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"Intrepid Teenage Hero" by [jennavere](#) [<<] [<<] [>>] [>>]

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Summary

To save wizardkind from falling into the Dark Lord's evil clutches, intrepid teenage hero Harry Potter embarks on a dangerous quest: infiltrating Malfoy Manor and getting information from Draco using highly unorthodox methods. POST HBP, complete.

History and Story Information

"Intrepid Teenage Hero" sits in the [book](#) category within the [Harry Potter](#) fandom. It was archived on **2005-09-03**, last updated on **2005-10-28** and has been visited **69742** times. It has [259](#) listed reviews, **5** chapters and a total of **28867** words.

Genre: Romance

Listed Characters: None

Average Vote: ★★★★★

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WARNING

This story is rated X [V,S]

Author's Notes

No author notes

Story Notes 1. The Pretty Man 2. The Saucy Minx 3. The Ginger Git 4. The Smitten Fool 5. The Smartest Witch

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[FONT: Serif { [ON](#) | [OFF](#) } Size { [+](#) | [OFF](#) | [-](#) }] Story Notes 1. The Pretty Man 2. The Saucy Minx 3. The Ginger Git 4. The Smitten Fool 5. The Smartest Witch

Chapter 1: "The Pretty Man"

Title: Intrepid Teenage Hero

Category: Romance/Humor

Rating: NC-17 for adult language and situations

Summary: To save wizardkind from falling into the Dark Lord's evil clutches, intrepid teenage hero Harry Potter embarks on a dangerous quest: infiltrating Malfoy Manor and getting information from Draco using highly unorthodox methods. Romance/Humour.

DISCLAIMER: This story is based on characters and situations created and owned by JK Rowling, various publishers including but not limited to Bloomsbury Books, Scholastic Books and Raincoast Books, and Warner Bros., Inc. No money is being made and no copyright or trademark infringement is intended.

WARNING: This story contains slash, meaning relationships between members of the same gender. It is also a bit cracked out, and really going to live up to its rating. Oh, and **HBP SPOILERS!!!**

Author's note: Look, blame HBP. The end made me very sad, and when stories make me sad I write over-the-top romantic comedies to make me feel better. This particular story is short; it should have around four parts, or chapters, and will be updated fairly regularly. If you would like to receive an email notification when I update, you can join my Yahoo!Group (link in author profile).

Feedback is, of course, always highly appreciated. Enjoy!

Edit, added October 3: Okay, this will have five parts, and that's the final count.

Intrepid Teenage Hero

I. The Pretty Man

"*Honestly*, Potter."

Blaise Zabini punctuated this with his most exasperated look, rolling his eyes up at Harry Potter from his seat at the worn table in the sunny Weasley kitchen.

"I realize that you're blind as a bat, but surely even *you* have noticed that I'm a pretty man."

Harry, Ron, and Hermione exchanged glances. The trio was standing together in the Weasley kitchen, eying Blaise suspiciously. The tall Slytherin had shown up early that August morning, hovering just outside the wards protecting the Burrow. Molly Weasley had seen him first and marched outside to question him.

She'd come back in with slightly pink cheeks and the remarkably good-looking Blaise in tow. When Ron, Hermione and Harry made it downstairs an hour or so later, Blaise was devouring stacks of homemade pancakes and still flattering Molly outrageously.

"Mrs. Weasley, these are amazing," Blaise was saying as the trio walked in. "Ronald is so lucky to have a mum like you. A good cook and beautiful as well."

"Aren't you a dear," Molly said fondly. "Ron, why haven't you brought your friend Blaise home before? He's really quite something. Not that you're not a charming young man yourself, Harry," she added kindly to a quite-speechless Harry.

"*Mum*," Ron said, looking properly horrified by the whole situation. "What are you doing talking to this slimy, good-for-nothing -"

"Friend of yours?" Blaise interjected, looking pointedly at the three Gryffindors.

"*Friend?*" Ron interjected. "Since when do -"

"Friends knock each other up without a proper firecall first? Excellent point. I'm terribly sorry, Ronald, to have imposed so rudely upon you and your lovely mother. Please forgive my breach of etiquette. I assure you I wouldn't have dropped by so unexpectedly if I didn't have a *very good reason*."

Blaise's meaningful words were not lost on the trio, who exchanged glances. Finally, Hermione cleared her throat.

"Well Za - um, *Blaise*," she said politely. "Why don't we join you for breakfast and you can tell us why you're here."

"Hermione, are you mad?"

"Are you sure that's a good idea?"

Harry and Ron had spoken up at the same moment.

"It can't hurt to hear why he's here," Hermione whispered.

"You're only willing to listen to him because he's fit," Ron whispered back crossly.

"Well, now that that's settled I'll leave you all to catch up," Molly said, giving Blaise one last friendly smile reminiscent of the ones she had bestowed on Gilderoy Lockhart.

And then she left, leaving the three Gryffindors and the one Slytherin alone in the kitchen.

"Start talking, Zabini," Harry said, the instant Molly Weasley had left. "*Now*."

Blaise's expression did not change, but he began twisting the edges of the checkered tablecloth in his hands nervously.

"I need your help, Potter," he said, an edge of desperation in his voice.

"Really," Harry said flatly, unmoved.

"Yes, really," Blaise said, frustration clear in his voice. "I need your protection."

"My protection?" Harry repeated, eyebrow raised. "And why on earth would *you* need *my* protection?"

"Because I may have overheard something at Malfoy Manor. Something about You-Know-Who and his...um...*preferences*."

"Preferences? Preferences for what?" Hermione tried to clarify.

"Preferences for attractive young men."

Three pairs of Gryffindor eyebrows shot up.

"Okay..." Harry finally said, studying Blaise. "What does that have to do with anything?"

"*Honestly*, Potter. I realize that you're blind as a bat, but surely even *you* have noticed that I'm a pretty man."

Harry took a deep breath, a sure indication that his patience was wearing thin.

"Fine, Zabini," Harry said shortly. "Yes, I will admit it. You're a pretty man. You're a fit piece of arse. You're quite possibly the reason the expression *tall, dark and handsome* was ever created. Doesn't explain what you're doing at the Burrow and why you're asking me for protection."

"Well, as I was *saying*, I'm really quite attractive. I know this, you know this, Ron's mum knows this, and from the way she's covertly eying me I can tell Granger knows it. Unfortunately it turns out You-Know-Who now knows this. Word amongst the Death Eaters is he's set his sights on my gorgeous arse and will stop at nothing to get it."

"Are you a Death Eater?" Ron asked suspiciously.

Blaise promptly rolled up his left shirt sleeve to reveal a bare, unmarked forearm. "No. I'm not."

"Then how did -"

"I'm a good friend of Draco's. I've been over at the Manor a lot this summer. Someone must have seen me and reported it."

"Wait. This is ridiculous," Hermione said, sounding almost exasperated. "Voldemort is trying to take good-looking young men and turn them into his sex slaves? That has got to be the most clichéd thing for an evil overlord to possibly do."

"Look, this wasn't *my* idea so don't blame me," Blaise snapped irritably. "The point is that this shit with the Dark Lord is absolutely not on. Thus I'm going to need your protection, Potter."

Harry eyed Blaise speculatively. "And I'm going to do this - *why?*"

"Because it give you the chance to be a noble Gryffindor and protect a strikingly good-looking young lad from a terrible fate?" Blaise said, with a winning smile.

Harry didn't budge. "I need more than that," he said pointedly, folding his arms over his chest.

Blaise sighed. "Draco might have let it slip that his father has something called a Horcrux stowed away at Malfoy Manor."

All three Gryffindors gasped in shock.

"Can you...can you excuse us for a moment?" Harry said in a strangled sort of voice.

Blaise nodded, and the trio formed a quick circle.

"Think he's for real?" Ron asked immediately. "I mean - blimey! Another Horcrux!"

"Oh Harry, this could be the opportunity you've been waiting for!"

"I've got to investigate this lead," Harry said firmly. "Whatever it takes."

The trio broke their huddle and turned back around.

"Do you have some kind of proposition for how I get that Horcrux from Malfoy Manor?" Harry asked.

"Well, I've been going over there every day at tea time to visit Draco. You could just Polyjuice into me and then either question Draco about it or search the Manor yourself."

Hermione, Ron and Harry exchanged glances.

"That really could work," Hermione admitted.

"And in return you want...?" Ron asked.

"Protection from the famous Harry Potter against my becoming the Dark Lord's man-whore," Blaise said. "I think Potter is the best bet to ensure my safety."

Hermione, Ron and Harry exchanged another round of glances.

"It does seem like a fair trade," Hermione said thoughtfully.

"Do it, Harry," Ron encouraged. "To defeat You-Know-Who and all."

Harry turned to Blaise. "Alright then," he said, sticking out his hand. "It's a deal."

Blaise shook his hand as quick as lightning, looking highly relieved.

"So that's settled," Harry said with an air of finality, taking a seat at the table. "Tomorrow at tea time I'll go to Malfoy Manor, Polyjuiced to look like Zabini here."

He propped his feet up on the corner of the table and leaned back in the chair, balancing on two legs. "I'll drink some tea and have a chat with Malfoy. We can maybe talk about Quidditch or whatever, and then I'll pop the question about the Horcrux and try to -"

"Slow down there, cowboy," Blaise said, looking nervous for the first time all morning. "You might need to do a bit more than talk about Quidditch with Malfoy."

Harry gave him a puzzled look. "What do you mean?"

"What I mean is that Malfoy might be expecting a bit more than a chat...if you get my drift..." Blaise gave Harry a meaningful look.

Harry gave Blaise a clueless one in return.

"Sorry, I don't think I've quite got it," Harry said.

Blaise chewed on his lip for a moment.

"I think I ought to tell you this part in private, Potter."

"Whatever you have to tell me, you can say in front of Ron and Hermione," Harry said firmly, tipping back a little further in his chair.

Blaise winced. "Actually, I think we'd both prefer if -"

"Just spit it out, Zabini," Harry snapped.

Blaise raised his eyebrows. "Okay," he said hesitantly. "Draco's going to expect you to fuck him."

There was a yelp of shock, followed by a large crash as Harry overbalanced his chair and toppled onto the floor.

"Smooth, Potter," Blaise muttered.

"Oh God," Harry moaned up from the floor.

Hermione kneeled next to him immediately, face concerned. "Harry! Oh Harry! Are you alright?"

"Of course not!" Harry snapped, slowly getting to his feet. "Zabini just told me that he and Malfoy are fucking each other!"

"No I didn't," Blaise said pointedly. "I told you that you're going to be Polyjuicing into me, and that *you* and Malfoy are going to be fucking each other."

Harry froze in the middle of picking up his fallen chair.

"I...you...me...Malfoy..." he stammered.

Blaise smiled serenely at him. "That's right," he said sweetly. "You and Malfoy."

Harry finally righted the chair and sat back down at the table. "I am *not* fucking Malfoy," he said, shaking his head emphatically. "I'm *straight*."

"Yeah, yeah," Blaise said dismissively. "That's what all the boys say. Look, do you want that Horcrux or not?"

"Well, of course I do," Harry snapped indignantly.

"Then take one for the team, Potter."

"You know, Harry, I hate to say it but I think he's right."

"HERMIONE!"

"Oh, do be rational, Harry. How else are you going to get this Horcrux?"

"She's right, mate," Ron said, nodding. "I mean, I know it's Malfoy and all, but you've got to get that Horcrux."

Harry stared at them. "Aren't you two...freaked out?"

"There is nothing wrong with homosexuality," Hermione said primly. "And anyone who thinks so is a closed-minded bigot."

"Ron?"

Ron shrugged. "My brothers are Fred and George. You shagging the ferret is nothing compared to what those two get up to."

"But I'm *straight*," Harry whimpered, burying his head in his hands. "*Straight*. I have sex with *girls*."

"Oh good," Blaise said, sounding quite relieved. "You're not a virgin. That makes things a bit easier."

"Just who did you have sex with, Harry?" Ron asked, a sort of forced casualness to his voice.

"Oh, well Cho, obviously. She didn't spend *all* her time crying, you know. And then Ginny and I must have shagged a thous -"

There was the loud sound of knuckles cracking menacingly.

" - never. Ginny and I never did anything but snog," Harry amended quickly. "I treated your little sister like the pure, chaste, untouched virgin she is."

"Good man," Ron said pointedly, unclenching his fist.

"Well," Blaise said, reclining back in the kitchen chair. "It's a good thing you've had some experience, Potter, because let me tell you, Malfoy's going to be expecting one hell of a ride."

"I hate my life," Harry moaned, burying his head back in his hands. Hermione patted his shoulder sympathetically.

Blaise continued as if Harry hadn't spoken. "Now, lucky for you, Mr. I'm-So-Straight, Draco likes to bottom. He *is* a bit bossy but I actually think that will work in your favour when -"

"Bottom?" Harry interrupted, sounding confused.

"Yes, bottom, he's - oh, hang it all, Potter, you don't know what tops and bottoms are, do you?"

Harry shook his head weakly. Hermione jumped in to explain.

"The terms *top* and *bottom* refer to which position a man takes when having sexual intercourse with another man. The *top* is the man who does the penetrating and the *bottom* is the man who receives the penetration."

Harry and Ron turned and stared.

"How come *you* know this?" Harry demanded.

"I know everything," Hermione responded mysteriously.

"So Harry will be the cowboy and Malfoy will be the horse," Ron said thoughtfully.

"I suppose you could put it that way," Blaise admitted.

"Harry will be the Firebolt and Malfoy will be the flyer."

"Right."

"Harry will be the tamer and Malfoy will be the dragon."

"Essentially."

"Harry will be -"

"We get the picture, Weasley, thank you," Blaise snapped.

Meanwhile, Harry was taking deep, fortifying breaths.

"Okay," he muttered. "I can do this. I can shag a bloke. It's for a good cause. Defeating the most powerful Dark Wizard of all time and all that."

Harry stood up. "I'll do it," he said, slapping a hand on the table and sounding resolved. "To defeat the ultimate evil and save all of wizardkind, I'll have sex with a man."

"Really? You'll do it?" Blaise asked.

Harry took a deep breath. "Yes. As many times and in as many positions as I have to. Even if it means I've got to dress Malfoy up like a school girl, tie him down, and then drill him through the mattress for an hour until he comes so hard he forgets his name. Whatever it takes to find that Horcrux."

"Gryffindors," Blaise snorted. "Fucking intrepid teenage heroes, the lot of - wait, *what* did you just say you were going to do to Draco?"

"Nothing," Harry said dismissively. "So, anything else I should know before I go after Malfoy tomorrow?" he asked, stretching his arms above his head and causing his t-shirt to ride up several inches.

"Uh..." Blaise floundered, his attention suddenly focused on Harry's newly revealed stomach. "Sorry, what?"

"What else do I need to know about having sex with Draco Malfoy?" Harry repeated, slightly impatiently. "You know, does he like a lot of foreplay? Is he a screamer? Does he have any kinks? That sort of thing."

"Oh, right. Draco. Right," Blaise said distractedly. "He likes whatever. Do you work out or something, Potter?"

Harry gave Blaise a very confused look. "Sure, I guess. I do sit-ups, push-ups, that sort of thing. Zabini, you said Draco was bossy. Surely he likes things more specific than *whatever*."

"Not really. Just whatever. Listen, you really just do sit-ups? Because your abs are delicious, Harry - I *can* call you Harry, can't I?"

"What? Oh, oh yeah, sure," Harry said, sounding distracted. He was running a hand over his stomach. "Really? You think my abs are hot?"

"Absolutely," Blaise said earnestly. He stood up and sauntered over to Harry. "Your arms are great too," he said, placing a hand on Harry's arms. "Great. Just great. Nice and toned." Blaise's eyes had glazed over slightly.

"Really." Harry looked thrilled. "Well, I have been doing lifts and presses lately, trying to get in better shape. I mean, I finally got tall but I still think I'm a bit on the thin side, you know, and -"

"Harry." Hermione sounded slightly annoyed. "You're supposed to be finding out how Malfoy likes to be shagged. Remember?"

"Oh! Right, right." Harry turned to Blaise. "No more distractions," he said sternly. "Tell me all about Malfoy."

"Oh, Malfoy can wait. Listen, Harry, are you sure you're really up to all this?" Blaise asked, his voice very caring and sweet. "Did you want to maybe practice first? Because I might be willing - in the spirit of working together and all - to let you practice on me."

"Really?" Harry asked, sounding surprised. "You'd let me fuck you?"

"I could possibly be...*persuaded*," Blaise said, his hand still on Harry's arm and his eyes now fixed on Harry's crotch.

Hermione rolled her eyes. "Zabini. Stop hitting on Harry and focus."

Harry looked wide-eyed at Blaise. "You're hitting on me?"

"What? Me? Please. As if," Blaise scoffed. He paused. "Why, is it working?"

"Kind of, yeah," Harry admitted in surprise, giving Blaise an appraising sort of look.

"HARRY!" Ron and Hermione screeched.

"What?" Harry said defensively. "He's a pretty man!"

Hermione took a deep breath. "Harry, sit back down so Zabini can tell you how Malfoy likes to be shagged. Zabini, explain what Malfoy likes and the mechanics of gay sex to Harry. And explain with *words only*. Ron, you probably don't want to listen to any of this. Go play Quidditch or something."

She sighed as the boys hastened to follow her instructions. "Next time I decide to become the brains of a trio of evil-fighting school children, I'm joining forces with girls," she muttered darkly.

Preview of **Part II. The Saucy Minx**:

"I thought he'd never leave," Draco said with relief. And the next instant he was on Harry like Dudley on cake.

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Chapter 2: "The Saucy Minx"

Author's Notes: For summary, disclaimer, and ratings information, please see chapter one.

Chapter Warning: Explicit male/male sexual content (**NC-17** rating) and general goofiness.

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Intrepid Teenage Hero

Part II. The Saucy Minx

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At tea time the next day, the wizarding world's most well-known intrepid teenage hero could be found on the front steps of Malfoy Manor, fidgeting slightly. He had swallowed a draught of Polyjuice Potion with one of Blaise's hairs in it only moments ago and then had Apparated directly to the front gates of Malfoy Manor.

A short walk up the property had him standing in front of the mansion's ornately carved door, anxiously smoothing his robes and patting his new curly hair. Harry was now the spitting image of Blaise Zabini, with Blaise's flawless dark skin, chocolate eyes and stunning features. Blaise had even loaned him clothes, so Harry was dressed in a soft, fitted jumper and black trousers with a fashionable black cloak over the whole thing.

There was no way Malfoy could possibly know who he really was, but Harry was still nervous about the whole situation.

Come on, Potter, you can do this, he coached himself. Won't be the first time you've had to fool Malfoy using Polyjuice Potion.

