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Name: Teddy Ties
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Chapter: 1

Teddy Ties

Harry nearly kicked the wall in frustration, but the stone would most likely break his foot through his trainers, and then he would be lost *and* in excruciating pain. Harry gnawed his lip and tore at his hair with the hand that did not hold his lit wand aloft. He turned away from yet another dead end and backtracked down the dark passage, reaching out now and again to feel for false walls. The existence of *those* had ratcheted his annoyance to near-stellar levels.

It was all Draco Malfoy's fault. Harry's rage at the Slytherin prat could no longer be contained.

"*Fuck you, Malfoy*!" he yelled at the top of his lungs. The words echoed down the stone passage and died away. Astonishingly, the cry was answered.

"Potter?"

Harry's pulse leaped at the word, not because he had any desire to see Malfoy, except possibly to hex him into a smoking pile, but because Harry had been wandering alone for *hours* and even a hated person was better company than no one.

Harry hurried toward the voice, breaking into a jog. "Malfoy?" he called.

A dim light around one corner grew brighter, and Harry choked down a feeling of relief when Malfoy's pointed face came into view. He thought he saw the same expression before the blond's familiar scowl overtook Malfoy's features.

"Fuck, Potter, are you trapped in here, too?"

"No, I just felt like wandering in this maze all night, missing dinner, and blowing off the essay I'm supposed to write for Charms tomorrow."

Malfoy's eyes narrowed. "Well, don't blame me! I certainly didn't ask you to follow me."

Harry glared back. It had been exceedingly stupid to follow Malfoy without benefit of his invisibility cloak and Marauder's Map, but Malfoy had just looked so guilty skulking about that Harry had been propelled to follow him. Malfoy had ducked into a previously unknown passage and down an endless flight of stairs. A dislodged stone had given away Harry's presence, causing Malfoy to bolt. Harry had raced after the Slytherin until the stairs ended in a dark passage filled with doors. Harry had thought himself lucky to catch a glimpse of Malfoy's cloak as the blond ducked through a portal.

"What possessed you to come in here, anyway?" Harry asked, bitterly regretting his pursuit of the Slytherin. It would have served the blond right to be trapped down here alone.

"I did not know it was a fucking labyrinth; I was just trying to escape *you*. Why are you always following me?"

"Because you are always up to something! Where were you sneaking off to?"

Malfoy shrugged. "There is a private room at the base of the stairs. I go there to be alone." He snorted. "Of course I couldn't hide in there with you following me."

Harry nearly asked why not, but then it occurred to him that he was having a near-civil conversation with Malfoy. That ended quickly.

"How do you plan to get us out of here?" Malfoy asked.

"What do you mean me?"

Malfoy's lip curled in an attitude of disdain. Harry set his jaw. How did the Slytherin *do* that? He could make Harry feel inferior without even trying.

"Because you are the Gryffindor, of course. Not to mention the Mighty Hero and all that tripe. Isn't it your job to save people?"

"Apart from me, I don't see any people here," Harry said tightly.

Malfoy gave him a look reminiscent of Voldemort, but said nothing. Harry sighed.

"I do plan to get out of here, so I suppose it won't hurt you to tag along."

Harry set off again, taking random turns and corners for a bit. He was minutely glad of Malfoy's company, mostly because they could each trail a hand along the wall, checking for hidden passages.

"Did you try marking the walls?" Harry asked.

"Of course. Nothing works. Marks fade, Sticking Charms don't stick, and Compass Charms go haywire."

"What sadistic bastard made this place?" Harry demanded rhetorically.

"Salazar Slytherin."

Harry glared at him as though Slytherin's blood flowed through the blond's blood, making him indirectly responsible.

"Can you conjure—?"
"Why, do you want your teddy bear? Ickle Potter need a cuddle?"

Harry prayed for strength. "Chalk would be nice," he said levelly. "I already tried it, but I thought you might have better luck."

"Because I'm better than you? Good point." Malfoy cast, to no avail. Harry smirked.

"Yeah. Better."

They walked aimlessly, until Harry suddenly stopped. Malfoy ran into him, and put a hand on Harry's hip to steady himself. Harry felt the blond's warm body press against his for a moment, and the hand seemed to burn through his trousers.

"Fuck, Potter, why are you stopping?" Malfoy snatched his hand away and stepped back. Harry fought a blush and won.

"I have an idea."

"Your first ever?" Malfoy asked in an impressed tone.

