

Correspondence 2
What I Did on My Summer Holiday:
Sequel to Correspondence
By Mystwriter

Rated: NC-17

Sequel to "Correspondence"

The things Harry and Draco get up to on their summer holiday while trying to keep it all from the Dursleys. A bit of fluff.

Book Two in the "Correspondence Series"

Harry rolled over and promptly fell out of bed, hitting the rug. "What--?" He was safe at Privet Drive and he hadn't been dreaming anything in particular. So why—

A familiar laugh chuckled from the mattress and Harry looked up, eyes blurry without his glasses. But even in the dark of the room he could see the moonlight shine on that white-blond head. "Where are you off to, Potter? Looking for bogarts under the bed?"

Harry sat up and rubbed the elbow he'd landed on. "That's not funny, Malfoy. I hit the floor hard."

"Oh. Sorry. Does ickle Harrykins want a kiss on his bruise?"

Harry got up, sat on the edge of the bed, and grabbed his glasses from the side table. "If you didn't hog the bed so much, I wouldn't fall out of it. Why don't you sleep on the outside?"

"Because I'm a guest here, remember?" He took Harry's arm suddenly and kissed his elbow. Harry snatched it from his hand while Draco laughed.

"Guest my arse."

"Why yes," he said, slipping his arm around Harry's waist. "I do like making myself at home in your arse."

Harry reddened, even though they had been doing just that for all the last year of school and tonight as well. Draco had come to spend the summer with Harry on Dumbledore's orders. Their secret relationship had suddenly become not-so-secret and Narcissa Malfoy implored the Headmaster to keep her son safe. And since he and Harry had become so close, Dumbledore felt he would also be just as safe as Harry was at the Dursleys.

Harry was about to make another angry rejoinder when lips covered his. They rubbed and coaxed until he opened his mouth to admit Draco's tongue which slid inside and licked Harry's palette until he moaned against the blond. All at once, Harry was lying beneath Draco, and the boy's hands were pushing up his t-shirt and running fingers over his flesh, stopping at a nipple and pinching.

Harry broke away from the kiss to mouth Draco's neck, softly biting that white skin. "Are you going to shag me again?" he asked breathlessly, lips dancing against Draco's throat.

"And again, and again," he said hoarsely. But before Draco could draw down Harry's pajama bottoms, they both froze at the sounds of someone stomping down the hallway toward their room. They looked at each other and quickly disentangled, throwing Harry's pillow and blanket on the floor just as Vernon Dursley burst through the door.

"What the hell is going on in here?"

"I...I was going to the bathroom and I tripped," said Harry lamely, sitting up on his blanket on the floor.

"What the hell are you doing bursting unannounced into our room?" said Draco, hands on his hips. The blankets were mercifully covering his lap.

Uncle Vernon's face tinged red. He glared at Draco. "It's my bloody house and I can do what I bloody well like!"

"Wrong, Muggle. It may bloody well be your house but this is Harry's bloody room—and mine for the bloody summer—so you will mind your manners and knock before entering. Is that clear?"

"What did you call me?"

Draco got up on his knees and Harry noticed he suddenly had his wand in his hand. "I called you a *Muggle*. *You* are a Muggle. No magic. Whereas *I* am a wizard: loads of magic. Care to test me?"

"You think that wand makes you a big man?"

"Well, it doesn't hurt. Now get out. We're trying to sleep."

Uncle Vernon cast a glare at each of them. He never even got to show his pleasure that Harry was forced by his recalcitrant guest to sleep on the floor, but looking at Draco's wand, he didn't feel he had much choice. "Just keep it down in here!" He retreated out the door and slammed it after him.

Draco made a huffing noise and stuffed his wand back under his pillow. "Git," he muttered and looked at Harry. He opened his arms but Harry looked worriedly at the door. "He won't come back. Now come on. I've got a raging hard-on. So there's no way I'm going to 'keep it down in here' tonight."

Harry grinned and slowly rose, sliding into Draco's embrace again. Draco kissed him and smiled against his skin. "Oh Harry. I'm so sorry for making fun of you all those years. These Muggles are awful."

"Yeah, I know. But only one more summer."

Draco laid Harry down and leaned over him, peeling up his shirt. "You deserve something special for putting up with them all these years." He kissed his belly and pulled the shirt up and off.

“Oh yeah? Like what?”

Draco grabbed the waistband of Harry’s bottoms with his teeth and pulled them teasingly before mouthing his erection over the cloth. “Like a little cocksucking.”

Harry sighed at the wonderful feeling of Draco’s teeth gnawing gently on him. “Okay.”

“Oh Harry. You are so delicious. Every inch of you.” He kissed his way all over Harry’s pelvis and crotch, still not lifting the material away. He looked up at Harry suddenly. “Do you suppose Dumbledore knew what we’d get up to this summer?”

“Wha—Draco. What?”

He smiled. “Never mind, love. Just lie back and let your Draco take care of things.”

Harry did. And Draco certainly seemed to know his way around “taking care of things.” Sliding the bottoms down only to Harry’s thighs, Draco’s tongue wove a pattern over Harry’s sac. Harry tried not to groan aloud, not wishing to bring Uncle Vernon back. After all, Draco had played it as if he hated being with Harry, which convinced his aunt and uncle to put Draco in the same room with him. He stroked the blond head instead, trying to reward that avid tongue with caressing fingers through his hair. His heels dug into the mattress.

Draco licked up Harry’s shaft and swallowed the head, all the while tonguing the taut flesh. Draco’s hands clasped his hips tightly, and though Harry tried to writhe, Draco made it impossible. His lips sealed over the velvety skin and he pumped it with his mouth, sucking gently on the tip when he reached it. Repeating the process nearly drove Harry insane and he managed to move a little, whimpering with need. All the while, sucking and licking him, Draco’s fingernails dragged up the goose-fleshed skin of his sac, pulling Harry up higher and higher with arousal. It wouldn’t take long at all for Harry to come, but Draco was savouring his penis as if it were the most delicious meal he had ever encountered. It was when Harry was the closest to release that Draco suddenly shoved his legs wide. The abrupt exposure and harder sucking forced the throbbing pleasure to the surface and Harry unloaded into Draco’s eager mouth. He began sucking furiously, making Harry buck his hips into the searing pleasure of a prolonged orgasm. How did Draco do it? How was he able to know Harry’s every feeling and desire? Was he using Legilimency on him? Who cared if he did? The feelings were so utterly exhausting and satisfying that it took a moment for Harry to realize that Draco had swallowed every last drop, had licked his penis clean, and was already sitting back and gazing at him.

Harry lifted his head, or tried to. “That was brilliant,” he said hoarsely.

Draco smiled. “I know.” His hand trailed down Harry’s body, but all of his skin was still sensitive and he writhed a little at the touch. “And now I’ve got a little problem.” The hand that recently caressed Harry fell now to Draco’s stiff erection. He gave it a stroke as Harry languidly watched. Soon Harry’s torpor diminished. He was wide-eyed and feeling much more awake.

“What do you want?” asked Harry, voice a little unsteady.

Draco leaned over, his warm breath at Harry's cheek. He planted a soft kiss there and when he spoke his lips grazed Harry's skin. "I want you to get off the bed, kneel on the floor beside it, and bend over the mattress."

Harry's spent cock actually gave a twitch at that. "Okay," he said, and lifted his suddenly heavy body from the bed. He did as Draco instructed and knelt in front of the bed and lay over it, his arse arched high. Draco slid off the bed to kneel behind him. His hand started a long caress from the nape of Harry's neck and down his spine. The hand caused tingling sensations to radiate outwards but mostly to land in his bollocks as a renewed ache of desire. But his anus also twitched for attention and he walked his knees apart slightly, exposing more of himself.

