Twist of Fate by Sevfan

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Chapter 1: Twist of Fate

Title: Twist of Fate

Author: Sevfan

Rating: NC–17

Warnings: Slash

Beta: Dorothy – Thanks so much for the time you put into this. You're a doll!

Disclaimer: I do not own any of the HP characters, much to my great chagrin. I have only borrowed them for your amusement (hopefully!).

Summary: Based on a 500 word drabble written for the Hex Files February Challenge; must have a love / romance theme, must call upon or praise at least one love and/or lust god/dess and use the words: engorged, torrid, ancillary. This is the expanded version of that drabble.

Chapter 1: A Chance Encounter

Seventeen-year-old Harry Potter sat under the tree, his back against the wide trunk with his long legs pulled up to his chest. His was surrounded by textbooks and scraps of parchment, all of which were untouched. He had the good intention of studying and completing at least one of his essays but somehow he could face none of it. He felt decidedly alone, Ron and Hermione being off somewhere doing what came naturally to a teenaged couple in love. He was happy for them but at the same time he was jealous, jealous that they had something he had never had – love. Harry sighed and picked up a book.

"Well, well, all alone, Scarhead?" came a familiar voice.

Harry looked up in contempt. "Piss off, Malfoy."

"Tsk, tsk, such hostility in someone so young."

"That's rich coming from you!"

Draco ignored his words. "Where are the Weasel and the Mudblood? Have they abandoned you at last? Have they finally come to their senses?"

“I told you to leave!” cried Harry angrily.

“Did I hit a raw nerve? Is that why you’re out here ALL ALONE?” said Draco with a smirk.

“I’m warning you.”

Draco laughed. “Ooo- I’m so scared.”

The sudden urge to wipe the smarmy grin from Malfoy’s face with his bare hands caused Harry to lunge. Draco’s reflexes were quick and he managed to block Harry’s punch. Before they knew what was happening, both young men found themselves entangled on the ground, each fighting for dominance over the other. Draco was soon pinned with his arms over his head. As Malfoy struggled beneath him, Harry came to a startling realisation.

“Malfoy, you’re…you’re hard!”

The blonde grinned up and replied, “No harder than you, Potter.”

Harry quickly assessed the situation and he did the only thing he could think of – he kissed Malfoy soundly. When Malfoy kissed back, he let go of his arms and the blond’s hands found their way to Harry’s firm arse. They clutched at one another desperately, grinding their aching erections together and snogging until they each came with a shuddering groan.

Harry rolled off onto the grass and the two boys lay side by side, panting and wondering what the hell had just happened. Harry was too embarrassed to move. He wished with all his might that Malfoy would just get up and leave him to face his humiliation in privacy. So, Harry waited and waited but Draco did not stir.

“This is ridiculous,” said Harry to himself. “Um, Malfoy, I…I suppose we should be heading back.”

Not waiting for Draco to answer, Harry got up and began to gather his things, still hoping that Malfoy would slink off while his back was turned. Having crammed everything back into his bag, Harry had no choice but to turn around. Malfoy sat on the ground, looking up at him with a very curious expression.

“Malfoy, are you coming?”

“I believe I just did, Potter,” said Draco.

Harry turned a brilliant shade of crimson as he tried to think of some witty remark to counter Draco’s bon mot, but the ability to form a coherent sentence seemed to have escaped him. Draco suddenly withdrew his wand and pointed it at Harry, causing him to jump back in fright.

“Bloody hell, Malfoy! What do you think you’re doing? You won’t get away with it.”

Draco looked at Harry like he had gone completely barmy. “You mean this?” he asked as he spoke the incantation. “I didn’t know Cleaning Spells had been made illegal. How can I ever thank you for sharing such important information with a poor little Slytherin such as myself,” said Draco with as much sarcasm as he could muster.

Harry’s cheeks burned like fire. “Thanks, I guess,” offered Harry as he pushed by Malfoy and started the trek back down to Hogwarts. He soon felt a presence beside him, one that he refused to acknowledge. Harry kept his eyes straight ahead and walked purposefully onward.

“That never happened,” said Draco as they entered the door.

“What never happened?” replied Harry.

“Good, we understand one another completely.”

They parted ways and went about their usual business of disdaining one another. Two days after the “incident”, as Harry liked to call it, a note suddenly appeared on his desk. After ascertaining that no one else had noticed, he swept the parchment quickly into his pocket and read it after class was dismissed. It was short and to the point: 8:00, Quidditch pitch, come alone.

Harry had no doubt who the note was from; why he had sent it was another matter all together. He sauntered onto the deserted pitch and was not disappointed to find Draco waiting for him.

“What do you want, Malfoy? Why have you called me here?” asked Harry.

“It’s not for your scintillating conversation, that’s for sure,” sneered Draco as he approached Harry with a swaggering gait.

Harry found himself suddenly pressed up against a wooden post with Malfoy’s tongue thrusting into his mouth. Malfoy could kiss; Harry had to give him that. His kisses were nothing like the one he had shared with Cho. Her lips had left him feeling cold and uninterested. Draco’s, on the other, hand left him breathless, burning with desire, wanting and needing more. Draco smiled into the kiss as he felt Harry’s gasp when his hand feathered his cock.

“Do you like that?” asked Draco with a thick voice.

“Yes!” hissed Harry as he thrust his hips forward.

Draco found the head of Harry’s cock and rubbed it slowly with his thumb. He traced the edge of the rim through the thin material of Harry’s trousers and then drew circle after circle over the tip.

“Please Malfoy, more!” begged Harry.

As much as he wanted more himself, his Slytherin side told him that he should continue his slow torture for awhile longer, that he should make Potter beg even harder for what he needed. The corners of Draco's mouth turned up just a titch.

"Do you want me to make you come?" whispered Draco as he ran his tongue up Harry's neck and around the shell of his ear.

"Y-yes," stammered Harry. He had never wanted anything so much in his life.

"Why should I?"

"Fuck, Malfoy, you were the one who brought me here! Finish what you bloody well started!"

Draco looked at Harry and cocked an eyebrow.

"Please, please just do it," pleaded Harry weakly.

