

BIG DICK COME QUICK



by Calanthe

# *Big Dick, Come Quick*

CALANTHE

This is a work of fiction. All the characters and events portrayed in this book are fictitious and any resemblance to real people or events is purely coincidental.

This story contains explicitly sexual activity and offensive language, and is only appropriate to be read by people over the age of 18.

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Summary: Draco's got a theory. About sex. And after much searching for the right candidate, it appears that only Harry Potter, his life long enemy, can help him test it out.

This novel is approximately 194,000 words in length.

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## *Author's Note*

***'Draco's got a theory. About sex. And after much searching for the right candidate, it appears that only Harry Potter, his lifelong enemy, can help him test it out.'***

I would never have guessed when I penned that summary for 'Big Dick, Come Quick' that I'd be writing a fic that would bring me something close to 'fame' (or maybe 'notoriety?') across large swathes of the Drarry fandom. If I'd known that people were going to go bonkers over what was essentially an excuse to write as much graphic sex as possible I might have spent a bit more time thinking about plot and content!

I first posted BDCQ at The Hex Files in December 2005 with the intention of completing it in three parts. My original plot line tied up at the end of what is now chapter three, and having only just completed my first fanfic, a multi-chaptered behemoth called 'Chasing the Dragon', I had no intention of writing another long fic. *Ever*. But then something funny happened; people started reviewing BDCQ in droves. I was getting messages from strangers and more reviews than I could cope with, mostly screaming, 'More! More!' It was scary and exhilarating and just the most amazing thing that could happen to someone with only one fic and a couple of short stories under their belt.

As with most of my stories still to this day, I knew what was going to happen immediately after the conclusion of chapter three, so I bowed to the (very pleasant) pressure and carried on writing. And writing. And writing a bit more until before I knew it I'd got nearly 200,000 words on my hands. Not bad for a Porn Without Plot fic centring on Size-queen!Draco and Hung-like-a-horse!Harry.

The title alone has been the cause of both laughter and derision, but I have never regretted choosing something that truly reflected the heart and soul of the fic, and probably of me as

well. This story is fun; it's irreverent, and light-hearted, and engineered to bring a smile to your face. It doesn't have the most canon characters or the most nerve-shredding angst, but it has never pretended to be any of those things. I urge all readers, new and old alike, to take this fic at face value instead of picking it apart to find some mysterious element that will change the way you view Harry and Draco forever. This isn't that type of fic, and I make no apology for it. It's a story about two hot blokes doing lots of shagging and falling in love. How can you go wrong with that?!

I can't begin to draw up a list of acknowledgements – it would be as long as chapter one! The two most important people who helped shape the fic and keep me in line are my betas, **Sevfan** and **Constant Vigilance**. I worked them into the ground with short posting deadlines and last minute changes, and they both deserve recognition for the vast amount of time they put into this fic. Many thanks to **Trinity** for creating me not just one, but two pieces of cover-worthy artwork for this story. Also to my amazing friends, **Anthimaeria**, **Blamebrampton**, **Booklady**, **Frayach**, **Gateway Girl**, **Lady Aubrey**, **Romany Walker**, and **Sansa** for helping me tweak this final draft before pdf-immortality. My heartfelt gratitude to you all. Also to **Gossymer** for conceiving and creating this free library of pdf-'classics' for fans, and for including this story amongst the final selection.

Lastly my thanks to every artist, commenter, reccer, and reader who took the time to read this story and share their thoughts and creations with me; you have all made this one of the most incredible experiences of my life.

Best wishes,  
Calanthe  
July 2008

# Chapter One

“You have absolutely no evidence on which to base your theory,” Blaise half-shouted in exasperation at Draco as they strolled out of the porno cinema. “Your ridiculous theory, I should say.”

Blaise huffed in disgust and shoved his hands inelegantly into his pockets as Draco laughed at his friend’s annoyance. This was a regular topic of conversation between the two of them. In fact, Blaise would tell anyone who listened that it was fast becoming Draco’s obsession.

And if Draco was honest with himself, he’d admit it already was his obsession.

“Okay then, let’s take the film we just saw for example, shall we?” Draco reasoned. “How many men shagged how many women, do you think?” He held in a chuckle as he heard Blaise grind his teeth in irritation.

“What the fuck does that have to do with anything?” Blaise snapped out.

“Humour me for once.”

“I don’t know. Maybe six men with two women?”

Through a delighted laugh, Draco replied, “See? You were paying attention!” He turned to look at his friend’s profile as they wandered along the almost empty street. “But did you happen to notice who shot their loads first? Did you?” Draco was really teasing now.

“I’m sure you’re just dying to tell me,” Blaise ground out through barely parted lips.

Draco reached up and clapped Blaise on the back heartily before replying, “Come on, Blaise! Where’s your fight gone? You’re not making this any fun.” He was rewarded with a minute curve upwards at the corner of Blaise’s mouth. Draco knew he was winning. “It was the big cocks, Blaise. All the big cocks came the quickest. It proves my theory beyond a shadow of a doubt!”

Blaise rubbed a hand across his face before turning to look at his cock-obsessed friend and telling him: “It doesn’t prove shit, you idiot! They all had big cocks, in case you didn’t notice. And these Muggles have something called editing, you know. The film doesn’t happen in real time. It’s like messing with a memory before you view it in a Pensieve.”

“A minor detail,” Draco said, waving his hand in dismissal. “The point is, everyone might yearn for a knob of epic proportions, but when you’ve got one, you can’t hang on to your tadpole yoghurt for more than a minute or two. What’s the point of that?”

Blaise made a retching sound at his crudity, but Draco shrugged it off, having warmed up nicely to his favourite topic of conversation. *Your only topic of conversation, you sad fucker*, his internal voice told him. Draco squashed it deep down inside before continuing. “I hardly think I need say any more. What Merlin gives with one hand, he takes with the other. Big cock? Fine. Good for you. All night shagging sessions? Hah! Fat chance. One minute wonder. Two at the outside if you wanked off first.”

Blaise grabbed Draco’s forearm and pulled him to a halt, turning him so they faced each other. Draco thought Blaise looked more sad than anything else. Placing his hands on Draco’s shoulders, Blaise leaned in close and said quietly, “I love you, Draco. You’re like a brother to me. We know everything there is to know about each other, but still you don’t trust me with this.”

Draco’s brow furrowed in confusion. “What?”

“It’s okay,” Blaise said comfortingly, raising a hand to stroke Draco’s cheek softly. “You’ve got nothing to be ashamed of. Seven inches is far bigger than average, you know.” Blaise clamped a hand on Draco’s chin to kill the blustering words about to spill out. “Why don’t you just admit you get off on the thought of taking a huge prick up your arse and be done



with it, hmm? Me? I like tits. Big, pendulous, soft-and-squashy girl flesh. You, on the other hand, want to bottom for men with donkey dicks. Where's the problem with just being open about it?"

Draco's eyes were wide open in utter shock. He wrenched his face out of Blaise's grasp and backed away slowly. "No!" he managed in a whisper. "That's not how it is at all! It's a pet theory, nothing more. I'm not a pervert."

Blaise sighed, deeply and sadly. "I never said you were. Come on. I need a drink."

~oOo~

The bar was half full and buzzing with a pleasant, welcoming atmosphere. They came here fairly often, not least because it was so close to Draco's second home: The Sunset Private Members Club. Or, as Blaise preferred to call it, 'The Wank Palace'. It was a regular bone of contention between them. No pun intended on the 'bone' part, mind. Draco ordered their usual bottle of bubbly, and they selected a circular booth that had a good view of the rest of the room.

Of course, the conversation wound its way right back to Draco's pet project in less than fifteen minutes. Blaise, ever the good friend, gave in and let Draco expound to his heart's content. Blaise's counter-argument had been the same all along: he insisted that the speed of a man's orgasm was purely a personal reaction, depending on levels of stimulation and self-control. He thought that penile footage, or lack of it, had nothing whatsoever to do with anything, and he told Draco again. For at least the fiftieth time.

The two of them were so engrossed in their heated debate that they failed to notice the barmaid tapping her foot next to their table, waiting to see if they wanted more champagne. They only turned towards her when she cleared her throat loudly.

"Ah, good!" Blaise said, rubbing his hands together briskly. "Perhaps you can help us? My friend and I are conducting some research and we need to find a man with, how shall I say ...

a larger-than-average appendage, to test our theory.” The barmaid crossed her arms tightly and her expression gave out the message: *Great. Another bunch of nutters. Just what I needed.* Blaise ploughed on regardless even as the woman rolled her eyes. “I imagine you come across many interesting and unusual people in your role, and I thought you might be able to assist us in our quest.”

The petite hostess looked at both Blaise and Draco in weary disbelief. It seemed apparent from her body language that she heard many such odd requests in the course of her work. Taking a moment to consider her response, she eventually replied, “Your luck’s in. Over there.” She jerked a thumb sharply over her shoulder without looking back. “He’s got the biggest one I’ve ever had. And he swings both ways.”

Draco was disgusted when the woman aimed her last comment directly at him. Anyone would think he exuded homosexuality! However, he did crane his neck to see around the woman, trying his hardest to catch a glimpse of his prey for the evening.

But the barmaid continued, “Just exactly what are you classifying as ‘larger-than-average’, as a matter of interest?” Blaise looked round at Draco, waiting for him to field the question. After all, it was his decision.

Draco was thoughtful for a second before replying, “Well, ‘average’, I understand, is around five-and-a-half inches.” He shuddered theatrically and murmured, “Poor souls,” before continuing. “But for the purposes of this exercise, I’d have to say seven-and-a-half to eight inches or more.” Draco raised his eyebrows and sat back, arms folded, as he looked up at the barmaid in unspoken challenge.

He was slightly unnerved when her mouth twitched and she let out a loud snort of laughter. “Oh yeah,” she choked out. “He’s definitely your man.” That statement just seemed to make her even more amused, because she laughed harder.

Draco heaved an irritated sigh and interrupted the woman with: “And just how big are we talking here?” He had an unmistakeable vibe about this. His palms were starting to sweat and the artery in his groin was doing a little tap dance against the taut fabric of his trousers.

Brushing a stray strand of hair back from her elfin face, the barmaid replied, “Well I never actually measured it, but it was definitely bigger than my wand.”

Draco and Blaise looked at each other and the beginnings of a smirk cracked Blaise’s face. Draco knew his own expression was one of barely concealed excitement. He was speechless with anticipation. He watched his friend turn to the hostess and ask smoothly, “May we see your wand, madam?” Blaise shot her his most dazzling smile, Draco noted cynically. The woman blushed rather prettily however, as she reached into her pocket and pulled her wand out, dangling it between thumb and forefinger.

Draco’s mouth went dry and his heart rate tripled as he watched the slender piece of wood swing like a pendulum between the barmaid’s fingers. He felt the burst of instantaneous sweat across his scalp.

She must have seen his excitement, because she smiled coyly at Draco and said, “Nine inches, cherry wood, unicorn hair core,” before twirling the wand and depositing it back in her trousers. With a quick sway of her hips, she turned on her heel and walked away, leaving Blaise with a parting smile that left no doubt in Draco’s mind that his best friend had pulled.

Draco flopped back bonelessly against the seat, fighting for calm and madly trying to identify the person she had pointed out.

“Breathe, Draco,” came Blaise’s quiet voice in his ear. “You’re going to have a heart attack if you don’t.”

“Shit! Call that wench back!” Draco said, lurching forward in his seat in near panic. “Get her to send a bottle of champagne over to whoever it is. I can’t play guessing games at a time like this!” Draco knew he was babbling, but he couldn’t seem to stop himself. He only stopped wringing his hands when Blaise placed one of his own on top of his and clenched his fingers to prevent any more painful twisting.

“Sit back, calm yourself down, and let me sort this out,” Blaise said levelly, moving to stand. “Stay here,” he added kindly as he went in pursuit of the waitress.

Draco spent the next five minutes shuffling about in his seat, unable to get comfortable at all. A minute or two after a resigned-looking Blaise returned to sit next to him, Draco watched the barmaid lift a tray with a bottle of champagne and three glasses on it from the bar and make her way over to a small table tucked back from the main thoroughfare. He perched right on the edge of his seat, desperate to find out where she was going to stop.

Through the shadows and the sparkling lights, it was difficult to make much out. She stood next to a man who had his back to the room. The man, Draco could see, was perched on a stool, leaning on his elbows on a circular table. His feet were hooked around the legs of the stool, pushing his arse out and making the mystery man's spine curve tantalisingly.

"What the hell does that say on the back of his T-shirt?" Blaise asked, barely more than a whisper.

Draco had to clear his throat before the words came out. "I believe it says, 'Fudge-packing, crack-smoking, Satan-worshipping motherfucker'," Draco said, his voice devoid of emotion. *What the bloody hell am I doing?* he asked himself anxiously.

Of course, matters only got worse as he watched the barmaid and the man share a joke about something, (*Probably me*, he thought acidly) and the man uncurl himself from his seat, stand and turn around.

"Um, Draco?" said Blaise nervously. "I think you might want to reconsider this."

"Nonsense!" Draco replied, sounding far more confident than he felt. "Malfoys always rise to a challenge. And I've told you before, this is purely research."

But then he couldn't talk anymore, because he was too busy watching Harry Potter walk across the room with the biggest smirk ever smirked by human or wizardkind plastered across his face. The barmaid followed a step or two behind with the tray, looking at the floor but failing to disguise her humour. Draco could see the damned woman's shoulders shaking with laughter!

Suddenly Harry was at the table, looking down at Draco with those big, innocent eyes. Draco

was frozen to the spot, eaten alive by stress and anticipation. He found he couldn't speak.

"Malfoy. Zabini." Harry nodded, smirk still in evidence.

"Take a seat, Potter," Blaise said easily, waving an arm in encouragement.

The three of them were silent as the sniggering waitress poured them all a glass of champagne and left.

"Cheers!" Blaise said, lifting his glass and taking a sip. Neither Harry nor Draco moved a muscle. They sat staring across the table, each waiting for the other to speak.

Draco took in Harry's appearance and both approved and disapproved of the changes. He had closely cropped hair above his ears and at the back of his neck. It was short enough to see the shape of his skull easily, but long enough that Draco imagined it would feel soft and silky beneath his fingers. But the hair on the top of his head remained longer and was as unruly as it had been back in their school days. The fringe was long enough to flop down onto Harry's cheekbones, and Draco was vaguely horrified to see that close up, the vivid green highlights that could have been a lighting trick weren't. Potter had fucking green hair! Well, okay, green highlights, but it amounted to almost the same thing. And who were *Nirvana*? What the hell was with the T-shirt?

Harry's face was more angular than it had been, the cheekbones more prominent than Draco remembered them, but in a striking, elegant way. He had turned out well. Better than well, in fact. Draco sat there, drowning in the swell of Harry's confidence and the mischievous twinkle in his eye. Shit! Potter was hot, in a rough-and-ready, fuck-me-in-the-cloakroom kind of way. His power was palpable, and Draco was disgusted with himself when he felt the first twitch of a hard-on starting to grow.

"Susie says you've been looking for me."

Draco watched Harry's lips move, noticing everything about them in an instant.

"Not you per se," Blaise interjected in a firm voice. Draco and Harry both ignored him

completely.

“Actually,” Draco started, “I’ve been looking for someone with a particular attribute. Susie told us you fit that criterion.” Draco hoped he sounded bored and not eager.

“Ah yes. The lovely Susie. Bit of a storyteller, that one,” Harry replied, a small smile playing across his lips.

“Not too much, I hope,” Draco said, giving a nod to Harry to pick his glass up. They both reached forward at the same time, and clinked the glasses together before taking their sips of champagne.

“What exactly is it you’re after?” Harry asked, the picture of sweetness and innocence.

Draco suppressed a feeling of vulnerability. He was about fit to squirm in discomfort now that it finally came to revealing his theory to someone other than Blaise. Okay, that wasn’t strictly true. Draco knew he was better than most people, and he didn’t care a bit what anyone thought of him. But unaccountably, he cared what Harry thought. It was not a nice feeling.

He looked up into Harry’s face and licked his lips quickly before beginning. “I’ve got a theory. I can’t tell you what it is because that would invalidate the results.”

“Uh huh,” Harry replied, suspiciously.

Draco pulled himself upright in his seat and fixed his prey with an imperious stare. Harry didn’t even register the withering look. He just carried on smiling that annoying little smile, and Draco wanted to reach across the table and wrap his hands around his throat and squeeze. That’d wipe the fucking grin off his face. “We’re not friends.”

“No shit,” Harry murmured before Draco continued.

“And I don’t want you ruining my experiment because we don’t like each other.”

“I see,” said Harry, looking suspiciously like he didn’t see at all. “But what’s your experiment got to do with the size of my penis, or can’t you tell me that either?”

Draco beat the twin urges to shuffle in his seat and groan aloud. He was very proud of his self-control. Instead, he leaned forward and placed his hands flat against the table top, leaning towards Harry in an unmistakably confrontational manner. “I need to have sex with you.”

Harry snorted so suddenly and so loudly that he had to wipe the end of his nose to remove a blob of spittle. Draco didn’t want to think about that, thanks. When he was calmer, Harry said, “So because I’m well hung, you want to fuck me?” His face was etched deeply with obvious confusion, overlaid with amusement.

“Merlin help me,” Draco murmured to himself, scrubbing at his face with his hands before saying, “No, you fucking imbecile. I want *you* to fuck *me*.” Draco’s lip had curled in disgust as he spoke, his anger and humiliation finally bubbling over into his behaviour.

Harry’s laughter was loud enough to draw attention from many of the neighbouring tables. Draco’s face was hot enough to toast bread, and he was covered from head to foot in a disgusting film of nervous perspiration.

It took several minutes for Harry to calm down. Blaise was doing his level best to shrink into the upholstery and make himself invisible, refusing to respond to Draco’s attempts at catching his eye.

“Look, Potter. It’s not like it’ll be much of a hardship for you, is it?” Draco asked nonchalantly, brushing an imaginary piece of fluff from his lapel as he spoke.

“You know what, Malfoy? I think this is just a shallow excuse to get me in the sack,” Harry taunted. He slouched back into the deeply upholstered seat, parting his legs widely and running a hand roughly through his fringe. Draco’s eyes trailed down Harry’s torso and came to rest on his denim-clad crotch. He hadn’t realised he was staring (and probably salivating) until ...

“For god’s sake, Malfoy, my face is up here.” Draco was roused from his musings by the voice and Harry’s hand crooking its fingers upwards. His voice was full of amusement and there was a cheeky smile on his face when Draco tore his eyes away and looked up again. Shit! He’d been caught staring and he hated nothing more than letting someone get something over on him. Draco felt his hot blush rekindle.

Doing his best to regain the upper hand, Draco snapped out, “For all I know, this is just some elaborate media spin to make you look invincible. Heaven forbid the Boy-Who-Lived should have a maggot dick. Only someone hung like a horse could possibly be virile enough to save the wizarding world, no doubt.” He sounded petulant and pissed off and he knew it, but Harry’s amused expression didn’t change at all.

Draco watched with rising panic as Harry leaned forward and move to pull himself up.

“Well, much as it’s been lovely to catch up with you both, I really can’t be bothered to spend my Saturday evening listening to a litany of your unspoken insecurities. I had quite enough of that at school, thanks very much.” Draco’s mouth dropped open in shock at the blunt rebuff, and his brow furrowed as he watched Harry stand. Draco watched him shove his hands in his jeans pockets, which only maddened his libido further.

“Sit down, Potter. I haven’t finished yet.” Draco watched Harry shoot a questioning glance at Blaise, which seemed to satisfy him, but he didn’t sit.

“Malfoy. Let’s be clear about this, shall we?” Harry began in an impish tone. “I came over here because you wanted something. I didn’t invite myself, you asked me.” Draco could have punched Harry in the mouth at that moment. He looked so fucking smug.

“Now, as far as I’m concerned, I don’t have anything to prove. I couldn’t give a toss what you think, so don’t attempt to manipulate me into doing whatever it is you want me to do.”

Draco sat forward to interject, but Harry held up a hand to stop him.

“However, I’ve got nothing better to do right at the moment, so I’m inclined to be generous. You want proof before you come home with me? Fine.” That one word was spoken like a



challenge, and Draco did his best to conceal a shiver. Harry gave Draco the biggest shit-eating grin he'd ever seen.

Looking distinctly predatory now, Harry continued, "I'll give you so much proof, you won't know what to do with it." Harry folded his arms and waited for Draco's mouth to stop opening and closing soundlessly.

Giving himself a mental shake, Draco composed his reply and delivered it with practiced indifference. "Don't make the mistake of thinking this is personal, Potter. None of it's about you."

Harry sniggered and said, "Flattery will get you everywhere, Malfoy."

Draco huffed loudly and stood up. "Come on then. I want proof before I leave this club. I'm far too busy to entertain time wasters, and this is a serious experiment. Where do you want to go?"

Harry, still sniggering, probably at Draco's transparent bluster, replied, "Toilets, I suppose. After you." He swept an arm out and indicated for Draco to lead the way.

Draco eased past Harry, maintaining a safe distance between their two bodies. He was surprised when Harry reached out and grabbed his forearm, saying, "Don't forget your coat."

"I'll pick it up when I come back," Draco retorted sarcastically.

Harry grinned, oozing confidence. "You won't be coming back."

Draco pinched the bridge of his nose in frustration, wondering if this was really such a good idea.

"Cocky aren't we, Potter?" Blaise said, his amusement obvious.

Harry shot back, "Surely that's the point, Zabini?"

Blaise choked on a brief laugh, handing Draco's overcoat across the table all the same. "We'll speak tomorrow," he told Draco protectively, ensuring Harry read the warning glance aimed in his direction.

Clutching his coat like a lifeline, Draco walked briskly to the men's toilets, doing his best to forget that Harry was no doubt sauntering scruffily behind him. He swung the sprung door open, toying with the idea of letting it go and smacking it into Harry's face but thought better of it. He did the gentlemanly thing and held it open instead.

Inside the restroom, Draco was pleased that the establishment was high class enough to have cubicles as well as urinals. The toilets were also charmed to be self-cleaning, so there was none of the nauseatingly acrid smell usually associated with men's facilities in most Muggle bars.

Draco walked to the furthest of the three cubicles and strode purposefully into it. He waited impatiently for Harry to follow him in. He leaned against the cubicle wall, staring straight ahead as Harry locked the door carefully after him. He moved to stand directly opposite Draco, leaning against the wall. There was less than two feet of space between them.

Draco felt the first twinge of a tension headache thud in his temple. He winced a little at the sharp pain, and distracted himself by hanging his overcoat on the hook on the back of the door. They looked straight at each other in complete silence for a good half a minute. Draco got the unpleasant feeling that he was no longer the hunter, but the hunted. He suddenly snapped, "Come on then, Potter. Get it out."

Harry shrugged carelessly and unfolded his arms. Draco couldn't watch him undoing his fly. He couldn't tear his face away from Harry's piercing gaze, only following the minimal arm movements in his peripheral vision.

Draco froze as soon as the movements stopped. He was so close to seeing it. So close to knowing how it felt to be stretched wide open and abused without mercy. He wanted it so much he couldn't breathe. Draco's erection was straining painfully against his clothing.

“I haven’t got all night, Malfoy,” Harry teased, raising an eyebrow.

Draco swallowed hard. He looked down.

And felt completely deflated. Harry wasn’t hard, not even a bit. Draco felt confused. His ego was completely crushed. Harry did not find him remotely attractive, and it was like having a bucket of freezing water thrown over him.

“The barmaid said you swung both ways ...” Draco said quietly, uncertainly.

Harry chuckled. “What’s wrong Malfoy? Afraid to do a little work to get what you want?”

The burn of humiliation was almost enough to make Draco bolt for the exit, but his pride held him in place. He looked up into Harry’s wide eyes. “Can’t you do it?” he asked lamely, knowing Harry would never let him get away with that.

Harry reached out and stroked Draco’s cheek. Draco flinched in his nervousness. “I think not. If you want me to fuck you, you need to make me want you first,” Harry said steadily. There was little humour evident on Harry’s face in that moment. The expression was altogether more ... challenging, maybe even bitter.

Draco couldn’t make his hand move. He just couldn’t. He looked down again at the heavy, flaccid flesh dangling outside Harry’s jeans. It looked big even when it was soft, he mused to himself. Draco closed his eyes and breathed in through his nose. He was utterly disgusted at himself that he was hard enough to come in his trousers without a single touch, and Harry wasn’t remotely interested. It hurt. He steeled himself to speak, and when the words came out, they were filled with veiled insecurity. “What would you prefer?” His voice was almost a whisper.

But Harry was all business. “If you want a quick result, then oral works best.” There was no emotion in the statement.

Resigned to the situation, Draco started to bend. There was a weird tingling on his legs, and in an instant, his trousers disappeared. “Hey!” he said sharply, filled with anger.

“Just making sure your nice suit doesn’t get messed up,” Harry told him reasonably. “You can have them back in a bit.”

Draco twisted his neck to attempt to release some of the tension in his muscles. Circling his shoulders, he dropped to his knees.

His face was now level with Harry’s crotch. His nose was maybe six inches away from the warm, fragrant flesh. Harry smelled of *man*. Stupidly obvious, but true. The sudden whiff tore through Draco, shooting straight to his groin and he grew harder, although he would have sworn such a feat would have been impossible.

Draco lost track of time. He had no idea how long he’d been staring at Harry’s cock, letting all his fantasies and his theories run through his mind.

“Are you going to suck it or what?”

Draco looked up into Harry’s face. His expression was unreadable. “Fine,” he managed to say.

He lifted the hem of Harry’s T-shirt and twisted the fabric up, revealing a nice flat stomach and a neat thatch of black hair. Draco had an immediate urge to bury his nose in the bushy hair, so he gave into it. He rubbed his face slowly in the crisp curls and was filled with relief when he felt the first jerk of Harry’s stiffening cock against his cheek. He felt even better when he heard a stifled sigh accompany the small movement. Merlin, but Potter smelled good! Draco was filled with the desire to taste Harry’s skin, and he pushed his tongue out and licked the lengthening shaft with infinite care, memorising the subtle lumps and bumps of the hardening flesh.

Harry combed his fingers through Draco’s skilfully tousled hair, and Draco let out his first uninhibited sigh of pleasure at the touch. Harry’s hand was gentle, and Draco found himself pushing his head up into the touch. He nuzzled the dip between Harry’s body and the base of his shaft, placing open-mouthed, moist kisses against the delicious skin, working his way down the length towards the rapidly rising head.

Draco needed to use his hand to guide Harry's erection into his mouth. With his eyes firmly closed, Draco coiled his tongue round and around the firm, curved end, sucking gently at the petal-soft skin until Harry groaned encouragingly.

Draco forgot where he was. All he could think about was the hand stroking his head and the sound of quiet sighs above him, but most of all, the bitter, salty, completely addictive taste filling his mouth. Harry was wet now, and Draco lapped up every drop, rolling the flavour over his tongue as he stretched his mouth wider to accommodate another inch of flesh. His fingers curled around Harry's silky shaft, and he used the pad of his thumb to rub lazy patterns on the underside, trailing the wetness of his own saliva along the length and following the indentation of a faint ridge up and down, repeating the action without conscious intent.

All the time, Draco's eyes remained closed. Not with the effort to eradicate Harry from the experience, but to sharpen his other senses. Oral sex was always a sensual feast, but Draco couldn't recall a time when he'd felt so lost in his actions. He felt warm and wonderful and relaxed. He pursed his lips tightly together and slid them over the rounded end of Harry's cock, sucking hard enough to hollow his cheeks as his mouth met the crease outlining the retracted foreskin. He grazed his teeth over the satin flesh and elicited a loud, excited yelp from above him.

Draco was shocked back to awareness by the sound. His eyes snapped open, and he looked up into Harry's flushed face. A damp palm pressed into his cheek affectionately, and Draco felt his mouth attempt an understanding smile around its tasty obstruction, but fail miserably in its effort.

Only then did he realise he had a crick in his neck. Pulling back until his mouth lost contact, Draco remembered why he was there and shifted his gaze down to Harry's exquisitely hard penis.

Oh. My. God.

Draco's pulse drummed across his entire body at the sight before his eyes. Harry was *huge*. At least nine and a half, if not ten inches, and fat and wide and just ... fucking ... perfect.

"Merciful Merlin," Draco breathed reverently. He was completely transfixed and filled with an almost painful longing to lie pinned down and helpless, breached and begging Potter for more, harder. Draco wanted to come. He needed it with a certainty that would not be denied.

"You okay, Malfoy?" came Harry's quiet voice.

Draco swallowed with difficulty, knowing he should speak but only managing a nod instead.

"I won't hold you to anything," Harry said flatly, causing Draco to frown and look up.

"What?" he questioned, completely confused.

Harry's colour rose slightly, and he looked away quickly. He cleared his throat and continued, "Well, you know ... now you've seen it and everything, I won't be angry if you change your mind."

Draco looked hard and felt sure he recognised a skilfully concealed expression anticipating impending rejection. Draco couldn't believe it. He stood up, clenching his hands into fists to deny himself the urge to grab Harry's cock and hold onto it for dear life. "What on earth do you mean?" He frowned.

Harry's chin dropped almost to his chest, the sudden waver in his self-confidence apparent. When he spoke, Draco heard the fake humour threaded through the words. "Most people take one look and run as fast as they can in the other direction."

Truthfully, Draco just could not process Potter's assertion. Why the hell would anyone back away from something so magnificent? It didn't make sense.

"I think people get scared I might hurt them," Harry clarified, voice completely back under

control and guarded.

A tiny part of Draco wanted to comfort Harry but it just wasn't in his nature. Draco was about as far from being a soft-hearted sentimentalist as it was possible to get. "You don't scare me, Potter," he managed to say rather abruptly, over-compensating with the briskness in his efforts to avoid sounding caring.

Harry huffed disbelievingly. Draco felt mildly irritated at the poorly concealed self-pity. How could Potter imagine Draco meant to turn him down when he was standing trouserless, with a soaking wet erection jabbing out of the front of his boxer shorts? *He's blind and stupid*, Draco thought to himself. He reached out and grabbed Harry's hand, drawing it towards himself and pressing it firmly into his own erection. Harry looked up at him, his eyes a little wide. Maybe hopeful, Draco mused.

"See?" he told Harry calmly. "Not scared in the slightest." Draco watched Harry's tongue dart out and do a rapid circuit of his too-dry lips. It was an unconscious but very telling gesture. He thrust himself into Harry's hand harder and heard himself let out a high-pitched moan. He was relieved when Potter got the hint and started to stroke him carefully, but perturbed by the odd expression on his face; the expression that told Draco that Harry was going to kiss him any minute.

Draco turned his head away before Harry could lean in and actually do it. He tried to make the gesture subtle, not really wanting to depress the man any further. Instead, he moved until their cheeks touched together, feeling the faint tickle of Harry's fringe against his temple. He knew his breathing was shallow and forced and was pleased to hear that Potter's was too. The hot breath whispered against his cheek, and he felt his ear burn.

Harry's hand was moving slowly, but with such surety. Draco felt the orgasm building inside him, drowning out the butterflies in his stomach. He grasped for Harry's erection and felt his hand batted away sharply.

"Not yet," Harry sighed against his neck.

Draco rubbed his cheek against Harry's, feeling the subtle rasp of bristles scratch his skin

lightly. His knees felt wobbly and he had to use his hands to brace himself against the wall, knowing two or three more strokes of that wicked hand would undo him completely.

Draco felt powerless to prevent his own whimpering as he struggled to swallow the saliva pooling in his mouth. Harry's hand was so controlled, so completely commanding, and Draco wanted nothing more than to give in.

The thought was enough to push him over the edge, and he groaned loudly as the first spurt of come burned a path upwards and out of him, followed quickly by another and another until he was empty and panting, forehead resting on Harry's shoulder while his chest heaved rapidly. Harry laid a hand on Draco's hip, applying the barest pressure but evoking a sense of intimacy between the two of them.

Harry didn't let him go even as his erection began to subside. The hand was a warm, protective layer, squeezing occasionally but otherwise still.

"Let's go now," Harry said quietly. He pushed Draco away from him and summoned the missing trousers back to their rightful place.

Draco shook his head in amusement as he looked down at himself, cleaned up and properly attired once more. "Nice trick," he said, nodding gratefully.

Draco looked down at Harry's persistent erection and said, "Let's deal with this first, shall we?" There was a hint of a tease in his voice.

Harry shook his head. "I'd rather not, if it's all the same to you."

Draco shrugged his compliance. *Okay, so he's not selfish. That doesn't mean he's not going to shoot his load in ten seconds flat,* he thought to himself.

"Can you leave me alone for a minute?" Harry asked. Draco tipped his head to one side and frowned. "I need to calm down a bit or otherwise I won't get my jeans done back up," he clarified sheepishly.



“Ah,” Draco said. “Fine.” He let himself out of the cubicle and washed his hands while he waited.

Harry finally joined him at the sink and hurriedly washed his own hands before saying, “Come on then. Hold my arm.” Draco did so tentatively, drawing a cynical look from Harry. After a moment’s uncomfortable silence, Harry said “I think it’s time to go to my flat.”

## Chapter Two

The Apparition made Draco's ears pop, the same as it always did. He was only disorientated for a split second and immediately started his inspection of their landing location. It was a large, open hallway with arches for doorways but no doors. All the lines were modern and the décor was minimalist in the extreme. *Not what I would have imagined*, Draco thought to himself, especially given Harry's over-casual attire.

"Do you want a drink?" Harry asked, walking away.

"No. Yes. What've you got?" Draco responded, wandering curiously after Harry.

"The usual stuff, you know," Harry's voice echoed back at him.

"Brandy then."

Draco followed the echo of Harry's voice through into a large, open plan living space with a huge, high ceiling. The room was laid out into smaller areas, subdivided by carefully arranged furniture at strategic intervals. Harry returned with the drinks just as Draco was lifting a photograph from the mantelpiece for a closer look. It was a picture of Harry's parents on their wedding day, laughing and joking with Sirius Black and Remus Lupin. Peter Pettigrew stood in the background, apart from the merriment. It was a desperately telling picture, with the benefit of experience. He replaced the frame carefully in its place and reached for the heavy tumbler of dark amber liquid.

Draco noticed that his own glass held at least twice as much brandy as Harry's, and that was a sizeable amount in itself. He raised an eyebrow and said with amusement, "Trying to get

me pissed, Potter?”

Harry turned away with a small smile on his face. He shook his head before replying, “I thought given the circumstances, you might like a large one.”

The sip of brandy that Draco had taken flew out of his nose at great speed as he snorted loudly at Harry’s poor, or rather very accurate, choice of words. Harry winced in embarrassment when he realised his double entendre, but he didn’t take it back.

“Well, are you happy nosing around my home, or do you want to ‘talk?’” Harry offered sarcastically. “Of course, we could just get right down to it. If you want,” he added levelly.

Draco looked around the wide-open space, desperately hoping for something to divert him from having to make the decision. He lifted the tumbler and swallowed a huge mouthful of brandy before stalking to the large bookcase and letting his gaze wander over the spines.

“Nosing around my home it is then,” said Harry wryly. Draco ignored him completely.

“Have it your way,” Harry sighed loudly. “I’m going to have a quick wash. I’ll meet you in the bedroom when you’re ready. I expect you’ll be able to find it without directions. Just follow your hard-on.”

Draco heard Harry’s footsteps recede with a wonderful flood of relief. He rubbed his eyes with one hand, thinking how very much he wanted what Harry had to offer, but wishing said bounty was attached to someone else.

Steeling himself for action, Draco swallowed the rest of Harry’s very expensive brandy without really tasting it, and headed off down the corridor in the general direction of the muted noises of someone opening and closing cupboard doors.

~oOo~

“If you’re sure you want to do this, then I think you should go on top,” Harry offered calmly as he stripped his T-shirt over his head to reveal his almost hairless chest.

Draco’s eyes started to wander, but he pulled himself sharply back before it got out of control. There’d be plenty of time for checking out Potter’s physique later. “As you wish,” he sighed, feigning a complete lack of interest in the proceedings that were in sharp contrast to what was actually going on in his body.

Having sat on the edge of the bed, unlaced his lurid green baseball boots and thrown them aside along with his socks, Harry stood again and started to unbutton his fly. He looked Draco straight in the eye as he said, “Are you going to take that very nice Hugo Boss suit off, or are you going to ruin it by wearing it to bed?” He emphasised his point with a quirked eyebrow.

Draco was torn between wanting to fall into those big, sexy eyes and watching Harry’s dextrous fingers flipping the silver buttons open. “I’m surprised you know a good suit when you see it. You look more like a Gap man, yourself.” Draco tried to sound cool, but it sounded like a hollow taunt even to his own ears. He tried to distract attention away from his feeble comment by unbuttoning his jacket and slipping carefully out of it.

“You’d be amazed at what I know about sartorial trends, Malfoy,” Harry grinned as he pushed his jeans to mid thigh and wrestled them over his feet, to stand in just his boxer shorts. “Do you want a hand over there?” The grin was back to cheeky again, and Draco could tell Harry was really enjoying the situation. *Fucking pervert*, he thought.

“I can manage. Besides which, this is hardly a seduction. Think of it more as a fact-finding mission,” Draco shrugged airily. Harry folded his arms and tipped his head to one side as he watched Draco hook a finger into the knot in his tie and work it loose. Draco took his time with the tie, sliding the fabric slowly between his fingertips as he pulled it from around his neck and made a neat coil of it on the chair. “Don’t get any ideas about putting your tongue in my mouth, either,” Draco ordered.

“Ah. I suppose you only let pure-blood tongues between those pretty lips, do you?” said

Harry with a smirk, taking a playful step towards Draco.

As Draco sat down to remove his shoes and socks, he couldn't help but notice Harry tuck the thin top sheet demurely over his hips as he half lay down. *I should have got here first*, Draco thought. *He's going to watch me strip!*

Draco turned abruptly towards the chair so that his back was presented. That was a far better option than letting the arsehole see the first hint of a blush rise up his neck. He unbuttoned his shirt slowly, not for effect but because his hands were shaking so violently. What the hell was wrong with him? *Sodding hell! Blaise was right. I really do have a major hard-on for big cocks*, Draco thought to himself in disgust. He eased the shirt over his shoulders and laid it carefully on top of his jacket. The belt buckle was a task too, and Draco was relieved to have gone with a zip fly and not the traditional buttons on his hand-tailored trousers. His hands just did not seem to want to work properly.

Finally, he turned to face Harry, clad only in his boxer shorts. Draco could not kid himself that the thin fabric hid anything. He was hard fit to bursting and there was no denying it. As he slid his fingers into the waistband of his underwear, Harry murmured:

“Come here, Malfoy.”

Draco's heart rate shot up as he absorbed the hungry look on Harry's face. There was absolutely no humour left, not a trace of it. Harry stretched back and clasped his hands behind his head. The gesture was calculated, Draco thought. The thin sheet lifted dramatically to drape over the unmistakeable enormity of Harry's hard cock. *Good lord*, Draco gasped internally.

He shimmied out of his sticky shorts and walked over to the bed as calmly as he could. He stood for a second or two just looking down into Harry's face before pulling the sheet out slowly from under his hips, lifting it away carefully from his body and straddling Harry's thighs. They both sighed as they settled, shifting their bodies by fractions to find the most comfortable place for Draco to sit. When they stilled, Harry looked up into Draco's face and traced his fingertips in slow lines up and down Draco's thighs. The delicious, tickling sensation caused his buttocks to clench automatically, and Draco's lips parted as he exhaled

a shaky breath. He looked down into Harry's lap, biting his lip as he fantasised about what was about to take place.

When one of Draco's hands started to move to take hold of the stiff shaft, Harry grabbed his wrist and murmured, "Not so fast. We need to get you nice and ... ready for me." Draco's eyes slid closed at the underlying sentiment in the statement. Harry was like sex personified to him just then and he shuddered all over.

Draco allowed himself to be moved by gentle hands until he was lying face down in the centre of the bed. He turned his head to one side, leaning it on his forearms as he concentrated on the feel of two hands exploring his shoulders and back before dropping to knead his backside. Draco groaned aloud and wriggled just enough to part his legs slightly. He heard Harry's chuckle a second before he felt a wet fingertip slide along the tight crack of his tensed cheeks. The fingertip didn't push in to find the hot interior. It stroked the surface skin at an exasperatingly slow pace, and he fought to spread his legs wider, but they were constrained by Harry's knees on each side of his thighs.

Draco felt Harry move further down the bed, pressing his palms into the backs of his legs, grazing his nails lightly over the delicate skin there. Draco moaned a little more loudly this time, thrusting his backside up off the bed in his need to move even just a bit.

And then Harry did the thing that broke Draco's restraint. He leaned over and ghosted hot breath into the dip in Draco's lower back. The faint wash of air raised goose pimples across the surface of Draco's body and he twisted upwards into the light caress, finally feeling the brush of Harry's lips against his skin before they pulled back.

"Don't stop," Draco breathed.

He was rewarded with a tender, moist kiss on the spot where his lower back became his bottom, and felt the unmistakeable flicker of a wet tongue lap quickly at his skin. Draco's fists were balled in the sheets and his body was in constant movement. His back arched and his shoulders circled. And all the time, Harry just kissed him. Gentle, feather-light kisses that lit up Draco's insides and made his whole body throb in appreciation of the subtle stimulation.

When Harry spread Draco's legs apart, Draco thought he was going to have a seizure. His heart tried its best to pound through his ribcage and thump into the mattress. It took him a while to realise his breathing was clearly audible and that each breath out sounded like a tiny moan.

"Merlin, you look good like this," came Harry's scratchy, whispered voice.

Draco felt his cheeks parted firmly and the press of two thumbs into his flesh. He thrust upwards into the hands, knowing he was opening himself wider, exposing more of himself to Harry's prying eyes.

"I can see all of you, Malfoy," Harry groaned. "God, I want to eat you out..."

And in his head, Draco was thinking, *Do it, do it, do it, please do it ....* He knew he was whimpering in the most pathetic way imaginable but nothing could have stopped him from making the noises.

The bed dipped around him as Harry positioned himself. Draco knew exactly when Harry lay between his legs. He imagined in his mind's eye that Harry was staring transfixed at the almost-hidden hole, salivating at the thought of lapping the salty skin and plunging his tongue inward.

But then he didn't need to imagine any longer. Draco cried out loud as Harry's mouth closed over his little hole, sucking wetly at the surrounding skin and jolting an unrestrained jerk from his hips.

"Mmm ... " Harry grunted as he buried his face into Draco's crack, licking and slurping at the skin noisily, skirting infuriatingly around the pulsing edges of his anus, but never dipping inside.

Draco humped himself against Harry's face, far past the point where he could reel in his self-control. Harry licked him everywhere, dropping right down between Draco's legs to lap at the swell of his squashed testicles before swiping slowly back upwards again. Draco was

desperate for more. He reached behind himself with both hands and prised his buttocks apart painfully, begging through his actions for that first shock of penetration.

Harry did not disappoint him. The tip of his tongue inched inside the twitching opening by minute increments before making a final sharp stab to thrust all the way inside as far as it could go. Draco bellowed his aroused shock into the heavy atmosphere and Harry matched the sound with one of his own, exhaling scorching hot breaths onto Draco's body.

Harry set a slow but steady pace, seeming to make sure that every press inwards with his probing tongue went as deep as possible. Draco was wanton. He rode Harry's tongue as hard as he could, burning up in frustration that it was such a small intrusion when he just wanted to be torn apart in a lustful frenzy.

Harry's attentions went on for a long time, and Draco became so worked up that he could feel the perspiration pooling in the shallow dip of his spine. He wondered how much more foreplay he could take, hoping against hope that he would have Harry's huge cock inside him in no time at all.

Eventually, Harry withdrew, leaving Draco sopping wet with saliva and aching with desire to be taken. The bed shifted around him, and he awaited Harry's next move with bated breath.

There was the unmistakeable, subtle sound of a jar being unscrewed before Draco felt careful fingers circle his hole and dip inside, leaving a thick trail of a heavy, viscous cream. Harry's fingers played with Draco for a moment or two before withdrawing altogether. A short time later, the mattress dipped again and Draco felt Harry's body move over his own.

"Are you ready?" Harry murmured, lips brushing the edge of Draco's ear.

Draco had never felt more ready for it in his life and his movements were eager and fevered as he pulled himself up from the bed and moved to sit in Harry's lap.

Harry half lay and half sat, propped up on a big pile of pillows and when he raised his knees, Draco slid down to the dip in the middle, right over his groin.



They shuffled a bit as Harry held his lubricant-slicked cock upright, and Draco wiggled his hips until he felt the press of the wide, wet end against his relaxed ring of muscles.

Their eyes met as Draco lowered himself onto Harry, and they both exhaled heavily at the same time. Draco felt the precise moment that the swell of Harry's head pushed past his tight opening and rubbed firmly against his insides. His eyes fluttered closed and a tiny whimper escaped from his mouth. Placing his palms flat against Harry's chest, Draco worked himself up and down, settling a little lower each time until he had taken over half of Harry inside him. Draco realised he'd had his eyes closed for quite a while, screwed up in concentration as he chewed his bottom lip almost raw. He willed himself to relax, drawing in deep, quivering breaths as he finally opened his eyes and looked down at Harry.

Harry was completely still. His eyes were wide and expectant, his breathing shallow, but otherwise he looked calm. Draco circled his hips once or twice, learning the feel of Harry inside him, and jumping slightly at the sudden press of the hard shaft against his most sensitive spot. He moaned as he felt the prickling wave of pleasure radiate out from his anus, and he felt Harry's fingertips dig into his hips.

Draco had to stop moving. He stilled himself completely, balancing halfway down Harry's cock, thinking about anything else but what was happening there and then. He knew he was close to the point of no return, the point where his orgasm would refuse to be restrained.

"Are you hurt?" came Harry's pensive, concerned voice, quietly whispered so as not to startle Draco.

Taking a couple of breaths, Draco answered, "No. I'm fine. I'm just ... " He couldn't find the words to continue. The admission of the exact height of his arousal seemed too personal to share, even though he knew with certainty that he wouldn't be able to hide it much longer anyway.

Harry petted Draco's thigh understandingly. "Can't you let go? Just this once?" he suggested carefully.

Draco was warring with himself inside. This was his fantasy, something he'd imagined for a

very long time. Surely he could give himself permission to make the most of it? It's just that the problem was Potter. Why did it have to be him of all people?

“Draco ...”

Hearing his name spoken so softly forced Draco's resolve. He relaxed his body and slid further onto Harry, letting himself absorb each small movement and revel in the overwhelming elation he felt. He gave over being quite so careful and let his body set its own pace. He felt Harry's heart speed up under his palm and smiled happily in the knowledge that he was not alone in his excitement.

As he worked himself up and down, Draco felt the first signals of his body's struggle to cope with the intrusion. Harry's cock was ploughing tender, untouched territory and Draco didn't even have him all the way inside yet. It felt so deep, so completely far into his body that it seemed impossible for Harry to go any further.

Draco twisted his hips and planted more weight onto his hands, arching his back as he rode Harry slowly. Harry's moans didn't help Draco's composure at all. Draco looked down into his lap and watched a clear string of his body's own lubricant gleam and wobble as it joined the head of his cock to Harry's stomach. Every time he moved, the glistening liquid stretched and flexed with him, never breaking but always threatening to.

He was distracted away from watching himself when Harry murmured, “Just a little more.” It was an understated plea but so very real. Harry's forehead was shiny with perspiration, strands of hair sticking in it messily. Draco saw that his cheeks weren't just pink, they were a raw, burning red and his eyes were so shiny, it was hard to see where the pupil ended and the iris began.

They were both making constant, quiet noises and Draco guessed they would come together. He made a final, brutal push downwards, letting the weight of his body force the entire length of Harry into him. The sudden dull pain that registered from the penetration could not dampen the bliss he felt at rubbing his groin flat against Harry's jerking body. He'd done it! Draco had taken it all and it was the most uncomplicated, serene feeling he'd ever known.

As Draco slid upwards and then dropped himself back down the full length of Harry's shaft, he came. His spine bowed with frightening speed, tipping his head back as he cried his orgasm with abandon. The sensations in his body were overwhelming, far too much to absorb at that moment. What he registered most of all, even above the wet, pulsing warmth of his ejaculation were the manic spasms of his muscles inside. Draco's body was like a clamp. Rather than loosening in relaxation, everything inside him pulled tight, clutching at the huge intrusion of Harry's erection almost like it was trying to imprint every vein and curve on his passage walls. His blood thundered round his body.

Draco's fingers turned into claws and dug into Harry's chest, scrabbling at the skin there and dragging hot, red tracks the length of his torso.

Once those one or two seconds of complete loss of control had passed, Draco's instinctive reaction was to check Harry for damage. As the tension of his violent orgasm began to subside and the debilitating pull of relaxation set into his strained muscles, Draco looked down at Harry. Harry's eyes were screwed shut, his face a rigid mask of concentration. He thought Harry was even holding his breath.

And then it came to him; Harry hadn't come. How the hell had he managed that? Given that they were both way past any kind of stopping point, Draco was astounded. A wave of cold passed over his body, raising goose pimples, and he thought for a second that he might have been the tiniest bit scared of Harry. Could anyone really have that much self-control?

"Potter?" he said quietly.

The line between Harry's eyebrows softened by fractions until he was able to drag his eyes open.

"Are you quite well?" Draco asked, a little more confidently, even though he knew he was sagging with exhaustion and the shakes.

It took several seconds for Harry's expression to return to normal, although his face remained almost purple with heat. "Fucking hell, Malfoy. You almost had me there," Harry

chuckled. Then: “You look like you could do with lying down before you fall down.”

Draco made a wordless noise of agreement and allowed Harry to help him move. Draco raised his hips impossibly far until Harry’s entire length slid free and slapped wetly against his own stomach. Draco watched Harry’s eyes close to half-mast as his body journeyed over his shaft, flexing his inner muscles wickedly before finally releasing Harry’s cock.

Harry supported Draco’s weight as he moved to one side and flopped bonelessly down on the bed, drawing steadying, deep breaths in as he pulled his body back under control. He managed to say, “You didn’t come.” It wasn’t a question.

Harry rolled over onto his side so that he was facing Draco, propping his head up on one hand. Draco could feel the heavy press of Harry’s erection on his hip.

“Nope. I’m saving myself for round two.” Some of Harry’s impish confidence had returned and he looked in control of himself once more.

“What makes you think there’ll be a round two?” Draco asked quite sharply, his eyebrows raised.

“The look on your face,” Harry said simply.

That one comment knocked Draco sideways. He didn’t have any kind of snappy comeback ready. Instead, he looked away from Harry and focussed on a spot high up on the ceiling, giving the impression that it was the most interesting thing he’d ever seen.

They lay quietly for a few minutes and Draco felt his body settle back into normality, although his cock didn’t really soften that much. It was more like it took a little bit of a breather, but nothing more.

Eventually he couldn’t stand the silence any longer. “Potter? How the hell did you manage not to come?”

Harry grinned and laid a hand flat on Draco’s stomach before replying, “I’m famed for my

self control. Didn't you know?"

Draco snorted. "Is this a new development since school? You certainly didn't have any back then."

Harry laughed. "I'd hardly put breaking school rules and sex in the same category, Malfoy."

Draco conceded the point with a meaningful nod. "Fine," he huffed.

"Oh, don't sulk about it," Harry said, smirking. "If you want the truth, it's been a few years since anyone let me do what you just did."

Draco finally looked over at Harry with an uncomprehending expression on his face. "Really?"

"Mm. And considering it's my favourite kind of sex, I just wanted to make sure I get to enjoy it as much as I possibly can, for as long as I can." Harry shrugged half-heartedly, but smiled down at Draco.

Draco's hand crept across his stomach and circled Harry's erection loosely. He traced his fingertips up and down the still slightly slippery length. Harry's shoulders sagged and his face grew a pampered smile.

Draco asked lightly, "So what kind of sex do you usually engage in?"

Harry considered for a few seconds before responding. He said, "Well, I've slept with a few women in the past. Not really my thing, but it meets the need, you know?"

Draco nodded although he didn't know at all. He'd never had sex with a woman, but didn't really want a conversation about it whilst stroking the most mouth-watering example of manhood he'd ever seen.

Harry continued, "Mostly, I sleep with men. That does much more than meet the need." He laughed coyly and thrust himself into Draco's gentle hand.

Draco squeezed Harry quickly but didn't say anything.

"The problem is that men's holes are much tighter than women's." Harry's voice was breathy. His hand moved from its place on Draco's stomach and trailed a slow path down between Draco's barely parted legs, cupping his balls affectionately on its way. "Open them," he whispered, and Draco obeyed without thought. He hooked a leg over Harry's and stretched his other leg out of the way, giving Harry full access.

Draco looked up into those heated eyes and couldn't help but tug on Harry's cock in his need to connect with him on some level. He felt Harry's hand crawl lower, until one fingertip traced the slackened edge of his hole and lazily dipped inside.

"And because of that, not many people will let me have them." Harry was very matter of fact about the statement, but Draco could still read the bitter disappointment in Harry's eyes. But then, "I'd like it if you'd stop wanking me like that," Harry murmured through a smile. "I want to come inside you." Harry's tongue darted out and licked his lower lip. Draco's eyes were pulled immediately to the glistening, wet flesh and he had a strong urge to lean in and suck the lip into his mouth. But he fought the urge and won. Draco let go of Harry, not really wanting to do it, but balancing the request against the thought of Harry fucking him and emptying himself inside his body. The latter option won.

As he moved his hand away from Harry's groin, Draco felt the gentle probing of a second finger as it traced through the remaining sheen of lubricant and slipped inside. He thrust his hips upwards, hoping to force the fingers deeper, but Harry smiled and drew his hand back, retaining the shallow depth he wanted.

"Please ..." Draco sighed, working his body sinuously in time with Harry's hand. When Harry shook his head in amused refusal, Draco covered his hand and slid one of his own fingers into his hole, pressing tightly against the pair already teasing him. "Oh ..." he groaned, pinning Harry with a gaze hot enough to start fires.

The look worked, and Draco felt Harry's beautiful cock jerk vigorously against his thigh at the same time as his breath whooshed out and stirred the wispy strands of Draco's hair. Harry

stretched his neck up and looked down the length of their entwined bodies. Draco watched the hot flush flare back to life, and Harry's eyes fill with eagerness.

With almost painful slowness, Harry withdrew his fingers. He watched closely as Draco filled the unwanted space with another two of his own, pumping them in and out at the same leisurely pace he had set.

Draco felt alive. He drank in the stunned expression on Harry's face and revelled in the feeling of power, knowing instinctively how desirable, how hot and downright dirty he must look, fingering himself as Potter stared in rapt fascination. The barely audible squelching coming from his body set Draco's nerve endings alight. He whimpered, "Hurry," startling Harry into action.

Harry reached across the bed to recover the discarded jar of lubricant. Draco watched him run his fingers through the heavy paste and paint his erection liberally from top to bottom. Harry's fingers returned to the jar several times for more, finally pushing Draco's hand away and dabbing some of the creamy mixture at the very entrance to his body, spreading his legs as wide as they would go. Harry groaned as he knelt between the open legs, staring down with a look of undiluted lust.

Draco rolled his hips for Harry, begging him silently to get on with it and take him. He lifted his legs up and traced his feet across Harry's hipbones, coaxing his body forward into position. Harry's face was a mask of concentration as he looked down and aimed his cock at Draco's opening. It took a bit of jiggling and jabbing to hit the right spot but eventually, Draco felt the first incredible inch of the anticipated intrusion into his body. He moaned loudly, and Harry collapsed slowly onto him.

Draco angled his hips up sharply and wrapped his legs below Harry's waist. He hooked his heels together in the small of Harry's back and pulled him in. As he tightened his legs, Harry's cock breached him further, rubbing him in all the right places on the way. Draco didn't know it was possible to want anything so much as he wanted this. Every part of his body screamed for Harry. Even his mouth. He gasped raggedly, "Fuck me," as he felt the brutal thrust of several more inches embedding inside him.

Harry covered Draco's body with his own, balancing his weight on his forearms, bringing their faces close together. Draco's vision was full of Harry's eyes and he could have reached up and kissed him if he'd wanted to. Actually, he did want to, but he wasn't going to. Instead, he stretched his arms up over his head and grasped at the base of the headboard, curling his fingers painfully around the wood to prevent himself from caressing Harry's body or running his fingers through Harry's hair. They were so close that Draco could suck in lungfuls of Harry's delicious, clean smell, slightly musky with heat and arousal and perspiration.

"How much can you take?" Harry whispered as he ploughed carefully into Draco's anus, gazing intently down at him.

Draco gulped rapidly, never once looking away from Harry's face as he replied, "All of you. Give me all of you." He watched Harry's eyelids slide halfway down and then close altogether as he groaned at Draco's words. For a minute or two, Draco stared unguardedly up into Harry's face, enjoying the freedom to watch the flicker of emotions expressed there without being watched doing it. Harry bit his bottom lip in an entrancing way, mashing the pink flesh between his teeth until it threatened to break. His eyelashes were pure black and longer than you would imagine them to be. Draco watched his eyelids flutter but stay closed, unlike his mouth. He watched Harry's tongue dart out and lick his lips every so often, usually in time with a particularly pleasurable withdrawal, when Draco tightened all his muscles inside and made the outward journey difficult.

When Harry was all the way inside, Draco arched up so that their sweat-slicked bodies pressed together. Harry's thrusts were thorough, each one measured to open Draco's tight body up as wide as possible, but carefully, so that every ripple of sensation was electrifying and not painful. They moved together effortlessly, wringing the most from the smallest of sensations and working unselfishly to arouse each other.

When Harry finally opened his eyes and looked down at Draco, he murmured, "You looked incredible when you came, do you know that?"

Draco's breath caught in the back of his throat. A lump formed there, and he felt hot colour suffuse his cheeks.



“I can’t believe I never noticed how gorgeous you are,” Harry added quietly.

Draco fought the feeling of elation bursting inside him. Nothing said during sex was ever reliable, was it? He looked up into Harry’s face, noting how earnest his expression appeared, but was just too scared to pin any hopes on it. He watched Harry’s gaze dart guiltily between his eyes and his mouth, knowing for certain that their first kiss was imminent. And he wanted it. He let out a rush of air and lifted his head towards Harry. Their noses brushed together for a tiny moment, and then Harry buried his face in Draco’s neck, sucking in mouthfuls of taut skin and placing wet kisses against his chin and his ear.

Draco shuddered under the assault, almost desperate to ravish Harry’s body, forgetting his disappointment in an instant. He pushed himself up, begging silently for Harry to bite him, and loving every second he was kept in suspense. Eventually Harry pulled away, and Draco was transfixed by the puffy redness of his lips, already tasting their anticipated kiss in his mouth.

Harry ran a hand slowly along Draco’s body. He started at Draco’s wrist, still bent up above his head as it gripped the headboard. Draco felt the soft press of Harry’s warm fingertips as they drew over his pulse point and stroked the inside of his arm, stopping briefly to trace the crease of his inner elbow before continuing steadily over the silky skin inside his upper arm. Draco sighed as Harry’s fingers combed through the sparse hair in his armpit, and twisted his body instinctively into the touch. And then the hand moved lower, the fingers now joined by the press of a palm as Harry’s hand travelled on, teasing his side, his thumb straying onto Draco’s chest to circle his hard little nipple before moving again. Further and further it went, tracing the shape of Draco’s waist and the ridge of his hipbone, letting the fingers stray down to caress the slight swell of Draco’s buttock. The hand continued along Draco’s long thigh, bent upwards and wrapped around Harry’s hip. It finally stopped at Draco’s knee and began a slow return journey.

To Draco, it was such an intimate, covetous touch. Despite the tight, hot presence of Harry’s shaft pumping deep inside him, this tender exploration felt a thousand times more personal. Draco could almost kid himself that Harry’s face held an expression of satisfaction, of possession, but in reality, it was a far more intense gaze than that. Draco felt truly naked

before those joyous green eyes, as if all his deepest secrets, his every thought and feeling were open for Harry to read. Yet still, Draco felt safe. And that was jarring.

Harry's gaze was so sincere, so completely giving. Draco knew that Harry's satisfaction lay in ensuring this lovemaking was perfect for him. Every movement was for Draco's gratification rather than his own. Even down to the way Harry thrust into him, adding a little twist of his hips every time so that he stretched the ring of muscles just a tiny bit more, drawing ever more intense ripples of pleasure from Draco's exhausted, greedy body.

It was no good. He just couldn't wait any longer. "Kiss me," Draco whispered. Harry didn't need asking twice. He lowered his head and pressed his mouth to Draco's, flicking his tongue out and lapping carefully at Draco's lips. They both groaned and writhed together as they fell into kissing. They seemed so compatible, each intrusion into the other's mouth both needed and welcomed.

Draco dragged his arms from above his head and gave in to his ultimate temptation. He wrapped them around Harry, letting his hands wander over every piece of accessible skin, stroking and tickling and teasing as they moved. He cupped the back of Harry's head, gently at first but with growing force as the kisses became more desperate, more passionate.

The act of kissing had a terrible effect on their control. Draco lost all composure and whimpered heatedly into Harry's mouth, scoring red tracks into Harry's back in sheer pleasure at the remarkable intensity of their activity. Certainly, Draco registered in the back of his mind that what they were doing crossed the line dividing one-night-stand and something much more involved. But he couldn't make himself care about that. He was still stunned to discover that Potter was such an incredible fuck.

Between kisses, Harry murmured, "Scream for me. Please ... tell me you want it."

The plea ignited something inside Draco and he found himself not only wanting to please Harry but also just to give up all semblance of self-restraint. It was like he gave himself permission to live the moment. He choked out, "*Harder*, fuck me harder. I want you."

And bloody hell, wasn't that a telling statement!

Harry's kisses became so harsh that neither of them could draw a proper breath. His hips doubled their pace and he slammed into Draco's body as hard as he dared, revelling in the loud slap of flesh on flesh at the moment of impact.

Draco screamed. On every brutal thrust inwards he let his lustful, desperate cries out, filling the room and eating away at Harry's composure.

"I have to come," Harry gasped out in warning between his own grunts and groans. "I'm sorry. I have to..."

Their eyes met briefly before their mouths crashed together again, both consumed with the need to orgasm.

Draco counted down to Harry's explosion, knowing with unwavering accuracy how many more strokes he would last. Above him, Harry hyperventilated and ground his hips into Draco's battered body, all illusions of gentleness shattered under the weight of his need.

When Draco dug his fingers into Harry's buttocks, the split second pain wrenched Harry's orgasm from his grasp and it barrelled out of him, flooding Draco's hole with an incredible volume of hot, slippery come. Harry's uninhibited bellow and the sudden melting of his pained expression tipped Draco over the edge and his own orgasm shot out of his swollen little slit with such force that he felt an arc of it splatter across his neck and into his hair. By degrees, the spurts became less and less violent, painting warm, white stripes across both their stomachs as they collapsed together, muscles shaking, strength all but depleted.

They lay in a panting, gasping pile for many minutes, their bodies a sticky palette of sweat, saliva and sperm.

Eventually, Harry managed, "Jesus fucking Christ."

Draco just laughed quietly, too tired to manage anything more expressive.

It took a little while longer for Harry to gather the energy to roll off Draco, and once they

were parted, the air cooled them quickly. They lay side by side, touching at the arm and leg, but nothing more.

Draco felt sleep pull at him and groaned quietly. Harry heard it. "Are you in pain?" The question was loaded with worry, and Draco suddenly felt sorry for Harry. He'd never imagined that having a huge cock would be anything other than fantastic.

"No. Well, a bit, but in a really good way, so don't worry," Draco answered with a grin. He watched Harry relax out of the corner of his eye.

"Shit, I really need to get going," Draco added. He knew inside it would be the wisest thing to do. To stay over would give too many messages out and mean they'd have to talk, or something. And Draco wasn't quite ready to admit his budding attraction just yet. But he couldn't seem to move. He was so comfortable, and he felt sleepy and warm and safe. So much so that he yawned expansively and stretched his body in a matching gesture.

"I'm a big boy, Malfoy. I won't read anything into it if you stay," Harry said with a slight smile, settling himself into his pile of pillows and snuggling down under the sheet.

Draco sighed. He just wanted to go to sleep. Fuck sensible. He'd worry about that tomorrow. He yawned again and pulled the sheet over himself. Smiling, he said, "You must stop doing that, Potter."

"What?" came the sleepy reply.

"I know you've got an enormous penis. You don't have to keep reminding me." He sniggered a little, recognising confusion in Harry's silence. It took a while for realisation to click in.

"Don't be an idiot. If you weren't so obsessed with big knobs you wouldn't twist innocent comments into something dirty all the time." Harry followed his speech with a loud yawn.

"I happen to like *dirty*," Draco mumbled.

The room fell silent, except for the sound of quiet breathing.

“I know,” Harry replied. “Night, Malfoy.”

“Night.”

## Chapter Three

When Draco woke up, he was lying in exactly the same position in which he'd gone to sleep. Slices of daylight cut into the room through the heavy wooden shutters, creating a warm, yellowy brightness. He looked over at Harry, still fast asleep, and smiled to himself. His aching full bladder forced him up and out of bed, and he stretched sluggishly as he padded across the room in search of the toilet.

Returning to the bedroom, Draco contemplated the neat pile of his clothes on the chair. Now would be the ideal time to make a hassle-free getaway. His gaze flitted back to the comfy bed and he thought to himself, *Just a couple more hours' sleep*, before he climbed carefully back between the sheets and flopped into complete relaxation once more.

Despite his best efforts at stealth, he disturbed Harry. Harry twisted around, still soundly asleep, until he lay curled up on his side, facing Draco, his knee bent up so that Draco could feel it press against his thigh. He couldn't summon the will to move away. Draco just closed his eyes and let sleep pull him back into blissful unconsciousness.

~oOo~

When Draco next woke up, curled over on his side, it was because Harry had moved and unsettled him. Draco could sense the solid line of heat at his back, although their bodies were only touching in places. Harry's steady breaths ruffled the hair at the base of Draco's neck, and his shins rubbed against Draco's heels.

Knowing Harry was there, so close, was very distracting. Draco knew instinctively he

wouldn't find sleep again. He yawned quietly and stretched as best he could, returning to his nice, comfortable position. Draco kidded himself that Harry had moved closer to him, and not the other way around. Their legs and thighs were pretty much pressed together, and Draco's shoulder blade brushed Harry's chest. As surreptitiously as he could, Draco sidled backwards into Harry's body. He stopped dead when Harry made a "Mmm ..." noise sleepily, and threw an arm forward over his waist.

Draco smiled smugly to himself. If Potter woke up, it would look as if he had snuggled up to Draco and not the other way around, letting him nicely off the hook. Draco tensed and relaxed his buttocks, rubbing them gently against Harry's groin. He only just held in his gleeful chuckle as he felt a definite hard-on begin to grow back there, followed by some awkward jabbing as Harry moved around in his sleep to get comfortable.

Then Harry settled again, the warm, full length of his erection nestling closely in between his cheeks. Draco rubbed himself furtively against Harry, keeping his movements as small and 'accidental' as he could.

Feeling desperately aroused, Draco allowed one hand to crawl along the mattress, worming under Harry's arm until it was able to circle his own erection and squeeze it promisingly. He wondered if he could really wank off without Potter waking up. Draco thought he'd like to give it his best try.

He realised pretty quickly that he wouldn't be able to use his arm. His wrist was going to have to do all the work, and it promised to be a haphazard and uncomfortable few minutes. Draco smiled broadly. Now the naughty thought was in his mind, he knew he'd have to try his hardest to live it out. He settled into an almost imperceptible rhythm of push and thrust, regulating his breathing carefully so as to remain undiscovered.

It didn't work.

With almost no warning, Harry's hand clamped over Draco's, gripping his cock and the circling fist hard enough to force a surprised gasp from Draco. Harry thrust his cock forcefully into the channel between Draco's buttocks, groaning roughly at the dry, harsh friction.

Draco felt a bristly chin rub against his shoulder before Harry whispered, “Flirt,” in his ear. Harry laughed sleepily but there was no other indication of his fatigue. His hand stroked the full length of Draco’s erection firmly and rapidly, never allowing Draco to take control or give him room to remove his own hand.

All thoughts of being quiet and secretive fled Draco’s mind. He groaned hungrily and thrust himself forward into Harry’s vigorous masturbation and back again so that the now slippery end of Harry’s shaft rubbed the length of his crack. *Oh, good god!* He felt full of ragged need again, like he hadn’t spent half the previous night being screwed into oblivion. The fire inside him was raging hot, demanding more. More friction, more abuse. His cock was wet and sticky. He could feel the warm trickle of liquid seeping onto his curled fingers and knew Harry must be able to feel it too. Every time his foreskin snapped back, the gluey secretion caused a delicious smacking sound, and his own moans were accompanied by matching sighs from Harry. He felt the firm, rounded end of Harry’s erection glide in his hot channel, catching ever so slightly on the swollen rim of his hole on each pass, but never seeking entrance. The implicit tease of the motion was almost unbearably good, and he worked his hips shamelessly, humping and wriggling against Harry’s thrusting groin to feel every millimetre of stiff flesh against himself. The mental pictures of what they’d done last night were too much for Draco. He centred on the warm, still tender place deep inside his body and recalled every expression on Harry’s face as he’d come.

Draco’s orgasm came out of nowhere, ripped viciously from him by Harry’s unforgiving hand. He didn’t even have time to announce its arrival before the first gout of heavy, white cream shot out of him and slicked Harry’s pumping fist. He cried out loud and long, feeling the rigid tension across his body melt by degrees into complete euphoria.

The moment he was empty, Draco twisted around and faced Harry, knowing he must look peaky and dishevelled, but not caring. As his eager fingers curled around the enormous erection, he followed Harry’s movements with fascination. Never breaking eye contact, Harry raised his come-slicked hand to his mouth and licked it clean hungrily.

*Bloody hell!*



Some nameless emotion stabbed Draco deep in the stomach, and his entire body lurched in total arousal. He heard himself panting as hard as if he'd sprinted the length of a Quidditch pitch, and he took in Potter's sly, satisfied smirk. The hand dropped away and stroked Draco's side lovingly before coming to a rest on his hipbone. The heat and weight of Harry's palm felt perfect, and Draco found himself smiling as his hand fell into a brisk rhythm, fondling the length of the slippery shaft.

Draco looked down at his busy hand, still struggling to believe he had managed to find such a flawless specimen of masculinity. He made a low whimper in the back of his throat, swallowing the mouthful of saliva that threatened to choke him. He watched his thumb rub the rosy red dome of Harry's cock, smearing the dribble of liquid over the incredibly soft skin there and feeling elated as he heard Harry exhale a gut-wrenching groan.

"I know what you were doing," Harry gasped. Draco looked back up at his lust-fogged face and waited a little nervously. Harry wet his lips and added, "Grinding your hot, greedy body against me. So shameless." His lips curled into a tight smile as he dared Draco to deny it. Draco's hand sped up and Harry writhed beautifully, letting his eyes slide shut for long moments.

"You turn me on," Draco murmured.

Harry managed a breathy chuckle, pumping his hips forcefully into Draco's fist. "Don't you mean my cock does?"

Draco's body was engulfed in a wave of sudden cold. Fuck! What the hell had he said that for? Making a quick recovery, he replied casually, "Yes ..."

Bull. Shit.

And they both knew it.

"Make me come, my shameless little hussy," Harry groaned, digging his fingernails into Draco's hip.

Draco could feel the hot singe of Harry's breath against his cheek and his neck. His pupils were so dilated that his eyes appeared black instead of green. Draco couldn't tear his gaze away, even to look at his hand molesting Harry.

"Faster," Harry moaned.

Draco did what he was told. He was grunting with the effort to wank Harry as fast as he could, jerking his fist back and forth with bruising force.

"Shit," Harry managed to say through fiercely gritted teeth.

Draco pressed his front right up against Harry's heaving form until it was hard for him to move his hand. But he couldn't back off. He wanted to feel Harry empty his balls all over him, to rub it into his skin. He wanted to feel the cooling sperm dripping off his body.

They both groaned at the same time and then Harry came, his eyes rolling up into his skull with the pressure of it all. Draco watched every nuance of Harry's expression, memorising the sheer beauty of his uninhibited display. He felt the warm wetness coat his stomach and chest, but it was secondary to watching the peaceful smile grow as Harry struggled to regain his breath.

Harry fell onto his back on the mattress, his chest heaving as he gasped for air. Draco noted the hot pink patches decorating Harry's skin, extending across his chest and his neck, finishing with two dots high on his cheeks. He watched Harry exhale a sated chuckle and twist his body, stretching the sleepy muscles before settling back onto the mattress.

As their bodily fluids finally cooled and congealed beneath his fingertips, Draco waved his hand and cleaned them both up with a silent spell before lying back down himself, cocooned in the warm glow he always felt after any satisfying sexual activity. They were both quiet for a while.

Harry moved first, rolling on to his side to stare down at Draco. "You fuck like a porn star," he said, his expression searching, only partly amused.

Draco felt shocked. What did that mean? He knew his mouth had fallen open in a little 'o', and his brow had crinkled in confusion. He worriedly thought maybe there was an implication to watching so many adult films.

Harry smiled kindly. "I meant it in a good way."

"I don't understand," Draco whispered uncertainly.

Harry laid a hand on Draco's stomach before he spoke. "I mean that you look so free. Like you don't care what anyone thinks." Harry looked thoughtful before adding, "The way you move is just... unbelievably fucking sexual." Harry looked distinctly predatory; his calculating gaze fell on Draco's bewildered face. "And wow, the things you say," Harry sighed wickedly, eyes narrowed.

*Uh oh.* Draco had exposed a chink in his armour through which Harry could get to him. He was not about to let that happen. He would retain the upper hand at almost any cost.

"Oh, come on, Potter. You must know there are times when people say things they don't mean. Sex is the classic situation. Anything said during sex is completely unreliable." He watched Harry's brow wrinkle in a small, questioning frown.

"Really?" There was a pregnant pause. "When I said you looked incredible when you came, I meant it." Harry shrugged unapologetically, never wavering from the direct eye contact. Draco felt his colour begin to rise upwards from his chest, the warm prickle of the blush turning his skin tellingly pink. He felt unaccountably short of breath. He had no idea what to say in response.

But Harry added, "So, when you said 'kiss me', and 'you turn me on' you didn't mean it?" Harry's face was expressionless, his voice level, but Draco read the tease in the words nevertheless.

"Exactly! Good example." *Phew! Nice recovery,* he thought to himself.

"But you wanted me to kiss you, Malfoy. You know you did, so don't try to deny it."

Draco knew Harry was trying to draw him into a trap of some sort but he couldn't see what it was. "Yes, yes. I did want you to kiss me then. My point is merely that it was meaningless and bears no reflection on reality." *Yeah. Right.* But Draco felt pleased with his answer and buried his head into the pillow, smiling contentedly.

"So you wouldn't want me to kiss you now?" Harry clarified, voice steady.

Draco pulled a face and replied, "Absolutely not."

"Well, I'm glad we got that cleared up then," Harry said, and Draco felt the mattress dip as he climbed out of bed and headed for the bathroom.

Draco really didn't want to acknowledge the dull disappointment that spread outwards from his stomach at Harry's straightforward acceptance. He'd anticipated a bit of a struggle and perhaps even hoped that Harry would kiss him anyway. He clenched his jaw in frustration. Why the fuck was this happening? Usually, he had to beat his lovers back with a stick because he felt stifled by their clinginess but Potter was different. He just didn't seem to play the game at all. In fact, Draco doubted the man even knew the rules. He shook his head sharply, berating himself for taking things too seriously. It was just a one-off, after all.

"Oh. Did you want the first shower?" Harry called from the bathroom doorway.

Draco burrowed deeper into the pillows and mumbled, "No. I think I'll languish here a while longer. You can make breakfast for us both while I take mine." He grinned cheekily at Harry, who snorted in amused disbelief and shook his head slowly.

"I scramble a pretty mean egg, I'll have you know," Harry laughed. "But I get the sports pages of the *Sunday Prophet* first. Cook's prerogative."

Draco frowned and lifted his head to look up at Harry. He reached back and pulled a pillow out from behind his head, lobbing it at Harry with precision, but ultimately, far too slowly.

"No wonder I always beat you to the Snitch. You're slow as a Flobberworm," Harry teased.

“Just get in the shower, you irritating Gryffindor.”

Harry laughed. “You say it like it’s a disease.”

Draco raised himself to lean back on his elbows, staring imperiously at Harry. “Isn’t it?” he asked flatly.

Harry laughed loudly, and wiggled his pale backside at Draco as he turned away and headed for the shower.

~oOo~

Once the shower was running and splashing could be heard, Draco stole out of bed and poked around Harry’s room. It seemed cosier than the rest of his home, with small scatterings of clutter on shelves and tabletops that helped the space look lived in, and lots of paintings of landscapes, and photographs of places Harry must have been. Draco scanned them all with interest before moving on.

One entire wall was made up of sliding wooden doors, and Draco reached out and pushed on one to reveal its secrets. He couldn’t believe his eyes! It was a wardrobe. But not just any wardrobe. The volume and quality of clothing could rival even Draco’s own collection at home! He stared in complete surprise at the row upon row of hand tailored dress robes, shirts and suits, not to mention the shelves of bespoke shoes and boots. Draco was staggered. After a few moments, he pushed on some of the other doors until he stood staring at a vast expanse of rails and shelves, all neatly ordered and colour coded. It was like a frigging designer wet dream!

Excited, Draco reached in to the suit section and rifled through the protective bags. Tailored suits were his current favourite ‘look’. Blaise often said he must be having a late teenage rebellion, shamelessly wearing Muggle clothes despite the horrified looks of his employers at the Ministry. Harry had amassed a collection sourced from nothing less than the best

designers. Draco opened one bag and stroked the fine black woollen fabric with reverence, sighing at the luxurious feel, and then gasping at the label. Oswald Boateng. He could have wet his pants had he been wearing any. He was on the waiting list for a fitting himself! The man was a genius. Draco imagined Harry would look incredible in this suit, notwithstanding his current, and tasteless, fascination with green hair.

He returned it carefully to its allotted place in the wardrobe and closed the doors quietly. Potter was a complete enigma to Draco. If he had all this good stuff, why bother with jeans and trainers?

“Shower’s free!” Harry shouted, drawing Draco back from his thoughts, and he walked off towards the slightly open door of the bathroom, listening to the rumbling in his stomach, hoping Harry really was a good cook.

~oOo~

Draco had a long shower, standing under the jets of steamy water for what could have been half an hour. He felt wonderful and refreshed when he got out. Harry had left him a fluffy bathrobe on the sink, and a fresh razor and new toothbrush, still in its packaging. He thought it was a sweet gesture, but it also made him wonder quite how many overnight guests Harry had. He found he didn’t like that thought overly much. Which was stupid, considering he had no designs on the man whatsoever. Really. Well, perhaps some small ones if he told himself the truth.

He wandered barefoot back to the main living area and spotted movement through one of the archways. Potter was meandering between several work surfaces, merrily preparing food and drinks for the table. Draco mused that he looked born to do it. Harry just seemed to look right at home.

“Tea, coffee, or orange juice?” Harry asked, not turning towards him at all.

Draco chuckled. “All of them, eventually,” he said, causing Harry to turn and look

questioningly at him over his shoulder. Draco pulled a chair out and sat down at the kitchen table. He said, "Tea first, because it's morning. Orange juice with the food, coffee for reading the paper." He shrugged as he spoke. It made perfect sense to him.

Harry turned fully around and leaned back against the work surface. He was bare-chested, wearing only a pair of blue, low slung cotton pyjama bottoms. Draco watched him cross his arms and raise his eyebrows. "I bloody knew you'd be high maintenance," Harry said with a smirk.

*The cheeky bastard!* Draco thought. "In case you'd forgotten, I'm your guest. Therefore, you're supposed to accommodate my every whim."

Harry laughed. "I thought I'd done that bit already," he said.

Draco felt his skin flush and cursed his pale colouring, knowing it would be visible, and would no doubt please Potter immensely. Scrabbling for a snappy comeback, he retorted, "I'd try to avoid thinking if I were you, Potter. No point changing the habit of a lifetime."

Harry shook his head in amused resignation and picked up a steaming teapot, carrying it over to the table. He leaned over Draco and filled his cup before moving away again. Watching Harry's back, Draco added, "I think you're burning the toast." He was secretly pleased with the superior tone in his voice.

Draco sat comfortably for a few minutes, just sipping his tea, watching Harry turn the toast over, stir the egg mixture and place a large jug of orange juice on the table. *He's so domesticated*, Draco thought. As Harry laid a plate of scrambled egg on toast in front of him he asked, "Where did you learn to do all this? It smells delicious."

Harry sat opposite him and said simply, "The Dursleys'," as if it would answer every single question Draco might ask. Draco frowned, showing Harry he didn't know who they were.

"The Muggles I lived with before I went to Hogwarts. I used to do most of the cooking," Harry clarified. "Besides which, it's only eggs, Malfoy."

Draco watched a cheeky smile spread on Harry's face, and found himself smiling back. "I'm rubbish at this sort of thing," he confided as he picked up his cutlery and started to eat.

Harry chewed thoughtfully for a while. "You surprise me. You were always so good at Potions. Cooking's really no different from that."

Draco laughed. "But you were crap at Potions, as I recall. And these eggs really are very good."

They both sniggered and dug in, clearing their plates quickly.

Once the dirty crockery was levitated into the sink, Harry reached for the paper and split the sections up. He took the sports pages with a grin, and Draco reached for the business and politics pages. When Harry got up to fetch the coffee pot, Draco reached for the society pages too, and slipped them between his more serious reading matter. It wouldn't do to have Potter know he was completely addicted to celebrity gossip.

"Can I ask you something?" Harry said as he sat down again. Draco nodded and waited. "What's with the suit? I mean, you were never one for anything Muggle back in school."

Draco laughed a little. He gestured with his hands and said coyly, "I spend a lot of time at the gym keeping my body looking like this. Do you really think I'm going to hide this vessel of perfection under layers of robes? It just happens that the best tailors are Muggles, and I do like to have the very best of everything." He quirked an eyebrow cheekily, hoping Potter would read the self-deprecation in his words.

Harry leaned his head on his hand and studied Draco openly. He nodded minutely, seemingly happy with the answer, before bending his head over the Quidditch pages of the *Prophet*.

They sat reading the papers for well over an hour, mostly in silence. It felt fine. Better than fine, actually. Draco was as relaxed as he would have been in his own home. He put it down to the number and intensity of his recent orgasms, the thought making him search his body for any lingering aches and pains. There was no mistaking what he had subjected himself to in the previous twelve hours, but he couldn't say he felt any kind of real discomfort. If he



tried very hard, Draco could pinpoint the exact spot inside his body where Harry's cock had marked him, had made his own with the sheer length of him. He felt the blood start to pool in his groin again and sighed heavily in defeat. His body wanted what it wanted, never mind what his brain thought of the situation.

A few minutes later, Draco pulled himself up. "I should get going," he stated noncommittally.

Harry looked up and nodded. "Okay." He got up and started to tidy their breakfast things away. Draco stood for a moment, unsure about whether he should offer to help. He decided against it.

~oOo~

Draco had just pulled his shirt on when Harry entered the bedroom. He watched Harry open a wardrobe door and pull out a clean pair of jeans, followed by a plain white T-shirt. Draco moved in front of the mirror to watch himself do his buttons up. The mirror told him, "Nice outfit," in a girlish, cutesy voice, making him laugh out loud in surprise. He ran his gaze appraisingly over his half-clothed body, and noticed Harry watching him from the other side of the bedroom, smiling slightly. Draco didn't look away as Harry walked slowly across the room to stand behind him.

Draco felt Harry's hands press lightly against his hips. "Seeing as you're here, do you fancy doing something for me? Just as a goodwill gesture?" Harry's voice was low and Draco instinctively knew the favour would be sexual. He stopped buttoning his shirt and turned to face Harry, feeling his temperature rise in anticipation. Harry's hands traced over his waist, never breaking contact. Draco's breath was unaccountably short all of a sudden.

Around the hard lump in his throat, Draco managed to say, "What would you like?" He hoped his voice sounded steady and normal, but feared it was quaking as much as he was inside.

Harry looked up at him, his green eyes heavy-lidded, and clearly communicating his building arousal. Draco watched Harry bite his lip nervously before he whispered, “Fuck me.”

Draco was stunned. He’d expected a lot of things but not that. He was a little relieved. After all, his body had taken enough punishment for one day. He looked down at Potter’s expectant face and knew he’d do it. Pulling in a slow breath and exhaling it steadily, he said, “Strip. Lie on the bed.” His words were commanding, not cruel.

He watched Harry back away and shove his pyjama trousers down his legs, stepping out of them as soon as they hit the floor. Draco’s mouth went dry as he watched Harry’s cock finish filling out and point upwards eagerly. Shit, looking at him naked like that, Draco realised just how big it was. And he’d managed to get all that in his anus? He was amazed all over again. He felt his hole tighten in a sharp spasm, reminding him forcefully just how incredible Harry had felt inside him. He was completely hard as he unzipped his fly and folded his trousers carefully, laying them back over the chair.

Harry lay back in a nest of pillows, watching Draco disrobe down the length of his body.

Draco swallowed painfully. “Open your legs,” he murmured. Harry did so, raising his knees as well, so that his feet were flat against the mattress and he was completely on display.

Willing himself to calmness, Draco finished undoing his buttons and dropped the shirt off his shoulders and laid it once again on top of his trousers. As he stood there with a raging erection poking out of his boxer shorts, looking down at Harry, Draco felt a cynical sense of déjà vu. Except this time he felt in control, and not a puppet of his own desires.

He tugged his underwear down and walked towards the bed, letting Harry sense the difference in him. He came to a halt with his shins pressing into the mattress. “Touch yourself,” he instructed Harry.

Harry raised a hand and trailed his fingertips across his chest, exhaling audibly through his parted lips. When he neared his nipple, Harry lifted the hand to his mouth and sucked several fingers in, rolling his tongue around them to make them wet. Draco was transfixed as the glistening digits reappeared and moved slowly back to the hard, brown nipple. Harry’s

spine arched and he let out a quiet, emotion-filled moan as his hand touched the sensitive skin, circling the erect flesh unhurriedly.

Draco felt the trickle of warm, wet lubricant ooze out of his slit and drip down his jerking shaft, but he didn't look down. He couldn't look away from Harry. He had expected Harry to go straight for his groin, but this was far better.

Harry gave his nipple one last lingering pinch before drawing his hand lower, teasing the fine line of black hair that mapped the path from his belly button to the base of his erection.

Draco wanted to close his eyes. He was too turned on to make this last, and he felt ashamed of his poor control. But still, he didn't look away. Watching Harry was infinitely more titillating than any porno film he'd ever seen.

Harry pushed his head back into the pillow and twisted his upper body as his hand cupped his sac, squeezing it gently and reaching further between his legs to stroke the coarse hairs there.

Draco knelt on the mattress and dropped to his hands and knees. He stalked up the bed until he was directly between Harry's parted legs. He was pleased to see the feverish flush tingeing Harry's face and the slightly panicked, lust-filled eyes fixed on him. Draco dropped his gaze back to Harry's hand, and watched as it slowly sought a grip around the firm, wide penis lying flat against his stomach. The hand barely made contact with the engorged flesh. The insides of Harry's fingers merely brushed against his erection as his hand imitated the movements of a leisurely masturbation.

Everything inside Draco's body was pounding or pulsing or clenching in torment, willing him to pounce on Harry and eat him alive. He dropped down and sucked at the solid, tight lump of Harry's testicles, eliciting a loud cry above him, and a frenzied grinding of the hips below him. Draco grazed the skin with his teeth, nipping harder and harder as Harry's pleas spilled out in rising volume.

With a wicked grin, Draco pulled back from Harry and stared heatedly up the length of his body until he met those wide eyes again.

“Fuck me,” Harry whispered.

Draco planted his hands on the backs of Harry’s thighs and lifted, raising his buttocks from the bed. He licked his lips lasciviously before sliding down and running the flat of his tongue roughly up the entire length of Harry’s crack. He felt the unrestrained jerk of the body lying helpless before him and drank in the sounds of Harry’s passionate groans.

Draco sought out the entrance to Harry’s body and lapped at it unremittingly, teasing Harry as he himself had been teased so recently. He curled and tensed his tongue, pretending repeatedly that he was about to push inside, but didn’t do it. Harry was thrashing around in desperation, gripping painful handfuls of Draco’s hair in his efforts to get what his body needed.

After an eternity of torture, Draco pressed inside. The bellow from above him slithered over Draco’s skin, raising goose pimples over every inch of his body.

Harry tasted like nothing Draco had ever experienced before. He wasn’t sharp or bitter. He was rich and clean and sweet under his tongue; he was mouth-wateringly good. Draco forced his face into Harry’s skin, eager to slide in even a few more millimetres.

“Please don’t make me wait,” Harry sighed, trying his best to pull Draco’s face away from him. He resisted the pulling for the space of a few more well-placed licks before giving in to Harry’s pleading tone.

Pulling himself back up onto his knees, Draco looked down at Harry, writhing seductively under his gaze and still caressing his erection. He looked around the bed in rising impatience, not spotting the jar of lubricant anywhere.

“Accio lubricant,” he snapped, putting a hand out to catch the jar speeding towards him.

Harry’s breaths were shallow, exhaling a little whimper with every fall of his chest. Draco stared steadily at him as he plunged two fingers into the heavy paste and swirled them round. He watched Harry’s tongue do a rapid circuit of his lips, trying to moisten them but

drying the saliva out in seconds with the heat of his breath.

“Give me them both,” Harry said with a groan.

Draco laid the jar down. “Don’t be greedy,” he teased, before sliding one finger in without a pause. Harry cried out and spread his legs wider, forcing his body down onto the probing hand. Draco’s heart hammered in his chest, his cock twitching wretchedly in its desire to be squeezed tightly inside Potter’s hole. He pumped his finger slowly, withdrawing it almost fully before sliding it forcefully in again. On the next push, he added the second finger and nearly came as Harry lifted his hips fully off the bed and plunged himself down all the way to his knuckles.

He kept his hand still and let Harry ride his fingers, watching raptly as he tilted his hips to the right angle to graze his sensitive nerve endings on Draco’s bent fingers. When he pushed a third inside Harry, he was rewarded with a sobbed, “Yes.”

That was it. Draco’s restraint broke. He snatched his fingers back and dug a large blob of lube out of the jar, spreading it roughly on his wet erection. He grasped Harry’s ankles and pulled them up to his shoulders, encouraging him to brace his legs there. Once Harry was set, Draco used a hand to guide the head of his cock into Harry’s body. He looked down at Harry. Looked at his fevered, sweaty face, at his hand, busy stroking his length properly now. But most of all, he looked at Harry’s eyes. God, he wanted it. Potter wanted to get fucked. By him.

And he wanted nothing more than to oblige.

He sank so slowly into Potter’s tense, hot anus, marvelling at the strength of the muscles swallowing him up.

“More,” Harry begged. “Please.”

Draco pumped his hips slowly, sinking deeper inside and working at loosening the passage enough for him to glide in comfortably. God, there truly was nothing in the world like the feeling of ploughing into a hot, tight hole. He bit his lip as he sank even further in, almost all

the way inside.

“Mmm,” came the heavy, grateful moan. It was a second before Draco realised he’d been the one to make it. He slid into Harry carefully, withdrawing almost all the way before plunging firmly back in again. Before he knew it, his groin slapped up against Harry’s buttocks, shocking a frantic groan from below. Draco felt Harry struggle to impale himself further, knowing instinctively what he wanted.

“Potter,” he whispered, nuzzling the top of Harry’s foot with his cheek. He watched Harry’s eyes widen and fix on him eagerly. “You want me to fuck you, don’t you?” Harry didn’t seem able to move. “You want me to pound into you without mercy, don’t you?”

“Yes,” Harry managed, clearly struggling to speak.

“Good.” Draco punctuated his reply with a firm pump of his hips. He felt his cock push through the resistant, sticky flesh, and heard his own skin slap against Harry’s.

Once he’d started, he didn’t seem able to stop. He was slow at first, thrusting the length of his shaft in quickly, but taking a long time to pull it out again. He watched Harry struggle to control his body, trying to leave touching himself for the moment, but failing. Harry’s hand worked rhythmically, his measured masturbation stoking the fires inside Draco.

“Harder,” he breathed.

Draco found himself speeding up until the smack-smack-smack of their flesh meeting matched the pace of Harry’s hand. But still it wasn’t enough, not for either of them.

Harry didn’t need to ask for more; Draco wanted to give it. His cries and shouts matched Harry’s as he channelled everything he had into pummelling into Harry’s loosening hole. He was rough. No - more than rough – he was almost vicious, and still Harry begged for more. They were well into proper, dirty sex territory. There was nothing graceful or pretty or loving about it. All that mattered in the world was Draco’s cock and Harry’s hole. Nothing else existed.

They lurched and thrust and strained together until their sweaty, sticky bodies were on the verge of collapse. Draco looked down into Harry's face, seeing the tension building, almost ready to explode. He snaked his arms around Harry's hips, lifting him higher off the bed and slamming his final shots into him.

Then, Harry let out one bellow that was louder than the others and a thick, white arc of semen sped out of his slit and fell across his chest. The sight of Harry's spine arched painfully up off the mattress did Draco in. He dug his fingernails into Harry's hips and literally yanked his body down to hit his groin with bruising force.

Draco's orgasm roared through his body, drawing every last drop of strength with it, snapping his head back with its violence. The sound of blood thundering through his ears drowned out even Harry's insistent cries. He felt the hot wetness in Harry's hole, his lessening thrusts working the come along the length of his shaft until he was gliding slowly in a beautiful, gently pulsing passage, milking the very last sensations from his shattering completion.

Draco withdrew himself a few seconds later, helping Harry's legs find a comfortable position after being cramped for so long. Then he collapsed into a heap next to Harry's sweat-drenched body and willed the blood to start circulating into his own legs.

"Told you," Harry gasped, his chest heaving, his eyes screwed shut with fatigue.

Draco lay panting next to him. He was too exhausted to reply, so he turned his head to take in Harry's profile, and waited. Gulping in air, Harry looked across at Draco and told him, "Porn star."

Draco started to laugh, followed quickly by Harry. They laughed pathetically, far too breathless to make a proper job of it.

"What?" Draco eventually asked.

Harry laughed some more before replying, "I think you've probably got the sexiest 'come face' I've ever seen." Draco watched him carry on sniggering to himself.

“Potter!” he replied, voice dripping with feigned disgust, but secretly deeply flattered by the rather unusual compliment.

It took a while for them both to recover and get their heartbeats back to something approaching normal. As Draco stretched his legs and arms out, he asked Harry, “So what was that all about then?”

“What d’you mean?” Harry replied, frowning slightly as he rolled onto his side to look at Draco properly.

“Well, I got the distinct impression yesterday that you preferred to give rather than take, if you see what I mean.”

“Ah,” Harry said. “Truthfully, I like both. Which is a good thing, because if I didn’t like to get poked, I’d have a very quiet sex life.” He shrugged slightly before continuing, “But what I fantasise about is pinning some hot bloke down and fucking him to within an inch of his life.”

*Please let him be talking about me,* Draco thought as he held Harry’s gaze.

“You know, not having to be careful or anything. Just taking him as hard as I can, as fast as I can. Being free to know how it feels to be brutal. That’s what gets me hard.”

Draco bit his tongue painfully. If he hadn’t, he would have opened his mouth and told Harry to do it to him. And that was taking too much of a risk at this stage. So he stayed quiet, smiling softly at Harry and nodding his understanding.

“Besides which,” Harry said with a smirk, “I’ve never had anyone as big as you.”

Draco let out the loudest shocked laugh imaginable.

“Seeing as we’re sharing secrets, do you mind telling me exactly what this theory of yours is?” Harry asked him, returning the smile ten-fold.



Draco sighed and squirmed, feeling a bit embarrassed. But he thought Harry had earned the right to know. “I’ve always had this thing. Just a notion really, that if a man is really well hung, that he’ll always come in a ridiculously short amount of time.”

Harry snorted. “Why?”

“I don’t really know. Maybe because there’s more flesh to be stimulated or something. It’s just that whatever I’ve seen, or whoever I’ve talked to, I’ve never heard anything to the contrary.” Harry continued to look at him with undisguised curiosity. “But you certainly ruined my belief with your impressive performance last night.”

“Flatterer,” Harry leered. Then he stopped, and looked much more serious. “Oh. So if we hadn’t had sex again just now, then I’d have proved you wrong?” Draco watched Harry run a hand briskly through his fringe. “I’ve trashed the reputations of every man with a big one in less than five minutes flat!”

Draco reached over and punched Harry playfully on the arm. “Don’t be stupid. The parameters of the experiment only applied to the owner of the huge cock penetrating someone, not to being penetrated. Your reputation is safe, you’ll be pleased to know.”

Harry lay back down again. “Thank fuck for that.”

~oOo~

Harry lay on the bed, naked and looking, well, shagged, watching Draco dress. Draco felt good inside, like there was a bubbling laugh just waiting to burst out of him but he held it back, his practiced air of unflappable ‘cool’ surrounding him easily. They didn’t speak at all but it wasn’t uncomfortable. Every so often, Draco caught a glimpse of Harry’s glorious body in his peripheral vision, but he would not look. To do so would be another unwanted admission to himself that he was really very attracted to him.

Standing before the mirror, Draco fussed with his short hair, feathering it out with his fingers and chuckling internally that now his hair really did resemble ‘bed head’. It wasn’t some fake style artfully created by an expensive barber. Over his shoulder, Draco watched Harry writhe and stretch in an expansive yawn. Just watching that chest arch up and those hips twist tormented his libido, and he couldn’t help but recall how the man had looked beneath him, flushed and shiny with perspiration.

As he picked his jacket up off the chair, Draco said, “I’ll be off then. You’ve been a good sport about this, Potter. I appreciate it.”

Harry sat up and grinned at him, crossing his legs and leaning his elbows on his knees, chin in hand as his green eyes twinkled with mischief. Draco was so proud of himself that his eyes remained on the happy face and didn’t drop to take in the enticing sight of the warm, heavy cock and balls nestled in the faint shadow between Harry’s spread legs. *Hm*. Perhaps a little.

They looked at each other in silence for a moment and then both cracked a laugh at the same time. Draco watched Harry drag himself off the bed saying, “You’re welcome. I’ll see you out.”

Draco couldn’t tear his eyes off Harry’s pale, high buttocks as they jiggled deliciously in front of him while he was led to the main fireplace. *I was buried in there less than an hour ago*, he thought with a ripple of pleasure.

His reverie was interrupted with, “If you’re ever in the area and looking to test out any more theories, you know where to find me.”

Draco watched Harry’s profile as the man half-looked back at him over his shoulder. Was Potter flirting with him?

They stopped in front of a huge fireplace and Harry opened up a large stone temple jar containing Floo powder. Draco dipped his fingers in and took a pinch before turning away and stepping over the grate. He heard the dull clink of the jar being replaced on its table. Turning once again to face the room, Draco took an unashamedly long look at Harry, scrutinising him carefully from head to toe with a spreading smirk on his face. On a rather

Slytherin whim, Draco asked, “How about Thursday?”

A tiny line drew down between Harry’s eyebrows and he replied, “Pardon?”

“Thursday, Potter. Would you like to...do something?” Draco delivered the question as casually as he could, despite the steadily increasing thud of the pulse in his throat.

Harry narrowed his eyes in suspicion, but Draco noticed he was still smiling. “That would be fine.”

“Good,” Draco replied briskly. “I’ll call in for you at seven o’ clock.” They shared a minute nod before he added, “Oh, and Potter? Wear a suit.”

Harry rocked back on his heels and laughed aloud. Draco noticed the way his eyes and nose scrunched up as he did so. It was really rather...alluring.

“Any preference which one?”

Shit! Draco wondered how the bastard knew he’d examined the contents of his wardrobe.

Pretending not to notice the comment, Draco stared off into space briefly, head tilted on one side as if in deep thought. When he returned his gaze to the naked man, he said simply, “The black Boateng one, I think. With the purple lining.”

Harry nodded thoughtfully. “Good choice.”

Taking a deep breath, Draco said, “Until Thursday, then.” He bowed slightly before stating clearly, “Malfoy Manor.” He threw the Floo powder and caught a last glimpse of Harry through a flash of green flames.

~oOo~

Back at home, Draco made his way straight for the kitchen to fetch a cup of Pippin's perpetually brewing coffee. He was surprised to see Blaise perched at the breakfast bar with a *Playwizard* magazine spread open in front of him. Blaise looked up and raised his eyebrows as he took in Draco's somewhat dishevelled state and stupid grin.

"Aha! That's the look of someone who spent the night proving his theory beyond a shadow of a doubt."

Draco chuckled and walked past his friend to pour a strong black coffee. Moving to sit opposite Blaise, Draco yawned theatrically and slouched down onto the table top. "Actually, no. My theory's been quite spectacularly shot to pieces." He tried to say it with a straight face but couldn't quite manage it. He looked down into his cup, circling the bone china with both palms and trying to compose his treacherously telling expression.

"Fucking hell! You've got the hots for Potter!" Blaise's assertion was loud and full of shocked amusement.

"No I have not," Draco replied defensively, still unable to meet his friend's eyes.

"Draco?" Blaise drew his name out, his voice mock stern.

Draco sighed and placed his hands flat on the table before finally looking up. After a moment he said, "Okay, okay. So maybe I've got a teeny, tiny crush on him." He raised a hand and held his thumb and forefinger a fraction of an inch apart to emphasise his point.

Blaise barked out a loud, long laugh. He laughed so hard he had to wipe the stray tears out of his eyes with his sleeve. Draco watched his friend's hilarity with a vague feeling of embarrassment and vulnerability.

"So, are you seeing him and his enormous cock again?" Blaise finally managed through his breathy gasps.

"Thursday." He took a sip of his coffee and waited for the Sickle to drop. It took a good half a minute.

“Thursday? But I thought Thursday was when you’re at that huge Ministry formal dinner with all the visiting European dignitaries!”

Draco shot his friend an enormous, self-satisfied grin in answer.

“Oh fuck! Does he know? There can’t be a witch or wizard anywhere that doesn’t know Potter hates those things with a vengeance!”

It made Draco laugh that Blaise really did know him so very well. He replied, only slightly defensively, “Well, I did tell him to wear a suit.”

Blaise smacked a hand to his forehead and groaned. “He’s going to go apeshit when he realises what you’ve done.”

Draco sat back slowly, clasping his hands behind the back of his head. He smirked, momentarily completely satisfied with his lot in life and replied smugly, “I know.”

## Chapter Four

*A*t two seconds past seven o' clock on Thursday evening, Draco stepped out of the fireplace and ran his eyes appreciatively over Harry. Very appreciatively, in fact. They smiled knowingly at each other as Draco closed the few feet between them. Harry was wearing the black Ozwald Boateng suit as requested, and Draco was impressed to note that the chosen accompaniments were no less cutting-edge. The triangle of shirt visible above Harry's buttoned jacket was the loudest statement by far. It was a vibrant shock of greens, purples and blues, vertically patterned in thin stripes of colour. His plain tie picked out one of the darker greens in the shirt.

Draco noticed for the first time that Harry's glasses were missing. When he thought about it, he recalled they hadn't been in use last weekend, either. He wasn't complaining. He now had an unobstructed view of those flirtatious, happy eyes.

Standing directly before Harry, he raised his hands and straightened the tie fractionally. "Great shirt, Potter," he said genuinely.

Harry's face broke into a huge grin. His nose crinkled attractively as he smiled. "Paul Smith," he said.

"Of course," Draco replied. "I brought you something," he added, reaching into his pocket and enlarging a box that fit in the palm of his hand. He opened it and drew out a perfect, creamy white calla lily. Discarding the box, he fed the stem through the buttonhole in Harry's lapel and charmed it into place.

Harry raised an eyebrow, his gaze flicking between his buttonhole and Draco's own. They

were a matching pair. “What a touching gesture,” Harry said sarcastically. “A funeral flower.”

Draco tutted disgustedly. “It’s also a symbol of peace, Potter. I thought it was appropriate.”

Harry chuckled warmly. “I’m only teasing. No need to get defensive.” He raised a hand and brushed his fingertips against Draco’s waist before dropping it again. Draco tingled all over, wondering if it was a better option to just stay in and ravish Potter instead. “Are you ready to tell me where we’re going yet?”

Draco stepped back and walked around Harry’s stationary figure, closely scrutinising the exquisite cut and drape of the suit. “No. It’s a surprise.”

The black fabric fell perfectly over Harry’s body, managing to further enhance all his best attributes. His shoulders looked broad, but not overly so, and they perfectly balanced out the slight swell of his rear end under his jacket. “Mmm. Fucking amazing,” Draco murmured, more to himself than to Harry.

“Why, thank you, Mr. Malfoy. Or should that be ‘Lord’ Malfoy?” Harry replied cheekily.

Draco stood in front of Harry again and looked down into his open, honest face. “I don’t use the title, Potter. Not while my mother’s still alive. It makes me feel like her husband,” he said, wrinkling his face up in distaste at the thought. “And I actually meant the suit, not you,” he purred haughtily.

Harry stretched up on tiptoes and leaned in to Draco’s ear. “I know,” he whispered, and placed a soft kiss on Draco’s cheek.

Blimey, it really was far too early in the evening to let Potter get to him, but Draco felt his cheek warm under the careful brush of Harry’s lips, and his eyes slid closed as he inhaled the enticing scent of subtle cologne and clean skin. The temptation to reach out and wrap his arms around Harry and hold him close was strong.

Pulling himself together sharply, he muttered, “Do control yourself, Potter. I’ll brook none

of your uncouth outbursts this evening. I expect you to be on your very best behaviour.” He pinned Harry with a calculated glare before turning back towards the fireplace. “Come along, now. We can’t Apparate to our destination, so you’ll have to follow me.”

He marched to the table and lifted the lid on the stone jar, offering Harry a pinch of Floo powder before taking his own. Stepping carefully over the grate, he told Harry, “We’re going to Charlecote Park. I’ll see you there.” With that, he threw his Floo powder into the grate and disappeared in a flash of green flames.

~oOo~

Stepping quickly aside, Draco waited smugly for Harry’s arrival. The ornate hallway was busy with the polite milling of arriving guests, all attired in a stunning array of evening finery. He nodded briefly to several acquaintances before returning his attention back to the fireplace. He could not wait to see Potter’s face when he realised what he was walking in to. Oh yes, this evening should go quite some way to putting Potter on his back foot, he thought wickedly to himself. *Should make him putty in my hands.*

The dulled roar of Harry’s arrival drew Draco’s attention back to the fireplace, and he smiled his most gracious smile, reaching a hand forward to assist him over the grate. Potter nodded his gratitude as he took the proffered hand and curled his fingers slowly around Draco’s own. Harry’s skin was soft and warm, and Draco found himself rubbing his thumb absently over the back of Harry’s fingers. Once in the hallway, they continued to hold hands and just look at each other. They might have stood that way for minutes; Draco wasn’t sure. He only remembered to drop Harry’s hand when another guest jostled him. Draco cleared his throat to buy himself a few seconds, and orientate himself.

“This looks very formal,” Harry said cynically.

“Yes, it is, rather,” Draco replied breezily, leading him through to the ballroom, taking an insane amount of pleasure in the simple act of placing his hand in the small of Harry’s back.



“Just a Ministry thing, you know,” he added casually, basking in his inner glee.

“International Confederation of Wizard Banks, by the looks of it,” Harry corrected, causing Draco to frown and turn to look at him. “Well,” Harry added, with a grin on his face, “You do work for them, right?”

Draco was stunned to momentary silence. He wanted to demand how Potter might know that, but knew such a question would please him no end. And he would not give Harry the satisfaction.

Harry continued brightly, completely ignoring Draco’s thunderstruck countenance. “If you were a Muggle, you’d be a ‘merchant banker’.” Then, sniggering, he added, “And we all know what that’s Cockney rhyming slang for, don’t we?”

Draco ground to a stiff standstill, glaring at Potter’s amused face.

Harry reached for two glasses of champagne and handed one to Draco, who narrowed his eyes suspiciously as he accepted it. “Wanker,” Harry laughed.

“What?” Draco snapped.

Harry chuckled. “Merchant banker, wanker, you know?”

“Not really, no,” Draco replied disdainfully.

“Oh, come on, Malfoy. Loosen up a bit,” Harry teased, looking up at him through those long, black lashes. Draco watched him raise the glass to his lips and take a sip of champagne. When he lowered the glass, Potter’s lips were shiny with wetness, and Draco felt the first real rush of desire in the pit of his stomach. He wanted to lean in and lick that wetness away, or make those pretty lips wet with something else altogether. His chest felt tight as a flash of images ran through his mind; naked bodies tangled together, writhing in ecstasy, Harry’s hands pinning him down while he took what he wanted.

“Malfoy?” Harry’s hand rested on his hip, like it belonged there. “Are you okay?”

“Fine,” he mumbled. “I’m fine.” It was only half a lie. He was nearly fine. Just needed to get a bit of a grip, that was all. And stop picturing the look on Harry’s face in those first seconds when he’d buried all of himself right up inside his eager body.

But just then, things got worse. By at least a hundred-fold. Draco watched Blaise enter the ballroom, scanning the clusters of guests until his eyes lit on himself and Harry. He watched this person he used to think of as a ‘friend’ grin like a pixie and weave his way towards them.

“Harry!” a loud, female voice rang out, snapping his attention back to the luscious Potter, standing tantalisingly, touchably close to him.

*Merciful Merlin! I. Do. Not. Believe. This!* Perdita Richards, the Minister for Magic was descending on Harry like a hormonal teenager. He watched in mild repulsion as the aged woman dragged Harry into her ample bosom and fussed over him like a long-lost relative. Even more disturbing was the familiarity with which Harry returned the embrace. Draco was shocked, to say the least. The Minister had a reputation for standoffishness far exceeding even old McGonagall’s, and she usually comported herself with all the flexibility and approachability of a granite boulder.

“I could not believe my eyes when I received your owl!” the Minister gushed. “It’s been so long since you came to any official functions. You must tell me, what made you change your mind?”

*What?!* Draco was completely confused. How the hell could Potter accept an invitation to the event when he’d had a date already? A wash of cold rushed over Draco’s entire body. Potter hadn’t been remotely surprised, or put out when they’d arrived this evening. It was almost like he ... like he’d known in advance. *FUCK IT!!!!* Outmanoeuvred by a dim Gryffindor! Albeit a hot, dim Gryffindor. Draco could not believe how bloody slippery Potter was turning out to be.

“Draco invited me,” he heard Harry say, almost shyly. “Do you know Draco Malfoy, Peri?”

Peri? *PERI?!* Unbelievable! Potter was on pet name terms with the frigging Minister for

Magic.

Draco stood there, or rather, was frozen into place without the necessity for a *Petrificus Totalus* curse, watching Blaise sidle up to him on one side, and the bloated First Lady stretch out her puffy hand to him on the other.

Snapping himself into action, Draco raised the Minister's hand to his lips and pressed a brief kiss against her wrinkly skin. "Of course I know Mr Malfoy, Harry! It's a pleasure to see you, Draco," the old lady beamed at him, disarming Draco so much that he found himself smiling back.

"You look wonderful this evening, Minister," he told her, offering a formal bow in her direction.

She sighed dreamily and continued to talk to Harry. "He's such a gentleman. And an asset to the Ministry. Destined for great things, your young man, Harry."

Draco looked helplessly at Harry and received a playful grin in response.

"Thank you so much for dragging Harry out of exile, Draco," the Minister continued. "I must say you do make a rather dashing couple."

Draco nodded his thanks, listening to Blaise snorting quietly off to his other side and wondering exactly when control of this evening had slipped through his fingers.

"If you don't mind, I must borrow Harry for a moment or two, Draco," the Minister said, and he smiled at her, giving his permission. Harry turned away to follow her, leaving Draco with a smouldering, lingering look, laden with the promise of filthy things between the sheets. Draco's cock gave its first interested twitch of the evening and he thought to himself, *Down, boy.*

Taking a large sip of champagne, he steeled himself for the inevitable piss-taking. "What are you doing here?" he asked Blaise sharply.

Blaise smirked broadly, twirling his champagne flute between his poised fingers before replying, “Are you joking? I wouldn’t miss this for the world.”

Draco pinched the bridge of his nose in frustration, catching a glimpse over Blaise’s shoulder of Potter mingling like a professional. He felt somewhat less than charitable towards his ‘friend’ at that exact moment. “Which sad, desperate widow did you have to boff to secure an invitation?” he snarled at Blaise.

“Ah. That would be your mother.”

Draco felt the instantaneous boil of his impending temper explosion deep in the pit of his stomach. He narrowed his eyes and stretched his thinned lips over his bared teeth, pinning Blaise with a malevolent glare.

Blaise merely smiled graciously back at him and continued calmly, “And I didn’t boff her, just in case you were wondering.”

Draco noted his friend’s gaze slide off to one side, and a lazy smile grow on his face. He turned to discover the source of Blaise’s pleasure, and saw the elegantly slim rear view of his mother, barely wearing a backless, sparkling sheath dress. “Although now you come to mention it,” Blaise murmured.

“Don’t you dare,” Draco hissed in horror.

“You’ve got to admit, she is... hot,” Blaise continued, completely ignoring Draco’s fury.