"Shut up," he retorted, but he was nonplussed—that had sounded more like a teasing comment than an insult. Harry unbuttoned his robes and shrugged out of them.

"Your idea is to get naked, and hope your ever-present hoards of fans will sense it and rush down here to rescue you?" Malfoy asked dryly.

Harry gaped at him and straightened his shirt with a jerk. He had long since loosened his Gryffindor tie. "What fans?"

Malfoy rolled his eyes. "Please, Potter, your pretense is revolting. Even Slytherin girls have photos of you pasted to their walls for wank material." He coughed. "Some of the guys, too."

Harry was too shocked to even shut his jaw for a moment or two, until he realized Malfoy was having him on.

"You suck, Malfoy," he said flatly.

"Sometimes," Malfoy admitted thoughtfully, and Harry decided he could not possibly have meant *anything* along the lines of Harry's invention. Why had his imagination gone straight there, anyway? It was Malfoy's fault for bringing up naked and wanking. And he was *not* thinking about Malfoy in association with either of those terms.

Harry quickly lifted his robe in one hand and his wand in the other. Malfoy's wand provided light enough, so Harry cancelled the *Lumos* on his own wand. He cast a Cutting Charm and sliced the black material into dozens of thin strips.

"Bondage, Potter? You surprise me."

Malfoy's voice was not seductive, Harry admonished himself. "If you don't shut up, Malfoy, I'll tie you up and gag you," he said.

"Really? You strike me more as a bottom."

Harry blushed scarlet. Thanks to a drunken discussion one evening into more sexual practices than Harry had ever dreamed existed, he knew immediately what Malfoy implied.

"Why?" he asked stupidly, before his brain caught up to his shock.

Malfoy shrugged. "Don't look so surprised. It's perfectly normal, if you think about it. Everyone expects you to save the world. It has to be a lot of pressure. I'll bet sometimes you would love to just lie back and let someone take care of you."

Harry was suddenly drowning in a surreal sea. His most annoying enemy stood before him, giving voice to things Harry would not even admit to himself. Malfoy's face was all-too serious, and all-too fine-looking in the muted light. Harry could not even snarl at him for being a git, because the customary sneer was missing.

Harry opted for ignoring him, and bent his head to tie a couple of the black strips from his now-shredded cloak together to make a rudimentary arrow shape. He walked to the nearest corner and set his construct on the floor, indicating their direction. The arrow did not shift or disappear. Harry let out a breath of relief. He looked at Malfoy triumphantly, and the Slytherin shrugged.

"I note you did not deny it, eh, Potter?" Malfoy taunted and Harry blushed again. He wanted to smash the blond in the mouth. Bastard.

"Come on," Harry said roughly. They made better progress with Harry's arrows marking the way.

At least they no longer backtracked or walked in circles.

"I need to rest, Potter," Malfoy said sometime later, and leaned against the wall tiredly. The blond looked almost ragged. A single strand of white-blond hair drooped over one grey eye. Harry clenched his fists to keep from reaching up to tuck it into place. "Do you have any food?"

Harry delved into his trouser pocket and pulled out a single Chocolate Frog. Malfoy's eyes lit up like a kid's at Christmas. Harry handed it to Malfoy, who opened it eagerly.

"Oh, Potter. You killed your frog," he said sadly.

Harry leaned forward to peer into the package. The melted form only vaguely resembled a frog. Malfoy dipped a finger into the melted mess and scooped a chunk into his mouth. He made a groan of pleasure that sounded too erotic for food. Malfoy nudged the wrapper toward Harry, who put a digit into the chocolate and raised a fingerful to his lips. It was good, but a poor substitute for roast beef, potatoes, and treacle tart. Harry figured it was past midnight. Dinner had been hours ago.

They finished the sweet in silence, and Harry looked at his dark fingers ruefully.

"Sticky," he said.

Malfoy reached out and snagged his hand. Harry gasped when the blond put Harry's index and middle fingers into his mouth and *sucked*. Harry never knew his fingers were directly connected to his cock through some erotic electric current, but Malfoy's tongue flipped a switch somewhere labeled *Erect*.

Malfoy's grey eyes seemed to burn into his, and Harry watched Malfoy's cheeks draw inward to create deep dimples as he lapped the chocolate from Harry's fingers. Harry could not find voice enough to ask what Malfoy was doing.