"Well, since you said please…" Draco grabbed Harry's balls and gave them a squeeze, causing the Gryffindor to call out. He then turned his attention to Harry's cock, rubbing the shaft vigorously. It took almost no time for Harry's completion. He threw his head back and cried out in wild abandon, beyond the point of caring if anyone heard him or not. Draco watched in fascination as Harry's face contorted in pleasure; he saw the flushed cheeks, the swollen lips, the heavy-lidded eyes. His own need suddenly became unbearable. Sensing this, Harry leaned forward and kissed Draco breathlessly while his hand snaked down to capture the hard as steel cock. Draco threw his arms around Harry and held him close as he came, holding on until the last drop had been wrung from his aching member. One last kiss ended the heated tryst.

"That was amazing, Malfoy, but we really shouldn't do this again. It's just not proper."

“You’re right, of course. I don’t know what came over me. It won’t happen again.”

“Agreed.”

“Agreed. See you around, Scarhead,” said Draco as he disappeared into the night.

“Git,” muttered Harry under his breath.

Naturally, the encounter on the Quidditch pitch was not their last. It began to happen more and more, sometimes initiated by Draco and sometimes it was Harry who made the first move. Every assignation always ended with the same promise of finality until one day Harry said, “Same time tomorrow?”

“Yes!” came Draco’s enthusiastic answer.

Realising that they were bound to be found out if they continued meeting in public places, they began a search for a hidden corner that they could call their own, one in which they could relax and be together in complete privacy. They came across an unused classroom in an abandoned wing that suited their purpose nicely. Using a spell or two to clean up the dusty space and another to transform a desk into a bed, they created “their room”.

The manner in which they interacted with one another gradually evolved. Somewhere along the way, they became “Harry” and “Draco”, each leaving the formality of last names behind. What had begun as through the clothing not-so-chaste touches turned into let’s-get-naked-and-go-for-it sex. It had started slowly, their cocks being the first bits of flesh exposed, followed by the cock and the balls as well. The greater need to touch and taste bare skin led them to shuck their whole kits to reveal lithe, gorgeous and very hard (in every way possible) bodies.

They stood before one another that first time, gloriously naked and achingly aroused, each marvelling in the other’s body. Draco was so slender and pale, a mere slip of silvery moonlight brought to earth for Harry’s pleasure. Draco’s cock fit the rest of his body perfectly – long and slender, cut, blushing pink and

nestled in a halo of spun gold. Where Draco was light, Harry was dark. He was slightly more muscular, with a crop of fine, black hair covering his chest and belly, leading down to a thick wiry thatch. Harry's cock was shorter than Draco's but it was considerably thicker. Harry stroked himself lazily, pulling his foreskin up and down, revealing his dark red cockhead. Draco licked his lips as he watched Harry touch himself and an overwhelming desire overtook him.

Draco wrapped himself around Harry and kissed him deeply, ensuring that their cocks were in full contact. He walked Harry backwards, never breaking the kiss, until he fell down on the bed.

"Budge up, Harry. Make some room for me." When Harry complied, Draco slid in beside him and began to rain kisses down lower and lower on Harry's body, stopping to worry hard nipples, to dip deeply into his navel, and then pausing when he reached his goal.

"What are you doing, Draco?" asked Harry with wide eyes.

"Thought I'd try something new, that's all," replied Draco with a lascivious grin. "If you don't like it, let me know."

With his last word, Harry felt a tongue swipe at his cock. Again, and again, until he felt himself being engulfed in a wet heat. The moment he felt Draco's mouth on his engorged cock, he moaned loudly, very loudly, in ecstasy. He had never felt anything like this before. The suction, combined with the slick, hot feeling of Draco's mouth, made Harry feel as if he had died and gone to heaven. If Voldemort came along at that very minute and AK'd him, he would at least be going out a happy man. His fingers threaded through Draco's silken locks, caressing him gently at the same time he was encouraging him to continue with discreet pushes. He was dangerously close to coming; he didn't want to, but his resistance was almost gone.

"Draco, I'm coming!" he screamed.

Draco, grateful for the warning, pulled back and watched in fascination as the come shot from Harry's cock and landed on his heaving belly. Draco propped his head up on one elbow and stared at the sticky, white fluid. His eyes met Harry's.

“What the hell! I’ve come this far,” said Draco with a shrug as he leaned over and licked Harry clean. “Interesting flavour. Not at all like I imagined. Since you didn’t stop me, I assume you enjoyed that?”

Catching his breath, Harry replied, “Oh, yeah! It was amazing. Have you done that before?”

“I might have,” grinned Draco slyly. He hadn’t done it before, but for some reason that he couldn’t fathom, he didn’t want Harry to know.

“Well, I’ve never. Mind if I give it a go?”

Draco lay back and propped his head and shoulders up with the pillows. He made a sweeping gesture with his hand, “It’s all yours. Knock yourself out.”

Not wanting to be outdone by Draco, nor wishing to show his inexperience, Harry gave the blowjob his best shot. He began somewhat tentatively, licking up the long shaft with the flat of his tongue and then stopping to watch Draco’s reaction. Draco had his eyes closed and he was worrying his lip – Harry took that as a sign that he had made a good start. He continued his exploration of the territory his hand had come to know so very well. Every new thing he tried brought a moan from Draco’s soft lips. Emboldened, Harry drew one of Draco’s balls gently into his mouth. This earned him a string of obscenities such as he had never heard. Draco liked it, there was no doubt in Harry’s mind. He lavished attention on the other furry globe before taking Draco’s cock into his mouth as far as it could go.

“Harry,” hissed Draco. “Dear sweet fucking Merlin…yes…just, oh shit, just like that…so close, Harry…Harry…yes, NOW!”

Draco’s back arched up as he screamed out and Harry held on fast, capturing the offered seed on his tongue. He held the cock in his mouth, teasing it and making Draco quiver from the relentless touch.

“Harry, please no more. I’m too sensitive now. Please,” he begged.

Harry let the limp cock fall from his mouth. He savoured the taste of Draco's come; it wasn't as nasty as he had thought. In actual fact, he had rather enjoyed it. He suddenly felt deliciously wanton.

