

Correspondence 4
After Hogwarts
By Mystwriter

The Final Book, Book Four in the Correspondence Series

Summary: Harry and Draco are done with Hogwarts at last, but what will they do with themselves now that there is no more Voldemort, Dursleys, or school? Can love survive the stress of everyday life?

This starts where Back to Hogwarts leaves off. NC-17 for boy frolicking. AU because Half-Blood Prince didn't happen.

Part One—When Term Ends

The days following Voldemort's death were filled with celebrations, speeches, and interviews. And when Harry was called upon to speak—as it seemed he had to every other day—all he could think to say was, "I'm just really glad it's over."

Hailed as the Hero, the Chosen One, the Boy Who Lived Again, Harry felt more like crawling into a hole. The term at Hogwarts had one more month but students and teachers alike didn't feel much like attending classes. Voldemort was dead! Really dead. And every morning that Harry awoke in Draco's arms, he simply lay there, thinking the unthinkable. That he was free at last.

"You look worried," said Draco over the pillow one morning.

"Do I?" He rolled to his back and stretched. "I don't know. You know, it's kind of funny. I never expected to survive Voldemort. So now...well. I guess I don't quite know what to do with myself."

A smile stole over Draco's face and he turned to Harry, propping his head on his hand and arching a brow. "I know what to do with you."

Harry smiled back. "'Course you do, you randy tosser. I meant with the rest of my life."

"What do you want to do?"

Harry shrugged. "I guess I thought I'd become an Auror."

"Then do it. You can do anything you bloody well want to do. Run for Minister for Magic. You'd win, you know."

Harry laughed. "I would, wouldn't I. That's a scary thought."

"No scarier than Scrimgour getting another crack at it."

Harry stared at the ceiling. "I mean...when term is over...I guess I could get a room at the Leaky Cauldron. Or stay at the Burrow. I don't...I mean I don't have a place to live, really." He looked at Draco and tried to chuckle. "That's pathetic, isn't it? The Hero. No place to call home."

But Draco was smiling. "Live with me."

"You still want to get a flat with me?"

"Well, gosh, Potter. After you were able to kill the Dark Lord because of your unending love for me, I guess I'd still like to shack up with you. If *you* still do, that is."

He turned to face Draco and lifted a finger to trace along Draco's pink lips. "Yeah, I still do. You don't mind being the Boy Who Lived's boyfriend, do you?"

"I can think of worse things." He leaned over and kissed Harry before allowing Harry to resume touching his face.

"In the meantime I guess I could get a room at the Leaky Cauldron."

"You'll do nothing of the kind. You'll move into Malfoy Manor."

Malfoy Manor? But wasn't that where Lucius and Narcissa Malfoy lived? "Oh...er...I dunno, Draco. Maybe that's just too cozy..."

"My mother and father are in another wing." He frowned. "What's the matter, Potter? Not good enough for a celebrity?"

"Don't be that way, Draco. It's just that your dad and mum and I haven't always gotten along. I don't know that I want to live with them, even temporarily. And before you say anything, think about what *they* will say about it. Have you asked them?"

"No," he said, toying with the sheets. "But I'm sure it will be all right. You know, Dumbledore's asked Father to stay on as Defense teacher. And I think he sort of likes the attention. So Harry Potter living under his roof might be just the thing. You know. Sway everyone's feelings. So they won't hate the Malfoys anymore. Maybe even the Ministry will unfreeze our assets. And the manor is in the middle of the country. Nice and quiet. Away from prying eyes and reporters."

That part sounded good. But living with Lucius and Narcissa? That *didn't* sound good at all.

A hand caressed Harry's face and he turned to look at Draco. "Let me ease that worry from your brow, Mr. Potter." He kissed Harry's temple gently, tenderly. Harry closed his eyes and allowed himself to simply feel Draco's soft lips against his face. Mmmm. Draco sure was good at this. Draco's long fingers began stroking his neck, down his shoulders, and across his chest. He ran just the fingertips over Harry's nipples and Harry arched into it, suddenly panting at the feather touches Draco inflicted on him. The kisses, too, were becoming more demanding, nipping a little at his ear and chin. Lips dragged down his neck and suckled, leaving Harry trembling with renewed desire.

Draco's hands shifted to Harry's ribcage and then his hips, where they grasped and a naked body slithered over him, hard dick pressed against his own. Without opening his eyes, Harry writhed into the sensation of hot skin on skin, thrusting up into Draco's groin. He opened his legs and the Slytherin's knees touched the bed between them. Harry planted his feet on the bed with knees bent to the ceiling. He opened his thighs further and offered his aching hole to his lover. They'd already been at it most of the night and Harry was pretty sore, but he preferred nothing to Draco's slow seduction and taking.

The magic words were whispered and Harry felt an extra coating inside him. Draco thought of everything, knowing Harry was probably sore. He whimpered in anticipation, raising his hips and waiting for the moment he would feel Draco's cock. There! The head was at his entrance and Harry opened himself, having long practice at it now. Draco pushed in slowly and Harry felt himself envelop Draco's hard flesh, sucking him in to the place he belonged. He couldn't help expel a sighed, "Ooooh!" It felt so right. So perfect. So full and hard. "Draco..." he moaned.

Lips were at his neck again. Breath puffed harsh against his skin between the nibbles and the kisses. He heard a soft "Harry..." breathed over him, leaving a tingle of gooseflesh in its wake.

Draco slowly thrust in and out, his hips making a leisurely rhythm. Harry raised his legs until the back of his thighs rested against his lover's chest. He rolled his hips and gasped as Draco reached under him and cupped each buttock. His fingers squeezed the rounded flesh, touching it, pulling it toward him, opening it. "Oh Harry. You have a superb bottom. Worth O.W.L.s and N.E.W.T.s and awards and trophies and whatnots."

"Mmmm," Harry replied, too preoccupied with the cock in his arse stabbing deeper with each thrust.

Draco leaned in and kissed him proper on the mouth, teasing with his teeth and moistening both their lips with his tongue. Harry opened his mouth and joined his tongue to Draco's, kissing him deeply, using the kiss to convey his love. Draco continued with the maddeningly slow pace, but Harry could tell Draco was getting closer. He suddenly grasped Harry's dick and pulled on it, rubbing his fingers hard over the ridge and the head. Harry raised his hips into it and thrust into Draco's hand. They both took on an undulating rhythm that kept jabbing deeper. Draco's hand moved faster over Harry's cock. The familiar sensations burst up from his balls and he choked out a cry with his orgasm, squeezing down on Draco's cock in his arse. Draco stabbed forward hard and came, teeth clenched and head thrown back.

He didn't move. Harry pried opened his eyes and looked at Draco, back still arched, white chest pushed out, head back as if in a perpetual orgasm. He watched as his lover's muscles eventually relaxed and his body slumped. He opened his grey eyes and looked down at Harry. "God, Harry! You are so good!"

"M'so are you, love."

Draco fell off of him and lay by his side, throwing a leg over him. They both panted, their sweat glistening in the candlelight. Harry's hand eventually snaked up under his pillow and grasped his wand, but he was too weak to bring it out. He incanted "*Scourgify!*" and the magic managed to clean them both even from under his pillow.

Harry slowly turned toward Draco and pulled the covers over them both. He blinked at the flushed face of his lover and smiled. "You are really something else, Draco Malfoy."

Draco wagged his blond brows. "You better believe it, Potter."

Harry couldn't stop smiling. "Remember how we used to hate each other? I mean really hate."

"Yeah. You annoyed me so much."

"I annoyed you? Why?"

Draco sighed. "Oh...I don't know. You were this famous person and I was this rich person and we should have gotten on together. Instead, you snubbed me."

Harry's smile faded. "You insulted Hagrid. He was my first real friend. You didn't seem very nice. You reminded me a lot of Dudley."

Draco slapped Harry's shoulder. "Take that back!"

"No! You did! And ever since then, you were just plain nasty to me and my friends for no discernable reason. So naturally I despised you back. You were always so Mister High and Mighty."

"Really? I thought the same about you."

Harry sat up. "When? When did I ever even remotely act like that?"

Draco scooted to a sitting position. "Mister First Year on the Quidditch Team. You were insufferable."

Harry smiled sheepishly. "Yeah, maybe. But still. It didn't justify all the things—"

"Do we really have to rehash this?"

Harry slumped against the pillows. "No. I suppose not." He reached for Draco's hand across the duvet and wove his fingers with the long white ones.

Draco looked down at their joined hands. "Did you ever suspect it was me in those letters?"

Harry shook his head. "Nope. Not once did I ever imagine it. Actually, I refused to even entertain that it was a boy in Slytherin at all."

Draco turned to look at him. "Why?"

Harry suddenly felt his face flush. "Well...I didn't think that...oh it's just rude, isn't it? But I didn't think anyone from Slytherin would have that depth of feeling."

Draco's hand stiffened in Harry's but remained in his grip. "Well! That *is* rude!"

“I didn’t know! Sorry. But you do. Have depth of feeling, I mean. A lot of it. They were great letters. I still read them sometimes.”

Draco relaxed again and toyed with their grip with his other hand. Fingers traced along the back of Harry’s hand. “That’s nice to know. I fell very hard for that innocent voice that just melted off the page. And when I saw that it was you I felt so deceived.”

“I know,” said Harry, remembering his own feelings.

“But when I got back to my dorm I began thinking about your words and I could instantly see it was you. And for some reason, it didn’t bother me as much as I thought it should.”

“Really? Blimey, I couldn’t get past it.”

“I know. But I could picture you in my mind and despite my hating you, I just couldn’t lose the notion that you were really a desperately handsome bloke...in spite of all your shortcomings.”

“Oh? And what shortcomings would that be?”

“Let’s see. How much time do we have?” It was Harry’s turn to clout the Slytherin on the shoulder. “Ow. Okay, I just thought that...you know. You’re a Halfblood. You’re a Gryffindor. You’re on the opposite of the Dark Lord’s side. Funny how all of that doesn’t matter a whit anymore.”

“Glad to hear it,” he murmured.

“And then I just couldn’t get you out of my mind. And then I realized that maybe I always treated you badly because I secretly crushed on you and I knew it would never do.”

“Possibly. Maybe I did, too.”

“You were certainly ready for me on the train.”

“I didn’t realize until you snogged the daylights out of me how much I wanted you. Talk about repressed. Hermione had a lot to say about it.”

“She really is smart, isn’t she?”

Harry froze. Did Draco just pay Hermione a compliment? “Uh...yeah. She doesn’t hold grudges either.”

“It’s Weasley I’m worried about.”

“Ron will come round.”

“I want them to like me.” It was so unexpected and spoken in so timid a voice that it touched Harry’s heart. He turned to Draco.

“They will. They have. It will take time for them to be your mates, you understand, but I think it’s going along all right, don’t you?”

Draco smiled warily. “I guess.” He raised his eyes to Harry. They seemed glossier and full of emotion. “I love you, Harry. So much.”

Harry leaned over and kissed him. “Me, too.”

Draco scooted closer and rested his cheek on Harry’s shoulder. “Harry, there’s...something I’ve been wondering.”

He liked the feel of Draco on his shoulder. He wanted to feel that for a very long time to come. “Yeah?”

“Why is it you...bottom?”

Harry jerked upright, dislodging Draco. His lover straightened and looked at Harry alarmed. “Did I say something wrong?”

“Er...no. It’s just...a funny question. Why do you care?”

“Well. It’s just...” Draco suddenly reddened before he blurted, “You’re this great hero! You killed the most evil wizard to come around in fifty years—maybe *ever*! And you let me...*me*—”

Harry clenched Draco’s hand and sighed. “I don’t know. There’s nothing quite like the feeling of having you inside me, pounding away. I just...*crave* it. Maybe I want someone else in charge for a change. Maybe I don’t need to prove anything—” He looked up sharply at Draco. “Not that *you* do. I didn’t mean that. But...I guess we’re all made one way or the other, eh? I just prefer to be bottom to your top. It just feels...right...that way.”

