Prompt Number: #125

Title: Harry Potter’s Kissing Booth

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Pairing(s): Harry/Draco (Ron/Hermione, Ginny/Oliver Wood)

Summary: From the prompt: Harry always enjoyed the taste of the people he kisses but he has never felt the spark the others describe. After the war there is a party at Hogwarts and he gets drunk, pushes someone he finds pretty against a wall and voila! An electrical current. Next morning he can't remember who that person is, but MUST find him or her again.

Rating: NC-17

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Warning(s): (Semi)-Public sex (as in no one’s watching), hand jobs, frotting, slight crack, drunken canoodling

Epilogue compliant? HBP-compliant, but otherwise it’s definitely a seventh year AU

Word Count: ~6,000

Author's Notes: Hope you enjoy, you lovely prompter, you! I tried to write what you asked, but it might’ve turned into a bit more of a humor piece than anything else. Also, extra NC-17 goodness that you didn’t necessarily ask for, but didn’t NOT ask for, so here you are!

The moonlight kissed the water lapping gently at Harry’s stomach as he waded deeper into the lagoon, away from the music and laughter and merriment of the lakeside party. His head buzzed pleasantly, almost too pleasantly. As he took a big breath and lifted his arms above him, reaching up toward the stars, tee shirt clinging to his skin, he knew he was hopelessly drunk.

He hiccupped.

Harry’s hands dropped, smacking the water loudly, and he giggled silently. He’d forgotten to take off his

trainers!

Looking over his shoulder at the orange flames on the dark sand, he watched the surviving seventh and sixth years dance and play instruments and drink and eat and kiss and laugh and cry. Ron and Hermione stood at the shoreline snogging as the tide rushed past their feet. Harry sighed. Despite the warmth flowing through his veins, he felt alone.

Alive, for all his greatest fears were gone forever.

But alone.

Someone ran into the shallows, splashing Harry's mates as he shed his shirt and dove in, resurfacing to swim toward Harry in a perfect freestyle. Harry sank low so only his nose and eyes rested above the water, watching his new companion swim past him to stand, hair slick and water rushing down his slippery back as he looked up at the moon.

"I'm alive," he said, and Harry hiccupped.

Harry hadn't expected this, of course, and stood immediately, coughing and snorting from the water he'd just inhaled. His once oblivious companion turned and looked at him, snickering when Harry finally got control of his lungs.

"You all right?" he asked, peering at Harry through the darkness.

"I'm alive, too," Harry said, dumbly.

The bloke laughed at him.

"And I'm getting cold," Harry added absently as he turned and looked around, searching for a place to

perch and dry off. There were a couple of big rocks over yonder—

“Scottish lake water isn’t the best for a good wade.” He walked slowly over to Harry, arms held outstretched above the water in a funny imitation of a chicken, and Harry giggled again, hiccupping. “You’re drunk. You shouldn’t be swimming—you might drown.”

“Psh,” Harry muttered. “Everyone’s drunk. You’re probably drunk. But that’s okay, ‘cause drunking is fun.” The other bloke paused, and Harry could tell that he was smirking. That was a familiar smirk. And that pointy chin. “What?” Harry asked absently as the other bloke cocked his head to the side, apparently surprised.

“Potter.”

“Yes, Potter is cold. You should help warm him up,” Harry said, and reached for the other bloke’s hand—elbow—er, arm. Harry’s new friend offered up some excuses and filler words but Harry just didn’t listen, dragging him over to the nearest boulder and pushing him gently against it. “Unless you’re…”

“Uhm,” the bloke said. “No, it’s…”

“Good!” Harry exclaimed, and hiccupped around a sigh. He leaned against the other bloke, snuggling into his warm chest, tilting his face in invitation…

…and stepping on his foot with his trainer.

“S-sorry,” Harry murmured, as the other hissed, standing up a little straighter in the water and wrapping his thin hands around Harry’s hips to steady himself. Harry shivered at the slippery, skin-to-skin contact under his tee shirt, and looked down, feeling stupid. One hand left his hip to cup Harry’s jaw, and Harry was forced to look up again, although his glasses were splotchy and he couldn’t quite see his pretty new friend that loomed several inches above him.

