Starfuckers

Author: The Ruby Moth

Pairing: Harry/Draco

Rating: NC-17 for m/m sexual slash mature adult content.

Notes: Post-HBP, Post-War, bottom!Draco, oral, rimming, anal, smut, major fluff, mild angst. Starfucker: a fan who fucks celebrities; hardcore groupie.

WARNING: This fic is sweet.

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Beta: Nance O'Neil

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Chapters: Five

1: The Clinic

2: The Apothecary

3: The Bookshop

4: The Restaurant

5: The Lover

Status: Complete

Summary: Harry cannot stop longing for Draco; knowing Draco won't ever look his way, he seeks help for his unrequited condition. Draco is suffering the same problem. The cure is simple, but when it comes to dating, things are not so easy for the Malfoy Heir and the Boy Who Lived.

Starfuckers

1: The Clinic

Harry Potter, the Boy Who Lived (To Defeat Voldemort), Auror hero of the Wizarding world, five-time cover-gracer of Witch Weekly and winner of the coveted Sexiest Wizard annual award, was suffering from a dreadful condition.

His days were filled with daydreams, his nights with nightmares - at least, they were for him. Constantly faced with a barrage of images of Draco Malfoy, ex-Death Eater (pardoned), playboy hedonist, four-time cover-gracer of Witch Weekly and current undefeated winner twice running of the coveted Sexiest Wizard annual award, Harry was certain that he was suffering from a curse or hex of some kind.

Well, he had to be, to be dreaming of Malfoy! Heart-pounding, pulse-racing, groin-throbbing, aching-hot images of thrusting between Malfoy's pale, naked buttocks - Harry was no doctor, but he was sure this wasn't normal. For a start, he wasn't gay. He liked women. Cho, for example. His first crush always sprang to mind. That wasn't a fluke; she was a girl. And Ginny...

Okay, so Ginny had been the one with the crush on him, but still.

Tina, Margaret, Violet and Jane could all testify that he was quite capable of performing, Harry always reassured himself.

The numerous fangirls and groupies who had sighed and floundered in his wake before and after Voldemort's defeat didn't count, but he had seen some attractive girls on occasion and had even been tempted. A few times. Serious mistakes, those, and he'd been more careful since. Margaret Stocker had been illuminating for him in many ways, not the least of which was that some girls liked to shag famous people and then brag about it. It didn't help that the entire world seemed engrossed with whomever might be seen with him. Anyone foolish enough to get involved with him had to deal with being hounded by the press and receiving death threats from his envious fans.

Then there was Colin. But, Harry was always able to swiftly and easily dismiss, Colin Creevey had been a fluke, and was apparently happy now with his wife and two daughters. Harry knew, because he'd asked him off to one side at one of the Ministry functions where he'd cornered Colin to make sure, and Colin had assured him it had been a fluke for him, too. A one-time thing; sleeping with the Golden Boy, his idol.

Just like Ginny really, and Harry knew it; his ego hadn't suffered, but his heart had. No one ever wanted him, just Harry. They always wanted the star.

No one ever suspected that Harry himself was suffering from a major crush on a star, too. Draco Malfoy with the silver eyes and silver-golden hair, the icy prince whose smiles glittered and left scores of male and female hearts bleeding in his wake. Tongue like a knife, yet sweet when he wanted to be. Seductive. Harry couldn't get the bastard out of his head. And Harry knew that there was no way this was normal. To have been having the same dreams since school? Back even when he knew Malfoy as a spoiled tosser with a superiority complex and no mind of his own, content to spew his father's pureblood rubbish at everyone all the time? Harry had to be suffering from the lingering effects of a curse of some kind. To desire his enemy and long-standing rival who hated him on sight?

Probably a hex that one of the Slytherins or a thwarted female student had cast at him. He knew Amortentia did not last this long; he'd consulted the Half-Blood Prince's book on it. (Harry could never bring himself to call it Snape's book; it still existed in his experience far outside the memories of the grumpy, greasy Potions Master who now owned a lucrative chain of apothecary shops and was a European success as a potions expert.).

He knew it was useless to contemplate acting on his suppressed desire for Malfoy, who hated him. Malfoy had high standards, and was only ever seen in the company of the glitterati, the wealthy and famous, the beautiful; those who could afford and coddle the high maintenance twerp. Still, it always brought a lump to Harry's throat and a stirring of the monster within him when he saw or heard

second-hand of Malfoy's string of lovers. Even if he could overcome Malfoy's personal loathing and mockery of him, Harry knew he was nowhere near Malfoy's level. Without his fame, Harry was just… Harry. Malfoy had been born to be the rich, handsome one. It was useless to pursue him.

He tried to pretend it didn't matter to him, exactly as it hadn't mattered to him once upon a time at Hogwarts. No, something had changed and Harry wanted him. Badly. Without hope.

Harry knew better than to share this assessment with his friends; the times he had ventured to, Ron had turned green and then red, and muttered something about ferrets while his fists clenched spasmodically, his considerable knuckles showing whitely. Hermione had shrewdly stared at him, until Harry had wondered if there was something on his face, or his glasses were dirty, or his hair just too messy that day. Ginny had chuckled to herself, and then patted him on the shoulder in a sisterly fashion.

He was getting desperate though. Thoughts of Draco Malfoy naked (tied, pleading, sweating, begging for more) were all he could think about now, and he was having the accompanying dreams every night. This curse or spell or whatever it was, was getting worse.

Harry did what anyone would do in such a circumstance; he sought help. Not from St Mungo's Hospital - he needed somewhere less public, someplace low profile. A Wizarding sex clinic would do far better.

So here he sat in the easy chair in the comfortable waiting room of Dr Valensana's Priapus Veneris Health Clinic, facing several uncomfortable witches and wizards, all of them studiously avoiding meeting each other's eyes. This suited Harry just fine. He didn't want anyone recognising him in a place like this. The papers and tabloids would go into frenzied ecstasy over it.

The room was a warm, mauve-lilac colour, with gentle lighting and friendly green plants. The walls were decorated with outdoorsy paintings by someone called Sherrin. One of the wizards opposite Harry was an older man with grey hair and a long beard, who kept shifting in his seat as if finding it difficult to stay still, looking very anxious. A witch next to the man was younger; she wore a look of distress as well and it marred her features, making her look pinched. Harry could not imagine what they suffered from. A bored young wizard on the other side of the room kept yawning and rifling through the magazines on the table before him. A young, longhaired brunette witch dressed in a tight black dress was sitting in rigid silence, a study in prim petrifaction.

Harry leaned forward and picked up a magazine from the low table near him. It lauded sexual health and the use of various herbal remedies to ensure stamina, endurance, maintenance and hygiene. Severus Snape's logo was prominent on many pages and Harry knew the clinic's owner consulted Snape for both potions and the treatment of Dark fertility curses. Harry shuddered at the thought of the esteemed Dr Valensana accidentally breaking confidence to Snape about the presence of Potter as a patient in a priapic condition, however psychological his ailment was.

An article within the mag warned of the use of illegal curses in a fit of temper at one's spouse; the heat of the moment might suggest to one's irrational mind that the situation warranted the casting of Urino Incapacito, but the Incontinency Curse was enough to get one fined a hefty sum and landed with a sentence of a year's work for the Wizarding community with St Mungo's, cleaning bedpans. The article went on to inform readers that despite its usefulness in various unorthodox sexual practices such as golden showers or humiliation games, it was nevertheless still a curse.

Trying to wrap his head around how being unable to hold in the contents of one's bladder was supposed to be sexy, Harry was startled when a professional, purple-robed, middle-aged witch with mouse-brown hair and a slightly commanding air came out and spoke in an undertone with the older man, who nodded.

Another younger witch entered the waiting room and handed a few packages to the waiting patients, with a smile. As they handed her coins and she gave them receipts, the purple-robed witch fixed Harry with a knowing look. "Follow me, sir. Just in here."

Harry awkwardly put down the magazine and followed her through the hallway into a small room, where she shut the door behind them with a flick of her wand and sat down behind a desk.

Harry cleared his throat and sat down in the seat in front of her table, and waited. She must be Dr Valensana, he realised. He'd been expecting a man.

She regarded him calmly, and asked, "Mr Potter, isn't it? Before we begin, let me assure you that patient anonymity is guaranteed, and no one will know that you have visited this establishment." The quill on her desk began to scratch out his name on a form.

"Thanks, I appreciate that." Harry saw the ink of his name suddenly disappear.

She followed his gaze, glanced at the space where his name had been, then looked back at him with a small smile. "Only I can read it."

Harry blinked in recognition. "The Eyes Only Spell."

"A necessity for my records," she agreed. "Might I enquire as to the nature of your visit?"

"Ah. Erm," Harry said, not really knowing where to begin. "Well, it's- it's a curse. I think."

Madam Valensana sat watching him, and then said, "You are an Auror, though. Surely you'd know if you've been cursed? The Ministry has far more advanced detection spells than I do."

"No, I know that," Harry hurriedly said, feeling foolish. "It - I think it's something else. Something deeper, not just the usual run-of-the-mill curses. I'm having these dreams. All the time. About - about a certain someone. The same person, all the time. I've actually been having them for years now, but it's got worse lately. It's pretty much intolerable now, in fact. I can't stop thinking about it, and it's all day, every day. Day in, and day out. I can't work, I can't sleep. I can't do anything anymore."

"Sexual dreams? These dreams are of a sexual nature?" she asked, her tone conveying acceptance and curiosity, and encouragement.

"Yeah, but it's not like I want to have them," Harry rushed to explain. "See, it's from when I was at school. We were both there, in the same year, but in different houses. Because of who I am, people were always trying to lace my food and drink with love potions, or cast enchantments on me to make me fall in love with them, or to fancy people if I turned them down, and I'm thinking it has to be something like that. I mean, this - this person, he hates me, and I hate him. Like, very much. Someone must have cursed me to fancy him when everyone knew that we hated each other."

His face was heating up, and despite the relative safety of a stranger and a professional listening to him, Harry abruptly felt stupid to even be talking about it. Surely he was making a big deal out of a little thing. It was just a crush, was all.

But she sat up straighter with a little frown. "That does sound worrying. Have you had yourself tested for residual spell effects? I'm assuming you have exhausted all the possibilities before coming here." At his nod, she said, "Of course you have. Well, there are some particularly potent potions and spells that are harder to detect. But before we get to those, let me ask about the background of this, so that we can identify the cause and perhaps narrow down the list of suspects. There are some daydream spells that can be cast -"

Harry shook his head. "No, I researched those. I had a friend research them for a case, and I'm sure it's not any of them. Unless it's a particularly Dark one that is very rare. But the Ministry doesn't really have a lot of records where sex magic is specifically concerned. That's partly why I've come to you. I thought you might have some ideas, where the Ministry doesn't."

Besides, Harry had already had Arthur Weasley, as a personal favour, visit the Malfoys' library with yet another search warrant. With Harry in tow, a barely disguised chance to see Draco Malfoy again. Who had stood with his arms folded and his lip curled, smirking at Harry the entire time, while flat-out denying that any of his father's Dark Arts books remained on his shelves. Lucius was in prison, and Draco did not want to join him there. He'd given all the Dark magic books to Snape, he'd claimed, to aid him with his potions business. They'd even searched the hidden trapdoor in the drawing room. So Harry knew that there weren't any books there that contained the level of manipulative dream magic that this could be attributed to. Still, he couldn't help remembering that Malfoy's cool grey eyes had been on him the entire time, making his heart race and his skin itch with prickling heat, so maybe he'd been distracted and missed some crucial cue or clue or hiding space.

"You said publicly that You-Know-Who had the ability to psychically link with you through your scar, and that he had given you dreams that affected your sleep, but that because it worked both ways you were also able to send him misinformation in order to defeat him," Dr Valensana said, thoughtfully. "Could this be related?"

Harry shook his head. "These started happening when I was fourteen, and besides, he's already dead, so I don't see why they'd keep coming when it's been over four years since he died. I mean, it's always the

same person, too. It's too personal; I never got anything about this person from Voldemort."

"It might be helpful to know who it is," she pointed out. "In order to understand their motive, if they are responsible."

Harry squirmed in his seat. "That's- a possibility, because, see, he was my enemy, all through our school years. He might have done something, yeah. And I'm not gay," Harry quickly added.

"So, perhaps he wanted to humiliate you before your classmates, or find a way to make your life difficult. Yes, I can see how this might have happened. But without proof of whatever is causing your symptoms, we can't know for sure. What happens in the dreams? You don't have to give details, just the bare facts."

The word 'bare' was unsettling to Harry, considering the bare fact that Malfoy and he were always bare to the point of complete nakedness in every single one. He licked his lips and cleared his throat. "Just… shagging, really. Intense shagging. Constantly."

She nodded, and Harry was glad for her easy tone and casual response. "Are there any variations that stand out? Such as the use of specific items, or the introduction of any other acts?" Harry was shaking his head at her, and she continued. "Does he ever speak to you? Does he talk to you?"

"I never give him a chance," Harry said, and then shut his mouth, mortified.

"You feel driven then, compelled? Almost as if against your own will? With no control? Against your own volition, you have no control of your own actions?" she said, reaching for a small paperback book on her desk.

"Yes, absolutely, that's exactly right," Harry agreed, feeling relieved to be able to say it.

"Is there a great deal of passion? On his side as well?"

"Yeah. A lot." It gave Harry some hope to express this to her, but it was also making that familiar ache in his throat return at knowing Malfoy would never respond like that to him in life. He suppressed it, along with the unsettled rustling of the beast inside his breast at the thought of Malfoy not feeling an equal passion, or even worse, responding to another. Which caused a stream of images to assault his mind, of Malfoy's lovers, witches and wizards Harry had seen at gatherings, parties, Ministry functions, in newspaper photos, and Harry had to close his eyes and count silently for a moment, to block them out. He drew a deep breath and looked up at her.

She was peering into her book and absently asked, "You've not spoken with him, I presume? No, no, I suppose not. Mental and psychological spells… Mr Potter, are there emotional effects as well? Beyond the physical?"

Harry watched her reading the pages of the book, scanning them for answers. "Erm. Yes."

"And you are experiencing these effects daily as well as nightly?"

"Yeah, all the time."

"You're certain? There's no relief, no lull? No break in them?"

Harry paused, reflecting. "No, not really."

"A persistent state," she murmured, as if to herself. "What words does he utter in the dreams, if any?" When Harry didn't reply, she glanced up. "Oh, forgive me; allow me to clarify: I meant other than pillow-talk."

Hearing someone, even a professional, use the word pillow-talk with reference to Malfoy made Harry's cock stir and begin to harden. He gulped. And willed it to go away. He realised she was waiting for an answer, and he tried to throw himself back into the spirit of investigation with her. "No, nothing. Just -

pillow-talk, as you say."

Fuck me harder, like that, right there, oh Harry, harder - please, Harry - oh -

Her voice broke into his thoughts loudly, making him jump. "Who usually dominates, in these dreams? Do you take the female position, or the male?" At his look of surprise, she quickly added, "Not that I'm ascribing gender labelling to being on the top or the bottom, you understand. I'm thinking that perhaps the spell has you desiring him as you'd desire a woman, so if he is on the bottom… Well." She stopped, meaningfully. "Perhaps the curse has you thinking of him, and subsequently treating him, like a female lover, yes?"

"Oh, right," Harry said. "Yeah, yeah, he's on the bottom. Maybe you're right about that. The, er, female thing."

"You don't have to give any revealing information, Mr Potter, but have you ever lain with a man?"

"Er, once. And it isn't my thing. Really."

"Did you top him?"

"Yeah. He wanted me to." Harry hadn't really minded, either. But now he wondered if Colin had done it because he'd wanted Harry to top him… or if he'd thought it was the only way to get him to do it with him at all. Not that it had been bad; just - it hadn't been Malfoy. If he was going to sleep with a bloke, it might as well be Malfoy as anyone. Unfortunately, that was not going to happen. Also, his erection wasn't going away.

"Is he on his face or is he looking at you? Your dream-lover?"

"Face-down, most of the time," Harry mused. "Sometimes he's looking at me though." Those dreams were usually more intense, too. Malfoy looking at him, staring at him with shining eyes, begging.

Wanting him. Dream-lover? It was only a dream, wasn't it? Malfoy didn't want him like that.

Harry swallowed around the thickness in his throat, trying to control the trembling of his fingers.

"And your natural inclination is to hate him? You feel intense dislike for him? Repulsion?"

