Title: Go Send Me Your Heart

Author:

Prompt Number: #47 by [info]0idontknow0

Travel Destination: New York

Rating: PG-13

Pairing(s): Harry/Draco, mentioned in passing: Harry/Ginny, Draco/Astoria

Summary: Draco and Harry run into each other in New York. They have an amazing weekend-long fling before Harry returns to London and his life. 30 letters that follow the aftermath of this weekend.

Warnings: Cheesy and bad singing and some sexy stuff.

Word Count: 6,841

Author's Notes: I sort of messed up badly on the time line of this. Let's just go with this, assuming Harry was born in 1990 and then adjust the dates and timeline of everything else to fit that. Okay? Okay. I really hope this is what you wanted, [info]0idontknow0. I manged to get two of your prompts in but I sadly didn't manage to make it after Harry left New York. Beta'd by the most awesome [info]aj_socks. Any mistakes left are mine and mine alone.

Go Send Me Your Heart

Before

"Are you sure this is what you want to do, darling?" Narcissa asked, looking around the small flat that Draco was planning on calling home. She could admit that it was a nice place, though nothing compared to their Wiltshire home. It was a modest sized studio/loft in a trendier side of New York but she still didn't like it. She had had a hard enough time allowing Draco to go to Hogwarts in Scotland. For him to move across the pond, especially after the war, broke her heart.

"Yes, mother," Draco replied as he waved his wand around to unpack his belongings, not looking at her.

“But darling,” she reached for him and placed a hand on his shoulder, “it's so far away.”

Draco paused when his mother touched him and put his wand back into his holster. It wasn’t his original Hawthorne wand, but it worked well enough. Turning to his mother, he sighed at her resigned look, and pulled her into an embrace.

“Mother, I’m tired. Tired of the looks, tired of the threats, tired of being treated like everything that’s wrong with wizarding Britain is my fault,” Draco said with another sigh, “I’m tired of being the punching bag for all of the Ministry, being used as their example for everything that’s wrong. This, this gives me a new start, where I can be whoever I want instead of Draco Malfoy, ex-Death Eater.”

“But do you have to do it so far away?” she asked, whispering into his hair as she was running her fingers through it.

“Yes,” he said as he put some distance between them. “Here no one knows who Draco Malfoy was and I can be whoever I want.”

Narcissa nodded as she released him. “Promise you’ll write.”

“So much so that it will be like I never left,” he promised.

On the wall, Draco’s Muggle clock chimed four o'clock. Both of them look up at the clock as it did its four chimes before falling silent.

“I have a Portkey to catch in fifteen,” Narcissa said reluctantly as she reached out to stroke Draco’s face.

“I’ll miss you.” Draco pulled her in for another hug before he kissed her on the cheek and he stepped back to give her space to Apparate.

Narcissa gave her son another smile followed by an air kiss then Disapparated.

Wiping his hands off on his trousers Draco looked around his now empty flat before shaking himself and taking out his wand.

“You’re an adult now, you can do this,” he mumbled to himself before he turned back to the task of unpacking and sorting out his belongings and making his new flat home.

One Year Later - Friday

“Malfoy, Malfoy,” a familiar voice called from behind Draco. He gave a slight glance over his shoulder to confirm the speaker and sighed in annoyance. Even half way across the planet and a year later, Potter still managed to find him.

Slowing his walk to allow Potter to catch up with him but giving no sign of having heard the other man Draco contemplated what could have been.

“Hey, weren’t you going to stop?” Harry asked when he finally managed to catch up with Draco in the crowd of people.

“I’m going somewhere. I don’t have time to stand around waiting for you to catch up with me,” Draco snapped, annoyed for no other reason than the person he was speaking was Harry Potter.

“I see some things haven’t changed then,” Harry said, though he was grinning as he said it.

“What do you want, Potter,” Draco asked, glancing at Harry out of the corner of his eye.

“Nothing. It's not like I expected to run into you,” Harry said, shrugging. “What brings you to New York? You fell off the face of the planet after our re-sitting?”

Draco nodded. Harry’s offhand comment confirmed that he wasn’t in New York looking for him and that their meeting was pure chance. Draco was pretty sure that Harry was being honest. After all, he’d been a crap liar at school.

