a sense that many were becoming bitter about how the war had finally ended." Harry sighed sadly and stared at Draco from across the room as he wrapped his arms tightly around his waist. "So many died Draco, hundreds upon thousands of lives were lost on both sides. The wizarding world was in a state of chaos in England at that time.

"Hermione and Ron began hiding things from me, things that were going on outside the walls of Hogwarts, things that people were saying about me. Some called me a murderer and others called me an attention seeker. However, many just said that I had caused the deaths of all those who had fallen. If I had died with my parents, none of this would've happened." Harry laughed mirthlessly.

"Can you imagine how angry I was? I had wasted my entire childhood rotting with relatives that didn't want me, and then wasted another seven years preparing for a battle that I didn't want to fight, but I did, and then the entire wizarding world wanted to turn on me." His hands curled into fists.

"I kept my hurt and fury inside, and began trying to help clean up, just as everyone else was doing. The names that I was called... I can't even repeat them. They said that I should pay for the things they had lost, pay for the lives I had taken, pay for this, and pay for that. And me, being as insecure as I was, and wanting to correct whatever grievous wrong I had committed, did as they asked. The entire Potter and Black fortunes were gone in just five years I think. I sold everything, trying to please those people. I think it hurt the worst when Ron and Hermione turned their backs against me. The Weasleys suffered more than anyone in my opinion. Bill and Charlie both died, Mr. Weasley died, as did Percy... Percy took the Dark Mark and committed suicide before he was questioned like many of his Death Eater comrades.

"Ron and I had a huge row one night. He said I had caused his family to split apart. Mrs. Weasley didn't speak anymore and the twins and Ginny were so depressed they stayed in bed all the time. I tried reasoning with him, saying that the war tore everyone apart, I told him I was trying to make it better, but he wouldn't listen."

Draco stood slowly and took Harry into his arms; Harry clung to him. "He said he wished he'd never become my friend, that he'd let me become a Slytherin. He said he never wanted to see me again. By that time, Hermione was his wife and she would never speak against him, but even she told me that with all the power I had, I could've ended things sooner so that so many people didn't have to die. I couldn't believe that I was hearing these things from them."

"You left," Draco said softly and Harry nodded.

"I had been living with them and I took what I needed and ran," Harry stated. "What money I had left went quickly, I drank myself into oblivion, I... I started using Muggle drugs and the nightmares made everything worse. I stopped eating all together."

"How did you afford those things?" Draco asked; he felt Harry's body tense in his arms. "Harry, you didn't—"

"I was suckered into it," Harry said softly. "I needed a fix, he said it would be only him... but... I can't speak about it anymore!" Harry tried to wrench himself from Draco's arms, but Draco held him tightly.

"It's okay, let it out Harry, it's all over, it's all over," Draco said in his ear. It was all Harry needed. Draco held him until he had cried himself out. As he ran his fingers through his hair, Draco's fury mounted. It was like a cold wind had swept through the room and ice was in his blood. His eyes glowed an eerie, sickly blue. *Severus, come here now.* He glanced at the door as it unlocked itself. Severus came through quickly but stopped when he saw Draco.

"Draco... Draco what is it?" Severus asked softly. The High Lord kissed Harry's lips softly.

***"Sleep, my Darling Companion, I have a bone to pick with some... old acquaintances of yours."*** Severus swallowed back anything he was about to say. He gazed at Draco and could still see some of him in the man that stood before him. Silver eyes glowed eerie blue, black scales framed half of his face, his silvery blond locks had gone pure silver, and large black wings materialized from his back. He stood calmly. ***"You will take him home, won't you godfather mine?"*** It was a beautiful smile in a sinister face, but Severus nodded and bowed.

"As you will it, my Lord," he said softly. Draco chuckled deeply, his aura churned around him as he glided past him towards the door.

***"Oh and Severus?"***

"Yes?"

***"I will tell Harry what I have become when I am ready."***

"How do you tell a man that you are not merely the vampire High Lord? How can you tell him that you have become a Draconian?"

Draco smiled slightly. ***"Gently,"*** he stated and faded from sight. Severus sighed heavily and glanced at the sleeping young man.

"You have the love of a Draconian, how much more luck can you get, Harry?"



## Chapter Seven

Draco looked at his surroundings and sneered. It seemed at least one of the Weasely's had come up in the world. Being a Professor as well as an Auror had its perks, the Hermione and Ronald Weasely's home was spacious and somewhat luxurious, and not what he was used to, not by a long shot, but a peg up from what Ron was at. The Draconian strode through the house as if he owned it, his hearing picking up everything, especially the sound of two magical people Apparating right outside the front door. He still meandered leisurely, a glass of Merlot in his hand that he had taken from their kitchen. His anger and rage was building quietly, carefully.

Draco was meticulous when doling out his revenge. Everything had to be flawless. What was the purpose of rash behavior? All it did was tire out the one screaming and frighten the intended victims for a brief second before they completely forgot someone was mad at them in the first place. No, Draco would let them feel his discontentment for many years to come. He felt a smile appear on his face, though by slight pain of his bottom lip, he knew his canines had extended as he did. He sniffed the air as the front door unlocked.

**"Perfect timing,"** Draco stated to himself, making his way towards the sitting area. He sat in the overstuffed armchair he'd seen when he'd first start exploring and took a sip of his wine.

And he waited.

Hermione smiled at her husband Ron. "They are children, Ron, remember you were that age at one time."

"I don't remember being nearly as bad though," he grumbled as he stepped into their home. Both shed their coats and began walking towards the kitchen, making their way through the sitting room as they did. "You'd think they'd learn that taking advantage of something shouldn't be done, especially their teacher being ten minutes late."

"Well, if said teacher hadn't slept in and then whined like a ten year old about how early it was, they wouldn't have tried to cheat on the test you made for them," Hermione teased. Ron went as red as his hair but then laughed.

**"Well, well, it seems some things never change."** Hermione spun around sharply as she heard Ron curse harshly as he ran into the coffee table in the middle of the room. The candles around the room erupted into flame and Hermione paled as she stared at the man sitting gracefully in her sitting room.

"Malfoy, what the fuck are you... bloody hell..." Ron trailed off as he got a good look at Draco Malfoy.

**"You seem a little surprised to see me."** A dangerous smile flitted across Draco's lush lips as he stared at them through eerily glowing eyes. **"It's a shame isn't it, that some wards can ward out those of the most evil intentions, and yet... yours can't."** He chuckled as he sipped his wine and stared at them innocently. **"How were your days by the way? My day has just started itself, and I'm about to have a marvelous time."**

"Draco, what are you doing here?" Hermione managed to say without stuttering. Those glowing eyes flashed silver and narrowed as he centered his gaze on her. The black scales on half of his face rippled as his rage heightened and then seemingly disappeared as he smiled slowly, his gleaming white teeth flashing harshly in the dim light.

***"It would do you a great service, Weasley, if you'd ask to speak my name before saying it. I believe it to be quite rude of you to speak to me with such familiarity."*** He sneered and Hermione swallowed heavily at the sight of his canines. ***"After all, we are not friends now are we, mortal?"***

"Fine, High Lord, why are you in my home?" she asked a bit put out. Draco sighed and sipped his wine.

***"My Companion love, told me some very interesting things this evening,"*** he started and then his eyes narrowed as he watched Ron approach his wife. ***"Things that virtually astounded me. I don't get surprised much you know. After living and ruling the Abyss for a decade, you see and hear just about everything. But the things he told me surprised and infuriated me. Partially because I would never have thought his supposed 'best mates' would treat him so poorly."***

"The Abyss?" Ron asked and Draco rolled his eyes.

***"The dark places your kind will not travel. It is the dark market, the underworld if you will. Every whisper in the dark, every crime committed takes place in the realm I rule over. Even those Death Eaters you are searching for congregate with the best and brightest in the underworld. It's everywhere; you people of the Light are just too blind and judgmental to see it."***

"What exactly did Harry tell you?" Hermione whispered, she turned into her husband's embrace, and could feel his fear, through the erratic beating of heart. Draco paused, looked at her, and then threw his head back and laughed. It chilled her to the marrow of her bones. It was sensual, erotic, but terrifying in its coldness.

***"What did he tell me, she asks. You and your husband are bloody hypocrites. Does something along the lines of: Oh, you let the war drag on; you could've ended it sooner. Oh, you're the reason my family was torn apart, I wish I'd never been your friend, I wish I'd let you go to Slytherin sound familiar?"*** He stopped and glared at them. ***"Does that sound familiar?"***

The Weasleys had gone pale and silent, hearing their words from his lips, they knew now, knew that he knew everything. ***"Yes, you see my Companion has years of hurt and abuse from this damn misbegotten world and your 'friendship'. I will not have him sad or broken,"*** Draco snarled as he fluidly rose from his seat and slowly stalked them. He sniffed the air and chuckled lowly. ***"Your fear is intoxicating. Ah, I can almost taste it on my lips. What pleasure it would give me to suck you dry and leave your corpses here on the floor for someone to find. What a pleasure that would be."***

"You can't do that! We have..." Hermione stopped short as she heard tiny shuffling feet. A tangled mop of blood red hair appeared. "Marissa, darling, what are you doing up?" she asked fearfully as Draco's attention turned to the six year old. Wholesome, sleepy brown eyes opened and she smiled dreamily at her parents before her eyes went wide at the sight of Draco.

"**Marissa, is it? How are you tonight, child?**" Draco asked crouching low so that he was face to face with the cute child.

"I'm good. I'm thirsty though," Marissa said sweetly and innocently. Her eyes widened and Hermione choked back a scream as Marissa's small hand reached out and touched the black scales on the side of Draco's face. "Your face feels funny." She giggled. "Your eyes are pretty too."

"**What a charming child you are,**" Draco said lowly and began to pet her. "**Thank you for the compliment; I like your eyes too.**"

"Thank you. Hey what's your name?" She pouted cutely. Draco chuckled lowly in his throat and slanted a glance to the petrified parents a few feet to his left.

"Honey, you don't need to mess with this man. He's a bad man," Ron said carefully.

Marissa turned to her father, frowning cutely. "He is not!" she said petulantly.

"**My name is Draco, Marissa. Do you know what Draco means?**" Marissa's attention returned to him her eyes widened in curiosity and awe.

"It means dragon!" she announced happily. "Are you a dragon?" Draco nodded his head. "Wow, mummy, mummy look, Draco is a dragon!" Marissa said laughing. "I like you." Draco smiled, his canines flashing.

"**I like you too. I like you so much that I'm going to give you a present.**" Draco brought her attention to his closed fist and Marissa watched excitedly, all her fatigue gone, as his palm began to glow an emerald green color. The color faded after a minute and when Draco tipped his hand a platinum charm necklace fell out.

"Wow," Marissa said as she fingered the dragon charm with emeralds as its eyes. "Pretty."

"**This is yours. If you get into any trouble, all you have to do is touch this and call for me, and I will come.**"

"Really?"

"**Yes, really.**" Marissa let him place it around her neck and then she squealed and gave him a hug.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you!" she said charmingly and then ran to her parents. "Mummy, look at my pretty necklace! Mummy, I got up to get milk. I'll go back to bed, I promise, after I drink it. By Mr. Dragon!" She laughed and scampered off to the kitchen.

Draco turned to them and sneered. "**Cute kid. Now, back to business. I have no bone to pick with Marissa, but her parents on the other hand...**" Draco trailed off and cocked his head. Scampering feet were heard in the hallway and then up the stairs, and finally silence. "**I won't kill you, my Companion would be devastated, Goddess knows why. Scum like you should be wiped off the face of the planet. I have something else in mind. You will be hearing from me soon, or maybe I should say, if anything bad**

***begins to happen to you and yours, minus that charming daughter of yours, you will know it is me. Have a pleasant evening.***" He smiled and walked towards the front door.

Hermione and Ron followed to make sure he left. Draco was striding gracefully down their front walk before he turned and looked at them again. ***"I almost forgot, the Death Eaters and rouge vampires killed more people tonight. Forty if the report was right."*** Draco shrugged and then grinned darkly. ***"You might want to start dabbling in those Dark Arts. Because as far as I am concerned, my help and the help of my vampire courts is not an option you have anymore. Bonne nuit!"*** With a bow, he was gone.

"Merlin, why did Harry tell him?" Hermione asked.

Ron clenched his jaw. "He can't touch us."

"You're a bloody fool if you believe that. He just waltzed into our house, Ronald, *our* house! Dumbledore himself cast those wards! And he made friends with my baby!" Hermione covered her mouth as tears threatened to spill from her eyes. "Merlin, what are we going to do?"

"I don't know," Ron whispered raggedly, "I really don't know."

Draco opened the doors to his estate with a thought. All commotion stopped and everyone bowed and then left him alone. Severus stepped into his line of sight and arched an eyebrow as he motioned gracefully to the right side of Draco's face. "Usually, after you are done venting that leaves."

Draco sighed heavily and his body shuddered: scales retreated into fine creamy alabaster skin, talons retracted, his hair darkened slightly, becoming silvery blond once more, and his eyes lost their glow. "Better?"

"Much, your servants were about to have heart attacks," Severus drawled. Draco chuckled softly. "Have you fed?" Severus asked, his eyes softening in concern.

"Yes, I fed, I didn't kill, thank the Goddess, but I did feed. How is he?"

"Tired, he's in your private sitting room," Severus said, Draco nodded and began to make his way upstairs. "If you will not need me, I would like to venture out tonight."

Draco arched an eyebrow and then smiled slyly. "Off to see your toy?" Severus smiled wickedly. "Have fun, Sev."

"Oh, I intend to," he said happily and strode gracefully towards the main doors.

Draco chuckled, shook his head, and continued to climb the stairs.

Harry watched the flames as they danced in the fireplace. He took a sip of his tea and curled up underneath the afghan that Severus had wrapped around him. All he could remember was crying in Draco's arms after he'd told the vampire Lord about the last ten years of his life. Harry shuddered as his memories flitted across his mind; they were best left forgotten. He must have cried himself to sleep,

because when he woke, Severus was running those long, elegant, pale fingers through his hair, and quietly explained that Draco had business to attend to.

Harry was sure that Draco's 'business' stemmed from Harry's outpouring.

"Please don't hurt them," he stated to himself as he waited for his Lord to come home.

"I didn't hurt them, *mon cheri*." Harry turned to see Draco entering the room and he smiled.

"I thank you for that," he said softly as Draco made his way over to him and sat down. Harry instinctively scooted across the couch until he was encased in Draco's embrace and he hummed appreciatively.

"What did you do?"

"Well," Draco sighed softly, "I scared the hell out of them, which was fun. I met Marissa, such a lovely girl. Oh, and then I threatened them and I will carry out my threats. They will pay if they hurt you, Harry."

Harry curled up deeper into Draco and sighed. "I know I can't talk you out of it, so I'll just agree," Harry said wisely.

Draco chuckled and kissed his forehead. "Good darling, you are learning." Harry smiled softly as he finished his tea and then began to fiddle with the buttons on Draco's silk shirt.

"Will you tell me?" Harry asked.

Draco looked down at him and frowned. "Tell you what?"

"What you are," he stated simply. Draco sighed and stared into the flames for a few moments. Harry held his breath; he hoped he hadn't overstepped his bounds, he had a lot to thank the High Lord for and—

"Stop worrying, I'm not angry," Draco chided gently. "I will tell you soon, *mon cheri*, very soon. Before that happens though, the complete change must occur."

"I must be your True Companion."

"*Oui*."

"You are speaking French, Draco," Harry said laughingly. Draco tilted his face up to see laughing emerald green eyes.

"Yes, I'm sorry, I lapse into the language sometimes."

"Well we are in France," Harry said lightly. Draco smiled at him warmly and Harry felt himself blush. "I'm very happy here, Draco."

Draco nuzzled his throat and licked his skin where he could feel his heart beating.

"I'm glad, *mon cheri*," he stated before capturing Harry's lips with his. Harry moaned and clutched Draco's shirt tightly in his fist as desire wracked his body.

"Merlin, what do you do to me, Draco?" he mumbled between Draco's kisses, but his desire for the answer was being obliterated by Draco's tongue caressing his own in an open-mouthed kiss that sent his senses reeling.

"*Mon émeraude*, I have wanted you for so long." Draco licked the shell of Harry's ear lightly and Harry arched against him brazenly. "*Mon dieu*, you are so beautiful." They parted and Harry sucked in a deep breath and stared deeply into Draco's eyes.

"How long have you wanted me?" he asked quietly. Draco let his elegant fingers run along Harry's jaw and cheekbones.

"Since we were in school together," Draco answered truthfully. "I had always felt that given better circumstances we could have been friends and then perhaps something more." Harry blinked, his eyes widening.

"Since school? But Draco, we were enemies then," Harry said softly.

Draco shook his head. "My hatred by then had fallen away and only desire remained. I didn't join my father and his incompetent friends, not only because I knew they wouldn't win, but also because I knew you would be disappointed in me." Draco smiled tenderly as he looked at Harry. "I was a slimy git to you during school, but you still held out hope that I would come to my senses."

"You overheard me talking with Hermione and Ron one time didn't you?" Harry asked softly. Draco nodded, easing them back against the couch. Harry ran his fingers through Draco's hair as Draco rested his head on Harry's chest and watched the flames dance in the fireplace.

"You three were arguing again. At that time, it was seventh year and Voldemort was a week from attacking, and everyone could tell that the Golden Trio was breaking apart. Harry, you wanted to see if any Slytherins would come to the side of the Light. You had wanted to meet with me, to see if I could be of any help or would come to the Light myself. They said that you were crazy to want the dark wizards on the side of the Light."

"I remember, it was then that I knew they would never change, they could never understand what I was going through." Harry sighed. "So many died Draco, I don't think there are any Slytherins left from our year group alive or even in Azkaban."

"There aren't any," Draco said. "I tried locating them all, they're dead. The Light had wiped them out."

"I'm sorry."

"There's nothing to be sorry about love, there is nothing that you could have done." Draco lifted his head and looked down at Harry with wise and sad eyes. "I'm proud of them; they made their choice and

died by it, that is all anyone could've done in those times." He brushed his lips against Harry's and Harry's gaze became hooded as his heart began to race.

"I'm proud of them too," Harry said and Draco smiled before he kissed Harry slowly and sensuously. Harry wrapped his arms around Draco's neck, pulling the vampire on top of him further and moaned into Draco mouth as the Lord deepened the kiss. Draco's hand brushed against his temple softly and Harry felt a delicious current of power wash over his mind. His mind was opening, the barriers falling under the sweet seduction of Draco's lips and powerful magic.

Harry ran his hands down Draco's leather clad thighs and then back up to the tight leather clad rear and squeezed. Draco moaned deep in his throat and then purred sexily. The room began to feel hotter and began to vibrate as Harry felt the weight of Draco's power as he lowered his shields around his mind. "Merlin," Harry gasped as Draco began to kiss his throat.

"Are you ready, Harry?" Draco purred and Harry nodded slowly.

"Yes, yes, Merlin yes," Harry mumbled as Draco caught his lips again. Draco moaned in his mouth as Harry wrapped his longer legs around Draco's lithe waist.

"Your mind and thoughts are mine as mine are yours." Draco panted softly. "Do you concede?"

"I do." Harry moaned as Draco's fingers skimmed across his arousal. "I concede." Both moaned as each of their minds blazed as their magic wrapped around each other. There was a brief moment where Harry thought he'd die from the pressure of Draco's mind, but then it was gone, but the buzz of pleasure that ran up and down his body stayed. *Wow.*

*Yes, I believe that does say it.* Harry jumped slightly and Draco grinned.

"I—you—"

*Now we can speak telepathically, instead of me just speaking to you. It is easier and more...*

*intimate.* Harry let his head roll back as Draco let wave after wave of pleasure run down the new bond.

*If you keep doing that, I think I'll die of pleasure.* Draco chuckled as he licked Harry's throat before biting down. The pleasure spread and Harry cried out in ecstasy.

*Not a bad way to die is it?* Draco asked as he licked the blood from his lips, feeling the erratic heartbeat of the man under him as he calmed.

When Harry could think again he licked his lips and spoke with his mind. *No... definitely not.*

*I didn't think so.* Draco chuckled as he curled back up along Harry's lithe body. Harry closed his eyes and absentmindedly stroked Draco's hair. Draco made him feel at peace with everything.

It was more than he deserved.

As Harry fell into a light sleep, he heard Draco's thoughts in his head.

*No, Harry, you deserve the world.*

"What did you find out?" Severus asked as he scanned the document in front of him before nodding and signing off on it.

"Ronald Weasley seems to own a shop in Diagon Alley with his wife, they took out a four hundred thousand Galleon loan on it."

Severus looked at Hunter and smiled wickedly. "Let's make sure they have problems with paying that loan off, alright? Tell the bank to unfortunately need them to pay off the entire loan within a month. That should get the ball rolling."

Hunter smiled and bowed. "My Lord," he said and vanished.

Severus smiled to himself as he looked down at the figures for the club. Draco was making a killing at Wicked, not that he needed the money anyway. Severus set the account sheets aside and stood up fluidly as he walked out of the back office. He made his way through the pulsating crowd, many hands caressing over his leather clad body as he did so. Severus merely smirked at some of the more blatant invitations and shook his head. He made his way to the VIP lounge area where many of their vampire clientele stayed. Many vampires lifted their glasses in acknowledgement and Severus nodded back.

Though he was merely Second in Command, others still revered him. It seemed that being Second to the High Lord gave you a certain status amongst those merely in his Court or any other Court. Severus had never really cared for all the vampire politics, hadn't cared that is, until he saw that his Dark Father had also brought his godson into this world as well. He hadn't been thrilled, but the fate that had been awaiting Draco as a mortal had been much worse in Severus's eyes.

"My Lord, there is someone to see you," a passing servant said reverently.

Severus arched an eyebrow, sniffed the air, and grinned. It seemed his prey had taken the bait after all.

"Take him into my private suite." The servant bowed and hurried off to do his bidding. Severus made small talk with some of their more prominent clients and answered some pointed questions about Draco's love life, namely: who was the beauty that had been on his arm for the last three months?

Of course, he told them as little about Harry as possible, except for the fact that he would be Draco's Companion. It was enough to shut them up, which was what Severus wanted anyway. As he made his way to his own private suite in the club, he couldn't help the anticipatory shiver that raced through him. Severus had been watching him for months, but the game was still being played. He had to be his usual sarcastic self, but... Severus felt himself smile; it will be worth it in the end.

He opened the door and entered quietly. When he turned, the sight of Remus Lupin, sitting on a black leather couch, looking like shit, greeted him. "Well, you look like shit," he said. Remus's eyes twitched and flashed bright amber before dimming.



"I need your help," he said quietly. Severus arched an eyebrow, but on the inside, he was laughing; it seemed his bait had worked very well indeed.

"Indeed, and what can I do to help you?" he drawled.

Remus sighed and fiddled with strands of his rich brown hair that was streaked with gray.

"The man who'd been making my potion has been killed." He looked at Severus pleadingly. "The full moon is only a few days away, I'm asking you to make the potion for me like you used to."

"Really?" Severus drawled again, walked towards the werewolf and stood in front of him for a moment before fluidly crouching in front of him. "And what pray tell could you give me in return for this service?" he asked practically purring.

Remus swallowed as he looked into the obsidian eyes of the elegant and beautiful vampire in front of him. What could he give such a creature, one of wealth, superior status, and beauty, what could be given to him in return for this task? "I..."

Severus sighed and stood. "If you have nothing to offer then I won't do it," Severus said. "I am tired of doing something for someone and not get anything in return."

"Wait I... I can be your blood supply." Remus thought quickly. "I'm a werewolf, were-blood is much more filling than a mere mortal and I'm a wizard..." He trailed off as Severus turned. His loose, silky, raven locks shielding half his face, but not the seductive curve of his lush lips at the mention of blood. When Severus opened his mouth to speak, Remus's eyes widened in fascination at the pristine white, elongated canines that had appeared.

"You would be my *Pomme de Sang*?" Severus purred. Remus felt something change in the air as Severus practically stalked back towards him. Whatever it was made him feel dizzy, but light and carefree. His eyes glowed amber as he watched the vampire crouch before him as he had moments ago. "What say you, Remus?" Severus whispered as he licked the shell of Remus's ear.

"Yes, yes, I'll be your... what did you call me?" Remus asked breathlessly. Severus chuckled darkly and Remus had the sinking feeling he'd just signed his life away to the vampire, which hadn't been what he'd set out to do.

"You will be my *Pomme de Sang*," Severus said his eyes lighting up with dark triumph.

"But what does it mean?" Remus asked.

"You will be my Apple of Blood," Severus stated as he tilted Remus's head back and sank his fangs into his throat. Remus struggled briefly but then let out a rapturous moan of pleasure. Severus lifted his head and licked his lips slowly as he stared down at the man in his arms. "Do you concede?"

Remus swallowed but nodded his consent.

"Good, very good," Severus said with a smug smile. "You might want to owl Dumbledore and give him your resignation."

Remus looked up at him in alarm. "What!"

"After all, since I have a more urgent need for you, considering I will not feed from anyone else for the rest of eternity, it is only right that you retire." Severus chuckled at the look of outrage on Remus's face.

"You tricked me!" Remus accused.

Severus gave an exaggerated bow. "That I did my good fellow," he said with an exaggerated flare. Remus stood up, but then had to sit down as he felt the room spin. "You might want to sleep, the amount of blood I took would have made a grown man pass out," he said with a smirk, "but then you aren't fully human are you?"

"Neither are you!" Remus shouted. Severus chuckled lowly.

"I am not human at all," he purred seductively. "And you have just become my property under vampire law, so you must do my bidding. You wouldn't want me to just throw you out, without your potion, and let you run amuck during your change now would you?" Remus paled and shook his head. "I didn't think so. Please give the Headmaster your condolences and let him know that you will not be coming back. As of this moment, you are no longer employed at Hogwarts; frankly, you are no longer employed at all. You have no need to be."

"Why? What are you in this world?" Remus said bitterly.

Severus arched an eyebrow and tucked some of his hair behind his left ear. His emerald chandelier earrings shined brilliantly in the dim light. "I am High Second. The only other person in any vampire Court that I must listen to is my Lord, High Lord Draconis Malfoy."

"You're pretty important then aren't you?"

Severus smirked. "You have no idea."

"That's what I'm afraid of," Remus muttered.

Severus shrugged elegantly. "Don't take it too hard darling, the life I am about to give you will outshine the life you had ten times or more. I will let you rest, later we will return to the High Lord's estate." He didn't give Remus a chance to talk back to him; he took hold of the werewolf's mind and eased him into sleep. As he looked at the gorgeous man on his couch, he couldn't help but smile softly. Though he had done it the wrong way, his prey was now his and his only. "You will find my love, that I would do anything for you," he whispered softly as he stroked Remus's face. The man stated softly but leaned into the touch. Severus smiled to himself as he walked out of the room.

This would be interesting.

## Chapter Eight

Harry was jerked awake by the sound of glass breaking against marble. He sat up and looked around sleepily at the sitting room. The fire has been banked, and the red afghan had been tucked around him to ward off the cold. From the newly placed mental bond between him and Draco, he knew that the High Lord was standing right outside the room. Standing quickly Harry made his way to the door as another resounding crash echoed along the halls.

"What on earth is going on?" Harry asked as he appeared in the doorway. Draco turned, a sexy smirk on his lips. He kissed Harry's temple, wrapped an arm around his waist, and pulled Harry down the hall with him.

"It seems Severus has acquired a toy with a lot of spunk," Draco said, laughter in his gaze.

Harry looked at Draco and frowned. "A toy?"

"Usually a human that a vampire becomes fascinated with, that is what a toy is. The vampire will follow them around, almost like a game of hide and seek, until they find the right opportunity to take what they want."

"That's horrid," Harry said softly. Draco nipped his earlobe.

"Nonsense, the vampire will always come out and tell their prey what is going to happen either before the bite or after. The human has the choice of either submitting or death." His words were punctuated with another crash and Severus's amused laughter. "It seems Sev is enjoying this little display." Draco sighed. "But I am not, they are breaking priceless pieces of crystal."

Harry wrapped an arm around Draco's waist as they walked towards Severus's sitting room together. Draco threw open the doors and was nearly hit in the face with a vase that had soared over Severus's head. Draco narrowed his eyes and the vase stopped just inches away from his face. "Enough!" He handed the vase to Harry, who went and set it where it was supposed to be and then turned towards Sev who was still standing with an amused glint in his eyes.

"Severus, really, what in the name of Merlin do you—Remus?" Harry stared in shock at his godfather by proxy. Remus stood in his usually shabby robes, but amber fire glowed in his normally rich brown gaze, which had left their target and focused on Harry.

"Harry!" Remus said in surprise and then his eyes narrowed as Draco came up behind Harry and wrapped his arms around him. "High Lord," Remus said bowing.

Draco arched an eyebrow and nodded in acknowledgement. "Lupin, what brings you here?"

"That bastard over there tricked me!" Remus said fuming. Draco chuckled, but Harry shot him a glare and he blinked innocently.

"Really and how did he trick you?" Draco asked. Remus went onto explain what had happened and Harry had to cough to keep his laughter in check. Draco, however, did not and laughed loudly.

"Ever the Slytherin you are godfather mine, good form, Sev," Draco said smiling.

Severus smirked. "I rather thought I did a good job," he said smugly. Remus's left eye began twitching and he went to pick up another crystal vase.

Harry quickly went to his side and took the vase from his hand. "Remus, really, these things are priceless."

"Yes and I want one to hit him squarely in his smug face. He tricked me!"

"Not technically, not by vampire law he didn't," Harry said softly.

Remus looked at him in surprise. "I beg your pardon?"

"You offered yourself to him, therefore, he took what he was offered."

"But that was after I had asked for his help; he took my offer as payment."

Harry nodded and smiled slightly. "Yes, you offered to be his blood supply in order to get the potion you needed. He was well within his rights to take you as his *Pomme de Sang*," Harry explained as he shook his head. His ruby red chandelier earrings glowed softly in the dim light, as did the matching ring and bracelet. Remus stared at them closely and then looked back at Draco.

"And are you his *Pomme de Sang*?" Remus asked. Harry shook his head and smiled shyly at Draco.

"No, I am becoming his Companion, they are two different things," Harry said.

"Would you care to elaborate?" Remus asked tightly.

Harry laughed softly and shook his head. "It is not my place. You will have to ask your Lord about that," Harry said as he set down the vase. "I'll find Emily, I'm sure she can get you cleaned up and find someone to clean up this mess. Really Remus, you could've found another way to get someone's attention." Remus had the grace to blush at being chastised by a man who was twenty years his junior. "Draco, are you ready to go?"

"I am, darling. It is good to see you again, Lupin. I have business to attend to." He held out his hand for Harry, who gladly took his outstretched hand and the pair made their way out the door. "Play nice, Sev."

"Don't worry, I will," Severus replied, the very picture of innocence. Remus growled deep in his throat and Severus chuckled as the door closed quietly behind them.

"Now, where were we?" Severus asked quietly, pleasure lighting up his obsidian eyes.

"You were about to tell me what the hell you've done with my life," Remus growled.

Severus sighed and sprawled out onto his black leather couch and stared at Remus, who was glaring at him from across the room. "I have made you my *Pomme de Sang*," Severus said. "The literal translation is Apple of Blood, however in English it would translate as Blood Apple. You are the only one I will feed from and you will not feed anyone else, for the rest of eternity."

"Eternity!" Remus shouted loudly. Severus winced and Remus quickly lowered his tone. "Eternity, what are you talking about?"

"Once I begin feeding off of you regularly, you will need blood to replace the blood you lost, of course you will be feeding from me. After a few times of you feeding from me, a bond will form and last for eternity." Severus eyed him carefully. "So since I am technically immortal, you shall be immortal as well."

Remus blinked and then slowly sank to the ground. "That's all I'll be to you, a food source?" he stated quietly.

Severus shook his head. "No, most vampires who have a *Pomme de Sang* of their own come to love them over time and vice versa." He averted his gaze. "I would hope that you would come to love me as well."

"You tricked me into this."

"I really didn't trick you," Severus countered. "I merely staged it to where things would fall in my favor, like any person courting or wanting another person would do."

"You mean to tell me that you wanted me enough to stage this entire thing? What am I to you, just a warm body to drink from and fuck?" Remus snapped.

The warmth in Severus's deep gaze froze and turned glacial. "If that is what you think, then you can consider yourself no better than my whore!" Severus snapped and he was on him in a split second; Remus hadn't even seen him move, but he did moan as Severus sank his fangs into his throat, reopening the already healed holes and drinking deeply. Pleasure wracked through his body like fire.

"Oh please, please..." Remus didn't even know what he was begging for, he just craved *something, anything that* Severus could give him. Then suddenly the smell of blood flooded his senses and his eyes focused on the rich, red liquid on Severus's pale, elegant neck. Before he knew it, Remus was feeding as if he'd been starved for years. Severus's blood was intoxicating, sweet, bitter, rich, and it embodied so much power and magic that Remus moaned deliriously. Suddenly he was pushed to the floor roughly and something heavy hung around his neck. He licked his suddenly dry lips and looked up at Severus.

Tall, dark, deadly, and beautiful, Severus Snape stood above him arrogantly, his cold dispassionate gaze making Remus want to curl up into himself for the harsh things he'd said. A hand went into his tight, leather jeans to pull out a vial of potion. "Here is what you wanted," he said coldly. "Emily will be here to help you dress. You *will* owl Dumbledore and tell him you resign, do you understand me?"

"Yes," Remus said softly. "Severus, I'm—"

"Save it!" he snapped. "If you think that I would hunt you carefully only for a casual fuck, you don't think very highly of me and it makes me sound like a damn stalker or some filthy rogue vampire who cares nothing about who he feeds from and who he fucks." Remus winced again and then turned to see the door opening, revealing a tall, statuesque woman. She eyed him coolly and he knew that she'd heard what he'd said to Severus.

"Lord Severus?" she stated.

"Please get Remus properly attired and serve him dinner in my bedroom. He is to remain there until I get back from business," Severus said softly. "Remus, this is Emily Delacroix, Emily this is Remus Lupin, my *Pomme de Sang*."

"Lord Remus," she stated with a bit of reluctance, and curtsied to him. Severus glided elegantly to the door and walked out of it without looking back. "You have hurt him," she said coldly. "You should be honored. It is not every day a High Second takes a *Pomme de Sang*."

"High Second?"

"Liken him to a Duke, but a Duke who rules over the entire underworld and only takes orders from one King, High Lord Draconis," Emily said eyeing him distastefully. "You have wronged him terribly. You will have a harder time earning my respect now. Come Lord Remus, we must get you attired for your lord," she said and brushed past him, opening dark paneled wooden doors and revealing a lavish and opulent bedroom.

Remus, wracked with guilt, followed her obediently.

It was the least he could do.

"He's always been a stupid man, to me anyway," Draco said softly as he poured Severus a glass of wine and then poured himself one as well as they sat down on suede lawn chairs on a private veranda.

"He can be sometimes," Severus stated as he sipped his wine thoughtfully. "It's probably a defense mechanism for him. If you remember I had a few of my own at one time."

Draco chuckled. "Yes I do remember." He smiled and Severus smiled with him.

"Where's Harry?" Severus asked and Draco smiled dreamily.

"He's sleeping, why? With creating the mental bond as we did, and me feeding a little bit afterwards he went straight to sleep. Dawn approaches, I will be following him shortly." Draco arched a regal eyebrow. "And you? Where is Lupin?"

"In my bedroom. Emily brought him something to eat, and probably gave him a verbal lashing." Severus chuckled. "For a four hundred year old mortal she has a lot of spirit, especially being tied to the High Lord and High Second as she is."

"Yes, it is a shame we can't break the bond that binds her to our services. Really, what were the mad men before us thinking when they did that to her? It wears on her." He smiled fondly. "But you are right, she does have spirit, she thinks highly of the two of us and she is so overprotective. Lupin is in the fight for his life to get back into her good graces." They shared a laugh before Severus's eyes became calculating.

"The ball is in motion, Ron and Hermione Weasley will find themselves in a bind very soon."

"Excellent," Draco said with a sneer.

"I am surprised you haven't gone after Dumbledore yet," Severus said mildly.

Draco snorted. "That old manipulative bastard is about to be caught up in his own web of manipulations. I've already sent a telegram stating that I would help, slightly, in the fight against these supposed Death Eaters."

"You don't think they are really Death Eaters then?" Severus asked surprised.

Draco shook his head, staring out across the dark expanse of his gardens. "It can't be, Sev, I researched all those who went into Voldemort's services. Each and every one of them is either dead or incarcerated in Azkaban. There are a few from the other houses who are still living but don't have nearly a Sickle to their name half the time. All the Death Eaters have disbanded. Sev. There is no one to lead them, or should I say, no one they would want to follow."

"So you think that these people are opposing Dumbledore," Severus said slowly.

Draco nodded gravely. "You know that even with Arthur Weasley as the Minister of Magic that Dumbledore is behind the curtains, like a puppet master, pulling everyone's strings the way he sees fit. Arthur is a strong and wise wizard at that, but he lacks the drive, the ambition to be in such a demanding position. Dumbledore is ruling the wizarding world without a doubt. He has been ever since Fudge was killed and Arthur was put into office." Draco sipped his wine as he frowned. "I even believe Dumbledore was behind the abuse that those damn wizards put Harry through."

Severus's eyes widened. "Draco that is a very strong allegation."

