Title: Open Your Heart

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Summary: The Heart Charm allows people to be heard when they have a crush on someone. Unfortunately for Harry, it works too well.

Author's/Artist's Note: Beta was the dear [info]celestlyn.

"The Heart Charm is not illegal today, as it had been once," Flitwick said as he looked around at the students. "It does not alter the emotions of the person under the charm's influence, nor does it compel them to listen to anyone who talks to him or her. It is harmless--it only opens the heart to whomever it is who wants it. It is up to the charmed person to decide whether he or she should accept the, um, suit of the other.

"It does sound more complicated than it really is. I am going to pair you up and you will practice the charm on each other."

"I hope Lavender really is over me," Ron muttered to Harry as Flitwick started the pairing off. "I don't want to listen to her simper again."

Harry nodded absently, hoping that once everyone was able to cast the charm, the person he wanted

wouldn't be picked to demonstrate. "Maybe you can finally ask Hermione out."

Ron flushed hotly, looking at the row ahead of them where Hermione was sitting with Neville. "You think she'd really listen, though?"

Harry nodded. "I do."

"Longbottom, Patil," Flitwick called out. "Weasley, Granger. Potter, Malfoy."

Harry swore under his breath as Malfoy gathered his things and sat in the now empty chair next to Harry. "Malfoy."

"Potter."

"Now, remember, your wand, like this--" A complicated arc and figure-eight pattern. "--And say Il cuore di Thine è aperto*."

"Rather complicated," Harry muttered.

"It's Italian," Malfoy said. "You have to sing it actually. Like this." He raised his wand and sang.

Harry frowned. "I don't feel any different."

"You wouldn't," Malfoy said. "Unless the person who wants you is speaking to you."

"Are you blushing?" Harry asked.

Malfoy glared. "Just cast the spell, Potter."

Harry nodded and followed the instructions. "So, how will we know if it worked?"

"The charm lasts for two hours," Malfoy said. "If you meet anyone who has a crush on you within that time span, you'll feel it."

"Oh," Harry said. He bit his lip as he felt something that might've been either gas or butterflies. "Is it supposed to feel like--"

"Oh, Neville, no!"

Harry saw Neville's poorly aimed spell heading straight for Malfoy and did the first thing that came to mind--he pushed Malfoy to the floor, twisting them a little so Malfoy wouldn't hit his head.

And that was the last thing he remembered.

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"Harry? Come on, wake up."

"Hermione, he's still asleep."

"In a coma, Ron. And he is coming out of it, I saw his hand move."
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"Madam Pomfrey said he might do that even in the coma."

"He's waking up, I can tell. Harry?"

"Hermione--"

"Could you stop bickering?" Harry muttered as he peeked through his eyelashes.

"I knew it!" Hermione said. "Ron, get Madam Pomfrey."

Ron groused as he left, and Hermione smiled at Harry. "It's only been two days and the teachers are willing to give you an extra week for any missed assignments."

"Is that all?" Harry quipped.

She frowned as Madam Pomfrey bustled around the curtain. "How are you feeling, Mr. Potter?"

"Tired," Harry admitted.

"You should be," she said. "That was a nasty fall. Anything else?"

Harry shook his head. She clucked her tongue. "Very well. Go ahead and go to sleep. Your body needs it." She looked at Hermione and Ron who had rejoined them. "Out, both of you! He needs to sleep!"

"We'll come by tomorrow," Ron said.

"I'm glad you're awake," Hermione said.

When they left, Madam Pomfrey shoved a vial into his hands. "Drink it. It'll help you rest better."

"Is there something I should know about?" Harry asked.

"Drink!" she said.

Harry sighed and drank, gagging at the taste. He was soon asleep.

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When he woke up, he knew that something was wrong.

Harry's still not out of the hospital? Longbottom better hope his spell didn't damage him completely.

That was not normal, even for Harry. He put his glasses on and slowly sat up. Madam Pomfrey, alert as always to her patients, was at his side. "Better?"

Harry nodded. "Yeah. But..."

She looked resigned and cast a diagnosis spell on him. "I'm going to have Professor Flitwick and the Headmistress in. They'll sort you out, I'm sure.'

Harry blinked as she left just as quickly as she came. What had Neville done? It couldn't be that bad,
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right?

I wonder if Harry tops or bottoms?

