FIC: Scheme of Hearts

Prompt Number: #35

Gift for: [info]bootsy_mine

Title: Scheme of Hearts

Author: [info]aj_socks

Pairing(s): Harry/Draco

First Time scenario: Valentine's Day Gift

Summary: Draco wants to give Harry his virginity for Valentine's Day, but his quest isn't without treachery. Before he can enjoy a lustful night with his love, he must make it past meddling Weasley's, the anti-Cupid, and a room full of feathers.

Rating: PG

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Warning(s): None

Epilogue compliant? No

Word Count: 2490

Author's Notes: This ended up being more humor/crack than I intended, but I hope it's enjoyable! Also, thank you mods for being so wonderful! And thanks C and K for being my betas <3

Hogwarts changed after the war, some for the better and some, in Draco's opinion, for the worse. No longer was he surrounded by his house mates; instead, he secluded himself in his room, unwilling to go into the Hall and eat with the rest of the students. Harry told him it was silly, that he had helped during the war and had nothing to be ashamed of, but Draco saw their expressions. Weasley eyed him with distrust while Granger overcompensated for his lack of friendliness. She even tried to strike up a conversation during the Welcoming feast. And while that was annoying, she wasn't the worst. No, it was the Weaselette that made him want

to snap his wand in half.

He wanted her to yell at him, hit him even. Anything was better than the eerie indifference she had towards him. He wanted to tell her the first kiss was an accident. He wanted her to hate him as much as he'd hated her when she was with Harry.

But she didn't.

“I don't see the problem,” Theodore said, his mouth stuffed with potatoes.

Draco put his fork down and pushed back his plate, which was immediately taken away by Finny, the house elf that cleaned the Slytherin dorms at night. “Everyone was mad. Everyone,” Draco said, “No one believed me when I said I was acting as a spy until Harry came up and kissed me in front of everyone. Can you believe they are still publishing stories about that?” He eyed the bowl of pudding next to Theodore's plate and scowled. “You could have gotten me more than one spoonful of pudding, you know.”

Theodore laughed and handed Draco the bowl. “Sorry, mate. Next time you're getting dinner if you're going to be so picky. How was I supposed to know you wanted that much bloody pudding?”

He shrugged and began eating. The Slytherin dorms were as dark and dreary as the Malfoy Manor was immediately after the war. Brand new furniture and paint couldn't mask the smell of the rotten interior no matter how beautiful it was. Draco scoffed, but rubbed the inside of his left forearm in small circles.

“I'm going to fuck Potter.”

Theodore raised an eyebrow and fought a smirk. “Why the sudden switch to 'Potter'? And you're lying. Harry is going to fuck you.”

He flushed and distracted himself by making lines in his pudding. “It's just that we haven't gone past… you know, and it's Valentine's Day.”

“And you want to give your virginity to Harry for Valentine's Day? I'm actually shocked. I had no idea you had a romantic bone in your body.”

Unfortunately, Theodore was right. Draco smirked and a plan began formulating in his head. There was no way he was going to go to Harry with flowers and confess that he wanted to give him his virginity. No, that was too easy.

Draco's Ingenious Scheme Part One: The Enchanted Candy Hearts

“Are you eating in the Great Hall today?”

“Yep,” Draco replied and checked his teeth in the mirror again. It was Valentine's Day, the most romantic day of the year, and incidentally, the day he was going to get into Harry Potter's pants. Screw the Weaslette, he thought and patted himself down once more. Once he was certain his robes were clean and pressed and magicked to stay that way, he made his way down to the Great Hall. Theodore joined him with a smile, and when they entered the Hall he scanned the room for Harry. Except, he wasn't there.

“Granger, where's Harry?”

“Ginny wanted to talk to him so they stayed in the Common Room, but I'm sure he'll be here soon. Why don't you --”

“No thanks.” Draco spun on his heels with a dramatic whoosh of his robes and headed straight

for the kitchens.

“You could be nicer to her,” Theodore said.

“No thanks.”

“You could be nicer to me.”

“No thanks,” he replied with a smirk. Theodore rolled his eyes but didn't say anything. He didn't comment on how Draco kept patting down his robes, especially one specific pocket, nor did he mention a stray hair that stuck up in an odd direction.

