Storyid: 3698480
FanFiction.net
Name: Le Obscure Prompt War
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Chapter 1 to 5

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Chapter: 1

Le Obscure Prompt War – Round One

Prompts: pink post-its, a bike, ½ cup of grated cheese, a devil teddy

Okay, here's the backstory on this one. lilith1631 on Livejournal challenged me to an obscure (i.e. EVIL) prompt war. We shall be issued four prompts for each story. They shall all be Harry/Draco. They will be between 1000 and 1500 words. The war will continue until one of us begs for mercy and admits the other is the reigning queen of promptage.

Say Cheese

Harry rolled over languidly and reached across the bed, expecting to feel the smooth, warm skin of his resident blond. His questing fingers grasped nothing but bedclothes.

Curious, he sat up. It wasn't terribly early, but Draco tended to lie abed mornings, at least until Harry got up and fetched him a cup of tea. Harry reached for his glasses, and saw a bright pink post-it note stuck to his wand. He donned the spectacles and took the post-it with a heavy sigh. Draco was inordinately fond of post-its. He had decreed them to be a wizard invention stolen by thieving Muggles. After which he plastered them all over number 12, Grimmauld Place, every chance he got.

This one read: *I took the bike out for a spin. I think I have the hang of driving it.*

Harry pelted down the stairs without bothering to don more clothing than the nearest pair of boxers—which happened to be Draco's. Harry's hand was on the front door when a wicked laugh from the parlour halted his mad dash.

Harry turned and stalked to the doorway to glare at the Slytherin, who lounged on the couch with

a maddening grin.

"God, Potter, you're gullible enough to be a Hufflepuff. Are you certain you were sorted properly?"

Harry was too relieved to be annoyed. He had acquired Sirius Black's flying motorcycle several years back, and used it infrequently to cruise Muggle London—without the flying, of course. In truth, he had never flown on the damned thing. He was nervous enough riding it on Muggle backstreets.

Draco, however, was fascinated with it, and insisted they ride the motorcycle to Diagon Alley at least once a week. He had never asked Harry to teach him to drive it—too proud a pureblood to admit wanting to learn Muggle technology, but Harry knew Draco paid close attention to every move Harry made while they rode. Harry had to admit, he'd gotten used to the rides, and the pleasant feel of Draco pressed against his back while they sped through the streets.

Before Harry could form a reply, a stuffed bear ricocheted off his forehead. Draco had lobbed it from its resting place on the couch—left there by Lupin's young daughter, no doubt.

"Ow!" Harry snapped and stooped to pick up the teddy. It was dressed as a devil. Harry was certain one of the horns had given him another scar on his forehead to match the lightning bolt.

"Off with the pants, Potter. Those are mine."

Harry threw the bear back at Draco, who snagged it out of the air with a smirk.

"You want them, come and get them," Harry taunted and bolted for the stairs.

Malfoy caught him before he reached the bed. Draco's arms wrapped around his legs and sent them both tumbling to the carpet. Draco wrestled the boxers from Harry, which took longer than expected because they were both nearly incoherent with laughter. Harry struggled, of course, having no intention of making it too easy for the Slytherin.

When Harry was suitably unclothed, Draco kissed him for a bit, and then nibbled on his earlobe.

"I'm going to get something from the kitchen and eat it off of your delectable body," Draco whispered hoarsely. Harry chuckled. One of his favorite games.

"Like what?"

Draco pulled out his wand. "*Accio* cheese."

"Accio *what*?" Harry asked, hoisting himself up a bit.

"Cheese," said Draco, holding up the small ceramic bowl that had flitted through the door and

into Malfoy's waiting hand. "Half a cup of grated mozzarella."

"You are not putting *cheese* on my body," Harry said indignantly.

"Oh yes, I am," Draco said, using the throaty tone that always made Harry want to pounce and devour the Slytherin. As it was, he began to change his mind about the cheese. Almost.

"What's wrong with chocolate? Or whipped cream? Or strawberry jam?"

"Done that," Draco said. "Time for cheese."

Before Harry could stop him, Draco sprinkled some of the grated white bits on Harry's chest. Harry sighed in resignation, and then yelped as the cheese seemed to melt against his skin—complete with startling heat. The strands melted together and formed long strands that coiled over his skin like snakes before wrapping around his wrists. In moments, he found his hands bound together over his head.

Draco gave him a delighted smirk, and his silver eyes practically gleamed.

"Did I happen to mention it was Weasley cheese?" Malfoy asked.

"No, you did not. How many times have I told you I don't want to be a Weasley test subject?" Harry tugged at his wrists, hoping the cheese would break apart easily, but it seemed as strong as rope.

"It's been tested," Draco assured him, which did not reassure Harry. Draco had the ability to assure Harry that black was white, and white was black in such a convincing manner that Harry would require scientific proof to refute him. Malfoy could lie so compellingly every politician at the Ministry envied him.

"What do you plan to do with me, now?" Harry asked.

"Well, first we need to get you onto the bed," Draco said suggestively. He stood and cast a Levitation Spell on Harry, who felt himself glide through the air and drop onto the bed. "And then we modify the cheese a bit." Draco cast another spell and the white ropelike substance elongated and tied Harry's hands firmly to the headboard.

"Draco, you know I'm really not into the bondage thing," Harry said nervously.

"I know, your dratted Gryffindor control issues," Draco said as he leaned over Harry and sucked gently on an exposed nipple. Harry, already half-erect from wrestling with Draco on the floor, felt a rush of heat in his loins. Draco's hand caressed his cock gently, hardening it even more. Harry moaned. Draco moved down and licked the length of it with his warm tongue. Harry began to rethink his "control issues" regarding bondage.

Draco stood up, and Harry assumed the Slytherin meant to shed his clothing. Instead, Draco headed for the door.

"I really am taking the bike for a spin this time," he said over his shoulder. Harry blinked at the empty doorway for a moment, trying to process the words. Draco's footsteps disappeared down the stairs.

"Draco? *Draco*?" he called, alarmed. He yanked at his cheesy bonds. The unbreakable Weasley cheese bonds. "MALFOY!"

He barely heard the deep chuckle before the front door closed. A moment later, he heard the roar of the motorcycle in the street.