Harry had been relieved to realize that, unlike himself and Vincent Crabbe, he and Blaise were much closer to the same size and build. It wasn't at all hard to get used to Blaise's only slightly smaller body.

Now he just had to get used to the idea of shagging Draco Malfoy.

How do I get into these situations? he thought desperately, as he lifted a hand and rang the bell. *Honestly, shagging Draco Malfoy to find a Horcrux...I must be mad...*

The bell echoed ominously through the monstrously huge house. Moments later, a House Elf was answering the door.

"Mister Zabini, please come in," the elf squeaked. "Master Malfoy is telling me that he expects you in the parlour."

The elf led Harry down several corridors, finally stopping before a large pair of doors. Harry took a deep breath. There was no going back now.

The doors opened magically to reveal a large room with several clusters of fancy-looking furniture, an enormous marble fireplace, and a small table set for tea for two in the center of the room.

As Harry stared at the scones and tiny cakes on the tea table, hoping against hope that maybe he might get away with just having tea, a familiar snotty voice filled the room.

"Dinky, honestly, I would hope Blaise Zabini would know his way to the parlour by now. Do you really think he needs an escort?"

Harry's eyes darted right, looking for the source of the voice. There, elegantly sprawled on his side along one of the couches, was Draco Malfoy as Harry had never seen him before.

Gone were the heavy black school robes and starched uniform shirts that Harry was accustomed too. In their place Draco was wearing a light grey hooded robe that draped fluidly around his body. Gone also was the helmet-like head of slicked back hair, held in place with thick gel. Instead, Draco's hair was loose, with soft, small sections tucked behind his ears and the shorter front pieces falling forward into his eyes.

Is that really Malfoy? Harry thought in shock. *He looks absolutely edible.*

As Harry tried hard not to gape, Draco stood up in one fluid movement, his robes falling elegantly into place around him. He crossed the room in a few easy strides, sauntering over to Harry.

"Nice of you to come for tea," he practically purred at Harry, reaching out and grabbing one of Harry's hands.

"My pleasure, Mal - Draco," Harry replied, the name as unfamiliar and exciting to his tongue as the soft, smooth skin of Draco's hand was to his own.

He let Draco lead him by the hand over to the tea table. Draco motioned to one of the chairs and Harry sat, expecting Draco to do the same.

Instead, Draco gave him a sultry smile, then turned to glare at Dinky.

"Well, what are you waiting for? Get lost, and make sure my mother stays on the other side of the Manor," Draco snapped at the elf.

"Yessir!" Dinky squeaked, and then disappeared with a pop.

"Thought he'd never leave," Draco said with relief. And the next instant he was on Harry like Dudley on cake.

"*Mmmrph!*" Harry sputtered, as he suddenly found himself with a lap full of lithe blonde, one who seemed intent on getting his tongue deep enough in Harry's mouth to lick his tonsils.

I'm kissing Malfoy! Harry's brain seemed keen on announcing. *Kissing Malfoy! Draco Malfoy! And bloody hell, I think I'm enjoying it!*

And he *was* enjoying it, because Draco was one *hell* of a good kisser. Harry was being kissed fiercely and passionately, Draco's legs spread on either side of his body and Draco's arms tightly about Harry's neck. Harry quickly found that his body was reacting of its own accord, his own arms wrapping around Draco's slender waist to pull the blonde closer.

Harry couldn't help but notice that it really wasn't all that different from kissing a girl. Draco's lips were surprisingly soft and sweet against his own, and his body, for all its sharp angles, was warm and cuddly in Harry's arms. Experimentally, Harry ran one arm up Draco's back to his hair, cradling Draco's head in his hand as they kissed. Draco's hair was cool and silky and bloody *irresistible*, and pretty soon both of Harry's hands were threading through Draco's hair as they kissed.

"That feels so good," Draco breathed against Harry's lips. "I missed you, you know."

"But it's only been...um...two days since we've last seen each other," Harry pointed out, trying to recall when Blaise said he last had tea at the Manor.

"Felt more like two months to me," Draco replied, moving from Harry's mouth to kiss his neck. Harry tilted his head to the side, shivering as Draco delivered rows of hot little kisses to the sensitive skin of his neck.

Harry lowered his hands back to Draco's waist as Draco continued to kiss him. Draco's kisses trailed up to Harry's ear, and then Draco slowly traced the delicate shell of Harry's ear with his tongue. Harry shuddered, his arms tightening reflexively around Draco.

"Know what I want?" Draco whispered, his voice no longer snotty in the slightest but breathy and husky.

"What?" Harry whispered back .

"I want to suck your cock, and then I want you to fuck me."

Harry's entire body went rigid; his eyes popped wide open and he actually stopped breathing for a moment. *What* had Malfoy just said?

"Oh...you...uh...well, if you want to...do that...that's...uh...that's fine..." Harry was desperately trying to sound nonchalant, as if he were Blaise Zabini and got blowjobs from Draco Malfoy all the time. Rather than the truth, which was that he was Harry Potter and was very likely to come in his pants if Draco said something that hot and dirty again.

"Oh, it'll be a lot more than *fine*," Draco said mischievously, whispering the words into Harry's ear. His hands went to the fastenings of Harry's cloak and he began popping them open, one at a time. When he reached Harry's waist, Draco slid off Harry's lap, kneeling on the floor and smoothly fitting himself between Harry's thighs.

Harry watched in a sort of thrall as Draco made short work of the rest of the fastenings and peeled Harry's cloak open. Then he reached for Harry's belt, his hands making contact with Harry's hard cock.

"Eager, are we?" Draco said smoothly, brushing his palms over the bulge in Harry's pants.

"It's your fault," Harry said accusingly, even as he pushed forward into Draco's hands. "You and your dirty little mouth."

Draco gave him an odd look. "I didn't know dirty talk turned you on," he said, still stroking Harry through his pants.

Oh shit. Maybe Blaise doesn't like dirty talk? Harry thought in panic. Shit shit shit, how do I fix this?

"I've...uh...never mentioned how much it turns me on when you talk dirty to me?" Harry said casually, as if he heart wasn't racing.

Draco shook his head. "No. I'll just have to keep it in mind from now on, won't I?" Draco said flirtatiously, moving to unfasten Harry's belt and trousers.

Harry nearly melted in relief.

Draco tugged at the waistband of his trousers, so Harry lifted his hips slightly off the chair, allowing Draco to remove his trousers and pants. Harry's cock sprang free, and Draco wrapped a hand around it, making Harry suck in a quick breath at the sensation.

But that was nothing compared to what was coming. As Harry stared down, Draco's tiny pink tongue darted out and licked the head. A violent shock of pleasure ran through the Gryffindor.

Merlin in a fucking silk kimono, Draco Malfoy is about to suck my cock, Harry thought in awe. Okay, so what would Blaise say in this situation? Maybe he'd snap out something like "get on with it." Or conceivably he's the begging sort who'd say "oh yes, oh Draco, oh please!" Or possibly he's very macho during sex and would say "yeah baby, give it to Daddy, you saucy little minx," or perhaps he'd...

Luckily Harry never had to figure out what Blaise would say, because at that moment Draco winked up at him, and then leaned forward and took Harry in his mouth.

Harry groaned deep in his throat, his hands coming to grasp the sides of the chair in a desperate attempt to anchor himself. Thirty seconds in, and Harry could already tell that this was going to be the best blowjob he had ever had. Draco seemed to know exactly what to do to drive him crazy. Wet heat and tongue and suction and Draco's hand still on him and then it felt like only seconds before -

"Fuck, Malfoy, you have to stop before I -"

Luckily, Draco got the picture and complied, sitting back on his knees between Harry's legs and looking up at the Gryffindor with a mildly puzzled expression.

"Did you just call me *Malfoy*?" he asked, one eyebrow raised.

SHIT!!!

Harry immediately began to sputter. "Oh...that...uh...I uh..."

"Because that's kind of *sexy*."

And the next instant Draco stood up, still wedged between Harry's knees. His hands went to the clasps of his own robe, and Harry watched eagerly from his chair as Draco tore through the fastenings. When the last clasp was undone, Draco shrugged it off his shoulders. The robe hit the ground -

Followed quickly by Harry's jaw.

"You're...you're..."

"I most certainly am," Draco said with amusement, putting one hand on his naked hip and displaying his completely nude body for Harry's benefit.

Nude. Naked. No clothes whatsoever. It was by no means the first time Harry had seen another boy naked. Hell, he'd seen most of the Gryffindor boys naked in the showers at one point or another. But this was the first time he'd ever seen another boy naked because he was going to let Harry *fuck* him.

Knowing what he was about to be allowed to do to Draco's body, Harry could not take his eyes off Malfoy. The blonde was fairly tall and, as Harry could now see, quite thin, his past year of heavy stress having left its mark on his body. His collarbone and ribs were visible, and Harry suspected there might be close to two stone's difference between their weights.

But Draco still looked *good*; his skin was flawless and healthy, his muscles lightly defined, and his slimness only served to make him look lithe and graceful. Harry was suddenly profoundly thankful he was in Blaise's body, and had Blaise's sleek muscles and slightly smaller stature. Had he been himself, he was certain he would have felt like a lumbering, awkward troll next to the willowy blonde.

Draco was still standing in front of him, the picture of confidence. And yet, Harry could see him biting his lower lip and watching Harry warily, and he suddenly realized that a good deal of that confidence was all an act. Draco was actually slightly nervous about Harry (or actually Blaise's) reaction.

Why would he be nervous? I'm sure Blaise has seen him like this a thousand times, Harry thought to himself. Still, having Draco standing naked and vulnerable before him, looking just the slightest bit insecure, sent a rush of warmth into Harry's chest.

Harry stood up quickly. "You're gorgeous," he said reassuringly, wrapping his arms around Draco's naked waist. And surprisingly, Harry *meant* it; an afternoon that he had thought would be a hardship was fast becoming enough wank material to last for a *month*.

"Well of *course* I'm gorgeous," was Draco's snotty response, but Harry didn't miss the way his face lit up at the compliment.

"Very, *very* gorgeous," Harry repeated, and then leaned down and pressed a kiss against Draco's lips. "Hot too," he said, giving Draco another closed-mouth kiss. "And sexy."

He began to kiss Draco in earnest, and Draco responded eagerly, opening his mouth and kissing Harry back. Tongue slid against tongue, and soon Harry's hands were traveling all across the length of Draco's naked back as they kissed.

There is a naked arse just below your hands right now, Harry brain helpfully informed him, as Harry rested his hands for a moment in the small of Draco's back. *A completely naked arse, and if you were to slide your hands down just so...*

Really, really hoping it was something Blaise might do, because it sure as hell was something Harry wanted to do, Harry lowered one hand onto Draco's bum.

Draco made a small noise of pleasure and squirmed against Harry. Encouraged, Harry sent his second hand to join the first, and pulled Draco to him.

"Mmm..." Draco said, as they kissed fervently. "Remember what else I said I wanted?"

The hands on Draco's arse tightened reflexively. *Be cool, Potter*, Harry thought desperately. *Just...be cool.*

"You said you wanted me to fuck you." Harry couldn't *quite* keep his voice from squeaking on the work *fuck*.

"Mmm-hmm," Draco confirmed coyly. "So are you going to give it to me or what?"

Oh *hell yeah* was Harry going to give it to him.

He flexed his arms slightly. "Jump up," he suggested.

Draco's eyes widened. "Hang on, are you sure you're strong enough to -"

"*Up*, Draco," Harry ordered.

Draco obeyed, jumping slightly as Harry lifted him up. Harry lurched forward as Draco's weight was suddenly deposited in his arms and he nearly dropped the blonde, but Draco quickly locked his arms and legs around Harry and stabilized them.

"You git," Draco said accusingly, once Harry had regained his balance. "I tried to tell you you weren't strong enough to lift me. We're nearly the same size."

"No we're..." Harry bit his tongue. Draco and Blaise were closer to the same size than he and Draco would have been, and Harry needed to remember that right now, he was Blaise.

"I can so lift you," Harry said defiantly, shifting his hold on Draco's bum. "Look, I've got you perfectly fine right now."

"I don't know if I'd call it *perfectly fine*. I suppose you do have me, but we're not trying to have sex like this," Draco said firmly. "Put me on the couch over there."

Harry frowned. Draco was right; he was used to Ginny, who was small and lightweight and could be lifted by Harry with no problems. But this wasn't Ginny in his arms; this was Draco Malfoy, and Harry could send both of them crashing painfully to the floor if he tried something like this on their first time.

He followed Draco's directions, heading over to the large couch standing before the marble fireplace. He turned slightly and deposited Draco on his back on the couch before kneeling at his feet.

Draco automatically spread his legs, and looked at Harry expectantly. Harry took a deep breath, trying to quell the butterflies in his stomach. Quickly he pulled off his jumper, and then stretched out between Draco's legs, lying stomach against stomach on top of the other boy.

Oddly enough, the strangest part for Harry wasn't the fact that his cock was pressed against another that was just as hard as his own. It wasn't even that his face was only inches from Draco's, and that every inch of their bare skin seemed to be touching.

The strangest part was looking into Draco Malfoy's pale grey eyes. Harry had always thought of them as cold and icy. But in this intimate position, they looked soft and kind of sweet. Coupled with Draco's mussed hair and flushed cheeks, the whole effect was rather endearing.

"You're cute," he said suddenly, bringing a hand up to cradle Draco's face.

Draco rolled his eyes. "You act as though you'd never noticed that before."

I haven't, Harry thought, amazed. *All these years, growing up with Malfoy - how have I never noticed how damn cute he is?*

Draco cleared his throat. "So are you planning to stare down at me all afternoon like some silly, smitten Hufflepuff or are we going to do it?"

Harry snorted. "Hufflepuff?" he asked.

"Well, I *do* want to get shagged, so I didn't want to completely insult you and call you a Gryffindor," Draco said apologetically.

Get the fuck out, Harry thought, narrowing his eyes. *He doesn't even know it's me and he manages to insult me!*

But Draco was now arching up enticingly against Harry, brushing his cock against Harry's own, and Harry swiftly forgot any damage done to his pride. He ground down against Draco, quickly realizing how easy it would be to come like this, from the smooth slide of their bodies together.

Not wanting to end things before the main event, Harry gave Draco a quick kiss and then sat back on his knees. Desperately reviewing all the things Blaise had taught him, Harry summoned the lube from his discarded trouser pocket. He carefully unscrewed the cap and squeezed a generous amount onto his fingers. He tossed the tube carelessly to the side, and glanced down at Draco.

To his surprise, Draco looked a little bit anxious.

"Is something wrong?" Harry asked in concern, before he could stop himself.

"Oh no, no, nothing's *wrong*," Draco denied immediately. "I can't wait to feel you inside me. Just...you know...go slow."

Harry frowned. "Don't I always?"

Draco merely shrugged and then looked away.

Something fierce rose up in Harry's chest. Had Blaise been...*rough* with Draco? Had he hurt Draco in their past encounters? Admittedly, Blaise didn't seem like the most *sensitive* person Harry had ever met. It was possible that his carelessness had caused Draco pain?

Suddenly feeling oddly protective, Harry bent down over Draco.

"Hey," he said reassuringly, touching his forehead to Draco's. "We don't have to do this if you don't want to."

"No, I want it, I definitely do," Draco said firmly. "I just want you to go slow."

"Alright," Harry agreed. "I'll go as slow as you need me to, and if you ever want me to stop you just say so, okay?"

"Okay," Draco responded, ducking his head almost shyly.

He's going to kill me with his cuteness, Harry thought, sitting back up but unable to resist kissing Draco on the nose first.

Determined to be as gentle as he possibly could, Harry carefully slid one finger into Draco's body. Draco shuddered slightly and closed his eyes, letting his head fall back against the couch cushions.

Slowly, Harry worked his finger in and out. Once Draco seemed relaxed enough, he added a second finger. Between Blaise stressing the importance of preparation and Draco asking him to go slow, Harry could fully appreciate the responsibility of his job as a top. He could really hurt Draco if he wasn't careful.

Staring down at the blonde, with his flushed face and screwed shut eyes, Harry suddenly had a whole new definition of *vulnerable*. *This* was vulnerable; trusting someone else to be inside your body, to not hurt you, to take care of you.

And like any true Gryffindor faced with something cute and vulnerable, Harry was overwhelmed with the urge to wrap Draco up in his arms and protect him from anything and everything that might want to harm him.

"More," Draco whispered, breaking through Harry's thoughts. "I want more."

Harry didn't think there was any way he could have denied Draco anything he wanted at this point. He slid a third finger in, studying Draco's face closely for signs of pain.

But Draco didn't seem to be in any sort of pain at all. He gave a sort of breathy moan, and then opened his eyes. He locked eyes with Harry, and Harry understood.

Harry removed his fingers carefully, and then moved even closer to Draco. He positioned his cock right at Draco's entrance.

"Slow, right?" Harry said, pushing just the slightest bit forward.

"Mmmm-hmm," Draco confirmed, propping himself up on his elbows to watch. "But not too slow. I'm dying to get properly fucked here."

Harry's eyes bulged slightly. He met Draco's eyes again, and was relieved to see that all traces of apprehension had vanished. The saucy minx from earlier appeared to be back.

He pushed forward a bit more. Draco sucked in his breath.

"Big," he said breathlessly. "But good."

"Thanks," Harry said, without any enthusiasm. After all, it wasn't *his* cock Draco was calling big.

Harry slowly inched his way inside Draco, his breathing getting more and more laboured. This was *incredible*. Draco's body was so tight and warm around him. He gently pressed forward until he was buried completely in Draco. Then he lay down on top of Draco, propping himself up slightly with his arms so as not to crush the blonde beneath him.

Draco arched up and kissed him. "Good?" he asked, as Harry panted above him.

"Fuck," was all Harry said back.

Draco arched his hips up, sending Harry even deeper. "That's the idea."

Harry actually *whimpered*. He had no idea how he could possibly last more than five strokes. He slowly pulled out, and then pushed back in. He and Draco both gasped. Again, Harry pulled out a bit, and then pushed back in. And then Harry began to actually fuck Draco, slowly at first but gradually building speed until he was sliding in and out and both boys were moaning.

"Is this...good for you?" Harry bit out, concerned about Draco's pleasure even as he tried as hard as he could not to come.

"Put my legs...over your shoulders," Draco panted. "See if you can hit the sweet spot."

Confused, Harry did as he was told. He sat back and grabbed Draco's legs, pulling his knees over his shoulders, and then he thrust in as deep as he could.

"Fuck yes!" Draco actually cried out. Thrilled, Harry did it again. And again. He'd suddenly remembered Blaise mentioning the prostate and explaining that he should aim to hit as often as possible during sex.

Good advice, apparently, because Draco was now moaning and writhing beneath him, tossing his head back and forth against the pillows. He looked like something out of a wet dream; his hair spread out against the cushions, chest heaving, glistening slightly from exertion. Harry didn't think he'd ever seen anyone look anywhere near this sexy, and it was rapidly pushing him close to the edge.

