Fic: The Big Reveal

Title: The Big Reveal

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Prompt Number: #231, submitted by [info]originofcheese

Kink Showcased: Love bites, optional supplementary prompt: Love bites worn with pride (in public), as a sign of ownership. Prefer Draco to be the bearer of said love bites subtle D/s dynamic is a bonus.

Rating: NC17

Pairing(s): Harry/Draco (other pairings mentioned)

Summary: A silly school game can say a lot about a person. Or a couple of people, really. AU, sixth year – yeah, it's legal here.

Warnings: The smut in this is pretty much completely gratuitous. Wait, does that count as a warning? A little D/s-y, maybe, but not really; more angry than D/s.

Word Count: ~4,500

Author's Notes: Many thanks to my talented betas, [info]delphipsmith and [info]groolover. Cheerleading and "What the hell were you trying to say when you wrote THAT?" kindly asked by [info]treacle_tartlet and [info]cassie_black12. As it appears I was channelling the boys as the lovely [info]marguerite_26 likes them, this is dedicated to her. Also, I should probably apologise for the almost complete lack of plot.

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"It means I'm taken," Lavender said to the third year who'd enquired about the marks on her neck.

"Taken?" the other girl asked.

Lavender pulled the collar of her blouse further down for easier inspection. "You know, that I belong to

someone."

"Yes, she belongs to Won-Won," Seamus joked.

"Shut up! It's a sign of love," Lavender huffed, and pulled her collar up in annoyance.

"It's a sign you've got no class," Hermione said, looking up from her book and scowling.

"What do you mean?" Neville asked.

Hermione didn't look up this time. "I mean, it's completely tacky. In the Muggle world you'd be made fun of."

"Don't you understand, Hermione? It's different here. A Muggle wouldn't be able to get rid of them so they'd be walking around wearing these things for days—"

Hermione pounced. "Which is exactly what you've been doing."

"Yes, but I don't have to. Hey…that gives me a brilliant idea! A love bite competition!"

"What do you mean?" asked the curious third year.

Lavender motioned at Parvati to join her. Eagerly, she sat down next to Lavender on the common room floor. "I think we should have a little game. You give your partner love bites. Then we can guess who belongs to whom!"

"What if we're not involved with anyone? Not that I'm not, but just what if?" Neville asked.

Parvati thought for a moment. “Well, then it’ll be your job to find someone to give them to you. But it has to be someone you fancy.”

“Of course it has to be someone I fancy! I wouldn’t let anyone I didn’t like do that to me!” Seamus exclaimed from one of the tables where he sat playing chess with Ron.

Lavender clapped her hands. “Okay, spread the word! We can have a house competition and see who’s sporting them in the Great Hall this time next week.”

“You really think the other houses will go for this?” Parvati asked, looking around the common room for support.

“Are you kidding? Have you seen Parkinson? She’s practically one big love bite!” Seamus observed.

“I don’t think the Ravenclaws will like it,” Parvati said with a frown.

Lavender tried to quell her misgivings. “Of course they will – any chance to show there’s a naughty side to them, they’ll definitely be up for. I’ll make up an answer sheet. It will have all the names of all the sixth years on it and you’ll have to match them up with their respective partners. Remember, they could be in other years, though.”

“This is ridiculous,” Hermione grumbled.

Lavender bristled. “You’re just mad because you didn’t think of it yourself.”

“Oh, please.” Hermione rose and walked toward the portrait.

“You’ve got one week, Hermione! We expect to see some results!” Lavender called after her.

“Leave her alone, Lav,” Ron said. “She doesn’t have to play if she doesn’t want to.”

From his place by the fireside, Harry shook his head. This was going to end badly. He could feel it already.

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“God, what a load of touchy-feely nonsense,” Draco grumbled when Pansy told him of the Gryffindor Love Bite Game. “As if anyone needs to know where I put my mouth.”