"I know, sometimes I think it is hard to believe, but after visiting there, Sev..." Draco looked at his mentor through grave eyes. "I really don't know. We've both seen some horrible things since we've become vampires. However, the things they put him through broke him. You remember how Harry was a few months ago. He was a ghost of his former self. Dumbledore has enough sway with all the right people; all he has to do is give a few placed hints or say something tiny and inconsequential and minds start overanalyzing and tongues start wagging."

"It sounds plausible, I will give you that, but Harry was like a son to him."

"Are you so sure?" Draco asked. "Even you told me once or twice while I was considering becoming a spy for the Light that Dumbledore cared for nothing but the end to the war and he would use anyone

and anything to get it done. I remember you used to be furious with him when he let Harry wander into skirmishes head on and unknowing, because that damn old coot never told him a damn thing."

"You're right. Dumbledore treated Harry more like a weapon than anything, and once the war was over—"

"He needed someone to take the fall," Draco said softly. "He needed a scapegoat and who better than the savior himself." They sat silently for a few moments.

Severus sipped his wine slowly as he thought and the more he thought the angrier he became. "Harry was only a child, insecure and starving for attention. Dumbledore made sure of that, he sent the boy back to relatives that didn't give a damn about him." Draco said nothing. "He cultivated that insecurity, that bitterness, that anger, he made himself a living, breathing weapon, and once it'd been used, he tossed Harry aside leaving him to deal with a world full of angry and bitter people."

"That man should've been in Slytherin," Draco muttered. "He's a genius."

"He's batty," Severus said darkly.

"Well, he can't touch Harry now, and I'm doing my own investigation into these deaths. Something tells me that there is more going on that we don't know about." Draco shook his head. "He can't touch Lupin now either."

"What do you mean by that?" Severus asked quickly.

Draco smiled softly. "Don't you think it's strange that Lupin would be looking so bad off, even now? He should be getting a decent salary, enough to take care of himself," Draco said gently. "He looks ill."

"The full moon is nearly here. He always looked bad around the time of the full moon." They both rose and made their way to the main staircase.

"That is true, but still, there is something not right with him. I can feel it. If he hadn't have been such an idiot and pissed you off, you'd be able to feel it too." Draco snorted. "Werewolves, I'll never understand them."

Severus chuckled. "Perhaps our Dark Father can help him cope with what he is. He's been fighting it for so long, if he'd just let the wolf part of himself and his human side combine he'd be much more powerful, and he wouldn't even have to take those stupid potions to make himself helpless every full moon."

"Try telling him that," Draco said laughingly as he disappeared down the hall to the Grand Master Suite. "I shall see you at nightfall, Sev."

"Good night, Draco," Severus said. Draco smiled as he closed the door to his main suite. Severus sighed, opened the door to the sitting room, and closed it behind him. He didn't feel like going to bed just yet. The hearth was blazing with a roaring fire and Severus was lulled into a trance by the flames. Draco's



insights and his own doubts about Dumbledore's sanity circled through his mind. Severus sat down and began to think.

Remus heard Severus entering the sitting room, but was surprised when the vampire didn't enter the bedroom. He fingered the expensive silk shirt he was wearing nervously and gazed at the clock on the mantle. It was nearly five o'clock in the morning and because of the time of year sunrise was fast approaching. Severus should be exhausted; Remus really wanted to go and apologize, but Severus's verbal command was still ringing in his ears and he stayed put.

Emily had told him vaguely what his new position allowed of him outside these doors, besides the High Lord and his Companion and the High Second, Remus had full run of the place. He was surprised at the amount of power he had, but Emily had merely gazed at him coolly and told him that a *Pomme de Sang* was actually like a Companion of sorts, only a step down in the hierarchy that ruled vampire society.

Remus rose from the comfortable chaise that he'd been sitting on and walked towards the fireplace and sat down on the floor, raising his knees to chin and staring into the flames. Over the past decade, he'd been feeling empty and restless, like there was something out there watching him, hunting him even. In wizarding society, a werewolf was no better than a rodent. People bitten were ostracized and treated with fear and contempt. He was saddened and frustrated that people who were suppressed would suppress others for something that wasn't in their control.

With Harry's disappearance, nearly six years earlier, Remus's reasons for staying had dropped to none. The Headmaster had increasingly become more secretive, Ron and Hermione Weasley had become... almost calculating as of late, and he—well he was paid very little for his teaching at Hogwarts and spent most months as a werewolf under a potion induced state of vulnerability.

Severus had released him from that existence, but at a very high price.

Remus wasn't even sure he could take anything more happening in his life. All he wanted to do was to be left alone, perhaps travel around, and live like a hermit where he could run free as a wolf instead of fearing that he will hurt a student or another human being with the beast that raged within him. He sighed deeply and was surprised when a shadow loomed over him.

"You sound as if you are about to face your execution and have resigned yourself to the fact that you are about to die," Severus drawled. Remus scrambled to his feet, embarrassed that Severus had found him feeling pity for himself.

"I was just thinking," Remus stated. Severus arched an eyebrow and Remus stammered on, "I-I am very sorry for what I said, I didn't mean it! It was just..."

"A reflex I'm sure," Severus stated softly. Remus looked at him with wide eyes. Severus smiled softly. "I too had my defenses Remus, or have you forgotten the bastard that I was so often."

"You were just... a bit cold that's all."

"I'm sure people still say worse about me than that." Severus chuckled. He then appraised Remus in such a way that the older man felt his skin burn under the scrutiny. "As always Emily did a magnificent job. Those colors suit you. You look beautiful." Remus blinked; had Severus Snape just paid him a complement? He looked back into the dark eyes staring at him and flushed.

"Thank you," Remus said as he fingered the rich amber silk shirt and then touched the bronze leather that was skintight. "I'm glad you approve."

"It is not about whether or not I approve, I just want you to be comfortable. The full moon is tomorrow night. I take it you want to be locked up in here?" Severus asked.

"If I could be that would be nice, but I don't mean to impose. I—"

"Enough Remus, you live here now. You are not a guest," Severus said over his shoulder. Remus watched as pale alabaster skin came into view as Severus stripped out of his shirt as he made his way to the door to the right of the king sized bed in the center of the room. His eyes marginally widened as he saw that the room was actually a walk-in closet. However, his eyes were drawn back to the vampire that was stripping right in front of his gaze. "Would you like to touch what you are looking at so intently?" Amusement was laced through Severus's sarcastic words and Remus turned bright red.

"I'm sorry... I just... I mean you never—oh bloody hell!" Remus cursed as he turned sharply away from the beautiful sight. Low laughter sounded in his ears and Remus turned his head only to find Severus right next to him. He was only wearing black silk pajama bottoms and his hair cascaded down his shoulder in loose, silky, thick waves.

"You find me attractive? That's cute," Severus said lightly, fingering the heavy thing around his neck.

Remus had been chastised so thoroughly by Emily that he hadn't dared to go into the bathroom and look at what was around his neck. 'It is a symbol of your station,' she had told him and that was the end of that.

"You wish to see what is around your neck?" He posed it as a question but he could see the answer in Remus's soulful brown eyes. "Come, *mon cheri*." Severus guided him to the door of the opulent bathroom to the left of the bed and glanced at the wall, a soft, dim light came on and Remus saw what was around his neck for the first time.

It was a choker, a heavy one, made of platinum as far as Remus could tell and was nearly three inches wide. However, what held his attention were the stones embedded in it. They were emeralds, and they reminded him of Harry's eyes. He knew that there were six in all, and small princess-cut diamonds surrounded each one.

He was wearing a bloody fortune around his neck.

"My God, Severus, how much did this cost?"

"It is priceless Remus, for you wear the only one," Severus stated in his ear. "I thought of you when I first saw it. When you let your wolf out, your eyes turn rich amber, but they are flecked with a green so rich it reminds me of emeralds." Remus stared at their reflections in the mirror. The lavish choker he was wearing and the fact that he and Severus looked quite decadent together entranced him. "It will never come off, not unless I want it to or you do when you bathe. It will call to you if you forget to put it on, it's yours forever."

"Why?" Remus whispered but he already knew the answer. The fierce possessiveness in Severus's eyes scared him and thrilled him at the same time. No one had ever looked at him like that.

"Because you are mine, and only mine," Severus answered.

"I don't like you."

"I didn't ask you if you did."

"I will forever dislike you," Remus said sternly.

A seductive smile spread on Severus's face and he licked the shell of Remus's ear sensually. "We shall see."

"I'll never trust you with my person," Remus said raggedly. A strong hand turned his head and forced him to stare into Severus's face.

*Your body as well as your blood is mine. How long do you think you will last before you succumb to the pleasure that you get every time I sink my fangs into your skin. How long can you keep me at bay? I am a vampire, werewolf. We are stronger than your kind, and you will succumb, if not now, then later. The harder you fight, the harder you will fall.* Severus's voice echoed in his mind and while Remus was still shocked into stillness at his bold statement, Severus vanished back into his room.

"Come, the sun is rising... I can... no longer... stay... awake." He almost sounded intoxicated. Remus frowned and turned off the light manually.

Severus was already lying in the bed, the silk sheets and large comforter already pulled up around his waist. His eyes were blinking slowly, his chest rising and falling. Remus watched in horrific fascination as Severus's breathing and heartbeat slowed until he couldn't tell whether the man was still alive or dead. "Severus?"

"S-Shut... up. Tired," Severus stated. Remus quickly shed his clothing, picking out a pair of blue silk pajama bottoms and hurriedly putting them on before he climbed into the bed beside the vampire. Now he could hear his heart beating... only it beat every ten minutes instead of continuously. Remus listened for brief moments, before giving in and falling asleep as well.

When Remus woke up, he was greeted with the sight of Harry sitting on the bed, smiling gently down at him. "Good evening, Remus," he said as his emerald eyes lit with such happiness that Remus could do nothing but smile back at him.

"You seem happy tonight," Remus said softly; he looked around the room and found no sign of Severus.

Harry looked with him and smiled impishly. "He's speaking with Draco about business; those two will be in Draco's office until about eight or nine."

"What time is it?"

"Seven thirty," Harry said. "Severus said to let you sleep; he fed from you before you were even awake, that's probably why it took you so long to rise."

Remus frowned. "What are you talking about, Harry?"

"I guess he didn't explain some things to you," Harry said quietly. "Anyway, you and Sev have been bonded on a subconscious level. Your body is strongly aligned with his as mine is with Draco's. We both wake up at the same time and usually go to sleep at the same time as well. It was only the first couple of days that he rose before I did, or I rose before him." Harry shrugged. "It just has something to do with the bonding."

"I see," Remus said softly.

Harry pulled him out of bed. "Get dressed, we have to meet them soon," Harry said with a smile.

Remus stared, shocked by Harry sunny disposition. "You're truly happy here?" Remus asked.

Harry blinked slowly and smiled seductively. "You would be just as happy if you'd let yourself. I may not fully trust Draco yet," Harry blushed, "but he is *very* convincing," he stated.

Remus smiled. "I'm glad for you," he said truthfully.

"Have you sent an owl to Dumbledore?" Harry asked as he went and picked out an outfit for Remus.

"No, I guess I can do it now."

"You'd better, you know how Severus is," Harry said cheekily.

Remus snorted. "Don't I?" he responded sarcastically.

*"Really? My beautiful son has a Companion now? Excellent, and what of Severus? A werewolf you say? Nice, very nice—and the old wizard? Hmmm, I do not like that, correct it."* Blood red hair fluttered in the cool night breeze as sea green eyes flashed up at the stars. The man turned slightly. "Yes?"

*"Majesty, your son's Companion he is his true Consort."*

A slow smile made its way across full lips. *"How convenient for us then. It is time to take a trip."* He turned slowly and strode gracefully down the marble hallway, his servant following him closely.

*"A trip, Majesty?"*

*"It is time to visit my son."*

## Chapter Nine

"Is everything they have leather?" Remus asked as he fingered the leather black pants he was wearing.

Harry smiled. "Yes and no, Draco has bought jeans for me, but he and Sev always wear black leather or a variation thereof." Harry winked. "I happen to like them in leather; both of them have cute butts."

Remus flushed and looked at the younger man with unconcealed horror and amusement. "Harry!"

"What?" he asked innocently, blinking owlishly. Remus sputtered, but then gave in and laughed. Harry smiled as he led Remus down the hall to Draco's private library.

"You seem very happy here," Remus said as he touched the choker around his neck lightly. Harry smiled softly and gave Remus's hand a squeeze.

"If you want to hear me say it then yes, I am very happy here. Draco makes me happy and I make him happy," Harry said softly. Sadness flashed in his eyes as he looked at Remus and his smile turned a little sad. "I was... very broken when he found me and he's helped me heal."

"We'd been looking for you for seven years," Remus said a little pleadingly. "Dumbledore didn't know what to do. You had completely vanished; your magical signature was almost nonexistent."

Harry frowned darkly. "I barely had any magic left, Remus," he said coolly. "I had no money, the damn wizarding world took it all and my *friends*—" He spat. "They blamed and deserted me. I had to leave; I couldn't take the censure anymore. And you weren't there," he concluded softly.

Remus winced; he'd been living his own personal hell during the time of Harry's disappearance. "I know, I'm sorry."

"I tried looking for you," Harry said brokenly, things around him began to rattle and Remus reached out for him, but Harry backed away. Remus turned to the ornate oak doors; Draco and Severus were standing there now, watching them. "I could never find you. Where were you?"

"I-I can't tell you, Harry," Remus said a little bit sadly.

Harry glared at him, renewed anger overpowering his kindness. "What the *fuck* kind of answer is that!" he snapped and a crystal vase shattered behind him.

"Harry!" Draco's voice echoed along the opulent hall and just like that, Harry's magic seemed to seep back into him, and the angry spark in his eyes faded and was replaced by acceptance.

"Fine, be that way," Harry said, he turned to Draco and Remus felt a rush of envy as Harry's eyes softened and he bowed in respect. "Forgive me, High Lord, I didn't mean—"

"It's all right, Harry," he said gently but his eyes were glaring daggers at Remus. "You are entitled to be angry. Come adjourn to the library and wait for us." Harry walked past him and Severus, pausing enough

to give Draco a kiss and then he disappeared behind the doors. The tension was thick, almost palpable to Remus as Draco walked calmly towards him.

"I will say this only once, Lupin," Draco said in a deadly quiet tone of voice. "If I find out you had anything, and I do mean anything, to do with what happened to him, there is no hole you can crawl into where I will not find you." Remus's face went ashen. "I will hunt you down and destroy you, and I will do it twice over if you hurt Severus as well. I am Lord here, I am law, and you will abide by the rules. The honor Severus has bestowed upon you is amazing. No werewolf has ever been allowed in a vampire court, especially not the High Lord's Court. Be thankful and count your pathetic blessings. I am watching you."

Remus watched fearfully as black scales rippled along half his face, before he turned gracefully on his heel and walked back into the library.

Severus sighed heavily. "You Gryffindors have the tact of stampeding elephants," Severus drawled coolly. Remus winced, but started as a warm hand grazed along his side. He looked up in surprise and saw Severus there. How did Severus get so close without him noticing? "You use only your human senses, never your wolf senses." His upper lip curled into a sneer. "You are too afraid to use the wolf that claws inside of you. A shame really."

"It will hurt people."

"Not if you would stop locking it up and become one with it," Severus shot back, but then sighed. "Come, Harry and Draco will not see us now, I might as well tell you of your station while you get a tour of your new home." Severus gracefully turned and began walking, Remus trailed after him silently. "This is the fifth floor and it is primarily used by the High Lord and his Companion and his Second."

"What's a Second?" Remus asked quietly as he took in the rich opulence with more than a little awe.

"A Second is the term used for the second-in-command. If the Lord and his Companion are not available then the Lord's Second will take his or her place as ruler until they come back. I am the High Second, considering Draco is my High Lord, therefore all of his Court will defer to me in times where Draco or Harry are absent." He looked at Remus. "Now they will also defer to you."

"Me? Why Me?"

"As I tried to explain last evening, you are my *Pomme de Sang*." Remus began to protest but Severus sent him a scathing glare that made him keep his mouth shut. "Yes, I know that you know. What you do not know is how important that term is. In the hierarchy of the vampire Court there are six Courts: there is the North American Court, South American Court, Asian Court, Australian Court, African court, and the European Court. The European Court has always and will always be the seat of power of the High Lord." Severus paused as they walked down the main staircase together.

Servants stopped and blinked in surprise at the sight of Remus, who blushed at the attention, but after a moment, they all bowed. Severus merely nodded in reply before opening the door to his immediate left, ushering Remus inside.

"Merlin." Remus breath in awe as he turned; it was a vast library, and he did mean vast. Books lined the walls from the vaulted ceiling to the stone floors. Lush carpets insulated the cold stone, roaring fireplaces were placed strategically by the plush couches and chairs that were scattered around.

"Do you have any questions so far?" Severus asked as he sprawled on one of the loveseats.

Remus sat in the chair facing him and shook his head. "No, please continue."

"Very well then," Severus said softly. "As I was saying, the European Court is the High Lord's domain. This Court is usually referred to as the High Court, I am sure you've heard of it?" Remus nodded and Severus acknowledged that fact. "Very good. In each Court there is a ruling Lord or Lady, you can always tell who is who by the thickness of the Signet around his or her neck, whomever wears the thickest and largest Signet is the Lord or Lady in charge. To be in charge of a Court one must be very powerful and usually very old."

"What do you mean by old?" Remus asked.

Severus smiled. "You will find that Draco and myself are the youngest vampires that have ever taken... office shall we say. Draco has been High Lord since he was two years old as a vampire, and I took up the reigns as his Second only a year after that. Most vampires are if not hundreds, possibly thousands of years old before they even *think* of trying to take a Signet."

"How does one get the position?" Remus asked.

Savage glee flitted across Severus's face. "The Lord or Lady in power must kill their predecessor before taking the Signet. However even then, if the Signet does not want you to rule, then you cannot."

Remus frowned in puzzlement. "What do you mean?"

"The ones in power are *chosen* to be in power. The Signet really has an essence, a spirit of its own. It chooses who will wear it. If it does not choose you then usually the Second in command of the former Lord or Lady takes up the reigns of the Court, waiting for the right vampire to come and claim it."

"Well, why can't the Second take it up, surely if he or she was in the same Court the Signet would respond?" Remus asked.

Severus shook his head. "It doesn't work that way. Many Seconds over time become jealous or downright envious of their Lord or Lady's position. Some plan the assassination of the Lord or Lady, others just leave." Severus shrugged. "Personally, I like where I am at. I have no problem following my godson; he has a good head on his shoulders. He will be a marvelous leader, already is." Severus looked into the flames and then shook his head. "You have gotten me off track. Where was I?"



Remus smiled softly. "Vampires being hundreds or thousands of years old before—"

"Ah yes, you will find that many of the Lords and Ladies that rule are between six hundred and fifteen hundred years old."

"That old?" Remus asked.

Severus nodded. "They are very powerful and very wise." He grinned. "They dote on Draco and I a lot, but I digress. Next we move on to the part where you and Harry come in."

"Oh?"

"Due to the fact that being Lord or Lady of some country is very strenuous and a lifelong office, unless you are killed, many are encouraged to take what we call Companions. A Companion basically does what the title entails; they accompany their Lord or Lady wherever he or she might go. They are friends, councilors, and lovers. Companions are like the spouse of the Lord or Lady. Most Companions start out mortal, they represent a likeness to their chosen Lord or Lady and yet a difference and a strength that will ground their master."

"I don't understand."

Severus sighed and rolled his eyes. "For instance, take Draco and Harry as an example. Though Draco came from an affluent family and Harry was raised by abusive Muggles, they are very alike. Both are very stubborn individuals. Though many do not know it Draco and Harry share the same scars from the home life they experienced, both are bright and very powerful. Do you see this in them?"

"Yes, yes I do."

"Okay, however, that is where they differ. Draco has the confidence and inborn ability to mask all his feelings and thoughts from the world. His father beat it into him when he was a child and Draco flourished under the attention. He became a carbon copy of his father: cold, cruel, and distant. Draco is regal, he believes in himself and anyone who speaks against him or any other person he deems worthy of his attention will be summarily punished by death or torture.

"Harry on the other hand truly can't stand Draco's high handedness. He has now found out that is just how Draco is, however, in school he couldn't. Harry has low self-esteem—that is being corrected as we speak—is usually clumsy as an ox, and had no confidence to speak of. He lets people walk all over his feelings and doesn't lift a finger to help himself. He is respectful though and very humble, he cares for people." Severus paused. "Do you see the difference?"

Remus licked his dry lips and nodded. "Yes," he said very softly.

"Well, they are alike but they are different and those differences are what make Draco and Harry such a perfect pair. They each have what the other lacks: Draco has the confidence Harry needs, Harry has the humility that Draco needs. Harry keeps Draco in check, makes sure he thinks before he leaps and Draco helps Harry to see that he is worth more than any of those damn wizards that left him in the mud all

those years ago. That is what I mean. But what is really important to me is that they make each other happy."

"I think I see it now. The Lord or Lady chooses a person that will make them still remember that they were human once, with human wants, and human needs, basically."

"Exactly, and the Companion also acts as a source of food as well. After a certain amount of time a Lord or Lady will usually come to love his or her Companion and so many times have come about where the Companion is made a vampire and named Consort to the given Lord or Lady." Severus looked over at Remus and the werewolf nodded for him to continue. "Next we have the Second, now like his or her Lord or Lady, a Second too needs a companion, but not for the same reasons... it is a little different.

"A Second generally takes a Companion for feeding purposes. The healthiest mortal, or the strongest would do, it would mean that the blood is also healthy and very strong. When you get into another species, say werewolves and such, the blood is about five times more powerful than any mortal's. Wizards as well are considered mortal, but they are magical as well, so their blood happens to be stronger than your average mortal."

"Is that the only reason a Second would take a companion?" Remus asked carefully.

Severus glanced at him and then back towards the flames. "No, it mostly has to do with feeding, but also having a friend and a lover, though feeding is the primary reason a Second takes a Companion. Because we are so busy, sometimes we go without feeding for months at a time, but that is very dangerous. To let the thirst build up like that is almost suicidal not to mention deadly for any mortal that just happens to be there when we snap. So instead of that happening, the Second's Companion will be with them to make sure they feed."

"Because they will be the food," Remus said softly.

Severus nodded. "And for that reason most, for being primarily there to feed their master, a Second's Companion is called a *Pomme de Sang*," Severus ended quietly.

Remus sat there stroking the amber choker around his neck in fascination and horror. "You can take away anyone's free will and do this to them?"

"You offered yourself to *me*. However, two of the Seconds you will meet have *Pomme de Sang*, and you will see what happens to those that are taken against their will. The other two are treated very much like kings; their Seconds love them very much." Severus smiled. "You will like Jeremy and Galen. They are quiet like you."

"Are all *Pomme de Sang* male?" Remus asked.

Severus laughed. "Good Goddess no, the two that are treated horribly are women, but that is just because their Seconds are righteous bastards. Those two men were twisted before they were made

vampires." Severus narrowed his gaze at Remus. "Under no circumstances will you ever be left alone with them, is that understood?"

"Yes, of course," Remus said quietly.

"Good, Jeremy's Second is actually female and Galen and his Second have been in love with each other for centuries."

"How do you know that?"

Severus smiled softly as he stared at Remus. "Galen was the Companion of the Lord of Australia for four hundred years. Halfway into that Lucien Deveroux became the Second of Australia and the two hit it off really well. They became the best of friends and then it led to more," Severus said calmly. "Of course their Lord could see this, but Galen thought that he owed him so he said he'd stay his Companion until he met someone else that struck his fancy."

"And did he, the Lord I mean?"

Severus chuckled. "No, all three of them are sleeping together now." Remus flushed bright red and Severus laughed.

"You're joking then?"

"No, I'm serious. Galen is still the Companion and the *Pomme de Sang*; Lucien and his Lord didn't want to make him choose. Galen has a very kind heart and he would have been miserable if he'd made either of them sad. So instead the Lord suggested that they try a Triumvirate on a strictly temporary basis, and they've been together ever since."

"How long has this been going on?"

Severus frowned slightly as he thought. "The Triumvirate itself has been going on for about five or six centuries."

"Are you serious?" Remus gaped. "The Lord of Australia has been Lord for nearly a millennium!"

"Yes, he's quite powerful, no one on that continent can challenge him and win, and then there's the fact that both his Second and Companion love him nearly to death. Those two alone would leave a bloody path of destruction in their wake if someone killed their Lord and lover."

"But... I thought usually a Companion would become the Consort, how—Merlin that's complicated."

Severus seemed to pity him, because he smiled and explained. "Because he is both Companion and *Pomme de Sang* they decided that he couldn't just become a Consort for that would mean that he'd chosen to stay with his Lord instead of Lucien. So, they've left the titles as is, but Galen has been turned into a vampire. Mortal Companions are some of the oldest mortals on Earth; however, though stronger due to the blood of their Lord or Lady, they are still susceptible to mortal illnesses and Lucien and his

Lord didn't want to lose him over something so small, so they changed him together, so Galen is now both of theirs."

"Wow, to love so much..." Remus trailed off. "They sound really nice."

Severus snorted. "Those three can be more obnoxious than the Weasley twins," he said dryly, but definitely with affection. "So, do you have any more questions?"

"No, I think you've answered them all," Remus said, "thank you."

"Don't thank me; I don't need your thanks. You are mine, therefore you should know about all these things. Soon you will see the changes in yourself and your 'burden' as you like to think of it. I suggest that you talk to Father when he comes. I believe he has a werewolf in his services, and this man doesn't need to take a potion to control the wolf when the full moon is out, not like you do."

"He's probably able to run free without killing..." Remus trailed off and his face went ashen pale. Severus frowned at this change. He'd noticed before how Remus had seemed to hunch his shoulders and tried to make himself disappear under Harry's earlier censure. Severus narrowed his eyes; something had happened to Remus, something that he was hiding.

"Remus, are you hiding something from me?" Severus asked quietly.

Remus looked up at him; horror flickered through his eyes before he masked it hurriedly. "Nothing," he said quickly. Severus sighed and Remus looked away. *You will tell me sooner or later.* The voice in his head was just as seductive and twice as deadly. Remus gasped and turned to stare into endless black eyes.

"Sooner or later, you will tell me. I will know all of your secrets," Severus whispered hotly in his ear. Remus felt his heart thudding against his chest at the blatant desire in Severus's eyes. He heard the clicking of a buckle being undone and then he gasped as he felt Severus's ice-cold fingers on his skin.

"What... what are you doing?"

Severus merely smirked and pulled the leather pants lower. "I am hungry," he said softly.

Remus swore his heart skipped a beat. "Hungry?" he repeated dumbly.

"Mhmm," Severus stated as he watched the delicious shiver run through the werewolf's body. "Very, very hungry."

"Hungry... hungry for what?" Remus fumbled as he stared into Severus's eyes and lost part of himself; fire was running through his blood so fast he couldn't think. What was happening to him? "Oh, blood, you need to feed, but I thought—"

"I had a little snack before you woke up," he said with a sexy grin, "however, I need more than that." Remus dimly heard two thuds in the back of his mind... shoes, those had been his shoes, and it was when Severus pulled off his pants entirely that he remembered he wasn't wearing anything beneath...

"Merlin," Remus groaned, his head thumped against the back of his couch as Severus bent his head and swallowed him fully. "S-Severus."

Severus let go of his arousal with a smirk. "Yes?" he asked with a sing-song quality.

"You're hungry, s-shouldn't you be feeding from my neck, I mean—oh God." Severus dragged his fingernails and tongue along the length of him and pleasure licked at his senses.

"Oh, I can feed from many different places," he said seductively. A hand rose and brushed the marks underneath Remus's choker and the werewolf arched into the touch wantonly. "Here, on your neck, or..." Severus moved a hand down his silk shirt to his wrist and licked it, "or here, or..." Remus swallowed hard as a hand as strong as steel clamped down on his thigh and he gasped as the other fingered the inside of his thigh in the area right near his pelvic bone, "or here." Lust, Remus thought, was an attractive thing to see in Severus's eyes, that darkness lit up and glowed so eerily so beautifully.

"Oh." He didn't even recognize his voice it was so breathy.

Severus chuckled deeply and he licked the spot that he'd just touched. *Relax Remus, and let me take care of you.* Remus began to say 'no' but he realized then that he really didn't have a choice. He cried out as the pleasure running through his body was magnified as Severus sank his fangs into the flesh of his thigh and began to drink. It was so pleasurable it bordered on painful, but the pain and pleasure mixed together so beautifully. "Oh... god... Severus!" As he fed, Severus ran a hand over the rock hard length beside his head.

Precious minutes later, the haze of pleasure Remus was in faded somewhat and he could see again, Severus was still on his knees in front of him, his pale face was flushed from feeding and his hair was out of its confines and spread over his shoulders and Remus's legs. He licked the blood off his lips and looked up at Remus under a hot, hooded gaze. "Would you like me to take care of your problem?" Severus asked grinning very wickedly as Remus swallowed; his mouth had gone dry.

"Shouldn't I be doing this to you?" he managed to choke out.

Severus laughed and shook his head slightly. "Your pleasure is my pleasure," he stated almost with a reverent quality to it. "Besides, you are not ready to pleasure me, you've only been here for one night, and you are still a bit off balance." Remus groaned as Severus ran a tongue down his hard arousal and then back up again. "However, I am your Second and I will take *very good* care of you, don't you agree, Remus?"

"Yes," Remus answered breathlessly.

"Good, lay back and enjoy it, think of it as a welcome home present." Remus began to say something, but it was lost to him as Severus took his entire length down his throat and began to suck. Remus couldn't think, couldn't even breathe, the pleasure was suffocating him so. He vaguely realized that he had threaded his fingers through Severus's thick, silky hair and wrapped his legs around the vampire's shoulders and neck. It didn't take long after that for Severus to bring him to completion. As he came

down from his orgasmic high, Severus kissed him deeply and Remus could taste himself on those lips, and he moaned slightly at the pressure. "You're beautiful, Remus, I'm glad I have you now," he purred as he dressed Remus with a reverence that the werewolf found daunting.

"Severus, I—" An elegant hand covered his mouth and Severus shook his head. He lifted himself effortlessly off the floor with a grace that Remus envied and then he helped Remus off the couch, threaded their fingers together, and walked towards the door. "Where are we going?"

"We have a tour to finish," Severus said with wry amusement.

Remus looked at him in horror. "But we just finished—"

"Yes."

"And you're just going to—"

"Absolutely."

"Can't we... take a shower first or something?" Remus asked with a blush.

"Why Remus, I didn't know you thought of me that way," Severus said innocently.

Remus blushed again. "Severus!"

The High Second just laughed.

## Chapter Ten

"Is Lupin going to be a problem?" Draco asked as he ran his elegant fingers through Harry's hair. Harry turned his gaze from the fire up to Draco who was looking down at him serenely.

"I'm not sure," Harry said slowly. "I missed him all this time, and I'm so angry that he wasn't even there to protect me, but I think I'm angrier because he won't tell me what he'd been up to in that time that I—"

"I understand." Draco narrowed his gaze at the fire. "He's hiding something, don't worry Severus is very... persuasive. He will find out what it is before long."

Harry smirked at Draco. "Severus is persuasive? You mean he'll hurt Remus?"

"No, he will persuade him to let all these worries go, probably while giving him sexual favors." Harry's eyes went wide and Draco laughed.

"What the hell are you trying to say? Severus gets stuff done around here because he sleeps with them all?"

Draco laughed harder. "No, no Harry, it's just that since he's been turned, Severus has become somewhat of an incubus."

"An incubus, what's that?"

"An incubus is considered a demon male that preys on human women sexually. It is the closest I can get in giving a name to what he's become, however his usually applies to males because as you have probably guessed Sev is gay." Harry nodded for Draco to continue. "Well, basically, Sev uses his sultry voice to create a mental fog for the person, they can't really think, so while they're like that Sev will ask them questions. Usually while he is either teasing them sexually or keeping them from climaxing. He's really good at it. With Lupin it will probably be different because Lupin is actually his, like you are mine, so he'll probably care a lot more and take it easier."

"Wow, has he ever done that to a woman?" Harry asked.

"He's done it to a few, but it drains him to do so, because he's not attracted to them." Harry got a grin on his face.

"Has he ever done it to you?" he teased. Draco glanced into the fire thoughtfully and then a sultry smile appeared on his face. Harry gasped, "He has hasn't he?"

"Oh yes, he did, it was actually after we had both fed once. All vampires get a high after they have fed really well; it's like a healthy stupor. However, vampires have a lot of energy usually after a feeding like that so they have energy to burn. Most go dancing, hence why I created Wicked—partly, and the other part was out of boredom. But that particular night, well, we were here and there was the bed so..." Draco trailed off and shrugged his shoulders.

Harry was astounded. "Draco, did you sleep with your godfather?"

"If you mean have sex with, then yes. He's my godfather, of no family relation to me, however, he's known me all my life, and has loved me as a father would. However, like most things, the Change kills most of the mortal thinking in your body and your mind. Oh, you'll still have a conscience, however, mortal labels and such are of no importance."

"How so?" Harry asked frowning. "I mean, no offence Draco or anything, but that's about as close to incest as you can get without doing the deed."

Draco smiled tenderly and kissed him softly. "When you become a vampire, many things do not matter anymore like living a 'good' life, a boring life. You can do anything you want, *be* anyone you want, and it's so liberating. You never age, you are timeless in and of yourself, and you can't be placed in a nice little box with a label on it anymore.

"Mortal labels such as race, sex, religion, and whatever else they've come up with these days don't matter, because for the simple fact, Harry, though we are able to die vampires are the closest thing to being Immortal, just like Elves, and were-animals, and so on. We shall live a mortal life many decades and centuries over, why should we hold ourselves to the present mortals' way of thinking, when in a mere fifty years they will be old and gray or more than likely dead?"

"I..." Harry paused and thought of the ramifications of what his life now meant. He'd be essentially as Immortal as Draco and Severus when he became Draco's Companion. He would watch as the world changed, the old died away and the new are born, over and over again. To hold himself to a way of thinking after that would almost be pathetic. "I think I see," Harry said and Draco sighed and eased back in his seat. Harry turned to him and a smug grin. "So how was it?" Harry was probably the only one, besides Severus himself, who had ever seen or made the arrogant and proud Draco Malfoy blush.

"It... it—well, damn it, Harry," Draco said with a mock frown and Harry laughed. Draco smiled after a moment as he cocked his head, reminiscing. "It was very good. Severus is gorgeous to me, gorgeous to many and to see him in that light..." Draco trailed off as he smiled softly. "Severus was a wonderful lover, attentive and experienced. He taught me a lot." Draco winked at Harry. "I'm sure I have your wholehearted approval of that." Harry blushed. "Are you angry, Harry?" Draco went from playful to serious in a span of two seconds sometimes; Harry was just now getting used to it.

"No, you both love each other so much, and have been there supporting each other so long I can't be jealous or angry over that. Besides it's over now, and you've learned some valuable experience, which you demonstrate for me time and time again," Harry said seductively.

Draco leaned down and kissed him slowly. Harry sighed happily as their minds began to brush one another's more intimately and Draco's tongue ran across his lips. He gladly let Draco have entrance to his mouth. Would it always be like this between them? Harry wondered to himself. This easy intimacy, this fire, and the feeling of *rightness* that always accompanied him when he was with Draco. If this was how it was going to be, he never wanted it to end.



"Hmm, you taste like the sun," Draco stated as he continued to drop sultry kisses on Harry's now bruised lips. He chuckled a bit breathlessly and then moaned as Draco took his mouth again, his free hand wandering down towards Harry's buttoned leather pants. "You are softening towards me, Harry."

"Hmm, is that a problem?" Harry teased and then his eyes rolled in pleasure as Draco cupped his leather clad erection. Draco smirked down at him.

"No, it just means we are closer to completing the bond than I realized," he said softly. Harry shivered with anticipation as Draco's nimble fingers began unbuttoning his pants. "Is that what you truly want, to be my Companion?"

"You ask me all the time, Draco, has my answer ever wavered?" Draco looked at him then, the passion and desire in his eyes banked for brief moments.

"No," he said his voice thick with emotion, emotion that a decade ago, Harry would say that he didn't have.

"Then that is my answer, the same answer I always give is my answer now, and will always be my answer," Harry said as he pulled himself up and claimed Draco's lips. His arm wrapped around Harry's neck as the High Lord moaned. Harry broke away as he groaned helplessly as Draco fondled him expertly. "Draco."

*Shh, let me pleasure you, my darling.* Draco's voice was a seductive wave of pleasure rolling through Harry's mind; it was welcome, and very wanted. "Yes, that's it, let yourself go." Harry's world contracted to the movement of Draco's hand, the spellbinding sultriness of his voice and fiery pleasure that raced through his veins that made it harder to breathe and concentrate every minute that passed.

"Draco... oh Merlin!" Harry moved his hips helplessly into the expert hand. Draco licked his neck, not breaking the skin, but letting his canines graze along Harry's jugular. Harry felt himself being eased down onto the couch. He moaned in protest when he felt Draco's hand leaving his erection, but Draco shushed him with a kiss.

"I'm about to give you something better," he stated. Harry frowned and opened his eyes and then he was breathless again only this time with anticipation as he let his eyes roam down his own body. Draco was curled at his feet, heat and lust blazed in his eyes as did something else, something much more tender.

"Draco."

*Let me pleasure you.* Harry's eyes rolled as Draco's mouth engulfed him.