At that moment, his mother turned away from her companions and waved vivaciously, steering a refined path through the other guests towards them. Draco took a deep breath and tried to calm his raging emotions, offering a tight smile as she approached, recalling for some reason Harry’s first meeting with his father Lucius.

Of course, Harry chose that precise moment to return to Draco’s side, and he couldn’t help but think Potter had planned his arrival to cause him the maximum embarrassment.

“Darling,” Narcissa Malfoy sighed, placing her hands on Draco’s shoulders and leaning in, kissing the air on either side of his face.

As she backed away, he held both her hands briefly before dropping them, as required by social protocols. “Mother, you look beautiful,” he dutifully told her, eliciting a girlish laugh that suited her well.

“Oh, don’t be so formal, darling. Aren’t you going to introduce me?” She quirked an eyebrow in Harry’s direction and shot him a manipulative, pleading look.

“Mother, may I introduce Harry Potter. Harry? My mother, Lady Malfoy.” He waved his hands at each of them, cringing inside at this unfortunately uncomfortable meeting. Well, it was uncomfortable for him, at any rate. Having his mother present for the duration of his first ‘date’ really did not bode well.

As Harry raised his mother’s hand to his mouth and kissed it, she laughed coquettishly and said, “Narcissa, Harry. Please call me Narcissa.”

“You really do look beautiful, Narcissa,” Harry told her earnestly. Draco looked off to the side, repulsed at the blatant honesty in Potter’s voice. He caught Blaise’s eye and was displeased to see a full-blown grin gracing his features.

“Oh never mind me,” she told Harry, leaning in confidentially. “Doesn’t my son look handsome?”

*Merlin*, Draco groaned internally. *I beseech you not to let this evening get any worse.*

“Yes, Narcissa,” Harry said, his own grin evident in the tone of his voice. “He certainly does.”

At that moment, a tray of drinks levitated slowly past, and both Draco and Blaise reached for fresh glasses at the same time, snagging drinks for their companions as well.

“Blaise has been relating some entertaining tales of your recent meeting with my son,” Narcissa continued conversationally. Draco shot Blaise a glare of pure hatred, seething

inside at this hideous turn of events. His friend merely shrugged and smiled happily, without a care in the world.

“Has he now,” Harry replied. “Not too entertaining, I hope?” Did Draco detect the slightest nervous quiver in Potter’s reply?

He watched his mother raise a hand and place it on Harry’s forearm. She moved in a little closer to Harry and mock whispered, “Don’t worry, dear. I didn’t believe half of it.” He watched Harry smile at his mother, such a trusting, open face. Raising his glass to sip his champagne, he watched her bespell Harry with practiced ease.

“But perhaps you can enlighten us about something?” Narcissa unleashed the full dazzle of her public smile on Harry and received an assenting nod.

Draco snorted quietly into his glass as he took a second sip of champagne.

Her eyes widened into an expression of innocence. *Gah! Danger!* Draco thought, too late.

“Just how big is it, Harry?”

The acid burn of bubbling champagne rocketed down both of Draco’s nostrils and he doubled over, doing a very good impression of someone choking his lungs up. The great, hacking coughs that issued from his mouth stunned many of the closer guests into silence. After long, painful seconds, in which his blood pressure shot up so rapidly Draco thought his head would explode, he felt a gentle hand press against his spine. Harry whispered, “*Anapneo*,” and freed his clogged passages, relieving both the unpleasant prickling in his nose and the rawness of his throat.

Draco gulped in air rapidly, as much to calm his shredded nerves as anything else. He stood up straight, allowing Harry’s arm to circle him for brief moments before managing to say, “I’m fine,” in a strangled voice and moving away slightly.

“There, there, dear,” his mother said. “I see your Harry is rather multi-talented!”

*Yes, you old hag. Just like me. I could happily smile and kill you at the same time,* Draco thought. He risked a sideward glance at Potter, and found him looking slightly bemused and a little pink in the face himself.

“Well, now. Since you’ve managed to publicly humiliate both of us,” Draco began, in a low, measured tone. “I really think it’s time we sought some more palatable company. Shall we?” He turned towards Harry and cupped his elbow, ready to lead him away.

“Oh, do stop pouting, Draco dear,” Lady Malfoy simpered. “I was only teasing. You simply must stay and amuse me with tales of your wild partying.”

Draco rolled his eyes expressively, choosing not to play any further into her hands. He gripped Harry’s arm and steered him sharply past both Blaise and his mother, knocking her slightly with his shoulder as he passed. “Fag hag,” he whispered into her ear.

“Shirt lifter,” she shot back, equally covertly, winking suggestively at him before transferring her gaze to Harry’s arse and smirking. Smirking! His own mother!

“I need another drink,” he sighed, pushing Harry towards a nearby tray of glasses. He took a long, calming swallow and shut his eyes for a moment, resisting the temptation to rub his forehead in frustration.

He cracked them open when Harry murmured, “I like it when you pout.” Draco opened his eyes fully and glared at Harry, who smiled beatifically at him. He watched Potter’s eyes drop to his mouth and flick back up again.

Potter sidled closer. He looked up at Draco and continued, “It makes your mouth look all kissable.” The word slid across his skin like fine silk, causing an unpleasant burst of perspiration to prickle across his scalp. He swallowed hard, imagining the damage Harry’s lips could wreak on his self control.

Draco closed his eyes again. *Bloody hell. This is going to be a long night.*

~oOo~

Draco pinned his hopes on gaining some respite from his torture during the sit-down dinner. In some ways, he got his wish, but not in others.

He and Harry sat with ten other assorted guests, some of whom were bankers well known to Draco, others who were either known to Harry, or merely strangers. Any notion of burying himself quietly in his plate was swept aside very early on.

Harry just had this natural ability to engage with people. Draco sat back for a while and watched a master at work. Yet Harry was so unassuming about it all. He gave off a maddening sense of innocence, mixed in with a loveable cheekiness that melted Draco's usual cool exterior, warming him right through and drawing him into the kind of light-hearted banter that was way outside his usual social repertoire.

The unashamed lust he felt deep inside was joined by a warm admiration for Harry as a person. Draco discovered Harry was witty, self-deprecating, and surprisingly knowledgeable about a huge variety of subjects, not least of which was the rather dull world of international banking. Harry was clearly no slouch in the current affairs department, charming the representative of the national bank of Lithuania with his up-to-the-minute knowledge of exchange rates and local debt issues.

It was sitting round that table that Draco's lust for Harry drifted into love. They joked and teased each other mercilessly, and every time Harry smiled just for Draco, he thought he might burst with happiness. God, he was gorgeous, so self-assured, and quietly confident.

Surprisingly, they found time to chat by themselves as they ate. Draco was fascinated by Harry's obvious enthusiasm for his middle-ranking job in wizarding local government. It turned out that Harry's time was fairly evenly split between magical and Muggle affairs, undertaking a lot of liaison work, and helping smooth over any unfortunate occurrences of spontaneous magic. Draco questioned Harry closely about his ambition, or rather his lack of it. Harry had laughed in reply, saying he wanted to enjoy a quiet life and not have the weight of the world on his shoulders. He'd had enough of that when he was younger. From anyone



else, Draco would have thought the admission preposterous, but not from Harry. It was just too true to his character. He wasn't a plodder, but he wasn't a glory seeker either. Draco wondered if this was how Harry had always been, or if he had become this way after the war.

It was also over that meal that Draco discovered Harry's love of chocolate. Passing on dessert himself, Draco got to spend several utterly pleasurable, uninterrupted minutes watching Harry eating his chocolate torte. *Good lord!* Draco had never felt so jealous of a spoon before. He was mesmerised by the way Harry scooped the tiniest portion of creamy chocolate onto the spoon and raised it towards his mouth with ill-hidden anticipation. And Harry tried his best to be quiet, but Draco was sitting close enough to hear the tiny moans of gratification as he rolled the taste around his tongue and swallowed it down. *Oh, but I'd like to swallow you down,* Draco sighed to himself.

Draco didn't realise he was panting slightly until Harry looked up and purposefully slid the spoon out from between his pursed lips, letting his eyelids flutter closed as he did so. There was no mistaking the message. If Draco had unbuttoned his fly at that precise moment, Harry would have been on his knees under the table sucking him off in a flash, his dessert forgotten. Of course, that look and the implication behind it made Draco hard in seconds. He shifted uncomfortably in his seat, adjusting himself as inconspicuously as possible, not failing to notice Harry's sly smile in his peripheral vision.

Every time that spoon passed between Harry's lips, Draco's erection jerked appreciatively, imagining those lips pursed around the dip of his foreskin, sucking hard enough to apply a delicious constriction to his swollen end. He was slightly shocked with himself when he realised he was pumping his hips ever so slightly, just enough to maintain his sky-high arousal.

Near the end of his sweet, Harry swirled the spoon in the torte and leaned in to Draco, offering him a mouthful with a teasing look on his face. Draco edged forward to meet Harry, parting his lips as slowly as he could, hoping he could maintain at least the illusion of decorum as Harry fed him. As he closed his mouth and tasted the delicious burst of rich flavour across his tongue, Harry reached out under the table and ran his hand up Draco's thigh.

It was the closest Draco had ever got to coming without being stimulated sexually. His chest heaved noticeably, and Harry curved his fingertips in so that Draco could feel the soft scrape of his nails through the fabric of his trousers. His hand came to a stop in the crease of Draco's groin, the fingers burrowing into the fiery heat of his aroused flesh. Draco found himself parting his legs involuntarily, silently pleading for Harry's hand to explore every part of him. He was shocked at his own behaviour; so blatant in plain view of his peers. He swallowed painfully, hearing Harry's languid "Mmmm..." tail off as he extracted the spoon as seductively as he had fed it in.

Giving Draco one last gentle squeeze under the table, Harry backed away again, a look of tortured denial on his face.

It was a good ten minutes before Draco registered a single word that was spoken in his direction.

~oOo~

With the meal over, Harry and Draco continued to mingle with foreign dignitaries and Ministry officials alike, staying together always, Harry often deferring to Draco whenever the topic moved to something he was particularly interested in. Draco found himself musing how easy it was to play at couples with him. He couldn't fathom that Potter actually didn't like these events, and felt sure he must have been misinformed somehow. Harry acted as if he was right at home, wading into the thick of even the most sensitive of issues with confidence and tact. He actually allowed himself to be dragged onto the dance floor by Narcissa at one point. Draco was surprised to note that Harry danced a more than passable tango, and he seemed to charm Lady Malfoy with no trouble at all, although Draco harboured some anxieties about their topics of conversation. Certainly, she was giggling like a fresh-faced debutante when Harry returned her to Blaise's arm.

Draco's mother was as irrepressible as always. She wandered off as the fancy took her, always patting Blaise affectionately on the arm and telling him not to worry; she'd be back

sooner or later.

In one brief respite from the social whirl, Draco, Blaise and Harry caught their breath for a few quiet moments.

“I must say, Harry,” Blaise began cheerfully. “I think it’s inspired of you to co-ordinate your outfit to your hair. Green really rather suits you, you know. Should have been in Slytherin, perhaps?” Draco watched Blaise and Harry laugh conspiratorially, growing comfortable together at an alarming speed. He wondered jealously how Blaise managed to be so much at ease with people when he himself stumbled over the social niceties, particularly anything that involved befriending people.

He stood back for a while, just observing their interaction, noting the effortless banter and the genuine connection they seemed to make. Draco couldn’t help but give Harry another longing once-over. He looked just edible in that outfit. He couldn’t wait to tear it off him. Maybe not even go that far. He didn’t mind the thought of being naked beneath Harry while he was still wearing the suit, just as long as the fly was sufficiently undone to let his glorious penis out to play. No, he didn’t mind that thought at all. Or the thought of his body stretching, just on the very edge of pleasure/pain as Harry slid his wide shaft into his hot, eager hole. His own cock and balls throbbed comfortably inside his trousers, enjoying the prolonged tease of having Potter so close, yet so unattainable for the moment.

Harry chose that moment to brush up against him, and he rejoined the conversation, finding it as easy to talk as he had over dinner. It didn’t take long for the subject to turn to their date this evening.

“So then, Harry,” Blaise prodded mischievously. “How did you like Draco’s little surprise?” Harry considered them both for long moments, but didn’t say anything. The silence became quite strained.

“This evening wasn’t a surprise to you, Potter. You knew all along,” Draco said, his voice full of resignation.

Harry raised his eyebrows and nodded, turning up the brightness on his already radiant

smile. There was a silence for many long seconds during which Harry grinned, Blaise pretended to be somewhere else and Draco sulked.

Finally, Harry said, "I'm not big on surprises, Malfoy." He crept closer until their elbows were touching, turning in so that Draco had to bend his neck slightly to look down at Harry. There was a distinctly predatory look on Harry's face. It was in the almost imperceptible narrowing of his eyes, and the way he held his mouth just so.

When Harry spoke quietly, Draco leaned in closer, straining to hear. "Although there are some surprises I think I'd like very much." Harry raised a hand and rested it on Draco's arm. There was barely any pressure, but the subtle movement of fabric on his skin made the hairs on Draco's arm stand on end. He held his breath, eagerly anticipating what Harry might say next.

When no immediate response was forthcoming, he enquired coolly, "Such as?" He could feel Harry's breath on his neck. He wished it was his mouth, trailing kisses over his skin, murmuring heated, dirty nothings into his ear.

"Mmm," sighed Harry. "Such as coming home from work to find a gorgeous, naked man handcuffed face down on my bed, writhing and stretched for me, just begging me to fuck him. That'd be the perfect surprise, don't you think?"

*Mm. For both of us,* Draco groaned internally.

All the blood in Draco's body redistributed itself in a split second. He felt a flood of heat hit his groin, making his cock twitch as it stirred back to life and filled out, and the rest of it rushed up his neck and turned his cheeks a vibrant, hot pink. Draco's mouth opened, but nothing came out. He absorbed Harry's words and the inevitable picture formed in his mind. He saw himself rubbing his sticky erection against Harry's bed as he circled his hips and offered himself up for Harry's pleasure, arching upwards, exposing the fat dildo embedded inside him, a poor substitute for the real thing. He could even hear himself begging, the words he would use, and the sweet desperation behind them.

"And now if you'll excuse me," Harry added, "I need to go and use the restroom."

Draco didn't watch Harry walk away. He was too busy contemplating the floor, trying his best to limit the damage of his very public arousal. He didn't even turn when he heard Blaise snigger, "Well, well, well. Hasn't someone got you by the short and curlies?"

"Fuck off, Zabini," he heard himself reply hollowly. His blush was a raw red colour, flaming hot enough to make his collar and tie uncomfortable.

"My god," Blaise continued, ignoring Draco's words and his body language completely. "He must be fucking incredible in the sack to get this kind of response from you. Not to mention powerful. Now there's an aphrodisiac," Blaise laughed wickedly. "I never thought I'd see the day."

"Shut your ignorant mouth immediately." Draco snapped.

"But he's just about as close to all-powerful as you can get."

"What the fuck are you talking about?" Draco frowned, flustered and off-balance.

"Don't be such a *Longbottom*, Draco," Blaise quipped, meaning 'clueless'. "Who do you think got Scrimgeour out of office and put old Perdita in the hot seat? Lover boy did that. He showed his lack of confidence in Rufus, and his little empire came crashing down around his ears before he could say 'We beat Voldemort'."

Draco looked at Blaise with a dull sense of realisation. He was right. He'd always done his best to ignore Harry's back door contributions to the running of the Ministry. His word was better than law; everyone who was anyone knew that.

"She's in his back pocket, Draco, not the other way around. Don't underestimate him."

"Leave it, Blaise," Draco snarled.

Blaise shrugged exaggeratedly and held his hands up. "I'm just saying-"

“Well, don’t,” Draco ground out, turning on his heel and storming away to refresh his empty drink. When he grudgingly returned to his friend’s side, he took a large swallow of champagne and looked pointedly in the opposite direction.

“If you don’t slow down, you’ll need the toilet really soon,” Blaise observed. “Perhaps Potter’s waiting for you? Maybe he wants you to suck him off in there too? You know, like a tour of public toilets.” This was clearly Blaise’s idea of lightening the tone of the conversation.

Draco turned slowly towards Blaise and let his face fall into his patented Malfoy death stare. Of course, it had no effect whatsoever. In fact, it just made Blaise grin all the more.

“Ooh! Have I touched a raw nerve?” he chuckled. He leaned right in to Draco’s ear and whispered teasingly, “I bet Potter’s got some raw nerves he’d like you to touch.”

Draco had never regretted filling Blaise in on the sordid details of his liaisons so much as he did just then. He just concentrated on wriggling his hips as covertly as he could, wishing the seam in his trousers didn’t slice his balls in half quite so painfully.

~oOo~

Much later in the evening, at the first sign of Harry’s tiredness, Draco pulled him aside and offered to escort him home. They wandered out to the main hallway, towards the fireplace they arrived in.

“You’ve been very naughty this evening,” Harry admonished gently. Draco gave him his best ‘innocent and confused’ face, but Harry wasn’t having any of it. He snorted and said, “Are you going to tell me why you brought me here when you no doubt know I hate this kind of affair?” Harry gesticulated with his hands, motioning back to the still-crowded ballroom.

Draco shrugged. “No.”

Harry huffed. “Fine. I’ll tell you, then.” He stood close enough to Draco that he had to raise his face to look him in the eye. “You wanted to catch me off my guard tonight. I don’t know what you thought you’d gain from it because I’ve been nothing but straight with you.”

Draco’s stomach plummeted. There was an unmistakeable air of disappointment surrounding Harry.

Harry continued, his voice quieter. “I would have come with you happily if only you’d asked.” He sighed deeply, sadly. “I think you like control. *Draco Malfoy*: the bottom who wants to top.”

Harry’s eyes were piercing, completely hypnotic. Draco couldn’t look away. In fact, he could barely breathe. There was a vague feeling of panic bubbling deep down inside him.

“The ironic thing is that as far as I’m concerned, you can be in charge as much as you want.” Harry placed both his hands on Draco’s waist, pulling them closer together. Draco could feel Harry’s thumbs rubbing along the ridge of his hipbones. He could feel the heat radiating off him, seeping through his clothes and tugging at his body, making him think things. Want things.

“You can boss me around as much as you like, Malfoy.” Harry’s eyes dropped lazily to half-mast, and he exhaled in a long, low sigh. “Just not in the bedroom. Behind closed doors, you’re mine.”

Draco couldn’t answer. His mouth fell open, all coherent thought overridden by the growing pressure of Harry’s fingertips digging into his sides.

“You want me,” Harry murmured.

Yes. Yes *I do*, Draco thought. But didn’t say.

“Maybe when you’re ready to admit it to yourself, you should send me an owl.”

Draco shivered, his body a rippling sea of freezing cold goose pimples.

“No more silly games,” Harry chided softly.

“Come on you chaps!” Blaise’s loud, cheerful voice rang out. “Hurry up and kiss each other goodnight so the rest of us can get to the fireplace, will you?”

The lump in Draco’s throat wouldn’t go away. Harry looked so let down.

Smiling faintly, Harry whispered, “Good night.”

Draco leaned down and brushed a kiss across Harry’s cheek. “Good night, Potter,” he managed, stiff and stilted.

“Merlin’s beard, Draco! Is that the best you can do?” Blaise scoffed. “Look at me!” he exclaimed loudly. Of course, everyone within earshot did exactly that. “I’m the epitome of raving heterosexuality and even I can do better than that!”

Blaise moved in and placed a hand on Harry’s shoulder, turning him away from Draco and towards himself. Draco was mortified to watch his best friend wrap his arms around the object of his most intimate fantasies and pull him in close. Harry’s palms found a comfortable resting place against the swell of Blaise’s chest, and he tilted up his chin, presenting his lips readily.

As Blaise bent down, Harry’s lips parted fractionally, and Draco was flooded with the sudden conviction that his heart would shatter when the gap between them finally disappeared.

And then there was no time left for thinking.

Oh no. Draco could have cried when Blaise kissed Harry. It wasn’t a meaningless little peck; it was a tender pressing together of two sets of permissive lips, barely parted, but just enough that Draco knew they’d each feel the warm breath of the other against their tongues, hidden just out of reach. At least, Draco hoped they were out of reach.



The four or five seconds the kiss lasted stretched out to infinity. For Draco, time moved slower even than at the moment he watched the Dementor steal a last kiss from his father, shuffling him off from his wicked mortal coil, spent fruitlessly in the service of that lunatic, Riddle. He was so lost in his despairing reverie that he didn't notice them break apart. Instead, he saw his own frown reflected back at him from Harry's face as he stood in the fireplace, hand poised to throw the tiny pinch of powder.

Their eyes locked as the green flames flashed, and Harry was gone.

~oOo~

"You asked for that," Blaise said flatly.

Every muscle in Draco's body was taut with tension. He doubted he could have moved if his life was threatened. He certainly couldn't put his brain into gear to summon a coherent reply.

"He's a really nice bloke, Draco. And right at this moment in time, you don't deserve him." Draco couldn't even look at Blaise. He was still staring at the empty fireplace. "You need to work on a spectacular apology." He felt the heavy weight of his friend's hand clap onto his shoulder. "Do it soon," Blaise added firmly. "I mean it."

Something cracked inside Draco. His diaphragm seemed to spasm, and he gulped a painful breath in. He raised a shaky hand and rubbed his eyes, berating himself for his stupidity. Blaise's arm crept around his shoulders, and Draco allowed himself to be held while he did his best to scabble about in the remains of his dignity and recover himself enough to leave in one piece. They stood that way for many minutes, the silence a blessed relief.

As Draco moved to pull away, Blaise held him close a moment longer and whispered, "Let yourself live, why don't you? He could love you, Draco. I see it in his face. And I think you're already a little in love with him, aren't you?"

Draco started to shake his head in denial. Blaise cut him off. “You’re doing it again. Stop fucking thinking about how everything looks, will you? Just feel something for once. Sod your pride and your aristocratic stiff upper lip. For god’s sake, take a risk. Enjoy your life before you find yourself drawing your last breath, wondering why you’ve been so sad and lonely.”

The best Draco could do was give a tiny nod in response. It was enough. Blaise kissed the top of his head and let him go. “Off you go, then. Have a nice, hot shower before you go to bed. I’m going to round your mother up and get her home safely,” Blaise smiled.

Draco took a pinch of Floo powder and stepped into the fireplace. He looked at his feet for long moments. Just as he was about to throw the powder, he mumbled, “Thanks, Blaise.”

“You’re welcome. Good night, Draco.”

The flames flashed green as Harry’s eyes, and then he was home. Alone. Again.

## Chapter Five

*A*t quarter to seven the next morning, Draco strode purposefully into his office. He'd had a shitty night's sleep, full of self-recrimination and guilt and fantasies about Harry's cock. Actually, that wasn't really accurate. Fantasies about *Harry* would have better described them. Especially Harry's mouth. He drew his briefcase out of his pocket and enlarged it, mostly because he wanted to throw something, and slinging his bag across the floor at his desk was the most convenient option.

He leaned against the window frame, looking out at his rather average view of Canary Wharf, cursing himself for ever approaching Harry in the first place. Life was supposed to be orderly, wasn't it? And organised, time managed and controlled to the nth degree?

Draco was disturbed by the sound of his office door clicking open. He turned round to find Patricia, his secretary, coming in with a pile of parchments.

"Oh! Sorry, Mr Malfoy. I wasn't expecting you for another fifteen minutes or so. I'll bring you a coffee."

"What do I have booked in today?" he asked flatly. He didn't really give a toss what he was supposed to be doing, but he was far too professional to ever let personal issues come between him and his job.

"Breakfast meeting at Gringotts at eight thirty. Cuthbert Mockridge sent an owl late yesterday about the account arrangements for the Quidditch World Cup expenses. He said he'd see you there," she replied briskly.

*Wonderful*, he thought to himself, hardly thrilled at the prospect of a morning spent with a

load of sour-faced, socially inadequate goblins and their wizard toadies.

Patricia turned to leave, having deposited the paperwork on the edge of his desk. He called after her, and she turned back rapidly, her short black bobbed hair swinging around her plain, business-like face. "I need you to do some shopping for me." She nodded and waited patiently for further instruction.

Draco had an internal battle of words with himself for long seconds before continuing, "I need a shirt. It must be from a Muggle shop called 'Paul Smith'. Vertical stripes. Blues, purples, greens." He counted the colours off on his fingers, pacing up and down behind his desk as he spoke. Assessing Harry in his mind's eye, he added, "Sixteen neck. Just get one off the rack. It doesn't need to be tailored."

He turned away from her and went back to gazing out of the window. This was stupid! He couldn't believe he was giving in to the impulse to do it. The shirt would be too big for him, but it would be Harry's size for sure. *Admit it*, he sneered to himself. *You just want to wear it to bed*. He groaned aloud in frustration at the thought. He hated being this weak.

*But it won't smell like your precious Harry*, the nasty voice in his head taunted. *And what would he think if he ever found out?* That was too awful to even contemplate. But the voice continued, *He'd laugh at you. He'd think you were pathetic. Sappy. And you are.*

"Here you go," Patricia said lightly, interrupting his unpleasant reverie as she levitated the coffee cup and a newspaper into the room and onto his desk. "I've got this morning's *Prophet*, too. I've marked a couple of articles I think might interest you, and there's a piece on last night's event in both the business and the social pages."

Patricia really was worth her weight in gold. Not that Draco ever told her that, of course. She always scanned the newspapers and marked foreign affairs articles that would impact on exchange rates and international debts, and highlighted the local updates that someone in his position needed to be aware of.

On a sudden impulse, Draco called her back from the door. "I need you to get something else from Muggle London for me."

She looked at him steadily. He looked back. Nervously. But hoped he was hiding it.

“Two pairs of handcuffs,” he said in a tone that did not invite any questions. Not that she would ask, anyway. ‘Efficient’ and ‘discreet’ were the two words he would first use to describe her to anyone. She merely nodded, no judgment in her face whatsoever, and shut his office door after herself.

He’d inherited Patricia from his retiring predecessor. She was not a confidante, or even a friend, but her presence gave Draco comfort. She was known. He could predict her; knew how she would respond to any given situation. Not like Harry. He was much more confusing.

Draco hissed audibly as he sat down in his chair. He found himself lowering his bottom very gingerly to the seat, berating himself silently for being perhaps a bit too vigorous last night. *Huh*. There was no ‘perhaps’ about it. When he’d set out to bugger himself senseless, he hadn’t actually meant to take it so far. But then, he was never very good at knowing when to stop. Draco liked to take every pleasure to excess, and that no doubt explained his obsession with Harry’s monster penis. But it didn’t really explain his growing obsession with all other things Potter, did it?

Putting his chin in his hand, he picked up the coffee cup and took a sip, closing his eyes as he drank. He’d promised himself he wouldn’t spend any more time dwelling on yesterday, but the moment his eyes closed, all he could see was Harry’s enraptured expression as he’d eaten his chocolate dessert the previous evening, and the sleepy, suggestive way his eyelids had fluttered each time he swallowed. Not to mention those stifled sighs that made every hair on Draco’s body stand on end, even now.

Draco knew everything Blaise had said to him was right, but he just couldn’t bring himself to think about the mechanics of pursuing a relationship with Potter. Maybe they were just better off having sex occasionally. *Yeah, right. And that’s why you’re buying the shirt*, his inner voice muttered. He rolled his shoulders and stretched his back to try and release some tension, but as he twisted his waist and clenched his buttocks, he felt the warm, comforting rawness inside himself, and thought back to the previous night, after he’d got home.

Even in his shaky state, Draco had taken the time to hang his suit properly for the house-elves to clean. No point being sloppy about these things, after all. He'd tugged his underwear off in contemptuous jerks, surveying the unmistakable 'damage' caused by an evening spent either fully hard or halfway there. He'd felt sticky and unclean and ashamed, so finally standing under the hot shower was a marvellous relief.

He'd leaned his forehead against the wall and let the water pelt between his shoulder blades, feeling the skin grow tender but not being able to move for a while. Draco had thought hard about how he had underestimated Harry so much, at almost every step of the way. But he'd also underestimated the strength of his own attraction and was annoyed at himself for being so easily sucked into Harry's game.

It was almost inevitable that standing in the shower, hands pressed against the wall, feet apart just enough to allow access to a wandering hand between his legs, would draw his mind back to Harry. And of course when that happened, so did something else. He'd opened his eyes and looked down at his mutinous erection, letting out a groan of bitter disappointment. Why wasn't he back at Potter's? What the hell was he doing alone in his own home with a knob that no longer begged for attention but demanded it? Draco had washed quickly, completely lacking the willpower not to work the soap along his shaft just a few too many times, causing a couple of sharp, warning hitches in his breathing when he got that bit too close to coming.

When the water finally washed all the slippery bubbles away, Draco had grabbed a towel and headed for his bed, or rather the tallboy dresser near to it. The bottom drawer was where he kept his toys, and all the other things he preferred his mother and the house-elves not see. The Locking Charm on the drawer was complicated. He'd acquired it through a contact in security at Gringotts Bank at considerable expense, but it brought him peace of mind from Narcissa's incessant poking about, making it worth double what he'd paid, in his estimation.

The charm took a good half a minute to unlock the drawer, and Draco had unknowingly conditioned himself to become almost painfully aroused as he waited, assessing all the delicious possibilities hidden inside.

The drawer shimmered when the charm was complete, and he had eased it open to survey the contents, his breathing already shallow and light as butterfly wings. He loved to trail his hand over his treasures, feeling the alternately smooth, supple, hard, spiky, silky, springy textures beneath his fingertips before coming to a stop touching the thing he wanted most of all. But last night, he'd wanted the one thing that wasn't in his possession, so he'd had to make do with the available alternative.

The dildo Draco had picked out was the biggest one he owned. Hefting it into his other palm with a slap, he'd smiled sadly in remembrance of how excited he'd been when he'd first bought it. Finding it on a visit to the Dutch equivalent of Diagon Alley had been like all his Christmases and birthdays coming at the same time, and he could still recall the very first orgasm he'd had when he'd used it on himself. It was a beautiful object to look at, crystal clear and shaped just like a real penis, but larger proportioned than anything else he'd ever seen at the time.

He'd twisted it between his curled fingers, feeling the realistic contours moulded into the rubbery shaft, and recalling how the imperfections made it that much more pleasurable to suck into himself with his strong, greedy muscles. Kneeling over the open drawer, Draco had felt his insides turn to warm liquid in anticipation, and he'd fingered the dildo longingly, a quiet sigh escaping through barely parted lips.

How Draco had loved this dildo. It was the biggest thing he'd ever had inside him. But now Harry had gone and ruined all that. He'd set the bar so high with one night of passion that Draco could no longer feel the same sense of excitement at pushing it up himself. If he hadn't needed it so much, he'd have given in to his growing depression and gone without. But that was out of the question.

Selecting a bottle of his favourite oil from the drawer, Draco had carried his evening's entertainment over to his bed, dropped his towel to the floor and settled down, naked, on top of the covers.

Draco loved massages. He'd imagined the thought of Harry's strong hands exploring his body and was willing to bet half his fortune that a massage from him would be beyond heavenly. As he'd tipped the bottle up and splashed a puddle of the clear liquid into the dip

in his stomach, Draco had closed his eyes and imagined it was Harry teasing him, holding the bottle up high and letting the oil fall one drop at a time, speckling tiny droplets across the rest of his torso and if he was very lucky, the sensitive skin at the head of his cock, too. He had even imagined Harry's gentle teasing laughter at his own eager writhing. Putting the oil aside for a moment, Draco had dipped his fingertips into the wetness and trailed them outwards, drawing patterns on his ribcage and circling his already hard nipples before pinching them sharply between his thumbs and forefingers. He'd hissed aloud at that, craving their rough treatment, grinding the pads of his fingers in firmly until they'd slipped in the sheen of oil, making him lose his grip as he'd pulled them up from his chest and twisted the flesh mercilessly. Draco's back had arched then, and he'd imagined Harry's teeth biting down around one of them; biting him hard enough to bruise. At the time, he'd bitten into his bottom lip in sympathy with his fantasy, rolling the flesh between his teeth so hard that he could still feel the tenderness there as he pressed the rim of his coffee cup against his mouth, lost in his arousing recollection.

Draco's hips had squirmed and his legs had dropped open at the thought of Harry above him, pressing him into the mattress as he ground his sharp teeth into his taut skin, maybe hard enough to draw blood. Yes. That would be good; to taste himself vicariously on Harry's tongue when he finally kissed him. Draco had hardened even more at that thought, both last night in his bedroom and there in his office.

Draco had smoothed one hand down the length of his body, coating it in oil before stroking his erection lovingly. But it was only a tease, just enough of a touch to get himself panting and hot for his eventual penetration. As he'd lain there, he'd clenched his inner muscles, working himself up for it, picturing Harry's naked body in his head and the wolfish gleam in his eyes as he'd readied himself to thrust inwards. And then Harry's look of worshipful wonderment once he was all the way inside, scarcely believing Draco's moans of pleasure as he had looked down into his face.

Tracing an oily finger around the soft circumference of his sac, Draco had bypassed the firm roundness to reach back between his slightly parted cheeks, dipping the tip of a finger inside as soon as he'd felt the rim of the tightly pulled flesh beneath his touch. A sense of calmness, of rightness had settled heavily onto his body then, welcoming the invasion for the relief it would finally bring to his abused libido.



Sitting in his office chair, Draco's spine bowed in remembrance of the finger sliding home, and he felt the wobble of his coffee cup in his hands, but he didn't want to put it down because it was so comfortingly warm. He sighed and slid back in to his memory.

It hadn't taken him long to need the feel of two fingers inside him, and then three. Three fingers was always harder to do than he thought it should be, and it was frustrating to feel the tightness of his hole stretched around such a small intrusion. He could never manage to get three very far in without contorting himself uncomfortably. But that didn't matter, because when his anus was loose enough to work the dildo in, his fingers were unimportant. As he'd pulled his hand back, he'd cupped himself for long seconds, feeling the thumping pulse of his heartbeat in his groin. He'd looked down the length of his body and recalled the vision of Harry's shaft disappearing in the gap between their bodies, and he succumbed to the heady tension of the instantaneous insertion into the part of himself that was hidden from his view. More than anything else, he'd wondered what he would look like, spread out face down, with Harry pumping into him. He wanted to watch Harry's huge cock slide right inside him, wanted to see every impossibly broad inch force a path into him and claim his hole as his own. If only he could see it, could watch himself disintegrate under Harry's violent-tender care.

He'd oiled the dildo carefully, sliding the wetness all over the crystalline surface with his fingers before positioning the head carefully and pushing inwards.

As the dildo slid in, all his breath had slid out in a long, slow sigh of fulfilment. He'd felt the muscles in his body relax and invite the firm pressure deeper inside. He'd fed it in further, unable to ignore the way his passage gave around the intrusion, loving the way his pulse fluttered in the back of his throat and his chest turned pink as he heated up with desire.

Draco had been slow at the beginning, locating the sensitive bundle of nerves a little way inside and grazing it with the contours of the shaft. He had groaned at every pass, feeling his hips begin their fluid movement as his body responded and begged silently for Harry. *Harry.* He'd held the handgrip on the dildo tighter and pushed it in harder. Hard enough that his fist bumped against his body, and it was as far in as it would go; but not as far as Harry - not by inches, at least.

To make up for the lack of length, he'd forced it in and out, becoming careless as he bruised his body in the pursuit of all that is Harry. He'd felt the muscles in his legs start to wobble as he assaulted himself artlessly, rubbing his groin against his forearm as his hand reached between his legs and back, battering his hole with crazed abandon.

Draco's cries had become as broken and ragged as his movements were jerky and rough. His hips had thrust up off the bed so far that his back and his buttocks screamed at him to stop hurting them. But nothing could have stopped him as he fixated on Harry and felt his body start to liquefy around him. He could barely hear the moist sucking as he'd fucked himself because his every breath was a moan or a cry. His eyes were screwed shut in concentration, turned inwards to gauge each pleasurable response rippling through his body, crashing into his nerve endings until all he could do was push himself harder as the first wave of his impending explosion burst into existence and rolled out from his gut like a fireball.

His belly was already wet with oil and sticky moisture from his cock, and his arm had been slick with it, grinding the lubrication into his forgotten erection as he buggered himself vigorously. He'd been so close! Every time his damp end rubbed against his arm, he'd thought he would come.

Draco had finally looked down at himself, spasming and panting and shiny with sweat, watching the rapid movement of his arm and he'd had a vivid flash of Harry grinding between his legs. And that was all it took. "Harry!" he'd shouted as the first spurt of come boiled out of him and splattered up on his chest. His arm faltered in its buggery, and he'd strained to expel the remaining spurts with as much force as possible, needing the blinding intensity to assuage his shameful feelings from their evening together.

He'd fallen back exhausted and gasping for breath as his cock jerked its final jerks and stilled against his stomach. He had let his hand fall away from his groin so that he'd lain spread-eagled, sinking into the mattress with each new breath, recovering from his energetic bout of self-abuse.

In his office, Draco sat at his desk, coffee cup in wobbly hand, wishing he'd given in to his usual urge and tossed off this morning like always. But he'd been punishing himself today,

so he hadn't done it. But now, there was no question of that. He had to get it out of the way or he'd never be able to concentrate on anything.

The cooling coffee slopped onto the desk as he cast his mug aside and fumbled in his lap to free his straining cock. It was a relief to stroke himself, the surety of his movements a comfort at this confusing time. He tried to be quiet, even though it wasn't necessary with the perpetual Silencing Charm warding his office. But this was taboo. He did not mix his work and personal life, and this bout of masturbation stamped over the self-imposed restriction in heavy boots.

He wanked himself off quickly, needing the afterglow of relaxation more than the orgasm itself. But when he came into his fist it was as glorious and electrifying as always, and he basked for long moments in the remembrance of Harry licking his hand clean after a similar, but much more satisfying activity.

Draco cleaned himself up quickly and righted his clothes, just in case Patricia burst in. But he leaned back into his chair and closed his eyes, maybe even dozing for a while, until guilt forced him back to work.

Draco flicked through the parchments on his desk, focussing himself on the business for the day. Goblins were hard bargainers at the best of times, and he always had to be on his toes when he went to Gringotts. But he was confident in himself, knowing he was entrusted with their business because he could handle them very effectively.

He Apparated to the reception at the bank and was ushered through to a meeting room, the table of which was laid out for breakfast. He spent a couple of minutes greeting the other attendees before selecting a chair and signalling for tea.

Just as Draco was raising the cup to his mouth, Cuthbert Mockridge bounded into the room, as annoyingly full of beans as usual. Draco hid his irritation when Mockridge pulled out the chair next to his own and plonked himself down, wielding his *Daily Prophet* in front of himself like a wand.

"I must say, Malfoy. You do surprise me!" Mockridge boomed.

Draco frowned. He turned his level gaze on the man and said, “Meaning?” He raised an eyebrow to match his simple question.

“Come, come, my good man. You and Potter of course! The *Prophet’s* all over the story!”

Draco’s stomach sank. He set his face into a stony scowl and glared a warning for the bumbling man not to continue. The threat went right over his head.

“Here! Look!” Mockridge indicated, having wrestled his paper open and pointed a finger at a half-page photograph of himself and Harry from the previous evening, dressed up to the nines in their designer suits and matching buttonholes.

The room disappeared around Draco. He was frozen into place by a single glance at the picture. Harry looked, well, gorgeous, but it was the likeness of himself that tied him up in knots and made the blood drain clean out of his body, leaving him cold and clammy and desolate.

They must have been caught unawares somewhere, happily chatting, probably after the meal. They were looking at each other and talking quite animatedly, their fingers brushing each other’s sleeves every so often as they sought to draw attention to a particular point they were making. The picture replayed every ten seconds or so, the same caresses, the same smiles shown over and over again.

But it wasn’t the smiles that upset Draco. It was the irrepressible, complete and utter adoration etched into every line and curve on his own face. It was plain as day. The whole of the newspaper-reading wizarding world knew he was in love with Harry Potter, just from this one picture. He was going to fucking murder the photographer. He was just going to have to find a far more painful method than the Avada Kedavra to do it. No death would be too excruciating for the perpetrator of this... this violation.

Draco had never felt so naked and vulnerable before. However he tried to look at the picture, he could not make his expressions say anything other than ‘You are the centre of my entire universe and I want to worship you with every breath in my worthless body’. The

humiliation of last night was complete. His weakness was known to all, meaning he could never give in to it now. He was adamant that he needed to prove to everyone that he was stronger, better than this. He didn't need anyone or anything to validate his existence. He'd show them all.

He snapped himself together, easing back into the reality of the room to discover that several people were addressing questions in his direction, and he was shaken to realise he had no idea what any of them were talking about. The voices were just static noise, buzzing like an aural irritant until the feedback threatened to boil his brain inside his skull. He was shaking so much he dared not lift his hand because the tremors would be visible for all to see. He had to pull himself together! This was no way to carry on. He would lose all his professional credibility if he didn't nip this in the bud right now.

"You're holding the meeting up, Mockridge," came a loud, caustic voice. Draco dared a glance in the direction of the speaker and was relieved to see Galar, the goblin president of Gringotts Bank standing on a chair and laying waste to the babbling masses with a single sweeping glare. Draco had never loved the socially inept goblins more than he did just then. Silence fell in a split second, and all eyes turned away from his drawn face to the commanding speaker, who waved them all to order and opened the meeting.

Immersed in the safety of his work, Draco shoved his distress aside and concentrated on the business of the day.

~oOo~

Returning to his office before lunch, Draco found Patricia battling with a large, snowy white owl. She was trying to shoo it off the back of her chair from where it was observing her movements with an air of bored detachment. It merely hopped from one side to the other, refusing to deliver the large envelope in its possession.

"Patricia?" he asked abruptly.

She turned to him, her hair slightly disordered, no doubt due to her efforts at dislodging the large owl. “It won’t deliver the letter!” she snapped back, wincing at the tone of her voice. He ignored it. “It’s been here half an hour. Won’t leave the envelope, and I doubt it could get to you in Gringotts, with their rather extreme security measures.”

He walked past her desk and opened the door of his own office, noting how swiftly the owl followed. It reached his chair before he did, landing in a clearly favoured position on the top of the backrest, just as it had at Patricia’s desk.

“Give it here then,” he sighed, reaching out towards the undoubtedly authoritative animal. The owl raised its wing and allowed the heavy card envelope to be untied from its ankle. He sat down at his desk and placed it to one side, intending to open it a little later. But the owl had other ideas. It fluttered its enormous wings close to his face, ruffling his hair and disturbing all his paperwork. He swiped an arm out, knocking the irritating bird away from him and making a loud ‘shooing’ sound at it.

The white owl was dogged; he had to give it its due. It launched itself at Draco’s hand, pecking sharply with its beak and actually drawing blood until he conceded defeat and reached for the envelope.

He slid a finger under the stiff flap on the back and emptied out a square of card and a sheet of parchment, both face down. He turned over the card and was stricken to see it was the original print of the photograph that had appeared in the *Prophet*. Up close and in full colour, it was much worse. His chest went almost unbearably tight, and he had one of those head/desk moments in his complete exasperation. He stared at himself, not even seeing Potter in the picture. All he could see was his personal and professional downfall spread out before him. His chest caught when he managed to suck a breath in, and it hitched painfully as he swallowed the much-needed oxygen down.

Draco had no idea how long he sat, transfixed by the picture. It was a while, because he was stiff with tension when he finally reached for the parchment and flipped it over.

I saw this and thought of you.

Your mother was right, although 'handsome' isn't a strong enough word to describe just how amazing you look in that suit. I think Armani is your 'brand', for sure.

I wanted to thank you for last night. I enjoyed myself more than I thought I would, although I have to admit that watching you squirm was probably the best bit! It gave me all sorts of thoughts that are probably best left unsaid here.

I think this is the most honest photograph I've ever seen of either of us. Admit it – we look good together. The thing I like the most is that little flick you keep doing with your eyes, down to my mouth. It's a look that wants to know when I'm going to kiss you, isn't it? And when am I? Will you let me? I think you will. But in your own time.

I'm sending you this so you'll know I'm thinking about you. The rest I'm leaving up to you. Don't leave it too long to get in touch. My cock wants you, Malfoy. Now be an obedient little bottom and give it what it wants. You know you're dying to.

Harry.

P.S. – Don't mind Hedwig. She gets a lot of shit from people trying to get hold of my mail. If she's a bit aggressive, it's understandable.

Rubbing at the back of his bleeding hand, he thought 'understandable' was one word that could not be applied to her behaviour. He couldn't bloody believe it! Even Potter's fucking owl was protective of him!

Draco took a while to settle back into his work when he was alone. Hedwig must have flown off at some point while he was frothing in displeasure over the photograph, and he couldn't say he was sorry about that. He'd only just got into wrestling with some particularly complex mathematical formula charms when Patricia knocked and came in with several bags and a pile of mail.

She laid the opened letters on the edge of his desk, clearly slightly worried about his response to their contents. He frowned up at her. Clearing her throat, she began, “These are not work-related, sir. They’re in response to the photograph and article on yourself and Mr Potter.” Draco could tell she wanted to find the nearest hole and dive head first into it, correctly intuiting his reaction to her statement. But it wasn’t her fault, so he seethed silently instead.

She laid the Paul Smith bag on his desk and cleared her throat again, but even more nervously this time. This kind of behaviour was worrying. Nothing fazed Patricia. Ever. He looked up at her and demanded she speak with a single look. “I got you the fifteen and a half instead of the sixteen,” she babbled too quickly so that the sentence came out as one long word.

“Why?” he snapped.

“Because the sixteen would be too big for him.” He watched her cringe in abject horror at the words she had just spoken, clearly desperate for a way to take them back. He sat rigidly, staring up at her but unable to speak. *She knows*, he thought. *She knows, and now she’ll never respect me again.* He didn’t need to ask how she knew. She’d seen the photograph, the same as everyone else. And she would have known the shirt couldn’t be to fit him, because she knew his own size, and it wasn’t sixteen.

“I had some trouble with the handcuffs, sir.” He refocused on her face again, realising that he’d been looking right through her. “They came in matte black and stainless steel, and you didn’t specify your preference. So I got two pairs of both. I hope that’s satisfactory.”

She had regained her cool exterior, and Draco found it helped him settle himself, too.

“Thank you, Patricia,” he heard himself say. “You did the right thing.”

She never made a fuss, never looked at him differently or gave any indication that she thought anything whatsoever about his odd behaviour today and his date with Harry Potter the evening before. He wished everyone were as respectful as she was.

When she was at the door, he called her back softly. “I mean it,” he said earnestly. “Thank



you.” He didn’t need to say more. He knew she knew exactly what he meant. After all, she knew him inside out, it appeared. The thought was not an awful one, as it turned out, and he felt a flush of relief as she shut the door, keeping the world at bay while he had his crisis in private.

He opened the bags one at a time, smiling in resignation at his purchases, even though his anger still ate at his insides. As he unpinned the carefully wrapped shirt, he held it up at arm's length, and stroked the fine cotton with his thumbs. *She was right*, he thought. *The sixteen would have been too big.*

~oOo~

Draco Apparated home to the Manor that evening feeling tense, and with the makings of a thumping headache. He now had eight letters from total strangers in his bag, all telling him how perfect he and Harry looked together in the photograph and how lucky he was. Only one of the letters had been threatening, along the lines of hexing his balls into earrings if he upset Harry in any way. Draco had shrugged it off with a barely surprised huff, marvelling at the way Potter seemed to enthrall everyone so effortlessly, and claim the loyalty of people who had never even met him. *Charisma*, he thought to himself. Just like old Lucius. But so unlike him in every other way, thankfully.

He could hear the sound of voices and he headed towards them, scowling when he saw it was Blaise and his mother sitting at the dining table, clearly awaiting his arrival before commencing eating. He really hoped they weren’t getting overly familiar with each other. He’d have to stamp that out quickly if they were.

“Oh, darling, you look simply ghastly!” his mother fussed loudly, although he noted that she didn’t bother to put her glass down and offer him any comfort whatsoever.

“Good evening to you, too,” he murmured back sarcastically, catching Blaise’s eyes and rolling his own as he shed his jacket and took his seat at the table. Once settled, he grabbed for his wine glass rather inelegantly and gulped a mouthful down in outright relief.

“You look like you might have needed that,” Blaise said dryly. He could see his mother nodding exaggeratedly in the corner of his eye. “So, what sort of spectacular apology did you come up with for Harry?”

*Oh, that’s right,* Draco thought angrily. *Go straight for the jugular, why don’t you.* Right then, he saw this little soiree for what it was – they were going to gang up on him and shove the error of his ways down his throat.

“Why are you here?” he snapped at Blaise, causing a loud, shocked inhalation from his mother.

“It’s Friday.” Blaise said flatly. “We go out on Fridays.” There was silence for a moment. “Unless, of course, you’ve got a hot date with the human tripod.”

Narcissa choked back a snort of laughter, and Draco shot her a mean glare, just daring her to continue. Mother or not, he’d hex her as soon as look at her at the moment.

Turning to Blaise, he said stiffly, “I don’t recall giving you enough information to make that judgement for yourself.” Blaise stared back challengingly, waiting expectantly for the sting in the tail. Draco narrowed his eyes and tipped his head, his expression positively venomous. “Unless you pleaded bi-curiosity and followed him home for a little first hand experience?”

Blaise leaned forward across the table, never breaking Draco’s stare. “Would it make you jealous if I said yes?” Draco could feel the scalding hot bubbling of blood rushing around his body. He couldn’t say why, but the thought of making a fist and smashing it into his best friend’s face caused a wave of fiercely anticipated satisfaction, the kind you never got after even a really good duel.

“No,” he snarled, leaning in as well, refusing to give any ground at all.

Blaise backed down, palms raised, just like Draco knew he would. They’d been friends long enough for Blaise to know how far and how hard he could push, and he’d clearly just hit the realisation that Draco’s snapping point was imminent.

“Do you want to talk about it?” Blaise offered, actually sounding as if he cared.

Draco slouched back in his dining chair and sighed heavily. “No,” he said, but looked up and nodded his thanks all the same. The corners of Blaise’s mouth turned up the tiniest amount, and Draco knew things between them were okay.

He turned his head when he heard the rustling of a newspaper. You might bloody well know it! His harpy of a mother was folding the *Prophet* open to that fucking picture! But it wasn’t just the paper that made him groan aloud. It was the sight of the tray levitating next to her chair, holding a precarious stack of unopened parchments. He closed his eyes and tutted.

“You don’t like it,” his mother said reasonably. Not a question, he was grateful to note. “Your father would have hated it, too.” He looked up at her and frowned. She sighed heavily, all trace of her customary superficiality gone. “You’re growing to be so much like him, Draco.”

He felt himself still. This was not a compliment. He frowned harder, trying to find some meaning in her words other than the obvious criticism, but failed to do so.

“I’ve never seen you look this happy,” Blaise said so quietly that Draco had to think twice before he registered the words. “Never.”

Draco felt the prick of tears in his eyes and screwed them shut, willing them away. He only opened them again when the compulsion to cry had disappeared. *Two dates*, he thought in dismay. *Two dates and I’m more screwed up than I’ve ever been.*

“Blaise is right, Draco,” his mother said. “I think I love this picture more than any other, except maybe that one when you were two years old, sitting in your father’s office chair.” Her voice tailed off, and Draco watched the memories float over her face, not all of them good, judging by the crease between her eyebrows. In that instant, he saw her for the survivor she was. All that pain and suffering for so many years, and he’d never done enough to thank her for protecting him. “My son,” she sighed. “I put all my hope in you, right from the beginning.”

She'd never spoken like this before. Not even after Lucius's sentence was carried out, or after the funeral. It was compelling, this cleansing.

She looked up at him, eyes full of pain. "Don't be him, Draco. Please don't."

Draco couldn't do this, not any of it. He doubted he could have bared his soul to Blaise, who knew nearly all his secrets, never mind his mother. He felt himself close down, sealing everything back up behind an impenetrable barrier. "I'm a Malfoy," he replied, no happiness or pride in his voice at the assertion.

"Yes, you are," she smiled sadly. "And because you are, you can learn from his mistakes and live a happier life." But regardless of the words, Draco heard the plea like she had screamed it in the ballroom, and it was echoing off the walls, deafening him.

The pile of scrolls chose that exact moment to disintegrate, rolling over both ends of the tray until they were mostly lying on the floor. Draco and his mother both looked at them in silence, like they were waiting for them to pick themselves up again, or disappear.

"These have been arriving for you all day," Narcissa said. "Do you want to open them now or later?" She looked up at him, face still pained.

"Burn them," he replied abruptly, waving his hand and gathering them all off the floor and back on to the tray, crumpling many of the parchment tubes in his carelessness.

"Don't you want to know who they're from?" she questioned, truly confused at last. "They could be from Harry."

He looked at her and sank back into his chair, swallowing another mouthful of wine.

"They're not. They're from other people. I've got a load more in my bag. Complete strangers telling me how sweet we look together." He spat the last out, his voice filled with scorn.

"But one of them might be from him," Blaise added uncertainly. "You should check, just to make sure."

“Fine,” Draco said, looking at his friend. “You open them. But you’ll be disappointed.” He took in the intrigued expressions on both his mother’s and Blaise’s face and sighed. He added, “Potter’s owl delivered an envelope today. It came straight for me. Wouldn’t even deign to entertain Patricia.”

He huffed out a brief laugh before continuing, “When I didn’t open it straight away, the bloody thing did this!” He held up his left hand, showing them the scabby peck marks on the back of it. They both looked shocked, but Draco noted that Blaise’s face was also full of amusement as well. When he looked at his mother again, he noticed the tray had mercifully vanished.

Blaise leaned forward. “What was in the envelope, Draco?” he asked with a smirk.

Draco felt himself flush under the scrutiny. He couldn’t look at either of them, and he heard the stifled chuckle his friend gave out at his obvious discomfort. “The original,” he mumbled into his lap.

“The original what?” Blaise pressed.

“The original photograph from the *Prophet*.” Draco hadn’t intended to tell anyone about this, and he wondered how they had managed to worm the information out of him. He must be very out of sorts to be this manipulable.

Narcissa cooed excitedly and Blaise sat back in his own chair, giving Draco such a knowing gaze.

“You could use it on your wedding invitations!”

Draco swivelled his head slowly towards his mother with a look of utter dubiety on his face. “We can’t get married, you stupid woman,” he told her, spacing the words as if he was explaining something very simple to a small child. “We’re both men, Mother dearest, in case that fact had slipped past your attention.” He watched her draw her familiar ditzzy personality back around her like a favourite cloak.

“Oh, piffle!” She waved her hand around a bit to underline her exclamation. “We’re almost royal. We can do anything we like.”

He leaned forward, putting his elbows on the table and lowering his face into his hands. He groaned aloud. “Tell her, Blaise. Please.”

No answer was forthcoming, so he looked up at his friend, who just shrugged as if to say ‘What can I do?’

“Do we need to have a conversation about the birds and the bees, Mother?” he said condescendingly. “Because if you think we can get married, no doubt you also think we can have children.” He raised an eyebrow at her, looking at her with something akin to pity for her stupidity.

“Oh, darling!” she exclaimed. “I’ve had an idea about that!”

*Merlin, if you can hear me, please stop the bloody woman imagining she’s a thinker*, Draco said silently. He waited patiently for her no doubt ridiculous idea.

“Well clearly,” she began, “I’ve resigned myself to the fact that you won’t be procreating.”

Draco wasn’t sure he liked the tone of that. A little niggle settled into the pit of his stomach.

“So, I thought I might!” she finished.

This was far worse than he’d imagined. His mother! Pregnant at her age! And who the hell would the father be? A hideous realisation set in and he looked up at Blaise in wide-eyed shock. “She hasn’t asked you to ...” He could not find the words to continue.

Blaise laughed. Draco felt sure that if his friend’s skin hadn’t been quite so dark, he would have seen a blush there. “Uh,” Blaise replied.

“NO! You are not going to be my new father!” Draco said in a voice at least three octaves

higher than he usually used. He could hear his mother's tinkling laughter in the background, and turned to look at her with an expression of disgust on his face.

"Oh no, dear," she added. "I've been doing some research of my own into your Harry, and-"

"He's not my Harry!" Draco barked back at her.

"Never mind, dear. He will be, if you're a good boy." She raised her voice to drown out Draco's incoherent protest, and he gave in, letting her continue. "As I said, I've been talking to my luncheon ladies, and I've discovered something rather interesting about Harry Potter."

She sat back, waiting for him to beg her to continue. But he would not show his curiosity. Curiosity was weakness, after all.

She gave up waiting for him and carried on. "It seems that Harry has a bit of a history with women, too."

Draco went cold. He knew that, of course, but...

"Are you telling me he's got a child somewhere?" His stomach flip-flopped, and he felt sick.

"No, no, darling. Nothing like that." She smiled sweetly at him. "I was actually thinking that Harry and I could-"

"NO!" he roared, springing up out of his chair, knocking it over backwards in the process. "Don't you dare touch him! He's mine!"

He stood there, shaking with rage, feeling more nauseated than he ever had before, looking at this woman and wondering who the hell replaced his mother with this evil she-Voldemort when he wasn't looking. His right hand was itching for his wand, but his anger started to turn to uncertainty as he watched her sink back contentedly into her chair, a triumphant smile bending the corners of her mouth upwards.

“Oh. I see,” she said quietly. “I hadn’t quite realised you felt that way about him.”

Draco felt hollow. He’d known they were going to goad him into something, but he hadn’t expected they would make him admit it quite like this.

“But now you’ve told us. And I’m very happy for you, dear. If you’ll excuse me, I must prepare myself for my evening engagement.”

Narcissa rose gracefully from her seat, and Draco caught Blaise standing up at the same time in his peripheral vision. Once she had left the room, he flopped into his righted chair, exhausted and jittery. Blaise topped his drink up and he gulped it down in one go. “Fuck,” he sighed to himself.

“You can’t deny it any more,” Blaise said quietly. “That’s all we wanted. Just for you to admit it to yourself.” Draco looked up at Blaise but couldn’t raise a smile for him. So he just looked, his face expressionless. “You don’t need to tell us, after all. We can see it plain as day.”

Draco tipped his head back and contemplated the ceiling. He heard the food arrive, and picked at it disinterestedly, wishing for once in his life that he was surrounded by nice, simple, compliant Hufflepuffs and not sneaky-bastard Slytherins. Or all-powerful Gryffindors.

The conversation over the rest of the meal was very limited. Blaise left Draco to pull himself back together, and he was grateful for it. He finally pushed his mostly full plate back and looked at Blaise.

“So then,” Blaise said brightly. “What shall we do this evening? You look like you could do with a visit to the Wank Palace if you aren’t blowing Potter tonight.”

Draco shook his head, used to Blaise’s sense of humour. “It’s hetero night. You know I only go to that when I have a point to prove.” He shuddered before continuing. “The last thing my stomach needs is to watch a bunch of bubble-brained, balloon-chested bimbettes bouncing up and down on a load of half-hard cocks. I swear most male porn stars must be gay. You never see any flaccid man flesh in all-male films.”



“I wouldn’t know about that,” Blaise mumbled. “I try not to look.”

Draco had only ever taken Blaise to see one gay porn film. There would never be a repeat occurrence of that, funny as it would no doubt be (for Draco, at any rate). He could recall the greying out of Blaise’s dark skin with absolute clarity and smiled at the memory.

“Fine,” Blaise finally said, pushing his chair back with his calves. “You get in the shower and I’ll pick a club while I’m waiting. And don’t spend half the night fussing with your hair!”

“Okay! I’m coming, I’m coming,” Draco said with a grin, walking after Blaise towards the study.

“I bet that’s just what you scream for Harry, too,” Blaise offered suggestively, drawing the slightest blush to Draco’s face. At the bottom of the stairs, Blaise slapped Draco’s arse hard and said, “Off you trot, lover boy.”

As he stood in the shower contemplating his situation, Draco knew he was going to cave under the pressure being exerted by both his mother and Blaise. The only question was, could he hold off long enough to salvage even the tiniest speck of self-respect? Only time would tell.

But in the meantime, surely a quick wank over one of his many Harry-fantasies couldn’t hurt, could it?

He decided it couldn’t.

## Chapter Six

**D**espite his frame of mind and his very stressful day, that Friday night out with Blaise was just what Draco needed to start putting one or two things into perspective. After a day of self-inflicted misery, he found himself feeling positive about taking things further with Harry. He was even uncharacteristically pleasant to two giggling young witches who approached him in the mostly-Muggle nightclub they visited, to offer their congratulations. Maybe that had just been the alcohol, though.

Whatever the motivation, Draco settled into bed in the early hours of Saturday morning, cocooned in the baggy comfort of his newly acquired Paul Smith shirt. He slept like a baby and woke up with a smile on his face. I'm going soft in my old age, he thought. But one look under the covers proved that definitely wasn't the case.

As he lay there unbuttoning a shirt he could have just lifted up to get to his destination, Draco fantasised about undressing Harry and running his eager hands all over his chest before making his way lower and losing himself altogether in those oh-so-desirable inches of flesh.

It took him a worryingly, pathetically short amount of time to crash the yoghurt lorry, and as he padded towards the shower, he wondered if, actually, smaller dicks came quicker than really big ones after all. The way he saw it, the morning's effort could be explained away as either a one-off incident or an excuse for a bit more, uh, practice in keeping his libido in check where Harry was concerned. Draco laughed to himself as he considered the dilemma, musing that the latter possibility wouldn't be so annoying to work on.

Saturday mornings were spent in the gym, regular as clockwork. Draco would have preferred to go more than twice a week, but life being how it was, that was out of the

question. After all, he had to sleep and eat as well as work. And of course, he was now going to have to schedule extra tossing off time too, if he planned not to get a stiffy every time the wind changed direction. Maybe an extra hard workout would help knacker him out a bit more, thus reducing the number of incidences of the redistribution of his blood supply at inopportune moments. It was worth a shot.

So, after three hours of physical and mental torture, one burnt-out rowing machine and a broken nail from piling extra weights on the bar, Draco found himself in the changing room shower, erection in hand, wondering what the hell to do with it. Well, that was not strictly true. He knew what to do with it, but he spared a minute to ponder the wisdom of going back out for another hour or so of circuit training before deciding to go shopping instead. Much more therapeutic.

“Need a hand with that?”

Draco half-turned towards the voice and huffed in boredom at the unwelcome sight of Dave, the resident shower-room knob jockey. “No.” Draco didn’t think he could get much clearer than that, especially as he matched it with a definitely abrupt, dismissive sneer.

“Well, you look like you might,” Dave wheedled.

Fuck it. Draco let go of his cock and turned round to face Dave slowly enough that the man should have had time to read the body language and know he was a pubic hair’s-breadth away from being bitch-slapped with something hard. And it would not be Draco’s penis; that was guaranteed.

“I said no,” Draco spat. “Now take your fucking hand off that shower curtain and walk away fast.”

Dave, who was easily five stone heavier than Draco with all his additional muscles, sneered back and made to step into the cubicle, pointing out his direction of travel with his steroid-shrunken prick.

As Draco’s hackles rose, his erection lowered, but Dave was by no means put off. “I’ve seen

you looking at me,” Dave offered in his most seductive tone, making Draco cringe in embarrassment for the man. In another time and place he might’ve actually offered Dave some tips on how to pick someone up, but for some reason, all his magnanimity had evaporated and been replaced by a mixture of anger and repulsion.

“You are mistaken,” Draco told him firmly, stepping forward into the man rather than backing away like a victim. After all, Dave was a Muggle and therefore no match for Draco. “If I were looking, which I seriously doubt, then it was only to study the side effects of drug abuse in the body-building community.” Draco let his disdain for the man show on his face.

Dave, of course, looked down at his erection and frowned. “What’s wrong with it?” he asked, concern colouring his words.

Draco sighed. First, this man had tried to force himself on him (which was understandable. He knew he was gorgeous, after all), yet now he was looking for reassurance? This was too ridiculous for words. “Look, Dave,” Draco started less aggressively than he could have. “You’re not my type. And even if you were, I’ve got a boyfriend.”

A bit worrying, that. Draco was actually thinking of Harry when he said it.

“Don’t bullshit me, Drake,” Dave replied, starting to look more and more peeved as his own excitement dulled and shrank away into insignificance. “You love yourself far too much to ever love anyone else.”

Ouch. That one hurt. Point to Dave; which was odd, because even a month ago, Draco would not have been in the least bit bothered by the comment.

Draco rubbed his eyes with his hand and leaned back against the shower wall so that the jet of falling water was like a sparkling curtain between them. “Firstly,” Draco began, “that’s a really mean thing to say.” Did I just hear myself say that? I must be ill. Either that or it’s some strange side effect of getting a rectum-full of Gryffindor come. Shit! Maybe it really is a disease, and an infectious one at that, he thought.

Dave raised his eyebrows and shuffled back towards the edge of the cubicle.

“And secondly,” Draco continued in a small, slightly embarrassed voice. “I really have met someone. So I’m not interested.” Draco felt himself blush a bit, more from the fact that he was now admitting to Muggle acquaintances that he was attached, even if the attachment was currently only in his own head.

There was a couple of seconds’ silence, in which they both seemed to contemplate the running water.

“I don’t believe it, Drake,” Dave said in wonder. “After two years of watching you swagger about like you own the place and toy with every gay bloke that comes through the door, you’re actually off the market?” Draco was perturbed to note the high level of amusement in Dave’s voice and the growing grin on his face. “I don’t know which one of you is the lucky one!” Dave smirked and corrected himself quickly. “No, no. You’ll be the lucky one. I bet your new man’s got the patience of a frigging saint to take on someone as high maintenance as you!”

Draco’s mouth fell open in complete shock and he planted his hands firmly on his hips. “Don’t call me Drake,” he snapped. “I hate it. And I am not high maintenance!” Dave’s grin grew into a chuckle and Draco felt the first niggle of insecurity in his gut. There was a definite look in Dave’s eyes that said, Oh yes you are.

“And anyway,” Draco barked out. “What happened in the last minute to turn me from today’s intended victim to queen of the hissy fits?” Please let me not be a queen, he groaned to himself in mild panic.

Dave looked kindly at Draco, like he was about to break bad news. He actually reached out a hand and placed it on Draco’s shoulder comfortingly before he spoke. “No offence, Draco,” he enunciated carefully. “You’re great to look at and I wouldn’t turn down a blow job.” Dave thought for a moment, his head on one side. “Or a hand job. But a relationship? No fucking way!”

Draco winced. A bloody Muggle with a brain the size of a lentil thinks I’m too much like hard work. What the hell must Potter think?

“What does he do, this bloke?” Dave asked. “Slay dragons for a living?”

Draco snorted at the irony. “Something like that.” This entire scene was too surreal.

“Bring this miracle worker down here some time,” Dave said as he stepped back out of the cubicle and drew the shower curtain closed again. “I’d like to meet him.”

Not fucking likely, Draco thought jealously.

After that, Dave left Draco in peace. Or rather, with just his own thoughts for company, and that did not equate to peace in the usual sense of the word. In fact, the only positive thought in his head was that he no longer had to worry about yet another erection. It appeared Dave had his uses after all.

Draco spent the remainder of his shower thinking hard about himself and his idiosyncrasies. He’d always thought of himself as a perfectionist, with very high standards for himself and those around him. Could he inadvertently drive Harry away? Bollocks! He hadn’t even got him yet and he was already worrying about it all going wrong.

Once he was dressed, Draco headed for the sanctuary of Diagon Alley, realising that the time was ripe to make his move on Harry, but not really sure how to do it. He wandered round a few shops, puzzling over what to buy that would be both appreciated and meaningful at the same time. He was completely stumped, and that was saying something for a borderline shopaholic like him.

He’d strolled past Diagon Alley’s biggest flower shop, Fabulous Flora, twice, not really seeing it the first couple of times because he’d felt sure that sending flowers was really lame. He’d certainly never done it himself, perhaps for that reason; that he thought it was. It was this realisation that persuaded him to go in and have a look. If he were ever going to buy flowers for anyone in his life, it might as well be for the one person who had the ability to turn everything upside down in the space of a week, and change his own perception of himself.

He approached the cuddly shopkeeper and asked for the largest, most expensive bouquet

she could give him. She swished her wand vigorously, causing a mad flurry of delicate blooms and foliage to arrange themselves into a huge spray, neatly presented in a ruffle of violet ribbon.

The woman reached out and captured the bunch from mid air, sweeping it gracefully towards the counter for closer inspection. She was puffed up with pride at her tasteful yet exuberant creation. Draco was impressed with the flowers but something bothered him even as he leaned in to smell them.

There was almost no scent, and what there was smelled little better than weeds. He crinkled his face up in mild disgust and shook his head. The flowers were too flashy; too impersonal. The only message the arrangement gave was 'I'm expensive', and Draco felt sure that was not the way to appeal to Harry.

The woman deflated and flicked her hand unhappily to break up the arrangement and return the flowers to their individual pots. "I want something more, oh, I don't know, expressive, somehow," Draco sighed, gesticulating with his hands to try and describe the indescribable.

The woman smiled in understanding. "Something to stir the senses, perhaps?" He nodded once. "Ah, good. I have just the thing." Draco watched her turn away from him and select a handful of fat, dusty pink roses. They were pretty to be sure, but far from the most original, or most beautiful blooms in the shop. The woman stepped towards him, drawing the flowers slowly through the air, as if weaving a spell with the stems. The heady perfume crept over Draco, and he pulled the wonderful scent into his lungs, luxuriating in it.

"Smell wonderful, don't they?" the shopkeeper asked. Draco smiled happily and nodded that yes, they did. The smell was evocative of peace and quiet and sunny summer afternoons spent lounging in the shade of a tree reading a book, your head cushioned in the lap of someone special.

She raised the flowers to his face and pressed the petals into his cheek. So soft, he sighed to himself. He closed his eyes and let the sensation of the caress on his skin remind him of parts of Harry's body that were equally as delicate, equally as fragrant.

“I want these, please,” Draco said quietly.

The woman looked at him with smiling eyes. “Yes, dear. Of course you do.”

He watched her gather some smaller flowers and leaves to enhance the roses, and marvelled at the effortless way in which she created a beautiful posy of the small collection. She pushed a card across the counter, and Draco withdrew his quill to write something on it. It was hard work finding the right words. He wanted to say something simple and eloquent, a well-chosen, genuine expression to offer something of himself, and warm Harry as well. In the end, he settled on two simple words:

*I'm sorry.*

The florist created a beautiful trumpet of tissue papers to wrap the flowers in, and called a Floo-delivery boy to take them.

“Who are the flowers for, dear?” she asked Draco as he was staring off into space, trying not to examine too hard the fact that he was standing in a flower shop, about to send another man a bouquet of pink roses. How much more gay could you get?

“Harry,” Draco murmured, his concentration elsewhere for the moment.

“Harriet who, dear?” the shopkeeper pressed, drawing a small laugh from Draco as well as bringing his focus back to her.

“Harry Potter,” he said, eyebrow raised, with a warm smile on his face.

The woman’s face melted at Draco’s expression, and she went a little pink as she smiled back. “Do you have an address?” she asked.

“No. I hadn’t actually thought about that. I thought an owl might take them,” Draco mumbled, somewhat embarrassed at his lack of planning.

“Not to worry, dear,” she said gently. “My Peter here has never failed to deliver, have you,



Peter?” She indicated a young man in a delivery uniform who looked very embarrassed, but competent nonetheless. Peter shook his head and took the flowers with a reverence that comforted Draco.

Draco stepped back out into the bustle of Diagon Alley, pleased with himself, not only for saying sorry of his own accord for probably the first time in his life, but for taking the Manticore by the tail and reciprocating Potter’s advances. Now all he had to do was hope it wasn’t too little, too late.

~oOo~

Draco went home not long after buying the flowers. He felt oddly restless – anxious for no discernible reason. He’d nibbled at a salad and drunk two cups of tea before he realised he was waiting; waiting for Harry to owl him. Shit, was this what it felt like? Draco had never been on the wrong side of angsting over a letter or a Floo-call. He’d always been the one keeping his current passing fancy on tenterhooks with his disinterested, protracted silences. For the first time, Draco considered how vulnerable he’d made himself. What if Harry chose to pay him back by being a bastard? No. He wouldn’t. Would he?

Unable to do nothing, Draco made his way to his bedroom and opened his dresser drawer. He sat on the floor, turning the two pairs of stainless steel handcuffs over and over in his hands until the metal was warm. As he fiddled with the sets of keys that came with them, Draco made up his mind.

~oOo~

It was odd, wrapping the handcuffs and the keys up himself. Usually, Pippin did this kind of thing, but he didn’t want his mother’s favourite house-elf inadvertently telling tales about his soon-to-be sexual proclivities. He could not decide what to write in the accompanying note, so he didn’t bother with one. The handcuffs by themselves spoke volumes about his

intentions, and he intuited that Harry would understand the significantly different meaning of this gift compared to the flowers.

He called his eagle owl, which waited patiently as Draco weighed him down with the clinking package. Sammael could be quite as determined as Hedwig, but Draco liked to think he had far better manners. He opened his bedroom window to let his owl out, and he watched Sammael until he was a speck in the distance and then nothing at all.

Draco spent a frustrated thirty seconds tidying out his cufflink drawer before losing interest in the job and chucking them all back inside into a big, glittery pile. He went downstairs to the library and pulled several obscure potions books off the shelves. Draco loved making potions, and these books could entertain him for hours with their cruel and unusual contents, but not today. He left them in a messy pile on a table as he stomped back up to his room and flung himself on his bed. He was too out of sorts even to get an erection, and these days that was a distinct oddity.

What seemed like five years later, although it was, in fact, only twenty-five minutes, there was a distinctive tap-tap-tapping at the window. Draco jumped up, heart in mouth, to find Hedwig surveying him with a look of superiority on her feathered face. He couldn't believe how happy he was to see her. It was pathetic, really. He fumbled with the latch and beckoned her in quickly, feeling his tension zing around his body as she flew several circuits of the room, making out like she was looking for a good place to land. Barnyard theatrics, Draco thought unkindly.

When Hedwig finally deigned to land and allow Draco to retrieve his letter, she held her leg out stiffly, like she'd been asked to do something completely disgusting. He reached out to stroke the owl's head and she turned around carefully until her back was facing him. She wriggled her rear end and opened her wings, taking off before Draco's fingers could make contact. He was sure the damn thing had just shown him her arse! Wouldn't that be fucking typical?

Draco took the parchment roll back to his bed and settled down, peeling the wax seal off and unravelling the paper with shaking hands.

Hi. I'd never have guessed you're hiding a romantic under that cool exterior. I think I like it! And don't be sorry. I had a great time with you on Thursday. I'd like to do it again, although maybe not with quite so many people around.

I put the roses next to my bed so I can smell them when I'm thinking about you. Maybe you can come and check if I put the vase in the right place?

So when can we go out again? Or would you rather stay in? As you'll have noticed, I'm easy.

Harry.

Draco snatched up some parchment and a quill from his writing desk and scribbled back:

*I'm glad you liked them. I wasn't sure if you would. Are you doing anything tonight?*

*Draco.*

He ran downstairs and swiped his mother's owl without asking, too impatient to wait for Sammael's return, and a bit irritated with Hedwig that she hadn't waited for his reply.

He felt light and warm as he made his way back upstairs with a spring in his step. Draco was eternally grateful that Harry wasn't playing games with him. He was in too much of a muddle to be able to get to grips with thinking about romantic strategies for survival, anyway.

Deciding to run a bath and soak for an hour or two, Draco sat on the edge of the tub reading and re-reading Harry's note. He kept smiling to himself, imagining Harry placing the vase next to his bed and lying down, thinking about him. Maybe not just thinking, either.

By the time he pulled himself out of the water nearly two hours later, Sammael was just

swooping down and squeezing through the gap in his window. He barely took the time to pet him and give him some nibbles before swiping the return letter and tearing it open in excitement.

Handcuffs, Malfoy? Are you prick-teasing or prick-pleasing? I'm banking on the latter. They're hooked up to my headboard, just waiting for you to get your pretty backside over here and put them to use. I can't wait to see how you look wearing them. In fact, I may have to go into my bedroom and 'think' about it immediately.

And then forty minutes later, a strange owl showed up while Draco was reading. He welcomed the bird inside, crossing his fingers and anything else flexible enough to be crossed that he would be seeing Harry later. His heart sank when he read:

My turn to apologise. Something's happened and there's almost no chance of seeing you tonight. I promise it's not that I don't want to, but I have no idea what time I'll be able to get away. Maybe not at all. So don't wait in for me or change your plans. If I can come over after all, I'll find you.

Harry.

Draco was gutted. He'd already picked out a special 'fuck me' outfit and sorted some overnight necessities into a small bag to take with him, and he huffed in frustration. 'I'll find you.' What did that mean? The Manor wasn't accessible to unexpected visitors, and if Draco went out Harry wouldn't know where to start looking for him. It's not like they knew each other well enough to be familiar with their local haunts.

Resigned to the fact that there was no way Harry would be able to locate him later, Draco dressed quickly and Flooed over to Blaise's house for some tea and sympathy. Blaise was getting ready for a date, but he dropped what he was doing and spent some time with Draco, offering all the support and comfort he needed. Blaise pulled him into a bear hug

when Draco told him about the flowers, and Draco was sure he saw his best friend's eyes tear up just a bit in pride. He'd never felt such a warm happiness radiating out of Blaise before, and Draco was a bit confused about Blaise's reasons for continuing to laugh for no reason and hugging him so much. But he didn't argue. It felt wonderful, like he'd finally done something that won his friend's full approval.

After Blaise had extracted lots of promises that he would not immediately go and fuck everything up the moment he himself was busy getting his end away, Draco returned home to the Manor and dressed to go to the Sunset Club. He calculated that a couple of hour's worth of hot and heavy all-man action would be enough to send him to bed not only with a smile on his face, but also marginally less tense than he felt. He always felt anonymous and free in amongst all the furtive Muggles who denied their true natures so painfully, slipping into secluded seats well away from the other patrons and finding pleasure in no one but themselves. Draco realised with a start that once, he had belonged to their number - but not any more.

Making his way downstairs to check for Sammael's safe return, Draco bumped into his mother sitting in the kitchen, crunching away on a stick of celery. The bloody woman ate so much of it that he was surprised she didn't look green and stringy.

"Going out somewhere, darling?" she asked between mouthfuls.

"Clearly," he smirked back at her, picking at the front of his coat to underline his point.

"May I come?"

"Not a good idea," Draco said awkwardly, doing his best to give her the brush off.

Narcissa sniffed in disappointment. "Oh. You're going to that place then," she said dully.

Uh oh. This was not a good sign. "What place do you mean, exactly?" he asked as nonchalantly as he could, hoping she was really wrong in her assumption.

"Don't be coy, dear. It doesn't suit you," his mother tutted, before shooting him a small

smile. "You're going to that sex theatre," she added knowledgably.

Oh, what the hell. "Fine. You caught me out," he told her flatly. "And I'm not taking you with me, so you'll have to find someone else to entertain you tonight. I refuse to take my own mother to, well, you know," he finished uncomfortably.

"Watch a lot of sexy men roger each other?" she grinned back at him.

"Precisely," he replied, one eyebrow raised in challenge.

She sighed loudly. "Well do make sure the seats are clean before you sit down, dear. I imagine the foam upholstery can get quite moist."

Draco watched his mother pull a face of pure distaste. It was hilarious. "Thanks so much for the personal hygiene tip," he snorted at her. "I'll be sure to ejaculate on the floor and not the seat, if I can help it."

"Merciful Merlin, Draco!" she said in shock. "Do you have to?"

"You started it," he shrugged. "Don't wait up." He didn't bother looking back at her as he made his way to the hall and Apparated to the city.

~oOo~

The film had been on for about an hour when Draco heard someone come and sit behind him. There were only four other men in the cinema, so there were plenty of other places to pick that would have given them both more privacy. He shrugged to himself, refusing to turn around and stare. This had happened once before, when one of the other men had tried to pick him up. Draco wondered idly whether that man had ever gone to his Muggle doctor to find out why he'd developed a pretty nasty case of haemorrhoids overnight.

He'd just tilted his head to one side to get a better perspective on a particularly gruesome

looking double anal penetration shot when the person behind him shifted forward and whispered, “What’s a nice, rich boy like you doing in a seedy place like this?”

Fuck. Potter.

Turning his head ever so slightly, he replied, “Soaking up the culture.”

Harry laughed softly, and the sound tickled all over his body, centring on his aroused, but barely interested erection. Draco felt Harry lean on the back of his chair, so that his face must have been almost touching his hair. “Well, you’ll more than likely be soaking up something off these seats, but I seriously doubt it’s culture.”

Draco stretched his upper body, circling his shoulders and inadvertently brushing against some part of Harry. “Have you been talking to my mother?” he said with a chuckle.

Harry didn’t answer. Instead, he stepped over the row of seats and sat next to Draco, twisting on his side so that he was looking at him instead of the screen. Draco didn’t turn. He would not look at Harry and let him see his discomfort at being caught out. He was going to be cool if it was the last thing he ever did.

“I didn’t know you liked to watch,” Harry said quietly, the tease evident in his voice.

Draco smiled a tiny smile. “Well, now you know I do,” he replied. Harry laughed delightedly to himself. Draco heard it even over the sonic boom of the grunting and groaning from the soundtrack of the film. “I hardly think there’s any need to whisper, Potter. It’s not like you’ll ruin the dialogue for the rest of the audience.” He felt bubbly and nervous inside, like a teenager in the first flush of hormonal desire. His temperature had risen remarkably in the short minutes since Harry had first breathed against the back of his neck.

Draco’s breathing faltered and then froze when Harry placed his hand on his thigh. He didn’t move it at all, just placed it there, all warm and heavy and promising. He felt his cock jerk properly for the first time since he’d arrived at the cinema. He stared up at the screen, assaulted by the patchwork of skin tones, but not really seeing anything. When he let his breath out, it was shaky and uneven.

“Do you wish it was you?” Harry asked, no real amusement in his voice for the moment.

Draco frowned and turned to look at Harry for the first time. “What?” he asked, looking at Harry’s smiling eyes and marvelling at just how expressive they were, even through the constant flickering of the film reflecting off his face.

“You know, taking two at a time, like him up there,” Harry said mildly. The look on Harry’s face said that if Draco wanted it, he’d arrange it for him.

“Oh. No,” Draco replied, shaking his head. “One at each end, maybe. But not in the same hole,” he grimaced. Harry gave him a long stare and slid his hand an inch or two up towards his groin, but again, didn’t push any further. By this time, Draco’s erection was screaming wordlessly for Harry to grab it and try to throttle the life out of it.

“Okay then,” Harry finally said, a definite sense of relief in his tone. “I’m not sure how I’d feel about sharing you anyway.” Draco smiled broadly and turned back to face the front, pretending to watch the film.

“How did you find me?” Draco asked casually, wracking his brains to work out how Harry had done it, cursing Blaise to hell and back for no doubt giving away his secrets.

“Don’t sound so surprised,” Harry replied lightly. “I said I would.”

“I know. But how?” Draco pressed, genuinely interested.

“Tracking Spell,” Harry said at the same time as he slid his hand further up Draco’s thigh until his fingertips pressed against the tight bulge in his trousers.

Draco whipped his head round. “You set a Hunting Hex on me?” he asked sharply.

Harry smiled easily. “No. Didn’t need to.” Draco let his mild annoyance with Harry’s tight-lipped attitude show in his face. It worked because Harry expanded his statement. “I’m good at finding people. I’ve got this sort of internal map that tells me the direction to go in.



And it's easy as pie when the person I want to find is thinking about me." Draco went to say something, but the words didn't come out. Harry leaned in closer. "You were thinking about me, Malfoy. I could feel it." Draco could feel the tickle of Harry's fringe against his cheekbone. He hoped Harry might kiss him, but he didn't. He just held there, exhaling warm breath onto his face and staring intently.

Draco sighed. Harry was right. He'd barely thought about anything else since he'd woken up this morning. "Shall we go?" he asked, as Harry trailed his fingertips over his crotch and burned hot tracks through his trousers and into his flesh.

"Where?" Harry asked, his excitement suddenly evident in his voice.

"Yours or mine. Don't care," Draco managed to say as he thrust himself up into Harry's hand. It cupped his whole groin and squeezed nice and hard. Hard enough to make every muscle in his body contract and expand simultaneously. Draco let out his own loud groan and Harry's face went slack with need in his peripheral vision. Even just that simple expression was far more enticing and arousing than the explicit, rough sex being projected on the screen in front of them.

Harry's lips sucked Draco's earlobe into his mouth, and he felt the wicked, sharp little teeth bite down and roll the flesh teasingly. Draco felt his body relax, and he slid down in his seat. Harry must have taken this as an invitation, because he leaned over so far that he was almost lying against Draco's side.

Harry's hand rubbed hard at Draco's groin, pressing down into every upward thrust until Draco thought he might come right there in his trousers. Harry's mouth on his ear and then kissing his neck felt incredible, and he would have allowed him to strip all his clothes off, bend him over the seat in front, and fuck him there and then in front of anyone who cared to turn around and watch them. Harry could drive him insane!

"If we don't go right now," Harry breathed, "I'm going to fuck you right here."

"I'm not sure I care," Draco replied in a broken, pained voice.

Harry's hand went straight for Draco's belt and fumbled with it roughly. They both moaned in annoyance at the obstacle, and Draco reached up and pushed Harry's hand out of the way to get it undone and open his trousers. The frantic pace of the fucking on screen kept the edge on Draco's nerves and only added to his pleasure.

Even as Harry's hand was groping Draco through his underwear, the unmistakeable buzzing of a mobile phone interrupted their foreplay. "Shit!" Harry exclaimed, snatching his hand back and running it through his noticeably no longer green-streaked hair in frustration.

"Don't stop now," Draco pleaded, watching Harry withdraw the small phone from his back pocket.

His heart sank as he watched the expression on Harry's face and heard the clipped conversation that told him Harry was leaving as quickly as he'd arrived.

Sure enough, Harry ended his call and sighed deeply, a sound filled with sadness. "I have to go," he said quietly.

Draco was absolutely crushed. "Why?" he snapped angrily, as he tugged his fly up and dressed himself again with difficulty, still at the height of his arousal.

Harry looked at him, his face filling with distress. "Hermione's gone into labour. It's too early by about three months."

Draco's mouth formed a silent Oh, and he indicated that Harry should continue if he wanted.

"Ron's an Auror now and he's away on a job because they weren't expecting this. I've been at the hospital all afternoon with her. I came to find you when Ron got there, because she needed him, not me." Harry looked like he might cry, but he didn't. There wasn't even the threat of a tear, but his expression held all his anxiety. Draco reached out and grasped Harry's limp hand, squeezing it comfortingly. Harry continued, "The mediwitches have decided to induce her because there are problems. She's having twins and they're worried one of them might not make it."

Draco felt his face crumble as he looked at Harry's obvious devastation. "You should go," he said softly. "They'll need you there. We can catch up another time."

Harry nodded slowly, gratefully. "Sorry," he mumbled.

"Don't be. I know how it is. Pansy and Vince have had three miscarriages. It's just about broken them." He thought about the despair his friends had faced as they tried for a family and wondered how much harder this would be for people whose families were large.

As Harry stood, he leaned over and kissed Draco's forehead. It was just a careless brush of his lips, but it meant the world to Draco in that moment. "If I can come back, I will," Harry said, with no real hope in his voice.

Draco nodded sadly. "Okay."

Harry stepped past him and Draco found himself reaching out to stop him. "Can I do anything?" he asked slightly nervously, knowing he was making the offer for Harry and not really for Weasley or Granger.

Harry's hand stroked his cheek and he smiled down at Draco. "I don't think so, but thanks for offering. See you."

"Bye," Draco whispered at Harry's back, completely unheard. He sat in the cinema for a while to gather his thoughts before he finally went home, having no idea what happened in the rest of the film.

~oOo~

Draco tossed and turned in his bed for a couple of hours, dozing off for brief minutes and then huffing awake again. He couldn't ever recall being so sexually frustrated. He thought he could wank himself raw if he wasn't careful. So he behaved like a good boy and kept his hands to himself. He occupied his twitchy fingers by unbuttoning and buttoning his 'night'

shirt over and over again, revealing his naked body to an imaginary Harry, and then teasingly covering himself back up again. He felt sure this exercise only made his agonising loneliness worse, but he needed to do something.

He must have dropped off properly at some point because he was roused by a sharp tapping at his window, the unmistakeable sound of an owl seeking entrance. He drew back the curtain and was both excited and depressed to see Hedwig perched on the ledge, carrying a package and a letter. She hopped inside and didn't bother messing around this time. She merely allowed him to remove his deliveries without any fuss.

Draco snapped the waxy seal on the parchment, unfolded the note and read it.

As you'll have gathered, I can't come back, but I hope you'll accept this offering in my place. I made it for you a few days ago. I'll owl you tomorrow if I'm back from the hospital.

Harry.

P.S. No one's ever sent me flowers before. Or handcuffs. I adore both gifts, Draco. They're perfect.

P.P.S. Hermione's doing okay. I can't leave them. Hope you understand.

He looked up at the large snowy white owl, staring at him as he held the package in one hand and the note in the other. She'd been with Harry since school; Draco could recall her now. "You should stay in our owlery tonight, Hedwig," he told her levelly. She hooted back at him in a disgruntled way, but didn't fly off as she could have done. "You can meet Sammael," he added conversationally, before calling for Pippin. "You might as well make friends with each other, because you'll be spending a lot of time together soon enough if I get my way."

Once Pippin had come and collected Hedwig, Draco settled back on the bed. He peeled the

thick brown paper off the small package and was highly intrigued to uncover a small crystal bottle containing the unmistakable pearly-white cloud of a bottled memory. Draco twirled the bottle between his fingers thoughtfully for a few seconds before realisation, or rather hope, dawned on him. His heart rate was already rising as he jumped up and retrieved the Pensieve from his cupboard.

Draco sat heavily on the edge of his bed, staring at the bottle. One hand was touching the carved stone bowl, absently tracing the runes carved around the outer edge of the rim.

This could be anything! I hope it's what I think it is.

He flipped the cork stopper out of the small neck with his thumb and watched the memory slide into the bowl, swirling and roiling under its own power. It was mesmerising in its graceful fluidity. Half-lying, half propped up on his bed, Draco sucked in a few steadying breaths before leaning over the bowl.

As his face pressed through the misty surface, Draco released his body into a languid freefall. He was elated to find himself standing in the doorway of Harry's bedroom. Oh yes; this was going exactly to plan, so far. Harry now knew he was a voyeur, but Draco wondered how he'd feel about the rapid hardening of his cock at the prospect of watching some of their previous activities.

He was somewhat perturbed to watch Harry wander into the bedroom from the bathroom, wearing clothes he'd never seen before. He stamped down the bolt of fear that suggested he was about to get front row seats to Harry's activities with someone else. Potter wouldn't do anything so cruel, would he?

Draco's pulse was thudding in his throat. He leaned against the doorjamb for support, fighting the wash of insecurity that was swelling in his belly.

"I wonder where you're standing," Harry's soft voice sliced straight into Draco, stopping his breath in his chest. He watched Harry turn to face the bed, fixing on a space there where he obviously expected Draco's insubstantial self to be. "Or maybe you're already on the bed. I'd like to think so," Harry continued. Draco watched as Harry climbed onto the bed and curled

onto his side and patted the mattress next to him. "Come here, Malfoy," Harry ordered mildly, a small smile bending his lips.

Draco made his way across the room, finding it odd that Harry couldn't see him. It was unnerving being so close to him yet unable to interact. He lowered himself to the bed on the opposite side from Harry and curled in facing him. They were less than two feet apart. Draco couldn't help but reach out to try and touch Harry, but his hand went through him, registering nothing more than a swish of air against his palm.

"You know that's your side of the bed now, don't you?" Harry smiled lazily, looking straight at Draco with such an intense gaze that Draco felt sure Harry must have found a way to actually see him. My side, he thought to himself. I'd rather be lying on that bit of bed right underneath you, if it's all the same, thanks. There wasn't really any point talking out loud now, was there? He'd feel a bit silly anyway, he mused.

Harry sighed loudly. "Although I'd rather spend most of my time on top of you." Harry's face cracked into a wicked smile, and Draco couldn't help but laugh back, touched in some small way by the synchronicity of their thoughts. "I'm embarrassed to tell you this," Harry started, his eyes breaking contact with the space where Draco lay watching him. "I didn't change the sheets for two days after you left."

A pang of something registered in Draco's chest at the admission, and he marvelled at Harry's ability to be so honest. He scrutinised Harry's face and saw the faint blush on his cheeks, knowing then how much it had cost Harry to admit it. The pang grew into something warmer, and it seeped down into his stomach too.

Harry groaned in frustration and threw himself onto his back, staring at the ceiling. Draco measured the curves of his profile and reached a hand out, tracing the shape of Harry's ear in the air, bereft because he couldn't touch him. "How do you smell so good, Draco?" Harry asked in a whisper.

When Harry said his name like that, not in anger or in passion but in such casual intimacy, he was shocked. Say it again, he willed. It sounds beautiful when you say it; not the curse it sometimes seems.

“I know I said I’d give you time to sort yourself out, but I can’t,” Harry said. He twisted his head until he looked back in Draco’s direction, and Draco found himself wriggling up the bed so he could feel like they were looking at each other instead of being separated by time and space. “You intrigue me, Draco,” Harry smiled. “You make me curious to know you better. You excite me.”

I assure you, the feeling is entirely mutual, Draco smirked to himself.

“You make me want to catch you. Keep you,” Harry added, the look in his eyes altogether more carnal.

Draco stilled completely. You’d never hurt me, he thought, the surge of certainty he felt surprising him, but pleasing him beyond words. He’d never considered that emotional security could be so important until that moment.

“I didn’t think you’d appreciate a sentimental declaration of my total infatuation with you,” Harry said calmly. “But I thought you might appreciate seeing exactly what it is you do to me,” he finished.

I bet it’s nothing like what you do to me, Draco thought wryly, trying to tune out the insistent nudging of his erection against the cotton fabric of his shirt.

“You make me hard, Draco. Nearly all the time.”

Draco swallowed with difficulty and found his gaze wandering down Harry’s body until he saw the undisguisable length of his erection lying flat beneath his clothes.

Let me see you, Draco pleaded silently. I want to watch you touch yourself and know you’re thinking about me. He watched the shaky rise and fall of Harry’s chest, noting the uncanny mirroring of his own excitement. Their breaths panted out so very lightly, but perfectly in time.

“I’ve always liked wanking, Draco, but doing it under my desk at work and hoping no one

walks in is no laughing matter.” They both snorted together at that, Draco’s own similar recollections making him grin broadly, too. He watched, riveted, as Harry curled up from the mattress and tugged his black jumper over his head and threw it onto the floor, collapsing back flat again. Draco’s eyes wandered all over Harry’s body, but mostly, he was drawn to the several inches of hard cock poking above the waistband of Harry’s black, unbelted jeans. He’d licked his lips before he realised, hypnotised by the clear thread of wetness that had slid across Harry’s rosy red end and dripped off until it collected in a shiny smear on his stomach.

If you were really here I’d be down there licking that off right about now, Draco groaned to himself.

“I love the thought of you watching me doing this,” Harry said, his voice sounding a little strangled.

I could watch you do this all day. In fact, I could probably watch you doing anything all day, Draco sighed to himself. He watched Harry’s hands move to his button fly with his mouth flooding with saliva and his heart hammering painfully.

Harry undid the top button with a struggle, having to push his erection to one side to do it. When that one was open, he tugged the denim in opposite directions, snapping all the other buttons undone simultaneously.

Shit, he isn’t wearing any underwear. Draco scrabbled at his shirt hem, lifting it up and grabbing a handful of himself. There was no way he could watch Harry doing this and not get off on it. Harry had shoved his jeans down to his knees and kicked them off clumsily until he was naked and flushed, stretched out an arm’s length away, but completely beyond Draco’s reach.

“I feel dirty,” Harry whispered as he took hold of his cock in one hand and started to masturbate. “It feels good,” he groaned after a few moments, the effects of his activity plain in his shaky voice.

Not as good as it looks. Draco moved his hand in time with Harry’s, going slowly when Harry



did; speeding up when he did, too.

Draco's eyes crawled greedily over Harry, making the most of this unbelievable opportunity to watch him without shame or restraint of any kind. Harry's legs lay only slightly parted, and his thigh muscles tensed and jumped as the pleasure ate into his body. Draco noticed everything about the way Harry held himself, how he masturbated. There was nothing gentle about Harry's grip. His fingertips dug into his shaft and his hand travelled the entire length as he worked his arm faster and faster. When Harry's thumb flicked up every couple of strokes and spread the wetness sliding out of him around that enticing, lickable head, Draco did the same. He groaned aloud at the pleasure, wishing Harry could see him too.

"Do you know what would make this perfect?" Harry just about managed to say through his gasps, his hand working rhythmically in his lap. Draco watched Harry's foreskin retract and return, retract and return as he wanked himself, thinking for the thousandth time how that fat, rounded end would fit absolutely perfectly in his mouth and he'd suck it so hard Harry would beg him not to ever stop. He wouldn't want to stop.

Harry's hand slowed enough to give him the breath to speak. Draco's own hand slowed as Harry turned his head and focussed on the space he now occupied. Harry's face was hot pink, and there were tiny beads of perspiration on his forehead. Draco knew if he could lean forward and kiss them away, his lips would be salty, and he'd lick at them until he couldn't taste it any more. Tell me, he begged Harry silently.

"You on your hands and knees above me, Draco," Harry told him. Draco watched Harry's eyes drop closed for a moment and his nostrils flared as a sigh rolled out from deep down in his chest. Draco could not take his eyes off Harry, not even if his life depended on it.

"Sucking me off. And I'd bury my tongue inside you while you did it."

Draco's hand sped up of its own accord. This seduction of Harry's was beyond intense; the remembrance of Harry eating him out was enough to snap his patience and he raced to his finish, groaning aloud as he looked at Harry's face all the while. Harry's eyes were mostly closed, his long eyelashes fluttering as his face tensed and relaxed and tensed again, biting down on his bottom lip as his body moved with the force of his masturbation.

“I can feel your tight skin under my palms, Draco. My fingernails digging into you as I spread you apart, and god, the taste of you in my mouth.”

When Harry’s spine arched up off the bed, Draco came. He shouted out loud with no one to hear him but himself, spraying thick white gouts of come across the bedspread, disappearing below the surface of phantom-Harry’s skin like it had never existed. As he lay panting and sated, watching Harry bring himself off with a few long, hard strokes, Draco marvelled at the inventiveness of this use for a Pensieve. Voyeurism was highly underrated as a bedroom activity, especially when the subject was someone as utterly delectable as Harry.

He looked longingly at Harry’s face as he submitted to his body’s need to come, memorising each tilt of his chin and every gasp for air as he tipped his head back into the pillow and cried out. Harry’s mouth made a perfect ‘o’ as he orgasmed, the frown on his brow melting back into smooth, shiny skin, pink from exertion and glowing with something far more than simple inner beauty.

When Draco could finally tear his eyes away from Harry’s face, they crawled possessively down his torso, tracing the path of every streak and spot of creamy semen making patterns on the flawless, flushed skin.

“Jesus,” Harry sighed quietly. “I couldn’t do that too often.” He laughed a little to himself before adding, “I can’t remember the last time I felt this knackered after a wank.”

I know what you mean, Draco yawned silently. He snorted, understanding that the tension must have been even greater for Harry than it had been for him. What I wouldn’t give to roll on top of you right now and make us both sticky and wet, Draco thought, cataloguing the idea away to play out with Harry at some point in the future. He couldn’t imagine how much more of a turn on it could be to actually watch him do that in the flesh, to be able to smell him and feel his heat and tease him with filthy suggestions as he touched himself. There was a lot to be said for the human imagination.

Harry turned his head to stare at the space Draco occupied. “How am I supposed to do anything else when all I want is lock us both in my bedroom and throw away the key?”

Draco stared back deeply into Harry's unseeing eyes, reading his need for peace of mind, and knowing it fit seamlessly together with his own desires and his own need to belong at the side of someone meant just for him.

"It isn't just the sex, Draco, although Merlin knows it was fucking incredible," Harry smiled shyly. "You'll challenge me to be better in every way, to be more than someone just fulfilling a prescribed existence because it keeps the public feeling safe. You'll make me work for your respect instead of giving it to me on a platter."

Draco watched Harry sigh heavily. "Let me have a chance at making you happy, Draco. I know I can do it. I want to." He was silent for a minute or more and Draco lay back in comfort, imagining how it would feel to sleep next to Harry every night, wrapped in his embrace, or bickering over the warm spot amidst the cold expanse of sheets. Draco laughed as he imagined rubbing his icy feet against Harry's warm legs and the inevitable loud exclamation and play wrestling that would follow.

"I'm thinking about kissing you," Harry told Draco. "I hope you'll let me do it the next time we meet."

"I will, Harry. I promise," Draco whispered back.

"Bye, Draco," Harry said sadly, stretching a hand out towards where he lay and stroking the covers with his fingertips. Even knowing he wouldn't feel anything didn't stop Draco placing his own hand over Harry's. It sank below the surface and disappeared altogether under the illusion of Harry's skin.

"Goodnight, Harry," he said.

After a second's disorientation, Draco was back on his own bed, feeling his cooling ejaculate under his palm where it had fallen across the bed linen. He felt shaky and lonelier than he wanted to admit.

With a single finger, he wiped a spot of semen off the side of the Pensieve, surprised he had

managed to hit anything that far away. He contemplated the runes on the heavy stone bowl for quite a while, examining his feelings in minute detail, refusing to gloss over anything any more.

When he came back to proper awareness of his surroundings, Draco leaned over the bowl once more and fell right back into Harry's memory.

He watched it twice more before he finally went to sleep.

## Chapter Seven

Draco didn't see Harry at all on Sunday and although he was aching to get his clammy palms on those sinful body parts, he actually felt much better than he had the day before. He thought it had something to do with the fact that their relationship seemed to have moved up another level with almost no fuss. After all, admissions of desire had been made on both sides, even if most of Draco's actual words hadn't been spoken within Harry's hearing. But he felt assured that Harry could not mistake his sentiments for anything other than genuine interest.

Though they didn't see each other, they exchanged a few owls over the course of the day. Draco made some grateful yet humorous comments on Harry's unusually intimate gift, and he felt himself warm up significantly when Harry replied and told him this was only the start of what he could do to wind the tension higher. Draco could not believe his luck. He had dreamed of falling in love with someone so sexually adventurous and inventive. Dreamed or fantasised, one or the other. He knew all his filthy fantasies were now within arm's reach, with every chance of being played out, as much for Harry's pleasure as for his own. Harry wanted him. He wanted to break him apart into quivering little pieces and put him back together again at his own leisure. Just the thought of giving himself over into Harry's complete control made Draco hard. He'd always acknowledged that fulfilment in the bedroom was very important to him, but when Draco had considered it in the past, he'd always put himself in the dominant role, unable to admit his need to be owned, to be taken by someone who was strong enough to force him to comply.

And now he'd admitted what he wanted, he didn't want anyone but Harry to be that person for him. It seemed oddly right that it should be him of all people. Someone he actually felt was worthy of having him. He didn't confide any of this in his letters to Harry, but he did his best to hint at it, promising that the next time they managed to get together, he'd definitely

make it worth Harry's while.

Throughout all the innuendo and teasing, Harry shared his concerns about his friends with Draco. The whole of the Weasley clan seemed to be at St. Mungo's, and Draco wondered how he must be coping there. Not that he was going to offer to visit the hospital, even if it would have meant seeing Harry. Nope, all things considered, he was much better off at home, pining for some hot and sweaty sex instead of joining the ginger masses in the overcrowded waiting room, ignoring the strained silences that would doubtless follow him everywhere. Besides which, Draco knew the temptation to drag Harry into a handy spare bed, even if it was in the middle of a crowded ward, would almost certainly prove too taxing for his self restraint.

Hermione had undergone some revolutionary alternative surgery techniques to birth the twins, and she had actually had the babies spelled out of her body without the need for invasive procedures. Both the babies, a boy and a girl, were tiny, but as healthy as could reasonably be expected. Sadly, the same could not be said for Hermione. She hadn't regained consciousness, and there was concern for her well-being. Draco could tell how worried Harry was, even for all their banter. So he couldn't feel annoyed that they were apart at a time when they should have been together, getting to know each other. If it were Pansy, Draco would have felt the same.

But at least he had the comfort of his shirt, even if it wasn't the one Harry had actually worn. He could pretend, couldn't he? He spent most of the day in it, ignoring the pointed questioning stares from his mother whenever their paths happened to cross as he wandered between the study, the kitchen, the owlery and his bedroom.

Harry sent him a lovely note just before he went to sleep. Draco had heard of hot water bottles before. He knew they were a Muggle thing, but there was no need for them in the wizarding world when they had perfectly good Warming Charms. Regardless of that, Draco thought the idea of having his own personal Harry-shaped hot bottle sounded just wonderful. He thought he'd probably never be cold again, and he went to sleep happy in that knowledge.

~oOo~

Draco's Monday morning was slightly out of the ordinary. He got to the office not long after the crack of dawn, as usual, and started to plough through his already expanding in-tray. He was called out to a long, impromptu meeting with the chairman of his bank, much to his surprise, and had only been back in his office for an hour or so before he was disturbed.

"Harry Potter to see you, sir."

Draco looked up from his paperwork in surprise. Patricia stood at the door, watching him impassively. He felt himself flush a little. What on earth was Harry doing here? He nodded once and put his quill down, ruffling a hand through his hair to check it was presentable.

He sat staring at the door as Harry entered his office, refused a drink with a warm smile, and watched Patricia close the door. And then Harry turned his gaze on him, and what blood hadn't rushed to his face pooled in his groin in a hot flood. He watched Harry walk across the room towards his desk, not even pretending to take in the surroundings as he said, "Nice office, Malfoy."

Draco swallowed hard. The ability to speak seemed to have disappeared temporarily. Harry smiled. Not a warm greeting, but a predatory, knowing smile, like he could read every thought in Draco's head.

Harry stopped a pace or two before the desk, not accepting the proffered seat. Draco had to drop his gaze before he could force any words out.

"What can I do for you?" he managed, noting with disgust the waver in his voice. There was no way he could look back up again.

Harry laughed a low, sexy laugh. "Oh, lots of things, I can assure you," he teased. Draco closed his eyes and tried to concentrate on willing his hard-on away. He felt the desk move, and cracked his eyes open enough to see that Harry was leaning on his hands, looming across from him. "I'd like to take you out for lunch, if you're available," Harry added, his

voice a little more serious.

“Yes. Fine,” Draco said with little thought, steeling himself to look back up into Harry’s face as he answered.

It was not a good move. He watched the tip of Harry’s tongue slide out and lick his bottom lip slowly, making the rosy pink skin shiny. He wanted that mouth on him, to feel that wicked tongue trace wet patterns on his body. He remembered with absolute clarity the first time that tongue licked him between his legs. How it felt when Harry pushed it inside him, forcing his hole open with its insistent probing.

“But I want something else first,” Harry continued, speaking confidentially, loading the words with dirty suggestions.

Draco gave in. He looked up at Harry’s eyes, accepting that he was the fly, caught and struggling in the spider’s web. He let all his wants and needs show on his face, and was ecstatic when he watched Harry’s face register the slightest flicker of shock at his sudden complicity.

Harry leaned further forward. Draco could feel his breath on his face.

“Yes?” Draco whispered, scared at the strength of his desire for Harry.

Harry smiled broadly. He reached out a hand and combed his fingers gently through Draco’s hair before he spoke. “I want to sit in your chair.”

Oh, Draco thought, feeling very deflated.

But then Harry continued. “And I want you to kneel on the floor in that big, spacious foot well.”

Oh, this is much more like it, Draco mused, feeling relief course through his body.

“And then I want you to undo my trousers and take my cock out.” Harry’s eyelids were



lowered, his vibrant eyes piercing right through Draco.

Draco had so much trouble swallowing that there was an audible ‘gulp’ when he finally succeeded.

Harry sighed heavily. “I want a blow job, Malfoy. I want the best blow job of my life. Right now.”

And Draco thought, Oh, yeah. I can do that. He pushed the chair back and stood up, stepping to one side to make space for Harry.

Harry walked round him and unbuttoned his jacket. He trailed his fingertips over the unmistakable bulge in Draco’s trousers before flopping gracefully into the seat. Then, he reached a hand out and caught Draco’s hip in it, pulling him in closer so that their legs were touching. Draco looked down at Harry and felt a stab of insane desire shoot through his groin.

“On your knees, Malfoy,” Harry commanded. “I’m fed up of waiting. I want to come in your mouth.”

It wouldn’t have mattered what Harry said to him after that. Draco would have done anything, absolutely anything Harry told him to. He worked his way between Harry’s widely parted thighs and dropped to the floor. Draco gave his hands free rein and he ran his palms up and down Harry’s legs, feeling the subtle twist of muscles beneath the surface as Harry pushed up into his caresses.

Draco never knew how he kept his hands steady as he worked Harry’s belt buckle loose and tugged it undone. Harry slipped further down into the seat as Draco’s fingers traced over the straining fly, making a slow tease out of flipping the buttons open. He parted the fabric of the trousers reverently, revealing silky navy blue shorts, with a sizeable damp patch decorating the stretched material. He could smell Harry. He smelled so fucking good that Draco’s mouth started to water at the thought of being filled with hot, hard cock.

On an impulse, Draco bent over Harry’s lap and rubbed his nose and his mouth across the

wet silk, pressing the flat of his tongue onto Harry's shaft. Harry groaned loudly and clamped a hand to the back of Draco's head, holding him in place so there was no escape, not that Draco could think of anywhere else he'd rather be.

He brought his hands up and fiddled with the tiny buttons holding the shorts closed. He couldn't get them open! He started to panic a bit, bubbling over with eagerness to get to Harry. He could see a good few inches of coveted flesh poking out above the waistband of the underwear, but there wasn't enough room to pull them down so that he could cup Harry's sac in his palm as he ate him, squeezing him gently and turning the heat up. Why won't they come undone?! he cursed silently.

Of course, every tickle and press of Draco's hands into his groin made Harry moan and thrust up into the touches. Draco was getting more and more dismayed at his inability to negotiate the tiny buttonholes. In a sudden fit of temper, he gritted his teeth, jabbed his fingers into the gaps between the buttons and ripped the fabric apart.

"Christ, Malfoy," Harry gasped heatedly, just adding more fuel to Draco's already raging fire.

In the tattered remains of Harry's shorts, Draco managed to work Harry's erection loose until it was finally free. He was moaning quietly to himself, almost-but-not-quite overlooking the painful throb of his own cock constricted in his trousers.

He sat back for a moment so he could drink in the sight before him. The vision of Harry's shiny, purpled erection jutting out of his fine black hair was the stuff of lifelong fantasies. Harry reached forward and held Draco's cheek for a moment, and they looked up at each other, faces both full of delicious anticipation.

When Harry traced a finger along his lips, Draco parted them and tasted the skin with the tip of his tongue, testing its resistance and judging it perfect. Harry sighed loudly and dragged the finger back, pressing it just past Draco's lips and into his mouth. Draco pursed his lips around the finger and lapped at it hungrily.

"Mmm," Harry sighed expressively.

When Draco opened his mouth again, Harry drew a second finger across his bottom lip and Draco sucked them both inside, slurping wetly at them as Harry slowly fed them in and out. Draco teased Harry with his eyes, loading his gaze with a thousand obscene thoughts, and holding him completely captivated with a mere look. Draco reached up and held Harry's hand steady as he opened his mouth wider and made a show of fellating the fingers suggestively, sparking two burning patches of red on Harry's cheeks. Watching Harry fall apart because of him was incredibly empowering. Every nerve ending in his body thrummed and vibrated with erotic tension.

Draco closed his eyes as he explored the flesh invading his mouth. He whimpered unashamedly around them, forcing his tongue into the dividing crease and parting the fingers wide until he could lick right into the little vee where they met Harry's palm.

"Please," Harry whispered, almost too quietly to be heard. Draco opened his eyes and released the hand, letting him pull his fingers back from their hot, wet torture. He tipped his head back as Harry traced the damp fingertips in a line over the curve of his chin and down his neck, until the now dry digits pressed against his hammering pulse. "I want you," Harry moaned.

That makes two of us, Draco thought with relief as he lowered his head and placed the first moist kiss on Harry's jerking, sticky shaft.

"Oh," Harry sighed, flexing his body and pushing up into Draco's face. His hands were kneading at Draco's scalp, jerky and a little rough as his composure failed.

The satin softness of Harry's wet end rubbed a line across Draco's cheek. He ground his face into it, feeling the springy firmness against his cheekbone. His hand crept up and tickled the coarse hairs on Harry's shrunken, hard little sac, circling the ball of flesh and digging his fingers in around it. Harry's body was in constant motion under Draco. His hips twisted and pumped; a mixture of reflexive responses and calculated movement. Draco's tongue lapped hard at Harry's shaft, revelling in the slippery wetness that coated the upper end. He used his teeth to graze along the swollen length, loving the sound of Harry's torment above him. He felt his hair being pulled into painful fistfuls and pulled his head away so that his scalp screamed at him to stop it, but the stinging sensation merely pushed his need to please

Harry higher.

“Eat me,” Harry groaned. “Please.”