Draco considered. Quietly, he said, “Maybe I did need to prove something. At first. But I guess you’re right in that we’re made one way or the other. I never considered the other way.”

“But when we did do it that way, it was all right, too.”

“Yeah. I just prefer to shag *you*, I guess.”

Harry released Draco’s hand to put his arms around his lover’s neck. He kissed him and smiled. “I guess we both prefer it that way. Aren’t we lucky?”

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Eventually, Harry and Draco got up, bathed, and dressed. When they emerged at last to meander toward the Great Hall, more reporters were waiting for them. Flash bulbs went off and Harry staggered back into Draco. They both cringed as cameras surrounded them and Quick Quills vibrated.

“Harry! Harry! Remember me? Rita Skeeter of the *Daily Prophet*.”

Harry sneered. "How could I forget?"

"And Draco," she said, pushing another reporter out of her way. "You remember me, too, right?"

Draco reddened. Oh, yes. Harry could see he remembered. He had fed Rita Skeeter all the dirt about Hagrid and Hermione and Victor Krum in their fourth year. And Draco had known that she was an unregistered Animagus before Hermione figured it out.

"So Draco," she went. "How does it feel to go from Harry Potter's mortal enemy to boyfriend?"

Draco looked at her aghast. His eyes darted to all the reporters and cameras. Harry guessed that all that Malfoy poise had suddenly run to a corner to hide.

"No comment," said the silken voice behind them. Harry didn't need to look to know it was Lucius Malfoy. "Mr. Malfoy has no comment for the likes of you," he said, searing the crowd with his glare. "May I remind you that this is a school and term is still in session? I would advise you to clear off before our game keeper lets loose one of his more vicious pets."

The reporters exchanged glances. Seemed they remembered Hagrid was a half-giant and was wont to keep strange creatures about his hut. They pushed back and gave the three room to get into the Great Hall.

Draco sighed his relief. "Thanks, Father."

"Think nothing of it, Draco." He looked at Harry and couldn't help adding a sneering, "Potter."

"Mr. Malfoy." He still refused to call him "Professor". And with one month left of term, he wasn't likely to change now. The two of them veered toward the Gryffindor table and Malfoy headed toward the head tables in the front. He sneered over his shoulder at the Gryffindors sliding over to make way for Draco.

They settled in and Harry took some good-natured ribbing from his mates about the reporters.

"I don't mind a bit," said Seamus, scooping a healthy dollop of oatmeal into his bowl. "The more distractions the less class we have."

"But our final tests are very soon," Hermione reminded. "How will we ever review what we need to if our teachers can't concentrate?"

"Don't worry, Hermione," said Seamus. "Just ask Hero Harry to ask the teachers to wipe out the tests and give us all passing marks. They'd do it, too."

Harry scowled at that but said nothing.

"There's an idea, Harry," said Ron.

Draco leaned over. “Weasley, can’t you see that Harry hates that kind of talk? I expect it from the potato eater but not from his best friend.”

Seamus shot to his feet. “What did you call me, Ferret?”

Draco slowly rose, his hand inching toward his wand.

“Stop it!” said Harry. “Both of you. Sit down. And for God sake, shut up, the lot of you.” Harry hunkered over his plate and sawed at his ham. He was damned if he was going to let everyone have at it over him. He’d *Stupefy* all of them if he had to.

They all fell silent and Draco sat first, ignoring Seamus’ side of the table and dug into his own breakfast. Soon the Gryffindors were all eating and the conversation slowly started again.

After breakfast the students reluctantly headed for their classes. The reporters were no where to be seen, much to Harry’s relief. But when he got to Charms, his first class of the day and settled in, he noticed something about the rest of the students. They were all staring at him.

“Blimey,” muttered Ron beside him. “Harry, have you noticed—”

“Yeah,” he whispered back, trying to duck behind his book. “What’s the matter with them?”

Hermione gave an impatient huff. “Harry, it’s perfectly plain. They are starting to view you as a celebrity.”

“What? But they’ve known me for seven years now. What’s the big deal?”

“The big deal?” said Ron. “You bloody well offed Vol—er...*Him*. In front of everyone. It took a bit out of me too, I can tell you. I almost asked for your autograph on the spot.”

Harry sneered at him.

“But it’s true. I mean, most of Gryffindor is okay with you. Used to you and all. But this lot.” They snuck a peek around the room of whispering students. “You’re a bit of a mystery to them.”

“For the love of—”

“Good morning, class!” squeaked Flitwick, scuttling in. He settled on his stool in the front of the room and took in all their distracted faces. “Now I know we’ve all had a hard time concentrating with all the uproar in the last few days—” He paused. It seemed he couldn’t seem to control a wide smile and a giggle. “But we must get down to business so you can all finish your N.E.W.T.s. Certainly there are big careers ahead for some of you and you want to make a good impression, eh? But I think to start off the class right, we should bring Harry Potter forward so he can show us some of his more spectacular charms. That is, magic. Of course.” Flitwick succumbed to another fit of giggles.

Harry stared at his professor with horror. Not Flitwick, too! “B-but sir!” he ventured.

“Come, come, now, Mr. Potter. Don’t be shy.”

Harry swept the class with his gaze. Everyone—even people who had seemingly known him well—looked on expectantly and without any expressions of hostility. He swallowed audibly. Slowly, he lifted himself from his seat and edged toward the front of class, clutching his wand tightly. Flitwick gestured for him to stand in front of him and Harry did so, staring at his shoes. “W-what do you want me to do?”

“Oh, anything Harry! Anything that you used on You-Know-Who.”

“I didn’t use anything special. Um. Just a sticking charm, I guess, and...uh...an *Incendio* and a—”

“Oh, come on, Harry!” cried Justin Finch-Fletchley. “Show us how you did Him in!”

“Yeah, Harry!” cried another Hufflepuff. “That’s what we want to see.”

There was a chorus from the other classmates and Harry looked around. His face felt hot with a blush. He turned back toward Ron and Hermione who looked a bit flushed themselves. “Well, it was a little complicated—”

“What’s the matter, Potter?” asked a Slytherin. “Don’t think we’re capable of learning?”

“It’s not that. It’s just...it was...it was about...love.”

The classroom fell silent.

Harry shrugged and turned toward Flitwick. “Sir, I really can’t explain it.”

Flitwick looked disappointed. But then a spark of something ignited in his eyes. “I think what Mr. Potter is trying to tell us, is that in this particular case with the Dark Lord, there were many complicated emotions and interconnections. Possibly having to do with a connection through your scar?” Harry nodded.

The class gasped.

“Perhaps many don’t know this,” Flitwick went on, “but young Mr. Potter here was able to feel the Dark Lord’s emotions and see visions of him and his actions through that scar. Am I right, Mr. Potter?”

“Er...” Harry supposed since Voldemort was dead and there wasn’t likely anyone else communicating through that scar, that it was all right to say. “Um...yeah. He did.”

More gasping. But this was worse. Now they were looking at him with those hero-worshipping expressions. “May I sit down, sir?” he rasped.

“Yes, yes of course, Harry.”

Harry slunk back to his seat. Ron patted his shoulder and Hermione gave him a reassuring look, but the rest of the class refused to look anywhere but at Harry. He spent it slumping in his seat and hiding behind his hand.

And, as it turned out, his other classes for the day were just as miserable. It seemed that Harry was to be hero-worshipped whether he liked it or not.

Except for Potions. Snape wasn't about to surrender the stage to Harry, except to continue to taunt him.

"Let us see what our *Hero* has brewed, shall we?" the Potions Master drawled, except that this time, it backfired. Even a few Slytherins frowned at their professor for taunting their hero.

Harry was glad to get back to Draco's room that night. "It was horrible!" he complained, stripping off his school robe. "They wouldn't let up. It was like they never saw me before in their lives."

"You have to expect a certain amount of that sort of thing from now on, Harry."

"From now on? I've had strange people coming up to me all the time since I discovered I was a wizard. But from my schoolmates?"

A knock at the door.

Harry and Draco froze in the middle of undressing. Neither reacted even after the second knock.

"Draco?" It was Lucius Malfoy's voice.

Harry scrambled to grab his clothes from where he'd tossed them and hurriedly buttoned. He hopped toward the wardrobe putting on his shoes and was halfway inside when Draco opened the door.

Malfoy stood in the doorway. His grey eyes caught Harry with one foot in the cupboard. "Mr. Potter. There is no need to hide. I know you...*sleep* here."

Harry pulled his foot from the wardrobe and stood awkwardly beside it. Draco gave him an apologetic look. "Sorry, Harry. I forgot that I'd asked to talk to Father."

Harry, face as hot as could be, stood off to the side. "Shall I...go?"

"As I understand it," said Malfoy, eyeing the room with disdain, "Draco insisted the discussion was about you. So I suppose you should stay. By all means." But by his tone, it sounded more to Harry as if he would rather be bedding down with a hippogriff.

"Yes, Father. It seems that Harry needs a place to live and I've offered him accommodations at Malfoy Manor. With...with your permission, of course."

Malfoy shot a look at Harry. His grey eyes grew colder. "Needs a place to live? I was given to understand that Mr. Potter owned a perfectly good house on Grimauld Place."

It was Draco's turn to stare at Harry. "A house?"

"Yes. One of the Black's old houses. Bequeathed to Mr. Potter from his godfather."

Draco glared, that old schoolboy hatred coming back to his eyes. "Why didn't you tell me that? Giving me some sob story about having no place to live. What are you playing at, Potter?"

"Hey, I'm not playing at anything, *Malfoy!*" Harry shot back. "I did own Number 12 Grimauld—" and he was a little shocked that he could say it aloud let alone Lucius Malfoy saying it. He supposed with the Order being dissolved that there was no more need for a Secret-Keeper. "But I don't anymore. I gave it to the Order and they decided to give it to Remus Lupin."

"What? You gave a werewolf your home?"

"He's not a—well, he is, but that's not all he is. Blimey, Draco. Haven't you learned anything from all this! It's people like you who make it impossible for him to get decent work, and after all he did for the Order. It was only fitting to give the man a place to live. Do you want him on the streets?"

Draco said nothing, but it was plain to Harry what he would have answered if Remus wasn't a close friend.

Harry folded his arms tightly over his chest. "So there. I didn't lie to you. I don't have a home. And if it's all the same to you, I think maybe it's best that I stay at the Leaky Cauldron until I get a flat of my own."

Draco's taut face collapsed and he looked first at Harry and then his father. "N-no! Wait. Harry. I want you to live with me."

"Maybe that's not a good idea."

"I think you should listen to Mr. Potter," said Malfoy with a smile to his voice. "I do think it is the first intelligent suggestion he has ever made."

"Just stop!" Draco shouted, surprising the both of them. "Father, stop taunting him. And you—" He pointed at Harry. "I *want* to live with you. And until we find a place together, we'll stay wherever you want. Malfoy Manor, Leaky Cauldron—hell, I'll even stay in Hagrid's hut as long as I can be with you." He approached Harry, still standing stiffly with his arms protectively over his chest. He touched Harry's arm gently. "You still want to live with me, don't you? Remember all the things we talked about? I still want them. Harry?"

He sighed. He was still pretty angry at Draco's pettiness, but when the Slytherin wore that kicked puppy-dog face, it was hard to deny him. He loosened his arms and reached forward to take Draco's hand. "Yeah," he said softly. "I still do."

"Salazar Slytherin preserve us!" hissed Lucius Malfoy.

Draco squeezed Harry's hand tightly when he turned to his father. "Well, Father? Can we stay at the manor, or will you allow your son to take lodgings at the Leaky Cauldron?"

Draco knew his father well. Harry marveled at the changing expressions washing over Lucius Malfoy's face. Clearly, Malfoy saw this as an affront to his name. "Certainly not!" he said at last. "You will come home to the manor as is fitting. And...I suppose...Mr. Potter must accompany you." He fixed his eyes on Harry and a sneer curled his lip. "Welcome to the family, Mr. Potter."