Had Draco been looking at Pansy, he’d have seen her pupils dilate slightly. “Draco, darling, where have you been putting your mouth lately? You’ve been awfully cagey about those long absences from the library when we’re supposed to be studying.”

“Nowhere that would interest you, Pans. And I’m not giving you any of those stupid things, so you can forget about asking me,” Draco growled and flung a leg over the armrest of the green leather chair.

“I’ll be happy to oblige you, Pansy,” Blaise volunteered. He grabbed her and dipped her back dramatically, pretending to ravish her neck.

“Oi, Blaise, you’re going to drop me!” Pansy protested. “And I’ll thank you to keep those lips away from my neck.” He righted her and she made a show of smoothing out her robes. “For now…” Her eyes glimmered.

Draco groaned. “Do you mind? I’m trying to think, here. How can we corrupt this little plan of theirs?” He scanned the parchment in his hand with the list of sixth year names on it.

“I’ve got an idea, but you’ll probably hate it,” Pansy said, sitting demurely next to Blaise on the sofa. “Magical love bites.”

“What?” both boys said in unison. Several other students in the room turned to hear the strains of their conversation.

“We go along with their stupid game, but we’ll spell everyone so that only the person who gives them can remove them. Watch.” She waved her wand. A soft glow permeated the room and there was a hum, as a spell settled over them. “There, now any love bite you give can’t be taken off except by you, and any you get can’t be taken off by anyone but the person who gave it to you.”

“Bollocks,” said Blaise, his eyes shifting around. “I can’t believe that worked.” His gaze settled on Goyle. Everyone knew he was seeing Millicent Bulstrode, so it was no secret who had covered his thick neck with love bites. “Oi, Greg, c’mere.”

Goyle ambled over and stood in front of Blaise and Pansy. “Show us those ugly marks on your neck,” Blaise ordered.

“Blaise, don’t be so rude. Greg, let me see those love bites.” The tall boy knelt in front of Pansy and pulled his collar to one side. Sure enough, he sported several purple blotches. Pansy pointed her wand at his neck. “Evanesco!”

Draco watched and then said, “Did anything happen?”

“Nope, they’re still there,” Pansy answered. “Millie?” The girl scooted over from the fireside to the sofa. “Get rid of these.”

“But I just put them on him last night,” she whined.

“Millie, just do it. You can give him a dozen more later,” Pansy said impatiently.

Draco wrinkled his nose at the image.

Millicent pointed her wand at Goyle’s neck. “Evanesco.”

The love bites faded away. “See?” Pansy said. “Simple and devious. No one will be able to get rid of them, and we’ll have a bit of fun at everyone else’s expense. Now, Draco, give me that list…”

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“Hold still, Malfoy. No one else is going to touch you, and if you walk around without any of these, someone’s bound to try.”

“They already do want to try, Potter. I have to fight people off with a stick. Come on, stop it!” The last thing Draco wanted was to be stuck with unsightly blotches that he himself couldn’t erase.

Harry ignored Draco’s protestations and crawled on top of him. He held Draco down by the arms and attached his mouth to Draco’s neck. At the same time, Harry pushed his lower body against Draco’s as he thrashed about in Harry’s grip. The narrow bed groaned under their weight and the movement.

Luckily, the dorm was deserted, being the middle of the afternoon; almost everyone was out watching the Ravenclaw-Hufflepuff Quidditch game. The two boys knew they’d be missed, but this was the first chance in almost a week they’d had to spend more than five minutes together.

Harry left off sucking on Draco’s neck long enough to stick his tongue into his mouth. Draco, pleased to have Harry desist from the neck-sucking, kissed him back fiercely, hands pulling at Harry’s jumper and

grabbing at his bum. “Fuck…Draco,” Harry hissed into his mouth.

Draco pulled away. “You want to?” They’d not done that yet.

