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Name: A Brick
Author: Cheryl Dyson
Chapter 1 to 1

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Chapter: 1

A Brick

Harry walked into Draco's office and stopped short.

Oh fuck, it's Valentine's Day, he thought.

His first clue, of course, was the profusion of flowers, floating hearts, singing memos, and on obscene amount of chocolate littering Draco's workspace. Harry scowled. For all that Draco was a former Death Eater and still reviled by half of the wizarding world, he was also a gorgeous former Death Eater. A gorgeous, rich, pureblood former Death Eater. Harry was willing to be that even some of the people who snubbed him in public secretly lusted after the blond.

The fact that he was Harry Potter's boyfriend deterred no one simply because no one knew about their relationship. They both preferred it that way, or at least Harry had thought he preferred it that way until now.

A baby kangaroo bounced on Draco's chair. A *live* baby kangaroo. A red bow adorned its neck with a card attached. Harry walked over and bent down to read it, hoping kangaroos did not bite or spit or otherwise attack without provocation. The animal stopped bouncing and watched him warily.

I'll jump for joy if you'll be my Valentine! Love from Sharon in DoMGS!

Harry gnashed his teeth. Sharon. An energetic Australian girl, he remembered. What was she, insane? What the fuck was Draco supposed to do with a kangaroo? He glared at the profusion of pink, red, and white. These people didn't even know Draco, or they would know the hearts should be green and silver. He picked up a heart-shaped package of sweets. The chocolate, though… that was dead on.

Harry stalked out of the office and went looking for Draco.

Draco stood stock still as a wave of horror washed over him.

Oh fuck, it's Valentine's Day, he thought.

Harry's office looked like Weasley's Wizard Wheezes had exploded over his desk. The desk itself was not visible; it was covered with a ludicrous amount of flowers, sweets, charms, spells that shot confetti, and such a profusion of flying cards that it looked like a pink war zone.

Apparently Harry's popularity had not waned. Draco pushed his way through the sentimental froufrou, just in case Harry had been buried by fluff and needed rescuing. Harry was not in his seat, which was stacked high with a veritable tree of red boxes trimmed in gold ribbon. The Gryffindor should be pleased with the general color scheme. Draco itched to look at all of the cards and make a list for later hexing, but it would take to long and he was under orders to find Potter. Maybe Harry was in the break room.

As he turned to leave, a bit of white beneath Harry's chair caught his eye. He bent to pick it up and felt his heart nearly stop. It was a white handkerchief trimmed in lace. A red lipstick smear marred the pristine fabric. Draco's horrified mind supplied an immediate visual—a woman beneath Potter's desk, wiping off her lipstick before wrapping her lips around Potter's—

Draco stuffed the handkerchief into his pocket angrily. Damn it, maybe he should have been more forthcoming with the hearts and flowers and sickly Hufflepuffy sentiment. He had been careful to act like their relationship was nothing more than casual amusement, easily ended by either of them at any time. The problem was, it didn't feel like casual amusement to Draco. Not any more. Obviously the same wasn't true for Potter.

He thought about the gift he had planned to give Harry and suddenly felt like the world's biggest fool.

Harry spent the next hour searching the whole of the Ministry for Draco. He even ran into Kingsley, who was nearly apoplectic. The Minister had sent Draco to fetch Harry nearly two hours previous. At that news, Harry began to worry. He finally located Draco's utterly worthless—but very cute—secretary. She blew a large bubble with her gum and stared in response to his question. Harry wondered if he would have to explain Draco's identity to the vapid girl, but she finally nodded.

"Oh. He went home. Not feeling well, he said."

Home? Without telling him? Anxiety creased Harry's brow. What if Draco was ill? He told the idiot girl to inform Kingsley of their absences—even though he knew she would be lucky to remember who Kingsley was—and Apparated straight to Draco's flat.

The place was dark and for a moment Harry thought it was deserted. A muted clink from a

corner warned him of a presence and Harry drew his wand and cast a Lumos in one fluid motion. Draco raised his hand to ward off the light.

"Fuck off, Potter," the blond said. He slouched in a chair looking like he'd been attacked by a Dementor.