Part Two—At Home with the Malfoys

It was really the last place Harry wanted to live. But seeing as it was his chance to be with Draco, he couldn't very well say no.

The term ended early, and Dumbledore had made a long speech about the houses working together even after school. And how much better life could be without the threat of the Dark Lord or Death Eaters hanging over everyone's head.

"Speak for yourself," Harry muttered, sitting with Hermione, Ron, and Draco.

Draco hadn't heard him, thank goodness. But Hermione gave him a cautionary look. *Well, what of it?* he thought, glaring back at her. *She* didn't have to live at Malfoy Manor.

Harry was determined to find a place for himself and Draco as soon as humanly possible.

There was a lot of hugging, many tearful good-byes. Harry gave one last look around the entryway as everyone dragged their trunks toward the carriages. Some, of course, would be returning to finish their schooling, but for Harry and the other seventh years, this was it. Perhaps the last time he would see Hogwarts, the place that had been more home to him than any place before.

He felt someone tug on his arm. It was Draco. "Missing the place already?" he asked.

Harry felt a sting in his eyes. "Yeah. A little."

"It's time for new beginnings, Harry. New adventures. I can't wait to get you home."

Home. Where was home? Certainly not Malfoy Manor. Privet Drive? That was never home. Grimmauld Place was almost home if Sirius had not died. They could have been happy there. The Burrow was the closest thing to home. But even that really wasn't his. He had been a favoured guest and was grateful for his time there. But even Ron was looking for someplace. After all, he and Hermione were going to make a go of it.

Godric's Hollow? Harry had never been there. He knew the place was in ruins and never really wanted to see it.

A hand slipped into his, warm and gentle. He looked down at those white fingers entwined with his. Home was there, in Draco's hands. He supposed wherever the Slytherin was, that was going to be home from now on. After all, Draco wanted to marry him.

He smiled to himself as he allowed Draco to pull him out of Hogwarts' entry hall for the last time. That's where he was really happiest, with Draco. He squeezed the blonde's hand and Draco looked back at him. "What?" he asked.

"Nothing. It's just...I really love you."

Draco smiled. "Of course you do."

They climbed into an empty carriage, kissed, and were suddenly shoved over by Ron and Hermione. "Well! We're going home!" announced Ron.

Harry chuckled. *Yeah. Home. Malfoy Manor.*

* * *

The train ride seemed longer to Harry than it had ever been. But the noise level was also louder. Everyone wanted to talk about their new lives in a Voldemort-free world. Harry was quiet. He listened to his friends chat, and even Draco joined in the conversation. He must have been feeling particularly free and happy that his family wasn't so hated anymore. He never noticed how quiet Harry had become.

Harry watched the countryside whirr by the window. He had become very introspective over the last few days. The train churned over the bridge where he and Ron flew Arthur Weasley's car. He remembered the first Dementor attack, his first Chocolate Frog card, his first encounter with a certain blond Slytherin, saying good-bye to Hagrid on the platform that first year, seeing Hedwig for the first time, the moment he bought his wand, and all the crazy adventures that a child never should have been involved in.

He only noticed the rest of them falling silent when they drew into King's Cross Station. They must all be thinking about what they were going to do as adult witches and wizards.

And Harry still didn't have a clue.

"Come on, Harry," said Draco, dragging him to his feet. "Don't worry about the trunks. The house elves will get it."

Hermione frowned at him and he sneered back. "Some of us don't have a problem with tradition, Granger. I think if you asked Weasley whether he wouldn't mind a house elf or two his answer will surprise you."

She shot a piercing glance at Ron who startled back. "What did I do?"

Draco chuckled. Harry shook his head at it. The man just couldn't resist causing trouble.

And then they were on the platform looking for their parents. Harry looked at Hermione. She was a beautiful young woman now, very different from the mousy and bookish creature he first met, but she was always pretty confident and he supposed that's what attracted him. "Well, I guess this is it."

Hermione's eyes began to tear up. "Oh Harry. I'll miss you."

"It's not like we won't see each other again." But even he felt a lump in his throat. "We'll get together often. Besides, you have to help me decide what I should do with myself."

"Isn't that my job?" said Draco with a bit of a leer.

Hermione ignored him and drew Harry into a hug.

When she pulled back, Ron was staring at him. “Well, mate. We’re finally free.”

“Yeah. If it weren’t for you guys, I would have been dead fifty times over.”

“Same here. But it was fun, wasn’t it?”

“Some of it. The deadlier stuff I could have done without.”

“Me, too.” They paused for a moment, simply looking at one another, until Draco finally said a bit impatiently, “Oh hug each other already!”

Ron moved first and enclosed Harry in a deep hug. Hermione joined them and Harry had never felt so loved and safe.

They pulled back from one another.

“The Golden Trio,” said Draco. They turned toward him. “You three are famous, you know. They’ll be writing stories and songs about you three for a long time. A real life hero saga.”

“Stories?” asked Ron. His face reddened.

“Oh, I don’t know about that,” said Hermione, cheeks just as flushed.

“I don’t mind sharing the limelight with you lot for a change,” said Harry with a smile, and he meant it.

“Well, we’ll see about that. I see my mum and dad, Harry,” she said. “I’ll owl you. We’ll keep in touch. Take care of yourself. And you, too, Draco. You take good care of Harry.”

“I always take good care of the Chosen One.”

“Come to the Burrow if things get a little hairy at the manor, mate,” said Ron, clapping him on the shoulder.

“What’s that supposed to mean, Weasley?”

He looked at Draco and smiled. “You can come, too.”

There was a screech and suddenly a sea of ginger-heads descended onto Harry, knocking Draco back. Mrs. Weasley hugged him hard and Mr. Weasley was slapping his back. Fred and George were there and Ginny joined them. They all chatted for a while until Harry could feel the impatience wafting off of Draco. He turned and his boyfriend was tapping his foot, his arms clamped tightly over his chest. A scowl marred his face and Harry extricated himself at last from Mrs. Weasley. “Er...I’ve got to go now. But I’ll come as soon as I can, okay?”

“Yes, dear.” She wiped the tears from her face. “You take care of yourself, Harry dear. And...uh... you, too, Draco. Be good to him.”

Draco sighed.

The Weasleys moved down the platform in a bustle of noise and flouncing hair, and Hermione greeted her parents, who always looked a bit wary, being Muggles and all. Soon it was just Draco and him.

“So now what?” asked Harry.

“There should be a car.”

“Don’t your parents come to the platform?”

“Don’t be ridiculous. That’s much too common. Let’s find the car.”

Was it Harry’s imagination, or was that haughty Malfoy attitude coming to the surface again?

* * *

Draco found the car and climbed in, urging Harry inside. Harry hadn’t been in such luxury. It wasn’t anything like the Ministry car he’d been in before. The seats were a soft leather and the walls and ceilings seemed to be covered in a velvet-like material.

Harry settled back into the soft cushions. “Want a drink?” asked Draco. A panel appeared when he waved his wand and a set up of butterbeers, firewhiskey, pumpkin juice and other cocktails appeared.

Harry felt like quite the prince and thought, since he was seventeen and all, he should live a little. “I’ll take a butterbeer.”

“So will I.” They clinked the bottles.

Harry thought this butterbeer was the best he ever tasted. He looked at his companion who seemed to be more at ease than he had ever seen him. Back in his element, he supposed.

“You like being rich, don’t you,” Harry said suddenly.

Draco glanced at him with those drowsy lids that was an all-too familiar gesture for the Slytherin. “Of course. This is my natural state. Being at Hogwarts was sometimes such a burden.”

“Because you weren’t waited on hand and foot?”

“Yes.”

“You know, when we find our own place, it’s going to be a lot like Hogwarts again. No house elves, no waiting on hand and foot.”

“But there will be you.”

Harry blushed. But before he could melt entirely, Draco spoke up.

“And of course there will be house elves. I simply can’t be without.”

“Um, Draco. I don’t want any house elves.”

“What? You can’t be serious. You want to make your own bed, wash your own clothes, and cook your own meals?”

“Well, why not? I did it the Muggle way all my life. It’s surely a lot easier with magic.”

“Harry, Harry, Harry. It just isn’t done.” He patted Harry’s thigh condescendingly. “You’ll see.”

Harry wriggled on his seat and put the butterbeer in the slot in the door. Suddenly Draco was acting quite the prat. What was wrong with him all of a sudden?

The car drove—and Harry noticed that it drove by itself—all through London and then headed out onto the highway. But soon it was picking up speed and zooming along like the Knight Bus at an unnatural velocity down country roads and flinging over the countryside. Draco calmly toyed with Harry’s hair but Harry was gripping the seat. He hated not knowing where he was going and if the thing was safe, but just as suddenly as the car had accelerated, it began to brake and skidded to a stop on a gravel drive, sending a cockerel’s tail of rock into the air. Harry peered out the window to a large entrance, as big as Hogwarts, attached to a spiny Gothic structure in dark brick. Immense doors cut in a gothic arch rose up into the shadows of a vaulted portal and Harry felt himself sinking into the seat. “Th-this can’t be it, can it?” His voice sounded quite small to himself.

“Welcome to Malfoy Manor, Harry. We’re home!”

Draco scooted quickly out of the car and the boot sprung open. Their luggage levitated out of it along with their owl cages, and floated up the steps and through the door which had obliged by opening for them into a deep, black maw.

Harry startled back when Draco tapped on his window. His voice was strangely muffled when he said, “Come on out, Harry.”

As if going to the gallows, Harry slowly opened the door and stepped out. No sooner had he done so than the car zoomed away, leaving Harry a bit wobbly. Draco steadied him with his hand on his arm and then slipped his arm in Harry’s, urging him up the steps. “Come on,” he complained, tugging Harry forward.

“Okay, okay,” Harry muttered.

He jabbed at each step but Draco pulled him higher until they were standing in the entry. It was still rather dark, with only torches lit. There was a huge chandelier and as soon as they stepped into the large foyer, the candles burst with light. Draco seemed to expect it, but Harry gave a little cry of surprise. Draco looked back quizzically, and Harry coloured, feeling foolish. Draco put a hand on his

hip and cocked his head. “You can’t go screaming at every little thing you see here. There’s a lot of that. Never been in a real Wizarding house, have you?”

“Yes I have. I used to own one, remember?”

Draco snorted at that and grasped Harry’s hand to pull him forward again.

“Draco! Where are we going?”

“To our wing.”

“Our *wing*?” Good grief! What had he gotten himself into?

Draco moved purposefully up a wide marble staircase and Harry stumbled after him. They walked down long carpeted corridors and galleries, opened to large halls below. One looked like a ballroom while another a library and still another into something that looked like a game room with four billiard tables. They passed an atrium where a large oak grew right in the middle of the floor and reached toward a vast Victorian-looking skylight. Harry saw birds and squirrels nestling in the great oak’s branches—but then he was quickly ushered away.

“Draco, I’m getting tired. Where the hell are we?”

“We are in the east wing. It’s my wing. See. Here’s our room coming up.”

But it wasn’t just a room. At least it didn’t look like that to Harry. One wall was made of rock down which cascaded a waterfall, spraying a fine mist to the stone corridor’s floor. Past the waterfall, Harry looked up into a huge arching vault enchanted to look like a starry sky—just like the Great Hall at Hogwarts. And then there were miles of deep green drapery hanging from the walls. Some were tapestries depicting dragons of all colours and shapes. Another doorway and Harry recognized an enormous bed and beyond that was a sitting room that was like another hall. And beyond that was a terrace. Harry stopped dead and looked around. “This isn’t your room.”

Draco smiled a self-satisfied smirk. “Of course it is. But it’s our room now.”

“Draco. This can’t be for one person.”

“Well it is. This is where I grew up. Close your mouth, Potter and get used to it. On second thought, don’t close your mouth and come here.”

He turned Harry, still flabbergasted by his surroundings, and kissed him soundly, plunging his tongue into Harry’s slack-jawed mouth.

“Mmphf! Draco!” Harry pulled away and glared at his boyfriend. “Come on. It’s just a little tough for me to adjust to right away, okay?”

