FIC: Five Days in Denmark

Title: Five Days in Denmark

Author:

Prompt Number: #157 by [info]bryoneybrynn

Travel Destination: Lemvig, Denmark.

Rating: NC-17

Pairing(s): Harry/Draco, short mention of past Harry/Ginny

Summary: Harry is reluctantly sent to the most dreary conference in what has to be the dullest place on earth, but when he runs into Malfoy, whom he hasn't seen in more than five years, things are suddenly a lot less boring.

Warnings: Slight scratching during sex.

Word Count: ~10.700

Author's Notes: Dear [info]bryoneybrynn, I really hope this is at least somewhat what you were looking for and that you'll enjoy the fic. It's been a challenge to write, but I've had a great time with it and hope you will, too.

Many, many thanks to my awesome beta and brit-picker [info]lokifan, who betaed 10k at the last minute and killed my Americanisms good and proper :D

Five Days in Denmark

There was a dull clang as the key landed on the small bedside table. Harry had trouble believing there still were muggle hotels that used normal keys and not keycards, which was the case when staying at Hotel Lidenlund in Lemvig. Harry looked at the watch he'd been given by Ginny for his twentieth birthday. He was right on time as usual.

Harry sighed and stretched. He'd been looking forward to a relaxing weekend in just a few days when Robards had called him into his office. He had realized Harry was the perfect person, in his own opinion,

to send to the upcoming conference.

And no one had volunteered. Obviously, since every single Auror had dreaded being chosen to represent their department. They were Aurors – they favoured the action part of their jobs, not writing the reports afterwards. And this was a conference on report writing. The International Conference on Coordinated Report Writing – Wizarding Division, to be precise. And it'd take his entire weekend and more.

The worst thing, Harry thought to himself as he brushed his teeth efficiently, was that he understood why this conference was convened at all. In his job as an Auror he'd dealt with his fair share of foreign reports on criminals now seeking refuge in the British wizarding community. They weren't all equally understandable and even for Harry they had slowed down many investigations.

And why had Robards chosen him? The explanation he gave was simple yet a complete surprise to Harry. Robards wanted to retire in a year or two (Harry recalculated that to five in his head – all Aurors had trouble releasing their responsibilities to the more inexperienced) and had already decided to appoint Harry the title of Head Auror.

"And, Potter, I'm telling you – you need to know every detail and crook on this old eccentric ship to captain it properly."

And Harry could hardly say anything against that, could he? He climbed into the bed and looked at the name tag stating Harry Potter, British Auror, Department of Law Enforcement sitting next to the old key on the bedside table. Tomorrow would be a long day. He knew that without having to look at the scary tick program covering all five days that he'd been given, along with the name tag, at check-in. He slept restlessly.

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The next morning Harry woke early and decided to go out for a run to kill some time. What he saw only confirmed his suspicions: the town of Lemvig really was as boring as its first impression had hinted. Grey clouds hung heavily over his head and he heard slight splashes as his feet hit the occasional puddle on

the pavement.

After he'd returned to his room, showered, dressed and pinned his name tag onto his Auror robes he waited outside the breakfast area for the doors to be unlocked. He gazed down at his watch. The doors should've opened by now. Fortunately he saw a slightly dazed employee coming to do just that. The Obliviators and agents from the department responsible for upholding the Statue of Secrecy had been around to do a throughout job of convincing the hotel staff of… exactly what, Harry wasn't sure, but it must've been something convincing since the tired looking girl didn't look twice at his abnormal attire. Harry grabbed a cup of coffee and sat down, waiting for the breakfast buffet to be ready. When he returned from a refill he saw the sign by the plates had been turned and now said 'open'. Harry looked around for the eggs and bacon, but couldn't find them. He settled for cornflakes that went soggy too quickly and hardly filled his stomach properly. As he sat gazing down at the swimming flakes of mush twirling around his spoon he couldn't help but think longingly back to Molly's proper protein-filled breakfast on late Sunday mornings.

On second thought, right now he'd take his soggy cornflakes over the disapproving glare from Mrs. Weasley. He and Ginny had had another break up just two weeks ago. Harry really couldn't figure out their relationship. He'd had some of his best times with Ginny and some of his favourite memories were with her. She was fun and pretty and had a nice laugh and… He'd known her forever and he was practically a part of the family anyway and… Harry sighed. Yet after a few months of being together after a relieved make up Ginny would start to get demanding, saying Harry was growing distant and that she needed more from him in one way or another. But no matter how much of himself and his time he devoted to her there always seemed to be something missing to her. And Harry just grew more and more tired of it all. It always ended in either a row or them shaking their heads, both thinking "this doesn't work."

Then his entire social circle would be tense and restless for some weeks until he and Ginny found themselves laughing over some inside joke, now thinking, "What went wrong? Why not try again?" or some variation thereof.

Harry was getting progressively annoyed with the pattern and it wasn't only because The Golden Couple's ups and downs were widely published material in the British wizarding press. Harry leaned back in his chair and gazed at the ceiling. Just as he stood to place his bowl and cup with the other used cutlery he thought he saw a certain shade of blond hair shine out of the corner of his eye. He turned his head quickly towards the doors he'd waited outside earlier, but whatever he'd thought he saw had disappeared in the mass of people now walking around to find a free table or standing in line for

breakfast.

Ten minutes later Harry had seated himself in a chair in the magically expanded conference room, which was presently in the shape of a lecture hall. He squirmed in the slightly uncomfortable chair and glanced down at his watch. The introduction was set to start in two minutes.

At least the crowd trickling in was interesting to watch. Colourful didn't quite cover it. There were all kinds of people, from pygmy-like natives of Indonesia (Harry now realized the necessity of the informative name tags) to tall, broad and dark skinned wizards from Uganda and young Norwegian women wearing glasses and holding notebooks. Harry had never heard so many different languages spoken in the same place and he felt as if he should've been more intrigued than he was. Instead he was mentally rushing them along so they could get this started – and therefore finished as quickly as possible – when he thought he glimpsed that blond hair a second time. Harry shook his head. It was probably just another Norwegian girl.

At least the very first thing the Head of International Record Keeping did, even before calling to order, was spelling the entire room monolingual. To Harry it suddenly seemed like everyone spontaneously shifted to English in the same second, which was slightly creepy, but as this reaction applied to most of the delegates the conversations ground to a slow halt and gave the Head of Boredom (which Harry thought should've been his proper title) opportunity to speak.

