Fic: Why Insulting the Boyfriend is a Bad Idea - Part One

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Pairing: Draco Malfoy and Harry Potter

Rating: NC-17

Warnings: slash/strong language/sexual situations/flangst—heavy on the fl and light on the angst.

Summary: What occurs to teach Ron Weasley the consequences of muttering an ill-chosen phrase.

Word count: 6600

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WHY INSULTING THE BOYFRIEND IS A BAD IDEA

Part One, cuz LJ has this stupid word limit....

"Draco!"

"Piss off, Potter."

Draco left the Great Hall and walked briskly down the corridor, the torches in their iron wall brackets casting brilliant firelight into the white-blond hair and throwing a golden glow over the square shoulders. Harry pushed through the doorway and came after him.

"Draco," he said, his tone more conciliatory as he approached him from behind. Draco felt him reach out a square hand and touch his slender shoulder through the softness of his school robes, but Draco just jerked away and kept walking. Harry paused. "You aren't really mad," he called to the back of the fair head, sinking his hands into the pockets of his blue jeans. That got the desired affect. Draco stopped short and turned, his body rigid, his mouth tight and his eyes narrowed.

"I beg your pardon?" he hissed in measured tones.

Harry shrugged his jumper clad shoulders. He'd taken time after their last class to change from his school robes, and now wore the green cashmere sweater that Draco had gifted him with at Christmas just weeks before and a pair of worn Levi's. "I said," Harry repeated carefully, "that you aren't really mad." His green eyes were level as he stared into Draco's pale face.

"How dare you!" he spat. "How dare you tell me what I am, or am not, feeling? You don't have the first clue, Potter. Don't flatter yourself into thinking that you do."

Harry smirked. "Oh, it's back to Potter, is it? Little late for that, don't you think?"

“Why?” Draco crossed his arms over his chest. “Because we’re fucking? Don’t fool yourself; you’ll be Potter ‘til the day you die, if I deign to ever speak to you again.” He turned and started to stride angrily away, but only got about five steps when he was drawn up short with a jerk. He froze, his eyes resolutely ahead, his jaw ticking angrily. “Let me go.”

Harry just stood there, the robe grasped in his hand. “Nope,” he said calmly, casually tightening his grip on the silk. “And,” he said, an unmistakable smirk in his voice, “I seem to remember being ‘Harry’ last night.”

“Let. Me. Go.” Draco repeated, shooting a poisonous look over his shoulder. Harry just shook his head slowly, his green eyes resolute. “Fine,” the blond spat, dipping his shoulders and letting the robe slide away from his body, leaving it hanging in Harry’s hand as, freed from the fabric, he strode briskly away. He heard the muttered cursing behind him, and allowed himself a small, triumphant smile just before his feet seemed to catch on absolutely nothing, and he fell face first onto the floor. Only the fact that his reflexes were quickened by years of Quidditch kept him from smashing his nose into the hard, cold stones beneath his palms.

“You stupid prat,” he shouted. “I could have smashed my face!”

“Which would have been a real shame,” Harry said resolutely behind him. “It being so pretty, and all.”

Draco braced his arms to turn but found that he couldn’t when a weight settled astride his lower back, then hands pushed his shoulders down, pressing them to the floor. “Get the fuck off of me!”

“Not until you listen to reason!” Harry retorted, his mouth surprisingly near Draco’s right ear. His breathe smelled of mint and Firewhiskey, and stirred the short hairs just in front of the curled shell.

“Reason, from you?” Draco retorted, attempting to push back with his shoulders, but the year that Harry had spent in the woods with Weasel and the Mudblood had added a stone or more muscle to his frame, and he was now bulkier and sturdier than Draco’s willowy litheness. Usually, he appreciated the distinction, but right now he was too furious to care. “You’re not capable of reason, you ignoramus.

Now get the fuck off of me."

"Nope," Harry said again, and Draco felt his chest settle against his shoulder blades, felt him shift until there was an unmistakable hardness pressed against the cleft in Draco's arse. "They were just kidding," Harry whispered against his ear, and the words along with that hardness pressing into him stoked his fury. Adding insult to injury was the drifting sound of laughter that met his ears. Clearly, Potter's friends had come to the door of the Great Hall, and were now enjoying the show.