Draco pouted but his mood didn't last long. He seemed to be happy to be home and he ran toward his bed, made a flying leap, and landed on his back, bouncing a few times. "Come on, Harry. Join me. This is your room now. I love having you here."

Harry moved forward sheepishly and stood next to the bed. "It's enormous. We'll lose each other."

Draco sat up and grasped Harry's hand. He kissed it once and looked up, smiling. "I'll always find you." His eye twinkled. "Come on. Want to cuddle a bit? And by cuddle I mean shag."

Harry looked around again. It was like shagging in the middle of the Great Hall. How was he ever to get used to it? "I don't know—"

"Harry!" Draco whined. He pulled sharply and Harry fell over—onto the softest mattress he had ever felt.

"Blimey! This is bloody marvelous!" It was like a thousand feather pillows all nestled around him.

"Of course. Only the best for Malfoys. And Potters now. So." He licked his lips and Harry was finding it arousing. "Want to fuck?"

That was even more arousing. Well, what the hell? He began to take off his shirt. Draco was smiling from ear to ear now and hurriedly pulled off his robe and shirt. He kicked off his shoes, sending them sailing and quickly divested himself of trousers and underpants. "Hey Harry," he crooned. "Want to try something a little different?"

Harry was just slipping off his own trousers and pants when he looked up anxiously at Draco. "What do you mean?"

Draco had his wand in hand. He waved it and Harry's wrists were immediately seized by invisible restraints.

"Hey!" His arms were drawn up over his head and clamped to the headboard. His feet were being drawn apart, his knees pushed toward his body. "Draco? What the hell—!"

"Relax, Harry." Draco twirled his wand. He was quite a sight doing it starkers. He drawled a smile, his eyes raking over Harry's helpless and exposed form. "I just thought we'd mix it up a little. Sort of a welcome home celebration."

"Well—" Harry glanced toward the door. "Could you at least lock and ward the door!"

Draco waved his wand toward the door, and the posts and lintel sparkled with magic. "Better?"

"I guess." He looked down at himself. He couldn't believe how exposed he was. His hips were rocked back and his arse and hole were open for all to see. Thank goodness it was only Draco. "Er...Draco? I don't know about this...."

The blond crawled up the bed and ran a hand down the underside of Harry's thigh, running fingers downward over his arse. The fingers toyed with his opened crack. "Oh Harry. You don't know what

this does to me.” He clutched at his stiff and upright erection. Harry could see very well what it did to the man. And it aroused him, to.

“What shall I do to you first, I wonder,” said Draco, still lazily painting circles on Harry’s goosefleshed skin with his fingers. “Should I lick you? Should I tease that exposed hole of yours?” His finger traced delicately on Harry’s furred entrance and the sensation tingled up Harry’s body. He jutted his hips upward.

“Oh Draco.”

“Mmmm. Harry.” Draco leaned over and kissed the underside of his thigh, following the path his finger had taken only moments before. His lips, his tongue traced a trail. Harry felt the delicate licking on the hairs of his leg, felt the hot breath on his arse, felt it growing closer to his entrance, and moaned.

“Oh God!” A lapping tongue brushed down his crack, then changed directions and swathed the underside of his bollocks, teasing the perineum with hard licks. He wanted to pump himself into Draco’s face but the binding wouldn’t allow it. All he could do was wriggle his hips and whine. He tossed his head back and forth across the pillow and yanked at his magical restraints. “Draco, Draco, Draco...” he murmured, reduced to only that by the building passion and sensations concentrated in his groin. That treacherous tongue dabbed and lapped at his balls, sometimes followed by lips closing over the soft flesh of his sac and gently sucking. His penis was a stiff broomstick, stabbing into the air, seeking a touch, a lick, a breath.

“Suck me!” he rasped. He never wanted anything so badly in his life...and to think he was nervous about getting naked only a few short moments ago. But Draco could always reduce him to a pulsating blob of sensation, devoid of brain power, only seeking pleasure, only seeking Draco.

Draco smiled at Harry. Harry barely acknowledged it through the haze of lust that had seized hold of him. Harry felt his lover’s arms encircling his hips and then...that hot, moist mouth closed over the tip of his penis, sucking gently, drawing on it like some thick straw. Draco licked down the shaft and then up again, enveloping the head of Harry’s dick once more.

“Not going to last,” Harry panted.

“Not yet, Potter,” said Draco, grasping the root of his cock and squeezing.

“No! Want to come!”

“And you will, love. Just not yet.”

“You’re cruel!”

“I’m Slytherin.” He slipped down again and suddenly warm lips closed over Harry’s hole and gently sucked.

“Oh! OH!”

Draco chuckled and commenced licking Harry's tight entrance, jabbing at it with his tongue until he loosened it and breached the opening. Harry writhed uncontrollably now, seeking Draco's tongue, his lips. It felt fantastic, but it wasn't enough. "I want your cock!" he blurted, amazed he was able to make a complete sentence.

Draco pulled back. "Of course you do, love." He scooted up onto his knees. "You'll come for me only when I tell you. All right?"

"Okay! Just...do it!"

Harry felt Draco's cockhead kiss his hole. It was already loosened from Draco's tonguing and the cock slipped in easily. He gave a sigh dripping with lust when that cock eased all the way in, filling him with that exquisite sensation of his lover balls-deep. Draco didn't pause, but drew it almost all the way out and eased back in, repeating, quickening his movements. Harry rocked his hips with it, taking it as Draco thrust faster and faster.

His lover kept hitting the sweet spot deep inside him and he thrust back. "Draco. Draco!" he pleaded.

"Not...yet...Potter!" Draco panted through clenched teeth.

"I can't...I can't..." Harry was losing it. As much as he wanted to play along, there was no way he was going to be able to hold back.

He came, arching his back high, clamping down on the dick pistoning inside of him. It must have been too much for Draco and he let loose, too. They both came with throaty grunts, Harry spurting high into the air, and Draco deep inside him. They rocked with the rhythm of their pounding heartbeats for a few moments more before they slowed and eased down into the mattress. Draco lay atop Harry, his dick still inside but his juices flowing out down Harry's crack and pooling at the small of his back. As usual, the feelings churning in him were of swirling pleasure, but also of immense love for the man whose weight was bearing down on him. He longed to wrap his arms around his lover but his wrists were still restrained above him. "Draco, love. Can you release me? I want to hold you."

Draco searched blindly for his wand, found it, and waved it lazily over Harry, all without lifting his head or opening his eyes. Harry's arms fell free as did his cramping legs. He wrapped arms and legs around his pale lover and squeezed. "I love you," he whispered into his ears. "That was bloody marvelous."

He felt Draco's lips kiss his neck. "I love you, too, Harry. I love that you're mine."

"And you're mine," said Harry, squeezing again.

"Why don't you take a shower," said Draco. "It's nearly dinner time and we will be required to dine with Mother and Father."

All Harry's good feelings of love and pleasure were suddenly yanked away. "Do we have to? Couldn't we just eat here by ourselves?"

“Don’t be silly, Harry. It’s a Malfoy tradition. We always eat dinner together when I’m home.”

Harry sighed and dragged himself out from under Draco. “Okay,” he mumbled.

“I’ll be in right after you,” Draco said drowsily into the pillow.

Harry showered in the Prefect-sized bathroom, drying himself with the fluffiest towels he had ever encountered. When he came out of the steamy room Draco was just going in. He trailed his fingers along Harry’s flanks. “We’re running behind, Potter,” he said, stretching in the doorway and studying Harry’s moist, just-cleaned bare skin. “Why don’t you get the house elves to show you to the dining hall.”

“Oh. Er...I don’t want to go without you.”

“I’ll be along. What’s the matter, Potter? Scared of my parents?”

“No!” But in fact, he was a bit intimidated by all the opulence.

Draco shut the door but he called out to Harry through it, “Don’t forget to dress.”

Harry chuckled. He wasn’t likely to go to dinner starkers, now was he?

Harry chose a clean shirt and his cleanest jeans and trainers and waited. But Draco didn’t look as if he was going to be coming out any time soon.

He had faced down a Dark Lord. He supposed he could go down to dinner with his potential in-laws.

Harry left the room and entered the corridor. “Um...house elves! Hullo!”

Immediately, a house elf winked into existence in front of him, giving him a jolt. The little creature bowed. It was wearing a dingy scarf wrapped and tucked around its privates like a diaper.

“Oh. Er...what’s your name?”

“I is Dilton, sir.”

“Dilton? Okay. I’m supposed to go to the dining hall. Will you take me there?”

“Oh Dilton is happy to take Mr. Harry Potter to the dining hall, sir! Very happy!”

“Er...yeah. Thanks.” Harry reddened again. He supposed in the house elf gossip circuit his fame would have gotten around. Or was it Dobby’s doing? It certainly wasn’t Kreacher’s.

He followed the little elf down staircases and through dim corridors. He tried to remember where they were going but he knew he’d never find his way back to Draco’s room—their room, he supposed.

Finally, they passed under an arch into an immense room with a long, polished oak table, where Narcissa and Lucius Malfoy were already seated. Huge candelabrum hovered just over the table lit with at least a hundred candles.

They both wore identical sneers as they looked at him.

Harry refused to be intimidated, though he shoved his hands into his pockets to hide their trembling.

“Good evening,” he managed, voice steady.

They just looked at him, neither offering him a greeting or a seat.

Finally, Narcissa turned to face him. “What on *earth* are you wearing?” she said. He face wore that expression of sniffing something unpleasant, and this time it appeared to be Harry.

Harry looked down. It was simple Muggle jeans and a button down shirt. “Um...I guess it’s Muggle clothes.”

“Muggle!”

Lucius leaned toward his wife and patted her hand. “You see, my dear. I told you. Despite his status as the Dark Lord’s Vanquisher, he is nothing more than a Muggle-raised barbarian.”

“Oh nice,” said Harry with his best Draco-like sneer. “That’s how Malfoys treat their guests? I was given to understand that courtesy was the rule of the day. But when it comes to you lot, I guess I’m wrong.” Without waiting to be asked, he took the nearest chair and sat. Instantly his goblet was filled with a liquid. He didn’t care what it was. He grabbed it and took a swig. It turned out to be wine, and he did his best not to choke.

Narcissa was still staring at him open-mouthed when Lucius intervened. “By all means, Mr. Potter. Do sit down. Where is Draco?”

“In the shower. He told me to apologize for his lateness.”

Narcissa and Lucius exchanged glances but said nothing. The silence dragged on. Harry tried to fill the space by sipping at his wine, which tasted pretty good, considering he didn’t know anything about wine.

Finally Draco appeared and everyone seemed relieved. “Sorry, Mother, Father,” he said, breezing in. “Had to get the dust from the train off. I feel much—Good God, Potter! What are you wearing?”

Harry glared back at his boyfriend just sitting down beside him. “It’s just clothes. What’s the problem?”

He leaned toward Harry. “I told you to dress, didn’t I?”

“I am dressed—” But then Harry took in what Draco was wearing. Dress robes. He slid his glance toward Narcissa and Lucius and they, too, seemed to be wearing opulent, shimmery robes. Oops. Harry had misunderstood. He didn’t know he was supposed to dress *up* for dinner. Shit. He felt like the biggest loser, and dipped his head toward his goblet to try to hide in it.

The rest of the dinner he left to Draco to converse. Draco seemed very happy to be home with his parents and chatted animatedly with them. Narcissa thawed when she talked to her son and even Lucius seemed more father-like to his offspring than he had at school.

So this was another example of a Wizarding family. The Weasleys had been his only glance into the everyday life of Wizards. They were poor but full of familial love. And here was their opposite, rich but also a loving trio...now invaded by uncouth Harry Potter.

This was Draco’s element, all right. Draco positively glowed. His slender fingers gracefully used his silver cutlery. They wrapped gently around the stem of his silver goblet. Shiny silver, glimmering crystal, glowing jewels on his mother’s neck and even glistening from the family ring Draco always wore. So much wealth Harry had never seen before. And to Draco, it was quite ordinary. Draco had said it had been a chore living at Hogwarts when he wasn’t waited on hand and foot and Harry saw for himself now that Draco’s statement wasn’t purely bragging. It was merely a statement of fact. That must really have been a trial for Draco. No wonder he had been so cranky over the years.

