Prompt Number: #162

Title: Say Anything

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Summary: When Draco loses his reserve and starts speaking his

mind, Harry realises something is very wrong.

Rating: NC17

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Warning(s): Swearing.

Epilogue compliant? Eighth-year, EWE.

Word Count: ~6000

Author's Notes: Thank you to D for beta-ing and Dyson for

everything! Prompter, I hope you enjoy this!

“Mr Malfoy? Mr Malfoy!” The shrill voice of the new DADA professor was piercing. “I can guarantee that I am more interesting than whatever you are doodling, so please, pay attention.”

“You’re not.”

Harry turned round to look at Malfoy, sitting at the back of the class, as always. He continued in a bored drawl. “You are extraordinarily boring and you do not seem to realise that everyone you are lecturing at has fought in actual battles.” Malfoy curled his top lip and turned in the general direction of the Hufflepuffs. Harry followed his gaze. “Well, most of us.” That idiot Smith blushed and stood up hurriedly, knocking his chair over.

“Mr Malfoy!” The voice got even shriller. “Fifty points for insubordination. And if this class is so boring, you are more than welcome to leave.”

Malfoy muttered something as he gathered his stuff. Smith stared at him, arms crossed, as he walked between the desks. When he got close, Smith took a step forward, and stretched his hand out, as if to stop him.

“Don’t touch me, you cowardly prick. You’re about as intimidating as a small girl.”

Smith stood there in shock.

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Harry yawned and reached to the side of his table in the library for a textbook. As he lifted his head, he saw Malfoy staring at him. He frowned and opened the book at the index. He was no more enlightened about the properties of dragon scales when Hermione tapped him on the shoulder. Closing the book with a humph, he glanced at Malfoy who quickly ducked his head.

He followed Ron and Hermione down the corridor to the lounge they’d made by transfiguring the furniture in a disused classroom. Flopping down on the sofa, he bit into the apple Ron threw him.

“I hate my desk. Malfoy keeps staring at me.”

Ron nodded sympathetically and sat on the chair opposite him, resting his feet on the coffee table.

Hermione crossed her feet under herself before she answered. “He’s probably not staring at you. He’s probably just staring. You know. Like you do when you are thinking.”

“I can’t believe I have to sit opposite him.” Harry took a vicious bite of his apple.

Hermione leaned her head back against the squishy armchair and closed her eyes. “You know the library is crammed in exam term. I invited you to bagsy the table next to ours at the start of the hols and you didn’t want to. It’s not Malfoy’s fault that no-one wanted to sit opposite him and it was the only seat left.”

“It kind of is his fault,” Ron interjected.

Hermione smiled, despite herself. “Anyway, this is our fifteen minutes of not thinking about work. No exam chat, that’s the rule.”

Harry stared at Hermione, voluntarily taking a break from revision and sitting serenely in an armchair. She was like a talking study skills textbook. Gone was the young girl who used to spend every second furiously cramming and yelling at them if they even suggested breaking for meals. He grumpily ate his apple thinking about how annoying it was trying to work when bloody Malfoy was staring at him all the time.

A gentle chime sounded and Hermione stood up. “Come on you two. Another fourty-five minutes then we’re done for the night!” Harry followed her jaunty stride back to the library trying to muster some enthusiasm.

Harry finished his notes on the potions of forgetting and remembering and stretched his arms up in triumph. Rolling his neck, he looked up to see Malfoy staring again. Something twisted in his stomach and he took a breath. “What are you staring at?” he hissed out of pursed lips.

Malfoy blinked, as if surprised to be addressed. They’d been sitting opposite one another every evening for a week in silence. “Your hair.”

Harry blinked. “What?” He couldn’t stop himself.

“I don’t understand how it can physically be that messy. It seems to disobey the laws of gravity.” Malfoy’s eyes widened as he spoke.

Harry automatically reached a hand up to try and flatten it. He’d often wondered why it refused to lie flat, but he wasn’t about to admit that. As he was trying to smooth it down, Malfoy grabbed his bag and hurried off. Harry scratched his head, baffled.