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Chapter: 2

Le Obscure Prompt War – Round Two
Prompts: A purple feather, washing-up liquid, the highway code, six of diamonds

Six of Diamonds

Harry looked up when Malfoy walked into the library. Their eyes met and clashed for a brief instant. Malfoy smirked. Harry glared. Malfoy moved on and sat down at a nearby table, unfortunately still in Harry's line of sight.

He tried not to watch the Slytherin, he really did, but it was bloody difficult. For one thing, the evil git was like grace personified, and it was almost mesmerizing just watching him walk across a room. For another, Malfoy held a bottle of washing-up liquid. He set it carefully on the table, pulled a small book from under his robes, and began to read.

Harry dragged his eyes back to the booklet in his lap and made a valiant effort to concentrate. He did not notice at all when Malfoy raised a pale hand and tucked an errant lock of white-blond hair behind an ear. Harry scowled. All right, so he noticed, but he wasn't *staring*.

"Why are you staring at me, Potter?" Malfoy asked. Harry flushed.

"Wasn't staring," he muttered. "I was concentrating."

"Well, concentrate on someone else," Malfy snapped. "What the hell are you reading, anyway?"

Harry's fingers tightened on the highway code in his hands. Harry had promised Hermione he would help her study for her Muggle driving test. Despite the fact that summer was months

away, Harry was dutifully underlining questions. Hermione had trotted off to deal with some disturbance or another in her role as Head Girl, but she would return, so Harry had best be prepared. Harry countered Malfoy with a question. "What's with the soap?"

Malfoy's silver eyes flicked to the bottle and back to Harry. He smirked. Harry thought about how he would like to wipe the smirk from those lips. With his fist, for starters. Or with his mouth…

"Your underlings are missing," Draco noted.

"As are yours," Harry said. Not that it was unusual for Crabbe and Goyle to shun the library. Harry doubted they could read. Ron was hiding out in the Gryffindor common room, avoiding Hermione. Harry had forgotten what their latest row was about.

Pansy Parkinson strolled in, even though she was another one whose ability to read was questionable. She planted herself next to Malfoy and draped herself over his shoulder. Harry's eyes narrowed. Parkinson's hand reached up and pushed back the platinum hair as she leaned forward to whisper in Malfoy's ear. Harry felt for his wand and considered that Parkinson would even more resemble a pug dog with hair sprouting from her face.

Malfoy grinned, and then his eyes shot to the doorway. He stiffened. Crabbe had pelted in, looking alarmed. Malfoy instantly got up and walked quickly to Harry.

"Potter, follow me," Malfoy said imperiously.

Such was his tone of command that Harry was halfway to his feet before he caught himself. He glared, but Malfoy had disappeared into the shelves without looking back. Movement near the door drew Harry's attention. Crabbe was roughly jostled aside by Severus Snape, who stalked into the library looking even surlier than usual. Harry raised a brow. Snape marched forward and snapped at Parkinson. "Where is Malfoy?"

Curious, Harry got up and trailed after Malfoy, wondering what the Slytherin had done to get his pet teacher into a dither. Row after row was empty, but when Harry reached the last collection of books, a pale hand stretched out and dragged him forward. Harrry's breath left him with a woof as a body pressed him roughly into the shelf. Malfoy's face was inches from Harry's, and he felt a soft puff of breath against his lips as Malfoy spoke.

"If you want to annoy Snape, you'll keep this for me," he said, and Harry felt Malfoy's hands against his chest, opening a button on his shirt. Harry gasped as something cold and smooth was slipped against his bare chest. There was a brief instant of warmth as Malfoy's fingers trailed back over the skin, and then disappeared.

"I'll pick it up later," Malfoy said casually. "Don't let anyone see you with it, and for Merlin's sake, don't lose it."

Harry tried to regain his voice, crowded out of his brain with the realization that Malfoy's thigh had been thrust between his legs, and the Slytherin's hipbone was digging almost painfully into him. Before he could speak, Malfoy's weight left him, and the blond disappeared down the aisle. Harry leaned his head back against the books and wondered what the hell had just happened. Malfoy's scent lingered in the air, tantalizing and familiar. Harry touched a hand to his chest, where something rectangular and flat lay beneath his shirt.

He pushed himself away from the shelf and returned to the central area. Malfoy sat in a chair, looking bored, while Snape hissed at him. Harry watched for a moment, and Snape straightened to give him a glare. Malfoy ignored Harry completely. Harry shrugged and left the library, deciding he would even help *Malfoy* as long as it irritated Snape—the Slytherin had been dead-on about that, at any rate.

Harry ducked into an alcove and pulled out the object. He looked at it in puzzlement. A playing card. The six of diamonds. Harry turned it over several times, but saw nothing unusual about it. He sighed and tucked it into the pocket with his wand. Malfoy was likely just playing games. Harry debated stuffing the card into a nearby decorative urn, but figured he might as well play along. He went to the Gryffindor common room and waited for Hermione to find him, uncertain whether or not to tell her about the encounter.

As it turned out, Harry didn't have time to worry about Hermione. He had barely spent twenty minutes in the common room, listening to Ron complain about Hermione's bossy ways, when a second-year Gryffindor entered through the portrait hole and slipped Harry a note.

Meet me in the third floor corridor, by the statue of the hump-backed witch.

Ron was watching him curiously. Harry tucked the note away.

"Forgot something in the library," Harry lied and headed out. Ron shrugged and started a chess game with Dean.

Harry made his way to the empty corridor, wondering if Malfoy knew about the secret passage that led to Hogsmeade. It seemed an odd location to request a meeting, except for the fact that the corridor was rarely used. He tried not to think about the fact that he was meeting clandestinely with Malfoy, of all people. He told himself he was only doing so to find out what Malfoy was up to, in order to stop him.

As he approached the witch's statue, he suddenly felt himself slammed up against the wall, banging his head against the stone. He saw stars for a moment, and then felt a body pressed against his for the second time that day. Harry tried to move his arms, but they were stuck to the wall on either side of his head.

"Do you have it?" Malfoy asked. Harry scowled. Manhandling was definitely not the way to go about gaining Harry's cooperation. Malfoy caught the look. "Going to be difficult, aren't you?"

Before Harry could reply, Malfoy clamped a hand over Harry's mouth—the same hand that held Malfoy's wand.