Draco's hand had reached his lower back and suddenly warm lips pressed there just at the swell where back became buttocks. The lips rained delicate kisses just there and slowly traveled lower, kissing the round arch of flesh high on one cheek, the tongue following. Harry felt Draco's hands open his legs wider and Harry wanted nothing more than to fully expose himself to Draco and he gladly opened them, thrusting his arse up even higher, knowing full well that Draco got a perfect view of his anxious hole. Harry was rewarded with a touch of a tongue tip there. Draco merely rested the pad of his tongue on Harry's puckered hole, teasing the sensitive nerves with its warm, wet presence. Harry froze in desire-filled anticipation. And still Draco didn't move. Harry used all his control not to move and press himself back into Draco's face as he longed to do, letting Draco set the pace, but it was maddening! He was hard again and wanted Draco to touch him, to taste him, to make him writhe and beg. He was ready to do just that when that tongue made a sharp swipe across his sensitive anus.

Harry pushed his face into the mattress and screamed silently into the padding. He opened his legs wider and pushed up higher. *Draco, Draco!* he screamed in his head. Then his lover started in earnest. The tongue made long, slow licks up the crack, ending at his entrance. Just as Harry got used to that rhythm, Draco changed tactics and made little licks, flicking his tongue. Harry groaned deeply into the mattress, making it wet with his saliva. He wriggled his hips. He couldn't help it. He didn't care how wanton he looked. He knew Draco wanted him to look that way, reveled in it.

Draco's tongue was now dabbing at his hole, sharpening to a tip that finally pushed its way inside the loosened entrance. Harry lifted his head and couldn't contain an unrestrained "Ah!" He heard Draco chuckle and then the tongue was gone. Harry wriggled at its absence, his arse seeking it, pushing back at air. But he felt something cold, and oil slathered over him and he licked his lips, waiting now for the feel of Draco's cock. How he loved the feel of that man's cock inside him! Harry never imagined he'd be such a willing bottom. But he reckoned since he tried to be in charge in every other aspect of his complicated life, that sex was the one place he could release himself, surrender to it. Even if it was to Draco Malfoy, the absolute last person he ever expected to *want* to do such a thing to.

Finally it was there! Draco's cock. He felt the warm dome against him, felt Draco push and push and Harry's flesh resist until he was breached. There was always a little pain as it gave way but it never lasted long, and he rather liked the reminder that he was alive and feeling this. He felt the hard fullness of Draco's prick glide the rest of the way in, even felt him turning his hips a bit to slowly screw his way forward, forcing Harry's flesh to comply. They both made a satisfied sigh when Draco was fully seated up to his bollocks. And then Draco moved. The pace was slow at first, a nice leisurely shag, just showing Harry that he was there inside him, controlling. Harry dropped his hand

to his own prick which had hardened nicely again and gave it the same leisurely pull. But Draco soon changed to a slow dragging out and a hard slam in. Gradually, it became a new pace of ramming hard into Harry. He leaned over Harry's back and said harshly to his ear, "Do you want it harder, Harry? I can give it to you much harder."

"Yes! Yes! Harder, Draco."

"Very well, my love." At the words "my love", Harry sped his own wanking. Draco slammed in harder, hitting spots in Harry he didn't know he had. He pushed back against Draco, trying to take as much as he could. Draco began to trail kisses down Harry's back again as he thrust into him, until Draco jerked upright, thrusting suddenly even harder and faster. Harry was filled all at once with Draco's hot release, and he felt it shoot high into him just as he expelled his own cum against the bed ruffle. They both rocked together for a few more seconds before they stilled. Harry just breathed into the moist duvet where his face had been slammed into it. Draco rubbed Harry's back absently until his shrinking cock popped out of him, and Draco's release dribbled in a stream down Harry's thighs. He was about to move when he felt Draco's tongue begin the patient job of lapping him clean, from his thighs up to his sore anus. Harry gave a little gasp of surprise and then settled into a warm feeling of being so completely loved and cared for that he sank fully into the mattress, his weak legs trembling.

When Draco was done, he helped Harry up and tucked him into bed—beside the wall, this time—and got under the covers beside him, drawing him into an embrace. "I love you, Harry." And those were the words he had longed to hear again, the same Draco first uttered at the beginning of the evening when they had first arrived to Privet Drive. And it was to those words he fell blissfully asleep.

* * *

When he finally stirred in the morning, he saw the blurry shape of Draco already dressed. Someone had taken off his glasses and set them on his side table. He took them up and gazed at Draco. "Aren't you the sleepyhead," said Draco. "I've already showered. You'd better get up or there won't be anything left for breakfast. That horrid aunt of yours has already called twice."

Harry sighed and rose, scratching his head. "There won't be anything anyway. Dudley's still on a diet, you know."

"It's going to take full starvation for that whale to lose any weight."

"Don't worry. It will be. I rely a lot on what Ron and Hermione send me."

"What?"

"I'm taking a shower," he said dazedly, and trudged to the bath.

When he returned to the room, Draco was sitting on his bed looking through the album of pictures of his parents Hagrid had made for him. He looked up as Harry closed the door and watched Harry remove his towel and begin to dress. He raised the album a bit. "I'm sorry."

Harry stopped what he was doing and looked at Draco. He knew what he meant. In those two words, Draco was trying to express regret for not only the five years he had made Harry's life a living hell, but for everything that had come before, too. When Harry allowed himself to think of Voldemort and his inevitable last confrontation, he would get a sick feeling in his stomach. But somehow, looking at Draco looking at him, he felt that he had a new ally, a new weapon with which to fight, and for the first time, he had an inkling of a feeling that he might just survive it.

"I know," he said with a self-deprecating shrug. He pulled on his briefs and then his jeans.

When he was dressed, they both went downstairs together, Draco fussing with Harry's hair. Harry swatted his hand away. "Crikey, Potter. Don't you ever comb that mop?"

"I *did* comb it."

"With what? A broom?"

"It just does that. I can't control it."

"You know," he said slowing down before they reached the bottom. "It always looks like you've just been shagged."

Harry smiled secretly and turned a twinkling eye to Draco. "Well, I have, haven't I?" he whispered.

They turned the corner and walked into the kitchen. The telly was on and Dudley's eyes were glued to it. Uncle Vernon hid his considerable girth behind a paper and Aunt Petunia was sitting up straight in her chair as if a stick had been thrust up inside her. She pursed her lips and frowned at them.

"Get the tea," she ordered, and Harry, used to it, moved to obey.

Draco held his arm. "Wait a minute." He looked at this 'family' and sneered at each of them. "Is this how it is all the time? 'Do this, Potter', 'do that, Potter'? He isn't your house elf, you know."

Uncle Vernon slammed down his paper at that. "There will be no talk of that...that *stuff* in this house. Do you understand?"

Draco eased into a chair as Harry brought the tea. "What 'stuff'? Magic?"

The Dursleys cringed. Draco smiled. Harry kicked him under the table. The last thing he needed was to be abused in front of Draco all summer. It seemed more embarrassing than usual with an audience.

Draco looked at him and pulled a face. Then he looked down at the quartered grapefruit on his plate. "What's this?"

Aunt Petunia pursed her lips so tightly it looked to Harry as if she swallowed a whole lemon. "*That* is your breakfast."

“This? A bloody quarter of a sorry-looking grapefruit? That’s not on.”

Uncle Vernon’s paper was getting twisted into an impossible shape. “This is what you are served and that is what you will eat!”

“I don’t think so.” He pulled his wand and before Harry could yell a warning, Draco had conjured two large plates—one for him and one for Harry—of eggs, bacon, sausage, toast, potatoes, tomatoes, and kippers.

Harry stared at him aghast. Vernon was stunned for a moment until his face tore into a smile. “Oh that’s done it, now hasn’t it,” he said with evil glee. “You’ve gone and used magic away from that freak school and the both of you will now be expelled. I remember when it happened to Potter.”

Harry, too, remembered all that trouble in his fifth year when Dementors came to call and his run-ins with the Ministry. His heart fell to his stomach.

Draco looked at Harry with a smirk. “You are such an idiot, Potter. I’m seventeen. Turned seventeen on June the fourth before the end of school. I’m a fully adult wizard. I can use magic anywhere I bloody well like.”

“But / can’t! I won’t be seventeen for a month.” said Harry angrily, expecting an owl any minute. He remembered, too, that the Ministry couldn’t distinguish between the magic performed by a house elf or himself when at Privet Drive.

