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Name: Dragon Tamer
Author: jennavere
Chapter 1 to 29

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Chapter: 1

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Chapter 1: Desperate Times Call for Desperate Measures

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"Five minutes...just five more minutes," Harry Potter was muttering to himself, trying desperately to will himself through the end of his potions class. He was dying to get out of the dreary dungeon and into the Great Hall for lunch. As he began cleaning up his desk, anticipating his freedom, the door to the classroom opened and a fifth year Ravenclaw student he didn't know walked over to Snape's desk and handed him a note.

Snape looked at the note briefly, then called out, "Mr. Malfoy, you are excused early. Your father is waiting to speak to you." Draco Malfoy gave every one his trademark smirk, grabbed his things and strode towards the front of the classroom. Harry cursed under his breath, ridiculously envious of Malfoy and fervently wishing that he could leave this hell hole.

As Draco passed by Harry's desk (Harry being made to sit in the front of the classroom where Snape could keep an eye on him), he imperceptively reached out with his wand and knocked over a large vial of armadillo bile - all over Harry's desk.

"MALFOY!" Harry shouted, but to no avail. Flashing him a decidedly wicked smirk, Draco slipped out the door. Snape was on him in an instant.

"That will be five points from Gryffindor, Potter, for wasting valuable potions ingredients," Snapeled.

'But Malfoy - "

"And five *more* points for trying to blame your own ineptitude on another student."

Harry rolled his eyes, seething inside. Snape turned to the rest of the class and spoke.

"Class dismissed. Except of course, for Potter, who will not even think of leaving until he has cleaned up every drop of armadillo bile." Biting back a million angry retorts (mostly having to do with what he thought of Snape with a healthy dose of insults pertaining to Snape's mother), Harry grabbed a cleaning rag, and went to work, catching the sympathic eyes of fellow Gryffindors while he steadfastly ignored the jeers of the Slytherins.

"Don't bother waiting for me," he said to Ron and Hermione as they walked by. "I'll just catch up with you in the Great Hall." Ron looked furious, and muttered something that Harry was quite sure Mrs. Weaseley would never approve of under his breath as Hermione cast Harry a sympathetic look and steered Ron out of the classroom.

"See you at lunch, then, Harry," said Hermione, and she and Ron disappeared out the door.

Meanwhile...

"*What*?!?" Draco Malfoy was staring at his father, aghast. "You can't be serious?"

"Of course I'm serious, Draco! Why on earth not? It's a perfectly acceptable practice among pure-blooded wizards."

Lucius and Draco Malfoy were standing in a small room by the Great Hall, and Lucius had just given Draco some unappreciated news.

"Father, I can't marry Pansy Parkinson, you know this! Did you really expect me to agree to an arranged marriage?" Draco felt like his head was spinning, and the word *fuck* kept repeating itself over and over in his head.

"Draco, really, be practical here. I expect you to agree because I expect you to do your duty by the Malfoy name. Miss Parkinson is a lovely witch from a good family. You two will be married right after your graduation from Hogwarts." Lucius seemed to consider the matter settled.

<fon"Black">"Father, I can NOT marry Pansy. Have you completely forgotten?"

Lucius sighed heavily. "Forgotten, what, exactly, Draco?"

"Um, maybe that I'm GAY??" Draco could not believe he was having this conversation with his father. When he came out to his dad last year, he really thought that his father had understood.

"Draco, if you are referring to your little 'tryst' with the Zabini boy last year, I hardly think that makes you gay. You were just experimenting. It's not like you're seeing anybody now. And it's certainly not a reason to back out of your arranged marriage."

Draco just stared at his father, at a loss of words (for once in his life). Months of passionate sex with 'the Zabini boy' was hardly a tryst in his mind, not to mention the Ravenclaw prefect he had fooled around with and the Quidditch player</ont color="Black"> from over the summer. Then he grasped desperately at the one thing his father had said that he might be able to use to get out of this situation.

"Wait, Father, what if I told you I was seeing someone now?" Draco held his breath.

Lucius looked at him carefully. "I suppose if you were seeing someone now, I might be more willing to believe your sexuality is real and not a passing fancy. However, Draco, that is hardly the point, you're not seeing anyone, you are obviously just trying to back out of this marriage and that's just not -

"But I AM seeing someone!" Draco shouted desperately. Lucius frowned heavily at being interrupted.

"Really, Draco? I'm disinclined to believe you. May I ask why you haven't told me?"

Draco thought fast. "Because we've been keeping it a secret."

Lucius scoffed. "Nice try, Draco, but nobody would keep the fact that they were dating a Malfoy secret. It's quite an honor."

"Well, yes, but see, we were keeping it a secret because of him, I wasn't sure I could tell you yet, you know, he's so different from us, we were just being cautious..." Draco knew he was babbling, but he was desperate here. Marriage to Pansy Parkinson was NOT an option.

"Fine, Draco, I don't believe you but I'll play along with your little game. So just who is this mysterious boy that you've been seeing, that you feel you have to hide from your father?" Lucius raised on eyebrow in challenge to his son. Draco felt his heart pounding in his chest.

tyle="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; "> "He's...it's...I'm seeing..." At that moment Draco heard footsteps outside, and praying that they belonged to someone who could help him out, he ran to the door and pulled the owner of the footsteps in by the back of his robes, ignoring the startled gasp of "HEY!" that left his mouth. Draco gulped when he saw exactly who it was he had grabbed, and how hard he was glaring at him, but forged ahead anyway, hoping against all hopes that he could pull this off.

"Father, I'd like you to meet my boyfriend, Harry Potter."

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Chapter: 2

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Chapter 2: The Scam

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Harry could not believe his ears. WHAT had Malfoy just said? *His **boyfriend**? I don't think so.* Harry, and was just opening his mouth to say so when Draco carried on.

"See Dad, that's why I couldn't tell you who I was seeing, because it was Harry Potter! And you see now why I can't marry Pansy, I'm in love with the Boy-who-lived!"

Harry almost laughed out loud, but held himself. This was certainly an interesting situation. He knew Draco was gay, everyone knew that, and he didn't blame Draco for not wanting to marry Pansy. He looked at Draco, wondering why on earth Draco thought he was going to go along with his crazy story.

Then he looked at Draco's eyes. They were beyond desperate. Draco was begging him to help him. And inwardly, Harry sighed, because he knew he WAS going to go along with Draco's crazy story. He was too much of a Gryffindor for his own good, sometimes.

"Is this true, Potter?" Lucius's voice was very soft, but the look on his face was pure murder. Harry and Lucius had loathed each other since the incident with Dobby in Harry's second year. Each time Harry defeated Voldemort, Lucius hated him more and more. For his part, Harry couldn't stand even the sight of Lucius Malfoy, and was about to say something scathing when a realization occurred to him.

Lucius was absolutely furious at the idea that Harry was dating his son. Completely pissed off. And if there was one thing Harry enjoyed absolutely, it was pissing off Lucius Malfoy. The Slytherin within him g.

"Why, yes, it's true, *Malfoy*," Harry smiled up at Lucius, wrapping his arm around Draco's waist and pulling him close. "Your son and I are deeply and passionately in love."

Draco breathed a tiny, inaudible sigh of relief that Harry was going along with this. Then he got a good look at Harry's face, and began to get a little nervous. Harry had a wicked glint in his vivid green eyes.

Harry continued speaking to Lucius. "You see, Draco came to me at the beginning of the year and confessed everything. How he had always loved me but never thought I would return his love, how all the animosity on his part had been desperate attempts to get my attention. He was just so *adorably* honest and *cute*, how could I *not* forgive him for everything and fall madly in love with him?"

Harry was enjoying the effects that his words were having on Lucius Malfoy. Lucius wasn't

taking too kindly to the idea that his son was *adorable* or *cute*, and he especially didn't like the idea that his son was in love with Harry Potter. If he had been pissed before, that was nothing compared to what he was feeling now.

"*Draco*?" The word held a warning in it, and Lucius was now looking at his son, his anger written all over his face. Draco gulped, but knew this was his one chance to get out of marrying Pansy.

"Yes, Father, it's true. I.wanted him." Draco prayed that Potter would just shut up now and play along, but Harry was having way too much fun.

"Oh, Draco, silly, don't play yourself down. Lucius, your son is *such* a romantic, always bringing me flowers, sending me secret notes, meeting me up in my room in Griffandor tower -"

"Potter, *shut up*!" Draco hissed under his breath. Lucius was ready to kill. Harry just smirked. Draco took a deep breath. "Father, I know it's hard to believe but Pot - Harry makes me...really happy. And I want to be with him."
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Lucius looked at his son carefully, trying to decide if he was telling the truth.

"Fine, Draco, if you are truly in love with Potter here I won't make you marry Pansy." Draco sighed in relief. "BUT," and here Draco looked positively terrified again, "I'm not absolutely convinced you are telling me the truth, so I will make you a deal. If you and Potter are still dating by the end of the year, you will not have to marry Pansy. However, in the meantime, you and Potter will come out to the entire school about your relationship - after all, no need to keep it a secret now that I know, is there?"

Draco gulped again. Lucius continued. "This way, I will hear about it if you break up. And mark my words, if you break up with Potter here, you WILL be marrying Pansy Parkinson, and that's final. Understood?"

Draco took a deep breath and looked over at Harry, eyes pleading one last time. Harry just rolled his eyes, then nodded. Draco could have kissed him at that moment - nothing was better than marrying Pansy. Draco looked back at his father.

"Understood." The voice chanting *fuck fuck FUCK* in his head gradually subsided, and Draco breathed freely. He couldn't believe he had gotten away with this. Of course he had to pretend he

was seeing Potter for the next several months, but compared to lifetime of marriage to someone he wasn't remotely interested in he'd take Potter any day.

"And you, Potter, you understand this arrangement?" Lucius was sneering down at Harry. Harry didn't even flinch.

"Oh, I'd never break up with Draco, he's just way too good in bed."

At those words Lucius and Draco both chocked and sent him twin Malfoy death glares. A single Malfoy death glare is usually enough to send a normal person fleeing with their tail between their legs. Luckily, Harry Potter has never really been what could be considered a "normal person."

"Shall we go on to the Great Hall, then? I'm just *dying* to tell everyone the news," said Harry cheerfully, and dragged Draco out of the room by his hand, with Lucius following behind him, cursing under his breath.

Harry and Draco headed towards the Great Hall, hand in hand, with Lucius behind them just out of earshot. Taking his one opportunity to talk privately to Harry, Draco leaned over and whispered in his ear.

"Look, Potter, I appreciate you doing me this favor and all, but are you quite done humiliating me?"

Harry looked at Draco with ridiculously big, innocent eyes. "Why Malfoy, whatever do you mean?"

"You know *exactly* what the fuck I mean!" Draco hissed in his ear.

"Malfoy, language!" Harry couldn't fight back a grin. Draco gave him a murderous look and continued.

"Stop making up ridiculous things about me. My father is going to kill you."

Harry just smirked and quipped sarcastically. "Oh, I'm so scared. I'm shaking."

Draco sent Harry a death glare, but secretly (though he would never admit it), he was a little impressed. Harry obviously wasn't scared of his father. "Maybe he's braver than I thought," Draco thought to himself, and then quickly banished the insolent thought. He turned his attention back to the matter at hand.

"Potter, listen, if you know what's good for you, you will stop embarrassing me, got it?" Draco hoped his message had gotten through. Harry just looked at him incredulously.

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"Okay, Malfoy, first off, you *really* aren't in any position to be making threats, now, are you? *You* need *my* help, not the other way around. And second," and here, Harry got that wicked gleam in his eyes that made Draco so damn nervous, "I haven't even BEGUN to embarrass you yet," and with that they walked into the Great Hall, still holding hands, and Draco was very, very afraid.

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Chapter: 3

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Dragon Tamer

Chapter 3: The Great Hall

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Needless to say, when Harry bounded up to the Gryffindor table, hand in hand with Draco Malfoy with a murderous Lucius Malfoy right behind them, the normal happy chatter came crashing to a halt, as every head at the table turned in their direction. Ron, Hermione, and the rest

of the Gryffindors eyed the trio warily. No way this could be good - but then why was Harry smiling?

Harry took advance of the silence, which had spread from the Gryffindor table throughout the Great Hall. He grinned cheerfully. "Great news, everyone! Draco and I can finally come out of the closet. Well, to be fair, Draco has been out of the closet and then some for awhile now -" at these words both Draco and Lucius closed their eyes, one in embarrassment and the other in anger - "but now Draco and I can tell the whole world that we're together!"

No one said a word. You could here a pin drop in the Great Hall. Quite used to being the center of attention, Harry was unfazed and continued, turning to address Ron and Hermione in a loud voice.

"Sorry I didn't tell you guys sooner, but we've been keen on keeping it a secret because of Draco's dad. Here we thought he wouldn't approve and it turns out we basically have Lucius Malfoy's *blessing*, isn't that wonderful?"

"I would hardly call it my *blessing*, Potter," Lucius spat. Indeed, the look on his face suggested something about as far away from a *blessing* as you can get. Completely without fear, and quite enjoying himself, Harry pressed on.

"Oh please, Lucius, you practically ordered Draco and I to stay together. Coming out right now at lunch was *your* idea, you absolutely insisted that we tell everyone!" Harry was desperately trying to keep from laughing at the twin looks of horror on the Malfoy faces. After all, he hadn't even had to lie.

The Great Hall was observing this transaction with wide-open eyes and not a few dropped jaws. The Malfoy heir and the Boy-Who-Lived? It couldn't be. The faces of the Gryffindors were rapidly moving from shocked to something resembling complete horror. Harry just grinned.

Ron and Hermione were among those looking the most horrified. Hermione opened her mouth to speak, and then Harry caught her eye. Almost imperceptively, he glanced over at Lucius Malfoy and then winked. Hermione took a good look at the raw fury on Lucius Malfoy's face - and grinned herself. She may not have understood exactly why Harry was pretending to be Malfoy's boyfriend, but she clearly understood that it was pissing Malfoy senior off. And that was something she was more than happy to do.

"Oh, Harry, I knew you had a secret lover! All that sneaking around, skiving off class, as if Ron and I wouldn't notice." And here she kicked Ron under the table, trying to will him to go along with it. "Especially all those times you returned to the common room covered with bites and scratches, telling us you had fallen off your broom - Draco must be positively *feisty* when you're alone together!"

Draco immediately blushed bright red, and a snicker ran through the Gryffindor table. Lucius was red too - from pure fury. Hermione snickered to herself. *Take that, you arrogant bastard*, she thought. Hermione had her own vendetta against the older Malfoy.

Ron was looking very, very confused. He opened and closed his mouth a couple times and looked at Hermione. She nodded just a little, and that was enough for Ron. He didn't know what the hell was going on, but he knew Hermione was a lot smarter and more perceptive that he was, and he trusted his girlfriend explicitly. If she was going along with this scam, then he would too.

And with pleasure. Ron Weasley's feelings toward the two Malfoys could not exactly be classified as "warm and fuzzy."

"Why, yes, Hermione, you're right, it does all make sense now. Harry and Malfoy, how could I have missed it? Harry, you dog, when I heard all those noises coming from your bed you told me it was a nightmare! I *knew* I heard someone screaming your name!"

At this, the Gryffindors burst out laughing, along with a good chunk of the Ravenclaws and the Hufflepuffs. Draco and Lucius both turned, if possible, a deeper shade of red. Harry, of course, was thrilled. *I love my friends*, he thought to himself.

"Thanks Ron, Hermione, you guys are the best! I knew I could count on you to accept our relationship!"

Lucius turned to Draco, and spoke in a cold voice full of suppressed warnings. "Perhaps *I* made a mistake in thinking that I could accept this relationship."

Draco bit his lip in nervousness. He knew that if his dad changed his mind that the marriage would be back on faster that you could say Hungarian Horntail. He could live with being humiliated by the Gryffindors. He couldn't live with being married to Pansy. *Damn it, Potter!* He tried to reason with his dad.

"Look, dad, I know it's not what you expected, but really, I'm very happy with Harry. And at least he's from a good wizarding family, it's not like he's a mudblood -OW!" Draco yelped as Harry landed a hard smack on his arse.

"Draco Malfoy! What did I tell you about saying that word?" Now the Gryffindors, Ravenclaws, Hufflepuffs and not a few of the Slytherins were shaking with suppressed laughter. Draco dealt Harry a death glare - deal or no deal, Potter had almost crossed the line. Harry was unfazed, and just winked back at him.

Lucius was on the brink of exploding. Ron and Hermione saw this and decided to finish him off.

"Gosh, Draco, here all this time we thought you *hated* Harry and were trying to make him angry, when really, all your little stunts were just your way of flirting!"

"Actually, Hermione, I bet Malfoy *was* trying to make Harry angry. I bet the kinky little bastard was hoping Harry would give him a right proper spanking." At this, the Great Hall completely lost it, even Harry, and so did Lucius Malfoy. He grabbed Draco by the arm.

"Come Draco, I'm leaving. Walk me out." The two of them left the Great Hall amid peals of laughter, Draco sending the most evil looks he could muster at the Gryffindor Golden Trio. Harry sat down and joined his friends for lunch, wiping tears of mirth out of his eyes.

"Ron, that was brilliant!" Ron was grinning from ear to ear.

"Thanks, mate!" Then he spoke in a low voice. "Seriously, Harry, you are going to tell us what's going on, right?"

"Of course. Let's grab some food and go someplace private and talk." The three friends piled some sandwiches on plates and left the Great Hall, Harry waving goodbye cheerfully to all his surprised but still laughing friends.

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"Wow, so Malfoy's supposed to marry Pansy and he's using you for cover? That explains why he

didn't kill you in the Great Hall today." Harry, Hermione and Ron were sitting on desks in an unused classroom in the Charms corridor, and Ron was pondering the story Harry had just told them.

"But honestly, Harry, you have to pretend to date *Malfoy* for the rest of the year? Won't that be horrible?" Hermione had a worried look on her face. Harry opened his mouth to answer when a voice spoke from the doorway.

"Not half as horrible as what you lot did to me just now." It was Draco Malfoy, and by the look on his face, he was plenty pissed off. Harry blew him a kiss.

"Hey, lover."

"Shut it, Potter, I am extremely angry with you right now. What the hell was that stunt in the Great Hall?"

"Oh please, like you didn't deserve it for all the horrible things you've done to us. And what are you going to do? Break up with me over it? I doubt I'm that lucky." Harry had a point, and Draco knew it. Knew it and hated it. As long as he needed Harry as his cover, he was pretty much just going to have to deal with whatever the Gryffindor threw at him.

Draco scowled, but went in and joined the three in the room. He needed to talk with Potter, and he was a little curious about Ron and Hermione's quick response during lunch. "I have to ask, how did you two know to go along with scheme? There's no way on earth Harry could have told you about it."

"We didn't know what the scheme was until just now. All we knew was that Harry was pretending to go out with you and it was pissing your dad off. That was enough of a reason to go along with it," Hermione stated.

Draco was astounded. "You went along with Harry being my boyfriend and then had a field day humiliating me because it *pissed off my dad*?"

The Gryffindors nodded. "In a nutshell, yes. In case you haven't noticed, Malfoy, your dad is a nasty bastard." Ron wasn't mincing words.

Draco glared at them, but not really that hard. This wasn't really news to him. He took a deep breath. "Alright Potter, look, I really need you to go along with this. And we have to be convincing. Needless to say, the stunt in the Great Hall didn't fully convince my dad. Are you really going to go through with this?"

Harry pretended to be deep in thought. "Hmmm, Malfoy, I don't know."

"Oh, come on, Potter! I need this!"

Harry's eyes twinkled. "You forgot the magic word."

"What? What the hell are you on about? What magic word?" Ron looked confused too.

Hermione rolled her eyes. "Oh, honestly. It's a muggle saying. He wants you to say *please*."

Draco looked horrified. "Malfoy's don't say *please*."

"*My* Malfoy says please." Harry's eyes were absolutely dancing with suppressed amusement.

Draco looked ready to kill, but closed his eyes and said, "Fine, Potter, have it your way. Please?"

Harry grinned. "All right. On one condition."

"And what's that, Potter?"

"You have to be nice to my friends. One single comment about mudbloods, weasels, or money, and we're through. Understand?"

Draco nodded his head, figuring that everything really could have been much worse. Then Draco smirked. "What about you, Potter? You're not in the deal. Are you saying I don't have to be nice to you?"

Harry grinned. "I can take anything you can throw at me, but you leave my friends out of this."

Despite himself, Draco almost grinned back. Harry was a one cocky bastard, but he had guts, and as much as Draco hated to admit it, he had to admire him for it. "One last thing, Potter, since we all have class right now. You and I need to get our story straight, because people are going to ask. Probably wouldn't hurt to know a couple things about each other either. We have to be convincing."

Harry nodded slowly. "How about we go to Hogsmeade together tomorrow? That was everyone can see us together, and we can get our story straight. Hell, I'll even buy you a drink."

Draco snorted but nodded his consent. He turned to go.

"Wait, Malfoy."

"What now?"

Harry was holding out the plate of sandwiches they had brought from the Great Hall. When Draco raised a pale blond eyebrow in question, Harry simply stated, "You missed lunch."

A million snide remarks sprang to Draco's mind, but when he looked at Harry's expression, which was open and without a trace of malice, he simply nodded and took one.

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That night in the Common Room, Harry successfully fended off curious questions from fellow Gryffindors, saying he would explain everything in due time but that right now he had homework. Ron and Hermione joined him upstairs.

"Really, mate, I don't see how you're possibly okay with this." Ron was speaking with Harry in a low voice while Hermione nodded emphatically along. "I mean, it's Malfoy, for Merlin's sake! And only the beginning of the year! How are you going to survive?"

Harry looked thoughtful. "You know, it's funny, but I really don't mind. You'd think I would, but I don't. The thing is, it's already my sixth year, and there's nobody here that I fancy in the slightest, so this relationship won't be ruining my chances with other people. I could care less what everyone thinks my sexual preference is, so that doesn't bother me either. Not only that, but Malfoy has to be nice to us now, which will be a definite improvement over the last few years we've been here."

Hermione looked unconvinced. "Are you sure about this, Harry? I mean, it's just like you to do something so nice and noble for your worst enemy. Are you sure Malfoy won't take advantage of you?"

"How can he? He needs me to protect him from this marriage. Besides, I think it's the other way around. I'm not sure I'll be able resist all the opportunities I'm going to have to take advantage of Malfoy. Like today. That was too much fun."

Ron nodded. "Good point, mate. Besides, maybe you can teach that snarky git some manners. My brother Charlie always said you'd make a good dragon tamer, and doesn't Draco mean 'dragon'? Maybe you can find a way to tame Malfoy."

"The famous Harry Potter, a dragon tamer? Trust Charlie to come up with something like that." Harry grinned. "Besides, you guys are overlooking the absolute best part of this deal."

"And what's that, Harry?" Hermione asked.

"That I get to spend my spare time staring at Malfoy. He may be an evil bastard, but he's absolutely gorgeous. He has got to be the hottest guy I've ever seen."

"HARRY!" Ron and Hermione looked faintly disgusted but smiled anyway, thinking Harry was joking with them.

He wasn't.

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Chapter: 4

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Dragon Tamer

Chapter 4: H-Town

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The next day Harry woke up a little on the late side and made his way into the Great Hall for breakfast. Now that Malfoy was stuck in a deal that meant he had to act at least a little more civil around him and his friends, truthfully, he was almost looking forward to spending a day with him. Harry had always found it a crying shame that such an incredible looking human could be such a horrible little brat. However, with Malfoy under strict orders to behave himself, Harry felt that maybe he'd be able to enjoy his day.

He flopped into a spare seat at the almost deserted Gryffindor table and loaded up his plate. *Ron and Hermione must have already left for Hogsmeade*, he thought idly. He was munching away when he became aware of a presence looming over the table, and he looked up into the oh-so-gorgeous face of one Draco Malfoy, who was giving Harry a very icy stare.

"Hey, blondie. What's up?"

Draco was not amused. "Very funny, Potter. What in the hell took you so long?"

"Ouch. Not really a morning person, are you, Drake?" Harry was leisurely sipping at his orange juice.

"Actually, I am very much of a morning person, which is more than I can say about you, you lazy slob! You're very late! We need to get moving, I have things to do!" Draco was scowling at Harry. "And don't call me Drake."

"Yeah, yeah." Harry just smiled at him and continued to eat. Draco scowled harder and sat down across from Harry. He crossed his arms over his chest and fixed Harry with a dirty look.

Harry looked at him and grinned. "You know, you're really cute when you're sulking." He resisted the temptation to ruffle Draco's hair.

Draco was scandalized. "I am no such thing, Potter! No Me history of our distinguished family has ever been, or will ever be, something as absurd as *cute*. We are much too dignified for such a...*common* adjective."

"Of course you are," Harry replied in a very patronizing tone of voice. Draco opened his mouth to deliver a haughty retort, but Harry was standing up, grabbing several pieces of toast and a napkin.

"Come on then, sunshine, if it's so important to you I'll eat on the way. Shall we go?" Draco stood up too, still very much in a sulk, and the two of them made their way out of the Great Hall and towards the town of Hogsmeade.

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Conversation between the two boys was, surprisingly, not awkward at all. With this new arrangement between them they had reached an unspokenement to act civilly towards each other. The two talked about Quidditch for a bit, then compared notes about classes, and finally talked a bit about their families, trying to get to know each other. Harry learned a lot about the history of the Malfoy family, and was surprised by how interesting it was. Malfoy was shocked to learn about the Dursleys, most notably that they kept the truth about Harry's parents and true heritage from him for all those years.

"So basically, Hagrid showed up at that little shack and you finally got the truth. And to think, the rest of us had to grow up hearing your bloody name over and over, Harry Potter, the great savior of the wizarding world, and here you didn't even know you were a wizard!"

"I know. It's insane. I can't wait until I'm old enough to leave the Dursley's for good. They're absolutely horrible."

"I always figured that you of all people, being the famous Boy-Who-Lived and all that, would have grown up coddled and loved."

"Oh, don't I wish. I would have settled for not hated." There was pronounced sadness in Harry's voice and eyes, and Draco actually found himself feeling uncharacteristically sympathetic towards Harry. Sure, his own dad was a nasty bastard and a Death Eater, but he had spoiled Draco rotten, and he had certainly never made Draco sleep in a cupboard.

Harry shook himself a little and grinned. "Sorry, that probably sounded overdramatic. Didn't mean to act like a drama queen. It looks like we're nearly there. Where do you want to head first?"

Draco, during the entire walk, had found himself watching Harry closely. There was no denying that Harry was gorgeous - Draco had known that for years. His messy black hair and bright green eyes were legend among the girls and a good chunk of the guys at Hogwarts. This last year had really been good to him as well. He was now quite tall, still had his summer tan, and really, was just positively shagalicious. And perhaps if he got a haircut, took off his glasses, wore some more stylish clothes...Harry had the potential to be almost as devastating as Draco himself.

Draco eyed Harry's clothes. Harry had explained that all his clothes used to belong to his cousin, who was huge, and that's why they were so baggy on him. Draco was suddenly very curious about the body underneath those clothes. Surely Harry had to be in good shape, what with being a Quidditch captain and very active and all? He made his decision.

"Glad Rags Wizard Wear. I have some shopping to do, perhaps we can get it all done first and then head over to the Three Broomsticks for drinks?"

"Sounds great," said Harry cheerfully. He had no idea what he had just gotten himself into.

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"Malfoy, honestly, I can't believe you spent all that money on me. You didn't have to do that, you

know." Harry and Draco were sharing a cozy table at the Tmsticks, sipping on butterbeers. They were surrounded by shopping bags, most of them Harry's.

"Potter, how many times do I have to tell you - yes, I did. You are supposedly dating a Malfoy now. I am positively swimming in money and I'm not going to let you walk around looking like some urchin off the street. It makes me look bad by association. And don't try to tell me you didn't need the haircut, your hair was positively atrocious."

Harry scowled. He was not used to caring about his appearance, and Draco had just spent the whole morning cleaning him up. He had bought Harry tons of new clothes, forced him to get a haircut, and then surprised him with contact lenses.

"I feel like you're my sugar daddy."

"Your what?"

"It's a muggle thing. A sugar daddy is someone is spends tons of money on another person, usually someone who doesn't have a lot of money and usually with the implicit condition of getting sexual favors in return."

"Hmmm. Well, that doesn't quite work for us because I happen to know you're plenty loaded in your own right, Potter."

"Yeah. And you're not expecting sexual favors in return for all this stuff."

"What makes you so sure about that?" Draco raised an eyebrow suggestively at Harry, who promptly chocked on his butterbeer.

"MALFOY!"

"Just teasing you, Potter. I think we've established that I'm not your sugar daddy. Although," and here Draco lowered his voice suggestively, "you can still call me daddy if you want to."

Harry's cheeks flushed. "Malfoy, behave yourself." Draco smirked.

"Are you *blushing*, Potter? May I remind you that yesterday you practically announced to the whole school and my *father* that we were engaged in copious amounts of fairly kinky sexual activity? Don't tell me my flirtatious little comments are embarrassing you."

Harry scowled. The truth was, Malfoy's comments *were* embarrassing him, because now that he and Malfoy were engaged in this pseudo-relationship and actually spending some time together without fighting, he was finding it very hard to ignore how stunning Draco really was. He had luminous gray ehat were positively stunning when they weren't mocking and condescending. His hair looked so soft and shiny and lay perfectly in place, the antithesis of his own, and Harry was dying to run his fingers through it and thoroughly mess it up. And that body - Draco certainly knew how to dress to play up his assets, and Harry could clearly see a well muscled torso outlined under Draco's shirt.

And then to have Draco make flirty comments, even fake ones, in that sexy bedroom voice...*Get a grip, Harry. This is still Draco Malfoy - he doesn't even like you, and he's certainly not going to let you shag him.* Harry took a deep breath and tried to ignore his hormones.

He glanced around the Three Broomsticks. It was fairly packed with the usual crowd, but he and Draco were sitting close together and could whisper. It seemed like a good time to figure out the details of their relationship, and he mentioned this to Draco, who agreed.

"Potter, before we start, I have to ask you - why are you going along with this? There's nothing in it for you, and I haven't exactly given you a lot of reasons to do something nice for me."

*Something nice for him, eh? I could do something **very** nice for him if he would just take off those pants - NO! Bad Harry!* Harry gave Draco a nonchalant shrug. "Believe it or not, I don't mind. I feel for you, I would hate to have to marry someone I didn't even like."

"That's not the half of it. I know you know I'm gay, but did you know Pansy is too?" Harry shook his head no, looking amazed. "Well, she is. Some marriage that would have been. We both would have been miserable. You're doing both of us a huge favor here."

Harry waved it off. "It's nothing, really. No big deal. Besides," he continued, a teasing grin forming on his lips, "When it comes pseudo-boyfriends, I could have done a lot worse. You just spent a fortune on me and you're pretty easy on the eyes, you know."

Draco couldn't believe his ears. "Did you just pay me a compliment, Potter?"

"Don't get used to it or anything, Malfoy. So come on, let's think. What's our story? How did we get together?"

Draco pretended to think, but he was still pleased from the easy compliment Harry had thrown at him, and instead he found he was just staring at Harry. His new haircut looked very good. His hair still looked messy, but stylishly so now, and looked so soft and shiny that Draco caught himself wanting to run his hands through it. Harry's green eyes were shining brightly behind his glasses, and Draco had the fleeting thought that someone could get lost in those eyes, never to return. *Since when did I get so sappy? If you must think thoughts about Potter's eyes, Draco, do not think sappy thoughts about getting lost in them. Think about how they would look if he were turned on. Or what if he was spread out on my bed with no clothes on? Would the color match my comforter? Yes. That's a much better thou - No! Brain - stop it! This is Harry fucking Potter you're thinking about!*

"Okay, how about this?" Harry was speaking, and Draco forced himself to concentrate. "Beginning of this year, we both secretly had humongous crushes on each other, but we never thought the other would go for it."

"For obvious reasons. Like being mortal enemies."

"Well, yes. Exactly. And then one day we got into a huge fight somewhere, say the Quidditch pitch, and when we went at each other the next thing we knew we were snogging like mad."

"All that hatred turned to passion?"

"Right. And then somewhere along the line we fell in love, and then Bob's your uncle, here we are. Simple, but fairly believable, yes? I mean, as far as stories about falling in love with your arch rival go."

Draco nodded. "Not bad, Potter. Nice warm and fuzzy Gryffindor story. I'm sure all your lovely friends will buy it. Good thing the weasel knows the truth though, because I think otherwise he'd never believe us and probably pitch a fit."

"*Malfoy*," and here Harry fixed Draco with a very stern look, "I meant what I said yesterday. You have to be nice to my friends."

Draco rolled his eyes.

"I mean it, Malfoy! I know your aristocratic arse isn't used to associating with plebeians like us, but I'm not going to tolerate any rudeness from you. Got it?"

"Potter, are you really going to break up with me if I make the occasional snide remark about Granger or the Weasel?"

Harry gave him a wicked look. "I might. But I might not. I might choose to teach you a lesson instead."

At these words, Draco felt a little nervous, but hide it well. He scoffed. "Is that supposed to be some sort of threat? What exactly is that supposed to mean?"

Harry's look got decidedly more wicked. "Damn straight it's a threat. What it means is that I won't hesitate to embarrass you. Remember when I smacked your arse in the Great Hall for saying the word 'mudblood'? I'll make that memory feel like a picnic."

Draco flushed. *Stupid Potter*
"It was my only condition Malfoy. *Be nice to my friends*. If you're not, I can't be held responsible for my actions. You've been warned."

Draco couldn't decide if he wanted to snicker, snarl, or sulk. "I'm not scared of you, Potter."

"Maybe you should be."

Draco chose to sulk.

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Chapter: 5

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Dragon Tamer

Chapter Five: H-Town (part 2)

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"Alright, Potter, I think now we should talk about sex."

Harry choked on his butterbeer. "Come again?" *Oh Merlin, is there a chance in hell that as part of this arrangement he'll want to shag? Oh please please please...*

"Sex, Potter! The birds and the bees? Or more specifically, sexual history here. I think we should know who each other's shags have been. It would be very suspicious if we didn't."

"Oh, that. Of...of course." *Damn damn damn*. Harry seemed to be looking anywhere but Draco's eyes.

"Potter, what's gotten into you? Yesterday in the Great Hall you and your friends took absolute delight in implying that you and I were involved in abundant amounts of very frisky and slightly kinky sex, and you weren't in the least bit embarrassed. Don't tell me you've suddenly morphed into a prude."

Harry squirmed uncomfortably in his seat. "Don't be silly, Malfoy. It's just that...well, you know, yesterday wasn't real, we were just joking around. But now, well...this is real. That's all." *Oh right, Harry, what a lame excuse. You just don't want him to know that you're dying to make him*

all of those jokes from yesterday a reality.

"Potter, it's not like I'm propositioning you here. I just want to know who's on your shag list. I imagine it's a mile long."

Harry blushed, and Draco found himself entranced by how adorable Potter was when he was blushing. Finally, Harry stammered out, "I can't tell you."

"What? Of course you can tell me. You have to tell me, I'm supposed to be your boyfriend and current fuck-buddy."

"I can't tell, you, Malfoy! Nobody knows, not even Ron and Hermione."

"Merlin, how bad can it be?"

Harry just shook his head no.

"Fine, look, you don't have to tell me specifics just yet. Just tell me how many. Ten? Twenty?"

Harry looked aghast. "What kind of slut do you take me for?"

"I'm not taking you for any kind of slut, Potter, I just figured that you, being the famous Harry Potter and all, would have shagged about a million girls by now. I've seen how they throw themselves at you. Obviously, I was wrong. So how many?"

Harry sighed. "One."

"ONE?"

"Yes, ONE! Just one! What is the big deal?"

"No big deal, really, it's not." And it wasn't. Draco was a little surprised, but it made sense when you thought about it. "I guess I should have taken into account that you're too noble to use your

fame to get laid. Also, when would you have time to have sex, what with constantly having to battle the forces of evil?"

Harry snickered. "You do realize that the 'forces of evil' I've been battling include you and your father?"

Draco grinned at him. "But of course. But we digress. Now, you really won't tell me who the lucky girl was?"

Harry gave Draco a small, sexy smirk. "Funny, I don't remember saying anything about a girl."

Draco felt his stomach flip over. *Oh Merlin, does that mean that Potter's...oh God, I could shag him, I could actually shag him. Okay, keep calm. Get a hold of yourself Draco.* Harry was giving him a quizzical look.

"Everything okay, Malfoy?"

"Um, yes, I just wasn't expecting to hear that you swung my way, that's all."

Harry grinned. "Yeah, after my disaster of a relationship that went by the name of Cho Chang I figured things out. I guess that little piece of info isn't exactly common knowledge. Or wasn't, I should say, because actually by pretending to date you I've pretty much flung myself out of the closet. So you see, there *was* something in it for me by pretending to date you. I get to come out in style."

Draco grinned back. "So you really won't tell me who it was? Come on! I'll even say *please* for you."

Harry laughed. Really? That's very tempting, you know. You could really use the practice." He thought for a moment. "Let's hear it, then."

"Please please please please *please*?" Draco was now giving Harry some very un-Malfoyish puppy dog eyes, and looked so adorable that Harry couldn't resist.

"Fine, Malfoy, you win. But only because you're so damn cute."

"Potter, I *told* you not to use that word to describe me!"

"Since when have I ever done what you told me to do?" Harry gave him a roguish grin.

"You really are annoying, you know that?" Harry stuck his tongue out at Draco, who had a sudden urge to take it between his lips. "Now tell me who you slept with before I go crazy. I promise not to tell anyone."

Harry took a deep breath. "Charlie Weasley."

"WHAT??" At Draco's loud outburst a lot of the patrons at the Three Broomsticks cast curious looks at the pair.

"Hush, would you? People are looking at us."

"They'll get over it. Merlin, that was not quite the answer I was expecting. No wonder you haven't told Ron or Hermione. But I must say, Potter, you have good taste."

Now Harry was shocked. "What? I don't understand. You hate the Weasleys. I would have thought you'd be disgusted."

Draco leaned in and lowered his voice. "Well, the thing is Potter, I've seen Charlie Weasley. Fourth year, when he came during the Tri-Wizard Tournament. That man is a god in dragon-hide boots. Positively delicious. And while it's true that I don't particularly care for the rest of the Weaselys, Charlie is an exception. Good in bed?"

"Well, to be honest I don't have much to compare it to, do I? But from what I can tell, it was bloody fantastic."

"When did you sleep together?"

"Over the summer, when I was staying at Ron's house. Charlie was in town for about a month, and the attraction was just overwhe enough about me - what about you? With your money and looks I'm sure *your* shag list is pages and pages."

"You know, I could get used to these compliments from you, Potter. And while my list is a bit longer than yours, it's hardly pages. There have been three."

"Three, huh? Let's see. I know about Zabini, but you guys didn't bother to hide it. And I heard a rumor about a Ravenclaw prefect."

"Boot."

"That's right, Terry Boot. Rather obsessed with you, wasn't he?"

Draco got an angry look in his eyes. "Yes, well, he was a bit of a bastard, so I dumped him. End of story." Harry wasn't buying it.

"Malfoy, there's obviously a lot more to this story than you're letting on. I think you better tell me."

"What's it to you, Potter?" Draco spat defensively. "You hate me and you don't trust me - why do you care?"

"Despite what you might think, Malfoy, I *don't* hate you and I *do* trust you. And I care because this guy obviously hurt you, and like it or no, you and I have some kind of a relationship now that means something to me. I want to know." Draco refused to look at him.

"*Draco*," Harry began in a dangerous voice. "NOW."

"FINE." When Harry was authoritative like this he had a way of making Draco talk. Not to mention making him think disturbingly pornographic thoughts about whether Harry was this authoritative in the bedroom.

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Turns out that Terry Boot was an obsessive psycho who had refused to let Draco go. When his obsession had ventured into the realm of insanity and he started to get physically abusive to Draco and his friends, Draco had finally resorted to threats to get him to leave him alone.

"Last time we spoke I told him that if he ever so much as looked in my direction again I would first hex him, then have Crabbe, Goyle, and the rest of the Slytherins kick his ass, and then personally dedicate the entire Malfoy fortune to making his life a living hell. Since then, he's left me alone. Like I said, no big deal, end of story."
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"That fucking bastard." Harry's voice hissed across the table. Startled, Draco looked up to find a pair of green eyes flashing in anger. Harry was furious. "I can't believe he did that to you, Draco. That son of a bitch, he had no right to treat you like that."

"Potter, look, don't worry about it. Seriously. It's in the past. Besides, you don't have to care about what happened to me, it's not like you're my real boyfriend or anything."

"I don't care if I'm your real boyfriend or not. I promise that if that fucker comes within 100 feet of you I will personally make him wish he was dead." The way Harry said it left Draco with no doubts that he meant it. Draco had to admit that after years of being on the receiving end, it certainly was nice to be on this side of Harry's anger.

Not to mention that Harry was dead sexy when he was angry. </p

Harry, meanwhile, was taking deep breaths and trying to cool his temper down. He knew from experience that if he got too angry his magic would get out of control, and The Three Broomsticks was not the place he wanted that to happen. He settled for mentally kicking the crap out of Terry Boot, promising himself that at a later time he would make him pay.

"Shall we continue our conversation?" Draco had observed Harry trying to calm down, and thought he'd try to distract him to help him cool off.

"Yes. Who was number three? Was it another bastard that I'm going to need to add to my 'people to kill' list?" Harry was dead serious. Draco grinned at him.

"No, you silly prat, number three was a perfect gentleman. In fact, it was your old friend Oliver

Wood."

"OLIVER? Wow, didn't see that coming. I always thought he was incredibly hot, but it's still hard for me to picture you shagging a Gryffindor." *Present company excluded, of course. I can picture you shagging me, no problem.* "Isn't he playing for Puddlemere United, now?"

"Yes, he's gotten quite good. He's actually one of the recruiters for the English National Team."

"This is crazy. So what happened?"

"We had what you might call a summer fling, rather like you and Weasely. Couldn't have had a proper relationship with him, though, what with me here and him so busy with the team and all but we had a great time."

<fo="Black">Harry was watching Draco talk about animatedly about his ex, and became aware of a painful, gnawing sensation at his stomach, similar to the one he had felt when Cedric beat him to asking Cho to the Yule Ball. *Seems like Malfoy really liked Oliver. Stupid bastard. Wait, am I actually jealous of Oliver?* Harry dismissed that thought. This was Malfoy, after all, and as shaggable as he was he wasn't worth getting jealous over. *Yeah right. You keep telling yourself that, Harry*.

Harry and Draco talked for awhile longer. They agreed on a lot of little details about their relationship, and planned out some strategies for making things look convincing. Draco had to admit, he was impressed by how sneaky Harry could be when he wanted to, and he told Harry this.

"Well, yes. Remind me to tell you about my Slytherin streak someday. It's a funny thing, because as much as you accuse me and my friends of being goody-goodies, the truth is I'm sure I've broken more school rules than the entire seventh-year Slytherin class combined."

"And yet somehow you don't get in trouble for it. You suck, Potter."

"I know. Now we're going to need to sneak into each other's dorm rooms at night every so often. I have my invisibility cloak, so that will help a lot. Plus, we're going to want people to occasionally catch us in classrooms, snogging and what not, that will build our credibility." Harry was really warming to the idea. *I think I may get to see a little action from Malfoy after all*.

He had no idea that Draco was as stoked as he was. *Sneaking into Potter's bed, that should be fun. Maybe I can take advantage of him while he sleeps. And we'll get to snog - yes! I wonder if Potter's a good kisser...*

Harry signaled for their tab from Madame Rosmerta. He turned to Draco. "It's pretty late, we should probably get back to our dorms. But this is good, you know, it looks like we've been out all day together and up to something."

"Alright. Tomorrow I'll come and hang out for a bit in the Gryffindor common room - not that it's my first choice, mind you, but it will be very entertaining to snog you in front of everyone and see the Weasel's reaction."

Harry gave him a warning look. "Malfoy, you're breaking my only rule."

Draco gave a melodramatic sigh. "Fine, Weasley, then. You're no fun, Potter."

"Actually, Malfoy, I think once you get to know me you'll find that I'm quite a lot of fun." There was a hint of a suggestive tone in Harry's voice, and Draco was floored. *Merlin, did he just flirt with me? I think Potter was just flirting with me! This is good. This is very good.*

Harry was paying their tab when he noticed a bunch of reporters had just rushed in to the Three Broomsticks and were eyeing him and Draco like mice caught in the Owlery. Harry sighed and nudged Draco, nodding to the reporters.

"Sorry about this. This is the downside to being the boyfriend of the Boy-Who-Lived. I should have known the press would pick up on this. Why they care so much about my private life, I will never know."

Draco, however, looked far from upset. "This is great, Potter! We're news!"

"Of course we are. I can't take two fucking steps without the press reporting on it. And you, being who you are, I should have seen this coming." However, he noticed that Draco seemed a little excited, and was in fact smoothing his hair. *Oh, he is too cute. I think he actually wants to be in the paper. Well, that can be arranged*. Harry smirked.

"Hey Malfoy - do you want to be in the Daily Prophet?"

"Oh! Well, I, um...I wouldn't mind," Draco admitted, a little sheepishly. "Besides, it would lend a lot of credibility. My father would certainly see it."

"Hmmm, true. Would you like to be on the front page?" Draco saw the mischievous look in Harry's eyes.

"And just what are you planning, Potter?" Harry gave him a wicked grin.

"Follow my lead, okay? Just start acting like you are madly in love with me."

"Okay." Draco was a little nervous, but Harry didn't seem to be planning on embarrassing him. And it was a little exciting being with Harry when he was obviously scheming. Draco fixed Harry with an adoring stare and sighed like someone besotted with love. Harry bit back a chuckle and put his hand on top of Draco's on the table, stroking it softly.

A few flashes went off, and Harry knew the reporters were watching them closely. *Might as well give them a show.* He leaned in and whispered in Draco's ear. "Ready?" Draco just smiled as if Harry had whispered some sweet nothing, but couldn't help but wonder what Potter had planned.

He found out. In plain view of the entire pub and all the reporters, Harry leaned in and kissed Draco full on the mouth. *Oh Merlin, I've died and gone to heaven.* Harry was softly kissing his lips, running his hands through Draco's hair. Draco was unable to stop a very quiet moan from escaping him, and buried his own hands in Harry's soft black hair.

Flashes were going off all around them, but Harry had forgotten about the reporters. All he could think about was kissing Draco. *Oh God, he tastes so good, like vanilla and cream soda and ice cream.* Harry ran his tongue over Draco's lips, and Draco responded by eagerly opening his mouth. Harry shuddered when their tongues first met, and pulled Draco closer to him, one hand sliding down his back and the other going to the back of his head.

Draco was having the same reaction as Harry. *Where did Potter learn to kiss like this? And what is that amazing thing he's doing with his tongue?* Draco moaned again. He now had his hands

cradling Harry's face, and was kissing Harry for all he was worth. He was about two seconds away from crawling into Harry's lap and taking the action to the next level when he remembered the reporters. *Shit*. He gathered his wits about him as best he could, and slowly ended the kiss.

At the look in Harry's eyes, though, it was all Draco could do not to throw himself into Harry's arms and beg him to have his wicked way with him right then and there on the table. Draco couldn't remember ever being looked at with lust like that before, and he inwardly marveled at Harry's acting skills while cursing that this was all an act.

Harry took a deep, shuddery breath, mentally reminding himself that this was all an act and Draco didn't really want him, and that if he threw Draco down and took him on the table right now he probably wouldn't appreciate it very much. Harry stood up and the two began to exit the Three Broomsticks hand in hand, with reporters firing questions at them nonstop. Finally Harry turned and spoke to them all.

"Yes, Draco Malfoy is my boyfriend. No, we don't care that the odds are against us. Yes, we are madly in love. Have a nice day, everyone." He and Draco walked out of the Three Broomsticks and began down the path back to Hogwarts.

Neither had noticed that the furious figure of a Ravenclaw prefect had been in the corner of the pub, watching them the entire time.

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Harry and Draco walked a little ways in silence, each lost in their own thoughts about the kiss.

It was all an act. I'm sure of it. Damn him! Merlin, I want him so bad. Maybe we can get back to the castle and find a group of people who need to be convinced we're together so that I can snog him some more. Where on earth did Potter learn to kiss like that? The way he can move his tongue - fucking unbelievable...

Dammit, why did it have to all be an act? And why does Malfoy have to be so damn sexy? I thought I was going to die when he moaned. I'm going to have to get very sneaky about this, find more excuses to kiss him. Definitely in front of the Gryffindors tomorrow...

After several minutes, of silence, Draco spoke. "Well, Potter, I'm impressed. I'm sure all those

reporters bought that kiss as the real deal. You're a great actor."
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No way in hell I'm going to tell him I wasn't acting! "Thanks, Malfoy, you too. I'm sure everyone in there believed you enjoyed that."

Oh, but I did enjoy it. A LOT. Too bad I can't tell Potter that. Draco just shrugged. "We're all good actors in Slytherin. I think it's one of the qualities the sorting hat looks for."

Harry sent him a wry grin. "There's a good chance one of those pictures will be on the cover of the Prophet tomorrow. Your dad should love that."

"Oh, yes. He'll just love that. I wish I could see his face when he gets the paper." Draco was being sarcastic, but not in a mean way. He could care less about his dad right now. He was much too caught up in thinking about Harry.

They made it back to the castle, and Harry walked Draco back to Slytherin territory. They stopped in front of the entrance to the Slytherin common room. Harry cleared his throat to say goodbye, but at that instant a group of fifth-year Slytherins came around the corner.

"Potter, what are you doing here? Kissing Draco goodnight?" one of them quipped sarcastically.

YES!! YES YES YES!! I have an excuse to snog him!

"As it happens, yes, yes I am." Harry practically launched himself at Draco, throwing his arms around Draco's waist and kissing him hard and deep. Draco let out a sound that was almost a whimper and immediately responded, burying his hands in Harry's hair.

<pBlack">The fifth-years just stood there gawking. Harry was desperately fighting the urge to push Draco up against the nearby wall and have a go at him right now, but he got control of himself and let Draco go.

Draco, however, wasn't done, and grabbed Harry's arm, yanking him back and pulling him tight up against his body. He pressed his lips back to Harry's, who gasped and closed his eyes. Draco felt a shudder run through Harry's body and felt his own heart stop. *Oh Merlin, if I don't stop now I will never ever stop, not even if the gates of Hell come crashing down around us.* With a huge concerted effort of will, Draco finally dragged himself away from Harry and turned to glare

at the fifth-years.

"What are you looking at? Get inside and go to bed!" The fifth-years squeaked and ran past Draco, a couple of them shooting lusty stares at the pair. Draco could have sworn he heard one of them say something about "the hottest goodnight kiss I've ever seen."

"Well..." Harry was still a little dazed, and was fighting for control. Draco gave him a smile

"More good acting, Potter. You're a natural. See you tomorrow then?" Harry looked at Draco, with red lips, messy hair and glowing eyes, and had to close his eyes before he jumped him again. *It was all for show, Harry, all for show. If you try to kiss him again he will shove you away and hate you for it. Don't do it.*

He took a deep breath, and said, "Yes. Goodnight, Draco."

"Goodnight, Harry." Harry turned and started walking back down the corridor, towards the stairs to the Gryffindor tower. Draco watched him walk away for a moment before taking a deep breath himself.

He decided that before he went to bed he was going to take a shower.

A very cold one.

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Chapter: 6

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Dragon Tamer

Chapter 6: GQ Wizard

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The next morning, Harry finally awoke to discover that his dorm room was empty.

"Bugger," he thought absently to himself, glancing at the clock next to the bed. He had slept in and it looked like he had missed breakfast. Needless to say, it had taken him a long time to fall asleep the night before, unable as he was to get the sensation of kissing Draco to leave his mind. Even once he finally did fall asleep, his dreams had all focused around a certain blonde-haired Slytherin, and they had *not* been the sort of dreams one was normally accustomed to having about their arch-rivals.

Harry groaned, remembering one particularly racy scene involving Malfoy and the table at the Three Broomsticks. He shook his head, trying to clear his mind, but it was futile. *Alright, Harry, you're going to have to get in control of yourself here.* He had every intention of taking every opportunity he had to snog the Slytherin, but he knew if he didn't get some kind of handle on his hormones he might take their snog sessions a little too far, in which case Draco would probably kill him.

Harry sighed, and decided to spend the morning flying. *At least I can work off some of this excess energy*. *Besides, I can try flying with my new contacts.* He grabbed his Firebolt and some random clothes that Draco had bought for him the day before, and set off for the Quidditch pitch, intent on working out until Draco was the farthest thing from his mind.

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Lunch time rolled around at Hogwarts, and Draco was annoyed to find himself watching the doors of the Great Hall. He ostensibly told himself that he wasn't really watching for Harry, he was just doing a convincing acting job. Surely it was natural for someone to wonder where their boyfriend had been all morning?

The kisses from the day before were still on Draco's mind as well, and when he closed his eyes

hould almost feel Harry's lips on his. The memory made him want to find Harry and shove him up against the nearest wall, but Draco refrained, as he (being a Malfoy and all) was a master of self control. He never thought his skills would come in handy when he was trying to keep himself from ravishing his sworn enemy. *Not sure that's exactly what my father had in mind when teaching me to exert self-control at all times*, he thought wryly. Then again, it was a little scary how close Harry made him come to losing that precious self-control, which of course would lead to Draco's hands traveling to very inappropriate places on Harry's body, which of course would lead to total disaster when Harry retaliated by beating the living daylights out of him.

At least this way I get to snog him and he thinks it's just one big act. Things will be fine as long as he doesn't know I like it. Draco absently munched on a roll, thinking about Harry, and vaguely listening to a riveting conversation between Crabbe and Goyle about flobberworms. He then heard a collective gasp from all the students around him, and instinctively looked up to the doors of the Great Hall.

Harry Potter had just walked in, and Draco felt his mouth drop open. Draco figured Harry must have been out flying, because he had that 'just exercised' look and his hair was still wet from the shower. Hring khaki cargo pants and a tight green shirt that matched his eyes perfectly and showed off every muscle on his torso. Without his glasses, Draco could see the color of his eyes from the Slytherin table.

The entire Great Hall was staring at him, many trying not to drool. Harry, having just grabbed clothes at random and having not even bothered to look in the mirror before leaving the Quidditch locker room and heading to the Great Hall, had no idea that he looked any different. Besides that, he had grown so accustomed to being stared at that he now tuned it out, and was completely oblivious to the reactions of everyone around him. He walked over to the Gryffindor table, took his regular seat by Ron and Hermione and started piling food onto his plate.

Draco felt his mouth go dry. Due to the kisses from yesterday, he had completely forgotten that he had spent most of the day making Harry over. He had known Harry was going to look better once he cleaned him up, but he hadn't been expecting this. He heard the whispers around him, and to his surprise he noticed that even the Slytherins were blatantly checking Harry out.

"Damn, Draco, you are one lucky bird," Millicent Bullstrode was saying next to him, having kept her eyes on Harry from the moment he walked into the Great Hall.

"Yeah, your boyfriend's hot enough to almost make me see straight," Pansy smirked.

*Boyfriend? What the...*Draco, whose mind had stopped functioning when Harry walked into the room, suddenly remembered that the sex god that just waltzed on in was supposed to be his boyfriend. He briefly felt a sort of smug satisfaction as he glanced around the Great Hall at everyone lusting after Harry, but that satisfaction quickly changed into a very different sort of emotion as he found himself angry and irritated with everyone who was currently drooling over Harry. He decided he didn't want all these other people checking out *his* boyfriend. He was completely unperturbed by the fact that Harry wasn't actually his boyfriend - he was a Malfoy, and as such figured he had every right to be possessive.

Draco sent a very irritated scowl to the entire Slytherin table, and actually managed to cow all of the younger students into guiltily averting theieyes from the Gryffindor table. His friends, however, ignored him. Pansy, Blaise and Millicent continued to stare at Harry and make lascivious comments, and even Crabbe and Goyle seemed to have jumped on the Harry Potter bandwagon, sending him longing looks, and causing Draco several bad mental images which would unfortunately be with him a very long time.

"God, Harry is such a fox. I can see those eyes from here. Mind if I borrow him?" Blaise was staring openly at Harry, licking his lips, and Draco was not happy with this.

"Yes, as a matter of fact, I do. Leave him alone, he's mine." Draco was glaring icily at Blaise, who spent had spent too long as Draco's boyfriend to be even the slightest bit intimidated.

"Fine, you always were the jealous type. If you won't share him though, at least share details. How is he in bed? I bet he's bloody amazing."

"I patently refuse to share any details with you because I know they will inevitably fuel some twisted, kinky fantasy of yours. Now all of you, sod off and stop drooling over my boyfriend!" Draco was getting very upset, and was about to pull out his wand and start hexing his housemates when Harry looked up from the Gryffindor table, grinned at him, then sent him a wink and a kiss. Much to his chagrin, Draco nearly melted. Frustrated noises were heard around the Great Hall as everyone else remembered that the young Adonis at the Gryffindor table was indeed spoken for. Draco merely nodded back at Harry, but he felt his heart flutter in a *very* un-Malfoyish way, and he sternly reprimanded himself. *Draco, honestly, stop being such a girl. It's just Potter.* Still, he couldn't completely hold back the grin that was playing around his lips.

Meanwhile, at the Gryffindor table, Harry was happily eating his lunch, unaware as always of the effect he was having on other people. His friends were giving him strange looks. Hermione eyed him warily.

"Umm, Harry?"

"Yes?"

"What happened to you?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, you look...well, you look...very...nice. Especially your eyes." Hermione found herself blushing a little at the statement. Next to her, Ginny nodded emphatically. Ron scowled at the two of them.

Harry shrugged. "Blame Malfoy."

"He did this? He - gave you a *makeover*?"

"Yeah, basically. New clothes, new haircut, new contacts, the works. It was like having my very own personal Fab Five rolled into one cranky little blonde."

Hermione laughed. Ron looked confused. "Fab Five? I don't get it, mate."

"It's a reference to a muggle TV show, Ron - Queer Eye for the Straight Guy? Ring any bells? No?" Hermione tutted. "Honestly, Ron, you should take Muggle Studies, if for nothing else then to learn to appreciate more of our jokes."

Ron just rolled his eyes. Ginny, however, leaned in a little closer to Harry. "He did a good job on you, Harry. You look absolutely fantastic. I had no idea you were hiding that body under your robes." At her words, Harry's cheeks flushed.

"Ginny!" Ron was scandalized.

"She has a point, Ron. I mean, the entire Great Hall has not stopped staring at Harry since he walked in."

"What? Don't be ridiculous," Harry protested at Hermione's words.

"Oh, Harry, don't be so naïve. It's true, just look around you." Harry obliged, and was very shocked. Students from every table were indeed eyeing him as if he were some new kind of chocolate from Honeyduke's. Alarmed, he blushed crimson and slunk down in his seat, trying to hide under the table.

Ginny gave Ron a smug look. "There, you see Ron? Now, honestly, he's like my brother. I can tell him he looks good. Besides, he doesn't even like girls, so what's the big deal? I can't have him anyway." Ron opened his mouth to protest, but a voice from above cutt>

"Lucky for me, I'm not a girl, then, eh Harry?" Seamus Finnigan joined their group, sitting down next to Harry. "Maybe I can still have you." Seamus had pulled Harry upright, and was looking him up and down and not bothering to hide it. "You can't hide under the table Harry, your adoring public wants to see you, and that includes me. I personally have to wonder how I shared a dorm with you all these years and you managed to hide this body."

Harry, who seemed to have lost his voice as a direct result of all the stares he was trying to avoid, was looking at Seamus a little wide eyed. "Seamus, knock it off, you're embarrassing Harry." Dean Thomas was now joining their group.

Seamus was completely unabashed. "I know. I like making Harry blush. It's adorable." At these words, Harry's blush deepened, and he slouched again, trying desperately to seek refuge back under the table.

Dean rolled his eyes. "Come on now, I came over here because Lavender and Parvati will not shut up about Harry, but now that I'm here, I actually think Seamus is worse."

"Oh please, Dean, don't even try to tell me you're not sweating over Harry's gorgeous body."

"Maybe Thomas here remembers that Harry's *gorgeous body* currently belongs to someone else." The group of Gryffindors looked up to find a seething Draco Malfoy standing over their group. He had his arms crossed over his chest and looked very cross indeed.

Draco had been watching the scene with the Gryffindors from across the hall, and he had decided that, pretend boyfriend or not, while he was extremely irritated with his Slytherin posse for drooling over Harry and making lewd comments, he was even less happy with how Finnigan was blatantly making a pass at Harry. Never being one to really bother to hide his displeasure, he had marched over to the Gryffindor table to tell Seamus off.

Under Draco's icy stare, Seamus had the grace to look a little sheepish. For the first time in his life, Harry was actually relived to see Draco Malfoy. He was not accustomed to being an object of desire, and he was incredibly sick of blushing. Not to mention that Harry found this angry, possessive Draco oddly appealing. Taking the opportunity to steal a good look at Draco's slightly flushed cheeks and glowing eyes he felt images from the previous nights dreams crash unbidden into his mind, and felt his cheeks begin to burn for an entirely different reason.

Draco took a seat on Harry's free side and wrapped his arms around Harry's waist possessively, maintaining his glare at Seamus. He was incensed that the other boy would have the gall to flirt with his boyfriend so shamelessly. Obviously, he wasn't familiar with Seamus Finnigan, who merely shrugged and decided to bide his time until Harry was alone. Taking a moment to take his first good look at Harry, Draco congratulated himself on a job well done. Harry really was gorgeous. *But then, you've always known he was gorgeous.*

He turned to Harry. "I missed you a. Were you out flying?"

Harry looked slightly startled. "Yeah, I was. I was trying out the new contacts you gave me. They're absolutely brilliant, by the way, I owe you a huge thank you." Draco mentally stored that promise away for future use. "But how did you know where I was?"

"I'm your *boyfriend*," he enunciated the word with a pointed look at Seamus, "I know these things. Like I know that you look amazing right now," Draco said to Harry, doing a very convincing job of acting like a loving, caring boyfriend. To his never-ending frustration, Harry felt his cheeks turn pink *again* - honestly, he was just going to get a freaking paintbrush and paint them permanently red, do the job properly. Draco, to his own frustration, albeit a different kind, found that Harry's inclination to blush only made him cuter. Apparently Seamus thought so too, because Draco saw him watching Harry again out of the corner of his eye. Needless to say Draco was not happy, but he had no intention of letting all his jealousy go to waste - he'd be damned if he wasn't going to get a snog out of this.

"Don't I get a kiss hello?" he said playfully to Harry, having no idea that Harry was currently racking his own brains to come up with a good reason to engage in some serious Draco action.

Harry was elated at Draco's words and didn't even bother to answer him, he just reached out and pulled Draco against his lips. If Draco was startled he didn't show it; instead he reacted by opening his mouth and running his hands up Harry's arms and down his back, enjoying the feel of hard Quidditch muscles under his touch. Harry reacted with a stifled moan and a shudder, and buried his hands in Draco's unbearably soft, blonde hair.

There were some assorted noises from the Great Hall around them, ranging from moans of jealousy to gasps of shock, but just as the day before in the Three Broomsticks the two boys were unaware of anything past each other. Draco was really getting into it, enjoying the feeling of Harry's extremely talented tongue against his own and wondering how Harry would react if he starting sucking on his neck with abandon, when a voice crashed into their dream, bringing them back to reality.

"Five points from Gryffindor for that outrageous display, Potter." The two boys broke apart to find Snape staring down at them and giving them a Look. "And five points from Slytherin for having the indecency to snog a Gryffindor." who had been scandalized at the strange turn of events that the boy's relationship had taken, was now decidedly amused at the twin glares he was receiving from Potter and Malfoy. He merely smirked at them, and turned and left in a billow of robes.

Draco and Harry looked around to find most of the Great Hall staring at them with a mixture of jealousy and lust, especially Ginny and Seamus, who had watched the whole thing up close and personal. The big exceptions were Hermione, who looked vaguely horrified, and Ron, who looked completely horrified, especially due to the fact that Harry had initiated the kiss. Draco shot Ron a wicked smirk.

"Like that, did you, Weasley? Gives you something nice and racy to think about in your more private moments besides Grang - " Harry promptly clapped a hand over Draco's mouth.

"Quiet, you. Stop taunting Ron." Keeping one hand firmly over Draco's mouth, he looked at his fellow Gryffindors. "So what are we doing this afternoon?"

"Hhhrrmmph...mmrtt mrree ggmrph" A series of unintelligible murmuring was coming from Draco's mouth, but Harry kept his hand firmly in place. "Dean, Seamus, Ginny? It's gorgeous out. What should we do?"

"Football?" Dean Thomas, who was muggle born, was a huge football fan and had taught most of Gryffindor tower how to play. Harry beamed.

"Perfect. You guys all in?" Draco's eyes became very wide and he started sputtering against Harry's hand. The assorted Gryffindors, even Hermione, nodded, and Dean left to go get the football from his room. Harry turned to Draco. "Let's go, I'll explain the rules on our way out." Against his better judgment he took his hand off Draco's mouth.

Draco promptly started yelling at him. "Harry, football is a muggle game!"

Harry looked at him nonchalantly. "And?"

"You can't possibly expect *me* to play a muggle game! I'm a pure-blood wizard! And a Malfoy! And a -"

"Malfoy, shut up. Let's go." And he dragged the protesting Slytherin kicking and screaming outside to play muggle football with a group of very amused Gryffindors.

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Draco would never admit it to anyone, ever, not in his entire life, but he had had fun playing football with the Gryffindors. Of course he pretended disdain and irritation at the lack of broomsticks and magic, but when it came down to it football was a very fun game, and he had turned out to be quite good at it. Besides that, for the first time he haa sport on Harry's team, and between the two of them they had soundly beaten the other team.

He was now on his way to Gryffindor tower, of all bloody places, to do homework with Harry and company. *I must be crazy. I'm willingly hanging out with Gryffindors. Oh, the horror*. Draco knew what he was doing, though. He was planning on snogging Harry some more. That boy could kiss, and Draco would gladly have put up with an entire herd of Gryffindors for a chance at some more action from Harry.

He was walking down a little used corridor when he became aware of footsteps behind him. Before he could react he felt someone grab his arm and whirl him around. Draco's stomach fell into his feet when he realized he was face to face with Terry Boot in a deserted corridor.

"Draco, how nice to see you."

"Get your funds off me, Boot."

"Tsk, tsk. And here I would have thought going out with the famous Gryffindor Golden Boy would have taught you some manners."

"I'm warning you, Boot. Get your hands off me."

"Why, Draco? You never used to mind my hands on you. In fact, if I remember correctly, you used to like it a lot."

Draco was trembling mostly with fury, but a little in terror. Boot had probably five inches and forty pounds on Draco, and Draco wasn't fooling himself on who would win a physical scuffle between them. From past experience, he already knew the answer. He went for his wand.

Boot grabbed his arms and pinned them behind his back. "Really, Draco, you don't need your wand. I'm just here to talk. To find out the truth behind your relationship with Potter."

"What are you talking about?"

"I *know* you, Draco. You would never go for Potter. I don't believe you'd ever go out with him. And maybe you can fool your father and the entire school, but you can't fool me." He leaned in and whispered in Draco's ear. "You can't fool someone who loves you."

Draco glared up at him. "Fuck you, Boot." He struggled to break out of Terry's grasp. Terry held him tighter.

"It doesn't have to be like this, Draco. Why don't you just give in? I know you want me, not Potter. I can see it in your eyes." Terry was staring a very hungry look in his eyes, and Draco felt a moment of real panic and closed his eyes to avoid the look in Terry's.

"Get your hands off him. NOW." Draco's eyes popped open, and he felt relief and gratitude surge through him. Harry Potter was standing next to Boot, wand pointed straight at his head, his green eyes shining with fury.

Boot immediately released Draco. A furious Harry Potter was not something that any student at Hogwarts ever wanted to deal with. "Um, Harry, what a pleasant surprise!"

"Shut the fuck up, Boot. What the hell did you think you were doing to Draco?" Harry did not lower his wand. Terry gulped and stuttered, fear obvious in his eyes.

Draco gave him a nasty glare. "Terry here doesn't believe you're really my boyfriend. He was trying to...*persuade*
"Really." Harry was still starting Terry straight in the eyes, wand pointed at his head. "Sorry, Boot, but I'm afraid you're out of luck. Draco *is* my boyfriend. And I think you should know that I take very good care of the people close to me. I'm not in the habit of letting anyone hurt them."

"Potter, look, I-"

"Shut up and listen. This is your lucky day. I'm letting you off with a warning. But I promise you, if you ever attempt to get at Draco again, I'll make you wish you were dead. Now get out of here before I change my mind." He didn't need to tell Terry twice before he took off running down the corridor.

Harry turned back to Draco. "You alright?"

Draco let out a slightly shuddery breath. "Yeah. Stupid bastard." He and Harry began walking down the corridor in the direction of Gryffindor tower. "Thanks for the save there, Potter. I think you scared the hell out of Boot." Harry just shrugged.

"The one major upside of being the Boy-Who-Lived and fighting Voldemort all those sodding times. People are terrified of you."

Draco gave him a wry grin. "How did you find me?"

Harry hesitated for a moment. There were two reasons - one, he had been a little concerned that Draco didn't know the way to Gryffindor Tower. The second, however, was that several of the Gryffindors, most notably Seamus, had been flirting very shamelessly with Harry, and Harry, still not completely comfortable with his newfound sex god status, had made the excuse that he

needed to go find Draco and took off running. However, he cringed at the thought of explaining it, thinking that it im sound arrogant, so he settled for just the first part.

"You were taking a long time, and I was worried you didn't know the way, so I went looking for you." Draco had a feeling there was more to it, but didn't question Harry. He simply nodded and they continued walking to Gryffindor tower, each lost in thoughts of the other.

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Chapter: 7

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Dragon Tamer

Chapter 7: In Gryffindor Tower

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It was a very peaceful scene in the Gryffindor common room, with most people caught up in the last bits of homework they hadn't finished yet that weekend. Harry and company had commandeered the couch and chairs in front of the fire. Ron and Dean were playing chess while Hermione leafed through a huge book, muttering to herself about ancient runes. Seamus was alternately working on a Care of Magical Creatures essay and casting longing glances at Harry. Harry and Draco were snuggled up together on the couch, Harry's head in Draco's lap. Harry was reading a chapter for Transfiguration while Draco (having finished his homework long ago) was reading ahead in his potions textbook. Draco was absently running his fingers through Harry's hair, who was secretly loving it and secretly very glad they had decided to act cuddly and affectionate as part of the whole "boyfriends" farce.

"Checkmate!" The triumphant shout came from Ron. Draco looked up with a start, but none of the Gryffindors so much as budged.

"Dammit. I thought I was so close, too." Dean heaved a big sigh. "Oh well. It's not like anyone ever beats you anyway, Ron."

Draco was very curious. "The Weasel here is good at chess?" Harry reached up and smacked his arm. "OW! Fine, *Weasley*. You don't have to beat me over it, you brute."

"Do you play, Malfoy?" Ron was always interested in acquiring new victims...er, competition.

"Yes, as a matter of fact, I do. And I'm very good."

"Modest, too. Fancy a game? I'd love a chance to beat the amazing, chess-playing ferret."

"Watch your mouth, Weasley." Draco waited for Harry's response and got nothing. "Potter, what is this? I call him Weasel and you assault me, and he calls me ferret and you do nothing?"

Harry shrugged. "You started it." Ron gave him a victorious smirk, and in return Draco gave him an icy glare.

"Fine, Weasley, let's play. I'm going to beat the crap out of you and make you very sorry you started this." Draco got up from the couch, much to Harry's disappointment, and joined Ron and Dean on big squashy pillows on the floor.

"Much as I want to see you two take each other on, I just finished my essay. Do you have something we can all play?" Seamus was joining the group. Dean nodded his assent and looked thoughtful.

"I have some games up in my room."

"Ooooh, how about Monopoly?" Dean had brought several Muggle games back from home, complainihe got sick of Exploding Snap and Wizard's chess. Ron had taken a particular liking to Monopoly. Dean laughed and ran up to the room to get the game.

Draco looked skeptical. "What's Monopoly?"

Seamus answered. "It's a game, Malfoy, where you move around a board and buy houses and draw cards and other stuff."

"Gee, thanks, Finnigan, that cleared everything right up." Draco gave the Gryffindors a suspicious look. "Wizard or Muggle?"

"Muggle," said Dean, returning from the dormitory with the game in hand.

"*Another* Muggle game?" Draco was positively scandalized. "What the hell is wrong with you Gryffindors? No way. I already played one Muggle game today. I'm not playing another, or I might as well dye my hair red, have too many children and call myself a Weasley."

"Draco Malfoy, what did you just say?" Harry's voice rang out warningly from the couch where he was studying.

Busted. Draco winced and adopted a tone of voice that was overly cheery and just a little sarcastic. "Um, nothing Harry! I was just talking with your *lovely* friends here about this...game...we're going to play."

"I'm sure." Harry sounded a little skeptical. "You just play nice and behave yourself."

Ron, Dean, Seamus, and rmione from her spot on the chair were all smirking at Draco. Every single one of them, especially Ron, found it immensely entertaining to watch the snotty little brat catch hell from Harry. Draco glared back.

"Fine, someone tell me the bloody rules to this stupid game. I'm sure it's just absolutely *loads* of fun. Besides, I think this is going to be my new favorite thing in the world. Forget spells and broomsticks and magic, oh no, I'd rather be playing sodding Muggle games with the Gryffindors."

"Malfoy, I told you to behave. Don't make me come over there." Harry scolded, paging through

one of his transfiguration textbooks. Draco shot him a dirty look and went into a sulk. Seamus eyed Harry with obvious interest.

"So, Harry, you still call Malfoy here by his surname sometimes?" Seamus was not bothering to hide the fact that he was blatantly checking out Harry.

"Only when he's in trouble." Harry responded, turning a page. Ron and Dean snickered, and Draco rolled his eyes, his cheeks slightly flushed.

Seamus grinned slyly. "Hey Harry," he said, in a low voice brimming with innuendo, "If I make some nasty comments about Muggle games, does that mean *I'll* get in trouble with you too? Because if that's the case, then Muggle games *suck*." Ron and Dean groaned at Seamus's obvious insinuation.

"Seamus, don't be silly, of course no - OH!" Harry blushed bright red as the flirtatious nature of the statement hit him. He quickly immersed himself back in his book as Seamus shot him a cheeky grin. Draco was livid.

"Finnagin, I promise you, if you don't stop flirting with my boyfriend you will most definitely be in trouble - with me. And I assure you that I am not fun to get in trouble with the way Harry is." Draco gave Seamus a very nasty look, and Seamus backed down with d apology.

"So anyway, about this godforsaken Muggle thing you blokes are calling a game," Draco said pointedly, turning to Dean.

"Ah, yes, right, well you see, we each select our pieces to start out with, and then - " Dean went on to explain the rules of Monopoly to the group, and soon a game was underway.

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Harry, due to Draco's earlier outburst at Seamus, was utterly distracted. He had already come to terms with the fact that he found Draco's possessive side disturbingly hot, even if it was faked. After about thirty minutes of trying to read his textbook and failing miserably, as he was unable to comprehend anything that wasn't blonde and Slytherin and currently laying on its stomach playing Monopoly, he gave up and joined the group.

Harry happily sprawled out practically on top of Draco, and ignored the slightly disgusted look Ron was giving him in favor of leaning in and nuzzling Draco's ear. "So who's winning?" he asked, taking the opportunity to kiss Draco on the cheek. Draco, who had been distracted when Harry came over, was now utterly frozen, as Harry's lips had started travelling from his cheek down his neck. Harry, meanwhile, was delighted by how soft and yummy-smelling Draco's neck was, and very pleased that Draco appeared to take this all in stride as part of "Harry the Affectionate Boyfriend" act.

Ron made a face. "Oh, for Merlin's sake, stop that Harry, it's gross." Harry stopped and both he and Draco scowled at Ron, who was quite impressed. If he hadn't known the truth, he would have been utterly convinced that they were really, truly dying to shag each other. "And if you must know, Malfoy's winning, the bastard."

"Well, of course I'm winning! This is a game about acquiring a good deal of money and property, something at which a Malfoy naturally excels. And the Weasel, here, of course, is losing, because acquiring money is something at which a Weasley naturally fails." Draco was irritated with Ron for interrupting Harry'sand the words left his mouth before he really thought them through. He had just enough time to register the thought that Harry was probably going to be pissed with him when he found his arms pinned behind his back and felt a hard smack on his ass.

"Ow! Take your hands off me, you beast!" Draco was having horrible flashbacks of the incident in the Great Hall. "Let me go!" Draco commanded, but his imperious tone of voice and valiant struggles were all in vain. Harry had no intention of letting him go anywhere.

"Draco Malfoy, you're in big trouble. Apologize to Ron!" Yeah, Harry was pissed. Ron, Dean and Seamus grinned and sat back to enjoy the show.

"NO!" Harry smacked him again. "Ow, *Harry*!"

"Yes! You owe Ron a huge apology."

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Draco summoned up all the dignity he could muster from his position pinned to the floor and stated haughtily, "Malfoys don't apologize."

Harry smacked him hard, and Draco let out a very undignified squeak. "*My* Malfoy apologizes. Furthermore, if you don't apologize *right now*, I'm going to drag you across my knee in front of

everyone here in the common room and *make* you apologize."

Draco blanched and glared at Harry. "You wouldn't dare."

Harry looked at him severely. "Of course I would. You want to act like a bratty little kid then I'll treat you like one. Now this is your last chance. *Apologize*</fontt color="Black">."

"Don't I even get the lecture about this hurting you more than it hurts me?"

That just earned him another smack, and Draco yelped. "No. This doesn't hurt me at all. But fine, Malfoy, have it your way." He began to pull the struggling blonde across his lap, to the immense delight of the other Gryffindors.

"Harry, wait - I'll apologize, I'll apologize!!" As much as Draco did not want to apologize to Ron, he realized Harry was quite serious, and Draco really didn't want to be humiliated in front of the entire Gryffindor common room. "Weasley, I'm sorry," he spat.

