Storyid: 2141723
FanFiction.net
Name: Attraction
Author: Lunadeath
Chapter 1 to 20

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Chapter: 1

Title: Attraction

Pairing: Harry/?

Rating: PG-13 to R (later)

Warnings: Slash

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Genre: This fic is mainly 'romance' and 'humor' with a touch of the other stuff. As far as I know right now, this fic won't contain much angst, if any at all. Always look on the bright side of life. grins

Disclaimer: I do not own these characters; they belong to J. K. Rowling. I'm not good at Maths either, miss!

I had some computer troubles this week. My old computer was slowly dying, and I couldn't even get online! So, I had to break down and buy a new computer. Hopefully this one will be around for a long time. To make up for my slowness with my other fics (which are in the stage of process right now! Even 'He is NOT my Boyfriend!') here is the first chapter to a new, fun ficlet that I have started. Enjoy.

"Go *away*, Seamus."

"But, Harry!"

"Would you please stop following me?" Harry bellowed.

"No! Not until I get the truth from you."

"I said that it was none of your business, didn't I?"

"Harry…"

"Shut up, Seamus."

"Please, Harry?"

"NO!"

"Pleeeeease?"

"I said no! …Seamus! Let go of my leg!"

Seamus held onto Harry's left leg with both hands and was getting himself dragged across the stone floor. Harry now looked like he had a pegged leg.

"Haaaaarrryyyyyy!" Seamus pleaded, not caring that he was getting dust and dirt all over the front of his robes. "I want to know for a good reason, not to pick on you or anything!"

Harry stopped trying to drag the Irishman across the floor to glare down at him.

"Seamus," Harry sighed, "I don't know where you get such hair-brained ideas from…"

"I heard it from Ron…"

"Well, Ron is wrong!" Harry growled.

"But I heard him say it in passing to Hermione. They didn't know that I overheard them…"

Harry rubbed the bridge of his nose and swore quietly under his breath.

"Please tell me, Harry. Please! I won't tell anyone else, I swear!"

"And just what makes you so sure that you heard Ron correctly?"

Seamus batted his lashes as pretty as he could, but it didn't seem to work on Harry, who was still glowering down at him.

"Oh, I heard him correctly, all right. But right now, Harry, I'm a cat. And curiosity is really killing me!"

"If you're a cat then you have nine lives," said Harry as he tried to drag Seamus with him again, "and not knowing about my sexuality will only take one away."

"HAAAARRRRYYYYY!"

"Seamus!" Harry snarled, trying to shake Seamus off his leg, "I don't have time for this right now! I have to meet Hermione in the library to study for Potions, and I can't afford to be letting my grade slip if I want to become an Auror, so GET OFF!"

Harry snapped his leg hard and the tip of his shoe hit Seamus's breastplate. Seamus let out a loud yell and immediately let go of Harry. He held his sore chest in pain, eyes watering up as he looked up at Harry.

"I thought we were friends, Harry!" Seamus stuck out his bottom lip in emphasis, "I'll tell you my sexual preference if you tell me yours."

"No."

"Harry, I'm begging here!" Seamus scuttled after Harry on his knees and grabbed hold of the back of Harry's robe, "I'm on my knees, I'm at your mercy… I'll do anything!"

"Seamus!" Harry rounded on him, "I don't feel like talking about my sexual preference, so leave me alone!" he tugged his robe out from Seamus's grasp and walked even faster than before toward the library.

Seamus kneeled there on the dusty floor in shock as he watched Harry walk briskly to a flight of stairs. He was about to shout something at the other Gryffindor's back when an idea struck. He got up from the floor and ran back to the Gryffindor common room to find Dean.

He found Ron and Hermione at the back of the library in their usual corner. Ron was leaning very closely to Hermione as she showed him something that he probably didn't understand. Harry knew what Ron was playing at, but he wondered if Hermione did. He would almost always ask Hermione to explain things better and further, and then he'd put his face as close to Hermione's as he could while she showed him.

Harry slammed his book bag down on the table, making his friends jump in surprise. He groaned and sat down hard on the chair in front of them.

"Now what?" Hermione asked.

"Seamus," Harry sighed. He took out his homework assignment, quill, and inkwell.

"Now what did he do?" Ron asked, "still bugging you about when we'll be having another Quidditch practice? I swear ever since we brought him on the team in the beginning of the year, he's been nothing but a pain in the…"

"No, it wasn't about Quidditch," Harry raised his eyes from his parchment and looked back and forth at them. "He heard you two talking about me."

Hermione and Ron were both sporting the same shocked expressions.

"When?" Ron said.

"Early this morning, I think," Harry shrugged, trying to seem nonchalant about his best friends talking about him when he's not around, "he said he overheard you two talking about my sexuality."

Hermione looked appalled at the thought of Seamus eavesdropping on them, and Ron was looking ready to punch a hole in the wall.

"Why that little-"

"What did you tell him?" Hermione said, interrupting Ron.

Harry looked back down at his parchment and Potions book.

"Nothing."

"Dean! Dean!" Seamus ran into the boy's dormitory and skidded to a stop when he found his dark skinned friend sitting on his bed, showing Neville a drawing of his.

"What, Seamus?"

Seamus seemed to have some difficulty in getting out what he wanted to say since Neville was there. He looked back and forth from Dean to Neville and then finally made up his mind.

"Harry's gay."

Dean's jaw dropped and he stared at his friend incredibly as Neville squeaked and almost fell off the bed.

"Gay?" Dean repeated, not sure if he should believe it.

"Yes. Harry Potter, The Boy Who Lived, is gay."

"Gay?" said Neville, finally getting out of shock.

"Yes!" Seamus said, throwing his hands in the air, "that's what I heard Ron and Hermione say!"

"No way," said Neville, "there's no way Harry is gay!"

"Well, I tried to get Harry to tell me if it's true or not, but he didn't want to talk about it. You'd think that if he wasn't gay, he'd say so straight away, wouldn't he."

"Maybe he didn't want to talk about it because you were being too embarrassing and weren't very tactful," said Dean.

"Well, you know what this means if I'm right, don't you?"

Dean sighed and rubbed the bridge of his nose. "Seamus… don't."

"Why not?"

"Because... Because it's not nice."

"And him not telling me the truth about his preference is?" Seamus huffed.

"It's his business, Seamus!"

"Ah, but it becomes my business if he can't trust a close friend and roommate with his secret!"

Dean raised one eyebrow.

"You've gone loony, Seamus."

"And do you know WHY I've gone loony?" Seamus said with a flourish, "It's because I. Need. To. Get. Some!"

"Seamus!" Neville squeaked and actually toppled off the edge of the bed.

Dean was mildly shocked at the bluntness and was still for only a few moments before speaking.

"What if Harry doesn't like you in that way?"

Seamus acted as if he wasn't listening.

"It's settled then," Seamus grinned, "I will snatch The Handsome Wizard Who Is Gay!"

Said handsome boy wizard was strolling down the hall from another mind-bending study session with Ron and Hermione. His two best friends had parted ways with him at the moment, because Hermione said she wanted to show Ron something in the kitchens. Ron, of course, usually

muttered and looked annoyed by being dragged into something concerning S.P.E.W., but Harry noticed he was looking rather anxious about it all. Harry smelled a secret.

Sure, it was unnerving to know that your friends were keeping things from you, but Harry figured he knew what was going on already. He walked on toward the Gryffindor Tower, hoping to relax by himself by the fire this time, and allow himself to think. N.E.W.T.S. wasn't too far away; he'd been studying even harder than usual, especially on his Potions homework, and right now, he hoped to give his brain a rest before going to bed. It helped him to do his Occlumency better at night if he wasn't so restless.

The common room wasn't as empty as Harry first thought it would be. The moment he walked in, many eyes were on him, and they weren't the normal looks he'd get either. Most of those looks were calculating… and a few were even confused. Harry was confused as well.

"Hey, um… what's going on?" Harry asked, hoping his voice didn't sound too nervous.

"Oh, nothing," said Dean. "Just the same old, same old."

"Oh," said Harry. He wasn't sure if he should believe his roommate or not. They were all still staring at him strangely.

But, trying not to let that get to him too much, Harry decided to sit in his usual spot (which was free for some weird reason…) and do some reading. He took out his book *The Dark Arts Outsmarted* and began to read where he left off.

He tried his best, but he still couldn't shake off the feeling that he was being stared at. After reading the same sentence over and over, Harry decided to give up, and he looked up from the book to find Seamus, Dean, and Colin Creevey staring at him from the couch.

"Is something wrong?" he asked.

"Oh! No, no, nothing's wrong," said Seamus as if he were being shaken from a dream, "nothing's wrong whatsoever, Harry."

"Just go on with your reading," said Colin, grinning and holding his camera as if he were pondering on whether he should take a picture or not.

Harry's brows knit tightly as he looked from one to the other, but then dismissed it since they weren't going to tell him anything. Harry went back to reading his book.

Another five minutes went by, and Harry was beginning to feel agitated by the staring and obvious silent communication going on between them.

"Look," he said, setting his book down, "why don't you guys just come out and tell me what's going on? It's starting to annoy me."

Dean bit his bottom lip as he looked at Seamus. Seamus looked at Dean real quick, and then over at Colin. Colin was still staring at Harry, about to raise his camera up to take a picture. Seamus looked back at Harry with what Harry deemed as an evil gleam in his eye.

"There's a Hogsmeade weekend coming up," he said.

"Um, yeah. So?" Harry said.

"So, I was wondering…" Seamus moved from the couch to the arm of Harry's chair and placed an arm over the back of it. He smiled down at Harry, who looked up at him in confusion and a slight feeling of impending doom. "Harry? Will you go with me?"

Harry blinked, even more confused.

"Go with you where?"

Seamus smiled, trying his best to contain his laughter, and then leaned in closer to Harry's face.

"Go with me… as a date. You and me... Together… in Hogsmeade."

Harry's eyes widened and he gulped nervously.

"Please?" Seamus added, as if it would help.

"I…" Harry's mouth opened and closed a few times, "I … I don't know what to say…"

"Say yes!" Seamus beamed.

"Oh, honestly, Seamus!" Dean sighed, "Let Harry decide what he wants to do."

Seamus batted his lashes, and Harry wondered if he was doing that to be flattering, or trying to make himself cuter.

He lowered himself toward Harry more and then ran a finger down Harry's nose. Harry blinked and crossed his eyes, blushing. Just as Seamus's finger reached Harry's top lip, Colin flashed his camera quickly.

"Colin!" Harry yelled.

"Sorry, Harry," Colin said, "I couldn't resist. It was all too cute of a picture."

Harry turned crimson. "It was NOT cute!" he bat Seamus's touchy finger away from his face, "Seamus, stop it! Give me time to think, will you? I just don't understand why you think I'd go out with you in the first place. I never told you what my sexuality was."

"Well, I deduced that since you didn't seem too keen on telling me whether you're straight or not, I took what I heard Ron and Hermione say as a fact."

"Yeah, and if I protested too much about being gay, you'd think I was trying to deny it!" Harry huffed.

"Oh," said Seamus, "I didn't think of it that way."

"Precisely. So, just don't count on me saying yes to the date. I have too much to do right now… I have to study for tests and have Quidditch practice and such…"

"Speaking of which, Harry… when is our next Quidditch practice?"

Harry felt like ripping his hair out.

"I don't know!" Harry shouted. He leaped up from his chair and then bolted up the stairs leading to the boy's dormitory.

"Nice one, Seamus," said Dean.

"Shut up."

TBC …. I think.

Edit: I took out the part where Harry found Ron and Hermione snogging and stuff. I don't know if I'm going to make this fic have Ron/Hermione in it. If I do, it won't be for a while, because I want this to be a bit different than other Harry/Draco fics.

Thanks for reading!

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Chapter: 2

Attraction, part two

Pairing: Harry/?

Rating: PG-13 to R (later)

Warnings: Slash

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"I am disgusted. I am disgusted and appalled. I am disgusted, appalled, *and* vexed! I am disgusted, appalled, vexed, *and*…"

"Shut up, Warrington, I get it!" Draco sneered.

"Just how did Potter catch the Snitch again this time?" Miles Bletchley, their Keeper, asked. He was slowly taking off his Quidditch gear with seemingly nonchalance. Most of the other teammates were already in the shower.

Draco glared at Bletchley, about ready to lunge forward and choke him, but then Warrington moved forward and smacked Bletchley across the head.

"Shut it, Miles. I don't want to hear about Potter's oh-so-wonderful Seeker skills! Damn it, if only Potter were a Slytherin, we'd be the ones getting all the wins and celebrating victory after victory! But, no!" he leered at Draco, "we had to get stuck with the little rich boy!"

Draco clenched his fists. "Shut up, Warrington! If you think you can do better at catching the Snitch, then by all means, go right ahead!"

"Oh? Maybe I'll just see if I can find us a new and better Seeker. How's that grab ya, Malfoy?"

"You do, Warrington, and you WILL live to regret it…"

They were merely inches away from each other, fists balled and eye blazing when Blaise and the other two teammates emerged from the shower.

"What's going on?" asked Goyle. He, thankfully, was wearing a towel around his waist. Blaise, however, had his towel draped lazily around his shoulders and was gripping the ends of it with both hands. That was all he had on.

Miles sighed and gestured at the two who were ready to strangle each other. "They're fighting… again."

"Look, guys, who cares if we lost?" Blaise said. He was the newest addition to their team, as well as a good pick, since he seemed to be pretty good at his Chaser position. He scored them forty points during the game, which was more than what the other Chasers did.

"Who cares?" Warrington snarled, turning his burning gaze over toward Blaise instead, "have you lost your mind, Zabini? It's been years since we've beaten them in one single match… we haven't won the Quidditch Cup in almost four years, and you're saying *who cares?*"

Blaise shrugged, "It's just a game." He casually rubbed the towel ends over his chest. "My nipples are like chair legs…"

"IT'S JUST A GAME?" Warrington shouted. He took a few steps toward Blaise, eyes burning, hands twitching in need of wanting to strike, and teeth bared…

"Watch it, your eye might get poked," Blaise stepped back and spread his arms out in a conceited gesture.

"Look, it doesn't matter now. It's done and over with." Bletchely said.

"Unfortunately, Bletchely is right," Draco sighed.

Warrington was still twitching, desperately wanting to lunge forward and beat the crap out of Blaise. Blaise placed his towel over his damp, dark hair and started to dry it off more.

"There's always next time," said Blaise.

Warrington growled loudly and then turned to punch at the lockers. The others jumped from the sudden bang of his fist against the iron. When Warrington left in a huff, Blaise let out a heavy sigh.

"Blimey… someone needs to get laid."

"Great game, Harry!" said Jack Sloper, patting Harry on the back.

"Yeah, that was an excellent catch," beamed Andrew Kirke, "the look on Malfoy's face was priceless!"

"Thanks, guys," Harry blushed.

"Come on, come on! Give the man some breathing room!" Ron put his arm around Harry's shoulders and steered him out of the crowd and near the shower. "That was really a great catch, Harry. This calls for a celebration! Let's go to Hogsmeade and have a few butterbeers."

"We have homework though, Ron," Harry sighed.

"Oh, well… we'll do it this weekend then! What do you say? Or…" Ron smiled teasingly, "do you have a hot date?" he winked.

Harry cocked his head and raised an eyebrow. "A date? With whom?"

Ron nodded his head back over at the crowd of teammates, who were joyously laughing and whooping still from the win against Slytherin. Seamus was in the middle of the crowd, gesturing wildly, and then he looked over at Harry and smiled brightly. Harry jerked his gaze back over to Ron, who was wiggling his eyebrows in a suggestive manner.

"No, I do not have a … a *date*." Harry growled low in his throat. "What makes you think that I would say yes to someone like Seamus?"

Ron shrugged, "Well… you seemed to have blushed rather hard when he was draping himself all over you and running his finger down your lips. Are you sure that you're not interested?"

"No!" Harry said a bit too loudly, but then lowered his voice, "No, I am not interested."

"Have someone else in mind, eh?" Ron elbowed Harry lightly in his side. Harry glared at his best friend, and Ron just knew from that one look that he wasn't getting anything out of Harry just yet. He sighed in defeat and said, "fine. Be that way, buddy… but I'm not done pestering you yet. You do know that I want to see you happy, right?"

Harry raised a brow, "And me being with Seamus will make me happy?"

"You have a point, mate," Ron said, looking over at Seamus, who was now standing up on the bench as he tried to reenact a move he made when he scored a difficult goal during their game. He rotated his arms in a circle as he started to fall off the bench, but Jack Sloper caught him before he hit the ground.

"I'm going to take a shower," Harry said, making his way around Ron.

Ron was about to say something more, but then he changed his mind and grabbed two nearby towels. "I'll join you."

"And just who is the most promising youngster to become a hunk?" Pansy asked Millicent, one of her best friends.

"Uh… what year?"

"Doesn't matter. Any younger year!"

Millicent folded her large arms over her large chest and started to think. A minute ticked by, and then she finally shrugged.

"I haven't a clue."

"Oh, come on, Millie!" Pansy sighed, "don't you have one single, sexual hormone in your body? How about Graham Pritchard?"

"He's too skinny."

Pansy rolled her eyes, "You just like your men with a little chunk."

"And just who do you want me to like?"

"What about Stewart Ackerley?"

"Umm… no."

"No? But he's a cutie!"

"He's also a Ravenclaw."

"So? What's wrong with that? I happen to like a few Ravenclaws. Think about it! Knowledge is power, you know."

Millicent shook her head, and Pansy sighed. "Fine!" she said, "How about Kevin Whitby?"

"Too whimpy."

"Owen Cauldwell?"

"Too stoned."

Pansy leered at Millicent with a sneaky glance, "Dennis Creevey?"

Millicent pulled a face. "I just ate, Pansy!"

"Sorry." she grinned.

Daphne Greengrass walked into the girl's dormitory looking annoyed. Both Pansy and Millicent exchanged looks, and then looked back at their roommate.

"Problem, Daphne?" Pansy asked.

Daphne Greengrass threw her books on her bed and then sat heavily on the edge, putting her face

in her hands.

"Um… Daphne?"

"None of your business!" she growled.

Pansy blinked, slightly hurt, and Millicent glared at the other girl.

"Don't take your anger out on Pansy," Millicent snarled, "if you won't tell us what's wrong, then sulk quietly."

After a few seconds of silence, Daphne finally spoke.

"Do you know what that idiot Finnigan did? Do you?"

"No, we don't," said Millicent.

"He…" Daphne choked, and then turned her head away, "well, after the Gryffindors won their match against us, Seamus has been a complete arse to every Slytherin that walks by! I don't even care about Quidditch and he treats me like I'm his rival or something!"

"What did that scummy, half-blood do?"

Daphne frowned and then said, "He… he walked around the library like he was all it, flirting with almost everyone there, and then when he got up to me…" she sniffled.

"What? What?" Pansy demanded.

Daphne wiped her eyes and said, "He… he called me a closet slut!"

Millicent and Pansy furrowed their brows and frowned.

"That was uncalled for!" Pansy bellowed.

"Let's go teach him a lesson." Millicent declared.

"Is it… a metamorphmagus?"

"Nope."

"… A Legimens?"

"No."

"Um… how about… a Quidditch player?"

"No."

Hermione sighed for the seventh time and glared at her two best friends. Ron was scratching his chin with his quill as he tried to think, his mind on both his homework and the silly game he was playing with Harry, and Harry was paging through his Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them.

"It's a creature this time, isn't it?" said Ron.

"Yes," said Harry.

Ron sighed. "Right… is it a… Fwooper?"

"Nope."

"A unicorn?"

"No."

"Dragon?"

"Uh uh."

"A merperson?"

"No."

Ron rubbed his hands over his face and stared at his halfway done homework.

"Will you two stop with that childish game?" said Hermione, "you're making me lose my concentration."

"Is it something you fought against?" Ron asked Harry, obviously ignoring Hermione.

Harry chewed his bottom lip for a while, and then answered, "No."

"Damn! Uhh… Fire Crab?"

"No."

"A Yeti?"

"Nope."

"Will you two shut up?" Hermione huffed.

"I know! A Banshee!"

"Good guess, but no."

Ron sighed. "I give up, Harry. What is it?"

Harry smiled, "An Acromantula."

Ron scowled, "But… you fought one in the Forbidden Forest!"

"No," said Harry, smiling wider, "I never fought it. I just talked to it. I fought off the little ones, though."

Ron crossed his arms and leaned back against the couch in a huff. "Tricky bastard."

Harry snickered.

"Okay, now can we get some homework done?" Hermione snarled.

"Sorry, Hermione." Harry said. He and Ron exchanged grins, and then went back to doing their essays.

"It's my turn when we're done," murmured Ron.

TBC

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Chapter: 3

Attraction, part three

Pairing: Harry/? (This is what I have in mind at the time: Harry/Seamus and Harry/Draco. Thinking about others later.)

Rating: PG-13 to R (later)

Warnings: Slash

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I am SO happy to have a new and better computer! :D

"Mr. Potter!" Professor McGonagall shouted, rapping her wand on the desk by Harry's head, "I'll have you know you can't sleep in my class."

Harry, still half-asleep, blearily looked up from the crook of his arm and said, "I could if you'd talk a little softer."

"Mr. Potter!" McGonagall said in shock. "Ten points from Gryffindor! Now, wake up and pay attention! This will be on your NEWTS!"

Finally understanding where he was and what he was doing, Harry sat back up immediately, and tried to focus his eyes on the professor. He, then, realized that she was still fuzzy looking because his glasses were crooked on his nose. Harry fixed them better on his face, and then looked sheepishly at McGonagall.

"Sorry, professor," he said. Hermione looked over from her work and gave Harry a worried glance. Ron also looked concerned, but he was also sporting slightly red eyes.

"Now, where were we before Mr. Potter had interrupted class?"

Seamus, not able to keep his mouth shut, said: "Actually, you interrupted class, professor. Harry was just sleeping peacefully."

McGonagall, it seemed, wasn't in the mood for smart aleck remarks today.

"Detention, Mr. Finnigan!"

Seamus pouted, sliding down in his chair. Dean gave him a look that said: "You just had to open your big mouth, didn't you?"

When class finally ended, Harry was getting lectured, in the usual way, from Hermione about falling asleep in class. He was barely paying attention to her when a hand fell upon his shoulder,

startling him.

"Don't let McGonagall bother you, Harry."

"Thanks, Seamus." Harry said without looking up. "You didn't have to stick up for me like that and get yourself detention…"

"Oh, don't worry about it," Seamus flashed Harry a toothy grin, "I'm used to getting detention for speaking my mind. I just don't think it was very fair of her to take away so many points just for falling asleep in class. Something must be up the professor's butt today."

"Seamus! Don't talk about a professor that way!" said Hermione.

"It's true, though!" Seamus said, defending himself, "she's been so edgy lately."

"Everyone has," said Hermione, "or haven't you noticed?"

"Oh, I noticed… I just don't like talking about it much. But I do know *what* I like talking about." He wiggled his eyebrows at Harry.

Harry rolled his eyes and sighed. "Still haven't given up, have you?"

"Of course not." Seamus smiled, "Why should I give up on going out with such a great catch? Can you imagine how jealous everyone will be when they see me going out with you, Harry?"

"I don't want to talk about it," said Harry. They made their way to the Gryffindor Tower.

"But, Harry! I will treat you right. I will take you places and… everything!"

"Do you not have ears, Finnigan?" Ron shouted, pushing Seamus into a wall, "Harry doesn't want to talk about it!"

Seamus glowered at the redhead until he let go. Then Seamus looked over at Harry, who was standing by the Fat Lady portrait with Hermione and Dean, staring back at Ron with wide eyes. Seamus straightened himself out and made his way toward the others without looking back at Ron, who was giving him an icy stare.

"Well? Are we going to say the password or not?" said Seamus, in a slightly annoyed tone.

Harry blinked at Seamus a bit, noticing how agitated he looked from Ron's rough treatment, and then turned back to the portrait.

"Snidget."

The portrait opened, and the five students clambered in. The moment they got in, Seamus headed

straight for the boy's dorm. Dean looked back at them, sighed exasperatedly, and then climbed the stairs after his friend. Harry, Ron, and Hermione sat in their usual spots by the fireplace.

There was only silence for about a minute before Ron started in on his tirade.

"Can you believe him? What is wrong with his brain? The nerve of him, bugging you like that after you said no to him! Can't he take a hint?"

"He's pretty persistent, I'll give him that," said Hermione. She opened her Potions book and took out her homework.

"What are you doing?" Ron said.

"I'm reviewing for Potions. Have you forgotten that the essay is due tomorrow?"

Ron got up from the couch and dashed upstairs to his dorm. Harry sighed and opened his bag to take out his own homework. He had kept the Potions essay in his bag because he knew that it was due soon, and he didn't want to forget. Hopefully Professor McGonagall did talk to Snape about his grade so that he would have a better chance at becoming an Auror. Harry pondered on this thought for a while until Ron came jogging back down to the common room and plopped back on his spot. He quickly opened his parchment and Potions textbook.

"What's the essay on again?" he asked to no one in particular. He figured that Hermione would say, but in some surprise, Harry actually answered.

"The properties and function of the Blood-Replenishing Potion."

"Oh, right." Ron said. He dipped his quill in his inkwell and poised it ready for writing. He stared at his parchment for a long while.

Hermione pinched the bridge of her nose and sighed in a loud and exasperated tone.

"Do you want help, Ron?"

Ron gleefully accepted her help, but Harry declined the offer, determined to do the assignment himself. Hermione beamed at him for it, and then started to help Ron. Harry looked through his textbook and reread a passage before writing more on his essay. Sometimes he wished that Ron tried doing his own work, but he wasn't sure if Ron was trying to become an Auror like he was. Harry decided not to worry about it at the time, and he dug into his essay.

"I still cannot believe you, Seamus," said Dean. He was going through his homework for the evening, deciding whether he should do it in the dorm or in the library.

"What? Getting detention?"

"No, about Harry. If he isn't interested then why are you still pestering him?"

"He didn't really give me a definite answer, did he? Plus, he's still confused. I think I could help him get in touch with his more… er… gay side."

Dean rolled his eyes. "I don't think so. I think he just wants to be himself—Harry Potter—a man. That's probably why he doesn't like talking about his sexuality."

Seamus made a puppet out of his hand and was mocking Dean with it as he talked.

"Seriously, Dean, you're supposed to be my best friend! What about MY needs and desires?"

"Oh good grief, Seamus!"

"I can't help myself!" Seamus said, his Irish accent booming more than usual, "Harry's bloody gorgeous and sexy and intelligent and just… everything! I can't let him go."

Dean sighed irritably as he rummaged through his Potions and Transfigurations essays.

"Well, if you like him that much, give him time. It's not like he's going out with somebody right now… just settle down. Give Harry some breathing room."

"I gave him breathing room for the past five years!" Seamus said angrily, "and that was because I thought he was straight! But now… this is different!"

"It's not different," Dean said tiredly. "It's not any more different than trying to go out with a girl."

"What are you blabbing about? Of course it's different! Harry's a guy!"

"I don't mean it like that! I meant that… oh, never mind. Just don't be pestering Harry so much about this. He might grow to not like you and try avoiding you whenever he sees you."

Seamus frowned. "No way. Harry would never do something like that."

Dean rolled his eyes and tried to finish his homework. He really liked Seamus, his best friend, but sometimes he could be real thick. Of course Harry was good-looking and wonderful… Dean wasn't blind. But he knew that forcing someone to going out with you was wrong, no matter what the circumstances. If Dean wasn't so damn shy, and didn't have these morals, he'd be going after Harry himself.

The next day, as Hermione had stated, was Potions with the Slytherins. It was usually a predictable class. Harry knew he could count on a few things to happen during the course of it. One of them being that Professor Snape was an ass, the other being that Neville will eventually blow something up or screw something up considerably. The Slytherins would be as mean

spirited as ever, of course, and he would lose Gryffindor either some points or a lot of points.

Surprisingly, Harry had finished his Potions essay that morning before breakfast, so he wouldn't get a zero on the assignment. Snape just looked down his crooked nose at Harry as he took his essay.

"It's rather surprising that so many of you finished your essay, but I doubt that they're all Outstanding papers. For the remainder of the semester you will be working on the Blood-Replenishing Potion." Snape waved his wand at the blackboard and the list of ingredients appeared, "as usual, the list is on the board, and the ingredients are in my supply closet," again, he waved his wand and the door to the cabinet opened. "Take only what you need. You may begin."

Harry got up to gather his ingredients, as did many others; he tried his best to do it quickly and calmly, but to his dismay, he had a certain Irish man standing behind him. He could almost sense the eyes at the back of his head, and he could feel a warm breath across his bare neck.

"Harry…" Seamus said in a soft, low voice right by Harry's ear, "I want to talk to you after class…"

Harry shot Seamus a look, but then turned back to walk forward and gather the ingredients needed when it was his turn in line. He made it apparent that he was ignoring Seamus as he gathered everything he needed and then walked around the other boy, not making eye contact.

Seamus watched his every move, whispering Harry's name as Harry walked by him, trying to lay at least a finger on Harry somewhere… but Harry danced away, and made his way to the long desk that he shared with Ron and Hermione.

"I see how it is now," Seamus said under his breath. Dean was standing next to him, so naturally, he heard him. He shook his head, hoping that Seamus wasn't making the biggest mistake in his life.

What neither boy noticed, however, were the particular looks being thrown their way.

"After class…" Pansy whispered to Millicent and Daphne. They both nodded, glaring daggers at Seamus.

Seamus also had another pair of eyes glaring dangerously at him… a pair of gray, smoldering eyes.

The moment Seamus stepped out of the Potions classroom, he found himself falling face first toward the ground, and then he realized that he couldn't move his legs. There were battle cries and shouting, and then he was suddenly hog-tied and gagged.

He lifted his head up and saw a pair of familiar feet. Seamus raised his eyes as far as they could

go and noticed the person had on a Slytherin outfit. He had a feeling it was a Slytherin.

"Now what?" someone asked. Seamus recognized it as Pansy's voice. He growled through his gag.

"Now we see how he likes it," said Millicent. Another girl next to her laughed almost manically. Seamus was very clueless as to what was going on.

When their wicked laughter died away, there was awkward silence. The other girl that Seamus couldn't place the voice to, said: "What do we do again?"

"We give him a taste of his own medicine!" said Millicent.

"Oh," said the other girl. There was a pause, and then she said, "So… we ridicule him about being in the closet, or what?"

A light bulb finally went on inside Seamus's head. Now he recognized her voice! It was that plain looking Slytherin girl that he had teased the other day. He can't remember what words he said to her exactly, but he didn't recall telling her that she was in the closet about anything. Maybe she just took whatever he said harder than she should have.

"Seamus Finnigan? In the closet?" Pansy shrieked. "Oh, that's a laugh! I doubt that he's in the closet about anything!"

"What do we do to him, then?"

"We make him feel stupid, that's what." Millicent said. "We embarrass the hell out of him."

"Yay!" said the other girl that Seamus can't put a name to, "this will be fun!"

"You get to do the honor, Daphne."

"Yes!" Daphne shouted. Seamus filed her name away into his brain, but he still can't remember her surname.

"You need to think of something to do to him that you think will embarrass him," said Millicent.

"Oh," said Daphne, "okay, let me think for a minute."

More than a minute passed, and she still couldn't think of anything.

"Come on, Daphne, think! I don't want to miss dinner."

"Ok, ok, I'm thinking!" Daphne huffed. A few more moments ticked by, and then she squealed. "I know! I know! He's on the Gryffindor Quidditch team, right? Why don't we do something to

his broom?"

"Like what?"

"Uh… I don't know."

Pansy and Millicent groaned.

"Well, think of something! I'm getting tired of standing around in the corridor like an idiot," said Pansy, "I want to go do something!"

"Just give me a few more minutes."

Millicent sighed. "Look, why don't we just stuff him into a closet for now and come back for him later. I'm hungry."

"Hmmm…" said Daphne, "Okay, let's do that."

Before he knew it, he was getting lifted up off the ground (probably by magic) and was floating along until his head hit something hard. One of the girls giggled, and then he was being steered into a closet.

"We'll be back for you after dinner," said Pansy. They laughed as they shut the closet door and continued to giggle as they walked away.

Seamus felt like banging his head on the floor. This, itself, was humiliating. Being taken by surprise and tied up by girls! He felt sorry for himself for a few minutes, then tried to wiggle around to see if he could get out of the ropes, or at least get a hand free so he could get his wand out.

After struggling for what felt like forever, Seamus gave up and just lied there. He knew that eventually someone will realize that he was gone and will come looking for him. Seamus sighed and closed his eyes, deciding that since he was here, on the floor, he might as well take a nap.

"Harry? Where's Seamus?" Dean asked, plopping next to him on the sofa.

"I don't know," said Harry, "I thought he was with you."

"No. I thought he went on ahead to dinner or something, but I don't remember him leaving the Potions classroom before me."

"Maybe Snape held him back for something?"

"But he's got detention tonight," said Dean, "from McGonagall, no less… he wouldn't skip detention with her."

"Maybe he went on to detention?" Harry suggested.

"And miss dinner?"

"You're right, there's something wrong."

"Let's go ask Snape."

"Oh, no. You go ask him!"

"Why me?"

"Because you're Seamus's best friend."

"Aren't you worried about him?"

"Yes," Harry picked up his *Dark Arts Outsmarted* book and flipped it open to the spot he left off at, "but I would avoid going down to see Snape at all costs… unless it's a real emergency."

"If it is, I'll come get you."

"Right." Harry started to read, but Dean kept staring at him. He felt Dean's eyes on him so he looked up from his book. "What?"

"Well, if he is in some sort of danger, I'd have to run back up here to get you and then we'd have to run back down to the dungeons. Why can't you just come with me?"

Harry sighed, was about to make an excuse not to go down to the dungeons, but then he felt guilty in the first place for not feeling somewhat worried for his roommate.

"All right, I'll come with you." Harry set his book down.

"Thanks, Harry." Dean smiled.

On his way to Snape's quarters, Draco heard a sudden noise coming from a nearby closet. First instinct he had was to run off and tell a professor, but then he listened more carefully, and then he deemed that it didn't sound too dangerous. It was probably just a first year stuffed into the closet by a seventh year Slytherin. It wouldn't surprise Draco one bit.

Being the "honorable" prefect that he was, Draco decided to find out what it was. He took out his wand automatically before opening the door and pointing it inside. He hoped it wasn't some dangerous creature that someone hid in here to pounce on some unsuspecting prefect or professor. If the Weasley twins were still going to school, he'd figured that they'd do a thing like that.

What he did find wasn't at all what he was expecting. Slinking around the floor of the closet was Seamus Finnigan, tied up and gagged. First thought to pop into his head was: 'what the hell kind of kinky thing was Finnigan involved in now?' but then he realized that the Gryffindor was still fully clothed. So, he went with his second reaction, which was to laugh his head off.

Seamus looked up from the sound of the closet door opening, glad that he didn't have to suffer being on the floor for long, but when he saw that it was Draco Malfoy, he groaned at his own bad luck. Then the stupid prat had to go and start laughing at him! He tried to swear and call Malfoy all sort of bad things, but the gag was preventing them from escaping, so all Malfoy heard were a bunch of angry muffles.

"Oh, this is hilarious!" Draco guffawed. "A Gryffindor—tied and gagged—in a closet! Seamus Finnigan, no less!" he held his ribs from laughing so hard, "Finnigan… in a *closet*!"

All Seamus could do was glower and growl through his gag. He wiggled around, trying his best to get closer to the Slytherin so that he could at least head butt Malfoy in the shin. Draco backed away toward the open door again, grinning inanely at the struggling Gryffindor.

"I have no clue as to how you got tied and gagged, and then thrown in here, but I really don't think it should've be me that found you." Draco eyed Seamus with a wicked gleam. "Perhaps I should find Filch? I'll bet he'd love to find you in one of his broom closets…"

"Malfoy!" came a booming, familiar voice from the hallway. Draco cursed the fact that his body was sticking halfway out of the door. He turned and saw Potter and Dean Thomas running toward him.

"I had a feeling something terrible was going on!" said Dean. Draco backed away from the gaining Gryffindors into the closet door, opening it wider on accident. Harry and Dean immediately looked inside the closet and saw Seamus on the floor, struggling to get closer to his freedom. "Seamus!" Dean cried. He went into the closet and then took out his wand. He quickly undid the ropes and then the gag.

"Bloody hell!" Seamus growled, "It's about effing time you guys came looking for me! What did you think I was doing… having dinner with Snape?"

"Now I know you're not *that* desperate," said Dean with a grin. "Sorry we didn't come find you sooner, but we didn't think you were in any danger at first."

Harry was glaring daggers at Draco.

"Why'd you tie him up, gag him, and then stuff him in a closet, Malfoy?"

"Me?" Draco scowled, "It was me that found the moron! I was just about to tell a teacher," he added with an air of arrogance.

"Sure you were, Malfoy," said Dean. "And I'm about the give birth."

Draco blinked, stared at Dean's mid-section, and then said: "You are? Well, congratulations, Thomas. Do you know who the father is?"

"Shut it, Malfoy," Harry snarled. "Tell us the truth."

"The truth is that I found him, but I wasn't sure what to do with him."

Harry and Dean looked at Seamus for the truth, and Seamus nodded, indicating that Malfoy only found him.

"Who did this to you, then?" Dean asked.

"It was Pansy Parkinson, Millicent Bulstrode, and some other Slytherin girl named Daphne… I don't know her last name."

Draco snorted and folded his arms.

"Why would they do such a thing?" Harry said.

"The only way I see it," said Draco, "was that you did something to upset one of them. They wouldn't do something like this to you otherwise."

Seamus stared at the floor.

"What did you do, Seamus?" Harry asked.

"I don't really remember all of it," Seamus said innocently, "I think I said something to that Daphne girl and she took it the wrong way."

"Your rudeness can get out of hand," said Dean.

"Some friend you are." Seamus sniffed.

Harry brought his gaze back to Malfoy, who had been eyeing him strangely.

"As a prefect, Malfoy, I think it should be fair that you talk to your friends about their behavior and even give them detention."

"Like hell I will," said Draco, sneering at Harry, "would one of your friends give you detention for doing something like this to me or any other Slytherin? I think not."

"Hermione might," Harry sighed. "Anyway, if you don't do something about this, then I'm going

to Professor McGonagall."

Harry and Draco glared at each other.

"You do and you'll be sorry, Potter."

"Oh, I'm shaking in my shoes, Malfoy."

"You better be, Potter."

"No, YOU better be, Malfoy."

"In your dreams, maybe, Potter!"

Soon they were inches away from each other's face.

"You don't deserve being a prefect, *Malfoy*." Harry spat.

"And you don't deserve to still be alive, *Potter*."

"Git!"

"Scar face!"

"Arrogant prat!"

"Nerd!"

"Spoiled rich brat!"

"Dumbledore's little orphan boy!"

They aimed their wands at each other, but before they could say one syllable, Hermione and Ron suddenly showed up.

"Harry, stop!" Hermione shouted. "You can't duel in the halls! You'll get in trouble!"

"Hermione's right," said Dean, "don't give Malfoy a reason to give you detention."

Harry continued to glare at Malfoy, who was smiling at him, daring him to throw one little curse at him.

"You'd deserve it," said Draco, "four-eyed git."

"What was that, you stuck up snob?" Harry growled.

"Stop it!" Hermione shouted, "You're behaving like children."

Harry glared at Draco. "He started it."

"Did not."

"Did too."

"Did not!"

"Did too, too, too, too," said Harry, the same time Draco chanted: "not, not, not, not…"

"Did too, times ten." Harry said.

Draco sneered. "That's it!"

"Stop it!" Hermione demanded, stretching her arms out to prevent them from raising their wands again. "I don't want to have to give detention to anyone! Now what's going on?"

Harry and Dean told Hermione exactly what happened. Ron was glaring at Draco the whole time, and Harry knew that Ron wished Draco had been the one that did it to Seamus, because he would have loved to see Malfoy get into trouble.

"All right," said Hermione, "the best thing to do is to tell Professor Snape about those girls' behavior…"

"Who died and made you Head Girl?" Draco sneered.

Hermione stuck her nose in the air, "If any luck, I will be next year."

Draco snorted. "That's all we need! A mudblood being Head Girl!"

Before Draco knew it, he had four wands pointed in his direction.

"Don't call her that!" Ron shouted. Harry, Dean, and Seamus nodded in agreement.

"Honestly, you guys!" Hermione sighed, "Let it go, already! Let's just go back to the common room."

Slowly, they put their wands back into their robes and then started to walk away from Malfoy. Harry was the last to turn from Draco's glowering stare and joined his group of friends.

"Oh, you're welcome, by the way, Finnigan!" Malfoy shouted at them. Seamus didn't say a word, but he stared at Harry, who was glaring at the floor as they walked. His mind wasn't on being

angry at Malfoy… it was on Harry's lips.

TBC

I'm sorry there wasn't much slash in this part, but I will do my best to put more in the next one.

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Chapter: 4

A/N: I just editted the first chapter. Either I won't have Ron/Hermione in this fic, OR it won't be for a while. I want this to be somewhat original.

Attraction, part four

Pairing: Harry/? (This is what I have in mind at the time: Harry/Seamus and Harry/Draco. Thinking about others later.)

Rating: PG-13 (so far)

Warnings: Slash

Notes: fan fiction isn't a chore. This fic is just something I wanted to write to help my muse. More will possibly be added when I can think of more things to write. This doesn't have much of a plot, just so you know. **The only plot** going on, so far, is Harry and his sexuality. Plot? What plot? 0:) **More notes at the bottom.**

Genre: This fic is mainly 'romance' and 'humor' with a touch of the other stuff. As far as I know right now, this fic won't contain much angst, if any at all.

Disclaimer: I do not own these characters; they belong to J. K. Rowling.

Seamus trudged back from his detention with Professor McGonagall to the Gryffindor Tower. He had told her about the Slytherin girls, and McGonagall told him that she would make sure Professor Snape would talk to them. Seamus hoped that Snape gave them some sort of punishment.

When he walked into the common room, he saw Harry and Hermione sitting together doing their homework. It was almost eleven at night, so he had a feeling they'll be done sometime soon.

Seamus plopped down next to Harry, who looked up in surprise and then looked away again quickly when he saw that it was Seamus.

"Where's Ron?" he asked.

"Where else?" said Harry. "Up in our dorm."

"Oh," said Seamus. He exaggerated in his relaxing, stretching his arms above his head and grunting in bliss as he felt his back crack. He kept his arms up over his head for a while, and then he slowly brought one arm down behind Harry's head on the back of the couch. Harry didn't notice that he did that until he moved back and felt an arm cushioning his head instead of the couch.

First thing Harry did was freeze at the sudden touch of Seamus's arm. Then he slowly moved his head away from Seamus's arm and looked at him with a slight sneer.

"Seamus."

"Yes, Harry?" Seamus said with an innocent grin.

"I am trying to do my homework here." Harry said slowly.

"Oh, is that what you're doing?"

Hermione looked up from her work and gave Seamus a warning glare.

"Go do something with yourself, Seamus," she said.

Seamus didn't say anything; he just continued to stare straight at Harry. Harry tried not to back down from the stare. It was a man thing. But slowly, as Harry continued to stare into Seamus's eyes, he could feel his cheeks getting warmer and warmer. Seamus shifted closer to Harry's hip, almost leaning over the other boy by a few inches.

Harry jumped when he felt Seamus place a hand on his knee.

"Will you go out with me, Harry? Please?"

Harry huffed, staring at Seamus as he tried to control himself.

"I'd have to be desperate *and* insane to go out with you."

"Oh," said Seamus, "so when should we go?"

Harry narrowed his eyes. "Did you just call me desperate and insane?"

Seamus smiled. "I was only teasing ya, Harry."

As Seamus moved forward, Harry turned his head and started to gather his books.

"I'm going up to the dorm and talk to Ron," he looked back and gave Seamus a glare, "ALONE."

Seamus placed a hand on his chest. "You cut me to the quick, Harry!"

Harry leaned in close again, his nose almost touching Seamus's.

"That's not all I'll cut if you don't get a clue." Harry gathered his things into his arms, and then took the stairs two at a time.

Hermione looked over at Seamus with one of her annoying 'I told you so' looks. Seamus stared after Harry until he could no longer see him, and then looked over at Hermione.

"We told you," she said, "we all did…"

Instead of looking depressed, as any other person would, Seamus gave Hermione a cheeky smile and then stood up.

"The chase is on!" he crowed. Hermione slapped the heel of her hand onto her forehead.

Millicent and Pansy sat down heavily on the couch next to Draco. Pansy was frowning into the fire and Millicent crossed her arms over her chest, staring into space. Professor Snape had obviously gave them detention for keeping another student tied up in a closet for so long. Draco finished off his homework a minute later, and then looked over at his friends.

"You two look tired," he commented. "Have you been thinking?"

"Oh, ha-ha, Draco!" Pansy sneered. "Do you know what we had to do for Filch? Do you, huh?"

"Well, you shouldn't have left Finnigan in a closet all tied up like that," said Draco. "Where were your brains at the time?"

"We were helping out a friend!"

"I think you should have let *your friend* do her own revenge. Then she would have been the only one to get in trouble. Where is Greengrass, anyway?"

"She's in the girl's lavatory," said Millicent. "I think she's still crying and whining about all this."

"You know," said Pansy, glaring at Draco, "you could be a little more sensitive about her feelings. Maybe you should find Seamus and put a hex on him for her."

"Why? Can't Greengrass do it herself?" Draco snarled.

Pansy growled. "You're hopeless!" She, then, stormed to the girl's dorm. Millicent rolled her eyes and followed her friend a moment later.

"Girls are strange," Draco muttered.

It was a Hogsmeade weekend coming up, and right before their Holiday break. Seamus was doing some heavy thinking on how he could get Harry to go on a date with him, as was Ron about a certain girl he was crazy about. Well, the girl of the week, anyway.

"Now who do you have your sights on?" Harry asked.

Ron grinned. "Mandy Brocklehurst."

"Gesundheit."

A few people in the common room laughed.

"You're not funny, Harry. She's a beautiful lady, and she's Ravenclaw!"

"So, when are you going to ask her?" Harry said.

"Um… sometime before this weekend. Speaking of which, Harry… are you going to ask someone out for this weekend?"

"Er, no. Why would I be doing that?"

Ron shifted his eyes toward Seamus, who was pretending to be paying attention to his homework but his eyes kept glancing over at Harry.

"Ron!" Harry said in a harsh, low voice. "I'm NOT going out with Seamus this weekend!"

"I'm only teasing you, Harry," said Ron, grinning. "But honestly, are you going to ask anyone?"

"Why should I? I'll have fun all by myself."

For the next few minutes, Harry was trying to concentrate more on his homework, and not the way Seamus had been making more and more glances his way. After the twentieth glance from the Irish boy, Harry finally had enough and he shut his book with a slam.

"I'm going up to the dorm," he said, and then he gathered his books and things to haul upstairs. Seamus was watching him with hungry eyes.

"Um, okay," said Ron sounding slightly disappointed.

Sighing heavily, Harry quietly shut the door behind him, and then walked slowly to his bed.

Deciding that he should just get himself comfortable, Harry started to undress so he could get his pajamas on. He figured that if he were going to be in bed to do the rest of his homework, he might as well already be dressed for bed so he wouldn't have to leave it again. Harry congratulated himself on such a great idea, with a rather silly grin on his face. He turned around, about to slip his boxers off completely and get into a pair of plaid, cottony pajamas when the door to the dorm opened none too quietly.

Gasping, Harry quickly pulled his boxers back on, his face going beat red.

"Oh, sorry, Harry," he heard Seamus say. Harry turned around and glared heatedly at him.

"Yeah, I'm so sure you are." Harry grounded out.

Seamus wiggled his eyebrows. "Honestly, I had no idea you'd be getting naked when I came up here. I just wanted to talk." Then Seamus smiled brilliantly, "… nice arse, by the way."

Harry sputtered. "Wh-what?"

Seamus placed his hands on his hips, puffed out his chest, and then wiggled his eyebrows again as he grinned inanely.

"I saw your backside, of course. Your boxers were around your thighs when I walked in."

"I know!" Harry shouted, his face heating up considerably.

Seamus laughed a little as he walked more into the room. When Harry saw Seamus sit down on *his* bed, he let out an audible sigh and decided to change into his pajama bottoms later, when Seamus wasn't in the room.

"Really, Harry," Seamus snickered, "I've seen you change into your pajamas before. You don't have to be shy around me."

"Yeah, well…" Harry floundered for a bit, "that's before I knew you had the hots for me."

Seamus grinned widely again, and Harry wondered if the other boy's face would end up permanently stuck like that if he did it too much.

"It's too late to be all shy and modest with me now, love."

Harry blushed, and then gripped his courage tightly as he sat down on the other side of the bed to stare over at Seamus.

"What did you want to talk about, then?" Harry asked.

"What do you think?" Seamus said, waggling his brows again.

Harry rolled his eyes. "Seamus, I already said…"

"Just hear me out, ok?" Seamus said quickly. He sighed, raking his hand through his hair, and then began to stare at the middle of the bed, darting his gaze to Harry's legs once in a while.

"Ok, what?" said Harry.

Seamus bit his bottom lip. "I know that you're not too interested in me romantically. In fact, I really can take a hint, but there's just something about you, Harry. I was hoping that we could come to a sort of understanding."

Harry crossed his arms over his bare chest.

"Which is?" he asked.

Seamus looked up from the bed to look Harry in the face. "I was thinking… if you go on a date with me this weekend, to Hogsmeade, I swear to you that I won't take it any further. One date, and that's it. We're bachelors again. Deal?"

Harry chewed his top lip as he thought about it. After about a minute, Harry shrugged and said: "Fine. One date and then we're back to just friends."

"Yes!" Seamus crowed, jumping up from the bed and throwing his fists into the air. Harry actually blushed lightly from watching his friend get all excited. "Thank you so much, Harry!" Seamus cried, and then he crawled across the bed to wrap his arms around Harry.

"You're welcome, Seamus!" Harry chuckled, half amused, half astounded. It really was astonishing to see one of his friends get so happy just from being able to go on a date with him.

"You won't regret it, Harry!" Seamus beamed. "Perhaps I'll be such a brilliant date, you'd want to go out with me again."

Harry laughed softly. "You're hopeless!"

Seamus leaned in toward Harry again on the bed and smiled at him.

"And you're captivating," he whispered.

Harry flushed. "Seamus…"

He moved in and kissed Harry on the cheek. Harry batted him lightly on the head.

"I have homework to do!" Harry said as an excuse, but it really was true.

"Sure… *homework*," Seamus teased. "Gonna give that wand arm of yours a nice work out, yes?"

"Get out of here, you great pillock!" Harry threw a pillow at the grinning boy. Seamus ducked, saluted Harry, and then danced out the door.

"I have a date with Harry!"

Ron and Hermione looked up from their homework, confused.

"I have a date… with *Harry*!" Seamus said in a singsong voice.

"Oh, you do *not*, Seamus."

"Indeed, I do, Hermione," said Seamus, grinning. "Just ask him."

"Are you serious?" Ron asked.

"Yes!" Seamus smiled, "I am *very* serious. I talked to him about it, and so he agreed to go on a date with me this weekend!"

Ron and Hermione went wide-eyed as Seamus did a sudden cartwheel in front of them, and then skipped off, singing: "I have a date with Harrrrryyyy!"

"He's gone mental," said Ron.

"Gone?" said Hermione, "he's *been* mental since *I've* known him."

Seamus continued to prance and skip along the corridors, singing, very badly, to everyone and any *thing* he came across.

"I have a date with Harry!" he said to the Fat Lady when the portrait to the common room closed.

"Oh, that's nice, dear."

"I have a date with Harry!" Seamus said, beaming at a second year.

"I have a date with Harry!" Seamus sang to Professor Flitwick as they walked by each other. The professor just nodded at Seamus and then twirled his finger by his head, indicating that he thinks Seamus lost it.

"I have a date with Harry!" Seamus crooned to a fourth year Ravenclaw, who jumped about two feet and screamed.

"Don't DO that!" she cried.

"Sorry," Seamus grinned.

He continued to dance and sing all the way down to the dungeons, telling an occasional portrait that he was going with Harry.

"I have a date with Harry!" he said to a lady in the portrait, "isn't that cool?"

"That's very nice, dear," the lady said.

"I have a date with Harry!" Seamus said to the next portrait he came across. It happened to be Sir Cadogan, who fell over backwards the moment Seamus had popped up next to the portrait and shouted happily. "Oh, sorry 'bout that."

"Not at all, good sir!" said Sir Cadogan. "A date with Harry, you say? Harry Potter?"

"Yes," said Seamus, beaming.

"Well now!" said Cadogan, "this is big news! Big news indeed! Although, I always thought Sir Harry would find himself a damsel in distress!"

Seamus blushed slightly. "Well… it's only one date. Then we're back to being just good mates."

"Ah!" said Cadogan, "Well, then… I bid thee ado, and have a safe engagement!"

Seamus laughed as he watched Sir Cadogan try to mount his donkey, but fail and fall on his arse.

"See ya, Sir Cadogan."

Seamus finally noticed he was in the dungeon, so he jogged his way back up toward the Great Hall, singing all the way.

"He's become a great loon!"

Draco rounded the corner of the corridor he was monitoring for his prefect rounds. At what he had just heard, he carefully, and curiously, approached to two girls he saw gossiping next to a couple portraits.

"I know," said the other girl. "I heard he was last seen swinging wildly on the school banners, imitating a monkey."

"I wonder if he had a banana in his hand."

"You mean an actual banana, or his-?"

"Hey!" The two girls turned the moment they heard Draco's voice. "What are you two doing?

And who is swinging on the Hogwarts banners, acting like a monkey?"

The girls giggled, and Draco rolled his eyes.

"Seamus Finnigan is," the blonde girl said.

"Finnigan is acting like a monkey?" Draco snorted. "So what else is new?"

The redhead grinned. "He's been ecstatic ever since Harry Potter said yes when he asked him out."

"Yeah," said the other girl. "Right loopy now, he is."

Draco was astonished, but only on the inside. On the outside, he only raised an elegant eyebrow.

"Potter is going out with Finnigan? Where'd you hear this rubbish?"

"Sir Cadogan told us… in passing, of course."

"Oh, of course," said Draco with a slight sneer. "Where is the idiot now?"

The blonde girl pointed down the hallway. "He's just down that way, and you take a right and he's to your right, next to the portrait of Black Beard."

"Right, thanks."

Draco made his way to Sir Cadogan's portrait. Why the idiot was staying down in the dungeons now was anybody's guess.

"Cadogan!"

"Ah, good sir!" Sir Cadogan said as he tried to stand up in his full suit of armor. He placed a hand on a nearby tree, trying to hoist himself up, but was only succeeding in getting on his knees. "How may I be of assistance to you?"

Draco wrinkled his nose. "Don't call me 'good sir', and why the hell are you down here in the dungeons? Aren't you normally up by the goodie-goodie tower?"

"I have many portraits now, sir, since that long-bearded fellow has taken up my services in helping serve out justice!"

"So, he gave you a portrait in the Slytherin dungeons?"

"Aye, he has! I am to keep an eye out for the unsavory looking characters," said Sir Cadogan, standing up on both feet finally. He placed his hand on the hilt of his sword. "I'd like to see any

one of those foes to try outsmarting me!"

"Uh, right…" Draco smirked, holding in a laugh. "Listen, I need some information, and I was told that you were the best bloke to ask. Have you heard about Finnigan and Potter?"

"Finnigan? You mean the Irish boy who'd been bouncing and skipping 'round the corridors acting like a loon?"

"Yes, him."

"Of course, good sir! He was happy as can be, going on and on and on about how Sir Harry Potter has finally said yes to his proposal."

Draco blinked. "Pro-proposal?"

"Indeed, good sir! Oh, Sir Finnigan is lucky… if you're into heroic, bespectacled men, that is. Me? I prefer the damsels."

Draco was shocked. First, he heard that Potter was going out with Finnigan, now he discovered that it was much more serious than that. They were engaged!

"Thanks for the information."

"No problem, good sir!" said Sir Cadogan, waving to Draco as he ran toward the stairs that led to the Gryffindor Tower. "If you need any more assistance, just call on Sir Cadogan!"

"No way!" Ron groaned.

"Yeah," Harry sighed. "I'm sorry, Ron."

"You actually gave in? Why?"

Harry sat down slowly on the couch next to Ron in the common room. Hermione was just finishing up some homework, but she was still keeping one ear open on the conversation. In the hearth, the fire was roaring, which wasn't making Harry feeling any better since he had on a Weasley jumper on top of his t-shirt. He was already sweating from nerves with the upcoming so-called date he was going to go on with Seamus this weekend.

"Well, it's just one date…" Harry sighed. "Seamus said that after the date, we go back to being just friends."

"And you believed him?" Ron said, raising an eyebrow.

"Of course I believed him! Was I supposed to assume he was yanking my chain? He's a friend…"

"Yeah, a friend that wants to get in your trousers." Ron mumbled.

"Look, I can take care of myself. If he goes back on his word, he's going to wish he hadn't. I didn't get an Outstanding on my Defense Against the Dark Arts OWL for nothing."

"I just hope you know what you're doing," said Hermione. She began to pack her things away. She was obviously done.

"Why are you guys so worried? I thought you two wanted me to get a date for this weekend?" Harry said.

"Not me," said Hermione, "It doesn't matter to me, but it apparently mattered to a certain tall, red-haired person whom I won't name."

"So sue me for wanting Harry to get a more social life! It's not as if YOU are trying to go out and have fun!"

Hermione stood up in a huff and slammed her book bag on her chair. "Just because *I* don't have a new date every week…"

"It's not *every* week!" Ron shouted.

"Oh? Then what do you call it? I think you've been dipping your stick in one too many holes!"

Ron sputtered. "Hermione! I haven't gone *that* far with a woman!"

Hermione put her hands on her hips.

"Oh, is that so? Well, let me tell you something…"

"ENOUGH!" Harry shouted, jumping to his feet. He glared at them back and forth. "I don't care about what *other* people do with their own social lives! Hermione, if you want to wait for the special someone, then go right ahead. Ron, if you want to dip your stick into every hole you see, then… then go ahead and do it! And if I want to go on a date with Seamus this weekend, *then I'm going to!* End of discussion!"

Harry took off out the portrait hole without looking back.

"Way to go, Hermione."

"Oh, shut up, Ron!"

Harry was cursing under his breath, not looking where he was going. He didn't seem to care where his feet were taking him either; he just wanted to get away from the bickering for a while and find a nice, quiet place to think. The Room of Requirement always seemed to be the best

place nowadays, so before Harry could go in the right direction of the place, he lifted his eyes from the floor and accidentally locked them with another.

Draco Malfoy was just coming up the stairs toward the Gryffindor Tower, and as luck would have it, there was the one Gryffindor he'd been hoping to find.

"Potter."

Harry narrowed his eyes as he thought quickly whether he should go back to the common room and his quarreling friends to escape Malfoy, keep going toward the Room of Requirement, or face off with the Slytherin git.

It took a bit too long to decide, so now Malfoy was sauntering up to him.

"What do you want, Malfoy?"

Draco turned his pointy little nose in the air.

"I wish to talk."

"Well, I don't want to talk to *you*," Harry sneered.

