Fic: The Lesbian Muffin Debacle (R)

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Title: The Lesbian Muffin Debacle

Pairing(s): H/D

Rating: R

Summary: Pansy and Ginny have a muffin-induced potions accident and Draco and Harry are stuck watching their love life from the sidelines – quite literally. Fortunately, they're able to give each other a hand.

Warnings: Voyeurism, non-explicit mentions of femslash, wanking.

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First prompt at link.

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The Lesbian Muffin Debacle

It was one of those things that made Draco sure that fate was conspiring against him. It had started with a muffin. Well, truthfully, it had started when he'd decided that sixth year was long enough to make Pansy Parkinson wait and he'd finally acquiesced, mostly gracefully, to being her boyfriend. It seemed like a suitable distraction to take his mind of the whole unpleasant "killing Dumbledore" business.

Not that he intended to kill Dumbledore. He had no desire to get mixed up in such shenanigans. Unlike his father, Draco was not a political animal. He didn't have any love for Dumbledore, but he had even less for Voldemort. As far as he was concerned, both were egomaniacs who were completely out of touch with the Youth of Today.

Honestly. As if anyone wanted to follow a doddering old queen or a megalomaniac without a nose. Both were completely unpalatable. However, Draco had no desire to rock the boat. Not with his father in prison and his mother… Well, who knew what she was doing. She'd allowed the Dark Lord to use Malfoy Manor as a base of operations, but she was rarely in residence herself.

She claimed to be doing reconnaissance missions, but Draco highly doubted that there was much reconnaissance to be done in the South of France. But in the interest of not rocking the boat, Draco declined to comment.

All he'd cared about was being back in school, being sixteen years old, having a very attentive and very attractive girlfriend, and the fact that he'd finally gotten that growth spurt that his mother had been promising him since he was eight. He had been poised to have a very comfortable and successful year.

And then it all went to hell in a handbasket. Or a muffin basket. As per usual, Potter was at the root of the problem. Well, not exactly the root. To be fair, Pansy was at the root. Potter was more an unintended side effect. Which is what Potter always was. Something just there, over to the side, niggling at Draco like a splinter.

Maybe the fault was with Ginny Weasley. After all, knowing what his father had done to her back in her first year, she really should have thought twice about taking things from a Malfoy. Hadn't anyone taught her better than that? Someone should have told her that bit about what happens to people who don't learn from history.

Really, Draco was the only one who wasn't at fault, and yet, here he was, a victim once again. Honestly. Fate was the veriest bitch sometimes.

The problems had all started when Draco refused to shag Pansy. It wasn't that he didn't want to, of course. Naturally he wanted to. That's what boys did, after all – shag girls. It's just that her timing was always rotten. Either he had a lot of homework, or Greg and Vince were lurking around, or Draco had a headache, and even once when he knew full-well that she'd had garlic bread with dinner.

He was not going to shag a girl with garlic breath, thank you very much. Then she'd started to get shirty about it, though. Complaining, casting aspersions, even calling his manhood into question (the nerve!), but Draco refused to budge. She was simply going to have to wait until an actual opportune time presented itself.

And if one never did, well, then. Thus is the peril of boarding school. Too many people around, too little privacy, and much too much garlic bread. None of which was Draco's fault, thank you very much.

However, this had led to Pansy taking matters into her own hands. And Pansy was slimy, underhanded, shifty, completely amoral, and a wonderful baker. All the things that had attracted Draco to her in the first place had come back to bite him squarely in the posterior, and that was when Draco had decided that fate was definitely conspiring against him.

It had started with a muffin, and much like a muffin, it was delicious at first. However, indignity had soon set in. With muffins, the indignity usually arrived in the form of thigh fat, but in Draco's case (as it often was), the indignity was named Harry Potter.

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"Here, Draco, darling!" Pansy said, thrusting a sort of squashed-looking muffin at him. "I made you a nice muffin! I know you skipped breakfast and I thought you might be hungry!"

"Thank you, Pansy," Draco said, although he was not at all inclined to eat a muffin that

looked like it had been used for Quidditch practice. As a Bludger.

Pansy beamed at him, though. “Make sure you eat it all up! I made it especially for you!”

Draco winced and cursed her tendency to bray every sentence like an overeager donkey. It was bad enough most of the time, but this early in the morning, it was positively lethal. “I will, Darling. I promise.” He held up the muffin and smiled, trying to convey his eagerness.

