Harry Potter: Alchemy of Love by pelaam

Summary:
Will Harry ever find happiness?

Rating: FRAO - Adult ★★★★★
Fandoms: Harry Potter [Movies], slash fiction
Characters: Draco/Harry
Genres: Slash
Tags: m/m
Challenges: None
Series: None
Published: 12/27/09
CoAuthor #1: ---NONE---
CoAuthor #2: ---NONE---
CoAuthor #3: ---NONE---
CoAuthor #4: ---NONE---
Updated: 12/27/09

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Chapter 1: Chapter 1
Harry gave a deep sigh as he wandered down the corridor towards his room. He had enjoyed his visit to Ron and Hermione, he really had, but on coming back to Hogwarts he always felt so empty and alone.

The couple were so happy together and they communicated with just a look or a smile. Harry wished he had someone like that in his life. Someone he could share things with, talk to and...love him. Love him like a lover, touch him, hold him. He gave another sigh. There was no such person in his life and no candidate either. He ran his hand through his hair. Dream lovers were no real substitute but what other option did he have?

He shut his door behind him, locking it securely. He stripped in front of his mirror, his assessment of his naked body ruthlessly critical. His body was still slender, his nipples dark against his smooth, pale skin. His shaft was average sized and haloed by a thatch of dark, wiry curls. His thighs were toned muscle and none of his form had excess flab. But there was no one to gainsay him when he thought himself skinny and unattractive.

Turning angrily as tears threatened to spill, Harry strode to his bed. He fumbled around in his locker drawer and pulled out an obsidian phallus and a jar of unscented oil. Climbing onto the bed, he knelt and spread his legs wide. A single, oiled finger pressed against his entrance and pushed inside. He never bothered teasing or taking pleasure in preparation. It was a necessity, nothing more. As quickly as possible he worked three fingers inside, flicking them over his prostate before coating the phallus.

He gave a groan as it slid inside; hard, unforgiving, uncaring. Closing his eyes he began to thrust it inside himself with one hand as he worked his swollen shaft with the other. He rammed it against his sweet spot without finesse, just an empty, rhythmic beat devoid of emotion. Once he reached this point, it rarely took long. His body needed release and surged forward towards the inevitable climax. Harry panted as his heartbeat increased and the achingly familiar tightening in his groin heralded the incipient release.

An inarticulate sound, part relief, part hurt, escaped his lips as his seed pulsed over his hand. He milked himself thoroughly. He would not self-pleasure again in the near future. He had thought of complete celibacy, but something inside him made that seem almost impossible. However, he could abstain for long periods and that was why when he did indulge, his body seemed to grab greedily at every
microsecond of carnal pleasure it could.

He collapsed on the bed, too exhausted to even consider cleaning himself at that moment. With a hiss he withdrew the phallus and flopped onto his back to stare unseeingly at his ceiling.

It seemed to Harry that there was something missing in his existence; something that neither the joy of teaching nor the love of his friends could replace. He was still staring up at the ceiling as dawn caressed the cobalt sky with blush-tinged fingers. Finally Harry slipped into a lonely sleep.

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Another week passed at Hogwart's and Harry was his usual self with staff and pupils. He finished his paperwork and stretched. A hot shower sounded appealing and he had some other papers in his room to go through.

Life as usual.

His room was lit by a mix of lamps and candles, sending shadows to occasionally chase across the walls or ceiling. He sat in his favourite chair and tried to focus on the document in his hand, however, something was distracting him.

There was nothing he could see or hear, but his body was reacting as if in anticipation. He stood and stared at the door. A moment or two passed and Harry was about to sit back down, feeling foolish, when there was a loud rapping. He walked over and opened it.

"There's a visitor downstairs asking for you. A Mister Draco Malfoy."

Harry swallowed, his mouth and throat suddenly dry. He gave a nod. "I'll be right there."

He looked back into his room. It was presentable enough for a visitor. Straightening his shoulders he went downstairs.

Draco's thin face seemed thinner and there were dark circles under his eyes. Harry frowned. Clearly something important must be troubling the blond. There would be no casual reason for the visit.

"Would you like to come to my room, or would you prefer my study?" he asked.

"Room. Please."

The second word seemed like an afterthought, but that it was there at all made Harry raise an eyebrow.