*Oh my God...*

*Heh, I didn't know I was that good.*

*S-Shut up, Draco*, Harry moaned in his head. Draco's laughter surrounded him, but he went back to business.

And Harry had no complaints whatsoever.

Draco looked down at Harry and smiled softly. He was beautiful, slim, lithe, and muscular, his skin was growing pale, but still had a healthy glow. He breathed deeply in his sleep and a small smile curved on his full lips. Draco ran his tongue along his own mouth, still tasting Harry there and his body tightened in response. Sadly, he couldn't indulge himself any longer; business had to be taken care of.

Draco covered Harry with a quilt and kissed his forehead, leaving him on the sofa. Harry stirred in his sleep, moving towards where Draco was. It was endearing and Draco's undead heart tightened at the sight. "Sleep, wake in an hour," he stated in Harry's ear and then drew on a little of his own power and nudged the suggestion into the forefront of Harry's subconscious. Opening his library doors, Draco strode out into the hallway, his strides eating up the distance between him and his unwanted guest.

Emily was standing by the door, a very stern look on her face. "Emily, what is it?"

"I want that man out of here, he is manipulative," she said with clipped words.

Draco kissed her cheek. "So glad you noticed, don't worry he will be gone in a few minutes. Please bring me a glass of Merlot."

"Yes, my Lord." She curtsied and rushed off to do his bidding. Draco took in a deep, unnecessary, fortifying breath before he walked into the room.

"You'd better have a good explanation for this, High Lord." Draco had never heard Dumbledore angry before, but he guessed this was it. The old wizard sat, his blue eyes like steel behind his glasses and his power churning around him, spiking every once in a while. His voice was calm and cool.

"Whatever are you speaking of, Headmaster?" Draco drawled as Emily came back into the room. Draco sat in his seat at the head of the table, took the proffered glass, and dismissed her. She frowned when she passed Dumbledore but said nothing and closed the door behind her.

"You know exactly what I mean. Remus just sent me his resignation; it's very abrupt. What is this about?"

"Yes, Lupin has become Severus's Pomme de Sang, surely you know that he won't be able to work anymore." Draco narrowed his eyes. "After all, he wasn't making that much money in the first place. You saw to that didn't you? You may be all laughs and giggles when you feel like it, but underneath you are just like every other wizard; you don't like the wolf inside of him any more than anyone else does." Draco had the pleasure of seeing Dumbledore's jaw clench.

"I will not allow it, Remus is to come home with me."

"Remus is home you old coot, and you should get used to it," Draco snapped. "Severus will not let him go and my Second can have whatever he wants. He's wanted him for a long time Dumbledore, he will not let anything stand in the way of keeping him."

"Like a whore."

"Wrong," Draco said calmly. "On the contrary, Severus has been in love with Lupin for years. However, just like every other bloody wizard in England, all Slytherins are virtually looked down upon because of their house. Now, Lupin isn't nearly as bad as most, but I know that in some way the mentality of the wizarding world sunk deep, and he wouldn't pay him that much mind, enough to find out how deep Severus's feelings ran. Besides, the same world was shunning him and had been for years so why would he do something more that would put him in ill graces?" Draco smirked coldly at Dumbledore. "He stays."

"I will not allow it."

"Careful old man, you are not in your own territory, you are very far from home." Draco's canines had elongated, his words were more breathy but the underlying darkness was a warning; Dumbledore was on thin ice. There was a knock at the door. "Enter."

Severus walked in and Remus was trailing behind him. Severus narrowed his eyes at Dumbledore and when Remus made a move to talk to him, the vampire sent him a glare. Remus hesitated but then saw that he was quite serious. Miffed, but mollified for the time being, Remus took a seat between Draco and Severus.

"Remus, get your things you're leaving," Dumbledore said.

Remus glanced at Severus out of the corner of his eye and then shook his head slowly. "I'm sorry, Dumbledore, but that is not possible. I'm Severus's Pomme de Sang and I cannot leave him."

"What do you mean you cannot leave him?" the older wizard asked coolly.

Remus winced at the tone but then stiffened his spine; he was damn tired of everyone telling him what he should and shouldn't do. "I'm his food source, his only food source; I am also connected to him. I can't leave, because if I do leave he'll die. And though he tricked me into this," Remus added with an angry glare towards the vampire, "I will not leave him like that."

"If he tricked you into it—"

"He didn't exactly trick me into it, but he made it so that the wizard who was brewing my potion died and that I would have to come and track him down to get it," Remus said sheepishly. "And in my naïveté I told him that I would feed him myself if he were to make the potion for me, thus finding myself here where I am talking with you." Remus eyed Dumbledore. "I'm not going back."

"If I say you are going back, then you are going back," Dumbledore said, his eyes losing their sparkle.

Remus stared at him in astonishment. "What's your problem? I just told you why I can't go back and I just got through telling you that I wouldn't." Remus narrowed his eyes. "Why do you want me to come back?"

"That is none of your concern."

"If it is about me then it is my concern," Remus said tightly. Severus looked at Draco who looked back; what in the world was going on?

"I'm only doing it for your own safety, Remus," Dumbledore said almost chidingly. "After all, we wouldn't want what happened the last time to happen again, now would we?"

Remus paled and Severus growled under his breath. Draco frowned as he took a sip from his wine glass. "What are you talking about, Dumbledore?"

"Hasn't he told you?" Dumbledore said, still in that calm and quiet voice.

Draco narrowed his eyes at Remus. "Do you have something to tell us?"

"I was going to tell you later."

"Well, it seems that since Dumbledore thinks he needs to babysit you, you might as well tell us now. Or else we can't make him leave," Draco said quietly. "You need to stay, however, until he signs the papers you're still under his employ."

Remus took a deep breath.

"Not too long ago I went wild in my wolf form." He swallowed and then looked down at his feet. "I killed a lot of people." The room was quiet. The silence was deafening and the tension in the room caused Emily, who was coming back in, to leave out the door once more.

"How many people, Remus?" Severus quietly asked.

"I don't know."

"Well I do," Dumbledore said. "He killed an entire village, which only serves to tell me that he needs to be back on the Wolfsbane Potion immediately and kept at Hogwarts."

"That's impossible," Severus said angrily. "I made that potion myself, its foolproof, there is no way he could have gone wild like that."

"The potion stopped working," Remus put in quietly.

Draco's head snapped up and Severus whirled to look at Remus. "What?"

"The potion," Remus choked out as he looked up at Severus, "the potion that the wizard made and gave to me stopped working. I realized it too late. It just stopped working."

## Chapter Eleven

"Remus, look at me," Severus said deathly quiet. Remus swallowed heavily and looked into Severus's bottomless gaze. "What wizard gave you this potion?"

"I'm not sure of what his name was, but you know him, he's the same one that you had killed or killed yourself," Remus said softly. "He was making the potion for me; he said he followed your directions verbatim." He laughed harshly. "I knew something was wrong when I began to get very aggressive even under the potion, but by the time I knew what was happening the potion wasn't working at all, and..."

"And?" Draco asked carefully.

Remus hung his head. "Everything centered on that night is pretty vague. All I truly know is that someone unlocked the doors to my hiding place in the castle and all the wolf in me knew was that it was free."

Severus eyed Dumbledore and seethed. He wanted to rip the man's heart out and feed it to his corpse! What the hell had he done? "Remus, go to my rooms, stay there."

"But, Severus—" Remus began.

Severus turned towards him with unholy light shining in his eyes. "Did you not hear me, I said go to my rooms and stay there. Do not make me force you, *mon cheri*." Remus nodded and left in a hurry.

Draco slowly turned from Severus to Dumbledore. "I want you out of my house this instant," Draco said softly, his power arching around him in a slow, churning motion. "Leave. Now," he said.

Dumbledore eyed both men and then sighed and shook his head as if he were speaking to two wayward children. "You will both regret the day you let him go free from me. It will come back to haunt you."

"No, it won't." Draco snapped, "You are polluting my air, get out," Dumbledore said nothing more, but he did leave. "Good God, what the hell has he done?" Draco looked up at Severus, his eyes wide.

"I don't know. That potion is perfect. How could it not work?" Severus asked quietly.

"Perhaps he diluted it," Draco said.

"No, diluting the potion would not only make it lighter, but it would also change the taste. Remus has been taking that potion for years; he would've known the difference."

"Okay, perhaps he used different ingredients." Severus looked at Draco, arching an eyebrow. Draco sighed and shook his head. "No, you're right, that would change the texture and the taste as well, Lupin would've been very suspicious." Draco sighed and then pinched the bridge of his nose. "At least now we know what he was hiding. Killing an entire village..."

"I know."

"It must be eating him up inside," Draco said sadly. Severus sighed and his godson looked up at him in concern. Severus was staring out of the large windows in the opulent room. Shadows flickered across his face, but Draco could tell it was taut with anger and concern.

"I am not sure it hasn't already eaten up much of what he once was," he replied softly.

Draco didn't know what he could say to that; so, he changed the subject. "Have you started in on the Weasleys yet?" he asked.

Severus smiled slightly as he walked out of the door. "It's being taken care of as we speak."

"Hermione, we have a problems," Ron said wearily as he stripped off his outer robe and walked towards the kitchen. Hermione was cooking at the stove and Marissa was doodling on paper with a crayon. He smiled indulgently at his little girl and she smiled back, but the glinting of the necklace Draco had given her several days before turned his stomach.

"How was your day?" Hermione asked as he kissed his cheek. "And what do you mean we have problems?"

"My day was fine up until the point I got an owl from the bank," Ron said.

Hermione looked at him in concern and then turned to Marissa. "Marissa, darling, go upstairs while daddy and mummy talk okay?"

"Alright," she said happily and skipped from the room.

"Okay, what's going on?" Hermione asked and she sat down. Ron pulled a notice from his pocket and gave it to her. Hermione stared at it with trepidation and then opened it up. Her glass of wine tumbled from her fingers and shattered on the floor. "This is a joke right?" She stared at him incredulously as she went about cleaning up her mess.

"I wish it were."

"They don't mean it."

"Oh yes they do," he said bitterly.

"Ronald, we have to pay it all back!" she said, her voice nearly shrieking in its high pitch. "All that money we took out! Ron, that's four hundred thousand Galleons! We don't even make that in a year, or even ten years!"

Ron sat back in his chair and rubbed his hands over his eyes. "I know."

"They want it all in a week."

"I know."

"Or they'll evict us."

"Damn it Mione, I know!" Ron thundered. Hermione sat back, and Ron felt sorry for yelling. He could see her anxiety; she was wringing her hands to the point where they were turning white with pressure.

"What are we going to do? We don't have that kind of money on hand. I think we may have close to twenty thousand in our savings and another five in the trust for Marissa but we can't touch that money we gave her," Hermione whispered.

"I think you forgot what we did, Hermione," Ron said softly.

"What?" she said and then frowned at him.

"We put the house down as collateral for the payment." Hermione went white as a sheet. "Not only did we put the house down, but also probably half of our savings and many of the items in the house."

"My God, Ron if we pay this back in full we'll be destitute," Hermione said.

Ron scowled at her. "And? I was destitute when I met you and that didn't stop you before now!" he said.

Hermione glared at him. "I didn't mean it as a bad thing, Ron, I'm just saying. We promised ourselves and Marissa that we would raise her with the best of everything. Yes between our jobs and the tutors and the mortgage we are kind of tight, but we can still live with considerable means." She looked at Ron sadly. "You said that you never wanted to go back to living that way. It would take us years to get back up on our feet and—"

"Don't you think I know that? Don't you think that I've thought about what this means for you, for us? We'll be in the poor house for almost two decades. We'll be just like my parents when they were sending all their children to school and even now, they're still paying back the loans that they took out. I swore that I wouldn't be like that and now I have to do it."

"What if we take out another loan to cover this one?"

"We can't, I tried that today. The bank says that our credit is shot; it's spread too thin, we need to back them back now, otherwise they are going to kick us out and take the things we put down as collateral as payment. We have a week!"

Hermione bit her lip. "What are we going to do?" she whispered.

"I don't know, but that's not the only thing that worries me," Ron admitted.

"What now?"

"Remus, Remus has resigned from Hogwarts." Hermione looked at him in shock. "He's now living with Snape in France."

"What!" Hermione shouted. They heard Marissa pause in her playing before she resumed. "What?" Hermione repeated softly.

"Dumbledore pulled me into his office. Remus is now *Pomme de Sang* for Snape. It's binding and he's not coming back."

"How could this happen?"

"He figured it out, he figured out that the potion wasn't working... after what happened," Ron lowered his eyes and Hermione looked away with guilt eating at her heart, "he went to find Snape so that he would brew him the right potion and somehow got himself trapped in his current station."

"It's not as if he'll be treated poorly. *Pomme de Sang* to the High Second has to give you some perks," Hermione said bitterly and then she clammed up and thought about it. "I bet this was Draco's doing," she whispered. "He said he'd get us back."

"That's preposterous, Mione; his reach of influence can't be that far."

"Ron, what are you talking about, he's High Lord over *all* of Europe! He can do whatever he wants," Hermione said feeling very afraid. "What if this isn't the last of it. What if there's more?"

"Then we kill him," Ron said bluntly and Hermione glared at him.

"Don't you think we've done enough?" she asked shakily. "We ruined Harry's life, we ruined Remus's, and now—"

"That's enough, Professor Weasley." They both turned and saw Dumbledore standing in their kitchen. "We are doing what must be done."

"But Headmaster, Draco Malfoy isn't stupid, he will figure out that Death Eaters aren't behind the attacks, let alone rouge vampires; he has every single vampire in the world afraid of him and his Court."

"We will think of a way, but right now we have more important things to worry about."

"Oh?" Ron snorted. "And what might that be?"

"I couldn't get Remus back; we need to move onto Plan B." Hermione and Ron went ashen.

"H-Headmaster, that's impossible, Draco's Sire—"

"Is going to see Draco at this moment. What could be a better time to try and kill him than when he's in travel and during the daylight?" The Weasleys said nothing, and Dumbledore smiled dotingly. "Please see to it that he doesn't reach his destination and remember that we doing this for the good of the entire wizarding world."

Harry woke groggily. His senses were muddled, but he did sense Draco sliding into bed beside him... bed? Hadn't he been on the couch? "Draco?"



"Go... to... sleep." Harry turned towards the only clock in the room, six o'clock in the morning. It was six in the morning! No wonder he was so muddleheaded. Since he and Draco had bonded even more, he had started feeling the man's tiredness.

"You're lucky, you're going to bed," he mumbled. "I was going ask you who had come by."

"Dumbledore," Draco stated as he placed Harry's head on his naked chest and let Harry curl into him.

"What did he want?"

"Lupin."

"What for?"

"Harry?"

"Yes?"

"Shut up."

Remus stared at Severus as the vampire lay heavily onto his bed. The man was so tired he wasn't even going to take off his clothes. Remus felt himself blush, but he drifted over towards Severus anyway and began untying his boots.

"Thank... you," Severus said as he stared at him from underneath sooty eyelashes.

"No, thank you," Remus whispered as he set his shoes aside neatly, took off his socks, and then his black silk shirt. He carefully placed Severus underneath that blankets and then proceeded to take his own clothes off. Once Remus was dressed for bed, he climbed in beside Severus, but not touching him.

He was surprised then, when Severus pulled him over towards him and forcibly laid his head on the vampire's chest. "What are you doing?"

"You... like it. Don't... pretend... you don't," Severus said sleepily. Remus smiled softly as he listened to Severus's heart slow gradually. He'd paced Severus's room for an hour, wondering what Dumbledore had told him and what he would do to Remus after he found out. However, he didn't get to ask, for Severus didn't come back to the rooms until very late, so late in fact, that he nearly slept in his outer rooms from the sheer exhaustion of the sun rising.

"I wonder what Dumbledore said," Remus stated to himself.

"Nothing... of import. Go... to... sleep."

"But."

"Insolent... wolf... sleep. Now," Severus growled.

Remus chuckled. "Yes Master."

"Humph... impudence." Severus snorted and then Remus felt his breathing stop, his heart fell quiet and as the minutes ticked by, Remus waited until he felt the healthy *thump* of Severus's heart again, and then drifted to sleep.

*"Majesty! We are under attack!"*

*"Fight them!"*

*"The sun is rising; we must get you to safety!"*

*"Do not worry about me... I will see to my own safety... just... get... me... to... darkness."*

*"Yes, Sire!"*

Sea green eyes flashed in disgust at the sun, but he was too tired to think about it. He gathered up the full force of his power and sent it to the one person he knew he could count on.

***"My beloved and beautiful son, rise up and HELP ME!"***

Five hundred miles away, Draco's eyes snapped open and he pushed Harry off of him gently.

"Papa..."

## Chapter Twelve

Harry felt Draco move and move quickly. He opened his eyes in concern as he watched the vampire climb out of bed and walk towards his wardrobe. "Draco?" he asked he heard the worry in his voice and he was sure that broke Draco's trancelike state.

"Papa is calling me," he whispered and then began getting dressed. Harry quickly climbed out of the bed and grasped his shoulders tightly but gently at the same time.

"Papa? Draco, Lucius is dead."

"No, not father." Pain flashed through his eyes. "I have mourned my father, but this is my Dark Father, my Sire. He's in trouble and he needs my help."

"Draco, it's daylight!" Harry protested. "The sun has already risen." He felt tremors run through Draco's body. "And look at you. You're about to drop yourself."

"I need to feed."

"Okay." Harry tilted his chin back, but Draco shook his head.

"No, I must feed to kill." Harry's eyes widened. "It will give me enough energy to get there, and bring him back where we can both rest."

"I'm coming with you."

"Harry," Draco began to protest, but Harry shook his head and his emerald eyes flashed.

"I'm coming." His tone made it clear it was futile to argue with him. "Sit, I'll go get Emily, and then we can find you some... food." Harry swallowed and then looked Draco in the eye steadily. "How many do you need?" There was no question in what Draco was feeding from.

"Four," he said. Harry nodded and put on a green, silk robe over his pajama bottoms. Before he left the room though, Harry kissed Draco softly on the mouth and looked deep into his eyes.

"Don't worry, we will get to your Sire," Harry said. "Would you like me to get Sev?"

"Please."

"As you will it," he said and disappeared into the hallway.

"Emily!" Harry called out as he strode through the halls. Servants were bowing left and right as he passed marble stairwells and tapestries in his frantic hunt for Emily.

"My Lord, what on earth are you doing up?" she asked worriedly.

"Draco's Dark Father is in trouble, he's called Draco to help him." Emily's face went ashen. "I need to find Draco people to feed off of; he says he needs at least four."

"I will ring the prison; they always have inmates on their death row," Emily said. "Is Lord Severus going to be accompanying him?"

"Yes, have them bring four for Sev as well. After you do that have someone come run Remus and I a quick bath, we are going with them."

"Yes my Lord," Emily said, curtsying, and then she hurried to the phone. Harry cringed at the light of the sun. How long had it been since he'd seen it? Four months? Five? It hadn't even occurred to him what he might think of the sun now that he didn't rise to it every morning.

He didn't like it.

Harry turned on his heel, traveled back towards the fifth floor, and then turned right towards Severus's rooms instead of left to where Draco and his rooms were. Harry didn't knock, but walked right in. There were still glowing embers in the fireplace; good, they hadn't been in bed long.

Harry approached the closed bedrooms doors hesitantly, he really didn't want to wake them, but... Harry pushed the doors open and swept in with a careless grace that he didn't feel inside at all. Remus sat up a bit sluggishly, but bleary amber brown eyes gazed at him in surprise. "Harry?" he asked his voice thick with sleep, "What—"

"Wake him," Harry said quietly. Remus looked down at Severus, and gently but firmly shook him and whispered in his ear.

"Severus, wake up now!" It was a harsh whisper, by no means gentle, and Severus shifted. His eyes opened slowly and he scowled at Remus.

"What... are...?"

"Sev, I told him to wake you, we have problems," Harry said hurriedly.

Severus blinked slowly. "Harry?"

"Yes, it's me. Listen your Sire is in trouble, he called Draco; and Draco woke me up and I came to tell you. We must hurry." Severus sat up at that and rose from the bed. Harry caught him as he almost collapsed and Remus rushed to help him.

"What's wrong with him?" Remus asked worriedly.

"It... is... day." Severus struggled to speak and took a fortifying breath. "Vampires are severely weakened during the day. It is why we sleep. To be brought out of it, and so quickly, my body and mind are disoriented."

"You sound better though, but you're shaking, just like Draco."

"I need to feed," Severus said quietly as the two human wizards guided him into his own living room.

"Alright," Remus said, Harry placed a hand on Remus's shoulder and shook his head.

"No, he means he needs to kill. Emily is working on it. Sit tight Sev, Remus and I are going to get dressed, while we're gone, just try to stay awake. We'll have all the curtains and blinds closed so that you'll be able to move around."

"Yes my Lord," Severus said quietly in an almost trancelike state. Harry was startled but then realized the Second probably didn't even know he was saying it.

"Come Remus, we must make haste."

Harry and Remus both bathed quickly. The outfits given to them were more for going to the club than a rescue mission, but Harry didn't mind it. He liked the feel of the leather pants and the silk shirt on his skin. The leather duster jacket that went over everything probably cost a small fortune in and of itself; however, he couldn't be choosy right this minute. Whatever worked was what he wanted. He gazed over at Remus; the werewolf was already dressed in matching black leather pants, only a bronze silk shirt not a green one covered his chest and he too wore a long black duster.

"Have you met Draco's Sire, Harry?" Remus asked softly.

Harry sighed and shook his head. "No, I believe that I would have met him once I became Draco's True Companion, however, it seems that we will be meeting under very severe circumstances instead," Harry said quietly with a small smile. Remus smiled at him tiredly and fiddled with his collar absentmindedly.

"I'm sorry that I can't tell you what all went on in the years after the fall of the Dark Lord," Remus said quietly. "I feel awful knowing that I left you alone all that time. I will tell you what went on, just not right now. Give me time, Harry, and you will receive the answers that you are looking for."

Harry gazed at Remus for a long moment before nodding his head. "I accept that, but we're wasting time. I believe the prisoners are here," Harry said softly, "we must go." As they walked out of Severus's main bathroom, they were greeted with the sight of Emily. She curtsied in front of Harry and then bowed formally to Remus.

"Your Excellency, my Lord," she said to begin with, "I have eight prisoners as per your request, four for each."

"Good, have the curtains been drawn?" Harry asked as he made his way to where Severus was waiting. He looked so tired, he barely blinked, and Harry didn't think he was even trying to breathe anymore, just trying to stay awake. "Remus, get your Lord. Emily have the prisoners follow me; they will feed in Draco and my rooms."

"As you will it, Your Excellency."

As Harry led the group back down the hall towards his and Draco's rooms, he began to feel a burning agony in his gut. His head began to pound, such blood, rich, red...

*Draco?*

*Sorry darling, I'm... my control is slipping; I can smell them. They smell so good.*

Draco's voice was husky and deep and Harry shivered as the pleasant sensations ran along his mind. He opened the door and the soft glow of candles cast shadows along the figure of the High Lord standing in the middle of the room. Remus gasped behind Harry as they both stared at him.

His eyes gleamed maniacal silver and his canines had already extended. "Go," Draco stated. "Go, now." Harry felt Remus let go of Severus who was already walking to Draco's side. When his head came up, Harry felt a cold chill of fear sweep down his spine at the utter bottomless darkness that was in Severus's eyes.

"Come Remus," Harry said as he guided the older man out of the room, leaving the prisoners in front of the two vampires.

*Harry, darling, be ready to go once we are done.*

*As you will it,* Harry sent back. He turned back towards the double doors and began to close them.

Draco and Severus glided over towards the prisoners. "Gentlemen," Draco purred, "your life sentences have just run out."

Harry shut the doors just as the screaming began. He backed away from the door and stood side by side with Remus, watching and waiting.

"Harry," Remus stated, "why did Emily call you Excellency?"

"Because you were in the room with me," he said softly.

"I don't understand," Remus said as he flinched at the sickening *crunch* of bones shattering behind the door. The wail of agony that arose was cut off quickly.

"Emily usually says my Lord, when addressing me, because I'm not Draco's True Companion yet," Harry said as he turned towards Remus. "She calls you my Lord because Severus is the High Second and he too is my Lord, so by default you are as well. Since we were in the same room at the same time, to distinguish for herself and others who has the higher station between the two of us, she called me by the title that I will possess once I truly become Draco's Companion."

"I see," Remus said softly as he eyed the door warily; there was no noise coming from the other side of the door. Harry approached it cautiously and opened it slightly. Draco breezed through the opening, as did Severus after him. Both were flushed and nearly giddy.

"Draco?" Harry asked. Draco turned to him and a slow sensual smile spread over his face.

"I am much better, my sweet," he purred. "Now, it's time to go."

"How are we getting there?" Harry asked. "It's five hundred miles away."

Draco and Severus smirked at one another. "Take our hands and breathe easy," Draco said soothingly, reaching for Harry in the same instant. Harry took his hand and then took Severus's, who took Remus's and Remus reluctantly gave Draco his hand. "Now close your eyes, and take a deep breath." Harry felt his heart clamoring inside his chest; he closed his eyes and took a shaky breath. In the same instant, he felt Draco soothingly squeeze his hand and all his fear melted away.

There was silence...

And then Harry was being pushed to the ground as a Killing Curse went over his head.

*Harry! Remus! Get to the back of the house behind you; find our Dark Father!* Severus's voice sliced through his fogged mind and Harry began moving before his eyes were even all the way open.

He looked around and felt bile rise in this throat.

Decaying bodies were strewn left and right, some wizards' throats had been bitten out, and blood ran along the cement under the dark gray skies. "Remus, let's move!" Harry pulled the other man up with him and they began heading towards the large house that was in a huge state of disrepair.

"Harry, watch out!" Remus yelled as he pulled him down and a curse flew over their heads and hit the tree behind them. "My God, what are they doing? Why are they attacking these vampires?"

"I don't know, come on we have to hurry."

"Harry, who is their Dark Father?" Remus asked.

Harry looked at him. "He's the person who made them into vampires. He means a lot to them both, can't you feel it?" Remus looked startled and then sad, but both of them had no time to dwell on it and they both knew it. "We'll deal with that later, come on." Harry scrambled up the stairs and then opened the rusty door. He and Remus hurried in and slammed it behind them. With all the fighting going on outside, the house was eerily quiet.

"Where would he be?"

"Somewhere dark, there must be a basement in this place."

*There is.* Both wizards whirled around and stared at the vampire sitting on the ground behind them. His left arm was dangling from ripped muscle, his legs were broken, and there was a huge gash in throat.

"My Goddess," Harry said.

*Don't worry about me, Your Excellency; get to his Majesty. Your High Lord and his Second will take care of everything else.* The vampire was coughing up blood. *Too much damage to heal, there is no chance for me.*

"How can they be outside, I though sunlight killed vampires?" Harry whispered. A gurgling noise came from the vampire and Harry realized sadly that he was laughing.

*The High Lord is truly gifted and powerful. Yes, the sun hurts us and makes us tired, but if it's overcast we can walk during the day if need be. Quickly, before those people find him. His Majesty is the only Ancient left... he's in the basement... the door... is right in front of you...* His voice faded away and Harry and Remus watched sadly as his body began to waste away.

"Harry, let's go," Remus said softly and both of them walked around the body to the basement door and descended into darkness.

Draco grabbed a wizard by his neck, snapped it with a vicious twist, and dropped his body unceremoniously on the ground. "Are you done, Sev?" he asked coolly.

"Just finishing up," he said nonchalantly. "I have some fodder for you to deal with." Draco turned to him and eyed the sniveling, blubbering wizard dropped at his feet with disdain.

"Hello, and who would you be?" Draco asked crouching in front of him. The wizard's eyes got huge as he actually took the time and *looked* at who was addressing him.

"Draco Malfoy?" he said incredulously. He turned to stare at Severus. "I knew you looked like Snape and..." He cried out in agony as Severus took his arm and broke it.

"Stop your blabbering and tell us what we want to know," Severus snarled.

"Who sent you?"

"D-Dumbledore." Draco blinked, but said nothing; however, his eyes narrowed.

"Why?"

"To persuade you to help him. To call some Council together and take the vote to help," the wizard said. "Please don't hurt me anymore." Draco gave Severus a look and the Second nodded, breaking the man's other arm. Draco lifted the crying wizard up by his neck.

"I will suck the life out of you, *human*, if you don't tell me all I want to know. Now, tell me why he decided to attack an Ancient with a damn convoy no less?"

"Because he knew that it was your Sire and that if your Sire died you might be able to be persuaded to help!"

"And these so called Death Eaters, what of them, are you sure that's who they are?"

"N-No, but I've heard rumors—rumors that they aren't Death Eaters at all, just people that are going against Dumbledore," he said. Draco dropped him to the ground.



*My God, what's the old coot up to now?* Severus asked him. Draco looked down at the bumbling fool at his feet.

*I have no idea, but whatever it is, it will be bad,* Draco said back. *Kill him.* Severus nodded and Draco turned away. He heard a *pop*; Severus had dislocated the wizard's neck and then snapped it.

"Let's go."

"This house is huge, there must be fifteen rooms down here," Remus said as they exited yet another empty room.

"The farther inside the house, the darker it must be, he has to be around here somewhere." They checked four more rooms before coming to the center of the house. Here it was pitch black; there wasn't a window to be found. "Let's check these rooms," Harry said and then he hesitantly opened his palm and concentrated.

"*Lumos,*" he said softly and to his and Remus's surprise a soft light emitted around the room.

"I didn't know you knew wandless magic," Remus said.

"I don't," Harry muttered back and then turned the ancient knob on the door and pushed it open. The room seemed to have been a storage room at one point in time. Boxes and old antiques cluttered the room from top to bottom.

"Do you know what he looks like?" the werewolf asked.

Harry smiled a bit and shook his head. "No, I think Sev was a little busy when he told me to go and find him, but I guess whoever is down here has to be him. His entire convoy was destroyed. I wonder why those wizards were after him so fiercely and how did they know exactly where they would be?"

"That is a good question; I would like to know that myself." The voice was very cultured and had a very heavy French accent. Harry and Remus approached the shadowy figure cautiously. He chuckled and Harry shivered as awareness ran through his body. "My, my, my darling children know how to spot beauty a mile away. I can see why they both are enamored with you two."

"Are you their Sire?" Harry asked.

"That I am, Companion." The vampire walked out into the soft light and Harry felt his heartbeat quicken. He was bloody gorgeous. Hair as red as blood fell down his back in a perfect braid, emerald green eyes glowed with age and power, and his lithe body was encased in leather from head to toe.

"Goddess." Harry turned at the murmur and saw Remus just staring at the man. The vampire laughed.

"Yes, many people say the same when they first meet me. Now where are my children?"

"Outside, no, they are in the house, they are coming down," Harry corrected himself. "I'm sorry for the loss of your convoy."

"Yes." The vampire grew sad for a moment before shaking it off. "They were good men and women, their sacrifice will never be forgotten. There is at least one who survived though. Vincent, darling, come out here." Harry and Remus backed away from him when a growl shot through the air. "Now be nice, they came looking for us."

A very large, black wolf lumbered into the light. Standing as it was now, the wolf nearly reached the vampire's waist, and he was a good six feet tall. And then the wolf began to change, nothing special, but it was very quick. One moment a wolf was staring at them and in the next, it was a man with black hair so dark it had blue highlights in it and eyes that flashed gold in the dim light.

"Your Excellency, my Lord." The man's voice was a deep baritone and he bowed slightly.

"This is Vincent, my lover, and he is a werewolf." The vampire stroked the man's arm lovingly.

"And if you don't mind my asking, but what is your name, Majesty?" Harry asked.

The vampire blinked and then laughed. "Goddess, where are my manners? I am Demias Jonathan Alexander Delacroix, and I was born back when all mortals were still living in caves," Demias said gleefully. "I am the Oldest Ancient, and Sire to those fine men that just walked into the room. Draco, Severus, loves, you made it."

"Father," Severus said with a smile as Demias appeared in front of them and kissed him softly on the mouth. Demias purred.

"*You still taste like dark chocolates, my Darkness,*" he stated in French and then he turned to Draco and kissed him as well. "*And you, precious, are like a sunset leaving and night beginning, I'm glad I made you.*" Draco smiled softly and then approached Harry.

"Are you alright Harry?" he asked worriedly.

"I'm fine, but Draco, you're about to drop, so is Sev, we really need to get home," Harry said. Draco sagged into Harry and Harry held him to his body tightly. He looked over to see Severus checking Remus over and Remus murmuring to him softly. Demias and Vincent stood back and watched with small smiles. "Um, Majesty?"

"Demias, Harry, just call me Demias; after all, we're family," he said.

"Very well, Demias," Harry began, "can you take us back to our residence; I don't think Draco will be able to."

"Of course, you don't have to ask me that," Demias said softly. "Come, once everyone has about two days to recuperate we will talk again, but for now, it's time to go home."

Yes, Draco's voice stated happily in Harry's mind, *home*.

*Draco, who attacked Demias?* Harry asked.

He felt Draco stiffen and then relax again. *You will find out when the Council meets.*

Harry blinked in surprise. *Council?*

*Yes, I must call one; this mess will only get worse. Have peace for now, Harry. We'll talk about it later.*

Harry would've asked more questions but right then they were preparing to leave. He took a deep breath, closed his eyes, and waited to be home.

Hermione watched as her little girl went to sleep. She was so proud of her little Marissa. Her daughter was going to be so beautiful and very smart. Her smile dimmed a little as she saw the faintly glowing necklace around her daughter's neck. It was a fearful reminder of whom they were up against. She as well as Ron and Dumbledore had tried to take it off, but the necklace wouldn't budge and Marissa would cry and cry until they left her alone with her present. Hermione turned slightly as she felt Ron come up behind her and place his hands on her waist.

"They failed," he said simply and Hermione swallowed down the hysteria that had been bubbling in her since sunrise that morning.

"Any survivors?"

"None, as soon as Draco and Severus came onto the scene it was a massacre; they tore them all apart."

"Damn," Hermione said. "Dumbledore will meet with us tomorrow about it. Did you go to the bank?"

"Hermione, it's over, they want us out of the house by tomorrow. Dumbledore says we can come and live at Hogwarts."

"Bloody hell," Hermione said with tears coming out of her eyes. "This is our home, how could Draco do this to us, how could Harry let him do this to us?"

"Harry isn't our friend anymore."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because Mione, he's siding with damn bloody Draco Malfoy for Merlin's sake. He doesn't care," Ron said angrily. "He doesn't care at all."

"Well find a way to correct this!" Hermione snapped softly. "I'm not losing this house."

"Well we really don't have a choice," Ron said sadly and then he left.

Hermione felt frustration and anger grow within her. "You'll pay for this High Lord, you will pay dearly."

## Chapter Thirteen

"Would you care for something to drink, Majesty?" Harry asked softly. Demias smiled at him and offered his empty wineglass.

"You are such a gem, thank you, darling," Demias said as Harry poured him more wine. "Draco, he's the most beautiful thing I've seen in a long while, besides you and Sev of course." Demias winked and Draco grinned affectionately at his Sire's antics. Harry blushed as he came back to sit by Draco's side. "Now do tell me why you haven't made him a True Companion yet, it saddens me somewhat, dear heart."

"He was very much traumatized when he came here almost half a year ago," Draco said quietly. "I am merely taking my time with him."

"Yes, I can see that," Demias said with a knowing tone. "I can sense two parts of the bond; however, the sexual aspect of it still has not come to pass."

"Is this a bad thing?" Harry asked and both vampires looked at him questioningly. "I mean, with the Council meeting coming up and all."

Draco kissed his temple and ran a hand along his thigh, leaving a trail of fire in his wake. "No darling, it's not a bad thing. It will be questioned, but they will accept it. You've come a long way my beloved, but I think it would be best—"

"If we wait a little longer," Harry finished for him with a smile. "I understand, but I don't want to cause problems."

"You are not a problem, you happen to be the best thing that has happened in my bloody undead life for a while now," Draco stated in his ear. "Now sweet, go to bed, you're about to drop." Harry nodded and smiled at Demias.

"Good night Demias," he said softly. "Draco you need your rest, please come to bed soon, okay?" Harry asked in concern.

Draco smiled and kissed him softly on the lips. "I will be in bed in fifteen minutes, I promise, the sun is about to rise soon anyway, we'll probably all sleep a good two days before we are able to get up."

"I'm not sure about Remus; he's still new to this."

"You worry about yourself and leave Sev's werewolf to Sev," Draco said. Harry rolled his eyes but obediently rose and left the library quietly.

"He's quite lovely Draco, you've done me proud."

"Thank you Papa," Draco said. "I'm just glad you are alright."

Demias sighed and sat up straighter on the couch. "I know you are probably up on the current events in your former world, Draco. I just want to understand why I was attacked, and at sunrise no less."

Draco sighed. "The Headmaster of Hogwarts, which was the school Sev and I were at, is a manipulative sod, Demias. He thought that if he had you killed I would help him hunt these supposed 'Death Eaters' and probably kill them."

"You don't believe him?" Demias asked and Draco shook his head.

"No, and Harry is the real reason why I don't."

"And how is Harry the reason?"

"Well, it's more of what he told me. There was a family that he was close with before his life went to hell. This family was, well they were pureblood wizards, but they were poor. They had a slew of kids, but they took him in and treated him like family. He trusted them." Draco clenched his jaw and Demias laid a hand on his knee and gave it a squeeze.

