Fandom: Harry Potter

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Title: One Harry Potter, Please (If Possible, Seduced and Ready)

Pairing: Harry/Draco

Rating: NC-17 (overall)

Word Count: ~2200 (~25 000 overall)

Status: WiP

Summary: All Draco wants is Harry Potter's friendship, just to make his new Auror job more bearable. However, after Harry stubbornly pays more attention to everyone else — including his secret admirer — Draco is forced to resort to drastic measures. And get more than he's bargained for.

Warnings: Flangst. Yes, there's actually some angst in here. I'm tempted to warn for slow build-up, but I'm probably just crazy. Speaking of crazy, Draco is . . . yeah, he is.

Note: This will be updated every other day, as it's a little longer than anticipated. My God. I'm writing a long fic?

Written for [info]awdt's Valentine's Day Quickies: Day One. I'm late for this, and the fic doesn't actually deal with Valentine's Day. :/

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One Harry Potter, Please (If Possible, Seduced and Ready)

CHAPTER ONE

To go in or not to go in was the question that troubled Draco Malfoy. He was standing in front of a small diner, located right across the Ministry visitor's entrance. Above it, a huge unreadable sign glimmered red, casting shadows and light on the snow-covered pavement, giving the illusion of a cheerful atmosphere.

Draco, however, was not cheerful. He was cold and shivery because he had been standing at the same spot for a while now. He had to wriggle his toes a few times, just to make sure they were still attached to his body. Hopping would have helped as well, but Malfoys did not hop, especially not in public. Standing around like an idiot and doing nothing but staring at the crowded diner was embarrassing enough.

Draco had been in this diner a thousand times before; various Ministry officials favoured this place that served great wine and acceptable food, and, more to the point, was owned by a wizard. There was nothing odd about coming in, finding a familiar colleague, and sitting down at their table for a late dinner and a spot of gossip. Nothing odd at all. So theoretically, Draco could simply enter, stride towards Harry Potter's table, and sit down.

Potter and Draco were partners for a month now; ever since Draco had officially become an Auror. He was the only one who had qualified this year, and therefore, was the only rookie in the department. It had been a long month, filled with tension and reluctant acceptance. Fortunately, Potter and he never tried to kill each other. That had to count for something. Why, Draco would classify their current relationship as friendship. A close friendship even, since he had a couple of so-called friends whose necks he'd like to snap. However, his murdering intentions towards Potter seemed to have evaporated. Granted, they were replaced by even more disturbing thoughts that Draco tried to ignore, but they liked to creep up on him at the most unlikely and inconvenient times. Draco regretted the simplicity of those days when all he wanted was to punch Potter's face and cheer as Potter collapsed into a heap. Lately, he'd been too worried his punch would mess up Potter's handsome features to contemplate hitting him when the bastard annoyed him.

Oh yes, this was one of those disturbing thoughts. Draco believed such feelings were merely the result of his innate appreciation of all things visually appealing. It was irritating that, somehow, Potter was

suddenly included in this category.

Draco gritted his teeth, glaring at the black-haired wizard who sat alone inside the diner, sipping wine and reading some papers, waiting for his dinner to arrive. Potter wasn't even that handsome, Draco told himself. Sure, he looked a lot better than he did at school, but he was a scrawny little thing back then, so the improvement shouldn't have been so impressive. He definitely wasn't worth staring at for long minutes, contemplating the two lines that appeared above his nose when he frowned, and waiting for that hint of dimples that materialised only when Potter smiled widely enough. Though, Potter rarely smiled widely enough. At least not in Draco's presence. Which was why looking at Potter from afar was more satisfying than looking at Potter when he sat right across the table.

"Hey, Draco!" someone greeted cheerfully, walking past Draco and entering the diner.

Draco scowled, uninterested. He wasn't in the mood to socialise. Potter had just looked up and smiled at the waitress who had brought him food.

He had nice teeth, Draco admitted. And nice lips. Full, but not too full; as likely to be pressed together into a tight line when Potter was angry, as they were likely to purse when Potter was merely annoyed. Potter usually pursed his lips a little when Draco was around, though Draco supposed he ought to be grateful he didn't receive the tight line treatment, which seemed to be reserved for criminals.

Potter was pursing his lips now, staring at his dinner, clearly annoyed by something on his plate. He stared at it with such fervent scrutiny, Draco had decided to burst inside and demand that Potter explain himself and tell him what was wrong. Maybe Potter didn't mind his dinner, but was simply upset over his own solitude. That made sense to Draco; perhaps Potter could use a friend. But just as Draco stepped forward, intending to offer him his charming presence, Potter looked over, his lips stretching into a wide smile. Wide enough for dimples. For a moment, Draco had stopped breathing, positive that Potter was looking at him, beckoning him with his hand and warmth in his eyes to come in and sit beside him, but then, his heart sinking, Draco realised that Potter's gaze was directed a little to Draco's left.

Frowning, Draco followed Potter's line of sight, spotting Derek Hogan, a young Unspeakable with a boyish face, an oddly big mouth, and a small nose, who must have been the person who greeted Draco just a second before.

He should have known. Hogan was the only person in the Ministry who had been addressing Draco in such an overly cheerful and friendly manner. The aforementioned cheerfulness always made Draco want to rip the man's lungs out. Though, that wasn't the only thing that annoyed him about Hogan. Several months ago, and only two weeks after Harry Potter's sexual orientation had been disclosed to the press, Hogan had happily announced that he, too, was gay. Wretched copycat. He had probably said that just so it would be easier for him to get into Harry Potter's pants. Which, of course, made him gay anyway, but it still annoyed Draco to no end. Hogan acted as if he had some special right to be very close to Potter; as though straight people — such as Draco, for example — had no right to be Potter's confidants. The worst part of it was that Potter didn't seem to mind Hogan's interest. Even now, Potter smiled as he gave Hogan his undivided attention, listening and nodding as Hogan launched into an undoubtedly exciting retelling of his day spent staring at various reports and forms. This merely reminded Draco that Potter always seemed to look somewhere else when speaking to him. He never focused on Draco, as though actively trying not to look at him.

But Potter looked at him then. He frowned as he peered through the window, trying to see outside, which must have been difficult since the light was brighter in the diner. But Draco knew Potter had spotted him when Potter's lips pursed, then slowly stretched into a thin line, indicating that Potter suspected him of criminal behaviour.

Draco scowled and turned around. He was starting to freeze, and Potter's gaze was chillier than the night's air. Besides, stalking a colleague probably was criminal behaviour; it was time for Draco to go home.

He decided to walk. From London to Wiltshire. The distance couldn't have been greater than hundred miles. He could no longer feel his feet anyway, he thought sulkily.

However, Draco did not walk home. He made it to the corner when he sneezed audibly, and then, worried he'd catch a cold, he ducked into a nearby alley and Disapparated. He aimed for the front door, but his mind was elsewhere so he ended up in the bathroom, directly under the shower. Sighing, he decided to have a shower, since he was already there and all; though, having a shower meant he should probably take off his clothes. Originally, he had planned to collapse on his bed and sleep with his boots on. Annoyed that he was moping around because Harry Potter didn't like him — really, now that Potter wasn't around and Draco thought about it, he remembered he didn't like Potter either — Draco turned the shower on and let the water soak his clothes. Then he sulked over his destroyed clothes, which seemed healthier than sulking over Potter's continuous rejection.

Then he wanked. But half-heartedly. He had to reach for his deepest kinkiest fantasies to finish off successfully. Those fantasies usually involved Potter. Draco presumed they were caused by some strange psychological trauma he had unknowingly suffered during the war. He promised himself he'd seek appropriate treatment one of these days.

He went to bed shivering, predicting to wake up with a nasty cold. That was, if he ever fell asleep. He was plagued by his odd desire to see Potter's dimpled smile directed at him. He spent minutes trying to banish the thought, and hours trying to come up with a plan that would make Potter pay attention.

In the morning, his prediction turned out to be true. Draco woke up with a clogged nose, a headache, and the desire to stay in bed and never get up. At times like these, he wished he had a house-elf. But a year ago, his parents picked up their belongings, including their one remaining house-elf, and left to France, giving up on trying to regain their position on the Wizarding social scale. They had offered — embarrassingly, even begged — Draco to come with them, but Draco couldn't do it. That had felt like giving up; like admitting defeat and running with your tail between your legs. He knew he'd regret that decision. He regretted it now; he really needed a house-elf to serve him breakfast and warm the manor. He wasn't used to doing these things alone. Honestly, what he really needed was his mother.

Disturbed and even scandalised by this thought, Draco sprang out of bed and purposely ignored his runny nose and sore throat. He needed nothing and no one. He didn't even need to stay in bed and wait for this cold to go away.

He showered and got dressed in record speed. Then, thinking he should eat something, he went to the large empty kitchen on the opposite side of the manor, and was already holding two eggs in his hand when his stomach growled, then lurched.

"Urgh," Draco decided, put the eggs away, and simply drank some tea before he rushed to the Ministry.

Potter was already there when Draco arrived. He was sitting in their spacious but bleak cubical, shuffling through papers, looking extremely busy. Draco always suspected Potter was merely pretending to be busy, just so he wouldn't have to talk to Draco.

Already in a sour mood, Draco plopped down onto his chair and did what he did best. He stuck out his bottom lip and scowled at Potter.

"You’re late," Potter said, not looking up.

Draco sniffed wetly. "I've been thinking of not coming in at all today. I have a dreadful cold."

Potter looked up, peering suspiciously at Draco above the rim of his glasses. This made him look oddly like a teacher who had just been informed by his student that his hippogriff ate his homework. "Really?" Potter's lips pursed.

"Achooo!" was Draco's reply.

"Hmm." Potter looked down again and Draco had to stop himself from sticking out his tongue at him. "Well don't settle in; we have to go."

Why did Potter have to make everything sound like an order?

"I just arrived. Give me a moment, will you?"

Potter shrugged, picked up some files, and stood up. "Fine. I can go alone."

At once, Draco sprang up from his chair, seething. Curse Potter and his reverse psychology methods! "I never said I won't go. But . . . achooo!"

Draco sighed. He should have stayed at home.

Potter shrugged again and turned to leave, clearly expecting Draco to follow. Irritated, Draco stalked after him, displeased by Potter's hurried stride. Did Potter believe that if he walked fast enough, Draco would give up and not follow him?

They made their way to the Atrium with Draco sneezing and coughing continuously. That was horrible, but it clearly annoyed Potter so Draco felt a little better about his current predicament.

"What happened?" he asked, remembering he had no idea where they were going.

"Domestic dispute."

Draco groaned and Potter's lips actually twitched.

"A woman cursed her husband's favourite teapot. It grew teeth and attacked him this morning while he was making tea. Went straight for his balls, apparently. I presume he's not in a good shape." Potter shoved a piece of paper into Draco's hand, somehow managing not to touch Draco's skin as he did that.

Draco stared at the address written on the paper, not thrilled with this assignment. "We're called to rescue some bloke's balls? Isn't that a medical problem?"

"St Mungo's team called us. They can't get into the house. The woman warded it. Pretty heavily, from what they told me."

Draco automatically perked up, struggling to keep up with Potter as they reached the Atrium. The place was crowded, as it usually was in the morning; Draco had to manoeuvre carefully to avoid unnecessary physical contact with strangers. "We'll have to burst inside?" he asked, hopeful. "With our wands out, yelling, 'Everybody freeze'?" That was always fun. Draco particularly liked to yell, "Stay where you are, you wretched Dark Wizards!"

Harry walked over to the Apparition spot, then turned around to give Draco a withering look. "I thought we might first try to persuade her to lower the wards."

As Potter Disapparated, Draco shook his head sadly. "Of course you did."

How did he end up partnered with the most non-confrontational Auror ever? And since when was Potter so non-confrontational anyway? And could his assignments be more ridiculous?

Draco looked at the piece of paper Potter had given him. Three more addresses were written there, which meant not only they'd have to visit all these places today, but that those assignments were even more tedious than the first one since a biting teapot and a balls-rescue were their priorities.

This wasn't what Draco had expected when he decided to be an Auror.

"Achooo!"

Draco groaned and Conjured a tissue, stepping onto the Apparition spot.

This was going to be another long day.

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Written for [info]awdt's Valentine's Day Quickies: Day Four.

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One Harry Potter, Please (If Possible, Seduced and Ready)

CHAPTER TWO

He should really learn how to choose his destinations better, Draco thought as he Disapparated and appeared pressed snugly to Potter's side. One hard muscled thigh had ended up between Draco's legs;

its solid presence there unnerving. Surprised and temporarily disoriented, Draco nearly fell, but Potter's hands shot out, one of them grabbing Draco's elbow and the other pressing onto Draco's chest. Draco barely had the time to appreciate how very warm Potter's palm was, before Potter snatched his hand away. The grip on Draco's arm became painful, but then Potter jumped back as though burned, leaving Draco feeling slightly breathless.

Potter glared at him reproachfully, as though Draco did this on purpose.

"Watch where you stand, Potter," Draco snapped, annoyed.

Potter's mouth fell open, forming a perfect o, but Draco had no chance to hear Potter's half-witty comeback, because a tiny squeal of delight distracted them both.

Reluctantly looking away from Potter's mouth and remembering their assignment, Draco took in his surroundings. Two Mediwizards stood not far ahead, in front of a handsome but old house, while the young Mediwitch — presumably the cause of the squeal — hurried towards Potter and Draco.

"Mr Potter, I'm so pleased you're here," she gushed, undoubtedly surprised the Ministry had sent this particular Auror on such an assignment. "This woman is crazy," she informed Potter breathlessly. "She wanted to curse us all!"

"Isn't she warded inside?" Draco asked before Potter had a chance to say anything. The Mediwitch's gaze snapped towards Draco. She seemed lost for words. "Did she come out?" Draco persisted.

"Well, no —"

"Showed up on a window?"

"Um, no." The girl looked defensive. "But we know she's in there. We heard her. And she's dangerous,"

she finished lamely.

Potter nodded, looking unimpressed, then moved towards the house. The Mediwitch threw Draco a nasty glare and addressed Potter again while walking backwards, trying to keep up with him.

"Don't let me bother you, Mr Potter. Do what you do best. I won't be in your way," she claimed, almost blocking Potter's path.

Potter gave her a nod and a clipped smile. "Thank you," he said, stepping around her and approaching the front door. Draco appeared behind him a few seconds later, because he had been too busy sneering at the scowling girl. Disappointed, she stomped off to join her bored looking colleagues.

Potter wasted no time, knocking sharply and saying in a clear, authoritative voice, "Mrs Herbert? I'm Auror Harry Potter. Please open the door. I wish to speak with you."

Crazily, Draco's thoughts veered off into a strange direction, and he found himself wondering whether this was the tone of voice Potter used during sex. It was an odd tone, a flawless mix of politeness and command, clear enough to be heard from afar, but not at all loud. Did he command his partners like this? Saying, "Please spread your legs. I wish to fuck you silly."

A shiver passed down Draco's spine, making the hair on the back of his neck stand out. He frowned. What an unappealing thought.

Mrs Herbert, however, seemed to have found Potter's voice appealing. The front door opened promptly, revealing a stout elderly woman, with grey hair and beady eyes. However, the grin she gave to Potter was positively charming.

"Oh do come in, dear," she said kindly, as though she and Potter were old friends and she was inviting him for tea.

Potter thanked her politely and smiled back, then walked inside, looking curiously around. Rolling his eyes, Draco moved to follow him; however, the woman promptly raised her wand and stopped smiling. "Just him, blondie," she said sharply and slammed the door in front of Draco's shocked face.

Blinking, Draco stared at the door, trying to understand what had just happened. He half-expected that Potter would reappear, having Disarmed and Stunned the woman, but no such thing occurred. Panicking, Draco realised that Potter was now technically a hostage. What if the woman was crazy? She certainly looked crazy. And what if — Draco gasped — what if the teapot went after Potter next?

Working himself into a frenzy, Draco tried to bring down the wards with various spells and charms, and even an illegal curse or two, but nothing worked. Sniffing miserably, he was forced to give up. He leaned against the doorway, helplessly worrying about the safety of Potter's balls.

A few feet away, the St Mungo's team formed a tight knot, whispering into each other's ears and pointing rudely at Draco.

Draco scowled and sighed, sneezed and blew his nose, and he knew he must look truly pathetic when the Mediwitch addressed him kindly.

"You have a nasty cold," she informed him, pointing her wand at his throat. "I could —"

"Point your wand at me again and I'll arrest you for obstruction of justice," Draco growled, and the woman took a hasty step back. She did not speak to him again. It was a small comfort, but threatening people with arrest always made Draco fell a little better.

An eternity passed before the front door opened again, but finally, they did, and Draco nearly collapsed from relief to see Potter, seemingly unharmed — Draco could not see whether his balls had survived — signalling the team they could come in now.

"Idiot," Draco accused after the St Mungo's team went in, all of them giving Potter displeased looks, but saying nothing.

Potter was unperturbed, if a little sad. "We had a lovely chat. She is a nice lady who makes great tea," he said fondly, as Draco shuddered. He could hardly believe Potter let her make him tea. "She had a miserable life, though," Potter continued. "And now her husband cheated on her. Bastard."

"Regretful, but still illegal." Draco narrowed his eyes. "Please tell me she's Disarmed and bound? Aren't we bringing her in?"

"Nah." Potter waved him off, moving away. "Maybe if the husband presses charges. But at this point his voice is too high-pitched for me to hear."

Draco hadn't moved. "But what if she runs?"

"She won't," Potter said, confident. He turned around and looked at Draco expectantly. "Come on, we have places to go."

Draco stubbornly remained where he was — a person was injured and they should arrest someone.

Potter cocked his head and gave Draco a small smile. "I have a possible suspect for that recent Apothecary break in." Potter's tone and his appearance were entirely too tempting.

Draco's sore throat went dry, his voice rough when he asked, "We'll have to chase him?"

Potter smiled a little wider. The look he was giving Draco seemed almost . . . affectionate. Or patronizing. Draco wasn't sure.

"Maybe," Potter said brightly.

His interest piqued, Draco quickly forgot about the teapot lady, and stepped away from the house. Finally, he might actually see some action. He tried to mask his excitement, but judging by Potter's exasperated expression, he had failed to hide it completely. But Draco didn't care; he wanted to do what he was paid for: hunting down criminals, not teapots.

Of course, Draco should have known better than to expect too much. First, they had to speak to a couple of eyewitnesses to make sure Potter's possible suspect was indeed a suspect. And that part consisted of talking to people, so naturally, Draco had been bored to tears. By the time they had appeared in front of the robber's apartment, Draco was exhausted and his vision had blurred dangerously.

"Are you all right? Do you want to go to St Mungo's?" Potter asked suddenly, his voice so soft and gentle, Draco's eyes focused at once. Potter was looking at him, truly looking at him, his green eyes brimming with concern. He looked so caring, Draco was possessed with a crazy urge to whine at Potter and tell him that yes, he felt horrible and his throat hurt and his head pounded and he'd really like to go to the hospital.

Draco blinked rapidly a few times. No wonder Mrs Herbert had unloaded her worries on Potter and did what he wanted, he thought. Potter did nothing more than looked worried and offered the obvious solution, but Draco suddenly felt as though he was the sole centre of Potter's world. And he liked that feeling.

It made him want to . . . sneeze.

His nose tickling, Draco jumped back, sneezing into his hand and quickly reaching for a tissue.

"I'm fine, Potter!" he said too sharply, angry at himself for ruining the moment, and at his cold for making him seem weak.

"Good." Potter no longer sounded concerned, and Draco wondered if he had imagined it in the first place. When he looked back up, Potter's jaw was clenched. "I need a partner I can count on to watch my back," Potter said coldly, turning away and raising his hand to knock on the door.

Ah. So Potter was merely concerned about his own safety. Of course.

Angrily taking out his wand, Draco aimed it at the door, trying in vain to keep his hand steady. It shook, though not from fear. After Potter repeated his "I'm Auror Harry Potter" speech, Draco was ready to blow up the door into tiny little splinters. He was furious enough to feel pleased when faced with the prospect of unnecessary violence.

Just as Draco chose a spell that could cause the most damage, the door burst open and a short balding man appeared in the doorway, shivering with his hands held high in the air.

"I confess! I confess!" he cried, staring at Potter, completely horrified.

Deflating, Draco relaxed his stance and pouted. Honestly, walking around with Potter was like waking around with a Chimera. Or were criminals so easily frightened these days?

Draco ceased to pout only after Potter told him he could bind the man's hands and arrest him. Moderately appeased, he happily showed the man's face against the wall, yelled, "Spread them!" and read him his rights.

"You enjoy this too much," Potter commented, leaning against the wall, with a box of confiscated potions in his hands.

Bristling, Draco bound the robber a little too tightly, though fortunately, the man didn't dare to complain. "I think you're enjoying the view too much," he shot back, checking the bindings on the man's wrists. "Is this doing something for you, Potter? Giving you queer thoughts, I imagine." Draco leered, grabbing his prisoner's hands, intending to Disapparate with him.

Potter's eyes darkened and Draco winced inwardly. Perhaps he shouldn't have said that.

"We should go," Potter whispered, his voice chilling.

Feeling guilty, but not inclined to show it, Draco avoided Potter's gaze by Apparating with his prisoner back to the Ministry.

Potter appeared beside him instantly, but had apparently stopped speaking to him, so they took the man down to the cells in silence. They had only minimal amount of trouble along the way. The man didn't fight them at all, but Draco still manhandled him, pleased he could take out his sour mood on someone.

Afterwards, when they finally reached their cubical, Draco had collapsed onto his chair and fought to keep his eyes opened. His head was pounding and he knew he wasn't capable of filling out the necessary paperwork. Still, he grabbed a quill and pretended he was doing something useful. Just as he contemplated the possibility of telling Potter that he was terribly unwell and should be escorted to St Mungo's because he knew he'd die if he Apparated there alone, an awful sound disturbed his thoughts.

"Hey, Harry!" Derek Hogan appeared next to their table.

Draco looked up through his lowered eyelashes to see Potter smile almost affectionately.

"Derek," Potter said, looking unexpectedly at Draco. He blinked once as though startled by something and then quickly turned toward his young friend.

"You look like you could use some late lunch." Hogan sounded concerned, carefully examining Potter's face. "Or early dinner. Want to go grab a bite?"

Draco gripped his quill, wondering whether anyone would notice if he jabbed it into Hogan's eye.

"You could come too, Draco," Hogan said pleasantly, grinning his boyish smile.

Draco broke his quill and glared.

"Or not." Derek's smile was still firmly in place.

"Three's a crowd," Draco said in an odd low tone he could barely recognize as his own voice. "I don't want to intrude."

"You wouldn't intrude," Harry growled, as though angry he had to say this obvious lie.

"I'm not hungry." Draco reached for another quill, cursing his stomach that growled loudly. He mourned those two eggs he had so vainly cast aside in the morning. "You two go on and be merry and gay."

Potter's chair screeched in protest as Potter brutally shoved it away and stood up. "Whatever you want. Come on, Derek. I'm starving."

"Bye, Draco!" Hogan said cheerfully.

"Achooo!"

Draco growled, breaking another quill and cursing his upbringing that forced him to automatically cover his mouth and bow his head when he sneezed so he wouldn't spread germs everywhere. He wished he could have sneezed all over Hogan's face.

Potter and Hogan walked away, the annoying Unspeakable speaking and gesticulating ceaselessly.

How could a person be so bloody cheerful all the time? It was criminal. Not to mention he was the only person in the Ministry who was friendly to Draco. Clearly, there was something seriously wrong with that man. Why didn't Potter see it? And more importantly, how could Hogan be better company than Draco? Though, Draco reconsidered, it actually made sense. Potter was an idiot and Derek was a psycho; those

two deserved each other.

Draco felt cold shivers rake through his body, his headache intensifying. He pressed his palm to his forehead and concluded he had a fever.

Fuck this, he snapped, shoving the papers away. He was sick and starving and he was going home.

With any luck, maybe he really would die Apparating, and then Potter would be sorry.

TBC

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Another note: JKR said that only good people can be Aurors; I didn't make that up.

CHAPTER THREE

To his great disappointment, Draco arrived home safely. He had collapsed on his bed and slept, getting up only once to eat those wretched eggs. They were horrible as they always were when he prepared them, but he didn't want to order in his dinner, mainly because that involved using the Floo and talking to people.

For the next three days, he had no desire to go to work, so he called in sick and stayed at home. He spent the first day staring at the ceiling and the second day planning to have a shower. The third day, already healthy though headachy because of too much lying around, he charmed several tissues into funny looking birds and made them fly around from one end of the room to another. They fluttered and whooshed, making complicated loops, directed by Draco's wand.

His mother used to make these birds when he was very young and was afraid to stay alone in his dark room. She made them glow and fly above his head, high enough so Draco couldn't catch them, but low enough to cast flickering lights over his face. Draco always appreciated their company; their gentle rustling never failed to lull him to sleep.

He truly did miss his mother. He wondered what people would say if he quit his job and left for France to live with his parents. Would it be perceived as defeat? Would everyone gloat? Would Potter shake his head and say, "I knew he'd give up."

Draco felt like giving up. Not because Potter didn't like him. It wasn't just Potter; it was everyone in the Ministry. Before Draco applied for the Auror job, things hadn't been so bad. He didn't have to deal with these people then. He had kept his head down for three years after the war and for the most part, everyone left him alone. Or more specifically, everyone ignored him. At that point, the lack of attention seemed like the worse thing that could have happened to him. He had resolved to do something that would make people remember the name Malfoy. Aurors had more respect than ever after the Dark Lord had been defeated, so Draco decided to become one of them. His application for the Auror Academy had been headline news. The article hadn't been sympathetic, but it put a smile on Draco's face nonetheless. He had been shocked when the Ministry approved his application; he hadn't expected that. They must have thought he'd fail the final test, and planned to laugh at him for wasting three years of his life.

The final test was a test every aspiring Auror had to pass before he or she could take their oath. They took it at the end of their schooling to demonstrate they had learned what it meant to be an Auror. They had to prove that they planned to be dedicated to their job, that they had a natural sense of right and wrong, and that they valued justice above everything else. Everyone thought Draco would fail that test. Honestly, Draco thought he'd fail. No one was more surprised than Draco when he passed. But then again, he was the only one who knew for certain that he hadn't cheated. Of course, everyone was convinced that he had. They believed him to be a fraud and an intruder who should have lowered his head like a good little ex-Death Eater instead of trying to cheat his way into a place he didn't belong.

The test had been horrid. They drugged him with potions, Veritaserum being one of them, and asked him ridiculous questions ("No, sir, I wouldn't help an old lady across the street. If she knew she was in a bad shape, but still managed to reach the street, then she could bloody well cross it!") and showed him odd inkblots ("Yes, that's a picture of people screaming in agony. No, it's not a pretty flower. Or a bat.") and, at times, they were just trying to confuse him. At least it seemed that way to Draco when they had asked the most ridiculous question possible: When in a life-threatening situation, would you pause to consider whether the person you're attempting to save along with yourself is a Muggleborn or a Pureblood, and would this have any bearing on your decision to save this person?

What an absurd thing to ask. As though Draco hadn't been in a life-threatening situation before and he didn't know what that was like. When faced with an all consuming fire that threatens to burn you and all

around you to a crisp, you don't pause to consider. Even if the person next to you is someone who has stopped being your friend and you know they'd hand you to the Dark Lord if you make a single wrong move; and even if that someone is impossibly heavy because he spends his days stuffing his face and now he can't even climb up on the high pile of desks where you have found refuge; and even if you know that if he does climb up next to you, you would both surely fall into the fiery chasm below; and even if you know that you're choosing between saving yourself and killing you both, you don't pause to consider. You grab and you pull. And you hold on with the last remnants of your strength, until a scrawny boy that always have and always will hate you appears to take your hand.

Disturbed by his memories, Draco's concentration wavered and his wand shook. The paper birds hit the wall sharply and several of them crashed to the ground. Only three remained, looking a little battered, but flying around madly as though frightened they'd be next to face the wrath of their creator.

Funny, Draco thought, that the Ministry was so worried about Muggleborns they didn't see what they were doing. The feeling that they had managed to create in him was the exact feeling he always wanted the Muggleborns to suffer. He wanted them to feel so out of place, so sure that everyone hated them that they would have no choice but to give up and leave the Wizarding World alone. Now, the Ministry had turned the tables on him, as a form of some painful cosmic punishment. A punishment Draco knew he deserved, though it hadn't prevented him from being furious at the Ministry. He had told them as much. Told them it wasn't fair to slight him just as the Muggleborns were slighted by the Purebloods. He thought that they'd throw him out after that little rant. But they hadn't. Despite of everything, they had given him a chance. And now Draco was ready to cast it all away.

The birds crashed into a vase, barely surviving and no longer looking like birds, but resembling three lumps of paper that flew around drunkenly. The vase didn't make it.

Draco lowered his wand, letting the paper lumps fall on the floor.

What the hell was he doing? Was he really here sulking and wasting his days? Was he really hiding after he promised himself he wouldn't? His parents were hiding, many of his friends were hiding; they scattered around, keeping a low profile out of fear that the Ministry would come down on them the moment they put one toe out of line. But Draco swore he'd tread that bloody line; with pride, with dignity. Why was he even considering running to his Mummy? Was this Potter's fault after all?

Draco tried to figure out why it bothered him so much. Why did he care about that pompous prick who could barely stand the sight of him? Potter's face appeared in front of his eyes. In his mind, Potter looked pleased, undoubtedly because Draco wasn't around to bother him for three whole days. Draco's heart began hammering, as it always did when he thought about Potter. Out of anger, surely. Potter was at the Ministry, gloating and celebrating Draco's absence, possibly already contemplating Draco's replacement. Possibly gossiping with Hogan. Hogan, who was definitely there, though he had his own bloody job, but he was there taking Draco's place. Draco gasped. Possibly sitting in his chair! Flirting with Potter and touching Draco's stuff.

Draco sprang out of bed as though burned. He couldn't allow this. Why hadn't he considered this before? If he left, Hogan would be free to do as he wished. And who knew what awful things Hogan wished. Draco believed him capable of anything. Hogan was clearly a maniac. Potter didn't see it, oh but Draco did. It was his duty to protect his partner whether said partner was a complete arse or not.

Draco checked the old grandfather's clock on the wall. It was late, but it was Friday, and Potter always stayed late on Fridays, doing the paperwork he neglected during the week. It was the perfect time for Hogan to swoop in and seduce his stupid, oblivious Pot—partner.

Draco scowled at his pyjamas and took them off quickly. He hurried to the bathroom, and was showered and dressed in less than ten minutes. He didn't even comb his hair, so it fell wildly into his eyes as he hopped — he could hop in his own house — down the stairs, simultaneously putting his boots on. Which was something he'd never do again, Draco promised himself as he nursed his knee, injured in his sudden but unsurprising fall.

By the time he had arrived to the Ministry, the place was practically deserted, but sure enough, when Draco walked into the Auror Headquarters, Potter was there at their desk, scribbling dutifully. Hogan was nowhere to be seen.

Breathing a sigh of relief, Draco sat down on his chair, pleased when Potter jumped in fright. He looked at Draco wildly; his gaze raking over his face with such keen interest, Draco felt his cheeks grow hot. Potter frowned and looked left and right and then at Draco again, appearing almost frightened, as though he had seen a particularly nasty poltergeist.

"Malfoy?" he said at last.

"Yes. And no, I'm not dead. Sorry to disappoint you." Draco studied Potter's face to determine whether Potter was disappointed or not.

Potter looked merely shocked, excessively so, and . . . nervous? As though Draco had interrupted him during a nefarious act.

Potter blinked a couple of times and then seemed to come to his senses. "You look horrible," he said, his gaze flickering towards Draco's hair.

Draco found himself wishing he had combed it. He ran his fingers through it, Merlin knew to what result. Potter looked away.

"Well, I feel fine," Draco said, wincing at the sound of his own voice. It sounded hoarse, which wasn't surprising since he hadn't spoken a word for three days. "I thought I should come here and help you out with this." Draco pointed at piles of papers on the desk, feeling completely silly all of a sudden. Why did he come here?

He felt even worse when Potter said, "Good," and shoved a large pile towards Draco.

"No need to thank me or anything." Draco glowered. Honestly, when a man comes in to help you out even though he should be at home lying on his deathbed, the least you could do is say thank you. Granted, Draco wasn't sick anymore, but Potter didn't know that.

Potter was scribbling again. "I know. This is your job."

Regretting his impulsive decision, Draco took a quill, angrily snatched the topmost file and opened it. Mrs Herbert, the lady of charmed ball-eating teapots, winked at him from a large picture with red letters written over her face, proclaiming: WANTED.

Draco scowled at Potter accusingly. "I told you she'd run."

Potter hastily took the file from Draco's hands and shoved it into a drawer. "We'll find her. Eventually," he said, unconcerned, though he did shift in his chair, looking uncomfortable.

Draco shook his head and sighed, taking another file.

Paperwork was a tedious job, but it wasn't as bad as it could have been. Draco amused himself by observing Potter who wrote carefully as though he wasn't really sure how to write. Their Head of Department yelled at him several times, and the last time, she did so in public, informing Potter that she couldn't read his awful scrawl, so he should bloody learn how to write before he handed her another report. That was the one time Draco actually liked the woman. Potter had blushed and nodded meekly, as the rest of them laughed themselves silly at the sight of the petit but still intimidating woman shaking her fist at the Defeater of the Dark Lord. After that, Potter was ridiculously slow with his reports, avoiding them as long as he could, and on Fridays, he filled them out carefully to avoid another incident.

That was why Draco finished much sooner than Potter. He would have been even faster if he hadn't been sneaking glances at his partner's deeply concentrated expression. Growing bored, he considered offering Potter to help him finish his half, but saw no reason to make such a suggestion. He had done too much already. Instead, he stared at Potter's bowed head, contemplating the sharp contrast of Potter's dark hair and his pale face. He was an odd one, Draco concluded. His hair was too dark for his skin, his eyes too bright for his eyelashes, and he looked too boyish for someone with such a strong jaw and high cheekbones. Nature had screwed up royally while making Potter, turning him into something that ought to be impossible.

"Want to have dinner with me later?"

The question hung in the air, and Draco was too terrified to wonder who had made it. He feared it had been him. Potter said nothing, and Draco was beginning to hope he had merely imagined asking Potter out, but then Potter looked up.

"Sure," he said, and looked down again. Draco stared, as Potter continued, "Go on ahead. I'll be here for a while longer. I'll join you when I finish this." Potter groaned as he splattered some ink over the papers and had to use his wand to soak it up.

Draco nodded mutely, but then, realising Potter couldn't see him, forced himself to say, "All right."

This wasn't a big deal. So they'd go and have dinner. Partners did that all the time. He could stay and help Potter finish, so they could go sooner. Draco grabbed a quill and opened his mouth to suggest this, but his hand shook.

This wasn't a big deal.

Draco stood up suddenly and tossed the quill on the desk. He needed air. Now.

"I'll go then," he said, not leaving.

Potter looked up and grimaced. It could have been a smile. "Okay." He jerked his head in the vague direction of the paperwork Draco had filled out. "Thanks."

"I was just doing my job," Draco said modestly, and then after a short nod, he turned around and fled.

Air didn't help at all. The reality of asking Potter to dinner and having Potter say yes was too much for Draco to handle.

Though he could not remember walking there, somehow he reached the diner. He found a secluded booth easily; the place was all but empty. The waitress smiled at him, took his order, and brought him a glass of wine quickly enough, leaving him to his thoughts.

This was easier than Draco had expected. If he had asked Potter to dinner a few weeks ago, would the

result be the same? Did he merely imagine Potter's unfriendliness?

Draco's heart was hammering again, so he forced himself to sip his wine slowly as he waited for Potter, thinking about possible topics they could discuss. There were quite a few things Draco wanted to ask him, though most of them seemed silly and irrelevant. He hoped he could sneak in a silly question or two to satiate his curiosity. Would it be rude to ask him whether he was seeing someone? Just to make sure it wasn't Hogan. Or that silly Auror with a big nose. Or that strange man who examined Ministry visitors' wands. Draco had his suspicions about that bloke.

He finished his wine too quickly and asked for a refill, his mind still busy with thoughts of Potter.

It took him two hours to realise that Potter wasn't coming.

It took him another half an hour to realise he was drunk.

And it took him three more glasses of wine to realise he was a puppy. Harry Potter's own personal puppy, begging his master to pet him and tell him he had been a good boy. Disgusted, he tossed a random amount of Sickles on the table and hurried outside.

He stumbled drunkenly away in a random direction, kicking the snow with his boots, and trying in vain to clear his head. He knew he was being ridiculous; he shouldn’t have expected Potter to join him for dinner. Potter had just said that to get rid of him.

He wandered for a while and when he looked around, he found himself in a vaguely familiar location — he was standing in front of Potter's building. That was an interesting coincidence. Draco looked up at the second floor window, noting that Potter's apartment was dark. He was sleeping peacefully, the bastard. Draco considered throwing things at the window and then running away, but he decided that would have been a little too immature. The mature thing would be to go and talk to Potter. Though, not right now. Not in the middle of the night. And of course, Draco couldn't ask Potter to explain why he hadn't showed up. That would sound pathetic and needy. Draco required a more sensible reason to knock on Potter's door.

He rummaged in his pocket, his hand closing around a small object. He took it out, staring at his open palm, and decided this was as good reason as any for a late night visit. He would go in, and then subtly extract an explanation from Potter.

