

Queer Quaff

By Mystwriter

NC-17, of course, non/dubious-con, angsty but eventually romancy, and a bit AU

Summary: Draco devises a potion to get back at the Boy-Who-Lived. But it might just backfire.

Part One

Draco Malfoy chuckled to himself. He looked over the steaming cauldron and mentally patted himself on the back. Excellent job, Draco, if I do say so myself. It was the perfect revenge. The perfect prank. The prefect...everything! Harry Potter would never suspect a thing and in the meantime, the whole school would get to watch as he humiliated himself. He'd never get over it. It was perfect. Perfect!

"What are you giggling about, Malfoy?" asked Gregory Goyle, coming up behind him. Draco had set up his cauldron in a little used corner of the Slytherin common room. And anyway, everyone knew to leave Draco alone when he was doing something there. He always intimated that it may have something to do with his father or the Dark Lord, even though they never did. But it always assured his privacy.

Vince Crabbe sidled up to him and looked over his other shoulder. "What's that you got there, Malfoy? A potion?"

He rolled his eyes. Honestly. Stumps had more brains than this lot. "Yes, Crabbe. It's a potion. A potion I just invented."

"What's it for?" asked Goyle, reaching forward to touch the stirring spoon.

Draco slapped his hand away. "Don't touch it! Imbecile." He looked over his shoulder but there was no one else in the common room. "I've made it to use on Harry Potter," he said quietly.

"What's it do?" asked Crabbe.

“What does it do? Oh my dear Vincent. It does something so completely diabolical, so absurdly dastardly that I am nearly faint with excitement. This, my friends, is a modified love potion of sorts. Very modified.”

“You’re going to make Potter fall in love with someone?”

“No. Nothing as pedestrian as that. No, this does something special. It makes the one who drinks it fall into unbearable lust. But here’s the really fun part. It makes him lust...for the same sex! Potter will be lusting after every boy he sees! And if the boy is agreeable, he’ll act on it! He’ll be taking it in the arse and sucking cock all over Hogwarts. And the best part will be when it wears off! Hetero Potter will be aghast at his antics and everyone will know about it! No girl will touch him with a ten foot dildo! I call it...my Queer Quaff!”

Crabbe and Goyle burst out laughing. “You mean,” said Goyle between breaths, “he’ll bugger himself all over the school?”

“He’ll be desperate for it!”

Crabbe bent over with laughter as Goyle recovered enough to ask, “How long will it last?”

“A week. That should be long enough for him to humiliate himself so badly he’ll have to be home-schooled. And since he lives with Muggles, that will be the end of one Harry Potter!”

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Harry took one last look at himself in the mirror and simply gave up. So what if his hair was a mess. Only Aunt Petunia seemed to care about it—and he recalled with a shudder the hours she spent trying to spit flatten it to his head until he felt as if he was drooled on by an Irish Setter. Besides, fifteen year old boys didn’t have to look that grand. Look at Ron. He never looked slicked down and he was all right with it. Though he wouldn’t mind looking a little better for Cho.

He turned back to the mirror with thoughts of her and tried to flatten it again. Maybe she was one of those girls that didn’t care about that stuff. He hoped so. She seemed to like him and he couldn’t stop

thinking about her. Especially at night alone in his bed. There were some of those nights that he wished he wasn't alone. He knew all boys thought like that. But it did seem rather crude when thinking of the elegant Cho Chang. Still. He was a teenaged boy, after all. As much of a gentleman as he would be with her, he didn't have to be so much of one in the privacy of his fantasies.

He gave up again and headed out of the bathroom and into the dorm. "Ready for breakfast, Ron?"

"Starved," said his friend. They went down the stairs together, met up with Hermione in the common room, and left together for the Great Hall.

They found places at the Gryffindor table and chatted over their eggs and bacon. First class of the day was Potions and Harry was none too excited about getting there but he also didn't want to be late. That would be a disaster. So he finished his pumpkin juice and gathered his bookbag. Just as he rose from the bench someone stumbled into him, dumping the entire contents of their glass onto his robes, splashing some of it in Harry's face. He fingered the stuff from his eyes and looked at...Draco Malfoy.

"You stupid oaf, Potter! Look what you've done!"

"Me? You're the one who stumbled into me. Why don't you look where you're going?"

"You just jumped up out of your seat, idiot." He looked disgustedly at Harry's dripping face. "Well it's too late to get more. Thanks a lot, Potter!" He slammed the glass down on the Gryffindor table and stalked away, Crabbe and Goyle in his wake. But even as they left, he heard them giggling together like a bunch of school girls.

Harry grabbed a serviette and dabbed at his face. What was this stuff anyway? Some weird Malfoy breakfast cocktail, no doubt. He Scourgified his robes, gathered his stuff, and hurried to class.

He found his place beside Ron in the back and set his things out. As he did he began to roll back his robe sleeves. Was it his imagination or was it getting hot in here? Funny. It was never hot in the dungeons before. It seemed that Snape liked it extra cold. Maybe he was a vampire, thought Harry.

He looked around as he readied. There was Malfoy, all prissy with his stuff set up in a nice neat row and waiting with hands folded so Snape could see what a good little boy he was. Jeesh. Harry looked at his

own supplies. Maybe it wouldn't hurt to lay them out logically, he supposed, and began setting them like Malfoy had his.

He pulled his collar away from his neck. Boy, it was really getting hot in here. He was suddenly transfixed by Blaise Zabini's hands as he set out his silver knife and chopping block. He had thick fingers, though they were long. Malfoy's fingers on the other hand, were long and elegant. And white. It seemed that everything about Malfoy was white. White hair, white skin...lots and lots of pale, white skin. Harry began to wonder about Malfoy's skin under his robes. Wondered suddenly if his pubic hair was as white as the hair on his head. And his dick. Was that white, too? Or maybe pink. It would have to be pink. A lovely shade of perfect pink, if there was any justice in the world. Actually, if there was any justice in the world, Harry would get to see it for himself.

For no reason, Malfoy turned and looked Harry directly in the eye. Oh shit. Did he hear Harry say something? But no. Harry hadn't said any of that aloud. If he had, Ron would have said something. And Ron wasn't doing anything but sitting there looking all manly and rather sexy. And sweaty. Harry could smell him. Mmm. It smelled good. Ron was looking at Hermione with a dreamy expression. It made his lips slack just a bit but Harry imagined that they'd be pretty soft to kiss. Yeah, Ron's lips. Probably soft. Not as soft and as pink as Malfoy's...and Harry looked over at Malfoy again who was still looking at him. The boy's grey eyes widened slightly and then they danced with amusement. Harry wondered why Malfoy was amused now. Harry wasn't doing anything, after all. They were just looking at each other. Maybe Malfoy thought Harry was as cute as Harry thought he was. Because he was. Cute, that is. Malfoy was really cute. That sharp little nose, those pink lips, that pointy chin. And those eyes. God, those eyes! So deep and grey and sultry under those lazy lids. He smirked at Harry and Harry suddenly wanted very much to lick the corner of his mouth, right where that smirk was. It was strange that he'd never wanted to do that before. But maybe Malfoy...no...Draco wasn't as sexy before. Draco. What kind of name was "Draco", anyway? It suited him, though. Draco. Harry decided he liked it. He rested his chin on his hand and gazed at Draco and Draco looked back, his smirk turning into a smile.

Snape crashed through the doors and strode swiftly down the centre aisle to the front of the class.

"We have a great deal to accomplish this hour with very little hope of actually achieving anything worthwhile," said Snape, eyeing the class with dark eyes. He waved his wand toward the chalkboard and the instructions for a potion immediately appeared. "You have one hour," said Snape, who, in a flourish of robes, swept behind his desk and sat down.

Harry looked at Snape for a long time. Now there was elegance. There was certainly something about the man. Harry may not have liked him—still didn't—but he had a way about him, how he carried himself. And his voice! Enough heat to melt a dragon scale. So his teeth weren't perfect and his skin was a bit sallow and his hair was a bit greasy. But Harry never believed a person was who they were from the

outside. It was what was inside that mattered. And what was inside his robes interested Harry quite a bit.

An elbow in his side awakened him. "Harry!" hissed Ron. "We've got to get started."

"Oh, yeah." He and Ron worked, Harry becoming distracted with watching Ron's fingers work. He looked at the side of his face and began counting freckles.

"Mr. Potter!"

Harry startled back and looked up at the imposing figure of Snape standing over him. "Yes, sir?"

"May I suggest you pay more attention to your cauldron than Mr. Weasley."

"What?"

Snape leaned over and looked Harry right in the eye. "Are you paying attention at all, Mr. Potter, or should I save time and simply take points now?"

Breathlessly, Harry blinked up at the potions master, face so close to his own. Almost close enough to kiss. "Well," he sighed. "You can do anything you wish to me. Anything at all. I wouldn't be averse to a little detention...if you want."

Snape snapped up, eyes glaring. "WHAT?"

"I mean...." Harry reached up and laid his hand gently on Snape's arm. "If you want. We could be alone that way—"

"MISTER POTTER!"

The whole class started to giggle.

“Have I said something wrong?”

Ron kicked him in the shin and he turned a dreamy smile to Ron. “Don’t worry. I haven’t forgotten about you. You’re next.”

Ron shrieked and reeled back, knocking over their potion. The class was in an uproar. Snape waved his wand and vanished the potion before it could spill everywhere and then he sneered down at Harry. “Clearly, Mr. Potter needs to go to the hospital wing. Malfoy. You take him.”

“What? Me?”

“If I have to say it a second time, Mr. Malfoy, points will be taken from Slytherin.”

“Yes, sir,” he answered sullenly. He walked up the aisle, grabbed Harry by the arm, and yanked him to his feet. “Come on, Potter.”

“Okay. Bye, Professor!”

The last thing Harry saw was Snape, sneering at him from the centre of the classroom, before the doors closed behind him.

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This was perfect, thought Draco. If he worked this right, they wouldn’t go to the hospital wing at all.

Harry was looking at him with a dreamy expression, those green eyes glazed under his glasses. “You know, Draco, this is the first time we’ve ever really been alone together.”

“Is that right? It’s not like I’d make a habit of it.”

"But why not?"

"Why not? Don't be thick. You hate me. And the feeling is mutual, I assure you."

"I don't hate you. Not now, I don't. I think you're rather...um...nice. And...very good-looking."

Draco slowed and looked sidelong at Harry. He repressed a laugh. "What an unusual thing for you to say to me."

"Not at all. I just never noticed it before. I believe in being honest. So I'm just being honest now. I think you are very good-looking. Handsome, even."

"And why should you care?"

Harry pulled Draco to a stop. He looked around and saw an empty classroom. He yanked Draco inside and shut the door.

"What's the idea, Potter?"

"Well...I just wanted to show you how much I don't dislike you. Er...thought I'd...you know. Well." He twisted his hands in his robes. His face was flushed. "Draco, can I suck you?"

"What? Have you gone mental?"

"No, I mean it. I really want to suck your cock."

"I'm not a poufter, Potter. Didn't know you were."

"I didn't know either. But I...well I guess I am. Can I?"

"I told you I'm not gay, Scarhead."

Harry sidled up to him, his fingers looking for all the world as if they longed to touch Draco. Draco smiled, doing his best not to giggle. "But that doesn't matter, Malfoy. Draco, I mean. It's just a blowjob, right? You can pretend I'm a girl, can't you?"

"It's a very interesting proposal, Potter. You...er...have considered the ramifications, haven't you?"

Harry looked distracted. "Whatever. Will you let me?" He was fidgeting. Draco wanted to do a happy dance. He couldn't believe how good this was. Not only would Potter be mortified after sucking a boy's dick, but it would be Draco's! He'd never, ever, live it down!

"We-e-ell," said Draco, pretending to think about it. Just the thought of someone sucking him—even though it was Potter—was making him hard. He was a fifteen year old boy, after all. "You won't tell anyone?"

"Oh no!" Harry made a cross over his heart. "I swear, Draco. It's just between you and me."

"Well okay. Just so you know I've never let a boy do this before."

But Harry was already sinking to his knees. Anxious little sod, isn't he? Draco watched as Harry reached up with trembling hands and unbuttoned Draco's fly. He pulled down the zip and started to drag his trousers down.

"No, Potter. You'll have to pull me out. Don't want to be caught with my trousers down, you know." And with that thought, he took out his wand and cast a hasty Colloportus on the door.

Harry was obviously disappointed, but he reached inside the trousers, fished around, and drew Draco's tumescent cock from his underpants and through the trousers' fly. He looked at it in his hand for a moment before looking up at Draco. Draco was mesmerized by the sight of the Boy-Who-Lived holding his cock like it was a baby bird. "I've never done this before," said Harry, his innocent eyes gazing upward.

Draco smiled lazily. "I'm sure you'll do fine."

Harry nodded and looked down at it again. He bent forward and Draco felt hot breath on his prick. Potter was really going to do it. It took all of Draco's strength of will to keep perfectly still.