Harry drew a breath. "Well, I don't actually hate him; he hates me. I hate the way he acted, and okay, yeah, I hate him, but it's sort of… complicated. I don't hate him for being himself, it's more that I hate him for not being true to himself. And for being horrible. If you see what I mean."

She asked, sounding confused, "How do you know he hates you? Are you certain he really does?"

"Oh, believe me, he does," Harry said, dryly.

"Did you fight a lot, at school?"

"Constantly," Harry replied.

"Who initiated it?"

Harry hesitated. "He did. But it was the usual taunting, mocking, insulting my friends and me, that sort of thing. I had - I had a bit of a problem controlling my temper when he'd start in on us, you know? It was hard not to pound his face in. And it got a bit bloody at the end. It escalated, and got worse. With duelling, and the like."

The memory of Malfoy stomping on his nose and breaking it, leaving him to drip hot blood on the floor of the train, immobile, was joined with that horrible day later in the year, where in the bathroom Moaning Myrtle was screaming and Malfoy had tried to cast Crucio at him, and his thoughtless,

accidental use of Sectumsempra left Malfoy's blood all over the floor and himself and all over Harry -

Harry shuddered.

Dr. Valensana said, "Yes, well. Indeed. Are you sure there was no sublimation?"

"Of what?" Harry asked, guilelessly.

"Of your feelings," she urged. "If one or the other of you was sublimating, surely? All that barely-suppressed violence, the enmity between you, and the rivalry. The jealousy on his part, seeing as you were the Boy Who Lived."

"Oh, yeah," Harry agreed. "Sure. He was really jealous, in fact. He resented me for years for it. He really held a grudge about it. Wouldn't let it go. Still won't, in fact."

"Oh, you still know him?"

Harry stopped. "Not- not really. I never see him." A lonely pang of longing and loss went through him. He abruptly wondered if it was a love spell, not just a sexual curse. But the dreams… They were too overtly sexual in nature to be dismissed.

"Mr Potter," she informed him gently, carefully, "I promise you that I'll not reveal his name if you tell me. I'm under a wizard's oath here, and I cannot break your confidence to anyone. Part of what I do is counselling, including my capacities as a psychiatrist and a therapist. I'm Muggleborn, and I made sure to study Muggle medicine as well as magical. So know that I'm not only willing to help, but to listen."

Harry let out a breath. He felt deflated, as the tension and anxiety seemed to leak out of him at her words, and he said miserably, "Malfoy. It's Draco Malfoy."

A look of surprise entered her face, and it was gone just as quickly. "Oh, I see. Of course. You knew him at Hogwarts. Yes, the notorious Slytherin, and son of Lucius. Quite the bad boy, that one. And a heartbreaker, too. I can understand why you are so worried." She straightened and put down the book, and then stood up from behind her desk.

"The easiest way for me to diagnose what is wrong is, of course, to use Legilimency to gauge comparisons from your own memories and thoughts. However, I can understand should you wish not to agree to such a thing. I would not look at anything but that which you wish to show me, and I would only linger over such elements I find that can shed some light on exactly what is happening to you. I find no references to help us in discovering what might be causing this. I use this as a last resort, you understand. I don't pry into my patients' heads unless there is no alternative."

In for the Knut, in for the Galleon, Harry thought to himself. "Whatever it takes," he said. "I'm sure you've seen worse in your time. But- just- don't look at the stuff to do with Voldemort and the War, yeah? It's not nice, and I'm not here to burden you with my trauma about all that."

"Oh, to be sure," she asserted quickly, "I shall only investigate the dreams and those elements contributing to their cause, and their effects afterwards. Agreed?"

Harry took a breath, and steeled himself. "All right. Do it."

She pointed her wand at him, stared deeply at him, and Harry felt her seeing from behind his eyes: the burning rage that choked him sickly at Malfoy's japery and rudeness, and his taunts, his petty cruelty and barbed, sarcastic humour - his treatment of the Weasleys and calling Hermione a Mudblood, the sinking sensation as he saw Malfoy in Borgin & Burkes. Spending all of sixth year searching for him on the Map, desperate to find out what he was up to, the thrill of catching the Snitch and thwarting him, the shiny softness of Malfoy's sleek blond hair - so instantly visible in any room no matter how crowded, the joy and satisfaction at finally punching Malfoy in the midriff even after having caught the Snitch before him, the thrill of release at duelling with him despite the desperate danger and knowing it was wrong, the endless longing to find him that had grown into wanting him, the painful hurting loneliness of never seeing him again, filled with repeated dreams of kissing him and being inside of him and touching him, holding him down, catching him at last, waking with sweat and tears and panting and please -

With a gasp, Harry found himself staring back at Dr Valensana who had withdrawn with a simultaneous

gasp, herself.

Breathing hard, he didn't say anything, but wondered what she might have gleaned from that.

She looked taken aback. She opened her mouth to speak, and then shut it again, seeming to change her mind.

Tapping her wand in her hand, she said carefully, "Fortunately, Mr Potter, I know a couple of spells that can conclusively tell the difference between an artificially induced state of physical desire, and one emotionally induced. This series of spells is probably not one you've come across in your line of work. It's sometimes used by adolescent girls on each other to test whether or not their feelings are true, or if they've been hexed. Seeing as these feelings and dreams began whilst you were attending school, I do think we should try it."

Gratefully, Harry said, "Of course. Please, go ahead. Anything, you know? Just to stop this from happening anymore. I'll do anything to get rid of this."

She gave him a wan smile, and then pointed her wand at him. "This is a simple spell. Child's play, really. Amo Immundo."

A blue-grey light appeared around Harry, and dissipated, and she looked thoughtfully at him. "Well, that negates that possibility. And now, Adamo Purus Ueratio."

This time the spell struck him with a golden glow, and it grew brighter and wider until there were little sparkles on the edges, and Harry had to blink his eyes against it because it was obscuring his view of her and the rest of the room.

"Finite," she said, with a wave of her wand, and then went to go sit down behind her desk. Chuckling in a manner eerily reminiscent of Hermione when she had worked out something she knew that he wasn't going to accept, Dr Valensana said, "Mr Potter, I am of the firm belief that there is actually nothing wrong with you. The first spell I cast on you was to determine what was not wrong with you. You are not suffering from a love that is impure or not your own. The second spell determines if your love is true,

and pure. If it can endure. If it is a love that is true. It is, and this does not surprise me that it would be so, Mr Potter, considering that your love destroyed He-Who-Must-Not-… Voldemort," she added firmly, as if irritated with having to say the previous mouthful of words of that Dark wizard's former title.

"But that would mean that-" Harry started saying, then stopped. He knew his own feelings. He knew he was capable of loving. "That doesn't explain why Malfoy, or how it happened, and why. I already know that, about love. But it doesn't explain why I'm suffering from these dreams all the time, and this unwanted-" He paused, about to say obsession, until he remembered that Ron and Hermione and even Ginny had complained about his 'obsession' with Malfoy in school. He sighed.

"However it happened, or when, or through whatever agency, the fact remains that you love him," Dr Valensana said, gently. "There is no exorcism for love."

Harry stared back at her with growing horror. "I'm not in love with him. I'm not!"

"I said that you love him. The fact you are having sexual dreams about him would suggest that you are, in fact, in love with him as well. My diagnosis is upsetting to you, I know. There is hope, however."

"Thank Merlin," Harry said, anxiously. "What's the cure?"

"Ask him out."

Harry looked back at her in disbelief. "What part of 'he hates me' did you miss? You saw it all, in my thoughts, my memories!"

She sat back in her chair and steepled her fingers, wearing a slight smile. "True love doesn't lie, Mr Potter. The only cure for your condition is to go out with him-"

"Like on a date?" Harry interrupted incredulously.

"Traditionally, that is what 'going out' means, yes. After a date or two, or perhaps more, you may come to know each other and then be able to work out if your feelings could be acted upon, or if he is worth the trouble. I can understand your fear of rejection. However, time changes us, and it may be that he is not the object of infatuation that you once considered. He may have changed so much that you may be unaware of how boring he has become, and spending time with the reality may help to soothe some of the pain you are in. Then again…"

Harry waited. She appeared to be warning him, with her brow raised. Impatiently, he asked, "Then what?"

"It may not."

Harry said hotly, "I'll be dead before I ask Malfoy out on a - a - I'm not -"

"Be that as it may, that is between you and Mr Malfoy," Dr Valensana said stiffly, in a less casual voice. "I'm sorry for your pain, and wish you the best of luck in surviving the man. But there is no spell or cure for a broken heart. Even time cannot heal that; it can only cover it up, keep it safe from further damage for a while. Love needs a return, so I suggest you go get him - or find someone else."

Harry sank back in his seat, folded his arms over his chest, and glowered at her. "This is so unfair. It's not like I asked for this to happen."

"I'm curious, Mr Potter. You have faced this world's darkest dark lord, and won. Why are you afraid to face Mr Malfoy?"

Harry shook his head. "I'm not afraid. I just know it's useless. He'll never have me. I'm not his type."

Dr Valensana let out a sigh, and said helpfully and compassionately, "I'm sorry that I can't help you more. Are you so certain of his rejection? As far as I am aware, he travels in specific circles. He prefers the rich, the famous, the notorious, like himself. He likes dark-haired persons. He also appears to be drawn to

dangerous risk-takers. And Quidditch players."

"He was a Seeker," Harry informed her absently. "He played Quidditch in school."

"You're not hearing me, Mr Potter. All of those qualities could very well be applied to you."

Harry hesitated. "Don't - don't say that. It's grasping at straws. It can't be. He wouldn't."

"Your own pessimism and unwillingness to try may be the very reason you are suffering," she said, with a note of finality. "If anyone has a chance of actually reaching this posh but arrogant gentleman, it will be you, Mr Potter. He seems as fixated by you as you are by him. Now, let us discuss your insistence on paying despite the letter I Owled you."

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Click here for Part 2: The Apothecary

Starfuckers

Author: The Ruby Moth

Pairing: Harry/Draco

Rating: NC-17 for m/m sexual slash mature adult content.

Notes: Post-HBP, Post-War, bottom!Draco, oral, rimming, anal, smut, major fluff, mild angst. Starfucker: a fan who fucks celebrities; hardcore groupie.

WARNING: This fic is sweet.

Disclaimer: The characters belong to JK Rowling, not me. This story is based on characters and situations created and owned by JK Rowling, various publishers including but not limited to Bloomsbury Books, Scholastic Books and Raincoast Books, and Warner Bros., Inc. No money is being made and no copyright or trademark infringement is intended.

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Chapters: Five

Status: Complete

Summary: Harry cannot stop longing for Draco; knowing Draco won't ever look his way, he seeks help for his unrequited condition. Draco is suffering the same problem. The cure is simple, but when it comes to dating, things are not so easy for the Malfoy Heir and the Boy Who Lived.

Starfuckers - Chapter 1: The Clinic

Chapter 2: The Apothecary

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Starfuckers 2

The Apothecary

Draco Malfoy, heir to the Malfoy fortune and estate, rich and attractive beyond anyone's means or hopes, jaded with life's pleasures and pursuits at twenty-one, owner of two clubs, three charities and several invisible Dark antique stores of shady repute on the Continent, investor in Severus Snape's apothecary chain, currently restless but bored of filling his time with endless parties (though the adulation made up for it somewhat), and current undefeated winner twice running of the coveted Sexiest Wizard annual award, was suffering from a dreadful problem.

His days were occasionally marred with glimpses of Potter's face on magazine covers or book covers or posters, his nights with images of more than Potter's face (his whole body, but that hardly bore thinking about, really. No, really. Potter was fit, but he was still Potter). Constantly niggled by the encounters with images of Harry Potter, insufferable boy hero (really, what was the wizarding world coming to when someone like Potter was considered the world's most attractive, marriageable man), Dark wizard catcher (Potter's career as an Auror was an absurd attempt to hold onto his hero status now that the Dark Lord was gone), Witch Weekly's never-ending cash cow and previous winner (defeated by Draco, naturally) of the coveted Sexiest Wizard annual award, Draco was beginning to suspect that he was suffering from a curse or hex of some kind.

Well, he had to be, to be dreaming of Potter! Slightly disturbing, unnerving, unwanted and very hot images of Potter holding him down, pushing his face into the pillows and shagging him like a rag doll, kissing him like one of the Boy Wonder's female groupies - Draco was an expert on recognising his own desires and how to assuage them, and this was not normal. For a start, he was far too happy enjoying the single life, without commitment; men here or women there, it was all good. He preferred to top, too, and he couldn't see Potter letting him top him. Why on earth would he give all that up to shack up with Potter and get shagged like a kept animal each night? He could get it anywhere. He merely tolerated the celebrity status now, though he'd sought it for years. Mostly because despite soothing his wounded dignity after the War, it had become inconvenient that everyone wanted to hunt him like prey. His first

girl came to mind. Pansy Parkinson, pureblood pest. It had been no accident; she was just like all the others. And Zabini…

All right, fine; so Zabini had been infatuated with the Girl Weasley and had never, not once, the bastard, come on to Draco, but still.

Celeste, Persephone, Margaret, Blake, Jonathan, and Duke Ferdinand the Twelfth of Bohemia could yet bring blackmail to his door in an attempt to snag him. As a Malfoy, he knew he was vulnerable where marriage was concerned. Snape's handy Contraceptive Potion had come in very useful on more than one occasion. Draco was glad that years in Slytherin had honed his ability to slip anyone anything in any drink.

Hordes of witches and wizards had thrown themselves at him after his narrow escape from the consequences of being involved in that messy business with the Dark Lord, and Draco was thankful to Severus Snape for having saved his arse countless times during those last few terrible months. He'd given Snape the capital to begin his successful apothecary chain in gratitude. He'd thrown himself back at his adoring fans, happy to finally have the attention he knew he deserved from the wizarding world, but had learned the hard way that letting them have a piece of him had made him somewhat renowned for being an easy mark. He was more difficult to catch, nowadays. They had to be special now to get his attention. It was dreadfully unfair, of course, because he'd not actually slept with everyone. But everyone he went out with could claim it, and he'd be none the wiser. The few he had slept with, he hadn't exactly shared that special spark with. He was still waiting to meet someone who could make his prick stand up and pay real attention. And his reputation had suffered a little at first, to be seen going out with everyone.

Serious mistakes, those, and he'd been more careful since. Margaret Stocker had been the last straw. It helped that the wizarding world and media was enamoured of him and whomever he might be seen with. Anyone he chose to be seen accompanying him was fortunate, and they all knew it. He could afford to be choosy. Now he was known as lofty, elusive and infinitely desirable.

Then there was Zabini. But, Draco was always able to swiftly and easily dismiss, Zabini had been just like him at an even younger age - even in their fifth year, Zabini had been playing his mother's game, leaving scores of dumped witches in his wake. Draco knew Zabini would never succumb to him, because he'd tried (the principle of the thing, mind, not because Draco really thought Zabini was worth it) at one of the Ministry's parties where he'd cornered Blaise off to one side. Blaise had informed him that there was no way he would sleep with Draco - at any price. Malfoy Galleons were too costly, apparently. And Draco

wasn't his type. Being rejected by Blaise Zabini was injurious and insulting, but at least he didn't have to deal with the aftermath of breaking up with him afterward. It was just so infuriating that Zabini had been one to resist him, even at this late date.

Well, and the Boy Wonder. But Draco didn't think that was even worth considering. Potter was a virtual nonentity in the social circles. And besides, Potter was in denial about being a homosexual. Colin Creevey was proof of that.

No one ever suspected that Draco was suffering a somewhat annoying and unwanted crush on a celebrity who was only slightly, barely, just a smidgeon bigger than himself. Harry Potter with the emerald eyes and the messy hair that still worked disturbingly well, the Golden Gryffindor Hero, whose act of nauseatingly humble sincerity and care while basking in the flash of the cameras and the outstretched entreating hands of all his little fans was still earning him hearts across the world. The one person who'd consistently ignored Draco's existence all these years as if he didn't exist at all - and never had existed. Potter plagued him. Draco couldn't get the irritating oaf out of his head. And Draco knew this was a hangover from their schooldays together.

He knew Potter for what he was, after all: an attention-seeking, arrogant dork, always needing to be at the centre of things wherever he went. Everything was always all about Harry Potter, the star.