“I’m glad you’re alive, Harry,” he whispered and lowered his face as Harry’s heart sped into a frenzy, nose brushing Harry’s before he—

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“Oi! Harryyyyyyyyyy!”

Harry was startled into consciousness when someone leapt onto his bed, causing Harry to knock against the headboard; when yet another jostle followed, ramming his skull into the oak wood again.

“Morning, sunshine!” Hermione said around a smile, kissing Harry on the cheek and resting her bushy head on one side of his pillow while Ron stuck an elbow in the other side, leaning in the palm of his hand. Harry rubbed his head and whimpered.

“Bet he’s completely hung over,” Ron muttered, nudging Harry’s blanket-covered foot with the toe of his trainer. “Hey, Harry! D’you remember anything from last night?” he asked loudly.

“I’ll kill you both,” Harry whined, and tried burrowing under the covers.

“No you won’t; your head would hurt too much.”

“My head feels like someone emptied it out and filled it with wet sand,” said Harry.

“Poor Harrykins,” Hermione snickered, and pulled his covers away gently. Harry squinted up at his best friends and tried to remember anything that had happened the night prior. He remembered fire, roasted pork, dancing, Firewhisky, water, soggy trainers and… pruney hands gripping at his waist? Snogging? The taste of honey?

“I’m so confused,” he moaned.

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Harry tried not to think too much about his predicament all throughout breakfast, and even made it through lunch without so much as a word (although he hadn’t said anything all day, so there wasn’t much to censor). But, when he and his friends sat down to dinner after a terribly long afternoon of reading on Hermione’s part, lazing about on Ron’s part, and brooding deeply on Harry’s part, Harry took one look at his plate of chicken and Brussels sprouts and blurted out:

“So, I didn’t tell you anything else other than ‘I had a right good snog in the lake’ when you were dragging me back to Gryffindor Tower?”

“Actually, I think the exact words were: ‘I had a right good log in the snake,’ but Hermione figured it out. I was too busy laughing my arse off.” Ron poked at a sponge cake that seemed to act more like jelly than cake. It wobbled precariously.

“Hello all!” Ginny exclaimed, sitting down next to Harry and ruffling his hair before filling her plate with goodies.

“Where’ve you been?” Ron muttered, eyes narrowing suspiciously.

“With Oliver Wood. He’s staying at Hogwarts for the summer to help with reparations.”

“Ginny?” Hermione asked, and there seemed to be several moments where the two girls exchanged facial expressions before Hermione asked another question. “When…?”

Ginny nodded and said, “Exactly,” before spooning a bit of pudding into her mouth.

No wonder I never survived as a boyfriend to Ginny, Harry thought, chewing thoughtfully on a bit of pie. He remembered loving Ginny's kisses, demanding but sweet, and the taste of her strawberry lip-gloss. He remembered running his hands down her sides and wondering why he found her curves too soft. And, from the demonstration between she and Hermione, communicating with women in general required talent that Harry obviously hadn't cultivated.

"You wouldn't tell us who it was, Harry," Hermione sighed, continuing as if the conversation had never dissolved into a combination of strange telepathy girl-talk and introspection. "We tried to get it out of you, but you were tight lipped about it."

"Merlin's pants, Harry! Have you been snogging someone? Who?"

"I don't even think he knew who the bloke was," Ron said to Ginny, grinning when Hermione shook her head vehemently. Ginny watched the conversation avidly, apparently unfazed by this turn of events.

Ron poked at the sponge cake again, and Hermione slapped his hand away, dividing the cake into thirds and fighting over the biggest piece with her boyfriend. "Harry wouldn't just snog anyone, Rona—"

"Wait," Harry interrupted.

Hermione and Ron paused in their sponge skirmish and Ginny looked at him, questioning, concerned looks on their faces.

"I snogged a bloke?"

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After everyone had retired to bed for the night, Harry, Ron, Ginny and Hermione sat in front of the fireplace in the Gryffindor common room, brainstorming on what to do. Harry hadn't even mentioned that he wanted—and oh, he did—to find this mystery snogger, but Hermione and Ginny had taken it

upon themselves to solve the case (probably because of their own insatiable curiosity). Girls were weird like that.