She pecked him on the cheek and skipped off. He sighed and grabbed the next person he saw, which happened to be Ginny Weasley. “Here. Have a muffin.”

Ginny looked at him askance. “Is something wrong with it?”

“No! Of course not!” he said with false joviality. “My girlfriend made it for me, but the poor dear keeps forgetting that I’m trying to cut down on sugar.” Which was perfectly true. His growth spurt had left him looking a bit lankier than he would have liked and he was trying to build muscle. And muffins were hardly conducive to building anything but an unsightly paunch.

Of course, it was perfectly fine for Ginny Weasley. She was a paunch waiting to happen after all, especially once she popped out a dozen children like a good Weasley should. One can’t fight one’s fate.

Ginny looked at him curiously, but took the proffered muffin and gave it a sniff. He rolled his eyes at her and she shrugged and took a bite, chewed tentatively and swallowed. She smiled at him. “This is really good! Tell your girlfriend thanks from me.”

And with that, she walked off, munching on the muffin. For some reason, Draco felt a tickle of foreboding, but he shrugged it off. He didn’t even take Divination.

Although later, when he came across Pansy in the Slytherin common room with a lapful of Ginny Weasley, snogging the living daylights out of her while most of the male Slytherins watched, drool trailing down their collective chins in streamers, Draco decided that maybe he should re-think the Divination thing.

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With the combined efforts of Professors McGonagall and Snape, Draco was able to piece together what happened. It seemed that Pansy had decided that the best way to get Draco to pay more attention to her was to slip him a very powerful bonding potion. Which she had baked in a muffin.

It was positively sacrilegious to abuse baked goods in that way, and Draco thanked the gods for his growth spurt and subsequent avoidance of sugar, or he'd be the one who was currently trying to taste Pansy's tonsils rather than Ginny Weasley.

According to Professor Snape, she'd brewed the potion and taken one portion herself. Then when Ginny had consumed the other portion, they'd become uncontrollably attracted to each other. It was disturbing to say the least. Draco was sure that it was going to reflect poorly on him that his one and only girlfriend had become a lesbian.

Even though it was really her own fault. Draco was just glad that he hadn't given the tainted muffin to Potter. It would have been too much of an affront to be chucked for Potter, even if it was due to muffin-induced bonding.

The Parkinsons and Weasleys had eventually shown up and the shouting had begun, so Draco slipped away from the scene of the crime. After all, none of it was his affair any longer. However, he wasn't sure what to do with himself. Enduring Pansy's braying and dodging her advances had given him something to occupy his time.

He'd been wandering aimlessly when he saw Pansy and Ginny, holding hands and giggling,

disappear into an empty classroom. He wondered how they'd managed to slip away from the adults, but he figured that they were probably all still shouting at each other. Pansy had clearly learned the fine art of braying from her mother.

For lack of anything better to do, he decided to peek around the doorframe and see what they were up to. He was just leaning in far enough to see them when someone grabbed his arm. Thankfully, years of excellent discipline ensured that he didn't scream like a woman, but he did jump at least a foot in the air.

Whirling around, he saw… no one. "Who's there?" he whispered, clutching his wand and trying to look menacing.

Suddenly Harry Potter's face appeared in front of him. Draco took a few steps back, but managed not to scream or jump. He'd forgotten about the damn Invisibility Cloak. "What are you doing, Malfoy?" Potter asked him, dripping with suspicion.

"Plotting against you and Dumbledore. Trying to help the side of darkness. Stomping on baby bunnies just for the satisfying crunch under my boot heels. You know. The usual."

"Oh, come off it, Malfoy. You're just skulking about. I saw you."

"I do not skulk!" Draco protested, gritting his teeth. "And keep your voice down," he added.

"Why?"

"Oh, for pity's sake." Draco sighed. It would be easier to just let Potter in on his discovery rather than try to explain anything to him. Nothing penetrated his thick skull without a hammer and chisel and Draco didn't have all night to chip away.

He shoved Potter forward and peeked around the doorframe, gesturing for Potter to do so as

well. He heard Potter's sharp intake of breath next to his ear and he stiffened slightly. In the classroom, on a desk near the back wall, Pansy was on top of Ginny, snogging her enthusiastically.

They had both removed their shirts, and by the look of Pansy's hand motions, they were about to lose their bras as well. Well, this was interesting.