“I live here,” Draco said as he side-stepped an oncoming person talking on their cell phone.

“I’m just here on vacation, today's my last day actually,” Harry said though Draco didn’t ask nor attempted to make small talk.

Cutting through the crowd Draco came to a stop in front of the Prince Street C train station, backing against the wall the avoid traffic in either direction. Harry, in an attempt to stick close to Draco, bumped into a couple and nearly tripped. Draco turned to see if he was still following. Apologizing profusely to the annoyed couple, Harry weaved through the people to reach Draco again.

“Look, did you want something?” Draco asked, turning to Harry.

Harry once again shrugged, annoying Draco further. Shrugging was an uncommunicative gesture on most people, but Harry Potter in particular.

“I have things to do. Would you like me to lie and say that it’s been a pleasure running into you? Because it hasn’t been.” Draco sneered. “I have things to do and I’d rather you didn’t follow me around like an abandoned crup I didn’t feed.”

“I didn’t want anything, I just ...” Harry trailed off. “I saw you and I guess I wanted to ...” again he faltered.

Draco gave Harry an assessing look before he pulled out a Muggle cell phone with a huge sigh. After a few taps and clicks Draco stuck the phone back into his pocket and motioned for Harry to follow.

“I’m merely doing this because the only people in England that I speak to are my mother and father and while they tell me the gossip they know, they’re not as abreast of the news I care about.”

They walked a couple blocks in silence before Draco cut across a street and ducked into a coffee shop with Harry hot on his heels. Harry looked around noting that most of the tables were filled save for a few in the back.

“Get me a hot coco? I’ll grab a table,” he said.

Draco nodded absently walking up to the counter to place the orders as Harry scouted out a table. Snagging an empty chair from a nearby table Harry seated himself in the corner against the wall and waited for Draco to come with their drinks. It didn’t take long before Draco was walking over to their table, two drinks in hand balancing a plate with scones. Their drinks on the table they sat in a semi-uncomfortable silence before Harry spoke.

“You’re the last person I thought I’d run into here,” he said as he took a sip of his drink, “I’m on vacation and since the only real city I’ve been to is London Hermione suggested New York.”

“You’re here by yourself then?”

“Yeah. Hermione wanted to come but she couldn't make it.”

“And what about the She-Weasel?” Draco asked.

“I wish you wouldn’t call my friends names,” Harry said with a sigh.

Draco pursed his lips and rolled his eyes. “What's about Ginevra, then?”

Knowing that this was the best he’d get from Draco, Harry explained, “She, we’re taking a break from one another. Not dating other people but,” he shrugged, “not being together for a while.”

Draco nodded like he understood what Harry meant. “How do you like it?”

Harry shrugged. “I guess it’s okay. It’s no different really then when we were dating, I still see her all the time, we still talk ...” He was trailing off again.

They fell into a semi-comfortable silence, watching the crowd outside while sipping their drinks and nibbling on their scones.

“Want to get out of here?” Draco asked suddenly.

Harry looked up, confused. “What?”

“Do you want to get out of here?” Draco asked, standing up grabbing his drink and left-over scone. “You’re on vacation, right? So let’s see some of this city. Let's see something you couldn’t see at home.”

Harry pushed his chair back to stand, “Yeah sure, I mean I’m only here for the weekend. Might as well make the most of it yeah?”

“Is there any place in particular you want to go?” Draco asked as they left the coffee shop.

Harry shook his head. “No. Show me what you see here. I mean, you live here right.”

Backtracking the way they came, they entered the C train station at Prince.

“Does it always smell so bad in here?” Harry asked, wrinkling his nose. He’d spent ten years living in a cupboard; he was use to bad smells. But this was a surprisingly strong odor.

“I’ve been told that it smells worst in the summer from the heat. Something about dead rats.”

Harry looked at Draco in shock, unsure of if he was joking or not, but Draco gave nothing away.

“And here’s our train,” he said as the C train pulled into the station.

They got off the train at 51st street after transferring from the C train to the E and walked North till they reached a large cubed glass building across from Central Park.

“What is this?” Harry was looking up at the large building.

“This is the Fifth Avenue Apple store,” Draco said with a smug grin.

“They sell fruit here?” Harry asked, shocked.

