HAPPY H/D HOLIDAYS, ENVY_VENIS!

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Title: Silence Breaks the Heart

Pairing(s): Harry/Draco, Neville/Ginny, Ron/Hermione

Summary: Boy meets boy. Boy falls in love with boy. They live happily ever after. Harry only wished it was that simple.

Rating: NC-17

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Warning(s): Some angst.

Epilogue compliant? No

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Author's Notes: I loved your sign-up, envy_venis. As soon as I saw it, I smiled. I really enjoyed writing this for you. I hope you like it. Huge thanks to my beta, G. You're the absolute best ♥ Extra special thanks to H, for reading this through and making it perfect. Happy holidays everybody!

(Silence Breaks the Heart)

Silence Breaks the Heart

Harry ran to the bedroom and locked the door behind him. So what if he was 'acting like a child'; he just didn't want to go. Hearing footsteps on the stairs, he banged his head against the wood. He briefly thought about Apparating out of the room, but stopped when he realised that she would probably find him. She always did.

“Harry James Potter!” Hermione's shout caused Harry to bang his head again. He knew he would have to stop that habit soon; Hermione always said that he didn't have that many brain cells to lose.

“Harry!”

Harry banged his head again. For fuck's sake. She had brought Ginny with her. Harry was quite surprised that he hadn't heard another voice.

“Potter!”

Ah, there it was. Pansy. He sorely regretted ever introducing her to his friends.

“I'm not going,” Harry shouted through the door, “and that's final!”

“Oh, yes, you are!” Hermione countered. “People are expecting you. You need to be there. This is important. You are not missing this.”

Oh, yeah. The Hermione 'this is your duty' speech. Why had he not expected it? It was the same thing every time. Harry loved Hermione, but she just didn't understand that Harry just didn't want to go to these boring Ministry events; he didn't like being gawped at like an elephant in the zoo.

“Harry, please!” Ginny's voice was quiet and whiny; Harry knew what was coming next. “You promised me. I can't go to this thing on my own! They're going to laugh at me. Please, you promised Nev you'd look after me. He's away looking for his seeds, and I'm here all on my own.”

Bloody hell. Did she ever think the guilt trip was going to work? Yes, it worked years ago, when Harry had felt guilty that he'd lost his feelings for Ginny, but the guilt trip hadn't worked in quite some time. He wasn't going to the stupid Anniversary Ball and that was that. Nothing was going to change his mind.

“Draco's going to be there.”

Except that. Fuck. Why did he have to get pissed and tell Pansy all about his crush on Draco bloody Malfoy? Harry mentally kicked himself as he nearly opened the bedroom door.

“Not going to work, Pansy!” Harry congratulated himself on his self control.

“I persuaded him to wear the trousers, Harry. You know, the ones he always wears with the belt...”

Crap. Harry could practically hear her smirk. Not the belt. Harry gave into temptation and banged his head against the door again. Harry kept his head against the door as he thought about the object of his affections, and the man who wore it.

Harry had seen a lot of Draco in the last couple of months, and they had become friends. Not as close as Harry would've liked, but friends nonetheless. Draco usually dropped into work to speak to Pansy at least twice a week and they, along with their friends, had started socialising since Harry and Pansy had become quite close friends.

And Draco wore a belt. Not just any belt, but a black leather belt with a gorgeous eagle etched right into the silver buckle. Fuck, Harry liked that belt, and by extension, Draco. Well, if Harry was honest with himself, he liked Draco a little bit more than the belt, but not by much. It was a nice belt.

“Harry, please,” Hermione's plea brought Harry fully out of his daydream. More's the pity. Harry was having fun in his daydream; undoing the buckle and sliding the belt through the loops of Draco's posh trousers.

“Harry!” Pansy shouted, bringing Harry fully back to his senses.

Harry knew that he approximately 90 seconds before Hermione broke through his locking spell and all

three women forcibly dressed him.

Thoughts of Draco, and the belt, made Harry open the door before that could happen. Harry groaned as he caught sight his three favourite women. Hermione was holding up a three-piece suit, the colour of which he had been repeatedly told 'brought out his eyes'. Ginny had a set of expensive looking robes slung over her arm; Harry was slightly scared of the number of buttons along the front. Pansy was brandishing her wand, a hairbrush and a bottle of green goo. The bottle had a picture of a witch with long sleek locks on the side. Harry was petrified.

Harry's earlier thoughts of Apparating somewhere else came back to the front of his mind at the sight of three of his best friends and their instruments of torture. The looks on their faces didn't help as they advanced into his bedroom and pushed him into the chair beside the desk.

“Be gentle?” Harry pleaded wearily.

Pansy, Hermione and Ginny simply laughed as they got to work.

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What felt like several hours later, Harry found himself primped and preened and with Ginny on his arm as they walked into the ballroom. The girls had worked their magic.

Harry's suit fit him perfectly. Harry wasn't sure about the whole 'matching his eyes' thing, but the girls had sighed when he had first put it on so Harry assumed it was a good thing. Green was green in Harry's book. Apparently, he was missing the point—well, he was still missing the point. Girls were crazy.

Ginny had taught him a rather cool spell for managing the forty nine—Harry hadn't been able to resist counting them—buttons on the robe. Harry had never been more grateful to learn something. The robe set his suit off magnificently. Well, according to Hermione it did anyway.

Harry's hair had never looked so good. In the end, it had taken two bottles of the green goo and a rather drastic haircut, but the results were amazing. Instead of his usual 'wash and go' mop, he now sported a fetching 'shag and go' style. Harry liked it. Pansy had already promised to keep him supplied with the green goo.

Harry was still apprehensive as he and Ginny made their way through the crowds. Hermione had refused to tell him what the ball was actually for. He knew it was for him, but there was usually something else to go along with it. Last year, it had been to announce the first annual Harry Potter day. Ron still thanked Harry—to Ron's amusement and Harry's embarrassment—for his extra day off work. The year before, it had been to award Harry his Order of Merlin. He hadn't minded that year so much, as Ron and Hermione had been on the podium with him, receiving theirs. The year before that had been just after Voldemort's death, and no one had really felt like celebrating. The Ministry had, rather stupidly, thought that throwing a Celebration Ball while most of the wizarding world was still grieving their loved ones was a good idea.

As Harry and Ginny approached the middle of the ballroom, Harry spotted something that had him turning around, ready to flee. At the very least he had a strong urge to bang his head repeatedly against something hard and door-shaped.

Falling from the ceiling was a red velvet curtain, hiding the entire left hand area of the stage from view. Harry wasn't worried about the curtain, no. That was just a curtain. Harry was worried what was behind the curtain. What could it be? A painting? A plaque? Oh, Merlin. A statue?

Ginny had obviously anticipated Harry's reaction as she gripped his arm stronger. “Harry. Stay.”

“I'm not a dog, Gin.” Harry poked his tongue out at her and received the same in return.

“Now, now, children. Play nice.”

Harry turned slowly to look at the smirking face of the man who had spoken. He forced himself to not automatically look down at the man's waist.

“Shut up, Draco.” Ginny poked her tongue out at Draco as well. “We're just making light of a very dire situation. Harry has spotted the thing.”

“Well, of course he's seen it. How can you miss it?” Pansy winked at Harry before wrapping her arms around Draco's bicep.

Harry poked his tongue out at her as well. He did take a moment to wonder when he had regressed to a child, but quickly disregarded it. After all, Pansy had started it.

“Hi, everyone!” Hermione greeted as she and Ron joined their group. “I'm guessing Harry has seen the thing.”

“Yes, I've seen it. And now I'll just be leaving.”

Harry moved to walk away and found himself surrounded on all sides by his friends.

“Sorry, mate,” Ron said gravely. “We're here for the night. we've been threatened—told—to keep you here by any means necessary.”

Ron finished by smiling brightly at Hermione. She smiled sweetly in return, but Harry could tell she hadn't missed Ron's slip.

“But—”

“Harry.” Hermione had her patient teacher's voice with her. “It's just one night. You don't even know what the thing is.”

“But—”

Harry's next attempt at an excuse to leave was thwarted by the only reason Harry was there.

“Come on,” Draco said, taking Harry by the arm and leading him towards the bar. “If we have to be here, we are not staying sober. Come on, Weasley. Let's leave the girls to it.”

Harry ignored the knowing smiles on all of his friend's faces. He was too intent on getting to the bar. Draco was right: staying sober was not an option.

Once the three of them were sat at a table, Harry took a long gulp of his Firewhisky. “So, did you two try and get out of this evening's festivities?”

“Of course not,” Ron replied quickly. “We're here to support and celebrate our friend in his—” Ron broke off and raised an eyebrow at Draco. “I forgot the rest.”

“We're here to support you in your successes and help you realise your hopes for the future,” Draco said. “And some other crap that the girls tried to drum into us.”

“So, yes, you tried to get out of it?” Harry asked with a laugh.

Ron and Draco smiled and nodded sheepishly. Harry felt better.

“Are you going to tell me about the thing? Or do I have to wait until the grand unveiling?” Harry asked.

“Our lips are sealed,” Ron insisted.

“Hey, did you know I got tickets for the Wimbourne match?” Draco was obviously trying to change the

subject. Harry would have loved to have known what the girls had threatened them with.

“That's brilliant. Should be a good game. Now, the thing?”

“You'll see,” was the only answer Draco gave him.

Harry did see. Two hours, and more than a few Firewhiskies, later, the Minister clinked his glass and asked for silence. Harry would have escaped there and then if not for Pansy and Ginny blocking him. Hermione's stern 'would it kill you, Harry?' look made him look sheepish and give his attention to the—probably boring—speech that Kingsley was making.

“Welcome to the fourth annual Anniversary Ball! I trust you all enjoyed your Harry Potter day.”

Harry groaned as cheers sounded all around him—including Ron's. People were leaning over each other to pat Harry on the back, and Harry gave Kingsley a look that he hoped showed his irritation. Kingsley must have taken the hint as he cleared his throat and once again called for silence.

“Without further ado, please allow me to unveil a present to Harry Potter, and to all of us. This piece was commissioned by the Ministry and paid for by a very generous donor. Thank you, from all of us, once again, Mr Malfoy.”

Harry turned to find his supposed friend. Draco looked slightly apologetic. “You'll see,” Draco mouthed to Harry.

Kingsley swished his wand, and the curtain disappeared. Harry was shocked. He apologised to Draco in his mind as he looked at the painting. If Harry was completely honest, he was expecting a painting of himself, and by the looks on many of the Ministry officials' faces, they were expecting to see the same.

It was a painting, and it was beautiful. Harry inexplicably found himself blinking back tears as he spotted the faces of the people he, and many others, had lost. His mum and dad, Fred, Tonks, Professor Lupin,

Dumbledore. They were all there, along with so many others, many of which he couldn't identify. The plaque at the foot of the painting stated that the piece was called 'The Price'. Harry couldn't think of a more fitting name for it.

“We would like to ask Mr Potter to come up and say some words, if he doesn't mind.”

Harry was surprised that he actually didn't mind. He just had to think of something to say. Ignoring the looks of shock on his friends' faces, Harry walked onto the stage.

“The only thing I can say,” Harry began after the crowd had quietened, “is thank you. Thank you to Draco, the Ministry and the artist—whoever it is. It is perfect.”

At his words, Kingsley gestured to his side and Dean Thomas stepped onto the stage, to cheers and calls from the crowd. Dean winked at Harry before bowing slightly. Harry resisted the urge to poke his tongue out at his friend; he was on stage, after all.

“Thank you, Dean,” Harry said after the applause had died down once more. “It's beautiful, and the title is very fitting. The price we paid for a safe and happy world might have been high, but it was the price we paid and it needed to be acknowledged. Thank you, again, and have a good night.”

The applause was deafening as Harry stepped down off the stage with Dean at his side. Hermione was beaming at him with tears in her eyes. Ginny, Pansy and even more surprisingly, Ron, seemed to be in much the same boat. Draco simply slapped him on the back and veered the group back to their table.

“Why?” Harry asked Draco once they were all settled in their seats.

Draco smiled. “There was talk in the office of a grand piece of art to be unveiled tonight. It was going to be a statue or a portrait of you. We thought that you probably wouldn't like it. They were also worrying about how they were going to fund it, so I offered to pay for it, as long as we had the final decision on the subject matter. Hermione used her place as your best friend for clout and Dean offered to do the actual painting.”

“Thank you,” Harry said again. “All of you.”

“You're welcome,” Draco said. “Now. I think you owe me a drink.”

Harry laughed and got his money pouch out. He definitely needed another drink.

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Harry hummed a tune while he unlocked the shop and got ready for the day. Harry loved Monday mornings. He was well aware that he was probably on his own, but Harry loved his job and couldn't wait to get back to it after the weekend. Having quit Auror training before it had even started, Harry had started his business by accident.

After deciding that the life of an Auror was not one for him, Harry had left the Ministry and walked to his favourite tea shop for a pecan pie and a cuppa. When he had reached the run down shop that had been happily serving him without fanfare since he'd left Hogwarts, Harry was aghast to see the 'CLOSED' sign on the window. After reading the small writing underneath, Harry was saddened to read about the death of Brenda, the lovely old witch who had run the shop. Noticing people milling about inside, Harry decided to pay his respects in person, and knocked on the door.

Half an hour later, Harry was the proud owner of his very own tea shop. Or, as he preferred it to be called—for it sounded so much more manly—his very own café.