Harry placed a reverent kiss to it first. And then a warm tongue met his flesh and licked before it drew away. Draco looked down as Harry looked up, his face turning red. "That was my first ever lick."

Draco only nodded. For some reason, he didn't have a voice. But his cock stood up at attention now. Harry shot a glance at it and smiled. He leaned over and licked it again. And then, as if he was a starving man, he commenced licking it furiously all over, from its base to the swollen head until he took it all into his mouth as far as it would go and sucked.

Draco teetered back, nearly falling over from Harry's enthusiastic ministrations. "Shit, Potter," he gasped and grabbed hold of Harry's hair, digging his fingers into the shock of dark, messy locks. Draco had never had a blowjob before. He'd just messed about with a few girls. Nothing serious and nothing that could get him into trouble later. Girls were always willing to give him the time of day, even a Gryffindor or two. But this was something else. This was...incredible!

Harry alternated sucking and licking, making slurping noises as he did. Draco heard a zip being drawn down and then the unmistakable slap, slap of someone jerking themselves off. He looked down and saw Harry—cheeks hollowed from sucking—and then lower to his dick in his hand. His hand was a blur as he furiously beat himself silly. He groaned around the prick filling his mouth but seemed to try not to bring himself off before Draco, and Draco was having a hard time holding on.

Harry's mouth surrounded his cock in that velvety, wet heat and his tongue lay flat against the underside of his penis and wriggled there like a snake. Then Harry sucked hard for all he was worth, and Draco lost it and came, pumping his hips into Harry's face. He heard Harry whimper around his cock and then Potter came, soiling his own robes with his sticky cum. Potter gulped loudly and licked his red, swollen lips, seeking a trail of white with his tongue that dribbled down the edge of his mouth.

Draco looked down at his disheveled face amazed. Fuck. Who knew Potter had such a talented mouth? "Well, Potter. If this hero thing doesn't work out for you, you can make a good living as someone's Friday night boy."

Harry smiled dreamily up at Draco. "Mmm. Draco. Your cum tastes delicious."

"Er...thanks." He tucked his still damp penis back into his pants and trousers and zipped up. "So you've never done that before?"

Harry shook his head. "Nope. But I certainly wouldn't mind doing it again."

"Hmm. Tell you what, Potter." Draco intended to pace for better effect but his legs weren't willing to move just yet. He'd never come so hard in his life. Amazing what a really talented set of lips and tongue could do for a bloke. "Maybe we can meet again. And we'll just forget about our little trip to Madam Pomfrey."

Harry stood and got close to Draco. "You want to do this again?"

"Sure. That way, you don't have to bother about other boys. Help keep your mind on your schoolwork, yeah? Won't get in trouble for propositioning Snape."

Harry reddened. "Yeah. Don't know what came over me."

"It's just hormones, Potter. We both have them."

Harry eyed Draco up and down. He reached forward and toyed with Draco's robe buttons. "So...so you're not gay?"

"No. Sorry, Potter. But I don't mind accommodating you. I know how tricky these things can be."

"Yeah. Relationships are hard."

"Aren't they? And so if we meet again...say around six, here? That okay?"

“Okay? That’s brilliant. I can’t believe you’d do this for me. I like your cock a lot, Draco. I so want to suck it again.”

“And you will, Potter. This will be our little secret, right? You don’t want the whole school knowing, do you?”

Potter had enough presence of mind to consider this. He looked up at Draco. “No. I don’t suppose I do.”

“Didn’t think so. See you tomorrow, Potter.”

Draco strolled out leaving Harry behind. This was working out better than he ever hoped. Now all Harry’s attention will be on him and he could take the mickey out of him so badly when it all wore off. And he’d get some really spectacular blowjobs out of it in the meantime.

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Harry somehow got to his next class and thumped down next to Hermione. “Harry,” she said, looking at him worriedly. “What happened to you in Potions?”

He glanced at her and took out his quill from his book bag. He remembered that Draco was going to help him out and that he wasn’t to say anything. So he shrugged. “Dunno. Must have been some stray hex.”

“Well it was awfully strange. What did Madam Pomfrey say?”

“Said I was fine,” he lied. He didn’t like to lie to Hermione, but this was a thing between blokes. He reckoned she wouldn’t understand it anyway.

“Well, I’m glad that’s over. The thought of you and Snape—” She shivered. It wasn’t that bad a thought, he mused. But he and Draco was a better thought. Draco. He almost giggled thinking about the Slytherin’s dick. He’d actually held it in his hand; sucked it. Draco tasted and sounded so good when he was aroused. He whimpered and groaned. Oooh. Harry wanted to groan now just thinking about it. And then Draco came in his mouth! And Harry had swallowed every last drop! That was amazing. It tasted all salty and bitter but he had suddenly wanted it so much. He frowned upon thinking of that. He had never

felt this way before. Maybe he was hexed. Except that it felt so right. Like he had been missing something. Malfoy was very handsome. Harry only wished he would have let Harry take down his trousers. He wanted to see, to touch his arse. He bet it was a nice round one. These damned robes never let a bloke get a good look and he'd never been in the Slytherin changing rooms for Quidditch. He would have been killed going in there. Come to think of it, he would have been killed sucking Draco's cock before this. Maybe Draco was gay and just didn't want to admit it. Of course, it didn't matter. As long as he allowed Harry to do intimate things with him who cared who was gay or not?

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The next day, Draco noticed Potter hovering near him far before six in the evening.

"Potter," Draco hissed at him. "I told you. Later."

Potter was doing a little dance as if he had to pee. But it was an entirely different problem plaguing him.

"I know, but I can't wait that long. Come on, Draco. A quick one in the broom cupboard?"

"Broom cupboard? Maybe you're used to a cupboard but I'm not."

"Please, Draco, please." He sidled up to him and looked as if he was about to crook his arm over Draco's shoulder before Draco stepped away from him.

Well, he could use a quick one before lunch. He looked around and saw the broom cupboard in question. It looked big enough. "All right," he growled. "Get in quick."

Harry slipped in after him and pulled the door shut, throwing a locking charm on it. It was tight quarters all right, and Harry was pressed against him. He gazed at Draco's face and his eyes kept dropping to his mouth. He was leaning forward as if to kiss but Draco pushed him back. "No kissing, Potter. If you want your lips somewhere, my cock is getting ready for you."

Harry groaned in anticipation. Merlin! If this was Harry under the influence of a potion, he wondered what he'd really be like. But that was a strange thing to wonder. Just because he let the boy suck him

didn't mean anything else. It was all about revenge and finally getting one over Harry Potter. It wasn't about anything other than that.

Without saying anything further, Harry dropped down and Draco leaned back against the wall, broom handles digging into his back. Harry unbuttoned his trousers and reached into his pants to pull out Draco's hard cock. Draco raised his brows at his own arousal. Well, anticipating a blowjob was rather exciting, even if it was from the Boy-Who-Sucked.

Harry wasted no time and quickly swallowed Draco's dick almost to the hilt. "Fuck!" he gasped. Potter was deep throating him without even a hint of gagging. Far too talented.

Draco threw his head back and closed his eyes. The sensations on his cock were amazing. The hot wetness of mouth and tongue, the suction, the feel of Harry's anxious hands kneading his thighs, all made Draco's balls rise close to his body with aching need. He was close, so close. It was so good. He rocked his hips into Potter's face and the boy seemed to welcome it, loosening his grip of his thighs and sighing into his pubic hair. Draco reached and grasped Harry's head and pushed his groin into it. "God, Potter. You were made for this, you know that?" Harry hummed deep in his throat in reply. And that vibrating sensation was enough to tip Draco over the edge. He shouted as he came, pumping his juices into Harry's slurping mouth. And Harry took it all, never choking, just licking and sucking to the end, releasing Draco's cock with a pop.

Draco fell back against the wall, his knees buckling. "Shit. Holy crap. That was unbelievable." He looked down and Harry was still on his knees looking worshipfully up at Draco's drooping erection. He noticed that Harry had not jerked off. "What's the matter, Potter? Forgot how to bring yourself off?"

"No. I just didn't want any distractions. And thought that maybe...well. Maybe you'd want to...watch."

Harry slowly rose and not waiting for Draco to say anything, kept his eyes locked to the blonde's as he carefully flipped open his jeans.

Draco didn't know why he was watching. There was no reason to. But he supposed this would be more fodder to taunt Potter with in a few days when it was all over. Remember that you wanted me to watch, Potter, he would say. And so he stared back at the boy and slowly allowed his gaze to drop to his crotch. Potter had gotten his jeans unbuttoned and unzipped and he was shimmying out of them. They fell to his knees. His taut erection was clearly visible pushing at his Y-fronts, but instead of reaching in, he slipped the underpants down over his hips. Potter's cock—as far as cocks went, Draco supposed—was fairly hefty. It was thick and long and a deep aroused red. Harry's fingers curled around it while his other

hand reached down and cupped his sac, a plump appendage fuzzed with dark hairs. He squeezed it a bit and pulled on his cock. Draco watched transfixed. He had never seen such a thing, never saw a boy fondle himself and he wondered vaguely if he looked like that when he wanked in the privacy of his bed at night.

Potter was making a show of it as he pulled lazily on his dick. Draco was about to say something, tell him to get on with it, but the words froze in his throat. He found himself unaccountably fascinated by it, by Potter's fingers curled just so around that straight shaft, how he bit his lower lip till it was plump and red, how he used his other hand to fondle his balls or drag up his body to rub over his nipples, erect under his T-shirt. Harry tugged on his cock for a bit, twisting the tip. He let it go for a moment—and Draco watched it bob up to his belly, the underside taunting him with its naked redness. Harry brought that hand to his mouth. He opened his lips and licked one long stripe over his palm before returning the moistened hand to his dick and began to jerk it in earnest.

Draco hadn't realized he had dropped his mouth open. But when Harry licked his own palm to give himself a lubed wank, Draco couldn't help himself. It was hot. There was no other word to describe it. His own cock actually twitched at it.

Harry was wanking furiously now. His head was thrown back, his bared throat working silently in orgasmic pleasure. Draco watched as he jabbed his hips forward and white cum shot upward and fell back, landing on Harry's naked thighs. Harry milked himself, each twitch of his cock releasing another blob of cum until there was no more.

Draco looked at his speckled thighs and wondered at the edge of his thoughts how Harry Potter's spunk would taste. And then he shook himself free of that to look at his face. Harry was coming back to himself and when he gazed at Draco with those heavy-lidded eyes he offered him a lazy smile. "Did you like that?" he whispered.

Draco pulled at his robes. "Only a queer would have liked it, Potter," he said in an unsteady voice.

But then Harry brought his cum drenched hand to his face and slowly licked off his own spunk.

Draco ran out of the cupboard and headed for Slytherin, not caring what he looked like to his fellow students who happened to see him.

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Harry was waiting for him in the empty classroom at six and the only reason Draco was there was to tell him it was off. It was getting too creepy for Draco. Too weird. But Harry's expression was downright feral and Draco hesitated, trying to figure out what Potter could possibly be thinking.

"Look Malfoy," he said, tracing a small pattern on the desk he was leaning on. "I was wondering if tonight rather than my sucking you, you'd want to...to fuck me. Do you want to?"

Harry's voice was low and seductive. He licked his lips and they glistened in the candlelight.

Hmm. Would he like to fuck Harry Potter? He didn't fancy losing his virginity to a boy, but this opportunity was too good to pass up. Remember that it was you who asked me to fuck you, Potter. Yes. Just how would that conversation go? Harry would be absolutely mortified, knowing that Draco was right, knowing—even under the thrall of a potion—that he had asked for it. And Draco would give it to him, all right.

His earlier reticence forgotten, Draco strolled forward, looking Harry up and down. The boy was panting for it. He smiled. "Sure, Potter. If you really want it."

"I do. Right here. Right now."

Draco gestured toward the desk. "Well. Get to it, then."

Harry wasted no time unbuckling his belt. His trousers were down to his ankles followed by his underpants.

"No, no," said Draco, trying not to look at Potter's distracting erection. "That will never do. Get rid of them. How am I to spread your legs properly?"

Harry tried to kick off his trousers but his trainers got caught in them. He whimpered as he struggled for a minute or two while Draco chuckled at his antics, even enjoying how his sagging balls jiggled as he

hoped on one foot. Finally, Harry was free of shoes, trousers, and pants, and he stood naked from the waist down. Draco leered. "Bend over it, Potter. I haven't got all night."

He wondered if he would be hard enough, but the sight of Harry bending over the desk was enough for him. He owed it to his anxiousness to make Harry suffer, the vulnerable position the boy was in. After all, Potter was doing his best to raise his arse up for Draco. He spread his legs and Draco swore he was showing off his bollocks, and a tasty morsel they were dangling below his round arse cheeks.

It was at this moment, even though he was hard enough, that Draco faltered. He didn't quite know what to do. Certainly he knew that his target was Potter's arsehole, but that was all he knew.

He walked up behind him and raised tentative hands to Potter's arse. Harry sighed when Draco's fingers alighted. "You want it, don't you, Potter. Say it."

"Oh Draco. I want you to fuck me."