"Woohoo!" He heard Weaslebee laugh raucously. "Give the little bitch what for, Harry!"

Draco went very stiff beneath the press of Harry's hard body, teeth clenched, fists clenched as waves of humiliation rolled over him. He turned his face away from Harry's mouth, his eyes closing. "Get off of me," he repeated, but now his voice sounded quiet, and oddly constrained. "Please."

Harry went still in surprise before he lifted himself up and away. Draco pushed up with his arms, ignoring the hand that Harry held out to help him. In fact, he ignored Harry completely as he gathered the tattered remnants of his dignity around him and stalked away, leaving Harry holding his robes in the middle of the wide hallway.

Behind him, he thought he heard Granger's voice speaking sharply, but he couldn't be fussed to care.

It was nearly three hours later when he heard the wooden door scrape over the stones of the Owlry floor as it was pushed open. He curled into himself, arms around his knees, and refused to look from the stars, brilliant against the black velvet of the night sky, but he knew who it was. He'd known it was only a matter of time.

"I know that you're there," he heard Harry say softly as the door was forced closed again, dragging loudly over the uneven parapet. Draco didn't answer, just continued to stare unseeing at the night sky, pale hands gripping his knees. He was stiff, and cold, and wished desperately that there had been a way to break the castle's new wards so that he could get away. It was only the vast sneakiness of the Auror's

who had set them that had foiled him, or he'd have been long gone by now.

He heard footsteps approach, then stop not far from his side. "You must be freezing," he heard a voice say in soft exasperation, and then a heavy winter cloak was swirled over his knees and arms. He would rather have died than admit that the warmth it still held from Harry's body was welcome. There was another uncomfortable pause. "Can I sit?"

Draco clenched his teeth. "Can I stop you?" he said through them.

"No," came the unruffled response. Harry sat beside him, but when his upper arm brushed Draco's, the blond shifted away. He heard the responding sigh. There was a taut silence. "What do you want me to say, Draco?" He finally asked, and Draco could feel his eyes on the side of his face. Draco just shrugged, crossing his arms tighter over his chest beneath the black wool. "If I tell you that I'm sorry, will you even believe me?"

Draco's jaw hardened. "Will you even mean it?"

Harry sighed again, and in his peripheral vision, he saw Harry drag his hand through his thick black hair, a sure indication of his agitation. Harry had several 'tells' that indicated his state of mind; this was just the most obvious. And if it were anything to go by, he was extremely nervous, and that gave Draco a small pang of vengeful satisfaction. "I'm sorry you got your feelings hurt," Harry began tentatively. "I never meant…"

Draco turned eyes onto his that were so cold they were like chips of ice. "You're sorry I got my feeling hurt?" he said, venom dripping from each word. "Why you bloody infuriating, idiotic…" He started to push himself up, but Harry was quicker and shifted in front of him, his hands going to his shoulders.

"No," he said tautly, and for the first time, Draco saw fully the lines of misery around his expressive eyes. "You aren't going to go tearing off in another hissy fit until you've heard what I have to say."

Draco subsided beneath his hands, knowing he was no match in strength for the other man, and

involuntarily compelled by the expression on his face.

“I put that wrong,” Harry said earnestly, “but you can’t tell me that you weren’t hurt by what Ron said.”

Draco’s eyes narrowed. “I wasn’t hurt,” he seethed. “I was furious. I’m still furious. And the fact that you just…sat there, with that idiotic grin on your stupid face…”

His temper was re-engaging, and he struggled against the press of Harry’s hands, but it was a futile effort when Harry leaned hard into his chest, their eyes just inches apart.

“I said I was sorry,” he said tightly. “I mean it. Now will you let me finish? Please?”

Draco could see his own eyes reflected in the lenses of Harry’s glasses, saw how wide and almost fearful they appeared, and forced himself to subside back against the stone wall at his back. High above in the rafters, disturbed by the raised voices, the owls shifted and hooted in their sleep. After a few moments, silence settled again.