"This way," he replied, leading the way back up the staircase. He was well aware of the eyes from the portraits that followed their progress, however nothing was said. He was also acutely aware of Draco's eyes boring into the back of his skull.

Harry led the way back along the corridor. The other man made no attempt to draw level and Harry could feel the hairs at the nape of his neck prickle against his skin as they rose.

Opening his door he ushered his visitor inside. He watched Draco stride forward
and stop as if hit by an invisible wall, simply standing, not speaking or moving. With a slight wave of his wand, Harry conjured a chair, identical to his favourite and which faced towards it.

"Please, sit down," Harry invited. He received a shake of the blond head in response.

"No. No, I don't think so. You'll probably throw me out anyway. No point in sitting," Draco murmured, his voice sounding lost.

It surprised Harry. Draco had never sounded so...insecure. He waited, but the blond made no attempt to say anything more. Harry took a couple of hesitant steps towards him.

"Why did you come to see me?" he asked quietly, as if Draco was a timid, forest creature he did not want to frighten.

"My son came to me a few weeks ago," Draco replied, still staring ahead, his tense body facing away from Harry. "He wanted to know why nothing made me happy. Why was it that there always seemed to be part of me missing? I told him I didn't know. He told me that it was time I found out. It was time I stopped being unhappy, making him and his mother unhappy in the process. He actually told me it would be better for everyone, even if it meant I left home. Imagine that."

"Are you unhappy?" Harry asked, taking another small step towards the rigid man.

"I've been unhappy most of my life," Draco said, his voice cracking slightly. I thought I could leave here, move on, move forward. I thought I had. I thought only I had come to realise I had stayed in the same place. Seems I'm not as good at hiding what's inside as I thought. Are you happy, Harry?" he asked, whirling around to stare with over-bright eyes.

"I'm happy in my work," Harry said. That was the truth. He loved teaching. But in his life...? "But I'm not...completely happy," he hedged.

"What would make you happy? What would make us both happy? Do you know? Can you even guess what I need?"

As the blond had spoken he had staked predatorily towards Harry. They were now just inches apart. Harry could feel Draco's body heat as if there was a furnace under the blond's fair skin. Draco's eyes were so dilated there was just a thin ring of dark blue around midnight black. He could see the other man's chest rise and fall rapidly.

"Do you want to tell me?" he asked, holding his arms out from his body, his hands facing the other man as if in supplication.

"Let me show you."

The words had scarcely left Draco's lips when they pressed hard against Harry's. His gasp of shock allowed the blond's tongue to surge forward into his mouth. An arm wrapped around his waist, holding him close while the other hand cupped the nape of his neck to tilt him to the preferred angle. It occurred fleetingly to Harry that he should object but, since it was what he had longed for, he melted into the kiss. His body moulded to Draco's, he opened his mouth wider and offered himself
as small sounds of need rose from his throat as he was kissed breathless.

A maelstrom of desire swirled and danced between them at every point of contact. Desperation made Harry clumsy. His hands moved to the collar of Draco's shirt and then down, fumbling with its buttons, before surrendering to the ferocity of his needs. His hands pulled hard, ripping, tearing, the buttons flying, but he was oblivious to the destruction. To his dismay, Draco pulled back, just for an instant, his lips hovering mere millimetres from Harry's. Their eyes locked, irises almost completely absorbed by the darkness of need and desire.

"Touch me," Draco said, his voice raw and deep. "Put your hands on me, Harry, touch me."

Harry almost sagged with relief. His hands travelled over the newly bared flesh, thumbs rubbing over small pink nipples. Draco was here with him, was all *over* him. That gave Harry a sense of elation that set him free to do the things he had never openly admitted he had dreamt of. He wanted the blond on him, in him, surrounding him. He wanted Draco to thrust into his body with all the power and force the blond could summon and he would still beg for more. He wanted *his* name on Draco's lips as orgasm ripped through the other man. Then he wanted to do it all over again, harder and faster, until there was nothing in Harry's world but Draco Malfoy imprinted on him forever, just as he would be an indelible part of the blond.

"I want you" Draco said, his voice a hot whisper.

Harry's trapped erection surged as his lover spoke. His pelvis bucked against Draco and the blond's arms tightened, holding him still.