"Fuck..." Harry said desperately. "Oh fuck...I don't think I can..."

Draco suddenly grabbed his own prick and began pumping it in time with Harry's thrusts, and that was it for Harry. He completely lost it, and came harder than he ever had before. Bliss washed over him, and he sagged forward slightly, Draco's legs slipping off his shoulders.

He took exactly two deep breaths before remembering that Draco hadn't come yet. Making a split-second decision, Harry shifted on the couch, his cock sliding out of Draco.

Draco made a mewling noise of disappointment as Harry pulled out. "*Wait*," he said desperately, "Wait, I haven't -"

Harry cut him short by grabbing Draco's hand and yanking it off his prick. The next moment he had taken Draco deep in his mouth.

Draco moaned loudly as Harry swallowed him down.

"Fucking hell, that's - yes, fuck like that," Draco hissed, hips bucking up into Harry's mouth. Harry did everything he could think of that he himself enjoyed - taking Draco deep, sucking hard, running his tongue along the underside of Draco's straining prick. He'd never done this before, never even dreamed of doing it, but right now all Harry could think of was making Draco feel as amazing as Harry just had.

Draco's legs were still spread along the couch, giving Harry an idea. He quickly slid two fingers back inside Draco and deliberately pressed them against Draco's prostate.

Draco gasped and then jerked up, his entire body tensing as he came -

Right into Harry's mouth.

Completely unprepared, Harry choked, and promptly began coughing and sputtering.

Draco snickered. "You are absolutely pants at swallowing," he murmured, sounding both amused and breathless.

Harry jerked his head up to glare at Draco, only to have the sight in front of him cause his glare to melt into something else entirely. The other boy was slumped boneless on the couch, one arm flung over his eyes. He was breathing heavily, his slender body taking in huge gulps of air. His face was flushed, his lips were rosy, and his platinum hair was a disaster.

Draco looked cute and vulnerable yet *again*, and it was making Harry feel all mushy and protective.

"You really are adorable," he informed the blonde.

"Fuck off," Draco said crossly, pulling his arm off his face to glare at Harry. "Can't you call me something just a little manlier after sucking my cock?"

Harry made a strangled sort of noise.

"Besides," Draco continued, ignoring Harry's sudden speechlessness. "You're pretty easy on the eyes yourself."

For one shining moment Harry was flattered, and then he remembered that Draco thought he was Blaise and was complementing Blaise, not Harry on his looks.

And for some inexplicable reason, that made Harry grumpy.

He quickly shook it off as Draco glanced at the clock on the mantle.

"Shit, our hour is almost up."

Harry nearly had a heart attack. "WHAT did you just say?"

"I said our hour's nearly up. We've only got an hour for tea, remember?"

Harry wilted against the couch in relief. For a second, he'd actually thought Draco knew about the Polyjuice Potion.

Draco was sitting up. "My mum's expecting me to do a bit of shopping with her right now," he told Harry. "But I'll see you tomorrow?"

Harry nodded. "Wouldn't miss it," he said, completely truthfully.

Draco smiled, and leaned forward to give Harry a quick kiss. They both quickly got dressed and headed for the doors of the parlour.

Just before they left the room to go their separate ways, Draco put a hand on Harry's arm.

"See that armchair?" he said, pointing to an enormous burgundy armchair near the fireplace.

"Yes," Harry replied.

Draco smiled mischievously. "Tomorrow I'll bend over the arm and let you fuck me like that."

And then he ran off, leaving an outrageously turned-on Harry gaping after him.

.....

Harry managed to Apparate back to the Burrow exactly two minutes before his Polyjuice Potion wore off. He waited for his body to change back, and then headed for the kitchen to meet with the others.

Hermione, Ron, and Blaise were all clustered around the kitchen table, eating Mrs. Weasley's homemade biscuits. Harry walked in and sat down next to Blaise, a dazed look on his face.

"Hi Harry," Blaise said with what might have been a leer. "You look like you had fun."

"Oh Harry, you're back!" Hermione said excitedly. "How did it go?"

"Yeah mate, did you find the Horcrux?" Ron asked.

"Hmmm?" Harry said distractedly. His mind was far away in the parlour of Malfoy Manor, picturing a cute, pale arse bent over the arm of a large, burgundy armchair just waiting for him to -

"Bugger!" Harry suddenly cursed. "I forgot all about the Horcrux!"

Blaise, Ron and Hermione exchanged shocked glances.

"You...*forgot*?" Ron repeated, looking dumbstruck.

"Yeah, I was just so caught up in..." Harry trailed off, his cheeks flushing. "Well, never mind what Malfoy and I were caught up in."

"It must have been good, if it made you forget," Blaise said, somewhat sourly.

Harry blushed harder. "It was," he muttered. "But never mind, I'm sure it was just been first-time jitters that made me forget. I'll ask him about the Horcrux tomorrow."

Hermione patted his shoulder. "It could have happened to anyone," she said reassuringly.

Ron nodded. "Yeah. You'll get him tomorrow."

"Thanks," Harry said, smiling at his friends.

There was silence for a moment.

"So...how was the sex?"

"HERMIONE!"

"I was just asking!" Hermione said defensively.

"Fine. It was fine. And that's all I'm going to say about it," Harry said firmly.

Hermione shrugged. "Alright," she said agreeably. "Ron and I were working on some ideas for breaking the enchantments on the Horcruxes - mind if we get back to that?"

"Please, go ahead," Harry said. "I think I might take a nap."

Hermione kissed his cheek, and then she and Ron left the kitchen. Next to Harry, Blaise was eying him speculatively.

"Need a nap afterwards, do you? Just what exactly did you do to my friend?"

Harry yawned. "Don't you mean your boyfriend?"

Blaise shook his head. "No. Draco's not my boyfriend."

That woke Harry up. "But...but you shag him," he said, confused.

"We have an...*understanding*," Blaise said cagily. "It doesn't require us to be boyfriends."

"But that's terrible. You ought to have *some* kind of relationship if you're shagging."

"Maybe if you're a *Gryffindor*," Blaise returned.

Harry narrowed his eyes. "Or if you're *normal*. Or maybe *you* just don't care about Draco at all."

"What is that supposed to mean?" Blaise asked, looking bewildered.

"It means that Draco looked quite nervous right before we shagged, and he had to ask me to go slow," Harry hissed. "What exactly do you do to him when you fuck him, Zabini?"

Blaise's eyes widened slightly. "It's not what you're thinking," he said hastily.

"Oh really?" Harry said, rather menacingly. "Then why don't you tell me why Draco was afraid I was going to hurt him?"

"I'm sure I don't know," Blaise said honestly, holding up his hands in a placating gesture. "But I can promise you that I have never fucked Draco in a rough manner. And I would swear to that under Veritaserum."

Harry gave him a searching look.

"You have my word," Blaise repeated.

Harry looked at him a moment more, then relaxed. "Alright, I believe you," he said. "I'm sorry I accused you of being rough with him."

Blaise shrugged. "That's alright, Harry." Now he was the one giving Harry a searching look. "So...you seem awfully protective of Draco all of a sudden."

Harry looked away sheepishly. "I'm not," he denied. "I'm just...trying to get a better feel for the situation. That's all."

"Right," Blaise said, with a raised eyebrow. But he didn't push it. "So you're going to tell me how the sex was, right? After all, you used *my* body."

Harry smiled. "It was really good," he admitted, rubbing the back of his neck. "Really, *really* good. I'm actually looking forward to doing it again tomorrow." He hesitated. "Does that make me bi?"

Blaise shrugged. "Probably."

Harry furrowed his brow. "Are you upset that I'm shagging Draco? I mean, I know you said he's not your *boyfriend*, but he's got to be your fuckbuddy or...or something."

"Not at all," Blaise said, shaking his head. "I'm not the jealous type."

"Lucky you," Harry said ruefully, taking a biscuit off the plate on the table and stuffing it in his mouth. "I've got loadth of quethionth for you now," he said, through a mouthful of crumbs.

"Sex questions?" Blaise said, a bit eagerly.

Harry nodded, and finished his mouthful of biscuit. "I was wondering - do you normally spit or swallow?"

"Bloody fucking hell, Potter!" Blaise yelled. "That's a very personal question!"

"Well, it's a very personal thing I'm doing!" Harry snapped back.

Blaise looked at him appraisingly. "Why do you need to know?"

Harry rolled his eyes. "Why do you *think* I need to know?"

Blaise's eyes widened. "YOU GAVE DRACO A -"

"*Shhh*," Harry hissed. "Not so loud! Ron and Hermione might hear you."

Blaise was staring at him in wonder. "You Gryffindors really go all out when you bravely march into new territory, don't you?"

Harry shrugged. "I wanted to make Draco feel good," he said, by way of explanation.

"Really?" Blaise said, sounding highly interested. "So the other person's pleasure is important to you during sex?"

"Of course it is!" Harry exclaimed. "It's very important. Now come on, Blaise, you haven't answered my question."

"Well," Blaise said thoughtfully, "what if I give you a practical demonstration? Say we go up to your room, get you out of those trousers, and then I show you up close and personal whether I spit or -"

"BLAISE ZABINI, I'm just on the other side of this door and I can hear every word you're saying! *Stop hitting on Harry!*"

"You're *hitting* on me again?! I thought it was just a *demonstration!*"

"Damn you, Hermione Granger!"

Coming up in **Part III**:

"So, Draco," Harry began, as nonchalantly as he could, "have you ever heard of something called a Hor -"

"You want to role-play that I'm your whore?" Draco gasped, looking far more turned on than appalled. "You dirty little pervert."

Story Notes 1. The Pretty Man 2. The Saucy Minx 3. The Ginger Git 4. The Smitten Fool 5. The Smartest Witch

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Chapter Warning: sexual content

Intrepid Teenage Hero

Part III: The Ginger Git

The following day at tea time, our intrepid teenage hero once again stood bravely upon the steps of Malfoy Manor, perfectly Polyjuiced into Blaise Zabini and ready to shag the daylights out of Draco.

Oh right, and to, uh...find that Horcrux.

Now don't forget about the Horcrux today, Harry ordered himself, as he rang the bell. That's why you're here. Horcruxes. Not sex. Horcruxes. You are going to have sex - probably very good sex - but do not forget about the Horcrux just because you're caught up in an hour of hot, sweaty, very good sex with Draco bent over the - damn it, NO! Don't bugger this up! Remember the Horcrux!

Dinky the House Elf met him at the door again, and escorted him through the corridors to the same double doors as before. Only this time, Harry wasn't a case of nerves. In fact, he was quite looking forward to whatever was going to occur between him and Malfoy today.

He was really hoping Draco hadn't been kidding about that armchair.

"Dinky is leaving you here now," the Elf said, bowing low before disappearing with a crack. Harry took a deep breath and put a hand on the doors. They swung open effortlessly to reveal the same room with the same tea service set for two, and the same blonde seated in one of the chairs at the tea table.

A smile lit up Harry's face and he quickly headed toward Draco. "Hi," he said, eyes feasting on the Slytherin, who was wearing dark green robes and had his hair loose again, falling adorably into his eyes...

...which were determinedly looking anywhere but at Harry.

"Hi," Draco muttered back uncomfortably, tugging nervously at the lacey tablecloth.

Harry was puzzled by this turn of events. "Alright there, Draco?" he asked casually, sex over the arm of a chair completely forgotten in light of Draco's unexpected shyness.

He took a seat in the other chair next to Draco, who was staring into his empty tea cup like it held the secrets of the universe.

"Couldn't be better," Draco said dryly. "Oh, except that I'm absolutely mortified beyond belief that I threw myself at you like that yesterday."

Harry stared at him blankly. "But...but you...wait..."

What the hell was Draco talking about? Hadn't he and Blaise been shagging for ages? Draco had sure acted like it yesterday! But if that wasn't what Draco was normally like...

Harry chewed his lip for a moment, trying to make sense of things, when it came to him.

Aha! he thought triumphantly. *I bet Draco is normally a lot more reserved. Probably acts all demure and lets Blaise take the lead. And then yesterday he acted like some insatiable sex kitten and now he's embarrassed. How cute is that...*

He hastened to reassure the downtrodden boy sharing a table with him. "Don't be embarrassed," he said earnestly. "Yesterday was amazing. You absolutely blew my mind."

Draco looked at Harry properly for the first time since he had entered. "Really?"

"Oh yes," Harry pressed on. "It was brilliant. You can throw yourself at me anytime."

"Oh shut up," Draco muttered, but he appeared to have perked up a bit. He reached for one of the tiny cakes on a tray on the table. "Was it really brilliant?"

Harry nodded emphatically. "You're an amazing shag, you know. Top rate. But haven't I...um...told you this before?"

"When would you have told me that?" Draco asked, looking genuinely curious as he popped the cake into his mouth.

Harry's eyes widened in panic. "Uh...that time...when I...uh...that one time...when we...well, you remember when I would have said that, don't you?"

Draco's brow furrowed. "Are you talking about that time we rolled about on the Quidditch pitch?"

"Yes," Harry said triumphantly. "That's the time."

But to his surprise, Draco looked even more puzzled. "I hardly see how you could have figured me for a brilliant shag based on *that*," he said, grabbing another cake and eating it.

"Um...I just could," Harry said weakly, promising to himself that he was going to wring Blaise's neck when he returned to the Burrow for not ever telling Draco what a good shag he was.

"Oh." To Harry's relief, Draco seemed more concerned about eating the tiny tea cakes than pressing the issue.

"Like those cakes?" Harry asked, trying to quickly change the subject.

"They're marvelous," Draco confessed, grabbing his third and fourth at once. "I can't get enough." He popped both cakes in his mouth at once, as if to prove his point.

"But you didn't eat any yesterday," Harry pointed out. "There was a whole plate of them untouched on the table."

Draco turned the faintest shade of pink. "Yes, well, that was actually the second plate of cakes."

"You ate the first?" Harry asked, disbelieving. "The entire plate?"

Draco nodded shyly. "They're my favourite. All the House Elves know this, so they always make two batches. Otherwise my company won't get any."

"That," Harry said solemnly, "is the cutest thing I have ever heard."

"Fuck off," Draco scowled, snatching up the plate. "Just for that, you shan't have a single one. I'll eat them all myself."

"That's quite alright," Harry said slyly, "because I'd much rather be eating you."

To Harry's delight, the flush on Draco's cheeks deepened.

"Would you now?" he asked, looking at Harry coyly from beneath lowered lashes. He picked up another cake and ate it slowly, licking the frosting from his lips. "And are you going to do anything about it?"

Harry watched Draco rapturously. It wasn't the saucy minx from yesterday, who had been completely in charge, ordering Harry about and dictating what they were going to do. But this Draco definitely had his own appeal, as he almost seemed to be trying to bait Harry into taking control.

Gladly, thought Harry, pushing his chair back and standing up. Draco watched, eyes alight in anticipation, as Harry moved towards him.

"Too right I am," Harry said. He carefully placed his knee on the edge of Draco's chair, right between Draco's thighs. One hand came to rest on the back of Draco's chair, behind his head. "You're far tastier than any cake," he purred, bending down and pressing his lips against Draco's.

Draco immediately melted into the kiss, obediently parting his mouth when Harry's tongue traced his lips. Draco tasted like cake and frosting, and Harry couldn't get enough. He kissed Draco greedily as his free hand slid through Draco's hair and then down to the clasps on Draco's robe.

Quickly, he began to pluck at the fastenings, popping them open to reveal the smooth, pale skin beneath them.

"Do you ever wear anything under your robes?" Harry asked in delight, as his hand slid into Draco's robe and found nothing but bare, soft skin of Draco's stomach.

"What would I wear? Muggle clothes?" Draco asked, sounding horrified at the prospect. "Don't be disgusting. How you do it all the time, I'm sure I don't know."

"You'd look hot in muggle clothes," Harry protested.

That gave Draco a moment's pause. "I would?"

Harry nodded emphatically. "Absolutely. Though I rather like you like this."

He made short work of the rest of the fastenings, ripping the robes open and laying Draco bare beneath his gaze. Creamy skin, lightly defined muscles, and a rock-hard cock met his eyes, and Harry could feel his own cock swelling in anticipation.

"Gorgeous," he whispered, pressing a kiss to Draco's collarbone. "Delectable," followed by a kiss to his chest. "Irresistible," as a kiss was pressed to Draco's stomach.

Draco began to squirm beneath him as Harry continued to trail kisses across his stomach. "You fucking tease," he groaned, lifting his hips slightly. "Get on with it. *Please*."

Harry couldn't possibly resist a request like that, and quickly dropped to his knees between Draco's spread legs. In a mirror of Draco's own actions the day before, Harry leaned forward and took Draco's cock in his mouth.

Judging from Draco's loud reaction, Harry figured that, second blowjob of his life notwithstanding, he was doing a pretty decent job of things. Least he had reduced Draco to some incoherent babbling, which he relished as he continued to suck Draco off.

Draco's legs were squeezing Harry in on either side, giving Harry an idea. Carefully, mouth still on Draco's cock, he fumbled in his robe pocket and pulled out the tube of lubricant. Then he reached behind each of Draco's knees and pushed up.

Draco was pliant and willing, and in a moment Harry had Draco's feet perched on the edge of the chair. Next moment he was working a slick finger into Draco, making the blonde moan.

"That's...fuck, that's so *good*..." Draco bit out, panting, his chest heaving up and down. Harry felt a rush of triumph, and added a second finger, working them in and out of the blonde, remembering to brush the prostate that Blaise had raved about.

"You're going...to make me come..." Draco managed to say.

"Good," Harry responded, pulling off Draco's cock to lick him from root to tip.

"But..." Draco gasped, his body shuddering, "...but I wanted you to fuck me..."

Oh. Well, Harry could live with that. He stopped for a moment, sitting back on his heels, fingers still inside Draco.

"Any particular way you'd like to be fucked?" he asked,

Draco shook his head. "You *de-cide*," he squeaked, entire body spasming as Harry pressed against his prostate again. "Bastard," Draco added for emphasis, though he looked anything but upset.

"Well," Harry said casually. "I seem to recall a certain cheeky fellow promising to let me shag him over the arm of that chair."

Draco looked across the room, eyes lighting up. "Bloody perfect," he said. "I'm brilliant."

Harry kissed his inner thigh and withdrew his fingers. "Go on then. Get your arse over there."

Draco quickly wriggled out of his robe, leaving it on the chair in a heap as he stood. He scrambled over to the chair, Harry hot on his heels and shedding his clothes as fast as he could.

The chair was high, with large, padded arms. Draco bent over one of them, his toes barely touching the floor.

"Like this?" he called out to Harry, who was nearly salivating at the picture before him.