"No surprise," Draco drawled. "Are you certain you won't reconsider? I came all this way to Gryffindor Tower just to have a chat with you."

"No, I won't reconsider. I'm actually in a hurry, so if you don't mind…" Harry tried to get around Draco, but he moved and blocked his path from the stairs.

"Actually, I do mind. If you don't reconsider, then I guess it's okay to tell everyone in Slytherin that you're engaged to Seamus Finnigan."

"Excuse me?" Harry choked.

"Well, that's what I heard," said Draco, "and, of course, I wanted to check with you to see if it is true or not… but if you don't wish to tell me…"

"It's not true!"

Draco raised an eyebrow. "Not true, eh? Well then, just what is going on between you and Finnigan?"

"It's none of your business what's going on!" Harry huffed.

Draco smirked. "I see."

Harry panted with effort not to hex or punch Malfoy. After all, the little bastard was a prefect.

"All right, look," said Harry, "all that's going on is a date. Seamus has been bugging me and bugging me for a date this weekend, and after a bit of negotiating, I agreed to go on the date, but when the date's over, we're back to being just friends."

Draco stared at Harry for a bit, and then snorted.

"And you actually believed him?"

"Sod off!" Harry snarled, lifting a fist into the air.

"All right, Potter, calm yourself." Draco raised his hands up. "There's no need to go Neanderthal on me! But this does answer one question I've had on my mind for a while now."

"And what question is that?"

Draco smirked. "Whether or not The Boy Who Lived is flaming or not."

Harry glared heatedly at Malfoy.

"It is *nobody's* damn business what my sexuality is! It's not YOUR business," he jabbed his finger into Malfoy's face, "or anyone else's! GOT IT?"

"God, Potter, who forgot to take the butt plug out of your arse this morning?"

That was the last straw for Harry. All at once, he whipped his wand out, grabbed Malfoy by the collar of his robe, and pushed him up against the wall; wand in Draco's face.

"Potter!" Draco panted.

"Now you listen to me, Malfoy, and you listen to me good. I do NOT want to talk about my sexuality, no matter *what* is going on with my life. I am doing my friend a *favor* by going on this date. I don't care what you hear, or what anyone tells you, but my love life is no one's concern." Harry poked the end of his wand under Draco's chin, forcing Draco to lift his head up and look into Harry's eyes better. "Are we clear on that? If I hear ONE little bad thing about my love life in public and I find out that it was YOU that spread it around, you will wish that it was only a *butt plug* that pissed me off."

Harry let go of Malfoy slowly, but then pushed him up against the wall again for good measure.

Draco stayed against the wall, panting and glaring daggers at Harry. Harry glared back before walking back to the common room. He decided that going to bed early was a better idea.

"You really got to work on that anger of yours, Potter," said Draco. "But that's just fine with me,

because you gave me a reason to give you a detention."

Harry squeezed his eyes shut and grit his teeth, panting with effort not to slam Malfoy up against the wall again.

"Hmm," said Draco as he pretended to think, "Who shall I give you detention with? Professor Snape or Filch? Which is worse?"

"Forget it, Malfoy," Harry spun around, "you started it! I told you to leave me alone, but you wouldn't listen!"

"You still assaulted me, didn't you? And I'm a prefect, which means that I can give you a detention."

Still pissed and red in the face, Harry glared at Malfoy. He didn't seem to have as much energy as he did before, so he stood there, knowing there's nothing he can do or say now that will change Malfoy's mind.

"Fine. Whatever," said Harry. He started to walk back to the common room.

"Oh, don't look so down, Potter. A detention is worth roughing me up against the wall, isn't it?" Malfoy laughed wickedly.

TBC

More A/N: There are two comments that I must reply to. First off is the one who said: *DEATH TO SEAMUS! OO noo seamus/harry, YUCKY OO draco/harry pwese puppy dog eyes I HATE seamus/harry Oo*

Now, I can understand that everyone has their own opinions about who they like seeing together and whom they don't like. You don't like Seamus/Harry. Fine. But you do realize that this is a Draco/Harry fic, right? And you do realize that your comment can be taken as a flame, right? Yes, it can. I didn't like how you expressed yourself here. I, myself, don't HATE any pairing! I just like some better than others. I don't hate Seamus, or Draco, or Snape, or whatever… just to give you fair warning. I LOVE happy endings, however. So, even if Seamus doesn't stay with Harry long, he'll find happiness elsewhere.

Which brings me to the next reply I got from CloverRock (which wasn't a flame). I won't repost the reply here, but I just have to say to you, YES, I like Seamus too, and yes he will find happiness in the end. I won't be too cruel to the characters. Seamus is far from being a complete jerk, IMHO. He's had his jerk moment in OOTP, for one, he doesn't need another.

To the rest of you: I don't know how or when Harry and Draco will start getting a clue, but they will. Remember, Draco is a jerk and a coward in the books. Also, someone mentioned Harry/Dean… I like Harry/Dean. I have written a Harry/Dean before (see the fic Cold). I might

put in either dabs of Harry/Dean, or a glob. I'm not sure yet. I write as I get the ideas. I might even put a pairing that I haven't written before in here. I have a few ideas of who, also. And, surprise surprise, I don't think this will have Ron/Hermione. I've written that pairing so many times, it gets boring. I want this story to be different and fun. So, don't have a cow if there's a pairing in here you don't care for. Either give it a try, or bear with me. Okay? And NO flames, please.

Thank you for reading and replying.

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Chapter: 5

Attraction, part five

Pairings: Harry/Draco, Harry/Seamus, Harry/? (Dean? Not sure of other pairings. Seamus/Blaise, perhaps?)

Rating: PG-13 (so far)

Warnings: Slash

Notes: fan fiction isn't a chore. This fic is just something I wanted to write to help my muse. More will possibly be added when I can think of more things to write. This doesn't have much of a plot, just so you know. **The only plot** going on, so far, is Harry and his sexuality. Plot? What plot? 0:)

Some info for you peeps:

Slytherin boys: Draco Malfoy, Vincent Crabbe, Gregory Goyle, Theodore Nott, and Blaise Zabini

Slytherin girls: Pansy Parkinson, Millicent Bulstrode, Daphne Greengrass, Tracey Davis (info found on the Lexicon), and Sally-Ann Perks (Whose House is unknown, but I decided to make her the other Slytherin girl since others have too.)

Ravenclaw girls: Morag McDougal, Su Li (found on Lexicon), Padma Patil, Mandy Brocklehurst, and Lisa Turpin

Ravenclaw boys: Terry Boot, Anthony Goldstein, Michael Corner, Kevin Entwhistle, Stephen Cornfoot (last two were found on the Lexicon)

Hufflepuff girls: Hannah Abbott, Susan Bones, Megan Jones (found on Lexicon), Eloise Midgen (much likely a Hufflepuff, since she's not Slytherin or Ravenclaw), other is unknown.

Hufflepuff boys: Ernie Macmillan, Justin Finch-Fletchley, Wayne Hopkins (others are unknown)

I'm sure you know the Gryffindors.

Genre: This fic is mainly 'romance' and 'humor' with a touch of the other stuff. As far as I know right now, this fic won't contain much angst, if any at all.

Disclaimer: I do not own these characters; they belong to J. K. Rowling.

Happy New Year, everyone!

During the same night, Daphne Greengrass was in the loo, crying. Well, she wasn't just crying, she was also plotting revenge. She wasn't a Slytherin for nothing. She wanted to get Finnigan back for his rudeness. She didn't think that keeping him tied up in a closet for a bit would be enough. So, she plotted and planned and sobbed. It was just a good thing she wasn't in Moaning Myrtle's bathroom while she did this.

But not knowing she was in there, another Slytherin girl walked into the loo.

"Who's there?" Daphne sniffled. She opened the bathroom stall door and peeked around the corner. "Oh," she said. "It's just you."

"Hi, Daphne," said Tracey Davis, one of her roommates. "What's wrong?"

"That's none of your business, is it, Gryffindor-lover?" Daphne spat.

Tracey went red. "I take it one of the Gryffindors upset you?"

"They're all insensitive gits!" Daphne shouted, pounding on the stall.

"Now, you know that's not true. Just because they're brave and brash doesn't mean that all of them are insensitive…"

"Name one!" Daphne sneered, "No, wait… why am I asking you? You'll just go into another one of your 'Gryffindors are so noble and bold' rants!"

"I—I wasn't—"

"Then the next thing you'll tell me is that Seamus Finnigan didn't mean all those nasty things he said!"

Tracey blinked. "Oh. So, *he's* the one that upset you."

"Just leave, Davis, all right?" Daphne pushed her slightly. "I'm not in the mood for you today! I shouldn't have to repeat myself to you over and over that I *hate* Gryffindors!"

"But—well, hate is such a strong word…"

"Get out!" Daphne shrieked, shoving Tracey out of the girl's bathroom. "And leave me alone!" she slammed the door.

Tracey folded her arms over her chest and glared at the door. She sighed.

"I just had to go and tell them that I don't think all Gryffindors are bad…" she shook her head. "Well, Tracey, that's what you get." She left, looking for another bathroom.

"Detention?" said Hermione exasperatedly, "from Malfoy? I told you to be careful around him, Harry. Didn't I tell you?"

"I know, Hermione," Harry sighed. He sat down heavily on the couch nearest to the fireplace. "He just… he's an annoying little twerp."

"Tell us about it," said Ron, rolling his eyes.

"Well, you two are prefects," said Harry. "Why don't you guys, er… get me out of it?"

"How?" said Hermione.

"Well, um…" began Harry.

"We can't," said Ron. "As much as I would like to, but we can't. Once a prefect gives a detention, that's that."

"What does he have you doing?" asked Hermione.

Harry sighed, rubbing at his eyes from underneath his glasses.

"I have detention with Professor Snape… and I haven't a clue to what Snape's going to have me do."

"Probably something horrid," said Ron. Crookshanks sauntered into the room with a small mouse in his jaws, but no one took notice of him until he jumped up on the arm of the couch next to Hermione.

"Oh, good boy!" Hermione said, patting her cat on the head. Crookshanks let the dead mouse dangle from its tail for a while before slowly edging it more into his mouth.

"Ergh! Don't let him eat that in here, and in front of us!" Ron groaned.

Harry sighed again, running his hand through his already mussed up hair as his two friends bickered about Crookshanks.

"I'm going to bed," he announced, but only Hermione nodded in showing she heard. Ron was being too annoyed to be paying attention.

Harry climbed the staircase that led to the boy's dormitory. When he walked in, he almost didn't notice Dean sitting on his bed. He walked right on by, heading for the window.

"Hi, Harry," said Dean. Harry jumped slightly. "Oh, sorry," said Dean, "I didn't mean to startle you."

"Hi, Dean."

"What's wrong, Harry? You look rather glum. Did Seamus do something to you?" Dean got up from the bed and walked over to stand next to Harry. Harry looked out the window.

"No, not yet anyway," Harry chuckled softly. When he stopped, he looked back out the window and sighed deeply. "I got detention from Malfoy."

"Oh, that would do it," said Dean.

"And Ron and Hermione won't stop bickering!" Harry exclaimed a bit too loudly. "And I have this date to go on with Seamus this weekend…"

"So, you actually gave in. I've known Seamus for a long time now," said Dean, putting a hand on Harry's shoulder, "once he gets it in his head that he wants something, he doesn't give up. Unless it's virtually un-gettable… if that's a word."

"You mean *unattainable*?"

"Yeah, that's it." Dean laughed. "You'd think I'd be more immersed in the English language, knowing poetry and things, since I'm an artist."

"Words and drawings are two different things." Harry leaned harder against the wall next to the window, staring at the moon behind the clouds.

"In a way, I guess. Some would say that a drawing is like a hundred words put together." Dean was closer to Harry now then before, and hadn't removed his hand.

Harry sighed for what was probably the thousandth time, and then he looked down at the hand on his shoulder.

"Dean?" Harry said, looking up at the black boy's face.

Dean moved his gaze from out the window to his hand on Harry's shoulder, and then to Harry's face. "Oh," he blushed, and removed his hand, "Sorry."

"It's okay," Harry said, fighting the slow heat that rose into his cheeks. "It's not like I'm taken."

Dean looked away and blushed softly. If Harry weren't so close to Dean right now, he wouldn't have been able to notice the rosy color on his dark complexion.

"So, you wouldn't say that Seamus has taken you?" Dean asked quietly.

Harry shook his head. "No. Not from where I'm standing."

There was a long silence between them for a while, and then Dean's hand was lightly stroking Harry's lower back.

"Well, if you ever feel up to… you know… after you're done going on your date with Seamus… let me know. Ok?"

Harry nodded but didn't say anything. His cheeks burned slightly again, and Harry wondered if it was normal to be having sudden crushes on his roommates.

"You're late, Mr. Potter."

"Sorry, sir," said Harry. It was Friday night; he had detention with Professor Snape, and then he had his date with Seamus tomorrow. "I was finishing up my Herbology homework…"

"I don't need to hear your excuses today, Potter," Snape sneered. He casually wandered over to his potion cabinet and flung it open, and then whirled round and glared at Harry. "I want you to restock and put them in alphabetical order. Do you think you can handle such a feat, or are you too valiant of a wizard to be doing this?"

Harry had no clue as to what was up the professor's butt this time, but he decided not to chance getting him even more riled up.

"I can handle it, sir."

"You better," said Snape. He moved back to his desk, put some graded parchments away, and then meandered out of the room.

Harry carefully began to restock the potion's cupboard, cataloging them and making sure the labels on each were facing outward so that they can be read easily. It had taken Harry about an hour and a half to finally finish. For a minute, Harry thought of playing some sort of prank on

Snape, but then decided not to right now, since Snape would know it was him because he was the last one in Snape's classroom.

He was just making his way to the door, head down and watching his own feet, when he finally looked up and noticed that Draco Malfoy was in the doorway, leaning against its frame.

"Well, Potter, enjoy your detention?"

Harry glared. "Yeah," he said sarcastically, "thanks for being so generous."

"You're welcome, Potter." Draco sauntered into the room. "See? It's not so bad to be a little courteous now and then."

Harry rolled his eyes. "What do you want, Malfoy?"

"Oh? You think that just because I'm here, I automatically want something?"

"Why else would you be here, other than to harass me?"

"You think so little of me, Potter," said Draco, coming further into the room. Harry was instantly put on guard. He didn't know what Malfoy was playing at lately, but then again, he wasn't sure he wanted to know either.

"How else am I supposed to think of you?" said Harry. "Ever since I've known you, you've done nothing but harass and annoy me and my friends."

Draco tutted. "You're wrong, Potter. It hasn't been ever since we've known each other. When we first met, it was in the robe shop, and I wasn't trying to harass you then. I was just trying to be friendly."

"You were friendly?" Harry snorted.

"Yes. I was *trying* to be friendly. I am very astounded that you would think very little of me. I'm not a two dimensional portrait, you know."

Harry smirked. "You're not?"

"No!" Draco glared. "Shut up, Potter. Quit laughing at me!"

Harry covered up his chuckles with a hand for a bit. Slowly, he gained control so that he could talk. "Right… sorry, Malfoy," he said, not really all that sorry.

Draco sniffed hauntingly and stuck his nose into the air. "I'm sure you are, Potter."

"So, what do you want?" Harry asked. "Besides a beating?"

"Har, har, Potter. I wanted to talk to you." Draco leaned his hip against one of the tables in the classroom.

"Talk? This is so unlike you, Malfoy." Harry leaned back slowly on another table that wasn't quite next to the one Malfoy was leaning by, but relatively close.

"Well, I haven't been myself lately."

"Yeah, I've noticed the improvement." Harry smiled cheekily.

"Oh, you think you're so witty, Potter. I didn't come here to discuss me. I came here to talk to you about Finnigan."

Harry raised one eyebrow. "What about Seamus?"

"It's about your so-called date with him tomorrow…" The other eyebrow of Harry's rose.

"Look, I know what you're trying to do and it won't work."

Draco blinked. "You do?"

"Yes. If you think for one minute that I'm going to cancel my date with him, you're sorely mistaken."

Draco stared at Harry for a bit, and then burst out laughing.

"Do you honestly think I care whether or not you're going on this date with Finnigan?"

"Gee, Malfoy, I don't know. Let me think about this for a moment—you came to me that one day and asked me if it was true that Seamus proposed to me—I mean you actually wanted to know! You acted as if it was really bothering you—"

"No, it wasn't!"

"And now you're here to talk about my *so-called* date with Seamus… I think you're jealous!"

"WHAT?" Draco roared. "I'm *not* jealous!"

"Then why do you keep bothering me about it? Do you actually care about what I do or don't do? Are you jealous of me or Seamus?"

Draco sputtered as he tried to form words. "You—he—I—you…"

"Yes, well, I'm glad we got that cleared up," said Harry. He moved away from the table and then

brushed past Draco. He paused for a minute, and then turned around to see that Draco was glaring at the floor, face pink. "If you have anything actually worth telling, let me know. Otherwise, don't bother speaking to me again—especially about Seamus."

Harry turned sharply on his heels and then was out the door.

Seamus tugged on Harry's sleeve for the fifth time that day, and when Harry didn't seem to be paying attention, Seamus grabbed his wrist and dragged him over to a window.

"Isn't she beeeauteeful?" Seamus beamed, pointing at the newest broomstick. On the end of the handle it said: *Thunderbolt 2005* in gold letters. It looked very closely like the *Firebolt*, except the handle looked sleeker and the broomtail twigs seemed more aerodynamic. Seamus was practically drooling all over the glass.

Harry moved closer to the window to get a better look. He bumped his shoulder against Seamus just so he could read about it. Seamus moved his hand from Harry's wrist to Harry's waist and pulled him closer to his body.

The Thunderbolt 2005 is the most state-of-the-art racing broom for all Quidditch fanatics. The handle is carefully stream-lined and treated with a diamond-hand polish, and not only does each broom come with its own registration number, but it comes in different types of wood for those more choosy riders: Ash, Oak, Holly, and Yew. Each more different and unique than the other. Each individually selected birch twig in the broomtail has been honed to aerodynamic perfection and top maneuvering, giving it the best balance and pinpoint precision. The Thunderbolt 2005 has an acceleration of 250 miles an hour in ten seconds and incorporates the best unbreakable Braking Charm. Price on request.

Harry couldn't help letting out a low whistle. He had to admit that the date with Seamus wasn't too bad so far. Seamus had been a perfect gentleman since their date began. They did a lot of window-shopping, but Seamus did end up buying Harry an amber amulet in the shape of an eye. It was said to ward off evil and bad luck. Harry wasn't sure if he wanted to believe such a thing, but he decided to humor Seamus and put it around his neck immediately. Seamus beamed at Harry so brightly he looked like he got a bit too much sun.

"If I had all the gold in Gringott's, I'd buy you this new broom." Seamus said to Harry with a gleam in his eye.

Harry ducked his head in embarrassment, but pretended that he wasn't affected by wrapping his scarf around his neck and lower half of his face as if the wind was getting a bit cold for him. It was October, but today was slightly chilly—a possible hint that it would snow sooner than usual. It'll be November in a few days.

"Thanks, Seamus," said Harry through his red and gold scarf, "but my Firebolt still works just fine."

"Of course it works fine, but you're the best flyer and Seeker of the century! You should have the best."

Harry went even redder, if that was at all possible. The wind whipped the top of Harry's messy black hair around, causing him to shiver. Seamus placed his warm hand into Harry's cool one and then they slowly walked away from the Quidditch shop. Even though the air was crisp with the promise of a flurry, it smelled of burning fireplaces and pumpkin pie. Harry had even caught a whiff of cinnamon and apple cider in the air.

"Where to next?" Seamus asked absently.

"Um…" said Harry. Seamus squeezed Harry's hand reassuringly. Harry turned his head and their eyes met. Seamus was obviously happy, and Harry looked away, unable to keep his eyes on Seamus's glowing face for long.

"How about the Three Broomsticks. … For a butterbeer or hot cider?"

"Okay," said Harry. He wasn't sure where else they could go. For some reason, it didn't seem to matter. Harry was glad that Seamus was happy, and that he could make Seamus happy by going on this date, but Harry couldn't think of him as anything else other than a really good friend. Seamus wasn't ugly, and there wasn't anything wrong with the Irish boy… he just couldn't make himself to feel anything more. Harry didn't like the fact that he would have to take that happiness away.

They entered the small inn. It was the usual: crowded, noisy, warm, and smoky. Madam Rosmerta was at the bar, giggling at something that one of the warlocks had said, and then he tried to flirt shamelessly with her. She batted at him half-heartedly and then went back to taking more orders. Shaking slightly, Harry let Seamus steer him through the crowd and to a vacant table in the back. After a while, Rosmerta took their order, and then left Harry and Seamus to sit in silence for a bit.

"So," said Seamus, folding his hands together nervously, "I hear that Puddlemere United are going against the Wigtown Wanderers next week."

"Yeah," said Harry.

"Oliver Wood is in Puddlemere United now, right? I hope they win. I hear that the Wigtown Wanderers are looking for a new person to replace the old Walter Parkin who used to stand on the sidelines with a wand in one hand and a meat cleaver in the other."

Harry laughed, shaking his head from side to side. "That's madness! They'd never get away with that."

"I don't think they will, either," Seamus smiled. "But you never know. I was thinking about getting tickets to see them play, but I don't know if I'm allowed to leave school for that."

Harry sighed. "I wish there was a way where a lot of us could go see them play. Oh well."

Seamus stared at Harry for a minute while Harry stared at the middle of the table.

"Oh, speaking of Parkin, are we going to practice that one move for our upcoming match?"

"You mean the Parkin's Pincer? I'm not sure… should we chance it? It's rather a risky move…"

"So are most other Quidditch moves," said Seamus, wiggling his eyebrows. "Like the Woollongong Shimmy, the Hawkshead Attacking Formation, and the Wronski Feint."

"Well, yeah…" Harry rested his chin on the heel of his hand. "I've been meaning to practice that move too, during our next practice session."

"I think you'll do a splendid job, Harry." Seamus suddenly put his hand over the one Harry wasn't using. Harry started a little, and then felt his cheeks heat up.

Right when Seamus was about to move forward, Madam Rosmerta finally came back with their drinks.

"Sorry I'm late, gentlemen," she said. "It's a full house today."

"Oh," said Seamus, looking put out that he was interrupted, but still gave her a slight smile. "No problem, miss."

"Thank you," said Harry. He took a long swig of his hot butterbeer. He sighed in bliss as it warmed his throat all the way down.

"If there's anything else, just flag me down," she said, and then strutted away, high heels clicking.

"Wonderful gal, isn't she?" said Seamus.

"Oh, yeah… wonderful," said Harry, taking another gulp.

"Ron fancies her, right?"

Harry nodded as he swallowed. "Since third year, I think."

"Oh, yeah."

There was silence again, and then Seamus brought his hand back to Harry's, making Harry jump. His cheeks went pink.

"Harry… I'm so glad you came on this date with me. You have no idea how grateful I am. I only wish… well, I wish that…" Seamus looked away for a second, and then returned his gaze back to Harry's shining green eyes. "I wish we could go on another one," he whispered.

Harry floundered for something to say, but words were failing him. What was he supposed to say to Seamus? He didn't want to hurt his friend's feelings.

"I—I don't know, Seamus… you're really sweet and… and…"

"Handsome?" Seamus offered. "Charming? Lovable?"

Harry chuckled, wiping a bit of butterbeer from his mouth, and then rubbing his face nervously. Seamus found this endlessly endearing.

"You're a great guy, Seamus, but…" Harry sighed. "I don't think we're… well…" he paused for a moment, looking up into Seamus's face. Seamus was giving him that wounded puppy look and it made him feel even worse. "I don't think it'll work out between us," Harry whispered. "There would be—it won't be—it's best if we didn't get involved with each other. It would hurt—I'd hurt you more if we did start seeing each other…"

Seamus let out a huge sigh and then looked away. "In other words, you don't feel the same for me."

Harry frowned as he stared at Seamus's heartbreaking face. "I'm sorry, Seamus… why else did you think I didn't want to go on a date with you? I don't want to hurt you…" he trailed off in a soft whisper. Seamus continued to stare at him.

"I know," he said. "You're too nice sometimes, Potter."

Harry's gaze went back to Seamus's. He was surprised to see Seamus's eyes sparkling with mirth. It made him smile.

"You're not mad or upset?"

"Well, of course I'm a bit… woebegone, but that's to be expected. Mad at you? Never. I know you're doing the right thing." Seamus squeezed Harry's hand. "I wouldn't expect any less from you. I'll always be here for you, though, no matter what. I love you."

Harry felt his throat contract with pain at those last words. They weren't even going out officially; why'd it hurt like this?

Seamus noticed this right away. He placed his other hand on Harry's cheek and lightly stroked his thumb over it. Harry sighed softly and leaned into Seamus's touch.

"You, Harry Potter, have too much heart for your own good. I'll be fine. Really. I'll find someone

that I love and that loves me back. But, this doesn't mean we won't stop being close friends and all that. I would do anything for you, Harry. I mean it. You can count on me for anything. If you find your special someone, let me know, ok? And if this someone hurts you, I won't be responsible for my actions."

Harry couldn't help but laugh at that. He sighed again, enjoying the feel of Seamus's warm hand over his cheek. He suddenly realized that he was shaking.

"Thank you, Seamus… for being so understanding."

"You're very welcome, Harry," Seamus murmured, and then he leaned in close to place a small, chaste kiss on Harry's lips. It was warm and soft, and Harry couldn't think of a nicer kiss.

It was a Sunday, and it was finally nice enough to sit outside and enjoy the warmth of the sun. Dean Thomas, artist and English football lover, wandered out to sit under the beech tree. He took out his sketchbook, preparing to draw the autumn landscape and the lake, when there was a sudden shadow over him.

"Oh, I didn't know anyone else sat out here."

Dean looked up and saw a strawberry-blonde haired girl with Slytherin robes on. She looked to be not even five-foot five. She had her hands on her hips and a small scowl on her face, but she didn't seem too annoyed.

"Yeah," said Dean casually. "I sometimes come out here to relax and sketch scenery."

"Doesn't it get terribly boring to draw the same thing over and over?" she asked.

"Sometimes," he said, "but then again, things change. I haven't drawn this landscape during fall in a long time… last time I was in my third year. Most of the time I like to draw landscapes during spring, just before all the snow has melted."

To his surprise, the Slytherin girl smiled. "Sounds nice." She sat down beside him and then thrust out a hand. "I'm Tracey Davis."

Dean blinked, a bit confused and dumbfounded by her friendliness, and then took her hand and shook it. "Dean Thomas."

"Oh, I've heard of you. You're Seamus Finnigan's best friend, right? There's a rumor going round that you're his lover."

Dean laughed softly. "Oh, that old rumor! Well, I like Seamus, but I don't think he really is my type."

Tracey hugged her knees and laid her cheek on them. She stared at him. "What is your type?"

Dean bit his bottom lip and stared at his blank sketchpad.

"I'm not sure. Skin color doesn't matter to me, so it could be almost anyone. I could fall for a dark-skinned girl or boy, or I could fall for a light-colored one."

"Boy *or* girl? How interesting…" she smiled. Dean smiled back.

They talked for a bit, falling into some conversation about drawing and art, when they heard a sudden voice.

"What the hell are you doing sitting next to this Gryffindor?"

They both look up and see Blaise Zabini, Theodore Nott, and Sally-Ann Perks standing before them. They were all Slytherins. Tracey stood up so quickly that she almost lost her balance and she had to hold onto the tree to right herself.

"We were just talking," said Tracey. "Is it illegal now to talk to a Gryffindor?"

"It should be," said Nott, glaring.

"You should be one to talk!" Tracey shouted. "You're good friends with that Hufflepuff, Owen Cauldwell!"

Nott's cheeks tinted. "That's because… he's got good stash."

"Stash?" asked Dean.

"Never you mind," Nott growled. "Owen's cool. Besides, he should have been put in Slytherin… but he doesn't care for being ambitious much."

"He's also a Muggle-born," said Dean.

"Shut up," snapped Nott. "I wasn't talking to you!"

"Settle down, Teddy," said Blaise, placing a hand on his fellow Slytherin's arm. He looked back at Tracey. "We were just wondering why you were with this Gryffindor, but now I recall something about you liking Gryffindors, so it shouldn't be too surprising."

"Why are you here again?" Tracey asked.

"I was looking for you," said Sally-Ann. "I was wondering if you've seen Daphne."

"Not since I saw her in the girl's loo, actually… and that was a few days ago. Did she go home for the weekend?"

"I doubt it," said Blaise. "She wouldn't leave without telling someone."

"You think she's hiding?"

"Either that or something happened to her," said Nott. "We suspect foul play… by the name of Seamus Finnigan."

Tracey raised a brow. "Why wouldSeamus do something to her?"

"Yeah," said Dean. "Why would he?"

"Because of that time that she got him stuffed into a closet, tied and gagged." Blaise said.

"I don't think Seamus would do something to her," said Dean. The Slytherins, minus Tracey, were now glaring at him. "He would never do something thatwould get himin major trouble for!"

"Unless he thinks he can get away with it!" Nott sneered.

Dean laughed. "Oh, come on! You're talking as if Seamus was a Slytherin!"

The three Slytherins looked at each other, and then at Dean.

"He's right," said Blaise, "even though I still think Finnigan had something to do with it…"

"Dean is Seamus's best friend," said Tracey. "He'd know Seamus better than anyone."

"Where was Finnigan yesterday?" Blaise asked Dean.

"With Harry," said Dean.

The three looked at each other again.

"Potter?" Sally-Ann smirked.

"Yeah. They had a date." Dean said.

All of the Slytherins, even Tracey, were looking shocked.

"Finnigan went on a date with Potter?" Nott sputtered.

Dean felt as if he shouldn't have said anything.

"Well," said Blaise, "I guess we should go to Professor Snape. We're completely stumped."

"But what if it was Finnigan?" said Nott.

"We'll find out one way or the other," said Blaise. "Let's go. Oh, and Tracey?" he looked back at her. She was still leaning against the tree. "Try not to get *too* friendly with the Gryffindors."

They walked away, and Tracey let out a breath that she must have been holding. She looked down at Dean, who was fiddling with his writing utensils and sketchpad.

"I guess I should go and leave you alone. I'll see you around."

Dean was about to open his mouth and tell her to stay, but he closed it when she got quite a few feet away from him. She was a pretty fast walker. He sighed, trying to get back into the mood to draw, but it just wasn't happening. He had to find Seamus and find out just what was going on.

TBC

Whew! I finally finished. I was trying for fifteen pages, but it wasn't turning out that way. Hope you liked it all the same. I'm debating on who Theodore Nott will end up with, and Tracey Davis. I don't know if I'll have them get together with each other, though. Whenever I write Teddy now, I always think of the one that I'm role-playing with. That's why he's friends with Owen in here, because he is in my RPG. He's also a playboy of sorts. He likes Hufflepuff girls because they're easy. Haha! Maybe I'll have Dean hook up with Tracey? I don't know. Harry and Dean might have a date later, but I don't know when. And Draco… *sighs* … he's beginning to be a jealous arse. Who knows what he'll do?

Anyway, thanks for reading. Reviews would be loverly!

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Chapter: 6

Attraction, part six

Pairings: Harry/Draco, Harry/Seamus, Harry/Dean (Not sure of other pairings. Seamus/Blaise, perhaps?)

Rating: PG-13 (so far – rating may go up)

Warnings: Slash

Notes: fan fiction isn't a chore. This fic is just something I wanted to write to help my muse. More will possibly be added when I can think of more things to write. This doesn't have much of

a plot, just so you know. **The only plot** going on, so far, is Harry and his sexuality. Plot? What plot? 0:)

Some info for you peeps:

Slytherin boys: Draco Malfoy, Vincent Crabbe, Gregory Goyle, Theodore Nott, and Blaise Zabini

Slytherin girls: Pansy Parkinson, Millicent Bulstrode, Daphne Greengrass, Tracey Davis (info found on the Lexicon), and Sally-Ann Perks (Whose House is unknown, but I decided to make her the other Slytherin girl since others have too.)

Ravenclaw girls: Morag McDougal, Su Li (found on Lexicon), Padma Patil, Mandy Brocklehurst, and Lisa Turpin

Ravenclaw boys: Terry Boot, Anthony Goldstein, Michael Corner, Kevin Entwhistle, Stephen Cornfoot (last two were found on the Lexicon)

Hufflepuff girls: Hannah Abbott, Susan Bones, Megan Jones (found on Lexicon), Eloise Midgen (much likely a Hufflepuff, since she's not Slytherin or Ravenclaw), other is unknown.

Hufflepuff boys: Ernie Macmillan, Justin Finch-Fletchley, Wayne Hopkins (others are unknown)

I'm sure you know the Gryffindors.

Disclaimer: I do not own these characters; they belong to J. K. Rowling.

Extra notes: Please, please bear in mind that there will be NO Harry/Hermione in here. Harry only thinks of Hermione as a very close sister, or just a really good friend. He doesn't have any kind of romantic feelings for her. However, she is a girl and he's a boy, and he was still going through his "bisexual" stage at the time and… well, Harry's a guy, so of course he'll have reactions. Anyway, I had this one scene in my head for months and it won't let me be. I have NO idea what my muse was thinking at the time, I swear! I think the scene generated ever since certain Dan Radcliffe and Emma Watson pictures started to circulate the Internet… plus, PoA (the movie) had a lot of Harry/Hermione hints in it. (D'oh!) So, my mind suddenly came up with a scene… but anyway, this is still Harry/Draco, so don't worry, ok? Harry just likes to tease.

Quite a few of you said you'd like to see some Harry/Dean, so that is what I did. This chapter is for you guys! (The Harry/Dean is more at the end) How much Harry/Dean will there be? I'm not sure yet. There WILL be H/D very soon!

Okay, now that that is done. On with the story.

Sunday night found Harry moaning softly from a very erotic and sensual dream. He dreamt he

was in a foursome with Draco Malfoy, Seamus Finnigan, and Dean Thomas. He was on all fours, Malfoy behind him and Seamus and Dean in front – Harry switching his mouth from one to the other. Before the dream even ended, Harry woke up in a sweat, panting hard. He groaned and closed his eyes when he realized that it had only been a dream—a wet dream. Harry wiped at his forehead to find it sticky with perspiration, his sweatpants tented and wet from sweat. At least, Harry hoped it was just sweat.

He sat up in bed, relieved that he hadn't woken anyone up with any loud moaning or tossing and turning. He could hear Ron and Neville snoring. It sounded like they were having a competition of who could snore the loudest. Harry slowly got out of bed, slipped into his shoes, and walked quietly to the door. He left the dorm and wandered toward the bathroom, which was down the hallway from all the dorm rooms. After he finished using the loo, he walked down to the common room and sat in his usual place near the fire.

He could not prevent it, no matter how hard he tried. The memory of Saturday, the date with Seamus. . . and the kiss. It was sweet, nice, and warm… yet it wasn't spine tingling. It didn't fill Harry with a sense of over-whelming passion or anything like it. It just felt like a kiss… a kiss from a good friend.

Harry didn't mind it if they pecked each other on the lips once in a while. He'd do that with any of his close friends, if they didn't mind. Harry might be shy, and inexperienced, but that didn't make him compassionless. He was very open-minded, and he tried his best to be nice. Sure, he's got a bit of a temper, but that was to be expected.

Harry's mind reeled back to when he first had told Hermione about his sexual preference. Ron, of course, found out about it later.

::Flashback::

Set and determined to finally let Hermione know about his preference, Harry found the door to the room that Hermione and Ginny shared at Grimmauld Place. Harry didn't really want to come back to this place, after what had happened to Sirius, but he couldn't stand being with the Dursleys for much longer. Sure, they ignored him most of the time and left him to his own devices, but they were still hard to live with, even when Aunt Petunia kept a bit of a leash on Uncle Vernon because of the Howler that was sent to her from Dumbledore.

Anyway, Harry was in front of Hermione and Ginny's door. He lifted his fist, about to knock, when a wicked thought came to his mind. It wasn't often that Harry got a naughty idea. He would indulge his Slytherin side once in a while, and it made him feel good. Besides, they were the ones that insisted that Harry come here, to his deceased godfather's place, to begin with. What better revenge?

So, without knocking, Harry slowly turned the doorknob and opened the door a crack. Harry carefully peered through the crack, trying his best to be silent, as he tried to spot where Hermione was. He smirked gleefully. Scaring the pants off them would be wicked fun.

Well, the thing was, they'd have to have said pants on in order to scare them off in the first place. The moment Harry's one eye found Hermione she was standing in front of her bed in only her knickers and a bra. Harry's eye went wide with astonishment and he felt a slight blush creep into his cheeks. Hermione was way curvier than Harry had thought her to be, but you couldn't tell with the way she dresses usually. She had always liked to wear her school uniform neatly, or her skirts to her knees and her shirts wouldn't be tight. Harry was so surprised by the sight of her half naked, and her curves, that he forgot all about the rudeness in his staring.

Hermione was holding up a shirt in front of her, and then she suddenly spoke as if there were someone else in the room with her.

"How about this one?" she asked.

"I think it's cute," said the other occupant, which Harry recognized as Ginny. Hermione was holding up a light purple button-up shirt.

"I don't know… is it better than my pink hoody?"

"Hmm…" Harry heard Ginny say, "I suppose, in a way it is."

Harry's eyes finally trailed down to Hermione's underwear, which was light pink with little white and violet flowers on them. He wrinkled his nose at them… although they did hug her hips nicely…

Hermione sighed. "Perhaps I should try the white blouse…"

Harry's eyes moved from her panties to her bare back, and then to her bra strap. He wasn't sure why he cared, but it looked as if she had it on crooked. Another wicked thought crossed Harry's mind. Should he…?

Before he could stop himself, Harry walked in, cool as you please, and then shut the door. It was loud enough to startle the two girls in the room, though. Ginny squeaked in a high-pitch and tried to hide her front with a shirt she'd been holding. Hermione gasped loudly and followed Ginny's example by placing the light purple shirt in front of her, gaping at Harry like a fish.

"Oh," said Harry smoothly, "pardon me…"

Harry wasn't one bit sorry, actually. He grinned at Hermione and then he winked at Ginny, whose body had gone completely red.

"HAR-!" but before Hermione finished her screech, Harry held up a hand and said: "Shh! Hermione! Do you want Ron to come charging in here?" Harry walked calmly up to her.

"Wha-what are you doing in here?" Hermione gasped, looking like a trapped animal. Her eyes

darted over to Ginny, who had shrunk down to the floor and tried to cover herself completely with her shirt.

"Well, I was going to scare you, but when I saw that you were… well, wearing less than usual… I decided to, uh…" Harry lost his train of thought, mainly because he was only a couple feet away from a nearly naked Hermione. Friend or not, she was still a female, and Harry, being the bisexual that he was, and still rather masculine, was curious. He'd never seen a woman with so little clothes on before. His man hormones made all the blood in his brain flow into other areas.

"Decided to what?" Hermione demanded. He could tell that she so desperately wanted to place her hands on her hips, but she couldn't because then she'd have to move her shirt out of the way of her front.

"Er—" said Harry, thinking fast. "Well, I noticed that your bra was hooked crooked in the back, so I figured that I'd be a gentleman and fix it for you. May I?" he asked, trying to keep his voice from shaking.

Hermione's jaw worked a bit, and then she floundered as if she were trying to form a single thought in her mind. Harry was feeling very triumphant; he had just made Hermione speechless.

But before she had time to even consider protesting, Harry grabbed her shoulder and twirled her around so that her back was to him. He moved her curly, brown hair out of his way, and then stared at her almost flawless back… oh, and her bra strap, which he promised to fix, of course.

Fingers shaking slightly, Harry slowly ran a hand down her shoulder, grasping her shoulder strap as he went, straightening it out, and then slid his fingers under the main strap. His knuckles brushed across her skin, which he noted was rather warm—possibly because he was there, looking at her and touching her. Harry wanted to pat himself on the back. He was so glad that he found men more attractive than women, because if he didn't, he'd be sporting quite the woody and that would be terribly embarrassing.

It was only partially hard.

With deliberate slowness, Harry unhooked Hermione's bra. He smiled to himself when he heard Hermione inhale sharply at the moment. She placed her hands, and her shirt, tighter against her front, as if she were afraid her bra would slip right off. Harry was having the best time teasing Hermione. He couldn't wait to see the look on her face when he finally told her the truth about his preference.

Harry untwisted the strap, tugged at it tautly, grinning impishly at Hermione's gasp and huff of annoyance, and then hooked it back up slowly. Hermione shivered when his fingers ghosted over her bare skin. Again, Harry mentally patted himself on the back. He loved the effect he was having on Hermione!

Finally, after straightening out the other shoulder strap on her shoulder, Hermione huffed: "Are

you quite finished now? I would like to get dressed."

"Yes, I'm finished," said Harry, still smirking. "Go ahead and get dressed, I'm not stopping you." And with that, Harry plopped himself down on the bed that he figured was Hermione's, staring up at her.

"Harry!" Hermione gasped, turning pink. "I'm NOT going to get dressed with YOU in the room!"

"Why not?" Harry asked, grinning.

"Because!" she exclaimed loudly. "Harry, if you haven't realized it yet, in which I thought you HAD way before Ron did, I'm a *girl*, and you're a boy… you're not supposed to be in here watching me get dressed!"

"Again, why not?" said Harry cheekily. "It's not like I'm going to pounce on you…"

Hermione went pink. "What—what about Ginny? She needs to get dressed too!"

"Oh, yeah," said Harry absently, and then looked over at Ginny, who was still hiding behind her shirt, blinking owlishly at him. "How's your bra, Ginny? Does it need straightening out too?"

Ginny eeped and hid her face as best she can behind her shirt.

"Harry!" Hermione scolded. Harry couldn't help laughing at Ginny's reaction.

"Sorry, Hermione. I couldn't resist. Anyway, I did want to tell you something… and I think that once I tell you, you won't be so quick to kicking me out."

Hermione raised an eyebrow. "Oh, and just what is it that you need to tell me?"

Harry patted the empty spot on her bed, trying to convince Hermione to sit next to him, but she was still too nervous about making herself decent. Harry sighed and then closed his eyes. "All right, I won't look while you're putting your shirt on." He heard Hermione sigh, and then a ruffle of clothing from both sides of the room. Ginny was apparently getting decent as well. After a moment, Harry smiled and said, "nice underwear, by the way, Hermione."

"Harry!" she said in an accusing voice, but not too loudly. Harry smiled to himself and then carefully started to open his eye a little and caught a glimpse of Hermione bending over as she pulled on a pair of blue jeans. Unable to control himself, he wolf whistled at her.

Hermione made a strangled and annoyed growl at Harry, her face going beet red. Harry laughed for a bit, and then settled down and allowed them both more privacy by closing his eyes again. Finally, when they were both decent, Harry opened his eyes all the way and stared at Hermione as she gingerly sat down at the edge of the bed across from him. Ginny was apparently too embarrassed with being in the same room as Harry while half naked, so she sat on her own bed.

"So, what did you want to tell me?" Hermione asked.

Harry sighed, unsure of how to begin, but decided to just go right ahead and say it. It probably didn't need to be sugarcoated anyway.

"I'm—well, to put it bluntly, I think I'm bisexual."

"Bisexual?" Hermione gasped.

"Actually, I think I'm gay."

"Gay?" she squeaked.

"Er… I don't know…" Harry sighed.

"Make up your mind!" Hermione huffed. "Are you gay or not?"

"As far as I can tell right now, I'm bisexual, BUT I think I like men better."

"Oh," Hermione blinked.

Harry shut his eyes again and sighed. "Yes… all different kinds actually. I'm open to most type of relationship with a guy. I like myself submissive more when the other is a bit older than me…" Harry blushed, thinking of Professor Lupin. "But if it's someone my own age, or close to it, I would prefer to be the dominant… but I suppose I could be both, depending on the person I'm with…"

"Okay, Harry, we get it!" Hermione said. Harry laughed.

A couple days later, Ron had found out about Harry's sexuality, and although he was rather flabbergasted and a bit skittish around Harry for a while, he slowly began to get used to the fact. Harry was still Harry, after all, and gay… bisexual… or not, he was still his best friend. The awkwardness faded back into the usual comfortableness they had always shared, and Ron was no longer afraid that Harry might jump him in the middle of the night.

::End flashback::

"Hey, Harry," said Hermione as she sat on the couch that was close to Harry's chair. "You're awake kind of early."

"Yeah," said Harry, staring into the fire.

"Are you all right?" she asked.

"I suppose… I don't know."

"Did you have another nightmare?"

"No," said Harry.

"No burning scar?"

"No."

Hermione pursed her lips together, and then took out *Weird Wizarding Dilemmas and Their Solutions*. She flipped the book open to a marked page, contemplating whether she should just start reading or continue to pester Harry. She settled for the latter.

"Will you tell me what's wrong?"

Harry sighed. "I don't know. It's really no big deal."

Hermione was silent for a minute and then said: "Is it about Seamus?"

Harry jerked, but then went back to slouching and staring into the fire.

"Am I on the right track?" she asked, sounding slightly mischievous.

"Hermione…" Harry sighed. "Really, it's no big deal. I'm a big boy. I can handle it."

"I never said that you couldn't handle it," she said carefully, "I just figure that it would be better if you'd talk about it."

Harry took off his glasses and then rubbed at his eyes. "Hermione… I did have a dream last night, but it's not the kind that you want to know about."

Hermione was about to ask, but then it finally hit her, so she clamped her mouth shut and tried not to snort in amusement. "Ok. Well, how are you and Seamus doing?"

"We're friends," said Harry a bit tersely.

"Oh. Well, it's good that you're still talking to each other."

"Yeah, I guess it is."

Hermione sighed. "Harry, there is obviously something wrong. Are you going to tell me, or will I have to force it out of you? You know that I can pester you until you crack."

Harry lay back in the armchair, still staring into the fire.

After a few moments of silence, Harry finally spoke.

"I don't want to be attracted to guys."

Hermione started. "Come again?"

Harry groaned at the double meaning that those words could take. He slowly turned his head to Hermione and looked at her with exasperation.

"I don't want to be mostly gay!" he exclaimed.

"Mostly gay? I thought you told me before that you're bisexual."

"I am! I mean, at least I'm sure I am…" Harry sighed. "This is so messed up."

Hermione wasn't sure what else to say on the subject, so she just patted Harry's knee and told him to try getting at least a few more hours of sleep before classes started. Harry agreed, deciding that if he didn't get more sleep he'd end up falling asleep in Potions, and he didn't want Professor Snape getting on his case so soon in the week.

"See you at breakfast, Hermione."

"All right," she said. "Tomorrow is the Halloween Feast, so if you're feeling down, just think of all the good things we'll get to eat the next day."

"Yeah, thanks." Harry bounded up the stairs and back to his dorm.

"Professor! Professor!" Draco shouted as he ran into Snape's private quarters.

Professor Snape, who'd been in the middle of making some sort of potion, started when Draco flung the door open and shouted for him. He nearly dropped a vial of thestral urine, but he caught it just in time.

"Draco!" Snape hissed in annoyance. "What have I told you about barging in here! Stupid boy!"

Draco's cheeks went pink. "I'm sorry, sir. But it's an emergency, sir! I think I found Daphne Greengrass, but… oh, you need to come and see!"

Snape rolled his eyes. He placed the vial down carefully, and then followed Draco out the door. They walked quickly down the corridor, Snape following closing behind Draco all the way there. Draco led Snape toward the Gryffindor Tower, and realizing where they were about to end up made Snape raise an eyebrow.

He was about to ask just where Draco was taking him, when he heard a muffled cry. To Snape's

surprise, Draco opened the door to the boy's bathroom. The moment they entered, Snape stopped at the threshold, dumbstruck.

The entire boy's bathroom was nearly covered completely with what looked to be party streamers. Upon closer inspection, it seemed that it was actually alive—it moved like very thin paper (almost like it was underwater), and it was transparent. In the middle of it was a small, green vein that looked more like it belonged on a leaf. Snape immediately knew what this was: Parasite Purslane. Or more commonly known as *Worm Weed*.

"Dear Lord," Snape hissed under his breath.

Draco was gripping his wand tightly, looking nervous. There was another muffled cry.

"What do we do, sir? She's in the middle of that somewhere… is she—getting sucked dry?"

"Stand back!" Snape suddenly bellowed, and then he whipped out his wand and pointed it in the middle of the room.

"But you might hit her!" Draco gasped. Snape, however, wasn't paying attention. He said some sort of fire spell, and then orange flames burst out from the end of his wand. The *Weed* caught fire, and Draco was expecting to hear some sort of shriek, but none came. It began to burn just like paper, or very dry leaves.

It burned for a bit, and then Draco could make out a human shape better within the streams and green veins. The shadowy figure fell to the floor lifeless.

Snape sighed, almost in irritation, and then made his way slowly through the charred tentacles. He did the fire spell once more, removing the binding around Daphne, and then quickly picked her up and scrambled for the doorway. He set her outside the door, and then pulled Draco out of the way. He raised his wand again, and then shouted: "Incendio!"

The entire weed went up in flames and burned to ash. Draco stared at the flames for a bit, and then looked down at Daphne. She had very small red specks wherever there was skin showing. Draco shivered at just the thought of having something sucking out his blood in such a manner. He hated anything that did that, especially vampires. Yes, he feared werewolves, but vampires were far worse in his opinion.

"Take her to the hospital wing, Draco."

"Um…" he stared down at her.

"Oh, for heaven's—use the levitation spell!"

"Oh! Right. Sorry, sir." Draco took out his wand and did as told.

Snape sighed. "Some people's children."

Word of what happened to Daphne spread throughout the school. She had been planning to get back at Seamus, but it seemed her "evil" plan had backfired. *Worm Weed* wasn't something to play around with, which was something that Professor Sprout had told her classes the next day. They had been told about the *Parasite Purslane* in their fifth year, but nothing too important. Professor Sprout usually teaches her sixth years toward the end of term about them. They were bloodsuckers, of course, and liked to grow within larger animals and beings, like Hippogriffs and Giants. Some would consider it half leech, because of its love for blood; others would call it a large tapeworm. It's classified as a weed because of the fact that it's more like a plant than an insect.

"What was she thinking?" Hermione said as she walked between Ron and Harry to the Halloween Feast. "She could have gotten completely drained of all her fluids!"

"Eww, Hermione!" Ron groaned. "Don't talk about that before we eat!"

"Sorry, but it was so irresponsible of her to even consider it!"

"At least Seamus isn't getting blamed anymore for her disappearance," said Harry.

"It doesn't surprise me that those Slytherins would accuse someone else," said Hermione.

They sat down at the table, the plates still empty and the Great Hall not completely full yet. Harry sat right beside Dean, who had Seamus on his other side. Ron sat next to Harry, and Hermione next to Ron.

"Hey," Dean said.

"Hey, Dean," said Harry. Ron and Hermione said their hellos too.

"Hi, Harry," Seamus said, looking around Dean, smiling softly.

"Hi," said Harry, giving Seamus a quick glance, and then looking down at the table.

Once everyone was finally there, the food appeared on the plates, and everyone began to chow down. Seamus kept stealing glances at Harry, and Dean would narrow his eyes at Seamus, but Seamus wasn't noticing. Harry kept his eyes on his food.

Right after he finished eating, Harry got up and hurried back to the Gryffindor Tower to get dressed for the outside. He felt in need of flying a bit. Too much was going on in his head and the best way for him to sort it all out was to fly around the Quidditch pitch for a while.

Properly dressed for the coolness of the outside, his scarf wrapped securely around him, he ambled out of the dorm. When he got down to the common room, Hermione and Ron were just

coming through the portrait.

"Where are you going in such a hurry?" Ron asked.

"Quidditch pitch," Harry answered easily, shrugging his shoulders.

"It's supposed to snow later," Hermione said. "Don't stay out too late. We still have our History of Magic essay to work on."

Harry rolled his eyes. "Yes, *mum*."

Hermione gave him a look that clearly stated that she wasn't impressed with being called that more often than usual this year. Harry smirked.

"I just need to clear my head a bit, that's all." Harry said. "See you in a couple hours."

"Yeah, see ya," said Ron. He wasn't in the mood to join Harry flying. For one, he knew his friend needed some time alone, and secondly, he didn't feel like going out in the cold.

About a half hour later, Dean walked into the common room, having finally finished eating. He sat down on the couch next to Ron, who was grudgingly pulling out his homework.

"Where's Harry?" Dean asked.

"He went outside to fly," said Hermione, not looking up from her book.

"Why?"

"To clear his head, I guess."

"When do you think he'll be back?" Dean asked.

Hermione shrugged and then giggled into her hand. "I guess when his head is empty!"

Ron, try as he might, couldn't hold the snort of laughter. Hermione continued to giggle.

Dean chuckled. "Oh, hilarious," he smirked. "Well, I guess I'll have to venture out in the cold. I need to talk to him."

"Okay," said Ron, grinning, "ask him if his head's cleared yet!"

Harry flew a couple laps around the pitch, his mind occupied with thoughts of his own needs. Did his dream mean that he wanted some sort of foursome, or was that just his libido trying to tell him something? Maybe the dream meant something completely different than lust or smut. His subconscious could be trying to figure things out, but to Harry, it didn't seem to help any.

After a bit, he noticed someone walked out onto the pitch and looking up at him. Because the person's skin was dark, it kind of narrowed down just who it could be. Harry guessed either Lee Jordan or Dean Thomas… although there were many other dark-skinned students around his age that he hadn't fully met yet, so it could be either one of them.

Harry lowered his broom so that he could get a better look. The person waved him down, so Harry landed gracefully on the ground, and then threw his broomstick over his shoulder. As he walked casually toward the person, he soon got close enough to realize that it was Dean.

Dean smiled as he watched Harry walk toward him. The way Harry walked, however, could be mistaken as a swagger or a strut. He knew that Harry didn't do it on purpose, but Dean couldn't help staring at the way Harry's hips and thighs moved as he came closer. It was in no way near the way a woman walked, but it was obvious that Harry hardly had any fat on his legs and hips at all. Dean unknowingly blushed.

"Hey, Harry."

"Hi, Dean. What's up?"

Dean bit his lower lip, willing himself not to make a sordid comment.

"Well… um, nothing much. Want to walk around for a bit?"

"And do what?" Harry asked.

Again, Dean bit his lip. "I don't know. Talk?"

Harry shrugged his shoulders. "Okay. Let me put my broom away first."

Once Harry got his broom put back into the broom shed, they walked across the pitch and around the castle. They found a small path and followed that toward the spot where Hagrid's hut and the Forbidden Forest were. Harry stuffed his hands into his pockets, his winter cloak whipping in the wind behind him. Dean bundled his scarf harder around his face and tried to get his cloak under more control. It seemed to be a bit windier on the other side of the castle.

"I wonder how Hagrid's doing?" Harry said absently.

"I'm sure he's fine," said Dean. They walked around closer to the forest. When they were right at the entrance, Dean turned around to face Harry. "Uh… Harry? Have you thought more about… you know…"

Harry blinked, not sure what Dean was saying. "Thought more about what?"

Dean inched closer. He stared at Harry's face for a bit, and then moved his gaze up to Harry's

windswept hair. He looked back at Harry, into his green eyes, and smiled.

"About—you and me." Dean blushed.

"Oh!" Harry also blushed. He looked down at his shoe. "Um, I actually been… well, thinking about a lot of things." He shyly looked up at Dean.

"Was one of them being what I asked?"

Harry blushed deeper. "Uh… perhaps."

Before Dean could speak again, a cold wind whipped around them, making Harry bundle himself more in his cloak. Dean, being the nice gentleman he was, moved so that the wind was hitting his back instead of Harry. Dean opened his cloak and wrapped it around Harry to help keep the wind off of him.

"Thanks," said Harry, his cheeks going red from more than just the chill.

Dean wrapped his arms tighter around Harry and smiled. "You're welcome, Harry."

It was then that Harry realized just how close they were. He wanted to move away from Dean, but if he did that then he would get cold again. When a rather wild breeze passed by them again, Harry jumped slightly and then huddled himself closer to Dean for warmth. Both Dean and Harry blushed.

"I, uh… I'll protect you from the cold," said Dean. Then he mentally kicked himself for sounding so cliché.

Harry, however, didn't seem to notice how cliché Dean was being. He ducked his head and snuggled closer to Dean's body as Dean pulled him further into his cloak. They stood there for a while, and then Dean slowly began to walk, taking Harry with him. They entered the forest.

They only walked a few feet into the forest when they stopped. They both knew that if they ventured any farther, they'd find some unpleasant things—and centaurs. As far as Dean knew, the centaurs were still irritated about last year when Firenze left the forest to do a favor for Dumbledore. Plus, from what he found out from Harry and Ron, there was a giant in here as well. Hagrid's half-brother. He didn't want them to meet up with him either.

"This is far enough, I think," said Dean. They were among some trees that were big enough to keep most of the harsh wind off them. They stood under a rather thick one, and Dean reluctantly took his arms and cloak off from around Harry. The moment he did, however, Harry started to shiver again.

"Sorry, would you like my cloak back?" Dean asked innocently.

Harry shivered for a bit, thinking on it, and then he leaned into Dean's warm body again. "Yes."

Dean open and closed his mouth as he tried to form words, but he couldn't. Finally, Dean wrapped his arms around Harry's skinny frame once more. Harry nuzzled up to him.

Dean let out a soft sigh. "Funny, but I did mean just my cloak, but that's ok." Dean smiled a bit when he saw Harry's cheeks turn bright red. "It's okay, Harry. I won't molest you or anything."

Harry stiffened slightly, but then turned so that his nose was almost touching the side of Dean's nose. Their breaths mingled for a bit before Harry finally spoke.

"I was sort of hoping you would… I mean…" Harry pursed his lips tightly together and his eyes widened in shock at his own boldness. "Er—I didn't mean, um, not really *molest* or anything, but…"

"This?" Dean said, and then his mouth descended upon Harry's.

Harry's lips were warm, dry, and shaky. Dean carefully coaxed Harry's lips to part so that he could taste him better. Dean's lips were a tad bigger than Harry's, but they were soft and warm all the same.

Harry tasted like hazelnut and peanut brittle, with a hint of chocolate, and Dean couldn't get enough. It made him wonder if Seamus ever got a taste of Harry like this. He made a mental note to ask about it later.

Not even a minute passed by, and Harry's tongue was suddenly in his mouth, and Harry's arms were around his neck. He played with Harry's tongue slowly as he kissed Harry as passionately as he could. Dean brought his hands up to run through those unruly locks and then down Harry's warm, but pebbled, neck.

Harry felt warm and cold all at the same time. He felt his cheeks heat up but his body shivered. He tried to get as close to Dean as possible, and not only for warmth. Dean snaked his hands into his hair and down his neck and Harry deepened the kiss even more. Dean's hands went to his back and then up into his shirt. Harry hissed from the sudden cool hands, but then sighed into Dean's mouth as they warmed up considerably the more Dean ran them up and down his back.

As time went on, their kiss became wilder and more passionate. Harry had become considerably hot from his head to his ankles. His feet were still cold. By the time they came up for air, they were both panting and flushed from being thoroughly snogged.

"Um," said Dean, grinning inanely, "perhaps we should go inside."

"Yeah," said Harry, glancing up at Dean for only a few seconds and then back down at his feet.

