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Name: Draco Malfoy's Christmas Wish
Author: Rhysenn
Chapter 1 to 1

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Chapter: 1

p>Draco sensed Harry's presence behind him, following him stealthily. It'd been like that for most of the day, and Draco was getting increasingly irritated. He purposefully walked down an empty corridor alone, and could see Harry sidling after him, not looking very adept at concealing himself in the nonexistent crowd.
Finally unable to take it anymore, Draco whirled around and strode a few steps forward, coming face to face with a slightly startled Harry.
"I don't enjoy being stalked, Potter, and least of all by you."
"I'm not *stalking* you," Harry sounded resentful. "And let me assure you the disgust is mutual."
"Then *go away*. I feel like I'm trapped in a low-grade horror movie."
"I will as soon as you tell me one thing that'll make you happy, so I can get over and done with my Christmas good deed!"
Silence. A palpable glee spread across Draco's face, and he grinned broadly.
"Oh, so *you're* my guardian angel?" A bark of derisive laughter. "God, that is so funny. I'm surprised you survived the heart attack when you first opened the piece of paper."
"Shut up." Harry's voice was strained. "This is a stupid idea, and it's just my crap luck that I got *you*."
"The bad karma had to catch up with you one of these days, Potter." Draco said smugly.
Harry made a strangled noise. "Just tell me what you want for Christmas, and get it over with."
"You sound like a very disgruntled Santa. Are they not paying you enough?"
"I wouldn't be doing this — at least not for *you* — even if they paid me."
"What are you doing here, then?"
"Which part of 'picked you' and 'ultimate bad luck' do you not understand?"
An infuriating smile. "This is very interesting, Potter. So let me get this straight. I tell you what will make me happy, and you'll do it for me. Is that it?"
A hesitant pause. "Um, I think there are *some* limits on what you can ask for, Malfoy..."
Draco looked delighted. "This is more hilarious than house elves in drag."
"You find *that* hilarious?"
"Not as hilarious as the expression on your face now. Have you been walking around looking like this since breakfast?"
"More or less. I couldn't eat a bite of breakfast because of this, so can we *please—?*"

"Oh Potter! You're begging me!"
Horrified. "I am not!"
"You've never said 'please' to me before."
"And I'm not going to make a habit of it. But in the interests of my being able to eat something today, can we get this over with?"
"You seem awfully eager to please me, Potter."
A pause. "That came out sounding really bad, Malfoy."
"I know. Let's see now, you're here to fulfill my wildest fantasies..."
"Malfoy! Dumbledore said 'make the person happy', not 'be his sex slave'. Get it right."
"How about making the person happy by being his sex slave? Oh, I can just see the headline 'Harry Potter, the Boy Who—'"
"MALFOY!"
Gales of laughter. Harry looked extremely aggrieved.
"You're a pervert, you know that?"
"I wouldn't be rushing to label me as such if I was you, considering that you *do* have to pleasure me in some way or the other."
Angrily, "Can you not *say* it that way?!"
"All right, all right. I'll be really nice and give you a choice here. You can either throw yourself over the edge of a cliff, or you can get down on your knees and—"
"*Malfoy!*"
"Relax, I was going to say 'lick my boots', but I'm all open to suggestions." Draco grinned.
"Well, neither option seems very viable." Harry groaned.
"Okay, I'll revise your options. You can either hit on Snape in front of the whole class during Potions, or run through the Great Hall naked shouting 'Draco Malfoy rules'."
"You're awfully difficult to please, you know that? Can you choose something that's not so voyeuristic?"
"Well, I *am* a pervert, you said so yourself."
A sigh. "Can I just give you a bag of candy from Honeydukes?"
"That's not counted — you're supposed to be personally involved in the good deed, aren't you? Well, unless you serve up the candy on top of your—"
"Okay, okay, scratch that," Harry said hurriedly.
Draco smiled wickedly. "You look your best when you've got that pained, constipated expression on your face, has anyone ever told you?"
Harry just grunted.
Draco tapped his foot against the floor; he clearly was having a good time.
"I've got another idea — why don't you dress up in tights and sashay up to Crabbe? He's got a fetish for men in tights — Robin Hood really gets him off."
"Argh. That's something I could've lived without knowing."
"Or, why don't you take off your—"
Harry had enough.
"You know what, Malfoy? Your time's up. You've turned back into a pumpkin. You don't get a choice anymore."
The next thing Draco knew, Harry seized him by the shoulders and jerked him forward, and their lips met with a startled 'umph'. Draco blinked, dazed; he couldn't see anything because he was looking through Harry's glasses, which were less than an inch away from his eyes.

Harry kissed him firmly, and Draco was just getting used to the feel of his lips on his own when Harry pulled back.
For a moment, Draco Malfoy was speechless; that was a first. Finally, rather breathlessly, "My, Potter. I never thought you had it in you."
A deep breath. "I hope you're satisfied now, Malfoy, because that's about all I'm going to do."
"Oh no worries, Potter, it's more than I expected, anyway."
A blush. "Really?"
"Yep. I was actually thinking of suggesting that you kiss me, but I figured you'd run to Dumbledore screaming sexual harassment. Guess I had you pegged wrong."
A scornful noise. "You hardly even know me, Malfoy."
"That's true." A shrug. "Well, at least now I know you a little better than most people do."
"Yes, you should feel honoured." Harry rolled his eyes. "Well, all right, I've done my job, I'm out of here."
Casually, "See you, then — oh, just a minute... here."
Draco tossed something in Harry's direction; Harry caught it deftly with the precision of a Seeker. It was a crumpled piece of paper, and he curiously smoothed out the creases — all that was written on it was, *Harry Potter.*
Harry stared at it, uncomprehending; it took a moment before realisation finally sank in. Harry lifted his eyes and stared incredulously at Draco, who gave him a rare, genuine smile.
"Merry Christmas, Potter."