Potter was ever the suspicious bastard though; why, even two years after his official pardon, Potter had dragged Arthur Weasley to his home to search his possessions for Merlin knew what. It had obviously been a ruse on Potter's part to get into his private dwelling and snoop around. Must have been missing the old days, when Potter had stalked him incessantly towards the end, sure he was up to something. Of course, he had been. But the point was made. Potter was mad, quite mad. Not as mad as that nutter Black, the murderer who'd been exonerated after his death, but mad enough.

Draco knew he had to be suffering from the effects of a love potion of some kind. One of the Slytherins' malicious little pranks, or perhaps Zabini's even, to make him desire the Golden Boy who hated him on sight.

He knew Amortentia did not last this long; he'd consulted Severus about that potion's effects, who'd assured him that it would wear off after a while. Certainly within the amount of time that Draco had spoken of. This little problem had lasted for years. So Draco knew that it had to be something else. A

Weasley Wizard Wheeze perhaps; one of the Weasel Twins' Valentine jests from that time. When had he started fancying Potter? Hadn't it been… sixth year, maybe, when he'd started ignoring Potter and the pillock had immediately starting stalking him everywhere, unable to handle no longer being the centre of attention for once? And damned inconvenient too, considering what Draco had to deal with at the time. His parents' lives as well as his own had hinged on his success.

Best not to think of that, though. Dark times, those; dark times.

Besides, Draco was well aware it was absurd to think of pursing Potter, who hated him. He had high standards, and Potter was hardly worth knowing in person, whatever glory a fling with him in public might gain the Malfoy name in reputation and bragging rights. Still, it never failed to jar Draco horribly when he saw some silly tart's name connected with Potter's in the papers. And the Daily Prophet, that vicious rag, was usually so enraging with its ongoing obsession with all things Potter that finally Draco had threatened to give clothes to any house-elf that dared to let it be seen in the house, and had threatened the rest of his servants the deprivation of them if they dared bring it inside the door. House-elves, maids and the butler alike had all sworn to see the Daily Prophet never ventured within the mansion again. So, naturally, Draco had to read the Daily Prophet when he went out, from newsstands and bookstores.

It was good for him, for his self-control. He was forced to grind his teeth in silent fury when he was inevitably treated to yet more exploits of Potter's unending, self-sacrificing and noble acts of heroism as an Auror. These visits to surreptitiously read the Daily Prophet and Potter's pathetic excuse for a life invariably led to another Charity Ball hosted by His Self. The Daily Prophet's ensuing coverage was usually enough to mollify him. Potter was notably absent from these; Draco didn't dare invite him for fear Potter would refuse to show up. That was not to be borne, therefore not to be chanced.

Even if he overcame Potter's hatred and judgment of him, Draco knew Potter was way out of the Malfoy league - didn't come close. Without his fame, Potter was just… Potter. There was no way Potter would ever approach him, though. And the thought of having to make the first move was abhorrent and entirely undesirable, considering how brutally he'd been rebuffed by Potter that first time. Admittedly, they'd only been small boys back then, but still. It had hurt. And things had been intolerable ever since. Potter was a lost cause.

Draco was growing agitated, however. Thoughts of Potter naked (holding him down, holding him tenderly, giving it to him hard and hot) were increasingly distracting, and now he was having the accompanying dreams at night. Again. Just like in sixth year. It was time to take matters into his own

hands and be done with it, one way or the other. He needed an edge, an angle. Some kind of advantage to use; Potter was fairly unapproachable. He could hardly go up to him and simply apologise. Too much had happened.

Draco did what any self-respecting Malfoy or Slytherin would do in this situation; he sought advice. Severus Snape, his old head of house and Potions professor, as well as the wizard who'd saved his life more than once, would do.

So, here he was, sitting in Severus's drawing room in the floor above the shop, awaiting his presence while the ex-Death Eater/Order spy/exonerated Potions master finished with a client downstairs, while sipping tea that he'd checked with a fast spell for any sedatives, tongue-looseners or substances foreign to Ceylon Jasmine tea leaves.

The room was a cold, pristine, sparsely decorated environment, with a dim lamp off to one side of the settee. Draco leaned forward, and picked up one of the magazines Snape had on his drawing room table.

He caught sight of an advertisement for Dr Valensana's Priapus Veneris Clinic, some sort of fertility and sexual health place. Near Diagon Alley. Interesting. Snape must be getting good business from the clinic to give it space in his recent issue. Snape owned the magazine as well. Draco wondered how much of the profit was trickling back to him for all his investments so far in Snape's enterprises.

An article within the mag warned of the use of illegal curses in a fit of temper at one's spouse; the heat of the moment might suggest to one's irrational mind that the situation warranted the casting of Urino Incapacito, but the Incontinency Curse was enough to get one fined a hefty sum, and landed with a sentence of a year's work for the Wizarding community with St Mungo's, cleaning bedpans. The article went on to inform readers that despite its usefulness in various unorthodox sexual practices such as golden showers or humiliation games, it was nevertheless still a curse.

Humiliation games… Draco paused momentarily, considering the fascinating possibilities of employing such a spell. He hadn't tried watersports yet. He'd never met anyone he'd consider letting piss on him. But the idea of combining the two - humiliation and pissing… The thought brought a surge of excitement that twisted in Draco's belly while briefly entertaining the amusing image of using the spell on himself and then pissing on Potter, claiming he couldn't stop it in time.

Draco's fantasy was interrupted by Snape's dry, velvet voice.

"Mr Malfoy. I'm sorry to have kept you waiting. To what do I owe the honour?"

As Snape sat down in the chair across from him and picked up the teapot to pour a cup of tea for himself, Draco regarded him. Snape looked well.

"Are you busy? Is this a bad time?"

Snape gave him an unreadable look. "Your mother sends her regards. Lavender and thyme really have become quite a hit in the northern climes, so she's doing well, I'm sure you'll be glad to hear."

Draco snorted, glad only that Mum had insisted on staying in sunny France instead of cramping his lifestyle at home. "That's good to know."

Snape picked up his cup of tea and sipped from it. "Draco. What can I do for you?"

"I'm suffering the lingering effects of some sort of pubescent prank; probably Slytherin, but I'm not sure. From our Hogwarts days."

Snape lifted a brow at him. "Curious. You've only just discovered this?"

"I've known for years, but tried to put it down to my imagination. But lately, it's got out of hand."

"Instead of offering cryptic ambiguity, perhaps you might tell me exactly what is going on," Snape said, dryly.

"A love spell, or some form of unrequited longing." Draco wondered when Snape was going to catch on.

Snape sighed through his nose and put down his tea. "Draco," he said, massaging the bridge of his formidable nose, "get to the point."

With a grin, Draco said, "It's Potter. I need to know what you saw in his mind when you were giving him those 'remedial Potions' lessons after hours. You know the ones I mean, when Du-" Draco caught himself just barely, "Occlumency - you were told to teach him Occlumency and he was rubbish at it. Did you see anything in his mind, back then? About me?"

Snape was quiet for a while; then commented, "What an extraordinary request. Why don't you ask him yourself, if you're so overly concerned about his opinion of you?"

"He'd hex me as soon as look at me," Draco said; reasonably enough, he thought. "I've not seen him in years, actually." He lowered his voice as well as his chin, and looked at him with a slight entreaty in his eyes and a wheedling tone, "Come on, Severus, you know what he's like: hex first, ask afterwards while I'm lying in the hospital bed."

Snape's sneer was reassuring. "As if I could forget. Very well. But first let me make this perfectly clear, Draco; there will be no other memories you will be allowed access to, and you will conveniently forget how you came by the information."

"Naturally," Draco agreed, cheerfully.

"I'm quite serious," Snape informed him mildly. "I shall Obliviate you afterwards of any knowledge of how you came by the information."

Draco frowned, weighing this against not obtaining what he wanted to know about Potter's thoughts. It was an easy decision. "Of course. The Pensieve?"

"I think not. And you know what they say: be careful what you wish for, you may get it." Snape was regarding him with shrewd black eyes, his gaze boring into him so deeply that Draco had the urge to shield himself at once.

A moment later, Snape nodded in approval, looking down at the teapot, murmuring, "Always were skilled at Occlumency, weren't you? Picked it up rather quickly, if I recall."

"I'm not bad at the other, either," Draco returned.

Snape snorted. "Bellatrix never had the Dark Lord's finesse with Legilimency. I doubt she was able to teach you much."

"Whoever said I learned it from her?" Draco countered, wondering why Snape was being so difficult. He would have thought Snape would be overjoyed at the opportunity to arm him against Potter. "Why are you suddenly protecting Potter? I thought you despised him."

"I'm not protecting him, you foolish boy," Snape replied in an unbearable note of amusement. "What do you want to know? How much of Potter's wretched existence do you wish to see?"

"I told you; just the parts concerning myself." Draco was starting to wonder if this was such a good idea after all. Maybe horrible things had happened to Potter, and he was going to have to look at it. But he needed to know how to proceed where Potter was concerned. How could he exorcise the dismal creature from his life if he didn't know for certain what Potter's true feelings were? He had to know. However unflattering they might be. Draco was already prepared for the worst; this could be enough to give him a clean break and banish Potter for once and for all.

"Ah, yes; narcissism always did run true in the Malfoy family, didn't it? Except in this case, you've inherited it from both sides. The Blacks always did fancy themselves above everyone else, didn't they?"

Draco snapped, "Are you going to sit around getting all sentimental and nostalgic over my mother, or can

we get it over with?"

"Impertinence. I wasn't referring to your mother, Mr Malfoy, but certain… other relatives of yours." Snape sounded indulgent.

"What are you dithering around for?" Draco demanded.

"What has Potter done to require this drastic course of action?" Snape asked, deceptively quiet.

"He's still alive," Draco explained. "And as annoying as ever. Do I need a better reason?"

"So. He hasn't yet come crawling to you, insisting on kissing and making up, forgiving and forgetting about the violent past you two shared in various lavatories and duelling courts; am I right?"

Snape was mocking him now, Draco was sure of it. He stood up, placing his cup neatly on the table with a flick of his wand, and said, "It was nice to catch up with you, Severus. We'll do it again sometime."

"He fancied you, you know," Snape continued, as if Draco hadn't spoken or moved. "Oh, yes, quite. Interesting, how the mind can play tricks even on oneself, isn't it? I daresay he wasn't even aware of it, himself. Oh, sit down and stop being dramatic. Still, Potter never was one for introspection. Always sneaking around the castle, poking his nose into other people's business - yes, he was quite the busybody, always involving himself in matters that did not concern him. Visiting the Prefect's bathroom, for example."

Draco had sat down and reclaimed his cup of tea, and now choked on his mouthful. Spluttering, he put the cup back on the table. "Wait, what?! How did he get in there?"

Snape lifted a brow. "You knew he had his father's Invisibility Cloak. Simple nepotism: Weasley gave him the password whenever it was changed. He visited it twice when you were there, I believe. He seemed disappointed not to find you doing anything but bathing - although, what dark deeds you might have

been up to on behalf of the Dark Lord in a bathtub, I'm sure I've no idea."

Draco stared back at Snape now, thinking about all the times Potter had stalked him through their sixth year, always lurking about outside the Room of Requirement… "It was Potter who frightened Goyle off," he said, absently. "But how do you know he fancied me? And how do you know he followed me into the bathroom?"

"There are other means of observing people within Hogwarts than shuffling about beneath an ill-fitting cloak. A spyglass such as a charmed mirror will do just as well. The headmaster had one in his study."

Draco regarded Snape in some surprise at this. "He let you use it?"

"He was not there, but bade me keep an eye on Potter, as well as you."

Draco sat back in his chair, contemplating the idea of Snape watching him in the bathroom. He wasn't sure which was more unsettling - Potter stalking him, or Snape spying on both of them. "Yes, there's nothing so motivating as revenge, is there? Funny he didn't seem to be interested in making anything of it in the bath," Draco said scathingly. "He saved it all up for that day in the girls' lavatory where he nearly chopped me up into Potions ingredients instead."

Snape looked taken aback. "That was an accident," he muttered.

Draco's brows rose. "You're defending him? He practically murdered me in cold blood!"

Snape looked furtive. "It was an entirely stupid, idiotic blunder, but he didn't know of the spell's origin, or its true nature."

Draco stared suspiciously at Snape now. Something was definitely rotten here. Never mind. He wasn't here to reopen old wounds. As it were. Draco winced as he recalled the pain of the bloody slices opening him up, and the shock that Potter had done it at all. And the expression of mirrored shock in Potter's

green eyes at the time. He had to admit Potter hadn't exactly been expecting the result his spell had caused. He'd been lucky that Potter hadn't pressed charges for his attempt to use an Unforgivable on him.

He cleared his throat. "I want to hear more about Potter's crush. Very conflicted, if it were true, don't you think? Didn't he ever come to accept it? Or was he always as dense as he appeared to be? Do you think he might have cast some sort of Weasley-produced Valentine spell on me, or something?"

Snape began laughing at this, chuckling darkly and mockingly, as if finding this suggestion greatly entertaining indeed.

Draco felt off-balance at once. He knew all too bloody well what Snape thought of his problem with Potter. He didn't need taunts to make him feel even more discouragingly restless and irritated over Potter than he already was. It wasn't merely a question of volatility between them, but of other sorts of tension too; the kind that demanded one hex the other into a pulpy mass simply to avoid doing something so drastic as actually touching the other in a far too intimate manner. And it was aggravating to have Snape know it.

Draco snarled, "Stop that! Just tell me."

"I'll show you. But don't say I didn't warn you," Snape said, with a surly smile.

What, as if he couldn't handle whatever it was that Snape had in his head? Absurd, and a bit insulting too. Draco silently cast Legilimens, and found himself lost in a kaleidoscope of images from Potter's mind, not just from Snape's fifth-year Occlumency lessons with him but more besides. At some point, Potter had caught up with Snape and some form of reconciliation had taken place, Draco knew, but Snape had never revealed anything to him about it - it had never really been his place to ask, either. But now, oh now, at long last -

Anger, rage, frustration, a little pity, and more anger swirled around flashes of Potter's private feelings and thoughts as seen and experienced by Snape, on more than one occasion and not always in Potter's head either, but in Snape's own witnessed memories of Potter's reactions. A heavy, suffocating loneliness and possessive jealousy, emanating in uncontrollable and ashamed surges towards Granger

and the Weasel, and Ginny Weasley with the dark boy from Gryffindor - Thomas - Dean Thomas. Hatred and some satisfaction towards Lucius for being out of the way, deserving his prison cell for having twisted and turned something as potentially bright and pale and pointy as blond-haired glimpses that haunted Potter's thoughts increasingly over time. Months passing in ever-growing agitation over Malfoy, Malfoy, Malfoy, until Quidditch was trite, Hogsmeade was for children, catching the Snitch was nothing in comparison to catching Malfoy in the corridors, and looking for him on his Map, watching always watching until anger became despair and Malfoy slid away out of his grasp to a high tower, and his wand was lowered again and again, unable to cast the Killing Curse at the beloved old man who was dying, and Harry could do nothing, not even cry out.

Draco gasped, but the imagery wouldn't stop, and he heard and felt and saw too many things; Potter's confusion and shame at noticing what Malfoy smelled like when he was too close to him in the classroom, his surprise at how good it felt to lash out at him, to hit him, to do something, anything, so long as it ended with his hands on Malfoy, who would be caught at last. Anger and disappointment and even hidden pain that Malfoy had worked so hard for Voldemort. Pity for the blond git and unfulfilling satisfaction at knowing Malfoy couldn't cast the Killing Curse. And finally, glimpses of a weary Potter in barely disguised wishing and tentative hope while asking in tongue-tied sentences where Malfoy was, and if he was alive, if he was all right, if he had survived, if he was paying for having thrown his lot in with Voldemort - and shame at wanting to ask for more but afraid of Snape's reply or rebuff. Shame at knowing Ron and Hermione and Remus and Madam Rosmerta and Katie Bell and Bill Weasley and everyone else would shun him for wanting the one responsible for so many slights, cruelties and injustices over the years.

Confusion and desire twined together in Potter's dreams, while dreaming of white-blond hair between his fingers, pale skin all creamy-smooth and white and perfect, and pink lips usually twisted with sarcasm and jeers but for once parted sweetly in a smile, while fear and longing was hastily shoved to the back, always out of sight, lest Malfoy learn of it, and see him, and know, lest it be used against him and his heart get broken all over again. Misery and guilt loomed on the heels of this assortment of impressions.

