

Island of Enchantment

by SS Lupin

A fluffy sequel of sorts to "My Own Worst Enemy," it is the story of a vacation Harry and Draco have in Puerto Rico which wasn't what they expected. First in The Island Trilogy.

One-shot.

Chapter 1 of 1

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Island of Enchantment

"But Harry," Draco whined. "I thought this was supposed to be a vacation."

"It was until I was owled by Tonks this morning. Turns out that you and I are now on the same island as Antonin Dolohov, but we still have to determine exactly where."

"I can't help but wonder if those Muggle hotel accommodations Shackbolt gave us for our engagement were a ruse to get us to Dolohov's lair," Draco said, frowning.

"I guess so. I would've booked a more magical-friendly place for our trip myself, but the Department of International Magical Cooperation claims that the Puerto Rican governor of magic isn't on good terms with our Minister. A Muggle resort seems to be a safer option."

"I suppose this will do," Draco said, gesturing to the elegant suite the couple had checked into a few minutes ago.

"Come on then," Harry said, tugging at Draco's hand before he plopped into the king-sized bed and refused to help him on the mission. "We've got Dark Wizards to catch."

"And fiancés to shag," Draco muttered, following Harry out of the hotel room.

#

"See anything?"

"No, I haven't," Harry said tersely.

"You don't have to get snappy." Draco relaxed back into the seat of the small rental car.

"I wasn't. But we have been out looking for information from unscrupulous wizards and witches all day, which hasn't been easy since the wizard population here hasn't been too friendly with us."

"Understatement of the year. How's that hex you got from the wizard by the piragua stand?"

"Not sure. I still don't feel anything." And as the wizard had muttered the spell in a strange mixture of Spanish and some other language, both Harry and Draco had no idea what exactly the Auror was hexed with.

"So your last source said she saw suspicious activity in this house?"

"That's what she said, but she could have been lying just to send us into the middle of nowhere."

"We've been sitting here for far too long. Let's go up and see the place," Draco suggested.

Harry agreed, and the wizards got out of the car. "What do you think Dolohov's up to?" Draco asked as they climbed up the tree lined path to the house.

"I would've said he was still on the run until we drove all the way up here." Because Harry's source was a Squib, they had to drive through the mountainous terrain of the island for some hours, as the source did not have an exact set of coordinates to Apparate to. "This place is so isolated that he must be up to no good."

"If he's in there at all." Draco set his hands against the wall of the house the way Harry had shown him. "I take that back," Draco said, grimacing.

"How many are in there?" Harry asked, keeping his wand trained on the door.

"Shit." Draco grabbed Harry's arm and Apparated them back into the car, sending them into a tumble of arms and legs in the back seat.

"Fuck! Why'd you do that, Malfoy?" Harry tried to untangle himself from Draco.

After muttering a spell to hide their Apparation trail, Draco replied, "Because I felt a Death Eater scratch that a whole herd of them making their way toward the front door, *Potter*." Draco sneered after saying Harry's last name.

"Sorry," Harry said. "You know how I get when I'm angry."

"And you know how *I* get when you rile me up." Draco's tone changed immediately as he thrust his hips against Harry's thigh for emphasis.

Harry groaned and tried to escape Draco's hardness. "We are on a mission!" he gasped, trying to move closer to the car door but only succeeding in having his groin match up with Draco's.

"To be exact, *you* are on a mission. I'm just your consultant on Death Eaters, and since said Death Eaters can only be apprehended with backup..." Draco lowered his face down to Harry's and kissed him.

Harry let himself kiss and be kissed by Draco, arching up into the blond and running his hands down Draco's back until they settled at his arse.

"We're less than a mile away from that house," Harry pointed out as he pushed against Draco to close the space between them.

To Harry's surprise, Draco stopped nipping at Harry's earlobe and maneuvered his way into the front passenger seat. "Drive."

"Draco," Harry said, scrambling up into the driver seat. "I didn't mean to"

Draco kissed Harry on the cheek and tugged on his seat belt. "This isn't over, but you have to drive. Now."

Harry looked into the rearview mirror and saw why Draco wanted him to go. A figure dressed in Death Eater robes had cast the Dark Mark into the sky and now had his wand pointed at the car.