"Not too bad for a novice?" inquired Harry.

"Not bad at all." Draco pulled Harry down for a kiss. "You did remarkably well. I think you'll need more practise, though."

Harry couldn't help but laugh. "You do as well, you know, Draco."

"I know I do; I'm looking forward to it!"

"Git!" replied Harry with a kiss.

And so began many a night of torrid, lustful sexual exploration, as only two teenaged boys could muster. Of course, no one knew of the new relationship that had been formed between the Slytherin and the Gryffindor. In public, they kept up appearances and continued in their old way of barbs, insults and threats. Hermione asked Harry several times if there was anything wrong with him, insisting that he seemed different somehow. Harry assured her that he was the same old Harry she knew and loved and that nothing had changed. She eyed him suspiciously but said no more on the subject.

On the last night before the Christmas holidays, Harry and Draco met in their room for one last go before Draco left to spend Christmas with his family. It began with the usual snogging and touching, until Harry pulled back from Draco's embrace and said, "I have a Christmas present for you."

"I thought we agreed that we wouldn't exchange gifts!" exclaimed Draco in dismay. "I feel a right berk."

"Relax. It's not that kind of gift."

“I don’t understand.”

Harry bent down and fished something out of the pocket of his jeans. He pressed it into Draco’s hand and watched as his eyes grew wide.

“This is a bottle of lubrication for…for,” he stumbled.

“You can say it, Draco. It’s for sex. That’s your present, Draco. I want you to fuck me, if you want to, that is.”

Draco gulped. “Of course I do! It’s just that we’ve never…I’ve never, you know, before.”

“Neither have I so this will be a new experience for both of us. You do know the proper way to do it, don’t you?”

“I most certainly do,” said Draco indignantly. “I may be a virgin, but I’m not ignorant. I’ve read plenty of books on the subject and I have just been waiting to put my vast knowledge to use.”

“Here’s your chance, Draco. Shall we?”

“As long as you’re sure.”

“I’m sure. I’ve been thinking about this for awhile now.” Harry tickled Draco’s ear with his tongue and whispered, “Fuck me.”

If Draco thought he was already hard, it was nothing compared to the way he felt when Harry said those two little words. His cock was now so hard he could cut diamonds with it, or so it felt. With a somewhat

shaky hand, he reached down and teased Harry for a bit and then opened the little bottle, letting the contents dribble on his fingers and cock.

Draco slowly slipped in one finger. Harry tensed and held his breath.

“Relax, Harry. I won’t hurt you. I promise to take my time. Okay?”

“Okay. I guess I’ve got a case of first time jitters. You can continue now.” Harry saw Draco smile and it helped him calm down. He trusted the blond, much to his own surprise.

Draco pressed forward, keeping to his promise, stretching Harry slowly, adding one finger after another until three were in.

“Does it hurt?”

“Just a wee bit. Go on.”

Draco nodded, removed his fingers and took aim, bending forward to kiss Harry first before proceeding. He entered very slowly, carefully watching Harry’s face for any sign of discomfort. Harry grimaced when the head of Draco’s cock finally penetrated the ring of muscle. Draco froze in his tracks.

“Just…just wait a sec,” gasped Harry. After a few moments he said, “I-I think you can go in further now. Make it nice and easy.”

Draco nodded and did as he was told, in spite of the urge to slam forward. Soon, he was embedded as far as he could go.

“I’m all the way in, Harry,” moaned Draco. “Oh gods, you’re so tight! Feels so good! Are you okay?”

Harry gave a little squeeze that caused Draco to hiss. “It feels a little strange right now. I’ve got to get used to feeling so full. Want to try moving a bit?”

Draco slowly withdrew, taking great care not to come completely out, and then drove back in steadily until he was once again fully sheathed. He repeated his actions, gradually picking up the pace with each turn. Harry had begun to moan and had started fisting his cock.

“Draco…Draco harder. Fuck me harder,” begged Harry.

Draco began pounding as hard as he dared. Harry was loving this and so was he. The feeling was indescribable.

Without warning, Harry cried out and clamped down on Draco, his orgasm causing his back to arch. Watching Harry writhe in ecstasy brought him even closer to his own peak. When Harry finally relaxed, he began to move again. After four long strokes, Draco exploded deep inside Harry and then collapsed in his arms.

Harry kissed his forehead and said, “Happy Christmas.”

“Happy Christmas,” panted Draco. He rolled off Harry and lay beside him, trying desperately to regain his normal breathing. He finally managed to say, “That was the best present I ever got, and that includes my broom!”

Harry had to laugh. “Well, that is high praise indeed. I don’t know about you, but I think that was great.”

“Great doesn’t even come close, Harry.”

Harry sighed contentedly – at long last, he was no longer a virgin. Not only that, his first time had been

wonderful. There was more thing that he longed to experience.

“I can’t wait to do that to you, Draco.”

Draco sat up and looked at Harry. His face had gone even paler than normal. “I hate to disappoint you, but we Malfoys are always the buggerer. We are never the buggeree.”

It was Harry’s turn to sit up and he wasn’t pleased. “What the hell! Do you think you’re better than me, Malfoy? What am I, some ancillary being, a lackey here to service you, to be at your beck and call and to cater to your every whim? You’re still the pompous snob you always were, aren’t you, you nasty git!”

Harry jumped off the bed and fumbled for his clothes. Draco reached out and grabbed his arm. “Let me explain, Harry.”

Harry jerked his arm away. “Don’t fucking touch me!”

“Harry, please, you’ve got to let me explain,” begged Draco. Harry wasn’t looking at him but he decided to continue anyway. “Harry, I was being flippant. You know me, I have to hide my true feelings. Please listen.”

There was something in the tone of Draco’s voice that made Harry stop. “Well, what did you want to say?”

“The truth of it is, I said that because I’m…I’m afraid to do it. I was trying to cover up. I never thought you’d be insulted. Please Harry, you have to believe me, that’s the last thing I’d ever do. I apologize if my remarks hurt you. You are not subordinate to me in anyway, nor do I think you’re here for my pleasure alone. We are here for each other’s pleasure.” Draco held out his hand. “Please?”