The moment he realised he could not refuse the request was the moment Draco realised he belonged to Harry. He didn't want to refuse him anything. He pulled his head back and lifted Harry's shaft away from his body so that he could lower his mouth right over it. He stretched his mouth wide to accommodate him, yet still it rubbed against the circumference of his lips. There was just so much of him. Oh, god, Draco thought, as he felt warm wetness spread in his groin. He didn't think his cock could leak this much without actually coming. It made him laugh that even with all his saliva pooling in Harry's lap, his own was probably the wetter one. His anus was clenching and relaxing in almost painful pulses, wishing it were that orifice that Harry was going to abuse.

When he pursed his lips around Harry, Draco felt sure he heard the sound of tears in the strangled sob that slithered over his skin. The sense of power, of ownership surged over him and he devoured Harry with noisy enthusiasm, loving the pleas and praise Harry showered on him.

He withdrew his mouth to the sound of Harry begging him not to, but the begging turned to groans of pleasure as he flicked the pointy tip of his tongue over the very end of him, teasing the little seeping slit and sighing his gratitude for the succulent, salty sweet flavour streaming over his taste buds.

Draco raised his face and looked up at Harry. His eyes were screwed shut in a look of excruciating pain, but Draco knew what it really meant. He used his hand to masturbate Harry lightly, stroking at his erection just enough to make the domed end bob and bounce against his lips. He couldn't help but touch himself, too. He pressed into his groin with the heel of his other hand, not knowing whether he was trying to distract himself from the aching throb there or spark greater pleasure. Whatever his purpose, he succeeded in doing the latter, rubbing his groin hard enough to hurt but ultimately pushing himself closer to coming.

Harry opened his eyes at the change in tempo. Draco could see the struggle for control in

Harry's face. He did not want to come yet, but Draco didn't know how much longer he could wait. He wanted what Harry had; wanted to drink him down and feel the hot spurts against the back of his throat as he came. He wanted Harry to shout his name when he did. He slid his mouth back over Harry, never breaking eye contact as he tracked every hitched breath and every flutter of his eyelids.

Harry fought so hard to hang on, but in the end, Draco won.

Maybe it was the regular tap-tap-tap on the end of Harry's cock as it hit the back of Draco's throat on each pass of his mouth that did it, or even the gentle squeeze of his gag reflex as Harry fought to push past it and failed. It could have been the steady pressure of Draco's fingertips as he rubbed purposefully against the pulsing vein along the entire length of Harry. But most of all, Draco hoped it was the sight of his blond head bobbing up and down in Harry's lap, of his lips stretched tightly around Harry's unbelievable shaft.

"Oh, I'm-" was all Harry managed to choke out before the first jet of hot, salty come coated the back of Draco's throat. "Draco!" Harry bellowed, pushing him that last fraction of an inch so that he fell headlong over his own edge and came himself, grinding his enclosed bulge into his grasping hand frantically, as though the motion could make him orgasm any harder.

Draco had a moment of panic when he couldn't breathe around Harry. He was mid-swallow when his own orgasm ripped out of him, causing a reflex action to suck in lungfuls of breath. He stiffened all over for a split second before the sensation left him, and he went back to savouring the taste of Harry in his mouth as his own wet heat spread across his groin. He sighed, sated, around Harry, eliciting a warm chuckle from above him and feeling a gentle hand stroking his hair.

After long moments, Draco slowly slid his mouth off Harry's slightly softer penis and rested his forehead against his hip, pulling long, calming breaths into his body and flexing his stiff muscles. Harry continued to pet his hair, flopped bonelessly in the chair as he was.

"Your turn," Harry told him quietly, pulling at Draco's shoulder to move him upwards.

Draco laughed silently, but his shoulders shook under Harry's hand. He turned his face up to look at Harry and raised an eyebrow as he smirked. "Too late," he said, drawing a shock of delighted laughter from the elegantly wasted Potter. Draco laid his head back against Harry and rested there for several minutes. It felt wonderful. He wanted to snuggle up to him and go to sleep. I just thought the word 'snuggle', he groaned to himself.

When he eventually decided it was way past time to move, Harry helped him stand up and they leaned in together, Draco's thighs pressed into the lip of his desktop. He let Harry hold him, absorbing the way his hands sat against the ridge of his hipbones and rested there.

Harry laughed quietly and Draco shifted so he could see his face. "You could do that for a living," Harry sniggered.

Draco narrowed his eyes, showing his amused disgust at the suggestion. "Are you calling me a whore?" he said in consternation, only partially serious.

"Hmm," Harry murmured, pretending to think for a moment or two. "Not really, but I suspect it might just slip out occasionally when I'm fucking you." There was a truly wicked, calculated expression on Harry's face, and Draco could see them both naked in his mind's eye. He could absolutely believe he would behave like a whore for Harry, pretty much whenever he wanted it, he suspected. Harry continued, "But it wouldn't really mean anything, because it'd be said during sex." Harry smirked as he repeated Draco's own words back at him.

Draco raised an aristocratic eyebrow and huffed.

But Harry ploughed on. "Besides which, you'd be such a high class whore, I doubt anyone but me would be able to afford you."

Draco shot Harry his most haughty glare. "Even you don't have enough money to buy me, Potter," he snarled.

Harry laughed and wrapped his arms around Draco's waist, pulling him close until they were pressed together tightly. "Well then, perhaps we could find some other form of currency for

me to pay you in?"

Potter's grin was back with renewed radiance and Draco couldn't help but snort out a dry laugh. "Perhaps," he agreed, hesitantly.

Harry's hands wandered down to Draco's buttocks and he squeezed them sharply, causing a very nice involuntary arching of Draco's spine and a tempting little whimper. "Oh, I don't think there's any 'perhaps' about it." He let Draco go and pushed him back slightly. "Do you want a hand getting cleaned up down there?"

Draco tutted. "I can manage perfectly well by myself, thank you very much."

"Um, okay then," Harry said with a shrug, slightly disbelievingly.

"What?" Draco snapped.

"Well," Harry began, his mischievous smile spreading. "I thought you had house-elves to do that kind of thing for you."

Draco shook his head, completely scandalised by the suggestion. "Fuck off, Potter."

Harry laughed aloud and backed away placatingly, contemplating the shredded mess of his exposed underwear. As he dropped his trousers to get rid of his ruined boxer shorts, he quipped, "You just like to hear the words 'fuck' and 'Potter' in the same sentence."

Draco conceded the point with a shy nod and smiled. "I'm hungry," he said.

Harry pulled his trousers up and re-buttoned his fly. "Are you sure you've got room for food?" he joked.

"Don't be disgusting," Draco told him primly.

Buttoning his jacket, Harry whined, "But it won't be any fun if I'm not allowed to be disgusting."

Draco crossed his arms and studied Harry's face for long moments. "Come on. Let's go," he finally sighed. As he shut his office door behind them both, Draco took a last look at his chair, and smiled to himself, knowing that sitting in it would never feel quite the same again.

~oOo~

They went to a small restaurant they'd both been to before at different times, where the salads were tempting and the desserts were to die for. After they'd both ordered, they sat and stared at each other, two wicked grins growing until they both finally laughed out loud.

"What are you laughing at?" Draco eventually asked as he contemplated Harry across the small table. If he'd have reached out, they could have held hands. He didn't do it, despite his burning desire to feel Harry's thumb rub across his knuckles.

"Same as you, probably," Harry said with a dismissive wave of his hand. "Just the sheer improbability of us being where we are, you know?"

Draco nodded. He looked down into his lap and fiddled with his napkin before saying, "You haven't mentioned the cinema the other night yet." He felt himself heating up uncomfortably, but knew he needed to get the conversation out of the way. That didn't mean he actually had to look at Harry while they talked, though.

Harry stretched a leg out under the table and nudged Draco's calf with it. Draco looked up, unsure whether it had been accidental or intentional. Harry was looking right at him with the kind of expression that said he'd rather eat him than his food order. "What's to mention?" Harry said, rolling his lips to moisten them.

Tearing his eyes away from Harry's mouth, Draco said, "You're not angry, or disgusted or anything?" Harry's leg moved again and it came to a stop resting right against Draco's calf. That patch of contacted skin suddenly became the most interesting part of Draco's body and he could feel each single fine hair moving beneath the fabric of his trousers.



“Nope,” Harry said, smiling at Draco’s uncertainty. He sat forward, leaning as far towards Draco as the table would allow. He had that look in his eyes again, the same look he had when he was sinking his cock up to the hilt in Draco’s body. The look was almost frightening in intensity, but frightening in a good way. Draco’s body started to stir under the weight of Harry’s gaze and he felt his shaft thickening again and the steady drum of his pulse pattering rhythmically in his groin.

“But you could teach them a thing or two, you know,” Harry told him quietly. Draco’s brow crinkled in confusion, so Harry added, “If anyone ever made a film of you, that cinema’d be packed.”

Oh, dear god. That did it. Draco heard an almost-but-not-quite silent whimper leave his mouth and he wondered how he was still managing to stay sitting in his chair when he should quite clearly have been stark naked, straddling Harry’s lap and bouncing up and down on his fat, hard cock.

“I like watching as much as the next person,” Harry continued, his voice low and confidential. “Probably more, in actual fact. But I’d much rather be there in the flesh.”

“Oh,” Draco managed to say as his entire body squeezed tight around him until he felt like his insides were too big for his skin. He could feel the steady throb of blood in his cheeks and knew Harry would see how excited he was. He liked that thought a lot.

When the waiter arrived with the food, Harry let Draco off the hook. He sat back, giving Draco the metaphorical space to breathe again and compose himself.

“So, when are you going away?” Harry asked. Draco thought there was the slightest bit of disappointment in his voice.

“Late tonight,” he sighed. “But only until Friday or Saturday.”

It was an ill-timed trip as far as Draco was concerned. For once in his life, his personal circumstances meant more to him than his job, and he wished he could stay at home,

swapping owls with Harry and maybe even meeting up with him.

Draco had sent Harry an owl as soon as he'd got out of his morning meeting, in which he'd been told he was being sent out of the country. After being grilled by his bank's chairman about his achievements and his ambitions, Draco was 'asked' to participate in a symposium about bailing the Ukrainian wizarding bank out of their current crisis. It was a huge honour to be asked to go, but the suspicious part of Draco wondered whether the opportunity would have come his way had his relationship with Harry not been splattered all over the pages of the Prophet. Blaise's cautionary words about Harry's true power had stayed with Draco. He couldn't shake the irony that he was possibly being sent away because of his relationship with Harry, when he really wanted to stay. Because of Harry.

"Maybe we can do something when you get back?" Harry asked calmly.

Draco smiled and said, "What did you have in mind?" He teased Harry with his big, mock innocent eyes.

Harry chewed his food slowly, measuring his response carefully before he replied. "Oh, I think you know," he finally answered.

"Mmm. I think I do," Draco said faintly.

They chatted about inconsequential stuff while they finished their meals, and so it didn't take them long for the subject to turn to clothes and more specifically, their somewhat surprising, shared passion for suits.

"I've got to ask," Draco started. "How did someone as 'challenged' as you in the fashion department end up with that wardrobe?"

Harry looked down his nose wryly. "You make it sound like an imprisonable offence." Draco shot back the kind of smirk that suggested that this was, in fact, exactly what it was.

Harry stared off into space for a long moment while he appeared to think about the question. "Even before the final battle, the Ministry was trying to control me." Harry's face

set into a hard frown and Draco saw the first evidence of just how intimidating an opponent Harry could be for someone who got on his wrong side. “They were trying to tell me where to go, who to be seen with; all the tricks in the book to manipulate me, in the hopes I was too naïve to know how to refuse.”

Harry looked angry, and Draco wondered quite how a simple question about clothes had managed to sour the tone of the lunch so much.

“Scrimgeour and I fell out pretty early on,” Harry continued. “He was less worried about Voldemort than his public popularity ratings. He’d ‘accidentally’ turn up at places where I happened to be and always managed to make sure he was standing near me and smiling whenever there was a photographer in the vicinity. So it always looked like we were together, in some way.” Harry broke off, and Draco bitterly regretted setting him off when he was so clearly unhappy about something.

“The next thing I knew, I was getting dragged round all these specialist robes shops by this irritating bitch from Scrimgeour’s office. I was fitted for every kind of formal outfit you can imagine. The only good thing about it was that she didn’t actually come in with me when I was being measured up.” Harry broke off again and sipped at his water. “The invitations to galas and functions and dances started while I was still at school. Dumbledore blocked most of them, but then it got that people I knew, and liked, started asking me to do stuff and I felt I couldn’t refuse them. So of course, I was going to all these do’s, and people started pestering me to get more clothes, because I was always wearing the same things when my picture was in the paper. That’s why I agreed to go off with her in the first place. The only reason.” He looked disgusted with himself.

Harry sighed heavily and fiddled with his glass, pushing it around the table. “Then, I got pulled in to meet the Muggle Prime Minister. I went because Scrimgeour was a total fuckwit and I knew he’d got almost no experience in non-magical settings. I put my foot down. If I was going to start meeting Muggles on behalf of the wizarding world, I didn’t want to look like some overgrown, stuffed bat, scaring the shit out of people who were much more vulnerable than us.”

Draco let out a snort of muted laughter at that, and Harry smiled for the first time since he'd started talking.

"So anyway, this 'personal assistant' of mine found me a very nice tailor on Saville Row. Richard James. Do you know him?" Draco shot Harry a bemused look that said 'What the hell do you think?' Harry smirked. "Well," he started coyly, "They had this tailor's assistant there, and my god, he was hot!" Draco's face must have shown a twinge of jealousy because Harry waved it away with a hand gesture. However, he grinned even more before continuing. "Turns out he was gay, this assistant. Every time he measured me, his tape measure used to wander a bit, if you know what I mean."

Draco laughed aloud at Harry's 'stroke' of luck in the midst of such an unpleasant time. "I expect you can guess I needed a lot of fittings for that suit." Harry sniggered uncontrollably for a few seconds.

Draco shook his head in amazement. "And I imagine your inside leg wasn't the only thing he measured, was it?" Draco smirked, before adding, "And no one from Scrimgeour's office picked up on the fact that it was taking so long?" he queried.

"No. They were all pure-blooded. No experience in the Muggle world. In fact, his staff recruitment policy wasn't much different from Voldemort's. Now I think about it, at least Voldemort had some half-and-halves in his employ. Scrimgeour didn't. Always made me suspicious, that."

"I never gave it much thought, to be honest," Draco commented.

"No offence, but I'm hardly surprised," Harry shrugged. Draco raised his eyebrows but didn't comment. "So that's the story of my first suit," Harry said briskly. "When Jamie, the assistant, moved on to another tailor, I went there and bought another suit," he grinned before adding, "And then, I went to the tailor next door because I liked their window display, and I had another suit from them."

Draco was enchanted. Harry's face came alive as he described his baby steps into clothes shopping – something he could well relate to.

“And then I found this Cobbler’s down a little side street,” Harry recollected happily. “I’ve still got my first pair of handmade shoes,” he sighed in complete satisfaction, surrounded by a warm glow. It’s such a luxury to have clothes made that are only for me, instead living in Dudley’s hand-me-downs. I like to think I’m making up for lost time.

Draco plonked his elbow on the table and his chin in his hand, smiling stupidly at Harry’s pleasure.

“And now,” Harry murmured, leaning in so that Draco leaned forward to match him, “it’s time for dessert.” There was a truly wicked gleam in Harry’s eye as he said it.

Draco replied, “You are not having the fucking chocolate torte.” He spoke with a calm authority he didn’t feel.

Harry tipped his head back and roared with laughter. When he calmed down, he said teasingly, “Okay. I was thinking I might have the toffee ice cream anyway.” Harry’s eyes narrowed suggestively. “All that sticky, gooey toffee and that soft ... creamy ... vanilla ... goodness...”

Draco’s mouth dropped open. It had gone incredibly dry.

They sat staring at each other in complete silence, a look of pure, unadulterated sexual magnetism shaping Harry’s expression.

Finally finding the will to talk, Draco sighed quietly, “Would you like a double portion?”

~oOo~

They left the restaurant at a slow stroll, wandering towards a good point for Draco to Disapparate back to his office. When they got to a small alleyway and turned down it, Draco caught Harry’s elbow gently and pulled him to a standstill.

When Harry looked up and caught Draco's gaze, there was a careful, expectant set to his expression. Harry didn't say anything, but he didn't need to. Draco saw the strength of his hope and barely contained his elation at it. He took a measured step in toward Harry and placed his hands carefully on his hips, not quite able to look him in the eye in case he scared Harry away with his need.

Harry let out a long, nearly silent breath and every hair on Draco's body stood on end. Their faces came closer together by tiny fractions, until Draco could feel Harry's breath on his own lips. He could hear Harry's breathing, rapid and shallow, like he was out of breath. When Draco finally tore his eyes away from Harry's approaching lips and flicked up to catch his gaze instead, he felt like his chest would burst wide open with the pressure. He watched Harry's eyes drop closed seductively and then their lips met, and he heard himself moan in the back of his throat as Harry pressed in and parted his lips.

Harry's hands were digging into the small of his back, drawing their bodies into full contact, and Draco shuffled forward minutely until there was nowhere else to go. Harry was hot; his whole body was on fire and Draco could feel his own temperature rise as Harry whimpered in relief and slid his tongue out to meet Draco's own.

When their tongues met, their restraint vanished. Harry's hands skimmed up Draco's back until they plunged roughly into his hair, wrestling his head to the side and closer in, forcing himself into Draco's mouth so that their tongues stroked and coiled wetly around one another with exhilarated abandon.

Draco found his own arms had clamped around Harry's waist without any conscious decision to do so. The two devoured each other hungrily and even though they were as close as they could get, it wasn't enough. Draco felt a little off balance, and then Harry was forcing him backwards until he crashed against the wall and their bodies were grinding together painfully. But it still wasn't enough. Draco wanted to tear into Harry's bare back with his nails until he could feel his life's blood, sticky and hot on his fingertips. He felt a compulsion to be inside Harry somehow because nothing else could ever satisfy him.

The fact that they were both hard was irrelevant at that moment. Harry's lips on his own, his

tongue invading his mouth, was all Draco could focus on. He wasn't passive, but Harry controlled the kiss. Draco let him; it was how he wanted it. And by the sounds Harry was making, Draco thought it was how he wanted it too.

Their noses rubbed together and the saliva spread around their swelling lips as they opened wider to permit more access to each other. Harry tasted so good, just of himself, with only the merest hint of toffee hidden in the little dip beneath his tongue. Draco sucked at that tongue, pursing his lips tightly round it until he was pulling it deep into himself, and Harry found some strength from somewhere to crush himself even harder against Draco's front.

They wrestled with each other like that for long minutes, never surfacing for air but sucking it in hungrily when the seal of their lips broke even just the smallest amount.

Eventually, Harry's hands stopped twisting hanks of Draco's hair, and they slid carefully down to cup his cheeks instead, framing his face as if it were the most precious thing in the world. Draco felt Harry's thumbs caress the hollows in his cheeks that appeared when he worked his jaw, and he sighed at the tenderness in the touch. Their kiss became much gentler, less frantic, but it held no less emotion. That emotion had become something different. It was like the boundaries had been tested somehow and now they both knew it was safe to be so honest with each other, their mutual adoration was coaxed out into the open.

Under the warm press of Harry's palms, Draco's facial movements stilled until their kisses were chaste and soft; just slow, doting pecks across each other's cheeks, and the corners of their mouths.

Even with this lack of urgency, Draco's heart took much longer to slow than it should have. In that moment, it pounded with something entirely different, something warm, and tingling and harmonious. Despite his undoubted emotional dependency on Harry, Draco thought he'd never felt so free. It was wonderful, this being in love.

Love.

As Harry's face found a resting place in the curve of his neck, Draco considered his silent

epiphany. I'm in love with him, he thought as his hands traced paths up and down Harry's back. I always thought love was supposed to grow if you worked hard to make it happen. I never knew it had a life of its own. Realising how special this opportunity was, Draco determined there and then that nothing would stop him getting Harry and keeping him forever. There could be no other outcome for them.

Parting after that was difficult, but they did it because there was no other choice. They made promises of fidelity and to exchange owls when they could. But mostly, they made plans for his return, and Draco thought to himself that time could not pass quickly enough.

~oOo~

As he finished his packing that evening, Draco tidied up the few remaining items he would keep on his person for the journey and sat down on the edge of his bed. His Harry-shirt was folded neatly in his bag, the first thing to be packed. He'd checked it was there three or four times before satisfying himself he hadn't forgotten it, and sealing his luggage firmly.

He twiddled his wand between his fingers without really thinking of anything, but then a flash of a thought came to him and he smiled mischievously to himself, feeling manic and nervous too, as he accepted that he was really going to follow his impulse. Placing the tip of his wand against his forehead, Draco summoned a memory to his mind. He called it forth, so that it drew out of his head in thin, white wisps, twisting and curling around the shaft of his wand as he held it steadily and found a small, empty crystal bottle in the cupboard next to his Pensieve. He held his wand tip down over the narrow mouth, and the languidly swirling ectoplasm dripped off it and lapped gently around the insides of the cut glass bottle as it settled into its temporary home. Sealing it carefully, he called Pippin to take it and wrap it with extra special care, and deliver it by hand to Harry herself. It was too precious, too intimate to share with anyone else.

After she had gone, he took a last look around his room, feeling an uncomfortable spark of anxiety at his impulsive action. When Harry relived this memory, he would see Draco at his most naked, his most vulnerable. His Harry would watch him take himself with his once-



favoured dildo, working himself into a wanton frenzy with his pent up desires. But most of all, Harry would hear him scream his name as he came, and Draco knew that single word would say more than any amount of clever or considered poetry.

Draco had never laid himself so utterly bare before anyone before. He hoped he'd never be doing it again. It was only for Harry. Just like the rest of him. Only for Harry.

~oOo~

Draco's four days away flew by. He was kept incredibly busy and his conscientious nature meant he didn't have much opportunity to pine for Harry. He was kept in meetings for around fifteen hours a day, and then there were the not-really-optional dinners afterwards for all the delegates. Despite his mental burnout, Draco managed to write to Harry each night before he went to bed. In fact, those few short minutes before sleep each night were the high point of his days. He'd get back to his room to find a letter from Harry, filled with inane yet welcome chatter, anecdotes about his day and admissions that Harry missed him and was looking forward to him returning home. On three of his four nights there, Draco fell asleep re-reading Harry's letter from that day.

For himself, Draco's own letters back were short. He was simply too tired to write more, so he tried his best to make every word count. His letters weren't soppy or romantic; he wasn't practiced at either of those things. But they were brimming over with underlying tensions and his subtly phrased hopes for the future. Despite his best intentions and his promise to himself, Draco still found it nigh on impossible to say exactly what he meant. He knew he had to give himself time to adapt to this state of being, and he hoped Harry would see how hard he was trying.

For all the warmth of Harry's letters, Draco was worried because his bottled memory was never mentioned. When he thought about it, he became anxious, wondering if maybe he'd gone too far, or picked too personal a memory to share. But everything else in Harry's letters was encouraging, so Draco did his best not to dwell on his concern.

The symposium finally finished at teatime on Friday, and Draco wanted nothing more than to Floo straight home, but travel slots had not been booked until late evening, as the organisers were keen to throw a last minute ‘thank you’ dinner. So with the time difference as it stood, Draco didn’t reach Malfoy Manor until gone nine o’ clock that night.

As Pippin scurried about, taking his travelling cloak and his luggage, Draco stood, dazed, in his grand hallway, barely able to put one foot in front of the other.

“Mistress is entertaining a visitor in the kitchen, Master,” Pippin squeaked. Must be Blaise, Draco thought, smiling to himself at the mental image of his friend trying to drag him out to Merlin knew where. In his current state of fatigue, and even with Blaise’s most forceful cajoling, there was no way Draco was going anywhere, except to bed. Blaise would have to suck it up and fly solo for once.

The rare sound of his mother’s unguarded laughter rang out as he wandered slowly down the corridor leading to the kitchen. He was completely unprepared for the sight that met him as he entered the kitchen proper. Harry and his mother were lounging around the kitchen table, the remains of a meal pushed to one side as they worked their way down a bottle of wine.

“Darling!” his mother cried as she jumped up and pulled him into a hug that was far more maternal and emotional than he was used to. He kissed her cheek and hugged her back, looking over her shoulder at Harry as he held her.

Harry smiled shyly and looked at his glass before looking up again to gauge Draco’s response to his presence. All Draco could coherently think was, Thank you, Merlin. Thank you so much. His heart was palpitating in both surprise and pleasure, raising his temperature and sending a light flush to his cheeks. When he smiled back at Harry, it was a smile filled with relief and gratitude.

Draco suddenly realised his mother was trying to let go and that she was chattering away twenty to the dozen. “Pardon, Mother?” he said, tearing his eyes away from Harry and looking down at her.

“Oh, come and sit down, dear. Do tell us. Has it been dreadfully dull?”

He looked at her with a small smile on his face. He raised an eyebrow and said calmly, “I’m a banker, Mother. It was a symposium on banking. If I thought it was dull, I’d be doing something else for a living.”

Narcissa pouted. “There’s no need to be mean, darling. You know the only thing I know about money is how to spend it.”

Voice full of feigned irritation, he replied. “You can drop the dumb blonde act, Mother. Potter doesn’t buy it for an instant.” Draco watched her look across at Harry and smile broadly, shrugging her shoulders as if to say, ‘caught out again’.

Draco turned to Harry and asked him, “Are you well?”

Harry considered the question for a moment before answering, “Mostly. Nothing that can’t be imminently fixed.” He looked steadily at Draco with a wide-eyed, innocent expression that Draco just knew meant something else altogether. He felt parts of his anatomy start to show more interest than he thought appropriate at that moment, so he changed the subject smoothly.

“What were you laughing at?” He scrutinised his mother openly, daring her to lie or misbehave.

She giggled girlishly and said, “Oh, Harry and I were talking about the problems of being an only child and what it’s like to be the sole heir of a family.” She let a momentary smirk grace her features before glossing it over with cheerful ignorance.

“Really?” he said flatly, making it sound like a statement and not a question.

“Yes, really,” she replied, signalling the end of the discussion. “And on that note, I’ll leave you two boys to it. Have a pleasant evening.” She smiled warmly and swept out of the kitchen, leaving a pounding, heavy silence that stifled the atmosphere in the room.

Draco turned nervously to look at Harry. Why are you nervous, you idiot? he snapped to himself.

Harry leaned across the table and looked up at Draco through his eyelashes. "Where's your bedroom?" he demanded, his tone brooking no argument. The back of Draco's throat froze and he couldn't swallow. He looked at the lust in Harry's eyes and the firm set of his mouth as he waited, seemingly impatiently, for Draco to reply. When he didn't say anything, Harry reached out and wrapped his fingers around Draco's wrist, until they were so tight that Draco could feel the circulation failing in his fingertips. Pulling gently, but firmly, Harry made Draco stand up, and then he was leading him out of the kitchen, along the corridor and back towards the entrance hall.

At the bottom of the stairs, Harry turned back to look at him. He jerked his chin to indicate upwards, and Draco nodded feebly in response. The sluggishness he had felt over the last few days evaporated and all Draco could register was the deafening thrum of excitement ringing in his ears, setting his body on fire.

At the upper landing, Draco whispered, "Turn left. Fifth door," and he let Harry march him to his own room. He was uncomfortably hard, and he spent those few steps begging every deity he had ever flirted with to permit him his pleasure at Harry's hands.

Harry shoved Draco's heavy bedroom door open and almost slammed it shut. He did slam Draco back up against it as soon as it closed, and he leaned in to take a kiss. Harry wasn't asking; that much was obvious from the raw emotion shaping his face.

Draco could feel himself melting. His body went limp as Harry's mouth crashed into his and forced his lips apart, shoving his hot, hard tongue as far inside as he could. It was a clumsy, violent kiss, and Draco wanted it never to end. He couldn't wrap his arms around Harry because they were pinned against the door, but he could thrust his hips forward. When he did that, he could feel the solid lump of Harry's erection digging into his own, tantalisingly close, yet still so far out of reach. He knew he would have to wait until Harry said he could touch. Instead, he blossomed under Harry's kiss, whimpering and moaning in the most desperate of ways as his lips were bitten and chewed and his mouth was plundered without mercy.

When Harry moved to bite at his neck, Draco gasped to catch his breath and whispered, “Harry,” and Harry made a sound like a strangled sob in the back of his throat.

Rather than feeling Harry bite him harder, Draco found himself torn away from the door, twisted around and slammed face forward into the dark oak surface. “Oh,” he sighed, knowing Harry was going to fuck him right there any second. He was too scared to undo his trousers. If Harry had told him to do it, he would have, but all the decisions were Harry’s to make, so he stood as still as a statue.

He felt Harry move in close behind him, and he could tell that he was undoing his own trousers. He could hear the sounds of the leather belt and the metal zip, even over his own panting. Draco knew when Harry’s trousers were down, because the end of his gorgeous cock jabbed into his backside. He wriggled back against it, and he felt Harry’s hands circle his waist roughly, tugging at his clothes until his jacket was thrown aside and his trousers were shoved down to rest on his calves.

Harry’s face rested against Draco’s shoulder. His burning breath scalded against his ear and he heard Harry grind out, “Do you know what I’m going to do to you?” There was real aggression in that voice, and Draco’s knees felt weak in the face of such an overpowering onslaught. He made a wobbly, high-pitched noise in reply that was half a swallow and half a moan. He felt a sticky-slick finger press between his barely parted buttocks and force a path inside him, pumping in and out in long, hard strokes. Draco cried out heatedly, and he heard Harry laugh at the sound of his submission.

As Harry shoved a second finger inside, Draco heard Harry say, “Do you know why I’m going to do it?” He seemed to spit the question out, taunting Draco to give the right answer or else. It was too confusing. He couldn’t process Harry’s meaning. All he could do was succumb to the stabbing, hot pleasure of Harry’s fingers widening his hole commandingly, and feel the slide of Harry’s forearm against his bare cheeks. He pushed himself back like some rabid, hungry slut, begging for ill treatment at the hands of his owner. And Harry merely laughed all the harder. Draco fought the taut constriction of his trousers and did everything he could to spread his legs wider, begging silently for his good, hard fucking.

The third finger never came. When Harry withdrew the two and moved backwards slightly, Draco knew Harry wanted him tight. God, he was going to be so tight that Harry would tear him to pieces. He heard himself beg, "Please, Harry. Please," as he felt the blunt, slippery-wet end of Harry's cock streak over one buttock and press into the furrow of his hot crack. And then Harry was grunting through gritted teeth and driving past that too-tight opening and burning a grinding, slow path up inside his body. Draco cried aloud and Harry bit into his shoulder hard.

"Don't you ever do that to me again," Harry told him sharply, pushing deeper into Draco's anus and wrapping his fingers with Draco's, up against the door. Draco gripped for his life, squeezing hard enough to distract himself from the delicious, all-encompassing pleasure/pain Harry was inflicting. He tilted his hips as far up as they would go and pushed himself another inch or two onto Harry. His entire body throbbed in sympathy with his hole until he felt like a stone in the centre of a ripple of ever expanding shockwaves.

Harry ripped his attacking teeth off Draco's shoulder and rumbled, "Were you trying to fucking kill me with that memory?" And then he started to pull back out of Draco's passage, making the movement slow and threatening. Before he was too far out, Harry shoved those same few inches back inside and Draco sobbed so hard he thought he'd shed tears for a few long seconds. "Do you have any idea how hard I've been?" Harry growled, working his hips backwards and forwards, loosening those screaming muscles and feeding Draco physical and mental rapture by the inch. "I've wanked myself raw over what you did, and now you have to pay."

Harry's thrusts developed a steady rhythm, ploughing a wide path into Draco as they both gasped and panted and moaned.

Draco felt elated. All his worries about sending that particular memory vaporised, and he would have smiled to himself if he could. But he was a bit preoccupied, screwing his face up in concentration as he fought to keep pace with Harry, pushing back as much as he was allowed, frustrated because Harry wouldn't come all the way inside him.

The fiery heat inside Draco turned down a notch or two as Harry stroked in and out, no longer forcing the muscles, but instead giving them a much wanted intrusion to cling to, and

cling he did. Draco clenched himself as tight as possible and Harry hissed loudly behind him and groaned in unadulterated bliss as he worked Draco at a steady pace.

“More,” Draco choked out, reduced to begging, but knowing that Harry loved it. Harry’s pace didn’t change, and his groin still did not press up against Draco’s backside before he withdrew again each time. Tormenting himself with his need for more, Draco came close to tears, harshly swallowed down as he pleaded over and over with Harry.

But he was not answered with actions. “No,” Harry told him slyly, burying his face in Draco’s neck as he said it. “You don’t deserve it.” He kissed the dip below Draco’s ear roughly before chuckling and adding, “I wonder what I should make you do to earn it?” He withdrew his cock almost all the way out of Draco’s body.

“No! Don’t, please,” Draco howled, almost broken apart with desire. He felt Harry’s body move back from his own, so that they were only touching at the hands and the groin.

“Mm,” Harry sighed. “If only you could see what I can see,” he said as he slid back into Draco’s greedy heat. But the sight appeared to prove too much for Harry, because he pressed himself the length of Draco’s back and upped the pace, still going nowhere near the depth Draco wanted. “Touch yourself,” Harry whispered, and even with his quiet tones, Draco did not mistake Harry’s intent; it wasn’t an option.

Draco slid a hand out of Harry’s grasp and pushed it down towards his groin, amazed by the slippery liquid dribbling down himself that he hadn’t noticed before in his sensory overload. However restrained Harry’s thrusts were, as soon as Draco laid a hand on his own erection, his orgasm slammed into pinpoint focus and he gave himself maybe five pumps of his fist before he emptied himself against the oak door, shouting aloud in ecstatic abandon.

The orgasm was blinding. Draco’s vision blacked out for a split second and all he could see were abstract shapes bouncing before his eyes. As he gasped a deep breath in, he realised how dry and sore his throat was. He felt a moment’s worry that he had been far too loud and then let it go. Oh, what the fuck, he thought, reaching his free hand back and gripping one of Harry’s hips, coaxing him on to his own pleasure.

“Shit, Draco,” Harry hissed, grinding harder into Draco’s hole. Then, in a smaller, slightly embarrassed voice, Harry murmured, “Why do you have to be so bloody tall? I can’t frigging reach any farther.”

Even despite the amazing feeling of finally having Harry inside him again, and savouring every single sensation in his body, Draco was distracted enough by Harry’s words to laugh. It was just a half-hearted chuckle at first, but then the irony of their situation tickled him, and he laughed a bit more, until finally, he was struggling to breathe around his humour. But through all of it, he thrust his hips back, tempting Harry with his firm backside and his complete bodily compliance.

Harry laughed a little too, but it was a more panicked laugh than Draco’s. The laugh turned into a loud, low moan, and Draco knew Harry was going to come anyway. His own laughter died away in an instant and he bent his knees just enough to let another fraction of Harry’s cock inside him. “Come on, Harry,” he murmured. “Give it to me.”

Harry’s orgasm was as loud as Draco’s, and Draco’s ego inflated more than a hot air balloon on flight day. He wished he could feel the spurts hitting inside him, but he couldn’t, however hard he focussed. He had to settle for the equally erotic liquid warmth of Harry’s come spreading and dripping downwards as Harry worked himself less and less, finally drawing to a complete stop, resting in against his back.

They were still and silent for long seconds, both gathering the will to move.

“Welcome home,” Harry eventually said, the happiness plain and clear in his voice.

Draco snorted. “And a perfect welcome home it was, too. Except for the missing box.”

He felt Harry shift against him before the question came. “What missing box?”

Turning his head round as far as he could, Draco sniggered, “The one you need to stand on before we try that again.”

Harry let out a loud bark of laughter. “You cheeky bastard! There’s only, what, three inches



difference between us?” he said in shock.

Wriggling his hips until Harry dropped out of his rear end, Draco turned around and pulled Harry in for a cuddle, telling him haughtily, “Get used to it, Potter. And I should point out that at least you had the decency to make up for your sad lack of height with a very welcome extra portion in the trouser department.”

Harry smiled up at him wickedly, before bobbing his head forward and placing a big, wet kiss on Draco’s mouth. “Can we go to bed now?” he asked playfully.

Draco narrowed his eyes and considered Harry’s eager expression with more joy than he thought it possible to feel. “That’s the most sensible thing you’ve said all day.”

“Well then, what are we waiting for?”

“Apparently, you to let me away from the door.”

“I can do that,” Harry grinned, staying exactly where he was.

Arching one elegant eyebrow, Draco said seriously, “If you don’t move this instant, I will not be inclined to let you felch me.”

Dragging Draco towards the bed roughly, Harry said, “Oooh, I love it when you threaten me.”

“And that comment would carry so much more weight if we weren’t both tripping over our bloody trousers,” Draco complained jokingly, lurching from foot to foot in the tangle of his remaining clothes.

They sat side by side on Draco’s bed, throwing off their wrinkled garments into messy piles at their feet. But that was nothing compared to the messy pile beneath Draco, where the recently acquired contents of his anus were smearing merrily onto his favourite bedspread. He’d always loathed wet patches before, but he derived a special comfort from this one.

Harry clambered under the covers first, throwing them to one side and pulling Draco to him before placing the covers carefully back in place. When they lay down, Harry pulled Draco into his side, so that Draco's head rested in against his chest.

"I'm so tired," Draco yawned.

"I know," Harry said comfortingly, squeezing Draco with his encircling arm. "Go to sleep. I'm not going anywhere."

Draco was already halfway to dozing. He didn't reply for ages. But when he shifted to settle himself more comfortably for the night, he murmured sleepily, "I'm glad you're here."

"Me too," Harry murmured back. "Me too."

## Chapter Eight

*A*t some point in the night, Harry and Draco had shifted around because when Draco woke up bright and early that Saturday morning, they weren't cuddled up together any more. As he walked to the toilet, he thought how disappointed he felt about that. He'd had this sort of fantasy that people in love slept all curled up together and not on opposite sides of the bed. Reining his irrational fears back, he reminded himself forcefully that they hadn't been on opposite sides of the bed. They had, in fact, been touching at the arm and the leg. Draco knew he had the capacity to read far too much into completely innocuous actions and make himself paranoid in the process, and he was going to have to watch that very carefully. There were a lot of things about Harry that were going to make him feel insecure, after all.

Back in the bedroom, he stood looking down at Harry for a while, taking in his kind features while they were relaxed and peaceful. He smiled, bursting inside with the knowledge that Harry had spent the night in his bed! At Malfoy Manor! He looked at Harry's hair, sniggering that it wasn't much tidier after a night in bed than it was when freshly combed. Poor Harry. Oh, who was he kidding? Draco thought Harry's perpetual tuft was almost too cute for words. Not that he'd ever be volunteering that information, of course.

"Are you ever getting back in?" Harry mumbled, his voice thick with sleep, eyes still tightly closed. "I'm getting lonely."

Draco snorted quietly and crept back in between the sheets. He made a fuss of wrapping himself around Harry and was elated when the embrace was returned. He was held possessively, sighing at the feel of fingertips digging into him to pull him closer as they settled back in to snooze. As his body relaxed once more, he drew comfort from the smell of Harry's skin, nuzzling a shoulder with his cheek to get comfortable before dropping off

again.

~oOo~

It didn't take much to wake Draco up some time later. Harry yawned and stretched before sliding out of bed and disappearing off to the bathroom. When he came out, Draco was lying on his side, head resting in his hand, watching the doorway. He smiled up at the advancing, enticingly naked Harry and patted the still-warm sheets so recently vacated. Harry drifted over to the bed and flopped onto it, making Draco bounce up and down as the mattress protested.

"Mmm," Harry said with a grin. "Good springs." He quirked an eyebrow at Draco and made a sudden lunge for him, dragging him until Draco found himself lying on top of Harry, held prisoner by tightly gripping thighs and two strong arms wrapped around his back. "Fancy putting them through their paces?"

Draco snorted loudly. "Subtle as Neanderthal man, Potter."

Harry leaned forward and sank his teeth into Draco's shoulder until he yelped and laughed loudly. "But you didn't pick me up for my subtlety, as I recall," Harry said with a smirk.

"True," Draco conceded, wriggling his hips around to make room for his half-hard cock to reach its full potential. As he moved, it dropped down to nudge at Harry's lickably, suckably soft balls before finding a resting place nestling in the scorching heat far back between Harry's legs.

Harry sighed suggestively, lowering his eyelids as he looked up at Draco, spreading his legs wide until Draco could feel the head of his cock press against the groove of Harry's crack. "Is that for me?" Harry murmured, biting his lip seductively so that Draco was transfixed by the moist pink flesh of his mouth as he spoke.

Draco lowered his head far enough that their mouths brushed together as he spoke and he

could feel the desire tingling there, demanding he press down and kiss Harry's breath away. "Do you want it?" he replied, loading the words with obscene intentions, eyes pinning Harry's as he measured the reaction.

Harry let out the kind of heated groan that made Draco's hair stand on end, and his eyes closed for a heartbeat or two. Harry thrust his hips upward so that Draco felt his cock slide back towards Harry's hole, and he wished he were pushing into him, feeling the heat and the tightness there, watching Harry flush and squirm beneath him as he forced a path inwards. "Yes," Harry replied unevenly, his heavy breathing preventing him from being more coherent. "I want to feel you inside me," he groaned, working his groin shamelessly against Draco's erection, offering himself in the most wanton way imaginable. "Take me," he sighed. "Do anything you want to me."

*Isn't that an offer too good to refuse?* Draco thought through his naked hunger. *How is it that he's still so commanding even when he wants to get fucked?* Draco didn't know the answer to that, and for those moments, he didn't care.

"I think I might need to hear some begging before I make my mind up," Draco told him, the sly challenge shaping his eyes, his mouth. But before Harry could form any words, Draco thrust down hard, driving his cock between those oh-so-tight buttocks until he could feel the barely damp friction of Harry splitting open beneath him. It felt amazing, and he moaned wordlessly at the sensation.

"Please, Draco," Harry complied, loading the words with his erotic torment so that there was no mistaking his need. "Please," he sighed, pressing warm kisses over Draco's face. "Stretch me wide," he murmured, kissing Draco still. "Make me sticky with your come," he breathed, rolling his hips beneath Draco in a pale imitation of what he clearly wanted so badly.

"Please be inside me," Harry begged. "I need you."

"Good," Draco whispered.

He smiled to himself as he rolled off Harry and retrieved a tube of lubricant from his bedside

cabinet. "I think we might need this, don't you?" he teased Harry, waving the tube in his direction, but just out of reach. Draco crawled down the bed until he sat between Harry's open legs. He let his eyes linger over all the parts of Harry that were normally hidden from view, and Harry liked it, because he moved his hips in constant, grinding circles, almost as though the weight of Draco's gaze was enough to caress his body.

"Look at you," Draco said breathily as he unscrewed the cap and squirted silky wet liquid onto his fingertips and rubbed it in until they were shiny. "I think you like this," he added, looking up at Harry's face just as Harry closed his eyes and nodded. "Tell me what you want, Harry. Tell me exactly what you want," Draco said, his voice quiet and steady but no less commanding for that.

Harry swallowed nervously before he spoke. When he did speak, his words were very quiet, and Draco had to strain to hear him. "Rub that lube all over your cock," he told Draco. "Put some more on, too, so that you're ready."

When Draco scrutinised Harry's face, he added, "I don't want to waste time later when you could be in me." He looked apologetic as he said it, maybe even a bit embarrassed, and Draco liked Harry's openness. He liked it a lot. He picked up the tube slowly, squeezing a large amount onto his fingers before setting it aside. Draco watched Harry fix his gaze on his erection, silently, obviously willing him to touch himself quickly. Harry moaned aloud when Draco took himself in hand and started to masturbate, rubbing the lubricant in just enough to cover his entire length. The journey of his hand made moist, sucking noises, and Draco felt himself getting more and more turned on by the second. Harry's breathing was loud and laboured, and Draco fixed him with a knowing smile as he squeezed his cock head in his cupped palm to get it nice and slippery for the inward journey.

"Like that?" he whispered, looking between his busy hand and Harry's face, checking he was giving Harry what he wanted.

"Yeah. Just like that," Harry smiled, grasping his own shaft and stroking it carefully. "Now get some more lube and coat me with it," he said, asking rather than demanding, so that Draco wanted to do it quickly and not make him wait.

Draco took the tube in hand again and held it above Harry's groin, squeezing it hard so that a long, clear rope fell in a puddle at the place where Harry's balls became his cock. The shock of the cold made Harry's body spasm, and Draco loved the way his big, beautiful penis wobbled and jerked with the movement. Rubbing his palm in the little pile of cream, Draco pressed achingly slow circles into Harry until the lube warmed up, running his hand over Harry's testicles, fondling them carefully until the misting of hair there was slick and the skin rippled and moved with a life of its own. Harry's chest heaved as he cried out under the stimulation, and Draco prolonged the play, holding each testicle in his gentle hand before sliding upwards and wrapping his hand lovingly around the broad, long, solid erection. He pushed Harry's own hand out of the way as he travelled the length of his cock with his lubed fist.

"How does that feel?" Draco asked innocently. "Does it feel good?" He knew it did. It was written all over Harry's face but Draco wanted to hear him say it anyway.

"It's incredible," Harry groaned, letting his legs splay open so that his knees were as wide apart as they could go, lying almost flat against the bed. The sight of Harry spread out for him like this was close to overwhelming, and Draco's pulse drummed throughout his body until he could feel the blood pounding around his veins, but especially the fat vein running the length of his cock. The blood there was burning hot. It was the kind of burning that Draco knew would only ease with the soothing friction of Harry's body clutching all around him.

"Fuck me with your fingers," Harry said, the first hint of panic tingeing his tone. It was enough to let Draco know he would be inside Harry very soon, and that was a good thing because his balls were ready to explode if they didn't get some relief urgently.

Draco made his fingers wet again and dipped back between Harry's tight, flushed cheeks. Harry helpfully lifted his backside off the bed an inch or two and it was enough for Draco to find his target and glide one finger deep inside. When Harry groaned, there was so much relief in the sound that Draco felt the need to check out he wasn't coming.

"Harder," Harry gasped, forcing his body fully onto Draco's finger until there was nowhere else to go.

Draco obeyed. He pulled his arm back sharply and slammed it forward again, feeling the slippery ridges inside Harry pressing against his fingertip. Harry's head was tipped far back into the pillow, his mouth wide open as he moaned in continuous pleasure. Draco forced a second finger inside with no warning, revelling in the way the tightly muscled opening clamped around the digits and squeezed them together.

Watching Harry dig his heels into the mattress and force his hips sharply up from the bed and onto his hand made something inside Draco snap. He gritted his teeth and rammed into Harry, who bellowed and begged and whimpered for more, mesmerised by the way Harry's testicles tightened into a solid lump and bounced almost painfully at the peak of each assault. Deciding the time for playing fair was long past, Draco sought the tiny lump of Harry's prostate and rubbed around it firmly, trying to find just the right spot until Harry broke out into a sweat and became almost incoherent. Draco worked a third finger inside, but much more slowly than the last one. He positioned his fingers so that one fell forward of the others, and he used the tip of this one to rub Harry carefully, watching his face and torso turn red with the pressure of his arousal, and feeling the delicious tension in Harry's hole as it gave and gave and then spasmed firmly each time Harry cried out with pleasure.

Draco was so intent on playing with Harry that it took him a while to register the broken pleas of "Now. Now," issuing from Harry's quivering mouth. He withdrew his fingers regretfully, already missing the moist heat against his fingertips but anticipating the sex to come. He was surprised when Harry flipped himself around and stuck his backside up in the air, face buried in his forearms as he displayed his body invitingly to Draco's hungry eyes.

There was something so completely filthy about fucking someone from behind that set Draco's nerve endings alight with not only desire, but the need to mark Harry as his territory somehow. He wanted to see Harry's face, yet he also wanted to look down at his pert rear end as he split it in two and hammered into it.

Cupping one buttock in a hot palm, Draco whispered, "Are you sure?" When he'd imagined sex this way between them, it had always been him face down on the bed and begging, not Harry. But then, Harry seemed to pay little attention to the 'rules' of relationships, and Draco did really like topping, when all was said and done. It was no hardship to do this. In fact, the



thought of it just made Draco's need for the role reversal to happen as soon as possible. He wanted it so much he could taste it in his mouth; could taste the metal as he bit into his tongue while Harry fucked him.

"Yes," Harry replied, flexing his spine so that he pushed against Draco's hand and opened himself just enough to display the temptation hidden inside that tight channel. "I'm sure. Do it."

Using his thumbs, Draco stretched Harry open and gazed down at his tiny, tight target. His shaft jerked as he fantasised about the imminent squeeze it was about to experience, and he lined his hips up, running the slippery end along Harry's crack until he found the right place and pushed.

"Uhhh." They groaned in unison, and it was a groan that said thank you for joining their bodies back together again, where they were meant to be. Draco swore he could feel Harry's blood pounding in his body through the solid flesh of his erection. It was like having two pulses, pumping out different rhythms but working towards the same pattern. He circled his hips once or twice to even out the friction and pushed in again, causing a shock to ripple through Harry's body, so that he threw his arms out and drew the bed linen into his claw-like fists, fighting to control his reaction to Draco's penetration.

Pushing those final inches in was sheer, unadulterated bliss, and feeling the firm weight of his sac slap against Harry's backside was the most erotic sensation Draco could imagine. Every time Harry shifted, Draco could feel the movement vibrate up his cock and deep into his body. He closed his eyes and inhaled slowly, filling his lungs to calm himself down. As he breathed out through pursed lips, making a low-pitched whistling sound, Harry settled his body against Draco's, and they began to move.

They moved slowly, but each thrust was long. Draco withdrew almost all the way each time, and drove himself back in until their bodies touched together. It was controlled, yet it was all the more pleasurable for that. Harry sighed with heartfelt satisfaction, and he didn't force the pace for all his earlier words. Draco revelled in the sight of watching himself breach Harry. He watched his shiny pink flesh glide inwards, marvelling at the way Harry's hole stretched around him and held him tight.

For Draco, it was like the very first time. He sweated over every tiny move he made, wanting it to be perfection, absorbing the way his body reacted, and what it told him to do. Harry was compliant beneath him, but in a joyous way. His body moved with a freedom and rapture that Draco thought never to see in any man. It was not showy or brash or cheap. It was economical yet enflaming. Confident in the arousing precision of his thrusts, Draco leaned forward until his stomach curled around Harry's taut cheeks and shifted his weight onto one hand, propping it against the mattress. With his other, he reached around Harry's warm hip and grasped his erection with care, slipping and sliding in the mixture of lubricant and Harry's own excitement. Harry let out a moan that was on the verge of tearful.

The rub-rub-rub of his circling hand incited more movement from Harry, who was no longer satisfied with the gentle pace. Draco sensed Harry's struggle to thrust both forwards and backwards, wanting both kinds of stimulation because it probably felt far too good not to. "Tell me what you want, Harry," Draco whispered kindly, feeling a sensation akin to anxiety in his desire to fulfil Harry's needs.

It was a while before Harry spoke, and when he did, it was obviously a struggle for him.

"Don't stop," he murmured. "Don't stop. Don't stop."

Draco smiled to himself. There was no chance of that happening. It was too seductive, feeling Harry's bottom grind slowly, purposefully, into his groin, and letting his hand wander in leisurely strokes up and down the magnificent length of his cock. Oh, no. This was far too good to consider stopping. *Maybe ever*, he mused to himself before he gave himself over to pumping in and out, up and down.

Harry came without warning. He didn't signal his orgasm with screams or shouts or frantic movement; he just let himself go, let Draco take care of him. Harry's sated sigh touched Draco's heart, and he felt a pang of adoration so strong it took his breath away.

Draco's movements slowed almost to a standstill as he let Harry calm himself. When Harry's upper body sagged down against the mattress, Draco took pity and withdrew, causing a whimper of disappointment from Harry, but he didn't fight Draco to keep him inside.

“I don’t think I can move,” Harry chuckled, stuck with his knees bent and his backside in the air.

“Are you okay?” Draco asked, stroking Harry’s thigh affectionately, worried in case he’d caused any discomfort.

“I’m fine,” Harry said, drawing the ‘fine’ out and laughing in exhaustion as Draco continued to rub his skin. “I’ll be with you in a minute,” he added humorously. “I want to take care of you, too.”

Moving his hand up to massage Harry’s lower back, Draco told him, “No need. You stay where you are. I think I can make you sticky all by myself, thank you very much.” He sniggered dirtily as he said it, withdrawing his hand, trailing it down Harry’s body until only his fingertips were touching skin and then the hand was gone. He took a hold of himself and shifted forward a bit, pulling his erection out from his body and angling it so that it bumped against Harry’s bottom on each stroke of his fist.

He sighed in pleasure as his most tender skin rubbed against Harry, and he leaned forward again so that the damp dome remained in contact, but his masturbation made it move in lazy circles, stimulating the skin and making him tingle all over. Harry flexed and contracted all his muscles so that he pushed himself as far back as he could, curving his spine so far it looked as though it might snap.

Draco took his time to wank himself off, taking great pleasure from leaving silky trails glistening on Harry’s pale skin and he sighed his arousal at their positions, feeling the lump in the back of his throat grow as he fantasised about creaming all over Harry.

Harry’s contentment was evident through his happy sighs, and the goofy smile on his face that Draco could half-see as he bent over him. “Tell me when you’re close,” Harry murmured eventually.

“I’m close,” Draco replied in strained tones almost immediately, the pace of his wanking having picked up as he felt the tension coil tighter and tighter in the pit of his stomach.

Harry's hands crept down the bed, and Draco felt as much as saw him take hold of his buttocks and stretch them apart. Pulling back slightly so he could see, Draco licked his lips at the tantalising sight of Harry's loosened hole pulsing invitingly under his heavy gaze. A strangled moan escaped his mouth and he aimed his cock downward, pumping furiously until he felt his orgasm uncurl and lash out of him. His mouth fell open and he cried out loud as he watched himself spurt in between Harry's cheeks, painting his hole and the surrounding skin with stripes of thick semen. He held his shaft firmly and rubbed his pumping slit right into the dripping mess, feeling the warm wetness envelop him and make his rosy red skin slide across Harry's taut flesh. Harry thrust his hips and moaned his encouragement, digging his fingers further into his sticky furrow and making Draco's come ooze out around their tips.

Draco breathed out a sigh that seemed to come from the very deepest part of him. He moved back away from Harry's prone form, pressing his hand downwards on Harry's back so that his knees slid out and he lay flat on his belly. As soon as he was down, Draco stretched himself out on top, coming to a rest with his own sweat-slicked cheek resting against Harry's as they lay together, Draco's front pressed flat to Harry's back.

Gathering his breath, Draco mumbled, "I think it must be my day to top."

Harry snorted below him. "Yeah. Your one day a month." Draco huffed out a matching laugh at the comment. "Don't get used to it, Malfoy. Your arse is mine," Harry said levelly, causing a tingle of feeling inside Draco at the possessive tone of his voice.

"Who's having the first shower?" Draco asked after long moments.

"You can," Harry told him.

"You're very welcome to it," Draco offered, just like a good host should.

"Ah, but you take longer to do your hair than I do," Harry said with a grin.

"Yes," Draco replied. "But you need longer to do your hair than I do."

Harry expressed his outrage at Draco's sarcasm by hissing loudly and rolling Draco's body off him and pinning him down to the mattress, face up. Draco chuckled loudly, feeling like a giddy teenager. "Well," Harry told him seriously. "I was going to offer to wash your back, but I don't think you deserve it any more."

Draco pouted manipulatively, rolling his bottom lip out and making Harry crack a smile at his pathetic hangdog expression. "But that sounds perfect," Draco whined, fluttering his eyelashes coquettishly.

"Bloody hell," Harry whispered in frustration. "I'm going to get a backache from being wrapped this tightly around your little finger."

Draco laughed delightedly. "Let's go, shall we?" he said, arching an eyebrow in question. "I'll even make you a deal," he added, licking his lips lasciviously. "If you drop the soap," he murmured, closing his eyes for a long second before pinning Harry with a seductive gaze, "I'll pick it up."

Harry's mouth curved in a wicked smirk. "Done," he said.

~oOo~

Having eaten a leisurely breakfast in the kitchen, Harry helped Draco pack an overnight bag. They dropped it off at Harry's flat before heading up to Muggle London to do some shopping. Harry was adamant he was going to get Draco into some more casual clothes, and as well as a lengthy trip down Savile Row to visit the best of the tailors, he insisted they check out the shops on Bond Street. Draco feigned irritation at Harry's forceful enthusiasm, but secretly he loved it when Harry scurried around the racks and shelves, piling up armfuls of potential purchases and playfully pushing Draco into the closest changing room, demanding a mini fashion show once he was changed, so he could take his pick of the tastiest items.

By late afternoon, they'd spent a small fortune between them, and Draco had caved in on almost every purchasing decision Harry had made. Draco was more aching and tired than if he'd spent the last five hours in the gym, but he was cocooned in the warmth of his new relationship with Harry, floating peacefully on a cloud of pure happiness.

They finished up the day at the Diagon Deli where they filled two baskets with food and drink for the tea that Harry planned to make for them back at his flat. As they bagged the last of their shopping, Draco was acutely aware of the comfort he gained from their domesticity. He had a partner! A boyfriend! Someone he actually wanted to do housey stuff with, and if he'd had a free arm that wasn't full of bags, he would have reached out and grasped Harry's hand in his. And that was most definitely not the old Draco speaking to him in his head.

Walking down Diagon Alley to the Apparition point, they bumped into Molly Weasley who rather surprisingly gave Draco the most enormous smile and patted his arm affectionately. She gave them a full rundown at breakneck speed on Hermione's excellent recovery, and her belief that Ron would be taking her home any day, although the babies wouldn't be leaving St. Mungo's for a while yet. Draco watched the relief shape Harry's face and wondered if Mr and Mrs Weasel knew how dearly their friend loved them.

When she said goodbye, Molly rubbed Draco's arm and invited him round for a family meal any time he wanted to visit. A look of complete bemusement on his face as he watched her walk away, Harry laughed and said, "I do believe you're officially accepted by the foster family."

Draco shot him a sideward glance as he replied, "I'm really not sure what I think about that. I'm too hungry to give it serious thought."

"Stop dragging your feet then and I'll make you a snack to tide you over," Harry told him, scrutinising Draco's face, maybe for signs of something more than tiredness. Draco realised this was what it felt like to have someone take care of him. Not that his mother didn't, but it wasn't the same. Thankfully. "Come on, Princess," Harry laughed. "Time to go."

They set off again, but at a slow, meandering pace. At the Apparition point, Draco turned to Harry and said, “I’m not your princess, Potter. I’ve got a cock, you know.”

Harry stepped right in so that their fronts were touching, and he curled his arm around Draco’s back, looking up at him with a knowing smile. “I know,” he sighed. “I was hoping to seduce you with my fantastic home cooking so I could get another look at it.”

Draco leaned down and kissed Harry. “I’ve tasted your cooking,” he said. “It’s worth more than a look.”

Harry kissed him back, slipping his tongue past Draco’s lips and into his mouth, and they Apparated away.

~oOo~

After the meal was finished, they sat with the remainder of the bottle of wine, raking over old wounds, and sharing half-kept secrets from their pasts.

“How did you come out to your friends?” Harry asked casually.

Draco watched Harry’s face form a cheeky grin at the question before he leaned forward to answer. “In Slytherin House, there are two Sortings on the first day of school.” Harry’s face was looking quizzical and very interested. Draco made him wait a little, sipping at his wine before continuing. “It’s customary for the entire House to gather in the Slytherin common room after the start-of-term banquet. Head of House included.”

Draco shrugged at the growing look of concern on Harry’s face. “The first years are divided off from the older pupils and made to try and enter the dormitories of the opposite sex while everyone else witnesses the attempts.” His face was expressionless, and he sat back, waiting for Harry to fill in the blanks.

“Oh good grief, no,” Harry murmured, shaking his head and looking shocked. “The stairs.”

“Turn into slides,” Draco continued helpfully, nodding his head even as Harry continued to shake his. “But not if you’re gay,” he finished, picking up his glass again.

Harry’s face settled into a frown. “So, you’re telling me that if the castle knows there’s no chance of you copping off with one of the girls, you get to use the stairs down to their rooms without the risk of injury?” He looked incredulous, and Draco was slightly surprised to realise that Harry hadn’t discovered this piece of information for himself up in the heady heights of Gryffindor tower. Although it did bolster his conviction that Slytherins were by far the cleverest students at Hogwarts.

“That’s about the sum of it,” he said with a small smile.

Harry sat back in his chair. Or rather, he slumped back. “But that’s terrible!” he exclaimed. “Outing scared little kids on their first day at school! And Snape was part of it?”

Draco laughed quietly. “Don’t be so melodramatic, Harry. It might sound bad to you, but it’s a House custom. A rite of passage for all Slytherins, as far back as anyone can remember. Snape went through it, my parents, Riddle,” he said, wrinkling his nose in distaste at the thought of Voldemort as a sexual being. “Besides which, having everyone know straight away saves the anxiety of tap-dancing out of the closet at a later date.”

He looked across at Harry, who was looking almost pityingly at him. Draco couldn’t understand why. He had actually been relieved that his sexuality had been recognised in this way. Slytherins seemed to have a far more relaxed attitude to sex than the other houses, and once same-sex tendencies were identified, the Head of House and the prefects made sure that support and guidance was on offer to deal with any difficulties that might arise. Certainly, bullying and intimidation regarding homosexuality was non-existent in his old House, in direct contrast to the other Houses at Hogwarts.

“Of course,” he added, almost as an afterthought, “I was the only queer in my year. Shame really,” he smirked. “I would have given Blaise one had the opportunity arisen. Which sadly, it never did, on account of his repulsively heterosexual taste in bedroom conquests.”



That made Harry smile, at least. Draco leaned further over the table and waggled his eyebrows suggestively. "But some of the older boys were very educational," he grinned, drawing an understanding laugh from Harry.

"I'll just bet they couldn't wait to get their hands on a pretty boy like you, could they?" Harry replied, his voice low and suggestive, before he turned his face away and stared off into space. "I can see it all now," he added. "I bet they fought duels over the opportunity to deflower you, didn't they?"

Draco laughed loudly. "You're not far wrong, as it happens," he told Harry, with a wicked curve of his eyebrow.

Harry wanted to know more. Draco could see it in his face. He leaned back in his chair, stretching his upper body in a slow almost-yawn, combing his fingers through his hair and stroking his hands downwards over his chest, watching the hungry look on Harry's face as he displayed himself. He purposely pressed his index fingertips into his nipples as his hands journeyed over his chest, and he took pleasure in watching Harry's eyes darken at the sight of them harden and poke enticingly through his thin jumper.

They smiled at each other, just small smiles, edged with an unspoken challenge of sorts. Draco licked his lips before he continued. "I was a third-year before I realised the shower room stayed awfully full after the Quidditch games," he said. He gestured with a hand before saying, "It didn't seem to matter how long I took to strip off; I was never alone in those showers. Of course," he snorted, "I thought at first it was because I was who I was, what with Lucius and the Dark Lord being on first name terms. You know, that they were protecting me?" Harry nodded at him to continue, seemingly fascinated with his story. "But towards the end of the third year, I happened upon a rather heated, whispered conversation between Cochrane and Warner." He saw Harry's confusion and clarified, "Fifth-year and sixth-year. Both Beaters." Harry dipped his chin in understanding and waved his hand for Draco to carry on. "The bastards were betting on which one of them would be the first to find out whether my collar and cuffs really did match!"

They both burst into laughter at the same time, Harry putting his hand over his mouth in

shock, even as his face turned pink and then red with humour.

“And which one of them won the bet?” Harry chuckled.

Draco tipped his head on one side coquettishly before he answered. “Oh, come on, Harry. With a name like Cochrane, where was the choice? Plus, he landed a spectacular left hook on Warner before I dropped my towel and put them both out of their misery.”

Harry looked aghast. “So you lost your virginity in the third year?”

Draco was shaking his head even as Harry was still speaking. “Don’t be stupid, Potter,” he lectured. “It wasn’t until the end of the fourth year that I buggered Warner-”

“But you just said Cochrane!” Harry interrupted.

Draco just looked at him. It was a look that said, *For fuck’s sake, stop being such a prude.*

“Oh,” Harry added a bit lamely.

“Have you quite finished interrupting me?” he asked sarcastically, watching Harry’s tentative nod. “Good. Hand jobs and blow jobs with Cochrane,” he said, counting off on his fingers. “First time topping with Warner, first time bottoming when I was nineteen. Didn’t know his name,” he finished, shrugging as if to say, *Go on, tell me I’m a slut for having nameless sex.*

Harry never said it. All he said was, “So it took you four years to take it up the arse?” Draco nodded, satisfied he’d surprised Harry. “But you just scream bottom, Draco,” Harry continued tactlessly. Draco’s mouth fell open. He was speechless. Was he really that obvious? He’d never thought he was. Draco had always been the dominant partner in his previous relationships.

Harry reached across the table, suddenly aware of his faux pas. “Shit, Draco, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean it to come out quite like that,” he babbled.

Draco huffed loudly. He exhaled all his shattered illusions, and it hurt just the tiniest bit.

“Don’t worry,” he replied calmly. “I am a bottom, much as I’ve tried to convince myself otherwise over the years. I always told Blaise that bottoming was a bit perverted in some way. Weak, maybe.” His chest felt tight as he said it, feeling uncomfortable at the admission, and the tightness got worse as he saw the look on Harry’s face that wished he could take back what he’d said.

Draco gripped Harry’s outstretched hand for a moment and grinned, trying to make light of the moment. “It’s okay, Harry,” he said honestly. “In fact, now I come to think about it, I find I like the idea of being your bitch.”

Now it was Harry’s turn to look stunned to silence.

Draco could tell by the odd light in Harry’s eyes that his cock had just got hard, and Draco found that an altogether appealing thought. *Sex and power at work in total harmony*, he told himself, allowing his inner Slytherin to grin as widely as the Cheshire cat he’d read about somewhere.

“Anyway, whatever happened to you and Ginny Weasley?” Draco asked, diverting the conversation back to marginally safer grounds. He could recall the vibrancy of Harry’s school romance, and the upsurge of gossip about the two Gryffindors, but now, it brought a curious pang of jealousy to his heart.

Harry snorted quietly, the sound of bored resignation. “Pretty much what you’d expect, really,” he started, looking deeply into the contents of his wine glass. “You know, boy meets madly obsessed girl, girl says all the right things to start off with, and boy thinks he can bury all those funny little feelings he has in the boys’ shower room every morning.”

“Ah,” Draco responded, having guessed this was how it would have been. “So when did it all go pear-shaped?”

Harry actually scratched his head as he contemplated the question. He looked over at Draco and replied, “Well, the end of it was Bill and Fleur’s wedding, but it was going down the pan long before that.” There was silence for a while, but Draco knew Harry was going to continue. “We’d messed around a bit, you know, like you do when you’re that age. She

thought my prick was the most incredible piece of universal karma.”

Draco watched Harry’s face, and how it transformed from vaguely amused to regretful in seconds.

“It didn’t take long for her to tell most of her mates how big it was, and I can tell you, it was not a pleasant experience to sit in Gryffindor tower doing your homework, when you’d got a bunch of sniggering school girls trying to cop an eyeful.”

*That ungrateful fucking bitch*, Draco thought in mounting anger.

Harry continued, “We tried to have sex and everything, but she just constantly complained. Said I was hurting her all the time; that I was too rough. Screwed me up for ages.” Harry looked up at Draco for a moment, and Draco could see Harry’s entire sexual history in his eyes. All the pain, the self-loathing, the failure. “Didn’t matter what we tried, she just said I’d never be able to do it. I went from being blessed to being cursed in five months flat,” Harry chuckled bitterly.

Draco wanted to reach out and touch Harry, to offer him assurance that there was most certainly nothing wrong with him at all. He managed to get halfway there. He laid his hand on the table, stretching his fingers out towards Harry, but couldn’t quite make the move to edge his hand within touching range.

Harry huffed loudly, laughing gently. “It got that she wouldn’t give me a hand job, never mind a blow job. She just wanted me to do her all the time, but she wouldn’t touch me. And you can imagine how that felt, when girls weren’t really my first choice anyway.” Draco watched Harry laugh at himself, marvelling at his resilience.

“Anyway, at Bill and Fleur’s wedding, I had a few too many. Ginny overheard my drunken rambling to Hermione that I really fancied Bill. She went berserk. Wish I could have watched it as a spectator and not a participant,” Harry laughed. “I bet it was hilarious.”

Draco shook his head, partly in empathy, partly in pity.

“Of course, she upset everyone by saying that Bill was ugly, what with all his scars, and that I must be sick for wanting him, never mind that I was a pervert for liking a man.”

Draco had never hated a Weasley as much as he did then. “I doubt you really noticed the scars,” he said softly, sure of himself, but nervous about interrupting. He watched Harry look at him in a moment of perfect clarity. So many things slotted neatly into place, things they’d never need to speak about now, because they’d just know.

“No, I didn’t,” Harry said with a warm smile, equally quietly. “They were just *Bill*, I suppose. Part of his story. They didn’t matter to me at all. I thought he was wonderful, regardless of what he looked like. He didn’t have to be perfect to be him. Ginny always wanted me to be perfect. I could never have lived up to her expectations, whatever I would have done with my life.”

Draco’s pulse was in his throat. His stomach fluttered, full of nervous butterflies. He watched his hand reach out to Harry, like it was detached from him. Like it belonged to someone else.

Harry sat perfectly still as Draco leaned over the kitchen table and brushed his fringe aside, revealing his own scar.

Draco swallowed hard as he let his finger trace carefully over the lightning bolt marking on Harry’s forehead. He’d always been fascinated by it. Scared, as well, like the act of touching it would bring him into direct contact with Voldemort or something; a hotline to hell. He was acutely aware then of the grinding pressures that had existed throughout Harry’s adolescence. He felt them like a crushing weight, experiencing for the first time how it must have been to walk in Harry’s shoes. It was staggering. Humbling.

He inhaled some slightly shaky breaths and said, “It doesn’t define you, you know.” They stared at each other, and Draco could have sworn there were tears threatening in Harry’s eyes, but if there were, they disappeared as quickly as they came. He let his gaze wander over Harry’s entire face, revelling in the pleasure of looking at him. *That one little quirk makes everything else so achingly perfect*, he thought. He just wished he could find the words to tell Harry.

“Not to you, it doesn’t,” Harry said. He reached up and clasped Draco’s hand, pulling it down so that the palm cupped his cheek. Harry nuzzled his face into it, soaking up the warmth, and covering it with his own hand, holding it in place, perhaps for fear that Draco would pull away, but he didn’t.

They sat looking at each other for quite a while before Draco decided he couldn’t stand it any longer. He slid his wine glass out of the way and rose out of his chair. He leaned slowly across the table towards Harry, seeing his own need reflected back at him in Harry’s face. Draco slid his hand from Harry’s cheek to the back of his neck and pulled him in gently. When they finally kissed, it was heavenly, so full of safety and acceptance, shot through with passion and the naked desire to touch each other.

When they broke apart, Harry murmured, “Come on,” and he took Draco by the hand and led him out of the kitchen.

~oOo~

They ended up on the squishiest sofa in Harry’s cavernous living room. They didn’t pick it, exactly; they just seemed to be drawn there. Draco watched Harry sink down into the puffy cushions, and he allowed himself to be pulled into Harry’s lap, shifting his knees until he straddled him, all the while looking down into Harry’s wide, inviting eyes. The kiss was inevitable, even from the moment they had left the kitchen table; just picking up exactly where they’d left off. Draco absently ran strands of Harry’s hair through his fingers as they kissed, completely unhurried, revelling in the soft pressure of Harry’s mouth on his, and the tongue playing with his own. Harry’s hands caressed up and down his back just firmly enough to ruffle his jumper. He could feel the cashmere tickling his skin and even though it felt glorious, he wanted Harry’s hands on him instead. He wriggled in closer to Harry, inducing a satisfied moan that came from the back of Harry’s throat and into his mouth, setting Draco’s lips tingling as it passed between them.

Draco forced the kiss a little harder, nipping at Harry and taking less care with his tongue. He got what he wanted when he felt Harry's hands slide underneath the bottom of his jumper and push upwards, trailing his blunt fingernails over Draco's skin, causing a shudder to ripple through his body and his breath to catch in his throat in a half-groan. And then Harry was dragging the jumper up and over his head, breaking the kiss only enough to free it and cast it aside before forcing his hungry mouth over Draco's and fighting back. The temperature was rising, but not as fast as Draco's cock, and his trousers were way past uncomfortable and into genital torture territory.

Draco was hot, but Harry's hands were hotter. They clawed at his body now, scratching tracks into the pale flesh and kneading him with a force not far short of bruising. Draco tilted his head back and moaned aloud at this erotic branding of Harry's, feeling Harry's lips press against his throat, holding the back of his head in place so he didn't stop kissing him there, where his skin was so sensitive to even the slightest touch. He sighed heatedly, drawing the sound out long and low until Harry whimpered in reply, ghosting hot breath across Draco's naked shoulder as he exhaled deeply.

When Harry twisted beneath him, Draco went with the movement, allowing himself to be lowered flat against the seat of the sofa, until Harry straddled him, balancing on outstretched arms, pinning him with a blown, black stare that held no trace of anything other than a ravening need to own him.

Draco tried to pull Harry down on top of him, to crush himself under the weight, but Harry wouldn't let him. Instead, he pulled back until he was kneeling, and then he reached forward and undid Draco's trousers one button at a time. So slowly, teasing him with a stray caress here and there until Draco wanted to shove Harry's hands aside and rip them off himself. He shifted his hips upward as Harry's hands gripped the waistband of his trousers and underwear and tugged them down, exposing his erection, then his thighs, until the clothes were gone and he was naked. He could feel Harry's eyes on him. It was like they burned a path into him, but the burn was inside, not on the surface. He pleaded with his eyes for Harry to come to him, and he did, but with tortuous stealth. As Harry squashed him flat and ground his body down into the sofa, Draco wrapped his arms and legs around him, pulling Harry's mouth back to his own because he couldn't bear not to be kissing him. The textures of Harry's clothes, his skin, his hair, drove Draco insane and he wondered how he wasn't

crying with the sheer intensity of it all.

When he thought the press of Harry's erection into his stomach was going to snap his self-control, Draco dug his nails almost angrily into Harry's back, just needing to do something to get some blessed relief. Harry tensed at the pain and pulled away from their kiss, shifting his body until he dropped lower, kissing a path from Draco's chin to his shoulder, then down to his nipple, where his wicked mouth stopped to play for a while.

Years of vicious manhandling had made Draco's nipples incredibly sensitive. He just loved being bitten there, and having the skin pulled taut and twisted between unforgiving fingers. He could feel every flick of Harry's tongue teasing the tiny point, lapping harshly at it before sucking a mouthful of the surrounding skin right into his mouth and clamping his teeth into it, chewing at him unrelentingly. Draco cried out loud in shock at the sudden bite, but he pushed Harry's head into his chest, flexing upwards into his mouth, wondering how the hell Harry had known to do this. Whatever the explanation, Draco's libido was grateful, and his moans and groans made his feelings known.

Harry didn't stop until the skin was purple and bruised. Then he moved lower and lower down Draco's body, licking his skin, or placing gentle kisses on each and every curve until he reached the ridge of Draco's hipbone. Looking down the length of his own body, Draco took in the huge raw bruise on his chest with satisfaction, before his eyes met Harry's staring up at him, and saw his lips hovering the tiniest fraction above the angular joint. Draco watched the tip of Harry's tongue dart out and press into his skin. The sight made him squirm, bringing into focus just how close to his erection Harry's mouth was. Harry's mouth had never touched him there, and just the thought that he might soon know the pleasure of Harry's tongue licking his slit, and the feel of the soft wetness of his mouth along his shaft made a heavy bead of clear fluid ooze out of him and hang suspended for a second, before it fell in a steady trickle and puddled on his stomach.

The sound of Harry's low, sly laugh drew Draco's eyes away from his own cock, and he watched with silent, screaming impatience as Harry edged closer and closer, parting his lips tantalisingly until his mouth breathed hot air onto Draco's shaft. When he lowered his head and finally kissed his cock, Draco groaned so heavily it sounded like he was in pain. He felt Harry's hand creep up and encircle him, pulling his erection away from his body and Draco



watched Harry's mouth stretch around him and close, until all he could feel was an incredible, velvet heat, holding him still, but making every nerve in his body light up simultaneously.

Harry's mouth stayed unmoving for long moments, but he sucked and sucked until all Draco could feel was the most arousing constriction pressing over the head of his cock, and he watched Harry's lips grow paler as he pursed them harder and harder, imprinting every single contour of Draco's glans and his retracted foreskin on the inside of his mouth. Draco's buttock muscles clenched tightly under the delicious assault until he found himself arching up uncomfortably from the sofa, trying to force another inch into Harry's mouth. His teeth were gritted with the tension, and the pressure only subsided and eased away when Harry released his suction and slid his mouth further down.

Draco had never felt anything so good as Harry sucking him off. And the sight of him doing it? It was fucking hot as hell on a scorching summer day. Draco had enjoyed a lot of blow jobs in his time, but Harry was way up there in a league of his own. His hand worked in perfect accompaniment to his mouth, teasing Draco with feather-light strokes at the base of his cock and around his sac, and then back between his widely parted legs, pressing firmly into the flesh there until Draco could feel the fingertips like they were a part of his body, caressing his shaft from the inside. He couldn't help but cry out loud as Harry's mouth worked him mercilessly, travelling up and down alternately fast then slow, wringing sobs and moans and impossible movements from Draco's body. Draco watched as much as he could, keen to savour this experience. But sometimes it was just too overwhelming and his head dropped back against the arm of the sofa and he pumped his hips upwards, drowning in the feeling because he couldn't cope with the sight of it as well.

At some indeterminate point, Harry had ceased sucking, and Draco had started fucking. He only realised that he was abusing Harry's mouth so roughly when he was a couple of thrusts short of his orgasm, and then it was too late to be gentle. But from the noises Harry was making, Draco thought he seemed not to mind the force. That was the last thought he had as the orgasm lashed through his body, curling his toes with its intensity, and forcing its way into Harry's mouth and down his throat. He could feel the come drenching his too-sensitive skin as it collected in Harry's mouth before it was eagerly gulped down.

Draco cried out so loudly that his voice broke around the sound. He pushed the spurts out of himself, increasing the power of the sensation, even as Harry moaned and swallowed him down. He felt Harry's tongue swirl over his head, digging into the swollen slit there to get every last drop out of him and it felt amazing. But Draco just didn't have the energy to move. His muscles wouldn't obey his instructions, and he lay there, quivering with fatigue, feeling himself soften inside Harry's mouth, and then feeling cool air as his saliva-wet skin slipped out and slapped against his own stomach. Harry rested his head on Draco's hip, catching his breath and tracing shapeless pictures on his stomach with gentle fingers.

After a while, Draco managed, "Oh my- oh." He followed his breathless exclamation with a sated chuckle, and he felt Harry's head bounce a little as he moved, unsettling the bony cushion of his body.

Harry moved slowly, like he was stiff and aching. Draco watched him sit back on his knees and gather the hem of his top between his fingers before he lifted it and drew it over his head, baring his chest to Draco's eyes. Harry's body was gorgeous. Draco loved every detail he could remember about it, and he planned to spend hours and hours exploring every square inch with his eyes, his hands, his mouth. But for all Harry's desirability, Draco's immediate hunger was for those ten glorious inches of hard cock, half of which seemed to be poking out above the waistband of his trousers, screaming *Look at me. Taste me. Ride me.* Draco's hole clenched tightly in anticipation, even after last night's activity, and he let his need for sex shape his face as he stared up at Harry's heavy-lidded eyes.

Harry shucked his jeans gracelessly until he knelt naked between Draco's spread legs and reached out a hand to pull Draco up. Even as they were still moving, they were kissing. Draco could taste his come in Harry's mouth and the realisation made him tingle all over. They ended up as they had started, with Draco sitting in Harry's lap, his knees either side of Harry's hips but it was so much better now because there was nothing between them. No clothes, just skin.

When they broke apart to pull in some much-needed air, Draco rested his forehead against Harry's and looked down into their laps. He didn't think he would ever get over the size of Harry. His erection was almost obscene in its proportions. It was just so fucking beautiful to look at, and he knew he'd spend hours studying every curve and plane, but not right then.

Because at that moment, all Draco wanted was to lower himself onto Harry and feel his own body fight to take it all inside. He watched, fascinated, as the tiny little hole seeped moisture, and he knew Harry was watching it too.

Too impatient to wait any longer, Draco sucked two fingers into his mouth and wet them as much as he could. Harry watched him pull them out with a kind of dazed look on his face, but he leaned in and licked away the string of saliva that followed the fingers as they left Draco's mouth and tracked across his lip and chin.

When Draco reached behind himself, he sat up, raising himself from his seat on Harry's thighs, and he looked down into Harry's desperate face and sighed as he slid the first finger inside. The second one followed it quickly, but he had the wrong angle to do anything more than stretch the tight ring of muscles, so that's all he did. He saw Harry mouth something, but he didn't know what it was until he heard the tiny slap of the jar of lubricant as it flew into Harry's hand. A few moments later, Draco felt another finger glide inside his hole, probing deeper than his own could reach, and he pushed back against it, trying to take more, until he could feel knuckles brushing against his cheeks. He took his own hand away to make more room for Harry, and he reached for the pot and scooped a generous amount out of it, before transferring it lovingly to the whole of Harry's erection, working it in just enough to make the thick cream less viscous, more slippery. Harry was smiling now, but it was a lazy, almost drunken smile. His face was pink and his cock was jerking hard in Draco's fist, begging for attention of a different kind altogether.

When Draco leaned down to kiss Harry, his body shifted so that the fingers inside him had to withdraw. He knelt there, dipping his tongue inside Harry's permissive mouth and feeling the gentle spasms in his anus, knowing he was ready for more. But he made Harry wait, loving the tease, feeling the nervous energy expanding in the body below him as Harry twisted and writhed to increase the friction against his skin.

When Harry breathed, "Draco," into his mouth in the most heart-wrenchingly broken voice, Draco readied himself and moved forward. They looked into each other's eyes the entire time as Draco positioned himself. Harry held Draco's buttocks apart, so all he had to do was wiggle a fraction until he felt the fat, round dome push against his muscles and he sank down, swallowing inches of Harry in one continuous, barely stinging thrust. Draco watched

Harry's eyes cloud over as he groaned at the pressure on his cock, and it made him smile to see his pleasure, so open and honest and completely uninhibited.

Draco circled his hips, willing the muscles to stretch enough to make the rest of the penetration easier, and he played with those couple of inches of Harry, sliding them in and out of his body, squeezing them tight inside his hole and letting them go again, moaning at the incredible sensation rippling outwards, making himself hungry for more.

Draco watched Harry glance down at his renewed erection as he sat lower onto that huge, hard cock, working his hips more rhythmically now, building up a steady pace so that his own length bobbed and wobbled between them, sometimes tapping against his own stomach, and sometimes against Harry's. He went carefully, accommodating Harry unhurriedly so that his body could get used to the intrusion, could find the ecstasy in it, rather than the agony. And all the while, Harry stared up into his eyes like he was some kind of god, an expression of perpetual wonder on his face, as well as unmistakeable love.

There were no more doubts for Draco. Harry loved him as much as he loved Harry. He was flooded with gratitude at the realisation, and that just added to the swell of passion inside him until he was nothing more than a mass of nerve endings, feeling the pleasure multiply and expand until he couldn't think any more. He could just feel. Everything was translated into physical sensation. He could map every minute movement of his inner muscles, and he knew that there was less than an inch of Harry left to take, and he wanted it with a burning, frightening hunger. The tender spot far up inside him, the one that belonged only to Harry, was pulsing and expanding, demanding the final thrust that would bring him all the way home. Draco was eager for the day when he would be able to ride Harry with abandon, knowing it would only come with practice, wanting to practice a lot, so that the day came sooner.

As Draco settled himself flush against Harry's groin, the whole length of his penis buried in him, he leaned in for a kiss, and Harry kissed him back as if he was a fragile thing of great value, something to be worshipped and cherished and tended with infinite care. It was love; pure and simple. Just love.

Draco rocked his body slowly in Harry's lap, settling himself there, savouring the hot stretch

of his anal passage, smiling to himself just like the cat that got the cream. Harry's body seemed to liquefy beneath him until all he could do was flop back into the cushions, gazing lovingly up at Draco, his fingers caressing the taut flesh of his backside in lazy circles.

"Oh, Draco," Harry sighed. "You feel so good." And after long seconds, he breathed, "Don't stop. Don't ever stop."

"I won't," he whispered back honestly, the gentlest of smiles gracing his lips.

Placing his hands either side of Harry's head, Draco used the sofa to balance himself as they made love. He set a steady, languid glide up and down Harry's shaft, reacting to every tiny bump and ripple along its length as they rubbed against his insides, creating wave after wave of comforting tingles up and down his spine, extending inquisitive fingers into his hair until even his scalp was alive with pleasure. His testicles nestled snugly against Harry's pubic bone at the low point of each thrust and he could feel the tickle of hair against them in his hypersensitivity.

After long, long minutes, Harry began to thrust beneath him, rising up carefully to meet his downward strokes, permitting the deepest penetration yet as their bodies bumped gently together. Draco was almost beside himself with emotion, and he tipped his head back and closed his eyes as he absorbed the subtle impact, feeling his cock grow so rigid it hurt for a while. He rode Harry that way for ages, until soft lips against his throat brought him back from his almost out-of-body experience. After all, his mind was being loved as much as his body, and it was hard not to get swept away under the tender onslaught. He cupped his hands behind Harry's head, combing his fingers through the short, choppy strands as he drew him forward, pulling him into contact with his mouth because he needed to do something to stop himself getting lost again. They did little more than press their lips against each other's cheeks, their noses, but it felt so much more intimate than that. Harry's hands stroked him up and down his back, gripping his bottom before trailing silky paths along his spine and circling his shoulders and dropping down again.

Draco lost track of time. He had no idea how long they stayed like that, kissing and caressing and rocking together, but it could have been minutes, or it could have been hours. When his body was loosened and welcoming, he made his thrusting just a bit harder, eliciting sharper

groans from Harry as he flexed his insides to grip at him, revelling in Harry's crumbling composure.

It took Harry a very long time to come, and that was mostly because Draco wouldn't rush. Harry crushed their torsos together and held Draco still as he made his final pumps upward, doing the last of the work until he orgasmed with aching leisure, groaning his relief into Draco's neck as he said his name over and over again. They clung together for a while, and Draco could feel their chests sticking together as their faint sheens of perspiration cooled and began to dry. Everything inside his anus began to feel different as Harry's angry hardness softened, and the thick, creamy liquid of his semen seeped downwards, soothing the tenderly abused passage. Draco barely paid his own erection any attention as he watched Harry relax back, surrounded by some kind of imaginary glow that exuded complete satiation.

When he brushed some long strands of hair away from Harry's cheek, Draco watched those big green eyes open and look up at him.

"I've never felt anything like that before," Harry whispered, seeming reluctant to speak louder and break the heady atmosphere. "Sex with you is incredible, Draco," he said with the shyest smile. "You're incredible," he finished, settling his head back into the cushions and closing his eyes again. Draco imagined he could feel his heart pumping the blood around his body, infusing it with the love he was drowning in.

He smiled, but it was a smile just for himself as he basked in the glow of Harry's affection. He felt Harry's hand move from his thigh, where it had fallen and rested. It moved to circle his cock and take a hold, but Draco pried his fingers back and set the hand away again, shaking his head when Harry opened his eyes and frowned. Draco reached for the jar of lubricant and rubbed some across his fingertips and his palm before he took a hold of himself and began to stroke. He was too hard, really. The skin of his glans felt overstretched and throbbing and he knew if he touched himself there he would come in seconds, so he kept his hand lower, fondling his sac and the wide base of his length with firm, confident movements. He watched the lubricant make his already sticky skin shiny and wet, and his breath caught in his throat as he felt the jerks of arousal push against his curled fist.

Harry sighed his approval as he looked down into Draco's lap, digging his fingertips deeper into Draco's buttocks as he enjoyed the sight.

Under the weight of Harry's scrutiny, Draco found he couldn't hold back. He ran his hand along the entire length of his erection, squeezing the dark red head between his thumb and forefinger on each pass until he was panting aloud, and his orgasm was imminent. When Harry's hand covered his own, Draco came undone. He felt his sac draw tight and then the come was squirting out of him, but instead of messing their chests with the hot liquid, it sprayed into Harry's cupped hand, soaking it in an instant, even as more pumped out and forced its way between Harry's fingers. Draco choked out a low sob as he dropped his own hand back and let Harry's touch him while he emptied himself completely. All he could feel was the manic throbbing of his swollen head and the sticky-thick come dripping down him, being stroked into his shaft by gentle fingers. He was exhausted. Elated, for sure, but completely shattered. He moved to lie against Harry's chest, wondering how he was going to find the energy to lift himself out of Harry's lap, or do anything but fall asleep right on this very spot.

Harry rocked him slowly, rubbing his back in comforting patterns until his eyelids felt leaden and he knew he could be asleep in seconds.

"D'you want a piggy-back to bed?" Harry whispered in his ear, kissing the lobe after he'd spoken. The best reply Draco could muster was an affirmative grunt that made Harry chuckle affectionately. He let himself be manhandled into a different position, helping a bit, but not much in truth. And then he felt himself lifted up and shrugged higher onto Harry's back, and two strong arms gripped his thighs as they parted and clung to Harry's sides. Resting his head on Harry's shoulder, he looped his arms around his neck and felt movement as Harry started to walk.

The next thing Draco felt were cool sheets covering him over and the dip of the mattress as Harry climbed in next to him and snuggled close into his side. "Sorry," he mumbled, his voice thick with sleep.

"Don't be," Harry whispered. "You've had a tough week. Today's been the best day, Draco."

“M’glad,” he managed before he finally nodded off.



## Chapter Nine

It was still pitch black when Draco snapped awake. He couldn't say why he had woken up, just that some unidentified, tiny movement must have been the cause. He turned his head to look at Harry and had to blink a couple of times before he could focus. Harry was awake. Watching him sleep, or maybe watching over him as he slept, but watching nevertheless.

"You okay?" Draco mumbled, his voice croaky but concerned.

"Yeah," Harry replied half-heartedly.

"Can't you sleep?" Draco asked, more awake now thanks to the worry he was suddenly feeling. He turned over onto his side to face Harry and instantly felt the reason for Harry's insomnia poke wetly into his hip.

Harry chuckled. "No. I seem to be having some problems," he said wryly, making Draco chuckle too.

As Draco reached out a hand to pull Harry's hip closer to himself, he felt another hand grip his tightly and pull it sharply until he had no choice but to grab a handful of Harry's erection. Draco's hand was held firmly in place as Harry spoke quietly. "Can you feel that?" he asked, and Draco nodded briefly, making a small sound in the back of his throat. "You did that," Harry told him, moving their hands so that Draco was wanking him before he removed his hand and cupped Draco's own hardening shaft, working it until it was fully erect. "You make me hard, Draco," Harry told him in whispers, and Draco swallowed painfully as his throat constricted with arousal. "Even if you weren't lying right here," Harry continued, "I'd still be hard, because all I have to do is think about you and this happens." Draco groaned, and his

lips parted as the sound came out. Harry thrust his hips forward into Draco's fist, so Draco increased the pressure and worked him faster, feeling the hand around his own cock tighten and speed up at the same time. "Tell me you can feel what you do to me," Harry breathed, the sound of his words burning right through Draco.

"Yes I can," Draco replied eagerly, shuffling closer still until their chests were touching, leaving little room for their hands to move.

"Come on me," Harry told him, so Draco forced Harry back into the mattress and clambered on top of him, propping himself up just enough to make room for their mutual masturbation to continue without impediment. Draco could feel the knuckle of his thumb and Harry's brushing together on each stroke, their barely co-ordinated efforts becoming more frenzied, more brutal. "Come on me, Draco," Harry repeated, so close to orgasm he could not keep the emotion out of his voice. "I want to feel it all over me," he sighed, making Draco whimper as he imagined the spurts of his come splashing all over Harry's chest, his busy arm, mingling in with Harry's own semen until he was awash with it. "You're so fucking good," Harry mouthed, the words barely audible but for Draco's proximity.

Draco grunted as the building pressure finally snapped, and he fucked Harry's hand until he came loudly, making Harry's orgasm hit at the almost same time, looking into each other's eyes in the gloom from inches apart, their faces rigid masks of concentration. Harry bellowed as his ejaculation whipped out of him, arching his spine so much that their hands were both stilled in the crush of their bodies. As he relaxed back on to the bed, gasping for air, he laughed quietly, and Draco laughed with him, sliding his hand out from between them and lying himself flat on top of Harry, smearing their pleasure between them until the slippery wetness was spread everywhere from their groins up to their nipples. Harry wrapped his arms around Draco and held him close, kissing his shoulder repeatedly as they both regained bodily control.

"You are going to be the death of me," Harry murmured into Draco's neck before he nipped playfully at the tender skin there.

Draco laughed evilly. "That may be," he chuckled. "But at least we'll go together and we'll be bloody happy right to the very end."

Harry kissed Draco slowly, thoroughly, before he answered him. "I like the sound of that, Draco," he said, his voice quite serious. "Will you let me make you happy?"

"Yes," Draco replied. "I rather think I will," he finished smugly before kissing Harry on the end of his nose, eliciting a really very cute yet manly giggle. "Now then, which one of us is going to clean this lot up?" he demanded in a mock stern voice, clearly implying his belief that Harry should undertake said task. "I'd prefer not to have to peel any brittle sheets off myself in the morning. It's taken me years to grow these three hairs on my chest, and I'm bugged if I'm going to get them ripped out because your 'Boy-Who-Won' come dries harder than a Stay-Stuck Charm," he said disdainfully, making Harry snigger.

They tore themselves apart to the sounds of subtle sucking noises, the semen already congealing in a not-quite-so-desirable way. "Done," Harry confirmed through a yawn, a quick flick of his fingers making light work of the clean up.

"Good, then. Now, am I allowed back to sleep?" Draco asked tiredly. "I do need my rest, you know," he finished, worming down under the covers and spooning in against Harry's front, making a drama of rubbing his bum in Harry's crotch.

Harry hooked an arm over Draco, and pulled their bodies in closer together. "I bet you're foul when you're tired," Harry teased humorously.

"If you don't stop talking, you might find out sooner rather than later," Draco admonished playfully.

"Goodnight, Draco," Harry said sleepily. "Sorry about waking you up." Draco sniggered. Harry sounded completely insincere in his apology.

"You never need to apologise for waking me up in the middle of the night for illicit monkey-spanking sessions," he laughed quietly.

Draco couldn't believe it when he heard the unmistakeable sounds of light snoring behind him in less than a minute. The shameless fucker had not only woken him up for a quick hand

job, but he'd had the gall to fall asleep first too! Men! Draco sighed to himself as he closed his eyes and waited for sleep to come again. When it finally did, he was still smiling.

~oOo~

Draco drifted awake on Sunday morning, finally feeling like he'd caught up on the rest he'd done without while he'd been away. He knew he was alone before he even really knew he was awake, but he wasn't worried. Harry'd be around somewhere. Draco strained his ears but couldn't make out any sounds from the bathroom. Maybe he was sorting out a nice tray of breakfast for them to eat together in bed? Draco smiled to himself as he stretched his tired body, anticipating the imminent arrival of something delicious. And a tray of food.

He settled back into the comfortingly warm quilt, closing his eyes as he waited for Harry, but not dozing. Instead, Draco lay there, wondering what they might do today. Maybe they'd go out somewhere? Walk a little, catch a casual lunch in a quiet bar, maybe even kiss under the autumnal trees in some nameless, deserted park. He didn't much mind. Doing anything with Harry was fine with him.

After a while, Draco started to get bored. He'd waited a good ten minutes for Harry, and he started to question whether his assumption about breakfast was, in fact, correct. He walked over to the wardrobe and slid one door open, looking for the clothes from his overnight bag. Snagging a shirt and a pair of boxer shorts, Draco threw them on and went in search of his missing Harry.

"Ah! There you are," he said as he wandered into the kitchen, catching sight of Harry doing something that looked both messy and complicated with a huge joint of raw beef. Harry grinned at him, looking back over his shoulder in Draco's direction, but not moving away from his task. "Do you think you're feeding the Knights of the Round Table with that?" he asked Harry, a hint of a tease in his voice.

"Um, no," Harry replied in what sounded to Draco like a rather cautious tone. Draco stood

next to Harry at the work surface and waited for more. The silence stretched out and Harry eventually caved in. "It's for the four of us, actually." Draco noticed that Harry was absolutely not looking anywhere else other than the side of beef.

Draco affected a loud sigh. "Explain," was all he said, although he felt a leaden weight settle in his stomach at the thought of a house full of Weasleys.

Harry finished preparing the fat on the beef and moved to the sink to wash his hands. While he was soaping them, he said, "Your mum and Blaise are coming for lunch." There was a distinct tone of 'don't shout at me' in Harry's voice, and Draco could have laughed in relief at his close escape from all things Weasel-shaped.

"I see," Draco replied calmly. "When did you plan to tell me about your oh-so-generous invitation? Some time before they arrived, I gather?" Sarcasm may well have been the lowest form of wit, but Draco was bloody good at it, and he refused to surrender one of his most favourite conversational weapons.

Harry dried his hands thoroughly and walked to Draco, wrapping his arms around his waist and holding him loosely. "Truthfully," Harry began, a small smile on his face, "I didn't invite them."

Draco laughed at that, and Harry's face broke into a relieved grin in reply. "Oh dear," Draco said. "I gather my mother invited herself, then." Harry nodded and brushed his lips against Draco's cheek. "And Blaise is too much of a nosey bastard to stay away, so he added himself to the 'invitation' list, as well," he finished, pulling Harry in close so that he could hook his chin over his shoulder and rest his head in the warm dip behind his ear, wallowing in the perfect scent that was Harry.

"I sort of wanted us to be alone," Harry said shyly. Draco's heart leapt in his chest, so thankful that Harry wanted the same thing as he did. "But I don't mind them coming, although I'll have to amend my plans for the day slightly." Harry huffed out a brief laugh and Draco moved so he could look into his face to discover the cause. Harry waggled his eyebrows suggestively before answering, "I seriously thought about hiding your clothes so you'd have to be naked all day. I might even have joined you," Harry laughed. "But there's

no way I'm entertaining your mum and best friend in my birthday suit."

"Good," Draco sighed, low and heated. "They'd be too stunned by certain parts of your anatomy to be entertained, I think." He rubbed his palms up and down Harry's back, feeling the soft cotton jersey of his T-shirt slide freely over the skin beneath.

"Flatterer," Harry whispered, looking up into Draco's eyes, begging for a kiss with his expression.

Leaning down, Draco pressed his mouth against Harry's, and it felt so right. It was a soft kiss, not forceful or demanding. No, it was a sharing of a much more tender emotion. Just a simple reminder of what they each now had in the other. Companionship and safety; warmth and love.

When they pulled apart, they shared a small smile. Harry pushed Draco backwards towards the kitchen table and gestured for him to sit. "Let me make you some breakfast," he said, combing his fingers affectionately through Draco's fine hair before he went about the business of rustling up something special. "You can even have the Quidditch pages first if you want," he smirked, pushing the unopened paper across the expanse of white oak table. "Or the society pages," he added slyly, watching Draco's expression like a hawk. "I know how much you like those," he said through a sneaky grin.

Draco stuck his nose in the air and sniffed imperiously, slightly surprised to have been spied doing it the last time he'd stayed over, when he'd been so careful to hide the offending supplement. "One needs to know what one's contemporaries are wearing," he said levelly, letting the tiniest hint of humour into his voice, making Harry smile, maybe at his easy admission.

"You don't have to explain yourself to me," Harry told him. "Everyone needs some mindless entertainment from time to time. Take me, for example. I have you."

Snorting in feigned outrage, Draco watched Harry slice up some fresh pineapple and lay the pieces in a hot griddle pan so that they steamed and spat for a couple of seconds, the sweet smell of ripe fruit filling the kitchen. As he placed a tub of Greek yoghurt on the table

between their place settings, Harry added, “If you want, I could get you a subscription to Alohomora! Then you’d never run the risk of missing another celebrity spat again.”

Alohomora!, the weekly wizarding magazine with the hideous tagline, Unlocking the secrets of the stars, was only outsold by the Daily Prophet. It was the kind of magazine that no one admitted to reading (except for when they had the excuse of picking it up in a waiting room) because it was full of inane drivel about minor celebrities and their hangers on. The current week’s issue, Draco knew, had a twenty-four page full colour spread on Merlin’s Watching, a dreadful annual competition where ten witches and wizards were locked in a haunted house for eight weeks, with no magic to help them survive. The press reported on the day-to-day squabbles and challenges, and ran campaigns for or against particular competitors. The entire wizarding world seemed to become obsessed with the thing for those two months, and you couldn’t set foot in Diagon Alley without being bombarded with talking posters and rippling flags extolling the virtues of one housemate above the others. The winner, as voted for by the wizarding public, received what Draco considered to be a paltry amount of Galleons and the kind of fame that faded as quickly as it had come.

Looking disdainfully at Harry, Draco turned his nose up at the offer of the subscription. “Do I look like I belong to the proletariat, Potter?” he sneered. “That magazine’s full of saccharine pictures of barely-famous peoples’ weddings, and blurry photos of semi-naked Quidditch players doing things they’re not meant to be doing.”

“That’s why I thought you might like it,” Harry sniggered mischievously, turning the sizzling pineapple over.

Draco smiled at Harry’s back, taking great pleasure in watching him cook. “There’s no need to waste your money,” he said as Harry turned the ring off and piled the stripy-cooked pineapple onto two plates and carried them to the table.

As he scooped creamy-thick yoghurt onto the delicious-smelling hot fruit, Draco added, “Patricia buys it and hides it under her desk. I read hers when she’s not looking.”

Harry’s delighted, shocked laughter filled not only the kitchen, but also the rest of his flat.

~oOo~

They ate breakfast at a leisurely pace, cracking jokes at each other's expense and generally laughing a lot. As he sat in his seat watching Harry make the Yorkshire pudding batter and peel the potatoes for their lunch, Draco thought to himself, This is my life. The rest of my life is going to be just this – sharing space with Harry, sharing time with him. He'd never developed an attachment like this to anyone before. He'd always been terrified of the restriction of such a close bond but now he had the makings of it, he wondered how he'd ever thought it might be a bad thing. He didn't feel caged in - quite the opposite, actually.

The pace of life slowed down around him, and he watched Harry potter about in his kitchen, throwing dazzling, meaningful smiles his way every so often. The way Harry's eyes lit up and his entire face crinkled as he laughed at a stupid joke made Draco realise just how spectacular he was to look at - so unspoiled, for all his experiences. There was just something about Harry; a quality that even a lifetime's study would never define.

They showered and dressed eventually, with Harry bribing Draco to wear some of his new purchases, enticing him with the promise of sexual favours if he wore the clothes Harry picked out for him. How could Draco refuse? But the best part by far was being dressed by Harry. Being undressed by someone was one thing, but Draco had never been dressed by someone else before. Well, not since he was a child, and that was an entirely different thing.

Harry toyed with him as he dabbed his skin dry after their shower, lingering in all the right places to tease. Harry chided Draco for his arousal, but Draco could see he was pleased, feeling more and more confident in the pleasure his caresses gave, taking more and more liberties as he stroked the towel over his skin. Stepping into the boxer shorts Harry held out for him proved difficult, but not as difficult as trying to get the waistband comfortable over his erection. He pleaded with Harry to give him some relief, but Harry laughed slyly and told him to learn some self-control, with the unspoken sentiment that if Draco didn't learn, Harry would be only too happy to teach him. And that lesson might prove particularly frustrating, given Harry's own staggering self-control.



Draco leaned on Harry's shoulders as he knelt down and held jeans open for him to step into. He wiggled his hips to assist the upward journey of the stiff fabric, and his movement made Harry chuckle, pulling his head back so that Draco's erection didn't smack him in the nose when he stood up. But by far the most pleasurable part of being dressed by Harry was having his trouser fly buttoned up. Standing once more before him, Harry's hands rested on Draco's waist, and trailed seductively over his bare flesh as Harry moved around him, coming to a standstill directly behind Draco. Harry's arms encircled him and held him close for a moment, and Draco could feel every patch of Harry's bare chest pressing into his back, and he loved the warmth of his skin. The sensation did nothing to lessen his erection, and it was a constant, throbbing backdrop to each of Harry's touches. Eventually, Harry's hand dropped to cup his testicles through his jeans, and Draco couldn't help but press himself hard into the hand.

Harry was not to be tempted, it seemed. His other hand dropped to the fly, and worked the buttons through the buttonholes slowly, making a fuss of brushing against Draco's erection each time his dextrous fingers moved. Getting the top button done up was torture. Not because the jeans were tight. They weren't. No, it was the way Harry deftly moved his length to one side so that the button was more easily done up, and then the way he rested his palm flat along the fly, burning through the layers of heavy fabric so that Draco's cock got hotter still. But the worst part by far, the thing that made Draco squirm and whimper, was the way Harry's thumb flicked up and rubbed the wetness on the head of his erection, making more liquid squeeze out, and making the skin there unbelievably tight. It felt as if a breath of air would be enough to tip him over the edge. Like Harry's, Draco's cock could not be contained below his waistband when it was hard, a rogue inch or three poking insistently into the daylight. It was torture, but of the most pleasurable kind imaginable.

Leaning back into the solid comfort of Harry's body, Draco whispered, "Please, Harry." He could feel his need all over his body, from the pinched tightness in his nipples to the taut, straining muscles in his buttocks.

Harry rose up on tiptoes and breathed lightly against Draco's neck before murmuring into his ear, "If you've got the strength to go without now, I'll make it worth your while this afternoon." Draco sighed, rubbing his head against Harry's hair, the level of his frustration

almost too much to bear.

“It’d better be good,” Draco managed to reply, his tone strangled and tight.

Harry smiled against Draco’s neck. “Oh, it will be,” he promised.

There was something in Harry’s voice, some unspoken erotic torment just waiting to come out and play. Draco believed him. He could hardly wait.

~oOo~

Blaise was the first to arrive, but only by minutes. Draco watched in bewilderment as Harry and Blaise greeted each other like old friends, and he wondered if they’d met up while he had been away. It seemed likely. Blaise arched an eyebrow at him as he took in Draco’s clothes, nodding his head in a show of appreciation. Blaise pulled him into a rare hug and whispered, “You look happy,” into his ear, turning Draco’s cheeks pink with pleasure.

Draco’s eyes narrowed suspiciously as his mother arrived. Or rather, he eyed the bag she was carrying suspiciously. She clearly knew it was niggling at Draco, because she refused to put it down, carrying it with her as Harry politely ushered her through to the sitting area, which was most unlike her normal behaviour. She smirked furtively at him when Harry’s back was turned, eyeing the bag and grinning most unbecomingly. Blaise was clearly in on the joke, Draco noted, although he was looking far less comfortable about what she had planned. That was evident from the way he frowned ever so slightly each time Narcissa pointed her mischievous smile in his direction.

As soon as she had a drink in her other hand, Narcissa demanded a tour of Harry’s home in that flirtatious, butter-wouldn’t-melt-in-my-mouth way of hers. Ever the gentleman, Harry acquiesced and ushered her on the grand tour of his flat (or ‘loft’, as he informed Narcissa with amusement.) Draco wandered along behind Harry and his mother, his eyes fixed firmly on Harry’s high, tight buttocks as they worked under his faded jeans until Blaise elbowed

him sharply and cleared his throat in warning. Draco looked at his friend and frowned in annoyance.

“Drooling,” Blaise informed him with a knowing wink. Draco couldn’t help but grin at that. He knew he’d been caught out. It was a fair cop.

Narcissa ‘ooh’ed and ‘aah’ed over lots of things pointed out to her, and she asked many questions about the building (an old textile mill, it seemed) and commented favourably on Harry’s choice of décor. She poked around Harry’s kitchen, clearly fascinated with the array of Muggle appliances, asking a rapid succession of questions. Draco could see his mother making a shopping list in her head of the ones she fancied, and he knew Pippin was in for a major crash course in reading instruction manuals.

“Ah,” Blaise sighed confidentially. “The good old kitchen table.” He ran his fingertips along the edge of the tabletop and shot Draco a smirk. “Have you?” he asked cheekily, curving one eyebrow up to accentuate his question.

Draco looked at the table and considered it. Sturdy enough. Right height, he thought. “No, but now you come to mention it,” he tailed off, a smirk of his own growing on his lips as he flicked his eyes over to where Harry was standing. Right here, he thought. I can see it now. Come home from work, trousers round the ankles, arse in the air, getting my welcome home treat at the end of a hard day at the office.

Before they left the kitchen, Draco stroked the oak table reverently, fixing the image in his mind, filing it away for future reference.

Wandering into the bedroom, Blaise murmured for Draco’s ears only, “So this is where it all happens, is it?” Draco turned a watered-down version of the Malfoy death stare on his friend, but Blaise looked unapologetic. “Who are the handcuffs for, Draco?” Blaise teased.

Draco felt all the blood drain out of his face. Sure enough, there were the two sets of so-far-unused handcuffs he’d sent Harry, glinting menacingly against the dark wood headboard, only barely concealed by the piles of pillows and cushions. Draco’s mouth worked for a moment, but words of explanation failed him. Blaise laughed quietly at his discomfort, and

the only retort Draco could eventually manage was, “Only sad bastards limit their activities in the bedroom, Blaise. If you need some pointers on creative sex play, I’ll book some time in my diary to explain all about it.”

“Touchy, touchy,” Blaise chuckled, popping his head around the door to the en-suite bathroom before trailing after Harry and Narcissa. Draco stood in the bedroom by himself for a moment, unwilling to let himself believe that his mother might have seen the handcuffs. Oh, bollocks. He couldn’t kid himself. She never missed a fucking thing, that woman. He resisted the urge to move the cushions around to hide the handcuffs, closing the door firmly instead, and stalking off in pursuit of Blaise.

The four of them sat around and chatted for a while before Harry got up to finish the vegetables. Draco suffered a good five minutes of ribbing by his mother and Blaise about his all-too-evident coupling up with Harry. Even for all the teasing, Draco could see how happy they were for him. It was obvious that they both approved of and encouraged this liaison, and Narcissa let slip once or twice that she had hopes for their long-term prospects. Draco laughed to himself, deciding against putting her out of her misery by confirming his own designs on Harry.

Entering the kitchen to top up his drink, Draco took a second to watch Harry at the cooker, working a wooden spoon in slow circles in the roasting tin, mixing the reduced meat juices with corn flour to thicken the gravy. Draco set his glass down on the work surface and walked up behind Harry, looping his arms around Harry’s waist and hugging him close. Harry sighed happily and settled back against Draco’s front, nuzzling his temple against Draco’s cheek.

“Thanks for doing this,” Draco said, pressing a kiss onto Harry’s shoulder as he held him.

“I don’t mind,” Harry replied. “They’re both really nice. Good company, you know?”

Draco watched the gravy thicken under Harry’s steady hand. It bubbled slowly and gave off a delicious, meaty aroma that had Draco’s mouth watering. “They like you,” he told Harry. “They like you a lot.”

Harry laughed just loud enough to reach Draco's ears. Draco could feel it rumble through Harry's back and into his chest, and he squeezed his arms tighter, soaking up the vibrations.

"What's not to like?" Harry said, the self-deprecation heavy in his tone.

"Nothing," Draco said softly, meaningfully. "Nothing at all."

Harry turned just slightly, twisting in Draco's embrace so that their eyes met over his shoulder. "Aren't you a sweetie?" he said with a broad smile on his face.

"Mm," Draco hummed. "I am."

Harry stretched his neck and Draco met him half way, their lips touching in a brief, tender kiss.

The sound of bubbling gravy pulled Harry back to the task at hand, and Draco sorrowfully let go and turned away. His mother and Blaise were standing silently at the kitchen doorway, twin expressions of undiluted joy shaping their faces. Draco felt a twinge of discomfort as he wondered how much they'd seen of his undisguised affection for Harry. Admitting it to himself was one thing, but exhibiting his comfort in these surroundings to other people was quite another. Draco didn't think he was ready for that. But then he looked at his mother's face, saw the warm glow on her cheeks and couldn't imagine denying her her pride at watching her only child settling down. He smiled shyly at them both and felt himself blush until he had to look at the ground, his smile growing into what felt suspiciously like a dopey grin.

"I'm just about to serve up," Harry called out, unaware of the close proximity of his guests. Draco watched them both back away and resume their seats at the formal dining table in Harry's main room.

Harry's Sunday lunch was without doubt the best home-cooked meal Draco had ever eaten. It was a proper roast beef and Yorkshire pudding dinner, with all the trimmings. The temptation to overeat was irresistible, and Draco found himself leaning back into his chair after the dessert of homemade coconut ice cream, feeling bloated and uncomfortably full.

But every mouthful had been heavenly. He'd have to be careful, or he'd have love handles inside six months.