"Never mind, I'll find it myself," Malfoy said, and his other hand unbuttoned Harry's shirt. Harry gasped as icy cold fingers slipped over his skin, sliding over Harry's chest. The card no longer sat where Malfoy had left it, of course, and Harry heard the Slytherin mutter a spell. The buttons no longer held Harry's shirt open, and Malfoy's hand began to move lower, leaving a trail of chilled gooseflesh in its wake. Harry yanked at his arms, but they were held fast.

As Malfoy's hand moved down to Harry's waistband, Harry bucked his hips in protest, but succeeded only in slamming his flank into Malfoy's. The Slytherin grinned and retaliated by kicking Harry's legs apart and pressing his groin firmly into Harry's. Between the cold hand and the warm body, Harry horrifyingly felt his body respond. He prayed Malfoy wouldn't notice

The pale hand opened Harry's waistband and dipped inside, before feeling around with single-minded determination. Harry groaned, because he was definitely hard now, and there was no way the Slytherin wouldn't notice. The smirk widened, and the silver eyes bored into Harry's as Malfoy's smooth fingers slid over Harry's growing erection, and teased the tip with a twisting caress. Harry bucked again and wished the wall would open up and swallow him alive.

"Apparently you didn't hide it there, eh?" Malfoy said with a chuckle. The hand over Harry's mouth disappeared, as did the one in his pants. Harry felt movement over his robes. "Ah, here we are." Malfoy held up the playing card.

Before Harry could speak, Malfoy muttered a spell and the six of diamonds suddenly turned into a large, purple feather.

"Occamy feather," Malfoy said. "Useful potion ingredient, but very rare. I took it from Snape's stores this morning. Unfortunately, Bulstrode ratted me out. I should reward you for your assistance, eh?"

Harry's mouth was covered again, this time by Malfoy's lips. Harry's protest was smothered by Malfoy's tongue, which plundered Harry's mouth. At the same time, the purple feather was drawn down the side of Harry's face, over his throat, and down his chest in a light caress. Malfoy's other hand returned to Harry's painfully erect cock. His thumb slid over the wet tip and swirled the liquid over the throbbing head.

"Be sure to think of me when you wank tonight, Potter," Malfoy murmured against Harry's lips. With that, he swaggered down the hall, casting an absent *Finite Incantatum* behind him. Harry's wrists released from the wall. He sagged against the rough stone, panting.

Think of me when you wank tonight. God, that was guaranteed.

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Chapter: 3

Le Obscure Prompt War – Round Three

Prompts: torch, oak tree, poster of Gregory Goyle, permanent marker

Verandas

It took Harry longer than expected to track down Draco Malfoy. For being rich, famous, and utterly recognizable nearly everywhere he went, Malfoy was damned hard to pin down. After a week, and four countries, Harry felt he would have had better luck chasing a butterfly across a meadow and catching it with his bare hands.

He finally got lucky in Greece, of all places. The tips from the paparazzi had been accurate, for once, now that Harry had acquired the necessary skill of scanning the gossip columns of every wizarding paper he could get his hands on.

Now that he'd found Malfoy, Harry felt an unwelcome nervousness. Malfoy was a star. More famous than Harry Potter these days. Harry was a celebrity in Britain, even now, years after the defeat of Voldemort, but he had taken care to avoid the limelight after Hogwarts. He'd taken a nice, quiet job as an Auror, and spent his days doing what he did best—rounding up the minions of evil. Some days, he could even do it without bitterness.

Malfoy, on the other hand, was an international Quidditch star—Seeker extraordinaire. Once unfettered by the presence of Harry Potter, Malfoy's star had risen like Halley's Comet, blazing across the sky.

Harry stepped onto the veranda silently and paused, observing Malfoy before his presence was known. The Seeker was stunning, Harry had to admit. Malfoy wore a cool, white linen shirt and light trousers of palest grey. He stood half-turned from Harry, leaning against the white marble railing. He held a goblet of clear liquid on one hand, but he looked to have forgotten it. The chiseled features faced the sea and his expression seemed pensive, almost sad.

Harry swallowed hard, feeling conflicted. He felt almost guilty for intruding on Malfoy's quiet moment, especially considering Harry's business. On another level, he suddenly wished he were an artist, to capture the picture before him in watercolor: pastels of flesh, fabric, platinum hair, ice blue sky, and cold stone made warmer by the mere presence of the figure that graced it.

Harry scowled, wondering where the ridiculous poetic sentiment had come from. He might be a veritable god of Quidditch, might be beautiful beyond human comprehension, but he was still Draco Malfoy, former Death Eater, and complete prat. That was confirmed when Malfoy spoke—a deeper timbre than Harry remembered, but the same blood-boiling drawl.

"If you stand there much longer, Potter, perhaps you'll turn into a potted plant and I won't have to ask why you're here."

Harry sighed and walked forward. Malfoy turned and gifted him with a look of casual indifference.

"I'm looking for someone," Harry said.

"You've found someone."

Harry paused for only a moment. He was certain Malfoy had not intended that to sound suggestive. Harry reached into a pocket of his jacket, realizing as he did so that he was overdressed for the climate. He felt like a secret agent, and a foolish one, at that. He unfolded the paper and handed it to Malfoy, who made no move to take it. Harry ground his teeth together and straightened the folds. In the center of the poster was a photo of Gregory Goyle, glaring balefully in a manner Harry remembered well.

"A wanted poster?" Malfoy asked dryly. "How quaint. And look, there is even a reward. I see the Ministry is as penny-pinching as ever. You'll never find him for that pittance."

"You know where he is," Harry insisted.

Malfoy shrugged and took a drink from his glass. When he lowered it, his lips shone with the liquid. Harry watched, mesmerized, as Malfoy's pink tongue slid over the droplets slowly. Fuck. Harry mentally shook himself, and then added a few slaps to the head for good measure. *Focus, Potter*.

"Even if I knew Greg's whereabouts, why would I tell you?" Malfoy asked.

"He was a Death Eater, Malfoy. He needs to be brought to justice."

"Greg never hurt anyone, Potter," Malfoy said and Harry was glad to see something besides bored indifference in Malfoy's silver eyes. Harry welcomed the onslaught of rage. Angry Malfoy he could deal with.

"That's for the Wizengamot to decide," Harry snapped.