Harry looked down at him. Draco imagined he saw rounded grey eyes and porcelain skin, now blooming with red blotches where Harry had marked him. Harry stroked Draco’s pale hair as it fanned out on the green pillowcase. “No, not yet. Suck my cock.” Harry scooted up and sat back on his knees as Draco scrambled up from underneath him. Harry undid his belt and pulled open his trousers.

Lying back with his head at the foot of the bed, he and Draco both pushed Harry’s clothes down past his hips. Draco settled between his legs, arms sliding under Harry’s thighs and pulling Harry’s groin toward his face. Harry was hard as a rock. Instead of taking him in his mouth, though, Draco nuzzled his balls, licked the juncture of his thigh and torso, and then set about sucking on the skin there as hard as he could. Fine, Potter, he thought. Two can play at this game.

Harry’s head shot up. “Oi! Malfoy!” Harry’s hand found Draco’s hair and he pulled at it roughly. “Fucking stop!” Draco responded by digging his nails into Harry’s buttocks, moving his mouth and swallowing up Harry’s cock. Harry’s head clunked against the footboard. “Gah!”

Draco sucked and licked, he hummed and bobbed his head, he kneaded his fingers into Harry’s arse and generally tried to drive Harry insane with pleasure. After a short time, Harry batted at Draco’s head and shoulders in warning. Draco gave one more long suck, let Harry’s cock slip from his mouth, and pushed a finger inside Harry as Harry came all over himself. Then Draco sucked at his other thigh, marking that one as well.

As Harry’s orgasm abated, he sat up quickly. Draco’s finger was pulled from Harry’s body as Harry once again fell on top of him. “I told you to stop that!” Harry growled. He thrust his hand roughly into Draco’s trousers and pulled at his cock. Then he reattached his mouth to Draco’s throat and didn’t stop sucking until his hand had milked the last drop of semen from Draco’s body.

Sated, Harry rose up on his elbows and regarded his handiwork whist Draco cast a cleaning spell over both of them.

“Happy now, Scarhead?” Draco asked, poking Harry painfully in the ribs.

Harry grunted and fell back on Draco. “They’ll do.” He bit Draco’s lip when he kissed him.

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“I see Greg and Millicent have been busy,” Cormac observed aloud at breakfast the following day.

“Thanks, you’ve just put me off my food,” Ron mumbled.

“Are you kidding?” Cormac said, watching as Ron stuffed two rashers of bacon into his mouth.

“I mean it,” Ron said with his mouth full. “Normally I would eat three at a time.”

“Awww, but they’re in wuvvv.” Lavender pointed at her parchment, where the name Gregory Goyle was written in next to Millicent’s name, and vice versa. “And see, I told you the Ravenclaws would go for it,” she said as they watched Luna fiddle with her collar at her table. Indeed the blonde girl sported several marks on her neck that could have been love bites, although with Luna, it was best not to assume anything.

“Harry, you and Hermione are the only two sixth years I’ve seen so far who don’t have any love bites. Isn’t that interesting?”

“Hey, Hermione, I bet Crabbe would be keen. I know he fancies you, I’ve heard him say it.”

“Shut up, Cormac, you’re just angry I wouldn’t let you give me any,” Hermione said as she glared down the table.

“And Harry, the way Parkinson is looking over here, I bet she’d fancy a go with you,” Cormac continued as if not hearing Hermione’s remark.

“I’d say Pansy’s marked her man already,” Parvati squealed. “You can see them all over Draco from here.”

Harry resisted the urge to turn around and look at the pair of Slytherins. He allowed himself a small lopsided grin which he directed at his toast.

“And Pansy’s sporting a few of her own. Seems as though Malfoy’s got less class than he bleats on about,” Seamus observed. “I knew he belonged to someone,” Seamus stressed the word as Lavender had when she first explained the significance of love bites, “But I didn’t think it was Pansy.”

“Oh, come on, Seamus! Who else is it going to be?” Parvati sounded sure in her conviction.