And what about Harry? Hogwarts had been a distinct step upward. Suddenly, not only was he a wizard, but he had his own *vault* filled with *gold*! He actually had money, a future. But he supposed he was more like Ron’s family than this one. How was he ever to find someplace to live that was satisfactory to him and that also suited Draco’s tastes?

Lucius had welcomed Harry--albeit sarcastically—to the family. But never before had he felt more like of an outsider.

Part Three: Disintegration

Alone in Draco's room with the door locked and triple warded, Harry waited in the immense bed for Draco to come out of the bathroom. He fingered the sheets and looked up into the bed's canopy, toward the French doors, scanned the various items of furniture in the room, and sighed again at the closed bathroom door. *What the bloody hell is he doing in there?*

Just then the bathroom door swung open and Harry sat up. Draco wore a silk dressing gown, not unlike the one he wore at Hogwarts but Harry realized it wasn't the same one. How many did the man have? He started to untie it when he looked up at Harry in the dim candlelight. "Harry? Are you *wearing* something?"

He felt a little too naked in the big room and had resorted to wearing his old t-shirt and pajama bottom ensemble. "Er...it's just what I used to wear."

Draco rested his hands on his hips. "But *why* are you wearing that?"

"Jeez, Draco," he grumbled. "I can't seem to wear anything right tonight."

Draco huffed and cast off his dressing gown. He didn't seem to have a problem being naked in his room. Harry glanced at his pale form smoothly coming toward the bed. His eyes couldn't help but slide down the boy's torso to his slim hips, the delectable hollows there that framed a pink, tumescent penis in a nest of outrageously white-blond pubic hair. Those bollocks. Harry knew they were soft and just now, he had the very strong urge to lick them.

"Aren't you going to get undressed, Harry?" asked Draco in a silky, seductive tone.

Harry yanked his shirt over his head and shimmied out of his bottoms. Draco smiled. "That's better."

He lifted the blankets and slid under them, slipping his arms around his lover and holding him close. He nuzzled Harry's neck. "Mmmm. Potter. The tastiest dessert I can possibly think of."

"There's parts of you I want to taste, too," Harry breathed.

Draco chuckled. "Oh?" Which ones?"

"Those balls of yours. I want them."

Draco's breath caught. Harry kissed his neck and licked it. "Yeah," he said to Draco's ear. His breath caused his lover to shiver. Harry was feeling sexy and a bit raunchy. "I want to lick your balls. I want to lick higher," he whispered. Draco gave him an answering whimper. "Higher, you know. Up your crack. Lick that hot, pink hole of yours. Maybe tongue-fuck you. Would you like that, love?"

Draco couldn't quite reply but the sound he made was enough affirmation for Harry. He'd had enough of that Malfoy arrogance for one day, at least. He wanted to give a little back of his own. As a matter of fact, he wanted to top tonight.

He pushed at Draco's shoulder and turned him over, pulling at his hips to push his bum into the air. Immediately he began nuzzling Draco's sac. Yes! It was incredibly soft and smelled of soap and some flowery water. He lapped at it, mouthing the delicate testicles as Draco groaned. Running his tongue under them, he nosed his way to his perineum, and then stroked higher with his tongue. He grasped Draco's arse cheeks and spread them wide, at first planting a reverent kiss to his pink hole before he began flicking his tongue at it, exciting whimpers and jerks from his boyfriend. He made harder licks, pointing his tongue and shoving it in. Draco loosened with a breathy sigh and Harry was delving deeper and deeper, swirling his tongue mercilessly within Draco.

Harry felt his cock grow rock hard and throb in time with his quickening heartbeat. He wanted Draco, wanted to take him. He dabbed his tongue inside him a few more times before he sat up abruptly. He didn't have time or the brain power to ask for or *Accio* any lube. Instead, he spit into his hand a couple of times and used the generous pre-cum oozing from his dick to slather himself. Draco's hole was wide open due to his earlier ministrations and Harry panted as he positioned himself, gripping Draco's hip with one hand and his own cock with the other. He shoved forward, sinking deeply within that hot cavern, throwing his head back at the wonderful tight sensation. Draco's hole molded around him. He could feel the muscles contracting, trying to expel him, getting used to the size of him.

Draco grunted with the force of it. But Harry didn't allow him time to get used to him. He began fucking him immediately, thrusting roughly and holding on to both hips with curled fingers. Harry let go: of his reticence, his chivalry—everything that made him hold back before. *Why do I always bottom?* he wondered as he pounded away at his lover, reveling in the unbelievable sensations.

Draco was making noises Harry seldom heard. But he knew the blond was loving all of it. He heard the slapping of flesh as Draco took care of his cock and it sounded to Harry as if he were close. Harry was getting close, too. It felt far too good giving it to Draco this way, with Harry balls spanking against Draco's, with Draco's arse squeezing him so very tight—"Ah!" Harry let loose, pumping even more furiously as his seed shot deep into his lover.

Draco cried out and unloaded onto the sheets, his anus squeezing Harry even harder. Harry's orgasm seemed to go on and on and he thrust deeply several more times until the throbbing in his loins finally slowed to a warm, golden sensation. He pulled free of Draco and flopped down to the bed.

Draco flattened himself on the mattress face first, sighing deeply. "Bloody hell, Harry! That was fantastic! You are definitely doing that more often."

"I was just thinking that myself," he panted.

Draco rolled over and swung his arm over Harry's chest, kissing his chest. "Mmmm. That was delightful. Especially the rimming part. You are very enthusiastic."

He squeezed Draco and kissed the top of his head. Harry wondered at his sudden enthusiasm for taking the lead, too, and decided that he'd felt a little out of place and perhaps this was his way of taking control. He didn't feel all that comfortable with that notion—that he might be taking out his frustration with Lucius Malfoy on Draco's arse, but he was at a loss as to what to do. He had really enjoyed it. Maybe with Voldemort gone he didn't have to give up control in the bedroom anymore.

Maybe he was asserting himself as he should have done before. And Draco *had* been acting the prat lately.

He didn't want to think on it further. After all, Draco was snoring and Harry was heavy with lethargy. He closed his eyes and succumbed to sleep.

* * *

The next day Harry had wanted to get a start in flat-hunting. He was grateful that they weren't expected to have breakfast with Lucius and Narcissa and instead ate in Draco's suite. Over breakfast, Harry read the *Daily Prophet* classifieds for flats to let, but Draco was brushing it off.

"What's the rush, Potter? We've got all we need here."

"Everything but privacy."

"What are you talking about? We're alone now."

Just then, there was a pop as a house elf appeared. "Will Master Draco or Master Harry be wanting anything more?" asked the little fellow.

"No, Bomble. That will be all."

The house elf bowed low, snuck a peek at Harry, and Disapparated again.

"That's what I'm talking about," said Harry, gesturing to the empty space that was once occupied by house elf.

"That's hardly anything, Harry. It's an *elf*." Draco said it as if he were talking about a lamp or a chair, and Harry supposed he was.

"I told you I don't like the idea of house elves. I don't want any servants and I want to have my own flat. I've been under the thumb of too many hands. It's time I had something to call my own."

Draco fooled with his serviette and frowned. "That isn't a very sensible approach. A house elf or two makes life so much simpler."

"We're *wizards*, for God sake! How much simpler could it be?"

"Harry, Harry, Harry. You have no idea."

He was beginning to hate the way Draco said his name in that condescending way. He threw down the *Prophet*. "Look. I want to find my own flat. If you don't want to come with me then you'll just have to take what I pick."

The implication of that with Harry's Muggle upbringing became all too clear to Draco and his eyes widened. "All right, all right! This afternoon we'll look. But right now, can't we just enjoy being home?"

Your *home, not mine*, he longed to say aloud but didn't.

* * *

Harry chose a few places and he and Draco Disapparated to the first one in Soho, near Charring Cross. It was a Georgian structure that seemed a little worse for wear, but Harry liked it instantly. The witch who came to the door was immediately flustered upon greeting the Boy Who Lived and offered to throw in lots of extras for free.

Draco had his arms crossed over his chest the whole time, scowling.

"And will this be your flat mate, Mr. Potter?" she asked, motioning toward Draco.

"I'm bloody well not his flat mate. I'm his *lover*, thank you very much."

The old witch was taken aback and shook a finger at Draco. "Now see here. There will be none of that. I run a respectable house, I do. Shame on you for spreading such lies about Harry Potter."

"Lies! You old bag—"

"Draco!" Harry grabbed the blonde's arm and pushed him back. "Thank you Mrs. Hollister for showing us around. We'll need to think about it."

"Take all the time you like, deary." She smiled a toothless grin at Harry, but turned a frown on Draco.

"I won't live here!" Draco said, not surprisingly. "I won't live where I'm not wanted."

"Draco—"

"Why are you even looking at flats? Why aren't you buying a house? You can afford it."

Harry hadn't considered that before. "Really? You want to buy a place? Should we pool our money or should I buy it and—"

"Potter, you are making this way too complicated. I'll Firecall my father's estate agent and he'll do the looking for you. All right? Good. Now we can go shopping!"

Harry naturally thought Draco meant clothes shopping, but he meant furnishings.

Draco sat on an ornate sofa in a little wizard's shop off of the Strand. "Draco, shouldn't we have a house first before we buy furniture?"

"Nonsense. What if it doesn't go?"

“Well...isn't that why you should know where you're living first?”

“Harry. We're wizards. We can change our surroundings. Merlin's beard! Those Muggles sure did a number on you. You don't know anything, do you?”

Harry frowned. He eyed the hovering shopkeeper. “Draco, may I speak to you for a moment? In private?”

“Sure, Harry.”

He took Harry's arm and walked with him to a quiet corner of the shop. Harry tried to control his anger in the brief walk but he was certain he'd end up exploding. He took a moment when Draco looked at him expectantly, his mouth twisting into a smirk. “Well, what is it?”

Harry's teeth clenched as he spoke. “Draco, for the last two days you have been nothing but rude and uncomplimentary to me. You'd think after all these years I'd be used to it, but after we started seeing each other and became lovers, I thought I could at least expect a little courtesy.”

“What? I am the very model of courtesy—”

“--A *LITTLE* courtesy,” Harry interjected. “But you've made fun of my clothes, my upbringing, my taste. You've insulted me in front of your parents, the house elves, and shopkeepers. And it's *really* annoying me!”

Draco sighed and rolled his eyes. “Sweet Merlin! I didn't know the Hero of the Wizarding World was so bloody sensitive. I'm sorry, okay!”

“Draco, that didn't have an ounce of regret in it! It's more like I'm wasting your time between shags. I'm feeling a little like...like...you don't really care about me.”

“That is so utterly ridiculous I won't dignify it with an answer.”

“Well you had better. Because I am this close from walking!”

“What do you mean?” Draco was paying attention now. “What do you mean ‘walking’? Do you mean you'd *leave* me? Over *this*?”

“‘This’ is not nothing. It's my feelings. You're hurting them.”

Draco rolled his eyes again and Harry dug his hands into his pockets. “Right. See you at the Manor.” Harry spun and Disapparated then and there.

* * *

He knew when Draco returned. He could hear doors slamming and paintings rattle on the walls. Harry was sitting on the terrace and even though it was a little too cold for that, he remained there, stubbornly, even forgetting to warm himself with a charm.

Draco slammed open the French doors to the terrace and glared at Harry. "Dinner is in ten minutes. Can you manage to wear the proper attire this time?"

"I'm not dressing for dinner. It's stupid."

Draco's face flushed a deep red. "*What* did you say?"

Harry turned to Draco, trying not to shiver. "I said: It's. Stupid!"