“What are you planning?”

Draco smiled. They had Potions first, and he pulled a small black bag from the pocket he kept patting. Harry entered the room and immediately gave Draco a hug, and in that split second, Draco slipped the bag into Harry's pocket and winked at him. His smile turned to a smirk when Harry opened it and turned bright red.

“Are those candy hearts?” Weasley asked, a grin on his face. “Give 'em here, Harry. I know you hate them – Bloody hell! Someone put their dick on it!”

And Draco, with his face bright red, tried to disappear into his seat. Next to him, Theodore snorted and covered his mouth to keep from laughing as the bag was snatched from Weasley's hands by Harry, whose face matched his best friend's hair. He glanced over, but Draco found that the ceiling was more interesting and kept his gaze skyward.

“Do you know who gave them to you?” Weasley whispered.

Harry shook his head, his face was still bright red and his hand covered his mouth. After class Draco escaped the room before Harry could corner him and once he was around the corner, he burst into a sprint. A few of the students glanced back to see if the Devil was on his heels, but when they found nothing there, they shrugged it off and continued on their way.

Draco's Ingenious Scheme Part Two: Cupid's Arrow

It had seemed like such a simple idea at the time. He special ordered it months ago from the Weasley Wizard Wheezes in his image, and when he opened the package Draco was delighted. Inside was a tiny version of himself with cupid's attire, all the way down to the bow and arrow. The wings were a combination of white and black feathers, something he hadn't ordered and suspected they did on purpose, and the white cloth covering buttocks left little to the imagination.

“You're perfect,” Draco said. “Almost.”

“Almost?” Cupid Draco squeaked and flew up so when he pointed his tiny finger was against Draco's nose. “What do you mean by almost? I will have you know I am the best of the cupid series this year.”

His response took Draco aback and he quickly turned his attention to the manual. In a surprising amount of red ink, the manual clearly said that the Cupid doll would sing songs to the first name given to him, and shower him with magical hearts. It didn't say anything about back-talking cupids, but again, Draco suspected that was on purpose.

“Harry Potter,” he said. “I need you to go to Harry Potter.”

“I didn't need to be told,” the doll snapped and flew away with the speed of a fly.

Draco tried to follow it, but by the time he made it to the hall Cupid Draco was already gone

and there was nothing he could do. At least, he smiled, Harry was in for a treat. Of course, treat, he realized later, was not the best word for what he saw in Keeping and Care of Magical Creatures.

Cupid Draco was shooting Harry in the arse with a mad grin on his face. Every time he almost grabbed the cupid, Harry hesitated like he really didn't want to hurt the bugger, because Draco was well aware that a snitch was far harder to catch than a cupid doll. It shot him again, this time on the chest, and then shot Ron, who howled and tried to swat at the cupid.

“Bloody hell,” Draco muttered under his breath. He pulled the manual from his back pocket and whispered the de-activating word. Cupid Draco fell to the ground, immobile, and Draco took a deep breath. Weasley Wizard Wheezes was going to hear about this.

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“You did what?!” Theodore's eyes looked like they were about to pop out of his skull, then he doubled over in laughter. The Cupid Draco was sitting on the table in front of them, it looked too real, like a mini Draco was sleeping peacefully on the table just waiting to jump up and shout obscenities. Theodore's laughter was unbearable, so Draco huffed and strode out of the room with a red face and wounded pride.

As he walked down the hall, Harry turned the corner and smiled at him. He jogged over and wrapped his arms around Draco's waist.

“Hey, Happy Valentine's Day.” They kissed briefly, and when they pulled away Harry's grin widened. “Was that cupid from the Weasley's shop?”

Draco blushed and nodded.

“I never thought you'd look that good with wings.”

A wicked grin spread across his face. “You really liked it?”

“Yeah. They really did a good job on that didn't they? It acted just like you!”

They almost kissed again, but Ginny Weasley rounded the corner and stopped short when she saw them. Draco pulled back and said, “Meet me in the Room of Requirement tonight. I have a surprise for you.”

Harry nodded and ran his thumb against Draco's chin before he continued down the hall. Ginny took a deep breath and walked past him, but Draco grabbed her arm to stop her. He waited until Harry was far enough away not to hear them before he spoke, his words were soft but he stared her straight in the eyes. “I'm not sorry.”