Ron had a very gratified smirk on his face. "I don't know if that's good enough, Malfoy. I'm not sure I'm convinced you've learned your lesson." Seamus and Dean sniggered appreciatively. "But I'm feeling generous today, so what thApology accepted." Harry released Draco, who sat up on his knees, crossed his arms over his chest, and looked sulky. He gave Ron an icy glare and then turned to Harry.

"You really are a bastard, you know that Potter?"

"That hurts, Malfoy, it really does. I'm only doing this for your own good." Harry couldn't quite keep a straight face when saying those words.

"A likely story. You're only doing this for your own entertainment. Prick." Now Draco was pouting, a look that Harry found almost irresistibly adorable. "I thought you Gryffindors were supposed to be all noble and brave. Wait till the word gets out that you're really just a bunch of kinky little freaks."

"Draco, don't be so melodramatic. I did warn you what would happen if you insisted on mouthing off." He gave into temptation and reached out and ruffled Dair. "Besides, you are so

cute when you're sulky."

Draco yanked away. "Sod off, Potter. Don't call me cute. And don't mess up my hair."

Harry just stared at Draco with a hungry look in his eyes. "But you are cute. And I like your hair messy." At the predatory look on Harry's face Draco felt his anger melting into a different feeling altogether. He decided he wasn't really mad enough to stop him from getting some action from Harry.

"So am I all forgiven? Do we get to kiss and make up?" Draco may have just been notably scolded before a group of Gryffindors but that wasn't going to stop him exploiting the situation to score a snog.

Harry shot him a wicked grin. "Of course we do." Privately Harry thought Draco looked extremely hot when he was grumpy and put out, but then, truthfully, he was finding it hard to find situatwhich he didn't find the blonde extremely hot. He promptly tackled Draco, knocking him onto his back and thoroughly ravishing his mouth. Draco threw his head back and moaned softly while Harry trailed kisses down his neck, to the delight of Seamus and many of the other Gryffindors now watching the scene, but to the complete horror of Ron.

Ron was giving them an absolutely disgusted look. "Oh, get a room, you two."

"An excellent suggestion, Ron," Harry said, panting. Momentarily forgetting that he and Draco were supposed to be faking everything, he grabbed Draco's arm and bounded up the stairs into the boy's dormitory, pulling Draco along behind him. He threw Draco into the room, slammed the door shut behind him, and starting stalking towards Draco, intent on throwing him down on the bed and pouncing on him. Draco's eyes opened wide, and his breathing hitched. Was Harry about to kiss him for real? He closed his eyes, heart pounding, trembling in anticipation - but nothing happened.

Feeling incredibly disappointed, Draco opened his eyes to see Harry walking over to a bed and sitting down, looking flushed and out of breath but unfornot pouncing on Draco. Draco of course, had no idea that Harry had finally remembered they were supposed to be pretending, and had gone to sit down to try and slow his pulse down. He was struggling against every bone in his body to keep his hands and lips off Draco. Draco inwardly screamed in frustration but remained composed and sat down on the bed next to Harry, looking cool as a cucumber. Harry marveled at how Draco could so easily pretend to be passionately aroused and then just turn it off the minute they were alone.

"This your bed?"

"Uh-huh," Harry mumbled, not trusting himself to speak. Draco glanced around the room, and found that, although decorated in a ridiculous amount of red, it was a nice room, very comfortable. Just like the Slytherin dorms, actually. He took a good look at Harry, who was still breathing hard, and felt the distinct urge to tease him.

"So, Potter," Draco said coyly, "Now that you've got me here, whatever are you going to do with me?" Harry promptly flushed scarlet at the innuendo, because a million ideas of completely indecent things he wanted to do with Draco flooded his minying Harry's blush, Draco stole another look around the room, but found nothing to look at that was nearly as appealing as Harry. Deciding it was definitely time to engage in some more Harry action, Draco's Slytherin nature slithered to the surface.

"Very good idea of yours, running into your room. I think it looked very convincing, and I'm sure everyone in the common room saw us." Harry merely nodded, content to let Draco think it had been strategic thinking, not pure hormones on his part. "Your housemates will probably be up shortly, though, so we probably need to make it look like we've been really busy in here."

Harry took in a sharp breath. "Oh?" He waited with baited breath to hear what Draco was going to propose.

Draco smirked. "Well, yes, I mean, you *did* drag me in here, looking for all intents and purposes like you were going to ravish the living daylights out of me." Harry blushed even harder and mumbled something unintelligible. "Come on, it would look suspicious if your dorm mates come up and we're just sitting here talking. Let's maook convincing. Shirt off."

"What?" Harry just blinked at him.

"I said take your shirt off. If we were really lovers you don't think I'd honestly let you keep it on, do you?" Harry acquiesced that Draco made a good point, and stood up and pulled his shirt over his head. Draco congratulated himself on a great scheme to sneak a peek at Harry. He had steeled himself not to show any reaction lest Harry become suspicious of his true motives, but he felt his eyes grow wide and his breathing hitch at the sight of Harry's bare torso. Hard, lean muscles under velvety golden skin met his eyes, and Draco had the fleeting thought that if anyone ever truly looked the part of a hero, it was Harry Potter.

"Merlin, Potter, work out much?" Draco hoped by teasing Harry he could unsettle Potter as much as he was himself. Harry crossed his arms over his chest self-consciously.

"Just Quidditch," he muttered. He looked at Draco, and decided that if he was going to be shirtless, he was at least getting a peek at the famous Malfoy physique. "Your turn, Draco. I promise, if I had dragged you in here with the intent of ravishing you your clothes wouldn't stand a chance. You would have been fully de-robed within thirty seconds of entering this room." To his horror Draco felt a light blush on his own cheeks as his mind entertained delicious scenarios of being ravished by one Harry Potter. He quickly unbuttoned his shirt and threw it on the floor next to Harry's.

Harry felt his mouth go dry. Draco's body, like his hair and gorgeous aristocratic features, was legendary among the Hogwarts students, and Harry found that none of the stories he had heard were an exaggeration. Draco was of a slightly more slender build then Harry himself, but his muscles were just as hard and defined, and with his pale skin glowing flawlessly against Harry's scarlet comforter he looked otherworldly, too good to be human. Harry found himself fighting a very difficult battle against his own body not to respond to what he was seeing.

Unlike Harry, Draco was fully conscious of how good he looked without his clothes, and had no problems with Harry staring at him. He took advantage of Harry's silence to stretch out on the bed. "Well, come on, Potter, I know I'm gorgeous and all, but put your tongue back outh. Or better yet, put it in mine. Your roommates are going to be bursting in here any second. We better start snogging now if we're going to look convincing when they come in."

It was a really lame excuse, Draco knew, but he didn't care. He was frantic to feel Harry's lips against his own, and frantic to run his hands over Harry's skin. At his words, Harry had looked at him disbelievingly (Draco had no idea this was because Harry thought his words were too good to be true), and Draco had a moment of panic that Harry would back out, or leave the room, or simply refuse to kiss Draco. However, all his fears vanished when Harry lay down next to Draco and ran a hand up his arm.

"Right then. Oh, and Malfoy, I think we shouldn't hold back, you know. We need to look properly snogged out." Harry prayed that Draco would accept this excuse, because he knew he wouldn't be able to keep his hands from traveling over every inch of Draco's skin and he didn't want to have to control himself. To Harry's delight, Draco nodded and leaned down, pressing his lips to Harry's and running one hand through Harry's hair.

As Draco kissed Harry, softly at first gradually building intensity, Harry had the vague thought that heaven must consist of nothing but making out Draco Malfoy. He gasped aloud when Draco rolled on top of Harry and their bare chests made contact for the first time. Prickles of electricity were traveling all over Harry's body, and he responded by running his hands up and down Draco's back, enjoying the feel of hard muscles under impossibly soft skin. Draco shuddered and began to kiss down Harry's neck, his hands alternating between silky black hair and Harry's well-developed torso.

Draco's touches were driving Harry crazy. He hauled Draco over, switching their positions and forcing the blonde onto his back on the mattress. He attacked Draco's neck, licking and sucking and gently biting while his hands traveled over erect nipples and Draco's sensitive stomach. Draco moaned, a sound that drove Harry crazy. He was trying his hardest to keep the knowledge from Draco, but fighting his arousal with Draco shuddering beneath him was literally harder then fighting off the Imperious curse.

Draco reached up and grabbed Harry, pulling him down taut against his own body, sucking on his neck and scraping his nails lightly down Harry's back. At that instant, two things happened simultaneously: Seamus and Dean burst into the room, and Harry lost the battle with his body. Harry sprung off Draco and laid next to him on his stomach, burying his head and flushed cheeks into a pillow. Harified, not by Seamus and Dean walking in but by what had just happened. He was praying that he had jumped off of Draco before the blonde had noticed anything amiss.

Harry sneaked a look at Draco, who looked completely unflustered and in control of the situation. He breathed a sigh of relief - surely if Draco had felt anything, he wouldn't look so calm and collected, right? He would at least be yelling at Harry, or calling him a pervert, or mocking him, or something. Instead, the blonde was fixing Dean and Seamus with a haughty look.

"Don't you Gryffindors know how to *knock*?" Dean rolled his eyes while Seamus kept his eyes on Harry.

"Not on the door to our own room. Besides, we came up here to tell you its curfew, so Malfoy here might want to be getting back to Slytherin territory." Draco heaved a sigh but got off the bed, grabbing his shirt from the floor and putting it back on, buttoning enough to buttons to hold it together. He turned to leave.

"Wait, Draco, I"ll walk you out." Harry had finally recovered control over his body, and stood up to look for his shirt. Seamus squealed and opened his mouth to speak.

"Not one word, Finnigan, or I'll hex you into next week," Draco snarled. Seamus didn't flinch, but he did close his mouth, never taking his eyes off Harry. Harry flushed slightly and quickly threw on his shirt, and he and Draco walked downstairs, through the common room to the portrait, receiving many stares from the Gryffindors. Harry supposed they must have looked pretty obvious and completely snogged out, but he didn't care. He and Draco stepped outside, and Harry closed the door behind him.

"So..." Harry began, still a little uneasy. He wasn't sure if Draco had felt anything earlier, because if he had, Harry was sure he'd have some explaining to do. Draco seemed totally oblivious, however, and Harry breathed a sigh of relief.

"Well, Potter, now that I've hung out with you godforsaken g-shoes, I think you owe me an afternoon with the Slytherins sometime. It's going to take a lot of evilness to undue the damage of this afternoon. Honestly, Muggle games?"

Harry shook his head. "You're such a prat, Malfoy. You know that, right?"

"*I'm* a prat? That's a bit rich, coming from a guy who had me pinned practically over his knee in front of the entire Gryffindor common room." Harry smirked at him, obviously not in the least bit sorry. "You do realize I'm going to be getting revenge for that little stunt, right?"

"You're all talk, Malfoy. I'm not scared of you."

"Just don't say I didn't warn you. Goodnight Harry," Draco started walking back to Slytherin territory.

"Night, Draco." Harry watched him leave, then happily went back inside Gryffindor tower, feeling at ease and secure that his little mishap earlier had gone completely unnoticed by Draco.

He couldn't have been more wrong.

Draco had noticed **everything**.

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Chapter: 8

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Dragon Tamer

Chapter 8: Back in Classes

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The next morning came bright and early as always, and amid the myriad of mostly irritable students waking up, dreading Monday and the return to classes, a certain blonde Slytherin was smiling wickedly to himself.

Harry's little (well, maybe not *little*) problem the night before had made itself known loud and clear to Draco. He had pretended not to notice so that Harry would relax, but now that he knew that Potter was actually turned on by their little snog sessions he had every intention of taking things to the next level. He felt a warm heat run through his body at the idea. If Potter's kisses were anything to go by then the Boy-Who-Lived would be a maniac in bed.

He had toyed with the idea of just sneaking back into Gryffindor tower that night and taking Harry by surprise, but decided it would be more fun to torment and tease him for awhile. No way was he giving up this power over Harry so easily. Besides, he definitely wanted revenge for the humiliation he had suffered at Potter's hands over the past couple days.

He smirked evilly. *Lookout, Harry Potter. Your life just got a hell of a lot more interesting. You're about to be officially driven out of your mind.*

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Harry was happily enjoying his breakfast, talking with Ron and Hermione about the upcoming Quidditch match against Ravenclaw that weekend, when he saw Draco saunter into the Great Hall, fashionably late and looking more edible than anything on the breakfast table. Harry's eyes lit up, and Ron and Hermione turned to see what had caused this reaction. Upon seeing the Slytherin, Ron groaned audibly and leaned in to whisper to Harry.

"Harry, please tell me that the goofy look on your face is all part of the act, and that you're not actually falling for that horrible little ferret."

Harry looked mildly affronted. "He's not horrible, Ron, he's actually quite funny and even nice when you get him alone." He paused. "And I do not have a goofy look on my face."

"Oh yes, you do," Hermione said sternly. "I think Ron's right. I think you're not acting anymore."

Harry narrowed his eyes, and was about to say something slightly cutting and steeped in denial when Draco caught his eye from across the hall. Draco sent Harry his most seductive smile and bedroom eyes, and Harry felt his cheeks flush as heat rushed through his body. Needless to say, this did not go unnoticed by his two dearest friends.

"All he has to do is smile at you and you blush like a schoolgirl. You're hopelessly smitten, mate." Ron grimaced. "And with Malfoy, of all people. It's hideous."

"Oh Ron, don't be so dramatic. I actually think it's kind of cute." At Hermione's words, both Ron and Harry chocked in surprise.

"What?" Harry couldn't believe his ears. "I thought you hated Malfoy."

Hermione looked thoughtful. "Well, I thought I did too, but yesterday he was actually kind of pleasant to be around, at times. He's really very smart, and he's got a rather funny sense of humor when the comments aren't personal."

Ron was shaking his head in disbelief. "Hermione, are you mental? The only reason Malfoy is

even being civil to us is because he's dead scared of what Harry will do to him if he acts up."

"I don't know, Ron. He may have changed a bit. He hasn't called me a Mudblood since fifth year, long before he and Harry supposedly hooked up."

"I'm telling you, Hermione, right now Malfoy's being nice because he's scared that Harry will dump him otherwise and he'll end up marrying Parkinson. If he and Harry were a real couple, he wouldn't have to be nice."

"Yes, he would," said Harry firmly. "You guys are my best friends. I would never let him be mean to you two. Besides, he needs me at least for the rest of the year, so that guarantees you a nice, tame Malfoy until June. Well, maybe not "nice" and "tame," but -

Harry never got to finish his thought because at that moment he was interrupted by the arrival of Owl Post. Hermione looked up expectantly to receive her copy of the Daily Prophet. She paid the owl, unrolled the paper - and gasped aloud in shock.

"Harry! What on earth is ?" Around the Great Hall, similar gasps were being heard as many students found themselves staring at the front page of the Prophet, which featured a large, moving picture of Harry and Draco's first kiss at the Three Broomsticks.

BOY WHO LIVED IN LOVE! blared the headline, followed by a short article about Harry and Draco's 'against all odds' romance. Harry snatched the paper out of Hermione's hands, and stared at the picture. He found himself enthralled by the image - neither of them looked like they were faking, that was for sure. "Hey Hermione, can I have this?"

Hermione snatched it back out of his hands. "No, you can't." She skimmed the article. "They quoted you, Harry. Did you really speak to reporters about this?"

"Well, maybe," Harry admitted, a little sheepishly, and relayed the story to Hermione and Ron. Ron looked grossed out again, but Hermione looked mildly impressed.

"I wish I could be at Malfoy Manor when Malfoy senior gets a copy of this. He's going to freak." The three Gryffindors grinned at each other as they were joined by a drawling voice from above.

"Yes, he most certainly is," Draco said, sliding into a free spot next to Harry, snaking an arm around his waist and handing him a copy of the Prophet. "Here you are, love, since Granger here won't share. Although, do you really need it? You know you can have the real thing any time you want," he said, lowering his voice and speaking into Harry's ear. Harry flushed, and inwardly, Draco smirked. All he had to do was flirt a little with Harry, and Harry was a blushing, stuttering wreck. He was truly smitten. This was going to be fun.

"Aren't you worried, Malfoy? I mean, isn't your dad going to be angry?" Ron couldn't help but ask.

"Ah, but what is Daddy's anger in the face of true love?" he sighed dramatically, speaking loud enough for several nearby students to overhear, causing a flutter of &ld romantic!" to run through the Gryffindor girls. Conscious of the many eyes on the pair of them, all across the Great Hall, he leaned in and brushed his lips lightly over Harry's. Harry reached up to deepen the kiss, but Draco pulled away and whispered in a silky voice.

"Harry, love, I can't help it, that picture has me all hot and bothered. Can we go?" To accentuate his point he grabbed Harry's hand and began tugging him out of the Great Hall as many eyes followed the pair. Harry, who was still in a bit of a daze at the thought of a 'hot and bothered' Draco, made no protests.

Draco led him down to just outside the potions classroom, their first class, and pushed him up against a nearby wall. Harry closed his eyes, waiting for Draco's lips on his own, but Draco wasn't about to give it up so easily. He leaned his body onto Harry's, positioning himself between Harry's legs and bringing his entire torso flush with the trembling Gryffindor's. He slipped his arms around Harry's waist, sliding them under his shirt onto the bare skin of Harry's back. He brought his lips within inches of Harry's ear and then spoke, his voice barely a whisper.

"Wait? F-for what?" he stuttered. Draco smiled to himself, taking in Harry's trembling body and shaky voice. Oh yes, Harry had it for him bad. How did he not see it sooner?

"Until we hear people coming, of course. No need to start kissing before that, is there?" He grinned triumphantly as he heard a soft, disappointed groan escape from Harry. Teasing the green-eyed hero was more fun than he had even imagined. He traced his fingers ever so slightly across the smooth skin of Harry's back and shifted his body against Harry's, enjoying the way Harry's breathing hitched every time he moved.

He wasn't prepared, however, for Harry to retaliate. Harry reached out with his hands and ran them through Draco's hair. "Your hair is so nice, Malfoy, you lucky sod. Feels like silk," he said in a slightly awed tone of voice. Draco closed his eyes and allowed himself to enjoy the sensation of Harry's hands sliding through his hair. It was true that he had received compl his hair his entire life. Somehow, however, when the compliment came from Harry it had the effect of turning him into a puddle of mush.

He felt Harry's hands travel down to the small of his back and pull him closer, and he had to bite his lip to try to stifle the moan that threatened to escape him. *You stop that right now. He doesn't know that you want him, but he'll figure it out soon enough if you don't keep quiet,* he scolded himself. The two of them stood there, in each other's arms, faces inches apart, desperate to kiss but holding themselves back, when they heard what both suddenly considered to be the most beautiful sound in the world - footsteps.

Harry tore into Draco's mouth, tightening his arms around the Slytherin's waist and almost knocking the wind out of Draco. Draco responded by pushing Harry back against the wall and ravishing the Gryffindor in the most intense kiss the two had shared yet. Draco, knowing that Harry was truly enjoying himself, felt free to do whatever he liked to the raven-haired boy underneath him and began biting and sucking his neck, running his hands over Harry's chest and stomach under his t-shirt.

Harry responded by pulling Draco's shirt out of his trousers, and snaking his hands up Draco's back. Draco bit down on a particularly sensitive spot on Harry's neck and skillfully moved himself against Harry to create friction in all the right places, causing the Gryffindor to gasp and shudder. He grabbed onto the blonde tightly, his nails trailing down Draco's back, not hard enough to break skin, but hard enough to leave a mark. Draco couldn't fight the moan back any longer, and pressed his mouth back against Harry's.

"Mr. Potter, Mr. Malfoy - Stop this at once! I have already been assaulted once today by your horrible picture in the Prophet, I refuse to have to deal with it outside my classroom! Twenty points each from Gryffindor and Slytherin." At Snape's words Harry and Draco broke apart, faces flushed, desire apparent in both their eyes, to find a large crowd of their classmates staring at them. Harry fought back a blush while Draco somehow managed to look completely nonchalant.

They filed into the classroom along with everyone else. Harry started to head towards his regular seat by Ron and Hermione and the rest of the Gryffindors, but Draco grabbed his hand and pulled him over to the Slytherin side of the class and deposited him in the chair next to his own. Harry gave him a rather sk at being forced to sit with the Slytherins.

"Don't you give me that look, Harry Potter. You made me spend the entire day yesterday playing muggle games with Gryffindors. It's your turn to play nicely with *my* friends." Blaise and Pansy, who were sitting behind them, snickered appreciatively. Harry's look became decidedly sulkier.

"You didn't play all that nicely with my friends," Harry pointed out. "You kept making snide remarks to Ron." Draco raised an eyebrow at him.

"And if I recall I was well scolded for it. Don't think I won't do the same for you if you don't behave yourself around my friends."

"I'm the Gryffindor, here. I always behave."

"No, you don't. Besides, if you get to make a rule that I have to be nice to your friends, it's only fair that the rule goes both ways."

"In case you hadn't noticed, I'm Harry Potter. I don't exactly play by the rules," Harry said haughtily, imitating Draco's aristocratic drawl remarkably well.

Despite himself, Draco grinned. "You'll play by my rules, Potter, or you'll suffer the consequences. And I'm a Slytherin and a Malfoy. I assure you that I can come up with consequences that are much worse than anything you can think of."

Harry opened his mouth to retort, but Snape had begun to lecture. He settled for an eye-roll at Draco. Snape droned on for about 30 minutes about the properties of some potion or other. Harry had completely spaced out and was reviewing Quidditch strategies for his upcoming match against Ravenclaw when he felt a hand on his leg.

Fighting down his reflex to jump, he snuck a glance at Draco sitting next to him. Draco had a very innocent expression on his face and seemed completely enraptured by whatever Snape was talking about, but without taking his eyes away from Snape he slowly began inching his hand up Harry's leg.

Harry's breathing hitched. He didn't know why exactly Draco had his hand on his leg but it was driving him crazy. He felt Draco's talented fingers lightly tracing circles on the inside of his thigh, and he fought to remain in control. Draco's face didn't change as he teased Harry, but

Harry wasn't sure how much longer he could last before he grabbed that maddening hand and smothered the owner with kisses.

"Potter? Mr. Potter! For Merlin's sake would you please pay attention? I asked you a question! Ten points from Gryffindor for being unable to focus in my class!"

Harry blinked. "Sorry Professor," he muttered under his breath, shooting a glare at Draco, who was completely unphased.

"I can answer the question, Professor Snape. I've been paying *very* close attention," Draco drawled. "The answer is five drops of dragon's blood."

Snape favored his student with a friendly glance. "That is correct, Mr. Malfoy. I'm glad to see that your relationship with Potter here hasn't addled your brains. Ten points to Slytherin." He went back to the board to continue the lecture, and Harry turned to glare at Draco.

"You could have told me the answer, you stupid prat!" he hissed in a whisper, annoyed. "You did that on purpose!"

Draco smirked at him. "Of course I did." At Harry's irritated look his smirk became a grin. "But I only did it because you're so cute when you're sulky," happily quoting back Harry's words at him. Harry glared.

"Don't call me cute, Malfoy," he snarled, and Draco had to bite his lip to keep from laughing.

"Not so much fun on the other side, is it Potter?" Harry refused to dignify that remark with an answer and turned back to pretend to listen to Snape.

Snape finally finished up his lecture and then told them to work with their partners to make the potion. Harry thought idly to himself that this was the first time he wasn't going to mind working with Malfoy. Draco was thinking along the same line, but to their disappointment, Snape had other ideas.

"Potter, Malfoy, if you think for one second I am going to let the two of you work together you are sadly mistaken. I refuse to run the risk of subjecting this class to another one of your

displays." Snape ignored the twin scowls being sent his way. "Mr. Malfoy, you can work with Miss Parkinson, and Potter, you're with Zabini. Now everyone, get to work!"

Pansy shrugged and moved her stuff beside Draco. Blaise, on the other hand, looked like the proverbial cat that swallowed the canary as Harry moved into the seat next to him. Harry and Pansy went off to collect the needed ingredients for the potion, and Draco took the opportunity to give Blaise a warning.

"Don't even think about flirting with my boyfriend, Zabini."

"Temper, temper, Draco. I'm sure Harry can take care of himself," Blaise said back with a wink. Blaise was the only person Draco had trusted with the truth about his and Harry's relationship. He and Blaise were still close friends, despite their romantic history. Draco knew that Blaise would understand. And understand he did. Unfortunately, Blaise had also understood that that meant Harry was actually, technically single, and therefore available.

<fontlack">Draco growled, and would have marched over to the table to tell his ex-boyfriend off but Harry and Pansy had returned. Draco sent Blaise a death glare and set about making the potion with Pansy.

Now, Harry Potter was well known for being oblivious to advances from other students. Being completely unaware of how good looking he is, he naturally never assumes that anyone is ever hitting on him. So, when Blaise set about to flirt with Harry, he naturally had no idea what was going on.

"Here, Potter, let me get that robe off for you. It's dreadfully hot in here," Blaise said, at one point in the class, reaching for the clasp on Harry's robe, and pointedly ignoring Draco's scowl.

"Thanks, Zabini, it is pretty warm," Harry said gratefully, letting Blaise slide his hands up Harry's chest to undo the clasps, and thinking nothing of the way Blaise took his time sliding Harry's robe off his arms and shoulders.

"Wow, tense enough?" said Blaise sympathetically, as his hands continued to roam over Harry's back and shoulders. Harry smiled and leaned over to whisper in Blaise's ear.

"It's because I'm in Potions," Harry said in a low, conspiratorial tone of voice. "I'm just waiting

for Snape to take hundreds of points from Gryffindor and land me in a month of detention for breathing the wrong way." Blaise grinned appreciatively.

"Well, you should let me give you a massage, sometime. I give *excellent* massages," Blaise said back, imitating Harry's volume.

"Yeah, okay. That'd be nice," Harry agreed, never one to suspect an ulterior motive in anyone. Blaise watched Harry stir their potion, enjoying the way he could see all of Harry's muscles straining under his shirt as he struggled against the viscous fluid in the cauldron. Harry gave Blaise a confused look when he caught him staring, but shrugged it off in favor of venturing a glance in Draco's direction to see how he was doing.

Draco, who had been watching them whisper in each other's ears with ever-increasing irritation, was torn between smiling back at Harry, who was giving him a sweet, open smile, and strangling Blaise, who was giving him a smirk that clearly said, "I am shamelessly feeling up and flirting with your boyfriend and there is nothing you can do about it."

The rest of the class passed much the same way, with Blaise flirting blatantly with Harry, Harry remaining completely oblivious, and Draco inventing new and increasingly more painful ways for Blaise to die.

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Draco had spent the morning reliving the kiss he and Harry had shared outside the potions classroom and thinking up ways he could get revenge on Harry for embarrassing him in front of the Gryffindors. He was heading for lunch in the Great Hall when he suddenly found himself surrounded by about ten students from all four different hous.

"Can I help you?" he said, in a slightly irritated tone of voice. Looking around, he recognized Susan Bones, Hannah Abbot, and the Creevy brothers, as well as Lisa Turpin and a couple more Ravenclaws and even a Slytherin or two lurking in the back.

Susan took the lead. "Yes, Malfoy, as a matter of fact you can. We are representatives from the Hogwarts chapter of the HPFC."

Draco blinked. "The what?"

"The HPFC - the Harry Potter Fan Club," Susan repeated helpfully.

"Ah," Draco replied. He really couldn't think of anything else to say.

"You see," explained Hannah, "We're a group of Harry's biggest fans, who recognize and extol him for the hero he truly is. We have a lovely catalog with all sorts of clothing and accessories, if you're ever interested. We meet every other Tuesday in the Charms classroom."

Draco's head was spinning slightly. His boyfriend had a fan club? "You guys are the whole club, then?"

"Oh, no, we're just representatives," Dennis spoke up cheerfully. "There's dozens of us in the actual club, at least, in the Hogwarts chapter. I don't know how many there are total if you count the witches and wizards outside of Hogwarts, hundreds I'm sure."

"I see," said Draco thoughtfully, hiding his shock. "Does Potter know about this?"

Susan looked a little uncomfortable. "Well, sort of. He knows we exist, but every time we approach him about something he tells us he really doesn't deserve a fan club. He's so modest, you know."

"Yeah," agreed Hannah dreamily. "Not too mention brave, and handsome and -" Draco shot her a look, and she shut up fast.

"So what do you want from me?" Draco's patience was starting to wear thin.

"We just wanted to ask you a few questions," said Susan, all business again. "You see, we can never get Harry to talk about his relationships. We know he had one over the summer, but we can't even figure out who it was. We were hoping maybe you could tell us what it's like to be the boyfriend of the Boy-Who-Lived."

Draco looked around at the hopeful faces surrounding him and had an internal debate. Not about whether or not to make up answer to their questions - that was a no-brainer, this was the perfect

revenge. The question was what could he say that would cause the most annoyance for Potter? Should he lie and say Harry was a terrible boyfriend and terrible in bed? Draco thought about this for a second. He knew Harry hated the press and all the attention he got. Wouldn't it be better to make up some stories about his incredible sexual prowess? Then he'd have to deal with mountains of fan mail, requests for articles, swooning fans and Merlin only knows what else.

He smirked wickedly. This should be fun.

"I have one condition. Harry cannot find out you got this information from me. You agree?" The others nodded. "In that case, I would be more than happy to answer any questions you may have," he said magnanimously, and around him the other student squealed with excitement. *This will teach you to mess with a Malfoy, Potter*, he thought to himself, as he began to answer the questions.

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Meanwhile, at Malfoy Manor...

"LOOO-CIOUS!"

Lucius Malfoy groaned under his breath. "Yes, Narcissa, oh beautiful love of my life?"

"The Parkinsons are here, dear, and they say they have some questions for you. Is this about our little Draco?"

Lucius gritted his teeth. "You could say that."

"I thought as much. Maybe they saw Draco's picture with that darling little boyfriend of his in the *Prophet* this morning and came to congratulate us. What's his boyfriend's name again?"

"Harry Potter. Savior of the Wizarding World. Pride of Gryffindor. The Boy-Who-Lived. Ring any bells?"

"You know, it *does* sound rather familiar. Trust our little dragon to hook up with a celebrity and

make front page news! It's simply marvelous. I should throw them a party."

"Narcissa, it is *not* simply marvelous, it's simply dreadful! Draco was supposed to marry the Parkinson's daughter, don't you remember?"

<pBlack">Narcissa waved it off. "Oh, posh, Lucius, dear, Draco's gayer than a Cher concert in San Francisco! You didn't possibly expect him to marry a girl, did you?"

"As a matter of fact, I did. Call me crazy, but *someone* around this house needs to have a sense of proper wizarding pride. Draco was supposed to marry the Parkinson girl and produce a nice little heir like a good little Malfoy, not prance about publicly snogging the sodding Boy-Who-Lived!"

"Our little Draco, all grown up. Seems only yesterday he was criticizing my shoes and planning to become a back-up dancer for Madonna," Narcissa sighed dramatically.

"Cissa, are you even listening to me?"

"Hmmm? Oh, yes dear, whatever you say. Did I tell you the Parkinsons are here? I'll have the house elves brin some tea. I wonder if they've seen Draco's picture in the *Prophet* yet. Goodness knows I'll have to show them!" She wandered off into the drawing room, and Lucius could hear her bubbling away to their guests.

He wanted to bang his head against the wall in frustration, and not just because Narcissa was being her normal, loony self. He sighed. It wasn't that he didn't want Draco to be happy, it was just that Malfoys had certain duties they needed to fulfill, and Draco needed to realize that. He began thinking furiously. Draco was only sixteen. Until his seventeenth birthday, he was a minor, and as such his parents had the final say over the important matters in his life, such as what school he attended, where he lived, and - who he married.

A *very* evil plan began to form in Lucius Malfoy's mind. As long as the marriage took place before his eighteenth birthday, Draco would not have a choice in the matter. The trick would be to first convince the Parkinsons that everything was okay, and that surprising their children with a marriage was a great idea (should be easy enough, they were foaming at the mouth at the idea of linking their family with the Malfoy money). Second, would be to hide everything from Draco. The wedding could take place the day before hy. He could get Narcissa to plan it as a birthday/coming of age party, and then surprise everyone with the marriage at the last minute.

This was a good plan. Draco would never suspect a thing.

"LOOO-CIUS! Where are you dear? The Parkinsons want to talk about this lovely picture of Draco in the *Daily Prophet*!"

"Coming, darling!" And evil plan firmly entrenched in his mind, Lucius joined his wife and company in the drawing room.

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Chapter: 9

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Dragon Tamer

Chapter 9: Jealousy

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"Oh...oh gods, Draco..."

Harry was going crazy. Slowly, but surely he was being driven insane by one Draco Malfoy.

"You like that, Harry?" a silky voice whispered in his ear, tongue sliding over his highly sensitized ear lobe, followed by lightly nibbling teeth while a taut, hard body pressed hard against his groin, pinning him to the wall. "You want more?"

Harry groaned out loud. He was absolutely sure he had never been so sexually frustrated in his life. Draco really seemed to be taking this 'pretend boyfriends' very seriously indeed. The entire week he had been all over Harry, merciless in his attentions. If Harry had been thinking a little more clearly, he might have stopped to notice that Draco was really overdoing things. But his mind had been switched into permanent sensory overload, thanks to a certain blonde Slytherin. Draco had upped the ante, corning him for passionate kissing after every class, initiating grope sessions in front of anyone who passed their way, and worst of all, sending Harry notes at meal times to be read by the other Gryffindors, detailing the sorts of naughty things he was going to do to Harry as soon as he had him alone.

And that really was the problem, becan they were alone Draco didn't do anything but smirk at Harry, since (as Draco always pointed out), they weren't really going out and there was no need to do anything if they didn't have an audience. Harry figured he was about ready to die. If he was with Draco he was mentally undressing him and shagging him silly, if he wasn't with Draco he was fantasizing about Draco, and if he was sleeping he was dreaming of Draco. He had never wanted anything in his life as badly as he wanted the snarky little git who was currently sucking on his neck outside the entrance to the Great Hall.

Harry was ready to give up, say uncle, whatever Draco wanted, because he didn't think he could last another minute. *Malfoy, you have exactly 30 seconds before I slam **you** against this wall, rip off those clothes, and proceed to thoroughly shatter any illusions you may have that I'm only **pretending** to enjoy this.*

Draco languidly moved his hips against Harry's, sending a rush of electricity through Harry's body. *Oh God. 15 seconds*. One of Draco's hands snaked up his shirt and tweaked a nipple - hard. *Ten seconds*. His other hand made its way to Harry's arse and squeezed. *Five...four...three...two...*

"Oi, Harry, Malfoy, would you two get OFF each other already? Some of us are on our way to breakfast and would like to keep our appetites." Twin glares of fury were directed at the red head who spoke the words, but Ron had already opened the door to the Great Hall to let Hermione in ahead of him. He gave a pointed look to the two boys against the wall, who reluctantly peeled themselves apart and headed towards their respective house tables.

Harry threw himself into his normal seat and buried his head in his arms. He knew he probably should thank Ron, considering he'd literally been two seconds away from ravishing Malfoy but at the moment gratitude was extremely far from how he was feeling.

From the Slytherin table Draco was enjoying his breakfast while watching Harry with a very

smug expression. He knew Harry was going to break any day now. His plan had simply been to tease Harry to the very brink of sexual frustration, to the point where Harry couldn't take it anymore and he would be the one to take the relationship to the next level. A very pleasant heat rushed through Draco's body as he thought of what that moment might entail. And it would be soon, he was sure of it.

Meanwhile, at the Gryffindor table Harry had finally got his breathing under control and turned his attention to his food. Ron and Hermione gave him knowing looks.

"Harry, this is obviously driving you crazy. You need to just tell him the truth already, and then you can snog him to your heart's content. *In private*." Hermione was nothing if not a wellspring of good advice.

"Yeah mate, if for no other reason do it because I'm sick and tired of watching the two of you suck face like the world's going to end tomorrow." Ron was not quite as sympathetic to Harry as Hermione was. "And by the way - nice hickey."

Harry's hand shot automatically to his neck where Draco had been sucking a few minutes before. He gave Ron a withering glance and returned to his breakfast. He didn't notice the surreptitious looks he was receiving from many of the occupants of the Great Hall. Lavender and Parvati in particular were alternating between staring at Harry and talking in hushed whispers with Ginny Weasley and the Creevy brothers. The entire group was wearing pins in the shape of lightening bolts that read "HPFC - Official Member" and they kept stealing glances at Harry. Harry overheard the phrases "*I can't believe it'!"* and *"ten times in one night!"* coming from their group, but it didn't occur to him to wonder who or what they were talking about.

He was busy devouring his second helping of French toast when he felt an arm drape around his shoulders as someone sat down next to him.

"Top o' the morning to ya, Harry," said a winking Seamus Finnigan.

"And a right fine mornin' it is, ta be sure," Harry returned, mimicking Seamus's Irish brogue.

Seamus grinned, delighted. "And what's a gorgeous young lad like yourself got planned for such a glorious day?" he asked, continuing to emphasize the Irish lilt in his speech. Harry was about to answer when Draco dropped gracefully into the empty space on his other side and sent a smoldering glare in Seamus's direction.

"Finnigan, get OFF him." Oh God, not Draco's possessive side. Why was the blonde so freaking hot? Harry buried his head in his arms again to fight off the rising heat in his cheeks that had nothing to do with embarrassment. He wanted to bang his head against the table in frustration.

Seamus withdrew his arm with a wounded look. Draco slithered his own arm around Harry and nuzzled into his neck.

"I can't leave you alone for one second without someone trying to steal you from me," he murmured into Harry's ear, letting his hand drift lightly over Harry's back. Harry shivered as Draco's feather light touches sent tingles down his already sensitized skin. He was saved from the embarrassing situation of throwing Draco down on the Gryffindor table and having his wicked way with him right then and there by the arrival of owl post.

Since the article in the *Daily Prophet* had appeared a few days ago, both Harry and Draco had received a daily deluge of mail, mostly of the fan mail variety. Today was no exception, as several owls swooped down over Harry and Draco, dropping letter after letter. Pinkening slightly, Harry pushed hisl in front of Draco, who was merrily opening his own letters like a child on Christmas morning.

"Honestly Harry, I don't see why you have such a problem with fame. I'm quite enjoying it. Look at this one," Draco said cheerily, holding out a letter and a picture from a good-looking older witch who was offering the pair thousands of galleons if they would perform a joint strip show in front of her and her friends.

Hermione made a clucking noise in her throat and looked disapprovingly at the picture while Ron and Seamus looked vaguely jealous. Draco happily sorted through the mail, sharing the racier letters with the Gryffindors, until he came upon a letter in Harry's pile that made his silvery eyes narrow.

Hey Harry,

How are you, babe? It's been awhile since your last letter. Can't believe I had to find out you were dating someone new from the ***Daily Prophet*** *- is that any way to treat an old " friend"? Just tou, but seriously, a Malfoy? I hope you know what you're getting into.*

I've been thinking about you a lot since this summer, trying to think if there was something we could have done to make things work between us. I know you're with someone else now, but I wanted to let you know that I'm still here, and I still have feelings for you. Good luck with Malfoy, but if he ever hurts you in any way don't hesitate to come running to me. I'll be waiting for you.

Yours,

Charlie

"What the hell is this, Potter?" Draco spat, giving Harry a suspicious glare, jealousy written all over his face. "You told me it was a *summer fling*. Why is Weasley here writing you love letters?"

"Draco!" Harry hissed, as Ron, Hermione, and Seamus started at the name Weasley. Draco ignored Harry and threw the letter down on the table.

"Fine, Harry, be that way. If you want to go back to your sordid little love affair, far be it from *me*, your *boyfriend*, to stand in your way," he snarled, standing up. Harry grabbed his arm and tried to pull him back down but Draco wrenched it away.

"Draco, please, it's not like that," Harry pleaded, giving Draco a very impressive set of puppy dog eyes. Draco refused to be moved, however.

"I'm late for class," he said haughtily, and stormed off. Harry sighed and rubbed his head, knowing he owed an explanation to his friends sitting at the table but a lot more concerned and confused by the blonde who had just left the table. Was that all part of the act, or was Draco really jealous? Why would he really be jealous? Unless he had feelings for Harry too?

Things were getting too confusing. Hared to tell Draco the truth, tonight if possible. He wanted to know where he stood with the Slytherin - not to mention he just plain wanted him too.

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Draco continued to avoid Harry for most of the day. Harry had tried to talk to him in Potions but

Draco had given him the cold shoulder. Harry had turned to Blaise for advice.

"How long is he going to be mad at me?" he whispered, keeping one eye on Snape and one eye on the potion he was concocting with the dark-haired Slytherin. Blaise gave him a commiserating smile.

"Give him a little time," he whispered back. "Draco's notorious in Slytherin for being exceedingly jealous and possessive on his better days. It's all part and parcel of being a Malfoy. But he's not stupid. He'll get over it pretty fast."

"Really?" Harry asked, and Blaise was mesmerized by the brilliant green of Harry's eyes. Green like Slytherin, but more honest and open and caring then anything that had ever been associated with the Slytherin house.

"Really." He smiled when he saw Harry's smile of relief. The raven haired boy cared about Draco, it was written all over his face. Blaise made a mental note to have a good long talk with his friend tonight. Draco needed to make his move soon and make everything real between him and Harry. Otherwise, Blaise was going to have a hard time stopping himself from stealing this too-good-to-be-true Gryffindor from under Draco's nose.

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It wasn't until after dinner that Harry had a chance to talk to Draco and convince him that the letter didn't mean anything. The Slytherin had grudgingly been pacified by Harry's outpouring of promises that he wasn't interested in Charlie anymore. The two were now in the Gryffindor common room, Draco playing chess with Dean and Harry involved in a discussion with Ron and Ginny about the next day's Quidditch match against Ravenclaw. The discussion was probably not going as well as it could bearry kept watching Draco, who somehow managed to make concentration look as sexy as a sultry smile. He watched Draco absently push a piece of hair behind his ear and fought the sudden itch in his fingers to run his hands through that very same hair.

Seamus bounded into the Common Room and surveyed the peaceful scene. He decided that with Draco distracted by his chess match, this would be an ideal moment to spend some quality time with Harry. Keeping a wary eye on the icy blonde playing chess with his best mate, he plopped down on the sofa next to Harry, sitting a little bit closer than was really necessary.

"Oi, Seamus, glad you're here. We need another opinion." Ron was in full Quidditch mode, having reached his stride long ago.

"On what?" Seamus queried, shifting imperceptivity closer to Harry and placing an arm on the couch behind his head.

"Seeker tactics. I'm all for diversionary maneuvers, but Ginny here says that when she played as und focusing on the snitch and not worrying about the other Seeker to be more helpful.

Seamus oh-so-casually dropped a hand onto Harry's head and began to play with the thick, silky black locks. "How about a bit of both? Harry here can just focus on the snitch and let his gorgeous good looks function as a diversionary tactic for the other Seeker." Ron and Ginny rolled their eyes, and Harry turned to tell Seamus to shut up and move his hand before Draco killed him, but he never had the chance.

"Finnigan," said a voice, colder than ice, "what have I told you about putting your hands on my boyfriend?" At the murderous look on Draco's face, Seamus opened his mouth to apologize, but it was too late. First a letter from Harry's ex-boyfriend, and now Seamus' shameless flirting. Draco had had enough.

Faster than anyone would have thought possible, Draco yanked Seamus off the couch by his shirt, threw him on the ground, placed a foot on his chest and pointed his wand straight at his face. Seamus's eyes grew huge as he realized he was now at the mercy of a furious Malfoy, who most likely had an arsenal of dark and nasty hexes and curses at his disposal.

"Give me one reason not to curse you into oblivion, Finnigan." Seamus made no sound, just opened and closed his mouth wordlessly. Draco sneered at him and lifted his wand.

"Draco, don't!" Harry grabbed Draco's wand arm to stop him.

"Let go of me, Potter." Draco's voice was still frosted over, but Harry refused to be cowed.

"No," he said, beginning to get angry. "This is ridiculous. You can't just go around cursing people because they tried to flirt with your boyfriend."

"Watch me," said Draco, not taking his eyes off of Seamus, who was still trapped under his foot.

Harry was not allowing it to happened, however. He grabbed Draco by the back of the shirt and yanked him backwards, causing him to lift his foot off Seamus.

"Seamus, get out of here," said Harry. "I'll deal with Draco." You didn't have to tell the Irishman twice. He took off at top speed to seek shelter in his dorm room, leaving Harry to deal with the furious Malfoy.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing, Potter?"

"What the fuck am *I* doing? What the fuck are *you* doing? You could have really hurt someone." All of the remaining Gryffindors in the common room had turned to watch the confrontation between the two.

"That was my *intention*. I have a right to defend my property."

"Your *property*?" Now Harry was pissed. "People aren't property, Malfoy."

"You don't get it, do you? You are *supposed*," and Draco stressed the word with a meaningful look in Harry's eyes, "To be *my* boyfriend. Not Charlie's, not Seamus's. *Mine*. You cannot honestly expect me to just stand here and accept the way these bastards are going after you?"

"Look, Malfoy, I really think you're over-reacting. Your jealousy is getting out of control."

"Is that what you think? And how would you be reacting if the tables were turned?" Silver eyes defiantly stared down green ones.

"I think I'd be handling it a sight better than *you*," Harry returned, completely aggravated by the Slytherin.

"You think so, Potter? I'll remember that you said that." And Draco left, slamming the portrait behind him.

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Draco was still seething as he got ready for bed. Blaise had seen him come in, recognized a jealous rage when he saw one, and wisely kept his mouth shut, motioning for Crabbe, Goyle, and Nott to do the same. As Blaise was generally recognized as the leading Draco expert among the Slytherins, they all followed his lead.

Blaise also wisely decided that tonight was not the night to wear his favorite pajamas, which were Gryffindor red with little gold snitches all over them and came, interestingly enough, straight from the HPFC catalog. Better stick to Slytherin green tonight.

The boys were all climbing into bed when they were suddenly startled by a tapping noise on the high window of their dunge room. Crabbe went to the window and opened it, letting in a small brown owl. The owl fluttered over to Draco, dropped off a letter, and flew back out into the night.

Draco recognized the handwriting on the letter immediately, and tore it open.

Hey Draco, how've you been?

Long time, no see. Congratulations are in order, I think - I saw your picture in the Prophet. So you and Harry Potter? Never would have seen that coming, (it's quite scandalous really), but you guys look great together.

Just wanted to let you know that I'll be at Hogwarts tomorrow - we're actually coming to watch your new boyfriend play Quidditch, I think we're going try to recruit him for Puddlemere United. Don't tell him, though, he's not supposed to know we're watching. Can't pretend I'm not disappointed you're now attached - I was hoping I'd get to spend some "quality time" with you while I was at Hogwarts, if you catch my drift. Ah well, hopefully I'll still have a chance to spetime with you tomorrow.

Hope you're doing well, and take care

Oliver

And once again Draco thanked whatever fates there were for throwing right into his hands the perfect revenge.

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The next morning, Harry went to breakfast with a very professional attitude, determined to forget about the fight the night before in order to focus on the game at hand. His housemates had made some huge banners for the match, and Blaise had shamelessly decked himself out from head to toe in Gryffindor colors and was waving a little Gryffindor flag at Harry from the Slytherin table. Draco didn't show up for breakfast, not keen on running into Harry before he had a chance to put his plan into action.

The Gryffindor team set out onto the pitch, feeling confident. Harry, as team captain, had given them a very uplifting speech and as a result they were all pumped up and ready to go. They flew out onto the field, and at the word from Madam Hooch and a thundering roar from the crowd, the game was underway.

It was the perfect day for a match, gloriously sunny and warm. Harry's new contact lenses were more magnificent then he could have dreamed - he felt like he could see every leaf on every tree in the forbidden forest. He watched his team pull ahead quickly, thanks to Ginny's excellent chasing skills and Ron's prowess as a keeper. Keeping his eyes peeled for the snitch, he flew around the Quidditch pitch - and spotted it on the other side, much nearer to the Ravenclaw Seeker. He took off after it, weaving in and out between his teammates, dodging bluders, and when the snitch dove straight down he followed, the Ravenclaw Seeker close at his heels. The ground was coming closer and closer, and he felt the other Seeker pull out from the dive. Harry, however, knew exactly what he was doing, and pulled up just an instant before he would have smashed into the ground, enjoying the collective gasp from the crowd below. He raised his hand triumphantly, and the stadium burst into deafening cheers and applause. Harry Potter had caught the snitch!

Both teams landed on the ground, and Harry found himself surrounded by a sea of crimson, all hugging him and patting him on the back, voices congratulating him and commenting that that was one of the most spectacular catches they'd ever seen. He was grinning and laughing, and then to his surprise he found himself face to face with his old captain.

"Oliver?" said Harry, in disbelief, as Oliver Wood threw his arms around Harry and crushed him in a huge hug. Ron, standing next to him, looked as puzzled as Harry felt.

"Harry! How wonderful it is to see you! And may I just say, that was absolutely brilliant!"

Harry grinned. "Thanks, mate, but what are you doing here?"

"Why, I came to see you play, of course! I'm here with a couple of colleagues of mine, we're recruiting for my team, Puddlemere United." Harry's head started spinning as Oliver indicated two well dressed, looking men on either side of him.

"You weren't exaggerating at all, Oliver, he really does fly like there's no broom beneath him," said one of the men, giving Harry a pleased look.

"Yes, I think he'd be the perfect addition to our team. We might actually have a shot at the League Championship with Potter here playing for us," said the other, also all smiles.

Harry was sure he heard wrong. "You want me to play - professionally?"

"Bloody hell," murmured Ron.

"Of course, my boy! With your talent I can't believe we're the first to approach you, you are absolutely marvelous!" said the first man, beaming widely. "Look, how about we just nip into the castle, hmmm? Discus business? We'd like to make you an offer, Mr. Potter."

Harry broke into a huge grin. "Alright, I'll hear your offer. This is great. Ron, you'll come with me?"

"Of course, Harry," said Ron, still looking dazed on Harry's behalf. Harry turned back to the men, a million questions in his mind - and then saw something that made him see a red that had nothing to do with the number people wearing Gryffindor colors around him.

Draco had somehow joined their group without Harry noticing, and was now deeply engaged in conversation with Oliver. The older boy was looking at Draco with a hungry look that Harry was very familiar with, having worn it himself almost constantly for the past week when around Draco. It was *not* a look that another guy should have been directing at Harry's boyfriend. Harry felt jealousy course threw his veins, and it twisted like a knife in his heart when Draco laughed at something Oliver said and gave the older boy a coy look.

Ha his gaze away from Draco and Oliver and forced himself to listen to the two recruiters. He smiled and nodded in all the right places, and then began to follow them up to the castle. One of them turned and shouted out to Oliver, "Oy, Wood! Coming then?"

Oliver sent the group a slightly devious smirk. "Not just yet, Nigel, thanks. Me and Draco here have a bit of...catching up to do," he finished, with a slight leer at the blonde. Harry was beyond livid and started to walk over to the flirting couple to have some very choice words with Wood (words that started with 'Avada' and ended with 'Kedavra'), but Ron grasped his arm firmly and began steering him away. At that moment Draco put his arm on Oliver's, and leaned in to whisper in his ear. Oliver nodded, and the two took off towards the Quidditch locker rooms.

It took all of Ron's strength and persuasive skills to get Harry to ignore Wood and Malfoy. Ron was not about to allow his best friend to miss an offer to play professional Quidditch because of Draco Malfoy. He whispered in Harry's ear not to worry, that Draco probably just wanted to talk to Oliver, and gave Harry no choice but to follow the recruiters, taking deep breaths and desperately trying to remain calm, and desperately trying not to think of what could be happening between his not-quite-boyfriend and his old Quidditch captain in the Quidditch locker rooms.

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Dinner had started, and Harry was surrounded by Gryffindors who were ecstatic over his win and his professional offer. Everyone was offering him their most heartfelt congratulations, and he was smiling, trying to hide the fact that his eyes were glued on the door to the Great Hall. Draco was not at the Slytherin table, nor was Oliver dining at the head table with the other recruiters. He forced down a growing wave of fear and anger and tried to focus on his friends and his dinner when the door opened and in walked Oliver.

Oliver's shirt was buttoned up wrong, his lips were red and swollen, and his hair was tousled and messy. He looked like the textbook case of a person who has just had a bloody *fantastic* shag. Most of the Great Hall was watching Oliver and whispering excitedly, and didn't see Draco slip in after him. Most of the Great Hall, that is - Harry's eyes were still been fixed on the door. When Draco snuck in a moment later, looking as rumpled as Oliver and rather smug, Harry felt alarmingly close to exploding. He tried desperately to catch Draco's eye, wanting desperately to be wrong, but Draco's gaze was fixed on Oliver. Harry watched in horror and building anger as the two caught each other's eye. Then they both grinned wickedly.

That was too much for Harry, and he lost it. All of the canisters of pumpkin juice with ten feet of Harry burst apart, showering the Gryffindor table with a sea of orange. Knowing that he had to get out of the Great Hall or something worse might happen, Harry jumped up from the table and, throwing an excuse to Ron and Hermione, bolted out the door. Draco, from his vantage point at the Slytherin table, saw the whole thing, and fought back a triumphant smirk. Everything had gone according to plan, and Harry was wickedly jealous. Perfect. He happily turned his attention back to the chicken on his plate.

What Draco didn't know, however, was that a certain sandy-haired Irishman, who preferred watching Harry over just about anything else, saw the whole thing. He'd seen Oliver come in, followed closely by Draco, and judging from their snogged-out states he wasn't surprised when Harry exploded in anger. As soon as Draco's eyes left the door to the Great Hall, Seamus Finnigan jumped up from his seat and went to follow Harry.

An opportunity like this was good to be true, and Seamus was going to be there to comfort Harry in his time of need.

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Chapter: 10

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Dragon Tamer

Chapter 10: Snog City

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Harry barreled down the halls of Howarts, heading for the Gryffindor common room. His body was shaking with fury. How could Dco have done this? Harry cursed himself for feeling so jealous, angry and hurt. Technically, he knew it shouldn't bother him because he and Draco had never really been together. But it did bother him; it bothered him so much he couldn't think straight. He practically threw the password at the Fat Lady, who let him in with a very concerned look on her face.

Harry started pacing the floor of the common room, a group of third years in one corner staring at him with alarm. He was desperately trying to get his temper back under control before anything else exploded, but all he could think of was Draco and Oliver, Oliver and Draco...

He heard the portrait open again, and turned to shout at the new occupant to leave him alone. Seamus Finnigan, however, had no intention of going anywhere.

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Draco smirked a bit to himself, enjoying the last bites of trifle on hite. Operation: Make Harry Ridiculously Jealous had gone splendidly. His mind retraced his conversation with Oliver in the Quidditch locker room...

Flashback:

"I can't believe I let you talk me into this, Draco," said Oliver, beginning to unbutton his shirt. "Remind me again why we're doing this?"

"Well, *you're* doing this because you still have the hots for me and will happily bend over backwards to fulfill my every whim and desire." Here Oliver snorted but Draco continued, undaunted. "And *I'm* doing this because I need to teach Harry a lesson."

Oliver rolled his eyes. "Ri-ight. So why do I get the feeling that when Harry finds out what you did, he's going to be the one tch you a lesson?"

Draco affixed his most angelically hurt look to his face. "Now really, how can you say that? He said that my jealousy was out of control! *I'm* the victim here. I'm just trying to prove a point."

Oliver just shook his head. "I can't believe I'm going to do this to Harry. I *like* Harry, he's a good mate. And a bloody great Seeker. And *you're* just a poncy little git with no manners and no sense of common decency."

"You forgot devastatingly gorgeous and clever as all get out. Now are you going to stand there and moralize at me all day or are you going to help me?" said Draco, beginning to unbutton his own shirt.

End Flashback</olor="Black">

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"Harry, mate, its okay, it's just me," said Seamus soothingly. "I know you're very upset but you need to calm down before someone gets hurt."

"Who, me? Upset? Oh no, I'm calm, I'm very calm, I'm very *fucking* calm right now," Harry said angrily, the fire in the common room blazing up to unnatural heights. The third years were positively frightened now.

"No, you're not," Seamus said firmly. "Come upstairs and lay down. If you don't relax someone *is* going to get hurt, and it won't be either of the two people who deserve it. Not Malfoy. *Or Wood."*

Harry looked at him, the pain and anger evident in his eyes. "How did you know?"

"I saw them," said Seamus simply. "It was obvious they had just shagged like crazy." At Seamus's words a vase in the corner shattered. Seamus grabbed Harry's arm and began to pull him up the stairs to the common room. "You have to get back under control, Harry. Come on, we're going upstairs."

Harry allowed Seamus to drag him up to their dorm room. As they were leaving Seamus turned and spoke a warning the group of third years. "If anyone asks for us, tell them we're not here, okay? No matter who it is. We don't want to be *disturbed*."

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In the Great Hall, Draco looked at his watch. About fifteen minutes had gone by since Harry left the hall in a fit of rage. Draco figured Harry had suffered long enough. He stood up, stretched, sent Oliver a cheerful wink and a wave and got an eye-roll in return. Draco knew that Harry would go straight to Gryffindor tower and he began the walk in that direction, ready to find Harry and explain everything to him.

Flashback:

"Make sure you do the buttons up the wrong way," Draco reminded Oliver from his bent over position, where he was currently mussing up his own hair with both hands. "And don't tuck your shirt back in."

"Yes, Draco, I think I do know how to look like I've just had the shag of my life. Even if all I've had is a frustrating conversation with an annoying prat like yourself. Thank Merlin we're not dating anymore. I forgot what a brat you are."

"Oh please. Don't even try to pretend you don't still want me. Now less talk, more action. Rub your hand over your lips to make them a bit red."

Oliver sighed but complied. The two of them were intent on creating a convincing post-coital look, as per Draco's scheme.

"Now mess up your hair," Draco instructed, re-buttoning his own shirt with the buttons slightly off.

"Do I have to?" whined Oliver, thinking of all the lovely girls and boys in the Great Hall that he wanted to make a good impression on. Draco gave him a glare. "Oh fine, alright. Stupid git. All this work just to make *your* stupid boyfriend jealous," he mumbled.

The two stood sid in the Quidditch locker room and looked at their reflections in the mirror. Anyone looking at them would come to the erroneous conclusion that they had just engaged in copious amounts of *very* physical activity.

"Perfect," Draco smirked, pleased. Oliver looked a little worried.

"Um, Draco?"

"What now?"

"Promise you won't let Harry hurt me?"

"What?"

"Harry is going to be so pissed with me when he thinks I shagged you. Actually, he'll still be pissed after he get the truth and finds out that I agreed to make it look like we slept together just to make him jealous. I rather fancy going home in one piece, so if you could just make sure the famous Harry Potter doesn't get to close to my person I'd highly appreciate it."

"I'll take care of Harry, you big baby. He won't be mad at you when I tell him we didn't so much as hold hands. Now stop worrying and let's get back to the castle. It's time for your big entrance."

Oliver took one last look at himself and sighed, resigned. "Harry's not going to be happy with you, Draco. You really are going to get it, you know."

God, I hope so, thought Draco.

End Flashback

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Once inside their dorm room Harry threw himself on his bed on his stomach, burying his head on his arms. Seamus did some quick mental planning and then moved towards Harry's bed.

"Harry?" Seamus said softly, knowing this was a delicate moment.

"Seamus, look, no offense, but I'm really not in the mood to talk or anything right, now, okay?"

Harry said, keeping his face hidden in his arms. Seamus put on his best "I really care about you" face and sat down on the edge of Harry's bed.

"I won't force you to talk, Harry," he said, letting his Irish brogue come through thicker then usual (he'd been told that his accent was one of his sexier features). "It's just...look, you deserve better. Malfoy's a right bastard for doing this to you."

"Yeah, well, I should have seen it coming, right? I mean, he *is* bloody Malfoy and all that. God, I'm so stupid," he said with a sigh. Seamus tentatively reached out and began rubbing Harry's back. Harry started and gave him a puzzled look.

"I'm just trying to calm you down. Your magic got totally out of control for a few minutes, you need to relax so that nothing else happens." Harry sighed and didn't protest. Seamus grinned to himself.

"Now you listen to me, Harry Potter. You are not stupid and you know it. This was not your fault," Seamus said, shifting closer to turn the rubbing into more of a massage. Harry seemed rather oblivious to Seamus's hands on his back.
<p"Normal (Web)" align="left">
"Yeah well, I feel pretty stupid right now. I shouldn't have trusted him. I should have known he'd do this," Harry said despondently.

"Stop it," Seamus scolded lightly. "Don't blame yourself, you couldn't have known." He very carefully eased his way on top of Harry so that he was straddling Harry's hips, massaging his back with both hands. When Harry tensed slightly under him, Seamus just deepened the massage.

"You're so tense, Harry. Just let me help you relax," Seamus said, holding his breath. Harry was too upset to care that Seamus Finnigan was on top of him, massaging his back, and he didn't think to question about the other boy's intentions.

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"Harry's...um...not here right now," said the Gryffindor to Draco, who had just knocked on the portrait and inquired of the third year who answered if he could please speak to Harry Potter. Draco merely raised an eyebrow her. He happened to be an excellent liar, and was also excellent at discerning when someone was lying to him. Especially someone as horrible a liar as this little

third year in front of him.

"Don't be silly, of course he's here. Is he up in his room?"

"Um...no?" the third year was very unnerved by the gorgeous Slytherin who was currently pumping her for information. He gave her one of his more devastating smiles, and the little third year blushed.

"Come on, you can tell me. I won't tell anyone else, I promise. It'll be our little secret," he said with a wink, and the little girl blushed much harder. One of her friends came up by her side.

"Anna, you can't tell him! We promised Seamus we wouldn't," she whispered into her friend's ear, but Draco's keen hearing heard every word. His charming demeanor was gone in an instant.

"Seamus?" Draco said, his silvery eyes narrowing in anger. "Is Finnigan with Harry right now?" The words were sharp and a little scary.

"Um..." Anna stammered.

"Eeep," said the other girl.

Draco had had enough. He moved past the two girls blocking his way and ran up the stairs to Harry's dorm room.

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"Stupid Malfoy," Harry was muttering under his breath. "Stupid, sodding, Draco fucking Malfoy."

"Don't think about him," Seamus whispered in his ear, slipping his hands under Harry's t-shirt to massage his lower back. Harry was vaguely aware that Seamus was on top of him, and that his hands were on his bare skin, and that this might not be the most appropriate position for a guy with a boyfriend (albeit a pretend boyfriend who was apparently completely shag-happy over someone else), but he was too lost in his own jealous thoughts of Draco and Oliver to really

think about it.

Suddenly, Harry felt Seamus leaning down and planting soft kisses on Harry's neck. Harry froze.

"Seamus, stop it!"
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"Why Harry? Don't you like it?" Seamus leaned down to kiss Harry again.

"Seamus, I said STOP!" And as the words left Harry's mouth the door to the dormitory burst open.

"What the FUCK?"

A very, very irate Draco Malfoy was standing in the doorway and fixing Seamus Finnagin with the absolute iciest Malfoy death glare in the illustrious history of icy Malfoy death glares.

"Finnigan, you absolute bastard, I am going to fucking *kill* you."

Seamus paled considerably. "Malfoy, I - "

"Just shut up and get off him."

"But Malfoy, you don't - "

"NOW, Finnagin! Are you deaf? GET THE *FUCK* OFF MY BOYFRIEND!!"

"Okay, okay. Calm down," Seamus quickly got off of Harry, who gave him a dirty look. Seamus was obviously more than a little scared of Draco, and with good reason. Draco looked mad enough to spit fire.

"Listen here, you piece of shit, if you leave this room right this instant and promise me that you will never so much as LOOK at Harry again I might, MIGHT not break your ugly face in."

"Look Malfoy, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to kiss him, honestly, it was just a massage, I thought -

"GET OUT!" Seamus didn't try to say another word, and fled the dormitory, wincing as Draco landed a hard kick to his shin. Draco slammed the door behind him, cast every locking and silencing spell he could think of and then turned to face Harry.

"And YOU! What the fuck was that?"

"ME?? How dare you, Malfoy!" All of Harry's anger over the incident in the Great Hall rushed back in full force, and he jumped off the bed to face Draco.

"HOW DARE I? I walked in to find Finnagin on top of you and *kissing* you! KISSING YOU! Seamus *fucking* Finnagin, Potter!"

"WHAT THE HELL??!! You have NO RIGHT to be upset. YOU are the one who bloody cheated on ME!"

"What the FUCK are you on about?"

The two boys were standing in the middle of the dorm room, facing off and yelling at the top of their lungs.

"You slept with Oliver, you cheating bastard! Don't you *dare* get mad at me over Seamus,cause I am *furious* with you!"

"I didn't sleep with Oliver, you fuckwit!"

"Okay, *whatever* Malfoy, I saw you both come into the Great Hall, hair messed up, shirts buttoned up the wrong way, unable to take your eyes off each other. I think I can tell when two people have just had sex. If you fucking wanted to be with Oliver, you should have told me. I can take a hint," Harry said bitterly, and Draco felt a nasty twinge in his stomach. He honestly hadn't thought Harry would be *hurt* by the idea of him and Oliver together. Taking a good look at the pain evident on Harry's face, Draco began to feel uncomfortably guilty.

"Um, Harry, perhaps I should explain."

"What's there to explain? You don't have to make excuses to me, right? I mean, we're not really together, right?" There was a very icy edge to every word from Harry's mouth.

"Potter, I-

"Let's just forget the fact that yesterday you wouldn't talk to me for *hours* because I got a *letter* from Charlie. Or that you chewed me out in front of the entire common room because Seamus made a couple of stupid comments." Harry's normally open green eyes had narrowed into slits of molten emerald.

"Harry, you don't understand -

"No, I understand. It's okay for *you* to get upset with *me* because I'm your *prty*, right? But GOD FORBID I should be upset with you because YOU FUCKING SHAGGED YOUR EX-BOYFRIEND!"

"Potter, shut up and listen to me!" Draco shouted, grabbing Harry by the shoulders and looking into his face. "I did NOT. Have sex. With Oliver Wood."

"Nice try, Malfoy. I *saw* you guys in the Great Hall."

"It was just an act."

"An *act*?"

"Yes, an act! We staged the whole thing." Harry gave Draco a very suspicious look.

"And why would that have all been an act?"

"To make you jealous, you stupid git! To get you back for what you said last night about my jealousy being out of control. Oliver was just doing me a favor, we staged it to look like we had just been shagging, but NOTHING HAPPENED." Draco failed to notice the dangerous look that was appearing in Harry's eyes because he was too busy remembering Seamus kissing Harry when he walked in and beginning to get angry again. "Which, by the way, was NOT the case with you and Finnigan, so -

"Malfoy." Harry's voice was dangerously quiet, and his clear emerald eyes had become dark jade with anger. "Are you telling me that you planned that whole thing to make it look like you had shagged your ex, just to make me *jealous*?"

Draco was oblivious to the danger he was in. "YES, Potter, that is EXACTLY what I am telling you, I'm completely innocent! But then I come in and find you with Seamus sodding Finnagin on top of you, KISSING you, and now you have the audacity to - "

"Malfoy, SHUT UP." Harry took a menacing step forwards, and Draco took a step back. He finally noticed the cold fury in Harry's eyes, and gulped. Part of him had vaguely known that Harry would probably be a little upset over this stunt, but he had forgotten just how scary Harry was when he was truly angry.

"Of all the ***childish***...***selfish***...***manipulative***..." and with each word Harry took a step forward and Draco took a step back, until Harry had backed him up against the wall.

He locked his arms on Draco's and pushed him up against the wall, leaning in so his face was inches from Draco's. "You're in a world of trouble, Draco Malfoy."
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And Draco, pushed up against the wall, his arms pinned to his sides, with a furious Harry Potter on top of him, was beginning to feel a little afraid.

And, inexplicably, a little turned on.

"Wait, Harry, I can explain -

"I thought I told you to shut up." Harry still had a dangerous glint in his eyes, and was looking at Draco with a poignant mixture of anger and hurt.

"Since when do I take orders from you, Potter?" Draco may have been scared, but he wasn't exactly the submissive type. And he had never been particularly good at shutting up.

Harry slammed him back against the wall. "Don't get smart with me, Malfoy," he all but snarled. He looked straight in Draco's eyes, and Draco shivered involuntarily. "Give me one reason not to dump your ass right now and send you crawling back to your father and your happily ever after with Parkinson."

Draco took a deep breath. Honesty was probably the only thing that could save him now. "Because...well, because I...um...I really want to be with you."

Well. That wasn't the answer Harry had been expecting.

"What?" said Harry, blinking, relaxing his hold on Draco slightly, suddenly not quite so angry.

Draco's cheeks flushed slightly pink and he looked down at his feet. "I...well, I kind of fancy you." Harry's hold on Draco lessened even more as he stared at the blonde incredulously.

"I don't....I don't understand," said Harry. "If you wanted to be with me, why did you pretend to sleep with Oliver?"

Draco blushed a little harder. "Well, see, I really like you," he mumbled to the floor. "And I was really jealous yesterday. That's why I set this all up. I wanted you to be jealous too."

Harry released his hold on Draco completely, and Draco became aware of a pounding sensation in his chest as the anger and hurt slowly drained out of Harry's eyes.

"I didn't mean to hurt you," Draco explained, a little sheepishly. "I didn't think you actually cared about me, so I just thought you'd be jealomaybe angry. But not hurt. I feel terrible and I'm *really* sorry. Forgive me?"

He looked so forlorn and sincere and adorable, with big grey eyes and uncharacteristically messy hair, still blushing slightly from his confession that Harry, as much as he wanted to stay angry, found himself melting.

He sighed and rolled his eyes at Draco. "You are a complete brat, you know that?" he asked, brushing a lock of hair out of Draco's eyes. "But I forgive you," he smiled, enjoying the way the silvery grey orbs lit up with happiness at his response. He leaned in close to whisper, "But only because I fancy you too." And letting his eyes flicker shut he closed the distance between their faces and pressed his lips to Draco's in a sweet, loving kiss.

Draco made a small noise that was almost a whimper, and entwined his arms around Harry's neck, returning the kiss and sliding his tongue into Harry's mouth. The kiss quickly became heated as a week's worth of sexual tension between the two boys rose like a tidal wave in both of them. Harry ran his arms down Draco's back a them around his waist, pulling Draco tightly against his body. After a few minutes of passionate kissing Harry pulled Draco away from the wall and the two of them made their way to Harry's bed, Harry's fingers struggling with the buttons on Draco's shirt. They kept their lips tightly together, pausing only momentarily to pull Harry's t-shirt over his head.

Harry felt the back of his knees hit the bed and fell backwards, Draco on top of him, Harry sliding Draco's shirt off his arms as they tumbled down together, caressing every inch of skin now uncovered. He marveled at the way Draco's body felt under his hands, unwilling to stop touching him for even an instant. He nipped gently at Draco's neck, causing the blonde to gasp and grind into him.

"Oh, *God*," Harry groaned as jolts of pleasure shot through him. Draco gave him a sexy smirk and leaned down to whisper in his ear.

"You like that Harry?" he asked playfully, rotatis hips over Harry's, trailing kisses over Harry's neck and ear. Harry just moaned in frustration.

"You better not be teasing me, Draco," he whispered into the blonde's ear, gasping as Draco began rocking their hips together in earnest.

"No teasing," smirked Draco. "At least, not this time," he added mischievously. He leaned down to suck on Harry's neck. Harry countered by running his hands up and down Draco's back and shoulders. Draco returned to kissing Harry's mouth, and for the next few minutes nothing mattered by lips, tongue, warm skin and the increasing pleasure building in each of their bodies.

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Draco collapsed on top of Harry, and the two lay flush together for a couple minutes, breathing heavily. Finally, Draco propped himself up to look at Harry and smiled.

"Good?"

"Oh yes. Quite," Harry replied, eyes closed.

The two lay in companionable silence for a few moments before Harry finally spoke again.

"You really are an unbelievable prat, Malfoy," Harry said, lazily and rather affectionately, running his fingers through Draco's hair.

Draco just yawned. "That's not what you what you were thinking just a couple minutes ago," he said, nuzzling into Harry's neck.

"Quiet you." Harry swatted him playfully. "Honestly, I can't believe you staged that whole thing with Oliver. I was ready to kill him, I hope you know."

"Yes, I know. You were quite jealous. Now that you know how it feels, I think you owe me an apology for saying that *my* jealousy was out of control."

"WHAT?" Harry's mouth dropped open and he turned to look at Draco. "I don't think so. No apologies for you. In fact, you should be ashamed of yourself, pulling such a horrible stunt on me."

"What can I say? I'm a naughty, naughty boy."

"I should punish you."

"Yes, you should."

"I intend to. I plan to make you very sorry for all this nonsense."

"Of course you do. But in the meantime, less talking, more kissing." And to accentuate his point he lifted his face up to plant a kiss on Harry's lips, who quickly returned it, and the two spent a few moments happily snogging each other. The kiss was just beginning to heat up when Harry pulled away and looked at Draco suspiciously.

"You've been teasing me all week on purpose, haven't you? Getting me all riled up with no intention of coming through. Prick."

"Oh, don't be such a baby. Surely it was worth it for what we just did."

"Hmm, perhaps. But you should know that I'm nowhere near done with you yet," Harry said meaningfully.

"Oh, you're not?" Draco tried to speak casually, but his blood was beginning to race again.

"Not by a long shot." And with a sudden agile movement Harry rolled them over, flipping Draco off of him and onto his back on the mattress, and kneeling above his suddenly prone body he began to kiss the Slytherin again.

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Much later, Draco crawled up Harry's body and pressed a sweet kiss against his mouth, then snuggled up against his side with his head on Harry's chest. Harry smiled rather dazedly at Draco and then closed his eyes, wrapping his arms around the blonde and burying his nose into Draco's soft, silvery hair.

After a few moments, Draco spoke. "So you do realize that now you're my *real* boyfriend, don't you?"

"Bugger," said Harry. "Am I really?"

Draco smiled, amused. "Oh yes. You're all mine now."

Harry sighed dramatically. "Well, I suppose it could be worse, although truthfully I really don't see how."

Draco smacked his arm. "You shut up. You are exceedingly lucky, you know. You now have a boyfriend who is devastatingly smart, witty, charming, gorgeous and rich."

"You forgot vain, spoiled and disturbingly manipulative."

"You say that like it's a bad thing."

Harry snorted. At this point the boys were interrupted by loud knocking on the door and some muffled voices.

"Ah. My roommates. Probably want to get back in their room," said Harry lazily, not making any movement to the door.

"Yes. I would suppose they do," Draco returned, not lifting his head from Harry's chest. They lay together for a few more moments, listening as the voices transitioned from requests and comments to outright yelling.

"Still, I suppose we really ought to let them in," said Harry finally, with noticeable reluctance. Draco merely yawned and snuggled a bit closer to Harry.

"I suppose we ought to," he replied, a bit muffled as his head was now buried in Harry's neck. The yelling had escalated into threats now, followed by heavy pounding on the door.

"Then again," said Harry thoughtfully, "Neither of us has really been very good at doing what we ought to be doing. Why start now?"

"Too right you are," said Draco sleepily, and the new boyfriends snuggled up together and fell asleep.

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Chapter: 11

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Dragon Tamer

Chapter 11: Hogwarts Sex God

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Draco walked to breakfast looking forward to seeing Harry again. Last night Harry's roommates had finally broken through the locking charm on the dorm (thank Hermione for that), and needless to say, had not been very happy to find Harry and Draco snuggled up together on the bed. They promptly kicked Draco out of the room, and consequently Draco had spent the night alone when he would have much preferred spending the night with Harry. Ah well. There would be more opportunities for that.

He dropped gracefully into a seat between Pansy and Blaise and happily started dishing food onto his plate. His friends gave him a suspicious look. A happy Malfoy at breakfast was not a common occurrence.

"So Draco," Blaise began nonchalantly, "I notice you came back to the room very late last night."

Draco ignored Blaise in favor of the waffles on his plate. Undaunted, Blaise pressed on. "So where were you?" he asked, hoping for some juicy details.

"Isn't it obvious?" Pansy snorted. "I mean, look at him. He got some last night, it's written all

over his face."

Draco merely reached for the orange juice.

"Draaaco!" Blaise whined. "I *know* you were with Potter last night. Aren't you going to tell us *anything* about him?"

"Nope," Draco said shortly, sipping his juice. He looked across the hall to where Harry was sitting and chatting animatedly with Ron, Hermione and Dean and his face lit up. Blaise smirked wickedly at him.

"Aww, Draco's in *love*," he said in a singsong voice, and Draco glared a. Blaise merely continued. "I notice Harry's pretty little Irish friend isn't fawning all over him this morning. Did you have anything to do with that?"

Draco looked, and it was true. Seamus, though sitting and chatting with his friends at the table, was obviously avoiding getting too close to Harry, most likely for fear of pissing Draco off. Draco smirked. "Maybe."

At that moment the owl post came, and Pansy looked up excitedly. "I can't wait to see what the feature article is this time in *Wicked Witch Weekly*. I do hope it's something good." *Wicked Witch Weekly* was a subdivision of *Witch Weekly* that was known for publishing the "racier" articles, and as a result, had a *much* wider subscribing audience than *Witch Weekly* itself.The owl dropped the magazine off in her lap and she eagerly looked at the cover. Her blue eyes immediately got very big and round, and she coughed slightly.

"What?" Draco asked, craning over her shoulder to see the cover. "Oh, *shit*."

Harry Potter, Defeater of the Dark Lord and the Reigning Sex God of Hogwarts! Exclusive Story! Screamed the cover, which featured a large picture of Harry, obviously taken without his knowledge, and obviously taken during Quidditch practice. Wearing a tight t-shirt and athletic pants, he was a little sweaty, a lot disheveled, full of authority and sexy as hell. He looked like a Muggle football star, like a younger, brunette David Beckham. *Yummy*. Draco felt his mouth go dry.

Blaise snatched the magazine away from Pansy. "Fucking hell." He gaped at the picture. "From

now on I am attending *every single* Gryffindor Quidditch practice. In fact, we should sell tickets. Harry is *bloody* incredible." Rising whispers around the Great Hall attested to the fact that everyone who subscribed to *Wicked Witch Weekly* was currentssing the same sentiments.

Pansy wrenched the magazine back and opened it to the article and her mouth fell open. "Wow, they weren't kidding about him being a sex god! Where did they get all this information about Potter's sex life?" At those words Draco started to feel decidedly nervous.