"Are you all right?" Harry asked and hurried forward to kneel at Draco's feet.

"What do you care?" Draco snarled.

"What's that supposed to mean? What's wrong with you?"

"Why don't you rush back to your office full of flirty tripe and legions of adoring fans and leave me the hell alone?" Draco countered.

Harry sucked in a breath. Was this strange mood caused by jealousy? Harry thought about explaining that those Valentines meant nothing to him—most of it had been sent by people trying to suck up to the Boy Who Lived, but he knew Draco had a sore spot when it came to Harry's fame. He tried a more Slytherin tactic.

"Did you take a look at *your* office? I believe you have your own legions of fans, do you not?" Harry's voice was harsher than intended.

"Why don't you fetch my wand from my robes, Potter?" Draco countered.

Harry looked at the Auror robes draped over the arm of the couch and wondered what sort of game Draco played now. The Slytherin would never leave his wand so far away, even in his own residence. Harry obediently bent down and searched through the pockets until he encountered a strange, lacey bit of fabric.

He pulled it out and opened it up, wondering at the feminine quality. It was a handkerchief, obviously a woman's handkerchief. Harry saw the lipstick mark with a rush of dismay. Oh god. He felt suddenly drowned in anger. Why couldn't the blond just *tell* him like a normal human being?

"What the fuck is*this*?" Harry yelled, turning back to the Slytherin and waving the handkerchief. Draco practically launched himself from the chair.

"Surprised, Potter? You didn't think I'd catch you?"

"Are you trying to tell me you're seeing someone else? Because this is a really fucked up Slytherin bastard way of going about it!"

"I can't believe you were sneaking around behind my back!" Draco yelled. "How long has this been going on?"

"You're the one who keeps insisting on this 'casual' arrangement of ours! If you're tired of me, why can't you just fucking say so?" Harry snapped.

The blond stalked forward looking like a vengeful angel. "Who is it? That Shauna woman in the Department of Magical Law Enforcement?"

Harry stood his ground. "Can't you just be honest for once in your life?"

It wasn't until they stood glaring at each other from inches away that Harry realized they had been carrying on two different conversations. He mentally backtracked over Draco's words.

"Behind your back?" Harry asked stupidly

"Honest? You dare to preach to me about being *honest*?" Draco practically shrieked.

At that moment, there was a crack and Hermione Granger stood nearby. They stared at her in a frozen tableau. She rolled her eyes.

"Are you two fighting again? Can't you give it a rest even on Valentine's Day? Anyway, I just dropped by to remind you that even if you two are going on some romantic date, or shagging each other silly, or whatever tonight, you are *still* coming to my party if only for ten minutes to say congratulations to the happy couple. Understand? And where did you get my handkerchief, Harry? I've been looking for that. I was sure I dropped it in your office when I stopped in to make sure you weren't killed by the excess of adoration…" She snatched the white cloth from Harry's numb fingers and fixed each of them with a warning glare. "Remember. Tonight, nine pm. Be there or never show your faces in Britain again."

She popped out, leaving the two men flummoxed in her wake. Harry recovered first.

"Erm… do I want to know how you got Hermione's handkerchief?"

"It was under your desk," Draco said in a barely recognizable voice.

"My desk."

"I thought you were having an affair," Draco admitted.

Harry gaped at him. "Me? You thought I was having an affair?"

Draco scowled. "The Chosen One is incapable of affairs?"

"When the Chosen One has *you* for a boyfriend, then yes, the Chosen One is incapable of affairs, because the Chosen One can't even *think* of anyone but you and how you have absolutely ruined him for anyone else."

Draco's eyes were wide and startled-looking. "And you thought…?"

"I thought you were breaking up with me," Harry admitted.

They stared at each other for the space of a shocked heartbeat and then arms, lips, and tongues were tangled together in breathless apology.

"Oh god, I thought—"

"I shouldn't have—"

Harry's hands shook with relief as they touched every part of Draco they could reach. The clothing was a barrier that had to go. Apparently Draco felt the same, judging by the sound of ripping material.