"Calm yourself childe, we wouldn't want you to destroy your own house." Draco gave him a small smile. "Now tell me what went wrong."

"Harry killed Voldemort, but not without a price. A lot of people died, including the father and the three oldest sons in the family, or so Harry thinks."

Demias frowned. "You mean they're still alive?"

"No, the father is still alive," Draco said softly. "The family name is Weasley. The father is Arthur Weasley."

Demias got a puzzled look on his face. "But he is this, what do you call it, Minister of Magic, yes?"

"That's right."

"But why would Harry think he's dead?"

Draco looked Demias in the eye. "Because that was what he was told to believe."

The Ancient looked at his childe as apprehension ran through him. "I think you had best start from the beginning."

"You said fifteen minutes." Harry's voice was husky, as the fatigue set in. Draco smiled softly at him, but he could see that Harry was not being fooled. "Something's wrong, what is it?"

"I've been talking to Demias about something."

"This something obviously has something to do with me. You are only this evasive when you think you are protecting me from something." Harry sat up in bed and looked at Draco, his emerald eyes flashing knowingly.

"You know me too well, beloved," Draco said as he undressed and then climbed into the bed. Harry draped his body over Draco's and sighed.

"Yes, I do, it's my job. So, are you going to tell me what the hell is going on? And don't tell me it's nothing, because I know it's something. Does Dumbledore have something to do with this?"

"Why do you ask that?"

"I'll take that as a yes then," Harry said and Draco smiled.

"Yes, Dumbledore has something to do with this," Draco said softly. He felt Harry's fear and lifted Harry's chin to look into his eyes. "That man will not have you, do you hear me Harry? He's not taking you back."

"But Draco—"

"But nothing, Harry," Draco said. "He won't take you back, I swear to you." Draco pulled him closer and felt Harry shudder in pleasure as he kissed him slowly.

"Alright, I'll leave it alone... for now," Harry said and settled back to go to sleep, Draco lay back as well and felt the sun rise. His body began to feel sluggish, his eyes heavy, and with one last shuddering breath he gave into the oblivion that was consuming him.

Remus opened one sleep blurred eye and then the other before he slowly got up out of the bed, careful not to disturb Severus, and walked towards their bedroom doors. He opened one cautiously and was met with the sight of Vincent looming in the doorway.

Vincent blinked in surprise and then smiled. "Well, you surprised me, I thought you would be too weak to feel me here."

Remus flinched backwards, but then his eyes narrowed. "I live in a world where werewolves are shunned, I've had to take care of myself for years without any help. I'm more aware of my surroundings because of that."

"Don't you mean lived?" Vincent said. "After all, you are Sev's *Pomme de Sang*. You don't have to worry about that ever again," he said with an arch of an eyebrow.

Remus sighed heavily. "Is there something that you want?" he asked bluntly. "I'm not in the mood for all of this. I'm dead tired and I truly don't know why, but—"

"It's your bond," Vincent said softly, "the bond between you and Severus is getting stronger. The more you stay in contact and the more he feeds from you and you feed from him in return, the bond will continue to grow. You are feeling his fatigue and the very fact that you are awake is making him more tired and in retrospect, it is making you tired as well."

"Oh," Remus said blandly.

Vincent sighed and shook his head. "I'll come back tomorrow. You will be rested then, we have many things to talk about." Vincent bowed to him. "Get some rest."

Remus merely nodded and shut the door. As he approached the bed, he gazed down at the vampire lying on it and gasped in shock. Ebony eyes stared straight at him.

"Severus?"

"Get... in... bed," he whispered. "Tired... both... of... us." Remus felt himself smile slightly as he walked over towards Severus, climbing into the bed, and situating himself along the vampire's side.

"Sorry I woke you."

"You... didn't," Severus mumbled. "And... you will... see him tomorrow." Though tired, Severus's voice brooked no argument.

"As you will it," Remus stated sleepily and then he fell into oblivion.

Harry purred as he felt Draco sink his fangs into his neck and suck. Blistering pleasure made Harry arch into the body on top of him and shudder in pleasure. "Draco," he whimpered, and he felt the vampire's chuckle in his mind. Draco lifted his head after a moment and licked the blood off of his lips as his hooded gaze lingered on Harry's face.

"Yes, darling?" Harry merely smiled and pulled Draco down for a kiss. Draco's tongue licked his lips like a contented cat and Harry opened his mouth and moaned in pleasure as Draco kissed him with a fervor that always left him breathless. "Good evening," Draco whispered against his lips.

"Good evening," Harry whispered back. "You seem excited, what the special occasion?"

"Council will be here in two hours," he said with a small smile. "I haven't seen any of them in almost five years."

"Why so long?" Harry frowned.

"Well, they have their lands to rule as I have mine." Draco kissed Harry again. "You taste like the finest of wines," he stated.

"I'm glad I can please you," Harry teased, but his breath caught as the teasing glint in Draco's eyes faded and seriousness replaced it.

"You always please me, you believe that don't you?" Draco said harshly. Harry nodded and placed a soothing hand on the side of the vampire's face.

"Of course I believe it, you tell me every day," Harry stated smiling softly. Draco was smiling down at him, when his brow furrowed. "You did just say the Council would be here in two hours, right?"

"Yes," Draco said, his voice laced with amusement.

Harry's eyes widened. "What day is it?"

"It's been two days since Demias got here," Draco said softly. "I told you that we would probably sleep that long."

"Merlin," Harry breathed, "are Sev and Remus up yet?" Draco cocked his head to the side as if he were listening to something and then nodded.

"Remus has just risen, Severus is already preparing for our guests." Draco looked back down at Harry and gave him a quick kiss. "Come, it's time to get ready."

"Must I dress up?" Harry asked with a pout. Draco merely smirked and Harry swallowed as his vampire Lord's smoldering silver gaze locked onto him.

"Darling, you could go naked and I would be pleased, but then I'd have to kill everyone for just looking at your perfection."

Harry laughed a bit shakily. "You are joking right?" he asked. Draco arched a regal brow, pulled Harry out of bed, and began walking towards the bathroom.

"When have I ever joked about your well-being to anyone?" he asked nonchalantly.

Harry swallowed and made a mental note never to let anyone stare at him too long. After all, it would be bad for the person's health.

Remus watched as Severus made calls, ordered servants about, got rooms prepared, and such things like that. He'd slept for two straight days, or so Severus said. He felt refreshed, rested, and very hungry.

But that could be Severus's hunger, not his.

"You are awake," Severus said quietly. Remus turned over in the bed and stared at him through his lashes.

"Good evening, Severus," Remus said quietly.

Severus eyed Remus suspiciously and then sat down beside him on the massive bed of velvet and silk.

"You fear me again, why?"

"What you did to those men," Remus said quietly. "They didn't have to die, they were innocent—"

"They were filthy mortals, Remus." Severus lowered his head until he was looking into Remus's wide amber eyes. "Do you know that blood talks?"

"Blood talks?" Remus whispered.

Severus nodded. "Yes, it tells a body's hidden secrets, its darkest thoughts clear and concise, all vampires hear it. It's why we usually choose pure mortals to feed upon. Their thoughts are happy, their blood is like the finest wine, but they are weak. Their blood can sustain us, but it makes us complacent,



it keeps us alive, but... the bad people, now their blood is like drinking an elixir of power. All that negative energy bottled up inside of them makes their blood boil, it makes it strong."

"It makes it evil," Remus said quietly and Severus nodded.

"Yes, yes it does, but it's what we need to fight. That is why Draco and I fed the way we did. We drank their evil essence and it made us more powerful, and that strength will now be a part of us forever."

"So every time you feed to kill, you take their essence inside of you?"

"Every time we feed we take part of that person's essence inside of us." He smiled softly down at Remus. "Even when Draco and I feed from Harry and yourself. It is the way of things."

"I see, but that doesn't mean I like it. I don't think Harry likes it either," Remus said.

Severus raised an eyebrow. "I don't care whether Harry likes it or not. That is Draco's department. Now, you must get up and get ready. Council will be here in about two hours and you need to go see Vincent."

"I thought you would forget," Remus said quietly.

Severus looked down on him and kissed his forehead softly. "I never forget anything," he stated and then disappeared through the bedroom door.

"Ah, I see you made it." Vincent's deep voice startled Remus from the doorway. "Come out, don't be shy." Remus walked around the corner and found the older werewolf sitting beside the crackling fire, a glass of scotch in his hands. "My name is Vincent Demavaroux and I was born in the year... well, I don't know." His smile was engaging; his gold eyes sparkled as he flicked his long hair over his shoulder.

"How can you not know the year you were born?" Remus asked.

"Because I was born before years were even invented, Remus Lupin." Remus sat down cautiously in the chair across from Vincent. He made sure he was sitting as far back as he could. This was no ordinary werewolf; he was Alpha and Remus knew it. "I see, you've recognized me as Alpha, did you know that?"

"I can feel you. You are so old... Ancient even. Of course, you'd be Alpha to me. I haven't lived nearly as long as you have."

"Rubbish," Vincent said, "You are weak, plain and simple. You use potions to keep the wolf inside you curled up and defeated, that vile stuff won't keep it at bay for long. Let it out, become one with it. Your life will be filled with such... life, youth, and longevity. Anything and everything you desire could be yours." Vincent shook his head. "I will never understand how you could think something like this to be evil."

"But it is! The wolf inside me wants to hunt, to kill, I'm sure you could imagine living with that," Remus protested. Gold eyes flashed with power and anger.

"The wolf inside you is rebelling as it should. Of course, it wants to hunt, to kill, and to be free. You keep it locked in a cage. The wolf is you Remus, haven't you realized it yet? You can't be one or the other. Look at you! You should look half your age and yet you seemed withered, older than you should be, and why? For what? Trying to pass as human? It won't happen!" Vincent said angrily. "You deny the very essence of who you are!"

"I am a wizard!" Remus snapped.

"No, you are more wolf than wizard now and even I can sense it. Yes, you can do magic, however Draconis can as well. Do you see him using his magic?"

"No."

"That's right and do you know why?"

"No," Remus said grudgingly.

Vincent sat back; good, he thought, he was listening. "Because his magic has fully merged with the creature he is now. He is of the undead, a vampire, but he is also with the living, among the most powerful of bloodlines; he's a Draconian."

Remus paled. "That's impossible."

"Really?"

"Yes, Draconians died out thousands of years ago!"

"Yes, yes they did, exactly seven thousand years ago," Vincent said.

"How do you know this?" Remus asked him in a whisper.

Vincent smiled. "I am bound to one. Demias is or was the last of his kind. A Draconian from his father's side, a vampire from his mother's. He was the strongest of his kind, until he created Draco."

"Blessed Goddess." Remus went pale; did Dumbledore have any idea who or *what* he was messing with?

"I doubt he does," Vincent said softly. Remus looked up at him startled and Vincent tapped his temple. "Your thoughts are as clear as day. Anyone who is remotely all werewolf, could read you and kill you. I will not let that happen."

"Why? Why are you doing this! What's in it for you? Why don't you people leave me the hell alone! I've been humiliated by the only world I know: forced to work practically as a slave for meager pay, just for an accident that wasn't even my fault. I'm ostracized and looked down upon, and then I come here and I'm looked down upon again. Well, I'm sick of it. So you can take all of your bullshit and shove it up your bloody arse!"

Vincent blinked and then grinned. Remus blinked slightly and stumbled back into his chair... when had he stood up? "My, my, so you have a backbone in there after all. How marvelous."

"What do you want from me?" Remus sighed wearily. "Severus wants my blood, Draco wants Harry happy and Harry's happy right now, though pissed off with me. What do *you* want?"

"Severus loves you Remus," Vincent said softly. Remus gazed at him through wide eyes. "He's loved you for years. This was just the opportunity he was looking for to bring you here. He's bestowed an honor on you that even I cannot have and I am the bonded Consort to the Oldest of Ancients. You are practically a Prince in the vampire Court," Vincent said softly. "You have made him so happy by just being here. Even Demias can see that Severus is happier and that is all he wants for his oldest child."

"Draco has always respected you and he will let you stay here, not only because Severus and Harry love you, but also because he cares and he hates to see the wizarding world treat you poorly as they did Harry. He will right the injustice done to you and his Companion in spades. No one escapes the wrath of a Draconian when they are out for blood." Vincent smiled. "And I? Well, I want you to be the most powerful werewolf you can be. You are beautiful Remus, inside and out, we all are. Yes, the wolf inside cries for blood, but we can tame it, we can mold it to our own personalities, and we can conquer it. I will not lie to you, it will be very difficult, but you are a smart man, I'm sure you will learn wonderfully and quickly." Vincent faltered and looked at Remus. "That is, if you want to?"

Remus took a deep breath and stared into the flames, before giving him a shy smile. "When do we start?"

Vincent smiled beautifully. "We just did."

Harry outlined his eyes in black kohl and sat back with a sigh as he finished. A hard body came up behind him and Harry leaned into it. "What do you think?" he asked.

"You are lovely, Companion mine," Draco stated, kissing his neck. Harry smiled contentedly as he looked at himself and Draco in the mirror. He had to admit they made a very attractive couple. Draco was wearing black from head to toe; the blood red of his Signet glowed softly in the dim light. Harry fingered his blood red shirt and then the bronze trousers he was wearing. He smiled dreamily as he watched Draco's eyes soften in the mirror. "Harry, I just wanted to let you know something." Harry frowned slightly at the seriousness in Draco's voice. He turned and faced the Draco, puzzlement etched into his features.

"What is it, Draco?" Harry asked. Draco looked into his eyes and then he kissed Harry with such passion that Harry moaned in pleasure as he melted into Draco's hard body.

"I love you, Harry," Draco whispered on his lips. Harry's eyes flew open; he felt his heart triple in pace and his chest tighten. The honesty in those words, the honesty in the feelings coursing down the bond... and Harry knew, he knew, Draco never lied.

"You do?" Harry heard the doubt and the longing in his voice and his heart.

"Yes, my darling," Draco stated. "The Council can bite their tongues off for all I care. You are my Companion, Harry. I can't see the rest of my long life without you by my side. You are a friend, a confidant, and you're going to be my lover. You are my life, sweet one. I just wanted you to know that." Draco kissed him again and Harry clung to him almost desperately.

"Draco, I want to say the words, back... truly I do, but—"

"Hush, Harry," Draco chided softly. "You will tell me when you are ready." He smiled slightly. "Besides, you cannot lie to me." He brushed his mind across Harry's and the wizard smiled dreamily.

"I owe you my life, Draco," Harry said solemnly, "and that is something I can never forget, but, I tell you this: You are the closest thing to a true lover I've ever had and I feel deeply for you. Hopefully, right now, that is enough for you," Harry said a bit shyly.

Draco took his hand and led them through the bedroom doors and then through the doors of their suite. Harry followed obediently as well as happily. They neared the formal dining room and Draco gave Harry's hand a squeeze.

*Anything you give me shall please me, Harry. Just remember I love you, mon cheri, and I will never let you go.*

"Our guests await, shall we greet them?" Draco said quietly, regally as he wrapped his arm around Harry's waist. Harry took in the scent of his cologne, the smooth planes of his body and the sheer calmness of his soul as the doors were partially opened to them by the butlers at each end of the double doors.

"Yes, let's," Harry said softly and smiled gently as Draco led him into the formal dining room and into his new life.

## Chapter Fourteen

Harry had never seen such beautiful beings in his life, let alone in one room all together. Demias was sitting at the head of the table and he gave them a dazzling smile as they entered.

"Ah, my beauties, you have arrived. It seems that everyone has showed now," he said quite happily. Harry blushed as the vampire kissed both of his cheeks and then felt his heartbeat quicken as he kissed Draco thoroughly on the mouth. "Once you become his True Companion, I shall kiss you as such as well," Demias declared. Draco licked his lips like a cat and rolled his eyes.

"You wish, Dark Father mine," he drawled. "Here sweet, take your seat." He pulled out the seat next to his and as Harry sat, he stood behind him and let his hands run through his hair. "I am glad that you all came on short notice, I have good news and bad news. The good news—" He smiled tenderly down at Harry and Harry smiled back softly, "—is that I have found my Companion." There were smiles all around the room. "The bad news, however," he said with a frown, "is that there seems to be someone from his past trying to stir up trouble for him and the rest of us."

"Draco, you didn't tell me that you were going to bring them into this mess," Harry hissed up at him.

"I'm sorry, my darling, but it is their business as well. Those seated before you, are my family if you will. It is my obligation to protect them." Harry was about to speak again, but Draco cupped the back of his head and kissed him with slow deliberation. By the time he let go, Harry couldn't form a coherent thought in his head.

"Trust you to use kisses to distract the pretty thing." Harry looked to his left and gaped openly. Two women looked at him and smiled gently; both had black hair pulled back into tight braids. Their eyes were lit from within; they reminded him of Severus's eyes, all darkness but internal light.

"Harry, darling, please meet Reya, the Lady of Africa, and her twin sister, her Second, Senona." Both bowed to him and smiled gently.

"It's a pleasure," he said softly. Draco turned him towards his immediate right at the two gorgeous men sitting there.

"This is the Lord of North America, Soren," Draco said to Harry. Harry looked at the man with hair as red as blood and eyes as green as the first blade of grass in the morning.

"It is an honor to meet you, High Lord Companion." His voice was a melodious tenor and it bled with power. He smiled kindly at Draco and then turned to his right and the smile deepened into affection. "This is my Second, Thor." Harry smiled almost in awe of the large, beautiful Adonis. His eyes were the color of the sky at dawn, a lighter blue that Harry had never seen, and his hair was the color of golden wheat.

"Delightful to meet you, young one." His voice was a deep brogue that reminded Harry of Scotland.

"Are you Scottish?" Harry asked quietly. Thor smiled gently.

"I am Scandinavian, and I was born far before these countries split up." Harry laughed.

"Oh hush up Thor, you are always griping about that." Harry looked into the flashing amber eyes and the cherubic face that held them. Striking auburn hair was flicked over his shoulder and he crossed his leather-clad legs. "Don't worry about Thor, darling; he is just a big teddy bear." Harry laughed. "I'm Galen, and these two scrumptious men on either side of me are my lovers," he said with deep love and affection in his voice. "This," he said as he laid a small hand on the arm of a man with rich brown hair and hazel colored eyes, "is Lucien the Second of Australia, and this," he practically purred as he reached for a man with dirty blond hair and violet eyes, "is my Lord, Alexander, the Lord of Australia."

Harry's eyes widened. "You sleep with both of them?" he asked incredulously.

Alexander laughed as he kissed Galen lightly. "I could not give him up, Sire," he said impishly with his sexy Australian accent.

"Neither could I, and my Lord is a sexy devil," Lucien added. Harry merely blinked and Draco chuckled.

*They are totally devoted to each other; I've never seen a bond as strong as theirs. They have been ruling Australia for a thousand years.*

"How is that possible? Australia hasn't been here for a thousand years!" Harry said, so startled by the information that he said it out loud.

Alexander merely smiled. "Of course, Australia was founded and named Australia in the 1800s or so, however our kind had been on the island for much longer than the English." Alexander winked and Harry blushed.

"You must all think me stupid."

"Of course not sweetheart," Reya said gently, "just misinformed." Harry gave her a weak smile and looked at the Latin woman and man down the table. They smiled.

"It is good to finally see Draco with someone." Her accent was definitely Spanish and her warm chocolate eyes glowed. "I am Adriana, the Lady of South America; this is Mercedes, my Second." Mercedes looked at him with a coy smile on his lips.

"It is a pleasure, Harry," he said his accent as heavy as his Lady's. Harry nodded and then looked at the two men and woman down at the end of the table. One man stood and bowed.

"Harry, I am Lord Takeshi Noriko, Lord of Asia, this is my Lady Michiko and my Second Mamoru. It is a delight to meet you." Michiko and Mamoru both stood and bowed to him as well. Harry cocked his head at that and then smiled as Draco brushed along his mind that it was a part of their culture.

"It is a pleasure to meet all of you finally. Draco has spoken of you with great affection," he said softly.

"Of course he did, if he hadn't he knew we would come and give him the beating of his undead life," Galen said loudly.

Draco rolled his eyes and smiled. "I am quaking in my boots Galen," Draco said dryly.

Galen stuck out his tongue and Lucien sighed heavily. "That is not very mature, lover mine."

"Of course not, I always have to use these tactics to get what I want. And I want Draco to do what I tell him."

"Yes, Draco and everyone else," Alexander said with amusement.

Galen puffed up in annoyance. "See? See what I have to deal with, Harry, it's sacrilege." Harry just laughed. Draco smiled softly at his happiness and let the presence of all of his Lords and Ladies relax and strengthen him.

"I'm sorry to break up this wonderful moment," Thor said, "but where is your sexy Second, Draco, I miss his snarky comments." Draco smiled.

"He is coming, merely getting all the companions to the Seconds, situated. He should be here any minute." Just as he spoke, the doors opened and Severus stalked in. He gave a half smile towards the assembled people. He brushed a hand along Draco's shoulder and whispered in his ear. Draco frowned and Harry felt anger seethe through their bond.

"Draco?" Harry asked worriedly. Draco stood up abruptly.

"Forgive me, but I have business to attend to," Draco said coldly. In a mere second, all the openly happy faces slid behind masks of coolness and icy demeanors.

"High Lord," everyone said in unison as they stood up and left through the back double doors. Harry turned to Draco and saw that the vampire was looking at him.

"What's wrong?" Harry asked warily.

"It seems you have some impatient visitors," Draco said coldly as he placed Harry's hand in the crook of his arm and led him out of the room, Severus trailing in their wake.

"Visitors?"

"Yes, Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Weasley, along with their charming daughter Marissa."

"What on earth are they doing here?"

"Probably trying to abduct you," Draco said dryly, "Either that, or they are going to try and persuade me to give them back their house."

"What have you done?"

"No one hurts what's mine Harry, remember that? You asked me not to harm them physically and I refuse to hurt you, so I did the only thing I could, I hurt them financially, they are so far in debt it will take them nearly their entire lifetime to get back to where they were before they crossed me."

"Draco." Harry sighed in exasperation. Draco shook his head as he motioned towards the doors that Harry knew led to the terrace.

"I refuse to undo what I've done, either let me have this or let me have their blood; it is the only thing that will satisfy me. What will it be?"

"That is not a choice," Harry said. "Very well, keep it the way it is now." Draco drew him close and kissed him deeply. Harry lost every strain of thought in his head. "Hmmm, what were we talking about?" he stated dreamily. Draco chuckled sexily and drew him through the terrace doors. Harry walked through those doors happy; however, as soon as he saw Ron and Hermione, he felt his happiness leave him.

"Harry," Hermione said with a smile and came forward to hug him. Harry stepped backwards, into the protective embrace Draco offered. He watched as she faltered and then tried to keep the hurt from her eyes. Ron stared at him guiltily and came forward to show his wife some support.

"What are you doing here?" Harry asked them both.

"We came to see you, we were wondering if you were alright," Hermione said sounding a bit put out.

"You told me to get out of your lives a little over five years ago, why would you want to see if I'm alright now?" he asked sarcastically. Ron and Hermione flinched, and Ron began to speak; only he was cut off by the delightful squeal of his six year old.

"DRACO!" she cried loudly and Harry moved out of the way so that Draco could squat down and hug her as she threw her arms around him.

"Marissa, my pet, how are you doing?"

"I'm doing great! Look see, I have on my pretty necklace, I haven't taken it off!" she said proudly.

Draco smiled, his fangs showed slightly in the moonlight. "I am very proud of you," Draco said softly.

Marissa smiled up at him and then looked at Harry. "Who are you?"

Harry smiled a bit sadly and sank to his knees. "My name is Harry, I am—was a friend of your parents'. They made me leave," he explained.

Marissa frowned, blinked her brown eyes at him, and then looked at her parents. "That's mean, mummy and daddy," she said simply. Draco snorted and Harry laughed, and Ron and Hermione looked properly chastised.

"Enough of this, what are you doing here?" Draco said after the laughter had died into an awkward silence.

"Call off your dogs Malfoy, we want our life back. You've taken our home, and everything else, we have to live at Hogwarts for Merlin's sake, because of you," Ron said angrily.



"It's not my fault you were a pauper to begin with," Draco said shrugging his shoulders.

Ron turned nearly as red as his hair, but Hermione stepped forward. "Please, why are you doing this?"

"I explained it to you, you hurt Harry. Never hurt what is mine," Draco growled. "You reap what you sow. You let the entire wizarding community of England badger Harry to the point where he was thinking of suicide. They took all his money, all his pride, and respect and left him with nothing, and you did the same. So don't come here groveling expecting me to give you leniency. I have wiped my hands of you. Get out of my house," Draco said and turned slightly towards the doorway; two guards came and stood behind him and Harry.

"This isn't over," Ron said, "Dumbledore is going to make you rue the day you went against us."

"Well you can tell that bastard where to shove his hypocrisy. The Lords and Ladies of the vampire council are in attendance and I will talk to them about your petty problems. If they deem it necessary, we will help, if not, go grovel to someone else." There was a heated silence, and then Marissa tugged on Draco's trousers and he squatted next to her. "Yes, darling?"

"Can I come stay with you?" she asked innocently.

Draco smiled. "When you are older," he said a bit mysteriously.

Hermione paled and Ron scowled. "You stay away from my daughter," Ron snapped.

"Funny, it's seems she wants my attention." Draco motioned to the guards. "Take them away now." Hermione, Ron, and Marissa were escorted back into the house towards the exit; Hermione and Ron seething and Marissa bouncing behind them waving back at Draco and Harry and babbling to the tall, bulky vampire next to her. By the goofy smile on his face, Marissa had won another supporter.

"You were a bit short with them," Harry said, "and I thought you said they were here to see me?"

"Well, they were or at least that is what they told Sev. It's not my fault they lie as well as leave their friends to the wolves," Draco said innocently. Harry sighed and then smiled as he caressed Draco's cheek.

"Whatever am I going to do with you?" he asked mournfully.

"Love me," Draco said huskily and Harry blushed.

"Perhaps," he whispered, "perhaps."

Remus flipped the page of his books as the fire crackled merrily in the fireplace in the library. Severus had left a few hours ago to take care of their guests. However, Remus being the shy man he was, didn't want to test his new 'master' or his new station in life just yet, and decided to stay apart from it. He was so engrossed in his musings he didn't even realize he wasn't alone until he looked up and there was a short, yet beautiful, auburn haired man sitting in front of him.

"Good evening," he said shyly. The man's amber eyes lit up and he smiled; Remus blinked at the outlines of fangs in the light.

"Hello, and who pray tell, are you?"

"Remus Lupin, Severus's Pomme de Sang," he said a bit reluctantly. The man cocked his head, but then smiled.

"Galen, Consort to Lord Alexander of Australia and Pomme de Sang to the Second of Australia whose name is Lucien. A pleasure to make your acquaintance," Galen said smiling.

"You're whom Severus was talking about," Remus blurted out and then blushed. "Um, forgive me, but he had spoken about you earlier and said you were very nice."

"Well, I'm glad, it's very nice to see that he's gotten someone to care for him. Our Severus works himself to the dregs taking care of everyone else." Galen smiled a bit wistfully. "He's such a gorgeous man; I'm surprised he didn't have a Blood Apple before now."

"Has he never had lovers?" Remus asked.

"None that would stay. Merely... how do humans say now... one-night stands? He feeds, he fucks, and then they leave because they say he's too dark, or too intense." He rolled his eyes. "Idiots the lot of them, can't see what is right in front of them." He smiled a bit sadly. "You seem not to like your new designation."

"Well, I—that is to say—no," Remus finished a bit sadly. "Don't get me wrong, it is such an honor, but Severus kind of tricked me into it and now I find that I'm his for eternity and well—I've been dictated to my entire life, I don't want it to be for forever."

Galen laughed. "Oh Remy, that's not what's going to happen. Being a Blood Apple is not about servitude, it is about caring for and loving your Second. We are not slaves." His eyes darkened in anger. "Although there are a few among us who believe that we should be."

"So if it's not about servitude and about caring for him, why...?"

"Don't many jump at the chance?" Galen said with amusement. Remus nodded and Galen sighed.

"I was Companion to Alexander from the time I was twenty-five until now. He found me, raped and thrown behind a pile of rocks alongside what would become Australia's shore. He cared for me, loved me, and then asked me to become his Companion." Galen smiled wistfully. "He had done so much for me that I said yes and as many would say 'the rest is history,' but it isn't. We were very happy for a number of centuries and then he made Lucien, a new resident to our island his Second." Galen looked at Remus. "I had thought Alexander was the most beautiful vampire I'd ever seen, but Lucien, Lucien made me rethink that. As the years passed we became close friends, and then our feelings changed. I began to love him as well and he fell in love with me. It was the most taboo thing we could've ever done and then tragedy struck, a human got a lucky shot and nearly severed Lucien's head."

"I was so afraid that I would lose him. As soon as Alexander was told I left to be by his side, it was then that Alexander realized the depth of my love for Lucien. I saved him, but with my own blood, which bound me to him as his Blood Apple. When Lucien recovered, Alexander and I weren't even sleeping together anymore. It was a horrible mess. It went on like this for months before Lucien was strong enough to go to Alexander and tell him he would leave. He knew that I loved Alexander and that Alexander returned my feelings wholeheartedly. When he came, Alexander and I had been together for the better part of three hundred and fifty years, he said he wouldn't ruin a love like that." Galen shrugged. "I guess Alexander saw how devastated I looked, not to mention how hard for Lucien it must've been to try and give me up. So, he compromised, he said that we could try a triumvirate on a trial basis, and if by the end of it nothing worked, Lucien would leave and I would stay with him. We tried it, it was rough the first couple of months because Alexander and Lucien may have respected each other, but they didn't love each other. I took drastic measures."

"What did you do?" Remus breathed, thoroughly enraptured with the tale.

"Locked them into a room together and left them like that for a couple days."

"Oh Merlin!" Remus said laughing. Galen laughed softly as well.

"When I came and unlocked the door, they were tangled together under a heap of blankets and we've been together ever since." The love and deep affection in his voice and eyes ate at Remus's bitterness. "I do not tell you this to make you jealous or envious, merely to teach you that it took Lucien, Alexander, and I years to come together and be as close as we are now. A relationship such as that of a Companion and his or her Lord and a Blood Apple and his or her Second is hard work and takes time. You may not appreciate what Severus has done for you now, but years later you will understand, and you will love him for it."

They sat in companionable silence before the doors opened and two beautiful men walked through, one with dirty blond hair and striking violet eyes; around his throat was a Signet made with sapphire stones. The other was just as tall with flashing hazel eyes and rich brown hair. In his ears were studs that had the same sapphire stones as the Signet around the other man's and Galen's neck. "Darling, what are you doing?" The power that surrounded him engulfed his voice as well and Remus was rocked by its strength.

"Alex, meet Remus Lupin, Severus's Blood Apple," Galen said with a sweet smile. "Remus, this is Alexander and Lucien, Lord and Second to Australia."

"It's a pleasure to meet you," Remus said with a smile.

"You are gorgeous, Severus has done a good job. Only the best for that man," he said teasingly. Galen rolled his eyes and Alex glanced at Lucien with obvious affection. "What, I'm only telling the truth."

"Darling, just be quiet." Alexander said with amusement. Lucien huffed and pouted. It was surreal to Remus, these were vampires, supposedly the coldest, most bloodthirsty of the bunch and he was watching them in domestic bliss.

The library door opened again and Remus stiffened slightly. Though he sensed that Alexander was the oldest followed by Lucien and Galen in years as an immortal, no one could compare to the power that oozed from every pore of the man that had just walked through the doors.

Remus found himself spellbound by the grace and predatory stride of Severus Snape. He would never be classically handsome, but that is what made him even more attractive: his uniqueness. He wasn't commonplace, and it was heady. Those black eyes smoldered with an intensity that sent shivers running down Remus's spine when they locked onto his form.

"Galen, Alex, Luc, it's good to see you again." His voice was silky darkness as it washed over all those present in the room.

"You were holding out on us Sev, your Blood Apple is absolutely breathtaking," Galen said as he kissed Severus's cheek. Remus blushed hotly as Severus looked at him.

"Yes, he is, now if only I can get him to see that everything will be going smoothly," he practically purred.

"That shouldn't be too hard mate," Alex said with a toothy smile. "You've always had a way with words." Severus rolled his eyes and made a shooing gesture with his hands.

"Take your lovers and go fuck like rabbits, Alex, after all it is what you are best at." Alex leaned over Galen and kissed Severus hard on the mouth and then he pulled away and laughed.

"That's what I'm best at, ta ta!" All three vampires left in a mixture of laughter. Soon all was quiet once more and Severus turned to Remus and arched an eyebrow.

"So, what do you think of them?"

"Very friendly, very old," he stated, "very much in love with each other," he finished softly as he stared at Severus through his hair.

Severus sank down on his haunches and stared Remus in the face. Ever so slowly, he leaned forward and took Remus's mouth in a languid kiss filled with desire and scorching heat, teeth and tongues, until the werewolf was nothing but a bundle of nerves and unrelenting desire.

"They've had six hundred years to love each other, just wait, things take time," Severus stated into his mouth hotly. "Sooner or later I will make you beg for me to take you." Remus trembled at that promise; it was a promise that Severus would keep. "Come, it is time to retire."

"So early?" Remus asked quietly as Severus helped him up and then led him out of the library toward their suite of rooms.

"I can sense your fatigue; Vincent has worked you to the dregs. He will continue to do so until he is satisfied with your progress."

"When will he be satisfied?"

"When you have no more loathing for yourself; you are a werewolf, something far more powerful than any human and wizard alike. You should embrace it, not shy away from it," Severus turned to look at him. "no matter how the gift was bestowed upon you."

"I guess," Remus hedged.

Severus sighed and patted his arm. "All things happen for a reason; even those small tragedies in our lives teach us something."

"Oh? And what has becoming a vampire taught you?" Remus asked.

"That life is full of chance and choice. You take the chances you want even though the chance may be forced upon you and then you make the choice: will you live or will you die." Severus stared at him again and grinned, his gleaming white fangs flashing in the darkness. "I chose to live."

"You are dead."

"Yes and no. As a mortal yes, I am indeed dead; however, I was reborn as something far greater than most can dream of." He took Remus's hand and placed it on his chest. Remus felt his heart beating there and he swallowed. "Blood still flows through my veins and my heart still beats. I am a living being as much as the next person; I just can't go out into the sun." He opened their suite doors and walked in, followed meekly by Remus. "As a wizard I was condemned for being a Death Eater, no matter what that fool Dumbledore said. Even though I fought for their precious peace I would never be above reproach, so consequently when Father changed me, he was giving me a better life and a second chance at living."

"I see," Remus said.

"Do you really?" Severus arched an eyebrow. He pushed Remus up against a wall and stood there watching him. "They treated you like you were nothing but filth and yet you still crawled back to them like a good puppy. Those people who smiled in your face looked on you with pity and disgust when your back was turned. You could never have a good job; you could never have children, because they decided it so. What kind of life was that?"

"It wasn't a life at all, but I am a wizard foremost before the wolf in me," Remus said angrily.

"No you aren't, stop lying to yourself. A werewolf is more powerful than a wizard. Therefore, your body will take on the characteristics of that which is the strongest. Yes, you may still use your magic, but you suppress what has become as normal to you as breathing. It is why you are so weak; you are slowly killing yourself. But I am not going to let you do it anymore. I am giving you that chance to make your life what you will of it. As my consort you will have full reign over all those before you, the only people you have to answer to are Draco, Harry, and myself. Choose your own destiny Remus, don't let it be dictated to you.

"You have seen Vincent, he's Ancient and a werewolf and yet he is proud of his heritage and he is trying to teach you how good it can be. People respect him; they are in awe of him, and they fear him as well. However, he is a prime example of what you could be if only you are willing."

"I have told him that he could teach me, he seemed pleased," Remus argued.

"He is pleased, however, I know you better than he does. You submit to his teaching, but you don't believe in it, at least not yet, but you will," Severus said with a surety that grated on Remus's nerves. "Go to sleep, the next few weeks are going to be trying."

"Why?"

"Draco is going to tell the council about what he suspects Dumbledore is doing, and if we should help or not. Depending on that decision, we may go to war or remain neutral."

"And what do you wish for?" Remus asked him. Severus cocked his head thoughtfully and then shrugged.

"I choose war, it's about time someone knocked that barmy old fool off his high horse."

"He won't give up will he?" Harry asked Draco as he watched the High Lord sip his wine as he stared out into the dark gardens of his estate.

"Dumbledore doesn't know the meaning of graceful retreat." Draco said, "He wants you back under his thumb, it will look bad if anything happens to you that he hasn't orchestrated for his own purposes."

"But he's taken everything from me, what else does he want?" Harry argued. Draco tossed back the rest of his wine and then set the glass on the railing of the balcony.

"He wants complete control over you. You are the most powerful wizard of our time; just imagine what he could do with such a person backing him. No one would speak against him; you two could rule the wizarding world without even causing a war."

"It's a war that he is about to cause and yet it seems like he doesn't care," Harry said softly. Draco came towards him and wrapped him in his strong arms.

"As long as he has you with him, the sacrifices will be well worth it in his eyes," Draco said quietly. "I will not let him get near you again. Not even the Weasleys."

"Do you think they had something to do with the attack on Demias?"

"I am most certain of it. They believe in him wholeheartedly and have been set against all those they consider dark, namely Slytherins, since they were in school. They are jaded and hypocritical."