Draco laughed, “Who would have thought that Draco Malfoy would be more in touch with Muggle culture than Harry Potter?”

“I’ve been busy. I missed all the pop culture things,” Harry said defensively.

“They make computers and fancy cell phones and music players called iPods,” Draco explained.

“Oh, oh,” Harry said, “Hermione told me about them. Like CD players but without the CDs and they play thousands of songs.”

Draco nodded. “Yeah, something like that. People come from all over to see it. I really don’t see the appeal but ...” Draco shrugged.

Harry laughed. “Somehow I doubt this is what Hermione meant when she told me to see the sights.”

Again Draco shrugged. “To be honest when I first moved here I did the whole tourist thing but it was terribly boring. There’s no real way to see all of it, anyway, so it’s pointless unless you live here.”

“Well, I already saw the Statue of Liberty. If not for walking from the tower to Potions for six years those stairs would have killed me.” Harry was still gazing at the glass building.

“Have you been anywhere else?”

"SoHo," Hary said.

“What were you doing down in SoHo?” Draco asked, walking over to a nearby bench.

Harry looked embarrassed as he sat down next to Draco, “Hermione and Ginny are always harping on me about shopping. So since I was here I asked the concierge where was a good place to get a new wardrobe. He recommended SoHo for new trendy things, he said something about hipsters that I didn’t understand or Fifth Avenue for fancy dress cloth but I’d never wear them.”

“If you had told me that when we were over there I could gone with you,” Draco replied.

Harry shook his head. “No its okay I already went, see,” he reached into his pocket pulling out a handful of shrunken bags, “I spent more on clothing today than I’ve ever have in my whole life.”

Draco nodded. “So what else do you want to do? Seeing as I canceled my plans we have all day.”

“This is nice, just sitting here.” Harry tossed the remains of his scone to the birds. “Why weren’t we like this at school?”

Draco shrugged, “I wanted to be your friend at Hogwarts. You’re the one that turned me down.”

“You were mean to the first friend I’d ever had,” Harry pointed out.

“How was I supposed to know that?”

“We could be friends now, I guess,” Harry said. “You’re never to old to make new friends.”

“So what? We’re going to pretend that we didn’t hate each other's guts our entire time at Hogwarts?” Draco was breaking off a bit of bread and threw it to the swarming pigeons.

“To be honest Malfoy, I didn’t hate you at Hogwarts. I had bigger things to deal with,” Harry said. “You were more like an annoyance that distracted me from the bigger things.”

“Great, wonderful,” Draco muttered. “I don’t even warrant an arch-enemy.”

“Would you like me to hate you?” Harry asked looking at him.

Draco looked back to the swarm of birds. “I’d like you to be my friend.”

“Well then,” Harry stood up abruptly, tossing his scone in the bin nearby. “Let’s be friends.” He held out his hand much like Draco had done nine years ago.

Draco looked up at Harry. “It’s not that simple,” he said.

Harry shook his head. “Yes, it is that simple, what’s to stop us? There are no house politics, no Voldemort, no other friends to get in the way. Why can’t we be friends now?”

“And then when you leave, then what?”

“We’ll write, it’ll be like having a pen pal,” Harry said. “Only we’ll have met already.”

Draco made a face at the thought. “Pen pals.”

“Yeah,” Harry said suddenly more excited, “I mean it’s pretty hard to fight in letters and we can only talk about what we want to talk about instead of it being awkward and stuff.”

“Friends,” Draco said.

“Yes, friends,” Harry replied, “I mean if I can defeat Voldemort and you can run off to New York and be a whole new nicer person, then we can be friends.”

“Those are two very different things.”

“Oh stop dallying. Are we doing this or what?” Harry said almost bouncing on the balls of his feet in excitement.

“Fine,” Draco said with a long suffered sigh, “Pen pals it is.”

“Friends,” Harry corrected taking Draco’s hand though he hadn’t offered it.

“Are you hungry?” Draco asked taking his hand back.

“I could eat,” Harry replied letting go easily.

“I know just the place,” Draco was brushing imaginary dust off his pants before taking off once again down the street.

~*~

“What is this place?” Harry asked as they walked down the dingy looking steps.

“When I first moved in the guy across from me insisted on doing this whole neighborly bonding thing,” Draco said with a sneer yet fondly. “He dragged me out constantly. Out of all the places he took me to is my favorite place to eat.”