And just when he was about to see something good, Potter pulled him back out into the hall. "Potter!" he hissed. "What are you doing, you great prat?"

"We can't watch this! It isn't right. Spying on them like that. Ginny's like a sister to me!"

"Well, then bugger off. But Pansy was my girlfriend and she tried to trick me into a life bond with a muffin. I figured I'm owed, at the very least, some good wank material. So if you're too noble and Gryffindor to take in the free show, at least leave me my one remaining pleasure in life."

Potter looked like he wanted to argue, but then Draco could see him crumble. He sighed heavily. "Fine. But get under here. Ron would kill me if Ginny told him I was spying on her."

Potter opened the Invisibility Cloak. Draco stepped close enough that Potter could wrap it around both of them. This brought him into an unfortunate proximity to Potter, but once they shuffled around the door and Draco saw that both girls were now topless and engaged in some very interesting groping, he forgot about Potter.

They shuffled over to the wall, staying in the shadows and watched as the girls… Well. Explored their new muffin bond, so to speak. Draco kept getting distracted by Potter breathing heavily in his ear, but he knew he was breathing heavily as well, so he decided to be kind and not mention it.

He didn't want anything to taint this experience. Even if he had to share it with Potter. They stood in the corner, scarcely moving except to pant like they'd just done laps around the

Quidditch pitch, until the girls finished.

And Draco learned quite a bit about how two girls have sex with each other. He was certain he wasn't ever going to forget it.

Trying to walk and snog at the same time, Pansy and Ginny finally left the classroom, closing the door behind them. Draco slipped out from under the Invisibility Cloak and swiped at his sweaty fringe. "Bloody hell… I bet you're glad you didn't leave now, aren't you, Potter?"

Potter shrugged off the Cloak and sat on a nearby chair, very gingerly. "Well, I'm never going to be able to look Ginny in the face again, but I suppose it was worth it." They exchanged a grin. Potter may have been his arch-nemesis, but watching two girls go down on each other for a half an hour was enough to reduce the tension between even two mortal enemies – particularly if said enemies were sixteen-year-old boys.

"Yeah, that was pretty brilliant," Draco agreed. He shifted a bit, aware that if he didn't wank soon, his prick was in dire danger of explosion. He wanted Potter to leave as soon as possible. He knew he'd never be able to walk back to the dungeons in his current state and he needed Potter to leave so he could wank in peace.

Potter shifted in his chair, not looking like he was planning to leave any time soon, damn him. "So I guess you'll be going to bed now?" he asked, his voice tinged with hope.

Draco sneered. "No, you're leaving. I'm going to stay a moment."

Potter actually blushed. "I was hoping I could stay here for a bit. I… Uh… I'm not sure I can walk without injuring myself, if you know what I mean."

Draco realized Potter's implications and he felt his own cheeks heat up, but he chuckled ruefully. "Fuck it, Potter. There's no sense in being delicate about it. I'm so hard you could break it off, and I'm sure you are, too. We're sixteen and we just…. Well, there was just…

That," he said, gesturing to the desk that had recently been graced with two naked lesbians.

"Why don't you go over there and face the wall and I'll go over there and do the same. And we'll take care of business. I doubt it will take very long."

Potter considered his words. "Fine. But no looking."

Draco rolled his eyes. "Yes, because exactly what I need to cap off my evening is a glimpse of the Golden Boy's cock. Just the thing to erase all that delightful lesbian sex from my brain. Honestly, Potter, what do you take me for?"

Potter just shook his head and turned in his chair so that he was facing the wall. Draco heard the sound of him lowering his zipper, and he scurried over to the other side of the classroom, determined not to think about what Potter was doing.

He took out his own cock and squeezed it. He hadn't been lying when he said it wouldn't take long. If he hadn't been standing so close to Potter when he'd been watching the girls, he probably would have given himself a few presses through his trousers and it would have been all over

He licked his palm and replaced his hand on his cock. To his consternation, he could hear Potter's breathing and, most disturbingly, a quick, quiet slappy noise that must have been Potter stroking his cock.

For some reason, he had a brief flash where he wished he could see what Potter was doing. He chanced a peek over his shoulder. Potter was still facing the wall as he'd been instructed, but Draco could see his arm moving quickly as he wanked.