Satisfied with this plan, Draco walked into the building and headed for Potter's apartment. He needed to know: Did Potter have a reason for being such a prick, or was he born one?

TBCFandom: Harry Potter

Disclaimer: Harry Potter is owned by J.K. Rowling and Warner Brothers. No copyright infringement intended.

Title: One Harry Potter, Please (If Possible, Seduced and Ready)

Pairing: Harry/Draco

Rating: NC-17 (overall)

Word Count: ~4000 (~25 000 overall)

Status: WiP

Summary: All Draco wants is Harry Potter's friendship, just to make his new Auror job more bearable. However, after Harry stubbornly pays more attention to everyone else — including his secret admirer — Draco is forced to resort to drastic measures. And get more than he's bargained for.

Warnings: Post-DH, EWE, Flangst.

Note: This will be updated every other day.

Written for [info]awdt's Valentine's Day Quickies: Day Seven.

| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | Epilogue |

One Harry Potter, Please (If Possible, Seduced and Ready)

CHAPTER FOUR

It was well past midnight when Harry arrived home. He was so tired he failed to find the light switch, so he bent down and picked up his mail blindly. He tossed it onto the coffee table next to his favourite sofa, with vague plans to go through it at some point that wasn't now. He considered trying to find something to eat in the kitchen, but the thought of food made his stomach queasy — bed sounded much more appealing. However, he had no fireplace in his bedroom, and he was bloody cold.

Sofa it was then.

A quick flick of his wand lit the fire in the large fireplace, bathing the living room in yellowish light. Only then did Harry take off his cloak and shoes, and all but collapsed on the sofa, grabbing an extra cushion to put under his head.

It was eerily quiet; the only sound coming from the crackling fire, playing a perfect lullaby that should have helped Harry drift off to sleep. However, though tired, Harry remained wide awake. His head had barely touched the cushion before his thoughts turned into a familiar direction. He spent his days pushing these thoughts away, but at night they'd come back to haunt him.

Today had been especially hard. His colleagues had left, some of them early, and Harry, as always, stayed late. Alone with nothing but tedious paperwork to distract him, it was hard to keep his fantasies at bay. Especially since it wasn't hard to imagine the object of his fantasies sitting in the empty chair in front of Harry. It was different; more intense somehow to imagine what he could do to Draco Malfoy on their desk than to think about what he could do to him if he had him in his bed. It was too hard to even

envision Malfoy in his bed. Though that had never dissuaded Harry; he had to think about Malfoy at some point; it was important not to do that at work, but he could do what he wished at home. This evening, however, Harry had let his mind wander and remember how Malfoy looked sitting across the table, scowling, with his hair falling into his eyes, white blond strands touching his high cheeks. Harry could visualise him so clearly he could see his lips twisting into a sneer and he could see himself wiping it off his face with a kiss.

And then just as Harry had pressed Malfoy on the desk, ripping Malfoy's shirt off in a way that was possible only in silly fantasies, Malfoy had appeared in front of him. Simply materialized in his chair as though Harry had Summoned him. Or Conjured him with his fantasies. It took him two whole minutes to realise that Malfoy really was there and that this had nothing to do with Harry's imaginings. Malfoy's uncharacteristically messy hair didn't help matters; usually, the blond strands only looked like that in Harry's mind after a particularly vigorous shag. He even had dark circles under his eyes, proving that he hadn't been sleeping but was engaged in some energetic activities. Maybe he was with a girl — a girlfriend — shagging all day. Or maybe he really was sick and spent the night and day tossing and turning in his bed. Harry honestly didn't know which thought disturbed him more. The thought of Malfoy enjoying himself with someone else, or the thought of him alone in bed, sick and miserable. Both possibilities made his chest clench painfully, especially because he was well aware that either way, Malfoy's joy or pain wasn't his business.

Why did it have to be Malfoy? Harry asked himself for the umpteenth time. These feelings sneaked up on him, shocking him to the core when he became aware of them. It started out simple. At first, Harry had merely been impressed when Kingsley let it slip that Malfoy had applied for the Auror Academy. The Ministry was not inclined to accept the application; Harry had to yell at quite a few people to have it approved. It seemed unfair to Harry that the Ministry would purposely want to sabotage a man who was trying to make things right and find his place in the world. It was more than Malfoy's friends had done. Harry had been pleased to see that Malfoy was trying; back then, he actually thought that they could become friends, that that was some sort of turning point, mainly because Malfoy seemed almost friendly. Well, friendly for Malfoy.

Though that had been then — things had changed since. Still, Harry hadn’t regretted his interference. Especially after Malfoy had completed his schooling successfully. What he did regret had nothing to do with Malfoy. Directly, at least. Indirectly, it was all about Malfoy. It was Draco Malfoy that stirred feelings in Harry; feelings and desires he hadn't recognised before. They made Harry want to do things he didn't even dare to think about when he was younger.

But last summer he had kissed the wrong man, at the wrong time, in the wrong location, and the

pictures of that encounter appeared everywhere. Yet again, Harry had been the main target of gossip. After he had been left with no choice but to confirm his sexual orientation to the press, some people were supportive, some indifferent, and some downright hostile. He had never thought about it, but looking back, he had been sure that Malfoy would be in the indifferent category. He had never expected him to end up in the hostile one. He honestly thought that after Malfoy had seen what it was like to be looked down upon, he'd be more understanding, more ready to accept people who were slighted by others. Harry thought he had changed. But ever since that article was published, Malfoy had been looking at him as though Harry had grown an extra head. Harry thought he had imagined it; when Malfoy was still in training, Harry rarely saw him, but for a month now since they were working together, Harry had a chance to observe Malfoy closely and make his conclusions.

That Malfoy hated working with him was obvious. He barely said a word to him, and when he did, it was a jab of some sort, usually involving words such as queer and gay to remind Harry he was different, but mostly he just glared at Harry and scowled. Those glares hurt Harry the most; it was painful to see them. Initially, Harry thought that Malfoy was simply being a Malfoy and hated Harry because he was Harry, but that didn't explain why Malfoy treated Derek the way he did. Derek, who never said a bad word about anyone, and who claimed that Malfoy would come around after he realises they were just people like everyone else, and who believed that if they were nice to him, eventually, Malfoy would stop giving them these disgusted little looks. That hadn't worked at all. Harry could see Malfoy having a nervous breakdown every time Derek went near him, despite the fact that Derek was the only person in the Ministry who was polite to him.

Harry reluctantly remembered the other night when he spotted Malfoy outside the diner, glaring at them. Malfoy's expression was full of nothing but pure disgust. Harry knew that look. He had seen it directed at him more than once in the last few months. He had noticed that Aurors he used to train with liked to suddenly leave the showers when Harry appeared. Some had jokingly, or not so jokingly, suggested Harry should use the girls' showers. Some had recoiled when Harry came too near. Did they think he'd try to do something to them, or did they think they'd catch the gay? Harry didn't know. What he did know was that he would never allow himself to see Malfoy recoil from his touch. That would hurt more than Harry could bear. And if it meant not touching him, then so be it. He had even avoided training with other Aurors, but kept in shape by visiting a Muggle gym where no one knew him. He didn't want to face the pain of seeing Malfoy abandoning the showers with the worst of them when Harry entered.

And today while Harry had a hard time keeping his hands still to write the stupid reports (something that happened to him lot when Malfoy was near) and while he tried desperately to make his stupid hard-on go away, Malfoy had so nonchalantly asked him to dinner. It took Harry a long moment to collect himself enough to refuse. Except he hadn't refused; despite trying to say no, he had ended up saying yes. He could hear Malfoy take in a sharp breath of surprise. He probably hadn't expected Harry would agree; he

must have thought it was safe to ask him to dinner because Harry would be polite enough to refuse. Harry had been surprised to see Malfoy trying to be polite. But it hurt. It hurt when Harry decided to give Malfoy a chance to take his invitation back, telling him to go on ahead, and spilling the ink over his papers because he managed to keep his voice steady but his hands were still shaking; it had hurt terribly when Malfoy leapt out of his chair, pale and shocked, clearly regretting his invitation and turning around to run. Because he did run; he had flown out of the room as though someone was chasing him. Harry hadn't imagined Malfoy's stunned expression and desire to be as far away from Harry as he possibly could.

Well, that at least made Harry's erection subside, he thought darkly. He had successfully disgusted himself when he almost hit his head against the desk and wept. It hit him particularly hard this evening. When Malfoy appeared to help, acting almost politely, it made Harry realise that he was holding Malfoy back. If Malfoy had a different partner, one that didn't disgust him, then his path towards acceptance would have been easier. He was trying, and Harry was the one in the way. Harry was the unforeseen obstacle that Malfoy wasn't ready to cross.

If someone asked him, Harry would have never agreed to have Malfoy as a partner; they were both clearly suffering. But his Head of Department called him in and told him flatly that he had to accept working with Malfoy because everyone else had refused. Not to mention that some of them weren't very keen on working with Harry either. Harry had refused as well. He had begged and pleaded and whined, "Why me?" but his superior remained adamant. She looked at him and said, "Potter, you are a born martyr. So do what you do best — suffer."

And so Harry suffered. Even his job wasn't as fun as it used to be. Harry took care to pick the stupidest assignments, leaving the exciting but dangerous ones to the others. It wasn't as though he thought Malfoy couldn't handle something dangerous, and he knew one wasn't supposed to coddle rookies, but he was well aware that he couldn't handle it. How could he? When he had to worry about not getting Malfoy hurt, because the possibility scared him to death; he had to worry about not looking at him because every look overwhelmed him with joy of seeing his beautiful but unattainable partner and pain at seeing said partner scowl at him with all his might; and he had to worry about not touching him, never touching him. Not only that he was afraid to offend Malfoy by his touch but he feared that once he did touch him he'd never be able to stop.

Closing his eyes, Harry pressed his hands to his stomach, crazily trying to ease the knot that had formed there the day he had realised what Malfoy meant to him. Why couldn't he fell in love with Derek? Why did it have to be the straight guy who had always hated him? How could he fall in love with Malfoy after admiring his strength, his desire to hold his head high while he tried to make things right, and then not

fall out of love with him after he realised that Malfoy hadn't learned anything and was still ready to shun people that were shunned by others? He felt cheated, stupid for thinking he saw something in Malfoy when there was nothing to be seen. And why did Malfoy have to be so damn beautiful? Even today, when Harry's eyes had shown him that Malfoy's face was too pale and sickly looking and his hair a mess and his scowl ugly, his fingers still itched from the desire to reach out and tuck one pale lock of Malfoy's hair behind his ear, his mind rapidly cataloguing the drained, tired appearance so Harry could more clearly envision how Malfoy would look in his arms after a long night of shagging. Something Harry planned to envision now. At least when alone in his apartment, he could let himself think about what it would be like; to be with Malfoy, to touch him and caress him and make him smile. If that was at all possible. He had never seen Malfoy smile.

Harry knew this was unhealthy, that he should be trying to suppress these thoughts and learn to not yearn for something he couldn't have. It does not do to dwell on dreams, wasn't that what Dumbledore had told him? He had been right, and back then, Harry had managed it, so he hoped he would mange it now. On the other hand, back then Dumbledore had hidden the Mirror of Erised; he had removed the temptation from Harry, but Malfoy was here all the time. And he wasn't leaving. Would Harry have to be the one to leave?

Just as that thought made him panic, a sharp knock on the door resounded in the room. Harry jumped, startled for the second time that day. It was late, and Harry had no idea who would visit him at this hour. Ron and Hermione were away on their honeymoon, Ginny was on a tour with the Harpies, and Molly and Arthur wouldn't visit so late, of course. It could be George, Harry thought as he got up and walked to the door. Sometimes George would drop in when he was miserable, probably because misery loved company and all that. Harry was pants at comforting people; mostly, he was quiet and made some hot chocolate, but this seemed to suit George just fine.

But it wasn't George. Harry looked through the peephole, blinked a few times and then looked again.

This was getting insane. Was Malfoy hoping that if he scared Harry enough times he'd have a heart attack and die? If that was Malfoy's intention, Harry feared he would succeed. Or was Harry going crazy and imagining all this? Maybe Malfoy hadn't come in today at all, that had been too strange anyway. Maybe Harry was hallucinating.

Malfoy knocked again, and Harry stared at the door, afraid he was losing his mind. But if Malfoy was a part of his imagination, Harry had to confront it. Steeling himself, Harry turned the knob and opened the

door.

Malfoy was still there, looking just as he had back at the office. He was still pale and tired and perfect.

"Malfoy?" Harry asked tentatively, thinking that perhaps this was someone else but Harry was unable to see it.

But then Malfoy scowled him, and Harry figured no one else could look at him with that much revulsion. It had to be Malfoy.

"What are you doing here?" Harry looked around, not knowing what he was looking for. Perhaps, if they weren’t wizards, he'd expect someone to jump out and cry, "Smile, you're on Candid Camera!"

Malfoy cleared his throat, looking confused for a moment, but then he seemed to remember why he was here. "I brought you this." Malfoy extended his hand, the long pale fingers reaching towards Harry, making Harry want to grab and clutch them, and not let go. "You forgot this at the office," Malfoy said, waiting.

Bemused, Harry extended his arm, and let Malfoy drop something in his hand. He frowned, staring incredulously at the object on his palm.

It was a paperclip.

"Er." Harry looked up at Malfoy's scowling face. Was there such a thing as Wizarding Candid Camera? "Thank you," Harry said at last, trying to keep a straight face. "I was afraid I'd lost it forever."

Malfoy waved his hand dismissively as though to say, "Don't mention it."

Then he swayed.

Harry looked at the paperclip in his hand and then at Malfoy again. "Are you drunk?"

Malfoy laughed uproariously. "Yes?" he said slowly, as though speaking to a small child. He leaned in, his pupils large, the hostile look in his eyes making Harry shiver.

"Where were you?" Harry gasped, his breath catching. Malfoy was too close.

"Where was I?" Malfoy leaned in even closer, glaring so viciously that for a moment, Harry was sure Malfoy would punch him.

Harry nodded, trying not to take a step back. If Malfoy wanted to punch him, he could punch him. Maybe Harry would like him a little less after that.

"Partying!" Malfoy spat the word, almost shaking. From anger. Or sheer insanity. Great. Malfoy was a crazy maniac who hated him, and still, all Harry wanted was to pull him inside, lock and barricade the door, and live happily ever after.

Harry mulled over Malfoy's response. Was that sarcasm? Harry's brain worked furiously, trying to think of a reason why Malfoy would be so angry with him. What had Harry done? Ludicrously, a strange thought occurred to him. He tried to stop it from forming, tried desperately to bury it deep in his mind, not daring to even contemplate the impossible possibility that Malfoy was waiting for him? That he had truly gone to the diner and waited for Harry. That he had wanted to dine with him. That Harry had merely imagined Malfoy's terrified flight. But once he thought of it, Harry could no longer stop the hope that bubbled within him. Not that Malfoy would be interested in something more, but maybe he wanted to try to get along. Maybe he would be willing to accept Harry for who he was.

"You weren’t—" Harry's voice broke. His throat was dry and he struggled to swallow, then tried to speak again. "You weren’t waiting for me, in the diner?" Harry breathed, terrified. Why had he even asked that?

Malfoy blinked at him, his gaze focused on Harry's eyes for a long moment, but then his eye twitched and he jerked his head. "No. Of course not. I had dinner and left. To visit friends. Who live somewhere"—Malfoy waved his hand wildly around, as Harry's shaking hands clenched into fists, his disappointment overwhelming—"near. Here. They got me drunk. Evil bastards."

"Of course." Harry nodded, feeling like the most stupid idiot that lived.

"You weren't waiting for me, I hope." Malfoy's hair was in his eyes. One thin white lock quivered each time he blinked, but Malfoy didn't try to move it away.

"No, I . . . I finished late and went straight home."

"Brilliant." Malfoy bared his teeth, looking insane for a moment. He finally rose his hand and impatiently batted away the lock of hair that mingled with his eyelashes. It fell right back over his eye again. Harry moved his hands behind his back and intertwined his fingers, still carefully holding the paperclip between his thumb and palm. "Why . . ." Malfoy began, but it took him a moment to find the words. "Why would you . . . Why are you dressed?"

"Er . . ."

"You should be in bed." Malfoy sniffed, yet again trying and failing to move the hair out of his eyes. Harry clenched his hands even tighter behind his back.

"I was just going . . ."

Malfoy wasn't really listening, but looking past Harry and the small hallway, into the living room. "That's a nice sofa," he said.

Harry was struggling to breathe. Surely Malfoy didn't want to stay here.

"Do you . . ." He doesn't! Harry's mind screamed, but he asked the question anyway. "Do you want to sleep he—"

"If you insist." Malfoy shoved past him and in two seconds he was collapsing onto Harry's favourite sofa.

By the time Harry had recovered from his shock, closed the door and hurried into the living room, Malfoy was already struggling to take off his boots.

He couldn't sleep here, Harry panicked, not in his apartment, not on his sofa. How could Harry ever look at that sofa again without seeing Draco Malfoy sleeping there?

"Don't you want me to take you home?" Harry asked desperately as Malfoy unclasped his cloak and proved how very drunk he was by tossing it on the floor.

"Take me home," Malfoy imitated grumpily. "Like an abandoned puppy." Malfoy kept on grumbling something unintelligible though Harry did understand "Apparating would make me sick."

Malfoy lay down dressed and without a blanket, placing his head on the hard cushions, looking half asleep already. Harry stared at him for a moment longer, and then, realising that Malfoy — a figment of Harry's imagination or not — was not leaving, he hurried to his bedroom. He quickly grabbed his pillow, the softest one he owned, and his blanket and hurried back to the living room.

"The cushions are uncomfortable," he said, breathless, staring at Malfoy's blond hair that had spilled into a halo. His eyes were closed and he was breathing deeply. Was he asleep? Harry came closer, not knowing what to do. He set the blanket aside and tried to pull the cushion from beneath Malfoy's head. The cushions were really uncomfortable; Harry could not let Malfoy sleep on them.

Malfoy jumped up, almost giving Harry a heart attack again, then he squinted at him drunkenly. "I can't

even have a cushion," he sniffed. "Why are you so mean?"

Harry quickly grabbed the cushion and put the pillow in its place. "I just . . ." He waved at the pillow. "It's more comfortable."

"I bet that was your special cushion," Malfoy mumbled, and lay back down again, his bottom lip stuck out, the sight of that making Harry's cock twitch despite the confusing situation. Malfoy had demonstratively turned on his stomach and buried his head in the pillow, ordering in a muffled voice, "Turn off the lights."

Harry looked around at the fire lit room and shrugged helplessly.

Malfoy was wriggling, trying to find a good spot, and Harry had to stop himself from looking down at the place where Malfoy's shirt rode up, revealing a thin line of pale skin, lit by the light of the flames, begging Harry to bend his head and lick it.

He quickly picked up the blanket and carefully covered Malfoy's wriggling body, hoping Malfoy wouldn't feel the soft touch of fabric. Malfoy settled, breathing deeply again, so Harry knelt down about a foot away from the sofa, staring at the small part of the pale face that wasn't hidden by Malfoy's hair and the pillow. That disobedient lock of hair was still mixed up with his eyelashes, and Harry could no longer hold himself back. He leaned forward and reached out, carefully grabbing the soft strands between his fingertips and moving them gently away. They stayed put, making Harry feel very proud of himself.

"I think I'll vomit."

Harry quickly snatched his hand away. Malfoy's eyes were still closed, his face turning a little green. Taking a deep breath, Harry got up and Conjured a bucket, placing it next to the sofa.

"Here," he said quietly, but Malfoy made no response.

Harry grabbed a fistful of his own hair and pulled viciously. That made him feel a little better. Then he picked up Malfoy's cloak, placing it over the armchair nearby. It took him awhile to realise that he had remained standing there, stroking the fabric of Malfoy's cloak, and contemplating the possibility of burying his face in it. Horrified, he jumped away, nervously looking at Malfoy's sleeping form. What would Malfoy say if he saw Harry stroking his cloak? What if he saw him smell it? Something that Harry desperately wanted. And what would he say if Harry snuck beneath Malfoy's blanket and snuggled closer? Would that be considered molesting?

Disturbed by his thoughts, Harry allowed himself one last longing glance in Malfoy's direction, before he ran away to his bedroom.

He sat on his bed, trying to figure out whether he had dreamt all this, while tenderly stroking the paperclip in his hand, proof that Malfoy was really here. It made Harry terrified and delighted all at once. It also made him dread the morning.

He climbed onto his bed, pulled his knees to his chest, and waited.

This would be a long night.

TBCFandom: Harry Potter

Disclaimer: Harry Potter is owned by J.K. Rowling and Warner Brothers. No copyright infringement intended.

Title: One Harry Potter, Please (If Possible, Seduced and Ready)

Pairing: Harry/Draco

Rating: NC-17 (overall)

Word Count: ~2600 (~25 000 overall)

Status: WiP

Summary: All Draco wants is Harry Potter's friendship, just to make his new Auror job more bearable. However, after Harry stubbornly pays more attention to everyone else — including his secret admirer —

Draco is forced to resort to drastic measures. And get more than he's bargained for.

Warnings: Post-DH, EWE, Flangst.

Note: This will be updated every other day.

Written for [info]awdt's Valentine's Day Quickies: Day Three.

Oh my! I had some crazy RL stuff to deal with these last two days, and I was sure I wouldn't be able to post this today. But *\o/*

My apologies, I have to go now. I will be back to reply to comments and posts this weekend.

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One Harry Potter, Please (If Possible, Seduced and Ready)

CHAPTER FIVE

Harry didn't sleep at all that night. At least, it seemed that way to him. He was definitely awake until four in the morning when he sprang out of bed and hurried to the living room to see if he had dreamt a drunken Malfoy on his sofa or not. Malfoy was there, the top of his head the only thing visible beneath the blanket, the sight of that oddly endearing. Though, Harry thought Malfoy looked endearing when he scowled and insulted him so that didn't count for much. Harry fretted for a moment, wondering whether it was possible to suffocate in your sleep and did that mean he should come closer and rescue Malfoy

from the murdering blanket, but Malfoy stirred then, so Harry quickly ran away to his bedroom.

He lay back on his bed and closed his eyes for barely a moment, but the next time he opened them it was already seven in the morning. Though he did not remember it, he must have been dreaming something pleasant because he had to spend the next couple of minutes visualizing Professor McGonagall wearing leather and wielding a cat o' nine tails to make his erection go away. That particular vision had never failed him and today was no exception. Understandably disturbed, but relieved, he showered quickly and got dressed, picking out the dark red shirt that had thrilled the female part of the Weasley family last winter, which included Fleur, and she was not one to give honest compliments lightly. Well, Harry hoped she had been honest.

With vague plans to be friendly and hospitable, but not overly so — he didn't want to make Malfoy uncomfortable — he stepped out of his bedroom and carefully peered into the living room. It took him a minute to accept what his eyes were showing him. Malfoy wasn't on the sofa nor was he anywhere in the living room. Harry checked the hallway and the kitchen, and even his storeroom, though realistically, a grown man couldn't possibly fit in his storeroom, but Harry checked anyway. He barely managed to stop himself from checking his closets and the kitchen cabinets. But no matter how much he wished otherwise, Malfoy was gone.

Only after Harry had drunk two cups of coffee did he realise how ridiculous he had been. Why had he expected that Malfoy would stick around? To do what? Wait for Harry to make him breakfast and tea? Malfoy probably had an army of house-elves waiting for him at home, eager to serve him a fabulous breakfast and generally being a much more interesting company than Harry. He had no business feeling disappointed. He couldn't have expected that Malfoy would wait around and then, during breakfast, proclaim, "Well, Harry — can I call you Harry? — now that I've spent some time with you I decided we should be friends. And then maybe after awhile, I'll realise I'm totally gay for you, so we can go and shag like bunnies and live happily ever after."

Of course Malfoy wouldn't say that, of course he would have woken up, realise where he had ended up while drunk, and flee. For a moment, Harry entertained himself with possibilities he had neglected. Such as tying Malfoy up to his bed to make sure he couldn't run. Which was illegal and wrong. And it disturbed Harry he could even think like this, no matter how jokingly.

For the rest of the day, he distracted himself by cleaning and doing his laundry. He had even washed the blanket and the pillowcase Malfoy had used. He felt vaguely proud of himself when he stuffed them into his illegally charmed washing machine and closed the lid. He hadn't smelled the items once. He figured

he deserved some sort of medal for that.

Going insane alone in his apartment, he had ended up at the Weasleys, which wasn't as fun as it could have been since Molly and Arthur were alone. But he had a nice, if frightfully enormous, dinner and only refused twice when Molly offered him to stay the night. The third time she had asked he accepted quickly and went to sleep in Ron's old bedroom. Unfortunately, that had been another bad idea. This wasn't his bed so he didn't sleep well.

Two sleepless nights caught up with him on Sunday. He stayed up late, flipping through channels on his television, horror flicks and detective shows not holding his interest. He ended up watching some inappropriate movies, and then went to the bathroom to have a quick wank. The scenes from the movies replayed in his mind while he struggled to not think about Malfoy, though the Muggle men in his fantasies were all suspiciously blond. Afterwards, he collapsed in his bed, exhausted, and slept so firmly he didn't hear his alarm go off. As a result, he was late for work on Monday.

By the time he had arrived, Malfoy wasn't there and Harry panicked, not knowing if Malfoy was still at home sick or he left on some assignment alone. The first option would mean Harry had imagined the events on Friday and Saturday, and was definitely crazy, and the second option meant that he would go crazy, especially if something happened to Malfoy because Harry wasn't there to stop it.

There was a package on their desk, and a closer inspection revealed it was a fancy box of chocolates. Expensive French chocolates. Surprised, he picked it up, frowning as two pieces of paper fell onto the floor. He bent down and picked them up, his heart beating wildly when he recognized Malfoy's neat handwriting on one of them. The note was addressed to Potter and Harry quickly read it. It said:

Meet me at Hogsmeade as soon as you get in. I'll be waiting at the Three Broomsticks.

Draco

Harry stared at the note, not daring to believe that Malfoy had bought him chocolate. Possibly as thanks for letting him sleep on the sofa? And not only that, he was asking Harry to meet him somewhere. In Hogsmeade of all places. Perplexed but happy, Harry almost didn't read the second note, but he must

have known subconsciously that this was too good to be true. The second note felt like a vicious slap.

Harry,

The chocolates aren't as sweet as you, but they will do.

Your Secret Admirer

Harry winced at the cheesy line and scowled. How could he have thought that Malfoy bought him something? His mind had even strayed into a strange direction, and he concluded that since Malfoy's parents were in France, this meant that Malfoy was the one who bought him French chocolates. Because one couldn't possibly buy French chocolates unless they knew someone in France. Or something. Hating himself, he compared the handwritings just in case, but they were nothing alike.

He tossed the stupid box back on the desk, and, almost unaware he was doing it, dropped Malfoy's note into his pocket. Malfoy probably wanted to see him about a case. That was the only thing that made sense. Though still disappointed, Harry was at least relieved that Malfoy was prepared to wait for him instead of going off to do the job alone.

Harry hurried to Hogsmeade, not knowing how much patience Malfoy had, and wondering whether Malfoy had somehow managed to pick a dangerous assignment while Harry wasn't around to prevent it. He spared a thought or two for his 'secret admirer', but dismissed his suspicions quickly. It was probably some poor deluded soul that still worshiped the Chosen One, rather than an actual acquaintance who would know Harry well enough to admire him and think he was sweet. Harry was willing to bet that he would receive a couple of more gifts and then the supposed admirer would stop trying and give up. They all gave up eventually.

Hogsmeade was filled with people and covered with snow, the familiar sight improving Harry's mood considerably. A couple of bad memories aside, this was still the happy place of his childhood, and Harry's heart swelled when he looked in the distance to see the many turrets and towers of the Hogwarts castle. He found himself missing Ron and Hermione, though he quickly quenched the selfish wish to have them here. Ron had saved up money and proudly took his wife for a trip around the world. They sent postcards regularly, their obvious happiness bursting from every word they wrote. It made Harry happy for them

and sad for him. Sometimes, or rather, most of the time, he was sure he would never have what Ron and Hermione had.

It was no small irony, Harry thought as he entered the Three Broomsticks, that he was here to meet Draco Malfoy of all people. Why, had Malfoy sent him note some seven years ago, Harry wouldn't have . . . oh, who was he kidding? He would still run to meet him. Though, then, he would have been worried that Malfoy was planning something evil and someone would get hurt, but now he worried that Malfoy was planning to do something good, but would get himself hurt in the process.

Madam Rosmerta smiled him and nodded from behind the counter when he shook his head, indicating he didn't want to order anything. Nervously, he swept his gaze around the pub, spotting Malfoy easily. There weren't many people around, but Harry would have picked out Malfoy from any crowd without any trouble. He was sitting in the corner, nursing a butterbeer, looking well rested and in a good mood. He even looked pleased when he spotted Harry walking towards him. Normally, this would cheer Harry up, but today it only made him more anxious. These days, Malfoy only ever got excited if faced with a possible dangerous situation. Cursing inwardly and regretting he had drained himself so much he had been late for work, Harry slipped into a chair on the opposite side of Malfoy's table, nodding once briefly in greeting.

"You're late," Malfoy said promptly, clearly pleased he had something reproachful to say to Harry.

"I overslept," Harry said, carefully not apologising. Malfoy hadn't apologised the last time he was late. "What's going on?" he asked, trying to make his voice sound curious but not worried.

Malfoy shoved a paper towards him, at the same time lifting the bottle towards his mouth. Harry had to force himself to look away as Malfoy's lips wrapped themselves around the mouth of the bottle, and Malfoy leaned back to expose his long pale throat, his Adam's apple bobbing as he swallowed. Sighing, Harry looked down at the paper to see two names and an address written there.

"Violet and Charles Jones," Harry read. "What did they do?"

Draco grinned, the sudden flash of teeth surprising Harry. It wasn't a happy grin, but a dangerous one.

Harry still loved it.

Malfoy began telling his story eagerly. "Their neighbours reported them this morning. Apparently, they had heard some strange sounds coming from the Jones residence last night. Well, they said they've been hearing all sorts of strange sounds coming from that house lately, but last night was particularly dreadful."

Harry almost laughed in relief. "Oh. This is a married couple, right? Strange sounds at night. Got it. We must put a stop to this," he said in a deadpan voice.

Malfoy scowled at him. "I know what you're thinking."

Harry doubted it. Malfoy had licked his lips and Harry had been trying to think of a sensible reason that would enable him to help Malfoy in this lips-licking business.

"It's worth checking out," Harry said quickly, sounding unconvincing to his own ears.

"It is!" Malfoy looked less cheery, but he was still excited. "Last night their neighbours heard a woman's voice crying out for help, demanding to know where she was and who they are. And they heard her mention, quite clearly, something called a gun. That's a Muggle weapon," Malfoy explained knowingly and Harry said, "Oooh," and nodded. Malfoy ignored him, and continued, "The Joneses, though you wouldn't have guessed it by their names, are purebloods." Malfoy looked pensive for a moment. "I think Charles is my fourth cousin twice removed. But I could be wrong. Either way. A pureblood couple and a Muggle woman crying for help?" Malfoy lifted his chin proudly. "I think we have a case. They are Muggle-haters, obviously." Malfoy looked away, possibly looking a little guilty. "We should bring them to justice. And save the poor innocent woman," he added quickly, and then said more quietly, "If she's alive, I mean."

Harry frowned, not sure what bothered him about this, except for the obvious. There was something about the description of the Muggle woman crying for help that gnawed at his mind. An image that tried but couldn't form properly. That just made him more nervous. There hadn't been any Muggle tortures lately. Small stuff here and there, the kind that the Misuse of Muggle Artifacts Department handled, but an actual abduction? How had Malfoy ended up with the potentially most dangerous case that appeared

in the last few months? Harry wondered if someone had given this case to Malfoy on purpose. It made Harry hate all of his colleagues. If someone was trying to set Malfoy up, things would get nasty.

"See?" Malfoy's proud voice penetrated Harry's thoughts.

Harry cleared his throat, trying hard not to panic. "Do we know anything about the Joneses? Were they . . . Do you know them well?"

Malfoy's gaze darkened. "As far as I know they were never connected with the Death Eaters," he said curtly.

Harry nodded. He had been trying to avoid saying the phrase 'Death Eaters'.

"Well?" Draco growled suddenly, his hands wrapping around the bottle in the way that Malfoy probably wanted to wrap them around Harry's neck. "A Muggle woman abducted? Possibly dying? Why aren't we running there?"

"Why didn't the neighbours report this last night?"

"I don't know!" Malfoy burst out. "Because they're idiots?" He stared at Harry for a long moment, as though he thought Harry was an idiot too, and then he stood up demonstratively. "Well, I'm going to go and rescue some Muggles. You just sit here and gawk then."

As Malfoy turned to leave, Harry remained sitting down for a moment longer. He was frowning and thinking. There was something about this story of an abducted woman that was bugging him. Like he should know what that was all about. Unable to solve this puzzle, Harry reluctantly got up and walked out of the pub, trying to talk himself out of Stunning Malfoy and handling this alone.

He caught up with Malfoy easily, but Malfoy made no comment, ignoring him completely. Harry stayed one step behind his partner, cursing Malfoy's cloak that didn't let him see the long lean figure hidden

beneath, and twirling his wand still planning to Stun him.

However, they reached the Joneses' house too quickly, and Harry had to hurry to stop Malfoy from blowing up the door. Malfoy scowled as Harry pushed him away and knocked.

"Honestly." Harry shook his head as they waited for the Joneses to open the door. Malfoy looked very put out.

It took awhile for the woman to appear. She peeked outside, her eyes widening when she spotted Harry. She was a reasonably tall woman in her thirties, with brown hair and pale skin, her eyes red rimmed and face pinched as though she hadn't slept at all this night.

"Yes?" she said fearfully, as her husband appeared behind her, looking annoyed, but equally tired.

"What do you want?" he asked rudely.

Harry smiled automatically and forced his voice to sound pleasant. "Good morning. I'm Auror Harry Potter and this is —"

An ear-splitting scream resonated through the house. Not thinking, Harry failed to do the obvious and run inside to see who was in trouble. He didn't even raise his wand. On instinct, without a moment's thought, his hand had shot out, grabbed Malfoy's elbow, and held.

Malfoy tried to pull away, struggling wildly, completely shocked. And then, out of nowhere, Malfoy's fist collided with Harry's jaw, sending Harry flying backwards as Malfoy freed himself and burst inside. His face numb with pain, Harry straightened and rushed forward, but it was too late.

The husband, wide-eyed and alarmed, had raised his wand and fired a curse straight at Malfoy's back.

TBC

Fandom: Harry Potter

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Title: One Harry Potter, Please (If Possible, Seduced and Ready)

Pairing: Harry/Draco

Rating: NC-17 (overall)

Word Count: ~3000 (~25 000 overall)

Status: WiP

Summary: All Draco wants is Harry Potter's friendship, just to make his new Auror job more bearable. However, after Harry stubbornly pays more attention to everyone else — including his secret admirer — Draco is forced to resort to drastic measures. And get more than he's bargained for.

Warnings: Post-DH, EWE, Flangst.

Note: This will be updated every other day. Written for [info]awdt's Valentine's Day Quickies: Day Nine.

I'm so sorry, but obviously I failed to be online this weekend. I'll see if I can manage to post an extra chapter this week. Kudos to everyone who guessed where this is going, especially [info]lemaljumellen who guessed everything that was guessable.

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One Harry Potter, Please (If Possible, Seduced and Ready)

CHAPTER SIX

Harry shot a Stunner at the husband just as the curse hit Malfoy. Snatching the wand from Mrs Jones's hands along the way, Harry rushed inside in time to see Malfoy stagger. However, Malfoy didn't fall; instead, he ran into the living room, as another loud scream echoed through the house. Mrs Jones was yelling something, but Harry didn't hear her. All he cared about in that moment was catching up with Malfoy. Terrified for Malfoy's wellbeing, he burst into the living room and froze.

Malfoy was standing in the middle of the room, his wand pointed at an object that made Harry gasp.

In two seconds, Harry's mind cleared and he didn't know whether to collapse in relief or laugh himself silly. It was obvious now, but Harry was certain he should have made the connection sooner. He remembered that while flipping through channels on his television set yesterday, he stumbled on a scene of a Muggle woman screaming for help, demanding to know where she was while a masked man held her at gunpoint. It all made sense now. Especially after seeing Malfoy staring at the large and loud television currently showing a cartoon.

"It's a box," Malfoy said in a quiet, amazed voice. "It’s a screaming box."

Harry bit his lip, trying hard not to laugh. "It's a Muggle thing. It's just for entertainment." Harry did laugh then, almost fainting in enormous relief. Malfoy was fine. Everything was fine.

Malfoy cocked his head, looking at the cartoon cat chasing after a mouse. The cat stepped on a random broom, and then yelped as the handle hit it in its face.

Malfoy flinched. "What in the name of Merlin —"

Harry's sharp bark of laughter was interrupted as someone pulled on his sleeve. He turned around only to get slapped for the second time that day.

"What did you to my husband?" Mrs Jones screamed, her whole body shaking. As Harry rubbed his sore face, the woman snatched her wand from Harry's hand.

"Damn," Harry whispered, coming to his senses as Mrs Jones ran to the hallway and yelled, "Ennervate!"