"I want to bed you, take you and be so deep you'll feel me inside of you for the rest of your life. You want that, Harry? You want me to take you like that?" Draco's voice was a searing sound of need against Harry's ear.

"Oh, yes, *Draco*," Harry breathed. It was as if his every unspoken dream and desire was coming real. A flash of heat seemed to emanate from Harry at the words and his eyes were incandescent. He felt himself go suddenly boneless. "Forever, Draco," Harry said, his voice low and sultry. "I've wanted it forever and you know it. Deep inside, you've always known it, just as I have." 

Harry fleetingly wondered if that was why giving in to Draco's need felt so right and good and yet so wrong. Had he been fighting this desire so long, unknowingly for both of them, that his utter capitulation felt like infidelity? That he was betraying Draco by giving the blond everything they had both ever wanted but had never openly confessed. He faltered for a second and then Draco's mouth was on his.

"No doubts. No more denial, Harry, please."

"No," Harry replied. This was what they needed. Each other. For eternity.

With a feral grin, Draco toppled Harry onto the bed and loomed over him, his bare chest gleaming in the soft, yellow glow from the lamps and candles.

"Let me tell you how I want you," Draco said, a light in his eyes like none Harry had ever seen there before. He reached down and unbuttoned Harry's pants, his
hands quick and efficient. The removal was just as fast and Harry relished the sound as his lover groaned softly when his body was revealed. The sound was sweet music to Harry and he smiled up at Draco languidly, offering... whatever the blond wanted of him.

"I'm going to touch you," Draco said. His voice was heavy with desire and rough with need. "Take you and stroke you till you beg for release. Then I'm going to use my mouth and suck you. I want all of you, Harry. No more games, no more hiding. Everything you have to give. You, understand that?"

"Oh yes," Harry's voice was a whisper of pure desire. He watched through heavy-lidded eyes as Draco tore off the rest of his own clothes, flinging them around the room.

They began to kiss, deep, slow sweeps of their tongues as their hands meandered over increasingly heated skin. Draco’s hands were everywhere and Harry’s were equally eager to touch the blond, traversing the slender shoulders, down the ridges of his mate’s spine and finally, finally cupping the tight mounds. A surprised sound escaped Harry’s lips as Draco rolled their bodies. He gazed down at his new lover. Draco’s hands moved proprietarily down from Harry’s head, over the planes of his back to settle on the firm cheeks of his own mounds.

"This is so good."

Draco’s voice was liquid sweetness in Harry’s ear. Draco’s trembling hands urged Harry’s legs to rest either side of the blond’s hips. He was then open to his lover’s touch. A cool breeze fluttered over exposed skin and Harry moaned at the sensation, feeling vulnerable and aroused in equal measure.

"Don't be afraid, Harry."

"I want you," Harry replied, grinding back and forth. His lover’s fingers moved, sliding over and over the entrance to his body. He wanted Draco so badly that desire seemed to sear his soul with longing.

"This is not just one night."

Forcing his focus away from the tantalising digits, Harry stared down at Draco.

"This won’t be over when you come, Harry. You're mine." A swift move followed that drew a startled gasp from Harry's lips as he was flipped once more. "Aren't you?"

"Yes," Harry moaned. He pressed his head back arching his body, trying to incite his mate to touch, to take, to join them as one. A single fingertip stroked from the base of his shaft to its head and his flesh leapt under the touch. Harry gave a needy whimper as Draco moved down his body lips grazing his throat and collarbone. A tongue slid out, touching a hardened nipple and Harry bucked into his lover’s hand trembling, moaning and incoherent with desire.

Draco was everything Harry had secretly longed for. A lover that was passionate, responsive, demanding and giving. His hands stroked over Draco's shoulders, caressing ceaselessly. When the blond opened his mouth and sucked hard, drawing Harry's nipple between his teeth, Harry shouted his lover's name, his head whipping from side to side as he begged for more. To his delight, Draco gave
it to him. Sliding down Harry's body, the blond nipped sharply at the flesh of Harry's abdomen and then each hip, soothing the hurt with his tongue.

"I love you."

Harry heard the words, which were as much a groan, as Draco's head dropped and he took Harry into his mouth. Hot and wet, his lover's tongue felt like velvet and Harry thrust upwards. The fire of his lover's words and touch were combining to drive him almost beyond reality. He wanted to reply, to tell Draco he was loved in return, but he could not speak. Not with Draco's tongue laving him, his mouth swallowing him, the blond head rising and falling until Harry could barely draw breath. His hips rose and fell, his aching flesh pushing in and out of his lover's mouth.