"That's what I thought you said. Well, congratulations. You have just insulted about three hundred years of Malfoy tradition. And all because you can't seem to slip on one pair of dress robes. Something your hosts expect. As if it's any skin off your nose. So fine. Just wear whatever insulting Muggle wear you deem fit. We'll manage to choke down our food anyway."

When he put it like that... Harry suddenly felt supremely stupid himself. All he had to do was throw on his dress robes. He could even slip them on over his Muggle clothes. Last night he hadn't known. Tonight there was really no excuse for being so rude—just the thing he was complaining about Draco.

He rose from his chair and looked at the Slytherin. He was standing stiffly in the doorway, studiously looking out to the view and avoiding eye contact with Harry.

"Look Draco. I'm sorry," he said quietly. "That was very rude of me. Just give me a minute and I'll change." But Draco was blocking the doorway and didn't look as if he planned on moving anytime soon. "Um...Draco? Can I...can I get by you?"

Draco slid his droop-lidded gaze toward Harry. "You're sorry?"

"Yes, love. I am."

"Will you kiss me, then?"

Harry smiled. That pouting lip was suddenly very enticing. He leaned in and took that lower lip between his own and sucked on it briefly before giving him a proper kiss. "I love you. I just wish you'd show me a little more respect, that's all."

"I'm sorry, Harry," he said softly. He ran his hand up Harry chest to his neck and curled his fingers in his hair at the nape. "I didn't mean to insult you. It's just my way. I'm more used to insulting you than whispering endearments, you know that."

"But you're not bad at whispering endearments either," he said to his lips and kissed him again.

Draco squirmed. Harry could tell he was getting aroused. "Just...get dressed, okay?" He stepped aside for Harry and Harry reluctantly entered the room.

Harry went to the wardrobe and drew out his dress robes. "I hope these will do. They're all I have."

"They'll be fine," he said, reaching for his own pair.

* * *

They went down to dinner together, Harry feeling somewhat better that he was properly attired this time, though Narcissa and Lucius still glared at him as he took his seat. He gulped down his wine again.

“Father,” said Draco, serving himself from the fish platter. “Harry and I were talking today, and I wondered if we could contact your estate agent. We need to find some property.”

“Oh? Whatever for?”

Harry glanced up. He didn’t care for the fish course as the fish head was staring at him disconsolately. “We need a place to live,” he said. What was with everyone? Wasn’t this a simple enough concept?

Lucius lifted his goblet, waiting for it to magically fill with white wine. “But Draco,” he said, ignoring Harry. “You live *here*.”

“I know,” he said, shrugging, the both of them seeming in on a joke that Harry wasn’t a part of. “But Harry insists he wants his own place. What can one do?”

“What can one do?” Lucius deigned to grace Harry with a sneer. “One can accommodate one’s...special friend...and live with him in his ancestral home.”

“Oh right! You really want me living here.”

Narcissa didn’t look up. She ate delicately with her fish fork, and occasionally dabbed at her lips with her serviette.

“This is Draco’s home,” Lucius went on. “It is the height of impertinence to suggest he move elsewhere. One day he will inherit this manor.”

“Can’t wait for that,” said Harry under his breath.

But that had been the wrong thing to say. Draco had heard it and stared at him with wide, appalled eyes. Harry was about to apologize when Lucius chuckled.

“Oh well said, Mr. Potter. Really quite droll. Of course you cannot wait for me and Narcissa to be in our cold graves. A pity it didn’t happen sooner, eh?”

Silverware clattered harshly on a plate. Narcissa rose so quickly her chair teetered back. “I simply cannot sit here and listen to this dreadful child wish for our demise! Please excuse me.” In a swirl of robes, she left the dining hall. Immediately, the remains on her plate vanished.

Harry had wanted to hurt them for all that they inflicted on him, but suddenly, it all just seemed so petty. He pushed the food around on his plate with his fork, wondering if he had the nerve to apologize to Lucius Malfoy.

But Lucius was rising. “Draco, may I have a word with you?”

Draco turned a hurt expression toward Harry and then pushed himself from the table.

“Please excuse us, Mr. Potter,” said Lucius with a curt bow.

Jeez. Did everyone have to be so polite...while they were insulting him? No wonder it came so easily to Draco.

They didn’t move far. They stood just inside one of the doors and Harry could hear every word. He wondered if Lucius charmed the door that way so that it was unavoidable.

“Do you see the discord that *boy* is causing?” Lucius started.

“That *boy* saved everyone’s arse, Father. I think he deserves a bit more respect than what he’s been receiving.”

Harry sat back, stunned. So. Draco *did* notice! The git.

“Yes, we are all grateful for that,” said Lucius caustically. “But the fact that he lives in our home, disdaining every moment of it... and the fact that he’s...he’s...*associating*...with you—”

“Associating! We’re in love, Father!”

“In Merlin’s name *never* use that term again in my hearing! Draco, do you have any idea what you are doing? Certainly sow your oats, but when all is said and done, for Merlin’s sake send him on his way.”

“Father! It isn’t just a whim of mine. I love Harry!”

Harry warmed at that assertion. He hadn’t been feeling too loved of late.

“Love! What do you know of love, commitment, and responsibility? I gave you simple tasks to perform at Hogwarts—tasks our Lord was pleased with—and you couldn’t even satisfy those.”

Harry frowned. He *knew* it!

“Are you throwing that up in my face *now*? After the Dark Lord is finally dead? Did you really want to go about wearing funny masks and saying ‘boo’ to Muggles?”

Lucius inhaled a deep breath. “How dare you! Do you have any idea the sacrifices your mother and I have made for you, for the family fortune? You will never know the extent to which we forfeited our dignity to maintain what you see around you. I never thought I raised an ungrateful child. And now you throw it all away on *Potter!*”

“But Father—”

“You are a great disappointment to me. I had certain expectations of you, Draco. You were to marry a Pureblood girl and have an heir of your own.” He paused and Harry rose, unable to help himself. He moved closer to the door, listening as their conversation grew quieter. “You can still do this, Draco. You do not have to give up your birthright. There are certain... potions... one can take. I know Severus can brew it for us. It is mostly illegal, but it can be done.”

Draco gasped. “A potion? To make me *straight*? Are you kidding me?”

“As I said, such potions are illegal. And you must continue to take them the rest of your life, but you will feel normal again.”

“I *am* normal! And no matter how many potions you make me take, I will still love Harry. You can’t erase that with a potion.” There was a pause and Draco shrieked. “I won’t do it!”

“Draco, listen to reason—”

“All for your precious Malfoy name? Merlin, Father! If you were so worried about a Malfoy heir then why didn’t you sire more than one child? Or is that *you* have to take a potion—”

A slap! Harry held his breath. No one said anything else, but Harry startled back as the door suddenly pulled open. Lucius stomped out, wand in hand. He stopped when he saw Harry, lifted the wand ever so slightly, but with trembling control, lowered it again and stalked away.

There was another long pause before Draco emerged from the doorway. He was covering his left cheek with his hand. Harry rushed to him and made to grab him but Draco shied away. He shook his head at Harry and wandered out of the hall.

Harry stood alone amongst the discarded dishes and the half-drunk wine glasses.

It was becoming crystal clear to him that he shouldn’t stay. He didn’t know where Draco was heading, but Harry made a beeline toward their room and began to pack.

Part Four: Solo

Harry returned immediately to the Georgian house by Charring Cross and, though it was late, talked Mrs. Hollister into selling it to him, complete with furniture and knick knacks. She babbled happily, surrendering the keys and chortling that she had sold her house to the Great Harry Potter! She warned him about a few cursed objects, a door that would not open, and the drains, and Flooded away.

Harry walked around the sitting room, looking at all the things that were now suddenly his. It was a little like the moment he had come into ownership of Grimauld Place, but this seemed better somehow. *His* choice rather than the death of someone he had come to love.

Finally, he and Draco could have their own place without the interference of Lucius and Narcissa! This sudden decision had been rash but at least it had been Harry's own. There had been too many people for too many years making decisions for him.

He felt a little foolish storming out of Malfoy Manor without leaving a note for Draco and it was certainly time to let him know what happened to him, so he went to the writing desk, pulled out a scrap of parchment, and scribbled a note, urging Draco to hurry up and move in. He signed it "all my love, Harry" and folded it up. He called for Hedwig and he gave it to her. He watched her launch from the window and decided to see what the pantry might have in the way of a snack.

He found some tins and made beans on toast the Muggle way. Sitting at the kitchen table, he looked out the window into the dark night and thought of Draco. He knew the blond would be annoyed but he hoped he would arrive soon. That made Harry think of their bedroom situation and he thought he'd better get upstairs and fix it up.

He waved his dishes into the sink and set them to cleaning. He shook his head as he trudged upstairs. See? What did he need a house elf for? Draco was just lazy.

He found the master suite—significantly smaller than Draco's—and put his hands on his hips. Well, the bed was large enough and was some Victorian monstrosity with a large carved headboard in dark wood. But the duvet and the wallpaper were an abominable flower pattern. He took out his wand, thought a moment, and tried to transfigure them. The wallpaper pattern now looked like melted flowers and the duvet only got brighter. Harry scratched his head. He was rubbish at this sort of thing. He tried again and the wallpaper now was a subdued sort of paisley and the duvet became dark green with stripes. He smiled. Not bad. But Draco would like it. It was that same Slytherin green colour the man had everything in. He set about cleaning the room and lighting the candles, arranging them differently and conjuring more.

Finally he was satisfied that Draco would at least find it acceptable. By then, Hedwig had returned. She had no answering note so Harry let her out to hunt. He got a fire started in the hearth and sat in the window. He hoped Draco would come soon. He wanted to apologize for tonight. Even though Draco's Mum and Dad were gits, he knew he himself was somewhat responsible for tonight's tirade.

But as the time ticked on, Harry began to pace. Where was Draco? Did he have to pack *everything* tonight? No wonder it was taking so long.

He grabbed a book from the shelf. It turned out to be a wizard romance novel. Harry sighed and began to read. After a time he dozed but then woke himself with a start. He glanced toward the clock and it read 3 am.

He got up, aimed his wand at the fire to stoke it, and wandered downstairs.

He looked around the dim sitting room, the kitchen, the library, and the guestrooms. No Draco.

“So it’s that way, is it? Fine.” He stalked upstairs, peeled off his clothes, and got into bed. Except now he was wide awake. Where was Draco? Was he that angry? This was supposed to be their special time. Why did he have to be like that?

The bed was empty and lonely without the Slytherin, but Harry began to worry that maybe it had all gone too far. Maybe Draco wasn't coming back.

His heart gave a jolt at that. Not coming back? But didn't he love Harry? He had said he did. Of course, his treatment of Harry the last few days seemed to say the contrary. “I'm reading too much into that. He's just adjusting to things. We're both out of school for the first time and he's a Malfoy. Of course all that takes adjusting.”

But for how long?

* * *

Harry must have fallen asleep sometime in the night because he awoke groggy and lethargic late in the morning. He called for Hedwig, scribbled another note, and sent her to Draco again.

He was feeling miserable. Was Draco breaking up with him? He couldn't. That would be awful. At last, Harry was on his own, a brand new house under his ownership, answering to no one. And now he couldn't even enjoy it.

He threw the covers aside, slipped on his old dressing gown, and tossed some Floo powder into the fireplace. The flames whooshed upward into the chimney. He knelt and was about to shout “Malfoy Manor!” when he changed his mind. “Hermione Granger!” he said instead, and stuck his head in the flames.

His head was spinning from many fireplaces and the scene finally stopped on one empty room he didn't recognize. “Um...hullo!” Harry looked around the ordinary room. A woman peered from a distant doorway and shrieked. She shook out her head and came closer.

“Dear me! Harry? Is...is that you?”

The woman wore a stylish jumper and tight jeans. “Hi, Mrs. Granger. Sorry to startle you.”

“I'll never get used to this.”

“Yeah, it does take some getting used to. I was wondering if Hermione was there.”

“Yes, she is. I think she’s just gotten out of the shower. Shall I get her for you?”

“Yes, please. If it’s no trouble.”