Harry took and released a deep breath. “I didn’t handle it right, okay? I should have told Ron that he was bang out of line, and to shut the hell up, but we’d been laughing and everything had seemed…okay again, for a few minutes, and I wanted…” his voice trailed away and his eyes dropped, and Draco felt weariness roll over him in waves.

He knew that the last six months had been hard for Harry. He knew that coming back to Hogwarts for his seventh and final year, fresh from his defeat of the He Who Turned Out To Be a Maniac had been a jolting change. Draco had been surprised, frankly, when he’d heard that the ‘Boy Who Lived—Twice’ was actually going to come back as a student just like the rest of them.

The Ministry had decided that even those who had been at Hogwarts during their final year had not received an ‘adequate education’. Draco had snorted at that; gee, like the Carrow’s hadn’t been great educators. But of course, for Potter, he had never been just like the rest of them, and that had been made all too clear almost immediately upon his return. He had an entourage now, not just Weasley and Granger. People followed him everywhere, toadying up to him, trying to gain his favor, and even Draco

had been able to see that it had embarrassed him. He'd been with the Weasley chit for the first few weeks, but that seemed to have run its course by Halloween and she'd gone on to Longbottom. And then Potter had come to him one day, eyes lowered, hawthorn wand in hand, with a startling announcement.

"I'd like it," he'd said in that self-effacing way of his after returning Draco's wand, "if we could just put the past behind us and move on."

Draco had stared at him, eyes watchful. "I've been a jerk; I know that." Potter had rushed on. "But then, so have you, and honestly, if you and I could get along, then maybe the rest of them would just…give it a rest, you know?"

Draco did know. The inter-house enmity was worse than ever, and the few surviving Slytherin's were taking the brunt of it. Draco tried to protect the younger ones, but it was rapidly becoming a full time job and he knew that he was in over his head. The practical side of him could certainly see the appeal; with Potter as champion, the rest of the students would have to fall in line. His eyes narrowed slightly.

"Playing the hero again, Potter?" he'd asked archly. Potter's shoulders had slumped, but he hadn't turned away.

"Maybe," he admitted wearily. "I don't know. I just know that I don't want to fight anymore. I've had enough of it to last me the rest of my life. Haven't you?"

They'd stared at one another for a long time, and then Malfoy had nodded and held out his hand. Harry had stared at it, then had taken it in his, the significance not lost on him. But he hadn't shaken it, as Draco had expected. He'd just held it in his, fingers wrapped around it, and as the warmth of his palm had settled against Draco's, the slow sizzle of electricity between them had been unmistakable. They'd stared into one another's eyes for another long moment before Potter had dropped his hand and slowly backed away, never breaking his gaze.

Draco had been dumbstruck. He'd known about his preference for members of his own sex for a long time, since fourth year. He'd even entertained more than a few fantasies about Potter over the years, particularly after finding himself pressed against all of that coiled muscle on the back of a broom as

Potter has whisked him to safety from the fire engulfed Room of Requirement. He'd die before admitting it, but for months the vision he'd wanked to had been brilliant green eyes and longish, messy black hair and stubble. Good Lord, that stubble had turned his knees to water. But this? This was…weird. He'd backed up a step, eyes wide on the drawn face. And then, once again, Potter had done the absolute last thing he'd anticipated; he'd smiled. Slowly, lips curled, teeth gradually emerging in a straight white line, and the knowledgeable look in those green eyes had gone straight to Draco's groin. The message had been unmistakable.

It still had taken another three weeks for either to act on that unspoken communication, and when they had, it had been almost completely accidental. Draco had been rushing up a staircase, Harry had been rushing down, and they'd collided, books and bags falling onto the stones beneath their feet. Harry had reached out and grabbed the front of Draco's robes to prevent him from falling, and the next thing Draco knew he'd been backed into a wall and was being kissed within an inch of his life. Fortunately, they'd both been late for class, hence the rushing in the first place, and the halls had been all but deserted. Unfortunately Peeves, who'd viewed the proceedings with glee, and then proceeded to announce it to everyone in the castle at the top of his lungs.