“I repeat, Potter. You are an idiot. At sixteen, you are allowed to use magic at home. Doesn’t Dumbledore tell you anything?” He dug into his eggs with relish. Dudley watched him with undisguised envy.

Harry sat back and suddenly looked at his Muggle relatives. They looked back at him with horror. As it sunk in, Harry’s face broke into a bright smile. “I can, can’t I.”

“Yes, Potter,” said Draco, mouth full. “Honestly. Mr. Dumbledore’s Army could probably stand to study a few Ministry rules now and again.”

Harry frowned at him. Draco merely looked at him with a smile as he ate. Harry shrugged and tucked into his meal while his relatives watched. He made sure to eat every scrap of food on his plate so that Dudley would have to lick it if he wanted anything more than his skinned grapefruit. He patted his lips with his serviette and sat back. “May I be excused to go study?” he said to them, taking his plate.

Draco tiskted again, and levitated both plates toward the kitchen. He rose and yanked Harry up with him. “We’re studying,” he announced, and took Harry with him back toward the stairs.

Once back in Harry’s room, Harry whooped with pleasure. “That was brilliant! That was so great! Why didn’t I realize that before? I feel so free.” He grabbed Draco into an embrace and Draco hugged him back. “*You* have been so great for my life.”

Draco’s face flushed. He straightened out his clothes to hide it. “Well. You just needed a kick is all.”

“No. I mean it. In every aspect, you’ve been so great. I don’t know what I would have done without you. I don’t *want* to do without you. I love you so much.”

With that admission, they stared at each other. The pause seemed to stretch out between them, blanketing them in the sensation of emotions yet to be expressed. Draco broke the spell first and stepped forward. He cupped Harry’s face and pressed his lips softly to Harry’s. Harry opened his lips gently under Draco’s and just the tips of their tongues met, merely touching tenderly for a moment. Harry’s arms encircled Draco and pulled him in tightly and the kiss deepened. Harry surrendered to it, turning his head so that his mouth was plastered against Draco’s. The blond didn’t hurry. He kissed Harry as leisurely as he had made love to him. His tongue caressed just enough, laving against Harry’s as his lips suckled his lover’s lips. The sensation went straight to Harry’s cock and he wondered just how much studying they were going to get done in the next two months.

* * *

Harry’s summer at Privet Drive was turning out to be the best summer he ever had. Not only was it to be the last one with the Dursleys but with Draco’s presence, he was getting the shag of his life everyday, and usually several times a day.

Harry and Draco took walks together. It was so much nicer with someone. The neighbors knew of Harry as a dangerous delinquent only because the Dursleys spread those rumours, but the truth of the matter was it was Dudley who was the delinquent and they had never seen any signs of such in Harry. But since last year, some of the neighbors had taken to waving at Harry. After he had been convinced they weren’t witches or wizards or even squibs, he felt a little happier that the Dursleys were finally losing the propaganda battle against him.

Mrs. Naegle down the street was tending to her flowers with a watering can and noticed Harry’s approach. “Yoo hoo! Harry!” She waved.

Harry smiled at her and stopped before her little fenced garden. Draco watched silently. “Good morning, Harry. Thought I’d see you before long.”

“Hi, Mrs. Naegle. Your flowers look good this year.”

“Oh, thank you lamb. Yes. They have done well. Who is your friend here?”

“Oh, pardon. This is Draco Malfoy. Draco, Mrs. Naegle.”

Draco made a little bow and said, “Madam.”

Harry looked at him surprised. He guessed it was formal wizard stuff or maybe Malfoy chivalry or something, but he’d never seen Draco do anything of the sort before.

Mrs. Naegle beamed. “My, your friend has such nice manners. Unlike—” And she frowned, her eyes catching a glimpse of Dudley with his hoodlum friends disappearing around a corner. “How we

could have thought all these years that you were some incorrigible criminal, I don't know. Clearly it was the wrong Dursley."

It was Draco's turn to study Harry.

"I'm not a Dursley. I'm a Potter."

"Oh that's right. Tell me, then. You certainly can't be attending St Brutus's Secure Center for Incurably Criminal Boys. Where are they really sending you?"

Draco laughed outright. "St Brutus's what?"

Harry ignored him. "No. I've never gone there. I go to another school in Scotland. It's a perfectly fine school. Draco goes there as well. He's spending the summer with me."

"Oh. How nice! I am glad to hear that. The thought of you in such a place. Those Dursleys. Where do they get their airs?"

Harry merely shrugged. As much as he hated his relatives, he felt it was bad form bad-mouthing them to the neighbors.

"Well then. I don't want to hold you boys up. Come by a little later for lemonade and biscuits, eh? The both of you."

She went back to her garden and Harry strolled up the lane, Draco in tow. When they had advanced several paces, Draco sidled up to him. "Secure Center for Incurably Criminal Boys? Oh Potter. If it weren't so sad it would be really funny."

"Yes. Ha ha. I'm sure someday I'll laugh about it."

"No. Seriously. What rubbish these Dursleys spout. Honestly, Harry. I don't know how you haven't hexed them all these years."

"I did blow up my Aunt Marge once. She floated right out of the dining room and the Ministry found her floating over Sheffield. It was a bit of accidental magic, though, so I suppose it doesn't count."

"That's great! Did you get into trouble for it?"

"Thought I would, but then Cornelius Fudge told me not to worry and he didn't put it on my record. That was when everyone was worrying about Sirius Black escaping."

"Oh right. Er...sorry about that, too."

"You can't apologize for every bad thing that's ever happened to me," he said a little annoyed with Draco and himself for getting worked up. "I mean, I rather blame Voldemort for all that." He was annoyed even more when Draco cringed at the name. "Oh get over it! Blimey, Draco."

“Hey. I’ve had a lifetime of that. It’s a little hard to get over it.” He looked over his shoulder. “So where exactly did the Dementors show up?”

Harry pointed. “Down that alley.”

Draco ground to a halt. Harry sighed deeply. “They’re not there now. And even if they were, don’t worry. I’ll protect you with my Patronus.” He took vicious pleasure in Draco’s expression of disgust.

“Just because *you* can make one and I can’t doesn’t mean you should rub my nose in it.”

“I wasn’t...Well. Maybe a little. You’ve been beastly to me for years, you know.”

Draco shrugged. “It was pretty easy. You were always getting riled by some little thing.”

“I hardly think making fun of my godfather’s death or pretending to be Dementors or going along with Umbridge was some ‘little’ thing.”

“All right, all right. Don’t get your wand in a twist.”

They walked on silently for a time until Harry smiled. “Hey. Was this our first lover’s quarrel?”

Draco glared at him, but he couldn’t hold that look for long. He ended up smiling in spite of himself. “I suppose so.” He looked around and pulled Harry into the shadow of a tall hedge and took him in his arms. “Shouldn’t we kiss and make up?”

Harry wriggled uncomfortably. “I don’t think we should do this out in the open.”

“No one can see us here, Potter. Scared?”

“I just don’t want Dudley to find out.”

“Why not? You can hex him now.”

“I don’t think that would be allowed. I may be able to use magic but the Ministry does frown on one using it against Muggles. Even really annoying ones.”

Draco scowled. “Too bad. I was trying to think of a really good one.”

Harry looked around and gave Draco a quick kiss.

“Harry, that’s not nearly good enough.” He drew Harry in for a deep kiss, slipping his tongue inside Harry’s mouth and giving the rest of it what for. Harry pulled away after a moment and stepped back, looking around again.

“You’re pushing your luck.”

Draco strolled from the hedge with a spring to his gait. “I rather think I’m going to get *very* lucky a bit later, if that bulge in your trousers is any indication.”

Harry pulled at the hem of his too-large t-shirt but it wouldn't quite cover the growing erection. "If you didn't kiss so damn well—" Draco laughed and threw his arm over Harry's shoulders. "Calm down, Draco, okay? If my aunt and uncle find out they'll take you out of my room and that's the last thing I want to happen."

Draco snorted and dropped his arm. "Spod," he muttered. "So what's there to do around here?"