They drank their coffees slumped in the comfort of Harry's gigantic sofas, complimenting him repeatedly on his culinary ability. Narcissa fussed over the lack of a house-elf in Harry's home, doing her best to sell him the benefits of having a little home help. Draco could have laughed out loud at the expression on his mother's face when Harry informed her very matter-of-factly that he had a house-elf, but that he was off travelling, and 'finding himself'. As if that wasn't shock enough, when Harry informed her that Dobby was his house-elf, Draco nearly snorted hot coffee down his nostrils as his mother 'eep'ed in nervous laughter and changed the subject rapidly.

Draco started to feel nervous when his mother retrieved her bag and plonked herself down right next to Harry. He cringed inside as she withdrew two large books, which he recognised as his baby photo albums. "Mother, please," he said in dismay. "Harry hardly wants to look at those," he added, the irritation clear in his voice. He certainly hoped Harry didn't want to look at them, anyway. There were one or two rather embarrassing pictures in there, and he knew he might never hear the end of it.

"Oh, don't be so silly, darling," she said haughtily, her tone telling him that no amount of arguing would divert her from her path. "You were just the most gorgeous child, and I think Harry needs to see the quality of our breeding stock."

"Mother!" he shouted out in shock. "Neither one of us has got a bloody womb, woman! What the hell does it matter?" He could feel himself shaking with discomfort and humiliation.

"One of my luncheon ladies told me that remarkable progress is being made in the field of fertility, Draco dear," she said sniffily, seemingly slightly taken aback at the strength of Draco's reaction. "Besides," she continued defensively, "you really were the most beautiful child there ever was, and I want Harry to know."

Draco's eyes met Harry's, and an understanding passed between them. This was just one of those things that proud parents did, one of those things that Harry had never known, would

never know. That simple glance told Draco that his girlish childhood beauty would not be a lifelong source of teasing, so he waved his hand dismissively, giving his mother free rein to do as she wished.

Narcissa turned the pages slowly, regaling Harry with tales from their family history, introducing Malfoy ancestors as well as her own, pointing out people from the Black family tree and explaining their relationship to both herself and Sirius. It was a thoughtful touch, Draco mused, and he could see how interested Harry was in learning about his godfather's family.

For the most part, Harry remained silent as Narcissa spoke, his eyes glued to the moving pictures, a finger occasionally straying to trace just above the surface as tiny little Dracos tottered into frame and pulled endearing faces at the camera. Draco looked at the familiar images of himself with practiced detachment. He looked like a tiny angel, his hair such a pale, pale blond it was almost silvery-white, and his big, innocent grey eyes wide open with wonder at the world around him.

His mother lingered over her favourite snaps. The first was of Draco at St. Mungo's, on the day of his birth. He was a cuddly pink bundle, gurgling and pulling his face into funny expressions as his father held him up for the camera. The picture ran over and over again as Narcissa stared at it, and each time, Lucius gave the same guarded expression, and Draco wriggled out of his blanket so that he was naked for a brief flash, before being covered for decency by the seemingly enormous hand of his father. Narcissa told them that this was the most happiness she ever saw in Lucius, and they all fell quiet for a few moments as she gathered her emotions together and glossed her hurt over with another happy story.

The other favoured picture was of a toddling Draco, dressed in miniature robes and perfectly groomed, climbing in and out of a large wing backed leather chair behind a huge lacquered desk. The top of Draco's fair head would appear above the edge of the desk and rise up slowly, secretly, almost, until his huge eyes peeped over the edge and then the rest of his face appeared. Draco could almost hear the sound of his childish giggling, although he didn't remember the photo being taken, or being in his father's hallowed study.

As the album followed Draco's development, so it reflected life at Malfoy Manor. It was all

too evident when the happy-go-lucky little dot that darted around his mother's robes and jumped in her lap for hugs and kisses grew a haunted, fearful look, his delicate face marred by tension and mistrust. Many of the pictures taken around the time Draco first started school at four or five showed him standing rigidly, unmovingly, a tiny ghost hidden in the shadow of his father's robes. Narcissa tried to turn the pages faster, making excuses for the sombre expressions but Harry stilled her hand, a wrinkle forming between his brows as he looked at little Draco, living in terror in his own home, far beyond the help of his mother, who was powerless to stand against her husband.

When the second album was closed once again, they all sat for long moments, lost in their own thoughts, the atmosphere growing maudlin and oppressive. Narcissa snapped them all out of it with an affectation of excitement as she described her week to come. Draco felt himself fight to slough off the unpleasant feelings dredged up by the photographs, wondering fleetingly why his mother had done this thing. His childhood was laid bare before Harry and surely the only consequence of that would be a pity he didn't want or need. He felt disturbed and out of sorts, and he barely noticed when Blaise and Narcissa rose to leave. Harry had to tap his knee to get his attention, and he dragged himself out of the sofa slowly, wincing as his over-stuffed body protested at the exercise.

Harry and Draco stood side by side in the hallway, sharing hugs and kisses with Narcissa and Blaise before they left. After they'd both Flooed home, the two of them stayed standing there, just staring at the vacant fireplace. Neither one moved for long moments.

Draco eventually turned and faced Harry, seeing an unreadable expression looking back at him. It was perhaps thoughtful, troubled even. Feeling unaccountably concerned, Draco pulled Harry into a tight hug, wrapping his arms around Harry's neck and pecking a light kiss on his ear. Harry hugged him back. In fact, it was less a loving embrace than him clinging onto the last solid thing in existence, trying not to get swept away or disappear forever. As disturbed as he himself felt, Draco found himself wanting to comfort Harry, to reassure him, keep him safe. Not a word had passed between them, yet the atmosphere was palpable and Draco was growing more concerned with each passing second.

They pulled apart by unspoken mutual consent and rather than look at Draco, Harry bowed his head, reaching for Draco's hand instead and taking a comfortable hold on it before



leading the way silently back to the living room.

They lay on the sofa together, angled in towards each other, with Harry's head resting on Draco's shoulder, an arm hooked loosely over his waist. After many long minutes of stillness, Draco murmured, "What's wrong, Harry?" And then, when there was no answer, "Was it the photographs?"

Harry shifted around, turning onto his side and tucking a leg between Draco's, holding on to his body just a bit tighter. There was something needy about the gesture that touched Draco, made him want to protect Harry from all the evils of the world.

"Yeah," Harry replied quietly.

Draco sighed heavily, feeling the all-too-familiar stab of pain inside when he thought about his childhood. "She shouldn't have brought them," he said. "I don't know why she did, but she shouldn't have."

"She wanted me to see," Harry replied levelly, no trace of a waver in his voice.

Draco rubbed at his forehead, feeling an emotion akin to frustration. "See what?" he said abruptly, although not aiming the tone at Harry. "That I looked like a bloody girl?" he said snappishly, embarrassed and disturbed all at the same time.

Harry lifted his head up and frowned in genuine confusion. "Of course not!" he said quickly, before settling back in again, a slight tension remaining in his body. Harry spoke hesitantly. "You were really happy when you were small," he said. "You and your mum looked so perfect. She wanted me to see how much she loves you. How much she's always loved you, despite what I might have thought in the past," he sighed unhappily before falling silent again.

Oh. That, Draco thought, reaching the conclusion that Harry's mood was because of the oppression and unhappiness Lucius had brought into their home.

"My father's dead, Harry," Draco chided softly. "And anyway, once I learned how to deal

with him, life wasn't really so bad." He cuddled Harry closer, wanting to prove that he really was okay, and that Harry shouldn't waste his time worrying over things that couldn't be changed. He kissed the top of Harry's head, touched beyond words that he should be dwelling on this problem for which, more recently, the final solution had been enacted.

"It's not that," Harry said, his voice croaky and uneven in his low-pitched mumble. "Or rather," he clarified, "it's only partly that," before falling silent again. The tension was literally zinging off Harry and Draco was alarmed at his own inability to fathom what was going on.

Taking his time, Harry said, "Do you know how many photographs of my childhood I've got?"

Oh, god. His family. Draco winced, furious with himself for failing to realise this before, and put a stop to his mother's interference.

"I've got two pictures of me with my mum and dad when I was a baby," Harry said, his voice tight and strained. "Two pictures."

Before Draco could make a response, Harry continued, the bubbling emotional outbreak washing over the barrier of his earlier reticence. "Hagrid gave me them. They're all I've got. My family," he laughed harshly, the bitterness and loneliness thick in his voice.

"I'm so sorry," Draco whispered into Harry's thick, soft hair.

"It's wrong of me to be jealous of your family when I can pretty much guess what happened to you," Harry said, his anger directed inward. He buried his face in Draco's neck, screwing and unscrewing his eyes so that his eyelashes tickled against Draco's skin each time the expression changed. "I could see your fear," Harry choked out. "I could see what Lucius did to you both and still I'm jealous. Our mums protected us, Draco," he sighed. "But my mum had to protect me with her life and I've always been alone."

Draco wanted to cry. Wanted to cry for Harry because it was clear Harry couldn't cry for himself. The loss, the devastation; it was all there, but it was swallowed up in the impotent

rage that should have died with Voldemort but didn't.

"Harry..."

"Even though I know your life was far from perfect, and even though I know what your father did, I still can't help but see the reminders of what I never had in those books. I want roots, Draco. I want history, ancestors, a family around me. I don't begrudge you what you had, nothing like that," Harry said quickly, the words spilling out breathlessly. "I want it because every child has the right to a happy family life."

They were silent again for a while. Draco didn't know the right words, so he didn't say anything, offering instead the comfort and warmth of his embrace, telling Harry he was loved through touch alone.

It seemed to work, because there was a noticeable relaxation in Harry's body. He spoke again after a while. "The next photo I have is from Hogwarts, when I was eleven. Quidditch team picture. There's a gap in my life of eleven years, and I want them back but I know I can't ever have them again."

"Life's not fair, is it?" Draco said, finding himself transported back in time until he was a little boy again, cowering before his father who was always furious for no reason at all. "I think we always want what we didn't have ourselves," he added softly.

Harry gripped at Draco until his fingertips sank almost painfully into Draco's ribs, but he let go after a second or two. "I just wish I had something, you know?" There was an unspoken plea in Harry's voice, almost more than a need to make him understand. "Photos of me opening presents on my birthday, or pulling crackers at the dinner table on Christmas Day. I know the Weasleys aren't your favourite people, but being with them is the closest I've ever got to getting any of that stuff."

Draco remained silent, and he found himself picturing Harry in his mind's eye. Draco could see him in his kitchen carving a huge Christmas turkey and passing the time of day with a tipsy Arthur Weasley while he did it. He could see Harry surrounded by a sea of ginger-haired Weasley children, all vying for Uncle Harry's attention because he spoiled them so, sneaking

them Chocolate Galleons when their parents weren't looking, and hiding the wrappers for them like a small child himself. Draco could see exactly why Harry loved the Weasleys even if he didn't share the sentiment. He wasn't Harry Potter to them. He was just another part of the family, treated the same as everyone else and sharing the true joy of the holiday. It was all about just being together and laughing, enjoying each other's company, not worrying about who had the most presents, or how expensive they were. Draco could see the image vividly. The only gift Harry really wanted was a family. Belonging. To rely upon and be relied on in that take-you-for-granted way families have. Draco had a sudden realisation that just like every other child, Harry hadn't chosen his family. But the Weasleys were there, nevertheless.

Draco heard so much hurt in Harry's voice, and he suddenly knew what he would do. He would give Harry his family. He'd hold his tongue and befriend the Weasleys because Harry shouldn't ever have to choose between them. He should have both. In many ways, Draco thought it might be nice for his mother too, to have people around her for a change. She and Draco usually spent their Christmases rattling around Malfoy Manor, and although they were happy together, there was an air of loneliness that perhaps no longer had a place in their lives. Not now there was Harry, too.

Draco heard himself say, "The Weasleys are a proper family, aren't they?"

After a moment, Harry answered, "Yeah. Yeah, they are."

There was a noticeable change in Harry. The last of the tension ebbed out of him, and he shifted against Draco and appeared to settle in to doze.

For himself, Draco lay there, combing his fingers through Harry's hair and thinking. Not just thinking, but plotting. There was far more to Harry than sex and lust, and making Harry happy would mean thinking about all of his needs, and not just spreading his legs as a method of resolution for the inevitable conflict.

Draco was changing, he realised. Growing up, he told himself. Relationships are hard work, he mused. But I'm ready to give it everything I've got. He closed his eyes finally and smiled a small smile to himself. I deserve this, he thought to himself. I've earned the chance at true

happiness. But Draco knew it wouldn't come for free. And he found he didn't care about that at all.

~oOo~

Their peaceful afternoon was shattered by the insistent trilling of Harry's mobile phone. Harry didn't drag himself to the kitchen fast enough to catch it, but Draco heard him return the call straight away and exclaim Hermione's name loudly and happily when he was connected. Draco listened to him laugh and joke and fire questions at Hermione, and he lay on the sofa, not really listening to the exact words, but lulling himself with the tone of Harry's voice, alight once more with happiness and excitement.

After a long ten minutes, Harry wandered into the living room and looked down at Draco, the phone still glued to his ear. He shrugged apologetically, and Draco waved him away, smiling his acceptance of the interruption, pleased beyond words at the rekindling of his Harry's light-hearted mood.

Some minutes later, Harry bounded energetically back into the room, phone held away from his face. "What are you doing next Thursday?" Harry asked him brightly.

"Evening?" Draco questioned and got a vigorous nod in response. "Nothing. Yet." He fell silent, waiting for Harry to continue.

"Fancy coming out for a drink with one or two people? It's about time you got the grilling from my friends," he laughed, waving the phone around as he paced around the sofa.

"I'd like to see them bloody try," Draco sniggered, nodding all the same.

"Good," Harry said, lifting the phone back to his ear. "He said yes, Hermione. Tell the twins to leave the Canary Creams at home, will you?" He winked at Draco as he said that last, and Draco's face fell into a barely-feigned frown at the thought of an evening spent in ginger

hell.

Harry leaned over the back of the sofa and pecked him quickly and loudly on the lips. “Bring Blaise along for moral support, if you want,” he told Draco cheerfully.

Draco snorted loudly. “Blaise and morals do not go together in any context, Harry,” he lectured. “Unless you mean the distinct lack of.”

Harry laughed aloud and ruffled Draco’s hair playfully before backing away and slipping back into the kitchen to continue his chat.

After quite a while longer, Draco retrieved the financial pages of the Sunday Prophet and settled in for some serious reading, lying back on the sofa once more, his head propped up on a pile of cushions, balancing the paper on his thighs. A Quick Quote Quill was making notes in the margin as Draco dictated his thoughts and ideas on the financial forecasting section. Completely engrossed in his work, Draco didn’t notice Harry walk into the room, but he did peep over the tops of his knees as Harry clambered over the far arm of the sofa and leaned in to run his hands up Draco’s shins.

As Draco fell silent and raised an eyebrow in question, Harry grabbed his knees and pried them apart until they were spread wide open. The newspaper flopped out of Draco’s lap and fluttered to the floor.

“Hey! I’ve lost my place, now!” Draco exclaimed in the very mildest irritation.

Harry looked down at Draco and smirked. He lowered himself down between the parted thighs and settled in, shifting the lumpy bulge of his groin against Draco’s ever so slightly until they were mashed together. As Harry lay himself down, Draco wrapped his legs around Harry’s hips and squeezed tightly. They sighed together in both contentment and the first, promising flushes of arousal.

“Well,” Harry said hotly, his eyelids at half-mast, “I found mine.” Harry lowered his mouth and kissed Draco softly, just a tiny taster of more to come. They barely broke apart before Harry kissed him again, and Draco held the back of his head close, unwilling to let him pull

away before he was ready to end it.

They parted and looked at each other for many seconds.

“Let’s go to bed.”

After a tense, erotically charged moment:

“Mmm. Let’s.”

And when they got there, Harry kept his promise to make it worth the wait.

~oOo~

The following Thursday evening found Draco, Harry and Blaise making their way into a very rustic looking, Tudor style pub just off Diagon Alley, called ‘The One Hundred and Fifty Knights’. The evening would be Draco’s first introduction to Harry’s social circle, although being a loyal and steadfast kind of bloke, most of Harry’s friends were old ones from their schools days. All the same, Draco felt nervous, and he was never so glad that Blaise was with him.

“There they are,” Harry said cheerfully, elbowing his way through a too-small space, beckoning Draco and Blaise to follow him.

“You okay?” Blaise half shouted, making sure he was heard over the noisy crowd that filled the pub’s lounge. Draco turned and nodded before diving into the crush of people, following Harry’s path. On the way, he pasted on his best I-don’t-give-a-fuck-if-you-hate-me face as he approached the alcove housing Harry’s friends. Coming to a stop at Harry’s side, Draco nodded ‘hellos’ to the welcoming faces of Seamus Finnigan, Neville Longbottom, Fred and George Weasley, plus an older Weasley who turned out to be Charlie. Luna Lovegood, who was as good as sitting in the lap of a very dazed looking Asian man, waved her wand at them

all and showered the table with bubbles that popped wetly when they made contact with anything.

Draco surveyed the group with a guarded smile, comforted by the possessive weight of Harry's arm circling his waist loosely. Blaise, on the other hand, was leaning across the table and shaking hands enthusiastically with everyone and generally disarming the group with his infectious smile.

Harry and Draco took spare chairs next to each other, while Blaise squeezed himself round the oval table, sandwiching himself between a couple of Weasleys.

A flustered but happy looking barman made his way over to them and hovered on the periphery as they had a protracted debate about what drinks to order.

"What do you fancy?" Harry said with a grin. The apart from the obvious went unspoken, but it hung in the air between them regardless, making Draco's cheeks feel the first hint of warmth.

"Oh, a bottle of champagne, I think," Draco said clearly, wiping out the background chatter at their table in a split second.

"Er," the barman said, looking to Harry for support. "We're right out at the moment," he added, a flicker of humour in his voice. "Perhaps you might try one of our fine ales?"

Draco sighed. "Dry white wine, then," he declared, noting with some concern the barely hidden sniggers around the table.

"I'm sorry, sir," the barman said smoothly, an irritating smirk on his lips. "We're just not that kind of pub."

What kind of pub? Draco thought to himself in confusion. He sighed in mounting frustration. "Well then," he snapped. "What exactly have you got?" He threw out his challenge and saw the barman suck in a lungful of air to start his pre-rehearsed drinks menu. "The abridged version, if you don't mind," he asserted witheringly, aware that all eyes around the table



were fixed on him in a kind of weird fascination.

“The usual range of spirits,” the barman started. “Guinness,” he continued, tipping a nod in Seamus’s direction and receiving a small cheer from the man himself. “And one-hundred and fifty real ales on draught,” he finished proudly. “One for each of Arthur’s Knights. If you can describe your palate to me, I will be more than happy to suggest one which may be to your liking.”

Draco groaned inwardly. I am in hell, and it has oak beams.

“Why don’t you try the same as me?” Harry said helpfully. Draco swung to look at him. Harry looked so earnest and sweet that he found himself nodding his agreement. “Two pints of Mordred’s Sword, please,” Harry asked the barman politely.

“I don’t want a pint!” Draco barked out in surprise. “It’s bound to be vile,” he clarified more gently, noting Harry’s bemused expression. Turning back to the barman, Draco said, “I’ll have a half, please.”

The volume of suppressed snorting from around the table made Draco look round at Harry’s friends with a marked frown on his face. Even Harry was looking into his lap, biting his lip to hold the laugh in.

“You are not having a half,” Seamus said firmly, his eyes twinkling with hilarity.

“Why ever not?” Draco replied stubbornly.

“Because only poofs drink halves,” Seamus replied through a chuckle, causing more than a little amused discomfort around the table, extending up to the barman as well.

“It may have escaped your notice, Finnigan,” Draco started haughtily, “but I am ‘a poof’, as you so eloquently phrase it.”

“I know that,” Seamus replied, his face pink from laughing. “But there’s no need to be such

a fucking girl about it, is there?"

Draco's eyes narrowed as he calculated what might be the best hex to fling at the Irish 'comedian' sitting across from him.

"Play nicely, children," Blaise said, managing to diffuse Draco's anger with a supportive wink. "A half it is," Blaise informed the barman, who pulled a face, but wrote it down on his pad and took the rest of the orders.

As the barman walked away, George Weasley leaned across the table to address Draco. "Do you like shopping?" he asked eagerly.

"Er. Yes. Of course," Draco replied stiltedly, rather confused by the purpose of the question.

"Marvellous!" George exclaimed, stretching a hand out and offering it to Draco. "You are, undoubtedly, the saviour of everyone's sanity who is sat around this table." Draco found himself raising his hand to shake George's. "Hey, everyone!" George shouted. "No more shopping trips with Harry!"

There was a long, loud cheer from the gathered friends, and Draco found people vying with George to shake his hand or slap him on the back. He laughed in spite of himself, feeling more accepted than he would have imagined possible.

"You bunch of wankers!" Harry shouted back at them in amusement, fending off a storm of beer mats thrown in his direction from his long-suffering friends.

When the barman returned, his smile was of the big, shit-eating variety. He laid everyone's drinks out, leaving Draco's to last. With a flourish, he presented Draco's half of beer, complete with umbrella, cherry and an ostentatiously twisted straw. "Here you go, honey," the barman said to him, although Draco struggled to hear the end of the sentence through the unrestrained howls of laughter and uproarious applause from around the table.

Draco didn't know whether to join in the laughter or be really offended. He turned and looked at Harry for some indication and watched his face fight to contain a huge grin. When

they looked at each other, Harry's eyes pleaded in the most heart-wrenching way, and Draco just melted. His smile was small to start off with, but it transformed into full blown laughter as he watched the change in Harry's expression and the unspoken but very real affection reflected there.

Leaning in to him, Harry placed a hand high up on Draco's thigh and twisted round to kiss him lightly on the lips. Draco felt his insides bubble over in unbridled joy and his face and neck flushed the hottest pink. "People will be looking!" he said hurriedly, conscious of the number of eyes glancing their way since they'd very first entered the pub.

"I know," Harry whispered into his ear, the long strands of his fringe brushing Draco's cheek. "They can't believe how gorgeous you are, either."

Fighting his elation and doing his best not to turn into a pile of wobbly jelly, Draco pulled back and said, "Who knew you had such a honeyed tongue?" He arched an eyebrow as he smiled, knowing just the mention of the word would make Harry think about doing all sorts of things with his tongue. Preferably, Draco thought, any activity that involved the removal of his trousers.

"Merlin's beard!" Charlie exclaimed. "Get a room, will you?" But regardless of his words, there was affection in his tone, and Draco and Harry both surveyed the collection of people round the table, grinning at them, and each other.

"Come on then," Seamus called out. "Try a mouthful of Mordred's Sword and tell us what you think."

Draco felt the first twist of doubt in his stomach. "I'm very particular about what I put in my mouth, I'll have you know," he said, trying his hardest to bluster through his lack of enthusiasm. There were a few laughs and lewd comments, mostly aimed in Harry's direction, and Draco steeled himself to get it over with.

He plucked the straw and umbrella out of his beer and gingerly raised it to his lips. All eyes were on him, waiting expectantly for his opinion. Bracing himself, he took the tiniest of sips. Bleurgh! It's not even that cold! he thought, wrinkling his nose in judgement. The slightly

bitter, tangy taste hit his tongue and he mused, Bearable, but hardly pleasurable. He swallowed it down in a gulp, trying his best not to taste it too much.

“Well?” Harry prodded.

“It’s okay, I suppose,” Draco offered generously, vowing silently to Scourgify his mouth at the first opportunity.

“Ah, but that’s not a real drink,” Seamus said loudly, pushing his Guinness across the table and gesturing for Draco to try some.

“It looks like the sludge at the bottom of your Potions cauldron,” Draco said in distaste, looking at Harry as he said it.

“Just try it,” Seamus ordered, a rapturous smile on his face, possibly at the thought of introducing a beer virgin to the delights of Irish stout.

Repeating the whole taste-and-swallow routine under the watchful eyes of the gathered masses, Draco finally said, “Yep. Tastes like cauldron sludge too.”

Seamus was affronted, but in an amused way. He snatched his glass back and mumbled something about wasting good Guinness on a hopeless heathen.

“Don’t you worry, Draco. It’s bloody vile stuff.” Charlie winked at him, offering a consoling shake of the head in Seamus’ direction. “I can get the barman back over if you want something other than that,” he offered, nodding his head at Draco’s half pint. It was almost chivalrous, the way Charlie said it, Draco thought. For a fleeting second he wondered if this was how it felt to be a woman who was in the company of a proper gentleman.

He returned a small but genuine smile to Charlie, thanking him with his eyes for his thought. “I’ll stick with the dish-water for the time being, thanks, Charlie,” he said, gesturing towards his half, causing Harry to slap his thigh playfully and make a disgusted noise in the same vein as Seamus had done only moments earlier.

“Drink up,” Blaise told him sternly. “Only a hundred and forty-nine beers to go.”

“Don’t be stupid, Zabini,” Draco told him sternly. “No one could possibly hope to try them all.”

A loud belch cut Draco off, and he turned to look at Seamus who was wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, having downed his pint already, smirking at his own uncouth behaviour. “I beg to disagree,” Seamus said. “Not only is it completely do-able, it’s been done several times over by at least three people round this table.”

Draco both looked and felt horrified. “You are joking?” he whispered, looking at each of the small gathering one by one, wondering which of them had either pewter cauldrons for stomachs or were managing without the use of their taste buds.

“If you can guess which three correctly,” Seamus offered, “without the use of Legilimency, I will get you a case of champagne in less than half an hour, and I’ll get the head barman to store it behind the bar for your personal consumption,” he finished confidently. Draco watched as Seamus spat on his palm and held it out to shake on the bet. There were loud groans of “not again” from around the table, and Draco intuited that Seamus was a bit of a gambling man. He smiled inwardly.

“Done,” Draco said clearly, spitting into his own hand and shaking Seamus’ firmly.

“You’ve got five minutes, Draco,” Seamus said. “And no questions.”

Draco made his guesses in the first twenty seconds, but he made everyone sweat. He scrutinised their faces individually, causing an interesting range of reactions, from those that made every effort to stare him out, (failing miserably, however) to those who could barely meet his eye for more than a second or two. And then there was Harry, who tried his very hardest not to flirt as Draco stared at him, clearly wanting him to win the bet.

“Ten seconds,” Seamus said, a confidently victorious expression on his face.

Draco steepled his fingers and bent them backward, causing lots of his knuckles to crack

simultaneously. He smiled at Seamus, and there was a flicker of uncertainty in the Irishman's expression. "Luna, Neville and Harry," Draco said, settling back in his chair and crossing his arms, already convinced of his success.

The table was completely silent and mouths started to drop open. Then Harry burst out laughing and started to clap wildly.

"Fuck me," Seamus whispered, completely astounded. "How the hell did you do that?"

Draco narrowed his eyes and tipped his head to one side as he stared at his losing opponent. "You don't need Legilimency when you can read people," Draco told him calmly. "And I have to be good at that for my job. The Weasleys here," he gestured with a hand, "are creatures of habit. They like what they like, and they'll stick with it," he said, receiving nods of confirmation from all three ginger heads. "Wai," Draco said, smiling at Luna's partner, "is as intimidated by this 'real ale' thing as I am."

"I felt sure you'd pick me," Seamus said, shaking his head in disbelief.

"You were the easiest of the bunch," Draco said with a grin. "You've set out to work through them a few times, but you always return to your one true love, don't you?" he added, pointing at the empty Guinness glass.

"That is frightening" Seamus said. "You're good. In fact, you're fucking unbelievable."

"Yes, I am," Draco said wryly. "Now stop wasting time and get me my champagne." He sounded haughty, and just like his old self, but it was purely an affectation, and he topped his comment off with a broad, cheeky smile.

As Seamus rose out of his seat, the twins set a Counting Charm to make sure he got back in his allotted thirty minutes. Draco twisted in his seat and watched his back disappear across the crowded pub with a warm satisfaction pooling in his stomach. "I don't think you're frightening," Harry whispered in his ear, making the hair on his scalp prickle as Harry's breath rushed across his neck. "Fucking unbelievable, yes," he added, kissing Draco softly. Draco sighed in complete contentment and turned to look at the object of his affections.

“Now drink your dish-water and behave yourself until Seamus gets back.”

“Anything you say,” he told Harry sweetly. “Anything you say.”

~oOo~

Nearly a whole bottle of champagne later, Draco had needed to answer the call of nature and when he came back from the gents, he saw that his seat was taken, and that a ginger haired female was doing her best to climb into Harry’s lap. Harry, he saw, had a look of bored resignation on his face, and across the table, Charlie’s expression was stony.

Ginevra Weasley. Draco came to a complete standstill as he drew in a cleansing breath. It was a very wise move. Without the effort to calm himself, there was every likelihood he’d rip her face off with his bare hands and punch the blood-speckled flesh into her mouth, through her teeth. Hatred didn’t even really come close to how Draco felt about Ginny Weasley.

Charlie and Neville watched Draco close those final few feet to the table, and he could see that Blaise was wearing an expression of something akin to fear. Blaise knew Draco well enough to recognise the homicidal tic in his eye, and Draco would bet any amount of Galleons that beneath the table, his wand was already drawn.

“Oooh! Look, Harry,” Ginny started, arms clinging round his neck in a macabre imitation of flirtation, until she was dragging him over towards herself. “Here’s your lord and master!”

Draco watched the calculating, manipulative look in her eye with indifference. “Ginny,” he managed, adding a curt nod of his head in greeting as he watched Harry wrap his hands around her wrists and do his best to remove them without hurting her. He was so polite, Draco thought. He himself would have used a carving knife to remove them.

“Give Draco his seat back, Ginny,” Charlie’s tight voice came, the underlying warning clear as day in his words.

“Not at all,” Draco heard himself say, the perfect illusion of manners. “I wouldn’t dream of taking a seat from a lady.” Fucking hell. How he hadn’t spat when he’d said that he’d never know. “I’ll find another chair.” He scanned the pub quickly, seeing it was as full as ever, and there were no seats to be had anywhere. Sighing internally, he accepted he was standing for the rest of the night.

“I’m surprised he doesn’t make you stand up,” Ginny said loudly to Harry. “That’s what masters do, isn’t it? Boss you around and treat you like shit, I mean.” Her mouth was held so tightly that her lips had all but disappeared. She attempted a smile but all it succeeded in doing was making her look even more like the harpy she was showing herself to be.

“I think you should go home if you can’t behave yourself,” Fred told her sharply. She laughed a tinkling, high laugh in reply but otherwise, didn’t answer him.

“I’m asking a genuine question!” she exclaimed a bit too loudly. “I’m really interested to know how this whole ‘gay’ thing works.” She narrowed her eyes as her gaze flicked mischievously between Harry and Draco and she was definitely gauging how much trouble she might be able to cause. Harry, meanwhile, continued to wrestle sedately with her, doing his best to pry her hands off him. Draco was furious to see how much Harry had to restrain himself.

Looking directly at Harry, Ginny tipped her head on one side and went for the jugular. “Aren’t you ashamed to spread your legs for a dirty Slytherin?” she asked innocently, trying for all the world to look girlishly confused as she said it.

Draco felt nothing at her words. He cared nothing for any stupid shit that might come out of her mouth. All he cared about was Harry. And it was obvious to anyone with even a grain of sense that Harry’s composure was stretched to snapping point. Things could get very ugly, very quickly.

“I just can’t believe it,” she added more quietly now, affecting distress. “I mean, Bill, I can understand. He’s a Weasley, and you obviously like our red hair. But how did you go from just being curious about going with a man to being the personal whore for the son of the



Dark Lord's right hand man?"

"He's not my whore," Draco said, his voice low and dangerous even for his efforts to rein his temper in. In his peripheral vision, Draco saw the other Weasleys tense as though waiting for the inevitable violence to start. He wondered absently who they'd side with.

"But to be your bottom," she said, staring up at Draco, barely struggling with Harry now, because she'd managed to gain their attention in another way. "It's shameful to see the hero of the wizarding world putting out to you. How much more demeaning could it be?"

"I'm warning you, Ginny," Harry said. There was violence in his voice, and Charlie actually stood up and started to squeeze his way out of the alcove. Draco's hand itched to pull his wand on her. "Don't you say anything about him. Not ever."

"But look at who you are," she persisted. "You shouldn't have to be the girl. It's not right. And he," she snarled, eyes all for Draco as she spoke, "won't ever let you take him, Harry. He's too scared. I can see it in his eyes. He'll only want you as long as he gets to play the boy part."

Draco opened his mouth to speak, but Harry beat him to it. "I like being his bottom," Harry said levelly. Draco stared at Harry in confusion, his gaze flicking up to meet Blaise's a second later and seeing his friend shrug minutely. "He's kind and gentle and he touches me like you never did."

Ouch. Temper explosion pending, Draco thought as he watched Ginny's face turn purple with rage.

"Time to go home, Ginny," Charlie said swiftly, doing his best to pull her up to her feet. But Ginny was having none of it.

"He just wants to fuck you." She spat the words out like they were poison, and in a way, they were. "And then he'll dump you," she finished triumphantly. "You're nothing to him. Just another conquest."

“Enough,” Harry said quietly, his eyes devoid of emotion. Draco could see he was in that place inside his head where he’d had to go to win the war. He’d seen the same expression on his face at Little Hangleton, just before Voldemort finally fell. It was the place Harry went when he might have to really hurt someone, and all of a sudden, wands were drawn all around the table. Draco was relieved to see them all pointed at Ginny.

“Wouldn’t want to soil himself by letting anyone inside his precious, tight little body,” Ginny said, the look of stark mania in her eyes.

Charlie hauled her upright and she struggled against him, but George shot out of his seat to help, and they held her still as she raged inside and sent out murderous looks to the small gathering of friends. They started to drag her away from the table, but she dug her heels in right next to Draco and they ground to a standstill in front of him.

They stared at each other for what was probably only seconds, but felt like an age. Draco was past fury, and he was eerily calm, perhaps drawing strength from her complete loss of control. He watched the hatred shape her face and rob her of anything that might once have been labelled beautiful.

Tilting his head on one side and speaking clearly, Draco said, “I’m the bottom, you stupid bitch.” He suddenly found he didn’t care what anyone thought about that, after a lifetime of being convinced that it was weak.

He watched her see the truth in his words, and there was real fear in her face. “You lie,” she whispered, but Draco knew she didn’t believe that.

“I’m pleased to say there are lots of differences between you and I, Ginny,” Draco said. “But the main one is that you want Harry Potter, while I just want Harry.”

“No,” she said, the sheen of tears making her eyes look glassy and fake, somehow. There was defeat in her face, and Draco knew she knew that. When Harry came to stand by him and pulled him into an embrace, the first tear fell, fast as a hex leaving a wand.

“Leave us alone, Ginny,” Harry warned carefully. “Because if you don’t, I might have to make

you, and I guarantee you wouldn't like what I'd do."

Draco saw the Weasley men all stiffen at the threat, but they held their tongues and turned Ginny away, marching her out of the pub, to leave the rest of them gathered together in shocked silence.

"She needs help," Fred said as he picked his brothers' coats up and moved to follow them. "We'll get Mum to talk to Hermione about finding a Mental Malady mediwitch for her. Leave it with us, okay?" Draco heard the plea in Fred's voice, and he realised in that instant how strong a supportive family could make you. The Weasleys would care for Ginny because she was one of them, regardless of her behaviour. It was unconditional love, pure and simple. He found himself wishing Fred the best of luck, and Fred patted his shoulder in thanks before he turned and walked away.

Harry's arm dropped from round his waist, and Draco found himself reaching for his hand and squeezing it briefly, loading it with a thousand questions, but most of all, just wanting to know they were all right. They smiled faintly at each other as they returned to their seats, unable to do anything but measure the uncomfortable silence hanging over their table.

Seamus, clearly the joker of the pack, broke the atmosphere with a bark of abrupt laughter. They all looked quizzically at him.

"Fucking hell, Malfoy," Seamus said in his strongest Irish brogue. "Put it there," he continued, raising his hand and reaching across the table.

Draco shook Seamus's hand for the second time that night, thankful for the lack of saliva this time round, but wondering what the hell they were doing it for.

Seamus kept a hold of Draco's hand and pulled him in closer across the table, until they were leaning in to each other confidentially. "Harry's cock is legendary in Gryffindor Tower," Seamus said through a broad grin. "I'm fucking amazed you can walk without assistance!"

"Seamus!" Harry shouted, completely shocked. But it was a bit late for that, and snorts and giggles started all around the table, until they all laughed together, finally releasing the

pressure valve and relaxing after the tension of only minutes before.

When Draco finally sat back in his chair, he felt the warm press of Harry's arm around his shoulder, and he cuddled back into it, savouring the comfort and affection the touch offered. He leaned in to Harry and rested his head on his shoulder for a moment or two, feeling safe and secure once more.

"I think we need some more alcohol," Luna said dreamily, sending a fountain of sparks into the air and waving sedately at the barman.

"Bring it on," Harry said tiredly. "Bring it on."

~oOo~

"I'm sorry about that," Harry said later as the two of them walked hand in hand away from the pub and into a maze of alleyways close by, looking for a place to say their goodbyes in private before going their separate ways.

"I shouldn't have lost my temper," Draco replied, a slight feeling of guilt gnawing away at his insides. "I know you don't want her," he added, recognising the importance of saying it out loud.

Harry pulled him to a standstill and they moved into an embrace with practiced ease, hugging each other tightly to make themselves felt underneath the layers of heavy winter coats.

"You should have let me tell them I was the bottom," Harry admonished kindly. "It was a very private thing you told them, and you really didn't have to. I never would have said anything," he added, kissing Draco's cheek and moving to look up into his eyes.

Draco sighed. "That's why I had to say it," he told Harry. "Because you'd have been happy to

let them believe you gave yourself to me. It made me realise there's really no shame in being a bottom. None at all."

"But we're both more 'versatile' than one or the other," Harry said. "I think we'll always take it in turns, and that suits me just fine." Harry stared up at him, his eyes reflecting a tiny sliver of lamplight. "You move me," he said quietly. "Like no one else ever has."

There might have been more words, but Draco stole a kiss before Harry got to say them. It wasn't a polite, loving kiss, either. It was a hungry, demanding kiss that robbed them both of their breath. Draco whimpered in the back of his throat as he felt himself harden past the point of comfort, and he ground himself against Harry's hip, needing to feel even a hint of pain to relieve his sudden arousal. Harry's hands scrabbled at the buttons on Draco's coat until they had managed to undo a couple and dive into the warm layers of clothing inside. In the space of a few seconds, they were panting and hot for each other's touch, unable to go without it for a moment longer. Their hands struggled frantically with buttons, zips and expanses of fabric until they each reached their goal of bare skin and groaned their satisfaction.

"Come home with me," Draco managed to say between clumsy, wet kisses. "Please."

"What about work tomorrow?" Harry gasped back, shoving his hand hard down the front of Draco's underwear and wrapping his burning hot palm around the pounding length of his shaft. Draco collapsed the few inches back to the wall and wrestled with Harry's trousers until his hand was far enough inside that he could squeeze his delicious, furry balls.

"I want you," Draco pleaded, sinking his teeth softly into Harry's bottom lip.

"Say it again," Harry mumbled into Draco's mouth, working his hand up and down, up and down until Draco thought his knees might give way from the sheer, unadulterated pleasure.

"I want you, I want you, I want you," he whispered over and over again, feeling the swell of emotion threaten to clamp the back of his throat shut.

"Hold on," Harry warned him.

Draco felt Harry's hand still on his erection, and squeeze it tightly. He felt the first prickle of their imminent Apparition and he held Harry close, wondering vaguely if their current intimacy would Splinch them together, half wanting it to happen because it might bring them even closer to each other.

And then they were Apparating, and Harry's hand on him felt like a ghostly shadow. But it was okay, because Draco knew it was Harry, and that he'd never let him go.

And that made two of them.

## Chapter Ten

In relatively little time, it became obvious to everyone, from the people that knew them to the wizarding public in general, that Draco and Harry were serious about each other. Invitations to dinners, balls, galas and charity events continued to arrive for them both as they always had, but now, they were more often than not addressed to them as a couple. They laughed about it whenever it cropped up in conversation, but they much preferred this open recognition of their status to the references to them as ‘companions’. What the fuck? Companions? Draco in particular hated the word, complaining continually to anyone who would listen that platonic friends were ‘companions’, not people who fucked and sucked and wanked the living daylights out of each other at every available opportunity. They made an agreement that inundated as they were by invitations, they wouldn’t even consider those addressed to Harry Potter and companion or Draco Malfoy and companion. It was a good way of thinning out their social diaries.

In the first few weeks of their relationship when there was only a trickle of invitations, Draco was so excited, not just about the fact that their names had become synonymous so quickly, but also because he just loved the glamour and intrigue that went hand-in-hand with such formal affairs. The thought of going places as a couple, and with Harry, no less, was wonderful for Draco. He didn’t know when he’d stopped worrying about what people might think, but he was glad of the change in himself.

Harry, completely unable to refuse Draco anything, clearly found his rapid reintroduction to public ‘duty’ rather tiring. He never uttered a word of complaint or made a single excuse not to go somewhere, but Draco always knew the moment in the evening when Harry had reached his bullshit-saturation point, and made it his priority to whisk him away as soon as he saw the signs. Harry was always ridiculously grateful for Draco’s close attention to his needs, and Draco came to anticipate the sexual rewards so lavishly dished out afterward

more keenly than the events themselves. Harry was just so spectacularly inventive and dirty when it came to sex that Draco had days when he wanted to give up working altogether and follow Harry around all the time, making his body available for any use or abuse Harry might want to dish out as the mood took him. Draco knew he'd never be able to open another fridge door for the rest of his life without seeing something inside that had played an integral part in one of their more intimate moments.

Things went swimmingly until Hallowe'en. But then, like all flawless scenarios, something, or rather, someone, came along and caused waves that destroyed the surface of their calm waters.

They were at the Glastonbury Tor Festival Hall, attending a high profile event to build international co-operation in the run-up to the Quidditch World Cup when Mr. Tall, Dark, and Totally-Up-His-Own-Arse set his sights on Draco and would not be denied.

Carlos Cavalliera, the super suave Minister for Sport from the host nation, Spain, flirted outrageously with Draco, even right under Harry's nose. He stroked Draco's arm a little too often, tried to whisper coquettishly in his ear, and once or twice, he moved a stray strand of Draco's fine, silky hair with a single finger, tracing what was meant to be an erotically-charged touch across his face. Harry dealt with it all very well, whispering in Draco's ear that it was hardly surprising he attracted such intense admiration. Harry told Draco in hushed, teasing words just how gorgeous he was, causing subtle pink flushes of emotion on Draco's cheeks. Carlos did not like that at all. Draco's eyes were only for Harry. Anyone with any sense could have seen it. But Carlos wasn't looking.

After repeated brush-offs by a very polite but obviously disinterested Draco, Carlos finally overstepped the mark and set a charm over Draco's head that produced a perpetual shower of white rose petals wherever he walked. The Spaniard followed close behind, making doe eyes at Draco as he crushed the petals beneath his feet, and professed his undying love in hushed, worshipful tones. Draco felt embarrassed and angry at unwillingly becoming the centre of attention, and the experience was not unlike standing in a sweet-smelling snowstorm.

It was certainly impossible for Harry to lose Draco in the large, crowded room. All Harry



needed to do was look for the column of gently falling petals and the tight, angry face in the midst of them, growing more and more irate with each passing second.

Draco tried everything to remove the charm, but his efforts failed, as did Harry's. Their initial irritation at the situation quickly transformed into anger, and even Harry's easy cheerfulness evaporated in short time.

Harry was not the only person present who tried to remove the evidence of Carlos's ardent admiration of Draco. Aurors and embarrassed Ministry officials from a selection of countries all waved their wands surreptitiously behind Draco's back, hoping to end this crass, unwelcome display. But all that happened was the petals fell more and more heavily until it was difficult to see Draco at all. If he stayed still too long, Draco could feel the mounting pile of fallen petals gather around his ankles, so he had to keep moving. Of course, this created a constantly spreading carpet of whiteness throughout the hall, and several people almost fell as their feet lost grip beneath them.

Many people spoke to Carlos, both Harry and Draco included, but he ignored Harry as though he wasn't even there, his wide limpid eyes staring covetously at Draco, paying little heed first to his requests, and then his demands, to stop. It seemed that Carlos was blind to everything except the striking perfection of Draco's face, and he floated along a mere step or two away from him at all times, a look of complete infatuation shaping his thin features. Harry became less Draco's partner and more his bodyguard then, the only barrier between Draco and a full-on physical assault from Carlos.

Draco and Harry tried leaving, but Draco was unable either to Apparate or to use the Floo network, and when it became obvious that the problem was not going to end any time soon, Harry refused to stray from his beloved's side even for a second. Fewer and fewer people stopped to chat to them, too embarrassed or too worried about the charm to come any closer than was necessary. Draco felt like a leper.

After an hour of continuous suffering at Carlos's hands, the strain was evident in both Draco and Harry. Draco was close to tears in his frustration and found himself snapping at Harry with no provocation.

Harry did his best to ignore Draco's mood, but the more people gawped at them and pointed, the less he was inclined to maintain a façade of composure.

The actual breaking point came when the event organiser asked Draco to leave. They wanted to serve the sit-down meal, and the snowdrifts of rose petals covering most of the floor as well as many surfaces were making it impossible. If anyone could have seen through the by now blizzard-like flurry of petals to Draco's face, they would have seen the tears pricking his eyes, being rammed back down inside only by the strength of his complete and utter fury.

Despite having tried to leave the Festival Hall themselves, to say they were less than happy about this turn of events was a monumental understatement. When Harry butted in and informed the organiser that the problem was as much his as their own, and that under no circumstances were they going anywhere until the charm was lifted, the man was stupid to enough to announce that the request to leave did not extend to Harry; he was most welcome to remain. It was only 'Mr Malfoy' they wanted shot of.

If Draco had had an uninterrupted view of Harry, he would have seen him positively vibrating with anger. No. Actually, anger wouldn't have covered it. Apoplexy, however, would have. A strange, tense stillness radiated outward from their position in the room, and Draco just knew that Harry was doing The Scary Thing; the one gesture that everyone in the entire wizarding world had heard about, but precious few had actually seen. It was legendary. You had to have been there to see it when it had happened, and Draco had been. He knew it was fucking frightening, and he was glad he wasn't on the receiving end.

Yes, Draco would have bet his entire fortune that Harry was pointing at the stuffy old twat.

When Harry pointed, things happened. Draco could clearly recall Voldemort's high-pitched, maniacal laughter as Harry stood before him, pointing his finger because his wand had been incinerated during their last duel. He could also remember Voldemort's mocking eulogy to Harry as he held his own wand high and paced slowly forward, intent on humiliating Harry before he finished him off. Draco could still see the expression of pure determination on Harry's face. The image was so strong, it was indelibly imprinted onto his retinas, and in the intervening years, he had closed his eyes at night many times and recalled every expressive

line as Harry stood before his tormentor and drew what could have been his very last breaths, never flagging in his resolve, never yielding in the face of crushing odds. How Voldemort had ridiculed Harry, his worthlessness as an opponent and his hopeless pursuit of justice.

Draco could remember every single word of that final, brief exchange between Voldemort and Harry. He would never forget it as long as he lived.

“What do you plan to do, boy? Deliver my deathblow with that finger? I think not.” And the mocking laughter had continued.

Harry merely answered Voldemort’s final question with one of his own. “I wonder if the love of your mother could have saved you from this.”

The shockwave that vaporised Voldemort had been invisible, but everyone who had been there that day agreed it came out of Harry’s finger. There were no fancy words or incantations, no complicated flourishes of the wrist or arm. Just Harry pointing, and the sheer force of his will rocketing out of him like an unstoppable force, smashing into an immovable object, except that the object was not immovable. There was no final cry of outrage because it was all over too quickly. One second, Voldemort was standing there and the next, he was showering down on those left alive, the faintest speckles of blood brushing against people’s faces like a cool breeze, turning everyone the faintest shade of pink. Yes, vaporised was exactly the right word. Draco wondered vaguely how he could ever have forgotten or downplayed that day. He had chosen to ignore Harry’s power at some point after the battle was over, and it had taken him all this time to see the error of his judgement. Standing there, in the middle of the Festival Hall, being asked to leave because his affliction was inconvenient, Draco was punched square in the face with the realisation that his boyfriend was the most powerful man in the world. A ripple of something thrilled through him, but he stamped it down for scrutiny at some later, calmer date.

Coming back to himself, Draco heard Harry speak.

“Here’s what you’re going to do,” Harry told the organiser in a low, dangerous voice.

“You’re going to get that Spanish prick in Auror custody right now, and then you’re going to

personally extract the counter-charm from him, preferably causing him untold pain in the process.”

“Buh... buh...” the old man said, sounding helpless, Draco thought, although of course, he could barely make out more than the man’s outline to note his demeanour.

“Don’t ‘buh... buh...’ me,” Harry snapped impatiently. “I’m still being reasonable at the moment, and I urge you to make the most of my good mood.”

“Don’t you threaten me,” the man said in a nervous, high voice.

“What would you do in my shoes? Stand by and say nothing while your partner’s harassed?”

Draco could hear the strain in Harry’s tone, and it was the only reason he stayed quiet. Best not to interrupt the most potent wizard in the world when he’s pissed off, he thought.

“Is this how you care for all your guests?” Harry pressed, his voice louder, his words causing a whisper of gossip in the quietening crowd.

Draco felt Harry’s hand search for his, and he grasped hold of it in spite of his usual reserve in public view, needing the affection.

The old man sighed loudly, clearly unhappy, but perhaps feeling like he had to acquiesce to Harry’s demand. “Very well,” he sniffed, and mere moments later, Draco heard Harry murmur:

“Three Aurors have escorted the Spaniard outside.” He squeezed Draco’s hand hard as he spoke, and Draco squeezed back, thankful that he didn’t have to deal with this by himself. It was wonderful to have someone to rely on, and he had never appreciated Harry so much as he did then. “I think we should go, too,” Harry said, and Draco found himself agreeing and letting himself be led at a slow pace, with Harry giving quiet directions and keeping Draco close.

A small group of key people ended up in a side room, and the negotiations commenced to

release Draco from the grip of the charm. The main problem arose from the fact that Cavalliera had diplomatic immunity, so the threat of the law held little fear for him. He could not be charged with anything, and his irritatingly triumphant tone told Draco that Carlos was going to demand something he wouldn't want to give, to gain the removal of the charm. Like a kiss, or maybe something even more intimate. Draco felt sick at the thought.

He asked Harry to lead them off to one side so they could talk without being overheard. "Do something, Harry," he almost pleaded, now nearly an hour and a half into his ordeal.

"The Aurors are sorting it out right now," Harry soothed, patting Draco's rear end as he spoke and becoming partially enveloped by the rose petals himself.

"No," Draco hissed. "I mean, do something to make him stop! Threaten him or make him lose his job or something," he said urgently, loading his voice with pleading.

Just at the moment Draco heard Harry start to reply, the flurry of petals stopped and the words were stunned into silence. There was a pained tightness around Harry's eyes, and Draco saw the frown lines etched into his forehead, too. Harry launched himself at Draco, and he found himself toppling off balance slightly under the strength of Harry's hold. "I'm okay, I'm okay," Draco heard himself saying, rocking Harry in his arms, feeling his face buried between his neck and shoulder.

Draco vaguely heard Carlos arguing in rapid-fire Spanish in the background, but he paid the words no heed, and he had his eyes screwed shut, focused only on Harry and himself. "I was so furious for you," he heard Harry say, his whisper rough and uneven as he tried to reel his emotions back in. Draco kissed the side of Harry's head and felt two hands creep inside his jacket and press into his back. It was incredibly touching, this concern, and Draco realised Harry loved him, really loved him. Now all he had to do was wait patiently for the words to come. He didn't doubt they would, sooner or later.

They seemed to cuddle for ages, and in truth, Draco could have stayed that close to Harry for the rest of the evening. The release of pent-up tension left him shaking slightly, and the painful thud of a stress headache in his temple didn't help his fragile state. Harry pulled back and looked up at Draco, his lips parted to speak, but Draco hushed him and shook his head

gently. He looked over Harry's shoulder at the collection of officials and nodded at one, who was removing Carlos from the room, still spouting rubbish in broken English about Draco being his destiny, and how nothing could stand in the way of their eternal love. Returning his gaze to Harry's face, Draco lifted his hands and combed his fingers through the short-cropped strands at the back of his head. He watched Harry's eyes drop to half-mast at the touch, and a small smile curved his lips upward.

Opening his eyes again, Harry murmured, "You smell of roses."

Draco shot him a 'no shit?' look and replied flatly, "Really?" Harry nodded and rose up on tiptoes to press a kiss against his mouth. It was just a small kiss, but its effect on Draco was dramatic. He felt the remaining tension subside as his shoulders lowered imperceptibly from their stiff set, and he puffed out a breath as he let the last of the stress go. He smiled at Harry and said, "I never want to see another white rose as long as I live."

"Anything you say," Harry answered sweetly, earnestly, his gratitude for the cessation of Draco's suffering clearly evident.

"In that case," Draco said, pretending to think hard about it for a second, "how about that arsehole's head on a shiny platter?"

Harry raised his eyebrows. "Will you come and visit me in my cell at Azkaban?" he questioned, not entirely joking.

"But you're Harry Potter!" Draco laughed. "They wouldn't dare lock you up!"

"Well, I don't intend to test that theory," Harry murmured. "Now," he said more briskly, "what do you want to do? Stay? Go?" Harry withdrew his hands from Draco's back and placed them on the swell of his upper chest instead.

It was very distracting, feeling two warm, enticingly wandering palms rubbing the stiffening peaks of his nipples, but he managed to say: "I gather you'd prefer to go, but I think we should stay for a little while - just to maintain appearances." Draco watched Harry pout momentarily as his invitation to play was rejected for the time being. It was almost too cute

for words, and Draco found himself kissing the very end of Harry's nose in an effort to cheer him up.

"Fine," Harry huffed sulkily. "But I'm not in the mood for food anymore," he added in such a way that Draco heard the truth in his words.

"Come on," Draco said firmly. "Let's get it over with. I don't know about you, but I can't wait to get into a nice, hot bubble-bath for a long soak." He stretched his arms over his head, cracking his neck and shoulder joints in the process. "I might even let you dry me again," he chuckled, grabbing Harry's hand and pulling him along in his wake as he strode purposefully toward the door.

"Bagsy I get the end without the taps," Harry chuckled cheekily, finally catching up with Draco's pace and walking at his side.

Draco ground to a standstill and frowned at Harry. "You are sadly mistaken, Potter," Draco told him haughtily. "You will be far too busy washing me to be doing any relaxing," he finished.

Harry stepped in close until their fronts were touching. "Okay," he sighed. "And I bet I know which bits of you are going to need the most cleaning," he teased, his eyes saying all sorts of things his mouth would never be able to find the words to describe.

"Harry," Draco whined. "I could really do without a hard-on at this exact moment in time." Again, that cute, edible pout graced Harry's features and Draco strained to keep a grin in check. "How about we save the flirting until we're on our own?" He spoke softly, knowing Harry would not be offended.

"Fine," Harry finally said. "Let's get on with it."

~oOo~

Draco found himself and Harry swept along in a tide of well-wishing guests when they finally re-entered the main hall. Most of the white drifts of petals had gone, but an odd one lingered here and there, the last visual reminders of the evening's events. It appeared that the planned meal had been abandoned altogether, and that the evening was something of a washout for the organisers.

As other guests finally began to drift away from them, Draco gave Harry the nod for them to leave. He watched the relief spread across Harry's face, almost lost in a dazzling, broad smile. "Thank Merlin for that," Harry whispered out of the side of his mouth. "Let's get the fuck out of this place."

They turned to head for the door, but manners prevented Draco from actually walking away, because a familiar-looking woman approached him and came to stand next to him, raising her glass in a silent toast. He nodded back politely, trying his best to place the woman. She was petite and her hair was such a dark brown it could have been mistaken for black in a certain light.

Having taken a sip of her drink, she scanned the room and said, "Shame about Cavalliera. Being an uphill gardener after all." She shrugged offhandedly, making out like she had no interest in the matter one way or the other.

Ah, Draco thought. One of mother's friends. "Forgive me," Draco said, kissing the woman's hand and bowing slightly. "You're Helena aren't you?"

She smiled less guardedly at him, and he introduced his mother's luncheon friend to Harry, hoping he'd got the details of her last name and occupation correct. He was usually pretty good at that sort of thing and certainly, Helena didn't correct him.

"I quite fancied him, you know," she said, looking Draco straight in the eye, not in the least bit embarrassed by her admission. There wasn't much Draco could say to that. "It's tedious," she said, voice a bit harder than she probably intended. "Why is it that all the good looking ones are gay?" she turned and openly scrutinised both Draco and Harry as she spoke, and Draco felt mildly nauseated by the thought of one of his mother's friends looking at him in any kind of sexually predatory way. He remembered her now; she was his mother's



'single' friend. The one who had never managed to find Mr. 'Right'. Only a succession of Mr. 'Right Now's.

"Oh, I don't know about that," Harry replied helpfully. "There are plenty of hot, straight men out there." Draco turned an evil, probing stare on Harry, and he watched Harry wilt around the edges under the weight of his glare. "Not that I'm looking any more, you understand," Harry said with a grin, throwing an arm round Draco's waist and squeezing him briefly before letting go again.

"That's more like it," Draco snorted, appeased for the time being, at least.

Helena sighed. "Narcissa was right. You two are perfect together." Draco gave her a questioning frown, but Helena was unaffected by the look. "If only she'd let go of this stupid baby thing," she finished, eyes wandering over the crowd again.

"Excuse me for my bluntness," Draco said sharply, "but what the bloody hell are you talking about?" He had a horrible feeling that his mother had shared her procreation designs on Harry with her friends, and that was too hideous to contemplate. This was most definitely not a conversation to be had within Harry's hearing range. But it was rather too late for that now.

She looked between him and Harry for a moment before speaking. "She's been giving this medical professor chap lots of money for a couple of years now. Since she realised you really were gay, and not just confused." Oh dear, Draco really didn't like the sound of where this was going. Not one little bit. "She's worried about the lack of a family heir. She's terrified that both the Black family and the Malfoy family die with her. There's only you left," Helena said very directly to Draco. "And men can't make babies with each other."

"Thank heavens for that," Draco heard himself say before he could bite it back. Harry was awfully silent and for some reason, Draco found himself reluctant to look across and read his face.

"She thinks if she throws enough money at it, this professor will find a way for men to grow wombs. Disgusting thought, if you ask me," Helena added, taking a large swallow of her

drink. Even that didn't hide the disdainful expression on her face.

"Oh no," Draco managed, shocked that what he'd thought of as nothing more than his mother's little joke was in actual fact far more like an unhealthy obsession.

"We've all told her," Helena said carefully, laying a hand on Draco's forearm. "It'll never happen. It shouldn't ever happen. But she doesn't want to hear us. Wouldn't listen to us about your father either, and look how that turned out."

There was silence for long moments before Helena emptied her glass and turned to leave. "She loves you, Draco. Never doubt that. You're all she's got and she spends every second worrying about your future. It's not good for her. Perhaps if she had something else to think about - well, it could be just what she needs." Nodding farewell to them both, Helena disappeared into the remaining guests, lost from sight in mere seconds.

"I wonder if there's a spare bed for mother on Ginny's ward," Draco said dryly, causing a snort of uncomfortable humour from Harry. "Honestly," Draco said, turning to Harry and doing his best to lighten the mood and divert attention from his embarrassment. "Do these even look like child-bearing hips?" He gestured at his body with both hands, and Harry's gaze slid appreciatively down him, the corners of his mouth twitching before the tip of his tongue popped out and traced a wet line across his bottom lip.

"Nope," Harry said breathily. "They're far too firm - and slim - to be child-bearing."

A lump started to grow in the back of Draco's throat as he watched a wicked, carnal desire shape Harry's expression.

"But I might need to see them naked to be really sure," Harry added, looking up at Draco's face through his fringe. It was a look of pure, feral need, and Draco felt the blood in his body start to make its way into his groin, seeping warmly into his cock until he could feel it start to thicken ever so slightly. Harry's arm circled his waist again, but this time, it stayed firmly in place, giving no sign of letting go. Draco's groin pressed into Harry's hip, and the contact drew his attention sharply to the growing strength of the pulse down there. If they didn't get out soon, Draco was going to have a full-on erection in the middle of the Festival Hall.

He'd never live it down!

"And I think we should practice lots of unprotected fucking," Harry added heatedly. "Just to make sure I really can't get you pregnant."

There was a funny little whimpering sound for a split second, and Draco realised with a start that he had made it.

"How about we go back to mine and start trying now?" Harry whispered in Draco's ear, his breath ruffling the fine strands of hair against the side of his face. "How about riding me slowly? Stretching yourself around me and using those incredible muscles of yours to make me come? Right up inside you." Harry stopped talking for a moment, and Draco found he was out of breath, panting lightly. Harry's hand moved to press briefly into the small of his back, and Draco wondered if that was how far Harry's cock breached him when he was all the way in him. "I like the sound of that," Harry teased, the faintest hint of humour in his voice. "I'm going to lie back and let you do all the work," he murmured, his lips now brushing against Draco's burning hot earlobe. "And when I come, it'll be so hard you'll feel me squirting inside you, and I'll be shouting your name because you're So Fucking Good."

Draco's eyes closed as he let himself be pulled along in the rapid current of Harry's words. He could feel his body twitching in anticipation already and he couldn't wait for Harry to lie back against the pillows so he could sit on his face and feel Harry's tongue dart out and lap at his tight little hole before tensing and pushing inside. He felt his shaft fill out the rest of the way until the seams of his trousers dug into places they really shouldn't. He knew he needed to stop thinking about this, but all he could do was imagine grinding himself onto Harry's tongue, feeling the sloppy wetness spreading between his cheeks, wanting more until he couldn't take it any longer and moved back to impale himself on Harry's hard, fat length.

A wicked chuckle brought Draco crashing back down to earth. "I think we might need to Apparate from here," Harry said. "If I move, everyone'll see the bulge in my trousers."

"Wouldn't want that now, would we?" Draco smirked, rubbing his own erection pointedly against Harry's hip as he spoke.

“Are you holding tight?” Harry asked.

“Well, not where I’d prefer to be holding on to, but yes, I am.”

They shared a naughty smile, full of the promise of naked, sweaty bodies and invasive fingers and tongues, as they prepared to Apparate. Just as the first tingle washed over Draco’s body, he heard Harry say, “Well then, let’s go and practice making babies.”

He would have laughed out loud but they were suddenly Apparating and all sound was lost. As his molecules reorganised themselves to make his body once again in the bedroom of Harry’s home, Draco thought to himself, I really must remind him not to use that turn of phrase in front of Mother. I doubt she’d find it awfully funny.

That first kiss, the one that re-established Harry’s ownership, was enough to make Draco’s knees wobble. Harry’s tongue in his mouth was wreaking havoc on Draco’s imagination as he fantasised about where else it would be going, and how eager it would be to possess those other parts of his body.

Harry pushed himself away from Draco and hooked a finger into his tie to loosen it. “I’m going to run the bath,” he said mildly, his tone not matching the expression on his face in any way. “You’d better be stark naked by the time I get back out here, or there’ll be no orgasms for you tonight,” Harry told him, the threat delivered with a burning passion.

Draco stripped. Rapidly. And when Harry crooked his finger at him, slouching against the doorjamb between the bedroom and the bathroom, Draco went to him.

“Gorgeous,” Harry sighed reverently. “I can’t wait to wash you,” he murmured, placing soft kisses against Draco’s throat. “But first,” he said, a little more forcefully, catching Draco’s full attention, “I think you need to get on your knees and suck me off.”

Their eyes met, and Draco saw the command for what it was. He bent his knees and dropped slowly to the floor. As he nuzzled Harry’s sac through his opened fly with his nose and his cheek, Draco heard Harry murmur, “Don’t make me come. I’m saving that for later.”

Sucking gently on first one testicle and then the other, Draco thought, You're going to be in for a very long night, Harry. He smiled to himself as he heard Harry's breath catch loudly above him, repeating the action to elicit more groans. Oh, yes. He was going to take his time, and Harry would have to use every ounce of his considerable self-restraint.

Life is sweet, he thought to himself. As he grazed his teeth against the taut, swollen head of Harry's cock, provoking a broken sob above him, Draco mused, Sweet indeed.

He gave Harry exactly what he wanted. But he made him wait a very long time for it.

~oOo~

Draco had barely got into work the following morning before the trouble started. And when he thought 'trouble', he meant 'Carlos'. Rather than Apparating directly into his office, Draco had visited his favourite morning coffee shop to pick up a fresh filter coffee and two cinnamon buns. He was sipping at the coffee as he entered his office building, humming a happy tune rather badly as he made his way up and up until he got to the top floors. He was puzzled to see lots of bluey-white sparks coming out of Patricia's door, and he heard her huffing in disgusted frustration as he moved closer. Peeping round the door frame, he saw Patricia, wand out, zapping bouquet after bouquet of white roses, frazzling each one to a crisp before moving on to the next. The flowers just kept appearing, no matter how quickly she worked. Looking at the charred remains covering the floor, Draco guessed she'd already been at it for some time.

"Good morning, Patricia," he said, stepping into the room and withdrawing his own wand, laying the pastry bag to one side as he joined her in her task.

"Good morning, sir," she said, in that no-nonsense tone of voice she used with people who tried to bully their way into his office without an appointment. Not that it happened very much anymore. Patricia had the reputation of making Acromantulas look polite, particularly since Draco had started seeing Harry, which had caused a sharp increase in interest in him

and his work.

“Do you know where they’re coming from?” he asked her, bored resignation creeping into his voice at the thought of having to deal with Carlos again.

“That idiot Spaniard,” she spat, her protective instincts out in full force.

Draco snorted. “No, I mean, do you know which shop is sending them? Maybe we can stop them at the source, so to speak.”

She was nodding as he was still speaking. “I’ve made a mental list of potential candidates, but I haven’t had time to contact them yet. I was hoping to clear this mess up before you arrived.” Draco noticed Patricia looked angry with herself. He knew she’d take this as a failure to do her job properly.

Reaching for the paper bag, Draco held it out to her and said, “I brought us both cinnamon buns. Why don’t you get yourself a cup of tea and have a sit down for a few minutes? I’ll carry on with the flowers for a while.”

“I couldn’t do that, sir!” she said, voice full of shock.

“I insist. You. Sit. Bun. Now,” he gestured at her, and she grudgingly took the bag off him and moved towards her desk.

She sighed heavily as she sat in her chair and plucked at the bag. “It’s in the newspaper, you might know,” she said, sounding bitter at that fact.

“Well,” he replied honestly, “it can’t be any worse than it was last night. I thought Harry was going to explode.” Draco wondered why he felt like smiling at that thought. It seemed mean, somehow.

“I’m afraid the flowers aren’t all,” Patricia said, brushing a crumb off her lip as she chewed thoughtfully. Draco looked at her, a small furrow in his brow. “He took out a double page advert in the Prophet, too,” she finished, flipping the pages open until she found the right

spread, and angled it on her desk so he could see it.

“That fucking cunt,” Draco seethed as he laid eyes on the three inch high letters proclaiming Carlos’ message of love for all to see. But worse than that, Carlos described Harry as a thug who had bullied Draco into refusing his advances. “Sorry, Patricia,” he mumbled, realising that his disgraceful language should be kept within the privacy of his own four walls.

Patricia snorted. “No need to apologise for saying what I was thinking,” she told him, a small smile changing the serious set of her face.

Draco looked at her. Really looked at her, and he saw the first flickers of her discomfort at the open scrutiny. “Do you know, you’re the best secretary anyone could ever have. I’ve never told you,” Draco said seriously, “but I should have. I’ve been remiss. I don’t know what I’d do without you, Patricia.” Bloody hell, I sound just like Potter! he thought to himself.

Thankfully, Patricia didn’t make a fuss of the compliment. She merely replied, “You’re very easy to work for,” before polishing off her bun and setting to calling the emergency courier owls from the Owlery and penning letters to the various local florists.

Twenty minutes later, the last bouquet of flowers was burned to a crisp, and Draco perched himself on the edge of Patricia’s desk to eat his pastry. He read the Prophet as he ate, pleased that the slant of the stories about the events of the previous evening were all favourable to himself and Harry, but angry beyond words that they should have agreed to print Carlos’s love letter. What these fucking journalists wouldn’t do to bump up their circulation. He decided to send the editor a Howler, and was just reaching to open a desk drawer to retrieve the special parchment when Patricia interrupted.

“Are you looking for this?” she asked, waving a fiery red piece of finest parchment between her fingers. The page had a life of its own, and the corners rippled and curled with ill-contained energy. He smiled at her, a wicked, evil smile, with no real humour in it. As he nodded, she told him, “I think it would be better coming from me. If we do it that way, we prove to the editor that you’re too far above this kind of temper explosion, and he’ll marvel at your self-restraint.”

He laughed and shook his head in wonder. “Were you in my old house, by any chance?” he asked her.

“No,” she replied. “I was in Reynard, at Beauxbatons. My father worked in the British Embassy in France.”

“Ah. Wily like a fox,” he said. “That does explain a lot.”

They talked briefly about what Patricia was going to say, and then she let rip at the parchment in a manner most unbecoming of a poised, professional woman. Draco was shocked at her in-depth knowledge of insults and expletives. He’d never look at her the same again. He thought that was a good thing. She was a person, after all. Not just a secretary.

Once the Howler was neatly folded and on its way to the editorial offices of the newspaper, Draco made his way into his office and sat down to finally attempt some work. He did really well until nine o’ clock on the nose, and then everything went haywire.

Draco’s quill developed a life of its own. Not just the quill he was using, either; all his spare ones, as well. Every quill started madly scratching away at any vaguely flat surface, pouring out words of love and passion from Carlos. In less than a minute, Draco became aware that Patricia was beleaguered by the same problem. In less than five minutes, he realised the problem extended across the entire floor in the building. Within twelve minutes, Patricia notified him that every single quill in the entire building was writing love letters to Draco. Even the chairman’s quills. He shuddered at that, hoping desperately that the quills weren’t writing on his very expensive, hand-printed Pugin wallpaper. At exactly fourteen minutes past nine, Draco received his summons to the chairman’s office, where he proceeded to receive the bollocking of his life. Draco blanched inside as he realised his father had had nothing on his boss. It didn’t help matters that he wasn’t actually to blame. He felt helpless, and he had no option but to stand there and take it.

At twenty-seven minutes past nine, Draco stormed back to his own office, slamming the door so hard it made the plaster round the edges crack. He retrieved the mobile telephone



Harry had bought him from his jacket pocket and rang Harry. He didn't even need to speak. Harry's tight, angry voice came on the line and snapped out, "I'm Apparating there. I'll be less than five minutes." Then Harry was gone.

Draco paced angrily up and down, waiting. It was a good thing he didn't have to wait very long.

~oOo~

When Patricia showed Harry in to Draco's office, she was doing her very best to keep the no doubt imminent urge to vomit inside. Harry stank. There was no other word for it. The stench of rotten eggs seemed to be oozing from his pores, and all of a sudden, Draco felt slightly less angry about his own suffering now he could see Carlos had saved the worst for Harry.

"Don't kiss me," Harry said in a strained voice as Draco steeled himself and stepped forward, making sure to breathe only through his mouth. It didn't help too much. "I don't think I could stand the thought of you puking your guts up trying to do it," he said. "It'd be one of those images I'd never get out of my head." Harry was trying for humour, and failing miserably.

"Oh, shit, Harry," Draco said, sagging into his chair again.

"Tell me," was all Harry said, remaining standing on the furthest side of the room, like the extra few feet would make the smell less nauseating. They didn't.

So Draco told him about his morning. He omitted no detail, and he finished up by saying, "This has got to stop, Harry. You have got to do something about this."

Even before Harry replied, Draco noted the tic in the side of his eye with alarm. "And why, exactly, do I have to do something? You mentioned this last night, but I let it drop because I

was so relieved you were okay. But I think I need to hear what you have to say.” Harry had crossed his arms while he was speaking, and Draco could not conceive of a greater barrier between them just at that moment. The message was clear, but Draco couldn’t make out the nuances of the wording.

Draco discovered he was wringing his hands, and he forced himself to stop. There was plenty of other movement in the room to draw the eye, what with the twenty or so quills tracing flowing black script over every stationary surface. “Look,” he began, grabbing the troll by the horns. “He’s got immunity from prosecution, right?” Harry nodded. “And even if he hadn’t, it’d be negligible what he’d be charged with. He’s inconveniencing us rather than causing direct harm.”

Harry snorted angrily, perhaps on the verge of speaking, but he didn’t. Draco continued. “So as I see it, the only way anything’s going to get done is if you either take him on head to head, or you use a bit of that famous influence and get someone else to sort it out for us.” He sat back, pulse pounding in stress and anger, and wondered why Harry looked so positively disappointed. Shit. He’d done something wrong. Again! Draco was going to need some clues if he was going to keep up. It took Harry a good thirty seconds to give him those clues, along with a piece of his mind, too.

“Don’t do this to me, Draco,” Harry said sadly. “I’ve tried so hard to be normal. You don’t understand and I really thought you did.” Draco’s throat felt tight. He couldn’t breathe. Harry carried on stiltedly. “If I take him on, he’ll lose. I’m not stupid. I know what will happen, and I know what the papers will say. It’ll be like kicking an injured dog. I won’t be made the baddie over this when I haven’t done anything wrong.”

Draco’s eyebrows drew together in confusion. Surely Harry wasn’t saying...

“And it’s not your fault, either,” Harry added, just at the moment when Draco really needed to hear it confirmed. He relaxed a tiny fraction, but Harry wasn’t finished. “You can’t help being you,” Harry said, and it was the warmest thing he’d said. There was the smallest melting of Harry’s stiffness, but it was gone in a moment. “And I’m not sure I’m entirely clear on your meaning about using my influence,” Harry finished, obviously wanting a response.

Instead of reading the warning signs, Draco ploughed on. "It could be easy," Draco started at a babbling pace. "Just like the Scrimgeour thing. All you need do is say a word in the right place and the entire Carlos problem would be sorted in no time. No one would go against you, Harry." He leaned forward, clasping his hands on the desktop, eager for Harry to understand. But instead, Harry's face closed down.

"And what, exactly, would the Scrimgeour thing be?" Harry asked menacingly.

It was far too late to consider taking the comment back now, so Draco clarified, but with much less confidence than he'd previously had. "Well, he lost his office because you didn't like him. I suppose I thought..." But Draco couldn't continue. The expression on Harry's face broke his heart. No. Actually, it pierced it with a long knife and twisted the blade so that Draco's heart felt like it was being slowly torn to pieces in his chest.

"I would never abuse my influence like that," Harry whispered through gritted teeth, a hot red colour staining his face and neck as his anger grew. "I learned my lesson several years ago and I will not repeat the same mistakes again. How can you not know this about me?" Oh, the disappointment! It hurt Draco far more than the anger ever could.

"If I go around passing judgment on people because I happen not to like them, or because they do something to piss me off, I'm no better than Voldemort," Harry hissed. "Do you think I want to be set up as the next scary wizard when all I've fought for all my life is peace?" Harry was gathering steam now, and Draco knew he was about to be flattened by the fury of Harry's words. This was far worse than his earlier dressing down by his boss.

"I. Will. Not. Be the judge, jury and executioner of the wizarding world," Harry seethed. "Not for you. Not for anyone. I don't want anyone's fate resting in my hands, Draco. I want to be the same as everyone else. Why can't you see that?" Harry was now flinging his arms around expressively, underlining his emotions with his actions. Draco felt white. It was as though there was no blood left pumping in his veins, yet his pulse was vibrating around his body like Thor's Hammer.

"If I do this, then the calls will start coming in, Draco. Calls from everywhere, from people wanting me to solve problems because they know they've suddenly got the option not to

have to sit them out and wait for them to pass. And that is what we're going to do," Harry shouted. "We're going to sit it out and wait for it to pass. I will not destroy his life because he had the good sense to fall head over heels in love with you!"

Oh. Bloody hell, Draco thought. He put his face in his hands and pushed his fingertips into his eye sockets. He would not cry. Instead, he concentrated on the sound of Harry's breath heaving loudly, his distress clear for Draco to hear. He forgot all about the quills and their incessant scratching for those long seconds. Draco was at a complete loss. He'd fucked it all up, and there was no one else to blame but himself. Harry obviously hated him now. How could he not?

"I'm so sorry," Draco whispered through his fingers, unsure whether he'd spoken loud enough to make himself heard.

"I know you are," Harry said, but his voice was sharp and abrupt. "But at this moment in time, it's not enough. I need some time to calm down," he said, and Draco felt his stomach drop in anticipation of the words that Harry was about to utter that would end their relationship. Draco thought he might die of the pain. Instead, he heard, "I'll owl you."

Yeah, Draco thought. In ten years' time, maybe. "Okay," he heard himself whisper, and then the door clicked shut and Harry was gone, leaving only the stink of rotting things behind him.

~oOo~

Draco sat in his office for what must easily have been an hour, completely unable to function. The room grew dimmer and dimmer as the quills ran out of fresh space to write on, and commenced overwriting their earlier messages. Everything was turning a murky shade of grey, which was an ironic reflection of how Draco felt inside. How could this be happening? He could still feel Harry inside him from last night; that delicious enduring

warmth that took days to fade after Harry had taken him. Now, it just felt dull; yet another ache to add to the rest. He hadn't even bothered to cast a charm to purify the air. It was fitting that he sat stewing in the vile, invasive smell of Harry's curse.

There came a confident knock at his office door, but Draco didn't answer it. Instead, the door swung open, and he looked up to see Blaise filling the doorway, a look of resolute strength on his face.

"Get your coat. You've pulled," Blaise deadpanned.

"I can't," Draco mumbled hopelessly. "I've got work."

"Not any more you haven't. You've got the day off," Blaise told him, striding into the room and gathering Draco's few things off the desk, placing them carefully into his briefcase. When Draco looked up in question, Blaise merely replied, "Patricia."

That figures, Draco thought, grateful beyond words for her intervention. He sluggishly donned his suit jacket, and allowed Blaise to Apparate them both back to Malfoy Manor.

~oOo~

"Please tell me you didn't say that," Blaise said with a wince as Draco filled him in on the disagreement with Harry. "Shit, Draco! Could you be any more dim-witted?"

"What?" he snapped sharply, wondering why Blaise had chosen this most vulnerable of moments to point out his many and varied shortcomings.

"He might be just Harry to you, but he's Harry fucking Potter, Draco. Don't tell me you hadn't noticed?" There was exasperation in Blaise's voice, and deep down, Draco knew it was warranted.

“How can I fix this?” he asked tentatively, praying that Blaise could help him find the answer.

“I don’t know,” Blaise said, rubbing his forehead as he spoke. “But I do know that this is not one of those times where copious amounts of make-up sex would help. I think you might have to actually suffer with this one for a while before you find your resolution.”

“I was afraid you were going to say something like that,” he huffed, watching the brandy in its large snifter circle the glass as he swilled it round and around, tracing liquid patterns inside the thin glass. He wasn’t drinking it, he was just playing with it to occupy his hands; a diversionary tactic, maybe, and not a very good one, at that.

They sat in silence for a very long time before Draco spoke again, and when he did, it was about his mother. He told Blaise about his chat with Helena the previous night, and it actually felt good to think about something else for a while. He finished up with, “So now, I just need to find something to occupy her time. Stop her worrying about this ridiculous family tree thing.”

Blaise, who had sat in silence, unquestioning, had an unreadable expression on his face. “I think what she needs,” he started cautiously, “is someone to occupy her time.”

Draco let the words sink in before he looked at his friend and replied, trying his hardest to remain calm. “Are you suggesting that you are this mystery person?” he asked, doing his level best to retain the knowledge of Blaise’s unconditional friendship, and his unwavering support.

“No,” Blaise sighed. “I could keep her entertained for a week, maybe, but she’d be bored by someone like me. I have, however, met someone who I think would be ideal for her.” He waited for Draco to give him an interested nod before continuing. “His name’s Griffin Cope. He owns the Chudley Cannons. Very interesting chap. Powerful, lots of presence. Just how she likes them.”

Draco nodded slowly. “How can we set something up?” he asked his friend.

“Leave it to me,” Blaise winked. “Leave it to me.”

~oOo~

Mid-afternoon found Draco by himself, lying naked on his bed after a long soak in the bath. He hated to lie in wet towels, and he couldn't seem to find the energy to dress. So naked he stayed, but not for any titillating reason. When his mobile phone rang, he jumped out of his skin. It could only be Harry. He was the only person with the number. With shaking hands, he lifted it from his bedside cabinet and tentatively said, “Hello?”

“It's me.” Oh, thank god.

“Are you okay?” he asked Harry, genuine concern and fear filling his voice.

“Um, yeah. The smell just stopped about ten minutes ago. I had a shower and then called you to find out if the quills have packed it in for the day, too.”

“Oh, I'm not in the office,” he said quietly, not really wanting to say, My secretary sent me home because I was a complete and utter mess.

“No problems at home, then?” Harry asked.

“No, thank Merlin. It's quiet as the grave here. No mother on the prowl.”

Harry snorted quietly, and Draco felt some of the terrible tension and soul-deep pain ease up.

“I'm so sorry, Harry,” he heard himself say, although he hadn't planned to start his apology. He had intended to think it through much more before ever approaching Harry. He meant for it to be perfect. “I didn't mean to mess it all up, honestly I didn't.” His throat felt too tight and an uncomfortable warmth pricked sweat across his scalp. He was barely

whispering by the time the final words came out.

“Hey. Shhh,” Harry soothed. “It’s my fault too.”

Fuck it! Why did he have to start crying? He was a Malfoy! Malfoys most assuredly did not cry! He couldn’t let Harry know he was crying. He’d have to stay quiet.

“I can’t expect you to know all about me without giving you some clues,” Harry added, his voice tinged with pain. “I’ve really let this idiot get to me,” he said, “which is just what he wanted.”

“Mm,” Draco managed, hoping that it would be enough of a reply that Harry wouldn’t press him for more.

“I need to explain about Scrimgeour,” Harry said, a kind of plea evident in his tone. “I didn’t realise at the time how people felt about me. I was too young; didn’t get it at all.” Draco could hear how devastated Harry was. He realised that one of Harry’s great strengths was his ability to empathise with others. Even those he opposed. “When the public vote of no confidence went against him, and he was stripped of office, I saw him. He was looking right in my eyes while they did it to him, and I knew it was my fault.”

There was a heavy silence, during which Draco covered the mouthpiece of the phone and heaved out a quiet sob, promising himself it would be his last one. It was.

“I stopped going to public functions because it got that I couldn’t open my mouth about anything without someone bending over backward to accommodate me. If I said I liked someone’s robes, I’d find them presented to me at the end of the evening. I made this mistake once of telling someone I thought one of the silver service waitresses was pretty, and I’m not joking – she was delivered to me by the event organisers at the end of the night. It had to stop, Draco. I couldn’t deal with it. But I should have told you, and I didn’t. So don’t be upset. Just forgive me, will you?”

“It should be me,” Draco started, his voice breaking even as he spoke.



“Nonsense,” Harry interrupted. “I was the one who lost it, Draco. I had no right to do that. I knew you were upset. Can you forgive me?”

“Yes. Of course I can,” Draco replied, almost overwhelmed with emotion. “I thought you were going to leave me,” he added, distress once again colouring his tone of voice.

Harry sighed heavily. “I don’t think that’s an option any more. I need you too much.”

Draco was stunned. It was what he wanted to hear, of course, but he’d never thought he’d hear it after this morning. “Harry,” he started, but couldn’t find the strength to finish.

“Come over, Draco,” Harry pleaded. “I’m lonely and I want a cuddle. Just come and lie on the sofa with me and watch a film. I don’t mean for sex, or anything. I just want to hold you.”

Now it sounded like there were tears in Harry’s voice, and it gave Draco the resolve from somewhere to reply. “No tear-jerkers, Potter,” he said warmly, hoping to bring a smile to the face of the person he loved more than anyone else who’d ever come into his life. Harry made a pathetic attempt at a laugh, and Draco thought he might be winning. “Wear that red, fleecy top,” he added. “I like how it feels against my face.” He imagined himself lying on his side facing Harry, rubbing his cheek against the swell of Harry’s chest and wrapping an arm around his waist so tightly that he’d be able to feel the patter of Harry’s heartbeat against his own chest.

“Okay,” Harry whispered. “Just get here soon.”

“I’m coming now,” Draco said. “Pick a DVD and get it set up. I’ll be there before you know it.”

“Bye,” Harry said softly, and Draco heard the line go dead. He lay on his bed for about a hundredth of a second before jumping off it and throwing on the first clothes that came to hand. As he slipped on a pair of trainers and did them up, all Draco could think was, Thank you, Merlin, thank you, Merlin, thank you, Merlin, over and over again. This had been a painful lesson to learn. He hoped never to have to repeat it again.

He took the stairs three at a time in his rush to get to the fireplace. He got there just in time to see his mother step out and brush herself down briskly. She took in his dishevelled state, but didn't comment on it. All she said as she wiped her hands in a dismissive gesture, was, "Well, then. That's that little Spanish bastard sorted out."

Draco's mouth dropped open as he absorbed the fact that his mother had jumped in to protect him. Again. He shouldn't have been surprised. But he was more than touched by her loyalty. He threw his arms around her, picking her up off the floor and swinging her round, drawing a shock of a giggle from her. He placed her gently down and jumped over the grate and prepared himself to Floo to Harry's.

"I love you," he told her.

Her parting smile was bright enough to illuminate the entire planet.

## Chapter Eleven

Draco had known for quite some weeks that the time was ripe, but with Christmas being so close, and having worked so hard to make sure it was going to be a special one for Harry, he had decided to wait. It would be his first gift to Harry to celebrate the holidays, and he was just itching to give it to him. Months of slow, careful preparation had led them to this point, and Draco wanted Harry to share this with him on their very first Christmas Eve together. That way, what would surely be a memory to treasure for them both would always have the added happy associations of the festive season. Yes, Draco was convinced this was the perfect moment.

It was time to use those handcuffs.

~oOo~

In the four months they'd been together, Harry had never again mentioned his fantasy to Draco. Not since the Ministry formal. For Draco, it had been an underlying element to each and every sexual encounter they'd shared in the intervening period. It was what he was always working towards. He pushed his body further and further each time they made love, getting it used to the enormous intrusion of Harry's glorious cock, making it scream for the fabled vicious fucking Harry wanted to dish out. Sometimes just seeing the passion in Harry's eyes, being reined in by the force of his will alone was enough to make Draco come. Draco knew as much of the preparation was mental as it was physical, and he masturbated to Harry's words often, rolling the taste of his need over his tongue, making it a real, living, breathing thing. It had a life of its own, this hunger, and there had been moments in the last couple of weeks when he had almost given in and made Harry take him. He didn't know

where the self-control to hold back had come from. Maybe Harry was having an effect on him after all? *Mind over matter*, he kept telling himself. Yes, that would be awfully important to master if he wanted to keep the inevitable soreness in check. He'd done quite a bit of research about the human body, and Draco had discovered something Muggles called 'endorphins'. He spent a lot of time flirting with his endorphins, testing them out, mapping the boundaries of his body's capabilities. He had every faith in them, and himself. This was going to be absolutely fucking sublime.

Being something of a culinary perfectionist, Harry had been making lists and calculating baking timings for weeks to ensure the maximum succulence of his lunchtime spread. On Christmas Day, his home would be full to overflowing with hungry Weasleys, and Harry's desire to feed every mouth to the best of his ability shone through all of his preparations. Draco had teased him mercilessly about his conscientiousness, but he thought it was adorable, in truth. Harry, he knew, would be the perfect host. Draco wondered in odd moments if that meant he should attempt to be the perfect hostess, but he shoved those thoughts to one side when they popped up, wondering why his subconscious still seemed to require a feminine and a masculine side to every relationship.

Christmas Eve dawned bright and clear, but freezing cold. Draco had stayed over the night before, having broken up from work the same as Harry. Harry had been somewhat disappointed when they hadn't had sex, although he never actually said anything. But Draco was adept at reading the signs, now. He really didn't want to take the edge off Harry's frustrated libido for his little Christmas Eve affair, so he feigned a light case of the runs, lulling Harry off to sleep with a spectacular blowjob instead of the full-on sex he had been angling for.

Harry called Draco a 'technique freak'. Draco had to admit that he liked to do things to the best of his ability, and that certainly extended to their intimate activities. Draco could read an emotional response to a physical stimulus at fifty paces. And he made sure he used every observation, however small, when he was pleasuring Harry. Draco knew the meaning behind every type of moan and groan Harry made, every buck of the hips, or curl of the toes; he had them all mapped out in his mind, and it gave him the ability to take Harry's body places he'd rarely, if ever, been. But the truth was that Draco felt like a rank amateur compared to Harry. He was the real technique freak. The thing that Draco believed made Harry so much better

than himself was Harry's uncanny ability at reading when to dump the technique and go for brute force and enthusiasm. The majority of Draco's wank fantasies revolved around the times when Harry was sloppy and careless. It always seemed to happen at the times when Harry's loss of control was because Draco's responses to what was being done to him were so very arousing. It didn't matter if every lick wasn't in just the right spot, or if there were too few fingers, or too many. Sometimes, the real pleasure was in the overpowering strength of emotion tied into Harry's fanatical attention to Draco's body. They were the times when Harry fucked Draco's mind just as much as he fucked his body.

Harry had been up since the crack of dawn, making pastry for mince pies and ushering in a succession of delivery people with wrapped gifts, a second Christmas tree (Draco had insisted. Harry's 'living' room was just too big for one, even if it was ten feet tall), food parcels, booze from a variety of shops, and all the other little bits and pieces that would ensure the following day was a complete success.

Draco himself had a very full schedule for the day. He took a late breakfast with his mother at a restaurant on Littern Lane, a quiet thoroughfare close to Diagon Alley. Narcissa would be having Christmas dinner at Harry's the following day, although her new man, Griffin Cope, was spending time with his own family instead of escorting her. Draco was worried his mother might be upset about that, but she actually seemed most excited about playing happy families with him and Harry, even if it did involve a roomful of raucous Weasleys.

Blaise had been right about Griffin. Draco had watched his mother blossom once more, losing some of her thinly veiled cynicism and dropping ten years off her age. Griffin was good for her, even if Draco found him a little dry. At least he wasn't a homophobe, his mother had pointed out on more than one occasion. That would have spelled the end of any romance, because Narcissa would never tolerate a man who did not accept her son unconditionally.

Leaving his mother near midday, Draco headed for the spa. To most people, the spa was a place to go for a treat once or twice a year. But Draco was not most people. It was entirely possible that Draco's money paid for at least two staff members' annual salaries. To him, the spa was not a luxury; it was a necessity. And seeing as it was Christmas and that he'd made plans, he'd booked himself in for 'the works'. He was having a haircut and style, a proper

wet shave, a facial, a body scrub, a little light waxing in the nether regions, colonic irrigation, a manicure, a pedicure and an all-over body massage. Not in that order. He couldn't actually remember what order his treatments were booked in, but he didn't need to. He had Robert to do that for him. Robert was his personal beauty therapist, and he carried the weighty load of making all Draco's appointments and ensuring he got what he wanted. And because of the amount of money Draco spent with them, he got exactly what he wanted, no questions asked.

Draco adored being pampered, and he really enjoyed his visit there, feeling completely relaxed and ready for the evening ahead. It was late afternoon by the time he Floored back to Harry's flat, to find it empty of life. Which was just how it should be. He had talked to Fred and George, and got them to invite Harry out for a teatime pint, just to give him a break from the kitchen, and provide him with any last minute tips about managing the hoards the following day. The twins had promised Draco faithfully that they would make sure Harry was back home by six thirty. Draco had told them he had a little surprise planned for Harry. But he hadn't told them what, exactly. Funny, that.

All sorts of things were going on in Draco's body as six o' clock chimed. He had butterflies in his stomach, and his body seemed to be much hotter than normal. His mouth was alternately dry and flooded with saliva, and he even annoyed himself with his incessant fidgeting. Half an hour. That's how long he had to get ready. So he went to the bathroom, cleaned his teeth, sorted out some Pain Potions and put them at the front of the bathroom cabinet for easy access should he need them, stripped naked and headed for the bedroom.

Draco had his own drawer in Harry's dresser. In fact, he now had more drawers than Harry did. He opened the bottom drawer and dug through to the very back. He retrieved a package from the rearmost corner and discarded the wrapping to reveal his newest toy. It was a scary thing, his new dildo. At nine inches, it was bigger than his favourite one at home, but it wasn't the size that was scary. The damn thing just looked so aggressive, he mused. Maybe it was because it was black, or maybe it was because it had a wide handgrip at the base of the shaft. There was something about the look of it that had appealed to Draco in the shop he'd bought it from. He could have bought a funny flesh-coloured one, but there was something about the image of the high contrast between his pale skin and the blackness of the thing that had immediately felt right to Draco. He thought the colour itself

sent a message, and would succinctly convey to Harry that he was up for rough handling, and lots of it, too.

Being a magical toy, it had features that Muggles would kill for. The maker had really thought his design through, and settled upon the notion that the user might not always wish to use his hands. There was a clever charm on the dildo that meant Draco could opt to insert it and get it to stay inside him of its own accord. The thing was even clever enough to actually fuck him, if he so desired, but only Harry would be fucking him tonight. The sole purpose of the dildo was to ready himself so that Harry didn't have to labour over any foreplay.

Draco got a bottle of oil out of the drawers on Harry's side of the bed and climbed into the middle of the big mattress, casting the bits and pieces aside for a moment while he threw off all the extra cushions and pillows that would not be needed. His heart rate was steadily rising as he moved about, recalling all the times when he'd imagined doing this, going through these preliminaries to ready himself for Harry. Finding a suitable Locking Charm to close the handcuffs had taken a week's worth of research. As they were placed several feet apart, there was no way he could close them himself, hence the charm. All he had to do was position his wrists inside the metal bands, say the words and the bands would snap shut. He'd been practicing it at home, because the charm wasn't easy to get right.

Draco tested the small pile of pillows he'd made to go beneath his hips. He wanted them nice and compact, so Harry would walk in and see his rear end raised and ready for action. When he was satisfied with the pillows, he grabbed the oil and snapped the cap off.

Just the simple act of wetting his fingers made Draco hard. He'd been on the verge of arousal since he'd arrived back at the flat, but there was absolutely no doubt about the destination of most of his blood supply in those short moments. He rubbed his thumb and two fingertips together, spreading the wetness around, and dipped his hand between his legs. Draco went straight for his anus, knowing that to touch other parts would get him far too excited, far too soon. He tipped his head back, closed his eyes and moaned at the sensation of his fingertips tracing slippery circles around his destination but not dipping inside. It seemed like there were suddenly more nerve endings down there, because he felt the crackle of erotic energy zap around his body as he touched himself, imagining Harry in

his mind's eye; Harry's body, his face, and his wonderful, masculine hands. As he pictured how it might look to watch Harry's fingers slipping inside him, Draco pressed inward and felt the first rush of gratitude for the stimulation. He took his time in relaxing himself, and he played just a little. It was a drawn out tease, but one that somehow soothed his manic nerves at the thought of what he was about to do.

When he was ready, he dribbled oil onto the black, shiny shaft and spread it out with a finger. Getting onto his hands and knees over the mound of pillows, Draco positioned the dildo between his legs and worked it in. To do that, he held it still and moved his body, stretching out the muscles in his hips and thighs that would get so much use later. He held the shaft firm and backed onto it, working his hips forward and backward slowly, slipping an inch more in each time, until it was almost all the way inside. He stayed stock still for long moments, absorbing the way his anus pulsed and shifted around the intrusion, and all Draco could think was that he couldn't wait to get it out and have Harry in him instead.

He lay face down carefully, settling onto the pillow mound with care, and when he had found a comfortable position, he twisted an arm back and pushed it in the rest of the way. God, he fucking loved having things up him; there was just no other feeling like it in the world. In a way, Draco felt like it defined him. He was never more perfectly *Draco* than when he could feel his body accommodating something that was going to give him untold pleasures. This was him; no question.

With that thought still in his mind, he reached forward, placed his wrists in the cuffs, and said the magic words.

~oOo~

It was torture for Draco as he lay there, but not because he was in pain. At least not physical pain. Inside himself, in his head, there was a different kind of emotion altogether. It was, perhaps, most closely related to pure anguish. Anguish that he was so close; mere minutes away from giving everything he was to Harry, and he wanted it so much that every fraction



of a second spent waiting took an eternity to pass.

He lay drowning in the sensations vying for attention in his feeble, fragile frame. Bloody hell, he was hot! He was lying still, or almost so, but the first prickles of anticipatory perspiration rushed across the surface of his skin, and Draco felt alive to the imaginary brush of a thousand fingertips simultaneously on his body.

He was never going to last. Harry would come in and look at him, and exclaim some heated profanity and Draco would cream himself, untouched by Harry's hand. He felt sure he'd never, never been so turned on before. He wished he could see himself, yet was also grateful he couldn't. There was something rather embarrassing about his situation, and he felt a thrill of fear at the thought of Harry coming in, seeing him spread out like this, and giggling. This was simply not a time for laughter, however strong their relationship.

Draco flexed his spine to relieve some of the tension stiffening his neck and shoulders. As he moved, his hips rolled almost imperceptibly. The tiny movement sent a shockwave through his body, the nine inches of dildo embedded in his anus prodding against his innards. His hole squeezed involuntarily around it, and a gasp of arousal slid through his parted lips. The temptation to pump his hips and feel it again was strong, but Draco had no intention of coming without Harry. He fought hard to still himself, but he couldn't drown out the ceaseless ripples of pleasure radiating out from his passage. It wasn't just the feeling of the dildo filling him, it was also the thought of Harry seeing him like this; legs splayed wide open, hips tilted upward on a little mound of pillows, and the aggressive, wide handgrip of the fat black dildo sticking outside his body, tempting Harry to come and play with it, to come and torture Draco with his attentions.

"Harry," he murmured, but for whose benefit, he didn't know. There was only himself there to hear.

The pillow underneath his groin was wet. He could feel the damp patch spreading around his swollen, throbbing glans, and there was so much moisture there he could easily have believed his bladder had let go and he'd wet himself, except that he hadn't. There was no pillow beneath his head. Instead, he rested his cheek against the cotton-covered mattress, wiping his lips every so often when the pool of saliva in his mouth overflowed, and he

dribbled slightly, another tiny loss of control over his own body.

His wrists felt tender already, the thin layer of skin and musculature forced to yield to the unforgivingly rigid metal bands of the handcuffs which were attached to the bottom bar of the headboard. Thankfully, his arms weren't stretched straight. His elbows were bent at angles, allowing him a small range of movement. He circled his wrists slowly, familiarising himself with the restraints, anticipating their effect on Harry. Another groan escaped Draco's mouth at the mere thought, and his cock oozed more sticky fluid so that it smeared between his skin and the pillow.

*Harry.*

That was all it took. Just to think his name.

*Fuck me, Harry.* He formed the words soundlessly with his lips, saying them only in his head, imagining the plea in his cracked and broken voice as he shouted them out loud, encouraging Harry on to harder, rougher treatment.

Draco was slick with sweat. Strands of hair stuck to his forehead as he screwed his eyes shut and implored Harry silently to hurry. He didn't know how much more he could take. He scrunched his toes up, curling them in to the soles of his feet and uncurling them again, feeling every single muscle in his legs respond. He was aware of himself in a way he never had been before. He would never have thought it possible.

*"Fuck!"*

*HARRY!* Harry was finally there, the sudden sound of excited breathing, his presence filling the room, even though Draco couldn't see him.

*"Fuck!"* Harry said again, his tone strained and insanely suggestive. There was blind lust in that tone, the kind of raw emotion that promised to shatter every boundary between their bodies. Draco knew, then. He was going to get it. Fucking hell, was he going to get it! How had he ever thought Harry might find any humour in this situation? It made no sense. They'd never joked about the handcuffs on the headboard for all those months. No, they'd both

just eyed them meaningfully every so often, making silent promises of how it would be between them when they finally snicked them closed and Draco handed all the power to Harry.

Draco let out a high, desperate whimper, and every muscle in his body contracted at the same time. His buttocks clenched tightly and he heard Harry's ragged swallow, perhaps at the sight of him, panting and writhing like a slut, stretched and ready for Harry to slam his way home. Draco made another small noise as he swallowed with difficulty, and he heard the unmistakable sound of clothes being stripped off and discarded without thought. He followed the padding of Harry's footsteps as they walked to the wardrobe, and then a door slid open quietly. Moments later, the sound of tearing paper ripped the heated atmosphere to shreds, briefly drowning out the sounds of two sets of rapid, anxious gasps.

Many seconds passed, and Draco heard faint, unrecognisable sounds coming from the far side of the room.

And then the bed dipped to his right. Draco was suddenly filled with fear, and he dared not turn his head to see Harry's face. He wasn't scared of Harry, or of anything that might happen while he was bound and vulnerable. There was too much trust between them for such petty concerns. No, what he was worried about was that he might see some tiny flicker of uncertainty in Harry's face, that he might have got some small detail of this scene wrong, and he couldn't bear the weight of that thought.

The bed dipped again as Harry moved closer, and every time the mattress rocked, so did Draco's body. There was no way he could keep his hips still, and there was little real give in the dildo, so his body had to do the giving. As he squeezed his muscles around it, gritting his teeth because his desire was all-consuming, he wanted to bellow that he was ready.

He felt Harry's breath against his shoulder, and he knew Harry's face was close to his skin. A stray hair tickled his ear and then he heard the sound of a deep, greedy inhalation and Harry's heartfelt, sated sigh as he exhaled the breath, teasing Draco with the rush of warm air. Draco imagined that Harry was breathing him in, somehow, filling his lungs with the scent of his arousal. Harry's lips pressed a soft kiss against his collarbone, and Draco groaned aloud at the touch. It was softer than silk and infinitely more gentle than any fine fabric

against his body.

Harry pulled back again, and Draco felt fingertips trace a line down his side. He shivered as the touch connected with every erogenous zone he possessed, and it was like his nerves overloaded. His hips pumped against the pillow beneath him, and Harry laughed slyly. The bed moved again, and Draco felt Harry's hand wrap around the handle of the dildo with tender care.

Every tiny movement of Harry's hand made the dildo shift inside him. He wanted it to be Harry there instead, but he knew that this was all part of the tease, all part of Harry's fantasy, so he didn't plead for the real thing. Not just then, at any rate.

"Mmm," Harry sighed slowly. "This is a big one, isn't it?" He twisted the shaft of the dildo fractionally, and Draco's insides turned to liquid. A quiet, heated sigh slipped out, and Harry laughed appreciatively as Draco arched his spine upward, spreading his legs just a little wider. "But it's not as big as me, is it?" he teased, drawing the firm silicone shaft out an inch and sliding it back inside at the same, lazy pace. Draco was biting his lip so hard he expected to taste blood. For the first time since he'd shackled himself to the bed, he seriously tested the limit of the handcuffs, jumping slightly when the metal bands clinked against the wood.

"You are, without a doubt, the dirtiest fuck I've ever had," Harry told him seductively. Harry held the dildo firmly all the way inside, and he tilted the handle, making the shaft point up into the small of Draco's back. It was a gentle stretching, and such an incredibly good one. Draco's groan sounded grateful, even to his own ears, and Harry worked the handle so that the rounded end of the shaft traced an infinitesimally increasing circle inside his body, probing the limits of his anus, stretching him in the very depths of his hole, waking up all those nerve endings that would soon be alive to the unrestrained pumping of Harry's cock.

The bed moved again, and Harry's grip shifted on the dildo. Draco felt it all somewhere in the pit of his belly, and he shoved himself backward hard, opening himself up, displaying himself, and hearing Harry's groan in response.

Settling between Draco's widely parted legs, Harry started to fuck Draco with the dildo, working it in and out in a gentle corkscrewing motion, rubbing the faintly dimpled surface of

the shaft along his muscled walls and teasing his stretched opening, giving it the most amazingly subtle friction, something Draco knew he'd forget to savour when Harry was finally in him. He thrust up onto each inward stroke from Harry, hearing little wet smacking noises, and just knowing that Harry was masturbating. Draco pictured it in his mind's eye. Harry kneeling down, his legs slightly parted, one hand working along the length of his own cock, the other working the dildo. The thought made Draco's heart rate shoot up, and he felt a trickle of sweat run through his hair and down the back of his neck. Draco moaned again, and Harry's hand gripped at one of his buttocks, the wetness from his masturbation easily discernible. Harry's hand kneaded Draco's taut flesh firmly, almost certainly stretching it out of the way to give an uninhibited view of the purple-red stretched hole inside. Draco cried aloud when he felt the pad of Harry's thumb trace around the very rim of him, rubbing the flesh where it met the dildo. His skin was so, so sensitive, and the thought of Harry touching him there sent a bolt of lust rocketing through him, from his toes to his fingertips.

"I don't think I've ever wanted to fuck you as much as I do right now," Harry said in an uneven, breathy voice. "And I've never wanted to fuck anyone as much as I want you."

All Draco could think, the only sentient thought in his mind was, *He's mine. He's mine.* He felt Harry's thumb travel lower, following the crease deeper between his legs until it came to a stop just shy of the base of his sac. Harry pressed down and rotated his thumb firmly until Draco could feel the pulses of pleasure travel up his shaft, almost as good as having a hand wrapped around it and wanking it slowly. *Fuck me*, he murmured in his own head, not realising he'd said it out loud until Harry replied,

"Soon, Draco. Soon."

Harry was now working the dildo harder, bumping his fist against Draco's bottom at the peak of each insertion. Draco groaned and sighed and whimpered on every single thrust, knowing just how turned on Harry got from hearing him disintegrate into a puddle of incoherent, pliable, hungry goo. He could feel his nipples grazing against the now damp cotton sheet, the friction created by the wetness of his perspiration enough to make the tight little peaks raw and tender. *Good*, he thought. *And maybe Harry'll chew them 'til they bruise when he finally turns me over.* But that was all for later. At that moment, all he wanted to think about was this current debauchery. So he concentrated all his will between his own

legs, grinding his hips in circles and praying that Harry wouldn't be able to resist him much longer.

When Harry finally withdrew the dildo and threw it aside, Draco bucked hard in anticipation. He opened his eyes for the first time since Harry had arrived and was met with the sight of the dildo, discarded but still bearing the sheen of the lubricant he had smothered it in before easing it inside himself and letting it do its job.

"Jesus," Harry exclaimed. "You're ready, aren't you?" Draco heard himself make a funny noise instead of saying 'yes', and he nodded his head, rubbing the side of his face against the mattress as he did.

Suddenly, Draco bellowed out loud in shock, unable to believe he hadn't orgasmed. Harry had dropped down in an instant, and buried his face in his crack. His tongue dove sloppily inside the nicely loosened hole, tracing the rim lightly with its tip before curling it inside and stabbing it in and out. Draco thought this act had never felt so intense, and that was saying something, because Harry had a real gift for it. Harry always told Draco that the taste of him summed up everything that was mind-blowing about sex. He wished his hands weren't secured in place because when Harry ate him out, he liked nothing more than wanking himself in time with the thrusting of Harry's tongue. Instead, Draco found himself raising his hips up off the bed as far as he could, and grinding himself in Harry's face, completely enflamed by the sensation of the flat of the tongue lapping up and down between his cheeks, making the entire surface slippery and wet with saliva. Harry was groaning and making just the most incredible noises as he worked, digging his fingertips into Draco's backside hard enough to leave bruises. He was possessive, and Draco was flooded with gratitude for it.

Eventually, Harry backed off and left Draco propped up and spread out, fingers still prying his buttocks open so that his wet skin cooled under the rush of Harry's exhalations. Draco had to wipe his face again on the bed when he realised he'd dribbled saliva down his chin, and as he moved his head, he heard Harry murmur, "So good." When Harry licked him again, it was with only the tip of his pointed tongue. No other part of Harry's face touched Draco's skin, and the tiny little strokes were so very soft, the barest of teases, but they made his hole clench and pulse alarmingly in unbelievably strong waves. It was the final torture; the

tenderest part of Harry's erotic assault, and following on from such aggressive foreplay, it was piercingly arousing.

"Harry," Draco mumbled into the mattress. "Harry, please." And in that single word, there was a lifetime of begging, and it was enough to break Harry down. He moved his body forward and lowered himself so that he stretched out over Draco's prone form, balancing just above him on one hand, while his other flipped the lid on the bottle of oil left just to the side. Draco heard the quiet glug of the bottle as it was upended, and he imagined the liquid slopping into Harry's cupped palm, seeping between his fingers and dripping onto the bed linen, which would be ruined, not that he cared about that.

Draco heard Harry's groan as he slicked the oil on himself, and he felt the groan too, or at least, the rush of breath that accompanied it. And then Harry's cock was angled downward, and Draco felt it rub the length of his crack promisingly, tracing temptingly over his hole, but not forging forward just yet. It seemed like all the blood in Draco's body rushed to the surface of his skin, then, and his temperature shot up, accelerated by the promise of things to come. Harry rutted against his body like that for a few long thrusts before he shifted, using his knees to force Draco's thighs open as far as they would go. Draco was forced to dig his knees into the bed to get the leverage to push himself up and off the mound of pillows folded beneath his hips. It was an uncomfortable position, but he didn't care.

Harry slid his oily hand deep between Draco's legs until they closed around Draco's warm, velvety sac. He caressed them gently but stopped immediately when Draco shouted out, "Don't!" It was a touch too much, and it could have triggered an orgasm in his current state of mind.

Draco panted hard to swallow the flash of his desire back down, and he felt the rounded tip of Harry's cock press into his body slowly, so slowly, just easing a path into him for that first inch or so. They moaned in unison, Draco feeling the deliciously subtle stretch as Harry opened him up with the girth of his shaft, wider even than the dildo he had used. He had wanted Harry to find him still tight enough back there, and he had made sure the dildo was neither as wide, nor as long as Harry's perfect penis. He wanted to grip Harry firmly as he was buggered, tensing all those myriad muscles in his anus tight enough to prevent Harry's escape. It would be hard and tight and merciless and wet and sticky and, above all other

things, dirty. Oh yes, that was the attraction here; Draco was under no illusion.

Harry balanced above him, barely inside his hole, just shifting his weight on his hands until he was comfortable. Draco felt Harry's wrists rub the underside of his upper arms as he settled his hands into a good spot on the bed, and then he slid another inch or two into the lubricated heaven of Draco's hole. As Harry pressed in, he dropped lower, until Draco could feel Harry's lips on the edge of his ear. He flicked his eyes open, and he could make out the black blur of spiky hair on the edge of his vision.

"I want this," Harry breathed, making Draco let out a pathetic gurgle as he responded to the urgency in Harry's voice. "And you want it too, you Filthy Little Cunt."

Oh, that did it. On that final, blunt profanity, Harry rammed the entire length of himself into Draco until their bodies slapped loudly together. But that wasn't all. He jerked his hips back and hammered forward again, not giving Draco the chance to catch his breath after the loud bellow he had let loose.

There was no let up. Harry pounded into him, and it was easily the most intensely arousing sex Draco had ever experienced. He soaked up the sounds of Harry's grunting and cursing above him, scrabbling with his knees to find the purchase to thrust his buttocks up, meeting Harry's violent pumping. Draco worked his body harder than he ever had before, anticipating the force of Harry's brutal strokes, feeling no pain, just the most incredible burning heat radiating out and out, setting every nerve alight, making every hair on his body stand up with the pleasure of it all.

"Harder," he gasped, drawing an unintelligible moan from Harry. "Fuck me harder, Harry," he said, making sure there was no doubt in his voice, and that his loosening hole was as wide open for Harry as he could make it.

Harry lurched back, snatching his hands away from the mattress and repositioning himself out of Draco's peripheral vision. His hands grabbed roughly at Draco's hips, and Draco felt his lower body dragged up until he was on his knees and his spine was a steep curve, running down to his upper body which was still flat against the bed. Harry pummelled into



him, using Draco's own hips as a lever for his thrusts.

The noises they were making were loud and guttural, Harry most of all. It was the sexiest thing Draco had ever heard, and it was all for him. The pounding way up inside him was ecstasy, not even the smallest hint of pain. He suspected that might come later. He was taking Harry, and not just fitting him inside, but welcoming every fraction of an inch that could force a path inward, begging with his body for more, *harder*; just as hard as Harry could give him.

On every jarring thrust in, Draco's cock slapped against his own stomach, swollen and sticky, just dying to explode. As he flexed his back even further, curling his fingers around the short chain attaching each handcuff to the headboard, Draco felt the orgasm smash through his body with little warning, refusing to let him even announce its arrival with words. But there was no mistaking he was coming when every muscle in his anus clamped around Harry's cock and he literally cried out loud, feeling the heavy splatter of sperm lash up his chest. The orgasm was endless, and it roared in his ears so deafeningly that he almost missed Harry's own shout announcing the imminent arrival of his most vicious completion.

When Harry came, he shouted Draco's name out, making it sound like the only word in the world that could ever be sexual. His thrusts slowed, although Harry milked them for as long as he could, clearly reluctant to slide out and have it be over. Draco circled his hips and sighed satedly, a smile curving his lips up, and finally, he murmured, "Harry."