A cascade of painful, episodic shards of nightmares of the Dark Lord and Crucio; and Dursleys and loneliness and a dark cupboard with spiders and empty hunger and seeing the Hogwarts Express for the first time - a basilisk and too many dementors and Sirius, oh god, Sirius, no - Dumbledore falling from the tower, Voldemort struck by the green of the Killing Curse with a hammering pain in his forehead where his scar burned -

Draco was on the floor, panting, blinded by tears as he came back to himself abruptly. He'd fallen off the settee at some point. The low wooden table was moved aside and the tea items were in disarray, as if

the table had been shoved, but he had no memory of it in the thrall of Snape's series of memories he'd shared. He wiped stray tears from his face absent-mindedly with the sleeve of his robe and gasped, "What the hell was - why did you - what the bloody hell did you have to do that for?!"

Snape was still sitting in the chair. He jabbed his wand towards the table and it scooted back into place, the tea things tidying themselves quickly. Grimly, he responded, "You demanded I show you Potter's thoughts about you. Don't tell me you're disappointed?"

"Not that," Draco exclaimed angrily. "The show-and-tell session; all that extraneous stuff! I didn't want to have to carry around his traumas! I just wanted to know what he thought of me!"

"I could hardly show you one without the other," Snape said, curtly. "Understanding Potter without the context of his mental and psychological background would have been useless to you. You wanted his weakness and his true condition; a means of turning his own emotions and reactions towards you against him. I obliged. And now, if you'll excuse me, I'm going to Obliviate myself of the memory of having shown you this, for I want you to have to bear the weight of this one, as penance for putting me through that. I, of course, will have no way of corroborating your story if you should tell anyone what I've revealed to you. As always, knowledge has its price. You've learned how costly it has been for me these years past, where that infuriating brat is concerned. There is far more I could have shown you - oh yes, far more. Consider what I shared with you a mere sample, and then triple it in volume, more helpings of misery and horror. Not to mention a great deal of personal grief on my part as well. Good day, Mr Malfoy. You can show yourself out, I trust?"

Snape lifted his own wand and with a look of concentration, he turned it upon himself, a dart of light shooting out to strike him, leaving him sitting with a bemused expression. "Draco. What are you doing here?"

Draco sighed inwardly. Carefully, he said, "I only wanted to catch up with you over a cup of tea. You know, ask about the figures on the last shipment from Mother's inane attempts to keep her hand in our business with that flower essence nonsense she's always going on about. That sort of thing. But I must be going as well. I know you're busy. I'm sorry to have interrupted your afternoon," he ended with no small amount of bitterness, feeling angry that Snape would force him to come up with this sort of barely believable story at a moment's notice.

Snape frowned. "Indeed. That's quite all right; the lunch I had with the manager of the store in Switzerland was dull to the point of nausea. I'm glad you took time out of your busy schedule of parties, debauchery and clubbing to come see me."

Draco smiled grimly back at him. "It was no trouble. I'll be sure to drop by again when it will be just inconvenient enough to brighten your day. Shall I Disapparate in the hall?"

"I think that's best, don't you? Wouldn't want you to Splinch something important on anything as depressingly middle-class as that sofa you're sitting on, now would we?" Snape's voice was droll.

Draco grinned, enjoying the return of Snape's better mood. "'Bye, Severus." He left Snape's house with a measure of relief, wondering how he might come to regret having pushed Snape into giving him so much advantage over Potter. Even now he couldn't stop the images and sights and feelings from tumbling through him, pushing their way to the surface. He clamped them down firmly and locked them away, putting them behind a conscious block in his mind so that he wouldn't have to be assailed by them constantly. But he knew, oh he knew very well, that his own dreams would now add them to his ever-growing collection of Potter-topping he underwent every night. What was that saying? His arse was grass.

Draco Apparated the short distance back to Vienna, and standing in the sheltered alley he took out the Portkey for the return journey to his home in Wiltshire. Glowering, he pondered the inexplicable truth that Harry Potter, unbeknownst even to himself, was in love with him.

Handy, that, seeing as he was rather distracted by Potter's physique and attention to a crippling degree already, and had been for some time.

Draco found himself filled with sudden exultation. It was heady; the thrill of knowing Potter wanted him. At last! It made up for so much, so many slights; so many disappointments. Just knowing it was true was enough to make him feel better already, and he was glad for the deep satisfaction that now took the place of the nettled hurts and anger that had always dwelt inside him where Potter was concerned.

He needed more time though, to plot and plan, and find a way to use this somehow. No wonder Potter was avoiding him. If he could just seduce Potter, maybe he could allow them both some relief from the

long-standing, unresolved tension that lay between them, tying them together on the inside without any respite for years now. It was worth it, even just to get Potter to acknowledge it; who knew what might come of it? Maybe they could shake hands and go their merry separate ways, without shagging. Although that was doubtful, Draco knew. Potter was far too physical to let it go without working it out of his system. And for once, Draco was glad of it.

Very well, Draco thought. Shagging it is, then.

Now all he had to do was find a way to ask Potter out, without being hit by any number of possible hexes once the words were out of his mouth.

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Click here for Part 3: The Bookshop

Starfuckers

Author: The Ruby Moth

Pairing: Harry/Draco

Rating: NC-17 for m/m sexual slash mature adult content.

Notes: Post-HBP, Post-War, bottom!Draco, oral, rimming, anal, smut, major fluff, mild angst. Starfucker: a fan who fucks celebrities; hardcore groupie.

WARNING: This fic is sweet.

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Summary: Harry cannot stop longing for Draco; knowing Draco won't ever look his way, he seeks help for his unrequited condition. Draco is suffering the same problem. The cure is simple, but when it comes to dating, things are not so easy for the Malfoy Heir and the Boy Who Lived.

Starfuckers - Chapter 1: The Clinic

Chapter 2: The Apothecary

Chapter 3: The Bookshop

Chapter 4: The Restaurant

Chapter 5: The Lover

Starfuckers 3

The Bookshop

A couple of weeks after leaving Dr Valensana's clinic not one Galleon shorter than before visiting her, Harry was in Diagon Alley on his way to visit Gred and Forge, when he caught sight of a flash of white-blond hair, extremely noticeable amidst the crowd of wizards and witches along the street.

He couldn't stop staring, and the jolt of recognition as he saw Draco Malfoy's elegant features carrying his usual patrician but ubiquitous condescension reverberated through his entire body, and a black-robed witch bumped into his left elbow, murmuring her apology. "Sorry, excuse me," Harry quickly said, and craned his neck not to lose sight of Malfoy's tall form as he made his way across the street.

When he saw Malfoy entering Flourish & Blotts, Harry made his decision quickly, and carefully picked his way through the passers-by until he stood before the door of the bookshop. He took a deep breath, put his hand on the doorknob, and opened it, trying to search his mind for an excuse to be there. Looking for a book for Hermione. That was it. An excellent fallback, whenever near books. He glanced around the interior, trying to appear casual about it.

He couldn't see Malfoy anywhere within. Making his way deeper into the shop, he went and stood by one of the shelves to the far right, and waited, his heart beating loudly in his ears. Harry wondered what he was doing. He couldn't exactly ask Malfoy out in here; there were too many witnesses. He'd have to follow him out, and try to strike up a conversation in the street.

Glancing about him, Harry wondered how to word his… request. Malfoy, will you give me the pleasure of dining with me this evening, if you aren't too busy? No, that was bad; too formal and it sounded really lame, coming from an ex-schoolmate. Haven't seen you a while, why don't we catch up over dinner sometime? Too casual, maybe… Or how about: I fancy the pants off you, and can't wait to get in them; let's skip dinner and go straight to the drinks. Your place or mine? That was what Harry wanted most of all, but he could hardly be that eager, or Malfoy would laugh in his face. No, he had to find a way to cater to Malfoy's ego. A formal apology for all the things he'd ever done that brassed Malfoy off, perhaps. Except that Malfoy would know he was taking the piss, tongue in cheek, and that was no good. Wanting to bury the hatchet was better. Except he didn't think Malfoy knew that Muggle saying, so he'd have to

word it differently.

The sound of low, wicked laughter came to him, carrying to his ears over the rustle of turning pages and wizards speaking in undertones in the bookshop. Looking over in the direction of the opposite side of the room, Harry saw Malfoy standing by a rack of magazines, holding a newspaper - it looked like the Prophet. Malfoy was chuckling as he read. Harry was struck by the way Malfoy's profile changed completely when he was amused. His grin made his face so attractive, and Harry was torn in half by the relief that Malfoy was turned away from him and not looking directly at him so he could drink his fill with his eyes, and yet he was jealous of anything or anyone that could evince such a smile from Malfoy.

As Malfoy turned the page, Harry quickly looked away towards the bookshelves before him once more, his back to Malfoy and the rest of the shop. Then, Harry realised something interesting. If he peered through the reflection of the light bouncing off his glasses that he wore, he could just make out the reflected forms behind him, including Malfoy. He'd found this useful before, during Quidditch games, making up for his fuzzy lack of peripheral vision by using the reflections off the inside of the lenses of his glasses; it had even helped him avoid a Bludger and catch the Snitch, once. It was proving most useful now.

Malfoy was dressed in long, tailored, tight-fitted robes of black and silver, his hair longer than Harry was used to seeing on him, and oddly enough Harry was not reminded of Lucius at all. In fact, the longer hair was what Malfoy wore in that series of glossy, glamorous photographs in the latest Witch Weekly issue where Malfoy had won his award and talked about his life. Harry loved that issue. And he loved Malfoy's longer hair. It reminded him of a girl's, except that no girl ever possessed cheekbones like that, or a body so svelte yet directly male. And damn, now he was getting a hard-on, to be seeing Malfoy here for real, not just a pretty picture.

Malfoy continued to smile, and emitted another low, muted laugh. The sound tinkled through Harry's head and he knew that his dreams had been given a load of new impressions that he'd have to undergo. His breath was coming faster, and he tried to breathe deep and even, staring unseeing at the books, and keeping a close eye on Malfoy behind him.

There was rustling as Malfoy folded the paper up and put it back, and Harry wondered why Malfoy needed to visit Flourish & Blotts to read the Daily Prophet, when all he had to do was have it delivered to his home. Wait, he'd lost him. He couldn't see Malfoy at all, now. Damn. And there were several people blocking his view where Malfoy must have gone.

He looked around to see if Malfoy had gone out the door, but there was no chime from the bell above the door, and now he had to look all around the shop to try to find him. His heart sank as he realised Malfoy was no longer in sight. Oh, well. Maybe next time. Or, maybe he'd catch up with him again outside in the street.

Or, maybe he should just send an Owled invitation to dinner like a sane person.

Harry sighed.

"Well, well; Potter," Malfoy's voice drawled, from out of nowhere, sounding quite close…

Harry looked around, but Malfoy was not to be seen.

"Up here," Malfoy said.

Harry followed his voice up, up to the floor above, and mentally kicked himself for being so completely stupid as to forget the stairs. He stared back up at Malfoy. "Erm, could you keep it down? I don't want to get ambushed. I'd think you'd want to avoid that, yourself."

Then he wished he could sink into the floor, because what a terrifically moronic thing to say. Not, 'hi, Malfoy, nice to see you', or even, 'fancy meeting you here', but telling him off instead.

However, Malfoy merely smirked down at him, leaning on his crossed forearms on the balustrade, looking as amused as he had when reading the paper. Harry was glad of it, and felt a warmth run through him as he recognised he'd got exactly what he'd wanted. That look, directed at him.

Quietly, Malfoy remarked, "Whatever are you doing, Potter? I didn't think you read books. It isn't really your thing, is it?"

Harry gave a silent sigh as he looked up at Malfoy's smirking face, those shrewd grey eyes staring back down at him. Malfoy hadn't changed. "I'm looking for a gift for Hermione. Why?"

But Malfoy just grinned wider, and said in a tone of absolute glee, "In the Alternative Sexuality section? My, my; Mrs Weasley must be looking to spice up her bedroom life."

Harry nearly gave himself whiplash, turning to scan the books on the shelf before him, and saw to his discomfort that they were indeed the section at the back of the shop devoted to the more risqué literature. Staring in horror at a book entitled, 'Electra: The Pursuance of Passion', by Margaret Stocker, Harry swallowed, wondering how to get out of this one.

He looked back up at Malfoy, intending to retort something, he didn't know what, but saw that Malfoy was no longer there.

Harry quickly looked back at the stairs, towards the front of the shop, and soon he saw Malfoy had come down them and was making his way across the room to Harry. He turned away in sudden anxiety. Malfoy was walking his way. He was coming towards him, directly. Harry wasn't ready for this.

Scanning the titles before him in desperation, Harry tried to pick one that might make sense, his palms going slippery and his heart beating harder than before. He'd been sure Malfoy would leave, not approach him. Would Malfoy try to pick a fight with him, get him to rise to his taunts, even here in this public shop?

He heard Malfoy come to stand beside him, on his right, and then Malfoy said in a low voice, "I must say, Potter, using Granger - pardon, Mrs Weasley - as your excuse for looking at racy novels is pretty low. I wouldn't have expected it of you." Suddenly, his tone changed, to one of annoyance and surprise. "What? Not Margaret, again! I'm bloody sick of that woman! She's that starfucker - you know: the groupie. Seeks out celebrities, shags them, and then talks about it. She's everywhere!"

"Tell me about it," Harry agreed, dryly. "I had to get a restraining order out on her."

"So did I," Malfoy said, grabbing 'Electra' and opening it, leaving Harry trying to catch his breath in the wake of having Malfoy's hand reach right in front of him. Those long, slender, pointy fingers were as elegantly attractive as they'd ever been; more so, somehow, than Harry had remembered. Or, maybe Malfoy had grown up. Seeing him in the flesh for the first time in years, up close and personal, Harry could hardly breathe. He tried to remember what Dr Valensana had said. Maybe he'd discover Malfoy was boring, after all.

It didn't seem likely. Malfoy's presence was making his insides feel like they'd been hexed into porridge, and his knees were locked in place. His heart was hammering. His face felt hot. Fine, he thought furiously, maybe I am afraid. Just a bit. But there was an abyss he couldn't cross that lay between them, and all he wanted to do was reach across the mere foot that separated him from Malfoy and pull him into his arms, and hold him, and never let go.

Malfoy was speaking though, and Harry had barely heard the words, so caught up in Malfoy's voice as he was."…don't you think? I mean, she's insane. They ought to have locked her up in Azkaban for what she did to the King of Prussia. The witch is a menace. And this bit here, about you - that's not true, is it? You don't need a blow-job before going out before press conferences to 'relieve tension', do you?"

"What?!" Harry was aghast. He'd only done it the one time, and she'd been so insistent, he'd not understood why he'd not really wanted her to, but it had admittedly helped him relax. But it had only been the one time.

"And here, she's going on about how you satisfied her every desire to find a man who could, oh," Malfoy was laughing quietly now, chuckling uncontrollably, "make her forget her domineering father. Oh, Potter, this is too good. Apparently, you're a real stud bull in the sack."

Harry grabbed the book from Malfoy's hands. "What?! I'll kill her! I'll arrest her! How dare she!" He scanned the pages, not finding what Malfoy was talking about. "Where?"

"At least you got a good evaluation; it could have been worse," Malfoy said to him, sounding strangely like attempting to mollify him. "She likened me to a lump of ice. And I swear, I'm not blowing my own horn when I say that's not true. I just like my bed partners to be a little less annoying, if you know what I mean. She really does possess a nasally voice. You remember, don't you?" The strangeness of having had

the same woman that Malfoy had slept with was abrupt and confusing. They'd both been had by her, point of fact, but it didn't matter. What did, was that he and Malfoy were parted by only one degree of separation from each other thanks to the crazy stalker witch.

Harry turned to look up into his face. Malfoy met his eyes, and Harry felt a shock like he'd been plunged into hot water, as Malfoy gave him a mischievous little smile that seemed far too private and intimate for a place like the quiet bookshop they were in.

Harry found his gaze slipping down to look at Malfoy's mouth before he could stop himself, and hastily lifted it back to meet Malfoy's eyes once more. Malfoy's eyes narrowed, and he said, "Are you quite well, Potter? You look a bit tousled, like you've just run a mile. Or shagged your way out of bed, or something."

"I'm fine," Harry ground out, closing the book and shoving it back into place on the shelf. He couldn't do this. Malfoy would turn him down, and would never let him forget it if he asked him out now. His heart sank, and he didn't dare look back at him. The sinking sensation continued as he realised… Malfoy knew. He knew he fancied him.