“Well, I think we can go about this in a very efficient way, especially since you seem so keen to know who it was, Harry,” Ginny said, pondering Hermione’s notes.

Hermione tapped at her lips with a finger before smiling mischievously. “And I don’t blame you—that look on your face when you came back to shore…”

“Hermione,” Ron interjected. “He was drunk off his arse!”

Ginny rolled her eyes. “There is a difference, Ron.”

Harry sighed, having ignored most everything they’d said in the past couple of minutes.

“What do you suggest I do, Hermione, since I can’t remember a single thing?”

“You can’t remember anything, Harry?” Ginny prodded. “Nothing at all?”

“Well, there is… one thing.” Harry shrugged half-heartedly.

“What?” Ron asked.

“They—”

“He, Harry.”

Harry shot Hermione a glare before continuing, "—tasted like honey."

"I think I might vomit," Ron exclaimed, running a hand over his face with exasperation, although Harry couldn't see what he had to complain about. Ron didn't have a splitting headache or an identity crisis to deal with.

Hermione seemed to have an idea. Harry could see that slightly manic look in her eye. "This is promising," she whispered, finally.

"So, what? Are we going to line everyone up and have Harry snog them senseless or something?" Ginny smirked, ignoring the faux-retching her brother was doing on the other side of Hermione.

"Hermione, this is just not on," Ron said finally.

"Don't be silly, Ron. We can weed out the people who didn't eat anything with honey in it during the party."

Ron frowned and said, "Oh, I see," not seeing anything at all.

"Then we'll have Harry snog them," Ginny exclaimed.

Ron groaned and flopped back against the back of the sofa, causing a couple sixth-years to jump and protest at the loud noise.

"After all, tactile memory is so much more vivid… What, Ronald?" Hermione arched a thin eyebrow at Ron, who was pointing a finger in the air, apparently about to say something brilliant.

“Ah, but Hermione, how d’you know that anyone else remembers the party last night, hmm?”

“Yes, well, Harry is so obviously a teetotaller, so I expect loads of people could remember at least a little more from last night,” Hermione said, drawing out a sheaf of parchment and conjuring a quill. “Now, what was on the menu, last night?”

Ron and Hermione bent over the paper, mumbling and arguing over names and specifics of the hors d’oeuvres, completely unaware of Harry’s inner turmoil.

“I can’t believe it was a bloke,” Harry said finally, staring blankly at the tapestry above the portrait hole.

Hermione tossed a phial of headache potion into Harry’s lap. “Harry, drink that and be quiet.”

“This will be such fun,” Ginny exclaimed, clapping her hands together. “And I thought all I’d have to do for the rest of the summer was listen to Oliver’s lovely accent.”

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“Hermione…” Ron’s eyes darted around as Hermione scribbled on another sheaf of parchment.

Hermione rolled her eyes and looked at her boyfriend pointedly.

“I think there are more people here than there were at the party,” he whispered loudly.

“It is rather odd. I wonder why so many showed up…”

Harry folded his arms as the four sat in high-backed chair behind a bright pink booth in the Entrance Hall.

“Oh, I don’t know, Hermione,” Harry snapped. “Maybe it’s because you spelled ‘HARRY POTTER’S KISSING BOOTH’ ACROSS THE TOP OF THIS STUPID THING!”

Hermione ignored him in favour of peering through the crowd. “Not all of these are men.”

“He had his shirt off, so he was clearly a bloke.”

Ginny sniggered. “Harry, are you suggesting that we coerce people into stripping?”

“Shut up, Gin. Just tell the birds to leave.”

Hermione crossed her arms in a huff, but Ginny was the one who stood, smiling and casting a Sonorus before clearing her throat. “WILL ALL THOSE WITH FEMALE GENITALIA PLEASE STEP OUT OF LINE? WE ARE LOOKING FOR DIFFERENT TALENT.”

With a challenging look in Harry’s direction, Ginny sat back down and scooted next to Hermione who’d conjured another notepad—really, what was it with her and conjuring paper? There had to be several hundred trees in a forest somewhere weepi—

“Let’s begin!” Hermione yelled. “Those who had the honeyed mead, honey-cured ham…

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“Oh, honestly.”