Harry never thought he’d see the day when Draco Malfoy would offer up a sincere apology AND admit that he wasn’t superior to anyone. Then again, he never thought he would be having sex with him either,

but here he was. “You’re really afraid, Draco?”

“Yes, the thought of it terrifies me.”

“You could have told me just that. What was wrong with saying, Harry, I’m not ready and I don’t know if I ever will be?”

“In case you haven’t noticed, I don’t admit to weakness readily. Malfoy pride, you know. It was the way I was brought up.”

Harry studied the blonde for a few moments and then took his hand. He saw Draco’s body relax. The two lay down together.

“I’m going to miss this over the hols. I wish I didn’t have to go,” sighed Draco.

“You do, so there’s no sense whinging about it. It’s not for long. We’ll be back here before you know it.”

“I am so glad I didn’t spoil everything, Harry.”

“Pull something like that again and you will.”

“I won’t. You have my word.”

“Good.”

Harry saw Ron and Hermione off at the train. He gave them both a hug and the heartiest Happy Christmas he could muster. It was his seventh Christmas at Hogwarts but he had never quite gotten used

to it. Harry swore to himself that next year, he would have the biggest and the poshest Christmas celebration anyone had ever seen, with all of his friends in attendance. All of them. Harry searched the length of the train for Draco and found him in the last compartment. Their eyes met and spoke volumes. The train pulled out and Draco placed his palm on the cold glass. Harry, not daring to wave properly lest he be seen, nodded almost imperceptivity and raised one finger in goodbye. He stood and watched the train until it disappeared from sight.

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Chapter 2: Twist of Fate

See chapter 1 for disclaimer, etc.

Chapter 2: Denial is Not Just a River

Draco's Christmas was as it always was – prim, proper and done according to Malfoy tradition. He saw little of his father, which suited him just fine. Christmas Day came and went with Draco receiving an obscene amount of presents, once again, as it always was. Draco spent much of his time alone and found his thoughts drifting to Harry. He relived their many moments of passion, most especially the last one. The memory of that tight heat on his cock was driving him wild, causing him to find solace in his own hand night after night. Draco was most surprised to find that he had thoughts of Harry that had nothing to do with sex at all. He thought about their conversations, the way he looked in class or in the Great Hall, the way he laughed, even the way he ate. Draco missed Harry terribly.

Draco and his mother had a long-standing tradition that they alone shared – afternoon tea. It had begun when Draco was a very small boy and continued to the present day. They would share a pot of Earl Grey, a plate of assorted sweets, and conversation, usually. It didn't really matter if they spoke much or not, what mattered was that this was their time together.

On the afternoon of December thirty-first, Draco sat in the parlour, awaiting his mother's arrival. The silver tea service was neatly laid out on the table, flanked by a pair of fine bone-china cups, sugar, cream and lemon slices, and a large plate of Draco's favourite treats. Draco smiled as he helped himself to one of the mincemeat tarts. His mother always allowed herself exactly one of the sweets, whatever the

house-elves had deemed suitable, the rest being quickly scoffed by Draco himself.

Narcissa at last appeared, floating into the room on a cloud of sweet perfume, her silken robes swirling around her feet.

“Do forgive my tardiness, Son. Dealing with the house-elves is always so tedious.”

“That’s all right, Mother. The tea has only just arrived.”

Narcissa ran her slender fingers through Draco’s fringe and then cupped his chin in her hand, tilting it upwards so that he could meet her gaze. She lingered, staring deeply into the grey eyes as if she were searching for something as yet unknown. She reached down and pecked his cheek quickly before taking up her usual seat opposite Draco.

“Do be a dear and pour, Son.”

Draco smiled; he always poured the tea. He had been doing it for years but his mother still felt the need to ask him. He prepared her cup just as she liked it, one slice of lemon, no sugar and handed it to her. He placed her one temptation on a small plate, picked up a linen napkin and set them both before his mother on the table. He proceeded to serve himself, two spoons of sugar and cream in his tea, of course, and three tarts. The rest would follow later.

“You never said, dear, how is Severus these days? Is he treating you well?”

“He is fine, Mother. He always treats me well, you know that. It helps that Potions is my best subject.”

“And your other subjects – are you doing as well?”

“Yes, Mother.”

“Such a clever boy! I do suppose that I should refer to you as a clever young man from now on. You are hardly a little boy anymore.”

“No, I’m definitely not.” Draco allowed a smirk to form in his teacup as his thoughts drifted back to Harry and their trysts. Mother’s little boy had found a new way to play.

“Is there anything going on at school that I should know about?”

“Nothing I can think of.”

“You have nothing to tell me, then?”

Draco pondered for a moment and shrugged his shoulders. “I really don’t have anything to say. Everything is just perfectly ordinary at Hogwarts – classes, studying, Quidditch, the usual.”

“Good,” replied Narcissa as she patted her mouth with the napkin. She had just finished her one tart while Draco was reaching for numbers five and six.

Taking a sip of tea, Narcissa asked out of the blue, “Draco, are you in love?”

Draco blanched. “No Mother, of course not! I’m not in love with anyone.”

Narcissa studied Draco briefly and turned back to her teacup. “Pity.”

The conversation suddenly ended along with Draco’s appetite. The remaining tarts stayed right where

they were, causing the house-elves to fret that there might be something wrong with Master Draco. He always emptied the sweet plate.

His mother's question knocked Draco for a loop. How could she possibly think that he was in love? It was absurd, outrageous and totally preposterous. She must have been fishing for information, presuming that since seventeen-year-old boys were often given to such flights of fancy that he must be as well. As the years went by, he had seen many the schoolboy in love. He knew the signs – the far away expressions, the mooning, lovesick look, the puppy-dog eyes, the goofy grins. This was NOT him. Draco shook his head; he was not in love, no bloody way. It never occurred to him to ask his mother why she had asked him that question. Her answer would have astounded him.

The rest of the Christmas holiday passed very slowly for Draco. He snorted in disdain each time he thought of his mother's question. His hand found his cock every time he thought of Harry. Draco, intelligent as he was, never put the two together until he returned to Hogwarts.