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“Did you hear what Malfoy said to her?”

Harry couldn’t help but slow down as he got close to a group of girls huddled in a corridor.

“She said ‘Draco, does this outfit make me look easy?’ and he said ‘No, the fact you’re easy makes you look easy’!”

The girls gasped and giggled. One of them, who Harry thought might be a fifth-year, covered her face with her hands. “Merlin, I’d die if someone said that to me!”

“I’d slap him!” The girls nodded furiously.

“She looked like she was going to.” The girl who was telling the story continued. “But then she just let out a sob and ran up to the dorm rooms.”

“Can you imagine? In front of everyone?!”

“I’d be easy for Draco Malfoy.” The rest of the group shrieked with laughter. “What? He’s gorgeous!”

“Sweetie, I don’t think you’re his type….”

Harry frowned as he passed out of hearing range, curious to know why she wasn’t his type. Malfoy probably refused to date anyone who wasn’t a pureblood or something.

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They arrived at the DADA classroom a couple of minutes early. Ron tried the door handle. “Locked.”

Hermione rolled her eyes. “I can’t believe she locks us out of the classroom until the bell rings like we’re kids. What does she think we’re going to do unsupervised?”

“She’s bloody annoying, that’s for sure.” Ron slid down the wall and sat down, stretching his legs out in front of him.

A minute or two later, Malfoy arrived, alone as usual. “Why are you waiting outside?”

Hermione looked at Malfoy. “Hi. Professor Larson refuses to unlock the door until the bell rings. In case we hurt ourselves on a vicious desk corner, I expect.”

Malfoy just nodded. Ron stared at him with a frown. “Malfoy, why won’t you answer her properly? Hermione has gone out of her way all this year to be nice to you, and you can’t even answer her politely! It’s because she’s Muggle-born, isn’t it? I knew you hadn’t really changed.”

“Ron!” Hermione looked both embarrassed and pleased by Ron’s outburst.

“What? Just because he’s barely said anything this year, doesn’t mean he’s changed. I mean, really changed.”

“It’s because I find her quite intimidating.” Malfoy clamped his lips together as soon as he spoke, and blushed a little.

“What?” Ron stood up.

“I find her quite intimidating. And it’s not because she’s Muggle-born. If anything, she disproves the theory that they are inferior.” Malfoy’s voice was distinctly sulky and his closed lips made it look like he was forcing the words out.

As they stared at Malfoy in bemusement, the bell rang and Professor Larson opened the door. Malfoy went as if to hurry through it, then stopped and ostentatiously bowed and held out his arm, indicating Hermione should precede him. She did, looking curiously at him.

Harry watched Malfoy take his seat in the back corner, as always. He nodded at Ron and Hermione and then walked over to Malfoy’s desk. “Can I sit here?”

“What? Why? I don’t know, can you?” The tip of his nose went a bit pink.

Harry looked at him curiously. “Fine. May I sit here?”

“Saint Potter may do whatever he wants. It’s not like you care what I think, anyway.” The flush spread from his nose to his cheekbones.

Harry stared, and sat down anyway. Just as he was about to reply, Professor Larson cleared her throat in the horrible way she had that always reminded Harry of Umbridge. He shuddered and unconsciously

covered the scar on the back of his hand.

“Today we are going to be…”

As soon as Harry moved his hands and started to get his quill to take notes, he felt an elbow dig him in the ribs. He turned. “What?” he muttered.

“What’s that on your hand?” Malfoy was staring at his scar.

“Scar.” Harry put his hands in his lap out of sight.

“You scarred me.” Malfoy frowned, then continued. “I hate it. I can’t look at it without remembering.”

Harry went hot and could feel a flush creeping up his neck. He hated remembering that incident. “You tried to use Crucio on me.”

“I know. I’m sorry. I regret it. I regret a lot of things. But you sliced me open.” Malfoy was staring at the table.

Harry shook his head. He never imagined he would hear Malfoy voluntarily apologising. Something was very wrong.