"Um, what does it say?" he asked, with an attempt at nonchalance. Pansy skimmed the article.

"Well, first off it states that all the information is from an unnamed but reliable source, but this is incredible. Says here he's got amazing stamina - that it's quite common for him to go ten rounds in one night." Draco's face paled slightly. "And that his - oh Merlin, it *can't* be that big, how could he walk around? And, oh my God, listen to this -

But Draco had heard enough. Obviously the articlel of all the information that he had given Harry's fan club - made up in a heated moment of revenge. He had to get Harry out of the Great Hall before he saw the article.

Draco sprinted over to the Gryffindor table where Harry was chatting with Hermione about something called television, bugger if he knew what that was. He pointedly ignored the irritated looks he was getting from Harry's roommates and grabbed Harry's arm. Harry looked up and saw him and smiled.

"Morning, Draco," he said affectionately and motioned to the seat next to him. "I missed you last night. Join us?"

"Um, actually I was hoping I could have you all to myself for a couple minutes," he drawled, refusing to let his nervousness show on his face or in his voice. He looked up and saw Ginny, Lavender, Parvati and the Creevey brothers all huddled over magazines, and gulped.

Ron gave him a disgusted look. "Honestly Malfoy, let the guy eat some breakfast. Don't you at least want him to get his strength back before you have another go at him?" This comment earned some amused chuckles from Dean and Hermione, but Draco didn't have time to worry about that. The Gryffindor contingent of the HPFC was slowly making its way to where Harry was sitting, eager looks on their faces.

"Come *on*, Harry," he said, with a little more desperation, tugging on Harry's arm. "We're uh...we're going to be late for class and you don't want detention, right?"

"Draco, it's Sunday," Harry pointed out, giving Draco a puzzled look. "What's going on?"

"Harry! Hey Harry!" The Creevey brothers, bursting with excitement, had reached the Gryffindor Golden Boy and were holding out copies of the magazines and a scarlet quill. "Will you sign these for us? Huh? Will you?"

Momentarily distracted from Draco, Harry leaned over to see what they were talking about. Draco, having failed miserably in his quest to prevent Harry from seeing the magazine, came up with a new plan: namely, *retreat.* Taking advantage of Harry's momentary distraction, he began to back up very slowly, trying not to draw attention to himself as Harry saw the cover of *Wicked Witch Weekly*. Harry's mouth fell open and he stared speechless at the article. Unfortunately for Draco, however, the Creevy brothers were far from speechless.

"Draco, where are you going? We came over here to thank you for the information you gave us for this article," Colin said cheerily.

"Yeah, Draco, don't go! The HPFC owes you a great big thank you," Dennis chimed in.

Harry and his Gryffindor posse slowly turned to look at who had the sudden, desperate wish to Apparate far, far away.

"Um, well, you're uh...very welcome, and um, if you don't mind, I'll just be going now," said Draco, backing up even faster. He turned to run.

"DRACO MALFOY!" At the sound of Harry's voice, Draco froze. "Get back here. *Now*. "

Slowly turning back around, Draco unwillingly took a few steps back towards the Gryffindor table. *Go on, Draco, you can do this,* he coached himself. *Just deny everything. Deny it to the death.* He quickly arranged his face into what he hoped was a very angelic expression. "Yes, Harry?" he asked, and then added, "Love?" for good measure.

Harry narrowed his eyes. "Did you do this?" he asked meaningfully, glancing down at the magazine which was now open to the article.

Stall for time. "Do what?" he asked, voice innocent as can be.

"Did you give my fan club this information about my sex life?" Harry was not buying the innocent act for one second.

Deny deny deny. "What? Me? Of course not! Don't be ridiculous."

"So that's a 'no'?" Harry raised a skeptical eyebrow.

"Um...yequo;

"Yes?"

"No!"

"*Draco*..."

"...maybe." *Damn it*. How did Harry always make him talk?

Harry looked down at the article and then back at Draco. "Did you tell my fan club that I was *"more adventurous in bed than in my battles with the Dark Lord"* and *"always willing to try anything new, no matter how novel or kinky?&rdqu"*

"Um...well, I hardly think I phrased it *that* way -

"How about "*the talented fingers that amaze on the Quidditch pitch are even more skillful at giving pleasure then they are at catching the Golden Snitch*?" Ring any bells?"

"Uh, I guess that sounds maybe a *little* familiar, but Harry -

"And did you say," Harry said slowly, looking Draco straight in the eye, "*that there is no greater ecstasy on this earth then to be subjected to the amazing and talented tongue of a Parselmouth*?"

"Oh that. Well, um, I might have said *something* similar, but surely it doesn't really matter, right Harry? Harry?"

"Malfoy," Harry began, in a voice that was much too calm, "if I were you, I would run." He paused. "NOW."

Draco let out a very un-dignified, un-Malfoyish squeak and bolted from the Great Hall. Harry calmly took a sip of pumpkin juice, set his cup down, nodded goodbye to the greatly amused faces at the Gryffindor table and took off after him.

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Harry knew Draco would run for Slytherin territory and leisurely headed down to the dungeons, trying to decide what exactly he was going to do with Draco when he caught him. He paused in front of the blank stone wall that he knew concealed the entrance to the Slytherin common room. He thought to himself for a moment. He didn't have the password, so how to get in, how to get in...

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Draco was sitting on a couch in the common room, trying to catch his breath. His Slytherin cronies were sitting around him, fighting over the article. Even Crabbe and Goyle seemed to be very keen on the picture of Harry on the front. Blaise and Pansy were alternatedly grabbing the magazine from each other and trying to get information from Draco as to how true the details were.

"Draco, I can't believe you. Here I've been desperate for details about Potter and you refuse to talk about him, and then you go blabbing it all to his fan club! I thought we were *friends*," Blaise was saying sulkily. &ldnext meeting isn't until *Tuesday*, I would have had to wait *two more days* to find out all this stuff."

Draco, heart still faintly pounding, gave Blaise an incredulous look. "You're in Potter's fan club?"

"Um, *hello*, of course I am. Have you *seen* the guy?"

Now Draco was feeling sulky. "Of course I've *seen* him, Blaise, he's my boyfriend. Would it kill you not to drool over him so obviously?"

Millicent Bulstrode, who had just jd them, just shook her head at Draco. "You can't exactly blame him, you know. Your boyfriend *is* gorgeous." She began to read through her copy of the article for the third time. "God, Draco, you are the luckiest bastard in the entire world."

Not once Harry finds me, I won't be, Draco thought to himself.

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Across from the invisible entrance to the Slytherin common room was a portrait of a sultry looking woman with a snake wrapped around her neck. She was eying Harry with obvious interest. But Harry wasn't interested in her. The thought had occurred to him that the portrait most likely had overheard the password, and he stalked over to have a quick heart-to-heart with the snake in the picture.

"Excusssse me,&rdq he hissed at the portrait, giving the snake a charming grin, "but may I trouble you for a ssssecond?"

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Draco was finally starting to breathe easier, feeling that if Harry hadn't found him yet, he was probably not going to find him for awhile.

"So it's all true then? The entire article?" Millicent was asking.

Draco figured he was already screwed, might as well go all the way. "Every word," he smirked cockily.

&ldqu;And you should know," said a voice from above. Draco paled considerably.

"Harry! How the hell did you get in here?" he asked, desperately looking around for an exit and seeing none. Harry gave him a wicked grin and began stalking towards him, a predatory look on his face.

"I have my wayssss," he smirked, deliberately hissing, and Draco closed his eyes with a shudder. *Parseltongue*. He would never admit to anyone, least of all Harry, but he had always found the idea that Harry was a Parselmouth inexplicably erotic. Maybe it was because it just seemed so *wicked* for the Gryffindor Golden Boy to speak the language of snakes and dark wizards.

Harry, however, saw him shudder and had a pretty good idea what made him do it. He stalked closer. "What'ssss wrong?" he asked coyly, enjoying the look on Draco's face. "*Don't you like Parseltongue, Draco*?" he hissed in Parseltongue, and saw with satisfaction that Draco seemed to be turniutty. Come to think of it, so did all of the other Slytherins within hearing range. Maybe Draco wasn't the only one with this strange fetish.

Harry settled into the couch between Draco and Blaise. Draco was looking at Harry with a very odd mixture of lust and wariness. Blaise, as per usual, was undaunted by the tension between them.

"Harry, will you sign my magazine?" he asked eagerly, wrenching Pansy's copy out of her hands and ignoring her protests. Harry just rolled his eyes.

"Oh, honestly," he sighed. "I am *not* signing that bloody thing. Not for you, not for anyone. It's ridiculously embarrassing," he finished, with a pointed look at Draco.

"Oh, I don't know about *embarrassing*," said Pansy thoughtfully. &ld actually come across as quite amazing, you know."

"I haven't read the article, thank you," said Harry. "Just highlights."

"Draco, I hope you know a lot of hexes because every student in Hogwarts is going to be trying to get in Potter's pants even more than usual after this," Millicent said, giving Harry a lustful stare that indicated that she would most likely be one of those students. Draco scowled at her,

obviously not very happily with that thought.

"No kidding," Blaise chipped in, thumbing through the article. "I mean, Potter, listen to this. In addition to some *very* impressive vital statistics about your um, *measurements*, it says here that you're into role playing, and that your favorite game is 'detention with the Potions professor'."

"I'm sorry - what?" Harry asked, directing a glare at an increasingly nervous Draco.

"I'll read it to you: *Of the many adventurous games that our young hero will play in the bedroom, his favorite is 'Detention with the Potions Professor.' It involves a strict potion master, a naughty student, and a very eventful evening of detention in which the naughty student is taught a lesson by his teacher.* I never would have guessed you were into discipline, Potter."

Harry blinked several times before speaking, a rather disturbed look on his face. "Yes, well...what can I say? We all have our kinky sides, don't we?" He paused. "Draco, could I possibly *see you for a moment*? In *private*?"

<pBlack">"Um, actually Harry, I think I would feel more comfortable if we stayed here where there are witnesses - I mean friends."

"Draco, that was *not* a request. Let me put it to you this way: You have exactly *ten seconds* to go somewhere private before you get what's coming to you in front of everyone here." Draco gulped. "Ten...nine...*eight*..." Draco jumped up and ran into his bedroom, Harry hot on his heels.

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As soon as Harry crossed the threshold to Draco's bedroom, he slammed the door shut and cast a locking spell. Then he turned to face Draco and began walking towards him with a look that made Draco feel like the prey of a lion.

"Okay, I know it seems bad, but look Harry, I can explain..." he began tentatively, but Harry wasn't here to listen to his explanations.

"*Expelliarmus*!" Draco's wand flew out of his robes into Harry's waiting hand. Draco's eyes got very big.

"Harry, what are you doing?" he asked nervously, backing up. Harry continued to pursue him, and pointed his wand at Draco for another incantation.

"*Abrogo vestitus*," and Draco's shirt and trousers flew off his body. Dressed only in boxers, and aware of Harry's very appreciative stare, Draco's body was beginning to tingle in anticipation. Maybe this wasn't going to be so bad after all. He felt his legs hit the bed behind him, and then Harry was on top of him, pushing him down to sit on the mattress, kissing him roughly, and Draco had the fleeting thought that *no, this wasn't going to be bad at all*.

Harry crawled into Draco's lap, straddling him, and Draco reached up with his arms and ran them over Harry's back, pausing at the hem of Harry's shirt to lift it over his head. Still kissing the raven-haired Gryffindor, he began to run his hand up Harry's thigh. Harry immediately pulled back.

"Oh no you don't," he said, and pushed Draco onto his back. "*Ferratus mollis*," he murmured, and Draco found himself bound to the head of the bed by soft, padded handcuffs. "You didn't think you were getting away that easy, did you?" Harry's smile was feral, and Draco shivered, unable to take his eyes off his boyfriend.

Harry climbed on top of Draco, straddling his hips and hovering over his prone body on all fours. He licked his lips. "Now that I've got you, whatever shall I do with you?" he purred, dipping down to kiss Draco's lips. Draco responded with fervor, arching into the kiss and moaning softly as Harry's tongue teased his.

"That was a very naughty thing you did to me, Draco," Harry continued to purr, now trailing the softest of kisses up and down Draco's neck, causing the blonde to whimper softly under him. "And I'm trying to decide the best way to punish you," he whispered into Draco's ear, tongue snaking out to trace the delicate and sensitive skin. Draco moaned out loud as Harry's fingers ghosted their way over his torso, pausing to trace circles across Draco's impressive abdominal muscles.

"Oh gods, *Harry*," he hissed as Harry's hand dropped lower. The needy rasp of his voice made Harry's eyes glow with emerald fire.

"Do you like that, Draco?" he asked, voice smooth as satin, hand still on Draco, watching the blonde with hungry eyes.

"Oh gods, yes, Harry."

"Louder, baby. Say my name," Harry ordered, trailing kisses down Draco's torso, set on using his mouth to make Draco shout his name.

"Oh fuck, *Harry*!" the blonde cried out, and the next few minutes were lost to utter ecstasy.

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Harry flopped onto his back next to Draco, mumbling a faint *Finite Incantatem*, and Draco was realized from his bonds. He immediately crawled into Harry's arms, head on Harry's shoulder, arm strewn across his chest, breath coming in short pants. Harry wrapped his arms tightly around the still trembling blonde and kissed his silky hair. They lay together for several minutes in silence, until finally Harry spoke in a very affectionate whisper.

"Draco?" he asked gently, trying to look at him. There was no answer. "Draco?" He asked again, a little louder. Still no answer, and as Harry twisted to look down at Draco's face what he saw made his heart melt. Draco was fast asleep, snuggled into Harry's body, chest rising slowly and steadily. Harry grinned. Obviously, he had done a Very Good Job on one Draco Malfoy. Looking at him, Harry felt an odd mix of protectiveness, tenderness and possessiveness. He absently wondered at what point he had developed real feelings for the other wizard, but he was shaken out of his revere when he realized that Draco was shivering slightly.

Very carefully, so as not to wake the sleeping Slytherin, he pulled the blankets out from underneath them to cover them up. He leaned his cheek against Draco's hair, marveling as he always did at the silky smooth texture. He closed his eyes, intending to think some more, but the rhythmic breathing of Draco against his chest soon lulled him into a peaceful sleep.

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Harry woke a little while later to find himself on his side, facing Draco, who was watching him with a look of awe on his face.

"What?" he said sleepily, eyelashes flickering over hazy green eyes. Draco reached out and brushed a lock of hair out of Harry's face, not wanting anything to block his view of the

legendary emerald orbs.

"Now listen up, Potter, because I'm only going to say this once. You are *fucking* amazing." Harry grinned drowsily.

"Fucking amazing, huh? Quite the compliment, considering I haven't even fucked you yet." Draco grinned back.

"Does that mean you plan to?" he asked cheekily, hoping for an affirmative answer. Harry didn't disappoint.

"Oh yes," he murmured, rolling on his back and stretching his arms in the air. "I plan on shagging you six ways to Sunday next chance I get."

"Is that so? Well, not if I shag you first," Draco said, rolling on top of Harry to pin him against the mattress.

"Oh, it's like that, is it?" Harry tried to sound put out, but was failing miserably as Draco was currently doing something very distracting to his ear with his tongue. Harry's blood was beginning to race again when they were interrupted by a loud knock on the door.

"Damn it, Draco, what the hell are you guys doing in there? Let me in, you utter prat, I have to do my homework." Blaise was unsuccessfully trying to break through Harry's locking charm. Draco sighed.

"I suppose we're going to have to let him in," he said regretfully. Harry nodded.

"As much as I don't want to go, I have homework as well. Not to mention I probably have some friends who have a whole lot of questions for me about a certain article," he said, giving Draco a half-exasperated, half-amused stare. Draco had the good grace to the sheepish. He rolled off Harry and the two climbed off the bed, throwing on their clothes. Harry pointed his wand at the door and muttered *Finite Incantatem*, and Blaise stumbled into the room, glaring daggers at the pair.

"Well, no need to ask what you two have been up to," he sniffed in an insulted tone. Then he

took a better look at the pair - the two uncontested hottest guys in the school here in his bedroom, looking disheveled and ready for action. "Hey guys, I know it's a long shot, but if you ever wanted a third -

"NO, Blaise," Draco spat, throwing him an icy Malfoy death glare. He turned to Harry. "Come on, Harry, I'll walk you out." They walough the common room, ignoring the whistles and catcalls they were getting, Draco in particular. Harry just looked a little more mussed than usual, but Draco, whom none of his housemates had ever seen look anything other than perfect, looked completely debauched. His hair was a mess, his clothes were on crooked, and he had faint red marks all over his neck. Add this to the article everyone had just read and it was readily assumed by all that Draco had just had what could be termed a 'rollicking good time'.

They stood at the exit and were just about to say goodbye when Pansy called out, "So was it that good then, Draco?" Draco turned distrustfully.

"What are you on about, Parkinson?" he asked suspiciously.

"We all heard you." She grinned, gesturing around the common room. "We heard you screaming 'oh fuck, *Harry*!'" As the common room burst into giggles and snickers, Draco fought to keep his composure and turned to see how Potter was taking the news, expecting him to be a blushing wreck. To his surprise, Harry was *smirking* at him.

"Potter..." Draco narrowed his eyes, and Harry's smirk got bigger. He leaned in and whispered in Draco's ear.

"I didn't put a silencing charm on the door. I figured that would be payback for your little game with Oliver, although I still owe you for the article." When Draco just looked at him, speechless for a change, Harry grinned and leaned in to kiss him goodbye.

"Later, babe," he said, and with a wink, slipped out the door. Draco stared at the door after him, and then whirled around the face his housemates.

He glared at everyone in the common room as it became apparent most were trembling in suppressed hilarity. Finally, someone in the back moaned, "Oh *Harry*," and that was all it took. Everyone burst out laugnd giggling and doing impressions of Draco to various degrees.

Draco tried his one of his harsher icy Malfoy death glares (one usually reserved for optimists and small children), but to no avail. Finally he snapped, "Oh sod off, the lot of you," and turned and stomped off to his room amidst fresh peals of laughter.

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Chapter: 12

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Dragon Tamer

Chapter 12: Revenge

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The next morning, Draco was still fuming at Harry for having the audacity to humiliate him in front of his housemates. He had decided there were two ways he could deal with Harry now. One, sulk all day and refuse to speak to him or snog him. This was a good option, but ultimately, Draco knew his own weaknesses and Harry's strengths. He had realized that generally speaking, what Harry Potter wants Harry Potter will get, and if that he wanted Draco Malfoy then the Slytherin was going to be hard pressed to stop him. Not to mention stopping him would probably be the furthest thing from Draco's mind if Harry managed to get within snogging distance.

No, the second scheme was *so* much more appropriate, and would be so much more fun to execute. Draco carefully chose his outfit for the day. He needed to look devastatingly gorgeous for this. Not that devastatingly gorgeous wasn't he usual state of affairs, but still. He chose black dress pants, a grey cashmere sweater that fit *very* well and matched his eyes exactly, and his best robes over everything. He left the gel out of his hair for a change. He'd noticed Harry seemed to have a thing for running his hands through the blonde locks, might as well make it look more touchable than ever. He looked in the mirror triumphantly. Perfect.

No one humiliates a Malfoy and gets away with it, he thought to himself with a wicked smirk. *Not even Harry fucking Potter.*

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Draco's appearance didn't go unnoticed by his housemates, who tore their eyes away from Harry Potter long enough to give Draco some very appreciative stares. Best of all though, Harry, across the hall at the Gryffindor table, couldn't take his eyes off him and kept looking at Draco in a way

that made the blonde go all shivery inside. Draco pretended not to notice, talking with Blaise animatedly and enjoying his breakfast. Finally, Draco lifted his eyes and made eye contact with Harry. He sent the Gryffindor a sexy smile, then oh-so-casually got up from the Slytherin table and headed for the doors. Right before he walked through the door he looked over his shoulder and winked at Harry, then took off walking down the corridor.

He didn't have to look back to know that Harry had just made his excuses to his housemates, jumped up from the Gryffindor table, and was now following Draco as fast as his feet could carry him.

Draco made sure to stay ahead of Harry, ducking through corridors, practically running, knowing Harry enjoyed a good chase as much as he did - they both weren't seekers for nothing. Finally, he dashed into an empty classroom and as Harry ran past reached out and grabbed him by the robes, yanking him backwards into the room and slamming the door behind him. He proceeded to slam Harry up against the wall and kiss him roughly. Harry's arms immediately locked around Draco's waist, pulling the Slytherin tight against his own body.

Draco tore his lips from Harry's and began to suck and bite at his neck. He snaked his hands into Harry's robes, untucking Harry's shirt and running his hands over the brunette's bare torso. Harry moaned quietly and buried his hands in Draco's hair and his face in Draco's neck. Draco quickly dropped his hands to Harry's pants and began undoing his belt.

Harry looked up, eye dark with passion, lips and cheeks flushed, and murmured, "What are you doing?" into Draco's ear. Draco kissed him hungrily, and having gotten his pants open plunged his hand into them.

"Paying you back for yesterday," the blonde said sweetly and completely truthfully, knowing Harry would assume he was talking about earth-shattering blowjob and not Harry's little prank. Harry shuddered and gasped under Draco ministrations. Draco watched him, a hint of a smirk on his lips. Harry was thrashing against the wall, eye screwed shut, head shaking back and forth. Just where Draco wanted him.

Harry was teetering on the brink of what promised to be an excellent orgasm when Draco suddenly stopped and stepped back. Harry's eyes flew open in shock.

"Oh dear, would you look at the time?" Draco said in mock horror. "I simply *must* be going. Don't want to be late for class." He watched with glee as the horrible realization dawned on Harry's face, mixing with disbelief and frustration.

"Draco..." the brunette began in a dangerous tone of voice. "You aren't seriously planning on leav - "

"See you in class, Harry," Draco said cheekily, and ran out of the room before Harry could do anything more than gape at him, smirking in triumph at the frustrated groan that followed him out of the room.

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By some miracle Harry made it to the potions classroom only one minute late. He tried to slip in quietly, but Draco burst out "*There* you are, Harry" very loudly, thus halting any of Harry's attempts to be stealthy. Snape eyed him with a look that Harry did not like at all.

"Sit down, Potter. That will be ten points from Gryffindor. I would give you detention for being late, but I daresay that you might be hoping for it," Snape drawled with a raised eyebrow. *Shit*. Snape had read the article. Harry groaned inwardly, remembering the part that suggested he enjoyed role-playing "Detention with the Potions Professor." Muffled giggles were flitting through the class, and Harry felt his cheeks beginning to burn. He prayed that Snape was done, but as usual, his wishes never came true when it came to Snape.

"No witty come back, Potter? I'm surprised. I was expecting you to try to be *naughty* on purpose so that I'd be forced to give you detention and maybe even to *discipline* you properly," he said suggestively. The Slytherins howled with laughter, and even the Gryffindors couldn't fight back the giggles. Draco was positively shaking with mirth, and with cheeks flaming Harry took his seat next to him, glaring at his boyfriend.

As Snape mercifully began to lecture, he whispered "Malfoy, you horrid brat, I can't *believe* what you just did to me. It wasn't enough to leave me in such a state in that classroom, you made me late on purpose so that Snape would have the perfect opportunity to mock me, didn't you?" Draco, who was wiping tears of laughter out of his eyes, smiled angelically.

"Well, I *did* tell you that I was paying you back for yesterday. Maybe you just misunderstood me," he whispered back, eyes wide open and innocent. Harry groaned and muttered something that sounded suspiciously like "stupid, runty little git" under his breath. Draco immediately put his hand in the air.

"Professor Snape, sir, Harry's calling me names. Maybe you should punish him," he suggested in best 'teacher's pet' voice, and Harry froze. Snape locked eyes with Draco, and Harry could practically see the unspoken agreement between them: *Potter's going **down***. Snape sent him a malicious grin, and Harry slunk down in his seat. This had disaster written all over it.

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Lunchtime found Harry on the Quidditch pitch, flying at breakneck speed, trying to work off both the embarrassment of that stupid Potions class and the sexual frustration Draco had left him with. He had skipped lunch not to avoid his housemates and their teasing, which he could have handled, but to avoid Draco, whom Harry suspected was not finished exacting his revenge yet.

The only good point of the day so far had been when Seamus apologized to him for his actions the other day, promising that it wouldn't happen again. He had forgiven Seamus easily, although he did warn the Irishman that Draco would be a little harder to convince. Seamus winced

slightly, remembering his last encounter with the blonde, but told Harry he planned to apologize to Draco at lunch.

Draco was sitting at his house table, chatting with Blaise, enjoying his lunch and wondering where Harry was when Seamus approached him.

"Ahoy there, Malfoy. Can I speak to you for a minute?" Draco narrowed his eyes.

"What do you want, Finnigan?" he spat, looking venomous and dangerous. Seamus screwed up every ounce of Gryffindor courage he had, and looked Draco directly in the eyes.

"I want to apologize," he said bravely, "For trying to make a move on Harry. It was wrong and I'm sorry. And it won't happen again." Draco opened his mouth to speak, but Blaise beat him to it.

"You tried to make a move on Potter behind Draco's back? And you're still standing? I'm impressed," Blaise said admiringly, and Draco turned to glare at him.

"Blaise, would you please shut up before I hex you?" Blaise rolled his eyes and winked at Seamus, who found he was taking rather a liking to Draco's impertinent ex-boyfriend.

Draco, in the mean time, was looking at Seamus coldly. "Why should I forgive you?" he asked with a sneer. Seamus smiled rather blandly at him.

"Harry forgave me," he said, and Draco immediately perked up.

"You spoke to Harry? When?" he queried.

"Just a little bit ago," Seamus responded, sneaking another glance at Blaise, who was watching him with quite a bit of interest as well.

"Do you know where he is now?" Draco was quite eager to know.

"Quidditch pitch, probably. Said he was going flying because he needed to work off some frustration. Wouldn't tell me anything else though." Draco smirked, delighted.

"Tell you what, Finnigan," he said, his tone compromising. "You give me the password to the Gryffindor Quidditch locker room and I will forgive you for trying to snog my boyfriend."

Seamus looked at him warily. "I don't know, Malfoy. You might be planning to sabatoge our team."

"I'm not, I promise," Draco said earnestly. "I just know that Harry always showers after he flies hard and I thought I might...*surprise* him," he said meaningfully, and Seamus caught his drift right away.

"Oh! Well in that case the password's *Snitch Master*." Draco took off from his seat and ran out of the Great Hall. Seamus muttered "Go get him, tiger," under his breath, and Blaise grinned appreciatively. Then he took in Seamus's sandy hair, bright baby blues and to-die-for Irish accent, and his grin became rather predatory.

"I don't believe we've met," he purred at the Gryffindor, holding out his hand. "Blaise Zabini. Notorious flirt with an unusual penchant for pots of gold and leprechauns."

Seamus shook his hand, returning Blaise's grin and taking a good, long look at the other wizard - dark hair, dark eyes, killer body. Utterly delicious. "*Very* pleased to meet you," he replied, sending a slow, sexy smile back at the Slytherin, and you could practically *see* the sparks flying across the table in the Great Hall.

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Harry was just stepping out of the shower, towel wrapped around his waist, when he heard the door to the locker room open. He waited a moment but heard nothing but silence.

"Hello?" he called out tentatively, wondering who had just come in. Out of nowhere a pair of arms wrapped around his waist and a voice spoke into his ear.

"Hello *indeed*," said Draco silkily, snaking his hands up Harry's body, pleased when Harry's breath hitched. The Slytherin began to plant kisses on Harry's neck, shoulders and upper back, immensely enjoying the taste of Harry's wet skin and noting the shivering which seemed to be taking over the Gryffindor's body.

"How...how did you get in here?" Harry managed to ask, as Draco's hands slowly began their descent on his body.

"I'm a Slytherin, remember? Devilishly cunning and sneaky," Draco replied, now alternating his kisses with gentle bites.

"I don't know about cunning and sneaky, but you are *definitely* devilish. And you better not be teasing me again, or I swear you'll be sorry," Harry threatened, even as he gave in to Draco's caresses.

"I'll be sorry, will I?" Draco purred into Harry's ear, not scared in the slightest. "And why is that?" he asked, his hands ghosting back and forth over Harry's impressive abdominal muscles, immensely enjoying the way that Harry was quickly turning into putty under his hands.

'Because I'll...I'll...ohgod," he gasped, as Draco slid his hands under the towel.

"My my, that *does* sound horrible," Draco teased as Harry leaned back against him, his knees becoming weak. "I'm shaking in my boots now."

"Shut it, you," rasped Harry, forgetting his worries as he closed his eyes in ecstasy. Draco enjoyed Harry's weight against his body for a few moments before pulling him over to a bench to sit down. He gently pushed Harry onto his back, hovering over him, kissing away any leftover drops of water on his chest. He paused for a moment to admire the sight below him - Harry with wet hair, glistening body, glittering eyes and smelling fresh and clean, like shampoo and body wash and all manner of yummy shower type things. God, but he was gorgeous. It was going to be a real shame to leave him unsatisfied again.

Draco's momentary pause seemed to return some of Harry's wits. He tried speaking again. "Draco, I'm serious here, you almost killed me when you left this morning. Don't you *dare* leave me again."

"Harry, I'm hurt. Do you really think I'd do something like that?" Draco smirked playfully. Whatever Harry had been going to reply was morphed into a low moan as Draco ripped open the towel and brought his mouth crashing down.

Harry quickly forgot that there was a chance Draco could be riling him up for revenge and lost himself in the amazing sensations that were pouring over his body. Draco was licking and sucking and it just felt so *good* that Harry couldn't think about anything else. He whimpered and writhed under Draco hands and mouth and just when things were about to get really *really* good Draco stopped and stepped back. *Again*.

"Where *does* the time go?" Draco said mockingly, taking a few steps back towards the door of the locker room. "Seems like things are just getting good and we have to head back to class, doesn't it, Harry?"

Harry looked ready to scream in frustration and his mouth was hanging open in disbelief. "You're not serious...you wouldn't...not *again*."

Draco smiled charmingly at his boyfriend. "Is something wrong, love?"

"Draco Lucius Malfoy," Harry began, his frustration turning into anger as he stood up and took a step towards Draco, his eyes flashing, "What the hell do you think you're doing?"

"I'm teaching you," Draco said in a voice as sweet as sugar, "that no one humiliates a Malfoy and gets away with it. Not even you." And before Harry could pounce he ducked out of the locker room and ran back to the castle.

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By the time classes finished and dinner rolled around, Harry was determined to avoid Draco like the plague. God only knows when the Slytherin would feel that revenge had been had and would stop with the teasing, and until that point Harry didn't want to be anywhere near the vengeful little blonde.

He was even skipping dinner, only heading briefly to the kitchens for food to take back up to his room where he planned to barricade himself for the rest of the night. Unfortunately for him, his boyfriend was what you might call a "textbook Slytherin" and had easily anticipated the Gryffindor's next move. Thus Draco could be found in the corridor with the entrance to the kitchens, leaning back against the wall looking cool as a cucumber.

"There you are, love," the blonde said easily, fixing Harry with a predatory look. Harry's eyes widened into huge green emeralds at the sight of Draco, who gave him a very rapacious smile and began walking towards him.

"Oh no you don't," said Harry, backing up as quickly as he could while Draco advanced. "You stay away from me."

"Harry, what on earth is wrong?" Draco asked sweetly, his tone belied by the devious expression on his face. "Aren't you happy to see your boyfriend?"

Forgoing all sense of dignity, Harry turned to run. Unfortunately, Draco had anticipated this move too and whipped out his wand, shouting "*Impedimenta!*" Harry was frozen in his tracks. Draco casually put his wand away and stalked over to Harry.

"Tsk tsk," Draco scolded playfully. "Just where did you think you were going? Now, if you're not going to come with me willingly I'm just going to have to take you by force. Or maybe that's how you like it," Draco leered at him, mischief shinning all over his face. Harry cursed himself inwardly for having the stupidity to fall for *Draco Malfoy* of all people. He could have had a nice, sensible boyfriend, maybe another Gryffindor or even a Hufflepuff, but *noooo*. He had to go and fancy the Slytherin Prince of Darkness himself, who was obviously evil as all get out and now apparently hell bent on revenge.

Draco dragged Harry into an empty classroom right by the kitchens and forced him into a chair. He knew the spell would end any moment now so he quickly muttered another spell and Harry found himself bound securely to the chair by soft silk ropes just as the Impediment Jinx wore off. He trashed against his bindings but to no avail: he was tied securely to the chair.

Draco looked on in amusement. "Going somewhere, Potter?" he asked conversationally, and Harry shot him a glare.

"Alright, Malfoy, you twisted fiend, you've had your fun. Now let me go," he commanded imperiously. Draco looked at him incredulously.

"I have *Harry Potter*, the Boy-Who-Lived, one of the uncontested hottest men in the wizarding world tied up in an empty classroom where I can have my wicked way with him, and you want me to let you go?" he paused, eyes glinting impishly. "Not bloody likely." And with that he crawled onto Harry's lap, straddling him.

Harry scowled. "This isn't funny, Draco." Draco's eyes were almost sparkling in amusement.

"Yes it is," he teased, running his hands through Harry's glossy black hair, letting the sleek locks flow through his fingers. He leaned in to kiss Harry but the Gryffindor yanked his head away so the Slytherin's lips met his cheek. Undaunted, Draco began to nibble on his ear.

"What do you want from me?" Harry growled, sexual frustration and the unlikelihood of alleviation putting him in a very bad temper. Draco gave him a very engaging smile.

"An apology."

"That's it? An *apology*? Okay, I'm sorry for not using a Silencing spell, Merlin, I'm so sorry, so *fucking* sorry, now for the love of all things holy will you *please* stop teasing me?"

"Hmm...let me think about it," Draco answered, wickedly moving his hips against Harry. Harry groaned but there was nothing he could do.

"Malfoy, you are *such* a fucking little *brat*, you know that?" Yes, Harry was in a very bad temper indeed.

"Calling me names isn't very nice, you know," Draco pointed out unhelpfully. Harry glared at him menacingly.

"Oh, I'm sorry, does it make you *unhappy*? Are you *upset*? Why don't you try walking around with a raging hard-on all day because your stupid boyfriend decides to punish you for something you did to him that he really *really* deserved in the first place!"

"You know, I don't think you're really sorry at all," Draco said, pouting. "I'm leaving, and you can just think about what you did. Maybe when I come back you'll feel more like giving me a real apology."

And with that, he climbed off the seething Gryffindor and stalked off to the kitchen; leaving Harry tied to a chair in an empty classroom, horny, frustrated, and generally ready to kill.

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Harry had been sitting alone in the classroom trying unsuccessfully to break loose from his bonds for only about two minutes when the door opened.

"About fucking time - " he started to say, but the words died on his lips when he saw that the newcomers were not Draco.

"Oh my God, Natasha, that's Harry Potter." Harry couldn't decide between screaming in frustration or spontaneously combusting in embarrassment. He had just been found by two sixth year girls, one Ravenclaw, one Slytherin. Could this day get any worse?

The Ravenclaw continued speaking to her friend. "What the hell is he doing here?"

The Slytherin girl, Natasha, shrugged. "Beats me. Let's ask." She turned to Harry. "Harry Potter, right?" she asked with a friendly smile, as if it was a completely everyday occurrence to come across the Boy-Who-Lived tied to a chair in an empty classroom, looking frustrated and debauched. *Slytherins*. If nothing else, you had to admire their composure.

Harry managed a weak nod, and steeled up his courage to appeal to the newcomers. "Look, um, I don't suppose you girls would be interested in helping me out, would you?" he asked, sending the two a very charming grin. The two girls giggled, and Harry decided that shameless flirting might be the best way to get out of this situation.

He smiled his most persuasive smile at the two, and he could practically see them melting. "It's not that I don't fancy being tied up in the company of two gorgeous young ladies like yourselves," and here the two girls giggled again, "But it would be ever so helpful if you two would untie me."

The Ravenclaw composed herself and smiled back at him. "Of course," she said kindly, walking towards him. "After all, it's not everyday you get a chance to help out Harry Potter." Harry beamed at her, feeling that at least one thing was going right today, when the Slytherin girl spoke.

"Emma, wait," she said, and the Ravenclaw girl turned around. Harry had a bad feeling about this. Natasha grinned. "You know, it's not everyday you find Harry Potter tied to a chair in an empty classroom either." Emma looked confused, and her friend continued, a wicked glint in her eyes that gave Harry a very, *very* bad feeling about this.

"I mean, this is *Harry Potter*. Look how gorgeous he is. We may never have a chance like this again. We could...leave him tied up for a bit, don't you think?" said Natasha in her most persuasive voice. "Just...have a little fun with him, maybe?"

Harry's mouth dropped open in horror. This could not be happening. This just could *not* be happening. He was not tied up in an abandoned classroom with two girls eyeing him like he was one big giant chocolate sundae.

"You know," Emma said thoughtfully, "Ever since that article in *Wicked Witch Weekly* I have to admit I've been dying to have a go at him."

"Exactly!" Natasha exclaimed, now casting a very predatory look at Harry. "Just a little seduction, that's all. No harm done." She muttered a quick spell and the lights instantly dimmed and music began to play.

Emma grinned at her friend. "The rest of the fan club is going to be *so* unbelievably jealous when we tell them about this," she smirked.

"Definitely," agreed the Slytherin, and they began to walk slowly towards Harry, whose eyes were very wide.

"Wait," Harry began, panic rising in his voice as the two girls advanced on him. "You can't...you wouldn't...I have a boyfriend, he'll kill you."

Natasha smiled rather evilly at him, sliding her robe off her shoulders. "Where is your boyfriend now, Harry?" she purred smoothly, now unbuttoning the first couple buttons of her shirt. "Did he leave you all tied up like this? That wasn't very nice, now, was it?" She slowly crawled into Harry's lap, placing her arms around his neck.

Meanwhile, Emma had maneuvered herself behind Harry and was trailing little kisses up and down his neck. "Not very nice at all," she said silkily, agreeing with her friend. "I mean, *anyone* could have come in and found you here. You're lucky we found you first."

Harry was fighting a valiant battle to keep his head, but having been left in a state of extreme sexual frustration for the past several hours he was having a hard time not enjoying the feel of all of these hands on his body. He tried to reason with the would-be seductresses. "Okay girls, this is very nice and all, but I'm serious, I have a boyfriend! You have to stop! For Merlin's sake, I'm gay!"

"Are you sure, Harry?" asked Natasha, now unbuttoning Harry's shirt, and Harry groaned. After Cho he had been pretty sure he was gay, but right now he was just as sure he was bi. Emma ran her hands over Harry's chest as her friend slid the shirt down his arms, and Harry shuddered. Yup, looked like he was bi. Well, that ought to make the fan girls happy, at any rate.

Still, Draco was going to be furious. He tried again. "Okay, listen, Emma and Natasha was it? You can't do this, I'm serious, my boyfriend is Draco Malfoy, for God's sake! He's most definitely the jealous type and he's coming back any minute and -

"You talk too much," Emma whispered, and Harry found himself hit by a silencing spell. His eyes flew wide open. He was tied up, unable to make a sound and two girls were quite intent on ravishing him. The worst part was, Draco had left him so desperate and horny all day that his body was really keen on the attentions of the two girls and his mind was slowly putting up less and less of a fight.

Natasha's hands had finished with Harry's shirt and were now toying with Harry's belt. He tried to shout "Stop!" but no sound left his lips. He was debating attempting wandless magic when the door opened.

Draco took in the scene: dimmed lights, sultry music, and two half dressed girls draped on top of his now half-dressed boyfriend. He narrowed his eyes and whipped out his wand.

"*Finite Incantatem*!" Instantly the lights were back and the music stopped. The two girls whirled

around, twin looks of horror on their faces. From his spot tied to the chair Harry tried to shout "I told you so" to the girls, but of course, no sound came out.

"Detention," Draco snarled at the pair. "With Professor Snape. A month. Now get the hell out of here and be glad I'm not cursing you." The girls bolted, obviously terrified of the furious Malfoy heir.

Draco turned and with another flick of his wand, Harry was released and his voice restored. "Explain yourself, Potter," Draco commanded, his silver eyes flashing. Harry gaped at him.

"*Explain* myself? *What* the *fuck* do I have to explain? I was left in an empty classroom, tied to a chair, no means of escape. BY YOU, if you've somehow forgotten."

"Bet you didn't try to stop those girls though, did you?" The jealousy in Draco's voice was so thick you could have cut it with a knife.

Harry was furious at his insinuation. "Actually, Malfoy, I did. I told the girls to stop several times and they hit me with a silencing charm. Wanted to have a go at me thanks to that article, which, again, I might add, is YOUR FAULT. This is ALL your fault. What more do you want from me?"

Draco ignored Harry's protests. "I bet you enjoyed it though, didn't you Potter?" His eyes were narrowed and his voice was low and coated with ice.

"Don't you dare do this, Malfoy," Harry threatened. Now was not the time for Draco's sometimes irrational jealousy to be dominating the conversation. Harry was already at the end of his rope.

"Did you enjoy it?" Draco asked again, raising his voice.

"Draco, don't fuck with me right now," Harry warned him.

"I bet you loved it. I bet you were totally getting off on it. I bet you wish I hadn't walked in. I'll ask you one last time: Did you fucking enjoy it, Potter?" But Draco had pushed Harry too far.

"Yes! *Fuck* yes! I loved it and was getting off on it and I wish you hadn't walked in and ruined everything, because then maybe I finally would have gotten off today!" Harry shouted, the words leaving his mouth before he thought them through.

Draco's face was clenched in anger, but not before Harry had a chance to see the miserable hurt that flashed over his features. "Fuck you, Potter," he spat, before storming out of the room. Harry took a few deep breaths, trying to calm his anger down, and then left as well, refusing to go after Draco but choosing instead to storm back to Gryffindor tower.

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A couple hours later, Draco could be found walking down the corridors, heading for Gryffindor

tower, looking for Harry. He had been so jealous when he walked into the room and saw those girls that he had blamed Harry for things that weren't his fault and then deliberately provoked the brunette into shouting at him. He knew Harry wouldn't cheat on him, and he also knew that as long as he wanted to be with Harry he was going to have to get used to dealing with the ramifications of dating a celebrity - rabid fans and hordes of admirers. He sighed. He owed Harry a big apology, and he intended to give him just that.

He quickened his step, ducking into a rarely-used corridor that he knew provided a way to the tower that would allow him to avoid being caught after curfew. Suddenly, he was startled when someone grabbed his robes from behind and slammed him back into the castle wall, knocking his head hard against the stones.

"Draco." A voice that Draco recognized all too well was permeating Draco's haze of pain and he swallowed nervously. His stomach twisted into knots of pure fury and terror. The voice continued. "Do you have any idea how hard it is to get you alone these days?"

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Harry was sitting in the corner of the common room, staring into the fire. He was still angry at Draco for being such a prick about the entire episode, but he was annoyed with himself as well, for saying something just to hurt the blonde. And he had hurt Draco, he'd seen it clearly on his face. He sighed morosely and went back to staring, garnering sympathetic looks from his nearby friends.

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"Really, Draco, you just don't know how much I love you, do you?" said the voice, sending ice water down Draco's spine and into his stomach.

"No, but I know you're a sick fuck," Draco replied, and the other boy slammed him back against the wall, hard, knocking the wind out of the blonde.

"Now Draco, really, is that anyway to speak to your lover?" Draco shuddered in disgust and desperately tried to wrench away, but a larger body held Draco immobile against the wall as a pair of rough lips came down on his on his own. Draco responded by biting as hard as he could. His assailant cried out in pain.

"You little *fucker*," he snarled, and promptly sent a punch to Draco's face, sending the blonde reeling and stumbling. Head pounding, Draco attempted to run, but he was tackled from behind, and pinned to the ground. He tried to cry out but another punch to his stomach prevented him from making a sound.

"I'm going to make sure you don't get away this time," the voice said roughly, drawing his wand. A whispered incantation, and Draco found himself bound and gagged on the floor of the dungeon corridor, unable to move or cry for help and at the mercy of a Ravenclaw prefect.

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Chapter: 13

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Dragon Tamer

Chapter 13: My Hero

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Harry said his goodnights to his friends and made his way back to his room from the Gryffindor common room, still very annoyed with Draco. Honestly, what the hell was the blonde's problem? He wasn't mad about Draco's little revenge scheme, Merlin knows he had enough Slytherin in him to handle something like that. In fact, he fully intended to get Draco back for all his evil plotting. No, he was annoyed that Draco's jealousy had caused him to blame Harry for a situation that wasn't his fault at all.

Harry sighed and flopped down on his bed. He wanted to just fall asleep and not think about Draco, but he was too riled up. He rubbed his eyes for a moment, and then figured it couldn't hurt to see where Draco was. He pulled out his Marauder's Map and murmured the spell, tapping the paper with his wand. He looked at the dungeons but to his surprise Draco wasn't there. He scanned the rest of the map, looking for a dot that read "Draco Malfoy." When he found it, his heart stopped.

The dot was unmoving in a corridor near Gryffindor tower, and it wasn't alone. Another dot labeled "Terry Boot" was almost on top of it.

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Draco's head was pounding from when he had crashed into the floor, and black dots were coming in and out of his vision. He could feel his wrists chafing where he was struggling against his bonds. His stomach was aching and he was having trouble breathing. The world started going in and out of focus when Terry Boot shook him roughly and backhanded him with a stinging slap to his face.

"Don't you dare pass out on me, Draco," he said mockingly. "You'll ruin all my fun." Draco glared through the haze of pain at his captor, and then lay still, closing his eyes. Boot leaned down close to Draco's face to check if he had indeed passed out, and Draco did the only thing he could think of: he flung his head in the direction of the Ravenclaw's face as hard as he could and heard a sickening crunch as his skull met Boot's nose.

The prefect yowled with pain, and Draco prayed that someone, anyone heard the noise. His hopes appeared to be in vain though, as no one came to his rescue. Terry grabbed him by the front of his shirt and yanked him roughly up, inches from his own face.

"You're going to pay for that, Draco," he growled, and threw the blonde against the wall. Draco was vaguely aware that blood was seeping through his hair and he vaguely thought he heard footsteps in the distance, but these notions were lost in the horrible realization that Terry's hands were opening his pants and he was truly all alone.

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Harry was sprinting through the corridors when he heard a yell in the distance. "Oh God, Draco," he thought. He ran as fast as he could, praying that he wasn't too late. He turned a corner and was overcome by an incredible rage at the sight that met his eyes. His boyfriend was bound, gagged and bleeding while another boy pawed at him. Harry threw himself at Terry Boot, knocking him off Draco and slamming him into the wall. He threw punch after punch at the Ravenclaw prefect, who was admittedly a little bigger than Harry, and who got in a few lucky punches himself but was no match for the Boy-Who-Lived in all his fury.

"I told you," he snarled between punches, "To stay away...from my boyfriend...you *fucker*." He threw Terry to the ground and landed a couple hard kicks to his ribs, and would have continued when he remembered Draco lying in a bloody heap against the wall.

Draco had turned his throbbing head to the side to look up, and when he saw Harry he had been faint with relief. He was fighting so hard to stay conscious, his body shaking with the aftermath of the attack. Harry ran to his side.

"Oh God, Draco, are you okay? Oh love, I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry, I should have been there, oh God," Harry was babbling and struggling to untie Draco when he sensed a presence behind him.

Harry drew his wand in a heartbeat and whirled around, shouting "*Stupefy*" at the same time another voice shouted "*Expelliarmus!*" Terry Boot flew back into the corridor, unconscious, his wand flying up the air. Harry followed the movement and watched as the wand landed in the hand of Severus Snape.

Snape had taken about .5 seconds to process the scene: Draco Malfoy, his favorite student, lying on the floor, clothes ripped, bound and bleeding; Harry Potter kneeling over him, bloody nose, cut over one eye and heavily bleeding knuckles, fighting to untie him; Terry Boot, staggering,

covered in blood, standing behind Potter, about to attempt to curse him. It didn't take a rocket scientist to figure out what was had just happened, especially given Boot's history where Draco was concerned.

Snape flicked his wand, and Draco was released. Harry immediately cradled the blonde in his arms.

"Draco, are you okay? How badly are you hurt?" Harry leaned in close and got a better look at the cut and the bruise forming on Draco's head, and his anger rushed back in full force. "I am going to *kill* him," he said, seething with fury and Harry stood up, eyes flashing, wand in hand, ready to send Terry Boot to join Voldemort and half his Death Eaters in hell.

Snape stopped him. "No, Mr. Potter, you're not. You are going to take Mr. Malfoy to the hospital wing. I am going to take Mr. Boot to Dumbledore to be dealt with."

"That fucker should be sent to prison," Harry spat, not caring about his language in front of Snape.

"For once, Mr. Potter, you and I are in complete agreement," Snape drawled, walking over to where the Ravenclaw prefect was lying and looking at him with utter disgust. "Just get Mr. Malfoy out of here. I will deal this situation and inform you of the outcome."

Harry nodded and looked down at Draco. "Can you walk?" he asked softly, helping the other wizard to his feet.

"Of course I can walk, Potter," said Draco, whose pride prevented him from asking for help. He took a tentative step forward, then promptly grimaced in pain. He tried to hide it but Harry was an expert in the field of hiding injuries, and he knew when someone was hurt and trying not to show it.

He reached out and snaked his arm around the blonde's waist, pulling Draco's arm over his own shoulder. Draco tried to resist the help but Harry refused to let him go. "Honestly Draco, don't be so difficult. I'm helping you to the hospital wing and you are letting me."

"I'm *fine*," the blonde replied testily, trying to pull away, and Harry rolled his eyes.

"Oh yes, you're right as rain," Harry said sarcastically, holding Draco against his body securely. "Nevermind that not five minutes ago you were all tied up so some twisted psycho could make you his bitch, and now you're all bloody and probably have bruises the size of dragon eggs. Honestly, you and your Malfoy pride."

"I *said* I'm *fine*," Draco spat through clenched teeth, wincing as he tried to put weight on an apparently twisted ankle.

"Look Malfoy, either I help you like this or I put the full body bind on you and carry you. Your

choice." One look at Harry's eyes told him the Gryffindor was deadly serious. Draco sighed in defeat.

"Very well, Potter, help me if you must," he said, resigned, and he and Harry began their trek to the hospital wing.

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Madame Pomphrey was livid when she saw the two boys and heard the story of what had happened. She immediately made Draco lay down and conjured a chair for Harry. She handed Harry a bowl of warm water and a sponge, asking him to begin cleaning some of Draco's cuts while she went to get potions to treat their cuts and bruises. She bustled out of the room, and Harry ignored the chair in favor of lying on the bed next to his boyfriend.

He tentatively dabbed the sponge against a cut on Draco's forehead, and began seething in anger again as the blonde winced ever so slightly. Draco saw the fury flashing in Harry's emerald eyes and gave him a wry smile.

"Hey Potter," he said softly. "Thanks." Harry calmed down a bit at this and went back to work cleaning the cut, brushing a lock of hair out of Draco's eyes.

"No problem," he replied, just as softly. "Are you going to be okay?"

"Aside from a severely bruised ego at having to be rescued like some storybook princess by Hogwart's resident Prince Charming, I think I'll be alright," Draco smiled wanely.

Harry countered with a half smile of his own. "Don't beat yourself up over it, Malfoy. Boot had you *tied up*, for God's sake. There was nothing you could have done. Although," he said, looking curiously at Draco, "I have to ask. His nose looked broken before I got anywhere near it. Did you do that?"

Draco shrugged nonchalantly. "I might have." At Harry's insistence he explained everything that had happened with Terry as the brunette finished cleaning all the visible scrapes. Needless to say, Harry was impressed by Draco's self-defense skills. Having finished with Draco's head, Harry then carefully helped Draco remove his torn shirt so he could get to the cuts on Draco's torso.

"Hey Potter, where on earth did you learn to fight like that anway?" Draco asked, screwing up his face in pain as Harry moved on to a gash on his shoulder.

"My cousin. He's huge, and he can fight. He's won some muggle boxing competitions." At Draco's confused look, he explained what boxing was. "So anyway, Dudley was the Junior Heaveyweight Inter-School Boxing Champion, or something like that a couple years back, and so I decided to take advantage of this. I threatened to turn him into a pig when I was old enough to use magic out of school unless he taught me to fight."

"That was rather Slytherin of you, blackmailing him like that."

"Why thank you. See, I wanted to be sure that even if I lost my wand I could still kick someone's ass. It's very handy, wizards rely on magic so much they usually don't know how to fight."

"True enough," Draco agreed, and then narrowed his eyes slightly. "Listen, Potter, you may be the ultimate storybook hero, but don't think for one second that I plan to be your damsel in distress." Despite his words, Draco closed his eyes and sighed contentedly as Harry continued seeing to his injuries. He winced almost imperceptively as Harry came close to a wicked-looking bruise on his ribs. Harry looked at him with concern.

"Gods, Draco, I am so sorry," he said, very upset that his boyfriend was in pain.

"Why are you sorry?" asked Draco, curious as to why Harry seemed so distraught.

"I should have been there, or I should have gotten there sooner. I can't believe I let him hurt you," Harry said with a haunted look in his eyes, and to his surprise, Draco rolled his eyes.

"Merlin, I was just joking, but you really *are* dead set on being the ultimate storybook hero, aren't you?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, you didn't *let* him hurt me. He's a twisted fuck who's had it in for me for a long time. You actually *saved* me. But yet, you still feel responsible for what happened. Bloody Gryffindor," he said, rather affectionately.

"Yes, well, it's still tearing me up. You're mine now, you know? I'm supposed to take care of you and protect you and not let anything hurt you."

"And now you even *sound* like a storybook hero, making sappy promises to the newly-rescued damsel in distress. Do you want me to swoon now or later?" Harry snorted and Draco sighed melodramatically. "Still, I suppose that's what I get for dating the archetypal Gryffindor and the sodding Boy-Who-Lived at that. Now, you do know I can take care of myself, right?"

"Sure you can, sweetie," Harry said in a patronizing tone of voice, patting Draco's head and earning himself a very icy glare from the blonde. Harry grinned back. "Don't have a fit, I'm only joking. Nobody in their right mind would mess with you. You know more Dark magic than anyone else in this school."

"And I'm very tough," Draco said meaningfully.

"And you're very tough," Harry agreed, dabbing another cut.

"And mean."

"And mean."

"And sexy."

Harry rolled his eyes. Draco prodded him in the ribs. "Go on, say it."

Harry sighed in exasperation. "And sexy."

"Damn straight." Draco closed his eyes again. He heard Harry set the sponge and water down, and then he felt a soft touch against his cheek and hair as Harry stroked him gently, pressing the softest of kisses against his cheek and temple. That felt *sooo* nice. Harry was treating him so gently and lovingly, and instead of making Draco gag at the sappiness of it all, he felt all warm and fluffy inside. Maybe there was something to this whole 'damsel in distress' thing after all.

"Hey Draco?" Harry asked quietly, not wanting to disturb the other.

"What?" Draco kept his eyes closed, not caring to leave the blissful state he was in.

"What were you doing in that corridor, anyway?"

"Oh. That. Well," and here Draco inexplicably felt a little sheepish, "Obviously, I was coming to see you."

"To see me?" Harry asked.

"Yes," Draco replied with finality, as if that settled things. Harry raised an eyebrow.

"Care to elaborate?"

The Slytherin reluctantly opened one eye to find his boyfriend gazing at him expectantly. He closed his eyes again and sighed. "Oh, very well. If you must know, I was coming to apologize."

Harry was rather amused by this. "Is that so? And what, pray tell, were you coming to apologize for?"

Draco opened his eyes to glare at the brunette. "Do I really have to say? Don't you already know?"

"Maybe. But maybe I want to hear it from you. You're not very good at saying sorry, you know." Harry was teasing him, and Draco scowled.

"*Fine*. I'm sorry I got mad at you about those bloody fangirls. It wasn't your fault, and I was totally out of line to get upset with you. I acted like a stupid, jealous prat. There, I've said it." Harry chuckled softly and leaned down to press a kiss against Draco's lips.

"You *are* a stupid, jealous prat." Draco scowled harder. "And you *were* out of line. But I forgive you. Like I could do anything else when you're lying here all bruised and bloody because your psycho ex-boyfriend caught you on your way to come apologize to me."

"Glad to know there's one upside to looking this pathetic," Draco muttered, closing his eyes again. He rested a few moments, then cracked an eye open again to look at Harry.

"I hope you don't think I'm apologizing for any of my other actions today," he said. "Because I'm not."

Harry grinned at him. "No, I'm not expecting miracles here. I didn't think you'd be sorry for that right now. I expect to *make* you sorry for that later."

"There you go again, always with the threats. Be careful, one of these days you might make one that actually makes me the tiniest bit nervous."

"God, but you're cheeky. You know, most people are quite terrified at the thought of receiving threats from the Boy-Who-Lived."

"Yeah, well most people haven't had the pleasure of making you come. It's hard to be scared of someone when they turn to into shuddering, moaning putty in your hands."

"This coming from the blonde who was screaming my name yesterday for the whole of Slytherin house to hear."

Draco opened his mouth for an indignant response but was cut off by the return of Madame Pomphrey. She promptly told Harry to get out of Draco's bed. She quickly patched up his cuts and bruises and then ordered him out of the infirmary. When he protested, she told him that Draco would be fine in about an hour, and she would send him back to his dorm to sleep and that he should do the same. He kept arguing with her until she threatened to pull a Lockhart on him next time he was in her care after a Quidditch accident. Harry gave in at this threat and left, giving Draco one last kiss that left the Slytherin panting for more.

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Draco had lain patiently as Madame Pomphrey fixed his ankle and all his cuts and bruises, and had smiled and nodded when she told him to go off to bed. He intended on going to bed of course - just not his own. He snuck silently through the corridors of Hogwarts until he reached the Gryffindor common room. There he proceeded to charm and flirt with the Fat Lady until she was blushing and swung open to let him in.

Remembering where Harry's room was based on one of the last times he was in Gryffindor tower, he snuck in very quietly and made his way over to Harry's bed. He quietly opened the hangings and smiled at the sight that met his eyes.

Harry was fast asleep; lying on his side snuggled deep into the covers, hair messy and flopping into his face. He looked so peaceful and angelic that Draco hesitated to wake him up. Instead he leaned down and gently pressed a kiss to the famous lightening bolt scar on his forehead. He turned to leave but Harry's eyes were flittering open.

"Draco? Is that you?" he asked drowsily.

"Yes, of course it's me," Draco whispered back, sitting on the edge of the bed and running his hands through Harry's hair. "Whom were you expecting?"

Harry smiled a happy, sleepy smile. "No one else," he yawned, reaching up to touch Draco's face. Then he frowned. "You're cold. Get under the covers with me before you freeze." He held open the blankets meaningfully. Draco quickly shed his clothes and, stripped down to boxers and a t-shirt, he climbed into bed next to Harry, who promptly wrapped his arms around him and pulled him in close. Draco happily snuggled into the warm, cozy depths of Harry's arms and blankets.

"Are you okay now?" Having Draco in his arms was waking Harry up pretty quickly, and he wanted to be sure he wasn't causing Draco any pain by accidentally touching a bruise.

"Oh yes, all better. Nurse fixed me right up."

"Glad to hear it." Harry was now nuzzling Draco's neck. "Mmmm, you smell good,"

"Well, of course I do. I'm a Malfoy."

"Right. Like smelling good and being a Malfoy are related," Harry responded with a roll of his eyes. "I'll have you know that you're also a jealous, possessive tease," he added, trailing tickling kisses all over Draco's neck, causing him to shiver.

"Yes, well, about that. As nice as all this cuddling is, I'm actually here for a reason, you know."

"Oh really?" said Harry, nibbling on an earlobe. "And what's that?"

"To finish my apology." And before Harry had a chance to comprehend his meaning Draco rolled him onto his back, climbed on top of him, and claimed his lips in an intense, possessive kiss.

OH! Was Harry's only thought as Draco's lips moved over his, tongues twisting together and teeth nibbling gently on his lower lip. Gods, but Draco could kiss. He moved his hands to bury them in that soft, silky blonde hair that drove him crazier than he would ever admit.

"No hair gel today," he muttered against the Slytherin's lips, sliding his fingers through he cool flaxen locks with ease. "Feels so nice."

"Thought you'd like that," Draco replied, leaning down to kiss and nibble Harry's neck. Harry moaned and arched into Draco, who was currently indulging his possessive side by leaving a noticeable love bite on the brunette's neck. Then Harry got worried. He stopped Draco and pulled him up by the shoulders to look him in the eye.

"Are you planning to get me all riled up and then leave me hanging again? Because if that's the case then you better stop right now, Draco Malfoy. I'll have you know that if you plan on starting something tonight you're going to see it through, even if I have to chase your arse through this castle and have my way with you in a broom closet somewhere."

Draco pondered how oddly appealing this threat was for a moment before leaning in to reassure Harry. "I'm not teasing tonight, I promise. I swear by Salazar Slytherin I'm not," he swore, holding a hand over his chest. Harry wasn't sure how reassured he felt at Draco swearing by the ultimate Slytherin, but his body was screaming at him to trust him anyway. He nodded and placed a kiss on Draco's lips, and Draco responded eagerly before resuming his trail of love bites.

"Now, if I remember correctly," Draco managed to say against Harry's neck, "You promised to shag me six ways to Sunday next chance you got."

"So I did," agreed Harry, slipping his hands under Draco's t-shirt to run them up and down his bare back, enjoying the way his touch caused the blonde on top of him to shudder. He reached down and grabbed the hem of the shirt, and Draco sat back for a moment, permitting Harry to pull his shirt off.

"Well, how about it?" Draco returned his lips to Harry's and brought his hands to either side of his face, cradling him as he covered Harry with ravishing kisses. Harry allowed him to plunder his mouth, and then pulled away slightly.

"Are you sure?" he asked softly, looking in Draco's eyes for the truth. He wanted Draco so badly, but he didn't want to take advantage of him just because he was shaken up from his encounter with Terry Boot.

"Beyond sure," he whispered back, pulling Harry's hand down and placing it against his groin so that Harry could feel just exactly how sure he was. Harry eyes widened slightly and he felt his heart thudding in his chest. He moved his hand softly and gently against Draco, arching his neck up to plant soft kisses on Draco's shoulder. Draco held still for a moment, bracing himself up on his arms, enjoying the sensation, but it was too light and teasing. He wanted more, and he wanted it now.

"Harry," Draco pulled back to look at the Gryffindor. "Listen. There's going to be a time where I'll want you to make love to me. Slowly, softly, with lots of tender words and kisses. That time is not tonight. Tonight," and here Draco leaned down and licked Harry's lips softly, "I want you to fuck me."

At Draco's words, Harry felt blood rush straight to his groin. He looked at Draco wordlessly. Draco felt the evidence of what his words had done to Harry, and he smirked wickedly. "Oh yes. I want you to fuck me," he whispered. "I want you to fuck me hard," he kissed his lips, "deep," he bit his neck, "and *now*," and here he ground his body against Harry's. "Can you handle that?"

With a cry Harry bucked off the bed and promptly rolled them over, so that Draco was now on his back against the mattress, Harry's hard body lodged between his legs. He brought his mouth crashing down on Draco's and began to kiss him. This time the kisses were rough and needy as the frustrated arousal that Draco had left him with all day came rushing back into his body. Draco moaned softly as Harry rocked his hips against his forcefully.

"Can I handle it?" Harry said in a throaty voice, locking eyes with Draco beneath him. "Oh, you just wait, blondie. You don't know what you've gotten yourself in for. I can fuck you *harder*," he bit down on a nipple, "*deeper*," he bit down on the other one, "and *better* than you have ever been fucked before." He intensified his grinding, moving his hips meaningfully against Draco's, and the Slytherin bit his lip to keep from crying out. Harry bent down and brought his lips to Draco's ear. "I can fuck you until you can't see straight and you can't remember your own name. So the question is," and he snaked out his tongue to trace the soft, delicate skin of Draco's ear, "Can *you* handle it?" And with that he plunged his hand into Draco's boxers.

"*Oh God*," Draco moaned loudly, unable to hold it back any longer. Harry paused for a second and leaned back. Draco looked at him in blatant disappointment, but Harry just reached for the night table and grabbed his wand.

"*Silencio*," he whispered, and gave the blonde a wicked look. "I plan to make you scream my name again tonight, and I don't plan to share it with my roommates."

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Much later, the two lay in a panting, sweaty heap for a few moments, before Harry propped himself up and pressed a sloppy kiss to Draco's mouth. Draco returned the kiss, and the two snogged for a moment before Harry slid off Draco to one side, dropping his head back down on Draco's chest and cuddling against him. Draco responded by wrapping his arms around the brunette on top of him, one hand across his back and one hand tangled in his hair, playing with the silky black strands.

Finally, Harry spoke. "Draco?"

"Hmmm?"

"Are you asleep?"

"Not yet."

"Good."

"Why good?"

"Because we're not done."

"We're not?"

"Definitely not." And here Harry began lightly kissing Draco's torso, trailing his tongue over the smooth skin and hard muscles of his boyfriend's chest. Little electric sparks were traveling from Harry's mouth directly through Draco's bloodstream, but he was attempting to feign indifference. Deciding to tease the Gryffindor for a moment, he yawned.

"I think we are done, Harry. I'm much too tired to go another round."

"A likely story."

"I swear." Harry dragged his fingers across Draco's stomach, tracing circles around his bellybutton before his questing hand dipped slightly lower. Draco's breath hitched, and Harry smirked triumphantly.

"You bloody liar," Harry said, propping himself up to look at Draco. "You're not fooling anyone. Besides, it's not like you really have a choice."

"No choice? You planning to take me by force, then? Handcuff me to the bed and have your wicked way with me like last time? Barbaric, really." Privately Draco was rather hoping this would be the case.

"You wish. You don't have a choice because the way I see it, you owe me more sex."

"Is that right? How do you figure?"

"How many times did you leave me hanging today?"

"Just the one time."

"*Draco.*"

Draco rolled his eyes. "Okay, maybe it was twice."

"Draco Malfoy, don't make me smack you. It was three times and you know it. Therefore, I think you owe me at least three goes at you before I let you go to sleep."

Draco's eyes were rather wide. "Three?"

"At least."

"Bloody hell, Potter."

"It's your own fault, you know, for being such a vengeful brat. You have no one to blame but yourself."

Draco sighed dramatically. "Oh, very well then, you horny little bugger. Get on with it."

"With pleasure." Harry went to kiss Draco again, but the blonde surprised him by promptly flipping him over onto his back.

"It's my turn on top," Draco whispered mischievously, and Harry's enthusiastic response was lost in their kiss. It wasn't long before the two boys found heaven in each other again.

And again.

And again.

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Chapter: 14

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Dragon Tamer

Chapter 14: Kinky-Monkey Sex

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"ARRGGGHHHH! My eyes, MY EYES!!"

Harry woke up with a start, completely confused. Who was screaming? Where was he? What was going on? He rubbed his eyes and felt a body next to him, and suddenly it all made sense. He was in his bed in Gryffindor tower, Draco was snuggled up against him, and both of them were completely naked under the blankets. The hangings on his bed had been opened by someone, and that meant that the screaming voice belonged to -

'Ron! RON! Calm down. For God's sake, what on earth is the matter with you?" Seamus and Neville were apparently up and out of the room already, but Dean Thomas was making a valiant effort to calm Ron down. Dean got out of his own bed to see what was the matter, took one look at the pair in the bed and promptly started screaming himself.

"ARRGGGHHHH! My eyes, MY EYES!" He clutched at his eyes as if to tear them out of their sockets, and he and Ron fell in a dramatic heap on the floor, moaning and screaming as if the world were coming to an end.

Harry gave them both a scathing look. "Would you two kindly shut up? You're going to wake up Draco," he scolded his roommates, wrapping a protective arm around the blonde in his bed who was currently burrowing into Harry's side to escape the noise. Dean and Ron gave each other meaningful looks.

"You like that, Dean? Here we are, Harry's best mates, subjected to such a horrible sight first thing in the morning, and *he* chews *us* out because we might *wake up Draco*," Ron said, speaking the words "wake up Draco" in a high-pitched, mocking voice, and Dean chuckled. Harry glared at them both as Draco poked a sleepy head up from Harry side.

"What's going on?" he demanded, flaxen hair sticking up all over the place, rubbing his eyes drowsily. "Why is everyone shouting?"

Dean snorted. "Oh, look, now you've done it, Ron. You've gone and woken up Harry's little dragon, and he looks *very* grumpy." Draco sent him a haughty, insulted stare.

"I am *no one's* 'little dragon,'" he sniffed, trying to sound very superior and affronted but failing miserably as he was still very sleepy. "And if I'm grumpy it's because I've been woken up by two complete morons spouting the most inane prattle I have ever had the misfortune to hear," he finished, attempting to send the offending Gryffindors an icy Malfoy death glare.

Now, a fully awake Malfoy casting an icy death glare is usually cause for alarm, and at the very least is definitely *most* intimidating. However, a sleepy Draco with no shirt and very messy hair still snuggling in the arms of Harry Potter attempting to send you a death glare is not nearly as scary. Indeed, Harry was fighting back a grin, and Ron and Dean were not the least bit daunted.

"Awww, did you hear that, Dean? The little dragon's *cranky*," Ron cooed, and Draco narrowed his eyes.

"If you idiots don't shut up already I will be forced to cast a couple of Unforgivables in your general direction. Don't think I don't know how," he glared, and Dean gave him a look akin to how someone might look at a hissing kitten.

"Well, look who's not a morning person," he tossed in the direction of the bed, and Draco looked mad enough to spit. He reached for his wand but was stopped when his wrist was intercepted by

Harry.

"Don't even think about it," said Harry, holding his wrist firmly.

"But Haaa-rrry," Draco whined.

"Don't you 'but Harry' me. There will be no Unforgivable curses cast at this ungodly hour of the morning."

"Oh, come on, Harry! Just one little *Crucio*?"

"No."

"An *Imperio*, then? Please? Pretty please?"

"Absolutely not."

"Okay, it doesn't have to be an Unforgivable, maybe just a Severing Charm? Jelly-Legs? The Furnunculus Curse? I'm flexible."

"Draco, I said *no*."

"*Fine*," Draco sulked. "Spoilsport."

"Look, I'm not going to let you cast curses and hexes at my roommates just because you happen to be cranky in the morning."

"I'm *not* cranky in the morning," Draco scowled crankily. "I just happen to be extra tired this morning because *someone* wouldn't let me go to sleep last night," he finished with a very pointed look at Harry, who merely grinned back at him unapologetically.

"What can I say, love? I just can't control myself around you. I find you irresistible," he answered, rolling on top of Draco to kiss him thoroughly. Ron and Dean immediately resumed their screaming.

"ARRGGGHHH! My ears, my poor ears!"

"My eyes! MY EYES! They'll never recover! Oh, the humanity!"

Harry rolled his eyes. "Honestly, you two are such drama queens. If it bothers you so much then we'll take it to the showers. Come on, Draco, let's go."

"Um, Harry?"

"What?"

"Well, I'd love to join you in the shower, but first we might want to..." he leaned up and whispered in Harry's ear. Harry listened for a moment then nodded.

"Ah yes, I'd forgotten. Hey Ron, Dean, think you could toss us a couple of towels before we get out of bed? We're kind of naked under here."

"AAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!"

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Needless to say, it took a little while for Ron and Dean to gather their composure and pass Harry and Draco the necessary towels so that they could make their way into the bathroom. Once they finally got there, Harry started the water and they climbed in together.

Harry wrapped his arms around Draco from behind and drew him in close. "You are so unbelievably cute first thing in the morning, did you know that?" he asked, nibbling on an ear.

"God *damn* it, Potter, what have I told you about calling me cute?" Draco wasn't quite over his morning crankiness yet. He pulled out of Harry's grasp and gave him a scathing look. Harry just smiled at him and reached for the shampoo.

"Can I wash your hair?" he asked, and Draco looked at him slightly incredulously.

"You want to wash my hair? Why?" Harry shrugged.

"I like your hair," he said, pouring some shampoo into his hand. "Please?"

"Oh, very well. If you must." But Draco was smiling now. Harry lathered him up, working very tenderly. He was still a little concerned about Draco's injuries from the night before.

"Hey Draco?"

"Hmmmm?" Draco's eyes were closed and he was leaning back against Harry, enjoying the feel of the Gryffindor's hands massaging his scalp.

"I'm not hurting you at all, am I? I mean, do you have any lingering bruises or anything? Please tell me if anything hurts, okay?"

"I'm *fine*, Potter, honestly. I'm not made of glass. If I were, I think you would have broken me last night, don't you?"

Harry had the grace to look a little sheepish. "Oh yeah. Right." He directed Draco under a shower head and gently rinsed his hair. Then he stepped back slightly and took a second to stare appreciatively at the naked, dripping wet wizard. "Hey Draco, has anyone ever told you that

you're astoundingly hot when you're all wet?"

"Well, *yes*, of course. Obviously. But it's nothing I didn't already know," Draco replied, earning himself an eye-roll from his boyfriend. Harry reached over and grabbed some shower gel, lathering up a loofah.

"Come here, you narcissistic little prat," he said, reaching for Draco. Ignoring the blonde's insulted sputters, he began washing him gently. Draco sighed and leaned back against Harry again, enjoying the affection. However, Harry's ulterior motives became clear to Draco pretty quickly as Harry's hands dropped lower and he felt the dead giveaway against his body.

"Oh no, not again. I paid my debt to you last night, and now you are going to give me a break," he said firmly, removing Harry's hands from his body and turning around to face the brunette.

Harry was *not* happy.

"But *Draaco*," he began and Draco looked at him with raised eyebrows.

"Are you *whining*, Potter?" he asked, amused.

"*No*," Harry replied resentfully, looking for all the world like a six-year old who'd just been told he couldn't have dessert. Draco had to fight back a laugh.

"Yes, you are. You were whining, and now you're *pouting*," he pointed out, and Harry looked at him crossly.

"Shut up, *Malfoy*. Don't make fun of me just because you have no stamina." Draco raised his eyebrows higher.

"I think after last night I proved I have plenty of stamina, thank you very much. And insulting me is not really the best way to get me to put out, you know," he replied, more amused then ever. Harry glared at him.

"*Fine*. *Be* that way," he said petulantly. "You're such a *girl*." Draco's mouth fell open.

"WHAT??"

"You heard me."

"You better not have said what I think you said, Potter."

"I'll tell you what I said. I said you're such a *girl*. You're a horrid little tease, you're constantly primping, you're moody and pouty and you won't give it up. Sounds like a girl to me."

"You can just shut the hell up, Potter. I'll show you how much of a girl I am," he snarled,

grabbing Harry's wrists and locking them behind his back, pressing the Boy Wonder up against the tiles of the shower wall and smothering him in an aggressive kiss. He completely missed the smirk of triumph that crossed Harry's face.

"Hey Malfoy, I thought you told me you weren't putting out?"

"That's funny, because I could have sworn what I told you was to shut the hell up," Draco countered, thrusting a hand between their bodies, and that was the last thing either of them said for quite awhile.

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By the time everything in the shower was said and done, Draco and Harry had to make a run for it to avoid being late. Draco didn't see Harry again until their last class of the day, where Harry stumbled in with Ron and Hermione seconds before class started, narrowly missing a detention from Snape. He dropped into his seat next to Draco and resisted the urge to kiss him hello, figuring Snape probably wouldn't like that too much.

"Hey you," he smiled at Draco, who looked, in his opinion, absolutely delicious in Harry's clothes, which he had to borrow since there wasn't time for him to return to his dormroom. Draco smiled back, his smile becoming rather smug when Harry winced slightly and shifted in his seat. No smarmy comments about Draco's gender now. Harry noticed his expression and narrowed his eyes.

"Do you have to look so damn *smug*, Malfoy?" he whispered, keeping an eye on Snape.

"Oh please, Potter, quit your whining. It's your own fault, you goaded me into it. Don't think I didn't know what you were doing." He was aware that he had been beautifully manipulated by Harry in the shower, but he was alright with that. Slytherins could handle manipulation.

Harry just rolled his eyes and made another face. "Just don't be surprised if the next time we're alone I decide to repay the favor."

"Oh please do. I like it rough," Draco whispered, still feeling rather proud of himself.

"I bet you do, you dirty bitch." Draco snorted, but quickly went back to looking immersed in his notes as Snape glanced in their direction.

The rest of class passed smoothly, and afterwards Snape motioned for them to stay behind. When everyone had left, Snape asked them to sit down, and Draco had to choke back his laughter when Harry politely declined.

Snape got right to the point. "You'll both be happy to know that Terry Boot has been expelled and charged with sexual assault, and he will stand trial as soon as he is able."

"As soon as he is able? What does that mean?" Harry asked, and Snape looked at him, slightly incredulous.

"Well, Mr. Potter, since you seem to have the memory of a Cornish pixie let me enlighten you. He is at St. Mungo's, where he will remain for the next few days until they heal all of his injuries. The injuries which you gave him, I might add."

"Oh. Right." Harry didn't look sorry in the slightest. "Why St. Mungo's? Why not the hospital wing here?"

"The consensus was that Boot would be safer if he wasn't where you or Draco could find him. You did quite a number on him, you know." Snape gave him a half-exasperated, half-impressed look. Harry narrowed his eyes and looked rather menacing.

"I did warn him. He never should have messed with Draco," he said, wrapping an arm around the blonde and drawing him close. Draco had to work hard to keep a smug, satisfied smirk off his face. It was good to be the boyfriend of the Boy-Who-Lived. "Personally, I think he got off easy. He's lucky I only gave him a few bruises." Snape silently agreed.

Draco gave Snape his most innocent, angelic look. "What ward did you say Boot was in again?"

Snape had been a Slytherin *waaay* too long to fall for that trick. "Nice try. I'm not going to tell you. And I have already written to your father with the details of the situation, and informed him that under no circumstances will he or any of his cronies be allowed near Terry Boot. So don't think you can send your father to curse him with any of those...*special* curses you Malfoys are so famous for."

"Draco, you wouldn't!" Harry's Gryffindor nature was rather shocked.

"Of course not! As if I was thinking any thing of that sort," Draco said indignantly, but the sulky look on his face gave him away. Snape looked at him fondly.

"He's going to prison, Draco. That is enough."