But as soon as he started going through the goals and hopes of the conference, helpfully aided by the magical equivalent of PowerPoint, Harry groaned. Not only was it even more mind-numbingly boring than actually waiting for the thing to start, but it also reminded Harry of the case where he'd had to go undercover as a twelve year old muggle student. Several indicators had suggested that another student in that class had been possessed by a horribly Dark and subtle demon and the only means to confirm it was through extended exposure. And his teachers had been very fond of PowerPoint.

Forcing his thoughts away from the confusing week of acting as a pre-teen boy they landed on his, probably imagined, glimpses of what could only have been Malfoy blond hair. It had been ages since he'd thought about Malfoy. He seemed to remember having overheard that he was working in the main archive in the opposite end of the ministry. Harry frowned, having a hard time imagining Malfoy content with work as a ministry paper pusher.

“Right – so the conference will be applying different methods. One of course being voting, but minor details will be debated in smaller groups with the broadest possible representation of opinions and then their decisions will be final unless someone has serious objections. The main issues such as font type and size will of course be a part of the main debate Sunday…”

Harry was jerked out of his doze by a sudden raise of volume from the Head of Boredom and he saw that he wasn’t the only one. A few people stretched and blinked and he saw a chubby man wipe drool off his chin. Harry was surprised to see people looking awake as he scanned the crowd. They had pens and bescribbled notebooks, not filled with doodles (he was pretty sure he’d seen pencil-drawn cocks in a notebook two rows in front of him), but actual words.

The rest of the day passed in a blurry mist of boredom for Harry. Time only passed slightly quicker in the breaks than in the actual briefings and meetings. And even though the lunch menu at the hotel restaurant did have a better selection than expected after the lacking breakfast buffet, it couldn’t distract him to a degree where time would pass with a seemingly normal speed. Harry didn’t even dare try to guess how many times he’d looked at his watch that day. The only thing that broke the clouds of boredom was the continued glimpses of blond strands that would catch his eye. Often it was simply those bloody Scandinavian girls, but other times he felt sure that it was the back head of a young man that carried that distinctive blond hair. Harry was wearing so thin over dinner, as another certainly male blond had escaped his line of sight, that he seriously started thinking that if extreme thirst could cause mirages in the desert, certainly extreme boredom could do the same. It felt that way.

Harry decided to go to bed early. He needed the day to be over. Surely tomorrow couldn’t be any worse? But while his brain was numb with boredom induced tiredness his body was restless with excess energy from sitting still almost the entire day. Harry twisted and turned, trying to force himself to sleep and yet still continuously gazing at his wristwatch, which was now placed on the bedside table beside the name tag. He remembered it being around three am before he fell into a restless sleep.

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Glancing across the open doorway opposite his, Harry was shocked into stillness. He was met by an equally stunned pair of eyes.

“Potter.” Malfoy’s voice was somehow both hesitant and disdainful.

“Malfoy.” They gazed wearily at each other, but then Malfoy closed his door forcefully, locked it and strode down the hallway towards the lift. Harry locked his own door and ended up walking next to his opposite neighbour. Neither looked at the other, but Harry couldn’t help noticing Malfoy still held himself with an upright posture. Harry kept his gaze fixed on the end of the hallway, speeding up his steps to avoid the uncomfortable proximity to Malfoy. But next time he dared glance to the right he saw Malfoy right there next to him, having apparently had the same idea. And now they were forced to ride the lift down together, unless one of them gave in and takes the stairs; somehow Harry didn’t see that happening anytime soon.

The tense silence was broken by the soft ding signalling the doors of the lift sliding open. Unfortunately it was empty. Harry pressed the button to take them to the ground floor towards the mediocre breakfast.

“Why the hell are you here, Potter?” Malfoy sneered.

“The conference,” Harry answered dryly, finding the situation so unusual that he didn’t know whether to mock Malfoy for asking such a stupid question or simply ignore him from then on. Harry doubted it’d be the last one, since he could feel his curiosity stirring.

Apparently Malfoy wasn’t satisfied with that answer. “Why do they send the ministry poster boy to a report writing conference in the middle of nowhere, when you’re obviously too good to waste on such lowly matters?” Malfoy’s voice was forced through his clenched jaw and his sarcasm poisoned the silence in the lift.

“Future head Auror. Apparently, I need to know stuff like this.” Harry had his arms folded across his chest and didn’t even look at Malfoy. He had no idea why he’d even answered the question, but he supposed he wouldn’t have got anything out of replying with ‘none of your business’ – besides an even surlier Malfoy, a thought he didn’t relish.

“I see.” Malfoy wrinkled his nose. The lift stopped and the doors slid open.

Right outside the lift Harry's thoughts were interrupted by an eager couple who were attending the conference asking him to sign their baby photo album. Harry stifled a sigh and took the black pen offered to him by the father.

"It would simply be the best christening present for our dear Lauren," the new mother simpered and he quickly scrawled his name and excused himself. When he looked up again Malfoy was gone. Harry didn't see him for the rest of the morning and found himself glaring annoyed at the young couple when he spotted them an hour and a half later.

After two incredibly tedious meetings, which apparently demanded his attendance but not his contribution, Harry felt like it should be time for dinner as he found himself standing in line for lunch.

"Appeased your devoted following for today, Potter?" Malfoy's mocking voice so close to his ear startled Harry out of his daze and he turned to glare at the flinty eyes.

"Piss off, Malfoy."

"As you wish, your majesty," he drawled and strode away with a full plate, leaving Harry grumbling and wanting to strangle that smirk off his face. His mind was blissfully free of forms, types of ink and header protocol.

When Harry had finally gathered a somewhat decent lunch he found himself looking for Malfoy to annoy. If nothing else it would stave off his death by boredom. Harry had called Malfoy many things over the years: idiot, wanker, Death Eater spawn, ferret and on he could go, but boring had never been one of them.

Throughout the day he kept expecting to bump into Malfoy. By the coffee machine, the men's room, in the hallways or by the lift, but he never did, even if every glance of straight blond hair made his head turn, just to be sure.

The thought of Malfoy made his fists clench and as arguments for and against having a preferred length of report summaries fluttered in and out his ears, he imagined spelling Malfoy's mouth shut the next

time he delivered a mocking remark.

By the end of the day Harry figured Malfoy must either be stuck in a really long meeting, in which case he'd actually feel a bit sorry for the git (nobody should endure this for five hours or more in a row), or he'd found a way to slither his way out of this, the Slytherin cheater that he was.

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Harry slept until his alarm sounded, feeling more rested than expected. While taking a shower and otherwise getting ready for public exposure Harry wondered if he'd run into Malfoy again today. As he entered the hallway he already had his answer.

"You again."