Quiet panic began to rise, overcoming his despair.

Licking his lips, Harry repeated, "I'm very well, thanks. How about you? I haven't seen you around."

"Right; we keep missing each other, don't we? Unless you don't come to Diagon Alley very often anymore," Malfoy said. "Which might explain it. I'm here often enough."

Harry began to wish they weren't in the bookshop, because Malfoy was keeping his voice low and it sounded all sultry and inviting and just for him. It was resounding through his head, curling around his body, and making his skin and his hard-on wish that they were unclothed and alone together in a dark place.

"I don't hang out here as often, that's true," Harry replied, mustering himself. He looked back at Malfoy again, turning to face him properly. He wasn't going to be afraid of Malfoy. Especially since he knew he

didn't stand a chance anyway.

"How's Auror life?" Malfoy asked, his question seemingly innocuous and sincere. "I didn't think you'd stand for the Ministry telling you what to do after all those public statements you made after the War."

"Scrimgeour made a quick turn-around, and saw things my way once Voldemort was gone," Harry said. "It doesn't mean I'm their poster boy though, anymore than I was back then."

"But you do like it, yeah? Being an Auror?" Malfoy persisted.

Why was Draco Malfoy chatting him up? Harry could almost swear it was as if Malfoy wanted to talk with him, and was engaging him in conversation intended to be polite. Harry regarded Malfoy suspiciously. If this were leading up to some sort of joke or pratfall, he would be ready. "I like it well enough, sure. Keeps me busy, at least. Unlike some."

Malfoy raised his brows at him, at this. He went a little cooler, his smile sliding away, and Harry suddenly wished he'd not said it. "Obviously you don't read the papers. I've been doing my bit for the war orphans and the families affected by the D-" Malfoy stopped, obviously not wanting to bring up anything a conversation-killer as obvious as Death Eaters.

In a vain attempt to try to save the situation, Harry suggested, "No, I've heard, I know all about that. That's not what I meant. I just meant -"

"I know what you meant," Malfoy interrupted, mildly. He didn't seem upset. "This is hardly the place to bring it all up though, don't you think? Care for a coffee? Unless it would ruin your reputation to be seen talking with the son of a Death Eater, of course."

"For god's sake, Draco," Harry said, feeling no little irony, as he had in fact had a problem with Malfoy for years at school over this very thing, right up to that fateful end where Snape and Malfoy had fled Hogwarts. "If anything, it's me who's lucky to be seen talking with you. You're the one all over the front page these days."

"What in Merlin's name are you talking about?" Draco scoffed, but he didn't sound angry. "You're the one in the Prophet again, for catching the Bristol Butcher."

"I was talking about Witch Weekly, actually," Harry said, sardonically.

There was a beat or two, as Draco was silent. Then, he started chuckling again. "Potter, oh dear. Let me see if I've got this right. You've been looking at the wizarding world's Sexiest Wizard spread in Witch Weekly? Oh, this is too good."

Harry felt his face turn hot, as if scorched by a Flame Spell cast at point-blank. He gulped. He had, indeed, been staring far too long at the spread of Draco Malfoy, winner for the second year in a row, with the lovely photos that had seemed to do him so much justice. Harry had wished they'd been nudes, but with the revealing clothing that had seemed to cover him without covering him, Draco had been in his dreams probably due to that latest issue alone.

"I got it for the articles," he said, knowing Draco would derive yet more hilarity from that.

"'Course you did," Draco agreed, grinning. "Did you like my interview? I thought the questions they asked me this year were better than last year's. Better than the ones they'd asked you, even."

Harry stared back at him with hope. "You read my issue?"

"Sure," Draco said, without a trace of shame. "But I got it for the pictures, so the interview was a bonus."

Harry felt his cheeks glowing. Surely… Draco couldn't mean… what he thought he meant? "Sure. For use as target practice, right?"

"I don't wank on my wank material, Potter. That would ruin them."

"I meant for hexes; casting hexes," Harry explained, feeling the entire situation spiralling out of control. Surely, Draco Malfoy did not wank while looking at pictures… of him? Did he? How was he supposed to believe that?

"Maybe you're right," Draco frowned, scanning the books before them. "Maybe this is better, here, rather than in a coffee shop. It would certainly be embarrassing to be ejected during coffee for upsetting the patrons with rude talk. We should stay in the Alternative Sexuality section for this."

"Hexes have nothing to do with Alternative Sexuality," Harry muttered.

"Oh, I don't know. Using hexes in lieu of sex sounds like an alternative to me."

As Harry frowned back at him, beginning to wonder what the hell Malfoy was playing at, Draco put up a hand. Harry was distracted by the sight of his long, perfect fingers and his palm - dear Morganna, did Draco use that palm to wank? "Now, now," Draco quickly said, forestalling his response. "I'm not suggesting that our duels were anything but serious. But you have to admit there is something exciting about stepping up to face off with a true equal."

Harry was confused. Was Draco referring to hexing… or sex? Hard to tell. "Fair enough," he agreed, hoping that Draco wasn't going to take this as outright acceptance that he was agreeing with him about the whole alternative thing.

"Besides," Draco purred, "if Margaret Stocker is to be believed, you're a ladies' man. I'm sure creepy Creevey would agree."

Sighing, Harry said, "Yes, you're right, Colin would; seeing as it wasn't really my thing, and Stocker is just a crazy bitch, and you know nothing she says can be believed, so let's drop it, okay?" He glanced about them, worried suddenly that anyone might have overheard them. Then he instantly regretted saying it, because Draco might take it that he didn't want to talk with him anymore.

Fortunately, Draco lowered his voice and leaned closer, sending a shiver over Harry's entire body, as he said, "Let's not. Let's continue it outside. Although why coffee is so terrifying a prospect for someone who catches Dark wizards for a living, I'm sure I don't understand."

"It's not the coffee, but the conversation," Harry growled, daring to seize Draco's black-clad arm and push him slightly in the direction of the door.

Laughing under his breath, Draco shook his head and led the way across the room to the door. Harry followed after, wishing he hadn't allowed himself to get so off-balance. If he didn't know better, he'd say that Draco was flirting with him. And of course, that was impossible. Wasn't it?

Outside in the street, Draco leaned closer to him again and said, "There's no use pretending, Potter. We both know that what Margaret says is based on her true life experiences. If you're this keyed up before talking over coffee, maybe you need a blow-job before we go in?"

"Are you offering?" Harry shot back, nettled.

"I'm more used to being on the receiving end of those," Draco said, continuing to set the pace with his longer legs and wider stride, but he wasn't walking quickly; if anything, he appeared to be moving more slowly to allow Harry to have time to talk with him. "But if you wouldn't mind demonstrating how you like it done, beforehand, I'm sure I could oblige. Does it really work that well? For relieving stress?"

"I doubt it," Harry muttered, quite certain that going down on Draco in an alley off the street was more likely to increase his stress, not lessen it. And it wasn't that he wanted more, either. He wasn't in love with him, he wasn't; regardless of what Dr Valensana had said. He preferred something less public, was all.

"How do you like your coffee?" Draco asked him, as they approached the coffee house.

"With the chocolate powder and cinnamon. They do a nice cup of that here. I like it creamy and bittersweet."

"I'll bet you do," Draco said under his breath, but before Harry could confront him about it, they had reached the door, and the sudden awkwardness arrived of who was going to open the door for the other.

Harry was damned if he was going to let Draco Malfoy treat him like the lady. He flung himself towards the door and grabbed at the handle, opening it widely and stepping aside. "After you," he said, with a gesture.

Draco's lips twitched, but he glided through with enough dignity, managing to make it look as though Harry was the doorman, in his proper place while the Malfoy noble entered the lucky establishment. "Why, thank you, Potter."

"Don't mention it, Malfoy."

"I won't."

"Good." Harry was willing to believe Draco would bring it up as soon as it would be most unsettling for Harry to have to deal with. He suddenly wondered if he even wanted things to get closer to some sort of physical interaction between them, mostly because there was no way he was bottoming for Draco. Ever. He would not give him the satisfaction.

They took a table at the back of the coffee shop, neither of them wanting too much visibility by the window, and to be able to see the door easily for newly entering customers. A hangover from the War, for both of them, Harry realised.

"Coffee. Right. How do you like yours?" Harry asked him, fully aware of the double entendre he was asking.

Sure enough, Draco grinned sharply. "Strong, dark, overwhelming, and far too sweet."

Harry blushed, and cursed himself. "I'll get them. Erm, our coffees."

"I'm sure you will, just like those Dark wizards you chase," Draco said amusedly, as Harry left him sitting at their table.

As he ordered their coffee, ending up yet again without having to pay for them, he glanced over at Draco. It was hard, reasoning out what Draco might be up to. It didn't seem like he had some sort of secret agenda of mischief, but the man was a Slytherin - at heart, anyway, despite they were no longer at Hogwarts - and a Malfoy. Harry knew he'd be a fool to forget it simply because Draco wore black like it was cool and managed to look slim and supple, and deadly handsome, and quietly thoughtful over at their table, and was looking back at him now. Harry's breath caught in his throat as Draco met his eye.

Harry looked quickly back at the tray the proprietor had flicked his wand at, and tried to control himself, willing his errant cock to go back down. Why was Draco having this effect on him?! And why couldn't he do anything about it? Well, obviously, he could just ask him out. But, could he? Would Draco win, if he did? And what exactly would the win entail? Giving in? Giving up? Losing face? Did he even care, so long as he got to have at least one evening with him? If having coffee with Draco was this thrilling, he was in trouble.

Thanking the wizard for the coffees, he returned to the table, the tray floating along behind him, and with his wand he floated Draco's cup before him, then sat down in his seat opposite him and took his own.

Draco stirred more sugar into his black coffee, then picked up the cup, sipping from it, watching Harry over the rim with impassive grey eyes, and Harry ended up scalding his mouth with the burning coffee as he drank too large a mouthful.

Maybe coffee hadn't been such a good idea after all, he thought. He was glad the trembling in his hands was unnoticeable.

Casually, Draco asked, "So, Harry. How are things? Between us? Do you still want to hex me, on

principle?"

"No, I got over that," Harry said, a little uncomfortably.

"So, I take you've been able to find forgiveness for me, then, for having been such a bad, evil Slytherin?" Draco's words were mild, but Harry could hear the slight undertone beneath them, a little bitterness.

"It was all quite a long time ago. Years, even. Of course."

"Of course, nothing," Draco disagreed, licking his upper lip. The sight of his tongue gave Harry a bolt of lust that seized and coiled in his lower belly, twisting hotly. Draco continued, unaware of Harry's discomfiture, "You hated me."

"And you hated me," Harry pointed out, in a low voice. But he'd said it like it was an accusation, and he hadn't meant to.

Draco was searching his face, roving from his left eye to his right, and finally nodded. "All right, so we'll let things lie, then? Let bygones be bygones, and all that? We can't change the past, but we can start anew. Right?"

"Right," Harry said, blowing on his coffee to cool it before taking another cautious sip. "We're older, hopefully wiser, and we're not in school. We don't have to resort to duelling to make our points heard."

"Or blows," Draco remarked.

Harry set down his cup. Was this yet another jab at him about his loss of self-control at school, going for Draco on the pitch after the game in fifth year? Or something else, some other circumstance? He was about to remind Draco that he was hardly the only one using brute force in their tit-for-tat they'd had going for so long. Draco stamping on his face came sharply to mind. But he said nothing.

Draco's eyes flickered, and he looked down at his cup. "Well, we didn't always resort to magical means, is all I was referring to."

"I know," Harry said, dryly. "So, you'll forgive me for hitting you, and using that curse by accident on you that day, and I'll forgive you for the Unforgivable? Right?"

Draco drew in a sharp breath and looked around them. "Right. And keep your voice down."

"And constantly insulting me and my friends."

"Memory like an elephant. I should have known. This was a mistake," Draco said, in disgust, sitting back in his chair. "If all you can do is fling the past in my face, then you're the one who hasn't grown up."

"Donating Galleons to the war orphans fund doesn't exactly buy you an apology for the way you treated Ron and Hermione. And everyone else. And me."

"Yes, because we all know just how tolerant and non-judgmental the Weasel is," Draco sneered.

Somehow, hearing this snide sarcasm from Draco was enough to make Harry feel more at ease with him; it sounded familiar, and he didn't feel so badly off his game with him anymore. "Do you still hate Muggleborns?"

Draco stared at him. "Why are you picking a fight with me? If you kept up with the times, you'd know that I've made several - not just one, but several, mind - very public, official retractions of my previous statements regarding Muggleborns."

"I wouldn't know; I don't read the papers." Harry knew this was a fairly inadequate response, but it was the truth. "I'm not picking a fight with you. I just - I only want to know what you're like now, that's all."

"Ah. So that's your game is it?" Draco smiled at him, but it was a colder, calculating, knowing smile. One that let Harry know that the game was on, and Draco wasn't about to let him go now without making some points of his own. "You'll accept me now, but only on your terms, and if I admit to being wrong about the choices I made back then."

Harry nearly groaned in frustration. "No, that's not what I'm saying at all. I'm saying that there are some things that we can't just bury and forget about. They're a part of us, and what happened, and what we did. We can't cover it up, and make like it never happened. That's all."

"So, you're willing to overlook my unworthiness, are you?" Draco said this without ire, but Harry was well aware how it was intended.

His heart squeezed inside his chest, and Harry swallowed a gulp of coffee to wash away the sudden pain that welled up at his words. Harry knew they both already knew that Draco felt he looked down on him, but that in reality they'd looked down on each other. And in the end, Harry knew that Draco's pride far outweighed his own. He was hardly as dismissive of Draco as he'd always claimed Harry to be. To all and sundry.

Draco's problem with trying to get his attention was only a problem so far as Harry was actually ignoring him, which he hadn't done for years.

If only Draco could see that.

Desperately, he said, "Look, I don't have a problem with you. I haven't for a long time now. If anyone's holding a grudge, it's you. That's the only reason that trust is even an issue, here."

"If I drop my 'grudge', as you put it, you'll trust me?" Draco sounded curious. "Because it's looked awfully like you don't have the time of day for me."

"You haven't exactly had the time of day for me, either," Harry countered.

"Well, isn't it fortuitous for both of us that you were following me around today, then?" Draco said.

"I wasn't -" Harry began.

"Oh, don't lie. At this point, it just looks foolish," Draco said, calmly. "You followed me into Flourish & Blotts. You were obvious. I was rather shocked - as an Auror, I'd expected something a little more low-key from you."

Harry flushed. "I'm an Auror, not a spy. And besides, I'm off-duty."

"Constant vigilance," Draco murmured, with a sly smile.

Harry sighed, and drank more of his coffee.

"Harry," Draco continued, getting his attention. "I don't think you'd even be sitting here if you trusted me, or accepted me, or wanted to let things be, or if you wanted to let the past remain where it is. It's more exciting for you this way. You are an Auror, after all, and I don't think you'd be interested in someone who didn't have affiliations and an affinity for the Dark Arts. This way, you get the thrill of the chase. I'm not exactly practicing Dark curses these days, but you get the best of both worlds, to be chasing after me."

Well, if that wasn't calling him out, Harry didn't know what it was. He would have responded, but Draco kept going.

"In fact, I think you like it, not knowing what I really am, and if I've changed at all. I think you like the unknown factor where I'm concerned. Still stalking me, after all these years. You're no different than that sad excuse for a groupie, Margaret, except she actually caught both of us, and you're too afraid to

actually go on the hunt for real."

Oh, now that was the gauntlet, right there. Harry stiffened, knowing that he couldn't afford to let this go. Not without really losing face now. But if he agreed, it meant Draco was right, and it wasn't about Draco wanting to get his attention all these years at all, but Harry's deliberate ignoring of him, to pretend he wasn't as interested as Draco was.

He felt trapped, and knew that it wasn't fair, because he had more to lose than his pride or dignity; he had his heart. And in this moment, he cursed Dr Valensana for being right: he did love him. Or, rather, he was in love with Draco, after all. He couldn't afford to tell him. He just couldn't. Or he really would lose, and Draco would win a total victory, and receive more than just a soothing of his own personal wounds in the private war they had been carrying on with for so long since they'd first met. Draco would win completely.

The only way he could save his position would be to go on the offensive at this point, and ask him out. And whatever happened, refuse to admit that he wanted more than just the one date, one dinner, even one night with him. Live only in the moment, and never, ever say that it was anything more than fascination.

"Will you have dinner with me?"