"Uh… so, Harry…"

"Yeah?"

"Do you… will you… go on a date with me, then?"

They both blushed.

"Sure," said Harry, and then he rubbed at the back of his neck in embarrassment. "Next Hogsmeade weekend?"

"Um, I don't know. I want to do something different than what you and Seamus did. Is that ok?"

"Oh, yeah, that's fine with me." Harry grinned.

"Great," said Dean. He wrapped an arm around Harry's shoulder and led them both out of the forest.

Before they got even halfway to the castle, Harry asked: "Why did you take me into the Forbidden Forest to ask me?"

"Well," said Dean, looking up at the sky briefly, "I knew that we'd be out of the cold behind the big trees … um, and I wanted a secluded place for us to snog." He blushed.

Harry ducked his head, blushing, as he watched his feet. "Oh. That's understandable, I guess."

"So, um… what do you want to do when we get inside? Do you want to play a game or something?"

"I need to finish my homework," Harry said lamely.

"All right. I understand. Perhaps tomorrow we could play something when you've got the time?"

"Yeah, perhaps." Harry smiled.

From the top of the Astronomy Tower, next to the telescopes, Draco Malfoy was glaring.

TBC

Before you send me any flames or "Ewwws", read my notes at the top of the fic! Thank you for reading. I will try to get the H/D to begin in the next chapter.

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Chapter: 7

Attraction, part seven

Pairings: Harry/Draco (will be!), Harry/Dean, Seamus/Blaise (Not sure of other pairings yet.)

Rating: PG-13 (so far – rating may go up)

Warnings: Slash

Notes: fan fiction isn't a chore. This fic is just something I wanted to write to help my muse. More will possibly be added when I can think of more things to write. This doesn't have much of a plot, just so you know. **The only plot** going on, so far, is Harry and his sexuality. Plot? What plot? 0:)

Genre: This fic is mainly 'romance' and 'humor' with a touch of the other stuff. As far as I know right now, this fic won't contain much angst, if any at all.

Disclaimer: I do not own these characters; they belong to J. K. Rowling.

"I have a head like a potato…"

"A garden gnome."

"Right," Ron sighed. "Okay, smarty-pants. How about this one: 'My horn can pierce through anything, from skin to metal…'"

"An Erumpent."

Ron groaned, and rubbed at his face with his hands. "Fine! OK, I *know* you won't get this one! 'My skin is highly prized among wizards for purses and moneybags…'"

"Moke," Harry said with a yawn.

"Dammit, Harry! How do you know all these things by heart?" Ron eyed him warily. "Are you cheating?"

"What? No! I just know more about them than you do."

"Fine, we'll play a different game."

"Why don't you two just do your homework without playing some stupid game?" Hermione asked.

"Because homework alone is boring. We're just trying to lighten things up." Ron pouted slightly at Hermione, and then he leaned back over to Harry. "Okay, I'm going to think of someone in Hogwarts, and you got to guess who I'm thinking of."

"All right," said Harry, looking over his Transfiguration notes. "Twenty questions, or one hundred?"

"Oh, I'll be fair. You pick."

"Okay. Twenty questions."

"Ha!" Ron exclaimed almost immediately, "you'll never guess it with only twenty questions!"

"Is it a Gryffindor?" Harry asked.

Ron frowned. "Yes."

Harry smirked, and then unrolled his notes a little more. "Is it a boy?"

Ron sighed. "Yes."

"Is he in our year?"

"Yes."

"Is it someone we know?"

"Yes."

"Does he have dark hair?"

"Yes," Ron bit out almost angrily.

Harry leered at his best friend. "Is it me?"

"AAARRRRGGHHHH!" Ron stood up and tried to pull out some of his hair. "Dammit, Harry, how did you—you weren't supposed to even think that—"

"Exactly," Harry said. "I knew you'd pick me just for the fact that you thought that I wouldn't think of myself."

"You are such a—a—"

"A what, Ron?" Harry asked, staring at him challengingly.

"A—a tosser! Yeah, that's it. You're a flaming tosser!"

Just the way Ron had said it, made Harry know that Ron was teasing. If anyone else had said it, they'd find themselves hexed from here to California.

Harry flipped his imaginary long hair at Ron and said in a mock tone: "Flattery will get you nowhere, love."

"Oh? Want me to think of something ruder to call you? Because I do know a few good nasty names…"

"You do and you'll get your wand shoved up where no one will ever find it."

"Is that a challenge, Potter?" Ron growled, but in a teasing tone.

Harry stared at him straight in the eyes. "Yeah, that's a challenge, you red-headed Muppet."

"What did you call me?" Ron roared, and then flung himself at Harry who caught him in mid-tackle and then they went sprawling on the floor. After a minute struggle, Harry pinned Ron into the floor with his arms above his head. Panting slightly, grinning impishly, Harry said, "Give up?"

Ron thrashed about under him, grunting for all its worth. "NO! I'm not going to let some pouncy shrimp get the best of me! And just what the hell is a Muppet, anyway?"

Harry laughed, both at Ron's words and at the way Ron struggled to get the upper hand. Harry smiled down at his friend, whose face was going redder and redder every time he tried to push Harry off. Harry had a feeling that Ron wasn't using all of his strength.

"A Muppet is like a doll, but you can put your hand inside its arse to make its mouth move…" Harry laughed.

Ron glared at him. "If you even think for one minute that I'll let you stick your hand up my arse…" Ron pushed upward with his weight the moment Harry let his guard down, and they went tumbling across the rug, closer to the fireplace.

"Boys!" Hermione groaned. "Will you just stop? Who cares whose the strongest or whatever it is you two are wrestling over."

As Ron pinned Harry into the rug, Harry smiled over at Hermione and said, "Oh, Hermione, it's not exactly strength or power we're wrestling about."

Ron blinked. "It's not?"

"It isn't?" Hermione said.

Harry grinned. "No. Its a… well, its sort of a dominance thing," he said, choosing his words carefully. "But it's also a male issue thing, too. Ron's being an asshat about my sexuality, and I'm defending it."

"What?" Ron gasped.

"Of course," said Harry with a sly grin, "it could also be a dominant struggle as to who gets to top…"

Ron went beet red.

"I DON'T THINK SO!" Ron bellowed. Harry laughed hard at this, his face also turning red. "Oh, shut up, Potter!" Ron huffed. He started to get off Harry. "I'm not a little shirt-lifter like you."

Before Ron could even get anywhere away from Harry, Harry grabbed onto his ankle and Ron went crashing onto the floor again. Ron cursed loudly, and then tackled Harry. "You'll pay!"

"What do you wish me to pay with?" Harry chuckled as they rolled back over to the couch. "My body?"

Ron growled low in his throat and then got off Harry quickly, red faced. Harry laid there for a while, laughing softly and catching his breath.

After a moment, Harry said, "You know, Ron… I was only joking. Even though it was fun wrestling around with you, I don't think of you in that way."

"That's good, because I'm not a—a…"

"I know," said Harry. He slowly sat up. "I don't think of you in that way, anyway."

"I sure hope not!" said Dean, startling them. "Because that's MY date you were rolling around with."

Harry flushed, and Ron pretended to be more interested in his homework.

"Hi, Dean." Harry smiled.

"Hi, Harry," Dean smiled back, taking in Harry's look as he continued to sit there on the rug: cheeks flushing bright pink, green eyes soft and glowing with mirth, hair in a static disarray, glasses slipping halfway down his nose, and chest heaving with every breath.

"Dean?" said Harry, cocking his head.

"Oh! Sorry," Dean blushed. "I just—um, well…"

Hermione coughed in her hand. Harry looked over in question, but Hermione just kept on reading her book.

"Er, anyway, I was just wondering when the right time for you was… when we should begin our date…"

"Oh, um…" Harry bit his bottom lip. "Doesn't matter. You have something planned then?"

"Oh, yes." Dean smiled. He set his book bag down by one of the armchairs, and then sat across from Harry on the rug. "But I don't know if weather will permit it. I hear that it's supposed to snow rather hard today and all through the weekend."

"Are you going to tell me what you've got planned?" Harry asked with a beautiful smile.

Dean flushed, and then nervously started to jiggle his foot. "Um… no, not really. I wanted it to be a surprise. Maybe mother nature will smile upon me and withhold the snow until after our date."

"Perhaps," said Harry, beaming. He distinctively heard Ron let out a low groan in annoyance, possibly from the sweetness of it all. Harry looked over at his two best friends and gave them a knowing wink. Hermione snickered silently and then continued with her book, and Ron rolled his eyes in what was supposed to be irritation but he looked a little amused all the same.

"All right. Let's start the date off in about two hours tops. That gives us some time to freshen up… not that you need it that much, Harry." Dean grinned, and Harry ducked his head, blushing hard. "So, to first start off the date, I got you these."

He presented Harry with a single red rose from his bag, and a box of assorted chocolates. It wasn't just any box of chocolates – these were wizard assorted. There were all kinds of different type of chocolate frogs and all kinds of Honeydukes Best chocolates imaginable. Harry couldn't stop his face from burning as he took them.

"Wow. Thank you, Dean."

"You're very welcome, Harry." Dean leaned close and pecked Harry's cheek, making Harry flush even redder than before. "I'm going to go upstairs to get ready. Um…" it was Dean's turn to blush now as he stared at Harry. "You don't have to really dress up or anything, Harry… you're fine the way you are."

"Thanks," Harry said, still blushing.

Ron groaned and rolled his eyes again, making the other three laugh. "Will you two *please* just get a room?"

"Ron!" Harry gasped in indignation. Dean chose to ignore the comment as he walked up to the dormitory, face beaming brightly.

Seamus Finnigan was minding his own business, studying, when suddenly, out of the blue, someone grabbed hold of the back of his robes and pulled him backwards, forcing him to get out of the chair. He only got one glimpse of the person's Slytherin insignia on their robe before he was twirled around and planted face-first into a bookshelf in the corner of the library.

Whoever it was had a firm grip on his right arm, twisting it hard against his spine. Then there was a warm breath tickling his ear, the voice low and dangerous.

"You will pay for what you did to Daphne."

Seamus held his breath, holding in his shiver that both the guy's voice and warm breath caused.

"I didn't—didn't do anything to her!"

"A likely story," he said, voice so low it's barely recognizable.

"It's the truth!" Seamus growled as best he can; half his face was being squished up against some heavy-volumed tomes.

"Then what exactly happened to her, if it wasn't you? No one will give me a straight answer!"

"You mean no one told you about the incident in the boy's loo?" Seamus said, shocked.

"Not particularly. One person said that she just walked into the girl's bathroom and was hit with a hex. Another said that she had walked into the boy's loo by mistake and you hexed her when you saw her. Someone also told me that you set a trap for her, making her go into the boy's bathroom."

"I did no such thing!" Seamus panted out. "Now… if you'd be ever so kind… could you let go of me so that I can breathe normally again?"

For a moment it looked like the Slytherin wasn't going to, but then Seamus felt him let up on his grip, allowing him to move away from the bookshelf and turn around to see his attacker.

"Zabini?" Seamus gasped.

"You better believe it," Blaise said, scowling slightly. "I may not seem like the sort, but I do not like it when one of my House mates gets… hurt." He looked away for a minute and then looked back at Seamus with a sneer. "You seriously didn't do anything to her?"

"No! From what was being said all around the other Houses, she was setting a trap for me, but she got caught in her own trap."

Blaise pressed his lips into a thin line, and Seamus could almost see the other teen's thinking gears spinning in his head.

"All right, I'll believe you… for now. I'm going to Professor Snape to talk to him about it. If I find out that you lied to me, I'll be back and make you wish you'd never set eyes on Daphne. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes," Seamus grit out. They stared at each other for a bit, and then Blaise turned the corner of another bookshelf and was gone. Seamus let out a shaky breath, and for some weird reason, he couldn't figure out why he couldn't get the Slytherin's blazing eyes out of his head.

"Carmel filled chocolate frog… mmm… I never thought it existed."

"They don't make these assorted chocolates very often," said Dean.

Harry and his date for the evening were walking side by side on one of the paths that led around the castle. It was crisp and cool, but not as windy as the last time they ventured out. Harry was more bundled for the weather more so than Dean, however.

Dean wrapped his arm around Harry's waist as he steered him toward their destination. Harry slowly realized that they were walking down a path that he didn't recognize. They walked behind the castle, near the forest, and Dean still had his arm wrapped securely around Harry's waist.

"So, where are we going?" Harry asked.

"You'll see," said Dean, smiling softly. "I found this one place while I went exploring one day. I was searching for new things to sketch or paint. I think you'll like it."

Now Harry was intrigued. He stayed as close as possible to Dean as they walked along the path, which was getting smaller and smaller the closer they got to the destination.

After about five minutes, they finally arrived at a small enclosure surrounded by huge trees and fresh, glittering heaped piles of snow. Harry wasn't sure what he came to show him at first, but then he saw what looked like a cave, but you couldn't tell it was there from all the snowdrifts.

Dean took out his wand and easily cleared the snow away from the front of the giant mound. It finally took shape, and then Harry saw the cave's entrance appear before him. There were dead vines and crawling ivy along the walls and a few hanging from above; Dean had to use a severing charm to get them out of their way.

"Here we are."

"Dean… what is this place?"

Dean smiled, and then gently took Harry's arm and guided him inside. The entrance to the cave was just big enough to fit them both, but after walking a few feet inside, Harry noticed that it was much bigger inside. They stopped at the edge of a cliff.

It was beautiful. It was bright from all the ice and snow, but it was a magnificent sight. It was like a crystal paradise – stalagmites and stalactites gleamed with snow or ice, and refracted light. There was a small hole at the top of the cave that let in a little sunlight and once in a while light would bounce off the ice and become a prism.

"Oh—my—God—" Harry breathed. "It's beautiful." There was no other way for him to explain it. He huddled close to Dean, and Dean brought his arms around Harry. He watched Harry's expressions; his eyes, his cheeks, his parted lips and breath as it came out of his mouth in small clouds…

"Yes, but I can think of something even more beautiful…" he had no clue as to where that came from, but it seemed that he couldn't help himself, especially the way Harry looked.

"Dean!" Harry's cheeks went red, pronouncing his features even more. He ducked his head. "I don't know what else to say…"

"I'm glad you like it," said Dean.

Harry smiled and it blew Dean away. Could he—? Was it possible-?

Dean turned Harry in his embrace so that they were nose to nose. His warm breath fogged Harry's glasses slightly and he apologized. Harry couldn't stop smiling, and to Dean that was more beautiful than the crystallized cavern. He told him so, emitting another blush to form on Harry and he shook his head.

"I'm not—" Harry started to protest, but it died on his lips as they stared. Harry didn't know what to think of Dean. He was enjoying himself, and he loved how romantic Dean was, but there was just something missing. He couldn't put a finger on just what it was, but the moment he felt Dean's lips on his, he decided to figure it out later.

"Potter! Thomas!"

The two were walking back to the castle entrance just as they were interrupted. They turned and saw Draco Malfoy sauntering up to them. Harry felt his stomach flip and he couldn't decide whether he was angry at seeing Draco or something akin to relief.

"What do you want, Malfoy?" Dean said boldly.

Draco raised his chin in what Harry could only define as arrogance as he ogled them.

"Have a good time, did you?" Draco sneered, narrowing his eyes. "Have a good snog?"

"What's it to you, Malfoy?"

"Getting rather snippy, aren't you, Thomas?" Malfoy smirked.

"Leave us alone," said Harry, finally.

Draco leveled his gaze at Harry for a bit before speaking. "Why should I? Do you two have any idea what time it is?"

"It's—" Dean started. "Um…" he looked at Harry. "What time IS it?"

"I'll tell you," said Malfoy. "It's after curfew. Which means that you two are out wandering about when you're not supposed to, therefore…"

"Oh, give us a break, Malfoy!" Harry shouted. "We just lost track of time…"

"Yes, well, that's not my fault now, is it? You two should have been watching the time, or started your little rendezvous sooner."

"You're being unfair!" Harry growled.

"No, Potter," Draco grinned winningly. "I am actually being fair. I've been fair in my prefect duties ever since the start of the year."

"That's a load of bull!" Harry shouted. "You never told Snape about those girls…"

"No, but they still got punished, didn't they? If no one else said anything, then, of course, I would have told Professor Snape. Anyway, that's not important right now, is it, Potter? You two both have detention with Filch tomorrow night. No exceptions."

"Please, Malfoy…"

Draco laughed. "Oh, this is rich! Harry Potter is begging me! Oh, this is one for the calendar!"

"Shut it, git," Harry sneered. "Come on, Dean, let's go."

Dean sighed, nodding his head, and followed Harry back up to the castle with Draco on their heels. No doubt he was making sure that they went back to the Gryffindor Tower.

"Pleasant dreams, Muggle-lovers." Draco said as they made it to the Fat Lady. Draco turned around to walk back toward the dungeons, but stood still for a bit behind the corner just in time to hear Harry say the password to get in. Draco smirked to himself and then continued to the dungeons.

"You're just trying to set a new record, aren't you, Harry?" Hermione sighed. She took out her Potions textbook for reviewing. They were having breakfast.

"No, of course not." Harry said around a mouthful of bacon. He swallowed before speaking again. "I doubt I could break my record of detentions I had last year."

"Umbridge was a real bitch," said Ron, stabbing at his sausage.

"Ron!" Hermione berated.

"What? She was! Mind, I'm not at all sorry for what happened to her."

"In a way, I'm not either, but you shouldn't swear."

"Why?" Ron groaned. "It's not as bad as some of the other swearwords… like shit, cunt, asshole, motherfu—"

Hermione smacked him. "RON! Be quiet! You're setting a bad example for the younger years!"

"Hermione!" Ron huffed. "You didn't have to hit me!"

"Well, I have to do something to keep you in line! You're not taking your prefect duties seriously!"

"It's a prefect duty not to swear?"

"I meant about setting a good example!"

"Well, sorrrryyy!"

Harry groaned, rubbing at one of his temples with one hand and gripping his fork tightly in the other. Dean patted his back in reassurance.

"And besides, Harry and Dean really should have been more careful with watching the time. It was their responsibility."

"Hellooo… I'm sitting right here!" Harry huffed.

"Sorry, Harry, but it's true."

"It seemed like Malfoy was hounding you, Harry," said Ron. "At least, that's what it seems like to me."

"I wouldn't doubt it." Harry said, frowning into his scrambled eggs.

"He was probably just on prefect's duty," said Hermione in her know-it-all tone. "Anyway, I need to get to the library."

"Of course," said Harry and Ron at the same time. She finished up the last of her breakfast quickly, grabbed her things, and then walked quickly out of the Great Hall.

"Blimey, soon they'll have a permanent reserved spot for her… a chair with her own name on it and everything."

Harry nodded. "And a parking space."

Ron blinked. "Um, yeah… anyway, how did your guy's night go, besides Malfoy giving you two detention?"

Harry blushed, making Ron wish he never asked.

"It was real good." Harry said finally. He finished off his eggs and bacon.

"Yeah, it was," said Dean in a wistful tone. "I wished the night never ended."

Harry tried not to blush again as he downed the last of his pumpkin juice.

"Ugh, forget I asked," Ron groaned.

"Oh, by the way, where's Seamus?" Harry asked.

"Um… I don't know. I didn't see him since last night before bed," said Ron. "Have you seen him, Dean?"

"No," Dean said, frowning. "I hope he's not mad at me."

"Seamus, mad at you? It's not likely."

"You're right, Harry. I just hope he isn't too upset about anything. Well, we better get going; Potions is about to start."

Just as they got up, with Dean being a gentleman and helping Harry out of his seat, Colin Creevey's camera flashed at them. Harry was so used to ignoring Colin that he took no notice of it.

Hermione quickly entered the library, not intending on staying too long otherwise she'd be late for class, but she noticed Seamus Finnigan sitting in the corner of the library close to her usual table. Curious, she wandered over and sat down across from him.

"Sickle for your thoughts?"

Seamus jumped. "Oh, Hermione! Don't scare me like that. You're bound to give this Irishman a heart attack."

"Are you ok? We missed you at breakfast."

"Yeah, I'm fine. I'm just… you know… thinking."

Hermione bit her bottom lip. "Oh. Are you really that heartbroken?"

Seamus rubbed at his face harshly. "Well… a little, I suppose. I don't want to lie. But it's not just that."

"Oh?" her interest was now peaked.

"Well… I had this confrontation with a Slytherin last night, and for some reason…" he shook his head.

"For some reason, what?" she asked.

"Oh… it's rather complicated."

"Try me," she said.

"Uh…" Seamus blushed, in which made Hermione raise her eyebrow in question. "I, uh… that is…" he lowered his voice, "ithinkihaveacrush…"

"Excuse me?" Hermione asked, leaning further toward him.

"I think I have a crush," he said again in a soft whisper.

"Oh my god," she said, mimicking his whisper. "You have a crush on a Slytherin?"

Seamus hung his head in somewhat shame. "Yes. It's rather odd, isn't it? I mean… I thought for sure I'd be moping about Harry for months, but this guy… he really caught my attention…"

"Oh, wow. This is… yes, this is odd. Are you sure this isn't just some passing fancy? Maybe you won't feel the same way about him in a week or so. Sometimes crushes only last that long."

"Perhaps, but I won't bet my life on it."

Hermione pursed her lips together in thought. She hoped feverishly that the Slytherin that caught Seamus's eye wasn't Draco Malfoy. Last thing Seamus needed was to get involved with a narrow-minded git like him.

She patted him on the shoulder. "Don't worry, Seamus. I'm sure things will be all right. That is, if this certain Slytherin isn't Malfoy."

Seamus laughed a little. "Oh, it's not him. Don't worry. Although, Malfoy is awfully handsome, and sexy, in that snotty, ferrety sort of way."

Hermione made a face and then sighed, "I will never understand you gays. Honestly."

Detention wasn't very fun for Harry Potter. It wasn't very fun for Dean Thomas either. Filch had them not only polishing trophies in the trophy room, but also cleaning the glass cases they came in, and mopping the floor around the trophy area.

"The things one does for the pleasures of romance," said Dean as he scrubbed at the floor.

Harry blushed for what was like the millionth time that day. He hoped that his cheeks weren't going to explode from all the blushing.

"Yeah, but it was worth it, eh?" Harry smiled.

"Oh, yes. Anything is worth it with you, Harry."

Harry sighed, forcing his cheeks to not heat up, and looked away. "There really was no other way he was going to do this, so he might as well now… even though it will hurt them both. It wasn't that he didn't like Dean, but there wasn't anything *clicking*. Dean was a wonderful guy, but it just didn't feel right. Harry wasn't sure why. He hated it when he had to break things off with Seamus, but he really hated to do the same with Dean. It felt more real… like they actually were a real couple. And in a way, Harry guessed they were. He sighed again, gathering up as much courage as possible.

"Dean… I've been meaning to tell you something for a while now, but I wasn't sure how to say it… and I don't want to hurt you…" he bit his lip, staring at the trophy case.

Dean snapped his head up from the floor, halting his motions, and stared at Harry worryingly. Before Harry even continued, Dean had a sinking feeling he knew what Harry was going to say.

"I'm sorry, Dean, but…" Harry closed his eyes tightly, willing himself not to tear up.

"Harry… it's—it's all right," Dean said softly. "I think I know what you're going to say…"

"Dean, please, don't get me wrong. I really do like you. You're a great person. Your art is wonderful, you're sweet and romantic, you're loyal and bold…" Harry sighed. "It's just… I don't know what it is, but it just doesn't seem right. I'm sorry."

Lowering his eyes back to the floor, Dean said: "So, in other words, you're giving me the 'it's me, not you' speech?"

Harry dropped his cleaning rag as he fell to his knees on the floor and wrapped his arms around Dean's neck. He gave a great heaving sigh and then silently broke down on Dean's shoulder.

Dean frowned, placing his cleaning tool on the floor, and then wrapped his arms around Harry to pull him into a crushing embrace.

"It's all right, Harry. I should have noticed the signs sooner and stopped things from progressing further. I don't like seeing you in such pain."

Harry sucked in a wet breath, sniffling into Dean's robes. "You're not angry?"

"Well, no. I could never be angry with you, Harry. I'm not saying that it doesn't hurt, because you're such a wonderful guy, Harry, and I would hate to see you go… but I think you're right. Best to end things now then wait, because that would make things worse for us… the parting would crush us more."

Harry let a small smile slip. He continued to hold Dean, there, on the wet and slightly sticky floor of the trophy room. Dean continued to hold Harry, patting his back, rocking him, and murmuring sweet words to Harry, to calm him.

With one last kiss to Harry's forehead, Dean whispered, "I suppose we should get on with our detention, otherwise we'll get into trouble."

Harry nodded in agreement, and then finally let go of Dean. They worked the rest of the night in awkward, tensed silence.

TBC

Er, yes, the H/D has just begun, as planned. :D And now the Seamus/Blaise has also begun! See? Things are working along nicely. Now, all I need to do is figure out who Dean will be happy with… I'm thinking either Tracey or Theodore, but I'm also thinking of letting Theodore be with Luna. beams Maybe Hermione with Theodore or Tracey? Hmm. If anyone has an idea, I'm willing to listen, but I won't guarantee on anything. Perhaps majority will rule?

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Chapter: 8

Attraction, part eight

Pairings: Harry/Draco (will be!), Seamus/Blaise, past Harry/Seamus, Harry/Dean, Draco/Blaise,

and Ron/other girls (Not sure of other pairings yet.)

Rating: PG-13 (so far – rating may go up)

Warnings: Slash

Notes: fan fiction isn't a chore. This fic is just something I wanted to write to help my muse. More will possibly be added when I can think of more things to write. This doesn't have much of a plot, just so you know. **The only plot** going on, so far, is Harry and his sexuality. Plot? What plot? 0:)

Disclaimer: I do not own these characters; they belong to J. K. Rowling.

This one seems longer than any other chapter I wrote for this fic. ; I hope it satisfies. Draco is still being a little bitch. I'm sorry. -.-

Blaise flopped down on his bed that night with a slight smirk on his face. Draco had been lounging on his bed, reading one of his books that his father bought him when Blaise had wandered in. He gave his friend a puzzled glance for a while, and then shut his book and laid it on the nightstand.

"All right, what's up?" he asked.

Blaise turned his head slowly and stared at Draco for a bit.

"Huh?"

Draco rolled his eyes. He knew a dazed and out of it expression when he saw it.

"I asked what's up," said Draco as he got up and stood over the other boy. "Don't tell me you've got another crush."

"A crush?" Blaise laughed. "Don't be silly. I don't have a crush."

"Uh huh. And I'm Merlin's great-great-great-great-great grandson."

"Huh," said Blaise, "the things you learn these days."

"Blaise, I know that look! Hell, I've seen that look years ago when it was pertaining to *me*. You've got your eye on someone. Tell me."

"No."

"Blaise… don't make me use Veritaserum." Draco sat on the edge of Blaise's bed, ogling him. "Tell me, now."

Blaise rolled his eyes and then rolled away from Draco, sighing into the pillow. Draco waited for a few minutes before getting up and moving toward his trunk at the foot of his bed.

"Very well," said Draco. "If you won't tell me…"

"All right, all right!" Blaise sat up abruptly and glared at his friend. Draco walked back to sit on his bed again. Blaise took a deep breath and then said, "I know that you won't like this, but… I think I have a crush on a Gryffindor."

Draco stood still, possibly in shock, for about a minute.

"Dear Lord, it's worse than I thought."

"See why I didn't want to tell you?" Blaise huffed.

"God, it isn't Potter, is it?"

"No! Of course not!"

"Oh, good."

"Although," Blaise interrupted, "Potter sure is good-looking."

Draco raised both eyebrows at this. "You're nutters. You are positively, absolutely, without a doubt, nutters!"

"Are you trying to tell me that Potter isn't good-looking?"

Draco snorted. "What else am I trying to tell you?"

"You have no taste, my friend." Blaise lay back on his bed, placing his hands behind his head. "Potter is very attractive, in my opinion."

"So, why don't you have a crush on Potter then?"

"Oh, simply because he's not my type. He's good-looking, but…" Blaise licked his lips. "There's another that's just as cute…"

"It's not Dean Thomas, is it? Because last I heard, he was going out with Potter."

"No, it's not Thomas, but you're close…"

"I'm close?" Draco racked his brain for a bit as he tried to remember the other names of the other Gryffindors. "He's in our year, correct?"

"Yes," said Blaise.

Draco scratched at his chin. "Is it that loon Seamus Finnigan?"

Blaise said nothing, but there was a very faint blush forming on his cheeks.

"Oh, Lord…" Draco groaned. "Not Seamus I'll-shag-anything-that-moves Finnigan!"

"Hey! I'll have you know that he's not at all like that! Just because he dates a lot of people, does not mean that he shagged them!"

Draco stood and walked over to his own bed, shaking his head. "Finnigan. I can't believe it, Blaise… although, it is better than Potter."

"There's nothing wrong with Potter, Draco."

Draco snorted. "Oh, there are A LOT of things wrong with Potter."

Blaise sighed. "Yeah, whatever. You're just saying that because he's your so-called rival." Draco snorted at that. "Is there something you're not telling me, Draco?" Blaise said with a mischievous gleam in his eyes.

"What? No!" Draco plopped down on his bed and picked his book back up again. "There is nothing I'm not telling you, so shut it."

"Fine," Blaise said with slight amusement. He went back to smirking like an idiot. After a moment or two, he muttered, "Draco and Potter sitting in a tree…"

"What was that, Blaise?"

"Nothing, Draco." Blaise grinned.

Harry didn't want to get up the next day. His heart was so heavy it felt like it could slide down into his stomach any day now. Knowing that he probably won't get much more sleep now that his eyes were open, and because he knew that if he didn't get up now he'd be late for class, Harry sat up slowly. He rubbed at his eyes for a bit, and then reached for his glasses and placed them on his face.

"Awake, Harry?" called out his best friend.

"I'm awake," said Harry. "Just barely."

"Well, if we don't go down to the Great Hall now and eat breakfast we'll be late." Ron swished the beddings open, letting more light pour in, practically blinding Harry.

"Gah!" Harry shouted, squinting his eyes.

"Sorry about that, Harry, but *rise and shine!*"

"I'll rise, but I refuse to shine," Harry mumbled. "What the hell's got you so bloody happy so early in the morning anyway?"

Ron just gave his friend a half smile and shrugged his shoulders. "Come on, Harry. Chop, chop! Don't want to have to hurry to class after breakfast. I get heartburn if I eat and run. Come on!"

"All right, all right!" Harry sighed. He slowly made his way out of bed and dressed. He still couldn't believe Ron's enthusiasm this morning. He was usually sulking and not wanting to get out of bed until the very last minute.

"You're taking too long, Harry!" Ron said, bouncing foot to foot.

Harry rolled his eyes. "I'm getting dressed as fast as I can, Ron. Keep your trousers on!"

"I will if you will!" Ron said teasingly.

Finally, when Harry got fully clothed, Ron grabbed him by the arm and dragged him downstairs and out the portrait hole. He practically dragged him all the way down the hallway too, but then when they were almost there, Harry yanked his arm free from Ron's death grip.

"I don't need you to be my seeing-eye dog! I can find the way to the Great Hall."

"You're too slow, though!" Ron said, bouncing. When they reached the Great Hall, Ron was practically running to a spot at the Gryffindor table. Harry sighed, rolling his eyes at his best friend's antics, and then slowly made his way down the aisle. The mystery behind Ron's happiness was suddenly apparent when he noticed that Ron was sitting so that he was right behind Mandy Brocklehurst, who was at the Ravenclaw table. Mandy turned and gave Ron a huge smile, and Ron was beaming so brightly that he was almost the same color as his hair.

Fighting the urge to roll his eyes again, Harry looked around the table for a place to sit. It was obvious that he wouldn't be able to sit right next to either of his friends this morning, so he let his eyes roam the table until he noticed there was an oddly free place between Seamus and Dean. Why they weren't sitting right next to each other was confusing Harry, because he thought that Dean and Seamus were still best friends. Harry tried not to think too much of it as he made his way over to them. With a slight wicked idea forming in his mind, he sat heavily between the two fellow roommates.

"Good morning, boys." Harry said cheerfully. He was finally starting to wake up some. He grabbed the cup of pumpkin juice and down half of it.

Dean and Seamus both looked at Harry in astonishment.

"Um, good morning, Harry," said Dean.

"How'd you sleep last night?" Harry asked as friendly as possible. These were his ex-dates, and it Dean's case, possibly ex-loves. He was feeling awful when he woke up, thinking things would be hard to take since he broke things off with Dean, but for some reason he was enjoying the fact that they both like him in that way. He tried not to feel too horrible.

"I slept ok," said Seamus, blushing slightly.

"Oh?" said Harry with a glint of amusement in his eye.

"Um, it's nothing," said Seamus.

Harry blinked, deciding to ask later, and then turned to Dean for an answer.

"My night was ok," said Dean.

Harry frowned a little. "Are you sure you're ok?"

Dean shrugged.

Harry stared down at his plate again, feeling that heavy weight in his heart again.

"Don't worry about it, Harry," said Dean. "I'll be fine. Like you said, it would have been worse if we waited longer."

"Yeah, you're right."

It was quiet for a while, and then Seamus suddenly snorted.

"What?" asked Harry.

"We could have had a threesome!"

Dean smacked the palm of his hand on his forehead, and Harry groaned in embarrassment. After a while, he was also laughing along with Seamus. Dean shook his head and continued to eat his breakfast.

"No hard feelings then, guys?" Harry said, a bit concerned.

"No," said Seamus. "No hard feelings."

"Dean?"

Dean sighed audibly. "No hard feelings."

"Good!" Harry smiled. He put his fork down and then wrapped one arm around Dean's shoulders and the other around Seamus's. They both blinked in confusion for a moment, and then turned red when they realized that Harry was hugging them close to him. They hugged Harry back.

"Would you look at that?" said Pansy, pointing over at the Gryffindor table.

Draco, Blaise, Theodore, and Millicent's heads shot up from their plates. Crabbe and Goyle weren't paying attention since food was more important to them.

"What?" Blaise asked.

"Potter is hugging both Thomas *and* Finnigan. Just who, exactly, is Potter going out with?"

"I thought he was going out with Thomas," said Draco.

"They broke up last night," said Pansy. "That's what Tracey told me."

"How'd she find out?" Draco asked.

"Apparently from Padma Patil, who heard it from Mandy Brocklehurst who heard it from Lavender Brown who had heard it from Parvati."

"Are you sure Tracey didn't hear it from Parvati? Padma is her twin, and Parvati is in Gryffindor."

"I don't know, but that's what she told me."

"Maybe all three of them are together," said Millicent.

Draco choked on his bacon.

"No way!" Blaise groaned. "Potter in a threesome with Thomas and Finnigan?"

Draco smirked. "What's wrong, Blaise? Jealous?"

Blaise breathed harshly out of his nose and stabbed at a slice of meat on his plate with a fork viciously.

"Am I missing something?" Pansy said, ogling Blaise and Draco with fascination.

"No!" Blaise shouted about the same time Draco said, "Yes." Blaise shot Draco a deadly glare, and Draco smirked back at his friend.

"Ooo, I want to know what's going on! What's the scoop?"

"Nothing is going on!" Blaise said, still stabbing fiercely at his breakfast.

Draco was grinning wickedly from ear to ear, and Pansy knew that there was definitely *something* going on.

"Draco?" Pansy batted her lashes sweetly at her old childhood friend.

"Don't you DARE, Draco." Blaise said warningly.

"What? You never said that I couldn't tell anyone."

"Please, Draco?" Blaise said, pouting slightly.

"Oh, it must be something good if Blaise is begging! What is it, Draco?"

"NOTHING!" Blaise screamed, gaining the looks of many students from different tables and a few teachers at the staff table.

"He's got a cru—" Blaise slapped his hand on Draco's mouth before he could finish his sentence.

"He's got a what?" said Pansy.

"It sounded like he was about to say 'crush'," said Theodore helpfully.

"A CRUSH!" Pansy shrieked happily.

"You're dead meat, Teddy!" Blaise shouted, brandishing his wand. Theodore merely raised an eyebrow at this.

"Go ahead," he said, challengingly. "I dare you to hex me with all the teachers watching."

Blaise grit his teeth, and Draco snickered.

"Some best friend you are!" Blaise yelled at Draco. Draco placed a hand over his chest in a wounded manner. Blaise got up from the table and stormed out of the Great Hall.

"Was it something I said?" Draco asked with a smirk.

"Did you see that?" said Seamus.

"Not only that, but did you *hear* that?" said Lavender, who was watching most of the eruption from the Slytherin table with interest.

"I wonder what Zabini and Malfoy were arguing about," said Dean, trying to get into the conversation.

"Yeah, I wonder that too," said Seamus. He had watched Blaise walk out of the Hall with something close to worry.

"Malfoy's probably just being an ass, as usual," said Harry. He stared at Draco for a bit, who seemed to be discussing the events with his friends. Pansy was still looking amused by it all, and so were Theodore Nott and Millicent Bulstrode. Crabbe and Goyle seemed to be too involved with their food to care.

"But Blaise Zabini is Malfoy's best friend," said Seamus. "Why would they be fighting?"

Harry shrugged, unsure of the events either.

There was a sudden squeal at the Slytherin table, and many people looked up from their plates again. This time, however, Professor Snape was getting up from his table and was heading toward them.

"Uh oh," said Lavender, "Don't look now, but I think the Slytherins are going to get a good talking to."

"It's about time," said Dean. They all watched as Snape loomed over his students, causing many of them jump with shock. They couldn't hear what Snape was saying, but they had a feeling that he was telling them to keep it down; otherwise he'll be taking house points. Snape never took points away unless he really needed to, or he was really pissed off. Pansy had sunk into her seat with a red face, and a few others were also looking abashed. Draco, however, didn't seem too effected by Snape's words. He must have been the "good boy" during it all. Harry huffed at the thought, and then drank the last bit of his juice.

"Right, we better go. It's almost time for Transfiguration."

"Oh, yeah," said Seamus. As Harry got up from the table, so did Ron and Hermione, who probably had the same thought as he did. Ron was still glowing like a sunset, and Hermione was shaking her head and tutting. He smiled when they met up with them, and together they headed for class. Seamus and Dean also followed by closely, not looking at each other.

"I can't believe it!" said Pansy. They were on their way to Herbology. "Seamus Finnigan? Blaise has a crush on Finnigan?"

"Sadly, yes," said Draco.

"My God, has the world gone stark raving nutters?" said Theodore.

"I'm beginning to wonder that myself," said Draco.

When they finally reached greenhouse six, they noticed Tracey Davis standing next to the door to the greenhouse. She looked to be chatting with one of the Ravenclaws, whom they had Herbology with. Draco wasn't sure, but he had a feeling that it was that one Patil twin. Next to the Ravenclaw girl was Terry Boot. When Draco and his friends got closer, the girl saw them and then excused herself and left with Boot.

"Davis," said Draco coolly.

She started, and then had the gall to look sheepish. "Malfoy."

"Now what are you conversing with Patil about?" he asked.

"Um… it's nothing important. Just school stuff."

"School stuff. Right."

"It was!" she said, getting a tad ruffled.

"Come inside now," said Professor Sprout before Draco could respond back to Tracey. Draco gave her a suspicious glance, and then stepped into the greenhouse. Pansy and Theodore followed closely behind.

During the lesson, Tracey kept her eyes away from her other housemates, and then when it was time to leave, she hurried out of the greenhouse before anyone could talk to her.

"What is up with her?" Pansy wondered out loud.

"Maybe she's having an affair with one of the twins," said Theodore in amusement. "Or both."

"Blaise just took off too," said Millicent from behind.

"Great," mumbled Draco. "I would expect Davis to act like a… well, a *girl*, but not Blaise."

"Maybe he's gone to meet his *lover*," said Theodore in Draco's ear.

Draco shivered in some revolution. "Don't say that, Nott."

"Blaise and Finnigan aren't technically lovers yet, though, are they?" said Pansy.

"No," said Draco, grumpily.

"Is someone jealous?" Pansy said in Draco's other ear.

"What? NO! Why would I be jealous?"

"Because Blaise is getting more interested in Finnigan now than you."

Draco scoffed. "I could care less what Blaise does now. If he wants to trifle with that slut Finnigan, that's not my problem."

They walked together down to the dungeons.

"I feel bad for him, in a way," said Pansy. "I mean, suddenly having feelings for a Gryffindor? That's got to be quite the shock to the system."

Draco snorted. "Yes. Quite the shock."

"Tracey won't lay off the Gryffindors either," said Millicent. "She keeps going on and on about them… well, not like a lecture, but she would mention them in some way or another and it's getting rather annoying."

"I wouldn't be surprised if she ended up with one," said Theodore.

"And I wouldn't be surprised if you ended up with some Hufflepuff hussy," Draco said to Nott.

"Hey, they're just easy to bed," said Theodore.

"They're bloody romantics and cling too easily."

"Yes," said Theodore, his lip twitching. "But it's amusing to watch them get attached and then crumble when they finally realize that you just used them."

"Nott, you are a Slytherin after my own heart," said Draco, smirking. "That's downright wicked of you."

"Why thank you, Malfoy. I've always thought so."

When they reached their dorm, they put away their Herbology things and gathered up their needed items for Potions.

On their way to Potions class, they hadn't seen, nor heard anything from Blaise or Tracey. Draco wondered if they were conversing somewhere alone or they possibly got to class sooner than them, since they both left Herbology before the others. Draco didn't care to ponder this, as he and his companions got closer to Snape's classroom.

And just their luck, the Dream Team and their friends were making their way toward the dungeons also. Potter was looking sullen, Granger looked as if she were trying to school her features into a blank, and Weasley looked very put out. Something must have happened, thought

Draco with amusement.

"Well, well, will you look at this," said Draco the moment both gangs met in the middle of the hallway. Draco was only about a foot away from Harry, and so were his companions and Harry's friends. "Did somebody die in the lion's den, or do you Gryffindorks always look like this on the way to Professor Snape's class?"

Harry's face flushed an angry red and his eyes flashed.

"Shove off, Malfoy. It's none of your damned business."

"My, my, such rudeness. Surely you have more courtesy than that, simply for the fact that you're British."

"Oh, yes," said Harry sarcastically, "pardon *me*, Malfoy, for my rudeness. I had no idea that what we've been doing for the past five years or so have been something like courtesy. I guess I was wrong."

"You're a babbling idiot, Potter," said Draco with a haunting arrogance. "Of course, it's not surprising."

"Look, Malfoy," said Granger suddenly, "why don't you just leave us alone. Besides, we'll be late for class if we don't get moving."

"Oh, of course, the ever eager Mudblood just has to get to class so that she could try stuffing more knowledge into her tiny cranium…"

"Shut up, Malfoy!" Harry and Ron both shrieked as they pointed their wands at him.

Draco raised an eyebrow at this, not even moving to take out his own wand.

"You Gryffindors are so touchy. If you won't tell us what's gotten the Golden Trio looking like they're marching to their death, then we'll be on our way to class. Excuse us." Draco snaked around the Gryffindors and the other Slytherins followed him to class.

"Yeah, that's right, Malfoy!" Ron shouted. "Run away like you always do!"

Hermione laid a hand on Ron's shoulder. "Don't worry about him, Ron. Let's just go."

And so, they followed the snakes into the pit deemed to be the Potions classroom.

It rained softly as Harry took off into the sky in search of the Snitch. It was Gryffindor versus Hufflepuff; second game of the semester, and Harry was feeling extra psyched up for it. During the past week, Draco Malfoy had been digging at Harry's resolve a little at a time, and Harry was confused as to why Malfoy was acting this way. Malfoy even taunted Harry about having some

sort of sick threesome with Seamus and Dean. Even if Harry wouldn't really mind having one, it was still none of Malfoy's business. He didn't know why he had to keep reassuring the Slytherin that there was nothing going on between them anymore. They were just friends.

Thursday and Friday, Malfoy's jeers seemed to slow down about the threesome, but then he started to rib Harry about other things. He would ask Harry if he liked black dick better than Irish, or who kissed better, or who was more willing to put out. Harry continued to tell him, over and over, with a red face, that he didn't do anything sexual with either of them. Malfoy looked pleased to know, but still pestered Harry about his love life.

Shaking his head in some dismay, Harry brought his mind back to the game at hand. If they won Hufflepuff, then they'd go on to facing Ravenclaw, whom had a game with Slytherin the following week. It seemed to always be in that sort of pattern, with Gryffindor and Slytherin ending up fighting for the Cup.

Harry did his best to search for the little golden snitch through the hazy air. The rain was slowly beginning to become a light drizzle now, and as some clouds parted, Harry could see a small rainbow forming across the pitch. If he tilted his head just so, he could see the rainbow clearly, but from another angle, the rainbow disappeared. Once in a while, the sun would shine down, while it still showered softly, and cast a beam that would throw Harry off.

Suddenly there was a shout of Zacharias Smith, the Hufflepuff Chaser (and what Harry figured was their new captain), in which made Harry jump slightly.

"Summerby!" Smith shouted. "Will you please *stop* staring at Potter and try finding the snitch instead?"

Harry felt his cheeks coloring slightly as he looked back and noticed that yes, the Hufflepuff Seeker was indeed staring at him. Turning back around and picking up some speed, Harry's blush got worse. What was with everyone and their sudden crush on him lately? The little voice in the back of his head reminded him that he *had* come out (albeit, unwillingly), and the result in that was possibly the rest of Hogwarts coming out of the closet as well. Had they ALL been pining after him?

Streaking over the rainbow, Harry finally spotted it. He dove as quickly as he could, hoping that Summerby hadn't noticed him. He was wrong in assuming, since the other Seeker had been ogling him during almost the entire match. Summerby tried his best to follow Harry, but Harry was on a much faster broom, and he closed his fingers around the Snitch swiftly and easily. Right as he caught it, Harry spun his broomstick in 180 degree, and held the snitch high in the air. Summerby halted in mid-air, about seven feet from Harry, and a couple feet above, and stared down at him. Summerby didn't look too upset, though. He looked unsurprising and impressed. The Gryffindor stand cheered wildly as the Hufflepuffs sighed, accepting defeat, remained quiet, or clapped in a friendly manner.

Harry landed and was immediately surrounded by his teammates and friends. They were ecstatic

about the win, because they had scored only twenty points during the game when Harry caught the snitch, and the Hufflepuffs didn't get a single point.

"Good job, Harry!" Ron said, beaming. "I would say that this is the quickest game we ever played against Hufflepuff, but I think I might be wrong. Still, it was pretty quick."

"Yeah, good job, Harry," said Jack Sloper.

"Cracking good!" said Seamus, grinning from ear to ear.

"Thanks," said Harry, beaming just as brightly as Ron.

Summerby landed a few feet from the Gryffindor team and then slowly made his way toward them. Ron nudged Harry just as he noticed the other Seeker coming over.

"Harry, it's Summerby…"

Harry turned and then had to look up a bit into Summerby's face. He was looking awkward and shy as he approached Harry.

"Um… good game," Summerby said. "I guess I should have seen that coming."

"Thanks," said Harry, blushing. "You're a pretty good flyer…"

"Not as good as you, Harry."

Harry shrugged nonchalantly, trying not to look too proud of himself. "I've been flying since my first year."

"But you're such a natural flyer," said Summerby. "There's no way I'd be able to out-fly you. You're a real ace."

Harry's whole face shone brightly. He stared at his shoes as he shuffled one nervously on the ground. "Well, I—um, thanks, I guess."

Summerby laughed softly. "You're modest as well as cute." Harry looked up at this with wide eyes. "See you later," Summerby said, winking, and then he made his way toward the Hufflepuff locker room.

"Oh, *Harry*," mocked Seamus. "*You're modest as well as cute!*"

"Shut it, Seamus." Harry growled.

They all sat in the Great Hall for dinner. Harry dug into his chicken potpie as Seamus continued to tease him. Finally, Ron snapped at Seamus, telling him to leave Harry alone, and that shut the

Irishman up for a while. He still grinned and winked at Harry once in a while, getting Harry to blush.

"So someone else has a crush on Harry, so what?" said Hermione once she learned what had happened. "You don't have to mercilessly tease him about it. He's your friend!"

Seamus laid his head on Harry's shoulder. "Sorry, mate. You're just so much fun to tease and to watch your face get as red as a tomato!"

"You're not funny," Harry mumbled as he tried to keep eating and keep his face from becoming any redder.

Seamus wiggled his eyebrows. "Of course I'm funny! Everyone thinks I am!"

Dean snorted at this.

"Oh, see how you scoff!" Seamus said. "Some best friend you are!" he pretended to be wounded.

"You're such a drama queen," said Dean.

"I agree."

Everyone's head looked up from their plates at the person who had just arrived at their table. Draco Malfoy was smirking at mostly the Quidditch players as well as Harry.

"Enjoying having Finnigan's head on your shoulder, Potter?" The second Draco said this, Harry jerked his shoulder upward against Seamus's head a bit too hard, getting Seamus to straighten himself up immediately. Malfoy laughed. "Ah, I guess that's a no, then? It's no surprise, really, seeing that you two are ex-lovers."

"Shut up, Malfoy!" Seamus said, gritting his teeth. "You haven't a clue to what you're saying!"

"Did I strike a nerve?" said Malfoy, placing a hand on his heart. "Oh, I am *so* sorry," he mocked.

"Why don't you go play with Zabini?" Harry sneered.

Draco snorted just as Seamus stiffened.

"Been there, done that," said Draco, waving a hand hauntingly in the air. "Besides, Blaise has his sights set on someone else."

"Who?" asked Harry.

"That is none of your business, is it?" Draco drawled.

"Go *away*, Malfoy," said Seamus.

Draco crossed his arms over his chest arrogantly. "Make me."

They all glared at Draco for a bit, and then Ron looked as if he had a sudden epiphany—he slowly lifted one side of his arse cheek and let out a long, squeaky fart.

Just about everyone at the Gryffindor table went pale and/or their jaws dropped. Draco's eyes widened in horror and he looked a bit blue around the gills. After the shock had passed from most of Ron's friends, they started to snicker. Harry was cracking up mostly from the look on Draco's face.

"Oh, that was SO mature of you, Weasley!" Draco finally said.

Seamus and Harry were both waving their hands in hopes to getting most of the smell away from them (and toward Malfoy), and Dean was holding his nose, looking ill. Hermione was looking just like Dean, but she had her eyes screwed shut.

"That was so disgusting, Ronald!" she groaned. "Don't you think so, Harry?"

Harry, who had been drinking some of his pumpkin juice (to either try drowning out the smell or stop himself from laughing so much), put his glass down and promptly let out a loud belch.

"Oh, *honestly*!" Hermione said.

"Whoa! Good one, mate!" said Ron, patting Harry on the back.

"I don't like doing it, but I have to agree with Granger," said Draco. "Although, Weasley wins in the disgusting department." He suddenly scrunched up his nose as the smell finally reached him. "Right. I'm leaving."

Harry and Ron laughed heartedly.

"Well, that's one way to get rid of Malfoy," said Seamus, sniggering.

Despite the way things were in public, Ron was actually feeling a bit down. The reason why they had looked so grim right before Potions class (besides it being their least favorite class to attend) had been because Ron had caught Mandy, his so-called girlfriend, flirting with someone else. Harry and Hermione were distraught over this on Ron's behalf. They kept trying to cheer Ron up, telling him that there were other fish in the sea, but Ron kept pouting and looking off-color. Harry had an idea of how Ron felt, but it probably wasn't exactly the same.

"Are you going to break up with her?" Harry asked. The trio was alone in the common room. Ron and Harry were finishing up on their Transfiguration essays, and Hermione was knitting more hats for the House-elves.

"I don't know. Should I?"

"If she keeps flirting with other men, I'd do it," said Hermione.

"But it was just that one time, right? She did seem ashamed of herself."

"I think she was more ashamed of getting caught," said Hermione. She tied a small knot in her yarn and then held it up. "How's that look?"

"Looks good," said Harry. "I think you're getting a lot better."

"Thank you, Harry," she smiled.

"Yeah, looks nice," said Ron in a mournful tone. He stared at his essay, which didn't have much on it. "I can't concentrate anymore tonight. I think I'll just go to bed."

"Um, ok," said Harry, looking at his friend worryingly.

"Don't get all mopey over her, Ron," said Hermione. "I think you can find someone better."

"Like who?" Ron said, almost snappishly. "Pansy Parkinson?"

"Now you're being silly," Hermione sighed.

"Good night," said Ron, and then he went upstairs to his dorm without waiting for them to respond.

"Poor Ron," said Harry once Ron was out of sight. "I hope he'll be ok."

"I don't know why he has to be so bent out of shape about it. He was probably going to dump her anyway."

Harry stared at Hermione. "Are you serious?"

"Well, Mandy wasn't the first, was she?"

Harry looked down at his Transfiguration homework, thinking. It was true that Ron was known to date a girl for no longer than two or three weeks, dump her, and then find himself another girlfriend. Why did he do it, anyway? Harry didn't understand it. He heard about sowing your wild oats, but didn't that involve having sex with them too? Ron never said if he did have sex with any of his girlfriends, and Harry was sure that Ron would tell him if he did. Wouldn't he?

Harry sighed, and then tried to finish up his homework. He wasn't about to just leave it for the morning like Ron was doing. He was trying to be more responsible with school, especially with

NEWTs coming up soon. He needed enough to become an Auror, which was what he was interested in doing.

After a while, Hermione started to put her things away. He looked over at Harry, who was putting some finishing touches on his Transfiguration essay.

"Harry?"

"Yeah?" he said without looking up.

"Um… about you and… I mean…" Harry looked up and saw her fiddling nervously with her skirt. "Uh… you liked them, didn't you?"

"Er, yeah. Yeah, I did. Why?"

"Well, why did you break things off with them?"

Harry sighed in slight irritation. "Hermione… I only went on a date with them. It wasn't like I was officially going out with them."

"Well, I think that's what Ron is doing too, except he dates them for longer. I think that maybe, it's possible, that he was looking to keeping Mandy around. I think this time he was trying to be serious."

Harry rolled his shoulders a bit, and then lay back on the couch, sighing.

"I think you're right, Hermione. We should be more supportive and… um… understanding of his feelings."

"Yes," she said, "but you do know that we're right. He should find himself someone better. He should find someone to get serious with."

Harry blinked, and then slowly looked over at Hermione with a small smile. "Like you?"

Hermione huffed and went red. "That's not—no, that's not what I meant."

"It isn't?" Harry smirked.

"Well, what about you?" she retorted. "Are you ever going to find someone to get serious with?"

"I'm trying!" Harry groaned. "I dated Seamus because he pestered me into it. I was never really into him that much. I went out with Dean because I like him, but things weren't clicking. Who else should I try for? And don't you dare say Neville, because for one, I don't like him in that way, and secondly I think Neville's straight."

"I wasn't going to suggest Neville. I think Neville is interested in Ginny."

"Good. He can go for her."

Hermione sighed. "Well, I'm going to bed. Good night, Harry. Don't stay up too late."

Harry shook his head, smiling. "Yes, *mum*." She smacked him playfully across his head, and Harry laughed. She leaned down and kissed his cheek.

"See you in the morning."

"Good night, Hermione."

TBC

X.x; Damn it, Draco! Quit being an arse! 'smacks Draco around'

Draco: Hey! You're the one making me be impossible!

I am not! 'smacks him again'

Draco: Help! Muse abuse! Muse abuse!

'sigh'

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Chapter: 9

Attraction, part nine

Pairings: Harry/Draco (will be!), Seamus/Blaise, past Harry/Seamus, Harry/Dean, Draco/Blaise, and Ron/other girls (Not sure of other pairings yet.)

Rating: PG-13 (so far – rating may go up)

Warnings: Slash, slight language

Notes: fan fiction isn't a chore. This fic is just something I wanted to write to help my muse. More will possibly be added when I can think of more things to write. This doesn't have much of a plot, just so you know. **The only plot** going on, so far, is Harry and his sexuality. Plot? What plot? 0:)

Other Notes: Er, I'm trying to put a bit more British slang into my fic. If anyone is wondering about certain words, just go to the Harry Potter Lexicon (I think you can find the site by googling it) – they have loads of information about the books there, even British slang.

Disclaimer: I do not own these characters; they belong to J. K. Rowling.

"I have never… nicked anything," said Dean.

Harry scrunched up his nose for a moment, sighed in defeat, and then knocked back a shot of butterbeer. As did Seamus and Ron.

"YOU stole something?" Neville gasped at Harry.

Harry went pink. "Um, yeah… only once, though."

"I never would have thought," said Ron.

"You've nicked something, too?" said Harry as he eyed his best friend.

"Only once!" Ron said in defense. "My mum found out and I never heard the end of it."

"All right, back to the game at hand," said Dean. Everyone nodded; Seamus filled the empty shot glasses back up with butterbeer.

Harry cleared his throat. "I have never," he thought for a minute. "Had sex."

"Does blowing someone count?" asked Seamus.

"No," said Harry, blushing brightly. "I mean real sex."

"Then no," he said. Nobody drank that time.

"Well, at least we know that we're all virgins," said Neville with a weak smile.

"And this is a good thing?" Seamus said with a twitch in his eye. Harry, Dean, and Neville laughed nervously.

"Saving up for the one you love," said Dean. He looked over and winked at Harry, and Harry blushed shyly.

"My turn!" Ron exclaimed eagerly, and Harry could have sworn that he did that because he was getting way too embarrassed about where the conversation was heading. "I have never… touched a girl's bosom."

Seamus tipped his head back and drank his shot. The rest of the guys stared at him, dumbfounded.

"You touched a girl's…" Ron floundered.

"Yes," said Seamus with a mischievous grin.

"Who?" Harry asked curiously.

"I don't have to tell who if I don't want to," he said.

"I would like to know too," said Dean.

"Me too!" said Ron.

"No, I'm not saying."

The others pouted or frowned, but Neville really didn't seem to care to know either way.

"Ok," he said. "My turn." Neville stared at his shot glass for a bit, which had never been refilled once during their game. "I have never… kissed a girl."

Harry groaned, rolling his eyes, and then drank his shot of butterbeer. So did Seamus and Ron. They all looked suspiciously at Dean, who turned bright red.

"What?" he said.

"Never kissed a girl, eh?" said Seamus teasingly.

Dean shook his head. Harry felt his face flame up at the thought of being Dean's first kiss. "Um, Dean…"

"Yes, Harry, you were the first."

"What?" Seamus shouted. "You two kissed?"

"Of course we did!" said Dean, sounded a bit aggravated. "Why wouldn't I kiss my… date?"

Harry went red again. So did Dean, Neville, and Ron. Seamus was just looking slightly pink around the cheeks.

"Right, whose turn is it?" Ron asked.

"Um… Seamus's I believe," said Dean.

"Oh, right!" Seamus said. "Uh, I have never … hmm, this is a tough one…" Everyone waited at least a good minute before Seamus finally spoke up. "Oh! I have never mouthed off to Professor Snape."

"Are you sure?" asked Harry, looking at him worryingly. He didn't feel like taking another drink. He felt as if his bladder was about to burst, and the loser was the one that got up to use the loo.

"Yes, I'm sure," said Seamus. "I came close once, but I shut my mouth before I could say anything. I've mouthed off to a couple other teachers, but not Snape."

Harry groaned, admitting defeat, and then drank his shot of butterbeer. Seamus smiled at him and then refilled Harry's glass.