Ron sniggered as yet another star struck boy (a little too young, but still very… enthusiastic) sagged his shoulders and shuffled away, head hung low. This interviewee had expounded on his favourite past-time of brushing his teeth with honey-flavoured toothpaste, including a long-winded tale about special-ordering it from France in which he’d rehashed a conversation with his mother about the

complications of international owls, before Hermione had cut him off and asked him what brand he used.

Her parents were dentists, after all.

He'd burst into tears when she informed him that, no, Dentiplease did not manufacture in France and had only three flavours, thank you very much, none of which were honey.

Harry felt kind of bad at first, but when the fourth year had flung himself over the table, he'd felt it necessary to give the poor kid a good hex.

"Next," Ron called out gleefully, obviously enjoying himself, as Hermione rubbed her temples and Harry slumped back in his chair, head lolling to the side so he could look out the Grand Entrance and onto the lawn. He could be flying, right now.

"Look, I haven't got a stupid story to tell you that involves anything with honey, but I just wanted Harry to know…"

Harry looked up, folding his arms and focusing on the leering brunet who stood at the front of the line.

"…that I have a big penis, and he can call me whenever he likes."

Hermione screeched and threw her quill at the bloke, who tossed Harry a card with his name and address on it. Frowning, Harry silently pushed the card away, face flaming.

Ginny, however, was guffawing with laughter, and the similarities between she and her brother were so glaringly obvious in that moment that Harry wondered why he'd ever—EVER—wanted to date her. "I didn't realize that Hufflepuffs were so..."

“Crude. Crude is the word you are looking for,” Hermione sniffed.

“Sure, Hermione,” Ron sniggered.

“He still doesn’t beat Mister-I-rubbed-honey-all-over-myself-and-let-Harry-lick-it-off,” Ginny laughed.

Hermione smiled despite herself.

“This is boring,” Harry sighed.

The next person approached, but Harry turned his head away again, only to see Draco Malfoy walking swiftly toward the exit with a pile of books in his hand. A shout caused the blond to jump a foot in the air before his tower of books clattered to the floor, which Harry belatedly realized had been his own voice.

Seeing his chance to flee, Harry jogged over to Malfoy, whose head whipped around to check if anyone had seen him trip over himself and ended up staring directly at the cause of his current misfortune. “Hey, Malfoy,” Harry said.

Malfoy stood ramrod straight, face contorting into a familiar sneer as he folded his arms tightly across his chest. “Potter. How unpleasant to see you on this fine Sunday morning.”

“Yeah, ah… Where were you off to in such a hurry?”

“I was trying – Potter – to get away from this crowd, but you made me trip.”

“Smuggling contraband out of Hogwarts, Malfoy?” Harry growled, defences up.

“Indeed, Mr. Saviour. I was planning world domination with all these Arithmancy and Herbology books. Fuck. You.”

Malfoy knelt down and stacked all the books into a tower again, and Harry watched as he struggled to stand with a good hold on his belongings. Someone from the crowd shrieked and ran past the two of them, weeping hysterically and bumping into Malfoy, which caused the top two books to come toppling down again.

Harry caught them both while Malfoy cursed fluently. “What the fuck is this crowd all about anyway? Aren’t they supposed to be helping reparations or something?”

“Uhm, actually…” Harry pointed to the pink booth where Ginny, Hermione and Ron were now interviewing what looked like a mountain troll, juxtaposed against the gaudy pink banner: ‘HARRY POTTER’S KISSING BOOTH.’ Harry turned back to Malfoy, trying to smile without twitching. It seemed Malfoy had gone rather pale, too.

He’d gone completely still, actually, knuckles an unnatural white as he gripped his stack of books. His eyes were wide and his jaw was clenched shut, as if he were reliving a nightmare.

Harry frowned. “What?”

Malfoy seemed to snap out of it in a moment, shaking his head a little and shrugging (much to Harry’s amusement) before his eyes darted to Harry’s lips. “Of course this would be your bloody fault,” Malfoy finally muttered, apparently back to his ordinary, polished self, and snatched a book from Harry’s grasp, struggling to put it back on the tower without disaster.

“D’you need help with that? ‘Cause I’ve got nothing important to do. In fact…” Malfoy cocked an eyebrow at Harry. “What?”