Harry watched Draco's face, seeing the joy, the desire, which only served to further fuel his own flames. A long, slow caress of his tongue brought Draco's lips up along the sensitised, swollen head. Harry watched as the blond's eyes opened to look at him. He was looking over the valley of Harry's abdomen, then higher to his breasts adorned with hard, peaked nipples. Their eyes met. Harry wondered how he tasted to Draco and imagined the saltiness of his lover overlaid with the sweetness of their recent revelation and moaned.

"I've never done this," Draco said, desperation in his voice.

His lover's fingers were teasing around Harry's entrance and it was driving him almost insane. He needed those digits inside, slick and demanding, stretching him to receive Draco's long, hard maleness. Uniting them, completing them, ending the years of aching emptiness.

"It's ok, Draco," Harry assured. "The drawer, there's oil in the drawer and I can guide you." Harry gasped at the fire that flickered in Draco's eyes. "No one's ever touched me there. No one. You're my first," he said.

He watched as the blond retrieved the oil and then pulled out the obsidian phallus. He shivered at the low growl that emanated from the slender body.

"I don't care what you do with this, Harry, but it never goes near you again. No one else, nothing else. Just me. You're mine. Only mine."

Draco's words had Harry moaning.

"Only you," he said. For a moment their eyes locked together. "Mine?" Harry added, his voice a bare whisper.

"Only yours." The words were an acknowledgment, a promise, a vow and Harry whimpered softly.

"Want you inside me so much, Draco. Please."

Harry cried out as Draco moved his slickened fingers back to the entrance to Harry's body, rubbing over it, dipping in a single, cautious fingertip as he resumed sucking at Harry's erection. At his exhortation, his lover pressed the entire digit inside pushing it in and out in a slow, careful rhythm.

“Another,” Harry pleaded and moaned as a second finger joined the first, pushing, stretching, slickening. “More ,” he husked. As three plunged into his hot, tight
channel, Harry rode them, pumping up into Draco's throat, then down on the delving digits. Harry cried out his denial as Draco removed his fingers, but he stilled at the look in Draco's eyes.

"Turn over, Harry."

Harry's heart nearly stopped and he flipped himself, unhesitating, at Draco's command.

"Perfect." The word was a warm whisper in his ear as Draco licked softly at the nape of Harry's neck. "So perfect."

A moan fell from Harry's lips and he lifted his hips, legs spread wide, revealing his centre, offering himself unconditionally, making himself vulnerable before the blond.

Draco answered his moan with another, harsher sound. It was nearly feral, dark, fierce, possessive and not quite in control. Harry shivered, not from fear, but from almost uncontainable desire.

"You look so good." Draco's voice was a hot whispered, needy sound."So sweet. I have to touch you, Harry, taste you."

"Yes, yes." The words were barely audible, but Harry knew Draco had heard when he felt the blond's tongue trail across against the soft skin of one ass cheek then the other. His lover licked, sucking and nipping hard, hurting and soothing until Harry was squirming against the sheets. He rubbed himself into the mattress and back up against Draco's mouth. His breath came in sobs as Draco moved lower, shifting, breathing softly into Harry's shadowy crevasse and touched his tongue to the edge of the opening that awaited him.

A low, soft wail spilt shamelessly from Harry's lips. Nothing had ever felt that good. Draco's tongue was driving him crazy, touching him where he had never been touched by another. It plunged into him again and again, deeper with each successive thrust. Draco's hand held him open, his lover making such sounds of pleasure that Harry was convinced he was going to come from the moans of his mate. The slick invader moved faster, licking him, driving him higher and then withdrew, leaving Harry shaking, shuddering, unable to draw in enough air to dispel the dizziness.

He offered no resistance as he was almost manhandled onto his back, Draco clearly desperate to consummate their mating. As the blond loomed over him, Harry spread himself, tilting his hips, offering himself without hesitation or reserve. Then Draco's hard length was finally pressing into his body, inexorably stretching him. He was impaled on his lover, crying out his joy as the long, solid thickness slid home inside him. Nothing had ever felt this wonderful, this right or this perfect.