Harry was on the platform when the Hogwarts Express pulled in. He greeted his friends jovially and gave Hermione a big hug as she stepped off the train. He turned around and came face to face with Draco quite by accident, their bodies mere inches apart. Harry couldn't help but gasp, no one knowing that the sharp intake of air was due to more than mere surprise.

"Malfoy," said Harry with as much calm as he could muster.

Draco let his gaze linger before nodding and moving on saying only, "Potter." Draco walked quickly away, pulling his coat tightly about him to cover the bulge in his pants. Being in close proximity to Harry had caused him to grow instantaneously and achingly hard.

"That's not like him at all," said Ron. "He missed a golden opportunity to get in a dig at you, Harry. That's pretty queer, if you ask me."

Harry smirked at Ron's choice of words. "Who knows, Ron, maybe Malfoy is changing."

“Not bloody likely,” quipped Ron.

“Anyone can change, Ron,” said Hermione. “Even Draco Malfoy.” Ron just rolled his eyes, making sure that she couldn’t see him. The trio set off on foot towards the school.

Ron and Hermione got settled back in and were sitting in the common room chatting. Harry was sitting beside them keeping completely silent. He barely heard what they were saying; his was mind obviously elsewhere.

Suddenly, Harry stood up and said, “Shit, I’ve just remembered something I have to do! Won’t be long. I’ll see you guys later.” He was gone before they could say one word.

“Don’t you find that he does that a lot lately?” inquired Hermione.

“What’s that?”

“He disappears, giving us some lame excuse, like he just did.”

“So you don’t think he has something to do?”

“Honestly, Ron. You can be so clueless at times,” said Hermione with a sigh. “I think he’s meeting someone.”

Ron was taken aback. “Who?”

“I haven’t figured that one out yet. When I do, you’ll be the first to know.”

“Hermione, you’re wrong. Harry would have told us if he were seeing someone.”

“Not necessarily.”

“Please! We’re his best friends. He has to tell us.”

“What if it were someone he thought we might not approve of?”

“Harry would never go with someone like that.” Hermione crossed her arms and looked at him. “Would he?” Hermione nodded. “Nah, no way, Hermione.” Ron thought for a bit and added, “Hmm, I wonder?”

Harry had known. He opened the door and found a very naked Draco waiting for him. Broad grins formed on two faces.

“I thought you’d never get here,” said Draco as he pulled Harry to him.

Before he let himself get lost in the kiss Harry quickly mumbled, “Couldn’t think of a way to ditch Ron and Herm…ummm.” Harry never got a chance to finish; Draco’s tongue slid into his mouth and all thoughts of his friends vanished.

Draco, having been the one to initiate the kiss, was the first to pull away. He ground his hard cock against Harry’s and then said into the mouth only an inch away from his own, “Suck me, Harry.”

Harry drew his tongue across Draco’s full bottom lip. “Only if you do me as well. I haven’t been able to think about anything else the whole time you were away.”

“Seems that great minds do think alike,” whispered Draco as he began to undress Harry.

Draco climbed onto the bed and lay back. Kneeling beside him, Harry asked,

“Together or one at a time?”

“Together. I don’t want to wait for my turn.”

Harry grinned and said as he swung around, “Neither do I.” He moaned as Draco swallowed him, moving quickly to mirror the action. The room was soon filled with the sounds of throaty moans as two hot mouths went to work on two very hard cocks. Draco managed, only Merlin knows how, to hold himself off until he felt Harry’s balls tighten in his hand. He let go and drank down Harry’s come greedily, just as Harry did the same for him. When every last drop was spent and consumed, Draco pulled his lover up into his arms and sighed contentedly. They lay together for some time, enjoying quiet conversation as well as the physical contact.

Reluctantly, Harry said, “I guess I should be going. I told them I wouldn’t be too long. I don’t really want to leave, though.”

Draco ran his hand up Harry’s smooth back and said, ‘So stay, then, if that’s what you want.”

Harry shivered under the caress. He sighed, “It’s not that easy. They’re bound to start asking questions soon. I don’t want to have to lie to them.”

Draco nodded and watched Harry dress. A strange sensation suddenly spread through his belly. He frowned.

“Is there something wrong, Draco?” asked Harry with concern.

“No, just sorry you have to go, that’s all.” Harry smiled and turned to leave. “Wait!” called Draco. Harry

stopped in his tracks and he felt a pair of arms slip around his waist. Before he knew it, Draco had turned him around and had begun to snog him gently. “I…I just wanted to say that I missed all this while I was away, Harry.”

“So did I, Draco, so did I,” replied Harry softly. “I really have to go. Bye.”

“Bye.” Draco slowly dressed and sat down on the bed. What was that feeling all about? It was the most curious thing he had ever felt – not unpleasant but completely unknown. What…Draco stopped mid-thought and gasped. No, that wasn’t it. It has to be something else, it HAS to be. He sprung to his feet and began to pace about the room. His mother’s words came back to him. No, no, no!

“I am NOT in love with him,” Draco told himself. “We are about the sex, nothing more than that.” He searched his mind for an expression he had once read. “That’s it! Harry and I are fuck-buddies. That’s all. We are convenient sex partners, using one another for pleasure until someone else comes along.” Draco left the room and walked briskly back to the dungeons. “I do not love Harry Potter,” he swore vehemently.

For weeks Draco pushed aside his feelings. He even went so far as deciding to break things off. He met with Harry one night with the full intention of ending their hot but illicit affair. He had his speech all worked out, intending to tell Harry it had been fun but enough was enough. It was time to move on. One kiss from Harry vanished Draco’s plan faster than you could say Evanesco. Unable to stop, Draco continued on just as he had been, each time rationalising the encounter by saying that it was just sex. Every time he walked away vowing that he did not love Harry.

Then came the epiphany, the moment when Draco finally saw the truth. It was so clear, so evident that he had no choice but to finally accept reality. Harry and Draco met almost every day without fail; the Thursday night at the beginning of February was no exception. It began as usual, the snogging quickly leading on to bigger and better things. Harry begged Draco to fuck him, saying that it had been so long since had felt the blonde deep inside of him.