“Oh no trouble for you, Harry.”

Harry blushed. The Grangers may not have completely understood the whole Voldemort issue, but they knew that it had been dangerous for everyone and they were just as star-struck by Harry as most of the Wizarding World.

She disappeared around the corner, but he could hear her call up the stairs for Hermione.

After a few minutes, Harry heard someone trotting down the stairs and then that familiar head of bushy brown hair came into view. She was dressed in a dressing gown and her hair was glistening from water. She flopped down in front of the fireplace with a look of concern on her face. “Harry? What’s wrong?”

And then, Harry’s emotions suddenly caught up with him. He had been angry at Draco and the Malfoys in general. But now he was feeling a sense of loss and loneliness he hadn’t felt since Sirius died. His voice snagged in his thickened throat and it took him a moment to get it under control. His eyes stung as he looked up at her. He said it in a rush, not really knowing ahead of time what he had planned to say. “I’ve bought a house and I don’t know if Draco’s broken it off with me.”

“Harry! What? Slow down. Tell me everything.”

He did. How the Malfoys were complete arses to him, how Draco’s attitude had changed, and about the house.

“Does Draco know where you are?” she said, a thoughtful expression passing over her face.

“Yes, I owled him twice now. I haven’t heard anything.”

“Well, he’s got a lot to consider, you know.”

“What do you mean?”

“Harry, think about it. He’s going against everything his family has worked for.”

“But he said he loved me.”

She smiled a little sadly and cocked her head to one side. “Yes. And he did. *Does!*” she corrected when he sat up. “But there is a great deal for him to think about. It certainly wouldn’t be nice to be estranged from his family when it means so much to him. Especially appearances. And the Malfoys seem all about appearances.”

“That’s for sure,” he grumbled.

“So give him a little space. He knows where you live and he will contact you when he’s ready.”

“You think so? I hate sounding like a—Well. You know. But I...I love him, Hermione. I don’t want us to break up.”

“I know, Harry. And he’ll see that eventually.” But she didn’t look convinced.

“Okay. Well. I guess I’ve done all I can.” He stared into her parlor for a bit before he sighed. “So. You and Ron want to see the place?”

“Of course! Let me get dressed and I’ll Firecall Ron. Give us at least an hour.”

“Okay. Thanks, Hermione.” He pulled out of the fireplace and sat back on the hearth. The empty, lonely hearth. But he was in a dressing gown too and needed a shower. Just as he rose to do that, an unfamiliar owl appeared at the window.

Relieved, Harry rushed to it and let it in. It stuck its foot forward and Harry snatched the parchment. As the owl flew away, he read:

Dear Mr. Potter,

Draco and I had a long discussion on the merits of the particular... lifestyle...you and he were contemplating, and he has come to the conclusion that he might have made an error of judgment. It is for the best, then, if you forget about Draco in future and pursue your own interests elsewhere.

Though you do not like to consider the policies of Purebloods versus Halfbloods and Mud Muggleborns, you would be advised to study it. There are many families besides the Malfoys who subscribe to this premise. And though I have nothing against you personally any more, it would be wise to steer clear of anything further to do with Malfoys.

*Respectfully,
Lucius Malfoy*

Harry stared at the parchment open-mouthed. What the hell--? Red fury bubbled up in his chest and the room shook with it. “That bastard!”

He grabbed a parchment and scribbled an angry retort. But then, after looking at it, he tore it up. He calmed himself, knowing that an angry tirade wouldn’t be useful and that Lucius might respond to something more reasonable.

Mr. Malfoy,

I respectfully submit that you don’t know what you are talking about. I ask only that you allow me to talk to Draco myself and this whole thing can be cleared up. I know I was rude to you both. I suppose there’s a lot of leftover animosity about the Voldemort issue. After all, you did try to kill me a few times. And it was really gracious of you to let me live with you temporarily. But I’ve got my own place now and Draco and I did agree to live together. I don’t think that Malfoys go back on their word, do they? So I expect to hear from Draco shortly and we can get past all this.

Sincerely,

Harry Potter

There. That would appeal to Lucius' damnable Malfoy arrogance and Harry didn't sound like such a little boy.

But as he waited for a reply, the time seemed to drag onward.

And then it looked as if there would be no reply.

"Damn these Malfoys!"

* * *

Hermione and Ron Flooed in and the first thing Harry did was shove Lucius Malfoy's letter at Hermione.

"Hmm," she said. "And you still haven't heard from Draco?"

"No. And it's pissing me off!"

They fell silent. Ron rolled his eyes and stared off into space but Hermione was knitting her brows. "Well, Harry," she said in her most studious voice. "You might have to entertain the possibility that he just may not be coming back."

"Don't say that!" He jumped to his feet. "It's just Lucius up to his old tricks again."

Hermione rose slowly and put her hands gently on his shoulders. "Harry, remember. This was your first relationship. Sometimes they don't always work out."

"Look whose talking. Look at the two of you!"

"Well there was Victor and Ron had Lavender—"

Ron was on his feet now. "You said that you and Victor didn't do anything."

She turned sharply to Ron. "I *didn't* do anything. But there was still a relationship of sorts. Though there was always you."

Ron seemed a bit more mollified. Harry turned away from them to stare at some cat knick-knacks on the shelf. It reminded him of Umbridge. "But I don't want this to be my *first* relationship," he said sullenly. "I want it to be my *last*."

His friends stood on either side of him. He looked at them and shrugged. "I don't mean to sound like some girl about it—" and Hermione huffed an impatient sound. "But I'm deeply in love with him. I want us to be together and I don't see why we can't."

“Blood is thicker than water, mate,” said Ron softly. “And Pureblood especially.”

Hermione nodded. “Draco’s whole culture, his entire socialization has been directed toward a certain way of life, full of wealth and status based on out-moded and prejudicial views on a Wizards’ family bloodlines. I know it doesn’t make sense to you or Ron or me, but it makes a lot of sense to Draco. He’s fighting it now, because I am absolutely sure he had wanted to be with you.”

“Are you?” said Harry with a sneer. “I’m not so sure. Lucius Malfoy told me that Draco chose me because I had the best chance of beating Voldemort. And now that the old sod is gone Draco doesn’t need me anymore.”

She shook the letter at him. “Are you really going to believe what Lucius Malfoy tells you? Honestly, Harry.”

“I didn’t at the time. Well...I sort of didn’t. But you didn’t see Draco on the way to his home. He was acting like the Malfoy we knew from before. I thought maybe it was because he was heading to the manor, you know. Old habits. But now he’s talking about getting house elves and treating me like some slow-witted wizard who doesn’t know anything. And I haven’t heard from him...and now this.” His eyes stung again but he refused to cry in front of his friends.

Hermione looked at Ron worriedly. “Give him a chance,” she said. “He needs time to get adjusted to everything, too. He’ll owl you when he’s sorted it out. You’ll see.”

Harry couldn’t answer. The swelling in his throat constricted it too tightly. He nodded instead. They let themselves out, saying their good-byes and Flooing with promises to owl him.

Harry sat alone again on the old flowery sofa, wondering if Draco had the guts to go over his father’s head.

* * *

The next morning was just as bleak as the last. But after still hearing nothing from Draco, Harry began to get angry. “If that’s the way it’s going to be, then fine!”

He fixed himself a large breakfast, wolfed it down, and then began deciding what knick-knacks would go into the rubbish.

He started with the sitting room. The ceramic cats were the first things he tossed. He created an expandable sack and used his wand to send the things flying. Busts of ugly wizards, small paintings of unnerving landscapes, tea cups with mismatched saucers. But when he got to a clock, he paused. Some sort of unnatural feeling was emanating from the clock. It was a strange sensation to be sure. But this must be one of those cursed objects Mrs. Hollister has been talking about.

Harry stared at it and prodded it with his wand before he decided that this was probably not a good idea. He tried some experimental spells, just to see how the thing would react—and the clock seemed to swell, pulsating like a boil waiting to burst. Harry backed off and scratched his head. It was a good distraction to get his mind off of Draco. And really, it was also quite exciting trying to

figure out without some life or death struggle hanging over his head as it had done when puzzles like this had to do with Voldemort.

He decided to put a shield around it, in case it did explode, and dug out a few of his books from school.

After studying for a few hours—the first real effort he made since N.E.W.T.s—Harry smiled to himself. He used a Charm from the book and the clock settled down at once. Even chimed melodically. He tested it and there didn't seem to be any more dark magic attached to it. He really was good at some of this, he decided. Perhaps curse breaker. Maybe that would be a good career choice. He didn't necessarily have to work for Gringotts (Goblins made him nervous) but he could certainly see himself doing something similar. It felt good to make a decision like that. To know what his future might hold. He rushed upstairs with book in hand and fixed the awful wallpaper that he had half-way transfigured before and set about redoing the room.

After he was finished he surveyed his handywork. "Not bad, Harry," he said and trod downstairs. He was about to make himself a congratulatory lunch when a dark owl tapped its beak on the window pane.

Harry jumped up and stared at it. His heart pounded. That was Fergus, Draco's owl.

He rushed to the window and opened the sash. The owl hopped in and lifted its parchment-covered leg.

Harry took the scroll with shaking hands. As soon as the parchment was free of the owl's leg, the bird turned, hopped up onto the sill, and took flight.

Harry unfurled it and read:

Potter,

Thanks for nothing. My parents were completely insulted by your ungrateful behaviour and I have to admit, they may have something there.

My father tried to talk some rubbish into me, but I dismissed it. But then you had to just up and leave. You never said a word until sending Hedwig hours later. And then you bought that abominable hovel in Charring Cross. So I guess that says it best. I told you I hated it and wouldn't live there. I guess that's your answer. Maybe Father was right. Have a good life, hero.

Draco

Harry stared at the parchment, dumbstruck. He read it through again before crushing it in his hand. "That idiot!"

He scrambled to the desk and pulled out fresh parchment. He jabbed his quill into the ink and began writing immediately.

Malfoy,

You are a prick!

Harry

He called for Hedwig and she took the parchment anxiously, sailing out the window. Harry watched her fly and then whirled away. He kicked at a pillow that had fallen from the sofa. He knocked the leg of the small table before it, kicked it again, and then grabbed his wand and angrily transfigured it into a tea cozy. He zapped various objects off the shelves and changed them into kitchen utensils. He aimed his wand at a trolley laden with crystal decanters and he was about to transfigure them when he realized what they were. Instead, he pocketed his wand, went to the decanters, and poured himself a tall...something. Some carmel-coloured liquor into a glass and drank it down. It burned on its way and Harry grimaced, but when it reached his belly, it warmed him nicely.

He sat hard on the sofa cradling the decanter under his arm and refilled the glass.

After a few minutes, he began to feel better. But then there was an owl tapping at his window again. He wobbled toward the window and let it in.

The owl hopped toward him and offered the parchment. Harry took it and unrolled it.

Potter,

What the fuck did you call me? You've got your nerve, you insufferable, conceited Halfblood! I risked everything for you. You've caused me no end of trouble. You told Ginny when we specifically agreed not to tell anyone. And then she blabbed it all over the school and I was exiled from my own home! And you have the nerve to call ME a prick!

Fuck off!

Malfoy

“Oh yeah!” Harry ran to the desk, yanked out the stack of parchment, sending several sheafs flying, and slammed it to the desk. He was writing furiously when Hedwig returned.

Malfoy You Ponce!

You still don't get it, do you? Still calling people Halfbloods. Were you asleep during this war? Did you happen to notice that your bloody father ended up in prison? Did you notice bloody Voldemort trying to kill us? Okay. So you had to stay away from your home for a bit when Ginny ACCIDENTALLY let slip about us. (And when are you going to get over that?) But then you got to go home with me for the summer and then you got your own bloody room at Hogwarts where we were able to shag at will (not that we'll be doing that anymore! I'd rather shag a skrewt!)