"What about Marissa?" Harry asked fearful for the beautiful little girl.

"If it gets as bad as that, would you mind having the little girl running around here?" Draco asked. Harry looked at him in surprise. "I like her; she has great potential. I can see her being our liaison with the wizarding community when she gets older." Harry chuckled.

"Already planning her future I see," Harry teased, but then he grew serious once more. "What more do you think they will do? I know I don't have all the facts, but still..."

"All will be in the open soon my darling, and once it is you will have no questions to ask of me," Draco stated, "and then you will be mine."

"Yours? But I am already—do you mean it?" Harry breathed. Draco was saying he'd make him his True Companion sometime very soon.

"Yes, as soon as the council votes, there will be a huge party; my entire Court will be in residence and there you will make your official debut as my Companion." Harry's face broke into a huge smile. "What say you to that, beloved?"

"I say that you are the best boyfriend ever," Harry said happily as he kissed Draco with renewed enthusiasm. Draco chuckled and led Harry back towards their room, however his thoughts were a jumble, and the ever-present fear of losing Harry came back. He knew Dumbledore would stop at nothing in order to get the young man back. Draco tightened his grip on Harry's waist and clamped down on that fear.

Dumbledore would regret the day he'd crossed Draco Malfoy.

## Chapter Fifteen

"Remus, how is everything with Vincent?" Harry asked with a small smile. Both wizards were walking down the hall towards the gardens, merely getting to know one another again.

"He works me to the dregs," Remus said bluntly and Harry laughed.

"But it's working; already you look younger, stronger, and healthier than I've ever seen you," Harry said. "He's doing you a great service." Remus smiled a bit sadly. Harry frowned. "You don't think so?"

"Oh, no, it's not that he's not helping me, he is, greatly," Remus said kindly. "It's just that, I don't believe that I will ever be as worthy as another wizard."

"You are worth ten times the wizards that I've known in my life Remus," Harry said gently. "Just because you are a werewolf, that doesn't mean that you aren't worth another wizard or human being. You are truly an asset in every respect. The wizarding world was very wrong for treating you beneath human wizards. They're just jealous," Harry said soothingly.

Remus laughed shortly. "Jealous of what?"

"Of you, silly," Harry said softly. "Your senses are heightened, your strength doubled, your reflexes are something not on a normal scale. You are enhanced in every way and they are not, so they look to belittle you," Harry said with a smile as he bent to smell the roses.

"That is what Vincent and Severus tell me all the time."

Harry laughed. "Well you might want to start listening to them; they do know what they are talking about. Give it a try Remus, you may find that you like it here," Harry teased.

Remus stopped walking and stared at him. The moon was now high in the sky and cast a glow all across the dimly lit gardens. It had been a full two weeks since the rest of the Lords and Ladies came. Remus had yet to meet any of the other *Pomme de Sang*, but he had heard screams of pain coming from some of the rooms really late at night.

"Are you truly happy here?" he asked seriously. Harry straightened and then turned towards Remus and smiled.

"I am very happy here," Harry said softly. "I don't want to go back, and I will never give it up." He squeezed Remus's shoulder and then hugged him gently. "If you know what's good for you, you won't give this up either. I have to go," Harry said and walked further into the gardens. Remus looked on in surprise until he saw the moon glint off silvery blond hair and saw Draco appear as if out of thin air. Harry walked straight into his arms and Draco kissed him ardently. Remus sighed.

"Something troubling you, my heart?" a deep voice whispered in his ear. Remus, startled, jumped away from the voice and then turned, and breathed a sigh of relief when he saw Severus standing there.



"You just about gave me a heart attack," Remus snapped. Severus's full lips inched up slightly into a sexy smirk. His bottomless black gaze was hooded as he watched the skittish werewolf look at his godson and his chosen locked in their passionate embrace. "Harry loves him."

"Yes, he does, the boy just hasn't realized it yet," Severus said wrapping his arm around Remus's waist and turning and guiding him towards the house.

"Draco loves him as well."

"Yes, Draco has wanted him for years. It probably first started out as merely lust for conquest, and then turned into infatuation, and now that he has him and has lived by him, he loves Harry. Harry is very lucky to have that love," Severus stated softly. Remus nodded and they walked in a comfortable silence together through the elaborate and opulent halls. "Are you happy here?" Severus asked.

Remus hesitated but then said softly, "Yes and no."

"Elaborate please."

"Yes, because I get to see Harry." Remus began, "He was really my only reason for staying after Sirius died, and when he was gone I felt so alone. I'm still not happy with the means of how you got me here, however, you have been very kind to me; everyone here has. And the training with Vincent... it helps me see that not all werewolves are raving monsters. I can actually go out during the full moon and not change, I can stop it now. I appreciate what he has done for me.

"But despite everything, I miss the world that I grew up in. I know that they treated me like a second class citizen, no better than a rabid dog all the time, but it's home, and I miss it." Remus felt his eyes burn and he turned away from Severus. "I just, I don't know what to do anymore. I belong to you, I'm yours, and I know that I can't go back, but sometimes I wish..."

"Remus," Severus said softly and sadly. He had desired the man yes, and he had gotten him how he planned, but along the way he had grown to love this soft, quiet werewolf and now... Severus wasn't sure what he could do to make Remus see that this life is what he was looking for. Severus lifted Remus's face to his and kissed him gently. Remus gasped in surprise and then his body melted against Severus's. Severus deepened the kiss and Remus moaned, wrapping one arm around Severus's middle and the other was entwined in thick black locks.

"Sev," Remus sighed as Severus sank his fangs into his neck. The fiery hot pleasure that always accompanied Severus's bite wracked through Remus's body. He loved it, he hated it, he craved it, and the understanding that had radiated in Severus's eyes. But he just couldn't keep doing this. This wasn't his world, and he didn't think it would ever be. As Severus eased off him, Remus shoved gently. "I can't do this."

It was the worst thing Severus thought he'd ever heard at that moment. Remus looked at him with sad and weary amber eyes. And Severus tried to dredge up some anger, something, *anything* but the hopelessness that lay inside him. "Remus, you can't just leave."

"Watch me," Remus said softly. "I can't do this, I tried."

"You have not tried!" Severus bit out.

Remus winced at his harsh tone. "I'm apologizing, Severus, but I won't stay here any longer and you have always told me that I was never a prisoner here."

Severus's gaze became cold and his face blank. "Then leave," he said coldly. "It hasn't even been a month and already you are running away. Well, let me tell you something Remus Lupin, when you go back to the hell you called a life, you will want to come back, mark my words, you will want to come back." Severus turned on his heel and began striding away.

"Wait, what about this necklace?" Remus called.

*It is yours to keep, because I will never have another Pomme de Sang.* The reply was swift and brutal. Remus shuddered at the chill of Severus's anger and hurt that ran down his spine. He turned and slowly made his way back to the suite he had been living in, trying not to concede to the voice inside telling him that he was about to make the biggest mistake of his life.

Demias pulled on his robe, leaving Vincent on the bed naked as the day he was born. He opened the doors to the suite of rooms Draco always left open for his disposal and stared at his first Childe. Severus gazed back into the emerald green eyes that were so like Harry's, and yet, much more beautiful. "My beautiful, dark poppet," Demias said mournfully, "he has hurt you deeply."

"Father, I..."

"It's alright, come let us take care of you," Demias purred and took Severus's mouth into a deep kiss. Severus heard himself moan as he melted against the solid chest of his Sire. A hand on his back and the soft nuzzling of a nose on his throat let him know Vincent was behind him.

"I should go skin the pup alive," he growled as he kissed Severus passionately as Demias began taking off the younger vampire's clothes.

*Not now beloved, let him make his mistake. He will come back. Let us take care of our son shall we?*

*It is a pity for Remus; Severus is a marvelous lover,* Vincent purred in Demias's head as he sucked on Severus's neck, making the man cry out in pleasure.

*Yes, I do pity him. But I will definitely have words with him for hurting my Childe.* Demias vowed before bringing his mind back to more important things, like how sinfully decadent Severus looked naked on blood red silk sheets.

Harry moaned in pleasure as Draco took his cock and stroked it with his talented fingers. "That's it, my beauty," Draco purred. Harry panted from where he lay on the blue picnic blanket. Candles hung in the air all around them, lighting the dark gardens just right, giving the entire place an ethereal glow. He had lost all his clothes some time ago as had Draco and now—

"Oh, Merlin!" Harry panted as Draco took him into his mouth as well as easing two fingers inside him, accurately brushing along that bundle of nerves that made him scream.

"Yes, I want to hear you my beautiful, Harry," Draco stated against his slick stomach, before taking Harry's erection back inside his mouth taking him down his throat all at once. Harry arched in shock and pleasure as his climax assaulted him. Draco moaned as he drank deeply until Harry's cock had softened in his mouth before he let it drop out and he crawled up Harry's body and kissed him ardently.

Harry grabbed onto Draco and held him tightly. "You are magnificent," Harry breathed.

Draco chuckled sensuously, murmuring a spell on his breath. "Are you ready?"

"For anything you give me," Harry breathed reverently. Draco and Harry both moaned as Draco eased into Harry filling him deeply and perfectly. Harry wrapped his legs around Draco's waist and began to move. Draco laughed breathlessly as he picked up the tempo just a little, leaving both of them gasping within moments of starting.

Harry had never felt anything so pleasurable in all his life. His life over the last ten years had not been pretty or fun, but he'd live it all over again as many times as he had to, to get these last several months with Draco and his new life. "Oh, fuck!" Harry saw stars as Draco altered the angle towards his prostate. "Goddess, Draco!"

*All that is in my power to give you, I will give, if you but give your soul and body to me for all eternity and more,* Draco purred deeply inside his head. Harry was barely coherent as Draco lifted him while still inside of him into a sitting position. Harry arched his back; Draco was so much deeper at this angle and—

*Do you concede, Harry? Let me have you, let me have all of you, mon cheri, please...*

*I... concede...* "I concede, I concede everything to you—oh God!" Harry rode the wave of pleasure that was loosely laced with pain, which made him all the hotter. "All—Goddess—that is in my power, *harder Draco harder,* to give you, I will give you my body and soul." Harry wrapped a hand in Draco's long silver locks, pulling tightly as Draco hit his prostate again and he opened his eyes and started into Draco's glowing silver eyes. "I concede. Take me Draco, I'm yours," he said breathlessly.

Draco pulled him close, sank his teeth into him, and sucked hard. Harry felt his orgasm wrack through him and he rode it until he felt the last sparks run through him and then there was nothing but blessed darkness.

Harry moaned as he felt gentle hands on his body. He felt like he'd been electrocuted. His entire body was tingly and burning hot. "Shh, it is alright, my beloved." Harry smiled dreamily at that voice. The vampire's entire essence seemed to be around him, like he was immersed only in Draco.

"Draco." Harry's voice was scratchy; had he screamed that much?

"I'm surprised no one heard you, love," Draco said with a chuckle. Harry finally made himself open his eyes and he sleepily smiled up at Draco, who was washing him off in the deep Jacuzzi tub that was in their bathroom.

"Tonight was so beautiful, thank you, Draco," Harry said softly. "Making love with you was mind blowing." Draco grinned smugly and kissed him slowly.

"I'm glad it met with your approval," he said laughingly. "Now come, the sun is rising and you, my Companion, need your rest. Tomorrow we have the final meeting with the council, where the final decision will be made," Draco said softly and he gently rinsed and dried Harry off before effortlessly lifting and laying him on the bed before climbing in after him.

"And hopefully a recap considering I have not been able to go to the meetings," Harry said winding himself around Draco's limbs.

Draco chuckled. "Most assuredly."

"Mmmm, thank you," Harry said sleepily. "You know I won't let you down as your Companion. You know that right?" Draco kissed Harry's temple.

"I know love, I know," Draco said tenderly, "go to sleep."

And Harry did just that.

Vincent's amber eyes glowed dangerously in the darkness as he watched a lone figure walk down the long driveway and then disappear onto the street in all due haste. He growled low in his throat. Damn that Remus, did he understand nothing? Vincent thought that they had gotten past this point. He sighed but smiled wolfishly, oh, he would be back. He would be back or Vincent was going to come and drag his sorry arse back. The werewolf smiled and he was sure Galen would help him too; the lad had a soft spot for Severus.

"Vincent." The voice was darkly sensuous and fit its owner to the tee. Vincent turned back towards the large bed and gazed into Severus's dark eyes. He saw and felt the hurt that the vampire was trying to hide. He'd been virtually abandoned by his *Pomme de Sang*; that kind of pain would not end quickly. Vincent watched as Severus smiled sadly, knowing Vincent and Demias knew of his pain, but Severus knew they would say nothing about it. "Come back to bed."

Vincent smiled, climbed into the bed, and pulled Severus's body close to his as Demias curled around them both. "So, my pretties," Demias said in his drawling French accented voice, "who is up for round two?" Both men chuckled.

"Let us rest, Father mine." Severus sighed softly. Vincent and Demias hugged Severus and caressed him gently, letting him know that they were there for him. "Thank you for this."

"No thanks is needed, poppet. Family comforts family." Demias kissed his pale shoulder.

"Thank the Goddess we're not really related, incest is still looked down on," Vincent stated thoughtfully.

"Shut up, Vince." Demias and Severus chuckled.

"Thank you though," Severus said again when things had quieted down once more. Vincent and Demias both kissed him soundly.

"You are most welcome."

## Chapter Sixteen

"You look absolutely marvelous, Harry," Draco said softly as he kissed his neck. Harry brought his hand up, stroked Draco's face, and smiled.

"Thank you, although I believe this is mostly your doing," Harry said softly as he fingered the Mandarin-style collar of his black and red Chinese robe. His chandelier earrings sparkled in the dim light as he leaned closer to the mirror and candle as he put on his eyeliner. "I feel so happy, so alive," he breathed as he turned and grinned at Draco. Harry fingered the Signet around Draco's neck and watched as it came to life.

"So do I, I believe you are feeling our combined happiness, dear heart," Draco stated before he kissed Harry softly.

"Perhaps that is it," Harry said, smoothing out Draco's fine Mandarin-style black silk robe. "You look devastatingly handsome."

"Tonight is the ball, after the meeting. Since you are now my full Companion you're able to attend. And you will definitely be caught up on what we've been talking about."

"Thank you for this, for all of this," Harry said as they made their way through the halls.

"For all of what, Harry?"

"You have given me a new life, a new take on life, a new... well bloody everything." Harry laughed as he squeezed Draco's hand. "All my nightmares are gone. You've given me such confidence and such a new lease on life, though it's one that starts after sunset." Draco chuckled. "It is new and I love it, I love what you have done for me, and I I..." Harry stopped talking and Draco stopped with him to stare directly into his eyes.

"Harry, are you alright?" Draco asked worried he might have taken too much blood last night. Harry smiled serenely at him and then kissed him softly.

*You mean so much to me. I adore you; I adore you so much,* Harry whispered in his mind. Draco stared into his watery eyes and felt his dead soul stir.

"I love you as well, mon cheri," he breathed. "Come or we will be late." He grinned and Harry laughed in delight as he followed him down the hall. The doors to the dining hall were already open and all the Lords and Ladies were sitting there waiting for them. All those present stood and bowed or curtsied to them.

"Welcome High Lord and High Companion, please be seated Sires," all stated in deference. Harry blushed as Draco seated him first and then kissed him softly.

"As you can see, the bond has been completed. Harry is now my True Companion, an offence done to him is an offence to me, and I will not tolerate it. Is that understood?" Draco said calmly and

dangerously. All Lords and Ladies present bowed their heads in acknowledgement. "Very well, let's get down to business. We will begin by going over all the information I have presented to you over the past two weeks. This is not only for Harry's benefit but for ours as well. If there are any questions or concerns they can be addressed now before we make a final decision.

"Now I will start. I was a wizard before I became a vampire, from the House of Malfoy. I went to Hogwarts for my schooling and graduated. However, during that time, there was the Lord Voldemort to contend with and during the last battle between them, Demias found and Sired Severus and I. At that time, I bowed out of the wizarding world and took my rightful place as High Lord as Demias—the last of the Ancients—decreed. Here the story begins to differ." He took Harry's hand in his and gave it a squeeze.

"As you are all now aware, my Companion, Harry Potter, was the Boy Who Lived in the wizarding world and the prophesied destroyer of Lord Voldemort. After he did what he was 'born' to do as most wizards say, the wizarding world of Britain turned its back on him and began to slander him and his name. During that time his friends turned against him as well and he fell on dark times." Draco kissed Harry's hand and Harry gave him a trembling smile but said nothing. "The wizarding world of Britain bankrupted him and left him to rot for the better part of ten years. After this time he came into contact with me at Wicked and as you can see, I was smitten and would not rest until he was mine." The Lords and Ladies chuckled at that and Harry blushed.

"Now for newer events; the atrocity that brought you all here was the attack on my Father, Ancient Demias and his caravan. Sadly, he and his mate Lord Vincent were the only survivors. However, it was brought to my attention by one of those worthless mortals that Dumbledore, the Headmaster of Hogwarts, sent the wizards after Demias to kill him, for his own manipulative schemes. It was also brought to my attention that Dumbledore has been attacking people that are against him reaching his goal under the guise that these people are Death Eaters, people who used to follow Voldemort. I know for a fact that all of the Death Eaters are either dead, incarcerated in Azkaban, or are so penniless they could not gain supporters to the cause.

"He has people working for him. Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Weasley, former friends of my beloved are now his closest confidants. He also has the Minister of Magic, Mr. Arthur Weasley under his thumb." Draco felt Harry's shock and denial.

"He's dead Draco, he's dead; they told me Arthur was dead," Harry said quietly.

Draco took Harry's face in his free hand and caressed his skin. "I'm sorry beloved, they lied to you. Arthur Weasley is well and truly alive and Dumbledore has been using him for years," Draco told him gently.

Harry looked at him, distraught and disbelieving. "But why? Why would they all lie to me?" Harry asked.

"I don't know, but I will find out," Draco said. "Now, Dumbledore has asked me for help in taking out these so called 'Death Eaters', however he also wants me to give Harry back to him. Now, should we help or not?"

"Sire, he cannot have Lord Harry back; it is unacceptable," Soren said. "They have treated him poorly and they don't have the right to demand him back." Murmurs of agreement went around them table.

"I concur," Alexander said angrily. "The wizarding world of Britain has been leaning on the edge of destruction for years. They continuously put puppets or poor Ministers in office. They have always needed people who were easily led and manipulated and it has always seemed to me that there has been a 'Dumbledore' so to speak in every century that has wanted to rule over them all, using foul means to get it, even while he is smiling in your face."

"That's true, Alexander, however, without any solid proof we cannot call him on it. I have my suspicions, from living under him as a student, and just my general impression. He's manipulative and he's barmy, but he's also a genius and that is what makes him a dangerous adversary," Draco said seriously. "If we go against him we need to be careful, he will use any means necessary to get Harry back."

"So what do you recommend we do, Sire?" Reya said softly.

Draco sat quietly for a moment and then looked at Harry. "From what I have gathered, under the guise that his adversaries are Death Eaters, he's eliminating his competition. I won't allow it; we fight back. I recommend we call for arms. He needs to be removed. There is nothing else to do. What say you all?"

"Agreed," was the universal acknowledgement. Harry gazed at all the people and felt a sense of fear wash over him. Dumbledore would pay for the way he started going after Harry; Draco would definitely see to that.

"Very well, call your Courts, make sure they know. I extend the offer of my home for you all to stay as long as need be. And I do believe it will be awhile before this is all resolved. We are dismissed as of now. The ball will be held in exactly two hours." As all the Lords and Ladies left, Harry turned to Draco and placed a hand on his forearm.

"Draco, don't you think this is a little rash? Dumbledore is no fool; he must know that you will fight him. I worry for you," Harry said sadly. Draco sighed and turned his full attention to his Companion.

"Harry, if we do not stop him who will? Britain has grown weak. They are easily sated and manageable; anything he tells them is taken at face value. Think of the devastation he will cause. He's murdering innocent people. He needs to either be forcibly taken from office or killed. There is no compromise, at least not now that it's too late. Do you understand, Harry?"

"I do understand, Draco it's just that—is there any other way? I'm tired of fighting with him and my former friends. I just want to start my new life with you, Severus, and Remus. I just want to be happy."



Draco kissed him softly. "And you will be, we just need to stop Dumbledore before he starts a war with all magical creatures."

Harry eyed him worriedly. "Is that what you think he's trying to do?"

Draco shook his head. "No, what he's trying to do is take over the wizarding world as we know it. And even that is unacceptable. Come, let's find Severus and Remus, they must get ready for the ball." Draco offered him a hand and Harry smiled and took it, letting the High Lord lead him from the room.

"Must we stay long?" Harry asked innocently. Draco laughed seductively and that sent chills down Harry's spine.

"Of course not, we can go whenever you please," Draco purred huskily.

Harry blushed. "I would like that," he said softly.

Draco squeezed his hand. "I would like it as well."

Severus blinked sleepily and moved slightly nuzzling the neck in front of him. "You are awake, pet?" A deep husky purr reverberated against the chest he was laying upon and he nodded slowly.

"Yes, Vincent?"

"What is it, love?"

"It hurts, it hurts so much," Severus whispered. Vincent lifted Severus's face to his and kissed him slowly, seething at the hurt of rejection his cub had endured. Curse Remus to the seventh gate of hell.

"It will be better, my poppet," Demias said, playing with Severus's hair. "I promise you it will get better with time." There was a knock at the door. "Come in, Draco and Harry."

"What's wrong?" Draco asked frowning in concern, seeing his Second wrapped up in Vincent and Demias. Harry too wore a concerned look on his face; the question that was on both of their minds was in his eyes as he looked at Severus's sad face.

"Remus is gone," Severus said softly.

"What?" Harry asked.

"Damn stupid werewolf," Draco cursed at the same time.

"He left last night. Congratulations, Your Grace," Severus said as he stared vacantly at Harry. That worried Harry tremendously; he'd never seen Severus like this.

"Come Harry, we must leave. Father, Vincent, the ball is in two hours or a little less than that now. I just wanted to let all of you know."

"Very well Childe, we will be there," Demias said, his eyes glowing with power. Draco and Harry left, closing the door behind them. "Severus, darling, I know you are hurt, but you must feed."

"I'm not hungry," he said quietly and Demias stared worriedly at Vincent.

"Sev, you must feed," Vincent growled. He brought his wrist to Severus's lips. "Feed. Now," he said letting his scent and power push Severus into doing what he wanted him to. Severus balked for a moment, before gently taking Vincent's wrist into his hands and biting. Vincent winced slightly and then he felt a tug, and then Severus was drinking slowly.

*He didn't want to feed? This is worse than I thought.*

*That damn cub was made for our boy, Demias; even the vampire side of him says so. He tied himself to Remus, the vampire in him doesn't want anyone's blood other than his, and his wizarding side wants the werewolf as well.*

*What are we going to do, Vincent? We can't force Remus to return.*

*Like hell we can't! I'm dragging his sorry arse back here the first chance I get.* Demias chuckled at that.

*You'll have to get in line. Galen is going to take it as a personal offence. You know he's always had a soft spot for our Severus.*

*Yes, and even then we do not know what Draco will do. He might just kill Remus in a blind rage.*

*Harry won't let Draco get that worked up, mark my words, he won't.*

*If you say so, come let's get our boy dressed well and proper, the ball is now in about an hour and a half.*

*Very good, lover mine,* "Come my dark poppet, let's take a soothing bath together and then let's get dressed. You must stand with your Lord tonight. He will be presenting his Companion to his Court," Demias said carefully. That did it. Severus blinked, more awareness coming to his face.

"That's right, damn what happened? I—"

"Let's not think of it now. Come, we must hurry. We have less than two hours now before we have to be there."

"Yes," Severus stated, "let's go."

"I'm going to kill him, I'm going to kill that sorry excuse for a werewolf!" Draco roared. "He hurt my Sev!" Harry winced as another volatile wave of anger and power washed over him. He was receiving an overflow of power that was oozing from Draco's every pore as he prowled his office. So far Remus had been cursed to every gate of Hell, to the far reaches of the Forbidden Forest, been called names in at least twenty different languages, and still the list continued. Harry found himself resenting what pain and hurt Remus was causing Severus. What was his surrogate godfather thinking?

"It'll be alright Draco, Remus will see the error of his ways, and he will come back. I don't know why he went back to the wizarding world over staying here. He has a life here."

"I'm sure, darling, that Severus made that point to the daft wolf but he probably gave the same damn excuse that he always does: 'I was a wizard first, blah, blah, blah!' It makes me sick. They treated him like the dirt under their shoes for years and he *voluntarily* went back! Over this?" Draco let a hand sweep over the opulence of the room, but Harry knew he meant the entirety of the estate.

"He practically has full run of this place, anything he could want would be laid at his feet. I don't understand your relatives, Harry, they're all barmy!" Harry chuckled at that and went to Draco, placing his hands on the vampire's shoulders.

"Be at peace Draco, I too, am mad at what Remus has done, but we can't undo it tonight. He's probably at Hogwarts as we speak. The ball is in less than an hour now, come we must be there to greet the guests as they arrive."

"I want to kill him, Harry."

"And I won't let you do it," Harry said primly.

Draco shook his head, affronted. "You take all my fun away."

"I know dear, I know." But Harry was grinning as he said it.

Remus looked around his teaching quarters with a sense of relief and yet painful dread. The wolf inside him, brought close to the surface because of Vincent's teachings, was clamoring for release. It was raging at him, crying out first to be set free and then closely after that for its 'master'. Remus swallowed thickly still feeling the choker around his neck that Severus had placed there what was almost a month ago. He dropped what little belongings he had with him into a chair and then went to the bathroom, turned on the faucet, and threw cold water onto his face.

He was at war with himself and at war with those around him. He'd arrived at Hogwarts the previous evening. Dumbledore had interrogated him nearly all night, and for the better part of the day. And then he was sent to teach, sent—he snorted. He now saw the manipulations that were cast around him, but he still felt that this was where he belonged, not there. Not in France with Draco, Harry, Demias, Vincent, the Council, and Severus...

Severus.

Remus heard himself moan in sadness. He cursed the wolf inside of him and looked at himself in the mirror. The time in France with Vincent was spent well it seemed. He looked half a decade younger, the wrinkles along his face were gone, and the slouch in his shoulders had faded, even his hair, though still streaked with gray, looked healthier. Even the gray streaks now looked more silver than anything, bright and alive. His eyes now held the amber glow of the wolf inside of him permanently and burned with an intensity that now gave Dumbledore, Ron, and Hermione an uneasy bearing.

They did not trust him.

It was apparent in the way they asked him every little detail they could about where Draco stayed and what was going on. He surprised himself when he looked the Headmaster in the face and lied through his teeth. Why? Why had he done that? Remus had half a suspicion but still. He fingered his choker absently around his neck and watched as it came to life, only this time it looked dull. It wasn't as bright as it normally was and Remus knew why.

He wasn't with Severus.

He felt as if his stomach had bottomed out as the feeling of loneliness swept over him. "Enough of this," he muttered and then hastily took the choker off and set it on the counter, walking out into the bedroom. He rummaged around for a little while before making his way towards the portrait that led out into the hall when a knock came on the portrait door.

"Who is it?" he asked warily.

"It's Hermione, Remus, it's time for dinner; the Headmaster wants to see you there," Hermione said loftily. Remus ground his teeth at the imperious tone in her voice.

"I'm coming, hold on a minute," he said. He approached the door again, but made a detour towards the bathroom as if compelled. He looked at himself in the mirror as he placed the choker back around his neck and then as if in a dream he went to his pack and added the chandelier earrings to his ensemble.

When he walked out, Hermione did a double take and then frowned, but said nothing. Remus bit his lip silently in apprehension. He fingered the choker again and even to him the glow it cast seemed strengthened somehow. He didn't do it to flaunt where he had been; he did it because he missed Severus and a small part of him wanted to go back on his knees and beg the vampire to take him back.

Hermione opened the doors to the hall and they made their way to the head table silently. Ron scowled at the jewels, but Remus was more concerned about Dumbledore's reaction. He saw genuine anger, resentment, and fear course through those blue eyes.

"Come sit Remus, we still have a lot to discuss," Dumbledore said with a false smile. Remus swallowed heavily as he sat to the immediate right of the Headmaster. He gently fingered the jewels around his neck again, the oppression of being back in the wizarding world falling on him like a blanket.

He already missed the freedom he had in France, but he didn't feel he was worth it. And yet, he remembered what it felt like to be in Severus's caring embrace and to feel those lips on his and then he shuddered at the thought that he might have actually hurt him.

"Knut for your thoughts, Remus?" Dumbledore said speculatively.

"No, I'm fine."

"If you remember anything of import you know that you can tell me right?" Dumbledore said almost slyly. Remus sniffed the air, *danger*, his wolf scented and it came from the old wizard sitting next to him.

"Of course," Remus said casually and began to eat, but all night he felt the stares of the three people that he had once thought could do no wrong. Now he wasn't so sure; he wasn't sure about anything anymore.

Maybe he was wrong to have left, maybe he should go back, but as he looked into the bright eyes of the Headmaster, he knew that the old man might have him followed. And he would do everything in his power to make sure that Severus and the others were safe. Remus watched Ron and Hermione suspiciously out of the corner of his eye as they whispered to each other. He would do anything to keep Severus and the others safe, even if that meant killing those that he use to hold dear.

"He's lying. I know it Mione, he knows what's going on," Ron said in a heated whisper.

"I know that, but we have no proof," she said.

"We will find proof then—shit!" Ron said fearfully.

Hermione looked up and stared right into the eyes of one Remus Lupin. Those eyes used to be a friendly golden brown color, and now fairly burned amber with the glow of a man and wolf's intellect and instinct. He smiled kindly and went back to eating, but Hermione felt fear enter her veins for the first time since Remus had returned. He was changed, no longer subdued. Whoever he had been around had unleashed nearly all of his potential as a werewolf and it showed. He flowed gracefully over the ground as he walked, tall and sure of himself, and at a predatory stride as if he were on the hunt at all times. She felt his power. Remus had always been powerful, but now it seemed to have tripled. She had to keep her eye on him.

She watched as Remus unconsciously fingered the choker around his neck yet again.

Oh yes, she definitely had to keep an eye on him.

## Chapter Seventeen

"Their Excellency's, High Lord Draco Malfoy, and High Companion Harry Potter." Severus turned and looked, a proud smile on his face. They looked stunning together; Draco, dressed all in black, his pale skin and silvery blond hair contrasting perfectly with the darkness of his clothes and aura, and Harry in an emerald green silk robe, his ruby red earrings, ring, and bracelet glinting in the dim light. Both were wearing skintight leather, black pants, and knee high, black boots.

However, what was really stopping nearly the entire Court in their tracks was how powerful they were together. Though either on their own would turn heads, together their auras crackled and each had a helix of power and magic churning restlessly around them. Severus was the first to see them step down together as the Heads of the Vampire Race and Council. He smiled and bowed deeply.

"You're Excellency's," he said humbly and behind him the entirety of the High Lord's Court and Council of Lords and Ladies bowed or curtsied.

"You're Excellency's," they all said in unison. Draco simply nodded as did Harry, and then the evening commenced. Music was played, wine and blood flowed endlessly from the bar, and many began talking politics.

"You look absolutely beautiful, Lord Harry," Severus said and Harry blinked at him and then slowly smiled. Draco however arched an eyebrow.

*I heard that Father practically had to force feed you, Draco said to him.*

Severus rolled his eyes and sighed heavily. *It was a simple mistake, it will not happen again.*

*Bullshit! It is because of that damn werewolf. Next time I see him—*

*You will what? Severus snapped. He must see for himself how better off he is here rather than in the hell of a misbegotten wizarding world. All of us can tell him how much better this place is for him, however, if he doesn't see for himself, then how the hell is he supposed to choose. I forced him to and that was my mistake.*

*But Sev, he shouldn't have left either. Severus blinked and looked at Harry. Draco and Harry's bond must be strong if he was able to speak telepathically with others now. I for one am very disappointed in him, though in some respects I also know how he is feeling. Sometimes this life seems a little too good to be true. He smiled shyly as Draco winked at him and he grinned. But in the end, it is very worth it. He will come back though, mark my words, Harry ended cryptically.*

"As you will it," Severus stated and bowed to them as Draco gently guided Harry into the throngs of their Court. Severus moved amongst all the vampires present: talking to some, joking with others, however he stayed aloof and on guard. If Dumbledore wanted to cripple them, this would be a perfect opportunity.

"Sev!" Severus turned and smiled at the sight of Galen walking towards him. If anything, Galen was more into fashion than Draco himself was, and that was saying something. Galen wore rich blue, leather pants, and a black tube top emphasizing his lithe torso. On his feet were a pair of women's black stiletto heeled boots. His eyes flashed with tenderness as he went on tiptoe and kissed Severus's cheek. "I am so happy to see you, lovely, despite what that damn werewolf did to you."

Severus groaned. "Does everyone know about that, little one?" he asked.

Galen nodded. "Yes, and I think Reya said something about skinning him alive, Soren said he'd eat him, Alex and Luc said they'd skin him then melt him, and then—"

"Okay, I get the point," Severus said grinning. "I appreciate what everyone is doing, but he will come back."

Galen snorted. "Of course he will, who would really want to go back to that hellhole?" he asked disbelievingly. Severus kissed Galen's forehead and then with his palm on the small of the petite vampire's back, he ushered him back over to his two lovers, who were in an animated conversation with Soren and Thor about human politics.

"If you wanted him eaten—" Soren began.

"Or skinned and melted—" Alex said growling.

"You let us know," Thor and Lucien finished.

Severus blinked and then chuckled, shaking his head. "You all are too much. Where were you when I was a Death Eater and needed true consoling?"

"Hiding in the darkness," Galen said brightly.

Severus shook his head. "What will I do with all of you? You are all more protective of Draco and I than our own true parents."

"Of course, we're family. An immortal and half-dead one, but still family nonetheless," Soren said. He looked out over the entire Court and sighed. "Those in Court do not understand the sacrifices that we Lords, Ladies, and Seconds have to make for their survival as well as ours. We are the only ones who understand each other and that is why we are very willing to die for one another. However, from what I saw of your Remus, he is a very beautiful, yet hurt creature. He's been abused and been programmed to submit to harsh treatment. Being able to do whatever he wanted while he was here scared him, and yet probably gave him the first bit of happiness he's had in ages. He ran away from that which gave him the most joy and once he figures that out for himself, he will come back." Soren smiled seductively at Severus and Severus felt his blood heat and rise with desire. "However," Soren purred, "in the mean time you are welcome in my bed anytime you would like."

Everyone laughed and Severus shook his head mumbling about 'acting like a bunch of horny children,' under his breath. He smiled though, content and happy. Remus would return and all would be well.

He just hoped it wouldn't take too long.

Harry took a deep breath of the night air as he walked onto the terrace. The gardens stretched out before him like an oasis to a man starving in the desert. It gave him peace and solitude, a way to get away from all the attention that was placed on him this night.

"Darling, is everything all right?" Harry smiled softly at the arm that encircled his waist and the kiss Draco pressed on his ear.

"Everything is fine, Draco. This is more than I had ever expected for myself."

"What do you mean?" Draco asked frowning slightly at the awed tone.

"Well, when Voldemort died, I had expected to go with him, and then when I didn't, and everything else happened, I was sure that I would die homeless and on the streets. But now," Harry turned in Draco's arms and smiled, "now I find myself in your company as your True Companion, living in an elegant castle, and making love to the most powerful vampire in the world. Talk about luck, hmm?"

Draco slowly smiled and then kissed him softly. "I would have the world at your feet if I could; however, there are more pressing issues."

"Yes, what to do about Remus is one and the other very close behind it is what to do about Dumbledore," Harry said worriedly.

"Yes, that is true and sadly both of those go hand in hand it would seem," Draco stated softly.

"Yes, it does seem like it and that's what worries me. Remus is vulnerable right now; there is no telling what Dumbledore will do once he finds out about that vulnerability."

"I have every confidence that werewolf can take care of himself. We can neither baby nor pressure him to do anything besides the very thing he wants to do. And if he wants to learn that this is the place for him to be the hard way then I say let him have it," Draco said defensively. "He has hurt Sev and I just don't care right now if he's happy where he's at or not."

"You care very much for Sev don't you?" Harry asked.

"Yes, I do. He's protected me since I was a tiny child and he protects me even now. There is nothing that he wouldn't do for me, or I for him. I love him Harry, as I love you."

"Who do you love more?" Harry asked.

"Why you of course, far more than Severus, you are my destiny as I am yours, we were made to be together."

"How so?" Harry asked with a blush.



"We fit far too perfectly for me to even fathom anyone else in my bed." Draco nipped his ear and Harry let out a shuddering breath.

"Really?" he asked breathlessly. "I seem to have forgotten."

"Well, it would be unfair of me to leave you so upset about this lack of knowledge. Would you care to go rectify it now?"

"I think that's a good idea," Harry said with a grin. Draco chuckled darkly as he picked him up and carried him across the terrace.

"I think it's the best idea I've come up with in years," Draco purred and Harry's laughter was quickly turned into moans and cries of passion as Draco set out to prove just how perfectly they fit together.

Remus tossed and turned in his bed before finally getting up. He looked around the room with a small frown marring his face as he gazed about in distress. Where was he? Where was Severus? And that's when it hit him; he was in his old rooms at Hogwarts, not in the plush opulent rooms that he and Severus had shared for nearly a month.