"Why? The witnesses to Greg's stint as a Death Eater are either dead or insane. Why can't you do-gooder types just leave him alone?"

"Why are you trying to protect him, Malfoy?" Harry goaded. "Do you have something to hide?"

Malfoy's eyes flashed with silver fury. He set the goblet on the table hard enough that the glass tabletop rang with the force of it.

"I already had my day with the Wizengamot, Potter. Have you forgotten?"

"No. I testified on your behalf."

"Is that supposed to make me beholden to you? Do I owe you a favor now?"

Harry flushed angrily. Trust Draco Malfoy to look for ulterior motives in every situation. He pushed a frustrated hand into his hair and froze, realizing he had not made the nervous gesture in years. Only Malfoy could drive him to that level of aggravation. Harry snapped his hand back to his side.

"No, you don't owe me a favor, Malfoy," he snarled. "I just hoped you… Fuck, I don't know. I guess I just thought you might have changed."

Malfoy moved forward until he stood too close to Harry for comfort. A pale hand reached out and touched Harry's cheek. The contact was electrifying, especially when the long fingers slipped down to cup Harry's jaw. Harry couldn't breathe as Draco leaned forward, as if to plant a kiss on his lips.

"Maybe I have changed, Potter," Malfoy murmured softly and the grey eyes bored into his. Harry wished to hell he had mastered Legilimency and more, because he would have given anything to know what Malfoy was thinking when he said those words. Harry was seized by the urge—the need—to tilt forward and taste Malfoy's lips. The hand on his chin prevented it—thanks be to Merlin, he told himself later—and then the spell was broken, and Malfoy released him with a smirk.

"I tell you what, Potter. Meet me at 10 pm tonight and we'll discuss Greg Goyle," Malfoy said. He pulled an object from his back pocket and it took Harry a moment to recognize it as a black marker. Before Harry could protest, Malfoy grabbed Harry's hand and began to write on his palm with decisive, almost painful, strokes. "I value my privacy, Potter, so don't alert the media. Use your sneaky cloak if you must, but come alone." Malfoy finished the address and then swiftly unbuttoned the cuff on Harry's sleeve. He pressed the material up, nearly earning a gasp from Harry at the sensual feel of the long fingers on his skin. "You can't miss the place—there is a huge oak tree next to the gate."

"You could have written on the back of this poster, you know."

"And mar Ministry property? Perish the thought." Malfoy glanced sidelong at Harry, still gripping his wrist. "Although you might be considered Ministry property, too, eh?"
Harry bit back a retort as the pen scrawled over his forearm with a flourish. Malfoy released him and stepped back with a wicked grin.

"There. Now you have my autograph, too."

Harry looked at his arm in annoyance. Malfoy's flowery signature was there—a bizarre parody of the Dark Mark, but there were words above the name. Harry scowled.

"What does it say?" he demanded. Malfoy tsked.

"You can't read Greek, Potter? Pity. See you at 10."

With that, Malfoy capped the pen and disappeared down the stairs. Harry licked a finger and used it to rub at the words on his arm—to no avail. Malfoy had used permanent ink.

ooOoo

The house stood on a rocky promontory overlooking the Aegean. Malfoy had been right about the oak. The huge, spreading branches hung over the gate, likely shading half the yard in the daytime. Harry hadn't bothered with his cloak—no one in Greece knew who he was. The wrought iron gate swung open when he approached, making him wonder if it had been spelled, or if Malfoy were watching. He shrugged and walked up the path through the manicured lawn. He had expected an opulent mansion, not this quaint Mediterranean cottage.

Before he could knock, the door swung open to reveal Malfoy limned in candlelight. Malfoy's lips were curled in what looked like a genuine smile, and his eyes traveled over Harry in a way that made the saliva dry up in Harry's mouth.

"Going native already, Potter?" he asked and stepped aside for Harry to enter. Harry did so, feeling self-conscious about his decision to wear the khaki trousers and white tank top, but the afternoon had grown blazingly hot and humid, with no sign of diminishing through the night.

The house was beautiful, with an open floor plan and windows open to the sea everywhere Harry looked. Candles flickered from every surface, giving the place a seductive feel. Harry wondered if Malfoy had been entertaining prior to his arrival and felt a flare of… what? Jealousy? Ha! Not a chance. He drop kicked the voice that howled *liar!* and forbid it to return.

"So," Harry said, "About Goyle—"

"Come out to the veranda, Potter. It's cooler out here. Have a drink and relax, if you can remember how."

Harry sighed and trailed Malfoy to the veranda, which looked remarkably similar to the one the Seeker had lounged against at the inn earlier. Malfoy walked to a table adorned with two huge torches of the bug-dispelling variety. He poured something icy from a pitcher into a tall glass and handed it to Harry.

"Sangria. Not exactly a Greek beverage, but it's refreshing in this beastly heat."

Harry took a drink, wondering why Malfoy was suddenly acting like a human being. His gaze

was drawn to the view and he walked to the railing to admire it.

"Great view," he commented.

"The best," Malfoy said huskily and moved to stand behind Harry. "You seem tense Potter. Do you ever unwind?"

"At home," Harry admitted and Malfoy laughed.

"Really? I'll bet your idea of relaxation is sitting on your couch perusing case files."

Harry flushed at the accuracy of the observation. He nearly jumped when he felt Malfoy's hands on his shoulders, but realized the fingers were only kneading the tense muscles. He sighed at the unwelcome pleasure.

"Fuck, Potter, your knots have knots. You are tightly wound, aren't you?" Harry tried to pull away, but Malfoy followed until Harry was pressed against the cool railing. "Calm yourself, I'm good at this. My massages are in high demand with my teammates."

"I'll bet," Harry said dryly, but he groaned softly when the strong fingers pressed at a tight spot between his shoulder blades.

"I've read about you in the Prophet," Malfoy said conversationally. "Did you really split with the Weaselette, or is that a media fabrication?"

"It's true," Harry said without regret. Harry had spent more and more time at work, and less and less time with Ginny. When they were together, they inevitably rowed about Harry's absences. Harry's final confession had severed the relationship forever, although *that*, thankfully, had not been in the papers.