Harry locked his door. "Yes, me again." He rose an eyebrow at Malfoy, which the other simply ignored. During the short walk to the lift they remained silent, and perhaps it was because Malfoy looked slightly tired, but there were no scratching remarks in the lift either. Harry was strangely disappointed. He chalked it up to not having an excuse to spell the wanker's mouth shut.

Harry thought they'd arrived at a normal time for breakfast, but it seemed like the rest of the conference had figured out the trick of meeting early. Which meant that as they'd gathered their breakfast (thankfully there were at least soft-boiled eggs today) they realised that there was only one free table left. They glanced at each other, and Harry uttered an impatient sigh.

"Come on, sit with me or not, I don't really care." Harry walked towards the table. He could feel Malfoy's eyes on him and apparently he saw something that made him follow. They sat down at the small table. Harry noticed how the rug was worn where the legs of the chairs had scraped over it for probably more than a decade. They glanced up at each other, but none of them said anything until Malfoy dropped his fork on his plate with a clang.

“Why couldn’t they just have sent some house elves to aid their kitchen? It’s barely edible.”

Harry looked up from own plate, “it’s edible, Malfoy. But not much more than that,” he mumbled.

“Is there even somewhere in this bloody town you can get decent food?”

Harry figured it was a rhetorical question and Malfoy just needed to rant, but he answered anyway. “I saw a few restaurants when I went running Friday morning, but I can’t say if they were any good. Just been eating here the last few days.”

Malfoy shot him a puzzled look. “You went running? Why?”

Harry wrinkled his brow back at him, “Why not? I woke early and had nothing else to do.”

Malfoy seemed to accept this and when they’d finished shortly after, he pushed away his plate and left the table with a “see you around, Potter.” Harry nodded and ate the last bit of toast slowly to delay thinking of anything to do with meetings or reports. When he couldn’t possibly procrastinate any longer he made his way through at least six different nationalities to the big noticeboard on the wall by the reception. He was a part of group 3H, so he was supposed to be in room N24 in… Harry gave a sigh of relief. He didn’t have any meetings for at least an hour. He was quickly jostled away by three Asian women. Deciding to escape the quickly thickening mass of people he went out the main entrance to get some air.

The cold air hit his face like a belated wake-up call and he took a deep breath. The sky was still light grey and the fresh smell of rain hung in the air. No one else in the small city seemed awake at this time, the roads were empty and Harry could only hear the gentle drip of raindrops from the roof of the hotel… and someone exhaling deeply. Harry frowned slightly and turned towards the sound. He’d thought he was the only one out here.

“You smoke?” Harry couldn’t keep an incredulous tone out of his voice as he laid eyes upon Malfoy sitting on a bench, a warm black coat wrapped around him, with a cigarette dangling from between his

fingers. Luckily he seemed to have caught Harry's tendency to ask stupid questions.

"Not normally, no. Did once though."

"Why'd you start again?" Harry frowned and walked towards him, finding himself strangely curious to what the answer would be.

"I'm bored out of my skull," Malfoy said flatly.

"Oh." Not the interesting answer he'd been hoping for, but Harry nevertheless sat down on the bench as well. "It's not healthy."

Malfoy looked at him and raised an eyebrow. "The bloody queen of this country's a smoker, Potter. I think I'm allowed one fag once in a while. Besides, since when do you care about my health?"

Harry swallowed and looked away, his mind racing back in time to blood red bathroom tiles.

They sat a little while, both seemingly lost in thought, while Malfoy finished his fag. Harry was getting a bit chilly, but he preferred the clean cold wind to the stifling heavy air inside. Fidgeting with his gold watch from Ginny, he was constantly conscious of how much time he had before his meeting began.

"On a tight schedule?" Malfoy remarked.

Harry shrugged. "No, not really. There's still forty minutes to my first meeting today."

"Then why do you keep looking at your watch?" he asked blandly.

“None of your business,” Harry replied and rose from the bench.

Malfoy’s eyebrows snapped up. “See you later, then.” He rolled his eyes.

“Yeah.”

Later appeared to be sooner than Harry had counted on. It seemed Malfoy was thinking the same thing as he entered the smaller meeting room where Harry was supposed to have his last hour long meeting right before lunch. His calculating gaze swept over Harry and the six other attendants that had that arrived so far. He flipped open his program, looked at it and addressed the room.

“We’re here to discuss margin width?”

Three people nodded in response and Harry muttered, “yes, unfortunately” under his breath. He’d already been though three hours of discussing translation spells and was honestly not sure how he was going to survive the next hour. How some people could become so passionate about such things, let alone care enough to convene a conference and convince enough people to make it mandatory, baffled Harry like Luna Lovegood had once been able to.

Malfoy sat down in the chair to the right of the one opposite Harry and took out parchment and writing supplies. Harry gave him a look, clearly stating ‘are you seriously going to take notes?’ Malfoy just remained silent with a slight smirk twisting his lips. Harry didn’t have time to say anything before the discussion leader entered the room and started talking. Harry’s mind drifted quite soon after that and he ended up alternately gazing at the wall, down at the table and sneaking glimpses at Malfoy who was scarily good at concealing his boredom.

Find some paper, idiot. I don’t want to vandalise the furniture was suddenly scrawled in neat handwriting on the table.

Harry’s head jerked up and the others looked at him with curiosity.

“Something wrong, Mr. Potter?”

“No, no, not at all. Sorry for interrupting,” Harry babbled while dragging out his notebook and pen. He made sure to place the notebook atop the writing on the desk and as he glanced up he caught Malfoy with that infuriating little smirk again. Writing appeared in his notebook this time.

One would think that you would have learned to control your reactions by now, Mr Future Head Auror.

Harry shot Malfoy his sharpest glare, which wasn’t very difficult when he was so angry. Malfoy simply scribbled more on his parchment and Harry reluctantly looked back down.

Write down whatever you’re thinking, Scarhead. I sense you finally learned Occlumency so unfortunately I can’t read them in their present location.

Harry was silently fuming and his fist clenched around his pen to the point of pain. Then he wrote furiously under Malfoy’s last taunt:

The last person who wrote to me like this was Voldemort, so forgive me for not enjoying your little joke!

Harry looked up and saw Malfoy visibly blanch. Then he looked down and saw that the cocky tilt of his handwriting had disappeared.

My apologies. I wasn’t aware.

Harry blinked and his bubbling fury cooled to a mere simmer. Harry hadn’t expected Malfoy to apologise. His hand was calm and he wrote swiftly.

Remember the diary your father slipped into Ginny's cauldron? It contained a piece of Voldemort's soul. Your father had no idea what he was messing with.

A simple shit. came in return to which Harry simply scribbled Indeed.