I don't get you, Malfoy. You're such a spoiled brat that you don't know how good you had it. I loved you, you know. I bought this house for us, even though you say you hate it, but I was fixing up the bedroom and stuff for YOU. The way YOU'D like it. But what the hell? You don't care and you never

will. Because everything has to absolutely be the way YOU want it. Never mind that I'm free, that I'm on my own for the first time EVER!

So the hell with you. You never loved me anyway. It's probably just as your father said. You chose me because you knew I could win. Well I did. But you know what? YOU lost!

H

Hedwig eyed him suspiciously as he tied it to her leg. He was leaning precariously over as he did so and she had to push him up by butting his head with hers. She chirruped at him but he waved her off. "Hurry up," he snapped. She flapped her wings in his face and he staggered back, sitting hard on the sofa. He poured another into his glass and drank it down.

He might have snoozed because he snapped up abruptly when Fergus appeared at the open window. It hopped forward and seemed to have a weary look in its eye. It stretched its leg out and Harry snatched the parchment off it. It passed Hedwig in the window as it flew off, giving her a conciliatory look.

Potter,

That was the biggest load of crap I have ever read. You are the most annoying drama queen! I am NOT spoiled! My parents gave me hell for your impolite behaviour. They blamed ME! Okay, so my mother wasn't thrilled to have you in the house. But she never had to deal with Halfbloods wizards like you before. And you weren't very nice to her the few times you met her. What was she supposed to think? And Father...well. He was trying to accept you. In his way. Sort of. He's lived like that a long time. So have I. And I changed.

Oh. That's right. You think I haven't. You think it was all a scheme by my father to redeem the Malfoy name. Well fuck you and your name! You know I bloody well loved you! I must have told you a thousand times at least. I can't help it if you are just too stupid to realize it.

And you still picked the house I didn't like.

D

P.S. What sort of things do you THINK I like, anyway? Not that you ever paid attention.

Harry dragged the rest of the parchment to the sofa, dropping sheets along the way, and began scrawling unsteadily on his lap. When Hedwig perched, waiting on the sill, she seemed to sigh.

Malfoy,

Of course I paid attention! How could I avoid it when practically everything you wear, everything in your room is Slytherin green!

And in case your blond brain can't figure out what I just said, I decorated our my bedroom in green!

H

Draco's owl sailed in just as Hedwig returned. They exchanged glances.

Potter,

I knew you never paid attention. It isn't Slytherin green. It's the same green as— Never mind!

I still hate the house.

But...I guess... I did like the balcony on the second floor. And the bay window. But that was all! Not that you had anything to do with it.

D

Malfoy,

What other kind of green could there possibly b—Oh. Ha! You're lying, of course. It's Slytherin green.

H

Potter,

Exhibit A, you ponce. This piece of fabric is from my duvet. I actually cut off a piece of my own EXTREMELY EXPENSIVE duvet to show you how stupid you are. And Exhibit B is a piece of my Slytherin scarf. Note that they do not match. Now pick up Exhibit A and go to a mirror. Stand in front of it and hold the bloody thing up to your face. Tell me it doesn't match. If you can prove it, I will personally eat my duvet.

D

P.S. I suppose you've put horrid Muggle blinds on the bay window when they simply scream for a decent set of curtains. That would be just like you. No taste.

Malfoy,

And that's another thing. You are always insulting me. I may not have been rich (Jeez, Draco you saw how I lived!) but I'm not inept. I just haven't had the practice. And I DID put in drapery upstairs. And a lovely dark green duvet with tiny black stripes. Not that you'll ever see it.

So there!

H

P.S. Okay. So it does match my eyes. That was just a lucky coincidence.

Potter,

How much more of an idiot can you be? It isn't a coincidence.

And I have to admit. That duvet does show taste. If it really looks like you said. I stand corrected.

Sorry.

D

Malfoy,

Did you actually apologize to me? That's a new one.

I worked hard on that damned room. And it really does look nice. Dark wood and dark green. I rather like it. I might keep it the way it is or I might not. I didn't do it for me, after all. But it is kind of lonely. Not that I need you in it.

I was thinking of doing the sitting room in maroons.

H

Potter,

Gryffindor colours? Don't be mental. How about a sophisticated vermillion if you must stay in the red family? Lighter woods, then, and brass candlesticks. Perhaps even a black laquer table— but

that might be too much. Persian carpets. A chandelier over the piano? I at least liked the style of the bookshelves. You're keeping those, aren't you?

Charming colours is no small task. If you need help with it...I guess...if I had time...I could...take a look. If you wanted.

Draco

Draco,

That sounds...okay. I don't know if I can manage it all on my own. The wall colour has to be just right, doesn't it? I don't know that I'm that good with colour Charms. If you wanted to drop by...anytime, really...that would be fine. Maybe I could whip up a curry. If you wanted to drop by tonight, say. Or...whenever.

Harry

Harry,

I actually have time this evening. If you want me to. Should I Floo?

Draco

Yes, please.

Harry

Moments later the Floo whooshed and Draco stepped through. He looked around at the tea cozy and the toasters on the shelves next to the blenders.

“What the hell--?”

“Just...redecorating.” Harry stood unsteadily.

“Harry? Are you pissed?”

Harry glanced at the empty decanter. "Maybe a little."

Draco aimed his wand and hit him with an *Enervate*. Harry shook himself awake and really looked at Draco. He was as gorgeous as always, wearing a dark turtleneck that set off his light hair and pale complexion. Newly revived, Harry felt a little embarrassed by his kitchen transfigurations. "This was just...just...a little frustration. I was tossing a lot of it anyway. Do you want to see what I've done in the bedroom?" he sputtered.

Draco only nodded.

Harry walked up the stairs, feeling Draco's presence behind him with a tingle on his skin. He stepped into the room and moved aside to let Draco pass. The blond stood in the centre of the room and surveyed Harry's work.

Harry was proud of what he'd done, never believing Draco would ever again be standing there looking it over.

Harry's eyes scoured Draco's pale, smooth cheeks, his grey eyes under light brows. His fringe hung in soft lengths nearly to his snowy lashes. "It's a good job," he said softly. "And it isn't Slytherin green. Idiot."

Harry stepped closer, his heart thudding in his chest. "So you like it?"

Draco's tongue passed over his pink lips, moistening them. "Yes." His eyes were tracking Harry.

Harry took another step. "Are you going to help me with the sitting room?"

Draco seemed mesmerized by Harry for a moment before he turned away, his throat swallowing. "I don't see why not."

Neither of them moved. No one spoke.

Draco adjusted his robes and turned to Harry again. Very softly he said, "I...I really had no idea I was hurting your feelings so much. I was just happy to be home. With my family. I was afraid I'd never see them in once piece again."

The lump in Harry's throat returned. "Well...I guess I was being a little insensitive to that. It's just your mother and father...we have a history."

Draco closed his eyes. "I know," he sighed. When he opened them again they were glossy, like ice thawing. "I'm sorry. I wish...they could warm to you better. I wish...a lot of things." Draco stepped closer. "Harry. I'm so lonely without you." His chin trembled. "Don't you believe that I love you? That I have always loved you?"

Harry closed the space between them, standing only inches from Draco. He felt his warmth, smelled his cologne. It filled his thoughts with pleasant memories and sensations. "Your father sent me a letter saying you'd given me up."

“Damn my father.” Draco fell into his arms. They embraced, crushing each other tightly. Harry pulled back enough to plant a hard kiss to Draco’s mouth. Draco greedily opened his lips, sucking Harry’s tongue inside. They kissed for a long time, hands caressing, groping, grasping.

Finally, Draco pulled his mouth inches away from Harry’s. “I don’t care where you live. I mean it. I want to be with you. Please Harry. Take me back.”

Harry leaned forward and kissed each word to Draco’s lips. “Yes. Yes. Yes.”

Harry had somehow loosened Draco’s robes and pushed them off. They nearly tripped over them as they maneuvered toward the bed. His hands glided up under his shirt, pushing the turtle neck toward his head and yanking it off. That pale skin was right before him and he rubbed those pink nipples with his thumbs. “God I missed you!” he rasped.

“Harry...” Draco dipped his face to the juncture of Harry’s neck and shoulder and closed his mouth over it, sucking and nibbling.

Harry tore at his shirt. Buttons snapped off and spun across the room. Finally he pulled it off and rubbed his chest against Draco’s. His hands roamed down his lover’s back and grasped his bum, squeezing. “Mine!”

“Absolutely yours!” Draco sighed.

Draco fell back on the bed. Harry wasted no time and dug at his belt, opening it and stripping off his trousers. Frustrated when they caught on his shoes, he pulled his wand and vanished the rest of Draco’s clothes. Draco squeaked at the suddenness of it but didn’t say anything.

Harry turned his wand on himself and completed his own disrobing. He used the lubing spell on Draco before he tossed the wand aside.

But Draco sat up on his elbows. “Wha—wait—You just—”

“Lubed you,” said Harry, eyes shining. “Got any complaints?”

“You’re going to shag *me*? I thought *you* were the bottom.”

“Not any more, Malfoy. If you’ve got a problem with it—”

“No, no. No problem.” He lay back and slowly opened his legs, giving Harry a delicious view of glistening arsehole and reddening balls.

“Oh...” Harry grabbed Draco’s knees and opened them wider. “Do you need...preparation?” He was panting hard and not really listening to his own question.

Fortunately, Draco seemed attuned to this. “No,” he gasped. “Just do me. Now.”

Harry scooted up and leaned forward. His cock was more than ready to plunge into the blond. He didn't even aim with his hand. He just jutted his hips and found the spot, sinking his flesh within Draco. It was so marvelously tight. He pushed further, further, until he couldn't go any deeper. All the while, in the background, he heard a keening sound, which turned out to be Draco. His lover tossed his head from side to side on the bed, blond hair flailing out from his head, a stark contrast to the dark green duvet.

Harry looked down on the man's flushed skin and wide open legs. Draco reached down and grasped his own straining cock and squeezed it in his fist. Harry reckoned the view was just fine from where he was kneeling. He grasped Draco's hips and withdrew his cock and plunged in, repeating the action over and over again. He gripped Draco's thighs, pulling him flat against his pelvis with each hard thrust, hearing the slap of flesh on flesh.

Draco sped up his wanking. His eyes were closed but Harry wouldn't allow that. "Open your eyes, Draco. Look at me!"

Draco obeyed, and there was such love and lust in their depths that Harry could barely breathe. He slammed harder into Draco. His breath husked over his open lips, panting harder with each thrust. "I love you," he grunted. "I'll always love you."

"Harry, Harry..."

Harry cried out as his orgasm hit. It rumbled up from his balls and spent into his lover. Draco raised his hips into it, his hand pumping his own orgasm from his reddened cock. Harry, still in the throes, bent over and took Draco's mouth in a searing kiss, and the Slytherin responded, moaning into Harry's mouth.

As his the throbbing in his cock waned, warmth descended on his body, and Harry felt a deep lassitude overwhelm him. He pulled from Draco and lay atop him on the man's hot sweat and cooling cum, and welcomed the feel of skin on skin, his lover panting in his ear, and the occasional licks that lapped up the salt from the skin of his neck.

"Draco. I promise, love. I'll never leave again."

"And I won't give you any reason to."

"I was sure your father was breaking us up for good."

"He can't. He doesn't realize—he has no idea how very much I love you."

And Harry felt it that time. He knew Draco was telling the truth. His voice had quavered with the enormity of his emotions and Harry lapped it up, smiling into the blonde's shoulder. "We're just meant to be together," said Harry, feeling almost silly for saying it, but Draco drew back and looked at him. His hand came up and cupped Harry's face.

"We *are* meant to be together. If Voldemort can't break us apart, then how can my father do it? Love is the strongest magic. Right, Harry?"

Harry's heart was full to bursting. He smiled down on his lover. His soon-to-be husband. "Love is the strongest magic." And he sealed it with another tender kiss.

The End

A/N: And so we bring the Correspondence series to a close. Oh, I know we could have gone on and on, even with this particular story, but I was afraid of running out of too much steam. We ended the saga with letters just as we began it. Harry and Draco are together—as it should be. As Draco says, "Meant to be!"

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