This time Harry did look over his shoulder. Sure enough, Pansy’s neck was littered with love bites. She sat, draping herself over Draco, whilst having a conversation with someone further down the table. Draco looked decidedly unhappy at her actions, and as Harry watched, he pushed her upright and pointed a finger at her.

“So, how about it, Harry?” Cormac’s voice brought Harry back to the Gryffindor table. “Shall we find you a little someone?” He looked up and down the table and Harry followed his gaze. He was met by the shining eyes of various love-struck ladies.

Best to nip this in the bud. “For your information, I’ve got some love bites already, Cormac. But thanks for offering your pimp services.”

There was a series of “Ooo’s!!” and cat-calls from the assembled diners in response to Harry’s reply. He

purposely returned to his breakfast, hoping that would have distracted Cormac enough from his mission.

“Harry,” Ginny called from down the table. “I don’t see any love bites.”

“They’re not where you can see them,” Harry said nonchalantly, not looking up, and smiling as the resultant comments flew back and forth over his head. As expected, and judging from what was said, most people didn’t believe him.

Ron elbowed him gently. “Mate, is that true? Damn. But you’re supposed to wear them on your neck. Get her to put some there next time. And…” Harry looked over at his friend, who leaned closer and whispered, “Where exactly are they?”

“Ron, I don’t kiss and tell,” Harry smirked. He was pretty sure Ron didn’t believe him either — after all, he’d never talked about his love life with his friends and they’d expect him to. For now, he hoped those cryptic comments would keep people off his back.

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“Right, this has gone on long enough. We expect you to behave like students, not, not… strumpets and…” Professor McGonagall finished, somewhat lamely.

For the last week, most of the entire sixth year had been walking around showing each other and talking about their love bites, comparing answers on their house answer sheets, and generally not doing much studying or anything else. By now, the not-so-secret Slytherin master plan had also been discovered and disseminated to the student body, but rather than thinking it terrible, Lavender and her friends had whole-heartedly supported it.

“I want them gone by tomorrow, do you all understand?” McGonagall said. “I and the other Heads will start deducting points from the house of whomever they see who still has any of these… blemishes on

their persons. Do I make myself clear?"

"But, Professor—" Lavender began.

"No buts, Miss Brown. You've had your fun, and believe it or not, I was young once, too, but enough is enough. They're unsightly and disruptive. You have enough to busy yourself without the need to pursue this ridiculous activity." McGonagall turned and left the common room before anyone could say anything.

"Oh, poo," Lavender sighed. "I guess we'll just have to go with what we've got so far." She scanned the Gryffindor house answer sheet.

"Is that all you can think about?" Hermione asked. She motioned to every sixth year in the room. "You've now got to get those stupid things taken off before tomorrow or you'll lose us house points!"

As she finished, a voice called from outside the portrait. "Oi, someone, let me in!"

Cormac rose to his feet. "I'll get it, I've got to… go out anyway." He opened the portrait and Michael Corner clambered in, followed by several other sixth years from other houses.

"Wait!" Lavender screeched. "We have to make sure we got these right before they're taken off!" She waved the parchment and whined in exasperation. "Come back or we'll lose our bet!"

Everyone started shouting at once. The amount of money that would have changed hands as a result of the correct answers was not small, and all of a sudden, it seemed people decided that was more important than McGonagall's house point threat.

Harry didn't wait to see how the fracas ended. He was too busy going to his dorm to fetch his Map and Invisibility Cloak. No one saw him slip through the portrait.

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“Take them off,” Draco said.

“I am taking them off,” Harry said as he pulled Draco’s shirt open. He pushed Draco’s tie aside and shoved him against a desk, then set to licking one of Draco’s nipples.

“I mean these stupid love bites, Potter. God, you’re so thick, it’s unbelievable.” Draco said, and then began protesting as Harry grabbed his leg and yanked it against Harry’s hip.