"Good," said Malfoy and there seemed to be volumes of unspoken meaning in the single word, but perhaps that was simply wishful thinking on Harry's part. He suddenly felt his shirt being pulled from his waistband and started so violently he nearly spilled his drink. Malfoy chuckled.

"Take it easy, hero, I just don't want to get oil on your shirt."

"What oil?" Harry asked stupidly, but allowed Malfoy to pull the tank over his head, after setting the cold glass on the railing. He tried to quell the damned voice that was screaming with glee at the thrill of being partially undressed by Draco Malfoy. Harry heard the clink of a crystal stopper, and then droplets of cool liquid hit his shoulders.

"Olive oil. The Greeks are big on olive oil, you know. This one has some herbal additives to unwind tense muscles. I use it after Quidditch matches."

Harry could not complain about the oil, or the application. A delightful sense of languor was

stealing over him and his skin tingled everywhere Malfoy's hands went. The tight muscles of his back and shoulders were kneaded and pushed into slack lassitude. Malfoy's hands moved higher. Harry leaned back slightly and actually moaned when the fingers pressed into his neck and squeezed, both gentle and rough at once, with taut thumb-caresses in all the right places. The hands slipped forward over Harry's chest, and he managed not to hiss with ecstasy when Malfoy's palms brushed over his nipples, but it took a damned lot of effort, including nearly biting his tongue in half.

When the fingers languidly caressed Harry's abdominal muscles, he belatedly realized the strokes had changed—they were no longer massaging, but now seemed to be tracing every line of Harry's flesh, searching and mapping with erotic determination.

"Er… is this still a massage?" Harry asked hoarsely. He felt Malfoy's shirt against his back, and hard muscles beneath that. Hot breath touched his throat and then lips brushed his earlobe gently.

"No, we've moved on to seduction, now," Malfoy said in a voice that sent shivers straight to Harry's loins.

"Oh," Harry managed.

Malfoy pressed himself firmly against Harry's back and placed a hot, open-mouthed kiss on his neck.

"Is that okay?" Malfoy asked. Harry could not have formed a coherent sentence if his life depended on it. For reply, he tipped his head back and parted his lips. A sound that resembled delight rumbled against his back, uttered by Malfoy, and then Harry was kissed with exquisite thoroughness. The sensations were overwhelming. He felt both doomed and rescued at once. Malfoy's hands never ceased moving, sliding from the tops of Harry's shoulders to the waistband of his trousers, and back again.

He reveled in the incredible sensations and found his own hands reaching back to touch all of Malfoy they could reach, which turned out to be his hips. Draco groaned against his mouth, and turned Harry around. The movement broke the kiss and Harry's eyes widened.

"Oh god, is this about Goyle—" Harry had the sudden fear that Malfoy was simply trying to distract him. He expected anger, or even a petulant scowl, anything but the grin and chuckle Malfoy bestowed on him.

"This was never about Goyle, Potter. I'm the one that sent the poster and the reward to the Ministry, with instructions that they be delivered directly to you. No one cares about Goyle."

Harry blinked at him, utterly puzzled.

"Why would you do that?"

"To lure you here, of course. Brilliant, wasn't it?"

"Brilliant? You mean sneaky, underhanded, devious, and completely insane?"

"It worked, didn't it?

"You couldn't have walked into the Ministry and asked me out, like a normal person?"

"Would you have agreed?"

Malfoy did not wait for an answer. He kissed Harry again and the why and wherefores suddenly didn't make a jot of difference. Harry lost himself in Malfoy's kisses, and finally thought to ask, a very long time later, "Malfoy, what did you write on my arm?"

Malfoy chuckled and did something with his tongue that made Harry gasp. "Property of Draco Malfoy."

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Chapter: 4

Le Obscure Prompt War – Round Four

Prompts: plastic skeleton, handmade red candle, bucket hat, newborn kitten

Penalty prompts from Round Three: 2 Euro coin, Durex Play Spray, foot phobia

This one was brutal. Seven prompts, oh my.

Colin's Revenge

Colin sat quite despondently on the front steps of Hogwarts, nursing his 72nd rejection by Harry Potter. Not that Harry Potter had done it intentionally. Harry Potter never did anything to Colin intentionally. That was the problem. Everything Harry Potter said, and everything Harry Potter did in regards to Colin was unintentional. Absent greetings, accidental bumps, gazes that swept past Colin with barely a hint of acknowledgment… Colin was tired of it. The luster had gone from his worship of Harry Potter.

He sat on the steps instead of watching the Slytherin-Gryffindor Quidditch match. He had refused to watch it on principal, and instead sat flipping a 2 Euro coin into the air. He spotted the dark head of Harry Potter walking from the Quidditch pitch next to Ron Weasley. Ron certainly wasn't ignored by the great Potter. Colin looked at his coin speculatively.

"Heads I will make Harry Potter sorry for treating me like shite. Tails I will forget Harry Potter ever lived."

The coin spun into the air, carrying the fates of two unsuspecting students with it. Colin caught it on the reverse trip and slapped it to his arm. Heads.

Harry Potter paused on the bottom step as he was jostled aside by an angry flash of black and green.

"Step aside for your betters, Potter," Draco Malfoy snapped. Harry Potter was instantly energized. He straightened, he glared, and Colin read tension in every line of his body. Harry Potter certainly did not treat Draco Malfoy with indifference.

And Colin's wicked plot for revenge was born.

ooOoo

Harry was eating breakfast when a small body planted itself between him and Ron. Harry smiled absently at Colin Creevey, who leaned forward conspiratorily.

"I heard something yesterday. From a very reliable source. A bloke in Slytherin fancies you. *A lot*."

Harry's eyes flicked to the Slytherin table with a frisson of panic. He looked at Malfoy, who was not even glancing at Harry. He sighed in relief.

"I'm not into blokes, Colin," he said dismissively.

Colin shrugged. "Well, in case you're curious, he'll be carrying a skeleton into Potions today," he whispered. He winked at Harry and left.

ooOoo

Draco was nearly bowled over by an idiot Gryffindor Potter fanboy. Before he could hex the git, a life-sized plastic skeleton was thrust at him. The boy—one of the moronic Creeveys—panted. "Dumbledore… told me to tell you… to give this back to Snape."

