HAPPY H/D HOLIDAYS, ALAFAYE!

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Title: Somehwere He Belongs

Pairing(s): Harry/Draco, mentions of Ginny wanting to be with Harry

Summary: In a world where former Death Eaters are given the chance to become servants in exchange for evading Azkaban, Draco finally finds somewhere he belongs.

Rating: R

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Warning(s): None

Epilogue compliant? No

Word Count: 1,814

Author's Notes: This story has been through so many writes and rewrites, many things have been added and then cut, and there have been a lot of edits! However, I'm really quite happy with how it turned out, and I really hope you like it too, alafaye :)

Everyone was milling around the ballroom with partners on their arms and smirks on their faces, reserved just for him. If there was anything Draco could do, he would have, but he had to stand there and serve the drinks, accepting the taunts and humiliation he was subjected to.

What they didn't know, though, was that Draco really couldn't care less what people thought about him. He had, when he'd first arrived here and realised how much Harry was in the public light, but things were different now. Things had changed. His relationship with Harry had changed, and he'd finally found somewhere he belonged.

Nearly nine months ago, Draco had been brought to Harry when his previous employer had been imprisoned for theft. Mundungus Fletcher had never had the reputation of a kind man, but the things he'd subjected Draco to were too sickening to discuss. He kept those memories tightly hidden away, locked in a box at the back of his mind. There were some things that couldn't be hidden though, and Draco knew the scars inflicted upon him would be there forever.

"The suit fits you well, Malfoy," George Weasley called over to him. Draco kept his face expressionless, knowing that if he didn't he'd probably burst out laughing at Weasley's pathetic attempt at an insult. "It's a welcome distraction from your usual rags."

Ignoring him, Draco looked over to where Harry was standing by the fireplace. He was leaning on the mantelpiece, and Ginny Weasley was all over him. She had one arm looped in his and another in his hair, and she was kissing his cheek as if there was nobody else in the room. She, like her brother, showed how pathetic she really was. How could she not realise Harry wasn't interested in her? The fact that he was dodging every attempt she made at a kiss on the lips should be point enough.

Still, Draco found it hard to keep the smirk off his face, especially when Harry caught his eye and gave him an 'Oh sweet Merlin, get her off me!' look. Being the polite man that Harry was, he never had been able to tell Ginny that he was gay, and was fucking his servant, which on top of all that, just so happened to be Draco.

"Good evening, Draco," said Mr Weasley, taking a glass of mead just like his son. He was always pleasant towards Draco, but it sometimes felt forced. Still, it was better than how his children behaved. When their hands brushed against each other accidentally it reminded Draco of all the times that had happened with Harry, and the looks they shared between them before they began shagging each other. Everything had been so uncertain and awkward then, but now everything fit perfectly into place.

"Good evening, Mr Weasley," Draco replied. He glanced across the room at Harry again, and saw him engaged in a rather uncomfortable kiss with Ginny. It was obvious to anyone with half a braincell that Harry was trying to get as far away from her as possible, while also trying not to burn his arse in the fire behind him.

As the party went on, Draco found great amusement in watching Harry try to deter Ginny at every hug, kiss and touch of the hands. He wasn't very successful, and she seemed to be in too much of a daydream

to really see what was going on. By the end of the night, she was nearly crying when she had to leave. Harry seemed ever so glad to be rid of her, and took great pleasure in telling her he'd be away on business for the next two weeks. Really, he was only on business for one week, but Harry appeared to want to do anything to evade her company without upsetting her and her family.

Draco knew how much the Weasleys meant to him, and though it was nothing personal that he didn't fancy their only daughter who loved him to bits, Draco was sure they wouldn't see it that way. At least not at first, anyway. Poor Harry was trapped between a rock and a hard place (and Draco took great pleasure in being said hard place).

With the ballroom nearly emptied and Harry saying goodbye to the very last of his guests, Draco went to the kitchen to begin the washing up. It would take quite some time, what with the amount of people Harry had had over, and he wanted to get an early night. About a quarter of the way through the washing up, Harry came in, looking extremely relieved. Draco turned at the sound of his entrance and was pleased to see Harry smiling. Thankfully, it didn't seem as though Ginny had affected him too much.

"You'll never guess what Ginny just said to me as she was leaving," started Harry, and Draco took off his washing up gloves to focus on Harry completely.

"Oh? Pray tell."

"Apparently, you've been staring at me all night. She thinks you fancy me." Harry smirked, and Draco curled his lip. "I 'll bet she doesn't know how right she really is."