"Malfoy, this is not good," Harry said, a little breathless. They had just attacked an innocent couple.

"I agree," Malfoy said, still sounding amazed. "This thing is evil. It has to be. I'm sure it's illegal to own it."

Harry turned to look at Malfoy, shaking his head in disbelief. "It's not evil. Don't you see? We attacked them and they didn't do anything. That thing isn't even charmed."

Malfoy frowned and considered this for a moment, accepting the truth slowly, but then he waggled his wand suggestively in the direction of the television. "It could be."

Scandalised, Harry whispered furiously, "No! Are you insane?" Then he paused and considered the possibility of setting this couple up so Malfoy and he wouldn't have to deal with the repercussions. Plus, he still hated the husband who cursed Malfoy. Disgusted with himself, he added quickly, "This isn't a Muggle area. The charge would never stick. So put your wand down."

Malfoy relaxed his stance, but he was still gripping his wand, his glare directed a little to Harry's left. "I don't want to put my wand down. That man still hexed me." Malfoy made an odd sort of movement with his shoulders, and proclaimed, pouting, "My back is itchy."

"That's because I hit you with an Itching Hex. Maniac," Mr Jones said, appearing in the doorway. Guiltily, Harry noticed the man looked dazed and was rubbing the back of his head where he must have hit it when he fell. His wife, who was shooting daggers at Harry, was helping him stand. Harry figured he had been a little too enthusiastic when he Stunned Jones; however, now was not the time to feel guilty. They had barged into a house and Stunned an innocent man who had done nothing but bought a Muggle television and apparently tried to cast a perfectly legal hex at Malfoy. Harry had to find a way to minimize the damage. Not so much for himself, but because of Malfoy. If anyone had to keep his record as clean as possible then that was Malfoy. He couldn't afford to attack innocent people during the first couple of months on duty. Everyone was watching him closely, waiting for him to make a mistake. Besides, Harry concluded that this was his fault anyway; he should have realised what was going on at once, and then none of this would have happened.

"Indeed you have, sir," Harry said sadly. "And well, I'm afraid one shouldn't go around hexing representatives of the law, therefore —"

"He hit you!" Jones burst out. "I thought he had gone insane and would kill us all. You think I don't know who he is?" Jones rubbed his head. "I regret it now, obviously. You deserved that," he said bitterly as his wife exclaimed, "I hit him too." Her husband patted he arm, pleased. "Next time I'll know better than to protect you. Defeater of the Dark Lord or not," Jones said, as Malfoy made a small retching sound.

Feeling increasingly guilty by the second, Harry switched tactics. "We are very sorry. This was a terrible misunderstanding. Your neighbours complained about the noise, and we've misinterpreted things."

The woman shifted her weight guiltily. "We just bought the box recently. We don't know how to turn it down and well, we've been watching it a lot. It is fascinating. We tried Silencing it, but it didn't work." She straightened importantly. "This brutal behaviour was still uncalled for."

"As I said, we're very sorry. Aren't we, Malfoy?" Harry added through gritted teeth.

Malfoy mumbled something, but clearly no one heard him because the Joneses were still looking at him expectantly.

Harry turned to give his grumbling partner a significant look, in his mind willing Malfoy to apologise.

Malfoy looked back at him darkly, then scratched his back and stuck out his bottom lip, but eventually, he said, "I . . . apologise."

The Joneses looked moderately appeased, and Harry breathed a little easier.

After Malfoy repaired a painting that had been smashed when Harry had cast the Stunner, and Harry had showed the Joneses how to turn down the volume on their television, and then explained how the remote control worked, the Joneses appeared to be in a good mood. They spent five minutes bickering about which one of them would hold the remote control in their hands. The aforementioned exchange made Malfoy look really ill, and he spent long minutes staring longingly at the door, clearly eager to leave.

The Joneses escorted them out, and then, still smiling, the husband said, "Oh by the way, I do expect you'll be hearing from our lawyer soon. Have a nice day." And then he slammed the door in their faces.

Harry sighed, defeated, as Malfoy turned around and stomped off.

"This was ridiculous," Malfoy said when Harry caught up with him.

"Very." Harry rubbed his jaw that appeared to be swollen. It certainly hurt a lot.

Malfoy stopped walking and he turned to look at Harry suspiciously. "Why did you grab me?"

Harry gulped and opened his mouth, but no words came out for a while. He didn't know what to say. He wasn't really sure why he had grabbed Malfoy in the first place. All he knew was that in that moment he believed something dreadful might happen, and all he wanted was to keep Malfoy near and safe. Of course, he couldn't tell Malfoy that. Not unless he wanted Malfoy to punch him again.

"Well, I," Harry was thinking quickly, "obviously, I realised this was just a television set and I tried to stop you from doing something stupid. Obviously." Harry cringed and hoped Malfoy didn't notice Harry had said obviously twice.

"Oh." Malfoy looked sheepish for a mere moment, but then he turned around and said imperiously, "Well, next time try to use your mouth not your hands."

Harry groaned inwardly, chasing away the unwanted images that Malfoy's innocent remark had created.

"I don't appreciate being manhandled like that," Malfoy continued. "I'd ask you to use your brain next time, but I suppose that would be too much to ask."

Harry kept silent, not daring to speak. His mind was full of thoughts in which he manhandled Malfoy and used his hands and mouth in various ways.

"Ridiculous," Malfoy said again, shaking his head. "I'm just wasting my time. Someone out there hates me and wants me to get stupid assignments."

Harry looked at his feet, still not saying a word.

"We should go back to the Headquarters." Malfoy sighed, dejected.

Harry nodded, sneaking a glance in Malfoy's direction and noting that Malfoy looked extremely disappointed. He was looking forward to arresting the bad guys and saving the good guys. Another pang of guilt shot through Harry, so he quickly looked away from Malfoy's sad face and Disapparated.

To their mutual surprise they both appeared in the back alley a little away from the Ministry visitor's entrance instead of at the Ministry. They must have been trying to avoid each other's company, Harry

thought unhappily.

Malfoy looked a little pale as he shook his head and mumbled, "This has to stop."

"I'm sorry," Harry said defensively. "I didn't follow you here. I . . . I thought I'd go and grab a bite to eat."

Malfoy looked at him sharply. "Oh. Of course. I suppose you have a date with Hogan. I don't know how you could possibly manage to eat without him." Malfoy's glare was icy.

Harry was furious at once. Why did Malfoy have to call it a date? Why did he act as though Derek and Harry were an item when they were not? And why did that bother Malfoy so much? Even if they were a couple, why would Malfoy care?

"That's none of your business," Harry said flatly and turned to leave, cursing under his breath.

He almost made it to the street when Malfoy grabbed his arm and pulled him back. Harry was too shocked to resist and he stumbled as he was forced to turn around. To his horror — and delight — he ended up pressed flush against Malfoy's chest.

Malfoy's eyes were wide, and Harry knew Malfoy didn't expect them to end up in this position when he grabbed Harry.

He should move away, Harry thought, but his limbs refused to listen to him. Why would he move away when his body had aligned itself with Malfoy's so perfectly as though it was a missing piece of a Malfoy puzzle? They were almost of the same height; Malfoy had an inch or two on him, so their mouths were close enough for Harry to feel Malfoy's hot breath caressing his lips. A little overcome, Harry rapidly made his decision — he would lean in and kiss Malfoy. He would. Malfoy already punched him once today; he might as well punch him again.

Harry leaned in a little closer, his heart pounding madly against his ribcage, threatening to burst out of

chest. Malfoy even opened his mouth as though he would welcome the kiss, but instead of leaning in to meet Harry halfway, he spoke, "You have your cloak on, you idiot."

Harry blinked. Did that mean Malfoy would rather have him naked?

Malfoy released him and all but jumped back, looking confused. Or alarmed. "Muggles, Potter?" he said, his voice a little hoarse.

Realisation hit Harry — he was about to step on a Muggle street in a cloak in the middle of a day. Right. That wasn't a good idea and Malfoy simply tried to stop him. He didn't want to randomly hug Harry, or kiss him, or have him naked.

"I forgot," Harry said, breathless. Shakily, he transfigured his cloak into a coat, trying to calm down. He had broken his no-Malfoy-touching rule twice today. Things were getting worse. And Malfoy — Harry looked up to see Malfoy transfigure his own cloak, his own hands shaking a little — Malfoy looked freaked out. With good reason. Harry was much too close to simply jumping him and deal with the consequences later. Clearing his throat and recovering slowly, Harry said, "Next time, use your mouth not your hands."

Malfoy looked taken aback, but then his mouth twitched, and he almost smiled. "Funny, Potter." Coming closer and still almost smiling, he gave Harry a furtive sort of look. "I could . . ." Malfoy waved his wand, "heal that for you," he said, looking at Harry's jaw. "It looks awful."

"Sure." Harry swallowed, nodding, amazed that Malfoy had offered. Was Malfoy trying to off him with strange proposition? Did he suspect how Harry felt and was now teasing him? Ridiculing him? Because this was crazy. This was almost an apology; Malfoy even looked troubled, as though he truly regretted hitting Harry.

Harry stood still and held his breath as Malfoy approached and gently pressed the tip of his wand to Harry's jaw. Malfoy frowned and placed his palm to Harry's cheek, making him tilt his head a little. Taking another shuddering breath, Harry could not stop himself from leaning into Malfoy's touch, marvelling at the perfection of that contact. The tingles of the healing spell had nothing on the tingles that spread from Malfoy's palm, magically warming Harry's entire body. Harry stared at Malfoy's concentrated

expression, admiring Malfoy's cheekbones and the small lines that appeared around his eyes as he focused his gazed on Harry's bruise. His face was so close. Harry was almost hyperventilating, giddily realising that not only had he broken his no-touching rule today, but Malfoy had touched him twice now. Voluntarily.

"There." Malfoy stepped back, moving his hand and wand away. Harry's cheek felt cold without Malfoy's palm warming it. "Perfect," Malfoy proclaimed, staring at Harry's face, probably admiring his work.

"Thanks." Harry's cheeks warmed up and he quickly looked away, fearing he was blushing. "We should . . ." He waved towards the street and Malfoy blinked a couple of times, as though confused about something, but then he said, "Oh. Right."

As they walked toward the telephone box, Harry attempted to calm his steps, trying in vain not to bounce. He was feeling incredibly cheerful. His jaw no longer hurt and Malfoy touched him without showing any sign of disgust. This day seemed quite brilliant all of a sudden.

They were nearing the diner, and Harry was just about to suggest they should go in and have lunch when Malfoy's expression darkened. He stared at the diner for a moment and then gave Harry a nasty look, revulsion clear in his face.

"Your boyfriend is waiting for you," he said — almost spat— the words, and then turned around and left.

Confused, Harry looked at the diner and spotted Derek, who was waving enthusiastically, smiling his broad smile.

"He's not my boyfriend," Harry said sadly, but Malfoy was too far away to hear him. No longer happy, Harry sighed and walked into the diner.

The rest of the day was as boring and uneventful as Harry's days usually were lately. They had a couple of more assignments, handpicked by Harry, and then went to their separate ways. Harry said he had to do something and then Malfoy said he had to do something as well. Harry waited for Malfoy to leave and then he rushed to see their Head of Department. He told her what happened this morning, altering the story a little, and assuring her that he had known what was going on all along but he didn't say anything to Malfoy because he thought the result would be funny. The Head of the Department was appalled and though she eventually promised she'd take care of it, she told Harry that he was stuck with Malfoy until the two of them stop acting childish and learn to get along. Harry hated himself after he realised this threat had cheered him up considerably.

He arrived home very late because he had been walking around and spent hours not thinking about Malfoy's palm on his cheek. Eventually, the cold chased him to his apartment and he was surprised to find an unfamiliar owl waiting for him on the kitchen table.

The owl brought him a package containing an expensive looking bottle of wine and a letter from his secret admirer. This letter was longer and amorous, and it made Harry blush against his will. It was soothing and flattering to see such kind and passionate words directed at him. The owl waited, presumably for a response, but Harry chased it away. Lovely though the letter had been, he had no wish to encourage this person.

As the owl flew away and Harry was closing the window, a dark shape in the street caught his gaze. It wouldn't be an unusual occurrence to see someone skulking about in the dead of night, but Harry was positive this was a wizard because the person was wearing a cloak. This was a Muggle neighbourhood and, Malfoy's supposed friends aside, he didn't know of any wizards that lived nearby. Harry's suspicions turned out to be true when the owl that brought him the bottle flew directly at the person standing in the dark.

Unnerved, Harry quickly closed the window and tuned off the lights, casting several charms on the bottle, making sure it wasn't cursed. It was hard for him to determine how he felt about this, but if he was to give a name to the emotions that had possessed him, he would say that this made him nervous. Whoever this person was, he was serious. And Harry was no longer sure in his initial assessment — if this guy was hanging around his building at night, it was unlikely he would give up easily.

TBCFandom: Harry Potter

Disclaimer: Harry Potter is owned by J.K. Rowling and Warner Brothers. No copyright infringement intended.

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One Harry Potter, Please (If Possible, Seduced and Ready)

CHAPTER SEVEN

During the next two weeks Harry was getting increasingly nervous. Though, perhaps nervous wasn't the best description. Flustered would be more exact. There were several reasons for this, but his persistent secret admirer was the definite cause. First, the gifts hadn't stop coming; on the contrary, Harry would find a little something on his desk at work every morning and then a little something when he arrived home. The owl — never the same one — that waited for him in his apartment would always linger, presumably waiting for Harry's response, but Harry always shooed it away. But the gifts weren't troubling Harry all that much; the letters that arrived with the gifts troubled him a lot more.

They were sweet and innocent at first, flattering but vague. But rapidly, they were becoming a lot less vague and a lot more sexually explicit.

Whoever this was, Harry was certain that the person knew him well, and he didn't know whether to find this comforting or even more worrying. What he did find worrying were the detailed descriptions of what this stranger wanted to do to Harry and what he wanted Harry to do to him. It was nothing terribly obscene, or conflicting with Harry's own tastes; however, it made Harry uncomfortable to read some stranger's sexual fantasies.

But he did read them. All of them. A few, he had read several times.

Harry didn't consider himself very inexperienced, but there were quite a few things that he wanted to try but had never had a chance to actually do; things he had wondered whether it was normal to wish or he was being a bit odd because his brain had been polluted by Muggle movies he liked to watch. But here this person was — sharing Harry's fantasies and even expanding them. Harry hated himself a little more every day, as he swallowed every written word eagerly.

He was just starved, he assured himself. Starved for acceptance. Though, not acceptance of a stranger, but Malfoy's acceptance. There was a little corner of Harry's brain, just a small treacherous part that liked to pretend that Malfoy was sending him these letters and presents. Harry had fantasized a complete scenario: Malfoy was his secret admirer, and he was only pretending not to like Harry because he thought Harry didn't like him, but of course, he just couldn't stay away, so he tried to seduce Harry by other means.

This turned into Harry's favorite fantasy. He amused and depressed himself with it quite a few times,

until, eventually, he concluded he was pathetic.

Malfoy, of course, was not his secret admirer. Harry wasn't as far-gone to entertain that thought in all seriousness. Not only was that ridiculous, but Malfoy was clearly getting more and more agitated by every gift and letter Harry received at work. At times, Harry was sure he could hear Malfoy gnashing his teeth.

Which was the second reason why Harry was feeling flustered. Not only was Malfoy constantly in a bad mood — worse than usual, if possible — but Harry just couldn't figure out what was Malfoy's problem. He realized that Malfoy had a problem with Harry being gay, and he realized that he didn't want to spend time with Harry especially if that time included Derek — Malfoy was probably afraid he would witness some unwanted interaction — but why would it trouble him so much that there was someone sending Harry gifts? Harry's gifts should not have affected Malfoy in any way.

Though, if he was to be honest with himself, Harry supposed this did affect Malfoy in one way. Harry had actually eaten all that chocolate sent to him, because it was delicious and it was chocolate and it made him feel better. But as a result, he was possibly just a little sugar-high, and a little testy. He might have been snappish with Malfoy on more than one occasion. Though, maybe he couldn't blame sugar for that. Illogically, he was angry at Malfoy because he wasn't Harry's secret admirer; irritated, because he wanted Malfoy to say those words to him; he didn't want to receive them from an unknown, and possibly obsessed and sexually crazed, stranger.

Harry's bad mood reached its height on Friday. As always, Friday was the worst day of the week, but this one was particularly dreadful. The day had been dull and uneventful, the height of the day involving the rescue of a jarvey from a tall tree. The magical creature had somehow managed to get stuck between the branches and a crying girl had called them for help. At the time, they had assumed that the name Jessie stood for her little brother, and Malfoy was crazily excited at the thought of rescuing an innocent child. Harry concluded the task wasn't dangerous so they had left in a hurry to a large farm near a small village with Malfoy practically bouncing all the way.

Malfoy's disappointment was difficult to watch, and Harry promised himself he'd let him go on a more exciting assignment one of these days. Though, Harry promised himself that almost every day.

The girl was still distressed and Malfoy was pouting so Harry had climbed upon the tree, and tried to

rescue the shivering jarvey. He had tried using magic, but the Levitation Spell had rebounded from the animal's thick fur. Then, Harry tried to reach for the jarvey with his hand but the thing almost bit him.

"Maybe you should sweet-talk him?" Malfoy suggested from bellow.

Harry looked down at the blond standing beneath the tree, directly below Harry. Good, Harry thought irritably, if he slipped, Malfoy would break his fall. Nonetheless, Harry tried as Malfoy suggested.

"Come here, Jessie. It's okay," he said sweetly.

"Stupid piece of arse!" the jarvey cried, still shaking.

Malfoy laughed heartily. "I forgot how much I like jarveys," he said fondly. "Enchanting creatures. Aren't you, Jessie?" Malfoy cooed.

"Faggot!" Jarvey screamed, glaring down at Malfoy.

As Harry laughed, Malfoy stopped smiling; instead, he twirled his wand in his hand. "I think we should just Stun him."

"No!" yelled the girl standing a little farther away. "He's just scared, so he's lashing out. He's the sweetest thing normally. Right, Jessie?"

"Idiot airhead!" Jarvey wailed.

Undaunted, the girl gushed, "Isn't he adorable?"

Seizing the moment as the Jarvey was distracted, Harry lunged and grabbed it. The jarvey screamed and scratched and insulted Harry with words a little girl shouldn't hear. Out of the corner of his eye, Harry could see Malfoy had stood behind the girl and firmly placed his palms on her head, covering her ears. Amused but busy, Harry gritted his teeth, trying to keep the creature in his grasp as he climbed down as quickly as he could. He had almost reached the ground with one foot when the jarvey twisted, bit Harry's hand and ran away towards the ground. Harry yelped and released the branch he was holding on to. His leg found no purchase and he hit the ground awkwardly, landing on his feet. Pain shot through his legs and his knees screeched and buckled. He would have fallen and probably broken something, but suddenly there was a small pop and a body pressed against his back, arms wrapping firmly around his waist, holding him upright.

Harry took a sharp breath, unable to believe that Malfoy had just Apparated — because he must have Apparated since he was standing too far away to reach Harry so quickly — to save him. And not from mortal danger but from a broken leg. But Harry couldn't focus on that thought for too long. Not with Malfoy pressed so close to him, practically hugging Harry while Harry's arse nestled right against Malfoy's crotch, the latter fact making Harry wish he could freeze this moment and stay this close to Malfoy forever.

But it didn't last forever, merely a few moments. And then, Malfoy jumped back so fast Harry suspected he had Apparated again. As he turned around, Harry could still feel Malfoy's grip around his waist, and he could feel that his trousers felt a little too tight all of a sudden. Malfoy looked pale, almost alarmed, but he composed himself quickly.

"Thank you," Harry breathed out, remembering his manners.

Malfoy swallowed and took another step back. "I'm an Auror. It's my job to rescue people."

Despite his ragged breathing and the overwhelming sadness at seeing Malfoy edging away from him like that, Harry laughed. "You really took that task to heart."

Malfoy's eyes narrowed, as though Harry had accused him of something. "Your point?"

"Er, I don't have one. I'm just impres—"

"Got you!" the girl yelled suddenly and both Malfoy and Harry looked over.

She was cradling the Jarvey in her arms, cooing at him and rocking him gently. "There, there. It's all right now."

"I hate you," the jarvey said in a petulant voice, though he sounded more terrified than angry.

The girl waved at them happily. "Thank you!" she said and ran towards the house as the jarvey still mumbled, "I hate you. I hate you. I hate you."

Malfoy smiled a little. "That thing is cute." Then he quickly stopped smiling and added, "Moderately. If you like furry creatures. Which I don't."

Harry bit his lip and dug his heels into the ground. He was possessed with a sudden urge to grab Malfoy and kiss him until one of them faints. Or at least, he could ask Malfoy to heal the bite on Harry's hand. But of course, that would have been silly since Harry could easily heal that himself. Besides, he was having trouble walking as it was, too much Malfoy proximity and Harry's erection would never go away.

"Coming?" Malfoy asked, eying Harry.

Harry groaned and said, "Yeah," then Apparated to the Ministry.

Yes, he definitely hated Fridays.

He hated them even more when he realised that Fridays meant Harry wouldn't see Malfoy for two days (unless Malfoy would appear with a pencil or a paperweight on his doorstep again, but Harry didn't dare to hope for such a thing to happen twice) and as usual, it meant staying at work late, trying to do the

paperwork and not thinking about pinning Malfoy to the desk and ravishing him. Both of these things were hard to achieve and Harry had failed to pull them off. Especially the "not thinking about ravishing Malfoy" one.

The memory of Malfoy's firm thighs pressed against his was too vivid in Harry's mind and the acute awareness that their booted toes are touching as they sat at their desk was driving Harry crazy. To make things worse, a letter and another box of chocolates had arrived for him, making Malfoy glare and scowl.

Harry shifted in his seat, worried after he concluded this meant that whoever was sending him gifts knew Harry would arrive home late today so he had sent the letter here.

Harry shouldn't have read it. Not in front of Malfoy. Not while he was still hard because of their earlier close encounter. But even though he knew he shouldn't, Harry quickly opened the letter and devoured every seductive word.

"Is it porn?"

Harry's gaze snapped up to meet Malfoy's dark gaze.

"What?" Harry asked, thinking he misheard.

"Is — it — porn?" Malfoy said again, very slowly. "You're blushing, Potter."

"Of course not!" Harry said, not sure whether he was denying his blush or the fact that the letter contained porn. He was lying either way.

"Mmm." Malfoy pursed his lips, and looked back down at his papers.

"It's none of your business," Harry said, a little belatedly, but Malfoy made no further comment.

Annoyed, Harry reached for some chocolate but the box was empty. It was unlikely that his admirer had sent him an empty box. Which meant Malfoy had been sitting there eating chocolate while Harry was absorbed in reading his letter. Who knew how long Malfoy had been watching him. Harry felt a new wave of heat hit his cheeks.

"They could have been cursed, you know," he told Malfoy, annoyance clear in his voice.

Malfoy didn't even look up or stopped writing. "I doubt it," he said calmly. "Why on earth would your boyfriend send you cursed chocolates? Trouble in paradise?"

"These aren't from my boyfriend," Harry bristled, but then immediately regretted it. Why had he told Malfoy that?

Malfoy gave a false little gasp, but didn't look up. "You've been naughty! What will your boyfriend say when he learns someone else is sending you chocolates? And porn."

"I don't have a boyfriend. And it's not porn."

That made Malfoy look up, the look in his eyes still stormy, confusing Harry for a moment. "Then who is sending you all these gifts? The Easter Bunny?" Malfoy frowned. "Well, I suppose that would explain the excessive amounts of chocolate."

Harry's hand gripped the letter tighter. The almost angry look in Malfoy's eyes made him feel defensive. "That's none of your fucking business," Harry growled, feeling the muscle in his jaw twitching.

Malfoy's eyes widened. "You said fucking. You never say fucking." He glanced at the letter in Harry's hand. "Porn it is then."

Harry swallowed, trying to calm down. He was getting truly upset though he wasn't sure why. This whole thing seemed stupid suddenly. Malfoy thought these gifts were from Harry's boyfriend, which would be normal. If he found out that Harry had been eagerly reading letters from a complete stranger, he would surely laugh himself silly. He would gloat and say he had always known Harry was too easily seduced by faltering words of the Boy Who Lived worshipers.

Before Harry had managed to think of something to say, Malfoy's hand shot out and he grabbed the letter. Harry was gripping it too tightly, however, so the letter tore in half.

Panicking, Harry reached for his wand and yelled, "Evanesco!"

Both pieces, the one in Harry's hand and the one Malfoy had been reading, vanished at once. For a moment, Harry stared at Malfoy, terrified that Malfoy had read the racier bits of the letter. If he had, he would make fun of Harry forever.

Malfoy's expression was unreadable, but he didn't look like he was about to make fun of Harry.

"A secret admirer?" Malfoy said slowly, incredulously. "Please tell me you're not going."

"Going?" Harry frowned, confused.

"To this blind date," Malfoy said impatiently and Harry regretted he didn't finish reading the letter. He knew nothing about a date. Malfoy was fuming as he continued, "With a complete stranger. Who is sending you porn. Yes, I saw it," he added when Harry quickly shook his head.

"This is none of your business," Harry said for what felt like the fifth time that evening.

"Of course it's my business," Malfoy snapped. "I don’t want someone to kill my partner. I . . . Do you

realize how badly this would reflect on me? Someone would blame me for it, I'm sure. And you do realize how dangerous this could be? Please tell me you're aware that this could be some psychopath. Or a criminal who wants to murder you. Or worse — it could be Hogan!"

Harry stared, stunned by Malfoy's words. Harry's death would reflect badly on him? On Malfoy? That actually hurt. Malfoy truly cared so little about whether Harry would live or die? Today, when Malfoy rushed to his rescue, Harry had thought that Malfoy cared at least a little.

With supreme effort Harry banished those thoughts that shouldn't have been such a shock in the first place, and concentrated on the thing that had been bugging him for a while.

"What do you have against Derek? What did he ever do to you?"

"He . . ." Malfoy searched for words for a few seconds. "Exists." He inhaled and closed his eyes for a moment as though trying to calm himself. "Please just tell me you're not going."

"Of course I'm going," Harry said promptly, pleased when Malfoy looked even angrier. "And honestly? I hope it is Derek."

Two patches of red appeared on Malfoy's cheeks as he glared at Harry. "I realize your choice is limited, Potter, but do you really have to jump into bed with the first gay man that sends you chocolate? Are you really that desperate? Disgusting."

Harry's vision blurred as he shot out of his chair, his hands shaking. Malfoy had hit a nerve, Harry was aware of that. Because Harry was desperate, he desperately wanted what he couldn't have. He was a desperate idiot, yearning for a man who detested him.

Slowly, he managed to calm himself enough to say almost smoothly, "Yes, I'm desperate for some good ol' gay sex. And whoever appears on this date, I'll take them home, smear jam over his body, and then I'll lick it off before I fuck him into the mattress." Seething, Harry placed his hands on the desk and leaned in much too close to the gaping Malfoy. "Anything else you'd like to know about my love life? Want me to

draw you pictures?"

Malfoy didn’t say a word. He seemed shocked, possibly imagining those gay related things that were so abhorrent to him.

Straightening, Harry grabbed his cloak and turned to leave.

"If I get murdered, I'll die happy knowing that would reflect badly on you," he said over his shoulder and stormed out.

Later, when he had reached his apartment, he felt vaguely proud of his manliness because somehow he had managed not to cry. It took him a while to realize why had Malfoy's hurtful words upset him more than usual this evening, and when he admitted the reason to himself he felt even worse. He hated to face it, but he had been hoping — against all reason, despite common sense — that Malfoy was his secret admirer. Harry thought he'd never forgive himself for even daring to hope.

An owl was waiting for him on the windowsill, a note lying next to it. Reluctantly, Harry walked over and picked up the note. The familiar handwriting of his secret admirer made Harry even more depressed. It contained an invitation to a dinner tomorrow night, and this time, it was signed with a letter D.

So it was Derek. Harry had suspected it but hoped for someone more . . . blond. And exciting. He laughed without humor as he remembered Malfoy saying that this could be a psychopath or a criminal or worse — Derek. Well, what was wrong with Derek? Derek liked him and he was a . . . happy sort of person. And he was accessible. Why grasp at something unattainable when he knew it would never move within his reach?

Sighing, Harry Summoned a quill and scribbled:

I'll be there.

Harry

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Warnings: Post-DH, EWE, Flangst.

Note: This will be updated every other day. Written for [info]awdt's Valentine's Day Quickies: Day Five.

Obviously, I'm behind on everything again since I wrote random porn yesterday. But that was IMPORTANT! *nods*

Squee! After this chapter, my title and summary will finally make more sense!

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One Harry Potter, Please (If Possible, Seduced and Ready)

CHAPTER EIGHT

Saturdays were even more wretched than Fridays, Harry decided. Especially when you had a date you didn't really want to attend, and you finally made peace with the fact that the object of your affections not only didn't want you, but downright hated your guts.

So it was no surprise to Harry when he woke up at eight in the morning, utterly depressed, and consequently, stayed in bed until noon. He made the decision not to go anywhere this evening only to retract it a few minutes later. Then he repeated this process for four hours. He tried to think of a reason to go to this blind date, preferably a reason that didn't make him look pathetic. But if he was to be honest with himself, the only appeal of this date was the knowledge that Malfoy would be upset if Harry went, and it was important to upset Malfoy because Malfoy had upset Harry. Which of course meant Harry was acting childish, something he was well aware of, and something that just couldn’t continue. He was getting tired of this. Every day was the same and nothing ever changed in his relationship with Malfoy. And Harry was certain that nothing ever would. Harry was wasting time. Malfoy would never be his friend and he would definitely never be his lover, and the obvious truth was that the two of them would never be able to work so closely together without holding each other back. Harry was deliberately sabotaging Malfoy's career and Malfoy was inadvertently sabotaging Harry's chance of ever finding someone to share his life with.

This meant Harry had two options. He could either quit his job — the job that he loved — and hope he would eventually find something else he was good at. Possibly, he could become a trashy romance novelist, as he had demonstrated the talent for fantasizing about impossible romantic situations. Or, he could ask for a different partner. Malfoy would still be there and Harry would still see him, but he would nonetheless be far enough to let Harry breathe normally. He already thought of a speech in his head, and knew exactly what he would say to his Head of Department. Harry hated to think like this but it was time for desperate measures. He would threaten and declare he couldn't possibly work with Malfoy, so

she could either assign him a different partner or he would leave. Harry was pretty sure the Ministry wouldn't let him leave, though he knew they'd laugh and say they had told him that letting Malfoy work for the Ministry was a bad idea. They'd assume that Malfoy was being insufferable and his ineptitude was the real reason Harry was ready to quit his job. And despite the fact that his sympathies towards Malfoy were currently limited, this still made Harry mad. He didn't want to make things even more difficult for Malfoy. Not because of his stupid crush.

But it had to be done. Harry had messed with Malfoy's life more than it was healthy. Malfoy's future successes and failures, as well as his relationships with other people weren't Harry's business. Just as Harry's life wasn't Malfoy's business. Which, technically meant that Harry was being stupid if he planned to go to this date just to spite Malfoy. This wouldn't affect Malfoy in any way. Especially since Harry didn't plan to die on this date. He had thought of three possible scenarios, depending on who would appear on this date, and two of them were promising. One, it was some maniac out to get him, and in that case, Harry would happily and eagerly detain him. He had been missing action as much as Malfoy had. He was starting to feel useless, rescuing jarveys and attacking television sets; some good old maniac-arresting would be refreshing. Two, it was some normal bloke who could provide a different sort of action Harry had been missing as well. In this case, Harry had decided that unless the man smelled really bad, he'd go home with him and have sex. And three, the most likely option, it was Derek Hogan. He couldn't arrest Derek since he wasn't a maniac, and he couldn't go home with him to have sex since he was a friend. If it was Derek, then Harry had to decide in advance whether he wanted something more with this man or not.

And his first thought was not. Derek was nice, but Harry had never considered him as a possible lover. Admittedly, he had never paid much attention to Derek, though he liked his company. Because Derek talked a lot and being with Derek meant Harry's mind could wander towards more pleasant topics, and as long as he nodded, said Mmm occasionally, and smiled widely enough, Derek was pleased. Which was actually horrible of Harry, now that he thought about it. Perhaps he owed Derek a chance. Perhaps, tonight, he would try to pay attention to this man who was supposedly in love with him. It was a pleasant thought — that someone was in love with him. It might feel nice to bask a little in this love; it might soothe this gut wrenching pain caused by Malfoy's continuous rejections. Maybe this could work out.

He was going, Harry resolved for the final time around one in the afternoon while he was nibbling on something he hoped was real food. He would go and he would give Derek a chance and spend the entire evening not thinking about Malfoy. He should learn not to do that anyway. Not at work, not at dates, and not at home.

Oddly enough, once Harry had made a firm decision to go, the next few hours flew by. He was wandering around the apartment, pretending he was cleaning, but actually just trying to not think of Malfoy, and the next time he checked his watch it was already six o'clock. Which was bad since he was meeting his secret admirer at seven.

More or less calmly, he showered and put on the first items of clothing that came under his hand. He had no idea if they were going somewhere fancy or not, or if they were going to a Wizarding or a Muggle restaurant. The address on that note looked unfamiliar.

But soon enough, Harry found out that they were meeting in a Muggle restaurant, one that was probably a little too fancy for Harry's plain jeans and shirt.

He had Apparated to the nearest safe location he knew and then walked to the restaurant, arriving about fifteen minutes early. He considered lurking in the shadows and wait for his date to appear so he could see him before the man realised Harry had showed up, but it was cold outside, and Harry didn't feel like skulking, so he sighed and went inside, hoping for the best.

He told the hostess his name and she led him towards an isolated table, romantically decorated with candles and a dozen long stemmed roses. The hostess had told him that the table was reserved on his name, disappointing Harry who had hoped that he would at least know the man's name before he arrived. Nervous, he sat down, facing the entrance so he could see his date the moment he appeared, and ordered a glass of red wine.

His mysterious admirer was late, and that reminded Harry that Derek was usually late for everything. Troubled and a little unhappy, he stared at the main door, holding his breath every time a man entered, and then exhaling slowly when he saw that he wasn't carrying a single red rose as the author of those letters promised he would.

After some forty minutes, his nerves on edge, he was almost ready to leave, willing to believe that this was some sort of sign and that a higher power was trying to tell him this was a bad idea, but the door opened again and Harry inhaled and waited to get a good look of the person who entered.

It was probably a good thing he was sitting down, and a bad thing he had drunk his wine, because

Harry's vision blurred and he felt faint for a moment, unable to believe his eyes. The man who entered definitely wasn't Derek Hogan, and Harry had to blink several times to convince himself he wasn't seeing things. But every time he opened his eyes again, the vision remained the same, and Harry had no choice but to truly believe that Draco Malfoy was here, heading towards Harry's table.

And just as Harry clenched his fists, thinking Malfoy had only come here so he could cause trouble, his gaze reluctantly moved from Malfoy's expressionless face and fell on his hands.

And in his hands, Malfoy held a single red rose.

*

It wasn't like Draco had made a conscious decision to hide here in the shadows and lurk. But he knew the address and he knew the time, and when the clock's hand moved closer to seven, Draco simply found himself here. If someone ever asked him to explain what he was doing here, Draco would claim this was a case of a spontaneous Apparition. He didn’t even know what he was trying to achieve. Was he really here just so he could sulk while Potter had fun with his date?

Draco frowned. No, he did know why he was here. He was here to protect his unwitting partner.

A secret admirer! Draco scoffed just as he scoffed at least once every five minutes. How could anyone be so ridiculous to go and meet a complete stranger just because he was sending him gifts? Which of course only proved that this stranger was an irresponsible sort of person, spending all that money on those expensive presents. And it proved he had a higher agenda and expected some sort of payment in return. Draco knew how this worked. Why, this was the same thing his father had told Draco to do in order to lure women. This was one of father's tamer lessons on women, which left Draco only slightly traumatized. You must send them expensive and tasteful gifts, his father had said, to impress them as well as to create a sense of obligation on their part. They will feel the desire to reciprocate your kindness in a way more accessible to them.

Draco grimaced, disgusted. Why he should aim to be with someone because he had managed to create a sense of obligation in them his father had never explained. On the contrary, he had given Draco an odd look when Draco had posed this question, and walked away mumbling to himself about disappointments. Though at the time, Draco was twelve, so he could be misremembering things.

But he remembered how improper wooing looked like. And this was wooing and it was improper. And completely mental because of course the wooer was Derek Hogan and everything he did was insane by default. And it proved Draco's theory that in addition to being insane, Hogan wasn't very clever. Did Hogan fail to realise that Potter was paying attention to him, at least, much more attention than he paid Draco? And that meant Hogan didn't have to fight for it and, in the process, waste precious time he could spend with Potter. Why hadn’t he simply approached Potter and asked him out? Potter wouldn't stand up Hogan like he stood up Draco. Not that Draco asked Potter out on a date, but that wasn't the point. The point was that some people had everything and they didn't realise it. And Hogan was one of those people, someone who had Potter's attention and could get a good look of Potter's dimples whenever he wished, and who only had to wave to make Potter enter the diner and stay.