Harry suddenly felt fingers against his jaw. They squeezed slightly, and then Malfoy's fingers were in his mouth. They tasted only faintly of chocolate, because Malfoy had already licked them clean, but they tasted of something else that flipped another switch, apparently labeled *Harder*.

Harry sucked at the fingers tentatively, and the next thing he knew, his back was against the wall and their fingers no longer occupied hot, wet mouths, because those mouths were pressed together, and tongues were being sucked instead of fingers.

Oh god, I am kissing Draco Malfoy, Harry thought in panic, and then Malfoy sucked again and Harry saw stars of bliss. Malfoy had been right, he did suck sometimes, and fuck if he wasn't good at it!

They kissed for longer than was rational, and Harry did not even try to resist. He felt as limp as

the melted Chocolate Frog, and just as devoured when Malfoy finally stepped back.

"Get us out of here, Potter," the blond said, and Harry was beyond grateful to note the Slytherin's voice was none too steady and caught once in his throat. "I want to show you something."

Something. Harry's brain instantly supplied a large number of possible *somethings*, all of which involved various parts of Draco Malfoy's body, and he shoved himself away from the wall almost spastically.

"Out. Yes," he said unintelligently.

Harry had no idea how long it took them to get out. His mind seemed to have shut down some time around the frog/finger incident. All he knew was that a door suddenly stood before them, and when they staggered through it a long corridor with stairs leading upward met their tired eyes.

"Oh thank Merlin." Malfoy's laugh sounded almost giddy. "We're out."

Harry nodded tiredly and managed a wan smile.

"Want to see why I come down here?" Malfoy asked.

Harry wanted only to ingest food and crawl into bed, but the Slytherin seemed so expectant that Harry nodded. Malfoy walked to the door closest to the stairs. He opened it and went inside. Harry paused only a moment, while visions of Death Eaters and traps ghosted through his mind. He gripped his wand tightly and followed.

Malfoy lit a dozen candle sconces on the wall of the large room. Harry stopped in surprise. A huge table dominated the room. It seemed to be made of woven branches twined together in an intricate pattern. Bizarre choice for a table, but Harry's attention was dragged away to the wall on his left. The entire thing was taken up by a huge waterfall cascading over moss-covered boulders. Harry blinked, wondering why there was no sound. Then he flushed—magic, of course. It couldn't be real.

Malfoy watched him expectantly.

"This is your… secret place?" Harry asked. Malfoy nodded, and Harry felt a moment of consternation. Why had Malfoy shown him?

"Like it?" Malfoy asked, seeming almost nervous.

"What do you do in here?" Harry asked, thinking it looked like a Muggle conference room. Did Malfoy do homework? Plot ways to make Harry's life miserable? Malfoy crossed the few steps back to stand before Harry, who restrained himself from flinching away. Malfoy had always had the ability to raise Harry's blood pressure, but this time it was not from anger.

He thought the Slytherin would speak, and nearly started in surprise when Malfoy's lips brushed over his throat. A pale hand curled around Harry's tie, preventing escape. Flight should have been at the top of Harry's list, but said list seemed to have been misplaced. His head tipped slightly to the side in unconscious capitulation.

Malfoy cast a spell that Harry barely heard. His bones were suddenly liquid, and he fell back onto the table. He would have cracked his head but for Malfoy's grip on his tie. The Slytherin eased him back gently. Harry noted with bemusement that the tangled branches that made up the table were smooth and flat beneath his back. Magic was a wonderful thing.

Malfoy's hands removed Harry's tie, and then went to work on the buttons of his shirt. Harry dimly knew he should be disturbed by that, but whatever spell Malfoy had used made him feel lethargic and content. Harry watched without comment as his white shirt was removed and tossed aside.

Another spell shifted Harry to the center of the table, and Malfoy climbed onto the hard surface to kneel between Harry's legs. The Slytherin's face was surprisingly intent as he tucked his wand into his belt. The pale hands reached for the waistband of Harry's trousers, and *that* should have been quite alarming. Harry could not quite drum up the energy to resist as Malfoy removed the rest of his clothing.

When Harry sprawled, naked and vulnerable, before Malfoy, he could only stare as the Slytherin gazed down at him with an expression Harry had never seen before. It almost resembled… awe. Harry felt a curious flush steal over his body. He had been partially erect merely from Malfoy's brief touches as he had removed Harry's garments, but now the blood flooded his cock in a rush that was almost painful.