“I….”

“Mr Malfoy! Mr Potter! Are you two listening to me?”

Harry jerked his head up in surprise. Before he could reply, Malfoy spoke. “No.”

“Well, you have to!” Professor Larson was moving from behind her desk towards them.

“Why?” Malfoy was staring at her, seemingly calm, but Harry noticed his fist clenching his around quill.

“Why?” She was beginning to turn red. “Because I am your Professor and you should have enough respect to listen to me!”

“Respect is earned, Professor Larson.” Malfoy stressed the ‘Professor’ obnoxiously. “And you haven’t earned mine. And your voice is extremely annoying.”

The whole class had turned in their seats and was watching the Professor walk even closer to Malfoy’s desk. She muttered and summoned a piece of parchment and quill from her desk. “Mr Malfoy, if you want to remain in this class, I suggest you rein in your tongue and remember your manners. Are you going to do that?”

“I have excellent manners. Normally.” Malfoy looked like he might be about to actually bite his tongue.

“You are demonstrably proving that is not true, Mr Malfoy. You’re wasting my time and the class’s time. Take this to Headmistress McGonagall please, and if you return to this class, please do so with a civil tongue and a better attitude.” She brandished the piece of paper and Malfoy took it reluctantly. “Are you going to take this to the Headmistress?”

“No. I am going to Incendio it and go to the common room.”

Professor Larson raised her eyes to the ceiling. “Mr Potter. Go with him. To the Headmistress.”

“What? Why me?”

“Why him?”

She pursed her lips. “Just go.” If possible, her voice got even higher. “Both of you. Now!”

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Harry sat in silence on the uncomfortable hard sofa while the Headmistress read Professor Larson’s note. Malfoy was sitting besides him, slouching with his legs stretched out.

“Mr Malfoy. Draco.” McGonagall took off her reading glasses. “What is this about? You have been a model student all year, you’ve behaved according to the terms of your probation, you’ve turned in consistently good work and you’ve not once been reprimanded. But this past week I have heard numerous accounts of rudeness and a complete lack of civility. What is going on?”

“Why is he here?” Malfoy jerked his head sharply towards Harry.

“Answer the question, Mr Malfoy.” McGonagall sighed.

“I can’t help it.”

Harry tried to conceal a snort.

“Sorry, Mr Malfoy?”

“I can’t!” At McGonagall’s sceptical look he reached for his bag and pulled out a folded piece of parchment. He stood up and passed it to her over her desk. “I received it on Monday by owl post. And

now I don't exactly have control over my mouth."

Harry gaped and leaned forward in interest. "You can't control what you say?"

"No." Malfoy's tone was curt and annoyed.

"So that's why you've been saying weird stuff?" Harry was already wondering what he could ask Malfoy.

"Don't taunt, Harry." McGonagall had put her reading glasses back on to inspect Malfoy's letter and she peered sternly at him. He sat back, abashed. "Right." She put the letter down on her desk. "Tell me exactly what happened."

Malfoy took a deep breath. "I was eating my breakfast. Sausages. I like sausages." Harry stifled a laugh. "Er, anyway a school owl dropped it next to my plate. I touched it with my wand to begin checking it for curses, but before I could, it opened itself and there was a flash of white light. And er, that was that."

"Didn't anyone notice?" Harry was curious. No-one could be cursed with a letter and a white light at the Gryffindor table without everyone noticing and swinging into action.

"No-one will sit anywhere near me, Potter." Malfoy's voice was flat.

"Right." McGonagall nodded. "And did you feel anything…?"

"No. I read the letter, it was nothing particularly unusual and then I went on my way. I didn't realise the flash had had any effect until I was asked a question and er, well." Harry leaned forward as he spoke, dying to know what Malfoy had said to make him realise something was wrong.

McGonagall however seemed content to let it go. "I take it you have tried to research the curse."

“Of course. I’m not completely inept.” Malfoy clamped his mouth together, but the Headmistress just nodded and raised her eyebrows. Malfoy reached into his bag and handed over a roll of parchments messily tied with a ribbon.