Harry blushed, wondering whose thoughts those were. Or if they were just his imagination.

"Mr Potter," McGonagal said as she rounded the curtain with Flitwick in tow.

"Professors," Harry said. "What happened?"

She pursed her lips as Flitwick sighed. "Mr. Longbottom, as usual, bumbled up a rather simple charm. He cast it perfectly, except that he didn't hit his partner. He hit you, but you were already under the charm's effects."

"I...I keep hearing this voice in my head," Harry admitted.

Flitwick frowned. "Is it the same one?"

I hope he's a switch.

Harry blushed hotter. "Yeah."

Flitwick hummed and cast his own diagnosis spell. "I thought as much. You see, Harry, the two charms should have merely made you more open to whomever has a crush on you. That you are hearing a voice in your head--only one--means whomever he or she is, you return the feelings."

"How do we stop it?" Harry asked.

"We're not sure," McGonagal said. "We cast a Finite when you were brought here, but clearly it didn't help. We shall simply have to see. If you feel off in any way, you must tell Madam Pomfrey, Professor Flitwick, or myself. Otherwise, the charm must run its course."

"Though since the charm itself is supposed to wear off after two hours, we won't know for sure when it will," Flitwick said.

Maybe I could visit him in the hospital? Nah, he wouldn't like that. Would he? Harry groaned.

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"Why don't you just go up and ask her out, mate?" Ron asked a week later. "Get some of that tension out of your system?"

"Ron!" Hermione hissed.

The last week had been...interesting. Clearly, Draco felt as much for Harry as Harry did for the other boy. Which was fine and dandy, except that Draco had a lot of fantasies and a lot of great suggestions. Harry was practically raw from all the wanking he had done. He was also very tense, listening to it all as the days went on.

"Yeah, right," Harry said.

"If it's a boy, you know we don't care, right?" Ron said quietly. "As long as it isn't Malfoy."

Harry winced and Hermione groaned. Harry raised an eyebrow at her. "You know?"
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She sighed. "Yeah. Kind of hard to miss."

"Wait, it is Malfoy?" Ron said. "No way!"

Harry laid his head on his arms. "And he's very...clever."

"But that means he likes you, too," Ron said.

"I know!" Harry said.

Ron was silent as Hermione looked at Draco. "Why don't you ask him out, anyway?"

"And how do I explain how I know that he likes me?" Harry asked. "We're keeping the charm a secret."

"That doesn't matter," she said. "You like him so why not ask him out? It'd be the same as you asking our anyone you didn't know liked you."

Harry looks upset. I wonder if giving him a snog would cheer him up?

Harry sighed. "Except for our history, Hermione."

"Yeah, that'd be like Harry asking Snape out," Ron said. He turned a shade of green. "Ew, never mind."

Harry shuddered. "Let's just get to class, alright?"

Draco and his friends seemed to have the same idea, though. Oh, god, that arse. I could lick that for

hours.

Halfway to class, Harry decided enough was enough. He turned and jogged down the corridor until he found Draco. It probably wouldn't stop Harry from hearing Draco's voice in his head, but since they did like each other, at least they could work out some of the tension between them.

He pushed the other boy into the wall and pressed close, lips pressed against Draco's. Draco struggled, pushed at Harry's shoulders, but Harry just licked the seam of Draco's lips. Draco gasped and Harry plunged his tongue inside. One of them moaned and Draco was pulling Harry closer, arching his back. Harry poured his week of frustration into the kiss, wanting Draco to feel as desperate as he was.

"Fuck, Potter," Draco said as Harry stopped to breath.

"Harry," he said. "That's what you call me in your thoughts." His eyes widened when he realized he should not have said that.

"What?" Draco yelled as he scrambled away from Harry.

"The charm," Harry said in a rush, "That day in charms? The two of them combined--"

"You've been eavesdropping on my thoughts?" Draco said. "That's why you kissed me?"

"No, of course not!" Harry said, but Draco wasn't listening.

"Fuck you, Potter!"

Harry groaned when Draco ran off. He'd royally screwed that one up.

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Harry was still brooding over it ar dinner. Ron shook his head. "Eat something, mate. You'll do yourself no favors if you starve to death."

Harry rolled his eyes. "Where's Hermione?"

Ron shrugged. "You think I keep an eye on her?"