"Merlin, I'm losing my mind," Remus muttered to himself as he fingered his choker absently. It was quite odd to him how attached to the thing he was, but in some ways it wasn't as well. He knew he wasn't going crazy, and neither was the wolf. Or could he even tell the difference these days? Many times, he'd look in the mirror and he'd still see the amber of his eyes, or that his teeth were still very sharp and a bright white, and the other times his senses were high and he heard everything around him for nearly three miles. But most times, it was a night when a yearning so fierce took over him, a yearning to be held, cuddled, and *safe*. And Remus knew that the only place he'd find that would be in Severus's arms.

Remus got up, eased into his amber silk robe, and wrapped and tied it tightly around his waist. He slipped out of his rooms quietly and vanished down the hallways. Paintings whispered as he passed, but he heard none of them. The aching loneliness and sadness inside of him engulfed all reason and all of his senses. Why did he feel this way? Isn't this what he had wanted? Didn't he want to be here?

"No," Remus stated, astonished; he didn't want to be here at all. It had been two weeks since his decision to leave and his return to Hogwarts; two long, arduous weeks of suspicion and growing disgust for the world he'd seemingly left paradise for. Now that he was back, he could see Dumbledore's manipulations in everything anyone did.

Ron and Hermione Weasley, two children that he had once been proud to know and recognize, now left a bitter and soiled taste in his mouth. Their auras were dark, and twisted, their thinking skewed so much in a way that he didn't recognize them as the intelligent children he knew in their third year.

Remus paused in his musings and looked around, the halls were dark in these parts, and damp as well; he was in the dungeons. However, as he looked around he noticed a large thirty-foot door in front of him. The emblem on the door was that of a large snake, that to his surprise watched him with avid interest.

*What do you want wolf?* The voice in his head was feminine and soft, but hard as stone and twice as cutting.

*I'm not sure even where I am,* he admitted a bit sheepishly as laughter echoed in his head.

*You are a naïve one, at least until all the evidence hits you in the face like an Avada Kedavra. This door is the entrance to Salazar Slytherin's personal suite. The only people who can see it are those who are Slytherin themselves or have enough dark magic in them to see it. You, my dear, are practically marinating in darkness. Some of it is your own and the other part is your bond to that sexy Potions Master turned vampire.* Remus blushed as he thought of Severus; yes, sexy didn't cover the half of it.

*I am his Pomme de Sang.*

*Then what, child, are you doing here?* The snake seemed to roll her eyes.

*I thought that I didn't belong in his world now. And I left to come back, but now, I find myself wondering if that was the right decision.*

*I think you have already come to that conclusion,* she said slyly. *You miss your lover, you want to go back, but now you can't. The crazy Headmaster has you here under lock and key and those two stupid mortals that follow him around keep a close eye on you at all times.*

*Yes, that is right,* Remus said quietly. *I am different than I was.*

*Yes, you have found yourself. The wolf that you so much wanted to hide and hate has been brought out of you by one of your own kind. You are very powerful, Remus Lupin as a wolf and as a wizard.*

*But I am not much of a wizard anymore, am I?* The snake, he saw, seemed to smile.

*Ah, so you've noticed then? You've noticed that the more you come realize your error, the more the wolf merges with you.*

*Yes, I have noticed. I just don't understand it, why now?*

*You are accepting yourself, like I said before. The hardest part of being a werewolf is that when you are turned, you must accept the transformation wholeheartedly and without regrets. If this happens, you are more powerful for it and your magic molds with the beast that you become. Now in your case, you've fought it so long that in some ways the wolf is overpowering you, forcing you to accept it, but then you are forcing it to stay hidden. You've been straddling the fence for a long time, wolf and now it is finally catching up to you. You have unconsciously made the decision to accept your fate and embrace it. Your magic is now heeding that call; it is melding with the wolf and the wolf is melding with you in mind, body, and spirit, until you embody it as much as it embodies you.*

*What will happen then?*

*Who knows? Look at what has happened with Draco and Severus. They are some of the most powerful vampires the world has ever seen. They embraced the darkness residing within them and let it flow free.*

*They still have their magic, they can use it when needed, but it pales in comparison with what they can accomplish using vampire abilities, she explained softly. You might yet be one of the most powerful werewolves we've seen in years. Vincent must be proud of you.*

*How do you know Vincent?* Remus asked in surprise. The snake hissed and Remus assumed that was her laughter.

*He came here thousands of years ago when Salazar was fascinated with your kind. He came with his beautiful Master at the time, Demias, but now I am sure they are Consorts, yes?*

*That's right.*

*Good, it was a long time in coming. Now as for you, you must leave and quickly. Dumbledore has a plan for you and you will not like it in the least. Gather only the things that you want to take with you and come back here in two days' time. I have to get you out of here.*

*Why? What's about to happen?*

*War, werewolf—war.*

"What the hell is he doing?" Ron whispered to Hermione as they watched Remus continue to stare at the large gated doors of Salazar Slytherin's rooms.

"I don't know; he hasn't spoken since he came down here thirty minutes ago," Hermione snapped. She had her suspicions that he was talking telepathically, but he was too weak to have that kind of power. After all, the tampering of his Wolfsbane Potion saw to that. They had dulled his senses, made him tired and weak, just how they wanted him to be. Hermione cursed under her breath again at Severus and Draco. Taking him away and off the potion had made its effects wear off quickly and now he was even more powerful than they had thought he could ever be. His power emanated off of him like robes billowing in the wind. Everyone could feel it and its pull; it had to be stopped.

"Do you think they've figured out what we did to the potion to make him so weak?" Ron asked her unexpectedly.

"Why are you asking?"

"We haven't heard from Draco now for two weeks. The Order Members stationed in France can only say that there was a huge party two weeks ago and it seems that everyone's left again. Draco hasn't come off his estate since then. Something about taking a Companion."

"Shit," Hermione whispered fearfully. "He's taken Harry to be his True Companion. That type of bond is irrevocable. And I don't know if they've figured it out or not. But once they do, they'll realize that is what made Remus attack that village outside of Romania as well. It made him unbalanced and the wolf went nuts because of that imbalance. It's our fault. We shouldn't have tampered with a foolproof potion that Severus Snape made."

"You make it sound like he's some deity of potions," Ron mumbled as he watched Remus.

Hermione rolled her eyes. "If you've been reading the Prophet, you would know that there isn't a Potions Master alive today to rival Severus Snape. The man was born to make potions. They say he was the best Potions Master since Salazar himself. A potion is only as good as its maker and Severus was a certified genius when it came to making his potions. I'm surprised the tampering didn't kill Remus."

"Well, now I'm wishing it had, because now we have to figure out how to kill him."

"We don't have to figure it out. Werewolves are still fatally allergic to silver. If we hit him with enough that, then he should die." Hermione paused as she watched the doors open and Remus glide through, they closed after him and locked.

*Stupid heathen Gryffindors, get out of Slytherin territory, you're too stupid to be here,* a voice sniffed in their heads and both of them jumped in surprise.

"Who are you?"

*I am the Guardian of Salazar Slytherin's chambers, Hermione Weasley, and you are trespassing.*

"We were looking after Remus," Ron said, though his voice was unsteady.

Laughter echoed in both their minds. *His Lordship doesn't need protecting; he can do that all on his own. Now, insolent brats, leave this place before I get angry. After all, I am a very large snake.* Ron stumbled backwards and Hermione felt a shriek building inside of her as she watched the huge snake emblem on the door, uncoil and make its way towards them. She grabbed Ron and both of them disappeared quickly. *Gryffindors, stupid to a fault,* Denna grumbled as she coiled herself back up on the door and slept.

Remus chuckled as he heard retreating footsteps and Denna's voice grumbling in his head. He walked around the lavish furnishings in the room, feeling more at home here than he did anywhere in the castle. He made his way along the marble hallways until he came upon a room that smelled of old potions and darkness. *Severus.* It smelled like Severus. Remus opened the door, staring at the huge bed that dominated the room. It was made of ebony wood and covered in black silk. Remus smiled softly as he unhurriedly let his robe fall to the ground as he climbed into the bed, burrowing down into it and falling asleep immediately surrounded by the scent of his vampire.

"Hunter," Severus said as both he and the vampire walked the streets of Paris.

"Yes, my Lord?" he asked.

"Is he still following us?" he asked smirking.

Hunter's blue eyes glowed in the darkness and laughter bubbled from his throat. "That he is, my Lord."

"Let's surprise him shall we?" Severus said flashing a sinister smile. Hunter bowed his head and then vanished into the dark alleyway. Severus kept walking, seemingly meandering around as he made his

way deftly through the darkness. The Order Member behind him began to stumble over the cracked pavement and cursed fluidly. He felt Hunter come up behind the man and then finally Severus turned around and as quick as a snake had him by the throat and two feet off the ground.

"Why are you ineptly following me?" Severus arched a cool brow as the man tried to take a deep breath of air.

"Orders," he gasped. Severus tossed him towards Hunter who nimbly caught him and held his arms behind his back in a bruising grip that made the man wince in pain.

"From who?"

"Dumbledore," the man said hissing as Hunter's grip tightened. Severus caught Hunter's eyes and shook his head slightly. Hunter nodded and loosened his grip slightly, just enough so that the man could try and make a run for it. And like a fool, the man did, and Severus was ready for him. Severus grabbed his head and the wizard's eyes bulged as he felt Dark Magic enter his mind, ripping it to shreds as it found what it wanted. Severus sighed as he let the man fall to the ground. He lifted a palm and six vampires materialized out of the shadows like fog.

"Kill him, and send him back to our illustrious Headmaster," Severus said with a sneer. "Hunter, come with me." Hunter nodded and they both quickly walked back towards the High Lord's estate.

Harry was pouring Draco a glass of wine when Severus and Hunter came through the doors silently. Harry blinked as both of them bowed to him.

"Your Grace, is his Excellency available?" Hunter asked. "It's urgent." Harry could feel Severus urging him to get Draco; it must've been very serious indeed. Harry finished pouring the wine into the glass and then gestured to their parlor.

"Have a seat while I get him," he said and then opened the doors to their suite and walked through. Harry's eyes blazed with lust and appreciation at the sprawled majesty of Draco's nude body put on display on a bed of ruffled crimson red silk sheets.

"Who is it, love?" Draco asked.

"Severus and Hunter. It's urgent Draco, something has happened I believe," Harry said as he went and collected Draco's robe and put his wine glass down on the nightstand closest to him. Draco gracefully got to his feet and plunged his arms into the arms of the robe that Harry held open for him. He turned and kissed his Companion in apology.

"Duty calls," Draco said mournfully. Harry chuckled.

"You have the stamina of a bull, I'm exhausted. We mere mortals need some rest, your Excellency," Harry teased. Draco nipped his neck in response and grabbed his glass of wine while Harry opened the doors for him. Draco could feel the urgency and it alerted him to the seriousness of the situation.

"Report," Draco said bluntly.

"We ran across a wizard, my Lord," Hunter said. "I'm guessing he was a part of this Order of the Phoenix. Anyway he was following us, and Severus laid a trap for him and then picked information from him that was of use."

"Sev, what did you see?" Draco asked gravely. Severus didn't speak for a moment and then replied softly.

"The damn coot has decided to go to war with us," he said softly. "He's going to start by killing Remus."

No one said anything to that. Harry felt his face drain of color and Draco looked at Severus's tormented face before making his decision.

"Very well," he said quietly. "War it is." He turned to Hunter. "Hunter, gather your men, and find and kill any other wizard that makes so much as a hint of a step towards this and any other of my properties."

"High Lord." Hunter bowed low and vanished down the hall.

Draco turned to Severus. "We're going to Hogwarts," Draco said and his voice carried such finality no one would've been able to change his mind.

"When?"

"Two days' time. Notify Denna that we are on our way. I'm sure she'll make sure the house-elves clean Salazar's rooms for us." Draco turned back to Harry. "Come, we must rest. Sev, care to join us?"

Severus smiled and then shook his head. "No, I believe Soren is waiting for me," he said and then moved quietly to the door and closed it behind him.

"This isn't good," Harry stated softly.

Draco kissed his temple. "No, it's not good at all."

Soren looked up as Severus entered the room. Anger and fear oozed out of every pore as the dark vampire stalked into the room. "What news, darling?"

"They are going to kill my wolf!" Soren winced as the power around Severus spiked as he said it.

"Of course we won't let that happen," Soren stated as he approached Severus cautiously. As he wrapped his arms around Severus, the High Second fell into his arms. Soren ran his hands through thick, silky, black hair and sighed. "When do we leave?"

"Two days, Draco says," Severus stated and then frowned, "We?" he asked slowly.

"I'm not letting you and he go alone. I'm coming as well and so is Thor."

Severus chuckled. "He'll scare the piss out of Ron Weasley."

Soren laughed. "I'm sure he will, come, you must rest." Severus stared into Soren's beautifully masculine face and nodded, murmuring contentedly when Soren kissed him softly.

"Alright," he said softly and followed the Lord of North America to bed.

Dumbledore looked at the dead body of another of his Order Members and sighed sadly on the outside, but was gleefully excited on the inside.

"So," he said, his eyes twinkling madly, "war it is."

## Chapter Eighteen

Remus put the last of his clothes that he wished to take in his bag two days later. Many would not even recognize him, as he was dressed now. Black leather molded itself to his long, lean legs, and a tight micro-fiber shirt hugged his torso to perfection. The emeralds on his choker gleamed in the dim light and his hair fell in a sexy shamble around his shoulders. As he looked into the mirror one final time Remus saw that his eyes had gone completely amber and his canines were long again, not as long as a vampire's, but long enough. He looked dark, erotic, and dangerous. Remus blew out the candle, walked nimbly to the portrait, and closed it behind him one last time, his bag in his hand.

Looking left and then right, Remus quickly and stealthily made his way down towards the dungeons to where Denna was supposed to be waiting for him at the entrance to Salazar's rooms once again.

*You are right on time, your Lordship,* Denna said silkily in his head. Remus bowed in acknowledgement, but then turned swiftly as an arrow whipped past him and planted itself into the door beyond him. A growl ripped through his throat; they were after him. *Quickly, get inside; it will hold them off some.* Denna opened the doors for him and he entered quickly slamming the doors behind him.

"What is going on?"

*They want you dead, it seems the war has started now. Your lover and the High Lord and Companion are on their way with the Lord of North America. I don't believe you've met him.*

"No, I haven't. They are coming here?"

*Yes, hurry, go through your Severus's room, behind the mirror should be a tunnel, your sense of smell will guide you into the Forbidden Forest, just follow the path and when you feel ready call out for your lover, he will come to aid you.*

"I owe you, Denna."

*I merely play my part,* Denna answered cryptically before slithering out of sight. Remus wasted no more time. Hurrying, he came upon Severus's room once again and moved the large ornate mirror across from the bed. The doorway was just big enough for him to go through; Severus would have had to duck just to pass through the entryway. It was a winding route. Some spots were even underwater slightly, but Remus followed his keen sense of smell and found his way out into the middle of the forest. Some animals were lying in wait for him, but one look at his eyes and they all faded back into the shadows; a werewolf was not a nice thing to play with, especially not at the height of the full moon.

Remus had never felt more alive than he did at that moment. The full moon cast the forest in eerie, yet beautiful shadows and he seemingly flowed through the trees at a breakneck pace that no mere mortal or wizard could follow. He heard the wizards stumbling behind him and he grinned. This was his night, these were his woods, his place, not theirs. As he ran, Remus began laying traps; some with food to attract the large animals, others were with his own magic that led to roots popping up at inopportune moments, causing quite a few to trip and fall on the thorny floor of a forest filled with Dark Creatures.



Remus looked around himself quickly before ducking under a fallen tree and then running up another fallen one to grab the tree branch he saw there and pulled himself up with lightning speed. He was barely winded from the long run and quieted his breathing as Ron, Hermione, and surprisingly Ginny and Arthur Weasley all came barreling through the forest. They stopped right under his tree.

"Are you all nuts?" Ginny hissed. "He's a damn werewolf, he moves faster than we can see and we're chasing him through an enchanted forest. We have to stop and get our bearings; I bet you don't even know where we are."

"Shut up, Ginny," Ron said lowly, "Dumbledore said to find the damn mutt so we will."

"Well let's go about it in a smarter way that's all I'm asking for," Ginny mumbled. "I had a spa manicure and pedicure planned, and I'm missing it."

"Ginny, shut the fuck up!" Hermione retorted. "You went without those luxuries for years and if it wasn't for Ron and me helping to get Harry's money you wouldn't be where you are right now."

"Yeah, well, we all deserved that money. Harry put the wizarding world through hell just like Dumbledore said. He could have easily killed the bastard Dark Lord sooner than he did. It was a good retribution giving up his fortune; many have prospered off of it."

"Now, now, stop fighting. Let's just find the wolf and go home," Arthur said sagely. "We're all just tired." Remus couldn't believe the things he was hearing. What had happened to all of them?

"I can't track him, he was moving so fast there wasn't time to have a Tracking Spell meld with him," Hermione said.

Ginny huffed and then turned right. "Let's go this way, and if he's not there, then we can double back. We'd be stupid if we split up."

"Good idea, let's go," Hermione said and then Remus heard them clamber off. Jumping to the ground and landing quietly on the balls of his feet, Remus waited a full minute before heading south towards France. He knew that Severus and the others would be heading from that direction. He ran through the forest and then paused at its edge. There were only open grassy areas now and the place was crawling with Aurors.

"Shit," Remus whispered. He closed his eyes searching within himself for that coil of energy that made up his bond with Severus. When he found it, he was surprised that it was just as strong if not stronger than when he left. He latched onto it and pushed his anxiety and the coordinates for his location into the bond.

*Severus! Severus, come now! I need you!*

Severus's head snapped up. "Stop the car," he ordered knocking on the glass separating them from the driver. The car screeched to a halt and Severus jumped out of the car.

"Severus, what on earth?" Harry asked as he and Draco both stepped out of the car with him.

"It's Remus. He's at the edge of the forest not fifty miles for here," Severus said looking east. Draco narrowed his eyes, stretching out his senses and then he scowled darkly.

"They have Aurors all over the place. We'll never get through without killing them all."

"They will have prepared for our arrival." Draco and Harry turned as one as Soren and Thor came from the other car to stand with them. Thor was carrying an impressive looking sword on his back and his long, blond hair was tied back into a tight braid. "Thor, go ahead see what we are up against. Take a few down while you're at it."

"My Lord," Thor said in his thick accent and was gone before Harry could blink.

"For someone that is nearly seven feet tall, he moves quickly."

Soren smiled. "He's good at what he does. He came from a long line of Scandinavian Princes before I turned him. I've never seen someone fight with so much passion like he does and he is smart. They will think he is all brawn." Soren's canines flashed in the moonlight. "Their lands will run red with their own blood." He put a hand on Severus's waist and eased him in the direction that Thor had taken. "Come, we will go with him. We'll notify you if you are needed, Excellency's." And then he and Severus were gone as well. Harry was openly gaping and Draco chuckled as he gently closed his mouth.

"They coddle you," Harry said.

"Yes, they do, pity, I was spoiling for a fight. Anyway, Thor will probably kill almost half of them before they even get there. Severus is more concerned with getting to Remus before the others do. Soren will protect him."

"I was going to ask you about that," Harry said haltingly. "Is Soren in love with Severus?"

Draco smiled widely. "So you've noticed as well? Yes, Soren is in love with Severus, has been for years. Not that Severus has noticed, but then again Severus cares for him as well. It is only a matter of time before we have another triumvirate on our hands."

"Are you sure?" Harry asked surprised. "Do you think Remus would go for that kind of thing?"

"Something tells me that when Remus finally meets Soren he won't have nearly as many objections as you think he will." Draco kissed Harry and then his eyes narrowed as he saw something only he could see. "Come, we are going to make an appearance." Draco walked back to the car where the chauffeur was waiting for them.

"Why do you say that?"

"The old coot is there and I want to see him face to face. And while we are talking you are going to get Marissa."

"What?"

"She's coming with us," Draco said shortly, "because once this war is done, Hogwarts will not be a safe place for her."

By the time Severus and Soren reached the hill that overlooked where the Aurors were stationed, screams of agony could be heard. Thor had decimated their ranks. His size had given them all the impression that he had been stupid as well, but as he effectively stopped five wizards from attacking Soren and Sev as they jumped into the fray and ripped a wizard's head clean off at the same time, the Aurors all began to agree that he was a formidable enemy.

"My Lord," Thor said, bloodlust in his voice.

Soren smiled and punched clean through a wizard, pulling his heart out and letting the corpse fall to the ground. "Thor, has Lord Remus shown yet?"

"No, he's still where he was, but I believe I feel some more wizards coming from that direction," he said as he sidestepped a wizard and ran him through with his large blade. Severus caught another by the throat and sucked him dry, letting the husk fall to the ground.

"I'll get Remus," Severus said, but Soren shook his head.

"That is what they are hoping for. They want you to go after him, make them think. I'll go," Soren said and quickly made his way up the hill towards the menacing forest.

Severus growled, but agreed with him inwardly. "Oh well, there's plenty to do here," Severus said as he deftly caught a wizard in a chokehold before breaking its neck.

Remus felt Severus approaching and he watched with his enhanced vision as the huge vampire practically decimated Dumbledore's forces. A twig breaking behind him caught his attention and he came face to face with four wands. "Don't move, wolf," Ron snarled.

"I'm very sorry, but he will be moving." The voice was a rich, fluid baritone. Remus felt a body come up behind him that smelled of the first blazing sunrise and the first dew at dawn. An arm wrapped around his waist and a sheet of blood red hair fell across his shoulder. Arthur, Hermione, Ginny, and Ron paled at the look of pure bloodlust in the bright emerald eyes that glared at them. "Petty mortals," the voice breathed and Remus shuddered, as he sank back into the comforting grip, so much like Severus's, yet not.

"Who the fuck are you?" Ron snarled.

"I am Soren, Lord of North America, and a very pissed off five thousand year old vampire. Don't push me," he warned lowly. Ron actually took a step back and that was all Soren seemed to need.

Remus's eyes widened as he felt a volatile force of nothing but pure magical energy spread over the mere ten feet that all six of them occupied. The wizards and witches cried out as they were propelled

backwards and Remus gasped as he was caught up in strong arms and then gasped again as the world just *blurred*. This Soren was moving so fast even he couldn't see it. Once they were near the remains of the Aurors littered over the ground like trash, Soren released Remus. Remus spun around and looked up into the greenest eyes he'd ever seen.

The vampire Lord was absolutely breathtaking. Remus gazed over the high cheekbones, hard masculine jaw, the aristocratic nose, and the body covered in a button down shirt, emphasizing his broad shoulders, and slim waist, down to the powerful legs clad in skintight black leather. His sensuous lips were lifting into what was about to become a very, *very* sexy smile.

"Thank you, I'm—"

"Remus," Soren said as he too appraised the beauty in front of him. No wonder Severus was so besotted over him. Remus Lupin was a lovely specimen of man. "I believe your lover is worrying over you." Soren cursed as his voice sounded pained and he saw those intelligent amber eyes catch it but not understand.

"Remus." Remus turned and smiled shyly at Severus as the vampire gracefully strode over to him. Severus touched him carefully checking for wounds and Remus blushed.

"I'm fine. I-I come back freely to you, Severus. I'm willing to try again, that is if you still want—" Remus didn't get to finish as Severus's mouth molded to his. Remus moaned as he wrapped his arms around Sev's neck and reveled in the fact that Severus pulled him closer, deepening the kiss.

Soren looked on sadly until Thor, whose sky blue eyes glowed with understanding, nudged him from behind. Soren smiled and both of them began to make their way back toward the cars until Soren picked up a sound in the air and turned back, quickly pushing Severus and Remus out of the way. He clenched his teeth and spit out blood as the silver spear went straight through his stomach.

"My Lord!" Thor said worriedly right by his side as he collapsed to the ground.

"Shit, this hurts," Soren moaned as he used Thor's impressive build to steady his body.

"Damn it, Soren," Severus said concern lacing through his voice as he began to feel the spear length and look at the wound in general. Remus hissed as he tried to grab onto the wood, but grabbed some of the silver instead. "Remus, concentrate on the wood okay? Soren, take a deep breath and don't move."

Soren steadied his breathing, but even he wasn't prepared when Remus quickly snapped the spear off and yanked it quickly out of the back half of his body. Blood gushed and Remus quickly placed his hand over it, digging into the pack at his side and ripping one of his shirts out to stuff the wound. "Severus..."

"Forgive me, Soren." Severus touched his face lightly in apology as he yanked the other half of the spear out. Soren sagged up against Thor, who gladly took his weight. Severus quickly began stuffing the other half of the wound. "He needs blood."

"Here," Remus said, offering his wrist.

Severus caught his wrist. "If you share blood with him, you will become his as well. Make sure you realize what you are doing before you do this."

"I don't understand. I'm yours, you told me I can never be someone else's as well," Remus said in confusion.

"That is true in most cases. However, I need a lot of blood to heal this, Remus," Soren said tiredly. "The amount of blood that it takes to heal this wound will make a connection between us that is irrevocable."

"So I would be your Pomme de Sang as well?" Remus asked.

"No, not really, just—it will be easier to feed from you because your blood will be something that I am used to. Choose wisely, Remus, you cannot take these sorts of bonds lightly." Remus didn't hesitate; he offered his wrist again. Soren looked at Severus and Severus calmly stared back.

"Take his offering," Severus all but ordered. Thor cradled Remus's wrist in his hand as he guided it to Soren's mouth. Remus shuddered as he felt a catlike tongue lick his pulse and then winced as Soren's fangs sank deep into his wrist. However, he wasn't expecting what happened next.

"Oh Merlin!" Remus felt his eyes roll in the back of his head as pleasure scorched through every cell of his body. Every time Soren sucked, Remus saw stars. He was barely conscious when Severus finally cradled him in his lap, playing with his hair.

"What happened?" Severus looked up and saw Harry and Draco stepping out of the Mercedes Benz and walking towards them.

"It seems that they really wanted to kill Remus," Thor said as he picked up the bloodied silver spear. "Lord Soren stepped in front of it."

"Remus fed him," Draco said without preamble and Severus nodded. "You know what that means, don't you?"

Severus nodded again but this time didn't meet Draco's eyes. He looked at Thor then at Soren and Remus. "Of course I do."

"Ah, Draco, so nice of you to join us." Draco's head snapped up and he growled as Dumbledore stepped out of the shadows.

"Dumbledore," Draco all but hissed, making certain that Harry was behind him at all times.

"Now, now, my boy, this could have all been avoided."

"Oh, it could have?"

"Yes, you could've just helped me and none of this would have taken place."

"What is it that you want, old man?" Draco asked and Dumbledore had the audacity to smile.

"Why, control of the wizarding world of course! What else?" Dumbledore shrugged, but the maniacal glint of his eyes didn't go away. "Not only that, but I want control of *all* worlds, even the Muggle world to a certain extent."

"Are you bloody mad?" Draco asked incredulously.

"No, just ambitious. Just think, everyone would know everyone, it would finally be peace on Earth after so many years of fighting each other."

"Muggles will wipe us all out!" Draco all but screamed. "They hate what is different, hell they are killing themselves. What makes you think that magical people will get treated any better than their own that they are trying to slaughter?"

Dumbledore shook his head. "You can only see the immediate future. Once time passes everyone will see that there should be no more fighting, it isn't conducive. We weren't meant to fight forever." Draco stared at Dumbledore with an inkling of fear running through his veins. The man really believed the bullshit he was sprouting, Draco realized. He was trying to kill them all."

*Harry, go quickly, before he realizes you are here. Find Marissa and get her back to France.*

*But Draco—*

*No buts, Harry, leave now!* Harry stopped his retort before Apparating with a 'pop' to Hogwarts.

Harry found himself right at Hogwarts gates and he opened the large doors and burst into the hall. "Marissa! Marissa, sweetie, where are you?" He heard a girl's childish laughter coming from the Great Hall and he opened the doors. Marissa was playing on the Slytherin table with a few talking crayons. In her other hand, she was holding the necklace Draco had given her. "Marissa?" Big brown eyes lighted up at seeing him and she ran over to him, throwing her arms around him with only the enthusiasm a child could muster.

"Hello Harry, where's Draco?"

"He's talking with the Headmaster right now. Come, we must be going."

"Where are we going?" she asked innocently.

Harry wracked his brain, but settled on the truth. "France sweetie, Paris, France."

"Oh, fun! Let's go!" Marissa said happily. Harry picked the girl up in his arms and concentrated on their home in France. He only hoped Marissa would still enjoy this little mini vacation when she realized she wouldn't be going back to her parents at all. With that last thought, Harry Potter took Marissa Weasley with him to their home in Paris, France.

"This isn't over yet, Dumbledore, you realize that don't you? I will never let you take over the vampire courts."

"You won't have a choice, Draco, I will destroy you."

"Over my twice undead body," Draco retorted. Dumbledore smiled slightly but then he turned towards four figures running up to him. Draco snorted, of course, it was his lapdog brigade: the Weasleys, including the Minister of Magic himself.

"Good evening Arthur, it's so good to see you, oh I forgot, you're supposed to be dead aren't you?" Draco asked innocently. Arthur had the audacity to blush, but he held himself up straight and tall.

"It was for the best that Harry thought I was dead."

"Why, so that he could go and get himself stoned out of his mind and drunk off his arse trying to forget the sound of your screams and everyone else's as they died?" Draco said snapping.

Arthur winced at that, but still held firm. "It was for the best."

"Yes, I bet it was. But for whom?" Draco asked. "You all are pathetic." He turned to Soren, who was now standing by his Second and Severus with an unconscious Remus in his arms. "Let's go, I've had enough of this nonsense."

"This isn't over," Dumbledore said again. Draco looked over his shoulder, the right side of his face flickering with black scales.

Dumbledore paled.

**"You're damn right this isn't over,"** Draco said lowly and then slammed the door behind him. "Take us home," he said. He watched the carnage disappear behind him, taking him as far away from his former Headmaster as possible.

*I have her, Draco. She's sleeping in the suite of rooms next to ours.*

*Very good Love, very good.*

*What happened?*

*I'll tell you when I get home. We're on our way.*

*As you will it.*

"That bastard took my baby!" Hermione shrieked. She threw yet another set of plates at the wall. "I'll kill him, I'll kill him!" She burst into tears and ran to her and Ron's rooms.

Ron clenched his jaw and his fists. His father and sister had left already, both claiming appointments that need to be filled. Who gave a fuck about them anyway? They had become selfish and self-absorbed as the years passed. His family was falling apart and all they could think about was themselves? What bullshit.

"Don't worry Ronald, as soon as we kill Remus or Harry, all of your worries will go away," Dumbledore said soothingly as he looked on with a manipulative eye.

"Yes, yes, you're right," Ron said as he walked off, not seeing Dumbledore's slightly mad smile.

The death of Harry Potter would do it, Ron thought to himself. What was his death anyway? He was supposed to have died a long time ago anyway.

"You'll pay for this, Draco," he stated. "You'll pay dearly, and in blood."



## Chapter Nineteen

Remus slowly opened his eyes and looked up at the gold chandelier above the bed. Its light was low enough to where it didn't bother his eyes at all. "I see that you are awake." Remus turned toward the voice and smiled a bit sleepily at Severus. He was sitting on the edge of the bed, like a lounging black panther.

"Yeah," Remus said a bit hoarsely. Severus gave him a sip of the water that he'd had waiting by the bed. "Um, how is Soren?" Remus asked.

Severus chuckled. "He is resting in his own suite with Thor caring for him." Severus smiled and then gazed down at the werewolf. "That was a very brave thing you did."

"Was it?" Remus asked curiously.

"There aren't that many people who'd want to be bonded with the High Second and then a Lord, it is almost unheard of."

"So I *am* his Pomme de Sang," Remus said slowly as he pushed himself up into a sitting position.

Severus shook his head. "No, you aren't, you are just bonded with him. A Pomme de Sang is always bonded with their Second, it is inevitable and the bond was more than likely in place as soon as I drank from you that first time. The subsequent times after that the bond got stronger every time I fed," Severus explained. "However in Soren's case, he's lived for the better part of five thousand years, his bite is substantially more powerful than mine is now."

"But you have more power than he does," Remus protested.

"That may be, but I am also not as old as he is. Even with the vampire that I have become I have only lived forty to fifty years. He has lived thousands. His power may have reached its peak but he still finds it evolving. Soren is a very deadly adversary when he chooses to be." Severus smirked. "You are very lucky to have bonded with him."

"Does that mean you are also bonded with him?"

Severus paused and then nodded. "Yes, I am. Actually I am more bonded to him than with you."

"Really?"

"Yes, it has always been like that. I'm really not sure why." Severus frowned as he thought but then shook his head. Inky black locks cascaded down his shoulder as he did and Remus gently tucked them behind his ear. Severus smiled a bit tenderly and kissed Remus's forehead. "I'm glad you came back."

"I'm glad to be back," Remus stated. Severus smiled and stroked Remus's hair as they both sat in companionable silence. "What's happened while I was gone?"

"Not much. The entire Council has been plotting your demise if you didn't come back to your senses quickly enough for their liking." Remus paled and Severus laughed. "Don't worry, I'll protect you," he said a bit impishly.

Remus rolled his eyes. "Yes, I bet you will," he said dryly.

Harry collapsed on top of Draco in a boneless heap. His heart was still racing and his body was drenched in sweat. He felt positively wonderful and exhausted. Draco slid out of him slowly. Harry moaned in protest and the vampire chuckled.

"You've become insatiable, darling."

Harry happily smiled and kissed Draco's chest. "No thanks to you and your insatiable appetite," he said back and Draco laughed a bit breathlessly. Harry concentrated and lifted his gaze towards Draco's. "Do you think everything will be all right now?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, Remus is back, Severus is happy, Dumbledore has now come out about what his plans are and I now know the Weasleys are a bunch of thieves and pricks."

"Darling?"

"I was reading their minds," Harry whispered. "They stole from me; they have the bulk of my fortune."

"Don't think about it, they will get theirs," Draco said with a hint of finality to it.

"And then there is Marissa," Harry said. "What are we going to do with her?"

"Why, raise her of course."

"Are you serious?" Harry asked his eyes lighting up with mirth. "She will be spoiled rotten. She has half of the undead Court wrapped around her dainty little finger as we speak." Draco chuckled and ran his hands through Harry's hair slowly.

"Of course she will be, but she will have the best of everything and we truly won't coddle her too much. Not with the lives we all lead," Draco said quietly. "I was thinking of giving her private tutors until she reached the age to go to one of the wizarding schools. She'll be taught French, Latin, Greek, basic magic, hand to hand combat, and a slew of over things."

"Good grief, she's six Draco, not sixteen."

"It's best to start early with the languages. By the time I was eleven I was speaking six different languages fluently including the three that I just named and English of course."

"Are all pureblood wizards raised that way?"

"They were before the turn of the century; it was part of the old ways. Purebloods were too high up on the social ladder to be letting their children go to school with 'commoners' and it was an effective cut down from the rest of the nobility. The entirety of the Malfoy Dynasty was a Dukedom, and underneath it encompassed two Earldoms, and the lands of a Marquis and a Viscount."

"Wow, your family was pretty powerful."

"Yes, we had always been that way. I think that is why I took to this job like so well. I was raised to lead; it is what I do best."

"No, it's not."

"It's not?" Draco asked. Harry blushed as he shyly ducked his head.

"Loving me is what you do best. You're magnificent in bed," Harry said teasingly.

Draco laughed. "That's true darling, that is definitely true," Draco purred as he kissed Harry slowly. By the time it was over, Harry found himself on his back and out of breath. His eyes widened at the distinct feeling of Draco's arousal against his leg.

"Again?" Harry moaned as Draco slipped inside and began to build a slow and steady rhythm.

Draco chuckled darkly against Harry's ear. "It's what I do best right?"

"Yes, oh yes!" Harry moaned and it was the last coherent thing he said for the rest of the night.

Remus walked the halls of Draco's huge estate almost in a daze. He remembered every hall, every scent, every smell, and every texture and yet it was like the place had taken on some new light since he'd been back for only a few hours.

"You're happy here now. Not overshadowed by what you ought to do, but what you want to do." Remus turned and saw the amber gaze of Vincent as the older werewolf came towards him from the shadows.

"Vincent, it's good to see you again," Remus said softly. Vincent arched an eyebrow but smiled.

"It's good that you finally have your head screwed on straight. What were you thinking you'd accomplish by leaving here?"

"I'm not sure anymore," Remus admitted. "Things were decidedly different when I returned. People who I have trusted my whole life have changed, they smell different."

"They smell like what?"

"Evil, corrupt, it's like an inky darkness has come over them and won't let them go," Remus said shuddering. "Some of it is from inside of them; however, there are some parts that have come from something or someone else."

Vincent nodded. "I'm sure that jealousy and envy of Harry and what he possessed did some of that to them, however you are right when you say that there is another influence."

"I think it's Dumbledore," Remus said softly. "He is the only one that can influence so many with only a few words."

"He is a prolific speaker. The wizarding world trusts him. I believe that trust and the knowledge that he has that trust is what led to his downfall."

"Why do you say that?" Remus asked.

"Can't you see it? He is able to manipulate so many by totally manipulating a few. Look at all of that power sitting in the palm of his hand. If he had Harry back the entirety of the British wizarding society would fall to their knees in support of him," Vincent said. "After all, he has killed off all of his opposition."