"Death to all Muggles!" the Death Eater shouted with a Spanish accent as Harry started up the engine and sped away.

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"Dear Tonks," Harry said, reading out loud his letter to the Auror. "How does that sound so far?"

"That's all you've got?" Draco asked, sprawled on the bed as he picked at the many desserts on the platter in front of him, courtesy of room service.

"Then tell me how to write down that we have a large group of Death Eaters in Puerto Rico when we were only looking for one?"

"Give it to me then." When Harry didn't move, Draco rose from the bed, made his way to the desk the Auror was hunched over, and snatched the quill and parchment. Returning to the bed, Draco wrote quickly, sealed the letter with the appropriate security spells, and sent it off with Hedwig.

"Can we shag now?" Draco asked.

"You horny bastard. Can't you focus on anything else?" Harry asked, sitting on the chair by the desk.

"We are on vacation, and I don't care if it was a mission in disguise, either. Since we can't do anything about the mission until we get some help do I have to make a report every time I want to be with you?" Draco left the bed again and straddled Harry.

"I hate the r-word." Harry pushed Draco off of him playfully and turned to the desk that was covered with parchment. "Since we've already seen Dolohov's base of operations, I can plot the exact coordinates on this map... If I can find the map." Harry searched through the many papers on the desk.

"First you'll get the coordinates; then you'll start brooding and worrying. If I don't stop you know, you'll Apparate back there and do some thing stupid. Come to bed, Harry."

"I will. I just have to " Harry stared openmouthed at the way Draco was licking a long, cylindrical biscuit.

"What a shame. I'm going to be enjoying this bed and dessert all by myself." Draco inserted the tip of the biscuit into his mouth and began sucking it slowly. Shamelessly.

"You'll live, I'm sure." But Harry had no idea if he was going to survive with the way Draco ran his tongue on the underside of the biscuit the same way he would on the vein on Harry's

"Do you think I'm not annoyed, too? That instead of spending time together the way we want to, we're tricked into a mission?" Harry stood and cupped Draco's jaw. "You think I don't want you?" He ran a hand through Draco's long blond hair, mesmerized by the way it had grown so quickly. Though they had been in a relationship for two years, things still got volatile at times, especially when it came to Harry's work.

"Then have me." Draco took Harry's hand and brought it up to his lips.

Harry was happy to oblige.

#

"What did Tonks say?" Draco leaned into Harry's bare shoulder to read the letter that had just flown in.

"That she's sending someone here immediately," Harry said, handing him the letter.

"So much for the fabulous morning sex we were supposed to have."

"Have we ever had fabulous morning sex?" Harry asked with a wicked grin.

"We can always work on that." Draco finished reading the letter and moved back to Harry's side, sliding his hand down Harry's chest.

A pop of Apparation stopped Harry from pouncing on Draco.

"Good morning, gentlemen," Hermione said cheerfully until she saw the naked men in bed. "Ah. I'll be outside then." She left the room through the sliding door leading to the balcony.

"She really meant it when she said immediately," Draco muttered as he searched the blankets for his boxers.

Harry silently agreed with Draco as he pulled on a pair of jeans. Running a hand through his hair, Harry walked to the balcony.

"Good morning, Hermione," he managed to say before Hermione took him into a bone-crushing hug.

"I'm so glad to see you like this," she said into his chest.

"Like what?" Harry asked once they parted.

"Happy."

Harry didn't have time to attempt a response as Hermione continued. "Sorry Tonks couldn't make it."

"Trouble with Remus again?"

Hermione nodded sadly. "This has got to be the millionth breakup between them, but she always reacts the same way."

"Why did she send you? Not that I don't mind." It was better that his friend saw him in a compromising situation instead of his professional superior.

"Once an Auror, always an Auror," Hermione replied, even though she had left that career behind years ago after Ron's injury. "I'm also here for a second purpose. I'm supposed to act as an ambassador to make amends with the Governor here."

"So what do you think we should do now? I thought Tonks would get some more Aurors on the case."

"Tonks has informed me that in fact, you are the additional Aurors, and that there have been others doing surveillance work."

"If they were doing surveillance, why couldn't they find Dolohov's location?" Draco asked. Harry turned toward him, not realizing he had joined them.