The news that Harry Potter had opened a café had spread like wildfire throughout the wizarding world. Witches and wizards had come from miles around to be served tea by him. Harry had never expected so many customers; he had assumed it would have been just as it was when he was a customer—some shoppers needing a rest and maybe a few regulars. He was very very wrong. As a consequence, he now counted Pansy Parkinson as his most treasured employee, and a very close friend.

Pansy had come into the shop one day, not long after he had re-opened, hoping to apologise for her

actions in the Great Hall before the final battle. She was very insistent and refused to leave until she'd apologised properly. Harry had snapped that if she was truly sorry, she'd get her arse behind the counter and help him out. She truly was, so she did. And she never left. It was a running joke between the two of them that one day, Harry would finally accept her apology and she could go and get a 'proper job'.

Harry looked at the clock and noted that any proper employer would probably have sacked her by now. It was ten past nine, and Harry was bracing himself for the half nine, pre-shopping, post breakfast rush. And Pansy was late as usual. Harry decided that Pansy was probably nursing a hangover, or maybe entertaining one her boy toys, and thought he'd better contact someone to help him out.

As he was finishing writing a note to one of his other employees, the bell above the shop door tinkled and Pansy breezed in.

“Sorry, Harry!” she called as she took off her cloak. “Someone held me up.”

“Don't tell me. Bradley? Frederick?”

“No, it was me actually.”

Harry dropped his quill. “Draco?” he asked incredulously.

“Oh, put your tongue back in, Harry.” Pansy laughed as she put on her apron. “Not like that. You know that I'm not Draco's type.”

“Brunette?” Harry asked.

“Woman.” Pansy looked at Harry with a funny look on her face.

“Oh, yeah.” Harry had the good grace to blush; he could be so stupid at times. “Sorry,” he added to

Draco.

“Now, if you've finished with your idiot act for this morning, we are about to be bombarded with a hoard of Hufflepufferish old women, all wanting to be served tea by the great Harry Potter himself.”

“Hufflepufferish?” Harry mouthed at Draco. Draco shrugged.

“So,” Pansy continued, “you will either get behind the counter and start brewing, or you can get out.”

Ah, Harry remembered why he kept Pansy around. Efficient was her middle name. Well, it was actually Elladora, but you didn't mention that if you liked your balls where they were supposed to be.

“Draco,” Harry said once he had followed Pansy's order and resumed his place behind the counter. “What can I get you? Or are you just here to harass the staff?”

“I'll have a latte to take away, please,” Draco said. “And if you could take my meetings this morning, that would be great.”

Harry laughed as he fixed Draco's drink. Draco always moaned about his job at the Ministry, but Harry knew full well how much he actually enjoyed it. Apparently, the Undersecretary to the Minister for Wizard-Muggle Relations was a thrilling job to have. Harry didn't think that he could cope with working with Hermione, but Draco seemed to love it.

“See you later?” Draco asked.

Harry assumed that Draco was talking to Pansy, so he busied himself with his teapots.

“Yes, we'll be here,” Pansy answered. “Honestly Harry,” she added once the door had closed behind

Draco.

“What?” Harry asked. He was very confused.

“If you don't know—”

“Yes, yes,” Harry interrupted, “you're not telling me.”

~

Harry had never seen so much of Draco as he had in the past few weeks. He was used to Draco popping in once or twice a week on his way to work for his morning coffee and a quick chat, and Draco usually dropped by on a Friday to see what plans he and Pansy had for the weekend. But recently, Draco had been in the café nearly every day. Harry thought that Draco might be getting a slight caffeine addiction. Harry had tried to talk to Pansy about it, but she was no use at all. Unless you counted an eye roll and the usual 'If you don't know' line as helpful. Which Harry didn't.

As Harry opened the shop, and wondered whether Pansy would turn up today—it was a Monday, after all—Harry was startled by the tinkle of the bell above the door. It was too early for customers—the CLOSED sign was still showing—and it was much too early for his erstwhile staff to arrive.

“Morning, Harry!”

“Draco,” Harry said, shock clear in his voice. “What's the matter?”

“Nothing,” Draco replied. “I just thought I'd pop in. I have to be in work early this morning.”

“Pansy's not in yet.”

Draco laughed. “I didn't expect her to be. It isn't her I wanted to see.”

Harry was confused. Yes, he and Draco were friends, but Draco usually only popped in when Pansy was about; Harry assumed that he had always wanted to see her.

“Um, did you want a coffee?”

“No.”

“Cup of tea?”

“No.”

“Pastry? Toasted teacake?”

Draco shook his head. “No. I wanted to see you.”

“Oh.”

Draco grinned and his cheeks were tinged with pink. “Yes, oh.”

“You wanted to see me?”

“Yes, Harry. I wanted to see you. I wanted to ask you if you fancied going out tonight. Just me and you.”

Harry had never seen Draco looking so nervous. Harry really was stupid sometimes. The many visits. Draco always sitting next to him in the pub. The talking. The smiles. The touching of Harry's arm. Pansy's eye rolling made sense now.

“Yes, I'd love to,” Harry answered with a smile.

“Good. I have to go now, but I'll owl you later. And Harry? I'll even wear the belt.”

Harry gaped as Draco left the café. His mind was in a daze. He knew one thing for sure, though. He was going to fucking kill Pansy.

~

Pansy walked in about half an hour after Draco had left. She took one look at Harry's smiling face and demanded to know what had happened.

“Finally!” she cried when Harry had confirmed that Draco had asked him out. “Now, what time shall we come over?”

“What? Who? What?”

“Me, Hermione and Ginny,” Pansy explained. “You'll need us to make you look good, yes?”

Harry was about to disagree until he realised, that yes, he would be needing to look his best. Draco would more than likely want to go somewhere upmarket and Harry didn't want to be feeling out of place. And his own delivery of green goo hadn't arrived yet.

“Six o'clock?” Harry said with a shrug. “And Pansy?” he added. “What exactly did you tell Draco about me?”

Pansy tied on her apron. “Better make it half five. I'll just go and owl the girls,” she said, blatantly ignoring the question. “You'd better get the tea started. It's nearly half nine.”

Harry had been nervous about Draco coming in for his lunch. Which, he knew, was silly. After all, Draco had been popping in on a daily basis for weeks. Everything seemed different now; a good different. Harry now knew that Draco had been in to see him, not Pansy, and that thought made Harry tingle just thinking about it.

He hadn't needed to worry; Draco's owl had come just before the lunchtime rush, telling Harry that he would be in a meeting all day, that he would see him at eight and giving the address of the pub he wanted to meet at. After Harry—and Pansy—had read the note, he gradually got more and more nervous about the evening ahead. Harry was used to being out with Draco—they spent most weekends in each other's company, after all—but this would be the first time that it would be just the two of them.

Pansy had finally snapped after three hours of Harry asking her what she thought the night would entail. She had Silenced him and told him—in detail—what Draco usually did on his dates.

Oh, shit.

Harry had had to sit down as the thought hit him. He had a date with Draco Malfoy. And, more than likely, Pansy—and by extension, Hermione and Ginny—would know every single thing about it by the next day. Who knew that Draco was such a blabbermouth?

At half five precisely, Harry closed the café and was immediately Apparated away by three very eager women. He hadn't even seen Hermione and Ginny arrive, but they must have been waiting outside the shop to ambush him. Why they were so excited to dress him up, he'd never know.

Knowing that it would be easier if he just sat back and let them do their work, Harry did just that.

Following the girls to his bedroom, Harry sat back in his chair and waited for them to work their magic.

Without Harry struggling, his makeover was done in half the time. His hair was looking newly-shagged—seriously, why didn't they just call it that on the bottle?—and his clothes once again 'brought out his eyes'. Harry was grateful for the lack of robes, though. He was much too nervous to be worrying about buttons.

When the girls proclaimed him to be completely ready, Harry looked at the clock and noticed that, even if he walked to the pub, he would still be half an hour early. He stood up at the girls' urging and slowly turned around. Pansy had a gleam in her eye, Ginny was pretending to swoon and Hermione looked as if she was about to deliver a 'be careful' speech. Pansy must have noticed it as well, as she grabbed Hermione by the elbow and pulled her towards the door.

“Have a great night,” Ginny said, kissing his cheek. “Go get him.”

Hermione nodded and blew him a kiss. Pansy winked at Harry before the three of them left him alone. Harry waved them goodbye and slumped down on the bed. He quickly jumped up and sat up straight as Pansy's words—'Creases are not your friend, Harry!' —rang in his ears.

Deciding that he'd rather be early than sit about in his house waiting, Harry threw on his best cloak and left the house. The pub they were meeting in wasn't far from his house, so Harry walked instead of Apparating. As he predicted, he was very early. To his surprise, as he walked into the pub, he spotted Draco already sitting at the bar, sipping a glass of whisky. Steeling his nerves, Harry walked towards him.

“Hi, Draco,” Harry said, tapping him on the shoulder.

Draco nearly fell off his chair. “Harry!” He looked at the clock. “You're early.”

“So are you.”

“Oh.” Draco blushed slightly. “I was ready, so I thought I'd come and...” Draco trailed off and gestured to his drink.

“Get pissed without me?” Harry offered.

“Hardly,” Draco snorted. “I've only had the one. What does Hermione call it? Dutch courage?”

Harry's heart warmed as Draco as good as admitted that he was also nervous. Draco gestured to the barman for two more drinks, so Harry took the time to look around the small pub for an empty table. Harry had thought Draco would've booked a table somewhere with menus written in French and prissy waiters. Instead, they had met in a pub Harry was familiar with—it was the same one they usually met in to start off their Friday nights outs. Harry didn't know how to feel about that.

Accepting the drink from the barman, Harry nodded his thanks and followed Draco to a table in the corner of the pub. Harry took his cloak off and folded it over the back of his chair.

“You look very nice,” Draco said as Harry sat down.

“Nice?” Harry teased. “I think the girls would take offence to nice.”

“Ah, I thought you'd scrubbed up a little too well.” Draco smirked and undid his jacket. “Gorgeous, then.”

“Gorgeous,” Harry repeated, his eyes not leaving Draco's waist. Draco was wearing the belt.

Harry was brought out of his belt-induced daze by the sound of Draco laughing. “What is it about this thing?”

“What? No. Um, what?”

“Pansy mentioned you liked the belt. Would you like it? Or I have a couple that are similar.”

“No!” Harry said quickly. “I like you. In the belt. The belt suits you. Just you. Not me. And I'll shut up now.” Harry blushed and downed his drink. “I'll go and get some refills.”

Harry used his time at the bar to calm himself down and berate himself for acting like an idiot schoolboy. Surely he should be past the babbling stage at his age. Harry couldn't count the number of dates he'd been on; surely he should know how to do it by now. Harry needed a strong Hover Charm to carry the tray of drinks back. After all, he only had two hands, and he'd bought four whiskies, two beers, four shots—that were smoking—and two bottles of wine.

Draco's mouth dropped comically at the sight of Harry's bulging tray. “What the—?”

Harry shrugged. “I didn't know what you wanted. I thought I'd cover all bases.”

Draco laughed. “You could have just asked.”

Harry reddened once more. “Shhh. At least we don't need to go to the bar for a while.”

“If we're going to drink all of this, we might need some food.” Draco grabbed a menu off of the table next to them. “What do you want?”

After they'd ordered their food, Harry plucked a beer off of the tray and held it into the air. “What should we toast?”

“Us? Finally getting a clue?” Draco clinked his glass to Harry's. “Or we could just toast the great Harry Potter's belt kink.”

Harry, unfortunately, had just taken a gulp of his beer, and he struggled to swallow it instead of spitting it all over Draco. “That's enough about that,” he said laughing. “I'm sure you've got a kink in there somewhere.”

“Of course,” Draco said, picking another drink up from the tray. “I have a thing for dark-haired, green-eyed, tea shop owners.”

Once again, Harry tried to swallow his drink. Fuck. What was he supposed to say to that? “It's a café, actually.”

“Who said I was talking about you?” Draco raised an eyebrow and smirked.

Harry laughed. As he did so, he thought about the one thing missing from the evening: the awkward 'getting to know each other' first-date talk. Harry was so relieved; he never liked that part anyway. He and Draco already knew almost everything about each other. Background, family—although, that wasn't being discussed this evening, if Harry could help it—work, friends. The laughter and teasing were natural parts of their usual nights out. The talking, the laughing—it came easily; it was fantastic.

Their talking and laughing continued as they ate their meals and finished off the drinks on the tray. Draco had gallantly downed the first of the smoking shots. Harry had sniffed it, coughed and refused. Draco had grabbed the shot out of his hand and gulped it down in one. Not to be outdone, Harry took another off the tray and did the same.

They had opened the wine—which Draco had commended Harry on—while they were eating. Harry hadn't had the heart to tell Draco that he had only picked the wine because the name made him giggle. Somebody who would name their brand 'Elephant on a Tightrope' deserved his business.

Harry was feeling pleasantly tipsy, and with every sip of wine, he felt bolder. As he looked into Draco's smiling eyes, Harry knew that he wanted to do nothing more than kiss the man right there in the middle of the pub. Harry reached out a hand and entwined his fingers with Draco's. Draco leant forward and Harry was seconds away from fulfilling his dream.

“Harry! How good to see you!”