“Excuse me?”

That didn't come out the way I wanted, Draco thought. “Stop looking at me like I killed your owl. I didn't do anything wrong.”

“I didn't say you did. And I look at you like I look at everyone.” She glared at him and, without letting him reply, followed Harry to the Hall for dinner.

The smell of ham was thick in the air when he hurried past the Great Hall toward the Room of Requirement. He was too busy to eat, for he had to ready the last part of his grand scheme. The wicked grin was back, as were the goosebumps that plagued him in the chilled Slytherin dorms at night, but it would be worth it. Not even the hatred and sadness on Ginny Weasley's face could possibly ruin this, Draco decided, ignoring the doubt prickling at his mind.

Draco's Ingenious Scheme Part Three: Pleasure on Wings

When Harry entered the Room of Requirement, what awaited him was not what he expected. The room was decorated in lush green tapestries and a bed that could fit four men comfortably. But there was only one man lying on his stomach with white wings magically attached to his back. Unlike the Cupid Draco, who was sitting on a round table that had lube and a condom on it, Draco was stark naked. A white feather fell from the wings when Draco moved and floated to the deep red comforter.

“Happy Valentine's Day,” Draco said. No matter how hard he tried to keep a seductive expression on his face, he couldn't stop the wicked grin from appearing.

“What's this?”

“He thought you'd like it,” Cupid Draco said with a sneer. “But needed some help with the wings so he woke me back up.”

“Now he won't go to sleep,” Draco said. “I'm definitely getting a refund for this piece of shit.”

Harry flushed when Draco stood up, his dick hard and pre come leaked from it. He grabbed Draco's waist and pulled him to him and kissed him, hard. But then a feather flew up from his wings and Cupid Draco smirked and tickled Harry's nose with it.

He sneezed mid kiss and backed away from Draco. Cupid Draco tickled his ear, then flew over to his other ear and did the same. Draco growled and grabbed at the small Cupid, but his foot caught on the rug and he toppled to the ground with a sickening thud. His wings snapped off, and all he could hear was Ginny Weasley's annoying laughter echo in the room even though she wasn't even there.

Harry helped him to his feet, a smile still on his face. The feathers were spread across the

floor with the wings in the middle. Everything was ruined, and Draco couldn't help the tears that distorted his vision.

“Draco? What's wrong?”

Draco took a deep breath and sat on the bed. “Everything's ruined.”

“What?”

“Valentine's Day. I wanted to fuck on Valentine's day, okay?”

“Is that why you did all this? To get me into bed?”

Draco bit his bottom lip and nodded. Harry grabbed his chin and Draco was forced to look him in the eye. He kissed him then, a soft, loving kiss. Cupid Draco buzzed at his neck and kissed it, his tiny tongue made a thin trail of magical saliva. Harry shuddered.

“Draco,” he said, “You don't have to try to seduce me to get me into bed. And just because you're a Malfoy doesn't mean you can't make a move first.” Draco opened his mouth to protest, but was cut off by Harry. “Don't even try to say that isn't the reason for all this. I know you too well. And Theodore may have caught me on my way up here.” Harry grinned. “And Ginny will get over it.”

He frowned. “What does the Weaselette have to do with this?”

“You don't have to hide your affection for her sake.”

“I don't -”

“Shh. You're not as horrible as you like to think.” He looked at Cupid Draco, who was now naked, and rolled his eyes. “I'll help you get your money back.”

Draco smiled and moved in to kiss him. He was pressed down onto the bed and Harry crawled on top of him, with Cupid Draco trying to get in between them. Draco grabbed Cupid Draco and immobilized him with wandless magic. Harry pulled off his shirt and whispered, “If you wanted to get me into bed you should have just done that.”

“Wandless magic?”

Harry nodded and sucked on Draco's neck. He moaned and arched into Harry, with the lingering disbelief over Harry's revelation. Of course, when he would later tell Theodore about their first magical night, he would say he pressed Harry against the bed and ravished him. But Theodore and Harry would just smile at each other with knowing looks. The truth really didn't matter, they decided, so long as that mischievous grin was still on Draco's face.