“Such a conversationalist. Aren’t you a rather important part of the activities over there?”

Harry jiggled the weighty text in his hand and shrugged. “My friends have got it covered, I’m sure. Hermione and Ginny have been running the thing the whole time anyway.”

Malfoy snorted, and Harry vaguely wondered what was so funny, before he found four heavy tomes shoved into his arms.

“Why, thank you, Potter. Such a gentleman—it’s surprising really. Who would’ve thought a Neanderthal could be so well trained? Although, you’re still lacking in basic human vocabulary.”

“Stuff it, Malfoy,” Harry said absently while rearranging the books in his hands. “Where to, then?”

“The pitch. I like to do a bit of light reading out there when it’s sunny. I guess you could tag along… as long as you can keep your trap shut.”

“Talk about the epitome of gentlemanly charm,” Harry grumbled.

“I am, thank you!”

They strolled out along the lawn—or rather Harry trailed along behind Malfoy, who strutted like he owned the place (unsurprising, really). When they reached the pitch, Malfoy stopped, placing his hands on his waist and breathing deeply.

“Ah,” he sighed, choosing to ignore the shaking of Harry’s arms.

“Can I levitate these?”

“I was wondering when you were going to ask that,” Malfoy said airily.

“Well?”

“No. The spell work fudges the preservation spells.” He looked across the pitch. “I’d like to go over there, today.”

“Yes, your majesty,” Harry mouthed, and followed him to the other side of the pitch to a nice patch of cushiony grass, which Malfoy spelled dry and set about lying in.

“Put them here,” he commanded, and Harry wondered briefly why the fuck he was planning on hanging out with Malfoy this afternoon. They’d settled their differences and all, but this was a little overboard, and Malfoy was acting a bit like he’d overdosed on Pepper-Up. But, then he remembered what Hermione, Ron and Ginny were doing indoors and placed the books down and joined Malfoy in the grass. At a suitably distant distance, of course. And anyway, anything was better than getting offerings of creepy, honey-involved sex with creepy, underage boys.

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They sat, Malfoy avidly reading what was surely an extremely boring text, and Harry lying about contemplating the few things he could remember about last night, with a bit of Malfoy-watching thrown in. He had this expression on his face, full of deep concentration, and he turned the pages quickly as he nibbled on his lower lip. It was startlingly pink.

Harry shook his head and looked up at the clear blue sky, marvelling at the beautiful change in weather since Voldemort’s defeat. Somehow, though, with the rustle of a page turning, Harry found himself looking over at Malfoy again.

“This is weird,” he said.

Malfoy jolted, blushing when Harry sniggered. “What is it, Potter?” he asked.

“This…” He gestured between them. “It’s weird.”

“You know,” Malfoy began, eyes wide. “You are just so smart. How ever did you come to a conclusion like that?”

Harry rolled his eyes, looking over at the goal posts one hundred metres away. “Remember second year when we fought over the Snitch?”

“How could I forget?” He scowled. “I had a bruise on my tailbone for weeks! And anyway, remember the next year when you fainted in mid-air?”

Harry rolled over onto his stomach, leaning up on his elbows and picking at the grass while Malfoy laughed to himself, reminiscing. “You were dressed up as a Dementor, you great tosser!” Harry growled.

“And it was brilliant!” Malfoy sighed, cupping his face in one hand as he held his page in the boring book he was reading.

“What about fifth year, eh? When I nearly beat you to a pulp?”

“Nearly, Potter, doesn’t mean you did. And anyway, I got a good repayment when you were suspended for the rest of the season.”

“This year we didn’t have any screw-ups,” Harry said lightly, choosing to ignore their sixth year. Malfoy got the hint.

“Yes, well,” he mumbled, frowning. “You had a Dark Lord to conquer, and I wasn’t about to stop you.”

Harry turned to Malfoy, hearing the strangeness in his voice. Suddenly Malfoy was quite nearer than Harry'd calculated when rolling over in the grass. Their faces were so close; Harry felt a knot forming in his belly with the discomfort and… something else. He looked at Malfoy. Just looked. And found something there in his eyes that hadn't been there before—or at least, he'd never been close enough to see it.

So close, he thought, feeling so many things that he'd never associated with his rival before.