The room seemed strangely silent after that, despite the chattering back and forth between the other attendees. The right side of the table insisted that it was only natural that the left margin was broadest, but the ones to Harry's left argued that for those who wrote from right to left it was ridiculous to even contemplate such a thing. After ten minutes of this in progressively louder and more forceful tones, Harry cracked.

"Then make them equally broad on both sides, for Merlin's sake!" His voice was strong and carried though the air, cutting everyone else off.

Malfoy filled the following silence, "now, wouldn't a compromise like that be acceptable?" His voice had taken on a smoothness Harry hadn't heard before, but it made the two who'd started to rise out of their chairs sit down again. Harry glared at both ends of the table while Malfoy sat there with an open, but clearly professional and fake, smile and acted as though none of them had just been acting like they'd still been at nursery school.

"I suppose so…" one side muttered. The other echoed it.

Harry sighed in relief and looked down at his notebook, holding his head with his hands, his fingers tangling in his hair. Then he grabbed his pen and scribbled a quick thanks.

They were starting to become an embarrassment to wizardkind. I had to do something.

Harry rolled his eyes. Yes, after I'd done something.

Naturally.

Harry still wasn't looking up, but he was sure Malfoy was wearing that damnably teasing ghost of a smirk again.

Why did you start writing to me, anyway?

I'm dreadfully bored and you're the only source of entertainment around.

I feel ever so honoured to be at your disposal. Harry's pen dripped with sarcasm.

As you should. Now tell me what you think of the bloke sitting next to you.

He smells, came Harry's quick reply. He wrinkled his nose.

Well, I can tell you that this is the fourth time my neighbour has picked his nose in the last fifteen minutes.

Harry made a face. Then he grinned. Figures nose pickers would be attracted to you when they're so fond of slimy, green and useless blobs.

You're calling me a blob, when it was you who used to walk around in clothes so baggy and worn that even the portraits mistook you for an overgrown dust bunny. Kind of like that old chap's beard three seats to your left.

And back and forth they went, insulting either each other or the other people present at the meeting and when the discussion leader suddenly clapped his hands together and declared that it was lunch time it came as a surprise to Harry, who hadn't even glanced at his watch for at least the last half hour.

Harry and Malfoy disappeared to different ends of the conference after that and Harry still hadn't seen him when the program was done for the day. The whole afternoon had been almost completely eaten away by Harry having minute duty in several different smaller meetings. His hand was aching from writing the entire afternoon and he went straight to dinner after wrapping up the last one. Harry checked his watch. It was technically too early for dinner, but he really didn't care at the moment.

After he'd gathered a plate he found a blissfully quiet corner to eat in. On a whim he opened his bag and dragged out his notebook, starting to reread their more colourful insults. He couldn't help but grin. Malfoy was still an infuriating idiot, but apparently an idiot who could be quite amusing when you didn't communicate with him face to face.

Harry went to dump his things in his room afterwards and shot a glance at Malfoy's door, wondering if he was in there or somewhere else. He grabbed his wallet, wanting to go down to the bar and get a drink – he certainly deserved one, but the large bed looked suddenly extremely comfortable and the afternoon had rather tired him out. Surely a short nap couldn't hurt.

When Harry next stretched above the covers he glanced at his watch first thing. His little nap had turned out to be a little more than an hour long, but it was still early in the evening and Harry really wanted that drink now.

He positioned himself on a bar stool and called the young bartender. He seemed confused when Harry ordered a Scorching Scotch, the only worthy competitor to Firewiskey, but then he seemed to doze off only to fetch the scotch and prepare it for him perfectly. The ministry had for once done a good job making this big event bulletproof. That was the reason the entire conference mainly took place in wizard space and was held in the middle of nowhere in a small town. Fewer muggles to deal with.

"Drinking so early, Potter? Developing a problem, are we?"

This time Malfoy's voice didn't startle Harry. He simply swirled around on his chair to face him and said, "if you can smoke then I can most certainly drink, hypocrite."

Malfoy was still wearing his smirk. “I’m no hypocrite, of course we can drink.” He took the seat next to Harry and called for the bartender himself.

“So, what’ve you got to drown this evening, Malfoy?” said Harry.

“What do you think?” Malfoy gestured loosely around the mostly empty room, “I’ve never been so bored out of my skull as I’ve been here. It’s worse than Binns’ droning on about goblin rebellions two centuries ago.”

Harry snorted. “You’ve got that right. The only thing that could possibly come close to this was a forty-eight hour stakeout I had to sit out alone last year.”

“A stakeout is boring? Come on, Potter, that’s your job. You should’ve tried to sit in on one of my Latin lessons – now that was boring.”

“You took Latin? Why?” Harry swallowed the last of his drink.

“Home schooled, Potter, we purebloods had to set a standard.”

“You didn’t say anything about childhoods. I’ll bet you a hundred galleons I had the most boring childhood of the two of us.” Harry ordered another drink; it was nice to just relax after such a long day. “Easiest money I’ve ever made,” he mumbled into his glass. Malfoy gave him a look. “What?”

“You’re serious? Those hundred galleons are mine, Potter.”

Harry shot him a crooked smile. He had a feeling this was going to be fun. “Oh, really? Let’s hear what you got then.”

“For three hours every Sunday morning I had to sit still and practise my handwriting until it was perfect. I

was five."

"Sunday mornings I usually spent ironing either curtains or tablecloths," replied Harry.

"I had to sit in on my mother lecturing about the proper colour coordination of curtains and tablecloths." Malfoy took a swig of the new amber drink the bartender had supplied him with.

"Well, I was doing dishes while you were probably out flying about on some winged pony or something." Harry felt the alcohol course through him, warming him from the inside.

As they were both determined not to give an inch, or a hundred galleons, to the other, Malfoy retorted and so did Harry. Besides, Harry knew he could win this. If push came to shove he knew he had an ace – or cupboard – up his sleeve. Harry frowned; he didn't know if he wanted to be drunk enough to divulge that little secret. He ordered another scotch anyway.

"We didn't have any ponies with wings, Potter, do try to think. They were mighty stallions of course…"

"Merlin, Malfoy, that does sound boring," Harry exclaimed after hearing about the endless hour-long dinner parties Malfoy had been required to attend, but where he was under strict orders not to do anything besides sit or stand still and answer politely when asked a question. Harry gestured for drink number… Harry frowned; he couldn't really remember anymore. His gaze had been locked to Malfoy's slightly flushed cheeks and he hadn't noticed how much he'd been drinking. But considering how warm, pleasant and slightly dizzy he was feeling, probably quite a lot. He frowned and looked down at his wristwatch. "Malfoy!"