McGonagall set it to one side. “The intention as stated in the letter and the actual effects clearly do not match up, so we are probably looking at a botched curse which unfortunately vastly increases the potential variables. Professor Larson and I will try and find out exactly what was used and work out a counter-curse.”

Harry grinned when Malfoy opened his mouth as soon as McGonagall mentioned the DADA teacher, and grinned even wider when he shut it again. This was going to be so funny.

“I will inform the staff and suggest they avoid addressing you directly. And other than that I think all you can do is either think polite things or try not to speak.” McGonagall reached for Malfoy’s roll of notes, clearly indicating the meeting was at an end.

“That’s it? That’s it! Think polite thoughts, Mr Malfoy. Firstly, have you ever tried to control your thoughts? It’s bloody difficult. Secondly, if perfect-bloody-Potter had some sort of brain/mouth curse I bet my racing broom collection you’d respond with a hell of a lot more than ‘think polite thoughts, Potter’. But me? No, I’m just an ex-Death Eater who you only let back into school out of a sense of obligation. It doesn’t matter that I have been cursed and we have no idea if my brain/mouth functionality will ever recover. It doesn’t matter that should this still be the case during my next probation meeting I could end up tossed in Azkaban just for thinking something. Oh no, it is completely fine for Malfoy’s thoughts to be on public display, because really, they should be. I’m amazed the new Ministry isn’t trying to police our thoughts, because frankly they are policing everything else. But don’t you worry, Mr Malfoy, I’ll set the world’s shrillest DADA Professor on the case and you just keep your trap shut until she untangles the curse and finds the counter curse. Because that’s a completely realistic response…”

McGonagall had put the papers down and had straightened up in her chair. “Are you quite finished, Mr Malfoy?”

“No.” Malfoy’s reply was angry but he didn’t continue speaking.

“Do you really think that I am treating you differently from any other student and that obligation is the only reason you were allowed to return to Hogwarts?” Her voice was soft and quiet. Harry unconsciously sat up straight. He recognised the danger in her tone, could hear it in her accent tinging the words.

“Yes.” Malfoy stared straight at her.

“Give me an example.” McGonagall stared back.

“As soon as I break a rule I get house points docked but Potter and the sidekicks break all kind of rules and get rewarded for it.” A flush had started on the tip of Malfoy’s nose.

Harry opened his mouth, but McGonagall quelled any words with a glance. “A specific example from this school year.”

Malfoy opened and closed his mouth. McGonagall took a deep breath and folded her hands in front of her on her desk. “You misjudge me, Mr Malfoy. I am first and foremost an educator. A teacher. I believe in the transformative power of education. I believe in rules and equality under those rules as being key to rebuilding our world. I am not my predecessor and we are not living in a time of war. I would have replied in exactly the same way to any student who had come to me with this particular problem. Whilst I have an idea of what might be going on, I am not going to endanger you by attempting to reverse the curse without further thought. You are a young adult, Mr Malfoy. You have been through enough for me to treat you as such. And that means that you have to deal with the unfortunate effects as best you can whilst working on the solution.” She sighed, and Harry suddenly thought she looked old and tired. “Is there anything else you want to say?”

“Sorry.”

Harry whipped his head round. He was not expecting that to be Malfoy’s reply.

“Accepted. Until this gets resolved, all owl post will be diverted and checked before being delivered to you.” Her voice softened. “You have dealt with worse, Draco. Chin up.”

He nodded and picking his bag up, left the room. Harry moved to do the same. “Harry? Keep an eye on him please? In particular, don’t let him get into any fights. His probation is so nearly finished.”

Harry nodded and hurried out of the office to catch up with Malfoy.

“Malfoy! Wait up.” He wasn’t going to taunt. Really he wasn’t. “What are you thinking right now?”

“That McGonagall’s a person as well as a teacher.” Malfoy looked a bit shamefaced.