"Yes. *Yes. Exactly* like that," he managed to say.

It took some maneuvering and adjusting, but in a few short moments Harry was pushing into Draco Malfoy and wondering how in the *hell* he was going to last more than five strokes.

But this time, however, Harry was determined to last until Draco came. He concentrated on Draco's reactions instead of his own pleasure, aiming to brush the prostate frequently, and working a hand between Draco and the armchair so he could stroke Draco's cock as he fucked him.

Draco had already been close, and it wasn't long at all before he was shuddering and crying out with release beneath Harry. His orgasm triggered Harry's own, and he slumped forward onto top of Draco, head resting on the silky skin of Draco's back.

"Fuck," Draco finally said.

"Fuck," Harry agreed, placing a kiss on Draco's sweaty back. Reluctantly he stood, pulling Draco up with him with the arm still around his waist.

On impulse, he wrapped his other arm about Draco's waist and kissed Draco soundly. Draco's hands wound their way around Harry's neck .

"Mmm, I wish you didn't have to go," Draco said, breaking the kiss to look at the clock.

"Me too," Harry said honestly. He could have done with some cuddling.

"But you'll come again tomorrow?"

"You have my word," Harry promised.

Draco smiled, and kissed him one last time before walking him to the doors, where they once again went their separate ways.

"Hey Ron," Harry said about ten minutes later, having Apparated back to the Burrow.

"Hiya, Harry," Ron said, munching on a slice of cake from a large platter that was very clearly labeled '*For darling Blaise, love Mrs. Weasley.*'

Harry looked around. "Where are Blaise and Hermione?"

Ron swallowed. "Outside chatting about something or other. So how'd it go?"

Harry sighed dreamily. "He's amazing, Ron. You'd never guess that Draco Malfoy could be so hot, but he just drives me mad, you know? And I just want to grab him and kiss him and shag him senseless and...and..."

Harry trailed off, realizing that Ron looked slightly green.

"The Horcrux, you git. I meant the search for the Horcrux." Ron shuddered slightly. "Did you find it?"

Harry's eyes widened.

"Bloody, fuck, bugger, shit, not again!"

"I'll take that as a no," Ron said thoughtfully as Harry swore, helping himself to another slice of Blaise's cake.

Right Potter, today you are going to stay focused. You are going to ask Draco about the Horcrux. Yes, you are also going to shag him silly. But not until you ask about the Horcrux. Horcrux...horcrux-horcrux-horcrux...

Harry repeated the word to himself like a mantra as Dinky once again guided him down the halls of Malfoy Manor. Last night Blaise and Hermione had both lectured him about his forgetfulness, Hermione reminding him that he needed to find the Horcrux to bring peace to the wizarding world, and Blaise...well, Blaise was apparently annoyed that Harry was spending all that time shagging Draco instead of him.

Yes, yesterday night had not been his finest moment. But today would be different. Today he was a man on a mission. Today he would not be distracted. Today he would find that Horcrux.

Dinky left him at the doors again, which swung open -

To reveal Draco Malfoy perched fetchingly on the tea table, wearing nothing but a strategically placed tea cosy.

"Hello, lover," he cooed.

""

"Well?"

"Tea cosy, Hermione. I repeat, nothing but a tea cosy."

"..."

"..."

"So you didn't ask about the Horcrux, then?"

"Tea cosy," Harry said firmly. "But never fear; I'll definitely get him tomorrow."

""

"Hi, Draco," Harry said, as he walked through the doors into the parlour.

Draco smiled at him from the table, where he was sipping tea and licking the frosting off another tea cake. "Hi," he purred.

Harry swallowed hard, refusing to let himself be distracted.

"Listen, I was wondering - "

"How many different positions we can shag in before we both come? Me too!"

""

"Really, Harry, this is getting a bit absurd. Surely you can remember to ask one simple question."

"Oh, shut up, Blaise. Just because you can shag Draco and remember to ask questions doesn't mean the rest of us can. I'm working on it. I got closer today."

"I suppose that is true...hey Harry?"

"What?"

"Just out of curiosity...how many positions *did* you two manage?"

""

"So, Draco," Harry began, as nonchalantly as he could, "have you ever heard of something called a Hor -"

"You want to role-play that I'm your whore?" Draco gasped, looking far more turned on than appalled. "You dirty little pervert."

"*What?* No, no that's not what I meant! I couldn't possibly...wait, are you offering?"

""

That evening, Harry sat by himself at the kitchen table, feeling a bit out of sorts. He had just spent the past several days having the best sex of his life, but somehow, he couldn't feel good about it.

It was his conscious that was nagging at him now. Sure, he'd gotten into this deal believing that he was making a sacrifice for the good of wizardkind, and that he was on a noble quest for a Horcrux. Turned out that it wasn't a sacrifice at all; indeed, Harry now looked forward to tea time at Malfoy Manor almost rabidly.

But it didn't sit right with him that he hadn't managed to find out anything at all about the Horcrux, and now he had a nagging feeling that he had been simply lying to Draco in order to shag him. And *that* made Harry feel like some kind of low down dirty dog.

"Oi mate," a voice interrupted, joining him in the kitchen. "How'd it go today?"

"Not so good," Harry admitted, as Ron took the seat across from him. "I managed to ask him if he'd heard of a *Hor*, and that was as far as I got."

"Malfoy misinterpreted your words, did he?" Ron said, looking highly amused. "Excellent. Blaise owes me three galleons now."

"You two are *betting* on this?" Harry asked, appalled. "Look, I am trying really hard here!"

"Sure you are, Casanova," Ron said distractedly, his attention fixed on a small plate on the table in front of Harry. "What're those?"

Harry looked at the tea cakes in front of him. "Oh, I brought them home from tea at the Manor today. They're Draco's favourite."

"*They're Draco's favourite*," Ron repeated, in a girly voice. "Your ickle Draco's got an ickle sweet tooth, does he?"

"Quiet you," Harry said good-naturedly. "He insisted I bring a few home and try them. He can really be quite sweet."

"I'll take your word there, Harry. Have you tried any yet?"

Harry shook his head. "No. But go on and take one, I know you want it."

"Way ahead of you," Ron said, already popping one of the cakes in his mouth. His eyes closed in an expression of bliss. "I say, that's delicious." He grabbed two more and popped them both in his mouth at once. "Marveloth," he managed to say through the crumbs.

Harry watched Ron eat the cakes that Draco had given him, and felt worse than ever.

"Hey Ron?"

"Yeah, mate?" Ron said, swallowing.

"Am I a horrible person for shagging Draco this way?"

"What way?" Ron asked, looking confused. "Are you tying him up and making him wear the schoolgirl uniform after all?"

"*What?* No, no that! I just meant shagging him while he thinks I'm Blaise. It seems...I don't know, dodgy. Downright manipulative, actually."

Ron ate another cake, expression thoughtful. "Does he enjoy it?"

"I hope so," Harry said earnestly. "I do everything I can to make it good, but the past couple days I've just felt rotten about the whole thing."

"Look, you are trying to find that Horcrux," Ron said earnestly. "And you're taking Malfoy along for a ride while you're at it. It's not ideal to lie to him like this, but as long as you keep making it as good for him as possible then I think you can justify it. A bit sticky morally, but You-Know-Who's got to be stopped, Harry. This is a war."

"Yes, but I haven't even *asked* about the Horcrux yet!"

"But you will," Ron said encouragingly, on his fifth cake.

"I know, but..." Harry sighed. "What if it isn't good for him? What if I'm somehow hurting him?"

"Do you really think that's the case?" Ron said skeptically. "It sounds like he can't get enough."

"That first day he was kind of anxious and nervous," Harry pointed out.

"Has he been nervous again?"

"...no," Harry admitted. "And I've been watching him very carefully to make sure."

"Then he's fine," Ron said firmly. "Look, you're a very shaggable bloke, Harry. I'm sure Malfoy is enjoying the sex you."

Harry was surprised. "Really? You think so?"

"Definitely," said Ron, now eating tea cake number six. "Hell, if I had to shag a bloke, it would be you, hands down."

"What's this about shagging Harry?"

The kitchen door had swung open, and Blaise was sauntering through it.

"Where have *you* been?" Harry asked, as the other boy took a seat at the table.

"Outside," Blaise replied. "It's a lovely - are those Draco's favourite tea cakes?"

His attention was riveted on the plate situated between Harry and Ron.

"Yes. Draco gave me some to bring home. Want one?" Harry asked, pulling the plate out from under Ron's hand and offering it to Blaise.

Blaise immediately shook his head. "No, thanks," he said quickly. "Have you two been eating them?"

"Just Ron," Harry said, indicating the red-head who seemed to be staring at Harry.

"You great ginger git," Blaise said mildly. "You already ate all *my* cake."

"Take it out of the galleons you owe me," Ron replied, unfazed. "You really have been lifting weights, haven't you?" he asked suddenly.

"Come again?" Harry said, thrown by the sudden subject change.

"You're looking awfully fit, Harry."

"Oh. Well, thanks Ron," Harry said, pleased. "I've been working out."

"I can tell," Ron said, still eyeing him.

"You should feel his arm, Weasley," Blaise cut in. "The muscles are amazing."

Ron looked questioningly at Harry. Harry obligingly held out his arm. Ron put his hand on Harry's bicep and squeezed it slightly.

"Nice, Harry," he said, sounding impressed. He didn't take his hand off Harry's arm.

"Don't be shy, Ron," Blaise said. "Feel his shoulders too."

Ron slid his hand up to Harry's shoulder. "Wicked," he said, running his fingers all over Harry's shoulder and upper back.

"But really, to get the whole picture, you need to touch his chest and abs," Blaise said persuasively. "Why don't you both stand up so Ron can really feel your muscles, Harry?"

Harry looked at him incredulously.

"Well go on," Blaise said, motioning with his hand.

Feeling a bit like he was missing something, Harry stood up. Ron had already sprung to his feet.

"Bloody hell, you're fit," Ron said, putting his hand on Harry's stomach.

"Uh...thanks, Ron," Harry said, a bit disconcerted.

"You should take off your shirt, Harry."

"Blaise!"

"No, he's right, you should," Ron agreed.

"Ron?"

"Weasley, you should take off your shirt too," Blaise said, his voice a bit huskier than normal. "And then Harry, Ron's been working out as well, maybe you should feel his muscles..."

"What?"

"Go ahead, Harry," Ron practically purred, lifting Harry's hand and placing it on his own stomach. "I don't mind."

"WHAT?!"

"And I won't be a bother," Blaise interjected. "I'll just sit here...maybe dim the lights, put some music on...you two do whatever feels natural..."

"*NATURAL?!!*"

"Of course...after all, you're best mates...alone together...confused but curious, maybe a little turned on...I think Ron wants a little kiss, Harry...maybe you should give him one..."

The kitchen door suddenly flew open.

"What on earth is going on in here?" A bossy voice demanded.

"Hermione!" Three boys shouted in unison, one surprised, one relieved, and one highly disappointed.

Hermione looked between Ron and Harry. "Are you two...touching each other?"

Blushing furiously, Harry dropped his hand.

"It's his fault," he said accusingly, pointing at Blaise.

"Yes well, I don't doubt that," Hermione said, voice heavy with exasperation as she shot a pointed glare at Blaise.

"What?" Blaise said innocently.

Hermione's eyes flicked from Blaise, to Harry, to Ron, to the plate on the table. She raised her eyebrows. "Are those tea cakes?" she asked. And without waiting for an answer, she looked at Blaise. "That plate looks almost empty."

"I may have eaten a few," Ron admitted, gaze was now fixed on Hermione. "You look so hot today, Hermione."

"Thank you," she said curtly. "Ron, would you come with me upstairs? I need your help for a second."

"Of course," Ron said hastily. "Anything you want."

They left the kitchen, Ron's eyes never leaving Hermione.

Harry gave Blaise a withering look.

"You need to get laid, Blaise," he said sternly.

Blaise's eyes lit up. "Why, Potter, I thought you'd never ask."

Harry glared. "Oh, for crying out loud..." he muttered.

.....

A short while later, Harry was in the living room, deeply involved in a book. Hearing footsteps crossing the room, he looked up to see Blaise standing close-by.

"Hi," the Slytherin said. "Mind if I join you?"

Harry patted the couch next to him. "That'd be great. Where are Ron and Hermione?"

"Shagging."

Harry winced. "Wow. Okay. I so did not need to know that."

Blaise shrugged. "You asked. What are you reading?"

Harry showed him the cover.

"*THE JOY OF GAY WIZARD SEX???*"

"Well, yeah. I'm learning how to give Draco a rim job."

Blaise's mouth dropped. "You...you're...you..."

"In order to ask him about the Horcrux, I'll have to get the shagging done first. So my plan is to get him off so hard that he's comatose afterwards and in his weakened state will tell me anything I want to know," Harry said proudly. "Brilliant plan, yes?"

Blaise simply stared at him.

"Now, you've never given Draco a rim job, have you?"

Weakly, Blaise shook his head.

"Good," Harry said, closing the book with a satisfied snap. "I'll just follow these instructions and then hopefully tomorrow I can give Draco the kind of mind-blowing pleasure that will leave him seeing stars."

Blaise swallowed hard. "You sure you don't...uh...want to practice this one first?"

"Thanks for the offer, that's sweet," Harry said obliviously, tucking the book under the couch cushions. "But I think I've got it."

He straightened up and looked at Blaise, eyes sweeping over Blaise's body from head to toe before he sighed.

"What?" Blaise asked, looking down at his body. "Something wrong?"

Harry shook his head. "No. There is absolutely nothing wrong with your body. You're hot and you know it. It's just...I wish I could shag Draco as myself."

Blaise gave Harry a knowing look. "Do you now?"

"Yeah, I just...I'd rather feel him against my own skin, kiss him with my own lips, touch him with my own hands. That sort of thing."

"You're falling for him, aren't you?"

"*What?*" Harry gasped, and then forced a laugh. "Me? Falling for Draco Malfoy? Please," he scoffed. "Don't make me laugh. Harry Potter falling for Draco Malfoy. As if."

Blaise patted Harry's arm. "Silly Gryffindor," he cooed. "You can't shag someone without getting all mushy and protective over them. You'll be head over heels for Draco before you know it."

"Hey, that is not true," Harry protested. "I'll have you know that Gryffindors can certainly shag someone without falling for them. We're *lions*, Blaise. And lions sleep with *all* the lionesses. Attachment free."

Blaise looked like he was about to laugh. "So you're a lion, eh Potter? On the prowl? Ready to shag any goodlooking lad or lass that crosses your path without any sticky feelings involved?"

"Yeah that's right," Harry said challengingly. "I'm all about casual sex."

"I don't know, Harry," Blaise said, drawing Harry's name out. "I'm not sure I believe you. I think you should prove it to me."

"How?" Harry asked, genuinely wondering.

"Oh, just you...me...this couch...right here, right now, we'll engage in some casual - "

"I can hear you Blaise! Stop trying to get in Harry's pants!"

"Wait - that was another scheme to shag me? Blaise, how could you?"

"*Damn it*," Blaise swore. "How the fuck do you *do* that, Granger?!"

Coming up, in **Part IV: The Smitten Fool**:

"Fuck yes, fucking give it to me, Potter!"

Story Notes 1. The Pretty Man 2. The Saucy Minx 3. The Ginger Git 4. The Smitten Fool 5. The Smartest Witch

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For summary, rating information and disclaimer, please see chapter 1.

Chapter Warnings: Smut. And, er...more smut.

Intrepid Teenage Hero

Part IV: The Smitten Fool

"Fucking Merlin in a thong and garters!"

"Like that, do you baby?" Harry cooed, before leaning forward and continuing to fuck Draco with his tongue.

"Fucking hell yes!" Draco cried out, his voice muffled from his position bent over the back of the largest couch in the parlour. His knees were on the couch cushions and Harry was kneeling between them, putting to good use every last bit of knowledge he'd ever learned about a rim job.

"That's...that's fucking incredible..." Draco panted. "Oh God, don't stop...please don't stop..."

"Nobody's stopping anything until you come so hard you pass out," Harry promised. He couldn't believe how much he was enjoying this, enjoying making *Draco Malfoy* writhe in pleasure.

Draco shuddered. "Fuck," he cried out. "Oh fuck..."

Harry could hear the strain in Draco's voice, could hear that the blonde was close, and got a little more aggressive. He briefly traded his tongue for two fingers, brushing them against that spot deep within Draco.

Draco's entire body spasmed. "Fuck," he cried again. "Fuck, please, fuck me!"

Harry had been planning to rim Draco until he came, but plans can *always* change. He straightened up, and slowly pressed his cock into Draco.

"Like that?" he whispered, trailing kisses over the base of Draco's neck and leaving little pink marks in his wake.

"Yes, fuck yes, exactly like that," Draco gasped, his legs beginning to shake.

Harry pulled out slightly and then thrust back in. Draco whimpered in response. Harry thrust in a couple more times, and then reached around and grabbed Draco's cock.

Draco shuddered and came almost immediately.

"Fuck yes, fucking give it to me, *Potter!*"

And as Draco slumped forward with release, Harry froze. His stomach had just fallen somewhere around his knees and he could actually *hear* his own heart pounding.

"Draco, what...what the hell did you just say?" he asked nervously as he slid out of the blonde, his own orgasm completely forgotten.

"Sorry, what?" asked Draco, who was resting against the back of the couch and panting heavily. He seemed unaware that anything was amiss.

"Did...did you...whose name did you say just now?"

Draco's entire body stiffened.

"Oh shit," he whispered, looking over his shoulder at Harry. "Please tell me I didn't say what I think I said."

Harry watched him warily. "You said *Potter* when you came."

Draco's eyes went almost comically wide. "No I didn't," he denied desperately.

"Yes, you did," Harry insisted.

"No I *didn't*," Draco snapped, shaking his head frantically. "I didn't say *Potter*, I *swear*, anything but *Potter!*"

"Draco," Harry said, swallowing anxiously, "is there something you need to tell me?"

He braced himself, preparing to hear Draco scream at him about impersonating Blaise and taking advantage of poor, innocent Malfoys and how saying he was on a mission to save the world was *not* going to justify this in court.

He wasn't prepared to see Draco flush the most brilliant shade of pink he'd ever seen.

"I'm sorry," Draco said, now refusing to meet Harry's eyes. "Merlin, I'm so sorry. Fuck, this is so embarrassing."

Harry stared in shock. "Are you *blushing?*"

"Um...look, it's just...oh, God, how do I say this?" Draco closed his eyes, looking ready to die of shame. "I...I just...um...I might fantasize about Potter when you fuck me."

Harry gaped at him. "What?"

Draco winced. "I...I sometimes fantasize about Harry Potter when you fuck me."

"*What?*"

"I said I -"

"No, I heard you, I just - Harry Potter? Really?"