"You know, Harry," said Seamus, "you look as if you're about to erupt. Are you sure you don't need to use the loo?"

Harry shook his head. "No, no… I'm fine."

"You've drank the most shots out of all of us," said Ron, voice filled with mirth. "Are you sure you're all right?"

"Yes, I'm fine. I can hold my own."

"We'll see," said Seamus. He looked over at Dean. "Well, Dean old pal, I do believe it's your turn."

"Right," he said. "Um… I have never… hmm…" he looked at Harry with a wicked smile. "I have never had one erotic feeling toward Draco Malfoy."

Harry gasped, and the others ogled Dean as if he were nuts.

"I can't believe you picked that!" said Harry.

"Why?" Dean said with a smirk. "Do you have to drink your shot, then?"

"Oh, please, Harry, no!" Ron moaned. Harry sighed, thinking on either admitting defeat of the whole game and going to the bathroom, or drinking his shot. His pride was on the line, but then again, he wasn't that desperate to hold onto it just for the sake of them knowing…

All of a sudden, Seamus picked his shot glass up and downed it. Everyone stared at him.

"What? So I've had a couple erotic thoughts about Malfoy. Big deal. He isn't awful to look at, you know."

Harry's mouth opened and closed as if he were trying to get them unstuck. Ron's jaw dropped

open and his eyes bugged out. Neville looked like a zombie, and Dean was staring at him as if he didn't believe what he was hearing.

"Well?" said Seamus as he stared at Harry in a peculiar way.

Harry shook his head, finally getting out of his shock, and then stood up from the floor of the dorm room. "I lost… I need to use the loo… badly."

"Coward!" Seamus shouted after him, but Harry chose to ignore it as he hurried for the boy's bathroom.

Harry couldn't believe the nerve of Dean for asking him if he had to drink his shot! And the nerve of Seamus for thinking that Harry did have an erotic thought about Malfoy! He didn't want to think back to the few wet dreams he'd had about Malfoy, plus a few other guys. Harry angrily stared into the mirror as he tried to calm himself down. He was so very close to punching Seamus square in the face. He was mad at Dean for asking such a question, but Seamus was egging him on as if he *knew*… but he didn't! There was no way that the Irish pillock had known! Seamus assumed that because he found Malfoy attractive, and thought erotic things about him, so did Harry.

"Never," he said in a deep tone of voice. "Never, never, never… the *nerve* of Seamus! Could have just kept quiet and not did anything afterwards, but he just had to look at me as if I—" Harry growled. "NEVER!"

Harry was almost afraid to go back out there, but he realized that he couldn't stay in the bathroom forever. The other boys would definitely know that something was up, then. He slowly opened the door and made his way out, trying to act as if he hadn't just been glaring at his own reflection and cursing Seamus darkly in his head.

"Anyone win yet?" he asked calmly when he walked back up to the group.

"Almost," said Dean. Ron suddenly got up and ran for the bathroom. "Well, one more down. Seamus?"

Seamus grinned knowingly and then said, "I have never French kissed Harry Potter."

"You arse!" said Dean with an accusing glare. He picked up his shot glass and downed it quickly. Seamus laughed.

Ron came back from the bathroom with a very relieved look on his face. "Looks like I lost," he said, and then sat down next to Harry on Harry's bed. Harry folded his legs up under him as he watched the rest of the game continue.

Seamus refilled Dean's glass as Dean thought about what to say. Dean grinned wickedly (a look that rarely appeared on the gentle black boy's face) as he said: "I have never looked under a girl's

skirt."

Seamus shot his friend a deadly glare and then drank his butterbeer. "Your turn, Neville."

Neville was wringing his hands nervously. "Um… I have never…" his voice dropped, "touched another guy's… bum."

"You play deadlier than I thought!" said Seamus as he picked up his glass and drank. Dean also drank his shot of butterbeer. "Dean!" said Seamus, in shock. "You touched…"

Dean nodded, and then looked over at Harry. Harry averted his eyes as he blushed.

Seamus snickered. "You touched Harry's arse! I should have known!"

"Your turn, Seamus," said Dean softly.

"Right, right…" said Seamus, a grin still in place. "I have never painted any nude portrait of anyone."

"That was deliberate!" Dean shouted, pointing an accusing finger at his friend. "You're deliberately thinking of things that will make me drink!"

"I play to win, mate."

Dean cursed softly and then drank his butterbeer.

"Who'd you paint a nude portrait of?" asked Ron, looking amused.

"Never you mind," said Dean, bouncing a little as he sat there. Everyone knew that he was fighting to use the loo.

"Your turn, Neville," said Seamus.

Neville came out of his stupor and then thought hard. "Um… I have never had a wet dream about Harry."

Both Seamus and Dean groaned and then downed their drink at the same time. Harry flushed madly on the sidelines and Ron rolled his eyes.

"I think I know who will win," Ron whispered to Harry. Harry nodded in agreement.

After a few more bouts between Seamus and Dean, Dean finally got up from the floor and ran to the bathroom. Seamus grinned in amusement as he watched his friend leave, and then looked at Neville with a challenging stare.

"It's just you and me, Nev'," he said. Neville, surprisingly, didn't flinch or shrink away from Seamus's gaze. Harry figured that it must be because he was used to Seamus or because he knew that he would win. Seamus had way more drinks than Neville.

To be more precise, Neville hadn't had a single drop of butterbeer.

"Right," said Neville. "It's your turn."

"Right," said Seamus. They all waited about a minute or so before Seamus finally shouted, "AHA! I have never tripped over my own feet!"

"Seamus!" said Dean incredulously. He had joined Ron and Harry on Harry's bed when he came back from the bathroom. Unsurprisingly, he had sat right next to Harry, their bent knees touching lightly.

"I play to win," said Seamus with a slightly crazed look.

Neville sighed, and then finally downed his first shot of butterbeer. He stared at Seamus as Seamus happily refilled Neville's glass.

"I have never had one dirty thought about another guy," said Neville.

"So you want to play hard ball, do you?" Seamus said with a tick in his eye. He drank his shot of butterbeer.

And so it went on and on. Neville only drank one more, when finally, after Neville took his turn, Seamus squeaked suddenly, getting their attention. Before anyone could ask what was wrong, Seamus leapt up from his spot and ran to the bathroom as if he were being chased by a Manticore.

Everyone burst out laughing.

"Well, looks like Neville won again," said Harry with a grin.

After having a talk with the headmaster, Tracey hurried off to lunch in the Great Hall. She may find the headmaster a bit strange and a little crazy, but there were many things that they had both agreed on. He had reassured her that Daphne was going to be ok, but when she can leave the hospital wing she had detention with Filch because of her idiotic scheme to get back at Seamus. Perhaps if Seamus were to apologize to Daphne, Tracey reckoned, than everything would be fine. Of course, this was Daphne she was talking about. The girl was very Slytherin, so it was hard to say whether Daphne will accept an apology or not.

The minute she entered the Great Hall, her eyes fell on the known Gryffindor crowd. She had no idea why she was looking at the time, but the boisterous laughter had held her attention. She spotted Dean Thomas, whom she deemed as a friend, snickering into his hand at something that

apparently was said to Seamus who was looking glum. Then, to her surprise, Seamus stood up and reached across the table to hit Dean with his spoon, which still had some sort of food on it, leaving a smear mark on Dean's forehead. She giggled at their antics as they started to get out of hand, completely forgetting that she was still standing there ogling the Gryffindors.

"Tracey! Tracey!" someone from the Slytherin table hissed. She finally turned around and saw a few eyes staring and glaring at her. She felt her whole face redden, and then the walked over to sit in her usual place.

"What the hell was that all about?" Theodore Nott asked when she sat down next to him.

"Oh, just… curious, that's all."

Draco and a few other Slytherins snorted.

"You're always curious, Davis," said Theodore.

"I've just been… thinking, too," she said carefully. "I went to see the headmaster."

"What did that old coot have to say?" Pansy said.

"Oh, um… not much. He told me that Daphne will be all right, but when she gets out of hospital she'll have to go to her detention with Filch."

"I wouldn't want to be in her shoes," said Millicent. "I have a feeling that Filch won't be too kind to her, especially after what she did to the boy's bathroom."

"Yeah…" she said, trailing off. While the rest of them started to chatter about the events, Tracey raised her eyes back to the Gryffindor table. Now Harry was talking, and it looked serious by the looks his friends were giving him. Potter sure held a lot of attention, she noticed. Whenever he spoke, everyone listened. 'With good reason,' she thought. Potter was powerful, and strong… she thought back to what one of those portraits in the headmaster's office had told her.

"That Harry Potter boy… he's marked as an equal, did you know?"

"An equal?" she had said. "What do you mean by that?"

"That scar on his head, dear girl!" said the old headmaster portrait. "You-Know-Who marked him as his equal. Do you know what that means, miss?"

Tracey blinked. "You mean he isn't marked for… for death?*"*

"Oh, goodness, no… not exactly," the old headmaster said. "That boy has infallible powers! He just doesn't know how to control himself very well, yet… doesn't have much faith in himself either. If he doesn't start believing in himself and his powers, who knows how the world will turn

out."

"The Dark Lord will win…"

"Yes. He may be powerful, but he will ruin the wizarding world. There is no doubt about that."

"How can he ruin it if he's trying to save it?" she asked.

The old headmaster chortled. "You really think that You-Know-Who knows just what he's doing? He fears death, dear girl. He fears death and is in love with nothing but power. He cares naught for the wizarding world's fall. He will kill anyone and anything that stands in his way of power."

Tracey blinked, wide-eyed. "No one's THAT heartless!"

"Oh, no?" said the portrait. He stared at her. She stared back for a bit, deep in thought. Suddenly she asked: "What's your name?"

The old headmaster smiled a little… no, it was more like a smirk!

"Phineas Nigellus, at your service," he bowed.

"Nigellus… that surname sounds familiar…"

"I was a headmaster of old… a least liked headmaster, I should say."

"You were the least liked headmaster? Why?"

He shrugged. "Because I'm a Slytherin."

"Earth to Davis," said a far away sounding voice. Suddenly there was a hand in front of her face, waving madly. "Davis!"

"What?" she snapped.

"Are you going to eat or stare at the Gryffindor table all day?" said Draco with a frown.

"Oh, right, food…" she said absentmindedly and then began to eat slowly, still not taking her eyes away from the Gryffindor table.

"Who are you staring at?" Pansy asked.

Tracey blushed. "No one."

"You're lying," said Draco. "Who is it?"

"None of your business!" she snapped again, and then ate faster than before. She hated feeling like the only Slytherin who understood just what was *the truth* and what wasn't. As she ate, she thought about just what it would take to get the other Slytherins to open their minds a bit—to think of something other than their own needs and wants. Yes, she loved power too, but she didn't think she had it in her to kill everyone and everything that stood in her way. She was too much of a coward to do that.

It took guts to kill in cold blood, didn't it?

Harry had no clue as to why he was going down to the kitchens. He had eaten plenty at lunch and dinner, but for some odd reason he was craving a nibble. Maybe Hogwarts just made him hungrier? Or maybe it was the fact that he *could* eat more while at Hogwarts than at the Dursleys?

With his father's old cloak wrapped around him securely, Harry reached forward to tickle the green pear. It squirmed and chuckled, and then turned into a door handle for Harry to take hold of and pull the door open.

The kitchen was high-ceilinged with mounds of glittering brass pots and pans around the stone walls, and a great brick fireplace at the far end. The moment he took his Invisibility Cloak off, he was surrounded by House-elves of all sorts with offers of tea and crumpets. Harry made his way over to the only table in the room and sat down to enjoy his snack of crumpets when he finally noticed that he wasn't the only wizard there.

"Oh, sorry, I didn't—"

"That's quite all right," said Blaise Zabini. He held a saucer in one hand and a cup of tea in the other, his pinky finger sticking out. "It's not as if I own the kitchens."

"Er—right," said Harry. He tentatively sat at the farthest seat at the table and tried not to look at the Slytherin.

"What? Do I look like I have a disease or something? Why not sit closer? That way we could strike up a conversation."

"Um… I don't think we have anything to talk about…"

"You don't think so?" said Blaise with a challenging gleam in his eyes.

"Er—" Harry said again.

"Come, come, now," Blaise interrupted. "The Savior of the wizarding world can't be all brash, proud muscle, and Muggle-upbringing, can he? You *do* have manners, do you not?"

Harry felt himself growl in annoyance and before he knew what he was doing, he got up from his

spot at the table and sat down right across from Zabini.

"There, now," said Blaise with a cheeky smirk. "That's better, isn't it?" he took a slow sip of his tea.

Harry scowled at his crumpet. "I suppose," he murmured.

"Now, now, Potter," said Blaise, "talk to me, not your crumpet. I'm sure that I could give you a much better conversation."

'Not by much,' Harry thought furiously. Blaise had raised an eyebrow as if he knew what Harry had just thought. Harry's cheeks flushed.

"I hope that you wouldn't think me uncouth if I asked you a question right off the bat?" Blaise asked.

Harry stared at him for a bit, and then shook his head.

"Excellent," said Blaise. He set his cup of tea down and then clasped his hands together in front of him. "I've been wanting to ask you, but the opportunity hadn't yet arrived, but now that it has I wish to ask you a rather slight personal question." Harry felt a lump form in his throat with the heaviness of the notion of what the question could be. It could be anything… but Harry wasn't about to answer him if it was too personal.

"What?" he said.

"Well," said Blaise. "I was hoping that you could tell me if this one rumor that's going around is true or not. Are you…" he took a small breath, "involved with Finnigan and Thomas?"

Harry blinked as he stared hard at Blaise.

"You mean involved with them both or—?"

"Yes," said Blaise. "Are you in some sort of kinky threesome with them?"

It was a good thing that Harry hadn't taken a bite of his crumpet yet, otherwise he'd be choking.

"No, of course not!" he said. "Where'd you hear such nonsense?"

Blaise shrugged. "Well, you two just seemed so chummy that one day when you were hugging them both…"

"Oh!" Harry said suddenly. "You thought…" he laughed. "Oh, no, you got it all wrong! I was just happy that there were no hard feelings between us, that's all. I went on a date with Seamus and then Dean, but there wasn't much going on between us."

"Did you kiss Finnigan?" Blaise asked with a slight tick in his eye.

"Er… Seamus kissed me, but it was a closed-mouth kiss. That was it."

"And Thomas?"

Harry blushed a little. "Um, a few kisses… snogs and such… a little groping. But that's it." He looked up into Blaise's face. "Why? Are you… jealous?"

Blaise's cheeks went red, but Harry couldn't tell if it were from anger or embarrassment.

"Me, jealous?" he raved. "Never! Why'd I be jealous?"

"Why are you asking me about Seamus and Dean, then?" Harry retaliated.

Blaise opened and closed his mouth a few times, and then finally clamped it shut, staring hard into his tea.

"I'm sorry—" Harry started, and then suddenly there was a high shriek and Harry was tackled from behind.

"Harry Potter, sir!" said an excited Dobby. "I is so glad to see you! Is Harry Potter enjoying his crumpet? Would Harry Potter like another one? Or would Harry Potter like some tea?"

Harry laughed in amusement at both Dobby and the expression on Blaise's face. "Hello, Dobby," he said. "Yeah, I would like a cup of tea, thanks."

"Right away, Harry Potter, sir!" said Dobby elatedly, and then he was jogging back to fetch Harry's tea.

Blaise blinked, slowly getting out of shock. "What the hell—?"

"That was Dobby," explained Harry. "He's very—er—fond of me."

"I can see that," said Blaise. "Are you going to ask him for a date next?" he said in a slight teasing voice.

Harry furrowed his brows. "No! Are you mad?"

Blaise laughed. "Well, you said he was fond of you!"

"I didn't mean it like that!" Harry shouted, getting to his feet.

"Ok, ok! Down, boy! I was only taking the mickey!" Blaise laughed. Harry sat back down again

as he continued to glare at the Slytherin.

"Not funny," said Harry.

"Right," chuckled Blaise. "Anyway, nice to know that you're not with Finnigan."

"And Dean?" said Harry. Dobby came jogging up to Harry and set his cup of tea next to him. Harry thanked him.

"Oh," said Blaise, "yeah, and Thomas." He went red.

Harry ogled him for a bit, confused.

"Would Harry Potter like another crumpet or maybe he is liking a scone?"

"Um," said Harry, still staring at Blaise. "A scone, yeah." Dobby bowed and then left to go fetch Harry said scone.

"That elf acts as if you're his master."

Harry raised a brow. "Well… yeah, but he's just… he's a friend."

"Of course," said Blaise in a slight snooty tone. "The great Harry Potter is every creatures friend too, eh?"

"Dobby is different," said Harry, a little annoyed. "I set him free, so he's really taken with me."

Dobby returned with Harry's scone. "Is there anything else that Harry Potter…"

"No, Dobby," said Harry. "I'm fine now, thanks."

Dobby bowed low. "Of course, Harry Potter, sir! I will be seeing you later, then, sir!" He left.

"House-elf, half-giant, centaur, muggle-born… is there anything or anyone you haven't befriended yet?"

Harry's eyes bored through Blaise's. "You forgot demons, manticores, dementors, and Blast-Ended Skrewts."

Blaise laughed heartily. "You know what, Potter? I think I like you! If I weren't already pining after another Gryffindor, I'd snatch you up in a second!"

Harry's eye widened in realization.

"You're *pining* after another… Seamus!" Harry suddenly shouted. "You have a crush on Seamus!

That's why you asked whether I was seeing him or not!"

"Sometimes you're too smart for your own good," said Blaise with a reddened face.

Harry scowled at that but didn't comment on it. "So, why Seamus?" he asked.

"Why not?" said Blaise, shrugging.

"You're not going to hurt him, are you?" Harry snarled, getting to his feet, his fist clenched. "Because if you do…"

"Calm down, Potter, before you break the house-elves' china."

Harry sat down reluctantly, still glaring at the Slytherin. Blaise sighed and then leaned forward on his elbows, his chin on his hands.

"Don't worry, I'm not going to use him. I have no idea what it is, but something keeps drawing me toward him," he explained. "Finnigan might not be the brightest star in the galaxy, but that doesn't really matter to me. Perhaps it is a good thing that we talked tonight. You could help me get together with him…"

"Ha!" Harry laughed suddenly. "Help YOU seduce one of my good friends? Do I look stupid to you?"

"I told you already that it's not to mislead him! I really do… gawd, Potter, don't make me say it!"

"Say what?" said Harry with an impish look. "That you lo—"

"LIKE," said Blaise hotly. "I LIKE Seamus Finnigan, and I want to go out with him. What does he think of me?"

Harry took a sip of his tea before answering.

"I honestly don't know what he thinks of you," he said. "Do you—do you want me to ask or something?"

"Yes, yes, that would be kind of you," said Blaise with a smile that Harry wasn't quite trusting. Harry stared at him for a bit, thinking, and then took another sip of tea.

"I don't know if I should trust you with Seamus's heart," said Harry. "He's a dear friend of mine, and if anything happened to him, or if anyone hurts him, I will take revenge."

Blaise scowled a bit, but then he schooled his features back to normal and took a sip of tea. Harry continued to watch him as he bit into his scone, chewing slowly.

"You're a loyal and protective friend… I didn't doubt it for a second, Harry Potter. If I weren't serious, why would I talk to you about this? Wouldn't I have just got up and left if I didn't want you to know?"

Harry blinked. He had a point.

"What—what do you want me to do about it, then? I can't just walk up to Seamus and say: '*hey, mate, guess what? I found you a boyfriend!'* Yeah, right. I doubt he's into you let alone a Slytherin."

The tick in Blaise's eye was back again as he stared at Harry. Harry stared back, challengingly.

"Well… I would still like to find out what Seamus Finnigan thinks of me. We met in the library one time, and the look he had in his eyes for me… well, it didn't look like hate, that's for sure."

"You think he really likes you, just by that one look? How can you be so sure?"

"I'm not so sure, hence the reason I'm asking you to ask him."

Harry kept staring at Blaise as if he were off his rocker.

"Potter—Harry," Blaise reached across the table and laid his hand over Harry's and Harry jolted from the touch. "I promise you that I do not mean any harm to Seamus. I do like him, and I'd like to get to know him."

Harry looked down at Blaise's hand, slightly nervous, and then back up to Blaise's face. Blaise's eyes held such sincerity; Harry wasn't sure what to say at first.

Slowly, Harry moved his hand away from Blaise's and then placed it in his own lap. "Um, well… you know… maybe I could talk to Seamus…"

"Great!" Blaise beamed. "Thank you, Harry."

"Uh, you're welcome," said Harry, still feeling a little unsure of things.

Blaise drank the last of his tea. "You know, if you help me out here, I could perhaps help you find yourself a special someone."

Harry stared, trying not to blush. "Oh? You know of someone that really likes me and that you think I will like back?"

"Of course," said Blaise. "I wouldn't have said so if I wasn't sure."

"Um, well, thank you, but I'm sure that I could find my own special someone."

Blaise stared at Harry for a bit, and then stood from the table. "Hmmm… well, if you're sure." Harry nodded, but Blaise still had that determined look in his eyes. "Well, then, I bid you good evening, and I shall see you later." Before he left, however, he turned back around and said, "by the way, Harry…" Harry looked up. "I think that it's nice that Tracey Davis is getting along with your friend, Dean Thomas, don't you think?"

"Tracey Davis?"

"She's a girl Slytherin," exclaimed Blaise. "Well, tata."

"Bye," Harry said softly. He watched Blaise go before finishing up his scone and leaving for the Gryffindor Tower.

TBC

Sorry that I'm leaving it here, but my muse stopped working suddenly, plus it's already fourteen pages long and I think you guys deserve an update anyway. So, I will be working on getting some of my little ideas into play for the next chapter, which will hopefully work out. I wanted Harry and Tracey to have a bit of a talk, but they'll probably do that in the next chapter.

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Chapter: 10

Attraction, part ten

Pairings: Harry/Draco (will be!), Seamus/Blaise, past Harry/Seamus, Harry/Dean, Draco/Blaise, and Ron/other girls (Not sure of other pairings yet.)

Rating: PG-13 (so far – rating may go up)

Warnings: Slash, some bad language

Notes: fan fiction isn't a chore. This fic is just something I wanted to write to help my muse. More will possibly be added when I can think of more things to write. This doesn't have much of a plot, just so you know. **The only plot** going on, so far, is Harry and his sexuality. Plot? What plot? 0:)

Disclaimer: I do not own these characters; they belong to J. K. Rowling.

To Henrietta: 'tata' was supposed to mean 'see you later', but I was just informed that it meant 'thanks' or 'thank you'. Let's ignore my error for now, huh? I shall correct it later.

To someone named Hey: Is this H/D? YES. –head/desk-

To everyone else: I'm sorry that this seems a bit late, but I've had troubles writing one of the scenes. After taking a small break, and then reading some of The Books of Magic, my muse finally got a kick start. This was supposed to have been done last week. So, again, I'm sorry for the delay. I hope you enjoy.

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It was the middle of November already, with a few flakes on the ground, but the weather was mild. Tracey Davis loved the smell of winter and the look of snow dusting the trees and ground. It was a beautiful sight to her and she wouldn't put it past her new Gryffindor friend, Dean Thomas, to be outside right now, sitting underneath the usual tree with sketchbook and art supplies at hand. She had gone outside to look for him, but what surprised her was that it wasn't Dean that sat underneath the usual beech tree—it was Harry Potter.

He was all bundled up in his winter cloak and scarf, but she couldn't help notice the bright pink in his cheeks and redness on the tips of his ears. She wasn't sure how long he'd been sitting outside, but by the looks of things it looked as if it had been a while.

Determined to find out what was wrong with the famous Gryffindor boy, she continued to walk toward him, doing her best to look nonchalant. She still prided in her upbringing of being Slytherin and a bit rich, but she didn't find it so bad to want to get to know others from different houses. From what she remembered of her parents telling her, her grandmother was either a muggleborn (they used the word Mudblood) or a half-blood. It really didn't matter to her. What was so great about blood when purebloods were dying out? Love mattered more, didn't it?

At the sound of her footfalls, Harry lifted his head and stared at her warily. She smiled at him, hopefully in reassurance, and then sat down next to him, shoulders bumping.

"Hi," she said.

"Hi," said Harry. "Do I… do I know you?"

She giggled. "Sorry, I guess Dean never told you about me? I'm Tracey Davis," she said, holding out a hand for him to take.

Harry clasped his hand (awkwardly because of the angle) in hers, squeezing it gently, and then let go. "Yeah, he mentioned you once, but I forgot. I guess that it's just such a shocker to see that you're a Slytherin."

"Of course," she said, smirking slightly. "That's most Gryffindors' reactions. Dean and I get along keenly. You used to date him?"

"Yeah," said Harry, ducking his head a little.

"That's ok. He said that you two are still good friends. I'm happy to hear that. So," she took a small breath, "what are you doing out here? Trying to catch your death of cold?"

Harry smiled a little. "No; don't I wish? No, I'm just out here to get away from everyone and everything for a while. Some alone time, if you will."

"And I'm intruding on your alone time, aren't I?"

"Oh, it's ok. I guess I don't mind," he blushed slightly.

"Such a gentleman. You know, I've heard that you're considered arrogant and selfish. I don't buy it, of course. You seem too sweet to be like that."

Harry's blush deepened. "Thanks, I think…"

"You're welcome. I did come out here to find Dean, but I guess he's still inside."

"Yeah, he's not feeling too good today," said Harry.

"Oh! I'm sorry to hear that. He should go to the hospital wing…"

"Oh, he's there right now. Poor bloke looks dead on his feet. I think he's caught the usual flu that's going around Hogwarts right now."

"You'll catch it if you're not careful," said Tracey.

"I'll be fine."

"You're so brave," she said with a bit of mirth. Harry smiled a little, possibly from embarrassment, and then shrugged his shoulders.

"No, just stupid."

"You're not stupid, you silly sod," she said meaningfully. "From what I've heard, you're rather intelligent. There are lots of rumors about you in Slytherin."

"Oh?" Harry's left eyebrow twitched. "Do tell."

"Well, some are good, some are bad. Which would you rather hear first?"

"I think I know most of the bad already," Harry sighed.

"Like what?" she asked.

"Well, like being arrogant and selfish, for one—I won't deny that I might have those traits, maybe a little. But I try not to. Also, I'm sure there are rumors about how I am since second year—about being a parselmouth. And so on and so forth."

"Ok, well… there aren't many good rumors, I'm sure you know. The one is the intelligent thing going around. I'm guessing it's true?" she smiled at his blush. "Um, the other one is how open you've suddenly gotten, with your sexuality and such. Uh… and then there's the ordeal about you surviving You-Know-Who a lot… well, that's taken as a bad thing, but I think it's good."

Harry's eyes widened in shock. "You think it's a good thing that I've been surviving Voldemort's attempts to kill me so far?"

Tracey shivered, but he wasn't sure if it was from the cold or from him saying Voldemort's name.

"Yeah—I'm—I don't think that you'll lose. I don't… you know… support You-Know-Who."

"Really?" said Harry, his face lighting up. "That's great!"

"Yeah," she smiled. "Not everyone thinks so, though. Well, they don't know for sure that I'm against You-Know-Who; they just know that I'm into—curious about—you Gryffindors. Um… I don't know if you should tell anyone else, just in case word gets around…"

"Don't worry," said Harry. "If I do, it'll just be my closest friends."

"Thanks, Harry," she smiled. They sat there in silence for a while, just enjoying it, and then Harry sighed. "What?" Tracey asked.

"Oh, it's just that this year has been rather weird lately. First I have a decent conversation with Blaise Zabini and now you."

"You talked to Blaise? When? And what about? Is it all right if I ask?"

Harry smiled a little. "It's ok if you ask. Yeah, I met him in the kitchens a couple weeks ago and we had a strange conversation. He's—" Harry snorted, making her raise an eyebrow. "Well, he admitted to have a crush on someone, and I'm supposed to find out from his crush what he thinks of him."

"You haven't done this yet?" she said, looking confused.

"Oh, I have—I mean, I tried—but he… he's acting odd."

"Who's acting odd? Blaise?"

"No, Se—I mean—Blaise's crush."

"Who does he have a crush on? I might be able to help."

"Well, ok. As long as you don't say that I told you."

"No problem," she said, making an X mark over her heart.

"Ok. Well, it's…" he leaned in close to whisper. "It's Seamus Finnigan."

"Oh!" Tracey squeaked. "Well, that makes perfect sense!"

"It does?" Harry blinked.

"Yes!" she grinned. "I've been noticing the odd looks between them. I would love to help you get them together."

"All right," Harry smiled. "Thanks."

"No problem, Harry," she said. She laid her head onto Harry's shoulder and sighed. "It's nice out, but I have a feeling that it'll only get colder. We should go in."

"Yeah, we should—" Harry started, but then was suddenly interrupted.

"So, you can't go at least a few weeks without having yourself a fling, can you, Potter?"

Harry and Tracey both gasped, standing up. Tracey was looking more embarrassed than Harry was, however.

"It's not what you think, Malfoy," said Harry, looking annoyed.

"Oh?" said Malfoy, raising an eyebrow.

"Harry's right!" Tracey shouted. "We were just talking, that's all!"

"And laying your head on his shoulder. I know what's going on. I'm not stupid."

Both Tracey and Harry snorted. Draco narrowed his eyes. "Not funny," he said.

"You're taking everything the wrong way!" Harry exclaimed. "There's nothing going on between us!"

Draco kept on looking skeptical. Tracey glared at him.

"Quit behaving like a know-it-all prat, Draco," she said. "I admit that Harry's cute, but I don't think of him in that way!"

Harry blushed slightly. "You think I'm cute?"

Draco was gritting his teeth and acting as if he wanted to say something, but then changed the subject.

"It's almost curfew," he said softly. "Go back to your dormitories."

Harry blinked in surprise, but Tracey said, "Fine. We will. Come on, Harry."

They left. Draco watched them go with a detached look.

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"That was odd," said Tracey the moment they walked back inside Hogwarts. The warmth of the fires hit them immediately, and Harry could feel his nose and ears slowly thaw.

"Yeah, it was," he said. "I thought for sure that he'd at least keep on arguing until it was curfew, and then slap me with a detention for being out."

"He'd have to give me detention too, for being out after curfew. I think maybe he didn't want to give a fellow Slytherin a detention or something."

Harry worried his bottom lip for a bit as he mulled it over. It did almost seem like Malfoy was deciding on not giving Harry detention because Tracey was with—then again, he almost seemed… nice.

No way. Draco Malfoy acting *nice*? That thought was too strange.

"Are you going to talk to Seamus tonight?"

"Huh?" said Harry as he got dragged out of his thoughts.

"About Blaise?" she said.

"Oh! Oh, yeah. I will."

"Good. See you later, Harry," she said, waving as they parted ways. When Harry turned back around after waving back, he saw Hermione standing a few feet away from him, hands on hips, and looking intrigued.

"Harry James Potter, I am *astounded*—" Hermione started.

"It's not what you think!" Harry said right away, incredulous.

"Oh, I *know* what I saw. Those longing looks…"

"They weren't longing looks!"

"Then what do you call them?" she asked, raising an eyebrow.

"We're just friends. Seriously! I have no yearning desire to be with her in that way!"

"What's going on, then?" she asked.

Harry took a deep breath. "I'll tell you, but not here. We need to go somewhere private."

After a while, they found a deserted classroom, and Harry told her everything he could. He even told her about the strange conversation he had with Blaise.

Hermione's mouth opened and closed for a bit, and then she pressed them in a thin line. She suddenly smiled.

"Oh! I think I can be of some assistance! You see, Seamus had already admitted to me that he has a crush on some Slytherin. So you say that the looks that Zabini and Seamus had shared together in the library sparked something? Oh! I'll bet anything it is Zabini that Seamus has a crush on!"

"Brilliant," said Harry. "Then it won't be as hard as I had thought. Now all I have to do is get them to admit it to each other. Tracey said that she was going to help me, but I *might* not need her help after all. Thanks, Hermione."

"You're welcome, Harry," she smiled.

Just as they were about to leave the room, the door had opened and there stood Draco Malfoy. Harry's eyes widened, cursing his luck. They should have gone straight to the tower! He didn't think that Malfoy would be able to follow him here.

"Well, well, well… this *is* a rather interesting day. One girl just won't satisfy you, will it, Potter? You have to go after Granger…"

Harry's face burned. "It's NOT what you think!"

"Harry's telling the truth!" said Hermione. "We weren't doing anything!"

"Hmm… I suppose I could believe you, but you two are out after curfew AND in an old abandoned classroom. What am I to think?"

"I admit we should have taken our conversation to the common room, but it was a bit urgent."

Draco looked unfazed. "Sorry, but duty calls. You both have detention tomorrow night."

Harry clenched his fists, doing his best not to lose his temper and just hit Malfoy square in the nose.

"Look," he said, "you really don't have to do this… you had just let me go a few minutes ago…"

"A half hour ago, actually."

"Whatever. You still could have just let us go back to our common room. Is it because we're both Gryffindors? Is the reason why you didn't give me detention before because I was with another Slytherin?"

Draco raised an eyebrow as he stared at Harry. Harry was getting more and more angry by Draco's silence by the second.

"Are you saying that I should just give Granger detention?" Draco finally said.

Harry furrowed his brow. "No! Just—just give me detention."

"How chivalrous of you, Potter," Draco smirked.

"It's my fault anyway!" Harry said before Draco could say anything more. "I'm the one that told her that I needed to talk to her straight away and decided on this empty classroom, so… just give me detention. Besides, Hermione's a prefect. She's allowed out after curfew."

"That's right," said Hermione with a small blush as though she had suddenly forgotten, too. "I am allowed. Also, I do have prefect duties to do tonight, which I should be getting to right this moment. So, if you'll excuse me, Malfoy, I'll be on my way."

"Fine," said Draco with a sneer. "Go away, then."

Hermione nodded once, and then turned to Harry. "I'm sorry, Harry…"

"It's ok," he said quickly. "Don't worry about it. It's not like I haven't had a detention before. Go on and do your prefect duties."

She smiled at him, nodding, and then left the two boys alone in the room. Harry and Draco stared at each other for a while—one with a superior smirk and the other with a brave, insolent look.

"So, Potter," Draco said with a smug smile, "detention with… who? Filch? Snape? Surely not Hagrid since you two get on so well. Hmm… Snape is a good pick, don't you think so, Potter?"

Harry sighed, knowing there was nothing he could do about it.

"Whatever."

"Nice to see that you're actually giving up. I thought for sure that you'd be trying to give me excuse after excuse so that you don't get a detention."

Harry shrugged. "I can handle Snape."

"Oh? You think so? We'll see about that, won't we?" Draco grabbed Harry's elbow and dragged him out of the room and toward the dungeons. Harry wasn't sure if he should be feeling worried at the particular moment. Maybe he was just too tired to care or felt a little indifferent about it all to feel anything remotely like worry.

After a while, almost halfway to Snape's office, Harry yanked his arm out of Draco's grasp. "I can walk on my own, thanks."

"I should hope so," said Draco smugly. "Heaven help us if the Wizard Savior can't do something as simple as walking by himself."

Harry glared at him heatedly. "Shut up. You're one to talk about *walking on your own*."

"What the bloody hell are you talking about?" Draco sneered. He turned around so that he was now face to face with Harry. They stood there for a bit, glaring into each other's eyes.

"You're not *that* stupid, are you?" said Harry. Draco narrowed his eyes and was about to retort, but Harry continued. "Heaven help YOU if you ever decide to do things for yourself."

"I still don't understand what you're talking about, Potter."

"Well, let's put it this way: how often do you parrot your father?"

Draco grabbed onto Harry's tie harshly. "DON'T TALK ABOUT MY FATHER!"

Harry grinned. "A little tetchy, are we?"

"I'm warning you, Potter…"

"Hurts, doesn't it?"

Draco stared. "What hurts?"

"Being teased about your father." Draco sputtered, but Harry held up a hand. "I wasn't trying to tease you about your father this time, though. I meant it. How often do you copy things that your father does? You always seem to try being like him and not yourself."

"How dare you!" Draco snarled. "I am my own man—my own wizard!"

"Since when?" Harry dared. "I don't remember you acting like your own person. You're always sprouting off things that your father said or what he would think… do you even go as far as feel the same way he feels?"

"My father and I have a lot in common!" Draco shouted, his face going red.

"Only because you're trying to model yourself after him."

Draco glared at Harry hard for a moment, and then wrapped Harry's tie around his fist and towed him toward Snape's office.

"You know nothing, Potter! I look up to my father!"

"Yeah, even when he's in prison, then?"

Draco whipped out his wand and pointed it between Harry's eyes. "Don't—test—me."

Harry just kept staring at Draco, as if daring him, but then Draco broke the contact and continued to drag him toward their destination. Draco was grumbling things under his breath the whole way, and Harry only caught "…thinks he's always right, the prat… sticking his nose into other's business…"

Harry rolled his eyes.

They finally made it to Snape's office, to Harry's somewhat relief (if he had to listen to anymore bellyaching grumbles, he would have smacked Malfoy in the noggin), and Draco knocked on the door. They stood there at the door a little awkwardly. Draco kept glancing over at Harry, and Harry kept trying to ignore the looks Draco was giving him.

The door opened at last and there stood the Potions' Professor… in his pajamas. Harry fought not to laugh.

"Sorry to disturb you, sir," said Draco, "but I have caught Potter out, after hours, and I was wondering if it's ok that he spend his detention with you."

"Now?" Snape grumbled. "Are you nuts, Mr. Malfoy?"

"No, not now, sir," he chuckled nervously. Harry sighed in annoyance. "I meant that he could have his detention with you, er… when you're able, or whatever."

Snape folded his arms across his chest and glared down at them. "And you couldn't wait until morning to tell me that you have assigned Mr. Potter to me for detention? You had to come and wake me up?"

Harry wanted to say *"Smooth move, Malfoy."* But he didn't think he should test Snape's tolerance

at the moment. He knew how annoyed Snape could get with simple student squabbling. Plus, he wanted to show Snape that he was the more mature one of the two. Draco was already having a heck of a time keeping himself from looking like a moron.

"Sorry, sir," said Draco. "It—it won't happen again. I guess I just got carried away with my duties…"

"So I've noticed," drawled Snape. "Just make sure Potter gets back to his common room and doesn't take a detour to the kitchens or something."

"Yes, sir," said Draco. "Good night, sir."

Snape grunted and then slammed the door shut.

"Rather grumpy when he's woken up, isn't he?" Harry smirked.

"Shut up, Potter. You'd be grumpy too if you had to endure all he had to."

"Oh, I'm sure," said Harry, rolling his eyes. Draco gave him a warning glare before grabbing onto the hood of his cloak and ushered him forward a bit rudely.

"Back to your common room, Potter," he sneered.

"All right, all right! You don't have to get so bossy, Malfoy."

"If someone doesn't then you'd always think that you had run of the whole castle. That's the headmaster's job, however, not yours. No matter how special you think you are."

"I don't think I'm special!" Harry snarled.

"Yeah, sure, Potter. Whatever you say."

Harry felt like hitting Draco across the head, but he willed himself to not give in to the temptation. If only Draco knew how Harry felt, if only he knew what kind of crap he had to go through—to *endure*—most of his life, then Malfoy would be singing a different tune. Harry was sure of it.

And that prat just kept on looking over at him as if he wanted to say something, but then decided not to. Harry wanted to grab and shake him until he finally coughed up what he wanted to say. Not only was his wand hand twitching, but so was his other one.

"I'll bet you enjoy following me all the way to the Gryffindor Tower," said Harry. He was a bit surprised that he decided to talk, but the silence was beginning to annoy him. "Gives you a bit of a thrill, does it?"

"Not as much as wanting to *throw* you off the tower."

"Don't you wish it was that easy?" Harry laughed. "I've actually gotten good at conjuring up things," he lied. "I could conjure up a nice safety net or a swimming pool for me to fall in."

Draco snorted. "Sure, Potter. I doubt you'd even know how to conjure yourself some decent glasses, or a hair style."

"YOU could conjure yourself a whole new attitude, if you could."

"I like my attitude just the way it is, thanks."

"You mean cocky, self-centered, mean-spirited, and cowardly?"

Draco had done just what Harry had wanted to do a few minutes ago—he grabbed onto Harry's shirt front and… well, didn't shake him, but threw him into the nearest wall, right next to a portrait. He thought he heard a voice shout something from the portrait, but he was too busy glaring into Malfoy's eyes to care.

"Remember this little position?" Draco suddenly said instead of what Harry thought he was going to say. "Last time, though, you had ME up against the wall and you were yelling things at ME. Well, the tables have turned, unfortunately." Draco pressed himself further into Harry's body, a thigh very close to his groin.

"I remember," Harry said in a warning tone. "I was telling you to mind your damn business about my sexuality."

"Now I'm telling *you* to mind your own bloody business about the way I am! Where do you *get off* trying to tell *me* how to act or behave? It's none of your concern. I don't care if you're a bloody GOD, you do NOT tell me what is right and what is wrong!"

"You've got a strange way of telling right from wrong, Malfoy."

"I could say the same about you, *Potter*. What makes you think that mingling with Muggle-lovers and Mudbloods is a good thing?"

"What makes you think that it's bad?" Harry sneered.

"YOU'RE NOT ALL KNOWING, POTTER!"

"NEITHER ARE YOU, MALFOY!"

"What's all this hullabaloo?" said someone in the portrait next to them.

Harry and Draco stopped shouting at each other immediately, and also realized that they were

only mere inches away from each other's face. Draco could see a fingerprint smudge on one side of Harry's lenses, and Harry could see… a small pockmark above Malfoy's left eye?

They moved away from one another as if they were electrocuted and then looked up at the person in the portrait. Just their luck… it was Sir Cadogan.

"Well, hello young sirs," he said in greeting, bowing. He was holding onto his sword, which was stuck blade-down into the grassy field in the painting. "Is there anything that I could be assistance of?"

"Er—I don't think so," said Harry. He looked sideways at Malfoy.

"Mr. Potter! How are you, sir? Did the date with Mr. Finnigan go well?"

"Uh—sort of. We're not dating anymore…"

"Oh, yes. Back to being grand chums now, eh? Well then, are you and this good sir having a bit of a tiffy that I could help solve?"

Draco ground his teeth as though he were trying to not come out as rude.

Harry sighed. "No, I don't think you could help us."

"No…" said Draco tensely. "That ship has sailed, unfortunately."

"Are you so sure? You both seem to complement each other nicely."

Harry and Draco made a sour face.

"I beg to differ!" Draco shouted.

"As if!" said Harry about the same time.

"Hmm… I suppose I *could* be mistaken—but I usually don't make mistakes."

"Since when have you become a match-maker?" Harry said.

"I've been one since before I was a knight," said Sir Cadogan, looking proud. "Madams and sirs have come to me for advice, and I have given it. Most couples would just walk into a room and I could tell straight away if the feelings were pure and just."

"Well I think you're off your rocker," said Draco, folding his arms.

Harry felt the same, but he wasn't about to say that he agreed with Malfoy. Sir Cadogan was, however, making him feel uneasy with it all. If the loony knight was right, how was it possible

that he'd be able to handle being with someone like Malfoy? For one, Malfoy was an ass! And two: They're from different houses! Well, the different houses didn't matter too much, but they're a Gryffindor and a Slytherin! A match made in Hell! What good could come out of it?

Sex?

Harry gasped and held in his breath. Where in the bloody hell did that come from? Stupid hormones. Heel! Sit! Stay!

"If you say so, good sir," said Sir Cadogan.

Harry snorted. *Good sir*?

"Sir Cadogan, Malfoy is anything but 'good'."

Draco leered. "You know nothing, Potter. Just because you're labeled as Saint Potter…"

"Oh, shut up!" Harry snarled.

"I must take my leave, sirs," said Cadogan, getting them to halt in the glaring contest. "There are other portraits in which I need to visit and other places to watch over. Fare thee well, sirs. I do hope you both overcome your little differences. Good day."

He bowed and then walked out of the picture.

"Little?" Harry snorted.

They stood there in awkward silence for a bit, and then Draco nudged Harry in the back.

"Off to Gryffindor Tower now, Potter. No more stalling."

Harry gave Malfoy a nasty look over his shoulder, and then slowly began to walk toward the tower.

There was no way in hell that he and Malfoy, of all people, could get into some sort of stable relationship. . . .

Was there?

TBC

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Chapter: 11

Attraction, part eleven

Pairings: Harry/Draco (will be!), Seamus/Blaise, past Harry/Seamus, Harry/Dean, Draco/Blaise, and Ron/other girls (Not sure of other pairings yet.)

Rating: PG-13 (so far – rating may go up)

Warnings: Slash, some bad language

Notes: This doesn't have much of a plot, just so you know. **The only plot** going on, so far, is Harry and his sexuality. Plot? What plot? 0:)

Disclaimer: I do not own these characters; they belong to J. K. Rowling.

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The next couple of days went by in a slight haze for Harry. If he wasn't trying to study for his exams, have Quidditch practice, attend classes, or try keeping up with the latest wizarding world news, he was in deep thought about some of the things that Sir Cadogan had said.

"...You both seem to complement each other nicely."

"*…Most couples would just walk into a room and I could tell straight away if the feelings were pure and just."*

"...I do hope you both overcome your little differences."

Harry shook his head clear. He really had to stop thinking about that. He had studying to do and he couldn't let his mind wander too much. He took out his History of Magic homework parchment, a quill, and his bottle of ink. The top of the parchment said: ***Name six out of the eleven false things that Muggles think indicates demonic possession.***

Harry wrote the number one below that and then started to think, trying his best not to look in the book. He vowed that he would only check the book if he was really stuck because he knew that this sort of thing might be included in the end exam. After about a minute, he remembered one and jotted down quickly: *To make a pact with the Devil.* He knew there was more to it, but he couldn't remember. Then, he dipped his quill into the inkwell and wrote a number two. After thinking on it, he wrote: *To lead a wicked life.* Then after a while, other answers finally presented themselves into his brain.

3. To be troubled by spirits.

4. To be uncontrollable and violent.

5. To make sounds and movements like an animal (most often thought they were wolves).

For the last one, Harry finally broke down and looked through the book. He finally spotted an amusing answer, but wasn't sure if he should include it. Finally he decided to write: *6. To blaspheme.* That was easy enough to remember come exam time.

Muggles of those times were so superstitious that it made Harry chuckle. But then again, the number seven was rather a lucky number, as it was also rather magical. It was nice to know that he, himself, was player number seven on the Quidditch team. It was also rather interesting to know that the Weasleys had seven children, and that he was born on the seventh month. Quite eerie, that.

Finally done with his homework, Harry put his books away and then scanned the library. Hardly anyone was around on this sunny, but chilly, Sunday afternoon. Hermione had already finished her homework yesterday and had been knitting socks, hats, and whatever else she could since. Ron had been doing more Quidditch practices than homework lately, which Harry couldn't blame him for. Ron could use all the help he could get, the poor guy. It was nearing the next Quidditch match of the year, as well. They had already beaten Hufflepuff, but Ravenclaw had somehow beaten Slytherin, so now they had to play Slytherin again—but for the final time that year. Harry couldn't wait to show Malfoy up next weekend. It should be amusing.

Before Harry could leave the library, however, Seamus had suddenly showed up at his table looking a little worried and distraught. Harry couldn't help being curious.

"All right, Seamus?" he asked.

Seamus looked around the library as if he were making sure there was no one else nearby, and then plopped down in a chair across from Harry.

"Have you seen, er—I mean—have any sly, cunning-type men been around here?"

"Who, what?" Harry blinked.

"Er—other, um, guys… *sly* types?"

"Slytherins?" Harry asked.

"Shh!" Seamus gestured with a hand. "Keep it down, yeah?"

"Around the library you mean? No, I haven't seen any Slytherins around."

"Oh, good," said Seamus with a relieved look. He laced his fingers together nervously, looking over his shoulder once in a while.

"What's wrong?"

"What? Er, nothing," said Seamus too quickly. "Nothing's the matter, everything's fine. Really. How are you, Harry?"

"Uh, fine, I guess," he said. "Have you finished your Potions assignment?"

"Huh?" said Seamus, looking around again. He was obviously not paying attention.

"Your Potions assignment," repeated Harry. "Finished it yet?"

"Oh, um… no. But soon… yeah, very soon… umm… I'll see you around." Seamus got up and quickly walked out of the library.

Harry raised an eyebrow. "Weird."

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Draco was at his wits end. They had Quidditch practice in about a half hour and still no sign of Blaise. He was the best Chaser they ever had, and he couldn't find the wanker. He had even asked Pansy at breakfast, but she and Millicent were ignoring him for some reason. He vaguely wondered what he had done to upset them this time, but then decided that he didn't really care if he did or not. It wasn't his problem.

"Where's Blaise?" he asked Theodore Nott that evening.

"How should I know?" said Nott, looking annoyed. "I'm not his keeper."

"Don't get smart with me, Nott. I'm just asking."

"Sorry, Malfoy, but I really don't know."

"When was the last time you saw him?"

"Um," Nott looked up at the ceiling as if it would give him the answer. "Last night, I think… before he went to bed."

"And you didn't see him at breakfast?"

"No, not really. I guess I just wasn't paying attention."

"Was Davis there? At breakfast, I mean."

"Yeah, I think so. I think she came in late."

Draco didn't need to ask any more questions. He decided to use his prefect status and search the castle for Blaise, which was annoying as hell. He wasn't Blaise's keeper either, but they needed him for practice and to go over strategy with. Warrington told him outright to make sure everyone was on the pitch at the exact appointed time to meet. He wasn't sure what his captain would do if they were one person less.

Ten minutes later, Draco happened to find Blaise walking back and forth at the bottom of the stairs that went up to the Gryffindor Tower. Draco didn't know what to think.

"Where were you?" he said, making Blaise jump out of his skin.

"Um," said Blaise, looking around wildly. "I was… here?"

"At the grand staircase that leads up to the Gryffindor Tower?"

"Um… yes?" said Blaise helpfully.

"I see. And what possessed you to do this—pacing back and forth by the grand staircase?"

"Um…"

"And will you stop saying 'um', it's highly annoying!"

"Sorry, Draco, I—I don't—it's really none of your business."

Draco raised a brow. He'd never seen Blaise so lost for words before. Something was obviously on the other boy's mind.

"You're not waiting around to see Finnigan, are you?" said Draco. The way Blaise blushed, however, told all. Draco frowned. "Oh, Blaise… no…"

Blaise rested his forehead on the wall beside the stairs and sighed. "Yes," he said heavily. "I've gone and… I want to see him, but… I feel so ridiculous."

"You should," said Draco with a slight glare. "I mean—it's Seamus Finnigan! He's a half-blood!"

"Yeah, I know."

"He's a Gryffindor!"

"Yes."

"He—he dated Potter!"

"So did Dean Thomas."

"Yeah… that's just as bad. But seriously, Blaise! You can do better than Finnigan."

"Like who?" Blaise asked, moving away from the wall.

"Well… like… er… anyone other than him! As long as it's not a Gryffindor."

Blaise rolled his eyes.

"Or a Mudblood," Draco added.

"Look, Draco," Blaise sighed, running a hand through his hair. "I understand your concern, but there aren't that many purebloods left to choose from, are there? And I'm not about to get together with someone that might be related to me. Just thinking of marrying some cousin or some other distant relative gives me the heebie-jeebies."

"Maybe you could find someone that's as close to a pureblood as you could get?"

"Like who? Look, don't answer that," said Blaise, holding up a hand. "I like Seamus, and that's that. I won't change my mind."

Draco sighed deeply. "Great. Just great. First Tracey, and now you! Who's next? Pansy? Will she and Granger suddenly become best mates? And what about Nott? I admit that his friendship with Cauldwell is strange enough, but if he suddenly thinks that Gryffindors are all right…" he sighed again. "The whole Slytherin House is going loco!"

"You're being a drama queen."

Draco's left eye twitched. "Don't call me that! But whatever. Fine. If you want to wait around for Finnigan like a lovesick puppy, then be my guest. I'm going back to the common room."

"Fine. See you later."

"Fine."

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Harry was just making his way toward the stairs that led up to the Gryffindor Tower when suddenly Draco Malfoy came walking down. It was odd enough to see Malfoy near the tower in the first place (even though he's a prefect), but actually descending the staircase?

"What are you doing here, Malfoy?" said Harry in a tone he hoped was very assertive.

"It's really none of your business, Potter. Besides, I'm a prefect. I'm allowed to go wherever I

please."

Harry got as close to Malfoy as he could, determined to see if he could tell if Malfoy were lying or not. And that was the ONLY reason!

"I want the truth, Malfoy."

Draco's eyes narrowed. "The truth? I don't have to tell you anything…"

"You're in Gryffindor territory, Malfoy. I have the right to know."

"Do you?" Draco sniffed hauntingly. Harry just kept staring at him. "Fine. If you want to know so badly, I'll tell you . . . . I was looking for my friend Blaise, and I happened to find him… prowling around your Gryffindor territory."

"What?" Harry said, slightly surprised. "Blaise Zabini is…?"

"Invading Gryffindor territory, yes. What do you plan to do, Potter? Chase him away like a Tomcat—like a territorial animal? I doubt you've marked any part of the tower as your territory… unless you really do go around pissing on things."

Harry's lip twitched. "No. That's something you'd do."

"Har, har," said Draco. He acted as if he were straightening his tie. "It pains me to say this, but Blaise has gone round the bend . . . . He's waiting around *your territory* to see someone. I tried to talk him out of it, but it's no use. The boy is brainwashed—no—he's lost his mind completely!"

"What are you babbling about?" said Harry.

Draco pulled a sour face. "The idiot went and fell for a Gryffindor!" then Draco acted like he had a major headache. "Can you believe it? *A Gryffindor!*"

Harry suddenly remembered his talk with Hermione and Tracey Davis.

"Seamus…" he muttered.

"Yes," sighed Draco. "Sad, isn't it? I never thought I'd see the day when a Slytherin falls for a Gryffindor. I always thought Hell would freeze over first."

Harry stared, a little stonily, at Malfoy. Draco was looking at something off in the distance, and then he finally raised his eyes and began to stare back at Harry.

It was the oddest feeling while they stared at one another. It was like they were suddenly sharing something, but they weren't… not really. And there wasn't any hate-filled glares being exchanged, or death threats being muttered, or egos flying around. They just stared. Then they

both shivered; either from the thought of a Gryffindor and a Slytherin being together or because of how long they were staring at one another without any malice.

Suddenly, Draco said, "Isn't there someone else you can annoy now? Friends? Other housemates? Great big poisonous snakes?"

"Bugger off," Harry snarled.

"I will. Just tell Blaise not to be out late or I'll ground him."

Harry guessed that was supposed to be a joke, but he didn't laugh.

"See you on the Quidditch pitch, Potter. Bring a coffin."

"I will if you bring your Snitch catching talent."

Draco glared hard, wand hand twitching a bit before leaving.

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"It's about bloody time!" Blaise shouted the moment he heard footsteps coming up the stairs. "I've been waiting a long time for you to—oh," he stopped short when he realized that it wasn't who he had thought it was. "It's just you, Potter."

Harry stopped a few feet in front of the Slytherin. "Sorry to disappoint," he said. "I really don't know where Seamus is right now…" Harry saw Blaise jolt at the sound of Seamus's name. "I saw him in the library last, but he left."

"Bugger," Blaise groaned. "Why is he suddenly avoiding me?"

"I don't know," said Harry. "I did try to talk to him, like I said I would, but he's being impossible. He never acted this way when it was me."

Blaise stared at him, as if thinking, and then made for the stairs. "Well, Potter, I'll be seeing you around, then. I have Quidditch practice to go to."

"Do you want me to tell Seamus anything if I see him?" Harry asked nicely.

Blaise stopped short and then turned round to look at Harry again. He stared at the Gryffindor for about a minute and then shrugged his shoulders.

"Just tell him… um… let him know that I was looking for him, and that I wanted to talk to him."

"All right," said Harry. Blaise turned and slowly walked down the stairs. Harry watched him for a bit before shaking his head in some amusement and then making his way to the portrait of the

Fat Lady. "Phoenix feather," he said and the portrait opened to allow him access inside. When Harry walked into the common room, he saw Ron and Hermione sitting by the fireplace.

"Hey, Harry," said Hermione when she noticed him.

"Hey, Hermione. Have you seen Seamus?"

"No, I haven't," she said, looking worried. "Is there something wrong?"

"I hope not," said Harry quietly.

"We have Quidditch practice today," said Ron.

"I know," said Harry. He sat down next to Hermione and stared into the fire.

"Are you ready?" said Ron. "Because I won't go easy on you."

Harry smiled slightly. "Of course I'm ready. I'm always ready to beat the stuffing out of Malfoy."

"That's the spirit!" Ron crowed. Hermione sighed and then went back to reading.

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"It's about damn time!" Draco said, exasperated.

"Sorry, Draco," said Blaise. "I'm ready anytime you are."

"We have the pitch for practice now, before the Gryffindorks use it. We've already wasted twenty minutes waiting for you!"

"Sorry."

"You better be," said Draco. "Get your Nimbus 2000 and let's go."

Montague, Warrington, Crabbe, Goyle, and Bletchley were waiting for them at the entrance to the pitch. Montague was tapping his toe in impatience. If he thought that Draco was going to feel sorry for making him wait, he had another thing coming. Blaise didn't even look abashed. Good for him. If it was one thing that Draco could count on Blaise for, it was to look nonchalant about things.

"It's about effing time," said Montague in annoyance. "Let's get cracking before those stupid Gryffindors get here."

"We should just take our sweet time practicing anyway," said Warrington. "Who cares when they had booked the pitch?"

"Damn right," said Bletchley. "We should get our usual practice time in."

"We will," said Montague determinedly. They followed their captain out onto the pitch. It was relatively cloudy, but it didn't look like it would rain soon. The Slytherin captain put them all through a series of tough practices and exercises for about a half hour. As the usual time to end practice drew near, the Gryffindor team had made their way onto the pitch, expecting the Slytherins to have been about done.

Harry gazed up, as did everyone else, and watched them. Montague was yelling at Crabbe about something as Blaise scored yet another goal past Miles Bletchley. Harry looked over at Ron just in time to see him wince. Blaise was a worthy opponent in the air. Harry looked back at Seamus, who had finally showed up moments before they left for the Quidditch pitch; he was staring at Blaise with an unidentified look. Harry couldn't tell if Seamus was nervous or not—he wasn't even shaking.

"They should be done by now," said Ron. He started to get on his broom, but Harry stopped him. "What?" Ron asked.

"Wait a minute. Maybe they're not done yet."

"Too bad, it's our turn," said Ginny. "They had their chance."

"Malfoy was having a heck of a time finding Zabini," said Harry. "So they were probably late to practice. We'll just have to wait until they're done."

"But then we won't get enough time to practice!" said Sloper.

"We should just start practicing anyway," said Alicia, nodding. "It's a big enough pitch… we could just do something at the other side."

"I agree," said Ron. "Let's go."

"But…" started Harry, but he stopped. He was obviously in the minority here, and he didn't want them to get suspicious of anything. They all mounted their brooms and flew into the air.

"What the bloody hell?" said Warrington. Draco followed his gaze and watched as the Gryffindor team flew up into the air one by one.