“Huh.” Harry frowned. “I suppose she is.” He fell into step with Malfoy. “It’s odd to think of teachers as being people too. Even though I was in the Order with her, I didn’t really think of her as an actual person.”

“Other things to do, I expect.” Malfoy snorted sadly.

“Yeah. So, er, there’s only ten minutes left of DADA. And Professor Larson’s voice really is extremely high pitched. I hadn’t really noticed how annoying it was until you pointed it out…” Malfoy smiled a little at that. “So, want to skive off and head down to the greenhouses early?”

“Why are you still here?” Harry raised an eyebrow in puzzlement. “With me? Walking, talking, y’know like we’re friends? Oh, Merlin, McGonagall asked you to keep an eye on me, didn’t she? And I thought this couldn’t get worse. Bloody buggering fuck…” Malfoy shut his mouth.

“She didn’t ask me to keep an eye on you.” Harry had never really thought about how helpful being able to fib was. At Malfoy’s folded arms and unconvinced expression, he realised that it might be useful but

that didn't make him good at it. "All right, she mentioned that if you got in a fight then you could mess up your probation, and your uncensored talking could potentially get you into a fight so I thought…."

"You always have to help, don't you, Potter?" Malfoy dropped his arms, looking exasperated.

"Yeah? I don't really know why that's a bad thing, though." Harry thought he heard a muttered 'me neither' as Malfoy strode off on the way to the greenhouses.

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"Mr Malfoy!" Harry saw Malfoy flinch when Professor Larson called his name. Slowly he packed his bags and followed Malfoy to her desk, nodding to Ron and Hermione as they left with the rest of the class. "Mr Potter, if you wouldn't mind staying too?" Harry watched Malfoy roll his eyes, he had been going to stay whatever she had said, and Malfoy knew it.

"I've discovered the counter curse for your, ah, affliction."

Malfoy grunted. Harry watched as his lips turned white with the effort of keeping them closed.

Picking up a voluminous bag from under the table, she rummaged around, eventually pulling out a lilac-coloured crystal triumphantly. "Have a seat, Mr Malfoy! Get comfortable!" Harry bit back a grin as Malfoy's cheeks flushed, contrasting with his white lips as he eyed the crystal she placed in front of him on the desk. Even though he was going red with the effort of keeping silent, Harry could well imagine what he would be saying.

"Now, staring at the crystal, clear your mind. Clear your mind. Clear your mind. You are free. I am just a soothing voice." Harry couldn't fight a snort at this -- her voice was anything but soothing. She glared at him and he stuck his knuckles in his mouth. "Staring at the crystal, clear your mind. Your thoughts are butterflies, flitting around. Let them pass. They are flitting from flower to flower and you watch them, but you don't touch them. Your mind is clear."

Harry stared at Malfoy as he frowned at the crystal, his face crumpling with the effort of keeping quiet. Professor Larson obviously took his expression for that of concentration, and nodding pointed her wand between his eyes. Malfoy visibly flinched, but she flicked her wand in a complex pattern and murmured, “Decendi Potestas!”She nodded in satisfaction and tucked her wand away.

“Did it work? I bet it didn’t work. Stupid purple crystal. Thoughts like butterflies indeed. My thoughts are racing horses, strong, powerful and efficient. Not stupid butterflies. Does she think I am some sort of girl? Fuck, am I saying this aloud?”

Harry nodded, eyes wide, a grin beginning. Malfoy snapped his head up and, sweeping his hand across the desk, sent the crystal flying. Harry stopped its descent to the stone floor with a whispered spell as Malfoy turned to the Professor, rage sparking in his face, his hand clenched around his wand.

”What the bloody buggering fuck did you do?” I’m not mended! This has not reversed the curse!” She stuttered, reaching for her notes and flicking through them. Malfoy’s voice got even louder as she kept stuttering. “This is not good. This is ridiculous.”