"There was an owl sent to you. I can't believe you didn't get it," Hermione said, worried.

Harry grimaced. "What now?"

Hermione reached into her dress pocket and pulled out a piece of parchment. "These are the coordinates of a popular wizarding pub on the island. Dolohov and his followers have been seen there before, probably trying to get recruits."

"I take it that we have to go there in disguise and investigate, right?" Draco asked.

"That's the idea. Find out who and how many are involved. With that information, the other unit should be able to handle the rest."

"Hermione, if other Aurors were already on this case, why were we dragged into it?" Harry wondered.

"I don't know why. Maybe so you two wouldn't get bored during your vacation." She smiled. "Have fun, you two," she said, disappearing.

Draco shook his head. "It still makes no sense."

"Does anything ever make sense?" Harry pulled Draco in for a kiss. "We have nothing to do until tonight."

"That's where you're wrong." Draco toyed with the top button of Harry's jeans. "We can go to the beach or the pool"

"That's not what I had in mind," Harry said, slipping his hand inside Draco's boxers. "But I suppose we could go sightseeing later."

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They stayed in the hotel room for another hour or so before they Apparated to Old San Juan.

"Shit, Harry, why didn't you Apparate us to an alley?" Draco said, spitting out pigeon feathers.

"I don't know." Harry brushed the feathers off his clothes and gave a sheepish grin to the old Muggle woman who had seen them appear out of thin air and was crossing herself in fear.

"Where'd you stick us, anyway?" Draco looked at their surroundings, which were mostly occupied by pigeons and other Muggles oblivious to their sudden appearance.

"Um..." Harry pulled out the guide book from his jeans pocket. "This is called *theparque de las palomas*"

"The park of pigeons?"

"I didn't know you could speak Spanish." From their many restaurant trips, Harry had seen Draco order meals in French, Italian, Bulgarian, and Japanese. Now Harry had another language to add to the list.

"Then we've never dined at a Spanish establishment," Draco said with a quirk of his lips.

Harry rolled his eyes. "*Vamonos, mi amor*. I want to see El Morro while the sun's still out."

As Draco stared, shocked at Harry's perfect pronunciation of the Spanish words in his sentence, Harry grinned. He'd tell Draco about his translation amulet later.

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"Harry," Draco gasped. "How many more bloody stairs do we have to climb?"

Harry, breathing heavily as he led Draco up the dark stone stairway, said, "Just pretend you're coming up from the dungeons at Hogwarts."

Draco said no more, and Harry figured he was saving his breath for actually breathing.

Light finally appeared again as Harry reached the top of the stairwell that led to the main level of the old fort. He turned to offer a hand to Draco, still making his way up the stairs.

Draco ignored the hand and made it to the top. "We explored the bottom of this place only for you to decide to climb those stairs that led us back to where we started!" He pointed at the yellow walls that were on the main level of the fortress.

"Quit complaining. Do you know that in the 1600s, there was an English wizard held prisoner in this fort? He was a spy for us, but was caught by the Spanish. He escaped with a Jelly-Legs Jinx and a Bubble-Head Charm," Harry said, looking at the ocean.

"How do you know that? Did you actually pay attention during History of Magic?"

"Only during a nasty detention seventh year," Harry said, grinning. "Want to go to the top now?"

"As long as we don't have to climb any more stairs."

Harry stopped Draco, who thought he had won the battle and was headed for the air conditioned gift shop. Turning his lover toward the ramp leading to the topmost level, Harry smiled. Draco groaned.

They walked up the ramp and admired the view of the ocean from the fort's walls for some minutes.

"It's beautiful," Draco murmured, his hair flying in the wind.

Before Harry could respond with something corny and romantic, he heard screams coming from behind him.

"*El sangre puro es mejor.*" The words started out as a whisper, but the Death Eater behind Harry what else could it be? began to chant the phrase until it became a full roar.

"Stupefy!" Harry said, turning quickly toward the figure, but Draco had already spelled the Death Eater to unconsciousness.

Several more Death Eaters Apparated in front of them, and Harry shouted more Stunning Spells. He dodged a curse headed his way that destroyed a section of wall with a surge of blue light.

Draco was defending himself as well, and they tried to Stun as many Death Eaters as they could until a hex sliced open Draco's wand arm.