Harry shrugged. "Nothing. That's why I hate it here. Well, one of the many reasons."

"Merlin! I'm *bored!*" He kicked at leaf and glared at Harry as if it were his fault. But then his face brightened. "Hey, why don't we go to Diagon Alley?"

Harry shook his head and thrust his hands in his pockets. "I don't think Dumbledore wants us to leave the area."

"Oh Potter, you are such a straight edge! Let's *do* something!" Draco jumped up onto the kerb and thrust out his wand.

Instantly, the Knight Bus careered around the corner.

"Draco!" yelled Harry, stunned that he would do something like that especially in the middle of the day, and angry because the damned bus nearly hit *him*.

But Draco was already shelling out sickles to Stan. "Coming, Harry?"

Harry looked desperately around. Where was Mr. Tibbles when you needed him? No one had come running; no witch or Auror or anyone. And it really was quite boring in Little Whinging today. Maybe a little break was what they needed.

Harry jumped on just in time before it pulled away with a bang.

Harry eyed Draco as the bus zoomed across countryside and highway, until it screamed to a halt outside the Leaky Cauldron. They got off just as the bus zoomed away, and Harry grabbed Draco's sleeve before he could enter the pub.

"Draco, you know no one's seen us together yet. This is going to be, well..."

"Our 'outing'?" Draco sighed. "Yeah, I know."

They both stood outside the pub, staring at the building and at the door only wizards and witches could seem to see.

"Well," said Harry pragmatically. "I guess it's got to happen some time." And he led the way inside.

The pub was relatively busy during the day, and some recognized Harry and gave him a wave, and then dropped back to the conversation with their companions a little more quietly.

They also recognized Draco, and no one lifted a hand in greeting to him. He was accompanied by glares and mutterings.

They reached the back, tapped their wands on the bricks, and the wall opened into a gateway to Diagon Alley.

Harry looked at Draco. “You okay, mate?”

Draco shrugged. “I guess it’s no secret who the media darling is in the Wizarding world.”

“Can you blame them? Death Eaters haven’t exactly been welcomed, you know.”

“I *know*! You don’t have to remind me.”

“Okay.” Harry looked around, suddenly wondering why Draco thought this might be a good idea. “So...where do you want to go?”

He was almost certain by Draco’s expression that he was going to say “home”, but somehow the Slytherin plucked up the courage—or his considerable ego—raised his chin, and said, “Let’s look at some Quidditch supplies.”

Of course, Diagon Alley in the days of the war was a lot quieter, with some businesses even boarded up. Weasleys Wizard Wheezes had remained opened and was doing good business, but Harry didn’t think Draco would want to confront Fred and George. Come to think of it, he didn’t think he was too keen on it either now that he was “out”. Who knew what sort of pranks they’d pull on him now?

The Quidditch shop was open and he and Draco wandered in. There were few customers which made it better as far as Harry was concerned; less whispering. He and Draco went straight for the new brooms.

“Of course,” said Draco, in his imperious voice, “the Firebolt is still the best on the market. I’m surprised my mother hasn’t sent me one yet.”

Harry hadn’t wanted to mention it, but he wondered if the Malfoy finances were doing all that well. Dumbledore had mentioned to Harry how the Ministry had seized some of their vaults. Maybe Draco didn’t know or maybe he was just posturing.

“You’ve got a pretty good broom already, Draco. No need really to get a new one.”

Draco sneered at Harry. “No *need*? That isn’t really the point, now is it?”

Harry did a bit of sneering of his own. “So what is the point? Half-blood Potter better not have a better broom than Pureblood Malfoy?”

Draco smiled and patted Harry’s chest. “Now you’ve got it.” He tried to move past Harry, but Harry whirled him around.

“That is incredibly insulting. How could you say that to me?”

Draco’s eyes roved everywhere but Harry’s eyes as if looking for help from their surroundings. When none came he sighed. Still not meeting Harry’s angry gaze, Draco said, “Sorry. Old habits.”

“Well, you’d better start thinking before you speak, because I may be the only friend you have left.” Now it was Harry’s turn to lower his eyes. He really hadn’t meant to say that. And the reaction was instant.

“Is that right? So I’ve got to bow and scrape to you now, have I, or you’ll kick me out or something? That’s fine. Maybe spending the summer at Hogwarts is a better idea.” He spun on his heel and made a quick march toward the door.

Harry ran and grabbed him. “Draco! Don’t. Please. I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to say that. I...I didn’t mean it. You know that.”

He barely glanced over his shoulder at Harry. “I don’t know anything of the kind.” He stood at the door with his arms clasped over his chest. “You finally have me where you want me. How does it feel to finally get the better of a Malfoy? My father in prison, me a virtual prisoner with the Muggles and...no money. This must be the best time you’ve ever had!”

He took Draco’s shoulders and turned him. “It isn’t. Not for that reason, anyway. I’m sorry about all that. I know you must feel really funny about it all and maybe...a little scared.” Draco tried to pull away but Harry wrenched him back. “But I’m here for you. I’m on your side. We’re mates. More than mates,” he said quieter, his face closer to Draco’s. “We’re lovers,” he whispered. “And I’ve never been happier in my life. I don’t want you to feel this way.”

Slowly, Draco raised his eyes to Harry and there was none of the malice from before in them. But there was suddenly great sadness and Harry didn’t bother worrying about anyone seeing them before he pulled Draco in for a hug. Draco sighed deeply against his neck, but he just held onto Draco, his hand rubbing his back. “I love you, you know,” said Harry.

Draco pulled back and a smile spread on his face. “I love you, too,” he said quietly. He gazed at Harry a moment more before shaking his head and drawing away. “Let’s go. Shall we get a bite to eat?”

“If we can find something open. And...er...I’ll pay.”

Draco darted him a dirty look.

“Well...”

Draco sighed. “All right. I guess you’ve heard what the Ministry did.”

“I heard something about it, yes.”

“So the Malfoy’s aren’t as rich as they used to be. I guess.”

“There’s no shame in it, you know.”

“Oh yes. I know. Now I’m like a Weasley.”

“My favorite people in the world. You could do worse. You could be like a Crabbe. Or a Goyle.”

Draco glared for a moment until his whole face burst with laughter. “I’d rather be poor,” he said at last.

“Thought you might.” Harry longed to take Draco’s hand, but he didn’t think it a good idea. They were already drawing attention from the sparse passersby as Harry Potter and Draco Malfoy. Perhaps news had not spread outside of Hogwarts yet about their relationship. But as Harry was about to enter the tea shop he saw a discarded *Daily Prophet* lying in the gutter and he suddenly stopped. “Bloody hell!”

“What?” Draco came back and looked at the paper. “Fuck!” He snatched it from the ground and read:

*SON OF THE NOTORIOUS DEATH EATER LUCIUS MALFOY
IN SEXUAL LIAISON WITH HARRY POTTER*

Draco Malfoy, known for his dirty tricks and Death Eater wannabe ways, is carrying on with one of the Ministries champions, Harry Potter.

Potter, orphaned when You-Know-Who killed his parents when only an infant, has had a modestly successful career at Hogwarts school of Witchcraft and Wizardry, finding his niche as a Seeker for his house team and even winning the Tri-Wizard Tournament in his fourth year. Young, innocent, and no doubt sexually confused, he somehow fell under the thrall of young Malfoy.

“Harry never would have done that,” said a student who did not wish to be identified. “I’m certain Malfoy must have hexed him. They’re just trying to use Harry for something.”

Teachers at the school declined to comment as did Headmaster Albus Dumbledore.

At present, young Potter is sequestered in his Muggle home somewhere in Surrey, while the whereabouts of the scandalous Mr. Malfoy are unknown.

Harry looked up at Draco with wide eyes. Draco looked back at him appalled. “This is terrible!” cried Draco. “My mother is reading this!”

“And my friends are reading this,” said Harry. He crumpled up the paper and threw it. “Damned *Prophet*! Can’t they leave me alone!”

“What about me? ‘Death Eater wannabe’?”

“‘Ministry champion’? Since when? They’ve done nothing but try to make my life miserable.”