As Draco watched, spellbound, Potter threw his head back, stretched his legs out in front of him and made a little grunting groan. His arm stuttered back and forth a few times as he finished himself off before he went limp in the aftermath.

Draco sat down hard on the closest chair, noticing belatedly that his prick was now soft and his hand was covered in sticky fluid. Had he just brought himself off watching Potter come?

Impossible. It was the lesbians, pure and simple. Just because Potter orgasmed with the grace and spirit that he did everything else… Draco shook his head. Not thinking about Potter. Not thinking about Potter.

He grabbed his wand and spelled his hand and trousers clean. He heard Potter saying the same charms, so he quickly tucked himself away and stood up.

“So,” Potter said, conversationally, as if they hadn’t just both gotten off. “Same time tomorrow?”

“Come again?” Draco asked, and then immediately blanched at his choice of words. “I mean, what?”

“Didn’t you hear? Pansy and Ginny said they were meeting here again tomorrow night. I don’t know about you, but I certainly don’t have anything I’d rather be doing tomorrow night than that. If you want, you can meet me here in the classroom before they get here. We can use the Cloak again.”

Draco grinned. “Potter, you sexual deviant!”

Potter blushed again. It was rather charming. “If you don’t want to, then…”

“No, I didn’t say that,” Draco clarified. “I’ll be here.” Then before he could embarrass himself further, he hurried out of the classroom door, rushing towards the dungeon. He had no idea how he was going to concentrate during his classes the next day.

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The following day proved to be trying. Pansy and Ginny spent every free moment Hoovering each others' faces, and the population of Hogwarts was split pretty evenly between those who were in favor of setting up some kind of stage for proper viewing and those who thought someone ought to summon a hosepipe.

Draco desperately wanted to tell his friends about his discovery, but he knew that they would insist on going with him to watch. And Potter's Cloak was really only big enough for two, so he resolutely kept his mouth shut.

There were a few interesting occurrences, one of which was Ron Weasley falling down an entire flight of stairs and needing to be rushed to the hospital wing. It seemed that he was determined to walk everywhere with his eyes closed, so as not to accidentally see his sister in flagrante delicto.

Then later, Draco has been accosted by a fiery-eyed Hermione Granger who wanted him to join her new Hogwarts chapter of PFLAG in the name of supporting his newly-gay ex-girlfriend. He agreed once he saw the lovely rainbow badges she was giving out.

Most of the day was a blur, though, as Draco was focused on counting the minutes until his next live lesbian sex show. As any red-blooded sixteen-year-old boy would be, of course.

At the appointed hour, he slipped into the classroom, looking around for Potter. "Psst! Over here," Harry called.

Draco walked towards the voice. Potter had arranged two chairs against the wall. He quickly showed Draco how if they sat with their backs to the wall, they could cover their fronts with the Cloak, and it left enough material for them to be able to sit comfortably without being

totally on top of each other.

“Nice work, Potter,” Draco had to admit. “You obviously gave this some thought.”

Potter raised his eyebrow. “What else did you think about today?”

“Touché.”

Potter grinned at him and then froze as the door opened. Draco held his breath, not daring to move at all until the girls were too involved in each other to be looking around. They went right to the table and began to maul each other.

Draco immediately tried to forget about Potter and focus on the girls in front of him. He was doing a good job, too, until he noticed that Potter was rubbing the front of his trousers.

Draco elbowed him hard. “What are you doing, you pervert?” he mouthed frantically.

“Fuck you,” Potter mouthed back. “I’m dying here.”

If he were honest with himself, Draco was having problems restraining his urge to give himself a hand, but he’d be damned if he was going to toss off in front of Potter. “Can’t you wait?”

Potter glared at him. “Don’t look if you don’t want to.”

And that’s when things started going pear-shaped. Potter unzipped his trousers and pulled out his cock. Right in front of Draco. Draco immediately snapped his head to the front, where Pansy had Ginny bent over the desk and was doing something with her tongue that should have been completely enrapturing.

However, for some reason, Draco's traitorous eyeballs kept veering to the left and trying to look at Potter's erection. It was untenable. He assumed that it was jealousy. He was jealous that Potter was granting himself release. There was only one thing to do in that case.

Draco pulled down his own zipper and took himself in hand, stifling a groan at the blissful release. He saw Potter checking out his equipment out of the corner of his eye, but he resolutely faced forward, rubbing his cock lazily as he watched the girls.