"Kingsley said…" Harry panted and moaned when Draco's teeth bit into his neck. "Kingsley said he wouldn't pay for another set of ruined robes."

"I'll buy your fucking robes, just get them off."

Harry grinned. He had known Draco would say that, he just wanted to hear that particular tone.

"Do you plan to stay dressed?" Harry asked when the blond made no move to disrobe.

"Yes, I do," Draco purred.

Harry felt faint for a moment. He had never admitted it, but he loved it when Draco fucked him without bothering to remove his clothing. It made Harry feel gloriously debauched. Draco's hands moved over Harry's bare skin and then clenched tight to shift Harry in a half-circle. He lowered Harry to the round glass coffee table, knocking off knickknacks and books with a haphazard swipe.

Harry gasped loudly because the glass was *cold* on his bare flesh. The table was large, but it had no base—it floated in midair by utilization of a permanent Levitation Charm. Harry didn't think the spell was strong enough to hold two grown men, however.

"Draco, are you—?"

"Shhhhh," Draco shushed and moved down to take Harry's cock into his mouth. After that, Harry wouldn't have cared if the table shattered and imbedded shards of glass into his arse. His hands skated through the fine blond hair, trying not to pull as Draco's lips and tongue teased him to near orgasm.

"Draco," he whispered and wished he could say more.

Draco stopped when he felt Harry twitch in that certain way—his lover was close, very close. Draco grinned wickedly and stood up. He looked down at Harry sprawled, naked and needy, on the round glass. His green eyes were glazed with passion and his turgid, lovely cock glistened with Draco's saliva. Fuck, he was beautiful.

Draco nearly ripped his own trousers freeing his erection. Harry barely had time to open his legs and cast a wandless charm before Draco was buried to the balls in his Gryffindor. There was no gentleness in Draco's motion now. Harry's hands clenched in Draco's shirt, rumpling it beyond reason. The table shivered with each stroke and Draco vowed to send a thank you note to the craftsman if the thing survived their encounter.

Harry began to slide on the slick glass and splayed out a palm to stop it. His slick hands found no purchase and every thrust pushed him closer to the edge. When the black hair spilled over the rim, Draco grabbed the Auror's hips and dragged him back with a laugh. He kept one hand on Harry's hipbone while the other stroked his cock. A few tugs were all it took before Harry cried out and ruined Draco's shirt more completely.

A couple of thrusts did it for Draco, as well and he wrapped his arms around Harry when he came. He panted into the Gryffindor's neck for a bit and then pressed some biting kisses there just to remind Potter who owned him. He grinned at the thought and Harry must have felt his lips twitch.

"Is that a smug grin I feel?"

"I'll have you know I've earned every iota of my smugness."

"You certainly did a moment ago," Harry acknowledged.

Draco chuckled. "I would stay here for the rest of the day, but I think the charm on this table is wearing off. And I have something for you."

"For me?"

Draco nearly laughed aloud. He wondered when Harry would ever think of himself as worthy of gifts. He lifted himself off of the Gryffindor and straightened his clothing, although he preferred to wear the shirt for awhile. He cast a spell to clean it up slightly, but he left it untucked, since Harry's eyes had a tendency to track his every movement when he was in a state of dishabille.

Harry rose from the table and dressed while Draco admitted to having his own kinks, such as watching Harry dress. It was nearly as sexy as watching the man undress. Harry looked down at the table, which was smeared with sweat and handprints. He drew his wand, but Draco grasped his hand.

"Leave it. I'll keep it as a souvenir for a bit. Here's your Valentine, by the way."

Draco Summoned a package from the drawer of the corner desk. Harry looked at the silver paper bedecked with Slytherin green hearts and grinned at him sardonically. The Gryffindor peeled away the paper while Draco waited breathlessly.

"It's a brick."

Draco nodded and Harry simply waited, not even making snide comments as Draco would have. Draco steadied himself and explained.