Harry aimed a spell at Draco's attacker and Apparated them into the safety of a side street in Old San Juan.

Until several more Death Eaters followed their Apparation trail.

"Why'd you have to move us?" Draco gasped as he sent an *Expelliarmus* to the nearest Death Eater.

"Stop trying to be a hero." Grabbing Draco's uninjured arm, Harry ran through the narrow streets lined with brightly painted houses and shops. The hexes thrown at them bounced off the walls and gates of the houses, which were becoming a blur of green, orange and pink as Harry's glasses slid down his nose and sweat went into his eyes.

Eventually the haze of color turned into a calm of blue, and Harry pushed up his glasses to see a blue cobblestone road.

Up ahead Harry could see the *parque de las palomas*, almost glowing from the sun. He squeezed Draco's arm and kept running, ignoring the shouts and spells coming from behind him. Reaching the park, Harry murmured a Disillusionment Charm as he and Draco ran through the flock of pigeons.

As the birds flew up around them, Harry Disapparated with Draco, hoping that he'd have enough time to say the anti-tracing spell before the Death Eaters could catch up to them again.

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"It would be nice not to get injured for once on a mission," Draco grumbled as he cleaned the offending wound in the genuine safety of their hotel room.

"But if you don't scratch yourself up, I don't get to treat your wounds." Harry pointed his wand to Draco's gash and murmured a Healing spell, kissing the no longer damaged skin.

"I like your point," Draco said, kissing Harry in thanks. "Are we going to the pub tonight?"

"Only if you're up for it." Harry immediately regretted his words as Draco smirked at him.

"Why must you always give everything I say a double meaning?"

"Because everything you say does have a double meaning," Draco replied.

Harry decided they still had time before night came as he pushed Draco into the bed.

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So this is it," Harry said as they entered the pub. Filled with dodgy wizards, witches, and magical creatures, it resembled a seedy pub in Knockturn Alley where Harry and Draco had apprehended Avery in earlier that year.

The pair had darkened their complexions to blend in more with the crowd. They had also hidden their distinguishing marks; Draco with his Dark Mark and Harry with his scar.

"See anyone familiar?" Draco said to Harry.

"*No todavía.*" Harry leaned at the bar, Draco at his side. After ordering drinks, Harry asked the man about robed wizards with masks.

"*Los Muertos?*" The bartender asked. Figuring Dolohov had shorted the Death Eaters' name, Harry nodded.

"*Están en el cuarto allá*" the bartender said, pointing to a door at the back of the bar and holding out his other hand to Harry.

Draco placed a Galleon into the outstretched hand and muttered a *curtgracias*.

Ignoring the drinks still on the counter, Harry and Draco headed for the back room. Neither of them expected the door to burst open, with an unmasked Dolohov raising his

wand toward them.

"How dare you come here and try to foil my plan?" Dolohov said, snarling.

"These chats with the Death Eaters before we arrest them are getting rather old, don't you think?" Harry tried to sound unafraid and nonchalant, but he couldn't stop the rush of blood through his body from his pounding heart that he got in the heat of every mission.

"I think it is." Draco's voice sounded strange to Harry's ears, and he realized his amulet was still working. He turned it off with a flick of his wand, keeping his eyes trained on Dolohov.

"Aurors are on their way now," Harry said, forcing himself to remain calm, even though he saw the many Death Eaters coming from the back room and surrounding him and Draco.

"How? I don't see your little Patronus going off to them."

"He doesn't have to," a heavily accented voice sounded next to Harry.

Though the woman who unmasked herself had long dark hair and appeared to be a native on the island, Harry instinctively knew who she was.

"Milagros, how could you?" Dolohov cried.

The dark haired witch sighed and signaled for several other "Death Eaters" to remove their masks and train their wands at the real Dark Wizards.

"You're right, Harry. The whole Death Eater dialogue does get old after awhile." Long hair shortened into mousy brown, and the features of Tonks morphed from the façade of the Puerto Rican woman.

Dolohov ended the standoff with an attempt at the Killing Curse in Harry's direction. Harry ducked from the blast of green light and sent an Expelliarmus at Dolohov, making the wizard unarmed and bound after Harry used another spell.