"The wizarding nobility," Remus stated. "They would fight it."

"But who is left? Most noble wizards were considered 'dark' and were confirmed Death Eaters, now they do not have a Galleon to their names anymore and many more of them are dead courtesy of Dumbledore, the Order, and Harry."

Remus sucked in a deep breath. "Damn you're right." There was no opposition, any of those few who would've opposed Dumbledore were dead or thought to be dead. "Couldn't Severus and Draco do something about it?"

"Who would listen? Draco and Severus both are vampires now; it is a completely different society and social structure. Though they were wizards before they were turned, they are still vampires now. Therefore they are not considered wizards by the wizarding community and are therefore out of the loop."

"Damn it, and I can't do anything either. Werewolves are given so few rights as it is," Remus said softly. "And now that I have openly defied Dumbledore, I'm sure there is a bounty on my head as well."

"It is of no consequence, you are the High Second's Pomme de Sang, and Dumbledore cannot reach that far up on the vampire hierarchy. Just let it be for now. With the way that Soren, Severus, and Thor decimated his Order Members with ease Dumbledore will have to regroup. It will be quiet for the next couple of months. Take advantage of that silence." Vincent smiled.

Vincent grinned. "You are Soren's now as well are you not?" Remus blushed. "My, you are working your way up the ladder aren't you?"

"He was hurt and he needed help," Remus said. "Can you show me to his rooms, I was trying to find him actually."

"Of course."

"I have a question though," Remus said as they began to walk.

Vincent looked over at him and nodded. "Ask."

"Severus said that he has always been connected to Soren on some level. What does that mean?"

"He said that to you?" Vincent asked in surprise. Remus nodded and Vincent let out a low whistle. "Well that could mean a lot of things, but usually it means that they were meant to be together."

Remus frowned. "You mean as lovers?"

"No, no, not necessarily, but they were meant to rule together."

Remus began to get an inkling of what Vincent was talking about. "You mean Severus is his Consort?"

"Well yes, in the basic terms, however in terms of the Ruling House of North America, yes. It means that Soren was fated to be the Lord of North America and Severus the Consort of North America." Vincent gazed at Remus's choker and watched as the emerald green stones flared to life and flickered midnight blue. "And it seems you were fated to become a Consort to the North American throne as well."

"Why do you say that?"

"Well it's kind of obvious. A Pomme de Sang is the Consort to the Second, you know that right?" Remus nodded. "Well, if the Second is fated to be the Consort of a Lord or Lady then the Pomme de Sang is fated to become a Consort to that Lord or Lady as well. It's like you were a lover that has now been upgraded to a spouse if you will. It's quite an honor."

"This is getting more and more complex as it goes," Remus said.

Vincent grinned. "Yes, most vampire politics are. Well, here we are. Have a nice time," Vincent said while wiggling his eyebrows and then he disappeared. Remus looked after him, rolled his eyes, and was about to knock on the door when Thor opened it.

"My Lord," he said and then stepped back.

"Thanks, Thor, and I'm not a Lord," Remus said.

Thor gazed at him through mischievous sky blue eyes. "Whatever you say. His Lordship is in the main suite," Thor said as he motioned to the pair of ornate doors to the left. Remus nodded and hesitantly knocked on them.

"Come in, Remus." Soren's voice carried through the door and the deep baritone hit Remus like a ton of bricks. Remus opened the door and felt his mouth drop open and his thoughts stop. Soren stood in pajama bottoms that were slung low on his lean hips. He was tugging on a midnight blue, velvet robe that brushed the floor, but not before Remus got a chance to look at his muscled chest and arms. Soren looked over his shoulder and smiled. "You seem to be doing better," he said as he flipped his hair out of from under the robe.

"Yes, I'm fine. I was just checking up on you," Remus said quietly.

Soren gave him a dazzling smile and then went and poured himself a glass of rich red wine. "Would you care to join me?" he asked. Remus nodded slightly. "Well, come in, don't be shy." Soren teased and gestured at the circular table that stood at the right of the huge bed that dominated the room.

He sat in the chair beside the table and Soren brought him a glass filled with wine. "Thank you."

"You're most welcome," Soren practically purred. Remus looked into his eyes and then shivered as he felt an invisible caress run over his body. "My, you are already bonded to me."

"I didn't know it was supposed to take a long time."

"Oh, it just means you are more powerful than a normal mortal and that our bond will be stronger. It is strange, but Severus bonded the same way to me when I was first introduced to him."

"You love him," Remus said quietly. "I can see it in your eyes when he is around or mentioned."

Soren smiled a bit sadly and nodded. "I have been for a while. If it weren't for my ruling position and for Thor, I'd have gone insane, thousands of years ago."

Remus looked at him solemnly. "Really, is it that bad?"

"Living for eternity is hard on everyone, even those who are born to be immortal." Soren stared pensively into the flames dancing in the fireplace. "I remember when people lived off the land in shod houses and as time evolved, humans evolved and I met Alexander the Great, I watched him die, I saw Troy rise and fall, and I was there when Rome was born and the Empire come to life, and I watched its destruction. No human was made to live forever, and yet, I was once a man. Now I am a creature of the night. I grow weary sometimes, but I am too stubborn to die now." Soren smiled at Remus.

"Do you remember your birthplace? Do you remember anything of your childhood?" Remus breathed.

"Some, my mother was the one who gave me my hair." He fingered his long, crimson hair gently. "I have my father's height, but none of his build. He was a warrior I think. My mother had blue eyes while my father's were green. Her laughter always reminded me of a warm sunny day. I get the feeling that I was born in Greece. All I usually remember is how blue the ocean always was." Soren smiled. "That's about it."

"You must know so many things," Remus stated as he took a sip of his wine. Soren's presence was wrapping around him like a cloak. He was all Remus could see and smell and feel. It was quite a feeling and Remus knew he should've been wary, but he wasn't.

"I know my fair share. Now Demias, he is the oldest of us all."

"Do you know how old he is?"

"No one does, even he doesn't know. Time was not kept by years, calendars, or in the many ways it has been over the years when he was first brought into existence. The earliest he began counting his age was nearly one or two thousand years before I was born. He is Ancient; we all just leave it at that." Remus blanched, then that meant Vincent too was very old. "Yes, Vincent has been with him for nearly as long."

"That's incredible," Remus said. Soren was about to speak again, when he looked up and over his shoulder slightly. His eyes softened and he smiled.

"Come join us Severus, we were just talking about your Sire."

"Really, did you discuss how crazy he is?" Severus said as he sprawled graceful next to Remus. Soren smiled and Remus rolled his eyes at Severus's grin.

"No, how old he was," Remus said quietly. "It's quite interesting."

"I am sure it is," Severus said as he played with strands of Remus's hair. Remus started to feel a hum of energy underneath all the propriety. They were waiting for something and he had a feeling that that *something* was *someone*, namely him. The room seemed to crackle with tension, not a bad kind, but just waiting tension, impatient tension.

"What do you both want?"

"Whatever you want," Soren said softly. "Whatever you desire, Remus."

"I—"

"We will not rush you," Severus breathed in his ear. "However, I should have been clearer with you. Things are going to be quite interesting for a while."

"Why?"

"The bond, our bond, is now the kind of bond Galen, Lucien, and Alexander share," Soren stated. "It demands completion."

"Completion?" Remus stated and Severus chuckled as he nipped the werewolf's ear.

"Yes, as in a few dozen bouts of the best three way sex in the known world." His voice grew huskier and deeper as he talked and Remus felt his blood rise and boil inside of him. Pleasure engulfed him as he was caught up in a kiss from his first Lord and then it doubled when he felt another pair of cool lips press against his neck.

"I-I see," Remus said trembling. "Well, we should not disappoint then should we." Two chuckles, one a rich tenor, the other a deep baritone resounded in his ears, and then as Soren bent down to kiss him for the first time. Remus felt himself arch in pleasure toward him.

As he was laid on the bed, he stared up at both of them. Severus was all darkness and night with skin as pale as the full moon hanging in the sky and just as soft. Soren, who despite not having been in the sun for over five thousand years still had a golden tan about him, his hair was fiery red and his eyes were as green as the first blade of grass from the land. He felt power, attraction, and lust.

Remus knew it was going to be a long night.

And it was.



## Chapter Twenty

Harry watched as Draco talked into the cordless phone in their private library. He loved watching him be the High Lord. He was so assertive and demanding and his aura crackled and churned on itself more. Harry frowned as he thought about that. There were times when Draco scared him, when something else was in his eyes when he looked out at the world.

Draco was hiding something from him.

"Harry, is everything alright?" Harry looked up to find Draco standing in front of him. He smiled and kissed Draco's hand.

"I'm fine, nothing's wrong," he said softly. "Have you seen Remus lately?" Draco began to smile and a teasing glint entered his eyes. "What?"

"No one has seen Remus, Severus, or Soren since last Tuesday," Draco said impishly.

Harry frowned; that was a week ago. "Well Remus and Severus aren't in their rooms."

"They are probably in Soren's room," Draco said slyly. Harry frowned again and Draco just shook his head, chuckled, and kissed Harry's temple. "They are fucking like rabbits, Harry. The bond needs completion." Harry turned a bright red and Draco laughed at him.

"It's not funny."

"Yes it is. Now that Severus, Remus, and Soren are in a triumvirate as well, the first couple of weeks are kind of tough. They can't be parted for a while."

"Well, did Galen and the others have to go through this as well?"

"Yes, that is why it was so hard when tension came between them. They were wound so completely together that when they fought they felt the combined anger, frustration, and fear of all three of them."

"Goddess," Harry breathed. "That's awful."

"Yes, it is, so it will be their job as well as ours that Remus especially, but Severus and Soren too, don't mess this up. They all need it."

"I thought Thor was Soren's lover?"

"I thought the same before too, but it turns out that Thor was a prince of the royal family of some ancient bloodline. Anyway, Soren was a visiting lord and instantly saw that Thor would be better off elsewhere, needless to say there was a bloodbath that night at the palace and Thor disappeared the next morning."

"You mean Soren killed them all?" Harry asked, aghast. Draco smiled sadly.

"You must remember that centuries and millennia can change a man. Soren, from what I heard was one of the most ruthless vampires of his day. Time does not change that, it only quiets the bloodlust inside, and makes the vampire think of different ways to get what he or she wants. Soren is one of the most feared vampire Lords because of some of the things he has done."

"I just can't see him doing any of those things. He's so level-headed."

"Yes, and that is why he is feared. Despite his coloring, many called him and still call him: Ice King. You can rarely anger him. Yet, he will stab you in the back with a calm look on his face and take what you own." Draco shrugged. "It's what made him a good candidate for Lordship."

"You told me when I first got here that the Signet chooses."

"It does, but once a Signet chooses, it rarely, if ever, has to make another choice. The one it chooses must be strong, intelligent, and a survivor. The vampire has to have power and have the affinity to amass much more. Each Signet is different and requires different things, but those fundamental things are still the same."

Harry thought. "Does that mean that some Signets are more powerful than others?"

Draco smiled and nodded. "Yes it does," he said. "My Signet is the Ruby Pendant. The ruby is not the strongest stone of all the stones in the world, however, because it was created here in Europe, where feudal wars were an everyday thing, it amassed power of its own, and the 'knowledge' if you will that its bearer has to be the strongest of all the Lords and Ladies of the world."

"I think the one closest in power to me as of now is Soren. The North American continent runs red with the blood of those that were slaughtered from the time of its conception onward. You've seen Soren's stone; it's the Blue Sapphire. Coming after Soren I believe is Alexander and he wears the Emerald stone and rules Australia. Now on the other side of that South America, Africa, and Asia are steeped in ancient magic and their stones have amassed a magic all their own and are used to aid the Lord or Lady that possesses the Signet, because it makes up for the lack of raw power that the vampire has," Draco finished. Harry nodded.

"That makes the most sense, but—" He bit his lip and then gazed at Draco. "I know that you're hiding something from me. Something that makes you more feared than any other vampire in existence, and it always will. You scare me sometimes, Draco and I want to know what it is about you that makes me feel that way." Draco's eyes flashed and he turned to the fire. "You keep telling me that I'm not ready, well, I believe that you aren't ready to tell me." Harry finished softly.

Draco barked out a strained laugh. "Yes, I am not ready to tell you. However, I will tell you this. There is only one other like me and in the end there may be only three of us in the entire world and for the rest of eternity," Draco said quietly. "Be patient, Harry, because once you find out that's it. You will know all my secrets."

"What could I possibly find out after you just told me what you're keeping from me?"

Draco smiled. "How Severus and I became vampires," he said simply. Harry took in a shuddering breath; yes, he didn't know about that either.

"When?" he asked simply.

"Soon."

Remus and Severus moaned as the deep thrusts of Soren's hips sent Remus propelling forward into Severus equally as deep. Taking and being taken at the same time was something Remus had never experienced before. It was somewhat of a hidden fantasy of his and when Soren and Severus had found out about it, well, let's say he'd had a lot of practice on how it worked; *a lot* of practice over the past week. He found it decadent and beautiful. He'd never felt so whole in his life.

A hand touched his cheek and he turned his head and was pulled into an openmouthed kiss by Soren. It was all teeth and tongues and desire. Remus moaned into Soren's mouth and then cried out as both vampires moved in tandem at the same time. He felt more than saw Soren's mouth suck on his neck and Severus took his lips into another kiss.

"Oh, Merlin!" Remus breathed as Soren hit his prostate yet again and pleasure cascaded through his veins like fire.

"That's it," Soren purred, "let go, Remus." Remus said nothing but he reached down, grabbed Severus's neglected cock in his hand, and squeezed. Severus collapsed back down onto the bed and arched up in his hand as he cried out in pleasure. "Hmm, you want him to come first, darling?" Soren asked in his ear.

Remus laughed breathlessly and let his muscles contract around Soren's length inside him. Soren let out one of the sexiest moans Remus had ever heard.

"No, I want us all to come together," Remus said as he kissed Soren hotly.

"I like that plan," Severus gasped.

Remus smiled. "I knew you would." His breathing hitched and he moaned again as Soren hit his prostate with enough force to make him see stars. A gentle hand wrapped into his hair and eased his head back, baring his neck to them both. Soren licked the right side of his neck and Severus licked the left. Remus winced as they both bit at the same time, but he screamed in pleasure as they began to feed. Their feeding was the final straw and Remus felt their combined orgasms ricochet off the bond.

When Remus finally came back to himself, they were all sprawled on the bed and tangled together. He moaned as Soren gently slid out of him and the same moan echoed from Severus as Remus pulled out of him. "Goddess, I'm exhausted," Remus muttered and Soren and Severus chuckled.

"Should be," Severus said quietly as he watched Soren reach over towards the nightstand with his eyes half open. His body was pleasantly thrumming from his orgasm and sated beyond anything he'd ever felt before. Remus purred as he felt the lukewarm cloth run over his body as Soren cleaned him and Severus gently. "Thank you, love," Severus stated and lazily kissed Soren as he retreated.

"I should be thanking both of you," Soren said as he kissed Remus as well. Remus hummed his delight, took the cloth from Soren's fingers, and pushed him back down on the bed and began cleaning his as well. "I think that was the most sex I've had in years."

"Really, is that so?" Remus asked quietly. Soren pulled him back down and covered them all with sheets and comforters after he got them all untangled. "I wonder what time it is."

"Well, it is one week to the day since you've been in here." Remus blinked sleepily but smiled as he saw Thor standing in the doorway. "I was so certain that all of you would die or at least pass out from dehydration, you've been going at it so long."

"What can we say, Thor?" Soren said, mirth shining from his eyes. "We're insatiable." Thor snorted and placed a heap of food on the nightstand. Then two goblets accompanied it filled with blood.

"Eat, all of you; you'll need your strength."

"Yes mother," Severus quipped.

Thor arched an eyebrow and then grinned. "That's right, now do as I say before I go and get Draco and Harry. I'm sure they'd love to coddle you."

Severus hissed. "You torment me so Thor, you didn't need to get so mean." Thor laughed as he walked out of the bedroom and shut the door behind him.

"Food," Remus stated and crawled over Soren and lifted the tray and brought it back to the bed. He gave each of the vampires a goblet and began eating the food. "A week? We've been at it for a week?" Remus said as he finished and handed the empty tray to Soren.

"Yes, does that bother you?" Soren asked as he wrapped his arms around Remus's waist and settled down to sleep.

"No, just incredible, no wonder I'm so tired," Remus mumbled sleepily as he nuzzled Soren's neck. Severus leaned over and kissed them both before pillowing Remus's head with one arm and wrapping the other around Remus and Soren and then all of them were asleep.

Remus sighed deeply as he woke up. He blinked slowly and then smiled as he let his fingers run through the blood red locks cascading over his shoulder. He felt the body behind him shift closer and lips ghosted over the healed bites on his neck.

"Evening, lover," Soren purred. Remus hummed happily.

"Evening, how are you feeling?" Remus asked quietly as he looked at the slumbering form of their other lover.

"Shouldn't I be asking you that question?" Soren chuckled. Remus smiled a bit sleepily still.

"Maybe, but I asked you first."

"I feel amazingly content and very satisfied," Soren purred. Remus felt his heart speed up at that tone, delicious tendrils of pleasure washed over his body in remembrance of the pleasurable week they had enjoyed. "And you?"

"I've never felt this way in all my life," Remus stated. "I'm so happy, so content. I'm happy that I came back."

Soren leaned over him and kissed him softly. "And we are happy that you came back as well, are we not, Severus?"

"Hmm, yes, very happy," Severus said his voice still thick with sleep. He caressed Remus's abdomen and then took one of the blood red locks covering it and tugged. Soren arched an eyebrow in amusement, but followed the tug and kissed Severus as well. Severus smiled and lay back down and watched his lovers.

"So what are we—" Severus was cut off by the knock on the door. Remus crawled over Soren and stumbled slightly as he got onto his feet. He picked through all the clothes scattered over the floor and then made his way to Soren's closet, which to his surprise now had all of his and Severus's clothes in it as well.

*We shall talk about it later.* Soren's voice caressed his mind. Remus pulled out his robe and tied it and then went and opened the door. Galen's face greeted him and the vampire smiled.

"So you're back, that's wonderful, we don't have to kill you now," Galen said cheerfully. Remus blinked and the petite vampire laughed. "Go on," he said making a shooping motion, "go get dressed, we have much to do, much to do."

"Like what?" Remus asked. Galen looked up at him and smiled a bit slyly.

"Well for one, gossip. I've wanted to know how good Severus and Soren were in bed for ages, you can tell me all the little kinky things they did to you and I can share my own tales." Remus flushed a bright red as Galen cackled gleefully. "And then I can go and show you off to the other Pomme de Sang. Move, move, move!" Galen said with a cute pout and then shut the door for Remus, who was still standing stunned in the doorway.

"Did that really just happen?" Remus asked quietly. Soren and Severus chuckled together.

"You might want to get dressed, if you don't move fast enough for his liking he'll come and help you." Remus paled at that and made a beeline for the bathroom. As soon as the door shut, Soren turned to Severus, who was lying on his chest, and smiled.

"I'm glad you're here," he mumbled into the thick hair under his lips.

Severus smiled slightly, nuzzling Soren's chest. "So am I."

*Me too.* Remus's voice floated in their minds and the two vampires smiled contentedly.

Harry flipped the page of his book and then sighed as he looked up and gazed into the flames. His and Draco's relationship had changed again. It was as if he'd just come here again. The tension was almost palpable. Draco was still very gentle and caring, but he was withdrawn, cold, and quiet as well. Harry had brought something to the forefront that Draco wanted to keep in the darkness just a little bit longer. Harry frowned; he just wanted to know what Draco was keeping from him.

"I wonder what it is that he thinks I will blame him for," Harry said to himself.

"Nothing, darling." Harry turned and saw Draco leaning against the closed library doors. "It is my own cowardice that keeps me away." Draco glided towards him and sat down. He took the book from Harry's hand, laid it gently on the coffee table in front of them, and then took Harry's hands in his.

Harry looked down at his hands and then up into Draco's eyes. "I'm sorry, but I just want to know."

Draco smiled slightly and nodded. "I understand," he said quietly. "However that still doesn't mean you will accept it easily. It took you this long to trust me fully; it will take some time to get used to what I am."

"You are a vampire, what else is there to the equation?"

"Close your eyes," Draco said firmly. Harry looked at him warily but did as he was asked. Nothing happened for a brief moment, but then Harry felt the air begin to vibrate. The air grew heavier, and almost seemed alive as it brushed up against him. The hands in his became silkier and he was sure that they would be paler. He didn't know how he knew, it was just a given. "When you are ready, open them."

Harry opened his eyes and felt his breath stop dead in his throat and his eyes widened. "What the hell?" he asked. With shaky fingers he touched the left side of Draco's face with his right hand, and was startled when the scales felt as smooth as skin. They were black as night and had the subtle sheen of being newly grown.

Draco's eyes were blocks of ice, bright silver and they shone from within with his power. Magic and strength rolled off of him in waves, churning like a double helix around his body. The coil of magic reached out to him and caressed him gently, seductively and Harry shivered.

**"Are you not afraid?"** His voice was like his original one, elegant and drawling as if he were bored, with just a hint of amusement. Now, however, it seemed as if three people were speaking through him at the same time. His voice carried so much *weight* and wisdom. It was like listening to a song, the baritone and tenor rang together perfectly and Harry was mesmerized.

"You are so beautiful," Harry breathed. "What are you?" Draco smiled and caressed his cheek lovingly.

**"I am like my Sire, a vampire and yet more. I am a Draconian like Ancient Demias. We are the last two of our kind."** He gazed at Harry steadily. **"If you so decide to become a vampire and are made by me, then you will be the third Draconian and last one made for all eternity."**

"Bloody hell," Harry said.

Draco laughed. **"I figured you would say something like that. Although you are taking this better than I expected."**

"What did you expect me to do?"

**"Run out of here cursing my name for keeping secrets from you. I promised to never lie to you and I did not, but I kept something from you so that is technically no better. You have looked to me to shelter you and I have. You needed to heal and so you let me make all of your decisions for you, and I gladly took that responsibility. But now, I can see that you are restless, you are ready to do much more than you have been doing and stand on your own two feet once again. I was afraid that you might look on this like a betrayal and revert back to the way you were when you first came here."**

"No, I could never do that," Harry said as he smiled at his High Lord. "You have helped me heal, and you've helped me live. I would never let that go to waste. I'm glad you shared this with me, but I will be looking up what a Draconian is. I don't want you to tell me, I need to find it on my own." Harry looked deeply into Draco's eyes. "I need to learn how to be assertive once more and learn how to stand on my own two feet once again. I thank you though." Harry leaned forward and kissed him deeply.

**"You are breathtaking to me, Harry, don't ever change. I'm very proud of you,"** Draco said. Harry chuckled and fell into Draco's open arms, reassured by the familiar presence of those arms around his body.

"I'm proud of me too," he said and then grinned. "I wonder how Remus is fairing."

Draco laughed. **"Galen has him in his clutches, he will not be left alone for the rest of the night. But let's just leave him to it. All is well right now. Let's go visit Marissa. Last I saw her she was conning Chef Antonio into making her chocolate chip cookies before she ate dinner,"** Draco said wryly.

Harry's laughter followed them down the hall as they walked to the kitchens.

## Chapter Twenty-One

Harry flipped the page of the book obediently as Marissa showed him how much she had learned to read. Already she was leaps and bounds ahead of most children her age. He smiled sadly; it seemed that Hermione had already started teaching her early.

In the past two months since Draco's confession of being a Draconian, Harry had begun to make his way into being a very good Companion. He delegated orders, took Draco's calls, and practically took over the running of the estate from Emily, though she still did help him a lot, but for all intent and purposes, he was fulfilling his role and he was savoring every minute of it.

"Uncle Harry, you're not listening," Marissa said with a pout. Harry kissed her temple.

"I'm so sorry Princess, we can't have that now can we?" he teased. Marissa giggled as he tickled her and she finished the story with a sigh of pride and then snuggled into his side.

"Uncle Harry," Marissa said hesitantly.

Harry frowned and looked down at her. "Yes, sweetie, what is it?"

"Will I see mummy and daddy again?" Harry sighed; he knew this would come up eventually. "I mean, I really, really, really, like it here, but I miss them."

"I know sweetheart, and to answer your question, I really don't know. Perhaps we should ask Draco when he gets back. How about that?"

"Okay," she said nodding. Harry felt a pleasurable caress run over his mind and he looked up to see Draco standing in the doorway.

*We have a problem*, he told him silently. Draco arched an eyebrow, but then he nodded when he saw the forlorn look on Marissa's cute face.

*I see*. "Harry, darling, how are you this evening?" Draco spoke up and then leaned down and kissed Harry softly on the lips before turning his attention to Marissa. "And how is our little Princess?" he asked.

Marissa giggled at him but then got a serious look on her face that reminded them both of Hermione. "I miss mummy and daddy," she said with preamble. "Will I get to see them again?"

Draco fell gracefully into a crouch, putting himself at eye-level with her. "Marissa, your mummy and daddy are dealing with a very bad man right now." Her eyes widened. "He is trying to take your Uncle Harry away from me and his home."

"That's not nice," she said frowning. "Mummy and daddy were mean to Uncle Harry before. Does that mean they are bad too?" she asked fearfully.



Draco shook his head. "Of course not, precious. They're just not doing what they're supposed to be doing. They are a little misguided right now." Draco looked at her. "Do you understand?"

"I think so. If mummy and daddy stop talking with the bad man, I can see them?"

"That's exactly right, you are a very smart girl, darling," Draco said smiling.

Marissa grinned at him, before she became solemn again. "What if they don't?" she asked sadly.

Draco took a deep breath and smiled a bit sadly. "You don't mind staying here with us do you?" he asked. "We will take care of you."

Marissa perked up again. "Really? Chef Tony can make me cookies and Emily can teach me how to sew, and Uncle Severus and Uncle Remus can play with me all the time?" she asked hurriedly.

"Yes, you can have all of that, but you will have to still go to school and your lessons. You will be a smart, beautiful, and talented young lady alright?" Draco said sternly and Marissa nodded.

"I promise, thank you, Uncle Draco!" She leaned over, kissed his cheek, and then kissed Harry's. "I'm going to visit Chef Tony; he said he'd make me a pie this time!" And with that, she skipped out of the study, the door slamming behind her.

Harry chuckled as Draco sighed heavily and flopped gracefully down on the couch next to him. "She has us all wrapped around her little finger," Draco moaned. Harry laughed heartily at this as he played with Draco's hair.

"As she is supposed to. Marissa is too cute for her own good. Besides, I'm sure there hasn't been a child in these walls for centuries."

"You are right about that," Draco stated. Harry and he both watched the fire in a comfortable silence before Draco began speaking again.

"The night I was turned was like this night," he stated. Harry blinked at the totally random change in topic, but sat silently as Draco spoke. "Mother had been talking to me about doing the Malfoy duty of wedding and bedding a chosen bride in her parlor at the manor. I remember gazing into the flames in her fireplace and thinking that there was more warmth there, than in her gaze and arms at any given time. She thought of me as a miniature version of my father and treated me as such." Draco sneered slightly. "She feared me as much as she did him, but she was a strong woman in her own right." He paused, but then continued quietly. "Father came in and took me away, told me that it was time to make him proud, to become a Death Eater and stand by his side and the side of the Dark Lord." Draco snorted.

"I told him that I would never stand by his side for something I didn't believe in," Draco said bitterly. "He laughed at me at first, thinking I was joking, but when I didn't make a move to follow him to where the Dark Lord was waiting, he finally saw that I wasn't playing around. 'You would defy me?' he asked me and I calmly told him yes. I had thought that once I told him that he would kill me, but he just stared at

me and I continued to stare back. Harry, it was so surreal what happened next. All he did was nod and kissed my forehead. He said to me: 'I'm glad you chose not to follow blindly. You have made me proud.' Draco turned to Harry, and Harry felt his heart stop at the pain in Draco's eyes.

"I had never heard those words from him and I had craved them for years. And when I finally got them, it was the last thing he ever said to me. Voldemort found us at that moment and he killed my father before my eyes. 'Disobedience,' he said as he approached me. He never did like it when someone slipped something past him."

"How did you get away?"

"Severus was with him and made a diversion. I ran as fast as I could and ran into one of the rogue vampires Voldemort had in his services. The vampire had been starved nearly to the brink of insanity and when he saw me, I knew it was over. He ripped my throat out; he was so intent on getting to the blood that flowed through my veins. I barely remember it. One moment I was staring up blankly at the night sky and then the next, the most beautiful creature I had ever seen knelt down and spoke to me. He told me he was Demias and he said I had far too much potential to die. Demias told me that he would make me strong, make me like him, a vampire, a night walker, and a blood drinker." Draco sighed deeply. "I accepted his blood without question and I died." He looked at Harry. "When I next awoke, I was in this place, in our rooms and Demias was with me."

"He helped me become who I am today, though he said my training as my father's heir apparent made it a lot easier. I learned of our Draconian lineage a few months after that and then perhaps two years into my new life, Demias brought me a gift; he brought me the Ruby Signet. He explained to me how my predecessor had gone insane in the last stages of his life, because eternity without meaning is truly hell. He opened that box, Harry, and the Signet came to life, as he knew it would. I became High Lord that day and I haven't looked back since."

"My God," Harry gasped. "I had no idea. Draco, why—"

"I said that I would tell you sooner or later, tonight I was reminded of it." Draco shrugged gracefully. "I am sure Severus will tell you of how he came to be if you ask him."

"You don't know?"

"I have asked him and he gave me a very brief summary of the events that did happen. It's not my story to tell, my love." Draco kissed Harry again. "There is business we must take care of. It seems that Dumbledore is attacking vampire society now."

"He is a fool," Harry said as he and Draco began to leave the study.

"A fool he may be, but he's cunning as well. We have our work cut out for us." Harry wrapped an arm around Draco's slim waist and pulled him closer. "Harry?"

"I'm fine. I just have this odd feeling that something major is going to happen very soon." Draco frowned. "Not something bad per se, but just something defining."

"Always trust your gut instinct. It is what makes you strong," Draco stated.

Harry kissed Draco's temple. "I am not leaving you."

"You better not, I'll kill whoever I have to, to get you back," Draco said abruptly. Harry smiled a bit ironically because he knew Draco would do exactly that.

Severus sat behind Soren as he plaited the Lord's long hair into a braid. "You are brooding, Soren," Severus said mildly. "What is on your mind?" Soren sighed, caught one of Severus's hands, and kissed his palm.

"Worrying needlessly really," Soren stated. "This Dumbledore is either the stupidest person I have ever met or the most tenacious. He's attacking vampires now, and I don't see why. What purpose does it serve? He is angering us into being rash; he should know that most Lords and Ladies are not as rash as they were when they were young."

"He is desperate," Severus said leaning into the taller vampire. "He needs something, anything really to provoke us into fighting him. Draco will not stand it for too much longer, he will react and soon." Soren nodded his head and then cocked it to the side slightly. A soft knock sounded on the door and then Remus poked his head through humor glinting in his amber colored eyes. "Remus, you're back," Severus said smiling. Remus smiled and approached them.

"Yes, I did manage to get away from Galen and the others for a little while." He kissed Soren and then Severus and eased his body down onto the bed with a sigh. "It seems that the Lord of Asia and the Ladies of South America and Africa are leaving today. There is unrest in their Courts back home."

"Is there really?" Soren asked. "I'd have never thought that they would have problems."

"I don't think it is their ruling, but the wizarding world there is beginning to react badly to their total control."

"Dumbledore, that meddling old coot, he's trying to destroy us all," Severus muttered as he played with Remus's hair.

Remus clucked his tongue and looked up at Severus. "He is meddlesome yes, but he is very influential. He is gaining some allies, but he is losing many as well. What is Draco going to do about it?"

Soren looked thoughtful for a moment before answering. "I believe he is going to take care of the unrest that is here first, but I am sure if he will go and talk to Demias about it. After all Demias made him and is the oldest of us all. If anyone can answer a question like that, it would be him. Darling, Harry is on his way, why don't you and he go out and shop or something," Soren said to Remus.

Remus narrowed his eyes. "And why would I want to do something as frivolous as shop?" Soren blinked trying to look innocent, but failed miserably. He laughed and then kissed Remus's pouting lips.

"Because, Severus and I will be in meetings for the rest of the evening and it is a good excuse to get you out of the house and off the estate with your godson and it will give both of you time to talk." Soren eyed Remus seriously. "Since our bonding has taken place, you and Severus will both be coming home with me when Thor and I return to North America. It will be a very joyous occasion and Harry has a choice that he must make."

"And what choice is that?"

"Either I will stay Draco's Companion for eternity or I will become his Consort and be a vampire by his side for all eternity," Harry said smiling as he stood in the doorway. "Can you help me with that, Remus?"

Remus blinked and then smiled. "Of course, let me get my coat and then we can leave and go and talk."

Harry smiled a bit shyly. "I would like that."

"So," Remus began as they walked through the streets of Paris, "how is life?"

"Isn't it strange that we live in the same house and yet know nothing about what the other is doing?" Harry asked laughingly. Remus smiled and Harry sighed happily. "Actually it is more than I can say. I'm so happy, Remus. Draco makes me feel so happy," he stated. "Now that I'm actually doing things again, I feel as if I'm his True Companion. And you? How are things with the newest triumvirate?"

Remus blushed. "Everything is fine actually," Remus stated. "It's strange to have two lovers or at least I thought it strange, but..." His brow furrowed and Harry frowned slightly at him.

"But what?"

"Is it strange to say that I love them both so dearly so effortlessly even though so little time has passed?" Remus asked. "I was technically with Sev before Soren came into the picture, but it was almost as if nothing happened between us because it wasn't meant to without Soren there, am I making any sense?" Remus laughed. Harry reached out and clasped his hand lightly.

"You love them so much," Harry said. "I don't think I can say whether it is right or wrong. All I can say is that between the two of them and Vincent, they have brought you out of your shell. You are three times as powerful as you were in the wizarding world and I don't see the weight of the world and all of your sorrows on your shoulders." Harry and Remus walked in silence until they stopped in a park and sat down on the benches close to the lake.

"I feel better," Remus said quietly. "I look younger than I ever have before. Vincent said that I will never age again, that I will remain youthful for all eternity." Remus let a smile grace his face before he sighed yet again. "This life is a blessing, is it not?"

"Yes I do believe it is, but it didn't come without sacrifices," Harry stated. "Look at what it took to get us here." A dark look spread over Harry's face just then and Remus knew what line of thought he was on. "And look at what is trying to bring us back to that life." Their past was a minefield of betrayal, bitter friendships, and a terror that none should ever face.

"When Voldemort was destroyed, something inside of you broke with it," Remus began. "The desolation in your heart was palpable and by then no one could reach you. And I, well I wasn't there either, seeing that I was on a mission for the Order."

"Yes, and then after that, the wizarding world need to point a finger at someone and who better than the one they wanted to kill the bastard anyway," Harry said flippantly. "My parents left me a fortune, Sirius left me a fortune and what happened? It was all taken for me. I gave it away freely, thinking that the money that I was giving to these families, to this world would make up for what devastation Voldemort had caused, but it was never enough. I had nothing left."

Harry stopped and took a deep breath. "I became a drunkard and a drug addict and practically a whore to maintain my drug induced stupor so that I wouldn't have to feel the pain and remember the nightmares of what had happened and the betrayal of the people that I had come to love."

"Harry, I had no idea it was that bad. Really I didn't," Remus said haltingly. "When I returned Ron and Hermione seemed frantic to find you and when I volunteered to help, it seemed like they didn't want it nor need it. It was then that things began to get cloudy for me. The Wolfsbane seemed to stop working and no matter how many times I asked Dumbledore to find Severus and make sure that it was working properly, he repeatedly told me no. No, the potion is working as it should and that Severus was dead. But they'd never found his body and something told me that something wasn't right with Sev being dead and the potion not working. My memories as a werewolf became spotty and then on that one fateful night—I only remember screams of terror and blood and the sweet scent of freedom. They looked at me differently after that, as if it was my fault, but by then I knew the potion had been tampered with and I sought Severus out."

"It seems that they made fools of us both," Harry said smiling at his honorary godfather. "But it is all in the past and I will be damned if you or I get stuck in that life ever again."

Remus nodded slowly and then smiled. "So, will you remain his Companion or will you become his High Consort?" he asked Harry.

Harry gazed out into the calm night and sighed. "I don't know. Draco has been very evasive about the whole thing. I think it's because he wants me to become as familiar with his Draconian side as possible before thinking about it too hard. After all, if he turns me I too would become a Draconian."

"Well, let me rephrase it then: what do *you* want?" Remus asked.

Harry looked at him and smiled. "I want to be his Consort," Harry said, "to stand by his side as his equal in status in the vampire Court's eyes."

"Well then start trying to make it happen," Remus said and Harry laughed.

"I like you this way, Remus. You're so much more—" Harry didn't get to finish. He looked to his right and saw nothing but white light and then darkness.

## Chapter Twenty-Two

"Did you see them go by?"

"Where the fuck are they?"

"Dumbledore said he wanted them alive, so let's get moving! They know this city better than we do. We have to find them before they get back to the mansion!" Footsteps sounded close by and Remus kept as quiet as he could without causing any more pain to himself or Harry. Blood ran down the left side of his face from where he'd been thrown into a tree by the explosion. Harry stood next to him, clutching the right side of his body and gritting his teeth.