"I am not Dumbledore's errand boy," Draco snarled, but Potter's fanboy had bolted. Luckily for him, Draco had not made up his mind whether rabbit ears or antennae would look better adorning his head. Draco sauntered into Potions and launched the skeleton at Snape's desk. It promptly slid off the desk and into Snape's chair. Draco shrugged and went to his seat.

On the way, he sent an absent sneer in Potter's direction, but he stopped short at the look on Potter's face. It resembled… damn, it looked like Potter had been poleaxed. He stared at Draco

with a mixture of shock and… well who cared?

Draco ignored the gaping Gryffindor. Snape stormed into the room and glared at the skeleton. "What is this?" Snape demanded, but Draco ignored him, too. He could take it up with Dumbledore.

ooOoo

Harry parked himself against the wall after Potions. His mind was reeling. Draco Malfoy fancied him? It seemed insane, but the more he thought about it, the more sense it made. The biting comments, the threats, the brutal shoves in the hall—Malfoy was trying to conceal his true feelings!

For the first time in his life, Harry felt a wave of pity for the Slytherin. It must be horrible to fall for your worst enemy. No wonder Malfoy was always so angry.

ooOoo

Colin lurked in the hallway. He wore a bucket hat that was two sizes too large, in order to conceal his features. Over that, he wore a nondescript black cloak. He grinned happily at the sight of Harry Potter leaning against the wall, looking shocked and dismayed.

It was time for Phase Two.

ooOoo

Draco was on his way to Herbology when a black cloaked figure in a ridiculous white hat bumped into him. A note was shoved into Draco's hand and then the person blended into the crowd. Well, actually, the white hat stuck out like a seagull in a flock of crows, and Draco watched until it rounded a corner out of sight. He opened the note.

A certain Gryffindor bloke fancies you. He will have a red candle in Herbology today. Thought you might want to know. A friend.

Draco sneered. A friend. Ha! None of Draco's friends would be caught dead in such an idiotic hat, even as a disguise. It was likely some Hufflepuff's idea of a joke. The idea of a bloke fancying him was of little concern. Most people fancied Draco, male and female alike. It was inevitable.

He incinerated the note and went to class.

ooOoo

Harry was nearly late for Herbology again. He pelted across the grounds and was almost knocked over by Colin Creevey, who latched onto him.

"Harry! I need you to do me a favor! It's terribly important!"

Harry tried to shake him off. "I'm already late, Colin."

Colin pressed something into his hand. "I just need you to set this next to the juniper bonsai and light it! It has to be done today, or I'll have horrible luck for the rest of the week. It's part of a counter-curse! Promise me you'll do it, Harry!"

Harry wanted to argue, but knew the fastest way to be rid of Colin was to agree.

"Fine, Colin. I promise. I'll light it next to the juniper bonsai."

Colin smiled happily and released him. Harry ran, and made it to class in the nick of time. He breathed a sigh of relief and looked at the object Colin had given him. It was a lumpy red candle with a lopsided wick, probably homemade. Harry rolled his eyes, but a promise was a promise. He walked to the juniper bonsai and set down the ugly candle. He lit it with a spell. As he did so, his eyes flicked over and met Malfoy's. The Slytherin was staring at him so intently Harry felt himself blush. A sharp comment was on his lips, but he suddenly found it hard to say something scathing. Malfoy suffered from unrequited love, after all. Instead, Harry gave him a small, sad smile. Malfoy looked like he'd been slapped.

Harry found himself exchanging several long, searching looks with the Slytherin during Herbology, and when the red candle ignited the juniper bonsai, causing instant pandemonium, neither of them noticed.

ooOoo

Draco was stunned. Harry Potter. The very last person on Draco's list of suspects. Stupid Hufflepuff and his stupid bloody joke. Draco would have revenge. And then Potter lit the candle and his eyes met Draco's, and the git blushed—actually *blushed*. Draco felt his jaw sag open in astonishment, and then Potter smiled at him. A tiny, somewhat sad smile that seemed to hint of the deep sorrow of unrequited love.

Bloody fucking hell. The bucket hat-wearing Hufflepuff had been right. Harry Potter fancied him. The more he considered the idea, the more obvious it seemed. No wonder Potter rejected Draco at every turn. His constant defensive animosity was easily explained, now. He was ashamed of his desire for Draco.

Draco felt something foreign to his nature. So alien it took him long moments to identify it. Aha! It was pity. He felt sorry for the bloody Gryffindor—in love with the one person at Hogwarts he could never have. It was a crying shame.

ooOoo

Draco went to study in his usual private spot, but halted in shock when he saw it occupied. He marched forward to hex the offender, and froze when he saw it was Potter. Potter, usurping his personal, private spot!

Well, it was large enough for two, he supposed. It was a huge, wall-like ledge between two pillars, screened from view by thick bushes.

Draco sat down, ignoring Potter completely. He opened his scroll and tried to read, but found himself distracted by the Boy Who Lived a meter away. Potter had a quill and kept brushing it annoyingly over his lower lip.

A Weasley suddenly occupied the space next to Draco, swinging his bare feet up to hog the majority of the seating area. He clutched something furry and mewling. Draco launched himself sideways in horror.

"Bloody hell, Weasley! Your feet are bare! And filthy! Can't afford shoes at all now? Ew, you nearly touched me!"

Potter spoke, and his voice was astonishingly close. Draco realized he had nearly thrown himself into Potter's lap in order to escape the taloned hooves of the Weasel.

"What's wrong, Malfoy? Do you have some sort of foot phobia?" Potter's voice was abnormal. Light and teasing, instead of scathing and angry. His shoulder pressed into Draco's back and their thighs were touching.

"When said foot is attached to a Weasley, then yes, I do have a foot phobia."

He wondered how to extricate himself from Potter's warm, nice-smelling presence.

ooOoo

Harry grinned at George, who said, "Crookshanks had kittens. Aren't they adorable? Want one, Harry?" He held up the cuddly ball of ginger fluff.

"Kittens? I thought Crookshanks was male. And fat."

"Wrong on both counts," said George. "Hey, Hannah! Fancy a kitten?"

George scurried off, and Harry found himself alone with Draco Malfoy.

"Er… you can move back now."

Malfoy scowled. "This is my personal, *private* study spot. I think you should leave."

"I was here first," Harry protested.

"It's my spot and I'm not moving."

"Well, neither am I."