Harry laughed a quiet, exhausted laugh as he finally slid his softening cock out of the sloppy-wet hole, helping re-arrange Draco's lower body back against the bed so he could be comfortable again. Harry even moved the bunched up pillows out of the way so Draco could lie flat and rest his stiff back, and Draco thanked him softly for his thought. It was wonderful to lie in the fuzzy haze of complete fulfilment, breathing in the scent of the person he loved, and finally coming face to face with the object of his every desire when Harry stretched out next to him on the bed, using Draco's arm as a pillow.

"It's official," Harry laughed, still catching his breath, his entire face and neck glowing a hot red colour, the perspiration gluing his hair messily to his forehead, not unlike Draco's own state. "You really are trying to kill me." Draco chuckled at Harry's evident euphoria, drinking

in the expression of contentment on his face, marvelling at the perfect clarity in the depths of those haunting green eyes.

“Mmmm,” Draco murmured suggestively. “I take it you thought that was pretty good then?” He raised an eyebrow and looked at the unbelievable beauty of his boyfriend’s face in repose. Harry was just stunning. No other description came close.

“Oh, yeah,” Harry laughed. “Why do you think I couldn’t last?”

“Because I’m just too hot for you to handle, Potter,” Draco purred, drawing an interested, predatory stare from Harry.

One of Harry’s hands rested against Draco’s buttock, caressing it absently with the flat of his palm. “Oh, I think I can handle you, all right,” Harry replied, his amusement obvious. “And I intend to prove it in about fifteen minutes,” he smirked.

“Really?” Draco questioned.

“Really,” Harry replied. “Just as soon as a certain part of my anatomy has recovered from the feel of you pulsing all around it.” He smiled lasciviously at Draco, and even through the heat of his recent exertion, Draco felt a blush rise. He twisted his neck to look down at Harry’s groin, and he saw that the shiny red shaft was still thick with blood, even though it wasn’t really hard. He licked his lips subconsciously as he fantasised about sucking it. He wanted to feel that taut dome under his tongue, to have the slit on the end open beneath his gentle probing and ooze delicious wetness into his mouth. He wanted Harry to know that his cock belonged to Draco. This possession worked both ways, and Draco needed Harry to be clear that this was how it was between them. He felt himself twitching, and he knew he’d be back to readiness in less than fifteen minutes.

“I don’t think you’d want that in your mouth just now,” Harry teased, wiggling his hips just enough to make his penis dance for Draco.

“It wouldn’t bother me,” Draco said honestly. “It’s not like I’ve never licked you out, is it? Or kissed you after you’ve eaten me out? I know what arses taste like. And we do keep

ourselves clean, don't we? It's one of the unwritten rules." He really wasn't the slightest bit bothered by the thought of sucking a cock that had just been buried in his anus. In fact, he was more than a bit turned on by it.

"You are incredible," Harry murmured, wide-eyed. "Just when I think you can't do anything else to shock me," he tailed off, a look of undiluted worship on his face.

"They do it all the time in porno films," Draco replied, matter-of-factly. "It's called 'ATM'." He watched Harry's brow wrinkle in question, so he clarified, "'Arse to mouth'. That's what they call it." He shrugged very slightly, almost dismissing the conversation.

"Yeah," Harry began doubtfully. "But I bet they give all the actors enemas first, don't they?"

Draco laughed. "I wouldn't know, not having visited any porno shoots," he joked. "But I'm sure you're right." There was a long pause as they looked at each other in silence. Draco eventually broke it with, "If it would make you feel any better, you could give me an enema beforehand."

Harry swallowed hard. He actually looked nervous! "Um, I wouldn't know how," he replied feebly. "And I'm not exactly sure I could, you know?" Draco smirked. It was a victorious smirk, one that said 'I just out-grossed you'. Harry saw it, recognised it, and scowled, but half-heartedly.

"Oh, come on, Harry. You clean yourself out, don't you? How could it be any worse cleaning me?"

"I don't know," Harry mumbled. "It just seems so *intimate*. Private, I suppose. I'd feel embarrassed if you washed me there. Just in case..."

Draco exhaled an amused sigh. "For Merlin's sake, Harry! Don't you think that's going to happen at some point anyway? You're fucking me in the arse, for god's sake! Accidents are inevitable somewhere along the line, and I imagine it'll be me feeling more embarrassed than you when something does happen."

“I know all that,” Harry said, but Draco saw his nervousness about it all. “It wouldn’t bother me if anything did happen,” he added reassuringly, trailing his fingertips across the small of Draco’s back, raising delicious goose pimples all across his body.

“I know,” Draco said with a smile. “But think about it, okay? You might like doing it, who knows?”

“You’re a fucking pervert, Malfoy,” Harry said, returning the smile. “You’ll be wanting me to piss on you next.”

Draco waggled his eyebrows and made an interested, flirtatious sigh in response. Harry tutted in feigned disgust, but he sniggered all the same.

“Ah, but you love it, Potter,” Draco teased. “I’m your private, personal whore, just like you wanted.” He narrowed his eyes and licked his lips, seeing the truth of it reflected back in Harry’s expression. Oh, yeah, he was hard again, now. He shifted his hips enough to run the head of his cock against the sheet, just a nice little ‘welcome back’ stroke, before settling again. Harry was watching everything with sharp eyes, taking in the signs of Draco’s excitement. He rolled his head over Draco’s arm and brought their faces close together, teasing the tips of their noses before finally pressing his mouth over Draco’s, and sliding his tongue out to play.

The only word for that kiss was ‘delicious’. It said a hundred things without a single word being uttered. It was slow and tender, and it was possessive and jealous. It was a kiss that demanded the participants’ full attention, driving them on with the promise of more probing, wet, stroking tongues and more soft, swollen, hungry lips. And it tasted of sex.

When Harry pulled back from it, his eyes were glazed over with the heat of passion. “I’ve ruined you for other men,” he said, the tone of his voice momentarily unreadable.

“I don’t mind,” Draco replied softly, meaning it with every fibre of his being.

“You mistake my meaning,” Harry told him, more firmly now. Draco was confused, and he dipped his head in question. “I’m glad I’ve done it,” Harry said. “I own you, Draco. You’re

mine. Your mouth is mine; your cock is mine; your hole is mine to fuck how I want. Everything you are belongs to me.” The words were not spoken cruelly, or with arrogance. They were spoken as the truth, a clear statement of fact; something they both knew already.

*Thank you*, Draco said silently. *I want to be his. I want him to be mine.* There was no answering voice in his mind, but Draco knew all the same that someone, somewhere had given a blessing to their coupling. He’d never believed in a deity of any description, but it was almost impossible to imagine that someone like him had been able to win a man like Harry without some higher cosmic intervention.

He was brought back from his reverie by the sensation of a finger dipping between his buttocks and stroking the rim of his hole. He shuddered all over and his eyes dropped closed, exhaling a deep, hungry sigh as Harry began to work him back to readiness. He spread his legs again and Harry chuckled warmly at his wanton behaviour.

“You have no shame,” Harry said gratefully.

“You love it,” Draco sneered, arching his back until he managed to trick Harry’s finger into slipping inside. “Now, how much longer are you going to keep me waiting?” *Not much longer*, he mused as he felt Harry’s erection prod against his thigh.

“Let’s just move these handcuffs, shall we?” Harry murmured, shifting himself on the bed to fetch the key from the side table.

“I thought you liked them,” Draco pouted.

“Oh, I like them all right,” Harry said, turning his calculating, seductive gaze full on Draco. “I just want to move them to the top of the headboard instead. I want you up on your knees, sticking that beautiful backside out for me so I can watch myself fuck you. I want to watch my cock sliding in and out of you, and I want to watch your face while I do it.”

“Exactly how do you plan to manage all of that?” Draco asked. “My body’s only so bendy, you know.”

Harry unlocked the handcuffs from the bed frame, leaving the bracelet surrounding each of Draco's wrists intact. "Up you get," he said, grabbing a hipbone in each hand as he manhandled Draco up onto his knees.

As Draco rose, he looked up at the wall behind the bed and saw a mirror there. It had never been there before, and it certainly hadn't been there earlier, when he'd handcuffed himself to the bed. "How the hell?" he said in confusion, turning to look at Harry's grinning face over his shoulder.

"Handy things, these Reflective Charms, aren't they?" Harry laughed, reaching around Draco's body to snap the cuffs shut again over the top bar of the headboard. The bar was wide, and Draco wrapped his fingers around its smooth, curved surface, grateful to have something to cling to. He looked at himself in the mirror and he saw a peaky, flushed, completely shagged-looking person that vaguely resembled himself looking back. He smiled cheekily at this reflection, and it returned the smile, looking for all the world like the most contented person who ever lived and breathed. He shuddered in satisfaction as the first warm dribble of Harry's come trickled out of him and ran down his leg. There was something just so powerful about its presence, and Draco smiled all the more for the feel of it there.

"Have you quite finished eyeing your other self up, you vain bastard?" Harry said, through a big grin.

"I can't help it," Draco replied, affecting a dramatic sigh. "He's just too pretty. In fact, if I had a free hand, I'd be tossing him off right now."

Harry laughed properly, and Draco watched his face just light up with pure pleasure. "I might be able to help you there," he replied, kneeling right behind Draco and pulling his hips into position with firm, hot hands. Draco's arms were stretched out straight, elbows already locked into place to absorb some of the force Harry would no doubt use on him.

Draco rolled his shoulders and twisted his neck, stretching and tensing every muscle in them. He did it slowly, and when he looked back up into the mirror, Harry was staring at him with the kind of expression that said he was starving, and he'd just seen something he'd really like to eat. Draco wiggled his bum at Harry, sending a sensual ripple down his spine as

he undulated his body, his eyes never leaving Harry's face. But Harry had to look away. His mouth had dropped open and his gaze was all for Draco's firm backside, doing its best to tempt him back inside its moist, hot depths.

"Shit, Draco," he groaned, licking his lips and rubbing the head of his cock up and down the still-slippery channel.

"Mmmm..." Draco teased, contorting himself into a succession of languid, beautiful arches that took Harry's breath away. "Give it to me," he whispered, watching Harry struggle to swallow. "Fuck me," he said, not a plea, but a demand. Draco tipped his head back so that Harry would see his neck stretch out in the mirror. He closed his eyes and moaned as he worked his hips up against Harry's groin, as eager for the second round as he had been for the first; maybe more so now he knew exactly how much of a turn on it was for them both.

"More oil," Harry managed, the strain of holding back evident in his voice. Draco watched him reach for the clear bottle and snap the cap off, tilting it over and splashing a silky trail of the stuff in the crack of Draco's backside, and down his own front. There was so much oil, Draco could feel it running down between his legs, heating up to his body temperature, and pooling in the creases behind his knees. He wondered how it must look, the clear, odourless liquid cutting trails through the blobs of viscous white sperm running out of him.

With the bottle once more discarded, Draco watched Harry take his cock in his hand and stroke himself lightly. The sounds of the lubricant squishing about in his fist was one of Draco's very favourite sounds, coming right after the way Harry screamed his name out when he came.

He didn't use words to force Harry to fuck him; he was much less subtle than that. Draco twisted and circled his hips, rubbing up against every part of Harry's groin and thighs he could reach. Harry gave in and guided himself to the rim of Draco's hole in about five seconds flat, and Draco shot him a wicked, triumphant smirk as his manipulations paid off.

Harry used his hand to hold his glans against Draco's body. He rubbed the head in patterns between the spread cheeks, making Draco think he was going to ram himself in each time he came close to the really sensitive spot, but not doing it. The frustration grew in Draco, and

he glared at Harry, watching his face transform into a calculating, steady challenge.

“Beg for it,” Harry sneered, his eyes narrowed and dangerous.

Draco opened his mouth and traced the sharp edge of his upper teeth with the tip of his tongue. He did it slowly, and Harry almost forgot himself and shoved it in, eyes wide and breathing shallow as he watched Draco’s face in the mirror.

Gathering his composure again, Harry taunted, “I won’t give it you unless you beg like a proper whore.”

Draco dropped his forehead to the bar at the top of the headboard and rested it there, feeling the manic thumping of his pulse in the side of his throat. Harry knew the buttons to press, and he was hitting them all.

“I’ve wanted you all day,” Draco whispered, and he felt Harry lean in closer to catch his words. “I’ve been planning this for weeks, you know,” he said, adding a small, shy laugh at the end of the sentence, and he felt Harry nestle his shaft between his cheeks and run a hand lovingly up and down one of his thighs. “Sometimes, I can barely think about anything else except the feel of you inside me.” Harry’s breathing hitched behind him, and Draco lifted his head from the top of the headboard and stared back at Harry’s face in the mirror. Their eyes locked together, and Draco thought Harry looked so right. It sounded like an odd thing to think, but Harry looked comfortable in his skin, comfortable with Draco, eager to hear what he was saying, paying avid attention to every single word.

“I love it when you touch me,” Draco continued, his voice still quiet, but more confident now. “I’d do anything to have you touch me,” and when he said ‘anything’, he knew the strength of that truth shone through in his expression. “I want you to hold me like a lover,” he added. “I want you to kiss me all over and let me do it back. I want to make you come in every conceivable way, knowing that every time you orgasm, it’s just for me.” Harry was silent. His lips had dropped apart and he couldn’t look away from Draco’s face. Draco never spoke like this. He might say dirty things to ignite Harry’s lust, but he rarely spoke from the heart, of his needs, and his hopes.



“I want you to do things to me, Harry,” he told him, a small smile playing on his lips. “I want to be used by you in any way you want.” Draco started to feel hotter as he saw flashes of images in his mind of what Harry might do. His eyes slid closed for a moment, and when they opened again, Harry slid his cock right inside Draco in one slow, firm, unrelenting push. Draco’s eyes flickered under the incredible feel of Harry opening him up again, and he heard Harry exhale a quiet groan, maybe at the expression on his face, or maybe because he just felt that good inside.

“Fuck me, Harry,” Draco said, thrusting his hips sinuously into Harry’s groin, loving the way the bumping of their bodies meeting sent a flutter of pleasure outward, right through his torso. “Fuck me hard,” he said, pulling his body almost all the way off Harry before shoving himself back down the entire length of him again. They both groaned aloud at that, and Draco smiled a greedy smile to himself as he imprinted the sensation of Harry’s balls smacking against him when he’d reached his goal. “I want you,” he told Harry, as Harry began to increase his pace, rolling his hips forward and back again as he ploughed into Draco, the oil and their previous activity making it easy this time.

Harry’s eyes dropped from Draco’s reflected face to his own cock, and Draco watched, fascinated, in the mirror as Harry gnawed his lip and flared his nostrils each time he watched himself drive forward. “Come on, Harry,” Draco murmured. “Own me. Fuck me so hard the only word I’ll remember is your name.”

Never mind Harry’s cock, Draco’s was torturing him with its stiffness. It bounced hard against his stomach as Harry slammed into him, rattling the bed frame against the wall until the entire bed was in constant movement. God, he wanted to stroke himself. He wanted to wrap his hand around his erection and work himself until he was raw because nothing else would measure up to the incredible pleasure of Harry fucking him. Draco never begrudged his restraints until that moment, when he knew Harry would wank him if he asked, but not wanting to ask because he wanted to give Harry this time for living out his fantasy.

Between heavy gasps and unintelligible grunts, Draco managed to fix his sight on Harry and watch his every changing expression. His gorgeous face was slack with need, slick with sweat, the long strands of his fringe whipping against his cheeks as he pounded into Draco’s hole like they were fucking for the last time.

“You can do better than that,” Draco choked out, his voice wobbly from the viciousness of Harry’s pumping. “You’re holding back,” he jeered, lip curling in an echo of a sneer because it was the best he could manage. He clamped his muscles tight inside his hole and the feel of Harry’s fat, textured shaft rubbing him all over his most sensitive places was enough to make him whimper and drop his head back to the headboard.

“I’ll make you feel me,” Harry ground out through gritted teeth. “You’ll still be feeling this next week.”

Draco felt Harry’s fingers curve into the dips of his hipbones and dig in. It was painful in some small way, but he relished the prospect of counting all the fingerprint bruises scattered across his pale body the next day. He would count them and keep a total; a scorecard for marking how rough Harry could be. He’d remember how many there were and compare bruises with the next time they did this again, hoping each time to tempt the animal out in Harry, to turn him on so much that he forgot himself.

Draco had to move his head. If he hadn’t, it would have banged against the wall. The bed was making squeaking noises like it wouldn’t last as long as either of them, but Draco couldn’t find the will to care. The stiff set of his locked out arms was the only thing Draco felt he controlled in his body. Below the waist, Harry was king. He pulled and pressed and gripped at Draco, kneading and stretching big handfuls of his flesh at the point of pain, but the manipulation was magnificent. Draco could barely breathe, he was so hungry for Harry’s touch.

“So then,” Harry just about managed to hiss out. There was a pained expression on his face. The kind of look that said *my balls are about to explode*. “Am I big enough for you?”

Draco admired Harry’s loss of composure in the mirror, trapped in the wanton, never-ending cycle of glide-squeeze-slam as Harry drew out and hammered back into his hot, needy body time and time again.

“Yes,” he murmured. “Yes!” Much louder this time, both in answer to Harry’s question and in gratitude for a particularly vigorous thrust.

Harry reached a hand forward and pushed his fingers up into Draco's hair, closing his fist in the strands so that he snapped Draco's head back roughly. The sensation of the hand restricting his movement even further was impossibly arousing, and Draco felt his body shiver cold and then hot, not even willing to test the limits of the firm grip in his hair. Having his hair pulled was just the perfect accompaniment to being fucked, and he was so turned on, he thought his brain might overload.

They were silent for quite a while, or rather, they didn't manage to string any sentient words together. Even with the mirror there, Draco forgot to watch Harry. This was too good. If ever he had doubted he was a natural bottom, his sheer ecstasy at this rough attention from every fraction of Harry's fat ten inches obliterated the question from his mind. He tipped his head back between his shoulder blades and closed his eyes, his mouth hanging open as he moaned and shouted at the sensation of Harry's cock hitting him so deep in his body, reaching places no one else ever had, and that no one else ever would. The hand in his hair slipped away eventually, and Draco was a little sad about it, but he soon forgot his disappointment under the weight of his sheer pleasure.

The pace had slowed a little at some indeterminate point, but the power behind Harry's thrusting had not. *I'm so full*, Draco groaned in his head. *So full of my Harry*.

Harry shuffled his body in closer to Draco's back and curled himself over so that they were touching from torso to thigh. The thrusts were less deep now, more loving; more like making love than anything else. Harry dropped a kiss on Draco's shoulder blade and snaked an arm round to caress the dripping, sticky length of his long-neglected erection, while the other took hold of the headboard right next to Draco's own chained hand. Draco's little finger stretched out and hooked over Harry's index finger, and the two digits curled up together and remained entwined, a tiny little intimacy in the midst of their physical passion.

"Oh, god," Draco whimpered, feeling his sac tighten as his body got ready to orgasm. "Harry," he sighed, his breath almost lost under the manic thudding of his pulse. Harry's hand was gentler than he would have anticipated, but it had that familiar energising effect on his passion. Draco's cock felt like one big nerve ending, so full of blood it was miraculous the thing hadn't split under the pressure.

“You love it this way,” Harry murmured, his mouth against Draco’s back. “More than I thought you would. You’re made for me, Draco,” he added, and Draco smiled at that, feeling the small kisses pressed against his sweat-soaked skin. Draco couldn’t talk. The pressure was ready to shatter his last remaining vestiges of control and he was going to empty himself all over the headboard, the wall.

“You’re going to shoot your load any second now,” Harry teased, little humour evident in his tone. “And when you do, your hole is going to grip me so tightly I’ll stop breathing. It feels so good when you come,” Harry told him, and in his head, Draco agreed.

Draco grunted loudly as Harry’s encircling hand played with the sensitive dip beneath his retracted foreskin. The way Harry’s hand twisted round and round as well as up and down was just masturbatory perfection, and that was it. Draco came. Loudly. The spasms of his orgasm were stronger than the last time although there was far less sperm, and he felt Harry gasp behind him as the aftershock clenched around his erection. Draco rode it out, almost paralysed with emotion, barely registering Harry’s hand closing over the pumping slit and painting his fingers with his come instead of letting it spray over the bed.

As the waves lessened, Draco managed to focus back on Harry and the way his hand remained clasped around his shaft, but just holding it, and not making his nerves scream with over stimulation. Draco knew Harry was about to orgasm, just from the quality of his groans, and he murmured wordless sounds of encouragement, pressing his body back into the gentle thrusting of Harry’s groin, feeling their sweaty bodies slip and slide together.

“Draco,” Harry managed, but it wasn’t a loud cry. It was an almost pained plea, overloaded to the same degree as Draco had been seconds ago. And then he let out a long, low grunt and Draco squeezed all his muscles inside to grip Harry steadily as he emptied himself languorously. Harry’s chin rested against Draco’s shoulder blade, so that their eyes could meet in the mirror, over the obstruction of his collarbone. There was only one emotion in both their gazes, and it was love. “Ohhh,” Harry groaned, coming to a stop smoothly, wrapping his arms around Draco’s chest and holding him tightly, absently rubbing the sticky wetness of Draco’s own come into his skin. “You’re amazing,” Harry told Draco earnestly, stretching a hand up to caress a nipple with the pad of his thumb.

“I know,” Draco said happily. “Now how about giving me a kiss?”

Harry drew back, slipping his cock out unhurriedly before shuffling around to kneel at Draco’s side. Draco turned his head to look at Harry and something happened in his chest. It was like his heart expanded and expanded with a sudden rush of unconditional love, and the intensity of the feeling took his breath away.

He watched Harry’s face come closer and closer, until it was hard to focus on his features. “Thank you,” Harry whispered right against his mouth so that Draco could feel the vibrations of the sound tingling through his lips. “Thank you.”

The kiss was soft. Harry’s tongue traced along Draco’s bottom lip before slipping just inside his mouth. The tips of their tongues met playfully, making little effort to do more than tease each other. It was a kiss for sharing, not for taking, and they both made small, hungry noises in the backs of their throats as their lips moved carefully together and their noses pressed close.

Harry eased back and placed gentle pecks along Draco’s jaw line, murmuring, “Let me undo those handcuffs,” in between kisses.

Draco watched silently as Harry used the tiny key to unlock each of the metal bracelets, but he kept hold of the wooden bar until Harry’s hands wrapped gently around his wrists and pulled them away. They turned in to face each other, and when Draco felt two strong arms wrap around his body and pull him in close, he melted into the embrace, feeling warm and safe and protected. Harry laid little kisses on his shoulder, and Draco moaned in pleasure.

Harry moved to lay Draco down on the bed, arranging his arms and legs just so, and Draco allowed it, gaining comfort from his own passivity. He felt Harry curl in to his side and hook a leg over his own, and he could feel the soft, velvety penis lying warm against his thigh. Draco got a face full of messy black hair when Harry made a cushion of his shoulder and settled in to cuddle. They were silent for ages, and Draco spent the time idly tracing a single fingertip up and down Harry’s arm, cataloguing all the different things he was feeling, both physically and emotionally.

“Did I hurt you?” Harry’s voice was quiet and full of concern.

Draco chuckled and bent his neck to kiss Harry on the top of his head. “I’m a Malfoy, Harry. We’re made of stern stuff.”

“I know that,” Harry said, tightening his arm for a second or two to emphasise his point. “But did I hurt you?”

“No, of course you didn’t, silly,” he chided gently. “I was ready for you, you know. I loved what you did. I’ll never forget it.”

Harry jumped slightly and sat up, a cheeky grin on his face, and mischief in his eyes. “You’re right about not forgetting it.” He smirked. Draco watched in interest as Harry stretched an arm out and presented a hand, palm upward, to the air above the bed. In seconds, a small black shape shimmered into visibility, and Draco wondered what on earth it was. It was the size and shape of a compact box, and it had a funny little rectangle sticking out of one side, on a tiny hinge.

“What’s that?” Draco asked, more than a bit confused.

Harry turned to him, presenting the object, and Draco took it carefully.

“Happy Christmas, Draco,” Harry said, laughing happily at Draco’s obvious lack of awareness.

“Thanks, Harry,” he said, turning the object over in his hands, looking at it from all sides. He ended up looking at the little sticky-out rectangle, and through it, he could see part of Harry’s body. It was like a miniscule mirror, except that the image wasn’t reversed. It was more like a window, he supposed. “What did you say it was?”

“I didn’t,” Harry chuckled. “I thought it’d be funny to watch you work it out for yourself.” When Draco pulled a very dramatic glare out of his play-acting repertoire, Harry tutted good-naturedly and added, “It’s a camcorder.”

Understanding dawned very quickly. Draco might not have known what every Muggle appliance looked like, but he certainly knew what a camcorder did. The grin on his face grew and grew until he was giggling gleefully. "Potter!" he laughed. "We can make our own porn with this!"

Harry flopped back down next to him and planted a playful, wet kiss on his mouth. "We already have," he said when he pulled back from the kiss.

Draco looked at him in something like surprise. It was true. Harry had shocked him with his willingness to put his most intimate and debauched activities on film, and nothing turned Draco on more than the thought of Harry doing dirty things. "So let me get this straight," Draco said levelly. "You bought me this for Christmas-" Harry nodded vigorously, "-and you played with it yourself first-" Harry grinned broadly, "-and then you wrapped it up for me?"

"Yup."

"And then you unwrapped it without actually giving it to me?"

Harry sniggered. "That's about the size of it."

Draco sniffed haughtily. "And I suppose that's how you think presents are given, is it?"

"Um, no," Harry said. "Not exactly. It's just that I needed to work out the right charms to make it levitate and move around to, you know, get the best angle and stuff," Harry offered, only slightly apologetically. "And then when I came in and saw you all tied up like that, I thought you'd be annoyed at me if I didn't film it so you could watch it later." Harry was still smiling, but now it was a filthy, suggestive smile. "I know how much you get off on the thought of watching my cock disappearing into your pert little backside, and this was the ideal opportunity to capture it all in glorious technicolour," he finished, somewhat smugly.

Draco sighed, affecting magnanimity. "I forgive you, in the circumstances," he said graciously. "I just hope there are other things for me to unwrap tomorrow." He pouted just a little, and Harry carefully took the camcorder out of his hand and placed it on the bed

before pulling Draco's body so that he laid spread out on top of Harry, their fingers entwined loosely just above their heads. Harry's thumbs rubbed absently at the raw red lines around Draco's wrists, perhaps trying to soothe the damaged skin. Whatever he was doing, it felt wonderful. Draco kissed Harry, and he made it last, tasting every part of his mouth, exploring every corner with the tip of his tongue but in a careful, inquisitive way. Draco could feel both their hearts beating as their chests pressed together, the subtle thudding, and the multitude of other tiny shifts in Harry's frame adding layers to the depths of his emotions.

Draco broke the kiss finally, placing one last gentle press against Harry's lips before drawing back and meeting his eyes. He stared at Harry for the longest time.

"What are you thinking?" Harry asked after a while.

"You love me," Draco said. He watched Harry's eyes while he said it, noting the warm sparkle in their depths.

"You love me, too," Harry replied, the smallest of smiles playing on his lips.

"Oh, yeah," Draco replied sincerely. "I really do."

"I knew you wouldn't be able to resist me," Harry said triumphantly. "From the very first moment you sat in my lap and rode me, I knew you were mine." He was laughing quietly as he said it, a sound of relief and pure happiness.

"I love more about you than your ten inch cock, Harry," Draco frowned, slightly concerned that Harry might think that was all he was interested in. It was a worrying thought, after all these months together.

"I know that," Harry replied warmly. "It was the way you looked right into me as you slid yourself down me that really did it. It sounds stupid, but I felt like you knew everything about me. I can't explain it," he shrugged awkwardly.

"Why did you agree to have sex with me in the first place?" Draco asked, finally voicing a



question that had travelled round inside his head for a long time.

“I was curious,” Harry told him. “And you were hot.”

Draco snorted. “You weren’t even hard in the toilet, though.”

“Bloody hell, Draco! I was embarrassed, okay? Believe it or not, it’s not every day that one of your teenage wank fantasies turns up out of the blue, dressed to kill, I might add, and asks me to fuck him.”

Draco’s brain hadn’t processed much past the ‘teenage wank fantasy’ part of the sentence. “What do you mean?” he queried slowly.

“Oh for god’s sake, don’t be coy now,” Harry laughed. “You know damned well you were the sexiest pupil at Hogwarts. I bet every boys’ dormitory was full of very confused and hormonal adolescents, giving it a good old tug over the thought of you in your Quidditch robes.”

“Harry!” Draco gasped in shock.

“Just think,” Harry smirked, nuzzling his face into Draco’s neck and kissing his pulse point. “All those eager boys getting hard at the slightest provocation, rushing back to their nicely curtained beds and covering their bellies with come to thoughts of your mouth sucking them off.”

“Stop it!” Draco said, both aroused and completely disgusted by the thought.

“No,” Harry breathed, his breath warming Draco’s earlobe as it puffed out and ruffled through his hair. “I can’t believe it was only me that did it,” he added, running his tongue around the curve of Draco’s ear before sucking the lobe into his mouth and nipping it gently between his teeth.

Draco sucked in a shaky breath, loving it when Harry was like this. “So, when did you first, uh...”

“Wank off over you?” Harry asked sweetly.

“Mm,” Draco murmured, turning his neck into Harry’s insistent kisses.

“Right after that duel in second year. D’you remember? When everyone clocked on that I was a Parselmouth.”

“But we hated each other then,” Draco groaned, burying his own face into Harry’s shoulder and rubbing his nose along the taut line of the tendon there.

“Yeah, we did,” Harry said between licks and kisses. “But the look on your face when you were down on the floor, backing away from me as I spoke to the snake you conjured -” Harry let out a heated sigh and nipped at Draco’s collarbone. “Your mouth was all open and pink and wet, and I couldn’t get the image out of my mind. When I thought about it in bed that night, all I could think about was standing in front of you and masturbating on you. I wanted to see my come hit you in the face. I imagined it dripping between your lips and your wicked little tongue darting out and lapping it up.”

“Stop it, Harry,” Draco murmured, not meaning it at all. Oh no. This was far too tasty a tale to be cut short.

“And from there, it wasn’t many steps to imagining you kneeling before me and wrapping those moist lips around my cock and sucking me until I shot down your throat.”

“So, you’ve fancied me since second year?” Draco questioned, sliding his hands from Harry’s and pushing them into his hair instead, holding his head in place as Harry pressed kisses over every millimetre of slim neck.

“On and off,” Harry murmured. “You know how fickle hard-ons are.”

“Don’t I ever,” Draco chuckled. “And talking of hard-ons, you really need to stop doing that, because there’s absolutely no chance of me making good with this stiffy of mine. I’ll pass out from exhaustion before you can squeeze another orgasm out of me.” Harry made a very

disappointed noise that just made Draco smile. It was adorably needy, and it did his ego the world of good. “And don’t make out like you’re any different,” he admonished firmly. “You’ll only get upset when it starts to wilt, and you know I’m telling the truth.”

“Yeah, yeah. I know,” Harry moaned sadly. “But it was a nice thought, though.”

“It was,” Draco agreed. “But as things stand, I’m mucky and starving. Any chance of a shower and some food? Preferably in that order.”

“Are you doing the soaping?” Harry wheedled.

“If you’re doing the cooking,” Draco bargained.

“Done.”

“Agreed.”

“Let’s go, then.”

“You first.”

“Why?”

“Because I love watching your bum jiggle when you walk.”

“In that case, how can I refuse?”

“You can’t.”

Draco lay on the bed for an extra second or two as Harry dragged himself off it. He licked his lips as he watched the delectable firmness of Harry’s cheeks bouncing enticingly before jumping off the bed and following him to the bathroom.

~oOo~

An hour or two after they'd eventually eaten found Harry calmly completing the last minute preparations, and Draco doing his usual. Sitting on his arse, watching.

"Are you sure I can't help with anything?" he asked, nursing a glass of red wine at the kitchen table while Harry got the turkey ready for the oven. It was a huge one, and would need all night to cook.

"You can ice the mince pies if you like," Harry replied, indicating the tray of cooled pastries with a nod of his head. He gave Draco instructions for making some simple iced glazing, and left him to get on with it.

Draco decided it was fun. For the first five minutes, at least. And then the novelty of drizzling swirls on top of the pies sort of wore off. To amuse himself, he took to making blobby pictures on each of the pastry crusts. That was much more entertaining.

"You've been quiet over there," Harry said sometime later. "How are you getting on?"

"Fine," Draco murmured, concentrating hard on getting two blobs of icing in just the right place. He barely noticed Harry come and look at his handiwork.

"What the fuck are you doing?" Harry laughed in shock and exasperation. "I can't feed those to the Weasleys!"

"Why not?" Draco asked innocently. "Haven't any of them ever seen an erect penis before?" There were about a dozen mince pies lined up that showed Draco's artistic ability when it came to cake decorating. Each one had two blobs for balls, and a big fat dribble of icing for the shaft.

Harry affected a shudder. "I don't even want to think about erect penises and Molly Weasley

in the same sentence, thanks.”

“I hate to be the one to break it to you, but I’d say Molly Weasley’s seen more than one erection in her time, going by the number of little Weasleys that have popped out along the way,” Draco smirked.

“That’s it,” Harry huffed. “Get out of my kitchen!” He reached and snatched the spoon out of Draco’s hand and started to shove him toward the doorway. “You can’t even draw them properly, can you?” Harry laughed. “That one’s knob’s hanging over the edge of the pastry!”

On one of the pies, Draco had trailed a very long, very fat shaft that ran over the edge of the cup and half way down the side. “Yes I can,” he laughed. “That one’s supposed to be you!”

“Out, out, OUT!” Harry shouted through his laughter, barely letting Draco retrieve his wine from the table before depositing him in the living room. “You’re a bloody liability,” he told Draco, wagging a finger at him as Draco giggled mischievously.

Admitting defeat, and somewhat relieved at not having to do any more cooking, Draco made his way toward the fireplace. He started a fire in the grate and flopped onto a sofa, gazing up at the decorated tree, losing himself in the glitter and sparkle of the little ornaments and the fairy lights. Harry had wanted to get a string of Muggle fairy lights, but Draco had insisted on real fairies. He was glad he had. They were just so much more festive, somehow. He forgot his wine and lay silently, enjoying the warm light from the fire and the pinpricks of colour from the tree, and he felt at peace. He wondered if it was possible to always be this happy, and he truly hoped it was. He had everything he wanted in life, and could not imagine a time when he would ever change.

“Are you daydreaming?” Harry said, his voice soft and unobtrusive.

“Maybe,” Draco replied, turning his head to look up at Harry, who was leaning over the back of the sofa. Harry’s eyes were beautiful in the firelight, and the subtle shadows that fell across his face only served to enhance all the features Draco knew and loved so well. He raised a hand to Harry, who responded by rounding the sofa and lying next to Draco, cuddling in to his side in the way that he so often favoured.

“I can’t imagine a more fantastic Christmas,” Harry said, burrowing his head under Draco’s chin and throwing a leg between Draco’s own.

“We haven’t had it, yet,” Draco told him with a smile.

“Even if absolutely everything goes wrong tomorrow,” Harry said quietly, “it’ll still be the happiest Christmas ever.”

Draco didn’t reply, because he had a lump in the back of his throat. It was just a small one, but Harry sounded so sincere, so completely grateful for his presence that he felt like he could cry. He held Harry closer, hearing a sated sigh escape from him, and he kissed the top of his head, inhaling the clean scent of his hair, and feeling the choppy strands rub over his nose.

“I don’t deserve you,” Harry murmured, sounding like he had no intention of giving Draco up, regardless.

“Don’t say that, Harry,” Draco chided. “If you don’t deserve to be happy, then there’s no hope for the rest of us mere mortals. I’m constantly amazed that you want me, given our history and my father’s preferences, but nothing could make me give you up. Nothing.”

“Good,” Harry breathed, and Draco could hear his smile in the word.

Draco closed his eyes and drifted, listening to the crackle of the fire, and the steady rhythm of Harry’s breathing. He didn’t fall asleep, but he let himself float, not really thinking about anything but the pleasing weight of Harry against him.

Harry shifted slightly, and Draco thought he must be settling in to sleep, but then he felt Harry’s hand slide under the hem of his T-shirt and caress his stomach, not teasingly, but affectionately, covetously. Harry’s fingertips traced lazy ellipses round and around his belly button, and when Draco moved his head, Harry twisted his up and they kissed. Draco’s lips were already parted when they met with Harry’s, and when he felt the wet slide of a tongue against his bottom lip, Draco welcomed it into his mouth and moaned his happiness in the

back of his throat. The kiss was achingly languorous, and things were starting to happen all over his body. Harry's hand slid higher, and a single finger flicked gently over one of Draco's nipples, teasing it to hardness and circling it playfully until Draco wanted to writhe beneath the touch.

"How do you feel?" Harry asked, the heat once again tingeing his tone as he broke the kiss.

"Well used," he replied sheepishly, only too aware that Harry wanted to make love, but knowing his body just wasn't up to it.

They looked at each other in silence before kissing again, both moving into the kiss at the same time, neither one needing it or wanting it more than the other.

Slowly, so slowly, Harry moved them around on the sofa until he lay flat against the seat, and Draco lay on top, nestling between his parted legs. When Harry's hands closed around the hem of his T-shirt, Draco lifted up so that it could be removed. Harry's eyes were hungry but respectful as they travelled over Draco's bare chest. His hands traced a path from the small of Draco's back to his sides, and then to his upper chest, the touch feather light and infinitely attentive.

"I love your body," Harry whispered, and Draco could see that it was true. He held himself up as Harry teased his nipples, feeling the sensation shoot right to his groin, and there was definite interest there.

"Draco?" Harry murmured, the question on his lips but still unspoken. He didn't need to say it, because Draco knew what Harry wanted.

"Here or in bed?" he replied, watching Harry bite his bottom lip and drop his eyes to half mast as he tightened his thighs either side of Draco's hips and rolled his groin up just a fraction. Harry's groin was a bit lumpier than usual, too, and Draco knew it wouldn't be long until it was temptingly hard again.

"Bed," he whispered, so Draco moved to clamber off the sofa, tugging Harry up too, and leading him silently to the bedroom. By the bed, Draco undressed Harry with calm, careful

hands, smiling all the while, completely humbled by Harry's level of desire for him. Standing so close, and looking down Harry's naked chest, to see him long and hard and perfect beneath his cotton jersey boxers sparked a pang of need in Draco that could only be fulfilled in one way.

He flirted with the waistband of Harry's underwear, running his fingertips just inside but not dipping lower, even when Harry tried to press forward into his hands. Eventually frustrated with the game himself, Draco plunged his hands down the back of the stretchy shorts and cupped Harry's buttocks in his hot palms, pulling their bodies into close contact as he placed the first possessing kiss on his lips. Draco felt Harry give beneath his touch, trusting in him to take care of his needs and his desires. Edging the underwear down finally, Draco helped Harry step out of them and he gently pushed him down onto the bed while he finished undressing himself.

Harry writhed and stretched enticingly, parting his legs in an inviting, yet modest way, gazing in wonder at Draco as he knelt upon the mattress and moved to lie on top of him.

"I love you," Harry told him earnestly. "I love you." Draco looked down into Harry's face, and he watched his eyes slide shut as they prepared to kiss. It was a beautiful moment, and one he would remember forever.

When they couldn't bear just kissing any longer, Harry reached for the lubricant and pressed it pleadingly into Draco's hand. Draco made short work of coating himself, so that he could spend his time touching Harry, making his body ready.

He groaned aloud in sweet torture as he pushed into Harry, feeling the rocking of the hips beneath him, easing the journey, and wanting to be loved so much. There was only one thing to tell Harry, the only thing left that mattered.

"I love you."



## Chapter Twelve

“*H*arry?”

“Mm?” Harry hummed distractedly, basting the turkey carefully before popping it back in the oven.

“Can we keep the mirror over the bed?”

Turning round and wiping his hands on a tea towel, Harry smirked at Draco and said, “Pervert.”

“Fine,” Draco sniffed. “I just thought you liked it, that was all,” he explained, his tone of voice suggesting he didn’t care one way or the other.

Harry snorted quietly and threw the towel onto the work surface. “Yes, Draco, we can keep the mirror. In fact, I ordered a proper one weeks ago, so we don’t have to keep bothering with the Reflective Charm. I thought it would have been here by now,” Harry placated, ruffling Draco’s hair as he walked past his chair and started sorting out stacks of plates from one of the cupboards.

Draco smiled to himself. They really did think alike about so many things. “Haven’t you finished yet?” he asked petulantly. “I want to open my stocking.”

“Stocking?” Harry questioned, a humorous tease in his voice. “What makes you think you’ve got one of those?” He had turned away from sorting out dinner plates, and stood leaning back against the cupboard, arms folded, a look of restrained amusement on his face.

“The fact that you are hopelessly sappy about Christmas,” Draco informed him. Then he offered, slightly begrudgingly, “And the fact that I happened to see it hung up in the wardrobe when I got this T-shirt out.” He plucked at the top he was wearing, and shot Harry a knowing grin.

“You’re like a big bloody kid,” Harry laughed, shaking his head at Draco’s veiled eagerness. “Come on, then. Let’s go and see what Santa brought you, shall we?” He pushed himself away from the cupboard and held his hand out for Draco to take, which he did, happily. He ended up dragging Harry after him in his excitement to get his hands on his first real presents of the morning. Well, okay. Not his first present. That had arrived about half an hour earlier in the form of a warm, wet mouth drawing him gently out of sleep. As he cracked his eyes open on his very first Christmas Day morning with Harry, all Draco could see was a big lump under the covers, which happened to be making some very arousing moaning noises, the perfect accompaniment to the leisurely journey of lips, tongue and teeth over his grateful erection.

When Draco was spent, Harry had crawled up his body slowly, pushing his flushed face out from under the covers and smiling in almost drugged contentment. When Harry kissed him, Draco had been able to taste himself clearly, and he’d wondered fleetingly whether they would do this every Christmas morning for the rest of their lives, a festive ritual to welcome the day. It could be the start of something, he’d thought. A way of celebrating that was uniquely theirs, and another meaningful sign of their love.

Draco clambered onto the bed while Harry got his stocking out of the wardrobe. “Oooh! That’s a big one!” he chuckled as Harry laid it out next to him and flopped onto the bed himself, his face full of warmth and affection. “I’ve always fantasised about big, stuffed stockings,” he told Harry suggestively, his voice going breathy and full of teasing.

“Gah!” Harry exclaimed loudly, grabbing at his throat and rolling around on the covers. “What a hideous image!”

Draco watched Harry turn purple with laughter, his face twisted in mock repulsion. “What?” he asked, confused.

When Harry finally turned back to him, almost calm again, he pulled a face and said, “I got this awful image of Molly Weasley in my head when you said ‘stuffed stockings’. Please don’t ever say it again. At least, not in that tone of voice.”

“I bet Arthur Weasley rather likes the thought,” Draco muttered, pulling the stocking into his lap and prodding inquisitively at it. “Do you want yours?” he asked Harry carefully, knowing full well that Harry expected him to be rubbish at buying presents, and especially at doing something as childish as wrapping stocking fillers.

“You got me a stocking?” Harry asked in absolute wonder. When Draco nodded, he exclaimed, “Really? That’s fantastic!” He rolled over to where Draco was sitting and smacked a big wet kiss on his mouth. “You didn’t have to,” he said, but Draco thought to himself that to see this expression on Harry’s face made it more than worth the bother.

Draco retrieved Harry’s stocking from a drawer, and the two of them sat opposite each other, looking not unlike two competitors about to start a race.

“Three... two... one. Go!” Harry sang out, and they each snatched their top present and tore into the wrapping paper. They laughed uproariously when it became clear that Fred and George had done pretty well out of them both. They each had two or three silly gifts from Weasleys’ Wizard Wheezes, along with other oddments, such as a self-inking quill, a pair of Snitch cufflinks and peculiarly, two almost identical sets of nipple clamps. Both for Draco, as it turned out, although Draco had chosen to make one set an offering to Harry, giving his wordless consent to their use on his body at Harry’s whim.

When all the gifts were unwrapped, and the bed was covered in more shredded paper than such a small number of parcels warranted, they reached for each other and cuddled close. Harry’s hair was newly cut, and Draco dreamily combed his fingertips through the softly cropped strands at the back of his neck, drawing shapeless patterns on his scalp, and making Harry shiver lightly.

“This is nice,” Draco sighed, half wishing they could stay there, and not have to entertain all day.

“Mmm,” Harry breathed in reply, burrowing his face in the warm curve of Draco’s neck. “Shall we just stay here?”

“I’m sure my mother would be thrilled to eat breakfast in your bedroom with us,” Draco chided softly.

Harry pulled back with some reluctance. “She’ll be here soon,” he said. “I need to slice the smoked salmon.” He started to drag himself off the bed, but allowed himself to be pulled to a stop when Draco placed a hand on his wrist.

“I’ve got another present I want to give you first,” Draco said, meeting Harry’s eyes and wondering to himself how he managed not to fall into them and never surface again.

“I thought you’d given me that already,” Harry smirked, clearly recalling Draco’s grateful response to his own morning ministrations. Draco screwed his face up in feigned annoyance, but he didn’t reply.

Harry watched him quizzically as he Accio’d a gift from under the tree in the other room, and held out a hand to catch it. “Happy Christmas, Harry,” he said, the affection evident in his voice.

Harry smiled at him so openly and honestly that Draco’s heart missed a beat or two before it settled again. He sat, smiling indulgently as Harry peeled the tape off and lifted the red foil paper open.

“Wow!” Harry gasped in reverent pleasure. “It’s a proper wizard’s camera!” Draco chuckled and pulled his knees into his chest as he watched Harry struggle with the box and then finally get his hands on the camera, turning it over and over so he could look at it from every angle.

“I thought we’d be able to make our own family pictures if we had one,” Draco offered, feeling a little embarrassed at Harry’s obvious pleasure. It seemed fraudulent somehow, to make Harry this happy with such a small token.

“Oh, it’s just perfect!” Harry laughed. “I can’t believe you remembered!”

Oh, Harry, Draco thought. If only you knew. I remember everything you say. “There’re plenty of films in my sock drawer. I didn’t know how many pictures you might want to take.”

“Loads,” Harry chuckled, before bounding off the bed in search of camera film. Once it was loaded, Harry pointed the camera at Draco and said, “Say cheese.”

Draco did better than that. He blew a kiss instead, and Harry laughed delightedly as he clicked away. “Come on,” Draco finally said. “Mother’ll be here any minute.” He led the way out of the bedroom, smiling to himself at the small sounds of Harry laughing and clicking away at Merlin only knew what, somewhere behind him.

Draco greeted his mother at the formal fireplace in the main entrance hall. She had dressed much more casually than she normally would for lunch out, and Draco realised as she hugged him close and kissed his cheek that she was doing her best to fit in with the Weasleys. He told her warmly how pretty she looked, and she laughed that girlish, tinkling laugh of hers in reply before wandering off in search of Harry. Draco watched his mother and Harry together. It was almost like she’d adopted him as her own. She hugged him tightly and kissed his cheek too, and Harry flushed under her affectionate attentions, but he returned them earnestly, and Draco was heartened to see how much Harry clearly liked her.

Harry managed to make the most delicious smoked salmon and scrambled egg breakfast despite his constant picture taking. He must have snapped almost a complete roll just of Draco and his mother, except for the few shots which Narcissa managed to take, of Harry and Draco sitting next to each other, laughing and joking together as they ate.

It took them ages to open their presents because they all appeared to have gone a little mad on the gift-buying front. And of course, they had a photo of every single unwrapping. The mound of brightly coloured parcels was over two feet high all told, and they opened them in rotation, watching each other with eager eyes and big grins. There were far too many gifts to list, and variety was incredible. Narcissa’s favourite gift appeared to be a completely hideous Chudley Cannons nightie, in the most acid orange imaginable. She laughed so hard at it that there were tears on her cheeks. It had been Harry’s idea to get it, but Draco hadn’t

been convinced. He shrugged at Harry, silently admitting he'd been wrong, and he was rewarded with a very cheeky wink.

Of course, Draco saved her best gift until last, and there were real tears in his mother's eyes when she opened it. She was silent for over a minute, staring down into the long, velvet box, her mouth a little 'o' of surprise, her eyes wide with wonder. Narcissa rarely wore red, but Draco always thought it was a mistake. With her colouring she looked spectacular in scarlet. With that in mind, Draco had commissioned a beautiful choker and earring set for her. The choker was made up of three simple strands of palest cream pearls, but its centrepiece was a large teardrop ruby of the deepest blood red imaginable. The earrings were miniature teardrops in the same beautiful ruby red. Harry had approved of the choice for her when Draco had suggested the idea, and money had been no object when it came to thanking her for all she had done, and continued to do for them. It took Draco a while to realise she was crying because she was so silent in her tears. Of course, she'd had to learn to cry quietly during all those years with Lucius, and then the mere memory of his father reminded him forcefully of the last time he'd seen her cry. It had been in the parlour at the manor, one day between Lucius's execution and his funeral. They'd never spoken about the tears, and Draco had always wondered whether they were of sadness or relief.

"I've never had my own," she whispered. Her voice was so quiet, Draco and Harry both had to lean in to hear her. "So many heirlooms, but no jewels just for me." Draco watched her face as she looked down into her lap at the glittering rubies, and there was sadness in her expression. She frowned suddenly and looked straight into Draco's eyes. "You'll keep them, won't you?" she asked, or rather, pleaded. "Don't sell the jewels, Draco. One day, there might be more Malfoys you can pass them to." It was a desperately sad thing to say. There were not going to be any other Malfoys, and they all knew it.

"Of course I'll keep them," he soothed, and she scooted across the sofa and clung to him. He held her close and felt the pain. Her pain. He looked at Harry over his mother's shoulder and there was some understanding in Harry's expression that Draco couldn't fathom. It was something to do with family, and history, Draco intuited, but more than that, he couldn't know.

It took Narcissa a minute or two to let go, and when she did, she thanked them both

profusely and proceeded to shove a very large, flat package into their hands. It was a gift for both of them, she said, so they unpicked the tape together, resisting the temptation to tear into the paper and have it done with.

It was a painting. Or rather, a portrait. It showed the two of them together, standing before the grand entrance to Malfoy Manor. They were both wearing their favourite suits, and as the paper fell away, their painted selves waved and greeted them from the canvas. Draco was stunned to silence, and Harry seemed to feel the same. They knelt next to each other on the floor, staring at the exquisite detail in the depiction and absorbing the setting and the ornate, gold frame. When the painted Harry turned and pecked a kiss on Draco's cheek, pulling him into a hug, Draco watched the natural way they moved together, and above all, how perfectly happy they looked. He smiled when the real Harry imitated the gesture, and Draco turned and kissed him properly, but with restraint, mindful of his mother's presence.

"Cissa, it's beautiful," Harry said quietly. "Thank you so much."

Draco looked at his mother and smiled so warmly at her that the tears pricked in her eyes again. There was more to this picture than there first appeared, he knew. The setting, against Malfoy Manor, was her final approval of Harry as his partner. To show them before his family home meant she gave her blessing for their union. The manor would be theirs after her time was passed. "You shouldn't have," Draco started, knowing any kind of thanks would be inadequate for this amazing gift. "How did you...?"

Narcissa sighed happily for a moment before replying, "I'm afraid I had to be rather sneaky about it all. I've had the artist following you both about for several months now. He needed to paint you from life to capture the movement, you see."

"How very devious of you," Draco said wryly.

She grinned unashamedly. "I know," she replied. "This isn't the only painting he did, actually. He did a small one first, just a head and shoulders portrait of you both. I hung it in the gallery last night."

"I bet that went down well," Draco chuckled, heavy on the sarcasm.

“Well, Lucius certainly had something to say, you might well imagine,” she sighed, the faintest tinge of humour in her voice. “I hung it right opposite him, and he threw such a fit!”

“Mother!” Draco gasped in shock. “Don’t you think it would have been wise to broach my sexuality with him first? I should imagine the sight of Harry and I together killed him all over again.”

Narcissa waved her hand dismissively. “Oh, piffle! It’ll do the old grump good to see you happy,” she said mischievously. “He spent little enough time bothering about that when he was alive. The least he can do is change that now he’s dead. But you should have seen him, fighting to walk through all the other paintings so he could get round to yours to give you what for. Good old great-great grandfather Percival,” she grinned. “Stopped your father dead with that homicidal stare of his.”

Draco snorted. The thought of his father’s portrait ranting and raving and letting out a string of homophobic obscenities was actually quite amusing. He’d have to remember to go and visit the gallery when he got back to the manor again. He hadn’t been up there for years. He’d been steadfastly avoiding the inevitable father/son confrontation, and the withering disappointment that would no doubt drown out any words they might exchange.

“Shall we hang it over the fireplace?” Harry asked, nudging Draco out of his reverie. “If we’re quick we could get it up before the Weasleys start to arrive. I’ve got half an hour before I have to put the potatoes in to roast.”

It took them the full half hour to hang the picture. Narcissa stood back, ‘supervising’ unhelpfully, murmuring, “Left a bit... no, no... right a bit. No... left again...” until even Harry’s nerves must have been stretched. But at least the job was done, and there was time to clear the discarded wrapping paper away before the rest of the guests turned up.

~oOo~



The first person to arrive was Remus Lupin. He Flooed in and drew Harry into a bear hug, slapping his back heartily and bringing a much needed brightness to his tired face. They were clearly pleased to see each other, Draco thought.

If Draco was expecting any judgement from his old professor he was either surprised, or disappointed, not to get any. Lupin shook his hand and smiled genuinely, setting a twinkle off in his eye that reminded Draco forcefully of Dumbledore. In fact, Harry often espoused his opinion that Lupin would be his choice of headmaster for Hogwarts, his very real respect for Professor McGonagall notwithstanding. Lupin lived at Grimmauld Place, and had done since the end of the war. Harry had encouraged him to set up a refuge for victims of lycanthrope attacks, and while incredibly low profile, the charity Lupin ran was well thought of. Draco had to give it to the man; he had guts and determination, that was for certain. But the most surprising part of the venture was Severus Snape's involvement. Now deputy head of Hogwarts, Snape had continued to work on the restorative potions and inhibitors he had brewed all those years ago when Lupin was the Defence Against the Dark Arts professor, refining them for those in need.

Snape. For all the man's standoffish tendencies, Draco recalled him with real affection. He knew the Potions master would be spending his Christmas Day at Hogwarts, providing a company of sorts for those students who were remaining in school. But Draco knew him well enough to know it wasn't such a chore as Snape made it out to be. There was a heart under that steely surface, although it was aired only rarely. Draco and Harry had talked about Snape many times, and Draco really wished the tension between them could be resolved. There was too much water under the bridge, it seemed, to right the wrongs of the past. They managed to be abruptly polite at public functions, but Draco wished for an end to the hostilities. He wouldn't push, though. It wasn't his business, after all.

Within minutes there was a second roar in the grate, and Molly Weasley stepped out breathlessly, as if she had run from her house to Harry's, and not Flooed in. She mumbled distracted 'hellos' and made straight for the kitchen, arms laden with crockery bowls and an assortment of half-prepared dishes. She was like a mini whirlwind, and she immediately took over Harry's kitchen like she was born there. Harry shrugged in amusement and let her get on with it.

The sound of Christmas music filled the flat, and with the twinkling lights everywhere, and the smell of food permeating every room, Draco really felt Christmassy. He leaned in the kitchen doorway and watched Harry and Molly battle it out for supremacy. Harry had said she would have difficulty giving up the reins, and it appeared he'd been correct.

Ron and the twins arrived next, in a loud bellow of laughter and the popping, snapping, shriek of indoor fireworks exploding. The twins both hugged Draco, but Ron kept it at a handshake, even though it was a genuine one. If Draco felt any concerns about Ron's choice of greeting, they were smoothed away when he watched Ron shake Harry's hand too. He clearly wasn't very touchy-feely. Not like the twins, who, Draco thought, went over the line from hugging into groping as they wished his mother a Merry Christmas. He shook his head in bemusement as he watched them flirt outrageously with her, only turning the heat down when Molly barked out a reprimand from the kitchen.

Arthur, Hermione and the new Weasley twins arrived next, rather curiously knocking at the door. It turned out that Hermione had been told not to Floo with the babies for another couple of months, because they were still smaller than they should be. Apparently, Arthur Weasley had jumped at the chance to ride in the car instead, and Draco grinned to see Hermione's happy frustration at his boundless enthusiasm. He was chattering away twenty to the dozen about 'fowl injection' and 'exhaustive pipes', even as Draco and Harry both greeted him with a handshake.

Playing the polite co-host, Draco took charge of fixing drinks for people as they arrived, partly to help Harry out, and partly to show just how comfortable he was in these surroundings. He caught his mother's eye every so often, and she nodded her head and smiled at him, expressing her pleasure as well as her surprise to see him behaving in such an out of character way. Back at the manor, the house-elves did all the serving. It was just how Draco had been brought up. He was a Lord, after all. But in the same way that Harry wasn't the Boy-Who-Won at home, so, Draco wasn't Lord Malfoy, either. They were just Harry and Draco, playing couples in the comfort of their own homes. Except that unlike his parents, who had played at it, Draco and Harry were a real happy couple, and it was important beyond measure that the Weasleys accepted him into their midst. Any one of them might sow a seed of doubt in Harry's mind, and Draco made sure he gave them no ammunition to use against him.

It turned out that Bill and Fleur weren't coming. Fleur's pregnancy had been announced several days earlier, and they had made the sensible decision to remain in France with her family rather than undertake the journey back to England. Percy had taken an emergency cover shift at the Ministry, and therefore would also not be joining them. Draco had his suspicions about that. The war crimes investigation had shown that Percy was on the verge of taking the Dark Mark at the time of Voldemort's downfall. He had only been saved from disgrace by inconclusive testimony and ambiguous memories. Draco had noted that Percy avoided being in his company at the slightest opportunity. He wondered if Lucius had been key in Percy's defection to the Death Eaters, as perhaps that might explain his reluctance to engage with him on any level.

That only left Ginny and Charlie. Draco was unaccountably nervous about Ginny's arrival. He thought there was something infinitely worse about pulling the rug out from under her feet when her parents were there. He wondered how he was going to manage her mood, and was grateful that Charlie had been appointed her unofficial bodyguard.

Not long after the outburst in the pub, Ginny had voluntarily entered St. Peerifool's, a therapeutic community that Hermione had found through her medical connections. Ginny's mental malady diagnosis had surprised few of the family and close friends, but had been the cause of great sadness to them all. The Healers at St. Peerifool's believed the root of Ginny's problem was the incident with Riddle's diary. The enforced closeness with Voldemort's younger self had affected Ginny greatly, but her changing behaviour had been written off as teenage tantrums at the time. No one had seen it coming, but when Draco thought about it, it was obvious. Harry at least had had some sort of resilience to Voldemort, thanks to the Avada Kedavra he'd survived as a baby. There was some element of the Dark Lord forever ingrained into Harry, and it had been his protection from the worst of the stresses. Ginny, of course, had no such ability to resist, and was perhaps irreparably altered by her ordeal. Draco had spent many hours mulling over the diagnosis, and he felt to blame in some way, even if it was purely by association to his father. His guilt coloured his emotions toward her, and Draco found himself pitying rather than hating. He didn't necessarily think this change was an improvement, and it certainly wasn't very 'Slytherin'.

Charlie and Ginny Apparated into Harry's hallway shortly after Hermione's arrival. Looking

over to his mother for support, Draco noticed she was looking concerned too, and he wondered if she felt the same responsibility he did. Ginny had a vacant look about her, especially in her eyes. She looked ghastly somehow, with a sparkling tinsel streamer wrapped about her neck like a scarf. She linked arms sluggishly with Charlie and allowed herself to be led through to the main room, where Arthur Weasley jumped up and dragged her into an effusive hug. Draco could have sworn Arthur's eyes swam for just a moment as his baby daughter hugged him back, but he was saved from letting his emotional state worsen by the raucous interference of Fred and George. They dragged a giggling Ginny away from her father and took it in turns hugging her, fighting good-naturedly over the privilege of going first.

When she finally turned to Draco, Ginny's face fell into a jumble of confusing expressions. "Merry Christmas, Draco," she said, and he was sure there was a small tic in her eye as she spoke.

Draco smiled at her, giving it his best effort, and he leaned down and kissed her cheek, just like he would an old friend. She looked terribly sad when he pulled away, and there was remorse in her eyes. Draco just knew she wanted to say sorry, that she was probably going to say sorry, and he knew he couldn't accept it, not since she was probably this way because of his father. Her mouth opened to speak, and he cut her off smoothly.

"I think a drink is in order," he grinned. "What can I get you, Gin?"

"Um, I'm not really sure," she said distractedly.

"How about a little Bucks Fizz?" he cajoled. "I make a pretty mean cocktail, I'll have you know."

Ginny looked lost. She was looking at Draco like he was a stranger, and in lots of ways, he supposed he was. Finally, she smiled nervously. "Just a dash of champagne, then. I don't want to make a fool of myself."

Draco heard the unspoken 'again' at the end of her sentence, and he rubbed her upper arm briskly, just to show her everything was fine. "A dash it is," he said confidentially, and he

turned away to fetch it. Harry had been watching the interaction with interest, and Draco saw him mouth 'thank you' across the room. He felt himself flush with pleasure at being able to get something right for once when it came to emotional sensitivity. He was clearly learning!

When he returned with her drink, Ginny was standing silently before the portrait. Harry and Draco were waving at her, and she was smiling faintly, nodding her head to them in greeting.

"It's beautiful," she told him as she took the glass.

"Isn't it?" Draco said, winking up at the pair of them.

"You're lucky," she said, the emotion unmistakeable in her voice, but contained in some way.

"I know," he replied, showing her with his face that he really meant it, and that he loved Harry more than he could say. It was enough. She saluted him with her glass and wandered off after Charlie. He watched her go, and he felt more at peace with himself in that moment. It was a good feeling.

The pre-dinner warm-up got louder and louder as the Weasleys consumed more alcohol. It was good-humoured though, Draco thought, and he found himself engaging in a long and heated debate with a tiddly Arthur Weasley on the benefits of mobile phones over owls. Most of the rest of the gathering were half listening to them disagree, but it was good fun really, and there were no hard feelings at all.

The actual Christmas dinner was barely-contained rowdiness. Neither Narcissa nor Draco really knew what had hit them, but both Harry and Hermione shot them 'it's usually like this' shrugs, so they both concentrated on the business of enjoying themselves. Unsurprisingly, the meal was a complete success. Draco had been touched beyond words when Harry asked him to carve the turkey. Fred and George had provided an accompanying drum-roll as he'd made the first cut, and streamers and firecrackers had popped through the air as he had started to serve the meat up onto plates.

All told, the meal took nearly three hours to consume. Many jokes and stories were told as people savoured their feasts, and Remus Lupin told them wild and exciting tales about the fabled Eastern European werewolf packs. Draco was completely exhausted by the end. His belly strained against his clothes, and that was saying something, because he'd selected looser jeans on Harry's advice.

The tiny twins, Henry and Grace, slept through most of the mealtime, although Draco couldn't fathom how. It must have been like trying to sleep next to a nest of hungry dragons. Every so often, he looked across at his mother, and more often than not, she was gazing lovingly at the little tots. She had insisted on holding them both as they all chatted before sitting down together, and there were many aspects of her demeanour that Draco recalled from his own childhood with renewed gratitude. Seeing her looking like that, and not doing it to make any kind of point to him, made Draco think long and hard about families. He looked around the table of Weasleys and saw how good they were together. Inevitably, his eyes fell on Harry, and he was fascinated to note Harry's gentle observation of the babies, too. Draco's world shifted off-kilter for long seconds as he recognised for the first time the strength of paternal instinct in Harry. He looked on with wide-open eyes as Harry lifted Grace from her pram when she awoke and started to cry. Hermione was clearly thankful for the opportunity to finish her dessert in peace, and she didn't give a second glance as Harry stood up and walked to and fro with Grace, rocking her gently and calming her with soft kisses on her temple. He was a natural protector.

Oh no. Harry wanted children. It hit him like a hex between the eyes. Draco didn't know what to do. The thought of being a father had never ever crossed his mind. He'd not even given it any thought when his mother had started off on her reproductive crusade. But seeing Harry made Draco register awareness of the fact that he now had someone else's feelings other than his own to consider. It was just that it was all too soon. Maybe when they were older? He found that contemplating fatherhood was absolutely terrifying, and he wondered how the hell people did it without making a total mess of their kids. There was no natural parent in Draco, he believed, and he felt mildly ill when he considered the prospect. He felt convinced it wasn't for him.

The table quietened down towards the end of the meal. People were stuffed and sluggish,

and there were one or two drooping eyelids around the table. Harry had informed Draco that it was Weasley family tradition to clear the meal away and have a snooze for an hour or so before exchanging the family gifts. Draco had thought it was a stupid idea at the time, but now he could see what a bloody marvellous one it really was.

The clean up took less than twenty minutes with all hands on task, and within half an hour, the sofas were full to overflowing of sprawling bodies, all settling in for a sleep. While definitely tired, Draco knew he wouldn't sleep. He wandered into the kitchen to do some quiet plate stacking, and left everyone else to their rest.

He hadn't been in there many minutes when Hermione wandered in with a baby on each hip. They smiled at each other, and she took a seat at the kitchen table.

"I need to feed them," she said. "Would you mind?"

"Of course not," Draco replied. "Go ahead."

When Hermione started to unbutton her top, Draco's eyes went wide as cauldrons and he exclaimed, "Oh! Sorry, Hermione I didn't realise what you meant." He threw the tea towel down and made his way towards the door, averting his eyes from Hermione's chest.

"There's no need to go," Hermione chuckled. "I'm used to whipping them out in public these days," she added, the laughter still evident in her voice.

"I couldn't," Draco said feebly, but slowing down all the same.

"I could probably do with a spare pair of hands, to tell the truth," she said, twisting round in the chair to look up at him. "Henry tends to get a bit wiggly when he's hungry, and I'd never forgive myself if I dropped one of them."

When Draco remained silent, she continued, "If it makes you feel any better, I'll give you fair warning when I'm going to pop one out. There's no need for you to have to actually look." There was a kind of wry amusement in her voice. It said, 'I know you're a gay boy, and I bet the thought of women's tits makes you nauseous'.

“It’s not that,” Draco said quickly, hoping he hadn’t offended one of Harry’s best friends. “It’s just that it’s, uh, private, I suppose.”

Hermione really did laugh then. “When you’ve got a baby, nothing’s private. Come on. Sit down and help me out, will you?”

He gave in and wandered back, sitting just around the table from her. When she handed Grace to him to hold, the look of abject fear in his face must have been blindingly obvious. Hermione showed him how to hold Grace, and he concentrated every bit of his mental energy on imitating her exactly, making sure he did it absolutely right. It was, Draco discovered, like trying to hold a mould-less jelly. His own arms were stiff and uncooperative, but Grace wriggled and gurgled and showed him her gums as she blew bubbles at him. He didn’t know whether to coo or vomit.

In his peripheral vision, Draco noted Hermione ease her bra cup back and scoop her breast out. He wanted to look and he knew it was wrong. He’d flicked a glance up at her guiding her nipple into Henry’s mouth before he could stop himself and to his complete horror, she caught him doing it. He flushed purple in a split second, and snapped his head down to the baby in his arms, wishing the ground would open up and swallow him whole.

Next, the sound of sucking filled the air and Draco cringed in embarrassment. Merlin, Henry was sucking Hermione’s nork! It was all too disturbing for words. If anyone had told him when he was at school that he’d be sitting in Harry Potter’s kitchen on Christmas day, holding a ginger Weasley baby and watching Granger breastfeed, he’d have been convinced they were barking mad. Unless it was Sybil Trelawney. He knew she was barking mad, and it was just the kind of fabricated clap-trap she was wont to spout.

“You don’t have to be so mortified,” Hermione said. He grunted a reply but didn’t look up. “Why don’t you just look?” she asked. “Better to face something you fear head on.”

“I’m not scared,” he snapped, looking up at her with a frown on his face, and realising instantly that she’d tricked him into it, because a grin that broad couldn’t mean anything else.



“Then just get it over with,” she said, shaking her head slowly at his reticence.

Steeling himself, he looked down at Hermione’s chest and took in the restful, rested features of baby Henry’s face. He was quite contented, he saw, and the tranquillity that seemed to surround Hermione was infectious. Draco felt himself relax and hold Grace a bit more confidently. He tipped his head on one side, trying to get a better view of Henry’s face, and he found he couldn’t look away. Nature truly was a wondrous thing.

“I leave you alone for five minutes and you start batting for the other team!”

Draco jerked at Harry’s voice and he felt his blush renew as Harry walked across the kitchen to come and stand next to him.

There was a faint popping sound, and Hermione detached Henry from her breast and reached out with one hand for Grace. Harry swooped in and took Henry, for some reason throwing a tea towel over his shoulder before he took him. Hermione smiled her thanks before she took Grace from Draco, and the entire routine played over again. Draco watched Harry hold Henry to his chest and rub his back, patting it carefully until he burped. Ah. The presence of the tea towel suddenly became evident as Henry deposited a mouthful of vomit on Harry’s shoulder. Draco knew his brow wrinkled in disgust, but he was proud that he managed to keep his exclamation in check.

Finally, he said, “I need a drink,” and he lurched towards the fridge, reaching for the half-empty bottle of white zinfandel and glugging a large measure into a glass, half of which he downed in a single swallow. When he turned back, Harry and Hermione were looking at each other and shaking their heads in bemusement.

“What?” he said.

“Honey, if I have to tell you, it’s not worth explaining,” Harry laughed.

There wasn’t a lot he could say to that.

~oOo~

Draco and Harry's third round of present opening was by far the most entertaining. That was hardly surprising as Fred and George compered the gift giving, swapping the Santa hat between their heads, and each sporting a fine, full white beard thanks to a Hairy Humbug, (patent pending). Molly Weasley was three sheets to the wind, having enjoyed her fourth sherry of the day, and her hysterical laughter was completely infectious. It was just about as far from serious as you could get. There were a large number of similar sized bundles, all from Molly and Arthur, and thanks to Harry's pre-warning, Draco knew these were going to be homemade jumpers. Draco had been practicing his 'grateful' face in the mirror for weeks, but it appeared to have been rather in vain. Molly was so pissed she could probably see four of everything, and therefore was not liable to note any lack of appreciation for her handiwork.

The twins threw Harry and Draco's packages to them at the same time, and they sat next to each other, Harry tearing his paper gleefully, while Draco managed an altogether more refined unwrapping. When they shook their jumpers out, it became evident that a mistake had been made with the labels. Harry had a green one with a big grey D on the front, and Draco had a blue one, with a big yellow H on it. There was much hilarity at Molly's expense over the mistake, but Harry and Draco just looked at each other, shrugged, and pulled the one they'd unwrapped over their heads. Harry had warned Draco that his jumper might be a little baggy, but the fact that his had been made for Harry made it a sloppier fit still. But Draco didn't care. He felt like he belonged now, and even though he'd never have dreamed of wanting to belong to this particular group of people, he didn't question his happiness at the sensation.

When there were only two presents left, George and Fred took one each and went to hand them out.

"Not that one," Draco said, pointing to the slim package Fred was holding. "That's for later." Fred must have seen something in Draco's face, because he never made a coarse joke. He merely slid it back beneath the tree, and watched as George handed the last

package to his mother.

They all watched in fascination as Narcissa unwrapped her gift. She had been left out of the Molly-jumper round, for which, Draco knew, she'd be eternally grateful. Screwing the paper up and discarding it, Narcissa sat looking at a bright orange tube of Molly Weasley's hand-knitting. She lifted it cautiously, looking at it from every angle and making appreciative noises.

"'s a muff," Molly clarified, her voice all slurred and drowsy.

There were loud snorts from every corner of the room, and Fred and George had to hold each other up to stop from collapsing into hysterics.

"How very thoughtful," Narcissa said honestly. "And I'm sure Griffin will appreciate your choice of colour as much as I do." Draco watched his mother rise out of her seat and walk over to where Molly was slumped. She gave Molly a hug, and a peck on the cheek, and Draco thought Mrs Weasley might faint from shock. "I'll wear it tomorrow," Narcissa added as she returned to her seat. "These Boxing Day Quidditch fixtures really are rather tedious, don't you think? It's far too cold for sport. But my hands will be lovely and toasty, thanks to you."

Draco grinned at Harry, thinking how much of a politician his mother would make.

"Who needs a drink?" Harry called out, taking orders from the merry rabble even as he pushed Draco back towards the kitchen, to finish his role as barman for the day.

An hour or two later, when heads were starting to nod, people gathered themselves together and headed home. Harry and Draco stood side by side in the hallway, hugging people and kissing cheeks, even with Ron this time, who surprised Draco by gripping him in a hold tight enough to squeeze the air out of his lungs. Promises were made to meet up in a day or two, and the masses Flooed home, or headed for the car, until there was only Narcissa remaining. She kissed them both warmly and wished them a happy holiday, and they thanked her again for her incredible gift. She was going away with Griffin the next day, straight after the match. They were spending New Year in Switzerland at his chalet, and

both Draco and Harry wished her well in her travels.

She wagged her fingers in a tiny wave as the green flame flashed in the fireplace, and then it was just Draco and Harry again. The kiss they shared was lingering and restful. It was all the motivating they needed to get on with the remains of the clear up.

~oOo~

Finally, all the tidying was done, and the last of the food was carefully packed away. Draco and Harry had taken turns in the shower, too tired to entertain any thoughts of watery foreplay for once. By unspoken consent, they met back at the sofa nearest the Christmas tree, right opposite their new portrait. The fire was crackling comfortably, and the hazy waves of heat it gave out were enough to lull their senses into relaxation. They lay together, their baggy pyjamas tangling around them as they stared up at themselves in the portrait. Not unlike with the real Harry, Draco could watch his painted depiction for hours.

“It’s an incredible painting, isn’t it?” Harry finally murmured, barely breaking the quiet. “We’re very lucky to get such a wonderful present. Your mother’s something else, Draco.” It was said with such affection that Draco snuggled further back into Harry’s embrace, and rubbed the back of his head against Harry’s chin.

“There’s still one more present to go,” Draco said, his relaxation evaporating as he considered the final gift for his lover. He knew the gift would be appreciated beyond words, but the history and the strength of emotion attached to the long wooden box guaranteed their perfect day would end in tears. Draco didn’t want it to happen, but he couldn’t find any other way to do it.

He pulled himself off the sofa and walked to the tree to pick up the box. The wrapping was metallic blue in colour, with a long silver streamer of a bow decorating it. He was just wasting time he knew. He had to give the gift and let the situation pan out how it would.

As he handed the gift to Harry and curled up at the far end of the sofa, Draco said,

“Remember how much I love you, Harry. Remember how much we all love you.”

There was apprehension in Harry’s face as he weighed the gift, a tiny line drawing down between his brows as he contemplated the wrapping paper and curled a single finger in the trail of silver ribbon. Draco’s heart was in his mouth, thumping away anxiously and threatening to exit his body via his throat.

It took an interminable time for Harry to undo the paper but eventually, he sat stock still, with the long, thin box balanced on his thighs. It was plain, and not particularly good quality wood. But the box wasn’t the gift, and Draco knew it didn’t matter. He nodded to Harry for him to go ahead and open it, and Draco was even more unnerved to see Harry’s hand shake as he lifted it and drew the lid off slowly.

From where he was sitting, Draco couldn’t see inside the box, but he didn’t need to. He knew the box contained two wands; two chipped and singed wands. They didn’t look special, but they were.

“I don’t understand,” Harry said, not even looking up to speak. “I don’t need a wand any more.” Draco sat frozen, watching Harry move as though in slow motion. His thought processes were visible in his expression, and Draco could almost hear the ‘Are they? Aren’t they?’ internal dialogue Harry was having with himself, too scared to simply believe.

“They’re not to replace your old wand,” Draco said gently, his voice little more than a whisper of air.

It would have been pointless to buy Harry a wand. He didn’t need one; hadn’t needed one in years. Not since the final conflict, in fact. When Harry’s wand had been turned to little more than a stick of charcoal during his duel with Voldemort, something had happened to his magic. In simple terms, it came from within.

In the aftermath of the conflict, it became evident that Harry was more than competent at wandless magic, in fact if anything, his magic seemed more organic, more of his own essence. Thoughts of replacing his wand didn’t appear to enter Harry’s mind, and he never bought another one. It was fairly well known that Harry was adept at both wandless and

non-verbal magic, although people spoke of it in hushed voices, perhaps scared of inviting attention from one so powerful that he no longer needed an artificial focus for his gift. Draco had grown used to ‘things’ just happening around them, with no apparent cause. Like the fire appearing to light itself, or a book slide from its place on the shelf and float across the room into Harry’s waiting hand. The gift of magic was so ingrained in Harry that it seemed to Draco he merely had to think something, and his magic took care of it. Draco couldn’t remember the last time Harry had needed to learn a spell. Probably back in school. Harry was one with his magic, and it was an awesome thing to grapple with, intellectually. But for all his power, Harry was never arrogant, his expectations of others never unreasonable.

Draco watched with bated breath as Harry lifted a hand above the box. He extended a finger and reached inside, stroking his fingertip along the length of one of the battered strips of wood. Harry was frowning harder still, and Draco thought it might have been Harry’s anxiety making a break for the surface.

A whisper of wind wove its way around Draco’s body, raising goose pimples in an instant, and he knew the moment Harry felt it too. Draco could have sworn Harry’s hair was ruffled as the breeze picked up pace, and he felt sure that if the movement of the air was visible, it would be coiling around Harry and holding him close.

Harry’s mouth dropped open and he gasped, a sharp hitch of his chest. His upper body tensed and relaxed and Draco watched, hypnotised, as a heavy, fat teardrop rolled out of Harry’s eye and splashed onto his own hand. He was shaking. Harry was shaking, but why, Draco couldn’t tell. All he could see was the painfully slow journey of Harry’s finger along the wands in turn, and his open mouth, gasping short, shallow breaths. The tears carried on, but they were silent, just the odd droplet falling into Harry’s lap, and painting salty lines on his cheeks. Draco wanted to touch him. He wanted to gather Harry into his arms and never let go, but he was scared of ruining this moment, because he thought it might never be recaptured again. After an age of silence:

“Where?”

Harry’s voice was choked and tight.

Draco had to clear his throat because he tried to speak and couldn't. He swallowed painfully, and replied, "Buried in the back of a filing cabinet in the Department of Mysteries. Long forgotten by everyone working there." He could have said more, but he didn't. It seemed right to stay quiet, for some reason.

Harry turned to look at him finally, and the terrible mixture of emotions shaping his features was almost too painful for Draco to bear.

"But how?" he asked, and there was genuine puzzlement in his voice, like his brain had shut down and couldn't process any new information.

Draco felt his face soften, and his lips formed the smallest of smiles. "It's a long story," he said. "I'll tell you all about it when you've had a chance to, you know, get used to them." He stumbled over his words, not sure quite how to phrase it. He didn't want to be the first one to say their names.

"Would you tell me now?" Harry asked, and in line with every other aspect of his life with Harry, Draco could not refuse.

"I don't even know how it all started, really," Draco began, pulling his knees into his chest and rocking himself slightly. He had to look away from Harry's face because it was too distracting, and he thought he might break down if he didn't. He gazed at the portrait instead, watching their painted selves paying rapt attention, embracing loosely as they looked on. Harry didn't prod him to continue, and Draco made his own time.

"I was at the Ministry for something or other. It was a couple of months back." He frowned, trying to recall the exact date, and the purpose of his visit, but the details had slipped away. "There was a big clear out going on in the Department of Mysteries. Removal wizards were everywhere, and I got trapped on the ninth floor by a stack of crates that wouldn't levitate where they were told." He flicked his gaze over to Harry, and Harry was watching him with frightening concentration. He looked away again.

"I started talking to the clerk of the archive, and it turned out that the department had

finally exceeded the available space to grow any further. They were moving a lot of old artefacts to a storage facility off site. All the safe artefacts, of course,” he added quickly, making sure Harry knew there was no reason for him to worry about any dangerous magicks being released on the public again. Harry was silent, and Draco could sense no movement either in his peripheral vision.

“It seemed that at some point during the clear out, a cache of war relics was discovered. Stuff that no one had bothered to catalogue or investigate. Mostly because at the time, people had been worried about what they might find if they looked too closely, but then later, because the war took over everything, and people just didn’t have the capacity.” He paused, recalling the clear, authoritative voice of the archivist as she had explained it all to him.

“We were kept waiting in the corridor for a very long time. Hours, actually.”

“I remember you saying,” Harry said quietly, and when Draco turned to look at him, the pain in his face had lessened and instead, it was filled with something different altogether. Something hopeful, maybe.

Draco nodded and smiled before continuing, “There was nowhere to sit, so I leaned on this very old filing cabinet. The archivist said something like, ‘Take this for example. Bottom drawer’s full of old wands. Merlin only knows where they came from’. She opened the drawer to show me, and I looked inside, and there was a jumble of wands. It was sad, like looking at a memorial to all the witches and wizards who fell, down the years. It was wrong that they were hidden away, and I got to thinking about it. How many unanswered questions could be solved by the contents of that drawer?” And it had been sad. Never one for sentimentality, Draco had wondered at his atypically strong reaction, and even after his release from the corridor, he didn’t forget the wands.

“We chatted about other things; the war in general, like you do,” he continued, not really sure how to explain to Harry how things happened from that point on. “And after we were finally released from the corridor, the image of those wands haunted me. I kept wondering how many of them belonged to people my father had murdered, and then I wondered about specific people.” Draco stopped dead. It was harder than he’d imagined, finally having this



conversation with Harry. He'd known it would be hard, and that it was needed by both of them, but that didn't make it easier to deal with.

"Go on," Harry prompted quietly, moving one hand and placing it on the seat of the sofa, somewhere between them both.

"A day or two later, after I'd dreamed about the wands two nights in a row, I wrote to Aldebaran at the Department of Mysteries. I asked him to let me see the wands again. He said no. Said there was no reason for it; that I shouldn't have seen them in the first place, and that there was nothing to gain from prodding at old wounds for the families of those who fell."

Draco pulled in a deep breath, needing just to gather himself, to calm down a bit. "I was angry," he said, glancing at Harry again, but able to linger on his face this time, and feel some of Harry's own feelings for himself. "I didn't bother messing about. I went straight to the top." He snorted to himself as he recalled the overpowering sense of purpose that was rootless, but that ate at him until he did something.

"I wrote to Perdita, and she invited me to visit her. I went straight away."

This was the hard bit, the part Draco struggled to deal with himself because if it was real, then there were talents within himself he'd never anticipated.

"She wanted to know why I felt so strongly about it. It sounded stupid to say it out loud, but she didn't laugh at me, or suggest I might be imagining things." He swallowed hard. The sound was like thunder in his ears. "I told her I couldn't stop thinking about the wands, and whenever I thought of them, I thought about you. There was a link there, and I swear, Harry, I've never been more certain of anything."

There were tears in Harry's eyes again. Draco watched them fill up, and Harry's eyes looked like glass, but with a depth to them that glass could never achieve.

"She believed me." He shrugged. "Just like that. She believed me, and she sent a directive to Aldebaran as I sat there, instructing the release of all the wands to me," Draco said, reliving

the relief he had felt at that moment. Harry was looking at him like he was the centre of the universe, and he thought that he didn't deserve such adoration.

"The wands were at my office when I got back from lunch with her. I laid them all out on the desk and I looked at every single one of them, turning them over in my hands, looking for clues, or hoping to feel something that might narrow the search down. I had to give up after a while because I was trying too hard." He paused to take a couple of breaths, but he cut his break short because the look on Harry's face, the look that said he had waited for this for so long, hurried Draco to finish his story.

"I tried sorting them out in all sorts of ways. Biggest to smallest; lightest to heaviest; you name it, I tried it." He rubbed his forehead in remembered frustration and Harry tracked the movement with piercing eyes. "In the end, I decided to do the least logical thing I could think of." He shrugged in embarrassment. "I ranked them in order of the ones I liked the most. Not the ones that felt the best in my hand, but the ones that felt right in my head when I looked at them." He nodded his head towards the box, and Harry's eyes skipped down to the contents again before flicking back up. "Those two were my favourites, but I couldn't say why, and my rational mind told me it wasn't enough."

Harry's hand was stilled, within the box. It was just resting there, pressing down on the wands, and Draco knew he would be savouring the texture of them against his palm.

"Patricia suggested getting a professional in to weigh and test them, and she even found an independent specialist to do the job. We tracked down a girl in France, called Lillevander. Hers was the Gallic branch of the Ollivander family tree, and wand making is a family speciality, whatever the country of origin. She came over, and she did lots of tests on the wands. It was her that actually confirmed they were the ones. She assured me it was beyond doubt." He looked at Harry's face and knew she had been correct. That they'd both been correct.

There was a very long silence. More than a minute, in which only the crackle of the fire could be heard.

"I'd always thought they were destroyed," Harry finally said, his voice faltering and

stumbling over the words. “You know, when they were... when mum and dad were killed.”

Draco merely nodded his understanding. He had no idea what to say.

“I never even looked.”

The tears fell from Harry’s eyes in a steady stream, and Draco thought they were tears of guilt, of neglect.

“But why would you, Harry?” he said, leaning forward and placing his hand over Harry’s, their fingers lacing together as much out of habit as for comfort. “You couldn’t have known. No one knew.”

“You did,” Harry said, and the two words were brimming over with awe, and gratitude on a level Draco was staggered to behold.

“It was serendipity, Harry. Nothing more.”

“That’s not true!” Harry replied. “You’ve got a special gift, Draco, and just because you didn’t know about it before doesn’t mean it’s not real.”

“I can’t explain it,” Draco said, irritated at himself because he really couldn’t, and he hated being beaten by things.

“Some things can’t be explained,” Harry said. “But I don’t care. You’ve given me something I thought was lost forever, Draco. There aren’t enough words to say thank you for this.”

“It’s nothing,” Draco said, self-deprecatingly.

“It’s everything!” Harry exclaimed loudly, excitedly. “You must see that?”

Draco watched Harry put the box aside for a moment, even though it was a struggle to do so. He crawled over the sofa and dragged Draco into an awkward embrace, their limbs in the wrong places to make it comfortable. But it was sincere, and when Harry touched him,

Draco felt an undeniable sense that Harry was the only person who would ever touch him this way again. Inside and out. They were meant to be.

“That’s my life, in that box,” Harry mumbled, his face buried in Draco’s neck. “That’s where I come from. You’ve given me back my family.”

All Draco could think was that they were two simple pieces of wood, and even in his wildest dreams, he could never have anticipated the ferocious strength of their effect on Harry. Draco hugged him back, stroking his hands through Harry’s hair, down his spine, and murmuring wordless sounds of comfort that combined to make Harry melt into him in the most heart-wrenching way.

Harry pulled back, and they knelt before each other, hands loosely clasped on their thighs, smiling and learning to live with this new piece of his life.

“I can feel my mum and dad, Draco,” Harry said excitedly. “I can feel them here.” He pulled their hands up to his chest, and Harry laid Draco’s palm flat against his heart. Draco could feel the heightened beating of it through Harry’s ribcage, and something about the gesture warmed him right through. “I’ve seen them before, and I’ve even heard them speak to me once or twice,” Harry chattered. “But I’ve never felt them before. It sounds stupid, but I can smell mum’s perfume, and how can I do that, when I can’t even remember her?” There was a manic quality to Harry’s words, and Draco knew it was just the excitement of the moment, but he was terrified the effect would wear off, and Harry would be bereft again.

“I feel like I finally know them. And not just through second hand stories from well-meaning strangers, but properly, like a son should.”

“That’s wonderful, Harry,” Draco said, and he smiled so broadly that Harry smiled back, the simplest of expressions.

He pulled his hands slowly out of Harry’s, giving both permission and a prompt for Harry to return his attention to his treasure. He watched Harry for ten or fifteen minutes. Harry held each wand in turn, stroking the scored and dented surfaces with reverence. Harry’s laughter was as delighted as a small child’s when showers of glittery stars fountained out of the tips

of each wand as he swished and flicked them through the air, learning the feel of them and fixing the sensations in his head.

Finally, Harry put them back in the box, and even though Draco sensed his reluctance to do so, he also saw the joy they had brought, and knew Harry had a lifetime to enjoy them. They walked to bed silently, hand in hand, and Harry kept a grip on the wooden box, placing it on the cabinet next to the bed as he stripped his pyjamas off and climbed in under the covers.

The lights went out, and they snuggled up together, Harry spooning his body around Draco's back, his arm thrown over almost casually, but possessive in the best way imaginable.

"That's the second best present I've ever been given," Harry sighed, his breath ruffling the hair on the back of Draco's neck, before he moved in to place a soft kiss there.

"Oh?" Draco replied, feeling deflated, but trying to hide it. "And what was the best, then?"

Harry squeezed him tightly and rubbed his chin on Draco's shoulder. "You," he said warmly. "You gave yourself to me and I'm the luckiest man alive."

Draco stilled completely. No one had ever said such a beautiful thing to him. "But I love you," he said finally. "What else was I supposed to do?"

"Nothing," Harry whispered, and Draco could hear in his voice that he was smiling. "Happy Christmas, Draco," he finished, letting his body relax into sleep, finally.

Closing his eyes and drifting off, Draco mumbled, "It was, wasn't it?"

~oOo~

Draco wasn't surprised to wake and find the bed next to him empty. He cast Tempus and saw the time was a quarter to four. He stretched his aching body and rolled out of bed, tiredly dragging his pyjamas on before going to look for Harry.

Sure enough, Harry was sitting in the almost-dark, only the fairy lights on the tree illuminating his face at all. He held a wand in each hand, and his hands were resting on his thighs. The room was chilly, and Draco moved to light the fire before he went to sit at Harry's feet.

"What happened to the other wands?" Harry said, and there was a sharp tone to his voice which Draco read as fear that the rest were still lying in some drawer, gathering dust and forgotten once again.

"Gabrielle Lillevander took them," he reassured. "I spoke to her a couple of days ago, and there's only one wand left unrecognised." Draco watched Harry slump as the tension ebbed out of him. This was just so Harry. To put other people before himself. Even through his own euphoria, he'd not forgotten the other people, those other families who might finally know some peace. "The Ministry's been returning them as Gabrielle reported her findings," he said with a calming smile. "Some of them belonged to Death Eaters. Not all the wands were innocently used," he added. "But still, the families have all been pleased in one way or another to see the return of so many memories."

"But she'll keep trying with that last one?" Harry asked, his voice full of need.

"Of course," Draco confirmed, placing his hands around Harry's calves and sliding them downward. Harry's feet were icy cold, and Draco rubbed at them, doing his best to share his warmth, to make Harry more comfortable.

"They wanted to be found, Draco," Harry said. "They wanted you to find them. I absolutely believe that without question."

Draco could see it was true. The conviction was startling in its strength.

"Don't you see?" Harry almost pleaded. "They've given you their blessing. They're not here to say it, but they've found a way." Harry's face crumpled with emotion, but no more tears came. Perhaps there weren't any left. "They love you, Draco. Just like I do."

Draco could feel the emotion welling up inside himself, and he strained against it, convinced he needed to remain calm for Harry's sake. "Then I'm lucky, aren't I?" he murmured, seeing the affection plain in Harry's face.

When Harry smiled, Draco's world lit up. He let Harry pull him up, and he extinguished the fire as they wandered back to bed. Draco settled Harry in under the covers before he got in himself, and he watched his beloved with unbounded fondness as he slipped the wands beneath his pillow and settled his head on top.

Draco lay in the dark, listening to the sounds of Harry sleeping. He stayed awake for a very long time. When the darkness was turning to daylight, and all the hiding places for scary feelings had disappeared, he took one last lingering look at Harry's handsome face and closed his eyes. Finally, it was time to rest.

## Chapter Thirteen

Draco felt like a big, fat slug when he finally woke up on Boxing Day. Looking back on the day before, he mused that he must have eaten nearly his own body weight in food, and therefore he only had himself to blame for his bloated state.

Lying in the grey haze of the bedroom with one hand slung over his eyes and the other massaging his distended belly lightly, he wished there was a cure for too much food in the body. Oh, yeah, there was! He wondered vaguely if Harry had all the necessary ingredients handy for him to knock up a batch of Laxative Draught, then decided it was too much like hard work, and that he'd be better off letting nature take its course.

“What’s that hand doing under there?” Harry asked in amusement as he walked into the bedroom with a cup of tea for Draco. As he placed it on the bedside cabinet, Harry looked down at Draco and smirked, his eyes flicking between his face and his groin.

Harry reached out with one hand and grasped a handful of sheet. He worked it slowly around his wrist, tugging at it until Draco felt the wash of cold air over his chest, and then further down, as the bedclothes were eased away.

Harry sighed in disappointment. “Pity.” Draco watched Harry watch his hand rub his stomach, and his semi-aroused penis decided to take a little interest in the undivided attention from his loved one.

Draco watched Harry’s eyes narrow and his tongue flick out to moisten his bottom lip. As Draco continued to lightly massage his mid section, he made sure his hand brushed up against his lengthening erection, causing it to jerk invitingly.



Somewhat breathily, Harry said, “What’s wrong with your stomach?”

Draco was amused to note that Harry’s face didn’t stray from his groin, where his cock had almost completed its growth spurt. “I’m still full from yesterday,” he murmured, and he watched a flash of sympathy cross Harry’s face.

Leaning down onto the bed, Harry bent forward and placed a lingering kiss just next to his belly button. Looking down his body, Draco felt a thrill of desire run through him, just from the knowledge that Harry’s face was so close to him. He hummed his appreciation, and Harry kissed him again, parting his lips just enough to let the tip of his tongue out, to glide wetly, warmly, across his skin. Draco groaned louder, and arched himself up into Harry’s mouth. “While you’re down there,” he sighed cheekily, lifting his hand from his body and resting it against the back of Harry’s head, combing his fingers through the soft, short strands.

Harry didn’t tease. He placed his mouth on Draco’s shaft and pressed down lightly, rubbing the moist insides of his lips on it, making wordless promises of much more to come. His tongue lapped slowly, purposefully, making Draco squirm with pleasure and forget about his stomach in a split second.

Harry moved to settle himself on the bed, never letting his face stray from Draco’s groin. Warm breath teased Draco, making his chest hitch with desire. Harry’s mouth returned to its exploration, concentrating just on the very end, where the skin was taut and smooth and just a little damp with the first dot of sticky, crystalline fluid. Harry made a small noise in the back of his throat, and Draco looked down just in time to see his dark red end disappear into the inviting wetness of Harry’s inquisitive mouth. It was impossible not to thrust up into the sensation, but a hand pressed down on his hip, keeping him still for the moment, while the enveloping heat pressed all around him, lapping and suckling at his slit in search of more liquid.

It was incredible lying there and watching Harry’s head move so slowly in his lap, never taking any more of him into his mouth, but maintaining the steady pressure of his lips and tongue as he created such a delicious tightness; a sensation that created erotic shivers up and down Draco’s spine.

As he tugged at Harry's shoulders to bring him further up the bed, Draco murmured, "Come here, you."

Harry allowed himself to be moved, but he set his own pace, kissing a delicate trail over Draco's stomach and onto his chest. When Harry finally knelt over him, their faces only inches apart, Draco slid his hands under the hem of his T-shirt and dragged it up his body, labouring over the task so that his hands could make the most of touching Harry's skin. Between them, they tugged the top off gracelessly, and Harry dropped back down onto his hands, staring lovingly into Draco's eyes as he worked at the buttons on Harry's jeans, flipping them undone one at a time, with patience and care. They made a meal of shoving Harry's jeans and underwear down, and there was no small measure of chuckling as he finally had to give in and roll over onto his back, kicking the last of his clothes off until he was as naked as Draco.

They rolled in to face each other in one smooth, coordinated movement until they lay close, but barely touching. When Harry smiled almost shyly, Draco leaned in and kissed him, marvelling for the millionth time that he could kiss Harry whenever he wanted. The novelty of their relationship wasn't wearing off, and Draco knew it was partly because they had overcome years and years of history to arrive at this exact moment in time. He was as thankful for this kiss as he was for their very first kiss, here in Harry's bed, so many months ago.

Harry melted under his attention, and their hands moved forward together, seeking out places to touch on each other; a hip bone, a thigh, and finally those parts that gave the most obvious indication of the level of their desire for one another. Their movements were perfectly synchronised so that when Draco curled his fingers slowly around Harry, he felt the matching sensation of Harry's fingers curl around himself, too.

When Harry touched him like this, Draco knew it was so much more than taming a sexual need. He watched with a sense of overwhelming adoration as Harry's eyelids fluttered as fast as butterfly wings, knowing with unwavering certainty that no amount of intimate touching would ever be enough to satisfy their craving for each other. What they had was more than sex. This was merely the physical manifestation of a purely emotional feeling; an

indescribable euphoria that Draco would have sworn was impossible to achieve. But that was before Harry. Had he even really been alive before Harry? Draco wasn't sure he had.

He looked at Harry and saw all this and more. He noted the stray bristles Harry had missed during his morning shave, and the tiny white scar beneath his eye, the sole reminder of some long-forgotten childhood illness. He memorised the way Harry's nostrils flared ever so slightly each time he squeezed Harry's shaft as he stroked him, doing it again and again just because he loved the sensual, sleepy expression it elicited.

To feel Harry so hard, so very large in his hand, brought a conflicting mix of emotions to Draco's mind. Or perhaps not conflicting, but rather, some unanticipated or less obvious feelings. Harry's penis was bigger, stronger than it had any business to be, just like Harry himself. It was forthright, demanding, and yet unselfish. Just like Harry. Draco touched it worshipfully, just as he would touch any part of Harry, feeling luckier than he believed he had any right to be. This was his Harry, and Draco would never let go.

They were beyond words as they lay together; a universe of two people, unique to them, because surely it was impossible that anyone else could ever feel as much as this. Their true intimacy was to be able to look into each other's eyes and see the same love reflected back, to see that flash of nameless emotions leaving traces in their expressions, creating something ever-changing to gaze upon. There would always be things to learn about each other, and that was as it should be.

Draco knew Harry was close. It was in his eyes, and in the snatched, shallow breaths he exhaled. It was this realisation that brought on awareness of his own state, and Draco's eyes dropped closed momentarily as he flexed his spine, pushing forward almost imperceptibly into Harry's hand. They made almost identical tiny noises as the first wave of warmth expanded outward from Draco's groin and his body prepared itself for orgasm. In the sudden rush of adrenaline before he jumped over the edge, Draco watched Harry's eyes cloud over as he submitted to his baser need. Only seconds later, the thick, warm wetness of Harry's ejaculation painted Draco's hand, and lubricated Harry's fist as it journeyed those final strokes up and down until Draco came too, gasping quietly, unable to tear his gaze away from the beatific expression on his lover's face.

They watched each other calm down, and Draco saw the pink flush fade from Harry's cheeks as his breathing steadied and returned to normal. He delighted in the time spent feeling Harry's penis soften in his gentle grip, until it was squeezably soft and heavy in his palm, moulding itself to the contours of his fingers. As Draco released his hold on Harry and trailed his fingertips through the crisp, silky curls of his pubic hair, they kissed slowly, taking the time to taste each other, and reacquaint themselves with the glorious sensation of their lips moving together. When the kiss ended, Draco was sad, but then they moved apart and he could see Harry's beautiful face again, so there was nothing to be sad about, in truth.

"I can hear you thinking," Harry murmured, the smallest smile on his lips.

"Sorry," Draco said genuinely, shrugging in apology at his own weakness for all things Harry-shaped.

"No need to apologise," Harry laughed. "I could see what you were thinking, and I happen to approve." He leaned in and pecked a kiss on the tip of Draco's nose to emphasise his point.

Draco groaned. "Am I that transparent?" he said in something like despair.

"Only to me," Harry consoled, "and only because I know what I'm looking for." They shared a smile before Harry rolled over onto his back and tugged Draco into his side for a cuddle. Draco rested his head on Harry's chest, hearing his heart beating, strong and regular. "Thanks for yesterday," Harry said, tightening his hold on Draco as he spoke, the slightest waver evident in his voice. "It was perfect. I know how hard you worked to make it right with the Weasleys. Having you there made it the best Christmas ever."

Draco felt choked with emotion. He could hear the sincerity in Harry's voice, and it moved him more than he could say. Swallowing the lump in his throat, he replied, "Well, you did all the work, you know. I just chatted with a few people, ate rather a lot, and drank even more." He didn't think he could deal with an emotional outpouring just then, knowing it would make him cry for Harry. So instead, he did his best to divert the conversation into humorous territory. "You could have warned me Granger was likely to breastfeed the brats in public! Which reminds me, would you do the honours and Oblivate me, please? How I

slept a wink last night after that hideous display of motherly love is completely beyond me. Must have been the alcohol.” He snorted in feigned distaste as he finished speaking, hearing Harry’s snigger rattle through his chest and into his eardrum.

“Liar,” Harry chuckled. “When I walked into the kitchen and saw you staring at my best friend’s chest, you looked like the epitome of doting fatherhood.”

“I hardly think so,” Draco snapped haughtily, a hint of playfulness evident in his tone. “There’s not even an ounce of paternal instinct in my body.”

“I know,” Harry sighed. “I know.” He kissed the top of Draco’s head, and even those few brief words, and that simple movement betrayed Harry’s sadness, but also his acceptance. As Draco went to speak, to say something to smooth the moment over, Harry said briskly, “What do you want to do this morning? We’ve got hours until we’re due at Pansy and Vince’s.”

Draco ‘hm’d loudly. He turned over and rested his chin on Harry’s chest, looking up at him as he considered the options. Finally, he said, “I’d like to go for a walk in the snow.”

“You do know it’s not snowing outside, don’t you?” Harry asked in mild confusion.

“Ah,” Draco replied. “But you asked me what I wanted to do, not what I could do.”

Harry snorted. “This is a Slytherin thing, isn’t it? Twisting my words around so they mean something I didn’t say.”

“Let’s not argue semantics this early on a dull Boxing Day morning, shall we?” Draco said, grinning triumphantly at Harry. “Maybe we can do what normal people do. Just slob in front of the telly and play with all the stuff we got yesterday. What do you think?”

Harry looked very thoughtful for a moment. Eventually, he said, “I think you should get in the shower before we do anything else. In case you hadn’t noticed, you’re a bit sticky.” He grinned cheekily at Draco before shoving him off, and rolling off the bed, grabbing his clothes and pulling them on.

Draco pouted. "Aren't you going to shower with me?" he wheedled, sulking even more flamboyantly when Harry shook his head.

"I've got some nice melon and ginger for breakfast, seeing as you're too full for anything else," Harry said, jumping up and down on the spot as he wrenched his trousers up and buttoned them quickly. "I'm going to put the kettle on again because that tea'll be too cold to drink now," he added, nodding at the cup next to Draco's side of the bed. "You have a nice, long shower, and I'll see you in the kitchen."

With that, Harry rushed off out of the bedroom like the house was on fire. Draco lay there for a moment, wondering what the hurry was all about before shrugging it off and heading for the bathroom.

~oOo~

Twenty minutes later, Draco wandered into the kitchen to see Harry scurrying between the fridge and the table, laying out the fruit and the tea.

"Hey," Draco said mildly, grabbing for Harry's wrist as he swept past again. "Slow down, okay? You're making me dizzy."

Harry allowed himself to be stopped, and he turned back, leaning into Draco's neck to place a kiss on the sliver of skin left bare between the lapels of his bathrobe.

"You're freezing!" Draco exclaimed, shoving Harry away in shock. "What the bloody hell have you been doing?"

Harry laughed, but shyly. He dropped his eyes before looking back up at Draco again. "Um, finding snow?" he said hopefully, scanning Draco's face for signs of approval.

"What do you mean, 'finding snow'?" he said in confusion.

“Well,” Harry began nervously. “You said you wanted to go for a walk in the snow, and I thought of this place where there always seems to be snow this time of year.” He paused, looking up at Draco still. “So, I went and had a look. And there was. Snow, I mean. So if you meant it, we could- ooof!”

Draco lunged at Harry and picked him up, squeezing him tightly as he laughed aloud and showered wet kisses all over his face. When he popped Harry back on the floor, he said excitedly, “Do you mean it? Did you really go and find me some snow?”

Harry’s face was flushed bright pink, and he smiled the most sparkling smile as he nodded, clearly absolutely ecstatic at Draco’s pleasure.

“That is, without a doubt, the sweetest thing anyone’s ever done for me,” Draco said, meaning every word of it.

“And that is because,” Harry said, stalking wolfishly toward him, “I am the sweetest man in the world.”

Draco watched transfixed as Harry pulled on the belt tie on his bathrobe and undid the knot. The sides of the robe hung loose, and Draco watched Harry’s hands part the cloth slowly before dipping inside and grabbing two handfuls of scrubbed, warm flesh.

“You bastard!” Draco shouted as the freezing cold hands clamped onto him and he wriggled to get free of the icy torture. Harry bellowed with laughter, not letting Draco gain an inch in his struggle. “You could have warmed them up first!” Draco said, laughing almost as loud as Harry.

“Why have a dog and bark yourself?” Harry said with a smirk, sliding his hands around Draco’s body until he had a pert buttock in each palm. “Now, drink your tea before it gets cold this time,” he added, but there was a hint of a tease there, and Draco knew Harry was trying to get him all hot and bothered again.

As he leaned down to kiss Harry, he murmured, “In a minute.”

A few seconds later, he'd forgotten all about his tea.

~oOo~

"Where are we?" Draco asked. He and Harry stood hand in hand, bundled up in their warmest clothes, looking out over a dreamlike vista of snow peaked mountains, acre upon acre of pine trees, and the glitter of a lake far down below.

"Don't you recognise it?" Harry asked, scrutinising his face for the smallest recognition.

A thought occurred to Draco. He recalled how Harry had always remained at Hogwarts for Christmas, and from their discussions, he knew the Dursleys had never celebrated the season with him. "Are we in Scotland?" he said, watching Harry's face break into a happy smile. "Are we near Hogwarts?" he added, and Harry smiled even more, a brilliant, dazzling smile that outshone the sparkle of the bluey-white snow all around them.

Harry swung an arm out and pointed back behind them. "The castle's over there," he said. "You used to be able to see it years ago, but the trees are too tall now. I used to come up here with my broom and fly out over the lake. The castle was always quiet at Christmas, but I never really minded. How could I mind, when I had this all to myself?" He swept his arm out in a wide arc, and Draco's eyes followed its path.

"We should have brought brooms," Draco said, wanting to give Harry back his few happy memories of Christmases past.

"We did," Harry said with a grin. "But I thought we could walk a bit, first."

"Sounds good," Draco replied. They set off at a leisurely amble, listening to the crump-crump of the thick-packed snow beneath their feet. Draco had to admit, it was absolutely beautiful there. He could almost imagine there were no other people in existence; such was the sense of peaceful solitude. How wonderful it would be to have a small log cabin perched on the hillside amongst the trees, with a huge roaring fire and a pile of fluffy sheepskins to



snuggle under. They wouldn't need a bedroom because they could sleep right there on the hearth, warmed by the fire and each other, drinking single malt Scotch to toast their good fortune at having such a perfect retreat from the world.

"You're doing that noisy thinking thing again," Harry said with a smile.

"Are you sure you aren't practicing your Legilimency skills on me?" Draco questioned suspiciously, looking down his nose at Harry as he said it.

"I'd have to be looking at you to do that, wouldn't I?" Harry replied.

"With you, I'm not so sure," Draco told him, causing Harry to raise an eyebrow at the comment. "Anyone else, yes. But you? I doubt I know the half of what you're capable of." It was true; Draco often wondered just what Harry could do with his magic if he really tried. He suspected he'd be able to accomplish incredible things, but he respected Harry's wish not to go looking for answers to those questions.

"I'd never do anything as crass as that," Harry said, and Draco thought he could hear a tiny worm of concern in his voice.

"I know you wouldn't," he soothed, drawing them both to a halt so they could cuddle without the fear of slipping over. "But sometimes, it's scary to recognise that someone else can know me so well. I bet there are times when you know what I'm thinking before I do," he said, watching Harry's face to read the answer in his expression.

"Your happiness is my number one mission in life," Harry laughed, trying to make a joke out of what Draco knew to be truth.

Draco kissed him, and as he did, he knew he'd never tire of hearing that strangled whimper Harry always made in the back of his throat when they kissed. And he'd never tire of the way Harry's tongue traced a delicate, wet line across his bottom lip before sliding inside and melting the last of his reserve. He'd never tire of Harry. *Ever.*

Pulling back after a while, Draco said, "Fancy going for that fly, now?"

“Yeah. Hold out your hand.”

Draco mirrored Harry as they both stretched out an arm, hearing the whistle of the brooms whipping through the air even before they could see them. The brooms thunked into their hands with a satisfying sound, and before Draco could move, Harry was already on his and rocketing up into the sky, laughing like a mad thing. Draco watched him for a second or two before hopping on his own and shooting off in pursuit.

When they were both floating high above the lake, side by side, just soaking up the tranquility, Draco could finally see Hogwarts, rising spectacularly out of the ground mist. It really was a magnificent building, and Draco smiled as he recalled the happy times he had spent there. Of course, there were unhappy times, too, and sadly, many of them were attached to memories of Harry. How different they had both been back then.

“D’you want to play a game?” Harry asked, dragging Draco’s gaze to his face.

“What sort of game?” Draco asked, wondering if it required the removal of any of their clothes, and liking the thought of any such competition.

“This sort,” Harry said, grinning broadly. He shoved a hand into his robe pocket and drew out a tightly closed fist. Draco frowned in confusion as Harry turned his hand palm up, and uncurled his fingers. Inside was a little gold ball, the size of a walnut.

Draco felt his face crack into a grin, and he watched Harry’s do the same as the lacy wings flipped open and the Snitch lifted out of his hand, darted about between them for a second or two and then shot off, fast as a hex out of a Death Eater’s wand.

“After you.” Harry smirked.

“No,” Draco said. “After you.”

Harry came in close, pulling Draco to him with a hand on his thigh. As he leaned in and pecked a kiss on Draco’s cheek, he whispered, “Believe me, you need the head start.”

Draco pulled away and sneered. "Don't do me any favours, Potter."

"Okay then," Harry chuckled, a split second before he flew off at breakneck speed.

Harry's cheekiness brought a rush of warmth to Draco's chest, and he darted off in pursuit, favouring his rear view of Harry over any actual hunt for the Snitch. They barrelled about for ages, never seeing the faintest flicker of gold, most probably because they weren't bothering to look. They alternated leading the chase, pulling heart-stopping stunts high in the sky and generally behaving in a completely reckless manner. They flew closer and closer to the school, looping around in huge circles before diving at terrifying speeds, laughing hysterically at themselves and each other.

Draco could feel the burn of the freezing air on his face, and he was numb all over, yet he felt full of life. If only their Quidditch matches at school had been like this - full of pleasure and the pursuit of fun. But then Draco saw the Snitch, and he forgot all about having fun, because he found that the need to beat Harry just once was still lurking inside him, rearing its head and roaring to make itself heard.

Draco knew the instant Harry realised he'd seen the Snitch. He flew at incredible speed to tail Draco by mere inches, so close he could almost hear Harry's excited panting. They climbed and climbed until they entered clouds and came out of the upper side, still mindful of the evil taunting of the speck of precious metal up ahead. With one last spurt of speed, Draco pushed ahead, throwing Harry a genuine smile over his shoulder even as he reached out and closed his fingers around the Snitch. He had to actually look to see if he'd caught it or not, because his hand was so numb, he couldn't feel the twitching of the wings.

His fingers took an eternity to open, but when he saw the quiescent ball in his hand, he whooped for joy and pulled a tight loop-the-loop, swinging his broom round to face Harry.

There wasn't even a moment to gloat over his victory before Harry mashed his mouth against Draco's and kissed the last of his breath away. They pulled apart when they couldn't go without air any longer, and Draco slumped on his broom, gasping for oxygen and chuckling pathetically, because it was the best he could manage.

“You bloody cheat!” Harry managed finally, as they dropped lower and lower, his face red with windburn and physical exertion.

“Hey?” Draco called out, perplexed. “How do you work that out?”

“You smiled at me, you sneaky so-and-so,” Harry pouted, looking ever so slightly disappointed that he hadn’t won.

As they landed and hopped off their brooms, Draco told him, “I’d never have taken you for a bad loser.” Harry growled in mock irritation and retrieved the Snitch, deactivating it and slipping it back in his robe pocket.

“You flew really well,” Harry said, brushing the backs of his fingers over Draco’s icy cheek.

“Yes, Mister Malfoy,” came a deep, familiar voice. “You did. What a pity that such skill was somewhat less than evident in your school years.”

Draco swung round to face the owner of the voice, and he grinned broadly at Severus Snape, standing amidst his trademark billowing robes, his arms folded, a look of irritated resignation on his ageing face.

“Hello, sir,” Draco said respectfully, reaching out and shaking his old professor’s hand vigorously. “Are you out enjoying the scenery too?” he asked, recalling the long walks his old Head of House used to take when he needed to think.

“Hardly,” Snape replied, with withering sarcasm. “I was informed that two interlopers had breached the school security, and I was thus required to journey out into the frozen grounds of this hellhole that is my prison.” He gestured theatrically back toward the school, and Draco snorted his amusement.

“Oh, don’t be such a bloody misery,” Draco told him sternly. “You love it here. You know you do.”

“Yes,” Snape replied dryly. “Now you mention it, I can see clearly how my role as deputy head fulfils each and every ambition in my life. How often I dreamed, in my early years, of toiling under the beady glare of a stern Scottish witch, shaping slothful students into barely passable citizens of the future.”