Draco's first impulse had been to deny it all. He still had his standing within his own house to consider, but he was far more concerned about Harry, honestly. It was one thing to come out; it was another to come out with a former Death Eater as a boyfriend. Not that they were dating or anything; it had been one snog, blown all out of proportion. An accident, really, and…but as he stammered through excuses and down right lies, he couldn't help but notice that Potter was not doing the same. He was remaining stoically silent as the Weasel and Granger had leapt to his defense, calling Peeves every sort of liar and deviant possible. But Potter? Potter just sat at the long table in the Great Hall, eyes steadily on Draco across the room, unblinking, staring, staring…it had made Draco's skin crawl. Finally, Potter had turned to his companions with a curt "drop it", and they'd stared at him in stunned surprise before lapsing into silence.

Draco would never know what Harry had said to his compatriots, but the next morning he was waiting outside of the Slytherin dormitories to walk Draco to breakfast, then lingered around the doors to the Great Hall afterwards to walk him to class. Draco had frowned at him in consternation, but Potter had just shrugged.

"They'll get over it, or they won't," he'd said enigmatically.

"Over what?" Draco had demanded. Harry had merely smiled and slipped Draco's book bag off of his

shoulders and added it to his own on his back.

That had been the beginning. At first, it had just been walks to class, soft conversations, glances exchanged across the room that held hidden promise. Harry hadn't kissed him again for another two weeks, but when he had…well, the results had been incendiary. Draco had never felt for anyone the raw desire he felt for Harry. Harry was relatively inexperienced, but what he lacked in practical knowledge he more than made up for with enthusiasm. When Draco had unconsciously reached up to rub at his neck one day during potions and his turtle neck had shifted, revealing purplish bite marks, Granger had stared while Weasley had made extravagant gagging noises. And Potter? Once again, Potter had merely smiled.

Draco knew that Harry's friends weren't pleased about the situation. The Gryffindor's in general eyed Malfoy as if he were a villain bent on the destruction of their hero. Weasley had been the most vocal, muttering under his breath about Imperious Curses, but he wasn't the only one unhappy. Finnigan and Thomas sneered at him when Harry wasn't looking, and Granger looked worried all of the time. Longbottom had just looked confused, frowning between them, but the one who had surprised him the most had been the Weaslette. She'd sent him a cheeky grin and a wink one night, then collapsed into giggles when he'd looked gobsmacked, leading him to believe that all Gryffindor's with red hair were quite possibly brain damaged. And still, Harry remained above the fray, often with that small enigmatic smile in place, looking faintly amused.

They'd gone on this way for weeks, and then that morning Harry had quietly mentioned that he'd like for Draco to join them that night in the Great Hall. The 'eighth years', as they were being called, had fairly free run of the castle after curfew, and someone had smuggled in two bottles of Firewhiskey, which they planned to camouflage as cider. They were going to 'hang out', Harry had said, and he wanted his now acknowledged boyfriend with him. Draco had been apprehensive about being surrounded by Gryffindor's, but Harry had rarely asked him for anything, and he'd been so earnest that Draco had agreed.

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WHY INSULTING THE BOYFRIENDS IS A BAD IDEA - Part Two

At first, it had gone surprisingly well. When Harry had spread his legs and patted the bench between his knees, Draco had sat gingerly but no one had made any comments and gradually, he'd leaned back into Harry's broad chest, enjoying the feeling of all of the sturdy muscle, enjoying the casual way that Harry rubbed his thigh or slipped his arm around Draco's waist. He encountered a few looks, but for the most part they seemed to have come to some sort of 'silent agreement', and chosen to, if not be friendly to Malfoy, at least not be antagonistic. That was, until they'd been drinking for a while.

Harry had had two or three glasses and was grinning in that silly way of his, his cheek against the side of Draco's head and his lips occasionally finding his ear. Draco had politely taken one drink, but years of training had taught him not to allow himself to relax too much around the enemy, and these people could certainly not be described as his friends. When Harry's hands had begun to travel as his inhibitions had loosened and he'd slid his hand across Draco's stomach inside of his robe, Draco had caught his wrist and turned his head, giving him a scolding look that just made his smile widen.

"What's the matter, Malfoy?"

Ron's voice had been loud, and when Draco had turned to look, there had been no mistaking the disgust

in his blue eyes, the curl of his full lip. Draco knew then that their reprieve was over.