Both Harry and Draco looked forlorn at the interruption. The booming voice came closer and Harry reluctantly sat back in his chair, still holding on to Draco's hand. Zacharias Smith had tried his best to ingratiate himself with Harry and his friends recently. He had taken over from his uncle's estate agents, and kept trying to persuade the group to buy a new house. He was nice enough, but slightly over the top at times, as evidenced by the fact that he was wearing a white three piece suit.

“Zach, hi. You know Draco.”

“Yes, I do.” Zach looked at Draco once, sneered and gave Harry all of his attention. “How are you? What are you up to?”

Harry looked incredulously up at the man. What the fuck did he think we're doing? “We're having dinner.”

“Oh, you look like you've finished. I'll go and grab myself a chair.”

“Zach, we're—”

Zach ignored Harry's protests and went off in search of a spare seat.

“Forget about him, Harry. Now, where were we?” Draco asked, leaning over the table to kiss Harry.

Harry forgot all about Zach. His mind could only process the fact that he was kissing Draco. It was living up to all of Harry's dreams. Fuck, he thought he could kiss Draco forever.

“Oh!”

Harry pulled away from Draco to see Zach standing beside the table, chair in hand and a gob-smacked expression on his face.

“Sit down, Zach.” Draco gestured to the empty space at the side of the table. “I'll just move this—oh, I'm so sorry!”

Zach had barely placed his chair down when Draco accidentally knocked his full glass of wine over the table. The red wine splashed right down the front of Zach's suit.

Zach shouted in protest and tried to dab at the growing stain with a napkin. Harry nearly missed the wink that Draco shot in his direction.

“I'm so sorry! You'd better go home and get your suit seen to,” Draco said. “You'd don't want it to ruin. You know spells won't help with wine stains.”

Zach looked at their still-joined hands, and nodded. “I think I will. Nice to see you, Harry. Fire-call me!”

“What was that about?” Harry asked as Zach ran out of the pub.

“I have no idea.” Draco grinned. “And I don't really care.”

Harry smiled. Right answer. “Now, I think you need more wine. And I think we were in the middle of something.”

“Which did you want first?” Draco asked with a wink.

In answer, Harry leaned in and kissed Draco again. Draco curled his hand around Harry's jaw and Harry couldn't think of anywhere he'd rather be.

“Uh-hm!”

The loud cough from the next table caused Harry to rethink that. Maybe he could take being with Draco somewhere a little more private. Laughing, Harry and Draco once again reluctantly moved apart.

“I'll just get the wine,” Draco said, standing up. He obviously tried to glare at the man who had dared to interrupt them, but the smile on his face diminished it considerably. Harry thought it best not to say anything.

Draco was back within moments, bottle in one hand and two fresh glasses dangling from his other. He poured the drinks, and the two men were soon engrossed once more in conversation, all thoughts of Zach and his strange behaviour gone.

After an hour, Harry picked up the bottle and attempted to pour it into their glasses. A few drops was all that was left, and Harry tipped the bottle up with a frown on his face. “More?” he asked Draco.

“I think I've had enough wine,” Draco said, standing up on shaky legs. “As a matter of fact, I think I need some air.”

Harry gaped before standing up from his seat and grabbing his cloak. Taking Draco's offered hand, Harry all but pulled him out of the pub; the cold air hit him immediately, sobering him up slightly. Pausing to put on his cloak, Harry turned to ask Draco where he wanted to go next, but instead his breath hitched at the sight of Draco lounging against the wall, biting on his bottom lip.

Harry didn't know whether it was the alcohol, the adrenaline or simply his horniness, but he took one look at Draco and stepped forward. Putting his hands on either side of Draco's face, Harry pushed slightly

so that Draco was flush against the wall.

“Fuck, I've wanted to do this for so long,” Harry whispered before raising his lips to kiss Draco fully.

Kissing Draco was better than Harry could have ever had imagined. And kissing him against a wall was so much better than awkward kisses over a pub table. Their noses bumped and their tongues battled and it was fucking fantastic. Draco wrapped his arms around Harry's waist and pulled him close. Harry slipped one hand into Draco's hair and deepened the kiss; one leg sliding between Draco's. Gasping, Draco slid his arms down until his hands were resting on Harry's arse.

Harry pulled away from Draco, breathing heavily. “Your place or mine?” he asked with a grin on his face.

“Aren't we presumptuous?” Draco replied, grinning. “Yours. Mine contains people I'd rather not see just now.”

Even the thought of Lucius Malfoy walking around in his pyjamas was not enough to dampen Harry's arousal. “Ready?” he asked.

Draco nodded and held on to Harry tighter. Harry laughed.

“Lazy bugger,” Harry said, lessening the comment with a kiss. “It's only around the corner; we're walking. And I can't guarantee we'd get there in one piece if we Apparated. I'm told that Splinching on a first date leaves a bad impression.”

Harry was expecting at least a small grumble at that, but Draco surprised him by simply taking his hand and following him down the path. The walk took longer than Harry thought it would, and he was feeling the cold. It might not have taken so long had they been slightly less drunk and not stopping every couple of steps for chaste snogs. It was only when they were in sight of his house that Harry thought to do a Warming Charm.

Harry thought he would be more nervous as they entered the house, but he wasn't. He would've blamed his new-found confidence on the alcohol, but he knew it wasn't true. He and Draco had simply clicked, and Harry couldn't wait to find out exactly how compatible they were.

After unlocking the door, Harry showed Draco into the living room. Harry barely gave Draco time to appreciate it before kissing him again. "Drink?" he asked once he paused for breath.

"Bed," came the simple reply from Draco.

Harry didn't need to be told twice. Taking Draco by the hand, Harry led him into his bedroom; he only hoped Kreacher had thought to tidy up after the girls makeover session.

Seeing the mountain of discarded shirts and trousers gone from the bed, Harry sighed in relief. Harry unclasped his cloak and threw it in the direction of the chair, not caring whether it landed on the floor or not. Reaching for Draco's shirt, Harry whimpered when Draco stepped back.

"Allow me," Draco said, drawing his wand. "Removere Vestum!"

Harry felt the cold rush of air across his skin and was surprised to see himself stark naked. He was definitely going to have to learn that spell. He stepped forward and pulled Draco down for another kiss, a sigh escaping his mouth as his bare cock brushed the soft fabric of Draco's trousers.

"What about you?"

"Hmm. Get on the bed," Draco said between kisses, "and enjoy the show."

Harry stopped his attempts at Draco's buttons suddenly and his mouth opened in shock. How the hell could he be so lucky? A strip-show from the man he'd been gawping at for months? Harry had to resist the urge to pinch himself; he was sure he must be dreaming. At Draco's gentle nudge, Harry released him and climbed onto the bed, propping himself up against the pillows. He was damn sure not going to miss

a second of it.

Draco started with his jacket, slipping it off his shoulders and letting it drop to the floor. At the first sight of Draco's arms, covered only by the thin material of his shirt, Harry's cock gave a twitch. If there was one thing Harry found attractive on a man, it was his arms. Well built, but not too muscular, arms were definitely his downfall.

Harry was so focused on Draco's upper body, that he had nearly missed the part he had been most looking forward to. Draco had obviously taken off his shoes and socks—that must have been when the arms had been flexing, he thought with a happy sigh—as he was now unbuckling his belt.

Oh, fuck.

It was hotter than Harry ever could have imagined. The clink of the heavy metal buckle against the clasp caused his cock to give another twitch, but the sight and sound of the leather sliding through the loops of Draco's trousers made him kneel up on the bed and move towards Draco. He needed to watch the rest of Draco's impromptu strip-show closely.

Harry barely registered the thunk of the belt hitting his floor, as Draco had moved on to undoing his trousers. Harry's lip darted out to wet his suddenly dry lips as Draco's zip was lowered and the trousers fell to the floor with a simple wiggle of Draco's hips.

Draco's shirt covered his groin, but Harry could see the outline of Draco's cock straining against the white material. Harry had never felt so horny in all his life. Draco started undoing each button of his shirt in turn, and Harry didn't know whether to tell him to speed up or just sit back and enjoy watching each inch of Draco's chest being uncovered bit by bit.

Not content with simply watching, Harry took his own penis in hand and stroked slowly, a whispered spell giving him the sleekness that he needed. Draco's hands sped up, and his shirt fell open, giving Harry his first glimpse of Draco's cock. Draco reached down to pull down his pants, and Harry gasped. He had never seen himself as a cockwhore before, but at the sight of Draco's springing from the tight pants, Harry wanted nothing more than to suck it, lick it and devour every inch of it.

Draco obviously had the same idea as Harry, as he started to climb onto the bed. Harry allowed himself to be pushed back onto the bed as Draco climbed on top of him and leant down to kiss him once more.

“Shirt,” Harry gasped as Draco licked and sucked at his neck.

“No,” Draco murmured, continuing down Harry's chest with his mouth.

Harry was confused; aroused, but very confused. Why the fuck wouldn't he—?

“Oh,” Harry said as the answer hit him. He gently pushed Draco back slightly so he could sit up. “Is it the—” Harry gestured towards Draco's forearm.

“Fuck.” Draco sat up fully, but didn't climb off of Harry's lap. “Yes. I meant to talk to you. You know, before we got this far. I didn't know this would happen. We got carried away. I'll—”

Harry cut him off with a kiss. “I know you have one, Draco. I saw it at your trial. It doesn't bother me. It's just a scar, like mine.”

“Harry—”

“No, it is. You didn't ask for it.” Harry removed Draco's shirt completely before throwing it off the bed. He lifted Draco's left arm and placed a gentle kiss on the wrist. Draco gasped as Harry ran his tongue slowly up his forearm.

“Harry?”

“Draco.” Harry looked up into Draco’s eyes. “Let me do this.”

Harry didn’t know exactly why he was doing what he was, but he knew that he needed to do it. When he wasn’t busy, he would have to think it through. Hermione would probably say that it was an act against Voldemort or something. Harry, at that precise moment, simply thought it was fucking hot.

Draco lifted Harry’s face to his. “Spell?” he asked with a raised eyebrow.

Harry shook his head. “Not a chance. I’m going to enjoy every second of this.”

As he finished speaking, he flipped them so that Draco lay sprawled under him, and reached into the bedside drawer for his favourite oil. He knocked off the lid with his thumb and Draco sniffed the air.

“What is that?” he asked with a small laugh.

“Pina Colada,” Harry replied. “It’s very tasty. Now, turn over.”

Draco’s eyes lit up before he hastily complied. Harry grinned. He was going to enjoy every single second of this. Harry drizzled the flavoured oil down the centre of Draco’s back, causing Draco to gasp and wriggle slightly. Harry stilled him by placing his hands on Draco’s hips and licking a stripe straight through the puddle that had settled on Draco’s arched back.

Draco groaned and Harry, pleased at the noise, licked again. When he had lapped up all the liquid, Harry tipped the bottle over a little lower, causing the oil to drip between Draco’s legs. Harry moaned at the sight and placed his hands onto Draco’s arse, opening him up so he could watch the oil dripping onto Draco’s hole and down towards his bollocks.

Harry couldn’t wait any longer; he slid down the bed and buried his face between Draco’s arse cheeks.

“Fuck!” Harry groaned as he pulled up for some air

Draco echoed the cry as Harry continued in his task. He rose up slightly on his knees and bucked his hips, pushing his arse into Harry’s face. Harry slid a finger past his tongue and Draco stilled for a second before bucking once more. Harry pushed another finger in and Draco screamed. Harry stopped moving the hand embedded in Draco’s arse, and moved his other around to reach for his cock. Once Draco started moving his hips again, Harry fucked him with his fingers as he fisted his cock. The feel of Draco’s arse was almost too much for Harry; he needed to fuck him, and he needed to do it soon.

“Now, Harry!” Draco cried out.

Harry didn’t pause. He released Draco’s cock, slid his fingers out and coated his own cock with the slippery oil. Giving Draco’s arse one last kiss, he lined his hard cock up with Draco’s ready hole.

“No.” Harry stopped suddenly, sitting back on his heels.

Draco turned around to look at him, a worried frown on his face.

“I need to watch you,” Harry said, and Draco let loose a sigh. “I’ve waited too long for this.”

Harry thought Draco would lie on his back, but he didn’t. He pushed at Harry so that he was lying on his back and straddled him once more.

“Good plan,” Draco said as he slid his willing body down onto Harry’s cock.

Harry placed his hands back onto Draco’s hips, making him stay still. Harry really didn’t want to be coming just yet. When he thought that he could continue without immediately coming, Harry released Draco’s hips and wrapped his still-slick hand around Draco’s cock, fisting it in time to Draco’s rhythm.

Despite his best efforts, Harry could feel himself starting to come within minutes. Draco must've noticed this as he sped up his movements, causing Harry to speed his hand up. Draco came with Harry's name on his lips, shooting pearly streams over Harry's hand and chest. Harry finally let himself go; moaning loudly and filling Draco's arse with his come.

Draco slowly lifted his arse, allowing Harry's spent cock to slip out. Flopping onto the bed beside Harry, he groaned. "Worth the wait?" he asked with a laugh.

"Definitely," Harry answered with a smile. "Now, I need to sleep."

Draco nodded and yawned before turning over. Harry wrapped his arm around Draco's waist, squeezing slightly so Draco back was flush with his chest. Harry's wet cock slid into the slippery crack of Draco's arse and Harry groaned.

"I thought you wanted to sleep?"

Harry laughed, placed a kiss on Draco's neck and closed his eyes.