“Want you in me, Draco. Please!” whispered Harry. Draco was more than happy to comply with the request. He slid into Harry and was soon lost in the tight heat that he had come to adore. Harry was on his back with his legs around Draco, keeping himself angled in just the right position for complete and utter sexual bliss. Draco had his eyes closed and so did Harry; each was lost in their own world. As

chance would have it, they both opened their eyes simultaneously. Draco peered down into those burning green eyes and Harry smiled. It was a smile of joy, of complete contentment and it went straight to Draco's heart. His moment of clarity hit him like a thunderbolt, causing his stroke to falter. He stopped and stared down at Harry as if he were seeing him for the first time. He DID love him. Dear sweet Merlin, he was in love with Harry Potter!

"What's wrong, Draco?" panted Harry. "I was almost there."

"Uh, I was too. I…I just stopped so I wouldn't come until you did," covered Draco quickly. He felt Harry give him a squeeze and he began to pound into Harry again with renewed vigour. Suddenly, he wasn't having sex; no, it had become more than that. Draco was making love to Harry.

Harry came shouting Draco's name loudly. It was all that Draco could do to stop from calling out I love you at the point of his own climax. A part of him wanted to say those three little words but his fear was too great. He collapsed on top of Harry and held on with all his might.

"You're trembling," cooed Harry. "You must be cold." He pulled up the blanket and rubbed Draco's back to warm him up. Draco agreed knowing full well he had never felt so warm in his life.

Sleep escaped Draco that night. The thoughts were racing through his mind at the speed of light. Question after question dogged him, nipping at his heels, demanding his attention. The inquisition was relentless.

How can it be?

It just is. It happened by chance. It snuck up on me.

Why him?

Why not him?

What will Father and Mother say? They don't even know I'm gay.

They love me; they'll accept it, hopefully. If they don't, too bad; I make my own decisions.

Are you sure you love him?

Yes.

What will your fellow Slytherins say when they find out you're in love with a Gryffindor? Not just any old Gryffindor, but Harry Potter. What will Severus say?

Who cares; it is my life. Fuck them all.

Are you sure?

Yes.

Does he love you?

I don't know. I hope so.

How will you ever tell him?

I'll find a way somehow.

Why do you love him?

I am happy when I'm with him. I can tell him anything and he doesn't judge me. He makes my heart feel like it will burst. With him, I feel joy; he is my joy, my life. He is everything I am not. He completes me, makes me whole.

Are you sure?

Yes.

Does he love you?

He HAS to! I will die if he doesn't.

How do you know you love him? It might still just be about the sex.

I know I love Harry. It started out as just sex, but it is so much more than that now. I can feel it.

Are you sure, Draco Malfoy, that you love Harry Potter?

Yes.

Are you sure?

Yes!

Are you SURE?

YES! Yes, yes a thousand times yes!

The next morning, Harry looked at Draco with concern. The blond had dark circles under his eyes and could barely stay awake. His night of torment had done him little good. It had only deepened his fears. Harry managed to slip Draco a note between classes and Draco was able to give him one back in reply. Harry had asked if he was sick, to which he answered he had had nightmares and had not slept well. Harry nodded and gave him a little smile of sympathy. He knew all about nightmares.

Evening after evening, Harry and Draco made love and spent quiet time together afterwards in each other's arms. It was not a lack of opportunity that kept Draco silent; it was a petrifying, all-encompassing fear that held his tongue. So many times the words found their way up to the surface, but Draco quickly swallowed them back down again lest they choke him.

This was a whole new experience for Draco. For the first time in his life, he was not in complete control of everything around him, nor of himself. His world had been turned topsy-turvy. Draco had always seen

his life as being more or less planned out for him. He would marry some witch with impeccably pure blood and produce an heir to carry on the great name of Malfoy. It was of no import that his sexual proclivities did not fit the picture; he would do what was expected of him, no questions asked. There were many ways for a man to obtain what he needed outside of the marriage bed. Draco had never stopped to consider that he might fall in love along the way thus throwing a spanner into the workings of his parents' carefully thought out plan.

The emotions were foreign to him as well. Draco had never been in love before and he mused to himself that this was perhaps the reason it took him so long to see that he really was in love with Harry. Hell, his own mother had seen it before he did. Draco prayed that it wasn't a stupid, sappy grin that had given him away. Once he acknowledged that it was indeed love, Draco had no doubt it was the real thing. Harry was the first thing he thought about when he opened his eyes in the morning and he when he finally found sleep, a smile graced his lips as he drifted off with a vision of sparkling green eyes dancing in his head. Harry had become the most important thing in Draco's life; to Draco, he was life itself.

Fear was also a new emotion to Draco. He had, of course, felt it from time to time in his young life, just as any child would – the fear of being separated from one's family, of being caught in the act of some misdeed, of reprimand and punishment. Those fears seemed so insignificant to what he was feeling now. Draco Malfoy was terrified to reveal his true feelings to Harry. Harry had never given him the slightest indication that there was anything more to their encounters than sex. He could see that Harry was happy when they were together but that was all he could see. There had been no little caresses, no whispered words of affection, no gazes filled with longing to betray the dark-haired Gryffindor's emotions. Harry looked upon Draco with a lustful eye, his touches, while gentle, were demanding, from his lips issued the sounds and words of sex. Draco wished for some little sign, no matter how minute, that his feelings would be returned and found none. In actual fact, it was not a fear of saying those three little words that kept Draco silent, it was the dread that Harry would not say them back because he did not love the Slytherin in the least. Draco fretted until he was beside himself. "What if he doesn't love me?" was the only question that now plagued him. Draco thought he would surely die if Harry didn't love him. "What to do? What do I do?" asked Draco of himself. The answer was still unclear.

Harry continually asked his lover what was wrong; it was plain, not only to him but to everyone, that something was weighing heavily on the blond's mind. Draco maintained his story of nightmares and shrugged the whole thing off as if it were nothing. Harry, too, shrugged off Draco's answer. Somehow he knew that Draco was lying, but since he seemed unwilling to confide in him, there was precious little he could do to help. Harry told himself that he would be there if and when Draco decided to come clean. Until that day, he would say no more on the subject.