He could hear Potter breathing next to him, his snuffling breaths getting more and more ragged and his knew his own breath was doing the same thing. For some strange reason, he looked to the left again.

Potter was watching him. Watching his cock. It made Draco gasp and buck, stroking himself harder. He watched Potter's cock disappearing into his fist and popping back out again, and the movement seemed to hypnotize him.

They were both panting, hands practically blurring with speed, and eyes locked on each other's crotches, they came, nearly at the same time, both biting back their cries. Draco watched, mesmerized, as Potter's come hit the inside of the Cloak and dripped over his hand.

When Draco finally recovered enough to fumble for his wand, intent on performing a cleaning spell, he realized that the girls had left the room. And he hadn't even noticed them finish. Bloody hell. This was not good.

He shrugged out of the Invisibility Cloak and spelled himself clean. He glanced at where Potter was sitting, still invisible, and without saying a word, he turned and rushed out of the classroom. As exits went, it wasn't high on the suaveness scale, but Draco couldn't bring himself to care.

It wasn't until he was safely tucked in bed that he realized the full enormity of what had happened. And belatedly, he realized he didn't know if Potter was going to be back the next

night.

Even more belatedly, he noticed that he'd wondered if Potter would be back, not if the girls would be back. Groaning, he rolled over and punched his pillow. Something was not right. Draco wished he'd eaten a muffin lately, because that could have explained it.

~o0o~

Draco spent the next day on tenterhooks. Not that he was certain what tenterhooks were. But they sounded like a painful and unpleasant thing on which to be, and Draco was certainly feeling unpleasant.

He managed to avoid Potter all day. It wasn't easy and it involved a lot of peeking around corners like a secret agent, but that couldn't be helped. He hoped he looked rakish and vaguely dangerous and not at all like a schizophrenic.

Draco spent the entire day cursing Potter's Invisibility Cloak. Potter could easily show up outside the classroom and wait to see if Draco arrived. Draco couldn't have the same advantage. It irked him. He even went so far as to explore the hall outside the classroom to see if there was a place he could hide. No luck.

Of course not. Fate was not on his side. But for some reason, he went to the classroom that night, looking for the girls, he told himself. Not Potter. Potter could go jump in the lake for all Draco cared. He was just hoping Pansy and Ginny would be back.

Really.

When he got to the classroom, though, it was empty. Well, he couldn't see anyone. He looked around, squinting as if it could help him see invisible people. "Potter?" he hissed. "So help

me, if you're lurking around here and not telling me, I'll… I'll…"

"What? Squint at me to death?"

Draco managed not to wet himself, but it was a close thing. "Potter! What are you doing sneaking up on people? You could have given me a heart attack! What's wrong with appearing out of thin air in front of someone rather than behind them?"

Potter grinned. "The reactions are funnier if I sneak up from behind."

"Has anyone ever told you that you're completely perverse and wholly unpleasant?"

Potter looked crestfallen for a moment, damn him, but recovered nicely. "No, but I imagine people say that to you quite frequently."

Draco was, in fact, quoting verbatim from something that one of his former tutors had said about him, but he certainly wouldn't have admitted it. "Where are the girls?" he asked, deftly changing the subject.

Potter shrugged. "I didn't hear if they would be here tonight or not." He colored slightly, thankfully not mentioning the reason why they hadn't heard any of the girls' parting discussions the night before.

"But I brought something to keep us occupied while we wait, if you're interested," Potter continued. He reached under his Cloak and pulled out a bottle of Firewhisky.

Draco whistled through his teeth, impressed despite himself. "Who are you and what have you done with Harry Potter?"

Potter chuckled and walked over to their chairs by the wall, waiting for Draco to arrange himself before he threw the Cloak over them both. “It was a gift from Seamus. He seems to think that I’m devastated over this whole Ginny affair. Most people reckoned that I’d end up married to her.”

Draco looked at him askance. Most people had assumed that he would marry Pansy someday. If no one else had come along, he probably would have, but he wasn’t upset that she was no longer on the marriage mart.

However, he had been so busy being glad that he hadn’t eaten the Bonding Muffin, he hadn’t spared a thought for Ginny Weasley and her plans for the future. A future that had apparently involved Potter.

“I didn’t know you two were…” He waved his hand, searching for the right term.