"Are you sure you don't need to rest?" Remus asked. Harry looked at him through glazed emerald eyes and nodded grimly.

"I can feel myself starting to heal, I should be alright." He smiled as much as he could without flinching in pain. "There are perks to being a Companion. From feeding off of Draco, I nearly have his healing capabilities."

"Nearly is not enough in this situation. You'll pass out soon enough from exhaustion," Remus muttered as he began to move stealthily into the alleyways. He clenched his teeth against the spiking pain in his side. Harry looked at him in concern.

"Are you going to be okay?" he asked as he carefully touched Remus's rib cage. "Where they got liquid silver, I'll never know, but to make it explode like that..." All Harry remembered seeing was the flashing white light of the explosion going off and then Remus's cry of agony as liquid silver hit his skin. Harry shuddered at the memory. What on earth was Dumbledore thinking?

"We need to get home," Remus said tiredly. "I'm healing, but I'm sure if I were with Severus and Soren, I would heal much faster."

"They'd help you by feeding you," Harry whispered and Remus nodded. It was a long and arduous process navigating through the labyrinth of alleyways in Paris.

"What do you mean you can't find them?" Draco asked lowly. Hunter swallowed and edged away from the High Lord, purely on instinct alone. Draco's aura had darkened to the point where even the human servants would cringe in fear of him as he stalked by.

"We've looked everywhere, Sire, we traced them back to the park where they sat, but after the explosion all of our senses are off. Every time we lock onto them, they vanish."

"They're hiding from all of us," Soren said somberly. "Think Draco, do not be blinded by panic." Draco closed his eyes tightly, took a deep breath, and let it out again.

"They'd be worried they would attract attention," he said coolly. "They'd stick to the alleys."

"And they wouldn't use their magic," Severus said. He closed his eyes and clutched at his right side.  
"Remus is hurt badly; they must have had silver in that explosion."

"They are healing, but slowly. They'd need us to expedite the healing process," Draco said softly. "Damn him!" He stalked towards the window and looked out into the night. "They could be anywhere."

Remus looked up at the long line outside of the club Wicked and breathed a sigh of relief. Harry slumped against the wall behind him. "Thank Merlin we got here."

"Yes, but there are many people here, and we don't know where any of the Order Members are either."

"No matter," Harry said wearily. "All we need to do is get inside and call Draco and the others. Remus, we can't make it back to the mansion on our own. We'll both pass out long before we reach that side of town." Remus nodded in agreement. Going to the mansion hadn't been an option for them earlier, so they had zigzagged through the alleyways of Paris in order to lose the Order.

"I guess this is another perk of being lovers of high ranking vampires," Remus said as he straightened as much as he could and carefully helped Harry along as they walked to the front of the line. Of course, there were some general snide remarks about that, but as soon as the bouncers saw the flashing ruby earrings and emerald choker they pulled back the rope and ushered them inside with all due haste.

"My Lord Remus, Your Grace, what can we...?" a server asked until Harry's eyes rolled into the back of his head and he fell into Remus. The werewolf hissed in pain, but caught him before he hit the ground.

"Take him to the High Lord's rooms and clean him up and get me the damn phone," Remus said harshly. The server bowed and lifted Harry into his arms and disappeared down the hall. The bouncer that let them in looked Remus over carefully.

"You are hurt, my Lord."

"It is of little consequence now. However, if wizards happen to come by and wish to be admitted, do not let them in. That is a strict order."

"Yes, my Lord, but what about those that have been admitted already," he asked carefully.

"Escort them out, we can't take any chances, at least not until the High Lord and Severus are here." The bouncer bowed and began turning away wizards from the door. The server rushed back with a cordless phone and Remus shakily eased himself down on the marble floor and dialed Draco's main line.

"Remus, where the hell are the two of you?" Draco's voice was on the verge of hostile panic and Remus smiled.

"We're at Wicked. Harry's passed out on your bed and his wound is being taken care of."

"And you?"



"Me? Oh, I'm fine just..." A wave of nausea hit Remus like a freight train and he groaned as he vomited onto the floor beside him. "Shit!"

"Remus! Remus! Damn it, Remus!" Draco's voice began to fade away and Remus blinked to bring focus to the spinning room.

"My Lord, my Lord what can I do to help you?" The server was scared at the sight of the beautiful Pomme de Sang vomiting and wheezing; he didn't know what to do.

"I'm a werewolf and in the wound I have sustained there is silver. It's making me ill," Remus said wearily. "Please clean this mess up and get me to Severus's rooms. I just need to sleep."

"No, no, you can't go to sleep, not if you're poisoned, my Lord, here let me help." The server helped stand Remus up onto his feet and then found one of the kitchen staff to clean up the mess in the front hallway as he guided Remus down into the High Second's rooms. After disposing of the torn jacket and scuffed boots, the young man then began to wash Remus's wound and laid him down on the bed. The Pomme de Sang was already delirious and feverish and if what he said was true and he was a werewolf and did have silver in his bloodstream, things didn't look good.

Draco stared at the phone in his hand as the dial tone echoed in the room. His gaze sharpened and he turned to Hunter. "Call for the car, Severus, Soren, and I are going to Wicked."

Harry woke up to Draco licking his wounds. "Hey," he said hoarsely. Draco's bent head lifted and his hair created a barrier around Harry's face as he leaned down to kiss him softly.

"How are you, my sweet?" Draco stated. "I will rip their throats out for what they did to you."

"Don't bother. I think Remus got some of them," Harry said coughing. Draco handed him a glass of water and helped his struggling form sit up. After the water, Harry sighed happily and blinked at Draco calmly.

"What did you mean by that?"

"Hmm? Oh, after the explosion Remus killed a few of the wizards that were coming too close to us. He gave me enough time to get up and run into the shadows and then he followed." Harry looked around in a panic. "Where is he? He has silver in his bloodstream and—"

"Peace Harry, Severus and Soren are taking care of him. Now you tell me what happened," Draco ordered.

Harry sighed. "Remus and I were talking and then all of a sudden this light blinded me and then I heard the explosion after it. Draco, the bomb, or whatever they threw at us had liquid silver in it. Some of it caught onto Remus's clothes and skin and the blast threw him into a tree and me to the ground. After we got away we began traveling through the back alleyways to get home, but they have at least forty wizards from the Order here. There were too many of them, so we headed towards Wicked and here we are," Harry said slowly.

Draco nodded and then sighed. "Dumbledore's bullshit is spreading quickly. The other Lords and Ladies had to leave because of it. I'm tired of this, Harry, and I think that it's time to end it. It is the beginning of the end."

"What are you going to do?" Harry asked.

Draco stared out the window and his eyes flashed silver. "Call Dumbledore and make an offer. If that offer is not taken then all bets are off. We will fight and we will win."

Remus opened his eyes quickly and then gasped as his body quaked with pleasure. "Shh, darling, be still or you will tear your newly healed wounds," Severus stated on his lips. Remus settled back onto the bed, well, into the body that he was lying on.

"Soren?" he croaked, and the Lord chuckled and nipped his ear.

"Yes, how are you? Severus told me to let him heal you without my help." Remus shivered as Severus's lips ghosted across his over-sensitized skin.

"What did he do?"

"Severus's vampiric power lies in seduction and sex. He basically brought forth a lot of sexual energy in your body and then centered it around your wound first and then throughout your body to help rid it of the silver," Soren said as he stroked Remus's silver streaked hair. "We also took a lot of your blood into ourselves and gave you ours. That's why you're so sensitive right now."

"But doesn't it hurt you? The silver—"

"It's more lethal to you, dear heart," Soren explained. "Our vampire blood eradicates most things that could kill a lesser man in a few minutes or hours." Remus nodded a bit and let Severus kiss him gently before lying next to him and Soren on the bed.

"We are never going to let you and Harry go off alone ever again," Severus muttered.

Remus smiled a bit sadly. "I can't believe I didn't sense them, but then again I guess there is always room to make mistakes. I was concentrating more on blending in with the human populace than anything."

"And there's your problem. You are not human, sweet," Soren whispered. "You haven't been for a long time." Remus nodded carefully.

"Old habits die hard."

"Well let's make sure they stay dead this time around," Severus muttered.

Remus rolled his eyes and then frowned. "Where is Thor?"

"He is guarding the little Lady Marissa and Miss Emily. Draco feels that an attack is going to be let loose upon us soon and he wanted all the bases covered."

"I see." Remus turned his head and looked up into Soren's deep green eyes. "When will we be confronting Dumbledore?" he asked.

Soren kissed him slowly and then replied, "Whenever he makes the first move."

Dumbledore looked out over the students of Hogwarts like he usually did: with a twinkle in his eye and a small prideful smile on his face. However, inside he was seething with anger and hatred that would cause even the most steadfast of his supporters to cringe. Draco Malfoy had become worse than Voldemort, if that was at all possible, in terms of defeating him soundly. Every time he moved, Draco was either two or three steps ahead of him in planning and cunning. He knew exactly when to react and when not to, and that made Dumbledore's blood boil.

"There will be a meeting in five minutes in my chambers," he told Ron and Hermione. Both of them nodded grimly and watched as he walked towards the teachers' entrance to the Great Hall. Both waited momentarily before following him. As soon as they were seated Dumbledore turned to them, the twinkle gone from his eyes and only his solid blue gaze remained staring them down as if they were insects under his thumb.

"Yes Headmaster?" Hermione said almost eagerly. Ron frowned at his wife slightly, but was too cowed to say anything. Having Marissa taken from them hit both of them hard, but it hit Hermione worse. She became almost fanatical about getting to Harry and Draco after it was finished. Even he had been out for blood the first few weeks, however, after thinking it over, even Ron had to admit something was wrong with the way they were acting as a whole.

It seemed that the entire wizarding world in Britain had gone mad.

"It seems that Draco is not giving up. And I am tired of waiting," Dumbledore said with an air of finality. "We hurt them slightly by setting that trap for Remus and Harry, but as you can see their numbers have not decreased and our forces have been torn to pieces. This is a lost cause, but I have thought of a way to hurt Draco more than anything, and that is through those he cares for, those he loves." A maniacal smile came over the old wizard's face and Ron shivered in fear.

"We could kill Severus," Hermione offered. "He and Draco are really close."

Dumbledore shook his head. "No, he is not Draco's main priority anymore."

"His main priority is Harry, and..." Ron trailed off as he stared at the Headmaster. "You want us to kill Harry! I thought you wanted to get him back."

Dumbledore shook his head. "It's time we cut our losses. Harry will never come back to us of his own free will. If you haven't been able to tell by the way we have been losing you are more incompetent than I thought," Dumbledore snapped.

Ron swallowed and Hermione looked at him and rolled her eyes. "Be reasonable, Ron, they stole Marissa, and if this is the life that Harry wants, well, maybe he wasn't going to come back and be our friend anyway," Hermione said, a bit callously in Ron's opinion but still—

"I guess," he mumbled. He was totally uncomfortable planning the murder of his former best friend, but as he watched Dumbledore move effortlessly through the stages of what they were going to do, it seemed that it didn't matter much anymore.

Why would it matter if he didn't protest harder? Harry was still going to end up dead. And as Ron saw the maniacal gleam in Dumbledore's eyes heighten, he almost felt sorry for Draco.

He was going to regret the day he'd crossed Dumbledore.

"Are you sure?" Harry asked a bit breathlessly and Draco chuckled as he wrapped his legs around Harry's waist. They had been lounging on the bed talking with one another at Wicked when one kiss led to another and another until Draco posed a question.

"Would you like to make love to me?" he had asked. Harry thought he was joking at first, but by the intense look on Draco's face Harry immediately gave an affirmative reply. Now, almost an hour later, Harry was having second thoughts.

"You would never hurt me," Draco purred as he angled himself over Harry's cock and pressed forward slightly. Harry took a deep breath and eased inside Draco very carefully. At the slight grimace of pain on Draco's face, Harry stopped.

"I can't, I'm hurting you."

Draco rolled his eyes. "I'm a vampire, Harry, it won't kill me. And for your information, it has been a very long time since I let someone do this to me, and even then that was Severus." Draco shifted again, taking Harry deeper inside of him. Harry stiffened as Draco's muscles contracted around him and Draco moaned. "Move deeper," he commanded and Harry laughed slightly and moved until he was seated entirely in Draco's body.

"Merlin." It was almost surreal. Even when Draco was the one taking him the feeling of rightness that always accompanied their lovemaking made him soar. That feeling of rightness flowed through his body like it always did and he needed no prompting to move.

"Yes," Draco moaned and arched into Harry before moving with him. Harry had never seen Draco look more beautiful. His silvery blond hair was spread out over black silk sheets, his pale body moved sinuously against his own and those silvery blue eyes practically glowed with power and emotion that he kept hidden by day.

Their lovemaking was slow and steady, prolonging the pleasure for both of them until their release caught them unawares and they fell into each other in a tangle of sweaty limbs and sated passion. Draco

nuzzled Harry's throat and then sank his fangs in deeply and Harry moaned at the pleasure licking at his frayed nerves as Draco fed.

*Open for me.* Harry opened his mouth lazily and then sighed as he drank Draco's blood, replenishing his own body as he did. Draco pulled Harry into his arms and hummed happily to himself as Harry chuckled.

"So, are you up for round two yet?" Harry teased. Draco chuckled.

"I'm always ready aren't you?" he said back and Harry laughed. Their silence was companionable; nothing needed to be said. Harry rolled onto Draco as the vampire's touch became more caressing and sensuous and he kissed him long and hard.

"Make love to me, Draco," he whispered and Draco smiled as he took Harry's lips against his own and they started anew.

Emily watched as Marissa fell asleep holding her necklace in a tiny fist. She closed the door and nodded to Thor who was posted there. The house was quiet now that Draco, Harry, Severus, and the others were at Wicked for the near future.

"I don't want Marissa to be in any danger, so we will stay there until Dumbledore makes his move," Draco had told her. Of course, she couldn't say anything against him. He and Severus both had been so good to her after they realized just how long she had been with the house and its servants because of one foolhardy High Lord.

"Ah, Emily, precious, how is our little Princess?" Emily started as she always did when Demias popped out of nowhere. She was very used to it, but it always gave her a surprise. Emily smiled.

"Asleep, she is taking all of this very well," she stated. "She missed Draco and Harry and all her other 'uncles' and sometimes she asks for her parents." Demias's eyes dimmed slightly.

"They are going to come and try to get her," he said. "Have no doubt about that."

"Yes, but will they succeed?" Emily asked raising an eyebrow.

Demias laughed. "Of course not, darling. My Draco and Severus would never let her go back there. Not when her parents may very well be dead after all of this is said and done."

Emily nodded. "I was afraid of that," Emily said but she smiled. "It was a good year for them, no?"

Demias thought of his Children and he grinned as well. "Absolutely." They walked in silence for a moment and then were startled when all the lights in the house flickered and then they were plunged into darkness.

"Demias?" Emily said fearfully.

"It has begun," he said gravely. "Come, I will guide you back to Marissa's rooms and then I will call the guards. This house has not fallen to a siege in almost eight hundred years, and I'll be damned if it falls now."

Ron watched as the house fell into darkness and then nodded to the Order Members behind him as they began their raid.

Severus walked into the bedroom and a small smile flitted across his austere face as he saw Remus and Soren cuddled together on the bed, talking to each other. "It is about time, lover mine," Soren said as he beckoned him closer.

"You make it sound like I was gone for ages," Severus stated as he kissed Remus's neck and squeezed Soren's thigh teasingly as he slid onto the bed.

Remus rolled onto his back and looked at Severus with calm eyes. "I would like to know now."

"About what?"

"How you became a vampire," Remus said as he smiled a bit shyly at him. "You're very tightlipped about the subject and I'm curious to know considering you and Draco both were turned on the same night." Severus played with Remus's hair and stared deeply into his eyes. Such confidence, he thought to himself, so aware of what he is now. Severus smiled.

"Voldemort became angry when Lucius was late in bringing Draco to his side, so he called me and a few others to come with him and find them both. When we found them, Draco was saying that he wouldn't bow before Voldemort and Lucius said that he was proud." Severus looked away from Soren and Remus's sympathetic gazes. "Voldemort struck Lucius down with 'Avada Kedavra' and began to do the same with Draco. I couldn't let it happen. I began killing the Death Eaters beside me and it gave Draco time to run. Voldemort then realized whose side I was really on." Severus smiled bitterly. "The next few minutes were kind of hazy. I do remember seeing Demias leaning over me and telling me to drink. I was too far-gone to disobey. By the time I woke again, I was at the house here in Paris and Demias was calling me his Firstborn Child. He told me that he had made Draco only an hour after me. He trained both of us until he realized that my talents as a vampire were sexual things. I was sent to a teacher that taught me how to manage it. I rarely use it and never flaunt it. And that's about it," Severus stated.

"I'm just glad that you're here," Remus stated and then smirked. "Hogwarts was never the same without you."

Severus snorted. "Yes, I'll bet it wasn't," he said dryly. Remus laughed and Soren chuckled.

"Rest, both of you, we have a busy day tomorrow. Dawn approaches," Soren stated. Severus threw his clothes in a chair and then climbed back into bed.

"Exhibitionist," Remus muttered.

Severus kissed his temple. "Go to sleep, prude."

"Swine."

"Prat."

"You arrogant—"

"Children, go to sleep," Soren said with a smile.

"Yes Soren," Remus and Severus chorused, before Remus fell into laughter and Severus snorted. Soren merely rolled his eyes before wrapping his arms around both of them and they all drifted to sleep.

Harry wiped a lock of Draco's hair from his sweaty brow as he kissed him slowly. He didn't know what was different, but this time both of them were utterly exhausted. "Merlin, I'm beat," Harry stated as he nuzzled Draco's neck. Draco sighed tiredly, but a smile lit his face and his eyes were hooded and satiated.

"So am I, wonder what was different this time." He burrowed down into the blankets and curled around Harry. "Dawn approaches." Harry caressed his cheek and Draco looked into his eyes deeply as he smiled. "You are content, yes?"

Harry smiled a bit shyly. "You gave me a wonderful gift this night," he breathed and then his eyes widened as he thought of something. "Do you know that I just realized that I'm in love with you?" he asked. Draco looked at him in shock but his eyes glistened before it was replaced with tenderness. "I love you, Draco. I have for months probably and was too bullheaded to realize."

"I love you too, Harry," he said softly. "Thank you for telling me." Harry hummed happily to himself and followed Draco into a deep sleep.

Demias broke the neck of yet another wizard before glaring at the large redheaded one in front of him. "I would think that you have taken enough of a beating," he said lowly.

The redhead swallowed thickly but then looked behind Demias. "It seems that time is on our side, dawn approaches," he said almost smugly.

Demias had known dawn was approaching for a good hour. He could already feel his body calling for sleep. However, he smiled and laughed. "That will not stop those whom guard us during the day. Have a pleasant death, mortal; it will be a shame if I don't see it. Draco will wipe the floor with you." Demias turned back towards the house, slammed the doors shut, and barricaded them.

"Report Hunter," he said tiredly.

"All wizards and witches on the premises are dead and Weasley is pulling back."

"Weasley?"

"The redhead."

"Ah yes, and Marissa and Emily?"

"Safe," Hunter said.

Demias nodded. "Good, guard them well while I sleep," Demias said over his shoulder as he walked towards his rooms.

"As you will it, Ancient."

Harry's eyes snapped open.

Something was wrong.

He looked at the clock next to the nightstand and realized it was an hour before sunset; however, he felt alert and vibrant for some reason. As he walked towards their wardrobe, he passed the vanity mirror and his eyes widened. Was he glowing? There was an almost iridescent sheen along his skin, something otherworldly almost. He shook his head and quickly took out a pair of black leather pants and a blood red silk shirt. After hastily taking a shower and donning the clothes, Harry padded down the hall, listening and watching. He past Severus's room, opened the door quietly, and smiled. All three of them were still asleep curled around each other like vines. He shook his head in amusement before carefully making his way down to the entrance of the club.

"Your Grace, what are you doing up?" Harry looked at him and the vampire blinked at the glow behind those emerald eyes.

"Something isn't right, get people to check the doors and entrances, even the inside of the club. I have a bad feeling." The vampire bowed and began calling out orders. Harry looked around and yet found nothing out of sorts, but something in the back of his mind was nagging at him that something was terribly wrong.

*Beloved?* Harry started but smiled at the sound of Draco's mental voice. *Is everything alright?*

*No, there is something wrong I can feel—* Harry's eyes shot wide open as a huge explosion tossed him to the ground.

*Harry!*

Harry stood up groggily and shook his head, the ringing in his ears combined with Draco's frantic summons made him dizzy. He turned unsteadily and then pain blossomed from his chest, and as he looked down the black hilt of a dagger came into his blurring vision. He fell against the wall and looked up incredulously into the eyes of one Hermione Weasley.

"M-Mione," he choked out, blood falling from his lips. She stared down at him grimly an unnatural sheen to her eyes.



"You took Marissa from me," she said hollowly, "now you have to pay." She smiled. "The blade is a mix between silver and wood, so there's no way your Lord can save you n—" Her body jerked, her eyes went wide and then she fell to the ground dead.

Harry slid to the floor as he looked up at Draco, who stood with something bloody in his hand. He stared at Harry in shock as pandemonium erupted behind them.

"Draco," Harry said raggedly. Draco dropped whatever it was and came to his side.

"Damn her," he seethed, "I'm sorry, Harry." Harry groaned as Draco ripped the blade from his chest.

"No, no, no, I won't let you die. I won't let you leave me!" He ripped open Harry's shirt and then clawed at his own wrist, letting his powerful blood flow directly in the wound. Harry was gasping for air now.

"Please, please, please." All decorum was lost to Draco now. He couldn't lose Harry, not like this. "Harry, Harry!"

"Draco," Harry breathed, "don't be... sad... I will..." The light in his eyes died and his body gave one last shuddering breath. Harry was dead.

The explosion had woken Soren, Severus, and Remus out of the deathlike sleep that the vampires always fell into at sunlight. "What the hell?" Severus said sitting bolt upright in bed. "Quickly." They all dressed hurriedly and then ran towards the stairs. As they descended into the main room of the club wizards and witches began using spells and curses. Soren and Severus both began killing quickly and efficiently dispatching them left and right. Remus began unarming those that he perceived to be a threat as he tried to find Harry and Draco, knowing instinctively they would already be down here.

"This is futile," Soren said through clenched teeth as he suffocated the life out of a wizard with his mind alone. "What did they hoped to gain by attacking us now?" Severus grunted he dodged an 'Avada Kedavra' aimed at him.

"I don't know. It is almost as if this entire thing was planned. Only Dumbledore would send his own people to be destroyed. The man knows no bounds. Honestly, I think he has a death wish if he thinks—" Severus and everyone near him stopped at the screams of agony that filled the room. Remus, who was closer, looked behind him at the volatile magic that licked at his body and turned an ashen gray.

"Holy shit," he breathed. Draco stood in the doorway. Black scales rippled across his face and over half his torso and arms, while wings as black as night flowed behind him as he walked gracefully into the throng of his own subjects and wizards alike. Though his eyes were silver, anyone could tell you that the blankness in them was wrong. The anger and sorrow that emanated from his form was almost palpable and as Remus looked behind Draco, he found out why. Harry was lying dead next to the equally dead body of Hermione Weasley. Her heart had been ripped out of the back of her body.

**"You are all going to die."** The certainty in Draco's voice sent shivers down everyone's spine as he reached out with the tendrils of his magic to the first wizard he laid eyes on and incinerated him without a thought.

"Now, Draco, that's a bit harsh don't you think?" The people, vampires, wizards, and witches alike parted like the Red Sea and Draco's eyes narrowed as his aura spiked dangerously.

***"Dumbledore."***

## Chapter Twenty-Three

When Demias woke, it was to the pain of his youngest Childe. Vincent's arms wrapped around him as he closed his eyes, clenched his teeth, and rode out wave after wave of sorrow.

"Harry is dead," Demias choked out. "How could this have happened?"

Vincent had gone still at the announcement. "Are you sure?"

"It would be the only reason that I could feel Draco's pain as if it were my own. My poor Childe," Demias bemoaned.

Vincent calmly ran his fingers through the blood red hair. "It will all be well," he stated. "Why don't you check the vault?"

Demias turned and looked at him. "Have you lost what little of your mind you have left?" he snapped. "Harry is dead; Draco will probably destroy the world because his stability is gone, and you are worrying about jewels?"

"One specific item: the High Consort's Signet," Vincent said softly. Demias glared at him, but nevertheless stood up gracefully, threw on a robe, and slammed out of the room. Vincent watched, his amber eyes glowing with faint amusement that was coupled with worry. He hoped above all else that he was right.

He hoped he was right.

"Thor! Come help me open this vault!" Demias commanded as he stalked down the hallway leading towards the High Pair's rooms. Thor strode gracefully down the hall towards him, grief etched into his beautiful features.

"The High Companion is dead?" he asked. "This cannot be."

Demias nodded grimly and then nodded towards the vault. "Can you get that open for me?" he asked.

Thor looked at the vault and then laid a large hand on it, running his hand over the edges of the door and then to the center. He looked back towards Demias. "I think so, though it is only supposed to open for Draco, Harry, and Severus in case of emergencies," Thor said as he closed his eyes and then laid a hand in the center of the door. For a second nothing happened, and then there was a hollow 'click' as the door swung wide. Demias swept past him and then stopped dead in the center of the room. A red glow emanated from the High Consort's Signet before it pulsed brightly and then disappeared. Demias blinked and then he grinned.

"Yes."

Severus whipped a loose strand of hair out of his face before snapping the spine of one wizard as he sucked another dry. He dropped both bodies to the ground as he turned to the large room to his right.

Dumbledore and Draco were magic for magic, strength for strength, but Severus knew that in Draco's grief he was careless and Dumbledore would win if something didn't happen and soon.

*Severus!* Severus ducked and then hissed in pain as a curse caught him in the shoulder as he moved away. He rolled gracefully on the floor and then balanced on the balls of his feet in one of the corners to catch his breath. Soon his vision filled with blood red as Soren knelt in front of him and looked him over. "Are you alright?"

"I'm fine." Severus gasped and then clenched his teeth as his body convulsed. "Fuck, what was that?"

"A heavily concentrated Daylight Spell. Of course daylight isn't enough to kill us but—"

"It hurts like hell," Severus bit out. Soren cursed and then looked around him. He caught the eyes of one unsuspecting wizard and the wizard screamed as he found out he couldn't move.

"You, get over here now," Soren said lowly. The wizard began moving in their direction even though from his screaming everyone knew that he didn't want to. Soren grabbed his collar and bit deeply into his neck as he fed. He thrust his wrist into Severus's face.

Usually Severus would have refused, but this battle was a battle to the death, and they had to win. He gripped Soren's wrist and bit down hard. Power rushed through his veins like fire. Severus drank as much as he could before he fell against the wall gasping. All his wounds healed faster than ever, every sound, sight, and smell was heightened to the point of being painful even for a vampire. Severus blinked and looked into Soren's face as the high of tasting his blood faded. "Sev?"

"Damn," Severus said quietly.

"Severus, Soren, is everything alright?" Remus came towards them but before he reached them a blur of black ran straight into him, knocking Remus into the wall.

Soren's head snapped around as he looked at what had done that. "Shit," he swore. It was a werewolf and a rabid one at that.

It was cold.

Why was he so cold? His eyes opened to stare blearily at the ceiling. Why was he on the floor? He pulled his body up fluidly, gracefully and stared around him. They were fighting; his people were fighting these gifted mortals: wizards and witches. Where was his Lord? Ah, there, fighting with the old one. He looked familiar. Emerald green eyes narrowed slightly and he frowned. He loosely caressed the choker that now adorned his neck as if it had always been there. It glowed blood red as he stood. His eyes widened at the sight of the corpse at his feet.

Hermione, Hermione Weasley. And then he remembered *everything*.

A low snarl ripped from his throat as he glanced at the mayhem around him again. Everything was quickly put into perspective. His eyes glanced around for a weapon and then he paused as he saw a bloodied axe lying discarded on the floor. He smiled as he picked it up.

Remus stared at the werewolf warily as it hunted his lovers. Both Severus and Soren moved with a grace of panthers. They were cautious in their movements as they backed away from the werewolf, but it was tracking them closely and a little too carefully. Remus slowly unbuttoned his bloodied shirt and then he concentrated. The change came upon him without pain or the usual fear. It was graceful and effortless and as he let out a growl of his own, the other werewolf turned to him, his sneer baring the razor-like teeth of his mouth.

Things were about to get interesting.

Severus and Soren shared a glance as the large werewolf moved soundlessly in front of them, mirroring the other werewolf's movements perfectly. "He is a lot bigger than he usually is," Severus said.

"What do you mean?" Soren whispered back as they backed into the main room where Draco and Dumbledore were fighting.

"When he took the Wolfsbane Potion I made for him, he was so small, now..." Severus gestured to the wolf whose coat was a beautiful silvery-gray. The choker around its neck was still emerald in color and its eyes flashed amber. If it stood on its haunches, it would be at least six feet in height if not taller.

*Get out of the way.* Remus's voice was steely in its confidence and Soren and Severus moved as the werewolf that had attacked them pounced at Remus, starting a fight to the death.

Draco deflected yet another curse from his person with a swift hand gesture and stared at his adversary. ***"This is getting frightfully dull, Dumbledore,"*** he said with a cold smile as he gathered enough magic in his palm and threw the attack at the tiring wizard.

Dumbledore flew backwards into the wall with a sickening crunch and slid to the floor. Draco waited until he got unsteadily to his feet before sending another barrage of attacks towards his gangly figure. ***"This would have been avoided if you had just left us alone. And now my Harry is dead and I think I will break every bone in your body before finally ripping your heart out."***

"I did what I had to do," Dumbledore said lightly. "For the betterment of the wizarding world, it had to be done."

***"What? Making him pay for the stupidity of a world that was cowardly? Making him suffer, for almost a decade under the grief and guilt he thought he was supposed to feel? You are the very devil, Dumbledore. You make me sick."*** Draco seethed.

"What did you want me to do? Take the blame? I could never do that. The wizarding world looks to me for guidance and security. The prophecy had already been made. Harry Potter would be the savior of us all and that is exactly what he did. He saved all of us with the ruthlessness to kill Voldemort and the

kindness and generosity of giving us his fortune for the suffering and pain the prolonging of the war caused us all," Dumbledore said with a smile.

**"He nearly died, Dumbledore, does that mean nothing to you?"**

"If he had died, he would have been a hero."

**"He already was. He saved your cowardly arses."** Draco sneered. He caught Dumbledore's eyes and the wizard froze. Slowly, ever so slowly, Draco began to break every bone in the old man's body. Pain glowed in those brightly gleaming blue eyes. Draco pulled out of his trance enough to notice that Remus had gone into his werewolf form and Severus and Soren were killing the few wizards and witches left in the building. He hesitated and turned to see where his beloved was laying.

Draco broke some of Dumbledore's bones too quickly in surprise. Harry's body was gone.

"What the hell?" Draco breathed, until strong arms wrapped around his waist and lips ghosted over his neck.

**"Beloved, let him go."** Draco looked over his shoulder into rich, emerald green eyes. Harry smiled at him and fangs glinted in the dim lights as moonlight silver scales flitted over his face and then disappeared.

"Let him go, Draco," Harry said again only this time without the weight.

"He doesn't deserve a quick death," Draco said almost amiably.

Harry nodded. "I know that, but then you would be no better than he is," Harry said simply. "Please, for me." Draco could not go against any request he made. Dumbledore groaned as he was dropped unceremoniously on the ground and Draco ran his hands over every inch of Harry's body.

"How—I don't..." Draco looked into Harry's laughing eyes and then he just smiled. "I don't care. I'm just so happy you're here, alive and—well, undead is more like it." Harry cupped Draco's cheek in his hand and kissed him slowly.

"I'll never leave you again," Harry stated as they finished.

Draco merely smiled and then eyed the axe in his hands. "Who is that for?" he asked pointing to it.

Harry shrugged. "No one special," he said as he gracefully lifted the axe and then let it fly in Dumbledore's direction. The axe caught him full in the chest and he died before his body hit the ground. Draco arched a cool eyebrow. "I said that he shouldn't be mutilated. I didn't say that we should leave him alive."

"How very Slytherin of you," Draco said as he smiled. They looked around together and saw Remus morph back into his human body as quickly as he had to his wolf form. Severus and Soren both kissed him and then handed him back his shirt. All around them the bodies of Dumbledore's group were littered over the floor like strewn dolls.

"Harry," Remus said as he approached them. Harry smiled and Severus, Soren, and Remus all smiled as they saw his fangs glint in the dim light. "Thank goodness, we would've had an insane High Lord on our hands if you had died permanently."

Harry laughed. "I think what happened was that Draco and I exchanged enough blood to initiate my change. I was glowing when I woke up this evening."

Severus and Remus frowned at the explanation but Soren sighed. "That would do it. It seems to me that you were half vampire when you woke, all you needed was the 'death' of your human body to instigate the final change," he explained. "There are very few who survive the process. You were lucky."

"I sure am," he said as he leaned into Draco's strong embrace. "So what do we do now?"

"Call and see if everything is squared away at home," Draco said. "I'm quite positive they too got a surprise either this evening or the evening before. Since Thor hasn't contacted us, I'm sure Emily and Marissa are fine." He looked around him and sniffed in distaste. "And call the servants, Sev; get this riffraff out of my club. We will close for a week and then reopen." He squeezed Harry's waist and Harry's eyes rolled as a wave of passion and desire rolled through their bond. "I will be very busy for the next few nights."

The other three merely laughed at them as they disappeared up the stairs, leaving the corpses of a few hundred wizards, witches, and the like behind them.

Two nights later Harry opened his eyes and smiled into the darkness. Both his and Draco's hearts began beating regularly and Draco's hand strayed to his unruly black hair and caressed his head as it always did. "Good evening."

"Good evening," Draco purred. "How are you doing?" Harry looked up at him and smiled in childish delight.

"It takes some getting used to, but it's growing on me," Harry said as he fingered the Signet around his throat. There was a knock on their door and then it opened to reveal Marissa, or the blur that was Marissa, as she made a beeline for their bed and climbed up it and snuggled in between them.

"Hi, you're all awake now!" she said smiling. "Miss Emily said that I could come and tell you what I did today." She chattered on happily and Draco and Harry smiled at each other tenderly over her head before burrowing under the covers with Marissa as she went on and on.

"Ah, my job here is done," Demias said proudly as he held court over Severus, Soren and Remus. Vincent sat by his side and was rolling his eyes as Demias expounded on how well his sons had mated.

"Demias, you had no say in anything whatsoever," Vincent retorted. Demias glared daggers at him and the other chuckled. "Where are Alexander and his brood? I haven't seen them in ages."

"Oh, well when the others left, they too decided to go and check on their territory and make sure that there was no foul play involved," Severus said. "They said that they would return in a few years when all was settled down."

"Which in vampire terms means at least a decade," Vincent retorted and then grimaced as Demias elbowed him in the side. The five of them carried on together until Harry and Draco walked in hand in hand talking to one another.

"I take it you are leaving, Father mine?" Draco said with a grin. Demias leapt from his seat and kissed him soundly on the lips.

"You do not need me anymore, my Childe," he said and then grinned at Harry and kissed him on the lips as well. "Welcome to the family."

Harry laughed. "Thanks, I'll miss you Demias, and Vincent as well."

"Oh, bah, we will be back and forth through here for many more centuries to come. Come along Vincent, Tibet awaits." Vincent watched in bemusement as Demias strode from the room.

He turned to Remus and smiled. "Proud of you, Remy," he said quietly. "The next time I'll see you you'll be in a very high position of power." He grinned as he followed his lover.

Remus blinked but then shrugged as Severus kissed his temple and Soren wrapped an arm loosely around his waist.

Harry and Draco looked on and smirked.

*Told you that there would be another triumvirate,* Draco said a bit smugly.

Harry rolled his eyes. *I never said that they weren't going to not end up a triumvirate,* Harry retaliated. Draco laughed and then grabbed his hand and began leading him through the doors, leaving Severus, Soren, and Remus behind.

"Come, we hunt together tonight," Draco said his eyes glinting in the full moon.

Harry felt his heartbeat quicken at the thought and he smiled. "Yes, let's hunt."

Draco's laughter echoed through the night as he and Harry, arm in arm, strode down the sidewalk away from their estate towards Wicked.

"Thank you," Harry said softly as he looked at Draco, "for everything."

"The pleasure is mine. Now come, the night is young and the prey is fresh; let's hunt and revel in the night," Draco said and revel they did.

One week later, Harry was dressed in a silvery black, Mandarin, silk robe, his Signet glowing blood red around his neck, and Draco was in all black at his side. They both stood at the top of the staircase with



over a thousand noble vampires standing in their regal splendor. He looked towards Draco and found those beautiful silvery blue eyes staring tenderly at him.

"Are you ready?" Draco asked. "Is this what you want?" Harry looked out amongst all those he had come to know. Miss Emily and Marissa were in the crowd as well, and the little girl was holding court with her 'uncles' Soren, Severus, and Remus. Harry stared back at Draco and kissed him softly.

"This is exactly what I want."

"Welcome to your new life," Draco said impishly smiling at him and then nodded imperiously to the servants.

The doors swung wide.

"Their Excellency's Draco Malfoy and Harry Potter, Lord and Consort of Europe and High Lord and High Consort of all!" the speaker announced.

They smiled at each other again and then gracefully swept down the steps towards their subjects and their new life.

*The End.*