His words plucked a shiver down Draco's spine. He noticed he was grasping Harry's arse cheeks hard and absently kneading them. He stopped but then slowly began again. So what if he was touching him. That was the idea, right? He kneaded them hard in rough circles and as he did they opened and exposed Potter's dusky cleft. His furled hole seemed to be eyeing Draco rather rakishly. But it wasn't like a girl. He knew that much. Girls came with their own natural lubricant. This did not. "We'll need some sort of lube," said Draco distractedly.

"Trousers pocket," gasped Harry.

Draco smirked. The randy tosser thought of everything. Draco reached down and grabbed Harry's trousers and fished inside the pockets until he found a small phial. He popped the cork and dribbled it down the boy's crack. He certainly didn't want to touch his hole with his fingers. That made Potter wriggle his arse. Draco stopped and stared. There should be a law...

He shook his head and set the phial down before he reached for his zip. He decided he'd have to drop his trousers for this and as he did he looked up and spied Harry looking back at him.

"Oh Draco. You're beautiful. Did you know?"

Potter's words took him aback but he postured as if he heard the same every day. "Yes. I did." He positioned himself close to Harry's backside again and gnawed his bottom lip. So it just goes in, right? He grasped Potter's bum again, spread his cheeks with his thumbs, and pressed his dick against the tight furl. But then his mind worked on the situation before him. You're about to bugger the bloody Boy-Who-Lived, he told himself. You, Draco Malfoy. You've got your nice clean thumbs in a boy's arse and you're about to shove your Pureblood dick in a Half Blood's hole. You're about to lose the Malfoy virginity to a BOY! What could you have been thinking? But Harry was making mewling noises and swaying his bum enticingly from side to side. He pushed it back at Draco and moaned. Draco licked his lips. What the fuck. He pushed forward and his cock head encountered the resistance of the tight muscle. Potter grunted. Probably hurt. Draco screwed up his mouth and pushed harder, and the flesh gave way...a little. Harry cried out but Draco's dick was partway in. He looked down at it, concentrating on watching the flesh of Harry's small hole clasp around Draco's cock. His fingers pinched Potter's bum as he pushed further and the hole opened for him. He glided in even as Potter squirmed, panting, and whining. Probably hurt like a sonofabitch—because it was bloody tight...hot...moist...fucking fantastic.

Draco didn't move. He just blinked at the sensation of such tight heat grasping him, like nothing he had ever felt. True, the blowjobs were pretty great with Potter's tongue dancing all over it. But this exquisite cavern, this amazing tightness was almost painful in its intensity.

"Holy fuck, Potter. You are so tight."

"Ooooo," Harry moaned. Draco couldn't tell if it was from pain or pleasure. And he didn't much care as he pulled out slightly and thrust forward. OH! Damn! That was...that was... He had to do it again and he did. Harry slammed against the desk. Shit. What did it matter if this was a girl or not? It was sublime! It was hot. It was Harry Potter and he was writhing beneath Draco like some slag.

"Harder," Harry muttered.

"God, Potter. You are a slag." But he did his best to comply. He glided his cock out almost all the way, gripped his hips, and shoved hard into him.

"Yes!" cried Harry, voice straining.

Draco did it again and Harry was nearly crying. He got a rhythm going of hard slams in, slapping his thighs against Harry's arse. And Harry jabbed his arse back at Draco. "Who owns you, Potter?" he grunted.

"You do, Draco! You do!"

"I own this arse, all right," and he gave it a slap.

Harry moaned louder and Draco only just remembered he had failed to use a silencing charm. Well, if someone saw them then that was just too bad. More humiliation for Potter.

Draco was feeling it now. That tight coil deep in his belly. The ache in his balls was rising, surrounding him. He felt it tingling and making his dick even harder. He pumped Harry furiously and suddenly exploded, yelling out his orgasm. Harry came right after, grunting his ecstasy and spilling himself below the desk. As far as Draco could tell, no one had touched his dick. His anus was now clamping down and Draco felt a second round milking him silly.

He dropped to Harry's back, every muscle in his body exhausted. That was the most amazing thing by far that he had ever experienced, the blowjob now being a close second. He simply breathed into Harry's hair, Harry's sweat soaking into his shirt. "You," he said between gasps, "are one hell of a shag, Potter."

"Thanks. I love the feel of your cock in me, Draco."

"Too right, you do."

They said nothing for a long time. Harry didn't even complain about Draco's weight on him, which must surely have hurt, pressing him into the desk as it did.

Finally, Draco roused himself and stood up shakily. He retrieved his pants and trousers and set them right. "You can get up, Potter, and get dressed. I'm done with you for tonight."

"Tomorrow?" said Harry, pushing himself gingerly from the desk. There was a hard red line across his belly where the edge of the desk cut into him. "Same time?"

"No. Best make it later. Say ten?"

"Okay. If I can wait that long."

"You'll have to." Draco was straightening his tie and brushing his robes back into place. Harry was looking at him longingly. "Potter, what now? You got your shag."

"Yes, but..." He lowered his eyes and brought them up again. The green was so vivid in the candlelight it almost took Draco's breath away. "I'd...like to kiss you."

"I said no kissing. I'm no queer."

"I know, but I'd still like to."

His expression was so forlorn that Draco actually considered it. He rolled his eyes and sighed. "If I let you kiss me, will you stop whining about how late we shag?"

"Yes. I guess so. There's just so much about you that I want."

"True. I am hard to resist." He leaned back against a desk and cocked his head at Harry. Then he crooked his finger, motioning him forward.

Harry smiled a heart-melting smile. He approached Draco and slid his hands up his chest over his shoulders and wound his arms around him. "Draco. These are all firsts for me, you know. It seems I've been shagged before I've ever been kissed."

Draco drew up his brows at that but said nothing. It was hard to believe that the Great Harry Potter had never been kissed. He must really be a loser.

But then his mind blanked as he felt Harry's breath on his face. He was coming closer, closing his eyes. Draco was almost sorry for it. Those eyes really were something to see up close. He felt the heat of

Harry's lips near his and he, too, swept his eyes closed. And then...gently, so gently, Harry's lips touched. At first, it was feather soft. Just a brief touch and then they left. But then they touched again, pressing firmer this time. Draco could tell that his lips were open slightly and he clasped Draco's top lip between them, just mouthing it a bit. And then they opened wider and took both of Draco's lips at once. He sucked on them and nibbled until just the tip of his tongue drew a circle over Draco's mouth. Draco's breath hitched. Merlin! How did he learn to kiss like this? No girl ever snogged Draco this way.

Harry continued in his sensuous exploration until that tongue slowed and tentatively swiped over the line where Draco's lips pressed together. Then it poked between them and slowly, sinuously, forced Draco's mouth open and glided over Draco's tongue. Draco couldn't imagine why he dropped his jaw and let Harry in. His hands had been loosely resting on Harry's hips, but of their own accord, they were sliding up his back and drawing him in. His chest was pressed tightly against Harry's now and Draco was turning his head and opening his mouth wider to get into the kiss deeper. He felt Harry's breath flare on his cheek and he, too, panted onto the other. He felt Harry's muscles beneath his fingers, felt his chest rise and fall, his heart hammering within. Draco's heart was doing its own job of beating furiously. Potter's kiss was getting deeper and more intense. His tongue was now wrestling with Harry's and lips were plastered hard against lips, moving in small circles over the other.

Finally, they both had to come up for air and Harry drew back only slightly before he pressed his lips to Draco's again.

Draco knew he had to stop it. It was feeling too good and he knew it was wrong. Reluctantly, he pushed Harry back and released him. He turned his face away and gasped, licking his lips. Was he wiping away the taste of Harry or trying to get more of it?

He looked up at Potter and glared. "Don't do that again," he said, his voice suddenly hoarse.

Potter looked hurt. He lowered his eyes. "It was just a kiss, Malfoy. And I let you do far more."

Draco straightened his robes. "Anytime you want to stop, Potter, just let me know."

"No! I didn't mean that." Harry touched his arm. Draco looked down at it. "Please, Draco. I don't want to stop."

"Then you'd better be a good boy."

"I will," he said contritely. He smiled. "Same time tomorrow?"

"I guess." He turned and didn't look back, wondering if he would return tomorrow.

* * *

Distracted all day Draco did return the next day. And when he was done shagging Potter, he dragged himself sated back to his common room.

Crabbe and Goyle were at his side in an instant. "Well? What did you find out about who Potter's shagging?" asked Crabbe quietly.

Draco had been with Harry every day since giving him the Queer Quaff but for some reason he hadn't told Crabbe and Goyle that it was him and Harry who were getting it on.

"Don't know. I don't think it's even working. I'm going to bed."

He left his goons alone, looking perplexed at one another. Well, that was nothing new. What was new was his new-found discretion. Why wasn't he telling them? That was the point, wasn't it? To embarrass Potter. But for some reason he couldn't fathom, Draco hadn't wanted to tell them about his encounters with Potter. For one thing, they felt really good. Getting his rocks off with Harry had been a surprising pleasure. Either Harry's mouth or Harry's arse, he couldn't decide which he liked better.

But that kiss...

That had really thrown him. He knew Harry had a talented mouth when it came to blowjobs, but how the hell had he learned to kiss like that when he said he'd never done it before? Maybe he was inspired by Draco's good looks. He'd said so on more than one occasion. But honestly. Draco had kissed girls but it hadn't been nearly as exciting, as sensuous, as intimate as that had been.

He slipped off his clothes and drew on his pajama bottoms. He slid into bed and magically drew the curtains. Punching his pillow once, he dug his face into it. It had all been very sexually satisfying. Except.

Draco was beginning to crave something. Sure he liked the blowjobs and to see Harry squirm with pleasure beneath him, but he was beginning to feel as if he wanted Harry to... but no! That was insane. This whole thing was about revenge. About getting back at Potter for being such a stuck up nobody. Potter was the one who was supposed to be bugged, right? That was the humiliating part. Potter was doing the sucking, Draco was doing the bugging. That's how it worked! Except...

Draco turned over and tucked his hands under his cheek. Except that he really wanted to feel Potter's extraordinary cock inside him. No, no! He rubbed his face deeply into his pillow. No, he wasn't supposed to admit that. He wasn't supposed to let that feeling come to the surface. Bury it, Draco! But he couldn't. He wanted it. He wanted it almost as badly as Harry seemed to want it. But Harry was under the influence of a potion. Draco wasn't. That must mean—

"NO!" he sat up in bed, clutching his blanket.

"Malfoy?" said Blaise beyond the bed curtains. "Are you all right?"

"Um...yeah. Bad dream." He cast a silencing charm on his bed and slowly sank down again. He closed his eyes trying to shut it all out. But it wouldn't go away. He couldn't deny it anymore. He wanted Potter's dick. He wanted to lick it, to suck it. He wanted it to fuck him.

He must be...queer.

Dammit! He never would have known it if he hadn't made that bloody potion. He could have buried it forever, probably. It was Potter's fault! Why did he have to be so good at it? Why did he have to be so fetching? The way he moaned, the way he moved. Everything about him was way too sensual. And the kiss... Oh God, that kiss! Draco had wanted it to go on all night. It was by far the best kiss he'd ever had. Probably the best he'd ever have! Because it was Potter. Because... because... he... liked Harry. More than liked.

He punched the pillow again and wished it was Harry. No. He didn't. He didn't want to hurt him. He wanted him. More than wanted. More than those stolen shags in that empty classroom or blowjobs under the Quidditch stands or that groping in the shadows of the corridors. He wanted to be with Harry. Be his. Be his...boyfriend, he supposed. Dammit! How could he be gay? He was a Malfoy! He threw himself onto his back and sighed. "Crap. How did this happen?"

Worse. When the potion wore off any day now, what was Draco going to do?

* * *

Draco was trying to get up the courage to ask for what he wanted. Harry was nuzzling his neck and kissing his cheek, his chest, anything he could reach. Draco was raking his fingers through his hair. That felt good. He liked Harry's hair. He used to hate it, thinking he never combed it. But Harry told him how it was sort of magically messed up all the time. And after that revelation, Draco saw it as something terribly sexy. Rakish, even. Harry smiled at him. With those green eyes and that hair, he was so damned sexy.

Draco was half-lying atop a desk, letting Harry maul him. He hadn't let Harry blow him or given in to shagging him. He was trying to get up the courage. It was now or never.

"Harry," he said, voice softer than usual.

Harry looked up. His eyes were drowsy with lust. "Yes, Draco."

"Harry, I wonder if...you know. I was just wondering if you would like to... to... maybe...shag...me for a change."

Harry froze. He stared at Draco, mouth slightly open. "You want me to fuck you?"

Draco squirmed at the words. "Um...yeah. I was just thinking how unfair it's been. That maybe you'd prefer...you know."

Harry hadn't moved. Draco was beginning to wonder if he'd made a mistake. Maybe the potion didn't work that way.

Harry slowly blinked and lowered his eyes. When he brought them up again after a long pause, they were filled with lust. "Yes. I'd very much like to shag you."