“We weren’t. People just assumed. I mean, I spend all my holidays with the Weasleys. Ron’s my best mate, and practically like my brother already. And Ginny… Well, she used to fancy me a bit, from what I’m told.”

“So this whole lesbian muffin debacle has shot that straight to hell, hasn’t it?”

“To be honest, I never felt that way about Ginny. I like her, but she’s just a friend. I hope she and Pansy will be happy.”

“They certainly looked happy last night,” Draco said, smirking.

Potter laughed and uncorked the Firewhisky bottle. He took a large swig and passed it to Draco, shuddering a bit. Draco looked at the mouth of the bottle, wondering if Potter could possibly have a communicable disease, but his desire for alcohol won out over his fear of Potter contagions and he took a drink.

They passed the bottle back and forth, mostly in silence, but occasionally making a comment about how they hoped the girls would arrive soon. However, after about an hour, it seemed pretty likely that Pansy and Ginny had either decided to meet elsewhere or were taking the night off.

Draco sighed. The Firewhisky bottle was half empty and Draco was feeling pleasantly mellow. Not drunk, but merely muzzy and less angry at fate than usual.

“I don’t think they’re coming,” Potter said, finally.

“Which means we won’t be either.”

To Draco’s surprise, Potter waved his hand dismissively and said, “If you’re feeling the need, be my guest. Just let me have the bottle back.”

Draco goggled at him. Potter wanted him to have a wank? Here? Now? Potter saw him staring and his cheeks flushed. “Not that I want you to or anything! Just… We already did once, so what’s the harm?”

He thought about that. What was the harm? Not like Potter hadn’t already seen it. For some reason, he was suddenly very, very hard, even without any visual stimulation. He glanced at Potter and saw that the front of his trousers was tented as well.

Maybe Firewhisky was an aphrodisiac. Maybe Potter was some kind of sexual predator. Who knew? All Draco knew was that he was suddenly very interested in wanking. And he wasn’t sure what made him say it, but the words tumbled out before he could prevent them.

“I will if you will.”

Potter, being a good Gryffindor, naturally couldn't back down from such a challenge. "Fine."

He pushed the Cloak off, and Draco panicked a bit, looking around. "What're you doing?"

Potter shrugged. "There's no one here. I doubt Ginny and Pansy will be coming here this late. And I'm not going to sit right next to you if I don't have to." With that, he got up and sat in a chair across from Draco.

Draco's heart started thundering when he realized that Potter hadn't moved very far away and he was still looking at Draco. So that's how they were going to do it.

Draco's cock was just as hard as it had been when he'd been watching the girls, and he started wondering if he had a heretofore undiscovered voyeurism kink so strong that it didn't matter who he was watching, from lesbians to Harry Potter.

Maybe if he'd had less to drink, he would have worried about it, but with the alcohol buzzing in his head, it seemed like a simply delightful idea to sit three feet away from his arch nemesis and whip out his prick and start tossing off. Maybe he had an exhibitionism kink too. Although, Potter started wanking then, and Draco decided that it didn't matter.

It would have been terribly rude not to join in, so Draco unzipped his trousers, trying not to stare at Potter's cock. For some reason, it was difficult to do, so he gave in. He stroked himself, slowly at first, watching Potter fist his cock.

He was pleased to note that he hadn't been wrong in his earlier assessment that they were about the same size. It would have been humiliating if Potter had outstripped him in that area.

As he watched, Potter bit his lower lip and made a little sort-of sigh. Draco's cock throbbed in response and he stroked harder. He was trying not to think too much about what was

happening. This was just a new and interesting way to get off. Nothing to make a big deal over.

With the tension stretched to the breaking point, neither of them lasted particularly long. Draco was fine with that, since he wasn't keen to spend any more time knocking one off in Potter's presence than he had to. Besides, Potter came first, which was good for Draco's macho image.

And the image of Potter stroking himself and shooting off onto his own thigh was in no way the reason that Draco followed immediately afterward. Not in the least.

The whole thing was sort of surreal, and clearly induced by residual lesbian excitement and it should have been the sort of one-off (or two-off, as was perhaps more accurate) that was done and then never talked about again.

But for some reason when Potter wiped the spunk off his hand onto his trousers and looked at Draco with that calm, implacable look on his face and said, "Same time tomorrow?" Draco found himself agreeing.

Potter held up the bottle of Firewhisky and said, "Let's finish this off tomorrow, yeah?"