Before he could think about it, he was leaning into Malfoy, and Malfoy didn't seem to want to turn away. He moved closer. Almost, almost, so their breaths were mingling in the small space between them.

Then Malfoy turned away, eyes cast downward as Harry still hovered close, feeling weirdly disappointed.

"I'm feeling a bit peckish," Malfoy muttered, blushing. He sat up to kneel in the grass as he reached into a pocket and pulled out a couple waxy-looking tubes, filled with golden, bubbly liquid. "Want one? It's Honeyduke's specialty."

He held out a hand and Harry took the sweet. Malfoy pinched the top, popped it into his mouth and closed his eyes happily, flopping back into the grass as he sucked on the plastic tubing.

"How do you get it open?" Harry puzzled.

"You aren't going to ask what's in it first?" he sneered.

"I was going to—"

"It's honey," he said, sucking at the top of the little tube as he squeezed it with his fingers, his lips wet. "Honeyduke's Honey Sticks." Malfoy pulled the end from his mouth with a quiet pop, and a small dot of

honey stubbornly stuck to his bottom lip.

Harry swallowed. “You…”

Malfoy rolled his eyes. “You’d think with how many times I’ve insulted your conversational skills… What is it?” he snapped, finally, brow creasing as Harry stared at him.

Harry slid closer in the grass, turning his body so he leaned on one forearm, torso tilted toward Malfoy. He couldn’t think of the end of his sentence anymore, and so he decided, fuck it, why not try again?

Harry dipped his head to capture Malfoy’s bottom lip between his, nerves exploding with the taste of honey on the tip of his tongue. Malfoy sucked in a breath and seemed to hold it while Harry did his best to clean him up. Harry’s eyes fluttered closed and he pressed his lips against Malfoy’s fully, even after the honey was gone. And, even without any response, it was perfect. Perfect, perfect, perfect, because he’d figured everything out and he wouldn’t have to look any further than Malfoy’s perfect, perfect, perfect lips because this was it. Malfoy was it.

He pulled away only a little, eyes still closed, and murmured, “You had some honey on your lip.” As if it was an excuse.

Malfoy exhaled shakily, and Harry looked up at him, waiting.

The only response he got, though, was a pair of insistent lips pressed against his. Harry readily replied, boldly tracing his tongue over the seam of Malfoy’s mouth. Malfoy gasped and slipped his tongue against Harry’s, his body against Harry’s. Harry barely had time to wonder how things had progressed like this before long fingers slipped into his hair, scraping across the nape of his neck. Harry jerked against Malfoy, stomach muscles clenching with want.

Malfoy chose to break away for a moment, puffing honey-scented breath across Harry’s face. Harry found himself smiling.

“You were at the bonfire last night.”

“Yeah,” Malfoy said, so very intelligently.

“You took a swim with me in the water,” Harry continued.

“Yes. Well, actually I didn’t know you were there until you dragged me through the water and had your way with me against a rock,” Malfoy said, smirking.

“I hope you realise this means I won’t let you get away easily.”

“That good, was I?”

Harry frowned, although his pulse jumped in his chest. “What? What did we do?”

Malfoy leaned forward and captured Harry’s lips again, temporarily distracting him.

“I’ll never find out, will I?” Harry muttered.

“Hmm, maybe someday. In the meantime, though, snogging you is surprisingly a lot more interesting than Arithmancy, so we should get back to that.”

Harry swallowed again, pressing closer to him and spreading his fingers against Malfoy’s hip. They kissed, and kissed, and kissed some more until, really, it was more like they were devouring each other. Malfoy whimpered and slid a leg over Harry’s hip, pressing his groin against him. Harry groaned in response, nipping along Malfoy’s smooth jaw until he reached the tender spot under his ear. He sucked and nipped and licked at that spot until Malfoy was writhing against him, making Harry want to do all sorts of dirty

things to him.

“Want,” Malfoy moaned quietly.

Harry worked at the button of Malfoy’s trousers and shoved his hand inside, wrapping his fingers around the rather sizeable erection he found.

“Oh, Merlin, Potter,” Malfoy said, searching out Harry’s mouth, and moving against Harry’s hand in his trousers.