“Then why stay, if you dislike it so much?” came Harry’s curt voice.

“But I do not dislike it, Mister Potter,” Snape replied contemptuously. “Perhaps Gryffindor House neglects to nurture a sense of humour in her pupils?”

*Here we go again.* Draco heard Harry’s barely restrained grunt of annoyance. He rubbed his forehead in frustration before saying, “Can’t we all play nicely for once? It’s bloody Christmas, in case you’d both forgotten.”

Snape nodded curtly. “As you wish,” he managed to say. “Perhaps a cup of tea, to warm us all up?”

Draco smiled his gratitude at his old professor. He was touched that the offer had been made, when it was doubtless against his personal preference to entertain Harry.

“I’d love one. What d’you say, Harry?” Draco asked, giving his boyfriend a pathetically pleading face as he turned back to look at him. He watched the resistance crumble, and Harry nodded, his smile small, but definitely there.

“Shall we?” Snape said, gesturing with his arm for Draco and Harry to lead the way.

Grabbing Harry’s free hand in his own, Draco pulled them level with Snape, and the three walked slowly back to Hogwarts, with Draco chattering enough for all of them. It caused him pain to see the way Snape struggled. He was getting older now, and the injury to his hip in the final battle had never truly healed. He walked with a pronounced limp, but refused to use a cane or aid of any description. Every so often, Draco squeezed Harry’s hand, just to let him know he was not forgotten, and that this gesture was appreciated. After all, Harry knew he loved the head of Slytherin House, and he knew the reasons for Draco’s unswerving loyalty, too. He had told Harry everything a little while ago, and he’d wondered at the subtle

change in Harry's expression at the time, hoping it was the first sign of a softening toward the man currently hobbling at his other side.

When they were close to the school, Draco looked up at the grand entrance, and saw Professor McGonagall standing on the topmost step, her hands clasped tightly under her bosom. She appeared to be as sour-faced as Draco remembered her, but as they moved up the steps, he could see the unmistakable curve of her thin lips, and he knew she was pleased to see them. Harry bounded ahead, calling his greetings out before he reached his old Head of House, and Draco watched a real smile break across her face as she surveyed Harry with obvious affection. She put her hand out to shake Harry's, but he cast his broom aside and picked her up, swinging her round as he hugged her, shocking a loud, nervous giggle from her. When Harry put her down, Draco was amused to see she was flushed, and that her hand went straight to her hat to try and straighten it to its previous, stern set.

Draco's own greeting was much more formal than Harry's, and McGonagall appeared to be pleased about that. She ushered them into the school, calling out for tea and sandwiches to be sent to her office as she led the way to the second floor.

At the gargoyles, Professor McGonagall said, "Sherbet lemon," loudly, and the doorway opened for them to enter. Harry didn't move. He looked stricken for a brief second, and Draco couldn't work out why. The Headmistress turned back to him and rubbed his arm briefly. She told Harry, "Old habits die hard," and he nodded sadly, bowing his head and following after her. Draco looked up at Snape in question, and the man merely shook his head in dismissal and followed after Harry.

Draco entered the office last of all, and he watched Harry stand before Professor Dumbledore's portrait, his fingers resting on the frame of the painting as he gazed mournfully at the sleeping man. Professor McGonagall stood apprehensively to one side, chewing her lip as she observed Harry's silent interaction with his old mentor. It touched something inside Draco, and he walked to stand behind Harry, wrapping his arms around his waist and pulling him back into a comforting embrace. Harry felt stiff at first, but the tension soon evaporated until he sighed aloud and relaxed back into Draco's arms.

"I miss him," Harry whispered.

After a lengthy silence, Draco murmured back, "I know."

Just as they started to turn away, the portrait harrumphed, and Dumbledore prised a tired eye open, turning to look at them both. Draco watched as the alertness returned to the old man's face, and he couldn't help but chuckle when the ex-Headmaster shot them both a knowing wink before settling back in his seat and closing his eyes again.

The tea appeared just then, and the four of them sat down, slightly less than comfortably, mainly because the old boundaries between them were altered beyond recognition. After enquiring about Christmas at the school, Draco entered into an effusive monologue about his and Harry's Christmas day, noting but ignoring the look on Snape's face. It was clear the man was struggling to relate this Draco to his old self, and when he caught the professor's eye, he shrugged nonchalantly and carried on, describing the portrait from his mother, not missing the furtive glance shared between Professors McGonagall and Snape. It seemed to Draco that the strength of his relationship with Harry had taken them quite by surprise, and he used it as a measure of his own success in becoming a more relaxed, better-adjusted person.

Draco didn't mention the gift of the wands. It was such a personal thing to Harry, after all. He was, therefore, taken aback when Harry mentioned it himself, having incorrectly intuited that he would not choose to share his experience with the likes of Severus Snape. There was a distinct stilling of movement in the room as Harry described the sensation of holding the wands, and 'feeling' his parents. Draco could tell Snape was dying to ask some questions, but being true to his stubborn nature, he wouldn't make the first move. So Draco did it for him.

"Harry, tell the professors what sort of things you saw," he said, leaning forward to gaze earnestly at Harry. It was obvious from the silent dynamic in the room that neither professor believed Harry had experienced anything other than wishful thinking, or some sort of subconscious fantasy of what his parents had been like.

Harry took a while to compose himself, possibly trying to order his thoughts before he spoke. When he did speak, his voice was quiet, and there was an almost childlike quality to

the sentiment behind them.

“I don’t know why, but it’s strongest with my mum,” he started, frowning to himself, maybe because the words didn’t properly describe what he was hoping to say. “I knew which wand was which straight away,” he added, and Draco watched with interest as Harry fumbled in his pocket and retrieved both wands, holding them tightly in his hand. Harry looked down at them for the longest time, twirling the handgrips in his palm so that the wands circled each other over and over again.

“This one was hers,” he murmured, taking the slimmer wand into his other hand, and drawing it through the air slowly, leaving a trail of tiny iridescent bubbles in its wake. Draco watched the shiny spheres pop one by one, and he couldn’t help but think of images of gurgling babies being bathed.

“Can you smell that?” Harry said mildly, his eyes all for Draco. Draco nodded, but in truth, he wasn’t sure whether he had really smelled anything, or merely imagined that he had. “That’s the scent of the soap my mum used to use on me when I was a baby. How can I know that, Draco?” There was pain in the question; a terrible plea for Draco to furnish him with the answers he needed, but all Draco could do was shake his head sadly, feeling inadequate and frustrated with himself. “I don’t even remember being bathed. Not once,” Harry finished, staring at the wand like it was his mother’s face instead.

Draco risked a glance at Snape and Professor McGonagall. Snape looked uncomfortable, but unconvinced. Professor McGonagall, on the other hand, was white as a sheet, and looked on the verge of fainting at any second.

Suddenly, Harry pointed the wand, and performed a vigorous swishing motion. There was a smile beginning on Harry’s face, but his eyes were turned inward, perhaps seeing something in his mind’s eye, rather than the room or its occupants. “That’s what she used to do when she cast *Boletus Auris* on my dad and Sirius,” Harry laughed, but Draco noticed that Snape’s face now carried a similar expression to McGonagall’s.

“I’ve never heard of that one, Harry,” Draco said, trying to find a way of understanding what was going on.



“No,” Harry chuckled. “Nor had I!”

Professor McGonagall cleared her throat. “Mushroom ear,” she said, sounding breathless. “It used to be quite the popular hex in Gryffindor House, some years back.” Draco thought she looked decidedly ill, but Harry didn’t appear to notice the unease permeating through the room.

“Yeah,” Harry smiled. “She liked that one. And my dad seemed to be on the receiving end of it a lot! She always said he and Sirius hadn’t got two brain cells to rub together between the pair of them.”

Harry did go silent then, and he looked at Snape as though he didn’t recognise him. As Harry had been relating his mother’s favourite insult, Snape had joined in, murmuring the words in unison, clearly very familiar with them. Draco watched Harry staring at Snape, his mouth slightly open, his jaw working to form words that didn’t come out.

In answer to Harry’s silent question, Snape replied, “You are correct, Mister Potter. Your mother did indeed favour that particular spell, and the recipients were, as you point out, more often than not your father and godfather.”

There was a weighty silence in which Snape attempted to escape Harry’s scrutiny, Professor McGonagall composed herself, and Draco watched all three of them, acutely aware of every small movement. Eventually, it was Professor Snape who broke the tension.

“What of your father’s wand?” he asked, sounding casual, but Draco knew there was something more behind the question, could hear it in the tone. Harry transferred his father’s wand to his dominant hand and tested the feel of it. It was obvious to Draco that Harry was once again caught up in ghostly memories.

Abruptly, Harry spoke. “They weren’t very nice to you, that night at the Whomping Willow, were they?” Harry stared at Snape as he spoke, and Draco could have sworn he saw Snape flinch as the recollection returned in full force.

Harry and Draco had talked about this before, when Harry had been explaining some of his history with Professor Snape one day. The sequence of events appeared to have come to Harry from Remus Lupin, but Draco could tell by the looks on both Harry's and Snape's faces that there was more to that night than had previously been disclosed.

"What do you see?" Snape prodded, and it was clear he both wanted to know, yet didn't, simultaneously.

"Everything, I think," Harry murmured. "You weren't wrong to do what you did," he said, and Draco watched, astonished, as an expression of thinly disguised rage contorted Snape's face.

"You can see that?" he hissed, and Draco had never seen Snape look more dangerous than he did then.

Harry merely nodded. "We both know how that particular hex works," he said cryptically, and Draco knew he was missing something. "If Remus hadn't been in wolf form, you would have been able to seriously injure him, like I did to Draco."

Draco's mind struggled to place the pieces of the puzzle into some sort of workable order, and the one thing he found he could slide into the blurry picture was *Sectumsempra*. Thinking aloud, Draco heard himself address Snape. "You used *Sectumsempra* on Remus Lupin?"

Snape dragged a hand through his hair and sighed heavily. It was clearly not a fond memory to be reliving.

"He had to," Harry offered. Draco hung on Harry's every word, and he knew everyone else did, too. "Sirius lured Professor Snape down to the tree, knowing it was full moon and that Remus wouldn't see a person, but a meal instead. My dad found out, and he was furious with Sirius. He headed out to the tree, and when he was running there, he could see Professor Snape backing away from the secret entrance in the trunk, obviously having seen Remus, perhaps even as he was changing. Remus doesn't remember what happened next, but after he was changed, he came out of the passageway and went for Snape. Dad was

trying to help, and he could see Professor Snape casting *Sectumsempra* repeatedly, trying to slow Remus down. It didn't even ruffle his fur." Harry looked really sad. The brightness had gone from his eyes, and Draco knew he was deeply upset about his godfather's behaviour.

"My dad tried some other hexes to distract Remus, but they didn't work. He dragged Snape away and changed into his Animagus form to draw Remus off," he told Draco. Turning to Snape, Harry said, "He always wondered why you never told anyone he was an unregistered Animagus. You did hate him, after all, and it would have been enough to get him kicked out of school."

"Hardly fitting payment for my rescuer, however much I despised him," Snape sighed, definitely unhappy about the situation, however. "If Black had come to his senses and come himself, then I would, without a doubt, have reported him."

Harry was on the edge of his seat now, and Draco could detect a hint of mania trembling in his words. "But what about after school? Wouldn't Voldemort have found use for that information? Dad kept expecting something to happen, but it never came. Not before the end."

Snape finally took a sip of his tea, but it appeared to be in an effort to give himself space to think rather than because he was thirsty. Draco wanted to knock the cup out of his hand and demand an answer, but he held himself in check, knowing that if Harry could find the patience, then he could, too.

Finally, Professor Snape spoke. He opened his mouth, and he spoke for a long time. Everyone paid attention to his words, and no one interrupted him.

"One learned to keep titbits of information in hand, when dealing with the Dark Lord," he began. "Knowledge was the only currency that bought safety from his more violent whims, and one never knew when the need for protection would arise." Snape stroked his chin thoughtfully before continuing.

"When I took the Dark Mark, there were few enough Death Eaters in service to require a 'gift' of any kind, therefore the information I had gleaned from my observations of your

father and others remained untraded. I learned to anticipate his temper with accuracy, and was able to divert unwanted repercussions by dropping comments casually, gaining status within his ranks as a reliable source of intelligence.”

Draco watched Snape stare out of the window, purposely not meeting anyone’s gaze.

“Fear, I was soon to discover, is an incredible motivator,” he continued, “and I came to realise very early on that I had made a terrible mistake. But of course, it was far too late to turn the clock back.”

Snape rubbed his left forearm and, to Draco, it appeared to be a subconscious gesture, one he would no doubt be mortified to know he had acted out. The professor turned his gaze on Harry, and his eyes seemed black and lifeless, like a shark’s.

“In my youthful anger, I sought to align myself to the greater power; one who would smite those I hated, without compunction. As I came to realise my catastrophic error, I blamed Black for my predicament, just as I had blamed him throughout my school life, for those things I felt beyond my control. Black was the one I truly loathed,” Snape sneered, “with his arrogant ways and his lack of loyalty. To turn his back on a family of such prestige was something I could not understand. His birthright would be fulfilled through Slytherin House, yet he flaunted his Gryffindor allegiances at every turn, isolating himself more and more, showing no respect for the things within his grasp. Things I would have killed for, yet he cast aside in his conceit.”

Draco could see how angry Snape was, but he remained confused. He knew Snape hated Sirius Black, but he’d always thought the real fury was all for Harry’s father. Yet Snape was saying otherwise. Were there even more layers to this story? Would they ever be uncovered?

Harry didn’t react in any way to the outpouring. He merely sat there, taking it all in, perhaps measuring the truth of the words in his own way.

“I hated your father by default,” the professor said without emotion. “I had tried to befriend him in our first year at school, and he turned his back on me in favour of Black.”

Spooky, Draco thought. *Just like me, Harry and Ron Weasley.*

“There is no place for bullying,” Snape murmured, momentarily vulnerable. “Your father and his friends made my life a misery for seven years, and when I saw an opportunity to strike back, I took it. I am not proud of my actions, but I owe no apologies.”

That single comment more than any other told Draco there would never be a complete cessation of hostilities between Harry and Severus Snape. Snape had held his own with Harry’s father and Sirius Black, and there was as much blame with them as there was with him. But the assertion that no apology would be addressed to Harry for the years he was scapegoated by the professor, for events far beyond his control, was the one thing that would keep them from ever becoming anything other than passive enemies. Draco felt mild distress at this realisation, but buried it for consideration at some other time.

The air in the room seemed to shift, and Draco watched both Harry and Snape relax back into their chairs, knowing the moment was over. At least there had been no bloodshed or broken limbs, he mused. Yes, it could have gone much worse, all things considered.

Draco had a lot to think about. He had never for a moment doubted Harry’s assertion that he could ‘see’ his parents through their wands, but the evidence was truly unequivocal. He was glad to have played a part, however small, in reuniting Harry with his family, knowing how much comfort Harry would draw from the connection.

The silence in the room eventually became oppressive, and Draco couldn’t restrain himself any longer. He had to do something. Leaning forward, he picked up the plate of food and asked cheerfully, “Sandwich, anyone?”

~oOo~

After everyone had picked fitfully at their lunches, Professor McGonagall insisted on giving Harry a tour of the new Defence Against the Dark Arts Tower. It had come courtesy of a Ministry building grant, and the Headmistress was as proud as could be. Draco and Professor

Snape remained behind, catching up on family news, and discussing politics, as was their habit to do.

Draco was almost embarrassed to recall the fantasies he had harboured in his teenage years. When the problems with his father had been at their peak, he had often wished the professor would ride to the rescue and spirit his mother away, to protect her and love her and give her the things she deserved. He cringed when he thought about it now, realising how very different they were as people. He was glad he'd never shared his wishes with Snape. He knew the man would have laughed at him.

Their talk eventually turned back to school, and Draco couldn't help but ask a question that had gnawed at him for some time.

"After the war, why didn't you take the DADA post? You always wanted it."

Snape laughed quietly, shaking his head in a self-deprecating manner. "Just because the Dark Lord's curse is lifted, doesn't mean the post isn't subject to other forms of malediction."

Draco frowned. He had no idea what the man was on about.

"Must I spell it out for you?"

Draco shrugged apologetically.

"Clearly," he continued, his tone dripping condescension, "there is only one person for whom that post is meant, and any head teacher of this establishment would pension off the occupying post holder in short order for a shot at the ultimate prize."

"You mean Harry," Draco said, watching Snape nod his head in agreement. "But Harry doesn't want to be a teacher," he added, trying to dismiss the implications of his beloved's little walk with Professor McGonagall. "And I don't want to live at Hogwarts," he continued, feeling a strong resolve on the topic form in his mind. "I want to live in comfort, at the manor, not in some dingy, pokey room in a castle full of pimply, pubescent monsters." Yes, Draco could really get quite wound up about the thought of this, if he let himself.

Snape smirked. “Welcome to my life,” he said, offering a courtly bow of his head.

“Not fucking likely,” Draco snorted, cut off from any further musing on the subject by the return of Harry and Professor McGonagall.

Of course, the eventual leave-taking took on a different meaning for Draco, after the disturbing thought planted by Professor Snape. As Harry promised the Headmistress he would return soon, Draco couldn’t help but worry that it meant something much more than that, and that Harry was already thinking about his new career. The absolutely worst thing was that Draco knew Harry would not only be a brilliant teacher, but that he’d adore working with kids. Draco couldn’t imagine anything worse, but he knew if push came to shove, he’d be dividing his time between London and Hogwarts.

As they walked away from the school to go back to Harry’s flat, Draco turned back to bid a final farewell to his old Head of House. Snape stood on the steps, grinning from ear to ear, waggling the fingers of one hand in what was undoubtedly the most sarcastic wave Draco had ever seen. Resisting the urge to return the wave with a one-fingered version of his own, Draco managed a brief nod, and muttered, “Let’s get out of here,” heaving a sigh of relief when they passed the boundary, and Disapparated.

~oOo~

They didn’t take long to get changed, but when Draco and Harry arrived at Vince and Pansy’s house, there was already a sizeable gathering, and the noise levels were middling to high. They managed a flying ‘hello’ to Pansy, who was haring around the place, looking not unlike a hysterical Molly Weasley, and Draco frowned at her demeanour, but let it go when Vince sent a shrug in his direction.

He was amused to note that Harry made a beeline for Blaise, who was in attendance along with a rather horsey looking woman of unknown origin. Draco watched from a distance as Harry and Blaise performed their own version of the public male bonding ritual, smirking to himself at the way Blaise tried really hard to be ‘gay’ when it came to the greeting kisses, but failed miserably when it came to the subtle once-over that rightly accompanied any

assessment of a person's attire. Or maybe it was just Harry who distracted Blaise's concentration. Draco had to admit to himself that Harry was the blueprint for all straight acting fags, and if he wasn't so completely out, he himself would have had trouble spotting Harry's sexual preference.

Turning away to fetch drinks for them both, Draco stumbled across a distinctly pissed-looking Theo Nott, and ended up finding a vacant piece of wall for Theo to prop himself against. It turned out that Theo's wife had just left him. For another woman. To say that his old school friend was having a personal crisis of confidence was the understatement of the century, and Draco felt honour-bound to lift his spirits with a few rousing tales.

Two glasses of champagne later, Draco found himself in the peculiar position of attempting to explain to his over-imbibed buddy exactly where the clitoris could be found, and that yes, oral sex was not only possible, but most definitely advisable if one wanted to remain in a state of matrimonial bliss. It was at times like these that Draco was glad to have read Pansy's *Magic!* magazines in the Slytherin common room. Not only was it the place he learned all the gory details about women's anatomy, it was also the source of the greatest agony page ever known to wizardkind. Draco thought it might be helpful to relate some of the letters to Theo, in the hope of showing his friend that he wasn't alone in his lack of understanding. However, all it truly achieved was to upset the man to the point of uncontrolled sobbing, barely able to verbalise his woe that even a dyed-in-the-wool cocksucker like Draco understood the mysteries of womankind better than poor, straight-boy Theo ever would. Oh, bugger. Where the hell was Blaise when you needed him? This was much more up his street.

Making good on his eventual escape, Draco fetched a beer from the fridge for Harry, and went off in search of his favourite person. Poor Harry had been cornered in the deserted dining room by Mr. and Mrs. Bulstrode, the terrifyingly rigid, and very vocally right-wing parents of Millicent. As he drew closer, Draco could make out the veneer of Harry's calm, and as he drew closer still, he could see that the veneer was peeling up at the corners and doing its best to make a run for freedom. When Draco sidled up and presented Harry with his bottle of beer, he was almost knocked off his feet as Harry planted a huge, sloppy, noisy kiss on his mouth. The display of affection induced loud vomiting sounds from pater



Bulstrode, who dragged his wife away in a huff, muttering some kind of nonsense about sins against Merlin.

“Thank you,” Harry murmured between little kisses on his face. “You’re my hero,” he added, reaching a hand round to tweak Draco’s bum.

Draco sighed languidly. “And don’t you forget it. I think you might owe me for saving you from a fate worse than ginger hair.”

“Draco!” Harry cried out in delighted shock. “I happen to like ginger hair.”

“Ah, well,” Draco replied, smirking. “There’s always room in the world for one more perversion, if you ask me.”

Harry snorted, partly in annoyance and partly in good cheer. “Are you having a good time?” he asked, wrapping his arms around Draco’s back and squeezing tightly for a second or two.

“Marvellous,” he drawled, arching an eyebrow as he leaned in to steal a quick kiss. “Can we go home soon?” he asked, waggling his eyebrows suggestively. “I’d like to learn how to use that camcorder,” he purred, watching the sudden flushing of Harry’s cheeks with no small amount of interest.

“Nope,” Harry told him sternly, pushing him away. “You like mingling so much? Off you go and get on with it, then.”

Draco let Harry push him out of the room and back toward the buzz of the party. They went their separate ways again, so Draco headed off in search of Pansy. What he found when he finally tracked her down was cause for concern. She seemed in the grip of some kind of madness, and the tension literally vibrated the air around her as she lurched from one group of guests to another, barking out a high, brittle laugh at inappropriate points in the conversation, the sound reminiscent of metal scraping stone.

It took Draco several attempts to pull her to one side for a proper chat because she resisted his hints for quite some time. Eventually, he dragged her into the downstairs toilet and

locked the door, leaning back against it to bar her escape route. She looked pathetic and lost as she stood before him, wringing her hands and looking panicked, like a maltreated Kneazle.

“What’s going on?” he questioned firmly, deciding that an authoritative stance would work best with her current state of being.

“Nothing!” she exclaimed, just that little bit too quickly to make it believable.

“I might have been inattentive of late, but I’m not stupid,” he said, watching her eyes dart about the small room, perhaps looking for a means of escape. She didn’t answer, so he reached forward and clasped her upper arms gently. She gasped as he touched her, and then a sheen of tears rose in her eyes and she visibly fought the urge to succumb to them. He shook her lightly, affectionately, and murmured her name as he pulled her in for a hug. She let him do it, standing stiffly in his embrace. As he looked down at the top of her head, Draco pondered the unpleasant realisation that at some point, he’d stopped looking out for his friends. He’d always done it at school. It was all part of being the top boy in his house. But with that power came responsibility, and Draco had never shirked it back then. Now, he had to wonder if he had become too tied up in Harry to see what else was going on around him.

“Talk to me,” he whispered, rocking her slowly and stroking her hair with a gentle hand. He felt the spasms of her chest as she dry heaved her distress. After a while, her tiny voice whimpered:

“He’s going to leave me.”

“What?” he snapped, totally unable to believe his ears. Vince and Pansy were close. Their relationship was strong; always had been. They were a couple for life, Draco had always thought. Their constancy was something he had always taken for granted. It had been central to his circle of friends. Vince and Pansy were the reliable, sturdy, caring port in any storm, and it was simply unthinkable that they were in trouble. “I don’t believe it,” he said. “I don’t believe it.”

She pulled away and snatched at the toilet roll, crumpling up a ball and dabbing it ineffectually at her barely wet eyes.

“Well, you’d better believe it,” she seethed, plucking at her lip with her fingers.

“When did this happen?” Draco asked, struggling to come to terms with what he was hearing.

“Last week. Last month. Today,” she railed. “Who the fuck knows?” He watched in alarm as she scrubbed harshly at her face, scraping pink tracks into her cheeks with her fingernails.

“Stop it, Pans,” he pleaded, reaching out to take her hands. “What I mean is, what did he say? How did this happen?” He turned round and lowered the toilet seat, coaxing Pansy to sit down. He knelt on the floor before her as she looked into her lap, her face a mess of blotchy pinks and reds.

She heaved a huge sigh before mumbling, “Well, he hasn’t actually said it, but he doesn’t need to.” The pitch of her voice rose as she spoke, and by the time she finished the sentence, she was shrill and nervy once again.

Draco was confused. This wasn’t making any sense! He didn’t know what to say. He needed time to think this through.

“Things have been terrible for months,” she sobbed, the tears finally welling up and falling freely. “We barely speak, and he never touches me any more. I know he doesn’t love me! He thinks I’m useless!”

“Pans, Pans,” he comforted. “He does love you. These last couple of years have been hard on you both, and you’re just tired out, that’s all,” he said, and he believed it.

“No!” she cried, leaning her head on his shoulder and letting him hold her again. “I can’t do anything right any more. Even this party’s a mess.”

He kissed her head and shook his own slowly. “It’s a wonderful party, sweetie. Just like it

always is. You're being too hard on yourself." He reached for more tissue and encouraged her to blow her nose. It reminded him of so many times back in school, when he'd sat up half the night in the common room, listening to her cry over her family, and the dark times ahead. They'd all been scared, then, but the time for fear was long past, and now, they should all be making the most of their lives.

"When did you two last talk properly?" he enquired gently, guessing the answer even before she gave it.

"Not since before I was in hospital the last time," she choked out, the sharp catches in her chest mangling her words.

Draco sighed. Vince had never been very good at emotions. That had always been Pansy's department. "Then I think that's the first order of business when the last of us pesky guests leave," he said, offering a small consoling smile. "He'd be lost without you, you know. And you'd be lost without him, too." It was true. Vince and Pansy had achieved the dubious status of almost ceasing to be two people. They were a package deal. When you got one, you got the other whether you wanted them or not. That was just the way it was.

Taking control of the situation, Draco told Pansy to stay where she was but not to lock the door after him. She complied without question, and Draco went in search of Harry, explaining the bare bones of the problem before sending him off to keep Pansy company. That done, he went in search of Vince.

Vince was standing outside in the cold, staring off at the horizon, even though it was past dark, and there was little to see. Draco had *the talk* with him too, although there were less tears, and less words from Vince. But Draco knew his friend well enough to see the cracks in the surface, and to spot the parallels to Pansy's worries. He informed Vince of his plans, not asking for permission. Draco set himself a time limit. He was going to get the guests out of the house within the hour, arousing absolutely no suspicion. The last thing his friends needed was unwanted attention from all and sundry. Feeling less concerned about Vince's imminent well-being than Pansy's, Draco left him there and went about his task.

~oOo~

When push came to shove, sitting Vince and Pansy down to talk to each other was one of the most difficult, harrowing experiences of Draco's life. It sounded melodramatic to say so, but this relationship was close to him. It was real in a way that the relationships of one's parents rarely were. He knew things about them both; little secrets and embarrassing memories shared between them all, and he realised the value of friendship in that split second, more than at any other time in his life. He also realised how fragile peace was, and his own nerves jangled at the thought of ever getting to such an emotional impasse with Harry about anything.

In the end, to break the awkwardness, Harry had started to talk. He talked about seemingly irrelevant things at first, leading a meandering path into more sensitive areas as he continued, hooking both Vince and Pansy into his story. Harry told them about what family meant to him, and how much Draco had changed the way he lived his life. Harry said he was a better person for having Draco by his side, and the love in his face when he turned his placid gaze on him brought a swell of contentment to Draco's heart.

Surprisingly, it was Vince who spoke first. The words were stilted and faltering at the beginning, and he struggled to make himself understood. But to his credit, he stuck at it, and soon enough, murmured apologies and professions of undying love were heard. Tears were shed and promises re-made as Vince and Pansy pieced their lives back together again, overcoming the devastation of their losses to build a new foundation for their way forward.

Harry and Draco slipped out after a while, convinced their parts were played. How lucky Draco was to have Harry. He swore silently to himself never to take Harry for granted, and to talk about the things that needed saying, rather than letting wounds fester until they were painful and too large to treat.

It wasn't until they stepped out of the fireplace in Harry's hallway that Draco started to shake. What he thought was a momentary chill grew until his teeth were almost chattering in his skull. He couldn't stop! He was overloaded with fear and a terrible need to know Harry, to keep him close, to imprint every part of himself on every part of Harry until they weren't

two separate people, but two halves that made a perfect whole.

There was concern in Harry's face as he stepped close and held Draco, looking deeply into his eyes, searching for the cause of this pain, and for the cure. Harry leaned in and kissed him, and it was nothing more than a tender press of lips, nothing more than that. But the contact broke something inside Draco's chest. He felt the alarming, all consuming need lash outward, and he slammed his mouth right against Harry's, forcing his lips apart in a frenzy and stabbing his tongue between the barrier of Harry's teeth. Harry was swept along in the explosion too, and their hands tore at each other, destroying clasps and buttonholes in their fevered drive to feel naked skin.

Harry's teeth bruised Draco's lip, and there was the sudden, sharp metallic taste of blood in his mouth, but Harry kissed him harder still, sucking the blood away even as he dug his fingers viciously into Draco's back.

In their hurry to kick their shoes off, they stumbled, and Harry overbalanced, only prevented from a heavy fall by Draco's hand. Draco spent a split second looking down at Harry, at his bare chest and the livid pink scratches he must have inflicted at some point, before he dropped down on him and pinned Harry to the floor, his physical strength multiplied by the power of his hunger. Draco sank his teeth into Harry's shoulder, not playing, but biting to mark. His hands journeyed carelessly over Harry's torso, alternately claw-like then gentle. But by the time he got to the waistband of Harry's trousers, all Draco could think about was fucking. He literally tore Harry's trousers down to mid thigh and wrestled with his own, only bothering to strip them clean off one leg before he straddled Harry's body again, intent on forcing Harry's erection into himself without preparation or lubricant. Draco was unhinged in those moments, caring only about taking Harry into himself and possessing him.

Harry's panicked gasping brought Draco back to the moment, although he'd been gone for only a fraction of a second. There was lubricant spilling out on the floor next to them, and Harry's hand scrabbled roughly at his hip, forcing him up to accommodate the violent, blissful thrust of two fingers into his body. Draco tipped his head back and cried out, working his hips on Harry's hand because Harry wasn't fast enough. He slapped his hand into the pool of oil, sending spatters of liquid everywhere, but not caring. Draco wrenched his upper body round until he could grasp Harry's cock with his slippery hand, and he made a

cursory effort to rub oil into the fat shaft before he wrenched Harry's hand out of the way and impaled himself with one agonising thrust.

Their shouts echoed around the hallway, but they didn't come close to being as loud as the roar of the burning inside Draco. It hurt inside him, but it was good. The pain brought his body into pinpoint focus, and it was like a drug. He needed this so much. Needed to scar himself with Harry, to make an indelible mark, a constant reminder of what they had.

When they started to move, it wasn't pretty. Or graceful, or coordinated, or even recognisably loving, for that matter. But to Draco, it was right. He pounded his body against Harry, feeling the friction of his hole and Harry's cock make something perfect and beautiful for them both. He gritted his teeth and stared down at Harry, flushed, and sweaty and straining with unsated lust, bellowing out his arousal as Draco fucked him hard.

Harry's hands tore at Draco's buttocks, forcing his hips still so that he could thrust upward, could take charge in some way, amidst their utter loss of control. They battled for the right to pleasure the other, using their pent up aggression and fears to describe through actions the words they couldn't say.

The pleasure was close to unbearable, and Draco growled his imminent release, even as Harry grunted back, way past coherent thought, never mind speech.

They came almost together, and with their orgasms came a bone-deep weariness; a complete bodily exhaustion that spoke of the ferocity of their coupling. If it had lasted more than two minutes all told, that would have been surprising.

Draco almost fell to the floor next to Harry, every muscle in his body screaming for oxygen, palsying and forcing a constant, pounding movement that was involuntary and unstoppable for the moment.

They heaved and gasped for breath noisily, neither one looking at the other. But when Harry's hand nudged his, Draco gripped it for all he was worth, knowing their explosive sharing was both understood and needed by Harry, just as much as he himself had craved it.

Lying there, recovering in both body and mind, Draco knew he and Harry had shared something primal, an instinct so base there wasn't a word for it in his vocabulary. His entire being thrummed with life, and the life was not only his, but Harry's. It was a special moment, and he savoured it, staring at the high ceiling and feeling the cold press of the stone floor against his naked back. He couldn't move. Didn't want to. He just wanted to stay there, next to Harry.

That one thought summed everything up in the simplest of terms.

~oOo~

They sat at the kitchen table, warming their hands on the mugs of hot chocolate Harry had made. There was whipped cream, and baby white marshmallows on top, and Draco watched a trail of melting cream run down the side of his mug, lost in his thoughts, but comfortable in the knowledge that Harry was his anchor, and he could never be truly lost because there was always a way back to him.

"With your permission," Harry began nervously, "I'd like to speak to Hermione about Vince and Pansy. I think she could help them." There was a lot left unsaid, but Draco knew instinctively which problem Harry was really referring to.

"It's not my permission you need," he replied, reaching one arm across the table and taking hold of Harry's outstretched hand. They rested their hands on the table, and Harry rubbed a thumb slowly over the soft skin near Draco's knuckles. "But I think it's a good idea."

"I'll owl them tomorrow, then," Harry replied, nodding slowly to himself.

Draco shook his head. "Some things are better done in person, Harry. This is not a 'letter' situation."

"You're right," Harry sighed. "Tomorrow, then."



“Tomorrow,” Draco agreed. “We’ll do it together.”

They smiled at each other. Of course they’d do it together. That was how things were destined to be, now, after all.

## Chapter Fourteen

Draco and Harry weren't exactly hermits, but since they'd become so serious about each other, they'd both neglected the social scene. And that was why New Year's Eve saw them slipping through the discreet, recessed door of *Bordello*, the most popular wizarding gay club there was. The interior was decorated in the tradition of an opulent nineteenth-century brothel, heavy on reds and purples, with swathes of damask drapes, wrought iron furniture and candle chandeliers. However, the music and clientele were most definitely not reminiscent of the nineteenth century.

It was always difficult to get into the club. That is, if you weren't Harry and Draco. They could set up house in the middle of the main room and the owners would merely ask them how much milk they liked in their morning tea, and what daily paper they required. Their patronage of any pub, club or restaurant was enough to guarantee capacity crowds, and the owners knew when they were on to a good thing.

The funny thing was, neither of them had particularly wanted to go out, but they did that irritating dance around not saying so, just in case the other one really did want to. Draco had wanted to stay in, have a nice long bath (with Harry, of course), and fall asleep on the sofa, feeling the whisper of Harry's breath on the back of his neck, whilst attempting to watch something classy. Like *The Curse of Frankenstein*, or maybe even *Plan 9 from Outer Space*. But Harry had made a pathetic half-argument for them to show their faces in public, when it was blatantly obvious to Draco that he wanted to stay in, too, but was caught up in that cycle of thinking you had to go out, because it was New Year.

So, they slipped inside the main room, assaulted by the hot, humid smell of excited bodies, albeit the by-product of dancing rather than fucking. Like all clubs on New Year's Eve, the

music was loud enough to damage eardrums, and even as Draco winced, he caught Harry mirroring the gesture out of the corner of his eye.

They hadn't gone five paces into the room when a scantily clad waiter pressed an *Avada Kedavra* into each of their hands and gestured for them to drink up. The *Avada Kedavra*, a cocktail of frightening reputation, was so named because of its ability to wreak havoc on the hardiest of drinking constitutions. Three or four were enough to render the imbiber so deeply unconscious that they appeared lifeless, and ready for the Magical Corpse Disposal Squad. The fact that it was lime green was more than likely just a marketing ploy, Draco often thought.

They held their glasses up and toasted each other before taking a careful sip. The pepper vodka in it was the strongest taste, and that was all that made it palatable. Draco had a penchant for pepper vodka. It went right back to his sixth year, and a very hazy, very enjoyable night in the Slytherin common room. He smiled to himself at the memory, and Harry's expression asked him, *What?* But Draco wasn't telling. Some activities were best not discussed with your cherished other half.

It looked like it might be impossible to find a table (Harry flatly refused to sit in the VIP section), but as they were picking their way round the edge of the dance floor, Draco watched a hand shoot out and grasp Harry's wrist, pulling him to an abrupt stop. Draco's immediate reaction was startling. He actually reached forward, intent on ripping the hand from its accompanying arm, until he spotted that it belonged to Charlie Weasley. Draco felt a pang of jealousy as Harry leaned down to give Charlie a quick hug, a huge, pleasantly surprised grin on his face, but he schooled his expression to indifference. Charlie was with a big group of people; maybe a dozen, all told. They were mostly men, but Draco could make out three women, too, one of whom was sitting right next to Charlie.

Draco watched Harry and Charlie lean in close to bellow a conversation at each other, before Harry reached back and made a haphazard grab at Draco's hip, pulling him in closer. Harry cocked his head in the direction of Charlie's table, a questioning look on his face. Draco nodded, and they moved to sit down. That is, Harry sat down, but Charlie swung up off his stool and turned to face Draco, blocking his way. He looked at Charlie, and the size of the smile on his face made Draco's momentary irritation melt away. He reached out to shake

Charlie's hand, but found himself pulled into a hug, albeit a brief one. When Draco finally squeezed in to his seat, he noticed a knowing smirk on Harry's face, and he watched Harry look pointedly at Charlie, and then back to himself. Draco was confused. Maybe another drink would solve that problem.

Draco could only manage one more cocktail before he was forced to switch to white wine spritzers. His stomach had already started to rebel at the alcohol content of the *Avada Kedavra*, and besides which, he and Harry had made an agreement of sorts not to get too pissed. They had things to do the next day, and neither was keen on the thought of muddling through a day with only half a brain engaged. If only there was a potion to cure hangovers, Draco mused. Hell, maybe he could talk Snape into designing one? Might make the man his fortune, and then he'd have a reason to be cheerful for once.

Only an hour had passed since their arrival at the club, but Harry was past his third cocktail, and well into lager territory. Draco had tried a well-meant nudge, but had been met with a *Who are you? My mother?* kind of look, so he shrugged and let it go. Harry could nurse his own nausea in the cold light of day, Draco thought rather uncharitably; just so long as he didn't have to deal with an amorous but ultimately incapable Harry later on.

The club really was too loud for extended conversations. Draco had made some shouted introductions to Charlie's friends, but after that, it was too much like hard work. So he sat back and drifted into one of his favourite activities: People watching. The things you could learn from surreptitious study! For example, Draco had noticed the two club owners hold a discreet conversation, mostly using hand signals, which resulted in the air conditioning being switched off. Why was that notable? Well, within ten minutes, clothes started to disappear. In less than forty minutes, every gym-toned twink cutie was bare-chested and gleaming with a subtle sheen of sweat. Draco laughed silently. It was environmental manipulation at its very best. It was no wonder the club had such a reputation, when its body conscious patrons made it a place any gay man would want to be. So much fresh meat on display. And Draco knew all about that.

If he'd have been bothered to, he could have counted off more fingers than he had on both hands of old conquests that were out celebrating their own New Year. This had been somewhere he'd come to pick up strangers for sex in the days before Harry. It was easy.

*Bordello* was not a place for monogamous couples. It was where people came to satisfy their libidos with no strings, where they came for something a little rougher than they could get at home. And sometimes, it was where couples came to find some extra entertainment for their bedroom. If anyone cared to look, they'd see the signs. The furtive nods and winks, and the way muscles were flexed, and *fuck me* eyes spanned the width of the crowded room.

Draco had never seen Harry here, and he was glad of that. He didn't want Harry to have been the kind of man he himself had been. His jealous nature would never have been able to deal with it. And talking of jealous natures, it was taking more and more effort for Draco to ignore Harry's ongoing dialogue with Charlie. It didn't matter that Harry's hand never strayed from its comfortable grip on his thigh. What mattered was that Harry was turned away from him, his attention all for Charlie.

Making friends with the Weasleys had been hard for Draco for lots of reasons. But the one he would never admit out loud was that he was absolutely terrified Harry would leave him for one of them. Harry was the first to admit he liked ginger hair, and you couldn't get much more ginger than Clan Weasel. And then, there was the relationship with Ginny and the crush on Bill. Yes, Draco was worried, and Charlie was most definitely not helping matters. It was a testament to the depth of his feelings for Harry that Draco could feel so insecure, when he'd never had cause for that particular emotion before.

Draco had never clocked Charlie as gay. There had been no hints in his behaviour, and no comments made by Harry. At first, Draco had assumed the woman doing her best to sit in Charlie's lap was his girlfriend. It became obvious that she clearly wanted to be his bed warmer, but Charlie gave her no more attention than anyone else at the table. She was not happy about it, and instead of taking out her annoyance on Charlie, she seemed to be focusing in on Draco instead. Maybe that was because he and Harry were ignoring her?

Bored of his self-made entertainment, Draco shifted purposefully and wrapped an arm around Harry's waist, hoping to draw him in for a cuddle, but at the very least, looking for some attention. He was pleased when Harry turned to him and smiled, every atom of jealousy and uncertainty vanishing under the intensity of Harry's gaze. It was stupid after all this time, but Draco felt his breath catch in the back of his throat, and he knew Harry had recognised the effect he was having on him, because his smile turned into a smirk and he

opened his mouth just enough to dart his tongue out and moisten his lips. Draco stared. He felt awfully warm, and his temperature rose even more as Harry leaned in and kissed him. It wasn't a showy kiss; it was just a leisurely press of lips, but the way Harry moved in so slowly, and the lazy way he tilted his head and let his eyes slide closed did terrible things to Draco's body. And Harry knew it. He was such a fucking prick tease when he'd had a drink!

When Harry moved away again, Draco couldn't help but notice the odd intensity of Charlie's attention, and he failed to suppress a tiny frown as he wondered quite how far the second-eldest Weasley offspring would go to win Harry.

"Wanna dance?" Harry shouted at him, searching his eyes for the answer. Draco didn't want to dance. He wasn't naturally fluid when it came to activities outside the bedroom, and the only kind of dancing he was more than adequate at was of the ballroom variety. Some of the lessons of his childhood were harder to forget than others, and making a spectacle of oneself in public was one such lesson.

Draco knew Harry could see the imminent refusal, and his face took on a pitiful, pleading expression as he mouthed, "*Please?*" It was such a pathetic look that Draco couldn't refuse. He was putty in Harry's hands, which was pretty much how they both liked it. He found himself frowning, but smiling at the same time, and Harry's expression was triumphant. He grabbed Draco's hand and pulled him up, squeezing past Charlie at such speed that Draco ended up colliding with him.

Charlie's hands came up and steadied Draco, and their eyes met for a split second before he was hauled off towards the dance floor. There had been a look in Charlie's face; one that Draco couldn't decipher. But it was saying something, and he worried to himself that it was a warning. It occurred to him for a split second that perhaps Charlie was angling to be the filling in a marmalade sandwich, but he dismissed the idea with a wince and a disdainful curl of his lip.

Draco stopped thinking about it as Harry drew them both to a standstill in the middle of the mass of bumping bodies. He felt stiff and ungainly, not really sure how to just let go like Harry could. Harry had a way of dancing. He danced like no one was watching, and while he wasn't brilliant by any means, it was entrancing to see, because it was so free. But Harry

surprised Draco by pulling him and holding him close, arms wrapping around his back as his head rested against Draco's shoulder. The comfortable closeness literally oozed love. *Shit.* Harry turned his head in and brushed his lips against Draco's throat. He was barely moving on the outside, but on the inside, Draco was a writhing mass of testosterone and raw desire, his nerve endings zinging with erotic tension. Much more of this and Draco knew he'd get hard.

Harry's hands wandered as they swayed slowly together, completely out of synch with the riotous music thumping out all around them. They traced a light path up and down Draco's back, the fingertips pressing into the dimples above his buttocks before gliding back up again, and repeating the tease endlessly. Draco rested his cheek on Harry's head and closed his eyes. He could almost forget where they were. The only things worth thinking about were the sensation of Harry's body against him, and the smell of his hair, his skin. There was something about their proximity that made Draco think of those first drowsy minutes in the morning when he woke up, surrounded by Harry's scent, his warmth.

Knowing his body was going to respond, Draco backed away just a fraction, needing to put a cushion of space between them rather than have to deal with the inevitable public erection. He knew Harry would put up a fight against the movement, and he did. Draco stilled, frozen in anticipation as Harry lifted his head to stare up at him, his eyes full of fire, and a familiar, predatory look shaping his features. Slowly, deliberately, Harry's hands pressed harder against Draco's back as they travelled downward, not ceasing their journey at the dip of his spine this time, but venturing further. Draco stopped breathing as Harry's palms skimmed over the taut curves of his rear end, circling it, enjoying the resistance, before curling his fingers and digging them in. Even for all the noise of the music, Draco heard himself gasp as Harry's fingertips squeezed his flesh, pulling his body back inward until their groins were in full contact. Harry exhaled a silent chuckle as he rubbed himself subtly against Draco, clearly enjoying the effect he was having.

When Harry tilted his chin up and offered his lips, Draco could not refuse.

Kisses like that one made life worth living. Feeling Harry's tongue against his own, toying with him so affectionately, yet offering so much at the same time left no room for mistaking Harry's undivided love for him. All thoughts that Harry might prefer Charlie became absurd.

Draco berated his own insecurity for the hundredth time, telling himself that only people in love could share intimacies of this magnitude. He felt the tip of Harry's nose trace gently on his cheek, and the way his plump bottom lip squashed so perfectly against his own, the skin so soft that the urge to bite it was almost irresistible. Draco couldn't hear anything over the music, but he felt Harry's groan, the way his mouth rippled with the tiny vibrations, and his tongue renewed its exploration.

When Harry broke the kiss and leaned back to look up at him, Draco saw the evidence of his passion in the blush on his cheeks, and the way his lips were parted, his breaths shallow. He raised a hand and cupped Harry's face, caressing his cheekbone with the pad of his thumb. He watched Harry mouthe, "I love you," and although his responding smile was only small, it was enough to convey his pleasure, and his heartfelt, ecstatic reply.

When a wildly gyrating dancer jostled them, the tender moment was shattered, but it was okay. They had the rest of their lives for such exchanges, after all. Harry's hands found Draco's, and they held on to each other, two still figures in the midst of a multitude of sweating people. After what could have been minutes, Harry jerked his head, and raised an eyebrow. Draco merely nodded, and allowed Harry to lead him away.

Harry led him out of the heaving room and into the back corridor, where the music still vibrated through the walls but there was at least some relief from the sheer volume. Draco noticed one or two people watching them as they passed, wearing smirks that said, *We know what you're going off to do*. He wondered if they might be right. He stared after Harry, noting everything about the way the muscles moved in his shoulders, his back, and the glittering pinpricks of sweat in the cropped hair at the bottom of his neck.

The stairs to the women's toilets came up on their right, and Harry threw a smile over his shoulder before pulling Draco up them. Draco thought, for just a moment, to protest, then realised the majority of people who would be using these toilets in a gay club would be other couples looking for privacy, too. He felt better about that as he clung to Harry's hand and followed him up the final steps, eyes glued to Harry's rear end working beneath his sinfully expensive designer jeans. Draco found that his mouth had started to water and he had an overwhelming urge to bury his face into Harry's naked backside and kiss him, lick him there, where it made him squirm and beg and lose all shame.



Privacy was a real issue for them, when so many sneaky photographers were hiding out, waiting for that precious photo opportunity of the two of them in an unmistakably compromising position. Draco could almost imagine the grainy photo spread in *Alohomora!* magazine, depicting their tipsy foreplay, Harry's hand working up and down inside the unbuttoned fly of his trousers. Draco shuddered at the thought, telling himself it was perfectly fine for other 'celebrities' to be caught thus, but not the two of them. Merlin's beard, no! Explaining that indiscretion to his mother and the chairman of his bank was not a conversation Draco wished to have. Ever.

Sure enough, the rest room was quiet; just a woman reapplying her make-up, and only one door closed to keep out prying eyes, but not disguising the sounds of playful activity within. Looking over her shoulder in the mirror, the woman smoothed her lip-gloss with a single finger, her eyes smiling at them, before she turned and headed out, clicking the door shut after her.

They went to the furthest cubicle and locked the door. Draco took a deep breath before he turned to measure the expression on Harry's face. All they did was look at each other; that was all, but Draco felt weak all over and when Harry placed steadying hands on his hips, he wondered if he'd still be able to stand without them there.

"Kiss me." A simple statement. A plea.

Draco's mouth was already open as he sealed his lips over Harry's and slid his tongue past Harry's teeth. He could barely taste the alcohol, although he could smell it, vying for attention with the scent that was purely Harry. Hands travelled roughly up Draco's back, combing carelessly through his hair to pull his head down yet further as the kiss became deeper, more urgent, accompanying the sudden thrust of Harry's hard-on grinding into his thigh.

Harry moaned. Actually, it was more of a whimper, a helpless, lost sound, when the true irony was that Draco felt like the helpless one, needing Harry to centre him, to keep him steady.

The kiss grew harder still, and Harry nipped at Draco's lip, sharp enough to shock them both a little. It made Draco want to use his teeth, too, and he buried his face in Harry's neck, not even bothering to savour the salty tang of his skin before he sank his teeth in, making Harry cry out his arousal in a broken, gloriously defeated voice.

Draco felt a hand jab between their bodies, worming its way down to their groins until it was stuck tight, sandwiched between them, with too little room to get a grip on anything. He bent his knees slightly, rubbing his erection against the back of Harry's hand, taunting him, groaning at the feel of knuckle bones gouging into him, pressing harder and harder until Harry's hand was squashed flat against the long bulge of his own cock.

Draco nuzzled Harry's ear with his nose before biting down on the tender flesh of his neck again, not hard enough to bruise, but enough that the teeth marks would be visible for anyone to see. He was past caring. Harry tasted too good, felt so good writhing up against him, and at that time, Draco didn't consider that he was marking his territory, giving Charlie a clear message that Harry was his.

Harry was falling apart. He tasted of submission, and Draco's hunger for him peaked. There was something infinitely alluring about the way Harry gave himself. On the rare occasions he acted out his passivity under Draco's hands, Harry just let go. He held nothing back, kept no power in reserve to turn the tables, and Draco loved him all the more for his ability to simply demonstrate what his body needed. He'd make a perfect bitch, Draco sometimes thought, and he was so incredibly grateful that they'd found each other when they had; that Harry had seen what Draco needed even before he had been able to recognise it himself, making the decision for him, bringing them both more happiness than anyone had a right to have. Harry's talent for sexual dominance should never be denied. Yet the trust they shared permitted a much more faceted, satisfying blend of experiences.

Harry's constant mewling got Draco painfully hard. He finally gave in to his own impulse and moved his body away just enough to fumble with Harry's button fly and plunge his hand inside the waistband of his underwear. His cock was tacky with sweat, and Draco's hand stuck to it the instant he gripped it in the circle of his palm and tightened his fingers. Harry moaned his name, and Draco started to give him what he deserved.

He squeezed Harry as he wanked him, trying for the umpteenth time to make the tips of his finger and thumb meet around the circumference of his hard penis, and drawing a hot, possessive flash of pleasure at his failure. Draco sensed movement from Harry, and shifted his gaze to watch him shove his trousers and boxers to mid thigh, exposing his groin in all its glory. He curved his spine towards Draco until he was resting against the partition on only his shoulders, pumping his hips wantonly into the fevered masturbation. Bloody hell, Harry was obscenely sexy.

Draco watched the dark meat of Harry's cock journey through his fist, faster and faster, getting wetter with every pass and he inhaled sharply, filling his lungs, scenting the smell of sex expanding between them, salivating at the insanely strong urge to lick Harry from head to toe. He watched as Harry grabbed his own balls, the way the tips of his fingers disappeared into the shiny mass of black curls as they dug in and twisted, making the sac bulge alarmingly under the violence of the touch. Watching that just made Draco wank him faster, straining against the muscles in his arm, forcing them to work harder.

Harry's groans were addictive. Draco crashed his mouth back against Harry's, closing his eyes but still seeing the searing image of Harry groping himself projected on the insides of his eyelids. Harry was struggling to breathe. There was a very arousing hint of panic in his movements, and Draco tortured him all the more, devouring him with kisses, giving him no space to inhale.

Harry was shuddering under his touch, collapsing against the wall for even the tiniest amount of support. Draco knew Harry was going to come. It was time to go in for the kill. He wedged a thigh into the small gap between Harry's legs, jamming Harry's hot hand and its precious contents against his body as he pinched his thumb and forefinger into the slippery-wet ridge beneath the broad flare of his glans and rubbed. He ignored the shaft, concentrating only on working the very end of Harry, rolling it firmly between his fingers, feeling it jerk enticingly, the fat vein pumping blood right to the very tip, making it swell, making Harry cry out for him. Draco felt all-powerful. He held Harry's orgasm in the palm of his hand, keeping it just out of reach, just for a few more seconds.

When Harry's face was completely red, his lips quivering with incoherent moans, far, far past the ability to speak, Draco let him come. Harry's shout cut through the tinnitus ringing in his

ears from the music, and the expression of pained relief shaping his features was something Draco would fantasise about for years to come. Harry convulsed; there was no other word for it. Draco was almost shocked by the aggression of Harry's orgasm, and even as his eyes memorised the gradual smoothing away of the tension in his face, he massaged Harry's steadily pumping come between his fingers, making them both slippery and sticky, and creating a breathtaking glide of flesh against flesh as they each slowed, Harry replete, Draco in sympathy.

Harry seemed paralysed in his release, his muscles refusing to respond. Draco could read the languor in the slack set of Harry's mouth, and he felt a hot, wet flush of satisfaction ripple through his chest, centring in on his groin, making his balls throb. He seemed to watch himself from outside his body as he raised his wet hand to his mouth and licked his palm, tasting spunk and salty sweat, two perfectly complementary flavours together. He felt like he watched his own eyes flicker closed as he sucked each finger into his mouth, wrapping his tongue around the digit, sucking every last remnant of semen away, like swallowing the syrupy sweetness of a sugary treat, except that Harry tasted better than any confection.

When he opened his eyes finally, Harry was watching him silently, intently. "Do I taste good?" he whispered. There was no tease in his gentle tone, yet there was no anxiety, either. Draco didn't answer, couldn't find the words. He kissed Harry instead, swallowing the high-pitched whimper of sustained desire that could have come from either one of them.

Harry tasted him; tasted himself on Draco's lips, his tongue. Draco sensed the energy return to Harry, and he heard the faint scuffle of fabric as Harry tugged his jeans and underwear back up, before feeling those same fingers reach out and touch him. They traced feather-light tracks up and down the stiff length of his cock, exploring the hot hollow between his thighs, where the seam of his trousers was abusing his testicles. His sigh was almost silent. It was just a slow exhalation of breath into Harry's mouth, but it described his condition more eloquently than a book full of words.

Harry gently pushed Draco away from him, watching his face the entire time as he unbuckled Draco's belt and carefully undid his trousers, pushing them until they fell in a pool around his ankles. Draco felt warm, dry fingertips trace the circumference of the waistband on his underwear before they slid inside so slowly, easing them over the obstruction of his

erection, and patiently guiding them down his thighs.

The air in the cubicle was warm, but Draco had leaked so much that his shaft turned cold as they air caressed it. He looked into Harry's eyes and he knew; knew that Harry was going to suck him until he came in his mouth, that Harry was hungry for the taste of him, just like Draco had been, for him. He watched Harry drop to his knees and look up, his big eyes innocent and so full of wonder. So full of gratitude for this treat in store, when surely it was Draco who should be grateful?

He wanted to watch this so much, but when Harry's tongue lapped at him, Draco's eyes closed and his hips grew a life of their own. He wanted to be in Harry's mouth, but Harry was exploring him, following the long ridge that ran the length of him until the pointy tongue separated his testicles in their fleshy sac, making the skin writhe and contract. He couldn't stop a hand journeying out and fanning over Harry's head, stroking his hair, combing through it to reach the damp warmth of his scalp.

When Harry started to suckle him, Draco lost all sense of time, of himself. Harry's mouth was full of saliva and he barely closed it around Draco's cock, merely brushing the insides of his lips up and down, the satiny smoothness of the friction creating the most delicate stimulation. How could Harry be so good? How could anyone be this good? If he'd been a Muggle, Draco would have considered it witchcraft.

Draco sobbed when Harry started to use his teeth. He could feel them grazing his hardness, barely pressing down against his shaft, but that one sensation multiplied all the others until his groin was a seething mass of physical feelings: lips, tongue, teeth. And eventually, fingers, as Harry raised a hand and circled the bottom of his erection, pulling the skin tight so that his rosy red head vibrated like a drum under each whisper of oral provocation.

He came in moments, not even managing to restrain himself until Harry pursed his lips and sucked. The orgasm wracked his body in waves, but he seemed to come in one solid flood, feeling himself squirting against the roof of Harry's mouth, the enclosed space washing the sperm back onto himself until he could almost tell the difference between the heavy wetness of his own come and the lighter wetness of Harry's saliva. Draco was grateful for the hands that pressed his hips back against the wall, supporting him as he regained control,

yet still languishing in the heavenly, weightless afterglow.

“Wow,” Harry breathed. “Wow.”

Draco heartily agreed with the sentiment. *Wow indeed.*

He struggled with his own crumpled boxer shorts while Harry stood up, drawing the trousers back up with him, so that Draco could complete dressing himself, even though his fingers were almost shaking too much to do it. They held onto one another for a while, not saying anything, but not needing to, either. Harry was the reason the sun rose and set every day; of that, Draco was certain.

The kiss they shared as they moved to unlock the door was sweet. Their lips were soft and giving, carrying the unmistakable tang of creamy semen. It was criminal to wash this taste away with alcohol, but they would. It was inevitable. As they went to the sink to wash their hands and faces, Draco drew comfort from the thought of Harry’s sperm swimming around in his stomach, filling his body in one way, even though he would have preferred to have been filled in another.

“Charlie’s a piece of work, isn’t he?” came Harry’s amused voice finally.

Draco turned to watch him dry his hands, raising an eyebrow at the sly narrowing of Harry’s eyes.

“I can’t believe he’s got the cheek to flirt with you with me sitting right there!” Draco replied, his shock at Charlie’s bald-faced behaviour colouring his tone.

“You’re joking, right?” Harry said, frowning in a *can you really be this dim?* kind of way. “He’s got the horn for you!” he added, and for a moment Draco couldn’t see how Harry had reached such a conclusion. Then it all started to dawn on him; the chivalry on that first evening in the pub, and that starved look on Charlie’s face when he and Harry had kissed at the table. He hadn’t processed until right at that moment that Charlie had been looking at *him*, and not Harry.

Draco's face must have fallen, because Harry offered brightly, "I don't know why you're worried. I'm the one with the boyfriend everyone fancies."

Draco snorted self-deprecatingly. "I really thought you and Charlie..." Now it came to saying it out loud, Draco felt a bit stupid. It was unlikely, wasn't it?

"Bloody hell," Harry laughed. "That'd be like screwing Ron or something."

Draco had to chuckle at that. Harry's face looked completely mortified, even though he could see the humour in it. "I never even noticed Charlie was gay," he said finally, sobering just a little.

Harry hopped up and sat on the vanity surface, swinging his legs as he watched Draco restyle his hair, getting the tousled look absolutely right. "I don't think he's gay gay, if you see what I mean," he said, to which Draco shook his head, not getting it at all. Harry rubbed absently at his scar for a second, perhaps thinking how best to phrase it. "After the whole Bill/Ginny thing at the wedding," Harry said, "Charlie sort of took me under his wing. He was like a proper big brother, you know?"

Draco nodded, but he didn't know, having never had anyone that fitted into that mould. Blaise was his closest comparator.

Harry continued, "He took me out a few times, just to talk, to try and help me get it sorted in my head." He shrugged, and Draco wondered what it was exactly that Harry was dismissing. "Charlie knew me and Ginny had slept together, and then the Bill thing threw another element into the pot, really. He told me that something similar had happened to him."

Draco moved to stand between Harry's legs, and they looped their arms loosely round each other as they continued to talk.

"Charlie had got drunk one night and when he woke up the next day, he was draped all over this bloke he used to work with. He was gutted at first, and he legged it as fast as he could. Took him a while to deal with it, but when he did, he realised he wasn't repulsed by what he'd done." Harry pecked a kiss on Draco's cheek before he continued. "It's different with

Charlie because mostly, he prefers women and it was always the other way around for me.”

“Ah,” Draco said, only because he felt he had to say something.

Harry’s arms tightened, and Draco saw his grin grow until his eyes crinkled in amusement. “It didn’t occur to me until tonight, when he asked me about a dozen questions about you, that he was trying to control some rather dishonourable urges toward you.”

“Like I’d ever knob a Weasley,” Draco muttered.

“Yeah, I know,” Harry said slyly. “But if you did knob one, I reckon Charlie’d be your best bet.”

“Oh, good grief,” Draco said, appalled. “Please don’t tell me you’re suggesting that I ‘entertain’ Charlie? There’s no way, Harry. Not even for your viewing pleasure!”

Harry yanked Draco close, burying his face in the warm curve of his neck. “You get a big gold star for knowing exactly the right thing to say,” he murmured between pressing kisses against Draco’s throat. “I told you I don’t want to share you, and I meant it.”

“Hm,” Draco pouted. “I suppose that puts an end to all my double-booking fantasies, then.”

“Double-booking?” Harry questioned, clearly confused.

Draco snorted and nipped at one of Harry’s earlobes. “You know, one at each end,” he purred flirtatiously, letting his hands roam across Harry’s shoulders, and down his arms. He felt Harry still, and knew he shouldn’t have said anything. When Harry finally spoke, there was uncertainty in his voice.

“You really fantasise about that?”

Draco exhaled a deep breath. “I used to,” he replied honestly. “But you’re more than enough for me these days.” He meant it, too.



“Good,” Harry said, the relief threading through his voice. “I mean, if you wanted to,” Harry stuttered, “I’d... I wouldn’t like it, but I’d -”

Draco shushed him, placing a soft kiss on his head. “I don’t want to, Harry. Not any more.”

Harry looked up at him and smiled. God, what a pathetic pair they were!

“Come on,” Draco grinned. “Let’s head back downstairs so I can flaunt my shapely arse right under Charlie’s nose.”

“Be nice, Draco,” Harry warned, but he said it with a smile on his face, and they both knew they were only teasing.

Huffing loudly, Draco helped Harry onto his feet and sighed, “Fine. I won’t slip him the tongue when I give him a New Year’s kiss, then.”

Harry smacked Draco’s bum hard, making the slap echo round the restroom. “No, you bloody won’t. Not unless you want a few more of those, on your naked backside.”

Draco smirked as he held the door open and ushered Harry past. He leaned in and whispered, “And what makes you think that’s any incentive for me to behave?”

Harry’s resigned laugh was the last thing he heard before the pounding of the music drowned everything else out.

~oOo~

New Year’s Day turned out to be a bright, sunny day, surprisingly clement for the time of year. Just as Draco had predicted, Harry had woken up in a less than jovial mood, suffering with a mild hangover, which was made worse by Draco’s own bright and chipper frame of mind. It was, after all, the first day of a potentially idyllic year, leading seamlessly into a heavenly life for the two of them, and Draco planned to enjoy every second of it.

Harry had grunted feebly when Draco had placed a mug of tea by the side of the bed, as well as a glass of water and some rehydration salts. Draco had chuckled quietly and leaned over the bed to place a kiss on Harry's sweaty forehead before going to run a bath.

Lying in the bath, Draco fondly recalled how Harry had been when they'd finally got back from *Bordello*. As was always the case when Harry had more than a couple of drinks, he'd turned into a horny octopus, protesting his undying devotion in an earnest voice and groping Draco with abandon, tweaking his bum and pinching his nipples and every other handy piece of anatomy within his reach. Harry had worn the biggest puppy-dog eyes as he snuggled up to Draco, in complete contrast to the sexually intrusive nature of the fingers worming insistently inside his clothes. Yes, Harry was just edible when he was like that, Draco thought, although sadly, the fondling didn't go any further.

The problem with Harry, like most other men, was that they might be demonstrably affectionate whilst under the influence, but following through on the murmured promises of their ardour was quite another thing. Harry might well be the saviour of the wizarding world, but he was as susceptible to beer wood as anyone else, which was pretty depressing for Draco, because what Harry had between his legs certainly looked like an erection. It just didn't really feel like one. So Draco had found his evening ending in solitary fashion, with Harry snoring gently at his side, the floppy thickness of his ten-inch cock lying heavily against his own thigh as Draco romanced the bone alone. Never mind. He'd have to siphon that little saga off for Harry to view in the Pensieve later on. Most likely just before their next evening out together.

Draco was enjoying his nice, hot soak when he watched Harry plod stiffly into the bathroom, relieve himself of what sounded like the last four pints he'd consumed the night before, and step gingerly into the bath water, trying to keep his head as still as possible. The look on Harry's face advised Draco not to enquire after his health, so Draco sat forward instead, pulling him into his arms, settling Harry's back against his front and drawing them silently back into the water again. They lay that way for ages, in complete contentment, and it was only when Harry shifted to pick up the flannel that Draco reached for the soap and started to wash him.

As they were eating a very light breakfast, an owl tapped at the kitchen window. Draco let the bird in and retrieved the scroll from its leg, noticing with interest that the letter was from his mother. He experienced a conflicting range of emotions as he read the letter, and it must have shown on his face because Harry asked him if everything was all right.

“Mother and Griffin are getting married,” he said, his tone unreadable.

“Wow,” Harry murmured. “That’s sudden.”

Draco huffed. “My thoughts exactly.” He put the scroll down and rubbed at his eyes for a second. “At least I know he’s not marrying her for the title or the money,” he joked, but only half in fun.

He felt odd. Draco didn’t really have any specific reservations about Griffin; he was a nice man, very good for his mother and all that. He knew Griffin would ensure she was happy, as well as providing her with the glamorous lifestyle she was well used to. Draco felt a pang of shock when he realised part of his attitude towards the news was jealousy. At least she *could* get married, and everyone would recognise their commitment to each other, and respect it. Few people respected a long-term gay relationship, even if they weren’t actually homophobic, yet however monogamous he and Harry were, Draco knew that the majority of people would expect their ‘lifestyle’ to embrace infidelities and a kind of love that was somehow less than the love between a man and a woman. He seethed silently over the injustice of it. Why couldn’t he and Harry have the right to marry, the same as any straight couple? Who the fuck had the right to judge them? It was all so very wrong.

“-okay?” Harry said, clearly having been speaking for a while, but Draco just hadn’t heard him.

“What was that?” he asked Harry, frowning at himself because he’d zoned out of their conversation altogether under the weight of his thoughts.

“I just said, are you okay?” Harry said softly, carefully, even. “You look a bit - ” he lifted a hand and twisted it from side to side, “- wobbly.”

“I think I’m in shock,” he said shortly, waving Harry’s concern away.

“Understandable,” Harry told him, his eyes full of comfort and warmth.

“I’m pleased for her,” Draco heard himself say, “but ...” He couldn’t say more. He wasn’t ready to share these feelings with Harry yet, indeed, if he ever would be. He blamed his mother in some ways, for sewing the seeds of matrimony in his mind all those months ago. He’d never given it a thought before then, having grown up in the knowledge that it would never be an option for him, at least, as part of a loving relationship, at any rate.

“Um,” Harry said nervously. Draco nodded for him to continue. “Will he become Lord Malfoy?” Harry actually winced as the words left his mouth, probably knowing his social ineptitude was not well placed at this particular moment in time.

Draco smiled reassuringly at him, tossing him a small but heartfelt wink as he did. “No, silly,” he said. “But she’ll have to give up her claim to the title.” He shrugged, but it wasn’t an apology. “Once she’s married, I’ll be Lord Malfoy. I’ll have to carry the title then. It’s part and parcel of the family estate.” Draco plopped his chin in his hand and stared out onto space, making a loud ‘hm’-ing noise.

“What?” Harry asked, evidently still a bit worried.

“I was just wondering what that’ll make you?” he smirked. “Perhaps you’ll become Lord Malfoy’s man friend or something.”

Harry snorted. “A slight improvement on Lady Malfoy, from my perspective,” he laughed.

Draco actually choked on his mouthful of tea at Harry’s comment. “Merlin,” he chuckled, “If anyone’d heard the way you fart after an Indian takeaway, they’d never mistake you for a Lady.”

Harry looked affronted. “I do not fart!” he protested loudly.

“Yes, you do,” Draco admonished. “There’s no need for fibbing, now. It’s most unbecoming for a Lord’s shag piece to be going round, telling porkies.”

Harry made a hurt noise and threw his arms up in the air in feigned outrage. “I don’t have to sit here and listen to this,” he announced, affecting a dramatic sigh.

“I thought I was the camp one in this relationship,” Draco laughed, and Harry laughed too, settling back into his chair.

“Have they set a date?” Harry questioned.

“No,” Draco said, pushing the scroll across the table for Harry to read himself. “But I expect it’ll be summer, sometime. Mother will expect an open air, ostentatious affair, you know.”

Harry yawned expansively as he read the note from Narcissa. When he handed it back, he said, “What time do you want to leave?”

Draco looked at the clock on the cooker. “An hour? Does that suit you?”

“Fine,” Harry said, getting up and wandering over to the sink, depositing their empty plates in the bowl. “Should I wear anything special?” Draco was touched. Harry was really quite worried about their imminent visit to the Malfoy family portrait gallery.

“Well, I wouldn’t go for anything crotchless, if I were you,” he said matter-of-factly. “Great Aunt Araminta’s a bit of a perv. I should be most upset if she flirted with you, especially in front of my father.”

“D’you really think this is a good idea?” Harry worried.

Draco heaved himself out of his chair and sidled over to Harry. “Let me get this straight,” he said. “Harry Potter scourge of Dark wizards the world over, is scared of meeting my ancestors? Have I got that right?”

“Oh, no,” Harry said, rather brightly, wrapping his arms around Draco’s waist. “I’m only

scared of your dad.”

Draco guffawed. He couldn't help himself. “That makes no sense!” he wheezed.

“I never said it did,” Harry replied. “Now hurry up, will you? I seem to recall I owe you something from last night, before we get dressed.”

Draco stopped laughing immediately. His pulse picked up instantly as he looked into Harry's face. “What do you think you owe me?” he asked breathily. Harry's hands were already fumbling with the belt tie on his bathrobe. Things started to happen down below, too. He wasn't completely soft when he felt the hand close around his cock and balls and give a tempting squeeze, rolling his eyeballs back in his skull for a fraction of a second.

Harry pushed Draco backwards carefully, until his thighs rested against the kitchen table. His pulse was thumping, now, and he let his robe slide off his shoulders so that he was naked, except for the ruffles of fabric around his hips.

“Turn around, Draco.” The words were whispered, but they were commanding. He did what he was told, and felt the robe flop free onto the floor.

Harry's hands were all over him: tracing paths on his chest, down his sides, and tickling circles on his buttocks. He was fully hard now, and he touched himself as Harry touched his body, moaning quietly into the silence of the kitchen.

When Harry's hands pressed him forward, Draco bent over the kitchen table, curling his fingers around the bevelled edges and letting his chest and his cheek rest heavily against the wood. The scrape of a chair told him Harry had just sat down behind him, which meant...

“Oh, god,” he groaned. Harry hadn't wasted any time. Draco had felt himself spread wide by firm hands, and then Harry had leaned in and kissed him. Right *there*. His lips were warm, wet, and they moulded themselves to the contours of Draco's body. The kiss was no less love-laden than one placed on the lips, and Draco felt his knees quake under the explosion of lust in his belly.

Harry breathed against him, and his breath was burning hot. Draco whimpered. Harry's tongue traced a smooth, wide line up and down before centring in on the faint dip where Draco's body would open up under his touch. He licked it with infinite care, his tongue pointy one moment and flat the next, wringing different reactions from Draco's tortured nerve endings.

With an exquisite squelch, Draco heard as well as felt Harry's tongue push inside him, wriggling purposefully and making him wet as it taunted him with sensations that were almost too good to bear. He couldn't help but jam himself into Harry's face, eager for more tongue, unable to accept that it wasn't bigger, longer.

Harry continued to rim him like it was a kiss, all moist, mobile lips and darting tongue, until Draco thought he might go insane. His fingers were numb, their circulation long since cut off as he gripped the tabletop for all he was worth. Who could ever have imagined a more perfect, dirty seduction? It wasn't just lust swelling Draco's gut. It was love, too, and there couldn't possibly be a more intoxicating blend of emotions. Not anywhere.

Draco actually felt devastated when Harry drew away from him. It was like a bereavement, every muscle and nerve singing their tension, primed, and at the peak of arousal. At least, that was what Draco thought, until the head of Harry's penis pressed against him and slipped inside. And then he knew that everything up until that point was a pale imitation of what his body was capable of. Who needed marriage when you could have this?

Harry was barely in him and he felt full. He couldn't have moved, not for anything. Draco felt his body split in two in the most incredible, achingly beautiful way, as Harry slid another, then another inch inside, going so slowly, handling him like a fine china doll, worshipful and with immeasurable care.

"I'm yours," he heard himself say; yet he hadn't even considered speaking. His voice was tight, choked with emotion. Harry stroked his quivering thigh with a gentle hand, soothing him, helping him ground himself again.

"Let me love you," Harry whispered, and the words rang out clear, even though Draco's ears were echoing with the whirlwind of his own harsh breaths.

The inexorable, unhurried penetration overrode Draco's ability to speak for a while, and he could do nothing except feel. When he could collect himself enough to murmur, "Love me ..." Harry told him tenderly, "I will, Draco. In every way."

There was no room for conscious thought after that.

They were merely two bodies; two people sharing their love, with all the time in the world.

~oOo~

"Are you ready?" Draco asked briskly.

"Um, no?" Harry replied, looking like he was about to be thrown headfirst into a den of hungry dragons with no magic to protect himself.

"I can't believe you wore a shirt and tie," Draco said, reaching out to straighten the tie fractionally, nodding his head when it was perfectly straight. Unlike either of them. Which was bound to be Lucius's favoured topic of conversation.

Harry snorted. "Well, it was better than that bloody 'porn star' T-shirt you wanted me to wear," he huffed.

"Oh, I don't know," Draco said off-handedly. "I really like that big picture of the banana and two plums on the back. My father was always on at me to eat more fruit." He shrugged, shooting Harry a wicked grin.

"I don't really think that was what he had in mind," Harry replied tightly, his nerves clearly getting the better of him. "Shall we get this over with?"

Draco wasn't particularly looking forward to this himself, but concluded it was best managed with a sense of humour. He sighed in resignation. His fun with Harry was over, at



least for the time being. Grasping the large door handle, he turned it and ushered Harry inside the Malfoy family portrait gallery.

Their eyes had barely accustomed to the gloom in the room when an outraged voice boomed out, *“GET THAT MUDBLOOD-LOVER OUT OF MY HOUSE!”*

“Good afternoon, Father,” Draco said, completely unfazed by the outburst. “I see death has done little to improve your disposition.”

Lucius growled his rage, and it reverberated around the gallery, waking up a few snoozing lords and ladies. Draco swished his wand, and all the curtains slid open, allowing beams of dusty light to permeate the long, thin room, making Lucius wince exaggeratedly.

“Good afternoon, everyone,” Draco called out in his best public speaker’s voice. “May I introduce my partner, Harry James Potter, son of James Potter and Lily Evans, both deceased.” There was a low-pitched mumble of conversation. Draco heard Harry cough in discomfort, and good old Great Aunt Araminta shuffled to the front of her frame, placed her pince-nez on the end of her nose and squinted down at them both.

“I didn’t know you were a bum boy, Lucius,” the old lady croaked out, narrowing her eyes to try and focus on Draco’s face, which had turned bright pink from stifling a huge snigger. Draco was sure she tipped him a furtive wink.

*“That’s not me, you cretinous old hag!”* Lucius roared, slicing right through the background noise of mumbling pensioners all talking at the same time. “That, I am ashamed to say, is my son! I knew nothing good would come of breeding with that dim-witted Black slut.”

“Now, now, Daddy dear,” Draco said sweetly, reaching for Harry’s hand and drawing him close, so that they stood right before Lucius’s portrait. “If you’re going to keep being unpleasant, I can always hang you in the house-elves’ latrine. I’m sure nobody here wants to listen to you spouting off all that stupid pure-blood supremacy bullshit any more.” Phew! He felt really, really proud of himself. He’d managed to say that without letting out the slightest hint of fear.

“Quite right,” a cacophony of gruff, old-man voices chorused, making Lucius’s face turn even purpler, as his forefathers publicly shunned him.

Lucius sneered. It was an even more impressively expressive sneer than Severus Snape could manage, which was saying something. “No,” he hissed, “you can’t be Draco. My useless son wouldn’t have the brass balls to come in here, acting like the lord of the Manor.” He stared down at them, and Draco could see the undiluted contempt on his father’s face.

Nevertheless, he replied quite calmly, “Yet here I am, Father. All primed and ready to take on my title just as soon as mother has remarried.”

If it was possible, Lucius’s face grew even more pinched, and Draco was transported back to his childhood years and the many times he was on the receiving end of the strap, mostly for no good reason other than that his father wanted to kick someone weaker than himself. “She wouldn’t dare,” he ground out.

“Why ever not?” Draco replied cheerfully. “She’s found the perfect man, it seems. Wealthy, powerful, Mudblood,” he listed, “handsome, kind, generous.” He looked at his father with satisfaction. Revenge was oh, so sweet. “Did I mention he’s a Mudblood?” Draco enquired innocently.

“Get out,” Lucius ordered, so quietly it was barely audible. Draco sensed Harry stiffen next to him, and there was almost a hum of power radiating out from his hand, travelling up Draco’s arm. *Fuck*. This could all go pear shaped very quickly.

“You’re being very rude to Harry,” Draco said, sounding far more confident than he actually felt. “I told him you had better manners than this. Clearly, I was wrong.”

Oh, yes! Point to Draco for managing to be even more condescending than his father, the undisputed king of condescension.

“You little bastard,” Lucius spat.

“*Latrine*, Father,” Draco warned.

“Don’t move him,” a voice that sounded suspiciously like Harry’s called out. Draco and Harry both turned in the direction of the speaker, and they found themselves looking at the small portrait of them both that Narcissa had commissioned at the same time as their Christmas gift.

“No, don’t,” the painted Draco said, with a grin. “That big old desk in his study comes in very useful when the urge takes us, doesn’t it, Harry?” Draco watched, bemused, as their painted selves smirked at each other. At almost the same time, the real Draco and Harry swung back to stare at the portrait of Lucius Malfoy. It was set in his study, and sure enough, in the background, it was possible to make out the huge expanse of a mahogany desk. Draco heard Harry snigger, and he turned to look at his boyfriend’s face. They both raised their eyebrows in interest, as the possibilities of doing some real life polishing on the actual desk settled into both their minds.

“Filthy blood traitor!” Lucius bellowed, loud enough that Harry and Draco both actually jumped a bit.

“Oh, do shut up, you good-for-nothing Dementor’s breakfast, you,” an elderly lady barked out. *Ah, good*, Draco thought. *Great, great, great grandmother Druella to the rescue*. Draco was just about to introduce Harry to her when ...

“This disgrace to the Malfoy name is the end of the line, you stupid woman!” Lucius shouted. “Unless Potter’s got a uterus up his arse, which I seriously doubt, HE IS THE LAST OF THE MALFOYS! What do you say to that?”

The rumble of conversation grew in volume, and Draco considered that this line of discussion was possibly the worst one that could be pursued at this particular moment in time.

“Monsieurs,” came a cultured, heavily accented voice. Harry and Draco both took a couple of steps to stand before François Malfoi, a very distant forebear of the Malfoy family tree.

“Sir,” Draco bowed respectfully before the dark-haired man. He held Harry’s hand tighter, acutely aware of his silence, and perhaps even his discomfort.

“It is a pleasure to know you,” Malfoy bowed, flourishing a hand to indicate also the newly hung portrait of themselves. “You bring youth and life to our little gathering.”

“Thank you, sir,” Harry said quietly. Draco could hear the tension in Harry’s voice. He wanted to kiss those anxieties away, and he promised himself he’d do that, just as soon as they were outside again.

“I must know if this is true,” Malfoy said, speaking clearly, and with authority.

Draco sighed. “Essentially, yes,” he admitted.

“Ah, Draco,” the Frenchman murmured, “but this is not good.”

Draco got a horrible sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach. The absolute worst kind of lecture was the calm, sincere variety, where the argument was impassioned, and could not be beaten. And he expected one right at that moment.

He was very pleasantly surprised, then, to hear, “You must return another day, both of you. Today is not the day for such talk. But soon, it will be. I have many things to tell you.”

There was something compelling about the man, and Draco found himself forming a completely irrational attachment to his ancestor; one that he had never felt before. Malfoy bowed courteously to them both and waved them away, taking the time to say farewell to Harry by name. It was a lovely gesture, and one that eased the atmosphere.

Lucius continued to chunter away to himself in the background, ostracised by the rest of the portraits. Draco couldn’t find it in himself to feel sorry for his father. He’d been an utter cunt when he was alive and, sadly, the artist had been particularly excellent to capture his likeness down to the very finest detail. Now, it was just a dull reminder of things he’d rather forget.

Harry must have sensed Draco's thought process. He leaned in and kissed Draco on the temple, pulling him away from the portrait of François Malfoy to the one next to it, of the Lady Katherine Malfoy.

Draco introduced Harry to each portrait in the gallery, and he stood back and marvelled yet again at Harry's easy charm and his respectful demeanour. They were there for so long that Pippin actually brought them a tray of tea and cakes, which they ate whilst being regaled with some rather bawdy tales by Charles Malfoy, the only family member ever to have been Minister for Magic.

The longer they were there, the more they both relaxed. The gallery was filled with the sound of laughter, and Draco wondered how often that happened any more. He himself hadn't visited the room for years, and he had no idea about his mother's habits.

Eventually, there was only their portrait and that of Lucius Malfoy left. Draco was glad to see that his father had disappeared off somewhere, most likely sulking. It made their exit easier.

Saying goodbye to themselves was odd. It seemed like abandonment somehow, but just like the couple occupying the canvas above Harry's fireplace, this Draco and Harry looked happy, too. At least they weren't alone. Not when they had each other for company, and solace.

When the gallery door was firmly closed behind them, they looked at each other and slumped. It had been exhausting, but necessary, and Draco could see that Harry understood that.

They went to bed, but not for sex. They lay fully clothed on top of the covers, curled in together and just dozed, needing the space and the silence for a while. Just as he was drifting off into sleep, Draco mused, *Only forty eight more rooms to go, and then he'll have had the full tour.*

He didn't know whether to laugh or cry. So instead, he slept.

~oOo~

“So, you’ve really thought this through?” Blaise asked.

Draco wasn’t looking at him. Instead, his gaze wandered over all the other people in the restaurant where they were having lunch, a week or two after New Year. He wasn’t avoiding looking at his friend. He just wanted the weight of the silence to tell Blaise as much about his intent as his words would.

Finally, Draco said, “I haven’t thought of much else for a while now.”

Blaise huffed out a breath. It managed to sound both surprised and relieved.

“You aren’t saying anything,” Draco prodded, as Blaise carefully positioned his wine glass equidistant from his plate and the condiment tray. “Don’t you approve?”

Blaise smiled and looked up at him. Draco felt like he was under intense scrutiny. “On the contrary,” he replied slowly. “I’m surprised it’s taken you this long to make a move.”

There was a pause, before Blaise quickly added, “And I most certainly do approve, in case you’re remotely interested.

Draco felt himself relax. He hadn’t realised he’d even been tense. He nodded minutely, acknowledging Blaise’s endorsement.

“When are you going to do it?”

“Soon,” Draco replied.

“You know there are going to be certain side effects to this course of action, don’t you?” Blaise said carefully.

Draco nodded again, and they shared a long look.

“And you’re ready to face things head on?”

Draco ran a hand quickly through his hair. “Well, I think ‘ready’ is something of an overstatement,” he snorted. “But yes, I think it’s past time for getting it all out in the open.”

“Good man,” Blaise said, leaning forward and patting Draco’s hand. “It’s about sodding time.”

“Coming from you,” Draco sneered sarcastically, “that’s a bit fucking rich.”

Blaise sighed happily. “Plenty of time yet,” he said slowly. “Besides which, I’m still playing the catching game, not the keeping game. Different rules, you know that.”

“You and your bloody rules,” Draco joked good-naturedly. “Have you got rules for everything?” He was teasing his friend just a bit.

“Do you have a different pair of cuff links for every shirt in your wardrobe?” Blaise shot back.

“Well, yes, but what’s that got to do...?”

“Each to their own, Draco,” Blaise told him. “It wouldn’t do for us all to be the same.”

Draco stroked his chin thoughtfully. “How very true,” he replied.

~oOo~

Draco Apparated from his office on a Friday evening in late January and popped up again in Harry’s kitchen. Harry was peeling a carrot when Draco first caught sight of him, and he watched as Harry put the knife down and turned around with a small frown on his face. Draco trumped it with a larger frown of his own.

“What’s wrong?” Harry asked, walking towards him, drying his hands on a cloth.

“I’m not sure,” replied Draco uncertainly, feeling his eyebrows knitting together above his worried eyes.

“It’s the third time this week, Draco,” Harry said fretfully. Draco felt Harry’s hand curl around his upper arm, and he let himself be led to the kitchen table. He flopped down with an exhausted sigh and planted his chin in his hands, elbows on the table, rubbing at his eyes with his fingers.

Harry sat opposite him and leaned forward, brushing his fingertips against Draco’s elbows in a comforting gesture. He said, “Tell me what happened this time. Maybe we can work out what’s going on.”

Draco pulled his fingers out of his now pink eye sockets and looked blearily at Harry. “I think I’m just stressed,” he said anxiously, his voice cracking a little as he spoke.

Harry made a wordless sound of concern before saying, “Tell me what happened.”

Draco moved and looked down at the table, visibly upset about something. “I can’t,” he mumbled.

“Of course you can. I want to help.” Draco could read the genuine concern in Harry’s voice. It sparked something glowing and happy in his chest.

Draco was silent for a while, twiddling his thumbs and fingers nervously. Harry didn’t press him. He was so kind and patient, Draco thought. So good. He flicked his gaze up to Harry, bottom lip wobbling just a bit before he darted his eyes back down to the table. He saw something akin to fear in Harry’s face and thought to himself, *Oh well, here goes.*

Gulping down a lungful of air, he said quietly, “I’d finished work for the day and packed everything up. I like to leave everything tidy on a Friday.” He laughed a small, self-deprecating laugh, bringing a hand up to rub his forehead for a brief second. “I stood near the window like I always do when I’m ready to Apparate, and I said - ”



Draco shuddered all over, nervously grasping handfuls of his hair in distress.

“Hey,” Harry said softly. “It’s okay. You’re okay.”

*He’s so sweet, Draco thought. So caring.*

“What did you say?” Harry pressed gently.

Draco screwed up all his courage to say the words.

“I said...” he started, then stalled again. This was so difficult. Harder, he thought, than anything he’d ever done in his life. It was a huge risk, and just the saying of it would change everything. But wasn’t that what he wanted? To change it all? He knew he had to finish now he’d started, so he steeled himself and said the one word that might fill Harry with terror.

“Home.”

It was barely more than a faint murmur.

“Pardon?” Harry said, his voice loud and full of disbelief.

Draco cleared his throat and risked a glance up at Harry’s face. “I said ‘home’.” He felt his face flush and glow a warm, pink colour.

A small smile cracked on Harry’s face; just the tiniest flicker at the corners of his mouth. But it was definitely a smile, Draco thought with unrestrained relief. The tense set of his shoulders relaxed just a fraction.

“Let me get this straight,” Harry started. Draco watched him get up out of his chair and pace around the kitchen table, deep in thought, walking past him and completing a circuit before continuing. “You said ‘home’, and you pictured the Manor in your head, but you came here? Is this what happened the last two times as well?” Harry carried on pacing and Draco felt like he was being grilled by one of the Ministry’s Aurors.

“Uh, no. Not exactly,” Draco replied uncomfortably.

Harry came to a standstill right behind Draco’s chair. He leaned forward and clamped his hands on Draco’s shoulders, kneading the flesh firmly with his fingers.

Draco moaned appreciatively and circled his neck slowly, melting into Harry’s sure touches, feeling the stress ebb away.

“Draco?” Harry prodded.

“I said ‘home’, and before I could fix an image of the Manor in my head, your face sort of elbowed its way to the front of the queue. And here I am,” he finished lamely.

Harry let out a loud, abrupt laugh. “Are you telling the truth?” He sounded incredulous, and Draco felt his insides flop unpleasantly.

Pulling himself together, he swung round and pinned Harry with a particularly impressive Malfoy glare. (He knew it was impressive. He’d practiced it in the mirror enough times.) “Are you seriously implying I’d lie about something like this?” he asked, in a confrontational voice.

Harry’s face melted into the kind of beaming smile that always wormed its way inside Draco’s heart and made him feel wonderful emotions he’d never experienced before.

“No,” he sighed. “No, of course I’m not. I’m just surprised you admitted it, that’s all.”

“Oh. Thank you so much for the vote of confidence when I’m baring my bleeding heart to you. I feel just fantastic now,” Draco sneered. He turned away from Harry, back towards the table and ‘humphed’ loudly.

Harry laughed and bent down, pulling Draco’s back against his chest and wrapping his arms so tightly around him that Draco struggled to breathe for a moment. Harry’s head snuggled into the warmth of his neck, and he felt the rush of air as Harry inhaled deeply against his skin and groaned his satisfaction as he exhaled again.

Draco smiled to himself and nuzzled Harry's head with his cheek. When Harry started kissing his neck and making that delectable whimper in the back of his throat as he did it, Draco stretched his head to one side to give him better access. He lifted an arm and threaded his fingers into Harry's thick hair, holding his head in place, starting to make his own little sighs of appreciation.

Harry's hands moved to unbutton Draco's jacket, and between them, they slipped it off, but it was Harry who stepped away to hang it carefully over the back of another chair. He returned to stand out of Draco's vision, and the next thing Draco felt was fingers plucking at the knot of his tie, sliding the silk undone slowly, before pulling it away and laying it over the jacket. Draco reached up and undid his top button, wiggling his neck as though he could finally breathe again. He tipped his head right back on his shoulders and looking up, met Harry's beatific face looking down at him. They smiled at each other, and Harry leaned down, pressing a brief kiss on his mouth. It felt funny, this upside-down kiss; funny, but good.

Harry's hands returned to rub at Draco's shoulders, thumbs working the stiff muscles in the base of his neck. He closed his eyes and slumped back into the touches, fiddling with his cuff links until his shirtsleeves were undone.

When Harry's hands stopped massaging, and started stroking over his shoulders and down his chest, Draco opened his eyes again. He watched the expression on Harry's face as he calmly undid the buttons down the front of his shirt, slipping his fingers inside the parted fabric to tweak at Draco's hard little nipples.

Draco moaned. It was only a small sound, but it was a truly happy one. He watched Harry watching him, and it was a small intimacy, but one that perfectly matched the mood of the moment.

"Draco?" Harry murmured, filling the two syllables with affection.

"Mm?"

“I wondered how you might feel about us living together?”

Draco smirked up at him, watching a faint tinge of pink flicker to life on Harry’s cheeks.

“I mean,” Harry stumbled, “I know there’ll be things to sort out, about where, and when, and...”

“Hey,” Draco said quietly. “We can do all the talking tomorrow.” He reached up and grasped both of Harry’s hands, pulling on them so that Harry lowered his body, drawing him into a kiss. This time, he didn’t settle for a chaste one, either. He opened his mouth even before he could feel Harry’s breath against his skin, and his tongue twitched in anticipation of playtime with its mate.

The kiss was leisurely, but thorough. Draco threw all his tender emotions into it, expressing his thoughts through this tiny patch of contact.

Harry backed off just a touch, and he murmured right against Draco’s lips, “Is that a yes?”

Draco chuckled. “Ohhhhhh yeahhhhh, that’s a definite yes,” he told Harry, dragging his mouth back down for more. Harry laughed then, too, and the kiss grew from measured to sloppy as the last vestiges of tension evaporated, leaving them wallowing happily in the comfort of their shared feelings.

Draco felt the cotton of his shirttails being tugged out from his trousers. He twisted his head to make eye contact with Harry, who was wearing a rather eager expression on his face. “What are you doing?” he asked Harry with a grin.

“Hm. Let me think,” Harry teased. “Undressing you for the shower, maybe?” By now, the shirt was hanging loose in Draco’s lap and there was a naked slice of pale flesh visible between the parted button bands.

“But shouldn’t I go home and get changed?” Draco suggested. “I’m not due here for dinner until seven thirty.” He had to fight really hard to keep his triumphant smirk inside.

Harry raised an eyebrow and slid his hands upward to cup Draco's chin. "But I thought you just said I was home, not the manor."

Draco chuckled. "You know what I meant. Just because we're going to do this doesn't mean we have to do it this instant, does it?"

Harry pouted the tiniest bit. "Oh. Well, I just thought..."

"Yes?" Draco pressed, wanting to hear Harry say it, enjoying the way he was squirming.

Harry swallowed hard. "Well, you're here so much anyway, and you have drawers, and wardrobe space, and everything."

Draco could see Harry was pleading with him to fill in the blanks, but it was far more pleasurable to watch him doing all the work, and being so cute about it, too. Finally, Harry told him, "Look. I've been thinking about us living together for ages. I just wasn't sure you'd want to. I wanted to mention it before."

That took Draco by surprise. "You did?" he said gently, covering Harry's hands with his own and sliding their fingers together.

"Yeah," Harry murmured. "So now it's all decided, how about that shower?"

Draco dragged one of Harry's hands up to his mouth and kissed his palm, never looking away from his upside down face. "Are you coming with me?"

When Harry nodded, Draco sighed happily and pulled himself up out of his chair. He let Harry lead him through the main room, and back towards their bedroom.

Watching the back of Harry's head with adoring eyes, Draco congratulated himself on a plan well executed. He'd been dreaming of going to sleep next to Harry every night for ages, and all it had needed to prod his beloved into action was his perfectly timed 'little boy lost' routine.

Ever the manipulator, Draco had wanted the invitation to come from Harry. Despite the strength of their bond, he couldn't cope with the humiliation of being turned down. He just wasn't brave when it came to affairs of the heart. It wasn't that his intentions were nefarious – they weren't. But he was too much his father's son to wear his heart on his sleeve, and Draco knew Harry's innate Gryffindor bravery would provide the means of making it happen.

When Draco had unintentionally Apparated to Harry's side that first time, when he'd been trying to get home, they had both been surprised. In fact, Draco had been shocked. It was at that instant when he realised how integral a part of his life Harry was. From that moment on, the plot formed itself, and the subsequent two times, including the Apparition this evening, had been calculated, although Draco had played dumb, knowing Harry's instant response would be that of a rescuer. Draco wasn't trying to be mean. He was just being himself. Once a Slytherin, always a Slytherin. Besides which, he and Harry wanted the same things. Mostly. And as for the other stuff, well – compromise was a distinct possibility.

They stripped in the bedroom, and Harry went to switch on the shower. Draco turned and looked at the bedside clock. He laughed. He'd estimated fifteen minutes from his arrival, to the invitation, to them getting naked together.

It had only taken twelve.

## Chapter Fifteen

Draco went to the gym on Saturday morning, just like he usually did. Sometimes, Harry went with him, but he'd stayed at home on this occasion, trying to catch up on some paperwork from a particularly messy Muggle Obliviation in Godalming, Surrey, the small but affluent county where he worked.

In truth, Draco was glad of the time and space to think. He was becoming very anxious about the conversation they would soon be having, knowing that homes, titles, future employment and worst of all, family planning would need to be picked over and decided upon. He wanted to bury his head in the sand and live out his life with Harry in peace and quiet, but Draco was a realist. He just didn't want to rush towards his fate any faster than was absolutely necessary.

Having said all that, he wanted them to live together, and the issues went hand in hand. On balance, it was worth the anguish, to come home from work to Harry every evening and throw on some sloppy clothes before they ate tea and settled on the sofa together with a book. It was the simplest of pleasures that held the most allure: watching Harry shave, or pore over a cookery book to find new recipes to try. Draco wanted it all. So perhaps he could cope with the inevitable changes that would come, too.

Instead of Apparating straight back to the flat, Draco made his way to Diagon Alley, thinking to pick some flowers up before he returned for lunch. Harry liked fresh flowers, and ever since those very first pink roses Draco had sent him, it had become a weekly gift swapped back and forth; sometimes Draco gave, and sometimes Harry did. Rather than go directly to Fabulous Flora, Draco window-shopped for a while. He salivated over the brand new Hurricane series racing brooms, watching the display rotate slowly in the shop window, imagining Harry's backside perched on one of them, smiling to himself over the dirty little

fantasy that formed in his head.

Not far from the flower shop, there was a large jewellery emporium. Timperley's was the place where Draco's mother had commissioned her wedding bands. Nothing out of the display case for her, of course. It was the most prestigious jewellers in the wizarding world, with branches in all the major cities. If the legend above the door was to be believed, it had been a family concern for five centuries. Timperley's were renowned for their diamond settings, and Draco spent several minutes admiring the sparkle of icy perfection through one of their many windows onto the street.

He wandered along, absently perusing their wares, and it took Draco a while before he realised that he'd ground to a halt right in front of the Valentine's Day display. Only a couple of weeks away, many shops and showrooms were bedecked with flashy pink and red decorations, enticing people to part with their hard earned Galleons for the sake of their loved ones.

The window itself was full of tastefully arranged gift boxes, overflowing with tissue paper, ribbons and the sparkle of loose gemstones. Hearts adorned nearly every necklace and earring, but the largest ranges by far were the engagement and wedding rings. Draco looked carefully at them all, wondering what sort of design his mother would choose. Griffin was going to wear a ring also, unlike Lucius, who had only ever worn an ugly old Malfoy heirloom on his slender finger. For such a plain adornment, Draco was staggered at the variety of wedding rings. There were square cut, bevel cut, thick, thin, engraved, bejewelled, gold and platinum, and every variant of these styles plus more on top. He wondered how on earth people started to make their choice.

He tilted his head as he studied them all, finally placing his left hand against the freezing cold glass so he could look at his hand, and imagine which type of ring might look best on his own finger. He snorted sadly to himself and shook his head, placing his forehead against the glass as soon as he realised what he was doing. His breath made the glass misty as he fixated on a particularly elegant platinum ring and wondered what it would be like to wear it; to have people accept his commitment to Harry just as they would any other couple. His eyes had dropped closed when he heard the voice.



“Hey,” Harry said softly. “Are you okay?”

Draco felt his shoulders hitch and then freeze in shock. Why did Harry have to catch him here of all places? Why was he even out? Draco pulled away from the window and schooled his face to indifference before he turned around and gave Harry a smile.

“I was just wondering what sort of ring mother had ordered,” he offered easily, but noted the sceptical look that flashed through Harry’s eyes and then disappeared. “I’d never have believed there were so many to choose from!” he laughed, linking his hand through Harry’s arm and tugging him away from the shop, trying to get some distance between himself and his sad, sad fantasy. “How did you find me? What are you doing out? Work all finished?” He was bright and breezy now, never once looking at Harry to measure his reaction.

“Yeah,” Harry finally said. “It didn’t take as long as I thought it would. So I decided to pop out and pick you up some flowers.”

“Ahh, that’s so sweet,” Draco told him, squeezing Harry’s arm and shooting him a flirty smile. “I was just on my way to do the same thing.”

Harry nodded, but didn’t say anything. They went into Fabulous Flora together, and chose a large bundle of long-stemmed roses in various shades of purple, red and creamy white.

Back out on the street, Harry turned and said, “Fancy grabbing lunch? I thought we could try that new place on Pepperpot Lane.”

Draco stopped and stared at Harry, quirking an eyebrow in question. “You want to go to The Death Eatery? I wouldn’t have thought that was your cup of tea.”

Harry shrugged, the beginnings of a smirk evident on his face. “I thought you might enjoy a little home-from-home comfort,” he told Draco, his eyes sparkling with mischief.

“Mm,” Draco replied, playing along with Harry’s good mood. “I hear the Unicorn steaks with Mudblood jus are to die for.”

“Then what are we waiting for?” Harry asked, tugging on Draco’s arm and encouraging him along.

“Seriously,” Draco said, “I’m not sure you’ll appreciate the black humour of the place. I hear the tablecloths are embroidered with Dark Marks, and the staff wear hoods.”

“What, you think I can’t take it?” Harry pressed, moving his mouth close to Draco’s ear as he spoke. “I would have thought if anyone were going to be put out by the imagery, it’d be you. After all, you were the poster boy for the next generation once upon a time.”

“And what a bloody gorgeous poster I made, too,” Draco murmured suggestively, smiling to himself and just knowing that Harry was watching him out of the corner of his eye.

“Do you think they’ll have pictures out of the Malfoy family album up on the walls?” Harry chuckled. “You know, like baby Draco gets his first Nagini beany toy, aged eighteen months?”

“Well,” Draco sighed, affecting an air of thoughtfulness. “One has to wonder quite how much research they did for the décor. Wouldn’t want any Dementors floating out of the toilet cubicles and making you faint, now, would we? I’d just hate to think of you hitting your head as you collapsed. I rather think one scar’s enough, don’t you?”

“Now you’re just being mean,” Harry pouted, but good-naturedly.

“Yes, but I’m so damn good at it, it’d be a shame to stop when I’m on a roll.” Draco shot Harry a victorious smile and he watched Harry’s head shake in resignation as they carried on their way.

Unsurprisingly, they didn’t have to wait for a table.

Not only did the staff really wear hoods, there was also a midday menu. And when Harry told him it was called Lucius’s Lunchbox, Draco really had to wonder if going there had been such a great idea after all. It seemed that yet again, the joke was on him.

~oOo~

It was after three by the time they got back to Harry's flat. By unspoken agreement, they both changed into their pyjamas and flopped on the sofa, picking up an old Alec Guinness film half way through. It might have sounded idyllic, but to Draco, it was like waiting for the hex to hit. The longer they lay in silence, the more uncomfortable he became. It took an inhuman amount of effort to contain his wriggling and fidgeting, hoping against the odds that for once, Harry wouldn't be able to read the dire state of his nerves.

Draco was literally jangling with tension. His teeth felt like he was biting tin foil and every muscle in his body developed a simultaneous urge to twitch and tighten up. In the end, he had to roll off the sofa, pretending he wanted a drink.

He stood at the kitchen sink with the cold tap full on, taking his time to fill a glass but mostly just staring into the stainless steel bowl, wishing as hard as he could that this thing they were going to have to do would hurry up and be over.

At some point, he must have completely faded out, because he was only brought back to awareness when Harry placed a hand on his shoulder and leaned over to turn the tap off.

"Go on and sit down," Harry ordered gently. "I'm putting the kettle on."

Resigned to the circumstances, Draco did as he was told as he sat in 'his' seat at the kitchen table - the one that gave him the best view of Harry as he moved about the room, fetching mugs and doing other things. As the kettle boiled, Harry pulled ingredients out of several cupboards and started to throw them together in a bowl.

"What are you doing?" he finally asked, full of confusion.

"Making proper biscuits," Harry told him, turning his head for a moment to smile over his shoulder at Draco.

Oh. “What kind?”

Harry shook a jar and announced, “Stem ginger and dark chocolate.”

Draco heard himself make a completely involuntary sigh of contentment, and he actually blushed a bit at his weakness. Shyly, he murmured, “I love stem ginger.”

Harry wandered over to where he was sitting and stroked Draco’s hair gently. “I know,” he said with the tiniest smile, before he leaned forward and placed a soft kiss on his forehead.

As he mixed the dough, Harry made idle chat and did a very good job of pretending not to notice Draco’s protracted silence. Eventually, the tea was made and the dough was mixed, just waiting to be shaped and put in the oven.

Harry washed his hands and turned around. Draco watched him lean against the work surface for a second or two before he pushed himself away and brought their teas to the table.

“So...” Harry began, pushing Draco’s mug of tea across the table toward him.

Ah. It was clearly time for the conversation.

Eventually, Draco murmured, “Hm?” hurriedly taking a large sip of tea so that his mouth was full. Harry sighed, and Draco watched a philosophical smile shape his lips before he readied himself to speak.

Without preamble, Harry began, “I suppose the best thing to do is to work down the list, with the non-negotiable stuff at the top.” He was very matter-of-fact. Draco would have stayed quiet, let him continue, except that Harry (purposely, Draco was sure), took a large gulp of his tea and stared expectantly across the table at him. Damn. Trapped.

“What do you think the non-negotiables are?” Draco said, faking a smirk because he’d managed to hit the metaphorical Bludger back for Harry to dodge. They grinned at each other, both completely aware of exactly what game was being played out, even though

Draco could already scent his own imaginary defeat. He was too disquieted for the situation to go any other way.

Harry made a half-groan, half-sigh before he started to talk. "As soon as your mum gets married, you're going to be Lord of the Manor, right?" Draco nodded. "Well," Harry continued, "You can't be Lord Malfoy and not live at Malfoy Manor, can you? So I'd say where we live is a foregone conclusion, wouldn't you?"

Draco tilted his head to one side and studied Harry's face as he swallowed his tea. "What about this flat?" he asked, wondering how Harry would feel about leaving it behind. Draco himself felt sad about that. Together, they'd shared so many firsts there, after all.

"I'd thought about that," Harry replied with a small shrug. "The thing is, Malfoy Manor's a country pile, isn't it? It'd be our main residence, but we could keep this place on for when we're in London. Like at weekends and stuff." Draco nodded. It sounded perfect. Harry added, "I don't really want to sell it just yet. It's not like I need the money, or anything."

Hm. Money. Draco had occasionally wondered about Harry's financial set-up, but hadn't ever been bothered enough to question him on it. He could have investigated Harry's accounts through his work contacts, but that would have been an appalling invasion of privacy. Plus, Draco had never needed Harry to be wealthy. He had more than enough money for both of them, and he was, in fact, looking forward to the time when he could provide for Harry, like a proper partner, in a proper family.

"I don't want you to think it matters, because it doesn't," Draco began, wondering whether bringing money into the conversation was really such a good idea. He was relieved when Harry let him off the hook.

"Money, right?" Harry asked, and Draco shuffled uncomfortably in his seat. "It's okay." Harry smiled. "I want you to know. I've been thinking about asking you to take over my accounts for a while now, but it seemed a bit unfair to bring your work into your home life, so I didn't."

"I'd be happy to," Draco said sincerely, reaching across the table to pat Harry's hand. Their

fingers entwined for a brief moment before they pulled back. Touching right at that time would have been far too distracting for both of them.

“I bet you’ve often wondered how an orphan like me can afford this place. Especially on my lowly salary.”

Draco shook his head. “Never gave it a thought, actually. I knew the Black family fortune came to you from Sirius, and I knew from my mother about how much was in the vault.”

Harry nodded slowly, thoughtfully. “I hadn’t thought of that,” he murmured, before adding, “but that’s not all. There was money in my dad’s family. The Potter vault at Gringotts is mostly from his side of the family. The Evanses didn’t have much.”

“Mm,” Draco hummed. “The Potters weren’t an old family as such, but I know your lineage can be traced back over three hundred years.”

Harry frowned. “You know that?”

Draco felt slightly embarrassed. “My father always thought it was important to know the genealogy of the pure-blood population. And until two generations back, your family was just as rigidly pure-blood as mine. It feels like I spent half my childhood looking at family trees,” he replied thoughtfully, transported back to the huge desk in his father’s study, and the rolls and rolls of parchment sheets, covered in squiggles and notations and a seemingly infinite number of branches.

“You probably know more about my ancestors than I do, then,” Harry huffed, perhaps contemplating for the first time the differences between himself and his ancestors. And Draco knew the older Potters were different from Harry.

Cautiously, he told Harry, “I’ll show you, if you like.” He was rewarded with a radiant smile and an enthusiastic nod.

“Well, anyway,” Harry continued, trying to steer the conversation back on course, but not managing to hide his pleasure. “The rest of my money comes from Dumbledore. He left me

everything he had.”

That stopped Draco in his tracks. He’d never considered such a possibility before.

“Yeah. I was surprised, too,” Harry chuckled. “I’d known he had a brother, but I didn’t know he’d died. Dumbledore never said. His legal consul told me there were other, distant, relatives he could have named in his will. But I think he felt some sort of responsibility for me.” Harry frowned. “And I also think he felt guilty about the childhood I had, because he’d made the decision to leave me with the Dursleys.” Harry sighed and rubbed his eyes. “Not that there was much of a decision to be made. As soon as mum’s blood magic became apparent, any other option for me disappeared.”

Harry made a gesture with his hand, imitating a starburst, and something about it made Draco feel like smiling. He couldn’t have said what.

“But I think he always thought I blamed him. I didn’t.” Draco watched Harry stare off into space, his thoughts turned inward. “Well, not most of the time, anyway,” he chuckled, faking humour over the situation.

They were silent for a while. Draco didn’t know what to say. Harry might have been sitting in the room, but he might as well have been on the other side of the planet.

Eventually, Draco blurted, “My vault’s old money.” Harry swivelled his head to focus back on him again. “I earn more than enough to live on, so I don’t use much of the family money. Mainly just for the upkeep of the Manor.” He laughed quietly. “And, of course, mother’s shopping bills.” Which were, it had to be said, absolutely huge. And that sizeable expense would be passing on to Griffin soon enough.

“How will your legal consul take us cohabitating in the Malfoy ancestral home?” Harry asked. Draco thought he detected a note of concern. “I bet they’ll be worried about the implications.”

Draco shook his head vigorously. “But there’s no legal precedent for moneyed gay relationships in the wizarding world. I suspect they won’t be overly concerned.” He’d

already given this quite a lot of thought. He hadn't liked what he'd concluded, but knew it was because he was trying to examine his relationship from the outside, without any emotional attachment. Draco knew his family consul would have tracked down every case of spousal entitlement in the legal books, making a case for the possible scenario of the two of them separating. He wasn't happy about that, but Draco knew that the man would just be doing his job.

Harry looked uncomfortable. He said, "But won't they want us to sign something? Like a contract, or an agreement, to say I haven't got any rights over the Malfoy millions?"

"If we had a legally recognised relationship, then yes," Draco said levelly, although his blood seemed to be bubbling in his veins. "But we haven't. We can't have one. You know the law." He tried so hard to stifle any glimmer of emotion from his words. The thought of making an admission about any kind of blatantly heterosexual coupling fantasy filled Draco with dread, despite the fact that it broke into his every waking hour, and a few of his sleeping ones, too. He blamed his mother. If she hadn't announced her own plans, Draco was convinced he wouldn't be torturing himself about invitations, and which designers they would get to tailor their wedding suits, never mind choosing a suitable honeymoon spot, and watching Harry sign the name Malfoy instead of Potter on the register.

Harry was looking even more uncomfortable, now. "I don't know if you've heard about this," Harry mumbled falteringly, "but Muggles have this thing called a civil partnership. It's not recognised in wizarding law, but it has at least some status for people in our situation."

"Don't even get me fucking started," Draco snapped in irritation, the first hot lick of his temper rushing across his skin. "Oh, yes," he bit out, eyes narrowing, lips thinning. "That all makes so much sense. Let's offer the faggots a few more legal rights but make damn sure it's not called a marriage. No. Let's just make sure they still know they're different."

Shit. Draco felt angry. This was a real soapbox issue for him. He dropped his face into his hands and tried to breathe calmly. He'd started to snatch shallow breaths, a sure sign of his anger, yet there were other emotions warring below the surface, too.

"Wow," Harry murmured carefully. "I didn't realise you'd be so bothered. I'm sorry."



“Sorry?” Draco mumbled between his fingers. “What are you sorry for? Did you make the law?” However hard he tried, Draco couldn’t seem to keep the steadily rising bitterness out of his voice.

“No,” Harry said gently. “You just haven’t ever struck me as the type who might care about things like that.”

Merlin, Harry, Draco thought. Just quit while you’re ahead, will you? If Harry carried on prodding like this, Draco would end up having a full-blown fit.

“Hypothetically speaking, if you could get married, would you?” Harry pressed, his voice earnest as he leaned forward over the table, bringing his face closer to Draco’s. Between the cracks in his fingers, Draco could see the bottomless depths of Harry’s eyes. A person could fall into those eyes and never climb out again. Did he really want to be a prisoner to his weakness for Harry? Could Draco really spend his life with only one person, maybe always wondering if the grass was greener on the other side of the fence when some spectacularly gorgeous man flaunted himself right under his nose, offering bodily delights on a plate? Monogamy was hard, wasn’t it?

“Why?” Draco finally sneered, dropping his hands away from his blood-drained face. “Are you asking?” He almost hissed the words out, and he watched Harry falter under the intensity of his gaze. It felt good, like he’d gained a tiny measure of control over something, because he certainly didn’t have any control over himself. He was punishing both of them for their woes, and even though he knew it was wrong, there didn’t seem to be any other options.