"Looking forward to it," Draco said, and then immediately kicked himself. "The Firewhisky, I mean. Looking forward to that. And hopefully the girls will be back."

Potter blushed again. "Right. Hopefully." And with that, he scurried out of the classroom. Draco shook his head. Potter was clearly a pervert. He wandered back to the Slytherin dungeon, wondering how much the Daily Prophet would pay for the story that Potter was into voyeurism and mutual masturbation. What a freak.

~o0o~

When Draco arrived at the classroom the following night, he managed not to panic when an invisible Potter grabbed his arm outside the door. At least not completely. “The girls are in there,” Potter’s voice hissed near his ear.

Draco was in no way disappointed by that news. Not in the least. Potter draped the Invisibility Cloak around both of them and shuffled them into place. Being so close to Potter was doing strange things to Draco’s hormones. All he could hear was Potter’s breathing in his ear and he could smell him.

Not that he smelled bad or anything. Sort of like soap. And something else. Draco shook his head and pretended fervently that the reason his cock was hard was because Pansy had Ginny’s skirt flipped up and was rooting around down there like she’d lost one of her prized possessions. Which was sort of disturbing when he thought too hard on it.

Luckily Potter distracted him by brushing his thigh against Draco’s. Draco looked over at him. Potter was blushing, but Draco couldn’t tell if he’d done it on purpose or not.

“What is it, Potter?” he whispered.

Potter held out the Firewhisky bottle and Draco felt vastly relieved. Yes. Getting drunk was precisely what Draco needed. He grabbed the bottle and took several long pulls in quick succession, which went directly to his head.

There. That was better. It was already seeming much less disturbing to be sitting next to Potter with a hard-on. He watched with amusement as Potter did the same thing. Apparently the Boy Who Lived wasn’t unmoved by Draco’s presence. How nice to know.

Pansy was still eagerly fondling. The Weaslette had her head thrown back and she was making noises like a dying mule. Potter shifted restlessly next to him. “Have you ever done that?” he

asked Draco, rather suddenly.

“What? Pawed a Weasley? Thank you, no.”

Potter rolled his eyes and took another drink. “No, I mean… Touched a girl. Like that.”

Draco motioned for the bottle. If they were going to play confessional, Draco needed to be more pissed than he currently was. “Have you?” he returned.

“I asked you first,” Potter said, taking the bottle back and drinking again.

Draco sighed at Potter’s immaturity. “Fine. No. But I bet you haven’t, either.”

Potter shook his head. “No. What about the other way?”

“Are you asking if I’ve ever gotten a handjob?”

“Yeah.”

Draco sighed. Pansy had offered, of course, but there’d always been those problems. Like the garlic breath. And the timing had just never been right. One of the issues with living in a school where you shared a room with several other boys was that it was quite difficult to sneak a girl into your room.

And privacy was hard to find anywhere else. Unless you slipped away in the middle of the night to an abandoned classroom somewhere, and it had never seemed worth the potential trouble just to get a handjob.

Now to watch girls get off with each other, it was worth it. It was also worth it to toss off with Potter. Draco mentally slapped himself. He'd had too much to drink if he was having that disturbing thought.

"Well?" Potter prompted.

Draco realized he hadn't answered the question. "No. But not because no one wanted to. Pansy wanted to. A lot."

"Sure."

"She did! But a person can't get any privacy around here! What was I supposed to do? Sneak her into my room and let her grab my prick while Crabbe and Goyle watched?"

Potter smiled a bit. "Good point. That would put anyone off. And if it makes you feel better, I haven't either."

"Oh, like I need your commiseration! At least I have a girlfriend. Or… I did until this happened."

Thankfully Potter didn't say anything sympathetic, or Draco would have had to hex him. He did say, rather wistfully, "I bet it feels good."

"How much better could it feel than your own hand? I mean a hand's a hand, right?"

"Well, yeah. True. But why would people do it if it wasn't better than your own hand?"

“Doesn’t matter,” Draco said, suspecting that the alcohol was making him feel a bit maudlin. “My girlfriend has a girlfriend now. And I’m reduced to huddling under and Invisibility Cloak, whispering like a girl with my arch nemesis.”

Potter raised his eyebrow. “You think you’re my arch nemesis?”

“Naturally. I am, aren’t I?”