Harry slowly nodded his head. "He's right, you know. As much as I hate Boot and want him to suffer, I'm sure Azkaban will be punishment enough. Thanks for filling us in, Professor." He turned to leave, but the instant Harry's back was turned Snape mouthed "Dai Llewellyn Ward" at Draco, who smirked very evilly.

"Draco?" Harry asked, pausing at the door.

"Coming, love!" And by the time Harry saw his face, Draco was all innocent smiles again.

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After dinner Draco and Harry could be found in the Gryffindor common room, Harry sprawled on a couch in front of the fire watching Draco give Ron a run for his money in chess. Hermione was (surprise, surprise) doing homework. The common room was unusually empty.

"Where *is* everyone?" Hermione finally asked, looking around and frowning. Draco didn't even look up from his chess game to answer her.

"It's Tuesday, Granger."

Hermione, Ron and Harry all looked confused. "What does that have to do with anything?" Ron asked. Draco rolled his eyes.

"You three are unbelievable sometimes. It's *Tuesday*, so all your little Gryffindor friends are in the Charms classroom."

"Why would they be in the Charms classroom?" Harry asked.

Draco looked at him pointedly. "Your fan club meets every other Tuesday in the Charms classroom, Potter." Harry's mouth formed a silent "oh" and he grimaced.

"What on earth do they do, anyway? How could anyone possibly hold a meeting about *me* every other week?"

Draco looked at him fondly. Harry was really charmingly disparaging about his fame.

"Well, they could be telling stories about your defeat of the Dark Lord. Or they could be working on new items for their catalogue. Blaise did mention he had a wonderful idea for a new line of t-shirts to sell."

Hermione shook her head in exasperation, and Ron and Harry both looked slightly ill. Draco grinned fetchingly at Harry. "Most likely, though, they'll be dissecting that article from *Wicked Witch Weekly.* There's enough racy stuff in there to keep them occupied for quite some time, I'd imagine." Harry paled considerably.

"Oh dear God." He looked over at Draco, who was obviously trying not to look pleased and glared. "Draco Malfoy, you don't regret making that stuff up at all, do you? It's entirely your fault and you're not even sorry."

"Gee, Potter, what gave it away?" Draco's eyes were sparkling in amusement. To Harry's surprise, so were Ron's.

"You have to admit, Harry, it *is* rather funny," Ron mentioned, looking at Draco with an oddly approving look.

"RON!" Hermione and Harry were aghast. Ron shrugged.

"Oh, come on. Detention with the Potions Professor? That was brilliant."

"You know, Weasely, I think I'm starting to like you," Draco drawled, and Ron just winked at him. Harry looked on in horror.

"Well, I'm glad you two have...*bonded* over my humiliation," he spat, sending filthy looks to the chess-playing pair, who ignored him. "And I'll have you know, Draco, that I haven't finished with you yet. I fully intend to punish you for your role in that stupid article."

"Is that right? What are you going to do to me, Potter? Ground me? Take away my allowance? Send me to bed without dessert?" Draco was smirking. Harry glared harder.

"Shut up, Malfoy."

"No really, Potter, I'm dying to know. Planning to make me stand in the corner? Ooooh, I know, how about a spanking?"

"Don't tempt me."

"Well, you did say the next time we had a go we'd play rough." Hermione gave him an appalled look.

"Harry! You didn't really say that, did you?" she asked, scandalized, and Harry felt himself beginning to blush.

"Draco, would you please *shut up*?" Not a chance in hell. Draco was having too much fun.

"You didn't know that Harry was such a kinky bastard, did you Granger? Well, he is. He can be quite dominating, you know, and sometimes he speaks parseltongue in the bedroom, and he also knows a wicked little spell for handcuffs, and -

"That is *quite* enough out of you," Harry said crossly, pointing his wand at Draco and uttering a silencing spell. Draco's mouth fell open in outrage. Harry turned to Hermione and said sweetly, "Don't listen to a word he says, Hermione. He was making it all up just to freak you out."

"Thank God. I was getting rather worried for a minute there." Draco's eyes got very big and he started shouting something, but of course, no one could hear him. Ron gave him a sympathetic look.

"Sorry mate. Harry does this kind of stuff sometimes." Draco stood up from his chair and marched over to glare at Harry, crossing his arms over his chest and tapping his foot impatiently. He mouthed something that probably was supposed to be either threatening or insulting, but the effect was rather lost with the silence.

"I'm sorry, Draco, what was that? I couldn't hear you." Draco narrowed his eyes and promptly smacked Harry upside the head.

"OW! Honestly, Malfoy, how is hitting me going to make want to take the spell off you?" Draco whirled around in a huff and sat down on the opposite end of the couch, refusing to look at Harry. As cute as he always thought Draco was when he was sulking, Harry finally took pity on him and removed the spell, bracing himself for the lecture he knew he was about to get.

"A silencing spell? A SILENCING SPELL?? You have some nerve, Potter. How could you?" Harry shrugged.

"You deserved it." Draco gave him a disbelieving glare.

"I *deserved* it? That's all you have to say for yourself? Harry James Potter, I think *you* might be the one getting the spanking tonight."

Harry's retort never came because at that moment the common room door opened and a crowd of Gryffindors flooded in, all fresh from their HPFC meeting. Draco gave Harry a very wicked glare and stood up. He grabbed Harry's hand and promptly dragged him over to the newcomers.

"Finnigan, how was the meeting?" Draco asked Seamus, in a deceptively friendly voice. Harry suddenly felt a bit nervous.

"Oh, it was great, wait till you see the new t-shirt Blaise has designed, we're going to wear it at the next Quidditch match. It's brilliant. Blaise is absolutely brilliant." Draco ignored the dreamy tone in Seamus's voice at that last line and merely smiled.

"That's just great," Draco said in a loud, cheery voice. "Listen, Harry and I are just off to have a bit of wild, kinky-monkey sex. He's going to pretend to be Professor McGonagall and I'm going to be Filch. We want to borrow Crookshanks so we can pretend he's Mrs. Norris. Have you seen him anywhere?" Nobody said a word. The common room was eerily silent as mouths dropped and eyes widened. Seamus appeared to be having trouble speaking.

"No idea, then? That's a real shame. Well, come on, Harry, let's get going. We still have to find you a collar and a leash *and* get the peanut butter and olive oil from the kitches, and you know how Snape gets when we keep him waiting." And with that he pushed the a protesting, sputtering Harry Potter out of the common room in front of him.

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"Draco Malfoy, I can't *believe* you just did that." The pair of boyfriends had paused in an empty corridor not far from the Slytherin dungeons. Draco put on an overdramatic, contrite expression.

"Oh, I'm *so* sorry Harry, I really really am," he drawled, amusement evident in his every word. He held out a hand in front of him so Harry could slap his wrist. "Here, teach me a lesson. I've

been a very bad boy." Harry merely raised his eyebrows and gave him a rather wicked smirk.

"Yes, you have, but no thank you. I've thought of something better." Draco maintained a bored expression on his face, but inside felt a little nervous.

"Oh really? And what's that?"

Harry just smiled angelically. "You'll find out tomorrow. Now come on, let's go. I'll walk you back to your common room." They started walking again, Draco casting suspicious glances in Harry's direction every so often. They reached the bare stretch of stone wall that housed the opening to the Slytherin common room, and Draco turned to look at Harry.

"Seriously, Potter, what are you planning to do?"

"Seriously, Malfoy, you'll find out tomorrow. Now be a good boy and go to bed." He pecked Draco on the forehead and began to walk away. Draco watched him go, and after he had turned the corner he said the password and went into his common room.

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Harry waited about five minutes in the corridor before walking back to the entrance to the common room. He pulled out a hankerchef and various other things from his pocket and transfigured them into a lacy bra, thong, garters and stockings. He smiled to himself and thought, "*Showtime*." Then he spoke the password and burst into the Slytherin common room.

"Draco Malfoy, how could you?!?"

Draco turned slowly from where he was talking with Pansy, Blaise, Crabbe and Goyle, horror seeping through his veins as he saw Harry standing in the door way, women's undergarments in his hands and a convincingly disgusted expression on his face. Everyone in the common room looked at Draco expectantly.

"Um...Harry. I don't know what you're talking about," he said carefully. Afterall, that was the complete truth. Harry crossed the common room in a few easy steps and thrust his handful of clothes at Draco, who took them, startled

"Oh, a likely story. Recognize these, Draco?"

Draco was so confused. Did Harry think he was cheating on him? With a woman? This didn't make any sense. "No Harry, I don't. What's gotten into you?"

"What's gotten into *me*? What's gotten into *you*? *I'm* not the one who wants to wear women's clothing, Draco," he finished with a pointed stare, and Draco suddenly got it. The common room erupted in whispers, and Draco gave Harry a horrified look.

"You said you were going to do this tomorrow!" he hissed under his breath, and Harry looked at him evilly.

"I lied," he whispered back, and then raised his voice again. "Look, Draco, I can understand that you feel like you're the girl in this relationship. I know you love to bottom for me and Merlin knows you're definitely the submissive one. But wearing women's clothing is just taking it *too* far." Harry's face became sympathetic and loving. "Look, you have a problem, but I just want you to know that I really care about you. You can always confide in me, and I'll always be here for you." He touched Draco's cheek in a loving manner, and then left the common room as abruptly as he had entered, leaving Draco with an armful of women's underwear and a room full of flabbergasted housemates.

Pansy and Blaise were giving him shocked looks, and everyone else seemed to be edging away from him slightly. Draco panicked. "Look, everyone, these aren't mine!"

Blaise and Pansy exchanged glances. "Draco, it's okay, everyone's got some kind of weird fetish and -

"But they're really not mine, I swear! This is a sick joke that Potter's playing!"

"Draco, how can you blame Harry for this?" Blaise said, appalled. "Haven't you hurt him enough?"

"But Blaise, you have to believe me -

"Really, Draco, you should admit when you need help. You're lucky to have someone like Harry who's there for you."

"Pansy, you don't understand -

"It's okay, Draco. I like wearing women's clothing too. It's nothing to be ashamed of." The whole group turned to look at Vincent Crabbe in alarm.

"Oh God," said Draco, and throwing the clothes at Crabbe in horror he ran off to his room.

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Chapter: 15

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Dragon Tamer

Chapter 15: Shagged Silly

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"Ten time a night, that's his average...wonder how ol' Malfoy handles *that* every night..."

"Crookshanks? Isn't that Granger's *cat*? Good God..."

"A leash and collar? On the *Boy-Who-Lived*? Wow, that *is* kinky..."

"Oh yes, they're into wicked role-playing, why I heard that Draco really likes acting like Harry's slave, probably has a guilty conscience, those rich kids are always so weird ..."

"*Women's clothing*?!? Are you serious? I knew Malfoy grew up sick and twisted, thanks to that Death Eater father of his, but I never expected *this*...

"Potter, Malfoy, and *Professor Snape*? Oh my *God*..."

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Draco groaned to himself from outside the Great Hall, where he could vaguely make out excited whispers and bits of gossip from the students inside. Even though he had already skipped breakfast (and hid in the very back of all his morning classes), the idea of foregoing lunch as well was suddenly oddly appealing.

He grudgingly admitted to himself that this really was entirely his fault. He's been the one to give that bloody fan club those fake details about Potter's sex life, and then he'd gone and confirmed them to his housemates. Top it off, last night's little speech to the fan club had seemed like fun and games at the time, but now everyone was talking about it and it was driving him mad. And then Potter had to go and cause that scene in the common room...

Draco kicked at the wall in frustration. Bloody Potter and his blasted revenge. That bastard should have been in Slytherin.

"What's a pretty guy like you doing all by his lonesome in a place like this?"

Speak of the devil.

"*Damn it*, Potter, get your hands off me. I am *extremely* angry with you and you will not be

getting any sex from me for a very long time."

"Is that right?" Harry was completely undeterred. He had yet to tell Draco that his pouting, sulky face only made Harry want him more. He wrapped his arms around the blonde's waist, and tried to pull him close for a kiss, but Draco shoved him away unceremoniously.

"Fuck off."

"Really Draco, such language," Harry chided, a smirk playing on his lips and his eyes glinting mischievously. "It's really unbecoming on someone who looks as pretty in lace as you do."

Draco's mouth fell open in outrage. ""You...how can you....why, of all the bloody *wankers*..." he sputtered indignantly.

"Oh, stop acting all huffy. You deserve every bit of this and you bloody well know it. Now kiss me hello or I shall be forced to throw you on the floor and have my way with you. Don't think I won't do it."

In response Draco folded his arms over his chest and turned away from Harry in a huff. Harry raised an eyebrow at his back.

"I'm warning you, Draco."

Draco decided it was time to start walking away.

"Right, then. You asked for it."

And with that he tackled the blonde, locking his arms around his waist. He ignored Draco's protests and squirms and dragged him into a classroom, slamming the door shut behind him and casting a few locking and silencing charms on it. Then he turned to face his prey, who was standing at the front of the classroom, next to the teacher's desk, wearing an indignant expression and carrying on something dreadful.

"Harry James Potter, I refuse to let you manhandle me like this! I have a delicate complexion, and I bruise easily! Besides that, I already told you that I am extremely angry with you and under no circumstances will I be having sex with you anytime soon."

"Angry sex can be quite good, you know," Harry pointed out, and Draco shot him a full-strength icy Malfoy death glare.

"I am *not* having sex with you, angry or otherwise! You should learn to shut your mouth. The things you said last night! Women's clothing?? *Women's clothing*??? My entire house thinks I'm a complete freak right now!"

"You don't say." Harry was currently mulling over how damn sexy Malfoy was when his feathers

were ruffled. Unnoticed by his ranting boyfriend, Harry had moved into predator mode and was waiting for the opportune moment to strike.

"And let's just get one thing perfectly clear here - I am *not* the submissive one in this relationship! That role is already filled by *you*, and let me just tell you -

Whatever else Draco had been about to say was lost as Harry suddenly grabbed his shirt in both hands and yanked Draco against his lips. The kiss was rough, needy, and extremely passionate as he crushed his mouth against the blonde's. Then, in one fluid motion he yanked Draco's cloak halfway off his shoulders, trapping Draco's arms behind his back, while simultaneously forcing the blonde backwards against the wall, pinning him tightly with his own body.

Despite himself, Draco moaned out loud. Harry flashed him a triumphant smirk, which of course irritated Draco to no end and made him determined to make his point, no matter how turned on he was.

"Damn it, Potter," he snarled, wriggling under his boyfriend, trying to break free. "I *told* you that I'm not having sex with you! Have you gone deaf or are you just *completely* daft?"

"Oh, I heard you alright," Harry whispered in his ear, licking the sensitive skin and enjoying the way it made the Slytherin shudder involuntarily. He let Draco struggle for a moment, keeping him securely pinned against the wall, bodies crushed together and Draco's arms trapped in the cloak and pinned by their body weight. Then he slowly began to remove Draco's tie.

Draco continued to sputter indignant phrases at Harry until he locked his lips back over Draco's, effectively silencing his protests. Harry kissed him roughly for a moment before drawing back.

"No more talking from you," he said dangerously, and Draco fell momentarily silent, though he was still glaring daggers at Harry. "We had a deal, remember?"

The blonde gave him an irritated look that clearly said, "What the fuck are you on about?" Harry merely licked a trail from his collarbone to his ear, resting his lips against the silken flesh again and whispering in a low, throaty voice that made Draco's blood race.

"I promised you the next time we had a go, I'd play rough. And I intend to." And with that he leaned back slightly and ripped open Draco's shirt, buttons flying everywhere. Draco gasped out loud. "See, right now, you *are* going to be the submissive one in this relationship," Harry purred into Draco's ear, grinding his hips into Draco's, making the blonde bite his lip to keep from crying out loud with pleasure. "And what's more, I'm going to make you *like* it."

Before Draco could protest Harry had whirled them around to the desk and shoved Draco down on his back onto it. Harry had somehow managed to pull Draco's shirt partway off his shoulders as well, so Draco now found his arms to be completely useless, trapped by his shirt and his cloak and pinned underneath him by the weight of the muscular body on top of his own. Harry was currently pinning him to the desk by straddling his groin, where it was abundantly obvious that

despite his words, Draco was clearly enjoying this.

Damn stupid Potter and his stupid sexy body, Draco thought to himself. He cursed Harry for being so good at dominating him, and he *really* cursed himself for getting off on it. Damn being a Slytherin and having a slightly kinky side. Damn Gryffindors and their damn hero appeal. Damn everyone and everything...well, except that incredible thing that Potter was currently doing with his tongue.

Harry had locked his arms over Draco's biceps, holding the blonde's upper body securely in place. He was currently twirling his tongue over Draco's torso, nipping and sucking on the more sensitive areas. He felt Draco's resistance fading as the blonde's squirms to get away became squirms of quite a different flavor, and he smiled to himself. He slid up from Draco's groin onto his stomach, keeping the blonde trapped against the desk while freeing his hands. He slowly reached behind him and began to stroke Draco through his trousers.

Draco moaned out loud as all thoughts of fighting Harry any more slipped away like ashes in the wind. Now he was just desperate to feel that more of that maddening touch. Harry, sensing his desire, reached behind him and began unbuckling Draco's belt, then undoing his pants, all so maddeningly slowly that Draco had to bite his lip to keep from begging him to hurry up.

But it was all worth it when Harry's hand hit his bare skin. "Oh *fuck*," he gasped, body arching but held in place securely by Harry's legs and weight. Harry's touch was rather rough this time, but that suited Draco just fine. He didn't want to be teased any more - he wanted Harry, and he wanted him now.

"*Harry*," he moaned, and Harry felt that sound go straight to his groin as it always did - he could never get enough of Draco Malfoy moaning his name under him. He slid his body down until he was lying flat against Draco, stomach to stomach on the desk.

"What do you want, Draco?" Harry whispered against his ear, licking and nibbling on his neck. "Tell me what you want, love."

"I want you to fuck me," Draco gasped out, desperate for that next step. "Oh gods, *please*, fuck me."

Harry reached down and put his hand behind Draco's head, pulling him up for an intense, passionate kiss

"Fuck me who?" he demanded softly, against Draco's lips, and Draco shivered.

"Fuck me *Harry*!" And for the next few hours the two were lost to ecstasy as Harry did just that.

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About six hours later, on the floor of the classroom...

"Draco? *Draco*? Come on, love, wipe that goofy look off your face and let's go to dinner. I'm hungry."

"Hmmmm?" Draco continued to grin rather goofily, lifting his head off of Harry's chest to look straight into the Gryffindor's face. He cocked his head to one side. "You're so pretty," he said, patting Harry on the head.

Harry blinked a couple times. "Umm...thank you. Now come on, let's get dressed and get moving. I know we skipped all our afternoon classes, but we're not skipping dinner. Besides, you didn't have breakfast *or* lunch, so I'm sure you must be starving."

"Okay Harry," Draco replied in a singsong voice, standing up and picking up some of Harry's clothes. Before Harry could point out his mistake he was dressed and playing with his newly acquired Gryffindor tie. "Look, I'm a Gryffindor!" he positively giggled. Harry rolled his eyes.

"What on earth has gotten into you? Are you just completely fucked out?" he asked. "Give me my clothes back. Or at least my tie, I'm not wearing your Slytherin one."

"Nope. Can't make me," Draco replied, now putting on Harry's Gryffindor cloak. "Last one to the Great Hall is a flobberworm!" he called out and ran out the door, leaving an extremely puzzled Harry with no choice but to dress in Draco's clothes and go sprinting after him.

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Harry caught up with Draco just as he was entering the Great Hall.

"Draco, love, you really are acting a little funny, are you -

Draco cut him off. "Ooooh, look! Gryffindors!" He dashed over to the Gryffindor table, ignoring Harry's shout of "Draco! Come back!" behind him.

"Ron! Hermione! Ginny! Dean!" He shouted, throwing his arms around each of them in turn. Then he ran to the other side of the table and started up again with the hugs. "Neville! Seamus! Lavendar! Parvati! The Creevy brothers!" he crushed the last two together in a bear hug, and then proudly looked at the stunned group. "Look, I'm a Gryffindor!" he chirped, holding out his red and gold striped tie for everyone to see.

Before anyone could respond Harry grabbed him by the arms and looked at him worriedly. His pupils seemed outrageously small. "Draco, are you alright? Love, talk to me!"

Draco threw his arms around Harry's neck. "My *boyfriend*!" he cooed, nuzzling Harry in an Eskimo kiss. Then he sat down at the Gryffindor table, pulling Harry down with him.

Most of the Gryffindor table was watching the pair in open curiosity. No one had ever seen

Draco act like this before. Ron was looking at them, aghast. "Harry, who is that, and what have you done with a snarky git called Draco Malfoy?" Hermione was also staring. After all, she'd just been bear hugged by someone who used to insult her on a semi-daily basis.

Harry looked at Ron and Hermione from over Draco's head, as he was currently latched around Harry's middle. "I don't know, he's been acting like this for the past several minutes. It's like he's on drugs or something." He dropped a hand onto Draco head and ran it absently through his hair. "I'm pretty worried. Should I take him to Madame Pomphrey?"

"Oooh, look! Potatoes!" Draco pulled away from Harry to grab the bowl of mashed potatoes and began flicking the contents at the Ravenclaw table. Harry grabbed his wrist.

"Draco, stop that!" he commanded, and Draco stuck his tongue out at him.

"Aww, you're no fun," he complained. "I'm going to talk to Neville instead." He turned to the round faced wizard on his right, who looked torn between alarm and amusement at Draco's behavior.

Hermione was looking back and forth between Harry and Draco with a look of dawning comprehension. "Harry, where have you two been all afternoon?" she asked suspiciously.

Harry held up his hands in his own defense. "We weren't drinking or anything, Hermione, I promise." Next to him, Draco squealed.

"Oooh, a toad! Can I pet it?" he asked eagerly, and Neville, oddly flattered, smiled and held Trevor out for Draco to pet.

Hermione watched for a moment, then turned back to Harry. "I didn't think you had been. But my question still stands - where have you been since lunch?"

Harry looked vaguely guilty. "Ummm...empty classroom," he mumbled, and Ron raised his eyebrows.

"You and Malfoy have been shagging for the past *six hours*?" he asked, a little too loudly as several heads turned away from watching Draco petting Trevor's head to listen to Ron, Hermione and Harry's conversation.

Harry cheeks turned slightly pink. "Ummm....maybe."

"The whole time?"

Harry was turning redder. "Maybe."

"What are you, an *animal*?"

"Ron!"

"Was it good?"

"HERMIONE!"

"Harry, I'm serious here! This could explain what's wrong with Draco!"

Harry was totally confused, but by the look of understanding and awe forming on Ron's face it was clear that he was getting it.

"Hermione, you're brilliant! Of *course* that's what's wrong with Malfoy. Harry's shagged him silly!"

There was a flash of whispers that coursed through the Gryffindor table as understanding seemed to shoot like a lightning bolt through every wizard present except for Harry. All of a sudden the entire table was staring at him instead of Draco, awe-struck looks on the faces of all the straight guys and blatantly lustful looks at Harry from everyone else.

Harry looked pointedly at Ron, who hastened to explain. "Okay, obviously this is one of those things that you don't know because you were raised by muggles but Hermione knows because she's read every book in the goddamn library twice."

"HEY!"

"Don't even try to deny that, Herm. Anyway, mate, the reason Malfoy's gone all funny is because you went and shagged the poor bloke silly."

Harry shook his head. "That's just an expression." Hermione looked at him with her know-it-all look.

"In the *muggle* world it's just an expression, Harry," she explained. "But in the *wizarding* world it can actually happen. It has something to do with extreme sexual pleasure releasing magic and that magic clouding up the head and making the person act completely out of character. But it's very, *very* rare. The sex has to be *completely* mind-blowing for that to happen," Hermione finished, giving Harry a look that was just a touch away from what could be considered appropriate between friends.

Harry wasn't sure whether to feel mortified, guilty or extremely smug.

"Harry, how come Neville has a pet and I don't?" Draco whined, turning back to Harry, now holding Trevor in one hand and still petting his head with the other. Harry looked at him affectionately, now understanding that yes, he was barking mad and yes, his pupils might be pinpoints, but it was because Harry had completely rocked his world.

"You can get a pet if you want one, baby," he cooed.

"Can I have a toad like Trevor?"

"Anything you want, love."

"Cool." Draco turned back to Neville and resumed their conversation, apparently unaware that everyone at the Gryffindor table was now giving him envious looks, because let's face it, not only was Draco shagging the drop-dead gorgeous Boy-Who-Lived, it was so good that he had been shagged to the point of silliness.

Harry turned back to Hermione. "So what you're saying is that the sex was so amazing that Draco's gone nutters on us, is that it?"

"Correct."

"And this is rare?"

"Correct."

"So I'm a stud."

"It would appear so."

"Very cool." Harry had decided that smugness was definitely the appropriate emotion in this case. Wait till *Witch Weekly* gets a hold of *this*. Then he got a little concerned for Draco's wellbeing. "How long will this last?"

Hermione shrugged. "It's like alcohol, really, so it should wear off in a couple hours. In the meantime, though, you probably want to keep an eye on him so he doesn't get hurt. You might even see if you can get a sleeping draught or a calming potion for him."

Harry went right back to being mortified at the thought of asking Professor Snape if he could have a calming potion for Draco because they had played hooky that afternoon to have mind-blowing sex that had left Draco funny in the head. He was shaken out of his thoughts when Draco pulled out his wand.

"Wait, Draco, what are you doing?" Harry asked, not sure magic was such a good idea at this point. Draco gave him a *look*.

"You *said* I could have a pet," he said crossly. And with that he pointed his wand at his fork and shouted, "*Cuniculus*!"

And there, on the Gryffindor table where Draco's fork had been now sat the softest, fluffiest, and downright most adorable brown and white lop-eared bunny rabbit anyone had ever seen.

Every girl at the table 'awww'ed simulatenously while Draco squealed, "He's *perfect*!"

Harry was fighting back a grin that the big, bad Slytheirn Prince of Darkness had transfigured himself a fluffy little bunny rabbit for a pet. He wasn't the only one. Ron, Dean and Seamus were chocking into their hands and even Neville was grinning madly.

Draco didn't care at all though. He scooped up the bunny into his arms and turned to Harry. "Look at him, Harry! Isn't he the cutest thing you've ever seen?" Harry lost the battle to keep a straight face and was now working on not laughing out loud.

"Um, yes, he is. What are you going to call him?"

Draco looked at him like it was the most obvious thing in the world. "Why, Draco Lucius Malfoy the Third, of course."

"The Third? Don't you mean the Second?" Ron asked, valiantly trying not to laugh. Draco gave him a haughty look.

"I *know* what I meant. There happens to already *be* a Draco Lucius Malfoy the Second."

"Is that right? Who?"

"My teddy-bear."

Well, that did it. The Gryffindors burst out laughing, and Draco looked completely indignant.

"Why are you laughing at me? Harry? What's going on?" Harry couldn't even answer him as he was laughing too hard. Draco pouted. "Well, fine. Be that way. I'm going over to the Slytherin table to introduce Draco Lucius Malfoy the Third to Pansy and Blaise." And he marched off.

"Wait...Draco...no..." Harry was desperately trying to get his breath, but he was too late. Draco had reached the Slytherin table and was holding his bunny out proudly for everyone to see. Harry could see that the Slytherins, who were still suspicious that Draco wore women's underwear, were not even attempting to hold in their laughter as Draco introduced them to his new pet.

Harry got there to find Draco looking very crossly at Pansy and Blaise, who were laughing so hard they were leaning on each other for support.

"Oh my God, Draco has a pet bunny! A *bunny*! I think I'm going to die." Blaise took another at Draco and burst out laughing again.

"For Merlin's sake, what's wrong with a bunny? I think he's cute," Draco said, looking very put out. Pansy looked up at him.

"Wait...until...your father....finds out," she wheezed through her laughter. Draco appeared to be getting angry, so Harry stepped in.

"Come on, love, let's go back to the Gryffindor table," he said soothingly, but Draco was very upset.

"Harry, you think Draco Lucius Malfoy the Third is cute, right?" he said, lower lip tugged out, eyebrows furrowed, big grey eyes looking worried and uncertain. Harry bit back another grin.

"Of course I do," he said in a pacifying tone of voice. "But not as cute as you, of course," he couldn't resist adding, ruffling Draco's hair.

Draco positively beamed at him. "I am cute, aren't I?" Blaise looked between the two of them, a suspicious look on his face.

"Potter, what did you do to Draco? He *never* lets anyone call him cute," he said distrustfully. Harry opened his mouth to come up with an excuse when a cheerful Irish accent cut him off.

"Seems our Harry here shagged your little friend silly." Seamus had joined the group.

Blaise and Pansy were duly impressed. "Is that true, Potter?" Pansy asked, and Harry felt his cheeks heating up again.

"Apparently," he said, looking rather flustered. "Look, I didn't even know this was possible, and I certainly wasn't trying to make Draco go off the deep end, but Hermione assures me it's only temporary and -

"Damn you Draco, you lucky, lucky bastard." Blaise cut Harry off, looking at the wizard who was currently nuzzling his rabbit and cooing at it. "This is *so* unfair."

"Draco, love, go back to the Gryffindor table, alright? I'll be right there," Harry said in what he hoped was an encouraging voice. Did the trick, it seemed, because Draco headed back without protest, now staring happily at the enchanting ceiling. Harry turned back to Seamus and the Slytherins. "Look, don't mention this to anyone, okay? I'm going to take Draco up to my room and try to sort him out a bit, or at least get him to take a nap or something."

"You might want to get on that, Harry, he's going to be a right handful until this wears off," Seamus said helpfully, sliding into the seat across from Blaise.

"Thanks," Harry replied, and headed back over to the Gryffindor table, hoping he could help Draco save whatever was left of his dignity. Half-way there, however, Harry's sharp ears heard Draco sniffling and he ran the rest of the way to see what the problem was.

He found Draco was clutching his rabbit tightly to his chest, tears running down his cheeks and glaring at Ron. Upon seeing Harry he threw himself into his arms.

"*Harry*!" the blonde wailed, burying his face in Harry's chest. Harry put his arms protectively around his crazy boyfriend and looked at his friends. At Ron's obviously guilty face his eyes narrowed.

"Ron, what did you do to him?" Harry asked suspiciously, and Ron looked sheepish.

"I didn't mean to upset him, I was trying to help!" he said, looking worriedly at Draco.

Draco looked up and sniffed. "He said...he said....he said he was going to turn Draco Lucius Malfoy the Third into a *fork*!" he howled, burying his face back in Harry's neck.

"RON!" Harry admonished, tightening his grip around the blonde. "How could you?"

"Look, I just offered to turn the rabbit back into a fork for him, that's all! I didn't know he'd be so upset!" Ron tried to explain, but Harry and Hermione continued to glare at him

"Ron, he's very fragile right now, and he doesn't need you being all insensitive about his new pet!" Hermione scolded, and Ron looked highly embarrassed. Harry looked at Draco worriedly.

"Look, I really need to get him out of here. Meet me up in Gryffindor tower after a bit, alright? And bring some food, would you?" Ron and Hermione nodded. He stood up to guide Draco out of the hall, but the blonde had other ideas and took off running towards the staff table at the front of the hall.

"Draco, you fruitcake, come back! Draco -

Harry was cut off by a cry of "*Sonorous*!"

"Can everyone hear me?" Draco shouted, standing in front of the staff table where everyone could see him, his voice echoing loudly through the Great Hall, suddenly all smiles again. Harry felt his heart drop.

"Oh God, no," he whispered, horrified. The staff was watching curiously, as was the whole Hall.

"Good! Now, has everyone seen my new pet bunny? His name is Draco Lucius Malfoy the Third, and he's absolutely perfect and I absolutely love hiim!" The Great Hall was beginning to titter slightly.

"Actually, there's only one person I love more than this bunny - well, besides my mum and dad of course - and that's my boyfriend, Harry Potter! I love you Harry!" Despite the fact that Draco's elevator was no longer going all the way to the top, Harry was very touched. Obviously, his boyfriend had a much sweeter side to him than anyone had guessed.

"Potter, what did you *do* to him?" Snape hissed at Harry, but unfortunately for him, Draco

decided to answer.

"Why, Severus, didn't you hear?" he asked, voice echoing through the room. Harry closed his eyes and prayed, but it was no use. "Harry and I had wild crazy sex for *hours* this afternoon, and apparently he's shagged me silly! Isn't that *great*?"

Silence for a moment, and then chaos erupted. Heated whispers were heard at every table, and when Harry ventured a glance at the staff table, he saw McGonagall looking very red, Flitwick looking rather white, Snape looking very green, and Dumbledore looking tickled pink.

Over the noise, however, Draco's magnified voice could be heard. "Harry, I want you to know how much I love you, so this song is dedicated to you." He ran over and handed Draco Lucius Malfoy the Third to Harry, and then shouted "*Cantus*!" A horrifyingly familiar 80s pop song began to float through the Great Hall. Draco grabbed his wand like a mike and began to sing.

I made it through the wilderness

Somehow I made it through

Didn't know how lost I was

Until I found you

Oh. Sweet. Merlin. How the bleeding hell did Draco know all the words to a Madonna song?

I was beat, incomplete

I'd been had, I was sad and blue

But you made me feel

Yeah, you made me feel

Shiny and new

Was Draco *dancing*? And dancing *well*? And were people *cheering*?

Like a virgin (hey!)

Touched for the very first time

Like a virgin

When your heart beats, next to mine

Pandemonium had broken out over the Great Hall as Draco belted out the lyrics to Madonna's "Like a Virgin." Students had decided that even though Draco was usually a complete prat and currently barking mad it didn't change the fact that he was sexy as all get out *and* a very talented singer. Cries of *Malfoy, I love you!* and *Draco, you sexy thing!* began to fill the air.

You're so fine, and you're mine

Make me strong, yeah you make me bold

Oh, you love thawed out

Yeah, your love thawed out

What was scared and cold

Like a virgin...

Harry, like the entire Hogwarts staff, appeared to be rooted to the spot. The other students, however, were apparently having a riotous good time, because their frenzied cries were growing. It was like being in a concert.

You're so fine, and you're mine

I'll be yours 'ill the end of time

"Work it baby!"

"Take me now!"

"I'm yours, Draco, all yours!"

'Cause you make me feel

Yeah, you make me feel

I've nothing to hide

Like a virgin...

Finally, as the song finished and tumultuous applause thundered through the hall, Draco ran over and threw himself into Harry's arms. Harry took that as his cue to drag his boyfriend and his bunny out of the hysteria of the Great Hall and up to the sanctuary of Gryffindor tower.

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Chapter: 16

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Dragon Tamer

Chapter 16: The Aftermath

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"Draco, *please*?"

"No, Harry! I'm not tired!"

Harry was sitting on his bed in Gryffindor tower trying in vain to get Draco to take a nap. Draco was standing in the middle of the room, arms crossed over his chest, cross expression on his face.

"Love..."

"*No*."

"Okay, look, you don't have to sleep, we could just cuddle," Harry suggested, and Draco looked at him suspiciously.

"Just cuddle?"

"Yes. Just cuddle."

Draco seemed to be wavering. "You promise?"

Harry traced an 'X' over his heart. "Cross my heart. Now come lay down with me, okay sweetie?" Harry knew that once Draco was back to normal he would once again be forbidden to use any pet names, so he was happily using them now.

Draco looked at him through narrowed eyes. "Can my bunny come?"

"But of course." Draco finally relented and lay down on Harry's bed, placing his head on Harry's chest. Harry immediately locked his arms around the blonde, determined not to let Draco go anywhere. He had already cast half a dozen locking spells on the door, hoping that Draco could just sleep off the rest of this crazy spell and save himself from doing any more damage to his reputation. He was prepared to bodily hold Draco down if he had to.

He didn't need to worry. Very shortly after Draco lay in Harry's arms his eyes had closed. Harry smiled. He missed his boyfriend, but he had to admit that this side of Draco was pretty damn adorable. He kissed the blonde on the top of his head.

"You are so cute, you know that?"

"Thank you," mumbled Draco sleepily, burrowing deeper into Harry's side, obviously drifting off to sleep. Draco Lucius Malfoy the Third was happily snuggled on Harry's chest in the crook of Draco's arm. Harry laid his own head against Draco's and closed his eyes. He wasn't going to fall asleep, it's just that Draco was so warm and comforting against him, and the bunny was soft and fuzzy on his chest, and Draco's breathing was slow and rhythmic, and -

Within minutes, Harry was fast asleep as well.

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Harry was woken up later by the return of his roommates and Hermione (who was still the only person who could break Harry's locking spells). Hermione and Ron had brought dinner for him and Draco, and he thanked them. He reassured Hermione that Draco was fine and they chatted a few minutes before she kissed him on the cheek, said goodnight and left. Harry pulled out his homework and was about to start when he found himself cornered by his roommates.

"Alright, Harry, time to spill." Ron said, plopping down on the foot of Harry's bed, and leaning against one of the posts, careful to avoid jostling Draco's legs and incurring Harry's wrath.

"What are you talking about, Ron?" Harry inquired, although he was quite sure he had a pretty good idea what Ron was about to say.

"How did you do it?"

"Do what?"

"Harry, don't be daft." Dean had pulled up a chair next to the bed and was looking at Harry expectantly. "How did you make Malfoy here," he nodded his head at the blonde still sleeping next to Harry, "go 'round the twist?"

"Oh, that," Harry said nonchalantly, flipping through a textbook. He smiled to himself. Life was good.

Seamus was not letting Harry off the hook. "Yes, *that*," he said, snatching away Harry's book. "Come on, Harry. *Details*. What *exactly* did you do to him?" Seamus and Neville and even Trevor had joined the group, and all of them were apparently expecting to hear all the sordid details about Harry's afternoon.

Harry shrugged. "Oh, you know," he said enigmatically. "A bit of this, a little of that."

"HARRY!"

"Ron, shut up! I will *kill* you if you wake up Draco, he needs his sleep!" Ron rolled his eyes.

"I bet he does, after whatever you did to him, you beast. Now are you going to tell us or not?"

"Um, *not*."

"Oh, come on!"

"Ron, do you *really* want to know? I mean, won't you find it gross?"

Ron shook his head. "Harry, you don't understand. Shagging someone silly is really rare. Any grossness is covered up by the fact that I am dying to know how you pulled this off."

"You're just hoping to get ideas because you want to shag Hermione until she's crazy as a loon."

Ron blushed. "Yeah,well...so?"

"Well, as oddly appealing as the idea of seeing Hermione absolutely nutters is, my answer is still no."

"Harry, don't be such a prat. You can tell *us* about this. You can always tell us anything."

"Look, Dean, I'm not sure Draco would be comfortable with me discussing our sex life with you guys!"

"Draco's not exactly in any condition to protest, now is he?"

"Seamus, that doesn't make it right."

"Oh come on Harry, we're your friends! Where's the love?"

"Neville, not you too!"

All four of Harry's roommates started begging at the same. "OH PLEASE OH PLEASE OH *PLEASE*..."

"You guys, keep it *down*!"

But it was too late. Draco's eyelashes were fluttering open. Harry glared at his roommates, and then leaned over Draco. "Hey cutie, you waking up?"

Fast as lightening, Draco's hand shot out and grabbed the front of Harry's shirt, hauling him down to inches above Draco's face. "Potter," growled Draco menacingly, through narrowed eyes. "If you *ever* call me cutie again, I will rip your body apart with my bare hands and then force-feed you the pieces."

"Now *there's* the Malfoy we all know and love," Seamus said under his breath, as Harry merely leaned down and kissed Draco on the nose.

"Nice to have you back." Draco wrinkled his nose at Harry's kiss and glared at him.

"I haven't *gone* anywhere, you fuckwit." Draco was being his normal, charming self, who was apparently always a bit cranky when first woken up. He looked around. "Why are you all staring at me?" he snarled, and the other Gryffindors exchanged glances. How much did he remember?

Draco looked at them crossly. "Stupid Gryffindors," he mumbled, sitting up and rubbing his eyes. He looked at Harry. "You know, I had the weirdest, most vivid dream just now."

"Is that right?" asked Harry, the beginnings of a smile twitching his lips. "Why don't you tell me about it?"

Draco yawned and stretched. "Well, I was in the Great Hall, wearing your hideous Gryffindor tie, and I was *hugging* all those God-forsaken Gryffindors, and then something about Neville's toad, and a bunny, and I think I was *singing* at one point and -

Draco abruptly stopped, mid-stretch, and his eyes got very big. "Um...Harry?"

"Yes, love?"

"Why is there a bunny rabbit on the foot of your bed?" he asked, fear written all over his face. Harry smiled sweetly.

"Well, that's Draco Lucius Malfoy the Third, named after his owner and his owner's teddy bear." Draco's face paled.

"No," he said, shaking his head back and forth, "No, no, *no*."

"Look, Draco, it's okay, it's just -

"Nothing happened, Oh God, please tell me *nothing* really happened..."

"Um, love, you need to keep breathing here..."

"There's no *fucking* way that really happened. Oh God..."

"Okay, Draco, just calm down -

Draco was hyperventilating. "Oh my God, oh my God, no, it was just a dream, it was just a dream, oh fuck, oh *fuck*, oh *no*...

"Draco, *breathe*." Harry grabbed the blonde by the shoulders and looked into his face. "That's it, calm down, take a couple deep breaths..."

Draco looked wildly around the room at the amused faces of Harry's roommates. "Tell me it was a dream, oh God, please, someone, tell me it was a dream. Weasley? *Please*?"

Ron grinned at him. "Sorry, mate. Not a dream. It'd be a shame if it was, because I must admit, you sing very well. Never knew you fancied Madonna, though."

Draco went white as a sheet. "*Fuck*."

And with that he dove under the blankets.

"Draco?" Harry said, addressing the quivering lump under his comfortor. "Why don't you come out so we can talk about this?" The lump shook its head.

"I'm never coming out," mumbled the lump, its voice muffled through the comfortor. Harry rolled his eyes.

"Draco, don't be ridiculous."

"I'm dead serious."

"You can't stay under there forever."

"Watch me."

"You'll die of starvation."

"I'll take my chances."

"You'll mess up your hair." Draco slowly pulled the blankets off his head, and Harry grinned. He knew all his boyfriend's weak spots.

Seamus regarded the slightly disheveled blonde on the bed. "Malfoy, mate, it's not as bad as you

think."

"Shut up, Finnagin!" Draco spat, looking murderous. "This is the most horribly embarrassing thing that has ever happened to me. I hugged Gryffindors! I transfigured myself a pet bunny! I professed my undying love for Harry in front of the entire school and then I sang Madonna's "Like a Virgin!" My reputation as an evil bastard is *completely* ruined!" Draco buried his face in his hands in despair.

Seamus blinked a couple times. "Well...that might be true. But on the bright side every single person in the castle is madly jealous of you right now."

Draco looked up at him, glaring. "Oh, I see. Everyone else wishes they could have made total prats of themselves at dinner, is that it?"

"Not exactly, but at least everyone knows why it happened."

Draco covered his mouth. "Oh God, *no*. I forgot. I told the entire school Harry had shagged me silly, didn't I?" When the Gryffindors nodded their assent, he buried his head in his hands again and moaned. "Could this fucking *get* any worse?"

Ron looked thoughtful. "Well, it will probably be in the *Daily Prophet* tomorrow where everyone, including your parents, will read about it."

"***FUCK***!"

Draco dove back under the comforter and refused to come out again.

****

It took several protective wards, a sealing charm on the hangings, a silencing spell around the bed and the promise of a hot dinner before Draco consented to show his face again. He finally removed the blanets and Harry handed him a plate, steaming hot courtesy of a warming charm.

"Thanks," Draco mumbled, digging in. "I'm starving."

"I should think so. You haven't eaten all day." The two ate in silence for a moment. Harry's irritated roommates could be heard complaining on the other side of the bed hangings, obviously feeling that they had been cheated out of rightfully deserved details and teasing. Harry and Draco ignored them.

The bunny hopped over the Draco and put his paws on his leg. Draco handed him a carrot and a broccoli stem, rabbit food being a thoughtful detail Hermione had not overlooked.

"So, what are you going to do about Draco Lucius Malfoy the Third?" Harry asked, curious. Draco looked at the rabbit rather fondly.

"Give him a nickname, for starters. Can't go around calling him Draco Lucius Malfoy the Third all the time, it's damn awkward."

Harry looked surprised. "Oh. Um, well, yes, yes it is."

Draco shot him a suspicious glance. "What, Potter? What did you expect me to say?"

"Well, truthfully I expected you to turn him back into a fork," Harry admitted. "Or, more likely, stew him, and then *eat* him with a fork."

Draco looked scandalized. "Are you mad? That's horrible! He may have started out life as a fork but now he's my pet!" He dropped a hand down to pet the bunny's back.

"Well, well. Draco Malfoy does have a heart. Will wonders never cease?"

"Shut it, you. Leave my bunny out of this."

Harry couldn't help but smile. "You're going to be ripped apart by the other Slytherins for this, you know."

Draco sighed. "Yes, well, I can handle them. Besides, I'll have my evil bastard reputation back in no time. I just have to kick a few puppies, terrorize the house elves a bit, and make a few first years cry. You know, routine Prince of Darkness stuff."

"Ri-ight," Harry said, rolling his eyes, but grinning. They finished up their meal and Harry insisted that Draco stay the night. He gave Draco a pair of pajamas and his invisibility cloak so he could make his way to the bathroom unseen.

Finally, the two were in bed together, with the bunny already curled up and asleep at the foot of the bed. Harry turned to Draco.

"So..." he said, suddenly feeling a bit shy. He looked at Draco, who was determinedly staring straight ahead of him. "It was really that good, then?"

Draco's face turned beet red. "HARRY!" He buried his face in his hands. Harry bit back the urge to chuckle. He had never really seen Draco embarrassed before, and he couldn't help but think it was absolutely adorable.

"You know, Draco," he said to the back of Draco's head. "It occurred to me that I'm not sure whether or not I should apologize. On the one hand, I did do something to you that made you go completely nutters and cause a huge scene in the Great Hall. On the other hand..."

"You gave me the most incredible shagging of my life and for that you shall have my undying gratitude," Draco finished for him, not looking up from his hands. Harry smiled a huge smile.

"Really?" Draco looked at him, incredulous.

"Well, *obviously*. Or I wouldn't have made a complete fool of myself, would I?"

Harry shrugged. "I guess. But it's nice to hear it from you." He reached out and wrapped his arms around the blonde, pulling Draco's back against his chest, and kissing his head. Draco sighed contentedly and began to relax into Harry's embrace.

"I'm still mortified, you know."

"I figured you would be."

"And tomorrow is going to be hell. Everyone is going to mock me."

"Quite possibly."

"And it doesn't help that you're being so damn smug."

Harry grinned. "Yes, well, I've rather think I've got a lot to be smug about, you know."

"Don't remind me." Draco sighed, feeling the exhaustion of the day setting in on him. He snuggled in close to Harry, who happily held him very tightly. After a few moments of silence, Harry leaned in and whispered in his ear.

"Do I really make you feel like a virgin?" he teased, and even in the darkness he could see the tips of Draco's ears turn pink as he buried his face into the pillow.

"Shut up," the Slytherin groaned, trying to cool his flaming face against the cool pillowcase. Harry just smiled. After another moment, he spoke again.

"Hey Draco?"

"What now?" he mumbled from the pillows.

"Did you mean it?"

"Did I mean what?"

"What you said...before you sang the song."

"Oh...that...um..." and here Draco turned the reddest he had been all evening and ducked his head completely under the pillow. "Maybe," he muttered at last, and Harry beamed.

"Good," said the Gryffindor, leaning down to kiss Draco's shoulder. "Because I love you too."

And with that he wrapped himself tightly around his still embarrassed but now exuberantly happy boyfriend as they both drifted into the arms of Morpheus.

****

Bright and early the next morning, while Harry and Draco were still fast asleep in each others arms, Lucius Malfoy was making his way through Malfoy Manor towards the kitchen. Plans for Draco's "birthday party" were underway, and Narcissa would be sending a letter detailing all her plans to Draco any day now.

Ha. All *her* plans. Luckily, no one knew anything about *his* plans. Muahahaha.

Lucius reached the kitchen, where the house elves already had a coffee tray waiting for him. He poured himself a steaming hot cup of dark, French Roast coffee and inhaled deeply. Ahhh. Nothing like the smell of coffee to compliment evil thoughts.

He took his coffee and sat down at the small kitchen table. Casting a furtive glance around and confirming that he was, indeed, alone, he pulled out some parchment and a quill and began to write a letter to his very good friend Professor Snape. Snape had access to certain...*ingredients* that could help ensure that his plans went smoothly. Unfortunately, Snape was also very fond of Draco, so Lucius had to be careful that Severus didn't suspect anything was amiss.

He tapped the quill against his mouth. He had to word this carefully. Severus had such a sharp mind, after all. A sharp mind that was complimented by those intense, glittering eyes. And all that thick, silky black hair. And his mysterious demeanor, and how very *authoritative* he could be, and how his robes billowed *just so*, and -

Um, right. Focus, Lucius.

Lucius began writing his letter.

My dearest, most darling Severus...

Ugh. Where did that come from? Lucius crumpled up the parchment and tried again.

Dear Severus, who, despite what Wicked Witch Weekly *might say, I know to be the* ***real*** *Hogwarts Sex God...*

Hmmm. Maybe not.

Dear Professor Snape...

I've been a very naughty Malfoy, yes I have. Maybe you could give me detention, Professor?

Because I think I need to be disciplined, Professor. Because I'm a dirty, dirty boy. How about it, Professor? Huh, Professor? Why don't you give it to me? Oh, yes, oh, give it to me, oh gods right there, oh yes, oh, teach me a lesson, oh Professor Snape...

Lucius looked at what he had written in horror, then quickly crumpled up that sheet of parchment. He took a sip of his coffee. Maybe he'd give this whole 'letter to Severus Snape' thing another go later on.

Lucius was shaken out of his fantasies - uh, thoughts! THOUGHTS! - a few moments later by the arrival of his morning newspaper. Ah, perfect timing. He could really use a distraction right now. But not because he was thinking about Snape. Because he wasn't. No sir. He really, really wasn't. Really.

He paid the owl and unfurled the *Daily Prophet*.

The fine, delicate, china cup of that delicious French Roast coffee fell unheeded from Lucius Malfoy's hand as he stared in complete shock at the front page article.

Oh. Holy. *Fuck*.

****

Far from Malfoy Manor, where Lucius was now screaming bloody murder, Harry Potter was waking up, wondering for a moment why he felt like so amazingly self-satisfied. He looked over at the blonde sleeping next to him and it all came rushing back to him. He smirked smugly. It was official now. He was a sex god. He was Harry Potter, the Boy-Who-Lived-to-Rock-Draco-Malfoy's-World. Ha. He would bet all the galleons in his Gringott's account that old Voldemort had never shagged anyone silly.

He watched Draco sleep for a moment, then gently shook his shoulder. "Draco? Draco, wake up." Draco groaned and rolled onto his back.

"*What*, Potter? Why are you waking me up so damn early? For Merlin's sake, this had better be good," he mumbled, voice still thick with sleep.

"If you get up now, we can sneak out before any of my roommates wake up," Harry replied.

"And why would I care about that?" Draco muttered, rolling on his side away from Harry. Harry grinned and leaned down over Draco, mouth inches from his ear.

"*I made it through the wilderness...*" he sang, and Draco's eyes flew open.

"*Shit.*" Draco pulled the covers over his head. "You know, I think you're going to have to go on without me."

"No can do, blondie. You're getting up, and we're having breakfast in the Great Hall. Come on, then."

"Sod off, Potter. I've just decided to stick to my original plan of never coming out from under your comfortor ever again."

Harry sighed. "You're not leaving me with many options here, Malfoy. Now get up or I shall be forced to take drastic action."

"Ha! Do your worst," Draco taunted from under the blankets.

"Fine then, but don't say I didn't warn you." In one fluid motion Harry ripped the covers off of Draco's head, flipped him on his back, and straddled his chest, pinning him down.

"Potter, get off me!" Draco yelped, struggling, but he was no match for the determination of the wizard on top of him.

"Nope," said Harry, bending down over him. He began kissing Draco all over his face. "You" *kiss kiss kiss* "are so cute" *kiss kiss kiss* "when you're grumpy."

"UGH! Yuck! STOP IT! NO calling me CUTE!" Draco was thrashing under Harry but Harry wasn't letting him go anywhere.

"You" *kiss* "are" *kiss* "absolutely" *kiss kiss kiss* "adorable" *kiss kiss* "in the morning."

"Potter, you will cease this *immediately*! Oh, come on! STOP!! Let me go!! HAAARRRYY!!!"

"Awww, who's my cranky little dragon?"

"NOOOO! Oh, God, alright! *ALRIGHT*! You win! I'm getting up." And after Draco leveled a very icy death glare in Harry's direction, the two got up and made their way to the showers.

****

They paused outside the Great Hall, Draco dressed from head to toe in Harry's clothes except for his Slytherin cloak and tie. Harry privately thought about foregoing breakfast and having Draco to eat instead, but he knew that delaying the inevitable would just make things worse when they finally had to face everyone.

Next to him, Draco had set his face in its usual cold, sneering mask. He was a Malfoy, damn it. No one was going to mock him for having a good shag. No one. He took a deep breath, and nodded at an amused looking Harry, and the two walked into the Great Hall together.

Conversation came to a screeching halt as the entire crowd fell silent to stare at the two boys walking in. Draco glared.

"Not *one* word from any of you," he snarled, "Or I'll curse you so hard that your grandchildren will feel the effects."

Nobody said a word. Harry and Draco cautiously made their way towards the Gryffindor table, Harry torn between amusement and protectiveness and Draco still glaring full strength at everyone in the Hall. They were about to take their seats when a lone, brave voice from the Hufflepuff table piped up.

"*Like a virgin*..."

And that did it. The entire hall burst out laughing again, and Draco flung himself into a seat and buried his head in his arms.

"My life is ruined," he moaned. "I'm a laughing stock. No one will ever fear me again." Next to him Harry just grinned.

"Oh, it'll blow over eventually. In the meantime, have some breakfast." Draco just shook his head, keeping his face hidden in his arms, so Harry dished him up some food as they were joined by the rest of the seventh-year Gryffindors.

A cheerful round of morning hellos were shared by everyone except Draco, who adamantly refused to look up. Ron prodded at him.

"Come on Malfoy. Aren't you at least going to say good morning?"

"Fuck off and die," replied Draco into his arms.

"You know, you're being terribly rude," Ron said, highly amused.

Harry smiled at his friends. "He's still a bit...*touchy* right now. He's not really a morning person, you know."

"God *damn* it, Potter," Draco snapped, finally looking up. "I am too a morning person. Or at least, I was, until the unfortunate occurrence of my mornings becoming saturated with mentally stunted fuckwits like yourselves."

"I see what you mean, Harry. He *is* touchy."

"Weasley, you little shit, prepare to die." Draco drew his wand but he was cut off by the arrival of Lavender, Parvarti, Susan Bones and Hannah Abbott., who were all wearing suspiciously low cut blouses under their robes and were crowding around Harry eagerly.

"Good *morning*, Harry," said Parvati, but that was as far as she got before Draco snapped.

"Get AWAY from him, you harpies! I am having the worst morning of my life and I would *welcome* the chance to curse the lot of you!" Draco snarled, and the girls backed up a step. "That's right! I said LEAVE! Get the hell out of here! NOW!" The girls scattered and ran. Draco raised a hand to his forehead.

"This is it. I've reached rock bottom. I am the laughing stock of the entire school and my former arch rival has women throwing themselves at him. It's official. I can sink no lower."

At that moment, Owl post arrived.

"Oooh, look at the *Prophet*, Malfoy! There's an article about you and Harry on the front page!"

Draco groaned. "Oh, goody. I was wrong." He held out his hand and Seamus handed him the paper. Draco looked at it in trepidation, Harry reading over his shoulder.

Yikes.

The article, which was oh-so-tastefully titled *Boy Who Lived Shags Malfoy Heir Silly*, featured a huge picture of Draco taken at some point during his "Like A Virgin" performance, and showed him dancing in front of the Great Hall, belting out lyrics while students cheered and the staff looked on in horror.

"Good God," said Harry, appalled. "Can they *print* that?"

Ron shrugged. "Unfortunately, yes. They're the only real wizarding newspaper, they can print any trash they want."

Draco skimmed the article. "It's all in there," he said weakly, watching the picture of himself moonwalk in front of the staff table. "Every last stupid thing I said or did last night." The Gryffindor boys eyed him with actual sympathy.

"Sorry mate," said Ron commiseratingly. "If it's any consolation, the *Prophet* has printed horrible articles about Harry millions of times, and it all blows over eventually. This will too."

Draco was rubbing his temples. "No, you don't understand. The worst is yet to come."

"What do you mean?" Harry queried, but Draco just pointed to the ceiling. His eagle owl was swooping towards the table with a bright red envelope in his claws.

"Oh," said Harry, wincing for Draco's sake. The owl dropped the Howler in front of Draco, who opened it with shaking hands.

"**DRACO LUCIUS MALFOY**!!!" Lucius Malfoy's amplified voice filled the entire Hall. "WHAT THE ***HELL*** DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING??? I'M SITTING DOWN, HAVING A CUP OF COFFEE, TRYING TO WRITE A LETTER, ONLY TO FIND ***MY*** SON ON THE

COVER OF THE *DAILY PROPHET* FOR BEING SHAGGED SILLY BY THE BOY WHO LIVED!! THE ***BOY*** WHO ***LIVED***!!! "

Everyone at the Gryffindor table was wincing and covering their ears, but Lucius Malfoy's voice went on.

"YOU ARE A MALFOY!! YOU HAVE A REPUTATION TO UPHOLD! MALFOYS ARE COLD, MALICIOUS BASTARDS WHO SNEER AT THE UNFORTUNATE AND EAT HAPPY PEOPLE FOR BREAKFAST!! THEY DO **NOT** PRANCE ABOUT HUGGING PEOPLE AND SINGING MADONNA AND SHAGGING HARRY ***SODDING*** POTTER!!

YOU ARE IN ***SERIOUS*** TROUBLE, DRACO MALFOY! YOU JUST WAIT UNTIL THE HOLIDAYS! WE ARE GOING TO HAVE A ***VERY*** LONG TALK ABOUT PROPER BEHAVIOR FOR A MALFOY!! AND FROM NOW ON YOU WILL SEE TO IT THAT YOU CONDUCT YOURSELF WITH DIGNITY!! I WILL **NOT** HAVE MY SON MAKING HEADLINES LIKE THIS!!!

AND FOR YOUR SAKE I HOPE YOU GOT RID OF THAT RIDICULOUS BUNNY!!

And then, in a slightly softer voice, Lucius went on. "Oh, and um, your mother says to tell you hi, and she hopes you liked the brownies she sent you, and she, uh, thinks your bunny is cute, and um...she's really looking forward to meeting Harry."

And finally: "Oh, and tell Severus I say hi."

And with that the letter burst into flames. A stunned silence, and then an eruption of whispers filled the hall.

Draco took a deep breath. "Right. Well. I think I'll just be going. If anyone needs me I'll be hiding under a rock somewhere." He stood up to leave.

Harry grabbed his arm. "Wait, love, it's okay, really. Look, I'll come with you, we can hide somewhere together and -

"Oh no," said Draco, backing up in alarm. "I don't think so. Not you. In fact, I don't think I want you anywhere near me."

"What are you talking about?"

"Potter, you are not allowed to so much as snog me until I'm assured that there won't be a repeat of last night."

"WHAT?? You can't be serious."

"I'm dead serious. I'm not making a fool of myself like that again. I'm sure there's a way around

it, and you better find it."

"But Draco, I don't have a clue where to begin. Come on, I'll hold back, I'll -

"No," said Draco firmly.

"But I don't know what to do," Harry whined, upset at the turn this conversation had taken. Draco just shrugged.

"Go find your brainy little friend Granger and get her help, then. I'm not changing my mind. No sex until we have a cure."

And with that he left, leaving behind a stunned and open-mouthed Harry behind. He looked at his roommates in utter shock and horror, and then -

"**HERMIONE**!!!"

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Chapter: 17

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Dragon Tamer

Chapter 17: The Drought (an interlude)

- or -

Harry Tries to Get Laid

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"Damn it, Hermione, can't you go any *faster*?"

"Harry, really. I'm doing my best. This is a very tricky problem. It's very rare and hard to find information on."

"This is beyond horrible. Draco, will you please reconsider?"

"For the one millioneth time, Potter, *no*."

"Pretty please?"

"No."

"Oh, come on! This just isn't *right*."

"Harry, I know this sucks, but I can't risk going all crazy again, okay? My father will *kill* me and then he'll kill *you*."

Sulking. "I'm not scared of your father."

"Just keep researching, Harry. We're not spending all our free time here in the library with Granger for nothing."

A few moments of silence as everyone flips through books.

"Look, Draco, what if I promise that this time you can be on top?"

"Harry, even once we have a counter-spell you better *believe* I'm going to be on top next time. And my answer is still no."

Frustrated silence.

"Okay, look, Draco, I have an idea. What if I just lay there, hmmm? I won't even try to touch you. What do you think?"

"Just lay there? Gee, Harry, is that supposed to tempt me?"

"You could coat me in whipped cream and chocolate and then slowly lick every last trace off my body."

A moment of silence.

"Tempting. But no."

A sigh. *Then...*

"Oooh, okay, I've got a better idea. I'll teach you the handcuff spell. You can handcuff me to your bed and have your wicked way with me."

"Harry! I thought you said Malfoy was making that stuff up to freak me out!"

"Yeah, well...I lied. Anyway, Hermione, aren't you supposed to be reading up on counter-spells for this little problem we have?"

"You know, Harry, things *might* be going a little faster if you were helping me research instead of trying to convince loverboy here to sleep with you before we have a cure."

"Hermione, you're not helping my cause here. You're supposed to say, 'oh Malfoy, why don't you run along and shag Harry because I'm on the verge of a breakthrough here.'"

"But I'm not."

"Work with me here, Hermione."

"Harry, I can't believe you want Granger here to lie to me just so I'll sleep with you again!"

"Draco, it has been *four* days. FOUR days. I'm going crazy here."

"Yes, well, I don't like it either, but that is still no excuse for you to lie to me."

"Oh, are you saying I've been a bad boy?"

"Yes. Very."

"You're right. I've been a *very* bad boy. Why don't you punish me, Draco?"

"Maybe I - oh, I see where you're going with this. Very sneaky, Harry. But it's not going to work."

"Damn. Note to self: work on being less transparent with schemes to get in Draco's pants."

Rolling of eyes. "You're impossible, Harry. Now focus. The sooner we find a counter-spell the sooner we can shag like bunnies again."

"Speaking of bunnies, what the hell is little Draco Lucius wearing?"

"Oh, isn't that adorable? Blaise got it for me."

"Draco, your bunny rabbit is wearing a tiny little t-shirt that says 'Hairy Harry Potter Fan.'"

"I know. It's from the HPFC catalogue. They have a whole line of little clothes for pets. They're really very cute."

"For *pets*?" *Blinks*. "My life is so surreal sometimes."

"You know, it's a great catalogue, actually. I've ordered a bunch of stuff."

"Draco, you didn't."

"I did. I even got some stuff for my parents for Christmas. I can't wait to see if my dad likes his new pajamas."

"You ordered your *father* pajamas from the Harry Potter Fan Club catalogue? Wow, Malfoy. You have a death wish or something?"

"No, Granger, I don't. They just happened to be very nice pajamas. Finest Italian silk. They're Gryffindor red with little gold lightening bolts all over them. I got him the matching slippers too."

"I think I'm going to be sick."

"Oh, don't be such a drama queen, Potter. Now, focus. You may not believe me but I'm as anxious as you are to find a cure."

Several moments of silence as everyone looks through books again.

"Hey Draco?"

"What?"

"You never answered me about the handcuffs idea."

"Harry, I'm going to say no to everything you come up with."

"But come on! This is practically fool-proof! You handcuff me to the bed, I can't move, can't use my hands, all I can do is thrash against my bonds while you do unspeakable things to my body."

A moment of silence, then -

"Damn it, Harry, no! It's just too risky."

Sighs. Then -

"Oooh, oh, brilliant idea here. This one will work. I can be your slaveboy. You'll be completely in charge. I'll obey your every command and you can order me to do anything you like."

A long moment of silence.

"You know, that *is* sort of tempting."

"I can grovel on my hands and knees, and jump to fulfill your every whim, and I'll call you master, and I'll even wear leather and a collar if you want."

A pause.

"Well, maybe we could - wait a second! Harry James Potter, where the *hell* did you learn all this stuff?"

"Oh, um...you know...here and there."

"Harry Potter, you dirty little slut."

"But I can be *your* dirty little slut, Master Malfoy."

Shivers. "Wow...Master Malfoy. I *really* like how that sounds." *Shakes head to clear mind of filthy thoughts.* "Okay, none of that. We have work to do. Besides, I bet we're seriously freaking Granger out right now."

"Actually, I kind of like it."

"Ew, *Hermione*!"

"What? You think Ron and I haven't already played all those games?"

"HERMIONE!!!"

"GRANGER!!!"

"Oh, so you guys are the only couple who's allowed to be kinky?"

"I'm going to pretend you didn't just say that, Herm, and that this conversation is just one big long bad dream."

A couple moments of silence.

"Actually, now that the initial shock has passed I think it's great that you and Weasley enjoy such a wild and varied sex life."

"Draco, don't encourage her. I can't handle it."

"I'm serious. Granger, I bet you're one kinky little kitten in the bedroom."

"Well, I'll just say that all that reading definitely comes in handy sometimes."

"Ew, ew, *ew*!" *Covers ears with hands*. "It's okay, Harry, it's okay. Just go to your happy place and don't think about Ron and Hermione...I'm in my happy place...I'm in my happy place..."

"I think you've seriously freaked out Potter, Granger."

"Yeah, well, at least he's not trying to get laid any more."

Everyone works in silence for several more minutes.

"Okay, Draco, this is my best idea yet. I'll let you put me under the Imperious curse."

Eyes wide. "The...the Imperious curse? *Really*?"

"Yes, really. Think about it, Draco. You can fufill every sordid little fantasy you've ever had, and I won't be able to stop you. I would be completely under your control."

Gulps. "Well, maybe if I have complete control, it wouldn't be so risky."

"Exactly. You'd control my every move, my every sound, my every desire -

"Oh, Harry, knock it off. You know the Imperious curse doesn't work on you."

"*Hermione*!"

"HARRY JAMES POTTER, you lied to me *again*?? I can't *believe* you!"

"Now look what you've done, Hermione! I almost had him!"

"Harry, I'm not just going to sit here and let you lie to Malfoy so you can shag him silly again."

"Hermione, I think you and me are going to have a long, serious discussion tonight about what being 'best friends' is really all about. Because trust me, friends are supposed to help friends get laid. It's a rule."

"No, it's not."

"YES, it is. Just ask Ron. He would have told Draco here that I was exceptionally vulnerable to the Imperious curse and that he should put it on me and shag me straight away."

"Harry Potter, you are truly despicable."

"Coming from you, Draco, that's a compliment."

"Yeah, well, you're in serious trouble."

"Don't get my hopes up, you rotten little tease."

"Look, aren't you afraid that maybe *I* might shag *you* silly in some of these scenarios?"

"No. You couldn't shag me silly if I were acting like your slave, handcuffed to the bed *and* under the Imperious curse. You're just not man enough."

"Oh you did *not* just say that."

"Oh, I'm sorry, I think I just did."

You're going down, Potter."

"Draco, I'd be more than happy to go down, but my prissy, frigid wimp of a boyfriend who couldn't schtupp a first-year Hufflepuff the slightest bit loopy keeps saying no."

"Why you little - you know what, I don't need handcuffs or the Imperious curse, you insufferable brat. All I need is this table right here. Get ready, Potter, because I'm going to shag your arse so senseless that you'll be -

"Honestly, Malfoy. I can't believe you're falling for this."

"Falling for what?"

"Hermione, *shut up*."

"Malfoy, Harry's just trying to get you to shag him by insulting your masculinity."

"I don't under - wait." *Thinks for a second.* "Oooooh. I get it. Nice one, Potter. Wow, I can't believe I almost fell for that."

"You're dead to me, Hermione."

"Oh, don't be so melodramatic, Harry. Leave poor Draco alone."

"Okay, fine. Maybe I will. Maybe I'll just take my pretty arse and my universally acknowledged talents in the bedroom to someone more appreciative. Maybe Blaise or Seamus, you think?"

"Don't you dare even joke about that, Potter. You are *mine*."

"Rather possessive, aren't we?"

"Yes, we are. Now take that back."

"Hmmm...I don't know. Apparently I'm quite a hot commodity, and Blaise and Seamus have both been looking pretty good lately..."

"Are you looking to die, Potter?"

"No, I'm looking to shag you. Can I?"

"No."

"Well, then, I guess I have no choice but to offer myself to Blaise and Seamus. You know, I bet I could handle both of them at once."

"*Why you* -

"Oh, honestly. Draco, stop snarling. Harry, stop trying to make Draco jealous so he'll ravish you with hot sex to prove that you're his."

"Is that what you're doing, Potter? You little *tramp*."

"Damn it, Hermione! You are *so* going on my bad list."

"Harry, I thought you loved Draco. Surely you don't want to do anything that could cause him embarrassment, do you?"

"Yeah, Harry. I thought you loved me." *Sniffs dramatically*.

"Nice try, guys. That little speech might have worked a few days ago, but right now you are talking directly to my libido, and believe me, he's not listening to a single word you're saying."

Rolls eyes. "Look, Harry, just keep researching, okay? Malfoy, you too. We're going to find a cure, I promise."

"Fine. But know this, Draco: the moment we have a cure, I'm going to throw you down on the first flat surface I can find. I'm going to have you panting and moaning in pleasure. I'm going to rip the clothes from your body and map every inch with my tongue. I'll make you scream my name so loud the walls of the castle will shake, and then *I'm* going to moan and scream *your* name and beg you to do things to my body that should be illegal. Finally, I'm going to fuck you so well and so hard that you'll be clinging to the last shreds of your sanity and just when you think you can't possibly handle another second of bliss, I'm going to do it *all over again*."

A long pause. Big, wide eyes. A loosening of a tie, and a loud gulp. Then -

"Damn it, Granger, can't you go any *faster*???"

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Chapter: 18

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Dragon Tamer

Chapter 18: Truth or Dare, Part One: One Big Misunderstanding

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After the absolute madness that was last Thursday of the previous week, things at Hogwarts had basically returned to normal. No Hogwarts student had been on the covers of any newspapers or magazines. No one had received a Howler about not acting like a cold, malicious bastard. And no one had announced their one true love and dedicated a Madonna song to them during dinner. So life was calm and good.

For everyone besides Harry and Draco.

Because for our two young heroes, life was not good, or calm, or anything but ultimately frustrating and maddening.

It had been one week and one day.

One *week* and one *day.*

That's how long had gone by since Draco had issued his ultimatum at breakfast. And sexual frustration was not doing good things for either of them.

Harry had taken to long, hard flies around the Quidditch pitch multiple times a day, and spending long amounts of time sequestered behind his bed hangings.

Draco had taken to super long runs around the Hogwarts grounds and long, hot showers that weren't fooling anybody.

Both boys were tense, snappish, on edge, and just about ready to kill. Something had to give.

And, because Fate can be kind (even to teenage wizards), late on Friday afternoon, in the library of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, something finally gave.

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"EUREKA!"

Two sets of eyes snapped to Hermione's face in desperation, only to be replaced by hope at the joyous look of triumph on her face.

"I have FOUND IT!!!"

Two sets of lungs were now holding their breath, waiting to hear...

"I am the *best*!! Yeah, that's right! Who's the queen, huh? *Who's the queen*? Hermione Granger, that's who. Oh yeah."

"DAMN IT HERMIONE! What did you find??"

"You might not want to take that tone of voice with me, Harry. After all, I have some information that you might find *quite* interesting."

"Just. Tell. Us," Harry snapped, and Hermione rolled her eyes.

"I finally found the information we needed in a history book, written by Professor Binns of all people. Listen to this. Turns out that centuries ago, in the Middle Ages, there lived a wizard by the name of Algernon the Amorous."

"Algernon the Amorous? How interesting. You know, I've always wondered why the old wizards had special names, like Wendolyn the Weird and Uric the Oddball and such? Why did that tradition ever die out?" Draco asked curiously.

"I don't know. That's an interesting question," Hermione replied thoughtfully.

"Here's another interesting question: Why the FUCK are you two talking about wizard names when we are supposed to be finding a way to fix Draco's problem?" Harry asked, highly agitated.

Draco narrowed his eyes. "How is this *my* problem, Potter? It's all *your* fault."

"My fault? You're the one with the stamina of a first-year Hufflepuff," Harry replied testily.

"Oh, nice," Draco glared at Harry. "You know, I think we should bring back the tradition of giving wizards special names. We'll start with you, Potter. You can be Harry the Horny."

"Very funny. And *you* can be Draco the Frigid."

"I think there's supposed to be a bit of alliteration in there somewhere, you fuckwit."

"Okay, fine. How about Draco the Dick Tease? There's your alliteration."

"Oh, very clever, Potter. Prick."

"ANYWAY," Hermione said loudly, interrupting their bickering. "Apparently this guy was incredible in bed. The shag to end all shags. The Casanova of the wizarding world. He invariably shagged every partner he had to the point of incoherent silliness, sometimes for days on end."

"Wow," said Draco, impressed.

"No kidding. The trouble came, however, when he began an illicit affair with a knight of the king's court. Now, it wouldn't do to have a knight, who was by all appearances straight as an arrow and married besides, run around mad as a hatter all the time. That would have been a dead giveaway for their affair. It appears Algernon and this knight enticed the court potions master into helping them create a counter potion."

"How exactly did they "entice" him?" Harry asked, curious.

"Book doesn't say exactly, but it does make a passing reference to the potion master's fondness for tea and crumpets and dressing as princess."

"Ah. Well. Carry on, then."

"Well, apparently they were successful. They created a counter potion which effectively traps a person's magic, preventing it from clouding up the brain and causing the 'shagged silly' effect. And even better, the directions are right here."

"GIVE ME THAT!!!"

Draco wrenched the book from Hermione and quickly scanned the instructions. "This looks easy enough. Armadillo bile, a bit of bubertuber pus, powdered root of asphodel, all standard potion ingredients. We can brew this in a snap. "

"So *what* are we still doing talking in the library???" Harry snapped.

"Wait. Oh no."

"*What*?" Harry asked testily. Sexual frustration did not agree with him.

"Well, we should be able to brew this in about 30 minutes, but then it has to sit for at least six hours for everything to meld together."

"Okay. If we start right now, it will be ready by midnight, is that what you're saying?"

Draco scanned looked at his watch. "Yes."

"Well, then, let's GET THE FUCK ON WITH IT!!"

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Draco and Hermione brewed the potion together in a snap (Harry having been kicked out of the potions classroom where they were brewing for snide remarks and not being able to keep his hands off Draco), and then took it up to Harry's room to sit for the next six hours. It would indeed be ready as scheduled by midnight.

Dinner came and went, and now a few people were hanging out in the Gryffindor common room. Blaise had joined their group to wait for Seamus, who had to finish a letter. He and Ron were now playing chess (Blaise getting soundly beaten as chess had never been his forte), Hermione had just disappeared to go feed Crookshanks, and Harry and Draco were sitting on opposite ends of one of the couches, obstinately not touching one another but not taking their eyes off each other either.

"So when's the potion going to be ready?" asked Ron, watching as his knight beat Blaise's queen into a pile of dust. Ron, Blaise, and Seamus (because Blaise had told Seamus for some reason that nobody was really sure of) were the only other people besides Hermione who knew about the potion brewing up in Harry's room.

"Midnight," said Harry shortly, studying Draco's neck and trying to decide where exactly he was going to begin kissing him come midnight.

"And it's been how long again?" asked Blaise distractedly as he moved a pawn directly into the line of one of Ron's bishops.

"Eight days," replied Draco testily, mentally ripping off Harry's shirt, buttons be damned.

"Wow. You guys haven't even kissed for *eight* days?" Harry and Draco nodded, not taking their eyes off each other. "Well. There's going to be quite a show come midnight, I'd imagine. I'd like a front row seat. Are you selling tickets?"

"Go to hell, Blaise," answered Draco, as Seamus entered the room.

"What did Blaise do this time?" the Irish wizard asked, hearing Draco's last statement. Blaise grinned up at him.

"I merely requested tickets to the Potter-Malfoy extravaganza that shall be taking place at midnight tonight when Draco finally takes his antidote. You know I've got a thing for watching

blonde haired guys and black haired guys get together," Blaise finished with a lascivious look at the sandy-haired Seamus, who grinned back.

"As do I," Seamus replied with a wink, "Or maybe I just have a thing for black hair. I like 'em tall, dark and handsome."

Blaise smirked back at him, running a hand through his own dark hair. Somehow the fact that he and Seamus were flirting with each other had escaped the notice of the other three nearby occupants of the room. In fact, Draco was now furious, thinking Seamus had been talking about Harry again.

"Finnigan, I have told you a million times to keep your sordid thoughts about Harry to yourself. Or is it common procedure for you filthy muggleborns to never learn any manners at home?"

The instant the words left his mouth, Draco knew they were a mistake. Real boyfriends or not, Harry hadn't budged on his "you will *not* insult my friends" policy. Sure enough, Harry wasn't having it. He grabbed Draco's ankles and yanked him down on the couch so he was now sprawled on his back. Before Draco could get away Harry had straddled his hips and pinned his wrists above his head.

"Draco Malfoy, apologize *right now*," he said, trying very hard to ignore how good it felt to have Draco wiggling under him again.

"Um, gee, let me think about it - how 'bout NO?" Draco said sarcastically, trying very hard to ignore how turned on he was getting from having Harry on top of him.

Why wouldn't Draco stop struggling? He was creating friction in all the right places. Harry shook his head and tried to focus. "I'm serious, Draco. Take it back or you'll be very, very sorry."

"Is that right? And what are you going to do to me if I refuse?" Draco asked, still trying very hard to wriggle out of Harry's grasp. He really wasn't in the mood to apologize to anyone.

Harry thought for a moment, and then smirked wickedly. "Take it back, or I'll snog you," he threatened. Draco's eyes went wide and he stopped moving.

"You wouldn't, you bastard."

"Oh, I *so* would."

Draco's eyes narrowed. "You're bluffing."