Harry made a slight face. The place didn’t look like much with dingy stairs leading to a dark hallway but he figured Draco wouldn’t take him anyplace bad. Malfoys did have pretty high standards. At the end of the hall was a door that Draco rapped on sharply. The door opened showing an illuminated inside with a young Asian man

Following Draco through the door Harry was surprised by what he saw. Instead of the dingy, creepy place he’d been expecting it turned out to be a small, but well-lit and tastefully decorated restaurant.

“Why is the walk down here so creepy?” Harry asked as they were seated.

“To keep the riff-raff away,” Draco said. “No one would come down here unless someone else brought them so they only get people by reference of other people,” he explained. “It keeps this place pretty exclusive.

“So this is a restaurant?” Harry asked looking around the small room.

“Bar, restaurant, Karaoke place,” Draco clarified.

“Karaoke?” Harry asked.

“Karaoke, where people get drunk and sing badly in front of friends and total strangers.”

“I know what Karaoke is,” Harry snapped. “I mean, do you sing when you come here?”

Draco shrugged. “Sometimes, depends on my mood.”

“Are you any good?” Harry looked at Draco over the menu. “The one time I went to a Karaoke bar with Hermione, Ginny and Ron, everyone was really bad.”

“I’m okay,” Draco replied sounding slightly embarrassed, “I’ve never been booed off stage.”

Their conversation was cut off when the waiter came to take their order.

“So what do you do?” Harry asked once the waiter left.

Draco took a sip of his drink. “Right now I’m a barista at this shop. It's something to fill my time with, it’s not like I really need to work.”

“Never thought I’d see the day Draco Malfoy worked in a Muggle coffee shop.”

“It’s something,” Draco said. “It throws my neighbors off so they don’t start wondering how I pay for things.”

“Are you close to them?” Harry asked, “your neighbors?”

“Just Mark,” Draco replied. “He’s the one who showed me this place. We see each other in passing and hang out from time to time. It’s nice to have someone who doesn’t know me from anywhere and still wants to be around me.”

“Is that why you left England?”

Draco looked away. “In part. I got tired of being judged for a single mistake no matter how big it was, then being judged for my name. It just got to being too much.”

“But that’s what you used to do to Hermione and all the other Muggleborn students: judge them maybe not for their names but based on something they couldn’t change,” Harry pointed out.

“And look how wrong I was.”

They lapsed into another silence as the waiter returned with their food. It wasn’t an uncomfortable silence but slightly tense.

“And so it begins,” Draco said, nodding towards the cleared out space in the center of the restaurant.

Harry followed his gaze to find a man slightly older than the two of them standing in the space holding a microphone.

“I got forced into being first,” the man said, his words slurring slightly. “This song goes out to my girlfriend,” there was a cheer off behind him, “I love you Abigail.”

“Ooh dat dress so scandalous and ya know another man couldn't handle it. See ya shakin that thang like who's da ish with a look in ya eye so devilish,” the man sang.

“Uh, ya like to dance at all the hip hop spots and ya cruise to the crews like connect da dots not just urban she likes the pop cuz she was livin la vida loca.” The man danced around the stage mimicking the lyrics. Several people in the restaurant started cheering as the man started to take his shirt off.

“Merlin help us,” Draco mumbled under his breath.

“You should go up there and sing. Save us from any more bad songs to come,” Harry prodded.

“What, no,” Draco protested. “I’m nowhere near drunk enough.”

“Oh come on, you said earlier that you were good,” Harry continued.

“I said I’d never been booed off, not that I was good,” Draco responded.

“I bet you’d be amazing,” Harry said then blushed after he realized how his words must sound. “I mean

you were always so good at everything at school. Like Hermione only without all the effort."

"Thank you for the vote of confidence, but no," Draco was blushing as well at Harry's words.

"Please," Harry wheedled.

"Don't whine," Draco said. "It makes you look pathetic."

"Please," Harry whined in the same tone.

Draco huffed and glared. "Fine, but we're never mentioning this again. Got it."

"Promise, scouts' honor." Harry held his hand up in an awkward gesture.

"Merlin help me," Draco muttered as he stood up, downing the rest of his drink before walking over to their waiter whispering a few words to him.