Harry looked around him for more Death Eaters, but it seemed that the rest had either escaped or were bound like Dolohov, with the exception of a Death Eater held down by a huge set of chains that had come from Draco's wand.

"Thanks for your help, guys. We could have never found Dolohov's group without you." Tonks said, directing the other Aurors to bring the Death Eaters to their respective prisons.

"What do you mean? It looks to me like there have been plenty of Aurors on this case to begin with that had all the information. Why did you bother with us?" The words 'when we were on vacation' seemed to buzz in Harry's ears even though Draco hadn't said them.

Tonks gestured to a booth and sat down with the wizards, casting silencing spells around them.

"While that may be true, we needed you for distraction. Every visit you made near the Death Eaters helped us infiltrate the system and find out information. Just the fact that you two were here served as a way to keep Dolohov occupied until we could make the final arrests.

"So you already knew about the recruiting here?"

"Yes. To be honest, that's what has got the Puerto Rican governor's knickers in a twist. The Ministry has wanted to handle the threat of Death Eaters here, but the Governor wouldn't have that. That's another way you two have helped. The Governor couldn't object if Harry Potter was vacationing here with his fiancée, even if he's an Auror."

"It feels great to be a puppet," Harry grumbled.

"Even better to be the puppet's fiancée," Draco added.

"Come on, guys, don't take it to heart. I've got good news for you. Not only did Dolohov recruit on the main island, but he's also had associates setting up base in Culebra, a sister island of Puerto Rico. So how about it? You wouldn't be a distraction there. This assignment is full of detective work, injury, and Dark Wizards. What say you?"

Despite his playing the fool this time, Harry couldn't help but become excited at the prospect of another mission, even though part of him also wanted the vacation. But looking at Draco, Harry knew that his lover would have to decide.

"Only if Draco agrees," Harry said.

"When do we leave then?" Draco asked in a tired voice, though he grasped Harry's hand under the table.

After Tonks had given them the specifics, Draco had to ask one more question.

"So you weren't having any personal issues?"

"I wouldn't say that," Tonks said sadly. "I think it's really over this time." Closing her eyes, Tonks seemed to concentrate on something. Her hair turned pink for a moment before muting back to brown. "It'll get better though," Tonks said, forcing a smile and leaving the booth.

"Poor Tonks and Remus. They seemed to have something special during the times they were together, anyway," Harry observed.

"I wouldn't say that. Lupin always seemed queer to me when he was teaching us."

Harry shook his head. "That can't be possible."

"I don't know he was my first guy crush," Draco confessed.

"Remus?"

"Yeah. I thought it was his fault for making me feel so wrong. Malfoys aren't bent and all that. My opinions definitely changed with Blaise in fifth year, though."

"Spare me the details." Harry, still holding Draco's hand, Apparated them both to the hotel room. Only he had missed his target (the bed) and was sprawled on top of Draco on the floor.

"Harry," Draco began. "I think I know what that old wizard hexed you with."

"What did he do?" Harry asked disinterestedly as he was reacquainting himself with the muscles of Draco's chest.

"Stop that," Draco muttered, but made no move to pull Harry's hands from out of his shirt. "I think he made some kind of curse to mess with your Apparation."

"Why would you say that?" Harry idly pinched and stroked Draco's nipples.

"Because every Apparation you've made on this trip has been done horribly." Draco's indignant tone faded away as Harry followed the path he had made with his hands by using his tongue.

"Yours haven't been that great either," Harry pointed out, thinking of their tumble into the backseat of their rental car. He then mouthed his way down Draco's abdomen.

"Because your hex has been messing me up when I Apparate us somewhere." Draco's argument was taking longer to make as his breathing grew heavy.

"Do you know a reversal spell?" Harry stopped his ministrations.

"I might if you keep doing that thing with your tongue... ah yes," Draco moaned, arching up into Harry. *Transio morphus*. Now see if it worked."

Harry kissed Draco deeply and focused on his three D's. With a pop, the two were laying together on the bed.

"You made it work," Draco said, returning the kiss.

"We made it work."

- end.

Author's Note: Thanks to LPG and Remy Davis for their help with the language of my ancestors, and to Ashley SSL for looking the story over. Any other mistakes still here are my own.