"Am I?" And with those words Harry leaned down and placed a gentle kiss on the base of Draco's neck, right above the collar of his shirt. At the first touch of Harry's lips on his skin in over a week, Draco took a sharp intake of breath.

"Potter," he managed to say, but Harry was now trailing the kisses up his neck. Draco's breathing was becoming very labored now.

"Harry, stop, I can't -

"If you want me to stop then you better apologize." Harry's voice was breathy as his kisses reached Draco's ear. He nibbled on his earlobe gently, and Draco let out a little moan.

"You rotten bastard," Draco breathed, as Harry traced Draco's ear with his tongue, making him shiver. "Fine, okay Harry, you win," the blonde finally managed to say through thoughts clouded with lust. Harry paused for a moment, and the disappointment was so great that it hit Draco like a tangible wave. Their eyes locked, and Draco saw all the lust he was feeling radiating from Harry's eyes. At the look on Harry's face, the last bits of Draco's resolve crumbled.

"Finnigan," Draco began, not breaking his eye contact with Harry.

"Yes, Malfoy?" asked Seamus, clearly expecting an apology.

"Fuck off and die."

Harry's eyes went wide, his mouth dropped open, and he loosed his grip on Draco in shock. Draco quickly pressed his advantage and pushed against Harry with all his strength. Harry found himself flipped off the couch, hitting the floor with a thud, Draco landing on top of him. Draco swiftly pinned him on his back, and Harry was now firmly under the blonde, trapped securely under Draco's weight. In the next instant, Draco's lips found his, and Harry let out an audible moan. Kissing Draco again was pure bliss, the sensation of lips against lips making Harry's head swim. Draco's tongue snaked its way into Harry's mouth, and the common room faded into oblivion as the rest of the world outside of Draco's mouth and hands and skin ceased to exist.

And in an instant, Harry's hands were in Draco's hair and Draco's hands were on Harry's chest, and they were tugging at each other's clothes with such force that the sound of ripping cloth could be heard and buttons were popping off shirts and Harry was sure he had never wanted anything more in his life and -

"Hey everyone, what's - oh no! Harry, Draco, stop! STOP! FOR GOD'S SAKE, STOP THEM!"

Hermione had just returned and saw, to her dismay, Harry and Draco engaged in a full-on make-out session while everyone else in the common room just watched in awe. Coming to their senses, Seamus pushed himself between the two while Ron and Blaise grabbed Harry and Draco respectively and pulled them apart.

Draco was practically snarling. "Blaise, get off me this instant! What the *hell* do you think you're doing?"

Ron was faring no better with Harry, who looked mad enough to bite. "Ron, let go!" He shook

his head, and Hermione glared at the two of them.

"Really, you two. I have spent all week looking for a solution for you that will be ready at midnight. MIDNIGHT! Can't you wait?"

"Fuck off, Granger. I've just decided that I don't care what the rest of the school sees me do, or what new pets I create, or what songs I sing. I just want Harry."

"Malfoy, you're going to care when you end up on the cover of a newspaper again and your father sends you another Howler. Who knows, maybe this time he'll disown you." At that thought, Draco sobered a bit.

"And *you*," Hermione said to a still-struggling Harry, whom Ron had in a death grip, "you really ought to be more considerate. Draco went through a horrible time last time you shagged him. Can't you control yourself for four more hours to spare him some embarrassment?" Harry glared at her, but stopped struggling.

"*Fine*," he spat, murderously unhappy but sufficiently cowed by Hermione's guilt trip. "So what do you suggest we do for the next four hours?"

Hermione thought for a moment. "How about a rousing game of Truth or Dare?"

"Truth or Dare? How absolutely smashing!" said Blaise enthusiastically.

"What's Truth or Dare?" asked Ron, and the others rolled their eyes.

"Oh, you'll find out," said Seamus, who was well-acquainted with the game. "Shall we invite a few more people then?"

"Sure. Why not? Why don't you invite a few more Gryffindors?"

"I'm not playing Truth or Dare with a bunch of goody-two-shoes Gryffindors," sniffed Draco haughtily, and Hermione sighed.

"Fine. You and Blaise can invite a few more Slytherins, if you like."

"Fantastic. Come on, Draco, let's go," said Blaise, now tugging on Draco's arm. "We'll meet you in the Room of Requirement in say, fifteen minutes?"

"Sounds great." Draco and Blaise left, and Harry, Ron, Hermione and Seamus began to recruit other Gryffindors for the game.

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The Gryffindor group was almost to the Room of Requirement when Harry noticed his shirt was

all ripped.

"Oh, bugger. Draco must have done that," he thought to himself. He shook his head. Definitely needed to change, couldn't lounge about half-dressed all evening. He stopped Ron and Hermione for a moment.

"You guys go on ahead," Harry said, indicating his shirt. "I've got to go back and change." His friends nodded, and Harry trekked by to Gryffindor tower. He dug through his trunk and threw on some muggle clothes, some of the ones Draco had bought him. In fact, he threw on the same tight green t-shirt he had worn in the Great Hall that day after their trip to Hogsmeade. He still had no idea how absolutely devastating he looked in it. He just liked the color.

It took him a little longer than he had anticipated changing, but soon he found himself hurrying through the halls of Hogwarts towards the party. He was about to turn a corner when he heard Draco's voice.

"It just makes me so sad when I think about how good it could have been between us all this time."

Harry paused.

"I know, but sometimes these things just take awhile to figure out, you know?" Blaise's voice answered Draco and echoed through the corridor. Harry raised an eyebrow.

What on earth were they talking about? He knew he really, really shouldn't eavesdrop on other people's conversations, especially not his boyfriend's, but he was curious. He silently crept closer to the edge of the corridor and pressed himself against the wall as flat as he could, craning his ear to hear the conversation between Draco and his ex-boyfriend.

Suddenly, he heard a little *poof*, and then a voice right next to his ear said, "Harry Potter, I can't believe you. You shouldn't eavesdrop on your boyfriend, it's very rude."

A tiny little Harry Potter now stood on his right shoulder, wearing his school uniform, complete with Gryffindor crest and tie, and he was standing with his hands on his hips, looking at Harry very disapprovingly. Before Harry could respond, however, there was a little *poof* and another figure appeared on his left shoulder.

This figure was also a tiny little Harry, but with one major difference: *this* Harry was dressed in a *Slytherin* school uniform, complete with a green and silver tie. The little Slytherin-Harry rolled his eyes at the little Gryffindor-Harry.

"Honestly, you're such a priss. Give the guy a break, he just wants to hear what his boyfriend is saying behind his back. It's not like he's doing something illegal."

"Oh, so that makes it okay? Just because there's something worse he could be doing? You're a

right piece of work, you are. Why he ever listens to you, I'm sure I'll never know."

"Better he listens to me than some self-righteous, pompous little hero who always ends up sending him into sticky situations where he has to fight evil Dark Lords."

"It's called being *brave*, you dimwit! Something that *you*, obviously, have never heard of, and -

Harry was drawn away from the bickering of the two mini-Harrys by Draco's voice.

"I know, but we still should have been together, Blaise. I can't believe I'm saying this, but it's like we're perfect for each other. It just took me awhile to realize it. I can't believe how blind I've been."

"Draco, I swear, under that cold, sneering, incredibly hot exterior, you're really just a sweet romantic, aren't you?"

Harry's mouth dropped open. Was Draco secretly getting back together with Blaise?

"Shut it, Blaise. I meant every word. I really do regret it. But at least we're together now, right?"

"Oh, definitely. Together in *every* sense of the word."

WHAT????

"Gods, Zabini, you are still such a pervert." Draco's tone was slightly teasing. It made Harry narrow his eyes. Draco's voice continued. "Blaise, this is just between you and me, alright? You can't tell Harry anything, I don't want him to know."

"No problem, Draco. This will be our little secret. Now we best get to that party, or people will start to miss us."

Harry could hear Blaise and Draco begin to walk in the opposite direction down the corridor, and as the sound of their footsteps faded Harry slid down the wall of the corridor, sitting on the hard floor and leaning back against the wall, highly distressed by what he had just overheard. For all intents and purposes, it sounded like Draco was still in love with Blaise, and getting back together with him behind Harry's back.

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Unfortunately for a now very disgruntled Harry, he never heard the rest of Draco and Blaise's conversation on the way to the Room of Requirement:

"I never thought I'd see the day when Draco Malfoy fell in love."

"Yeah, well, to be honest, neither did I. It's crazy, but I do. I really love Harry. We're so good

together. And that's why remembering these last few years is so depressing. I can't believe I ever thought I hated him."

"Yeah. All those years wasted hating Harry Potter when you could have been snogging him. A tragedy."

Draco sighed. "Yeah, but Harry and I are together now, and that's what matters. Seriously though, you can't tell him about this conversation. I've got a reputation to uphold. I can't have Harry thinking I've gone all soft and sentimental, now, can I?" Draco finished with a smirk, and Blaise smirked right back at him as they entered the Room of Requirement.

****

Harry was hurrying down the corridors to the Room of Requirement, and he was *livid.* How dare Draco do this to him? Draco was supposed to be Harry's boyfriend. They were supposed to be in *love*. Was it all some stupid game to the Slytherin?

"I told you not to listen in," said Gryffindor-Harry on his shoulder, righteously.

"No, I'm glad I did. If that's what Draco's really like, then that is something I definitely wanted to know," Harry replied angrily. Slytherin-Harry nodded sagely.

"That's right. Good thing you followed *my* advice, Harry. Goody-Two-Shoes over there would rather you didn't know that you're boyfriend's a lying, cheating, bastard."

"Don't say that about him," Harry defended Draco automatically. "Maybe he has a good explanation."

"Oh, yeah, right. A good explanation," Slytherin-Harry scoffed. "Honestly, Harry, you're so naïve. You've been spending too much time listening to Miss Manners over there." Gryffindor-Harry gave Slytherin-Harry a scathing glare. Slytherin-Harry ignored him. "Now, I'd be happy to give you some advice, if you'd like, on how to deal with this situation."

"I don't think that's such a good -

"No, I'd like to hear it," Harry said firmly, interrupting Gryffindor-Harry on his shoulder. "Go on." Slytherin-Harry smirked evilly.

"That's the spirit. Now, I think a bit of revenge is in order, here."

"Harry, really. Listen to me. What if -

"Hush, you," Harry said to Gryffindor-Harry. Then he turned back to Slytherin-Harry. "Revenge might be just the thing. What did you have in mind?"

Slytherin-Harry looked like Christmas had come early this year. He absolutely *lived* for revenge. "Alright, first things first. What are Draco's weak spots?"

Harry thought for a moment. "Well, he's got this spot on his neck that really sensitive and makes him squeak if you nibble it just right, and he's really fond of this swirly thing I can do with my tongue, and he'd never admit it, but he loves it when I -

"Not those kind of weak spots, you idiot."

"Oh. Right. Sorry." Harry thought for a moment. "Well, he's not exactly a morning person, he's really obsessed with his hair, and he doesn't like to be called cute. Oh, and he gets really, *really* jealous."

"Perfect," Slytherin-Harry purred. "I have just the plan then."

"Harry, really, listen, give Draco a chance to explain first, don't just assume -

"I think I've heard just about enough from you," Harry said savagely to the little Gryffindor-Harry, who narrowed his eyes and crossed his arms.

"Fine. Go ahead and listen to that evil little prick. But don't say I didn't warn you," Gryffindor-Harry said loftily, and disappeared with a *pop.* Harry rolled his eyes.

"He really is a bit sanctimonious, isn't he?" he said conspiratorially to Slytherin-Harry.

"Oh, you have no idea," Slytherin-Harry replied earnestly. "Now about Draco: You're about to go and play Truth or Dare, right? And he gets really jealous, right? Now, what I was thinking was that you could...

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Harry calmly sauntered into the Room of Requirement, which had turned itself into the perfect replica of a muggle den or basement. There was great music playing, a few tables of refreshments, and a very decent sized group of fifth and sixth year Gryffindors and Slytherins were lounging about on the many sofas, pillows, and beanbags the room had provided. Apparently Truth or Dare was a popular activity for a Friday night at Hogwarts.

Harry scanned the crowd and his gaze came to rest on Ginny Weasley, who was standing by herself at the punch bowl. Perfect. He walked over to her and picked up a glass and the ladle and filled the cup.

"Want some punch, Ginny?" Harry asked sweetly, carefully composing his face to make it look like he was very upset but trying to hide it.

"Sure, Harry, I'd love some," she replied, smiling at him, her eyes raking over the torso under his

tight green shirt with admiration. Harry smiled weakly back, and her gaze immediately switched from predatory to concerned. "Oh, Harry, is something wrong?"

"Oh...no, nothing," Harry said in a tone of voice that suggested something was very wrong but he didn't want to burden Ginny with his problems. Ginny melted.

"Oh, Harry, I know something's bothering you. Please tell me. I can't bear to see you upset," she said to him, and Harry put on his bravest smile.

"You are such a good friend, Ginny, but really, I don't want to bother you," he said, looking at her with his big, sad green eyes, and Ginny hastened to reassure him.

"Oh, you're never a bother, Harry, never. You can tell me. Maybe I can help?"

Harry looked at her as if wavering, then smiled. "Well, okay. I guess I can tell you because I really trust you." Ginny beamed at him. Harry took a deep breath, looked around to make sure they were alone, and then lowered his voice conspiratorially. "The thing is, Ginny, I'm worried about me and Draco. I'm afraid he isn't attracted to me anymore." Harry made sure his face was the perfect picture of distress and insecurity.

As predicted, Ginny sputtered. "Not attracted to you anymore? Harry, that's impossible. You are like, the most attractive guy I've ever seen in my life." *And that's an understatement*, she thought to herself. "Everyone is crazy about you. Of course he's attracted to you."

Harry gave her his sad, brave little hero smile again and acted modest. "Now, I know you're exaggerating, but still. It's very sweet. But the thing is," and here Harry looked downcast again, "Draco doesn't want me anymore. I know it. He doesn't even want to kiss me, Ginny," he said earnestly, looking at her with his puppy dog eyes again.

He conveniently didn't mention that the only reason Draco didn't want to kiss him was because he was afraid of being shagged silly again.

Harry continued. "I just wish there was some way I could make Draco want me again, you know?" He watched Ginny's face. Any minute now...

"Oh, I've got the perfect idea, Harry! I know what you can do!"

"You do?" Harry said, trying to sound surprised.

"Yes! Just make him jealous, and then you'll see, he's crazy about you."

"But how can I do that? I don't know how to make him jealous," Harry said in his best innocent little boy voice. Ginny rushed to his aid again.

"Oh, I can help you there. When we play Truth or Dare I'll choose you and then you choose

Dare. And then I'll dare you to do something that'll make Draco *really* jealous."

"You'd do that for me?" Harry tried to sound excited and incredulous.

"Of course, Harry. You'll see, it'll be perfect. In fact, I'm going to go tell Lavendar and Parvati and maybe even Pansy to do the same thing. We're going to make Draco *so* jealous, Harry, just you wait."

"You're the best Ginny," Harry said happily. This was *too* perfect.

Out of the corner of his eye he saw Draco watching him. Harry smirked to himself. Might as well start making him jealous now.

Pretending he didn't see Draco, he leaned in and gave Ginny a kiss on the check. "I knew I could count on you, Gin," he said sweetly, watching her blush from his kiss. In his peripheral vision he saw Draco's eyes narrow. And as Ginny bustled off to spread the word to the others about tonight's mission to make Draco jealous, Harry smiled inwardly.

This should prove to be a hell of a night.

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Chapter: 19

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Dragon Tamer

Chapter 19: Truth or Dare part 2: I may have done a bad thing.

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Ginny Weasley was a good friend to have.

After Harry confessed his insecurities about Draco still finding him attractive, Ginny was extremely pissed off on Harry's behalf. How could Draco take him for granted like that? That tall, green-eyed sex god with that cute, boyish grin and that adorable hair and that incredible

body and -

Okay, so maybe Ginny still had a *bit* of a crush on Harry.

But anyway, Ginny was now a girl with a mission. And her mission tonight was to see that Draco Malfoy was made as jealous as was humanly possible.

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By the time the game was ready to start, Ginny had worked her way almost around the entire room. Everyone except for Ron, Hermione, Seamus and Blaise now knew about Harry's situation. And everyone was pissed off at Draco, because honestly, let's face it: Harry Potter was freaking hot. Everyone wanted a piece of Harry Potter. Under no circumstances should he be worried that his boyfriend didn't think he was attractive anymore.

Everyone's heart went out to the gorgeous green-eyed hero and his tragic story, that lovely paragon of goodness cursed with a cold, uncaring boyfriend who didn't treat him right. Well, that cold, uncaring boyfriend was going to pay tonight.

Hermione finally got everyone settled and explained the rules of the games. A diluted version of veritaserum was available for the Truth questions to ensure that the truth was told. Dares were required to be completed or the one who backed down would be hexed with a secret hex that Hermione refused to disclose. Everyone remembered Mandy Brocklehurst, who still to this day had the word "SNEAK" on her face and could not remove it. Nobody was going to be backing down from dares tonight.

Especially not Harry. Muahahaha.

Draco was settled into a bean bag next to Harry, close, but not close enough to touch him. He was afraid that any contact with Harry would break the last bits of restraint that he had on his self-control. Harry just looked so freaking *hot* in those muggle clothes he was wearing, his t-shirt clinging to every muscle in his impressive torso. Draco was certain if he laid so much as a finger on his boyfriend he would completely snap and shag Harry into the floor right then and there.

He did briefly wonder why everyone seemed to be glaring at him. He didn't notice that Harry had looked longingly at him and then sighed pathetically, as if bemoaning the fact that Draco wouldn't even cuddle with him. He did hear Lavendar and Parvati saying something about "that little bastard, he won't even *touch* him," but he didn't know what they were talking about.

"Well, shall we begin?" said Hermione brightly, and everyone looked at Draco.

"Yes," said Ginny with narrowed eyes. "Let's."

And as Draco found himself surrounded by evil smirks, he couldn't help wonder what exactly was going on.

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Lavender Brown got the honor of beginning the game. She looked around the room, and finally settled on her best friend Parvati.

"Parvati, Truth or Dare?"

"Truth," said Parvati, downing a shot of the diluted Veritaserum. Lavender thought for a moment, then smiled.

"If you could shag any of the guys in this room, who would it be?"

"Harry Potter," Parvati promptly replied, relishing how Draco Malfoy's eyes narrowed at her confession. Lavender smiled.

"He is so incredibly hot, isn't he? I'd shag him too," she said back with a wink, and Draco turned to glare at Lavender.

"That's fascinating, Brown," he said, in a rather icy voice. "Now if you wouldn't terribly mind keeping your opinion about my boyfriend to yourself, let's get on with it, shall we?"

"Harry should know at least one person thinks he's really hot, you selfish git," Parvati said under her breath.

"What?" said Draco, whirling around to look at Parvati.

"Nothing!" she said, smiling brightly. "My turn...I pick...Millicent Bulstrode. Millicent, Truth or Dare?"

"Truth," the Slytherin girl replied, taking her own drink of Veritaserum. Parvati grinned.

"Okay. Tell us one of your raciest fantasies."

"Doing it with Harry Potter on Professor Snape's desk during Potions," Millicent answered, giving Harry a lusty wink. Harry looked vaguely horrified. Draco looked livid.

"Bulstrode, that is absolutely disgusting! How *dare* you fantasize about Harry in that manner, you sick cow!"

"Oh, shut up, Malfoy. What's your problem? Or don't you think Harry deserves to be fantasized over?" Millicent responded with a bit of venom, and Draco raised his eyebrows.

"What the hell is *that* supposed to mean?"

"Oh, nothing," said Millicent casually. She looked around the room. "Hey Potter, Truth or Dare?"

Harry snuck a look at Draco's rather angry face. He felt a little guilty. Slytheirn-Harry just poked at him.

"He's cheating on you with Blaise, remember?" Slytherin-Harry reminded him. Harry narrowed his eyes.

"Dare," he said confidently, hoping it was something that would make Draco very jealous.

Everyone held their breath.

Millicent had the perfect dare, all ready to go. "Talk dirty to Blaise. In *Parseltongue*."

"Ooooh," came the chorus from the Slytherins, who all looked close to swooning. The Gryffindors looked faintly disturbed, and yet mildly intrigued. Draco was livid.

"That's a horrible dare, take that back! I don't want my boyfriend talking dirty to some other guy." Millicent just smiled at Draco.

"Now, Draco, really. Blaise won't even know what he's saying since it'll be in Parseltongue," she said placatingly.

"That makes it even worse! Blaise is just going to get off on it more, you know that," Draco said angrily, but Harry gave him an innocent look.

"Oh come on, Draco, it's just a silly dare," Harry said as angelically as he could.

At Draco's livid expression, Slytherin-Harry was practically dancing on Harry's shoulder. "This is fantastic!" he cackled evilly. "You get to make Draco jealous with the very slime he's backstabbing you with! Oh, it's too perfect for words."

Draco was not happy with the situation. "Potter, you aren't seriously considering -

"Now don't get all jealous Draco, it's just a game," Harry said patronizingly, and was rewarded by an icy stare from his boyfriend. He ignored this and turned to face Blaise. Blaise the absolute bastard. "Ready, Zabini?"

"I'm ready whenever you are," Blaise purred back.

"Make it good, Potter. Make him sweat," Slytherin Harry said on his shoulder, and Harry walked over and kneeled down next to Blaise. He leaned over so his mouth was only inches from Blaise's ear and began to hiss in Parseltongue, saying the dirtiest things he could think of (although he couldn't resist the temptation to throw a few insults into the mix - he was pretty angry with Blaise over the Draco thing after all).

"Okay, that's enough!" Draco finally said, extremely crossly, after Blaise began to get glassy eyed and started shivering at Harry's words. Harry only smiled.

"Wow, Potter, that was...wow," Blaise said in a slightly shaky voice. "What did you say?"

"Don't tell him that!" Draco snarled, but it was too late. Harry was leaning in and covering one of Blaise's ears with his hand while whispering something. Something really dirty. He wanted Blaise to know *exactly* what Harry Potter was capable of in bed. Hopefully he'd make the bastard feel totally inadequate.

No one else could hear what he was saying, but whatever it was, it made Blaise's eyes get huge, his mouth drop open, and a look of total awe cross his face.

"My *God*, Harry," he said, voice shaking noticeably now, "Can you really *do* that?"

"Oh yeah," Harry said nonchalantly. "Oh, and then I said -

And here he leaned back and whispered again in Blaise's ear, and whatever he said caused the Slytherin to squeak out loud. Harry smirked at him.

"But don't tell anyone, okay? It'll be *our little secret*," he said, a bit sarcastically as he remembered the conversation out in the corridor. Harry walked back to his spot next to Draco, and the blonde promptly cuffed him upside the head.

"Ow, Draco! What was that for?"

"As if you didn't know," said Slytherin-Harry wickedly, gloating in his triumph. Gryffindor-Harry reappeared with a *poof* and a very disgusted look.

"Really, Harry, he's your boyfriend, and you know how jealous he gets. You have no proof about him and Blaise. How can you do this to him?"

"I thought I told you to scram," Harry pointed out to Gryffindor-Harry, who folded his arms over his chest and looked at Harry crossly.

"What?" said Draco, confused.

"Um...nothing. Just deciding who I want to pick next." He thought for a moment. "How about Dean Thomas?"

"Truth," he answered, knocking back the veritaserum. Harry thought for a moment. Draco seemed to be getting really upset. Maybe he should ask an innocent question. Plus, he didn't want it to look like he was trying to make Draco jealous on purpose. That's what his friends were for.

"Who do you think the prettiest girl in the room is?" Harry asked.

"Good job," said Gryffindor-Harry. "A nice, neutral question that won't make Draco jealous."

Harry figured it was a good thing that little Gryffindor-Harry didn't know his true motivations.

Dean seemed reluctant to answer Harry's question, but the veritaserum made him answer and truthfully. "I think Hermione's the prettiest girl in this room." He cringed. "Ron, please don't kill me."

Ron was slowly turning red and clenching his fist. Hermione stopped him from getting anywhere near Dean with a pointed look. Dean hurried to move the game along and picked Neville. Neville picked truth.

"Okay..." said Dean, trying to think of some way he could bring the question back to Harry and make Draco jealous. "If you were gay, which guy in this room would you want to have your first sexual experience with and why?"

Neville started blushing and shot a nervous look at Draco, but good old veritaserum made him answer. "Well, Harry, because he's really cute and obviously very good in bed, if Malfoy's performance last week is anything to go by."

The entire room (excepting Draco, of course), burst out laughing. Draco was glaring very hard at a worried Neville.

"Why is everyone talking about Harry?" Draco said crossly, and suddenly everyone was looking in the other direction. Draco narrowed his eyes. "Is there something going on here that I should know about?"

Nobody answered at first, and then finally Ginny spoke up. "Of course not. Paranoid much, Malfoy?"

Draco looked far from convinced, but he didn't say anything else - for now. The game continued. Neville picked Ginny, who picked dare.

"Alright, Gin...I dare you to write your name on someone's stomach...with your *tongue*." Then Neville saw Ron's irate expression and he cringed. "Ron - it's just a dare. Please don't kill me."

"Anyone I want?" Ginny asked meaningfully.

"Anyone you want," Neville answered. Ginny locked eyes with Harry.

"Well, then, it's going to be Harry, of course."

"WHAT?" Draco shouted, irate. "What is this, a conspiracy? It's back to Harry again?? Weasley,

you better pick someone else, or I'll -

"Will someone take away Draco's wand? He's making me nervous. Crabbe, thank you. Alright Harry, on your back, and get your shirt up so I can get licking." Ginny was cackling to herself. This game definitely had its perks.

The pink tinge spreading on Draco's face was all the motivation Harry needed. He obligingly lay on his back on the floor and Ginny pushed his t-shirt up. The entire room unconsciously leaned forward to get a good look at his abs.

"This is going to be fun," Ginny said rather lasciviously. She leaned forward and slowly began to trace "G..I...N...E..." on Harry's stomach with her tongue.

"Wow, Gin, you're quite good at this," Harry said, with a wink. Ron growled at Harry, best mates thing aside, and Ginny just smiled back. She finished her first name and began to work on her middle name. She was going to stretch this out as long as she could.

Draco, meanwhile, was struggling to get his wand back from Crabbe. "Let me go! I'm going to hex that red-headed twit! She's writing her entire name! Her *entire name*! That is totally unnecessary! She could have just written Ginny! Or just GIN! Or better yet, nothing at all! Damn it, give me my wand!" Crabbe looked at Ginny worriedly.

"You better hurry, Weasley. I'm not sure how much longer I can keep him away." Ginny finished up a flourishing "Y" at the end of Weasley and reluctantly got back up and went back to her place in the circle. Crabbe, against his better judgment, returned the wand to Draco, who stood up and sent a Malfoy death glare to the entire circle.

"All of you, listen to me!" he snarled. "There is something fishy about all this! Stop talking about shagging Harry! And stop picking Harry for all your dares! The next person who so much as *thinks* the name Harry Potter is going to wind up with all of their internal organs ripped out one by one through their throat, and it will be VERY VERY PAINFUL. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?!?" Everyone around the circle was staring at Draco in terror, which was quite understandable. A Malfoy in a jealous rage is very, very scary.

Draco took their silence as a yes. "Good," he said through clenched teeth. "And YOU," he said, turning to a wide-eyed Harry. "If you so much as *look* in the direction of another person in this room, I will tie you to my bed and shag you until the only thoughts left in your head are the two syllables in my name. You got that?"

Harry, who was suddenly *extremely* turned on by this raving, jealous Draco, could only nod.

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After Draco's outburst, the game continued in a much less Harry-centric fashion. Embarassing truths were told. Outrageous dares were done. Another half hour had flitted away, and now it was

Pansy Parkinson's turn to choose a person.

She let her eyes wander around the room, and her eyes settled on a still furious-looking Draco and his un-repentant boyfriend, and she smirked - wickedly. See, Gryffindors are, as a general rule, nice and supportive to their friends. They try to help them out, and when something upsets their friends, they try to make it all better.

Slytherins don't do that.

In fact, Slytherins like a good fight. If the audience of the Jerry Springer show were sorted into Hogwart's houses, the ones who are yelling "Jerry! Jerry!" the loudest would *definitely* be sorted into Slytherin.

They sure as hell wouldn't be Hufflepuffs.

Anyway, Pansy thought it would be wildly entertaining to see Draco lose his cool. She turned to Crabbe and Goyle.

"Hey Vince, Greg - hold Draco down," she said, and before Draco could hex her his two former bodyguards grabbed him and held him tight, twisting and verbally cursing. Pansy affixed her most innocent smile to her face and said, "Potter, truth or dare?"

Harry raised his eyebrows. Parkinson had *guts*, he'd give her that. He snuck a look over a spitting mad Draco, and licked his lips. Harry Potter had guts too.

"Dare," said Harry confidently, and next to him, Draco was turning violent.

"Pansy, this dare better not be sexual in the slightest, or people are going to start losing limbs."

"Draco, really. Calm down." Her smile remained deceptively innocent. "Potter, I dare you to snog someone in this room." She paused for dramatic effect. "Someone - who isn't *Draco*."

Well, she got her desired dramatic effect. Draco began snarling.

"I am going to *kill* you, Parkinson! That is unacceptable! Harry is not kissing anyone but me! Do you hear me, you hag? NO ONE BUT ME!!" He turned to his boyfriend. "Tell her, Harry."

Harry hesitated as Gryffindor-Harry opened his mouth to speak, but Slytherin-Harry quickly ran over and clapped a hand over Gryffindor-Harry's mouth, and then shouted "Do it, Harry! This is perfect!" before Gryffindor-Harry could say a word. Harry just smiled innocently at Draco.

"Oh, come on Draco. It's a harmless little dare."

Draco's face began to turn red and he started to sputter. "Why...you... you wouldn't..."

"But I would," said Harry sweetly. "It's just a dare. Who did you have in mind, Pansy?"

"Oh, you choose," Pansy said graciously, and immediately every single occupant of the room leaned forward with eager looks on their faces. You could practically hear them screaming "Pick me! Pick me!"

Harry looked around, trying to decide which person would piss Draco off the most, who was still sputtering incoherently as Goyle kept him locked in a death grip. His eyes scanned the circle and came to rest on Seamus Finnigan.

"Oh he's **perfect**," crooned Slytherin-Harry, practically jumping up and down. "Draco is gonna be **so** pissed off!"

Gryffindor-Harry wrenched away from Slytherin-Harry. "No Harry, don't! Listen to me. Draco will be so angry if you do kiss Seamus, and you have no right to do this to him, you have no proof about him and Blaise. You *need* to stop trying to make him jealous," Gryffindor-Harry finished, standing with his hands on his hips, looking very virtuous.

Slytherin-Harry closed his eyes in annoyance. "Must you be *such* a righteous little prick?"

"Well *someone* has to help Harry act like a decent human being around here. Harry, listen to me, don't do this, Draco will be so hurt and upset and -

"*STUPEFY*!" Gryffindor-Harry promptly flopped onto his back, completely unconscious. Slytherin-Harry casually put his miniature wand back in his robes.

"You *stunned* him," said Harry said, half-appalled, half-awed. Slytherin-Harry shrugged.

"He was getting so bloody annoying, all that whiny do-gooder crap. Besides, you always take *his* side, and what does it get you? Into nasty situations with that stupid Voldemort, that's what. Listen to me for a change. I know what I'm talking about. Now go snog Seamus and make Draco see red. You know you want to."

Harry locked eyes with Seamus, whose own eyes widened. Draco saw where Harry was looking and turned to glare at his boyfriend.

"You wouldn't *dare*," he said in a dangerous tone of voice.

Wrong choice of words.

Harry ignored Draco and crawled across the room, stopping to kneel in front of the Irishman. Seamus held his breath.

"Hi," Harry said in a low, seductive tone of voice.

"H-hi," Seamus managed to squeak out, and Harry smiled at him.

"Mind if I kiss you?" he asked, slowly pulling Seamus toward him by his Gryffindor tie, closing the gap between them inch by inch. All Seamus could do was shake his head "no."

Draco was being forcibly restrained by Goyle. "Harry Potter, I swear, if you kiss Finnigan, I will -

The room never found out what Draco was going to say, because at that moment Harry leaned in and placed his lips against Seamus's. Seamus immediately melted into the kiss, and after a couple seconds, when neither boy had pulled away, Draco lost it completely.

"AARRGH!" he screamed, wrenching away from Goyle's grasp. He stomped over the Harry and Seamus and grabbed Harry by the back of his shirt. He yanked Harry to his feet, ripping him away from Seamus's lips, and forcibly dragged him over to the door. He wrenched open the door and dragged Harry out of it, letting it slam behind him.

The remaining occupants of the room just looked at each other in a stunned silence.

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Draco dragged Harry down a few corridors, ignoring the sputtering protests and attempts to get away the Gryffindor was making. He reached a door and yanked it open, throwing Harry into the room with such force that he actually tripped over his own feet and sprawled on the floor. Harry flipped over just in time to see Draco slamming the door shut and casting several locking and silencing spells on it.

He turned to face Harry. Now, Harry Potter is about as brave as they come. Typical Gryffindor and all that. But Harry had been associating with Slytherin-Harry all evening, which meant that a lot of his bravery had gone out the window, and now, at the look on Draco's face, Harry was *terrified*.

Slytherin-Harry let out an "eep!" of fright. "Sorry Harry, I feel for you and all, but I gotta run," he said, and promptly disappeared.

"Wait!" But it was too late. "Bloody Slytherins," Harry groaned, and looked at his right shoulder. Gryffindor-Harry was still out cold. Harry gulped. Looked like he was on his own.

"Well, Potter," Draco said in a deceptively calm voice. "I believe you have a bit of explaining to do."

Harry steeled himself to make his defense in flowing, eloquent words to let Draco know in no uncertain terms just how upset he was over the whole Blaise incident.

"You started it!"

Oh, well done Harry.

Draco took a step towards Harry, who had to order himself not to scoot back away from him on the floor.

"*I* started it?" he asked, still in that scarily calm voice that was making Harry even more nervous. "And what is that supposed to mean?"

"I heard you," Harry blurted out. "I heard you talking to Blaise. You're getting back together with him, you bastard!"

Draco raised an eyebrow. "That's ridiculous, Potter. I'm not getting back together with Blaise."

Harry was stunned. How could Draco just lie to him like that? "What, do you think I'm stupid or something? I heard what you said to Blaise, Malfoy. How can you deny it?"

Draco raised his other eyebrow. "I can deny it because it's not true. What *exactly* did you hear me say to Blaise?"

Harry summoned the last remnants of his courage and dignity and stood up from the floor to face Draco. After all, he was the one who'd been wronged here, and he was going to have it out with Draco about Blaise. "You said that you regretted not being together with him, and that you were perfect for each other, and that you couldn't believe how blind you'd been for so long but at least you two were together now. Explain that!"

Draco advanced another step towards Harry, who glared angrily at him and stood his ground. Draco looked at him in a way that distinctly made Harry feel like a rabbit caught in the gaze of a hawk. "Did it ever occur to you, Potter, that maybe I was talking about *you*, not Blaise?"

"About me? How could you have been talking...about...*oh*..." Harry trailed off as he put it all together. The conversation between Draco and Blaise took on new meaning as Harry realized that Draco had actually been saying was that he had been sad that he and Harry had started off as enemies when they could have been friends, but he was happy now that they were together. It was really sweet and romantic, actually, and it all made so much sense.

Wait.

So if Draco had been talking about *Harry*, and he and Blaise *weren't* secretly getting back together behind Harry's back, and Harry had just manipulated his friends into making Draco very, *very* jealous, that meant...

Damn his Slytherin half.

Harry smiled very weakly at Draco. "So, you're...uh....not getting back together with Blaise,

then."

"No," Draco said, advancing a step forward, "I'm not." This time, Harry gave in to his fear and stepped backwards.

"You're...um...staying with me," Harry said, feeling a little vulnerable, and Draco took another step forward.

"Yes," Draco replied, "I am." Harry backed up some more until he felt his back hit the hard stone wall behind him. Draco stood in front of Harry and placed a hand on the wall next to Harry's head, leaning in rather menacingly.

"You look a little guilty, Potter," Draco purred dangerously. "Is there something you want to tell me?"

Harry tried to look nonchalant and failed miserably. "Um...no, I don't think so. I mean, no. No, there's not. Definitely no. Nothing."

"Potter..." Draco voice was still very dangerous. "You just kissed another guy. In front of me. You're already in more trouble then you've ever been in before in your life. Are you sure you want to lie to me too?"

Harry winced. "Alright, alright." He bit his lip nervously. "Draco, I...um...I may have done a bad thing."

****

Back in the Room of Requirement, the other gamers were looking at each other worriedly.

"What was that all about?" Hermione finally asked. Ginny sighed and explained.

"Harry's been worried that Draco doesn't find him attractive anymore. So I came up with a plan to make Draco jealous."

"What?" asked Ron, flabbergasted. "Why would you do that?"

"Because Harry was so upset! He said Draco wouldn't even kiss him anymore! I had to do something!" Ginny blurted out.

Hermione raised an eyebrow. "Hmmm. Interesting." She thought for a moment, then sighed. "Well, you definitely succeeded. Draco is indeed quite jealous."

"I know," said Ginny with a wicked smile. "And serves him right."

"Well, I'm not sure about all that," Hermione said pointedly. "Harry and I might be having a bit

of a chat about that later. But in the meantime, should we go find him before Draco kills him?"

Surprisingly, Blaise spoke up. "Nah. Draco's bark is worse than his bite. He'll just give Harry a wicked lecture and that will be that," he lied easily.

Hermione didn't look convinced. "Are you sure? He's not going to hurt him, or worse, shag him before the antidote is finished, is he?"

"Oh, sure I'm sure," Blaise continued to lie. He was a little pissed off at Harry for snogging the blonde he currently had his eye on (and that would Seamus, not Draco). He knew for a fact that Draco was about to shag the living daylights out of Potter, and as far as he was concerned Harry deserved it. "A good scolding, that's all Draco's got in mind. They'll be fine. Shall we keep playing?"

Everyone in the room was eager to continue, so Hermione put her fears aside and the game continued.

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Meanwhile, in a deserted, locked, and silenced classroom...

"...and so that's why everyone was saying and daring all those things. All those things, that, um...were supposed to make you jealous," Harry finished, anxiously biting his lip. Draco was staring at Harry with a look like that made Harry feel decidedly nervous, especially since he was still backed up against the wall.

"So..." Harry said, trying not to let his apprehension show. "Um...you're...you're not *mad* at me, are you?" he asked with what he hoped was a very charming smile. Draco just narrowed his eyes, and continued to stare at him with twin pools of ice. Not a good sign.

Harry glanced around the room, looking for a route of escape. The room must have been an old lounge of some kind, because instead of the usual desks and chair the only furniture was a couple of old, ratty sofas. Unfortunately, sofas do not constitute an escape route. The only way out was the door, and he'd have to get through Draco to get there.

Harry took a deep breath. He had to at least try to make a break for it before Draco had the chance to kill him. He ever so slightly braced himself against the wall, getting ready to launch himself to the side and get past his boyfriend so he could get to the door right quick.

Draco seemed not to notice. "Potter, do you remember what I said I'd do to you if I caught you so much as *looking* at another person in the room?" Harry froze. Oh, he remembered alright.

Draco leaned in a little further to whisper in Harry's ear. "I threatened to shag you into the floor, didn't I?" Harry gulped. "Do you think I'm the type of person to make idle threats, Potter?" Draco continued, and Harry shuddered at his insinuations and at the sensation of Draco's breath against

his ear. Gods, it had been so *long*...

Draco brought his other hand up and ran it down Harry's cheek. "I don't make idle threats, Harry." He leaned even closer. "And you did *quite* a bit more than look, didn't you?" He flicked out his tongue and traced the delicate ridges of Harry's ear, causing Harry to tremble beneath him. "My my my. We *are* in trouble, aren't we?"

Harry seized his chance and made a break for it. He pushed off the wall as hard as he could, shoving past Draco. He tried to run for the door, but apparently Draco had been anticipating this move. He launched himself at Harry and brought the brunette crashing to the floor, with himself on top of him. He quickly locked Harry's hips under his own, and grabbed Harry's wrists in his own hands, pinning them tightly against the floor on either side of Harry's head.

"Did you really think I'd let you get away?" he snarled, and Harry suddenly remembered that his boyfriend was *Draco Malfoy*, who was notorious for knowing Dark Magic and quite rightly feared by most of the school. And Harry had just righteously pissed him off. Harry took a chance and looked up into Draco's eyes. They were practically glowing with silver fire. And at that moment Harry quite sure he was going to die.

But then Draco brought his lips crashing down against Harry's in a bruising, intense, possessive kiss, and Harry realized he was wrong. He wasn't going to die. He was going to get seriously, utterly, and completely fucked.

Oh. Sweet. Merlin.

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"Okay, I pick Hermione. Truth or Dare?"

"Um...let's go with Truth."

"What's the kinkiest thing you and Ron have ever done?"

Hermione stole a guilty look at Ron, but veritaserum forced her to answer. "Okay, well, let's just say I'm glad Harry's not here, because for starters we borrowed his invisibility cloak. And then I have this muggle cowboy outfit that I had brought with me from home, with the hat and the chaps and everything..."

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Harry had no idea how he'd done it, but Draco had gotten all of Harry's clothes off. The blonde was being aggressive and dominating and just absolutely manhandling Harry. Not only that, he was currently doing something very wicked with his hand that Harry was positive that Draco had never done before.

"Oh gods, Draco," he moaned, aware that the room was beginning to spin.

"You like that, Harry? You want more?'

"Oh, *yes*..."

"Tell me you want it."

"I want it, Oh God..."

"Tell me you want *me*."

"I want you, I promise, only you..."

"Tell me you're mine."

"I'm yours, Draco, oh God I am *so* yours..."

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"Woo hoo, baby! Take it off!"

"Meow! Look-ing good!"

'Oh yeah, baby, that's how daddy likes it!"

"Ron! I can't believe you just said that! And stop watching Lavender give Neville a lap dance, you pervert! You're supposed to be my boyfriend!"

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Harry was *pretty* sure they had moved to the couch at some point, but he really wasn't thinking clearly. The only thing he was aware of was Draco on top of him, whispering in his ear.

"Want me to stop, Harry? So you can go running back to Finnigan?"

"Oh God NO! Don't stop! I don't want Seamus, I don't want anyone but you..."

"Are you going to kiss Finnigan again, Harry?"

"No...no, I won't..."

"Are you going to kiss anyone but me, ever again?"

"No...never again..."

"You better not, Potter...now turn over. *Now*."

"Oh *God*..."

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"...and he's also got that really fierce scowl and then when he says "Detention, Weasley" in that silky voice, it sends shivers down your spine and makes you *want* be bad just so he'll say it again. And, so...that's why I think Professor Snape is the sexiest professor at Hogwart's."

Everyone just stared at Ron in horror.

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If someone had walked into the room at that moment and asked Harry what his name was he would have said, "Draco."

If they had asked him what school he went to, he would have said, "Draco."

If they had asked him he wanted to save the rain forests *and* stop world hunger all in one go, he would have said, "Draco."

Because at this point in time Harry wasn't really capable of any other thoughts.

Draco was still whispering in his ear, but the words had long ago stopped making sense. Harry was now lost in a sea of sensation, awash with feeling from head to toe. If he could have formed a coherent thought he would have realized that this was probably the best sex he had ever had. Ever.

And then he should have thought about the antidote, brewing up in his room, and he should have thought that having sex this good without taking the antidote might have been a bad idea.

But Harry was way too far gone to think anything like that. Instead he just continued to think "Draco Draco Draco" as the room faded into oblivion.

From the position he was in Draco couldn't see Harry's face, but if he could have he would have seen Harry's pupils slowly shrinking to pinpoints.

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Chapter: 20

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Dragon Tamer

Chapter 20: I'm a CELEBRITY, damn it!

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Back in the Room of Requirement, the game had ended, and everyone was standing up and stretching. "Well this really was fun. We should do this again sometime," Hermione said brightly, glancing at her watch. Then her eyes widened. "It's already 11pm! Draco and Harry left two hours ago! Where the hell have they been?"

"Probably shagging," Blaise said nonchalantly, biting back a smirk at Hermione's horrified look.

"But you said...you said that Draco was just going to lecture Harry! Just a good scolding, that's what you said!"

"I did say that, didn't I?" Blaise said casually. "Oh well. I lied."

"But...but...why would you lie about that?"

"Granger, if I hadn't lied, then you would have gone after them, and then they wouldn't have had sex. And what kind of friend would that make me? You know how it is. Friends are supposed to help friends get laid. It's a rule."

Hermione rolled her eyes. "No, it isn't."

"YES, it is," said Blaise, Ron, Ginny, Seamus, Millicent, Lavender, Dean, Pansy, Neville, Parvati, and even Crabbe and Goyle in union.

Hermione glared at all of them. "You don't understand! This is horrible! Draco's probably out there somewhere with Harry, completely off his rocker!"

"Really?" said Parvati, eagerly. "Boy, I'd like to see that again. I bet we could get him to sing another Madonna song, or maybe even some Prince or some Wham!"

"Oh, yes!" squealed Lavender next to her. "And remember the bunny he conjured? It was *so* cute. Maybe he'll make another one!"

Pansy wasn't usually one much for girlish squeals, but she found the idea of a shagged silly Draco incredibly appealing right now. "Let's go find them!" she suggested, and everyone enthusiastically agreed and headed for the door.

"Wait, come back!" Hermione shouted, but to no avail. Most of the others had already left the room. She held back Ron, Ginny, Seamus and Blaise. "Okay, listen to me. We have to find them before the others do, okay? And help Harry get Draco back up to his dorm to get some antidote. Are you with me?"

The others nodded. "Okay, let's go," and they left the room, heading in the opposite direction of everyone else.

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Harry and Draco were curled up together on one of the sofas, Harry's head resting on Draco's chest. From his slow and steady breathing, Draco surmised that Harry was probably dozing. He dropped a hand onto Harry's head and ran it affectionately through his hair, and in his sleep Harry snuggled closer.

Draco grinned. Maybe he should have told *Wicked Witch Weekly* that the Boy Who Lived liked to cuddle. That would make a cute story. At the very least it'd be better than the one the *Prophet* had run about Draco getting shagged -

Hey. Wait a second.

Draco felt completely normal. No urge to sing. No urge to conjure fluffy things. No urge to profess his undying love for Harry (well, okay, a little urge to do that, but nothing stronger than usual). This was great! He hadn't taken the antidote, but he hadn't been shagged silly, either. So he wouldn't lose his mind every time he and Harry were *inflagrante delecto*. How fabulous.

He looked down at the sleeping Harry, and felt quite proud of himself. Not everyone could shag Wonder Boy until he was completely knackered and sleeping on your chest. Then he frowned slightly. He was still a little miffed at Harry for believing that he was trying to get back together with Blaise behind his back. AND he was truthfully still more than a little miffed about the kiss with Finnigan. Obviously he and Harry were going to be having a nice little Discussion about all this.

But that would be later. Right now they needed to get back to the Room of Requirement before their friends sent out a search party for them. And that meant he had to get Harry up.

"Harry, love," he said gently, kissing the top of Harry's head, "Wake up. We need to get dressed." Harry didn't budge. Draco shook him gently. "Harry, come on. Wake up." This time, Harry's eyes fluttered open.

He looked up at Draco through his eyelashes. "I'm not getting up," he said rather haughtily. "I need my beauty sleep." Then he promptly closed his eyes again. Draco rolled his eyes.

"Oh right, Potter. Nice one. Now come on, get up."

Harry's eyes popped open and he sent a vibrant green death glare at Draco, who was a bit taken aback.

"How DARE you try to order me around," Harry said scathingly. "Don't you KNOW who I AM?"

Draco furrowed his brow. "Um...you're Harry Potter?"

"That's right," Harry said disdainfully. "I am HARRY POTTER. The BOY who LIVED. I am the SAVIOR of the WIZARDING WORLD and I think I deserve a little RESPECT."

"What?" Draco was all sorts of confused now.

"Don't you WHAT me," Harry said, sitting up and glaring heated daggers at Draco. "I'm a CELEBRITY, damn it."

"Um...well, yes, I suppose that's true," Draco said somewhat cautiously, not really sure where Harry was going with this. "You are indeed a celebrity, no doubt about it. You're famous. Very famous." That seemed to appease Harry, who looked at Draco with a satisfied look.

"Well, I'm glad we got that settled and you're prepared to treat me properly," Harry said, then glanced at the floor. "Fetch me my clothes, will you? I need to get dressed. And then you can fetch me some water - I only drink imported Swiss mineral water, so make sure that's what you get - and then I'll need some fresh fruit, and some chocolate, and -

"Wait just a second. Now you listen here, Potter. I don't know what's up with you right now, but you of all people should know that Malfoys don't *fetch*," Draco said irritably, but to his surprise Harry just resumed glaring at him.

"I THOUGHT we CLEARED this UP. I'm not just ANYBODY, you stupid PRAT. I'm HARRY FUCKING POTTER, and you're going damn well treat me like it. That means you're going to GET MY CLOTHES, GET MY WATER, and GET MY CHOCOLATE, and you're going to be POLITE about it, because I'm a CELEBRITY, damn it!"

"What the FUCK?" Draco thought to himself. Harry had never, *ever* in the six years Draco had known him, acted like a celebrity before, and right now he was about a million times worse than Gilderoy Lockhart had ever been. Draco took a deep breath, and got ready to start seriously chewing Harry out. He glared back at Harry, meeting Potter's Avada Kedavra eyes defiantly -

And then he gasped, because Harry's pupils were nothing but two bright pinpoints of black in a

sea of green. And when you added that to Harry's outrageously out of character behavior, it could only mean one thing...

Draco Malfoy was a fucking *sex god*.

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"Any luck?" Hermione asked worriedly, when Ginny and Ron returned.

"Nothing. Not so much as a hair from their heads," said Ron, frustrated. "Where are Seamus and Blaise?"

Hermione shrugged. "Don't know. They said they wanted to go look for Harry and Draco together in some dark, abandoned corridor. Good friends, those two."

"Very good friends," agreed Ginny. "Look, let's try to old Arthimancy corridor. There's a bunch of old teacher's lounges, maybe they're in one of those rooms."

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"...and so that's why he's so cool. Because he's just a regular guy, like me, but then he fights evil, like me. Only I don't have that bitchin' Bat Mobile, and the cool belt with all the gadgets."

"And you say his name is...Batguy?"

"Bat*man*, Malfoy," Harry said haughtily.

"You're absolutely right, of course. My bad." As soon as Draco had figured out that Harry had indeed been buggered completely senseless he had changed his whole approach. Instead of arguing with Harry he had started sucking up to him like mad. He had grabbed Harry's clothes, conjured up water, chocolate, and fruit, and was now indulging Harry by listening to him tell stories about muggle superheroes.

Now why, you may ask, was Draco indulging all of Harry's whims? Well, it would seem that finding out that you are a confirmed sex god tends to put people in a very agreeable mood, and Draco was prepared to take good care of Harry until midnight when they could take the antidote.

"This chocolate is quite good," Harry said amiably, eating another piece. He looked at Draco thoughtfully. "You're not a bad boyfriend, you know. I feel like you really respect me, not just as a celebrity, but as a person who's really famous."

"Well, thank you, Harry, that's very kind," Draco said back, ruffling his hair. They were sprawled amicably together on the old, worn out sofa, Draco sitting upright, Harry's head in his lap. "I just feel so lucky to be dating such a famous wizard. You're way too good for me."

"Oh, stop, you flatter me," said Harry in a bashful voice, closing his eyes. "I'm only a little too good for you. Now where was I? Oh yes. So Batman has a sidekick named Robin, and together they fight villains like the Joker, the Penguin, Catwoman -

Suddenly, Draco heard a poof next to his ear, and a tiny Draco Malfoy appeared on his left shoulder, dressed in his normal Slytherin school robes.

"What are you doing, Malfoy?" the little Draco asked, giving him a funny look. "Why haven't you taken him back to the Room of Requirement yet? You could show everyone how crazy he's gone, all because of *your* amazing sexual prowess. Don't you know how much fun you could have with Potter in this state?"

"Well, yes. But he's my boyfriend," Draco sighed. "And I don't really want to embarrass him. I thought I'd just wait until midnight and then take him back to Gryffindor tower for some antidote."

"What? Are you mad? He let you embarrass yourself when you were shagged silly," the little Draco pointed out. "Remember all the things you did? The bunny, the singing?"

"Well, he didn't know what had happened to me," Draco defended Harry. "It wasn't his fault. And he got me out of there as soon as he could."

"Oh, a likely story," the little Draco started to scoff, but at that instant Draco heard another poof, and on his right shoulder another miniature Draco appeared. This one was also dressed in his normal Slytherin school robes, but he was hastily wrapping a Gryffindor scarf around his throat.

"Sorry I'm late," he said apologetically. "I needed some accessory so you could tell I was your good half, but I couldn't find anything until I got this scarf."

"Where exactly *did* you get a Gryffindor scarf?" asked Draco with interest.

"Um...I *borrowed* it," Gryffindor-Draco said, a little guiltily. Draco raised an eyebrow.

"You mean you stole it, don't you?" Gryffindor-Draco raised his hands in the air.

"Oh alright, you've caught me. I stole it from some dark haired fellow with glasses and a funny scar who had been stunned. But I'm going to give it back, I swear."

"A likely story," scoffed Slytherin-Draco. "Like you gave me back my new Madonna anthology? You lying little bastard."

Draco was a little unnerved by the fact that his evil half owned a Madonna anthology and his good half stole scarves from unconscious Gryffindors.

"Oh hush," Gryffindor-Draco was saying to Slytherin-Draco. "Now, what seems to be the

problem here?"

"This great git," Slytherin-Draco said, pointing up at Draco, "Is having an *attack of conscience*," he said, spitting out the words as if he was describing something so foul and nasty it actually tasted bad to say it.

"Draco, you aren't really having conscience problems, are you?" Gryffindor-Draco said to Draco, incredulous. Slytherin-Draco shot Draco a nasty look.

"Oh, yes he is. He's thinking about taking Potter here back to Gryffindor tower to get him some antidote before anyone sees him. Can you believe it?"

"Wait, wait, wait," Gryffindor-Draco said, shaking his head back and forth. "That makes no sense. Draco shagged that Potter boy senseless, right? And now he's an uncontrollable, crazy diva who keeps carrying on something dreadful about how he's a celebrity?"

"Correct," confirmed Slytheirn-Draco.

"So the logical thing to do is take him somewhere where everyone can watch Potter make a fool of himself and recognize that Draco is an uncontested animal in the bedroom."

"That's what I'm saying," nodded Slytherin-Draco. Gryffindor-Draco turned to Draco.

"So what's the problem?" he asked. Draco didn't say anything. Gryffindor-Draco raised an eyebrow speculatively. "You're not really thinking of protecting Harry from humiliation by taking him up to Gryffindor tower before anyone sees him, are you?"

"Well..." Draco began cagily, looking slightly uncomfortable. Gryffindor-Draco was appalled.

"Draco Malfoy! You can't do that! That's so...so...ugh, *moral*."

"My sentiments exactly," Slytherin-Draco agreed, glaring up at Draco, who was a little disturbed by this whole conversation.

"Now look here you two," he began, glaring at his miniature images. "I'm not going to turn him lose to run amok. Harry is my boyfriend, and I don't want to see him humiliated. I love him."

"Oh Lord, not this again," Gryffindor-Draco sighed, rolling his eyes.

"I think I'm going to be sick," Slytherin-Draco murmured.

"Shut it, both of you. You don't know what you're talking about."

"Yes, we do, Draco," said Slytherin-Draco earnestly. "Think about what Potter just did to you. He just kissed another boy. In front of you. Don't you deserve a little revenge?"

Draco hesitated. That, unfortunately, was a rather good point.

"That's right," said Gryffindor-Draco, warming to the argument, "*And* he did it on purpose, just to make you jealous. I think he deserves a bit of humiliation."

Draco was swaying slightly. "Well, I admit, that's kind of a good - hey, wait a second! You're supposed to be my good half! You should be telling me to take care of him, not to revenge myself on him when he's not even functioning normally!"

Gryffindor-Draco shrugged. "Not my fault even your good half is a little sick and twisted. Now come on, you know you want to drag him to the Room of Requirement. Don't tell me you don't want to see everyone's reaction when he starts raving about how everyone should respect him because he's a celebrity, damn it."

Draco was wavering. He was still really upset about the kiss, and it would be really funny to get Potter to go into full out diva mode...

But then from his spot on Draco's lap Harry looked up at him with his big, pretty green eyes, and smiled. "Nobody *gets* me like you do, Draco. When they make a movie about me and I give a speech at the Academy Awards, I'm going to thank you first."

And even though Draco didn't have the slightest clue what that meant, Harry was still Harry, and he was still really sweet, and still really hot, and when he smiled that smile at Draco the blonde felt himself and all his evil intentions melting into a big pile of mush.

"Oh bugger," said Gryffindor-Draco.

"There he goes again. He's such a fucking romantic sometimes, and it's *so* gross," said Slytherin-Draco.

"Oh, sod off, both of you," snapped Draco irritably. "Harry and I are staying *right here* for now, and then I'm taking him up to the tower. ALONE."

With irritated rolls of their eyes, both miniature Dracos disappeared with a soft pop. Draco turned back to Harry.

"You are just the most amazing person I have ever met. It's no wonder you're so famous. Now, I would love to listen to you tell me more about these muggle superheroes..."

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"Hermione, Ron, I think I might have found them!" Ginny called out excitedly, pausing in front of a door. The two older Gryffindors came rushing over.

"Did you check for spells?" she asked, and Ginny nodded.

"There're four locking spells and three kinds of silencing spells on this door," she confirmed, and Ron let out a low whistle.

"That'd be them alright. Herm, can you get through the spells?"

"In my sleep with my wand arm tied behind my back," Hermione returned, already working on the first spell.

"Show off," muttered Ron under his breath, and Ginny poked him to shut him up. A couple minutes passed, and Hermione was just about to break the last spell when Seamus and Blaise sauntered around the corner.

"See, I told you I heard voices," Seamus was saying to Blaise, but Ginny interrupted them.

"We found Harry and Malfoy!" she said animatedly, and the two boys exchanged glances.

"Really?" said Blaise, smirking slightly. "Well, this should be good. Shall we open the door and see just how loony Draco's gone?"

"Now really," said Hermione, pausing with her hand on the now spell-free door, "We don't know that Draco was shagged silly again."

"Oh please," scoffed Seamus, "Are you kidding me? Those two haven't done the dirty deed in over a week. They were both gagging for it. I saw how Harry was kissing Malfoy in the common room earlier, and let me tell you, that little ferret doesn't stand a chance. Harry's probably shagged his brains all the way to Wales."

"Why are you so keen on how good Harry is at shagging?" Blaise said icily, glaring at Seamus, who looked slightly guilty.

"I'm not, I'm just saying - " Seamus started to say, but Blaise cut him off.

"I don't think I want to hear anything you're saying right now, Finnigan," he said haughtily, and Ron looked between the two, confused.

"What's going on with you two?" he asked, and Blaise and Seamus shot each other Looks.

"Um...nothing. Absolutely nothing," Seamus said, a little unconvincingly.

"That's right," Blaise said, crossing his arms over his chest. "Nothing. Although I hope you know that you and me are going to have a little *talk* about all this nothing later," he finished with a pointed look at Seamus.

"Mental," Ron muttered under his breath.

"Shall we?" Hermione said to the group, and everyone nodded. She slowly opened the door.

****

"...no, Spiderman is the one who can shoot web stuff out of his wrists. *Wolverine* is the one with the adamantium over his bones, and the mega-healing abilities, and the claws and the sideburns, and oh look, the door's opening!"

"What?" said Draco, who hadn't quite followed Harry's train of thought. He turned and saw to his horror no less than five people standing in the doorway.

"Granger, Weasley..."he started to say, but Harry was too quick for him.

"Ooooh, fans!" The crowd at the door blinked, but Harry carried on in his rather superior voice. "This is your lucky day, everyone! The Boy Who Lived is telling stories about superheroes!"

"Sorry, what?" said Ron, confused. "Harry, did you just call yourself the Boy Who Lived?"

"The Boy Who Lived is not to be questioned by riffraff such as you," Harry said haughtily. "And don't call me Harry. I'm a CELEBRITY, damn it. I am ONLY to be referred to as the Boy Who Lived, the Savior of the Wizarding World, or the Hogwarts Sex God, do you understand?" Five pairs of eyebrows shot up.

Hermione turned to Draco suspiciously. "Malfoy, what on earth -

"If you don't mind, you're INTERRUPTING the story," Harry said, obviously irritated, his voice rising slightly. "Now I'm going to have to start back at the beginning, and it's ALL YOUR FAULT. This is NOT how you TREAT a CELEBRITY!"

Glancing between Malfoy's almost guilty expression and Harry's big green eyes that seemed to have no pupils, comprehension dawned on Hermione.

"I'm so sorry, Harry," Hermione began, but at Harry's scathing glare she hastily amended herself. "I mean, Mr. uh...Boy Who Lived." That seemed to appease Harry. Hermione turned to the others.

"Um, why don't you all listen to his story for a moment while I talk to Malfoy?" she said pleasantly, and the remaining four students standing in the doorway gave her some incredulous stares. Harry folded his arms across his chest and looked cross. "Well go on," Hermione hissed at them, "Before he gets cranky. You know how celebrities can be."

Dubious glances were exchanged, but the other four slowly edged over to the couch and sat on the floor in front of Harry. He bestowed benevolent looks upon them.

"How nice to see you all. As you are well aware, I am a very famous wizard, but today I am willing to tell stories to the fans. Today's story is about the X-Men. Are we ready to begin?"

"I'm not sure..." Ron stared to speak but Harry cut him off.

"It was a RHETORICAL question! You are not actually ALLOWED to speak to me! I am FAMOUS! I am a SUPERSTAR! I am a wizard IDOL! I am HARRY FUCKING POTTER, so sit down and SHUT UP!"

Four very wide pairs of eyes stared back at Harry, but no one said a word. Harry beamed at them.

"Now, where was I? Ah, yes. See, the X-Men are a group of very special muggles, with special powers..."

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Hermione had yanked Draco off the couch and pulled him a distance away from Harry's story-telling. "Malfoy, what the hell did you do to him? Why didn't you wait for the antidote?" she hissed, glaring daggers at Draco. He looked indignant.

"How was I supposed to know he'd fly off the deep end? We never figured it could happen to him," he said in righteous self-defense. Hermione seemed to cool off a bit.

"That's true," she said, but then she narrowed her eyes again. "But you could have gone nuts too. You should have been more careful! What were you thinking?"

"He kissed Finnigan," Draco said with a scowl. "I needed to remind him who he belongs to."

"You really are a possessive little bastard, aren't you?" Hermione said, but there was no rancor in her words. Instead, she was watching Harry.

"You're NOT LISTENING!!" Harry was howling at a terrified looking Seamus. "You're supposed to LISTEN to me because I'm a CELEBRITY, damn it!"

"We have *got* to get him out of here," Hermione said quietly. Draco nodded.

"I know. I was planning to sneak him back up to the tower for some antidote as soon as it hit midnight."

Hermione looked at her watch. "It's quarter to midnight right now. The potion will be ready in fifteen minutes, so I think it's time we got him upstairs."

"Okay, so let's go," Draco said eagerly, stepping towards Harry, but Hermione grabbed his arm.

"Not so fast. There are complications."

"What complications?"

"Everyone from the Truth or Dare game is looking for you two. They figured you'd have been shagged silly by now and they were hoping for a...repeat performance, so to speak."

Draco looked insulted. "Why, the absolute nerve! Why did everyone assume it would be me? May I ask why nobody realized what an incredible sex god *I* am? I am obviously just as good in bed as Harry! I mean, look what I did to him!"

They looked. Harry was standing up now, glaring down at his four friends seated on the floor.

"I don't think you APPRECIATE having a CELBRITY tell you stories!" he was shouting. "You all should be BEGGING me to even TALK to you! I defeated the Dark Lord when I was a BABY!! And then I killed a BASILISK! DO YOU UNDERSTAND??? I KILLED a FUCKING BASILISK when I was TWELVE!! WHERE IS MY ADORATION???"

The other four were cowering on the floor. Draco turned to Hermione.

"Look, let me handle this, okay?" he whispered, and she nodded. Draco ran over to the group.

"Harry, love," he said sweetly, and Harry turned to him.

"Draco, I am very upset," Harry said, pouting. "These *plebians*," he spat, glaring at his friends, "Don't appreciate a word I say."

"Why, you're absolutely right, sweetheart," Draco said, as soothingly as he could, "It's obvious to me that you need some new fans."

"YES I DO. Fans that LISTEN to me because I'm a -

"Celebrity, damn it. Yes, absolutely. Tell you what. I'm going to take you somewhere were there are lots of fans who are dying to see you. You can sign autographs and they will grovel on their knees and worship you. It'll be great."

"Really?" said Harry, his eyes nothing but two huge green oceans with tiny pinpricks of black in the center.

"Really really," Draco smiled. "Now go stand with Granger over there for a moment, okay? I need to chew these fans out for not appreciating you enough."

"Draco, I love you," Harry said, kissing his cheek and heading over to Hermione, who looked a bit nervous. Draco turned to the others.

"Why does he still like *you*?" Ron asked, sounding sulky. Draco rolled his eyes.

"Because I shagged his brains out, alright? And I know how to suck up to him," Draco returned irritably. "Now listen. We've got to -

"Get Harry to the Room of Requirement, and pronto!" Blaise finished. Draco raised an eyebrow.

"What?" he asked, and Blaise just stared at him.

"What do you mean, what? We have to share this Potter madness, its brilliant! Sure, he's a bit scary and maniacal, but it's wildly entertaining. Let's take him back!"

Seamus and Ginny were nodding enthusiastically. Ron was opening his mouth to protest, but Draco cut him off.

"Great plan, Blaise!" Draco said with a winning smile, glancing over at Harry, who was glaring at Hermione.

"What do you mean I DON'T HAVE AN AGENT? Of COURSE I have an AGENT, I'm a CELEBRITY, damn it!"

"Listen," Draco said confidentially to the group. "Why don't the three of you," he indicated Blaise, Seamus and Ginny, "go find everyone, bring them back to the Room of Requirement and tell everyone we're coming? Weasley, Granger and I will bring Harry along in a few minutes. It'll be great!"

Blaise had an evil grin. "Yes, it will. Come on, let's go," he said, and he and Ginny and Seamus left the room. Ron was glaring at Draco.

"You miserable little ferret, if you think for one second I'm going to let you take Harry to that room -

"Oh shut up, Weasley, I was just getting rid of them," Draco said irritably. "You, me, and Granger are taking the Boy Wonder up to Gryffindor tower, alright?"

"Oh," said Ron, and they both looked over at Harry, who was now screaming at Hermione.

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN this castle doesn't have IMPORTED WATER? Are you saying that I'M supposed to bathe in COMMON WATER? Like EVERYONE ELSE? Are you MAD? I am HARRY POTTER. I'm the BOY WHO LIVED! I'm -

"Perhaps we should go now?" Ron suggested, and they quickly ran over to rescue Hermione and drag Harry up to Gryffindor tower.

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It took a lot of cajoling on the part of Harry's friends, but finally they convinced Harry that his fan club was meeting in Gryffindor tower and they were dying to hear Harry's stories. The foursome made its way through the halls and were now in sight of the portrait of the Fat Lady, and so far things had been quiet - well, quiet if you don't count Harry's loudly spoken comments.

"Why on earth do I have to WALK to Gryffindor tower like some stupid nobody?" Harry sniffed, sounding insulted. His best friends and his boyfriend all closed their eyes and counted to ten silently to avoid smacking Harry, because Harry shagged silly was really a total and utter pill. "I mean, really. First, I have to harass my boyfriend for ages to get what I want. Second, I'm surrounded by moronic, unappreciative IDIOTS who don't like my stories. Third, I have to WALK to my fan club meeting. Where's my LIMO? Or my FLYING CARPET? Or at least a LITTER carried by YOUNG, HOT MEN in skimpy trousers. This is an OUTRAGE. I'm a CELEBRITY, damn -

"THERE THEY ARE!!!"

"*Shit*!" Draco swore, as the entire group from the Truth or Dare game burst around the corner and the foursome found themselves faced with a mob of eager looking Hogwarts students and no visible means of escape.

"I told you so!" Blaise shouted triumphantly. "I TOLD you Draco would try to take Harry back up to Gryffindor tower. But we've got them now!"

"Granger, Weasley, get ready to run," Draco said under his breath, holding tightly to Harry's arm, prepared to bodily drag him off, "as soon as I give the word..."

"FANS!!!" squealed Harry, and to Draco's dismay he wrenched himself out of the blonde's grasp. "I'm so HAPPY to see you all! I bet you'd all LOVE to hear my stories about -

A flash went off in the crowd, probably from Colin's camera. It wasn't much, but it was enough to make Harry fly off the handle.

"GOD DAMN IT!" he screamed, and everyone drew back, frightened. "Who took that PICTURE??? You can't just TAKE PICTURES of me WITHOUT PERMISSION!! How DARE you!! I will NOT be SPLASHED across the TABLOIDS like BLOODY BENNIFER!!!"

He glared menacingly at the crowd. "I am HARRY FUCKING POTTER!! I am the BOY WHO LIVED. I defeated the DARK LORD! Not ONCE, not TWICE, but FOUR FUCKING TIMES!!! I have been on the COVER of MORE MAGAZINES than ANY OTHER WIZARD ALIVE!! I am the BEST SEEKER in ENGLAND!! I am a SUPERSTAR! I am a SEX GOD! I am an IDOL, and I'M A CELEBRITY, DAMN IT!!!

Everyone just stared silent and open mouthed at Harry, and Draco took that as his cue.

"RUN!" And grabbing Harry by the arms Hermione, Ron and Draco dragged him through a tiny opening in the crowd.

"GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME!! HOW DARE YOU MANHANDLE ME LIKE THIS!!" Harry was screaming, but they ignored him.

As soon as they reached the portrait, Hermione turned to Draco. "Ron and I will hold them off, just get Harry upstairs and force-feed him the potion if you have to!" Draco nodded and shoved the protesting Harry through the hole. Hermione whirled around to face the mob.

"ALRIGHT!" she shouted, eyes blazing. "If any of you want to get to Harry, you're going to have to get through me first! And I promise I know more spells and hexes than all of you combined! I am top of our class! I have been doing NEWT practice papers since I was twelve! My I.Q. is off the charts! Anyone want to challenge me? Go on and try it. I dare you." She glared at the crowd.

"Now who's acting like a diva?" Blaise muttered under his breath.

"I *heard* that," said Hermione testily. Blaise opened his mouth to respond, but Ginny beat him to it.

"We don't have time for this, they're getting away!" she shouted, and whipped out her wand. "*Stupefy*!" she shouted, catching Hermione off guard. Hermione fell over, stunned. Ron opened his mouth to speak, but Ginny got him with another stunning spell first.

"Now come *on*, let's go!" she shouted, and the crowd poured in through the portrait hole.

Everyone thundered up the stairs on the heels of Draco and Harry, but they were a moment too late. In the nick of time Draco managed to shove Harry into his bedroom before all their friends made it up the stairs - just in time to see Draco Malfoy slam the door shut.

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Chapter: 21

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Dragon Tamer

Chapter 21: Facing the Music

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After slamming the door in the faces of the crazy mob formally known as their friends, Draco quickly went about getting himself and Harry some antidote. Pointedly ignoring the screams and death threats being yelled through the door by their friends outside, and pointedly ignoring the screams and death threats being yelled by the diva inside, the blonde wizard grabbed two mugs off of Harry's dresser and ladled some of the potion into both cups.

Draco checked his watch and confirmed that it was, indeed, past midnight, and downed the content of his glass in a single shot.

"Ugh," he muttered to himself. This potion didn't taste any better than any other he had ever drunk. He waited for a few moments, to see if he felt different. A slight shiver went through his body, but other than that, he felt the same. However, Hermione had helped him brew this potion, and he was confident that if Hermione had made it, it had to work.

He finally turned his attention to Harry, who had stopped yelling and was now sitting on the bed and sulking for all he was worth.

"Alright, Harry, time to drink up," Draco said, holding out the cup to a suspicious looking Harry, who turned his nose up in the air.

"I'm not drinking *that*," he said in an injured, haughty tone of voice.

"YES, you are," Draco said as patiently as he could.

"NO, I'm *not*," Harry said icily, glaring up at Draco. "Does it say EVIAN on it? Is it imported from France or Switzerland? Is it from a crystal-clear glacier fed stream?"

"Well, no," Draco admitted.

"Then I'm not drinking it," Harry finished, folding his arms over his chest. Draco closed his eyes and counted to ten.

When he opened them, he smiled sweetly at Harry. "Look, Harry, this is a very special, very exclusive drink available ONLY to the world's most elite celebrities."

Harry looked like he was wavering for a moment, then his eyes narrowed. "I don't believe you."

"I swear it's true," lied Draco, who was beginning to get desperate.

Harry sniffed. "Yeah right. You're just trying to get me to drink that nasty stuff, and I won't do it.

I'm not falling for your lies. I saw YOU drink it, and you sure as hell aren't an elite celebrity. You're just another nobody with money."

"There's no need to get bitchy," Draco snapped, starting to get very, *very* irritated with his boyfriend's behavior.

Harry rolled his eyes. "Whatever," he said dismissively. "I'm not drinking it."

"Harry, you're going to drink this if I have to force you," Draco said dangerously, extremely ready to be rid of this celebrity and have his boyfriend back.

Harry scoffed. "*You're* going to force *me*? Oh, that's rich. I'm Harry fucking Potter. What can a useless pretty boy like you do against *me*?"

Wrong thing to say, Harry.

Draco slowly, carefully, and methodically set the glass of antidote down on the floor by the night table, and then launched himself at Harry.

"You're...going...to pay...for that...Potter," Draco snarled, as he and Harry wrestled on the bed. Draco finally managed to get the upper hand and climb on top of Harry, but Harry was having none of it.

"Get the hell OFF me!" Harry shouted into Draco's face, and fought back for all he was worth. He bucked his hips, and managed to catch Draco just slightly off balance and the blonde was knocked off Harry onto the floor. Draco, however, wasn't letting go of Harry's shirt, and Harry went crashing to the floor on top of Draco.

"You unbearable little DIVA," Draco shouted, rolling over on top of Harry. He grabbed Harry's wrists as the Gryffindor went for his hair, and pinned them on either side of his head.

"DIVA?" Harry shouted, struggling against Draco. "*DIVA*??? I have NEVER been so insulted -

"Will you just SHUT UP?" Draco growled. He moved forward on Harry's body to trap Harry's arms with his legs, and then quickly reached for the mug of potion. "Now you listen to me, you self-centered, egotistical, whiny little brat," Draco said, enunciating every word. "I have put up with enough of your crap. There is only room for one drama queen in this relationship, and that is going to be me. Now you are going to drink this potion, DO YOU UNDERSTAND?"

Harry glared up at him. "There's no need to be rude," he spat murderously. "And I'm not drinking anything. Trust me when I say you'll be hearing from my lawyers about this."

"Oh I look *forward* to it," Draco said savagely, and pinched Harry's nose closed. With no other way of breathing, his mouth fell open, and Draco poured the potion in.

Harry chocked and sputtered, but Draco didn't let him up and he didn't let go of his nose. Finally, Harry had no choice but to swallow, and so he did, shooting murderous daggers at Draco with his now venomous green eyes.

Draco watched as Harry's eyes flickered shut. After a couple moments, they shot back open, and Draco watched as Harry's pupils slowly began to dilate. After a couple moments, they were back to normal size, and Harry was blinking up at Draco, who reluctantly let go of his nose but did not get off his chest.

"Draco?" Harry asked, confusion written all over his face.

"Who am I talking to?" Draco asked shortly. "Harry the obnoxious, bratty little diva, or Harry my boyfriend?"

There was a pause.

"Ummm, your boyfriend," Harry said, in a very quiet, sheepish voice. Draco raised an eyebrow.

"Prove it," he said, glaring down at Harry. Harry blushed slightly and bit his lip.

"I can't believe I yelled at people about being a celebrity and I'm horribly embarrassed about the whole thing," he said, sounding rather ashamed.

"And?" asked Draco, still glaring.

"And I'm really sorry about how I treated you," Harry said guiltily. Satisfied, Draco climbed off of Harry, and held out a hand to help him to his feet.

"So it is you," Draco said, dusting himself off slightly. "Good to know this antidote thing works. Now come on, there's a huge crowd of people outside who deserve an explanation from you after how you screamed at them."

Harry quickly went rather pale. "Um, you know what Draco? Lovely as that sounds, I think I'd rather not. I'm just going to crawl into my bed and never come out, alright?"

"Oh no you don't," Draco said, narrowing his eyes. "You're not getting out of this. I cannot count the number of times you've made me apologize for my behavior. Not only that, but you made me face the Great Hall after my shagged silly episode, and it was much worse."

"Oh it *so* was not," Harry said, now glaring back. "You were sweet and cute and cuddly when you were shagged silly. I was, in your own words, an obnoxious, bratty little diva. That's much worse."

"Maybe for *you*," Draco said meaningfully. "But not for *me*. The words "sweet" and "cute" and most definitely "cuddly" should *never* be used to describe a Malfoy. Now let's go. Time to face

the music, Potter." And Draco pushed a very reluctant Harry over the door of the bedroom and opened it.

The eager crowd at the door was sorely disappointed to see a perfectly normal, if very embarrassed looking Harry Potter standing next to an expectant looking Draco Malfoy.

There was a moment of silence as everyone waited to hear what Harry was going to say, but Harry just kept looking as if he were about to make a run for it. Finally, Draco prodded him.

"Harry here has something to tell you all, don't you Harry?" he said, crossing his arms over his chest and looking pointedly at Harry.

"What? Oh, very well, all right. Well, um...I just wanted to say that I'm very sorry about the whole celebrity thing. I, um...wasn't feeling myself," Harry finally said, going very pink in the face. "And um...I'd really appreciate it if you all didn't tell anyone, but I'm not going to get my hopes up because I fully expect more than one of you to blab to your friends and for me to end up absolutely humiliated and hearing about this for the rest of my life. But, anyway, I'm sorry. Can I please go now, Draco?"