Draco's heart stopped. It must have. The way Harry was looking at him, the words he was saying. It couldn't be legal. Draco's erection suddenly sprung to life, pressing painfully against his trousers.

"But you're going to have to take off all your clothes," said Harry, in a new sort of commanding voice. Actually, it was more like his old voice. It made Draco shiver with anticipation.

"Yes," he said, and with trembling fingers, he began to disrobe.

Harry did nothing as he watched Draco undress. It made Draco a bit nervous but he still slipped out of his clothes. His underpants hit the ground last. Harry had a look of a starved man. "Oh Draco," he whispered. "I have so longed to see you naked. You are so beautiful."

Draco whimpered. He felt so vulnerable. He didn't know what to do with his hands. He felt like using them to cover his genitals. But Harry's eyes on him, looking at him in that way, made him feel special, wanted...even sort of loved. Then Harry began unbuckling his belt. Draco licked his lips nervously.

"How...how do you want me?"

Harry smiled that feral smile again. "I want you all the time. But I guess for now...just lay back on the desk. I want to do it face to face."

Yes. Oh yes. Draco wanted that, too. Trembling now, he slid up on the desk and lay back, bringing his feet up to the edge with his knees bent so that Harry could see his...oh Merlin!

And Harry was looking at it. "God, Malfoy. That hole of yours. It's so small and pink. It's so...so...mine!"

Before Draco could say anything, Harry had dropped to his knees, grabbed Draco's bum, and hauled his arse to the edge of the desk where Harry sunk his face between his legs, nose bumping his balls. What was Harry doing? His cock was jutting above that dark head. It was lousy aim if he was trying to give him a blowj—

“Oh fuck!” Draco threw his head back. Harry's tongue was lapping at his crack. That hot, wet tongue flicked dainty licks all around his hole. Draco was squirming like mad. And when Harry's tongue finally swiped right over his tight opening, Draco keened loudly into the echoing classroom. Harry dabbed at his hole and flicked the point of his tongue at it for good measure. Then he gave long licks all the way up it, once, twice. Draco had never been as hard as this. He thought he might come from this alone. He grabbed his cock and squeezed hard, trying to prolong it.

“Harry, what are you doing to me?”

Harry merely chuckled and worked Draco's arsehole a little while longer until he got what Draco presumed he wanted: Draco pleading. “Oh Harry! Fuck me, please! I can't take much more of that!”

Harry pulled away and stood. “Thought you'd like that.” He raised his hand. “Accio lube!” From wherever it was secreted, the phial slapped into Harry's hand. And unlike Draco who only dribbled it down Harry's crack, Harry poured it into his hand and ran his slickened fingers over Draco's twitching hole. It appeared that he liked touching it. Even rubbed his wet fingers right over it more than really seemed necessary. Then he sluiced his own cock and pressed it against Draco's entrance. Draco tensed. He wanted this. Oh how he wanted this. But it was still a bit scary. Would it hurt? Of course it would hurt. That big cock of Potter's stuck inside Draco's tiny entrance? It had to hurt.

“Don't tense, Draco,” he said softly, making sounds of encouragement.

Draco tried. But he was far too aroused by Harry having his dick at his arse. He felt pressure there as Potter pushed. He tried valiantly to open himself and Harry grunted as he forced his cock just inside that first ring of muscle.

“You okay, Draco?”

Something he'd never bothered to ask Harry as he drilled into him time and again. “Y-yes. I'm fine.” And he was. Potter's cock breaching him—what a sensation! So full and hard. He wanted the whole thing right now but didn't know how to ask for it. He raised his hips instead and thrust himself at him.

Harry chuckled again. “You're so anxious. But I don't want to hurt you.”

“The hell with that,” Draco rasped.

But Harry had stopped. His hands were still gripping Draco’s hips tightly and his dick was still partway in, but Harry had a perplexed look on his face.

“What...?” he was saying. “What...is happening?”

Oh no! Not now!

Harry shook his head once and then looked down at Draco lying beneath him, legs spread. He stared at his own cock, the head stuck inside Draco, and his eyes widened and his mouth fell open. “SHIT! What the hell!” He snapped out of Draco and staggered back. His erection suddenly flagged.

And then, the whole week’s activities played on his face in crimson shame. “Oh my God.” He was breathing hard, trying to cover himself, yanking up his trousers. “Oh my God. What have I done?” And then he turned a malicious glare on Draco. “What did you make me do? Oh God. I’m so...you...oh God.”

Draco sat up, trying to cover himself. He slipped off the desk and reached for his robe. “It was just a joke, Potter.”

The absolute wrong thing to say. Harry turned beet red. “How could you?” His voice was low and quivered with disbelief. “How could you? This is the lowest thing you’ve ever done. Does everyone know? Oh God. The whole school!”

“No. I didn’t tell anyone!”

“LIAR! Slytherin House knows. Of course they do!”

“No! I swear, Harry. I was going to tell them. I was going to tell everyone but I didn’t. I couldn’t! Not now. I swear!”

“You’re such a liar, Malfoy.” Harry was wringing his hands. His brows were drawn outward and his red mouth was screwed up in consternation. “Everyone will know. I won’t be able to do anything. Why didn’t you just kill me?”

“It was...it was just a prank—”

“IT’S NOT JUST A PRANK! Don’t you get it? Everyone will know. EVERYONE. I hate you. I HATE you!”

Tears streamed down Harry’s face. He looked swiftly around the empty room and ran for the door. He threw it open and disappeared, his strangled sobs ringing down the corridor.

Draco couldn’t breathe. “But I love you,” he said weakly to the empty room. And with his heart breaking into a million pieces, he knew, with bleak suddenness, that he had killed any chance with Harry.

Part Two

Harry ran straight for the Gryffindor common room, but once he was inside he didn’t know what to do. His eyes lit on various students and he knew in an instant that he couldn’t stay. He ran out the portrait hole again, bumping Hermione.

“Harry? Harry, what’s wrong?”

But he couldn’t stop to explain. He kept running. He never in his life wished so much for Voldemort to appear. Then he would be dead and this debilitating humiliation would end.

He finally stopped when he reached the shores of the Black Lake. He leaned against a tree and gasped, but his sobs were making it difficult to breathe. Oh God. He’d never be able to lift his head in the school again once this got out. The things he did! The things he let Malfoy do to him!

Angry tears fell down his cheeks. What should he do? He was a Gryffindor and they were supposed to be brave, but this was too much. No girl would ever look at him. He could forget Cho Chang, that was for sure. He kicked hard at a stone and watched it sail into the depths of the lake. It was over. His school days were over. Was there a way he could learn magic at home? But the Dursleys. He couldn’t go home.

Hogwarts was his home. But it would soon become intolerable. "Well, Malfoy. You finally succeeded," he said to the sky, sniffing. "You finally made my life a living hell even more than Voldemort has."

"How has he done that, Harry?"

Harry whipped around and glared at Hermione. At least she was alone. "What are you doing here?" he asked savagely.

"I saw you running away. I knew that something was wrong and I couldn't just let you go."

"Why not?" He turned back to the lake and stared into its flickering depths. "It's no use."

"What is? Harry, whatever has happened, we'll help you through it. Ron and I."

"NO! You can't. You'll...hate me."

He felt her hand on his sleeve. "Harry, how could we ever possibly hate you?"

"You will when you hear. Everyone will hear."

"Harry...."

He sat wearily on a rock and dropped his head in his hands. "Oh Hermione. Oh my God." He shook his head. How was he to tell her? Well, better from him than the rumour mill that was soon to start up. "I don't know how he did it, but Malfoy gave me some sort of potion."

"Yes?" she asked when Harry paused too long. "And? What did it do?"

"I guess...it made me...gay. I guess."

She looked at him oddly. "Well...what's so wrong with that? I mean, so you found a few boys attractive—"

"No, Hermione, it was more than that. It made me...made me...act on it."

"Act on it?" But it had finally sunk in. She gasped and threw her hand over her mouth. "No! Harry!"

He nodded, mortified to be telling her. "All with Malfoy. Oh Hermione. The things I did to him. The things I let him do to me! I'll never live it down. My life is ruined. No one will ever let me forget it."

She put her arm around him. "Maybe...maybe it isn't so bad. Maybe everyone will understand. I mean, it was a potion. You had no choice."

"Do you really think that's what they'll say? Malfoy will play it up. He won't own up to any potion. He'll just say I did it willingly. And I did it with him!" He angrily swiped at the tears at his eyes. "Don't tell Ron. Not unless you absolutely have to."

"Of course not! But Harry. It's not your fault."

"It doesn't matter. Don't you see? It doesn't matter. I hate him so much!"

"Well we've got to get back at him, that's all."

"No, no. I just want it all to go away. He's won. He can have the school. He can be the most popular, the best Seeker if he wants. I quit."

"Not Quidditch! Harry, you love Quidditch."

"Not anymore. Can you imagine the things they'll say to me? And what if Malfoy gives me the potion again? What if he does it when Voldemort shows up? I'm a goner, Hermione. I'll try to get cozy with the Dark Lord. I...I can't live like this." The panic was rising in his chest. It was hard to breathe.

“Don’t say that, Harry. I really think you should talk to someone. Dumbledore. Or maybe Madam Pomfrey.”

“I’m not talking to anyone! It was hard enough telling you. I’ll just...find some way to leave the school.”

“That’s ridiculous. I won’t hear of it. Ron and I will stand by you. All of Gryffindor will. You’ll see.”

“Like they did when the Chamber of Secrets was opened? Like they did when I told them Voldemort was back? Maybe you have a short memory about these things, but I don’t. I remember that the only person who stood by me was you. Not even Ron was there last year when he thought I put my name in the Goblet of Fire.”

“Oh dear.” She sank down next to him and squeezed him hard. It felt good. He rested his head on her shoulder. “We’ll get through this, Harry. We will. But they’ll be no more talk of leaving Hogwarts. It’s not safe for you out there. We’ll figure it out. I’m here.”

It felt better. It did. He knew if anyone could, Hermione could help him. So why did it still feel as if the whole world were coming down on his head?

* * *

Draco lay on his bed, refusing to get up. What was he going to do about Harry? He’d fucked it up good, all right, when he didn’t even know he cared. Harry hated him. Well, what did he expect? It was an abominably hateful thing he had done. Horrible, really. He had already destroyed the parchment he wrote the potion on and got rid of the rest of the potion. He’d never use it again, that was for sure. But what more could he do?

“Draco, are you getting up?” It was Goyle again. Why couldn’t they just leave him alone?

“Go away!”

“What’s wrong?”

“Just go the fuck away!”

Steps receded. Fine. They were gone. All of them. It had been days since the potion had worn off and he just wanted to hide behind his curtains and never leave them again. How could he face Harry? But how could he not? His heart ached just thinking about him. How the hell was he supposed to know he would fall in love with the boy?

“I have to make it up to him. I have to...have to...tell him how I feel. No, no, that’s absolute idiocy. He hates me. And he’s not gay.” He sat up and stared at the end of the bed. “I’m doomed.” And it felt as if the world were crashing down around him. Hopelessly in love. He had heard that term often enough. But it never had as much meaning before as it did now. This was a hopeless love. If Harry were straight, there was absolutely no hope.

Draco wiped the tears from his face. “What have I done? He hates me more than he ever did before. I’ve got to apologize to him.”

Draco cast the curtains aside and hurriedly dressed. He pushed aside any Slytherins who tried to stop him from going above and he quickly entered the corridor. Where would Harry be? Gryffindor tower? If he was, Draco would never be able to talk to him there. He climbed the staircase and stopped at a window, glancing down at the scattered sunlight. Clouds ambled across the grey sky, only allowing occasional streaks of bleary sun. A patch of grass near the lake was illuminated for only a moment and Draco’s attention diverted there. Two students who looked like Harry and Granger were standing there.

He rushed down the steps, praying the staircases wouldn’t change, and then he shot out the front entrance. He hurled down the hill and slowed when he neared them. When he was a few yards away, he said softly, “Harry?”

Harry snapped his head toward Draco, his eyes narrowing into dangerous slits. “What do you want? Haven’t you done enough damage?”

All the life drained from Draco and his shoulders went limp. “H-Harry. I just wanted to say—”

“Get away from me, Malfoy,” he said in a deadly voice.

“But Harry—”

Harry slowly rose to his feet. His wand was in his hand. “I said get away from me.”

“But you don’t understand,” he panted, panic rising.

Harry’s face scowled fiercely and he pointed his wand straight at Draco’s chest. Draco whimpered, looking at it. This was it. Potter was going to hex him. Probably with an Unforgivable. And there was nothing Draco could do about it.

“Harry, no!” gasped Granger. “Don’t!”

Harry’s wand arm was so taut, so straight, that it began to tremble. He didn’t blink, he didn’t speak. His lip curled upward in a sneer of pure hatred.

Draco raised his chin. “Hex me if you want,” he said hoarsely.

“I’m not going to hex you,” said Harry. His voice grew quieter. “I’m going to kill you.”