~

When Harry awoke the following morning, it was to the smell of sex and an empty bed. Harry listened carefully, hoping that Draco was downstairs or in the bathroom, but to no avail; the house was silent. Looking around, he noticed that Draco's scattered clothes were gone, but there was hope. A cup of tea sat steaming on the bedside table, obviously under a Warming Charm, with a note propped up in front of it.

Harry,

Sorry to disappear on you; I had an early meeting. I didn't want to wake you—you looked so peaceful! I'll

pop into the café after my meeting.

Thanks for a great night,

Draco x

Harry smiled and picked up the cuppa, taking a sip. Harry had to wonder how Draco knew how he took his tea, but then he realised that Pansy's gossiping probably ran both ways.

Harry let thoughts of Pansy disappear as he thought over the night before. Was it really that great? Harry decided that, yes, it had been that great, and he was going to do everything in his power to make it happen again. Shifting in the sticky sheets, Harry grimaced. Everything in his power would have to wait until after a shower.

After finishing his cuppa, Harry showered and stripped the sheets himself. He did not want Kreacher dealing with them. The old house-elf had lost his barb over the years, but he seemed to have replaced it with a burning need to tease and humiliate Harry every chance he got.

When Harry had work, he usually just threw on whatever clothes were nearest to him and walked straight out of the door. It was different now; after his shower, Harry spent a good twenty minutes deciding what to wear.

At eight o'clock, Harry Apparated to the entrance of Diagon Alley and took a slow walk to the café. As he neared the shop, his heart started beating fast—the front door was wide open. Drawing his wand, Harry carefully entered the open door.

"Pansy!" he cried on seeing his friend sitting at the counter, flipping through a magazine. "What are you doing here?"

“I’m working today,” Pansy replied, sounding bored and not looking up from Witch Weekly.

“It’s barely quarter past eight,” Harry explained, confused. “I’ve never seen you before nine. The shop isn’t even open!”

Pansy mumbled something containing the word ‘Draco’ under her breath and flipped through the pages more forcefully.

“What was that?” Harry asked, grinning. He had his suspicions.

“I said,” Pansy looked up from her magazine. Harry didn’t like the glint of her eye. “How did it go last night?”

Harry had to stop himself from laughing. “You went to see Draco first thing; he wouldn’t tell you anything so you thought you’d try me?”

Pansy stuck her tongue out and discarded her magazine completely. She propped her elbows up on the counter and dropped her chin into her hands. “So...”

Harry did laugh at that. He mimed zipping his lips and Pansy looked confused. “Get your thrills elsewhere. You’re not getting anything out of me.”

“From the way Draco looked when I saw him,” Pansy said with a cheeky smile, “I don’t think you said the same to him.”

Harry blushed and threw a tea towel at her. “Seeing as you’re here, you can make yourself useful.”

Pansy looked scandalised before tying on her apron and getting to work. After many more attempts by

Pansy to elicit tales of the date, Harry realised something. Something he thought was very important.

“He really didn’t tell you anything?” he finally asked her.

“No,” Pansy replied with a pout. “It’s weird. Usually he Fire-calls me when he gets home after a date.”

Harry blushed. Pansy looked a strange combination of scandalised and gleeful.

“You didn’t?”

Harry nodded very slightly.

“On your first date? I was only joking earlier! Really?”

Harry threw the closest thing to hand at her; it wasn’t Harry’s fault that that happened to be a treacle tart.

Word of Harry’s date with Draco must’ve spread around their circle of friends. Ginny, Hermione, Blaise and even Ron had popped into the shop throughout the morning, each trying their best to get some information out of him. It seemed that Draco was more tight-lipped than anyone had given him credit for.

Before he knew it, Harry was facing the usual lunchtime rush. Harry had been expecting Draco to come in, as he had said as much in his note—the note that was now safely stashed with the rest of Harry’s favourite things in the second drawer down in the kitchen—but he hadn't yet. Thoughts of Draco were put aside, as the café was busier than usual. Harry barely had time to stop for a breath; he had no time whatsoever to actually think.

Harry had just finished cleaning up after serving a very fussy customer, who had caused him to spill

coffee all over himself, the counter and the floor, when Pansy's screeching "Draco!" made him want to run to the nearest door.

Why couldn't he have come in this morning, when he was smartly dressed and clean? Why did he have to come in when Harry was tired and messy and covered in Merlin-only-knows-what?

"Pansy," Draco greeted calmly as Harry tried to covertly clean himself up, "how nice to hear your dulcet tones this afternoon. Harry." Draco looked at him with warmth in his eyes. "Hi."

"Hi," Harry greeted in return. "Cuppa?"

Draco smiled and nodded while Pansy made kissy noises behind them.

"So," Pansy began, "are you ever going to spill the beans on last night?"

"No," Harry and Draco said at the same time.

Pansy huffed and stormed out to the back of the shop. Harry handed Draco his cuppa, and put a pecan pie on a plate for him, leaning over the counter for a quick kiss while he did so.

"Dinner, tonight?" he asked once Draco had taken his seat.

Draco hastily swallowed the bit of pastry he had bitten off. "I'd love to," he answered. "Where do you want to go?"

"My house," Harry said, quickly holding his hand up and fighting down a blush as Draco raised an eyebrow at his words. "No. I'll cook."

~

Date followed date, and Harry and Draco were soon inseparable. They still continued to join their friends for regular nights out, but they spent most evenings together alone. Harry had never been so happy, and Draco had admitted to Harry—after one two many Elephants on Tightropes—that he had never thought he could have been so happy with anyone.

Their friends joked and teased them about all the years of hatred turning into a different type of passion, and Harry found it hard pressed to disagree with them. He and Draco had talked about it early on in their relationship, discussing what it might have been like if they had been friends in school. They had finally admitted that neither of them would've changed a thing, as they wouldn't be the people they were without the lives they had led. Draco had insisted that he wouldn't have used so much hair gel in his younger years, but that was about it.

Of course, Harry being who he was, and Draco's father being what he was, the press soon found out about their relationship and Harry and Draco found themselves plastered on the front of every wizarding publication.

They had only been together for a matter of months when the first article appeared. It was—predictably—The Prophet, but soon they were inundated with requests for quotes or interviews from every newspaper in print. Harry and Draco refused adamantly, but that didn't stop the daily barrage of owls, or the articles.

Some of the more disreputable newspapers and magazines published a couple of rather unflattering rumours about how their relationship had started. There was talk of it just being a 'publicity stunt', and even a few murmurs of something dark that the Malfoy family has orchestrated. Harry took great delight in returning their owls with a few choice words written by his wordier boyfriend.

The more light-hearted publications—namely, The Quibbler—wrote about their 'true love' and how it had conquered all. Harry was very surprised to walk into the café one morning to see that one framed and pinned to the wall above the till. Pansy denied all knowledge, and Harry hadn't been able to remove the Sticking Charm.

As a result of their new found fame as the 'in couple' of the wizarding world, Harry and Draco had been hard pushed to find somewhere to go out for dinner in peace, and Harry's house had been turned into a no-go area. After all, how was anyone supposed to have a nice romantic evening with the press camped outside, banging on the door or ringing the bell every five minutes? Harry had threatened them with the Aurors, but they had had the nerve to laugh at him. Apparently, there was no law against ringing a doorbell. Harry thought he might have to do something about that. Draco had hexed the damn thing, but apparently there was a law about harming door-to-door salespeople.

Harry and Draco had taken to eating out in Muggle restaurants, and Harry had even conceded to visiting Malfoy Manor for dinner on a couple of occasions; after ensuring that Lucius Malfoy had rid himself of thoughts of killing Harry, of course.

The dinners with the Malfoy family hadn't been as bad as Harry had been expecting. High-bred manners had won out over Lucius' obvious distaste for Harry's relationship with Draco. Harry had already won over Narcissa; she thought that Harry was a 'charming young man' and a 'perfect companion for Draco'. Lucius, on the other hand, still needed quite a bit more work.

After once again trampling over the press as he popped down the shop for some milk—Saviour Makes Lover a Cuppa, had been the headline—Harry decided to look for a new house. As much as he had tried to make Grimmauld Place liveable again, it simply couldn't be done. Kreacher, surprisingly, had accepted the move easily. Harry thought that the fact that he was seeing a Malfoy had greased the wheels somewhat. As did the constant need for dusting. Harry had discovered that while a great cook, Kreacher disliked dusting with a passionate hatred usually reserved for clothes and SPEW.

It was with a heavy sigh that Harry sent the owl off to Zach. Harry knew that he would probably now have to allow Zach to join their group on their nights out, but it was a small price to pay for an estate agent that he trusted.

When the 'For Sale' sign was first put on the side of the house, Harry had been inundated with calls. He directed all their calls to Zach, but Zach was ambitious. He wanted to make the sale, so he showed up at Harry's door with everybody that enquired about the house. Of course, most of the callers weren't at all interested in the house, but the occupant. Harry—and Draco—had never been gawped at so much. Harry had finally relented and given Zach a key, insisting that he show people around when he and Draco

were out at work.

While the sale of Grimmauld Place was still ongoing, Harry kept up the search for a new house. Harry had asked Draco for help, but Draco had insisted that it was Harry's choice alone. Harry had almost asked him to buy a new house together, but—after discussion with all of their friends—he had determined that it was much too soon in their relationship. Zach owled almost hourly with brochures of houses and developments. Harry was overwhelmed, but he needed to make a decision, and soon.

The Minister for Magic, having worked with Muggles before, had started adapting a few Muggle ideas for the wizarding world. One of these was the Muggle tradition of placing a blue plaque on the wall of 'houses of interest'. With the new blue plaque attached beside his front door, Harry's house price had shot up and, unsurprisingly, so did the number of actual buyers.

Zach had promised that Grimmauld Place would be sold within the week. He had mentioned bidding wars or something, but Harry hadn't taken much notice; Draco had been eating a banana at the time. Harry had a couple more houses to look at, and then he was giving up. He'd have to sleep in the shop; he'd had enough.

~

“Are you ready, yet?” Harry called up the stairs.

“Nearly. Have you seen my spare socks?”

Harry rolled his eyes and, with a swish of his wand, sent the balled up socks that were on the coffee table up towards Draco. It was a Saturday, and they had had a late night, so they were not very awake—especially Draco. They were supposed to be seeing another house this morning, and Zach was expected very soon. Harry had finally persuaded Draco to go with him; he had explained how Draco alone could help him judge if they could fit two people into the bathtub.

As Draco finally appeared at the top of the stairs, the front door opened.

“Zach,” Harry said, shocked. “I gave you that key for you to show the house when we were out; not for when I'm here. I nearly had a heart attack.”

“Sorry, Harry,” Zach gushed. “I didn't think. Are you ready to...”

He trailed off as Draco walked down the stairs and stood beside Harry.

“Yes,” Draco said with a smile. “We're ready to go.”

Zach looked flustered for a second before he plastered a grin on his face and handed Harry a piece of paper. “The address. I'll Apparate myself, then,” he said before turning and walking straight back out of the door.

Harry looked at Draco and shrugged. Draco rolled his eyes and took hold of Harry's arm. “I'll do the Apparating, if you don't mind. We don't want a repeat of the warehouse fiasco.”

Harry poked his tongue out. “It was one time! And it was months ago,” he said, giving Draco the address anyway.

Draco laughed and Disapparated them both.

~

“To Harry's new house!” the entire table chorused as Harry blushed and tried to hide behind his pint.

Harry and Draco were sat around a table in their usual pub, surrounded by their friends. They were

celebrating Harry finally finding a new place to live.

He and Draco had taken one look at the house—and the bathtub—and Harry had signed the paperwork the same day. It was perfect: the size, the location, the security. It needed some decorating, but nothing that Harry couldn't handle. It was exactly what he was looking for. Why Zach hadn't shown it to him earlier, Harry would never know.

“Zach, why did it take you so long to show Harry this place?” Draco asked.

Ah, so maybe Harry would know.

“You know,” Zach answered with a blush forming on his face, “saving the best until last and all that.”

Harry was confused. It was exactly what he'd been looking for; it was exactly what Harry had asked Zach to find for him. Why had he shown Harry around all of the crap houses first? That thought went out of his mind when Draco suddenly turned, grabbed Harry by the shoulders and kissed him fully.

Laughing breathlessly as Draco pulled away, Harry asked, “What was that for?”

Draco shrugged. “Felt like it,” he simply said with a cheeky grin on his face.

A loud cough brought their attention back to their friends. Harry was used to the fond looks he usually received from Hermione and Ginny after he and Draco showed affection in public, or the teasing winks he usually got from Pansy. Ron, Blaise and the other men of the group just didn't seem to care; they simply carried on their conversation. Harry was shocked to see the sheer look of disdain on Zach's face.

Ron must have noticed as well as he smacked him in the arm. “What's up with you? Surely you've seen these two at it before? You got a problem with it?”

“No! Of course not,” Zach replied quickly, shaking his head. “I'm just feeling unwell. I think I'll call it a night. Harry, I'll owl you tomorrow. Goodnight.”

“What?” Harry asked as he noticed everyone looking at him after Zach had left. “What's the matter?”

Draco squeezed his thigh under the table and shook his head. “You don't know, do you?”

“Know what?” Harry asked, looking around at his friends' faces.

“If you don't know,” Pansy began, but Harry cut her off.

“Piss off,” he said, laughing.