Harry kissed Malfoy hard before removing his hand and unbuttoning his own baggy denims. Malfoy wasted no time in slipping a hand between their warm bodies and wrapping his fingers around their cocks.

“God!” Harry yelped, jerking again as Malfoy’s thumb teased his slit before wrapping back around both their pricks and sliding up and down, Harry quickly wrapping his hand around Malfoy’s for good measure.

“I’ve wanted to do this to you for so long,” Malfoy whispered.

Harry groaned again, tightening his fist around Malfoy’s as his thighs strained, as he tried to keep control. “Close,” he hissed.

Malfoy apparently agreed, because within thirty seconds he arched against Harry, mouth open in a silent moan, eyes closed in a blissful expression. One more tug was all it took for Harry, who gritted his teeth to hold back what would surely be an undignified whimper until Malfoy closed his lips around Harry’s pulse point, and Harry was crying out as he came and came into their entwined hands.

Nothing was said for a while, until Malfoy shifted, muttering something like, “Yuck,” as he pulled his hand

away from their spent cocks.

Harry muttered a localised Cleaning Charm, and jerked a little at the tingling sensation, prick still oversensitive, eyes still closed. “Well,” he said finally.

“Think we should stop Granger and the Weasels from foolishly trying to find your bonfire partner among the millions of rabid, stalker-fans in the Entrance Hall?” Malfoy murmured, zipping their trousers up and resting his hands against Harry’s chest.

“Mmm,” Harry hummed noncommittally. “Eventually.”

“Perhaps when you’ve become less paralyzed?” Malfoy sniggered.

“Perhaps,” Harry said. They were silent for a while, until Harry let out a short giggle. “I think we just did that in the middle of the field.”

Malfoy hummed. “I think the honey stick stuck to your shirt.”

“Gross.”

“Scourgify,” Malfoy said, skimming his wand across Harry’s shoulder. “That’s better.”

“Thanks.”

“Potter?”

“Hmm?”

“Do you think you’re going to abandon me for the summer after this? Because I won’t let you.”

“Do you think you could call me Harry instead of Potter?” Harry smiled, opening his eyes and grabbing a long-fingered hand to lace his fingers through.

Malfoy pulled his hand away, grimacing as he shook his fingers out. “Disgusting Gryffindor sentimentality. Are you the clingy type?”

“Says you who refused to let me ‘abandon’ you for the summer.”

“Shut it, Harry,” Malfoy muttered.

Harry laughed and leaned in for another kiss.

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“This is absolutely ridiculous. Were you—or were you not - at the bonfire last night?” Hermione snapped.

“Well,” a sixth year with auburn hair began, shuffling his feet. “I might have maybe taken a stroll by the lake. And Harry—he grabbed me and dragged me to his room and had his way with me.”

“Are you trying to irritate us?” Ginny growled.

“I still think this is hilarious,” Ron said, earning a smack on the head from his little sister. “What?”

Ginny folded her arms across her chest. “There have been nearly two-hundred creeps standing in line, elaborating on the many ways they defiled Harry with honey and you think this is hilarious?”

“First, it was Hermione’s idea—I was against it from the beginning. And second, their strategies are just so… unique!” Ron said. “You thought it was funny, too!”

Hermione and Ginny both huffed before dismissing the sixth year, not even bothering to ask whether he might have possibly maybe had honey the night before.

“I have a headache,” Hermione said finally, nibbling on her quill before consulting her notes. “Not one of these boys was possibly there and seducing Harry last night.”

“It’s because the only one who could possibly have seduced me was lounging around on the pitch with me this afternoon,” Harry said, startling the lot of them and causing quite a few jaws to drop open.

Ginny recovered first, folding her arms and smirking. “I see you’ve gotten over that identity crisis of yours.”

“Excuse me?” Ron asked dumbly.

“I snogged him last night,” Malfoy said, sneering at Ron when Harry wrapped an around about his shoulders. “Yes, that’s right, I SNOGGED HARRY POTTER LAST NIGHT, SO ALL OF YOU IMPOSTERS CAN CLEAR OUT!” he yelled.

Amongst the grumbling, and shuffling and a fair amount of weeping, Ron fainted.