Draco swallowed. He didn’t know what made him do it, but he took a step closer to the wand pointing at his heart. “Then...kill me.”

Harry closed the gap and pressed his wand tip hard against Draco’s breast. Draco closed his eyes. He didn’t think of anything. His mind seemed to shut down. Perhaps it was resignation. Perhaps too much terror or shame. But he barely noticed when the pressure of that wand tip relaxed and was drawn away completely. It took a while to open his eyes. By the time he did, Harry wasn’t there. Draco glanced over his shoulder and spied him receding up the hill and into the mist surrounding the castle.

Granger was still standing beside Draco, scowling at him.

“It was horrible what you did,” she rasped. “Even for you.”

"I'm sorry. I'm so sorry."

She stepped up to him, glaring. Her hair whipped around her like a lion's mane. But there were tears of anger glistening in her eyes. "Too late. You've won, you know. You've got what you wanted. He won't try to get back at you. He won't try at all. He's broken. I hope you're satisfied."

Draco shook his head. "I might have wanted that once, but not anymore." His eyes took in the last vague shape of Harry before he disappeared under the entrance arch. "You don't understand. Harry doesn't understand. I'm not that person anymore."

"You've always been a vile little cockroach, Malfoy, and you always will be one."

"I was trying to apologize!"

"Why would you even want to?" She shook her head in disgust and stomped up the hill after Harry.

"Because...because I love him." The last word was broken by a sob. The mist was suddenly blurry from the tears filling his eyes.

Granger stopped. Slowly, her head turned. The scowl was still there but her eyes were tinged with a spark of uncertainty. "What did you say?"

"I don't know how it happened." He was sobbing openly now. His nose was clogged with snot and he was using his sleeve to wipe its dripping tip. "I guess...I guess I suddenly realized... who I am. I just didn't know. Yes, I did it to hurt him. I am everything you said. I know it. But I'm sorry. I don't know what happened." This was terrible. He was completely falling apart. In front of Granger! He wished now with all his heart that Harry had AK'd him.

Granger drew closer. "Did you say...you love him?"

Draco nodded. He wiped his robe sleeve across his nose again. "I do. The things we did. I just...I want more of it. I want us. But he hates me. He'll never even let me apologize."

Granger stood silently, her hair blowing about her face like flames. The only sound was the gusting wind and Draco's sobs. Finally, he felt Granger's hand on his shoulder. He shrunk from it, fearing a blow from her fist. "Malfoy. Are you really saying that you have feelings for Harry? That you're in love with him?"

"Yes," he whispered. "And I know it's hopeless. I know he doesn't like boys. But I just want him to know I'm sorry. Really sorry. And I'll never bother him again. That's all I want to tell him."

"Well...I mean. That's...Wow." She looked down at the rippling grass before glancing back up toward the castle. "I don't know what to say, Malfoy."

"Help me. Help me to tell him that I'm sorry."

She had a pained expression now and kept looking back at the castle. "I have to go and find him."

He grabbed her arm. He couldn't believe he was actually willingly touching a Mudblood. "Granger. H-Hermione. Won't you help me? You guys are Gryffindors. You're supposed to be brave. Are you brave enough to help a Slytherin?"

She looked down at his hand on her arm. Maybe she was thinking that Draco must be desperate to touch her. He let her go and lowered his face. "I'll do anything you ask. Anything. P-p-please."

Hermione stared at him long and hard. "I'll...think about it."

That was more than he ever expected. He sighed deeply. "Thank you."

When she left, she kept looking back at him until he couldn't see her anymore.

* * *

"I don't see why he won't talk to me about it, Hermione," said Ron. Harry supposed Ron thought he was being quiet about it, but it seemed the whole common room could hear them. At least Hermione was aware of that.

“Shush, Ron!” she whispered. “It’s a personal problem that he feels more comfortable talking to a girl about. Do you want to talk about your feelings?”

Ron stammered. “N-no! I mean...if it’s Harry I’d...well....”

Harry felt his friend’s eyes on him. This was intolerable. But it had been a whole week since he’d last been with Malfoy and nobody seemed to know about them. Could it be true? Was Malfoy keeping it all to himself? And why would he do that? Just waiting for the right moment, no doubt. Like a Quidditch match or something.

Hermione sat beside him. He looked back over his shoulder and Ron was looking back at him uncomfortably before Ron literally grabbed Dean and pushed him into a chair to play wizard’s chess with him.

“Jeez, Hermione,” Harry grumbled. “Could you have made more of a show of it?”

“I’m sorry, but Ron can be persistent sometimes.” Harry crossed his arms over his chest and stared into the fire. “But you’ve really got to snap out of it, Harry,” she went on. “It isn’t healthy to brood. I still think you should talk to a professional about it.”

He glared at her. “A professional? Like a shrink, you mean?”

“Or at least a medi-witch.”

He shook his head. “I’m not talking to anyone. Besides. I know what I’m going to do. I’m going to get back at him.”

“I thought you weren’t going to do that.”

“Well, I’ve changed my mind, haven’t I.”

“Harry.” She clutched his arm in hers. “Malfoy wants to apologize to you.”

“Ha! Why would he want to do that?”

“Well, actually, I believe he has...feelings for you.”

“He has feelings, all right. He hates me. And he showed me pretty well how much.”

“No. He doesn’t hate you. Not any more. He loves you, in fact. He said so.”

“He loves me? That’s disgusting!”

She lowered her face and clutched him tighter. “I can well see how you might think so. But I can see how it happened for him. He had this orientation all along but just didn’t know it. Suppressed it or something. It isn’t something a boy or girl likes to know about themselves, I suppose, especially when it’s still sort of taboo.”

Hermione could be too intellectual sometimes. It was really annoying. “What are you talking about?”

“I’m talking about homosexuality,” she rasped.

He shushed her and looked around. “What are you saying?” he whispered. “That I’m queer? Because I’m not!”

“No, I’m only saying that Draco has finally become aware of his orientation. Because he allowed himself to...to...participate in the potion’s manifestations, he realized that he is gay. And that he is in love with you. And it makes sense. He’s been obsessed with you for years.”

“Obsessed? Is that what you call it?”

“Yes. Obsessed in the only way he could be. By hating you. Or thinking that’s what it was.”

"It sure felt like it." He began to squirm. This kind of talk made him uncomfortable. "Are you trying to excuse what he did?"

"No. I'm only trying to explain it. He's suffering now because now he knows what he felt wasn't hate but love. And now he knows that it will always be unrequited."

"Good! He deserves to suffer!"

"Haven't you been listening to me at all?"

"Yeah. You said Malfoy wants to apologize to me. And I'm going to let him. Tell him to meet me at the place at six tonight."

"The place?"

"He'll know where that is." Hermione frowned at him but he didn't care. He was forming a plan of revenge. And it would be sweet. If Draco was suffering now, just wait until six tonight!

* * *

Harry paced back and forth in the empty classroom. It gave him the creeps being in there again but he knew he had to push those feelings aside if he was to give Draco his comeuppance. And the git deserved every last bit of it. He'd made Harry's life a hell for the last five years. And this last bit was the worst of the lot. Who cared how he felt now? So he was in love with Harry. Good for him. Now he'd know how it felt to mess things up for someone. Harry couldn't even look at Cho anymore, thinking that he was somehow dirty, somehow unworthy of her. She was this teary goddess, the perpetual innocent. True, she still seemed to be mourning Cedric but she often looked at Harry with some kind of strange longing. It used to twist his gut a bit, but now he felt nothing. She would forever be unreachable now. And for that, Malfoy had to pay.

The door squeaked open and the pointed face of Draco Malfoy appeared at the jamb. The candlelight caught the sheen of his silky white hair and he came in all the way and closed the door. He leaned

against the door for a moment before he crept closer. “Well?” he said. His voice was a bit shaky. He looked nervous. All the better.

“Come in, Malfoy. I hear you have something to say to me.” Harry crossed his arms tightly over his chest and merely glared.

Malfoy swallowed hard. His grey eyes darted from one shadowy corner to the other. “Um...yeah. Actually, I wanted to apologize to you.”

There was a pause. Harry snorted. “So? I’m waiting.”

“Oh. Well. Har—Potter. I’m...I’m really, really sorry for giving you that potion. I’m sorry for letting it get out of hand. And I’m sorry for making you...uh...do it...with...me.” He swallowed again.

“That’s not how I hear it. I heard some rubbish that you’re in love with me.”

Draco blanched. He lowered his eyes and the grey irises were hidden behind snow-tipped lashes. “I...guess I am. I didn’t know before. That I was—”

“Queer?” Harry smirked.

Draco looked up at him with a wince. “Er...yeah.”

“Well isn’t that pretty. Here you were all this time, more of a pansy than Parkinson and no one knew it. I suppose you’ve bragged to all your Slytherin friends by now that you shagged the Boy-Who-Lived?” He felt his face flush with heat at admitting it.

Draco rushed forward, hands out pleading. “But I didn’t! I swear! I’ll never tell anyone! Can’t you understand! Why would I want to hurt you now?”

Harry shook his head, arms still folded over his chest. "That's terribly touching, I'm sure." He said nothing further and Malfoy just stared back at him. He seemed to grow more uncomfortable at the silence and drew back a bit. He sighed wearily.

"Are we even?" asked Malfoy quietly.

"I'll let you know when we're even. You have to make it up to me. Strip."

Malfoy's jaw dropped. "Wha—you mean—"

"I mean take off all your clothes."

Draco looked around at the empty classroom. "Right here? Right now?"

"Yep. Unless you'd like to do it in the corridor."

"No." He looked around again, at Harry's stance and at his arms tightly folded, and seemed to surrender something. He slowly unbuttoned his robe, peeled it over his shoulders, and carefully laid it aside on a desk. He reached for his tie and paused. "D-do you w-want all of it?"

"I want you starkers, Malfoy," he said in the coldest voice he could muster.

"O-okay," he muttered. His hands trembled as he reached for his tie again and pulled it shakily from his collar. His quivering fingers had a hard time unbuttoning his shirt but he managed it after a bit and pulled it free from his trousers to unbutton the last of it. He slid it off his shoulders and laid it with the tie on his robe.

His chest was pale and his two pink nipples were made smaller by the cold of the room. Harry smiled. This was going to be plenty uncomfortable for Malfoy.

Draco slid his hand up his arm to warm it. He was shivering. "How about a warming charm in here, Potter?"

"No, I don't think so."

Draco grimaced. But he said nothing as he lifted his foot to a chair and untied his left shoe. He pulled it off and began switching feet when Harry said, "Socks too."

"Socks too? But the floor is bloody cold!"

Harry shrugged.

Draco mumbled something but stuck his finger into the sock cuff and stripped it off, doing the same for the second one once his shoes were sitting side by side under the chair. His hands hadn't stopped trembling when he clumsily unbuckled his belt. He kept his eyes lowered when he undid the top button and pulled down the zip. But as he held open the fly to pull the trousers down, he paused again. "What are you going to do?" he asked, voice uncertain.

"You'll find out," said Harry with a smirk.

Draco swallowed again. "You're not going to...hurt me, are you?"

"Why would I do that? That would be cruel and humiliating, don't you think? Do you think anyone should do that to someone else?"

"All right, I get it!" he snarled. "But I don't fancy being hit or anything."

"Oh I can assure you, Malfoy. I'm not going to hit you."

Malfoy seemed somewhat mollified by this until he remembered what he was about to do. His face reddened as he slowly pushed his trousers down to his ankles.

"Step out of them, Malfoy."

He inhaled a shaky breath but complied, his white legs lifting from the pooled cloth. He lifted the trousers and laid them gently over his other things. And then he was standing in nothing but his smalls. He changed feet on the floor. Harry knew that the stone must be cold on his bare feet, but that his present condition must have made it far worse.

His white hands brushed over his crotch and he was hesitating again.

“Well, Malfoy. All of it.”

“Okay, okay,” he muttered. He gripped the waistband, took a deep breath, and then lowered them, stepping out of the underpants when they slid to his feet. He didn’t bother picking them up and putting them on the rest of his clothes as he did before. He didn’t seem to know what to do with his hands. He tried putting them at his sides but then raised them again and tried to casually fold them over his chest.

Harry looked at him, from his crimson face, down his pale torso with its faint washboarding, to the hollows at his hips that led the eye to his wiry pubic hair. Draco’s cock hung limply over his pink balls. The head drooped toward his feet almost as embarrassed as Draco was himself.

Harry let him suffer a bit, just standing and staring at him. Draco had not stopped blushing and it had traveled from his face down his neck to his chest.

“Now Malfoy,” he said at last. “Give us a wank.”

Draco’s eyes snapped up. “What?”

“Give me a show. A good wank. Looks like that poor fellow could use a bit of warming up,” he said, nodding toward his drooping dick.

If Draco was crimson before, he was scarlet now. “You want me to...uh...to....”

“You haven’t forgotten how, have you?”

“No!” he growled.

“Well then. Go ahead.”

“You’re just going to watch?”

“You watched me,” he said, willing his face not to flush again. “It’s only fair I watch you.” He glanced once at the door.