One drink turned into two, which turned into Merlin only knows how many. Every one of the group had work the next day, but no one seemed in a hurry to leave the pub. Sometimes even the most impromptu of nights out turned into great evenings. Pansy was in the middle of recounting one of her tales of a weekend with one of her boy toys, and the entire table was laughing at her story. Harry couldn't help but join in the laughter as she described—through her giggles—the poor boy's love of her feet.

“Well, we all have our kinks, don't we?”

Harry stopped laughing and nearly choked on his drink at Draco's words. He really didn't like the devilish look on his boyfriend's face.

“Ooh!” Ginny was practically rubbing her hands together in glee. “Do tell. I'd love to know what poor Harry has to put up with.”

“Oh, it's not me.” Draco sat back in his chair and looked sideways at Harry

“Draco!” Harry cried, laughing as he tried to clamp his hand over Draco's mouth to shut him up.

Draco smirked as Hermione swished her wand, causing Harry to fly back into his chair.

“Inquiring minds need to know,” she said, turning, once again, to face Draco.

“Horny women need a thrill more like,” Harry mumbled, crossing his arms over his chest.

“Well, you all know about his thing for this,” Draco said, pointing at his crotch.

“Draco!”

“The belt, Harry.”

“Oh, yes. That.” Harry blushed and sat back in his chair.

“Tell us something we don't know,” Pansy demanded, drumming her fingers on the table.

Harry stifled another laugh as he noticed that the girls were all sat forward slightly, obviously desperate for any bit of gossip. Even Blaise and Ron had stopped talking about whatever it was they were talking about. Harry didn't know what Draco was going to say. Not that he minded; he hadn't been shy about these things for a long time. Not since—Oh, fuck! Harry thought as his and Draco first time ran through his head. Not that. Anything but that.

“Yes, you all know about the belt thing. What you don't know is that our dear Harry here has a thing for—” With a flourish, Draco lifted his sleeve up. “—this.”

Shit. Dropping his face into his hands, Harry listened for the gasps of horror from their friends. When he heard no such noises, Harry reluctantly looked up. He was shocked to see the girls peering at Draco's Mark, and looking between each other. He was expecting Hermione to talk about symbolism or something similar, but instead it was Ginny that spoke.

“Yeah, I can see that.”

Pansy and Hermione nodded, and Harry couldn't help it—he laughed. Draco grabbed hold of Harry's chair and dragged it towards him.

“My kinky hero,” he whispered against Harry's lips before kissing him fully.

Harry ignored the catcalls and kissed him back.

“Who wants to hear Nev's worst?” Ginny said after the laughter had died down.

Harry rolled his eyes, smiled at Draco and turned to listen. From the last story Ginny had told them, Harry hadn't thought that the demure professor could get any worse. Harry wondered what Neville would think if he knew exactly what secrets his girlfriend spilled when she'd had more than a few glasses of wine.

“Well, one weekend when he was home,” Ginny began, and Harry ran his finger lightly over Draco's forearm before giving her his full attention.

~

As Harry closed the door on the final customer of the day, he looked around and smiled. Harry didn't think his life could get any better. He had his café, his friends, a brilliant boyfriend and now his new

house. What more could he want?

His relationship with Draco wasn't perfect. They had arguments nearly every day, but it kept it interesting. Draco left a trail of destruction—clothes, towels, paperwork—wherever he went, but Harry didn't care. He had Kreacher to clean up after him. But they made sure to never go to bed angry with each other, and they loved to spend time together. Maybe it was perfect.

Harry swished his wand, turning the volume on the wireless up as he cleaned around the café, righting tables and chairs and setting the brush to sweep the floor. He sang a song that had been played to death on the wireless; a song about having somebody like you. Harry knew the damn words by heart. The volume of his voice rose as Harry washed the dishes—by hand; it was so much more satisfying than magic—and he must not have heard the tinkle of the bell above the door.

Harry jumped when strong arms wrapped around him from behind, sending soapy bubbles flying all over the small kitchen. “Draco,” he said, relaxing immediately once he recognised the arms holding him. Harry flicked the wireless off and turned in Draco's arms, smiling as he looked at his boyfriend.

“Hi, love,” Draco said before kissing Harry.

Harry smiled. He and Draco had finally declared their love for one another, and Harry had to suppress his glee at the causal way that Draco said it to him now.

“What are you doing here?” Harry asked, wrapping himself more securely in Draco's arms. “I thought you had to work late.”

“Hermione sent me home,” he answered. “Apparently, I look like shit and need some sleep.”

Harry couldn't agree more with his best friend. “You have been working too much.”

“Hm.” Draco nuzzled into Harry's shoulder. “So I thought I'd come and see if you fancied an early night.”

“I'd love to, but Zach is coming over. He said he'll help me decorate. He has a flair for it, or so he says.”

“He's got a flair for something,” Draco mumbled into Harry's neck. “Can I tag along?”

“Of course. You can help me pick out the colours. You do spend as much time there as me.” Harry laughed and lifted Draco's chin. “But then, we're having an early night. And I mean sleep.”

Draco grumbled, but the smile underneath his tired face told him that Draco really didn't mind.

“Sit down,” Harry told Draco. “I'll make us some food before we leave.”

Draco smiled and did as he was told. Harry busied himself with making some sandwiches, still humming that blasted tune.

After they'd eaten, and Harry had once again cleared up, Harry pulled Draco close to him. “Do the honours?”

Draco laughed. “Of course. I do love Apparating in one piece.”

Harry's usual rebuttal of 'it was one time!' was lost in the crack of Apparition. They arrived outside the house to find Zach sitting on the doorstep, bag of takeaway in one hand, and bottle of wine in the other.

“Zach, hi,” Harry greeted. “I didn't think we were late.”

Zach had a strange expression on his face. Harry couldn't decide whether it was annoyance, exasperation

or anger. When he thought over Zach's recent behaviour, Harry thought it might be all three. He would have to have a talk with him. Zach seemed to be perfectly happy when around Harry, but when anybody else turned up, he'd turn quite sullen.

“No, I'm just early.” Zach smiled, but Harry could tell it wasn't a real one. “I wasn't expecting anybody else; I only bought enough takeaway for two.”

“It's okay,” Draco said, using his own key to open the door to the house. “We've already eaten.”

Once they were settled in the living room, Harry called Kreacher to get some plates and cutlery for Zach.

“Don't bother,” Zach told the house-elf. “I'm not hungry any more. Fancy some wine?”

Harry looked at the bottle and couldn't help but grimace. He was no wine connoisseur, but after months of dining with Draco, he had picked up a few preferences. And a Chardonnay was not one of them; especially not after that night at Pansy's. “Sorry, mate, I'm going to have to pass. I'll be bad after drinking that.”

“It's all right,” Draco said with a smile. “I bought some Pinot Noir for you the other day. Kreacher!”

“Yes, Mister Malfoy,” Kreacher said at once, popping in from nowhere and bowing so low that his ears were touching the carpet.

“Can you fetch Master Harry's wine?”

Kreacher disappeared instantly, but was soon back with Harry's favourite wine in his hand.

“Thanks,” Harry said, grabbing some glasses off of the sideboard and pouring a glass for him and Draco.

“Zach, would you like me to open your bottle for you?”

“No, thanks,” Zach replied, standing up and picking up his wine and bag of food. “I've just remembered, I've forgotten my colour books. Can we meet another time?”

Harry nodded, confused. He had been sure that the book-shaped bulge in Zach's jacket pocket was the shrunken copies he'd seen before. “No problem. I'll see you out.”

As Harry shut the door behind Zach, he felt arms snake around his waist and Draco place his chin on Harry's shoulder.

“Bed?”

“Bed.”

~

Harry had finally come to a decision: he was going to ask Draco to move in with him. He had thought long and hard about it, but had decided that it was time; he couldn't think of an argument against it. Draco already spent most of his free time with Harry, and slept in Harry's bed more often than not. Harry just hoped that Draco agreed that it was the right next step for them.

“Is tonight the night, then?”

Pansy's question drew Harry out of his thoughts and straight back into his—thankfully customer-free—café. Harry had been talking her ear off all week on the subject. They were sat at the counter of the café; the teatime rush had been and gone and they were enjoying the last of the warm summer with the door open.

“Huh?”

“Very articulate. Are you going to ask him tonight?”

“I don't know. I think so. Maybe. Anyway, what's it to do with you?”

“Draco's my best friend; you're my best fr-boss.”

Harry smiled at her near slip. He knew she counted him as one of her closest friends, just as he did her. It didn't stop her from trying to hide it. “And?”

“I just want you to be happy.”

“You just want to be the first to know,” Harry said with a grin. “You grumbled for weeks when you had to hear about our holiday plans from Ginny.”

“Yes, well. Draco should have told me.”

“Draco should have told you what?”

Harry turned towards the door on hearing his boyfriend's voice. “Hi, love,” he said automatically, blushing slightly when he realised he'd used the endearment in front of someone else.

“Hi, you.” Draco smiled. “What are you talking about?”

“Nothing much,” Harry replied before Pansy could spoil it. “Pansy's just in need of some gossip.”

Harry slid off his stool to go and fetch Draco a cuppa, pausing on the way past to snatch a quick kiss.

“I have some gossip for you,” Draco said casually, taking the steaming mug from Harry and taking a sip. “Apparently, the great Harry Potter is cheating on his gorgeous, rich, well-endowed boyfriend.”

Harry dropped his own cup in shock. Pansy fell off her stool.

“What?” Harry said once he'd regained the ability to speak. He completely ignored the pool of tea spreading over the floor.

Draco laughed. “I know. It shocked me as well.”

“Draco,” Harry began, walking around the counter to get to him, “I would never—”

Draco shut him up with a kiss. “I know that, you pillock. It's the who you were cheating with that confirmed it.”

“What the actual fuck are you talking about, Draco Malfoy?” Pansy had pulled herself up from the floor and was standing with her hands on her hips. “And don't you dare leave one fucking word out.”

Harry couldn't agree with her more. “Draco?”

“I was in work, getting a cuppa from the canteen, when some little pimply kid came bounding up to me; Merlin, you'd think he'd won the Prize Draw, the way his face was lit up. He said he had some bad news for me, and handed me this.”

Draco took a copy of the Daily Prophet from his pocket and spread it out on the counter. Both Harry and

Pansy immediately leaned forward to read it.

“Harry Potter finally free of Death Eater's clutches?” Harry read aloud. “What the—?”

“Read on,” Draco said with a growl.

“Has Harry Potter finally escaped from the sham relationship he had with Death Eater, Draco Malfoy to find love with another? Your reporter has evidence that indeed he has.”

“Evidence?” Pansy asked before being shushed by Draco.

“A reputable source, that I can confirm to be close to the Saviour, has come forward with pictures of Mr Potter's new beau.”

“Zach?” Pansy and Harry shouted as one as they spotted the picture that accompanied the article.

“I know.” Draco picked up the paper and read aloud. “Zacharias Smith, noted Estate Agent and Battle of Hogwarts veteran, has been spotted in the company of Mr Potter many times over the past few weeks. Mr Potter hasn't been spotted with his supposed boyfriend in the same time period. Mr Smith has refused to comment. Our source insists that Mr Smith is simply protecting his new love.”

Harry was aghast once Draco had finished talking. Draco took out his wand out and incinerated the newspaper before pulling Harry towards him. Pansy started giggling. Draco's shoulders were shaking and it was obvious to Harry that he was laughing silently. He couldn't help but join in; soon, the three of them were outright chuckling.

“What's so funny?”

The three, as one, turned towards the newcomer.

“Zach,” Draco said and Harry could hear the chill in his voice. “This is a surprise.”

“Harry was expecting me,” Zach said, confusion clear on his face. “We're supposed to go over the decorating plans for his house. Are you ready to go, Harry?”

“I meant here, Zach.” Harry stood up straight and crossed his arms over his chest. A quick glance at Pansy and Draco told him that they had adopted the same pose. Harry knew he wouldn't fancy standing in front of them.

“And haven't you got anything to say?” Pansy asked. “Or have you got 'no comment'?”

“Ah, I take it you've seen the paper.”

“Yes. We've seen the paper. What the fuck is that about?” Draco asked.

Harry nodded. “And why didn't you tell them it was a fucking lie?”

“I know you don't like your friends talking to the press,” Zach said, looking slightly alarmed. “I was trying to do what you wanted.”

“For fuck's sake.” Harry dropped his head into his hands before sighing and lifting his head to look at Zach. “I meant normally—for day to day stuff. If they come up to you and want you to talk about how we're not having an illicit affair, you're more than fucking welcome to talk to the bastards.”

“Okay, okay.” Zach held up his hands defensively. “I'll remember that for next time.”

Harry caught Draco around the waist to stop him lunging at Zach.

“I think you'd better go,” Pansy said, glaring at him. “I think you have a reporter to owl.”

Zach didn't move; he simply stood where he was, looking at Harry.

“We'll do the decorating stuff again,” Harry said. “Apparently, I haven't spent enough time with my boyfriend recently.” Harry winked at Draco. “And Zach? Don't forget to owl the Prophet.”

Zach's face dropped and he left without another word.

“Have you finished work, or are you on a break?” Harry asked Draco with a smile.

“All done. I'll have to go back in early tomorrow, but there's nothing more to do today. Hermione's orders.”