“All that uproar for this,” Hermione said after taking one glance at her boyfriend and deciding to worry about more important things. She Banished the gaudy booth and put her notepad into her messenger bag, approaching Harry and Ma—Draco, Ginny following behind. “It’s just so anticlimactic. I should have

known!" Hermione said to Ginny.

"I agree. We should have started with him. It's so glaringly obvious," Ginny said.

Malfoy shifted in Harry's arms, fisting a bit of the hem Harry's tee shirt in a tight grip.

"Well, er… Draco and I are going to… "

"What was he eating that tasted like honey, then?" Ginny asked.

Malfoy smirked, reaching in his pocket and tossing them a couple Honey Sticks, but that smirk quickly slid off his face when he saw Hermione's expression. "What?" he snapped.

Hermione's face split into a wide grin, causing even Ginny and Harry to worry. Harry couldn't remember a time when she'd smiled that wide.

"We should go now before she explodes," Malfo—Draco whispered, pulling Harry along.

"This has been such a surreal day," Harry murmured, allowing Draco to pull him up the first couple steps. He heard Ginny mutter something several feet behind them.

"Is there something wrong, Hermione?"

Hermione seemed to collect herself, but couldn't keep the grin from her face.

"What is it?"

“Honeyduke’s Honey Sticks are imported, Ginny.”

“Uhm, okay,” Ginny said, wondering when she’d get to the point.

“Malfoy’s favourite sweets are Muggle-made.” She broke out into a fit of giggles.

Half-way up the stairs, Draco froze, and Harry just laughed silently, dragging him into another kiss while Ginny puttered around at the foot of the stairs, trying to revive her brother and return Hermione, who was chuckling to herself, to normal.

“You’re not going to leave me here with them, are you?” Ginny called up the stairs.

“Not a chance,” Harry yelled, and pulled Draco with him.

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“I’m glad you’re alive, Harry,” he whispered and tilted his face as Harry’s heart sped into a frenzy, nose brushing Harry’s before he closed the distance between them. Harry moaned, pushing back against Draco when those long fingers squeezed him around the hips.

“God, you’re so…” Harry slurred, and nibbled along Draco’s stubbly jaw line before biting lightly at his earlobe.

“Guh.”

“Mmhmm!” Harry smiled and tongued the soft flesh of his ear before returning to Draco’s mouth for

another kiss. “You taste like honey,” he murmured.

Draco ground against Harry, and soon they were panting heavily into each other’s faces, both probably wishing they were somewhere warmer and dryer, so things could be a little more effective. “Harry,” Draco whimpered around another kiss, and Harry took his hand above his head, pinning them against the smooth surface of the rock.

“Yeah?” he asked.

“Merlin, if you weren’t so drunk I’d ask you to fuck me,” Draco growled.

“Fuck, yes!” Harry thrust against him again, and soon he was coming hard against him. Draco shuddered moments later, fingers lacing with Harry’s as he leaned in for another kiss.

“That was good,” he said.

“You’re good,” Harry said, nuzzling Draco’s pointy nose.

“And you’re still drunk,” Draco replied.

“And you’re beautiful,” Harry returned nipping Draco’s neck.

“All right, Boy Hero.” Draco couldn’t hold back a giggle. “Stop it.”

“You know, you’re the only one who could ever call me that?”

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Harry woke with a jolt, feeling the warm, body he was spooning with shift against him under the sheets.

“Harry?” a gravelly voice whispered in the darkness of his four-poster bed.

Harry realized he was currently pressing an erection against Draco’s bare bum, remembering the dream he’d just woken from.

“Hmm, sorry. Just couldn’t get enough, apparently.”

Draco turned around in Harry’s arms. “Good dream? You were murmuring in your sleep.”

“Anything intelligible?” Harry said around a yawn.

Draco smirked before muttering, “Something that sounded a bit like my name.”

“Yes, and I was doing naughty things to you, too.”

Draco huffed. “Not again. I’m so sore,” he mumbled into Harry’s shirt, cuddling closer in Harry’s arms. They both yawned again, smiling in the dark. “Sleepy,” Draco murmured, and soon he was drifting off again.

“Draco?”

“Mm.”

Harry found Draco’s hand in the dark, running a thumb across the back of his hand. “I’m glad you’re

alive, too.”

-Fin-