They both looked at the tea shop and suddenly didn't feel hungry. "Maybe we should just go back to Little Whinging," said Harry.

Draco nodded. "Yes. Maybe you're right."

They took to the lane again, heads down, and headed back to the Leaky Cauldron. They said nothing to one another on the bus ride back, nor when it let them off on Magnolia Crescent and they trudged back up the street. But when they reached number four, Aunt Petunia was already standing in the doorway, and it looked as if she had been waiting there a long time. She strode right down the walk to them and handed each a red envelope.

She said only one word to them before she spun on her heel and headed back to the house: "Owls!"

Harry and Draco both looked at their twin Howlers. There was nothing for it. They sprinted into the house, up the stairs, and into their room in time for them to explode. The voices were in sync with only the slight reverberation of an echo and said the exact same words: YOU ARE NOT TO LEAVE PRIVET DRIVE FOR ANY REASON! BREAK THIS RULE ONCE MORE AND THE TWO OF YOU WILL SPEND YOUR SUMMER IN AZKABAN!

No need for a signature. They both knew it was from Albus Dumbledore. They looked at one another as the Howlers disappeared in a puff of smoke. "Well," said Harry sitting on the bed. "That's that."

Draco sank to Harry's desk chair. "I guess so."

They were silent, merely staring at the floor.

"So what do we do now?" asked Draco miserably.

"Personally," offered Harry shyly. "I'm up for a good long snog."

It took Draco a moment to raise his head. "Huh?"

"Really, Malfoy. You've always been more eloquent than that."

Draco finally realized what was going on and a lazy smile replaced his earlier confusion. "A long snog, is it?" He rose and sauntered toward Harry and Harry thought there was nothing more exciting than that. Draco sat next to him on the bed and raised his hand to Harry's chest and gave it a long downward stroke resting at last on Harry's hip. "Yes, that can certainly fill the time." He leaned forward and Harry met him halfway. They kissed softly at first, lips just caressing, until Draco pressed more firmly on his mouth and Harry could feel his tongue stroking his closed lips. The tongue persisted and slipped through Harry's mouth and made a slow meander, making him tingle and his cock twitch with interest. Draco's hands were at Harry's hips and they drew the Gryffindor up against Draco's warm body. Harry's arms slipped up around Draco's neck and wrapped over his shoulders, holding him close. This was so-o-o-o nice. To feel Draco's lips on his, to feel Draco's tongue taking possession just as his cock took Harry's arse was so sensual. It felt like heaven. Love for the boy surged up from his heart and washed his chest in deep warmth. He really loved Draco. Such a prospect was inconceivable just a year ago. How glad he was he joined those silly quill pal personals. He never would have known Draco in this way and they would have remained mortal

enemies. Harry might even have had to face him in a duel to the death someday. He shivered at the thought. How awful! And never to have known this bliss? This amazing brilliance?

He murmured his love against Draco's lips when they moved their mouths. Draco moaned his reply and sucked on Harry's tongue. Harry felt Draco's fingers slip from his waist and creep down past the waistband of his jeans and slip further into his briefs. Draco's hand finally shoved their way down and found the bare flesh of his arse and gave both cheeks a feral squeeze. Harry couldn't help wriggling his arse into it. Draco broke away from Harry's lips and whispered desperately, "I've got to shag you! *Now!*"

He yanked Harry to his feet and pulled his trousers and Y-fronts down, flipped him around, and shoved him against the door. Harry felt Draco's cock head jamming at his crack and he juted his arse out and up to give Draco the easiest access. It worked, and soon that cock had shoved its way into the gasping flesh of his hole. Harry sighed deeply as Draco continued spearing him until he was balls deep. He didn't wait for Harry to be ready, he simply started pumping into him until they heard with dread words yelled up the stairwell:

"Potter! Malfoy! Get down here and get to work!"

Draco froze. "What does that cow want now?"

Harry pressed his forehead against the door. "We'd better go."

"Fuck that!"

"I'd rather you fuck me at the moment, but we'll get into trouble if we don't go now."

Draco pulled out of Harry roughly and Harry rested against the door before leaning down to drag his underpants and trousers back in place. When they were both dressed they looked at one another's crotch. Their erections were obvious. "What are we supposed to do about these?"

"Potter! Malfoy!"

The sound of Aunt Petunia's shriek did more than ice water for their collective problem, and they were soon stomping down the stairs. "Yes, Aunt Petunia. What is it?"

"The back garden," she said snippily without looking at either of them as she scrubbed the kitchen counter of unseen and probably harmless germs. "The lawn needs mowing and the hedges trimming. Get to it."

Harry was used to this and he immediately headed for the shed in the back. Draco tagged along at a much slower pace. Harry dragged out the mower and checked the tank for petrol and flipped a few switches. Draco watched him aghast. "They really *do* treat you like a house elf. You mean you *know* how to do this?"

"I've been doing it for years. All my life, it seems."

"But...but..."

“What, Malfoy? Just because I do a little manual labor doesn’t mean you can fall apart. It isn’t the end of the world.”

“What *is* that?”

Harry sighed and straightened. “It’s a petrol-powered Muggle machine for cutting grass.”

“Well, I’m not touching that!”

“No, I am. You’d probably cut your feet off. You, my man, will trim the hedges.”

“I’ll what?”

Harry handed him a large pair of clippers and Draco merely stared at it.

“Oh,” said Harry, grabbing a pair of garden gloves and handing them to Draco. “Better use these. I wouldn’t want those perfect Malfoy hands to get blisters.”

Draco hadn’t moved even as Harry maneuvered the mower around him and out the door. Harry grabbed the starter and yanked and the mower roared to life. Draco had his wand out instantly and even screamed.

Harry gave him a withering look. “Relax, Malfoy,” he said loudly over the motor’s growl. Draco slowly put his wand away and picked up the clippers and gloves that he dropped in his alarm. Harry pointed to the hedges in question. “Just clip them to even them out so they look perfectly vertical again, all right?”

Draco held up the clipper with one hand as he slipped one of the gloves on, his face measuring his distaste. “With this?”

“Well, what else? It’s not brain surgery.”

“Where’s your disgusting cousin? Isn’t he going to do anything?”

“Are you kidding? He never works around here.”

“Then you’ve done this all by yourself all your life?”

“I told you I have. Now get a move on. I’m sure she’s watching us from the house.”

Draco held the clippers as if he’d never touched anything like it in his life—which was undoubtedly true. Harry pushed the mower forward and began the long strokes across the lawn in the precisely anal way that Uncle Vernon insisted on.

Harry spared Draco a glance now and again and it infuriated how dumb Draco could be. He was clipping one little wayward branch at a time. *At this rate he won’t be done till Christmas.* He shook

his head, and looked away. It wasn't helping his humour at all to watch Draco timidly—and quite frankly a little gay about it—trim the hedges.

Harry was finally done with the lawn and returned the mower to the shed. He came up behind Draco and huffed a breath. “What in the name of Merlin are you *doing*? It's not that hard, Malfoy.”

“I'm *trying*! It's harder than it looks. Can't I just use magic?”

“NO! We can't in a Muggle part of town.” He watched Draco a few more minutes and got angrier and angrier. “Look, it just isn't that hard. Give it here.” And he snatched the clippers out of Draco's hands. “You do it like this. You get a bunch at a time. It's loads faster. Okay? Can you manage it?”

Sulkily, Draco took back the clippers. “You don't have to be nasty about it.”

“If you take too long they'll take it out on me. So just hurry up.”

“I'm sorry. I've never been a Muggle. I'll try harder.” His tone had softened, sounded chastened. Harry guessed that Malfoy never suspected it could get Harry into trouble.

“Well...that's okay.” He rested his hand on Draco's shoulder. But what he really wanted to do was lean forward and kiss him. “The sooner we can get this done the sooner we can get to...other things.”

Draco snapped his gaze at Harry and Harry could tell his meaning was clearly understood.