Draco followed that glance. “H-hey, Potter,” he said nervously, looking at the door now. “Aren’t you going to lock that?”

Harry smiled unpleasantly. “Nope.”

“It’s that way, is it? All right. Just to prove my good intentions, I’ll do what you say.”

Draco took his cock in hand and began to stroke it. He did it without much grace as he seemed awfully nervous. And his dick wasn’t cooperating. He wasn’t getting hard. This seemed frustrating and probably embarrassing.

“Seems you have forgotten how,” Harry couldn’t help saying.

“It’s not the easiest circumstances to get it going, you know!” Draco snapped.

“I have all day.”

Draco bit his lower lip. He started pulling hard on his prick, squeezing and running his thumb over the head. Slowly, it began to swell and thicken. Harry watched. He didn’t want to admit to himself how fascinating it was watching Draco get hard, but it was. He recalled as much when he sucked on it, how it started out barely aroused until he licked and sucked it to full engorgement. But then that thought

suddenly made Harry wince with embarrassment. Malfoy had made him do that. Made him want it! No matter how much he apologized, he'd never forgive him for it!

Draco was giving himself some hard strokes now. His cock was fully erect and getting redder in his hand. Pre-cum leaked from the head in a dripping strand that hit the floor. Harry watched it, trying to view it detached as something academically interesting, but he was having a hard time of it for the simple fact that it was making him hard. Why the hell should it be doing that? It must be some left over psychological thing from that potion. After all, Harry had been engaged in homosexual feelings for an entire week. That was bound to leave behind some sort of scarring, something residual. No wonder he couldn't wank to Cho Chang at night anymore. He kept getting distracted by blond hair.

It made him angrier and he stared at Malfoy's dick with as little emotion on his face as he could muster. "Is that the best you can do, Malfoy?" he said lazily, even if it did come out a bit shaky.

"What do you mean?" Draco panted. "I'm...I'm doing the best I can!"

"Really. No wonder you needed to resort to a potion."

Draco stopped and his erection began to flag.

Harry chuckled at it. "Having a problem, Malfoy?"

"It isn't easy when you editorialize, Potter. Give a bloke a chance, why don't you?"

"All right. Go on, then."

Draco started again. He didn't look at Harry as he got his cock hard once more. Harry said nothing and just watched. Draco stroked his reddened penis purposefully now. Harry supposed he hoped if he got himself off quickly, the sooner it would be over. But Harry had other plans.

Draco was breathing hard and though Harry tried to deny it, it was arousing him quite a bit. Draco's fist was a blur now over his hard dick; his knees were bent slightly as he shoved his hips forward; his eyes were shut tight in anticipation of his imminent orgasm. His whole body stiffened. His muscles contracted

down his torso. His pink balls wrinkled and drew up close to his groin and suddenly Draco was shooting his load up into the air. White droplets landed on the stone floor and on Draco's spread thighs.

Harry realized his mouth was hanging open and that his hand had crept to the prominent bulge in his own trousers. He watched transfixed as Draco pumped himself, milking that magnificent dick until cum just dribbled from the gasping slit, his hips jutting forward at air over and over.

Draco panted, still clutching his throbbing cock, and slowly, stickily, opened his eyes. He came back to himself and when he did, and realized again where he was, his face reddened. He let his cock go, wiped his sticky hand down his bare hip, and straightened. "Are we even now?" he asked petulantly, still panting.

"Not quite." Harry lowered his arms from his chest, and said unsteadily, "Your turn to blow me."

"Look, Potter—"

"You want to make it up to me, don't you? You're the gay one, you know. It's the least you can do. So suck me. And make it good."

Draco lowered his head. He fisted his hands at his sides and then uncurled them, repeating the action over and over. He glanced at the door again and then at Harry. His eyes seemed to be asking for Harry to put a locking charm on it, but Harry only shook his head at the silent plea.

Draco huffed a breath through his nose and reluctantly dropped to his knees before Harry. Harry looked down as the Slytherin's white hands fumbled at his belt buckle. "Not so easy, is it, when you're the one on your knees, eh Malfoy?"

Malfoy said nothing. He got the belt undone and unbuttoned the fly. When he'd unzipped it he tried to pull the trousers down, but Harry shook his head. "Uh uh. You'll have to pull me out. Don't want to be caught with my trousers down, you know."

Malfoy winced at his own words thrown back at him. With trembling fingers, he reached into Harry's underpants. His fingers were a bit cold and Harry hissed at it, but it also felt pretty good, those fingers on his swollen dick.

Draco eased it passed the fly in his smalls and took it out. It stood up straight and stayed hard even in the cold air. Draco's face was filled with a mixture of emotions. If he was in love with Harry as he said, then he surely would enjoy this, even crave it. But Harry could tell that these emotions were warring with his embarrassment, at the cold way Harry had ordered him. But Draco was complying. Harry had to hand it to him for that. Those were great lengths to go to to apologize to someone if you weren't in love with them.

A pang of...something...disturbed Harry for a moment before he pushed it aside. He wanted his revenge and it was almost complete.

Harry's thoughts ground to a halt when he felt hot breath on his cock. He looked down and Draco's mouth was approaching it. It jumped in his hand in anticipation and Draco smiled slightly, until he remembered he was supposed to be contrite and looked up at Harry apologetically again. Harry realized as Draco stared at his cock that Draco had never done this before either. "M-mouth still a virgin, Malfoy?" he asked unsteadily.

Draco said nothing. He leaned forward and licked up the underside. Harry gasped at the sensation. His balls suddenly ached and tensed. How was he to last if Draco did that again, if he sucked it?

Draco, on his part, closed his eyes as if it was the tastiest morsel he'd ever experienced. Without opening his eyes, he dipped his head again and swiped a lick up the underside once more, licking his lips when he'd reached the head.

Harry moaned in spite of himself and suddenly reached forward to grab onto Draco's head to steady himself. He felt Draco's lips press against the head of his penis, felt them open like a bud, and then his dick was surrounded by the most wonderful, moist heat. His mouth drew up the shaft and then down again, all the while that wet tongue played at his flesh. Draco drew his lips all the way to the swollen tip and sucked gently.

Harry couldn't help it. He thrust his hips forward, sinking his dick deeper into Draco's mouth. The boy made a little choking noise but recovered and swallowed Harry's shaft again suddenly sucking on the whole thing. Delicious pressure swirled up from Harry's balls. Such glorious wet heat. The sucking. That tongue dancing all over his shaft.

Harry grunted as he came, spilling his cum into Draco's mouth. But he pulled out suddenly and opened his eyes to look down and he pumped his juices onto the Slytherin's face.

Just then, the door burst open.

"Just...in time...gentlemen," panted Harry, barely done spurting the last onto Draco's lips and cheek.

Draco turned and his eyes rounded in horror.

"Malfoy?" said Crabbe, stopped dead in the doorway. "What the hell--?"

Goyle pushed him aside to stare at his friend on his knees, naked in front of Harry Potter with spunk on his face. "Why in Merlin's name would you tell us to come here now?"

"He didn't," said Harry, chin high. "I did." He looked down at Draco triumphantly as he tucked himself back in and zipped up. "How does it feel now?"

Draco's mouth hung open. He was frozen to the spot. His face was red with mortification. Harry felt that pang again as he turned his back on him and pushed passed his goons. "He's all yours, boys," he said over his shoulder and hurried out the door.

* * *

Harry wasn't surprised that Malfoy was missing from Charms and Transfigurations. He was surprised, however, that he missed Potions. Later, while he was sitting at lunch at the Gryffindor table, he noticed that Malfoy wasn't at the Slytherin table. Goyle and Crabbe were there looking awfully glum, but no Malfoy.

He dipped his fork into his shepherd's pie and stirred it around. A little stab of guilt ached Harry's heart and he jabbed at a piece of steak in the pie to try to get rid of the feeling. Didn't Malfoy deserve it? Didn't he deserve far more for what he did to Harry?

He put down his fork and stared at his plate. He wasn't hungry anymore and pushed himself from the table.

"What's up, mate?" asked Ron. "You haven't touched your lunch."

"You can have it if you like."

"That's not what I meant. You seem a bit...off lately, is all."

"It's nothing," he muttered, and made his way toward the entryway.

"Wait, Harry," said Hermione, climbing out of the bench.

He looked back and saw Ron scowling before he shrugged at Hermione. She followed him out and down the front steps. "Hermione, do you mind? I want to be alone."

She didn't say anything but she continued to follow him until he reached the covered walkway overlooking the gorge. The wind always blew hard through there, making the whole rickety-looking structure creak. But it was usually a good place to be alone. Usually.

He leaned on the railing and looked out across the blue hills where they veed down to a valley filled with mist. "What do you want, Hermione?" he sighed.

"Have you noticed? Draco hasn't been to any meals."

"'Draco' is it now? You two are getting awfully chummy."

"Well, I haven't seen him lately. Did he get to apologize to you?"

He ground his teeth. "Uh huh." He gripped the rail. It was all he could think about, in fact. Draco's hand on that pink cock, wanking away. Draco's lips wrapped around Harry's cock. Every time he thought

about it his own cock got hard, no matter how many times he tried to keep it from happening. He wasn't supposed to feel that, was he? Straight boys didn't. There was something wrong with him now. It was Malfoy's fault. Malfoy's fault that he couldn't stop thinking of the boy, and of that kiss they shared over a fortnight ago. Harry had put everything he had into it, being under the thrall of the potion, but it had been a great kiss, his very first. And he couldn't forget how Draco's mouth tasted, how warm and soft his lips were. How Draco had kissed him back.

"It wouldn't have anything to do with Draco's disappearance, now would it?"

Harry leaned over his arms and looked down the valley as far as he could until the ground disappeared into mist. "I just gave him back some of his own."

Hermione sighed loudly. "And...are you proud of that?"

"What do you want, Hermione!" he snapped, pushing away from the railing. He paced back and forth across the passageway. "He deserved it, didn't he?"

"Did he? It wasn't nice what he did to you, true, but is revenge really something worthy of Harry Potter?"

"Harry Potter is bloody tired of being everyone's whipping boy."

She left the rail and touched his shoulder. That seemed to stop his restless progress. "He's really in love with you, you know," she said quietly. "He's just only discovered that he's gay. That's not a good reason to be so cruel."

Harry felt his eyes stinging. He didn't know what he felt anymore or why. He shrugged her hand off his shoulder. "Just leave me alone, okay?"

She looked at him for a moment more and then turned and headed up the walkway. He watched her leave before he leaned over the rail again, wishing this whole thing had never happened.

* * *

Draco sat perched on a windowsill in the Owlry. It seemed to be the one place left where he could be alone. He skived off a lot of his classes but knew he couldn't keep that up. It was too hard going to the Great Hall. He would be there. And Draco didn't want to see him. Actually, he didn't want Harry to see him. It wasn't that he was embarrassed by what happened, though he was at first. Potter certainly has a bit of a Slytherin streak, he decided with some admiration. It was just that he was embarrassed for Harry to look at him right now, knowing what he had done to Harry.

After he cleared it up with Crabbe and Goyle it was all right. He confessed to them, in probably the most honest discussion he'd ever had with them, that he was gay. He was surprised that they took it so well. Knowing their parents and how they all stood with the Dark Lord and all, Draco was concerned that this would be the end of him, that they would tattle it all over Slytherin. But they hadn't. In fact, they all talked a bit about what they thought of it all and they came to the conclusion that the Dark Lord might be a closet case himself. He suddenly felt closer than ever to his two friends. That was one good thing to come out of it. An unexpected thing.

He tightened his hold on his knees and rested his chin there. Try as he might, he couldn't stop thinking about sucking Potter's cock. It had been spectacular. The moment he came, his hands still deep in Draco's hair, had been the best thing he'd ever experienced. Harry in ecstasy, eyes closed, head thrown back, had to be the hottest thing ever. And now it was over. That was the last of it. Draco would have to carry that memory around forever. Harry was his first. His first blowjob, his first shag, his first...boy. Now that the skrewt was out of the bag, Draco realized that since he was gay, there would be other boys. But Harry Potter would always be first in his memory. And always unattainable. It was sad and bittersweet, too. Because for one week, anyway, he desired Draco, looked at him with stars in his eyes. Even if it were potion induced, it was something Draco could cherish.

A step at the doorway alerted him that he wasn't alone. Maybe they would just get their owl and leave without noticing him. He made himself as small as he could in the window arch, but whoever it was wasn't leaving.

He turned to give them a Malfoy sneer when he saw it was Harry Potter.

He nearly fell out of the window. Instead, he fell to the floor.

"You okay there, Malfoy?"

Draco jumped to his feet, Scourgifying his robes from the owl droppings. "Fine, Potter. What are you doing here?"

He was stuffing what looked like a blank piece of parchment back into his robes. "It's the Owlry," he said, as if that should explain everything.

"Oh. Well, send your letter and be on your way." Draco turned from him and back to the window. Damn, but Potter was cute! Why hadn't he noticed this before? Is that why Draco was always tormenting him, because Potter in his oblivious way was tormenting Draco?