Malfoy's head jerked up and he took a moment to focus on Harry. "Don't be so loud."

"It's eleven. We've been here for more than three hours! Where the hell did all that time go?" Harry shook his watch lightly. There had never been something wrong with it before, but one time had to be the first. He tapped the glass. Nothing changed.

Malfoy squinted at the clock hanging above the rows of bottles. “I can’t believe I’m this pissed and it’s not even midnight.”

Harry rose from the bar stool and then he was more than just slightly dizzy.

“Woah, there, Potter, I can’t have the Golden Boy falling and bashing his own head in on my watch.”

Harry frowned, “I think I’d better go and lie down.”

Malfoy took a careful step towards him. “You’re sure you can get up there without tumbling over?” he slurred.

Harry contemplated the issue. His mind was fuzzy and the floor started tilting when he focused on it. He reached for something to hold on to – it would be difficult walking on a tilted floor after all. His hand grabbed and squeezed something warm and wearing soft fabric.

“I see you’ll need my help after all.” Malfoy tried to straighten himself and he laid his hand over Harry’s. “Relax, you’re going to cut off my blood supply.”

Harry loosened his hold on Malfoy’s arm slightly and they made their shaky way towards the lift. Once inside it and the right button pressed they leaned against the wall still clinging to each other.

“This is pathetic,” Malfoy stated.

Harry turned his head towards him and discovered that they were suddenly a lot closer than he’d thought. “You’re right, but I don’t seem to care right now.” Malfoy turned to look at him, too, and Harry could smell his alcoholic breath. Malfoy caught his eyes and he looked thoughtful.

“Yeah, me neither, but I don’t know why.” The slight ding diverted their attention and they set out to walk to their doors.

They arrived and detached themselves from each other with some difficulty, finally ending up leaning against their respective doors. “You sure you can get to bed by yourself, Potter?”

“Don’t worry, Malfoy, if you fall and hurt yourself I’m sure I’ll be able to hear your girly scream and I’ll come and rescue you.” Harry grinned.

“In your dreams, Potter.”

“Mmm… dreams. Sleep. Sounds nice.” Harry fiddled with his key. “G’night, Malfoy.” He shuffled into his room after catching Malfoy’s “Night, Potter.”

Harry went straight to the bed, kicked off his shoes and was asleep as his head hit the pillow.

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Harry’s eyes flickered open and he groaned and hugged his duvet closer. His entire body felt sluggish and his head was heavy. He’d expected worse after that round of drinking. Harry blinked. Okay, maybe not his entire body.

The report talk had killed his libido the last few days, but apparently it had returned with a vengeance. Harry was in serious need of a shower and a wank. He struggled out of his bed and into the shower, sighing with relief. The warm water streamed down his face and lifted some of the fog behind his eyes. Harry grabbed the soap and quickly washed himself before focusing his attention on the erection still standing. He groaned as he wrapped a slick hand around himself and he gave a leisurely tug. Harry’s other hand drifted lower to caress his balls. He leaned against the wall and enjoyed the feeling of the

water cascading down over his torso. After a while Harry's breathing had deepened and some unknown tension he'd apparently been carrying around started to loosen.

Harry was in a good mood this morning and was feeling adventurous for once. The hand on his cock sped up and the other released his balls to search further backwards. He massaged his perineum for a moment before he was too lost in pleasure to care that his fingers sought his sensitive opening.

His breath shuttered as his fingers circled and pressed inwards. He was panting and tugging furiously at his glistening cock, rushing towards his orgasm. He moaned as it ripped through him and white come coated his fingers and abdomen. Harry groaned and panted as he released his sensitive shaft and quickly stuck both his hands under the spray of water. He felt a lot of blood returning to his face from its previous location. He couldn't believe he'd just… Harry decided not to think about it, stepped out of the shower and grabbed a towel. He dried and dressed, wondering if Malfoy was suffering from a worse hangover than him.

Harry grinned. He had a hard time believing he'd had so much fun talking about boredom with Malfoy of all people. He just remembered to put on his watch before walking happily out the door.

They ran into each other again by the lift. Harry was given a look and a nod.

"Slept well?"

"Better than usual in fact, despite the hangover," Harry replied. "How about you?"

"Fine, Potter. I'm just glad I never go anywhere without a Headache Solution." They shared a small grin as they walked into the lift.

After fetching some breakfast they settled down at the same table without exchanging a word.

“I’m not eating here again this evening,” Malfoy proclaimed, poking his porridge.

Harry gazed at him and finally asked what he’d wondered since he first thought he’d seen Malfoy last Friday. “Why are you even here?” Harry pondered the fact that last Friday seemed like ages ago.

Malfoy sighed, “Head of Archives, Potter. Do you have any idea how many reports I’ll need to refile when I get back to work?”

Harry winced. “That sounds horrible. But if you don’t mind me asking, Malfoy – how the hell did you end up as Head of Archives of all things?”

Malfoy’s expression suddenly changed to a smirk. “Information is power, Potter. Do you have any idea how many so-called confidential files and reports pass though my hands every single day? The ministry is keeping many secrets and they’re all filed away in my archive. It gives me a strange sort of satisfaction, but I must admit that I was less than happy when the archives were the only place I could get a job. But I’ve become good at playing with the cards I’m dealt, so to speak.”

Harry’s eyes widened. “Are you blackmailing people for your own gain?”

“From time to time, but nothing huge. I know how to keep a low profile.” Malfoy leaned back in his chair, completely relaxed.

“That’s corruption,” Harry stated, not really knowing why the hell Malfoy was telling him this or how he was supposed to react.

“I know, Potter, but tell me: what would the ministry be without at least a little corruption?”

“Not really the ministry, I guess,” Harry frowned. “But as long as you’re the only source of it I think we’ll live.”

“Trust me, Potter, I’ve made sure I’m the only source in your pretty new reformed ministry.” Malfoy leaned forwards again and looked him teasingly in the eyes. “You’re not going to report me? I thought that was the duty of future Head Aurors.”

“But the ministry would become so boring without a little corruption, don’t you think?” Now it was Harry’s turn to smirk and he enjoyed the look of surprise on the normally so composed face. Perhaps knowingly Malfoy had just offered Harry important information to the inner works of the ministry. He was sure he would find use of this knowledge when he became Head Auror himself.

“I find myself agreeing with you,” Malfoy simply replied, giving Harry no clue towards his motives for revealing what he had.

A loud bell suddenly rang throughout the hotel and Harry quickly checked his watch. “Fuck, it’s time for the main debate,” he groaned and they quickly vacated their seats and hurried towards the magically expanded lecture hall.