“Would you?” Harry asked again, a note of steely resolution creeping into his voice, signalling his intention not to let this go so easily. Draco watched as Harry faced him down, feeling the roil of confusion and distress expand and contract in his belly, shooting tendrils of anxiety down every nerve ending in his body until he felt chaotic and entirely out of sorts. He had to pull himself back into line. He had to.

Draco swallowed hard as discreetly as he could. For some reason, his throat didn’t want to

work, and he took a moment to make sure that real words, and not a croak, would come out when he spoke. “It’d depend,” Draco hedged, his voice flat from the weight of suppressed intentions. “On who was asking.”

Marriage to Harry was a different thing entirely from life with Harry. There would be nameless expectations and pressures and the knowledge that however badly things went between them, they would have to sort them out. He felt incredibly confused, seemingly arguing both sides of the argument in his head.

Harry placed the palms of his hands flat on the table and spread his fingers wide until the tips of his thumbs touched. Draco could have reached out and covered them with his own, and he could imagine the feel of the silky soft flesh between Harry’s fingers, and the way it would feel against his own fingertips. He didn’t move.

“If it were me asking?” Harry prompted, refusing to let this conversation derail. “Would you marry me?”

Did he just ask me? Draco vaguely wondered, his thoughts in utter confusion. Did Harry just propose? Thawing from his sudden and involuntary shock, Draco exhaled sharply.

“This is pointless,” he snapped out, shoving his chair back from the table, not so he could get up but so that he had room to breathe. He couldn’t breathe. There wasn’t enough air in the kitchen to fill his lungs.

“Draco,” Harry murmured soothingly, gentle as a dragon tamer trying to calm a flighty animal. There was such love in the way Harry said his name. Why was he so confused when he was this in love? It didn’t make sense. Nothing made sense just then.

“Seriously,” he spat. “What is the fucking point of this discussion?” Draco delivered the comment hard as a verbal smack. Harry even recoiled like he’d felt the force, and guilt radiated out from Draco’s heart as he watched Harry’s eyes shine brightly with a sudden flood of tears. But no tears fell; Harry was far too contained and in control for that. Why was he so shit at emotions, Draco wondered?

After a very long pause, in which Harry seemed to be plotting twenty moves ahead in a game of wizard chess, he whispered, so that Draco could barely hear him, "Laws change, Draco."

Oh.

Oh. So all of a sudden, Harry could decide to use his influence, could he? Why now? Because it suited him? He was fucking unbelievable! For some reason, Draco's mind focused in on that comment. He clung to it, and everything else was forgotten about in his fury over Harry's intimation.

"And how exactly might these laws change, hm?" he asked, voice low and dangerous. He knew Harry could read the warning, but fear didn't seem to affect Harry very much. Draco doubted Harry would drop this line of conversation now. No, this one was running through to the no doubt very bitter end.

"Anything's possible," Harry said shortly. "Now, answer the question." No longer a thoughtful question, but altogether much more like an order. Draco watched Harry sitting rigidly in his chair. Harry radiated power and warmth and security, and even love, although the air was thick with tension.

"No." Hardly a snappy reply, but Draco couldn't think of anything else to say. He would not bare himself this way, when there was no hope. All the time he'd spent mulling over their life prospects recently, and he'd always pushed Harry's influence to one side, having learned a hard lesson about what happened when he tried to get him to use it. Draco had completely discounted any such course of action, and now that it had appeared on the table, he felt like all the air had been sucked out of his lungs.

"Why?"

Why indeed? Draco thought to himself. You already know exactly what you want.

"Because there's no point." It hurt him to say it. It hurt so much that he went hollow inside, and all his emotions evaporated until he was left with nothing but white noise: static that

buzzed in his ears and drowned out everything else. He felt dead inside.

Harry looked upset, now. “Won’t you tell me because the answer would be no?” Draco risked a glance at him and he saw pain in Harry’s face. Harry was so sure of himself, yet now there was doubt there. Doubt that Draco didn’t feel the same way after all.

“It doesn’t matter,” Draco heard himself say, hearing his own voice as though it was miles and miles away.

“Tell me.” Harry was close to pleading. Could he really need to hear the words so much? Who would it benefit? They’d both just be hurt all the more, faced with the prospect that they would never get what they wanted.

When he made no reply, Harry murmured, “Tell me, Draco.” Harry’s voice cracked. There was no blood left in his face. He looked broken, defeated.

“Yes,” Draco whispered, finding it too painful to look at Harry for more than a split second as he said it. “Yes.” Every part of Draco’s body felt like it was being squashed flat under an enormous pressure. Instead of feeling light and excited, he just felt like a dead weight. Harry let out a breath, and there was intense relief in the sound.

“Are you happy now?” Draco asked quietly. “Now I’ve told you I want something I can’t ever have?” He looked up again, meeting Harry’s unreadable face with a challenge. They stared at each other in silence until Harry finally reached across the table and forced Draco’s clenched fists to relax, sliding his fingers over Draco’s palms until they sat holding hands.

“Draco, will you marry me?”

Time froze. Draco didn’t breathe, didn’t move. The words echoed back and forth in an endless reverberation. Will you marry me?

Yes, I’ll marry you! I love you! Want you more than anything else. Who cares about the law? Let’s be married, so you can be mine forever. Why couldn’t he just say it? Draco sat there and recalled Blaise’s words of so many months ago. Stop fucking thinking about how everything

looks, will you? Just feel something for once.

“Don’t do this to me, Harry,” he finally replied. “We have to settle for what we’ve got. I can’t spend the rest of my life pining for something we’ll never be able to do.” Draco had surprised himself. He’d actually managed to get the words out without breaking down. Shock. He must be in some kind of shock.

“I told you. The law could change,” Harry said with quiet resolution. He squeezed Draco’s hands, but Draco didn’t squeeze back.

“You mean, you could change it.” Just a statement. No question, no hope.

“In a roundabout way, yes.” Draco huffed at the statement. He couldn’t believe what he was hearing. “That’s what I’m saying,” Harry told him. “If you wanted it. I’d do anything for you.” It sounded like truth, but Draco knew it wasn’t. Harry wouldn’t do anything. He’d already proved that.

“What happened to using your power and influence responsibly, Harry?” Draco asked. He fixed Harry’s eyes in a steely stare and refused to look away. “Why is it okay to manipulate the law for your own benefit, but it’s not okay to deal with someone who’s harassing me? Please explain yourself. I don’t understand.” He wasn’t lying. He didn’t understand. Couldn’t suss out how Harry’s mind could justify it.

“To have acted against Carlos would have ruined him, and I didn’t want that on my conscience. What we’re talking about now won’t hurt anybody.” Harry gasped, and it sounded like frustration. “This is different and you know it,” he replied, almost bordering on snapping.

“No, Harry, I don’t. I’m trying so hard to understand you and put aside our differences, but you’re being hypocritical and you don’t even seem to see it.” Draco dragged his hands out of Harry’s and took them off the table, placing them in his lap and wringing them to the point of pain.

“Why are you so upset?”

“How can you not know?” Draco said, finally feeling exasperated. “Aren’t you even listening to me?” He scrubbed at his face with both hands and looked blearily at Harry. “It’s either one way or the other, Harry. You can’t have it both ways.”

“You’re overreacting,” Harry sighed, but Draco could see his confidence was waning.

“I don’t even want to hear you right now,” Draco said as he pushed his chair back and stood up. “You have no idea what that fight over the Spaniard did to me, have you? You want me to accept you for you? Fine. I can do that,” he said, gesturing abruptly with a hand. “Just don’t keep changing who you are and expecting me to keep up, because I can’t.”

He turned to walk away.

“Don’t go,” Harry said. “Don’t go.”

“I’m not going. I just need a break from...” he waved his hands, “... this.”

Half way through the front room, Draco heard Harry mumble, “I love you so much.” Me, too, he thought. But just now, I’m too annoyed with you.

He went to the bedroom and lay face down on the bed, scrunching a pillow up beneath his head and staring out into space. After a while, he heard Harry’s footsteps grow closer, and he felt his presence in the doorway, but he didn’t come in. They stayed like that for minutes, neither acknowledging the other until finally, Harry walked away.

~oOo~

Draco’s head wasn’t full of conscious thought, but he did think. He wondered why he couldn’t just gleefully accept Harry’s proposal and allow the cogs to turn at their own speed, waiting for the day when they could show the world just how they really felt about each other. They both wanted a publicly recognised lifelong commitment; that much was clear.

So why not just go with the flow and enjoy the fruits when they ripened? It took Draco a while to get there, but finally, he realised the reason Harry's change of heart had affected him so much was because suddenly, it made him seem human.

To Draco, Harry had become the embodiment of an ideal. He was perfect in every way. He was strong, humble, generous and most of all, scrupulously moral. He always knew where he stood with him. But now, Harry wanted to change all that, and Draco worried that he had somehow infected Harry, turned him into something less clean.

He turned over and lay flat on his back, staring up at the ceiling. Shades of grey. Nothing in life was black and white. Everything fell in between, really, and that meant Harry, too. Draco considered that what Harry was doing was putting himself first for once. Maybe this change of behaviour wasn't a bad thing. Maybe it really was a sign that Harry could compromise, too.

This entire situation was stupid. It had got blown out of all proportion. Draco wanted the law to change because he wanted to get married. He wanted them to go out and for people to know that Harry was off limits because they had exchanged vows, and that those vows meant something.

He made up his mind. It was a ridiculous, old-fashioned law, and why shouldn't it be overturned? To react any other way would be to deny themselves the thing they both wanted. No, they would get this law changed, and they'd get married. There was simply nothing else to do.

~oOo~

The smell of freshly baked biscuits filled the flat, and Draco smiled to himself. It wasn't just the prospect of comfort food that made him clamber up off the bed, but he couldn't deny that his mouth was watering. He walked into the main room at the same time as Harry entered from the kitchen, balancing a large plate of cookies in one hand, and a tray with 'proper' coffee in a cafetiere, mugs, a bowl of sugar lumps, and a jug of cream in the other.

Draco thought he'd died and gone to heaven.

"That smells divine," he sighed, offering Harry a careful smile, just to test the water.

"Come and get them while they're warm," Harry smiled in return, placing the plate of biscuits in the middle of one of the sofas as he put the tray on the floor. Draco took a seat at the far end of the sofa, and Harry took the other end.

As Harry poured them both creamy, sweet coffees, Draco took a biscuit and bit into it, melting into the sofa with pleasure as the spicy ginger set his taste buds zinging. "Oh god, Harry. This has got to be the most incredible thing I've ever tasted," Draco murmured sincerely, flopping back into the cushions and closing his eyes as he luxuriated in the flavour.

Harry chuckled warmly and placed the mug on Draco's knee, making him open his eyes and turn. They looked at each other and it was like nothing had happened between them.

"You were right," Harry told him, holding up a hand to silence Draco's imminent protest. "I'm sorry, Draco. I'm just making this all harder for us to work out. Merlin knows how we'll cope with the stuff we don't agree on!"

"I want to get married," Draco interrupted quickly, afraid that Harry would start talking again and he wouldn't be able to say his piece. "I want to get the law changed and I don't care how we do it."

Harry's face lit up. There was no other adequate description for the happiness he exuded. Draco put his mug down and moved the plate of biscuits before crawling across the sofa and doing his best to climb into Harry's lap. Harry laughed, burying his face in Draco's shoulder and holding him close enough that their rib cages ground together.

"Let's do it," Harry whispered, the fingers of one hand combing through Draco's hair. "The sooner the better."

Draco pulled back and they looked at each other from inches away, until Draco's vision swam with green. "Don't leave me," he murmured, and Harry's brow crinkled into a frown.



“I won’t,” Harry said before he bent forward to claim his kiss. They both moaned as their mouths finally met, and the kiss was sweet with things other than sugar. It was a timeless moment - such a special embrace - and Draco knew he would treasure the memory of it for a very long time.

“I like the sound of Harry Malfoy,” Draco said, brushing a stray strand of hair out of Harry’s face.

“Mm,” Harry agreed. “I have to say, it does sound better than Draco Potter.”

“If you take my name, everyone’ll think you’re my wife, you know,” Draco warned.

Harry laughed loudly at that, slipping his hands possessively under Draco’s jumper and caressing his back. “Well, I do do most of the cooking, and all of the housework,” Harry informed him levelly.

“Which brings us smoothly onto another non-negotiable,” Draco said, moving himself to cuddle up against Harry’s chest as he retrieved his coffee and biscuit. “You’re going to have to learn how to deal with house-elves, Harry,” Draco said firmly, brooking no argument on the matter. “You can’t possibly housekeep the Manor and work; plus, Pippin, Saffy and Ruby will have their over-large noses put severely out of joint if you waltz in and start trying to do things for them.”

“But, Dobby-”

“But Dobby nothing,” Draco interrupted, his head leant back on Harry’s shoulder so they could see each other. “He’s not like most other house-elves as you well know, so don’t try to play ignorant with me, Harry James Potter.”

“Wow. That told me,” Harry chuckled before he sighed very loudly and squeezed Draco tightly. “Fine. House-elves agreed.”

“I mean it, Harry,” Draco persisted. “You’re going to have to at least share the cooking, and

for god's sake don't start trying to pay them and give them holidays, okay?"

"Fine, fine," Harry agreed, the defeat obvious in his voice.

"Blimey, I like this conversation," Draco joked. "It's all going my way so far."

"Well," Harry chuckled, "that could change any moment now. I've got a couple of things I want to talk about, but I suppose they're both negotiables, really."

"Ah," Draco said, feeling nervous, but on nothing like the scale he'd felt earlier. After their disagreement, Draco felt the air was just that bit clearer, and no problem appeared quite so insurmountable. "Might you be talking about teaching positions at Hogwarts, and making babies?"

Harry went completely silent, and Draco felt a split second's pang of worry.

"The DADA position, you mean? Or your natural paternal instinct?" Draco asked, not feeling remotely concerned about where this conversation might go any more.

"Well," Harry stuttered, taking a breath to steady himself. "I thought you'd probably picked up that I'd love to have children, but I hadn't a clue you knew anything about Minerva's offer. Did she tell you?"

Poor Harry. He was nervous as hell! It was odd, but the more unsettled Harry became, the calmer Draco felt. It was some type of odd protective instinct, he was convinced.

"Actually, Severus suggested that you were the natural choice for the job," Draco replied, twisting his head to look round at Harry's very confused face. "I asked him why he hadn't taken the post himself, and he said it had your name all over it." Draco shrugged, clearly offering up information Harry hadn't known.

"Shit!" Harry said, running a hand roughly through his hair. "Shit." Draco watched Harry's face clog with uncertainty, and he brushed the backs of his fingers over Harry's cheek, trying to calm him, and offer him some support.

“I can’t imagine anyone who could better teach children about the Dark Arts, Harry,” Draco told him, meaning every word of it. “You’d be brilliant at it.”

“Do you think so?” Harry asked, and it was evident that he questioned his ability to do any such thing. Draco nodded vigorously and smiled a happy smile at his beloved. “I swear I’d never even thought about teaching until we went back to school on Boxing Day,” Harry told him, almost pleading for Draco to believe him. “But when we went into the new tower, there was just something about the place. I can’t put my finger on it, but I felt good. I could see myself at the front of the classroom, teaching excited kids all about Boggarts and Grindylows, and helping them summon their first Patronus.”

There was a dreamy happiness surrounding Harry, and Draco knew that he would find a way to make this happen for him. It was even possible that Harry and Severus might bury the hatchet if they were in such close proximity.

“You should do it,” Draco told him. “It’s perfect for you.”

“I will, then,” Harry said, all the lines of his earlier anxiety smoothing away and being replaced by a quiet, confident serenity. Draco couldn’t have been more surprised then, when Harry added, “But not yet.”

“What do you mean?” he asked, trying to make sense of Harry’s words.

Harry took both of Draco’s hands and pecked a kiss behind his ear. “I want that job, Draco, but I want us to have a life together first. That’s my priority. If you agree, I’d like to tell Minerva I won’t be taking the job any time soon. Maybe in ten or fifteen years.” He shrugged. “Even longer, probably. I’m not sure.”

“It’s not my decision, Harry,” Draco said. “But I think that’s a very long time to wait for something you’re convinced you want to do. Why such a big delay?”

“Uh,” Harry said, wincing perceptibly. “Like I said, I’m hoping we can have a life together before we have to deal with commuting between Wiltshire and Scotland. They’re not

exactly close, even by Floo network. I reckon it's a twenty minute trip at least. And we couldn't possibly Apparate that distance. It'd wipe us out." Harry was purposely avoiding looking at Draco.

Draco was thoughtful. He mulled over what Harry was saying, feeling selfishly grateful that they could potentially have years and years together before they needed to start reassessing their lives. There was no doubt that it would be problematic. Draco couldn't run the Malfoy Estate from the other end of the island, and there was no way the distance would ever get any less.

"So tell me about these ten or fifteen years," he finally asked, noticing immediately from the change in expression on Harry's face that they were about to hit the nub of their discussion. At least Draco was prepared for it, even if it was only a scant couple of seconds' warning.

"I'd like to raise a family," Harry murmured, his cheeks flushing scarlet, the hot wave of his discomfort turning the pale skin on his neck blotchy and angry-looking. "I know you don't want children," Harry asserted carefully, "but I think as far as your family line goes, I'd say it's on the non-negotiable list, now I think about it."

"I'm not the only one who's the last of their line, Harry," Draco reminded him with a small smile. "If we ever do manage to get married, the Potter name will die out. That's a huge thing to give up, you know, and you haven't once suggested it should be me to give my name up."

Harry leaned in slowly and placed a careful, lingering kiss on Draco's mouth. Draco felt his heart expand with joy for the simple pleasure the small intimacy gave him.

"Firstly," Harry said, his hand cupping Draco's cheek, "my lineage isn't titled. The Malfoy name is part of the history of magic in the UK in a way that the Potter name isn't, at least, not until Voldemort came along."

"I don't completely agree with you, but I'll go along with it for now," Draco replied, moving to sit up and face Harry properly. He took another biscuit from the plate and chewed it slowly, waiting for Harry to continue.

“Secondly,” Harry said, “I honestly believe that the wizarding world can only move past this awful blip in our history if all references to the major players are eradicated.”

“But the Malfoys,” Draco murmured, thinking that if any name was synonymous with Voldemort, it was the name of his own family.

“Not ‘the Malfoys’, Draco,” Harry chided. “Just Lucius. Look at your family portrait gallery if you need convincing. Yes, they might well have been pure-blood supremacists to a greater or lesser degree, but none of them condone the choices your father made regarding his allegiances. Everyone knows you and your mum were coerced, and now that your dad’s gone, your family name is blemish-free again.”

“But the Potter name is blemish-free,” Draco reasoned. “Not just because of you, but because of what your parents did for the greater good. There should always be a Potter in our world, Harry. We need to think carefully about all of this before we wish away your future.”

“No,” Harry said, shaking his head firmly. “It’s one thing for me to carry the unwarranted pressure of being a hero, but to perpetuate society’s need by providing them with more Potters to whom they can turn in times of trouble is just not fair. Any child carrying my name and my blood will live in the constant shadow of unreasonable expectations because we live in a world where people will always look to someone else to take the lead. I don’t want it to be my child - our child - who suffers because of their name, and because I did what I did. At least if they have your name, they’ve got a chance at an admittedly privileged, but normal life.”

Draco sank back into the squashy cushions. When Harry put it like that, he couldn’t really argue. He’d just never considered these implications, but it was obvious that Harry had. And the reason he had considered what the future might hold is because he’d planned to have a family. And now they were sitting here plotting the course of their life together, Draco found he could not refuse. He sighed loudly, but it wasn’t a frustrated sound. It was the sound of reluctant agreement.

“I bet you could sell water to merpeople,” Draco chuckled, and Harry cuddled in to his side, trying his best to bury his head somewhere under Draco’s armpit.

After a comfortable few minutes of intense snuggling, Draco mumbled, “I think we got a bit off track, there. You’d started to talk about us having a family.”

“Oh. Yeah.” Harry, it appeared, didn’t know what to say. The silence that ensued had a quality that suggested it could go on for a very long time. It went on for several minutes, at the very least. Eventually, and rather reluctantly, Draco thought, Harry said, “Is there any way at all you could picture children in your life?” When Draco didn’t answer immediately, he added, “You wouldn’t have to do much. I’d do everything.”

Draco snorted in disgust. “For Merlin’s sake, Harry! If we’re going to do this, which we are, eventually, then our child will have two parents, not one. I don’t hold much hope that I’ll be very good at being a daddy, but I’m willing to try, with your help.”

That actually came out a lot easier than Draco would ever have thought. He realised with a jolt that he truly believed he would be okay, just as long as Harry was there to show him the way.

“You won’t regret it,” Harry said, turning the tables and climbing in to Draco’s lap, but going the extra step and pushing him down so that Draco lay pinned beneath Harry’s body. “And for the record, I happen to think you’ll be a natural daddy, just as soon as you let yourself believe you can do it.” Harry pecked tiny little kisses all over his face, and Draco wondered how he had ever lived his life without Harry in it. They were a seamless fit. “You’ve got so much love to give, Draco. I think you’ll spoil our children rotten.”

“Children?!” Draco trilled in shock. “When did I ever agree to having more than one?” But his protests were smothered under the amorous pressure of Harry’s lips, and Draco submitted happily to his advances.

When Harry’s hot hands pawed their way beneath his clothes, Draco found himself wriggling to give him better access.

“Let’s practice making babies,” Harry whispered heatedly into his ear, and it was all Draco could do to find the will power to grunt his assent.

~oOo~

Feeling ecstatically happy and at peace with the world and its inhabitants, Draco and Harry woke on Sunday morning to the delicious ache of taxed limbs and sore genitals. They’d overdone it the night before, but it was in celebration of hard decisions well made.

They’d lain in bed once they were both awake and plotted how to go about achieving their goals. A summit meeting of sorts was on their list of things to do, in which they hoped to enlist the assistance of Narcissa, Blaise and Hermione in making the first baby steps toward repealing the anti same-sex marriage laws. In the backs of their minds, they’d each independently wondered if Griffin and Narcissa might be prepared to drop the odd hint or two in their upcoming *Alohomora!* magazine spread, formalising the recent public announcement of their engagement. After all, it had a huge circulation and therefore could be an amazingly influential tool with which to shape public opinion. Not that the views of the masses would matter, ultimately, because only the Wizengamot had the power to rewrite the rules. But the value of public outrage at any lack of liberal thinking from the usually pretty conservative assembly could not be overstated. And it didn’t hurt their cause any that Perdita was Minister for Magic. If anyone was likely to take their cause on board and run with it, it was her.

They made the rest of their decisions with ease over a full English breakfast and the pages of the Sunday Prophet. They would start to split Harry’s clothes between the flat and the new suite of rooms they intended to choose at Malfoy Manor, so that it was a home-from-home for him prior to the eventual move. Draco already knew his mother held no objections to this course of action because she was always eager for Harry’s company, and constantly dropped hints about what sort of breakfast cereals he liked, and whether he kept a toothbrush in Draco’s bathroom.

While Draco was reading the Quidditch scores out, Harry sat at the kitchen table with

parchment and quill, drafting his letter of intent to Professor McGonagall. This business of delaying Harry's teaching vocation was the only point on which they did not agree. Draco wanted Harry to start much sooner, as in imminently, but Harry would not be swayed. He wanted a few years of just the two of them together before they started a family, and then Harry wouldn't look to take up a teaching post until their child, or children, as the case may be, were of an age to attend Hogwarts.

There really hadn't been much to discuss around the domestic arrangements. Draco would continue to work, bringing in a sizeable salary which would doubtless increase yet again as soon as his title was bestowed. To have a Lord of the realm in a sub-directorial post was simply unthinkable for any established institution, so Draco could expect to triple the size of his office, if not his workload, in the next few months.

Harry elected to remain in his local government job until they decided to start their family, at which point, he wanted to be a stay-at-home parent. Draco tried to offer Harry the option to give up work immediately, but he wouldn't have any of it. Despite his less than earth-shattering importance in the scheme of things, Harry liked what he did, and he was happy in his workplace. From conversations they'd had in the past, Draco knew Harry appreciated the fact that he wasn't anything special to his colleagues; he was just Harry, who was equally comfortable catching stray Kneazles as he was convincing Muggles that no, they hadn't just seen a naked old man fly past on a broomstick.

They hadn't had any kind of detailed conversation about the mechanics of producing Malfoy/Potter heirs and heiresses, agreeing to wait and see what the portrait of François Malfoy had to say on the matter first. Draco had been inordinately relieved that Harry was almost equally repulsed by any suggestion that a man might be able to give birth. Draco had been incredibly clear on the subject; regardless of any ground-breaking spell, potion or transfiguration, there was absolutely no way in this world or the next that he would carry a baby in his body. Their conversation on the topic elicited some equally interesting comments from Harry, too, and it was clear to Draco that Harry had spent at least as much time as he himself had, worrying about what Malfoy might offer them as a solution. They both hoped that wherever their conversation went, it was far more mundane than their fevered imaginations might suggest.



Out of courtesy, they also sat down after breakfast to owl Severus Snape, informing him of their plans. Harry had insisted they contact him, having been moved in some small way by the man's reasons for staying out of a job he had always coveted. Draco hoped they could convince Severus to take the job for a few years, even if the man decided to return to his Potions position when Harry was ready to teach. Whatever happened, they decided it was only fair to offer him the choice.

They spent a few hours after that going through Harry's wardrobe, picking out clothes to take to the Manor, and casually discussing what their living arrangements might be the coming months. They were pretty much agreed that they wouldn't live at Malfoy Manor full time until after Narcissa had relocated to Griffin's home, but they did toss around some suggestions for their cohabiting arrangements in the meantime. The one that seemed to be the best fit was that they would live at the Manor Monday to Friday, and then spend the weekends in London, at Harry's flat. At least doing it that way, they wouldn't have to make the effort to curtail their weekend activities. They had a tendency to wander around naked for large portions of the time, which inevitably led to them copping off together in odd places, at peculiar times. They both agreed that Narcissa could probably do without the added opportunities to take the piss out of them, too, because she was bound to stumble across them at some point, and they both knew they'd never hear the end of it.

Sunday afternoon saw them dressed smartly and heading back to the Malfoy family portrait gallery. They held hands as they walked up the stairs, and Draco marvelled that he actually felt okay with the entire scenario. Or at least, he wasn't completely terrified, which was a step in the right direction. He was glad his mother was out, and therefore not around to witness them all suited and booted as they returned to meet the ancestors.

They took a few minutes to greet the other portraits, sparing their own painting a conspiratorial wink as they passed themselves by. Lucius did them the favour of walking out of his frame the moment they entered the gallery, and he chose not to return through the duration of their visit. Or rather, Draco suspected, he was deposited somewhere, hidden from view but listening in on their entire discussion. Yes, that was far more like the Lucius Draco remembered.

Draco had owled ahead and was therefore unsurprised to discover two chairs and an

occasional table laid out for tea before Malfoi's portrait. The man himself had found a seat from somewhere and had he been less nervous, Draco would have scanned the other pictures to see which one of his ancestors had sacrificed their chair for this little soiree.

As Harry poured them both cups of tea, Draco took a moment to really look at the man. He was quite obviously French with his darker skin and brown-black hair. His eyes were warm and the colour of shiny conkers and there was a mobility about his face that suggested a lifetime spent smiling and laughing. His presence was imposing, for sure, but there was something magnetic about him - an unnameable trait that made a person want to know him. He wasn't a truly handsome man, but Draco knew that people would have flocked around him, all hoping to win his favour because his personality reshaped his appearance, making him easy on the eye. As François fussed around, moving his chair to the correct position, Draco noted he did not have the trademark Malfoy height. Of course, people had been shorter in times gone by, but still, he would have made Harry look tall and at five foot ten, Harry was average and nothing more.

"I see a glow about you both!" Malfoi told them, grinning cheekily as he looked from one to the other.

"We've been putting things in order," Draco replied cryptically, not wanting to admit the extent of what they'd actually discussed. There was no telling how far that news could travel if any of the other portraits decided to spread the word, and they wanted to tell Narcissa first. "And we were intrigued by your comments on our last visit. We were very much hoping," Draco said earnestly, "that you would share your thoughts with us, on the subject of extending the family line."

There. That hadn't been quite so bad now, had it? Harry squeezed Draco's hand briefly, and when Draco turned to look at him, Harry's face was filled with unadulterated affection. Draco had a warm and fuzzy moment before drawing himself back to the matter at hand.

"Ah, my friends, I am filled with joy that you have spared some thought for this matter," Malfoi said, flourishing a hand to punctuate his admission. "Times have changed, I know," he continued, "yet I cannot believe that the drive to extend the family tree will have lessened between my time and yours."

Draco shook his head slowly. "It hasn't," he said, and he could hear the sadness in his own voice. "My father was always harping on about my duty to replenish the blood-line, which is ridiculous when you think about the fact that he did his best to wipe us all out with his ill-advised allegiances."

"Do as I say, not do as I do," Harry said lightly, moving to hold Draco's hand properly.

"Quite," Draco replied.

"Procreation is not a task to be taken lightly," Malfoy told them, "and I cannot wave my wand and make this happen as if by magic. It has to be worked at and organised and thought out by the two of you, far in advance of the arrival of your young ones."

Draco didn't know about Harry, but he'd paid particular note to the part about it not happening as if by magic. Could that mean...? "Sir," Draco began respectfully, "when you say it can't happen by magic, do you mean that the pregnancy must be of the normal, female-nurtured variety?" He really hoped he'd managed to keep the hint of abject fear out of his voice as he asked the question he most wanted the answer to.

"But of course!" the Frenchman replied. "What other way is there?" Draco and Harry both sat stock still, gazing up at Malfoy, and Draco watched the dawn of realisation spread across the portrait's face. A sudden gale of laughter exploded out of the man's mouth, to the point where tears actually fell, and his olive skin turned purple with the strain of laughing so hard. Harry and Draco turned to look at each other, and it was obvious that they shared the same sense of complete and utter relief.

Malfoy continued to laugh for several minutes, renewing his outburst several times when he appeared close to stopping. Now that he was sat there, safe in the knowledge that there was no cruel and unusual spell for making men pregnant, Draco felt very stupid for ever having even entertained the notion, however reluctantly.

Eventually, the Lady Catherine Malfoy wandered into François' frame and handed him a glass of red wine to help him calm himself. She patted his arm and rolled her eyes in Draco

and Harry's direction, but it was impossible to miss her refined smirk at their woeful ignorance.

"Thank you, thank you," Malfoy said eventually, straightening his frock coat carefully before looking back out at them. "I haven't laughed so much in centuries! You two are quite the comedians!"

Draco heard himself and Harry make an effort to laugh along, but they were both a bit too embarrassed to make it sound good.

"I think I understand the look of fear you wore on your last visit, Draco," Malfoy said, giving him a cheeky wink. "I do not believe even the greatest of wizarding folk could ever concoct a method for men to birth children. In things such as this, nature knows best, I think."

"So, what advice can you offer us then?" Harry enquired politely. "We've talked about it, and we agree that the Malfoy name should continue, but we don't plan to have our child for several years yet. We're only twenty-six, you see."

"I had fathered four children by the time I was that age," the Frenchman said, staring off over their shoulders and out into space. "Of course, two of them died very young, but still, there were four."

"I'm sorry," Draco offered honestly.

"Not to worry, my young friend," Malfoy said with a smile. "It was the way of life, in my time, so we handled it better, I think. For my wife, however, I am not so sure. I do not believe she ever recovered from the passing of our eldest child, Celestine."

"I don't understand," Harry said. "If you had a wife, then it can't have been hard for you to have a family. Neither of us has a wife, and therein lies our difficulty."

Draco turned to look at Harry's profile, and something about the upward tilt of his face made him look incredible. Pure, almost. Draco knew he was staring, and he couldn't help himself. He only broke his gaze when Harry turned to him and arched an eyebrow in

question. He knew he blushed a bit at being caught ogling Harry so openly, but he wasn't really sorry for doing it.

"You are correct in some ways," the portrait replied, "but my story does have some relevance to your situation, I believe." He stopped, seeming to wait for permission to continue.

"Please," Draco said quietly, nodding his head deferentially.

Malfoy sighed sadly. "I myself am homosexual. Do not look surprised, please. You are not the only ones."

"But your wife," Harry murmured.

"Knew all about it," the Frenchman continued. "My Celeste married me knowing what I was, and accepting it. Without her, life would have been intolerable."

"She was like a sister to you, then," Draco said, nodding his head in some measure of understanding.

"Non," he continued. "Not a sister. I loved her more dearly than that. I loved her as my wife; as my life's companion, but not as my lover." Malfoy's eyes misted over, and he looked on the verge of tearfulness. "Such a perfect, beautiful woman," he murmured. "So courageous. So graceful. I loved her truly, and she loved me in return."

They were all silent for long moments as the portrait relived his memories of Celeste. Eventually, he looked down at Draco, and his eyes softened. "You are so like her, Draco," Malfoy said. "Certainly, your father also had her colouring, but you have her delicacy, which he most assuredly did not."

"How is it possible?" Draco whispered. "After all these generations."

"She was special," François continued. "Her characteristics dominated the Malfoy line from the moment she became a part of it. Before her, we were all dark-skinned and dark haired,

like me. I always fancied her to be Nordic somewhere in her history, because her height was as uncommon as her white blonde hair.”

“So we’re a mixed bag, then, us Malfoys,” Draco said, fascinated to be learning things about his family that he’d never known.

“Ah, even more than you imagine,” Malfoi said with a grin, tapping the side of his nose conspiratorially. “My Celeste was of dual heritage!”

There were loud gasps from several of the surrounding portraits, and Draco and Harry looked at each other in confusion.

“You mean,” Harry said stiltedly, “that the Malfoys aren’t completely pure-blooded?”

“Oui.”

“Fucking hell,” said Draco, shocked at the size of this skeleton in his family’s closet. “Does Lucius know?”

“I suspect he does now,” Malfoi sniggered. “But the fact of her heritage was hidden for many reasons, the greatest of which was her mortal safety.” He stopped to take a sip of his red wine before settling back in his chair to tell them Celeste’s story.

“My lover, Felipe, was a man of the cloth, and therefore a man of great power in our time.” Malfoi looked wistful, and Draco felt suddenly very sad that the man had spent perhaps centuries away from his lover and his wife. It was a horrific thought.

“The Inquisition which began with the Spanish Catholics spread across the rest of the continent, and it grew and grew until it was the biggest killer in our times: more deaths even than from plague or malnutrition.” He stopped to draw breath, and Draco saw his ancestor drift once again into his memories. “What is less known in these times is that the centuries-long persecution of witches and wizards was, in fact, a pure-blood crusade to wipe out the so-called Mudbloods.”

“You’re joking?” Harry whispered in shock.

“I am afraid not. It was the last great purge, until your Voldemort, in modern times. I do not count Grindelwald in this, you understand. He was merely playing at being bad.”

Draco felt tired, all of a sudden. He said to Harry, “The pure-blood families were wealthy, and they owned slaves, just like colonial Muggles did. The problem was that a lot of the men couldn’t keep their dicks in their trousers, and they raped and took advantage of many of the Muggle women in their service. There were hundreds, maybe even thousands of mixed blood children born, and because the pure-bloods didn’t take the children away, the Muggles learned about magic, because it wasn’t contained or controlled.”

Harry was looking completely mortified, but Draco pressed on. “After decades of slavery, the pure-bloods realised they had a problem on their hands. There were new wizards being born in Muggle settlements, and magic was no longer their privilege. So, a particularly nasty piece of work, Tomas de Torquemada, masqueraded as a Muggle and convinced the monarchs of his country to permit a crusade against these witches. But what he didn’t tell them was that his crusade was to eradicate Mudbloods and protect the pure-blood lines, not to remove witchcraft from the world.”

“How do you know all this?” Harry asked in hushed tones. His face was pale, and Draco thought he might even look a bit sick.

“My father made sure I was brought up on stories of pure-blood supremacy,” Draco explained. “He wanted me to believe that Voldemort was the next Torquemada, and that there was a historical precedent for the success of war against the mixed-blood and Muggle-born.” Draco shrugged. “After all, the Inquisition lasted nearly four hundred years, and hundreds of thousands of the non-pure-blooded were slaughtered. It was a very successful campaign, if you look at it objectively.”

“That’s appalling,” Harry whispered, looking like he was feeling the pain of each and every death personally.

“Oui,” Malfoy responded. “It is. Celeste was escaping the Inquisition when Felipe found her,

hiding in a nunnery, pretending to be a maid when it was obvious she was a genteel woman.”

“He rescued her, and you married her to keep her safe,” Harry said.

Malfoi nodded. “As a Catholic Monsignor, he could not do it, so I did. It suited all our purposes. She had travelled far enough that she was not known in our lands, and it was a simple thing for Felipe to create papers for her, and a pure-blood heritage. She was very talented with intuitive magic. She could touch things and know their history. It was incredible to behold!”

“Draco can do that, too,” Harry said proudly.

“Then you are indeed lucky to be her descendent,” Malfoi told Draco. He sighed deeply, and very sadly. “Neither Felipe nor I ever believed in Torquemada’s cause, so we helped those seeking refuge when we could.”

“It’s good to know our entire family line wasn’t as fanatical as my father,” Draco said thoughtfully.

“We are all descended from Muggles,” Malfoi stated firmly. “The very first magic folk were aberrations - freaks of nature if you will, but they were born of Muggle women. It is for this reason that I could never align myself to the supremacist mentality.”

“It’s the age old argument of creation versus evolution,” Harry said, turning to Draco and looking consideringly at him, squeezing his hand for a moment.

“Please accept my apology,” the Frenchman fussed. “I have led us astray!”

“It’s okay,” Harry said sincerely. “This is all absolutely fascinating.”

“Nevertheless, let me now get to my point,” he continued, his French accent stronger than ever. “I found myself in Draco’s position, expected to produce an heir or heiress, yet unable to contemplate relations with a woman, even one I loved.”



He looked pained as he said the words, Draco thought, and he spent a moment wondering what it must have been like to live a charade like François Malfoi had, yet to have loved his wife genuinely, albeit in a different way to the one in which he'd loved his partner.

"We tried, on our wedding night, but the spectacle was painful for us both, and we agreed not to pursue insemination by intercourse again. She was so very understanding." Again, the Frenchman had a faraway look in his eye, and Draco wondered to himself how hard it would be to try and find surviving portraits of Celeste and Felipe, to repay the kindness he was showing himself and Harry.

Malfoi actually began to blush a little. He was clearly getting to a rather uncomfortable part of his disclosure.

"Felipe had attempted to be supportive of the action I was forced to take, yet he searched high and low for a method which would remove the necessity for our coupling. He eventually found our answer in the Holy Book."

"The Bible?" Draco asked, confused in the extreme.

"Oui." Malfoi shrugged. "The Virgin birth did not come about in quite the way we were led to believe, Felipe discovered. The earliest editions of The Bible talked of the Immaculate Conception in relation to the birth of Christ, and not the purification of Mary, which came much later." He chuckled to himself. "He found an obscure reference to Conceptus Inviolatus, and a list of what appeared, at first glance, to be simple herbs. He researched other versions of The Bible and cross-referenced what he read. As the editions grew more recent, the spell name disappeared, and the Virgin birth and the Immaculate Conception became two separate themes: religious constructs rather than magic."

"Bloody hell," Harry murmured in amazement.

"The three of us tested the spell and the potions, and we found that we could direct the products of my passion directly into the belly of my wife without us even having to be near each other."

“That’s incredible,” Draco gasped. “Was it messy?”

What?! Draco cringed at his question, but he couldn’t help himself – he just had to be able to visualise it in his head.

“Non,” Malfoi told him, his face the picture of amusement. “Celeste did not even have to be without clothes. The ejaculate simply vanished as it left my body, and Apparated, if you will, into hers. And we became pregnant without fail, each time we cast the spell. It was miraculous.”

“We know that women can be artificially inseminated without having sex,” Harry said seriously, sitting forward in his chair. “It’s easy to do without spells, too. But it doesn’t guarantee conception every time. That is just mind-boggling.”

“Oui, is it not?”

Draco exhaled loudly. “I appreciate your information, and I think we’ll definitely use it,” he said carefully. “But it doesn’t solve our problem of where to find a woman prepared to be a surrogate mother. I don’t know about Harry, but I would prefer not to have a third parent hanging around. I want our family to be just ours, if that makes sense.”

Malfoi nodded, although Draco could detect that he didn’t really agree. Perhaps their trio had worked because they each needed something from the other to survive. Draco and Harry just didn’t require another element in their lives.

“I agree,” said Harry, rubbing at his eyes. “We’d have to do some serious searching for the right mother. It’d have to be someone who wouldn’t object to giving up the child, and all rights to contact. Anything else would be too complicated.”

“In my time, it was not so hard just to take a baby, although I could never condone such an action,” Malfoi muttered.

“Nor could we,” Harry replied firmly. “But surrogacy is not unheard of in our society,

although it is very rare, and very controversial.” He turned his gaze on Draco, and Draco could see concern in his eyes.

“Perhaps a Muggle mother?” Draco suggested, but he had to wait many moments before he could continue, because the sound of horrified gasps echoed around the gallery. “Having Celeste’s mixed blood in the gene pool brought strong traits to my family, and it makes sense that the same thing could happen again, even with a completely non-magical mother.”

Draco was surprised when Harry grinned, leaned over and smacked a big, wet kiss on his mouth.

“What was that for?” he asked, his voice two octaves higher than it usually was.

“For thinking outside the box,” Harry said with a wink. “It could work, though,” he added thoughtfully. “We should talk to Hermione about it. If anyone could help us sort through the pitfalls of something like this, it’ll be her.”

“Who is Hermione?” Malfoy enquired politely.

“Harry’s best friend,” Draco explained. “She’s a mediwitch, but she specialises in fertility and paediatric care.”

“And she is not available for...?” Malfoy asked, with a cheeky grin on his face.

“No!” They chorused together, exchanging looks of thinly disguised horror.

“Very well,” the Frenchman replied, holding his hands up in a gesture of defeat. “You know best, after all. But I would urge you to think about this sooner rather than later. It could take you a long time to find the correct mother for your children, and you don’t want to decide to make a child and then spend years searching for your woman.”

“True,” Draco murmured, more to himself than anyone else. “What do you think, Harry?”

“I think we know more than we did when we came, but I can see now just how much more talking we need to do to sort this out.”

They stared at each other for long moments, and their fingers interlocked affectionately, thumbs rubbing against each other’s knuckles.

“I sense a subtle change in the air,” Malfoy laughed. “I think perhaps it is time for you to find a room where you can be together for a while. Somewhere that is not here, if you please. There are elderly people present, whose hearts could not survive should they witness your particular kind of affection.”

They pulled each other up out of their chairs, cracking necks and spines as they stretched all the kinks out of their bodies.

“Thank you, sir, for your time and patience,” Harry said, his voice overflowing with gratitude.

“Not at all,” he replied. “I should very much like to see your child, when you both decide you are ready to be parents.”

Draco laughed. “Oh, don’t worry about that. Your name’s already at the top of the baby-sitting list.”

“Shoo! Off with you!” Malfoy laughed, jumping up to hide behind his chair.

They made their way out of the gallery and stood outside, just looking at each other.

“Useful?” Draco asked.

“Yeah,” Harry replied, stretching up to place a kiss on Draco’s mouth. “Now, about those Potter family trees...”

## Chapter Sixteen

It might have been reasonable to expect that Draco and Harry spent the remaining few hours of their Sunday afternoon and evening moving Harry's things over from his flat. Reasonable? Yes. Reality? No. They were far too busy polishing Lucius's desk with Draco's arse to be doing anything remotely practical. They managed to forget all about the Potter family tree too, which Draco only remembered as he rolled his exhausted body off the expanse of mahogany and retrieved his trousers from the floor.

Narcissa and Griffin appeared not much later, and the four of them ate dinner together, discussing the subject of Draco and Harry's desire to marry. Narcissa actually cried. Cried! She was so moved, she couldn't get herself out of her chair to pull Draco into a hug. Instead, she beckoned him to her, and he went, feeling vaguely embarrassed as he knelt next to her and let her sob her happiness into his shoulder. He could feel the wetness of her tears soaking through his shirt, and every so often, he looked up and caught Griffin's eye over his mother's shoulder, and his face was full of affection. After a while, Griffin passed a napkin over to Draco, and he forced it into Narcissa's hand, prompting her to pull back and clean herself up. Harry's hug didn't end up being much drier, and after they'd finally Flooed back to Harry's flat, having decided to stay there instead of the Manor, Draco surveyed the damage from his mother's slobber on the fine silk of his shirt with something like exasperation. Harry just laughed, hugging Draco's frown away, promising to buy him two more shirts to make up for it.

~oOo~

They did a little of Harry's packing every night for the next couple of days, transferring it over to Draco's room at the Manor bit by bit while they waited for the decorators to come in and start work on the suite the two of them had chosen to be their permanent rooms. The suite was gorgeous. It'd been the domain of Draco's paternal grandmother, hence the reason his parents hadn't taken occupancy.

The suite consisted of a grand sitting room, with an enormous floor-to-ceiling window overlooking the formal gardens at the rear of the Manor. Draco could already see in his mind's eye the tasteful seating arrangement that would be placed before the expanse of glass, looking outward. He could see them taking breakfast and reading the newspaper there at the weekends, enjoying the scenery as it changed with the seasons. The bedroom had its own spectacular views, but the real feature there was the plasterwork domed ceiling, where ropes of trailing vines, and huge, full-blown blooms were depicted in both two- and three-dimensions. It was beautiful, and well worth discarding the romantic notion of an old-fashioned four-poster bed. There were two bathrooms and two dressing rooms as well, although Draco doubted one of the bathrooms would get much use in the near future. They were very comfortable around each other, and there weren't many bodily functions that remained private.

By Thursday evening, Harry had met all the house-elves, under Draco's watchful eye, and earned a gold star for managing not to send any of them running screaming for the hills.

Taking a wistful look around the bedroom he'd occupied all his life, Draco smiled to himself at the little signs of Harry's possessions scattered here and there, looking forward to the prospect of them having completely new rooms in which they could create their own unique blend of styles - the signature that would become theirs, and theirs alone. Draco closed the door on his room quietly, walking slowly down the winding staircase to meet Harry in the hallway, waiting to Floo back to the flat once again. They planned to start their split cohabitation arrangements from the weekend, and although Draco had spent many weekends at the flat, this time wouldn't feel like he was visiting. It would really feel like home.

In bed, lying next to each other, with just the fingers of one hand entwined so that they were touching, Harry murmured, "Scared?"

“Of course not,” Draco replied, rolling over so that his front pressed into Harry’s side, throwing a leg over for good measure. “I’ve doubled my cufflink collection overnight, so what’s to worry about?”

Harry laughed quietly, turning his head to peck a kiss on Draco’s forehead. “I’ve never lived with anyone before. I mean apart from school, and I don’t really think that counts,” Harry said.

“Are you scared?” Draco asked carefully, sliding his hand up to Harry’s chest and caressing the skin with the pad of his thumb.

Harry sighed. “Of letting you down? Yes.”

“Don’t be,” Draco murmured, his lips tracing the words on Harry’s cheek, making them tingle from the faint friction of his bristles. “I trust you completely, Harry.” It was true; he did. “I’d trust you with my mother, and nothing’s been as important in my life as she has.”

Harry fell silent, and Draco worried that he’d said the wrong thing, added pressure where previously there hadn’t been any. Eventually, Harry whispered, “I love your mum. She treats me like I’m hers.”

The silence expanded, and Draco knew Harry was brooding, and could see a hundred possibilities for the subject of his disquiet.

“Well, thank Merlin you’re not,” he huffed out, making a mild attempt at humour. “I doubt even the most liberal of societies would permit brothers to marry.”

Draco was relieved to get a small chuckle out of Harry, and satisfied that balance was restored, he kissed him goodnight, murmuring his *I love yous* into the fragrant skin of Harry’s neck. Everything was going to work out just fine.

~oOo~

Mid-morning coffee break at work on Friday saw the arrival of an interesting letter for Draco. He watched Patricia's face with interest as she practically skipped into his office, tray in one hand, parchment in the other.

"Spill the beans," he told her in a voice that implied irritation, but actually meant he was in a good mood. "I know you want to."

"It's from *Alohomora!* magazine!" she squeaked, her boundless excitement impossible to disguise. "They want to run an article on you and Mr Potter. Apparently, they've been inundated with requests for an interview with you both after Lady Malfoy made those comments about wishing to see the pair of you married and settled. It's caused quite the storm of publicity," she babbled, and Draco was touched to see how much she clearly wanted it for them, too.

"Hm," he murmured seriously. "I'm not sure whether agreeing to it would be such a good idea." He watched her face fall into confusion with barely disguised amusement before she finally reacted.

"But you simply must! It's *Alohomora!*" she trilled in shock, her face melting by degrees into resignation as she recognised Draco's tease for what it was. "That was cruel," she told him, her face wearing a barely concealed smirk.

"But it was fun," he replied, sipping his coffee as he looked over the rim of the mug at her. "I suppose I'd better check and see what Harry thinks before I reply."

"I'll fetch you some parchment now," she said briskly, all business once again.

"No, don't bother," he told her. "I'm going to take the afternoon off seeing as I'm finished with the Dutch lending figures. I'll go and surprise him at work. I've never been there, after all." Yes. Why not? Harry was always telling humorous anecdotes about his colleagues, and Draco thought it was past time for meeting them.



It didn't take him long to tidy his desk up for the weekend and send Patricia home early, much to her grateful surprise, and it wasn't much after midday when he stood before the fireplace in his reception area, Floo powder in hand.

"Beechdown House, Guildford!" he said clearly as he cast the powder into the grate and felt the instant rush of the Floo network suck him up and propel him away.

As he stepped out at the other end into an unmistakably rustic, cottagey reception room, Draco was pleased to note that they kept their Floo well swept, because his Boateng suit was as immaculate as when he'd stepped in at his office. He shrugged to himself. *Point to the locals*, he thought.

A distinctly awed-looking young witch showed him upstairs to the main office space, and Draco absorbed all the homey details about this place where Harry came to work every day. At first glance, anyone would have thought it was the home of a middle-aged spinster with a penchant for cats, because what surfaces weren't decorated with flowery papers and fabrics were overrun with cutesy cat ornaments, the kind that were so twee they made Draco wince. *The house taste forgot*, he thought uncharitably.

Instead of giving him a proper introduction, Mary, the receptionist, stuttered something completely nonsensical to a seemingly empty room and darted off down the stairs, leaving him frowning, and wondering how long it would take Patricia to knock her into shape.

"Hello, you!" Harry's surprised voice came, and Draco watched him appear from behind a repulsively upholstered high-backed chair and head towards him, eyes sparkling with happiness. Draco watched Harry close the space between them, suddenly aware that he was grinning like a baboon, so he did his best to reel his warm and fuzzy feelings back in and look altogether more composed.

Without any thought for decorum, Harry slid his hands behind Draco's neck and tugged him gently down for a kiss, into which Draco had a great deal of difficulty not to fall head first. He felt just the tip of Harry's tongue circle his own, and his hands found a comfortable resting place on Harry's hips, squeezing them hard enough to make Harry whimper in the back of

his throat.

They broke apart somewhat self-consciously when a loud female gasp sliced through the air. It wasn't a gasp of disgust. Rather, it was the sound of a no doubt hormonal middle-aged woman who was probably at that very second fumbling with the elastic waistband of her knickers to shove a hand inside, trying to locate something that she'd previously thought past functioning years before. *Plus-sized knickers*, Draco amended internally as he peered over Harry's shoulder to see the woman and several other faces too, all twisting round in their chairs to cop a proper eyeful of the pair of them together.

The owner of the gasp, an extremely red-faced and more-than-middle-aged woman, popped up out of her chair with an energy that didn't quite match her Puffskein-like build. She wobbled around the grouping of chairs towards them, holding her hand out, and Draco took a deep breath, steeling himself for the ordeal ahead.

"Draco, this is my boss, Marjory Miggins. Marjory, Draco Malfoy, my partner," Harry said, and Draco felt a flush of heat travel across his skin at the way in which Harry said his name, so unmistakeably full of adoration.

"Madam," Draco said formally, bowing slightly and taking her hand in his and kissing it lightly, not neglecting for a moment his grace or manners. She gasped again, and Draco watched her raise a shaking hand to her chest and clutch it to herself. *She's not having a heart attack, is she?* he thought for a split second, before she literally gushed with pleasure to finally be meeting him.

It was hard for Draco to look at her face. The unnatural vibrancy of her henna red hair, teamed with the primrose yellow base colour of her tent-like robes and the dazzling fuchsia pink of her lipstick all assaulted Draco's eyes simultaneously. His head was spinning just from looking at her, and he had to find something safe to concentrate on so that he could find a way to deal with the overwhelming clash of colours. He concentrated on the sleeve of her robes, studying with growing horror the repeated motif of three kittens playing with a ball of wool on some kind of garish rag rug.

"What striking robes," he sputtered out finally, aware that she had ceased speaking and was

awaiting his reply with anticipation.

“Why, thank you!” she said with a big, beaming smile. “I made them myself out of curtain material.” She seemed unaccountably proud of her tailoring skills, but Draco did his best to bury his wicked streak. He nearly succeeded.

“Really?” he replied, faking interest pretty well, he thought, until he felt the discreet jab of Harry’s elbow into his side. “One would never know.”

“Oh, Harry,” she twittered on, “he’s even more adorable than you said!” The urge to hex her to oblivion hit Draco full on as she reached forward and tweaked Harry’s cheek with pudgy fingers. Draco cleared his throat, and Harry dragged him off to meet the rest of his colleagues.

They were a motley band, consisting of a bored-but-competent looking woman, a doddering old chap who must have passed his retirement age some years previously, two twenty-something witches who flirted outrageously with anyone who looked their way, and a very wet-behind-the-ears looking lad who was probably a trainee of some description. Being a hopeless snob, Draco assessed the attire of everyone in the room and judged that Harry’s tie probably cost more than the combined wardrobes of his work mates.

Harry coaxed Draco to sit down while the group finished their little meeting, and there were loads of ‘ooh’s and ‘aah’s as Harry Transfigured a stool into a very impressive replica of a Barcelona chair for Draco to sit on.

“How come you never make anyone else seats as nice as that one?” one of the helium-headed witches piped up.

“Because no one else is the love of my life,” Harry said unapologetically, completely ignoring all the sighs and murmurs of how sweet he was. Draco raised an aristocratic eyebrow at him and Harry grinned in return.

The meeting didn’t last much longer. It seemed to be just to tie up loose ends of what everyone was working on at the time, and when Harry announced that his cases were now

all closed, Draco said, “Good! I’ve got the afternoon off, and that means I can whisk you away for a leisurely lunch somewhere nice. I think we both deserve a treat, and there’s something we need to discuss.”

Just as Harry was about to agree, Marjory interrupted.

“Oh! Well, I was hoping you could finish off the interviews for that troll sighting over in Dorking, Harry. You do everything so much quicker than everyone else, and it’d save me hours! It’s just that I was so looking forward to taking Flopsy to the salon for a trim.”

It appeared to Draco that Marjory was doing rather more than hoping. She had, in fact, already *Accio’d* her overrobe and bag to her lap, and was busy struggling to shove her arms into the garment as quickly as possible, probably so that Harry didn’t have time to argue before she buggered off and left him with her work. Julia, the fed-up, competent-looking woman gasped in irritation and crossed her arms firmly but didn’t say anything. *Ah*, Draco thought. *Office politics at work.*

Biting his tongue to prevent himself from withering sarcasm, Draco watched in mounting annoyance as Harry half-formed words but didn’t manage to get a response out, and before he’d either agreed or disagreed, Marjory had bustled out of the room, leaving a frosty silence in her wake.

Draco turned his best Malfoy glare on Harry, and all but Julia disappeared from their seats as quickly and as quietly as possible. When they were almost alone, Draco bit out, “Who the fuck are you, and what have you done with my Harry’s backbone?”

“Well, it’s just that she’s so nice,” Harry began, nervously running his palms up and down his thighs.

“And so incredibly fucking lazy,” Julia added, and Draco looked across at her, grateful for an ally. They shared a look, one that said they could both see with startling clarity that Harry carried Marjory but was too much of a wimp to change the status quo.

“Don’t say that,” Harry snapped, jumping to Marjory’s defence. “She’s never made me feel

anything but normal, so I can put up with a bit of crap in return for the peace and quiet.”

Julia ignored Harry and locked eyes with Draco. “Harry should be running this office. He knows it, we know it, and you can damn well bet Marjory knows it.” She turned to look at Harry, and there was compassion of a sort in her face. “I know she doesn’t go on about you, Harry, but she singles you out in other ways. You must see that.”

To Draco, this sounded like an old topic of discussion, picked over many times in the past.

“I just want a quiet life,” Harry sighed.

“You’re being naïve,” Julia replied. “Marjory should be pensioned off. Look at that debacle last year with the Howler mailshot to all those Muggle households. How long did that take us all to fix?”

Draco watched Harry rub his face, sinking his fingers deep into his eye sockets and making them red. “I know I should stand up to her. I’ve tried to in the past.” He turned his face to Draco, and there was real anguish there. “When I told her I couldn’t do her Christmas cover this year, she cried for days. It was really hard saying no, and she has this way about her that just makes me feel so bloody guilty all the time, like I’m letting her down.”

“But this isn’t like you,” Draco said, leaning forward and curling his fingers round one of Harry’s hands. “This is like the Harry I knew at school - all gormless and manipulable, and we both know it’s not the real you.”

Harry didn’t answer. He stared out of one of the heavily draped windows, although the thick lace curtains blocked the best part of the view. Draco and Julia looked at each other and heaved twin sighs of frustration.

After a while, Draco said, “I take it Marjory decorated the place.”

That, at least, made Harry smile.

“It’s horrific, isn’t it?” he chuckled.

“It could be worse,” Draco said. “Her robes could match the curtains.”

They all shared a laugh before Julia heaved herself up out of her chair with a loud groan.

“You two get off. I’ll see to the troll mess.”

“No, I couldn’t,” Harry said earnestly, jumping up to stop her from walking away.

“No one’s offered to take me out for a romantic lunch in the countryside, and until that happens, I’d say I’m in a better position than you are for picking it up.”

“Are you absolutely sure?” Harry said, and there was more than a hint of schoolboy angst in it.

Julia nodded abruptly and headed toward the robe stand to collect her hat and overrobe. Draco went to her and helped her on with her coat. When she turned to thank him, he said, “I owe you a lunch, Julia. Wherever I take Harry, I’ll come back and take you next week. As a thank you.”

“There’s no need,” she said, but Draco was really pleased he’d offered. She looked so very flattered at his invitation.

“Yes, there is. Besides which, you can have the longest lunch break, and then come back and describe every exquisite mouthful to Marjory for the rest of the afternoon. I might even be able to fix up a simultaneous outbreak of vomiting public toilets to occupy her while we’re out enjoying ourselves.

She laughed loudly. “Don’t do that. Muggins over there’ll end up cleaning up the mess.” She jerked a nod in Harry’s direction, and Draco shook his head in mild dismay.

“Ah,” he conceded. “True.”

“I should have known putting you two together would be a bad thing,” Harry moaned, wandering over to sling his arm around Draco’s waist and cuddle him close. “You were

asking about my backbone,” he added. “Well, Julia’s it.”

“Only too happy to be of humble service to the wandless wonder,” she teased, grabbing her bag and striding down the stairs, a stream of light-hearted laughter accompanying her.

“I like her,” Draco said as he watched her back disappear down the stairwell.

“She likes you, too,” Harry said, planting a kiss on his cheek. “Has done since that photo in the *Prophet*. You know, the one where you’re looking at me like you *lurve* me?” He sniggered as he said it and Draco affected a loud huff.

“I do *lurve* you, you arse,” he replied in clipped tones. “Now get your jacket and let’s go before any more trolls decide to ruin our day.”

“I’m hungry,” Harry said, dragging Draco round so that their fronts were sandwiched close together. There was a definitely wolfish glint in his eye. “And not for food.”

“I see,” Draco murmured, feeling the beginnings of exactly how hungry Harry was. “Perhaps an early tea, then? Or maybe a late one, depending how it goes.”

“Yeah,” Harry whispered as he closed the gap between their mouths, sealing his lips over Draco’s and forcing a demanding kiss on him. “Hold on,” he added breathlessly, tearing his mouth away for a second. “I’m Apparating us back to the Manor.”

“Mmm,” was all the response Draco seemed able to manage.

Fortunately, he spent the next couple of hours putting his mouth, and other body parts, to much more creative use.

~oOo~

“What’s this?” Harry asked quizzically as he lay naked on Draco’s bed, pulling his hand out

from under the pillow, clutching a fistful of fabric. *Purple, green and blue stripy fabric*, actually. Draco, who was standing stark naked at the foot of the bed having just returned from the bathroom, froze in place. He watched in abject humiliation as Harry shook out the creased Paul Smith shirt and held it up, examining it closely, wearing a half-frown on his face.

“Uh, a shirt?” Draco finally offered pathetically as he climbed up onto the high mattress and moved to take the shirt away from Harry with the minimum of fuss.

“But I hung this up yesterday,” Harry said in complete confusion. “And neither of us has been here to move it. You don’t think one of the house-elves is losing it, do you?”

“No,” Draco mumbled self-consciously.

“Oh,” Harry said in dawning understanding, or at least, he appeared to think so. “I didn’t realise you’ve got the same shirt. I’ve never seen you wear it before.”

Draco didn’t reply. He wasn’t sure if an open admission would be the best thing.

“Hold on,” Harry murmured. “I’m confused.”

*What’s new?* Draco thought with a faint smirk.

“This isn’t your size,” Harry continued, elbowing Draco to try and get his attention.

“It’s what I sleep in, all right?” Draco snapped defensively, all recollection of their afternoon’s activities forgotten in the blink of an eye. He watched Harry’s mouth open and close soundlessly, like a goldfish. Deciding it’d be better to own up than suffer the embarrassment of having Harry drag the truth out of him in tiny increments, he added, “I brought it the day after we went to the Ministry dinner; you know, our first proper date. I didn’t exactly feel comfortable enough to ask you for yours, so I decided a replica was the next best thing. Satisfied?” He said that last defiantly, just sharply enough to provide a warning that this would not be a good time for Harry to take the piss.

Draco stared Harry out, almost daring him to make some smart comment. Instead, Harry



lowered the shirt to his chest, drawing the cotton up to his nose and inhaling slowly, his eyelids fluttering shut as he did so. It was the kind of thing that Draco did when he was on his own and Harry's discarded pyjama top lay crumpled on the floor. It spoke volumes about their mutual affection, and in that moment, Draco didn't feel so stupid. He recognised that Harry would be more than touched by his admission of romantic notions, something he wasn't particularly good at voicing.

"I love you," Harry said, his voice full of emotion. It startled Draco out of his reverie, and he marvelled yet again at the way Harry's eyes could say more than words ever could. "I love you."

"Of course you do," Draco said gently. "Who else in the wizarding world would wear Paul Smith to bed?"

~oOo~

"Draco?" Harry called out, sounding frustrated. "I'm trying to put my underwear away, and the bottom drawer in your chest of drawers seems to be stuck shut. Can you help me open it?"

Draco padded out from the bathroom, where he'd been trying to accommodate the bulk of Harry's toiletries in the mirrored cabinets. He'd ended up having to bin a load of his own stuff just to make room. "Fucking hell, Potter!" he groaned. "Is nothing sacred?" Harry tipped his head on one side and waited for the rest. "It's my stash drawer, okay? No room for underwear. You'll have to find somewhere else." He paused for a moment, considering something. "Of course, you could just bin all your underwear and go commando from now on. I assure you there'd be no objections from me."

"What do you mean, stash?" Harry pressed, placing his pile of unmentionables on the floor and standing up.

"It's where all my porn lives, Harry. And all my toys. Best locked away when there are nosy

house-elves and even nosier mothers living under the same roof.”

“Wow,” Harry said slowly. “It’s such a small drawer.” He gestured at the piece of furniture, and Draco wondered how a four-foot wide by one-foot high drawer could be called small. Harry slid his arms around Draco’s waist, making sure his palms eased under Draco’s thin jumper and tickled light trails over his goose-pimplly skin. “I would have thought you’d have entire rooms for all your stuff,” he teased, rubbing the tip of his nose against Draco’s earlobe.

Draco held him close; just held him, nothing more. There was a simple pleasure in doing it not for sex, but purely for intimacy.

“Do you have anything I might like?” Harry whispered, turning his face to rub against Draco’s cheek.

Draco smiled. “Why don’t we find out?”

He knelt down before the drawer, beckoning Harry to his side before saying the words to release the Locking Charm. They were silent as the long seconds ticked by, and just like always, Draco felt blood pool in his groin. He always got excited when he got the chance to play, and sharing his things with Harry made that thought all the more agreeable. His pulse picked up, hammering out in counterpoint to the imaginary tic-toc of time passing.

When the drawer shimmered and clicked free, Draco gestured for Harry to open it, which he did, with due reverence. “I was right,” Harry said after a heartbeat. “You do need a room for all this lot.” Underneath the joke, Draco could almost smell Harry’s excitement. He knew then that they were going to have lots of fun together.

“Feel free to explore,” Draco said, dropping backward so that he sat cross-legged on the floor just behind Harry, watching him poke and prod through the enormous variety of multi-coloured bits and pieces. Harry looked not unlike a child with a free day pass to Honeydukes. It made Draco smile in unrestrained tenderness. Whilst Harry was incredibly creative with everyday household objects, Draco was much more a believer in using the correct tool for every job. Not, it had to be said, that he had any complaints with Harry’s improvisations so

far. He would assuredly never look at a feather duster quite the same again, and he had to pull his now not-so-baggy trousers away from his groin to give himself a bit more room to grow.

He watched with interest as Harry's face was alternately covetous then calculating. Draco got the distinct impression that some of his long-neglected pieces might get the cobwebs blown off them and put to good use, with Harry holding the reins. It was a very pleasurable thought, and as Draco rolled his shoulders in a languid stretch, he felt the hard peaks of his nipples brush against his cashmere sweater. It sent a ripple of a thrill down his spine.

At one end of the drawer was a neat stack of wizarding porn magazines, all depicting cute young boys with smooth bodies and tight muscles. None of the magazines were recent purchases. Since Harry had come along, Draco only had to close his eyes to find something suitably wankworthy to think about, and the magazines had fallen out of favour, although at one time, he used to really get off on watching some of the boys wink suggestively as they bent over, stretching themselves wide to expose their most intimate places to dirty perverts like himself. The only thing the magazine lacked was an accompanying soundtrack, because often even more arousing than the sight of two hot boys fucking was the incredible sounds they made. He watched Harry flip through one or two of the magazines, amused to note that he only stopped and looked at the spreads where the models were slim and blond. Maybe he was much more Harry's type than he'd ever imagined?

Placing the magazines to one side, Harry ferreted through the vaguely ordered objects, testing a number of dildoes and anal vibrators in his palm before setting them aside and digging past the assorted douches. There was a clear bag containing a selection of butt plugs, and Draco fondly recalled his very first one, which had been a bright green slim thing with a broader swell at the bottom, finally ending in a very useful suction pad that Draco could attest adhered to all manner of surfaces. Yes, he'd bought that one while he was still at school, hiding it carefully in the bottom of his trunk, and using it only in conjunction with that very handy *Muffliato* Charm Severus taught all the pubescent boys in Slytherin House. Without that charm, there would have been few restful nights in a dorm full of horny teenagers.

Harry turned his attention to the anal beads and other bathroom-friendly jelly toys next, and

Draco saw that he appeared particularly interested in those. He trailed inquisitive fingertips along a medium-sized string of beads, and Draco wondered just how long it would be before Harry ordered him to insert them into himself and show him exactly how he used them. He shivered all over at the thought of displaying himself so wantonly, and Harry must have sensed something because he turned and fixed Draco with a stare that held nothing but pure, unadulterated lust. His gut turned over as he looked into Harry's eyes and imagined what expression Harry would wear as he took his time oiling the beads carefully, and pressing them into Draco's hole one at a time, teasing him with the pressure, taking so long to insert each one that Draco would beg him to do it faster, wanting Harry's finger to slip in, too.

There was a selection of oils, lubes and creams in the drawer, including a large jar of herbal hair remover, which guaranteed months without regrowth. Harry shot Draco a smile, and set it to one side, sitting it between them on the floor. Draco licked his lips and tingled all over in anticipation. He'd always had a fantasy that involved the removal of all the hair down there, and he suspected Harry might share it. Maybe Harry would be willing to apply the cream? How would he ever stay still under his gentle caresses?

The rest of the drawer contained objects that were entirely less fluffy and fun-filled. They were designed to tease and torture just a bit, and Draco could recall nothing more than flashes of faces and expanses of flesh, all belonging to those upon whom he had used these things. Harry fingered the leather and steel of a particularly scary-looking cock and ball splitter, and Draco could almost hear Harry thinking, he was fantasising so loudly. He smiled to himself, imagining how Harry might look wearing it, but suspecting it might end up on him instead. The same could just as easily be said of the assortment of cock rings, although Harry passed those by pretty quickly, clearly eager to study Draco's ball gag.

Ah yes. The ball gag. Draco was fully hard now, and all Harry would have needed to do was turn around and look at the state of his groin to know it. There was just something about the thought of Harry forcing it into his mouth and buckling it up at the back of his head, pulling the strap so tight that it tugged at his hair until the roots screamed in pain. He wanted Harry to make him wear it and fuck him hard from behind, hammering in and out, over and over again, beating his anus into beautiful submission with the sheer size of his shaft. Draco's cock leaked right onto the cotton of his loose bottoms, making a big wet patch that

darkened the fabric tellingly. Despite that, he couldn't help but picture that he might be handcuffed to the bed and blindfolded at the same time, bringing the lazy fantasy into pinpoint focus. Draco knew his spine rolled involuntarily as his subconscious forced him to imitate the way he would work himself on Harry's length, so shameless, not even able to beg for it, but whimpering pathetically around the obstruction between his teeth, and the saliva that pooled in his mouth and dribbled down his chin. Fucking hell, he really needed to stop thinking about that just then, or he'd be making a very sticky mess in his trousers and Harry would want to know why he hadn't been included in the fun.

The last things Harry pulled out of the drawer were a leather paddle and a riding crop. Neither of them had ever been used on Draco, but something about the way Harry handled them told Draco he might need to start getting used to the idea. In truth, he was distinctly afraid of the crop, having inflicted a fair amount of damage with it on a variety of compliant bodies in the past. But he wasn't sure if it were a type of pain he could deal with, and it was definitely something he and Harry would have to discuss candidly before they did anything.

"See anything you like?" Draco murmured breathily, his cheeks feeling warm, his balls being squashed painfully flat by the taut fabric of his clothing.

Harry grinned toothily, his eyes narrowed, but he didn't reply. That just made Draco ache even more for him.

Harry drew the moment out, and Draco found it more and more difficult to breathe. He thought he might as well have been naked for all his clothes did to disguise his excitement. Eventually, Harry turned and placed everything carefully back in the drawer. Everything, that is, except for the herbal hair remover. Once the drawer was closed and locked again, Harry lifted the heavy jar and tossed it from hand to hand, running his eyes up and down Draco's body.

"Strip," Harry said flatly.

Draco swallowed. "Now?" he breathed, barely able to speak around the lump blocking the back of his throat.

“Now,” Harry confirmed.

As Draco scrabbled with his clothes, Harry rose up steadily, literally oozing self-assurance and control. He fetched a towel and spread it out on the bed, waving his hand for Draco to go and lay on it, while he himself stripped his top off and stalked towards Draco, who found himself backing up until his thighs bumped against the bed frame. He scrambled up and turned around, settling himself face down, his legs spread invitingly.

“Naughty, naughty,” Harry tutted gently, slapping Draco’s backside with the palm of his hand and making the sharp sound ring out in the room. “Turn over, Draco,” he added. “I want to save the best bit until last.” There was definite heat in Harry’s confession, and Draco felt his erection jerk appreciatively at the offhand comment.

He did exactly as he was told, and he allowed Harry to position his legs, knees bent, feet wide apart, so that everything between his legs was on show, just for Harry. He watched Harry with bated breath as the lid of the jar was unscrewed and a slightly astringent smell escaped.

Harry didn’t speak as he smeared the thick cream all over Draco’s groin. He didn’t appear to register the pained whimpers that issued forth at each stroke of his fingers, and he didn’t try to stop the almost constant movement of Draco’s hips, rocking up into his hand even as Draco strained to spread his legs wider, taxing the muscles of his inner thighs. But Harry continued methodically, rubbing lazy patterns into the roots of Draco’s pubic hair, liberally covering every soft, blond strand, making the cream warm under his touch, in turn making Draco pant and gasp with the burning need for proper, sexual touches. He was desperate for the touches that would squeeze his balls possessively, twisting the little sac enough to make the skin shiny and tight within Harry’s palm. But Harry didn’t do it, and he paid no attention to Draco’s signals for more.

Harry’s fingertip pushed slowly around the loose flesh of Draco’s testicles, making the skin feel warm and heavy under the layer of thick cream. His hair was coarser there, Draco knew, and he had a sudden stab of longing to feel Harry’s balls in his mouth, smoother than silk and wet with saliva. When he came back to himself, he listened to the almost tearful moans he was letting out and was ashamed, but he couldn’t seem to stop. Harry’s face was

impassive, his mouth set in a straight line as he applied himself to his task, and Draco felt more turned on if that was possible, caught up in imagining what might be going on behind Harry's mask, wondering if Harry might let him do this back.

When every part of his groin was covered, Draco watched Harry kneel back on his haunches and study his handiwork, his head tilted on one side, the first sign of an evil little smile bending the tight set of his mouth. Harry reached out and dabbed a little more cream where the hair was thickest, and he brushed against Draco's cock when he did it, and Draco was so fucking hard that single idle touch nearly killed him. Draco screwed his eyes shut and clamped his teeth together, straining to control the insistent throb of his excitement because if he let it go now, Harry would be disappointed.

The bed shifted and Harry climbed off it, but Draco still couldn't open his eyes. He pulled air in noisily through his nose, scared to open his mouth in case even the smallest sob escaped.

He was almost calm by the time Harry returned from the bathroom with wet and dry flannels, more towels and a box of tissues. Draco watched Harry lay them out on the bed in orderly lines, as though preparing for some kind of medical procedure. He let out a shock of a laugh as he imagined some perverted scenario where Harry was a mediwizard and he was the patient, strapped down on a table while Harry inserted an anal speculum and opened him up, telling Draco what a filthy slut he was for getting so turned on by his examination. *STOP IT!* he told himself. *Stop it NOW!* He was shaking. Harry must be able to see it. He felt humiliated, but he loved it because it was Harry doing it to him.

"Noisy thinking," Harry chuckled, tapping a finger on Draco's forehead, making him open his eyes and look up into his face. Draco opened his mouth and snatched in breaths, aware that he was flushed, and that his hands were hurting from twisting them too hard into the sheets, trying to find something else to do with them so that he didn't make a grab for himself and finish it off.

"Anyone'd think you weren't satisfied with that blow job I gave you a couple of hours ago," Harry whispered slyly, and Draco's only reply was a noisy swallow. Harry combed the sweat dampened strands of hair off Draco's forehead and hummed tunelessly while he did it, his nonchalance aggravating Draco's libido to exploding point. Draco couldn't look at him. He

turned his head away from Harry and studied the wall, fixating on the drape of the heavy curtains and memorising every fold and shadow just so that his mind was somewhere else than between his legs, and on the proximity of Harry's body stretched out at his side, radiating a terrible, addictive heat.

When the bed moved again it was because Harry reached for the tissues and began to wipe the cream away. He 'aaah'd in satisfaction, and Draco risked a glance at his groin. Where Harry had swiped the tissue through the mess of hair and whiteness, there was a distinct naked line and just seeing it made Draco's balls tighten almost painfully.

Harry tutted good-naturedly. "You behave, now," he chided, shooting Draco an innocent smile. "I haven't done the back yet."

*I am never going to survive this,* Draco told himself.

More tissues followed, and Draco felt rather than saw the way they dragged across his groin, dabbing at the smooth expanse of skin left behind. As the thickest of his hair was removed, his body shivered with unaccountable coldness, registering how odd it felt to be bald there. He could feel the air brush his skin in places it hadn't done before, or at least, not since a time when it would ever have occurred to him to notice such things.

Harry was patient and very careful as he stroked the hair away from between Draco's legs, and Draco was grateful about that. If he had teased, had fondled his sac at all, that would have been the finish of it, and he had yet to turn over and permit Harry to complete the job. And oh my god, when he had finished it, then all he wanted was Harry's tongue on him, gliding on the satin smooth skin and making him wet and slippery and ready for all manner of rough treatment.

The cool of the wet flannel wiping him down made Draco's chest jerk with shock. Harry was thorough, making sure he removed every trace of cream, and rather than look at his newly bared skin, Draco watched Harry's face instead, looked at the way he fought to contain his smile, and his obvious impulse to touch.

Harry looked up at him once he'd completed dabbing the flesh completely dry with a fluffy,



soft towel. “Beautiful,” he told Draco. “Just beautiful.” Draco could have run and danced and laughed out loud at Harry’s approval. He returned the smile with one of his own, and Harry cupped a hand over one of his knees and squeezed supportively, showing that he knew how intensely arousing this was for Draco - that he was aroused, too.

“Over you pop,” Harry said kindly, straightening the towel out as Draco flipped over and dragged it out of shape.

Draco lay flat on his belly and stuck his bum in the air, but Harry wasn’t having any of it.

“On your knees, lazy,” he laughed, shoving Draco’s legs up unceremoniously. “Now this might be a bit uncomfortable,” he continued calmly, like it wasn’t the most undignified thing in the world that Draco was having to do. “I need you to hold yourself open. I’ll be as quick as I can, okay?”

Draco whimpered in something like pain, but it was actually in anticipation of how much his body was going to hate him for trying to hold such a position, balancing on his face, effectively, while his shoulders took the strain of stretching too far back, for too long a time. But he did it anyway, and was rewarded with a peck of a kiss on his bottom.

“See how good you are?” Harry said softly as he plastered the cream along the length of Draco’s crack, not that there were many hairs there but there were some, and if he was going to be bare, he might as well go the whole hog. He shivered. The cream felt cold again, not warm, as it had done when Harry had taken the time to massage it in. This time, he dabbed at little patches, spreading the coldness out until it adjusted to Draco’s body temperature, and it didn’t take him long at all.

Harry’s hands took a firm grasp on Draco’s buttocks, and he murmured, “Okay, you can let go now. I’ve got you.” Draco collapsed with a groan, his arms flopping uselessly at his sides for a few seconds while they got the feeling back in them. Harry laughed. “Poor honey,” he said softly, and the affection in the words made Draco’s heart swell with pleasure.

It was only minutes that they had to wait, but it seemed like an age. Draco’s cock hung free, and he could feel it bobbing and jerking gently, issuing a sticky-cold blob of moisture that

decided to connect itself to his thigh and dribble a little. But he could take it now, because the end of his erotic assault was nearing, and then Harry would be on him, *in him*, and the anticipation would have been worth every fraction of a second.

The same process of scrape-wipe-dab-dry was repeated and in no time, it was done. Draco sighed in complete bodily relief and he stretched his spine to re-learn how to move.

“Stay just where you are,” Harry told him, and it was just as well he had, because Draco had been planning to turn over and drag Harry on top of him, jamming their hands between their bodies so that they could both enjoy the sensation of groping his hairless groin.

There were noises, and Draco knew it was the sound of Harry stripping his trousers off. The next thing he felt was the wet jab of Harry’s cock head sliding freely up and down the smooth channel, and he rammed himself back onto it, forcing the length of him to fill the crack and rut against it suggestively. It was now Harry’s turn to make a tormented groan, and Draco was glad that Harry shared his excitement.

“I’m not going to fuck you,” Harry said as he curled his torso forward and moulded it against Draco’s back.

“Please,” Draco whimpered pathetically. “Please.”

One of Harry’s hands trailed over Draco’s hip and slid with aching stealth towards his cock. Harry let out the loudest groan as his hand closed around Draco’s balls and caressed them. “Fuck, you feel good,” Harry gasped.

Draco couldn’t help himself any longer. He stretched an arm back and touched himself, fingers tangling with Harry’s as he explored the newness of the feeling. It felt incredibly sensitive, like there were suddenly more nerve endings there. The sheer softness of his skin, and the way their fingers skimmed effortlessly over it was unbelievably good, and the urge to touch himself and never stop hit him full force, almost knocking the last of his breath out. He moaned loudly as their hands moved, knowing he was close, closer than Harry to losing it completely.

“I want to lick you,” Harry murmured against his neck. “I want to taste your skin and feel how incredible it is against my tongue. Can I?”

But the question wasn't for real. It was just a tease, another way to crank up the tension and push Draco over the edge. He didn't even bother to answer.

When Harry's body moved away and left his back to cool in the sudden rush of air, Draco stopped tugging at his cock. It took a monumental effort to do it, but he managed, instead probing back between his legs to test the hairlessness back there and marvel over the velvet warmth beneath his fingertips.

Harry's hands were at his buttocks again, prying them apart forcefully as he moved closer and closer, close enough to exhale hot breath against the surface and make Draco squirm. The first licks were tentative, teasing. They weren't really meant to stimulate, but rather to make Draco beg for more, and wriggle his body against Harry's face and urge him to centre on that closed little hole hiding back there.

When Harry swiped his tongue over the entrance to his anus, Draco jerked and yelled out harshly, no control left at all. The tongue was pointy and inquisitive, tracing miniscule circles around the taut, tightly wrinkled flesh, making it pulse urgently and shoot fireworks along every nerve path in Draco's body. He sobbed raggedly into the pillow, fondling his balls with increasing vigour as Harry flattened his tongue and drew a long, wet path the full length of his crack, labouring over every tiny patch of skin until it was slippery as wet glass, with nothing to create any friction or barrier between them.

Harry dropped his body down and lapped at Draco's testicles, wetting Draco's fingers in the process but grunting his approval at the way the skin yielded under the assertive press of his tongue.

“Harry, I'm going to come,” Draco babbled, barely able to make the words separate in his rush to say them. The fireball in his gut was not going to stop for anything, and it was with total relief that Draco felt Harry move back and stab his tongue gracelessly into his anus and grind it in, forcing his face right up against Draco as the first wave of his orgasm lashed out, accompanied by a shout so loud that his throat would be sore later. Harry didn't stop either,

using bruising force against Draco's tender parts. It felt indescribable. The wash of energy that expanded and pumped out along with his come left Draco shaking and weak, his breaths rattling in his chest, shallow and snatched and tasting like metal in his mouth. "Fuck," he gasped, resting his sweaty forehead against the pillow. "Fuck."

Harry's licks became leisurely as Draco came down from his orgasm, tracing a careful path up and down, up and down, lips puckering up every so often to smack a kiss against his skin. The tip of Harry's nose slid in the thick saliva trail too, and Draco felt it like a little tickle and smiled to himself, renewing his gratitude that Harry wanted him.

Once a modicum of energy had returned, Draco made to move and Harry backed up and let him. He flopped bonelessly onto his back, his face almost purple with heat and exhaustion. He watched with glazed eyes as Harry came and laid next to him but not touching, mercifully not touching, because he was too overheated to take it.

"You have no idea how good that feels," Harry sighed appreciatively, his voice carrying a hint of awe, almost.

Draco laughed half-heartedly, all his energy levels would permit. "No, but I'd like to find out," he said, starting to feel calmer as the strength returned to his tired limbs. He turned his head and watched Harry's face. Harry raised an eyebrow, suggestive of his thought that Draco was being very cheeky by asking such a thing. "What do you think?" Draco pushed, observing the flicker of thoughts ghost across Harry's features as he weighed his response.

Finally, Harry said, "Okay, then."

Draco laughed his evillest, dirtiest laugh and he watched Harry's face break out into a massive grin.

Making an effort, Draco rolled over on to his side to face Harry, looking down into his face. The sheen of saliva on his face had dried out, but his lips and nose had a certain dull glow about them, and Draco's stomach did a small flip-flop of desire.

"I haven't come yet," Harry offered, and Draco read the unspoken, *Make me come*, in the

statement. Slowly, he let his gaze wander down Harry's chest, down to his groin, where his heavy, thick cock lay flat against his belly, begging for attention. The head was so red with blood, so taut and glossy that Draco didn't bother to resist the urge to move down there and place a delicate kiss just on the very end, savouring the taste of the salty fluid collected there.

Looking back up at Harry's eager face, Draco smirked. He watched Harry register the expression, and Harry swallowed hard, intuiting Draco was not going to make this easy for him. "Well then," he said sweetly. "I'm going to have to be very quick, aren't I?"

Harry's head dropped back against the pillow in defeat, and Draco laughed as he reached for the pot of cream.

"Now open your legs, Harry, and bend your knees. That's right, nice and wide."

As he dabbed the first blobs of cream on the thick blackness of Harry's hair, he whispered comfortingly, "This won't take a moment, if you're good." He lifted Harry's shaft and felt how hot it was, how full and heavy and ready. Harry gurgled noisily as he swallowed, and the first hint of a plea slid out.

Draco smiled.

This was going to be fun.

~oOo~

The party they held to celebrate their decision to live together was very small. Less than thirty of their friends congregated at Harry's flat for hors d'oeuvres and drinks, cognisant that the big bash would happen in the aftermath of Narcissa and Griffin's wedding, when Harry and Draco formally took over tenancy at Malfoy Manor.

Despite its selectiveness, the mood was slightly rowdy, and that might have been because

none of the parental figures in either of their lives had been invited. So they all got very drunk and generally took the piss out of each other. None of the gifts they received from their friends were serious, mostly running to cake tins in very rude shapes, and rubber washing up gloves for Draco, with fake ermine fur around the cuffs, and pretend rings on the fingers.

At one point early on in the evening, Harry and Draco both stood back and watched their friends mingle comfortably, showing no remaining signs of their school-day differences. Draco had watched in amazement as a most unlikely friendship had formed between Blaise and Luna Lovegood; two more unlikely people to become partners in crime could scarcely be imagined. But there it was, just like that.

A less surprising camaraderie had developed between Hermione and Pansy, and therefore by default, Ron and Vince. Hermione had confided to Draco and Harry that Pansy's ability to carry children was compromised because her womb was an irregular shape. Getting pregnant wouldn't be too much of a problem, but carrying to term would be. Draco had watched his friends bear the news with dull resignation, and at times, it seemed that only Hermione carried the hope for all of them.

Since the Boxing Day party, Draco had renewed his efforts with all of his friends, making regular times to catch up, and it became commonplace for people to come for dinner, or for Harry and Draco to go to the homes of their friends in return. Seeing Pansy as she had been on that day had shocked Draco to his core, and he and Harry had agreed that neither of them wanted to replace the friendships they had with their friends solely with each other. It was a more than satisfactory arrangement, and they both gained from it by coming to know new circles of people, and form new attachments of their own.

Towards the end of the evening, when a multitude of embarrassing stories had been shared at the expense of most of the people present, Draco found it more and more difficult to contain his need to touch Harry. If he'd have been more sober, he'd have realised he was just a typical soppy drunk, but at the time, he just didn't care. When he draped himself across Harry's lap and kissed him soundly, he was ecstatic that the embrace was returned with equal enthusiasm. Their kisses got wetter and sloppier, and Draco could vaguely feel a tightening in the trouser department.

“I really think now might be a good time to take a breather, chaps,” Blaise said jovially, his voice shocking Draco back to the room.

“Wha ..?” he mumbled, screwing his eyes up to focus on his friend’s face, but only able to make out a chocolate brown blob hovering close to him. The blob carried on speaking, and the words sounded like they were being spoken in a very echoey room.

“Snogging is one thing,” Blaise giggled, “but the noises you two are making suggest that one of you is about to get the other’s cock out, and I think we can all do without that, pissed as we are.”

“Love Harry’s cock,” Draco said wistfully, suddenly thinking what a damn good idea it was of Blaise’s that he should touch it, just to remind himself how special it was.

Blaise sighed, his blob of a face wobbling up and down in what was vaguely recognisable as a nod. “Yes, Draco. We all know how much you love it, but I beseech you to take this to another room or kick us all out. I promise you’ll thank me in the morning.”

There was an indistinct mumble and a lot of drunken laughter in the background, but Draco couldn’t really make much of it out.

“Up you get, Princess,” Blaise said cheerfully, making a grab for Draco’s rubbery arms and heaving him out of the chair.

“Harry!” Draco called out, doing his best to twist out of Blaise’s vice-like grip but failing.

“S’okay,” Harry told him, clearly equally as bladdered as Draco. “I’ll say bye to everyone. You go to bed. But not with Blaise, you hear me?”

“Eurgh!” Draco replied loudly. “No way! He’s all straight and everything.” There was a loud burst of laughter in the room, but Draco couldn’t focus on anything other than the jerky movements of being half-carried, half-dragged away.

“Hurry up, Harry,” Draco murmured, suddenly feeling very tired and quite emotional, too.

The next thing he was really aware of was falling backwards onto the bed, and having someone tugging at his feet. “Shoes,” he said quietly.

“That’s right, Draco,” a voice said. *Blaise* said. Blaise?

“Where’s Harry?” he asked, trying to clamber back off the mattress, but being easily restrained by his friend’s hands.

“Coming,” Blaise replied. Then, “Uh, I’m not going to take your trousers off.”

*Trousers. Must undo trousers.* Draco fumbled about a bit, making a crappy effort at undoing his belt and zip. “Can’t do it, Harry,” he blubbered.

“Well frankly,” Blaise said from about three miles away, “I’m not helping. You’ve got a hard-on, and I’m not going anywhere near it.”

“Harry?”

“He’s not here yet,” Blaise replied, sounding just the teeniest bit frustrated.

Draco carried on tugging at his belt and it finally slid free, more by luck than judgement, and then it was an easy thing to get his zip undone and shove at his clothes.

“Fucking hell,” Blaise groaned. “This is just like being back at school.”

“Harry didn’t love me at school,” Draco moaned, feeling very sad about that. He’d managed to get his clothes down to mid thigh, and then thankfully, someone dragged them off the rest of the way and he could relax again.

“Merciful Merlin! You dirty bastard! Where’s your pubic hair gone?”

“Harry,” he replied. “Harry.”



“I don’t want to know. This is worse than school.” Blaise was now very roughly pulling Draco’s shirt over his head, and Draco felt like a rag doll being chewed by an angry dog.

“What?” Draco managed to ask, completely confused by his friend. And where was Harry again?

“That time in the shower,” Blaise told him as he threw the duvet over in a puff of cold air. “You know, when I caught you wagging the wand after Quidditch practice.”

“Don’t be such a prick,” Draco pouted, turning onto his side expecting to find Harry’s warm body there to snuggle up to, but finding it cold and empty instead. “Everyone musta... baster... *wanks*.”

“Yes, they do,” Blaise said, drawing a finger across Draco’s forehead to move a lock of stray hair. “But not everyone does it when they’ve got a ... a *green thing* stuck up their arsehole.”

“Butt plug,” Draco replied sleepily, yawning loud and long. “I’ve got lots of them. Not as big as you, Harry.”

Blaise groaned, and it was a sound of pure pain. “When I ask you to Oblivate me tomorrow, please just do it without question, okay?”

“Love you,” Draco mumbled, burrowing his head into the pillow and snuggling in for the night.

“I know, I know,” Blaise sighed. “I love you too. Now go to sleep and pray you don’t remember this conversation in the morning.”

“Night, Harry,” Draco whispered, and then he was unconscious.

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“I want to die.”

“Get to the back of the queue.”

“Kill me. Just do that pointy thing you did with Voldemort.”

“No.”

“I’m begging you, Harry.”

“Normally, that’d be a real turn on, but I’m too busy trying to stop my liquefied brain running out of my nostrils to care just now.”

“If you loved me, you’d do it.”

“If you loved me, you wouldn’t ask.”

“Blaise’d kill me if I asked him to.”

“After last night, I’m sure he would.”

“Why? Oh my god! Oh. My. God! He saw me naked! With no pubes!”

“Stop shouting. You’re making the bed wobble.”

“You don’t understand! My best friend saw me with no pubes!”

“It could have been worse.”

“HOW?”

“He could have seen me naked, too.”

## Chapter Seventeen

Draco woke up extra early on Valentine's Day. He wanted to surprise Harry, and knew from experience that he had a good half an hour before Harry started to stir from his heavy sleep. They'd both booked some time off work, so there was no rush to go anywhere. They could 'sleep' in as long as they wanted, and stay out late tonight, too. Harry had something planned for later, Draco knew, but it was a surprise. He wondered vaguely what sort of surprise it might be.

Draco's doubts about his special present gnawed at him. Not because he thought Harry wouldn't love the gift he'd got him – he would. But it would no doubt dredge up other things, too, and Draco had made sure their day was as empty as possible, just in case Harry wanted some time by himself.

Opening the door to the bedroom very quietly, Draco collected a huge spray of red roses from the hall floor, perfectly arranged by Pippin in a bead-filled vase which would refract the light in a breathtaking way. It was, however, currently pretty dim in the Manor due to the relatively early hour, so he had to cast a very mild *Lumos* to light the way round to Harry's side of the bed, where he positioned the vase and propped his card against it.

Draco withdrew two roses from the arrangement and carefully removed the petals. He stroked them carefully with his fingertips before separating them out and sprinkling them around Harry's outline on the bed. In the gloom, Draco could only just see the spectacular scarlet red of the roses, but he could clearly smell their heady scent in the air and on his fingers.

Harry moved groggily when Draco finally climbed back into bed, having arranged the recently delivered breakfast tray on the bedside cabinet and undertaken his morning

ablutions. The light that filtered through the curtains was still feeble, but it was enough to make out the flutter of Harry's eyelashes against his cheeks.

Harry didn't stir again for some minutes, but Draco knew he was waking up. The smell of fresh tea and croissants permeated the room, enhancing the floral scent rather than stifling it. Draco lay there and took pleasure in watching Harry. His face was so open and warm in repose, all the worry lines smoothed away in his relaxation. Draco realised he didn't make enough of the short time each morning when Harry still slept but he was awake. He made a promise to himself to factor in more Harry-watching time in future, because the peace and tranquillity was soothing.

With a loud yawn, Harry stretched. Draco watched his torso twist and his arms stretch out, exposing more of his chest above the line of the bed linen. Draco could easily make out the dark circles of Harry's nipples against his pale skin, and he reached out a hand and brushed one gently with a fingertip, loving the way it peaked beneath his touch.

"Do you always molest sleeping men?" Harry mumbled, turning his body in towards Draco's and cuddling up against it.

He nuzzled his face into Harry's mussed hair. "Nope. I reserve that treat for you," he replied, feeling the strands drag against the moisture on his lips. They lay still for several minutes, their hearts beating rhythmically, and Draco wondered whether Harry had dropped off again.

"You're not making a very good job of this molesting business," Harry muttered into Draco's shoulder, prompting a smile and a wicked little chuckle.

"Well, you have a choice," Draco told him. "There's fresh breakfast here for us, so we can eat first and ravish later." He hummed for a moment and added, "Or we could ravish first and eat later. I'm easy."

Harry huffed out a small laugh. "Yes, you are," he replied cheekily, earning himself a sharp smack on his arm. "I think tea first, if that's okay. My mouth tastes vile, and I'd feel really bad about inflicting it on you on Valentine's Day."

“I should think so too,” Draco replied, dragging himself up to pour them both tea from the tray.

When his back was turned, Harry sucked in a lungful of air and sighed loudly, murmuring, “You brought me roses. I bet they’re red, aren’t they?” Draco nodded his head, but didn’t reply. “I knew you were a closet romantic. They smell amazing. Thank you.”

“You’re welcome,” he told Harry warmly, holding the cup of tea out while Harry propped himself up in bed and puffed up the pillows to lean against.

Harry spent a while collecting all the petals up from the bed, spending an interminable amount of time scrutinising each one to find the most perfect one of the lot. When he appeared happy that he’d succeeded in his task, he presented it to Draco, brushing the petal as softly as he could across his cheek. Draco graciously accepted the gift, touched that only the best seemed to be good enough for him. It was too sweet for words, but such a *Harry* thing to do.

They slouched around for a while, picking at their breakfast tray and drinking tea until finally, the dusk had evaporated and the room was light enough to read the papers. It was the perfect kind of easy morning, with no rushed showers and pecked kisses goodbye, heading out to work. They didn’t do anything special, just chatted about rubbish, making plans for future days out, and who they owed dinner to.

It was actually Harry that got up first for a change, and Draco stretched his last yawn of the morning out as he heard the taps turn and the bath start to fill up. Bathing together was their luxury. They showered together, too, but lying in a bath full of bubbles, one body leaning up against the other, was more than relaxing. Draco always looked forward to their baths, just for the simple pleasures; like watching trickles of water run down Harry’s neck from his wet hair, tracing a path over his collarbone and down his chest, or smiling at the way the hairs on Harry’s legs all lay in exactly the same direction whenever he lifted a limb above the surface.

If Draco were lucky, Harry would let him wash his hair. He liked it when that happened

because it meant he got to lie against the porcelain with Harry nestled comfortably between his legs, not for sex, but for holding. It was one of the few times when he felt like he protected Harry, surrounded him and took care of his needs. Usually, it was the other way around. Which was fine, mostly, but Draco had his moments too, when he wanted to be the one who did the fussing, pampering Harry instead of being on the receiving end.

Having actually had his own way in the bath, Draco was even more surprised to get his own way in bed, too. Of course, they fell back into it once they were dry, crushing the odd hidden rose petal as they lay back in the sheets and came together.

Draco didn't know what it was, but there was a feeling inside him as he lay with Harry, kissing him, touching for the thousandth time the curves and planes that made his body such a delight. He felt that way occasionally, and Harry intuited the mood unfailingly, much to Draco's sustained surprise every time it happened. And Harry never refused him. Never. It was a rare treat he indulged in that Valentine's Day morning, made all the more special for its infrequency.

Some usually passive part of him craved being inside Harry at that moment. It wasn't a ravenous need; rather a slow burn, a hunger that nibbled at him and reminded him how Harry's chest flushed pink so prettily when he bottomed, how needy and quiet his moans were.

Draco wanted to love Harry with his body. He didn't want to stamp his possession on their coupling; it was much more about giving Harry all of the pleasure with none of the hard work. Draco would do the work, the preparations, the kisses on Harry's eyelids when they flickered as Draco pushed inside him. He'd hold Harry close and love him, staring down into those wide, innocent eyes as they fluttered with emotion, unused to the gentleness and the traded places.

It was a beautiful way to start the day. Draco couldn't get enough of the feel of Harry's calves bumping against his hips, his sides, as he held his legs wide and invited Draco between them. He placed kisses on the soft skin on the insides of Harry's thighs, letting stray fingers wander over the hairless surface behind his testicles, and further back too, until he was sliding a saliva slicked finger in the channel between Harry's parted buttocks; not

penetrating him, just stroking him there.

The velvety skin, so much softer even than expensive rose petals, felt flawless against Draco's tongue. He licked Harry everywhere, sucking the little ovals in his sac into his mouth and playing with them before working his way back, lapping invasively at the first hint of the path dividing Harry's perfect, biteable bottom.

At first, Harry's anus tasted of fragrant bath water, but as soon as Draco permitted his tongue to slip inside, the taste was purely Harry; so much better, more satisfying to the senses. It was impossible to play with Harry down there and not get all sticky with saliva. Draco's chin slid in the slick wetness even as his tongue did wicked things to the tender flesh, and every broken whimper Harry uttered affected Draco's body. His heart rate tripled and his temperature shot up, the muscles in his own hole twitching and pulsing in sympathy with Harry's.

But it was the sliding inside Harry that affected Draco the most. Harry's eyes; they were - they were just so - *worshipful*. Draco didn't doubt that Harry valued him more than anything else in the world. It was clear to see in his eyes, even the way his lips quivered as he let out a glorious, thankful sigh on each inward stroke. It was magnificent. Draco took his time, spent ages stroking into Harry, making a tease of pulling out of him before gliding back inside, feeling every ridge and bump and unexpected squeeze with gratitude.

Harry lasted a long time, but inevitably he succumbed first, like he always did when Draco topped, arching his spine off the mattress as his semen boiled out of him, his cry cutting Draco to the quick. Draco bent his head and watched the orgasm complete, fascinated by, and hungry for, the feel of Harry's erection jerking against him, until he gave in to his impulse and laid himself flat against Harry, slipping and sliding against Harry's softening length as he came himself, every little bit of energy leaving his body and entering Harry's at the moment of release. He felt weary once he'd finished, flopping bonelessly against Harry's chest to give his body some time to refresh. He wasn't breathless; they'd gone too slowly for that. It was a different kind of tired; a good kind.

It was past eleven o' clock by the time they got up and shared a shower, and nearly midday before they got downstairs. Narcissa was in Lucius's study, working at paperwork in her

preferred wing-backed chair. They interrupted her and took more tea, discussing the news of the day and Narcissa's plans with Griffin, and the odds for the Cannons to win the league cup that year.

It made Draco laugh that he and his father had never shared men's talks about sport, yet now he enjoyed them with his mother instead. Narcissa, ever the quick study, had taken to Quidditch and the finer points of the IQA rulebook like a duck to water. She was the undisputed queen of the subtle nuances of the blatching rule, and Draco felt sure she probably knew more set plays than him and Harry put together. You had to love her. Draco was just grateful that after years of misery during her marriage to his father, she had now found happiness with a millionaire of an altogether different disposition.

Narcissa had a luncheon date with her lady friends, so Harry and Draco ate their meal at the kitchen table, enjoying the cosy warmth from the kitchen cooker. After Pippin had cleared the dishes away, Draco decided it was time to give Harry his gift. He was nervous as he passed the flat, rectangular package across the table, and Harry could obviously read his mood, because he touched the back of Draco's hand for a long moment as he grasped the gift, sending out a warm smile to ease the slight tension.

The package had thrummed in Draco's hands, and he was interested to note that Harry didn't appear to register any kind of sensation from it. Not that it mattered; Draco was much more used to his ability now, even though it still took him by surprise from time to time. He had spent hours considering this *thing* that he could do when he touched stuff. Mostly, it was emotions that he picked up from objects when he held them. He could tell, for example, when something had been thrown in anger, or given lovingly. His intuition, for want of a better word, was strongest with objects that were 'Malfoy' in origin. From those, he could sometimes get a flicker of a picture in his head, and on odd occasions more. These especially tended to happen in the library; he would take a book from the shelf, and clearly see one of his ancestors reading the same book, and could often pick out the last passage they had read, or their favourite section.

Testing it out further, Draco had discovered that he could usually also identify things connected to Harry, although from those objects, he could only sense feelings, and not pictures. He guessed that the ability, which had started all those centuries previously with



Celeste, had become diluted until what he had was all that was left. But it did go some way to explaining previously inexplicable incidents from his childhood, when he had picked up items his father had dropped and been completely terrified for no discernible reason. Yes, even without the trial to rake over each and every crime Lucius had committed, Draco knew he had been aware of them, even as a young child. It was just that now he finally understood how he knew.

Harry had unwrapped the present and lain it flat on the kitchen table, his face alight with pleasure. Draco watched his fingers hover over the front cover, perhaps anticipating what he would find inside the embossed leather album.

The photographs had taken Draco a very long time to track down. He'd been chasing sources for months. He had initially been disappointed not to have been able to present Harry with this meagre slice of his childhood at Christmas, as the ideal accompaniment to the wands he had recovered. But it had been a harder task by far: harder than he would ever have anticipated.

Harry didn't cry as he turned the pages silently, gasping happily over the many different pictures mounted on the heavy card pages. His hand stroked the occasional photo in wonder, perhaps, his mouth opening and closing slowly, maybe even forming words, holding silent conversations with the people depicted there.

Not all the photographs were of the wizarding variety, and when Harry turned to the pages containing the still pictures, some of which were slightly creased and yellowed with age, that was when he finally looked up and enquired simply, "Where?"

Draco cleared his throat. "I've been to Little Whinging."

"You have?" Harry asked, but there was a modicum of shock, followed by an ill-concealed look of dread in his face.

Draco snorted. "I didn't hurt anyone, if that's what you're worried about," he offered, "although the temptation was incredible."

“You’ve met them, then?” Harry asked carefully, and there was an element of the little boy he once had been in his expression. It was haunted, and Draco felt his anger flex and expand dangerously in his stomach. Going to the Dursleys’ house had been hard. He had known it would be, but still; he hadn’t anticipated how furious he would feel coming face to face with any of Harry’s childhood abusers.

“Not all of them,” Draco replied. “I waited behind a bush until the two fat bastards had left for work, and then I went and paid your Aunt Petunia a little visit.”

“Oh,” Harry said flatly. *Not, Oh, and how is she?* Draco noted. He was glad Harry harboured no feelings towards the Dursleys. They really were the worst kind of Muggles imaginable.

“She thought I was a salesman, and she invited me in without the slightest bother,” Draco said, recalling the way the almost emaciated little shrew had welcomed him in to her house and given him tea, turning into a stone statue when he had finally disclosed the nature of his visit.

Harry just sat there. Waiting. Fingering the page containing pictures of his mother as a little girl, building sand castles with a man and a woman who were obviously Harry’s grandparents.

“I told her what I wanted and actually,” Draco mused, “she didn’t put up any resistance whatsoever. She took her time getting the pictures for me. I’m pretty sure she pulled up the carpet in one of the bedrooms and lifted a floorboard to get them,” he explained, watching Harry’s still face for signs of distress. If there was any hint of unhappiness, Harry hid it masterfully.

“All the ones of the Evanses came in an envelope. They weren’t in the Dursley albums. Your aunt told me that your uncle preferred not to have pictures of Lily in with the ‘normal’ people.”

Harry huffed. It was a resigned sound. “That’d be right,” he said.

“She was really pretty,” he told Harry, and he meant it. Lily Potter had been a beautiful

woman. Harry smiled warmly and nodded his acknowledgement. Draco had spent a long time looking through the photos. He and Patricia had spent hours sorting them into order and mounting them properly in the album. Draco almost felt like he knew Lily from her pictures, and the flashes of emotion he got when touching them. He hoped Harry would be able to feel the same.

“Anyway,” Draco continued. “I used a bit of Legilimency on her. Just to make sure she’d given me all the pictures.” Harry shrugged and smiled. Draco had been a bit worried about confessing to that, because he wasn’t supposed to use magic against Muggles. But in the circumstances, Draco considered that Petunia Dursley had got off very lightly given his mood at the time.

“She couldn’t wait to get me out of her house. Especially after I told her that I was your partner, and we were going to be moving in together; getting married one day.” Draco could clearly recall the look of horror in the woman’s drawn face as he’d spelled out Harry’s homosexuality, and done it with not even the slightest hint of shame. Draco chuckled, and Harry asked him ‘What?’ with his expression. “She wanted to know if you’d ever fiddled with your cousin when you were younger.”

Harry pulled a face and made a disgusted noise. “I wouldn’t have touched him with someone else’s!” Draco had to laugh at that. The look on Harry’s face was squeamish, to say the least.

“Your aunt started babbling a bit after that. She told me Dudley had been arrested for domestic abuse against his girlfriend. He’d had to go back home to Privet Drive because there was a restraining order out against him.” Harry slouched back in his chair, interested in Dursley family news for the first time. But Draco saw that he didn’t look remotely surprised. He shrugged to himself at the remembered stupidity of Petunia’s next statement. “She said that all queers were child abusers, and that it must have been you that made Dudley do what he did to that girl. She swore there had never been a bad bone in his body.”

“Oh,” Harry said. “Sorry you had to hear that. They hate anyone that isn’t just like them.”

“Don’t worry,” Draco said with a small smile. “I’ve heard worse.” He steepled his fingers

together and turned his hands away from himself, stretching his arms and cracking his knuckles at the same time. While he was stretching, Draco continued, “She’s got no manners, your aunt. She didn’t even help me up when I fell over.”

“You fell over?” Harry said, a massive frown distorting his features. “How the bloody hell did you manage that?”

Draco pinned Harry with a level gaze. “I was walking into the hallway on my way out. I brushed against a door. The door to the cupboard under the stairs.”

Draco saw the dawning realisation in Harry’s face, and the distress he was trying to conceal.

“When the back of my hand touched that door, I just - I don’t know; I just blanked out completely. I felt like I was deaf, but there was this awful noise in my ears. It was the sound of a child crying, Harry. Layers and layers of it, one sob on top of another. All lonely little cries for help, sent out to people who just weren’t listening.”

They sat in utter silence, just staring; both hoping the other would speak first to fill the void.

“Bloody hell, Harry! You lived in a fucking cupboard under the stairs! Why the hell didn’t you tell me?” Draco couldn’t fathom it. Maybe Harry had been ashamed, thinking that Draco might have thought he had deserved it in some way.

Finally, after a very long silence, Harry shrugged offhandedly and replied, “There didn’t seem any point. You’d have got all upset about it, and it’s not like you could have done anything. It’s in the past. That’s where I want it to stay.”

Draco wasn’t happy about it, but it seemed reasonable that Harry would choose to compartmentalise such a traumatic time of his life and choose not to relive it. Reluctantly, he nodded, and Harry accepted the gesture.

“So anyway,” Draco mumbled, trying to redirect the flow of the conversation. “She must’ve had a bit of a panic, because when I finally got up, she sort of barked out this address at me and told me to go there. So I did.”

“Are you planning on making me guess?” Harry said with a wry grin.

“Mrs. Figg,” Draco replied. “Let me rephrase that; *Bonkers* Mrs. Figg the Squib, with her thousand and one feline friends. Who got hairs all over my two thousand quid Huntsman suit.”

“Ahhh, poor honey,” Harry said with a chuckle, reaching out to squeeze his hand across the table.

“Quite,” Draco sniffed, nose pointed haughtily in the air. “She had all those wizard photos of you as a child. They’re a bit further in, I think.”

Harry continued to flip the pages then, taking his time, but eventually stopping at a double page spread showing pictures of Harry as a very small child, all wide, green eyes and chubby cheeks. Draco watched Harry stare at them in something like disbelief.

“Look at me,” Harry murmured, shaking his head as he pored over the pages, and the following few pages too, that showed him toddling about and pulling at cats’ tails in Mrs Figg’s chintzy sitting room. The clothes hung off little Harry, and he looked like he’d been dressed without care or consideration of any kind.

Draco sighed. “I want to kill myself for admitting this, Potter,” he began, “but I think you’re the most adorable child I’ve ever seen.”

Harry tipped his head on one side. “I am kind of cute, aren’t I?”

“Don’t you ever bloody tell anyone I said that,” Draco warned him, knowing full well that he would never hear the end of it, in all likelihood.

They had a good laugh about that, and Harry continued to turn the pages slowly, pointing out things he could remember, and recounting tales from his childhood that all reflected the same, unhappy tone. Yet Harry told them as if they were the best tales ever, like no child could have had a better time than him. It pierced Draco deeply, and he felt angry all over

again, just like when he'd sifted through the pictures in the first place.

It had been much harder to find photos of James Potter. The Potter family was an enigma, even despite Draco's extended searches for traces of them. There was so little information available about Harry's paternal grandparents that Draco had developed a suspicion that they must have been Death Eaters or something. It was the only thing Draco could think of to explain their sudden disappearance from the face of the earth. But, of course, he didn't share any of those thoughts with Harry.

Draco confided to Harry that Professors McGonagall and Snape had assisted greatly in tracing the pictures of his dad, contacting pupils who had been in his parents' year at school, asking for any photos that friends might have kept. The response had been small, but there had been some. The nicest ones to Draco's mind were the ones of Lily and James holding hands in the Quidditch stands, James in his red Gryffindor robes, broom leaning up at his side, a little slice of gold just visible in the hand that wasn't grasping Lily's tightly.

There were also some Ministry surveillance photos, not only of Harry at the Dursleys', but also of Lily and James, probably taken at Godric's Hollow. Perdita Richards had been more than willing to assist Draco in his search, and she had been invaluable in tracking down snippets of long forgotten stories for Draco to pass on.

The last photos were of Harry's own years at Hogwarts. There were pictures of the House Quidditch teams (Slytherin's, too, just so that Draco could slip his own face in there somewhere), of Hagrid and Lupin and of course, of Harry and Dumbledore. Ron and Hermione had proved indispensable in putting that section of the album together, and Draco was really grateful to them. In fact, when he'd told them what he planned to do, Hermione actually filled up with tears and for the first time without the assistance of alcohol, Ron had hugged him, shocking the life out of Draco as well as unsettling him just a bit. Molly Weasley had made her own contributions, too, and there were more than a few Weasley-style Christmases depicted in the book.

*So many memories for Harry in such a small book*, Draco mused. He had wanted to give Harry his childhood, but this small collection of pictures was the best he could do.

Harry couldn't seem to thank Draco enough. He looked through the book again and again, and before Draco knew it, the sky was darkening over, and dusk fell, and all they'd done all afternoon was talk about the pictures, and about Harry's friends, and the family Harry wished he'd known. But it was just the best time.

They dozed together for an hour or two in front of the big open fireplace in the informal lounge, their favourite public room in the Manor. Draco held Harry to him, burying his nose in the spiky softness of Harry's hair while he slept, thinking what a wonderful way it had been to spend a day together.

They ate dinner earlyish because Harry had to pop out to prepare something for their evening. Draco didn't ask any questions. He accepted Harry's vague explanation with a laugh, shooing him away with a wave of his hand.