Draco seemed taken aback by his question. He even sat back in his chair, looking at Harry with a puzzled expression. He regarded him for a while, and then slowly said, "Sure. When and where?"

"Is tonight too soon?"

"Around eight?"

"Sounds good. Do you like Italian?" Harry asked him, having just the place in mind.

Draco gave him a wry smile. "Not Zabini's, surely?"

"Why not? The food is good. It's a great place."

"Take all your fans there, do you?"

"Never. Not even Margaret."

"Fine. Eight o'clock it is, then."

"Fine," Harry agreed, wondering why it sounded as though they'd just settled arrangements for a wizard's duel.

Except, they'd be duelling with something other than their…wands, and the thought did not help Harry's peace of mind, or his painful erection.

"Well, I must be going. Errands to run, and all that. It's been great to finally catch up with you. I'll see you tonight, Harry," Draco grinned at him slightly, with a knowing emphasis on the way he spoke his name.

And then, the bastard, he stepped forward as he stood up, and placed a hand on Harry's shoulder, and squeezed once before turning and leaving the coffee house.

Harry watched him go. He could feel the warm imprint of the touch of his hand branded into his shoulder long after Draco had gone.

~*~

Click here for Part 4: The Restaurant

Starfuckers

Author: The Ruby Moth

Pairing: Harry/Draco

Rating: NC-17 for m/m sexual slash mature adult content.

Notes: Post-HBP, Post-War, bottom!Draco, oral, rimming, anal, smut, major fluff, mild angst. Starfucker: a fan who fucks celebrities; hardcore groupie.

WARNING: This fic is sweet.

Disclaimer: The characters belong to JK Rowling, not me. This story is based on characters and situations created and owned by JK Rowling, various publishers including but not limited to Bloomsbury Books, Scholastic Books and Raincoast Books, and Warner Bros., Inc. No money is being made and no copyright or trademark infringement is intended.

Author's Note: Yayness - Thanks to Jennavere for the meta discussion on bottom!Draco and top/bottom in H/D fic! So inspiring! Can't stop writing now! ;)

AN2: Many thanks to bella_donna428 for her encouragement and input! :)

Beta: Nance O'Neil

Word count: 26,486

Chapters: Five

Status: Complete

Summary: Harry cannot stop longing for Draco; knowing Draco won't ever look his way, he seeks help for his unrequited condition. Draco is suffering the same problem. The cure is simple, but when it comes to

dating, things are not so easy for the Malfoy Heir and the Boy Who Lived.

Starfuckers - Chapter 1: The Clinic

Chapter 2: The Apothecary

Chapter 3: The Bookshop

Chapter 4: The Restaurant

Chapter 5: The Lover

Starfuckers 4

The Restaurant

It had gone far better than Draco had feared it would. Capturing Potter's attention in Diagon Alley had been too easy. Getting him to follow him into the bookshop was simple.

All it had taken to get him to ask him out were a few nudges in the direction of his conscience, his pride, and his unrequited longing.

The difficulty would be in getting Potter to let go afterwards. It wouldn't be hard to get Potter to invite him home, or into his bed. But the next morning?

Potter might very well decide to chuck his pride, and bravely declare himself as 'in love' or some romantic nonsense; seeing as sex was equal with love in Potter's mind, no doubt due to some strange Gryffindor-instilled sense of chivalry.

Draco wanted to draw it out, to enjoy the pursuit, to have Harry wanting him for a while. Openly. He didn't want it brought to a close with one shag. It felt too good to finally have Harry's undivided attention. The only way he could afford to keep Harry was as a some-time lover, with infrequent, irregular trysts that kept the excitement up for both of them. They had to draw it out, and make it last.

But Harry was a troubled bird; he was more likely to want to roost with him immediately somewhere in a love nest, cuddling up with extra helpings of comfort and snuggles to make up for his lost childhood, which everyone now knew about to excess thanks to the various interviews that had come to light after the War ended.

And there was no way Draco was going to be a lovebird in a nest with Harry Potter.

No. Never.

It was far too heady and addictive, looking in Potter's eyes and using a little light Legilimency to slip past Potter's nonexistent Occlumency ability, to peer into him while he shuffled and blushed, and was belligerently defensive, hiding all that passion and raw desire and utter longing. All of that sweet, aching painful longing, directed entirely in Draco's direction - it was like a balm on his soul, reaching an oasis after a lifetime of living in a desert.

It was one thing to receive clinging love from one's mother, or accolades and offers of marriage from little people with big dreams; it was quite another to get it from Harry Potter, the one person who'd rejected him, who had been the bane of his existence, and who had declared his complete and utter hatred of him. It tasted of sweet victory and glorious retribution.

He had to find a way to make it last, before Harry settled down into the committed husband role, and decided that security and safety were more important than passion. Harry's emotional needs were too smothering and total for him to allow that to happen too quickly.

Realistically, he didn't believe it was likely or necessary for them not to shag after the first evening out together, but he had to find a way to ensure Harry wouldn't see it as the golden door to instant marital bliss. He had to make him work for it. There was no way he could risk having Harry take him for granted again.

Or he'd lose. Damned if he was going to lose to Harry in this.

He was more than willing to let Harry be the top, since it was so important to him. And Draco was all too aware of how easy it would be to keep hold of the reins if he let Harry remain the pursuer. Draco would still be leading the way, directing the moves. Making the decisions.

He'd never expected Harry to ask him out so soon, though. He'd thought he would have to do it, as an act of grace, and surrender. But Harry had leaped on the opportunity.

Draco knew this meant Harry was completely unaware of just how much power he'd offered up to Draco.

And he revelled in it, as he dressed, and got ready to go out that evening.

When he arrived at Zabini's restaurant, fashionably fifteen minutes late, he discovered that, true to form, Blaise had been more than accommodating to the great Harry Potter, and had given up a table without the usual week's worth reservation, probably shoving some poor unfortunate behind on the waiting list.

When he was shown to their table by the house-elf in the waiter's uniform - something that just seemed entirely wrong somehow, even for Zabini - he found Harry sitting and waiting for him. Harry didn't get up, thank Merlin. Draco slid into the seat across from him, and brightened. "Evening, Potter. Sorry I'm

late. There's a bit of a crowd out front, actually."

"Yeah, I know. I always come in through the back to avoid things like that," Harry said. "I, er, ordered our wine. I was going to get white, but then Blaise said something about lasagne needing red, instead. So. I just got the best house red. I hope that's all right."

Draco sighed under his breath. "You do realise that you've given Zabini a great deal over me here, to do this. Letting him host the date where I finally pull the great Harry Potter. He'll never let it go, now."

"Actually, it's more that he owed me a favour, and has had a table on reserve for me at a moment's notice, once I told him I needed it a few weeks ago."

Draco felt the colour drain from his face. "You've been planning this." He didn't like knowing he'd been out-manoeuvred.

"Sure. I'd been meaning to ask you out for a while, but I didn't think you'd go for it. Bad blood, and the past, what with our days at school and all. But I was lucky to run into you in Diagon Alley today."

"Very lucky." Draco looked down, and twisted the glass in place before him by its stem, and thought over his revelations on Harry that he'd got from Snape. "I'm flattered," he said, and meant it.

Looking up, he saw that flare of interest in Harry's eyes turn into something else, a wildfire glow that threatened to consume him with its intensity. Over their coffee earlier that afternoon, Harry had been nervous and far too malleable. But this; this wildness. Harry's magic was so palpable along with his desire that the lit candles before them in their crystal holders threatened to give off white sparkles; the flames flickering now and again.

Draco suddenly wondered if he'd underestimated what shagging Harry Potter would be like. Correction, being shagged by. And that thought was entirely too stimulating this early on at dinner.

He grinned, helplessly. Would he lose if Harry won? He was starting to wonder.

Feeling reckless, he murmured, "I've never bottomed before, to anyone."

Harry looked floored by this simple statement. "You mean, you're…" He trailed off.

"Yes, I'm…" Draco replied, significantly. "You lucky thing."

Harry laughed, a short burst that sounded like he had not been able to stop himself, and grinned back at him. "I'm flattered."

Draco gave him a more careful smile now. "It hasn't happened yet. Don't count your dragons before they've hatched."

"Will I need more of that house red then, to make sure you're properly inebriated? Or have I neglected to bring some sort of aphrodisiac to slip into the tiramisu, after?" Harry was amused.

Draco was not. "If any aphrodisiacs are involved, you can be sure I'll have already arranged it and you're probably under their influence right now. Although considering the state of the wild magic flowing around in here, you're eager enough without that and I doubt I could stop you, red wine or not." He looked about them, noting that the other patrons appeared to be talking quietly amongst themselves at their own tables, unaware that Harry Potter was there at all. But he wondered. Maybe they were giving Harry the space.

Harry's eyes narrowed at Draco's words, and he said dangerously, "I wouldn't count on that. These house-elves are free; they get a salary like anyone, and they like me. Whatever aphrodisiac you've got would already be removed, and you'd never know it had been slipped into yours instead."

Draco laughed now, enjoying himself immensely. "Not bad, Harry. Not bad at all. How about we dispense with the threats and I tell you that you're going to get lucky tonight too, just like this afternoon, and

neither red wine nor aphrodisiacs will be necessary?"

"What will it cost me?" Harry asked, still grinning back at him. "Slytherins don't give anything away for free."

"Naturally. But that would be telling," Draco said, letting go of his glass as their waiter brought out the bottle of wine and poured them each a glass. He was going to say 'your heart', but then it would be over too soon, wouldn't it? No, he had to be careful. He didn't want to scare Harry off, or give him the opportunity to hand his heart over immediately along with the food and say that it was already his.

A tray appeared, and two plates of leafy green salad garnished with cherry tomatoes, dill, mint and olives stuffed with almonds, all drizzled with olive oil, floated to sit before them on the table. A basket of bread appeared next, with creamy butter in tiny dishes. Two plates of lasagne arrived, the cheese melted atop, and Draco realised that the music playing in the background was, for once, thank frigging Merlin, not Blaise's idea of Italian folksongs, but a tasteful harp concerto, full orchestra.

"Oh, come on," Harry said to him over the food, "admit you're impressed, at least a little."

Draco nodded, surveying it all. "I will. A little. Zabini may be a cad and an utter bastard, but he did bring it all together here. I'll forgive him for working against me, this once."

"Working against you? What - are you two not friends? You were both in Slytherin together."

"He was just jealous of me, being the Malfoy heir. He's fascinated by Galleons."

"Funny," Harry said, lifting his fork and stabbing a helping of his salad. "He told me that you were just upset that you never, er, pulled him. Well, he didn't say it quite like that, but…"

Draco went rigid. "That bastard!" he hissed. One of the candles went out.

Harry swallowed his salad and waved a hand at the candle, the flame leaping up again. "Whoa. I'm sure he only meant it as a way of ribbing you, Draco."

Sulking, Draco couldn't help feeling the slight, however. Sniffing, he said, "Well, it's his loss. He missed out by a few months. I'm off the market."

"I certainly hope so," Harry said in a droll voice. "After all your talk about bottoming."

Draco threw a look at Harry, and caught his eye, but all he saw was boundless hope. And a great deal of admiration. Not just any admiration either, but the real thing: total, complete and utter worship. It was enough to melt him immediately. He couldn't stay angry with Harry Potter dousing him in adoration. Basking in it, he took a bite of his own salad. It was, admittedly, delicious. Swallowing, he murmured, "Don't worry, Harry. I'm not playing you false."

"I didn't think you were," Harry explained in a careful tone. "It's just - he said that he had turned you down because you were too interested in - someone else."

Draco put down his fork loudly, and took out his wand. "That meddling- I'll give him a seeing to. I'll be right back."

"No, don't!" Harry whispered urgently. "Draco, it's fine. He was only saying it to try to put me at ease. I'd told him it wasn't something I thought you'd even be interested in doing: going out with me. He was being nice."

"Very nice," Draco snapped. "The interfering, backstabbing little whoreson."

"I made him promise to stay away during our meal," Harry put in. "I figured that would be best. He agreed."

Draco snorted, and lifted his glass. "Good thing, too. Or this lovely evening would have ended in great pain. For him. A toast. To our truce."

Harry quickly seized his own glass and held it aloft. "To our truce. May it endure." He clinked it against Draco's, and then sipped.

Draco drank from his, and recognised the rich flavour. It was from Zabini's mother's personal vineyards. It was dark and full enough to be as blood, and Draco realised that it was his final few hours as a free man. From this night on, he was Harry's - in Harry's mind, anyway. He hadn't counted on Harry's possessive streak. He'd heard about it, but he'd never been on the receiving end. It was in the way Harry looked at him. He felt rather hunted, and it wasn't entirely calming. It was gratifying, but also a bit terrifying. Especially since he knew Harry wanted to top, and that Harry's experience with men was rather limited.

Truth be told, his own was as well, but there was at least a little more knowledge to go around on his end than what he knew of Harry's exploits so far. And all that suppressed, raw need; the fact that Ginny Weasley had not worked out with him must have hit Harry quite hard. And to go to Zabini directly afterwards… Not a little bit of humiliation for both of them at this table tonight.

"I'm sorry about Zabini," Draco said, sighing through his nose. Then added, "I'll let it go."

Hastily swallowing his bite of lasagne, Harry said, "No, no; it's fine. I do understand. I mean, Ginny was with him while we were together, she went straight to him. So, I'm not exactly on his side. That's what I meant about him owing me."

Draco stared at him. "She cuckolded you with HIM?"

Harry winced, looking around them. "Yeah."

"That evil tart," Draco declared more quietly.

Harry smiled, unaccountably. "Yeah. She's a wild one."

"She's a fucking slut," Draco said.

Harry looked up at him, surprised. "I couldn't expect her to wait for me forever. I knew that. We both agreed, even before I left Hogwarts."

"Even so," Draco grumbled into his wine glass.

A dart of surprise crossed Harry's face. "Are you -?"

Draco quickly looked up at him. "Am I what?"

"Nothing," Harry said, shaking his head too quickly.

Draco had to suppress a smile. Harry thought he was jealous. How cute. And how predictable. And really, how dumb, because he'd been jealous for simply ages, and how long did it take for the Boy Wonder to get it through his thick head, anyway? If he'd got over his ridiculous denial of his own queer leanings before, especially considering the constant stalking of him through the end of their schooling together, Harry might have realised sooner that Draco wanted him just as much.

"Did it honestly never occur to you that I might be attracted to you?" Draco asked him, outright.

It was hard to tell if Harry's blush was due to the wine, the candles and their light, or the thrumming desire emanating towards Draco in near-visible waves. "No. It didn't. Honestly. Well, not that I didn't think about it, or wonder, or whatever. But you never- I mean, as far as I could tell, you weren't. No. It was rather hard to tell one way or the other; people said things, but I never knew what was true and what were just rumours."

"And once it got out that I was bi?" Draco drained his glass. "What about then?"

Harry's eyes glittered in the flickering candlelight. Even sequestered behind his ubiquitous glasses, the green irises seemed over-bright. "You hated me, remember?"

"But you hated me, outwardly. And you never thought that I might not actually hate you as well, the same way?"

"But you did."

Draco looked away. The old pain rose up, suddenly swift and sharp. "You turned me down. We could have been friends."

"You mean I could have been your friend, and given you lots of prestige."

"Possibly. But I don't see much prestige clinging to Mr and Mrs Ronald these days, do you?" Draco pointed out.

Harry's face shuttered at this, and Draco cursed himself for bringing up the Weasel and his bushy-haired female. Now Harry would go through a predictable cycle of guilt for even having dinner with him.

"But you're right," Draco continued quickly, adopting a reasonable tone. "Neither of us could afford to show it, could we? It would have given everyone, including ourselves, far too much to use against us."

"You're saying you fancied me back in school?" Harry did not sound convinced.

"You're kidding, right? How do you think I found out I was attracted to other blokes? It was you, with

your damnable Wronski feints and your love affair with the Snitch that sealed it. Half the school was in love with the way you sat on your broom; the other half of them were merely in lust."

Draco was delighted; his statement was rewarded by a blush on Harry's face that outshone the tinge of red on his cheeks before.

"Yeah, well, none of that was real," Harry muttered, affected and obviously embarrassed.

"It doesn't get more real than boys on brooms with huge balls all around and showy flying, polishing their broom handles afterwards," Draco grinned. "And let's not forget how good we looked in Quidditch gear. I think that was half the reason you fancied Chang, myself."