Without opening his eyes, Draco nodded, and then covered his red face with his hands.

Harry sat absolutely still. The panic in his chest was quickly being replaced by a sort of warm, fuzzy glow that was slowly spreading throughout his entire body.

"It's not as crazy as it sounds," Draco said defensively, from the safety of his hands. "Half of Hogwarts fancies Potter like mad. The other Slytherins noticed he'd got all tall and good-looking this year. Hell, even Pansy admits that he's sex on legs and you know she doesn't like half-bloods..."

Harry didn't care what other Slytherins thought; there was only one Slytherin he cared about at the moment. He grabbed said Slytherin around the waist, sitting down on the couch and taking Draco with him so that Draco ended up in his lap, crushed against him in a tight hug.

"Wait...you're not angry?" Draco asked, sounding stunned.

Harry shook his head. "No," he admitted, pressing his face to Draco's hair.

"Really?" Draco asked hopefully.

"Really," Harry confirmed, breathing in the faint scent of Draco's hair and feeling a bit giddy. "In fact, you know what? I think it's brilliant."

"*Brilliant?*"

"Absolutely smashing. You should fantasize that I'm Harry Potter all you want. Any time. All the time. I won't mind."

Draco slumped against him in relief. "I'm so glad you feel that way," he said. "I was afraid you were going to be pissed and that would have ruined my plans."

"Your plans?"

Draco nodded. "My mum is going to Paris tomorrow. She'll be gone until the following day. I was going to invite you to stay overnight."

A completely different heat washed through Harry at the thought of having Draco to himself for an entire night.

Heat was quickly followed by despair, however, when Harry thought of having to take Polyjuice Potion every hour to keep up his appearance, and worse, of spending a whole night kissing and cuddling and shagging Draco and still not being in his own body.

But he was, technically, an intrepid teenage hero on a mission, and an entire night at Malfoy Manor would give him plenty of opportunities to search for a Horcrux. Harry had no choice, really. He would just have to keep his personal feelings out of the matter.

He opened his mouth to agree when he was suddenly seized by a wild and reckless idea.

"Would you rather shag Blaise Zabini or Harry Potter?"

Draco did a double-take. "I thought you say you were okay with the *Potter* thing!"

"I am," Harry said hastily. "It's just a question. If you could shag either Blaise Zabini," he said, pointing to himself, "or Harry Potter tomorrow night, which one would you want?"

Draco chewed on his lip. "Truthfully?"

Harry nodded, heart leaping into his throat.

"Well...this thing between us is just sex, yes?"

Harry bristled a bit. "Oh sure. You know us Slytherins with our casual, meaningless, no-strings sex. No attachments, no sticky feelings. Just lions on the prowl."

"Lions?"

"...snakes. I meant snakes. Snakes on the...er...prowl."

"Right," Draco said, giving Harry a funny look. "Well, since it's just sex, you won't be all offended if I say I'd rather have it off with Potter, right?"

"Not offended in the slightest," Harry said happily. "So what would you say if I offered to get you Harry Potter for the weekend?"

"What, like roleplay? You'd put on glasses, draw on a scar, and wear some hideous muggle clothes? For me?"

"His clothes aren't that hideous," Harry snapped. "And no, I was thinking something a little more daring."

Draco's eyes widened. "Polyjuice?" he asked breathlessly. "That's incredible. Do you think you could get some of Potter's hair or something and really do it?"

Harry hesitated. He could pretend that he was Blaise pretending to be him, but the thought of that much acting gave him a headache. Not to mention he'd have to swig from a flask every hour or Draco might get suspicious, and worst of all, Draco still wouldn't know it was really Harry.

No, he had a better idea.

"No, not Polyjuice either. What if I *kidnap* Harry Potter for you?"

Okay, so maybe not a *better* idea...

"KIDNAP HARRY POTTER?" Draco's mouth dropped open. "*Are you off your head?!*"

"It's just for the night," Harry said persuasively.

"But...what...how the devil would you even find him? If the bloody Dark Lord can't get to Potter what makes you think you'll manage?"

Harry's brain was spinning furiously. "I heard a rumour that he'll be staying with the Weasleys this summer."

"And? How will you find the dratted place? Probably warded down to the last shingle."

That made Harry pause. How *had* Blaise found them?

"Yes, but...well, I could...maybe if I...wait, Luna Lovegood lives somewhere near the Weasleys, I heard her say so once," Harry said triumphantly. "I'll simply charm her into telling me where their place is."

Draco raised an eyebrow. "Alright, that *could* possibly work. After all, what girl could resist Blaise Zabini's good looks?"

Not Mrs. Weasley, that's for sure, Harry thought to himself. Maybe Hermione could, but I wouldn't bet even a knut on that.

"But still, how would you get Potter from the Weasleys?"

"Um...I'll tell him Vol - er, *You-Know-Who* is after me and I need to talk to him privately. And then I'll *Stupefy* him, tie him up, and bring him here."

Draco looked quite skeptical. "Fine, I'll play along. Say *somehow* this ridiculous plan works. You charm the Lovegood girl into telling you where the Weasleys live, and then by some miracle succeed in kidnapping *Harry Potter* from under everyone's nose and bringing him to my Manor in time for tea tomorrow. What then?"

"What do you mean *what then?*"

"I mean that Potter hates my guts!" Draco burst out. "He's not going to shag me! I won't have a lover for the weekend; I'll have a prisoner who will probably press charges the moment I let him go!"

Harry hesitated. Obviously he couldn't tell Draco that his fears were completely baseless. *Think Potter, think. How can you convince Draco that Harry Potter wants nothing more than to shag him silly?*

And in a flash of inspiration, it came to him.

"*Weasley's Wizarding Wheezes.*"

Draco's mouth dropped again. "A *love potion?*"

"It's perfect. I'll give him the potion before I bring him, and then he'll be completely smitten with you all night."

Draco appeared to be thinking this offer over. "I don't know. A love potion hardly seems fair to Potter."

Six years of unapologetic torment from this brat, but the moment I'm counting on him to do something immoral he decides to grow a conscience?

Harry shook his head in exasperation. Aloud he said, "Look, it'll be fine. People try to slip him love potions all the time. He's used to it."

Draco narrowed his eyes. "Yes, well, they *shouldn't* slip him love potions," he practically growled.

Harry shrugged. "Perhaps not, but they always do. It'll just be for a night, and then when I take him home, I'll *Obliviate* him first so he won't remember a thing."

Draco was silent for a moment.

"Oh, come on, Draco," Harry said encouragingly. "All you're really doing is giving him a night of fantastic sex. Not exactly a hardship for Potter, is it?"

Draco sighed. "I suppose not."

"Course it's not," Harry said winningly. "He'll love it. Just make it really, really unbelievably good for him. Oh, and you should do that thing that you do."

"What thing?"

"You know...the *thing*. With the stripping and the lap dancing and the lemon ice lolly. I have a sneaking suspicion that Potter would really like it if you did that again. Er, I mean, for him."

Draco snorted. "I'll keep that in mind." He looked at Harry seriously. "But I don't understand. Why would you do this for me? What's in it for you?"

Bugger.

"Uh...I'm a hopeless romantic," Harry made up on the spot. "An absolute sucker for star-crossed lovers like you and Potter."

Draco raised an eyebrow. "You're a hopeless romantic."

"That's right."

"But we just agreed that we're having absolutely meaningless sex. No strings attached. I thought you and I were snakes on the prowl."

"We are," Harry said desperately. "I'm just a...um...hopelessly romantic snake. On the prowl."

Draco stared at him disbelievingly for a moment, and then shrugged. "Alright then. You're a romantic. Hard for me to believe, but then, I hadn't really thought you'd be any good as a top, either."

Harry blinked. "What?"

"I said I hadn't really thought that you'd be any good as a top. I used to think of you as a bottom." He turned in Harry's lap, shifting so that his legs were on either side of Harry's body.

"You did?"

Draco nodded. "Especially after that night with the Firewhiskey." He leaned forward and began to trail kisses up Harry's neck. "But in this case I don't mind being wrong."

And a baffled Harry really wanted to question him further, but Draco was doing things to his neck that made him forget everything except the hot blonde in his lap and the fact that he hadn't come.

"Now," Draco purred, shifting so his hard cock pressed against Harry's, "Where were we?"

"KIDNAP YOU? ARE YOU OFF YOUR HEAD?!"

"You know, that's exactly what Draco said," Harry mused.

Blaise stared at him. "You want me to kidnap you."

"*Pretend* to kidnap me," Harry clarified.

"Fine. *Pretend* to kidnap you, take you to Malfoy Manor, *pretend* that I'm the one Draco's been shagging all week, *lie* to Draco and tell him I've slipped you a love potion and then leave you there overnight?"

"Yes," Harry said, pleased. "Exactly."

"Wha...but...you're mad!" Blaise sputtered. "Do you know how many things are wrong with that plan? All so you can shag Draco as yourself, you smitten fool? No. I shan't do it."

"But *Blaise*..."

"No, Harry. It's a ridiculous scheme that will never work and no self-respecting Slytherin would have any part of it," Blaise said firmly, folding his arms across his chest and turning his head away in a huff.

"When you pretend to kidnap me, I'll let you tie me up."

Blaise stilled. He slowly turned back to face Harry.

"I'm listening."

"You can tie me up," Harry repeated persuasively, "and then if you should happen to molest my immobile body, I won't tell Hermione. What do you say?"

Blaise chewed his lip for a moment. "Does Hermione know about this little plan of yours, anyway?"

"Um...not as such, no," Harry admitted. "You were the first person I told. Because I *care* about your opinion, Blaise, and -"

"Stop trying to flatter me," Blaise said, looking pleased nonetheless. "Look, if Hermione agrees to it, then I'll do it, but only if Hermione agrees."

"Why do you care if Hermione agrees?" Harry said, puzzled.

"Because I've come to respect her intellect this summer," Blaise said curtly. "If she can spot me trying to get in your pants from the other side of the Burrow, surely she can spot the flaws in a plan. So go ask Hermione."

"She's going to say no," Harry said despondently.

"Actually, I think it's a brilliant idea."

Blaise and Harry both whirled to find Hermione entering the living room.

"How long have you been listening?" Harry demanded.

"Long enough," Hermione said cryptically. "Planning on staging a kidnapping so you can shag Draco as yourself, Harry?"

Harry's cheeks coloured. "I don't have feelings for him!" he snapped vehemently.

"I didn't say you did," Hermione said mildly, looking rather amused. "But aside from your rather humorous denials, I think it's a good idea. This way Harry will have plenty of time with Malfoy."

"But why does it have to be as himself?" Blaise asked. "Why stage this complicated kidnapping when he could just keep Polyjuicing into me?"

"Harry has gotten so caught up in the sex every time that he's completely forgotten about the Horcrux. Don't you think he might forget to take his Polyjuice potion every hour?"

"Hey!" Harry said indignantly. "I wouldn't forget!"

"Sure Harry. Whatever you say," Hermione said soothingly, still talking to Blaise. "This is actually safer. Harry will be there as himself, and he can just concentrate on shagging Malfoy all night."

Blaise nodded while Hermione looked over at Harry. "And of course, finding that Horcrux," she added.

"Right," Harry muttered sheepishly.

"I'll just leave you boys to work out the details, then," Hermione said brightly. "Blaise, come find me later and tell me the plan, alright?"

"Alright," Blaise agreed.

Hermione left, and Harry and Blaise settled down at the kitchen table to work out the details of their "kidnapping" scheme.

It wasn't long before Harry was simply staring into space, mind far away in the parlour of Malfoy Manor.

"...and then early the next morning, I'll come and get you, alright, Harry? Harry? HARRY!"

"Huhwha..." Harry said, jerked out of his thoughts. "Sorry?"

Blaise rolled his eyes. "Now what are you thinking about?" he asked distractedly, looking at the parchment on which he'd written their plan. "Fantazing about Draco in a school girl uniform again?"

"Of course not," Harry said indignantly. "I was actually thinking about Draco's fantasies. Did you know Draco fantasizes about *me* during sex?"

"Yes," Blaise said absently, tapping his quill against the parchment. "Do you think I should tie you up with regular ropes or silk ropes?"

Harry was staring at him. "You *knew* that Draco fantasizes about me? How did you know that?!" he demanded.

Blaise froze. "Er..."

"Did Draco say my name while you were fucking him once too?"

"He said *your name* while you were fucking him in *my* body?" Blaise said indignantly. "Of all the *nerve*."

"Well, if he didn't say my name to *you* while you were fucking him, how did you know he fantasizes about me during sex?"

"House Elves talk," Blaise said vaguely. "And so does Firewhiskey."

"What?"

"Nothing. Listen, Harry, is it really that important? Isn't what really matters that Draco fantasizes about you, you fantasize about him, and you two get to shag each other rotten tomorrow night?"

"I guess so," Harry admitted, watching as Blaise went back to work. After a few moments, he spoke again.

"Hey Blaise?"

"Yes?"

"Are you a top or a bottom?"

Blaise was suddenly sitting only inches away from Harry. "Why do you want to know?" he purred, putting a hand on Harry's thigh.

"Well, it's just...Draco said something odd."

"He...he did, did he?" Blaise said, sounding a little nervous.

"Mmm-hmm," Harry said distractedly. "He said he hadn't thought you'd be any good as a top."

Blaise looked insulted. "He actually said that?"

"Yes. He said he'd always thought of you as a bottom."

"Oh..." Blaise seemed distinctly cagey. "Well, I suppose I am usually am."

"But if *you're* a bottom, and *Draco's* a bottom, then who tops when you -"

"Oh goodness, would you look at the time?" Blaise squeaked. "Looks like our plan is done; I better go run it by Hermione!"

And he bolted from the table and disappeared before Harry could get another word out of him.

The next day, Blaise and Harry apparated to the steps of Malfoy Manor a few minutes before Harry normally would have shown up for tea.

Blaise held up a length of rope in one hand.

"Okay, hold out your wrists, Harry," he said encouragingly. "Time for the gift-wrapping."

Harry obligingly held out his hands out in front of him and let Blaise tie them together.

"I get to shag Draco," he informed Blaise, excitement coursing through him. "As me."

Blaise patted his head. "Aren't you cute," he said, ringing the bell. "Now remember that Draco thinks you're under a love potion."

"Of course. And I won't forget to ask about the Horcrux either."

"Right, right. The Horcrux. Very important," Blaise agreed. "Definitely don't want you so caught up in hot, mad, kinky sex with Draco that you forget about that."

"Forget about what?" Harry asked, unable to get past the thought of *hot, mad, kinky sex with Draco*.

The door to the Manor was suddenly opened, revealing an excited looking House Elf.

"Master Blaise!" Dinky squealed.

"Oh, uh...hi Dinky," Blaise said, a little nervously.

"Master Blaise, is that really you? Dinky is so happy to see you! Dinky is missing -"

"Yes, yes it's me. But I've seen you every day this week, remember?" Blaise said. He seemed to be making an odd sort of gesture with his hands, almost as if he was pointing at Harry.

Dinky's eyes widened. "Yes yes yes, sir," the Elf said hurriedly. "Just yesterday Dinky saw... *Master Blaise*." Dinky punctuated this by pointing not so subtly at Harry. "In fact, Dinky is escorting... *Master Blaise* to Master Draco in the parlour for tea and tea cakes every day and then very carefully locking the door and going to guard Mistress Malfoy, just as Dinky was told to do by -"

"Right!" Blaise burst out. "Very good, Dinky. Could you go get Draco and tell him that Harry Potter is on his doorstep?"

"Yessir, right away," Dinky said, disappearing with a quick pop.

Harry gave Blaise a funny look as the other boy checked the ropes on his wrists.

"What was that about?"

"*Nothing!*" Blaise squawked, refusing to meet Harry's eyes.

"It didn't *sound* like nothing," Harry said suspiciously. "Did Dinky say she was *locking* Draco and me in the parlour every day?"

"Yes. No. Maybe. I don't know, maybe she said that but I don't think she did," Blaise said in a rush.

Harry thought for a moment. "Draco probably told her to lock us in and watch his mum so we wouldn't be disturbed."

Blaise stopped all movement for a moment, and raised his head to look at Harry incredulously.

"What?" Harry asked, self-consciously.

Blaise shook his head. "Nothing. I think that's brilliant. I'm sure it was all Draco's idea. What an excellent explanation."

He gave the ropes one final tug. "Well, you're all set. So I leave you here..."

"And when Draco comes for me I'll pretend I'm under a love potion and have fallen madly in love with him," Harry said happily.

Blaise smiled at him. "Best of luck to you. Oh, by the way, you should stay out of the West Wing of the Manor. It's haunted."

"It is?" Harry asked curiously.

Blaise nodded. "By evil Malfoy ghosts."

"Oh," Harry said, eyes wide. "Okay, sounds bad."

They both heard the sound of footsteps just behind the door. Blaise jumped.

"Got to go," he said. "See you tomorrow!"

And he disappeared with a crack just as the door opened

"Potter?" said a very familiar voice. "Is that really you?"

Harry turned to look at Draco, and his heart leapt into his throat. Draco was standing in the open doorway, wringing his hands nervously. He was chewing on his bottom lip, his hair falling into his eyes again, and he was watching Harry almost shyly, as if Harry were too good to be true.

"Draco..." Harry whispered, swallowing hard.

And at that moment Harry knew he wouldn't be pretending to be under a love potion at all.

He was already head over heels for Draco.

.....

After Harry had whispered Draco's name, it took the blonde exactly three seconds to yank Harry through the front door and slam him up against the wall inside Malfoy Manor. Draco had then proceeded to grab Harry's face in his hands and kiss him senseless.

"It is you," he murmured. "Potter, it's really you."

"Of course it's me," Harry said breathlessly. "Now untie my fucking wrists so I can touch you."

A few tugs on the ropes from Draco, and then Harry was wrapping his arms around Draco's waist. Draco's hands were now in his hair, and he was raining kisses over every inch of Harry's face, making it hard for Harry to concentrate.

"You have...no idea...how long I've wanted this..." Draco said, interspersing his words with those damnable little kisses that were driving Harry wild.

Harry suddenly tightened his grip on Draco's waist and spun them around, reversing their positions so that he was the one pushing Draco against the wall.

"I've been wanting this for ages myself," he said, leaning down and pressing his lips to Draco's.

"Mmmm...you don't mean that," Draco managed to say as they kissed. "But I don't care. When did you get so tall, Potter?" he asked, as he tilted his head back for a better angle.

"When did you get so short, Malfoy?" Harry countered, dipping his head down to kiss the newly exposed neck.

"Cheeky brat," Draco said huffily. "I used to be taller than you."

"Maybe when we were first years," Harry conceded. "But it's got its advantages now. Jump up."

Draco stilled. "What?"

"I said, jump up," Harry said, dropping his hands to Draco's arse. "I can hold you, I promise."