"Don't wanna be groped? After all, you're the…what's it called?" he looked at Granger as if he was searching for the word, but the nasty curl of his lip gave him away. "Oh, I remember. You're the Bottom, aren't you?" His eyes were back on Draco, and they were ugly in their revulsion. "The girl. You're the one who takes it up the duff, right? Cuz we all know Harry's not grabbing his ankles for you, now don't we?"

"Ron," Granger had begun, but he wasn't listening to her.

Harry had gone very stiff at his back, but he'd not said anything. The silence had been condemning, and finally, Draco had carefully set his glass aside and risen with as much dignity as he could to leave the Great Hall.

"Gee, Malfoy, no offense intended," Weasley went on when it became abundantly clear that the opposite was in fact true. He was doing everything he could to offend, as much as possible. Draco turned without looking at Harry and stalked towards the Great Halls open doors. "Don't go away mad," Weasley called after him. He heard someone else say "just go away," and then there was derisive masculine laughter.

That was how he'd found himself in the hallway with Harry, where Weasley had called out the derisive 'little bitch' comment that had put the seal on his evening. He was still smarting from it, truth be told, and from the fact that Harry had not defended him. He hadn't known what he was expecting, honestly, but it hadn't been silence. In response to the whirlwind that was his emotions, he'd spent the last few hours trying to figure out ways to end it, because he really didn't think he could stand another shot to his pride like that. Pretty clearly, the 'golden boy' wasn't going to stand up to his friends and take his side; even Draco understood that that would be expecting too much. But now Harry was here, his body invading his space, his warm breath touching his face, and Draco felt his resolve begin to crumble. He tried to steel it.

"I know what you wanted," Draco said softly, even regretfully, his eyes on Harry's pale face. "You wanted us all to get along, to be friends." Harry's eyes lifted to his, and he looked so miserable that all Draco wanted to do was hold him. He didn't, wouldn't. That would be too easy, and he knew in his heart that this needed to be said, to be done, as quickly and as surgically as possible. "But don't you see, Harry?

We never can be that. Weasley is never going to trust me, he's never going to understand this. The rest of them don't like or trust me, either. You're probably better off, honestly, if you just…"

"Shut up," Harry interrupted emphatically, green eyes flaring to life, and Draco stilled, startled. "Don't you say that to me. Just don't! I've been told my whole fucking life what I'd be 'better off' with, and I'm done with that shite!"

"Harry," Draco tried again, but the hands on his shoulders tightened.

"Don't!" Harry repeated. "Don't do it. Don't break up with me, not over Ron, not over this." His eyes searched Draco's face almost wildly. "You don't get it, do you?" he asked harshly. "I've wanted you for at least two years, probably longer. I've watched and wanted…my God, Draco. I've wanked myself raw over that one time I saw you in the showers after Quidditch, all hard muscles and white skin and… I tried to fight it, did fight it, for years. I tried to be what they all wanted me to be, tried to be with Ginny. But I can't. I can't, and I won't. If you," his voice cracked and he paused to swallow. "If you don't want to deal with it, if you don't want to be with me, that's one thing. It'll kill me, but I can't make you love me. But if it's Ron and his stupid, dumb arse…"

Draco knew that his mouth had fallen open, and he lifted one trembling hand to cover Harry's lips and to stem the rushing tide of his words. Harry paused, green eyes wide on Draco's pale face. "What did you say?" Draco wheezed, brow furrowing. Harry blinked.

"I said it would kill me if you broke up with me over Ron, but…"

Draco shook his fair head quickly, his heart in his throat. "Not that," he whispered. "Not that part."

Harry stared, and Draco saw the moment that comprehension flooded his handsome face. He took his lower lip between his teeth for a moment, then dampened it with his tongue. "I can't make you love me," he whispered finally, eyes and voice raw, and Draco inhaled sharply.

"Do…do you…?" Draco wheezed, unable to get a full breath.

“Love you?” Harry gasped, laughing a little wildly. “So much it’s tearing me apart. So much I can’t stand to be away from you for ten minutes at a time. So much that I’m so fucking terrified right now that I feel like I might be sick and…”

“Stop.”