"No, I don't think she does." Draco walked straight up to Harry and kissed him with as much passion and hunger as he had the very first time they'd kissed. Harry felt and tasted like he always did: soft, sweet, gentle. Perfect. Draco found it interesting that when they were intimate in any way he always became the leader, and Harry always became the submissive party. It was very different from their public face.

Unable to wait any longer, Draco began to relieve Harry of his robes, and Harry quickly did the same. They only stopped kissing each other to take off their shirts, and even this seemed like too much of a stretch. Both now naked, Draco pushed Harry towards the desk in the corner of the kitchen, where Harry usually sat in the morning and sent his OWLs off. Not caring a damn about what was on it, Draco pushed

it all off; Harry didn't seem to care either.

Sparing not a second longer, Draco pulled away from Harry and turned him around, bending him over the desk. This position gave him the best view of Harry's arse; an image he never wanted to forget. Just as he was placing himself at Harry's entrance, he realised they were missing something. "Lube!"

Harry summoned his wand and muttered a spell Draco couldn't hear, but when Harry tossed aside his wand and Draco looked down, he could see that Harry's arse was now lubricated. Smiling to himself, he pushed his erect member into Harry, slowly but surely.

Harry groaned a little at the first few thrusts, as he usually did, but since this was far from his first time, Draco knew it would only be a mere matter of seconds before he was enjoying himself. After several slow thrusts he upped his pace a little, and he began sliding in more easily. He placed his hands on Harry's hips and eased him back onto his cock, and Draco knew he was right on spot when Harry moaned loudly in pleasure.

"Feel good?" Harry nodded enthusiastically, and Draco took his cue to go at his usual pace. Draco took one hand off Harry's hip and placed it on the small of his back, pulling Harry onto his cock more eagerly now. Despite their regular fuckings, Harry still had quite a tight hole, and having been lusting after Harry all night, he was coming close to the edge pretty quickly.

Not wanting it to end so soon, Draco reached his hand round to the front of Harry and grabbed his cock. It was hard and swollen just like his own, and he could feel the precome on his fingers. Draco used it to help him begin wanking Harry, and Harry seemed more in heaven than ever.

"I didn't think," Harry started to say, a little breathlessly, "we could top ourselves after last time. I've been wanting to feel you in me all night. Seeing you across the room from me and being unable to really acknowledge your presence just made my hard cock ache even more."

"Oh Merlin." Draco moaned at the thought of Harry aching for him, and became even closer to the edge. As soon as he'd finished his sentence he felt Harry begin to come beneath him, and it set off his own climax. He wanked the orgasm out of Harry sloppily as he rode his own pleasure, squeezing his eyes shut

as it took over his body.

When he finally came down from his high, he let go of Harry and slowly eased himself out of Harry's arse. "That was amazing," Draco said as Harry turned around to face him. "You made a bit of a mess of your desk, though." Draco indicated the come splattered across it, and Harry blushed as he grabbed his wand to vanish it.

"Yeah, well. I swear I come more every time we fuck." Harry crossed the kitchen to the door, where their robes lay strewn across the floor, forgotten in their moment of pleasure. He held out Draco's clothes, and Draco gladly took them, feeling the winter chill in the air.

"You know," Draco remarked, "I reckon Ginny thought that erection was for her."

Harry blushed. "Oh Merlin. I hadn't thought of that. She'll take it as an encouragement to keep up her fawning over me."

"You have to tell her one day," Draco reasoned. He knew Harry had already realised this, but he seemed to want to avoid it as long as possible.

"Well." Harry sighed. "That day is not today, nor tomorrow, or the day after that. That day will probably come when she finds you shagging me senseless. I don't know about you, but I'm rather happy with that. It takes away a bit of the awkwardness for me."

Draco arched an eyebrow. "Seriously? You're a strange, strange man, Harry."

"That I may be, but then at least I won't have to tell her I don't love her. She'll just figure it out when she sees us." Harry smiled and kissed Draco on the cheek. "Now get that washing up done. If you finish quickly we might have time for another fuck before bed."

Draco knew he'd never washed up so fast in his life as he raced through it, eager to be ready for Harry

again. He still found it delightfully odd that as soon as their fucking was over, Harry took charge again. It made his dominant side even more special when he brought it out, and he hadn't been sure that was even possible.

As Draco finished the washing up and headed up the stairs towards Harry’s bedroom, he knew he had finally found where he belonged.