Harry watched Malfoy very deliberately take a deep breath and clamp his lips together. A flush spread, his face looking like his was trying to hold his breath, his eyes staring. As if compelled, he opened his mouth again. “Merlin. Merlin. Merlin. This cannot be happening. And Potter’s here. Of course Potter is here! Harry!”

Harry took a sharp breath in when Malfoy used his first name, but Malfoy continued as if he hadn’t noticed. “Don’t even think about laughing. You’re going to laugh at me and then…. McGonagall! Now!”

Malfoy actually fled the room, abandoning his bag where it sat on the floor. He turned to Professor Larson who had turned an alarming puce colour and was staring at her notes. “I’ll, er,” he swung Malfoy’s bag over his shoulder. “go, then.”

As he hurried towards the Headmistress’s office, a Slytherin girl nearly barrelled into him. “Sorry! Sorry!” She spoke through her tears and ran off past him down the corridor. Harry recognised her as the girl who

had said she would be easy for Malfoy a few days ago.

“In Merlin’s name, why is the password still ‘guess-the-sweet’? That’s completely useless! What if there was an emergency, like, oh, I don’t know, now, and vital time was wasted listing sodding sweets? The castle could be falling down around my very attractive ears and here I am trying to name the products of Honeydukes!”

As Harry rounded the corner, he could see the tirade was accompanied by hand-wringing from a clearly furious Malfoy. His robe was hanging half off his shoulder and he was tucking his hair rhythmically behind his ears. In these few days Harry had seen more emotion from Malfoy than in the previous two terms. He was furious in a way Harry had never seen before – he’d seen him terrified, euphoric, desperate, but never in the kind of rage that seemed to be almost disturbing the air around him.

As Harry neared, the gargoyle shifted and a tartan skirt came into view. “Is there a reason you are berating my statue, Mr Malfoy?” McGonagall peered down the staircase at him.

“Yes!” Malfoy lowered his tone. “Yes there is. An extraordinarily valid one. In fact, I think the shouting is quite a reserved response when compared to the magnitude of this reason.”

Again Harry saw Malfoy clamp his lips together, a pained look on his face. McGonagall nodded, and turning, lead them up the stairs.

“Er, Malfoy?”

“Fucking hell! What, Potter?” Malfoy turned his head round sharply.

“Breathe, maybe? You look like you’re going to expire.”

Harry watched as Malfoy took several sharp breaths, opening and closing his mouth. “You fucking wish,

Potter.”

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They sat in the same seats as last time, but this time Malfoy was fidgeting, making the sofa jiggle up and down. Harry put out a hand to stop him, but at Malfoy’s, glare quickly put it back in his own lap.

“What’s happened, Mr Malfoy?” McGonagall set aside the parchment she’d been writing on.

“I don’t bloody know! I was staring at the stupid purple crystal and Professor Laughable pointed her wand in between my eyes saying she’d found the counter-curse, only she hadn’t and now I can’t stop talking. Why me? Merlin, why me? Now instead of my thoughts being butterflies they are words. Every single one of them is a word.”

“What was the incantation used?” The Headmistress sat forward in her chair.

“I can’t bloody remember! Decendi-- something.”

Harry interrupted before Malfoy began another tirade. “Decendi Potestas, Headmistress.”

“Oh.” Her eyes widened. “Oh dear.”

“Oh dear? Oh dear?!” Malfoy’s voice got louder and higher. “I knew I shouldn’t have told anyone. I knew I should have kept researching myself. I can’t believe this. If my--” Malfoy clamped his lips shut, but Harry was willing to bet that had been one of the ‘my father’ threats he used to be so fond of.

He watched as Malfoy again turned that alarming shade of red. Even his scalp looked red, and he could see a bead of sweat beginning to form at his temple.

“You feel compelled to speak your every thought, Draco?” McGonagall asked.

He nodded furiously, his whole body beginning to shake with the effort of fighting the compulsion. Harry couldn’t help but feel sorry for him; he wouldn’t want his every thought broadcast, especially considering the amount he thought about… He hurriedly tried to derail that particular train of thought, and understood a tiny bit what Malfoy must be feeling.