"What the bloody hell is right!" said Draco. The Slytherin team stopped what they were doing and stared heatedly at the Gryffindors.

"Get off the pitch!" bellowed Goyle.

"We're not done yet!" shouted Bletchley.

Ron and Harry flew closer to Malfoy and Montague.

"We need the time to practice too," said Ron, glaring at them. "It's not our fault that you started late."

"You'll get more practice time in than us, so it's only fair we practice the usual time."

"Then we won't get enough time to practice!" said Ron.

"That's too bad," sneered Draco.

"We can practice at the same time," said Harry. "It's a big enough pitch."

"I don't want to be looking for the Snitch the same time as you during my practice!" Draco shouted.

"What's wrong, Malfoy?" said Ron. "Afraid of going against Harry before the actual match?"

Draco glared hard at Ron, and then glanced quickly at Harry. "I'm not scared."

"I won't interfere right now," said Harry calmly. "Go ahead and practice looking for the Snitch—you need it."

The rest of the Gryffindors laughed, and Draco glared at Harry as he gnashed his teeth together.

"Just you wait, Potter," said Malfoy in a deadly voice. He flew off to the opposite side of the pitch. Ron grinned at Harry.

"Way to put him in his place, Harry."

Harry shrugged it off, surprised that it didn't feel very victorious in winning the spat. Harry flew around the pitch, watching the others. In about twenty minutes, Harry had spotted the Snitch, but he didn't do anything about it. Malfoy hadn't seen it yet.

A couple minutes later, he saw that Seamus wasn't doing much in practicing. He flew around the Keeper's goal posts as if he were pretending to be practicing. Ron would give Seamus a funny look, but then get back into his own practice as Ginny threw the Quaffle at him. Harry wanted to ask Seamus what was wrong, but he had an idea what it was. Blaise Zabini was really showing off his skills on the other side, and Harry guessed that Seamus was feeling a bit intimidated.

Ten minutes later, Harry figured that the Slytherins should be done by now and should leave the pitch. He flew closer to Ron to tell him that.

"You're right," said Ron. "They should leave. Oy!" Ron waved his arms about. The rest of the

Gryffindor team stopped to look at Ron, but the Slytherins weren't paying attention. "OY! Slytherins! Get off the pitch now! Your time is up!"

"Ron's right!" shouted Alicia. "You've had your turn!"

Unfortunately, they kept on practicing. Ron's face turned red and his eyes narrowed. "Bloody arses! They're not listening."

"I'll talk to them," said Harry. "You guys just keep practicing." They nodded and continued their training as Harry flew toward the Slytherin team. He was going to talk to their captain, Montague, but Harry ended up going to Malfoy.

"What is it, Potter?" Malfoy asked, looking very annoyed.

"You guys had your turn on the pitch. You can leave now."

"I don't think so. We're not done…"

"Yes you are," said Harry, trying not to get testy.

"No, we're not."

"YES, you are."

Draco narrowed his eyes harder as he flew closer to Harry. The moment they were about a foot away from each other, the other Slytherins stopped to watch.

"You've had plenty of time, so leave."

"I think we're fine the way we are, Potter. Go back to not finding the Snitch."

"I've found the Snitch about six times since we started, but I didn't want to interrupt your own practice."

"Oh, how decent of you, Potter, but I don't want your pity."

"I wasn't pitying you!" Harry snarled.

"Whatever, Potter. Just don't tell us what to do."

"Your time on the pitch is up!" Harry tried again. "Leave!"

"Are you going to make us?" Draco challenged. The rest of the Slytherin team heard Malfoy and lined up side-by-side, facing Harry. Harry glared at them all, but they didn't seem fazed. The rest of the Gryffindor team lined up on either side of Harry.

"You're in the wrong here," said Ginny. "And you know it!"

Draco mocked her and the other Slytherins laughed. Seamus was staring at Blaise, who was staring back coolly. Harry noticed out of the corner of his eye that Seamus was shaking slightly.

Harry didn't know what else to do, so he tried to reason with them again, but they wouldn't budge. Before anything could happen, however, Madam Hooch had appeared between the two teams, told them off, and then told the Slytherin team to leave. Grudgingly, they obeyed Madam Hooch and flew toward the ground—except for Malfoy. He flew closer to Harry, moving his broom sideways. Harry raised his eyebrow at him.

"What do you want, Malfoy? Didn't you hear what Hooch said?"

Draco glanced over at Seamus and then back to Harry. "I heard her, Potter. Don't try to act so dominant. We all know that you're such a bottom."

Harry felt the little hairs on the back of his neck stand on end.

"What was that, Malfoy?" Harry growled.

"Well… Finnigan really dominated you when you were dating him, didn't he?"

Seamus went very bright red, but didn't respond. Ron and Harry were looking vexed.

"Shut up, Malfoy," said Harry in a dangerous tone. "You have no idea what you're talking about."

"Harry's not as gay as you, Malfoy!" Ron shouted.

Draco laughed. "Oh, ho ho! You think I'm GAY, Weasley? That's a laugh!"

"But didn't you date Zabini before?" said Ron, puzzled.

Next to Draco, Blaise went red.

"That is none of your business, Weasel!" Draco shouted.

"See?" Ron flashed a grin. "Gay."

Draco growled low in his throat.

"Come on, guys," said Harry. "Let's get back to practice."

They nodded in agreement and flew back into their original positions. Ron finally went back to his goal posts, and Harry kept staring at Draco to make sure he didn't do anything. Draco stared

back.

"Well, go find the Snitch, Potter. Quit staring at me like that!"

Harry smirked, and for fun he winked. Draco went pink and then flew down toward the Slytherin locker room.

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"What was that all about?" said Seamus the moment they finally walked into their own locker room. Their practice session ended a little earlier than they liked, but Harry figured that they got enough time in considering.

"What was what all about?" Harry asked. He was undoing all the leather guards on his elbows and knees.

"That wink you gave Malfoy."

Harry froze.

"You saw that?" Harry blanched.

"Yes, I did," said Seamus, grinning. It had been a while since Harry saw that grin plastered on the Irishman. He wasn't too sure if he was happy to see it now, and at his expense.

"How did you see that?" Harry asked, looking a bit shaken. "You were flying away at the time!"

"I happened to look back over my shoulder and just caught it."

Harry sighed and then returned to undoing his Quidditch gear. "Whatever."

"Harry, Harry, Harry," said Seamus, shaking his head. "You can't fool me. I know a genuine look of interest when I see it."

"I'm not interested in Malfoy!" Harry shouted. Unfortunately, he had forgotten that there were others in the room, and the rest of the teammates stopped undressing and looked up. Harry's cheeks colored. "I mean… it wasn't what you think."

"Then what was it? A tick? Or perhaps you had something in your eye…"

"Yeah, that's it," said Harry as he stripped off his Quidditch robe. "I had something in my eye."

"Liar," said Seamus in a deeper tone. Harry's cheeks tinted only a little this time. Seamus continued to stare.

"Get out of it," said Harry tensely. "I'm not interested, in any way at all, in Malfoy."

Seamus suddenly drew up closer to Harry's right side, almost scaring the daylights out of him.

"Harry… do you remember that drinking game we played?"

"Yeah," said Harry slowly. "So?"

"So… I remember your reaction when asked about having certain naughty thoughts about a certain bad Slytherin. Don't think that acting as if you just had to use the loo would get you out of it…" then Seamus got so close that he was almost whispering in Harry's ear. "You just didn't want to take your drink—you *do* fancy Malfoy."

Harry spun around to glare at Seamus, forcing Seamus to step back in some shock at Harry's sudden movement.

"You're mental," said Harry in a low, dangerous voice. "You're very mental. Barking, raving, mental… if you think for one minute that there's anything going on between me and Malfoy, then you're just as mental as Sir Cadogan!"

Seamus blinked. "Now that's below the belt, Harry! No one is more mental than Sir Cadogan!"

"Perhaps you're right… but you're still mental! And not only are you mental for thinking that I like Malfoy in any way, shape, or form, but you're also mental for fancying Blaise Zabini!"

Seamus gasped.

"Hermione told you, didn't she?" he said once he found his voice again.

Harry shrugged. "Actually, yes, but Tracey Davis also told me." Harry turned, then, and gave Seamus a smile. "Did you know that Blaise fancies you, too?"

"What?" Seamus said, blinking in confusion. "Run that by me again?"

"I said Blaise fancies you, you idiot. Now, are you just going to stand here like an idiot, with your mouth hanging open, or are you going to go find him and confess your feelings?"

Seamus stood there for a bit, looking flabbergasted, and then he ran straight out of the locker room, halfway dressed. Harry sniggered.

TBC

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Chapter: 12

Attraction, part twelve

Pairings: Harry/Draco (will be!), Seamus/Blaise, past Harry/Seamus, Harry/Dean, Draco/Blaise, and Ron/other girls (Not sure of other pairings yet.)

Rating: R (Sorry, rating went up because of language)

Warnings: Slash, somestrong language

Notes: This doesn't have much of a plot, just so you know. **The only plot** going on, so far, is Harry and his sexuality. Plot? What plot? 0:)

More notes: I'm sorry that the H/D seems to be taking a while, but I do have something somewhat planned. Just bear with me, ok? Harry's just beginning to take notice of his feelings for the little git, and they both need a little push in the right direction from… er, I better not say. It'll ruin things.

Another note: apology for canon error: I have just realized that I meant for Katie Bell to be still in the team and not Alicia Spinnet! I feel like such an idiot. I will edit my error later, but for now, just ignore it, please. I will be looking at hp-lexicon for information from now on to make sure that I'm right.

Disclaimer: I do not own these characters; they belong to J. K. Rowling.

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The Quidditch match between Gryffindor and Slytherin was upon them. Ron, the partical Captain next to Harry, had them all doing extra training sessions, and Harry thought for a while that Ron had suddenly gone Oliver Wood on them all. During the end of one practice session, Harry had suddenly noticed a big grin on Seamus's face.

"What's up, Seamus?" Harry had asked. Seamus just shrugged; a smile still plastered on his face. Harry had a feeling what it was, but for some reason Seamus wasn't telling him. Harry should have felt annoyed by the fact, but it actually didn't bother him. Seamus ended up flying better that time.

Harry wasn't the only one to noticed Seamus's sudden change. Dean had actually come up to Harry one day, which was the day before the match, and asked Harry just what was up with Seamus.

"I'm not too sure," he told Dean. He didn't think it was his place to tell anyone about Seamus and

Blaise. If they wanted to keep it a secret for a while, that was fine with him.

Finally, it was the day of the game. Harry and most of the other housemates had plodded into the Great Hall for breakfast. Harry hardly took notice of everything, because even though he had played Slytherin many times before, it had been a while since then. He didn't think he was as nervous as Ron, however, who kept accidentally pouring pepper onto his cereal instead of sugar. Harry saw that even Ginny was looking nervous; she had been staring into her runny eggs ever since she sat down and hadn't poured any ketchup on them (it was her favorite way to eat them).

"Come on, guys," said Harry. "We can't let Slytherin get us down. We've played them before. Sure, we no longer have Angelina or any of the others, but that doesn't mean that we won't be able to wipe the floor, or ground, with Slytherin."

"I agree with Harry," said Alicia. "We'll be fine as long as we stay calm and remember our strategies and what we've been practicing."

"I sure hope you're right," said Ron as he frowned into his cereal.

"Hey," said Jack Sloper. "Where's Seamus?"

Everyone looked around the table.

"Funny," said Harry. "I saw him in the common room. I wonder what's keeping him."

"Well, he better not chicken out," said Ron. "I'd hate to get a new Chaser again."

"Since when has Seamus chickened out of a match?" said Harry. "I'm sure he's just working up the nerve."

"He was chipper the last time I saw him," said Ginny.

Harry bit his tongue so that he wouldn't say what was on his mind.

"I'm sure he's fine," said Alicia. "He's probably just worried that he'd screw up."

"He played just fine during our last practice session," Harry pointed out.

"That doesn't mean anything," said Ginny.

"Oh, I suppose you're right."

After a few minutes of more awkward silence and forced eating, Seamus finally showed up; he sat down next to Ron and silently started to pile food onto his plate.

"Where were you?" Ron demanded.

Seamus ignored him. Harry thought maybe it was because of nerves, but Seamus seemed just fine when he ate. He also had an idea of just what had been keeping Seamus, but he wasn't sure if his intuition was right.

"Well?" Ron said a bit forcefully.

"It's nothing," said Seamus. He sounded normal, but Harry knew better. Something was up.

"Well, you better not be chickening out on us," said Ron. "You're a great Chaser and we need you today."

"I know," said Seamus tersely.

"Good," said Ron. He kept staring at Seamus for a bit, and then went back to eating whatever he could. On the outside, it didn't seem like Seamus was too nervous, but Harry saw that his eyes looked a bit far away. Curious, Harry looked over at the Slytherin table.

To his surprise, Draco had been staring at their table. When their eyes met, Draco's narrowed more, but Harry didn't look away from that. He finally looked over saw that Blaise Zabini was looking rather like Seamus, but he was holding himself with more poise. As if Draco noticed where Harry's eyes had roamed, he looked at Blaise with what seemed to be disgust, but Harry wasn't sure. Perhaps Malfoy knew of what transpired between Seamus and Blaise? Were they officially a couple or did Blaise turn Seamus down? That was ridiculous, of course. Why would Blaise suddenly turn down Seamus? Maybe they just had a talk about it and haven't decided on going out or not?

Harry moved his gaze back to Draco, who had went back to eating. Draco held himself with poise as well, but he didn't seem… well, Harry wasn't sure how to describe it. Draco just seemed less… less sure of himself, maybe? Different? Harry couldn't place it.

"Are you ok, Harry?" Ron asked. Harry just nodded without looking over at his best friend. "Are you sure you're all right? What's Malfoy up to?"

"Huh?" said Harry; at the sound of Malfoy's name, Harry turned to look at Ron.

"Is Malfoy bothering you?"

"Um, no. No, he isn't."

"He better not be," was all Ron said, and then went back to eating. Harry let out a small breath and looked back over at the Slytherin table. Malfoy was looking at Blaise again, but with some confusion. He wished he knew what was going through Malfoy's head.

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Again, rain threatened overhead in giant storm clouds, but there wasn't a sprinkle. Harry rose high into the air when Madam Hooch blew her whistle, and Harry was very thankful for the padding and heavy Quidditch robe he was wearing. Even though it wasn't raining yet, the air was still cool against his face and fingertips.

He began to circle the pitch in hopes that he'd spot the Snitch soon in the game, but he had no such luck. Harry just barely noticed that Malfoy was on the other side of the pitch, looking just as eager to find the Snitch first.

So far, the game seemed to be even... 50-40, Gryffindor in the lead. It was an odd thing, because usually Zabini would be racking up the points really well, even without any cheating tactics, but for some reason he looked a bit out of it. Harry finally noticed that Seamus didn't seem all up to par either and he wondered if Ron noticed or not. Harry was just contemplating on whether he should zip over to Ron and say something real quick when he heard a sudden scream.

Harry turned and saw that Crabbe or Goyle, the Slytherin beaters, had just directly hit a bludger at Ginny and she was quickly plummeting toward the ground. The instance Ron saw this he called a time out.

The entire Gryffindor team flew to where Ginny half-landed, half-fell; the moment Ron's feet touched the ground, he dismounted from his broom and ran to Ginny, his face red with anger.

"Why those slimy bastards!" Ron roared. "I'll—I'll hack their tiny, little bits off!"

Harry also ran to Ginny, hoping she wasn't too injured. He decided not to comment on what Ron had said, not really wanting to hear anything about Crabbe and Goyle's bits, and then kneeled on the pitch on one side of Ginny, Ron on the other.

"Ginny!" Alicia said as she ran up to them. The other teammates were right behind her, with Seamus lagging.

"Is she all right?" Sloper asked.

Ron propped her head into his lap and Harry checked her over. It seemed that the bludger hit her square in the back of the head. Ron was looking furious.

"She's knocked out," said Harry, "but it looks as if she'll be ok."

Ron raised his head, probably about to say what he thought of it all, when Madam Hooch finally arrived on the scene.

"Do you have a reserve Chaser?" she said. "Because if not, you'll just have to resume the game with only two Chasers."

"We don't have any reserve Chasers," said Ron, looking both annoyed by the outlook of the game and what happened to his little sister.

"Don't worry, Ron," said Harry, a fire burning fiercely in his eyes. "I'll catch the Snitch and end the game for us."

"You better," said Kirke. "Otherwise the Quidditch Cupmight go to Slytherin this year."

Harry glowered. "Not while I'm still alive and kicking."

"Ready to resume playing?" Hooch asked. Harry and Ron stared at each other for a bit, and then with a more determined look, nodded. Hooch blew her whistle, and the Gryffindor team was in the air again, minus one Chaser. Ginny was put on a stretcher and taken off the field.

"What's the matter, Potty?" said Draco when Harry was finally at level with him in the air. "Did your girlfriend get a boo-boo?"

Harry glared heatedly at Draco, his knuckles on his broom turning white.

"What? Have nothing to say?" said Draco, grinning impishly.

"I wouldn't want to waste my breath," said Harry. Before Draco could retort, Harry flew away from him to the other side of the pitch, hoping that he'd get a better chance at seeing the Snitch from there.

While Harry and Draco searched frantically for the Snitch, Seamus and Zabini were the ones that felt as though they were being put to the test, and not the Seekers. While Blaise was considered the best Chaser that Slytherin has had in a couple years, Seamus was relatively decent, but not as good as Ginny. The fact that the Slytherin team had put Ginny out of commission was no surprise.

The thing that put Blaise and Seamus to the test was the fact that they were playing against each other. They would fly past each other, or next to each other, one or the other with the Quaffle, and then get too caught up in looking at the other that they'd either lose their grip on the Quaffle or end up losing their focus and throw it toward one of the hoops weakly. The Slytherin Keeper would sneer and tell Seamus that he throws like a girl, and Ron would actually block Blaise's throw and laugh.

"—And Ron Weasley blocks one of Slytherin's best Chaser's throws again!" said Dean, who was doing commentary in Lee Jordan's place. "It looks like Zabini isn't up to his usual par for today's game. …But it looks as if Seamus isn't doing too hot either. What is the matter with you, Seamus?"

Harry looked over from his Snitch search to see just what Dean was talking about. He watched for only a couple minutes, but he did notice how off both Seamus and Blaise were playing. Harry

had a sneaky suspicion as to why they were playing so badly, too.

Going back to work, Harry looked around the pitch in a fever—he just HAD to find the Snitch before Malfoy! They had lost a valuable Chaser, so they were handicapped badly. He didn't think that Seamus's bad playing was much of a handicap since Blaise was acting the same way. Although, losing a Chaser wasn't as bad as losing a Keeper, which seemed to happen once in a while when Oliver was on the team.

Just as Harry turned his head, he saw it… the Snitch! Hoping that Malfoy didn't see him, Harry shot after it. He made a dive that would have any mother screaming in fright. What would his own mother think if she could see him now?

Harry cleared his head quickly and concentrated on the dive for the Snitch at hand. Just as he was halfway through his dive for the Snitch, he heard Dean screaming about how Malfoy had also seen the Snitch and was speeding toward him. Harry urged his broom on; hoping that another little burst of speed would put him even more ahead of the Slytherin Seeker.

Right as Harry was about a foot away from the Snitch, it veered off from its course and shot upward. Harry gripped the end of his broomstick tightly as he turned it sharply up, trying to catch the little ball as it rose, but it passed by too quickly and Harry and Draco ended up flying upward for the Snitch together. They both stretched out their hands for it, looking almost like they were doing synchronized flying, and as their fingers both reached for the Snitch their fingertips brushed against each other.

Both Harry and Draco jerked from the contact, and right when they did, the Snitch swerved off to the left and disappeared from sight. Harry growled.

"You *idiot*, Potter!" Draco snarled.

"ME?" Harry panted, his face going redder in anger. "You're the idiot that touched me!"

"I would do no such thing!" Draco shouted. "YOU touched ME!"

"Why would I touch YOU?" Harry yelled. They were only half a foot away from each other, still high in the air. Snitch completely forgotten.

"You've been wanting to touch me again since that incident in the halls," said Draco smugly. "You want me to throw you up against the wall again and—"

"SHUT UP! I DO NOT!"

"Do too. You're the one that wants to shag the whole male population of Hogwarts…"

Harry saw red. He moved forward to choke Draco, but then Madame Hooch blew her whistle.

"Potter! Malfoy! Get back into the game or you'll earn both teams a penalty shot!"

Harry and Draco glared at each other for a bit, and then Harry looked away to look for where the Snitch had gone. When he flew his broom over to the other side of the pitch, Draco followed.

It was a good five minutes of searching when Harry noticed that Seamus and Blaise were now racing wildly around the pitch as if trying to outdo the other. Harry kept one eye open for the Snitch and the other on what the two Chasers were doing.

"—Seamus has the Quaffle now!" Dean shouted. "And he weaves and bobs through the Slytherin Chasers, Zabini on his tail! Something must have fired him up, he's really zipping along—and a Bludger just barely missed him—Zabini is now gaining on him—Warrington tries to intercept, but Seamus dodges… GO, SEAMUS!"

Harry turned his head away from the chase so that he could concentrate on finding the Snitch. He suddenly heard the crowd scream in excitement, so he swerved back around just as he heard Dean call out that Seamus had scored a goal. It was now 60-40. Harry decided to go higher so that he could get a more bird's eye view of everything. He was feeling desperate to find the Snitch now…

Suddenly, there was another scream, but this scream was different from the one that was made by Ginny. Harry turned, and to his horror he watched his best friend fall toward the ground. Harry gaped for about a minute before he reacted: diving down to follow Ron.

"Harry, don't!" Alicia shouted. "You need to look for the Snitch—Harry!"

He ignored her, but called for another time out before he forgot. During a game, a player must not touch the ground… only on a time out. Hooch blew her whistle after Harry yelled at her to call for a time-out. It was true that Ron was the Captain, but Harry was thought of as a co-captain, even though Harry doesn't care to be. He had enough to get on with during his year. Ron had kept telling him over and over that he didn't want the position by himself, so Harry relented and they told Madam Hooch about the decision. As long as Dumbledore was all right with it, then so was she.

The rest of the team followed Harry after the time-out was made; Harry immediately fell to Ron's side to see how badly he was damaged.

"Ron?" he panted, fear flooding through him.

"Ohh… what's goin' on?" Ron lifted his head slightly. "Did we win?"

"Not yet," said Harry, feeling some relief. "Where'd you get hit?"

"I got hit?" Ron said, looking at Harry cross-eyed. "Oh… since when did you have a twin, Harry?"

"How many fingers am I holding up?" Seamus asked, holding up two fingers.

"Uhh… four?"

"He must have been hit on the head," said Andrew Kirke.

"Who hit a bludger toward him?" Harry asked Kirke angrily.

"I didn't see," he said, looking apologetic. "I was trying to keep the other bludger from coming toward you, Harry."

"For Saturday, the forecast is 90 chance of table with a possibility of scattered chairs," said Ron. He rolled his head back and forth on the pitch.

"He's not fit to play anymore," said Alicia, frowning.

"So I noticed," said Harry. He tried to heave Ron up onto his feet, but it took Kirke to help. He had no idea that Ron was so heavy.

"I failed to make the chess team," said Ron, his head rolling onto Harry's shoulder, "because of my height."

"That's nice, Ron," said Harry.

Unable to stop herself, Alicia started to giggle. Kirke and Sloper also began to laugh.

"I am thankful for laughter," continued Ron, "except when milk comes out of my nose."

Harry smirked. His friend was very strange when knocked in the head. He wondered if it would have been better that Ron had been knocked unconscious.

"You being bisexual, Harry…" said Ron as he tried to look at Harry, "it would double your chance at having a date for Saturday night, wouldn't it?"

Harry felt his face grow hot. He tried to ignore Ron's babbling.

"I like tea."

"You can shut up now, Ron."

When Ron was finally handed over to the nurse, the team, now minus two players, slowly made their way back to the pitch.

"Don't we have a reserve Keeper?" Alicia asked.

"Well, there's Geoffrey Hooper," said Harry.

"The whiner?" she sighed.

"It's either that or carry on with no Keeper," said Harry shortly.

"Fine."

In minutes, they had Madam Hooch help get Hooper ready to take Ron's place. Harry didn't like it, but it had to be done. It had been a good twenty minutes before they could start the game up again. The players all resumed their positions. The Quaffle was now in Montague's hands and he was making his way toward their reserve Keeper. Hooper readied himself better, it seemed, than Ron had ever done, and he successfully blocked the Quaffle. Hooper passed it over to Seamus, who took off toward the other end of the pitch with more fever than before.

"That was a great block by the reserve Keeper, Hooper! Seamus Finnigan now in possession of the ball—wow, look at him go!" Dean shouted. "It looks like Bletchley doesn't stand a chance! Seamus fakes left, and then right—HE SCORES!"

Cheers went up all around, followed by a few boos from the Slytherin side of the stands. Harry circled the pitch, feeling slightly better now. He knew that Pomfrey would fix Ron right up as soon as he was taken to the hospital wing, and that Ginny was probably there now as well. All he had to worry about was finding the Snitch before Malfoy.

"Blaise Zabini is now in possession of the Quaffle!" shouted Dean. "He almost too easily dodges a bludger that was hit toward him by Jack Sloper, he passes it to Montague who passes it to Warrington who passes it back to Zabini—they're heading straight for Hooper, and Hooper circles around those hoops, guarding them like a watch dog—here comes Zabini…"

Harry turned just in time to see Zabini fake a throw and then quickly change course and score a goal for Slytherin. The Gryffindors and other House supporters groaned or booed, but the Slytherins were cheering so loudly that Harry missed what Dean had said. When he looked over at Dean, McGonagall was looking angry and Dean was blushing. He must have said something bad to get her mad at him, but it didn't seem like anyone really heard him.

The score was now 70-50. It was still anyone's game. If Harry could just find that blasted Snitch again, he could end it quickly so that they can all finally rest and have a good shower.

"Tough luck, Potter?" said Draco from his right. Didn't he ever stop with his mouth?

"Not as bad as your luck," he said. He watched as Draco went pink, and he wasn't sure if it was in anger or embarrassment.

"Yours is about to run out," sneered Draco. Harry stared, not sure if he should say anything, but

then out of the corner of his eye he saw a little flutter of gold—yes, it was the Snitch, and NOT someone's watch or other trinket.

He decided to pretend as if he didn't see it—instead, Harry moved closer to Draco, and Draco was about to move back, but then suddenly steeled himself. Harry figured that he must have been getting ready for some sort of face-off; he was partially right.

"Sometimes fate intervenes," Harry said simply.

"Fate has nothing to do with it," said Draco.

"Oh?" said Harry. He kept one eye on the Snitch and saw that it wasn't going anywhere too quickly. "How do you explain prophecies?"

"A bunch of crap, those are."

Harry raised an eyebrow. "You don't think that I was meant to play Seeker for the Gryffindor Quidditch team, or that I was meant to become the so-called hero for the wizarding world?"

"Are you trying to tell me, Potter, that there's some prophecy out there that says that you were destined to play Seeker for Gryffindor?"

Harry fought not to laugh. "No, I didn't say that. That's ridiculous…"

"All prophecies are ridiculous, Potter. It's no wonder you get on so well with Trelawney; you're both fools."

"I don't *get on* well with Trelawney… she's always predicting my death or some other stupid thing…"

"Pity those don't come true."

Harry flew closer. Draco flinched slightly.

"What is a pity, Malfoy, is that you don't seem to get on well with the Snitch. If you did, you'd be able to catch it more often…"

"I can catch the Snitch!" Draco snarled, his face going beet red.

"Prove it, then, Malfoy. Catch the Snitch and win thematch for Slytherin—if you can do it, I'll be your House-elf for the rest of the week."

Draco's eyes shone suddenly. Although he didn't seem to quite believe Harry.

"You mean if I win, you get to be my servant?" Draco finally said, his lip twitching.

"That's right, Malfoy… and if I win, like I always do, then you get to follow me around and be my servant."

Draco narrowed his eyes. "I would never, *ever* lower myself to such a status! A Malfoy doesn't serve! They get waited on hand and foot! Just like what you should be doing for me—!"

Harry didn't even wait for Draco to finish. He zipped away from Draco and flew as fast as he could toward the Snitch. Draco hovered there for a moment in complete shock, surprised that anyone so rude would leave like that in the middle of a conversation, especially with a Malfoy, and then it suddenly dawned on him that Harry had spotted the Snitch.

Draco turned his broomstick around and shot after Harry as fast as he could, but Harry already had a large head start on him. Before Harry's hand even got near the Snitch, Draco was already formulating in his head for what he was to do about the so-called bet he had going with Potter.

The Snitch didn't get too far, and Harry had nabbed it swiftly and easily out of the air. The Gryffindor side of the stands were going crazy. The remaining Gryffindor team screamed with joy and came at Harry just like what happened during his third year when they won the Cup while Oliver was captain. Alicia was kissing Harry all over the face, Seamus was snuggling up against Harry's back, and Jack and Andrew were trying to get into some sort of group hug so that they didn't look like they were trying to hit on Harry.

"NO!" shouted Malfoy. Harry moved away from his teammates to see an enraged Draco glaring at him. "You cheated, Potter! You must have seen the Snitch way before me and distracted me with that stupid bet! Which, by the way, I'm not doing!"

"Bet?" said Seamus, looking back and forth from Harry and Draco. "What bet?"

Harry smiled a little and turned to Seamus. "Well, you see, Malfoy and I made this bet…"

"No!" Malfoy shouted again. "We didn't shake on it!"

"You agreed to it."

"I did not! Never during our talk did I ever agree to anything! There's no bet, Potter! You tricked me!"

"You're just a sore loser," said Harry, smirking. "Now, I want you at the front of the portrait of the Fat Lady and wait for me tomorrow morning…"

"Never!" Draco screamed.

"And you can start with being my servant." Harry finished with a grin.

"NO!"

"I didn't see you catch the Snitch, Malfoy," said Harry smugly. He held out the Snitch in front of him. "See this? This is a Snitch. You were supposed to catch this—" Draco tried to reach forward and take it out of Harry's hands, but Harry was too fast for him and he moved it out of Draco's reach. "You still don't know how to catch it, do you, Malfoy? Money doesn't buy skills, I'm sorry to say…"

"Shut up!" Malfoy bellowed. "I didn't agree to any bet, Potter!"

"You were interested… you were about to decide on it…"

"Bollocks! There was no agreement, and therefore I don't have to do anything!"

"Unfortunately, he's right," said Seamus. "If he didn't shake on it or say yes, he doesn't have to go through with it."

"It's about time one of you Gryffindors had enough brains to understand!"

Harry's glare made Draco flinch away again.

"Fine," said Harry finally. "If you want to chicken out, then that's your problem. But just so you know, Malfoy—if it were YOU that won, you would be yelling and screaming about how I was to be your servant because of it." Harry flew closer to Draco, and Draco eased away slightly. "You wanted to be up here, playing Quidditch, trying to catch the Snitch, yet you prove to be too wimpy for such a rough sport."

"I'm not wimpy!"

"Well, that's what it looks like to me, Malfoy. You just wanted to get the best of me ever since second year. But when things don't go right for you, you back out."

"I'm not backing out of anything!" Malfoy growled. "I just never agreed to the bet before you went sailing off to catch the damn thing! So, there's no bet!"

Harry sighed in defeat. He knew Malfoy was right; he should have waited until Malfoy agreed with it, but he was too anxious to catch the Snitch before it flew off again.

"Ok. *Fine*. You don't have to go along with the bet. Be a big spoilsport, like always! And here," –Harry got up right next to Draco and held out the Snitch. Confused, Draco opened his hand, and Harry placed the Snitch into it—"the Snitch is yours now, since you want it so badly."

Their hands touched. For a split second, Harry could feel the heat and clamminess of Draco's hand; Draco's hand closed over the fluttering Snitch too quickly, reflexively, catching a couple of Harry's fingers on accident. They both shuddered and looked at each other with wide eyes.

There was silence for a bit, and then Blaise came up to where they were.

"Draco! What's taking you so bloody long? The match was over a while ago, and Warrington—oh." He stopped short when he noticed that Harry and Seamus were there, along with the rest of the Gryffindor team. "Draco," Blaise sighed. "Can't you go a year without making an idiot out of yourself? So what if they won again? It's just a game."

That got Draco out of his stupor. He whirled around and glared at his teammate.

"Just a game? Fuck you, Zabini!" Draco shouted, only a few inches away from Blaise's face, still clutching the Snitch in his hand. "You have no right to say that sort of crap, especially the way you were playing! I thought we had our strategy all planned out? Remember it, Zabini? You and the others were supposed to get so many points that even if Potter caught the Snitch we'd still win! But NOOOO! You had to go and, and… and play like a pansy all because your *boyfriend* was playing against you! Well, you know what I say to that?"

"I can only guess," said Blaise, gritting his teeth.

"FUCK OFF. That's what I say to YOU, Zabini. To you and all you other blood traitors!"

Draco flew off in a huff. Blaise stared after his friend in shock, mouth hanging open slightly.

Harry stared at Draco for a minute, and then looked over at Seamus who was blushing like crazy.

"Boyfriend?" he asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Oh, piss off," said Seamus half-heartedly.

TBC

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Chapter: 13

Attraction, part thirteen

Pairings: Harry/Draco (will be!), Seamus/Blaise, past Harry/Seamus, Harry/Dean, Draco/Blaise, Neville/Ginny, (Not sure about other pairings yet)

Rating: PG-13 to R

Warnings: Slash, some bad language

Notes: This doesn't have much of a plot, just so you know. **The only plot** going on, so far, is Harry and his sexuality. Plot? What plot? 0:)

More notes: So, you guessed it: this fic is officially AU. Some things will probably change to reflect book six canon, so be wary of spoilers! If you haven't finished reading book six yet, then please do before you read this or any of my other fics.

Another oops: I had them win the Quidditch Cup too soon in the year. So, I had to go back and edit that out. Just so you know, they didn't win the Cup from that match. It was one of the first ones.

Disclaimer: I do not own these characters; they belong to J. K. Rowling.

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"How're you feeling?" Harry asked the moment he got in the hospital wing. Ron was sitting up in bed reading what looked to be a Quidditch magazine.

"Um… I'm all right," said Ron as he set down the magazine with shaky hands. "Uh…"

"How's Ginny?"

"Fine," said Ron. "Pomfrey let her out a while ago and told her to go back to her dormitory. But, Harry…"

"Ron!" shouted Hermione as she flew into the room. "Oh, Ron, how're you doing? Are you ok?" She flung herself onto the other side of the bed looking down at him with worried eyes.

"Er—yeah," said Ron, looking at her with a raised eyebrow. "I'm doing better…"

"Oh, good," she said. "I knew Madam Pomfrey would fix you right up, but I couldn't help worrying—"

Ron went bright pink. "I'm fine now, Hermione." Ron looked over at Harry again. "Harry? I want to talk to you…"

"About what?" Harry asked. Before Ron could speak again, however, the doors to the infirmary burst open and Seamus, Dean, Neville, and Alicia came in.

"Ron! How're you, mate?" said Seamus. Ron went even pinker as others crowded around him with worried looks. Harry had a feeling that Ron was enjoying it.

"I'm better," he said, "thanks to Pomfrey."

"You were doing really well, Ron," said Alicia.

"Er, speaking of that—" Ron turned back to Harry again. "Look, mate… I know that we had this talk before, and that you said that you won't take it on alone, but—please, Harry… I don't think I can take this much more…"

"What are you talking about, Ron?" said Seamus.

"I think I know," said Harry, his face falling. "But, Ron, are you sure? You've always wanted to be Quidditch Captain, along with Head Boy and all that…"

Ron waved a hand at Harry as if it was no big deal. "Really, Harry… you're a better Captain than I could ever be. Take the whole position. I don't want it anymore."

"All because of what happened to you?" said Seamus, looking astounded.

"Not just that," said Ron. "I'm really behind in my studies and prefect duties and such… I don't need Quidditch Captain on top of it. Besides, like I had said to you before, Harry… when it gets too much, I want you to take over. I meant it."

Harry stared at him for a moment, not sure what to say.

"Are you sure?" said Dean. "That would just add more to Harry's plate."

"But Harry's not a prefect," Hermione pointed out. "And if Harry takes full responsibility to being Quidditch Captain, he'll have the privileges that we do as prefects. We'd all be evened out, basically."

"What do you say, Harry?" Ron asked again, looking meek.

Harry had always wanted to be the Quidditch Captain, full time, but was too afraid to say it to Ron because he didn't want to hurt Ron's feelings.

"All right," he said. "I'll do it."

Everyone cheered, making Harry blush. Ron took the Captain pin off of his Quidditch robes and handed it to Harry. Smiling, Harry took the badge and pinned it on his own robes, which he hadn't taken off yet.

"Thanks, Ron. You just get better, all right?"

"Yeah, you should rest," said Hermione. "I'll go check on Ginny for you when I leave."

"You're wonderful, Hermione," he said, and she blushed.

Harry cleared his throat. "This is all very touching, but I think it's time we ask our fellow Chaser here about what's going on with *his* date."

They all looked at Seamus, whom went crimson.

"Ok, so you figured it out. I was late to breakfast this morning because I was talking to Blaise. We're—er—seeing each other now."

"I pretty much guessed that," said Harry. Everyone snickered. "But," continued Harry, "next time you decide to play against Slytherin and your boyfriend, make sure you know that it's important to play your best no matter what."

"I know," said Seamus. "I realized that during the middle of the game, so I decided to have a contest with Blaise. He was all up for that."

"I noticed that too," said Harry. "Just make sure that your boyfriend doesn't make you lose your concentration."

"Oh, you should be one to talk!" said Alicia. Everyone turned to stare at her.

"What?" said Harry, feeling his face go a little warm.

"You and Malfoy, of course," she said with a mischievous grin. "I saw the way you two were…"

"I was tricking Malfoy into doing something, that's all!"

"You mean you weren't flirting?" she said, making Harry glower. Dean, Seamus, and Hermione were sniggering, but Ron and Neville looked abashed.

"Flirting?" Harry huffed. "Flirting? With that git?"

"He hasn't been that bad lately," said Hermione. "I mean, he's still a git, but—oh, Harry! Stop looking at me like that! You know what I mean. He hadn't been calling me and Ron names lately…"

"What was with the whole 'blood traitor' thing, then?" said Harry.

"He was just upset," said Seamus. "Blaise gets like that too, when he's mad. He loses his head and doesn't think. But I think Blaise is upset by Malfoy yelling at him too."

"Well, I don't care. He's still an arse! And why are you guys suddenly trying to hook me up with him? He doesn't like me in that way, anyway!"

They all avert their eyes and look at anything else other than Harry. Harry suddenly felt annoyed

and impatient.

"I AM *NOT* INTERESTED IN HIM EITHER!" he bellowed and then stormed out of the room.

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Harry wasn't sure what made him lose his temper like that. He knew, for days now, that he had a strange crush on Malfoy. Hell, even Sir Cadogan knew about them—although, he didn't think they were together, *together*… just that they complemented each other. He also recalled how Malfoy acted when he found out about Blaise going out with Seamus. Malfoy, himself, even thought that a Gryffindor and a Slytherin being together was crazy.

He finally realized that he was walking toward the Great Hall and he didn't know why. Now that he thought about it, he was a little hungry. With that, Harry decided to head for the kitchens instead of the Great Hall. He reached the portrait with the bowl of fruit quickly, tickled the pear, and then went inside.

Harry wasn't sure if he should be surprised or not by what he saw when he walked in, so he just stood there and stared.

Tracey Davis was sitting at the table that Harry and Blaise had occupied a few weeks ago with none other than Luna Lovegood. They were holding cups of steaming tea and were engrossed in some conversation. They didn't seem to notice that Harry was there until the house-elves started to go to him and offer him all sort of treats and drinks.

"Harry!" said Luna, smiling kindly. Tracey raised her head and also smiled at him. He walked casually over, as he tried to make sure he didn't trip on any of the elves in the process. In the end, Harry had sat next to Luna with a cup of tea and a crumpet.

"Hey," he said.

"Hey, Harry," said Tracey. "What brings you here?"

"Hungry," he said and then took a bite of his crumpet. "'Ow abou' you two?" he said with his mouth full.

"We're fine," said Tracey. "Just discussing boys."

Harry gulped hard, almost choking.

"Yes," said Luna serenely. "I was telling her about how mermaid scales aren't good for a man's erection."

This time Harry did end up choking. He coughed and sputtered tea out of his nose as Luna pounded on his back.

"Careful, Harry," she said. "You don't want to attract Shadow Imps."

"What?" said Harry, staring at her in confusion.

"Shadow Imps," Luna repeated. "They fly up your nose if it's wet with anything. That's why when you get a runny nose, you go to the nurse straight away and get fixed up, because those Shadow Imps love to fly up there and lay their eggs in your wet nose hairs."

Harry blinked, and Tracey laughed shrilly.

"Isn't she a hoot?" snickered Tracey.

"Hang on… mermaid scales aren't good for… for-?" Harry went red.

"Yeah, it hurts a man's performance," Luna said as if she were talking about the weather. "So, if you're planning on having sex one night, don't have anything that has mermaid scales in it. And don't touch anything that a mermaid had been done with, either."

"I doubt it's true, Luna," said Tracey with an amused grin. "But I hear that really tight trousers aren't good for men's genitals. It reduces sperm count or something."

Harry didn't know he could blush so much in such a short amount of time.

"Well, if a Shadow Imp flies up your nose and lays eggs, don't say I didn't warn you."

Harry coughed. "Er—anyway, you're talking about men—anyone in particular?"

"Dean," said Luna. She smiled at Tracey, who went crimson.

"Just Dean?" Harry asked. He watched them both closely, slightly amused.

"And Theeeooodoooore…" Tracey said in a singsong voice, meaning to tease. It had worked: Luna's cheeks went pink.

"Theodore?" said Harry, baffled. "You mean Theodore Nott? The Slytherin?"

"That's him," said Tracey, smiling.

"And why are you two talking about Dean and Nott?" Harry asked.

They both went red. Harry guessed that they had crushes on them, but he wasn't sure.

"Well," said Tracey. "Dean is a good friend of mine, but Luna keeps insisting that I have a crush on him. I don't know if I really like Dean in that way, though."

"He's the only one you keep talking about over and over," said Luna.

"And you keep talking on and on about Theodore Nott," said Tracey, pointing an accusing finger. "What does that tell us?"

"Why would you have a crush on Nott?" said Harry, still confused. "He's… he's… well, a bit weedy, isn't he?"

"He isn't that bad," said Luna, frowning slightly. "He just has a weird hang up about bloodlines…"

"Like most Slytherins…" said Harry, not trying to sound accusing, since there was a Slytherin in the room with them.

Tracey huffed. "There are only a *handful* of Slytherins that have parents as Death Eaters or are pureblood advocates. There are a few in *other* Houses that have Death Eater parents too. So no pointing fingers."

"Sorry," said Harry. And he truly was, but sometimes old habits die-hard. He had been trying to remind himself that just because a person was Slytherin, didn't mean they were evil.

"It's all right, Harry," said Tracey. "Just don't get too carried away with being a Gryffindor."

Harry opened his mouth to speak, but then the kitchen door opened, startling him. They looked over to see two other girls walking in: Hannah Abbott and Parvati Patil. They stopped the moment they saw the others.

"Oh, hey there," said Hannah, going pink. She noticed Harry right away and then the other two girls.

"Hi," said Harry and Luna. Tracey nodded.

"Hello," said Parvati. "Are we interrupting anything?" She had a playful look in her eyes.

Harry blushed, looking down. "No, of course not. We're just having drinks and… er…"

"Harry found us first," said Tracey. "We were discussing boys."

"Sounds like fun," said Parvati, smiling. "Were you discussing boys too, Harry?"

"No!" said Harry, his face growing even hotter. "They were just telling me about their crushes."

"They're not crushes!" Tracey said, slightly annoyed, but her face was going pink.

"Boys we like, then," said Luna. Hannah looked as if she didn't want to laugh at something that Luna had said, but her slight smile gave her away. She sat down across from Harry, and Parvati sat on the other side of him. Now Harry was surrounded by girls.

"You must be Tracey Davis," she said, holding out her hand. Tracey looked at her and then down at the offered hand. She stared at it for a moment, and then took it.

"Yes. It's a pleasure to meet you, Abbott."

"You can call me Hannah," the Hufflepuff girl said. "Are you friends with Luna?"

"Just getting to know each other, actually," said Tracey. "She's not so bad, really. A little weird, but not bad."

Luna acted as if she didn't hear her being called weird as she drained the rest of her tea. Harry quickly eyed his female company and smiled. All four houses where there: Tracey from Slytherin, Luna from Ravenclaw, Hannah from Hufflepuff, and Parvati from Gryffindor.

"You know who I have a crush on?" said Parvati, going a little pink but still looking determined to speak her mind.

"It's not Ron, is it?" said Harry. The girls looked over at him as if they suddenly remembered that he was there too.

"Oh, goodness, no!" she giggled. "It's Smith!"

"Smith?" Harry gasped. "As in Zacharias Smith?"

"That's the one!" she grinned. "Isn't he just so hot?"

Hannah smiled, as did Tracey, but she looked as if she didn't want to, and Luna looked to be in her own little world.

"Well, I don't know about that," said Hannah. "But I do know that Michael Corner is a cutie."

Harry's eyes bugged out, as did Parvati's.

"Corner?" she gasped. "He's an arsehole!"

"But he's hot," Hannah pointed out.

Harry felt a little out of the loop as the girls continued to talk about their crushes. Luna kept insisting that Nott was much better, but the others weren't listening. They kept telling her that Nott was just no good, and he'd end up hurting her.

"What about Harry, here?" said Parvati. "Wouldn't you rather be with him?"

Harry went bright red, but didn't say anything.

"Nah," said Luna. "He's just a really good friend of mine."

"Plus, he's gay," said Tracey.

"Excuse me?" said Harry, feeling a little put out. "But I'm BISEXUAL. There's a difference."

"But you've been dating guys lately," Luna said. "So that makes you gay, right?"

Harry blushed hard. He didn't know what to say to that.

"It's ok, Harry," said Hannah. "There's nothing wrong with that."

"I'm bisexual," said Harry, as if he were trying to convince himself. "I like girls."

"So, does that mean you like these?" said Parvati as she lifted up her shirt to show that she was bra-less. Harry's eyes widened in shock.

"Parvati!" Hannah shrieked in horror, but she was laughing. Tracey was soon joining in the laughter, and then Harry snickered nervously.

"Well," he said, thinking. The girls stared at him; Parvati still had her shirt up.

"Well?" said Tracey.

"Er—I don't know," Harry finally said, blushing.

"Why don't you touch them?" said Luna offhandedly. The others gasped.

"Luna!" said Parvati, indignantly, pulling her shirt halfway down as if she wasn't sure if she really wanted Harry to touch them.

"That's quite all right," said Harry, his whole face beaming.

"The question we should be asking him," said Tracey with a smirk, "is if he has a crush on anyone right now. I mean, he got over Dean and Seamus, but it leaves you to wonder if he found himself a new crush."

They stared at him, and he wanted to sink into the floor and disappear.

"Well?" said Tracey.

"Tell us," said Parvati, putting her shirt down all the way now. "Do you or do you not have a crush?"

"Er—" said Harry, blushing even harder. He wasn't sure if he should tell them before he told Ron and Hermione.

"You can just say yes or no if you want," said Hannah. "We won't pressure you into telling us who it is."

"Yeah," said Parvati, smiling. "Just a yes or no."

They all stared. Even Luna was looking at him in a curious way. Harry stared at the table for a moment, deciding, and then finally made up his mind. He thought that perhaps if he told them that he did, he could use that as a step up to telling Ron and Hermione about the truth. Hermione had already figured that Harry was interested in someone, after all.

"Ok," said Harry. "Yes. Yes, I do have a crush on someone."

Parvati and Hannah squealed. Tracey smiled and nodded, and Luna just smiled as she stared.

"It's a boy, isn't it?" said Hannah. At Harry's nod, the girls squealed again.

"I hope you tell us who it is some day," said Parvati. "The suspense is killing me!"

"Well," said Harry, smiling a bit. "Perhaps you'll find out sooner than you thought."

"It's not a Gryffindor, is it?" said Luna. Harry swallowed a lump in his throat.

"No, it's not," he said.

Tracey gave Harry a knowing grin, which worried Harry immensely.

"Well, better get back to our dormitories," said Hannah. "See you later, Harry. It was nice talking to you." She got up from her spot, but when she reached Harry, she leaned down to hug him.

"Yeah, nice to have talked with you again," said Tracey, also hugging Harry on the way out.

"See you around, Harry," said Luna. She too gave Harry a hug. Parvati grinned at the way Harry blushed, and they got up and made their way toward the Gryffindor tower.

"If you were straight," she said as they reached the portrait of the Fat Lady, "you'd be seen as one very lucky man to have been surrounded by girls."

Harry decided not to correct her again in telling her that he was bisexual, but he thought that now that fact was moot; a small part of his brain was telling him that yes, he was very much gay and

loved men much more than women.

"Green-eyed monster," said Harry and the portrait swung open. They walked through the hole and saw that Seamus, Hermione, and Dean were sitting in the common room.

"There you are, Harry," said Hermione. "I was wondering where you've gone."

"Sorry for worrying you," said Harry. He sat down next to Hermione on the couch. "I just went to the kitchens to get a little snack, is all. When will Ron be coming back from hospital?"

"Tomorrow," said Dean. "And Ginny is already fast asleep, from what Hermione says." At this, Hermione nodded her head.

"Oh," said Harry. "I'm glad they'll be ok. We need them for future Quidditch matches, you know."

"Is that all you can think about at a time like this?" huffed Hermione. "Quidditch?"

"No, not really," said Harry, smiling slowly. "There's also food… and girls."

"Don't you mean boys?" said Seamus, eyes twinkling with mirth.

Harry threw a cushion at him. They all laughed.

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Shushing one another, Pansy and Millicent make their way into the boy's dormitory as quietly as they could. It was dinnertime, so no one else was in the Slytherin dungeons but the two girls.

Pansy snickered as she used an unlocking charm to unlock a drawer that was right next to the bed of Draco Malfoy. Rummaging through it, they find what they were looking for: an unsent letter. Pansy had said to Millicent that she saw Draco writing something, but then put it away in his drawer after a bit, not sending it off right away. She wasn't sure why, but curiosity was getting the better of her.

They unrolled the parchment and started to read it aloud, not figuring that anyone would be done with dinner very soon.

"Dearest Mother," Pansy read, trying not to laugh. "It is with my deepest regret that I tell you this—and you must NOT tell anyone else, for I am so ashamed of relating it myself on paper, but I am afraid, Mother, that your little boy is no longer the same as you once thought. I know that you know that I've had a "thing" going on with Blaise Zabini for a while, but it went flat. We discovered that we're just really good friends, and we couldn't make anything of a relationship happen no matter how hard we tried. We're still very close, but I think that Blaise has found himself someone, finally, to make him happy – I cannot believe it myself, but it's some

Muggle-loving Gryffindor. I don't know, Mother… I think the world is coming to an end. Not just because of Blaise possibly going out with some half-blood Gryffindor, but because I think that I, myself, have somehow succumbed to the horror that is love for the brash and hasty nature of a Gryffindor."

"Well?" Millicent giggled. "Keep going. It's just getting interesting…"

"That's all there is," said Pansy. "There is no more…"

"Well then I'll finish it and then you can read the rest of it later!" snarled a voice behind them. They both turned around guiltily and saw a glowering Draco Malfoy towering over them with arms crossed over his chest. "What gives you the right to go snooping into MY stuff and reading MY letters?" Draco quickly snatched the letter out of Pansy's hand.

"Don't get so bent out of shape, Draco," said Pansy with a smile. "We were just curious to what you've been writing…"

"Yeah, and it makes sense now, about your behavior lately," said Millicent.

"What do you mean 'my behavior'? My *behavior* is none of your business!"

"You haven't been the same lately," said Pansy, looking worried. "You've been less… I don't know…"

"You haven't been doing anything to the Golden Trio lately," said Millicent.

"Yes, yes!" said Pansy. "Exactly! So, this whole 'fallen for a Gryffindor' is your reason for being so out of character?"

"I am NOT out of character!" Draco shouted. He tossed his letter back into the drawer and slammed it shut. "What do you know about me, anyway? You have no clue as to what goes on inside my head! So don't go telling me that I'm being out of character!"

"Who is it, Draco?" said Pansy determinedly. "Who is the Gryffindor that stole your heart?"

"No one *stole* my heart, imbecile."

"I bet I know who," said Millicent, looking very smug.

Draco's eyes narrowed. "Whatever you're thinking—whomever you're thinking—it's not true!"

"Who do you think it is?" asked Pansy.

"Oh, I don't *think*, I *know*!" Millicent grinned wickedly at Draco. "It's Potter, isn't it?"

There was a deafening silence. And then…

"ABSOLUTELY NOT!"

"Oh, come off it, Draco," said Millicent, still looking very determined. "I see the way you two have been interacting together, especially the way you were with him after that Quidditch match."

"Potter was being a smug arse jerk, that's all."

"Was he?" said Millicent. "Or was he trying to get closer to you?"

"Bugger off!" Draco shouted. The two girls kept giggling, making Draco even angrier. "Get out! I mean it! Get out, get out!"

"Fine," said Pansy. "We'll leave you alone with your thoughts… about Potter."

"OUT!"

They jogged out of the room, still sniggering.

"Bloody women!" Draco yelled, slamming the dormitory's door.

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They had a week left before the holidays arrived. Harry had decided that he would stay at Hogwarts. Ron and Hermione had tried to get him to come to the Burrow for Christmas, or even Grimmauld Place, but Harry kept insisting that he should stay there.

"Are you sure you'll be all right?" Hermione asked him.

"Yes, yes, I'll be fine," said Harry. They were walking back up to the Gryffindor common room together, Harry in the middle. They had just come back from Hogsmeade, which was the last day to go before the holidays. They were mainly at the Three Broomsticks during their time, sipping on hot butterbeer. They also visited Honeyduke's and the joke shop.

"I hope so," said Hermione. "Because I hear that Malfoy is staying for the holidays as well."

Harry stopped short, and when he stopped so did Ron and Hermione.

"What?" Harry said, slightly shocked.

"Yeah, mate," said Ron. "I'm sorry about that. Are you sure you don't want to come to the Burrow? My mum keeps asking about you."

Harry bit his bottom lip, thinking. Finally, after looking back and forth at them, Harry sighed. "No, sorry. I'm going to stay here. Besides, I have some homework that I need to catch up on, and I want to use the library here, and… I just want to be here…"

They slowly began to make their way back toward the tower.

"Ok, Harry," said Ron. "If that's what you want…"

"It is," said Harry.

"Mum will be a bit crushed… so will Ginny…"

Harry sighed again, not wanting to continue with the conversation. They made it to the portrait, Harry spoke the password, and then they climbed in.

"Oh, honestly, Ronald!" Hermione huffed. "Quit making Harry feel guilty. Really, Harry, it is up to you... oh!"

She stopped, which made the boys stop suddenly. She was staring at the Gryffindor bulletin board, in which had others from Gryffindor surrounding it as well.

"What is it, Hermione?" Ron asked. He looked around other people's heads, as was Harry, to see what had stopped her. Right in the middle of it was a parchment in bold, black letters:

Holiday Dance Marathon this Friday, 8 o'clock. Must have a dance partner. Winners at the end of dance marathon will receive a lifetime supply of Honeyduke's Best Chocolate and a coupon for free merchandise from Weasleys' Wizarding Wheezes.

"Dance Marathon?" Ron groaned. "What the bloody, stinking hell?"

"Ron!" Hermione gasped. "There are first years here!" She pointed to the little Gryffindors, whom were staring at Ron wide-eyed.

"Oh," he said, looking ashamed. "Sorry."

Hermione huffed. "And you're supposed to be a prefect! Honestly."

"Dance partners," said Harry in a defeated voice. "Can someone tell me just why this school thinks that dancing is the best thing to have as a party or whatever?"

"You got me, mate," said Ron.

"Well," said Hermione as they walked away to sit in their usual places by the fireplace, "I think that to avoid any annoyances or confusion, the three of us should go as partners…"

"It's a marathon, Hermione!" said Harry. "We need our own partners so that we can keep dancing. We won't be able to switch off with each other."

"Besides that," said Ron before Hermione could reply to Harry. "Harry's gay. He'll need to find some boy to dance with…"

"For the last time, Ron," said Harry, gritting his teeth. "I am BISEXUAL! Not GAY!"

The two first years that were at the bulletin board had been walking by when he said it and stopped to stare in astonishment at him. Harry went bright red in humiliation and annoyance.

"Get!" Harry hissed at them, and they jumped and scrambled away to the boy's staircase.

"Now you've taken to scaring first years, Harry?" said Seamus as he walked over and sat down next to him and Ron. "For shame, mate. That's no way for the Chosen One to act."

"You can just shut it, Seamus," Harry growled.

"Ooo, what's got your knickers in a bunch?"

"It's that stupid dance marathon," explained Ron. "We need to find dance partners again!"

"But it will be worth it," said Seamus. "Think of all that chocolate! And we get free Wheezes!"

"Let me guess," said Ron. "You're going with Blaise."

"Of course," smiled Seamus. "Why wouldn't I?"

"It figures," sighed Ron.

"Who are you taking, then?" Seamus asked.

Ron fidgeted on the spot, eyeing Hermione in what was possibly a hopeful expression, but Hermione was too busy trying to read. Harry guessed that she was ignoring him on purpose. He wasn't too sure what he thought of them anymore—they always seemed to dance around one another, even though the evidence was so obvious that even a first year could tell something was going on. Harry wouldn't be bothered with them getting together at the end of everything, either, but Hermione might be just a bit annoyed by Ron's on and off dates.

"What about you, Harry?" Seamus asked, giving up on Ron for now. "Going to ask a certain blond out?"

Harry stiffened and felt his whole face grow hot. He didn't forget the little talk that he and Seamus had in the locker room, but he had hoped that Seamus did.

"What?" Ron said, suddenly curious. "Harry, you never told me that you were interested in some blonde…"

"No one is supposed to know," he said in annoyance, mainly directed at Seamus. Seamus gave him an innocent look, but Harry wasn't buying it.

"So, who is it?" Ron asked. "Who is the lucky blonde that you're going to ask?"

"Is it a girl or a boy?" Hermione asked.

Harry went red. "It's—"

"It's a guy," said Seamus.

"No!" Harry shouted. He felt even warmer now. "It's—It's—"

"It's not Zacharias Smith, is it?" Ron asked.

"No, of course not!"

"Because you know," Ron continued. "If it is, I may have to lose my respect for you."

"It's a girl, all right?" Harry huffed. He had no idea whom he was going to ask in the first place, but he knew that he just couldn't ask Malfoy! The mere thought of asking him made Harry's face and neck hot. It also seemed as if Ron forgot about the ordeal back in the hospital wing when they were teasing him about Malfoy. Ron must have thought that Harry was telling the truth. He was thankful for that.

"It is?" said Seamus, looking very shocked and a little mortified. "Are you sure? Because last time I checked…"

"*It's a girl*," Harry said through his teeth. "All right?"

"A blonde girl?" said Ron.

"Yes," said Harry.