"I was just curious," Harry snapped. He closed his eyes. "Sorry."

"Well, there she is now," Ron said. "You can ask her yourself. She's going to say the library, though."

Harry smiled at Hermione as she ran down the isle toward him only to frown when she yanked him off the bench. "Oi, where are you going?" Ron called.

"Later, Ron!" Hermione called.

Harry raised an eyebrow as she continued to pull him up the stairs and into an unused corridor. She knocked on a door that swung open. She smiled at Pansy. "He's here?"

"Under duress," Draco called from a corner. He had his arms crossed over his chest.

"You said you understood," Pansy said.
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"I do," Draco said. "The git has to apologize though."

"Of course I do," Harry said. "It isn't right. There's nothing I can do about it."

Draco sniffed. "Granger explained."

Harry rubbed the back of his head. "Did she also tell you why I could only hear your thoughts?"

Draco nodded. "Yeah."

"We'll just leave you to it," Hermione said with a wink. She left with Pansy and Harry sighed.

"So," he said.

"It was a good kiss," Draco said.

Harry nodded with a small smile. "It was. Er, we could try out one or two of those things you were thinking about?"

Draco studied Harry.

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"Mm," Harry moaned as Draco pushed him onto the bed. "Are you sure no one will bother us?"
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"I put a lock on the door," Draco said, "One that only I know how to break."

Harry smirked. "So, which fantasy is it going to be?"

"You know, it's rather unfair that you know most of mine, but I know none of yours." Draco opened the drawer of his bedside table and moved things around in it.

"Oh, we can fix that," Harry said. "I have this one--."

"Later," Draco said with a wink. "Right now, chocolate." He held up a bar of Honeyduke's darkest.

Harry raised an eyebrow. "You mean that one where you--."

Draco smirked and started undressing. "Oh, yeah."

Harry undressed as fast as he was able. Draco unwrapped the bar and broke it up into pieces, putting them in a small bowl. He slowly heated them until they were melted. "Ready?"

Harry nodded. Draco slowly poured the chocolate down Harry's body, from his chest to his thighs, making sure plenty went on his cock. "A feast for me," Draco said. He set the bowl to the side and then bent his head to kiss Harry.

"Get on with it," Harry groaned. "Please."

"One would think you're eager," Draco said. He kissed Harry's chest, between his nipples, and bit his way to one, licking and sucking at the chocolate. "Begging me, hard, moaning."

Harry gasped when Draco's teeth pulled at his nipple. "It's been week long torture for me. Listening to you, knowing what you want to do to me."

"I am rather inventive, aren't I?" Draco moved to the other nipple and gave it the same treatment.

"Do you really want to use rope though?"

"Oh, yes. You'd look hot." He looked up and batted his eyelashes. "Or on me." He chuckled when Harry gulped. "You'd like that. Tying me down so you can have your wicked way with me."

"Yes!"

Draco continued to lick the chocolate off Harry. "After you come, we're going to take a nice--" bite, "hot--" bite, "bath."

"Fuck." Harry grabbed the back of Draco's head. "Get on with it."

"Patience." Draco lifted his head, staying away from Harry's cock and instead licking the chocolate from Harry's thighs. "We have all the time in the world."

"Draco--."

"Harry?"

"Please!"

"What?"

"Suck me!"

"Oh, that? I suppose."

Harry swore when Draco finally licked his cock. The other wizard took his time, getting all the chocolate off before wrapped his lips around Harry's cock.

"Not going to last," Harry gasped.

Draco hummed as he went down and then sucked as he pulled away. It was all Harry needed.

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"You're brilliant," Harry said, dropping a kiss on Draco's head.

"Mm, I know," Draco said. He kissed Harry. "Your turn next time."

"Not tonight I hope," Harry said. After the blow job, they had taken a shower and given each other hand jobs. Not long after when they were dry and in bed, Harry had finally taken Draco.

"Of course not," Draco said. "In the morning, I think."

"Classes," Harry said.

Draco waved his hand. "Details."
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Harry laughed and pulled Draco closer. "Do you have more of the chocolate on hand?"

Draco smirked. "Liked it?"

"Except next time, you're going to be the feast," Harry growled.

Draco sighed happily.

*Il cuore di Thine è aperto means Thine Heart Be Open/The heart of Thine is opened in Italian