Draco nodded and then turned to the crowd. "Now, if everyone could just please clear out, Harry and I are going to bed, and this whole sodding shagged silly business will never happen again. Goodnight everyone," he finished, stepping inside the door.

A worried voice piped up from the crowd. "But Malfoy, wait! That's our -

The door slammed shut and the crowd heard a few locking spells and then a *Silencio* cast inside.

" - bedroom," Neville finished, looking glumly at that locked door.

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Back in the bedroom, Harry launched himself down on his bed on his back and threw an arm over his face. "Gods, I'm exhausted," he said, sighing. He peered at Draco from under his arm. "I can't believe you made me apologize, you prat," he said. "It's not like any of this was my fault."

"What can I say? I was feeling a bit...vindictive," Draco said, glaring at Harry's prone body. "And, Potter, it may interest you to know that all of this was *entirely* your fault."

That got Harry's attention. He removed his arm from his face and sat up, staring up at Draco. "How on earth do you figure that, Malfoy?" he asked, irritated. "*You're* the one who shagged *me* before the antidote was done, and if I recall you didn't give me a lot of choice in the matter."

"Actually, Potter, it was *you* who gave *me* no choice in the matter," Draco spat back, narrowing his eyes.

Harry snorted. "Whatever, Malfoy," he said dismissively, laying back down on the bed and closing his eyes. "You're completely delusional."

"Am I?" Draco's voice was soft but dangerous as he crept over to the bed. "Do you remember *why* I shagged you before the antidote was done, Potter?"

"Because you were jealous?" Harry intoned in a careless voice, not opening his eyes. Draco smiled in a sinister sort of fashion.

"And *why* was I jealous?"

Harry heaved a sigh. "You were jealous because Seamus and I...*oh*," he said, opening his eyes and smiling sheepishly up at Draco. "Right. Forgot about that part."

"You would. You used the fact that I can get a little jealous sometimes on purpose to rile me up. That was incredibly Slytherin of you, you know."

Harry looked uncomfortable. "Yeah, I know. But honestly Draco, you don't just get a little jealous, you know. You get as possessive as a spoiled rich kid with their favorite toy."

"I *am* a spoiled rich kid and you *are* my favorite toy. And I can't believe you're mocking me now after what you put me through tonight," Draco whined. Harry felt a slight wave of guilt pass through him. He really *had* been unfair to Draco tonight.

"Look, Draco," Harry began earnestly, sitting up. "I'm sorry, I really am. I was just so upset and hurt at the thought of you leaving me for Blaise that I lost my mind."

Draco sat done on the bed next to Harry and gave him a slightly angry look. "Harry, you fuckwit, I would never leave you. I love you."

"I love you too," Harry said back. "Can you forgive me? I'll do anything to make it up to you."

Draco smirked a bit wickedly. "Anything?" he purred, inching a little closer on the bed.

"Anything," Harry said firmly, not quite catching on to Draco's meaning.

"Well then," Draco said, placing his hand on Harry's chest and pushing him down onto his back. "Now that we've taken the antidote and all, and you're willing to do *anything* to make this all up to me, I think I'd like to play with my favorite toy."

Harry's breath hitched as Draco crawled up his body on all fours and towered over him, licking his lips lasciviously. "Sounds good to me," he managed to squeak, as Draco brushed a hand meaningfully over Harry ().

"Excellent," Draco said smoothly, with an evil glint in his eyes. And then with a few spoken

words he quickly conjured up a few choice items, including two pairs of handcuffs, a can of whipped cream, a blindfold, a jar of chocolate, a leather paddle, a feather and a shiny collar.

Harry's eyes went wide.

"What can I say?" Draco shrugged nonchalantly, enjoying the look on Harry's face. "I just couldn't get all your suggestions from our library session with Hermione out of my mind. Now, are you ready to play?"

All Harry could do was nod.

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The next morning, Lucius Malfoy wandered downstairs as was his wont early in the morning, and threaded his way into the kitchen for that delicious morning cup of dark, steaming French Roast coffee.

He had been pleased to note that since his howler to his errant son that not a word had been said in the papers about Draco's wretched relationship with that Potter boy. Not only that, he was pleased that he had finally gotten off a letter to Severus Snape asking for the "extra special" ingredients that would help ensure that Draco's wedding went smoothly. AND the letter that he had sent had been strictly platonic, without a hint of anything remotely inappropriate in it.

Well, okay. There may have been *one* passing reference to "flowing, billowing robes" and maybe *one* more reference to Snape's "strong, manly arms," but that was IT. And now the special ingredients were coming, and the invitations were in the mail, and Draco wasn't in the paper, and life was good for Lucius Malfoy.

"LOOO-CIOUS!" Lucius winced slightly. Life was good, yes, but life was not perfect.

"Yes, Narcissa?" he said as pleasantly as he could, as his wife walked into the kitchen where he was seated.

"Darling, I've sent out the invitations for Draco's party, did you know?"

"Yes dear, you told me you were planning on sending them."

"It's going to be simply marvelous! I've invited all of Draco's little friends, and I've hired a DJ, and gotten a few extra house elves to help with the decorating and clean-up. Actually, I was able to get that little fellow who used to work for us to come help out for the evening from Hogwarts. What's his name? Dooby? Dobie?"

"Dobby," Lucius said, through clenched teeth. Narcissa snapped her fingers.

"Yes, of course! *Dobby*. You know, he wasn't going to come, but then he heard that Harry Potter

was going to be here and he absolutely *jumped* at the chance to help. Apparently he's a big fan of Harry's."

"You don't say." Was it too early in the morning for Lucius to start drinking?

"Anyway lovey, I've sent out the invitations, and I'm *ever* so looking forward to this party. Also, I've told Draco that he can bring his boyfriend to stay over for the entire holidays."

"You WHAT?" Lucius was praying that he had heard wrong.

"I told Draco to bring Harry to stay with us for Christmas vacation. Did you know that the poor little dear has no parents?"

"Um, yes. I am quite familiar with the Potter boy's story," Lucius said, rubbing his temples.

"Well, I just couldn't have the poor baby staying all alone at Hogwarts for the holidays, could I? So I invited him to stay."

"Harry Potter is staying at my house for Christmas. That's just...lovely," Lucius said, looking very pained.

"It is, isn't it? I'm so looking forward to finally meeting Harry, Draco seems *very* fond of him. By the way, did you see today's paper? Looks like our little dragon made the front page again!"

And with that she handed a now very pale Lucius Malfoy *The Daily Prophet* and made her way out of the kitchen, humming "Material Girl" to herself as she went.

****

Draco awoke in Harry's bed early the next morning, his arms wrapped tightly around his boyfriend. He smiled to himself. He was in an *extraordinarily* good mood this morning. He sat up in Harry's bed and stretched his arms above his head, looking down at his still sleeping boyfriend.

"Wake up, Harry!" he said happily. Harry didn't budge.

"Harry, come on. Wake up," Draco insisted. Harry still didn't move. Draco leaned down and nuzzled his neck. "Haaa-rrry, wake up!"

Harry finally opened his eyes to glare up at Draco. "Draco. It's Saturday. And it's fucking early. So would you please pipe down and go back to sleep?" Harry gave Draco one last irritated glance and closed his eyes again. Draco was undaunted.

"Awww," he cooed. "You're *cranky* this morning. That's so *cute*." He punctuated his statement by ruffling Harry's already extraordinarily messy bed head. Harry's eyes snapped back open.

"Malfoy. I'm warning you. If you want to live to see your seventeenth birthday, you will *never* imply that I am cranky in the morning *ever* again."

"Oh, you don't mean that," Draco said dismissively, still running his fingers through Harry's hair. "You're just being mean 'cause you're grumpy. Who's my grumpy little Gryffindor?"

"I'm going to kill you, Malfoy," Harry growled, and yanked the covers over his head. "Now sod off. I'm trying to sleep."

Draco rolled his eyes, but he was in too good a mood to let a cranky Harry Potter spoil it. He wrenched open the hangings to Harry's bed, letting the early morning sunlight pour in. Offhandedly he began to hum the opening lines to "Isla Bonita."

Harry cracked open one eye. "Malfoy, are you *humming*?" he asked tersely, sounding annoyed.

"So what if I am?" Draco said cheerfully. "Now come on, Harry, rise and shine."

Harry glared at him through his eyelashes. "I told you no."

"Oh come on! We can sleep anytime. Look what a glorious morning it is! Let's get up, have a shower, and get some breakfast. And then we can go to Hogsmeade and get some chocolate, and maybe play a pick-up game of Quidditch later, and then -

"Malfoy. FUCK. OFF."

Draco bristled. "Now really, there's no need to get snippy. I guess you're just not really a morning person."

That got Harry's attention. He sat up in bed and sent a scathing glare in Draco's direction. "*I'm* not really a morning person? You're the one who's always an absolute bastard first thing in the morning. What the hell is wrong with you today?"

Draco shrugged. "I had incredible sex last night. Doesn't that entitle me to a good mood in the morning?"

Harry scowled darkly. "Yes. But you forget that I was the recipient of said great sex, and I am *fucking* sore. For the love of Merlin, I can barely move, you stupid git. First with the hours of jealous sex and then with the handcuffs and the food and the collar and then I swear to you Malfoy, I will *never* let your sadistic arse anywhere near me with a paddle *ever* again."

"Awww. Want me to kiss it better?"

"Go to hell."

"Still cranky, eh?"

"I'm warning you."

"Who's my cranky little kitten?"

"That's it. You asked for it." And with that Harry pounced on the unprepared Draco and had him trapped flat on his back on the bed in two seconds flat. Harry smirked evilly down at his squirming captive.

"Let me go, you great brute!" Draco shouted, quite a bit shocked at the sudden turn of events. Harry shook his head.

"I don't think so, Malfoy," he said vengefully, his smirk becoming decidedly more evil. "It's my turn on top." He leered down at the wriggling blonde. "Now, what did you do with that paddle?"

Draco gulped.

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Quite a little while later, the boys made their way into the Great Hall, Draco grumbling the entire way.

"Hero of the Wizarding World my arse," the blonde muttered under his breath, wincing occasionally. "Savage, barbaric, kinky sex fiend is more like it."

Harry was amused. "Oh, don't be such a baby, Draco. I went easy on you because you were so nice to me last night, protecting me from all our crazy friends."

"I *was* nice to you, wasn't I? Not that you deserved it, you bloody Neanderthal, with the way you treated me this morning."

Harry snorted. "Please. You loved every minute of it. You were screaming my name and begging me not to stop."

"Lies, rotten lies," Draco said dismissively, as they walked into the Great Hall.

Which immediately fell completely silent upon their entry.

Harry groaned under his breath. Why was *everything* he did immediately public knowledge?

He and Draco made their way over to the Gryffindor table where Hermione and Ron were already seated, valiantly ignoring the stares and whispers that were now following them as they sank into their seats. Harry turned to Ron and Hermione.

"Just tell me what the paper says," he said dully, and Hermione gave him a weak smile.

"Why don't you read it for yourself?" she suggested, passing him her copy of *The Daily Prophet*. Harry scanned the front page.

"*Malfoy Heir Shags Boy Who Lived into Raving Diva*. Lovely." Harry handed the paper back to Hermione and buried his head in his arms. Draco had unfurled his own copy and was reading happily.

"This is great!" he said, pointing at the article. "They've made me out to be some kind of sex god! I think I'm going to frame this."

"You do and there'll be nothing left but a few strands of prissy blonde hair when I'm done with you," Harry threatened from his arms. Draco sniffed, offended.

"Really, Harry. Such a temper this morning," he chided. "And my hair is not *prissy*, you uncultured swine, it's gorgeous and you know it."

"Hmph," was all Harry said back, but he didn't deny it. He really did have a soft spot for his boyfriend's hair.

At that moment, several owls flew over the Great Hall, all carrying matching silver envelopes and dropping the envelopes in front of various fifth, sixth and seventh year students.

"What on earth?" said Hermione, as a silver envelope fell next to her plate, and the plates of most of the nearby Gryffindors. Draco took a closer look and comprehension dawned on his face.

"Those must be the invitations to my birthday party," he said offhandedly, and Hermione quickly opened the envelope to prove him right.

Ron was staring at Draco. "You're inviting all these people to your birthday party?" he asked, incredulous. Draco shrugged.

"I guess so. My mum's planning it."

"But this party will be huge! You've invited the entire upper three classes of Hogwarts!" Ron was still in a bit of shock.

"Yes, well, I'll be turning seventeen. Coming of age, and all that. And I'm dating a celebrity now" there were snickers at this from all the nearby Gryffindors, and Harry turned to glare at his boyfriend, "So I suspect Mum wants it to be a big, festive event. You'll all be coming, yes?"

"Well, yeah, of course." Malfoy Manor was legendary among Hogwarts students. Nobody was going to miss this party. Draco nodded, pleased.

"Good. It's over Winter Break too, which is still a few weeks away, which gives you plenty of time to find me a present," Draco said suggestively. Ron paled.

"A present? But what on earth can I get you?" Ron was having a coronary at the thought of trying to find a way to get a present for the richest kid in school. Draco just rolled his eyes.

"Honestly, Weasley, relax. I'm joking."

"Oh." Ron was relived. Harry was looking over his invitation thoughtfully.

"Draco, look at this. There's a letter mixed in with my invitation. It looks like your mum's inviting me to stay at Malfoy Manor for the holidays."

"Oh, yeah. I forgot to tell you. When my mum heard you don't have parents she absolutely flipped and insisted that I bring you for Christmas. You'll come, right?"

Harry hesitated. "But Draco, what about your dad and" he glanced furtively around and lowered his voice, "Voldemort? Is it safe?"

"Of course it's safe, silly!" Draco whispered back. "My dad's not going to hand you over to the Dark Lord when everyone knows you're at his house! It'd be suicide; the Ministry would have his head! Not to mention what my mum would do to him if she found out he endangered another house guest."

"*Another* house guest?" Harry asked, not quite reassured. Draco waved a hand dismissively.

"Oh, that was just some incident with a distant relative, the Imperious curse, some pink, frilly knickers and a group of rabid Muggles. No big deal. Now say you'll come. I don't want to spend Christmas without you."

Harry bit his lip. "I don't know, Draco. Your dad hates me, and I'm not used to hanging around rich people, and what if Voldemort shows up, and -

"Everything will be fine, I promise. I won't let anything happen to you. Now *please* say yes, Harry?" And Draco gave Harry the cutest puppy dog eyes he knew how to give. Harry melted.

"Oh alright, then," he sighed, and smiled. It would be fun to spend Christmas at Malfoy Manor with Draco, and there would be the huge birthday party and everything, and at the very least things should be exciting and interesting.

At that moment, another owl flew into the Great Hall, swooped over the Gryffindor table and dropped an envelope in front of Draco.

A red envelope.

Draco turned white.

"Oh God no," he moaned, looking at the Howler next to his plate. "My dad must have seen *The Daily Prophet*." Amidst sympathetic looks from the nearby Gryffindors, Draco picked up the envelope with shaking hands and tore it open.

"**DRACO LUCIUS MALFOY**!!" Lucius Malfoy's amplified voice was again heard echoing through the Great Hall. "WHAT THE BLEEDING HELL ARE YOU DOING ON THE FRONT OF THE PAPER AGAIN??? I **DISTINCTLY** TOLD YOU THAT NEVER TO LET HARRY POTTER SHAG YOU SILLY AGAI...wait..."

Lucius Malfoy's voice suddenly dropped significantly in volume but did not stop talking.

"....what's that, Cissa? Draco was the one who shagged the Potter Boy silly this time?...he what?...a *diva*?...bloody hell, that *is* funny. What? Oh, right, right...the Howler."

Lucius' voice cleared its throat, then continued.

"WELL, I GUESS CONGRATULATIONS ARE IN ORDER THEN, DRACO. **WELL DONE**, **WELL DONE**. ALWAYS KNEW YOU HAD IT IN YOU. YOU ARE A CREDIT TO THE MALFOY NAME. LIKE FATHER LIKE SON, EH? THOUGH I NEVER SHAGGED JAMES POTTER **SILLY**, MIND YOU, I JUST SHAGGED HIM TO THE...UH, I SHOOK HIM! NOT SHAGGED, SHOOK! THAT'S RIGHT. SHOOK HIM. BACK AND FORTH AND IN AND - MERLIN, I'VE GOT TO GO."

And with that, the Howler burst into flames.

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Chapter: 22

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Dragon Tamer

Chapter 22: Discoveries and Dark Lords

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Harry and Draco sat at the Gryffindor table, eyes wide, faces pale, staring at the charred remains of Lucius Malfoy's Howler.

Utter silence reigned around them.

Slowly whispers began to filter through the Great Hall, and then soft talking, and then finally, normal conversation resumed.

Well, not for Harry and Draco.

"Did...did your dad just say..." Harry began, a horrified look on his face, meeting the eyes of an equally horrified Draco.

"I...I...I think..." Draco replied, and the two boys just stared at each other.

Then, in an unspoken agreement, Draco turned back to his breakfast.

"Well," he said with a rather forced smile, "It won't do to dawdle all day now, will it? After all, we have lots to do in Hogsmeade. Let's just eat our breakfasts, shall we, Harry?"

"An excellent suggestion, Draco," Harry replied with a forced smile of his own. "Wouldn't want to stick around here when we could be in Hogsmeade, would we?" He began taking small bites out of his muffin, not quite meeting Draco's eyes.

Ron looked back and forth between the two of them, confused.

"Malfoy, didn't your dad just say he shagged James Pot -

"**NO**!!!" Both Harry and Draco shouted at the same time. Ron looked startled.

"But -" the redhead began.

"Weasley, pass me the maple syrup, would you?" Draco said in a falsely cheerful voice. "There's a good mate."

"But I clearly heard your dad say - "

"Ron, dish me up some sausages, alright?" Harry said quickly, shoving his plate in Ron's face. "Thanks."

"But Harry, your dad shagged Malfoy's -

"You know, Harry, I think I'd like to get breakfast in Hogsmeade instead. What do you say?"

Draco said, turning to Harry and standing up from his seat.

"What a positively *smashing* idea, Draco. I'd love to have breakfast in Hogsmeade. In fact, let's go right now," Harry replied, hurriedly standing up from his own seat.

"But you guys are just *ignoring* the fact that your dads clearly -

"Bye Ron, bye Hermione!" Harry said a little too quickly and loudly, striding rapidly away from the table.

"Yes, bye Weasley, Granger. See you later," Draco tossed over his shoulder, hastily following Harry out of the Great Hall.

Ron turned to Hermione. "What's their problem?"

Hermione just rolled her eyes.

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Harry and Draco were almost to the Entrance Hall when Draco stopped suddenly.

"What?" Harry asked, confused.

"I should grab my cloak," Draco said, turning to head towards the Slytherin dungeons. He looked Harry up and down. "Come to think of it, let me get a cloak for you too. It's freezing out and all we've got on are your sweaters." Draco, having spent yet another night in Harry's room, was again dressed in Harry's borrowed clothes. He silently thanked whatever gods there were that he had taken Harry on that shopping trip back at the beginning of their pseudo-relationship, because he sure as hell seemed to end up wearing Harry's clothes quite often.

Harry just shrugged. He wasn't really one to think too much about what he was wearing, but didn't want Draco to be cold so he dutifully followed the blonde into Slytheirn territory.

Draco spoke the password to the bare stretch of stone as Harry hissed a hello to the portrait of the lady with the snake across the corridor. Draco narrowed his eyes.

"So that's where you got the password when you came to assault me after the *Wicked Witch Weekly* article."

"Yes, actually," Harry said, smiling pleasantly. "He was such a help. After all, I did have quite a score to settle with you that day."

"Wanker," Draco said, almost affectionately. They walked through the Slytherin common room and Draco put his hand on the door to his bedroom.

And stepped back, confused.

"It's locked," he said, looking puzzled.

"That's odd," said Harry. "Must be some kind of mistake."

"Must be," said Draco, pulling out his wand. In short order he undid all the locking charms on the door and swung it open.

There, in plain view, were Seamus Finnigan and Blaise Zabini.

Naked as the day they were born.

On Draco's bed.

There was a moment of horrified silence, and then:

"Blaise!"

"Draco!"

"Seamus!"

"Harry!"

"Potter!"

"Zabini!"

"Malfoy!"

"Finnigan!"

The foursome just gaped at each other. Draco recovered first.

"What the BLEEDING HELL are you two doing? And why the FUCK are you doing it on MY BED???"

Blaise winced. "Um...nicer sheets?"

Harry's mouth was opening and closing like a goldfish. "Seamus...what the *hell*? You and Zabini? SINCE WHEN ARE YOU AND DRACO'S EX-BOYFRIEND AN ITEM???"

Seamus smiled weakly. "Since the day after I tried to make a move on you?"

The two Gryffindors and the two Slytherins just stared at each other for a moment, before Draco noticed something brown and furry hiding under a night table across the room and began howling again.

"You PERVERTS! My BUNNY is still in the room! Look at him! LOOK! You've TRAUMATIZED him, you bastards!!!"

Blaise and Seamus exchanged guilty looks while Draco ran over and picked up the rabbit from his hiding space by Crabbe's bed.

Harry bit back a smile. "Draco, I'm sure your rabbit is fine. After all, there *is* that expression "fucking like bunnies," it has to come from somewhere."

"Shut up, Harry," the blonde snarled as he cradled the bunny rabbit to his chest. "He's a *sensitive* rabbit, he shouldn't have had to see that." Draco turned and glowered at the naked wizards on his bed. "Well?? What the fuck are you waiting for?? Get the hell off my bed!!"

Blaise and Seamus hastily complied.

"AND FOR MERLIN'S SAKE PUT SOME CLOTHES ON!"

The pair of newly discovered lovers quickly threw on their discarded clothes.

Draco gave them both a very icy stare. "*Incendio*," he muttered, pointing his wand at his bed. The sheets and comforter went up in smoke.

Blaise sighed. "Honestly, Draco, you're completely over-reacting. We weren't even under the covers."

Draco's glare got decidedly icier. "Just be glad I decided to wait until the two of you were *out* of the bed before I set it on fire." He set Draco Lucius Malfoy the Third down on Crabbe's bed so that his famous Malfoy Death Glare wasn't lessened by a cuddly, fluffy bunny in his arms.

"Right. Point taken," Seamus responded nervously.

There was a moment of very awkward silence.

Finally Harry put on a brave smile. "Well, um...congratulations?" he said, tentatively. Seamus returned his smile.

"Thanks," the Irish tow-head said back. Blaise looked at Draco expectantly. Draco glared back.

"I'm not congratulating you, you smarmy bastard. You're doing it with a Gryffindor on my bed. The only Gryffindor who should be debauched on that bed is Harry."

Blaise waved him off. "You're so touchy sometimes."

Harry suddenly seemed to put something together. "So I guess this means you two were together last night when I kissed..." he winced at Blaise's narrowed eyes, "...um, yeah. Sorry about that."

Blaise gave him a very dirty look. "Actually, Potter, we've been together for *quite* some time now, and if you wouldn't terribly mind, the next time you decided to snog someone to make Draco jealous, would you mind terribly *not* snogging *my* boyfriend?"

Harry smiled weakly. "Right. Duly noted."

Seamus, meanwhile, was looking at Blaise hungrily. "You're so hot when you're jealous," he purred. Blaise shot him an equally hungry look.

"Oh, *ew*. I so did not need to hear that," Draco moaned.

"Actually, I think it's great. I'm really happy for you two," Harry said sincerely. Draco gave him a half-appalled, half scathing look.

"Thanks, Potter. You know, if you want, you can always stay and watch," Blaise said lasciviously.

"Or maybe even join in?" Seamus added with a smirk. Blaise cuffed him on the back of his head. "Ow, Blaise!"

"That's it. We're leaving. RIGHT NOW," Draco snarled. He stomped over to the closet, grabbed two winter cloaks off the hangers, tossed one at Harry, and began pushing him out the door.

"But Draco, it might be kind of fun if we -

"Finish that sentence and you're a dead man, Potter," Draco growled, and shooting one last evil glare at Blaise and Seamus he shoved Harry out the door, shouting over his shoulder as they left.

"And for the love of all things holy STAY OFF MY BED!!"

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"All I was going to say was it might be kind of fun if we went on a double date with Seamus and Blaise some time," Harry was saying in an injured tone of voice, as Draco yanked him up the path to Hogsmeade, the first snow of the year crunching under their feet. "I wasn't *actually* thinking about some kind of kinky foursome with two of our good friends."

"Good," said Draco shortly, "because if we're going to have a kinky foursome with any of our friends it's going to be Weasley and Granger."

"WHAT???"

"Oh yeah," said Draco, biting back a smirk at the horrified look on Harry's face. "I mean, face it, we know for a *fact* that Granger's a little wild cat in the bedroom, and she's quite a looker, for a girl. And Weasley - well, aren't you just *dying* to know if the carpets match the drapes?"

"Oh. My. God," Harry said, looking sickly pale. "I can't believe you just said that."

"Oh, come on, Harry. It'll be *such* fun. We can dress Granger up in some kind of cute little outfit, like a French maid, and then I can watch while Weasley takes you from be -

"NOOOO!" Harry moaned, covering his ears with his hands. "Draco, please, *please*, I'm begging you, STOP!"

Draco grinned and bumped his shoulder gently. "It's okay, Potter. I was just joking."

Harry cautiously removed his hands. "Promise?"

"Promise."

Harry glared at his boyfriend. "You're a monster."

"Yeah, well, you're a prat who kisses other boys to make me jealous. I'd say we deserve each other."

Harry gave Draco a pained look. "You're never going to let me live that one down, are you?"

"Nope," said Draco cheerfully. "Oh look, there's Hogsmeade. Now how about that breakfast? You're buying, right?"

Harry sighed a melodramatic, long-suffering sigh. "Oh, very well then. But only because you're the girl in this relationship."

Draco's mouth fell open in outrage. Harry knew when to run.

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Far away from Draco and Harry's antics in the snow, Lucius Malfoy was sulking in his study.

Harry Potter was going to be spending Christmas holidays at Malfoy Manor. *Harry Potter*. Lucius poured himself a snifter of brandy and downed the whole thing in one gulp.

This was *so* not cool. Why Harry Potter? Why oh why couldn't Draco have just married the Parkinson girl like the good little Malfoy he was supposed to be?

Lucius threw back yet another brandy...and another...and another...

...and a little while later, Lucius plopped down in his favorite chair, leaned back with a contented sigh, and closed his eyes. Apparently a high enough blood alcohol level can really help you forget that the hero of the wizarding world and your gay son's current shag would be spending the holidays at your manor.

Suddenly there was a loud 'pop' out in the garden. Lucius cracked opened one eye.

"Whosh there?" he slurred, trying to look out the window from his spot slouched in his favorite chair. Before he saw anything, however, the door from the garden to the study opened, and in walked the Dark Lord himself, You-Know-Who, He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named, his imminent evilness, Lord Voldemort.

"Oh," said Lucius dismissively, closing his eyes again. "Itsh just you."

Lord Voldemort looked at Lucius with a raised eyebrow. "Malfoy, are you drunk?"

"No!" said Lucius indignantly. Then he paused. "Alright, yesh," he admitted sheepishly. The Dark Lord rolled his eyes.

"Honestly," he muttered, and pointed his wand at the Senior Malfoy. "*Sobrietus*!" he incanted, and Lucius suddenly felt his mind completely clear.

"Whoa," he said, shaking his head a bit. "Thanks."

"Don't mention it," said Voldemort offhandedly as he reached into the handbag that was hanging over his bony shoulder. Lucius looked at him, puzzled.

"My Lord?"

"Yes?"

"When did you start carrying a purse?"

"It's not a *purse*, Malfoy," the Dark Lord said indignantly. "It's a man-bag."

"A man-bag?"

"Yes. They're all the rage right now in Paris."

Lucius shrugged. It sure as hell looked like a purse to him, but hey, if the Dark Lord wanted to carry a purse and call it a man-bag, that was his prerogative.

"Can I get you a cup of tea, my Lord?"

"Oh, no thanks, I can't stay. I'm here on business, you know."

"Is that so? Well, what brings you to my humble home?"

Voldemort snorted. "Humble home? This place is practically a bloody castle."

Lucius felt mildly irritated. "It's just an expression."

"Whatever," said Voldemort, who had resumed digging around in his man-bag. "Now where did I put that - AHA! Here it is!" And with a flourish he ripped out what was probably the very last thing Lucius Malfoy wanted to see:

A copy of *The Daily Prophet*.

"Lucius," Lord Voldemort said in a silky voice, taking a seat in the chair next to Lucius'. "We need to talk."

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"So your son actually *likes* the Potter boy? Like, likes him like *that*?"

"Apparently," said Lucius, rubbing his temples. Voldemort looked disappointed.

"I had hoped this was some kind of scheme on his part to bring Harry Potter to me. Of course, I had my doubts when I saw that article last week, the one with the picture of your son singing Madonna, after Potter shagged him sil-

"Yes. I remember the article," Lucius interrupted. He really, really, really didn't want to discuss that article ever again.

Voldemort looked sulky. "I can't believe Potter shagged someone silly. Stupid Potter. Everyone thinks he's so great."

"You know, my son shagged him silly too," Lucius said crossly.

Voldemort waved it off. "Oh, yes, yes, I know, but it's Potter I'm competing with here. I can't stand the fact that he's beaten me in something." He looked extremely put out. Then, his eyes got a gleam in them. "I'm sure I could shag someone silly if I tried." He gave Lucius a lecherous look. "What do you say, Malfoy? I've always had a thing for blondes."

Lucius gulped. "Um, as flattered as I am, your Lordship, I'm a married man."

"Oh yeah. Pity." Voldemort looked vaguely disappointed. "Well, there's always Wormtail."

Lucius suddenly felt violently ill.

"Hey Malfoy?"

"What?"

"Wasn't your son supposed to marry the Parkinson girl?"

Finally. Someone else who understood the importance of marrying who you were supposed to!

"Yes, yes he was!" Lucius said excitedly. Here was someone who understood his pain, who he could tell about his secret plan, someone who could help him trap Draco into marriage -

"Well, it's just as well that didn't work out. Draco wouldn't have been happy."

"I'm sorry - *what*?"

"Well, your son is just so obviously and flamingly *gay*, Lucius. I can't believe you ever thought you'd get him to marry a girl."

Lucius just stared at the Dark Lord, speechless.

"My son is not *gay*," he said indignantly. "He's just...*experimenting*."

Lord Voldemort laughed outright. "Oh, that's a good one! Draco, not gay! And I'm Harry Potter's long lost grandfather!" He sniffed and wiped tears of laughter from the corners of his eyes. "Oh, Lucius. You're such a crack-up. You're my favorite minion."

"Gee. Thanks," said Lucius sarcastically. Voldemort stood up.

"Well, I really must be going. Now that I know that this isn't some scheme on Draco's part to hand me Potter - pity about that, but oh well - I have other work to attend to. And you say Potter will be here for the Christmas holidays? Are you sure I can't - "

"Quite sure," said Lucius firmly. "You can't have him. I'm not going back to Azkaban when he disappears from my house so you're just going to have to wait until some other time to get your hands on him."

Voldemort shrugged. "Yeah, I figured you'd say that. But it was worth a shot. See you around, then."

And with a 'pop' he disapperated.

Lucius sighed to himself. Even the Dark Lord was convinced his son was gay. Everyone was against him.

"LOOO-CIUS!!! I need your help, dear! We need to tend to the gardens! I want everything to be perfect for our little dragon and his celebrity guest!"

Lucius groaned and buried his head in his hands. Life hated him.

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Chapter: 23

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Dragon Tamer

Chapter 23: Chasing the Snitch

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After a long, productive day of shopping in Hogsmeade, Draco and Harry headed out to the Quidditch pitch for a little one-on-one action.

No, not *that* kind of one-on-one action.

Draco reached into his pocket and pulled out a tiny golden practice snitch, its little wings glittering in the sunlight.

"Ready, Potter?" he asked, with a quirk of his eyebrows.

"Ready," Harry returned. Draco released the snitch, and they were off.

Draco had to admit, he loved to watch Harry fly. The wizard had a natural grace in the air that was seen only in the very best Quidditch players around the world. Not only that, but the wind roughing up his hair and the glow of exertion coloring his cheeks made Harry look so gorgeously alive that Draco felt himself getting seriously turned on.

After three or four rounds of chasing the snitch, with Harry edging Draco out every time, Draco's mind had hatched out a very sneaky little plan to spice up the rest of his evening.

He signaled to Harry that he wanted to talk, and they flew their brooms within inches of each other. Draco took a good, long look at his boyfriend - hair wild and messy, cheeks red with the cold and exercise, vivid green eyes absolutely glowing with excitement. Oh yeah, Draco was ready to change the stakes of their game a little bit.

"So what did you want to talk about?" Harry asked, indulging himself in flying a backwards loop as he waited to hear what Draco would say.

Draco smirked. "Well, if you think you're up for it, Potter, what do you say we make things a little more exciting?"

At the suggestive wording of Draco's statement, Harry stopped mid-loop and quickly righted himself. "I might be interested. What did you have in mind?" he asked, his nonchalant tone betrayed by the quickening of his breathing.

"Oh, just a little bet, that's all," Draco said casually. He took in Harry's rising and falling chest and his own heart began to beat just a little bit quicker. One thing he loved about Harry - the brunette was usually up for anything.

"A bet over who'll get the snitch? Alright. What're the terms?" Harry asked, his eyes traveling up and down his mischievous-looking blonde boyfriend. His body hadn't forgotten his previous handling of Draco this morning, and now it was positively tingling with excitement at the thought of a repeat performance.

Draco flew a couple inches closer. "Easy terms. The one who fails to catch the snitch," he purred softly, "becomes the snitch for the winner."

Harry gave him a wary look. "What do you mean?" he asked cautiously, wondering what Draco was getting at. He resumed his casual loops on his Firebolt as he waited for Draco to explain.

"I mean," Draco continued, eyeing Harry in a distinctly coy manner, "If you catch the snitch, then I have to run while you chase me. All over the bloody castle, if you like. You're still the seeker, and I become the snitch. And then when you catch me, you can fuck me *any way you want*."

Harry froze on his broom.

Draco gave him that blasted coy, flirtatious smile again. "And of course, if I catch the snitch, then vice versa. What do you say Harry?"

Harry opened his mouth to speak, but the words seemed to stick in his suddenly dry throat. He reached up and tugged at the neck of his sweater as an overwhelming heat rushed through his body. His mind enthusiastically flooded itself with images of Draco - Draco on his back, on Harry's bed; Draco, handcuffed and writhing on his own bed; Draco bent over a desk in an empty

classroom.

He took a deep breath and nodded at Draco.

"Great." Draco smiled winningly at Harry. "Shake on it?" He held out his hand and Harry took it. Pleasant tingles of electricity sparked on both boys' skin where their hands connected.

Draco held out his free hand and opened it, the snitch resting innocently on his palm. Grey eyes met vivid green ones.

"To the winner goes the snitch, then," Draco said silkily. "Think you can handle the pressure, Potter?"

"Oh, you're going down, Malfoy," Harry returned, the competitive trash talking and delicious double entendre with Draco sending even more fire into his already heated veins. "Your arse is mine."

"I wouldn't be so sure about that, Harry," Draco purred with a smile. Harry, already focused on the snitch, failed to notice that Draco's smile had switch from coy and flirtatious to downright predatory. If he had noticed, he would have known Draco was up to something.

But he didn't notice, and when Draco released the little golden ball, both boys took off into the air, soaring high above the ground, both completely determined to catch the elusive snitch.

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Even with both of them tearing after it, the snitch managed to evade capture and disappear. Draco and Harry both flew up to the middle of the pitch and hovered there, waiting.

Draco took advantage of the momentary lull to affix a very innocent expression to his face. He turned to Harry. "You know, Potter," he began, in a would-be casual voice, "I had a dream about you last night."

"That so?" replied Harry, not really paying attention, eyes too riveted on locating that speck of gold that would mean a night of hot sex with a hot blonde. He was in top seeker mode, completely attentive, his awareness solely focused on finding the snitch. He was a rock, completely un-distractible and imperturbable. Nothing could break his concentration.

"Yup," said Draco, also keeping his eyes peeled. "Another one of those blasted erotic wet dreams I used to have about you."

Okay, *almost* nothing could break his concentration.

Harry completely forgot about the snitch, did an about-face on his broom and turned to look at Draco. "Wh-what?" he asked, voice slightly shaky.

Draco bit back a smirk of triumph. "Oh yeah. I used to have all these crazy, wild, kinky sex dreams about you, Potter, before we got together. Merlin, they were so unbelievably hot."

"R-really?" stuttered Harry, who had the nagging feeling that he was supposed to be focusing on something besides the idea of Draco having erotic sex dreams about the two of them. "So...uh...what did you dream about?" he asked, hoping he sounded in control when he so clearly wasn't.

"Oh, the usual, I guess. Sucking you off in your own bed at night, tying you up in my bed and licking every inch of your body, doing you on Snape's desk during Potions class. Most often, though, it was dreams of you, stripping me completely naked and then having your way with me in the Quidditch locker rooms. The dreams were always so sexy that when I woke up in the morning, I'd still be hard, and I'd have to toss off in the shower thinking about you."

"Oh. My. *God*." Harry was in a bit of a daze and just staring at his boyfriend.

"Mmmm, I'm getting all turned on again just remembering it," Draco purred, leaning back a bit on his broom and trailing his hands down his body. He had Harry's complete and total attention. He pretended to close his eyes while still looking for the snitch through his eyelashes. "Mmm, fuck, Harry," he moaned. "You make me so hot. I just want to -

And then he saw it. The *snitch*.

Fast as a bolt of lightning Draco took off after it. It took Harry, who had been completely enraptured by Draco's little performance, a few seconds to realize what had just happened before he cursed Draco thoroughly and took off after him.

They both soared down towards the little golden ball that held such promise for the one who caught it. Faster and faster they both went, hurdling towards it, but the blonde had a ferocious head start. Harry managed to catch up with the Draco, and just as Draco's outstretched fingers touched the snitch, Harry slammed into him from the side and they both tumbled to the ground.

They fell together in a tangled heap, all legs and arms, both breathing heavily.

"You dirty rotten cheater," Harry scowled, as he disentangled himself from Draco's body and stood up to glare at his boyfriend. "I can't believe you tried to distract me like that, you bloody bastard."

Draco stood up as well, and fixed Harry with what was unmistakably a leer. "Well, lucky for me, Harry," he said silkily, opening his fist, "it worked."

There, in his hand, lay the golden snitch.

Harry's stunned, verdant green eyes met Draco's wicked looking grey ones. Draco's leer turned

rapacious as he flashed perfect white teeth in a feral, predatory smile.

"You better run, Potter."

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Harry bolted from the Quidditch field, running as fast as he could. He didn't trust Draco to give him much more than a 30 second head start. He sprinted up to the castle, flung open the doors and barreled through the Entrance Hall, crashing into students at every turn but determined to put some distance between himself and Draco.

Racking his brain for the place that Draco would least likely suspect, he turned and dashed down into the Slytherin dungeons. He passed Snape's classroom, and then quickly back-tracked, opened the door and ran in, closing the door behind him. He leaned back against the door and paused to catch his breath, panting heavily.

"Damn that stupid Slytherin git," Harry thought to himself, tilting his head back and sliding down to the floor to better rest. "He *planned* that whole thing, getting me all hot and bothered and distracted so he could catch the snitch." Harry paused for a moment and held his breath as he heard voices right outside the door. He listened closely, but it wasn't Draco. He sighed with relief.

Still, he reflected to himself, it wasn't like having Draco chase him was *bad*. Actually, Harry noticed that his stomach felt all nervous and fluttery in a very pleasant sort of way. The knowledge that Draco Malfoy was out there searching for him, and that when he caught him he was going to shag him six ways to Sunday was really quite a bit of a turn-on.

"Like a very dirty game of muggle hide-and-seek," Harry considered, standing up slowly. Well, if he was a snitch he ought to act like it, and that meant not just hiding in one place but trying to stay moving. Besides, he didn't want Draco to find him too easily. He contemplated sneaking up to his room for his Maurader's Map and invisibility cloak, but that didn't seem in the spirit of fair play, and Harry Potter was known for being a fierce but fair competitor.

And he wanted Draco to catch him - eventually. First, he was going to do everything in his power to hide from Draco. Maybe he hadn't beat Draco to the snitch, but he sure as hell could drag the hunt for him out for hours.

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While Harry was sneaking out of Snape's classroom, inching along the corridor and keeping his eyes peeled for a shock of blonde hair, Draco was at the other end of the castle, up by the North Tower, silently treading through the halls and peeking in classrooms along the way. Already he was both cursing and congratulating himself for such a clever plan. Congratulating himself because Potter was out there running scared from Draco, and Draco had to admit that chasing him was turning out to be a hell of a turn-on.

Cursing himself because if he had just suggested a bet about straight up sex right after the match, he could be shagging Harry right now instead of searching all over the bloody castle.

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Harry successfully evaded capture until dinner time, when he was faced with a serious dilemma. He was *starving*. He had to have food, no two ways about it. The question was whether he should head down to the kitchens or to the Great Hall. Which one would Draco be less likely to suspect?

After several moments of deliberation, Harry chose the Great Hall, figuring that Draco would assume he was trying to stay out of sight. Besides, there was a certain safety in numbers. He'd have time to run away again (hopefully) if Draco spotted him.

Harry snuck down to the Great Hall and peeked in through the doors at the Slytherin table. No Draco. Perfect!

He speedily walked over the Gryffindor table and sat down in his usual spot next to Ron across from Hermione, piled some food on his plate and began eating at light speed.

"Hey Harry," Ron said, watching him curiously, "Are you in a hurry or something?"

Harry just nodded, gulping down a glass of pumpkin juice and going back to shoveling food in his mouth at top speed.

"You probably want to get dinner over with so you can start on that Transfiguration essay that's due Monday, don't you?" Hermione said knowingly.

Harry paused. He gave Hermione a disbelieving look, and then shrugged. "Yeah, that's right Herm. My essay. That's it exactly."

Hermione nodded approvingly. "Good for you, Harry. You don't want to put that essay to the last minute, or McGonagall will really ride you."

Harry almost chocked on his food. Why did Hermione have to use unintentional innuendo when he already had sex on the brain?

"Yeah, mate," Ron agreed sagely, "The professors around here really give it to you hard when you're late with stuff."

This time Harry really did choke.

"Harry, are you alright?" Hermione asked, concerned. "Why are you choking? Has something gotten into you?"

Harry took a deep breath. "Nothing yet," he muttered under his breath, "But it's only a matter of time." Hermione and Ron looked very puzzled, but Harry ignored them. He finished all the food on his plate, threw back the rest of his juice, wiped his mouth and got ready to leave. He glanced back up to check the doors into the hall - and to his horror Draco was swaggering in, heading for the Slytherin table

Their eyes locked over the heads of hundreds of classmates.

Harry's eyes flew open wide while Draco licked his lips suggestively. Without even pausing to give a word of explanation to his friends, Harry pushed back from the Gryffindor table and bolted out of the Great Hall, Draco hot on his heels.

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As soon as he locked eyes with Harry, a shiver of electricity had sizzled down his spine. "You're mine, Potter," he thought to himself as Harry jumped up from the table and ran out of the Great Hall. Draco scrambled after him.

He dashed after Harry down corridor after corridor, up a flight of stairs, and down another corridor. Up in front of him he saw Harry turn a corner and he followed as fast as he could. He turned the same corner -

And Potter wasn't there.

Draco looked around. Harry must have hid in one of the rooms lining the hallway, he realized, and smirked wickedly to himself. That meant Potter was trapped. He lifted out his wand and cast a locking spell that rippled down the hall, locking every door. That should hold Harry in until he could check each and ever room for his errant boyfriend.

Draco methodically opened every door but one in the corridor.

So far, no Potter.

He frowned. There was only one room he hadn't checked yet, and he was reluctant to do so, because it was a girl's bathroom. Still, although he wouldn't have guessed that Harry would hide in a girl's bathroom, maybe he had. Taking a deep breath, he cautiously opened the door.

"Hello? Any girls in here?" he called out tentatively, not waiting to meet a series of high pitched shrieks and wails and cries of "PERVERT!" if there were, indeed, girls in the bathroom.

Nobody answered. Feeling emboldened, Draco pushed the door open the rest of the way and walked in.

The bathroom looked as if it hadn't been used in ages. One of the stalls had an "Out of Order"

sign on it. "Potter must have known about this," he thought to himself. "He must have known this was an unused bathroom and that he was safe to come in here." He made a small noise of triumph - Harry was in here, he just knew it. He began checking each and every stall, mind spinning plans of what he was going to do with the famous Boy-Who-Lived as soon as he caught him.

Suddenly, Draco heard a faint noise that almost sounded like a sniff, coming from the stall labeled "Out of Order." A smirk found its way onto his lips. He walked in front of the stall and got ready to fling it open.

"I know you're in here, Potter!" he called out, hand on the door. "I've got you now, you little minx, and I hope you're ready, because I'm going to shag you to the wall when I - who the hellare *you*??"

Draco had flung open the stall door dramatically to reveal not Harry Potter, but the ghost of a girl with pigtails, glasses, and a very sullen expression.

The ghost sniffed in an insulted manner. "Not that you would actually care, but I'm Moaning Myrtle. Who're *you*?"

Draco sneered at her. "I'm Draco Malfoy." He looked disparagingly at the ghost. "Was that you making all that racket?"

Moaning Myrtle fixed him with a *look*. "You'd be crying too if your life had been so miserable, and now you were stuck haunting a girls' toilet. You're very rude, you know. Not understanding at all. Nothing like Harry Potter."

At Harry's name, Draco's ears perked up. "You know Harry Potter?"

Myrtle suddenly seemed to cheer up. "Oh, yes," she said eagerly. "I've known him for *years*. So handsome, that one, and so brave. Why, I remember when -

"Yes, yes, he's wonderful," Draco said irritably. Even the ghosts in the castle were infatuated with his boyfriend.

Myrtle glared at him. "It's not very polite to interrupt people, you know," she said haughtily.

"Yes, well, you're not exactly a person, are you?" Draco returned. He ignored Myrtle's gasp of outrage. "Look, have you seen him recently? Like, within the last twenty minutes or so?"

"Well, even if I had I'd hardly tell *you*. Harry deserves to be kept far away from the likes of you."

"Spare me the lecture. Have you seen him or not?" Draco said crossly. Myrtle gave him a dirty

look.

"As it happens, I haven't. Now go away and leave me in peace, you horrible boy."

Draco rolled his eyes. He quickly checked the last few stalls to confirm that Harry wasn't lurking in any of them, and then, forced to accept that Harry, indeed, was not in the bathroom, he turned and left, cursing his bad luck and wondering where on earth Harry had got to.

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Moaning Myrtle waited for a few moments after Draco had left, and then floated over to one of the sinks, one that hadn't ever actually worked.

"It's alright, Harry," she called out to the sink, "You can come out now. He's gone."

The sink suddenly began to move aside, revealing a pipe large enough for a person to fit in, with Harry Potter lodged in it. He crawled out, wiping grime off of his jeans, and quickly hissed at the passage to the Chamber of Secrets to close itself.

"Thanks a million, Myrtle," he said with a winning smile. "I owe you one."

If Myrtle had had any blood flowing through her body and wasn't a translucent pearly white, she would have blushed.

"Thanks, Harry," she said. "You know I'd help you any time. And if you ever get tired of that horrible blonde boy, or you happen to die any time soon, you know you're always more than welcome to -

"You're so sweet," Harry said, fighting away several horrible mental pictures. "Well, I better run. I'll see you around then?"

"Any time you want, Harry," Myrtle returned with a rather saucy wink for a ghost. Harry fought back a shudder and snuck out of the bathroom, dashing down the corridors to keep hiding from Draco.

****

It was now just after curfew, and Harry was congratulating himself on a job well done. Draco was probably dying of frustration at not being able to find Harry. Harry walked past the doors to the library and turned a corner, feeling very smug -

And froze.

There was Draco, talking to Blaise.

Luckily, Draco didn't seem to have spotted Harry, who quietly backed up and then dashed down the corridor. He ran for the nearest open door to hide.

Ah, the library. Perfect. Draco would never think to look for him here. He ducked inside.

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"Hey Draco - was that Harry I just saw?"

At Blaise's words Draco spun around. "You saw Potter? Where?" The sexual frustration in his voice rang out loud and clear.

"Just there," Blaise said, pointed down the corridor. "It looked like he saw us and then bolted. I think he might have gone into the library." He looked at Draco with concern. "Why didn't he say hi? Is everything alright with you two?"

"As of right now, it couldn't be better," Draco smiled, already walking away from Blaise towards the heavy oak doors of the Hogwarts library.

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Harry slipped inside and hurriedly walked past rows of shelves and tables, looking for a dark row of books to hide in when a voice called out his name.

"Harry! Where have you been? I thought you were here working on your essay all this time!"

It was Hermione. Cautiously Harry walked over to her table.

"Actually, Hermione, I've been - busy," he tried to explain, without giving away the fact that he was playing a slightly kinky game of cat and mouse with his boyfriend.

"Oh," she said, "well, want to work with me now?"

"I can't, I have to -

And suddenly, by the doors of the library, Harry saw Draco walk in, an alarmingly predatory look on his face.

Harry dropped to his knees next to Hermione.

"Harry, what on earth are you -

"Shhhh!" he hissed, watching over Hermione's table as Draco began to peruse the front of the library, looking down rows of books for Harry.

Hermione had a very puzzled look on her face. Harry motioned for her to lean down.

"Hermione, I need your help, okay?" he said urgently. "I'm going to hide under your table, and when Draco comes over here and asks if you've seen me, you say *no*, got it?"

"Harry, I don't understand. Why are you hiding from Draco?"

"I'll tell you later," he whispered hurriedly, crawling under the table. "Just do this for me, alright Herm? Please?"

Draco had spotted Hermione. He waved to her. She tentatively waved back.

"Alright, Harry, I'll play along," she whispered under the table. Harry sighed in relief. He peeked through the chair legs from his spot under the table and had a wonderful view of Draco's shoes as he walked up to Hermione's table and stopped right in front of her.

"Hello, Granger," he said pleasantly.

"Malfoy," she returned, not looking up from her book.

"Listen, I'm looking for Harry. You haven't seen him anywhere, have you?" Draco asked, placing a hand on the table and leaning down to smile winningly at Hermione.

"Nope, sorry, haven't seen him," she said, just a tiny bit too quickly. Draco studied her for a moment.

"You sure about that, Granger? You wouldn't lie to me, would you?" he said in a voice filled with implicit trust. Gryffindors really weren't any good at lying, Draco knew, and he watched Hermione closely.

Sure enough, her cheeks took on the faintest tinge of pink. "Of course I wouldn't lie to you, Draco," she said, looking slightly uncomfortable. "I said I haven't seen Harry, and I haven't seen him. You should look somewhere else."

Harry winced under the table. Hermione was far from convincing. Still, maybe Draco had bought it?

Not a chance.

Draco sat down on the table, next to Hermione's book, swinging his legs. Harry had to move back slightly to avoid being kicked.

"Now, Granger," Draco said in a very friendly voice, "I'm going to let you in on a little secret. If Harry told you not to tell me that you'd seen him, that isn't really true. Harry *wants* me to find him."

"He - he does?" Hermione said, bewildered. Harry bit back a groan. This didn't look good. He began to look for an escape route from under the table.

"Yes, he does," Draco continued smoothly. "Because we're playing a game."

"Oh?" said Hermione, sounding curious. "What kind of game?"

"A sex game."

"Oooh," Hermione said in an excited voice. "Tell me about it."

"Well," Draco began to explain, "I'm a seeker and he's the golden snitch. I've been chasing him all over the castle since this afternoon."

"I say, that's pretty hot," Hermione said, sounding impressed. "I need to write that one down." Harry had to duck out of the way as Hermione reached down into her book bag and pulled out a little black book the size of a diary.

"*Hermione Granger's Book of Wild, Kinky-Monkey Sex Ideas*?" Draco voice rang out, sounding incredulous. "Granger, that book isn't seriously -

"Yes, it is. I take notes on *everything*."

There was a moment of silence. All that could be heard was the scratching of Hermione's pen in her little black book as both Harry and Draco contemplated methods of stealing said little book.

"So what happens when you finally catch Harry?" Hermione asked. Draco gave her a wicked smile.

"What do you think? I get to shag him into the floor." Draco leaned in intently to look into Hermione's face. "Granger, I know you've seen him. I'm willing to bet you know where he is right now. Let me explain something to you. I've been walking around maddeningly horny since I played Quidditch with him over five hours ago. I'm going crazy. When I find his stupid arse I'm going to give him the shagging of his life. You're one of Harry's best friends. Don't you *want* him to get the shagging of his life?"

There was a moment of silence as Hermione seemed to be thinking this over. Underneath the table, Harry was thinking this over as well. Surrender was starting to seem like a good option. Yes, surrender and get shagged and - no! This was a matter of pride! He wasn't going to give in so easily.

Draco sensed Hermione's weakening and pressed his point home. "Granger, you have to help me here. Don't you remember? Friends are supposed to help friends get laid. It's a rule."

Hermione hesitated. "Is that *really* a rule?" she asked, fixing Draco with an intent stare.

"Yes, it is," Draco said firmly.

"Well..." Hermione was wavering. Draco and Harry both held their breath. "Alright then, Malfoy. Harry's under this table."

"Damn you, Hermione!" Harry shouted, as Draco gave a cry of triumph and ducked to look under the table.

"But Harry, Malfoy said that friends are supposed to help friends -

"Oh, I see," Harry snarled, scooting back out from underneath the table in the opposite direction from Draco and quickly standing up. "When I want to get laid, it's all 'oh no, Harry, I couldn't possibly lie to Malfoy so you can shag him.' But when Draco wants to get laid, it's all 'oh, Draco, Harry's right here under the table. Go on, have a go at him, he needs a good seeing to.'"

Harry and Draco faced off, each standing up, staring at each other, eyes narrowed to slits of molten mercury and vivid green, on opposite ends of the table. Both boys watched each other, waiting for the other to make the first move.

Draco leered at Harry. "You do need a good seeing to Potter, and I intend to give it to you. I'm going to shag you into next week for leading me on a wild goose chase that lasted *five* bloody hours!" Draco lunged to the right, and Harry dashed around the table to the left.

They ran in a circle around the table and then faced off again, once again on opposite sides of Hermione's table, hands resting on its' surface for balance, eyes still narrowed.

"Not my fault you're a lousy seeker," Harry taunted, and Draco's eyes got even narrower.

"You reallyshouldn't have said that, Potter."

"I'm not afraid of you," Harry smirked, provoking Draco further, "because you're never going to catch me." And he faked right, then dashed left. Draco was on to him, and gave chase. The pair bolted around the table, narrowly missing Hermione, only to stop again on opposite sides to resume glaring at each other.

"Okay, that's it, pretty boy," Draco snarled. "I was prepared to play nice with you tonight, I really was. But no, you had to open your big mouth, and now, you're *really* gonna get it."

Draco dove to the right, and Harry ran left, heading around the table in another circle when -

CRASH!

Harry tripped over something and went sprawling on the floor of the library. He quickly turned

over and saw a wickedly grinning Hermione with her foot stuck out.

"Hermione, you *tripped* me!" Harry said in a stunned voice.

Hermione shrugged. "Just trying to help you get laid, Harry. That's what friends do," she said sweetly.

Draco didn't miss a beat. He dashed around the table and advanced on his prey, who was scooting up backwards on the floor as fast as he could.

"Now, Draco, you know I didn't really mean what I said about you being a lousy seeker, right?" Harry said desperately, his stomach fluttering in a delicious sort of anticipation at the dominating, predatory look on Draco's voice.

"It's too late for that, Potter," he purred as he advanced on his victim and got ready to pounce. "You're mine now."

Harry kept moving backwards away from the advancing blonde until he felt his back hit something solid. Bookshelves. This was it, he was trapped, there was no escape -

"MR. POTTER! MR. MALFOY!! What on earth do you boys think you're doing?"

Madame Pince. The librarian. Harry's ticket to freedom.

Draco closed his eyes. He was obviously counting to ten to avoid saying something scathingly rude to this new roadblock between him and his boyfriend.

"It's past curfew! You should be in bed! Run along, now, both of you, before I give you both detention for rough-housing in the library! Go on now, shoo!"

"Right away, Madame Pince," Harry said, quickly standing up off the floor. "Come on, Draco, we don't want detention, do we?" he said, flashing Draco a smarmy smile.

"*Potter*," Draco began warningly, but Harry was already speedily walking out the library, heading for those heavy oak doors of freedom.

"Oh no you don't," Draco thought to himself, and began to walk after Harry rapidly.

And of course, Harry sped up.

So Draco sped up.

Then Harry broke into a run and so did Draco, and they ran out of the library with Madame Pince yelling after them.

Harry may have had a slight head start but Draco had five hours of sexual tension in his veins that carried his feet to new bursts of speed. Harry managed to get to an empty hallway in the Charms corridor before Draco caught up to him.

The blonde launched himself at the Gryffindor, knocking into Harry, wrapping his arms tightly around the brunette's middle and bringing him crashing to the ground. Draco fell on top of him, securing his grip around Harry's waist and shouting "Gotcha!" with triumph as he pinned Harry underneath him.

They lay together, panting for a few moments, Harry on his stomach, Draco's body covering Harry's, on the floor of the corridor. Finally, Draco moved up Harry's body slightly, to whisper in the brunette's ear.

"And Draco Malfoy catches the snitch," he whispered, feeling Harry shudder beneath him as his warm breath tickled the Gryffindor's neck. "150 points to Slytherin."

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Draco wasted no time hauling Harry to his feet and dragging him into one of the empty classrooms. Harry barely had time to cast a locking and silencing spell on the door before Draco had him against the wall.

"I'm going to fuck you into next week," Draco hissed into Harry's ear, pressing his back into the stone before punctuating his statement with a nip to Harry's ear lobe. By Harry's shaky breaths underneath him Draco could tell that Harry had no problems with this. He pressed his lips firmly to the Gryffindor's, snaking his tongue into Harry's mouth in a rough, insistent kiss that made Harry's head spin. The brunette willfully submitted to the dominating actions of his boyfriend, unable to hold back a moan as Draco trailed his kisses down his neck, sucking and biting and leaving several red marks that would be visible the next morning.

Draco's hands, which had been on Harry's back, holding the Gryffindor against his body, now snaked down to the hem of Harry's sweater. Harry eagerly lifted his arms and Draco yanked it off, tossing it to the side, letting his eyes ravage Harry's body and licking his lips appreciatively.

"You are so hot," he murmured admiringly, trailing his hands over newly uncovered skin and enjoying how Harry tensed beneath his fingers. "And you're all mine." He drove this statement home by pulling Harry away from the wall and pushing him towards the large desk in the middle of the classroom.

"Draco," Harry murmured, too far turned on by this dominant Draco to really say anything coherent. He was being pushed backwards none too gently by the ferocious blonde, and suddenly he felt himself hit something large and solid.

Draco pushed him backwards a bit, and for a moment Harry was awkwardly arched over the desk, with Draco now fervently kissing him again.

"Up," the Slytherin ordered, and Harry obligingly jumped up on the desk behind him, sitting on the edge and wrapping his arms and legs around Draco, who wrapped one hand tightly around Harry's back and buried the other in Harry's soft black hair, tugging slightly at the cool, silky strands while he continued to ravage Harry's mouth.

Harry, meanwhile, had moved his hands to the hem of Draco's sweater and was beginning to lift it up, anxious to strip his boyfriend down and get a good look at his naked body. Draco immediately reached down and slapped his hands away - hard.

"Ow, Draco! That hurt," Harry scowled. Draco just pushed him flat on his back on the desk and leaned over him.

"I'm in charge, Potter," he snarled, "Do you understand?" Harry gasped as Draco forcefully ran a hand over his crotch.

"Okay, you're in charge, whatever you want," Harry said breathlessly, "I just wanted to get you a little more naked here, that's all." And Harry reached again for the hem of Draco's sweater, this time deliberately provoking the blonde.

As predicted, Draco slapped Harry's hands away even harder this time. "What part of "I'm in charge" do you not understand?" he growled, grabbing Harry's wrists and locking them against the desk above his head.

Harry was strangely titillated in this position, held captive by a seething Draco Malfoy. Delicious butterflies of anticipation began to flutter in his stomach, and he squirmed anxiously under Draco as the blonde leaned down over him.

"Now, Potter," Draco said, in a quiet, dangerous voice that turned Harry on in places he didn't even know he had, "Are you ready to play by my rules or do I have to punish you?" He punctuated his threat by closing his teeth over one of Harry's nipples and biting down forcefully, causing Harry to squeal.

"I think you better punish me, Draco," he said impishly, and Draco's gorgeous silver eyes narrowed.

"I thought so." And with a quick flick of his wand ropes slithered up the sides of the desk and bound Harry's wrists to its surface.

At Harry's open mouth, Draco smirked. "You're not the only one who knows bondage spells, Potter." He rested a hand casually on the zipper of Harry's jeans. "You know, Harry," he said conversationally, dragging his hand over the noticeable bulge in Harry's pants, making Harry close his eyes at the teasing pleasure, "You made me chase you for *five* hours this afternoon." His hand drifted back up to the zipper, and he ever so slowly unzipped Harry's pants. "I think that was awfully rude of you. Don't you agree, Harry?"

Harry was now biting his lower lip to keep from moaning out loud as Draco's talented hand made its way into Harry's pants. Draco raised an eyebrow.

"I asked you a question, Harry," he scolded, slipping his hand into Harry's boxers. Harry let out a moan that made him utterly thankful he had cast a silencing charm as Draco's cool fingers found his bare skin.

"Yes...ohgod...um...very rude...ohgodyes," Harry managed to say as five hours of adrenaline from running from Draco was now being put to the very good use of making his skin almost unbearably sensitive.

"Hmmm, yes," Draco continued, eyes gleaming as he watched Harry writhe against the restraints on the desk. "It would only be fair then, if I made you wait five hours now, don't you think?" He drove his point home by removing his hand.

Harry's eyes flew open and he stared at Draco in horror. "You wouldn't," he whispered, disbelief and dismay clearly evident in his brilliant green eyes.

Draco waited a moment, and then smiled. "Of course I wouldn't. You think I'm really going to wait one more second to shag you into this desk?" And with that he yanked off Harry's pants and boxers in one swipe, released Harry from the ropes that held him, and jumped up on the desk.

"Oh thank God," Harry moaned in relief and pleasure as Draco landed on top of him, and that was the last coherent thing either of them said for quite some time.

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Quite Some Time Later...

"Harry?"

"What?"

"You awake?"

"No."

"Liar," Draco said, affectionately kissing the head of the wizard cuddled up on his chest. "Are you excited to come to the Manor for Christmas?"

Harry buried his head into Draco's neck. "No," he said in a muffled voice, "Your dad's going to hand me over to Voldemort and then I'm going to die a slow, painful death."

"Oh, no he won't," Draco said reassuringly. "I promise. And besides, you get to sleep in my

room."

There was a pause.

"Oh?" said Harry, poking his head up from Draco's neck to look at the blonde. "You didn't tell me that part."

"Well, you do. So we can have all the sex we want. Sound good?"

"All the sex we want..." Harry said slowly to himself, tasting the words. "Sounds very good."

Draco kissed him on the forehead. "There, see. Now you're looking forward to it. And speaking of sex..." he rolled Harry off his chest and on to his back, "I'm still in charge, and I say we have another go."

"Animal," Harry muttered, trying to sound put out, but ruining the effect by grinning happily up at Draco as they began to kiss again.

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Chapter: 24

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Dragon Tamer

Chapter 24: Meet the Malfoys

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The remaining few weeks of classes flew by, and before you could say "hot boys shagging" it was the first day of the holidays, and Harry and Draco were getting ready to go to Malfoy Manor.

They were all packed and ready to go, and Harry was sitting with Hermione, Ron, and Seamus (and Crookshanks, Pig, and Hedwig) at the Gryffindor table having breakfast before they all boarded the Hogwarts Express, which would take them back to King's Cross station.

"So I'll see you guys at Draco's party after Christmas, right?" Harry was saying to his friends, who all nodded back.

"Speaking of Draco, where is he?" Hermione asked, looking around.

"Getting all his stuff together," Harry replied. "He said he'd join us for breakfast."

Just then, as if on cue, Draco appeared in the doorway of the Great Hall, carrying a small pet carrier which Harry rightly assumed held DLM III. He walked over to the Gryffindor table and plunked down next to Harry, dropping his head on Harry's shoulder.

"Tired?" Harry asked, affectionately running a hand through his hair, and Draco merely grumbled a reply into Harry's neck.

"Awww, poor little Draco. Did big bad Harry keep our little ferret up all night?" Ron teased, and Draco lifted his head and sent Ron an extremely impressive death glare for 7:30 in the morning.

"Not that it's any of yourbusiness, *Weasel*," Draco sneered, "But no, he didn't. I had important party business to attend to. Now if you don't mind, it's way too fucking early in the morning for me to have to deal with your mindless and idiotic blithering."

The blonde leaned down and opened up the pet carrier and lifted out his rabbit. Harry caught Ron's eyes and mouthed "Not a Morning Person" to Ron, who nodded in understanding.

"Not a Nice Person either," he mouthed back at Harry.

"Harry, I don't mean to be rude, but...what is your boyfriend doing?" Seamus asked, sounding puzzled. Harry turned to look. Draco had the bunny on his lap, and by the looks of things was dressing him in a little bunny sweater.

"Um, Draco, love," Harry began, as sweetly as he could, "What are you doing?"

"I'm putting a jumper on DLM here, because I don't want my little bunny getting cold," Draco cooed at his rabbit, much to Harry's amusement.

Harry took a closer look at the bunny's new outfit. "I see...and did you, by any chance, get that jumper from the HPFC catalog?"

Draco looked around a bit shiftily. "Don't be silly. What on earth would make you think that?"

"Because it says 'Some Bunny Loves Harry Potter!'. It sort of gave it away."

"Yeah, well, look at what Crookshanks and Pigwidgeon are wearing."

Harry whirled around to see his two best friends hiding their pets away. "Ron...Hermione...,"

Harry began, a pleading note in his voice, "Please tell me that you did *not* buy your pets clothes from the HPFC catalogue?"

"What? No, of course not, no, wouldn't do that, no way," Hermione and Ron both mumbled, and Harry sighed.

"Just let me see them," he said, and Hermione and Ron guiltily brought their pets back up to eye level.

Pig and Crookshanks were both wearing little t-shirts. Pig's said 'Hoot if You Love Harry!' and Crookshanks' read 'Harry Potter is the Cat's Meow!'

"Oh my God," said Harry, looking completely flabbergasted. "Who *designs* these shirts?"

"Oh, everyone pitches in," Seamus said cheerfully, "We chat at our meetings and come up with ideas. We've got great stuff, like t-shirts and hats and sleepwear, but we're really hoping to branch out into underwear and lingerie soon."

Harry looked fairly green.

"Seamus, I really don't think - " he began, but at that moment owl post arrived, and everyone looked up as a small brown owl dropped a letter right in front of Draco, who grabbed it and tore it open.

Scanning the contents quickly, he smiled.

"Who's the letter from?" Ron asked, curious.

"Oliver Wood," Draco replied, noticing how Harry tensed up beside him at the name.

"Oh?" said Harry, in a would-be casual voice, "So, what's good old Ollie got to say?"

"Oh, nothing much. Just letting me know that he's coming to my party."

"WHAT?" Harry yelled, causing all the pets present at the table to jump and several heads to snap in their direction.

Draco rolled his eyes. "Really, Harry."

"Draco, you didn't tell me you'd invited that...that..." Harry sputtered, clearly still not quite over his jealousy from the whole Oliver/Draco incident.

"Well, of course I didn't tell you. I knew you'd over-react. Like you're doing right now."

Harry glared at him. "Draco, I don't want him there," the brunette whined. "He still wants you, I

know he does."

"So? You're a sodding celebrity, and everyone in this bloody school wants you. You've got a *fan club*, for Merlin's sake. How do you think I feel?"

"But that's different," Harry argued. "They're just...well, just crazy, usually."

"Hey!" Seamus protested. "I resent that! We are not crazy, we just happen to -

"Listen, Harry, Oliver is still my friend," Draco broke in. "He's coming to my party and that's final."

"Okay, fine," Harry said, with narrowed eyes. "In that case, Charlie's still my friend. Why don't you invite him?"

"For your information, Potter," Draco began haughtily. "I invited all of the Weasley brats to my party, just for you."

"Really?" Harry visibly softened. "That's so sweet, Draco. Okay, I'm sorry, I shouldn't have -

"Oh honestly, Harry, don't listen to a word that git says. He lies like a cheap rug," Ron interrupted. "Malfoy sent us an invitation that invited all of the Weasley children except for, and I quote, that "ugly, scum-sucking, good-for-nothing flea-bag who works with dragons."

"Draco!" Harry was appalled. Draco shrugged.

"What?" the blonde asked innocently.

"If Oliver comes then Charlie comes," Harry said, folding his arms over his chest. Draco narrowed his eyes.

"No."

"Yes."

"Now see here, Potter," Draco seethed, getting a chance to air some long standing grievances, "Nothing ever happened between Oliver and me. Nothing. However, I'm still inviting Finnigan here, even though I've caught him kissing you, and you kissed him once just to make me jealous and -

"Oh, would you look at the time! I think I better go find Blaise!" Seamus said hurriedly, pushing away from the table and making a run for it, a little nervous at the angry glint in Draco's eyes.

Hermione looked back and forth between the two glaring boys. "Honestly," she sighed. "You two are ridiculous. You're both obviously head over heels for the other. Why do you still get so

jealous?"

"I am *not* jealous!" Harry and Draco protested in the same breath, then resumed glaring at each other.

Hermione raised an eyebrow. "Alright then. Prove it. Draco, invite Charlie to the party. And Harry, not another word about Oliver."

There was silence for a moment.

"Fine," Harry finally said, through gritted teeth, and Draco nodded his acquiescence.

"Good," Hermione said brightly, getting up from the table. "I need to go get my bag. I'll meet you guys down at the train?"

Draco stood up too. "Yes, I need to write Oliver back before we leave." He looked at Harry, daring him to say something. Harry looked very annoyed but said nothing. Draco handed him the bunny.

"Will you take DLM to the train for me?" Harry took the fluffy little rabbit from his boyfriend, and nodded. Draco began to walk towards the door.

"And don't you dare touch his jumper!" he shouted over his shoulder as he left.

"Damn," Harry swore, and dropped his hands from where he had been trying to take off the bunny's sweater.

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After dashing off a quick reply to Oliver about the party (and a grudging invitation to Charlie Weasley), Draco headed out the doors of the Great Hall to the thestral-drawn carriages. He had just left his bag with the rest of the luggage waited to be loaded on the train and walked down the steps when he saw Hermione up ahead, struggling with an enormous bag.

"Granger, wait up!" he said, and Hermione paused. "Why are you carrying your bag? Why didn't you just leave it for the house elves to put on the train?" He pointed at the enormous pile of baggage on the steps of the castle.

Hermione narrowed her eyes. "See, it's just that kind of attitude that leads to their oppression! Why should a tiny little house elf have to carry my bag when I can do it myself? Don't they already have enough to do?" She began lugging her huge bag again.

Draco opened his mouth to say, "they use magic on the bags, you know, you stupid

muggle-born," when he had a *much* better idea.

"You know, Granger," he said sweetly, giving Hermione a very charming smile. "You're absolutely right."

Hermione stopped in her tracks. "Wh-what?" she said disbelievingly. Draco's fantastically charming smile became even more charming.

"I said you're right," he began earnestly. "House-elves are already burdened with terrible amounts of work, and we should help them any way we can. It's utter madness and cruelty that they have to work so hard for no wages in the first place."

Hermione looked like she was on the verge of kissing Draco.

"Oh Draco, I knew someone would understand!" she said happily. "After all these years of SPEW, and campaigning for House Elf rights, to have someone like a Malfoy agree with me is just wonderful!" she gushed, and Draco patted her shoulder in a friendly way.

"That's right. In fact, why don't you let *me* carry your bag? I've been oppressing House Elves for *years*, and it's time I did something about it."

"Are you serious?" Hermione asked, dumbfounded.

"Absolutely serious," Draco affirmed.

"Draco, that's just...I don't even know what to say. Should I walk you down?"

"Oh no, you go on ahead," Draco assured her. "I want to do this myself. You know, atone for my sins and all. Tell Harry I'll be right along."

"Oh, absolutely! You're wonderful, Draco, just wonderful." Hermione kissed him on the cheek and bounded off to the carriages. Draco watched her go until she was out of eyesight, and then bent down and popped open her suitcase.

"It's got to be in here somewhere," he muttered, digging through the piles of clothes, books, and magical accessories that Hermione was taking home for the holidays.

"Come on, come on....A HA!!"

And from the bottom of Hermione's suitcase Draco had just pulled out a little black book the size of a diary. He pocketed it with a sly smile, closed up Hermione's bag, and dragged it over to the steps of the castle, tossing it into the pile of luggage waiting to be loaded onto the train by the house elves.

''''''''''''''''

Ron and Harry were sitting in a compartment on the Hogwart's Express, eating chocolate frogs and waiting for their respective significant others to join them.

"It's not that I'm jealous," Harry complained for what must have been the millionth time. "I just don't understand why Oliver is writing to my Draco." He moodily stared at his unwrapped chocolate frog.

Ron raised an eyebrow as he ate his fourth frog. "*Your* Draco? Are you taking a leaf out of Malfoy's "How to be a Possessive Bastard" notebook now?"

"No," said Harry defensively. "I just don't trust Oliver with Draco, that's all."

"Say, Harry," Ron began, in an attempt to get Harry's mind off of Draco and Oliver, "Did you ever decide if you were going to sign with Puddlemere United?"

Harry shook his head. "I haven't decided yet. I've gotten a couple more offers in the past couple weeks, and I can't decide."

"I can help you," Ron said eagerly, and Harry smiled at his best friend.

"I'd like that," he said earnestly, cheering up a bit. "I can show you everything I've got. In fact, you could be like, my agent or something, if you wanted." He unwrapped the chocolate frog and popped it in his mouth.

"Your agent..." Ron said in a dreamy voice. "I could be Ron Weasley, Quidditch Agent. That's brilliant!" He looked over at Harry, and then took on a business-like air. "All right then, Potter, let's hear your offers."

Harry laughed, and began to discuss his options with Ron. They were still talking as the train began moving. After a bit, Hermione joined them, and they had just gotten to the point of debating the merits of joining a team with a winning record, like the Montrose Magpies, vs. a team with a...um...*not* winning record, like the Chudley Cannons, when Draco appeared in the doorway, leaning against the glass and watching Harry with a smile.

"Nice of you to finally join us, Malfoy," Harry said petulantly. It was obvious to Draco that Harry was still a little jealous over the letter from Oliver Wood, and Draco was finding Harry's uncharacteristic pouting to be absolutely adorable.

"Oh, lay off him, Harry. Draco was carrying my bag for me so the house elves didn't have to. Isn't that sweet?" gushed Hermione.

"He was *what*?" Harry and Ron said together.

"Promoting house elf rights. It's wonderful! He even said he thought SPEW was a great idea!" Hermione continued happily. Ron looked flabbergasted. Harry looked at his boyfriend in disbelief.

"What?" Draco said casually, entering their compartment. "Aren't I allowed to be concerned about the welfare of my fellow magical creatures?" He sauntered over to Harry and plunked himself down heavily in his lap.

'Prat," Harry said under his breath, as Draco's full weight landed on him suddenly, but his arms crept up and around Draco's waist anyway, and he buried his face in Draco's soft sweater. Draco smiled and stroked his hands through Harry's hair.

"Ugh, are you two going to cuddle the *entire* ride back to King's Cross?" Ron said, sounding disgusted.

"Probably," Draco affirmed, leaning down to kiss Harry's head. "Although it might progress to shagging, you never know."

"Oh yuck," Ron said, and Hermione smiled at him.

"You know, Ron, we've never shagged on the Hogwart's Express," she said sweetly, and Harry groaned against Draco's back.

"*Hermioneee*!" he protested, his voice muffled in Draco's sweater. "Don't say things like that!"

Ron, however, looked ecstatic. "First time for everything, right?" He jumped up, grabbed Hermione's hand, and muttered, "Bye Harry, bye Malfoy," as he pulled Hermione out of the compartment, most assuredly to go look for an empty one for the two of them.

Which, of course, left Draco and Harry alone in a compartment, with Draco already sitting on Harry's lap.

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They sat together snuggling in companionable silence for a few minutes, before Harry finally said something.

"Does Oliver really have to come?" Harry said into Draco's sweater, sounding for all the world like a petulant six year old. Draco smiled, and was about to start reassuring Harry that he and Oliver were just friends when a thought occurred to him: he had never *actually* had sex with Harry when the brunette was jealous.

Well, like Weasley said, there's a first time for everything.

"Actually, Harry," Draco began innocently enough, "I'm really looking forward to seeing Oliver again. I haven't seen him in *ages*."

"Hmph," was Harry's reply, but his grip tightened ever so slightly around Draco's waist. Encouraged, Draco continued.

"Professional Qudditch has done wonders for his body, you know. The fangirls are absolutely mad about him."

"Are they." It was a tense statement from Harry, which made it quite clear that Draco's not-really-innocent remarks were affecting Harry.

"Oh yes. The fanboys too. Everyone's just *mad* about Oliver."

"I'm sure they are. Mad about bloody Oliver Wood." Harry's entire body was tensing up now, and Draco wondered just how long it would be before the explosion.

"As well they should be. He's a great guy, and a really good Quidditch player." Draco paused for effect. "Oh, and a bloody *fantastic* shag."

Well, that did it.

In a maneuver that wasn't so much skillful as it was powerful, Harry upended Draco off his lap and onto the floor of the Hogwarts Express. Draco barely had time to make an "oomph" of surprise before Harry was on top of him, hips pinning hips, Harry's hands locking Draco's wrists above his head, and Harry's heated mouth now only inches from Draco's own.

"You shouldn't have said that last bit, Malfoy," Harry murmured, his eyes alight with emerald fire.

"Oh no? And why's that, Harry?" Draco's words were followed by Harry's hips grinding forcefully into his own, causing the blonde to gasp in delight at the sudden sensation that shot through his body.