“Great.” Harry turned to Pansy. “Pans—”

“Yes, yes; I'll close up. You go have rampant sex on the steps of the Ministry.” She waved her hands in a dismissive gesture, whipping out her wand and clearing up the now-cold puddle of tea behind the counter. “Prove you're both still devouring each other every spare moment. I'll stay here and do all the work.”

Harry and Draco both kissed her cheeks before leaving hand-in-hand. “So, the steps of the Ministry?” Draco asked with a wink.

“How about we just go home?”

Draco smiled. “Sounds like a plan.”

Harry followed Draco through the door; more determined than ever to ask Draco to move in with him.

~

Harry was starting to think that maybe the Prophet had been on the right track after all. Even though Draco had agreed immediately to move in, Harry hadn't seen Draco alone for much more than an hour a day. They always managed to have a quick cuddle in bed in the morning before they both ran out to work, and they made sure they had dinner together most nights, but most of the time Draco was out at work until late.

Draco had always worked hard; he had worked his way up from a lowly errand boy, and he had been determined that he do it on his own merits. He and Hermione had been struggling with some of the less regulated wizarding communities around the world, and, as a consequence, were working from dawn till dusk nearly every day.

It was Neville that had had given him an idea on how to fix it. Well, an idea to get Harry and Draco to spend more time together; it would take more than Harry to fix Croatia's problems. Harry had decided to ask Pansy to look after the café for a week, and he was hoping that Draco would take a week off fixing the world's problems.

Neville and Ginny didn't even see each other for an hour a day; Neville was teaching at Hogwarts, and Ginny was constantly up and down the country with her Quidditch team. But every few months, Ginny would take some time off when the school was having a break, and they would go on holiday somewhere, just the two of them.

Apart from a trip to Wales months ago, Harry and Draco hadn't been on a 'proper' holiday together, so Harry was determined that it was about time they did. He had gathered as many brochures as he could find, and had them all piled up on the kitchen counter for when Draco finally got home. Surely they

could find somewhere to go.

Harry was upstairs when he heard the door slam.

“Harry, where are you?” Draco called. “I need to talk to you.”

Taking the stairs two at a time, Harry soon reached the bottom and greeted Draco with a kiss. “Hi,” he said. “I have something to talk to you about as well.”

“Hmm,” Draco moaned as Harry removed Draco's cloak and started kissing across his neck. “Stop that. You wanted to talk? You go first. Yours looks like good news. I could do with some of that.”

“Okay. Dinner first?”

Draco's stomach answered for him, rumbling loudly. Harry laughed and went to dish up the food.

They talked about inconsequential things during dinner: the latest gossip, whether or not they were going out on Friday, the weather. Once they had finished, Draco swooshed his wand, sending the dishes into the sink, and sat back in his chair.

“Come on then, Harry,” Draco said with a small grin, “spill the beans. You're obviously dying to say something.”

Harry got up from his chair to grab the holiday brochures off the counter and handed them to Draco. “I want to go on holiday. With you.”

“When?”

“Soon,” Harry replied. “I've arranged for Pansy to look after the café. You've been working so hard; surely you can take a week off.”

Draco's face fell. “I have to go away.”

“Well, you don't have to.” Harry didn't know what else to say; Draco had never seemed averse to holidays before. “I'm not going to force you.”

“No, Harry,” Draco said with a sigh. “I'd love to go on holiday with you. Honestly. Nothing would give me more pleasure than to rub suntan lotion on your back by the side of some pool somewhere before scandalising the neighbours by having sex on the balcony. But I have to go away.”

“Huh?”

“With work,” Draco clarified. “Hermione has to go to Zagreb next week. She needs me to go with her; we're helping their Ministry to implement the new structure.”

“That's okay; we can go when you get back.”

“Harry. That's what I wanted to talk to you about.” Draco shifted his chair closer to Harry's and took his hand. “We're going to be gone for six months.”

Harry couldn't think. His brain was trying to process the words 'six months' over and over again. “Six months?”

Draco smiled. “Why don't you come?”

“What?”

“Come with me. You just said that Pans was looking after the shop. It'll be like an extended holiday!”

“That's for one week. On the sole condition that I tell her every sordid detail. But that's beside the point. How is it a holiday if you have to work? Will you at least be home at the weekends?”

“I'll try my best,” Draco promised.

Harry wanted to punch the wall. He knew exactly what that meant: six months without Draco. Fuck.

“When do you leave?” Harry asked, forcing a smile.

“Next Thursday.”

“And you have to go?” Harry asked. He knew the answer already; he just wanted to make sure.

Draco put his arms around Harry and hugged him. “It's only six months. What's that in relation to the rest of our lives?”

Harry knew it wasn't Draco's fault. Hermione though, she was getting a Howler first thing in the morning. For now, Harry would just have to make the most of having Draco at home.

“Come on, we can do the dishes in the morning. Let's just go to bed.”

~

Two days before Draco and Hermione were due to take their Portkey to Croatia, Harry had arranged a get together with all of their friends in their usual pub. Hermione had insisted that she had too much work on to party, but Harry had put his foot down. He cited Ron's sadness at losing his girlfriend, and his own need for one last night of drunken fun before she and Draco went off to fix wizardkind.

The drinks had been flowing all night, and Harry was feeling more than a little tipsy. Jokes were flying around the table non-stop, and Harry couldn't think of a better send-off for his boyfriend and best friend. The main subject for the group was what Ron and Harry would be getting up to while their other halves were off gallivanting around Europe.

Harry had never seen himself as a prude, but Ginny and Pansy's teasing about how his right arm would be stronger than ever after six months had made him blush harder than he ever had before. Which, in turn, caused the girls to collapse into laughter once more.

“He won't need his hand,” Blaise said with a wink. “He's got his little boyfriend to help him out.”

At everybody's confused look, Blaise gestured to the doorway of the pub.

“Very funny,” Harry said, rolling his eyes. “He's just a friend.”

Harry waved Zach over, and Ron shifted over so that he'd be able to sit down.

“What are we talking about?” Zach said once he was seated with his pint.

“You,” Draco answered. “And your designs on Harry.”

“What? I haven't—”

“I'm only taking the piss,” Draco insisted, throwing his arm around Harry's shoulders. “Harry's got no reason to look anywhere else. I happen to know that his right hand does the job perfectly well.”

The entire table—apart from Zach, who was looking decidedly confused—burst into laughter. Harry choked on his beer and Draco slapped him on the back.

“Now that I think about it, I'd better get home and give him something to remember me by.” Draco winked at the group and Harry started choking again.

“Sounds like a plan,” Harry said once he had finally managed to swallow his beer instead of spraying it all over the table. “Zach, owl me about a day to do the painting.”

“Oh, yes,” Blaise leered. “When the cat's away...”

Harry rolled his eyes. “Blaise, fuck off. Everyone else, I'll see you tomorrow.”

After a chorus of goodbyes, Harry and Draco stumbled their way home.

Once they were back at their house, Harry slammed the door behind them and pushed Draco up against it. “I would never—”

Draco silenced him with a kiss. “I know; don't worry. It won't stop me from leaving you with a fantastic memory though.”

Harry groaned and ripped Draco's cloak from him. “Upstairs. Now.”

Draco smirked and, with a flick of his wand and a whispered, “Removere Vestum!” had them naked

where they stood. “I'm perfectly happy where I am,” Draco said with a wink, leaning back against the door.

Harry thought he might have broken his kneecaps with the speed at which he dropped to the floor. He didn't give a shit; he simply leaned forward until his nose was nestled in Draco's groin. Fuck he loved this; the smell of Draco invading his senses as Draco's cock hardened against his cheek.

Sitting back on his heels, Harry looked up at Draco and licked his lips. Yes, he was going to fucking enjoy every second of this. They both were; he was going to make sure of it.

Harry moved forward, taking Draco's cock in one hand, and steadying himself with his other. Bringing the hard cock to his lips, Harry licked the tip before sucking the length fully into his mouth. After only a few moments, Draco was already starting to pant, so Harry pulled off and held his hand out.

Harry didn't have an awful lot of wandless magic, but this was one spell he had practised and practised until he had it right. “Accio lube!”

Draco moaned and opened his legs further.

“Nuh-huh,” Harry said, grabbing the jar that came flying through the air. “Don't be greedy. You said you were going to give me something to remember you by. I'm waiting.” Harry moved so that he was lying on the floor, his knees bent and his legs open. Palming his own cock, Harry looked into Draco's eyes. “Do I have to do everything myself?”

Draco nodded, and Harry unscrewed the lid, and coated his fingers. Dropping his fingers past his own balls, he pushed one finger into his arse. One eventually became two, which quickly became three, until Harry was gasping and writhing as he fucked himself with his own fingers. All the while, Draco lounged against the door, watching intently with a grin on his face.

After Harry had worked himself open, Draco quickly slicked his own hand, pulled Harry's hand away and pushed his own fingers into Harry's pulsating arse. “You'll have plenty of time for that when I've gone. It's

my turn to play.”

Harry once again took hold of his cock, and pulled in rhythm with Draco fingers. “Stop!” he gasped after a few moments. “Don't want to come yet!”

Draco grinned and removed his fingers. Lining his cock up with Harry's ready hole, he pushed forward with a grunt. Harry screamed. It was a good scream; he loved the feel of Draco's thick cock filling him up. As Draco shifted his hips, Harry moaned. He was definitely going to remember every second of this.

Picking up the pace, Draco thrust harder and faster into Harry, holding Harry legs in the air as he did so. Harry finally started pulling on his own cock; once again meeting Draco's movements, thrust for thrust.

Harry's back was rubbing against the cold wood of the floor, but he didn't care. He simply writhed and thrashed on the floor until he finally came with a groan, covering his hand and spurting onto his chest. Draco moaned as Harry's arse spasmed; moments later, he too came with a shout before collapsing on top of Harry.

“Hmm, I think I might remember that,” Harry said once he got his breath back.

“Then my job here is done.” Draco laughed and rolled onto his back.

“Nuh-huh.” Harry tried to get up and failed. “You can help me up off of this floor, and then you can pick all the splinters out of my arse.”

Draco leaned over and kissed him. “I'll fire-call you all the time. I promise.”

“I love you.”

“I love you, too.”

~

Draco had been gone for two weeks, and Harry was miserable. True to his word, Draco fire-called him at least every other day, but Harry still missed him dreadfully. He hated sleeping alone. Harry had been busy, though; the café was as bustling as ever, and he was getting on well with decorating the house. Harry was determined to have it finished by the time Draco got back home.

Harry and Draco had already started on some of the upstairs rooms, but the downstairs hadn't been touched. Zach, Ron and Ginny had been a great help, coming over to the house every day after work to help Harry paint. Pansy had been over to 'help', but as her help consisted of shouting out orders and something she called 'delegating', Harry told her she didn't need to come over as often. Blaise had proved himself to be a brilliant tea maker, so Harry told him to come over whenever he wanted.

Ron had been living with Harry since Hermione and Draco had gone. It had started off with a quick pint and something to eat after work, and soon it turned into Ron moving into one of the spare bedrooms. Harry guessed that Ron missed his girlfriend a little more than he let on.

Molly had persuaded Ron and Ginny to go to the Burrow for dinner, and Pansy and Blaise had dates, so Harry and Zach were putting the finishing touches to the dining room alone. Harry was expecting a call from Draco, so he put his paintbrush down and went to clean himself up. He had promised to meet Ron in the pub after he'd finished dinner and Harry didn't want to turn up spattered with olive-green paint.

“Won't be a second, Zach,” Harry called as he left the room. “I'll wait for Draco's call and then we'll head to the pub.”

Harry showered and changed, and within minutes was back downstairs. “Was that Draco?” Harry asked Zach, noticing the man standing up from the fireplace.

“Yes,” Zach said, brushing the soot from his collar. “He had to run off to dinner. He said he'll owl you

soon.”

Harry was confused. Draco had never cut short one of their conversations before; why was tonight different? And why didn't Draco wait for him to come to the fire, instead of just telling Zach? Deciding to put those bad thoughts to the back of his mind, Harry grabbed his coat. He was sure that there was reasonable explanation for it.

“Ready for the pub?”

Zach smiled. “Whenever you are. Hey, can I stay here tonight? I don't fancy going all the way back home.”

“Of course. You can sleep in the room next to mine and Draco's. Draco made it look nice; he'll be glad that someone is getting some use out of it.”

“Thanks,” Zach said, grabbing his own coat and opening the door.

~

Harry was asleep when he felt someone climb into bed beside him. Unconsciously thinking it was Draco, he wrapped his arms around him, kissed the back of his neck and fell back into a deep sleep. He, Ron and Zach had had more than a couple of drinks the previous night, so Harry more than needed it.

Harry was next awoken by the bedroom door opening, flooding the bedroom with light.

“Harry,” the newcomer called quietly, causing Harry to wake up fully.

“Draco?”

Harry grinned at the sight of his boyfriend in the doorway, before realisation dawned on him. Horror crept up his spine as he looked down at the bed beside him. Blond hair was all that he could see poking out of the duvet, but it definitely wasn't Draco's hair. Especially as Draco was standing in front of him.

“I missed you when I called earlier, and we had the weekend free, so we thought we'd pop home for a couple of days.”

“Draco,” Harry began, moving to get out of bed.

The shift caused the duvet to fall. Harry blanched and Draco jumped back.

“Harry? What the fuck is Zach doing in our bed? And why the fuck is he naked?”

Harry quickly ran over to Draco, trying to touch him, but Draco kept moving backwards.