Draco furrowed his brow for a moment, but wrapped his arms around Harry's neck nonetheless. He jumped slightly as Harry lifted, and the next moment Draco was pressed against the wall, robes slipping down as his bare legs wrapped around Harry's waist.

Harry held him securely with hands underneath his arse and part of Draco's weight resting against the wall. "See?" Harry said, inordinately pleased. He'd been fantasizing about doing this to Draco ever since he'd failed in Blaise's body.

Draco squirmed nervously. "I'll kill you if you drop me, Potter," he threatened menacingly.

Harry pinched his bum, making Draco squeak. "I would never drop you," he said reassuringly. "I could never hurt you."

Draco rolled his eyes. "You silly Gryffindor sap," he said, though he looked pleased all the same.

"Sap or no sap, I'm still going to shag the daylights out of you," Harry promised.

Draco's eyes went dark, and he licked his lips. "Promises, promises," he said flirtatiously. "Let's see it then."

"Oh, you're in for it now," Harry mock-threatened. It took a bit of maneuvering, but Harry managed to get his own trousers down and both of them lubed and ready before pushing into Draco, drawing a low moan from the blonde.

"Oh fuck, Harry, give me more," he begged, wrapping his legs more tightly around Harry's waist.

Harry was happy to oblige, pinning Draco to the wall with short thrusts that left both of them panting. Draco, once he was reassured Harry really *wasn't* going to let him fall, actually took one arm off of Harry's neck and began to stroke himself as Harry fucked him.

"This is fun," he breathed, then gasped as Harry brushed his prostate. "Like riding a broom."

"Knew you'd like it," Harry managed to say. And then there were no words for either of them to say, as they both sudded and came together.

Once Harry had caught his breath, he slowly and carefully lowered Draco's legs to the floor. He kept his arms around Draco's waist, just in case Draco was a bit unsteady on his legs.

"Good?" he asked.

Draco wrapped his own arms tightly about Harry's neck and kissed him. "Better than good," he admitted. "That was one hell of a hello."

Harry laughed, and let his hands trail down to Draco's arse.

"It's your fault for wearing a robe with nothing underneath," he teased, giving Draco's arse a squeeze. "How can I resist that?"

Draco raised an eyebrow. "Yes, I was meaning to ask - how *did* you know I wouldn't be wearing anything beneath?"

"Uh..." *Shit. Think fast.* "Because Hermione told me that true purebloods don't wear anything underneath their robes?"

Draco watched him suspiciously for one more moment, and then relaxed. "Well, she's right," he said with a smile. "But speaking of clothes, I've got something in my room I've been wanting to try on."

"Is it a schoolgirl uniform?" Harry asked, heart leaping to his throat.

Draco smiled mischeviously. "Of course not. But I think you'll like it anyway."

"Draco, how much longer are you going to be changing in that enormous wardrobe of yours? I've been waiting here on your bed for almost ten minutes!"

"Keep your hair on, Potter. I'm coming out now."

"About ti - oh my GOD."

"Like it?"

"OH MY GOD."

"Is the hat alright with these...what are they called? Denims?"

"You're wearing muggle clothes!"

"I know. How do they look?"

"Bloody spectacular. I've never seen you like this. The denims, the jumper, that cute little cap...how did you get these clothes?"

"Owl order. Someone told me I'd look hot in muggle clothes, so I thought I'd see. What do you think?"

"I think you're going to get shagged, that's what I think. Come here, you."

"But I just put these clothes on!"

"And I'm about to take them off. You've got three seconds to get your arse over to this bed or I'm coming after you."

"Coming after me? Going to chase me down and carry me off like some muggle barbarian?"

"What a *brilliant* idea. You better run, Malfoy."

"Wait, I was just kidding! You know, ha ha, being funny. Potter, what are you doing? Get back on that bed! Potter! I refuse to let you carry me; it's bloody undignified. Back away, Potter. I'm warning you. I - hey! Stop that! What the - PUT ME DOWN THIS INSTANT! Potter! POTTER! HARRY!"

"Well," Draco said, much later. "I don't know about you, but I could really use a bath."

"Mmm," Harry said, not moving from his position on top of Draco. "Whatever you want."

Draco wriggled a bit. "Potter, I can't bathe with you on top of me."

"Oh. Well, too bad about that bath, then."

"Potter!"

Harry grinned. "Fine, have it your way," he said, letting Draco up.

Draco gave Harry a disgruntled look, made all the cuter by his roughed up hair. He slid off the bed and headed in the direction of a large door. Harry watched him go, a thoroughly smitten look on his face.

Just as he reached the bathroom, Draco paused and looked over his shoulder. "Well? Aren't you coming?" he asked coyly, before disappearing through the door.

Harry nearly broke his neck scrambling after him.

"You know, I wasn't actually aware that you *could* do that in the bath."

"Did you like it?"

"Fuck yes, but now I'm starving. Want to get some dinner?"

"Does that mean we'd have to leave bed?"

"No. I can have Dinky bring it to us. How does *filet mignon* sound? And perhaps ice lollies for dessert."

"Oh, please tell me you're going to do that thing where you...er, I mean, whatever are you going to do with an ice lolly, Draco?"

"Oh, you'll see, Harry. You'll see..."

"That was so incredibly hot, Draco."

"Why thank you, Harry. Though I'm rather sweaty now."

"You still look good to me. But I suppose we could take another bath."

"Hmmm. So we could. I don't suppose you'd be willing to repeat that thing you did earlier?"

"Why Draco Malfoy, is that an invitation?"

"Maybe. Or maybe it's an order."

"Oooh, kinky."

"If you think that's kinky, Potter, you haven't seen *anything* yet."

"Then why don't you show...ohgod...oh fuck, Draco...mmmm..."

Many, many hours later, two very exhausted boys lay curled up together on Draco's bed. It was well past midnight, and the moon shone in through one of the large windows in Draco's room.

"Oh, I don't *care* if I'm seventeen. I'm *never* going to be able to come again," Draco moaned, burying his face into Harry's chest. "And forget walking tomorrow. Merlin, how many times have we shagged?"

"I lost count," Harry admitted, completely drained himself. He nuzzled Draco's head. "Was nice though."

"Very nice," Draco agreed, still sprawled across Harry. "So what do you think of Malfoy Manor?"

"It's brilliant," Harry said, yawning. "Even if the West Wing is haunted."

"North wing," Draco corrected.

"Right," Harry said, not too concerned either way.

"And what did you think of Malfoy...*hospitality*?"

Harry grinned. "Top rate." He lifted a hand to play with the soft hair on Draco's head. "You have nice hair."

Harry could feel Draco's smirk against his chest.

"Tell me something I don't know," the blonde drawled lazily.

"You vain git," Harry said in amusement, giving Draco a good smack on the bum.

"*Potter!*" Draco scolded. "None of that! No more spanking. I told you, I'm completely spent. If turn me on again, you'll put me in a coma."

"Guess I'll just have to owe you one next time," Harry said, closing his eyes.

He didn't miss the way Draco suddenly stiffened in his arms.

"Draco?" he asked, looking down at the blonde on his chest. "What's wrong?"

"Well...there isn't going to be a next time," Draco said heavily. "My mum's coming back in the morning and you're going back to the Weasleys."

"Yes, I know but...we could still do this again," Harry hesitated. "Couldn't we?"

Draco propped himself up to look at Harry, chewing on his bottom lip. "Oh Harry," he said, sighing. "How? You don't even like me, you know that right?"

"I do like you!" Harry said immediately.

Draco shook his head sadly. "I know you think you do. Look, Blaise will be here in a few hours to take you home, and you're not going to remember any of this. I'm sorry. I wish it could be different."

"Why can't it be?" Harry demanded. "Don't you like me too?"

Draco leaned down and pressed a kiss to his lips. "More than you know," he whispered.

Harry completely melted. He wrapped Draco up in his arms, rolling him over onto his back.

"You're beautiful," he said earnestly, pressing a kiss to Draco's collarbone. "Sweet." He kissed Draco's shoulder. "And perfect," he added, kissing Draco's chest. "And I want you to come back with me."

Draco was watching him in shock. "What did you just say?"

"Come back with me," Harry repeated. "Nice as your Manor is, it's not safe for you here."

Draco watched him for a moment more. Absently, he touched the spot on his chest where Harry had just kissed. "I'm safe enough," he muttered distractedly.

"You aren't either. So maybe you haven't got a Dark Mark now, but how long will that last? If Voldemort -"

Draco flinched. Harry reached down and grabbed his chin, holding it firmly and forcing Draco to look at him.

"If Voldemort comes here for you, what are you going to do? I want you somewhere you're protected from that monster," he said fiercely.

Draco sighed. "Not that I don't appreciate the sentiment, but that's not really you talking, Harry."

"Yes it *is*," Harry insisted, but Draco was rolling them back over.

"It's not that simple," Draco said, looking earnestly into Harry's eyes. "Sure, my dad is safe in Azkaban. He's already promised me that he'll stay there where the Dark Lord can't get to him. But what about my mum, Harry? If I leave with you, who will protect my mother?"

Harry looked up at Draco. The pale blonde seemed to almost glow in the moonlight, and Harry wanted nothing more than to hold him tight and keep him safe.

"Bring your mum then. I'll protect her. I'll protect both of you."

Draco stilled above him. "You'd do that? For me?"

"I'd do anything for you."

Draco closed his eyes. "Goddamn potion," he said softly. "And I could almost believe you meant that."

"Draco -"

"Not now," Draco said, putting a finger to his lips. "I'll think about it, okay? I promise to think about it."

"I suppose that's all I can ask for," Harry agreed reluctantly. He arched up to kiss Draco, sliding his tongue between those soft lips.

Draco kissed him back, and the kiss slowly became more relaxed as sleep began to steal upon both boys.

Draco finally broke the kiss. "Sleep now?" he asked, yawning. He lay his head back on Harry's chest.

Harry kissed the top of his head. "Yes," he whispered back.

And wrapped up in each other's arms, they quickly fell asleep.

When Harry opened his eyes again, he was back in his bed at the Burrow. The warm light of early afternoon was flitting through the curtains on the window, creating patches of shifting light on the foot of Harry's bed.

He fumbled for his glasses, slipping them on before sliding out of bed and heading for the shower.

A long hot shower and some fresh clothes later, Harry made his way to the Weasley kitchen. He sat at the table, which was adorned with a large teapot and a plate of blueberry scones with a sign that read *your favourite scones, Blaise dear, with love from Mrs. Weasley.*

Absently, Harry snagged one from the plate and slathered it with clotted cream.

"Afternoon, Harry," a voice called from above. Harry looked up to see Ron joining him in the kitchen.

"Afternoon, Ron," Harry returned, taking a bite of his scone.

Ron took a chair near Harry and studied the food on the table.

"I hope Blaise never leaves," he said, fervently, before grabbing a scone and stuffing half of it in his mouth at once. "Tho how wath your night?"

Harry smiled slightly. "Good," he replied. "Though I'm rather wondering how I got home."

Ron swallowed. "Blaise said he found you alone in Draco's bed this morning. He didn't have the heart to wake you, so he put you under a sleeping spell and brought you home. That was a few hours ago."

"Oh," Harry said, having a bit more scone. "That was nice of him."

"Not that nice," Ron said in amusement. "He said you were starkers under the bedcovers and he brought you home that way."

Harry choked.

Ron thumped him on the back. "Oh, don't worry about it. I don't think he groped you or anything." He paused. "Much," he amended.

Harry shook his head. "Pass me some tea, would you?"

Ron poured him a cup, adding cream and sugar and then passing it along to Harry. Harry took a grateful sip.

"I am so beat," he muttered, before taking another sip.

"Rough night, eh?" Ron said, sounding highly entertained. "But I bet you made a lot of progress on that Horcrux."

Harry spit his tea out all over the table.

"*Shit.*"

Ron sighed. "Don't tell me -"

"*Shit,*" Harry repeated, burying his head in his arms.

Ron patted him on the back. "It's alright, Harry. You'll....er...get him next time...or...something..."

"Oh, *shit,*" Harry repeated for the third time. "I've never going to remember, Ron. I'm always going to get too caught up in shagging Draco to think about anything else."

"Er...possibly," Ron admitted.

"He's just so sexy, Ron. He drives me absolutely wild. And he's always doing things like wearing *tea cosies* and coming up with *kinky new ideas* and admitting that he *fantasizes about me* and -"

"Hang on," Ron interrupted. "Fantasizes about you, Harry Potter, or you, Blaise Zabini?"

"Me, Harry Potter."

"Oh." Ron paused. "Well, that's awfully...convenient."

Harry looked up from his hands. "What's convenient?"

"Malfoy shagging Blaise, but admitting to fantasizing about *you*. It's...convenient, that's all."

"Actually, he didn't admit to it. He called out *Potter* while I was shagging him as Blaise."

Ron raised his eyebrows. "Really," he said slowly. "Huh."

"What?" Harry asked, puzzled by Ron's reaction.

"Well, that seems a bit dodgy, don't you think?"

"How do you mean?"

"I mean, he calls out *Potter*...and you just happen to *be* Harry Potter..."

"I don't understand."

Ron chewed on his lip for a moment. "Harry...do you think maybe Malfoy *knows*?"

"Knows what?"

"That you're the one he's been shagging all this time."

There was a moment of stunned silence, before Harry shook his head.

"*No*," he said firmly. "That's ridiculous. Draco thinks I'm Blaise."

"Are you sure?" Ron asked. "I mean, has he ever really talked to you like you're Blaise?"

"Of course he...wait..." Harry trailed off, suddenly not so sure. "But that doesn't mean anything. We never had time to really talk during tea."

"Fine. But he still bought the whole kidnapping plan," Ron continued. "Which was not one of your better ideas."

Harry gave him a dirty look.

"But most importantly, I think Malfoy ought to have clued into the fact that he was being shagged by someone different."

"Now how would he have known that?"

"It's *sex*, Harry," Ron said. "Do you really think you and Blaise behave exactly the same way during sex? I'm telling you, if someone Polyjuiced into Hermione and tried to shag me, I would know right away it wasn't her."

Harry was skeptical. "It was just about the sex for Blaise and Draco, not feelings like you and Hermione."

Ron snorted. "Good thing too, seeing as you're such a jealous prat."

Harry threw a bit of scone at Ron. "Anyway," he stressed, "It's entirely possible Draco couldn't tell. Besides, how could Draco possibly have found out about this?"

Ron looked thoughtful. "Maybe Blaise told him."

Harry was silent for a moment. "Blaise did admit that he knew that Draco fantasized about me," he admitted reluctantly. "And that he and Draco both prefer to bottom."

Ron's eyes widened. "Bloody hell, Harry, then it all fits. I bet Malfoy and Blaise planned this whole thing together because Malfoy wanted to shag you."

"No, they couldn't have!" Harry protested.

"In fact, there was probably never any Horcrux at all," Ron said triumphantly. "These are Slytherins we're talking about. I bet the whole thing was just a ruse to get you into Malfoy's bed."

Harry stood up from the table. "There's no way Draco knew who I really was," he said with conviction. "And I'm going to go find Blaise right now and prove it."

He strode over to the kitchen door and yanked it open, hoping Blaise would be on the other side in the living room so that Harry could question him.

Harry marched through the door, and then stopped dead in his tracks.

Blaise was in the living room all right.

Kissing Draco Malfoy.

*Stay tuned for **Part V**, the conclusion of **Intrepid Teenage Hero**.*

Story Notes 1. The Pretty Man 2. The Saucy Minx 3. The Ginger Git 4. The Smitten Fool 5. The Smartest Witch

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For summary, rating information and disclaimer, please see chapter 1.

Chapter Warnings: Bit of angst and fluff

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Intrepid Teenage Hero

Part V: The Smartest Witch

.....

At the sight of Draco and Blaise kissing on the couch, that all too familiar monster roared in Harry's chest, blazing up and sending hot jealousy shooting through every fibre of Harry's body. This was a thousand times worse than when he had seen Dean and Ginny kissing, because this time, as far as he was concerned, Draco was *his*.

"Blaise Zabini," Harry said, very, very coldly. "Prepare to die."

The couple on the couch broke apart nearly instantly, two heads whipping in Harry's direction. Blaise's eyes got very big.

"Wait, Harry, this isn't what you think!" he all but yelled.

But Harry was already heading towards the couch.

"Get the fuck away from Draco!" he snarled.

Blaise leapt off the couch, dashing behind it so he could use it as a barrier between him and Harry.

"Harry, I know what you're thinking, but I *wasn't* kissing Draco!"

"The fuck you weren't!" Harry hissed. Some distant part of him registered that Draco was still on the couch, watching the scene between him and Blaise with obvious interest. However, he was too caught up in the rush of jealousy to think about that yet.

"Well, alright, I was," Blaise admitted, cowering behind the couch. "But just for a second! Bloody hell, *he* kissed *me*! He was outside the wards just now, I went out, brought him inside and we sat together on the couch. Not two seconds later he leaned forward and snogged me, and the next instant you're threatening me!"

"Too right I'm threatening you. You kissed Draco," Harry said, eyes narrowed and fists clenched.

"*He* kissed *me*! You stupid, jealous prat, didn't you hear a word I said?!" Blaise said desperately.

Harry had nearly reached the couch when Draco unexpectedly stood up. He took the remaining few steps towards Harry, until he was standing right in front of him.

Then to Harry's enormous surprise, Draco reached out, grabbed him by the front of his shirt, and yanked him down into a deep kiss.

At the familiar feel of Draco's soft lips against his own, Harry couldn't help it; he completely melted into the kiss. His hands came up to cradle Draco's face, and then to run through the silky blonde strands of Draco's hair. He'd thought he might never have the chance to kiss Draco like this again, and now here Draco was, in the living room of the Burrow, kissing Harry as if his life depended on it.

Suddenly Draco wrenched away with a triumphant snarl.

"I *knew* it!"

And as he spoke, both his hands connected with Harry's chest as he shoved Harry away with surprising force. Harry, caught off guard, went stumbling backwards, legs tripping and sending him sprawling onto the floor.

"It was *you*, wasn't it?!"

Harry looked up to see Draco towering over him, pointing down and glaring fiercely.

"It was you," he repeated. "And it's been you all week."

"How can you -"

"I just kissed Blaise, and then I kissed you. And I can tell that it's you I've been kissing all week, Potter. You two kiss nothing alike! Oh, I should have figured it out sooner! I knew Blaise could never top like that!"

"Hey! I resent -"

"Shut up, Blaise. I know somehow you were behind all this. Saint Potter wouldn't have come up with a plan to shag me and lie about on his own."

Harry winced. "Draco, wait, I can explain -" he began, slowly getting to his feet.

"You fucking better, Potter," Draco said angrily, folding his arms across his chest. "And you too, Blaise," he ordered, now glowering at the other Slytherin. "Explain to me right now why the fuck I thought I was having sex with you when it turned out to be Potter."