The man singing 'The Thong Song' finished and bowed, almost tripping over his feet as he did so. After the man had left the stage, a dark-haired woman came up taking the microphone from him as he passed her. Her face was flushed red and she mumbled a few words into the microphone that Harry didn't understand before taking a deep breath and starting singing.

"They made a statue of us and put it on a mountain top. Now tourists come and stare at us, blow bubbles with their gum, take photographs have fun, have fun," she sang.

Harry didn't recognize the song but it sounded nice and she was a lot better than the man before her. When she finished and stood Harry clapped for her while looking around to see where Draco went. Suddenly he was approaching the stage, dragging a stool from the bar, microphone in hand.

“I’m up here under protest,” Draco said glaring at Harry through the crowd. “This was the only song in the catalogue that I knew so bear with me.”

“Hey there Delilah, What's it like in New York City? I'm a thousand miles away, but girl, tonight you look so pretty, yes you do. Times Square can't shine as bright as you, I swear it's true,” Draco sang tapping his foot slightly to the guitar.

“Hey there Delilah, Don't you worry about the distance. I'm right there if you get lonely. Give this song another listen. Close your eyes, Listen to my voice, it's my disguise. I'm by your side,” Draco continued, looking at Harry as he sang.

“Oh it's what you do to me, Oh it's what you do to me, Oh it's what you do to me, Oh it's what you do to me, What you do to me.” Draco closed his eyes as he sang the chorus and continued on to the third verse, “Hey there Delilah, I know times are getting hard, but just believe me, girl someday I'll pay the bills with this guitar. We'll have it good we'll have the life we knew we would my word is good.

“Hey there Delilah, I've got so much left to say, if every simple song I wrote to you, would take your breath away I'd write it all. Even more in love with me you'd fall we'd have it all. Oh it's what you do to me, Oh it's what you do to me, Oh it's what you do to me, Oh it's what you do to me, What you do to me,” Draco sang. Several people around Harry were singing along with him softly, but for the most part everyone was entranced by Draco and his voice.

“A thousand miles seems pretty far but they've got planes and trains and cars. I'd walk to you if I had no other way. Our friends would all make fun of us and we'll just laugh along because we know that none of them have felt this way. Delilah, I can promise you that by the time we get through the world will never ever be the same and you're to blame.” Harry blushed brightly at Draco’s intense gaze. The looks he was getting from Draco were a great deal more intimate than he was used to from anyone other than Ginny.

“Hey there Delilah you be good and don't you miss me two more years and you'll be done with school and I'll be making history like I do, you'll know it's all because of you. We can do whatever we want to. Hey there Delilah here's to you, this one's for you.

“Oh it's what you do to me, Oh it's what you do to me, Oh it's what you do to me, Oh it's what you do to me, What you do to me,” Draco took a final breath before standing up and handing the microphone off to another man who waited for his turn to sing.

“That was amazing,” Harry gushed. He impulsively threw his arms around Draco neck when he got back to their table.

Awkwardly Draco hugged Harry back before pushing him away. Sensing that Draco was uncomfortable Harry released Draco and took a step back giving him space.

“Never mention this again,” Draco said as he sat back across from Harry at their table.

“You totally lied, you have an amazing voice,” Harry said.

“Its nothing,” Draco looked away. “Mother made me take vocal lessons which included speaking and singing lessons before Hogwarts then again during breaks, so I’d be a good speaker. They always wanted me to into politics.”

“I could never do anything like that,” Harry said. “I swear I’m completely tone deaf.”

Draco shrugged nonchalantly.

“And yours was the first song I recognized,” Harry continued.

“It was the only one in the catalog that I recognized,” Draco said, “Rather the only one that I knew all the words to already. I hate reading off the prompt screen.”

Harry nodded. He remembered vague from his one night of Karaoke that there was a prompt screen with the lyrics. They slowly ate their food, making minor small talk. In the back of his mind Harry tried to think of a way to bring up the looks that Draco had been giving him while he'd been singing. After they paid the bill – Draco insisted on paying, as he'd chosen the restaurant – they walked down the street aimlessly.

The silence between them grew heavy and tenser the farther they walked. Several times Harry started to say something but would stop before the words formed out loud.