In his desperation one evening, Draco prayed for guidance and enlightenment. “Dear Creiddylad, sweet goddess of love. Won’t you show me what to do? Help me, please!” pleaded Draco. “Can you in your heavenly wisdom tell me if he loves me or not? Please, Creiddylad, I have to know so that I might do the right thing!” He fell to his knees, “Please, I am in torment day and night. A sign will do, anything at all. Won’t you help?”

Part of Draco half expected to find the goddess beckoning to him and showing him the path to happiness and fulfillment, but his room was silent save for the sounds of his sobs. There would be no divine intervention for him. He sank back against the side of his bed and buried his face in his hands. He sat in solitude, miserable and with no solution to his dilemma. After some time, he crawled into his bed and, drawing the covers tightly about himself, fell asleep.

TBC

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Chapter 3: Twist of Fate

See chapter one for disclaimer, etc.

Chapter 3: The Truth Will Set You Free

Draco awoke the next morning with a pounding headache.

“I can not go on like this,” he said aloud. “I have to tell him and face the consequences, whatever they may be.” He wearily pulled himself from bed and stood before the mirror. “I WILL do this today,” he vowed. “Be a Malfoy; be strong and face up to your fears; you are Slytherin and should be afraid of nothing.” Draco stared at his pale image in the mirror. “What a crock of dragonshit,” he muttered with a shake of his head as he headed for the shower.

Later that evening, Draco waited nervously for Harry to appear in their room. He had made some decisions, ones that he was determined to act upon. He was so lost in thought that he did not hear Harry enter.

“I didn’t think I…oh, sorry I scared you, Draco,” apologised Harry at Draco’s start. “Did you not hear me come in?”

“No, I guess my head was…elsewhere.”

Harry slipped his arms around Draco’s slender waist and said, “Well, as long as you’re here now.” He pulled the blonde close and kissed him tenderly. “You’re really shook up. Are you okay, Draco?”

“I’m fine. You just caught me off guard is all,” said Draco. Leaning into the strong arms that held him, he moaned as Harry’s hands strayed downwards and squeezed his arse. “Harry, I’ve been thinking about this all day. I need you so much.”

Harry smiled into Draco’s neck as he felt his buttons being quickly undone. He shivered as the cool air hit his bare skin. “My, my, we are eager tonight,” he whispered. “Good thing, too, because I need you as well.”

Clothing was soon discarded and Harry and Draco stood skin to skin, each one desperate for the touch and taste of the other. Draco let his hands glide slowly down Harry’s back until they cupped the firm globes of his arse, fingers stopping to knead and appreciate the prize they had found.

As he ground his hard cock against Harry’s, Draco murmured, “I have decided something.”

Harry’s lips left the smooth skin they had been tasting only long enough to ask, “That would be…?”

Draco’s voice quivered slightly as he said, “I think I’m ready to try it. I want to feel you inside me, Harry.”

No sooner than the words had been spoken, Draco found himself with a mouthful of Harry. The unbridled enthusiasm with which Harry was snogging him told Draco that Harry was pleased - no, make that thrilled -with his suggestion.

When they finally broke for air, Harry said, “Don’t worry, I’ll take it nice and easy, Draco. I’ll do my best not to hurt you.”

“You bloody well better not,” grinned Draco somewhat shyly as he lay down on the bed. “Not much, anyway.”

Harry climbed up beside him and began to rain little kisses all over the blond’s body, starting with soft lips and working his way ever so slowly downwards. Draco could feel Harry’s hot breath on his cock and he thrust his hips up in desperation, anxious to make contact with the mouth that was just out of reach. Harry smirked and gave the cock two quick licks and then a suck, just enough to make Draco moan and beg for more.

“Now, now, Draco,” tutted Harry as he sat up and looked the Slytherin in the eye. “Can’t have you come just yet, can we? You have to be patient; the best is yet to be.” Harry whispered a quick incantation and watched for Draco’s reaction. He smiled as he heard a gasp and saw Draco’s hips squirm against the sheets. “Relax,” he whispered as he caressed the pale thighs.

Draco started at the sudden slick, cool feeling that filled him. He held his breath as he felt a finger gently tease his opening. Harry leaned down and kissed him, “You have to relax, Draco. If you don’t, it is going to hurt a lot more than it should.”

Allowing himself to breathe once again, Draco said with a half-smile, “I’m trying to.”

Harry slipped a finger all the way in and began to move. “Try harder.” Draco found that the discomfort had been very short-lived and allowed some of the tension to flow away. “Not too bad so far?” inquired Harry.

“No, go on,” answered Draco. Harry complied and added another digit. He found Draco’s prostate and gave it a flick, eliciting yet another gasp from the blonde, this time from pleasure not pain.

“Did you like that?”

“Gods yes, Harry! Do it again. Oh yes!”

Harry gave Draco’s weeping cock a quick tug as well. “Remember that feeling, Draco. It will be your reward at the end of all this.”

Harry worked Draco gently, stretching him until it was time. He positioned himself between Draco’s legs and looked down. “I have been waiting for so long to do this, Draco,” he whispered. “Are you ready for me?”

“Yes, Harry, YES!”

Harry eased himself forward and inside Draco, taking care not to move too quickly, lest he cause more pain than necessary. When Harry breached his entrance, Draco fought to stay relaxed but found the task daunting. It hurt, quite a bit, if the truth be told. He clutched the sheets and a groan escaped his lips. Harry saw that Draco’s face was bright red; he had his eyes tightly closed and was biting his lip to keep from crying out further.

“You want me to stop?” asked Harry with concern.

“Urgh… no, no, don’t,” gasped Draco. “I…I want this.”

Harry whispered quiet words of encouragement in the hopes that Draco would calm down enough to enjoy the moment, at least a little. He told himself that this had been Draco’s choice; never had he

coerced the blond into submission so there was no reason for him to feel guilty. However, he did; he hated causing Draco discomfort and wished he knew how to ease the pain. He found himself wondering if there was such a spell. It bore investigation.

After what seemed an eternity, Harry stopped moving. He had gone as far as he could. The feeling was indescribable. Draco was all around him; he even seemed to be part of him. A moan rumbled in his throat.

“So good, Draco,” he breathed. “Can you feel how deep I am inside you? Gods, I love this feeling!”