"Actually, I'm not here to send a letter. I'm here to see you."

Draco turned. He could not have said that. "What?"

Harry's cheeks flushed and not from the cold. He looked at the floor and kicked at some feathers. "I'm...here to see you. To...apologize to you."

Draco shook his head to clear it. In what universe was Potter living? "Are you mental? Why would you need to apologize to me? Aren't we even?"

Harry raised his hands and let them drop. "What I did to you. That was completely uncalled for. And I'm sorry."

"It certainly was called for. I pulled something abominable on you. You reacted in a quite astonishing way for a Gryffindor. Didn't know you had it in you. My hat's off to you." He slumped back into the window, hoping Harry would leave. What was with the git, anyway?

"No, Malfoy, really. I'm sorry. Maybe...maybe we can shake hands and be friends."

Draco slowly turned his head and stared at Harry. He was out of his mind. "You're not serious." But even as he said it, Harry stuck his hand out. Draco's eyes locked on that gesture of friendship. Did he want to be Harry's friend? He wanted to be his lover, but he supposed that was out of the question. Should he be his friend?

He looked up at him and his face was sorrowful indeed. There was no lying on Harry's face. The boy was incapable of concealing his innermost thoughts. Draco suddenly remembered a long ago day on the Hogwarts Express when he offered his hand to the famous Harry Potter and had been rebuffed.

Draco drew himself up. He sauntered toward Harry trying to look at ease and quickly took Harry's hand. He shook it once and let it go. At least he tried to. Harry was still holding on.

He glanced up at Potter's face and his concentrated expression was now unreadable. Harry tightened his grip on Draco's hand and slowly pulled Draco toward him. Draco stumbled once but Harry's inexorable tugging brought him right up against the boy's chest. Without releasing his hand, Harry leaned forward.

Draco didn't know what he had in mind and was completely dumbfounded when Harry's lips pressed against his own. He made some sort of noise, he was sure of it, but it was muffled beneath that tender mouth, now sucking gently on Draco's lips.

A tongue swept Draco's open mouth, Harry's tongue prodded forward, licking delicious swaths inside and over Draco's tongue. The kiss clasped, sucking and slurping, rubbing lips on lips and he held Draco's body so close that their groins rubbed together. Draco moaned into Harry's mouth and wrapped his arms tightly around the boy, sagging into him.

This couldn't be happening. It had to be a dream. Harry couldn't be kissing him!

Harry's lips disengaged for only a moment so he could turn his head to kiss even more deeply. Draco almost lost his footing and held on to Harry even tighter. When Harry pulled away for good he was staring at Draco uncomprehendingly. Draco shook his head as if to say, "I didn't do anything!" But Harry seemed not to understand. He turned suddenly and fled the Owlry, leaving Draco sagging into a corner, eyes stinging with unshed tears.

* * *

Harry found himself doing a lot of staring into the common room fireplace for the last few days ever since he kissed Draco Malfoy. He couldn't quite figure out why he'd done it, only that in that instant he had fiercely wanted to and that it had felt so incredibly good to do it.

All he meant to do was apologize. But Draco was looking so forlorn, so cute, that Harry just...did it.

"Hey!" Someone poked him in the shoulder and he glanced up. Ron. And he didn't look happy. "I want to know what's going on between you and Hermione."

Harry looked at him blankly. What was he talking about? "Me and Hermione?"

"Don't play dumb." Ron rolled his shoulders. He was looking decidedly uncomfortable but his dander was up and he postured menacingly.

Harry sat up and faced him. "I'm not playing dumb. I don't know what you're talking about."

"Look," said Ron, trying to calm himself. "If you and Hermione are...together...I'd just like to know so I don't make a bloody fool of myself. It's not like I didn't have plenty of opportunities with her, I know, but it would have been nice to tell a bloke."

Harry stood up. "Ron, what the bloody hell are you on about?"

"You. And Hermione. I've seen how the two of you go off into corners and talk and how you sneak off to meet with her all the time. I'm not stupid, you know. But you could at least tell your best mate."

It clicked into place at last. Harry laughed, the first in weeks. "I'm not having it on with Hermione."

"You don't have to lie. I know you were into Cho and she snubbed you or something, but we've all been close, so the least you could do is own up and tell me."

"But I'm not. We're not. I don't have any interest whatsoever in Hermione. Ron, you've got to believe me. I'm not interested in girls at all!"

As soon as he said it, Harry slapped his hand over his mouth and froze. Maybe Ron had missed that?

But no. Looking at Ron's face, he certainly didn't. "You what?"

It was true. Harry couldn't deny it anymore. He wasn't interested in girls. Even his vague crush on Cho Chang wasn't really anything. It had dissipated like smoke as quickly as it had come along. The only crush on his mind now was with a boy. With the absolute wrong boy.

"Oh my God," said Harry behind his hand. "It's true." He sat hard on the sofa and Ron joined him.

"Oi, Harry. So you're not with Hermione?"

Harry shook his head, eyes sliding toward Ron.

"And...you're not interested in girls...at all? Does that mean...you're interested in...boys?"

Harry shrugged. "What's left?"

"Wow. Didn't see that coming."

"Neither did I."

"You mean you've only just...what do they call it? Come out?"

"Yeah." He felt a flood of relief inside. "I guess so." Now the feelings made sense. Even if they were for Malfoy.

"So is that what you and Hermione were talking about?"

Harry nodded. "I suppose." Ron drew back and punched Harry's shoulder. Hard. Harry grabbed it. "Ow! Ron!"

“And you couldn’t tell your best mate!”

Harry rubbed his shoulder and looked around. The room was empty. “It’s not that. It’s just....” and he decided to tell Ron the whole sordid story.

Ron listened without saying a word, his mouth hanging open the whole time. But when Harry was finished, he closed his mouth, sat up straight, and nodded. “Well then. I suppose you and Malfoy had better come to an understanding.”

“What do you mean?”

“Come off it, Harry. You want to be his boyfriend. And he wants to be yours. Just get it over with and tell him.”

Now it was Harry’s turn to drop his jaw. “You’re a one to talk. You and Hermione have been dancing around each other for years now. When are you going to make a move?”

Ron blushed. “Dunno. I guess maybe you’ve inspired me.” He grinned.

But Harry was shaking his head. “I don’t know, Ron. After all Malfoy and I have done to each other over the years, do you honestly think we have a chance? Maybe we won’t even like each other.”

“That’s a moot point at this juncture. You might as well see if you like each other. I think that the two of you have already been at each other an awfully long time. Now we all know why.”

Harry couldn’t believe that these sensible words were coming out of his best friend. But Ron did have a lot of compassion and was very protective where Harry was concerned. He felt like a prat for not trusting him earlier.

“Maybe. But what will the school think?”

“Who cares what the school thinks. Besides. With Harry Potter on one side and Draco Malfoy on the other, no one would dare say anything. Who are you going to worry about? Hufflepuffs?”

Harry smiled weakly. “I reckon you’re right.”

* * *

Draco read the note again. He turned it over and looked at the back. He took out his wand and waved it over the parchment to see if it was hexed. But it appeared to be just what it was: a note from Harry Potter.

Draco,

We need to talk. Please meet me at the Three Broomsticks in Hogsmeade this Saturday afternoon at 2 pm.

Yours,

Harry Potter

Draco shook his head. He showed it to Vince and Greg and they, too, seemed perplexed, until Greg said, “Looks like he might want to let bygones be bygones, Malfoy.”

“But what does that mean?” he had asked.

Saturday was a long time in coming. Draco went to Hogsmeade early and hung out with Vince and Greg, but when it was nearly two, they excused themselves, gave him a thumbs up sign, and left him.

Draco looked up and down the streets worriedly. Maybe Harry wouldn’t come. Maybe it was a joke from someone else.

He reached the Three Broomsticks and hesitated. If Harry wasn't in there, then he would just leave. Simple. No need to hang around and feel like an idiot.

He pushed open the door and was assaulted by the thick smoke rolling from the hearth. The place was crowded as usual and Madam Rosmerta was busy behind the bar passing mugs of butterbeer to her patrons. Draco scanned the room. Groups of men in hoods clustered in corners. A gaggle of girls laughed. Kids from school tried to smuggle various forms of alcohol to one another under the table.

No Harry Potter.

Okay. That's it. Time to go. Draco spun for the door but a hand stopped him. "Leaving, Malfoy?" said Harry, close enough to him to kiss.

Draco stumbled back. Harry looked around at the crowded room and motioned for Draco to follow him. Harry was heading toward the stairs and the private rooms above. Draco's heart began to hammer in his chest. They were going to a private room?

Harry looked as if he knew where he was heading and he stopped in front of an oaken door, took out a key, and unlocked it. He opened the door and made a gentlemanly gesture for Draco to go in first. Draco licked his dry lips and entered. Harry followed and closed and locked the door. The sounds of the inn below grew quieter in their private surroundings.

At first, Draco thought it was a simple sitting room for quiet conferences, but he saw a large four-poster through the archway and his palms began to sweat. He decided to take as much control of the situation as he could. He flopped down on the settee looking for all the world as if this was his room, and looked up at Harry. "So, Potter. What did you want to see me about?"

Harry was grinning. It was very disconcerting. He sat next to Draco. "I wanted to see you about...us."

"What about us?" But Draco's heart was still pounding. Could Harry hear it? It seemed loud enough.

Draco's eyes widened when Harry slid closer. "You know. Us. There doesn't seem to be any point in denying it anymore."

"It'?"

“Come on, Draco.” And Harry slid closer. His fingers barely touched Draco’s arm. It tingled where Harry touched him. “You’re gay. And I’m...gay.”

There didn’t seem to be any hope of Draco keeping his jaw from slackening anymore. “You’re—”

Harry nodded. His lids drooped as he looked at Draco’s mouth. He licked his lips. Draco watched that pink tongue make its wet trail, wishing his was doing it. “And I think—for some mad reason—we really fit together, Draco. Don’t you?”

“Are you under Imperious or something?”

Harry chuckled. “No. I’ve just had my eyes opened. Not in the best of ways, mind. But they’re opened now. And there’s little I can do about it.”

Draco took a deep breath. “I’m in love with you.”

Harry’s smile was tender. “I know. I can’t imagine why. We’ve been awful to each other for years.”

“I was just....” Draco shook his head at the stupidity of it all. “I was just doing what my father told me to do.”

“I guessed as much.” He chuckled to himself. “I don’t really understand how I can overlook all that stuff either, but I can. It just seems like someone else’s life somehow.”

“Yeah, I know what you mean.”

They were looking into each other’s eyes, and Draco loved Harry’s. So green. So deep. So full of mischief.

“I think I may be falling in love with you, too,” said Harry softly.

Draco blinked, absorbing the words. Those marvelous words. He tried a tentative smile. "Really?"

"Yeah." Harry blushed. Draco thought it was gorgeous. "We'll just take it one step at a time."

Draco raised his face. "Have wild sex first and then date. We're doing just fine."

Harry was still looking at him with that tender expression. "We take what we can get and make the best of it. Personally, I rather liked sex with you."

Draco's breath hitched. "So...is this a date, then?"

"Sort of. But...." Harry's finger trailed up Draco's arm. "I'm still interested in sex."

"Okay. But...can I kiss you first?"

"Absolutely." Harry was already reaching for him. He cupped Draco's face and gently kissed him. One peck. Two. And then he fully engulfed Draco's mouth, opening it with his own, and tonguing him so that Draco's toes curled.

Draco broke away first with a gasp and kissed Harry's neck. "Harry," he murmured against his skin. "I can't believe you forgave me."

"I did. Of course I did. I never would have known. Or at least it would have taken a lot longer with a lot more heartache."

"I wouldn't hurt you now. You know that, right?"

He lifted Draco's chin and turned his face to him. He kissed him once on the lips. "I know."

Draco's aching heart felt full to bursting. He laughed giddily. "I really thought you were going to kill me."

“There was a point where I wanted to. But not now. Though we do have some unfinished business.”

He tightened his arms around Harry. It felt good to hold him, to have him hold Draco. Harry smelled good, too. He smelled clean and sexy and male. “What unfinished business?” he asked, nuzzling his neck again.

“Well, I was in the middle of fucking you, as I recall, and I want to finish that at least.”

Draco froze and flicked his glance toward the bed.

“We have the room for the whole day, you know,” said Harry in a seductively low voice. “And I think you truly deserve a thorough shagging, Malfoy.”

Draco leaned forward, resting his forehead on Harry’s chin. He sighed. “Oh yes, Harry. I’d like that.”

“Then it’s time for us to strip again. But this time, if it’s all right, I’d like to take your clothes off.”

Speechless, Draco nodded. If this was a dream, he’d kill anyone who woke him up.

He watched as Harry began by unbuttoning his jacket. He pushed it off Draco’s shoulders and Draco helped with it the rest of the way by shrugging it off. Harry leaned forward and kissed Draco’s neck. Draco lifted his chin to give Harry access, and while Harry kissed him, he undid the top buttons of Draco’s shirt. As he opened more, Harry nuzzled lower, kissing the skin that was slowly being revealed.