Clearly, Hogan resorted to this just because he wanted to show off. Stupid bastard. Just so he could flaunt how much money he had and show everyone what wonderful things he could buy Harry. That is, Potter. As though this made him better suited for Potter, as though this made him better than poor blokes who had to watch every little Knut they earned and invest carefully to make sure they could keep their ancestral home, the last remnant of their dignity and the reminder of their former status. Honestly, as if Potter cared about these sort of things. Though Draco was no longer sure about this. He didn't think that Potter cared about expensive presents, but then again, Potter was here. Though apparently, Potter just wanted a good shag. And jam.

Which was fine with Draco. He had no plans to stop this. He just wanted to make sure that Potter wasn't in trouble. Idiot though he was, he was still Draco's favourite idiot. And since last night, Draco had suffered several anxiety attacks. Initially, he had believed that Potter and Hogan were an item and that Hogan was sending him gifts like a good little suck up. However, seeing that awful letter signed with the words Secret Admirer gave Draco instant nightmares. He was still almost positive that this was Hogan, but there was always a chance Potter was meeting a random maniac. Draco just wanted to talk to this man, maybe point his wand at him and threaten until the little bastard wets his pants and realises that if he tried to hurt Potter Draco would do much worse things to him than simply arrest him. And if, as a result of this threat, the man ran away screaming, that wouldn't be Draco's fault.

That went for Hogan too. Draco had a special speech ready for Hogan. He would tell him that if he ever noticed he was making Harry — Potter, damn it! — unhappy he would have to answer to Draco. And Draco had learned how to charm teapots to bite balls. Bless Mrs Herbert for the idea.

And that was all Draco planned to do — talk and threaten a little, nothing else.

He had stuck to this plan firmly, right until Hogan appeared. The crazy sod had an enormous smile plastered on his face and he was practically bouncing, clearly ecstatic about his upcoming date. His smile didn't waver after he spotted Draco, exhibiting yet another proof of his mental instability.

Hogan nodded and said cheerfully, "Hey, Draco!"

That was all it took. Draco had raised his wand and yelled Obliviate before he even decided to do it.

Hogan's face went blank and he stared ahead, blinking uncomprehendingly. Draco didn't feel the slightest bit guilty. Not even after he grabbed Hogan's shoulders, shook him much too hard, and asked, "You know where you are?"

Hogan shook his head, confused.

"You know where you're going?" Draco asked, smiling a little. He wasn't very good at Memory Charms, but apparently it had worked.

Hogan looked up and down and left and right, and he stared at the restaurant for a long moment, making Draco twitchy, but then he shook his head again. "No. I was going . . . somewhere. Do you know where, sir?"

Draco grinned. "Oh yes." He nodded emphatically and pointed across the street. "You were going in that direction. And you were going to find one of those iron covers on the street. And then you planned to lift

it up with your wand and jump inside."

Hogan frowned. "I was? What ever for?"

"I have no idea, but it seemed urgent business. Something work related perhaps?"

"Work!" Hogan exclaimed, swaying slightly. "I love my work."

"Well, hurry then. This is important. You must do a good job."

"Yes, yes. An iron cover. I have to jump." Hogan nodded, turning around and nearly falling, but he straightened and stumbled away in the direction Draco had indicated. An elder lady across the street gave him a nasty look, probably thinking he was drunk.

Draco smiled widely, but then looked around and hid his wand. Inside the restaurant, a Muggle waitress stopped waiting on tables to watch him. Draco quickly ducked back into the shadows.

It was truly odd, Draco thought, that somehow he had ended up holding a red rose in his hand. He didn't remember snatching it from Hogan's grip, but here it was.

Draco stared at it for a long moment, possibly minutes. He remembered what the letter said, Potter's date would carry this rose so Potter could recognise him. But this was irrelevant to Draco; he should leave now. He really should. He saved Potter from a maniac, and that was all he wanted to do tonight.

Or. He could enter and . . . pretend. Because he was . . . curious.

What would Potter say? What would he do if he saw Draco walking inside with the rose? Would he believe Draco was his secret admirer? Would he be horrified? He probably would be horrified and

shocked. He might actually run. Or maybe he would try to hex Draco.

Or maybe he would be nice.

Although Potter certainly wasn't interested in Draco in that way — nor was Draco interested in Potter in that way — maybe this would soften that rock Potter called heart. Maybe he would be less of a bastard to Draco. Maybe he would feel a sense of obligation to be nice to Draco since he had bought him all those presents. Maybe Draco's father had a point. Sure, it would be embarrassing to let Potter believe Draco was in love with him, but being Potter's friend was important. Work-wise, if nothing else. Potter was an important man, and the Malfoys had always been good friends with important wizards and witches. Going inside and convincing Potter he cared about him was practically essential to Draco's career. So this was a completely sensible thing to do.

Draco looked at the door and then at the rose again.

It might work. He just wanted Potter to stop being so cold towards him. Potter couldn't possibly hate him more.

Resolved, Draco took a deep breath, stepped out of the shadows, and walked inside the restaurant.

It took him two seconds to spot Potter and see those green eyes widen in absolute shock. Draco caught a glimpse of anger in Potter's eyes before they looked down at the rose Draco was holding in his hands.

It occurred to Draco then that maybe Potter could hate him more.

But Potter looked up again, and this time his lips parted and something indefinable appeared in his eyes. Draco didn't understand Potter's expression, but suddenly he had to remind himself that he was only here to try to gain Potter's friendship.

Potter's promise to shag whoever appeared on this date had nothing to do with it.

TBCFandom: Harry Potter

Disclaimer: Harry Potter is owned by J.K. Rowling and Warner Brothers. No copyright infringement intended.

Title: One Harry Potter, Please (If Possible, Seduced and Ready)

Beta: [info]dysonrules ♥

Pairing: Harry/Draco

Rating: NC-17 (overall)

Word Count: ~3000 (~25 000 overall)

Status: WiP

Summary: All Draco wants is Harry Potter's friendship, just to make his new Auror job more bearable. However, after Harry stubbornly pays more attention to everyone else — including his secret admirer — Draco is forced to resort to drastic measures. And get more than he's bargained for.

Warnings: Post-DH, EWE, Flangst.

Note: This will be updated not quite every other day. Written for [info]awdt's Valentine's Day Quickies: Day Ten.

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One Harry Potter, Please (If Possible, Seduced and Ready)

CHAPTER NINE

The last time Harry felt like this he had been in a cold, damp hut and a giant man with a beard had told him he was a wizard. Elation was the word that described his feelings accurately. Then, even though he had been eleven, he knew his life was about to change for the better. Nothing had ever managed to replace that particular memory; he had never felt quite that happy, that excited, not until this moment.

For several glorious seconds, Harry was in heaven. Despite the evidence to the contrary, despite common sense and logic telling him otherwise, for those few seconds he actually believed that Draco Malfoy wanted him, admired him, loved him.

It should have happened in slow-motion, like in the cheesy movies. Malfoy should have approached him slowly, prolonging Harry's happiness, letting him get a good look at what he was about to get, but in no time Malfoy was sitting at Harry's table, smiling a wide but obviously fake smile.

"Potter." Malfoy nodded, extending his hand to offer Harry the rose. "You'll catch flies like that," he sneered.

Harry stared at the rose, his reason returning to him gradually. Malfoy's voice had broken the illusion, the sound of it reminding Harry that this was real and not one of his fantasies. And in the real world, Malfoy hated him. Harry's conclusion that Malfoy wasn't his secret admirer had been based on solid evidence.

Malfoy's smile faltered and he dropped the rose on the table, then hid his hands, placing them in his lap.

It took Harry more than a few minutes to find his voice. The waitress had come and gone, and then returned to bring Malfoy whiskey before Harry managed to speak.

"What did you do to him?" Harry asked, his teeth pressed so tightly together Harry was sure he would

never be able to unclench them.

Malfoy blinked and cocked his head. "Pardon?"

"To my real secret admirer?"

Malfoy blinked again and then looked around as though to say, "I don't see anyone else here."

"What did you do to him?" Harry growled so loudly that a man and a woman sitting several feet away turned around to glare at him.

"Dropped him into the sewer." Malfoy took a sip of whiskey, staring at his glass for a second. He took another sip, then downed the entire content.

"Is this your idea of a joke? You think this is funny?"

Malfoy leaned back in his chair, eyeing Harry through his lowered eyelashes. His expression was tight, but otherwise he presented a picture of perfect nonchalance. "I understand you're disappointed, but —"

"Disappointed? Try furious."

"Well, I hoped there was a chance you'd react differently. I'm sorry to see I was wrong." Malfoy had the nerve to look truly insulted.

"What exactly did you expect? That I'd congratulate you for purposely ruining my date? That I'll thank you for meddling in my life? Were you actually worried that I'll die and ruin your career? Or are you getting some sort of kick out of this?"

A muscle in Malfoy's jaw twitched and his lips pressed into a tight line. He leaned in and placed one hand on the table, nearly touching Harry's fingers. Momentarily distracted, Harry held his breath as Malfoy's hand moved closer. Harry's hand was already trembling in anticipation of the touch, but Malfoy reached for the rose.

"Did you miss the moment when I walked in holding this?" Malfoy waved the rose around, glaring at Harry. That had probably been a bad moment to notice Malfoy's eyes looked especially dark in the candlelight, the blond lashes emphasising the black of his pupils, the soft light making his features seem softer and his hair especially vibrant. It almost made him look vulnerable, almost a little desperate. Which proved nothing except that Malfoy was a good actor. Which must have been the real reason he sounded so honest when he said, "This is supposed to prove I'm the person who secretly cares for you, and that I'm the one who wants to be here with you. And that is true."

"This only proves you're a scheming bastard you've always been."

Malfoy had no answer to this; he merely clenched his fist, destroying the stem of the rose.

Harry tore his gaze away from Malfoy's hand and looked at his face, trying in vain to read his mind, trying to figure out why Malfoy looked so angry in one moment and so desperate in the next. Was this act too difficult for him?

"You really expect me to believe you're in love with me?" Harry dug his nails into his palm, trying to concentrate on that pain rather than the pain that shot through him when he said the word love in front of Malfoy.

Malfoy looked utterly shocked, but then he looked away and cleared his throat. "I don't expect anything. I just . . . Look, can we forget about the gifts and the letters? Can we just have dinner and talk? We're partners, for Merlin's sake! We work together every day. Shouldn't we at least try to get along?"

"The letter didn't ask for just dinners and conversations. They were love letters, but I understand you can't possibly be aware of that."

Malfoy opened his mouth, probably to deny Harry's accusation with more lies, but Harry didn't let him speak.

"Since when are you gay?" he asked, sneering.

Malfoy looked scandalised. "I'm not gay!"

Harry raised his eyebrow and waited for Malfoy's brain to catch up with his mouth. It didn't take long for Malfoy to back-pedal.

"I mean, I'm not exactly gay. I'm simply open to trying out new experiences. I am a changed person." Malfoy nodded vigorously. "I no longer compartmentalise people. Wizards, Witches, Muggles, Muggleborns, men, women — it's all the same to me. My opinions these days are very, er, politically correct," Malfoy concluded, looking very pleased with himself.

"You make it sound like being attracted to your own gender is something a person can wilfully choose."

Malfoy looked honestly confused. "Isn't it?"

"No, it isn't."

"Well, I disagree. I think it's perfectly normal for people to have fantasies, some of them, or even most of them, including their own gender, and some of them very explicit, but if they simply decide not to act upon them they're —"

"Probably lying to themselves."

Malfoy's mouth closed with a snap and he frowned at Harry, giving him that, by now familiar "Do you have an extra head?" look.

Harry snorted and shook his head. "But clearly, this doesn't apply to you, Malfoy. You did act upon it."

It took Malfoy several moments to nod and assure him, "Obviously."

"I mean, you certainly know what you want. Those letters were very precise and detailed."

"I am a meticulous person."

"And poetic?"

"Inwardly."

"And you have a serious oral fixation? As indicated by the descriptions of —"

Harry quickly stopped speaking. That was the wrong thing to ask and Harry realised it a little too late. Malfoy's cheeks coloured in a way Harry had never witnessed before. Seeing that blush on Malfoy's face did odd things to Harry's chest, and his limbs, and his stomach, and it did a not so odd thing to his cock.

"Must we discuss the letters?" Malfoy asked quietly, sounding mortified.

"Yes, we must. I'd like you to explain why the letter you took from me yesterday disgusted and angered you. That doesn't make much sense since you're the supposed author, does it?"

"I think . . . I think the reason is obvious."

"Oh?"

Malfoy nodded, but said nothing.

Harry waited for a minute, but Malfoy remained silent. "Whenever you're ready, Malfoy. But do take your sweet time and think of something convincing."

"Oh. I didn't realise you wanted an explanation. I did say it was obvious, so I expected you to figure it out on your own. But if you insist, of course I will explain. Though, as I said, it really is ob —"

"Quit stalling."

Malfoy raised an eyebrow and lifted his chin. "Very well." He crossed his arms on his chest and straightened, then said, "I was positive you would never go on a date with a stranger, so I tried to goad you into going. I told you it was dangerous and that it would upset me if you went. I knew you'd fall for that and rush here, and I was right." Malfoy smiled, smug.

Harry wasn't sure whether his heart had been beating this fast this whole time or if it had merely just begun. Incredibly, Malfoy's reasoning actually made sense, in a convoluted sort of way. Or maybe Harry was just that desperate to believe him. But it was true that Harry wouldn't be here if Malfoy hadn't been so angry yesterday. That tactic, if it was a tactic rather than a lie, had worked, and Malfoy did know Harry well enough to know that.

"No," Harry said, trying to convince himself that Malfoy was lying. This couldn't be true. "The handwriting — it wasn't yours."

"This reasoning from an Auror?" Malfoy scoffed. "As if I wouldn't forge it. This wouldn't be much of a secret if I had used my own handwriting, would it?"

That made sense, too. Harry was having trouble breathing. "Then, if you saw me receive and read the letter and you were so sure I'd show up, why send me another one and sign it with a D?"

Malfoy stared at him for a long moment and then said, "The letter was destroyed and I wanted to make sure you had the correct time and place. And I thought you'd assume you're meeting Derek, something you'd undoubtedly prefer. But the last time I checked, my name was Draco. See? It starts with a D."

Harry was shaking his head in denial. All of this made sense. How was that possible? "No, this can't be true. Why didn't you ever say anything? You're always so rude; you've never even tried to ask me out."

Malfoy leaned in closer, angry now. "Really? As I recall, I did ask you out, but you stood me up."

Harry stared, shocked. "You mean . . . that night when you appeared on my doorstep, drunk, you had been waiting for me?"

"Yes, Potter." Malfoy looked truly angry, acting as though this had bothered him for a long time and he was pleased he was finally able to reproach Harry for that day. "Honestly! How could you have bought my story unless you were desperate to do so? Do you know of any wizards living near you? Wizards that could be my friends? I was waiting for you forever, and you didn't even —" Malfoy's voice broke in the end, and he fell silent, looking at the table.

Harry was starting to feel faint. This was too much. The thought that Malfoy had been waiting for him that day, waiting for Harry, expecting they would have a date not just dinner, and Harry didn't even show up . . .

"Where are you going?" Malfoy almost yelled and Harry realised only then that he was standing next to the table, looking down at Malfoy; he didn't even remember getting up.

Malfoy was staring up at him, worry clearly visible in his face, his hand clutching Harry's wrist in a vicelike

grip.

"I . . ." Harry breathed. He needed to clear his head, to think. This was too confusing. "Bathroom. I'm going to the bathroom."

"Oh." Malfoy was still holding him tightly. "Then we'll have dinner, right?"

Harry nodded automatically.

"Great." Malfoy smiled. This time the smile looked real. "I'll order some oysters and champagne. And pie. With strawberry jam?"

"All right," Harry said, not listening and trying not to look at Malfoy. The moment Malfoy released his wrist, he ran away.

Once he reached the bathroom, he took off his glasses and splashed some water over his face. He did it again, then lifted his head to stare at his blurry reflection.

Was this possible? Was it possible that Malfoy truly had feelings for him? Could Harry have misinterpreted Malfoy's every move? Malfoy seemed genuinely confused about his sexual orientation, so that would automatically shed new light on Malfoy's nasty jabs. If Malfoy was lashing out because he was afraid of how he felt, then that was something Harry could understand. Malfoy's confusion about this could explain his odd behaviour. The disgust Harry had seen would be nothing but plain fear, something Harry had experienced himself. And not only that, this would mean that Malfoy's hatred for Derek was caused by jealousy.

Was Malfoy really fantasising about Harry this whole time? Buying him gifts and writing those letters?

No matter how much Harry wanted it, he couldn't really believe that, but if there was the slightest chance that this wasn't some cruel joke, that Malfoy really did want him, then was this chance worth the

risk of humiliation?

Yes, it was, was Harry's immediate response. He wanted this too much, had dreamed about it for too long. He had to take this chance no matter what the result.

With some of his initial elation returning, Harry wiped his face and picked up his glasses. Walking out, he caught a glimpse of his face in the mirror, much clearer now that he could see. His eyes were bloodshot — irritated by the water, Harry concluded — and his face was deathly pale; his hair was a complete mess, sticking out at odd angles as horridly as it normally did. The chance that Malfoy could really want him seemed even slimmer suddenly.

Determinedly pushing those thoughts away, Harry stepped out of the bathroom, hoping for the best but preparing for the worst.

As he walked past the reception area, intending to join Malfoy at their table, out of the corner of his eye, Harry caught something odd. The hostess and the waitress were huddled closely together, whispering furiously. That in itself wasn't that strange, but they were constantly throwing suspicious glances in Malfoy's direction. Harry looked at Malfoy, seeing only the back of his blond head, but he saw nothing suspicious. Harry almost dismissed it and walked away, thinking they were just gossiping about two men having a romantic dinner, but when he looked at the waitress more closely, he noticed she looked truly worried.

The hostess spotted him and smiled widely, coming closer.

"Is there a problem, sir? Your dinner should arrive shortly."

Harry eyed the waitress who looked liked she wanted to tell him something. "I don't know. Is there a problem?" Harry asked, shifting his gaze between the two women.

The waitress quickly shook her head, but then looked at Malfoy again, frowning.

"Maybe I could help?" Harry offered, reaching into his back pocket. "I'm a detective," he assured them, showing them his Muggle detective badge. Every Auror had one of these, though, unfortunately, most found it easier to ignore, Confound or Obliviate Muggles, than trying to persuade them that they were one of them.

The hostess looked at the badge and smiled at Harry widely. "Oh. So you are."

Harry tried not to fidget; the woman sounded too intrigued.

The waitress bit her lip and asked, "And your friend? Also a detective?"

Harry nodded and the waitress looked instantly relieved. "Oh, never mind then," she said, smiling.

Not willing to let it go, Harry still stared at her expectantly.

The hostess smiled, apologetic. "Marie here thought we would be robbed or something. Honestly."

The waitress, Marie, gave the hostess a nasty glare. "It could have been true."

"Because . . .?" Harry prompted. He had a bad feeling about this. A corner of his mind almost made the connection, but Harry didn't want to make it, so he pushed the thought away, concentrating on the waitress's words.

"Well, see, earlier I saw your friend outside talking to another man. And well, for a minute there it looked like he was pointing something at him and I thought I saw a flash, but of course it couldn't have been a gunshot as I heard nothing. It just made me uneasy. But the man looked unharmed, if a little unsteady on his feet. And he just left. Now that I think about it, he was probably drunk. Why, your friend probably saved us from —"

"What did he look like?" Harry breathed, feeling somewhat unsteady on his feet as well.

The waitress frowned. "Well, pretty much the same. Tall and blond and handsome —"

"The other man," Harry groused, trying to sound patient.

"Oh." The waitress blushed. "Well, he was tall and dark-haired. Small nose. Big smile. A cheery sort of person. Though, I suppose, he was drunk . . ."

Harry was barely listening. It was Derek. It had to be. Not that it mattered. This meant Harry's first conclusion had been the right one — Malfoy wasn't his secret admirer. Malfoy just came here to ruin his date. He had hexed or Confounded Derek, or whomever, outside the restaurant and then had the nerve to take the rose and walk inside.

"— he could have robbed us. I told you this could have been dangerous."

Lost in his distressed thoughts, Harry almost jumped when he felt a hand caressing his bicep. "Oh, but you would have protected us, wouldn't you, sir?" The hostess was smiling at him, blinking slowly.

Harry gave her a tight smile, but it probably looked like a grimace because the hostess snatched her hand away. "I suppose you're here on a date?" she asked haughtily.

Harry nodded, regretting he had moved his head at all. It made him dizzy.

"Figures," the hostess grumbled and returned to her post.

The waitress, however, threw Harry a smile, mouthed, "Have fun," and gave him thumbs up.

Harry turned around and unthinkingly took several steps towards Malfoy. And then he stopped, his body shutting down, forcing him to remain where he was.

Why was he so shocked? He should have known. He had almost fallen into this trap. He almost believed Malfoy's ridiculous tale. How could he have been so stupid?

He should go and try to find Derek to make sure Malfoy hadn’t done something horrid to him. Though the waitress did say that Derek walked away, so he was probably fine, perhaps a little Confounded. It disturbed Harry how little he cared about Derek in that moment, but the only thing he could truly focus on was Malfoy's lie. Why had Malfoy done this? Why not hex Derek and leave? Why this pretence?

Did Malfoy hate him so much he was willing to go through this charade just to see Harry hurt? How could anyone be so sadistic?

Harry was possessed with a sudden urge to cry. He couldn't believe he had almost convinced himself that Malfoy was having some sort of orientation crisis.

"Are you all right, sir?" someone asked and Harry didn't even turn to find out whether it was the hostess or the waitress.

"Yeah," he replied, his own voice unrecognisable to him.

He should turn around and leave and never look at Malfoy again. It hurt so much he was almost positive that he'd be able to suppress and forget every positive feeling he’d ever had for Malfoy.

But then Malfoy would stay here and laugh himself silly. Congratulating himself on terrifying Harry so badly he ran. Why give Malfoy this satisfaction?

Staring at the blond head, Harry made his decision. He wouldn't run. He never ran and he wasn't about to start. Harry's eyes narrowed, his mind clearing, re-focusing on revenge. He didn't know what Malfoy was trying to achieve, but Harry did wonder: How far was Malfoy willing to go? How far did Harry have to push to make Malfoy run away? Because Harry was ready to push as far as he had to.

Forcing his legs to move and letting a wide smile stretch his lips, Harry walked towards Malfoy with a firm plan on his mind. If Malfoy wanted to play a game, Harry would play.

And he'd play it better.

TBCFandom: Harry Potter

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Title: One Harry Potter, Please (If Possible, Seduced and Ready)

Beta: The fabulous [info]dysonrules ♥

Pairing: Harry/Draco

Rating: NC-17 (overall)

Word Count: ~4500 (~25 000 overall)

Status: WiP

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Sorry this is so late! ♥

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One Harry Potter, Please (If Possible, Seduced and Ready)

CHAPTER TEN

Things were going well, Draco concluded. They could have gone better, but they could have gone worse. Potter was disappointed and clearly uninterested in Draco romantically — as if Draco would agree to anything romantic anyway — but he had believed him. Or so Draco hoped. Draco had surprised himself by his sound reasoning. He had almost convinced himself that he was Potter's secret admirer. Potter was undoubtedly hiding in the bathroom and planning his next move. When he returned, he would try to explain to Draco that they couldn't be together because he wasn't interested, and then Draco would make a very sad face and would look like a kicked puppy. And then Potter would feel terribly guilty about all this, and he would try to make things right by being overly kind to Draco.

Draco smiled. This had been a good plan after all.

There was just one little thing that bothered Draco. A tiny thing. Well, two things. One, he wasn't very pleased with Potter's declaration that fantasising — excessively and sexually — about someone of your own gender made a person gay. Honestly, by that reasoning Draco, too, was gay. And that was just crazy. Besides, Draco only ever had those disturbing though intriguing fantasies about Potter, not other men. Surely this was some sort of anomaly.

The other thing that bothered Draco was Potter's obvious disappointment that Hogan hadn't been the one to appear on this date. It was just a little insulting. Why, if Draco was gay, he would not be disappointed with someone as handsome and intelligent as he was himself. Clearly, Potter preferred idiotic and unattractive types. So Draco should feel flattered that Potter wasn't interested in him. In fact, Draco decided he would accept Potter's disinterest as a compliment. This thought cheered Draco up considerably.

Now, they would have dinner and talk, and things between them would change for the better.

Draco tensed as he heard footsteps behind him. This was it; he just had to look miserable, but dignified, and Potter would be falling over himself to make Draco feel better. Draco made a sad face and allowed the corners of his mouth to turn downwards, then waited for Potter to take his seat. Which Potter did promptly, and Draco took one look at him before all his careful preparations shattered and his reason melted into insanity.

Potter's face contained one feature Draco thought he would never see directed at him, but there was no doubt about it: those were dimples. Actual dimples. Potter was smiling at Draco, truly smiling, all warmth and white teeth and dimpled flushed cheeks.

"Hey," Potter said, looking down for a moment, but then promptly raising his gaze to meet Draco's. "I'm sorry I stormed out like that. I just . . ." Potter smiled even wider and somehow still managed to look bashful. "Well, I was shocked. I didn't expect this."

Draco looked around in the direction of the bathroom, fearing that someone had kidnapped the real Potter and sent this smiling version back to Draco just to mess with his head.

The waitress smiled and waved at him. Draco narrowed his eyes at her: she was now his prime suspect.

"Draco?"

Draco's head turned toward Potter so fast something cracked in his neck.

"Forgive me?" Potter said and cocked his head, for a moment looking like a puppy begging for food.

Draco nodded, unable to speak. Honestly, in that moment Potter could have asked Draco to give him his Manor and Draco would have probably agreed. Was Potter aware that he had this power? Were other people aware he could do that? Was that look even legal?

Potter beamed at him as though Draco really had just agreed to give him all his possessions rather than his forgiveness. Why was Potter asking for forgiveness in the first place? Draco had no idea.

"Good," Potter said sweetly. "I think we should start this evening over."

Potter reached out with his left hand and gently took Draco's hand in his. If Draco hadn't been frozen in shock, he'd freeze all over again. After all, Harry Potter was holding his hand. Potter did more than that, however. He turned Draco's hand so he could pry Draco's fingers open and salvage the nearly destroyed rose. Draco had forgotten that he still gripped that thing.

"That's mine, I believe," Potter said as he took the rose and placed it next to him on the table. His left hand remained where it was — warmly surrounding the back of Draco's right hand, though he touched Draco's skin only with his fingertips. Potter moved his hand upwards and pressed his thumb against the pulse point on Draco's wrist.

Potter was using wandless magic. Draco was sure of it. That was the only thing that could explain why there were pulses of pleasure rushing from the tip of Potter's thumb through Draco's hand and arm. He could feel his own pulse thumping madly, and when Potter moved his thumb, circling slowly, his touch

barely there, Draco's eyelashes fluttered and he felt himself drifting away. It had to be magic. A simple touch like that couldn't possibly feel so good without some sort of enchantment.

Blood rushed into Draco's ears and all he could hear were some odd buzzing sounds. But Potter's lips were moving and it took Draco several moments to realise that Potter was talking.

"What?" Draco whispered without knowing why he was whispering.

Potter's tongue peeked out and wetted his full lips. The buzzing sounds were even louder now. Deafening.

"Good idea?" Potter cocked his head again. He had to stop doing that.

"Good?" Draco echoed. That wasn't the word Draco would use to describe his current feelings. Potter's caress wasn't good. It was . . . "Brilliant."

Friends did that all the time, surely. They caressed each other's wrists to show affection. Not his friends, though, but maybe this was a Gryffindor thing. Gryffindors were odd. Everybody knew that.

"Excellent." Potter grinned, his lips still a little wet and shiny, catching the light of the candles. "Well then, your place or mine?"

He had missed something. Draco had missed something important here. That much was obvious. He had no idea what Potter was on about. Though that was hardly his fault — Potter was distracting him, using his thumb for nefarious, confusing purposes.

"What?" Draco asked again, utterly lost.

A hint of irritation passed over Potter's face, but in the next moment it was gone. "I said we should skip

dinner and go straight for dessert. You said that was a brilliant idea. So. Your place or mine?"

Understanding tried to form itself in Draco's mind, but he pushed rational thought away. "Dessert? You mean, you just want pie?"

Potter's smile looked frozen on his face. "That's not the kind of dessert I had in mind. But I did promise you jam, I suppose. I have jam at my apartment."

As the meaning of Potter's words hit him, Draco snapped to attention. He didn't even realise how blurry his vision had been before it cleared.

Potter wanted sex. With Draco. Potter wanted to take him home and do as he had promised last night. That wasn't a part of Draco's plan. Potter wasn't supposed to be interested in Draco. What was Potter thinking? Did Draco look too miserable and Potter felt guilty? Was it possible that he was only willing to do this out of pity?

Draco should have snatched his hand away from Potter's grip. He didn't want to give Potter the wrong impression. He should let him know that he didn't have to do this. Not if this was some sort of pity fuck. Or rather, not at all, regardless. Since Draco wasn't interested. Wrist caressing aside. A plethora of images flashed into Draco's mind, his fantasies about Potter resurfacing, hanging tantalizingly in front of his eyes. Panicking, Draco pushed them away.

However, Draco's hand refused to listen to his brain and it remained where it was. He would just have to think of something else to show Potter that he wasn't expecting sex.

"I'm hungry," Draco said. "Starving, actually."

"Oh?" Potter looked unsurprised.

Draco nodded and, right on cue, the waitress appeared, sparing Draco of further interrogation. On pure

reflex, Draco tried to pull his hand away, but Potter merely tightened his grip while his thumb still caressed Draco's wrist tenderly.

Not willing to use force, not in front of the waitress, Draco looked down at the table. His cheeks, his head, his entire body heated up at the realisation that he was holding hands with Potter. In public.

If the waitress found that odd, she did not show it. She placed everything on the table, carefully avoiding their joined hands.

"Let me know when you're ready for dessert."

Draco could hear the smile in her voice and was relieved when she left.

"I'm ready now," Potter murmured.

Draco looked up, catching Potter's gaze; the green eyes were full of promise. Potter wasn't talking about desserts.

Gulping, Draco tried to pull his hand away again, but Potter held it tightly.

"I need it," Draco claimed. Someone snickered in the distance and Draco feared that that someone was snickering at him.

"So do I." Potter's voice was low as he leaned in closer at the same time he moved his hand. His fingers sneaked into Draco's sleeve, twisting so he could caress the sensitive skin of Draco's forearm with his fingertips, his light touch still magical.

It was fortunate that Draco's plate was full of unappealing slimy food; otherwise, he feared his body would have crumbled and his face would end up in the plate. With supreme effort, he twitched his arm

and extracted his hand from Potter's grip.

Potter didn't look upset. He looked highly amused.

"Don't you have any shame, Potter?" Draco asked, massaging and shaking his right arm. He had been clenching his muscles so hard his arm actually hurt, not to mention that the light tingling refused to stop, as though Potter had charmed Draco's skin to make him feel his touch for hours after the actual contact. Which was probably exactly what Potter had done. Sneaky bastard.

Potter stared at Draco's arm for a moment, frowning, but then his face brightened as he said, "Considering that my original plan was to sit beside you and find out whether the skin on your neck tastes as wonderful as it looks, I'd say, yes, I do have some shame."

Draco felt goose bumps on his neck, his skin tingling even though Potter hadn't touched it. More magic. It wasn't fair.

"Though, I might change my mind yet."

Draco quickly grabbed his fork. "We're eating, Potter," he said in his best scolding voice and tried to detach the oyster from its shell. His hands were unsteady, but he managed to do it as expertly as ever. He grasped the shell between his thumb and first two fingers, bringing it to his lips before leaning in and slurping the content.

How this simple process turned into a bad idea, Draco couldn't fathom. But it was a bad idea, because he nearly choked on his oyster after he spotted Potter watching him with avid attention.

Potter wasn't eating, but had placed his elbows on the table, intertwined his fingers under his chin and leaned his head on them, staring at Draco's neck as though that was his meal rather than the oysters on his plate.

"You should eat," Draco instructed out of fear that Potter would lunge at him right there in the restaurant. Sweet Merlin, was the man a born predator or was he merely sexually starved? Was he serious when he declared he'd shag anyone who appeared on this date?

Potter looked as though he'd refuse, but then he smiled again and picked up his shellfish fork.

It took Draco several moments to conclude that he should not have ordered oysters. Watching Potter slurping and swallowing slimy liquids did odd things to Draco's brain. The fact that Potter stared at Draco every time he swallowed didn't help.

"Finished?"

Draco started and blinked, then looked down at his plate. He had only eaten one oyster so far. Annoyed, he set his fork on the table and scowled at Potter, who had so rudely distracted him from his food.

"I forgot I don't really like oysters."

Potter's eyes darkened, as though Draco refusing to eat oysters was some sort of personal insult.

"Are we going then?" Potter no longer sounded flirty; he sounded pissed off.

"No!" Draco yelled and then looked around, worried that he was drawing attention to himself. "I still want some pie."

Potter gave him a withering look, but raised his hand and signalled the waitress to bring them dessert.

As Potter looked back, Draco cleared his throat, his mind struggling to find a way out of this.

"You know, Potter —"

"Call me Harry?" Potter used that sweet voice again, making his request irresistible.

"Right. Harry." It was odd to say Potter's name aloud. Draco had planned to say something sharp, but although he could be sharp with Potter, inexplicably, it was harder to achieve that tone of voice if he had to call him Harry. "Harry, don't you think we're rushing here? Shouldn't we talk a little, see how we . . . fit together?" Draco took a deep breath. "We can't just . . . This is our first date."

"Technically, this is our second date. But I missed the first one." Potter's voice turned deeper. "So I'd like to make it up to you."

A shiver passed through Draco and it took him awhile to respond. "That's really not necessary. Let's just forget about that day."

"How kind of you."

Draco frowned. That sounded like sarcasm. But Draco had no time to ponder it further because Potter continued.

"After all those letters you wrote to me, I didn't expect you to be so shy. You were very clear about what you wanted. Shouldn't you be glad you're about to get it?" A corner of Potter's mouth twisted upwards as he added, "I'm even considering granting you that ropes and paddle wish."

Draco paled, horrified. Bloody Hogan! Who knew he was such a pervert?

Potter's smile was nothing short of wicked. "I honestly never pegged you for someone so . . ." Potter searched for an appropriate word for several moments, "submissive. But of course, the letters don't lie,

do they? "

Submissive? For fuck's sake! If Hogan wasn't in the sewer by now, Draco would find him and trap him there forever.

"Here you go," said the waitress, bringing them pie and setting a fork and a knife in front of Draco.

Draco immediately liked the woman a little more. After all, she just brought him weapons. Draco picked up his fork and stabbed the slice of pie on his plate. Then he sliced it with excessive force, his mind working furiously as he tried to decide how to knock these ideas out of Potter's head.

He tried to keep his voice steady and not show any anger as he explained himself. "Fantasies and reality are two different things. You shouldn't take everything so literally. I mean, I have some fantasies that aren't realistic . . ." Draco said philosophically, then quickly stuffed a piece of pie into his mouth to stop himself from saying something stupid.

"Are you saying you lied in your letters?"

Draco shook his head, chewing and swallowing and stalling, before he said, "Of course not. I just . . ." Draco sighed, running out of words. This was getting out of hand. He would have to be honest. "Look, Harry, you have to take into account that I've never actually . . ." Draco gripped the knife in his hand, summoning courage, "been with a man before. This is all very new for me. Fantasies are one thing, but I can't . . . I just can't rush this." It was a sound argument yet again, Draco thought, impressed. He actually sounded scared to his own ears.

Potter blinked at him, staring at Draco intently as though trying to read his mind. Just in case, Draco Occluded his mind. He wasn't an expert at it, but Potter was no Legilimens. For him, it would do.

Draco didn't see it before, but the moment Potter's eyes softened, he realised that Potter had been angry until that moment. However, both his eyes and his voice were gentle when he said, "I'm just teasing you. Don't worry, I'll be slow and careful." Potter's voice was especially soft when he added, "I

plan to savour every moment I get."

The honesty in Potter's declaration didn't shock Draco as much as the sadness in his tone. Why was he sad? For a reason Draco couldn't understand, Potter's sudden sorrow had upset him.

Draco sat, staring, until his fingers touched something hot and sticky. Annoyed, he tore his gaze from Potter's distressed expression and looked down, then gasped. His hand had somehow fallen into his plate, the jam smearing over his fingers. Disgusted, he set down the knife and reached for a napkin, cursing his suddenly nonexistent table manners.

However, in a matter of seconds, Potter rudely kidnapped Draco's hand again.

"I can wipe my own fingers, Potter!' Draco snapped, trying to free his wrist from Potter's magical grip. The tingles were already spreading through his arm.

"I got it." Potter grinned at him, leaned in, and pulled Draco's forefinger and middle finger into his mouth.

Was it possible to perform magic using nothing but your mouth? Because Potter was. His mouth was too hot, successfully heating up Draco's entire body, pushing all of Draco's blood south, making him feel truly aroused for the first time that evening. Potter's lips looked absolutely perfect like this, parted and surrounding Draco's fingers, moving up and down suggestively. Potter's penetrating green gaze was fixed on Draco's face when he stuck out his tongue, forcing Draco to look at the slick muscle as it wrapped itself around his fingers, swirling and catching every drop of the red strawberry jam. The tongue teased the tender skin between Draco's fingers and then slowly retracted into Potter's mouth as he pressed his lips tighter and pulled back, sucking, and in the process making Draco's insides melt.