Harry and Blaise exchanged a panicked glance.

"Um..." Harry floundered.

The door between the kitchen and living room swung open at the moment, and Ron walked into the living room.

"Oi, what's going on in - Malfoy?" Ron did a double take. "What are you doing in my living room?"

"Oh, you're in on this little game, are you, Weasley?" Draco snapped. "Been lying to me and borrowing other bodies to shag me too?"

Ron nearly gagged. "Are you *mad*?" he barked. "I like *girls*."

"Although in the right circumstances you wouldn't say no to Harry," Blaise muttered.

Draco gasped. "Did you shag Harry, Weasley?" he growled menacingly. "So help me, I'll fucking *kill* you if you even touched him."

"I was coerced!" Ron said, going scarlet. "Blaise made me do it! Besides, he's the one who's been trying to get in Harry's pants all week!"

Draco whirled back around to glare at his friend. "Blaise Zabini," he said, very, very coldly. "Prepare to die."

"Merlin in stilettos, what the fuck is the matter with you two?!" Blaise yelled, ducking back behind the couch.

"Hang on, don't hurt him, Draco!"

"Don't fucking start with me, Potter, I'm coming after your lying arse next."

"Wait - how did you even get here?" Ron demanded.

"Potter invited me," Draco informed him snottily.

Ron looked aghast at Harry. "You invited the ferret to my house?"

"I wanted him to be safe!" Harry said vehemently. "What if Voldemort -"

All three other wizards flinched. Harry groaned.

"*You-Know-Who*," he corrected crankily, "tried to get at Draco? I am not going to let him get hurt!"

"Alright, understood," Ron said with a nod. "But Malfoy, leave Blaise alone for a moment and tell me how you found the Burrow."

Draco let out a huffy sigh. "Well, when I woke up this morning..."

""

"Master Draco? Master Draco?"

Draco groaned. It was late morning, and Blaise was due very shortly. He had been awake for the past thirty minutes, cuddled closely against Harry's warm body and wishing the night had never had to end.

"Go away, Dinky," he muttered, curling more securely around Harry. "I've only got a few minutes left with Potter."

"But Master Draco, you is getting two letters this morning," Draco said insistently. "They look most important."

Draco made a face, and rolled over to face the House Elf.

"Letters?" he repeated.

Dinky nodded, her eyes huge. "And one is from Mistress Malfoy."

Draco rubbed his eyes. "Bollocks," he muttered crossly. "Fine, take them into the breakfast room, would you? And make me some coffee. I'll be there in a moment."

"Yessir," Dinky squeaked, and disappeared.

Draco sighed. He looked down at his sleeping bedmate, reaching out to tenderly smooth Harry's messy hair.

"I'm sorry we used a love potion on you," he finally whispered. "But for what it's worth, that was one of the best nights of my life."

He leaned down and kissed Harry on the temple. "Forgive my lack of manners for saying goodbye like this," he said softly. "But Blaise will be here any moment, and I can't bear to watch him take you away from me."

Sliding off the bed, Draco grabbed a robe and pulled it on before heading down several corridors of the Manor to reach the breakfast room. He sat at the small round table by the big, sunny windows, letters in front of him, coffee, cream and sugar within close reach.

The first letter had no return address. Curiously, he opened it, and extracted two pieces of parchment. He opened the larger of the two, and began to read.

Dear Malfoy,

If I know Harry at all, I'm willing to bet that last night he offered you protection from You-Know-Who. I wanted you to know that he meant it. He's not under a love potion at all; he just honestly and sincerely fancies you like mad.

Should you decide to accept, instructions on where to Apparate in Ottery St. Catchpole are enclosed. I suggest you take Harry up on his offer; you'd be much safer with us. And I suspect you won't have to worry about your mother anymore either.

You're a true Slytherin; I expect you to make the smart choice.

Sincerely,

Hermione Granger

Draco stared at the letter, shocked to his core. Granger knew that Potter was at the Manor? And she was saying that Potter *wasn't* under a love potion? But that meant that Harry had *wanted* to be here last night. With Draco. But how...why...

And suddenly, memories of the past week flooded Draco's brain:

"Absolutely smashing." Blaise sounded oddly happy. "You should fantasize that I'm Harry Potter all you want. Any time. All the time. I won't mind."

"Uh..." Potter was obviously floundering. "Because Hermione told me that true purebloods don't wear anything underneath their robes?"

"Jump up," Blaise encouraged. And then nearly dropped him.

"Jump up," Potter told him. "I can hold you. I promise."

"Gorgeous," Blaise whispered, pressing a kiss to Draco's collarbone. "Delectable," followed by a kiss to his chest. "Irresistible," as a kiss was pressed to Draco's stomach.

"You're beautiful," Potter said sincerely, pressing a kiss to Draco's collarbone. "Sweet." He kissed Draco's shoulder. "And perfect," he added, kissing Draco's chest.

"Fucking Merlin on a broomstick," Draco swore. "Could that really have been Potter all along?"

He nearly ripped the second letter in his haste to read what his mother had written.

Dearest Draco,

I've received the most curious letter from one of your classmates, a certain Hermione Granger. Miss Granger informs me that the Dark Lord is something of an imminent threat to both of us, and is offering us protection with Harry Potter. She claims that Potter has actually already offered you protection.

I myself had already decided to stay in Paris; there are places here where I can hide. Your father will join me as soon as we can get him out of prison. I was going to ask you to come here, but if this Miss Granger is telling the truth, I think you would be safer casting your lot in with Harry Potter.

If Potter has truly offered you protection, I suggest you take it. Your father and I will be fine. Take care, darling.

Love Mummy

"What the devil is going on here?" Draco snapped angrily. He dashed out of the kitchen, practically running to his bedroom, intent on confronting Potter and getting some answers.

He threw open the bedroom door -

And swore.

Harry was already gone.

Setting his jaw, Draco made a quick decision. Pack up everything he would need for the next few months, and then follow Granger's instructions to get to the Weasley's place.

If nothing else, he'd get his answers from Potter.

"So I Apparated here not twenty minutes ago," Draco finished. "Imagine my surprise when the one who brought me through the wards was *Blaise*. But I suddenly had the perfect way to confirm my suspicions."

"You didn't have to kiss him," Harry said, a bit sulkily. "You could have just asked."

Ron was stuck on the letters. "Hermione wrote those letters? But how did she know?"

"Hermione is the smartest witch I think I've ever met," Blaise said earnestly. "You'd be surprised at what she knows."

"How smart Granger is is irrelevant to this discussion," Draco snapped. "You two aren't off the hook at all. I demand that you explain to me why I've been shagging Harry Potter all along."

"It *wasn't* me all along," Harry said immediately. "Just this week."

"Harry, wait, no -" Blaise said desperately.

"Just this week? Of course it was just this week. I wasn't aware that I had ever fucked Blaise at any other time."

"Oh, crap," Blaise muttered.

Harry turned to stare at Blaise. "What is he talking about? You said you two had been shagging for ages."

"Well, I didn't actually say that," Blaise said uncomfortably. "If that was what you *believed* based on what I said -"

"Oh come off it!" Ron interjected. "You made sure we all thought you and the ferret here had been having mad amounts of kinky sex. You told Harry that when he went to the Manor for tea, that Malfoy was going to expect to be fucked."

"I was expecting it," Draco said, glaring at Blaise. "I was expecting that he and I would shag for the first time!"

"The first time!" Harry said, eyes going wide. "Wait - so you two have never, ever shagged?" He pumped a fist in the air. "YES!" he exclaimed happily.

Ron and Blaise rolled their eyes, and Draco stomped his foot.

"I want my explanation so that I can decide whose bits are getting hexed off!" he snarled. "So all three of you sit down on that couch and start talking!"

And even though Draco was currently the shortest person in the room, all three taller boys jumped to obey. Seconds later Ron, Blaise, and Harry were sitting in a row on the couch, quailing under a death glare from Draco.

"He really *is* bossy," Ron whispered, leaning over Blaise to get to Harry. "Is he like this when you shag him?"

"Shut it, Weasley," Draco ordered. "Potter, you start. Why did you join me for tea at my Manor instead of Blaise?"

Harry sighed. "CauseofahorcruX," he mumbled.

"Potter," Draco said warningly.

Harry cleared his throat. "Because Blaise showed up here at the Burrow, claiming that he needed protection from Vol - *You-Know-Who*, and in return offered that he would let me Polyjuice into him and take his place at Malfoy Manor."

"Blaise offered to let you shag me instead of him?" Draco furrowed his brow. "But why would you want to?"

Harry bit his lip. "Because he said you had a Horcrux at the Manor and I was supposed to find it."

Draco's entire body stiffened. Not one of the boys on the couch missed the hurt look that crossed the blonde's face.

"You were only shagging me to find a Horcrux?"

Harry was positive that Draco hadn't meant for his voice to sound so small. He jumped to his feet.

"Draco, please, that was just at first, I -"

"Shut up and sit down," Draco said coldly. "We're not finished."

Harry sank back down on the couch, swallowing painfully.

"So you're saying that the *noble Gryffindor*," Draco sneered the words, "was only using my arse to try to save the world. Fine, I have no trouble believing that."

"Draco -"

"I said shut up," Draco snapped. "Your turn, Blaise. Why would you sell me out like this?"

Blaise sighed. "I didn't sell you out, you prat," he said heavily. "I was trying to save you."

"Save me?" Draco repeated derisively. "From what?"

"You don't remember our conversation? That night on the Quidditch pitch?"

Draco raised an eyebrow. "I remember the Quidditch pitch. And why I was so surprised when I got your owl post letter last week."

"Care to fill us in?" Harry asked, unable to a slight pout out of his voice at the thought of Draco and Blaise alone together on the Quidditch pitch.

Blaise took a deep breath and began to tell his story. "It all started a couple weeks before the end of our sixth year..."

"You know, Blaise," Draco said, voice coy and smooth, "I've always thought you were an exceptionally pretty man."

"Is that so?" Blaise echoed, his voice equally coy. He leaned forward on the Slytherin common room couch and put a hand on Draco's thigh. "Well, I recently heard a rumour that you have a thing for pretty men."

Draco licked his lips. "Not here," he whispered, jerking his head around to indicate all the other students who could see them. "Meet me on the Quidditch pitch in ten minutes."

He stood up, sent a quick wink at Blaise, and then headed out the stone entrance. Blaise ran up to his room and grabbed the bottle of Firewhiskey he'd charmed Madame Rosemerta into giving him. He tucked it into his robes, checked his hair, and then headed out to meet Draco on the pitch.

Draco wasted no time; as soon as Blaise set foot on the Quidditch pitch, Draco was kissing him. Blaise immediately kissed back, and they maneuvered each other down onto the grass just next to the Quidditch stands.

"Mmm," Draco said as they kissed, rolling over and pulling Blaise on top. "This is exactly what I need. A good hard fucking."

Blaise shivered in anticipation. He was hoping Draco would turn out to be a good top; he was really in the mood to get shagged.

"Sounds perfect," Blaise purred. He rolled them back over so that Draco was on top of him. "Give it me hard."

Draco broke the kiss for a moment, sitting more upright and adjusting his position so that he was straddling Blaise from above. "I can't wait for you to fuck me," he said breathlessly.

"Right," Blaise said, arching up slightly. "Except that you're going to fuck me."

Draco actually had the audacity to laugh. "I'm not really into topping," he said casually. "So obviously you're the one who's going to be fucking me."

Blaise looked up at Draco, a bit annoyed. On rare occasion he *would* top, but tonight he wasn't in the mood. "I'm not really into topping either," he said, somewhat snidely. "So obviously *you'll* be fucking *me*."

Draco raised a haughty eyebrow. "I don't *think* so. If I want to bottom, I'm bottoming. So you're going to have to top, and you might as well get used to the idea."

Blaise sat up, pushing Draco off him. "I don't *want* to top," he informed Draco. He didn't much care for Draco's spoilt attitude, and wasn't particularly inclined to give the blonde his way. "And you ought to know I don't exactly do things I don't want to do."

"Well *neither do I*," Draco said stubbornly, with all the conviction of an only child of wealthy parents.

They looked at each other for long moment.

"So that's it? We're not going to have sex because you refuse to top?"

"No. We're not going to have sex because *you* refuse to top."

There was another long moment.

"Well, what else can we do?" Draco asked, giving Blaise a dirty look.

Blaise reached for his cloak and pulled out the bottle of Firewhiskey. "Want to get smashed instead?"

""

"This was a...*hic*...better plan," a happily drunk Draco said sometime later, swigging straight from the bottle of Firewhiskey as he sat next to Blaise on the grass of the Quidditch pitch.

"Yeah," Blaise agreed, shifting to lie on his back. He wasn't even half as drunk as Draco; the blonde had seemed a bit stressed lately, so Blaise had let Draco have most of the whiskey. "Though it does seem a pity, two blokes as good looking as we are unable to shag each other."

Draco flopped down onto the grass next to him, also on his back. "Too right!" he agreed with feeling, waving a hand around madly. "Maybe some day you'll top, you flash bastard, and then we can shag like birdies."

"Bunnies," Blaise corrected, greatly amused.

"Whatever," Draco said in a haughty, dismissive voice best suited for royalty. He looked up at the night sky.

"I bet you one hundred galleons that Potter's a great top." he said suddenly.

Blaise burst out laughing. "Potter's not *gay*, Draco."

"Rubbish. He *could* be," Draco said petulantly. "I wish he were."

"Why's that?"

"Cause I *fancy* him like mad. Pretty, perfect Potter." Draco sighed dreamily.

Despite his few shots of Firewhiskey, Blaise suddenly felt dead sober. "You what?" he asked incredulously, wondering exactly how much Draco had drunk to admit something like that.

Draco looked at Blaise. "What?"

"What did you just say?"

"What did *you* just say?"

Blaise grit his teeth in exasperation. "I thought you said *I fancy Potter*."

Draco gasped. "You fancy Potter?" He pointed an accusing finger at Blaise. "He's mine, Blaise. I'll fight you for him."

Draco made as if to stand on his seriously wobbly limbs. Blaise pushed him back down on the grass.

"Easy there, mate. I don't fancy Potter. You fancy Potter. Not me."

"Oh. Well, that's alright then," Draco said solemnly.

"So you like Potter," Blaise said slowly. "But you're working for the Dark Lord, aren't you?"

Draco flinched. "No choice," he whispered. "Malfoys always work for Dark Lords. Right hand men. Inner circles. We even keep their stuff."

"Stuff? Dark Lords have stuff?" Blaise couldn't quite wrap his mind around that one.

Draco nodded fervently. "Stuff. World-domination documents, extra robes, horcruxes. That sort of thing."

Blaise furrowed his brow. "What's a Horcrux?"

Draco scrunched up his face. "Don't rightly know," he admitted. "But it's *evil*. And *scary*."

Blaise scratched his head.

"Evil and scary like the Dark Lord." Draco's voice had suddenly dropped to a whisper. "He's going to kill me, Blaise."

"What?" Blaise's heart caught.

Draco let out a choked sob. "Me and my family, if I don't help him."

"Merlin," Blaise said softly. "Have you already taken the Mark?"

Draco shook his head. "But he wants me to," Draco admitted, voice hitching. "This summer."

"Draco, what are you going to do?" Blaise asked with wide eyes. "It's not just muggle baiting; you'll have to *kill* people if you take the Mark."

"I know, and I don't want to, but what choice do I have?" Draco moaned. "He'll kill me otherwise. No one can save me."

Blaise was silent for few moments. "Potter can," he said earnestly.

"No. I won't ask Saint," he hiccupped, "Potter for help."

"Why ever not?" Blaise asked. "You admitted you fancy him and -"

"Not going to be another notch on his hero belt," Draco said, voice slurred but determined. "I don't need him."

"But you *want* him."

Draco nodded. "I'm crazy for him. But he'll only save me cause he's *sorry* for me. I can't take that." He sighed. "This is my *fate*. There's no escaping it."

Blaise didn't argue anymore. Instead, he listened quietly to Draco's breathing slowly evening out as the other boy drifted off to sleep. He wasn't sure how much of this confession Draco would remember in the morning.

But he knew he wouldn't forget a word.

""

A little over a month after school ended, Blaise sat down to pen a letter.

Dear Draco,

I've been thinking about that night on the Quidditch pitch non-stop for a month now. And I've decided - I'm willing to top.

Still interested? We could make it a regular thing.

Blaise

He'd gotten the return owl less than twelve hours later.

Blaise,

Fuck yes, I'm still interested. Can you come to Malfoy Manor weekdays at three o'clock? I'll tell my mum I'm simply having you over for tea again, like last summer.

Sincerely,

D. Malfoy

Blaise smiled in relief as he read Draco's letter. And then, pocketing the piece of parchment, he'd headed for the Burrow.

""

Silence reigned in the living room after Blaise finished speaking. Finally, Harry broke it.

"So you sent me to shag Draco in your place?" Harry asked. "But...but why?"

"I hoped that if you had a chance to be around Draco, you'd fall for him too. I'm something of a hopeless romantic," Blaise admitted.

Harry and Draco exchanged a disbelieving look.

"Wait - there are still so many questions unanswered," Ron interjected. "Why was Malfoy scared the first time Harry shagged him?"

"Because I didn't think Blaise had any idea what he was doing," Draco admitted. "Who wouldn't have been nervous?"

"Alright, but what about the whole bit with Malfoy and You-Know-Who?"

Blaise shrugged. "I also figured that if Harry fell for Draco, that he'd offer to protect him from the Dark Lord. You Gryffindors are very predictable like that."

Harry and Ron gave Blaise matching dirty looks.

"Yes, well, what about the Horcrux?" Harry said pointedly. "Draco doesn't know what it is; you don't know what it is. What made you think we'd risk so much to get it?"

"Because I told him we would," a new voice suddenly cut in.

""

"Hermione!" all four boys gasped.

Hermione casually made her way into the living room, a package wrapped in brown paper in her hands.

"You?" Harry said incredulously. "You were behind this?"

Blaise and Hermione exchanged a meaningful look.

"Well," Hermione began, "it all started a couple weeks ago, when I got a letter from Blaise..."

""

Dear Granger,

I really need your advice. Could you meet me at the Leaky Cauldron on Thursday at noon?

Sincerely,

Blaise Zabini

Hermione read over the letter again as she sat in a booth at the back of the Leaky Cauldron. What on earth could Blaise Zabini need her advice on?

She watched the door, and had a perfect view as Blaise hurried through it.

Damn, he's a pretty man, she thought to herself.

Blaise spotted her at the back, and began making his way through the pub. Tall, exceptionally dressed and extraordinarily good-looking, every head turned as he walked by, all the witches and not a few of the wizards favouring him with appreciative looks.