Shit, he thought absently. *I'm naked and aroused because of Malfoy. This has to be six dozen kinds of wrong.*

It did not seem quite so wrong when Malfoy's tongue flicked out to glide over the Slytherin's lower lip, and he whispered, "Merlin, Potter, you are so…"

What? Harry wanted to ask, but his vocal cords were as nonfunctional as the rest of him.

Malfoy tore at his Slytherin tie, and draped it carelessly over Harry's abdomen as he removed his shirt. His eyes never left Harry, and Harry watched with interest as more and more pale flesh was revealed.

Harry was pleased to note that Draco was just as aroused. Malfoy's—very nice—cock jutted from a nest of pale blond curls that Harry suddenly itched to dip his hands into. He allowed his eyes to travel from the top of Malfoy's head, over the pointy features, smooth chest and torso, rigid cock, and lean thighs. He sighed in appreciation, unable to speak.

Draco Malfoy was beautiful.

Harry smiled, hoping the gesture conveyed what his voice could not. Pink suddenly tinted the Slytherin's cheeks, and Malfoy leaned forward to pluck the tie from Harry's abdomen. He slid off the table and bound the silk around Harry's left wrist before using his wand to cast a spell. One of the branches beneath the table suddenly grew like a living thing, and curled up over the top of the table.

Malfoy securely tied Harry's wrist to the branch.

I should be worried about this, Harry thought, but only watched as Malfoy repeated the action on the other wrist, using Harry's Gryffindor tie.

Malfoy used black strips from the shredded remains of Harry's school robes to similarly bind his ankles.

I should definitely be worried about this.

A moment later, Harry was. Malfoy cast *Finite Incantatum*, instantly releasing Harry from his lethargy. Harry was immediately tense.

"*Fuck*!" he cried. He yanked at his bound wrists, horrified that he had allowed himself to be so manipulated. "Damn you, Malfoy!"

Malfoy smiled and put a hand on Harry's thigh, stilling his struggle at once. Harry's heart nearly leaped out of his chest with something close to terror.

"*Accio* wand!" Harry yelled. Malfoy's grin widened. He tsked in mock sympathy.

"Too bad, Potter. Your wand seems to be too far away for your pathetic attempt at wandless magic."

The hand on Harry's thigh moved upward ever so slowly. Harry tried to move away, but he was hampered by his bonds. He realized with horror that his erection had not diminished, and Malfoy's caress made it even more evident. He wanted to ask what Malfoy planned to do to him—the words were on his lips, but he choked them back. The question would sound like a plea, he knew.

"Don't worry, Potter," Malfoy said softly. His other hand dropped to Harry's opposite thigh and joined the slow upward journey.

Malfoy's hands splayed and slid up to Harry's flat abdomen, close, *so close* to Harry's quivering cock. Malfoy levered himself up and forward to press his lips against Harry's navel. His tongue dipped inside. Harry's body jerked and he cried out raggedly. Malfoy chuckled.

"Sensitive there, eh Potter?" He laved the spot a few more times, and Harry tried not to thrash. He quivered and gasped at each lick. His erection throbbed, and a drop of precome gleamed at the top, growing when Malfoy dropped back slightly and blew on the head. The minute sensation was like torture.

"Want me to touch it, Potter?" Malfoy asked in a liquid tone.

Yes. Yes, yes, fuck yes!

"No," Harry said, although he did not quite recognize his own voice. "I want you to untie me."

Malfoy pouted. "That would be no fun at all."

To Harry's near-screaming disappointment, Malfoy shifted to the side and crawled upward a bit. Harry felt Malfoy's hot mouth on his throat, and the pale hands wandered over Harry's chest. His fingers toyed with Harry's nipples, pinching them until they were nearly as hard as Harry's cock. The sensation distracted him from the fact that Malfoy's mouth on his neck actually *hurt*.

"What… what are you doing?" Harry asked with a moan. Malfoy made no reply, intent upon his task. His fingers sent jolts of electricity to Harry's poor, neglected cock.

Malfoy's lips finally moved downward, leaving a burning mark at Harry's throat.

"Just staking my claim, Potter," Malfoy said and took one of Harry's nipples in his mouth. Harry was aroused enough just from Malfoy's fingers—feeling him suck nearly made Harry come.

"Not quite yet," Malfoy admonished. He left off torturing Harry's chest to lick at the light hairs pointing the way to the object begging for attention. Malfoy's fingers drew delicate patterns on Harry's flank, moving close, very close, to Harry's cock before pulling away. Malfoy's mouth was even nearer, wafting hot breath over the leaking head. Harry had difficulty breathing—his entire world had narrowed to the length of his penis.