Potter's tongue licked Draco's fingers wetly a few more times, caressing Draco's fingertips and sending pleasure straight into Draco's cock. Then, Potter pulled back and pressed a final gentle kiss to the tips of Draco's fingers before letting go of Draco's hand.

Potter looked very pleased as he licked his lips and said, "I loved my dessert. You go well with

strawberries."

Draco blinked, dazed, and then inhaled sharply when he heard a chair scarping the floor somewhere to his right. A woman said, "Honestly!" sounding scandalised. As the sound of footsteps echoed in Draco's head, he remembered to lower his hand and hide it beneath the table, his cheeks burning.

Potter narrowed his eyes, but looked amused. "I think I shocked her."

"You shocked me," Draco mumbled, trying in vain to calm down.

The waitress appeared next to their table and said, "Er."

"We're leaving now," Potter said, not unkindly. "Aren't we?" he asked Draco, smiling because he probably knew Draco would be very keen to leave now, after Potter's spectacular but embarrassing performance.

Draco nodded gloomily and stood up, carefully not looking around. He regretted they hadn't even touched the champagne; he could use a glass. Or the bottle.

Draco's head cleared only after he stepped outside the restaurant and took a gulp of much needed fresh air. He didn't remember paying for the dinner, but Potter must have taken care of it because when he appeared on the pavement next to Draco no one was chasing him.

Feeling refreshed and deciding he was now capable of rational thought, Draco tried to find a way to get out of this. It seemed that the only thing that had made Potter pause was Draco's proclamation that he had never been with a man and that he wanted to take things slowly. Maybe he could stall for a while. Arrange another date or two and then tell Potter that he had been wrong because it turned out that Draco wasn't gay after all. That was all a huge mistake and Potter didn't have to sleep with Draco because he felt sorry for him, or, if the only reason why Potter wanted him was his unparalleled sexual drive, he should simply find someone else to satisfy this need. Though, Draco frowned, someone else didn't include Hogan. Or anyone in the Ministry. Or anyone Draco knew. Or anyone Draco didn't know as those men could be maniacs.

Just as Draco turned, planning to thank Potter for the evening and suggest they should meet again sometime next week, Potter's arm sneaked around Draco's waist and Draco nearly lost his bearings as he was pulled into the shadows. Potter held him tight, so tightly Draco feared that Potter was trying to suffocate him. Their chests were pressed firmly together while one of Potter's legs insinuated itself between Draco's thighs, forcing Draco to remember that he was aroused. As was Potter. Draco shuddered as something hard and warm pressed against his thigh.

One of Potter's hands was on the small of Draco's back, the touch light, but Draco was sure that Potter would press harder if Draco tried to bolt. Not that Draco was bolting. He knew he should because he didn't want to give Potter false hopes, but his body hadn't listened to him once this evening and Draco guessed that it wasn't about to start now.

Potter's other hand hovered near Draco's face for several moments and then, tentatively, Potter's palm pressed against Draco's cheek, slowly moving Draco's hair out of his face, before it returned to cradle Draco's cheek again. It was crazy that Draco found this touch more shocking than when Potter had sucked on his fingers in the restaurant. This was more intimate; Draco hadn't expected this tenderness, not from Potter. The warmth of Potter's palm was incredible and Draco couldn't help himself; he tilted his head a little, pressing his cheek more firmly into Potter's palm.

Potter made an odd, strangled sound and then Draco felt hot breath caressing his lips. Only then did he realise that he had closed his eyes. And possibly purred. His eyes snapped open to meet Potter's gaze; a gaze that was no longer vibrant green but much darker, whether because there wasn't much light here or because Potter succumbed to his clearly desperate sexual cravings, Draco didn't know.

Potter's thumb was caressing Draco's cheek, circling slowly near his lips, spreading by now familiar tingles over Draco's face.

"I have to kiss you," Potter said so quietly Draco could barely hear him. He looked almost apologetic, his expression similar to the one he had when he arrested people he thought were innocent. "I have to," Potter repeated pleadingly, not moving closer, not kissing, just standing there looking at Draco with that same puppy look that was somehow even more powerful now.

Helpless, Draco nodded. He couldn't say no to him. Not while Potter was looking at him like that, all but

begging for Draco's consent.

Potter's lips parted immediately, small puffs of breath ghosting over Draco's mouth, and then he leaned in and closed his eyes, dark lashes touching flushed cheeks. Draco, however, didn't close his eyes. He stared at Potter's face as it approached, unable to believe that this was happening, that he was letting this happen. When Potter's lips touched his, warm and full, but harder, rougher than that of a girl's, Draco's eyes widened instead of closed. It was all so confusing: Potter's leg between his and Potter's chest pressed so snugly to Draco's own; Potter's heart beating so strongly Draco could feel it; the hand on Draco's cheek, trapping his head; the sight of Potter's eyelids, so close and pale compared to his long eyelashes, framed with glasses that threatened to press against Draco's face; and the feel of Potter's lips, still hard, but impossibly gentle as he moved them against Draco's, his tongue occasionally touching Draco's bottom lip, making Draco shudder every time it happened.

Boldly, Potter's hand that rested on Draco's back moved lower, much lower to press against Draco's buttocks, not gripping, not applying pressure, just lightly tracing over the curve of Draco's arse, exploring slowly. But no matter how light the touch, Draco still gasped at the feeling, Potter's words from yesterday ringing in his ears: I'll fuck him into the mattress, Potter had said. That thought shouldn't have been so appealing and in a way it was terrifying, but Potter's caress summoned cravings, desires buried deeply in Draco's mind. He found himself wanting Potter to touch him more insistently, to press harder, to grip rather than to continue with this tentative stroking.

Potter's tongue slid into Draco's mouth, letting Draco taste the lemon from the oyster sauce, the strawberry from the jam Potter had licked from Draco's fingers, and Potter's own taste, which was better than anything Draco tasted before, easily defeating the sourness of lemons and the sweetness of strawberries.

Potter pulled back with a sudden movement and then took a deep breath before he opened his eyes. Judging by Potter's heavy panting Draco concluded that Potter had forgotten how to breathe, and only after the sharp air burned Draco's lungs did he realise that he had forgotten how to breathe as well.

Potter's eyes were still dark, but alight, burning with obvious desire. "Your place or mine?" Potter gasped, his palm still pressed against Draco's arse. As far as Draco was concerned, it could stay there forever.

Draco didn't think he was gay and he didn't think he wanted to have sex with men, but he did want more of this. He desperately wanted more. And Potter was offering, so why not accept? This was an incredible form of magic Draco had never experienced before and if Potter wanted to show him how he was achieving it then Draco was wiling to learn.

Draco licked his lips, soothing the pleasant burn of Potter's kiss, and then wrapped his arms around Potter's waist, pulling him even closer. "Mine," Draco said in a low voice, strange to his ears, and then Apparated them away.

TBC

Fandom: Harry Potter

Disclaimer: Harry Potter is owned by J.K. Rowling and Warner Brothers. No copyright infringement intended.

Title: One Harry Potter, Please (If Possible, Seduced and Ready)

Beta: The brilliant [info]dysonrules ♥

Pairing: Harry/Draco

Rating: NC-17 (overall)

Word Count: ~4200 (~50 000 overall) Um.

Status: WiP

Summary: All Draco wants is Harry Potter's friendship, just to make his new Auror job more bearable. However, after Harry stubbornly pays more attention to everyone else — including his secret admirer — Draco is forced to resort to drastic measures. And get more than he's bargained for.

Warnings: Post-DH, EWE, Flangst.

Note: This will be updated not quite every other day. Written for [info]awdt's Valentine's Day Quickies: Day Eleven.

I'm so unproductive during the weekend, so late again, but I'm pretty sure the next chapter will be

posted on Friday (definitely by Saturday). I plan to finish this monster next week.

| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | Epilogue |

One Harry Potter, Please (If Possible, Seduced and Ready)

CHAPTER ELEVEN

"I was aiming for the front door," Malfoy said apologetically.

Harry blinked, too dazed to make sense of his statement, but one look around, even though it was completely dark, showed him they were definitely in a bedroom. Malfoy's bedroom. Though Harry couldn’t concentrate on that, not right then. Not with Malfoy looking so flushed and confused, as though he didn't know what he was doing.

Malfoy released him suddenly and took a step back, his cheeks tinted red. "I've been having some trouble with Apparition. My aim is off."

"It's all right," Harry said, surprised he was able to talk. Something painful constricted his throat. Something that had been stuck there the entire evening. It had been agony to see Malfoy shaking his hand during dinner as though trying to shake off Harry's touch, and it had been hard to accept the

realisation that watching Harry eat oysters made Malfoy lose his appetite. But despite all that, Malfoy still hadn't run. Harry had been sure that Malfoy would bolt, if not right away then at least after Harry and licked that jam off his fingers. Instinctively, Harry licked his lips, remembering that moment fondly; Malfoy had looked shocked, but not revolted. Afterwards, Malfoy had rushed outside, not even worrying about paying for their dinner, and as Harry lingered to take care of the tab he was positive that when he finally stepped outside Malfoy would be gone.

But he had been there, waiting for Harry. And all Harry could do at that moment was take advantage of the situation. He had to have at least one little taste before Malfoy disappeared. And Malfoy had let him. He had let Harry pull him close and kiss him. Malfoy's lips had been cold and unresponsive, hard and unmoving beneath Harry's, but the kiss had been spectacular nonetheless. Harry could still feel Malfoy's touch on his lips and he feared he would never be rid of it. Malfoy had ruined kissing for Harry forever.

Shivering and tearing his gaze from Malfoy's distressed expression with difficulty, Harry looked around again. This was truly Malfoy's bedroom. Malfoy himself had brought him here. What kind of a game was this? None of it made sense. The thought that Malfoy would have sex with Harry just so he could dump him and hurt him later seemed ludicrous. Harry had concluded that Malfoy was disgusted by Harry's sexual orientation, but people who weren't gay and had no such desires didn't have sex with someone of their own gender just for a laugh. This was about something else. It had to be. But every reason that Harry could think of seemed sillier than the one before. Harry had been wrong; he couldn’t play this game better. He was losing because he didn't even know what this game was about.

"Do you want something to drink?" Malfoy asked curtly, lighting candles and moving toward the far end of the room where a small table held a bottle of some clear brown liquid and two glasses.

"No," Harry said quickly, determined to keep a clear head even though he could have used a drink. Whatever happened here, Harry wanted to remember it.

He took in the room with overwhelming curiosity. Malfoy's bedroom looked almost exactly as Harry had imagined it. It was enormous; the bed alone was as large as his old room at the Dursleys, and the closets would have never fit in the Dursleys' home or Harry's apartment because their ceilings were much lower. The top shelves were so high someone who couldn't perform magic would never reach them without a ladder. There was a large fireplace on the right end of the room and two armchairs and a small table were placed next to it. On the other side, where Malfoy stood, were two chairs and a table, carved and elegant looking, and next to them a huge glass door, partially covered by curtains, led towards the balcony. A little to the left there was a massive desk with quills and parchment and in front of Harry was

a high cabinet with many drawers; on top of the cabinet were at least a dozen photographs with two silver candlesticks illuminating the blond family that dominated the pictures. There were several paintings on the wall, but no portraits, just landscapes and images of some bizarre things Harry had no idea what they were supposed to be.

Even though Harry had expected this lavishness, there were two things that surprised him. One, the room wasn't draped in Slytherin green and silver, but was dominated by brownish tones, which made it look warm and comfortable, homey rather than cold and unappealing. Harry would never have guessed that there was a place in this Manor he would find inviting. And another more shocking thing was that the room wasn't very tidy. Harry had expected that everything would be polished and that no dust would be visible. And though the room wasn't exactly messy, there were little things that made Harry frown in confusion. The large bed was made, but badly. There were actual wrinkles on the top sheet, the kind that would make Aunt Petunia have a fit. And there was dust here and there, and not one single item gleamed. A robe was tossed over an armchair and there were wrinkled papers and quills on all three tables. It wasn't terribly unkempt, someone had obviously cleaned up, but it wasn't the immaculately sparkling environment Harry had expected.

"I haven't tidied up," Malfoy said defensively as though he had read Harry's mind.

Harry looked at him, noting that Malfoy was holding a glass of the brown stuff he had offered Harry earlier. There were a lot of ice cubes in the glass, so Harry hoped Malfoy wouldn't get too drunk too soon.

"Your house-elves are on leave or something?" Harry asked, confused.

Malfoy laughed. "House-elves on leave." He shook his head, chuckling. "My one house-elf is with my parents in France. The other one hasn't been around for a long time. But I guess you know that."

Harry looked away, not wanting to think about Dobby right then. Instead, he tried to assimilate this new information. "You live here alone?"

Malfoy made no response, just gave him an odd look and walked closer, temporarily stopping Harry's breathing, but he moved on towards the fireplace. He lit the fire with his wand, set his glass on the

coffee table, took off his coat, and then moved to put it away in one huge closet.

"You want to . . .?" Malfoy waved his hand towards Harry and then toward the closet, looking a little embarrassed. "I mean, if you're staying you should take off . . . er . . . your coat."

Staying. Harry's throat constricted harder and he concluded he wouldn't be talking anytime soon. Malfoy wanted him to stay. To stay the night? To stay forever? Harry would have agreed to anything. At that point he hardly even cared why Malfoy would offer.

"Or you could just toss it on the floor. I don't care," Malfoy said, irritated.

Harry quickly took off his coat and walked over, handing it to Malfoy. Huffing and shaking his head, Malfoy hung the coat, carefully fixing the collar and the nonexistent wrinkles on the coarse fabric, something he hadn't done with his own coat. It made Harry flustered and then it made him feel silly, because Malfoy was stroking his coat and not Harry and yet the sight of those pale fingers — fingers whose taste Harry was now familiar with — stroking the coat with care, sent a shiver down Harry's spine. He imagined Malfoy stroking his skin tenderly, carefully. It was odd to think like that; in his fantasies, Malfoy had always been rough, not tender.

Malfoy closed the closet door and looked lost for a moment, clearly not knowing what to do now.

"Do you . . ." Malfoy cleared his throat. "Do you want something to eat?"

Harry almost laughed. "We just had dinner. Unless," Harry forced his voice to sound flirty, "that was some sort of innuendo. In that case, yes, I would like something to eat."

Malfoy's eyes went impossibly round and he stood staring at Harry for a while before he turned and went straight for the glass he had previously disregarded.

"Honestly, Potter," he said after a sip, "is that all you think about?"

Harry sighed inwardly and wandered towards the cabinet with the pictures. "Can you blame me?" he asked. "After all those letters I am in the mood." He grabbed a photo and stared at it to stop himself from looking at Malfoy.

"You're obsessed with those letters," Malfoy grumbled.

"I am obsessed, but not with the letters," Harry admitted bitterly.

Malfoy appeared next to him and Harry almost dropped the photo in his hands.

"You're touching my stuff," Malfoy said, clearly not pleased.

Harry bit his lip. Malfoy was making this too easy. Looking at Malfoy through his eyelashes, Harry said with a leer, "Not yet, but I plan to."

Malfoy made no comment, simply pressed his lips tightly together and looked heavenwards as though praying for patience. He did blush, however.

Harry looked back at the photo of Narcissa Malfoy, who was holding a small blond child in her arms. They were both laughing, looking happy and untroubled, and Harry stared at the tiny, smiling child, wondering if he would ever make Malfoy laugh this carelessly.

"I never expected you to look so —"

"Adorable?" Malfoy said promptly. "Of course I was an adorable child, Potter. Everybody always said so," he said proudly.

"I meant to say chubby, actually."

"What?" Malfoy snatched the photo from Harry's hand. "You're blind, Potter. I wasn't chubby."

"You were, but in an adorable sort of way." Harry nodded, straight-faced.

"That's just baby fat. Perfectly normal. Honestly, have you never seen a young child before?" Malfoy huffed as Harry turned to hide a smile. "Stop touching my . . . pictures."

"Does that mean I can touch your other stuff?"

Malfoy carefully returned the picture to the cabinet, his knuckles white as if he was gripping it too hard. "You're here, aren't you?" he said quietly. "Touching is presumed. No need to be crude about it, though."

Harry sucked in a sharp breath, shocked. Malfoy couldn’t mean that. Did he really plan to have sex with Harry? Was this really happening? Did Malfoy just give Harry permission to touch him? And more importantly, why was Harry just standing there, not touching him?

Suddenly terrified, Harry turned around and took a step away from Malfoy, worried that he would jump his partner, touch his stuff, and possibly scare him away forever.

However, Malfoy was right behind him in a second.

"Where are you going?" he asked, worried.

"Um." Harry turned, making Malfoy take a step back because they were apparently standing too close as

far as Malfoy was concerned. "I'm just looking around."

Malfoy frowned, looking even more worried.

Bemused, Harry swept the room with his gaze once more. "What? Are you hiding something here? Sex toys in the cabinet? Chains under the bed? I don't mind, really."

Malfoy clenched his teeth and said, "No. Idiot."

"Then, what?"

Agitated, Malfoy ran his fingers through his hair, distracting Harry, who was fascinated when the blond strands returned smoothly to their previous position. His hair never did that.

"I'm sorry," Malfoy said, surprising Harry again. "I'm just not used to having people in my room."

"Seriously?" Harry swallowed, watching Malfoy's face carefully. He looked uncharacteristically nervous. "Don't you bring your girlfriends here?"

Malfoy spluttered, scandalised. "Obviously not! Not while my parents lived here. Merlin, my mother was in this house, I couldn't bring someone here."

"What about friends?"

"I receive guests in the parlour," Malfoy said haughtily.

"Of course, that's only natural," Harry deadpanned. "Um, but your parents have been in France for a long

while now."

Malfoy shrugged. "I was busy lately. Had no time for girlfriends."

"Oh." Harry considered it carefully. No men ever, no girlfriends lately. And Malfoy hadn't brought anyone else here; to this huge Manor where he lived alone, making his own bed, washing his own clothes, fixing his own dinner. That was so incredibly strange and not at all what Harry had expected. It didn't fit with Harry's theories. He imagined Malfoy living as he had lived before; spoiled rotten by his house-elves that fulfilled his every whim and surrounded by friends who were ready to laugh with him when Malfoy did something embarrassing to Harry. Harry's belief that Malfoy was doing this just to make fun of him didn't make sense anymore. But nothing else made sense, either. What the hell was going on here?

"What are you doing?" Malfoy asked, sounding panicky.

Harry blinked, realising he had moved and sat down on the bed. Malfoy's bed. Pleased with this revelation, Harry jumped a little, testing. The bed was squishy, but not too squishy. It was perfect for shagging, in Harry's expert opinion.

Malfoy was standing several feet away, staring at Harry with an anxious expression.

"We could sit there . . ." Malfoy pointed at the armchairs near the fireplace. "And talk."

"I like it here," Harry said truthfully.

"It's warmer there."

"I'll keep you —"

Malfoy bristled and raised his hand. "Stop that. I mean it, Potter."

"It's true." Harry grinned, his spirits lifting though he wasn't sure why. Well, sitting on Malfoy's bed probably had something to do with it. He cocked his head at Malfoy, using the tone of voice that had seemed to work on Malfoy before. "Come here," he said. It wasn't an order or a plea, merely a suggestion.

Malfoy stayed where he was, staring at the spot next to Harry as though there was something horrid there. At least he wasn't staring at Harry as though he was something horrid. That had to count for something.

Malfoy intertwined his fingers, fiddling with them nervously, almost as though he was trying to break them. It was an oddly endearing sight; Malfoy's nervousness was palpable. That wasn't an act; it couldn't have been.

Harry tried to remember what he had done earlier, outside the restaurant when he had asked for a kiss and Malfoy had miraculously agreed. Had he pleaded? He couldn't remember. Maybe he should plead now.

But to Harry's surprise, pleading wasn't necessary. Malfoy took a tentative step forward and then, as though he had suddenly decided not to be shy, he strode confidently towards the bed and sat down next to Harry, not quite close enough for their bodies to touch. Not until Harry moved his leg and bumped their knees together.

Malfoy gave him an odd look, but he didn't move his leg away. Emboldened, Harry reached out and grabbed Malfoy's hands with a fast movement, fearful that Malfoy would pull them away if Harry was too slow. Malfoy did manage to free his right hand, but Harry had claimed his left and didn't plan to let it go.

"You have a strange hand fetish," Malfoy accused, but relaxed and allowed Harry to keep one of his hands.

Harry smiled widely, thinking he had a Malfoy fetish rather than a hand one, but as he turned and caressed the palm in his hands, he decided that maybe he did have a thing about Malfoy's hands. They had always been the most accessible part of Malfoy's body. All those times Malfoy had sat across the desk, writing, or tapping his fingers on the desk's surface, Harry had been miserable, knowing that he could reach and touch those hands but he hadn't been allowed. He had to restrain himself and be careful not to touch them even accidentally. But here it was, Malfoy's hand in his grasp, stiff until Harry caressed it slowly and made it relax. Malfoy had nice hands, pale with long fingers, deceptively fragile looking; Harry knew from experience that that hand could grip his wrists firmly, and could punch him and send him flying.

As he trailed his fingertips over the lines on Malfoy's palm, looking for the one that could assure him Malfoy would have a long, healthy life, something touched his cheek. Startled, Harry raised his head, then froze in shock when he realised that Malfoy had pressed his fingertips to Harry's face, voluntarily touching him. And even after Harry's sudden movement, Malfoy hadn't moved his fingers away, nor did he shift his gaze that studied something on Harry's face.

"You have . . ." Malfoy murmured and Harry gasped in horror. He had something on his face. Probably this whole time. Probably jam. And Malfoy chose to tell him this now after he had inwardly laughed about it the entire evening.

"Dimples," Malfoy finished.

"Oh." Harry sighed in relief, relaxing his hands that held Malfoy's wrist in a bruising grip. "I do? I didn't know," Harry said, surprised, though in that moment he didn't know much about anything anyway. His brain had stopped working properly, concentrating only on Malfoy's light touch.

"Yes, you do. When you laugh." Malfoy's voice was quiet, his expression unlike anything Harry had ever seen on Malfoy's face before. It looked almost like yearning, but Harry didn't dare to conclude something so bold. "I like them," Malfoy said, sounding so honest Harry believed him. Amazed, he thanked whatever deity gave him these dimples and prayed that Malfoy would find something else about Harry's body to like.

Malfoy's gaze shifted a little and focused on Harry's lips. Harry didn't move, didn't even breathe, terrified that a simple movement would break this moment and make Malfoy look away. His lips felt dry suddenly

and Harry was possessed with an inexplicable urge to lick them. The moment he thought about it, the need became unbearable and he thought his lips would dry out under Malfoy's gaze if Harry didn't wet them.

But in the next moment, Malfoy did that for him.

His lips pressed against Harry's, his tongue sweeping over Harry's bottom lip, the touch soothing, soft, incredible, magnificent because Malfoy had done it without any prodding on Harry's part. Harry didn't even beg — something he had planned to do — and yet Malfoy was kissing him. He slid his lips slowly against Harry's before his tongue pushed between Harry's parted lips and Harry shivered and gasped; the sound choked and desperate. His whole body convulsed and pressed forward, every part of him aching to be as close to Malfoy as it was humanly possible. He thought his violent reaction would chase Malfoy away, make him edge backwards and tell Harry to stop being crude, but it didn’t. Malfoy deepened the kiss, his tongue exploring Harry's mouth, twisting, sliding, its every movement maddening, making Harry desperate for more.

The kiss ended too soon as Malfoy pulled back with a final lick over Harry's bottom lip. Harry's whole body helplessly followed Malfoy's retreat, his lips peppering kisses over Malfoy's mouth and chin and cheeks, and every other part of Malfoy's face they could reach. Malfoy didn't push him away, just breathed heavily, answering the short light kisses when they landed on his mouth.

"How do you do that?" Malfoy gasped, his voce muffled and odd probably, because Harry was nibbling on his bottom lip.

"Do what?" Harry asked and pressed another kiss to the corner of Malfoy's lips, then slid his mouth to the other side, shivering as Malfoy pressed closer, then moved his hand, cradling the left side of Harry's head in his palm, his fingertips caressing the short hair on Harry's neck.

"You're . . ." Malfoy sounded amazed. "Can you do magic without your wand?"

Harry frowned, temporarily distracted, but not distracted enough to stop kissing Malfoy's face. "No. I don't think that's possible. Is it?"

"I guess not." Malfoy raised their joined hands and pressed Harry's palm to his cheek as thought trying to recreate the moment of their first kiss. Harry would have gladly helped and placed his other hand where it had been before, but Malfoy was sitting down and all Harry could do was caress Malfoy's spine, which wasn't a bad thing at all. Bad things ceased to exist altogether when Malfoy tentatively slid his hand against Harry's thigh, stopping just before it reached the hardness that pulsed with the frantic rhythm of Harry's heart.

Malfoy's fingers dug painfully into Harry's leg and desire more powerful than Harry had ever felt before exploded within him, making the whole room spin violently. They kissed again, and this time Harry had no idea which one of them initiated the kiss. They must have moved together; their lips parting and tongues intertwining, as they kissed hungrily, the tentative explorations from before forgotten. And dear God, Malfoy could kiss. That was some sort of cosmic joke; it was too cruel that the best kiss Harry had ever received in his entire life came from a man who was unlikely to kiss him ever again after this night.

Malfoy pulled away, again much too soon, but in that moment Harry would have thought that forever was too soon. When he opened his eyes, after savouring the feelings that coursed through him, Harry was greeted by distressed grey eyes.

"What's wrong?" Harry asked before he could stop himself. What a ridiculous question. Malfoy probably thought that everything about this was wrong.

"I like this," Malfoy said, pained, confused, still gripping Harry's thigh hard enough to bruise. "I really like this."

"Oh." Harry's heart almost burst out of his chest. He wanted to say, "Me too," but all he managed to do was smile so broadly his face almost ached. Malfoy looked even more worried, his gaze flickering toward Harry's cheeks.

Oh, dimples, Harry thought. So far Malfoy had confessed he liked Harry's dimples and he liked Harry's kisses. Which meant Harry had two trump cards he wasn't aware of before. Which was good to know if they were still playing a game, though Harry was no longer sure that that was the case.

"I'm not gay," Malfoy said, not sounding petulant anymore, but honestly confused.

"Would it be so bad if you were?"

"Yes. No." Malfoy took a deep breath. "Not if . . . if . . ."

"What?" Harry asked, desperate to know what Malfoy needed, wanted.

"Why are you —?" Malfoy stopped speaking again, driving Harry crazy.

This was beyond ridiculous and it ceased to be a game. There were no rules and no point, except that Harry was well aware that there was a potential prize. But what was the point of a prize if Harry couldn't keep it, if he had to let it slip between his fingers? He had to stop playing and tell Malfoy that he knew he wasn't Harry's secret admirer, but that it didn't matter. Malfoy seemed as confused as Harry was and maybe if he knew how Harry felt about him, he wouldn't be so cruel as to toy with his feelings. He'd either stop this or maybe the dimples and kisses would be enough to keep him here. Maybe if Harry made this night spectacular, Malfoy would be interested in something more. Maybe this was Harry's chance to show Malfoy how wonderful things could be if they were together. Maybe if Harry told Malfoy he loved him, it would mean something to him. Maybe it would be enough for him to give Harry this chance.

Terrified, Harry studied Malfoy carefully; the confusion and worry were still clear on Malfoy's face. "Draco, I have to tell you something," Harry whispered, losing his nerve with every word, but fighting desperately to continue. He should start at the beginning; explain that he didn't care about Derek or his gifts and letters, but that he just cared about Draco. "The only reason I went on this date was —"

"No!" Malfoy exclaimed suddenly, looking even more troubled than before. "I don't want to hear this. I know why you came and I know what you want."

"No, you —"

"I don't want to talk now," Malfoy growled; the hand in Harry's hair tightening its grip.

"But we should talk. I don't want you to think that I'm here because —"

"Shut up," Malfoy said furiously and closed his eyes, pressing his forehead to Harry's. "I want to do this. Now. It doesn't matter why you're here. I don't want to hear it."

"But I need you to know — Oh!" Harry gasped, shocked as Malfoy's hand on his thigh slid upwards, cupping Harry's crotch firmly. Every thought Harry had evaporated; all he could concentrate were the incredible sensations running through him, spreading from Malfoy's hand.

Malfoy pressed his lips to Harry's and murmured, "I want you to . . . show me. That's all I want. I just need to know."

His breath hitching and eyes burning, Harry nodded. Malfoy was confused about his orientation and all he wanted was to experiment. And he had chosen Harry. This was just for one night, the only night Harry would ever get. He could only hope he'd have the strength to make the most of it.

TBCFandom: Harry Potter

Disclaimer: Harry Potter is owned by J.K. Rowling and Warner Brothers. No copyright infringement intended.

Title: One Harry Potter, Please (If Possible, Seduced and Ready)

Beta: [info]dysonrules ♥

Pairing: Harry/Draco

Rating: NC-17 (overall)

Word Count: ~7500 (~50 000 overall)

Status: WiP

Summary: All Draco wants is Harry Potter's friendship, just to make his new Auror job more bearable. However, after Harry stubbornly pays more attention to everyone else — including his secret admirer — Draco is forced to resort to drastic measures. And get more than he's bargained for.

Warnings: Post-DH, EWE, Flangst.

Note: Written for [info]awdt's Valentine's Day Quickies: Day Thirteen.

points at word count *hands* I actually thought I'll have to post this tomorrow, but Cheryl = amazing.

This chapter is rated NC-17; also, the last chapter will be rated NC-17. I'm just throwing that out there.

| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | Epilogue |

One Harry Potter, Please (If Possible, Seduced and Ready)

CHAPTER TWELVE

There was one particular memory that pushed to the forefront of Draco's mind. It had happened in his second year at the Auror Academy during duelling practice. Draco had always had trouble with Defensive

Spells as he didn't pay much attention to them at school, and that day hadn't been any different. His instructor had jokingly suggested that if his spell failed he should just grab his duelling partner by the balls. Everyone had laughed and Draco had laughed with them, even though he hadn't found it funny. His duelling partner at the time was a handsome, dark-haired man who liked to tease and smile at Draco cockily, and the thought of grabbing him by his balls had made Draco feel strange. He had lost the duel, never considering the possibility of touching his opponent in such a way, because somehow that action would likely have backfired. Looking back on it now, that had probably been a good decision.

Draco was much too flustered now that his hand rested against Potter's crotch. Draco had grabbed him there to distract the idiot and stop him from explaining how this was a one off and he would have slept with anyone who came his way because he was a crazy sex obsessed bastard. Draco was possessed with a sudden urge to explore the bulge in Potter's trousers, to caress and trail his fingers over the rough fabric, to cup and squeeze, and to touch the heated skin beneath. The touch had affected Draco much more than Potter, apparently, because Potter obviously had more pressing matters to attend to. His hands grabbed Draco's shirt and he was trying futilely to rip the fabric apart. Honestly, Draco didn't know if Potter was used to ripping fabrics apart but his shirt was made of quality material and Potter was fighting a lost battle. Draco would have told him as much but his mouth was otherwise occupied by returning Potter's hot open-mouth kisses.

Draco tried to summon some courage and squeeze the hardness under his hand, but his arm was frozen and it refused to budge. Giving up, Draco released Potter and gripped the hands that wrestled with his shirt.

Potter whined and mumbled something incomprehensible against Draco's lips, but he clearly didn't intend to detach his mouth from Draco's.

"Let me," Draco murmured and reached for the buttons of his shirt.

Potter pulled back and Draco quickly looked down, not wanting to meet Potter's gaze. Potter's looks, full of desire and lust, unsettled Draco, and he feared that if he looked at Potter now he would not be able to keep his hands steady. He unbuttoned his shirt with deft fingers, but didn't manage to take it off since Potter all but lunged at him, his palms pressing against the newly exposed skin of Draco's chest.

Draco shuddered and moaned, then scowled, annoyed he had made such a sound and that a simple

touch like this made him shiver, but Potter had already proven that his touch was magical so these reactions weren't Draco's fault. Draco had expected that the feelings Potter's caress aroused would cease to be so intense the more Potter touched him, but instead the feelings had only intensified.

Potter made a sudden movement and in the next second he was on the floor, kneeling between Draco's legs. Startled, Draco forgot he didn't want to look at Potter and he found himself staring down at lustful green eyes. As expected, Draco's whole body shook and the last of his composure shattered.

Others, women, and even a few men, had looked at Draco with appreciation, but no one had ever looked at him like this. Potter's gaze raked over Draco's chest and face with such reverence and hunger, Draco felt his skin grow hot. It was almost too much to bear. It was almost terrifying to be on the receiving end of such powerful desire. Mercifully, Potter rose up a little and reached out to lightly touch the back of Draco's head, and Draco had to withstand just a few more seconds of that hot stare before Potter closed his eyes and kissed him again.

How was it possible that every new kiss surprised Draco so much? Potter kissed him differently every time, hungrily when Draco expected him to be slow and slowly when Draco expected him to be rough. This kiss was a strange mix of unhurried exploration and slow-burning intensity. It was a lingering, gentle kiss with Potter tilting his head backwards, his lips pliant and soft, and yet Draco was the one trapped, captured by the gentle pressure of Potter's hand on his head and by Potter's tongue that moved sensually against his. Potter asserted control effortlessly, without any aggression or demand, but by making Draco feel helpless in the face of so much tenderness.

It was both torture and bliss when Potter finally released him. Torture because Draco missed Potter's lips the moment they moved away from his, and bliss because Potter hadn't stopped his gentle assault, now sliding his lips against the skin of Draco's neck. Draco closed his eyes and forced himself to breathe. The branding touch of Potter's mouth was maddening. Potter trailed his tongue and lips over every part of Draco's skin he could reach, occasionally sinking his teeth into the flesh, teasing Draco with measured bites that never became painful but every one of them made Draco hiss and shudder and tilt his head further to give Potter better access. Even the slide of fabric of his shirt felt nice against Draco's sensitive skin when Potter lowered it to reveal Draco's shoulders, then grazed his teeth over the new, unexplored parts of Draco's body.

Potter tried to pull Draco's shirt completely away, but Draco didn't let him. He buried his hands into Potter's thick hair, marvelling at the texture of the dark strands. It wasn't silky, nor coarse, but it felt wonderful and he let it slide between his fingers. Draco even liked the gentle tickling of that hair when it

brushed against his chest and shoulders. He opened his eyes to look down, and a feeling that he couldn't identify rushed through him at the sight of that dark head cradled in his hands. The wild tousled locks were ink-black, as dark as hair could be, contrasting heavily with the pale skin of Draco's hands, and beneath it, Potter's skin was warm. Draco wanted to bury his face into those locks and press kisses against the warmth.

But Potter moved lower, his tongue circling one of Draco's nipples before he grazed it with his teeth and pulled it into his mouth, sucking gently but persistently. Draco's toes curled and a low hiss escaped his lips as his hands moved of their own accord, sliding down Potter's back and then moving upwards again, effectively pulling Potter's body closer. The movement shoved Potter's shirt up, revealing the pale skin of his spine, and Draco quickly reached down to press his palms against the heated skin, surprised when Potter gave a muffled moan and curved his spine, sucking harder on Draco's nipples. Amazed by this reaction, Draco trailed his hands over Potter's sides and ribs, pushing them beneath Potter's shirt, not daring to touch lower where the waistband of Potter's jeans hugged Potter's jutting hips. Humming softly in approval, Potter slid his own hands over Draco's back as though in reciprocation of Draco's touch. He abandoned Draco's nipples, now hard and almost painfully sensitive, and moved his mouth upwards pressing sloppy, hot kisses over Draco's collarbone, throat and chin, then he stopped, his lips hovering in front of Draco's mouth.

Draco found himself staring at Potter's eyes again, forgetting that it always had a negative effect on his nerves. Potter seemed dazed now, completely lost, and Draco had a silly urge to ask him ludicrous question such as "What year it is?" to see if Potter would know the answer or not.

"You taste so good," Potter said and Draco's throat constricted. Potter didn't say it in a breathy, lusty tone and it didn't even sound like a compliment. It sounded like an apology, as though Potter felt guilty and he wanted Draco to know that his kissing assault was a natural reaction to Draco's taste.

Draco wanted to tell him that there was nothing to apologise for, but Potter kissed him again and Draco lost the thread of his thoughts. Fortunately, his hands were still working even though his brain was not. They struggled to take off Potter's shirt, which was impossible while their tongues were intertwined, but Potter took the hint and moved away to let Draco pull the shirt over his head. Draco had no time to appreciate the view of Potter's chest, all smoothness and hard lines, because Potter pressed his lips back to his while still struggling to free his arms of the shirt. The moment his arms were freed, Potter reached down, fumbling with the button of Draco's trousers.

Draco had no idea how long this kiss lasted, as the occasional brushes of Potter's knuckles against

Draco's cock were very distracting, but Potter's fingers fumbled and fumbled and yet he made no progress with the button and Draco was growing impatient.