"Granger," he said as he reached Hermione's booth, holding out a hand politely. "Thank you so much for seeing me on such short notice. I can't tell you how much I appreciate you taking out of your assuredly busy schedule to lend me your astounding intellect for a moment."

Hermione actually felt a bit giddy. "Thank you. And it's my pleasure, Zabini," she responded, shaking his hand.

"Please, call me Blaise," he insisted, smoothly taking the seat across from her.

"Okay, Blaise," Hermione agreed. Blaise had a way of making her want to giggle, and then write about him in her diary. "So what can I help you with?" she asked, struggling to remain cool and level-headed.

"Could we order first?" Blaise asked, signaling a waiter. "It's a complicated situation and I'm feeling rather peckish."

Hermione nodded, noticing that the waiter had appeared at their table almost instantly. She also noticed that he was just a couple years older than they were and very good-looking, with dark brown hair and blue eyes and a very athletic build.

"May I help you, sir?" he asked, pulling out a quill and parchment and making obvious eyes at Blaise.

Blaise very blatantly swept his gaze over the man's body. "I dare say you can," he said coyly. "But I better eat first. I'll have fish and chips with a butterbeer, and the lady will have..."

He smiled a dazzling smile at Hermione. "It's on me," he added.

"Shepard's pie, please," Hermione said, fighting hard not to blush. "And pumpkin juice."

"Excellent choices," the waiter said, practically leering at Blaise. "I'll be right back with your drinks."

Blaise watched him walk away, until Hermione cleared her throat.

"Fit as he is, I'm sure you didn't invite me here to inform me you fancy blokes."

Blaise whipped back to look at her. "Observant, aren't you?"

Hermione shrugged. "I get by. So what's going on?"

Blaise drummed his fingers on the table. "Well, a few weeks ago I had a strange conversation with Draco Malfoy on the Quidditch pitch..."

.....

"So that's everything?" Hermione asked a bit later, after their food had arrived. "Malfoy's got a bit of a crush on Harry, and needs a way to escape You-Know-Who? And you think I can help him?"

"Please, Granger," Blaise said earnestly. "I know you don't like him, but he's a decent enough chap really, when you get to know him, and he oughtn't be forced to be a Death Eater because he doesn't have a choice."

"Call me Hermione," she said, a bit distractedly. "Tell me what he said about the Horcrux again."

"Just that he had one at his Manor. He didn't really seem to know what it was. Do *you* know what a Horcrux is?"

"I might," Hermione said cagily. "If we went to Malfoy and offered him protection, would he hand over the Horcrux in return?"

"No," Blaise said immediately. "He only told me this stuff because he was piss-drunk. We'd never get him to admit he needs protection."

"Even if Harry himself offered?" Hermione asked shrewdly.

Blaise shook his head. "Not if Potter's only offering because of his hero complex. Draco would rather die than be Potter's charity case."

"What if Harry was offering because it was personal?"

"How do you mean?"

"What if Harry offered Malfoy protection because he *fancies* Malfoy?"

Blaise's eyes widened. "Potter fancies Draco?"

"I don't think he realizes it, but yes, I think he does. He's been obsessed with Malfoy all year," Hermione said. "He's single again, and Ginny's all the way in Romania with Charlie. It would be the perfect time."

She leaned forward. "But the most important thing here is getting that Horcrux, Blaise. Nothing else, not even Harry and Malfoy's feelings, matters in the face of finding another Horcrux and destroying it."

Blaise chewed his lip. "But how could we get it? I bet Draco doesn't even know where it is."

"What if we search the Manor?" Hermione asked. "There are all sorts of tracing spells. I'm sure we could find it."

Blaise snorted. "Oh, like Draco wouldn't notice we were in his house."

Hermione thought for a moment. "He wouldn't notice if he was shagging Harry."

Blaise stared. "You're right about that. He wouldn't notice an Apocalypse if he was shagging Potter. But Draco's not just going to let Potter into his Manor for a shag. He's not stupid. He'll smell a plot a mile away."

"Yes, but would he let *you* into the Manor for a shag?"

"Probably," Blaise conceded. "If I were willing to top."

"So write to Malfoy, tell him you're willing to top, and then if he says yes we'll send Harry in your place."

Blaise goggled at her. "Send Potter?"

"Poljuiced into you, of course."

"But Potter's a *terrible* actor. Draco will know right away it's not me."

"Will he really?"

"Yes. Draco's pretty sharp."

"Hmmm. I suppose I'm used to Harry and Ron. Not that they're *not* smart," Hermione amended quickly. "Just...you know. Typical boys."

"Mmm, yes. Speaking of typical boys, how's that growth spurt coming for Potter?"

"Oh, Harry looks great. He's been working out."

"Really." Blaise sounded highly interested. "This I have to see."

"Hey, none of that," Hermione said sharply. "You keep your hands off Harry. We're trying to set him up with Malfoy."

"Well, we're not doing very well. I'm telling you, Draco will know the moment he talks to Potter that it's not me."

"Unless he's absolutely and completely distracted by the sex."

Blaise raised an eyebrow. "What are you saying?"

"What if we sort of...help him along? Maybe give him something to keep him focused on the sex rather than wondering why his partner's acting funny."

"Give him some - are you suggesting we *drug* him?"

"Let's not call it *drugging*. Let's just say we slip a bit of an aphrodisiac potion into one of his favourite foods, just enough to get him too turned on to pay attention to anything beyond sex. That'll smooth things over for Harry."

"There are these little tea cakes that he loves with an unholy passion," Blaise admitted. "And I'm friendly with the House Elf that makes them."

"How friendly?" Hermione asked calculatingly.

Blaise shrugged. "Pretty damn friendly. I have a way with girls of all kinds."

"So I've noticed," Hermione said dryly. "You got me to help you, didn't you?"

Blaise flirtatiously blew her a kiss.

"Anyway," Hermione said, suddenly blushing fiercely, "would she be willing to assist?"

"I think so," Blaise said. "Especially if I tell her it's to get Draco with Harry Potter. She told me once that Draco never stops talking about Potter. At the time I thought it was because Draco hated him, but..."

He trailed off, having made his point. Hermione rubbed her hands together in excitement.

"Alright, this is what we're going to do. You write to Malfoy and set up some regular times to shag. Then you can join us at the Burrow. We'll tell Harry about the Horcrux and make him think that he needs to shag Draco in order to get the information. Harry will definitely do it because he knows how important finding the Horcrux is."

"But if Potter's getting the information from Draco, why do we need to search the Manor ourselves?"

"Because Harry won't actually remember to ask about the Horcrux. He's going to get completely caught up in shagging Malfoy. He'll think he's there to save the world, but really, he'll just be the distraction while we do it."

"Oh, surely he won't get that distracted?" Blaise said disbelievingly.

"Trust me on this one, Blaise." Hermione signaled for the check. "So you and I are going to find that Horcrux, and save Malfoy from the Dark Lord in the process. And, as a bonus, if everything goes according to plan, we'll be helping our friends get together."

""

"And as you can see, it worked out perfectly," Hermione concluded. "Dinky was more than willing to help us out. She would lock the two of you in and give us an hour every day to search Malfoy Manor. And when Malfoy finally invited Harry to stay over, we'd already narrowed it down to the West Wing, and it gave us all night to look for the Horcrux."

"You said the West Wing was haunted!" Harry said accusingly to Blaise.

"I was just trying to keep you away from there while we searched," Blaise said defensively. "Obviously, I shouldn't have bothered. Did you and Draco even leave his bedroom?"

Harry and Draco both blushed.

"But why did Blaise come here claiming *he* was the one who needed protection?" Ron asked.

"Because I needed a reason for you and Harry to let me stay while Hermione and I looked for the Horcrux," Blaise said earnestly.

"Oh," Harry said. "And you told us that Voldemort wanted you for a sex slave because..."

Blaise looked slightly uncomfortable. "When I asked her for help with the tea cakes, Dinky wanted to help us plan too. And she's so sweet, I just couldn't say no. So I let her make up the story for why I needed protection. She's...um...got a flair for the dramatic."

"No kidding," Harry muttered.

"So are you all trying to tell me," Draco said slowly, through clenched teeth, "that three Gryffindors and a friend of mine conspired to lie to me, use me, drug me and rob me?"

Harry, Hermione and Blaise all blanched.

"Hey!" Ron broke in. "I had nothing to do with any of this. I'm entirely innocent!"

"You're not that innocent," Blaise said irritably. "You keep eating all my sweets."

"Yes, speaking of sweets," Ron said, narrowing his eyes. "That was some potent stuff you two put in those tea cakes. That day I ate them, you knew I was drugged and yet you manipulated me into being all over Harry!"

Blaise shrugged. "It was kind of hot to watch you two."

Harry and Ron nearly gagged.

"We're like brothers!" Ron said. "I would never fancy Harry!"

"Um, actually, Ron," Hermione broke in, "that particular aphrodisiac only works if you have some kind of latent desire for another person. It's not a love potion that creates lust; it only enhances what's already there."

Ron and Harry looked at each other in horror.

"We never speak of this again," Ron said in a strangled voice. "*Ever.*"

"Agreed," Harry said immediately, shuddering.

"If the two of you would like an immediate subject change, you might be interested in this," Hermione broke in, holding up the brown wrapped package. "I found the Horcrux early this morning."

"You did?" Harry and Ron said together.

"Yes. It's the Hufflepuff one. Now we've just got to figure out how to destroy it."

"Wow, Hermione," Harry said in awe. "All this time I thought I was the intrepid teenage hero, ready to do anything to save the world, when really, it was *you*."

Hermione beamed. "Thank you Harry. I -"

She was cut off by a low, angry voice.

"Really, Potter. You'd do anything to save the world - even me?"

Harry turned to see Draco glaring at him with a poignant mixture of anger and hurt.

Something painful twisted in Harry's stomach. "Draco, no, I didn't mean it like that -"

"Didn't you?" Draco said through clenched teeth. "I'm sorry the idea of shagging me is so horrible that only some kind of hero could possibly put up with it. You ought to get an Order of Merlin, First Class, for being willing to even touch me."

"Draco, wait -"

"Oh Saint Potter, he's such a hero," Draco simpered sarcastically. "Willing to shag even *Draco Malfoy* for his cause. You must have been so thrilled to find out about your starring role in my fantasies. Had a good laugh over that one, did you?"

"No - I wouldn't, I would *never* -"

"And after my little confession, you had the nerve to shag me as *you*. Are you proud of yourself, Potter? Proud of taking advantage of me? Proud of how you twisted my fantasies for your own righteous, noble cause?"

Harry's face fell. "*Draco*," he whispered, stricken.

Blaise stepped forward.

"Leave Harry alone!" he snapped at Draco. "This isn't what you're thinking. Didn't you see how jealous Harry got when he saw us kissing? You really think Harry's capable of faking that?"

"Right now, I'd believe Potter capable of anything," Draco responded coldly.

Blaise narrowed his eyes. "You're forgetting that you were perfectly willing to have me drug and kidnap Harry. And then you shagged him while you fully believed he was under a love potion, so you've got no basis to act all self-righteous."

"Yes, but all of that was Potter's idea in the first place!" Draco snarled back. "He's the one who talked me into it. And he's only been shagging me because he's a stupid hero. I was shagging him because I love -"

Draco promptly snapped his mouth shut.

"You know what," he said through clenched teeth. "It doesn't matter. I'm stuck here because I don't fancy working for the Dark Lord, but that doesn't mean I have to speak to any of you. I hope all of you can do me a small courtesy and *fuck off*."

He turned to leave, and Harry ran forward.

"Draco, *please*, let me explain -"

Draco whirled around to glare at Harry. "*Especiall*y you," he said venomously. "I've got *nothing* to say you to you, you sanctimonious prick. You disgust me."

And he with that stormed out of the room.

"But..." Harry stared after him. He bit his lip. "I'm sorry," he whispered in Draco's wake.

About fifteen minutes later, Harry was standing dejectedly by the kitchen door, watching Draco through the curtained window. Draco was outside, sitting in the sun on the low garden wall, in the corner where he could rest his back against the fence. Harry didn't miss the way his shoulders were hunched, his knees drawn up protectively to his chest, his head buried in his knees. His entire posture screamed not anger but *defeat*.

Harry looked wretchedly at Hermione.

"He hates me."

"He likes you. That's why he's so upset right now," Hermione said sagely. "Go to him."

"He doesn't want to talk to me."

"Because he thinks you don't like him back."

"But I do!"

"So go tell him that."

Harry bit his lip and looked out the window at Draco again.

"Go," she urged.

Taking a deep, fortifying breath, Harry walked out through the kitchen door, nervously heading towards Draco.

"Draco?" he called out.

Draco didn't react.

"Draco, can I please talk to you?" Harry said bravely.

"Go away, Potter," Draco said tonelessly, not even lifting his head. This broken voice was worse than any screaming Draco might have done. "I'm not interested in speaking with you."

"But Draco, please, you don't understand," Harry begged. He'd reached Draco now, and sat on the garden wall in front of him. "You have every right to be angry at me, but please, listen for just one moment."

"Why? So you can tell me how sorry you are about what you did, but that it had to be done because you've got a world to save?"

Harry winced at the bitterness in Draco's tone. "That's not what I was going to say at all," he said defensively.

"Potter," Draco said tiredly, looking up at Harry. "You and I both know what was going on. You have a world to save. You were doing your intrepid teenage hero bit, and this time it involved screwing me over - *literally*."

He sighed. "So fine. You got the Horcrux, you saved another person. Pat yourself on the back or throw a party, whatever you Gryffindors do when you win. Just don't fuck with me anymore, alright?"

His voice was suspiciously thick, and Harry swallowed down his guilt.

"Draco," Harry said softly, "you don't really think this was about the Horcrux for me, do you?"

Draco visibly stiffened. "Don't do this to me, Potter," he whispered.

Harry doggedly soldiered on. "Did I ever ask you about the Horcrux? Did I, even once, mention a Horcrux to you this past week?"

Draco bit his lip. "No," he admitted quietly, looking away from Harry. "But so what? All that means is that you forgot."

"Exactly," Harry confirmed. He moved from sitting on the wall to kneeling on the grass next to Draco. "I forgot. I completely forgot about the most important thing I needed to save the world because of *you*. You were so important to me that I couldn't focus on anything else. I even had an entire night, and not once did the Horcrux cross my mind. All I could think about was you."

Draco was silent for a moment. "What are you trying to say, Potter?" he asked warily.

Harry reached out and picked up one of Draco's hands. "I'm trying to say that I want you." He pressed a kiss to Draco's palm. "I want this." He kissed Draco's fingers. "I want us."

Draco's eyes were very uncertain, and he looked awfully vulnerable at that moment. "Are you sure about this? You don't need me to fall for you in order to defeat the Dark Lord, do you?"

Harry shook his head slowly, rotating Draco's hand so he could kiss the top of it.

Draco looked away for a moment. "And you promise you're not actually Blaise, or Granger, or God forbid, Weasley underneath that Potter body?"

Harry shook his head again. "It's really me. And what I really want is you." He hesitated. "I can grovel, if you like. I'm fully prepared to. I'm already on my knees; I'll beg, plead, throw myself at your mercy, whatever it takes to get you back."

Draco looked back at Harry, one eyebrow raised. "Let's see it, then."

"Oh *please* forgive me, Draco," Harry immediately pleaded, letting go of Draco's hand to clasp his own in supplication. "Please, please, please, I'm begging you. I never should have taken advantage of such a sweet, innocent little Slytherin like yourself."

The corner of Draco's mouth quirked up. "Go on. Tell me how awful you are."

"I'm a rogue and a cad, and someone as sweet and innocent as you should never even have to speak with scoundrels like me. Someone as gorgeous and sexy and with such perfect hair -"

"Say more about my hair."

"It's the most beautiful, silky, and addictively touchable hair I've ever seen. Everything about you is addictive, really, and you're an absolutely *brilliant* shag -"

"I really am."

"And I'm so sorry about this past week, Draco. I never meant to hurt you, or for you to think that I'm anything but crazy about you and head over heels in -"

HHarry suddenly found himself with his back flat on the grass and his arms full of blonde.

"You *were* quite the scoundrel this week," Draco informed him, entwining his arms around Harry's neck. "But I suppose I could let you make it up to me."

A burst of happiness exploded in Harry's chest. "Really?" he whispered back, bringing his hands up to cradle Draco's face.

"I suppose," Draco said playfully.

And then their lips met and they were kissing so fiercely there was no way to talk.

Harry finally rolled them over, pushing Draco onto his back on the grass of the Weasley's yard.

"But we can't just be fuck-buddies," Harry said, breaking the kiss to look seriously into Draco's eyes. "I want more than that."

Draco sighed long-sufferingly. "*Gryffindors*."

"I'm serious."

"Seriously sappy, that's what you are."

"Draco Malfoy -"

"Alright, alright! I was only taking the piss. I'll be your *boyfriend*, if you insist."

Draco's words were belied, however, by his shy smile, and the delight evident in his eyes.

Harry grinned, and leaned down to pepper Draco's face with kisses. "I'm so sorry about this week."

"Well, Granger did at least find the Horcrux," Draco replied, basking in Harry's affections. "What was this mysterious thing, anyway?"

"This one is a cup," Harry said. "A golden cup with two handles."

"A golden cup with - hang on, it hasn't got a badger on it, has it?"

Harry nodded. "That's the one."

"Of all the sodding rotten luck," Draco muttered disgruntledly. "That was my favourite coffee cup."

Harry stared at him. "You *drank coffee* out of a *Horcrux*?"

"Apparently. Why, is that bad? What is a Horcrux, anyway?"

Harry gave a disbelieving sort of laugh. "I'll tell you later," he promised, shaking his head. "In the meantime, I still feel wretched about this whole week. Let me start making it up to you."

"I rather think you'd better," Draco said impishly. "I'm going to expect some mind-blowing make-up sex for this."

"Any way and anything you want," Harry promised, cuddling Draco close.

"Really?" Draco said, in a tone that should have worried Harry. "Anything at all?"

"Absolutely."

"Well then, Harry," Draco said mischievously, arching up to kiss his new boyfriend. "How do you feel about schoolgirl uniforms?"

And watching through the kitchen window as the two boys laughed and kissed each other on the sunny Weasley lawn, Hermione and Blaise exchanged smiles and a discreet thumbs-up.

Ron, meanwhile, ate the last of Blaise's scones.

""The End!""

Author's Notes: Hope y'all enjoyed this little fic as much as I enjoyed writing it. I know there was a lot of speculation about what was really going on, but I hope there were at least a few surprises and you all enjoyed the end. Thanks so much for reading, everyone!

Extra thanks to Angie for her help!

Story Notes 1. The Pretty Man 2. The Saucy Minx 3. The Ginger Git 4. The Smitten Fool 5. The Smartest Witch

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