Harry went still, his words tumbling into silence, his eyes on Draco’s pale but gentle face. “Just…stop. And come here.”

Draco’s words were barely a breath of sound, but Harry heard them and with a relieved, choked sob, he pressed his face into Draco’s throat. He closed his slender arms around the shuddering form and held on, tight.

“Oh my God,” Harry breathed. “I’ve been so scared, so bloody fucking scared. I can’t lose you now, Draco,” he said, his breath hot against the pale throat. “I can’t.”

“You aren’t,” Draco soothed him, hands moving over the shuddering back in slow, gentle circles. “It’s all right. It’s all right. I’m not going anywhere.”

“I’m sorry,” Harry went on, as if the flood gates were loosed. “I should have said something, I should have punched Ron in his stupid mouth. I just…froze. I didn’t know what to do…”

“It doesn’t matter,” Draco murmured into his wealth of black hair, his throat tight with emotion. “I over-reacted.”

“You didn’t,” Harry said, shaking his head. “Ron’s an idiot.”

“Well,” Draco said, a bit of wryness returning. “You won’t hear me argue with that.”

Harry exhaled heavily, and the hot breath seared Draco's throat. They stayed that way for a long time, Harry's face against Draco's collar bone, Draco's slender hands moving gently over his spine.

"If it makes you feel any better," Harry said long minutes later, "Ron won't be sitting comfortably for a week after the reaming Hermione gave him. They all crawled off to bed like kicked dogs when she got done with them."

Draco sighed. "Reduced to being defended by Granger," he said a bit wryly, and to his relief, he felt Harry laugh raggedly.

"She can be right fierce, when the mood strikes her." Harry lifted his head, and Draco smoothed his hand over the beard roughened jaw. Harry turned his face and pressed a kiss into his palm.

"She's fierce about you," he said softly, and Harry nodded.

"She is," he agreed. "She's a good friend." Harry's eyes were back on Draco's once again, and they seemed to peer into his soul. "But she isn't you. I love you."

Draco studied each feature of the beloved face carefully, from the prematurely lined forehead, to the large, luminous eyes, to the straight nose and the full lips. "Oh, Harry," he breathed, his thumb moving over that plump lower lip. "I love you, too."

Something flared brightly in Harry's eyes, but Draco had just a glimpse of it before Harry was opening his mouth over his and kissing him as if his very life depended on it. Draco was startled for just a moment, then was winding his arms around Harry's neck and opening his mouth for the slow, sleek thrust of his tongue. When Harry pushed forward, Draco acquiesced immediately, allowing Harry to pull him against his chest and angling his head so that he was pressing him into the crook of one of his arms. Harry slowly, thoroughly ravished his mouth until there was no thought, no awareness of who was or wasn't in control, just sweet, sinking waves of sensation that made him feel warmer than the cold night should have allowed, and cherished in a way he'd never been before.

When Harry's mouth finally moved from Draco's and skimmed over the tendon in the side of his throat, Draco's heart was galloping and his breath came in great gasps, misting in the cold he no longer felt. Harry's fingers quickly undid the buttons down his chest and pushed the fabric aside, and then he was licking his way across a bony sternum to latch sweetly onto one pebbled pink nipple. Draco moaned and his back arched, and Harry muttered something unintelligible against the smooth skin of his chest before trailing his tongue down the center of Draco's stomach, briefly licking into his navel. His hands efficiently opened Draco's trousers, then dropped into his pants to curl around the hardness of his cock.

"Oh, Merlin," Draco breathed, his hands fisting in Harry's mass of messy hair. Harry's calloused palm moved on him, firm, steady strokes up and then down, pulling back his foreskin, slipping over the head and collecting the small spill of precome into his palm. It eased his movements, and Draco began to gasp and shift his hips unconsciously, fingers pulling hair, lips pulled back in a grimace that was part pleasure, part aching need. Harry managed to bunch the cloak under Draco's head and shoulders as he laid him on the stone floor, then lowered his head and in a sleek movement, took Draco's cock into his hand, then his mouth, and then his throat in one smooth, slow glide. Draco cried out then, and there was a rustle of sound as dozens of owls took off in startled flight, but neither of the men noticed. Harry hallowed his cheeks and curled his tongue under Draco's throbbing cock, Draco gripped his hair harder and thrust up with his hips, and the sound of him sucking and Draco gasping was a soft cantata of passion. Harry reached into the silk boxers that had slipped to the top of Draco's hips, cupped his balls gently in his hand and rolled them carefully as his mouth moved up and down more quickly, but when he reached lower, his fingers ghosting over Draco's puckered entrance, his hands stilled.