“Draco, I promise. I have no idea. I was—”

“No.” Draco held his hands out in front of him. Harry had never seen such a desolate look on his face. “I don't want to hear it.”

He turned on his heels and left, Harry running behind him. “Draco, wait!”

With a loud crack, Draco Disapparated. Harry sat down heavily at the top of the stairs. The unmistakable sound of sex coming from Ron's room gave him no comfort at all. Fuck. Harry didn't know what to do, or where Draco could've gone. He ran through possibilities in his head: Pansy, Blaise, the Manor. Where should he start?

First, before he did anything else, Harry had an absolute bastard to kick out of his bed.

~

Harry slumped onto the sofa and accepted the large Firewhisky pushed into his hand by Ron. He didn't know what else he could do.

When Draco had left, Harry had taken a second to think before storming into his bedroom, and slamming the door behind him. Zach had woken up and had had the fucking cheek to smile at Harry and wish him good morning. Harry had soon hexed the little bastard until he'd left his house. Harry wasn't in the mood to listen to his reasons for climbing into bed with him.

Ron and Hermione had emerged from their room, obviously disturbed by the noise, and were horrified to learn what had happened. Hermione was insistent that they'd soon find Draco and clear it all up. Neither of them could believe that Zach would do what he did.

Hermione had told Ron to go to Blaise, and Harry to go and see if Draco had gone to his parents'. She promised to go straight to Pansy's. Harry didn't like visiting the Manor at the best of times, but he needed to see Draco and explain the misunderstanding to him so he quickly dressed and Apparated to Wiltshire.

After a tense visit with the elder Malfoys—who knew nothing of Draco's whereabouts—Harry had Apparated back to his house, hopeful that he'd find Draco sitting on the sofa waiting for him. Of course, all that Harry found instead was a living room full of his friends—and no Draco.

Pansy wrapped him in a hug as soon as Harry walked through the door, before slapping him across the face. His insistence that he had done no wrong only earned him a glare from Pansy. Apparently—being the seer that he was—he should have seen it coming.

Ginny was grumbling under her breath about twats taking liberties, and every couple of minutes stood up, raised her wand and promised to make sure that Zach never had the chance to climb into anybody

else's bed. Harry was inclined to let her; Hermione wasn't.

The group had run out of ideas, so, after a hastily thrown together lunch, had fallen back on the usual plan: getting pissed. Harry couldn't see how it could help; Ron had insisted that it couldn't hurt.

Hermione stood up suddenly, causing the group to jump. “No, he wouldn't!” she said as she ran to the fireplace.

“Hermione?”

“I hate it when she does that.”

Hermione ignored them and threw some Floo powder into the flames. The rest of the group waited in silence for her to finish whatever she was doing.

“He did,” Hermione said sadly as she pulled her head out of the fire.

“Did what?” Harry almost shouted. “Hermione?”

“He's gone back.”

“To Zagreb?”

Hermione nodded.

“Well, fire-call him!”

“I can't. You know we can't accept incoming calls. That's why he always had to call you, remember?”

“Well, I'll just Portkey over there, then. I need to see him. I need to explain.”

“I'll call the office,” Hermione promised. “Pack a bag.”

~

Harry had never felt so lonely. It had been three weeks since Draco had gone back to Croatia. Harry hadn't seen or spoken to him since that fateful morning. Draco had even sent a very apologetic Blaise to the house a few days later to pick up Draco's things. Harry had taken the first Portkey to see him that he could, but Draco had refused to see him. He wouldn't allow Harry anywhere near him, and wouldn't listen to a word anybody said about him. He honestly believed that Harry had cheated on him. Harry couldn't blame him; he was sure that if he'd walked in on Draco in bed, wrapped around a naked man, he'd feel the same. It wouldn't stop him from trying to get through to him though.

“Write him a letter.”

Harry looked up from his musing at Pansy's words. They were in the café, trying to come up with new ways to get Draco to understand.

“What?”

“Write him a letter,” Pansy repeated. “He won't see you, or talk to you, but he might read a letter.”

Harry's eyes lit up. It might just work. “Thank you!” He jumped off his stool and kissed Pansy's cheek. “Would you close up?”

Pansy nodded and shooed him off. Harry didn't even contemplate walking; he Apparated straight from the café to his house. Sitting down at his desk, Harry's smile dropped. How could he start? How was he going to explain it properly? It had to be perfect.

Picking up his quill, Harry started to write. He wrote about his feelings for Draco, and the depth of the love he had for him. He explained exactly what had happened that night, and how Zach had just climbed into bed with him, mistaking it for his own. Harry wrote about how he thought it was Draco, otherwise he would've thrown him straight out of the bed. He told Draco of how he hadn't seen Zach since he'd thrown him out.

Harry was exhausted by the time he'd finished his letter. Folding it carefully, Harry placed it into an envelope and put it on the hall table, next to the perch, ready for when his owl returned. He just hoped that Draco would read it. He had promised to go to the Burrow for dinner after work, so Harry ran up the stairs to shower and change. Hopefully he would be able to send it off before he left.

As he exited the shower, Harry heard somebody walking around downstairs. Automatically thinking it was Draco—as he always did whenever he heard a noise—Harry quickly threw on some clothes and ran down the stairs.

“Draco?”

“Harry! What are you doing here? You're supposed to be at work.”

“I think I could ask you the same thing,” Harry said coolly. “How the fuck did you get into my house?”

Zach held up the small silver key; Harry Summoned it out of his hand.

“What the fuck are you doing here anyway? And I thought I told you to never come near me again?”

“I told you—I was drunk. It was just a stupid mistake. I just wanted to say sorry.”

“You thought I was at work; you obviously weren't expecting to talk to me.”

“I left my books here.”

“I burned them.” Harry advanced on the man. “Fuck off out of my house. Now. Or shall I fetch my wand?”

Zach turned and fled. Harry thought that was a good choice; his mind was currently reciting every pain-inducing spell he'd ever learnt. Maybe it wasn't all Zach's fault. But Harry needed to blame someone.

The clock chimed, telling Harry that it was time to leave for the Burrow. Sighing, Harry turned on the spot, Apparating to thoughts of Molly's cooking and a nice family atmosphere.

When he returned home—belly full and ear talked off—he looked at the hall table, sad that he hadn't had a chance to send his letter yet, when he noticed it had gone. The bowl of owl treats had been disturbed so Harry assumed that his owl had delivered it. Kreacher had probably sorted it out for him. He couldn't do any more than he had already; now all he could do was wait.

~

Every time Harry saw an owl, his face lifted, expecting to see a reply from Draco tied to its leg. Every time someone walked into the shop, Harry looked up, expecting it to be Draco. Every time Ron came home, Harry jumped up from his chair, expecting to see Draco walking through the front door. It was to no avail.

It had been a month since Harry had written the letter, and his hopes were starting to slip. Draco must

have either thrown it out without reading it, or—and Harry hoped it wasn't the case—he had read it and simply decided that Harry wasn't worth it.

Hermione was no help at all. She was great at first, trying her best to talk to Draco, but she had finally told Harry—with many apologies—that it was affecting her working relationship with Draco, and that it couldn't continue any longer. As long as they were in Croatia, she wouldn't talk to Draco about anything but work.

Harry was sitting at the counter in the café, trying his best to work on the rota for the next week. His mind hadn't been on his job properly, and it was starting to show. He had three waitresses turning up at the same time, and he even had some days when it was just himself working. Pansy had threatened him—with castration, among other things—so he had finally decided to pull his head out of his arse and sort it out.

“Pans,” Harry called.

“Yes,” she replied, popping her head around the kitchen door. “Are you finished yet? The girls need to know—”

“I'm doing it now,” Harry interrupted her. He knew the beginnings of a rant when he saw one. “I just wondered if you could open up next Friday.”

Pansy walked out of the kitchen with a sad look on her face. “I can't, sorry, Harry. Remember, I booked the day off.”

Harry looked confused before he realisation dawned upon him. “Because you're going to see...”

Pansy nodded. “I'm sorry, Harry. I promised him. He's still my friend.”

“Hey, it's not your fault,” Harry said, forcing himself to smile.

Pansy moved to walk back into the kitchen.

“Pans? Will you? I mean, can you? Please?”

“Of course, I will, Harry.” Pansy smiled. “I do every time. One day he might even listen.”

~

One month turned into two, and Harry still hadn't heard anything from Draco. Pansy had promised that she'd tried her best, but Draco wouldn't talk to her. Blaise had even tried to get Draco pissed when he visited him, trying to get him to open up. When Ron had gone to stay with Hermione for a week, he had reported back that Draco was looking as miserable as Harry, yet he still wouldn't listen to reason.

Draco thought that Harry had cheated on him. And it pissed Harry off. After his third failed visit to Croatia, Harry decided something: enough was enough. He had tried everything he could. His friends had tried everything they could. If Draco couldn't—wouldn't—listen, then Harry was giving up.

As the weeks turned into months, Harry grew gradually more annoyed at Draco. Yes, he was caught in bed with another man, but he was innocent. As his annoyance grew, it turned into anger. If Draco had such low trust in him, then why had they been together originally? If the tables had been turned, Harry was sure that he would've at least heard Draco out.

Christmas had been a bad time for Harry. He knew, from his friends, that Draco had returned to Britain for the week of Christmas, but he had stayed with his parents, and hadn't even visited London once.

Harry had accepted Molly's invitation to go to the Burrow for Christmas dinner, and he'd been determined to enjoy it; he didn't want to ruin anybody else's day. As he was searching in the back of his wardrobe for the last of his Christmas gifts to take with him, Harry had pulled out a box that he had

forgotten about a long time ago. As he opened the box, Harry had to stifle a sob; nestled inside was the present he'd bought for Draco before any of this had happened. Harry slammed the lid down with a crack; the buckle with the beautiful etched dragon clanging as he threw the box across the room.

From that moment, Harry made a decision. Draco was gone, and—according to Hermione's latest letter—he was moving to Europe for good. It was about time Harry moved on with his life.

When he had bounded into the café one morning after the holidays with a grin on his face, and told Pansy about the date he had with the bloke from the Quidditch shop, he ignored the look of horror on her face and the tears in her eyes; he was simply determined to make himself happy again.

The date with Derek—or The Broom Bloke, as Pansy called him—was a disaster, but that didn't stop Harry. He dated many men; he just couldn't seem to find one he liked enough to see twice. When the group of friends went out, Harry was no longer found sitting in the corner, nursing a pint. Harry flirted with man after man, acting as if he was having the time of his life. Of course, deep down, he was simply miserable.

Once they'd left the pub, Harry would always go home, say goodnight to Ron, climb into bed and dream of Draco. Harry knew that he wasn't fooling his friends; he knew that they noticed his small grimaces when a man ran his hand down his arm, or the way his smiles didn't reach his eyes. His friends were his friends for a reason; they were just there, keeping him company and trying their best to make him laugh.

Life returned to some semblance of normality for Harry. He opened the café in the morning, served the Hufflepufferish masses, closed up and went home. He sometimes had dinner with Ginny or Ron, Pansy had issued a standing invitation to her flat, and even Blaise had turned up with a takeaway and a bottle of wine more than once.

Harry was slowly starting to smile again. He still wondered from time to time—or constantly, depending on his mood—about Draco, and what he was up to. For the main part though, for Harry, life had moved on.

~

Harry was genuinely excited for the first time in months—Hermione was coming home. He had missed his best friend intently, and she had finally finished fixing Europe and was coming back to Britain. He had promised to meet her for an early dinner after work, as she wanted to spend some quality time with Ron in the evening. Harry didn't mind; he had already planned to make himself scarce for the lovebirds to have some privacy.

Harry closed the shop and walked the short distance to the Leaky. He hadn't seen Hermione since Christmas; her workload had been too tough for her to visit him in the recent months. Harry practically ran into the pub, and straight to the table they usually sat at.

Harry stopped dead. It wasn't the familiar face of Hermione sitting in front of him. Instead, it was the much more familiar face that he had spent months upon months loving, kissing, and, finally, trying to forget.

“Draco.”

“Harry?”

Draco looked torn between standing up to greet Harry and Disapparating on the spot. Harry didn't feel much better. He sat down in the chair opposite Draco for no other reason than if he hadn't, he would've fallen to the floor.

“What are you doing here?” Harry finally asked after what felt like hours of silence.

“Pansy asked me to meet her for an early dinner.”

Harry didn't know why he was surprised that his two best friends had obviously conspired to bring him and Draco together. He didn't want to think too much about it; he still wasn't sure he was staying.

“I meant here, in Britain. Are you moving ho—back?” Harry shook himself. “Are you finished in Croatia as well?”

Draco shook his head. “No, I'm just here until tomorrow. I had to make some reports in person. I have to close up the Zagreb stuff before I move on.”

“Move on?”

“Zagreb was such a success, we've been asked if we'd help out with other countries. Anyway, I don't think you want to be bored, hearing about my work. How are you?”

“It never bored me before,” Harry muttered before he could stop himself. “You're looking well.”

“Thanks,” Draco said, obviously ignoring Harry's dig, “you're not looking so bad yourself. How's the café?”

“It's as busy as ever,” Harry said, accepting the glass of wine Draco had poured for him. “The old ladies are still rather Hufflepufferish. How's your mother?”

“She's good. She misses me.”

“I expect she does. Have you seen her much recently?”

“She visits about once a month.”