"Because now I'm going to have to prove that I'm a much better shag than Oliver Wood ever was."

And with those words Harry drove his mouth down against Draco's, and the blonde's head began to spin. Harry tasted like the chocolate frogs he had been eating, and he was crushing Draco's body against the floor of the moving train, which was warm and rocking slightly underneath him.

Harry paused just long enough to yank of Draco's sweater, and then busied himself with kissing every inch of Draco's chest. Draco let his eyes roll back into his head as he surrendered to his boyfriend's touch, and as Harry's head moved ever downward he thanked all the ancient gods and wizards that he was right here, in this moment, still tasting Harry's chocolate-flavored kisses and

about to be ravished on the vibrating floor of their compartment on the Hogwart's Express.

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Harry and Draco woke up from where they had been lightly dozing, snuggled together on the seats of the train, when the Hogwarts Express finally pulled into King's Cross station. Harry smiled as Draco quickly tried to smooth his hair back into place, but couldn't quite fight back the little buzz of nervousness in his stomach as he thought of his impending meeting with Lucius and Narcissa Malfoy.

Draco noticed the look on his face and kissed him. "Stop worrying, it'll be fine," he said reassuringly. Harry took a deep breath, summoned up every ounce of his legendary courage, and stood up, ready as he'd ever be to meet Draco's parents.

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Lucius and Narcissa were out on the platform, Narcissa eagerly scanning the crowd for Draco's shock of white blonde hair, and Lucius doing his best to look menacing and dangerous.

"Oh Lucius, dear, stop trying to look so mean. You're scaring the children," Narcissa chided him gently. Lucius shot her a pained look.

"I'm a Malfoy, Narcissa. I'm *supposed* to scare children." He glared at a very small child as if to prove his point. The child "eeped" in fear and ran off to their parents. Narcissa sighed.

"But sweetie, if you act all mean then you won't make a good first impression on Draco's boyfriend, and we want him to like you, don't we?"

Lucius took a deep breath and desperately wished for a shot of vodka. "Cissa, honey, I told you, I've met Harry Potter before. It's much too late for a good first impression."

Narcissa turned to face him, surprise in her eyes. "Darling, you've met Draco's boyfriend? Harry Potter, the celebrity? Why didn't you say anything? And is Harry just as sweet and good-looking as the papers make him out to be?"

Lucius closed his eyes and counted to ten.

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"Mum! Dad! Over here!" Draco shouted, and he and a rather nervous looking Harry made their way towards Draco's parents.

"Draco, baby!" Narcissa cooed, wrapping her arms around her son in a hug and beaming at him. "Just look at you! I think you've grown at least half a foot since September!" She kissed Draco on the cheek and Draco smiled back at her.

"It's so good to see you again, Mum," Draco said back earnestly, and then turned to his father. The two Malfoy men eyed each other.

"Dad," Draco said with a polite nod. "You're still looking good, I see."

"Son," Lucius said back, acknowledging the nod with a nod of his own. He looked past Draco to Harry Potter, who was looking very insecure and uncertain behind Draco. "You're still gay, I see."

Draco glowered at him defiantly.

"Draco, honey, aren't you going to introduce me to your boyfriend?" Narcissa asked, smiling at Harry, who tentatively smiled back.

"Oh yes, introduce us all to the famous Boy Who *sodding* Lived," Lucius said under his breath, and Draco shot him a nasty look.

"Mum, this is Harry," Draco said, pointedly wrapping his arm around Harry's waist. "Harry, this is my Mum."

"Pleased to meet you, Mrs. Malfoy," Harry said in his most polite voice, shaking hands with Narcissa.

"Oh, well now aren't you precious?" Narcissa smiled, and Lucius rolled his eyes. "And just look at those pretty green eyes you have! I'm so glad you could join us for the holidays, Harry. It will be wonderful to have you as a guest."

"Thank you for having me, Mrs. Malfoy," Harry said earnestly, beginning to perk up at how nice Narcissa was, and Narcissa beamed at him.

"You're quite welcome, Harry. Lucius and I are just so excited to meet the young man that Draco's so crazy about, aren't we, Lucius dear?"

"Oh yes," Luciuis muttered sarcastically. "My son is crazy about a young man. I'm *ecstatic*."

Draco looked annoyed. "Now Dad, really, I told you I was gay a year ago, and just because I'm bringing home Harry Potter -

Narcissa snapped her fingers. "Harry *Potter*! Of course! Now I know why that name sounds so familiar!"

Harry, Draco, and Lucius exchanged looks. "Um, because I'm the...um...Boy-Who-Lived?" Harry offered tentatively, and Narcissa shook her head.

"No, that's not it, sweetie. You have the same last name as Lucius's little friend at Hogwarts, that other Potter boy." She appeared to be completely obvious to the amazing shades of green that the faces of the men around her were turning. "You were awfully close to him, weren't you dear? After all, you spent so much time with him, always running off together after Quidditch games, playing around in empty classrooms and such. I can't believe I didn't remember this sooner. What was his name, darling? Jim? Josh? John?"

Lucius smiled weakly. "I have no idea who you're talking about, Narcissa." He quickly turned to the boys. "Shall we be get your bags and get back to the Manor, then?"

Draco and Harry very quickly nodded their assent, and the foursome made its way over to the limo that was waiting to take them to Malfoy Manor.

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Chapter: 25

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Dragon Tamer

Chapter 25: Denial, Thy Name is Lucius

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The Malfoy family and Harry had just reached the limo waiting to take them to Malfoy Manor when Draco suddenly turned to the chauffer loading their bags into the car.

"You there!" he shouted. "What the *hell* do you think you're doing?"

The chauffer paused, obviously confused. "I'm loading your luggage, sir."

"*That's* not luggage," Draco said irritably, crossing his arms over his chest and looking pointedly at the carrier in the chauffer's hand. "*That* is my rabbit, and if you think for one instant that he's going in the boot with the rest of the bags then you are sadly mistaken."

Lucius whirled around to glare at his son. "Draco Malfoy, I told you to get rid of that ridiculous animal!"

"But *Daddy*," Draco whined. He was very good at whining. "He's my *pet*."

"I don't care what you think he is!" Lucius snapped. "No son of mine is going to keep a rabbit as a pet!"

"Draco darling, did you bring your little bunny home for the holidays?" Narcissa cooed. "Where is he, let me see."

Draco sent a gloating look to his father and snatched the pet carrier from the chauffer. "Here he is, Mum. Draco Lucius Malfoy the Third, or just DLM, as we've been calling him."

Narcissa peered into the carrier and smiled. "Oh he is just *adorable*, honey. Lucius, love, come look."

With a very pained expression, Lucius bent down and looked into the pet carrier. "Dear God, Draco. Could you *have* a gayer pet?"

Draco bristled, but Narcissa was already speaking again.

"Why don't you put him up front with the driver, hmmm? Harry's owl can go up front too."

"But *Narcissa*," Lucius whined. He was very good at whining. "I told him *no*."

"Oh Lucius sweetie, you're too strict with him," Narcissa said dismissively, sliding elegantly into the limo. "Besides, I don't see what's wrong with keeping a bunny as a pet. I think it's just too cute."

"Cute. Right," Lucius muttered, watching his wife, son, and his son's current shag disappear into the limo. "Because that's what I want my son and the only Malfoy heir to be. *Cute*." He sighed. This was going to be the worst holiday ever.

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The ride to Malfoy Manor, was, surprisingly, very pleasant.

This was probably due to the fact that rather than talk to his "loony wife, flaming son, or the Boy Who Sodding Lived to Put Me Out of a Job," Lucius chose to sulk in the back of the car and nurse a large glass of scotch from the mini-bar.

To his absolute horror, Narcissa and Harry were getting along *marvelously*. Narcissa had taken an immediate liking to the "adorable little darling" and insisted on asking him all sorts of

questions and ruffling his hair. Draco had stopped letting her ruffle his hair when he turned eleven, so she was quite thrilled to have Harry there, who was, as could be expected, quite unfazed at having his hair ruffled.

Harry had decided that, daft or no, he was immensely fond of Narcissa Malfoy. She may not have been the brightest crayon in the box, but she was sweet as could be, very posh, and very, very pretty.

They chatted for entire ride to the Manor, Draco looking immensely pleased that his mother and boyfriend were getting along so well. Lucius just watched the other three with an irritated look on his face.

Draco made one attempt to get his father to participate in the conversation.

"So Dad," he said, as amiably as he could, "Why so quiet? What are you thinking about?"

"Ways I can hand Potter over to the Dark Lord, or kill him and make it look like an accident," Lucius replied matter-of-factly. Harry turned big, worried green-eyes to Draco, but Narcissa just giggled.

"Oh Harry, don't pay him any mind," she said, smiling. "He's just a big kidder."

"Yes. Ha ha," Lucius said dryly, and poured himself another glass of scotch.

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The Malfoy limo drove through a pair of gorgeous wrought-iron gates, up the half-mile long driveway, and finally pulled up in front of Malfoy Manor. Harry's eyes grew huge at the sight. The entire manor and grounds were covered in fresh snow, and everything was pure white and sparkling. It was beautiful.

The Malfoys and Harry walked through the ornate front doors and into a large entrance way. A small house-elf greeted them and took their coats. They walked out of the entrance way and then Harry gasped.

They were in an enormous room, with two magnificent sweeping stairways that came down from either side of the house. Enormous, expensive looking furniture, large chandeliers and all sorts of elegant ornamental rugs and heirlooms decorated the room.

"Wow," Harry said, impressed. "This place is amazing."

"I'm glad you think so, Harry dear," Narcissa said dotingly. "I'm just going to run off to the kitchens, check on plans for dinner. Ta-ta!" She wandered off with the small house elf in what Harry assumed was the direction of the kitchens.

"Harry, come on, let me show you where you're staying," Draco said, pulling Harry towards the staircase on the right that led to the west wing of the house.

Lucius smiled thinly. "Draco, you're taking Potter the wrong way. I had the house elves fix him a room in the guest quarters."

Draco stopped and turned to face his dad with narrowed eyes. "Which conveniently happens to be on the opposite side of the manor from my bedroom?"

Lucius shrugged. "Purely coincidence, I assure you."

"Right," said Draco disbelivingly. He turned back to Harry and smiled. "Come on, Harry, we're going up to my bedroom, because that's where you'll be staying."

Lucius raised his eyebrows. "Draco Lucius Malfoy, if you think one instant that your little boy-toy is sleeping in your bed then you are sadly mistaken. This is *my* house, and as long as you live under *my* roof you will follow *my* rules and - "

"LOOOO-CIOUS!!"

"Why, Lord?" Lucius sighed under his breath, as he heard the approaching click of high heels on the marble floor.

"Lucius, sweetie," Narcissa trilled, walking into the room. "I need your opinion about dinner tonight. After all, we want to impress our little celebrity guest, don't we?" she finished with a wink in Harry's direction. Harry smiled shyly and turned rather pink.

Lucius looked beyond pained. "Narcissa, please, can we talk about this later? Draco and I are having an important conversation."

"Oooh, are you really? That sounds like fun," Narcissa gushed. Lucius rolled his eyes, and Draco saw his opportunity.

"Mummy, Harry can stay in my room during the holidays, right?" he asked, giving his mother the most innocent, angelic face he knew how to give. Narcissa smiled back brightly.

"Of course, sweetie," Narcissa said fondly. Lucius threw his hands up in the air.

"Narcissa! I already told him no!"

Narcissa looked slightly perplexed. "Well, now why would you say a silly thing like that? Of course Harry can stay in Draco's room, they're boyfriends." She smiled at Harry and Draco, who both smiled back brightly. "And they're just the cutest little couple I've ever seen!"

"But - "

"But nothing, Lucius dear."

"But - "

"Come along, now, I need you in the dining room," Narcissa said, reaching out and grabbing Lucius by the hand. "Why don't you two head upstairs to Draco's room," she said, addressing Harry and Draco, "and get cleaned up for dinner? It'll be ready in no time."

"Sure thing, Mrs. Malfoy," Harry said politely.

"Of course, Mum," said Draco, throwing a snotty look at his dad behind his mother's back. He led Harry up the stairs to the West Wing of the Manor.

As soon as they were out of earshot, Harry turned to Draco.

"Draco, your parents are a bit..."

"Yeah, I know. You'll get used to it. Come on, let's go."

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"Good God, how big is this bloody place?" Harry said in awe, as they walked down seemingly never-ending corridors that supposedly lead to Draco's room.

"Huge," Draco said smugly, halting in front of a pair of carved oak doors. "This is my suite here, where you'll be staying, thank God. My dad can be such a prick sometimes."

"You don't say," said Harry dryly.

Draco said the password (*Draco Malfoy is a Sex God*), and flung open the doors dramatically. Harry looked very impressed as they walked into a sitting room furnished with a cushy leather sofa and arm chair and a huge marble fireplace. The entire room was very tastefully decorated in black and white

"Bedroom's through there," Draco said casually, indicating a pair of French doors at the back of the room. Bathroom's off the bedroom, naturally."

"This place is...wow..." Harry said, taking it all in. "Your rooms are bigger than my aunt and uncle's house in Surrey."

"Are they? Well, we *are* filthy rich, you know," Draco said, sitting down on the sofa.

Harry flopped down next to him. "This is really nice," he said, feeling the leather with one hand.

"Italian. Custom-made. It'll do."

Harry rolled his eyes. "You are such a spoiled brat sometimes." He looked around the room. "And so mind-bendingly gay."

"Don't hear you complaining," Draco murmured into Harry's ear, running his hand teasingly up Harry's thigh.

Harry reached down and firmly halted Draco's hand.

"Awww, Harry," Draco whined, and Harry shook his head.

"Not right now, your parents expect us downstairs for dinner, and I don't want to screw things up with them. I think I've made a good first impression on your mum."

"You have. She absolutely adores you already."

Harry looked very pleased. "Really? Well, then, and I'd like to keep it that way by not showing up for dinner obviously ravished by her son."

Draco rolled his eyes. "Don't be silly, Mum won't care. She'll probably think it's adorable that we couldn't keep our hands off each other."

Harry didn't look convinced, so Draco leaned in closer. "Besides, just think of how pissed off my dad would be if I came down to dinner completely snogged out."

Harry raised an eyebrow. "Now *that* is rather tempting."

Draco casually began to shift so he could straddle Harry's lap. "Isn't it," he murmured, sliding his hands up Harry's chest. "We could come down with unbuttoned shirts," he said, slowly unfastening the top button of Harry's shirt, noticing Harry's breathing quicken slightly. "Mmmm," Draco purred, kissing the newly exposed collar bone, "Or how about messy hair?" He reached up to run his hand through Harry's hair before grabbing onto it firmly and using the messy black strands to twist Harry's head slightly to the side. "Or red, ravished lips?" he whispered, his lips inches from Harry's.

Harry closed his eyes, waiting to feel Draco's soft lips on his own.

Then he remembered something.

"You bastard!" he said, opening his eyes and slightly startling Draco. "That's exactly what you and Oliver did to make it look like you two had just shagged!"

Draco leaned back from Harry in a huff. "Way to kill the mood, Harry," he said, sulking. Harry just rolled his eyes.

"Stop pouting," he said firmly to the blond on his lap. "We don't have time right now, and while I do realize that your dad wants to kill me - literally - I'd still like to make an attempt to have a decent, civil relationship with him."

"But - "

"But nothing, Draco."

"But - "

"No."

"*Fine*," said Draco, sighing heavily. He reluctantly climbed off Harry's lap and stood up, reaching out a hand to pull Harry to his feet. He stood Harry up and looked at him critically.

"You need to brush your hair," he said, and Harry self-consciously raised a hand to his head.

"Is it standing up all over the place?" he asked anxiously. "It always does that and I can never control it."

Draco smiled. "Yes, it is, but it looks bloody adorable, actually."

Harry was now trying to smooth it down with both hands, and Draco just shook his head.

"Let me try," he said sweetly. "Just let me get my brush from my - hey, where's my suitcase?" he said, looking around the room. "Damn house elf hasn't brought it up yet. Yoda, where are you? I need my suitcase, damn it. Bloody house elves, never around when you - "

Harry wasn't listening to him. "Draco, what did you just say?"

"What? Oh, I said bloody house elves are never around when you - "

Harry shook his head. "Before that."

"Umm...Yoda, where are you, I need my suitcase?"

"Draco...who is Yoda?"

"One of our house elves, obviously."

Harry began to shake with suppressed laughter. Draco looked at him crossly.

"Now what, Potter?"

"Your...your house elf is named...oh my God, I can't believe it," Harry was having trouble fighting back laughter.

At that moment there was a POP and a small, green house-elf with a small button nose and big ears that stuck straight out of his head appeared. Harry took one look and began laughing even harder.

Draco rolled his eyes. "Honestly, Potter, I don't know what's gotten into you." He turned to the elf. "Now listen to me, Yoda, I need to know - "

"YODA!!" Harry howled, clutching at his stomach. The house elf looked slightly alarmed.

"Master Malfoy, is that...Harry Potter?" the little elf said, looking at the laughing Harry with a mixture of awe and worry.

Draco nodded impatiently. "Yes, that wackjob sometimes goes by the name of Harry Potter."

"Is Mr. Harry Potter, okay, sir?" the elf asked worriedly. Harry took a deep breath and tried to steady himself.

"Yes, yes, I'm fine," he said, sniffing slightly and wiping away a tear. "It's just...your name...its Yoda...Oh my God, *Yoda*..." He trailed off, beginning to giggle again, and looked at Draco and the house elf, who were both giving him very blank stares.

Harry leaned down on one knee to look the little elf in the face. "Will you do me a favor?" he asked, and the elf nodded eagerly.

"I is doing anything for Mr. Harry Potter, sir!" he said earnestly, and Harry grinned.

"Okay, I want you to say 'Use the Force, Luke. Use the Force.' Can you say that for me?"

The elf looked at Draco, confused, and Draco shrugged.

"I don't get it either, but if that's what he wants go ahead."

Harry nodded earnestly. "Please?"

The elf looked uncertain, but eager to please. "Use the Force, Luke," it squeaked in its little house elf voice. "Use the Force."

Harry collapsed in laughter. "That's brilliant," he cried, and Draco gave him a dirty look.

"What the hell is wrong with you?" he said crossly, and Harry just shook his head.

"Muggle movie," he attempted to explain, and then looked back up at the elf eagerly. "Now say

'Adventure. Excitement. A Jedi Knight craves not these things.'"

"Potter, you've officially lost your mind," Draco said, shaking his head, and Harry found incredible entertainment in the form of a house elf for the next several minutes.

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"I can't believe your house elf is named Yoda," Harry was saying, as he and Draco made their way downstairs.

"Honestly, Potter, I don't see why that's funny. Now do shut up about that already before I'm forced to resurrect the leather paddle and make you shut up."

"Okay, okay," said Harry, wiping a tear of mirth out of his eyes. "You know, Hermione would think it was a scream."

Draco' retort was cut short as they turned the corner and walked into the Malfoy's beautiful formal dining room, with gleaming hardwood floors, sparkling crystal, and a shimmering chandelier hanging from the ceiling. Lucius and Narcissa were sitting at opposite ends of a large dining table, Narcissa drinking a glass of white wine and Lucius working his way through a bottle of scotch.

"Hello, boys," Narcissa gushed.

"Hello, Mrs. Malfoy," Harry said politely. "This is a really nice room," he added, sliding into a seat. Draco took the seat across from him.

"Take a good look at it, Potter," Lucius cackled. "It may be the last thing you ever see."

Harry looked alarmed, but Draco just rolled his eyes.

"Mum, make Dad stop threatening Harry," he said plaintively. Narcissa smiled at Harry.

"Oh, don't mind Lucius, Harry dear. He says these things but he doesn't really mean it. In fact, he's really just an old softie."

At the mortified expression on Lucius Malfoy's face, Harry let out a snort of laughter that was quickly modified into a cough.

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Dinner was delicious, some kind of French food that Harry didn't recognize but that he found to be very tasty anyway. And the company at the table was, if not exactly normal, at least certainly very interesting.

"That's a lovely shirt, Harry," Narcissa said sweetly, partway through the meal, making Harry smile.

"Thank you, Mrs. Malfoy. Draco picked it out."

Narcissa looked dotingly at her only child. "He really is just so good with clothing, isn't he?"

Lucius rolled his eyes. "Hear that Draco? That's something you can put on your Death Eater application: Draco Malfoy has mastered all three Unforgivable Curses and has a fabulous sense of fashion."

"Now Lucius, let's not talk business at the dinner table," Narcissa interjected. "Draco, why don't you tell us all about this term at Hogwarts? How did your classes go?"

Draco proceeded to tell his parents all about his classes, making sure to mention his excellent grades (second to Hermione, of course, but after six years he was rather resigned to that fact).

"Oh darling, we're so proud of you!" Narcissa said fondly, when Draco finished, and Draco beamed at his mum.

"Oh yes. So proud. You have a boyfriend and a bunny. You're a real credit to the Malfoy name," Lucius muttered, throwing back another drink.

Draco glowered at him, and pointedly ignored his father.

"Harry, love, did you know my mother's a huge Quidditch fan?" he said, and Harry's eyes lit up.

"You are?"

"Oh, yes," Narcissa said, her eyes lighting up as well. "I was the Slytherin seeker when I went to Hogwarts, and now I follow professional Quidditch avidly."

"Do you really? Me too," Harry said eagerly. "I remember you were at the World Cup a couple years ago. What did you think of - "

"Victor Krum?"

Harry nodded enthusiastically.

Narcissa smiled. "Oh, he was *brilliant*, wasn't he? When he did that Wronkski Feint, I just about screamed."

"Mum, Harry's a top seeker," Draco informed Narcissa, and Harry blushed slightly at the praise. "He's being recruited by almost every team in the UK to play professionally."

"Gracious me, Harry, but that's wonderful!" Narcissa said to a by now beet-red Harry, who tried to play it off.

"Oh, I'm not that good, really," he said hastily. "And Draco's fantastic. He beat me to the snitch just the other day when we were playing one-on-one."

At this, Lucius perked up. "You beat Potter to the snitch, Draco? That's marvelous, why didn't you say anything?"

Draco gave his dad a snotty look. "The only reason I beat Harry was because he and I were playing a sex game, and I managed to distract him by saying I had erotic wet dreams about him."

Lucius went a violent shade of purple and began stammering.

"Well aren't you two the cutest?" Narcissa gushed. "Now, who wants dessert?"

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After dessert, Draco suggested that Narcissa go show Harry her Quidditch memorabilia.

"I'll meet you up in my room in a bit," Draco reassured Harry. "I just need to have a quick chat with my dad."

Harry nodded. "Thanks for dinner, Mr. Malfoy," he said hesitantly, and Lucius just glared at him.

"Come on, darling, I can't wait to show you my collection of vintage brooms," Narcissa said, pulling Harry out of the dining room.

Draco turned to face his father, and the two Malfoy men eyed each other hostilely.

Finally, Lucius broke the ice. "So, Draco, have you given any more thought to your marriage with Pansy Parkinson?"

Draco's eyebrows shot up. "Oh for God's sake, Dad, you can't be serious."

"I assure you I'm quite serious."

Draco took a deep breath and set his jaw. "I'm not marrying Pansy."

"Draco, be reasonable. She's a lovely girl, and it's a wonderful match."

"It's *not* a wonderful match! Pansy's a card-carrying lesbian."

"Don't be silly, Draco."

"She makes a pass at Mum every time she comes over!"

"That's ridiculous, she's just friendly."

Draco tried again. "Well, what about me? I'm gayer than Gilderoy Lockhart."

"Rubbish."

"Queer as a three-sickle coin."

"Nonsense."

"Flaming as a dragon's breath."

"You're just experimenting."

Draco looked aghast. "Dad, what part of this do you not understand? Pansy and I are both *gay*!"

"Well, see, there you go. You've got something in common."

Draco was beginning to get angry. "We made a deal. The deal was I had to stay together with Harry Potter. Now, I've done my part. I'm still with Harry, and I'm not giving him up."

Lucius rolled his eyes. "Really, Draco, I can't believe you're being sentimental about Potter. What kind of Malfoy are you, anyway?"

"A *happy* kind! I'm sentimental about Harry because I love him!"

"Okay, now you're just *trying* to gross me out."

Draco took a deep breath and closed his eyes. "Dad, you're going to have to get used to this. Your son is gay and in love with Harry Potter. Deal with it."

"No," Lucius said, his grey eyes flashing. "I won't accept this because I know that you're not really gay, Draco!"

Draco stood up. "Fine, Dad, if that's what you think." He narrowed his own grey eyes. "I'm just going to have to prove that you're wrong."

And with that he whirled around and left the dining room.

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Draco burst through the doors of his room, seriously annoyed and planning to vent and bitch to Harry about his stupid closet-case father.

"Harry?" he called out. There was no answer. Draco figured that Harry was probably still with Narcissa, looking at her Quidditch memorabilia. Deciding to get ready for bed and wait for Harry, Draco went to hang up the robes he had been wearing earlier that day on the train.

As his hand brushed the cloth, he felt a hard, rectangular object in the pockets. Of *course*. Hermione's little black book.

Suddenly feeling that the minutes he was going to spend waiting for Harry to get back were going to move very quickly, he extracted the book, threw on some pajamas, and hopped into bed. Settling back against the fluffy pillows, Draco reverently opened the book.

It was so typically Hermione that Draco was amused. Each section was meticulously tabbed off and labeled, with titles like "games," "roleplay," and "food." Feeling a bit like a kid in a candy store, Draco flipped to the section labeled "oral sex" and began to read.

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A little while later, a very happy and enthusiastic Harry Potter opened the doors to Draco's suite and bounded into the sitting room.

"Draco? Are you here?"

"Uh...I'm, uh...back here, Harry!" Draco's voice rang out, sounding slightly flustered. Harry burst into the bedroom, babbling nonstop.

"Draco, your Mum is *brilliant*," he said exuberantly, apparently not noticing that Draco was tucked securely under the covers and his cheeks were flushed. "Her broomstick collection is incredible. She actually has an Oakshaft 79, did you know that?"

"What? Oh, yeah, yeah, Oakshaft. Whatever," Draco said distractedly. "Listen Harry, why don't you come to bed and then we can talk some more, alright?"

"Alright," Harry said agreeably. "Be right back." He grabbed some pajamas from his suitcase and disappeared into the bathroom.

As soon as he was gone Draco pulled the book out from under his pillow. He carefully opened the top drawer of the nightstand next to his bed and slipped the book into a special hiding place under the false bottom of the drawer.

He really did have every intention of sharing the book with Harry - eventually. For the moment, though, he wanted Harry to think that everything he was about to do to him was all just a result of Draco being that much of a sex god.

"Hurry up, Harry," he mentally shouted, fidgeting impatiently under the covers, because damn if

that book hadn't left him in something of an eager state.

Finally (well, truthfully about all of three minutes later) Harry opened the bathroom door and walked out, dressed only in a pair of plaid pajama pants.

Draco licked his lips.

Harry hopped up into the bed and slid under the covers next to Draco. "So anyway, your mum's collection is just amazing, she has autographs from every single member of the Holyhead Harpies, the Falmouth Falcons, the Montrose Magpies, and - "

"That's great, Harry, really," Draco said, grabbing his wand. "But if you don't mind, I'd like to have sex. *Nox*!"

And with that he rolled on top of Harry and began to kiss him eagerly.

"Sex? Oh, okay...mmmm," Harry managed to say, as Draco moved his insistent kisses from Harry's lips to his neck. Draco trailed a line of little kisses and nibbles down Harry's neck, pausing to swirl his tongue over Harry's collarbone.

"Mmm...that's...that's good," Harry panted, as Draco moved his tongue ever lower over Harry's torso, taking a nipple into his teeth and biting down.

"Fuck," Harry hissed, but Draco paid no attention, and began to trace a circle around Harry's bellybutton with his tongue. Harry reached down and threaded Draco's silky locks through his fingers, and then tried to sit up so he would have better access to Draco's body.

Draco pushed him back down against the pillows. "Just lay back," he instructed, placing his hands on the waistband of Harry's pants.

Harry obediently lay back down, and watched rapturously as Draco pulled off his pajama bottoms. "What are you doing?"

Draco smiled mischievously. "I just want to try something," he murmured, and Harry could feel Draco's breath hot against his skin. "Close your eyes."

Harry dutifully shut his eyes, only to have them fly back open in shock a moment later when Draco did something incredibly impressive involving his tongue, the back of his throat, and both hands all at once.

"What the fuck was that?"

"Did you like it?"

"Hell yeah. Fuck yes. Do that again."

Draco was more than happy to oblige. He did it again, and again, and again, and pretty soon Harry was moaning and twisting the sheets in his hands, saying all manner of filthy things, calling Draco a "sex god" and begging him to never stop.

Much much later, after Harry had collapsed in Draco's arms and fallen deeply asleep against his chest, a very smug and satisfied Draco had the passing thought the he really ought to write Hermione a thank you note, before he too drifted off to sleep.

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Chapter: 26

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Dragon Tamer

Chapter 26: Leather-Clad Minx

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Harry woke up the next morning to the cool light of the winter sun coming in through the curtains and the gentle sound of the shower in the background.

He yawned and stretched, smiling when he heard the water turn off. Sure enough, a couple moments later, Draco emerged from the bathroom, wet-haired and wearing a silver fluffy bathrobe with a large Malfoy crest on it.

"Well, *hello* Draco," Harry said, sounding a bit punch-drunk. "Isn't it a *lovely* morning?"

Draco rolled his eyes, but nevertheless looked rather pleased. "I suppose if you had a mind-shattering blow-job the night before any morning seems pretty nice."

"Mmmm, perhaps," Harry agreed, sitting up in bed and looking at Draco appraisingly. "It *was* bloody amazing. Where'd you learn to give head like that, anyway? Bangkok?"

Draco looked confused. "What?"

"Nothing. Muggle thing," Harry replied. He cocked his head to one side. "Did you know you look adorable in that bathrobe?"

"*What*?" Draco looked horrified. "No I don't. I look unbelievably masculine."

"Yeah. Right," Harry snorted. "Whatever you say - *cutie*."

"*Potter*," Draco growled.

"You look all soft and fluffy and cuddly and I just want to pounce on you and snuggle you to death."

"You - I - WHAT? No way! That's disgusting," Draco said, sounding very grossed out. "Not another word out of you. Now go take a shower."

"Yes, sir," Harry said, with mock-severity. He got out of bed, grabbed some clothes from his suitcase, and headed for the bathroom.

"Oh, by the way, Harry," Draco called out, as he headed for the closet, "I had the house-elves pick up some shampoo and conditioner for you. Now don't worry, I knew you wouldn't even consider using my stuff because it's all wrong for your hair, seeing as it's designed to enhance highlights and reduce brassiness while increasing body and shine, so I had the house elves get some products designed for your hair type that will promote softness and manageability while improving texture and health."

Draco paused and took in the bewildered look on Harry's face. "Er...just thought you ought to know," he finished, a bit sheepishly.

Harry blinked at him and then disappeared into the bathroom, but if you listened very closely you could hear the words "gayer than a Dance major with a Shih Tzu" muttered under his breath.

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About fifteen minutes later Harry emerged, after taking a marvelous shower in Draco's enormous sunken tub and using all of the carefully chosen hair care products. He walked out of the bathroom, dressed for the day in a pair of designer boot cut jeans that Draco had bought him and a fitted black jumper, still rubbing at his wet hair with a towel.

"You know, Draco, I have to admit, my hair really does feel softer and more managea - SWEET BLESSED MERLIN IN A COCKTAIL DRESS AND STILLETO HEELS!" Harry gasped, staggering backwards in shock and clutching at the wall for support. "WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU WEARING?"

Draco, who had been leaning forward and looking in the mirror, very carefully arranging his hair

into artful spikes with gel, spared a brief glance down at his clothes.

"Leather," he said simply. Harry stared at him with huge, wide eyes.

"Leather" was putting it very mildly. Draco was wearing a black sleeveless top that clung like a second skin and set off his white-blonde hair, and had paired it with black leather pants that fit so tightly that Harry was sure he was going to have a heart attack if he looked at Draco one second longer.

"My God, Draco, you look...you look..." Harry gulped and trailed off, still leaning against the wall and seriously wondering if his knees were going to give out.

"Phenomenally, flamingly, and mind-bendingly homosexual?" Draco asked, picking up a leather wrist cuff from the dresser and fastening it around one of his wrists.

"Um...sure," said Harry, who had actually been planning on saying "so fucking hot that I'm about to collapse and drown in a puddle of my own drool."

"Good," said Draco, looking pleased. "That's the idea." He picked up the other cuff.

"Oh it is?" Harry said conversationally, carefully edging his way towards the divan so he could sit down, still holding himself up with the wall. "So...why do you want to look so gay?"

"I'm trying to prove to my dad I'm not in the least bit straight," Draco explained, fastening the second cuff in place. "Or, I suppose, at the very least, piss him off."

"Ahhh," said Harry, as if it were all suddenly clear. He couldn't seem to take his eyes off Draco. He slowly sat down on the divan, and then had a major brainwave. "Hey Draco?"

"Yeah?"

"Know what would *really* piss your dad off?"

"What?"

"If we had sex."

"Oh, that's a brilliant idea, Harry!"

Harry gave himself a mental 'congratulations' and licked his lips, leaning back against the divan. "Alright then, my leather-clad minx, come to Daddy."

But Draco was walking out of the bedroom and into the sitting room.

"Draco, where the fuck are you - Draco? Come back! Damn it..." Harry scrambled off the divan

and followed Draco out into the living area, where he was throwing a pinch of green powder into the tall marble fireplace.

"Lucius' study," Draco said clearly, and then put his head into the flames.

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Lucius Malfoy was sitting in his favorite armchair in his study, sulking for the one millionth time over the Potter situation, when he saw his son's face in the fire.

"Dad? Are you there?"

Lucius walked over to the fireplace. "Yes, Draco? What is it?" He crossed his fingers, hoping against hope that Draco was going to say, "I've just broken up with Harry Potter and I want to marry Pansy and become the most irredeemably straight Death Eater there ever was!"

No such luck.

"Daddy, Harry and I are going to have wild, crazy, outrageously gay monkey sex right now, so don't come up to my room, alright? Cheers!"

And then he disappeared.

"For Christ's sake," Lucius muttered, stomping out of his study and up to Draco's room.

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"Honestly, Draco, did you have to tell your dad?"

"Yes, actually," Draco said, checking his hair in the huge mirror hanging on the wall of the sitting room. "It will totally and completely piss him off."

"Fine, whatever," Harry said, shrugging. "He's *your* dad. Now let's make with the monkey sex."

"What?" Draco asked, blinking at him.

"The wild, crazy, outrageously gay monkey sex? Come on Draco, let's go," Harry said, grabbing Draco's hand to drag him back into the bedroom.

Draco shook his head. "No, Harry, we're not actually having sex. I just said that to piss off my dad. I'm sure he's on his way up here to chew me out right now."

"But...but I thought..."

"Besides, do you know how long it took me to get *into* these pants? It took me ten minutes just to

pull them on, and then I used a shrinking charm to make them even tighter. I'm not sure I can even *sit down* in these pants, there's no way I'm taking them off to have sex."

"But...but you look so..."

Draco smiled at Harry's pouting face and leaned over to kiss him on the forehead. "Later, I promise. For now, just pretend we were doing it so my dad gets all out of sorts, okay?"

"*Fine*," Harry huffed, looking rather out of sorts himself. He leaned against the wall and blatantly raked his eyes up and down Draco's body as the blond began looking in the mirror again. Leather was definitely a good look for Draco, and Harry was beginning to worry about just how much later "later" really was.

Then Harry had a thought. "Draco, am I supposed to try to piss your dad off too?"

Draco looked surprised. "Well, yeah. I could use your help. Besides, I thought you hated my dad and would jump at the chance. You were thrilled to do it the last time we saw him at Hogwarts. In fact, if I recall, you smacked my arse in front of the entire Great Hall just to annoy him."

Harry shrugged. "Yeah, but you know. We weren't going out then. You had just grabbed me and pretended I was your boyfriend. Now we're like...real boyfriends, you know? And I really like you, so um..." Harry was blushing slightly at this point. "I want your dad to like me too."

"Aw, you're so *cute*," Draco cooed, ruffling Harry's still wet hair. "But my dad really does literally want to kill you, so it might be a little late for that."

Draco went back to looking in the mirror. "Should I add some black eyeliner?"

"You *have* black eyeliner?" Harry asked, his eyes following the well-defined muscles of Draco's bare arm as the blonde raised his hand to his hair.

"No, I'd *Accio* some from my mum's room. But it's probably unnecessary." Draco turned his head and looked at Harry. "You know, I just thought of something else. You should try to act all dominant. It would really, *really* piss my dad off if he thought I was the sub in this relationship."

Harry smirked. "Draco, sweetie, I hate to break it to you, but you *are* the sub in this relationship," he said wickedly, knowing that such a statement was liable to get Draco nice and riled up.

Sure enough, Draco gasped in outrage. "How *dare* you, Potter!" he squeaked in horror. "Okay, before I wasn't going to have sex with you because I didn't want to try to take my pants off. *Now* I'm not going to have sex with you because I'm pissed off."

"You silly little *girl*," Harry said, amused. "You're withholding sex because you're mad at me? That just *proves* my point."

"*Why you...*"

And with that Draco tackled Harry. Well, *attempted* to tackle Harry. Harry had the extreme advantage of not wearing a pair of pants that prevented any and all movement beyond walking and looking sexy, and had Draco face down on the floor and securely pinned in two seconds flat.

"Let me go, you big brute!" Draco snarled.

"Hey, *you* tackled *me*. This is just self-defense," Harry pointed out, trapping the blonde underneath him, sitting on Draco's lower back and holding on securely to Draco's arms to keep them trapped behind Draco's back.

"Let. Me. GO!"

"Sure thing," Harry replied agreeably, who was most definitely enjoying having a leather-clad Draco squirming underneath him. "But only if you say you're the sub."

"Never!" Draco snapped back, futilely arching his back and trying to throw Harry off.

"Say it!"

"NO!"

"I won't let you up until you say it."

"Potter, you overgrown ape, if you don't get off me this instant - "

Harry grinned evilly as an idea hit him. "If you don't say it, I'll mess up your hair."

Draco gasped in horror. "You wouldn't!"

"I would."

"It took me ages to spike it just right! Harry, please, PLEASE, not the hair!"

"Well, then you know what to say. Let's hear it, babe. Admit you're the sub."

"*Like hell I am!*"

Harry let go of one of Draco's arms and brushed his hand lightly over the top of the spikes of Draco's hair.

"NOOOOO, not my hair! Fine, Potter, you win! I'm the sub, alright? I'm the fucking sub!"

"Good boy," said Harry sweetly. "Now say, "I'm your bitch, Harry."

"*WHAT*??? No WAY."

"Say it, or the hair gets it."

"You fucking little prick, I'll kill - oh, God, alright Harry, I'm your bitch," Draco said desperately, as Harry's hand came to hover over his hair again. "Do you hear me? I'M YOUR BITCH!"

"WHAT THE BLOODY HELL IS GOING ON HERE???"

Lucius Malfoy had just walked in to Draco's room to find his son and only heir trapped on his front, pinned in place by the Boy-Who-Lived, and shouting "I'm your bitch!"

Heads were about to roll.

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"I repeat, what the BLOODY HELL is going on here?"

"Daddy, hi, I didn't see you there," Draco said, craning his head up from his position pinned under Harry.

"Draco Lucius Malfoy, you better have a damn good explanation for why you're shouting about being Potter's bitch rather than using an Unforgivable Curse."

"Oh, well, yes," Draco said, smiling brightly, ready to make his father proud. "Well, you see, Harry's just so big and mean and tough and sexy that I just let him have his way with me whenever he wants. I mean, truthfully, I really am his - "

"Finish that sentence and you'll be in serious trouble, young man," Lucius threatened. He took a good look at his son. "And what the *hell* are you wearing?"

"Leather, Daddy. Harry likes it when his bitch wears - "

"*Not another word*. Now get off my son, Potter, and both of you get down to breakfast immediately."

"Get off your son, or get your son off?" Harry asked innocently.

"BREAKFAST! BOTH OF YOU! **NOW**!!!"

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A wee bit later, at the breakfast table...

"So Christmas is on Sunday, and I thought we could all exchange presents with each other first thing in the morning, before all the family arrives for Christmas dinner," Narcissa said brightly, stirring sugar into her tea with a tiny silver teaspoon.

At her words, Harry tore his eyes off of the way Draco's shirt clung to his abs to clarify what he had just heard. "All the...family?" Harry asked politely.

Draco gave a meaningful cough.

"Well, Harry, actually you and I are going to have a nice little Christmas dinner alone, just the two of us...very very very far away from my crazy psycho relatives who want to see you dead. So no worries," he said encouragingly.

Harry looked a shade less than reassured.

"Glad that's all settled," Narcissa said, sipping her tea. She smiled at the boys. "I love your jumper, Harry."

Harry smiled back. "Another choice of Draco's, of course."

"Well, it looks wonderful on you, don't you think, Lucius?"

Lucius looked up from where he was alternately glaring at Draco and discreetly adding vodka to his orange juice. "What?"

"Harry's jumper. Doesn't it look simply darling?"

Lucius sighed, took a swig of his "orange juice" and looked over at Harry. "Well...I guess it does emphasize the color of his hair," he finally said, grudgingly. "All that nice, shiny black hair..."he trailed off, then shook his head.

Narcissa was beaming at Draco again. "And of course, after Christmas, we all know whose birthday it is after that!"

Draco smiled from his position standing at the side of the table, unable to actually sit down in his pants but feeling it was worth it for the look on his dad's face. "So what exactly are the party plans, Mum?"

"Well, your birthday is New Year's Eve, so we're having your party the night before. We didn't want anything to take away from the celebration of your birthday, sweetie. That was your father's idea, isn't he considerate?" Narcissa smiled at her husband.

"Yes, well, I'm nothing if not considerate," Lucius said magnanimously. He, of course, neglected to add that the party was going to be the night *before* Draco's birthday not because he was

considerate but because he had a nefariously sinister scheme to marry his son off to a pureblood lesbian from a social-climbing family before he became of age.

"Well, it all sounds smashing," Draco said, bending over the table a bit to pick up his glass of orange juice. Harry's eyes immediately glued themselves to Draco's leather-clad arse, and he gulped audibly.

Lucius narrowed his eyes. "Draco, for the love of Merlin, will you sit down?" He was sick of watching Potter ogle his only child like a piece of meat.

Or maybe, just *maybe*, he was just jealous that Draco had a foxy black-haired lover who was practically drooling on the dining table over him.

Draco shot him a sickeningly sweet smile. "I can't sit down, Daddy. My pants are too tight."

"Refresh my memory - *why* you're wearing those ridiculous pants?"

"I told you, Daddy," Draco said as he slowly and deliberately bent over again to grab a croissant. "Harry likes me in leather. Right Harry?"

Harry had just attempted to take a bite of his cereal and completely missed his mouth with the spoon, seeing as eating is an overrated skill when you can't seem to take your eyes off your boyfriend's arse. "What? Oh, yeah. Leather. Mmmm," he managed to say.

Lucius rolled his eyes. "And dare I ask, *why* does Potter like you in leather?"

Draco shrugged, causing his shirt to ride up a tiny bit and another audible gulp to escape from Harry. "I don't know, Dad. Maybe it's because we're *gay*," the blonde finished pointedly.

"That is *utter* bollocks, Draco. Straight people like leather too. I remember when I was your age I had a pair of leather pants just like those, and every time I wore them I ended up completely shagged to the wall by James Pot - your mother."

There was an awkward moment of silence, and then -

"That's funny. I don't remember you having a pair of leather pants, Lucius dear," Narcissa said, looking slightly puzzled.

Harry, Draco, and Lucius very carefully avoided each other's eyes.

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All in all, it proved to be a very satisfying day. The Malfoy family took Harry on a tour of the Manor - an event that really does take all day. And of course, Draco's leather pants were a smashing success, even it meant that Draco was unable to sit down, if only because Lucius

seemed unable to look at Draco without a drink in his hand. Not to mention that Harry hadn't stopped salivating over Draco for one moment all day. Draco was very much looking forward to bedtime tonight.

Speaking of bedtime...

Harry was in the sitting room, writing a letter to Ron and Hermione. Draco was lounging on the bed in his slinky black top and leather pants, watching Harry and skimming through Hermione's little black book, which he had bewitched to look like a fashion magazine (knowing that Harry wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole).

He heard Harry chuckle a couple times, and mutter, "Yoda, honestly, Hermione's going to die," but he was much too absorbed in a section of the book titled "Stripping" to care.

Finally, he heard Harry stand up and walk over to Hedwig, who was perched on top of the fireplace mantle.

"I've got a letter for Hermione and Ron at the Burrow, can you take it for me?" Harry said to Hedwig, who hooted. "Aw, of course you can, because you're the smartest owl that ever was. Who's my pretty little owl, hmmm? Who's my pretty owl?"

Draco raised an eyebrow as he heard Harry cooing at Hedwig. When Harry entered the bedroom a moment later, he gave him an amused look.

"You've just lost all your privileges of making fun of how I treat DLM."

"Hey, I'm not nearly as bad with Hedwig as you are with that rabbit," Harry said defensively.

"*Who's my pretty little owl*?" Draco cooed.

"Sod off," Harry said, his cheeks flushing. "She is a pretty owl."

"Of course she is," Draco said placatingly. As much fun as teasing Harry was, he had bigger fish to fry. Setting the magazine in his drawer, he stood up slowly, noticing smugly that Harry's eyes followed his every move.

"Well, I'm beat. Trying to move about in these pants all day is torture." Draco took a couple steps toward Harry, whose eyes were glued to his pants. He casually turned around. "I mean, just look how *tight* these pants are," he said innocently, looking over his shoulder at a now-frozen Harry and running a hand over his hip. "They really don't hide a thing, do they?"

Harry's pupils appeared to have dilated to the size of dinner plates, and he seemed to be trying very hard not to drool.

"Something wrong, Harry?" Draco asked, playfully, his own blood beginning to stir at the hungry

look Harry was giving him.

"What? Oh no, nothing," Harry said, although he was pulling at the collar of his sweater as if the room had suddenly become too hot. "It's just...you just...oh fuck it, Draco, you look so fucking hot," Harry suddenly said, advancing on Draco and grabbing the blonde. "I just want you so fucking bad."

As Harry met his lips in a steamy kiss full of a day's sexual frustration, Draco was sorely tempted to just give in and let Harry have his wicked way with him.

But then the vision of Harry sitting on the divan, staring up at Draco as the blonde slowly gave him his first ever lap dance in nothing but those leather pants...

Draco abruptly shoved Harry down on the divan. Harry made a noise of protest, but Draco raised a hand.

"I know how much you love these pants, Harry," he purred, "And I got to thinking, maybe you'd like to watch me take them off."

Harry made a noise that sounded rather like a fish out of water, which Draco took to mean "Yes, Draco, yes I would like nothing better than to watch your unbearably hot and sexy body slowly get naked right before my eyes." Draco whipped out his wand, and with a couple whispered spells, he made the lights in the room suddenly dim and music start playing.

"Holy shit," Harry finally managed to say, as his astoundingly hot boyfriend straddled him on the divan.

"Ever had a lap dance, Harry?" Draco whispered seductively from the brunette's lap, skillfully grinding down against Harry.

Harry could only moan and shake his head 'no.'

"Well, then," Draco whispered, pulling off his top so that all he was wearing was that pair of sinfully tight leather pants. "First time for everything, right?"

"""""""""""""""""""""""""

After Sunday's marvelous leather pants success, Draco decided to stick with the "dress outrageously gay" theme all week.

Monday he wore skintight jeans with a midriff shirt that read "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" and put copious amounts of glitter on his face.

Lucius nearly had a heart attack.

Tuesday he wore a pink track suit with white stripes down the sides and a matching pink sweatband, and Lucius locked himself in his study and refused to come out all day.

Wednesday he wore a pure white suit with a pale pink shirt, matching sheer pink sunglasses, and a pink man-bag that would have rivaled the Dark Lord's, in which he had placed DLM so he could carry the rabbit around all day.

Lucius muttered some nonsense about needing to check on his charity donations and ran off and hid in the Ministry of Magic. After all, denial is a hell of a lot easier when you combine it with avoidance.

Draco hadn't been idle with Hermione's little black book either. Harry had found himself on the receiving end of everything from a sensuous massage with edible body lotion to new uses for bondage spells to a very spicy little game of "Detention with the Potions Professor" that put to shame all the fake details that Draco had given *Wicked Witch Weekly*.

Harry might have gotten suspicious about Draco's sudden shift from "exceptionally incredible in bed" to "insatiable sex kitten with a talent for the wildest kinky-monkey sex a person can have without getting arrested" but he was too busy receiving the best sex of his life to question where it was coming from.

And now it was Thursday, and Draco had planned today to be his coup de grace. He had managed to transfigure himself a perfect replica of an American sailor uniform, complete with white bell-bottoms, white and blue top, and the little hat perched on top of his blonde hair.

Harry would never admit it, not in a million years, but he thought Draco looked pretty damn cute in that outfit.

Now Thursday was, as Draco knew, Lucius's "business meeting" day - which of course meant that some of Lucius's "business partners"(who were actually the Death Eaters), gathered in Lucius's study to talk about "business" (which was actually plots against Harry Potter, general mayhem, and the proven best ways to suck up to Lord Voldemort).

Draco planned to drop in at the meeting to say hi.

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"So, the next order of 'business'" Rodolphus Lestrange was saying, making exaggerated quotation marks with his fingers and getting a few chuckles out of the other Death Eaters, "is whether the Dark Lord would prefer dark or milk chocolate at our next gathering. Now I, personally, am in favor of dark chocolate, because *hello*, he's the *Dark* Lord, but Avery here says that - "

"Dad, are you in here? Can I talk to you for a minute?"

Draco had just walked into Lucius's study, dressed in his darling little sailor suit. Lucius choked.

"Draco!" he hissed. "Not now! Daddy's in a meeting!"

"Oh, are you really?" Draco gushed, in a frighteningly good imitation of his mother. "How divine!" He beamed at the occupants of the room, who all smiled indulgently back at him. "Hello, everyone! Mr. Nott, Mr. Avery, Mr. Crabbe, Mr. Goyle, Mr. Rookwood, Mr. MacNair, Professor Snape, Uncle Roddy - "

"Hello, Draco," Rodolphus Lestrange smiled at his nephew. "You look absolute charming. Doesn't he?" he said to the other Death Eaters, who all nodded.

"Yes, you really do," said Nott. "Lucius, you are so lucky to have such a fine-looking son. And one who's so comfortable with his sexuality."

"RIGHT," Lucius said, clearing his throat. "Did you NEED something, Draco?"

"Not really," Draco admitted, plopping down on a fine leather sofa next to his dad. "I just wanted to see my dad and tell him I love him."

"Awwww," came the chorus around the room. Lucius looked very pained.

"Well, thank you Draco, I...uh...love you too. Now why don't you run along, I'm sure Potter's waiting for you."

"Potter? As in Harry Potter? Is he here right now?" MacNair said, looking very eager. Draco and Lucius nodded.

"He's out in the hall," Draco explained. "After all, I couldn't really bring him in here with a bunch of Death Eaters, now could I? Oh, wait, I'm sorry, I meant my dad's 'business partners,'" he said with a huge wink.

There was an appreciative chuckle around the room.

McNair looked delighted. "Oooh, excellent. Mind if I pop out and see him? I won't be but a moment."

Lucius sighed. "Fine," he said, long-sufferingly, "But don't you dare kill him. I'm responsible for him while he's at my house."

"Oh no worries, Lucius, I don't want to kill him," MacNair assured the room, slipping something out of his bag and into his pocket and disappearing out into the hall.

''

Harry was lounging against the door frame out in the hall, waiting for Draco to come back from his newest scheme to drive his dad nutters, when he heard a sinister voice behind him.

"Harry Potter, at last! I've finally got you all alone! I've been waiting for an opportunity like this for so long! Muahahaha!"

Alarmed, Harry whirled around, and came face to face with MacNair.

"You're mine now, Potter," MacNair cackled, reaching into his pocket. "And I've got something for you."

Fearing for his life, Harry quickly reached into his own pocket and whipped out his wand, pointing it straight at MacNair -

Who was holding out a copy of *Wicked Witch Weekly*.

"No need to resort to wands," MacNair said, sounding slightly sulky. "I was just going to ask you for your autograph."

Harry blinked at him.

"My what?" he finally said.

"Your autograph. For uh...my wife. Yeah, that's it. My wife. I'm...I mean, *she's* a big fan."

"Uh-huh," said Harry, still blinking. Finally, he smiled weakly. "Well, I don't really do autographs, you see - "

"Oh, please, Potter?" MacNair said, batting his eyelashes in what he obviously assumed was a winsome way but actually made Harry feel rather nauseous.

"Well..." Harry thought for a moment. "Are you still killing magical beasts for the Ministry?"

"Oh, I didn't know you knew about that. Yeah, yeah I am. Although I did get this offer for another job. See, I've always secretly fancied myself a hair-dresser, and *Medusa's Salon* is actually hiring right now, and the owner said that if I - "

"Promise you'll take the job as a hair-dresser and I'll sign your magazine," Harry interrupted firmly. He paused. "For your wife, of course."

"It's a deal," MacNair said, beaming, and they shook on it. Harry reluctantly took the magazine. "Now, who should I make this out to?"

"Make it out to *The Beast Master*."

Harry raised an eyebrow.

"Because...uh...that's my wife's nickname."

Feeling that his entire holiday with the Malfoys had been rather surreal already, Harry figured what the hell, and signed the magazine.

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"So, who wants to hear some juicy details about me and Harry's sex life?" Draco said, and several Death Eaters shot their hands up into the air.

"Ooooh, me, me, me!" a few squealed.

Lucius had had enough.

"That is IT!" he exploded, standing up and picking Draco up by the collar of his sailor shirt and hauling him to his feet. "I've had just about enough of this. Say goodbye, Draco."

"Goodbye Draco," Draco said cheekily, waving goodbye as his dad dragged him out into the hall.

Out in the hall MacNair was thanking Harry profusely and stuffing something back in his robes.

"So, Potter thanks so much for the auto - the uh...tips on your weaknesses that I can pass on to the Dark Lord," MacNair finished hurriedly, upon seeing Lucius and the furious look on his face. "I'll just be getting back to that meeting.

He dashed back into the room and shut the door. Harry turned to watch as Lucius let go of Draco's shirt collar and glared at his son.

"Draco Malfoy, what have I told you about interrupting Daddy's business meetings to act outrageously homosexual?" Lucius hissed.

Harry looked back and forth between the two of them. "You've...had this conversation before?" he asked, bewildered.

The two Malfoys ignored him.

"Not to do it?" Draco said, in a bored tone of voice.

"That's right! How could you embarrass me, acting all gay like that? And in front of Severus!"

"Oh, so you're finally admitting that I'm gay then?" Draco said, crossing his arms over his chest and glaring right back at his dad.

"Not on your life," Lucius spat back. "You're no more gay than I am."

"Oh, so I'm not just gay, I'm an *extremely* gay closet case, then, is that it?"

"WHAT?" Lucius sputtered. "No, that's not - how dare you - Draco Lucius Malfoy, you are *grounded*!"

"GROUNDED?" Draco howled. "Daddy, I'm *sixteen years old*! You can't GROUND ME!"

"Yeah? Watch me."

Harry's sense of justice rose up. Afterall, Lucius Malfoy really was one hell of an extremely gay closet case. "Um, Mr. Malfoy, you really shouldn't ground Draco just because he told the truth - "

"Stay out of this Potter. Or wait, actually - you're grounded too."

"Wait....*what*?" Harry said, shocked. "You can't ground *me*!"

"I can," Lucius said menacingly. "As long as you're staying under my roof I'm your guardian, and I say you're grounded. Now both of you, go upstairs to Draco's room. Now, before I decide that neither of you is too big or too old to be turned over my knee!"

"Why Lucius," Harry purred, taking a step towards the raving older Malfoy, "I didn't know you were so kinky."

"**GO**!!!"

Harry and Draco ran.

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Chapter: 27

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Dragon Tamer

Chapter 27: Black Books and Red Pajamas

"""""""""""""""""""""""

"Grounded? *Grounded*? How the *hell* can I be *grounded*?"

"Shut up, Potter. In case you've somehow forgotten, I'm grounded too, so quit your whining."

Harry and Draco had dutifully returned to Draco's room and were now in the sitting area in front of the fireplace. Harry was standing up and pacing about the room while Draco lounged on the leather sofa, reading his "fashion magazine."

"But Draco, how can your dad ground *me*? I'm your boyfriend! And a house guest! Not to mention a celebrity!"

"Channeling our inner diva again, are we Harry?" Draco said mildly, turning a page. He was trying to decide between trying out some of the new positions recommended for shower sex or whether to call for Yoda to have him bring up strawberries, whipped cream and chocolate so he could make himself a Harry Potter sundae.

Harry gave Draco a dirty look and flopped down on the sofa next to him. "I didn't mean it like that, you prat. I was just thinking about the horrible headlines that will be printed if *The Daily Prophet* finds out about this: *Death Eater Find New Horrible Punishment for Boy Who Lives - Harry Potter Grounded.* Ugh, I can't bear to think about it."

"Mmm, yes. Absolutely dreadful," Draco muttered distractedly. Shower or sundae...shower or sundae...

"Honestly, grounded by a Death Eater. What's next? I bet the next time I have to duel with Lord Voldemort he's just going to say 'Potter, I *was* going to kill you, but I've changed my mind. Now I'm just going to take away your allowance.'"

"Sounds like fun," Draco replied, having just decided on a Potter sundae first, followed by wickedly hot shower sex.

"You're not even listening to me," Harry said petulantly. He looked over at Draco, who was immersed in his "magazine." "What could possibly be so interesting in that publication that makes it worth ignoring me?"

"Article on the rarity of natural blondes and why we're such a hot commodity," Draco lied smoothly. Harry rolled his eyes.

"Figures. Vain git."

"I'm not the one whining about getting poor press in *The Prophet*," Draco pointed out, setting the

magazine down on the coffee table. "Are you hungry?"

"What?"

"Hungry, Potter. As in, do you want something to eat?"

Harry shrugged. "Sure. What'd you have in mind?"

Draco smiled wickedly. "I'll give you three guesses and the first two don't count."

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Much, much later a sticky, chocolate and whipped cream covered Harry and Draco finally found their way into Draco's enormous sunken tub where they lay snuggled together, Harry lying in between Draco's legs with his back against Draco's chest. Draco's arms were wrapped tightly around Harry and his chin was resting on Harry's shoulder.

"That," said Harry, sighing blissfully, "was amazing."

"I know," Draco said, slightly smugly, writing Granger another mental thank you note. He tightened his grip around Harry's waist and turned to kiss Harry's cheek. "You make a very tasty sundae, you know."

"Do I?" Harry said playfully, turning his own head to kiss Draco properly, if rather lazily. Their lips moved together languidly, and as Harry's tongue snaked into Draco's mouth he could taste the strawberries, whipped cream and chocolate that Draco had licked off him.

Despite being completely relaxed not two seconds earlier, that delicious combination of tastes flooded his senses and woke him back up. He reached out and grabbed Draco behind the head , threading his fingers through his wet hair and turning the blonde head so he could deepen the kiss.

Draco, who always found himself melting when Harry kissed him like this, let out a soft noise that echoed off the tiles and cut through the constant pounding of the shower. That was all the encouragement Harry needed before turning in Draco's arms so that they were face to face, Harry on his knees between Draco's legs. He leaned forward, pressing Draco against the cool porcelain of the tub, not breaking the kiss. His tongue continued to plunder Draco's mouth, seeking out every last trace of chocolate and strawberry that still lingered in their kiss.

Reaching out with the hand that wasn't holding Draco's head, Harry felt around and grabbed the first bottle that he came in contact with. Popping open the top, he regretfully let go of Draco's hair to squeeze some of the smooth liquid into his hand.

A cool, elegant scent that practically screamed Draco wafted through the shower. Draco pulled back, panting, to look up at Harry.

"That's my personal bodywash, you know, Potter," he said, lifting an eyebrow. "My very own, specially made, customized, very expensive bodywash. That one bottle alone probably cost more than Weasley's dad makes in a year, and you're going to use it like this?"

Harry casually dropped his hand onto a very specific part of Draco's anatomy that didn't seem to have issues being covered in expensive bodywash.

"Do you really care?" he asked carelessly as his hand began moving up and down. Draco stiffened.

"On second thought - no, not really," Draco managed to squeak out. Harry added a second hand. "Or not at all. Nope, no problems. None whatsoever."

"That's what I thought," said Harry smoothly, leaning in to kiss Draco again.

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Friday passed in a very mild manner. Draco and Harry spent most of the time closeted in Draco's room, coming down only for meals. Harry wondered just how long it would be before Lucius realized that by grounding them he had basically given Harry and Draco license to shag like bunnies.

Saturday, or Christmas Eve, didn't pass in nearly so mild a manner. No indeed.

It started out harmlessly enough. Harry and the Malfoys were gathered around the breakfast table, eating crepes with raspberries. Harry and Narcissa were deeply engrossed in a chat about Quidditch and Draco was dressing DLM in a new jumper that read "Hopping Mad for Harry Potter."

Lucius, trying very very hard to ignore what his son was doing, discreetly pushed *The Daily Prophet* over to Draco, open to one of the back pages.

FORMER HOGWARTS STUDENT AT ST. MUNGO'S DISCOVERED TO HAVE MISSING 'BITS' was the headline. Draco smirked and began to read the article.

It was discovered late last night that Mr. Terry Boot, former Hogwarts prefect convicted of attempted rape, appears to have been the victim of some vigilante justice. Mr. Boot was found in screaming in his St. Mungo's bed last night, shouting "It's gone! It's gone!" Upon further inspection, it was indeed found that Mr. Boot was no longer in possession of his "bits."

"*It's the strangest thing," said Dr. Wilma Workman, an internist at St. Mungo's. "I was doing rounds and I heard this screaming, and then it was just...missing. Someone must have snuck in late in the night and used a special curse to remove his -*

"Whatcha reading, Draco?" Harry asked, craning his neck to look over Draco's shoulder.

"Nothing!" Draco squeaked, shoving the paper over to his dad, who quickly vanished it. He smiled weakly at Harry. "Just some fiscal report about increased taxes for the ridiculously wealthy."

"Oh," said Harry, wrinkling his nose. "Sounds boring."

"It is. Very boring. Nothing for you to worry your pretty little head about."

Harry rolled his eyes and turned back to talking about seeker tactics with Narcissa. Draco flashed his dad a discreet thumbs-up sign. Lucius smirked back.

In hindsight, Draco should have known that just because he dad was looking out for his son when it came to vengeful ex-boyfriends did not mean that his dad had given up turning his son straight as an arrow.

When lunch rolled around and the family was again seated around the dining table, Lucius' newest ploy to stuff his son securely back in the closet reared its ugly head.

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"Cissa, darling, I've been thinking," Lucius began casually as lunch was ending, in a tone of voice that should have told Draco that he was clearly up to no good. "Why don't you take little Harry here out shopping this afternoon? The boy could use some new clothes, and it'd be a chance for him to get out of the house a bit, stretch his legs."

"Get out of the house and stretch his legs?" Draco said, incredulously. "This place is gigantic. Harry can stretch his legs just by walking from my bed to the bathroom."

Lucius shot him a dirty look. "Yes, but I still think it'd be nice for Harry to get out with your mother for a bit. I'm sure she'd love to by him some new clothes."

"Lucius, what a simply wonderful idea!" Narcissa gushed. "I would positively adore taking Harry out shopping!"

"Oh no, I couldn't," Harry stammered. "You're already letting me stay here, I couldn't possibly let you buy me anything. I have plenty of money, you don't have to - "

"YAY SHOPPING!" Draco said enthusiastically. "I'll go get my coat."

"Oh no you don't, young man," Lucius said firmly. "You'll be staying right here."

"*What*?"

"You're grounded, remember?"

"But...what...but how come Harry gets to go?" Draco complained, confused. "You said Harry was grounded too!"

"Oh, but Harry knows I didn't really mean it, right Harry?" Lucius said with a winning smile at the bewildered Gryffindor. He even went so far as to ruffle Harry's hair, leaving Harry wide-eyed and perplexed. "After all, Draco, Harry's a *celebrity*. I can't ground a *celebrity*."

"But *Daddy* - "

"Draco, rules are rules. You're grounded until your birthday, and that means no allowance, no flooing, no owls to your friends, and most definitely no shopping. So you're staying home, and Harry's going out with your mother."

"*Mum*!" Draco whined. "This isn't *fair*!"

"I'm sorry, darling, but those *are* the house rules. Now do as your father says."

Draco crossed his arms over his chest and pouted horribly. Harry cleared his throat.

"Well, if Draco can't go than I really shouldn't - "

"Nonsense, Harry. Draco wouldn't want you to stay home just because he's grounded," Narcissa said sweetly.

Draco opened his mouth to say "Actually Mum, I want that very much," but Narcissa was already continuing.

"Now run along and get your coat, Harry dear, and we'll floo to Diagon Alley. Oh, I can't wait to see you try on the newest line of robes from Gladrag's!"

Harry looked from one Malfoy to the next. Narcissa was beaming at him, Draco was glaring and pouting at Lucius, and Lucius...well, he looked just a little too innocent to be believable.

Still, Harry was really fond of Narcissa, and she seemed so genuinely excited, so with a last apologetic look at his sulking boyfriend he went upstairs to get his coat.

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Harry had just grabbed his coat from Draco's bedroom and was just about to walk out the door when he heard a tapping noise at the window. Turning around, he saw Hedwig looking in. He rushed over to the window and opened it, and Hedwig soared inside and landed on the mantel, holding her foot out.

"Got a letter for me?" Harry asked, untying the letter with one hand and stroking Hedwig's feathers with the other. Hedwig hooted importantly. Harry pulled the letter off and slowly unrolled it.

Dear Harry,

It sounds like you're having a lovely holiday at the Malfoys. Do they really have a House Elf named Yoda? I couldn't stop giggling when I read that! I'm having a wonderful time at home, although Ron seems to be nervous about meeting my parents. Typical boy.

Anyway, it was great to hear from you! See you next week at Draco's birthday party!

Love Hermione

Ps. I seem to have lost my book. YOU KNOW WHICH BOOK I MEAN. Tell me, by any chance do you know where it is? I admit, I'm a little bit suspicious that Draco may have nicked it. Write me back and tell me as soon as you can.

Harry smiled to himself, imaging Ron hanging out with the Grangers. It would be so funny to see Ron, who knew nothing about muggles, trying to figure out a muggle house with muggle appliances and electricity and -

Wait.

Wait, wait, *wait*.

Hermione had lost her book? *The* book? Her book of kinky-monkey sex ideas?

Well, that was a shame, to be sure. Harry had really wanted to get his hands on that little black book of hers. Still, it's not like he had any idea where it was. And obviously Hermione was wrong about thinking that Draco had stolen it. Harry would know if Draco had that book, because they would be having all sorts of crazy, wild, kinky...

Crazy, wild, kinky...

Huh.

But wait. Harry would have seen it. It's not like Draco could hide the fact that he was constantly reading a sex book unless...

Harry's trained seeker eyes swept over the room and came to rest on the well-worn fashion magazine that was lying oh-so-innocently on the coffee table.

...unless it didn't look anything like a sex book.

Striding over to the coffee table, Harry picked up the magazine and opened it. His eyes flew wide open as he scanned page after page of Hermione's handwriting, detailing all sorts of naughty activities, several of which Harry recognized from the past few days with Draco.

"That little *brat*," Harry thought to himself as he flipped through the book. "I can't believe him. He is not going to get away with this."

Harry quickly flipped over Hermione's letter and began to write a response.

Dear Hermione,

You won't believe this, but...

Harry continued to mutter under his breath. "I can't believe that prat. I can't believe that he stole that book and he didn't tell me and he's been secretly using it all week to give me the most incredible, unbelievable, mind-blowing sex I've ever had, over and over and...

...I love him *so* much."

Dear Hermione,

You won't believe this, but you're wrong about Draco. He didn't steal your book, and we don't have it here. Maybe you left it at Hogwarts?

Have a great holiday, say hi to Ron for me. Happy Christmas!

Love Harry

"""""""""""""""""""

After Draco and Lucius said goodbye to Harry and Narcissa as they left to go shopping (Harry having given Draco an insanely passionate kiss before he left that left the blonde confused but happy), Draco went up to his room to sulk. He collapsed on his soft leather couch. DLM, sensing that Draco was upset, hopped up on the sofa next to him and into his lap.

Feeling slightly cheered by the bunny, Draco picked up the "fashion magazine" that was lying exactly where he had left it on the coffee table. He smiled to himself. He couldn't believe he was getting away with having Granger's little black book. Harry really was so cute and predictable. He'd never suspect in a million years what was really in this magazine.

A little while later, there was a knock on the door of his room.

"Come in!"

Lucius walked into his son's room, trying to suppress feelings of admiration for the lovely décor

and most definitely suppressing the urge to go "awwww" when he saw his son cuddled up with his rabbit.

"Draco, I need your help."

Draco looked up from his magazine. "Whatever for?"

"I invited the Parkinsons for tea, and they'll be here any minute. I need you to entertain Pansy for the afternoon."

Draco's mouth fell open. "WHAT?" He threw his magazine onto the coffee table and stood up, setting DLM on the floor. "Dad, no. No. N-O. I do not want to spend my afternoon drinking tea and making chit chat with a disgruntled lesbian just because you have some crazy mixed up notion that Malfoy men are straight."

"Now, now, Draco," Lucius scolded gently. "I'm going to pretend you didn't say that. Pansy is a lovely girl, and I'm sure you two will have a wonderful time."

"Well, this explains why Harry isn't grounded anymore," Draco said irritably. "You needed to get him and Mum out of the house so you could force me to spend time with Pansy."

"Draco, I'm appalled that you think I would do such a thing!" Lucius said, sounding shocked, holding a hand to his chest dramatically. "I assure you, I've done nothing of the sort."

Draco snorted. "Yeah, right. This is unbelievable. I can't believe you want me to have tea with Pansy, who I do hope you know likes men the way vegetarians like steak."

"Draco, really," Lucius started to say, but was cut off as the doorbell rang. Draco shot one last withering glance at his father before stomping downstairs to greet the Parkinsons.

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"Mum, *why* are we here again?" Pansy asked, scowling, as Yoda led Pansy and Mrs. Violet Parkinson into the parlour to wait for Lucius and Draco.

"Because," Mrs. Parkinson said, with a forced smile that clearly said 'this is the one-millionth time I've had this conversation with my teenage daughter and she is slowly but surely driving me crazy,' "The Malfoys invited us for tea."

"Yeah, right," Pansy snorted. "You just want to marry me off to Draco so you and Dad can retire in southern Italy. Don't think I don't know this."

"Pansy, sweetie, we have been planning your marriage to Draco for years, and it's high time you accepted it," Mrs. Parkinson said long-sufferingly. "And don't *snort*, it's not lady-like."

"Yes, because acting lady-like is *so* high on my list of priorities."

"Well, it certainly wouldn't kill you to try. Men don't like it when women snort."

"Yes, because caring what men like is *so* high on my list of priorities."

Mrs. Parkinson sighed. Pansy was so dead-set on pretending that she liked women, when it was obvious that Draco was perfect for her.

"Look, darling, just try to act a little more ladylike while we're here, alright?" Mrs. Parkinson pleaded. "We want Draco to like you, don't we? Afterall, the two of you are going to get married!"

"Mum, I don't *want* to marry Draco. He's gayer than a fashion designer turned figure skater."

"Pansy, that's not very nice! Draco's a lovely young man. Perhaps a bit...effeminate, but surely you would like that in a boy."

Pansy took a deep breath and set her jaw. "Mum, for the last time, I do *not* want to marry Draco Malfoy. I don't want to marry a *man*. Now if we were talking about *Narcissa* Malfoy, it'd be a different story. She's so freaking hot."

"Pansy, hush," Violet whispered, as Lucius and Draco Malfoy appeared in the parlour. Pansy rolled her eyes at her mum and looked at Draco and Lucius uninterestedly.

"Violet, Pansy, how lovely to see you both," Lucius said with a dashing smile. Lucius really could be quite dashing when he wanted to be.

Violet giggled slightly, but of course the relative dashing-ness of any man was really rather lost on Pansy.

The foursome walked into the conservatory, which was bright and sunny thanks to the winter sun streaming through the glass walls. Plants adorned every side, with beautiful flowers charmed by Narcissa to never wilt. In the center of the conservatory sat a small table with a beautiful white lace table cloth and a lovely tea service set - for two.

There were only two chairs at the table, and both Draco and Pansy, seeing where this was headed, balked and cast longing looks at the exit. Lucius wasn't having it though; he grabbed Draco by the arm and practically shoved him down into one seat while Mrs. Parkinson did the same to Pansy.

"Well, we knew you kids wouldn't want to listen to us old people, so you'll be having tea here in the conservatory while Mrs. Parkinson and I chat in the tea room," Lucius said with his same dashing smile. "Doesn't that sound lovely to everyone?"

Both Draco and Pansy protested immediately.

"Dad, are you mad? I don't want - "

"Mum, how could you think that - "

"Well, glad we're all agreeable. You two enjoy yourselves! Cheerio!" Lucius finished, and he and Violet Parkinson made a hasty exit towards the door.

"Bye kids! Enjoy your *privacy*," Violet said with a wink, as she and Lucius disappeared.

"I think I'm going to be sick," Pansy muttered.

"I hate my life," Draco sighed back.

There was a moment of irritated silence.

Pansy finally cleared her throat. "So...is your mum here?" she asked hopefully.

"""""""""""""""""""""""""""

Lucius and Mrs. Parkinson dropped into their chairs at their large table in the tea room.

"Alright Violet, let's get down to business," Lucius said, pulling out a sheet of parchment from the pocket of his cloak. "Here's the marriage spell I found. It's perfect for our purposes."

"Oh, tell me about it," Mrs. Parkinson said eagerly, sipping her tea.

"Well, if done correctly, it will bind the two participants together forever. However, it must be cast precisely at midnight when the younger of the two participants comes of age. Now, Pansy is already of age, yes?"

"Yes. Her birthday was in October."

"Marvelous," Lucius said, rubbing his hands together and looking wicked. He loved being evil, and this plan was evil as all get out. "So this spell must be cast at exactly midnight between December 30 and December 31, when Draco comes of age. After that, Pansy and Draco will be bound together in irreversible magical matrimony! MUAHAHAHA!!!"

Mrs. Parkinson looked at him, alarmed.

Lucius cleared his throat. "Um...right. Any questions?"

Mrs. Parkinson raised an eyebrow, but let it slide. After a moment, she spoke a concern. "How are you going to get Draco and Pansy in a room where you can cast the spell? And without

anyone noticing they're gone?"

Lucius withdrew a bag of bright blue powder from his pocket with a flourish. "With THIS," he said dramatically, waving the bag about. "In this bag are powerful hallucinogenic drugs from none other than Hogwart's resident unbearably sexy Potion Master Severus Snape. I will be mixing them in with the punch, causing everyone to go completely mad, except for you and me, who won't drink the punch. Then we simply guide Pansy and Draco to an empty room, *Stupefy* them, and perform the incantation at midnight."

Lucius paused, and Mrs. Parkinson looked impressed.

"That's a really good plan," she said, and Lucius looked pleased.

"It is, isn't it? One of my better ones. Now, all I need you to do is bring Pansy to the party, and make sure she doesn't suspect anything."

"Consider it done," Mrs. Parkinson said. At that moment, a knock was heard on the door.

"Enter!" Lucius said, quickly tucking the parchment and the powder back into his pocket. Yoda the House Elf walked in.

"Your pardon I is begging, Master Malfoy. Returned, Mistress Malfoy and Harry Potter have," the elf squeaked. Lucius gave him a funny look.

"Why are you talking like that?"

Yoda shrugged. "Asking me to, Harry Potter is. Saying talks like this, Yoda does. Arguing, I is not."

The elf disappeared with a small pop. Lucius and Mrs. Parkinson shrugged and left the room.

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Lucius and Mrs. Parkinson arrived at the conservatory at the same time Harry and Narcissa did.

"Narcissa!" Mrs. Parkinson said at once. "How are you today?"

"Oh, I'm marvelous, Vi, simply marvelous! After all, I got to spend the afternoon with this handsome young celebrity!" she cooed, placing an arm around Harry's waist. "He's just a little dream. If Draco doesn't watch out, I just might steal him!" she teased.

Harry turned pink, and Lucius rolled his eyes.

"Well, shall we see how Draco and Pansy have fared?" he said pointedly.

"Oh, Pansy's here? She's a lovely girl, always so complimentary. I can't wait to see her," Narcissa said, opening the door to the conservatory and walking in, followed closely by Violet.

Harry grabbed Lucius' arm before he could walk in.

"Pansy? What's Parkinson doing here, and why is she with Draco?" he asked, a little sharper than he had intended. Lucius merely smiled enigmatically.

"It's nothing that concerns you, Potter," he said loftily. Harry's eyes narrowed.

"I find that hard to believe."

"Really, Potter. One would think you were...*jealous*."

"I'm not jealous," Harry said defensively. Lucius snorted.

"Please, all you Potter men are the jealous type."

Harry scoffed. "Oh really? You think Potter men are jealous? Then what about *Malfoy* men, huh? Malfoys are about a hundred times more jealous and possessive than any Potter ever was."

"We most certainly are not!" Lucius said indignantly.

"You are too," Harry retorted.

"Are not."

"Are too."

"Are...Potter, I am *not* having this conversation. Now into the conservatory with you."

Lucius grabbed Harry's shoulder and guided the disgruntled teen into the conservatory. Draco's face, upon seeing Harry, immediately lit up.

"Harry!" he called out, interrupting Pansy as she was complimenting Narcissa on her lovely new gown. He stood up and ran over to his boyfriend. "You're back! Did you have fun?" he asked, throwing his arms around Harry's neck and kissing him hello.

Harry's arms immediately snaked around Draco's waist as he kissed him back. "Mmm, yes," he murmured against Draco's lips. He pulled back for a second and rested his forehead against Draco's. "But I missed you."