It took Draco a moment to realize that Harry had stopped, and he blinked quickly, lifting his head to find green eyes watching him carefully. "What…?" he gasped. Harry didn't answer, just moved his fingers once again over the sensitive opening, and waited, watching, and Draco understood, and his eyes softened. "Oh, yes," he whispered, reaching down to stroke Harry's cheek. "Yes, Harry. Yes."

A slight smile pulled at the corners of the full lips, then Harry withdrew his hand from Draco's pants, slowly, methodically sucked two of his fingers into his mouth, bathing them in saliva, then lowered his mouth back onto Draco's cock before searching out and finding that opening once again with slicked fingers. When they slid slowly, carefully inside of his clinging heat, Draco gasped at the intrusion but managed not to tighten down, and then lost all train of thought completely as Harry carefully, gently massaged a spot inside of him that sent raw delight roaring through his pelvis. It was only moments before he was coming down Harry's throat with a startled, wondering cry.

Draco's body trembled with small, shuddering aftershocks. Harry lifted his head and kissed him deeply, and he tasted his own musky essence in Harry's mouth. He reached weakly for the waistband of Harry's jeans, but the dark haired man stopped him with a staying hand on his wrist.

"It's okay," Harry whispered, but his voice was tight.

"No, you didn't…" Draco argued faintly. He found the strength to pull Harry down on top of him, and he felt Harry's throbbing hardness against his hip. Harry rolled his hips forward once instinctively, and his body began to shake.

"Can I…just…" Harry breathed against his face as he pressed forward again.

"Yes, baby," Draco murmured, wrapping his arm around the broad shoulders and turning his face into Harry's hair. "Yes, yes…"

Harry moaned and rubbed himself against him again, then again harder. Draco made soft cooing noises as Harry lifted himself onto one elbow, his forehead coming to rest against Draco's as he rutted himself to a swift, hard completion against the heavy bone of Draco's hip. Draco held him as he shuddered through his orgasm, held him tenderly afterwards when he tucked his head under Draco's chin, his face against the skin still bared by his open shirt.

Silence settled as their heart rates and breathing did, until the only sound was the owls who hadn't been frightened away and the soft, distant murmur of the creatures of the dark forest. They lay there for a long time, Draco absently drawing his nails over Harry's scalp, warmed by the heat of his body.

"You know, I'm not sure why I was so offended," Draco finally ventured when they'd been quiet for so long that Harry might have fallen asleep. When his shoulders tightened a bit, Draco knew that he hadn't.

"Could it be because Ron was a right git?" He said, his voice deep and slightly hoarse.

“Maybe,” Draco said with a small smile. “But honestly, it isn’t like he was lying. I’m not exactly the dominant partner here.”

Harry lifted his head and looked down into the cool grey eyes. “But I should have defended you,” he said softly, regret on his face. “I should have said…”

“What?” Draco prodded with a slightly teasing smile. “That you’re the bottom? Sweetheart, I love you, but you aren’t that good of a liar.”

“He said it like it was a bad thing,” Harry said darkly. “Which it isn’t; at all. I should have…punched him in the mouth, or something.”

“Aw, baby,” Draco’s smile gentled, and he pulled Harry’s head back under his chin. “That’s sweet, but it doesn’t really matter. Besides, I can’t think of anything I’d rather be doing than grabbing my ankles for the Boy who Lived.”

Harry groaned, but Draco laughed.

The next morning, Draco wasn’t really sure what to expect as he made his way down the stairs to the Great Hall for breakfast. They hadn’t seen anyone on the journey down from the Owlry at nearly four a.m., and his housemates had been long asleep by the time he’d tumbled into his own bed. When he awoke a mere four hours later, he stumbled through his morning routine, bleary eyed, ignoring the jabs sent his way about his ‘late night partying with the Gryffindor’s’ by Zabini and Goyle, the only other two remaining ‘eighth years’ in Slytherin. A sour look was his only response, and they went on ahead of him.