Harry smoothed his paper with one hand—because the other was firmly trapped between Malfoy's back and the wall—and began to read. Malfoy huffily opened his scroll and appeared to ignore Harry completely.

Harry began to feel quite warm, even though it was nice and cool in the shade of the wall. He found himself looking at Malfoy, studying the fine edge of his jaw, and marveling at the color of his hair. He realized his hand was curved over the edge of Malfoy's hip.

"Your hair looks very nice today," Harry said abruptly, and then thought about *Crucioing* himself for mentioning it.

Rather than snarling at him, Malfoy tipped his head back slightly and looked at Harry.

"Well, yours is atrocious, as usual, and your fashion sense is horrifying beyond reason, but… youhaveareallynicesmile," Malfoy said quietly. "Not that it means anything, mind you, because I am certainly not—"

Harry decided the best way to shut the Slytherin up was to kiss him. So he did. After an hour of delightful snogging that ended with them on the ground beneath the bushes, Harry thought of a better use for the Durex Play Spray stuffed under the mattress of his bed. It would probably be a lot more fun to use it on someone other than himself.

He mentioned it wickedly to Malfoy, and they mowed down everyone in their path on their way to Gryffindor tower, oblivious to the looks of astonishment.

ooOoo

Colin was quite put out when the first rumors of the Potter-Malfoy romance reached his ears. They were supposed to kill each other, damn it. But when he saw the dreamy look on Harry Potter's face at breakfast, and when Draco Malfoy patted Colin on the head rather than turn him into a radish in the hall, he thought maybe it wasn't such a bad thing. In fact, Colin could be the best matchmaker in history. If he could get Malfoy and Potter together, he could get *anyone* together!

Yes, indeed… how about that water buffalo Bulstrode in Slytherin? Wasn't she eyeing that scrawny Hufflepuff lad the other day…?

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Chapter: 5

Le Obscure Prompt War – Round Five

Prompts: hospital, stubby pencil, box of Smarties, pig heart, corset

This is the final episode of LOPW, as lilith1631 has declared me the victor. Mostly because she's going to Rome on holiday and will have no internet access. However, we have decided to begin LOPW II immediately upon her return.

Confundus

When Harry woke up, he recognized his surroundings without surprise. Most people would be somewhat shocked to find themselves regaining consciousness in a hospital, but Harry Potter was not most people, and his first thought was simply, "Hospital again. Wonder which one?"

He Summoned his glasses and put them on. His eyes skimmed the room casually while he did a mental check to assess for damage. He felt pretty good, considering he just woke up in a hospital bed. Ah, that brickwork was familiar. St. Mungo's then. Harry, of course, had been in and out of St. Mungo's so many times they had considered keeping a dedicated room open just for him. They had built a new wing with the proceeds from his many bills.

The door opened and Harry perked up, wondering which nurse he would have today. Harry knew them all by name.

Draco Malfoy was not one of them. Harry looked at the blond curiously.

"Did you put me here?" Harry asked.

"Regrettably, no," Malfoy replied. "What is the last thing you remember?"

Harry thought back. "We were at Beckingham Park. I had the Defense Against the Dark Arts class with me."

Draco sauntered to the table next to Harry's bed and peered at a huge bouquet of flowers. Harry blinked at them in shock.

"Flowers? How long have I been here?"

"Long enough to have gifts," Draco said. "Oh! Smarties!" He snatched up the brightly colored package of candies and wrenched it open. Harry thought he might be dreaming.

"You know those are Muggle sweets, right?"

Draco snorted. "I prefer to believe a wizard created this confection in order to sell it to unsuspecting Muggles. He's probably rolling in Galleons." Draco tipped his head back and dropped a huge handful of sweets into his mouth. Between the slender line of his pale throat and the blissful moan he made, Harry found himself staring at Malfoy quite idiotically.

"You were at the park…" Malfoy reminded him, crunching happily and jiggling the remaining chocolate morsels in one hand. Harry scowled.

"Aren't those mine?"

Malfoy smirked. "They *were*. Do go on."

Harry glared. He really liked Smarties.

"What are you doing here, anyway?" Harry asked. Malfoy turned his attention to the flowers—white roses, Harry noted with surprise—who the fuck would send him white roses?

"Humor me, Potter."

Harry snarled, "Fine. I was at Beckingham Park with the kids. That horrid Zabini boy—"

"Julian Zabini? He's delightful. Blaise's nephew."

"He's a menace," Harry snapped. "He's like you and the Weasley twins rolled into one evil package. He smuggled a pig's heart to the park. What sort of wretched, demented beast smuggles a pig's heart on a field trip?"

"A Slytherin beast?" Malfoy offered.

"That bloody well goes without saying."

Malfoy chuckled. "Actually, I believe he meant to stage a duel and pretend to rip the heart from one of his friend's chests. The Gryffindors would have fainted."

"So would I," Harry said. "How do you know that's what he planned?"

"Oh, Blaise and I pulled that stunt on a bunch of Hufflepuffs when we were thirteen. Nearly killed the lot of them from the shock alone." Malfoy laughed at the memory and Harry noticed that he had a nice laugh, even if he was pure evil.

"That's not funny."

"Come on, Potter. It's hilarious." Malfoy chuckled a bit longer, and then asked, "What then?"

"You should know. We were having a picnic lunch in the park when you and Hermione showed up—I still can't quite get over that, mind you."

"Over what?"

"You and Hermione. It boggles."

"I'll have you know, I've been working with Granger for two full years now. She's a fine girl. A peach. A paragon of personhood."

Harry gaped at him. Malfoy's eyes narrowed.

"Fine, Potter. I admit I was a horrid, bigoted, snobbish, not-very-nice person when I was younger. People change."

Harry wanted to argue, but he did not want to get into another age-old row with Draco Malfoy. At least not until he found out what the Slytherin was doing here.

"I'll ignore that, for now. Regardless, you and Hermione popped in from the Ministry, because Hermione felt it was *vitally* necessary to ask me to dinner in person, instead of merely sending me a damned owl or a Patronus…" Harry still had his doubts, there. Hermione was up to something. Harry knew it.

"Lucky for you Granger is impulsive."

Impulsive was hardly the word Harry would use to describe Hermione, but it was fortuitous that they had arrived, because shortly thereafter, Harry lost all control.