They placed themselves beside each other in the back row and Harry whispered to Malfoy over the initial announcements, “how long is this supposed to last?”

“Three and a half hours,” came the short reply.

Harry groaned and threw his head back. “How am I possibly going to survive this?”

“How about we help each other out with that?” Harry glanced up into Malfoy’s dancing grey eyes. “For starters, I’d like to know if it’s actually true you spent the better half of your childhood cleaning?”

Harry blushed and hid his face in his hands. He couldn’t believe he’d admitted that to Malfoy last night. He had a feeling this was going to be a long morning, just not in the sense he’d originally thought.

Two hours later they'd been shushed twice, glared at thrice and trashed or poked fun at at least a third of the assembled wizards. And Harry really wasn't bored. When conversation drove to a halt Malfoy would often start it up again with a remark on an alternative wardrobe choice or something else unusual.

"Now there's a girl after my own heart. Look, she's drawing cocks in her notebook."

Harry flushed. "Yeah, I saw that the first day here." Then he titled his head towards Malfoy. "What you mean 'a girl after your own heart'?"

Malfoy raised his eyebrows. "…That I love sex as much as the next bloke. What else would I mean?"

"Err..." Harry was momentarily distracted by Malfoy's lips shaping the word 'sex'. "I don't know." He looked away.

Harry could hear the glee in Malfoy's voice when he spoke next. "Does the topic of sex discomfort you, oh Chosen One? Now why could that be? Been up to some kinky stuff with the She-Weasel? Rest assured I've done worse – or better, depending on your perspective."

Harry's head snapped back to glare at Malfoy. "Keep Ginny out of this, she has nothing to do with… Just shut your mouth about her."

He was just met with a considering look. "Okay, I'll keep gingers out of my vocabulary for the time being."

"Thank you," Harry said shortly.

"But then what is it that makes you so uncomfortable?" The teasing tone had returned as if nothing had happened. "I repeat – whatever you're thinking of I've probably done it already."

Harry turned towards Malfoy in his chair and considered him. His distinctive blond hair, slightly chiselled yet still sharp featured face, the lean limbs and immaculate clothing. Imagining Malfoy with another man was all too easy and Harry swallowed. When Harry's gaze returned to his face Malfoy's expression was positively devilish. "Like what you see?"

Harry damned his blushing face to the deepest pits of hell, but then he squared his shoulders and faced Malfoy. "Have you ever been with a man?" His voice was steady. Malfoy was not going to toy with Harry's discomfiture that easily.

"Of course." He shrugged.

Harry was surprised at how casually Malfoy could answer that question, as if it was no big deal.

"Haven't you?" Harry received an evaluating look and he felt like squirming.

"No," he answered.

"Oh, you're missing out." Malfoy shot him a grin.

"Is that so?" Harry managed to keep his voice steady.

Malfoy just nodded and changed the subject, much to Harry's silent relief.

The rest of the morning and afternoon passed strangely quickly compared to the last few days. Although the meetings were, if possible, even more boring, Malfoy was surprisingly entertaining company even if he did keep shooting Harry looks that he couldn't quite define. They took their lunch outside so Malfoy could wrap his lips around a fag, as he put it, making Harry blush again, something Harry suspected Malfoy enjoyed to a dangerous degree.

When they met in the reception after their last meeting of the day, having had to communicate through Harry's notebook, Harry stretched, feeling restless.

"Want to go for a walk? You did say you didn't want to eat here once more – we could check out the restaurants?"

Malfoy was giving him that look again and simply said, "I'd love to."

They grabbed their coats from reception and headed outside. Harry breathed in the fresh air like a man who'd escaped drowning mere minutes ago. They walked though the small town checking out the menus at the restaurants they passed. They were all family orientated; simply the quality seemed to vary. When it seemed as if they'd strolled though the entire town and passed quite a number of older thatched houses Malfoy finally gave up on finding a finer establishment and gave in.

The restaurant was certainly cosy and Harry smiled at two children running past them, one chasing the other, squealing with laughter. The mother caught them. "Så, tag det nu med ro, vi er ikke de eneste gæster." She looked up at them. "Det må I undskylde." At their confused faces she quickly understood they were foreigners. "I'm very sorry, they have a lot of energy," she said with a slight accent.

Harry smiled at them, "it's okay, we don't mind, do we?" He looked at Malfoy, who shook his head and smiled a little at the children. His eyes looked as if they were miles away.

"Have a good day, ma'am." Malfoy received a genuine smile and a nod from the mother before she had to jostle her children back to their seats.

"Nice locals," Harry commented as they sat down at a table for two. Malfoy nodded silently and scanned the menu once more. They were both grateful that all the meals were written in English as well as Danish. After Harry had decided on fried pork with potatoes and parsley sauce Malfoy gave up.

"These dishes all sound so simple that I don't know what would possibly be the best choice. Choose for

me.” Malfoy glared at him, silently daring him to give a mocking remark.

Harry simply smirked at him, letting Malfoy know that he knew what he was thinking and ordered the same for him. “At least we’ll be in it together, right?” Malfoy just shot him a glare. Their food arrived quickly and Harry simply listened to the unknown sounds coming from the few other guests while eating. His companion was suspiciously quiet and Harry shot him an amused look. “Satisfied with your dinner?”

Malfoy leaned back, finally looking comfortable in the, for him, unusual environment. “I’m positively surprised, but it’s not the best I’ve ever had. Very robust.”

Harry just grinned at him and they retreated into comfortable silence that had grown around them. He heard the door open shortly after and looked up to see the mum with her two children. The children were waving at them and Harry nudged Malfoy under the table to direct his attention towards them. They both waved back.

When their plates were clean and stomachs full they went to pay. Malfoy was fiddling with some Danish notes, but Harry drew out his Visa Card. His job had him travelling a lot and in muggle areas, too, so he’d had Arthur’s new department make one for him.

“What’s that?” Malfoy looked at the little card oddly.

“It’s a muggle paying device. I don’t have any cash, so I have to pay with this,” Harry told him.

“Oh, how much should I pitch in with, then?” Malfoy asked.

“I’ll just pay for the both of us – it’s on the ministry anyway.” That wasn’t strictly true, but Harry wasn’t about to explain the details of his finances to Malfoy, who smirked and returned his money to his wallet as Harry pressed the green button and approved the payment. Outside the air was still cold and fresh, but the sky was considerably darker and the clouds that had covered the sky were beginning to clear away, revealing a few stars.

Malfoy took a deep breath, “It’s nice to just be away from your everyday life once in a while, isn’t it?” He was wearing a small smile and looking at him.