He pushed Potter gently away to unfasten the damn button himself, but he froze when he unwittingly looked up and not down. Potter's glasses must have fallen away when he took off his shirt and Draco was completely taken aback at the sight of Potter's face. He looked oddly naked without his glasses. His eyes were stripped of their protection, revealing too much emotion; pain and desire were mixed in that unfocused gaze and something else, something powerful that Draco didn't know how to name. Panicking, though he wasn't sure why it affected him so much, Draco scanned the floor, quickly located Potter's glasses, snatched them, and handed them to the man kneeling before him. Potter blinked at him, then squinted and took the proffered glasses before returning them to his nose. He looked at Draco again, his gaze dark and troubled, and there was still something else in his eyes, an emotion Draco couldn't stand to see even though he had no idea what it was.

"We should take off our clothes," Draco heard himself say and winced at the coarseness of his voice.

The moment he said that, Potter's expression cleared and he smiled brilliantly, clearly relieved. "Oh. All right," he breathed, immediately reaching for the zipper of his own jeans.

"Um. Shoes first?" Draco suggested, bemused.

"Oh. Right," Potter said again, nearly falling as he twisted to sit on the floor to take off his shoes.

Potter's nervousness made Draco feel a little better. He had no problem with buttons and laces, unlike Potter, who only managed to take his shoes and socks off before Draco waited on the edge of the bed, already naked and beginning to feel cold.

Potter fought with his zipper valiantly for a full minute, but then he caught sight of Draco's nude body and he apparently gave up. He knelt again and crawled towards Draco, his gaze focused on Draco's hard cock. Instinctively, Draco tried to press his knees together; the desire in Potter's expression was too intense again, but Potter was faster and Draco's legs only managed to capture Potter's body between them.

The warmth returned with Potter, as did the familiar tingling sensation when Potter tentatively touched Draco's thighs, his gaze still fixed obsessively on Draco's cock. Finally, Potter tore his gaze away and looked up. Draco surprised himself by knowing exactly what to expect. He nodded even before Potter asked, the plea clear on Potter's face. Something tugged on Draco's heart as Potter smiled widely and bent his neck. What a strange man he was. Draco was used to Potter never asking for anything from anyone, but here he was asking Draco’s permission for something like this.

Potter wrapped one of his hands around the base of Draco's cock, the touch making Draco grip the sheets and clench his teeth to stop himself from making embarrassing sounds, but then Potter stuck out his tongue and gave the head of Draco's cock one firm lick. Air escaped through Draco's clenched teeth, producing an odd hissing sound.

"Mmm," Potter said, sounding pleased, and Draco sighed in relief, not aware he had been worried that Potter might change his mind and declare Draco didn't taste so well after all.

It occurred to Draco that all his fantasies had centered around Harry Potter sucking his cock, but Draco had never dared to go further, not even in his mind. He used to tell himself that that was normal because, clearly, all he wanted was to get Potter on his knees and shove his cock into his mouth in order to humiliate him. He had never expected that Potter would not see it as humiliation. He had never imagined this particular expression on Potter's face. Never thought that Potter would do this willingly, eagerly, that he would plead with Draco to let him suck his cock as though Draco was doing him a favour.

Draco hissed again when Potter closed his eyes and took Draco's cock into his mouth, his tongue swirling and lips stretching around the head as he hummed quietly. He looked as though he thoroughly enjoyed it, and despite the incomparable sensation of Potter's warm mouth surrounding his cock, it was the utter reverence on Potter's face that pulled choked, needy sounds from Draco's mouth. The whimpers he fought desperately to rein in spilled past his lips in a rush.

Emboldened, Potter took Draco's cock deeper into his mouth and sucked lightly, too lightly, the feeling maddening as Draco tried to stop himself from begging Potter to speed up, to suck harder. Potter did both, no begging required, or maybe Draco ignored the moment when he had whined incoherently and said Harry's name — a lot.

Even though Potter did incredible things with his mouth and tongue, Draco surprised himself with his ability to focus on the strangest details, but so many things fascinated him. Like Potter's eyes, not firmly shut but half-open, eyelashes fluttering every time Potter pulled him in, and eyelids closing as he moved his mouth back, applying suction; his cheeks hollowed, reddening a little more every time he did so. He opened his eyes again as his tongue swirled over the head of Draco's cock, the tip shiny with precome and Harry's spit, and then he would repeat the whole enthralling process again. Then there was the feeling of Harry's hand wrapped around the base of Draco's cock; Potter didn't move his hand at all, but his thumb kept stroking the sensitive vein on the underside, the touch light and inconsequential, but Draco could feel it acutely. Potter's other hand was on Draco's thigh, his fingertips sliding over Draco's sweaty skin, as though Potter was trying to soothe him with his caress though Draco had no idea why Potter would think Draco was upset.

Unconsciously, Draco pressed the underside of his bared left forearm to his thigh and reached out to place his hand over Potter's, stopping the slow caress, though he wasn't sure where the sudden urge to hold Potter's hand came from. Potter moaned around his mouthful, intertwining their fingers, and then he took Draco's cock even deeper, flattening his tongue against the underside. He pulled back, sucking hard, and then suddenly, he looked up. That was all it took, even though Draco wasn't aware he had been so close. His orgasm took him by surprise, building rapidly, the pleasure hanging just out of reach before Draco could even consider controlling himself. He said Potter's name to warn him, but Potter didn't budge. His eyes darkened and then fluttered close as he tightened the grip of their hands, as though to tell Draco that it was all right. But Draco was past caring, his vision turned white and his body convulsed, as he spilled himself down Potter's throat, shuddering violently.

After his vision cleared, shivers still raked through his body and weakness settled in his limbs; Draco saw Potter pull away. Potter looked at Draco, then swallowed and licked his lips, and Draco shuddered again.

Potter kept staring, eyes wide, lips wet and parted, looking as though he expected something.

Draco frowned, not knowing what Potter wanted him to do or say. Confused, he decided to tell the truth. "That was amazing," he whispered, breathless.

It was the right thing to say. Potter smiled an impossibly wide smile, making Draco grin in return. Honestly, all this time he had wondered what he should do to make Potter smile like this; had he known that he would be rewarded with a dimpled smile if he let Potter suck his cock, he'd have found a way to suggest it sooner.

Potter tried to free his hand and, realising he was holding it captive, Draco quickly released it. He watched with avid attention as Potter stood and then surprised them both by unbuttoning the button of his jeans at first try. Potter's hips and strong thighs were quickly revealed, and Draco spared them an appreciative glance before he fixed his gaze on Potter's cock.

Completely naked, Potter stood still, his cock hard and long with pearly moisture gathered on the head. Draco waited patiently for the negative emotions to kick in. This was another man's cock and it was entirely too close to Draco's face, so close Draco could feel the heady scent of Potter's arousal. Shouldn't he feel disgusted, especially if Potter expected Draco to reciprocate the favour? But disgust simply refused to show itself. On the contrary, Draco's mouth watered and he found himself contemplating how it would feel to reach out and take Potter's cock into his mouth. The thought was appealing, not revolting.

Sweet Merlin, how could he have lived this long and not known that he would find the thought of having someone's cock in his mouth exciting? Had he truly been lying to himself, as Potter had suggested earlier this evening? Had he been missing out?

Well, he was here now and maybe it was time to find out what else he liked.

Draco reached out and wrapped his hand around the warm flesh of Potter's cock, marvelling at the velvety feel of skin and heat as though he had never touched his own cock like this before. But the feeling was incomparable, more so because Potter made a weak, broken sound and grabbed Draco's wrist, his cock twitching in Draco's hand.

"Don't," Potter rasped. "I can't . . . I want . . . Fuck." Potter shivered and grabbed Draco tighter, forcing his hand away.

Draco bit his lip, trying to calm down, desperate not to show he was suddenly terrified. Of course. Potter had said he wanted to fuck his date into the mattress. He wanted to push his cock into a place Draco considered much too private for such an endeavour.

Potter's cock stopped looking appealing; instead, it seemed threatening, and enormous. Which was why Draco had to look away and make the same mistake he had been making the whole evening. He looked at Potter's face and almost groaned aloud, knowing he'd let Potter do whatever he wished to him. Potter had that look again, the pleading look full of emotion and question, that made Draco feel powerless to defy him.

Sighing, Draco nodded and scooted backwards on the bed. This wouldn't kill him. He hoped. He had lived through worse, surely?

Potter didn't smile as Draco expected he would, he just looked more nervous. And hungry.

"I need lube," Potter mumbled. "You have any?"

Draco shook his head. Sometimes he would buy it for wanking, but sometimes he didn't. It wasn't his top priority. Maybe they couldn't do it now. Draco wouldn't have anything against more blowjobs.

But apparently lube was Potter's top priority.

"I think I have some in my coat pocket," he said, then turned and rushed away toward the closet.

Of course, Potter was the kind of guy that carried lube in his coat pocket. He came to the dated prepared. Though the thought unsettled Draco, his spirits lifted as he watched Potter fiddling through Draco's closet, looking for his coat. Draco thanked Merlin for Potter's nervousness that made him drop the lube after he had found it, so he had to bend down to get it.

Potter's arse was surprisingly lovely. Round and pert and shaped to perfection. Potter's stupid clothes always obscured the view, the loosely fitting denim making it seem like Potter had no arse to speak of. Draco frowned, displeased with his thoughts. He shouldn't have known that, technically. He shouldn't have been aware that Potter's jeans usually hid his fine arse. Did it mean that Draco had been looking?

"What?" Potter asked, already near the bed, holding a tube in his hand. He sounded worried and he looked worried, chewing on his bottom lip.

Realising he'd been staring at Potter's nude body a little too intently, Draco cleared his throat, chastising himself inwardly.

"I was just thinking . . ." Draco couldn't help smiling a little. "This whole time, I was admiring the wrong set of cheeks and dimples."

Potter blinked and then blushed, nonetheless looking relieved. He climbed on the bed, sat on his heels, and cocked his head. "This whole time?"

Fuck.

"This evening, I mean," Draco said quickly.

Potter stared at him, his gaze hypnotic, searching Draco's face for something.

Unable to bear it anymore, Draco asked, "Should I turn around?"

Potter shook off his daze and licked his lips again, reminding Draco where those lips had been earlier. He shivered and looked down at his hands.

"If you want," Potter said, sounding reluctant.

Draco figured Potter would have preferred a different position, but Draco couldn't do this if he had to stare at Potter's face as he . . . did things to him.

"Yeah," he said and made to turn, but suddenly Potter was right there next to him.

"Wait," Potter said and then grabbed Draco's chin and kissed him.

Draco tasted both Potter and himself on Potter's lips, the mix of their joined taste sending a new wave of arousal through his body, making his spent cock twitch boldly. He grabbed a fistful of Potter's hair just in case Potter decided to end the kiss before Draco had his fill.

They parted after some time, breathing heavily.

Potter looked dazed as he murmured, "I'll be careful."

A soothing feeling washed over Draco, but he wasn't willing to show that he was relieved, so he rolled his eyes and said, "I'm not some delicate girl, Potter."

Potter laughed with genuine humour. "I know," he said, his eyes twinkling. "I wouldn't be here if you were."

Draco grumbled, and as he turned around he thought he heard Potter add pensively, "I think."

Before he could ponder Potter's words further, Potter grabbed a pillow and attempted to shove it beneath Draco.

"Here," he said and Draco automatically raised his hips, although he regretted his acceptance at once. As he lowered his head to the bed, he realised that his arse was now raised high, exposed to Potter's lustful eyes.

This was the most embarrassing position he had ever been made to endure, Draco thought miserably. But then, an image flashed into his mind, an image of himself kneeling down in the mud before a man with dark robes and red eyes. Shuddering, he pushed the thought away and decided that perhaps this wasn't as embarrassing as it originally seemed.

Potter pressed his palms to Draco's back, the touch soothing in its innocence. But the hands moved lower, tracing the curve of Draco's arse and then caressing his thighs before returning slowly to his back again. Draco knew what Potter was doing, knew he was trying to calm Draco down and he was incredibly grateful, though he did not plan to tell Potter that.

Potter continued his caressing, focusing more and more on Draco's buttocks, until his hands just stayed there, kneading, and then he spread Draco's arse cheeks apart.

Draco shut his eyes, determined not to react in any way. He almost missed Potter's quiet, "Could you spread your legs a little?"

Draco's fists clenched and he did as bid, spreading his legs a lot, not little, not wanting Potter to ask the question again. Ridiculously, he remembered wondering if Potter ordered his bed mates around and said things like, "Please spread your legs," in that maddeningly polite but commanding tone of his. But Potter sounded hesitant and unsure now, which was fortunate because Draco feared that if Potter tried to command him Draco would have to turn around and punch him, and he really didn't want to do that.

Something warm and wet touched his left buttock and Draco nearly jumped out of his skin, but then he realised that Potter had simply pressed his lips and tongue to his arse. Which caused another turmoil of emotions in Draco, but these emotions were pleasant and none of them were fear. But fear showed its ugly head when Potter's gentle and pleasant kisses steadily turned more localised.

"What are you doing?" Draco gasped and lifted his head, making sure that his tone of voice told Potter that his current actions were out of limits.

Potter retreated immediately and mumbled, "Sorry." He kneaded Draco's buttocks soothingly and Draco relaxed, lowering his head back onto the pillow, only to lift it back up again as Potter's slick finger brushed over the crease of Draco's arse. Miffed that he couldn't complain about this part unless he

wanted to stop the whole thing altogether--which he didn't--Draco gritted his teeth and tried to think about something else.

As Potter's finger circled Draco's entrance, his touch pleasant but frightening, Draco catalogued the ingredients used to make Veritaserum. Potter pushed his finger inside slowly, the feeling odd and beginning to rapidly feel even odder.

Add seven Jobberknoll feathers and armadillo bile to a silver pot and leave the pot in a cool, dark place for three days, Draco recited as Potter pushed deeper and left his finger there, not moving. Draco remained still and silent, ignoring the slight pain and waiting, not knowing what to expect next. Potter pulled out, only to push back in as slowly as the first time, but much deeper.

Add water and powdered moonstoon and let it shimmer for half an hour, Draco thought frantically.

Merlin, Potter had gigantic fingers. That was the real problem. He wondered if Potter would let him shrink his fingers. And his cock.

"Relax," Potter whispered. He must have leaned closer because Draco could feel Potter's hot breath over his skin. That was nice, calming. Potter breathed hotly again and said, "Please."

Damn the man. Why couldn't he boss Draco around? Then Draco could get mad and they'd have a fight and all this would be over. Why did he insist on using a tone that made Draco feel powerless and forced him to do Potter's bidding?

Draco did relax, at least a little, enough to make the pain lessen, but Potter ruined everything by adding another gigantic finger, clearly determined to rip Draco in half.

Add lacewing flies and essence of belladonna and stir.

"Fuck," Draco growled.

Potter was caressing Draco's shivery, sweaty thighs, his touch gentle, but his fingers merciless pushed deeper. Oddly, even though it burned every time Potter pushed in and dragged his fingers almost completely out, Draco began to feel a little better. One particular spot within him seemed to enjoy Potter's ministrations. Draco raised his head, if only to avoid suffocation, and concentrated on that feeling. Relief washed over him every time Potter touched that magical spot. Relief turned into genuine pleasure and Draco pushed back experientially, thinking that perhaps this wasn't so bad after all.

But Potter clearly misinterpreted Draco's movement; he seemed to think it was encouragement for yet more violation. The third finger just plain hurt and Draco tried desperately to brew Veritaserum in his mind but he feared that he had only managed to brew mud.

Potter pulled out completely and Draco was ready to breathe out a sigh of relief, but instead he just felt empty. Great, Potter was turning him into a masochist. And now he would push his enormous cock inside him and possibly kill him. What a way to go.

"Draco?"

Draco gasped, unnerved because Potter's voice was much too close.

An arm sneaked under his body and encircled his waist, and Draco found himself turned to his side, his back pressed against a warm, hard chest. Potter's other hand was still caressing his arse, teasingly brushing over the much abused flesh of Draco's arsehole.

Was that it? Had Draco somehow missed the actual fucking? Maybe he had fallen asleep, or lost consciousness?

But that was clearly not the case because Potter grabbed Draco's hip and pressed his body even closer, and Potter's cock pushed snugly against the crease of Draco's arse. Potter was still hard, his skin still hot, and though it meant Draco had to prepare himself for more pain, he decided that this part was actually

nice. Maybe they could just do this.

Potter leaned in and murmured against Draco's ear, "Are you okay?"

"Brilliant," Draco said promptly, carefully looking at his pillow because Potter kept leaning in even closer, trying to establish eye contact. Draco wasn't in the mood for that.

"Do you want to stop?" Potter sounded as though it pained him to say those words.

For a moment, Draco considered the possibility. He could offer to suck off Potter, for example, which sounded like an excellent idea. Although it was slightly disturbing to note that sucking off Potter currently occupied the number one place on Draco's to-do list.

Potter pressed a kiss near Draco's ear while his hand drew maddening circles over the skin of Draco's abdomen. "I mean it," Potter said, sounding much more convincing now. "If you changed your mind and this isn't something you want, then we'll stop."

Potter's hand on Draco's stomach curled into a fist as Potter's whole body went still. Draco could feel him dreading his decision.

Draco closed his eyes, wishing that Potter hadn't stopped to ask the question, because then maybe Draco would stop if it became too much, which it hadn't yet, but Potter's cock felt threatening against Draco's skin. But hearing Potter struggle to offer something he clearly didn't want to do made Draco want to give something in return. Which just wasn't like him, so Potter had clearly messed up Draco's mind.

Steeling himself, Draco looked over his shoulder, mentally preparing himself for the sight of those troubled green eyes. Potter didn't disappoint; his jaw was tight and he had an expression of a resolute man with the eyes of a puppy.

"Shouldn't you be fucking me by now, Potter?" Draco asked.

Potter's eyes widened, then darkened, and Draco felt a little better about his decision to continue. He moved to turn around again, but Potter's arm around his waist tightened.

"No. Like this," he said.

"Oh." Draco settled back, unable to find a sound argument against the position. He wasn't sure it would work, but Potter was gay and Draco supposed he knew these things.

"You'll be more relaxed," Potter promised and Draco believed him. It was relaxing. At least until Potter gripped Draco's thigh and made him lift his leg and bend it at the knee, which made Potter's cock press more intimately against Draco's arse; then it turned terrifying again.

Potter pressed another kiss near Draco's hairline and another to his shoulder, and then he moved a little away and reached down to position his cock, pressing the head against Draco's entrance.

"If it becomes too much, push out. If it's still too much, tell me," Potter instructed.

Draco experienced a moment of confusion, not really sure what he was so worried about. Potter would clearly stop without any drama if Draco asked him to, so it wasn't something that should trouble him. It made no sense that stopping scared him much more than continuing. Stopping would mean he didn't like this and Draco just couldn't understand why he wanted to like this so much.

Potter pushed in slowly, just a little, and then stopped. Which was fortunate because Draco would have had to murder him if he hadn't stopped. It hurt and it burned, but Potter kept still and the pain slowly ebbed away. Potter dragged his fingertips over Draco's raised leg and then grabbed Draco's thigh, supporting the leg's weight, and Draco relaxed even more. Potter showed no sign of movement and Draco grew agitated, so he pushed back, taking more of it in. Potter's choked gasp made the pain easier to bear so Draco pushed down even harder, fascinated by the odd feeling of fullness as well as the keening sounds coming from Potter's mouth. It hurt when Potter pushed in again, much deeper this

time, but Draco remembered to push out and that really did help a little.

"Okay?" Potter said, almost whining, and then added, "Oh God. Draco, you're so —"

Potter finished that sentence, Draco was sure of it, but he didn't hear it. His mind lingered on the way Potter said his name — with much more reverence than when he called out for God.

"Move," Draco said, surprised to hear that the word sounded like a plea.

Potter did move, panting heavily, his hot breath caressing Draco's shoulder. He eased out and pushed back in, and Draco almost complained because it fucking hurt, but then Potter did it again and again, and that wonderful feeling Draco had experienced while Potter had his fingers up Draco's arse returned, and that made everything better. Potter's thrusts were slow, but deep; he pulled out almost completely and pushed back in until his balls were pressed to the skin of Draco's buttocks. The wet sounds Draco could hear when their bodies slapped together were embarrassing, but Draco couldn't concentrate on that. He was beginning to see the appeal of this. He had wondered why anyone would ever let someone breach them in such an intimate way. It was bloody odd, but nonetheless wondrous, the feel of Potter moving inside him, the heat and the uncomfortable burn and the pleasure that came with it, and the feel of Potter's body pressed to Draco's back as Potter gasped and breathed heavily, moving his hips, pushing in and filling Draco over and over again. Draco moved his hips as well, welcoming Potter's thrusts, and then, almost subconsciously, he reached behind to grip Potter's arse and pull him even closer, to make Potter push deeper even though that probably wasn't possible.

"Draco," Potter panted and Draco closed his eyes, waiting, hoping that Potter would say his name again. "Draco, I can't . . . I can't —"

Draco almost panicked, for a moment sure that Potter was backing out, that Draco had done something wrong, and Potter no longer wanted this. But then Potter groaned and shuddered violently; he thrust faster and the heat became unbearable. Draco's fingers dug into the flesh of Potter's arse, possibly leaving a bruise. And then Potter stopped suddenly, shuddering as Draco felt something sticky and wet and uncomfortable inside of him.

Ah. That was it. It was over. Draco took several deep breaths and released Potter's arse from his grasp,

feeling oddly proud of himself. He had managed to do this after all, and he had not only survived but he had almost enjoyed it, and Potter had clearly enjoyed it a lot, so much he didn't last very long.

Potter pulled away carefully, but Draco still winced. He lay there with his breathing calming and his body cooling off while he waited for something, though he didn't know what. Then he realised that he had expected Potter would want to kiss him and give him one of those intense looks, maybe thank him or do something soppy like that, but Potter did no such thing.

Confused, Draco turned, wincing again as pain shot through his arse. Draco ignored it and focused on Potter, surprised to find the man staring at the ceiling. His eyes were unfocused and his jaw was clenched tight, as though he was angry about something.

"What's wrong?' Draco asked, worried that he had misinterpreted something. Maybe Potter had not enjoyed it after all.

But Potter closed his eyes for a moment and then looked at Draco, distress obvious in his expression. "I'm sorry," he said and Draco's hands clenched into fists. What the fuck was wrong with the man? Why did he apologise all the time? Draco promised himself that if Potter said he was sorry one more time, he would punch him.

"For what?" Draco asked through gritted teeth.

Potter shook his head and took a shuddering breath. "I couldn’t . . . you were just so . . . and I . . ." Potter inhaled again. "You didn't even —" He waved his hand in the direction of Draco's cock. Draco was half-hard, which was a feat, in his opinion. Perplexed, Draco tried to make sense of Potter's words. Did Potter expect him to have another orgasm? Draco was happy to be alive. Honestly.

Annoyed, Draco huffed and lay back, grumbling, "You're an idiot, Potter. This was my first time, what the fuck did you expect? I'd start shouting, 'Give it to me hard, baby?' I couldn't just — honestly."

Potter quickly rose up, his palm pressing against Draco's chest and his face hovering above him. "No, of

course not. This is my failure," Potter mourned and Draco wished Potter had his glasses on his face.

"Failure?" Draco asked, displeased. It was a failure?

"I wanted to make it good for you, but I blew it."

Panic quickly replaced Draco's annoyance. Potter looked — sweet Merlin — Potter looked like he was about to fucking cry.

Not knowing what to say, Draco decided to make a joke. "You did blow it," he said and Potter looked away, hurt. "Fortunately, you blow very well," Draco finished, smiling a little when Potter blinked in confusion.

Draco sighed inwardly, relieved when Potter blushed, the corner of his mouth twitching. But Potter's expression turned serious too quickly.

"It gets better, you know," Potter said. "Once you get used to it. Maybe, maybe if we try again . . .?"

Maybe we could try again, Draco wanted to say, except he was worried that Potter meant right now. Draco couldn't do it now, he was in pain, but he didn’t know how Potter would react if Draco suggested another date.

Keep things light, Draco told himself and said, "This was nice." He reached out and grabbed the back of Potter's head, pulling him closer. "Want me to tell you a secret?" he asked and Potter nodded, his gaze flickering toward Draco's lips. "I think I'm a little bit," Draco paused dramatically, "gay."

Potter's lips twitched and he looked happier. He opened his mouth a little and Draco, fearing that Potter would start whining again, pulled him in and pressed their lips together.

The kiss was different again. Slow and sated, wet and sloppy and perfect. And bitter-sweet because Draco didn't know if this was the last time he would kiss Potter. Maybe Potter would get up and leave now, or maybe he would stay the night and disappear in the morning.

Potter trailed a line of soft kisses over Draco's jaw and neck and then he just stayed there, with his head buried in the crook of Draco's neck, sighing and sounding exhausted. Draco didn't dare to question Potter's sudden urge to snuggle; he had never thought that Potter was a snuggler, but after today it wasn't so surprising. He wrapped his arm around Potter's torso and pushed his hand into his tousled hair, breathing in Potter's scent.

Maybe he could suggest another date. Maybe they could meet again and experiment further. It would be strictly educational. They would just be occasional fuck-buddies. It wouldn't mean anything.

Potter pressed another kiss to Draco's neck and mumbled something that involved saying Draco's name. Draco's heart rate sped up and his arms tightened their hold on Potter as Draco determinedly continued his line of thought.

It wouldn't mean anything, he repeated determinedly. Potter would simply show him a few tricks so that Draco knew what to do if he ever had sex with some other man. Someone else, not Potter. The thought made Draco's fist in Potter's hair clench.

He didn't think he could do this with someone else. He didn't want to. He didn't want some girl, either. He just wanted . . .

Fuck.

Something was clawing at his insides, making it hard for Draco to breathe. Gripping Potter even tighter seemed like the most important thing in the world, so Draco gripped and held on, terrified of letting go.

Horrified, he felt moisture on his cheeks as thoughts swirled madly through his mind, trying desperately to make Draco draw a conclusion he didn't want to draw. He fought against the sudden rush of feelings but they were choking him, and Draco grabbed Potter's hair so hard it must have hurt, but Potter didn't

complain; he had probably fallen asleep. Which meant Draco could keep him for the night.

And then he would have to let him go.

Draco closed his eyes, losing the battle against himself.

How could he have been so stupid? All this time he had been scrambling for Potter's attention, telling himself it didn't mean anything, telling himself everything would be fine if Potter would act just a little nicer, convincing himself that all he wanted was Potter's friendship. But what he got was this; he got Potter, seduced by another man and served to Draco on a silver platter, and now all Draco wanted was to take his order back.

He wished it had never happened, that he had never seen Potter like this, that he had never had him in his arms, that he had never had his bloody cock up his arse and his sad eyes staring at him the way they had. What he would do now? Now that he knew how things could be, how it felt to be the sole focus of Potter's attention, how it felt to have him. What the fuck would he do now that he knew that friendship wasn't enough? That fucking wasn't enough. That he wanted everything?

What were the odds that Potter would want something more?

Right on cue, Draco's arm began to burn, the underside of his left forearm pressed against Potter's skin. If Potter had stopped to think, if Draco hadn't been hiding his mark since his shirt fell away, Draco wondered whether Potter would still be here, letting the Dark Mark burn against the naked skin of his back.

It all came back to this, really. Marked for life, that was what the Dark Lord had told him; the Mark was there to stay, reminding Draco of what he could never have. With time, everybody might forget he had it, the public, the Ministry, but not the person Draco wanted to share his bed with. Potter only had to look at it once to remember why he had always disliked Draco. Or maybe he didn't even have to look at it. Even if, by some miracle, Potter decided to see if it could work between them, maybe turn into something more serious, one day he'd remember who Draco had been. He was Harry Potter, after all. Potter might befriend ex-Death Eaters, he might pity them, and he might even fuck them, but he wouldn't date them. Resentfully, Draco wondered if that was the reason he had convinced himself that

all he wanted was Potter's friendship, because he knew he could never have more.

Sweet Merlin, why did it have to be Potter? The punishment was too cruel. He didn't deserve this. Potter's rejection had hurt before, but now, if Draco had to face it again — and realistically he would — it would rip him apart.

Draco trailed his hand down Potter's back, loosening the grip on his hair and listening to Potter's breathing. He tried to stop thinking, to clear his mind and forget everything he had found out about himself today. He was so good at repressing things, maybe he'd manage to repress this; maybe in the morning he wouldn't remember his misery.

He concentrated on the steady rhythm of Potter's heart and the slow rise and fall of his back, so intently he almost didn't hear a thing when the first spell hit the window. He heard the second one, however, because the window shattered and the glass splattered all over the floor.

Potter stirred in his arms and Draco sighed with a detached sense of resignation as he easily recognised the not-so-cheerful voice of Derek Hogan screaming Draco's name in the distance.

TBCFandom: Harry Potter

Disclaimer: Harry Potter is owned by J.K. Rowling and Warner Brothers. No copyright infringement intended.

Title: One Harry Potter, Please (If Possible, Seduced and Ready)

Beta: [info]dysonrules ♥

Pairing: Harry/Draco

Rating: NC-17 (overall)

Word Count: ~5000 (~50 000 overall)

Status: WiP

Summary: All Draco wants is Harry Potter's friendship, just to make his new Auror job more bearable. However, after Harry stubbornly pays more attention to everyone else — including his secret admirer — Draco is forced to resort to drastic measures. And get more than he's bargained for.

Warnings: Post-DH, EWE, Flangst.

Note: Written for [info]awdt's Valentine's Day Quickies: Day Fourteen.

| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | Epilogue |

One Harry Potter, Please (If Possible, Seduced and Ready)

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Potter rose up and looked around, clearly confused and lost until his eyes met Draco's. Then he blinked and relaxed, smiling a little. Draco tightened his arms around him instinctively.

"I heard a noise." Potter frowned and right on cue, Hogan shouted Draco's name again.

Startled, Potter looked towards the window, his eyes widening. He tried to free himself of Draco's grip

but Draco held him tighter, not letting go.

"Derek's here," Potter informed him.

Draco cocked his head and tried to look puzzled. "I don't hear anything."

Potter gave him an incredulous look and freed himself forcefully from Draco's grasp. Draco sighed in defeat as Potter located his glasses and put them on his nose. Potter looked towards the window again and gasped when he spotted the shattered glass.

"What the hell . . .?" Potter grumbled, getting up.

Draco didn’t even have the energy to be upset. He figured that this would happen at some point; Potter was bound to discover Draco's lies eventually. Now was as good a time as any.

"Where are you going?" he asked as Potter gathered his clothes.

"Er, we're under attack, if you didn't notice," Potter said, putting on his jeans.

Draco pursed his lips, hating the jeans that obscured Potter's body. He preferred Potter naked.

"It's just Hogan. Who cares?"

Potter wasn't listening; he was already fully dressed and he went to retrieve his wand from the closet. Distractedly, Draco noticed that Potter had left his coat where it was.

"I'll go and talk to him," Potter said, giving Draco one furtive look.

"Good luck with that," Draco grumbled, not moving.

Potter looked at him again, worry clear on his face. He walked closer and knelt on the bed, then leaned in, pressing a lingering kiss to Draco's lips. Draco closed his eyes and enjoyed the moment while it lasted.

"I'll get rid of him and be right back," Potter whispered. "Stay here." He smiled in what was probably meant to be a reassuring manner and then got up and left.

Outside, Hogan banged on the front door.

Annoyed, Draco got up as well. He had planned to stay here. Actually, he had planned to lock himself in his room and stay there forever. But Potter's "Stay here," sounded suspiciously like an order and Draco had no intention of letting Potter tell him what to do. Besides, Hogan was crazy, as demonstrated, so Potter could be in trouble.

Reluctantly, Draco put on his trousers and considered his options. Since he was here, Hogan clearly remembered something. Draco feared he had made a silly mistake. He just wanted Hogan to forget he had a date with Potter, but he should have realised that once the effects of the Memory Charm subsided, Hogan would cease to be confused and he'd remember enough to realise something was wrong. Draco should have made him forget the entire month.

Potter would realise what Draco had done and then Draco would lose the chance of having Potter's friendship, if such a chance had even existed. Which was fine, Draco reminded himself, because he had concluded that he didn't want Potter's friendship, anyway. He only hoped that Potter wouldn't be so upset and so vindictive as to sabotage Draco's career; Draco was aware that Potter could do that if he wanted to. And he hoped that if things got bad and curses started flying, Hogan would be caught in the crossfire.

Draco almost buttoned up his shirt, but then he decided against it. Since things were looking so bad for Draco, it was only fair that Hogan suffered as well. Draco didn't want Hogan to have any doubts about what had happened here.

Gripping the wand in his hand, Draco took a deep breath and walked towards the door. It was time to face the consequences with as much dignity as he could muster.

The moment he stepped into the hallway he heard hushed voices coming from the ground floor. Irrationally, he felt extra annoyed that Derek Hogan was in his house.

He descended the staircase and spotted Potter and Hogan near the entrance. Hogan didn't look good, or rather, he looked worse than usual; his trademark smile was missing from his face, and as creepy as that smile had been its absence didn't compliment his looks.

But Draco didn't stare at Hogan for long. Curious, he looked at Potter carefully, wondering if Derek had already told him that Draco had deceived him. Potter was speaking, his voice low and calm, and his tone took Draco aback. He realised that this was the tone of voice he was accustomed hearing from Potter. He had already forgotten that Potter usually sounded cold and distant. He wondered if that Potter's business tone was fake, or if the softness and hesitancy from earlier was an act.

"But, Harry, you don't understand," Hogan whined and then scowled as he spotted Draco.

Draco focused on Hogan, determined to avoid looking at Potter.

"Hogan," Draco greeted pleasantly. "What a surprise to see you here. I'd offer you something to drink, but I'm afraid this is a private party and you weren't invited."

Derek fumed and took two steps forward, but then he stopped as Potter made a sudden move that Draco didn't quite catch. Draco glanced at Potter, but by the time he did, Potter was still.

Returning his attention to Hogan, Draco saw him narrow his eyes as he said, "Last time I checked, this was a private party, but you're the one that crashed it."

"Derek," Potter said, sounding very worried. "You look unwell. You should go home and rest."

"And have a shower," Draco added, feeling vindicated, if a little queasy, as a nasty sewer smell wafted over from Hogan's direction.

"Harry, aren't you listening? He" — Hogan pointed a finger at Draco, shaking it savagely — "lied to you. He's not your secret admirer. I am," he declared dramatically.

"Personally, I think you're just drunk," Draco said, surprised he could speak at all. This was it. The moment of truth. Draco awaited Potter's reaction with bated breath.

Potter, however, was undeterred. "Derek, I'll talk to you tomorrow. I think you should leave."

Draco frowned, confused. Potter was taking the whole thing a little too well, or perhaps he didn't believe Hogan. Draco took a moment to be impressed by his own acting abilities.

"I think we should leave," Derek said incredulously. "Harry, he assaulted me. I think he Obliviated me. I was so confused, but I remembered I planned to ask you out today, so I went to the restaurant. Imagine my surprise when the waitress told me that you were there — with your fellow detective. A blond pretty bloke. And apparently," Hogan huffed and looked at Draco, "you'll both come back and put my drunken arse to jail where I belong. The nerve of you," Derek added, glaring. "You told her I was a criminal!"

Though he was both confused and horrified by Hogan's ramblings, Draco still grinned. "I knew I liked that waitress for a reason."

"Did you hear what I said?" Hogan yelled, turning to stare at Potter.

Too curious to resist, Draco looked at Potter as well, at the same time gripping his wand a little tighter.

But Potter didn't look angry; he just looked tired. Or hurt. Or defeated. Draco had no idea how to describe Potter's expression, but Potter's reaction scared him; he would have preferred to see anger.

"I heard," Potter said and fell silent.

"He Obliviated me!" Derek said, whining again. "Do I need to remind you that's illegal?"

A muscle in Potter's jaw twitched. Now he did look angry, but he seemed angry with Derek.

"You should leave," Potter said quietly.

Though he tried not to, Draco shivered. Of course, Potter wanted to get rid of witnesses. Before he murdered him.

Hogan looked as Draco felt — confused and possibly a little scared.

"But, I am your secret —"

"I know!" Potter snapped.

The words hung in the air for a long moment before Hogan said something, but Draco didn't hear him. His vision blurred as his thoughts whirled and he was sure that he would fall, but miraculously he remained upright. Potter knew Draco had been lying to him. All this time, he knew. What did it mean? Draco struggled to understand why Potter would do this, why would he have sex with Draco if he had been aware that Draco had lied. All those looks, and all that desire, and all that gentleness, were they all fake? Draco had been sure that Potter would tell Draco it couldn't work between them before he left; he didn't expect anything, but he had never imagined that Potter was capable of this. Draco's stomach twisted. Had Potter only done it to humiliate him?

And Draco had let him . . .

"Why are you here, then?"

Draco honestly didn't know if he or Hogan asked the question, but Potter looked at Draco as he spoke.

"Why are you here?" he countered.

Draco gripped his wand so tightly he feared it would snap.

"This is my house, Potter," he said, deliberately misinterpreting the question.

"Why did you bring me here?" Potter rephrased patiently, looking unnaturally calm. It was almost frightening. "Why did you do this? I need to know."

Hogan snorted, but Potter ignored him.

Things seemed surprisingly clear to Draco all of a sudden. Potter had only come here because he wanted to know what Draco was up to. He was here to investigate like a good little Auror. It made sense now; of course Potter's flirting was an act. Potter didn't behave like that; Draco should have realised it immediately. It had been a game; a stupid pointless game and Potter was winning.