"We should get you back to your hotel," Draco said suddenly.

"Sure, I guess," Harry said looking down at his watch. It was just going on midnight.

"The train station's two blocks over." Draco already turned in that direction.

"Wait Draco," Harry said placing his hand on Draco's arm stopping him from walking farther.

Draco turned around, but before he could say anything Harry stepped forward, forcing Draco to back into the side of a nearby building.

"What are you ..." Draco trailed off when Harry leaned forward and kissed him.

Harry leaned in slightly again, just enough to brush his lips against Draco's before pulling back.

"What are you doing?" Draco repeated in a whispered voice, his hands seeming to have a mind of their own and resting against Harry's waist.

"I don't know," Harry said as he leaned back in, this time pressing his lips against Draco's neck. "It seems

right.”

“We shouldn’t be doing this,” Draco mumbled as Harry kissed his way down Draco’s neck leaving small bites.

“Do you want to stop?” Harry asked, biting a mark Draco knew would leave a bruise against his pale skin. “Do you not want this?”

“Merlin, don't stop,” Draco whispered.

“Then Apparate us to your flat and stop complaining.” Harry thrust his hips against Draco’s thigh as he ran his tongue into the collar of his shirt.

Draco moaned, closing his eyes and concentrated on Apparating them to his place. With a distinct pop and the telltale lurch in his gut Draco fell backwards onto his couch with the wall no longer behind him.

Slightly startled by the change in location though it was by his own request Harry looked around at Draco’s apartment. Draco lay under Harry, catching his breath, hands still fastened on Harry's waist.

“Are we doing this?”

“This is the worst idea ever,” Draco said though he made no move to get up.

“Tell me you haven’t wanted this?” Harry said licking the shell of Draco’s ear and rocking forward against Draco.

“Every day since fifth year,” Draco confessed and tightened his hold.

“This is a brilliant idea,” Harry said shifting back to look Draco in the eyes.

Draco shook his head. “I thought we were supposed to be trying to be friends? Not giving in to ridiculous fantasies.”

“In two days I’m catching a Portkey to England, we’ll write and be pen pals and then friends and we can pretend that this never happened,” Harry said. “We can do this, people have sex with their friends all the time.”

Again Draco shook his head but even as he denied it he leaned up to capture Harry’s lips. “Just this once,” he whispered.

“Just this once,” Harry repeated kissing Draco back.

Saturday

“We should get up,” Harry said moaning as Draco laved and worried his nipple. “Today's my last day, ”

“One more day?” Draco asked as he licked a hickey on Harry’s chest.

“One more day,” Harry gasped out.

“Well get up later,” Draco promised rolling over to straddle Harry’s hip and rock forward just so.

“Later,” Harry breathed placing his hands on Draco’s hips to control his motions.

They spent the rest of Saturday in bed whispering promises of later.

Sunday

Rolling over in his bed, Draco blinked when his arm landed on the mattress and not Harry. Cautiously he opened his eyes to find that his bed was definitely empty, the spot on the bed slightly warm so Draco knew Harry hadn't been gone long. Throwing his arm over his face Draco lay there, hoping Harry had only run to the bathroom.

However, when more than ten minutes passed and the spot next to him had grown cold, Draco opened his eyes and rolled out of bed. Not bothering with getting dress he exited his bedroom and walked down the hallway to the living room.

"So, what were you planning? Just going to sneak out?" Draco asked leaning against the door frame, watching Harry as he stuck his foot into his trainers.

Harry's head snapped up at the sound of his voice and flushed in embarrassment. "I was going to leave a note," he mumbled.

Draco snorted, shaking his head. "At least I warrant that."

"Look," Harry said, looking down at his trainers.

"Don't mention it, it was a one-time thing," Draco said, cutting off Harry's impending ramblings.

"Yeah, a one-time thing," Harry repeated, nodding as he looked up at Draco then blushed when he

realized Draco was still starkers.

“We’ll be pen pals and that’s it,” Draco said as he walked farther into the room picking up his discarded jeans from two nights ago and stepping into them, suddenly uncomfortable in his nudity.

“Do you want to come with me to the Portkey station?” Harry asked looking at Draco through his lashes.

Draco shook his head, “No, I think it’d be better if you went alone.”