"*Now* would you like me to touch it, Potter?" the drawling voice asked. If he didn't, Harry thought he might shatter into ten thousand shards.

"Yes," Harry groaned.

"Very good, Potter." Fingers slid over Harry's testicles—an unexpected delight, but it still wasn't enough. "Now say please."

Harry no longer gave a fuck about pride. Pride was not going to put its hot, wet mouth on Harry's cock and keep it there until he came and came and came, but if Harry begged, Malfoy might.

"Please," Harry gasped. "Oh, please."

Malfoy's tongue stroked Harry's cock from base to tip, and Harry cried out raggedly. He would have come—*needed* to come—but Malfoy's fingers had pinched hard just beneath the head of Harry's shaft, choking off release.

"No you don't," Malfoy said and chuckled. "Want more, Potter? Say 'please, Draco'."

"Please. Please, Draco, fucking please," Harry panted, adding, *You sadistic bloody bastard*, but not aloud, because if Draco decided not to touch him again, Harry would die. Wretchedly, the blond demon did not touch Harry's cock. Instead, the fingers slid down over the soft flesh between Harry's testicles, drawing another shiver from Harry. Something new woke up the moment Malfoy's fingertips traced gently around the puckered ring of Harry's anus.

"Oh," said Harry.

"Yes, oh," said Malfoy, and cast a spell. Harry felt a strange whoosh and tingle inside his body, and jerked against his bonds, because it was not altogether pleasant. "Sorry," Malfoy said, shocking Harry, who would not have guessed Malfoy even knew that word. "Purifying Charm."

Purifying *what*? Harry nearly asked, but his power of speech short-circuited when Malfoy's tongue circled his anus, causing an incomprehensible sound to rip from Harry's throat. Oh god, oh Merlin, oh bloody everything, but that had to be wrong, *so wrong*—Malfoy's tongue drew molten circles around Harry's hole, and Harry wanted to convulse from the sheer wicked bliss of it, but Malfoy's hands were like iron bands on Harry's arse cheeks, keeping Harry spread wide and mostly still.

Harry's breath sobbed erratically and his hands gripped the wood that held his wrists so tightly he thought the branches would snap.

And then Malfoy's tongue slipped inside. For the second—third?—time, Harry would have come, but Malfoy paused long enough to do the squeezing thing on Harry's cock again, and Harry could only moan inarticulately as Malfoy's tongue darted in and out, deeper and deeper, until Harry wanted to scream.

Malfoy's tongue withdrew, and Harry realized he was babbling a stream of nonsense, consisting mostly of, "Please, Draco, please, please, Draco please." He bit his lip savagely to dam the flood.

"Shhh," soothed Malfoy, "Soon, Harry."

Something had taken the place of Malfoy's tongue, probing deeper still, and Harry dimly realized it was a finger. It was not quite uncomfortable, but Harry was so open and pliant that it barely registered when Malfoy inserted another. He moved them slightly and Harry tensed.

"Shhh," Malfoy said again. "Relax."

Harry relaxed when Malfoy's mouth suddenly took in his cock, reminding Harry how close he

was to orgasm. A third finger bollixed that idea, and Harry gasped with both discomfort and pleasure as Malfoy's tongue laved the head of his cock while the fingers moved.

Then Malfoy's digits were gone and so was Malfoy's magical mouth, but Malfoy murmured another spell and something else was sliding into Harry, in and in and *in*, wet, slick, and very hard.

Harry stiffened, clenching around Draco's cock, but it was already far too late. Malfoy was *inside* Harry. His brain wanted to shut down at that knowledge, horrified beyond reason that he was being fucked by Draco Malfoy, but the blond obligingly wrapped a hand around Harry's cock and stroked. Harry's burgeoning orgasm, nearly forgotten for a moment, quickly made its presence known. Harry's horror diminished rapidly, and when Malfoy pulled partially out and then rammed into Harry, he was suddenly okay with the idea.

The instant Malfoy's cock hit something inside that made a shocked scream burst from Harry's throat, he started to wonder why he hadn't asked Malfoy to fuck him years ago, because it was brilliant beyond capacity. The blond moved, striking harder and faster into Harry, who used what leverage he could get to meet each stroke.