“Voldemort is my arch nemesis, you great prat. You’re just an annoying tosser with a big mouth. I don’t even hate you any more.”

Draco was extremely affronted. “You take that back!” he hissed.

“What if I won’t?”

That was the moment when things got even stranger. Events had been steadily moving from unusual to odd to not-of-the-norm to downright bizarre since Pansy had handed him that muffin, but Potter leaning over and placing his hand directly on Draco’s erection was off-the-charts bug-shagging crazy.

The worst part was the Potter had been absolutely correct, damn him. Having someone else put their hand on your cock was nothing at all like doing it yourself. As evidenced by the fact that Draco arched up off the chair and hissed through his teeth loudly enough that Ginny Weasley lifted her head out of Pansy’s crotch and whispered, “Did you hear something?”

Potter clapped his free hand over Draco’s mouth, an indignity that Draco wasn’t going to suffer easily. He opened his mouth, intending to attempt to bite Potter, but somehow ended up licking his palm instead.

Potter’s eyes rolled back in his head in a way that made Draco want to lick him again. So he

did. And Potter responded by squeezing Draco's cock through his trousers, which made Draco arch again. It was a whole chain reaction of licking and squeezing and arching, and for some reason Draco was far more concerned with making sure that the nearby lesbians didn't overhear, and thus disturb, them, rather than watching said lesbians.

The only thing that Draco could see was Potter's eyes, which were locked on his own. They were both breathing like they'd just run a race, and Potter's hand was still clamped over Draco's mouth.

He wasn't sure what prompted him to do it. Maybe just an innate sense of fair play, which Slytherins weren't supposed to have, but Draco moved his hand and pressed it to Potter's crotch.

It was sort of incredible. Potter's eyes got impossibly wide and he was breathing out through his nose in sharp bursts. Draco could feel his cock through his trousers and it felt so much like his own and yet so much not. It was strange and foreign and familiar and he squeezed it and Potter made a strangled kind of gasp and squeezed Draco back.

"I thought I heard something, too," Pansy said, startling Draco. "Let's get out of here. What if it's Filch?"

"Ew!" Ginny said. "Fine. Let's finish this somewhere else." Straightening their clothing, they slipped out the door.

Potter waited approximately one second after the door latched before he removed his hand from Draco's face and replaced it with his mouth. Draco barely had time to register that it was Harry Potter kissing him before there was a hand in his hair and the other hand was rubbing his cock harder and he didn't care at all who it was because it all felt so bloody good.

He moaned into Potter's mouth in a completely humiliating way, but it didn't matter because Potter was moaning too and pressing his cock into Draco's hand like he couldn't get enough.

And it wasn't enough. Not by half. So Draco broke the kiss, grabbed Potter's shoulders and gave him a heave. He landed on the floor, sprawled in a completely ungainly fashion, and for a moment, he looked completely dejected. Draco realized that he must have thought that Draco was repulsed or was rejecting him somehow.

It gave Draco pause. He realized that this was his out. He could easily leap up and break for the door and this whole muffin-induced charade would be over and done with and Draco could move on.

But move on to what? It wasn't as if he had anything better to do. His girlfriend was shagging a Weasley, that whole Voldemort issue was looming, his father was in jail, his mother was on an extended holiday to avoid consorting with the aforementioned noseless freak, and having Harry sodding Potter put his hand on Draco's cock was the most exciting thing that had happened to him in years. Maybe ever.

So he did what was really the only logical thing. He slid off the chair and climbed onto Potter, capturing his mouth for a kiss and rutting against him like some sort of slavering beast. After all, it wasn't as if he had anything better to do.

Then Potter seemed to get with the program and he was pushing his hips up against Draco's and sliding his tongue into Draco's mouth and everything was very, very clear. Fate was the veriest bitch, and clearly Draco's fate was to end up here, on the floor of an unused classroom, engaged in some very exciting frottage with his ex-mortal enemy with nary a muffin in sight.

And as Potter – Harry – stuck his hand into Draco's pants, Draco realized that fighting one's fate is reasonably pointless. The best course of action is always to go with the flow, wherever it takes you.

Although it would be a cold day in Hell before Draco ever ate a muffin again. He had no desire to become the first Malfoy in centuries with a paunch, after all. Besides, if Harry kept doing that thing with his tongue, he'd never have to resort to tainted baked goods to keep Draco. The tongue thing would more than suffice.

~fin