"Yes, well at that point the blasted Zabini boy started a food fight."

"You saw him do it?"

"I know he did it!" Harry snapped.

"I stand corrected, Professor Snape."

"Sod off, Malfoy," Harry said, but he flushed at the reprimand. Slytherin bastard. "Fine. Someone started a food fight."

Malfoy grinned. "Much better. Then what?"

"Well, I remember running forward to intercept a bottle being thrown at Roger Dawkins… and that's it. Everything is blank after that. You were there—what happened?"

Malfoy snatched up a large, flat box from the table.

"A present? You have a present, Potter. Who is it from?"

Harry thought Malfoy's voice was a bit more snappish than warranted. It almost sounded accusatory.

"How should I know? I just woke up. Isn't there a card?"

Malfoy rifled around until he held up a card.

"Well, well, well. It's from Zacharias Smith."

Harry paled. "Oh god! Don't open it!"

The admonition was too late. Malfoy had wrenched open the box. His pale eyebrows nearly disappeared into his hair as he held up a curious bit of silk, lace, and whalebone. Bright red.

"A corset?" Malfoy asked. Harry buried his face in his hands. "Is there something you want to tell me, Potter?"

Harry mumbled through his hands. "Put it away!"

"Which of you is supposed to wear it? You, or Smith?"

"I don't know and I don't care!" Harry yelled, mortified. "Just get rid of it!"

Malfoy huffed and replaced the garment in the box.

"All right, Potter. I didn't know you were that kinky. And Zacharias Smith? A *Hufflepuff*? What were you thinking?"

Harry gaped at him for a moment, until his brain caught up with Malfoy's wretched train of thought.

"What? You think I…? And… and *Smith*? We…? No! No, no, no! God, nothing like that!"

Malfoy watched him as though Harry's protests were bald-faced lies.

"Really! I only kissed him once, years ago! When I was *drunk*! The bastard has been stalking me ever since! He sends me twenty owls a week. How did he even know I was here?" Harry leaped on a subject change like a rabid dog. "Weren't you telling me what happened?"

Malfoy tossed the incriminating box aside. He took a stubby pencil from the table and absently picked up Harry's medical chart.

"Yes, well, after you rushed over to sacrifice yourself and save the worthless Dawkins boy, you were hit with a Confundus Charm," Malfoy said while reading the chart.

"A… what? Who hit me with a Charm? The wands were all left at Hogwarts."

"Apparently one of the little darlings smuggled one along."

Zabini! Harry thought, but clamped his jaw shut. Malfoy made a notation on Harry's chart with the pencil. Harry refused to ask. He refused.

"What happened then?" he asked instead.

"You were completely giddy—made me rather curious to see you drunk, actually—and you immediately flung yourself on my neck and declared your undying love for me."

Harry thought he must have stepped into an alternate universe for a moment. Perhaps he was still sleeping and this was all a very bizarre dream.

"I did what?" he managed to squeak. Malfoy made another quick note to his chart before glancing at Harry and nodding.

"Oh yes. And then you kissed me quite passionately."

Malfoy finished his assault on Harry's chart and replaced it into the holder before tossing the stubby pencil aside.

"I… I kissed you," Harry repeated. Malfoy put both hands on the mattress and leaned over Harry, who shrank back against the pillows.

"You don't remember, Potter?"

"No."

"Perhaps this will remind you," Malfoy said and leaned closer. Harry forgot to breathe, luckily, because Malfoy's lips choked off his access to air. Malfoy crushed his head into the pillow as his mouth pressed over Harry's roughly, but his lips were pulling, sucking gently at Harry's mouth. The kiss was both gentle and demanding and Harry thought he might faint from an overload of sensation.

He clenched his fists into the bedclothes to keep from wrapping them into Malfoy's hair and pulling him into a kiss from which he would never escape. Malfoy's tongue slipped languidly over Harry's lips, sending shockwaves of desire pounding through Harry's blood. Malfoy nibbled Harry's lower lip, bit it slightly, and drew back. Harry tried to focus.

"Remember now?" Malfoy asked in a voice that rolled over Harry like a warm blanket.

"No," Harry admitted miserably.

"Were you lying when you said you were in love with me?" Malfoy asked. His eyes were silver pools Harry wanted to dive into. He could not look away, even though he reddened in mortification.

"No," he said softly.

Malfoy grinned wickedly. Harry spoke, even though his throat had gone as dry as the Sahara. "So, after I kissed you, you hexed me into oblivion?"

"No. After you kissed me, I did this," Malfoy said and leaned in to capture Harry's lips again. Harry made a sound of astonishment that came out as a highly undignified squeak, but the shock lasted only as long as it too Harry to raise his arms and wrap them around Malfoy's neck.

A stern throat-clearing noise came to Harry and he whimpered in disappointment as Malfoy slowly detached from Harry's clinging grip. Harry managed to let go, even though the urge to wrap himself around the Slytherin permanently was strong.

Hermione stood in the doorway with her arms crossed.

"It's about time, but maybe you two can pick a less public place to snog? How's your head, Harry?"

"Erm, still Obliviated, apparently, but I feel fine. Who hit me with that spell, anyway? I still can't remember anything."

Hermione quirked a brow at him. "What spell? You ran to catch the bottle and tripped on that foul pig's heart. Slammed your head straight into a stone bench and knocked yourself cold. Malfoy brought you here while I took your class back to Hogwarts."

Harry glared at Malfoy. "I was never hit with a Confundus?"

"No," said Hermione, sounding curious.

"And I never kissed Malfoy and professed my undying love?" Harry demanded. His voice was going strident. Hermione giggled.

"Certainly not! You were too severely in denial for that. Er… what changed?"

Harry's eyes were fixed on Malfoy, who grinned at him wickedly.

"Well, it *should* have happened that way," Malfoy said and shrugged. He brushed a hand over

Harry's forehead before sliding it down to cup his jaw. "I'll be at your place in an hour, Potter. Don't be late."

With that, Malfoy went to the door and out.

"Oh, how sweet," Hermione squealed, holding the card from the bouquet. "Malfoy sent you white roses. So cute! What's in the box?"

Harry ignored her and snatched at his medical chart. Under TREATMENT, Malfoy had written: *Shag Draco Malfoy six times daily*.