Harry looked away. “Oh okay, I guess I have to stop at my hotel, then off to the Portkey station."

“I guess this is good-bye.” Draco walked closer so he was standing next to Harry.

“I guess so. Oh, oh yeah before I go,” Harry said looking sheepish, “I do believe this is yours.” He dug about in his pockets before producing two very familiar wands, Draco’s original Hawthorne one and the Elder wand he’d taken from Dumbledore the night in the tower.

“I’ve been carrying them around,” Harry explained. “No real reason for it. It's not like I need three wands or anything. When I was packing I saw them and thought you might want one of them back.”

Draco blinked, looking confused at Harry before reaching for his Hawthorne wand. “I thought I’d never get it back,” he said, but before he could take the wand from Harry, Harry moved away.

“It won’t work like that,” he explained. “You have to take it back forcibly, or it will still think it belongs to me.”

“Take it back?” Draco parroted.

“Nothing fancy or anything, I just can’t hand it back to you,” Harry clarified.

“Oh so would this work?” Draco asked, and before Harry could react he pulled his own wand out and casting a soundless Expelliarmus, snagging the Hawthorne one from Harry’s hand.

“That’ll work,” Harry grinned.

Draco fondly stroked his old wand, eager to simply touch it again. “I’ve missed it.”

“I’ll miss you,” Harry blurted out.

Draco looked up to a nervous looking Harry who was biting his lip.

“I’ll write,” he promised.

“It won’t be the same,” Harry said. Draco could not deny that truth. “Are you ever going to return to England?”

Draco looked away. His parents asked him that frequently enough and he never felt bad for telling them no. But looking at Harry he wanted to say yes but couldn’t. “No,” he said shaking his head, “I can’t not ...” he trailed off, losing his usual pose.

“I understand,” Harry said.

They stood there awkwardly, looking at one another before they closed the distance between them at the same moment and kissed. Almost like it was something out of a movie they pressed fully against one

another, kissing one another desperately.

“I need to go,” Harry said even as he pressed his lips against Draco’s again.

“I know,” Draco replied kissing him, “I know.”

Gasping for breath they leaned against one another and ran their hands up and down their sides, arms and any other available body parts.

“I need to go,” Harry repeated.

“Okay, okay,” Draco says stepping away from Harry. “Go.”

Harry threw himself at Draco kissing him swiftly before letting go. He Disapparated before he could change his mind.

“God damn it,” Draco cursed and whirled around to hex his couch hard enough to send it flying into his wall.

After

August 2012

Potter,

Owling to make sure you got home in one piece. Wouldn’t want your friends to think I killed you while

on your supposed vacation.

Draco A. Malfoy

~*~

Malfoy,

I didn’t mention that I saw you. I know my friends and I didn’t feel up to the fight that would occur. They treat me like I can’t take care of myself sometimes. Anyway, I’m back in London and it's like nothing has changed. I miss New York. London is as close as I’ll get but it's not the same.

Harry

~*~

October 2012

Draco,

I was in Muggle London the other day with Ron and Hermione, and Hermione wanted to go into a record store. You’ll never guess what they were playing, Hey there Delilah. I stood there grinning like a loon. Hermione wanted to know what was up but I couldn’t even explain it to her.

Harry

PS. You have an amazing voice. You're being wasted as a barista you could be an amazing idol, you have the looks, voice and personality for it. I'd buy any record you put out.

~*~

Potter,

we were never to speak of that again.

Malfoy

~*~

Malfoy,

if I had a Muggle mobile phone I would have recorded you singing and let the whole world know that the great Draco Malfoy ran away to be rock star.

Harry

~*~

Potter,

I swear to you if you breath a word to anyone I will return to England post haste and murder you in your sleep.

Malfoy

~*~

Malfoy Draco

I hope you don't mind me calling you by your proper name. All the letters exchanged surely warrant us moving up from pen pals to at least frenemies if not actual friends through letters. Doesn't sleeping with someone automatically make you their friend?

I don't know why you're making such a big deal about it. I think you sung bloody well. Much better than anyone else I know. I mean, sure Hey there Delilah's a pretty Hufflepuffy song and rather Muggle to boot

Harry

~*~

November 2012

Potter,

yes, I bloody well know how well I can sing. I simply couldn’t stand by and listen. It nothing else, it was a service to the kind patrons of the bar.