Draco couldn’t really say that he loved the feeling, at least not in the physical sense. It didn’t hurt as much anymore but it was hardly pleasurable. What he did love was the connection he felt with Harry and the fact that they were so intimately joined. He had never felt closer to the Gryffindor than he did at that moment. He had successfully given himself to Harry; the first part of his plan was complete.

“Yes, I can feel it, Harry,” said Draco. “When does the good part start?”

Harry couldn’t help but grin. “You’re so impatient tonight, Draco. Give yourself another minute or two and then we’ll continue.” He gave Draco’s cock a few strokes to revive it and then began to withdraw himself slowly. He kept a watchful eye for any signs of discomfort on Draco’s part, but found none. Spurred on, he pushed forward again.

“Okay?” asked Harry.

Draco nodded. “Yes. Go on.”

He gradually built up a rhythm, almost leaving Draco’s perfect arse but not quite, keeping at least part of himself within the tight heat at all times. Draco was made to be fucked and he was ever so grateful that he was his first. Determined to make this a memorable moment for Draco, Harry tried angling his body in different positions in an effort to give him the “good part” as he had called it. Harry’s attempt was a success.

“Harry!” called Draco. “Do that again.” Harry hit his sweet spot over and over, causing Draco’s back to arch off the bed. “Oh fuck, yes!” Harry captured Draco’s now hard as steel cock and began to pump it in time with his thrusts. “So close, Harry. Just…like…that…HARRY!” In an instant, Draco came fiercely, shooting a copious amount of come over his stomach and chest. He whimpered as Harry gave his cock one last squeeze.

“Good?” asked Harry, knowing full well the answer. Draco was panting so heavily that all he could do was nod. “Then it’s my turn.”

Harry began pumping faster and faster while Draco held him tightly in his grasp. “Are you close, Harry?” whispered Draco.

“Yes, so close. Don’t want to come yet… it’s too good. Gods, Draco…too soon,” hissed Harry.

“Fuck me harder, Harry.”

“Merlin!” cried Harry as he moved frantically. He was all but lost.

Draco stared up at Harry, his own eyes heavily lidded from passion, and peered into green eyes that were burning brightly, about to explode. “Come inside me. Fill me up, Harry,” begged Draco.

Draco’s pleas sent Harry over the edge. He came with a mighty roar, one that would do the Gryffindor lion proud. Somewhere along the way, the roar transformed and became intelligible – “Draco” sang from Harry’s lips. His body tensed as he rode the wave of pleasure to its peak and then collapsed into Draco’s waiting arms, spent and utterly satisfied. Draco pressed a kiss to Harry’s temple, whispered his thanks and then held him tightly.

Harry made to move from his perch on top of Draco, but strong arms quickly stopped him. “I must be crushing you,” said Harry quietly.

“No, not at all. Stay where you are, please. I…I like it.”

“Me too,” said Harry as he snuggled against Draco’s neck, quite pleased with the invitation to stay.

Draco stroked Harry’s back gently, drawing a never-ending pattern with his fingers. His time had come; part two of his plan was about to unfold.

Taking a deep breath, Draco whispered into Harry’s ear, “I love you, Harry.”

Silence. Stillness. Panic began to rise within Draco’s belly. There had been no reaction to his confession. Had Harry heard? Of course he had. He had said the words directly into his ear. Oh gods, he doesn’t know what to say! Oh fuck, why did I have to say it? Draco began to tremble and he knew that Harry could feel it. His lungs protested and he allowed himself to breathe once again. He had spoiled everything and now he had to extricate himself from the mess he had created. What should he say? What could he say?

Draco allowed one word, no more, no less. “Harry?”

There was at last some movement. Draco felt Harry push up onto his hands so that his face was not very far from his own. Draco watched as the green eyes slowly opened. They…they were full of tears! It was worse than he had imagined.

“Harry, I’m so sorry. I should never have…”

Harry cut off Draco’s words. “Don’t. Don’t say it.”

“But I’ve upset you, Harry! I have to…”

Once again, he was not allowed to finish. A finger crossed his lips. “Hush, Draco.” Harry kissed him gently. Draco stared up at Harry in confusion, his eyes full of questions.

“Don’t you see,” said Harry. “I have been afraid. I have wanted to say something to you for so long, but fear kept me silent.” Draco held his breath. “A fine Gryffindor I make; you were the one with the courage to speak his mind.”

“W-what is it you want to s-say?” stammered Draco.

“I love you, too, Draco.”

Draco’s heart felt as if it would explode in his chest. “Y-you do?”

“Yes, I have been in love with you for so long.”

“Why didn’t you tell me?”

“I wanted to and I almost did a million times but I was afraid that you didn’t feel the same way. You never gave me any indication that what we had went beyond the sex, so I didn’t dare.”

“Harry, I felt exactly the same way as you! I have been trying to tell you how I felt and I kept quiet for the same reason – fear,” admitted Draco.

“Merlin, we have to be the biggest gits that ever lived!” exclaimed Harry. “At least one of us had the sense to finally speak up.”

“Imagine if neither of us ever did?”

“Draco, I don’t want to think about it,” said Harry with a shudder. He looked deeply into the grey eyes and asked, “Say it again, would you?”

“I love you, Harry.”

“I love you, Draco.”

The two lovers fell into a deep embrace, rejoicing in their newly proclaimed love. They were so wrapped up in themselves that they did not notice the red rose that suddenly appeared on the bedside table.

A ghostly figure gazed down upon Harry and Draco. A beauty rare, dressed in gossamer, with flowing red hair and a serene countenance, whispered her benediction over the two young men. The blond had begged for her help in an affair of the heart. She had studied both and had deemed them worthy of her assistance. Only those who were soul mates, who were meant to be together, only those who truly loved could be aided and blessed by Creiddylad. Standing over them, she plucked another perfect red rose from her hair and set it beside its mate, a symbol of pure love. Creiddylad smiled sweetly as she faded away, secure in the knowledge that she had given destiny a little nudge in the right direction.

The End

A/N: Creiddylad (cree-THIL-ahd) is the Welsh goddess of love and summer flowers

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