When he arrived at the doors to the Great Hall, he paused instinctively, glancing toward the Gryffindor table, and couldn’t help but notice that there seemed to be quite a crowd congregated up at the end where Harry usually sat with Weasley and Granger. He made his way toward his own house table, but he would have had to be blind and deaf not to realize that as he passed, people were elbowing one another, shooting him amused glances, giggling in his wake. He was scowling ineffectively at a third year Slytherin

who was trying desperately to stifle giggles by holding her hand over her mouth, when he heard Zabini's slow drawl.

"Something you want to tell us, Draco?"

He looked down into the nearly black eyes, only to find them studying him with amusement. "What are you on about, Zabini?" he snapped, but the dark face merely split in a jaunty smile.

"Best go have a chat with Potter," he answered by way of not answering at all, and Draco turned again to see that some people had stepped aside from where they were gathered in a circle, and he could see just the top of Harry's tousled head. "He wants to talk to you."

"Why?" he asked, frowning slightly.

"Oh, trust me," Zabini quipped, grin ripening. "You definitely want to have a catch up with the boyfriend this morning."

Draco scowled at him, but turned and started resolutely toward the other house's long table. People noticed him as he approached and stepped aside and he found himself treated to more amused glances and giggling. By the time he was pushing through to stand directly in front of where Harry was seated, he was far more irritated then curious.

"Potter," he said sharply as Harry's back came into view. "Zabini said…"

Harry turned his head and saw Draco standing behind, and his face lit in a bright smile. "Morning, sweetheart," he said brightly, and then gracefully lifted his feet and swiveled on the bench, leaning back against the table when he was facing Draco, his long legs out before him and crossed negligently at the ankle, hands lifting to link behind his dark head. He was wearing his school robes unfastened over his uniform slacks, and Draco frowned in preparation of asking just what he wanted when the rest of Harry's outfit registered, and his mouth dropped open in stunned surprise. He was wearing his white button-down and his Gryffindor tie, but in place of his grey school jumper, he was wearing a black sweatshirt with white lettering across the front. Draco read the message, his eyes widening as his face

filled with color.

“What…” he began to ask, but Harry just continued to grin, his head cocked to one side. Draco clamped his mouth shut, then lifted his eyes to find Harry’s studying him, dancing merrily. “You are quite completely mad, you know,” Draco finally managed, amused in spite of himself.

Harry’s delighted smile widened. “Like it?” he preened, cheek dimpling.

Draco managed to cross his arms over his chest, smirk rising to the occasion. “Clearly, you do.”

“Oh, baby, I do,” Harry crooned seductively, and somewhere from the crowd to his left, Draco heard what was unmistakably Weasley groan. One black brow arched roguishly. “Want to get out of here?”

Draco appeared to think about it for a moment, before he shrugged with every appearance of nonchalance. Harry bounded to his feet and slipped his arm around Draco’s shoulders. Reciprocating and slipping his arm around Harry’s waist, they left the Great Hall together in search of a more private breakfast in the kitchens.

Ron Weasley watched them leave, then dropped his forehead onto his arm on the table top. “Oh God, I think I may be sick,” he moaned. Hermione just looked at the back of his red head in mild irritation.

“It’s really none of your business, Ronald,” she said with more than a trace of asperity.

“Excuse me, Miss Granger?”

Hermione glanced up and saw one of the first years standing just behind her, and her expression softened as she studied the younger girl. “Yes, Gretchen?” She said kindly. The eleven-year-olds seemed achingly young to Hermione, and insisted on calling her and Ron and Harry ‘Miss’ and Mr’, making her feel even older by comparison.

“Well, we were wondering,” she gestured to two of her little friends standing behind her, wide-eyed, open faces avid with curiosity. “About Mr. Potter’s shirt…” her little brow furrowed when Hermione’s cheeks pinkened. “What exactly does: “I grab my ankles for Draco Malfoy” mean?”

Hermione blinked quickly as Ron groaned once again.