Harry’s heart started to beat slightly faster and suddenly he had no idea what he was doing. They were walking closer than Harry was used to with other men and he felt as if the air between them was charged with something unknown and exciting. He swallowed. “Yeah, it’s nice.”

“And your company has been surprisingly tolerable, Potter.” Malfoy was obviously teasing and Harry smiled back, feeling slightly more at ease looking into those eyes. They could be surprisingly expressive. Harry felt his fingers long to touch and he decided to stop kidding himself and took a deep breath.

“We’ve practically spent the entire day together; I think you can call me Harry now.” Malfoy stopped and Harry turned towards him. Fear that he’d said something wrong crawled up his spine. Harry was unable to see Malfoy’s face since he was staring determinedly at the pavement. “Malfoy? Are you okay?” Then Malfoy was looking up again and walking towards him as if nothing had happened. He was smiling.

“Of course I am, Harry. Let’s go inside, it’s getting cold.” Malfoy grabbed his arm and walked quickly towards the hotel entrance. In the now-familiar lift they both reached for the button. Harry snatched his hand away and ran it awkwardly though his hair. He felt out of his depth. Malfoy stood beside him and looked at him out of the corner of his eyes. “Then you’d better call me Draco, too, okay?”

Harry’s stomach tied itself into pleasant knots and he said, “You have yourself a deal, Draco.” The name sounded strange and foreign in his mouth, but that just made Harry smile. As they walked out of the lift and down the hallway their steps slowed and Harry started to unbutton his coat.

“So, erm, I’ll see you tomorrow?” Harry’s voice wavered. Draco was standing closer than expected as he turned towards him in front of their doors. He couldn’t keep his eyes away when Draco quirked his lips in that self-satisfied way of his.

“Goodnight, Harry,” Draco said, but he didn’t move away, he just stood there holding Harry’s gaze.

It was the strangest feeling, Harry thought, to want something and be scared of it at the same time. But if there was one thing he knew, it was that everything that had happened here in the middle of nowhere with Draco was new. It was exciting and he didn't want to lose it. And it wasn't as if they'd ever see each other again if they didn't choose to. But now not seeing Draco outside of Denmark was suddenly unacceptable and Harry knew what he had to do. So he leaned down towards those challenging lips and captured them without breaking Draco's heated stare.

Draco's lips softened under his and warmth rushed through Harry. From now on everything would be different and he loved it. Draco's hand caressed Harry's neck and took a powerful hold. Harry felt Draco's lean body align with his own and he wrapped one arm around the steady shoulders and with the other brought his waist closer. Their kiss was growing heated and when Draco parted his lips slightly Harry followed his example. Warmth turned to fire as tongues met and Draco took charge and controlled the kiss, demanding more of Harry. Harry found himself willing to give in a way he'd never felt before and suddenly his back was against his door.

Slowly Draco gentled the kiss and as their red lips parted he whispered, "Open the door, Harry." His face was confident, but his eyes still searched Harry's face. Harry had no idea what he looked like at the moment, but he felt empowered in a way he rarely did.

"Alohomora."

Harry nudged the door open with his shoulders and hauled Draco in. He grabbed both Draco's hands in his own and held them up against the now closed door, pressing Draco's slender body against it with his own.

"Eager?" Draco's voice set a hook in Harry and drew him even closer.

"Shut up," came Harry's breathless reply. He knocked Draco's head against the door as he mercilessly shoved his tongue into Draco's welcoming mouth, simply to give one deep kiss and nip and caress his lips soothingly afterwards.

“Bed?” rasped Draco. Harry smirked teasingly and took Draco’s hand in his. Draco linked their fingers and they went to sit on the bed.

The sight of their shoved off shoes and socks tangled in a mess beside the bed made Harry’s heart beat faster, but soon Harry felt smooth hands run up his sides, taking his shirt with them. Before they got too far Draco quickly plucked off his glasses and sat them carefully on the bedside table. The glasses were quickly joined by Harry’s watch.

Draco pushed him back against the covers and quickly straddled him and tore off his own shirt. Harry’s hands ran over the smooth skin and Draco rocked down. Harry felt the pressure on his hard cock and groaned. He hauled Draco down by his neck and Draco went willingly. They kept kissing as Harry’s eager hands explored Draco’s back almost on their own. Then Harry shoved them down Draco’s trousers and grabbed his buttocks. Their kiss broke as Draco gasped and groaned. Instead of returning to Harry’s lips, he buried his face in Harry’s neck and Harry immediately tilted his head back into the pillow to give him more space.

“Trousers and pants off. Now,” he commanded into Harry’s neck.

“Nnngh, ever demanding, aren’t you?” Harry was barely coherent as he willed his hands to stop kneading Draco’s arse and slide them to the front where he made quick work of the buttons, despite the distracting attention to his neck. Draco quickly rolled off him to push his remaining clothing off and kick it off the bed, but a second later he was back straddling Harry’s thighs, hands on the front of Harry’s jeans.

Draco Malfoy sitting atop of him completely naked was something Harry never thought he’d experience. He took in the sight of Draco and his hard cock standing between his legs greedily, hands itching to wrap around it, but in the next moment his jeans were unbuttoned. Harry moaned as Draco’s strong fingers grasped his shaft and tugged slowly. Through his nearly closed eyes he could see Draco’s fingers dancing teasingly. But then the hand disappeared and Harry’s jeans were pulled off, Draco’s hands running all the way down Harry’s legs.

Draco crawled up the bed again, lay down beside Harry supporting his head in his hand and looked at him.

“Merlin, you’re such an annoying tease!” Before Draco could say anything to that Harry had wrapped his hands around Draco’s erection and the only sound that escaped Draco was a moan as Harry set out to undo the otherwise controlled Malfoy. Harry scooted as close as possible and edged his own leg between Draco’s, bringing their cocks into contact as he ruthlessly latched onto the pale neck, intent on marking it.

Draco ground into Harry, relishing the feel of so much skin sliding against skin, but it wasn’t nearly enough. Harry felt Draco’s teeth bite his earlobe and he shivered.

“More.” Draco’s voice was hoarse from panting.

Harry rolled on top of Draco, slid his other leg between Draco’s and shoved down hard against Draco’s leaking cock. A hiss erupted from Draco and his hands grabbed Harry’s back, giving him leverage to push back against Harry’s thrusts. When the feel and look of Harry above him, panting, face screwed up in pleasure, eyes gleaming, was nearly too much for Draco he crooked his fingers and scratched down the expanse of Harry’s back.

“Aaagh, damn, Malfoy.” Harry stilled his motions with great difficulty to stare at the man below him, sweat dripping down his forehead and dark strands clinging to the back of his neck.