Harry grabbed the rake and cleaned up the clippings. Draco was working faster and more efficiently by now, and Harry cleaned up the trimmings as well. Finally Draco was done and he followed Harry into the shed to put the tools away. Harry hung the clippers in the back and took some gloves for himself from a high shelf. They were Aunt Petunia's gloves but he thought he'd rather risk her wrath than get mud up his fingernails. But as he was turning Draco was right against him and the shed door was swinging closed. “I believe we were interrupted earlier.” His hands were on Harry, gliding up over his shoulders and jamming his pelvis and his renewed erection against Harry's thigh.

“Draco! Are you mad! They'll see us!”

“No they won't. I just checked. She's vacuuming the lounge and she's got her duster out. She'll be busy long enough. And Dudley isn't home. How about it, Potter? A quick one in the shed?”

“Well...” He was hot for Draco and they *had* been interrupted earlier. Draco smelled sweaty and suddenly it was very intoxicating. And Draco was already kissing him. His hands groped and fondled Harry's crotch, teasing his slightly interested prick into full compliance.

Draco undid Harry's trousers and pulled them down then slipped his hand into his Y-fronts. “Oh my. Something fine in here.” His hand slithered from his front to his bum and squeezed. “I believe we were interrupted in the middle of a shag. Why don't you turn around, Harry.” Harry moved unsteadily with his trousers around his knees, but as soon as his back was to Draco, Draco yanked his briefs down as well. Hands were smoothing and messaging his backside, prying open the cheeks to test the rosette of his entrance with a gentle finger. Harry moaned and pushed his arse outward and

soon he felt Draco's erection along his crack. He heard Draco spit into his hand, felt the spit on his hole, and then a cock was pushing its way home. Harry backed into it, helping. It was a delicious feeling to be so filled, so loved, so...so... dominated. *Oh my God*. Draco pounded relentlessly and even if Harry did have any objections—which he didn't—they would certainly have gone unheeded at that moment. The spit wasn't quite enough lubricant, but Harry didn't care. The burn was good, too, because it would be a reminder the rest of the day who he belonged to, and it helped pleasantly to make him forget his Muggle surroundings.

“Potter! Malfoy!”

Aunt Petunia shouted from the house. Draco sped up and came instantly, filling Harry with hot release. Harry spurted onto the shed's floor and they separated as quickly as their weak limbs could manage, Draco incanting a *Scourgify* on the both of them as they reattached their trousers in place.

Aunt Petunia threw the shed door open and glared at them. Draco had Harry around the neck in a chokehold and his other hand was curled into a fist ready to strike his face. Aunt Petunia assessed the situation and the minutest of smiles curved the outer corners of her mouth. “If you are done with the garden then the rubbish bins need emptying, Potter.” And she turned and left. Harry thought he heard the whisper of a giggle follow her.

Draco released Harry and touched his neck. “I didn't hurt you, did I?”

“No. That was fast thinking, though.”

“I can't believe them. Are you sure she's not related to Snape?”

He gave a shudder. “I hope not.”

He took Draco with him and showed him how to empty the house bins into the bigger bins outside and by then it was tea time. Draco made motions toward the kitchen but Harry held him back. “What are you doing?” he asked Draco.

“I'm famished. I've never worked so hard in my life. I want some tea.”

“Well, we don't get tea. Not until *they've* done.”

“*What?* Potter, you are something out of a bloody fairytale. It's pathetic.”

Harry hadn't realized until the last few years how pathetic his life had been, never having a basis of comparison before until going to Hogwarts. That people had tea together as a family, not leaving the youngest to last; that people didn't order the smallest in the house to do the heaviest jobs; that ordinary families—even wizard ones—loved and cherished their family members. But Draco didn't have to rub his nose in it. He scowled. “That's just the way things are around here, all right? I didn't make the rules. Besides, I don't really want to sit with them anyway.”

“And is there anything left after that mountain Dudley gets done with it?”

Harry twirled the edge of his large tattered t-shirt in his fingers. “Mostly, no.”

“This is rubbish!” Draco pushed the kitchen door open and a surprised Aunt Petunia whirled around to face him. Draco looked around and saw two plates of sandwiches; one for Aunt Petunia and the other presumably for Dudley. It was piled the highest. “Where’s ours?”

Petunia looked from Draco to Harry, where her hony face drew down to its most pinched expression yet. “As Harry plainly knows, we do not have tea together.”

Harry raised his chin defiantly. “And *I* don’t want to have tea with you.”

She slammed down her spoon on the counter. “You *will* watch your manners, young man!”

“Manners?” quipped Draco. “He’s learned precious few of those here. He’s got natural manners, apparently. Even though he’s a git, he’s a more polite one than you lot.” Dudley burst in and looked around.

“What are you two doing in here? Wizards aren’t allowed in the kitchen when Mum is cooking. Dad said so.”

“Tell you what, Dudley,” sneered Draco, pulling his wand. Dudley cringed back. “The wizards are leaving the kitchen just as soon as we get our tea. *Stupify!*” Both Dursleys suddenly sank to the floor in a heap.

Harry’s heart gave a lurch. That’s done it. The owls would arrive any second. “Draco, you idiot!”

Draco snatched the plates of sandwiches and headed for the table in the dining room. “Grab the tea, won’t you, Harry?”

Without realizing he did it, Harry brought the tea pot to the table and set it down. He slid into his chair, stunned. “We’ll be expelled, you know. They might even break our wands. Then what will we do when Voldemort comes to call?”

Draco got the rest of the tea things and began to pour for Harry, who sat limp in his chair. “They won’t do anything of the kind. Dumbledore will see to that. Besides, we can tell them that the Muggles were trying to starve us. Which they have been. Go on. Eat. Drink your tea. You’ll feel better. Sugar, Harry?”

Draco made up a nice cup for Harry with sugar, milk, and a bit of lemon, and slid the saucer toward him. He grabbed a sandwich and gobbled it down. “Mmmm. I was starved,” he said, mouth full.

Harry still sat looking alternately at his tea and the window, waiting for that owl. But as the time ticked by, none came. Finally, reluctantly he picked up his cup and slurped a bit of tea. Then he tentatively hoisted a sandwich, looked back at the frozen form of Aunt Petunia and Dudley and bit into the food. He’d never had a proper tea at Privet Drive before. He turned and gave Draco a timid smile. “This is the first time I’ve had *hot* tea here,” he told him.

Draco gave him a sympathetic look, but before he lowered his cup, his eyes shot venomously at the Dursleys.

They ate all they could, leaving only two sandwiches. Draco levitated the dirty plates and cups back to the kitchen. He lifted his wand toward the frozen Dursleys but before he could restore them, Harry stayed his hand. "Um...Draco. Before you do that, I have an idea. It's something I've been thinking about since Dumbledore suggested you come to stay. Er..." He leaned over and whispered in Draco's ear. Draco's eyes widened and he giggled.

"Potter, you are positively wicked. What excellent revenge!" He took Harry's hand and they left the kitchen and went into the foyer. "So?" said Draco. "Is that it?"

Harry nodded and undid the lock to the tiny cupboard under the stairs. He opened the door and marveled at how small a place it really was. His anger rumbled but when he thought of what he and Draco were about to do under there, the bad emotions were replaced with a good amount of lust. He lifted his wand. *In for a knut, in a for a galleon.* "*Scourgify!*" He felt a little sorry for the spiders. They *did* keep him company in there. The little mattress was still there, and his former shelves were empty. "Home sweet home," he said, urging Draco inside.

Draco poked his head in and gasped. "Bloody Muggles! Even I wouldn't have thought to do this to you. Well...I might have." He squeezed in and shut the door. He whispered a *Lumos* and put his wand on a high shelf, bathing the small space in an eerie blue light. He looked at Harry. His eyes were shining. "You sure you want to do this here?"

"I didn't have that bad of a time of it in here, really," he said, surprised at himself. "At least I was alone. I just didn't like being locked in at night, especially if I woke up early and had to go to the loo."

Draco curled his hands into fists. "Promise me you'll let me hex them when we leave."

"No, Draco. No hexing." He moved closer even though they were close already in the cramped space. He wound his arms around Draco's neck and leaned in to press a kiss on his lips. "You're so amazingly sexy. And I want to shag you so badly."