"A beautiful, enchanting blonde?"

"Er—well, um…" Harry bit his bottom lip. Now who was blonde that he knew well that he could ask, and that was a girl?

There was only one that Harry could think of, but he wasn't sure if 'beautiful and enchanting' was the way to describe her.

"Is it Lavender?" Ron asked.

"Maybe it's Hannah," said Seamus. Harry's mind raced back to when he was in the kitchen surrounded by all those girls. Harry shook his head, not daring to ask Hannah since she seemed to have her sights set on Michael Corner. He knew then just whom he needed to ask, but he still wasn't sure. The one he was thinking of had a crush on some other Slytherin… but it was worth a shot, he guessed.

"Come on, Harry, tell us!"

Not wanting anyone to know (besides Seamus, of course) just who he wanted to ask to be his dance partner, he decided to say her name and be done with it. Furthermore, she might have already asked someone else out, so he might not get stuck with her after all.

"It's… Luna. I'm thinking of asking Luna Lovegood."

There was silence.

"We're friends!" Harry said in a rush, feeling a bit uncomfortable with the awkward silence. "I just want to go as friends. I mean, it's just a stupid dance anyway."

"Stupid?" Seamus huffed. "It's not stupid. We could win a *lifetime* supply of chocolate! What's so stupid about that?"

"Nothing," said Harry. "I'm just saying that it's not as if we're dating or anything."

"That's understandable," said Seamus. "Seeing that you're gay and all."

Harry glared at Seamus in warning, but Seamus just flashed him a wide grin.

"I'm going to go ask her," said Harry quickly, standing up. "Before anyone else does."

Right before the portrait door swung closed, Harry heard Ron say, "Who else would ask Loony?"

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When Harry arrived at the Ravenclaw tower, it seemed that everyone else had read the same note on their bulletin board. There were tons of witches and wizards walking around the hallway, some already chatting it up with someone of the opposite sex, and some asking others to be their dance partners. Harry even saw a fourth year Hufflepuff stammering at some Ravenclaw girl who looked more annoyed than anything. Harry guessed that she wasn't about to say yes to him.

He looked around to see if there was anyone he could recognize in Luna's year. He wanted to ask someone about how to get in touch with Luna so that he could ask her, but he wasn't sure just who to go to. He also thought that if he said anything to anyone about who he wanted to ask, he

might get laughed at—or at least get stared at in shock. He wouldn't want to put anyone in the hospital wing before the dance.

Just when Harry was about to give up and try something else, like owl her, he caught sight of Cho Chang. Harry's heart started to beat like mad, but not from any sort of romantic feelings for her. He was more nervous than anything. Having an ex-girlfriend felt a little weird.

Well, was he a Gryffindor or not? Harry squared his shoulders and marched right up to her. She didn't see him coming right away, so when she did notice him, she jumped about a foot from the floor and tried to turn around and walk away.

"Wait! Cho, wait a second! It's not what you think…"

"Stay away from me, Harry Potter!" she yelled. "I'm not going to be your dance partner! Besides, I'm already going with Michael Corner."

Harry wasn't too surprised, but he did feel sorry for Hannah. She'll just have to find some other guy to have a crush on.

"No, I'm not here to ask you to be my partner," he said. "I want to know if you've seen Luna around."

The entire hallway went silent, and Harry swore he thought he heard a few crickets chirping.

"Luna?" said Cho in shock, but then she suddenly looked amused. "You mean Loony Lovegood?"

"Don't call her that!" Harry snarled. Cho and a couple of her friends winced.

"Sorry, but we don't know where she is," Cho said sternly. "She's probably off hunting one of her fantasy creatures or something just as crazy."

"Are you calling her crazy?" Harry said, snarling.

"Maybe I am," said Cho, standing her ground, but she still looked a bit tense.

"Well, don't! She's a good friend of mine, and I would appreciate it if you didn't call her 'Loony' or 'crazy' or anything of that sort! You could tell me who around here is in her year and who could contact her for me."

"Sorry, but I have to go," said Cho. "If you really want to find her that badly, you should ask Ginny Weasley. Unless you've forgotten that she exists still?"

Harry's insides churned. Oh, God, how could he forget that Ginny knew Luna? He felt like such a heel!

"Right, thanks," he said snappishly, and then turned and went back to the Gryffindor tower. He quickened his steps as he went, entered the Gryffindor common room, and then went straight to where Ron and Hermione were still sitting. Seamus was obviously not there anymore and Harry wondered if he went to go talk to Blaise. When he got up to them, he could tell that they had been bickering again about something.

"Hey, Harry," said Hermione. "Did you find Luna?"

"No, but I ran into Cho."

"Oh, how'd that go? You didn't ask her, did you?"

"No, I didn't. I just wanted to know if she knew where Luna was, but she didn't know, and I just realized that Ginny might know."

"This is true," said Ron. "But why don't you just use the Map?"

Harry's eyes widened. Where was his brain today? "Of course! Why am I being so stupid lately?"

Ron and Hermione stared at him as if they were deciding to answer him or not. Harry sighed.

"Don't answer that," he said. He quickly took two steps at a time up to the dormitory and flung the door open. Inside, Neville and Dean were talking about something, probably the dance, but he ignored it. Harry went for his trunk immediately and dug out the Marauder's Map. Harry whipped out his wand and pointed it to the map. "I solemnly swear that I am up to no good."

Lines appeared, crisscrossing and joining until the parchment showed the entire grounds of Hogwarts. He searched the map for Luna, being mindful of what some others where doing. It was a little hard to locate her, but when he finally did, he noticed that she was in the library sitting next to Ginny.

"Mischief managed," he said, tapping it with his wand. It went blank once more and he quickly put it back into his trunk and ran out the door. Ron and Hermione didn't even get a chance to talk to him as he streaked by and out the portrait hole. They really didn't even have to ask; they knew that he had found Luna and was going to see her.

On the way to the library, Harry had ran into a few people, but apologized quickly and went on his way. He dashed inside the library and did a swift search of the room for her. He found her where the map had said, in a far corner next to the Restricted Section. He ran toward the table.

When the girls saw him jog toward them, they stared at him in bewilderment. He stopped right in front of them, holding his side and panting slightly.

"Hi," he finally croaked out. Ginny snickered into her hand at him, and Luna just smiled in a

friendly manner.

"Hello, Harry," said Luna. "Are you running from Shadow Imps? Or did you encounter a Wrackspurt that tried to get into your ear?"

"Er—no, it's not that," said Harry. "I've—I've been looking for you…"

"Me?" said Luna, blinking. "Oh, well, now you found me."

"Yes," said Harry. He sat down in a chair across from Luna, still thinking of how to approach the situation, especially with Ginny sitting at the table too. "Er—have you seen that announcement on the bulletin board?"

"The Dance Marathon? Yes, I've seen that," said Luna.

"Well, um…" he looked over at Ginny quickly, who looked a little surprised. She must have figured out what Harry was about to do. He didn't want to think of the consequences of asking Luna in front of her, so he just came right out and asked. "Would you like to be my dance partner? It's just, um, I'm not sure who else to ask right now, I mean… I figured that having you as a partner could seal victory and we'd win all that chocolate and I figured that you deserve some credit and stuff…" he stopped babbling before he made himself look even more like a moron.

Luna blinked. She sat there, staring at him for a bit, and then smiled. "You think that I would be a good partner for the dance marathon? Someone that hardly dances?"

"Oh," said Harry. "Sorry. I didn't think of that… I just… I'm sorry."

"That's all right," she said. "But winning a free coupon for Weasleys' Wizarding Wheezes sounds tempting. I've had my eye on a couple things of theirs…"

"You have? Which things?" Harry asked.

"Oh, a Pygmy Puff, for one. Those are interesting."

"I agree!" said Ginny, grinning. "They're so cute! My mum got me one this summer."

She took it out of her book bag and showed it to them.

"Oh," said Harry. "Yeah. That's—er—cute."

"I wonder if they come in polka-dot," said Luna thoughtfully.

"Well, if you want one… I mean," Harry blushed. "If we don't win, I could still get one for you. …For an early Christmas present or something."

Luna stared at him for a bit, and then finally said, "You still want me as your dance partner?"

"Of course," said Harry.

"But, aren't you gay?"

Harry wanted to bang his head on the table, but instead he gave Luna a tight smile.

"I'm bisexual, remember?" he said. "And remember, I said a while ago in the kitchens that you're a really good friend? I don't think I could handle taking a guy as my partner."

"Oh. Why not?" Luna asked. "You've already dated a couple guys. The whole school knows about that."

Harry went scarlet. "Um, I just don't feel like dancing with a boy, that's all."

"And you want to prove to the school that you still like girls," said Ginny, her eyes dancing with mirth.

Harry sighed. "Yeah, something like that."

He stared at Luna hopefully, and finally after a while Luna smiled at him and nodded her head. "Ok, I'll be your dance partner. Who knows? We may just win after all. I'll wear my lucky earrings."

Harry sighed softly, but in his head he was groaning with embarrassment. Maybe asking Luna wasn't such a good idea after all.

TBC

I didn't think this chapter would get so big! It just kept growing the more I wrote! Anyway, I hope you liked it.

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Chapter: 14

Attraction, part fourteen

Pairings: **Harry/Draco** (will be!), **Ron/Hermione** (ok, I caved! Sorry, but I like this pairing), **Seamus/Blaise**, past Harry/Seamus, Harry/Dean, Draco/Blaise; Neville/Ginny (possible others)

Rating: PG-13

Warnings: Slash, some bad language

Notes: This doesn't have much of a plot, just so you know. **The only plot** going on, so far, is Harry and his sexuality. Plot? What plot? 0:)

More notes: So, you guessed it: this fic is officially AU. Some things will probably change to reflect book six canon, so be wary of spoilers! If you haven't finished reading book six yet, then please do so before you read this or any of my other fics.

Disclaimer: I do not own these characters; they belong to J. K. Rowling.

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"Aren't you ready yet, Harry?" Ron called from the door.

"Just a minute," said Harry. He was the last one in the dormitory that was fixing himself up. It had been a while since he last wore his dress robes; he was just trying to get the clasp around the collar right when Ron had called for him. Ron had nicer dress robes courtesy of Fred and George; Seamus, Dean, and Neville all still had their dress robes from when they were dancing at the Yule Ball too.

"Well, don't keep your *date* waiting," snickered Ron. Harry furrowed his brows. Ron had found it amusing that Harry had picked Luna as his dancing partner. Ron also thought it was stupid that Harry had asked someone that apparently didn't really dance, but Harry ignored him. Winning wasn't the first thing on his mind for this event—not looking too much like an idiot was.

When Harry finished making himself as presentable as possible, he walked out of the room and joined Ron. They walked in step together to meet their respective dates. Ron finally had the nerve to ask Hermione to be his partner, and with a small blush, she agreed. Harry just shook his head and muttered something about how weird his best friends were.

"So, Seamus is with Blaise," recounted Ron. Harry nodded. "Dean asked… who again?"

"Tracey Davis."

"Right," frowned Ron. "Strange how Gryffindors are going with Slytherins, don't you think?"

Harry shrugged. He didn't think it was *that* weird.

"And Neville's going with my little sister… again." They fell silent. Harry wasn't sure what to say, really. Ron continued, "How do you think Luna will look?"

"Normal, I hope."

Ron snorted, and Harry quickly turned his head to glower at him. "Sorry, Harry. It's just… when has she ever looked normal?"

"It's a dance. I'm sure she'll look fine."

"You said something about lucky earrings?"

Harry squeezed his eyes tightly and tried not to groan out loud. He almost forgot about that.

"I'm sure it won't be too bad," said Ron, trying to be sympathetic. He patted Harry on the shoulder. Harry glared at his hand, so Ron took it away. "Sorry. I'm not trying to patronize you."

Harry sighed. "I know. I'm nervous about this, though. What if we end up being the first ones to stop dancing?"

"That's what I'm afraid of too," said Ron.

"But you have Hermione as your partner. She'll make you keep dancing even if you're on your knees." Harry laughed suddenly. "Oh, I can so see that happening!"

"Shut it," Ron glowered, but he knew Harry was teasing him. He bumped Harry with his shoulder a little. "Git."

Harry shouldered him back, but a little harder. "Bigger git."

Ron put more weight into it when he pushed at Harry with almost all of his upper body. "Closet case."

Harry skidded a bit on the floor to keep from tipping over, glared at Ron, and then elbowed him hard. Ron flew a few feet, sideways, and just caught himself from hitting the wall too hard. "Close-minded arse."

With a snarl, Ron used the wall to propel himself at Harry. They collided and fell to the floor, both trying to get the better of the other. Their little wrestling match wasn't anything new, but Harry could feel small bruises forming on his back and upper arms. He didn't want to say anything, though, on a count of looking weak. He hoped that Ron had just as many bruises as he did, maybe more.

"Ron! Harry! What are you doing?"

The sound of Hermione's voice stopped the two boys in their tracks. They got up from the floor, dusting themselves off, looking sheepish. Harry was a bit pleased to see Ron rubbing at his ribs.

"Honestly, you two!" Hermione huffed. They both stared at her. Hermione was wearing the same kind of dress that she had on for the Yule Ball too, but it seemed a little altered. Instead of it being floaty, like it had been last time they seen it, it seemed to cling around her legs, making her figure show more, and it was still periwinkle-blue in color. "Wrestling around on the dirty floor in your dress robes! What did you think your dates would say?"

"Um, 'take them off'?" said Ron. Harry snorted, amused. But then the thought of Luna asking him to take off his robes struck him, and he blushed.

"Ron!" Hermione said incredulously. She also blushed.

"What?" said Ron, trying to look innocent. Harry doubted that Hermione was going to fall for it. He was right, and they started to argue all the way to the Great Hall. Harry sighed, wishing he had something to stick in his ears.

Halfway there, they met Luna. Harry smiled, very happy to see that Luna was wearing something decent; they were a set of glittering silver robes, but they weren't too extravagant. She was, however, wearing a pair of what looked to be small seashells. Harry figured those were her lucky earrings. They weren't so bad after all; they matched her dress nicely. Her hair was also done in a way that made Harry think of Muggle fairies; there were a couple daisies weaved into some braids.

"You look…" Harry paused, hoping not to seem to come on to Luna too strongly. "Um, lovely. Those are your lucky earrings, then?"

"Thank you, Harry," she beamed. "And yes, these are my lucky earrings. They're called Dakshinawarti Shanka; they bring good luck and prosperity and harmony."

Harry stared. "Oh. Um. Okay. They're nice."

"Thanks," she said happily. She took Harry's arm and the four of them made their way to the Great Hall.

"You're wearing comfortable shoes under those nice robes, aren't you?" Luna suddenly asked Harry.

"Yes, of course. I figured that my trainers would be best, since they're the most comfortable."

"Oh good," she said. "I've got cleaning sponges in my shoes."

"You what?" Harry blinked. Ron laughed and Hermione shook her head, tisking.

"They're to help keep my feet from hurting."

"Oh," said Harry. "That's—er—ingenious."

"You're so sweet, Harry," she smiled.

They made it to the entrance to the Great Hall. Filch was there, checking wands at the door and making sure no one had used any sort of spell or potion to enhance their ability to keep dancing all night. One couple had already been caught with bewitched shoes and was disqualified before they even set foot in the door. The girl made a big fuss, swatting her date over the head and shouting how stupid he was to even consider trying to cheat.

They passed through Filch's inspection fine (although Filch was giving Harry the evil eye for some reason, like he expected Harry to try cheating), and entered the Great Hall.

Harry did his best not to laugh out-right. The Great Hall was done over like a giant dancing floor, complete with a big, shining disco ball on the ceiling. Harry was half expecting to see someone in a big white suit with huge, gold chains around the neck and discoing. No one had started dancing yet since not everyone was there yet; Dumbledore was standing on some platform above the dance floor, overlooking the crowd as they filed in. The room was also decorated with some holiday cheer. It was weeks before the holidays, but it still seemed to put others in the spirit. There was even magical snow falling from the ceiling. Harry wondered if this dance was decided on by the Head boy and girl other than the usual Yule Ball.

Before Harry could see just who was with whom, Dumbledore began to speak.

"As you all know, we are having a Dancing Marathon. The winning pair, which will be the last ones standing, will receive a lifetime supply of Honeyduke's Best Chocolate and a gift certificate for Weasleys' Wizarding Wheezes."

Everyone applauded. Harry and Ron joined in late.

"Although this is a contest," the headmaster continued, "I don't expect any sore losers. We're all here just to have fun. That is the main objective here tonight, so please keep that in mind. The Weird Sisters are here by my request to play all night. We had thought about having rest periods, but that would defeat the purpose. We will not tolerate cheating, however, that is why I had Mr. Filch checking you all over for spells and enchantments and taking your wands for the evening.

"So, without further ado, we will begin the moment the music starts. Grab your partners and get onto the dance floor."

Everyone did as they were told. Harry automatically took Luna's hand and guided her to the middle of the dance floor. He was slightly nervous about dancing again, but he knew that he needed to be the one in charge since Luna had done less dancing than he had ever did. Besides that, he was the guy here; he needed to be the one to lead Luna.

Ron and Hermione followed, and they positioned themselves right next to Harry and Luna.

"If you guys don't win," said Ron, "we'll make sure to. I mean, if either of us wins, we'll have plenty of chocolate to last us, right?"

Harry nodded, smiling. He was glad to see that Ron was thinking along the same lines as he was. If he and Luna won, he would gladly share his winnings with Ron and Hermione. Harry was jostled out of his musings when Luna took his hands and put them in their proper positions. Harry blushed; he almost forgot where his hands were supposed to be. Surprisingly, he didn't mind the feel of his hand on Luna's hip.

Just as the music started, and they began to dance, Harry noticed the other couples around them.

Neville and Ginny were a couple feet away from their left, and Neville was doing rather well. Harry then spotted Seamus dancing with Blaise. Seamus and Harry's eyes met, and Seamus gave Harry a small wink. Harry smiled. Then he saw Dean a few heads away with Tracey Davis. Tracey looked rather happy. Harry also noticed Zacharias Smith with Padma, Goldstein with Hannah, Cho with Corner, Justin Finch-Fletchely with Parvati, Theodore Nott with Daphne, Crabbe with Millicent, Goyle with some girl Harry didn't recognize, and Draco with Pansy.

Harry and Draco's eyes met across the floor, past others' shoulders. Harry glared, but not just for the sake of their eyes meeting, and Draco glared back.

"What's wrong, Harry?" Luna asked. She had seen Harry looking over her shoulder and then glaring.

"Huh? Oh, nothing," he said. In his mind, however, he was thinking: *Pansy, that bitch… why did he take her? She's got such an ugly pug nose! Damn it, Parkinson, don't touch him like that!*

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"What's wrong, Draco?" Pansy asked when she saw Draco glare across the room.

"Oh, it's nothing," he said. "Just Potter being an arse." *Why the hell did he ask Loony?* He fumed silently.

Pansy laid her head on his chest. "If we win, will you let me have all the chocolate? You can have the WWW gift certificate."

"Huh? Oh, yeah. I guess so."

Pansy giggled, making the hairs on the back of his neck stand on end. "Oh, you're so sweet, Draco!"

Harry snarled when he heard Parkinson saying something about Draco being sweet. He didn't know what Draco mumbled to her, but whatever it might have been made him feel sick.

"You're not going to get into a fistfight with Malfoy, are you?" Luna asked.

"What?" Harry brought his eyes back to Luna's face.

"I said, you're not going to get into a fistfight with Malfoy, are you, Harry?"

"Er, no. Why would you think that?"

"Because you're glaring at him as if he just hexed someone with a really bad spell."

Harry floundered for a bit, not sure what to say. He had no idea he looked *that* furious at Draco. He just didn't understand why Draco would take Parkinson out of all the girls he knew. Sure, Malfoy had taken her to the Yule Ball in fourth year, but he could've been more original and asked someone different!

Luna leaned in closer to Harry's face, studying him. The sudden closeness made Harry lean his head back just a little, but not so much to make Luna think that he was being repulsed.

"You're not… jealous, are you?" she asked softly.

"What?" Harry nearly shouted.

"You are, aren't you?" she said. "You're jealous that Draco's with Pansy."

Again, Harry floundered. He tried to say something, anything, but he couldn't make his vocal chords work.

"It's ok, Harry," said Luna, smiling slightly. "I understand. You are gay after all."

Harry sputtered. "Luna!"

"Oh," she said, her smile widening. "Bisexual, then. But it's understandable that you'd be so into men. They are quite alluring when they want to be."

"You're a girl!" Harry chuckled. "Of course you'd think so."

"I could be gay too, for all you know."

Harry's eyes widened. "You're—are you-?"

"Not really, but you didn't know if I was or not, did you?"

"Well, you never told me about your sexuality."

"You never asked."

Harry shook his head, snickering. Leave it to Luna!

"Anyway," she continued, "it's no big deal. If you love Malfoy, there's no shame in that."

Harry blushed bright red, sputtering and floundering at the same time. "I'm not in love with him… Luna, you usually see things very clearly, but this time I think you're wrong."

Luna smiled, shrugging. "Okay, Harry. If you say so."

Harry was about to apologize (for what, he wasn't sure), but then Luna placed her head on his chest just as Pansy did with Draco, making him jump slightly, sucking in his breath.

They danced. It had been at least a half hour, and Harry was about to congratulate himself on doing rather well so far, but then he stepped on one of Luna's feet for the first time that night. He apologized, but Luna just shrugged it off. Fifteen minutes later, Harry accidentally stepped on her other foot.

"Sorry," he muttered.

"It's ok, Harry. I know that you're getting a bit distracted. Plus, this is the first time you've danced so long without a break."

Harry groaned. "There's no way we'll win."

"Sure there is," she said, looking back up into his face. "You just got to believe in yourself more. I believe in you, Harry."

Harry's eyebrows nearly disappeared under his hair at her statement. He could feel his face heating up as well and his heart pounded in his chest. Why did she have to go and say something like that? He knew that deep down Luna was talking about more than just the Dance Marathon.

"Thank you, Luna," he finally said, not sure what else to say. She smiled at him. They kept dancing.

"All right, Draco?" Pansy said.

"Huh? Oh, yeah. I'm fine."

"Are you sure? You keep looking over at Potter and Lovegood."

"Oh, um… just watching to see when Potter will finally give up. I doubt he'll last very long."

"So true," she said, smirking. "You and I have been dancing since we've been kids. It'll be a cinch to win."

"You're right, but I learned that you shouldn't underestimate your enemy."

Pansy smiled, and then leaned her head back onto Draco's shoulder. Draco rolled his eyes and sighed softly. Not even a minute later, Draco gone back to staring at Harry.

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"Harry doesn't seem to be doing too badly," said Seamus.

"Mmhmm," said Blaise. He had his arms wrapped around Seamus tightly.

"Do you think he'll win?"

"With Lovegood as his partner? No chance."

"Don't have faith in our little match-maker?" Seamus grinned.

Blaise scowled. "I just don't think Potter's got the right partner for this. For one, Lovegood's got weak ankles, and two: females usually tire out quicker."

"I don't know about that. Hermione seems on top of her form."

"This is true. Granger is a much more tougher girl than normal girls. But I doubt she'll win, since she's with Weasley. Maybe if Granger paired with Potter, they'd have a better chance at winning."

"It's possible you're right, love."

"Of course I'm right," Blaise grinned cheekily. Seamus sighed, shaking his head in amusement. Blaise planted a light kiss onto Seamus's forehead. "Let's not worry about the competition. Let's just think of this as a night that will be unforgettable; we'll hold each other in our arms as we dance and never let go."

"I do believe you're getting sappy with me," said Seamus, blushing.

"For you, I'd do anything."

.-.

"Ouch! Ron!"

"Sorry, Hermione," said Ron sheepishly. "I don't mean to step on your toes."

"I wonder why I picked you as my partner," she sighed. "You've got two left feet!"

"Well maybe if *Krum* were here, you'd have him as your dance partner instead. Would that make you happy?"

"Oh, honestly, Ronald!"

"That's a yes, isn't it?"

"No, it isn't! God, Ron, why do you need to be so difficu—ouch!"

"Sorry!"

Hermione huffed. "Why do I have a bad feeling that we won't win?"

Ron frowned. "Um, if we don't, I'll make it up to you."

"Will you?" she said, raising an eyebrow.

"Yes," said Ron, cheeks going pink. "I'll do anything."

"I'll hold you to that."

"Ok, but for now I'll hold you."

Hermione blushed. It was rather cheesy, but it still worked. She laid her head down onto Ron's chest and Ron wrapped his arms tighter around her; holding onto her as if he were afraid of losing her.

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About forty-five minutes later, one couple finally gave in. It was the guy that decided quit. The girl threw a fit, wanting to keep going, but the guy insisted that he was about to drop dead.

"It's about time someone finally stopped dancing," said Draco. Being wizards, Draco was worried about how long it would take for the first couple to stop dancing.

"I'm surprised that it isn't Potter that quit first," said Pansy.

"Thanks a lot, Parkinson," said Harry. He and Luna had somehow gotten closer to Draco and Pansy. They lost Ron and Hermione somewhere in the crowd a while ago.

"Oh, evening, Potter," said Pansy, fluttering her eyelashes.

"Hello there, Potter," said Draco with a small smirk. "Feet hurt yet?"

"My feet are fine," he lied. "How about you, *Draco*?"

"My feet have never felt better," sniffed Draco.

"Hello," said Luna as if she had just noticed them. "I think that it will be a close win for the winning couple, don't you think?"

"Will it?" said Draco, looking amused mainly because he didn't think someone like Lovegood would be talking to him.

"Yes," she said. "There are so many good dancers here. It'll be a close one."

Malfoy mimicked Luna rudely; Harry moved closer and kicked at Draco's heel so that his foot kicked Pansy.

"Do you mind, Potter?" Draco snarled the same time Pansy said, "Hey!"

"Don't insult my friends," Harry said, glowering. "I mean it."

"It's ok, Harry," said Luna. "I can understand that Malfoy has a disorder that makes him rude to everyone. It's usually the result of not doing as the Nargles tell you to do."

Harry, Draco, and Pansy blinked at her, confused.

"Nargles?" said Harry. "Don't they live in mistletoe?"

"Yes," she said, beaming. "You remembered. See, when you're under a mistletoe and you don't get kissed or anything like that, then they usually seek out revenge by making you behave in a way that repels others."

Snickering, Harry said, "Luna, Malfoy has *always* repelled others with his manners."

"Thanks ever so much, Potter," Draco said, frowning.

"Perhaps if he were kissed by someone that makes his heart flip-flop, then the Nargles would leave him alone and he wouldn't be so rude to others."

"Luna, that always happens to others when you get kissed by someone you really like," Harry pointed out.

"You appease the Nargles when you get kissed by someone you like," she said, smiling. "It always seems like coincidence."

"It's a good thing that it's not Christmas time yet," said Harry.

"No, but it's close enough," said Luna. "Look," she pointed up. Harry looked up and behind him

and sure enough there were a few bits of mistletoe scattered here and there. How could he have missed them when he noticed the other decorations?

Harry gulped nervously. "But… but since it isn't Christmas, we don't have to—surely?"

Luna smiled. "That's what everyone thinks. If it isn't a certain type of holiday or something, then it's ok not to kiss. The Nargles can't tell the difference between a common, ordinary day to a holiday."

Harry moved them both so that they were more in the middle of the dance floor. "We'll just have to stay away from them, then."

"What's wrong, Potter?" said Draco, smirking. "Afraid of getting kissed by Loony?"

Harry went red with embarrassment and anger. "Don't call her that, Malfoy, or I swear…"

"What will you do? We don't have our wands, and you'd get in trouble for attacking me. Not to mention that if you stop dancing you'd be disqualified."

Harry breathed heavily through his nose, glaring at Draco.

Luna leaned in close to Harry's ear and whispered, "It's ok, Harry. Remember, he just needs a good kiss."

Harry snorted, but then he blushed when he realized that her hair was tickling his face. When he breathed in (because one must breath, after all), he could smell a rather unique flowery scent. He pulled away almost too quickly, but then pulled her a little closer to him so that he didn't seem impolite.

"Do you think Pansy will be the one to stop him from being so rude?" he asked, trying to make conversation.

"Oh, I don't know. He has to really like her in order for it to work."

Harry looked over to where Draco and Pansy were dancing—near Blaise and Seamus—and frowned slightly. Draco didn't seem as thrilled as he figured he'd be dancing with Pansy. Maybe it was hopeful thinking… then again, maybe not.

Luna was gazing at him the whole time and when Harry finally realized it, he looked back at her, blinking. "What?" he asked.

"Do you want to kiss him?"

Harry gasped, eyes widening in shock. "I—er—that is—no! Why would I want to do that?"

Luna smiled in a knowing way, which made Harry's belly flutter. What did she know? Besides the fact that he was… bisexual. There was no way he was going to admit to her that he would very much like to try kissing Malfoy… that he'd been having certain dreams of doing more than just kissing with Malfoy…

"Let's go ask him," she suddenly said, and Harry was lost.

"What? Ask who what?"

"Ask Malfoy if he wants you to kiss him…"

"NO!" Harry shouted, panicking. "That isn't necessary, Luna… really, it's fine."

"What's wrong, Harry?" said Ron next to him, making him jump. "Oh, sorry there, mate."

"Nothing's wrong," said Harry quickly.

"We were talking about how Malfoy needs a good kiss and that Harry…"

Harry placed a hand over Luna's mouth and laughed nervously. "Oh, you're so amusing, Luna!"

"Malfoy needs a good kiss?" said Hermione, looking perplexed. "And what about you, Harry?"

"Huh? Er, I don't need a kiss…"

"I think she meant that Luna was about to say something about you, but you stopped her," said Ron. "Go on, Luna… what about Harry?"

"It's nothing, Ron! Really, it's… let's go over here. I want to talk to Dean."

"Oh, all right," said Luna. "Talk to you two later," she said to Ron and Hermione, waving at them as Harry danced them over to where Dean and Tracey Davis was. "You don't want them to know that you like Malfoy?" she asked him.

"When did I ever say that I did?"

"I'm not stupid, Harry. I can just tell; especially how jealous you got…"

"I'm not jealous!"

"Hey, Harry," said Tracey, grinning. "You're not jealous of what?"

Harry frowned, shutting his eyes tightly as if in pain. "Hi, Tracey, and it's none of your business."

"No need to be rude, Harry," said Dean. "Are your shoes too tight or something?"

"No, my feet are fine."

"Harry's jealous?" Tracey asked Luna.

Harry glared at them, but it didn't stop Luna from nodding.

"You know, Luna," he said, "I can always find a new dance partner."

"You do and you'll get disqualified," said Tracey with a smirk.

"How are YOUR feet?" Harry said.

"Not bad," said Tracey.

"I'm okay," said Dean. "It's been a while since I last danced, but I don't think I've lost my touch."

Harry groaned. That was just great; another person that was better at dancing than him.

"Don't let it get you down, Harry," Dean grinned lope-sidedly. "I'm sure you've got a chance to win too—you've got plenty of stamina, after all."

Harry felt his cheeks burn and he looked away; Dean laughed.

"Oy, Potter!" said Tracey, grinning wickedly. "Look up."

Instinctively, Harry quickly looked up and to his dismay there was a clump of mistletoe hanging right over his head. He had been trying his best to avoid any during his dancing, but somehow he got too distracted by other events that he wasn't watching where he was going and found himself stuck under one. He looked at Luna, his eyes wide and frightened as she looked back at him. Harry wanted to dance out of the way of it before she got any ideas, but she moved forward slightly before Harry could direct them somewhere else.

It wasn't like he thought Luna was horrible or ugly or anything of the sort… he just didn't think he should make them all think that there was something going on between them when they're just friends. But before Harry could move, Luna had just barely brushed her lips on his cheek, dangerously close to the corner of his mouth.

"Must appease the Nargles, Harry," she said, beaming brightly. Harry felt a little too close for comfort and whisked them away from the mistletoe. He looked over to see that now Dean was stuck under it, and Tracey placed a small kiss on Dean's cheek, making Dean blush madly. Serves him right, Harry thought.

Minutes later, after a few other couples had kissed under mistletoes (but some had refused), and a couple others dropping out of the marathon, the song changed to an even slower song so that

now Harry and Luna were dancing very close; too close for Harry's comfort. He had an urge to just stop dancing, but he knew that he'd let Luna down if he did that, so he just kept right on moving his sore feet best he could without stepping on any more of Luna's toes.

"Ok, Harry?" said Ginny. Her and Neville had finally made their way to them from the other side of the room, which was still a bit crowded but was slowly getting thinned out.

"Not bad, I guess," said Harry.

"Feet sore?" asked Neville.

"A bit," he said. "How about you?"

"They're painful," sighed Neville. "But I want to win just as badly as everyone else… or most people anyway, so I'm just going to dance until I drop."

"That's probably what will happen with me," said Harry, sighing heavily.

"Seen Hannah?" said Ginny. "She looks miserable. I think she's about to drop any minute."

Harry looked around the room but couldn't spot her. Luna, meanwhile, kept her head rested on his chest and her arms wrapped around his shoulders. He wondered if Luna was tired or if she just didn't feel like talking.

"How's Tracey and Dean holding up?" he asked.

"They're still looking fine, actually. They might win."

"It won't bother me much if I don't win, but I'll do the best I can."

"That's the spirit, Harry!" Ginny beamed. "Oh!" she said suddenly, looking up. "Mistletoe."

Neville gaped at her, looking like a fish out of water. Harry snickered, turning away from them so that he wouldn't have to witness them kissing.

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Hour and a half later, and Harry was surprised to still be standing. Luna kept saying that it was thanks to her lucky earrings and the sponges in her shoes. Harry felt as if he was about to collapse, but when he saw that Draco and Pansy was still dancing, he thought twice about telling Luna that he wanted to give up. What was a lifetime supply of chocolate anyway? He had plenty of money to buy as much as he wanted, and he was going to get Luna that pygmy puff even if she lost, so what did it matter?

What mattered was the looks Draco kept flashing at him as if he somehow knew that Harry was

about to run out of steam. He won't give up until Draco will. The room was already beginning to thin out. Harry wasn't sure how many others had stopped dancing, but it was much easier to dance around than before.

"Please, can we stop? Please?" Harry heard Michael Corner say.

"No," said Cho. "We're not stopping. I want to win this!"

Corner's mouth opened and closed for a bit, and then, to Harry and everyone else's surprise, Corner fainted.

"Michael!" Cho shrieked.

"And another one bites the dust," said Blaise, smirking. Seamus covered his mouth as he laughed, trying not to seem rude.

"Shut it, Zabini!" Cho cried. She was finally ushered off the dance floor by a teacher, and another one levitated Corner out of everyone's way and toward the hospital wing. Cho decided to follow, not looking very happy.

"Do you know what we should do after we win?" said Parvati.

"No," said Justin. "What?"

"Stop dancing!"

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"I—I can't take it anymore, Hermione… I just can't!"

"Don't be a big baby, Ronald," said Hermione. Her hair was starting to fall out of her braided bun and her face was shining with sweat.

"Oh, Hermione… if I don't stop dancing soon, I'm going to pull a Corner!"

"You do and I'll kick you until you revive!"

"Hermione!" Ron gasped. "When did you ever get so… competitive? This is just for fun, remember?"

Hermione frowned. "You're right, Ron. You're right. I guess I just got caught up in it—I really did want that lifetime supply of chocolate… I mean, what girl wouldn't?"

"Well, look—Harry and Luna are still standing. They just might win. If they do, they'll share, remember? But really, Hermione… I just... I just can't go on. My knees are about to give out!"

As if to prove his point, one of Ron's knees actually did buckle so now he was dancing as if his leg was made of jelly.

"Oh, all right!" she huffed. Secretly, though, Hermione was very glad to get off her feet. She had a feeling she'd have horrible blisters for at least a week.

"And another one is out of the race!" said an excited Professor Flitwick. "This only leaves a handful left. Who will win?"

Harry blinked, sweat getting into his eyes, as he surveyed the room: indeed there was only a few couples left; him and Luna, Neville and Ginny, Blaise and Seamus, Draco and Pansy, Theodore and Daphne, Parvati and Justin, Dean and Tracey, and Zacharias and Padma. He didn't expect Crabbe or Goyle to still be standing, or any of the younger pairs either. He was surprised to see Neville and Ginny still standing, though. Well, Neville was a Gryffindor after all.

"I'm not sure if I should be surprised to see you still standing or not, Potter," said Draco. He, too, had a sweaty look about him, but he somehow managed to keep himself looking rather good.

"I'm actually surprised to see that you're still standing, too," said Harry. "Did you cheat somehow? I'll bet you did."

"And I'll bet you did, too, Potter."

"I'm not cheating. But you wouldn't believe me anyway."

"I'm not cheating either, Potter, if that makes you feel any better."

"It doesn't, but thanks. Looks to me like your partner wants to drop, though."

Pansy lifted her head from Draco's shoulder, eyes half-closed, and looking more pale and fragile than Harry had ever seen her before.

"She's just thirsty, but we're not allowed off the dance floor for anything to drink. Looks like your dance partner fell asleep."

Harry looked down as best he could to see Luna's face; she was still hanging onto Harry with both arms around his neck, and her face was buried in between his neck and shoulder. Indeed her eyes were closed and she was breathing shallower, as if she were fast asleep.

"Er, Luna? Are you sleeping?" Harry said, bumping her lightly. It was actually kind of funny that she was still able to dance with him while taking a snooze.

"Huh? Oh, no, I'm awake."

"You don't sound awake," said Harry.

"Oh, I am… I'm just… just resting my eyes…"

Harry snorted, but then thought of something. "Luna, we might get disqualified if you fall asleep. Please wake up."

"I am awake," she mumbled. "They can't prove if I am sleeping or not."

"Were you sleeping a minute ago?"

Luna yawned. "Maybe."

Draco snickered. "I would fall asleep too, if my dance partner was Potter."

Harry didn't know whether to be angry at that comment or hurt. He decided to just ignore it and tried to steer Luna away from Malfoy and Pansy, but she wasn't moving very fast.

"It's a good thing they keep playing slow songs now," said Harry absently. He heard Luna mumbled something into his neck, but he wasn't sure what she said. As he looked around, he suddenly noticed that they were under another mistletoe. Harry sighed with annoyance, but was glad that Luna was too tired to notice.

Before too long, Parvati and Justin had stopped, and then almost seconds after that, so did Zach and Padma.

"Oh, two more down!" said Flitwick. "Now it's getting more exciting, folks!"

"Exciting?" snorted Theodore. "He calls this exciting? How about torture?"

"I agree," said Daphne. "My arches are just killing me!"

"Then get off the dance floor," said Blaise.

"I don't think so," said Daphne, glaring. "I'M going to win all that chocolate! Just you wait and see!"

"She actually thinks she's going to win," said Seamus, smirking. "How amusing."

"Shut it, Gryffindor."

"Watch who you're talking to, Greengrass," said Blaise, and then he danced Seamus away from them.

"I love you," Seamus grinned cheekily.

"I know," said Blaise. "You just can't help yourself."

Seamus threw his head back and laughed manically, clearly from amusement and from being tired. Then when he opened his eyes, he smiled and pointed up.

"Mistletoe."

"What am I to do about that?" said Blaise softly. Seamus looked at him, eyebrow raised. Grinning, Blaise moved forward and their lips met.

"Eww, do that somewhere else!" said Pansy.

Their kiss ended and they turned to glare at her.

"No choice, Parkinson," said Seamus. "There's a mistletoe above us."

Pansy closed her eyes and laid her head back on Draco's shoulder. "I should never have lifted my head up."

"You must excuse her," said Draco. "She gets bitchier when she's tired."

"Just like someone else we know," said Blaise loud enough for just the four of them to hear.

Draco glared at him, but then turned away, obviously too tired to fight. Everyone else was already too tired to do much but sway in one place. Harry could tell by now that they all looked as if they were about to drop.

It might have been five or even ten minutes, but Neville and Ginny finally gave up. Everyone on the sidelines that stayed to watch the others dance was clapping for them for getting as far as they did. Neville was pink in the face from the applause and how exhausted he was. Harry had the urge to quit too, but he wasn't so sure he wanted to just yet.

Now all that was left was Harry and Luna, Draco and Pansy, Blaise and Seamus, and Dean and Tracey. Theodore and Daphne had quit a while ago before Neville and Ginny did. Daphne was complaining all the way, but Nott didn't seem to care.

"Oh, this is getting stimulating now!" shouted Flitwick. At his choice of word, Harry blushed. "Only a few couples left on the dance floor. Who will it be? Many are betting on Mr. Potter and Ms Lovegood… whom seems to be fast asleep on Mr. Potter's shoulder. That won't do at all… I think that might consider for disqualification…"

"She's not asleep!" Harry shouted. "She's awake. Aren't you, Luna?" he nudged her a little.

"Hm? Oh, yeah, I'm awake."

"See?" said Harry. "Wait… you're all betting on me?"

"If Mr. Potter and Ms. Lovegood don't succeed, then it looks as if Mr. Malfoy and Ms. Parkinson might be our champions!"

"Boooo!" heckled Ron from the sidelines.

"Shut it, you stupid Weasel," sneered Draco.

"Yeah," said Pansy, looking very worn. "Wupid, shut, you, Seasel…"

"What about us?" said Seamus.

"Don't fret, love," said Blaise. He kissed his cheek. "Let them think that the others will win."

"You wish," said Dean. His eyes looked blood-shot and his face was shining with beads of sweat. "We will win. Won't we, Tracey?"

"Hmmph," she said into his chest.

"That's a yes."

"I highly doubt it," said Blaise, smirking. "Sounds more like a *think again, buster*."

"I'll—I'll make it," said Tracey. "Don't listen to… to him…"

She began to slouch in his arms.

"Um," said Dean, a bit unnerved by the fact that his dance partner was about to slip out of his arms. Moments later, her feet stopped altogether, and then Professor Flitwick blew a whistle.

"Sorry, you two… you're done. Miss Davis has stopped dancing for longer than a minute."

Dean shrugged his shoulders, obviously not too upset by the events, and gently lifted Tracey into his arms and carried her off of the dance floor.

"How sweet," said Blaise, giggling. He was obviously getting weirder from being tired, but Harry couldn't tell just how tired he was by how well he was acting.

Now all that was left was Harry and Luna, Draco and Pansy, and Blaise and Seamus. Flitwick was doing more excited commentary, but Harry wasn't paying attention to him—he was a bit more concern for Luna and her condition. She still had her head down on his shoulder and sounded as if she had fallen asleep. He hoped that she would either wake up soon or that they wouldn't get caught.

But Luna wasn't the only one that Harry kept glancing at; he had been watching Draco as well, and at first he thought that it was mainly because he was waiting for Draco to drop. It wasn't necessarily the case since he was also staring at Malfoy's features, as if he was looking at them for the first time. Draco was sweating, just like he was, and his cheeks were a bit more pink and the edges around his collar were wet. Harry couldn't help staring at a bead of sweat as it slowly rolled down the side of Draco's neck and disappeared into his dress robe's collar.

Suddenly, Professor Flitwick blew his whistle, making Harry jump out of his skin.

"Sorry, Mr. Potter, but you and your partner are done. Miss Lovegood is asleep on her feet."

Harry tried to rouse her to show that she wasn't really sleeping, but this time he couldn't wake her; she was snoring and drooling on his robes. With a defeated yet gracious sigh, Harry gently led Luna off of the dance floor. Professor Dumbledore conjured a stretcher for Harry to place her on and she got levitated to the infirmary. Harry decided that she would be fine, since she will be in Madam Pomfrey's capable hands, and went to sit down next to Ron and Hermione to watch the rest of the marathon. Harry was, after all, rather curious to who will win.

"It feels so good to get off my feet," he said as he sat down by Ron.

"I know what you mean, mate. I'm surprised at how long you did last."

"Um, thanks. I'll take that as a compliment."

"It was meant to be one," Ron smiled. Hermione smiled at Harry too, but from Ron's shoulder. She was obviously still tired from all the dancing.

"Looks like Malfoy is still going strong, but I don't know about Parkinson," said Ron, nodding in their direction. "But Seamus and Blaise look to be in good shape, which is rather strange, don't you think? I never thought Seamus of all people would be able to dance for so long."

"Well, they are the only guy couple in the marathon. Who knows? Maybe it helps that they're both guys."

"Maybe," said Ron, frowning.

The next five to seven minutes went by in silence between the three friends. The only thing that filled their ears was the music and the shuffling of eight feet on the dance floor. Harry was surprised to see that Draco had held up this far, but it seemed that Pansy wasn't doing too well. She looked like she was pushing herself too hard to keep going, and Harry figured that if she kept going she would soon find herself on her back.

It was nearing midnight, which made Harry think of that old Muggle fairy tale Cinderella where if the clock struck midnight, Cinderella would lose her flowing gown and the pumpkin carriage would turn back into a regular pumpkin and the horses would go back to being mice. And so,

right when it hit midnight, Pansy fainted.

There were gasps all around, but then after Pansy was ushered gently off the dance floor, the crowd cheered politely for the winning couple: Blaise and Seamus.

"Did we win?" said Seamus, looking like he had been hexed close to death.

"Yes," said Blaise, relieved.

"Oh, thank God," said Seamus, and then he promptly fainted in Blaise's arms.

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"I cannot believe you won," said Draco to Blaise with narrowed eyes.

"What's not to believe?" said Blaise, feeling smug.

"And you did it all without cheating."

"That's right. We won fair and square," said Blaise. He held up the gift certificate and the coupon that will buy him his lifetime supply of chocolate. "You're jealous, aren't you?"

Draco snorted and folded his arms over his chest. "No, I'm not jealous. Why would I want to be jealous of someone who will get fat with all that chocolate and have something horrible happen to them when they get something from those ill-mannered Weasleys? I don't care."

"Whatever, Draco, I know you're jealous."

"Shut it." Draco sneered at him for a moment and then walked out the dormitory's door. When everyone finally got out of the Great Hall, most went straight to their dorms or went to the hospital wing to visit with friends whom ended up there. Draco had already gone to see a couple of his friends, but he didn't want to stick around since there were too many Gryffindors and Hufflepuffs around for his liking. Potter had seen him when he came in to visit with Lovegood and his other pals; he did his best to give Potter his best sneer, but for some reason Potter didn't seem fazed. Draco counted it on the fact that everyone was just too dead tired from the dance marathon. As far as Draco was concern, maybe his sneer wasn't at full force.

When Blaise finally knew that Seamus would be ok, he left the infirmary with Draco and they walked to the dorm together. Draco had wanted to ask him about how it was dating a Gryffindor, but then he stopped himself. He didn't think he actually wanted to know; if it was anything other than horrible, he didn't want to hear it. From the looks of it, however, it didn't seem too horrible being with a Gryffindor.

The one thing that kept popping into his mind was when Luna Lovegood kissed Potter under the mistletoe. Every time he thought of it, he would grind his teeth. He knew he was jealous… he

wasn't stupid. He was going to owl his mother that letter telling her about his feelings and how confused he'd been lately, but he hadn't had the guts to send it. He did not like the fact that he was getting a crush on Potter—but if he were truthful to himself, he'd say he'd been jealous of all the others Potter had gone out with too. He DID see Potter and Thomas together for their date that one day; he did know about that kiss that Potter shared with Finnigan—he knew.

And he hated it.

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"Congratulations, Seamus," said Harry as he sat down on the edge of the infirmary's bed.

"Thanks, Harry. I'm rather surprised that you and Luna lasted as long as you did, too. You did good."

"Thanks," said Harry, smiling.

"Tell you what, how about I share my gifts with you guys?" Seamus smiled slightly. "It's what you guys would do if you won, right?"

"Wow, er, thanks, Seamus," said Hermione, blushing. "That's very kind of you."

"Yeah, it is," said Ron, beaming. "Thanks, mate."

"You have to share with Luna too," said Harry.

"Okay," said Seamus. "I'm just so happy right now, I'd agree with anything."

"Maybe we'll think of something later then," said Ron cheekily. "For now, I wouldn't mind knowing how you're doing with Zabini. Is he treating you well?"

Seamus blushed softly, grinning. "Well, yeah. You wouldn't believe it, I guess, but he's not that bad a guy. He's funny when he wants to be, and he's sweet, and so amusing…" he sighed in a tone that clearly said he was in love. It made Harry feel slightly jealous.

"Well, we're happy for you, then," said Hermione. "Right, guys?"

They nodded repeatedly. "Oh, yes, yes," they said. "Yeah, very happy."

Seamus beamed. "Thanks, mates."

"So," said Harry after a slight pause. "Do you want to go to Hogsmeade next weekend and get some chocolate?"

Seamus, Ron, and Hermione grinned at him and he grinned back. After all, he had a pygmy puff

to buy.

TBC

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Chapter: 15

Attraction, part fifteen

Pairings: **Harry/Draco** (will be!), **Ron/Hermione** (ok, I caved! Sorry, but I like this pairing), **Seamus/Blaise**, past Harry/Seamus, Harry/Dean, Draco/Blaise; **Neville/Ginny** (possible others)

Rating: PG-13

Warnings: Slash, some bad language

Notes: This doesn't have much of a plot, just so you know. **The only plot** going on, so far, is Harry and his sexuality. Plot? What plot? 0:)

More notes: So, you guessed it: this fic is officially AU. Some things will probably change to reflect book six canon, so be wary of spoilers! If you haven't finished reading book six yet, then please do so before you read this or any of my other fics.

Disclaimer: I do not own these characters; they belong to J. K. Rowling.

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Harry, Ron, Hermione, Seamus, Dean, and Luna walked through the nearly deserted street of Hogsmeade. Technically, the trips to Hogsmeade for students were over with, but since Seamus and Blaise had won the dance marathon, they were allowed (along with friends) to go and use their prizes. Blaise was also going to be there today, but Seamus wasn't sure when. Blaise also told Seamus that he was bringing a few friends as well, meaning that he was sure that Blaise was bringing Draco and a couple other Slytherin friends.

"Will you two be meeting somewhere romantic?" teased Dean, making a kissy face at his best friend.

Seamus went red. "I don't know what he'll want to do… but hopefully we'll meet him soon."

"He's bringing Malfoy, isn't he?" said Ron, sounding disappointed.

"Of course he is," said Seamus. "Malfoy's his best friend, you know."

"Lovely," moaned Ron. "Just wonderful."

"Let's not worry about him," said Hermione. "Let's just try to have a good time while we can before holiday break."

"Right," said Harry, nodding. "Where should we go first? Should we go get some chocolate at Honeydukes now or wait until later?"

"We should wait," said Hermione. "We can go to the Three Broomsticks first. I'm a tad hungry right now."

"Good idea!" Ron grinned. "I second that."

"Course you do," Seamus sniggered. "You're always hungry."

"I'm a growing boy!" Ron said proudly.

"Hey, so am I," said Seamus. "But you don't see *me* eating every time someone puts food in front of me."

Ron's cheeks tint slightly pink.

The group of Gryffindors (and one Ravenclaw) made their way toward the Three Broomsticks. Just a few feet away from the door, it opened and out stepped Blaise, Draco, Pansy, Millicent, Tracey, Crabbe, and Goyle. Harry's group and Malfoy's group froze the moment they all seen each other. It was strangely awkward, but then Seamus smiled at Blaise, Blaise smiled back, and then they stepped forward to embrace. Many faces looked slightly appalled, most of all Ron's, but that ended up being the icebreaker.

"Fancy meeting you guys here," said Tracey. She got closer to Dean, smiling.

"Yeah, rather… um… odd, huh?" said Dean.

"Not really," said Tracey. "Did you guys get permission from Dumbledore too?"

"Yeah," said Seamus, who was beaming and leaning against Blaise; they had their arms around each other.

"Eat already, too?" asked Hermione politely. The Slytherins nodded. "Shame," she said. "We'd ask you to join us."

Draco snorted, earning Harry's attention. "Not bloody likely." He adjusted his tie, lifting his chin higher in the air. "Wouldn't do to converse with a bunch of Gryffindors and one loony

Ravenclaw. People would start asking questions."

"Like they don't already ask questions when a Gryffindor and a Slytherin start dating?" Harry said. Draco turned his eyes to Harry and their gazes locked. The others stood and watched the old so-called rivals stare at each other, not sure what was about to happen. Blaise and Seamus looked back and forth at them, looking anxious.

"Well, where are you off to?" Hermione asked, breaking the awkwardness.

"Honeydukes," said Blaise. "To get some free chocolate, of course."

"Not worried that eating too much will ruin your complexion?" said Ron to Draco.

"You obviously forget that my complexion is always perfect," said Draco, looking haughtier.

Ron snorted, almost in the same manner as he did when they were first years when Draco was introducing himself. Draco made a move forward, but stopped when Harry lightly smacked Ron's shoulder.

"Hey!" Ron exclaimed.

"Don't go starting anything," said Harry, surprising most there. Seamus and Blaise looked a bit pleased by it.

"Well, let's go," said Pansy. "I want some chocolate."

Crabbe and Goyle were nodding their heads enthusiastically in agreement. Harry guessed that they've been the most excited about getting free sweets.

"Maybe we could meet you there?" said Dean in what sounded like a hopeful voice. Draco made a small, annoyed noise, and a couple of the other Slytherins looked put out, but the corners of Blaise's mouth lifted slightly as if he were trying to stop from smiling.

"Well, I'll wait for you guys, but I can't speak for all," he said. "Draco, would you like to wait for them with me…"

"No," said Draco immediately. Harry felt disappointed.

"I will," said Tracey. Dean smiled.

"Not me," said Pansy, and Millicent nodded in agreement. Crabbe and Goyle were looking at Draco as if he was about to change his mind, but Draco said nothing. They shrugged, obviously going wherever Malfoy went.

"If you ever change your minds, you know where we are," said Hermione.

The groups of friends went their separate ways. Seamus and Blaise kissed one another quickly before departing, and Tracey and Dean hugged.

"Too bad Malfoy didn't want to wait, huh?" said Seamus, nudging Harry lightly, startling him.

"Um… why?" said Harry.

"Oh come on! I saw the disappointment in your eyes," Seamus winked. "You wanted Malfoy to wait for you."

Harry frowned, but only for a while, and then put on a disgruntled face. "I don't care if Malfoy waits for me or not."

"Oh, right," said Seamus, smirking. He winked at Dean knowingly. "Because you hate each other so much."

Harry glared at him, but Seamus seemed unfazed. They all entered the Three Broomsticks and found a booth. The waitress was there immediately since there wasn't too many there to begin with, since it wasn't really a Hogsmeade weekend for others. She took their orders and then left. Harry played with the straw that stuck out of his glass of water, deep in thought. He was a bit disappointed that Draco didn't want to wait for them, but he didn't want to admit it. He knew that Seamus, Blaise, and possibly a few others knew that he somewhat fancied Malfoy. Harry wondered if it was just a phase and that he'd be over Malfoy in a matter of weeks, but so far he'd had no luck. He didn't want to admit to himself that he was actually getting it bad… for Malfoy! Why him, Harry wasn't sure. He'd dated Dean and Seamus, even though he didn't have many feelings for them other than strong friendship, and they're way nicer than Malfoy ever had been.

So why the bratty, annoying, arrogant, slimy, gitty Slytherin? Was it possible that he was falling for Malfoy because Malfoy had been, slowly but surely, becoming less annoying, arrogant, and slimy? Was Sir Cadogan right about them being an ideal couple?

Absurd as it was, Harry was thinking more and more about Malfoy in a much more friendly, intimate way. He was sure that those lips tasted better than they sounded. He wondered if that was the way he had to go to shut Malfoy up.

"Earth to Harry, come in Harry!" said Seamus, grinning.

"Wha-?" Harry blinked, looking up at the others.

"Daydreaming, are we?" Seamus said, still amused. "Thinking of a certain Slytherin?"

"Ew, not while I'm eating!" said Ron, who was, apparently, stuffing his face already. Harry looked down and sure enough, their food had arrived. The waitress must have placed his plate right in front of him while he'd been lost in thought.

"I wasn't day—I mean, well, I was thinking but not of…"

"Sure you weren't," said Seamus, winking. Harry went redder than the ketchup bottle.

Ron was sitting on one side of Harry, Hermione was next to Ron, and on Harry's other side was Seamus, who was next to Dean, and next to Hermione was Luna. Harry slowly started to eat his food, trying not to care that Seamus had just read his mind, as frightening as that was. He did his best to not think of Malfoy as he ate and gabbed with everyone. Slowly, Malfoy was fading from his mind as he paid more attention to his friends. In fact, he ended up snorting some butterbeer out of his nose when Seamus did a particularly funny imitation of Flich and Mrs. Norris.

"Christmas is upon us!" said Ron excitedly. "I cannot wait to see what presents I get this year."

"You're staying at Hogwarts this year, right, Harry?" said Dean.

"Yeah," Harry nodded.

"So is Malfoy, right?"

And just like that, everything that Harry'd been thinking of before about Malfoy was suddenly filling his head again. Harry felt his cheeks grow warm as he nodded.

"Here's your chance!" said Seamus.

"Er… chance for what?" Harry asked dumbly.

"You know what I'm talking about, Harry," Seamus winked, and Harry felt like punching him in the eye so that he wouldn't do it anymore.

"No, I don't," Harry said, playing with his food.

"Sure you do… I mean, we all remember how badly you reacted when we mention you getting together with Malfoy. You blew your top last time…"

Harry frowned, feeling a little shamed for that outburst again. He decided on not saying anything. Seamus tried to get him to admit his feelings again, but Hermione got him to shut up (which Harry was very grateful for), and they all started to talk about other things.

They were soon done eating and drinking as many butterbeers as they could. Harry paid for most of the bill even though some were protesting, but Harry finally convinced them to let him do it by threatening to hex them all. They left the Three Broomsticks in a relatively good mood. Even Harry felt slightly elated as they laughed and joked around, making their way to Honeydukes. Luna had suddenly started to talk about something called a Fire Spider, which had Ron so spooked that Hermione had to ask Luna not to speak about them again as she held Ron close,

rubbing his back.

The moment they walked into Honeydukes, they saw not only Blaise and Tracey in one of the corners of the store, but Malfoy, Crabbe, and Goyle. Blaise must have somehow convinced Malfoy to stay, and wherever Malfoy went, so did his two lackeys.

"Hello," said Dean.

"Hi," said Tracey. She suddenly got up from the bench and threw her arms around his neck. Dean blinked, unsure just what was going on since they've seen each other not too long ago.

Seamus sat down right next to Blaise and put an arm around him. Blaise pulled him close, allowing Seamus to place his head on his shoulder. Ron was still holding onto Hermione as they stood next to Harry, and Harry's eyes fell on Malfoy, whom was staring right back. Crabbe and Goyle were too busy chowing down to really pay attention. Luna was off in her own world as she looked at the rows of colorful treats.

"What's wrong?" Dean asked Tracey. She shrugged lightly, but didn't let go of him.

"Pay her no mind," said Blaise. "She's just being a girl."

Malfoy snorted in amusement and then went back to licking his Blood Lollipop. Harry couldn't take his eyes off him.

"Come on, Hermione," said Ron suddenly. "Let's get some free sweets! Seamus?"

"Oh, yeah…" Seamus dug out his coupon for the lifetime supply of chocolate and handed it to him. Ron took it from his fingers before Seamus could say anything more.