Malfoy

PS. It's proper to ask first before taking the liberty to call someone by their given name. But I guess being the orphan you are you were never taught proper etiquette.

~*~

Malfoy,

fine then. Would you be so kind as to grant your permission for me to call you by your first name?

Harry

~*~

Harry,

sarcasm doesn’t work on paper. And Gryffindors should leave the sarcasm to the people who handle it best.

Draco

~*~

Draco,

I'm taking your use of my first name as permission to address you by your first name also. Bickering with you on paper isn't the same as doing it in person. I hadn't realized how much I missed it until now.

Harry

~*~

We didn't bicker when you were here.

Draco

~*~

I know. That's not the point. The point, you daft prat, is that I didn't realize that I missed you till now.

Harry

~*~

January 2013

Draco,

I broke up with Ginny. She wanted to get married, start a family. I'm not ready for that yet. I spent so long being adult like I just want to lay about have no responsibilities for a while. I don't want what she wants. She didn't take it so well.

Harry

~*~

Do you want me to feel sorry for you? I don't. I always thought you were better than the She-Weasel, anyway.

Draco

~*~

Harry,

it seems as though I’m destined to run into people that I know, even in a city of eight billion people. I doubt if you remember her but there was a girl in our year, Daphne Greengrass. I ran into her sister Astoria the other day. It was a great deal more pleasant than I thought it would be. We’ve been having coffee together every day I’m not working since I saw her. It's pleasant. She’s thinking of moving here but didn’t want to uproot without being sure, so she’s staying on semi-holiday while she figures it out. I’ve been showing her around.

Draco

~*~

What’s the point of breaking up with someone if they still treat you like you’re in a relationship with them, just without the snogging and sex? It's like Ginny's trying to still be with me. I’m glad Astoria and you are getting on well. I won’t say I’m not jealous but there’s not much I can do about that.

HP

~*~

Potter,

I thought we weren’t talking about that.

DM

~*~

Then don't mention your girlfriend to me and I won't mention how much I hate her even though I'm sure she's a perfectly nice girl.

Harry

~*~

Potter,

if I can listen to you whine about the She-Weasel when you were dating, you can handle a few passing comments about Astoria.

DM

~*~

February 2013

Draco,

they’ve offered me a position in the Auror Office at the Ministry. I wouldn’t have to test into or anything. I’d start field training immediately. Everyone’s saying what an honor it’d be but it feels wrong. Like I’m getting in for something that has nothing to do with the program. Its like McGonagall offering me the Defense position even though I haven’t had any real training.

Harry

~*~

Harry,

what do you want? Even if the reason they’re letting you in isn’t one you agree with it's an opportunity. And if it's something you want you should take it.

Draco

~*~

I wrote McGonagall back. I told her that I’d love to teach but that I had no experience and that maybe I’d be an assistant professor or something. She said we’d work it out over the summer.

Harry

PS. Hermione’s jealous. Am I a bad friend for being amused by it?

~*~

April 2013

Harry

Astoria found the box where I keep our correspondence. She accused me of cheating on her. I tried to explain to her that we were just friends. That we've been together once, long before I met her. She yelled and threw things, then she left. I expect you're pleased with this news.

DM

~*~

Immensely so.

Harry

~*~

Has Granger bought you a 'word of the day'-calendar? Using adult words, I see.

DM

~*~

Are we fighting? Because if we are, this is a stupid fight. You didn’t expect me to be upset that you two broke up, so what the bloody hell are we fighting about?

Harry

~*~

May 2013

Harry,

what would you like me to do? I can’t move back to England, not even for you, and I wouldn’t ask you to leave England for me, no matter how arrogant you think me to be. I know it's your home and that England is where your family is.

Draco

~*~

Draco,

my home and family may be here in England but my heart is with you.

Harry

~*~

June 2013

Harry,

this is where I am asking you again what you want me to do? You know how I feel, I know how you feel, now what?

Draco

~*~

Draco,

by the time you get this I will have already taken a Portkey to New York and be on my way to your flat. If you get this before you get home, I simply told Anthea to bring you this owl. I'll be waiting for you in your flat. Four-thousand miles is too far a distance away from you.

Love,

Harry

The End