Draco moaned. Harry’s lips felt hot on him and their tickling sensations were hardening his cock into an upright position. Harry’s fingers rippled over Draco’s skin followed by his lips. He kissed Draco’s chest, licking where his lips alighted, and dragging wet trails towards his nipple, where Harry nipped at it a bit before he sucked on it.

“Oh shit!” Draco arched his back and grasped Harry’s head. “Oh God!”

Harry chuckled against his chest. "Feels good?"

"Fucking yes!"

"Fucking comes later. First, I get to play with you."

Draco grabbed his own cock and squeezed. Words like that were bound to make him come in his trousers, and he certainly didn't want to do that. Harry pushed the shirt off from underneath the cloth, letting his hands slide up over Draco's torso and shoulders. He pulled each arm out of its sleeve and then curled his arms around Draco's naked waist. He kissed Draco's lips again, taking the Slytherin's breath away, before he started on his trousers.

Draco had the presence of mind to toe off his shoes. He didn't want anything interfering with his getting completely starkers for Harry. But Harry was taking his time, kissing down Draco's stomach and laving his navel. That tongue was too, too close to his groin, and when it dipped into his navel, it flicked below it to that trail of blond hairs that disappeared into his underpants.

Harry had unfastened his buckle and trousers and was pulling Draco's slacks down his legs. Draco lifted his hips to help and the trousers were soon tossed to one side. Harry looked down at the only piece of clothing left: Draco's white underpants.

"I wasn't nervous the first time I touched you because I was under the influence of that potion," he said. "But now, I am a little."

"It's okay, Harry. You can do anything you want to me. Anything at all."

Harry inhaled a shaky breath. "Then I'm going to arouse the heck out of you and fuck you into next Tuesday. That all right?"

"Oh yes!" Draco lay back in what he hoped was an inviting posture. And as he hoped, Harry couldn't seem to resist touching him. The Gryffindor ran his hands down Draco's body and over his thighs, skirting his erection that was pushing at the Y-fronts. Harry's tongue strayed to Draco's ear and ran a wet, tingly circle around the outer shell.

“Let’s go to the bed, Draco,” he whispered into it.

Draco wrapped an arm around Harry’s neck and allowed the other to lift him to his feet. He leaned on Harry as the boy escorted him to the large four-poster. He sat Draco down and laid him back. “No interruptions this time,” he said huskily. Draco lay sprawled on his back, waiting for Harry to divest him of the last of his covering.

Harry crawled up on the bed, still fully clothed. He grasped Draco’s underpants and slowly dragged them down. His cock sprung up and slapped his belly and Harry quickly pulled the pants down and slipped them off.

Draco squirmed. He had been embarrassed before getting undressed in front of Harry, but not now. Now he was aroused and needed Harry’s touch. And Harry didn’t disappoint. He nuzzled Draco’s pubic hair, licking the inside of his thighs and nosing his sac. Draco opened his legs wide to permit Harry whatever he wanted. It was a good move, because Harry chose to lick his sac in one long drag. Draco lifted his hips into it. That was unbelievably good! It made his whole body tremble. But when he reached up to Harry, he whined at the touch of clothing. He grabbed Harry’s lapel and shook it. “Harry! Take this off!”

“Impatient, aren’t you?”

He sat up on his elbows. “No. I just know what I want. And I want a naked Harry Potter.”

Harry giggled. “Bet you never thought you’d say that, did you?”

Draco laughed. “No. Not in a million years.”

“Did you invent that potion?”

Draco’s laughter died. “Y-yes.”

“You’re very good at that. You could give Snape a run for his money.”

The smile was back. Draco tilted his head. "I guess so. But all this talk isn't getting you closer to starkers, Potter."

Harry laughed. "Okay, okay." He stripped off his T-shirt and hurriedly undid his jeans. Draco sat up and helped him, feeling a bit weird doing it all naked. But Harry needed the help getting his trainers off because the laces got knotted and soon he was as naked as Draco.

Draco tossed the trainer over his shoulder and stared at the Potter cock. "Oh," he sighed. "You know, it really wasn't too much of a strain sucking that. Not much in the way of punishment."

Harry jutted his hips forward and his cock slapped against his belly. "You like that, eh?"

"Definitely." Then he looked up a bit shyly. "Do you want me to suck it, or are you just going to...." He waved vaguely toward his nether regions.

"I won't last if you suck me," and as if to prove it, his cock gave a little twitch. "And I do want to finish shagging you."

"Okay," said Draco. "How do you want me?"

"On your back. We'll do it face to face. I want to see you."

Draco closed his eyes and sighed. "Oh good," he whispered, and lay back. He raised his legs and spread them, offering his hole to Harry unabashedly.

Harry looked and dragged his tongue over his lips. "I licked your arsehole last time," he said softly.

Draco swallowed. "Yes. I remember. It was wonderful."

"Shall I do it again?"

“Oh please! Anything!”

Harry dropped down on his belly and crawled up to Draco, wrapping his arms around his thighs. He pushed them up and Draco’s hips rocked back, exposing more of his arse. His cheeks opened wider and he felt just a tinge of embarrassment, but Harry was soon snuffling his crack and all discomfort fled. A tongue flicked up his crevice and Draco gasped. Yes! Oh do it again! That hot tongue was back this time licking small patches around Draco’s tight furl. Harry licked right on it, slow, reverent licks causing Draco to rut his hips forward. Harry’s lips closed over it and with his tongue playing at the tiny rosette, he sucked on it gently.

Draco nearly shot off the bed. Harry chuckled into the joint of his thigh and hip. “I’m guessing you liked that.”

“You guessed right. Oh Harry. Anytime you want to get inside me, just do it.”

Harry sat up. “I think that’s a good idea.” He grabbed his penis and squeezed. “I don’t know how much longer I can hold out.”

He summoned the lube into his hand and dribbled it onto his fingers. He touched Draco’s entrance with it, sneaking a finger inside for a bit. He smiled down at Draco. “You tell me if it’s at all uncomfortable.”

“No way. I don’t want you to stop for anything.”

Harry shook his head and climbed up before Draco. Draco opened his thighs wider and Harry helped him hitch his knees up to his shoulders. “You can...get at it better from there, right?” asked Draco, swallowing hard.

“Yes,” Harry gasped. “It’s right there.” To prove it, he rubbed his finger over his sphincter. Draco squirmed.

“Do it, Harry. Fuck me.”

With those words, Harry's eyes seemed to darken to a dusky green. His dark brows furrowed in concentration and he lowered his hand to his cock to guide it forward. Draco felt the large round head of it pressing at his hole. It seemed enormous. But he tried to open himself, tried to relax enough as Harry added more pressure, skewering forward. It felt as if his arse was ripping open as the cockhead popped through. His flesh opened to accommodate it but it seemed as if it opened and opened. Harry had a thick cock. It didn't seem so thick when he was sucking it but it certainly seemed so now. The last time, he'd only gotten as far as his glans, but now he was pushing his dick the rest of the way in. Draco squirmed a bit more, rolling his hips to open himself and get his hole used to such a big intruder.

"You okay, Draco?" Harry breathlessly asked.

"Yeah." It was all the breath Draco could muster.

Harry pushed further until he was fully seated. Draco felt his balls resting against Harry's dark pubic hair—and it was marvelous.

"Still okay?" Harry asked again.

"Yes. Fantastic. Full. Oh Harry. I'm ready for you."

"Good. Because I have to thrust now."

Harry slid his hands down from Draco's thighs to his arse and cupped both cheeks, lifting slightly. He pulled out a bit only to shove in, snapping his hips forward.

Draco cried out. It hurt but it was also very good. Harry did it again. Draco was so concentrated on the feelings below his waist that he forgot to help and he lifted his hips into it as Harry jammed in the next time. Soon they were rocking together in a rhythm, Harry's cock sliding in and out faster and faster. It had been good shagging Harry. His hole had been so tight. It squeezed Draco's cock so pleasantly. But this! This was amazing on another level. Harry was filling him. Harry was inside, above, beneath. His cock was showing him who was in charge and Draco never so willingly surrendered superiority. He grabbed his own hard prick and threw back his head but remembered to keep his eyes opened. He wanted to watch Harry above him and Harry was looking at him, his eyes raking over Draco hungrily. His red lips were shiny with moisture and they were twisted up into a sexy snarl. He was fucking Draco. No doubt

about that. Perhaps at another time they'd make love, but not today. Today was raw, animal sex, and Draco—pumping his own cock close to orgasm—was loving it.

Harry was sawing into him faster and faster. "Oh Draco," he murmured.

Draco was wanking himself to speed, trying to keep pace with Harry. But he couldn't hold off his orgasm any longer. He felt his balls tighten and the pleasure sprung forth in long ropes of white cum. They fell back and hit his belly, some spattering on Harry's heaving chest. He felt his anus clamping down even harder on the intruding cock within him and he saw it all on Harry's face. It must have felt marvelous, because Harry was now coming; teeth clenched, furious pumping, torso rigid. Harry puffed his breath over Draco, panting and trying to regain his composure. His face was red from it, and Draco never thought anyone was as beautiful.

"You know," said Harry between breaths, "I don't know whatever else we've got in common, but I sure think we've got this down."

Draco wiped the sweaty strands of his fringe out of his eyes. "You can say that again. Let's make a pact now to work on as many things in common as we can."

"Done." Harry slid out of Draco and slipped down to the bed beside him. Harry's cum oozed out of Draco's arse and he paused a moment to savor the feeling. Then Harry groped and found Draco's hand, brought it to his lips, and kissed it. Draco thought that was the sweetest thing.

Staring at the ceiling and simply breathing, letting the last vestiges of the afterglow ripple through him, Draco sighed. "So how did you get this room, anyway? Madam Rosmerta is not in the habit of renting out rooms to adolescent boys. Dumbledore would have a fit."

Harry affixed his glasses straighter. "Oh...well. You know...."

Draco sat up and looked at him. "What? Oh no. You don't mean to tell me you used the Famous Harry Potter thing?"

Harry blushed deeply. "I've never done that before, just so you know. But it was the only way t— Will you stop laughing!"

Draco lay back and giggled, tickled pink that Harry would resort to something he plainly hated in order to shag him. "It's quite flattering, really," he said when he'd calmed down.

Harry had still not released Draco's hand. "I wanted this to be special. Not the usual rutting we did in classrooms and cupboards. It...meant more to me than that."

Draco turned to look at him. "That's very romantic, you know," he said quietly.

Harry shrugged. He stared at the ceiling. Draco rolled over and rested his chin on Harry's chest. Harry had to look at him then. "It is," he said, dragging a finger over Harry's pecs. "And it means more to me, too. I can't believe I'm in love with you. You're the very last person—and I mean the last person I expected to feel this way about."

"Did you tell your friends?"

"Had to explain it to Crabbe and Goyle, didn't I, after that last little bit of Potter revenge."

Harry looked unhappy about that. Draco enjoyed giving him that little dig. After all, Malfoys don't like to be even; they like being ahead.

"I suppose you did. Were they all right with it?"

"Yeah. More than I thought they would be. They're better friends than I imagined. I mean, I just thought they hung around me because of the Malfoy name and all. Not because they actually liked me. I'm being nicer to them because of it. I think they're...good blokes. That's your fault."

"I'm glad, then. Surprised, but glad."

"What about the Weasel and Granger?"

“Well, Hermione helped me all along, and Ron... He surprised me, too. I thought he’d be this squicked heterosexual. But he was really good about it. Even gave me some advice.”

“Like ‘swallow, don’t spit’?”

Harry laughed and scooped Draco into his arms, holding him so that he was being cuddled by Harry. Draco didn’t think he would like that at first, but being surrounded by warm, sweaty Harry wasn't bad at all. “No, like don’t worry what the rest of the school thinks. Just go for it.”

“Weasley told you that? Well. I guess I shall have to reassess my opinion of him.”

“Yes. Do.” He kissed Draco’s temple. “Feel like a quick nap?”

“Only a quick one. I’d like to get reacquainted with certain parts of your anatomy.”

Harry squeezed him. “Okay. And there are parts of Malfoy I’d like to explore for myself.”

They settled down, drawing the covers over the both of them. Draco sighed as he nestled against Harry who was soon snoring in his ear. So. It all turned out for the best. Maybe that potion wasn’t so bad. Maybe he should resurrect the Queer Quaff and sell it on the open market. He could see the marketing strategy now: Open Your Inner Gay. Make Your Homo Erectus. Straight Lie for the Queer Guy—

“No more potions, Malfoy,” murmured Harry sleepily.

What the—“How the hell did you know what I was thinking?”

“Because I know you. No more potions.” He squeezed Draco again and kissed his neck.

“Well, all right. But a poster of the both of us would make quite a testimonial. Think of the galleons we’d make!”

“Draco!”

“All right, all right.” He caressed Harry’s arm wrapped around him. He supposed there were compensations for changing one’s ways.

The End

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