"Don't go too wild, Ronald," scolded Hermione. "We'll be back," she said, and then she went with Ron toward the checkout counter where the owner was to present the coupon. Harry watched them go, secretly jealous of how close they've gotten.

"You can get some too, Harry," said Blaise as he pulled out his own free chocolate coupon. "Get some for the others, as well."

"Okay…" said Harry. He took the coupon, looking at Malfoy once more before following Ron and Hermione to the counter.

"Well?" whispered Blaise to Draco.

"Well what?" Draco snapped back.

"Aren't you glad you stayed?"

Draco scowled at the Blood Lolly as if he were in deep thought. Then he leered at his friend, who was grinning at him like a loon. He looked back at his lollipop.

"Why should I be glad that I stayed?" he finally said.

Blaise sighed, shaking his head. "Draco, you're impossible. I'm starting to feel sorry for Harry now."

Draco stood abruptly, towering over Blaise as he glared down at him. "For the last time, Blaise… I'm NOT going to ask Potter out!"

The second Draco said the last sentence, Harry had returned with a few sweets already. He gasped, blinking in shock when he heard Malfoy. Blaise was looking rather amused over Draco's shoulder, and Draco shut his eyes as if in pain. He knew just what happened by the look in Blaise's face; Potter was behind him right when he had shouted that.

"Um," said Harry awkwardly.

"Oh, hey, Potter," said Blaise. "We were just talking about you…"

"Shut it," said Draco through grit teeth.

"Uh, yeah," said Harry as he maneuvered over to stand next to Dean and Tracey, who were snickering in their hands. "So I heard."

There was uneasy silence for a while until Ron and Hermione came back with an armload of sweets. Harry turned to his friends, his cheeks blazing pink, but he did his best to ignore Malfoy. He helped them sort out the sweets for everyone to share. Luna had also finally come back over and helped with dividing the sweets. Hermione didn't take many since she knew her parents would freak if she had too much sugar. Malfoy kept his gaze on either the candy or his best friend most of the time. Once Harry could have sworn he caught Malfoy staring at him, but he wasn't sure.

Finally, they all decided to head back to Hogwarts. Harry promised Luna that when they go to Diagon Alley he'd get her that pygmy puff. Luna told him that she didn't expect him to really get it for her, but Harry was determined to, planning to get it for her for Christmas. Malfoy, Crabbe, and Goyle were a few steps ahead of everyone else as they walked. Suddenly, Malfoy tripped up on something that Harry couldn't see and he dropped tons of his candy. Ron, Hermione, Dean, and Seamus laughed, but Harry and Luna didn't. The others were walking around them as Malfoy, Crabbe, and Goyle bent over to pick it all up, but Harry stopped.

"Harry, what are you doing?" Ron asked. Hermione and the others stopped too.

"Go on ahead," said Harry. His voice was shaking slightly, but he tried to ignore it. He cleared his throat. "I'll be right there."

Ron looked disgruntled at knowing what Harry was about to do, but Hermione steered him around and made him keep walking. He couldn't hear what she said to him but it must have consoled him somehow. Harry kneeled on the ground and started to help Malfoy pick up his candy.

"Go away, Potter," said Draco. "I have plenty of help."

"You trust Crabbe and Goyle not to sneak some into their own pockets?"

Draco blinked a few times, and then looked irritated again. "Fine, but hurry. I want to get back to Hogwarts and away from you and your annoying… what the hell is that?"

Draco pointed at Harry's chest. Harry looked down instinctively. Draco was pointing at the necklace that Harry forgot was around his neck.

"Oh, Seamus bought it for me," said Harry, going red. It was the amulet that Seamus gave to Harry during their date.

Draco narrowed his eyes. "Did he?"

Harry nodded, going back to picking up the candy. Draco stared at him for a bit before he continued to do the same. When they finally got it all picked up, Malfoy turned around, along with Crabbe and Goyle, and walked silently toward Hogwarts. Harry was slightly confused by Malfoy's sudden attitude change. He followed them quietly.

When they reached the entrance to Hogwarts, and Draco didn't slow down for anything, Harry shouted at him: "You're welcome, by the way!"

To Harry's surprise, Draco stopped. He turned around, stared at Harry for a bit, and then gestured to Crabbe and Goyle to stay. He walked back to Harry.

Harry didn't know why, but he felt a lump form in his throat. He tried to clear it quickly before he had to speak, not wanting to look any more like an idiot.

"Look, Potter," said Draco right away the moment he was about two feet from Harry. "About what you heard me say to Blaise…"

"He'd been bugging you to ask me out," said Harry matter-of-factly. "I guess."

"Yes. And as you heard, I said… well, I told him I won't." Draco nodded, mostly to himself. His cheeks did tint pink a little and he wasn't looking Harry in the eye either. It made Harry wonder if Draco actually did like him in that way.

"Seamus has been bugging me about it too," Harry decided to say, not sure why he was trying to

make Malfoy feel better. "I don't know what they think they're trying to do. I mean it's just so…"

"Stupid?" Draco inquired.

"Actually, I was going to say 'impossible', but…" Harry looked to see if anyone else was around. They were, thankfully, alone.

"We wouldn't last," said Draco when Harry didn't continue. "I mean, you would break up with me after only two or three days, so what's the point?"

"I would break up with you?" Harry said, boggled. "No, I think you'd break up with me first. You wouldn't be able to stand my 'foolhardiness' for long."

"You are a fool, that's for sure… and you're too Gryffindor for me. Not a smidgen of Slytherin in you…"

"Actually, I do have some…" Harry quickly shut his mouth. "Uhh, never mind."

"You have some Slytherin in you? Since when?"

"Since the sorting hat tried to put me in Slytherin."

There was silence as they stared at one another.

"You…" Draco finally said. "You have Slytherin qualities?"

"Yes," said Harry, although he sounded none too proud.

Draco looked shocked for a moment but then laughed shortly. "Oh, right. I forgot that you're a parselmouth and that the Dark Lord had addled your brains when you were a baby."

"Shut up! I didn't get my… I don't have these abilities and stuff because of Voldemort! I mean I'm a parselmouth because of him, but my qualities are my own!"

"Determination, resourcefulness, and disreguard for the rules?" Draco smirked. "Well, ok, I believe the disreguarding rule thing since you've loved doing that since first year…"

"I may have Slytherin qualities, but I'm not a Slytherin. I would rather stay and fight, save those that I love, than run away with my tail between my legs."

Malfoy snorted. "Yes, I noticed your noble, brave antics thoughout school. I'm not blind, you know. And anyway, you'd be a terrible date even if I did ask you out, Slytherin or no."

Harry felt a sudden slow anger building up inside him. "What?"

"You heard me, Potter. You're a horrible person to date anyway, as I've noticed with Finnigan and Thomas."

"You think I'm a terrible date? I'll bet you anything that I'm not!"

"I'm a better date than you, Potter," said Draco, thumbing his nose at him. "I'm suave and a gentleman. You… you're a slob, tactless, and mannerless."

"You're the one without manners, Malfoy!" Harry said, his temper rising.

"Wanna bet?" Malfoy whispered daringly.

"Yeah!" Harry said, getting closer to Draco's face. "I'll bet you twenty Galleons that I'm a way better date than you'd ever be!"

"Fine," smirked Draco. "But honestly, Potter, only twenty Galleons? What do you think I am? A Weasley? Make it fifty Galleons and you got yourself a bet."

Harry glowered at Malfoy for a moment. The crack about the Weasleys really put him over the edge. He stepped closer and held out his hand for Malfoy to shake. "It's a deal, Malfoy! We'll see just who is the better person to take on a date!"

Malfoy didn't waste time and took Harry's hand, trying to crush it. Harry squeezed Malfoy's hand back as hard as he could.

"Deal. Christmas Day or after the holidays?"

Harry bit his lip as he contemplated it. He knew that they were both spending Christmas at Hogwarts, but he wasn't sure if he wanted to do the date on that day when there was presents to be opened. Maybe they should wait until after the hoidays… perhaps Harry should go to the Weasleys' for Christmas… he couldn't decide.

"Umm… I don't know. When's good for you?"

"After the holidays, I think," said Draco, wreching his hand back. "I would like my Christmas Day Potter-free, thanks."

Harry had the urge to stick out his tongue, but quelled it. "Fine. I'd like my Christmas Day Malfoy-free, myself."

Malfoy pursed his lips in annoyance, but didn't say anything. Harry kept staring at him, waiting to see if he'd sprout off any more nonsense or something tasteless.

"You can stop staring at me now, Potter," Malfoy sneered. "I know I'm pretty to look at, but it's really rude."

Harry sputtered. "I'm not—don't be so—shut up!"

Draco gave Harry a victory smile before turning around and heading toward the stairs that lead to the dungeons. "Later, Potter," he said over his shoulder.

Harry stood there, dumbstruck. What had he done? He finally realized that his legs were shaking, so he sunk to the floor and sat on his hunches, fingers tangled in his hair. Oh Lord, what had he done?

He had a date with Draco Malfoy, that was what he'd done.

TBC

Little A/N: OMG, I never thought I would have done it, but I wrote this part in one day! That's rare for me lately, so maybe my muse is feeling better. I have a couple scenes in my head for either the next chapter or the one after it. But, so you know, I think that there aren't too many chapters left now. I'm not sure just how many exactly, but it's getting closer to the end, and that, for me, is a good thing because I have too many WIP fics in the first place.

But anyway, thank you for reading and I hope you're still enjoying this!

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Chapter: 16

Attraction, part sixteen

Pairings: **Harry/Draco** (will be!), **Ron/Hermione**, **Seamus/Blaise**, past Harry/Seamus, Harry/Dean, Draco/Blaise; **Neville/Ginny** (possible others)

Rating: R

Warnings: Slash, some bad language

Notes: This doesn't have much of a plot, just so you know. **The only plot** going on, so far, is Harry and his sexuality. Plot? What plot? 0:)

More notes: So, you guessed it: this fic is officially AU. Some things will probably change to reflect book six canon, so <u>be wary of spoilers!</u> If you haven't finished reading book six yet, then please do so before you read this or any of my other fics.

Disclaimer: I do not own these characters; they belong to J. K. Rowling.

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"Bloody hell, Harry!" Ron said after Harry told him what happened. "No. There's no way you're telling me the truth."

"I am. It's the truth," said Harry, hanging his head. "I just—I don't know what came over me…"

"I do," said Hermione from behind a book.

"I don't want to hear it, Hermione!" Harry huffed. "I might as well save myself the trouble and just give him the fifty Galleons."

"No way, Harry," said Ron, looking stricken. "If I were you, I'd go along with the bet." He sighed and placed his head in his hands. "Must be nice not to worry much about giving up fifty Galleons."

Harry sighed. "Fine. I'll go along with it, and if I win that fifty Galleons I'll give it to you."

Ron's ears turned pink. "Er, no, Harry… you don't have to do that…"

"Sure I do," Harry said, smirking slightly. "What do I need an extra fifty Galleons for?"

Ron muttered something under his breath, but Harry didn't catch it. He sighed again and tried to finish up with some of his homework. Hermione was making them (more so Ron than Harry) do some of their homework so they'd have less to do over the holidays. Harry had already finished his Defense Against the Dark Arts essay, and was halfway through his Transfiguration paper.

"Look," said Harry, "if it bothers you that much, I'll split it with you."

"Well…" Ron said, pretending to think it over. Harry knew that Ron liked that idea. Personally, he would rather give it all to Ron. "All right. As long as you're ok with it."

"I'm ok with giving you all of it! But you have to be so noble…"

"Enough talk, you two, and more work," said Hermione from behind her Astronomy book.

"Yes, mum," said Harry, rolling his eyes. Hermione looked over the top of her book to scowl at Harry. Harry smirked. Ron chuckled behind a hand.

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Christmas Day arrived faster than Harry thought possible. Maybe it was because he'd been slightly dreading his upcoming date with one Draco Malfoy. He, Malfoy, and a few other

students had stayed for the holidays. Harry almost wished that Ron had stayed, but Ron just shook his head and told Harry that there was no way he'd be able to get out of going home for Christmas this year; the entire Weasley family will be there. That was another reason Harry was sorry for not going, but Ron understood. "There will be other big Weasley gatherings for you to go to, so I'm not worried." Harry gave him a crushing embrace.

Harry had woken up to the usual pile of presents at the foot of his bed. Slightly forlorn that he wasn't with the Weasleys' this year, Harry took his time getting out from under the warm covers to start unwrapping his parcels. He got the usual green jumper from Mrs. Weasley, along with some fudge; a book on unusual historical places in Europe from Hermione; a box of Weasleys' Finest Wheezes from Fred and George; a Shield Cloak from Remus; a Patented Daydream Charm from Ron (which made Harry wonder just how Ron got it, but then thought maybe he'd done something special for the twins in order to get one); a big box of assorted sweets from Hagrid; a bottle of sparkling champagne from Luna Lovegood, and finally, The World's Most Comfortable Shoes from Seamus and Blaise. When he put them on, it felt like he wasn't even touching the ground. Harry laughed as he walked around the dorm room, imagining he was walking on clouds.

Later, he walked (feeling as if he was floating) through the halls toward the Great Hall. Just as every year, it had been decorated with tons of holly and mistletoe along the walls, and twelve huge, beautiful Christmas trees stood around the room; snowflakes fell from the bewitched ceiling but disappearing before it hit the tables. It had been over six years, but Harry still loved the way it all looked; he especially liked the trees with the glittering, real fairies for lights. He got close to one, which was preening one of its fancy wings.

"Well, would you look at that," drawled Malfoy from behind him. "A fairy admiring a fairy."

Harry spun around to glare at Malfoy. His nose ended up being only a few inches away from Malfoy's, and he backed away in shock, cheeks glowing.

"You're one to talk, Malfoy," he retorted. Malfoy cocked one eyebrow, looking amused.

Harry didn't want to back down from their staring contest, but Malfoy moved away first without so much as a snigger and walked to the table where everyone was gathered. Just like every year, it was filled with hundreds of turkeys; potatoes; chipolatas; boats of gravy, and cranberry sauce—and the traditional stacks of wizard crackers.

Harry took his seat, a bit thankful that he wasn't sitting next to Malfoy (he doubted he'd be able to concentrate on any eating), but by Hagrid. Hagrid beamed at him and was asking him in a low voice if he wanted to visit Buckbeak with him when he gave the Hippogriff his present. Harry deep down wanted to say no, but he knew he couldn't. He agreed to go with Hagrid to see Buckbeak. After all, it had been a while since he seen the beast.

Halfway through dinner, Harry looked down the long table to see that Malfoy was sitting with two younger Slytherins and some Ravenclaw boy that Harry didn't recognized but looked to be

around their age. Malfoy was tittering at something that was said to him by the Ravenclaw boy, and for some odd reason, it made Harry want to punch his lights out. The Ravenclaw boy, not Malfoy. Which was another odd thing in itself.

"All righ', Harry?" Hagrid asked. Harry nodded, not wanting to explain things to Hagrid. He quickly went back to eating, wanting to keep his mouth too full to even talk.

After everyone had their fill of dinner, dessert came. Harry dug into his Christmas pudding just as everyone else did. The silver sickle ended up in Malfoy's pudding, of all people. Hagrid and McGonagall were drinking as much wine as they pleased, along with a couple other teachers that stayed behind for the holidays. Dumbledore was wearing a hat that was adorned with fruit and was pulling another cracker with Professor Sprout. Harry reached for his own goblet of spiced pumpkin juice, but Hagrid suddenly took it out of his hands and pushed one with wine in it.

"It's Christmas after all…" Hagrid slurred. "And yer of age an' all… migh' as well…"

Harry frowned. He wasn't sure if he wanted to drink anything really alcoholic, but then again, he noticed that Malfoy had looked a bit pink in the cheeks so Harry assumed that Malfoy must have been drinking some wine too. Was he the only one not having wine? Well, no… the two younger Slytherins weren't. Of course, they weren't old enough to drink yet.

He sighed, shrugged his shoulders in defeat, and took a sip. The wine wasn't too bad, but it wasn't as good as, say, butterbeer or mulled mead. He asked Hagrid if there was any, but Hagrid shook his shaggy head.

"Fer Christmas, 'Arry? Yeh mus' be mad!"

"Right," said Harry. He drank his wine slowly.

It didn't take long for them to get their bellies full of pudding and other delicious treats. Harry felt a slight buzz in the back of his skull from the wine, not one to be used to drinking more than one or two glasses of anything more alcoholic than butterbeer. He walked (or was he gliding?) back toward the Gryffindor Tower, ignoring a few teachers' worried looks along the way. He couldn't remember the tower being so far away. When he finally got to the Fat Lady, he couldn't remember the password. At first, he acted as if he were trying to guess the password for the headmaster's office, naming off any kind of sweets imaginable. Slowly it dawned on him what he was doing and stood there in deep thought. He finally remembered the password and then stumbled inside.

When he finally climbed the stairs (which he was sure were moving on him on purpose! Damn those silly Hogwarts staircases…), and found the right door to his dorm, he slowly made his way to his bed. Sleep sounded very heavenly at the moment, and that was what he planned on doing for hours and hours on end—sleep.

Harry plopped down on his bed only to lie on some long, hard wrapped parcel. It startled him so

much that he sat up and got a head rush.

"Oh, bloody hell…" he grumbled. "Who put this here?" Harry brought a hand back, grabbed the long, beautifully wrapped gift from behind him and was about to toss it to the foot of his bed, but stopped. He eyed it for a moment, and finally realized that it was a Christmas present addressed to him! "Damn… what the hell—?"

Not hesitating any further, Harry ripped the present open. He laid it on his bed and stared at it hard, his head still fuzzy with his alcohol buzz.

"A broomstick?" he gasped. "Who the bloody hell gave me a broomstick? Why was I given a broomstick? Did something happen to my Firebolt?" Harry peered at the broom's handle. "Thunderbolt 2005? Blimey, that's expensive! What prat got this for me?" Harry searched around the ripped wrapping paper but found no note.

"Great," he sighed, rubbing his eyes behind his glasses with his fingers. "Just bloody perfect! Another anonomouse… anonymice… anon—oh—mo—anonohninny… present."

He laid back, too drowsy to care at the moment, and passed out.

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When Harry woke, his head was pounding. He slowly opened his eyes to see what time it was, but then he closed them again quickly.

"Fuck," he muttered under his breath. He knew right then and there that he wasn't going to drink a drop of alcohol ever again.

As he began to remember last night, Harry slowly searched around his bed for that mystery gift. When he saw it wasn't still on the bed with him, he looked over the edge and found it lying on the floor. He bent over slowly, cringing from his throbbing temples, and picked it up.

The thought of going out and flying it made him a bit happier than he was when he first woke up. But then he remembered that there were many people out there that wished him harm, so he had no alternative but to take the broomstick to Professors McGonagall and Flitwick to check it over for jinxes.

With the knowledge that it might take a few days to get it checked, Harry thought that maybe he could go flying later on his Firebolt for old times sake. Harry wasn't sure just what he should do with his Firebolt when his Thunderbolt 2005 was pronounced clean. Perhaps he'll keep it just in case he needed it or one of his friends needed it, or maybe he'll just give it to Ron to use. Course, the Firebolt held many good memories, including the fact that it had been Sirius whom bought it for him.

Harry decided to go to the nurse first and get his hangover taken care of. He wondered idly if

Hagrid or any of the other Professors had it as bad as he did. When he got to the hospital wing and asked to be healed, Madam Pomfrey didn't seem to bat an eyelash at the fact. Harry didn't exactly say he had a hangover, but the look in her eyes told him that she must know somehow.

After he was back to feeling normal, Harry went straight to Professor McGonagall's office. He knocked on her door, Thunderbolt 2005 in hand, and waited. When she opened the door, she looked surprised to see Harry there.

"Yes, Mr. Potter?"

"Sorry to disturb you, professor, but I got another anonymous broomstick and I guess I need it checked over."

He handed the broom over to her. She took it tentatively, eyebrow raised, and then looked it up and down. She brought her gaze back to Harry, lips thinly pressed.

"Thank you, Harry," she said. "You really are growing up."

Harry's cheeks grew warm. "How long do you think it'll take?"

"A couple days," said McGonagall. "But I'll have it back to you as soon as possible if I find nothing wrong with it."

"Thanks, Professor."

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While Harry was waiting for his new broomstick to be checked, Harry went down to Hagrid's like he said he would, to see Buckbeak. When he reached Hagrid's hut, he could see Buckbeak in the giant pumpkin patch, chewing on a dead animal. Hagrid suddenly came out the backdoor with a huge tub in his arms.

"Hello, Hagrid," said Harry.

"Harry!" Hagrid quickly set the tub, which Harry noticed was filled with water, next to Buckbeak and then gave Harry a bone-crushing hug. Harry squeaked out a breath. "I'm so glad yeh finally came ter see Beaky. Oops, I mean Witherwings."

"He's still an outlaw, is he?" Harry said, gazing at the Hippogriff.

"Unfortunately," said Hagrid. "But, we won' let that get ter us, will we?"

"Nope," said Harry. "So, where's his present?"

"Well," said Hagrid, "with Buck—er—Witherwings, it was hard ter decide. I wanted ter try

freeing 'im, but tha' didn' turn out. Next, I though' abou' having Mrs. Weasley knit 'im a jumper, but she don' have the money fer all the yarn it would take ter make it. If I were ter try knittin', then Beaky's Christmas present would be weeks late. So, I figure tha' I can't go wrong with food."

"Of course," said Harry, grinning.

"An' the best part abou' tha' is tha' *you*, Harry, could feed it ter him."

Harry blinked. "Er, me? Give Bu—Witherwings his present?"

"Well, sure," Hagrid beamed. "'E is yours in the firs' place, ain' 'e?"

"Uh, well, yes, he is. But, Hagrid…"

"An' 'e likes yeh a lot, yeh know," said Hagrid. He moved over toward the back of his hut where there was a giant bin with a cover on it. Hagrid hoisted the lid off with enormous strength, and then gestured for Harry to come closer. Harry slowly made his way to the bin. "Er, looks like yeh need a lift ter get the food out," said Hagrid, and then he suddenly wrapped his large arms around Harry's middle (Harry grunted in surprise) and picked him up as if he weighed only a stone.

"Hagrid…" Harry said, feeling a bit silly to be half sitting on Hagrid's chest and half in the air.

"Jus' reach in there an' take out one slab."

Harry, still confused, rolled up his sleeve before sticking his arm down over the side of the bin. What met his hand sent a chill down his spine. "Hagrid, just what is this?"

"Grab it by the string it's tied up with," said Hagrid. "An' pull. I'm sure yer strong enough."

Deciding that it was useless to try reasoning with Hagrid, and also feeling pleased that Hagrid considered him rather strong, Harry hooked his fingers and thumb around a piece of string that he could tell was tied tightly around what felt like meat. It wasn't hamburger meat that Harry knew, but it still felt rather slimy. With Hagrid's encouragement, Harry heaved out a giant slab of meat that was still rather pink. It looked almost like uncooked chicken.

"Yeh got it!" Hagrid beamed. "Now I'm going ter set yeh down… hold on ter the meat, Harry… easy does it…"

He set Harry back on his feet gently. Harry gasped at the feel of just how heavy the meat was. Hagrid smiled, and then helped Harry steer back round to where Buckbeak was. When Harry got within five feet from the Hippogriff, Buckbeak raised his head and looked very interested in what Harry had.

"Don' forget ter bow, Harry. Nice an' low…"

But Harry didn't need to bow much. Buckbeak stood immediately and bowed almost the same time as Harry and then moved forward. Harry smiled; of course Buckbeak would remember him. He patted the side of Buckbeak's face and then slid his hand down the beak. Buckbeak nudged Harry's arm affectionately and then brought his gaze down to the giant slab of meat.

"Merry Christmas, Buckbeak," Harry said. Hagrid coughed, and Harry knew why: it was because he called Buckbeak by his real name out loud. "It's ok, Hagrid. No one is around to hear." He laid the meat by Buckbeak's feet. "Here you are. It's your present… um, some kind of meat."

Harry started to untie the string that was around it, but Buckbeak beat him to it, cutting the string from around it with his beak like a pair of scissors. The Hippogriff nudged Harry lovingly again before devouring the meat.

"Hagrid?" Harry said, standing back up. "Just what kind of meat is that?"

"It's a rare treat," Hagrid whispered. "Yer not ter know abou' it."

"You can't tell me?"

Hagrid looked nervous. He shook his shaggy head, frowning. "Nope. Sorry, Harry. It's best if I don' say."

"All right," said Harry. He brought his gaze back down to Buckbeak and watched him continue to rip the meat to shreds. It looked to be some kind of bird meat to Harry, but in the magical world one just didn't know for sure what something was just by looking at it.

"I better go now, Hagrid," said Harry, easing away from Buckbeak.

"Now, Harry, don' yeh wan' ter ride 'im fer a bit?"

"Um, not right now, but thanks. I'll do it later."

"Right," said Hagrid. "He'll be here whenever yeh wan' ter see him."

Harry nodded. "All right. See you, Hagrid. Bye, Buckbeak."

Buckbeak kept chewing his food, but his eyes rose to meet Harry's. He stared at Harry for a few seconds before squawking at him. Harry smiled, and then slowly turned around and walked back to Hogwarts.

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In about four days, McGonagall brought Harry his new broomstick back. When she found him in the common room, he had been polishing his Firebolt with the Polishing Kit that Hermione had

bought him for his birthday a few years ago. Harry got up immediately upon seeing Professor McGonagall entering with the Thunderbolt 2005.

"Again, it's perfectly normal," she said when she handed it to him. "Someone out there must really like you, Mr. Potter."

Harry smiled. "Thanks, Professor."

"If you want, I could try finding out just who sent it to you."

"If you don't mind, professor."

After McGonagall left, Harry went up to his dorm with both broomsticks and kit. He put away his Broom Polishing Kit and Firebolt, and then examined the Thunderbolt 2005. It was just as he'd seen it in the window of Quality Quidditch Supplies: sleeker handle, more aerodynamic broomtail, and it was lighter weight. Harry looked closely at the gold lettering on the side of the handle and saw not only the name and registration number on it, but it also said:

Made with 100 per cent holly.

Holly. The same wood that his wand was made from. Harry picked it up, felt it vibrate affectionately, and then let it go. It levitated just at mounting height and all Harry could do was stand there and stare at it as if it were a long lost pet.

Finally coming out of his reverie, Harry grabbed his new broomstick and decided to go out to test fly it. He didn't met up with anyone on his way to the Quidditch pitch, which Harry was glad because the last thing he wanted was a gaggle of admirers to crowd him and ask him all sort of questions. He picked up the pace when he saw the doors out to the pitch were already open. Impatiently, Harry mounted the Thunderbolt 2005 a few feet before the door and soared straight out into the sunshine. It was oddly a rather nice day out, about 35 degrees, with hardly a cloud in the sky. Harry inhaled from the excited feeling rushing through him as he felt the broomstick respond to his every little movement; the crisp, cool air feeling good on his warm face and in his heaving lungs. He gripped the smooth handle, caressing it as if it were a lover, and then pulled up on the end gently. It responded to him immediately. Harry barely had to steer it for it to go where he wanted it to and it obeyed.

Harry was in love. Without thinking, his heart filled with enormous joy at having found his perfect broom yet, he kissed the end of the handle sweetly.

"Good Lord!" Harry suddenly heard, and he spun around sharply in the air to see Malfoy a couple feet from him, also on a broomstick. "I always knew you'd date anyone and anything, but this is ridiculous!"

Harry narrowed his eyes and flew closer. "Shut up, Malfoy. I think you'd be dead jealous at just what kind of broomstick this is." Harry thrust the end of his broom up high so it looked as if he

were riding on a horse on its hind legs. "Read it and weep."

To Harry's surprise, Draco didn't react in the way he thought he would. Malfoy flew a bit closer and gazed at the gold lettering on the handle, and then his eyes trailed to Harry's fist, and then followed up his arm and to Harry's face. Harry stared, a confused yet dominating look in his eyes.

"So you got a new broomstick for Christmas," said Draco calmly. "Big freaking deal, Potter."

"What?" Harry said. "What do you mean 'big deal'? Aren't you the least bit jealous?"

Malfoy scoffed, and then turned his broomstick to the side to show Harry what was written on the handle.

It also said *Thunderbolt 2005*, but the registration number was different, and so was the wood: *Yew*.

"You got one too?" Harry gasped, utterly shocked.

"From my mother," said Draco. "I also received a bounty of gifts as well as loads of money from other relatives."

Harry knew that it didn't matter; that Malfoy getting the same broomstick for Christmas wasn't supposed to be a big deal, and that he knew he had way more talent on a broom, in the sky, and catching the Snitch, then Malfoy would ever have, but for some strange reason, Harry felt his chest constrict with jealousy.

"What's the matter, Potter?" said Draco when he noticed the look on Harry's face. "Don't tell me you're jealous because I have one too."

Harry sputtered. "Don't be ridiculous! Of course I'm not jealous…"

"You are, Potter," said Draco, suddenly very close to Harry, their broomstick handles touching. "You're insanely jealous and you wish that you were the only one to get such a splendid broomstick. Well, guess what, Potter? You don't always receive special privileges just because you're the Chosen One."

"I know that!" Harry growled. "But you know what, Malfoy? Just because you have the same broomstick doesn't mean you have the same skills. I'm still better at flying than you'll ever be!"

Malfoy moved even closer and suddenly Harry felt rather hot under the collar. "Is that a challenge, Potter?" Malfoy said in a very low tone.

"You want another challenge?" Harry said. Images of their past bickerings and close encounters in the halls flashed through Harry's mind, making his heart race. "Isn't the date dare enough?"

"Date dare?" Draco snorted.

"What else am I supposed to call it?" Harry said, blushing. "It's not like a normal date or anything…"

"Isn't it?" Draco said, raising a brow.

"No! Of course it isn't!"

Draco's face was suddenly so close now that their noses almost touched. Harry, for some odd reason, didn't back off. He swallowed a lump in his throat as he gazed at Draco's eyes, the gray and bluish patterns in them suddenly very interesting.

"You're the one that bet me that you're not a horrible date," Draco whispered. His own gaze fell to Harry's lips and then back up to his eyes. "So, come January, we'll just see if you're right or not."

"I am right," said Harry. His eyes looked down at Malfoy's mouth too, and then back into Malfoy's eyes. "It's just that Cho was… well…"

"You're blaming it all on Chang for you being a horrible date?"

"She was the one that kept crying and bringing up Cedric and…"

"All right, all right," said Malfoy, moving back a bit. "Calm down, Potter. No need to lash out at me. We're not on our date yet."

"Very funny, Malfoy," Harry scoffed.

"I am witty," said Draco. "You'll see, during our date."

Harry felt his face grow hot again. He hated blushing around Malfoy!

"Well," he said, trying to regain the upper hand. "Maybe I will show *you* just how witty I am!"

"The date isn't about wits, Potter… it's about charm, manners, and tact; which you have none of."

"I have manners!"

"We'll just see, won't we?" Draco said. He moved forward quickly and surprised Harry with a small peck on the cheek. Harry floundered.

"Stop it!" Harry growled, his heart beating so fast it felt as if it were about to beat right out of his chest.

Malfoy smirked. "Until then, Potter." He flew off toward the Slytherin showers.

"Yeah," said Harry quietly to himself. "Until then…"

TBC

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Chapter: 17

Attraction, part seventeen

Pairings: **Harry/Draco**, **Ron/Hermione**, **Seamus/Blaise**, past Harry/Seamus, Harry/Dean, Draco/Blaise; **Neville/Ginny** (possible others)

Rating: R

Warnings: Slash, some bad language

Notes: This doesn't have much of a plot, just so you know. **The only plot** going on, so far, is Harry and his sexuality. Plot? What plot? 0:)

More notes: So, you guessed it: this fic is officially AU. Some things will probably change to reflect book six canon, so be wary of spoilers! If you haven't finished reading book six yet, then please do so before you read this or any of my other fics.

Disclaimer: I do not own these characters; they belong to J. K. Rowling.

Author's disclaimer note: I've been fighting with a cold for a while now, and had some medicine, so if anything doesn't make sense in here, then I blame it on that. My eyes are already too weird from typing most of this up, so I only looked it over once. So I apologize for any mistakes you might find.

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The day was finally here. Harry had dressed in the best clothes that he could find, even though he knew for sure that Malfoy probably had a better suit than him. He combed his hair as best he could, but that, as always, was a lost cause. He made sure that his glasses didn't have any embarrassing smudges on them, did up his tie as best he could, and then turned around to check out the crease in the back of his trousers. It really didn't matter since he'll be also wearing his best, wrinkle-free robe, but better safe than sorry. Knowing Malfoy he'd be able to spot

something wrong with him the moment he met Malfoy at the Great Hall.

Harry tried to keep his hands as dry as possible, but for some reason it was impossible—they kept becoming annoyingly sweaty. He double checked himself in the mirror, which kept whistling at him every time, making him blush. He felt a twinge in his stomach at the fact that he looked rather good with pink cheeks.

Deciding that he was as good as he was going to get, Harry slowly, nervously, made his way out of the Gryffindor tower. He hoped to God that he hadn't forgotten anything. The Great Hall loomed nearer faster than he wanted it to, and then he was there, standing in the archway of the entrance. It didn't take long for Harry to spot Malfoy, whom was leaning casually on the other side of the Great Hall against the other door that lead out to the courtyard and toward Hogsmeade, arms crossed elegantly across his chest. Harry felt his heart beating way too loud in his own chest.

He didn't know how long he stood there, but then he saw Malfoy crook an eyebrow at him and then make a 'come here' gesture with just his chin. Harry took a deep breath, willed himself to remember that this was just a bet, a Dare Date, and that he had to do his best to win. It wasn't just about the money. His pride and dignity as a man was at stake.

It didn't take long for Harry to reach Malfoy, and once he did, he was only a couple feet away from him. He sucked in a breath at the way Malfoy looked in his Armani suit, bowtie undone and hanging off him, hair partially slicked back, and trousers that both hugged his hips just right and made his legs look long.

"Be careful, Potter, or you'll trip on your tongue," said Malfoy, getting Harry out of his trance.

Harry closed his mouth and glared at Malfoy. "Shut up. I would do no such thing."

"Sure you wouldn't," Malfoy smirked. He moved away from the doorway. "Well, shall we?"

Harry nodded; knowing that stalling any longer would only be strike one with him. He was worried, however, because Malfoy hadn't seemed too pleased about his appearance, unless Malfoy really was that good at hiding his emotions.

Halfway out the courtyard, Malfoy suddenly spoke.

"Strike one, Potter."

"What?" Harry gasped, turning his head to glare at Malfoy's profile.

"You didn't comment on how nice I looked," said Malfoy. "So, strike one."

"I was waiting for you to say something to me!" Harry huffed.

"Never assume, Potter."

"Then you've got one strike too. It's only fair."

"Maybe," said Malfoy. He glanced over at Harry. The fire burning in Harry's eyes made Draco's stomach swoop oddly. He brought his gaze back to watch where he was walking. "It's a good thing the Weasel and Mud—"

"Strike two, Malfoy," Harry said quickly, yet with a tone of glee that Malfoy forgot to watch his manners. "My, my, you're not doing too well already, are you?"

"Just you watch, Potter," said Malfoy. "I'll be so polite that you'll forget that little error."

"I highly doubt it," Harry grumbled.

They walked on the rest of the way to Hogsmeade, side by side, without saying a word. Harry wasn't sure just what he was supposed to say to Malfoy during all this, and he wondered if he would get another strike for not starting up some sort of pleasant conversation.

When they did arrive at Hogsmeade finally, Harry was actually rather surprised by Malfoy's manners. He didn't think that Malfoy actually had it in him to be nice to Harry. When they reached the Three Broomsticks, Malfoy moved in front of Harry and opened the door for him. Harry blinked in astonishment as he stared at Malfoy, whom was bowed slightly and gestured with a hand to show that he was letting Harry into the pub first. Harry tried not to blush too much, but he had a feeling he was anyway. It was a good thing that it was cool out, because then Harry could just say that his cheeks were pink on the count of the temperature.

Huddling his red and gold scarf closer to his face, for warmth and to hide his blush, Harry walked into the Three Broomsticks without a word. Malfoy followed after, shutting the door carefully behind him. Harry knew that Malfoy was just behind him, so he made his way through the crowd to get at an empty table. He turned to look and see just how far off Malfoy was from him and jumped nearly a foot when his face almost collided with Malfoy's.

"Easy, Potter," snickered Malfoy, "I'm not about to jump you in the middle of a crowd."

Harry scoffed, not sure if that were at all true, considering that Malfoy had gotten up close and personal with him before.

Before Harry could sit down, however, Malfoy was suddenly there, pulling his chair out for him. Harry floundered for a moment, his face heating up from more than just the fireplace in the room, and then slowly sat down. Malfoy helped push his chair back up to the table and then seated himself. With a small flourish, Malfoy whipped his cloak off and draped it over the back of his chair.

"Oh, would you like me to take your cloak off, Potter?" he asked as if he just realized that he'd

forgotten about him.

"Well, I would guess you should have," said Harry, his eyes glittering with vindictive glee. "Strike three, Malfoy."

Draco huffed, stood from his chair, and then proceeded to correct his mistake. As he slipped Harry's winter cloak off, his fingers and knuckles brushed gently across Harry's shoulders and upper arms. Harry felt a small shiver go up and down his spine.

"Forgive me," said Malfoy politely. "I didn't mean to forget about you. I thought that you were still cold."

"It's warm enough in here, thanks," said Harry. Malfoy helped him with his scarf as well.

"You looked cold, is what I mean," said Malfoy. "Your cheeks were still rather pink."

Harry gulped, his cheeks warming once more at the mere mention of his blushing. "Well… I'm fine, thank you. I'm warmed up just fine."

Malfoy gave Harry a knowing glance. "Oh, I can see that… now."

Harry ducked his head, pretending the menu in front of him was rather interesting. Malfoy's lip curled a little in an amused smirk and then he sat back down in his seat. Harry watched as Malfoy took his napkin and placed it into his lap. Harry decided it would be best to do the same thing, so he copied Malfoy. Then, Harry looked at the way the table was set up for them. There was no food yet, because they hadn't ordered anything, but the utensils and other things were there, along with some bread and butter. It was easiest to know which things were his since there were only two of them, and they were sitting on opposite sides of the table. His knives and soup spoon was on his right and his forks were on his left. A glass of water was on the upper right hand side of his plate along with an empty wine glass.

Harry watched as Malfoy took a slice of bread from the breadbasket, then took his knife and scooped out a bit of butter from the tub. To Harry's surprise, Malfoy didn't spread the butter onto the bread right away; he put it onto his own plate. After Malfoy took a small bite of his bread, he put a little of his butter onto it. When he realized he was being watched, Malfoy looked up at him and raised an eyebrow.

"What's wrong, Potter? Don't you know table manners when you see it?"

"Oh, er, of course I do!" Harry said. He did, in fact, know some table manners because Aunt Petunia had drilled quite a few into his head when he was actually allowed to eat at the table with the rest of them. He'd just never seen bread being eaten in such a fashion before. He didn't recall Dudley ever buttering and eating his bread like that before.

"Want another strike, then?" Malfoy asked, eyebrow still raised.

"No, no… I just never seen anyone eat bread like that before…"

"It's the way it's supposed to be," said Malfoy. "What? Didn't anyone in that Muggle home of yours have table manners?"

"Yes, but usually my cousin Dudley just ripped a piece of bread for himself and buttered the whole thing before stuffing it into his mouth."

"How disgustingly uncouth," said Malfoy. He buttered another section of his bread and then took a bite. He swallowed before speaking again. "This is the way it is done, Potter. You place some butter for yourself onto your plate so that you don't keep dipping your knife into the same tub and then spread some butter on each bite as you eat it. You never use your knife to cut the bread, nor butter a whole slice at once."

"Then my cousin has worse table manners than I thought," said Harry. He began to copy Malfoy with how to eat his bread, buttering a little bit and then taking a bite. He felt a little silly, but at least he was doing something properly. "My Aunt is always making excuses for my cousin, so I shouldn't be so surprised that she would let some of his table manners slip." Harry set his knife down carefully on the edge of his plate before picking up his glass of water.

"Your cousin is part whale, isn't he?" Malfoy said.

Harry snorted in his drink, nearly inhaling some of it. It was an honest question, he was sure, but for some reason the way Malfoy said it, it was actually funny. He took his napkin from his lap and quickly wiped away the bit of water that had dribbled out of his mouth.

"What's so funny, Potter?"

"Oh, it's just… just the way you said it…" Harry smiled a little, despite feeling weirded out that it was Malfoy making him smile. He carefully set his napkin back in his lap. "But yeah, he is a bit of a whale."

The waitress finally reached them to take their orders. Harry was still undecided on what to have, but Malfoy knew right away what he wanted. When the waitress took their partial orders (she would come back later to see if Harry had decided on what to order) and walked off, Harry ogled Malfoy.

"Quail?" he said, shocked. "You're having *quail*?"

"Quail on Mushrooms," said Malfoy. "It is quite delicious."

Harry frowned as he scanned his menu. He didn't think Quail on Mushrooms sounded good at all, actually. He wasn't sure if he was in the mood for meat at the moment, anyway. He looked at the vegetarian section and saw something that caught his eye.

"Savory Onions stuffed with Wild Rice?"

"Is that what you're having, Potter?" Malfoy asked.

"It sounds good," said Harry. He looked up over the top of his menu. "Is it?"

"It's adequate," said Malfoy. "If you like onions."

"I don't mind onions," said Harry. "I think I'll try that."

Malfoy just shrugged, finishing off his bread as he stared at the wine list. Harry had no idea that The Three Broomsticks also accommodated for such a fine restaurant. He'd have to ask Madam Rosmerta about it some time.

When the waitress returned, Harry told her what he decided on, and then Malfoy ordered some red wine. She took their menus and left.

"So," said Harry, trying to think up a topic of conversation.

"So?" said Malfoy, one eyebrow raised.

"Um, how's… how's your year going so far?" Harry said. He blushed a little, berating himself on how stupid he sounded.

"You mean apart from going on a date with a messy-haired, green-eyed, bespectacled git? Just dandy."

"Sod off," said Harry half-heartedly. "I'm just trying to strike up a conversation."

"I've noticed. Congratulations on trying to seem polite."

"I am polite!" Harry growled.

"Not from what I've seen," said Malfoy. The waitress returned with the wine before Harry could say any more. "Thank you," Malfoy said to the waitress, which had her blushing wildly. Harry narrowed his eyes at her until she left.

"I am polite," Harry repeated, determined to win the so-called argument. "It's just that sometimes you make it hard to be."

"Blaming it all on me, are we?"

"It's true!" Harry said, feeling even more irked. Malfoy didn't seem to care to listen to Harry's tirade about how rude he really was—instead, Malfoy picked up his wine glass by the stem and

swirled his wine around a bit. "Are you listening to me?" Harry sneered.

"Why would I want to listen to inane chatter?" Malfoy studied his wine a bit before sniffing it. Harry watched in some fascination, completely forgetting why he was upset in the first place.

"What are you doing?"

"This is how one tastes wine. First, you observe the wine, picking it up by the stem of the glass gently, yet firmly… you observe the color, intensity, and clarity of the wine. The true color of the wine is best determined by tilting the glass and looking at the wine through the rim, keying on the variation from the deepest part of the liquid to its edges. Intensity, the depth of color, is best judged by looking straight down through the glass from above. Clarity, degree to which sediment or particles are visible, is most visible when a light shines through the side of the glass.

"Then you look at the color; different grape varieties possess differing color attributes. A wine from Cabernet is usually a deeper, more intense purple, rather than a ruby tone of Pinot Noir…"

"All right, all right, I didn't ask for a history on wine!"

"You asked what I was doing, so I answered," said Malfoy, smirking. He finally sipped his wine, making soft slurping sounds. "Hmm… not bad," he said after finally swallowing. "It's got a lot of nose."

"A lot of what?" Harry said.

"Nose, Potter," said Draco impatiently. "It's a term used to describe smells developed from the grape and the fermentation process."

"Sorry, but I didn't grow up learning about wine and how to taste and smell them," Harry sighed.

"I will never understand why Dumbledore chose you to go live with those horrible Muggles," said Malfoy. He set his wine glass down. "Honestly, a Potter living with a bunch of unsavory Muggles…"

"Watch it, Malfoy, or I'd start to think that you actually cared."

Draco scoffed.

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Their food arrived a short while and Harry couldn't be any happier; he was starving. The smell of his Onions stuffed with Rice was so good that he was nearly salivating, but he knew that doing so would be bad manners. When both their dishes were set down and more wine served to them, Harry immediately took a bite (courteously), remembering to keep his mouth closed while chewing.

"Not bad," Harry said after swallowing his bite. He looked across the table at Malfoy to see him take a bite of his own food, and watched for his reaction. The only thing he saw was a pleasured smile as Malfoy kept eating. That must mean that Malfoy had that particular entrée before and really liked it. Cautiously, Harry picked up his own wine glass by the stem and gazed at it like Malfoy had done. He didn't know what he was looking for and what shade of red meant that it was good, so he just shrugged it off and began to swirl it around like he saw Malfoy do. He stared at it again, not sure what he was looking for. There were long lines streaking the glass… was that what he was looking for? Did that mean the wine was good? Harry carefully smelled it. It smelled fine. He took a small sip, trying not to slurp like Malfoy had done, and kept it on his tongue.

He looked up at the precise moment to see Malfoy staring at him, eyes full of mirth. Harry swallowed the wine in his mouth and raised an eyebrow at him.

"What? Did I do something wrong?"

"You don't care about how to taste wine, so I'm not saying anything."

"I did do something wrong, then, didn't I?"

Malfoy shrugged. "Don't worry about it. You won't get a strike for not knowing about wine tasting."

"Well, at least I wasn't making weird slurping sounds while tasting it."

Malfoy snorted softly. "Potter… one is supposed to make *weird slurping sounds*. When you have some wine on your tongue, not too much though, you purse your lips together and draw in air over it—the wine, I mean. You end up making a slurping, gurgling sound when you do that. It vaporizes the volatile compounds in the wine. You keep it in your mouth for about ten to twelve seconds. Each part of your mouth recognizes different flavor components."

"Oh," said Harry. He swirled his wine again a bit. "Um, and why do you do this?"

"Swirl it? It is primarily designed to release the hidden aromas and coats the walls of the glass. You watch the wine drip back down it. If you see lines remaining on the glass, those are the "legs" or "tears"."

"And that's good?"

"There is some debate whether these are predictors of wine quality or not. It's a sign of the combination of sugar, alcohol, and glycerin."

"All right, thanks," said Harry. He took another sip of his wine. It was rather odd to know how well Malfoy knew his wine, but it wasn't too much of a shock either.

The rest of the meal was spent in either silence or small talk (and a few times he even made Harry laugh again). Harry noticed that Malfoy was doing his best to make sure he didn't mention anything about bloodlines or anything else pertaining to politics or anything that might upset Harry. Harry did his best to make sure that he didn't say anything harsh either. It was actually nicer to be around Malfoy than he thought.

Finally finished with the meal and dessert, the check came. Harry and Draco argued a bit about who was paying for the whole meal, but Malfoy won the round. Harry decided to let him have his way with it just this once. Besides, Malfoy had been acting as the 'man' throughout it all—even though Harry didn't like to think of it that way—by opening the door for Harry, pulling the chair out for him, and all the other little things he did. Harry figured that he might get a chance to do the same for Malfoy some day.

Was he just thinking about a possibility of having another date? Harry's face went red.

"Anything the matter, Potter?" Draco asked, standing up to help Harry put on his winter cloak.

"No, it's nothing," said Harry. He stretched his arms out to allow Malfoy to help him with his cloak. Malfoy also wrapped his scarf neatly around his neck for him.

"That blush didn't look like nothing to me," said Draco. "But if you're not ready to discuss it, then I won't pry." He moved a bit of Harry's hair out of Harry's scarf, the back of his fingers gently brushing against Harry's neck.

"That's a first," Harry mumbled, shivering from the feel of Malfoy's fingers on his skin. Draco looked at him, eyebrow raised, but Harry looked away.

Malfoy easily paid the check and left a nice tip as well. Harry thought about taking Malfoy's tip and making it look like he didn't leave any, but he knew that it was childish so he just followed Malfoy out the door.

Harry wasn't sure just how long their date had taken, but it seemed to have lasted a few hours because it was already becoming dusk. It also began to snow lightly; tiny flakes fluttered all round before reaching the ground. Harry hadn't been paying much attention to where he was going because he was too busy admiring the way the snow looked and how it fell onto his glasses when a hand grabbed him, pulling him away from what looked to have been a slushy puddle of water, snow, and dirt. Harry's entire face lit up when he realized that his whole right side was pressed against Malfoy's left.

"Pay attention to where you're going, Potter," said Malfoy. Their hair and scarves blew around them from the wind. "I don't want to have to walk into the castle afterwards with a muddy Harry Potter. For all I know, your friends might be back and waiting for us, and if they see you soaked and full of mud they'll think I mistreated you."

"Then they'll think that I won the bet," said Harry. "By the way, who did win that?"

"Let's see," said Malfoy, thinking for a few seconds. "I'm not too sure. I lost count, actually."

"You had three strikes, from what I can remember."

"I think you had three, too. Plus, I let a few things slide."

"It's a tie?" Harry said, looking over at Malfoy in slight shock. Harry never did move away from Malfoy's side, and Harry slowly realized why that was: Malfoy was holding onto his elbow.

"Looks like it," said Malfoy. "Would you care for another one?" he asked unexpectedly.

Harry bit his bottom lip, mainly out of nervousness. He never really thought about them having another date. Wasn't one enough? He looked over at Malfoy, who had been looking straight back. Their feet slowed until they had completely stopped near the exit of Hogsmeade. A few witches and wizards were also leaving Hogsmeade, heading for the train or an Apparition point for them to get home. Harry almost forgot that he and Draco were the only students in Hogsmeade today, all the rest were still home for the holidays.

They stared at one another. For a fleeting moment, Harry thought about telling Malfoy no, that he didn't want another date with Malfoy, that one was enough, thank you very much! But, really, now that Harry thought about it, it wasn't really that bad. And, besides, Harry wasn't going to stay in his little world of denial for long. He'd known, for days now, that he had a slight crush on Malfoy, and the thought of another good date, a real one, warmed up Harry's cheeks.

"One that isn't… er… a dare date?"

Malfoy looked rather startled at that prospect, it seemed, but then his facial features turned smug. "Why, Potter, are you suggesting we have a real date?"

Harry's face went even redder. "Er, well… actually," Harry's voice softened. "I always thought of this… that this *was* an actual date…"

They stared at each other again, wide-eyed. Malfoy looked as if he were about to either faint or run away, he looked so panic-stricken.

Malfoy didn't run, though. As if coming to a conclusion, Malfoy slowly started to smirk, his body posture relaxing. Harry's eyes suddenly began to wander in uneasiness. He knew he was blushing hard too, because even the tips of his ears felt warm.

"So," said Malfoy at last, almost above a whisper. "The truth finally comes out."

Harry brought his gaze back to Malfoy's. "You don't want it to have been a real date, then?"

A few steps and Malfoy was suddenly only an inch from Harry's face. A gentle, cool breeze blew between them, ruffling hair and clothing. "I never said that, did I, Potter?"

"You never expressed the… um… need—you never really said anything about the whole… er…"

As the wind picked up, things around them began to fly around; a red ribbon, possibly leftover from some Christmas decoration, blew around and between them.

"You never asked."

Harry narrowed his eyes. "That's a typical excuse." Before Harry could say much more, Draco shut him up with a finger to his lips. Harry could feel his heart beating wildly in his chest and for some odd reason his knees felt as if they'd cave in and force him to collapse. Up close, Harry could see, again, almost every detail of Malfoy's perfect skin and eyes and hair and…

Lips. Over his. Oh, my, God…

Malfoy was kissing him! Harry's eyes closed out of instinct. He hardly had the time to be completely shocked; he just felt the warm, dry, soft sensation of Malfoy's lips on his. Harry had no idea why, but he felt his toes curl inside his shoes.

Those lips were gone too soon, and Harry opened his eyes and then his mouth to speak, but Malfoy beat him to it.

"Let's go."

"Er, I… you just… and…" the shock from it was slowly escalating.

"What's wrong, Potter?" Malfoy said, smirking a little. "Never heard of a kiss good night before?"

TBC

Anyone catch the Japanese myth I stuck in here?

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Chapter: 18

Attraction, part eighteen

Pairings: **Harry/Draco**, **Ron/Hermione**, **Seamus/Blaise**, past Harry/Seamus, Harry/Dean, Draco/Blaise; **Neville/Ginny** (possible others)

Rating: R

Warnings: Slash, some bad language

Notes: This doesn't have much of a plot, just so you know. **The only plot** going on, so far, is Harry and his sexuality. Plot? What plot? 0:)

More notes: So, you guessed it: this fic is officially AU. Some things will probably change to reflect book six canon, so be wary of spoilers! If you haven't finished reading book six yet, then please do so before you read this or any of my other fics.

Heh, this was supposed to have been written a few months ago, but, well… real life and my muse wasn't cooperating with me. Oh well. Just imagine that it's January, ok? LOL.

Disclaimer: I do not own these characters; they belong to J. K. Rowling.

Answer to what Japanese myth I stuck into the last chapter:

The red ribbon! Congratulations to those that have guessed correctly! The Japanese believe that lovers are predestined to meet, and a red ribbon connects future couples. This ribbon, of course, is invisible to humans, but spirits and gods can observe the interconnections between fated pairs.

Also: Everything that Draco was explaining about the wine was true. That's how one tastes wine. It may seem snobbish, but that's how you're able to determine how good certain wines are and how to tell one from another or something. Imagine being a wine taster for a living!

.-.

Harry lay on his bed, staring up at the ceiling.

"*What's the matter, Potter? Never heard of a kiss good night before?"*

Of course Harry'd heard of a kiss good night. It just wasn't something that Harry expected out of Malfoy, simply because Malfoy didn't seem like the type to do something like that. Harry thought back to the days when he and Malfoy had gotten into fights, and he recalled that he had actually gotten excited over them.

Damn it, his crush on Malfoy was getting worse! He'd like to blame it all on Malfoy, but that wasn't very fair. Actually, in some odd sort of way, it *was* all Malfoy's fault! Getting him up against the wall like that… making that dare… being too much of a gentleman… kissing him good night…

Harry sighed forlornly. This was getting ridiculous. He refused to act like some silly lovesick girl, and he also refused to be too emotional about it. Making his decision, Harry stood from bed and wandered back down to the common room to sit in his favorite armchair and stare into the roaring fire, which wasn't there when he had gone up to bed hours ago. Dobby must have just been here, Harry thought.

He was beginning to miss Ron and Hermione. Sure, they'd probably berate him for even going on that so-called date with Malfoy, but it would be better than sitting here in the common room staring into the fire and wishing that Malfoy was with him right now, in his lap, and snogging his brains out.

He had fallen asleep sometime later and began to dream. At first it started out normal with him walking around his Aunt and Uncle's place, his Uncle screaming about something, then turned to scream at Harry, calling him all sort of names. But, to Harry's surprise, Aunt Petunia hit Uncle Vernon over the head with a frying pan. Before Harry could thank his aunt, although he was shocked that she even did such a thing, she turned into Hermione who crossed her arms over her chest, frying pan still in her right hand.

"The things I do for you, Harry," she said. Then Harry turned around to go upstairs, because he had a feeling she was there to bring him back to Hogwarts, but when he got to the stairs Ron was standing there with Seamus, Dean, Blaise Zabini, and Draco Malfoy.

"I swear I didn't have Potter's knickers on my head!" Malfoy was saying, waving his hands about.

"What about this, then?" said Ron, holding up a hot pink bra.

"I never seen that before in my life!" Malfoy argued.

"I think you're lying," said Seamus, staring Malfoy in the face. "You've been wanting to get Harry into your bed for a while now, haven't you? Yeah, that's why you kept pushing Harry up against the wall or mock him until he does it to you. Anything to make him touch you."

"You're all bloody nutters!" Malfoy shouted, then he tried to run up the stairs, but Zabini stopped him.

"Going to run and cry to your Mummy now?" he teased. "Or are you going back to Potter because you know Potter will protect you from the big, bad men."

"Not as bad as your father though, huh?" said Ron, and he tripped Malfoy so that he rolled down the stairs and stopped at Harry's feet.

Harry bent down to see if he was all right.

"Potter… what the hell is up with your friends? They stole everything from me!"

"Did they?" Harry said, confused.

"They stole you, they stole my dignity, they stole my pride, and then they stole my best friend!"

"That's not true, Malfoy," said Harry as he got Malfoy into a sit-up position.

Malfoy grabbed onto Harry's shirt and pulled him closer. "Don't let them hurt me… please!"

"I… well… okay, Malfoy, but you need to get a grip…"

"Is this a good enough grip?" said Malfoy, then he dragged Harry down on top of him and their lips met. Harry kissed him hard, pushing his body into the floor. Malfoy wrapped his arms around Harry's neck and clung to him desperately; Malfoy's body was so hot and hard, Harry couldn't contain himself.

All of a sudden they were in the cupboard under the stairs on his old mattress, grinding into each other, and Malfoy was arching up into Harry, keening and panting with need.

"Potter… oh, *Potter*…"

"Malfoy," groaned Harry, and their lips met again. The light bulb inside the cupboard blew out and the only light source was shining through the vent in the door. Malfoy turned his head and sneezed.

"It's too dusty in here, Potter," Malfoy complained. "Take off your knickers."

"They're already off," said Harry, and indeed he was already naked, except for a pair of green socks. Malfoy had a hot pink bra on his head.

"I meant the ones on me," Draco said in a low and rich voice.

Harry woke with a start.

"Harry?" said Hermione, a hand on his shoulder. "Are you ok? Why were you sleeping in the common room?"

"I… I had trouble sleeping and… Hermione! When did you get here?"

"Just now," she said, still staring at him worriedly. "Ron's back, too. We've decided to spend the last few days we had off with you."

Harry quickly adjusted himself in his trousers. "Oh, where is Ron, then?"

"He went up to the boys' dormitory to drop off his stuff. He should be back down soon."

Hermione sat on the couch nearest to Harry.

"How… how was your holiday?" he asked.

"It wasn't bad," said Hermione. "Ron kept insisting that we should come back sooner to make sure Malfoy hadn't done anything to you. How did that bet go, by the way?"

Harry started. He forgot that they knew about the Date Dare they had going. Harry blushed softly. "Er. Well, it wasn't too bad, I guess…"

"Who won?"

Harry mumbled something, but Hermione didn't hear him.

"What, Harry?"

"It was a tie," he said more clearly.

"What was a tie?" said Ron. He stood next to Harry's armchair. "Hello, Harry. How was your holiday?"

"Fine," Harry muttered.

"So the bet ended in a tie?" said Hermione.

"Oh, the bet!" said Ron suddenly. "So, it ended in a tie? Was Malfoy too much of an ass to you? If he was, I'll hex him to pieces!"

"No, he was… it went fine, actually. Really, it wasn't so bad."

"Oh," said Ron, deflating a bit. "Why were you sleeping in the common room, then?"

"He said he couldn't sleep in his bed so he came down here and fell asleep," said Hermione. "Right, Harry?"

Harry nodded. "Right."