Draco unbuttoned his trousers and pulled down the zip. "Then you shall, my Harry." He wriggled out of his trousers and pants and turned his arse toward Harry's eager hands. Harry groped Draco's bum, running fingers up and over the white slope of his backside and then trailing gently into the crack. Draco moaned and opened his legs. Harry lowered his hands to Draco's sac and he cupped it and rolled the testicles in his fingers. Draco wriggled more and eased his arse back toward Harry seductively.

Harry didn't want to wait. "*Accio lube!*" The jar of lubricant stashed in Harry's room whistled in the air and slipped through the crack in the open door and into Harry's hand. He juiced up his prick and Draco's entrance and tossed the jar aside. He knelt up behind Draco, took his prick in hand, and aimed at his tiny hole. He pushed and thought for a moment it wouldn't enter, but finally it breached the tight muscle. Draco jerked from the intrusion and made a grunting noise, but Harry was in bliss. Draco's body swallowed him in indescribably tight warmth, and the more Harry pushed, the hotter and tighter it was. His flesh was engulfed in something pulsing and alive, something deep and

cradling. He arched his back into it, not moving, just relishing the feeling. No wonder Draco liked this so much. He took a deep breath and then asked, "You okay, Draco?"

Draco nodded and wiggled his arse again to let Harry know. Harry reached down and found Draco's erection. Yep. Things must be going all right. Now. To find Draco's prostate and get things rolling.

Harry began to move. He eased out a bit and slid back in. Oh! That was brilliant! Better than Draco's hand. Even better than Draco's mouth. He repeated that and heard himself groan. But he aimed upward and tried to find that spot that would make Draco insane and when he pulled out and dove in at that angle, he thought he'd found it. Draco gasped and reared up. Yep. That was it, all right.

He kept pace at that spot and soon Draco was moaning and begging. Harry returned his hand to Draco's cock and he shagged him while jerking his prick in his hand. His balls slapped Draco's as he upped the rhythm, feeling the surge of heat and pleasure wizen up his balls and climb up his belly. Finally, he couldn't hold it back and he shot his load into Draco, pumping at him furiously until every drop was spent. Draco hurtled toward orgasm soon after, soaking the old mattress and his chest with cum.

Draco's knees gave out and he collapsed with Harry crumpling on top of him. They lay that way, simply breathing until Draco said, "That was great, Harry. You feel good inside me."

"I liked it, too. But even so. I think I like it better when you shag me."

"You are such a bottom, Potter. I knew it."

"So shut up, already." He giggled and kissed the back of his neck. His flaccid cock slipped out of Draco and Draco sat up. He twisted around and kissed Harry, licking his lower lip and taking it gently between his teeth. Harry sighed and sucked Draco's tongue into his mouth. They kissed for a moment before drawing apart. Draco *Scourgified* them again and they dressed and crept out.

"You don't think they heard us, do you?"

Draco shook his head as they re-entered the kitchen. "No. They're *Stupefied*. Shall I wake them or shall we have another go in the lounge?"

Harry cast a glance at the clock. It was later than he thought. Uncle Vernon might be home soon. "No. We'd better not."

Draco shrugged indifferently, raised his wand, and said, "*Finite Incantatem!*"

Aunt Petunia and Dudley were both surprised to find themselves in a heap on the floor. They quickly got to their feet. Petunia was fuming. "Just wait until your uncle finds out what you've been doing! We will make certain you are expelled from that freak school!"

"Save your breath," said Draco wearily, twirling his wand in his hand purposely so Dudley could see it. "There's no way the Ministry would dare expel Harry Potter. He's going to be a big hero, you know," he said to her, leaning in. "He's the one who's going to rid the world of You-Know-Who. Though I don't suppose you know who that is."

Aunt Petunia's eyes widened. "What?"

Harry remembered that she did indeed know who Voldemort was. She had mentioned it that day that he and Dudley were attacked by Dementors. But he didn't expect this reaction—even though he was a little annoyed with Draco for mentioning anything about it at all.

"Yes. The big hero. Destined to slay the demon. All that. Didn't you know that about your little Harry here? Haven't you wondered why they keep him so safe all the time? Didn't you wonder why Dumbledore didn't put him into a nice wizard home to foster him where he would have been loved and appreciated? I certainly did before I found out."

Harry stared at Draco. Of course he would have known. No doubt his father imparted that information about the Prophecy to him—before he was sent to Azkaban, that is.

Aunt Petunia remained speechless. Dudley wanted to say something but the confusion on his mother's face made him keep his mouth shut as well.

The silence was becoming uncomfortable. Harry tugged on Draco's shirt. "We're going back to my room to study," he said, not looking at her. They tromped up the stairs and closed the door to Harry's room. They sat on the bed together. Draco took Harry's hand in his and leaned against him.

"You didn't have to say all that," said Harry.

"I wanted to impress them. They think you're not important but you are. You're probably the most important wizard there is, next to Dumbledore. And you're the most important wizard there is...to me."

Harry squeezed Draco's hand. "Funny, isn't it? A year and a half ago, all of this, my life, would be just the thing to tickle you pink. All my humiliation. And I would have wanted nothing more than to see you suffer. But here we are."

"Yes. Here we are."

A pause. "You know, that Voldemort stuff—" and he snorted at Draco's cringing at the name—"I know I'll have to face him. But...there isn't much chance I'll succeed, you know."

He turned to Harry. "Don't say that! I know you will."

He shook his head. He wanted Draco to understand. He wanted more than anything for him to at least hear him out, because he never could voice it to Ron or Hermione. "Draco. I want you to know that this time I've spent with you has been the absolute happiest of my life. I want you to know that before...before it's too late—"

"Harry! Stop saying that."

"It's true. You really don't expect me to survive another confrontation with Voldemort, do you? I've been lucky so far. But it's bound to run out. He knows my weaknesses. He knows my knowledge of

magic is limited. He's going to get me in the end. But I promise you, I will do my best to take him down with me."

"But Harry." Draco's voice was strained, as if he was on the verge of tears. "I have plans for you. When we get out of school."

Harry smiled indulgently and leaned into Draco. Draco settled back against the headboard and pulled Harry closer, his arm around his waist. "Oh? Tell me."

"Well, I thought we'd get a flat together in London. We'd go to some gay clubs so I can show you off. We'd go to dinner at all the elegant restaurants and I'd take you shopping to get you some decent clothes. Everyone would envy us. We'd be the most gorgeous couple to come along in wizardry for quite a while."

"And what else?"

"We'd throw fabulous parties and we wouldn't invite any of those gits from the Ministry."

"Ron's dad works at the Ministry. And I know some cool Aurors. I'd like them to come."

"Oh, all right. A select list. It would be the envy of the Wizarding world. Draco Malfoy and Harry Potter's parties would be legend."

Harry giggled. "And then what?"

"Well. After a few years I'd take you to a nice quiet little bistro, I'd take your hand, and I'd ask you to marry me."

Harry sat up and stared at him.

"You'd say 'yes' of course," Draco continued.

"You—you'd want to *marry* me?"

"Yes. Without a doubt. I can't imagine me with anyone else. No one would ever measure up."

Harry was stunned. And incredibly flattered. "Really?"

His hand cupped Harry's cheek, his thumb caressing. "Yes."

"Wow. I never really thought about it. Haven't thought beyond Voldemort."

"Well you must!" Draco said harshly, and then settled back again, trying his best to compose his features. "Think beyond it, Harry. That will give you the strength and courage you need. I know it will."

Harry sat against Draco, just feeling his heartbeat, his warmth, his hand gently stroking his arm. Draco wanted to marry him! No one had ever shown the slightest romantic interest in him except for

Cho Chang and that had ended disastrously. He felt a little light-headed. Surely this was one of the greatest moments of his life. Abruptly, he turned to face Draco. "I love you. And I can't imagine being with anyone else either. When that day comes and we are at that romantic bistro, my answer will be 'yes.'" He kissed Draco, kissed and kissed him, and then settled his head on his chest, and they sat that way for the better part of the day.