“Right. Is it ok with you if I just put a silencing spell around you, so at least we are no longer privy to your train of thought? Then I can try and sort this out.” Malfoy nodded and McGonagall cast.

Malfoy’s whole body relaxed, and his lips started moving again but Harry could hear no sound. The Headmistress stood up swiftly and crossed the room. Pulling a thick book down from a bookcase she flicked through it, pausing at a page before letting out a gentle snort.

“Draco.” McGonagall leant against the front of her desk in front of them. “Can you hear me?” He nodded and his lips started moving. “I need to consult with Professor Larson and her notes. I am afraid I cannot sort this out immediately.” Malfoy rolled his eyes and gesticulated. Harry could imagine that nothing he was saying was terribly polite. “Now, I don’t want to feel like I am ostracising you, but I am not sure it is wise to have you interacting with others at the moment. The review of your probation is coming up soon, and I do not want your previously excellent behaviour jeopardised.” Some of Malfoy’s anger seemed to subside at this. “However, I shall not insist you do anything you do not agree with. Would you like to carry on in your House and lessons as normal?” Draco shook his head, his hair flying from side to side. “Right. There are some spare rooms in the staff quarters. Just a moment.”

McGonagall headed towards her Floo, before turning back. “I don’t suppose there is much point sending you away is there, Harry?” He grinned and shook his head.

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Malfoy looked around the rooms McGonagall had put him in, his lips moving all the while. Harry stood in the centre of the living room, with his hands in his pockets, feeling a bit uncomfortable. “Right. I am

supposed to go and find out what class-work we missed and then bring it back to you. Do you want me to take the spell off so you can cast if you need to?"

At his nod, Harry removed the spell as McGonagall had showed him. "Okay?"

"Thank fuck for that." Malfoy took a deep breath.

"I'll just go get your work, then." Harry turned towards the door.

"I wonder what his arse looks like out of his robes… If his Quidditch trousers are any indication, it is rather fine…"

Harry stopped. His breathing sped up and his heart started hammering. Surely, Malfoy did not just say what he thought he said? That could not be possible.

"Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck Silencio Ipse--!" Malfoy's panicked voice stopped abruptly when the spell took effect.

Harry stood still, staring at the door. He could walk out and pretend it had never happened. Or, he could… He decided to stop thinking it through. He turned as he heard Malfoy's swift footsteps walking out of the lounge. When Harry crossed to the bedroom, Malfoy swung the door closed.

He sped up, and quickly pushed the door open, hoping Malfoy was not adept at non-verbal locking spells. As the old door creaked on its hinges, Malfoy quickly turned towards the wall and looked very much like he was trying to find a way through it.

Crossing the room in long strides, Harry paused a metre or so from Malfoy's back. "Malfoy." Harry took a deep breath, and cleared his throat. His voice had cracked embarrassingly. "What did you just say?"

Malfoy kept his back turned, but Harry noticed a shake in his shoulders. He put out a hand, resting it gently on Malfoy's shaking arm. Lowering his tone, he tried again. "Malfoy. Draco. Turn around. Please?"

He felt the muscle underneath his arm stiffen, and slowly, so slowly, Malfoy turned around. Harry let out the breath he didn't realise he had been holding. He had thought he had seen the extent of Malfoy's blushes over the last few days, but this topped them all. The flush was on his cheekbones, highlighted by his closed eyes and his down-turned face.

Harry tried to find his sexiest voice. "Do you think about my arse a lot, Draco?" He let his tongue roll around the 'r' of the name, dragging it out.

Malfoy looked up, surprise showing in his face. He stared at Harry for a long moment, and then nodded once.

A slow smile spread across Harry's face. "Amove Silencio!"

"Fuck, is he going to kiss me or kill me?" Malfoy looked horrified when his voice was restored again.

"I'm going to kiss you. Definitely not kill you." Harry walked closer to Draco as he spoke, and Draco backed up further against the wall. When he saw his mouth open to speak again, Harry brought his face in and pressed his lips against Draco's, curtailing any attempt at conversation.