"Why couldn't you sleep in your own bed? Don't tell me you…" but then Ron stopped that train of thought and pressed his lips together hard. "Er. Never mind."

Harry sighed. "Don't worry about it, ok? I'm fine. Anyway, how was your family?"

"Oh, just fine," said Ron. "Except Uncle Backus. His bakery has some financial troubles and he might have to close down. My dad is looking into it for him to try helping him keep his shop. I

hope he does, because he makes the best bread I've ever tasted."

"Anyway, Harry," said Hermione, "thanks for the box of multiple quills. I especially like the one where the ends of each barb light up and the self-ink ones."

"You're welcome, Hermione," Harry smiled.

"Oh, yeah, thanks for the new Chudley Cannons bedspread and pillowcases, Harry!" said Ron. "My old ones are too small for me now."

"I know," Harry smirked. "I've slept in your bed before, remember?"

Hermione coughed, making Harry blush at where her mind was going. Ron's ears went red too.

"Not like that, Hermione!" said Harry. "You know that Ron gives up his bed for me to sleep in whenever I come over."

"I know, Harry, I'm sorry," she grinned cheekily. "Just sounded… you know."

"Bad?" said Ron. He ducked his head, his hands behind his back and hair swinging in his face. "Look, Harry… I don't really mind that you like guys. You know that, right? Even though I tease you about it sometimes. And I'm not afraid of being around you or letting you sleep in my bed or anything like that, because I know you, and I know that you would never jump me or anything, so it's cool."

Harry grinned, feeling elated. "Thanks, Ron. You know that I don't feel that way for you, right? So if I hug you…"

"It's in a brotherly way," Ron finished, nodding. "Yeah, I know."

"Good," said Harry, and then he stood from his chair to embrace Ron. Ron laughed in some amusement and hugged Harry back. "That little wrestling match we had that one time…"

"Forget about it," said Ron. "I knew you were just teasing me, so it's cool."

"Right, then," said Hermione, sounding a bit embarrassed. "What shall we do for the rest of our break?"

"Let's go have a snowball fight!" Ron said excitedly.

"Didn't you get enough of that at home?" said Hermione.

"The twins cheated, though," said Ron. "And I know that you two won't."

"Who says?" Harry smirked.

"What about just building a snowman?" said Hermione.

"Boooring!" Ron said, then grabbed Harry's wrist and tugged anxiously like a little kid. "Come on, Harry, let's go have some fun! In a best friends sort of way."

Harry, amused, allowed Ron to drag him up to their dormitory to get dressed warmly before going outside. Once finished, they quickly went back down to the common room, chatting wildly. Hermione had apparently decided to join them, because she had put her winter clothes on as well.

"All right, let's go amuse the big kid," she said, smirking at Ron.

"Come on, Hermione, it's the New Year! And classes don't start again for a few days, so why can't we have some fun?"

"I never said we couldn't," said Hermione. "As long as our homework is done."

"It's done enough!" Ron said, bouncing on the balls of his feet. "*Come on!"*

The three made their way to the courtyard. Everything was covered in clean, crisp snow. It made Harry almost want to not ruin the landscape, but then Ron was already gathering up some fresh snow in his gloved-hands, so Harry quickly turned to make his own snowball.

Luckily this snow was the sticky kind, which was the best kind of snow to make snowballs. Ron lobbed his first one at Harry's head, but Harry ducked and counter-attacked with his own cold ammunition. It hit Ron square in the chest.

Hermione just shook her head at the way the boys were and began to make a snowman. It was one of her favorite past times, so she was going to make one with or without their help.

Minutes later, after Harry and Ron had suddenly chosen to make the snowballs first before throwing them at one another in order to make it a bit more fair, and Hermione was halfway done making the middle part of the snowman's body, a stray slushy snowball hit Harry on the back of the head.

"The bloody hell, Ron, I thought we agreed to make them first!" Harry shouted.

"What are you talking about? Of course that's what we're doing."

"Then why did you throw a snow… hey, this is a slush ball!"

"I didn't throw anything at you yet!"

"Then who…" Harry knew for a fact that it couldn't have been Hermione because she was too

busy making her snowman. He had a sinking suspicion he knew just who had thrown it. "Malfoy!" he shouted, turning around just in time to see Draco Malfoy's smirking face and another slush ball being hurled at him. Harry leaped out of the way before it could connect, then grabbed on of his own freshly made snowballs and threw it as hard as he could at the Slytherin.

"I'll show you what a real snowball fight is like, Potter," said Malfoy as he took aim with another slush ball, after dodging Harry's snowball.

"You're on!" Harry said, picking up another snowball. "But no ice balls!"

"Slush and mud all right with you, then?" Malfoy smirked, lobbing a dirty snowball at Harry's head. Harry ducked, then retaliated. Draco dodged it, and then threw another dirty slush ball at Harry, hitting his leg.

"Just like a Slytherin," said Harry as he threw a fast snowball at Malfoy, nearly hitting him in the head. "You just have to play dirty."

"Damn right," smirked Malfoy. "And your ammo is made of the purest snow, I see."

"Damn right," Harry mimicked, throwing another perfectly round snowball at Malfoy. It hit him in the neck.

"That purity won't always save you, Potter," Draco said, shaking off the snow from his person, and then picking up a real dirty slush ball. Harry picked up two snowballs and lobbed one after the other at Malfoy. One missed while the other hit Malfoy right in the head.

"Maybe not," Harry smirked. "But it helps."

"Need help, Harry?" Ron said a few feet away, still making snowballs.

"Not yet, Ron, but thanks for the offer," Harry replied, and then smacked Malfoy with another snowball. Malfoy got Harry back, however, nearly knocking his glasses off. Slush and mud slid down Harry's cheek. "You'll pay for that, Malfoy!"

"I'm so scared of The Great Harry Potter," he mocked, laughing.

Ron was about to throw a snowball at Malfoy, but Hermione grabbed his wrist. "No, let them be, Ron."

"But, Hermione!"

"He'll be fine. Come help me with the snowman. I don't have the strength to lift the middle part onto the bottom part."

"But you can just levitate—"

Hermione huffed, then grabbed Ron by the back of his cloak and dragged him away. "Come *on*, Ron!"

"All right, all right! I can take a hint," Ron said to Hermione, and then turned his head toward Harry again. "You're on your own, mate!"

"Fine with me," Harry replied, then chucked another snowball at Malfoy.

"Just you and me, Potter," said Malfoy. He didn't sound malevolent at all, though, and his eyes were shining with something like mirth.

"Yeah," said Harry, a shiver, which had nothing to do with the cold, went down his spine.

Harry had no idea how long they've been snowball fighting, but he figured it must have been over an hour. They were both looking worn out, panting heavily, and their skin and clothing were soaked.

"Let's up the stakes a bit," Malfoy said suddenly.

"What for?" said Harry. "We've already been at this for over an hour, surely."

"Well, we've been throwing these snowballs…"

"…In your case, dirty slush balls…"

"Yes. Well, we've been throwing them at one another the normal way. Why don't we make things more interesting?"

"Like what?" said Harry, just as they heard Ron shout, "But, Hermione, it's a snow*man*! Give the poor bloke his dignity!"

"We don't need to be making snow… male genitalia!" Hermione shouted back. That got Harry and Draco's attention and they turned to see that Ron was trying to make a snow penis on the bottom part of the snowman, but Hermione swished her wand to banish it. The so-called snow penis, which didn't look like much, promptly melted in a giant sloosh, soaking Ron's gloves.

"Hermione!" Ron shouted. "Now look what you did! My hands are wet!"

"Oh, for crying out loud, Ron!" Hermione huffed, and then waved her wand at Ron's hands. They became dry.

"Thanks," said Ron. "But I still say we should give this bloke his manhood."

"You know what? Let's just do this…" Hermione pointed her wand at the middle part and

suddenly two lumps of snow emerged. Ron gasped.

"Hermione! You made it a snowwoman!"

"It's my snow…person… to begin with. You didn't want to help me before, so I get to make it any way I want."

"Fine!" Ron said, throwing up his hands. "I'll just make my own snowman. AND he will have HIS manhood intact!"

Malfoy chuckled. "Gotta hand it to Weasley. He knows his art."

"He also knows how to piss off Hermione," said Harry, smirking. "Anyway, what was that about upping the stakes?"

"Oh, yes," Malfoy smoothed down his damp hair. It made Harry want to do the same to his, but his hair had mud in it as well as snow, so he decided to let it be. "I was thinking," Malfoy continued, "that we should use magic… and make the snowballs into something more than water and dirt."

Harry cocked an eyebrow. "Like what? And why would we want to do that?"

"To make it more challenging, of course," said Malfoy, taking out his wand. "And to make them do this…" he waved his wand at the slush ball in his hands, and then levitated it. The slush ball glowed red for a moment, then orange, and then it caught fire.

"What the fuck, Malfoy?" Harry gasped.

"Fireball," Malfoy grinned. "Catch, Potter!"

Malfoy pointed his wand at Harry, and the fireball, with a dirty, icy core, came hurdling toward Harry's head.

Harry swiftly took out his wand and magicked one of his own snowballs toward Malfoy's fireball. They collided in the air, sending bits of ice, ash, embers, and dirt to rain down on them.

"I don't think I care for those, Malfoy," Harry snarled, gripping his wand tightly in his hand.

"Don't like my little comets, Potter?" Malfoy laughed, and then levitated another slush ball into the air. Just like the first one, Malfoy turned it into a fireball and hurled it at Harry. This time Harry jumped out of the way and into a snow bank. The fireball flew past Harry and toward Hermione's snowwoman, which shot straight through the middle of its head.

"Hey!" Hermione shrieked, turning her attention to them. Ron turned when he heard her shout, and then looked over where Hermione was glaring. "No fireballs, Malfoy!"

"Says who?" Malfoy shouted back, making another fireball. "And if you want to be technical, they're little comets."

"Not really, Malfoy. It's gas and the solar wind that makes a comet and its tail, but that's not important right now," Hermione said. "Throwing fireballs out here is dangerous! What if you hit the castle or a tree?"

"Oh, stop being such a killjoy, Granger," said Malfoy, throwing a fireball at Harry again. Harry quickly tossed his own snowball with his wand at the fireball, and they collided in mid-air again, exploding.

"Two can play at this game!" Harry snarled.

"Harry, no!" Hermione shouted.

"Go, Harry!" said Ron, pumping his fist in the air. "Teach that Slytherin scum a lesson!"

Malfoy growled and threw his next fireball at Ron. Ron made a small squeaking noise and ducked low, covering his head. The fireball hit Ron's halfway finished snowman, giving it a tennis ball sized hole. All the snow, however, put the fire out.

"Bloody hell, Malfoy!" Ron cried. "Don't be throwing those things at me!"

"That's it," growled Harry. He levitated his own snowball and then murmured another spell at it. Instead of it turning into a fireball, Harry made it slightly different: a ball of lightning.

Malfoy, Ron, and Hermione's jaws dropped.

"How's this?" said Harry, feeling mighty proud of himself. Then, copying Draco, he said, "Catch, *Malfoy*!" and launched it toward him.

"Harry!" Hermione shrieked, but she was ignored.

However, Malfoy was quick on his feet and produced a fireball to counter Harry's lightning ball and the minute they struck, it caused such an explosion it knocked them off their feet. Ron ended up ruining his half made snowman.

Harry lay in the snow for a while, ears ringing. Slowly he moved into more of a sitting position, rubbing his head. For a moment he couldn't remember what happened, but then it all came back to him when he saw Malfoy lying on his back in the snow. There were melted patches around them and even a branch from a nearby tree had caught fire. He looked around and saw that Ron had been thrown against his unfinished snowman, leaning sideways against it, and Hermione was on her side near a melted, muddy patch, hair in her face.

"What is going on here?"

Harry looked up to see Professor McGonagall jogging toward them. Her face was stern, yet distress was embedded in her eyes. Harry tried to move, but something hurt and he just ended up groaning in pain.

"Mr. Potter, what happened?" McGonagall said, kneeling down. "Are you all right?"

"I dunno," he said. "I mean, I hurt… somewhere."

"What happened, Potter?" she said more firmly.

"Just… just a friendly snowball fight."

"Friendly? Doesn't look like it was friendly to me." She stood, waved her wand at the burning branch to put it out, and then turned back to him. "Can you stand?"

"I don't know," said Harry. "Like I said, something hurts."

"Lie still, then," she said, "and I'll check on the others."

After she looked at everyone, she conjured up a stretcher underneath Harry. He looked up at her worryingly.

"You're the only one that seems injured," she explained. "Everyone else is fine. They were just thrown back from the… blast. What sort of thing did this, Mr. Potter? Was it a wayward spell?"

Harry frowned. "I guess it was my fault. I made a snowball into a lightning ball."

McGonagall gasped. "I'm surprised at you, Harry! Lightning balls are hard to control and they're very dangerous! Not to mention that they're difficult to make in the first place."

"Why's that, Professor?"

"Because, anything to do with lightning is seriously advanced magic. Fire is no problem for us witches and wizards, and water is not a problem either, but lightning? Electricity? That's quite another matter."

"I didn't mean to do this," said Harry. "It's just… Malfoy started to make fireballs, so I decided that if he wants to play dirty, then so will I."

Professor McGonagall pursed her lips together, staring down at him. "You shouldn't have lowered yourself to his level, Harry. You should have showed him that you could be fair and still win."

Harry frowned slightly. "Professor, with all due respect, I'm not a Hufflepuff."

McGonagall's brows furrowed. "Perhaps not, but you still could have shown Mr. Malfoy that you needn't stoop to his level. Besides, you could have done some serious damage or you might have accidentally killed someone."

"I wasn't aiming at anyone!"

"Still, accidents can happen, as you can see. I know that it's still the holidays, but I'm going to have to give you detention."

"What about Malfoy? He's the one that started making the snowballs into fireballs. He came close to hitting Ron and Hermione with one."

McGonagall sighed. "Fine, you both have detention. Together."

Harry's heart skipped a beat. "What?"

"You heard me, Mr. Potter. For now, let's get you to the infirmary."

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"Detention?" said Ron that night as he sat on a chair next to Harry's bed. "With Malfoy? Doesn't McGonagall know that that's a receipe for disaster?"

Hermione shook her head. She, too, was sitting next to Harry's bed in the hospital wing. "Honestly, Ron, Professor McGonagall knows what she's doing. Besides, Harry and Malfoy won't kill each other."

"Oh, sure," said Ron, crossing his arms. "But what if Malfoy does something and then blames it all on Harry?"

"Don't worry about it, Ron," said Harry. "I can handle Malfoy."

Hermione coughed into her hand.

"Hermione!"

"Sorry, Harry," she said, blushing. "Anyway, I think it'll do you two some good. I mean, you already had that date, right?"

Harry's face burned. "Hermione, that was on a dare."

"I don't care," she said. "It seems to me that you two have been working things out between the two of you, and I think that's great. We need to get the houses united somehow, and Malfoy

might be the way."

"Don't say it like that," said Ron, frowning. "Harry isn't that interested in that git. Are you, Harry?"

Harry looked away. "Er, well…"

"No, Harry! Please don't tell me that Seamus is right! You don't fancy Malfoy, do you?"

Harry finally looked up at his best friend and measured out an inch with his thumb and forefinger.

"Maybe… a little bit?"

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"Professor!"

"Sorry, Draco, but there's nothing I can do about it."

"Yes there is!" Draco snarled. "Tell her that I can't have detention. Especially with Potter!"

"I cannot overrule McGonagall," said Snape more sternly. "She's deputy headmistress. Or have you forgotten?"

"Of course I haven't, but… I don't want detention with Potter, of all people!"

"You can handle this, Mr. Malfoy. You don't need to be a child about it. Just ignore him, do what you're supposed to do, and then leave. You don't need to talk to Potter or do anything that will result in a fight. Do I make myself clear?"

Draco bowed his head. "Yes, sir."

"Good. Now, no more talk about the subject. Let's talk about your future."

"You mean the future I don't have?"

"Do not talk of such nonsense," sneered Snape. "You have a future."

Draco snorted and Snape narrowed his eyes at him for doing it. Draco gulped nervously and backed down.

"I will talk with you later about your upcoming NEWTS. For now, continue to study, finish your assignments, show up for your detention, and no fooling around. Especially," Snape quickly added when he saw Draco's mouth open as if to protest, "around Potter. Good day."

TBC

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Chapter: 19

Attraction, part nineteen

Pairings: **Harry/Draco**, **Ron/Hermione**, **Seamus/Blaise**, past Harry/Seamus, Harry/Dean, Draco/Blaise; **Neville/Ginny** (possible others)

Rating: R

Warnings: Slash, some bad language

Notes: This doesn't have much of a plot, just so you know. **The only plot** going on, so far, is Harry and his sexuality. Plot? What plot? 0:)

More notes: So, you guessed it: this fic is officially AR (Another Reality). Some things will probably change to reflect book six canon, so be wary of spoilers! If you haven't finished reading book six yet, then please do so before you read this or any of my other fics.

Apologies: This part was half way done, sometime last year, but then I stopped because of a block, and because of real life issues. When I finally remembered this fic, and re-read some of it, my muse came back and decided on the ending to it. This WAS going to be the end, but it got too long, so I split it up. Chapter 20 is the last one.

Disclaimer: I do not own these characters; they belong to J. K. Rowling.

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"No!" said Pansy, smirking. "You're joking."

Blaise didn't say anything, but he was also smirking behind a book.

Draco glared. "I'm not. Why would I be joking about that, Parkinson?"

Pansy shrugged, still smirking. "Well, I guess you wouldn't be joking about that, seeing how this is Potter and all. But Professor Snape really couldn't get you out of it?"

Draco pouted, crossed his arms angrily over his chest, and sat heavily on the common room

couch. "No. What McGonagall says is final…" he said, and then grumbled, "stupid bint."

Blaise chuckled.

Pansy pursed her lips. "Well, that date you went on with Potter didn't seem so bad." Suddenly she blanched. "Crap, you like Potter, don't you?"

Draco jerked a bit, narrowing his eyes at her. "Excuse me?"

Pansy bit her bottom lip nervously. "I mean… you just don't seem to hate him as bad as you used to. I mean sure, you get aggravated with him, and you two will never agree to most things, but it's there."

"What's there?" Draco growled.

"It figures that you don't see it," grumbled Pansy. She waved a hand dismissively in the air. "That thing that is between the two of you. It's grown into something more. Unfortunately."

Draco stood, glaring dangerously at Pansy. "You know what, you're just as bonkers as that idiot Sir Cadogan!" He strode angrily toward the exit of the common room.

"Don't get mad at me for stating the truth!" Pansy hissed, but Draco was trying not to listen as he made his way out. Blaise stood and followed him, as did Pansy. It was early, but Draco figured that he might as well start his detention with McGonagall now and get it over with.

"He won't listen to reason," said Blaise to Pansy. She looked slightly annoyed, but Blaise was smirking. Without turning around, Draco narrowed his eyes and sneered.

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"This sucks!"

"Tell me about it, Ron," said Harry as they left the hospital wing. Pomfrey healed Harry up completely, and now it was nearly time to go to his detention with Malfoy.

"Surely there's a way for you not to go," said Ron, still trying to think up ways for Harry not to go and be with Malfoy tonight. "Perhaps because you got injured, that's punishment enough?"

Harry snorted. "Not bloody likely. You know how McGonagall is."

"Yeah, but…"

"Stop thinking of ways for Harry to get out of it," said Hermione, darting her eyes over at Harry once in a while with worry. "There's nothing that can be done. Harry will just have to put up with Malfoy." Then she grinned. "Well, Harry *does* know how to handle Malfoy. Don't you, Harry?"

"What?" Harry almost shouted, stopping in the middle of the hallway and turning round to stare at her. "What do you mean by that?"

Hermione just kept smiling, her eyes glowing with something akin to glee. "Just what I meant. You've already had a date with him, and have told us that you pretty much fancy him…"

Harry went red, and Ron glowered.

"Just because I think he's good looking doesn't mean that we'd get along well enough to last," said Harry. "If we ever tried to date each other, we wouldn't even make it to a week."

"But didn't Sir Cadogan-?"

"Shut up about him!" Harry growled. "He's a few cards short of a deck."

Hermione huffed and crossed her arms, but continued to follow Harry toward Professor McGonagall's office.

"You got that right, Harry," said Ron. "At least."

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Draco's strut turned into a long-legged gait and Blaise and Pansy had to almost jog to keep up. Draco figured that if he got there before Potter, then his friends could leave him alone and he won't have to endure their taunting.

"Seems to me, Blaise, that Draco just can't wait to see Potter again."

"Oh yes, Pansy," Blaise snickered. "He sure is in a hurry to see Potter. Yup, he sure is."

"If you two don't shut up back there," Draco said over his shoulder, "then I'll hex you to the ceiling."

"He doesn't even tell us we're wrong anymore!" laughed Blaise.

Pansy sighed dramatically, fluttering her lashes and pretending to be moved. "Oh, they're so in love!"

Draco snarled something under his breath, but they missed it. Blaise knew that now wasn't the time to push Draco too far, so he didn't say anything more as they continued to follow their friend to McGonagall's office.

They were nearly there.

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"You know, Harry," said Ron. "Why don't you just tell Professor McGonagall that Pomfrey said you needed more rest and she'll let you have your detention another time, without Malfoy?"

"She won't be fooled by that," said Hermione, rolling her eyes. "She'll know that Harry lied, since Pomfrey will tell her that she said no such thing."

Ron sighed. "Fine. I don't know what to tell you, mate. I guess you're stuck."

"I don't think that bothers Harry as much as you think," smiled Hermione.

Harry went a brilliant shade of red.

"Will you two please shut up?" he said. "I have enough on my mind right now than to have to listen to you two, thanks."

Ron frowned, but Hermione just gave Harry a knowing look—even though Harry couldn't see it from behind.

"You'll be fine, Harry," said Hermione. "Just think of this as another date."

"Hermione…" Harry snarled.

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"Pansy, if you don't shut it, I'll shut it for you!" Draco snarled.

"Shut what?" said Pansy innocently.

"Your mouth, that's what!"

"Oh, honestly, Draco! You're acting like a six year old."

"I am not!"

"Anyway, this is just like a date, isn't it?" she grinned.

"Pansy!" Draco said, shocked. "This is…"

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"…Not…" growled Harry.

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"…A date!" sneered Draco.

"Sure it is," said Hermione and Pansy at the same time. That startled them both and the two groups stared at one another.

It seemed that they weren't paying too much attention to what was in front of them, seeing how they kept shouting behind them at their respectable friends, and was now standing face-to-face in front of Professor McGonagall's office door. They stared at each other for a while, silent. Then Hermione poked Harry secretly in his back and it jolted Harry out of it.

Harry nodded his head, "Malfoy."

Draco nodded back, "Potter."

They kept staring.

"Well, see you after your detention's over with," said Blaise. "I'm off to see Seamus."

"I better go too," said Pansy. "I need to see Millicent."

"We should go as well," said Hermione. "Come on, Ron." She grabbed Ron's arm and began pulling him away.

"But, Hermione…"

"Shush, Ron."

And then they were alone.

Harry cleared his throat. "Er, after you, Malfoy."

"No, after you, Potter. I insist."

They stared at each other again, unwilling to make the first move.

"I mean it, Potter—you first."

"No, you."

"You."

"You!"

"Both of you, in!" shouted McGonagall when she opened the door. Harry and Draco both jumped

but then did as they were told. When they both tried to get into the doorway at the same time, they got stuck and turned to glare at one another.

"Move it, Potter," sneered Draco.

"You move it, Malfoy," snarled Harry. "Your bony elbow is jabbing my ribs."

"Good." Malfoy jabbed his elbow into Harry a little harder and Harry moved away, clutching his side in pain. Draco slipped inside the room, chuckling.

"Ten points from Slytherin, Mr. Malfoy," said McGonagall sternly. "And five points from Gryffindor for being childish, Mr. Potter."

They both scowled.

"Now, I want you on your best behavior during your detention. I know I'm asking a lot, but I'm serious when I say that if I catch you two fighting, you'll wish you never started.

"Your snowball fight was very immature, and I thought you two knew better. You're almost seventeen years old and you're both still acting like first years. Well, that's going to stop. You don't have to like each other, but you can be civil. Am I making myself clear?"

"Yes, Professor," said Harry.

"Mr. Malfoy?"

Draco sighed. "Yes, Professor."

"Good. Now what I want you two to do is to clean the Transfiguration classroom; scrub the floor, wash the desks, and anything else that looks dirty—all without magic."

Harry and Draco both groaned.

"You should have expected that," said McGonagall, looking a little irked. "It wouldn't be a punishment if I let you do it with magic. And speaking of which, hand me your wands."

Both looking like they were just told that they would be losing a valuable limb for good, they took out their wands from their pockets. Slowly, still frowning deeply, they handed them over to the professor.

"Now, begin," said McGonagall. "You have until curfew."

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In the Transfiguration classroom, Harry and Draco stared at each other over the buckets of soapy

water and washrags. The looks they were giving one another wasn't full of much malice, and it was starting to make Harry feel a little… edgy.

"Well, we better get started," said Draco. "You take that side and I'll take the other."

"Fine," said Harry, not wanting to argue about anything now.

They picked a bucket and rag and moved to the opposite sides of the room. They scrubbed in silence for about an hour (although Harry could hear Malfoy grumbling and gripping about this and that), and for a while Harry forgot he was even there until they accidentally met in the middle.

Harry smacked his forehead into Malfoy's and he cursed out loud, rubbing at the bump that was left there. Malfoy held a hand to his forehead, swearing colorfully.

"Why don't you watch where you're going, Potter?"

"How was I to know that your big head was in the way?"

Draco sneered. "Shut up, Potter." And then he flicked some soapy water into Harry's face, leaving little spots on his glasses.

Harry reared back in some shock. He took off his glasses to try shaking the water off them, but it didn't work too well. Finally he settled for drying them on the sleeve of his robes—the dry bit, anyway.

"Don't act like such a child…" he began, but was interrupted by Malfoy flicking more water into his face before Harry could even put his glasses back on.

"What was that, Potty?"

"You little—" Before Malfoy could spray him with any more water, he dipped his fingers into his own bucket and tossed some of his own soapy water into Malfoy's face.

"How mature of you," sneered Malfoy. He flicked more water at Harry.

"I'm only following your shining example, Malfoy." Harry grinned, getting Malfoy's robes wet.

"My robes!" Draco cried. "You'll pay for that, Potter. And I really do mean you'll pay! These robes were expensive!"

"You shouldn't have been wearing it to a detention, then," smirked Harry.

Draco tried whipping the wet rag at Harry, but Harry ducked and stood up, his own rag in hand. He twisted it in his hands over Draco's head, drenching him.

"Potter!"

"Well, Professor McGonagall did say to wash anything that looked dirty."

Soon they were both tossing water at one another, snarling. Then, to try ending the fight, Harry over-turned the entire bucket over Draco's head. Draco let out a piercing cry. He looked up at Harry with fire in his eyes.

"That's *it*! The kid gloves are now coming off!"

"Maybe if you actually wore gloves then you wouldn't be so worried about sullying your dainty little hands."

Draco growled loudly and lunged for him. They grappled each other fiercely for a minute, and then Draco's shoe slipped out from under him and he fell into Harry. They both went down and hit the wet floor. Malfoy landed on Harry, but didn't stop trying to wrestle with him, and Harry wrestled back, trying to gain the upper hand.

Suddenly, at the feel of one another's erections rubbing together, Harry moved his body away from Malfoy quickly—and just before he got all the way onto his feet, he hit Malfoy square in the face. Harry recalled the other time their lower halves had pressed together, but it hadn't been as embarrassing as this. Last time their robes had hidden most of them away, but this time their robes were soaked through and sticking to their bodies, and he could feel nearly every inch of Malfoy against him.

"Bloody hell!" Draco gasped, clutching his nose. "You broke it!"

Harry stood up, satisfied that he won that little scrap. He was panting and staring down at Malfoy, who was glaring heatedly up at him, hands around the bottom half of his face.

"Serves you right, wanker."

Malfoy tried to stand, but he let out a small squeak when he realized that he couldn't. He clutched his knee in the hand that wasn't holding his face. "It's twisted!"

Harry looked up at the ceiling and sighed in annoyance. He knew he shouldn't be feeling too sorry for Malfoy for starting the fight, but then again, he might get into trouble if he left Malfoy in the condition he was in now. He wished he still had his wand, though, so he could fix Malfoy's nose for him.

"Well, it's nearly curfew anyway, so let's get you to Madam Pomfrey."

"What about our wands?" Malfoy said nasally.

"Oh, right; McGonagall still has them."

Harry stood there, staring down at Malfoy. He couldn't remember why he had punched Malfoy in the first place… but then he looked down at himself because of how wet his robes were, and that they were sticking to his body, and remembered. He wasn't as hard as before, but there was still a slight bulge. Thinking back to how Malfoy felt against him, it caused those feelings to stir within him again, and his cheeks grew hot. He'd lashed out because he had felt embarrassed, and he was disgusted with himself. It had happened before, when they were up against the wall, and since he admitted to himself that he fancied Malfoy… he just didn't want to cope with it.

Well, it looked like he had to, whether he liked it or not. Ignoring his feelings for too long wasn't going to do him any good.

Finally, he noticed that Malfoy was staring up at him, confused. His cheeks burned again, but this time he didn't feel annoyed with himself.

"Right, um, I'll just go get our wands from McGonagall and, um, let her know that you had accidentally…"

"Accidentally? You hit me!"

"Er, you wouldn't really tell her that, would you? I might get into trouble…"

"So?" Malfoy snorted. "You'd deserve it, you git."

"Whose the git here?" Harry huffed. "You're the one that started it."

"You didn't have to hit me!"

"YOU—argh! Fine, tell on me; see if I care! But I'm not going to let you bleed to death."

"How noble of you, Potter."

Trying not to be too irritated by Malfoy, Harry went to fetch Professor McGonagall. After healing Malfoy and scolding Harry for the fight in the first place, she deemed the place good enough for now and let them go for the night. Slowly, still soaked, they walked together down the hallway. They were nearly at the stairs that led down to the dungeons.

Suddenly Malfoy sighed, jolting Harry out of his thoughts of what to say next. "I suppose your friends are angry that you want to go on another date with me?"

Harry almost tripped over his own feet.

"I never told them anything, and what makes you think…?"

"Didn't you tell me after our first *'date'* that you wanted us to have a real one? Oh, that's right, you said that you thought of our Dare Date as a real one."

Harry wanted to smack that smug look off Malfoy's face, but then the urge to do so was gone in an instant: Malfoy was right; he did want another date with Malfoy, and technically he also wanted to *start* dating Malfoy.

He stopped and turned to face Malfoy, who also stopped and faced him. He stared, not sure what to say to the sudden situation that had presented itself to him. Should he do it? Did he dare?

Malfoy stepped forward, closing the gap between them, and looked Harry straight in the eye.

"Do you, or do you not, want to go out again?"

Harry opened his mouth to speak, but then left it open when he realized that he hadn't a clue as to how he wanted to respond to Malfoy's question.

As if reading Harry's mind, Malfoy rolled his eyes and blew a puff upward in frustration, and said, "It's a simple yes or no answer, Potter. I don't have all day for you to be going through your little head problems. Yes or no?"

Harry worked his jaw a bit, and then finally, after shaking himself out of it, said, "Yes. Yes, Malfoy, I'll go out with you… again."

Malfoy raised an eyebrow. "You'll go out with me? Not just a date, but you want me as your boyfriend?"

Harry opened and shut his mouth a few times again, eyes wide in shock. "I—I—well, it's just—well…"

Malfoy spun around on his heel. "Fine, if you need some time to think about it…"

"Yes," Harry blurted. Malfoy stopped, but didn't turn around. "Yes," Harry repeated. "I—I want you to be my boyfriend."

Malfoy slowly turned around. "And this won't be for only a few weeks? You're actually going to try being WITH me? Not like you were with Thomas or Finnigan?"

Harry shook his head. "I knew, in some way, that they weren't anything solid—do you know what I mean? I guess I was just trying to find myself, and get used to the fact that I'm—that I'm…"

"Gay," supplied Malfoy, smiling. "Not bisexual?"

Harry worked his jaw again, staring at Malfoy.

"Y-yeah… I guess… I mean, since there hasn't been any girls that I've been real, particularly interested in…"

Malfoy nodded. "Yes…. I know how that is."

They stared at each other for a while, locked in their own thoughts. Then, Malfoy moved forward suddenly, grabbed Harry's hips, and pulled him close. The ends of their noses touched.

"I suppose, if you decide to keep me for longer than two weeks, we could officially go out."

Harry couldn't fight off the smile that broke over his face. He tried, but he couldn't succeed. "Brilliant," he breathed. "Wait, what do you mean 'if I decide to keep you for longer than two weeks'? Isn't going out with someone supposed to mean that it's more than just a couple dates and a few snogs behind the Quidditch shed?"

"Oh, is that where you like to do your dirty little rendezvous?"

"Shut up; it was a figure of speech. And don't avoid the question."

"Well, I don't want to be tossed aside like some common fling. If you ever try to break up with me, you WILL be sorry."

Harry laughed, unable to help himself. He could tell that going out with Draco Malfoy was going to be way more adventurous than being with Seamus and Dean put together. And that was a very strange image.

"Fine," grinned Harry. "Let's try for a year, shall we?"

"If we don't end up killing each other first."

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Blaise and Seamus were sitting together in the library when Pansy and Millicent came in.

"There you two are," said Pansy. "I've been looking all over for you!"

Without looking up from his book, Blaise said, "What is it? Can't you see I'm busy?"

"If you mean Finnigan's hand in your lap, yeah, I see that you're busy."

Seamus blushed and pulled his hand off Blaise, and Blaise's eyebrows furrowed in some annoyance. He still didn't look up at Pansy.

"What is it, Pansy? Out with it already."

Pansy took a deep breath, and then let it out slowly. "I saw Draco and Potter."

"Yeah, so?"

"They were locked in an embrace."

Blaise finally looked up, and so did Seamus.

"You don't mean the kind of embrace where they're strangling each other, or punching the daylights out of the other?"

Pansy shook her head. "No. I mean an actual loving embrace."

"Weird part was," said Millicent, "that they didn't even notice us watching them. It was like they only had eyes for each other."

Seamus grinned from ear to ear. "I knew it! I knew they'd get it on!"

"So, are they actually going out now?" Blaise asked.

"I guess so," said Pansy. "It didn't look like they were whispering sweet nothings into each other's ears, they seemed to be more in a serious discussion about something, but they were definitely ignoring everything else around them."

Blaise let out a sharp laugh. "I just can't believe it… Draco is actually giving in to his feelings. This is so surreal!"

"It was bound to happen sooner or later," said Seamus. "But I wonder what Hogwarts will be like without those two at each other's throats." Seamus grinned wickedly. "I mean, in a hateful way, and not…"

"Yes, yes, we get it, Finnigan," groaned Millicent.

"Well, I guess we better go congratulate them!" beamed Seamus.

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Dean was just coming down from the Gryffindor Tower when Seamus and Blaise were going up.

"Hey, Dean," said Seamus. "Seen Harry around?"

"No. I was just on my way to see…" he quickly clammed up, his lips a thin line.

"To see what?" said Seamus, eyeing his friend suspiciously.

"Nothing… I gotta go…"

"Wait, where're you going?" Seamus shouted after Dean's retreating back, but Dean didn't answer and walked swiftly away.

"That's suspicious," said Blaise.

Seamus nodded in agreement. "He better tell me sometime soon."

Dean ran into the Great Hall, panting slightly. He looked around in a panic, afraid that he'd missed her, but to his relief, she was there, sitting at her table. Dean didn't care how he looked as he quickly sprinted to her. She looked up from the movement that she caught out of the corner of her eye and smiled when she saw it was Dean.

"Hey," he said, smiling and breathless.

"Hello," she said. "Is there something on your mind?"

"Yeah," said Dean. He kneeled in front of her and laid an elbow on the corner of the table. "I have a question to ask you."

"Yes?"

"Will you go to Hogsmeade with me this weekend?"

She blinked at him in surprise, and then giggled low in her throat. "You're not serious, are you?" When Dean's expression didn't change, she gasped. "You ARE serious."

Dean nodded. "I may not know exactly what I want just yet, but I do know that I would like to… do something with you. So, would you care to accompany me this weekend? We could do whatever you want."

She stood suddenly, startling some of the lower years at the table, and wrapped her arms around his neck.

"I would love to!"

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Harry smacked the back of his head on the wall behind him, moaning softly. Draco's lips were sloppily working their way down Harry's neck, and his hands were clumsily unbuttoning Harry's shirt. Harry brought a hand up to move his unknotted tie out of the way so that Draco could get at his skin better.

"I knew you couldn't wait for me to get you up against the wall again," said Draco, ghosting kisses over Harry's collarbone. He bit down on the bone that stood out the most, emitting a hiss from Harry.

"I think that's something you want me to do to *you*," said Harry, panting. He gripped the back of Draco's head with one hand and his hip with the other.

"You wouldn't know what to—" Draco gasped as Harry's hand moved from his head to a sensitive spot on his neck. With a sudden urgent need, Harry grabbed hold of Draco's shoulders and spun them around until Draco's back was now pressed up against the wall. Harry bent down to lick and kiss at Draco's neck, right around the spot he had just touched, and Draco's knees started to give out.

"I believe I would know what to do, Malfoy," he said gravelly.

When Harry's hand snaked its way down, it found the proof of Draco's arousal, and he squeezed it. Draco parted his legs shakily, a soft, slow moan making its way out of Draco's mouth.

"Then do it," Draco whispered.

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Chapter: 20

Attraction, part twenty

Pairings: **Harry/Draco**, **Ron/Hermione**, **Seamus/Blaise**, past Harry/Seamus, Harry/Dean, Draco/Blaise; **Neville/Ginny**, **Dean/Tracey**, and others

Rating: R

Warnings: Slash, some bad language

Notes: This doesn't have much of a plot, just so you know. **The only plot** going on, so far, is Harry and his sexuality. Plot? What plot? 0:)

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This is it, folks! I hope you've enjoyed it!

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The end of the year was closing, and it had been almost a month now since Harry and Draco started dating. During the month, they discovered that Tracey and Dean started going out. Draco had said something about the world coming to an end because there were so many Gryffindors getting together with Slytherins. Everyone around him laughed. Blaise and Seamus were still going out, closer than they've ever been. The lifetime supply of chocolate from Honeydukes was still in full force in the Gryffindor common room, in which more than just Gryffindors were sitting in on the last day of school.

"Are you sure it's ok with Professor McGonagall that we're here?" Luna asked, sipping on a bottle of butterbeer. Hannah Abbott, Parvati Patil, Tracey Davis, and Theodore Nott were sitting around her, also clutching butterbeers, and eating sweets. Luna had asked Theodore out a week ago, but he said no. Luna didn't seem to be too heartbroken that he turned her down; she'd just shrugged and said that it was up to him. Nott didn't know what to make of Luna's indifference.

"Yes," said Harry after polishing off his third butterbeer. "She says it's fine since it's the last day anyway."

Draco was resting his head on Harry's shoulder, eyes half closed in a sleepy daze. Blaise and Seamus were sitting on their other side; Seamus lying comfortably in between Blaise's legs with Blaise's arms around him. Ron and Hermione were sitting in their usual spots on the sofa—Hermione was engrossed in some book that Harry'd never heard of before and Ron was just kicking back, one arm resting behind Hermione's head, and a half drunk butterbeer in his hand.

"It feels like we've been seventh years for two years and not one," grumbled Ron.

"It has been a rather slow year," said Hannah.

Lavender Brown wandered over, holding Terry Boot's hand and grinning. They sat by the fire next to Ron and Hermione's couch, and Terry cracked a bottle open.

Harry sighed, enjoying the lazy time together with his friends. It seemed that everyone didn't want to do anything today, except Hermione who decided that reading was better than conversing or drinking.

At the sound of two people kissing, Harry turned his head to see that it was Blaise and Seamus going at it. They weren't paying attention to the stares or glares they were receiving. Draco shifted in Harry's arms, grumbling about something that Harry was sure was about what their friends were doing. Parvati was giggling once she realized what the noise was, yet looked a bit

wistful. To Harry's surprise, Theodore was eyeing Parvati in *that* way, and he couldn't help snickering under his breath. If Draco knew that one of his other friends were planning to get together with another Gryffindor, he'd flip his lid.

He rubbed at Draco's shoulder, getting Draco to look up at him sleepily. Draco opened his mouth to say something, but was interrupted by a yawn. It was so cute, Harry couldn't help smiling.

"H-Harry… are those pillocks done lip-locking yet?"

Harry glanced over at Blaise and Seamus and then quickly looked back at Draco. "Nope. They're still at it."

Draco mumbled something that was probably rude and laid his head back down on Harry's shoulder; closer to Harry's chest now than before. Harry shifted him better so that he had all his head lying on his chest.

"If you want, we could compete with them," Harry suggested.

"No, thank you," grumbled Draco.

"Why not?"

"I don't want everyone staring at us while we snog."

"They've seen us kiss before."

Draco grumbled something incoherent again and buried his face more into Harry's chest. Harry laughed, brushing a lock of hair out of Draco's eyes.

"Come on, Draco… kiss me."

"No."

"Please? I'll let you do your favorite position tonight."

The whole common room got quiet. Harry looked around at everyone, a faint blush forming on his face.

"What position is this, then?" asked Blaise, grinning impishly. Seamus was matching Blaise's look.

Draco shook his head as if to tell Harry not to say anything, but Harry couldn't help it—his mouth ran away with him.

"He likes being on top, riding me like…"

"OK, that's quite enough!" growled Draco, placing a hand over Harry's mouth. Harry, Seamus, Blaise, and a few others laughed.

"Oh, so now we all know just who the bottom is in this relationship!" laughed Theodore.

"We've always known that Malfoy was a bottom," said Blaise. "Where've you been, Nott?"

"He's a straight man, Blaise," said Seamus. "Forgive him."

Theodore's face fell, looking irritated; everyone laughed.

"I'm actually surprised that you're with Tracey, Thomas," said Blaise.

Dean shrugged. "Why not? I've said that I'm bisexual and open-minded; why would I lie?"

Tracey smiled, snuggling closer to Dean.

"Just surprised, since you were with Harry for a while."

"It wasn't for that long," said Dean. "Anyway, I really do love Tracey. And, did you know, she writes poetry? We're thinking of starting a novel together. She'll write the story and poetry, and I'll draw the pictures."

Draco yawned again. "That's nice, Thomas," he said in a bored tone.

"Behave, Draco," Harry scolded lightly. He looked at Dean. "That does sound cool, Dean. Let me know if you need any help financially."

"I'm sure we'll be fine, thanks, Harry," said Tracey.

Harry glanced over just in time to see Theodore inching closer to Parvati. She didn't seem to notice, and Luna was engrossed with whatever Hannah was saying. Later, Susan Bones, Pansy Parkinson, and Millicent Bulstrode came over and sat near him and Draco.

"More butterbeer and sweets for all!" crowed Pansy. Draco moved his head enough just to look at her and nod, and then laid it back down on Harry's chest. "What's wrong, Draco? Are you tired already? I thought this was a party."

"It's not a party," Draco grumbled. "We're all just relaxing. I don't want anymore chocolate, thanks."

"Someone's grumpy."

Draco made a grumbling noise.

Susan handed out more sweets and butterbeer. Some said 'cheers!' as it was handed to them. During the handout, there was more kissing noises. Harry automatically looked over at Seamus and Blaise, but they weren't kissing this time; Blaise was feeding Seamus some sweets. He looked over the other side and saw that it was Ron and Hermione. Somehow, Ron had convinced her that he was more interesting than the book she was reading, and they began to snog.

Harry felt his face heat up, and then he remembered that he had asked Draco to kiss him, but Draco hadn't gone along with it. He looked down, to see if Draco was interested now, but because it was Ron and Hermione there were kissing, it seemed to put Draco off even more. Sighing, Harry dejected himself to not getting any at the moment and just watched wistfully as everyone else starting to make out.

Tracey and Dean decided to get into the snogging fun, and then to everyone's amazement, Luna was kissing Hannah. Harry thought Hannah would push Luna away and tell her to stop, but surprisingly, Hannah kissed back. Parvati was looking at them like they've lost their minds. Pansy and Millicent were staring at them in amusement and irritation. Susan Bones was actually watching with interest.

Then Lavender and Terry started in on the snogging, and soon nearly everyone in the common room was sucking each other's faces off. Theodore was eyeing Parvati hopefully, but Parvati didn't seem to be noticing. Pansy and Millicent stood and made their way to the other side of the room, probably to get away from all the kissing.

"That's it," growled Draco. "I've had enough of this…"

He stood, hauling Harry up with him, and dragged him over to the boys' dormitory.

"Hey, where are they going?" asked Parvati.

"I give up, where?" said Blaise cheekily.

As Draco dragged him upstairs, Harry had a feeling he knew what was wrong.

"What's the matter, Draco?" Harry asked, trying not to grin.

"I'm getting sick of all those lovey-doveys around us, that's what."

"We could have joined them, you know."

Draco whirled on Harry so fast, Harry flinched. "Excuse me? I'm not about to get into something that might result in a big orgy, thank you. Finnigan and Blaise might get it in their heads that they can touch you, not to mention Thomas and Davis, and there's no way I'm letting anyone have you!"

Harry blinked. He'd never seen Draco like this before. He wasn't sure if he liked this possessive part of his boyfriend or not.

"Does this mean we can go up to my dorm and snog there?"

Draco pinned Harry to the wall of the staircase and kissed him hard. Harry kissed back, just as hard and deep. He moaned into Draco's mouth, wrapping his arms around Draco's back and behind Draco's head.

"Yes, Potter," said Draco against Harry's neck. "You're catching on quite well."

"Let's go, then," growled Harry.

He grasped Draco's hand and they ran up to the dormitory. The door banged open with force as Harry stormed in, Draco in tow. They were smiling, but the look in their eyes told volume. Harry made sure the door was shut firmly and there was an Imperturbable spell on it.

Harry backed them up toward his bed, and when Draco's legs found the edge of it, Harry pushed Draco down and straddled him. He latched his mouth onto Draco's immediately, and Draco slid his tongue inside Harry's mouth. Hands roamed all over his body, and Harry tried to return the favor, rubbing Draco's chest, stomach, hips, thighs, and finally on the spot he was raising up to rub against Harry. Draco tossed his head back and moaned, and Harry did anything and everything to make Draco moan like that again.

It didn't take as long as he thought, and soon they were under the covers, naked, and sounding like broken records.

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Forty-five minutes later:

"…I will not, Draco."

"I think you should … it's undermining our relationship if you keep it."

"It's a gift from Seamus…"

"Exactly why you should toss it!"

"Look, I'll just take it off, then, but I'm not throwing it away."

"He's an ex-boyfriend!"

"He was never really a boyfriend! I just went on one date with him to shut him up! I didn't like telling him to stop seeing me, but I had to. What is with you all of a sudden? Why are you so

against my friends like this—and stop going through my things!"

Draco stood and slammed the lid of Harry's trunk down hard, and then kicked it a few times for good measure. "You got one too many things from others in here!"

Harry looked over at his new broomstick, his *Thunderbolt 2005*, and suddenly something struck him.

"Wait, why aren't you annoyed about the new broomstick I got for Christmas last year?"

Draco looked up at him, eyes wide and confused. "You mean to tell me that you haven't worked that part out, yet?"

"What part, what are you talking about-?" It suddenly dawned on him. "Wait a minute… YOU? You're the one that gave me that broom?"

Draco grinned cheekily at him. "Indeed, it was I. But if you tell anyone, I'll deny it."

"Why'd you get me this broomstick for Christmas? We weren't even dating then!"

Draco rolled his eyes. "Duh! I liked you way before then. How dense can one be?"

"But you've been an ass to me…"

"Only because you were paying attention to all those other boys instead of me."

Harry blinked. "But… but you didn't act like… I mean, when Sir Cadogan said that we would make a good couple, you scoffed about it too."

"I was in DENIAL, Harry," huffed Draco. "I didn't want to deal with my feelings at the moment. I knew that I fancied you, but I didn't like the thought, so I tried to act as if I didn't fancy you. A lot of good that did me."

Harry stared for a moment, and then broke into laughter. "Oh, god, Draco… you really take the cake!"

Draco smirked as if tried to fight off a smile. "You're the idiot that agreed to go out with me."

Harry sobered up immediately and stared at Draco with an intense look. "I know. I wonder what that makes me?"

"I just said what it makes you: an idiot." Draco sauntered toward Harry. "And if you think for one minute that I want you to leave because of it…"

Harry was already meeting Draco halfway. He nearly lifted Draco off the floor as he pulled him

into his arms and kissed the daylights out of him. Draco squeaked in surprise, but went with it, kissing him back. They stayed like that for a while until the door to the dormitory opened and in stepped Seamus and Blaise, hand in hand.

"Whoops-a-daisy! Looks like this room is occupied."

Harry and Draco released each other, cheeks blazing pink.

"Sorry, mates," said Seamus. "We wanted to get away from all that snogging in the common room because it looks like it's about to become an orgy."

"And you didn't join them?" said Draco, shocked. "I thought out of all the people there you'd be one of the more enthusiastic ones."

"That's what I thought about you," said Seamus, grinning.

"Oh, ha ha," said Draco, nose in the air. "I prefer to keep my private snogs with Potter away from prying eyes."

"If it were dark, though…" began Blaise, looking thoughtful.

"What?" said Draco, glaring daggers at his friend.

"Well, if the four of us snog in here, on separate beds, with the lights off, it wouldn't be so bad, would it?"

"We'd still hear you," said Draco.

"So?" said Seamus. "It might be really hot."

All Harry could do was blush. Draco was shaking his head. "It wouldn't be… it would be… it…"

"Come on, Malfoy," said Seamus mockingly. "Are you afraid?"

Draco bristled. "Me? No, I just don't… it's not that at all!"

Seamus kept giving Draco *the Look*, and finally Draco sighed, rolling his eyes in exasperation, and said, "Fine!"

Harry's eyes widened. "What?"

"You heard me," said Draco gruffly. "If Finnigan and Zabini want us to share the room while we all snog, then that's fine… as long as they don't touch you."

Seamus let out a low whistled. "Wow. And I thought Blaise was possessive!"

"Hush," growled Blaise. He grabbed Seamus's wrist and dragged him over to his bed, threw him on it, and shut the curtains.

Getting the hint, Harry and Draco went to Harry's bed and shut the curtains, too.

For the longest time, there were only the sounds of clothes rustling, harsh breathing, and soft kissing noises. Harry couldn't help feeling hot when hearing almost identical noises coming from the other bed, just like Draco said it would be. For a while, Harry let Draco undress him and kiss his neck, and he touched Draco wherever he could, and also helped with his clothes. Harry held his breath at the soft sounds of voices coming from Seamus's bed—he'd thought he heard Seamus say something, but he didn't quite catch it. At the first sound of a moan from the other's bed, Harry felt his ears burn, and to try hiding his embarrassment, he rolled them over so that he was now on top.

Draco didn't mind at all. He smiled shyly up at Harry, and then spread himself out as an offering to him. Exhilarated, Harry went to work covering Draco's body with kisses, his hands roaming. Draco made a noise when Harry started to play with his nipples, and the sound he made went straight to Harry's groin. Seamus echoed the sentiments as he arched into Blaise. It made Harry's face burn even more, but he didn't lose his arousal.

"See?" said Draco, smirking. "I told you it would be hot."

Harry pinned Draco harder into the bed. "Shut up."

Draco moaned from Harry's dominance alone. He could feel just what kind of effect the other two were having on him, and it turned Draco on even more. Harry leaned down and covered Draco's mouth with his again, kissing more passionately, slowly, and Draco couldn't help shifting a little under him.

After a lot of frottage, and hearing Seamus and Blaise moan and make the unmistakable noises one made when locked together intimately, Draco tried to get Harry to roll them over, and when Harry started to fight back, thinking that Draco was trying to vie for dominance, Draco huffed angrily and said:

"You promised I would be on top, you great git."

The sound in the common room got quieter, and there was soft snickering coming from the other bed, but Draco tried to ignore it.

Harry grinned, eyes dancing with amusement. "So I have."

Immediately, Harry turned them over. Draco scrambled for purchase as Harry started on preparing Draco almost right away. He squirmed from Harry's touch, only a little embarrassed that they were doing this with someone else in the room, but then again, Seamus and Blaise were

already doing it and they didn't seem to care that he and Harry were in the room. Wanting to hide his irritation and embarrassment, Draco laid his head next to Harry's on the pillow, gently kissing his ear for more of a distraction to his own feelings than to teasing Harry. No matter what he thought of the situation at the moment, he couldn't stop the sound erupting from deep within him as he felt Harry's fingers working their magic.

"You definitely have magic hands, Potter," he whispered, and then regretted it the moment he realized how that sounded coming from him. He wanted to kick himself; he was going soft!

Harry raised his head up to bite at Draco's ear in return. "Well," he said in a sultry voice, "if you think my hands are magic that must mean that your arse is magic."

Draco nearly choked on a laugh. "You—" actually, he had nothing to say to that.

Harry kissed his ear again, and he forgot to breath. However, he had to let it out when he felt Harry breaching past his tight ring. He automatically got into a better position so that he could move more easily, hands slipping slightly on Harry's chest as he held himself up. Harry's hands grasped his hips.

"I pity those in the common room," said Harry, holding Draco steady.

Draco's chest heaved. "Why?"

"Because," said Harry, arching his hips. "They'll never get to see you like *this*."

He pushed up.

Draco gasped shrilly.

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Finished with their NEWTS, the seventh years rejoiced in celebration together in the Great Hall. Harry did his best to get in on conversations that were going on around him, drinking mulled-mead, and smiling as happily as he could, but he was feeling lonely in the crowd of Gryffindors, Hufflepuffs, and Ravenclaws. He scanned the room in search of a familiar blond head, but every time he thought he saw Draco, it turned out to be someone else.

When Harry thought he had found Draco, and it turned out to be Zacharias Smith, he meant to turn around and leave, but Smith stopped him.

"Good end of the year party, eh?" he said, eyeing Harry. "So, where's your better half?"

Harry snorted. If anyone was the 'better half' in their relationship, it was him.

"That's who I'm trying to find, so if you'll excuse me…"

"Oh, so you two aren't joined at the hip," laughed Smith. "I would have thought, given that you're both so needy…"

"Get out of it!" roared Harry as he elbowed Smith out of the way. The nerve of some people! He finally made it out of the crowd, finishing his drink, and walked out the double doors leading toward the lake.

It was a rather warm, but foggy, day. The surface of the lake was misty, with small clouds of fog ghosting over it, and the air was a little stuffy. He looked up at the sky to see that there were only a few clouds, but the weather could change in an instant.

There was Draco, standing at the edge of the lake, seemingly in a daze. The giant squid was splashing about, and Harry wondered if Draco had just fed it something from the party.

"Draco," he said, about a foot away from him.

Draco spun around and came face to face with Harry. His cheeks tinted as they stared at each other.

"So," Draco said. "This is it; the end of our school years."

Harry shrugged. "Yeah, I guess it is."

They continued to stare.

"Would you-?" started Harry.

"Could-?" Draco said at the same time. They stopped, smiling gently at each other in some amusement. "You first."

Harry cast his gaze down at their shoes for a moment before looking back up into Draco's face. It was getting easier and easier to look Draco straight in the eye without blushing.

"Would you like to come live with me?"

The wind whipped around them, and Harry turned the collar from his robe up to keep the wind off the back of his neck.

Draco stared, stunned. Harry started to mistake his silence for rejection, and began to babble.

"Sorry, I thought that you'd—I mean, since we've only been going out for almost two months—that is, we did want to see if we lasted for a year, and what better way to find out is if we…"

"Shut up, Potter."

Harry shut up, a lump forming in his throat.

"I was about to say, before you interrupted me, that you could live with me, in Malfoy Manor, if you like."

There was another pause. Harry stared, dumbfounded, at Draco; not sure what to say.

"Er…" he started, but then Draco grabbed the front of his shirt and pulled him into a deep kiss. Harry shut up, kissing back with need and passion. He felt himself warm up considerably.

"Perhaps," said Draco, once he released Harry, "we could find a place to call our own."

A huge grin split Harry's face.

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"So, about your powers…"

"What about them?" Harry asked.

"Well, Professor McGonagall said that you've got a ton of it in you, just that you don't know how to use it yet. That electric snowball you created last winter was proof of it. Ever think about training up a bit and seeing what happens?"

"I do want to become an Auror still," admitted Harry. They leaned against each other under the beech tree, staring out into the fog. "But I don't know what my NEWTS scores are yet."

"I'm sure you'll get perfect scores." Draco snorted. "Perfect scores for perfect, Patronus Potter."

Harry leered. That sort of tone used to aggravate him to no end, but after being with Draco for more than two months, he soon realized that that was Draco's way of dealing with his feelings. Either that, or he was teasing in a serious manner.

"I'm sure you'll do fine as well," he said, instead of what he wanted to say, which would have started a fight.

Draco hung his head. "Yeah, sure…"

"I'm positive, Draco—I'm sure you'll get perfect scores too. You really studied hard this year."

"When we're not sucking each other's faces off, yeah."

Harry blushed. "Er, yeah. You have to admit, though," said Harry, smiling, "it's bloody brilliant."

Draco snorted. He looked over at Harry, who was staring back, eyes gleaming. Draco couldn't help being pulled into that gaze, and soon they were kissing. Harry brought a hand up to tangle in Draco's hair, and Draco placed a hand behind Harry's head, holding them in place. The wind whipped around them again, but this time Harry didn't feel the cold at all.

"On that cheerful note," said Draco, climbing into Harry's lap. "What's your opinion on having children?"

Harry felt his heart skip. Draco never looked so incredible to him as he did at this moment.

"I love you," he whispered.

Draco laid his forehead over Harry's.

"I know."

THE END.

A/N: Many, many thanks to those that have stuck by this fic, and have commented on it! I'm sorry that I didn't elaborate on Dean and Tracey's relationship, but I felt there was no need to, since they had some chemistry before hand. Also, this fic was supposed to aim more at Harry and his dealings with attraction, hence the title of the fic. Harry finally finds out just whom he's really attracted to (which is Draco), and then everything around them sort of clicks into place. Thanks to Seamus and Blaise, they embraced and admitted their attraction to one another.

Theodore was originally going to get with Luna, but it didn't seem to fit real well with my story, so I decided to have Theo turn Luna down, which resulted in Luna finding out that she actually has a crush on Hannah Abbott. I was going to have Luna go after Parvati, but I think Parvati is too straight for that, so she'll probably be the one ending up with Theodore.

Ron and Hermione finally decided to get it together, but I didn't want to do much with them, since they weren't originally going to be together in my fic, so they're left as a background pairing. I hope that these decisions that I have made doesn't bother anyone.

I was going to do something more with Harry and his powers, but we all know that Harry is really powerful, so I didn't want it to distract me from the main point of the fic, which is Harry and his attraction to the same sex.

It's been a great trip all around, and I'm hoping you all enjoyed the read! I'm so happy to have another fic completed under my belt, so that now I can concentrate on my other fics. I say to those that have commented: Thank you, from the bottom of my heart, which is beating beneath my firm breast.