"You see, I went looking for the Potter estate. Where your grandparents lived… and your father, too, I suppose." Harry drew in a breath and his gaze was suddenly sharper. Draco pulled at the collar of his shirt to disguise his growing nervousness. He thought Harry would appreciate the gift, but now that he was actually getting to the explanation… it seemed… "Anyway, the house was completely destroyed. By my own Auntie Bella, as it turns out. After her *lord* was nearly killed trying to murder you as a baby, she went completely mad and sought to punish everyone that had thwarted him in the past. That included your parents, of course, who were both dead, but apparently the Potter ancestral home remained. Bella pulverized it. I had hoped to find something more, but… well, that was basically all that was left." Draco gestured lamely to the brick. Harry was so silent and watched him so intently that Draco felt himself flush. Perhaps it had been a stupid idea. He forged on. "The Ministry seized the land for non-payment of taxes, even though the least fucking Dumbledore could have done would have been to retain *that* for you, at least. I bought it for you, at any rate. The deed is in your Gringott's account, and will you please say something?"

Harry's fingers trailed over the stone—it was not even a whole brick. One corner was nearly gone and there was a deep crack along one edge.

"I don't know what to say," Harry said hoarsely. He was looking at the brick now, instead of Draco. The Auror fumbled through a pocket of his torn robes. He kept the brick in his grip as he held out a roll of parchment. It was tied with a simple green ribbon. "I have something for you, too."

Draco took it and looked at it nervously as he untied the ribbon. He unrolled it and began to read. Harry said, "I gave an interview to a reporter at the Daily Prophet. She's promised not to publish it without my approval and for that, of course, I'll need yours."

Draco's brows rose when he read the headline. ***HARRY POTTER REVEALED***. The article was written in interview format and began with the usual questions. *What was it like to be targeted by the world's largest threat? What ultimately led to the defeat of He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named?* Draco read through it all and wondered how this could possibly interest him enough to be considered a gift… his raised brow silently posed the question to Harry, whose grin encouraged him to keep reading. Draco sighed and read onward. He forgot to breathe when he got nearer the end of the interview. ***SB****: Is there someone special in your life right now?* ***HP****: Yes, there is.* ***SB****: There have been rumors of course, but could you confirm…?* ***HP****: It's a man, actually. I'm sure*

there have been rumors about that. I've even read rumors about me sleeping with a centaur—false, by the way—but for the record, yes, I'm going out with a man. A very special man. ***SB****: Any chance of you naming this lucky chap?* ***HP****: It's Draco Malfoy. Yes, I know we did not get along for many years. (laughs) I think that friction might have concealed some mutual attraction.* ***SB****: You work together at the Ministry, right?* ***HP****: Yes, he's a wonderful Auror. He's a wonderful everything, actually. He's very dedicated and… passionate.* ***SB****: You're blushing! That's very cute. You seem utterly smitten.* ***HP****: I'm afraid I am.* ***SB****: There you have it, folks. Harry Potter is off the market and very much in love.* ***HP****: (smiling) He'll probably kill me when he reads this, but yeah, I am.*

Draco looked at Harry, who reached up and tugged at his hair with his free hand in his penultimate gesture of nervousness.

"You want to publish this?" Draco asked in amazement. The final line he had read sang through his veins in a shock of amazement.

Harry nodded. "I'm tired of hiding. I want to take you out in public and kiss you in the halls of the Ministry, and hold your—"

His words were cut off by Draco's kiss. He dropped the scroll and pressed his hands into the Auror's hair to pull him closer. Draco laughed aloud against Harry's lips.

"I can't believe it. I thought I was going to lose you and now this."

"Now you'll have to put up with reporters and questions and Howlers and—"

"I don't care," said Draco and kissed him again.

Harry pulled away for a moment. His eyes were liquid and he held the brick close to his chest. "Thank you for this. I can't thank you enough. It's… more than I ever could have imagined."

Draco was suddenly so warm he thought he might combust. "I was going to take you out to dinner, but what do you say we spend the rest of the night in bed?"

"Until Hermione's party."

Draco groaned. "Bloody hell, until Hermione's party. You know, the thought of 'never showing our faces in Britain again' suddenly has merit."

Harry laughed. "I love you."

"I love you too, Harry."