As his lover instinctively began to thrust, Harry moaned and writhed. The sensation of warm, living flesh sliding in and out of his sheath dispelling the cold, empty space he had lived with for so long. Harry cried out as fire struck deep inside him, a sensation he had felt before but only as a pale imitation of what he now experienced. He demanded more and Draco obeyed, bucking into him hard and the sensation coursed through him again, electric, intense, magical.
Harry had experienced powerful wizardry in his past, but nothing could compare in intensity to the enchantment of loving and being loved or the incredible alchemy of two people becoming one.

"Love you, I love you, Draco. Don't let me go, please don't ever let me go," he moaned feverishly, his hands grasping tightly to thin shoulders as his legs entwined around a slender waist.

"Mine, always mine, never letting go, never, never, never. Love you, wanted you so much, so long."

Draco's words were a hot, moist brand against Harry's throat. He felt Draco shift to balance on one arm and moved the other so that a strong hand gripped tightly to Harry's thigh. He was certain he would find the bruises in the morning and that only served to send him flying higher.

Draco's movements were becoming more frenzied, his hips pistoning in and out of Harry's sheath and the dark-haired wizard knew his lover was close.

"Almost there, Harry. Come with me, need you to come with me."

"Touch me, Draco," Harry pleaded. "Take me with you, don't leave me behind."

Harry gave an impassioned cry as the hand gripping his hip burrowed between their bodies. It seemed as if his shaft had been crafted to fit perfectly in Draco's palm and he heard his lover groan as the blond squeezed the swollen organ.


Harry's body arched and he cried out Draco's name. His lover seemed to be everywhere, he was acutely aware of Draco's cries, of the powerful strokes inside him building harder, faster. Multicolour lights flickered behind his closed lids and he felt the fire of love set alight every cell and synapse. The pleasure was like lightning striking again and again until the single flashes merged into one strong, vibrant light filling him making him whole. He shook with the most intense climax he had ever experienced.

A hoarse shout of Harry's name ripped free from his lover's throat. Liquid heat poured into him, slick and wet, as Harry's muscles convulsed around Draco's shaft, draining it, taking all it could give. He moaned as he felt the living essence of the man he loved pulsed hotly into his body. It was the most incredible feeling he had ever known.

Finally Draco collapsed against him, the weight heavy and welcome. Harry took it, as he had taken everything else, willingly, joyfully, with love undeniable. Draco's arms closed around him, turning them to their sides and cradled Harry close to his chest, his lover's breath warm against his cooling skin. They kissed lovingly, tenderly, their actions slowing until they drifted together into the night secure in one another's arms and love.

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As the midnight blue of the sky began to pinken from the touch of dawn, Harry lay staring at the ceiling. This time it was not emptiness that kept him awake, but soul-deep fulfilment. The feel of the warm body at his side, the arm possessively
around his waist and the soft rhythmical breathing, Harry wanted to experience it all to make sure it was not a dream. He heard the change in breathing and felt Draco shift.

“Harry?”

“I’m here, love,” he replied, dropping a kiss onto the head pillowed on his shoulder.

“What happens to me now?”

The voice was small and lost and Harry’s heart ached instantly at the sound. He wriggled so they could face on another. He could see the doubt and worry even in the meagre light.

“What do you want to happen?” he asked.

“I want to stay with you. But the school…”

A gentle kiss stopped further words and Harry nuzzled affectionately at Draco’s temple.

“There has been a precedent in the past for a Master to have a Companion. Provided, of course, they behave with utter propriety and discretion around the pupils. You would have to stay outside of Hogwarts, there are small houses that can be used. Could you do that, Draco? If not then we leave together because a life without you is no life at all.”

“You mean that?” The voice was shocked. “You’d leave here for me? This is your life.”

“You are my life. You always were, you always will be.”

“You’re mine.” A kiss accompanied the declaration. “Wherever you are is home, Harry.”

“Then that’s settled. We go before the other Masters in the morning and we take it from there.”

“I love you, Harry.” Draco’s voice ghosted over Harry’s breast and the nipple instantly hardened.

“Love you, too,” Harry husked, as warm lips began to suckle the peaked nub.

Two lives becoming one, two halves of a whole finally united and unbreakably melded together by the alchemy of love.