Shaking as pain worse than anything he ever felt shot through him, Draco clenched his fists and curved his lips. Potter would not be the winner here. Draco might have been hurt, but he still had his pride.

"Honestly, Potter," Draco said, pleased that his voice sounded cool and collected. "Why do you think I usually bring men to my house?"

Potter stared, incredulous. He didn't believe him. Not yet. Draco bared his teeth, sneering. "I confess, no one ever falls for the good ol' 'You are the first person in my bed' line. You are amusing, Potter."

Potter shook his head, his eyes wide. "You're lying."

"Oh, Harry," Hogan said in a condescending tone, "I think this is the first time he has spoken the truth."

Draco almost hexed him before he remembered that it was something he wanted Potter to believe. Or at least, he thought he wanted that; Potter's wide-eyed expression was difficult to watch.

"Listen to your boy-toy, Potter."

"You're lying," Potter repeated stubbornly, his gaze furious. "What happened up there wasn't an act, it was —"

"Special?" Draco suggested, still sneering. "Sweet? Beautiful?" Draco swallowed heavily. "Personally, I thought it was boring." That did it. Potter paled and Draco found it hard to look at him, but he steeled himself and looked straight into Potter's eyes. "You might have noticed, Potter, I didn't exactly have a good time. I have to say, it was the dullest shag I've had in ages."

Potter winced as though Draco had slapped him and Draco had to remember Potter's gentle touches and remind himself that those meant nothing to Potter, that the whole time Potter was actively trying to hurt him. That he had faked the whole thing. The memory helped and Draco felt strong enough to continue.

"You want to claim I'm lying about that too?" he said in a flat tone. "Because I think you should know that part is true. For the record, I'm not interested whether or not it gets better. I can find better elsewhere."

Potter looked so shocked and hurt, Draco had to look away.

"Bastard!" Hogan snarled. "I knew this would happen!"

Agitated, Draco spared Hogan a glance. "Really? You knew this exact thing would happen? You're a Seer?"

"I knew you'd hurt him," Hogan said quietly.

Unbidden, shame washed over Draco. Potter hurt me first, he told himself, knowing he sounded like a spoilt child, but he was afraid that if he didn't hurt Potter in return, he would fall apart right here and start crying. Possibly the worst thing about this was that Draco had brought it all down on himself and he was fully aware of it. He should have stayed out of Potter's life.

Now, they truly would hate each other forever.

"Harry, let's get out of here," Hogan murmured, ignoring Draco and reaching towards Potter's elbow.

Draco tensed, staring at the offensive hand that wanted to touch Potter. Stupefy was already on the tip of Draco's tongue, consequences and consistency be damned, but Potter stepped back and glared.

"Derek, you should leave. I promise I'll talk to you tomorrow."

"You want me to leave you here with him? After all he said?"

"This is none of your business."

"None of my business?" Hogan gasped. "You are my business. Harry, don't you understand that I'm in lo—"

"Derek!" Potter shouted as Draco shivered. Hearing Hogan almost say those words hurt.

Potter rubbed his temples. "Look, Derek, I'm sorry. I wanted to talk to you in private, but since you won't listen . . . I'm not interested in you. I'm sorry if I ever made you believe I was, but I'm not."

The words were music to Draco's ears until he realised that it was something Potter could say to him as well. Except that Potter would never apologise to him. Potter would never again apologise about anything to him. And to think that Draco had promised himself he would punch Potter if he ever told him he was sorry again.

"Not interested," Hogan repeated as though he was unfamiliar with this concept. "You came to the date, you accepted the gifts . . ."

"I didn't know they were yours, then. I only found out tonight." Potter winced, probably realising how hurtful his words were. Not that Draco minded.

"So what? You were hoping they were his?" Hogan threw a scathing look at Draco. "What do you see in him? Have you forgotten who he is?"

"This has nothing to do with Draco," Potter said with a strange, dark edge to his tone. "I'm not interested in you, regardless. I am sorry."

Hogan wasn't listening. "Nothing to do with him? Right. Never thought you'd be the kind of person to go for a pretty face. You have a short memory, Harry."

Draco was much too distracted by Potter's expression that grew steadily darker, so he didn't notice Hogan lunge forward. By the time he reacted, Hogan had already grabbed Draco's arm, yanking on his

left forearm, trying to push his sleeve back.

"He's nothing but a filthy Death Eater! I can't believe you! You of all people should —"

Horrified, Draco jerked his hand away and pointed his wand at Hogan as Potter snarled furiously, "Get away from him!"

"Oh whatever, Potter," Draco growled, taking a step back, his whole body shaking as he tried to ignore the irrational pain that Potter's words had caused. He should have known that Potter would defend his friend. "This party is over," he said, stepping even farther back. "You should both get out of my house before I sue you for trespassing."

He turned towards the stairs, but Potter appeared next to him and grabbed his left hand.

"Draco —"

Panicking, Draco freed his arm and turned, pointing his wand straight at Potter.

"It's Malfoy to you, Potter," he said coldly before he turned back and went up the stairs.

He made it to his bed before he collapsed. He buried his head into the pillow, breathing in Potter's lingering scent.

He didn't cry, though he wanted to, but he did give up. He couldn't do this anymore; he couldn't stay here.

First thing tomorrow, he would get a Portkey for France.

*

Harry was so confused, he felt like crying. He felt like he used to feel when he was a kid getting ready for school. Aunt Petunia usually had a fit over the weekend and made him clean the house, including his cupboard. Panicking, Harry would gather all of his dirty clothes, which Aunt Petunia rarely washed, and stuffed them into a tiny closet together with his clean clothing. On Mondays, he didn't have anything to wear because he no longer knew which items were dirty and which were clean. And it didn't really matter because all of it stank.

Draco had thrown a bunch of lies and a bunch of truths at him and Harry just didn't know what to think. Nothing added up, but Harry couldn't separate the truth from the lies. He could stand here, stare at the spot where Malfoy had disappeared, and ignore Derek's continuous ramblings for days and it wouldn't help. His mind was a closet full of dirty clothes and the only sensible thing to do was throw it all out and wash it. So Harry simply refused to believe Draco's hurtful words until they talk about it. Draco would have to explain himself and Harry would have to explain himself, and Harry wasn't leaving until that happened. He had nothing to lose, now. He had been afraid that Draco would ridicule him, but Draco had already done that.

Well, sure, there was that little thing called pride. The little thing that kept him rooted to the spot and prevented him from rushing up the stairs.

"— the way he looked at you just made me sick, and you didn't even notice. I mean, the man has an unhealthy obsession or he thinks you're his path towards career advancement, I don't even know, but honestly, I just knew you'd end up hurt. What else can you expect from a Death Eater? He cares about nothing except himself. Surely you see that he can't offer you anything. You need someone who is prepared to make a commitment, someone who would respect you, someone who can offer you love and someday something more —"

"People change if given a chance," Harry said, stopping Derek's ramblings. Derek's words were beginning

to make him feel very uncomfortable. The man had gotten carried away.

"I don't think he will change, Harry. He's just not a good person."

Harry tore his gaze from the top of the stairs and forced himself to look at Derek. Harry had been sympathetic; after all, he knew how it felt to be in love with someone who didn't return your affection, but after Derek had so rudely manhandled Draco, Harry's sympathies were limited.

"I was quoting you." Harry narrowed his eyes as Derek blinked. "That's what you told me before when I complained about Draco. Remember? We were discussing how he clearly has a problem with gay people. And you said we should be nice to him and sooner or later he would come around. You said, 'People change if given a chance.'"

Derek's Adam's apple bobbed as he swallowed. "I was wrong."

"No. You were lying. You told me what you thought I wanted to hear. All this time you hated his guts but pretended not to." Harry laughed a little; Draco's low tolerance of Derek Hogan seemed much more understandable now. "I guess Draco saw that, even though I didn't."

"Of course I hated his guts!" Derek snapped. "But only because I knew that he was making you suffer, and that you would end up hurt. And I was right."

Harry bristled. "That's not the point. The point is that you lied to me."

"Oh, I see. I love your double standards, Harry. My lies are unforgivable but Malfoy's are full of rainbows and sunshine."

"I just want you to get off that high horse of yours and realise you have no right to point your finger at anyone. Yes, Malfoy lied to me, but so did you. And so did I, for that matter."

"Wonderful. Now you're comparing me to a Death Eater."

"His name is Draco Malfoy and he's an Auror," Harry gritted out.

"Yes, his name is Malfoy and you're the one who has forgotten what that means. He's wrong for you, why can't you see that?"

Harry found it hard to keep his temper in check. He wanted Derek to leave, but he didn't want to hurt him, even though Derek was being an arse. Rejection hurt, Harry was aware of that, but Derek needed to take a bloody hint. "And I'm not interested in you, why can't you see that?"

"Well, you're clearly not interested in Malfoy, either, at least not as much as you seem to think. You were sufficiently distracted by my gifts and letters to end whatever the two of you began."

Harry blinked. "What? What we began? We weren't together before."

"Oh please," Derek snorted, as though insulted.

"What are you talking about?" Harry asked, now truly confused.

"I'm talking about that night a few weeks ago, Harry, when Malfoy burst into your apartment and you didn't throw him out. I know he spent the night with you, but I also know it never happened again. You seemed quite happy with your gifts. Happy enough not to seek Malfoy's company again."

Harry's eyes widened. "Well, aren't you well-informed."

"Don't look at me like that." Derek held his hands up defensively. "I was just keeping an eye on you to

protect you."

"Oh, how thoughtful."

"Look, I'm not proud of it, but when I saw Malfoy stumble out of the diner completely pissed, mumbling to himself, I knew he was up to something. So I followed him. I don't know how I managed not to bang on your door to make sure you were all right. For all I knew, he could have cursed you. For all I know, he did. You can't blame me for keeping an eye on you since then. I was worried and I knew I had to distract you from Malfoy. So I sent you those gifts. And it worked. It did. Until . . ." Derek waved his hand vaguely. "The bastard usurped my place."

Derek's stalking ways worried Harry for exactly five seconds, but then his words hit him and he realised an amazing thing. Draco had been waiting for him that day, after all. He was waiting and drinking and sitting in that diner feeling rejected. He had told Harry as much; and that part had been true.

"Why are you smiling?" Derek asked, sounding very worried. "Look, Harry, I know what I did was wrong. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have followed you liked that, but I was just —"

"No, Derek," Harry said, still smiling. The world seemed brighter suddenly. "I'm not mad at you. Actually, I'm grateful. You just found me a clean pair of socks. I needed those."

If possible, Derek looked even more worried and Harry couldn't blame him. He probably seemed insane at the moment. He felt insane. He felt insanely happy.

"Harry, please just listen to me. Malfoy will hurt you; he already has."

And I had already hurt him, Harry thought. Because Draco had been hurt when Harry had stood him up. That was obvious, now. "I think," Harry said, his smile wavering, "that's all we know how to do when we're together. We just hurt each other. But we can learn not to."

"So what? You're attracted to that? Is this that famous martyr thing? You want to be hurt?" Derek glared, and then added darkly, "Well, I could help you there, if you want."

Harry snapped out of his daze and shot a glare at Derek. "You haven't smiled once this evening, Derek," he accused. "All out of smiles?"

"I have nothing to be happy about."

"Glad you realise that."

Derek ran a hand through his hair and said in a frustrated tone, "I'm sorry, I am, about everything. Can't we just go somewhere, talk and straighten this out?"

"We have nothing to talk about. But I have plenty to do here. I'm asking for the last time: Leave."

Derek's eye twitched and he grimaced, nodding as though he understood more than what was said. "I see. Fine. You want to stay, then stay."

"Glad I have your permission," Harry said, making sure that sarcasm was apparent in his tone.

"I'm leaving," Derek declared as though that was something he decided to do himself. "But don't think this is over."

"Derek, this can't be over since it never began."

Derek waved him off, then gave Harry an ugly look. "That's not what I mean. Malfoy Obliviated me. In a Muggle area. I plan to report him first thing Monday morning."

Harry froze, worried for the first time since Derek had arrived. "You're forgetting you broke in here. You took down the wards and broke a window. Not to mention you've been stalking me."

"Oh, now that bothers you. I thought you said you weren't mad."

"I'm willing to let it go, if you let this go."

"No," Derek growled. "Malfoy attacked me in front of a witness; he endangered my life and breached the Statute of Secrecy. And then he proved that my worry had been reasonable by kidnapping Harry Potter. Whom I tried to save. Malfoy will not only lose his job, but I'll make sure he spends some time in Azkaban."

Harry found it difficult to breathe. "You would lie?"

"That's not a lie; it's what happened. For all I know, you're Confunded, or worse."

"I won't let you do this."

"Some Auror you are. This is justice."

"No, this is revenge."

"Justifiable revenge. You can fight this all you want, but you and I both know that the Ministry can't wait to find a reason to sack Malfoy. Not even you can save him this time." Derek smiled then, but his smile no longer looked cheerful. He turned to leave, but Harry made a decision quickly; Draco would not lose his job because of this.

Harry stopped Derek by saying, "If Malfoy goes to Azkaban for Obliviating you, I'm afraid I'll have to go with him."

Derek had a split second to frown in confusion before Harry raised his wand and snarled, "Obliviate !"

Harry winced as Derek flew backward and fell down, unconscious. Harry figured he might have been a little too enthusiastic when he cast the spell, but he was pretty sure that he hadn't damaged Derek's mind. Harry had cast many Memory Charms in the last few years, Muggles being his usual victims. He tried to avoid it as much as he could, but many times he had no alternative. Admittedly, he usually felt much guiltier when he made someone forget certain events. But guilt was conspicuously absent now. The Memory Charm would do Derek more good than harm. Derek had been deluding himself and Harry feared he had done him no favours by accepting those gifts. He needed to forget this secret admirer business that seemed to have convinced him that he was entitled to something.

Harry sighed and hauled Derek upright, then wrinkled his nose at the nasty smell that assaulted him. He realised, amused, that Draco had been serious when he had declared that he had thrown Harry's real secret admirer in the sewer.

Harry Disapparated to Derek's house where they were greeted by Derek's frantic mother. Derek woke up, and though he was groggy and had trouble focusing, he was incredibly embarrassed when Harry explained to him — and his mother — that Derek had showed up drunk on Harry's date with Malfoy.

Derek apologised profoundly; though he did warn Harry that Malfoy was likely to hurt him. Harry dropped him on his bed, rejected chocolate milk offered to him by Derek's mother, and left without any regrets. In fact, he felt vindicated that not only he had Obliviated the threat to Draco, but he had told Derek's mother that her son had been a bad boy. That seemed to have bothered Derek the most.

Without a moment's thought, he Apparated back to the Manor, an easy feat since Derek had broken the wards. He was already standing in front of Draco's bedroom when he paused to think about what he was doing.

Maybe he was making a mistake. Maybe talking to Malfoy now was the worst possible thing to do. Maybe he should wait until both of them calmed down. Draco might just lie again and they'd get

nowhere. Besides, Harry feared that if he went in now, he'd end up begging pathetically. And there was always the possibility that he had been deluding himself; maybe Draco had been interested but after tonight . . . Harry swallowed, losing courage. Maybe Draco meant what he had said earlier. Maybe he had been disappointed.

Successfully convincing himself to leave, Harry turned around, but then he remembered that his coat was still in Draco's bedroom.

I have to go get my coat, Harry reasoned. That was a valid excuse for entering.

Emboldened by his newly found motive, Harry opened the door and walked into the room.

Draco, however, was nowhere to be seen. Harry searched the room and the bathroom, but Draco simply wasn't there. Of course, the Manor was enormous and Draco could be hiding anywhere.

Sighing, Harry went to get his coat. Apparently, we won’t have that talk today, he thought, exasperated.

However, after he opened and searched through the closet — twice — Harry was no longer exasperated. He was worried and a little confused. It was obvious that Draco was gone because not only was Draco's coat missing, but strangely enough, so was Harry's.

TBC

Tune in for the next exciting instalment: Will Harry and Draco finally talk and have lots of angst-free sex? Or has Draco Malfoy fled the country with Harry Potter's coat, never to return?

Ahem. *hides*

Fandom: Harry Potter

Disclaimer: Harry Potter is owned by J.K. Rowling and Warner Brothers. No copyright infringement intended.

Title: One Harry Potter, Please (If Possible, Seduced and Ready)

Beta: [info]dysonrules ♥

Pairing: Harry/Draco

Rating: NC-17

Word Count: ~9600 (~60 000 overall)

Status: COMPLETED

Summary: All Draco wants is Harry Potter's friendship, just to make his new Auror job more bearable. However, after Harry stubbornly pays more attention to everyone else — including his secret admirer — Draco is forced to resort to drastic measures. And get more than he's bargained for.

Warnings: Post-DH, EWE, Flangst.

For the 'I'll read this when you finish it' crowd: You can download the pdf version of this story here and read it in one go. Why does it exist? Well, cos you know, it's pretty. :D

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One Harry Potter, Please (If Possible, Seduced and Ready)

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Harry rushed up the stairs that led to his apartment with his heart thumping madly. He had been in too much of a hurry to wait for the elevator, but now he reconsidered and regretted not waiting — it might have been faster.

He had wasted at least half an hour searching through the Manor and thinking up various scenarios, some of them truly frightening, of where Draco could be. Draco could have left forever, which made no sense because he hadn't packed, but he could have planned to send someone back to pick up his stuff. Or, since the wards were down, someone could have broken in and kidnapped him; someone coatless who made sure that Draco took his coat with him so he wouldn't catch a cold. It was fortunate that that idea made even less sense because Harry would have already rushed to the Ministry to report Draco missing.

It occurred to Harry, much too late, that the only place Draco could have gone with Harry's coat was a place where he thought Harry was. That, too, made little sense since it was the middle of the night and the matter was hardly urgent, but Harry did leave with Derek; and who knew what conclusion Draco had drawn from that? Besides, Draco's actions lately had been nearly incomprehensible to Harry. Which meant that he could be wrong about that theory as well, but he had to check. If Draco was at Harry’s while Harry had been at the Manor then it was possible Draco would leave and conclude that Harry had left for Derek's house. Which was something Harry didn't want Draco to believe under any circumstances.

He had almost stayed at the Manor to wait, but he knew he had no right to be there. Draco was already angry and hurt and Harry didn't want him aggravate him even more. They were in too deep; it was time to fix things, not make them worse.

He had left the Manor after casting several charms to protect the wardless house and grounds. He was pants at that sort of thing but it was better than nothing. After Apparating to a deserted back alley nearby, he all but flew to his apartment. His stomach was in knots as he drew nearer, hoping for the impossible and chastising himself for expecting something as amazing as finding Draco waiting for him there.

He reached the turn that led to his hallway and then froze as he heard a familiar voice whisper, "Potter."

Incredible relief washed over him and he almost laughed but managed not to. Instead, he peered carefully around the corner. Sure enough, Draco was there, standing in front of Harry's apartment door with the missing coat tossed over his arm. His forehead was pressed to the door and he seemed to have leaned in on it with his full weight. He looked tired and exasperated, as though he had been there for a long time, which, Harry realised, was probably true. Harry was mildly impressed that Draco hadn't broken in yet.

Already taking a step forward with every intention of making Draco aware of his presence, Harry paused when Draco spoke again.

"I'm sorry, all right?" Draco grumbled, sounding sorry. "Just open the damn door and let me explain. Damn it, Potter!" Draco sighed and banged his forehead lightly against the door. "I'm not leaving until we talk. I didn't mean what I said earlier. I was just upset. And I'm sorry. I didn't mean it," Draco repeated quietly and then lowered his voice even more, clearly not wanting his next statement to be heard, even though Harry heard it. "You were the first person in my bed, Potter, and it wasn't boring. It was . . ." Draco sighed. "It fucked me up for good. And now I'm gay and you're a fucking drama queen, so just" — Draco raised his tone again — "open the fucking door, Potter!" He yelled so loudly Harry feared that the neighbours would call the police, if they didn't think Harry was police.

Harry closed his eyes for a moment, letting Draco's quiet words soothe his nerves. There was a compliment hidden beneath the excessive use of the word fuck. It was all that Harry needed to hope again.

"Fuck!" Draco bellowed and a corresponding "Fuck you, arsehole!" drifted from the distance. Harry quickly stepped forward to silence his too-loud partner, but Draco didn't hear him.

"Potter, I will break this door if you don't open it. I swear, I will. I know you're in there."

"Draco?" Harry said quietly.

Draco turned around swiftly, pointing a wand at Harry and staring at him in shock. Then he narrowed his eyes and glared at Harry, the door, and then Harry again.

"You did that on purpose," he said accusingly, waving his wand. "You Apparated here to make me look ridiculous."

Harry would have laughed if he wasn't so nervous, and if he hadn't noticed a tiny, at the moment not-so relevant, thing: Draco had put on his coat all right, but he had only managed to fasten one of the buttons of his shirt, which meant Harry was treated to the sight of the smooth pale skin of Draco's chest.

Harry tore his gaze away from Draco's skin with difficulty and looked up at his distressed expression.

"No, I just got here," he said, his voice low or maybe his hearing was impaired due to Draco's screaming assault.

Draco just looked even more upset. "Where were you?" he asked forcefully, though he lowered his wand.

"The Manor, actually, looking for you."

Draco snorted. "Oh? You got lost, I suppose?" He shook his head and scowled, but then he frowned and asked worriedly, "Oh Merlin, did you get lost in the Manor? Because things like that have happened before. Hyperion, my cousin twice removed, got lost once. It took us days to find him. He was in the dungeons, apparently. Father always claimed he had nothing to do with it, but Mother never believed him. Hyperion was a bit of strange. My father and he never got along very well. I liked him, though. He was . . . funny . . ."

Draco trailed off and pressed his lips tightly together. He must have realised he was babbling nonsense. Not that Harry minded. It was endearing.

"No, I didn't get lost. I just took Derek home, but then I came back."

Draco's gaze darkened. "How nice of you to escort poor little Hogan home. I'll bet he was grateful. Gave you a little kiss, did he?"

Harry was never so pleased to see Draco scowl. Because Draco was jealous. He was so obviously jealous Harry couldn't stop himself from grinning in delight, knowing that he was finally on the right track.

Draco must have misinterpreted Harry's reaction because he looked even angrier. 'Well, whatever," he said. "I just came to give you your coat back. That's all. So I'll just —"

"No!" Harry interrupted quickly. "I just wanted to make sure he got home. He was a little out of it. Memory Charms do that to a person."

"He didn't look out of it to me, earlier," Draco said haughtily.

"Well, he got himself Obliviated again. Twice in one night. It's not recommended." Harry could not help smiling at Draco's surprised expression.

"You Obliviated him?"

Harry nodded, oddly proud, though he really shouldn't have been. "He convinced himself we should be together. Honestly, I think it's better for him if he just forgets this whole thing."

Draco narrowed his eyes and the corner of his mouth twitched. "Oh, I see. Is this a Gryffindor thing? 'I Obliviated him for his own good, so that makes it okay'? Nice rationalisation. I like it."

"No. I Obliviated him for my own good." And yours, Harry added silently, though he had no intention of telling Draco that. He didn't know how Draco would react. "Things turned a little nasty for a minute."

Draco paled and edged closer. His gaze raked over Harry's body worriedly. "He didn't do something to you, did he? Oh Merlin, I'm sorry. I shouldn't have left you without backup. The man is clearly unstable. I was just so pissed."

"I'm fine. He didn't do anything to me," Harry said, basking in Draco's honest worry. He remembered how Draco had grabbed him during that ridiculous Jarvey rescue, and how tenderly he had healed Harry's injury — the one he inflicted, sure, but for a good reason. But Draco's expression now and his expressions then seemed very similar. He did seem angry and disgusted, but now it was clear that he was angry at Derek and disgusted by the thought that Harry could have been hurt. Those negative feelings weren't directed at him. They probably never were, Harry realised giddily. "Can we just forget about Derek Hogan?" Harry asked, wanting to talk about them.

"Gladly." Draco straightened and cleared his throat. "Speaking of forgetting things, I wanted to talk to you about something."

"Good, because I wanted to talk to you, too." Harry swallowed nervously; he didn't like the phrase "forgetting things." He stepped around Draco and opened the door, waving his hand towards the dark interior of his apartment. "Want to come in? Or else my neighbours will call the police." Harry bit his lip, regretting he had constructed his offer as a threat.

Draco seemed reluctant at first, but he accepted Harry's reasoning quickly and stepped inside the apartment.

Relieved, Harry took a deep breath, turned on the lights and closed the door. He had no idea how to begin the conversation. It would be ideal if he could just tell Draco how he felt about him and then hope for the best, but he wasn't sure he could get the words past his lips. He also wasn't sure if Draco was ready to hear such declarations.

"All right, Potter," Draco said, standing rigidly by the armchair where he had tossed Harry's coat. "I have

to tell you some things —"

"I have to tell you some things, too —"

"And I would be grateful," Draco talked over him, "if you would shut up and listen."

Harry worried his bottom lip, not sure he wanted to hear what Draco had to say. For all he knew, Draco would make things worse with his statements, not better. Harry should explain things first. "I really think I should —"

"Potter. I need you to listen," Draco insisted and Harry opened his mouth to object again, but Draco sighed and added quietly, "Please?"

That word from Draco Malfoy's mouth took Harry off guard, so he fell silent and nodded.

"All right." Draco closed his eyes for a moment as though summoning courage and then he looked straight at Harry. "First, I want you to know that I don't speak French."

"Er, okay?"

"Just listen. Honestly, Potter. I had lessons when I was a kid, but I just never learned it. Mother was very upset. Still is, actually. Which leads me to my second point. I love my parents. I do. But Father, he's tiresome and Mother, she nags a lot and they're just spending their days purposely trying to drive me insane."

Harry listened, completely lost and completely fascinated by this babbling version of Draco.

"So you see, Potter. I can't move to France. I can't. Also, I love my job. Yes, it's much dumber than I

imagined, but I am hoping things will get better, eventually."

Harry shuffled his feet and pushed the overwhelming feeling of guilt away.

"But I do love it," Draco continued. "And I love my house. It's too big and hard to maintain and it's eating my salary, but I love it. So I have to stay here. I can't leave. I don't want to leave."

"I don't want —"

"Potter!" Draco glared and Harry fell silent again. "I know I made a huge mess here. And you have every right to be angry. And you have every right to demand a different partner; in fact, that might be for the best. But I want to stay and I don't want you to hate me. You don't have to like me, but —"

"Draco —"

"I just need you to forgive me."

Harry blinked, completely floored. He had never expected Draco to apologise. In fact, he had been prepared to apologise himself. Well, actually, he had been prepared to apologise and beg, possibly even crawl. Quite literally, if necessary.

However, Draco wasn't finished. "I deceived you and I'm sorry. I came to that date today to protect you, that's true, but I don't know why I pretended to be your secret admirer. I'm forced to plead temporary insanity. I don't know what I was thinking. And I'm sorry for the things I said earlier, and I'm sorry I said them in front of Derek, though I suppose he can't remember, so that's comforting. I didn't mean any of it. I was upset, but I thought about things some more and . . . I don't blame you for what you've done. You just wanted to figure out what I was trying to do and I understand that. If I were you I would have done the same thing. That was a compliment, by the way, in case you missed it. And I understand that you probably don't want to have anything to do with me and that's fine. I just ask you to forgive me and forget this ever happened. I'll never meddle in your life again." Draco exhaled as though he had run a marathon. "Well, unless I think your life is in danger, then obviously . . ." Draco fell silent again.

Harry tried to breathe, but he couldn't. Despite how wonderful it was to hear Draco apologise and to hear him confess that if Harry was in danger he would have to try to save him, Harry was more worried about Draco's tone. He sounded as though he was saying goodbye.

Harry took two steps forward, peering carefully into Draco's face. Draco looked nervous and sad.

"I can't forgive you," Harry said and Draco's eyes darkened, so Harry hurried on, "because there's nothing to forgive. I mean, this wasn't one of your brightest moments, but I'm not very proud of my actions, either. You don't have to apologise to me."

"Oh. All right." Draco nodded, still pale, not looking relieved as Harry hoped he would; he just looked confused.

"Do you still want to be my partner?" Harry asked.

"I think it would be best if we went our separate ways."

The knot in Harry's stomach was painful now. "You didn't answer my question. Do you want it?"

Draco bit his lip. "If you continue to glare at me at every turn and if you distrust me, then, no."

"I want to trust you."

"But you can't. And I understand. It's fine, Potter." Draco sighed, clearly agitated.

Harry was beginning to panic. This was going all wrong. He had to make Draco talk about things that mattered. Tentatively, Harry began, "That day when you were waiting for me at the diner and then

showed up here —"

"Oh no," Draco interrupted quickly. "I wasn't waiting for you. Telling you that was a part of my evil scheme." Draco nodded emphatically.

Harry grimaced. "Please, don't start lying again. You were doing so well."

Draco growled quietly and ran a hand through his hair. "Can't you let a man walk away with a little dignity, Potter?"

"I don't want you to walk away. And I need to know — was that a date? Did you ask me out?"

"No." Draco glared and Harry opened his mouth to complain again, but Draco continued, "That's the truth. I just wanted to spend some time with you. I just wanted us to be friends. That's all." Draco's eyes were much too bright, or maybe that was just a play of lights.

"And now?"

"And now I think my wishes were unrealistic. I don't think we can ever be friends."

"Why not?" Harry dared to ask because Draco sounded disappointed when he said the word ever.

Draco closed his eyes again and shook his head. "Dignity, Potter," he said quietly. "Please let me keep it."

Draco was completely distressed so it was probably wrong of Harry to be so happy. If Draco was worried about his dignity then that had to mean he had feelings for Harry and he thought Harry didn't feel the same.

Harry took a deep breath. "What would you say if I told you that I want us to be more than friends?"

Draco blinked and took a step forward with an unreadable expression on his face. Harry had already imagined them kissing and making up on the sofa, but Draco shook his head and sneered as he said, "I'd say that you're the very noble fool I always thought you were. I've been sidetracked for awhile, but this is you. You don't go around having random sex with people. You want it to mean something. You feel obligated to try and see if this would work. It's actually a little insulting."

Harry shook his head, incredulous. "You're wrong. This has nothing to do with being noble. I've been thinking about it for a long time. About us, I mean. About you."

Draco's face contorted; he didn't look pleased with that confession. "Then Hogan had a point. You are forgetting who I am."

"I'm not following your line of thought, Draco."

"Obviously," Draco grumbled and then he came closer, savagely pulling up the sleeve on his left arm. "I'm talking about this. Remember this?" he asked as Harry's gaze fell on the ugly Mark on Draco's forearm. It had faded, but it was still clearly visible against Draco's pale skin. "Remember an ugly bloke with red eyes I swore allegiance to? Remember all those nasty things that happened back at school? Are you telling me you forgot all about that? How could this possibly work, Potter?" Draco spat Harry's last name as he used to do all the time, and then, with less venom and more sadness in his voice, he added, "I don't plan to wait around for the day you realise you were wrong."

Confused, Harry reached out and almost touched the Mark before Draco pulled his hand away.

"Don't," Draco said, letting the shirt and coat hide the black skull.

"Draco," Harry said gently, "that was before. You're a different person now, a person I could — I person I

do —"

Draco laughed bitterly; Harry hated the sound of it. "A different person?" Draco sneered. "See, that's why this wouldn't work. You think I've changed and I don't blame you. I do pretend I've changed."

"Pretend?"

"Yes, pretend." Draco bared his teeth, looking quite angry now. "You think I care about Muggles? I don't. I hate them. I don't understand them. And I don't want to understand them. They're just bloody odd. And Muggleborns are too much like them. Bringing ideas and views and oddities to our world; a world they don't understand. I still hate them all. Look, see that?" Draco unexpectedly pointed at Harry's television set. "They've infected you, too. That thing is stupid and unnecessary and I hate it."

Harry's mouth twitched. "Funny, that's what Ron said when he saw it."

"Oh, and Weasley! I hate him as well. All of them. And Granger. Especially Granger. It's her fault I can't buy a house-elf — something I need — because she made the Ministry declare that selling and buying house-elves is suddenly illegal. And I bet that soon they'll be freed. I hate that too. No, wait I don't. If I can't have one, it's only fair no one else can."

"You also hate the Smurfs, I imagine."

"What?"

"Muggle joke," Harry murmured.

"And I hate Muggle jokes. I don't get them."

"That's a lot of things to hate."

"Well, I'm a hater. What?"

Harry quickly wiped a smile off his face. "Sorry. I wouldn't call you a hater. I just think you're very grumpy."

Draco frowned, his expression full of incredulity. "Don't you get it, Potter? I'm telling you that I'm pretending I've changed my views. I haven't."

"Really?" Harry asked, amazed that Draco was so blind. And so silly. And so lovable.

"Yes, really."

"Funny you should say that, because as I recall, you were very excited that day when you thought a Muggle woman had been abducted. You seemed very eager to save her."

"I just wanted some action."

"Right. You do realise that if you had been right and there was an abduction, you would have had to put your own life at risk and attack a pureblood family, your distant relatives, apparently, in order to get your action?"

"I don't know them. I don't care about them. That's just proves that I'm only concerned about my own welfare."

"Do you care about yourself, Draco? Because this is a funny job you picked out, considering that as an Auror you're required to save Muggles and Muggleborns from peril, often endangering your own life in

the process."

"Oh please, isn't it obvious why I picked out this job? If you haven't noticed the Wizarding World hates me, the newly important part of it at least. I'm just trying to garner some respect by pretending I'm reformed."

"Oh, of course, that's obvious. I mean, obviously when one wants to garner respect they don't become members of the Council of Magical Law, aiming for the Wizengamot, they don't work for the Department of Mysteries, and they don't become Healers. It's not like those people have more respect and bigger paycheques and are just generally more appreciated by the public. Oh wait, they are. Plus, they don't have to worry about dying on their job. Why not Magical Law, Draco? You could push through legislations you think are all wrong just to impress others. You would have money and respect. And it would have been a lot easier to get a job there with your grades and no special 'are you a good person' test?"

Draco blinked, not speaking for a long time, and Harry half-expected him to say, "Oops, I should have thought of that."

But Draco looked away and sniffed before he murmured quietly, "I picked this job because it makes me feel better about myself. If I spend my days saving Muggles and Muggleborns, I can spend my nights hating them without feeling guilty. But the bottom line is that I do hate them."

Harry smiled, a little amused. "You're right, I was wrong about you. You've gotten further than I thought you have." He had not expected Draco to have a guilty conscious.

"You're mental," Draco accused as Harry drew nearer.

"No, you're mental. You're mental because you've been apparently spending your time thinking you were cheating when in fact you're on the right path."

Draco hooked heavenward. "You heard nothing I said."

"I heard everything. Draco, I never expected you to have a sudden epiphany and change your views overnight."

"I'm not changing them ever."

"That's a strong statement, but never mind. My point is, I never thought you stopped disliking Muggles and I don't expect you to ever love them. You were raised to hate them and I understand that. The fact that you're going against what you believe in is what made me admire you. You're not pretending to be someone you're not, Draco, you just don't know who you are."

"Great. I always wanted you to psychoanalyse me. Does this make you feel better?"

"Yes, actually, it does. And I see that you're unconvinced, but I'm looking forward to helping you discover more about yourself. I did assist you in discovering one thing you didn't know, so maybe you could give me some credit and believe me when I say there's more." Harry took another step forward; they were closer now, merely a foot apart. Draco looked like he wanted to run away but he stayed put.

"We'd fight a lot," Draco said suddenly as though he was desperate to find a reason against their potential relationship. Curiously enough, saying, "I just don't want to be with you," had apparently never occurred to him. And that was the only thing that would make Harry back off. Draco was just afraid and Harry could see it now. It made him want to laugh and scream with joy.

Draco was still arguing. "I'd want you to change your views; you'd want me to change mine. Things would get messy."

"I'm counting on that. I'm also counting on making up. By that I mean lots and lots of make up sex."

Draco's eyes widened and he blushed a little as he said, "Sex, sex, sex. Maniac."

Harry grinned. "You are grumpy."

Draco swallowed heavily. He stopped sneering and he stopped looking angry, but he still seemed troubled.

"Potter, look, I've seen what you like. When you received those gifts and all those letters, I saw your face. You love being treated like that."

"I thought they were from you."

"But they weren't. Because that's not me. I'm not romantic. I wouldn't spend that much money on gifts because I can't afford it, and I wouldn't send you love letters, because, Merlin, I can't write those. And I definitely can't write porn. I couldn't make you happy no matter how much I tried. You want someone who's romantic and considerate and sappy and that's not me."

"I want you," Harry said earnestly, wondering if Draco was truly unaware that he had just admitted that Harry's happiness meant more to him than getting what he wanted.

"No, you don't. You're just being a romantic idiot. I'll bet you think that if you spent some time with me you'd change me and save me."

"I don't want to change you. I want to know you."

"And what if you don't like what you find out?" Draco asked quietly.

"Isn't that a risk that comes with every relationship?"

"Potter, I have nothing to offer you. You had fun today and now you think we'll ride into the sunset. That's cute, but not very realistic."

Harry sighed, wishing he could just tell Draco that he loved him, but he knew Draco wouldn't believe him.

It’s time for drastic measures, Harry thought as he reached for his coat.

*

Potter was insane; that much was obvious. When Draco had decided to go to his apartment he had expected a lot of things, but not this apparent insanity.