Draco smiled and they started kissing again. Lucius stood still and watched them for a moment, the strangest feeling bubbling up inside him. It felt...warm and fuzzy and *sweet*, kind of like how he felt when he looked at Draco's little bunny rabbit.

Draco and Harry looked...really, truly happy together. Like they were in love. And then Lucius thought about how he was about to betray Draco and bind him for eternity to the girl who was currently flirting shamelessly with his wife, and for just a second, he felt guilty.

But Draco was a Malfoy, and Malfoys had certain duties, and marrying the right sort of person and producing the right kind of heir was one of them. He had no choice. He was doing the right thing. He *was*.

Right?

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The next day was Christmas, which was a lovely affair at Malfoy Manor. The Malfoys and Harry exchanged presents in the morning. Narcissa had absolutely squealed in delight at her present from Harry - four luxury tickets to a sold out Quidditch match between the Chudley Canons and the Montrose Magpies in early January.

"I thought we could all go together," Harry said uncertainly, and Narcissa gave him a huge hug. Lucius rolled his eyes but secretly thought it was a great gift. Harry had also gotten Draco an autographed Madonna poster, causing the blonde to go into transports of utter delight for a total of 30 minutes.

Harry had gotten Lucius a diary - a very nice, leather bound diary with 24 karat gold trim and a matching Phoenix feather quill - but the irony was not lost on Lucius. Still, considering that he had gotten Harry several pairs of socks (cashmere socks, but still socks) and a book on House Elf care, he really couldn't make any snide remarks.

Lucius and Narcissa had given the boys an all-expense paid, "guaranteed 100 Dark Lord and Death Eater free" holiday in the south of France. It had been Narcissa's idea, and somehow Lucius had ended up going along with it.

That happened a lot with Narcissa and Lucius.

The biggest surprise of the day, however, had to be the pajamas from Draco. Lucius wanted to hate them. He did. After all, they were Gryffindor red, with gold lightning bolts, and they came from the Harry Potter Fan Club catalogue.

But they were really, *really* nice pajamas, of such a gloriously soft and luxurious silk, and the matching slippers were so warm and cozy and fuzzy, and the cut was so comfortable that Lucius grudgingly had to admit they were the nicest pajamas he had ever owned, and he positively loved them.

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Lucius was actually wearing said pajamas the following Thursday, December 29, the day before Draco's "birthday party," while sitting in his study in the middle of the night and sipping a cup of hot cocoa.

He was staring into space and thinking over the whole Draco/Potter situation for the one millionth time when he heard the soft patter of little furry feet.

He looked up from his chair, and sure enough, DLM III was hopping into his study.

"Go away, you wretched animal, before I turn you into stew," Lucius said, narrowing his eyes at the bunny. DLM ignored him and hopped over to the chair.

"I'm warning you," Lucius said, although his voice wasn't quite as stern as before. "I'm an evil, dark wizard. Bunny rabbits such as you should fear my wrath."

DLM sat back on his hind legs and put a paw on Lucius' leg.

"I mean it," said Lucius, but now his voice had gone rather soft. "You should go. I'll stew you...I will...I...oh hell." Lucius took a quick look around the room, confirmed that he was alone, and then picked up the rabbit and set him on his lap.

"Don't you dare tell a soul about this," he said menacingly to the bunny. After a brief moment, he conjured up a carrot and handed it to the rabbit. "There, you horrid rodent. Don't say I never did anything nice for you."

DLM munched on the carrot happily, and Lucius found it to be very soothing, sitting there in the firelight, sipping cocoa with a bunny on his lap.

They sat in peaceful silence for quite some time, when suddenly a loud crash was heard outside.

"Shit," Lucius said ineloquently. "The Dark Lord. You better go," he said to the rabbit. "He really will stew you."

Lucius paused. "Actually, on second thought, he'll probably turn you into a hat to match his man-bag."

DLM was out of that room like a bolt of lightning.

Lucius stood up as Lord Voldemort and Wormtail entered the room.

"My Lord," he said, bowing low. "To what do I owe this great honour?"

It did not escape Lucius' notice that Lord Voldemort was carrying a new man-bag. This one was green and scaly - rather like the Dark Lord himself.

"Lucius," Lord Voldemort said fondly. "Could you be a dear and get me a cup of tea?"

"Of course, my Lord," Lucius said, tapping a kettle that he kept handy. It was steaming in moments. He poured a cup for the Dark Lord, one for Wormtail, and then one for himself.

As an afterthought he added a liberal amount of brandy to his own glass. One never knew what Lord Thingy was going to say or do these days.

"Lovely new man-bag, my Lord," Lucius said, as he handed Voldemort his cup. "Is that real snake skin?"

"Of course not!" Voldemort said, sounding horrified. "As if I would kill a snake. It's faux."

"*I* knew it was faux," Wormtail said in a superior tone of voice. Lucius shot him a Malfoy death glare, and he immediately cowered behind the Dark Lord.

"So, what brings you here tonight?" Lucius said with a forced smile as Voldemort set his bag down on a coffee table to sip at his tea.

"Just thought I'd drop in and see if you'd given any more thought to letting me have Harry Potter."

Lucius sighed. "My Lord, believe me, if I could, I'd gift-wrap the little bastard for you. But everyone knows he's here, and they'll send me straight back to Azkaban if anything happens to him."

Voldemort looked disappointed. "You're sure I can't just - "

"No."

"Maybe if I - "

"No."

"But what about - "

"No."

"Oh, very well." The Dark Lord appeared to be sulking.

"I'd give you Potter, my Lord, even if it meant going to Azkaban for you," Wormtail said in an oily, unctuous voice. Lucius glared at him again. Wormtail "eeped" in fear and sped off to hide in a corner.

Voldemort sipped down the rest of his tea, and then set down the cup. "Well, if I can't have

Potter, then I suppose we might as well be off." He picked up his man-bag and turned to go, then paused.

"Lucius," he began suspiciously, his eyes traveling up and down Lucius Malfoy's body, "are those...*lightning bolts* on your pajamas?"

Lucius thought fast.

"Um, no, of course not. They're, uh...deep gashes. That's right. Deep gashes bleeding gold blood. The pure, golden blood of the innocent."

"Really?" Lord Voldemort was quite intrigued. "Gold blood, eh? Well, now isn't that clever." He reached out a hand towards the fabric. "May I?"

"Oh, um, sure," Lucius said, and Lord Voldemort felt the material between his long white fingers.

"I say, that's rather nice. Are they silk?" he asked, and Lucius nodded.

"Yes, actually. 100 imported Italian silk." The Dark Lord looked thoughtful.

"You know, I think I'd like a pair. Wormtail! Fetch me a pair of these sensational pajamas! And a matching kimono!" He turned back to Lucius. "Where did you say you got these again?"

Lucius smiled weakly. No chance in hell he was going to tell Lord Voldemort that the pajamas hailed from the Harry Potter Fan Club catalogue. "Um, actually, your Lordship, why don't I get them for you? It'll be like a second Christmas present."

"Oh, Lucius, you big softy, you don't have to do that!"

"No really. I insist."

The Dark Lord practically beamed at him. "Well, thank you. That's wonderful. Simply wonderful. You're my favorite minion, you know that?"

He turned. "Wormtail! Let's go!" And with that the Dark Lord left Lucius' study.

Wormtail trailed after him, looking rather miffed, and his sulking voice reached Lucius' ears as he left.

"I thought *I* was your favorite minion."

Lucius sighed, and with a last bewildered shake of his head at the madness that was his life, he went upstairs to try and get some sleep before the big day ahead tomorrow.

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Chapter: 28

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Dragon Tamer

DT 28: The Party, Part One: Pretty Blue Punch

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Harry woke up the next morning happily curled in Draco's arms, head on Draco's chest. He took a blurry glance around the room, decided that it was too early to be awake, and shut his eyes.

It was too late, though. Draco had noticed he was awake.

"Harry wake up," he said, nudging him. "We've got tons to do for my party today."

"Mmrph," was Harry only reply.

"Honestly, how have you saved the world so many bloody times when you're such a lazy sod?" Draco asked rhetorically, but he stopped trying to make Harry wake up. After a moment, he spoke. "You know, Harry, I've been thinking," Draco said, in an important sort of voice that made Harry open one reluctant eye. "Starting tomorrow, I'll be seventeen."

"Uh-huh," said Harry, deciding that Draco was going to start babbling about himself and, cute as it always was, at the moment sleep sounded a bit more appealing. He closed his eyes again.

"I'm going to be of age," Draco continued. "I'm going to be a man."

"That's lovely, Draco," Harry mumbled sleepily, nuzzling up against Draco's side.

"Yes, it is," Draco said thoughtfully, one hand absently playing with Harry's hair. "You, however, are still going to be just a boy."

Harry cracked open his eyes. "What are you on about?"

"I'm just saying," Draco said innocently, "that tomorrow, in the eyes of the wizarding world, I'm going to be a man. And you - well, you're still going to be a boy."

"What's your point?" Harry said with a yawn, idly wondering what Yoda had made for breakfast.

"My point is that I'm a man, and you're just a boy, so a few things are going to have to change around here."

"Whatever you want, cutie," Harry mumbled, and Draco practically growled at him.

"There, you see! Like this whole "cute" idea that you have about me. It's utter rubbish. It's going to have to go."

"But you *are* cute," Harry protested, wrapping his arms around his boyfriend. "Snuggly, too," he added, rubbing his nose against the soft skin on Draco's cheek.

"This is exactly what I'm talking about," Draco said, sounding highly miffed. "You can't call me cute. Or snuggly. It's undignified, and I'm not going to stand for it."

"Draco, you're being an idiot," Harry said, amused.

"Shut it, you. I'm the man in this relationship, and I'm calling the shots."

"*You're* the man in this relationship? When did *that* happen?"

"When I became a man in the eyes of the wizarding world. Oh, and another thing. Seeing as I'm now officially the man in this relationship, from now on I get top 90 of the time."

"Yeah. Right. *Not gonna happen*."

"Don't you smart mouth me, little boy. Respect your elders."

"Seven months hardly makes you my *elder*, Draco" Harry pointed out, sitting up.

"Oh, and enough with this 'Draco' business. To you, I'm now Mr. Malfoy."

Harry looked at him disbelievingly. "Mr. Malfoy?"

"That's right," said Draco smugly. "That's how children should address adults."

"*Draco*," Harry said, stressing the blonde's first name. "If you don't hush your silly little mouth, I'm going to tie you up and do very kinky things to your defenseless body."

"I don't think I like your attitude," Draco said snottily. "And I told you to call me Mr. Malfoy."

Harry sighed. "Fine. Just for today, since it's your birthday, I'll call you Mr. Malfoy. Or whatever you want."

"Really?" said Draco, getting excited. "Okay, Mr. Malfoy it is. Oh no, wait. How about Lord Malfoy? That has a nice ring....or Master Malfoy. Oooh, yes. Master Malfoy. I like the sound of that. Hmm...but maybe just Sir...gosh, this is hard..."

"So which is it, then?" Harry asked, casually, as he snuck his wand from the bedside table while Draco babbled excitedly.

Draco thought for a moment, then said decisively, "Master Malfoy."

"Very well, then, Master Malfoy," Harry said innocently. "I hope you like silk."

"Silk? What does silk have to do with any - "

Draco's reply was cut off by silk ropes shooting out of Harry's wand and wrapping themselves around Draco's wrists, effectively tying him to the headboard.

Draco squirmed and yanked, but the bonds held him firm. He turned to glare at Harry. "You utter bastard! You promised you'd do what I wanted!"

"No, I do believe I promised I'd *call* you what you wanted, Master Malfoy," Harry returned with a grin. He climbed on top of wriggling Draco and licked his lips lasciviously. "Time for the promised kinky things. And just to prove my point, I'm going to be on top."

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Well, after that little stunt, Draco naturally wanted revenge. And Draco got his revenge on Harry during tea, in the most devious, Slytherin of ways.

"Mummy, I was thinking," Draco began, as the three Malfoys and Harry were eating crust-less sandwiches and scones.

"Yes, darling? What is it?" Narcissa asked, sipping her tea and scanning the list of appetizers for the party.

"Well, I'm a bit worried about Harry and Daddy."

Here Harry and Lucius' heads both shot up at lightning speed. No way could this be good.

"What are you worried about, lovey?" Narcissa asked, concern shining in her eyes.

"I'm worried that they don't get along very well," Draco said in a plaintive sort of voice. "I mean,

Harry thinks Dad's a closet case and Daddy wants to kill Harry."

Harry and Lucius both opened their mouths to argue, and then promptly shut them. They really couldn't argue with that.

"I just can't take it anymore, Mum. I love them both and I want them to get along. Do you think perhaps that instead of helping out with the party this afternoon, that Dad and Harry could spend some quality time together?"

Lucius and Harry exchanged a horrified look.

"What an excellent idea, Draco!" Narcissa said, beaming at her son. "I'll have Yoda fix up Lucius' study with some refreshments and some board games."

"Wait, no, that won't be necessary," Harry said, quickly turning to Narcissa. "Mrs. Malfoy, there's really no need. We get along brilliantly. Don't we, Mr. Malfoy?"

"Oh yes," Lucius replied hurriedly. "I love the boy. He's like a second son to me. A second son without a bunny and with really nice hair."

"Exactly," Harry agreed quickly. "And Mr. Malfoy is like the dad I never had, only blonde and kind of gay."

"You watch your mouth, young man!" Lucius said, turning to Harry. "Or you're going to find yourself in a world of trouble!"

"Oh, I'm so scared, Lucius. What are you going to do? Hit me with your purse?"

"It's a MAN-BAG, damn it! And may I add that I was FORCED to buy one as part of my Death Eater uniform! I do not carry this thing by CHOICE!"

"See what I mean, Mum?" Draco whispered, as Harry and Lucius continued their spat.

"Yes I do, sweetie. Yes I do."

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Just a wee bit later, Harry stood in Lucius' study and surveyed the room - bookshelf after bookshelf, large comfy furniture, huge fireplace. Nice study, although the round table set up with a stack of board games made Harry sigh.

He and Lucius each took seats at the table, resigned to their fate. Harry picked up a deck of cards.

"Exploding Snap? Unless you don't want to chance ruining your manicure, of course."

Lucius gave him a withering glare. "Very witty. Just deal the bloody cards."

Harry dealt the cards, and then surveyed Lucius over his hand. He waited until the blonde had picked up his snifter and taken a swig of brandy before he spoke.

"So I shagged your son again this morning."

Lucius spit out his brandy all over the table.

"POTTER!" He managed to choke out. Harry grinned evilly.

"It was amazing. I tied him to his own headboard and buggered him absolutely rotten. And wow, can that minx make a racket."

Lucius gave Harry his most terrifying Malfoy Death Glare. "I happen to be very happy pretending you and Draco have a completely platonic relationship, *thank you very much*, so if it wouldn't be too much of a bother would you please keep *quiet*?"

"I couldn't possibly keep quiet about something that was so good. I hope you realize that I'm absolutely mad about your son. I've got a thing for blondes, you know," Harry finished with a wink.

"Will you behave yourself?" Lucius snapped.

Harry shrugged. "Don't see why I should, really."

"Because, in case you've somehow forgotten, I am your current guardian! I could punish you if I wanted to."

"Maybe I want you to punish me. Sounds kind of sexy, actually."

"You're walking on thin ice here, young man."

"Ooo, authoritative. I like that. Are you authoritative in the bedroom too?"

"Potter, if you don't shut up," Lucius said irritably, "I'm going to ground you again."

"Oh no," Harry said melodramatically, putting a hand on his chest. "Not *grounded*. I suppose now I'll have nothing else to do but shag your son over and over and o - "

"Point taken. Perhaps it would wipe that insolent smirk off your face if I turned you over my knee. What would you say to that?"

"I'd say, "oh yeah Daddy, give it to me, I like it rough you naughty rabbit."

"I meant it as a punishment, not as something sexual, you imbecilic child!"

"Oh it's *all* sexual if it comes from you, cowboy. Come on and punish me, Lucius. I've been a bad little boy."

"You better watch it, Potter, or you'll find yourself chained in the dungeons."

"Oh, you're into bondage, are you? I see where Draco gets it from."

"Listen, you arrogant little brat, if you don't shut your mouth then I'm going to gag you!"

"Kinky, Lucius. *Very* kinky."

"Aaarrgh!"

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Four games of Exploding Snap, three shots of vodka, two hours and one very irritated Lucius later, they were allowed to leave. Amazingly, Harry was still alive, although he had been threatened with some amazingly creative threats that left him half afraid of ever being captured by Death Eaters and half understanding what his dad might have seen in Lucius.

Harry and Draco were now in Draco's room, getting ready for the party.

"You're a horrid brat, I hope you know," Harry noted, as he watched Draco primping. "Locking me in the study with your father was low, even for you."

"Really, Harry, what did you expect? I'd let you tie me up and have your wicked way with me without any consequences? It's like you think you're dating a Hufflepuff here," Draco returned, putting the final touches on his hair. "Do I look alright?"

Harry took a good look. Draco was wearing tailored black trousers, a tight grey sweater, and had left his hair mostly loose the way Harry liked it. *Yum*. "Yes, you do. You look bloody perfect. Now get out of here before I pounce on you. Your dad gave me some really wicked ideas."

Draco made a face. "My dad did *what*? Ugh, that's disgusting. Now come on, let's go."

And so he and Harry made their way downstairs.

The time for the party had arrived.

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Now, it should be said that a Malfoy coming of age is no ordinary event. It is an event worthy of

a fiesta of epic proportions; an all-get-out, no-holds-barred party, and Draco and Narcissa had seen to it that this party would go down in the record books as this year's "DO NOT MISS" event. Indeed, the guest list numbered several hundreds, and reporters from *The Daily Prophet, Witch Weekly*, *Wicked Witch Weekly*, *Saucy Sorcerers*, and more had all come to cover the story.

Witches and wizards were Apparating and Portkeying in by the dozens. Harry and Draco's Hogwarts' classmates arrived, as did several key players from the Ministry of Magic, a few of Lucius's "business partners," and the professors from Hogwarts (Lucius found himself stuttering a bit in front of Severus Snape, but recovered quickly enough to ask MacNair about his new job as a hair dresser).

Thanks to a plentiful feast of appetizers laced with a powder designed to help people lose their inhibitions, and cocktails spiked with a potion designed to get people talking, the party hit full throttle within an hour. People were dancing like divas in the ballroom, chatting like crazy in the parlour, and snogging surreptitiously in the loos. It was already one hell of a party, and Lucius had yet to spike the punch with his special blue powder.

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"OMG, WHERE is the birthday boy? I'm just *so* excited to take his picture!"

Nigel Baker, head photographer at *Saucy Sorcerers*, a magazine that featured racy pictures of the hottest wizards Europe had to offer, had come to the party.

"Draco honey, you're camera gold. You're a star, baby. That's right, now give it me babe, give me a pouty look, come on sexy, that's it, give it to me, oh yeah!"

Nigel was currently snapping shot after shot of Draco, who was striking pose after pose for the effeminate photographer.

"Honey, you're just the cat's meow. Now give me your tiger look. Yeah baby, give me your tiger look, that's it, you're a predator, you're in the jungle, you're KING of the jungle now let me see it!"

Harry rolled his eyes from the spot where he was standing next to Lucius and Narcissa, holding Draco Lucius Malfoy the Third, patiently waiting for the next photographer from the Daily Prophet who wanted a "family" photo. He hated fame, but Draco was eating it up.

"How do you want me now?" Draco called out. "You want me to get my bunny for the next set of shots?"

"So freaking gay," Harry and Lucius said in unison under their breath. They quickly turned to glare at each other, then went back to looking at Draco.

"No, hun, I've got another idea," Nigel was saying, switching cameras. "Bring out the models!"

And on cue, five young, hot guys wearing nothing but black boxer briefs walked onto the set. Harry took one good look at the bulging muscles and smooth tan skin of the twenty-something year old models and had to swallow a gulp of inadequacy. He was only sixteen, had no tan whatsoever, and was holding a bunny rabbit.

"I will not get jealous," Harry said under his breath. "I will *not* get jealous..."

Lucius heard him whisper, and was surprised by the pang of sympathy in his chest. He shook it off impatiently. This was no time to feel sorry for Potter. This was a time to feel sorry for himself. His son was about to be splashed across the cover of *Saucy Sorcerers* surrounded by nearly naked men. A nightmare for a closet case if ever there was one.

Although at he had to admit, there was a part of him that wouldn't have minded trading places with his son at this moment. A part of him that resided somewhere below his belly button and above his knees.

Meanwhile, Draco was ecstatic.

"Happy birthday to me," he said, and the crowd laughed. "Hello, boys."

"Hello to you too," a tall model with dark blonde hair replied.

"Oh, he's a cute one," another said. This model favored Usher from a distance. "I'll like taking pictures with him."

"Mmm, yes. Natural blonde. Total turn-on," said the one with the best abs, who had jet black hair and blue eyes and an obvious American accent. "Nigel, babe, can he sit on my lap during the shot?"

"Ooh, I want a turn as well!" said a brunette with chunky highlights and big brown eyes.

Next to Lucius, Harry was clenching his teeth. "I will NOT get jealous...I will NOT GET JEALOUS..."

"Now now, boys, don't crowd poor Draco," Nigel chided gently, winking at Draco.

"That's right, there's enough of me to go around," Draco said flirtatiously. Nigel arranged them so that Draco was sitting on the lap of the black-haired model with the other four clustered around in various poses.

"Not...jealous...NOT....JEALOUS..." Harry said, screwing up his eyes so he didn't have to watch his boyfriend looking so cozy in another man's lap.

"So, have you gotten your birthday spanking yet?" the black-haired American model asked

Draco, who lifted an eyebrow.

"Not yet," he purred from the model's lap. "Are you offering? 'Cause I've been *real* naughty."

The watching crowd snickered appreciatively, but Draco's flirting did it for Harry. Without a word he handed DLM to Lucius and disappeared into the crowd.

"""""""""""""""""""

After the shot, Draco spotted his dad just at the edge of the crowd. He made his way over, and then stopped short. That was funny. For a second, it looked like Lucius had been *petting* DLM. Draco shook his head. Must have been a trick of the light.

"Hey Dad," he said, taking the rabbit from Lucius's arms. "Where'd Harry go?"

Lucius opened his mouth to say "No idea." At least, that's what he *meant* to say.

"Draco, really, you shouldn't have flirted like that in front of him. I think he was jealous."

Draco looked surprised, and Lucius could have kicked himself. "What the *hell* did you say that for?" he asked himself. "Don't try to help your son patch things up with Potter! You're trying to break them up!"

"Jealous? Bollocks, I wasn't even thinking. I bet he did get jealous, I know I would have if Harry'd been flirting with models. I'd better go find him," Draco said, looking a bit contrite. He handed DLM back to his dad. "Here, put DLM in my room, would you? Cheers."

Draco left, and Lucius sighed. Now his son and Potter would make up, and probably run off and shag for a bit. Bollocks. Oh well. On the bright side, he got to hold DLM for a bit longer.

But you didn't hear him say that.

"""""""""""""""""""

"Harry? Hey Harry!"

Harry whirled around, intent on telling whoever was calling his name to bugger off.

"Look, I'm really not in the mood to...oh, Charlie," Harry said, swallowing the rest of his sentence as he came face-to-face with his summer fling.

"I've been looking for you all night," Charlie said earnestly, and Harry bit his lip. He hadn't seen Charlie since the night before he left for Hogwarts. He'd forgotten just how *built* the other wizard was.

"Well, you found me," Harry said, trying really hard not to notice how well Charlie's muscles filled out his shirt.

Charlie laughed, and Harry had to try even harder not to notice how nice the sound was, and what a great smile Charlie had.

"You look amazing, Harry. But that's nothing new," Charlie said, grinning as the other wizard colored slightly. "Why don't you come sit on the couch with me? We could catch up a bit. I've missed you."

Harry hesitated for a moment. *Bad idea, Harry. Very bad idea. Draco's not going to be happy with you if he catches you on the couch with Charlie.*

"Oh, you mean the same Draco who's currentlyflirting with five different models? That Draco?" Harry asked his subconscious scathingly.

Er, yes. That'd be the one. Heh. Well, uh...yeah. Have fun with Charlie.

Harry turned to Charlie and smiled. "That'd be great, Charlie. I've missed you too."

""""""""""""""""""

Around 10pm, a good two hours after the party had started, Molly Weasley found herself standing by the punch bowl next to Narcissa Malfoy.

"Molly, darling! How simply marvelous to see you!" Narcissa gushed, smoothing a nonexistent wrinkle out of her slinky dress robes.

"Narcissa! Oh, it's lovely to see you too," Molly replied, taking a drink of punch. "Haven't seen you since the last time Arthur tried to drag Lucius into court."

"Well, now, that is just a shame!" Narcissa trilled, taking a sip of champagne. "We really should get together more. It's just lovely to have you here. And you brought all your adorable children! I just can't get enough of all that red hair, you know. It's divine."

Molly beamed. "That's very kind of you, Narcissa. Have you met them all?"

"I think so, except for the oldest. What was his name, again?"

"Bill. He's been off in Egypt working for Gringotts, but he's here tonight. In fact - Bill? Bill! Over here! Come meet one of my friends!"

The tall, muscled man with long red hair tied back into a ponytail, dragonhide boots and a fang earring left the throngs of dancing people and made his way over to his mother.

"Hi Mum," he said casually, "Who did you want me to meet?"

Molly turned to Narcissa, whose eyes had just gone very wide. "Narcissa, this is my oldest son, Bill. Bill, this is Mrs. Malfoy."

Narcissa and Bill locked eyes, and the world seemed to stop for a moment.

Finally, Narcissa shook her head. "Bill, you say?" she said to Molly, sounding a little breathless.

"Yes," said Molly, sounding proud. "He's 25."

"Really," said Narcissa, her eyes going right back to Bill. "What a lovely age."

"Thank you," said Bill, graciously. "I assume it's the same as your own?" He seemed unable to look anywhere but Narcissa.

Narcissa smiled at Bill, and her smile fell just a little shy of the "innocent" category.

"Well aren't you precious," she said, extending her hand. "Narcissa Malfoy, but please, feel free to call me Narcissa."

"Bill Weasley," Bill said suavely, taking Narcissa's hand and kissing it. "But please, feel free to call me anything you want."

"Well, you two seem to have hit it off just fine," Molly said, completely missing the fact that Narcissa Malfoy was staring at her oldest son like a starved person at a feast and that Bill was returning the look. "Now, shall we go dance a bit more?"

"You go ahead, Molly," Narcissa said pleasantly. "I was going to offer to give Bill here a tour of the Manor."

"What a generous offer," Bill said, offering his arm. "I'd love to see your home."

"Right this way, then," Narcissa said, taking Bill's arm and guiding him out of the parlour. "I want to show you how lovely and spacious the bedrooms are," Narcissa's voice said, fading away.

Molly watched them go with a smile. Wasn't it a wonderful world, when the Malfoys and the Weasleys could put aside their differences to be friends?

Friends, indeed.

""""""""""""""""""""""""""""

"So it was all a fraud at first, just so Malfoy wouldn't have to marry the Parkinson girl?" Charlie

was asking, in disbelief. Harry grinned.

"Oh yeah. And there we were, both dying to get in each other's pants, so we were snogging every chance we got but pretending it was just part of the act. God, we were idiots," Harry said fondly. He was very much cheered up. Charlie, despite his flirtatious attitude, was actually a very trustworthy individual, and not at all about to make a move on someone else's boyfriend. Instead, he had steered the conversation to the subject of Harry and Draco, and was getting Harry to spill all the juicy details about their relationship.

They chatted on, sipping drinks on the couch. Charlie talked passionately about his dragons, and had to congratulate Harry on taming what was, in his opinion, the most ornery dragon he had ever seen (meaning Draco of course).

"Well, I don't rightly know if you could call him *tame* yet," Harry said thoughtfully. "But I'm having fun trying. Especially when there are handcuffs involved."

The pair laughed together at that, both too happy and distracted to notice a pair of seething grey eyes watching their every move.

"""""""""""""

After talking a bit with Charlie, Harry located Ron and Hermione and a couple of his other Gryffindor friends and spent some time talking about their vacations.

At around a quarter to 11pm Harry heard a voice echoed through the main ballroom, coming from a small makeshift stage that had been set up at one end for the karaoke.

"Everyone, can I have your attention please?"

Seamus's loud Irish brogue echoed over the crowd, thanks to a *sonorous* charm, and everyone turned to look over at him and Blaise, who were standing on the edge of the stage.

"What do you think Seamus wants?" Harry said quietly to Hermione, who shrugged.

"We would very much like to introduce you all," Seamus said gleefully to the large crowd forming at the base of the stage, "to the newest item available for purchase from the HPFC catalogue!"

"Oh no, not this again," Harry moaned.

"Ladies and gentlemen, may I present, our new line of Harry Potter Quidditch fan t-shirts!"

And with that, Blaise and Seamus dramatically ripped off their jumpers to reveal the t-shirts underneath.

The tiny, bright pink mid-riff baring t-shirts that read *Harryz Hunnyz*.

The crowd burst into applause.

"Oh. My. God," said Harry, blinking rapidly. "Blaise, Seamus, what are you - "

"It's the newest item in the Harry Potter Fan Club catalogue!" Seamus said enthusiastically to the cheering crowd. "The brain child of our very own brilliant Blaise Zabini!"

"Thanks Seamus," Blaise said modestly. "I designed them with Quidditch matches in mind," he went on to explain to the eager faces checking out the shirt. "No matter what team Harry eventually signs with, we can sit in the stands and wear these shirts, and everyone will know we're Harry's biggest fans - not just any old Quidditch fans, but special Harry Potter Quidditch fans. We're *Harryz Hunnyz*!"

"OMG, that is sooo cute!" Lavender and Parvati squealed in union.

"I *have* to have one," Colin added emphatically.

"But..." Harry began. He was completely ignored.

"I'll take three!" Hannah Abbot shouted. "And I'm going to wear mine to Hogwarts Quidditch games too!"

"Great idea, Hannah! I want one of those shirts! I want to be one of *Harryz Hunnyz*!" Susan Bones called out.

"Do they come in pet sizes?"

"*Hermione*," Harry hissed. "Don't encourage them!"

"Why yes they do, Granger," Blaise said, whipping out a clipboard. "Alright everyone, don't crowd. I can take all your orders and have them owled to you before Harry's next Quidditch match. Come on, who want to be one of *Harryz Hunnyz*?"

Harry had to grab Ron's arm to stop him from joining the queue.

''''''''''''''''''''''''''''''''

At around 11pm, approximately 15 minutes before he planned to set out the spiked punch, Lucius began to make his way towards the kitchens. He wove his way threw the throngs of people and was about to turn down the hall when he noticed a large group of clapping and laughing students crowded around Harry and Yoda, who seemed to be putting on some kind of performance. Intrigued, Lucius took a couple steps closer to listen in to what was going on.

"I'm going to be a great warrior some day," Harry was saying in a slightly whiny voice.

"Oooh, great warrior!" Yoda said, shaking his head. "Wars not make one great!"

The group of kids all burst out laughing.

"That's brilliant!" Hermione said, giggling uncontrollably.

"Oh my God, this is the funniest thing I've ever seen," Dean Thomas said, wiping at his eyes.

"Do another one, Harry!" Justin Finch-Fletchley begged.

"Okay," Harry said, grinning. "Ready Yoda?"

The house elf nodded.

"But Master Yoda," Harry said in a plaintive voice eerily reminiscent of Luke Skywalker. "I've tried so *hard*."

"No," said Yoda, putting up his hand. "Try not. Do or do not; there is no try."

The crowd burst out laughing and cheering.

"Again, again!"

Lucius shook his head. He would never, ever understand muggle borns.

Never.

''''''''''''''''''''''''''''''''''

At about 11:15, a new batch of bright blue punch was set out on every table. Lucius had made sure to label it "extra strong - drink with extreme caution," because everyone knows that the best way to get people to do something is to tell it's a bad idea.

The crowd immediately began passing out the punch. Lucius watched from the shadows as guest after guest downed the bright blue concoction. He checked his watch. 11:20pm. The hallucinogenic drugs should go into effect in approximately ten minutes, leaving him free to nab Draco and Pansy and drag them up to Draco's room.

He tried very, very hard to ignore the fact that when he had looked at his watch, his hands were shaking.

''''''''''''''''''''''''

Feeling a bit out of sorts because he hadn't seen Draco now in a couple of hours, Harry went looking for him. Not seeing his tell-tale shock of white blonde hair in the immediate vicinity of the ballroom, he went into the parlour.

Spying Ron camped out next to the new "extra strong" punch, he walked over to his friend. "Ron, have you seen Draco?" he asked, pouring himself a glass of the blue concoction and downing it in one gulp. Ron hiccupped.

"There's about four Draco's over there in that corner," he said, pointing a bit unsteadily. "Talking to about five Olivers."

"What?" Harry said, flipping around so quickly that he knocked the punch out of Ron's hands. He was right; Draco was indeed standing in a secluded corner, chatting with none other than Oliver Wood. As Harry watched, Draco smiled at Oliver and put a hand on his arm.

That did it. All of Harry's jealousy from earlier came rushing back and then some. He marched off without so much as a goodbye to Ron, pushing his way through the throngs of people on the dance floor, intent on rearranging Oliver Wood's pretty face.

He had just about reached the pair when Oliver noticed him approaching.

"Oh, hey Harry, I was just thinking I wanted to say hello to - "

Harry hauled off and punched him right in the eye. Oliver hit the floor.

"Harry! What the fuck did you do that for?" Draco hissed, looking down at Oliver.

"Oh, don't you *even* start with me, Malfoy," Harry snarled, flexing his fist. "Are you intent on flirting with everything male in this room tonight?"

Draco rolled his eyes. "For fuck's sake, Potter. We weren't flirting, we were just talking!"

"Just talking," Harry snorted. "And do you feel up the arms of all the guys you're "just talking" to?"

"Don't be an idiot," Draco snapped. "He wasn't flirting, and neither was I, but even if we had been that's no excuse! I saw you and Charlie flirting, you stupid sod, and you don't see me giving him a black eye!"

"Oh, so now you're accusing *me* of flirting? You are un-*fucking*-believable sometimes. Just for your information, there was no flirting going on between me and Charlie, which is a lot more than I can say for you and five stupid models!"

"Ow, my eye," Oliver moaned from the floor. Harry and Draco ignored him.

"I *knew* it! You were jealous about those models, weren't you? "

"Of course I was!" Harry snapped. "Honestly Draco, did you have to flirt so bloody obviously?"

"What was the big deal? It was just a little harmless fun, Harry. I don't get this jealous about your stupid fan club."

"Yes you do! You get *insanely* jealous! Remember those fangirls who found me when you left me tied to a chair in a classroom? You nearly hexed them and then gave them a *month* of detention!"

"Where on earth do *you* get off calling *me* insanely jealous?" Draco asked angrily. "You're the one who felt the need to assert your property rights by punching an innocent man in the eye!"

"Speaking of an innocent man, my eye really hurts, you know," Oliver said piteously, still lying on the floor.

"That's nice, Oliver," Draco said, still glaring at Harry. "Look, you can try to change the subject all you want, but the fact remains that I saw you and Charlie together. The two of you looked pretty cozy on that couch earlier."

"Who looked cozy on the couch together?" Charlie Weasley asked, as he walked out of the crowd and joined the group.

"Well speak of the devil," Draco said, his tone of voice so cold it could have frozen water in July.

"Charlie," Harry said, giving Draco the evil eye, "Draco here thinks that you and I were flirting earlier. Would you please set him straight?"

But Charlie's attention was now on Oliver Wood, who was still groaning on the ground.

"Oliver, what happened to you?" Charlie asked, as he reached out and helped Oliver to his feet.

"That stupid sod, more commonly known as the Savior of the Wizarding World, decided to rearrange my face for talking to Draco," Oliver said, glaring at Harry from his one good eye.

Harry flexed his fist menacingly in return. "That's right, Wood. Next time, go talk to someone else's boyfriend."

"Oh, Harry, you're still so cute when you're angry," Charlie said fondly. Harry dropped his fist and crossed his arms.

"No I'm fucking not," he muttered sulkily.

"Oh, and now you're *pouting*," Charlie said with a grin. "Honestly, I could never understand why

anyone was afraid of you. You're just so adorable I could eat you."

"Charlie, shut up," Harry grumbled, but Draco was pissed.

He cleared his throat loudly. "In case you hadn't noticed, I'm standing right here, you dragon-dung smellingARSEHOLE. And what do I have to do to make it clear to you that Harry is MINE now?"

"He's another one who's cute when he's angry," Oliver whispered conspiratorially to Charlie.

"I fucking heard that," Draco snarled, but Charlie and Oliver had stopped paying attention to Harry and Draco.

"Look at you," Charlie said, reaching out and touching Oliver's eye tentatively. "Harry's got a nasty right hook, by the looks of things. Are you in a lot of pain?"

Oliver made a rather large show of wincing, and then said, "Oh, not too bad."

Charlie smiled. "I bet that hurts like a bitch. Come on, let's get you cleaned up. I know lots of healing spells that'll fix that eye in no time." He offered his arm to Oliver in a very gentlemanly manor.

"Oh you do?" said Oliver, taking Charlie's arm. "Must be because you have such a *dangerous* job."

Charlie shrugged modesty. "Oh you know. A few risks here and there."

"Well, I'd love to hear about it," Oliver said, as he and Charlie started to walk away. "Maybe over dinner?"

"Dinner would be *lovely*. Are you free tomorrow?"

"Why yes, I think I am. What if you pick me up around, oh say, 7? I know this lovely little Italian place in Muggle London..."

Harry and Draco watched in disbelief as their ex-boyfriends walked off together, planning their first date. Finally, Draco turned to Harry.

"I'm still pissed at you."

"I'm still pissed at *you*."

"Fine, then. I'm going back to my party."

"Fine then. You do that."

And with that Harry and Draco stomped off to opposite ends of the ballroom, each still seething.

''''''''''''''''''''''''''''

Sure enough, about three minutes after Draco and Harry parted company, about 11:30pm, the hallucinogenic effects of the drugs kicked in, and the place went absolutely nuts.

People began speaking to furniture, licking the walls, jumping off staircases and barking like dogs. Sparks of magic began swirling through the air, and the noise level reached ear-shattering decibles.

Knowing he only had minutes, Lucius quickly ran over to Pansy, who was flexing her muscles impressively for a large armchair.

"Big fucking muscles I've got, right?" she said flirtatiously to the chair. Lucius blinked a couple times, then shrugged.

"Pansy!" he called, and she turned. "Why don't you come with me? I want to show you something."

"Oooh, I like somethings. What kind of something? Is it a she-something, and is she tall and blonde and named Narcissa?"

"Um...sure. Why not."

"All right! Pansy's getting lucky tonight!"

And so Pansy agreeably let Lucius send her through the floo to Draco's room, where she was neatly dispatched with a quick *Stupefy*.

Lucius quickly Apparated back downstairs, checking his watch.

11:37 pm.

Pushing his way through the throngs, Lucius spotted Draco rubbing his cheek against the china cabinet in the parlour. He made his way quickly towards his son, only to be bumped into forcibly by a sandy-haired boy in a bright pink t-shirt who was holding hands with a dark haired boy.

"Look, a leprechaun!" the sandy-haired one giggled, pointing at Lucius. He had a noticeable Irish brogue. "Are you after me lucky charms?"

"What? No, don't be ridiculous," Lucius snorted. Damn muggle-borns and half-bloods. He caught Draco at the edge of the crowd and grabbed him by the shoulders.

"Draco, come with me for a moment, alright?" he said. Draco just grinned.

"Meow, meow, meow!" he said cheerfully. "I'm a cat!"

"A cat. Yes. That's lovely, Draco. Better a cat than a bunny, although still pretty gay," Lucius said conversationally, steering his son out of the party and up the staircase.

They walked together down corridor after corridor, finally reaching the oak doors that guarded Draco's room. Saying the master password that opened every locked door in Malfoy Manor, Lucius opened the door.

Pansy was laying where Lucius had left her, unconscious on the floor. Realizing the time had come, Lucius drew his wand and pointed it at Draco.

"I'm sorry, son," he said quietly. "But I have no choice."

"Ooh, a rainbow stick! Can I play with it?" Draco said eagerly. His dad sighed. That was gayer than the Dark Lord with a new man-bag.

"*Stupefy!"*

And while the masses of happy, hallucinating people partied on and on below, Draco was now out like a light.

The clock read 11:45pm.

''''''''''''''''''''''''''''''''''

Lucius placed the unconscious bodies of Pansy and Draco next to each other on the floor in front of the fireplace. He carefully began to prepare for the spell with all of the components he had purchased earlier that week in Knockturn Alley.

First, a circle was drawn around the two bodies with the purest spring water, collected from an underground cavern buried far below a dell in Ireland (highly magical, but won't stain the carpet). Second, crushed rose petals sprinkled throughout the inside of the circle in the shape of the ancient runes *gebo*, *eihwaz*, and *berkana,* from the old *Futhark* alphabet. Finally, Lucius linked the limp fingers of Draco and Pansy together so they were holding hands, and then touched both their foreheads with three drops each of essence of unicorn pheromones, a potent ingredient in any love or bonding spell, and one that was almost impossible to get (unless, of course, you had connections the way Lucius did).

He stepped back and took a deep breath. It was ready. All that was left was for the words A*dfinitas Aevum* to be uttered, exactly at midnight, when Draco came of age. He looked up at the towering grandfather clock against the wall.

11:50 pm.

Lucius sat down on the couch for a moment, trying to calm his nerves. His hands were shaking, and he just kept repeating over and over in his mind "Malfoys have duties; Malfoys have duties..."

Desperate to distract himself, Lucius grabbed the fashion magazine off of Draco's coffee table and opened it up to a random page.

And then promptly shut the magazine.

"Did I just read what I thought I read?" Lucius said, blinking. He very, very slowly opened up the magazine again, just enough to see the neat, orderly handwriting describing the most lewd sex act he'd ever had the pleasure of reading about.

11:55 pm.

Shaking his head and promising to read the magazine cover to cover after the spell was cast, he tossed the magazine back on the coffee table and got to his feet. He slowly walked over to Draco and Pansy and drew out his wand, ready to perform the incantation at exactly midnight.

"I'm sorry, Draco." The words were the barest whisper. He glanced up at the grandfather clock.

11:57 pm.

Lucius closed his eyes, trying to clear his mind, but at that instant he heard the door to Draco's room fly open, and a very familiar voice rang out through the room:

"Hello, Lucius."

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Chapter: 29

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Dragon Tamer

Chapter 29: The Party, Part Two: TAKE ME, SEVERUS!

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"*Hello, Lucius."*

Lucius swallowed a nervous gulp as that achingly familiar voice slithered into Draco's room, that silky drawl that had haunted him for ages.

"Se...Severus," Lucius managed to stutter. He kept his eyes fixed on Draco and Pansy, willing his heart to stop racing. "What are you doing here? Why aren't you hallucinating like the rest of the guests?"

"Tsk, tsk, Lucius," Snape chided, and Lucius fought back a shiver as Snape's voice caressed his ears. "Surely you know that I would recognize my own potion ingredients. But I must thank you for using them when you did. You've given me the perfect opportunity."

"I have?" Lucius asked, licking his suddenly dry lips. "To do what?"

"Why, to seduce you, of course, my blonde little minx," Severus Snape purred, stepping into the room.

"Oh, right of - wait, *what did you just say*?"

"I'm here to seduce you, Lucius," Snape drawled, and Lucius felt his mouth fall open in utter disbelief. "I've been after you for ages. Couldn't you tell from my letters?"

Lucius thought for a moment, trying to recall some of Snape's letters.

...so, Lucius, Draco tells me you say "hi." I say "hi" too, you unbearable little hottie, you...

...I've got "strong, manly arms," do I? I've got nothing on you, with all your lean, chiseled muscles. Tell me, Lucius, do you work out much? Maybe we could have a good workout together sometime. A nice, long, sweaty workout...

Dear Lucius,

Of course you can have them. Like I could ever say no to you. I'd be happy to give you any "special" ingredients you want. In fact, I've got something else I'd like to give you...something big and hard and I want to give it to you all night long...

And as Lucius remembered, the hand of the grandfather clock moved another notch.

The time was now 11:58.

"You sly dog, you," Lucius said admirably. "I didn't notice."

"Typical blonde. Pretty, but dumb as dirt," Snape said with affection.

Lucius snapped his head up to glare at Snape. "Now wait just a minute, I resent - "

And here Lucius froze.

Snape looked...*amazing*.

"Severus...your...your hair...it...it's so..."

Snape's hair was, indeed, quite different. Not longer its normal, greasy, oily, stringy mess, but a shining mane of jet-black raven tresses that cascaded to his shoulders and shone like new galleon. Lucius was floored.

"Nice, isn't it? MacNair spent the last hour giving me a makeover. Special attention to my hair. He's really got a gift, you know." And here Severus gave a slight shake of his head, sending his hair swishing around his face.

Lucius gulped audibly.

The hand of the clock moved another tick.

The time was now 11:59.

Lucius screwed shut his eyes and tried to focus. He had to say the spell in one minute. He had to. Must focus...must focus...

"I've wanted you for so long now," Snape was saying huskily, taking a couple slow, measured steps toward Lucius. "I've been dreaming of you...your hair...your eyes...."

45 seconds left until midnight...

Lucius clenched his fists and aimed his wand. *Must resist...must focus...cannot...give in...to Severus...*

30 seconds left...

"I think someone's been a naughty boy," Snape drawled, stepping even closer. "Do I need to give you a *detention*?"

Oh Merlin. Not detention. Come on, focus, Lucius, FOCUS...

15 seconds...

Lucius risked a quick glance at Snape. Out of nowhere a wind blew through Draco's room, sending Snape's shiny black hair billowing around his face.

Lucius swallowed hard.

Ten...nine...eight...

"Come on, Lucky," Snape whispered, so close now that Lucius could almost feel Snape's warm breath against his neck. "Come to Daddy..."

...seven...six...five...

Snape was right behind him now. "Just give in, Lucius," Snape breathed into the blonde's ear. "We'll have wild, crazy, kinky-monkey sex that'll put everything your son and Potter ever did to shame."

...four...three...two...

"Oh sod it all," Lucius finally snapped, throwing down his wand. "Draco's a leather-wearing, man-bag carrying, Madonna-loving, bunny-owning, Potter-shagging homosexual - just like his Daddy."

And with that he turned around and launched himself at Snape, wrapping his arms around Snape's neck and his legs around Snape's waist.

"TAKE ME, SEVERUS!"

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The next morning, the pale winter sun finally flitted down through the clouds around noon, illuminating Malfoy Manor, where hundreds of very confused house guests were waking up in even more confusing situations.

Ron and Hermione found themselves on top of the dining table with a three reporters from the *Daily Prophet,* all completely covered in the remains of last night's appetizers. Ginny opened her eyes to find her head, along with Parvati and Lavender'a, on Neville Longbottom's stomach, with Neville appearing to be covered in three different shades of lipstick. Nigel the photographer was snuggled up tight with Rodophus Lestrange, Crabbe and Goyle Senior, Avery and MacNair, all using their man-bags as pillows.

"Ugh," Nigel said, wrinkling his nose as he took in their mismatched clothes and not-so-pleasant

morning breath. "Straight men." He took a closer look at MacNair. "Oh wait, not this one. My bad."

Harry woke up to a horrible noise that he was much too familiar with: the clicking of Colin Creevy's camera.

"Colin, what the fuck?" he muttered groggily. He struggled to sit up, only to find himself securely pinned to the floor by the two bodies half way on top of him. The bodies of Blaise and Seamus, who were still in their matching *Harryz Hunnyz* t-shirts and by the looks of things were out cold.

"OMG, I am soooo jealous!" Colin was saying as he documented the moment. "Blaise and Seamus got to *cuddle* with you, Harry! Wait till the rest of the fan club finds out!"

Harry sighed. "For Merlin's sake, what the hell is wrong with you guys? Give me the camera."

"No."

"Colin..." Harry pleaded, straining to get out from under Seamus and Blaise.

"NO!"

"GIVE IT TO ME!"

"NO! You can't have it! It's MINE!" And with that Colin ran off.

"Creevy, get back here you little voyeur! Get back - oh fuck it," he said, collapsing back against the ground as the combined weight of Seamus and Blaise kept him pinned to the floor.

He sighed. What a horrible way to wake up. Still, he couldn't help but notice how nice and soft the pink *Harryz Hunnyz* t-shirts were. Maybe Hedwig would want one. Maybe Blaise and Seamus could make one that said *Harryz Hedwig*. Now *that* would be a cute shirt. Maybe they could even make one that said *Harryz Very Special Pretty Owl Hedwig, the Most Brilliant Owl to Ever Fly on Planet Earth*.

Hmmm. Maybe not.

"""""""""""""""""""""

Draco woke up on the floor of his bedroom, very very grumpy. His head hurt, his mouth tasted wretched, and he was lying next to a lesbian. He had no idea how he'd gotten there, or what he had been doing, or why it smelled like roses and horses. He looked over at Pansy, who was out like a light next to him, snoring. Maybe she was the source of the smell. Of roses or horses, he wasn't quite sure.

Draco carefully stood up and made his way downstairs, walking gingerly to avoid jostling his tender head. By the moans and groans that were floating up the staircase, he'd venture a guess that everyone was waking up in a similar state.

Wincing as he came down the stairs and into the bright light filling the main hall, he had one clear thought in his head: find Harry.

"Harry?" he began to call out. "Harry, where are you?"

"Draco? S'that you?" a voice called out from the parlour. And then - "Ugh, Blaise, Seamus, would you two get OFF me?"

"Harry!" Draco made his way into the parlour, carefully stepping over the many unconscious bodies on the floor. He walked in to the room in time to see Harry extricating himself from two bright pink bodies and carefully standing up.

Despite the pounding of his head Draco ran to Harry and threw his arms around his neck, practically knocking Harry over.

"Harry, I'm so sorry about last night," Draco began babbling. "I feel so awful. I knew you were jealous about those models and I just lost my head when I saw you with Charlie and I didn't mean to make you even more jealous and - "

Harry cut him off with a quick kiss. "It's okay," he said, ending the kiss but wrapping his arms around Draco's waist. "I'm really sorry too. But I wasn't flirting with Charlie at all, I promise."

"I know you weren't. I didn't mean to get jealous, I really didn't. And I'm so sorry about those models, Harry."

"I told you, its fine. And not that I'm complaining, but why the exuberant apology?" Harry asked curiously. "You hate to apologize for anything."

Draco shrugged. "I just had this horrible feeling that I almost lost you last night."

"Because of some models?" Harry shook his head. "It'd take a lot more than models to get me to go away. Gryffindor, remember? Loyal to a fault?"

"Yeah, but...it's nothing," Draco said, shaking his head. "Just one of those weird feelings. And hey, speaking of weird, what the hell happened last night? Everyone just went *nuts*."

"I don't know. That punch must have been something else. I can't remember a thing after our fight. Just a lot of blurry faces and something about a leprechaun."

"Hmmm. I distinctly remember cats. And rainbows," Draco said thoughtfully. "No leprechauns though."

"Harry! Malfoy!" Hermione's voice rang out over the crowd as she made her way over to the boys. "I need to talk to you!"

"Hermione, are you wearing...hummus?" Harry asked, pointing at a large yellowish blotch on her face.

She waved him off. "Harry, that isn't important. I just remembered something I have to tell you guys."

"Can it wait until later? Honestly, my head feels like it's about to burst," Draco said plaintively, massaging his temples.

Hermione shook her head. "This is *really* important. It's about the shagged silly potion you guys took. I can't believe I didn't tell you last night, it completely slipped my mind during the party. Anyway, listen, about the potion - "

Hermione never got to finish her sentence, because at that moment something happened that got the attention of everything single witch, wizard, and camera in the hall.

"YEEEEE-HAAAA!"

Lucius Malfoy came sliding down the railing of the West Wing staircase, wearing chaps and a cowboy hat. He jumped off the railing, landed with the grace of a cat, and turned to run, when he noticed his sizable audience gaping at him.

"Morning, all," he said pleasantly. "I trust we had a pleasant evening?"

Nobody answered as they continued to stare at Lucius in amazement. One, he was dressed as a cowboy. Two, he was acting pleasant. Something was very very wrong here. What on earth could have -

"LOOOO-CIOUS!!"

Severus Snape had appeared at the top of the west wing staircase.

"Oops, gotta run," Lucius said with a smile. "You'll all stay for tea, I hope?"

And with that he dashed off in the direction of his study.

Everyone watched, open-mouthed, as he ran off, and then turned to see Snape running down the stairs, a fashion magazine clutched in one hand. He was waving it over his head as he ran.

"You better run Lucius Malfoy, my feisty golden snitch," Snape called out, "because when I catch you we're going to try *page 47*. This particular position was only known during the days of

Algernon the Amorous, and it's supposed to give you the most incredible, mind-blowing...mind...er....ah....hmm..."

Snape, reaching the bottom of the stairs, had suddenly discovered his audience.

Snape seemed at a loss for a moment. Finally, with the most admirable of composures, he drew himself up and said with his most formal of Potion Master voices:

"Would any of you happen to have seen which way Master Malfoy went?"

Wordlessly, every hand in the main hall pointed in the direction of Lucius's study.

"Excellent," Snape said, and then took off down the hall.

Everyone in the hall remained completely frozen. Finally, after an age, Draco turned to Harry.

"Harry...was that my dad?"

Horrified does not begin to do justice to Draco's expression.

With a bit of a noticeable wince, Harry slowly nodded.

"And then...was that...Professor Snape?" Draco asked again, his face drained of all color.

Again, Harry nodded.

"And then did they...did they...please tell me they didn't..."

"Sorry, Draco," Harry said sympathetically. "I think they did." He paused, and then offered Draco a weak smile. "More than once."

And then Harry had to move very, very quickly to catch Draco before he fainted.

"""""""""""""""""

Draco came to a few moments later, twisting in Harry's arms.

"No...NO! It isn't...it can't...not Daddy...not Professor Snape...no..." he babbled as he woke up. Harry shook him lightly.

"Hey, it's okay Draco, it's okay. Don't worry, everything's going to be all right, they just - "

"Everything most certainly is *not* going to be all right!"

Harry and Draco looked up into the extremely ticked off face of Hermione Granger, who was

glaring down at them.

"You stole my book!"

Harry tried very, very hard not to look guilty. "Book?" he said innocently. "What book? We didn't steal any - "

"YES YOU DID! You stole my book! Page 47? The long-lost favorite position of Algernon the Amorous? It took me *six months* to find that information and carefully document it, and then *you two stole my book*!"

"No we didn't!" Harry said earnestly. "We were just...er...borrowing...it..."

He trailed off as Hermione's glare got even more intense.

"And then you *lied* to me about it, Harry James Potter! I can't believe you!"

Draco looked at Harry, surprised. "You knew about the book?"

Harry shrugged. "You mean your "fashion magazine." Yeah, I found out what it really was."

"Why didn't you say anything?" Draco asked, curious.

"Because you were doing such a good job, I didn't see any reason to interfere," Harry confessed.

Draco smirked at him. "You're wicked."

Harry smirked back. "No, *you* are."

"YOU BOTH ARE! YOU ARE WICKED, HORRIBLE, IMMORAL - "

"Okay, Granger, we get the point," Draco said, wincing. "Ow, my head."

"Lay off him, a bit, alright?" Harry said, cradling Draco protectively to his chest. "He's just had a nasty shock." He turned his back on a still seething Hermione to check on Draco, gingerly feeling his forehead.

"Poor thing," Harry said with concern. "You're all clammy. Let me get you some tea." He gently helped Draco to his feet, and then remembered something.

"Wait, Hermione," he said, turning to the furious girl. "You said you had something important to tell us. Something about the shagged silly potion?"

"Yes, I did," Hermione spat. "I wanted to tell you that it's only going to last for..." and here she trailed off, as a wicked glint appeared in her eyes.

"Yes?" Harry prompted, not particularly patiently either. "How long does it last?"

Hermione smiled at him, the exact same smile a shark might give a minnow. "For *years*, Harry. It lasts for years."

"Oh." Harry processed this. "So why was it so important to tell us this now?"

"Oh, you know me and knowledge," Hermione said, a little too brightly. "Can't keep it to myself for even a moment!"

"True enough," Harry mused. "Well, thanks for letting me know."

"Anytime, Harry," Hermione said, her voice sweet like poisoned honey. "What are friends for?"

"""""""""""""""""""""

Harry had just led Draco through the main hall to the door to the parlour when said parlour door swung open, and Bill and Narcissa walked out.

Hand in hand.

And mouth to mouth.

Harry and Draco's jaws both dropped.

They watched, Harry in disbelief and Draco in horror as Bill and Narcissa kissed like the world was about to end. Harry was wondering if they were ever going to stop when a loud noise from Draco caused them to break apart.

"MUM!" he shrieked. "What are you doing?"

Bill and Narcissa pulled apart and Narcissa smiled at her son, not looking the least bit guilty. "Oh Draco, darling. Mummy didn't see you there."

"Mummy, what on earth are you *doing*?" Draco demanded. "Where have you *been*? And did you know that that man is a *Weasley*?"

"Of course I do, dear. And he's a perfectly *marvelous* Weasley. Now what are you fretting about?" she asked.

It was too much for Draco.

"I can't take this, I just can't take it. Mummy," Draco pleaded, practically whimpering. "Mummy, PLEASE tell me Daddy isn't about to shag Professor Snape and that you didn't sleep with a

Weasley last night."

"What on earth are you talking about, sweetheart?" said Narcissa, looking puzzled. She turned to Bill and smiled. "Do up my robes in the back, would you, love?"

Draco's whimpering became even worse as Bill slowly zipped up Narcissa's robe, planting a soft kiss on her neck as he did so.

"Mummy?"

"Yes, darling?"

"Mummy, did you sleep with Bill Weasley last night?"

"Don't be silly, sweetie," Narcissa said, patting Draco on the head.

"But you two were just *kissing*! I *saw* you! He just *kissed* your *neck*!"

"Oh, that's because we're *friends*, darling. It was just a friendly kiss. Look, see?" And here Narcissa gave Draco a quick peck on the cheek. "See? Just a little kiss. Look, I'll give one to Harry too."

Narcissa gave Harry a quick peck on the cheek. Harry immediately flushed pink.

"See, sweetheart? Just friends. Now let me give Bill another one," and here she planted a long kiss on Bill's cheek.

"Maybe just one more."

Another kiss, a bit closer to the lips.

"Hmmm...Bill, darling, did I by any chance show you my broomstick collection last night?"

"Why no. No you did not. Why don't we go look at it? *Right. Now*."

Narcissa giggled, grabbed Bill's hand and began leading him out of the room.

"Oh God," Draco said, looking rather pale. "Oh please, no..."

Bill's voice drifted back towards the parlour as he and Narcissa walked away.

"Why don't I show you *my* broomstick collection? I've only got one, but it's *very* impressive."

And for the second time that day, Harry caught Draco as the blonde collapsed in a dead faint.

''''''''''''''''''''''''''''

When Draco came to, Harry gently led him to the sofa and asked Yoda to bring them some strong tea.

"So horrible...so horrible..." Draco kept saying, his pale face paler than ever. Harry made him a cup of tea with milk and sugar.

"Here, love, drink this," he said, passing Draco the cup. Draco gratefully took a sip.

"Thanks, Harry," he said. Harry kissed his head.

"It'll be okay, you'll see. Just drink your tea," he said, rubbing Draco's back. Draco drank a bit more tea and then sighed.

"That was so horrible."

"I know, baby, I know."

"My mum and a Weasley...my dad and Professor Snape...my endless mountains of upcoming therapy bills..."

"Poor thing," Harry said sympathetically. Draco sighed again.

"You know, I don't know which freaks me out more," the Slytherin said, shaking his head. "The fact that my mum slept with a Weasley or that my dad apparently bottomed for Professor Snape."

Harry paused. "Yeah. That's a toughie."

"I mean, I knew my dad was *gay*," Draco went on, looking very perplexed. "But I never thought he'd be a *bottom.*"

Must run in the family, Harry thought to himself.

But he knew better than to say *that* out loud.

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A short while later, as all the guests were milling about, exchanging stories about the night before and nursing hangovers, Lucius Malfoy appeared in the main hall.

"Hallo again, everyone!" he called out. "Marvelous time we all had last night, I hope?"

There was a collective cheer, and then a collective groan, as a couple hundred very hung over guests clutched at their heads.

"Excellent," Lucius said brightly. "Well, I just wanted to pop in and invite all of you to celebrate New Year's Eve with us tonight at the Manor. You're all welcome to stay for dinner and then watch the clock tick down. Might as well make a whole weekend of Draco's party, eh?"

Another cheer, followed by another groan.

"Lucius, what's taking so long?" Snape's irritated voice traveled down the hall from the study. "You said you'd just be a moment! The whipped cream is starting to melt!"

Lucius winked at everyone. "Well, I must be off. Duty calls. Cheerio!"

And with that Lucius disappeared back down the hall that led to his study.

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The afternoon passed into evening, and finally dinner was served at three very long rectangular tables set up in the ball room. At the head of the center table sat Draco, looking more like a man at his own funeral than a birthday boy.

On Draco's right was Harry, who was patting his boyfriend's leg sympathetically under the table. Next to Harry was Narcissa - right in Bill Weasley's lap. Across from Harry were Lucius and Severus, sitting almost obscenely close to one another and whispering in each other's ears.

A few moments after everyone was seated, a lavish feast appeared on the tables. Trying very hard to pretend everything was absolutely normal, Draco stood up.

"Well, uh, I guess I'll give the speech, since it's...uh...my birthday still, and uh...New Year's and all...

He paused and glanced around. Harry was trying to pay attention, but he kept getting distracted by the sight of Narcissa and Bill, who were kissing again. Lucius and Snape weren't even bothering to look up, and the rest of the guests in the ballroom were already reaching for the food.

Draco cleared his throat and decided to give the speech a try anyway. "Well...another year gone by, so...uh, another...year...um...gone by, and I uh...hope it was good, and...um...well, we all seem to have found romance, so that's lovely, and...um...Bill Weasley is sucking on my mother's earlobe, isn't *that* what I want to see right before I eat...well...I hope this next year is...good...and...oh sod it all to bloody hell, let's just eat."

He flopped back in his seat and sighed. Harry patted his arm sympathetically and reached for the roast potatoes.

The food was excellent, as the food at Malfoy Manor always is. Everyone was happily eating

away, but Draco just kept staring at his parents, and then shaking his head.

It didn't help matters - not in the slightest - when Ron showed up to wish Draco a happy birthday half way through the meal.

"Happy Birthday, Malfoy. And buck up. You look like seven kinds of hell."

"Gee, thanks Weasley," Draco drawled sarcastically. "In case you hadn't noticed, my world has fallen apart. Look at my parents. Just *look* at them!"

Ron and Harry looked. Lucius was feeding Snape from his own plate and Bill was nibbling on Narcissa's neck.

Ron shrugged. "That's not so bad. Besides, you haven't even realized the most brilliant part of all this."

"Oh yeah? And what, pray tell, is that?" Draco asked snidely.

Ron smirked evilly. "If your mum and dad break up, and then your mum marries my brother Bill, you'll have to call me Uncle Ron."

There was stunned silence for a moment, then -

"YODA!"

The little house elf appeared with a pop.

"Calling for me, Master Draco is?"

"Scotch. Bring me scotch. And a *lot* of it. I'm getting bloody pissed."

"""""""""""""""""""""

Much later...

"They're not actshally together, you know Harry."

"Who's not actually together? And pass me that treacle tart, would you?"

"Daddy and Profesh...Profesh...Profeshor Shnape. Not together. Not really."

"Ah, there we go. Thank you. Now what's this rubbish about your dad and Snape not being together? What about your mum and Bill?"

"Mummy and that Weashley are not together either. Nope nope nope nope nope."

"Draco, love, are you drunk?"

Emphatic shaking of the head. "No, coursh not. Shober as...well...very very shober. Promish."

"Uh-huh. Sure you are. Well, I hate to break it to you, but Bill Weasley has just become your mother's boy-toy."

"No he *hashn't*! They're just *friendsh*. Mummy shaid sho."

"Well, what about the fact that your dad and Snape are now very much an item?"

"Nuh-uh!" More empathic head shaking. "Nope. Not really. They're just...*experimenting*."

"Draco...are you going into *denial*?"

"Who, me? Coursh not. Don't be ridi...ridi...shtupid."

"So you admit that they're together then?"

"NO! It's just a phashe. Daddy's really shtraight ash an arrow."

"Straight as an arrow...right...Draco, can you remember *anything* about your dad right now?"

"Only that he's shtraight. Very shtraight. Lovesh my mum. Very faithful."

"Very faith...riiight. Okay, love. I think Mr. Denial has had enough scotch for one night. Why don't you go lie down?"

"No! Not tired...not tired...not...mmmmm...zzzzz..."

"""""""""""""""""

After Draco fell asleep in the bread pudding, Harry carefully moved the blonde head into his lap, and then attempted to finish his dinner. The big problem with finishing dinner, being, of course, that no with no Draco to distract him, and with Bill and Narcissa still sucking face, he was stuck watching and listening to Lucius and Snape.

"God, you were so hot last night," Lucius was saying, licking mashed potatoes off of Snape's offered fingers.

"Mmm, you too," Snape said, his eyes half-closed as Lucius's mouth closed around his finger. "You're hot now. So hot...so very, deliciously - "

"Gay?" Harry offered. Two heads turned in his directions with matching irritated expressions.

"What are you even doing here right now, Potter?" Snape asked, annoyance coloring his voice.

"I'm Draco's boyfriend, remember?" Harry said, pointedly looking at Lucius Malfoy. "Can you admit that now that you're sucking on Snape's finger?"

Lucius sighed. "I suppose I may as well get used to the fact that my son has a boyfriend. Why it had to be *you*, I'm sure I don't know." He turned back to Snape. "I can't believe I've had to put up with the Boy Who Lived at my manor for the *entire* Christmas holidays."

"You have my utmost pity," Snape said sincerely. "So you're acting as Potter's guardian right now?"

"Yes. And he's a mouthy little brat, let me tell you."

"I'm sitting right here, you know," said Harry, sounding a bit offended. "I can hear every word you're saying."

Lucius and Snape ignored him.

"Yes, I know he is. I have him in class. Arrogant chit. Just like his father. Mind you, there is something rather...*alluring* about that Potter arrogance, don't you think?"

Harry gasped. "WHAT did you just say?"

"Oh yes. I'd get so mad at James for flirting with the girls, and he'd just be all, "Whatever, Lucius, you know you want me." And damn if the bastard wasn't right."

"Yes, well, who *didn't* want him? Honestly, the man was a complete arse and yet I couldn't get *enough* of him."

Harry looked absolutely horrified. "Professor...Professor did you just say..."

Lucius raised an eyebrow. "So you and James..."

"What? Oh no, no. Just a lot of unresolved sexual tension, you know? Mind you, I might have gone for it if - "

"STOP IT!!! **STOP IT**!!! FOR THE LOVE OF MERLIN STOP TALKING ABOUT MY DAD!!! YOU TWO ARE **SERIOUSLY** FREAKING ME OUT!!"

"What's got your knickers in a twist, Potter?" Snape drawled with a raised eyebrow. Then he turned to Lucius. "Merlin, Potter is annoying. You're his guardian, can't you do anything?"

"Actually, yes I can. As his guardian I can punish him any way I see fit."

"Oh, you lucky dog! I only get to take House Points away and give detentions."

"And you do it rather a lot, don't you think?" Harry said irritably.

"Oh, please punish him Lucius!" Snape said, sounding excited. "Do it for me."

"Anything for you, Sev," Lucius said in a sappy voice, before turning to Harry. "Potter, you're grounded."

"What? But I didn't *do* anything! Why on earth am I *grounded*?"

Lucius smiled evilly. "Because it makes Severus happy."

Snape had a very smug look on his face. "Punish him some more, Lucius. It makes me *very* happy."

Harry sputtered. "Why...why you filthy, dirty PERVERT..."

"Watch your mouth, Harry, and don't be rude to our guests. No allowance for you this week."

Harry scowled. "You're not *giving* me an allowance, Lucius."

"Oh." Lucius looked surprised. "Well, in that case, you don't get any more dessert tonight. And you have to go to bed early."

"You've got to be kidding me." Harry was beyond exasperated. Lucius and Snape were snickering together like school girls.

"More, more! Oh, this is so much *fun*!"

"Potter, no sending owls to your friends."

"What? But I - "

"And no flooing anywhere for a week."

"But - "

"And you have to clean Draco's room tonight."

Harry sulked. "You're a bad man, Lucius Malfoy."

"Oh, can I spank him Lucius? Please? He's had it coming to him for six years."

"Okay, that's it. You just crossed the line," Harry said crossly. He turned to Narcissa on Bill's lap. "Mrs. Malfoy," he said earnestly, tugging on Narcissa's cloak. "Mr. Malfoy's trying to punish me. *Again*."

Lucius and Snape shot Harry twin death glares.

"Tattletale," Lucius muttered under his breath.

Narcissa stopped kissing Bill just long enough to sort things out. "Lucius, leave poor Harry alone," Narcissa scolded, before smiling down at Harry. "Harry darling, you don't have to listen to a word Lucius says, alright?"

And with that she went back to kissing Bill.

"Thank you, Mrs. Malfoy," Harry said, shooting a triumphant look at Snape and Lucius.

"Way to spoil all our fun, Potter," Lucius said, sounding a bit sulky. "Perhaps I should give you to the Dark Lord after all."

Snape cleared his throat. "Well...uh...you wouldn't really want to do *that,* would you? I mean, that's just a little extreme, giving Potter to the Dark Lord and all..."

Lucius looked at him, confused. "But I thought you'd think it was a good idea, us being Death Eat - oh. OH." He leaned in to whisper to Snape. "Potter doesn't know you're a Death Eater, does he? Don't worry, I won't tell."

Harry, who had heard everyone word, raised his eyebrow at Snape. Snape gave him a look of pure, fabricated innocence.

What? He mouthed at Harry.

Does he know you're a spy? Harry mouthed back.

Snape looked uncomfortable for a second. It was all Harry needed for an answer.

I'm gonna tell him, Harry mouthed with an evil grin, pointing at Lucius.

"Potter," Snape spat out loud, but at that moment Lucius jumped up.

"Two hours until midnight, everyone!" he said cheerfully. "Now, who wants to play some *parlour games* until then?"

A collective cheer went up, loudest from Lucius's "business partners" and the ballroom was quickly vacated.

''''''''''''''''''''''''

After a couple rousing hours of parlour games, it was now nearly midnight. Harry was sitting on a couch in the parlour, Draco fast asleep with his head on Harry's lap (Harry had carried him in). He was chatting happily about the past few months with Ron and Hermione, stroking Draco's hair.

"Good sixth year so far, then, you'd say Harry?" Ron asked. Harry smiled down at Draco's sleeping form.

"Yeah," he said fondly, leaning down and kissing Draco's head. "Great so far. I found true love and tamed myself a dragon."

Hermione and Ron rolled their eyes but smiled anyway.

"There you are, Harry darling!" Narcissa trilled, walking up to the group. "And is that Draco sleeping on you?"

"Yes," Harry admitted. "He kind of had a rough day. I think he's a bit worn out."

"Poor dear," Narcissa said, patting Draco's head. "Still, you'll wake him up for the count down, won't you Harry?"

Harry furrowed his brow. "Actually, I was thinking I'd just let him sleep through it."

"Sleep through it? Nonsense!" Lucius had just walked up to the group and was eying his snoozing son. "I'm sure Draco wants to ring in the New Year with us all."

"I'm not so sure about that," Harry said, spying Bill and Snape waiting just beyond Draco's parents.

"Don't worry, Harry darling," Narcissa trilled. "Draco wouldn't want to miss the New Year! Lucius, sweetie, wake him up, would you?" She asked as she left the group, heading back over to Bill.

"Actually, I *really* think he would prefer - "

It was no use. Lucius had already pointed his wand at Draco.

"*Enervate*!"

Draco woke with a start, and he sat up from Harry's lap. "Wha - huh - who - ?" He blinked in confusion.

"Hmmm..." Lucius said. "Better add this one too. *Sobrietus*!"

Draco's eyes immediately went from fuzzy to focused, and he blinked at Harry.

"That's better. And look, it's only fifteen minutes to midnight! Where's Severus? I'm going to start my New Year's Eve kiss early!"

And with that Lucius sauntered off. Draco looked at Harry in horror.

"It wasn't a dream."

Harry, and Hermione gave Draco pitying looks.

Ron only grinned at him. "Do you have a kiss for your Uncle Ron?"

Draco's eyes darted back and forth between his mother and Bill, and his father and Snape. His mother and Bill...his father and Snape...his mother and Bill...*Uncle Ron*...

Draco turned to Harry with desperation in his eyes.

"Fuck me, Harry."

"I'm sorry, *what*?"

"Fuck. Me. Harry," Draco said, enunciating every syllable. "Fuck me into next week. Fuck me into the floor. I want you to fuck me so hard and so well that I won't remember one single thing that happened tonight beyond the fact that I got incredibly and thoroughly shagged. Got it?"

Harry, whose eyes had glazed over completely during Draco's little speech, could only gape at him.

"Oh yes, Harry, what a great idea. You should shag him," Hermione agreed, a little too fervently. "It will really help him forget."

"But...but are you sure?" Harry said, a little worried about Draco's current state of mind.

Hermione nodded fervently. "Oh yes. It would really help him. In fact, you should shag him like you did that time you shagged him silly."

"YES," Draco said, pointing at Hermione. "YES. Shag me like that. Exactly like that. I want you to shag my brains out."

Harry hesitated. "I don't know...are you sure you're not still drunk?"

"Oh, he's not drunk at all," Hermione said quickly. "Go on Harry. Shag him rotten. Give him a good seeing to."

"But all these people..." Harry said, glancing around at the enormous crowd of friends, family, reporters, "business partners," and more, all waiting to celebrate the New Year. Draco leaned in close.

"Scared, Potter?"

That did it.

"You wish," Harry replied, standing up and hauling Draco to his feet. "Let's go, Blondie. You're about to get shagged out of your bloody mind."

Hermione watched them start to walk away with a satisfied smile that made Ron raise an eyebrow.

"Why so smug?" he asked his girlfriend in a whisper.

"Because," she whispered back. "Remember how I told you I found out that the shagged silly potion would wear off after two lunar cycles?"

Ron nodded.

Hermione smiled evilly. "The second lunar cycle ended approximately two hours and fifteen minutes ago."

Ron gaped at her.

"Hermione!" he said, aghast. "That means Harry could shag Draco silly again! And after the little talk you two gave him he probably bloody *will* right now."

"I know." Hermione cackled wickedly. Ron looked at her sternly.

"You can't let them do that."

"But they stole my BOOK."

Ron's mouth dropped open. "They stole your book? Your little black book? The one that we use?"

Hermione nodded.

Ron whirled around and called out, "Hey Harry, Malfoy!"

Harry and Draco were halfway out the door by this point, but they paused and turned to hear what Ron had to say.

"What's up, Ron?"

Ron smiled at them. "Why go all the way to Malfoy's room to shag? That's much too far. Just use the room right next door."

"You mean the one just a few feet away from this very crowded room? With all the couches? The one that doesn't lock properly?"

"That's the one."

Harry and Draco exchanged glances, then Draco shrugged.

"It is much closer. Let's go."

Harry's best friends watched as Harry and Draco left, and then Hermione turned and smirked at Ron. "You're wicked."

Ron smirked back. "No, *you* are."

""""""""""""""""

"Five...four...three...two...one!" the happy crowd of partiers cried out as the clock struck midnight. "HAPPY NEW YEAR!!"

THUD!

Lucius froze. He knew that thud.

He turned to Snape and his other "business partners."

"I'll be right back," he whispered, and they nodded knowingly.

He headed for the door. A reporter from the *Daily Prophet* caught his arm.

"What was that thud?" he asked suspiciously.

"Oh, that was the Dar...dar...darn bunny making all that noise," Lucius said, with a falsely cheerful smile. "You know how bunnies like to hop so, um...loudly."

There was another loud bang, and then a shout of, "Wormtail, you idiot, you've Apparated right on top of my new shoes! Honestly, do you know how hard it is to find stilettos in a size 13?"

Lucius smile faded slightly. "Well, I'll just go see about that bunny, shall I?"

He quickly left the parlour, being careful to shut the door securely after him.

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"Welcome, my Lord," Lucius said, as he entered the study where the Dark Lord and Wormtail were bickering. "How lovely to see you. Happy New Year. No you can't have Harry Potter."

Lord Voldemort looked at Lucius sourly. "How did you know that's what I was going to ask you?"

"Lucky guess." Lucius went into a cabinet and removed a wrapped package. "For you, my Lord. Happy Christmas."

The Dark Lord perked right back up. "Oh, Lucius, are these the pajamas I wanted, with the gold blood on them? You're too much." He took the package from Lucius, adjusting the green, scaly man-bag on his shoulder as he did so. "So how are you liking your new man-bag? I thought they really complemented our robes."

"And well they do, My Lord. Your taste in accessories is only bested by your astounding fashion sense."

"Oh, you're too kind. I got one for all of my Death Eaters you know, - well, except Bella, I got her a nice, big sword and some magically converted power tools."

"Well, I love mine," Wormtail said, indicating the fuchsia bag on his shoulder. "It's dead useful for storing cheese."

"Is it?" Lucius said conversationally. "Well, you know, Sever - uh, I mean my wife, is waiting for me, so I probably should get back. Unless there is anything else?"

"No, we'll just be off. And you're absolutely sure I can't - "

"No. No Harry Potter."

Lord Voldemort sighed. "Very well then. But one of these days I'm going to get that little bugger. You mark my words."

"Consider them marked, My Lord," Lucius said, as he left the study.

"Back to Riddle Manor, then?" Wormtail asked.

The Dark Lord nodded. "Absolutely." He was about to Apparate when something caught his attention.

"Hello, what's this?"

The latest fashion magazine was sitting on a side table next to the big leather couch.

"Well, how do you like that?" Lord Voldemort said, walking over and picking up the magazine. "I've been dying to see what they're doing with dress robes for the mid-winter season. I'm sure Lucius won't mind if I borrow this. I imagine it'll be very useful."

And with that he stuck the fashion magazine in his man-bag and Apparated away.

THE END

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