Harry realized he was crying the blond's name again, but it was okay this time because Malfoy's lips were at his ear murmuring, "Yes, Harry, come now. Come."

Harry did.

He came so hard and so long he thought his life force might flow out with it. He nearly blacked out from the intensity, and wished he had something to hold onto other than the mutated branches cutting into his palms. He might have screamed, but the blood pounding in his ears made everything inaudible.

Harry slowly came back to awareness and gradually regained his senses. Malfoy lay on his chest, panting but quiet. Harry's legs were free, and wrapped around Malfoy's lean body. Harry idly wondered when Malfoy had released him. Harry flushed, noting that although the Slytherin no longer moved, he was still deep inside of Harry.

"Did… did you…?" Harry asked, and then winced. For fuck's sake, what kind of stupid question was that?

"Yeah," Malfoy admitted softly. "It was brilliant. Amazing."

Harry's blush turned into a warm glow. He was silent for a bit, pondering the curious feel of Malfoy's cock softening within him, and his warm body pressed against Harry's. The blond made no effort to rise; Malfoy was apparently quite lethargic after sex. *Fabulous, incredible sex*, Harry's traitorous mind added.

"Are you planning to free my hands now?" Harry asked.

"Not until you promise not to hex me."

The words might have annoyed Harry, except that Malfoy sounded not only subdued, but sincere. Harry expected him to gloat, but Malfoy lay still against him and his fingers played lightly along Harry's ribs.

"I promise," Harry said, and not merely because his hands were growing numb. Malfoy's head rose and the grey eyes met his. He held Harry's gaze as if searching for duplicity.

Malfoy finally nodded and picked up his wand. The ties released. Harry immediately reached up and twisted both hands into Malfoy's platinum hair.

"I promised not to hex you, but I never said anything about not wringing your neck," Harry growled.

Malfoy swallowed, and Harry's eyes flicked down to admire the pale span. He dragged the blond forward and crushed their lips together. He wanted to punish the Slytherin, he really did, but he also had the irrational urge to thank him. The kiss sort of did both.

Harry released Malfoy, and the blond pushed himself away quickly. Harry noted with surprise that his cheeks were pink. Malfoy cast an absent spell to clean them up. They dressed silently, glancing at each other only occasionally.

Malfoy finished dressing first and went to the door.

"See you around, Potter."

"Malfoy…" Harry said. The blond paused in the open doorway. "What do you do in this room?"

Malfoy grinned wickedly. "Wank. To your photo."

He went out.

Harry tried not to look at Malfoy at breakfast. It was not difficult only because Harry was so tired he could barely focus on his food. He had arrived back in his room after four o'clock in the morning. Malfoy ignored Harry completely. Harry tried not to think about that.

He rubbed his raw wrists and absently reached up to touch his throat for the hundredth time, grateful that the collar of his shirt mostly-covered the purple mark Malfoy's mouth had left there.

Staking my claim.

Owls swarmed into the room with the daily mail, and Harry started in surprise when a package landed before him. He frowned in trepidation, but Ron and Hermione watched him expectantly.

He reluctantly opened the box, to find a fluffy teddy nestled within. He lifted it out and nearly gasped at the softness of it. The fur was thick and softer than rose petals. Harry's eyes widened when he saw the bear's only adornment. Two tiny bits of silk were attached—a Gryffindor tie and a Slytherin tie—one around each fuzzy wrist. Harry's eyes shot to Malfoy, whose attention was firmly fixed on Harry for the first time. Malfoy's mouth curved in his signature smirk. Harry felt his face slowly heat as he looked back at the teddy.

"Who is it from, Harry?" Hermione asked.

"No card," Harry lied. There was, indeed, a small card tucked into the package. Harry got to his feet. "I'll be right back." He hurried out, grateful that Hermione stopped Ron from following.

Harry leaned against the wall in the Front Hall and fumbled the card from the box. It read, *Teddy wants to take a walk <u>all over you</u>*. Harry's mouth went completely dry at the image of the gossamer soft fluff sliding over his skin, propelled by—

Malfoy suddenly walked by Harry. The blond seemed to be completely unaware of Harry's presence. He watched the Slytherin move across the front hall with fluid grace. Malfoy paused and shot a coy look over his shoulder.

"Twenty minutes until our first class, Potter. Interested?"

Malfoy did not wait for a reply, but headed for the dark alcove that led to his secret passage. Harry jammed the bear into the package and bolted after the Slytherin.