Draco watched Harry's return from his errand with interest. There was a very smug grin on his face, and he found himself getting quite excited about what they might do. He was really, really glad when Harry said it was time to go, and Apparated them wordlessly to their destination.

~oOo~

"Open your eyes," Harry whispered, the mildest hint of a tease in his voice.

"The Sunset Club?" Draco said in bewilderment. "You brought me to a sleazy porno cinema for Valentine's Day?" He was half laughing, but part of him was completely knocked off balance.

"What were you expecting?" Harry asked, an eyebrow raised, a cheeky smile on his face.

"Well, some kind of play or opera, I suppose."

Now he thought about it, Draco realised he hadn't given much thought to what Harry's

surprise might be. He had automatically accepted that whatever Harry had planned would be completely fine, and there was nothing for him to worry about. Draco felt a wash of contentment for a long second. He trusted Harry; properly trusted him, on a sub-conscious level. Of course, he had trusted him for a long time, but never honestly without a thought. It was wonderful!

“Well, we can always go if you want,” Harry replied, shrugging and turning away, taking a step or two towards the exit.

“No!” Draco heard himself bark out. “No. This is fine. Really.” He shot Harry the kind of smile that could melt hearts. It worked.

“As long as you’re sure?” Harry checked.

“I am,” he nodded firmly.

“Good,” Harry said briskly. “Because I really want you to see this film. There’s this bloke in it and – well - I get a hard-on just looking at him, you know?” Draco noted that Harry’s eyes were very sparkly. His features were animated, and his lips looked wetter than normal; redder, too.

*Ouch. That hurt.* Draco tried to disguise his feelings, but he suspected his smile might have faltered just a bit. If truth were told, he was jealous that Harry could get so hot and bothered over anyone but himself. Sure, wanking to porn was fine, but getting so fixated on one man? Hm. Not so keen on that idea.

Finally, he said, “Really?” except he said it flatly, no suggestion of a question in the word.

Harry completely ignored any adverse body language Draco might have been exuding. He grabbed Draco’s hand and yanked him up the narrow staircase to screen three, the smallest screen in the cinema.

“You’ll like him,” Harry called over his shoulder. “He’s got the most spectacular arse you’ve ever seen.”



*Hmph, Draco sulked silently. And what about my spectacular arse?*

“He looks like you, too,” Harry added, totally oblivious to Draco’s silence. “Cute, blond.”

“Yes, yes,” Draco snapped. “I get the picture. But don’t tell me it’s Hunter fucking James. He doesn’t look anything like me!”

At the top of the stairs, Harry swung round to look at him, a big grin plastered on his face. “Good god, no,” he said. “This man’s infinitely hotter than him.”

*Great. I’m moments away from being face to ten-foot high come-face with my newest rival, Draco seethed internally.*

“Don’t look so sceptical,” Harry chided cheerfully. “You’re going to love this!”

With that, Harry wrenched the heavy, orange Formica-covered door open and practically shoved Draco inside.

“What the fuck?” Draco gasped in shock, looking around the room and finding almost nothing there he recognised. He looked at Harry who was grinning smugly. “You do know this is a Muggle cinema, right?” Harry merely nodded, still grinning from ear to ear. “Then what the hell are you going to do when some poor, randy homo walks in here and finds the grimmest screen in the place looking like a high-class boudoir?”

Harry clapped his hands together and rubbed them gleefully. “Well,” he said with a smirk, “it’s like this. The cinema’s closed. I paid for it to shut so we could be alone.” Harry wagged his eyebrows and laughed aloud at Draco’s stunned demeanour.

“You... you did?” Draco replied after a few seconds. “Does that mean you want to...?” His words tailed off and he started to smile as he surveyed the new décor Harry had Transfigured from the grubby seats that had once lined the room, and the floating candles that cast a creamy glow over the empty space, with its walls now draped in filmy fabrics, and the thick, furry rugs overlapping haphazardly on the floor.

Harry stepped very close to Draco; close enough that their clothes brushed together. “I might,” he said slyly, rolling his bottom lip slowly into his mouth and wetting it suggestively as Draco watched him, mouth getting dryer and dryer by the second. “Let’s sit,” Harry added, but much more levelly.

Draco allowed Harry to lead him to the only seat in the place, which was a curvy, velvet chaise, long enough to seat four, or maybe accommodate one person lying on it at full stretch. Draco suddenly imagined himself lying down, and he would have bet Malfoy Manor that the chaise was the perfect length for him to do so comfortably. He turned and raised an eyebrow at Harry who just continued to smile his self-satisfied smile.

They’d both dressed smartly, and Harry took the time to assist Draco to remove his jacket and hang it carefully over the back of the seat before seeing to his own and plonking down right next to him.

“Drink?” Harry said, leaning forward and grabbing a flute of champagne.

Draco scrutinised Harry’s expression of feigned innocence. “Trying to get me pissed so you can shag me, I see.” *Nothing like being direct*, he thought, with a smirk.

“No,” Harry replied slowly, like he was spelling something out to a thick person. “I’m trying to give you a drink I know you’ll appreciate. And then I’m going to shag you. Preferably sober.”

Draco snatched the glass and huffed loudly before he downed a mouthful of champagne, letting the bubbles tickle his throat.

“I might not want you to touch me when you’re hard for another man,” Draco said demurely, a hint of disappointment in his voice.

Harry laid a hand on Draco’s thigh, squeezing his leg ever so slightly. “Oh, you will,” he murmured, just as the candlelight flickered out and the screen fell into darkness.

Draco felt his pulse pick up as they sat in the dark. Harry's hand hadn't moved, but it felt like it was pumping a burning heat into Draco's leg, a heat that radiated outward and sent signals to parts of his body, waking them up, making them prickle with tension.

The screen turned from black to darkest grey and then to a blurry outline of a room, picked out in an almost monochrome palette. The viewpoint was quite high up, and Draco could make out the outline of a man lying on a bed, spread out and naked as the day he was born.

The focus grew sharper by increments, and it didn't take long for the tableau to become perfectly clear. And as the detail on the screen came to life before his eyes, Draco could finally see the erotic, slow grinding of the man's hips, moving in tight, tiny circles as he rubbed himself against the mound of pillows below his hips. But as Draco gasped aloud in shock, it wasn't really that subtle movement that demanded his attention; it was the fat, black dildo sticking out of him, driving him insane, making him whimper unintelligible words into the mattress.

"Oh," he murmured weakly, and Harry laughed his quiet, confident laugh, secure in the knowledge that Draco was his.

In sudden panic, Draco jerked around to look up at the tiny glass panel separating the projectionist from them. *He was going to see!*

"Fast asleep," Harry said matter-of-factly. "Obliviated, too. Just to be on the safe side."

Oh.

Draco turned back around slowly, taking a nervous look up at the screen and adjusting his crotch, where there was an uncomfortably tightness.

His breaths were shallow, snatched. In. Out. In. Out. Panicked. Hyperventilating. Madly aroused.

Harry moved his hand gently, placing it right into Draco's lap, caressing the bulge in his trousers, which was bent at an uncomfortable angle; a discomfort that would only be

remedied by the removal of his clothes, which all of a sudden seemed like an excellent idea. He tipped his head back so that it rested flat against the back of the sofa and watched himself and Harry on the cinema screen, gulping down his excitement, trying to control the rocketing heat in his body.

“I told you you’d like him,” Harry whispered in his ear.

Draco stared at the screen, mouth hanging open, not quite able to believe how they looked together. He watched Harry grasp the dildo and fuck him with it, twisting the handle to stretch him wide inside, working his arm smoothly and clearly loving doing it if the triumphant look on his face was any indication.

They had, of course, seen the tape of that night on the television at home, but hearing it, seeing it fifteen feet high was something else. Wordlessly, Draco placed his own hand over Harry’s, pushing his palm flat so that Harry almost flattened his cock beneath the pressure. He thrust upwards into the hands and groaned at the relief the contact gave him.

“That blond?” Harry murmured. “The one up there with the most spectacular arse I’ve ever seen? He does things to me, Draco. Things. You. Would. Not. Believe.”

Harry’s voice was soft, dirty. It was the voice that ordered Draco to behave like a whore in his fantasies. He would do anything that voice told him to.

Harry’s hand slid out from under his own, and Draco looked down to watch it creep up his tie, walking the fingertips slowly so he could feel light little taps against his chest. Harry used both his hands to loosen the perfect half-Windsor knot of Draco’s tie, sliding the silk strip with care until it lay undone before tugging it off and rolling it up carefully. He took his time, and it was hard for Draco to know where to look: at the screen, at Harry’s face, or at his dextrous hands.

The shirt buttons were next, flipped open with painful leisure until Draco could see a strip of his own white skin between the barely parted sides, the cotton casting slices of shadow against him as the images on the screen flickered.

He only realised Harry planned to undress him completely when his cufflinks were worked loose, making the stiff double cuffs of his dress shirt spring out, leaving his wrists naked and unprotected. He experienced a heady flash of his naked self, hands bound above his head, watching his erection jerk in his peripheral vision as he watched Harry taking him forcefully on the cinema screen.

“Close your eyes, Draco.” He flicked his gaze to the side and registered Harry’s sleepy, sexy expression. Harry’s eyelids lowered and stayed closed for just a heartbeat longer than necessary, and when he opened them again, there was a glassy, hungry glint in them. Draco felt trapped, but it was a good feeling.

“Close them,” he murmured again, and Draco did, blinking a couple of times before he finally kept them shut.

Harry’s breath was on his cheek, his ear, a strand of hair tickling his temple. “Listen,” Harry said, and it was a struggle to do it because his heart was thumping a hole through his ribcage. “Just listen.”

And then he heard it. It was them, the two of them. Making love. Not fucking, but something gentler, more emotionally complex. Filling the room, bringing it alive. He gasped quietly as the sound registered, making everything inside his body squeeze tight then relax in a rush of liquid warmth. He concentrated on Harry’s moans first, perfectly attentive to the quality of his every sigh and murmured endearment. Of course, he lost himself in Harry’s voice every time they were intimate, but hearing it all around him, not just sliding over his skin but invading him somehow, was a completely different sensation. Draco touched himself, but purposefully, not roughly. He imagined Harry’s careful hand trailing soft fingertips up and down his hardness, the barest touch, but enough that Draco knew his spine would arch and his mouth would drop open as he moaned.

Listening to the layers of sound on the film felt strange. He could hear the smile on his own face in the words he spoke to Harry, telling him he loved him, how he loved what he was doing. On the sofa, Harry’s breath was on his cheek again, and he used the tip of his nose to trace patterns on Draco’s face, occasionally pressing the softest of kisses against his jaw.

“Listen to yourself,” Harry commanded in a quiet breath. Draco did. It surprised him, to really take note of himself like this, detached, able to sense moods and changes that he didn’t while he was submerged in the moment. Draco realised that even when he wasn’t crying out or moaning at each thrust he wasn’t quiet. Even the sound of his exhaled breaths spoke volumes about what he must have been feeling. It was *naked*. He had a moment of perfect clarity, where he finally realised that when he was with Harry, joined with him that way, that he could not lie or pretend.

Harry kissed his cheek as Draco sat there with his eyes closed, senses more alive than ever to the stimuli all around him. He felt the ruffle of his unbuttoned shirt being moved carefully before he felt the soft, dry friction of Harry’s hand slide across his chest and pinch at his nipple, squeezing the surrounding flesh carefully between a thumb and forefinger and rolling it gently, not anywhere near enough to hurt; just enough to make the skin sing, to make him want more.

When he couldn’t resist, and finally arched his back into Harry’s hand, he felt teeth nip at his exposed throat and he offered himself, hoping the assault would begin because if it didn’t, he might just explode from wanting.

Draco’s eyes snapped open as Harry bit down on his shoulder, and he stared up at the screen, head tipped on one side to allow Harry more room, unsurprised to see the particular clip of film that was playing.

They were on the window seat in the flat, Draco with his back to the glass, resting against a stack of pillows while Harry knelt between his spread legs, hooking Draco’s knees around his forearms. It had been such a tender moment, that one. It was funny that it had started as something much rougher and metamorphosed into reverent lovemaking. They had a habit of doing that, especially when they were face to face.

Draco could see between the tangle of their limbs that Harry was sliding in and out of his body with ease, and he shivered in remembrance of how it felt, fascinated when the camera angle changed to show Harry from behind, his buttocks hollowing out on each inward thrust, and the way his shoulders flexed and stretched so fluidly as he moved. Sitting on his comfortable chaise, Draco felt his hole pulse at the thought of Harry stretching it open and

making him writhe. He almost asked for it. No. He almost begged for it. Almost.

He closed his eyes again and wallowed in the sounds, the smells of Harry all around him. He laughed a little, and Harry pulled back, withdrawing his hand from Draco's chest where it had continued to play, but more forcefully with each progressive pinch.

When Harry moved, Draco's eyes followed him. Harry went to the floor before him, squatting down between his spread knees. Running the flats of his palms up Draco's thighs, Harry made his way to Draco's waistband, tugging to free his shirttails before pulling him forward to drag the shirt up his back. Draco complied with Harry's silent request, and he found himself naked from the waist up, his arms wrenched above his head, hopelessly tangled in the mess of his shirt. Harry nodded, satisfied at the restriction of movement there, and smiled at Draco as he trailed his hands all over his chest, tickling at the hair in his armpits.

The Draco on the screen groaned, "Oh, Harry," and in his seat, Draco thought the exact same thing, letting his eyes drop closed for a moment.

Harry bent forward and unpicked the laces on Draco's shoes, sliding them off one at a time, then peeling his silk socks off too, placing each foot gently back on the fur on the thick rug, stroking the tendons in the tops of his feet when they were both bared.

Harry smirked wickedly as he flipped Draco's belt undone and pulled it out of the loops with the same leisurely pace that he had used to remove the tie. Draco could hear the faint slither of the leather over his fine woollen trousers and he arched his back, not that he needed to assist its journey at all.

Draco's trousers and shorts came off together, and when his cock was finally free, he could smell himself. It was a thick, heavy smell, the kind that made you want to bury your face between a man's legs and bite down on something, steal the taste from the surface of his skin. Harry seemed to agree because he lowered his face and rubbed his lips up and down his erection, running his tongue around his lips coquettishly to lick the taste away.

The clip on the screen changed, and the volume in the cinema shot up, the air laden with

grunts and cries from both of them. Draco couldn't help it. He looked over Harry's head and stared up at the screen. *Yummy*. The film clip was of the time when Harry had surprised Draco one Saturday when he was working on his own at the office to catch up on some paperwork. The film showed occasional sheets of parchment fluttering off the desk and onto the floor as the thing moved under the violence of Harry's thrusting.

Yes, that particular Saturday morning had been one of Draco's favourite fucks. Harry hadn't even bothered to undress him. He'd merely manhandled Draco out of his chair and bent him over the desk, yanking his trousers and boxer shorts down his legs and lifting his shirt out of the way to expose the taut curves of his pale backside to view.

Harry had fingered his hole forcefully as he recalled, shoving them up him hard until the crush of digits and the bump of knuckles knocked against his tender parts, relentlessly grinding a path for Harry's cock.

They hadn't spoken, Draco remembered. Harry had merely unbuttoned the fly of his jeans and dropped them far enough to get it out, and then he'd slammed it in hard, shocking the loudest grunt out of Draco's mouth, the very one that had distracted him just moments before.

He watched himself on the screen with one eye, getting well and truly fucked by Harry, while with the other, he watched Harry kneel and loose his own tie, pulling it until it hung in two straight strips from his neck, down over his chest. To the accompanying sounds of their vicious fucking on the screen, Draco watched Harry's eyes narrow as he unbuttoned his shirt and pulled it free of his trousers, not moving to take it off at all, just offering an enticing glimpse of his body between the button bands.

As Harry unbuckled his belt, Draco's gaze slid back up to the screen. This was the best part. It had felt so fucking good. Harry had withdrawn right the way out until his end had popped free of the loosened ring of Draco's hole and then he'd bumped himself back inside, penetrating him all over again. He did it endlessly, over and over: one thrust inward followed by a smooth withdrawal all the way out until the film showed the gleaming length of his shaft slip free and pull away, permitting a glimpse of Draco's anus shrinking and shrinking until it winked closed, only to have Harry force it open again with the next stab in. Seeing his



hole do that was even more incredible than feeling the sensations of Harry teasing him so. Harry's thumbs had been pressed so far into the meat of his buttocks that Draco had bruises afterwards, he recalled. But those thumbs allowed Draco to see himself that way, truly fulfilling Harry's 'porn star' prophecy. Draco smiled to himself, and everything below his waist pulsed in agreement.

While Draco's consciousness had been elsewhere, Harry had completed the undoing of his trousers, and when he looked back, Harry had a hand wrapped around his cock, wanking himself, his eyes glued on Draco's face, scrutinising his every change in expression.

*Look at him!* Draco thought to himself. If only his hands had been free he would have touched himself too, loving the ferocious hunger that shaped Harry's face at such times. Instead, he watched Harry's hand, fantasising that it was touching him instead. The fist was loose except for the circle of thumb and forefinger, which made a tight, muscly ring around the girth of Harry's shaft. Draco memorised the way Harry rubbed that ring up and down, up and down, catching repeatedly on the swell where his foreskin had pulled back, exposing the fat, curvy head of his cock. That was the bit where Harry was the most sensitive. It was the first bit Draco always teased with his tongue when he sucked Harry off.

Draco could hear Harry too, now. He was making that low level growl that always accompanied his mood when he wanted to restrain Draco, to force him to bend to his will. The rough emotion was plain in his voice, even though it was a muted sound in comparison to the rawness of the soundtrack on the film. Unable to tear his eyes away from Harry, Draco felt a twinge of lust as he saw Harry's lips pull back into a snarl. It was a look that promised brutality, and that look drove Draco beyond distraction every time he saw it. He felt himself mouthe Harry's name without realising he intended to do it, and he watched the purely evil, exultant sneer cross Harry's face, even as he let his cock go and shifted toward Draco.

Harry's hands wrapped around his knees painfully, his fingertips digging into the softest part in the dip at the back. Draco hissed at the shock but his treacherous erection jerked all the same, proving just how much he liked it really. There was no lying to Harry in times such as these. Even if his words misled, his body's actions could not.

Harry wrenched Draco towards him, dragging his backside across the velvet fabric of the chaise so fast that his skin burned with the friction. He knew his eyes widened and his mouth dropped open, but Harry just didn't seem to care. Instead, he let the painful grip on Draco's knees glide a little further up his legs until Draco could see the whiteness surrounding the forceful fingerprints on the tops of his slim thighs.

Without warning, Harry wrenched Draco's legs upward, forcing them right back into his torso so that Draco found his knees digging into his chest, and he felt like he was bent double and helpless, his arms not only trapped in the twist of his shirt, but his shoulder blades forced to such an angle as to render both arms completely useless.

Harry laughed slyly, and the film clip flickered in the background and changed to yet another one. One where Draco was begging in such a pained, pathetic voice for Harry to take him. Just like he wanted to beg right at that moment. He closed his eyes and listened to the rapid desperation of his gasps for air. His cock jabbed wetly into his belly and for a split second, he could feel the whisper of cool air rush up to greet the warm skin of his previously hidden rear end. Draco shivered deliciously, only the smallest suggestion of a smile making it to his face, through the fog of other, stronger emotions.

Looking down his crunched up body, his chin digging into his chest because of the angle Harry was keeping him at, Draco watched the way the light played off the sticky string of fluid joining his erection to his stomach, and the way Harry's fingers sank into the thin covering of skin just above his knees.

Up on the screen, Harry taunted Draco, withholding what he wanted until he'd been a good boy and begged some more. There in the cinema, Harry said simply:

"I want you."

The way he said it made Draco's toes curl with desire. They looked at each other, a serious, weighty look, and then Harry's head inched lower and lower, taking its time to do so, so that he ended up staring at Draco through his eyelashes, the spiky length of his fringe. Draco's breath froze in the back of his throat. He couldn't breathe in or out because the lump there was clogging his airway, making time stand still. He opened his mouth to speak but no

words came out; just a reedy whimper, but it was the only signal Harry needed to lower his head the rest of the way, never taking his eyes off Draco's.

The kiss, when it came, was the softest press of lips. Harry kissed Draco right at the base of his sac, where the skin was loose and smooth and Draco could feel the way it rippled beneath the careful mouth. He moaned then, and it was loud. Harry's arms were stretched up, keeping Draco's legs high, keeping him spread and deliciously vulnerable, but his face was buried right down where it mattered, and just seeing the sensual way those eyes dropped closed made Draco's cock jerk appreciatively. When Harry's tongue popped out and licked him, Draco actually screamed a little; mostly in shock, but it was a scream all the same, and Harry's eyes crinkled with humour at the high-pitched, needy sound.

When Harry's tongue licked over his hole, Draco gave up trying to take the torture like a man. His hips shook and all his muscles twitched at the feel of Harry's face rubbing right up between his legs. It was amazing how much sensation could be stimulated from the mere press of a nose into the crease of skin where leg met groin.

When Harry's eyes closed and he got stuck in to eating Draco's hole properly, Draco watched the film of the two of them together. He was on his knees in Harry's kitchen with a naked Harry standing before him, waving his very erect length right up in his face, but never letting it get close enough for Draco to kiss, or lick, or swallow. It was a terrible sort of tease, but one that Draco liked very much. Harry always made such a game of wiping his slippery wetness across Draco's cheeks and around his lips, marking his territory with his scent, making Draco hungry to taste him before he went mad from thinking he might get it any moment, and then not getting it after all.

The tongue slipped inside him. His body went rigid with shocked arousal, and he cried out Harry's name, adding it to the cries on the soundtrack, the ones filling the screen. Harry moved his hands to pull Draco's cheeks apart, and Draco struggled to keep his legs up in the air, not able to use his own hands because they were trapped. But all the incentive he needed was in the way Harry swallowed and groaned, and the way his brow furrowed in concentration as he plunged his tongue in and out, circling the skin around his anus making it pulse with heat and urgency.

On the screen, Draco finally got a mouthful of Harry, and the way he heard himself say thank you, around his favourite treat, made Draco's balls throb threateningly, edging him far too close to orgasm for comfort this early into the evening. But it seemed like Harry wasn't playing a long game because he didn't back off, even though he must have known from the body language quite how far gone Draco was.

"Harry," Draco heard himself pant, and Harry rewarded him with a little kiss, sealing his lips right over his wet and slippery parts, making a loud smacking noise when he pulled back, face shiny with saliva, cheeks red, lips puffy and inviting.

Draco watched Harry touch himself, giving his erection a nice, encouraging stroke or two under his covetous gaze before grabbing a tube of lubricant and squeezing a big blob out into his hand.

How Draco wished he was the one rubbing it up and down Harry's shaft; wished he was the one making Harry's mouth drop open as he toyed with his own hole and shoved slippery fingers inside himself, making himself ready for Harry to fuck. As it was, he had to make do with watching Harry slick himself up, and feel Harry's fingers toy with his hole until the muscles gave a little. It really wasn't such a hardship when he thought about it.

Within moments, Harry's sticky hands closed around Draco's legs again, thumbs finding the soft spot just behind his knees. Draco felt the dome of Harry's erection rub between his legs, forced into the channel between his buttocks and he raised his hips in stages, trying to help it make its way inside him. His heart was thumping madly as they ground against each other, both aiming for just the right place, and eventually they hit it together, and Draco moaned loudly at the feel of Harry's cock locating itself into the loosened, inviting dip. It was a tight fit, and just for a second Draco had that familiar flash of wondering how the hell Harry's fat, round shaft was going to get inside him. But Harry rarely rushed these things, and he was content to penetrate Draco with just the tip of himself for a while, barely pressing it forward before he let it drop back just a fraction, playing with all the burning nerve endings right there on his body.

“Fuck me,” Draco ground out. “Just fuck me.”

A lazy, wicked smile spread across Harry’s face as he mouthed, “Okay,” and pushed inside, stretching Draco wide, too wide, but fucking hell, don’t stop, don’t stop, don’t stop.

Harry didn’t. He pushed a good six inches inside before he backed off and let Draco breathe. “Like that?” he said with a smirk, the sounds of sloppy sucking and breathy groans from the film riding the air. Draco didn’t get a chance to answer before Harry took him further, prodding another couple of inches in until he felt like he could feel the tip of Harry in his chest.

“I said,” Harry murmured, “do you like that?” He circled his hips and Draco’s vision blacked out when a wave of lust crashed over him, leaving him breathless and sweaty, the surface of his body feeling like it was on fire.

Harry’s face loomed closer, applying more pressure to Draco’s legs and squashing his body in two. Draco felt panicked. The limitations placed on his movements were a complete and utter turn on, and the way Harry had positioned him just so made every inward thrust feel like it was tearing him in two. It was fucking incredible. He was terrified Harry might stop.

Harry’s breath rushed across Draco’s chest for a moment before his face veered away and buried itself in his armpit. Draco bit his lip and squirmed when he felt Harry’s tongue lick a wet path there, tracing small circles, almost trying to wrap the sparse blond hairs around the very tip of his tongue. Harry loved licking him there. It was one of his favourite places, hence the reason Draco no longer wore deodorant. Harry licked him until he was wet through and when he was satisfied, he finally opened his mouth wide and gently sank his teeth into the skin there.

The added pressure of Harry stretching out over Draco made his cock sink an extra fraction of an inch inside, and Draco thrust upward for all he was worth, elated when he felt Harry’s testicles slap lightly against him.

“Don’t stop,” Draco whined. It was the best he could manage. “Please, Harry.”

Without any warning, Harry thrust the rest of the way in until his body slapped flush against Draco's. He lifted his face and stared down at Draco, his lips wet with saliva, his face flushed and excited. Draco forced his neck up, begging for a kiss. Harry didn't disappoint him. He just moved in hungrily and opened Draco's lips with the force of his own, sliding his tongue right in until Draco imagined he could feel it in the back of his throat.

The violence of the kiss brought on a renewed vigour to their coupling, and Draco found himself being battered at both ends, not knowing which one he was getting off on more; they both felt so good.

Harry's hands were hurting Draco's legs. There was pain in his cramped muscles, but nothing would have convinced him to ask for anything to change. He had Harry inside him, and the sounds of Harry all around him.

When Harry finally backed off and concentrated purely on pumping his hips in and out, Draco smiled and sighed, sated. He loved to watch Harry do this to him, holding his legs up out of the way and taking his pleasure exactly as he wanted. Draco felt like such a lazy slut. Harry nearly always did the work and sometimes, he felt guilty about it, but Harry set the pace, laid Draco out as he wanted him and he seemed to take so much satisfaction in his control that Draco never wanted it to be any other way. How could he ever imagine it could be better between them? It wasn't possible. What they had was perfection.

"Oh," Harry gasped through heavily gritted teeth. "Stop looking at me like that or I'm a goner."

"I'm not doing anything," Draco told him with the cheekiest smile he could manage, making sure he squeezed all the muscles right up inside him as tightly as he could, feeling incredibly smug when Harry's eyeballs rolled up into his head and his hips jerked forward, breaking his measured rhythm.

"Fuck," Harry gasped. "Don't."

Draco clamped his hole down all around Harry, not letting up as the thrusts continued, but

more erratically.

“Harry,” Draco purred, rolling his hips the few fractions of an inch he could move within the restraining grip around his legs. “I love it when you fuck me,” he murmured, letting his eyes close sluggishly until he could only see a blurry outline of Harry through the fuzz of his eyelashes, picked out in light and shade by the colours projected on the screen.

“You look so...” Harry ground out, his lips white and stretched as he fought himself. The Harry and Draco on the film howled in unison as they came together and Draco watched his Harry’s resolve crumble, his hips give way to frantic jerking, battering into him without care, making him feel loved, wanted. He knew that only he could do this to Harry. It was a rush of absolute power. Who the hell needed to top to be in control?

“Are you going to come in me?” he teased, running the tip of his tongue along the edge of his upper teeth. Harry’s eyes watched its progress with a look of ravening hunger. “I want you to,” he breathed, arching his spine as best he could, fascinated by the way the sheen of sweat on his chest caught and reflected white light. “I love it when you make me all loose and wet for you.”

Harry’s mouth dropped open and a groan came out that sounded like it had come from somewhere deep inside. He pounded into Draco so hard that the chaise rattled, and Draco just laughed and stuck his backside out as far as he could, egging Harry on to do his worst.

“I love you,” Harry gasped, the look on his face almost pleading Draco to believe him, as if there might be the slightest flicker of doubt. Draco watched Harry’s shirt and tie flap about his body, making a tiny whisper of a breeze on each thrust.

“Harry,” Draco sighed, and that was when Harry came. His body went rigid, and his neck corded with the strain. But the sexiest part by far was getting to watch Harry’s face melt from frustrated agony to exultant bliss. He was just so beautiful when that happened. As the thrusts became less and less energetic, he finally allowed Draco’s legs to unfold, but slowly, giving them time to stretch out and relearn how to move. God, that was more painful than having them doubled up! Draco winced and hissed as his legs dropped, and Harry made an apologetic moan, doing his best to help, even as his slippery wet cock dropped out of Draco.

“God, I love you,” Harry gasped as he leaned forward and rested his forehead against Draco’s hipbone, having lovingly positioned his feet back on the floor and slumped down between the still-parted legs. Draco fought the tangle of his shirt and pulled his hands free, letting the cotton garment fall over the back of the seat. He rolled his shoulders and neck for a moment to relieve the stiffness, and he stroked Harry’s hair gently, marvelling at the feel of it beneath his fingers. It really was so much softer than it looked. Harry’s hands moved to rest above Draco’s hipbones, warming his sides and caressing the skin with needy touches. Draco was embarrassed when his still very erect erection bobbed up and down, almost making contact with the end of Harry’s nose. He winced to himself and hoped dearly that Harry’s eyes were closed while he was catching his breath.

It wasn’t long until the tiny kisses started. Harry pressed them onto Draco’s hip, his stomach, in fact, almost everywhere except the bit Draco most wanted to feel his lips on. It took an inhuman effort not to grab Harry by the ears and move him where he wanted.

“I’m sorry,” Harry told him between kisses.

“What for?” Draco asked, watching his own hand push into the thickness of Harry’s hair and disappear to the knuckles.

“I came too quickly,” Harry murmured. Draco could tell by the set of his shoulders that Harry was upset with himself. Draco felt more than slightly to blame.

“No,” Draco chuckled. “I like it when you can’t hold back like that. You don’t do it very often.” Harry turned his face up to look at Draco, checking if he was telling the truth. “Besides which, it never takes you that long to get ready for seconds,” he added, and Harry shook his head, looking back down at Draco’s groin and finally placing a kiss right where Draco wanted it.

Finally, Harry said, “You’re right. But I think we should be even, don’t you?” He captured Draco’s gaze as he opened his mouth and swallowed him down, rubbing the hot, wet insides of his lips over every bump and ripple on Draco’s cock.



Draco managed a strangled, “Mmm,” and that was all.

He wondered how much was left of the film. He imagined it would be about an hour, maybe a touch more. He mused that there was plenty of time for orgasms left yet, and gave himself over to the endlessly spectacular delights of a Harry Potter blow job.

~oOo~

Draco climbed into bed in a state of bliss, his body sending his brain all sorts of happy messages. The cotton sheets felt cold against his skin, so he dragged the folded duvet up from the foot of the bed to help him get warmer quicker.

The sound of the light clicking off in the bathroom made him look up at Harry walking to the bed and throwing himself on top of the covers, making them both bounce.

Harry moved to lie on his side, head propped up on a bent arm, smiling stupidly.

“You know,” Draco said conversationally, “That was a bloody marvellous Valentine’s present. Thanks for going to so much trouble.” He stretched his neck up and pecked a loud kiss on Harry’s mouth.

“Yeah, well,” Harry said casually, yet clearly pleased with the success of his surprise. “But your gift was much more meaningful than mine.”

“Rubbish!” Draco told him loudly. “How much more meaningful can you get than showing me how much you want me?”

Harry looked at him steadily, studying him intently for a moment. “I can do better than that.”

Draco raised his eyebrows almost to his hairline. “You can?”

“Yeah,” Harry said simply. “Because that wasn’t your present. It was just the evening’s entertainment.”

“It was?” Draco asked in mild confusion.

“Mm,” Harry murmured. “Do you want your proper present now?”

Draco laughed. “Do trolls eat their own bogies?”

Harry tutted and rolled off the bed. “Trust you to lower the tone.” He rooted around in his bedside cabinet and eventually pulled out a smallish box. A dark blue velvet box. The kind of box you might get jewellery in. Draco suddenly felt very, very excited.

Harry looked across the expanse of bed at him and grinned. “Get up,” he said, and Draco frowned, staying just where he was. Harry walked around the bed, heading towards Draco’s side. “Up, up, up!” he laughed.

With a big huff of fake irritation, Draco flung the toasty-warm covers back and swung his legs over the side of the bed. He watched Harry move to stand before him, box in hand, unreadable expression on his face.

“That’ll do,” Harry told him, and promptly dropped to his knees right in front of Draco. Yep, Draco was definitely feeling something in his chest now.

“I suppose I ought to do this properly,” Harry mumbled, more to himself than for Draco’s benefit and Draco watched in mild disbelief as Harry shuffled around, finally ending up on one knee, jewellery box clasped tightly in both hands. Draco looked at him expectantly, fighting the urge to smirk.

Harry took in a rapid breath and exhaled it sharply, making his shoulders rise and fall abruptly.

“Draco?”

“Harry.”

They exchanged a smirk finally, and Harry snapped the jewellery box open. “Will you marry me?”

There was a long pause. A very long pause, in which Draco’s eyeballs popped out of his head on stalks and finally popped back in again.

“Wow.”

Draco didn’t know where to look: in the box, or at Harry. He settled for doing a furtive glance between both. Harry looked completely calm, not remotely worried about what Draco might say.

“Bloody hell, Harry,” he finally managed, “they’re *huge!*”

The box contained a royal blue satin lining, which perfectly displayed a pair of emerald cut diamond and platinum cufflinks. The diamonds were almost as big as Draco’s little fingernails, and they refracted tiny rainbows in the meagre light. They were completely stunning. Draco reached out a hand to the proffered box, his heart thumping, and prodded the diamonds carefully, not able to believe that Harry had bought him something quite so spectacular.

Still in shock, he looked up at Harry and said, “You’re only supposed to spend the equivalent of a month’s wages on the engagement gift, not four years’ salary!”

Harry shrugged. “Well, I plan on marrying this really rich, generous bloke,” he replied, “so I don’t exactly need to worry about money any more.”

Draco laughed and rubbed his forehead. Harry, he knew, was joking. “I don’t believe this,” he said. “I offload my mother’s shopping bills and I get yours instead! I’ll have to re-mortgage the Manor in five years’ time if this is how you plan to carry on.”

Harry tipped his head on one side and grinned, narrowing his eyes just a touch.

“You can get up now,” Draco told him haughtily.

“You haven’t said yes yet.”

“Yes I have. Weeks ago. But I’ll say it again if you want me to,” Draco replied in all seriousness. Harry nodded. “Yes, Harry. I would love to marry you. Assuming there ever comes a time when it’s actually allowed.”

There was a loud, hollow snap as the box sprung shut and Harry placed it on Draco’s thigh.

“Come here,” Draco said and Harry lunged, toppling them both backward onto the bed in a rush of raucous laughter. Draco was trapped, sprawling in the tangle of sheets.

They laughed and wrestled playfully for a bit, getting in more and more of a mess with the bed linen. When Draco had finally managed to pin Harry down, and lay stretched out and victorious on top of him, they spent a little while kissing noisily until they were too breathless to carry on.

Draco reached out and grabbed the velvet box from near his pillow and he pushed it open, once again marvelling at the beauty of his engagement gift. He felt a wash of awful guilt as he looked in the box. “I never got you anything,” he finally said, looking at Harry to measure his feelings, find out if he was upset or not. Draco gnawed at his lip in his nervousness.

Harry moved his hands up from their resting place on Draco’s bum and cuddled him.

“Technically, no,” he replied, his voice suggesting there was more.

“But?” Draco prompted.

“Well,” Harry started, wincing just a tad. “I happened to buy myself the same cufflinks.”

Draco let out a shock of laughter, part of him completely horrified at the expense. There were probably ten carats-worth of diamonds in their two boxes.

“Fucking hell!” he exclaimed. “Have you even got any money left?”

“Well it’s not like I’m ever going to get married again, is it?” he admonished gently.

“I should hope not,” Draco sniffed, rolling off Harry so that he could concentrate on taking his new cufflinks out of the box to examine them. “Can I pay for yours?” he added, glancing over at a very happy-looking Harry.

“No,” Harry said simply, at the same time scrambling out of his pyjamas and climbing under the covers. “You can pay for the wedding.” Draco snorted. He might very well have drawn the short straw anyway. “Let me put that another way,” Harry chuckled. “You need to pay for the wedding, ‘cause I’m just about skint.”

“Bloody hell, I’m marrying a pauper,” Draco gasped in feigned horror. Then, “Please tell me you’re exaggerating.”

“I’m exaggerating,” Harry placated. “But I might have to work until I’m ninety.”

Draco crawled under the covers too, and snuggled into Harry’s side, still dangling the cufflinks between his fingers, mesmerised by the play of light on them. “Well I plan to retire at forty-five,” he stated levelly.

“That’s right, you leave me to be the breadwinner, why don’t you?” Harry sighed.

Draco choked out a laugh. “If I left it to you, all we’d have to live on would be bread!”

Draco stared at the diamonds for ages, clinking the cufflinks together, memorising their shape from every angle. His head lay nestled in the crook of Harry’s arm, the hand of which cupped his shoulder. It was a warm and comfy position.

It was a good ten minutes before he placed the cufflinks back in their special little dips inside the box and clicked it shut, sliding it carefully under his pillow.

“Happy?” Harry asked, squeezing Draco’s shoulder lovingly.

“Yeah. You?”

“Mmm,” Harry replied, the evidence of it in the tone of his hum. “It didn’t exactly go how I had it planned in my head, though,” he added in amusement.

“What? The evening?”

“No,” Harry told him. “The proposal. It was the troll bogies that did it. I thought it’d be all romantic and fluffy.” He kissed the top of Draco’s head and wrapped his other arm around, so that Draco was pulled half on top of him. “But at least you were naked,” he leered, making Draco tut affectionately. “From where I was kneeling, I could see right up the sheet,” Harry laughed.

“Pervert,” Draco accused playfully.

“Your pervert,” Harry corrected. “Go to sleep.”

“Yes, sir,” Draco said tiredly as he wriggled to get himself comfortable.

After a moments silence, Harry murmured, “And don’t you forget it.”

~oOo~

The wedding of the season finally happened on a beautiful July day, deep in the heart of the Oxfordshire countryside. The location was a Tudor estate, privately owned, with peacocks roaming freely and swans cutting lazy paths through the waters of the moat. It hadn’t been hard to secure the venue for the occasion. After all, the owner also happened to be the groom.

The weather couldn’t have been more perfect for an outdoor wedding, the summer sun

blazing away, the sky completely cloudless. Only the faintest breeze rippled the marquee, and it made the leaves on the trees rustle delicately, reminiscent of the sound of a gentle sea.

The bridal suite was in organised chaos, with hairdressers, florists and dressers darting between those members of the wedding party who had stayed the previous night. There was an addictive buzz about the place, and it was evident that spirits were high and nerves were bubbling happily below the surface.

Harry and Draco primped at each other affectionately, straightening and re-straightening each other's ties and picking imaginary pieces of fluff from their grey morning robes. Like the rest of the men in the group, Draco and Harry were dressed alike, apart from Draco's waistcoat and cravat, which were a different colour to Harry's. They looked good, and they knew it.

Blaise was there too, along with Greg, all suited and booted in their matching splendour. Vince couldn't attend and nor could Pansy. They were newly pregnant, and Hermione had insisted on complete bed rest for the expectant mother, so Vince had stayed at home to take care of his wife despite her protests that he shouldn't miss such a special occasion.

Narcissa looked positively regal. Her fair hair was slicked back against her head, and it was tied off in a shiny knot at the nape of her neck. Her simple, elegant gown was a dusty lilac colour that could have been blue under a different light. Regardless of the unadorned simplicity of the boned bodice and bias cut skirt, it had cost ten thousand Galleons. Absolutely nothing about the wedding was skimped in any way, most certainly not the outfits for the wedding party.

Draco had eaten breakfast with his mother that morning, at Harry's insistence. It was a farewell of sorts, and Harry was adamant it was something that should be shared by just the two of them. Draco knew that Harry had eaten with Blaise and Greg and a group of others, so at least he hadn't been alone.

Harry was in a very odd mood. Draco couldn't really get a grip on quite what was wrong with him, although he had strong suspicions. He seemed very quiet one moment, and then full of

nervous laughter the next. At the dress rehearsal, Draco had noted a poorly concealed frown on Harry's face, but he hadn't pressed the issue. Harry could get quite touchy at times if his brooding was interrupted.

The time for the wedding party to move downstairs came around, and last minute toasts with chilled glasses of champagne were made, and hugs and good luck kisses were shared out liberally.

"You look amazing," Harry murmured as Draco spelled his buttonhole in place on the lapel of his dress robes again, having been disturbed from its perfect positioning by an overenthusiastic hug.

Draco smiled back at him warmly. "No, you look amazing. That grey looks really good on you."

"For god's sake, you both look amazing," Blaise laughed, obviously taking the piss out of their efforts to flatter each other. "Who'd have thought you could brush up this well?"

Harry snorted loudly. Draco said, "Don't talk about Harry like that, please. I might have to hex you, and you'd be more than annoyed if I put a localised *Confundus* on your feet while you were trying to be suave around the chief bridesmaid."

Blaise shrugged nonchalantly. "I have to say, she is a babe."

"Don't be pulling any of that *fuck 'em and chuck 'em* stuff with my new sister," Draco warned. "At least give me a chance to make her cry before you get your claws, or other things, stuck in."

"Listen to yourselves!" Harry said in dismay. "The poor girl's not even part of the family yet and you're already plotting to deflower and humiliate her!"

Blaise and Draco both turned to Harry and crossed their arms in identical belligerent movements. "And?" they chorused together.



Harry made a loud, frustrated sounding groan and threw his arms up in the air before stalking off.

“Where’s his sense of humour today?” Blaise enquired, tilting his head on one side to watch Harry’s retreating back as he left the room.

“Oh,” Draco sighed. “I think he’s sulking. He’s being all funny about getting married. The preparations for today have been driving him mad, to be honest. He’s been unbearable at times, lately.”

Blaise rubbed his chin with one hand, looking quizzical. “I don’t understand,” he finally said.

“I know,” Draco replied with a pained huff.

“No,” Blaise added. “I mean, I don’t understand why he’s in such a rush to marry you.” Draco turned to shoot Blaise an evil glare, but he carried on talking all the same. “Hasn’t he seen you in the morning? And then there’s that stuff about what a pain in the arse you are when you’re drunk.”

“Fuck off, Zabini,” Draco snapped good-naturedly. “Not only am I the catch of the fucking century, but when you share a bed with Harry, you never have to worry about your hair in the morning, because you always know his is going to look worse.”

They both laughed out loud, making Narcissa look over questioningly before pinning Draco with a tight glare when she spotted that Harry wasn’t with him. Narcissa had given Draco a right roasting that morning over not messing things up with Harry. Draco knew in no uncertain terms that if he put a foot out of line, or played around on Harry, his mother’s wrath would know no limits. As far as she was concerned, Harry was the best thing that could ever happen to him, and she had flattered, cajoled and finally threatened Draco to underline the strength of her devotion to her hopefully-soon-to-be son-in-law. The fact that Draco actually agreed with her never came into the conversation. He was having far too much fun watching her froth at the mouth to put her out of her misery and allay her fears. It was the game they played. Normal life in the Malfoy household. Oh. Make that the Malfoy/Potter household. Minus the lady of the house, because she was less than half an

hour away from becoming *Narcissa Cope*.

It hit Draco like a Bludger in the face. *She's leaving me*. And although he was incredibly happy for her, for the very first time in his life, she wasn't going to be right there on hand, twenty-four hours a day. *You have Harry for that, now*, he told himself, and the stab of sudden panic melted away at the thought of Harry and his calm, easy manner, and unconditional love. *Things are going to be fine*, he knew.

Blaise patted him on the shoulder just as the call went out for the ushers to make themselves available in the garden, and he waved Draco off towards his mother, promising to keep Harry close to him, just in case. Watching Blaise walk away, Draco was flooded with gratitude that his best friend adored the love of his life. It boded well for the future.

He wandered over to his mother, watching her tuck a stray wisp of hair behind her ear. She smiled at him in the mirror, turning to face him.

"How do I look?" she asked shyly. Narcissa never looked shy. Draco realised she must be terribly nervous.

"More beautiful than I've ever seen you," he told her honestly, remembering with sparkling clarity Harry's similar compliment on their first public date together, and how he had almost cringed at the earnestly spoken words. Yet in less than a year, here he was, sounding just like Harry. It didn't bother him in the slightest.

Narcissa's face cracked into a frown that smoothed away almost instantly. She swallowed with difficulty, and Draco stood next to her, carefully draping his arm around her waist. "He loves you, Mother," he said softly, knowing that she was in the grip of some last minute panic over what she was about to do. "You love him; I love him. Even Harry loves him!" She nodded her head slowly, but she looked down at the floor as she did it, her eyes suddenly too shiny.

"Mother," Draco murmured. "Griffin is a good man. He'll be a wonderful husband. You deserve him."

Narcissa nodded, and she whispered a broken little, "Thank you."

Draco hugged her carefully. "I'm not sure he deserves you, mind," he joked, and she finally laughed.

She looked at him full in the eyes. It was a searching gaze, and Draco let her see right into him, wanting her to understand everything he had become. After all, she was responsible for all the good in him.

"Thank you for giving me away," she said finally, raising a hand and cupping his cheek lightly. "I didn't want to walk down there on my own."

Draco shook his head and kissed her hand. "You're not alone. Don't ever think that. You have us. *Always*. We're not going anywhere, I promise."

He bent down and she kissed his forehead. She was close to tears, and horrifyingly, Draco found he was, too. He gave himself a verbal slap and pulled his emotions back in line.

"Are you ready?" he said, moving to the side and offering her his arm, nodding at the doorway that led to the stairs.

Narcissa pulled in a deep, shaky breath. She nodded back. "I'm ready." She hooked her arm through his, drawing the elegant posy of flowers to her waist as they started the walk down to the lawns.

They had to stop once for Narcissa to dab a tear away from her eye. Draco teased her kindly, and she said, "But I always cry at weddings. I hope to be crying at yours sometime soon."

"Well, time will tell," Draco sighed. "I hope they hurry and make their minds up. I don't want to be the only Malfoy in the world."

She said, "Harry's already a Malfoy here, Draco," placing a hand over his heart. "Maybe not here," she added with a small giggle, tapping a finger against Draco's temple. "But I think that's just as well, don't you?"

“Good god, yes,” Draco agreed. “I love him just the way he is.”

“Me too,” his mother told him. “Me too.”

“I’m glad I’ve made you proud; made good choices,” Draco said with some difficulty. It was hard for him to admit that he craved her approval.

“It wouldn’t have mattered what you’d done with your life, Draco. I’d have been proud whatever you did,” she told him. It was blindingly obvious she meant it. “Now let’s go. Griffin won’t wait forever.”

They took the rest of the stairs slowly. “If he’s got any sense, he will,” Draco said with a laugh. “But let’s not test that theory, shall we?”

They stepped through the widely flung oak doors and into the glare of the midday sun. The gathered guests all turned to watch them, and the bridesmaids fell into line behind them both.

“Ready?” Draco said.

“Yes.”

With that, they stepped out to the sounds of the Wedding March, heading into uncharted territory; new adventures.

It was a wonderful feeling. Draco couldn’t wait for his own wedding day.

## Chapter Eighteen

*A* lot could happen in a year, and few people could attest to that fact more than Draco. His head spun when he thought about the changes in his life since the previous September.

*A year.*

*A year!* Draco Malfoy in a relationship for a year, with no sign of running out of steam. Absolutely unheard of! It had made Draco laugh when Blaise had informed him very matter-of-factly that Harry had so far lasted a grand total of three hundred and forty-two days longer than his previous longest relationship. And that one had only gone on as long as it did because Draco'd had a fortnight's holiday in the middle of it.

Draco had actually been slightly perturbed to discover that Blaise had actively been keeping a running total on the state of his love life, certainly considering his own shoddy efforts in that department. It was made even worse by the disclosure that their entire circle of friends had had a sweepstake about the projected longevity of Draco's 'thing' with Harry. Blaise himself admitted that he'd been sure it was just a one night stand until he'd seen Draco's face the following day, and his spark of a shy smile that wouldn't go away. That's the moment he claimed he knew Harry was different. If that was indeed the case, then Blaise, it seemed, knew Draco far too well. Draco wasn't sure if his own obvious transparency to his social circle was a good thing or not. He would have preferred to retain some of his cool aloofness. It had always served him well in the past, but then, considering things, he'd never been that happy in the past. He was much happier the way things were with Harry, and Draco decided it was worth holding on to that little realisation, just to put everything into perspective.

There had to be a party, of course. To celebrate their one year anniversary. But it wouldn't be a small affair for close friends and family. No; it was to be a huge event, planned with military precision to have the greatest impact on the wizarding media. Blaise and Griffin were most insistent about the details. What with Blaise's job in PR, and Griffin's experience of courting the press with the Chudley Cannons, well – they couldn't go wrong, could they?

But even before the party, there was the memorial service; an entirely different kind of public performance altogether, but still a performance on so many levels. On the anniversary of the demise of Voldemort, the wizarding world remembered. It wasn't a public holiday, for schools to close and businesses to pull the shutters down for the day. That would have meant giving Tom Riddle an everlasting place in wizarding culture, and while people wanted to remember the fallen, no one wanted to remember the perpetrator of such crimes.

Harry had defeated Voldemort on a balmy August evening and thus August became a time for people to recall the war, and renew their vows never to let such a thing happen again.

The Peace Gardens covered several heavily warded, mostly secluded acres of Little Hangleton. It was on those fields that much blood had been spilt, both refined, pure blood and mongrel mixtures alike. All life blood was red ultimately, and the earth of the gardens of remembrance was soaked in the stuff, uncaring of its origins.

On the spot of land where Voldemort had been reduced to atoms by Harry's hand, there sat a perpetually jetting fountain, sending happy arcs of water high into the air, overloading the senses with liquid tinkling and splashing, and constant movement. Harry, Draco knew, avoided the place like the plague, but not because of the horror associated with the isolated plot of land, although that in itself would have been reason enough. Harry liked to look forward. *Always*. He lived for the moment, and for the plans they made for their future together. And that was fine as far as Draco was concerned. Instead of picking over old wounds they faced forward and moved on. The war was their past. It couldn't teach them anything they hadn't learned already.

The fountain sat on a small rise, too low to be called a hill, but high enough to afford every visitor an uninterrupted panoramic view of the rest of the gardens falling away gently on the slopes below. If a person stood with their back to the fountain and faced east, they would

find themselves looking down on the bloodiest of the battlefields, where Aurors, Death Eaters and Order members alike fell, alongside stragglers, hangers-on, and those dozens of mob-minded people trapped in the pull of the violence.

Crossing that battlefield, feet sweeping through the lengthening blades of uncut grass and the first hardy stems of wild flowers setting down roots, Draco recalled where he had been standing when Harry had done what he'd done. He took a detour from the path to walk back to his spot, lingering there for just a moment or two. Harry, holding Draco's hand as he so often did in public these days, never commented or attempted to keep Draco on the path. Instead, they stopped together, side by side, looking up the incline towards the fountain.

Draco was lost in his own thoughts, remembering with perfect clarity the way Harry's tattered robes had fluttered in the breeze that night, the commanding set of his jaw as he'd stared his enemy down. It was a chilling recollection. He felt terrified all over again, and it was the fear that this time he ran through the chain of events, Harry would lose. Stupid, really, but then, life without Harry had become unthinkable. Draco had become prone to bouts of irrational panic that something might happen to Harry and leave him bereft, just an empty shell.

"Come on," Harry murmured. "We're holding everyone up."

Draco looked over at Harry and nodded once. They made their way back to the mossy path and headed toward the large, almost silent gathering of dignitaries, veterans and relatives.

They took their places at the front of the group despite Harry's reluctance to do so, and followed the order of service in a sombre mood. The cenotaph before which they were gathered was a new addition to the Peace Gardens. It stood thirty feet high, and its polished black granite sparkled in the sunlight, the tiny slivers of mica and quartz sending out blinding pinpricks of reflected light so that Draco had to squint to look at it. Thirteen flags on long poles decorated the stepped summit of the monolith, each one representing a country that had lost one of their citizens to the body count.

The imposing monument was a memorial to every life lost in the final battle and the skirmishes that preceded it, both wizard and innocent Muggle bystander alike. The names of

every person who died were etched into the smooth surface, with no distinction made between winning and losing sides. Draco often considered how magnanimous the wizarding public had been in the afterglow of victory, and how easy it had been for them to forget. Harry always told him people wanted to forget the bad times. No one wanted to remember there had ever been Death Eaters, never mind who they were. The Peace Gardens were a symbolic leveller. In that place, visitors were encouraged to remember individuals, not their affiliations. Draco had treated the concept with cynicism when it had first been publicised, but he was not upset to have been proven wrong in his original assumptions. After all, he and his mother had reaped the benefits of public forgiveness more than most.

That thought made Draco turn his head to look for Severus. His old professor, like Harry, would not have wanted to attend the service, but would have done so because Minerva would have insisted. Draco held back a silent laugh at the thought of the pair bickering over the teachers' table at breakfast, behaving not unlike some old married couple. Neither of them had found love in their lives, Draco knew, yet they each placed a high value on their companionship, despite the lack of presence of any kind of physical attraction. But to Draco and Harry both, Severus and Minerva were a couple, spoken as one word, just like Ron-and-Hermione, or Pansy-and-Vince. Or *Harry-and-Draco*.

Draco only came back to himself when Harry's elbow connected sharply yet furtively with his. Taking a long second to compose himself, Draco studied his feet before moving forward to the lectern to address the gathering. He hadn't wanted to do it, but had found himself convinced not just by Harry, but also by the rather more calculated arguments of Blaise and Griffin. For the son of Voldemort's most famous follower to be permitted to speak at the first remembrance service at Little Hangleton was meaningful, but it held far more importance for the wishes of Harry and Draco to be allowed to marry. This was just the sort of positive publicity they needed and if Draco wanted anything, it was to know the law recognised and valued his relationship with Harry.

He didn't speak for long, ten minutes, if that. He told the story of the wands, describing his Christmas gift to Harry, and the fantastic work of Gabrielle Lillevander in tracing the remaining wands to the families of their original owners. As he was speaking, Draco found he couldn't look at Harry. He felt unaccountably emotional. It was most unlike him. Looking at Harry as Draco described the sensations he'd felt in his body at holding Lily and James'



wands had brought a lump to his throat and a telling waver to his voice. And he would not cry in front of all these people. That would be so terribly un-Malfoy-like.

The end of the story was easy to recount. After months of exhaustive research and work, Gabrielle Lillevander had been forced to admit defeat in identifying the origins of the final lost wand. All she could say for sure was that the final spell cast through it was a protective shield. Draco had been relieved beyond comprehension at that discovery. He wouldn't have wanted to touch the thing again had it delivered a Killing Curse just before the demise of its owner. Neither he nor Harry could settle for losing the wand in the back of some dusty drawer again, and the idea of the cenotaph had been born. The Ministry had agreed to the creation of such a monument, and work had begun with all due haste to ensure its completion for the anniversary of the end of the war.

The crowd clapped for a long time when Draco finished speaking, and he felt tears well up again, thinking not just about Harry but also about his father, and the terrible waste of his life, and thoughts of where it had all gone so awfully wrong for Lucius. Draco turned his back on the crowd and studied the glass panel in the side of the sheer black wall. Protected out of reach in a two foot square recess in the granite was the last wand. It flipped and rotated unhurriedly with a will of its own, never resting, just turning over and over again, tracing invisible circles in the air with its tip. It was mesmerising in its irregular pattern of movement. Each time Draco thought he detected a repetition in the cycle the wand would change direction, and commence its slow end-over-end flipping again. Looking at it, Draco wondered if it would still be spinning when the end of the world came.

A hand pressed gently into the small of Draco's back, easily recognisable through the thin summer robes he was wearing. Draco felt Harry's calm seep into him and he settled down, marvelling that a mere touch could centre him so effectively.

"I've invited Minerva and Severus back for afternoon tea," Harry murmured, his voice nevertheless clearly audible over the faint flapping of the flags. Draco nodded, but couldn't tear his eyes away from that wand. "Thank you for saying what you did," Harry added, placing his cheek against Draco's shoulder blade. "I could have cried," he huffed self-deprecatingly.

Draco swallowed. “Me too.”

“Did we do the right thing?” Harry asked, obviously troubled. “Leaving it here, I mean.”

Draco knew he was talking about the wand.

“I think so,” he finally answered. “It doesn’t belong to us, after all.”

“No. I suppose not.”

Draco turned and looked at Harry. He took both of Harry’s hands in his own and smiled. “I’m ready to go,” he finally said.

Harry smiled back. “Okay.”

Looking over Harry’s shoulder, Draco saw Minerva and Severus standing some distance away, watching them. Yes. Tea would be nice. No, he amended internally, *tea with friends would be nice.*

Thankfully, no one tried to stop them for a chat as they headed towards their ex-Heads of House. They all shook hands with due respect and wordlessly, they Apparated away.

~oOo~

Immediately following Narcissa’s wedding and Draco’s titular change to Lord Malfoy, Malfoy Manor was cleaned and renovated from top to bottom. Harry was now there full time with Draco, and they had finally moved into their specially selected suite upon their return from the depths of the Oxfordshire countryside. Before then, they had stayed in Draco’s old room, counting down the days until the Manor became fully theirs. Their home.

Draco often fell to musing on how Harry’s presence would alter the Manor for the better. It was the thought of Harry getting used to the kitchen, and compromising on the cooking duties with the house-elves, and the countless years-worth of stupid questions he would ask

Draco as he flipped through tomes from the library shelves, completely, adorably, failing to understand some no doubt pretty easy magical conundrum. But Draco knew Harry had really made himself at home the day he had wandered into his father's old study. Harry was slumped in Lucius's big leather chair wrapped only in a too-small towel, his wet hair making an unsightly stain on the aged brown leather, scratching his balls absently as he checked out the Quidditch scores in the *Daily Prophet*. Ah, *life with the Potters*, Draco thought to himself with a snigger.

In preparation for their one year anniversary party, the ballroom was completely redecorated, even down to the replacement of the old fashioned but not original flagstone floor with countless slabs of coloured marble. Harry, of course, had put up a case for red and gold decor, but there was no way in this lifetime or the next that Draco's ancestral home would ever be decked out like the bloody Gryffindor common room. They'd compromised with bluey purples and lavenders so as to tactfully sidestep Slytherin greens, and like everywhere else in the place, the end result looked beautiful.

The Guest List to their party proved to be the most sensitive undertaking by far. Draco was disgusted to note that he barely even got a look in as to who came to a party that he was paying through the nose for. Harry accepted the situation with passive grace, and Draco applied himself to learning a lesson from the Potter Book of Calm, but the entire situation irritated him endlessly.

Blaise, Narcissa and Hermione were the custodians of The Guest List, and they called the shots. It read like a who's who of the international wizarding glitterati, with an intricate blend of friends, public faces, politicians and philanthropists, all carefully selected and balanced for one reason and one reason only. These were people who had power of one sort or another. They were people who could sow the seeds of change; people whom the public and those with authority trusted, or listened to. They were the people who would sway opinion favourably towards same sex marriage when the time came for the screws to be tightened on the Wizengamot for them to make their minds up and commit.

Over the previous few months of their relationship, much had happened and if it was down to the general public, Draco and Harry would already be happily married. Draco still couldn't entirely comprehend how it must feel to be Harry. Certainly, the dazzling brightness

reflected from Harry's *Golden Boy* image lit Draco up too, and it was a peculiar kind of popularity that he found himself growing used to. The press reported every outfit Draco wore to public functions. Every outfit! And all of a sudden, Muggle designer suits were popping up at all the best functions where before, only Harry and Draco had indulged themselves in that way.

Trashy magazines and gossipy radio shows scrutinised their every move, listing their favourite restaurants, making guesses at their favourite types of food and worst of all, actually keeping a guesstimated running total of their spending on clothes and accessories! How crass could they get, Draco wondered? But it was a small price to pay for public acceptance of his relationship with Harry. All that was needed now was to exert just the right kind of pressure on the few remaining crumbling right-wing fossils with seats on the Wizengamot. They were the ones who were keeping the brakes on any changes in the law. Those in the know knew that this old guard had little time left. Their purist, rigidly dictatorial ethics went out of popularity with the death of Voldemort to be replaced by a younger, more forward-thinking mindset. It was just a matter of time, everyone knew that. But Draco was fed up and angry about this explicit tampering with his emotional life. He knew the momentum was building, and hoped that he'd be wearing a wedding band before the year was out. Certainly, his own newly accepted seat on the Wizengamot, a perk of his hereditary peerage, would help matters immensely, as he would be able to influence from the inside. If only he could get Harry to accept his seat, too.

Despite all the well thought out groundwork for their party, Draco still hated relinquishing control. He fought against every decision and generally made a complete nuisance of himself throughout the writing and sending out of invitations. It had finally come to a head one night, and Draco had actually thrown a wine glass at the fireplace in temper, quite literally stamping his foot to get his own way about refusing to invite a radio presenter he despised, one who had had the gall to question his choice of attire at a particularly important function, and worse still, suggested that his bum might have looked a little bigger than it used to in his pre-Harry days.

Harry had ridden to the rescue and taken Draco away from the planning session, entertaining him pleasurably, *carnally*, until he had calmed down enough to manage apologies to their friends. Draco had not been happy about the apology aspect of Harry's

intervention but he had done it anyway, regretting it the instant Blaise told him he should have quieter orgasms if he was going to get blown in just the next room. Didn't he know they'd all been sitting there listening to every single gasp and plea, for fuck's sake?

Harry had thought it wise to call an end to the proceedings at that point, politely ushering everyone to the fireplace, giving a grinning Blaise a bit more than a playful shove into it as he saw him off.

No wonder people cracked under the pressures of landmark anniversaries. They were just too bloody stressful!

But if he'd thought that was stressful, then he hadn't considered the issue of what he and Harry would wear to their party. Or rather, he hadn't considered that he would be told in no uncertain terms that he'd be wearing conventional dress robes, regardless of having commissioned two bespoke Nicholas Jones suits for Harry and himself. He was fucking fuming! Malfoy Manor had more than likely never heard such vocal fury, to the point that Harry had to send the house-elves on a mini break to Hogwarts because they were all reduced to terrified tears.

Two days after the dropping of this hideous bombshell, Blaise and Griffin had returned to the Manor to try and address the issue with an only marginally calmer Draco. He was still seething about the entire situation, and poor old Harry had walked around on egg shells for all that time, doing his level best to avoid any mention whatsoever of their impending sartorial demise.

It turned out that there was a very good reason for taking a traditional approach, and even Draco found himself swayed, although no less bitter about the situation by the end of his best friend and stepfather's visit. Blaise and Griffin felt that the old school faction within the Wizengamot needed playing at their own game. Hence, in public relations terms, Harry and Draco needed to show just how traditional, and youthfully representative of the new wizarding age, they really were. Their choice of dress robes over their usual subtly flamboyant tailored wear would send out a very strong message. Harry and Draco would be shown to be just like them. They would be viewed as respectful of the social norms within their society, for once putting aside their urge to be individuals, which as Draco began to

think about it, they were less and less, as the wearing of Muggle fashions became commonplace.

Draco grudgingly acquiesced to the politely framed order, although he threw his rattle out of the pram again when Madam Malkin was suggested as the architect of their attire. Draco's effete screeching was audible on the uppermost floors of Malfoy Manor, and Harry calmly but firmly supported Draco, stating very clearly that they would secure their own, less pedestrian tailor to do the honours.

With all this drama constantly unfolding around them, Draco almost forgot about the actual reason for the party. It was only when Pippin reminded him, a week before the anniversary, that he had yet to buy Master Harry a gift, that Draco even gave any thought to what he should do. He was consumed by a short-lived panic before Patricia stepped in and saved the day. More and more, she was becoming his sounding board, on a much broader scale than just his professional life. He was glad she was coming to the party. It would be the first time he'd met her husband, although he'd seen a photograph of Mr. Patricia in her office drawer before. Draco had made a mental note to introduce her to Julia, Harry's work wife, because he thought they'd make great friends.

Dean Thomas, one of Harry's old friends, ran a wizarding travel agents, *Thomas Travel*. Patricia had owled for some brochures from Dean's shop in Diagon Alley, and Draco spent several hours poring over the destinations, finally deciding to pay Thomas a visit to get just the right thing. Although they'd been away together for weekends, he and Harry had never ventured further than Paris. Patricia had suggested Draco could book them a dream holiday to some far-off destination, providing them both with a well-earned opportunity to let their hair down and relax. He thought it was an excellent idea. After all, happy memories were the best gift, weren't they?

Draco paid close attention to Dean, who was brimming over with suggestions for places to go and things to do. In the end, he chose a tour of Cambodia and Vietnam. There were so many amazing things to see, Draco discovered, and Dean informed him that the small wizarding populations were not only friendly, but also wouldn't look twice at a same sex couple. It sounded perfect, and Draco booked it on the spot, already excited about the thought of three weeks away with Harry in a strange and fascinating place. Because Dean

knew them both, he managed to pull some strings and arrange for short notice Floo network connections for the trip, although the earliest he could get was the first week of October. They were hellishly expensive, but it wasn't like they were short of a Knut or two.

On the morning of their one year anniversary, Draco presented Harry with a vellum envelope containing a beautifully embellished parchment, listing the details of their holiday, plus a brief outline of an itinerary. Harry's eyes had stretched wide in wonder as he read it, his mouth falling open in pleasant surprise. Then he had started laughing uproariously, and gestured for Draco to open his own envelope. The reason for Harry's amusement became clear in seconds as Draco unfolded his own letter, which described the fabulous fortnight's holiday they would be spending Australia the following January. Courtesy of *Thomas Travel*. No wonder Dean had dissuaded Draco from booking that diving holiday at the Great Barrier Reef!

Their thank yous took quite some time to say, and demonstrate, and they finally dragged their sated, glowing bodies into the bath just before lunch, eventually getting downstairs to the manic bustle of party planners all doing their thing by about one o' clock.

Their celebratory lunch wasn't quite the quiet, romantic feast it should have been. Blaise and Narcissa sat down with them, each carrying piles of parchment slips containing instructions for one part or another of the arrangements for the day.

Blaise lectured them sternly, in his best *strict uncle* voice, that the only time they were to separate during the party was when one of them wanted to use the toilet. At all other times they were to be joined at the hip. Blaise even made them repeat it out loud to make sure they'd got the point. Several photographers would be present, and Blaise wanted to ensure that every single shot taken was of them together and most decidedly not apart. Draco shrugged and shot Harry a cheeky grin. It really wasn't going to be a hardship at all, was it? Holding Harry all night. *Touching* Harry all night. That sounded really good. With that thought in mind, Draco managed to drift through the rest of the day, and barely even noticed when he slipped into his dress robes, forgetting altogether that he'd ever been opposed to wearing them.

The party itself was a total blur to Draco. Neither he nor Harry had much alcohol to drink

because they were far too busy working the room like a pair of professional minglers, and having their photograph taken with all and sundry. Every so often, Blaise would shoot Draco a happy wink, obviously pleased with his impeccable, fuss-free behaviour. All the posturing seemed to have an effect, because more than once during the evening, they were pulled to one side by people with power and assured in earnest tones of unswerving support to see the law changed, thus enabling them to marry.

All in all, there was barely a spare moment in which to draw a breath and so the evening flew by with only one fly in the ointment of Draco's hazy happiness. Make that a mosquito. The diseased insect in question was a waiter with no sense of his station, or propriety. Draco spotted him a handful of times gazing at Harry like he was a chocolate éclair. A gooey, delicious, *whipped cream* filled confection that tasted so good you couldn't help but lick your lips in anticipation of that first sinful bite.

With press photographers everywhere, Draco couldn't allow himself the luxury of swatting the waiter like he wanted to. He masked his feelings of unrequited violence with ever fluffier displays of affection, pulling Harry just a tiny bit closer to him each time they were near the waiter, or kissing Harry's jaw possessively as he locked eyes with the man.

Harry wasn't stupid. Draco knew he knew exactly what was going on, and for some reason beyond Draco's comprehension, Harry took to calling the waiter over time and time again, gesturing for soft drinks, or a small plate of canapés. Outwardly, Draco ignored Harry's low level flirting with the man, but inwardly, he was spitting feathers. He resolved in his mind that Harry might need a short, sharp reminder of exactly who it was that he belonged to. He drew some comfort from the sexual urges his own jealousy brought out in him, vowing silently to plot his revenge on an unsuspecting Harry at some later date.

Thankfully, the guests were gone by midnight, and the remaining family and friends had departed by one o' clock. It had been a long day for them, too, and everyone recognised the need within themselves for some time alone to kick back and relax.

Ensnconced in their suite for the night, Draco had stripped off and showered at a leisurely pace, letting the hot water smooth away his aches and pains, and the smells of the incredibly successful evening. He promised himself to spend an hour or two the following day sending



thank you gifts to his nearest and dearest for their unswervingly focused organisational skills on his own and Harry's behalf.

*Harry.* Hm. Draco hadn't forgotten the way Harry had teased him throughout the function, and a streak of erotically cruel thoughts blazed through his mind as he towelled himself dry half-heartedly. He donned his robe before heading through to their lounge area to watch a little porn while he waited for his beloved to complete his own shower.

Because they used the same bathroom, Harry had waited for Draco to finish up first before washing himself. It was a good ten minutes before the sounds of movement in the bedroom alerted Draco to Harry's imminent arrival.

He looked up at the doorway to the bedroom, and saw Harry leaning against the frame, smirking wickedly, obviously enjoying some entertaining thoughts of his own.

"Come here, Potter," Draco said haughtily, patting the sofa next to him. Harry merely looked at him, but a thousand suggestions were in that look, most of them filthy. Draco's mouth went dry at the sight. "Come and watch some porn with me," he murmured lightly, recognising that Harry had other, more pressing needs to fulfil at that moment.

"Don't you want to come to bed and fuck me, nice and hard and dirty?" Harry teased, with an underlying note of desire in his tone.

Draco looked up at him, one eyebrow raised in question. "Wouldn't you rather screw me instead?" He opened his legs a little, until he knew Harry would be able to see right up his robe and get an eyeful of his swollen cock and balls.

As anticipated, Harry's eyes dropped right where Draco wanted them to, and he smiled to himself, confident in his ability to lower Harry's I.Q. to caveman level with a simple flash of naked skin.

"Uh," Harry started. "Well, usually, you like to really give it to me hard when you're jealous." Harry still hadn't managed to look back up at Draco's face. He stood across the room, licking his lips and looking decidedly warmer.

Draco laughed easily. “Am I that predictable?” he teased. “Are you telling me you make me jealous on purpose when you want me to top? You can tell me, Harry,” he said, his voice low and sexy and suggestive. “I didn’t think you had it in you to be quite so manipulative,” he smirked, watching Harry getting hotter and hotter by the second.

“Oh, I’ve got a lot of things in me, Draco,” Harry murmured. “But right now, I’m lacking the one thing I need. So are you coming to bed, or do I have to entertain myself?”

Draco slunk off the sofa and padded towards Harry, taking his hand as he walked past him, and dragging him into the bedroom. “I might well be yours, Harry, in every sense of the word,” Draco told him calmly, “but you’re mine, too. And I don’t like it when anyone else looks at you in a way that only I’m allowed to.”

Draco put his hands in the middle of Harry’s chest and pushed him back onto the bed, straddling his prone form and bringing their faces close together. Harry made a delicious whimper, so Draco rewarded him with a forceful grind of his groin right into Harry’s enormous erection. “Now then,” he said, licking his lips lasciviously. “Are you going to give me what I want, or am I going to have to take it by force?” He let a completely, utterly, debauched expression shape his face, showing Harry there would be no mercy for him while he was being ridden by such a covetous mood.

Harry’s eyes were glassy and his breaths were short and snatched. “Take it,” he whispered, barely audibly.

Draco smiled an evil smile. “Oh, goody.”

~oOo~

Draco surfaced slowly, almost numbly, into consciousness. His eyes were closed but the brightness of the morning sun in the room seeped through his eyelids, and he let himself come around slowly, revelling in the warmth surrounding him, the delicious press of flesh at

his front, and moulded along his back...

*Hold on.* That couldn't be right.

Draco jerked awake and snapped his eyes open, feeling completely disorientated. He stared right into Harry's beautiful eyes and let out a breath slowly, taking in the lazy, cheeky grin shaping Harry's face.

"I just had the strangest..." Draco mumbled, tailing off into silence as he felt the unmistakeable shift of a body behind him. *What the fuck?* He knew his eyes widened, huge as cauldrons, but Harry grinned broadly and said nothing as Draco whipped his body around and came face to face with... *Harry.*

"I'm losing my mind," he murmured to himself, catching the peculiar sound of two Harrys sniggering.

"Happy anniversary for yesterday," Harry said. *The Harry he happened to be looking at,* said.

Draco stared for maybe ten seconds, in complete silence. He looked at the Harry who had been snuggled into his back as he slid in closer and pressed his front right up against Draco's. Harry raised a hand and placed it on Draco's hipbone, and then a second hand came along and settled warmly right below the first hand. Which would have been fine. *Except that the second hand came from behind.* And then there was even more heat, even more skin brushing against his own, and Harry placed a kiss against the back of his neck. He shivered all over, and the Harry he was looking at nuzzled under his chin and kissed his throat.

*Holy fucking hell,* Draco sighed inside, seduced by the distinctive, welcome way in which both Harrys kissed him, hands wandering up and down his body, occasionally passing over each other as they teased him, explored every inch of him.

He swallowed hard, moaning languorously as the two mouths continued, two sets of lips kissing him, two tongues flickering out and lapping hungrily at his flesh, making tiny, eager sounds as they did so.

“This is...” he managed before he decided speech was a skill far past his current ability to enact.

The Harry behind Draco cruelly ceased working his lips along the knobbles of his spine and moved his mouth right next to his ear. “Your favourite fantasy come true, perhaps?” Harry teased, tracing the pointy tip of his tongue along the very edge of Draco’s ear.

“It can’t be real,” Draco whispered as Harry’s tongue became more invasive, slipping inside the shell of his ear and running along all the little ridges inside, filling Draco’s head with the sound of labouring breathing and thoughts of the incredible possibilities within his reach.

He opened his eyes for a moment and all he could see was black hair. Black hair under his chin, moving slowly as the attached mouth bit his neck softly, and black hair against his temple, falling into his eyes.

“It’s real,” Harry murmured into his neck. “Pleasure now, explanations later, okay?”

What could Draco do? Argue? No way! “Mmm,” he groaned as he writhed slowly between the two bodies, tingling in anticipation when he felt the glorious promise of twenty inches of hard cock pressing up against him, rutting slowly against his thigh and his buttock, each following a different rhythm.

Draco found himself guided gently over until he lay flat on his back, looking up at two perfectly matching Harrys, and he felt his gut lurch in a painful, burning flush of lust at the thought of what they might do to him; make him do. There were two thighs thrown casually between his own, one from each side, so that the Harrys were curled in around Draco’s hips, and just when he thought he couldn’t get any more turned on, *it happened*.

The bed linen had ended up shoved towards the bottom of the bed at some point so that they were exposed, and as Draco looked down his body to enjoy the sight of his one lover made into two, he saw them lift an arm and hook them around each other’s hips. *They’re touching each other!* he thought. It was only hands on waists, but it was still hotter than hell on a summer day. He couldn’t look away as the hands traced carefully over each of the Harry’s hips, almost as reverently as they touched him.

“Ungh,” he heard himself mumble through a very heavy swallow, and both Harrys laughed at him. One of them leaned down and kissed him full on the lips, parting them with force until Draco had a mouth full of wet, mobile tongue. He didn’t just accept the kiss, he threw himself headfirst into it, pushing his head up to grind his mouth against Harry’s, loving the heated, needy sound that vibrated through his lips and crept between his teeth.

“You should see yourself,” Harry murmured, which in itself was the most incredibly odd thing. Draco knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that Harry was kissing him. Yet in his head, he also knew he could hear Harry’s voice. Of course he could. There were two Harrys, after all. But still; it was a lot to take on board.

In moments, two hands found their way to Draco’s chest and started to stroke him, moving down toward his groin with aching stealth. He couldn’t help himself; he arched up into their touches, and Harry broke the kiss, gasping for breath, just as Draco was. Harry’s face was incredibly flushed, just the sexiest shade of pink imaginable. The other Harry nudged him out of the way and came in to claim his own kiss, and Draco was transfixed by the way the sides of their faces brushed together as one moved out and the other moved in, so completely willing to share him. *They’re mine*, he told himself gleefully. *They’re both mine!*

This kiss was more tender, less rushed, but it was perfect all the same. Anything more would have blown Draco’s mind at that moment, because the Harrys decided it was time to explore his groin together, and the feel of two hands stretching and rolling and teasing his cock and balls was - *Christ* - it was incredible. There were too many fingertips working down there to keep track of. The sensations all just rolled into one, bubbling, frantic excitement, and he found himself stretching his legs apart as far as he could until the muscles of his inner thighs screamed in pain. But the more sluttishly he displayed himself, the more invasive their fingers became, and he so wanted to be invaded.

Harry’s lips were gentle against his own. Draco could feel the saliva-wetness of them making their kiss all moist and sensual and loving. When the other mouth closed around his nipple and bit down gently, Draco made a noise. It was pretty much a gurgle. It appeared that even non-verbal communication was becoming too much to manage under the weight of this incredibly arousing experience.

“We want to fuck you,” Harry whispered, and Draco whimpered into the other Harry’s mouth, curling his hips sharply upward into their hands, hoping one at least would travel a little farther back and stroke his opening, play with him enough to make him squirm for his lover. *Lovers*, he reminded himself dazedly.

How could he ever hope to satisfy two Harrys? Draco’s cock jerked at the thought, and the kiss was broken. His eyes fluttered open to see them looking down at him, matching expressions of adoration shaping their features.

“We know you want it,” the other Harry murmured wickedly, bringing a hand up to trace the puffy redness of Draco’s bottom lip, before sliding the finger inside for him to suck. The fingertip pressed up against the tip of his tongue, almost stroking it, coaxing it to come and play. He could taste himself on Harry’s finger, the distinctive tang of arousal and musky, meaty flesh. Draco’s tongue quivered and traced the ridge of Harry’s fingernail, coiling around the top of the finger as he hollowed his cheeks ever so slightly and sucked. Both Harrys gasped and smiled at the sight, and Draco raised one of his own hands and grasped at Harry’s wrist to hold it in place. He wanted to suck more fingers. Fuck that, he wanted to suck their cocks. Either of them. Both of them. He wanted to suck and lick and nibble until his jaw ached and come ran down his throat, his chin.

“I think that’s a terrible waste of his mouth,” one of the Harrys murmured, and the other one tipped his head slightly, gazing down as Draco fellated the finger on his hand suggestively, fluttering his heavy eyelids at them as he did it.

“I think I know what you have in mind,” Harry said to his other self, pulling his finger back, sliding his hand out of Draco’s unsteady grip.

The mattress shifted as both Harrys moved, and Draco watched them climb to their knees and smirk down at him. He pushed himself up onto his elbows to get a better view, and he was glad he had. Harry touched himself, and not just on the hip this time. Draco didn’t think he’d ever seen anything sexier than the two identical Harrys touching each other’s very eager erections, two sets of hungry green eyes returning his stare.

“Come here, Draco,” Harry said. One of the Harrys said. Draco was frozen. He didn’t know which one to go to, which one to touch first. He licked his too-dry lips, memorising the sight of the two of them together. One of the Harrys let go of the other’s erection in preference for cupping his balls instead, squeezing them nice and tight, just the way Harry liked. Draco let out a shallow moan and moved, dragging himself up onto his hands and knees and making his way close to them, so that they were all kneeling together, three corners of a very sexy, very naked triangle.

When he got right up close to them both, Draco lifted his hands and pushed his fingers carefully into their hair, pulling their heads closer to him and they got the message quickly because they both moved in for a kiss at the same time. It was awkward getting three sets of lips to meet, but with a little shuffling and thoughtful angling of noses, they managed it. Draco felt the insistent probing of two tongues against his lips, his teeth and he let his own tongue slide out to play, lapping wetly against the other two, pulling their faces in closer to his own so that they were jammed together, saliva coating every contour of their lips, their cheeks. His body was so close to theirs that he could feel the way their arms moved as they touched each other, and the way their knuckles brushed the underside of his stiff length was beyond enflaming.

With gentle pressure, one of the Harrys pulled back and Draco, now ravenous with need, yanked the other one into a proper kiss, one that was hard enough to bruise them both and make their teeth clack together in their carelessness.

“Draco,” Harry murmured, soft as a whisper. The only response Draco could manage was a guttural groan. “Put your mouth on me, Draco,” Harry pleaded. “I want to watch you suck me; suck us.”

*Two big, wide, tasty cocks,* Draco considered vaguely as he withdrew from the kiss, his eyes still closed, the start of a lazy smile shaping his mouth. *Wonder if I can get them both in at the same time?* he thought, his smile broadening at the first sign of his greed. His eyes opened to slits as a hand sat heavily on his shoulder and pushed him down, making his spine bend until he had to shuffle back, hating the loss of their heat from his body.

Up close, Draco marvelled at the perfection of the replication of his Harry. How in this world

or the next could two more glorious examples of manhood be allowed? The smell was just incredible. He watched the erections bob and jerk, perhaps under the subtle stimulation of his hot breath on their skin, and committed the sight to memory before he parted his lips and slid his tongue out.

Unable to choose one over the other, Draco closed his eyes and took pot luck. His tongue connected with salty wetness suddenly, and a sharp groan rattled out of one of the Harrys, accompanied by a hand twisting into his hair almost to the point of pain as it held his head in place and thrust that delicious cock forward. He mouthed at the tasty, slippery head, tracing his tongue in slow circles around it, collecting all of Harry's flavour into his mouth before delving into the tiny dip where the slit was, gulping painfully as his throat constricted in arousal.

Just at the moment he brushed his lips around the head, he felt the other Harry's wet end slide across his cheek and nudge at the corner of his mouth, seeking attention, or maybe even entrance. He opened his eyes finally, and saw that one of the Harrys was holding his shaft and angling it in forcefully, making it rub up against the other cock so that their saliva slippery flesh slid against each other, both needing the touch of his tongue.

He did the only thing he could think of to do. He opened his mouth as wide as it would go and took as much of them into him as he could, clamping his lips tightly around the awkward shape and sucking sharply, triumphant when the slightly bitter taste of more sticky fluid seeped out of one of them and hit his taste buds.

The Harrys pressed gently into his mouth, groaning hungrily at what must have been an incredible sight, but all Draco could think of was that his mouth was stupidly small and that his bloody teeth were in the way. He wanted them in him. *Together*. Stretching his mouth the way they stretched his hole, forcing him to bend to their will, choking him with their sheer size. But all he could manage was just the very ends, and he whimpered his disappointment that his lips couldn't even reach down to the sensitive dip of either Harry's foreskin. Fuck! There was just so damned much of them! *Draco Malfoy. The luckiest bastard in the world*, he thought for an instant before he gave up trying to accommodate them both and lapped furiously at them instead. He wet his tongue as much as he could and worked them both together, moving between the two straining erections with ease. They thrust



haphazardly at him, oftentimes missing his mouth and wetting his cheek or his chin instead, or accidentally prodding at his nose, so that the whole of his lower face felt sticky with their fluids, and his head was full of the smell of cock. *Harry's* cock.

“*Christ!*” one of the Harrys gasped.

“I know,” the other one bit out in pained tones.

The evidence of their pleasure encouraged Draco to work harder, and he rocked his entire body forward onto his hands so that his face bumped right into their stomachs, causing yet more strained grunting.

With no warning, Draco felt hands on his shoulders, roughly pushing him backward until he was on his knees, and then toppling over to lie in an undignified heap against the mattress, his elbows and knees sticking out at angles. Draco could feel the throb of his heartbeat across every millimetre of the surface of his skin, and deep inside, too. All his internal organs seemed to be squeezing and expanding in rhythmic waves, making his body feel like a riot of barely contained movement. The Harrys stared down at him, their cheeks a raw, burning red, piercingly green eyes almost black with lust.

Draco watched as their faces metamorphosed into expressions promising erotic cruelty, a lip curling here, and an eye narrowing there. They both dropped to their hands and knees and slunk up the bed toward him, and Draco felt like a hunted animal, about to be devoured and *fucking hell*, he wanted to be devoured.

“Do you know what it is about you that makes me so hard, Draco?” one of the Harrys murmured wickedly. “You’re such a cock-hungry whore. I fucking love it.”

Draco’s temperature clicked up another notch at the words and he heard himself exhale a shaky moan, making both Harrys smile even more as they bore down on him, pinning his limbs down under their own, trapping him at their mercy. He hoped they were going to use him. *Hurt* him. He wanted to feel the effects of their lust for days.

They draped themselves over him, bodies slithering and sliding sensually across his

hopelessly over-stimulated flesh, his erection past painful in its tireless, aggressive hardness.

“Tell us what you want,” Harry tailed off, placing kisses down Draco’s neck and onto his chest, only stopping when he got to a pinched, hard nipple.

“I,” Draco choked out, every part of his body pulsing underneath some part of Harry; his hands, his legs, his mouth. It was hard to concentrate. Too hard, really.

A fingertip traced a teasing line down his chest and onto his abdomen, dipping into his belly button and stretching it suggestively before following the straight line of his shaft down to the swell of his balls. Draco actually sobbed at the touch. He was way past caring how manly and in-control he sounded. The Harrys already knew they had stripped him of his power from the moment he had snapped awake.

The hand took hold of his erection and stroked it lovingly, but even that careful contact was almost too much. Draco’s spine arched helplessly under the weight of their bodies and he cried out loudly. The hand tightened a little and stopped moving, giving him time to collect himself and learn to handle the caress. Draco dragged in painful lungfuls of air, pushing them out through his nose, his eyes screwed shut so that he couldn’t see their eyes. Their eyes were too much. Too seductive; far too arousing.

After long moments of stillness, the Harrys recommenced their tender attentions, placing moist little kisses against his skin, toying with his cock reverently, as though it was the single most precious thing in the world.

“What do you want, Draco?” Harry eventually prompted, nipping at his shoulder. “Just say it. We really, *really* want to hear you say it.” The hand stroking at his cock gripped tighter, emphasising that it wasn’t a request. More of an order, in reality.

He sighed deeply, trying to order his muddled thoughts. When the teeth dug in and chewed on his nipple, Draco gasped in shock and babbled, “Fuck me.”

“Both of us?” one coy, teasing voice said.

A sudden image of double anal penetration flashed through Draco's mind and he winced in anticipation of major pain. No, that wasn't quite what he fantasised about. "Yes, but," he mumbled, arching his spine fractionally so that Harry's teeth were forced further into his chest, grinding sharply enough to bruise, maybe even hard enough to break the skin if he was lucky.

"Come on, Draco," Harry wheedled. "We love you. You can tell us how you want it. Explicitly, if you don't mind," Harry laughed, and the other Harry chuckled too, around his raw, tender mouthful of Draco's chest.

"I can't," he replied sharply. "Just don't stop." If Harry didn't stop wanking him like that he was going to shoot his load right there and then!

"Oh, I see," Harry chuckled wickedly. "Let's just get this out of the way first, shall we?"

Draco didn't have to open his eyes to know that one of the Harrys was sliding down the mattress, about to part those evil lips and suck him right inside. And then he did it. Harry did it. And the only thing Draco could think was, *Wet... so wet*. He bit the inside of his cheek and grunted at the feel of the tight ring of Harry's lips working up and down on him, rubbing impossibly far down his erection until he could feel it bump against the back of Harry's throat. *Fucking hell*. There was almost no friction, just tightness, and Harry's tongue moulding itself perfectly against him.

A sudden impulse made Draco fight to get up, needing to push Harry away because he was far too close, but the other Harry wrestled him back down, pinning his hands on Draco's shoulders, keeping him flat on the bed or nearly so, with just his hips unable to stay still.

"No fighting," Harry said mildly, staring down into his face from mere inches above. Draco slumped back, all his fight gone. He tipped his head back and closed his eyes.

"No closing your eyes either," Harry chided, kissing the tip of his nose. "I want to watch you. I never get to watch you when you come in my mouth."

Draco opened his mouth to reply, but all that came out was a feeble, reedy moan that

melted the tease in Harry's face into tender affection. He gazed up into Harry's face, barely even seeing it because Harry was just too good at blow jobs, and if he carried on at this rate, Draco's heart might explode at the same time as his orgasm. It was becoming increasingly hard to control his body, all his muscles jittering and pulsing in time with his manic heartbeat.

"Wow," Harry said quietly. "Am I honestly that good at giving head?"

It was the first laugh Draco managed under his doubly pleasurable assault. "Shit, yes," he gasped, wriggling his hips reflexively to try and shove himself further into Harry's mouth. "Kiss me," he added breathily.

Harry's face loomed closer and closer and then his soft, swollen lips were rubbing against Draco's own and the relief of the taste of Harry's tongue in his mouth was huge. The other set of lips continued their rapid journey, joined shortly by the careful graze of teeth, scraping delicious tracks into his burning hot length. It was too much.

He twisted his face away from Harry's kiss and gasped out, "Oh, god. I'm—"

A hand grabbed at Draco's jaw and pulled his face back so that Harry looked down at him from directly above. "Let it go," Harry murmured softly, and Draco's body obeyed with no conscious intent. His orgasm sat like a pulsing ball of heat in his belly and at the very next pull of suction against the head of his cock, that ball exploded, and Draco bellowed.

He fought to keep his eyes on Harry's as his own face contorted into a rictus suggestive of excruciating pain when it was actually for an entirely different reason. As he shot his load down Harry's throat, Draco stared up into the other Harry's rapt, worshipful eyes, feeling the tension slide out of his body with each spurt of come swallowed down. He seemed to come for ages, yet Harry never stopped working his lips, trailing them lightly over the violently throbbing shaft as it gave its final few jerks and came to a rest.

When the final moan had left Draco's mouth, he collapsed back into total relaxation, his entire body flopping with exhaustion.

“Have I ever told you how beautiful you are?” Harry whispered earnestly, using a finger to swipe stray strands of hair off Draco’s sweaty forehead. Draco couldn’t answer. He didn’t know what to say. He just stared back, unable to comprehend the depths of the love shared freely between them.

The other Harry clambered up and lay on Draco’s other side, licking his lips happily and looking like he’d just swallowed the tastiest treat imaginable. The three of them lay still for a moment, each collecting themselves in one way or another, knowing there were so many more possibilities to explore. It was hard not to picture the variations on what they might do, especially with two very sticky, very hard erections pressing into his flesh. Draco wondered if he had the stamina to satisfy both Harrys. He certainly looked forward to trying.

“You know,” Harry said quietly, “I love the way you taste. I could drown in your come.”

Draco chuckled warmly.

“Don’t,” the other Harry said. “You’re making me really jealous.”

“No fighting now, boys,” Draco teased. “There are plenty of orifices to go around.” He moved his arms, shoving and prodding to make room to hook them around each Harrys neck so that he was cuddling them both possessively.

“But I wanted you to come in my mouth,” Harry pouted adorably.

Draco shook his head in amused disbelief.

“You can taste it if you want,” the other Harry offered and in a split second, Draco felt a surge of energy revitalise his tired body. He watched, completely stunned, as the Harrys raised up and leaned across his body, meeting above him to share a deep, intense kiss.

Draco gasped in burning lust. He watched them kiss, noticed everything about how they did it. Their lips moulded carefully together and every so often, Draco could make out a glistening flicker of wet tongue as they moved seductively against one another. “Fucking hell,” he whispered, but neither Harry appeared to have heard him at all.

When they finally broke apart and looked down at him, there was a calculated hunger in their eyes, a hunger that had yet to be satisfied. Draco watched them exchange a look, before one told the other, “You got to suck him off, so it’s only fair I get to eat his arse out.”

Draco was momentarily paralysed with desire. Then he babbled, “I’m here. *In the room*, you know.” They merely turned their heads and studied him silently, as though he was a particularly interesting specimen. “I’m not just some piece of meat, you know,” he said lightly, his words faltering under the intensity of their gazes.

“Yes, you are,” one of the Harrys said firmly. “You do what we tell you. No exceptions.” That statement set Draco all aquiver again, and he licked his lips nervously.

“Hm,” the other Harry added. “But we really like meat. Especially when it’s all bloody and raw and tender.”

*Oh, god. Stop them talking before I make a mess all over myself*, Draco implored silently.

“Come on, Malfoy,” one of the Harrys said. “Up you get. You can’t expect him to shove his tongue up you if your bum’s flat on the mattress, can you?”

Draco found himself being very pleurably manhandled until he was on his hands and knees in the middle of the bed. He shivered and let his eyes flicker shut at the feel of a warm palm caress his side, and curve around his buttock. He wiggled his bum in what he hoped was a seductively enticing way and not a pathetically needy one, sighing his gratitude when he felt lips press in the small of his back and kiss him softly.

“You should see him,” the Harry who was kneeling near Draco’s head said in wonder. “If he was a cat, he’d be purring.” Draco looked up at Harry through his eyelashes, letting the tip of his tongue do a very slow, measured circuit of his lips as he arched his spine and thrust his backside into the other Harry’s face.

“I love you,” Harry blurted.

Draco murmured, "Kiss me."

The two Harrys chose the same moment to put their lips on him and it was sheer, unadulterated bliss. The kisses were similar, both leisurely yet commanding, even though they were focusing on completely different parts of his anatomy.

Draco wondered for a moment if the two Harrys were communicating through their minds. Surely there could be no other explanation for the accuracy of the timing as they both chose to slide their tongues into him, one into his mouth, the other right into his hole. The groan Draco let out into Harry's mouth was the sound of his total submission to their every whim.

Even this foreplay became almost too intense to bear. Harry nuzzled into his neck and bit playfully at his throat and along his collarbone, making Draco writhe under the promise of all those lovely circles of pink and purple bruises that would remain to map Harry's path along his body for days at least.

The other Harry used his hands firmly to knead Draco's buttocks, digging his fingertips into the taut flesh as he circled his face, working his mouth along the length of Draco's crack, wetting every inch of smooth, hairless skin with forceful laps from the flat of his tongue. But it was the way Harry's lips rubbed purposefully against the nerve-rich rim of his hole that had Draco really squirming helplessly; not to mention the delicious squelching sound he made every time he rammed his tongue inside.

Draco couldn't say how long it went on for, but if the palsy state of his limbs was any indication it was quite a while. He had been reduced to making pathetic, incoherent whimpers under the dual assault, barely able to keep track of the four hands that roamed over his skin so selfishly.

It was only when the Harry near his head rasped out, "For god's sake, please fuck him. I'm dying, here," that Draco became aware of anything other than the whirlwind inside his body.

With one last, wet smack of a kiss, Draco felt Harry's face pull away from his rear end, suddenly aware of the faint rawness of his skin where Harry's barely-there stubble had scratched him. The rawness made his cheeks tingle long after Harry had moved back, and

then it flared back to life when two blunt fingers breached him and slid inside. Draco exhaled a loud moan at the much-wanted penetration, praying silently that Harry wouldn't make him wait too much longer to fill him up with other, much more desirable parts of his anatomy.

"Tell me what he feels like," one Harry said to the other, the strain of his sexual arousal plain in his voice. And Draco thought, *Yes. Tell him what I feel like. Tell him what a whore I am, what a slutty little cocksucker I am, how I'd let you do anything to me.*

"He's all pulsing and hot and moist in there," Harry murmured, and Draco watched transfixed as the Harry before him palmed his cock and started to tug at it, making it bob only inches from the tip of his nose. The smell of Harry was heady and completely mouth-watering, and Draco's tongue darted out unconsciously, dragging an evil chuckle from the depths of Harry's chest.

"His hole's all stretched and hungry," the dirty voice continued. "Every time my knuckles hit his arse he clenches right around me, and all the bumps and ripples inside him feel like they're puffed up and throbbing, just begging to be touched." After a moments silence, Harry added, "He really wants me to fuck him. I can tell."

*Shit, yes,* Draco hissed to himself, falling into the rhythmic swinging action as he pushed himself fully onto Harry's fingers and then pulled himself off them again, squeezing his inner muscles for all he was worth on the withdrawal, fighting to heighten the sensation, scared of the loss of the intimate contact.

A finger under his chin pulled Draco's head upward until he was craning to stare up into Harry's face, still able to make out the movement of Harry's arm in his peripheral vision as he wanked himself slowly.

"Do you want him to?" Harry asked, his lips curling back ever so slightly from his teeth in a very erotic snarl that had Draco's blood pumping around his body at breakneck speed.

"What?" he managed, completely unable to remember what the first question had been. Those two fingers were now four and although Draco adored the extra stretch, he was sad at the loss of the depth of the penetration. It just encouraged him to ride Harry's hand more



forcefully to get what he needed.

“Do you want him to fuck you?” Harry’s face looked kind again, perhaps intuiting Draco’s real struggle for ordered thought.

“Yes,” he groaned, letting his eyes fall closed as Harry’s cock head bumped against his chin, leaving a musky, sticky smear on his face, just beyond the reach of his tongue. “I want to suck you, too,” he breathed out provocatively. Draco’s innocent, coy expression wrenched a strangled moan from Harry, who wiped his silky soft end across Draco’s lips, permitting a quick lick before pulling back, just as the fingers retreated from his anus, too.

“Harry, please,” Draco begged, offering himself shamelessly for their abuse.

“Anything for you,” Harry murmured back, stroking Draco’s cheek tenderly before taking a hold of Draco’s chin and pulling his opening mouth forward onto his cock. *Finally*.

As he coiled his tongue around Harry’s beautiful, fat cock, he felt the Harry behind him line himself up and push. That familiar, addictive feeling of having his body split in two by a heavy wave of lust turned Draco to jelly. He moaned around the obstruction in his mouth, concentrating mostly on the burning path of Harry’s penetration of his hole. Ah, god, it was too good.

They were pushing inward together, he realised with some remote part of his brain, registering the gentle journeys into his mouth, his anus. The Harrys rested when they had each gone in as far as they could, and Draco wallowed in the glorious feeling of being full at both ends. If only he could swallow Harry’s entire length down his throat then he’d truly be happy, but he settled for what he had, content at last as they built up a deliberate, sluggish pace, bumping his body between them, owning him. They could make him do anything they wanted. They could force him to do perverted things; they could humiliate him with their words. But all that happened was that Draco got more and more turned on at the thought of his willing submission, and he was not remotely surprised when a dribble of liquid oozed out of his slit and adhered to his thigh, leaving a cool, wet trail.

After a long, pleasurable while of tender strokes, the twin moaning of the Harrys picked up,

and Draco knew the proper fucking was going to happen, any minute - just a little more -oh, now.

There was no mercy, no compassion for his body's ability to cope. They fucked him, good and proper, taking his flesh and moulding it to meet their needs, just using him to make them both come. It was Draco's ultimate fantasy come startlingly, perfectly true.

It took a huge strength of will to look up into Harry's face as he allowed him to brutalise his mouth. Oh, hell. Who was he kidding? There was no 'allow' about it, and that was absolutely the most gut-wrenchingly, ball-tighteningly, pulse-poundingly *hot* thing about what they were doing to him. He had no choice, and he fucking *loved* it. He really was a filthy little bottom, but Draco didn't care; not when he could stare up at Harry's face, watching his eyeballs roll back in his head as he twisted handfuls of Draco's hair painfully, making him take another, and then another fraction of an inch until he could almost feel Harry's cock in his chest.

Oh, but this was so much better than any fantasy he'd ever had. The notion of two faceless men was one thing, but two Harrys? Well, that didn't just elevate the experience a notch or two, it full-on blasted it into the stratosphere and beyond.

Draco was wanton. He had little freedom of movement, but what he had he worked vigorously, drawing ever-louder grunts and groans from his Harrys. His legs were shaking so much that if it hadn't have been for Harry's hands gripping his hips he'd have been in a boneless puddle on the bed, all slippery flesh and dribbling saliva and trickles of lubricant smearing between his buttocks.

"Ah," one of the Harrys spat out, clearly on the knife edge of his body's restraint.

"Harder," the other Harry replied, equally tortured, and Draco thought, *Yes, please. Harder. More. Give me more.*

He was close; no, they were all close. The pitch of the moans and cries was rising, and Draco could hear the rush and frantic bubbling of his blood in his ears. Just a little more. Just a little...

Two things happened simultaneously; or rather, three things. The bumping and grinding reached a crescendo, with Draco suspended like a rag doll between the two pistoning Harrys. The blunt, swollen head of Harry's cock struck the back of Draco's throat with bruising force, and the wet constriction of his gag reflex clamped down over the intrusion. That one sensation was more than enough to push Harry into overload, and Draco's mouth was flooded with deliciously hot, salty wetness, even as his ears rang with the sounds of Harry's very vocal orgasm.

Draco didn't even take a moment to think about swallowing when he felt a final, brutal slam into his anus, and Harry's cock stabbed as far inside his body as it had ever done, wrenching a triumphant bellow from Harry's mouth as he emptied floods of semen deep inside him. The change in friction was instantaneous, and the sheer bliss of the sloppy, lubricated pumping from both ends at once pushed Draco into meltdown, and he felt his own orgasm lash out, emptying wastefully onto the crumpled sheets.

His eyes were clamped tightly shut as he rode the multiple sensations to their conclusion, but something odd happened, and the bed shifted dramatically, leaving Draco to flop unsupported down to the bed, landing in a tangle of limbs with Harry. Just one Harry.

Draco spent long seconds heaving in mouthfuls of air, letting the jittering of his nerve endings settle into a low level hum of satisfaction. He cracked an eye open just to check what his brain was telling him and sure enough, there was only one Harry where that had so recently been two.

Finally, he found the energy to say, "God! I...god, Harry!" There wasn't anything Draco could say that could properly sum up quite how he was feeling.

Harry moved around to lie next to him and flopped flat on his back, laughing triumphantly, if not exhaustedly. "I couldn't keep it up!" Harry chuckled breathlessly. "My willpower just crumbled when I came."

Draco turned his head and watched Harry with more love than he would have thought possible to contain inside himself.

“Please tell me that was not just a one-time thing,” Draco eventually said, turning onto his side and sliding an arm across Harry’s stomach.

“The look on your face was absolutely priceless!” Harry chuckled. “You didn’t know whether to run screaming for the hills or thank Merlin for letting you have all your birthdays at once!”

“You’re not wrong there,” Draco said with a smirk. “Shit, Harry. That was just... *incredible* doesn’t even come close.” He leaned down and kissed Harry, his hand sliding up Harry’s chest to play with his nipple, making him squirm deliciously.

They separated from the kiss when Harry tugged Draco on top of him for a cuddle, hooking his heels loosely round Draco’s calves, cocooning him in comfort and warmth. They looked at each other from inches apart.

“Well,” Harry began, “I knew you had a thing about being done from both ends at the same time-”

“What?!” Draco interrupted quickly.

“Oh, come on, don’t be coy,” Harry teased. “You told me all about your double-booking fantasies ages ago, and you’ve only got to look at your porn collection to spot the glaringly obvious theme.” Harry finished speaking, a smug look settling on his face. Draco’s mouth opened and closed, just like a goldfish, but no words came out.

“It’s a bit late for being shy about it,” Harry told him calmly, cupping Draco’s buttocks in his hands and squeezing them. “Besides which,” he added, “clearly I don’t mind, so where’s the harm in it?”

“I’ve never heard of a spell that could replicate someone,” Draco murmured thoughtfully, screwing up his eyes and peering down into Harry’s open, sated face. “Did you make it up?” Bloody hell, if Harry could concoct a spell as frighteningly useful as that one, then he really was phenomenally powerful; even more powerful than Draco had allowed himself to fancy.

Harry shrugged slightly. "Sort of," he offered, rather vaguely. "But I had a lot of help with the research," he added quickly.

Draco raised an eyebrow. "You told *Hermione* what you were doing?" he questioned.

Harry grinned. "Well, I didn't actually spell it out, but it took her all of ten seconds to see through my feeble cover story. You know what she's like."

Draco laughed out loud. "I can't even begin to imagine how uncomfortable that conversation was."

Harry kissed Draco's cheek lightly. "She's a lot more open-minded than I think you give her credit for," he told Draco. "In fact, at one point, there was a definite twinkle in her eye. At least, there was, until I mentioned the startling resemblance Ron might have to Fred and George if she was thinking about having a go with it herself. She deflated pretty quickly after that."

Draco groaned in obvious sympathy for Hermione's hideous visual. "Thank Merlin the 'twin' thing never occurred to me!" he shuddered. "Ugh," he muttered. "Just the thought of a face full of ginger pubes is enough to put a Locking Charm on my sphincter."

"You're so disgusting," Harry frowned playfully.

"I know," Draco said with a grin. "Now come on then, oh great and powerful one. Spill the magic beans. How the hell did you do it?"

"It was something Hermione said that got me thinking," Harry began. "We were having a conversation about Henry and Grace, and some of the spells she'd devised to help her in her pregnancy," he explained. "I came away afterward, but I couldn't stop thinking about some of the theories she'd got about how twins happen, and her hypothesis that in time, it might be possible to artificially 'create' twins very soon after conception."

"But how did you get from there to here?" Draco pressed, perplexed.

“Dumb luck, really,” Harry sighed. “I got back from that visit to Ron and Hermione’s and you were on the sofa watching *Spit-roast Soldiers* for maybe the hundredth time.”

Draco humphed, but Harry grinned. “You’re always gagging for it after you’ve watched that,” Harry continued spiritedly, talking louder to drown out Draco’s blustered denials. “And as I was lying on the floor with your hot thighs straddling me,” he paused and smirked meaningfully, “and that film going on in the background, well; the idea sort of cemented itself in my head and wouldn’t go away.”

Draco raised an eyebrow. “How dare you not be thinking about me when I’m giving you my all,” he teased.

“Sorry,” Harry replied insincerely. “So, next time I saw Hermione, I brought the conversation up again, having given it an awful lot of thought. I kept thinking about Transfiguration. Mind over matter stuff, really,” he shrugged, “and whether or not it’d be possible to take some sort of Transfiguration Charm, but focus it inward rather than outward.”

“I bet Granger wet her knickers when you came up with that,” Draco chuckled.

Harry snorted. “She was pretty impressed, I must admit,” he replied smugly.

“So how did you start testing it out?” Draco prodded, knowing full well that Harry was dragging the story out to prolong his moment of glory.

“Hermione dug up all these ancient texts on the roots of Transfiguration techniques,” Harry told him. “And from there, it was just trial and error.”

“So then,” Draco sighed. “Will Ron be accosted by two Hermiones, or does she fancy a double dose of Weasley, despite the whole ‘twin’ thing?” He thought for a moment, and then added, “Not to mention the fact that this seals the potential for a complete change in wizarding life as we know it.”

“Ah,” Harry said, a vague note of discomfort in his voice. “Actually, I think it’s just you who’ll be getting the benefits.”

“Explain,” Draco said simply.

“Well, me and Hermione tried everything we could think of, but she just couldn’t make it work. I couldn’t make it work for her, either,” Harry added as an afterthought. “She thinks I’m probably the only person who can do it.”

Draco noticed that Harry looked both uncomfortable and embarrassed at the admission.

“She thinks it’s to do with the way my magic is, because I don’t need a wand,” he clarified, and Draco nodded, thinking to himself that yes, that would make sense, especially if Harry’s magic came from him at a cellular level.

“I think it’s just as well, really,” Harry continued. “I mean, the Aurors’d be run off their feet if every criminal could replicate themselves and have the perfect alibi. It’s too scary to even think about.”

Draco smiled down at Harry and moved in for a deep, leisurely kiss. He poured his heart and soul into it, wanting Harry to know just from the press of his lips how very special he was, and how loved.

“What was that for?” Harry asked when they parted.

“You’re so slow, sometimes,” Draco laughed. “You’ve created and mastered probably the most pivotal spell in the whole of wizarding history and you did it all just so you could bang me from both ends at the same time,” he said, voice full of wonder, and adoration. “Only you could do something like that and actually be embarrassed about being so powerful.”

A lazy grin spread across Harry’s face. “You’re the slow one,” he replied. “If you don’t know by now how far I’d go to make you happy, I don’t know how else to tell you.”

Draco was speechless. Being in love did that, clearly. Finally, he murmured seriously, “If anyone’d have told me I’d ever fall in love like this, I’d never have believed them.”

“I know,” Harry said with a gentle smile. “We’ve come a long way, haven’t we? Since school, I mean.”

Draco merely nodded.

“I wish thing had been different while we were there,” Harry continued.

“I don’t,” Draco said quietly, soothingly. “If we hadn’t done all those things, we wouldn’t be the people we are today. I’d never risk changing the past because it might change the future, and I’ve got what I want. I wouldn’t jeopardise that for anything.”

Harry exhaled deeply. He lifted a hand and combed his fingers carefully through Draco’s hair, clearly enjoying the texture as he did it. “You always were cleverer than me,” Harry said finally.

“Of course,” Draco shrugged jokingly. “I’m the brains, you’re my muscle. It’s perfect, really.”

“Yeah,” Harry said with an affectionate smile. “Yeah. It is.”

~oOo~

Draco arrived at the bar early. He’d planned it that way. As he stood waiting to be served, he surveyed the room and recalled with perfect clarity the way it had looked, and even the song that had been playing that night just over a year ago; the one night that had done more to change his life than any other single event he’d lived through.

The note to Harry had been simple. It read,

*Meet me at nine thirty.*

*At the bar.*

*You know the one I mean.*

*Casual attire.*



*Love you.*

He'd sent it by owl mid-afternoon and had purposely avoided seeing Harry since then, not wanting to spoil the glorious build up, the growing anticipation.

By the time Harry walked through the door at nine thirty, the bottle of champagne was beaded with droplets of condensation, chilling to perfection in an ice bucket close to the table; the same table at which Draco and Blaise had sat last year, watching Harry cross the room towards them, wearing the biggest shit-eating grin ever witnessed by man, woman or magical beast.

Harry didn't even waste time scanning the room. His eyes turned straight to where Draco was sitting, and the baby brother of that legendary smirk turned the corners of his mouth gently upward. As Harry made his way over to the booth, Draco contemplated the wonder that was Harry's intuition. Like himself in his Hugo Boss suit, Harry had made a real effort with his appearance. Apart from the leather jacket, which was new, the rest of Harry's clothes were identical to that night last year, right down to the jade green Chuck Taylors, and the matching green streaks in his fringe. *Oh, yeah, Harry was good.*

Coming to a standstill only a pace away, Harry looked down at him, and Draco's insides turned to liquid.

"Malfoy." A cautious nod.

After a long moment:

"Potter."

Draco gestured with a hand for Harry to take a seat and he did, but not the one he'd taken last year. Instead, he scooted around the curving bench until their thighs were almost touching.

Draco felt shaky, eaten up with nerves, yet not; knowing it was something else because

Harry would never reject him in a million years. Not this time. He watched his hand wobble as it picked up the champagne bottle and poured them both a drink, handing one to Harry when he was done. They clinked the flutes together in a silent toast and took a sip. The bubbles made Draco's tongue tingle and feel alive, but not as much as kissing Harry did.

He placed his glass on the table and angled himself in to Harry's body. He traced his fingertips up Harry's thigh, warming his icy cold flesh against Harry's heat.

When his hand finally came to a rest at the crease of Harry's hip, Draco murmured:

"I've got this theory."

Harry's eyes smiled. "What is it?"

Draco affected a huge sigh. "I can't really tell you. It'd invalidate my study, you see."

"Ah, of course," Harry replied, laying a hand over Draco's own and moving his lips close enough to plant a kiss on Draco's mouth, but not quite doing it. "But does it involve me fucking you? And making love to you? Making you happy for the rest of our lives?"

Draco had to close his eyes. The feel of Harry's breath, the smell of his shampoo surrounded him, and Draco felt completely overwhelmed, but in the best possible way.

"Mm," he finally managed, moving his lips against Harry's but not kissing him, just rubbing their noses together and tasting the strength of their desire for each other. Harry dipped his head and kissed the spot on Draco's neck where his pulse was thudding hard. Draco's fingers dug into Harry's thigh, and he sighed longingly at the swell of emotions inside himself.

"You can have everything," Harry told him, and the way he said it was uncomplicated; completely honest.

"I want everything," Draco replied, moving to study Harry's face before he stole the kiss he craved. As they kissed, Harry cupped his cheek, rubbing circles on his temple with a

fingertip.

“Then what are we waiting for?” Harry asked eventually, running his index finger over the slight puffiness of Draco’s bottom lip. “Let’s go.”

Draco smiled. “Where?”

Harry grasped his hand and pulled him up. When they were standing, he said simply, “Home.”

Draco nodded, satisfied. “Home,” he echoed.

It was the perfect answer.

It was the perfect beginning.