Recovering a little, Harry retorted, "Yeah, and Cho was a girl, remember?"

Draco sniggered under his breath at this, enjoying getting to Harry. "She was one of the boys on the team in the air, Harry. Give her a haircut and she could pass for it. All slim and tight-bodied - come on. Surely you can see it. In fact, I think we're seeing a pattern here; Ginevra's rather willowy too, isn't she?"

"We were talking about you," Harry said deftly, finishing his own glass, and digging into what was left of his lasagne.

Draco toyed with his fork in hand, smearing the ricotta cheese filling against the pasta. Slowly, he asked, "I wasn't the one pretending it wasn't happening, was I?"

Chewing thoughtfully, Harry was watching him. The harp concerto made its presence known in the silence that filled the distance across the table, and Draco gave him an encouraging smile. "At least I know that I'm not an experiment for you."

Harry gave a self-effacing laugh under his breath. "I was starting to wonder if I was, er, suffering from a hex of some kind, from back then. You know the little witches were always putting Amortentia in

chocolates and food, and sending them to me."

Draco regarded him, a little surprised to hear this in connection with Harry's desire for him. "But you were always like this with me, even when we were younger. That's how I knew, for my part."

Harry nodded quickly, saying, "Good thing Dr Valensana sorted me out then, I guess."

Draco blinked at him. "You went… to the Priapus Veneris Clinic? To be cured? Of wanting me?"

Harry turned pale. "Oh. It wasn't like- Draco, you have to believe me, it wasn't that. It was just- I never thought, I never imagined that-"

Interrupting Harry's clueless stammering to fix the damage he'd already done, Draco shrugged. "Never mind. I went to Severus to find out once and for all if there was something wrong with me, or if you really were as fascinated by me as you appeared to be."

Harry's jaw clenched. "You went to Snape?" His voice was dangerous.

Draco smiled in spite of himself, quickly leaning back as their plates began to soar off the table, followed by the cutlery and the glasses. "Well, I wanted proof or exorcism. And he Obliviated himself after, too, so you can't fuss at him about it."

Harry looked caught, and was pulling his lower lip between his teeth. He looked so adorable like this, in fact, that Draco felt something very rare stir within his chest at the sight. It was still marvellous to see Harry Potter pushed so far off-balance, but he also looked delectable, all shy, humble and kittenish. Kitty had claws though, and Draco knew he couldn't afford to forget it. But he had claws of his own. He knew they were evenly matched in most things, despite Potter's reputation.

In fact… Harry was his equal, wasn't he? Draco began considering him in a different light.

He could do far worse than Harry Potter. Maybe it was one of those annoying 'meant to be' things that divinators and prophecies talked about.

As the dessert arrived, tempting dishes of tiramisu, Harry managed, "What- what, exactly, did he tell you?"

Draco decided to take pity on him. The poor dear was nearly writhing in his chair in embarrassment. It was almost too pretty, with his earnest eyes and barely-tamed hair, and all that restrained passion, but he wanted to get shagged, not devoured. "Enough to convince me that I could trust you."

A look of shock went over Harry at this. "Snape?" he squeaked."Snape told you I was trustworthy?"

"He was quite convincing," Draco agreed. "For example, you were asking after me when the War ended. Sort of put your stalking in a different light, I must say. Why do you think I agreed to go out with you, here? I knew you were being genuine."

"I'm always genuine," Harry replied.

Draco grinned. "Genuinely attracted."

"I can prove to you how genuinely attracted I am," Harry promised, that glint of tangible, predatory hunting returning to Harry's expression.

Basking in the full outpouring of Harry's complete attention, Draco felt warm from head to toe, inside and out. Relaxing, he answered, "This tiramisu really is good. You should try it."

"It's - great," Harry said, sounding more than a little hoarse.

"You haven't even tasted it. How do you know you want it?" Draco asked coyly, flicking a glance up at him.

Harry suppressed a groan, and choked out, "Are you offering? Or is this like before, this afternoon?"

Draco frowned. "What do you mean?"

"The -" Harry looked around them, lowering his voice. "The blow-job that never was."

"I thought you weren't interested in having one," Draco laughed. "I was perfectly serious, and you didn't believe me."

"I believe you," Harry asserted firmly, seemingly unable to drag his eyes from Draco's mouth.

Interesting. Draco had noticed Harry seemed fascinated with his mouth before, as well, in Flourish & Blotts. He slowly ran his tongue over his lower lip, watching Harry's eyes track the movement. "Now, Harry, do you really want us to indulge in something so perfectly plebeian in public? Or shall we wait?"

"I've been waiting for years," Harry said.

"Ah, but you didn't know it. Whereas I did," Draco said, leaning forward to place a bite of tiramisu in his mouth, making a show of eating it. He closed his eyes as the dessert slid down his throat. An audible breath that was nearly a moan made him open his eyes, and he found Harry staring at him.

"Maybe we should get out of here," Draco said. "Eat up."

Harry tried to eat, while Draco regarded the saucer beside them. "You won't be tipping Zabini, I hope."

Harry looked down at the saucer. "Why not? It's for the waiters."

Draco rolled his eyes.

A small plate appeared beside Harry's right elbow, with an envelope on it. He picked up the envelope and read its contents.

"So. Potter. Your place or mine?"

Harry looked up at him, and a grin split his face. "I can't believe you said that."

Draco shrugged, attempting to ignore the sudden nervousness that ran through him. Had he been too flippant? Too eager? Too…perhaps he'd been too cliché.

"No, it's just, I was going to say that earlier today, over coffee, but I thought it might be too, I don't know, flippant or something," Harry explained.

Relief surged through Draco, and he said, "Well, why not cut to the chase? We both know what this is about. We've been at it for years, as you say. A consummation long overdue."

A mixture of affection, tenderness, and yearning rippled over Harry, transforming his mood from hunter to solicitous lover, and Draco swallowed around a suddenly thickened throat to see it. All that energy and fire, and - and love directed at him. He really was going to be devoured after all.

Harry stood up, and Draco followed suit. Harry dropped a handful of Sickles into the saucer. They didn't really need to say anything at this point, and Draco was willing to bet that Harry was going to Apparate him Side-Along back to his flat. Draco looked around as he followed Harry out towards the foyer, trying

to see if Blaise was lurking about anywhere. There was no sign of the dark ex-Slytherin. Draco wondered momentarily if Blaise was happy with his on-again, off-again affair with Ginevra Weasley. Maybe they never burned out with each other because they kept it going with long periods of non-contact between each rendezvous. He wondered if he'd be able to do the same with Harry. It was very unlikely. He knew himself well enough to know that he'd be unable to handle going for too long without seeing him again. He abruptly had to rethink his plan of action where Harry Potter was concerned.

Once outside in the air of the London night and the telltale pulses of magic around them from the wizarding street they were on, Harry offered Draco his arm. "My place, then?"

Draco stepped towards him, took his arm, and was astonished all over again at the simplicity of touching Harry. He'd done it before in the coffee shop, and now was no different; Harry had an aura of magnetism, his magic really was thick enough to immerse oneself in. Draco realised he was in huge trouble. One could get addicted to being bathed in it for too long.

As Harry Apparated them away, Draco knew it had finally happened: Potter had caught him at last. He couldn't bring himself to be disappointed in the least.

~*~

Click here for Part 5: The Lover

Starfuckers

Author: The Ruby Moth

Pairing: Harry/Draco

Rating: NC-17 for m/m sexual slash mature adult content.

Notes: Post-HBP, Post-War, bottom!Draco, oral, rimming, anal, smut, major fluff, mild angst. Starfucker: a fan who fucks celebrities; hardcore groupie.

WARNING: This fic is sweet.

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Author's Note: Yayness - Thanks to Jennavere for the meta discussion on bottom!Draco and top/bottom in H/D fic! So inspiring! Can't stop writing now! ;)

AN2: Many thanks to bella_donna428 for her encouragement and input! :)

Beta: Nance O'Neil

Word count: 26,486

Chapters: Five

Status: Complete

Summary: Harry cannot stop longing for Draco; knowing Draco won't ever look his way, he seeks help for his unrequited condition. Draco is suffering the same problem. The cure is simple, but when it comes to dating, things are not so easy for the Malfoy Heir and the Boy Who Lived.

Starfuckers - Chapter 1: The Clinic

Chapter 2: The Apothecary

Chapter 3: The Bookshop

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Chapter 5: The Lover

Starfuckers 5

The Lover

Back in his flat, Harry reluctantly let go of Draco's arm, and allowed him to move off into the middle of the living room while he took out his wand and re-erected the Anti-Apparition Ward. "If you need to leave, you'll have to go outside," Harry told him, flicking the lights on.

Draco looked back at him, his eyes considerably darker than they had been, even in the restaurant. "I've only just arrived. I'm not going anywhere. You're not getting rid of me that easily, Harry."

Harry nearly launched into an explanation that this wasn't what he'd meant at all, and suddenly recognised that Draco was telling him more than he'd assumed at first. He took a breath.

"Good," he declared. He was glad he'd taken the time to ensure the place was tidy. "Do you want a drink?"

Draco shook his head. "The wine was fine." He was looking around the sitting room. "Not bad, not bad at all. Clean sophistication, with a hint of moral corruption. Nice."

Harry let out a chuff of laughter. "Moral corruption?"

Draco grinned, lifting his chin at the painting on the wall behind Harry. "Muggle artwork."

Harry gave him a wry smile. "Shut up, you. It's not Muggle, either. The artist is a wizard."

Draco was visibly taken aback. He scrutinised the painting again, more closely this time. "But it looks like-"

"I know; he gets that a lot. He likes the, er, static purity, apparently. Or leastways, that's what he always says."

"Who?"

"Dean Thomas," Harry said.

Draco shot him a look at this, seeing something that Harry couldn't fathom. Then, Draco began to smile at him.

Unaccountably, Harry felt awkward. His mouth went dry, and he felt clumsy, wooden. He had this stunning creature before him, this powerful and unpredictable wizard in his flat, someone he'd dreamed of for years on end, and he had suddenly no idea how to behave, what to say, or what to do. He felt gauche and unprepared. Swallowing, he cleared his throat. "So, erm. You're- you look good. Tonight."

"Just tonight?" Draco said, teasingly. "From what Snape revealed, I'm apparently looking good all the time."

"Of course," Harry agreed. "Just, you look even better in here, right now."

Draco squinted at him. "I think I can look better yet."

Harry raised his brows at this. "Hard to improve on perfection."

"Flatterer," Draco smiled, using one foot to inch off his left shoe, then the right. His robes suddenly flew off him, trailing through the air to drape over the sofa, and Harry nearly gasped as he saw Draco standing in the altogether, with a black thong and a silvery thin scarf still hanging about his neck. His long blond hair was a little mussed from the robes whipping away from him, and a few wispy strands were straying, falling to below his jawline, and Harry shut his mouth with an almost audible clop at the image he presented.

"How about a tour?" Draco said, tilting his head askance, looking for all the world like Witherwings when he was curious about something.

That thought association threw Harry right back to their third year, with Draco lying on the ground rolling around whimpering like a girl. He nearly coughed, and pulled at his own robes to remove them. He got out, "Sure, yeah, a tour."

He didn't manage to remove his clothing as suavely as Draco had, and felt ludicrous to be standing in his black socks and his boxers, but Draco's eyes widened - and stayed that way, lingering over his package, and Harry abruptly didn't feel as badly about their comparative states of undress.

"The, er, bedroom - it's through there."

"It's a good thing, too," Draco muttered. "Or we'd have to christen your sofa."

"That's an idea," Harry said in a rush. "Maybe next time." He tried to slow his breathing, but he was nearly panting. Draco Malfoy standing mostly naked in his sitting room was definitely a vision he wasn't going to forget. "We should go in."

Draco smirked at him, and stepped close, putting a hand on either of his shoulders while still holding his wand, looking him up and down. "Harry, you sly devil. Hiding this away all this time under those rags and Auror robes. You're scrumptious." Draco sounded delighted.

Draco's hands were on him. Harry was trembling with suppressed excitement, on the verge of seizing Draco and mauling him. "Draco, so help me, if you don't go next door, I'll shag you right here on the floor."

Draco stepped back a foot, fiddling with his wand, and glanced down at the floor. "I'm not sure that sweat and semen would do anything for your polish. Not to mention my knees. I hope your bedroom's more romantic." Harry could tell he was stalling; he wondered if Draco was also feeling the effects of pre-shagging jitters. It was hard to tell; Draco appeared so calm and collected, so poised. Draco turned and sauntered off in the direction of the darkened hallway, treating Harry to the sight of pale, perfect arsecheeks revealed by the thong, and Harry gurgled in the back of his throat, hurriedly ripping off his socks and boxers to follow after him.

In the bedroom, Draco had flipped the covers back on his bed, and peeled his thong off, unwrapping the scarf from around his neck, and sat down on the edge.

Moving to him, Harry forgot to feel self-conscious. He reached out with both hands to take Draco's face between them, luxuriating in the slide of Draco's pale blond hair between his fingers, and looking down into Draco's hot-dark eyes, he whispered hoarsely, "I've wanted you for so long; for ages. It's been ages." He leaned down, and pressed his lips to Draco's, feeling the tingling shock of the bare reality of the warmth of him beneath his mouth.

Oh god, this kiss - it was more than a kiss, it was magic, and dreams come true, and finally touching happiness. Harry felt as though all the sadness he'd ever experienced was a distant shadow that no longer lived. Draco's lips parted under his, and the wet tip of his tongue darted out to slip between his, and Harry was unable to help deepening the kiss, making it harder and faster, locked to Draco's mouth like they were sealed together. He heard Draco moan under him, and it sent a frisson of power and need through his entire body.

He broke away with a ragged gasp. "I need you, now."

Draco bit his lip, looking at up at him. "Harry. You do know what to do, don't you?"

Harry grinned. "Yeah. Don't worry about it. I know exactly what to do to you."

Draco emitted a little snort at this, but he looked amused. "Creevey is hardly ample preparation for someone of my calibre."

Harry let go of him. "Get into bed."

Draco carefully laid his wand on the bedside table and scooted over, and Harry climbed in beside him, quickly turning towards him and pulling him into his arms. Draco's skin was hot satin against his, and Harry was melting in the sheer sensual sensation of simply being with him.

It was easy to move forward and kiss Draco again, and he was drowning in him, the taste of him, the joy of finally having him.

Kissing Draco was an immediate addiction. Flame was washing over him in the immediacy of the touch of Draco's mouth, the pouty lips, the surprised little groans that seemed torn from the slender throat. Finally, Draco lifted his chin, pulling away, and gasped, "Harry, I knew it. I knew you had a thing for bad boys. It's the Dark thing, isn't it? You're infatuated with it."

Harry shook his head once, rolling atop him and seizing his wrists to hold them up by his head. "You're wrong. I like beautiful things. And you're gorgeous."

Draco's eyes went bigger. "Oh," he said in a small voice. "So- it's not the whole… rivals and opposites, then?"

Harry couldn't stop himself; he bent his head and mouthed the Adam's apple, the white column of

Draco's neck. "No," he breathed against Draco's skin, making him shiver under him. "It's you."

Draco's breath was catching, and he arched under Harry, and the movement of Draco pushing up into his body made Harry want him hard and fast. He drew himself up. "Draco," he said, intently, "I really, really want you."

"I'm not stopping you," Draco managed, moving under him again, almost struggling.

Every passing second was dripping into another, heavy and hot between Draco and himself, and Harry held him down, feeling like he really had caught Draco at long last. "I finally got you," he said, smiling down into Draco's face, and he dipped his head, nipping at his chin, at those full lips which were starting to look ravished and a little swollen from the over-kissing. But he couldn't stop kissing him. Harry never wanted to stop.

But the urgency to be inside of Draco's incredible body eventually overcame the sweetness of kissing him. Breathing hard, Harry moved away from him to lean over to the bedside table, and he opened the little drawer beneath to grab the lubricant he kept there.

"That had better not be Muggle lube," Draco informed him, gravely.

"I would never use something Muggle on your perfect, pureblood arse," Harry promised.

He looked down at Draco's cock, lifted proudly from the blond hair between his legs, and Harry was struck by the fact that he felt absolutely no trepidation whatsoever at the thought of touching it, or taking it in his mouth. All he felt was desire. He could smell Draco's arousal, and it was making his mouth water. Leaving the lube on the side of the bed for now, he leaned over to lick at the head of Draco's cock.