Malfoy's lips were rough. Harry'd noticed he had been biting them in the previous days when Malfoy was trying to keep his thoughts out of his mouth, and now he was finally answering his question of what it would feel like to bite them himself. Nipping gently at Malfoy's bottom lip, Harry received a moan, and the lips parted in response. He thrust his tongue in, wanting release, wanting satiation, wanting anything.

He felt Malfoy relax against the wall as they kissed and he sneaked his hands inside Harry's robes, reaching down for a fondle of the arse he had been wondering about. When Malfoy's hands reached his arse, Harry couldn't help himself from slamming his hips against Draco's, pushing him even harder against the wall. Forcing his thigh between Draco's legs, he moaned as he felt Draco's hardness pushing

against him, and he hurriedly moved his hands to tried to undo Draco's shirt.

Pushing it off his shoulders, Harry moaned as he first ran his hands along his bare chest and thrust their hips together. Draco squeezed his arse, pulling him in even closer and Harry tore open the buttons on his own shirt. Pressing their chests together, he gasped, not expecting how brilliant skin-to-skin contact would feel. Harry tweaked a nipple as his hands moved downwards, as if out of his control. Never breaking their kiss, he palmed the bulge in Draco's trousers and thrust their hips together as Draco started moving. Two hard thrusts and a sharp squeeze to his bum, and Harry was coming in his pants, finally breaking the kiss and taking deep breaths into Draco's shoulder. He could feel Draco's cock pulsing against his, even through their trousers.

Malfoy was quiet.

Harry snorted, causing their spent cocks to twitch against each other. Apparently all Draco needed to silence his continuous inner monologue was an orgasm.

"I can't believe I came in my pants. Against the wall. With Harry."

Or not. Harry snorted gently again, buoyed by Draco's pleased and awed tone. "Next time, it'll be in your bed."

~*~

Minerva poured another cup of tea from the merrily painted teapot on her desk and snorted as she read Professor's Larson's notes. Professor Laughable was not a bad name for her, she thought, and resigned herself to once again advertising for a new DADA instructor. It was clear from the letter Draco had received that whoever had cast the curse was clearly intending for his true nature to be revealed, proving his reformed behaviour to be just an act, but it had turned out rather more literally than intended.

Yawning, she moved to stand by the window, looking out at the still battle-scarred castle. Finding and punishing the culprit could wait until tomorrow morning. Suddenly she felt every one of her seventy-four

years.

~*~

Malfoy was gone when he woke up the next morning, but there was a note on the pillow that simply said Summoned by McGonagall. Harry yawned and headed for the ensuite shower.

Changing his mind and lying back down, he decided he couldn't be bothered to get up yet and instead re-ran the events of last night in his head. As he remembered, his cock started hardening and he gently started to stroke it as he replayed his memories. He didn't stop even when the bedroom door opened and slammed shut again, he just lifted his head up and grinned.

When Malfoy didn't say anything, but stood there watching Harry with a grin on his face, Harry broke the silence. "Your brain/mouth functioning fixed, then?"

"Yes."

"Going to tell me who cursed you and why?"

"Later."

"Are you going to put that pretty mouth to a better use?"

Draco pulled his clothes off and crawled up the bed to settle in between Harry's thighs. He very deliberately breathed over the head of Harry's cock and Harry squirmed in response. "I most certainly am."

FIN

Time Period: Eight year

Place: Hogwarts

Object/Word Prompts: Mirror, shy glances, dragon scales, fog

Action: As a result of a curse or magical accident, Draco changes in a way that makes people afraid of and/or repulsed by him. I'm thinking of a Beauty and the Beast inspired situation, except that Draco should still appear (mostly) human, but he should have some sort of trait that makes others stay away. Harry feels sorry for him and tries to befriend him. Draco doesn't want Harry's pity, but slowly opens up to him and they fall in love. Draco becomes normal again at the end.

Preferences/Other Notes: Lots of angst, or at least flangst, before the happy ending.