“It’s – Draco – lube – now,” he replied and brought his hands up to hold Harry’s head and bring him down for a passionate kiss. Harry’s foggy mind thought briefly that he didn’t know how he’d ever live without Draco’s kiss. He felt as if he was taken from and given to at the same time.

Harry’s wand snapped into his hand and he accio’d the tube of lube from his open suitcase. Reluctantly, he released his lover’s lips, lingering before completely withdrawing contact. He sat up on his knees between Draco’s spread legs. They were bent at the knees with feet flat against the mattress, leaving Draco completely exposed to Harry. He uncapped the tube and coated his fingers.

“Do you know how to do this?” Draco asked, grabbing a pillow from beside his head and putting it under his lower back.

“I get the idea, yes.” Harry’s eyes were fixed to Draco’s tight opening. His heart was beating even faster than before.

“Take your finger and circle it around for a while to spread the lube and then slowly press a finger in,” Draco said.

Harry took a deep breath in hope of calming his racing pulse. His slick fingers massaged Draco’s hole and he heard a deep moan.

“Feel good?” His voice was oddly soft. Draco just hummed in confirmation. Harry leaned down back over him, letting his fingers do the work, gave Draco a quick kiss and whispered in his ear, “you’re going to get to do this to me, too.”

Draco groaned and pushed back against Harry’s fingers, which Harry took as a sign and started pressing a finger inside the tight heat. Slowly Harry pushed the finger in and out, occasionally with a guiding word from Draco. On his say so he entered another, stretching him wider. When Harry found Draco’s prostate he knew it right away due to a low groan and a tightening of muscles. Otherwise Draco’s “yes, there” and pushing back against his fingers would’ve clued him in. Harry wore a feral grin when he simply entered a third finger at Draco’s demanding “more!” This had to be the best possible way to torture Draco, if it wasn’t because he was torturing himself, too.

“Give me your cock, you bastard!” Draco hissed between clenched teeth and then Harry was slicking his shaft, scooting closer and guiding his glistening head to Draco’s arse. Draco wrapped his legs around Harry’s waist and Harry pushed in.

It was as if his world narrowed to two things. The oh so tight entrance opening up for him bit by bit and the sight of Draco’s face, biting his lips and fighting to keep his eyes open to hold Harry’s intense and focused gaze. As Harry slipped past the ring of muscle he groaned and pushed all the way in, eliciting a sharp gasp from Draco.

“Sorry, sorry.” Pleasure like nothing else was sweeping through Harry and he desperately tried to keep still and let Draco adjust.

“Fuck careful,” Draco panted, “give it to me now.”

And Harry gave. He pulled out and pushed back repeatedly until he’d found Draco’s prostate again. Their sweat-slick bodies glided against each other and each push and pull was a wave of pleasure threatening to drown Harry. When Draco was pushing back against him and gripping the covers tight he sped up, pushing into him and filling him with increasing force. Draco’s cock was trapped between them, leaking come sticking to the both of them already.

“Harder… nnngh… faster… yesss,” Draco hissed through his hoarse throat. Since Harry was working towards his own orgasm, feeling as if he was running headlong and willingly towards a tsunami, he had no problem with complying. He fucked Draco fast and hard, pumping himself in and out, focused solely on bringing himself and Draco pleasure and pushing him over the edge.

Draco’s hand finally snapped to his cock and after three frantic tugs he panted loudly, squeezed his eyes shut and came all over his abdomen. He panted harshly and his body tensed as if caught in a timeless moment.

As Draco tightened around Harry he could feel Draco’s pulse racing, nearly as clearly as his own. His hips snapped quickly and his orgasm rushed over him, filling Draco with semen, making Harry groan even louder.

His heart pounding away, he slowly stilled inside Draco, taking heaving breaths.

“Nnnnnnnn,” said Draco beneath him.

“Exactly –,” Harry panted, “my words.”

Draco’s lips twitched upwards, but he kept his eyes closed. Harry slid out slowly, rolled off Draco and collapsed next to him. They both lay there for a while, letting their breathing ease and hearts calm. Then

Draco caught Harry's hand with his.

"We really need a shower."

"Yes, we do."

"I'm way too tired."

"Me, too."

"Glad we agree on that, then," Draco turned his head towards Harry who met his gaze and smiled back. He felt ridiculously giddy for a 25 year old. "Conjure us some clean blankets, would you?" Harry yawned and reached for his wand to do so. Not long after they were both asleep, Harry still holding on to Draco's hand.

~*~

The next morning Harry's eyes blinked open to see blond hair. A rush of anticipation filled him. He had no idea what would happen today, but he knew what he'd like to happen and he was willing to hope for the best.

Shortly after Draco groaned and stretched, finally meeting Harry's gaze.

"I'm just saying one thing," Draco began. "Screw the conference. I'd much rather spend the day screwing you."

Harry laughed as he was dragged to the shower by Draco complaining about how they should've known

better and had a shower last night. Focus quickly shifted from hygiene to water running over naked skin once they were in the shower and it was quite a while before they left the bathroom.

They spent the day locked in Harry's room and when Draco said, "I told you you were missing out," Harry could only nod. They talked, took advantage of the room service, bickered over what to get for dinner and Harry doubted he'd come so many times in one day before. The watch had been abandoned on the bedside table all day, so when the sky started to darken outside Harry was surprised. The day had gone faster than he'd realised and it occurred to him with a pang that he'd have to go home tomorrow.

Draco slept in Harry's room again that night.

~*~

They packed in silence. Draco kept coming into Harry's room for something he'd forgotten which he'd left there the day before, a toothbrush in the bathroom or a sock under the bed. When they passed each other Harry would sometimes pull Draco close just to kiss him softly. Sometimes Draco would do the same.

But then they could no longer draw out the process of packing and the trip to the lift was inevitable. Harry only just remembered to stuff his watch in his jeans' pocket before he locked the door behind him. As the lift slid closed behind them and Harry had pushed the button to the ground floor he took a deep breath and plunged. The rest of the world would just have to live with it.

"I'll see you again, right?" Harry wanted to kick himself for sounding a just a smidgen uncertain.

Draco grabbed Harry's arm and turned him towards him, "The Flying Swan, Hogsmeade, Friday eight o'clock?" He raised a questioning eyebrow. Harry grinned. He was sure he looked stupid, but he really didn't care.

“Let’s make it seven, okay?”

Draco rolled his eyes and nodded, then suddenly wound his hands into Harry’s hair and pulled him forward into a searing kiss. The lift dinged and the door opened.

the end