Draco gave a hearty gasp at this. Harry tasted the salty, clear liquid there, and suddenly he could not get enough of the pearly drops, and he sucked down Draco's cock into his mouth, relishing the way it filled him, stretching his lips around it. Hungrily, he tongued at him, and was glad to see Draco scrabbling for handholds of the sheet beneath them, unable to properly grab at it, and ended up touching Harry's head

instead.

Harry continued to suck on him, delighted at the purity of the act of sucking Draco's cock, allowing the smug satisfaction of being able to do it to dispel all the cold, aching longing that had always haunted him.

But he didn't want this to be over too soon.

He pulled off with a slurp, ignoring Draco's whimpered protest, and sat up, taking position beside him. "Lift your legs."

An expression of dismay crossed Draco's face, and Harry quickly lifted a hand to caress him, trailing over his chest, smoothing down to his stomach and back up over his ribs. "I know what I'm doing, it's all right."

Draco swallowed, his throat bobbing, and he said in a voice obviously intended to cover his nerves, "You'd better."

Harry had a small epiphany. It was Draco's first time being on the receiving end. "Do you want to turn over?"

Draco's face hardened. "No."

Harry realised that if Draco took the easier way in this, at any point, he'd feel as though he was failing somehow. Harry wondered if Draco would feel better not having to surrender. To not be given a choice in surrendering or not. He realised in that moment that Draco really needed him to take charge, and at least appear to know what he was doing. If he turned passive at any point, Draco would believe he was weak and didn't have what it took to see this through. Harry didn't want to ruin it for both of them, and he steeled himself, glad to be able to give himself permission to do what he really wanted to do.

"Turn over anyway." Harry touched his upper arm, pushing, helping him to move.

Draco caught his eye, searching his face, and then finally, reluctantly, turned over onto his stomach, bringing his arms up to lean his forehead on them.

Harry ran his hands over Draco's back, loving the sensation of the smooth, warm skin under his fingers. Getting up, he ran a hand down to one lovely, pert buttock, and fondled it, rising up to coax Draco's thighs apart so he could kneel there between his legs, not ceasing from touching him for one moment. Then he brought up his other hand to massage his bum. Sure enough, he felt Draco beginning to relax.

"You are so beautiful," Harry murmured. "Tell me something. I'll bet you've always wanted me to kiss your arse, haven't you?"

Draco gave a muffled whicker of laughter. "Potter, always."

Grinning, Harry bent and pressed his lips to the small of Draco's back, and then again, starting a tender trail of kisses that he carefully sprinkled down over the pretty, taut globes. He loved the way Draco gave tiny tell-tale twitches under them. Feeling evil, Harry nipped at the underside of Draco's right bumcheek, and was gratified to hear him moan from it. He tentatively stuck out his tongue and licked at the place where he'd bit at him. Draco's skin tasted clean and smooth. Harry found himself compelled with absolute conviction that he wanted to explore Draco's arse properly. He wondered if Draco would let him. Well, he could only try, and if Draco didn't like it, he could tell him to stop.

He kept smooching Draco's bum, pointedly avoiding his crack and moving instead to the left buttock, leaving kisses all over it, wandering up to the top to the shallow dimples there. Quickly kissing his way down the other side of his arse again, Harry concentrated on the tops of his thighs, nuzzling even into his balls.

Draco was quivering under his attention, and Harry put his hands on both cheeks, spreading them apart, and began to slowly, unbearably slowly even for him, kiss-licking his way up Draco's crack. He experienced a solitary moment of uncertainty as he neared Draco's anus, but Draco wasn't saying anything; indeed, he appeared to be holding his breath.

With a secret smile, Harry licked once over the tiny, wrinkled hole, and was abruptly transfixed by the rich, musky scent there, and slowly pushed his tongue-tip into him. It was silky-smooth and hot inside, and Harry was seized with the desire to go deeper, to tongue him out. It felt like kissing him, but it was obscene and intimate and entirely different.

Draco was making helpless noises, and Harry plunged his tongue into him harder, loving the way he effortlessly slid into him, his breath steaming up his glasses. Annoyed at having them in the way, he pulled his face away, letting go of Draco's arse to rip his glasses off and toss them aside.

Quickly, he returned to Draco's expectant hole, and this time his own moan joined Draco's as he licked up his crack with the flat of his tongue and penetrated his pucker again. Draco was shaking under him, and Harry felt a throb of power to be able to do this to him, to have this over him.

Draco was mumbling something, a strained entreaty, and finally Harry heard the words, "Please, please, Harry, please..."

Exactly what Draco was asking for, he wasn't sure. But he was willing to bet Draco was no longer so nervous about letting him inside. He sat up, stealing one more kiss and planting it firmly on Draco's right buttock.

"So pretty," Harry said, admiringly. He snatched up the lube to anoint his hard cock, barely able to comprehend the anticipation whirling through him at knowing he was about to be sheathed inside the hottest, tightest, sweetest place he'd ever known.

Squirting a little lube directly onto Draco's anus, he quickly swirled it into the saliva already drenching the clenching little hole. Oh god, so wet, so ready; Harry's cock twitched at the thought of sliding into him. "Want you, want you like this, Draco."

Draco immediately spread his legs farther apart, and Harry knew it was going to be all right. He got up, directed his cock against Draco's entrance, letting it slide along his crack a little, and then pushed into him a little, feeling the give of the muscle there. It was tight. It was almost too tight. He worried that it

was going to hurt him, but Draco was pushing back against him, little jerking motions, urging him onwards, and Harry obliged, sliding deeper, feeling himself sheathed inside of Draco's body.

It was like coming home. Harry knew he'd never really been this content before. He didn't want to be anywhere else, ever again. He leaned on his hands over him, loving the way the sinuous long back stretched out before him, and how Draco's hair was all untidy and fly-away where his face was turned to the side. Draco's eyes were closed, and his mouth was open, parted on repeated gasps, as if he couldn't catch his breath. Harry could relate; he was too hot all over, and he wanted to plunge into him hard.

"I want to give it to you hard, Draco. Will you let me? Hard?"

"Do it," Draco said, seeming to give himself over to it. Harry thrust into him deeper, and then pulled back a little, to push into him even harder, feeling the slick hotness engulfing and sucking him in, keeping him there.

"Oh fuck," Harry breathed, the pleasure shooting through him with little flashes and urgent need, wanting to never stop. He began to thrust in earnest, stabbing Draco's arse intently, using his cock to give him everything, letting every hard shove into him tell Draco just how much he wanted him.

Draco's open-mouthed groans were becoming sobs. Harry leaned down to grip him by the shoulders, bucking his hips into him, allowing every slam into Draco's arse to penetrate him hard and deep, so deep, inside him, finally lost in Draco, Draco -

He was coming; thick, hot, juddering desire that kept pouring out of him, along with the love, love, love, and it wasn't a secret anymore because Draco had let him.

To lie there atop him, holding him pressed close and sweat-flushed, Harry knew that this was what he'd been wanting, what he'd been waiting for. He didn't dare speak, words might ruin it. There was a sweetness and a light-headed happiness singing in his veins, all through him, and a weariness of having fought for too long and waiting even longer.

"Harry," Draco whimpered under him. "I need to come. Please, please -"

The realisation that he hadn't brought Draco over yet was a jolt, but he was also struck by how closely what Draco was saying matched what he'd always heard Draco babble under him in his dreams. He sat up, keeping his cock lodged inside of him, and said, "Get up a bit. Move up, on your knees, so I can reach around you."

Draco shifted, keeping his bum against him, and managed to manoeuvre so he was still in position, and Harry held onto his hip while reaching around with his right hand to grab Draco's desperate prick.

As he closed his hand around it, Draco let out a wordless cry, and jerked in his grasp. Holding onto him tightly, Harry began to jerk him off, tightly, quickly, roughly, until Draco shuddered and gasped, his cock spraying wet spurts that covered Harry's fingers.

Having come inside of him, still being completely stuck inside him, feeling Draco pressed all up against him like this, and having made him come, still gripping his cock, Harry was unable to help the wave of affection and tenderness that swamped him.

He closed his eyes, holding onto him, practically shaking with the knowledge that he'd have to let go. Sometime.

"Need to - Harry, we need to lie down," Draco murmured, moving away from him.

It was over too soon. Harry carefully eased out of him, wiping his hand on the bed. "You okay? Did I hurt you?"

With a shake of his head, Draco sank onto his side and then turned to flop on his back, his hair spreading over the pillow. "Fuck me, that was… It was…well. Harry," he said, in a tone of wonder.

"Yeah," Harry agreed, lying down next to him and reaching for the covers of his bed to pull them up over

both of them.

Draco stretched, and yawned. "So that's what everyone's always going on about. I did wonder."

Harry gave a laugh. "Bottoming, you mean?"

"Mm." Draco curled against him, putting an arm about him, turning his face into Harry's shoulder, and Harry turned a little to oblige him, embracing him in turn.

"Are you-" Draco started, then changed it to, "Was it what you wanted?"

"Of course," Harry said, fervently. "It was bloody fantastic; you were. You're incredible; really."

"Hm," Draco intoned into him, snuggling further. He took a deep breath and relaxed into Harry.

Harry was quiet now, not sure what to say. Should he say anything? Or would he ruin this? He didn't want Draco to feel confined, trapped by his emotional insecurities. Like Ginny and the others had been. The longing to keep him rose up like a thick wave, making it hard for him to breathe, suddenly. Harry closed his eyes.

He had to play this carefully. If he held on too tightly, it would make Draco leave, perhaps even reconsider doing this again.

It wasn't the act itself, he realised now. It was the delight of having Draco relinquish himself to Harry's desire. He knew that Draco was probably assimilating the fact that he'd given it up to him. He was probably worried that Harry would try to keep him.

But would he give Draco the wrong impression if he tried to pass this off as not a big deal? He couldn't

afford to let him get away, not if he wanted to ever be this happy again.

And to have wanted and waited so long.

He didn't care if they never shagged again, so long as he got to have him here with him. To be with him. He'd even take friendship over never seeing him again. As painful as that would be. A willing sacrifice.

"You're freaking out, aren't you?" Draco asked, wryly.

Harry's eyes snapped open. "No," he insisted. "I'm fine."

"Stop worrying, Potter," Draco said, amused. "I'm not going anywhere."

"I wasn't going to ask."

"I know you weren't," Draco acknowledged. "You've gone all quiet. Doesn't take Legilimency to work out what your problem is."

"I don't have a problem," Harry informed him.

"Sure you do. I'm your problem."

Harry didn't say anything. What could he say? He sighed, silently. And tried to simply enjoy lying with Draco in his arms, naked and beloved, in his bed at last.

Finally, he replied, "I'm not going to make a scene."

"No, you won't, because you're sure that if you did, I'd leave. But I can promise you that I liked this, and I'd like to do it again sometime. Okay? So stop fretting."

"I'm not fretting."

"Sure, you're not," Draco said, lazily, rubbing his hand beneath the covers, sliding down over Harry's chest to his nipple, and then lower to his waist.

The knowledge that Draco was having to reassure him was dismaying, and a little humiliating. He couldn't help wanting to keep him; he couldn't help also wanting to have him exclusively. Or wanting him to stay. But however pretty Draco was, he was still a conceited, unprincipled, high-maintenance, pureblood prat, and he knew he couldn't expect Draco to change just because he was -

In love with him.

Harry sighed, and tightened his arm around him. He'd take what he could get. Beggars couldn't be choosers, after all.

Softly, Draco said, "Harry. Harry? Look at me."

Suddenly, Harry couldn't look at him. He didn't want to. But he bravely turned his face to meet Draco's eye. Draco looked thoughtful. Harry frowned a little, dissembling. "What? What is it?"

Draco brought his hand up, touching his hair, running a finger over his eyebrow, and down his cheek, studying him. "I want you. You think I don't, but I do. I wanted you so much I even went to Severus and demanded he show me what he had on you, from our schooldays. So you have to believe me when I say that I'm not going anywhere. I know how much you want me. How much you've always wanted me."

Harry looked away, unable to keep Draco's gaze at these words. He felt exposed, open; more naked than he'd ever felt in his life.

But Draco's hand was abruptly firm, turning him back to face him. "I want you," Draco said to him. He leaned forward to kiss Harry on the lips.

Harry accepted this, and let him, allowing Draco to seal the promise with the warmth of his mouth, wanting to believe him.

Draco pulled back from him, and he looked a little surprised. "Hm. Wasn't expecting that. I can taste myself on you." He gave a low giggle.

Harry stared at him, wondering what had got into him. Then he realised - "Oh. OH, sorry!" He quickly rubbed at his mouth.

Draco grabbed his hand, stopping him, and kissed him again, hard. "I don't mind. Besides, it was worth it. I'm almost afraid to ask where you learned to rim like that. You've got talent, Potter." Draco's tone was teasing and light.

Harry snorted. "I've never done it before. That was my first attempt."

Draco raised a brow at him. "Was it, now? Well, well. First times all around, this evening."

Harry smiled in spite of himself, his body remembering all too clearly the sensation of being buried inside of Draco's body. Hot, willing and all around him.

His cock lifted, and Harry's hunger arose again, along with the itch to run his hands and mouth all over Draco's long legs, to move from his lovely toes and bare feet all up along his calves to his thighs and linger there over his groin again.

"I must say, I rather like this," Draco mused. "I could get used to this, in fact. And there I was, thinking that we'd dissipate it too fast. But you're insatiable, aren't you? I should have expected it."

Harry turned to look at him now, regarding his silvery grey eyes, and the open expression on his face. Draco looked content, even expectant. Harry reached up to smooth his fingers over the long blond strands of his hair, pushing them back behind the elegant shell of Draco's ear. "You're right. I'll never have enough of you; never. I'm not going to stop wanting you. I mean, after only one time? We've only just begun. I think we'd need to shag for at least a few years before starting to slow down. And I'm not sure about that, even. I want you more now than I ever did before, and I'm pretty sure I've wanted you from the start. So that's - a really long time."

Draco's eyes were shining at this. Harry abruptly understood… Draco needed to be wanted like this, by him. THIS is what Draco wanted from him. Relief poured over him. He wasn't going to push Draco away with his longing for him. He was going to be able to keep him with it. How convenient.

He smiled. "Draco," he said slowly, meaningfully, "you do know you're mine now, don't you?"

Draco rolled his eyes, but he was grinning. "Naturally. I knew that was going to come up at some point. You're so predictable."

"Am I?" Harry said, pushing him backwards onto the bed, hard, and rolling atop him, while Draco gave a muffled squeak of annoyance. Staring down at him, Harry added, "I'm never going to give you up. I'm never going to stop wanting you. I mean that."

Draco didn't reply, but shoved his own stiffening cock up against Harry, brushing against his own erection, and Harry held him down, grinding into him, letting their wet cockheads slide together as both were trapped between their bellies.

"Spread your legs," Harry ordered, noting how Draco's eyes went darker at this.

With a little squirming about, Harry managed to slip his cock up against Draco's bum, his legs frog-legged under him and parted widely, his knees going up, and Harry pressed the tip of his cock against Draco's anus, so recently shagged and still all wet with his come and the lube from before. He slid into him easily, and Draco moaned, his eyes closing, and Harry relished the simple surrender of him under his weight.

"You're mine, Draco," he said, feeling a shudder from Draco beneath him, and an answering thrill went through his entire body at being able to say the words, as well as feel Draco acquiescing.

He'd finally caught him. Harry pushed up inside of him, deep, and began to slowly, deliberately shag him with long, hard thrusts, using him, giving it to him, loving him, oh god, loving, loving, loving -

Draco's hands tightened on Harry's hips, going to his arse to clutch at him, helping him to drive into him harder. Harry was glad he'd already come before, because he was going to last longer this time. This time, Harry promised himself, he was going to make Draco come before him.

It was so beautiful; the scrape of the flared head of his cock through that tightening ring of muscle, over and over, pushing into Draco's silken insides, and the incredible way that Draco writhed under him, his pale cheeks pinking up while his breaths came shorter, each thrust of Harry's cock into him seeming to push little grunting moans out of him - and it was all Harry's, all of it.

Harry was breathing harder himself, and gasped down at him, "Mine, you're mine."

Draco gave a little nod. "Yours," he panted, and brought his thighs up to brace against Harry's hips, his hands tightening on his buttocks, helping him to thrust even deeper and harder. "Now shag me - ah - properly, so I won't - oh god - be able to sit down for a week."

Harry proceeded to do just that.

~Finite~

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