“Good. No. Not good.” Harry looked straight into Draco's eyes. “What the fuck are we doing?”

Draco closed his eyes and lowered his head. “I have no idea.”

“Sitting here, acting like nothing ever happened. It's bollocks. And we know it.”

“What do you want me to say? Hello, you cheating bastard?”

“What?” Harry could feel the anger that had hidden itself for months bubbling to the surface. “I didn't fucking cheat. You left me. You wouldn't fucking listen!”

“I saw you. I saw you wrapped around that little bastard.”

“It wasn't what it looked like!”

“You were both in bed. Our bed. Naked. What the fuck was it then?”

“We went out—the three of us; me, him and Ron—and got quite tipsy.”

“So you're using the drunk card?”

“What? No! Nothing happened! Will you just listen for one fucking minute?”

Draco nodded and leaned back in his chair, arms crossed across his chest.

“He asked if he could stay instead of travelling home after the pub. He said he just climbed into the wrong bed after going to the toilet,” Harry continued. “And I must've thought it was you in bed. I was asleep. I would've kicked him straight out if I'd have known. It was just a stupid mistake. I don't see him

about any more; he's made himself scarce for some reason.”

“He knew.” Draco took a long drink of his wine and stared at Harry.

“He knew what?”

“He knew that I was coming home.”

Harry didn't know what to say. Confused, he simply gaped at Draco and gestured for him to continue.

“When I fire-called that evening as planned, you were out. So I told him to let you know I was coming home for the weekend. He said he would.”

“So...”

“So he didn't tell you that I was coming home. He wangled an invite to stay, and then climbed into bed with you; knowing that I was expected home by morning.”

Harry jumped up from his seat. “That fucking bastard. I'll kill him.”

Draco grabbed hold of Harry's hand, forcing Harry to sit back down. “Wait. Before you do that, we haven't finished talking.”

“What else is there to say?” Harry asked, Draco's words not calming him down at all.

“Harry, I was wrong.” Draco still held Harry's hand in his own, and he gripped tighter as he talked. “I'm so sorry.”

“Sorry for what exactly?” Harry wrenched his hand from Draco's. “Sorry for not listening to anyone for six months? Sorry for ignoring me? Sorry for believing that I would do that to you in the first place?”

“Yes. I'm sorry for all of that. So sorry, Harry.” Draco wrapped his hand around Harry's wrist, running his thumb over the inside of it. “I couldn't see you; I couldn't talk about you. It physically hurt when I thought about it. I don't know what made me believe it. It was just there, in my mind, replaying over and over.”

“What about the letter? Did you even read it?”

“What letter?” Draco was obviously confused.

“I wrote to you months ago, telling you the truth. You didn't get it?” Harry thought back to that day. Something clicked in his brain; something that Harry thought he was stupid for not realising at the time.

“I didn't get any letters from you.”

“Zach,” Harry spat, the pieces falling into place. “He was there that day. He must have taken it.”

“He'd planned it all, hadn't he?”

Harry nodded and, for the first time in months, he felt like crying. His supposed friend—someone he'd trusted—had set out, and managed, to destroy the best thing in Harry's life.

“What do we do now?” Draco asked, still not letting go of Harry's wrist.

Harry stared intently at Draco for a second before answering. He couldn't quite believe what he was

going to say, but he knew he needed to say it.

“Nothing,” he said, taking his hand away and standing up. “We do nothing. You go back to whatever country you've got to go to, and I'll stay here. It's too late.”

“Harry,” Draco whispered and Harry closed his eyes so he wouldn't see the tears rolling down Draco's cheeks. “Please.”

“Goodbye, Draco.”

~

“You absolute fucking idiot!”

Harry almost fell off his stool as Pansy stormed into work, slamming the door behind her and throwing her handbag at him.

“What the hell, Pans?”

“Don't you 'what the hell, Pans' me, Harry Potter. We gave you the perfect opportunity to tell Draco everything; to get everything cleared up. And what do you do? You walked away.”

“Pansy.”

“No. I'm not finished. And you'd better be glad that Hermione had a meeting this morning. You could have had it all back, Harry. What the fuck did you do?”

“I couldn't.” Harry could hear his voice shaking. “I tried and tried for months to get through to him and he wouldn't listen. And then he wants to walk back into my life? He thought I'd cheated on him. How could he think that?”

“That's the past, Harry. I thought you wanted him back.”

“I did. I thought I did. Of course I did. I do. I do.” Harry was well aware he was rambling, but he couldn't seem to stop. “But how can we have a relationship without any trust?”

“He knows.” Pansy walked up to Harry and hugged him close to her. “He knows he royally fucked it up. He knows that you wouldn't do that. Really, deep down, he does. What would you have done?”

Harry rested his head on her shoulder; he could feel the wetness on her cheek and he hated that he'd made his friend cry. “If I was honest with myself, probably the same thing. What am I going to do?”

“Do you want him back?”

“I don't know. Yes, no, maybe. Fuck, it's a yes. Of course it's a yes. You know how miserable I am without him. I need him back.”

Pansy stepped out of the embrace and held onto Harry's shoulders. “So go and get him back.”

“Just like that?”

“Just like that.”

Harry kissed her on the cheek and ran out of the door. He ran through Diagon Alley, ignoring the calls and whispers that followed him. He ran without stopping, bumping into people and not caring. He just

needed to get to Draco.

Harry ran straight through the opulent—thankfully open—doors of the Ministry and tried to run straight though the lobby.

“Stop!”

“What?” Harry shouted at the guard who was now stood in front of him, blocking his way. “I need to see someone.”

“No one gets in here without signing in and having their wand weighed.”

Harry hated doing it; he didn't want to do it, but he felt he had no choice. Lifting his hand to his forehead, Harry pushed his fringe out of the way. “What about now?”

The guard didn't even smile. Great, Harry had finally found someone who wasn't awed by his fame. If he wasn't in a desperate rush, he'd have been ever so fucking grateful.

“Please?” Harry tried, smiling sweetly.

“Sign in, and weigh your wand, and then you can get to wherever it is you're in such a rush to be. It's not as if you're the Minister.”

Harry reluctantly did as he was asked, grateful that his fame at least let him jump the queue; thankfully there were still some witches and wizards who knew who he was. As soon as he had his wand returned to him, Harry took off towards the lifts at a run.

“And no running!” the guard shouted. Harry really disliked him.

Slowing slightly to a springy step, Harry finally reached the lift and pressed the button marked seven. Harry waited impatiently for the doors to close and the lift to start moving. Had the lifts always been this slow?

Finally, the cheerful disembodied voice announced that they had reached the seventh floor and the Department of Wizard-Muggle Relations. As soon as the doors opened, Harry pushed through the gap and ran to Draco's office. Or where Draco's office used to be. Harry guessed—hoped—that his office would still be there. Hermione had kept her office; why wouldn't Draco?

Skidding to a halt around the corner, Harry smiled at the secretary, accepted her greeting, and opened the door to Draco's office. Draco wasn't sitting there. Any other time, Harry would be ecstatic to see her, but not then. Harry was getting mightily pissed off with ending up with the wrong people turning up.

“Hermione?”

“Harry!”

She looked torn between hugging Harry and slapping him. .

“Harry! It's so good to see you!” She wrapped her arms around him. “But you are an absolute idiot!” She stepped back and slapped him across the cheek.

“I know,” Harry grumbled, rubbing his sore cheek. “Pansy already told me so this morning. Hermione, where is he?”

Hermione frowned. “Why?”

“Hermione, please.”

“He's gone.”

“Gone?” Harry was finding it difficult to catch his breath. “What do you mean—gone?

“He came to see me last night, after your talk in the pub. He asked if there was any reason for him to stay, work-wise, and when I told him no, he said he would leave first thing in the morning.”

“What have I done?”

“You've messed it up. That's what. You had your chance. He was devastated last night.”

“What time is his Portkey? Maybe I can catch him.”

“Eight.”

“Fuck.”

“Oh, Harry.” Hermione looked sad for a second before her eyes lit up. Harry loved it when she had an idea. “We can get you one. As soon as possible. I'll sort it; I promise.”

“Thank you,” Harry said, a tendril of hope rising up. “You're the best. And Hermione, it really is good to see you home.”

“You, too,” Hermione replied, accepting the kiss on her cheek. “Now, go and talk to Pansy. You're going to need someone to look after the shop. I'll arrange the Portkey.”

Harry nodded and ran for the lifts once more. He wasn't stopping for anything, or anyone—even that bloody grumpy guard. If possible, the lift seemed to take even more time on the way back to the lobby. As soon as the lift's voice told him that he was at his destination, Harry once again squeezed through the gap as soon as it appeared. Luckily, the grumpy guard was nowhere to be seen, so Harry ran straight across the lobby and out into the street.

Running as fast as he could back to his café, Harry at least tried to avoid bumping into people as he ran. Flinging open the door to the café and not even looking at Pansy, Harry started talking quickly as he ran around the back of the counter and started rifling through the till.

“Pansy, he's fucking gone. I am a fucking idiot. Hermione's sorting out a Portkey. I need you to looks after this place. Will you, please? And will you let Ron know where I've gone? I'll just take some cash from here; I'll sort it—”

Harry stopped talking at the sound of laughter coming from behind him. Very familiar laughter; laughter that Harry hadn't heard in six months. Moving slowly, Harry turned to face him.

“Draco?” he asked, not believing his eyes.

“Harry.” Draco stood up and made his way over to a shell-shocked Harry. “You are a fucking idiot.”

Harry's response was lost as the door slammed open and an out-of-breath Hermione ran through. “Harry! He didn't—” Hermione stopped at the sight of the two men. “Never mind,” she said, slumping into the nearest seat.

Harry let out a laugh at his friend before turning his attention back to the man in front of him. “Why? What? How?” was all that he could say.

Draco simply smirked, placed his hands on either side of Harry's face and kissed him. Harry couldn't move; he just stood, unmoving, until Draco stopped kissing him, and stepped back. Harry hated the look of sheer horror on his face, knowing that he caused it.

“I'm s—”

Harry cut Draco off by leaning forward and kissing him back. Harry wrapped his arms around Draco's back, Draco responded by snaking his arms around Harry's waist. Harry never wanted to stop kissing him again.

“It's about fucking time!” Pansy's shout caused the men to break apart. “No, sorry! Carry on!”

“Actually, Pans,” Harry began.

“Yes, yes. go. Make up and make the rest of us happy. I'll see you tomorrow.”

Harry grinned at her, shouted goodbye to her and Hermione and dragged Draco towards the door. He had a lot of making up to do. They both did.

~

As he looked around the room, Harry thought that he couldn't be happier. Draco and Hermione had been home for two weeks, and their group of friends had arranged a party to celebrate. Everyone was sitting around Harry's living room, drinking and laughing; Neville had even made it down for the weekend.

Harry and Draco had fallen easily back into their old relationship. Draco had taken his previous post in the Ministry; he had admitted that the only reason he had agreed to move to Europe was to get away from Harry. They both agreed that mistakes had been made, but they also knew that they had to forgive and forget if they ever wanted to be happy together again. Neither of them had wanted to discuss the reason for their split, and their friends respected their decision. Harry thought that they were simply too relieved to see everything was back to normal to spoil it.

At the sound of the doorbell, Ron jumped up to answer the door. He and Hermione were still staying with Harry; they had been looking for a place of their own, but hadn't had any luck. The group fell silent, and Harry turned to see the reason why.

“Zach,” he spat, jumping up from where he had been wrapped around Draco. “What the fuck are you doing here?”

“I was invited,” Zach said, pointing at Ron.

“What's the matter?” Ron asked. “He's been helping us find a flat. I thought it was all forgotten. It was just a drunken mistake after all. He'll just have to remember which bed is his next time.”

The group laughed; Harry and Draco did not.

“It wasn't.” Draco got up and stood beside Harry.

Zach fell silent. Ron and the others looked confused.

“Harry, please,” Zach said, walking towards him.

Draco stepped forward. “No. You don't get to talk to him. If you like talking so much, why don't you tell everyone about that night?”

“I don't know what you mean,” Zach said, taking a step back.

“Why don't you tell them that you knew I was coming home? How you told me that Harry had gone out

and couldn't take my call?”

The group of friends gasped as one.

“Why don't you tell them how you concocted your little plan? How you asked Harry if you could stay in the spare room? How you climbed, naked, into my bed? With my boyfriend. Why don't you tell them how you tried your best to break my relationship up?”

Zach smirked. “It worked, didn't it?”

CRACK!

Zach fell to the floor in a heap. Draco winced, cradling his right hand.

“Get the fuck out of our house. We don't want to see your snivelling little face ever again.”

Zach scrambled up off of the floor. “Ron?”

“Fuck off. We'll find our own flat.”

“Harry?”

Harry ignored him, instead focusing on helping Draco with his hand. He ran his wand over the small abrasions, healing them, before kissing each knuckle gently.

“Can I hex him now?” Ginny asked, twirling her wand.

“Be my guest,” Hermione answered, glaring at the now-bleeding man.

Zach quickly ran out of the door before Ginny could let off her first hex. The friends were all quiet, looking at Harry and Draco.

“What do we do now? Fucking party pooper,” Pansy said, shooting a glare at the door.

“I think we should have a toast,” Harry said, raising his glass. “To Draco. Welcome home, love.”

The end.

Don't forget to go back to H/D Holidays on LJ and leave feedback!