* * *

The rest of the summer was spent in chores, escaping Privet Drive for walks, and studying. He delayed writing to his friends. He didn't quite know what to say. He waited all summer, in fact, and when he did sit down to write his letters it was very hard. He'd lied to his friends for over a year. Well, not exactly lied but not exactly told them the truth either. But it was time to come clean and even though he had talked to them quickly about it at Hogwarts they hadn't really had a heart to heart. So he screwed up his courage, and while Draco was reading his Transfiguration texts while lying on Harry's bed—and a gorgeous sight he was—Harry pulled out parchment and ink and set to.

Dear Ron,

I miss the Burrow and wish I could have come this year but as you know Dumbledore nixed that idea. So. I guess you're wondering about all this. I hope you've had a bit of time to think about it and decided that having a gay best friend was all right. I still want to be friends, you know. And just for the record, I never thought about you in that way, so you can stop fussing about that.

I know we all hated Draco for years. I know I did. But...well. He's really quite different once you get to know him. The real Draco, that is. He postures and struts a lot, I know, but it's all because of his upbringing. He's really an okay bloke. Really. And...well. I really, really like him. Damn, this is so much rubbish. Okay. I actually really love him. You can make all your faces now, because when I see you at school I'd rather not suffer them, all right? And he really loves me. So it's different now. He's our friend and ally. So please, please, PLEASE treat him nicely. Things haven't gone well for him. I know we all wanted his dad to pay and he has in Azkaban, and his mother—well. No love lost, you know. But he's in danger and they don't have any money anymore and you can imagine what that's done to his ego. So if you can't do it for him at least do it for me.

The Dursleys have absolutely hated having another wizard here and that in itself has been worth it, but Draco isn't afraid to use magic on them. I don't know how he's getting away with it but I'm not doing anything to stop it.

I got your birthday card and present. Thanks! We've only got a fortnight left till school. Dumbledore won't let us go to Diagon Alley so I won't be seeing you until we get to the train station so I'll see you then. Thanks for being a friend about this.

*Yours,
Harry*

He read the letter over again and felt satisfied he'd cover all he needed to. He took out another parchment and began to write.

Dear Hermione,

Well, we've only got a fortnight left till school and I just wanted to explain things a bit more from our hurried conversations at Hogwarts. Draco and I are doing fine at the Dursleys, especially after Draco hexed them a bit. Before you go off screaming, NOTHING HAPPENED! The Ministry is strangely quiet about it all. I suspect it has something to do with Dumbledore. I suppose you heard about our little excursion to Diagon Alley. We both got Howlers for that. (I KNOW. I can hear you say it.) But it's terribly boring here. And poor Draco. He's never done chores in his life but he's bearing up. The best part is that they think Draco and I hate each other so they've put him in my room!

I hope you won't feel too weird about all this. I think girls cope better about this than boys do (I didn't tell Ron we were sharing a room so I don't think it a good idea to tell him). But actually, it's been bloody marvelous. Draco really loves me, you know. He's really sweet. You wouldn't have guessed it from what we knew of him, but he's got a pretty vulnerable side to him. He's never mean to me anymore and he's really loving in bed. Um...I hope you don't mind my saying that. I'm sort of bursting to share it with someone. I'm sure you could talk to Ginny about it. She'd understand. I've never had feelings like these. I suddenly feel like this is the way people are supposed to feel all the time. Do you think so? You really should make a move on Ron, you know. He might never get round to it and it would be a shame, since you both like each other. I don't think I'm telling tales out of school about this, you know. Everyone knows.

Speaking of school, how do you think everyone will react when we get back? Do you think Gryffindor will be okay with it? I'm not looking forward to finding out. It's the best thing that's ever happened to me amongst all the rest and I really hope that at least my house would be understanding. Maybe you could help? I don't know how.

Did you see the Prophet? I just about had puppies. I was so angry. Poor Draco. You know that the Ministry has seized their vaults, right? I know you're thinking 'good for them' but it's really devastated Draco. So maybe he deserves it for all those years of being nasty, but things are different now.

Well, I guess I'd better sign off now. Hedwig is getting nervous. Thanks for my birthday present. See you in a fortnight.

Yours,
Harry

He tied the scrolls to Hedwig's leg and she gave a satisfied hoot before launching out the window.

"Writing to your friends?"

Harry turned. Draco was looking at him with a closed expression.

"Yeah. Just wondering what their thinking about all this."

"Wondering if they're still your friends?"

Harry looked back at the window, watching Hedwig get smaller. "Maybe a little. But I'm pretty sure they'll be okay with it. They've had a whole summer to stew." Harry lifted the extra parchment. "Is there anyone you want to write to? There's plenty of parchment here and your owl looks bored."

"No," he said, returning to his book. "I don't have any friends."

"Yeah, you do. There's Parkinson, and Zabini, and of course, who could forget the inimitable Crabbe and Goyle?"

"Zabini doesn't want to have anything to do with a queer and Crabbe and Goyle's parents told them to stay away from me."

Harry sunk to the edge of the bed. "Why didn't you tell me?"

He shrugged. "Nothing you could do about it."

"But Draco." He scooted closed to lay a hand on Draco's fingers curled around the book's spine. "You can tell me that stuff. I want to share with you."

"I don't need to 'share', Potter. I'm used to going it alone."

"But you're not alone. I'm here."

He gave a sad smile. "Not with this."

"Well what about Parkinson. She's a girl. Girls are better with this than boys."

"She thought we were a couple. It was a little devastating, this news."

"Oh." Harry merely sat, not knowing what else to say. "Will you be okay?"

He smiled a genuine smile at Harry. "With you? Yes."

* * *

September the first came and Harry and Draco packed their trunks and dragged them downstairs, awaiting Vernon Dursley to take them to the train station. Harry's corpulent uncle took his time, pattering around the house so they would leave at the very last minute.

He made them load their own trunks in the boot and they all rode in silence to King's Cross. Once they arrived and Harry and Draco pulled their trunks from the car and set their owl cages on top, Draco turned to Vernon.

"Well, I can't say it was a pleasure because you are the most disagreeable Muggles I ever hope to meet. I also guess this is goodbye for Harry. I can't see that he'll ever care to darken your door again after his last year of school. He's officially an adult wizard at seventeen, you know."

“So you said,” sneered Uncle Vernon. “And good riddance to you, Potter. You’ve been nothing but trouble the day you were dumped on our doorstep.”

“Harry,” said Draco, turning to him. “Do you have anything to say to your uncle in parting?”

Harry could think of a lot of things, but he was too polite to say. “Nope. Not a thing.”

“Not even ‘thanks’?” snarled Uncle Vernon. “You ungrateful little hooligan!”

Harry turned back at that. “Ungrateful? Okay. Thanks. Thanks for putting a roof over my head. Thanks for giving me scraps to eat. Thanks for never buying me any new clothes to wear or for showing me not one bit of kindness let alone love. Thanks for being complete gits for sixteen years. Is that grateful enough for you?”

Harry turned away disgustedly to grab his trunk but Draco held him back. “Wait, Harry. I’d like to say good-bye as well. Mr. Dursley. I believe you were under the wrong impression about Harry and me. I think I left you with the false idea that I hated him. Well, let me show you exactly how we spent the summer.” He grabbed Harry by his lapels and dragged him in for a wet, sloppy kiss, with plenty of tongue all over Harry’s mouth. Harry snorted his laughter under the assault and even though it was a bit embarrassing in the car park in front of Muggles staring at them, it was every bit worth it to see the look on Uncle Vernon’s face. “Oh yes,” Draco went on when they finally tore apart. “We carried on all over that house, not just in Harry’s bedroom. There was the garden shed, of course, the broom cupboard, the lounge when you weren’t at home. And if I were you, I’d give your dining room tablecloth an extra special wash. We got pretty messy on that. Come along, Harry.”

Harry smiled at Uncle Vernon’s stark, white face and shrugged before he followed Draco to the platform, lugging his trunk. Whatever the school year held, whatever the future had in store, he knew he could live off the shock and disgust he saw on his uncle’s face for years to come.

The End

© 2005 All Rights Reserved.