Earlier, after he had spent five full minutes planning his trip to France and imagining his reunion with his parents, Draco was even more depressed. He realised he liked it here, Potter or no Potter. He liked his house and his job and his peacocks and the shops and people who spoke his language. He didn't want to leave. But he couldn't stay if Potter hated him, not just because it would be difficult to deal with Potter's hatred every day, though there was that, but because Potter could make things harder for Draco. In more ways than one. Not to mention Potter's horrified expression when Draco had told him that he hated what happened between them. Draco had to apologise.

Therefore, Draco had gotten up and returned to the ground floor only to find it empty. That had been the point where Draco had panicked. Potter and Hogan had left, possibly together. Which meant that they were somewhere talking and bonding. Or that Hogan had kidnapped Potter. Both of those possibilities were terrifying, but naturally there was always the chance that Draco had made a mistake and that Hogan and Potter had gone their separate ways. Which was when Potter's coat came in handy.

Draco had Apparated in front of Potter's apartment with a silly but valid excuse and then spent half an hour banging on his door. He would have broken in if he hadn't been afraid that Potter and Hogan were doing something horrid, like having sex, which was a visual Draco didn't want to even imagine, let alone

see.

He didn't expect to learn that Potter had Obliviated Hogan and gone back to the Manor; he didn't expect that Potter would show no signs of anger and that he would be kind to Draco after everything that had happened; and he certainly didn't expect that Potter would declare he wanted more now that he'd had sex with Draco once. All these things were surprising, but not shocking. Not even the last one. That was classic Potter: he couldn't shag them and leave them, he wanted more. He was a romantic fool thinking he and Draco could be together, convincing himself it was the right thing to do. That reasoning was probably aided and abetted by the fact that Potter knew he had been Draco's first as far as gay experiences went.

Draco understood it, but he couldn't fall for it. It would be so easy. Why not seize the moment and try? But Draco knew he couldn't do it. Potter had deluded himself with romantic thoughts, but sooner or later he would change his mind and leave Draco broken. And then Draco would have to move to France. The situation was hopeless.

Potter didn't stop with his surprises. Draco showed him his Mark and told him point blank that he still hated Muggles and resented Muggleborns — something Draco was careful not to show — and Potter didn't even flinch. That was shocking.

Potter had brushed all of Draco's complaints aside and reacted just as he would in Draco's crazier fantasies. Actually, Draco had never dared to imagine that after he told Potter he had only decided to become an Auror for selfish reasons that Potter wouldn't mind but then argue that Draco didn't know what he was talking about. Argue so sensibly that Draco almost believed him.

In fact, Draco feared that if he stayed for a minute longer, he would start believing he was the person Potter wanted him to be. A person who didn't have to fear that one day Potter would snap out of his daze and see Draco for who he really was.

Not that Potter was as big of a catch as Draco would have believed before. Mind you, the man was a basket case.

Draco shook his head disbelievingly as he stared at Potter, who fumbled with a watch that he had taken out of his coat pocket.

"It's late. I should go," Draco said, confused.

"No. Wait." Potter grinned at him in an "I know this looks crazy" sort of way and then pointed his wand at the inside of the watch's metal cover. He murmured a charm and tossed his wand on the sofa. Draco recognised the incantation; it was an Unsticking Charm, which meant Potter had something in his watch he wanted Draco to see.

Incredulous but curious, Draco automatically extended his arm when Potter offered him the item in his hand. A small object fell into his palm and Draco knew what he had to do. He should gently but firmly suggest a visit to St Mungo's special ward. It would be beneficial for Potter to spend some time there.

Potter stared up at him, expecting something, looking the way he had when he had sucked Draco's cock and waited for praise.

Draco frowned and stared, but found nothing to praise this time. "This is a paperclip, Potter," he said at last, slowly, so Potter would understand him.

"I know." Potter nodded, still expectant. "But it's not just a paperclip. All right, it is, but you gave it to me. Don't you remember?"

Draco gritted his teeth as he felt his cheeks heat up. He was repressing that particular embarrassing memory. "Vaguely," he allowed. "I was drunk, you know that. Are you making fun of me?"

"No!" Potter gasped. "I just wanted to show you that I . . . well, I kept it. Doesn't that tell you something?"

Potter's eyes were wide and greener than usual. Draco wanted to say, "Yes, you kept it to make fun of me at an opportune moment," but he knew that it wasn't true. Potter looked so earnest.

"That you have a thing for stationery?" Draco said quietly, not daring to think what he wanted to think.

"Not for stationery. For you." Potter moved closer and Draco realised that if Potter moved any closer he would step on Draco's toes. It didn't make Draco want to move away, however. Potter lowered his voice, almost whispering, "When I realised you definitely weren't my secret admirer, I threw away the gifts — well, I ate the chocolate, but that's because it was chocolate — but I threw away everything else, and I burned the letters. They meant nothing to me. But I kept this because you gave it to me."

"I was drunk," Draco repeated weakly.

"I know. But looking at it . . . it reminded me that you were here, sleeping on my sofa. It reminded me that for a little while I had you and I thought, even though you were drunk, you remembered me and you decided to spend the night here. With me."

Potter's face was curiously blurry. Draco had to blink to see properly again. "This is nothing, Potter. I didn't give you anything. It's nothing. It's a paperclip."

"I know," Harry said, laughing. "That's my point. I don't need you to change your views to correspond with mine, I don't need you to seduce me, because you already have, I don't need you to buy me gifts and write me love letters, I just need this."

"Paperclips?"

"You giving me what you have. Even if you think it's nothing. That's all."

Potter's face was blurry again and Draco had to close his eyes a few times to restore his vision. "That was weeks ago," he said. "You wanted . . . then?"

Potter took a deep breath, looking exasperated. "That's what I've been trying to tell you. This didn't just happen because we had sex. You're right, I don't have random sex. I wouldn't have been with you if I weren't . . ." Potter stopped speaking, lost for words. "If I weren't . . ."

Draco sniffed, disturbed to find that he was shivering. "Fond of paperclips?" he helped.

Harry chuckled. "Yeah. I'm very fond of them. I was fond of them for months. Love them, actually," he added, his voice barely above a whisper.

"Oh." Draco forced himself to breathe as the meaning of Potter's words washed over him. He looked down at his palm and then at Potter again. "But all this time, you were so cold. Even rude."

"Because you were cold. Even rude."

"I was rude because you were rude. And you were rude first."

Potter laughed, shaking his head. "Can we agree that we were rude to each other because we expected to be rude to each other?"

"No. You were rude first." Draco nodded, then added, "But I forgive you."

"Thank you." Potter was still smiling infectiously so Draco had to smile too.

He looked at the paperclip in his hand again and forced himself to laugh. "Sweet Merlin, Potter, you're such a sap."

Potter leaned in, peering closely into Draco's face. "But an endearing sap?"

"I'm making no statements that could come back to haunt me," Draco declared, unable to stop smiling as he wrapped his arms around Potter's waist, carefully, still unsure if he was allowed to do something like that or not. But Potter sighed contently and his hands slid beneath Draco's parted shirt, stroking the skin of his stomach and back, spreading familiar tingles everywhere, and Draco took a moment to enjoy the knowledge that he didn't have to say goodbye to them.

"I thought you hated me," Potter whispered, troubled. "I thought you hated my hair and my glasses and my clothes and my sexual orientation and the very sight of me."

Glasses, Draco thought. He needed glasses, too, because there was something wrong with his vision. He had to blink and blink for a long time before Potter's face returned into focus. "I love your hair," he said firmly, raising a hand to push his fingers into the black messy locks. "And I only hate your clothes because they hide almost all the good parts." Draco sobered for a moment. "But I did hate your sexual orientation."

"You did? Because you were secretly afraid of your own —"

"All right, Potter, you have to stop with your analysis now. And you're wrong, not because of that but . . . I hated it because it meant that if I were different, if I were changed, which was not likely, then I could have you. It made you accessible and I still couldn't . . ."

Potter's breath tickled Draco's lips as he murmured, "You can have me."

This time it was easier to fight against his blurry vision. Draco simply closed his eyes and pressed his lips to Potter's.

The kiss surprised him again. He expected it to be slow and careful, now that they didn't have to worry about it being their last. But there was nothing slow about it. It was hard and messy and just a little desperate as though they still couldn't believe their luck. Draco clutched Potter's hair and angled his head, wanting to deepen the kiss to taste more of Potter, revelling in every tiny sound Potter made, and every moan and every purr that sent fire through Draco's body.

Boldly, Draco pushed one leg forward and grabbed a handful of Potter's arse, pressing him closer as he made him spread his legs and straddle Draco's thigh. Potter liked that a lot, judging by his choked moan and the way he rocked his hips, shamelessly rubbing himself against Draco's leg. Draco felt two fingers slide down his spine as Potter pushed them beneath the waistband of Draco's trousers, the light caress making Draco lose his breath and buck forward.

He pulled back, breathing heavily; his lips were still pressed to Potter's and Draco moved them slowly against the softness. Potter didn't stop the movement of his hips, so they stood swaying, gently rocking back and forth as though dancing. Potter's eyelashes fluttered and small puffs of air escaped his lips.

"So are we dating?" Draco asked quietly, his voice muffled as his mouth was busy. "Are we partners? Boyfriends? Manfriends?"

Potter struggled to keep his eyes open. "Um, we are partners and . . . lovers?"

"I like that. Lovers." Draco twitched his leg upwards, pleased when Potter gasped against Draco's lips, then murmured something before he sped up their rocking.

"We should arrange a date," Draco said, rubbing his nose against Potter's. "One where we both show up as ourselves. You could eat oysters again. I liked that."

"You did? I was trying to be seductive. Almost choked a few times, though." Harry laughed a little and the resulting vibrations felt pleasant against Draco's already tingling lips.

"I noticed. It was still spectacular. I love to watch you . . . swallow."

Potter licked his lips or rather both of their lips as they were still pressed together. "I'm free tomorrow," he said.

"For swallowing?"

"Dating. I could pick you up around seven."

"Hmm." Draco frowned. "I could pick you up at seven. Sharp."

"Or we could just meet somewhere."

"Oh. Compromising. I'm not sure I like that. It means neither of us gets our way."

"You'll get used to it," Potter said ominously. Draco didn't feel threatened, but rather excited about the prospect of getting used to doing things with Potter.

"It's a date, then," Draco said, pleased, but then he pursed his lips worriedly. "But we're still having sex now, right?"

"Sex, sex, sex. Is that all you think about?" Potter laughed and then gasped as Draco pushed his leg upwards again and grabbed Potter's arse harder.

"Complaints?" Draco asked smugly.

"None," Potter breathed.

"I thought so." Draco kissed Potter again, walking him backwards at the same time. "Bedroom?" he asked, bending to nibble the skin of Potter's neck.

"Sofa," Potter said, then moaned quite loudly as Draco pressed his lips just below Potter's ear. Intrigued, Draco sucked on the spot, making Potter moan again and buck his hips wildly. Oh, a weak spot, Draco thought as he happily planned to find all of Potter's weak spots. He would have to search slowly and carefully and thoroughly.

It took them some time to reach the sofa even though it was just a few feet away. Potter kissed him again and Draco managed to take off his coat, never breaking their frenzied kiss. They tumbled down on the sofa in an ungraceful heap with Draco landing on top of Harry and settling himself snugly between Potter's thighs. Shifting his weight on his side and bracing himself on one elbow, Draco took a moment to admire the sight of Harry Potter lying beneath him, his hair wild, lips wet from kisses, gaze fixed on Draco.

Carefully, Draco took off Harry's glasses and set them aside on the coffee table. Potter blinked, refocusing his gaze as Draco searched the green eyes for that emotion that had scared him earlier. It was still there, and it was still terrifying, but now Draco could see it without the desire to look away.

"I should have seen it," Draco said quietly, trailing his thumb over Potter's flushed cheek.

Potter's brow knitted as he frowned and Draco promptly bent down to kiss away the two lines that appeared between Potter's eyes. He slid his lips lower, over Potter's nose, lips and chin, heading straight for the spot that had made Potter melt in his arms earlier. This time Potter sighed a little and tilted his head to give Draco better access. He pushed his hips upwards and raised one leg, pressing his calf to the back of Draco's thighs and murmuring mournfully, "Clothes."

"Oh, not this again," Draco grumbled and, as Potter reached down to take off his shirt, Draco struggled to find Potter's wand that should have been on the sofa. He picked it up in triumph and grinned down at Potter's confused expression before he said, "Evanesco!"

Potter cried out in indignation and spluttered, "You Vanished my clothes!"

"I did," Draco said smugly and set the wand aside. He trailed his hand over Potter's lean chest, then lower over one protruding hip, a strong thigh and firm buttocks. He realised that they had left the harsh

lights on, which meant that Potter's nude body was completely exposed to Draco's wandering gaze.

Potter grumbled and complained but shivered at every touch.

Draco looked down as he touched the springy dark curls of Potter's crotch and then trailed his thumb over the bulging vein on the underside of Potter's cock. Potter's breath hitched as Draco wrapped his hand around the warm length, testing its weight, remembering, amazed, that the thing had been inside him.

"Draco," Potter purred.

Draco looked up, wetting his dry lips. "I love the sight of you," Draco promised and released Potter's cock, then slid his hands upwards over the hard muscles of Potter's stomach that quivered satisfyingly beneath Draco's light touch.

Potter looked relaxed and happy, but then he scowled at Draco's clothes and picked up his wand.

Smiling, Draco bent down to kiss the very middle of Potter's chest, tasting and licking the smooth skin as Potter cried Evanesco and waved his wand three times to no avail — Draco's clothes remained intact.

"That is why, Potter," Draco mumbled as he flicked his tongue over one dark-brown nipple, "wizards wear Wizarding clothes. It's much more resilient and not so easily manipulated." Draco looked up as he twirled his tongue over the hardening flesh.

Potter shuddered, but then growled and grabbed Draco's arms, pushing him upwards, forcing them both to sit up.

Displeased, as he was having fun, Draco managed to say, "What?" before Potter grabbed the ends of Draco's shirt and pulled on it sharply, sending a button flying to the corner of the room.

"Brute force works, however," Potter declared happily.

Draco shook his head, amused. "That was very manly, Potter. You showed that little button. It quivered before your overpowering strength."

"Stop talking," Potter demanded, tugging on Draco's shirt.

"I don't think I can," Draco argued, frowning, but then Potter determinedly shut him up with kisses.

Draco impressed himself by taking off his shirt, toeing off his shoes and returning Potter's demanding kisses all at once. He had to pull back to take off his trousers and socks but it took him minutes to make Potter pause in his fervent assault long enough to do that.

Finally naked, Draco sat up and planned to push Potter back down on the sofa, but a loud bang resonated through the apartment and Draco's head snapped up in time to see Potter snatching a tube of lube from midair.

"Sorry." Potter grinned as the bedroom door snapped shut.

"Subtle," Draco teased, eyeing the tube. "You have a whole stash of those, I suppose?" he asked grumpily, then yelped as Potter swung his leg over Draco's lap and straddled his thighs.

"Maybe," Potter said and pressed closer, aligning their cocks. Which was very nice, but Draco wasn't sufficiently distracted.

"Use it a lot, do you?" he asked, biting his bottom lip because he feared that he would have stuck it out and pouted otherwise.

Potter leaned in, still smiling as he pressed their foreheads together.

That was distracting and Draco almost forgot he was upset as he sneaked his hands behind Potter to cup his arse. He kneaded and squeezed as Potter pushed back into the touch, rocking between Draco's cock and his hands. The feeling of Potter's cock pressed against Draco's own was incredible and Draco decided that he liked this position a lot. Potter's whole body was right there in Draco's lap, every part of him completely accessible.

"Remember that picture from the Daily Prophet? The kissing one?" Potter asked a little breathlessly and Draco wished he hadn’t because he was cruelly reminded that there were others here before him.

"Vividly," Draco said and squeezed Potter's buttocks much harder, which Potter clearly liked because his breath hitched and he gasped out a tiny Oh before he spoke again.

"That was the last time I kissed someone before you today," he said and reached down to wrap a hand around both of their cocks.

"Oh!" Draco moaned in double appreciation of both Potter's words and his actions. He squeezed the flesh in his hands again, this time as a reward, not punishment. "Funny, that was roughly the moment I stopped dating girls."

"Didn't that give you a hint?" Potter rocked his hips, his hands moving slowly, too slowly.

"This is brilliant," Draco moaned, letting his head fall backward on the sofa as he forgot their conversation.

"Mmm-hmm," Potter agreed, kissing Draco's chin. "But I'd like to do something else now."

"Right," Draco breathed, nervous but eager to experience that odd set of confusing feelings again.

Potter was looking down at him worriedly. "Are you sore? Because I thought —"

"I'm fine," Draco said quickly.

Potter peered closer and Draco tried hard to not look away and let Potter find what he wanted in his eyes.

"I'm a little sore," Draco relented after Potter refused to stop staring.

"Then maybe . . ."

Draco raised his head a little to take Potter's bottom lip between his teeth. "Give it to me, baby," he said as saucily as he could manage.

Potter's eyes widened and then he pulled back and burst out laughing.

"You're easily amused, Potter," Draco said fondly even though Potter had taken away that gorgeous friction between them. He watched Potter laugh, not wanting to miss a single moment of it.

Potter calmed down enough to say, "Well, right now I am. I'm unhealthily happy."

Draco reached out and grabbed Potter's head, pulling him closer. "I want this," he promised.

"Me too." Potter nodded and kissed the tip of Draco's nose. "I just thought that if you're sore then maybe we could try that again later and now you could . . ." Potter paused, his eyes twinkling. "Er, give it

to me." Potter smiled a little uncertainly.

"Oh." Draco rose up a little, staring at Potter's nervous expression. He hadn’t thought of that. He never really considered things in detail, or maybe he just never figured that Potter would be willing to do such a thing. Potter hadn't mentioned it before and Draco had presumed it was something Potter didn't like. But Draco had no idea what Potter liked and, abruptly, he realised that he didn't actually know what he liked either. He still had many things to discover about himself. Fortunately, Potter seemed extremely willing to help him out with that.

"Um. Or not," Potter said tentatively and Draco promptly snapped out of his reverie.

"This is my 'I want that so much I can't find the words to express myself,' expression," Draco soothed.

Potter grinned, instantly relieved. "It looks awfully a lot like your 'I can't believe what an idiot you are, Potter' expression."

Draco laughed. "That's because you are an idiot for thinking I wouldn't want this."

Potter answered him with a heated kiss and Draco lost his sense of time and place, but then Potter fumbled and made odd noises before he wrapped his suddenly slick hands around Draco's cock.

Draco made an embarrassing keening sound and sank lower into the sofa, breaking their kiss. Potter grinned down at him, his hands moving too expertly; Draco feared the whole thing would end too soon if Potter didn't stop doing that. But that wasn't the only thing that worried him.

"Er, shouldn't you lie down or something and shouldn't I use my fingers . . ." he managed to say before he had to stop speaking and gasp instead.

"No and no need," Potter rasped, his cheeks flushed from arousal as he skilfully slicked Draco's cock. "This is fine," he said and Draco had no idea whether he meant Draco's cock or the position or

something else, but none of that mattered after Potter stopped moving his hands and leaned in, his eyes dark and expression full of desire. "I want you," he whispered, making that proclamation sound like a plea.

Draco's throat was too dry to speak so he answered by grabbing Potter's arse more firmly and pushing him upwards so he could take his own cock in his hand. Potter complied, aligning himself as he reached behind with both of his hands. It took Draco a moment to realise that Potter was holding his arse cheeks apart, which made Draco moan louder as the head of his cock pressed against the crease of Potter's arse. Potter threw his head back and rubbed himself against the head of Draco's cock, humming contently as though he wished to prolong and enjoy this moment.

Draco's whole body was shivering, but he didn't dare to push up. "Are you sure this won't hurt?" he asked, worried. "You don't need me to —"

"Positive." Potter shook his head, closing his eyes as he pushed down. Draco thought that his heart had stopped beating when the impossible heat and tightness slowly enveloped the head of his cock. He wanted to watch Potter's face carefully for any sign of discomfort but he was forced to close his eyes and gasp pitifully as Potter sat down fully with a small moan of surprise.

"It's been awhile," Potter whispered. "Don't move."

Draco almost laughed but what came out of his mouth was a pathetic whine. As if could move. As if this wouldn't end too soon if he did. He found a new respect for Potter for holding out for as long as he had earlier that night. Draco's whole body seized up and quivered on the brink of an orgasm. He had to recite potion instructions again to make the pleasure ebb away.

"Are you all right?" Potter asked, clearly unaware that he was ridiculous for asking. Draco should have asked Potter that question.

"You're so tight," Draco managed to say breathlessly and mindlessly. He concentrated with difficulty and opened his eyes.

Potter was staring at him with that intense, lustful gaze of his; his head was bowed, hair wild around his face, his cheeks flushed and forehead sweaty. Dazedly, Draco concluded that he would never be able to look at Potter again without imagining this moment.

Potter's mouth twisted into a wicked smiled and suddenly the tightness around Draco's cock became downright unbearable.

Panting heavily, Draco grabbed Potter's cock, giving it a hearty squeeze and then, wanting to give as well as he got, he moved his hand roughly up and down.

Potter promptly stopped smiling and instead he gasped and straightened his spine, grabbing Draco's shoulders.

And then he moved and Draco's mind shattered. He had no words to describe the feelings Potter's downward thrusts caused or to describe the sight of Potter, whose eyes burned as he moved steadily faster, his hips circling as he thrust forward into Draco's hand then sank down again, his breath hitching each time he was filled again.

Draco's brain had no control over his body and he only vaguely realised that he had dug his heels into the carpet and pushed his hips upwards to meet Potter's thrusts. He was probably moving too quickly and too roughly because Potter's gasps were getting increasingly louder and faster, but he didn't sound as though he had any complaints. Draco reached out blindly with his hand, grabbing Potter's hair and pulling his head closer. They kissed messily, awkwardly, teeth clunking and tongues colliding but Draco liked causing Potter's gasps with his cock and preventing them with his mouth.

Draco sped the movements of his hand and Potter shuddered violently. He probably would have screamed if Draco hadn't chosen that moment to press their mouths firmly together. Potter's cry vibrated against Draco's lips as warm sticky liquid coated Draco's hand and stomach, and Potter clenched around Draco's cock so tightly Draco's vision darkened. Potter tore his mouth away from Draco's and sucked in some air, not once pausing in his thrusts, his body still twitching and shuddering. Potter's fingernails dug sharply into Draco's shoulders as Potter braced himself and sped up, practically jumping on Draco's lap.

Draco cried out and grabbed Potter's thighs, then thrust upwards violently as pleasure rippled through him seemingly for so long that, for a moment, Draco thought it would never end.

He must have passed out because the first thing he remembered after the orgasm that left him feeling boneless, sated and utterly content was Potter nibbling his ear. Draco's head was thrown back, his whole body ached, and he felt very sticky. All in all, he decided he never wanted to move again.

Potter slid his lips over Draco's cheek, then pressed a kiss to Draco's mouth. He was smiling Draco's favourite dimpled smile and staring down at him with his expressive eyes.

"Still gay?" Potter asked teasingly.

"Hmm." Draco frowned, struggling to speak. "I'm not convinced. You'll have to try harder, I think. It might take you weeks, even months, to persuade me."

Potter laughed. "I could convince you some more tomorrow morning."

"Could? You must," Draco grumbled. "I hope you weren't planning to kick me out now."

"No, actually I planned to tie you up in case you declared you wanted to leave."

Draco licked his lips with a sudden crazy urge to claim he had been planning to leave. Instead, he said, "For the record, I expect you to carry me to bed now because I can't walk."

Potter shook his head, laughing. "Then you'll just have to stay here all alone."

"Wanker."

"Come on — up," Potter instructed and pulled on Draco's shoulders and arms as he stood, making Draco sit up.

Draco grumbled and complained excessively because that made Potter laugh, but he got up, and then promptly yelped as he stepped on something tiny and cold.

He bent down, bemused, and picked up the small paperclip that he must have fallen down earlier as they had made their way toward the sofa.

"That's mine," Potter said promptly and reached out to take it.

Draco hid his hands behind his back. "Actually, it's mine now. You gave it to me."

"No, I just showed it to you."

"I'm sorry, Potter," Draco said morosely. "You'll have to fight me for it. I shall protect this paperclip with my life. In fact, its tiny metal body will never have to be wrapped around papers again," he declared with a sad nod of his head.

Potter laughed again, much to Draco's delight. I'm really good at this, he thought, pleased.

"Keep it," Potter said and wrapped his arms around Draco's neck. "I'm keeping you, anyway."

"Oh? Will you stick me to your watch?"

"I'll stick you to my bed." Potter grinned, waggling his eyebrows, then added more seriously, "But I won't

give up on you without a fight."

Draco closed his eyes and smiled, comforted by the proclamation. He looked at Potter's adoring expression and pressed their lips together, murmuring, "Good."

EpilogueFandom: Harry Potter

Disclaimer: Harry Potter is owned by J.K. Rowling and Warner Brothers. No copyright infringement intended.

Title: One Harry Potter, Please (If Possible, Seduced and Ready)

Beta: [info]dysonrules ♥ Who is unbelievable and wonderful and the reason I haven't lost my mind writing a story this long.

Pairing: Harry/Draco

Rating: NC-17

Word Count: ~2300 (~60 000 overall) Oh shut up.

Status: COMPLETED!!!!!!! Sorry. I'm a little excited. *FLAILS ANS DANCES*

Summary: All Draco wants is Harry Potter's friendship, just to make his new Auror job more bearable. However, after Harry stubbornly pays more attention to everyone else — including his secret admirer — Draco is forced to resort to drastic measures. And get more than he's bargained for.

Warnings: Post-DH, EWE, Flangst.

Note: Written for [info]awdt's Valentine's Day Quickies: Day Six.

For the 'I'll read this when you finish it' crowd: You can download the pdf version of this story here and read it in one go. Why does it exist? Well, cos you know, it's pretty. :D

This is the epilogue. Chapter fourteen is posted further down. Posted separately cos LJ says too long.

One Harry Potter, Please (If Possible, Seduced and Ready)

EPILOGUE

"Is there something wrong with the eggs?" Harry asked worriedly after watching Draco frown at his plate for a minute.

"No." Draco looked up and smiled. "They're fabulous," he assured him.

Harry nodded, not quite convinced because Draco was unusually quiet. Harry had promised Draco a fabulous breakfast on Monday morning, but now he feared that it wasn't so fabulous after all.

Their weekend, however, was fabulous. On Sunday morning, Draco had woken Harry up by blowing in his ear and informing him that it was time to convince Draco again that he was gay. Harry had done so eagerly by lying on his back and making Draco straddle his hips.

The act of convincing had been very successful and while he watched Draco throw his head back and ride Harry's cock, Harry himself had been newly convinced that he was utterly and completely in love with

Draco Malfoy.

Later, they had ordered in their food and Harry had scared Draco by turning on the TV.

"I hate Muggles," Draco had declared after five minutes of daytime television and Harry couldn't think of any argument to justify the silly things the television set had showed them.

They never went on their date, though at one point Draco did try to leave home to get some clean clothes. Harry lent him some of his own clothing but that had proved to be counterproductive. The sight of Draco wearing Harry's jeans and Harry's shirt made Harry feel oddly aroused and had ended up convincing Draco he was gay on the kitchen table.

The kitchen table that now no longer served naked Draco Malfoys but bread and sausages and eggs, which Draco clearly didn't like.

"Maybe they're too salty?" Harry asked. "Because I could try again —"

"Potter, I love the eggs," Draco said firmly. "Quit worrying. If I knew you could cook like this then this whole mess would never have happened. I need a cook."

Harry narrowed his eyes. "I'm not a house-elf."

"Fortunately." Draco grinned as he took a bite of his sausage.

Appeased, Harry asked innocently, "You like sausages?"

"Love them."

"Really? Have you always liked them or have you just recently discovered this?"

"Er, I always liked —" Draco stopped speaking and instead he glared. "You're a reservoir of bad puns, Potter."

Harry chuckled. "I just wanted to know whether you like all sausages or just mine."

Draco rolled his eyes, but blushed as he took another bite.

"What will I do with you?" he asked fondly after he swallowed. And then he checked his watch.

Harry tensed, worried again. Draco seemed very distracted this morning, as though he was planning something. "Are you going somewhere?"

"The Ministry? We still have jobs, remember?"

"We have to leave in forty-five minutes," Harry said, then added suggestively, "A lot can happen in forty-five minutes."

Draco bit his lip. "I have to go home first, Potter. I'm wearing your clothes, if you haven't noticed. I can't go to work like this."

"Why not? You look great," Harry said honestly.

"Because these are your clothes. Don't you think someone might notice?"

Harry looked down at his plate and stabbed a sausage. "Are we hiding?" he asked, trying to sound neutral.

"Harry."

Harry didn't plan to look up, but hearing Draco say his name forced him to do so.

"We're not hiding. I'm not ashamed of this, if that worries you," Draco said gently and Harry tried hard not to show that that had worried him. "But that doesn't mean we should advertise it, Potter. We work together, we're partners, some people will object and they could make things harder for us."

Harry sighed. When Draco put it that way it made sense. "You're right," he admitted reluctantly.

"Of course I am," Draco said smugly, then pointed his fork at Harry. "See that sentence right there? Memorise it. You'll need it in the future. A lot."

Harry grinned, but then sobered as Draco checked his watch again.

"You know," Harry began, "I have clothes I never wear —"

"Potter, I'm wearing cotton underpants. I am not happy." Draco took a sip of pumpkin juice and added, "By the way, we will discuss your underpants collection soon."

"Can't wait," Harry assured.

"I have no wish to be uncomfortable at work," Draco went on. "Especially since we'll end up with some stupid tedious assignment yet again. Can you believe our Head of Department?" Draco ranted. "She's horrid. Making us do stupid stuff all the time."

"Um. About that . . ." Harry said, thinking he should let Draco know that the stupid assignments were his fault. Draco looked expectant and Harry lost his nerve. He should be honest. Or, Harry reconsidered, he could be smart. Harry cleared his throat. "That woman is horrible," he said emphatically. "I should talk to her. Be very firm and everything."

"Yes!" Draco agreed eagerly. "We should talk to her. This just can't continue."

"Right. I'll talk to her."

"Potter, I think we should talk to her together. I mean" — Draco coughed a little — "don't take this personally, but I don't think she likes you very much."

Harry couldn't argue against that as he suspected it was true, so he was left worrying about the upcoming conversation between them and an innocent woman.

"I really have to go now," Draco said and got up.

Harry pouted, but as he studied the way his jeans hugged Draco's hips, he suggested coyly, "If those pants bother you so much maybe you should take them off. In fact, let me help you." Harry grinned and sprang out of his chair.

Draco's eyes widened and he edged backwards, but Harry was faster. In no time, he wrapped his arms around Draco's waist, pulling his captive closer.

"Potter," Draco groaned exasperatedly. "I have to go," he grumbled against Harry's ear.

"I know," Harry sighed, burying his nose in Draco's hair and inhaling his scent. "I just wanted to make sure you don't leave without a goodbye shag. Er, I mean kiss. I meant to say kiss. I really did."

"The sad thing is, I really believe that," Draco chuckled. "My poor sexually starved partner." Draco tilted his head and gave Harry one lingering kiss that made Harry's toes curl and his limbs weaken.

"I'll see you in half an hour," Draco promised and freed himself from Harry's grasp, then took a step back and Disapparated, leaving Harry breathless.

Eventually, Harry snapped out of his Draco-induced daze and grabbed his cloak to Apparate to the Ministry. His plan was to wait for their Head of Department and accost her when she arrived. He planned to beg her for the most exciting assignment available. He hoped that some excitement would prevent Draco from complaining to her.

The whole thing backfired, of course.

Harry was promised excitement if he agreed to guard the Minster today while the Ministry presented a new law. The law was already approved by the Wizengamot and was meant to give more rights to various magical creatures. Riots were expected, had even been announced by people who thought that the Ministry was giving too much freedom to the half-breeds and by people who thought that it was too little.

All in all, it sounded promising and upon hearing the news even Draco had been excited at the prospect of arresting many many people.

However, the whole thing was just dull. Apparently, though many had been indignant they weren't bothered enough to show up and protest. A couple of drunken disorderliness that included two wizards and a witch yelling contradictory statements and waving a little "House-elves are people too" flag was all Draco had and Harry had to deal with. Which was just enough to make them do paperwork later.

They spent their entire day listening to boring speeches and then watching high Ministry officials drink and celebrate until they were so drunk they forgot why they were so happy in the first place.

The only bright moment of the day was Harry forgetting his gloves. He exploited that fact by claiming that his hands were freezing and spent every opportune moment discreetly shoving his cold hands into every pocket he could find on Draco's attire. That was more entertaining than it should have been.

At the end of the day, as Draco and Harry made their way toward the deserted Auror Department, Harry promised himself that he would never try to manipulate their assignments again.

Harry was completely exhausted when he collapsed into his chair, though his mind was busy trying to come up with a sensible reason that would convince Draco to leave their paperwork for tomorrow and to find a different way to spend their time.

He had just decided to claim that his hands had frozen and now hurt so much he couldn't possibly hold a quill when he was cruelly distracted by a rather frightening item lying on the desk.

The item was frightening because it was pink and heart-shaped. The general frilly look of it, with a bow and a golden-inked message that proclaimed something cheesy about kisses, seemed suspiciously like one of Derek Hogan's gifts.

Worried, Harry grabbed the box and mumbled, "I'll throw it away."

He had almost done so, but Draco stopped him by crying, "Wait!"

Surprised, Harry looked up, but Draco was looking down at the papers in front of him, a tiny smile playing around his lips.

"Maybe you should open it," Draco said innocently.

Perplexed but intrigued, Harry carefully opened the ridiculous box. He had expected chocolate because that was what the picture on the front displayed, but there was no chocolate inside; instead, the box was

full of paperclips.

Harry laughed and shook his head. "Funny."

Draco didn't laugh, however, and he still avoided looking at Harry; his cheeks were just a little pink. He cleared his throat. "Well, you know what giving someone paperclips means," he said quietly. "Mind you, there are five hundred of them in there."

Harry blinked, not quite sure why Draco was blushing, but thinking about Draco's words he remembered that he had used a paperclip to tell Draco he loved him. Until now, he hadn't been completely sure if Draco had understood him or not. Harry looked down at the shiny metal paperclips again and suddenly the intended message was clear: I love you, too. Five-hundred times as much.

Harry swallowed heavily and carefully closed the box with shaky fingers. He put it in a drawer, the one with a key, for safekeeping.

"You planned this in the morning," he said and Draco grinned, still blushing.

"Guess I'm all set as far as paperclips are concerned," Harry whispered.

"That's the idea," Draco said and then finally looked up, his grey eyes intense and his smile almost shy.

Harry pressed his lips together, afraid that he would say something incredibly embarrassing.

Draco set his quill aside and opened his mouth, looking like a man with an exciting plan. Harry was already smiling and planning to say yes to whatever Draco suggested, but then Draco's expression transformed into a scowl.

Harry frowned and then froze as a file was placed before him and a familiar voice said, "Here you go,

Harry."

Harry steeled himself and looked up at Derek Hogan, who had apparently sneaked up on them. Derek seemed tired and out of spirits.

"Derek." Harry nodded. "You stayed in late."

"I'm on my way out. Just thought I'd stop by and give you this."

"What is it?" Harry asked as Draco suddenly cried, "Hey, Derek!"

Harry winced and sneaked a glance at Draco, who was smiling beatifically at Derek.

"Er, hey," Derek said tentatively and then looked at Harry again. "It's just a report about those cursed objects you asked for last week."

Harry nodded, relieved that Derek remembered work related stuff, which he was supposed to, but worried it could mean that Derek remembered other things as well.

Draco obviously had no such concerns. He was still smiling widely as he said, "That was very kind of you, Derek."

Harry stepped on Draco's toes beneath the desk but Draco didn't even flinch.

"Well, I should go now." Derek sounded nervous.

"Bye, Derek!" Draco said pleasantly.

Derek grimaced and, after a sad sort of look in Harry's direction, he turned to leave.

Draco didn't stop smiling and Derek hurried towards the door, looking nervously over his shoulder at the overly happy blond.

"That was very rude," Harry chastised after Derek left.

Draco stopped smiling. "I was being polite," he said haughtily.

"Right."

"He should know, in case he remembers something, that if he wants to get to you he has to go through me," Draco said darkly.

Harry sighed, amused but pleased. "Will this potential confrontation involve naked mud wrestling?"

Draco scowled, then pushed his papers aside and placed his palms on the desk. "Let's forget about Hogan and discuss something much more important."

Harry tensed. "Uh. Is this about my underpants? Because, Draco, I am not wearing silk . . ."

Draco's lips twitched. "We'll see about that. But no, this is about . . ." Draco looked around at the empty cubical. "This desk."

"Er, what about it?"

"Does it look" — Draco pressed his palms firmly on the desk and shook it, waggling his eyebrows — "sturdy to you?"

Harry grinned, thinking back to those times when he had imagined pressing Draco to that very desk and having his wicked way with him. Back then, such a thing seemed out of Harry's reach.

Harry bit his lip, rose up a little, and leaned in to press a small kiss to Draco's lips. Draco was in his reach now.

"Well," Harry said as he pulled away and placed his palms over Draco's, revelling in the warmth of Draco's skin and the warmth of Draco's smile, "there's nothing stopping us from finding out."

THE END