“Taking your clothes off first,” Harry hissed against his chest. Draco felt hands reach for his belt and Harry’s entire weight pressed against him.

“Potter, we don’t have time for this!” Draco smacked Harry against his temple and Harry grabbed his wrist, pinning it down with the hand which wasn’t tugging at Draco’s trousers.

“I want to fuck you,” Harry growled. Having succeeded in yanking Draco’s trousers open, he paused to pull off his glasses and toss them aside. Then he raised himself up and peeled Draco’s trousers and pants down to his ankles. “You know the teachers are going to keep us busy after this stupid love bite thing, and we barely have time for this as it is. I’m not waiting any longer.”

Draco paused in his jostling for control.

“Hurry up, then,” he said at last, and kicked off his shoes and trousers as if splashing in the water with his feet. He watched as Harry undid his belt with obvious haste.

“Here,” Harry said, thrusting two fingers into Draco’s mouth. Draco scooted up the desk slightly, and

Harry had no choice but to follow. Draco sucked on Harry's fingers while Harry watched, slowly stroking himself.

"Thwop thath, Pother," Draco pulled Harry's wrist and removed the other boy's fingers from his mouth. "You'll come too fast." Then he reinserted the fingers and wrapped his tongue around them. Draco was gratified by the look of pure lust he saw cross Harry's face, and even more satisfied when Harry grabbed Draco's cock instead of his own.

The fingers were abruptly pulled from Draco's mouth. Harry moved to settle in between Draco's legs. He once again let his weight fall onto Draco and reached between them. Draco closed his eyes and then opened them again as he felt something sharp pointed at his neck; it was a wand. He couldn't tell if it was Harry's wand or his own; he didn't much care, because the next moment, he felt a spit-slicked finger breach him.

Draco cried out at the intrusion. Knowing it was necessary didn't make it any easier to cope with until he was distracted by Harry mumbling against his ear, warm breath blowing into his hair. Harry was erasing the love bites from Draco's neck.

Draco started to relax and then to writhe as the wand moved along his collar and the fingers — were there two now? — slid in and out of him. He felt another enter and then jolted when Harry touched something. "Do that again!" he cried.

Harry pressed against him harder. "Shut up, Malfoy, I'm busy," he said, breaking off from murmuring the spell. Draco raised his legs and wrapped them around Harry's torso in what he hoped was a painful fashion. "Oomph," Harry grunted and pulled his fingers from Draco's body. "Hold still," he snarled and leaned back slightly. He reached into a pocket, pulled out a tube of something, and slicked the substance over his cock. Draco frowned, thinking it might have been nice if Potter had used the lubricant on his fingers rather than saliva, but all thought disappeared as Harry pushed his cock into his body.

Harry collapsed onto Draco's chest. "Oh god…"

Draco groaned in pain and clenched his muscles. Harry didn't move, just panted above him, eyes closed,

features slack.

Presently, and pleasantly surprised, Draco was ready for more. He tightened his legs around Harry and shoved against him, pushing him in deeper. “Potterrrr,” he whined.

Love bites forgotten, Harry slowly moved backwards and then thrust forward again. They both groaned with the effort and sensation.

Draco’s fingers tangled in Harry’s hair and the other boy shoved into him harder. The desk squeaked a few centimetres across the floor. “Fuck…” Harry panted. He thrust in again several times and began chanting. “Gonna come, gonna come, gonna come…”

This drove Draco mad and he clawed at Harry’s back and shoulders, now pushing against Harry with every thrust. The desk moved further across the floor with their efforts.

“You’re making me fucking come!” Harry cried hoarsely into Draco’s face and he shoved them together so roughly, Draco was almost pushed off the desk. Harry collapsed on top of him in a heap, and Draco elbowed the heavy body in an effort to get his hand between them. He tugged at his cock as Harry repeated “Bloody hell, bloody hell,” over and over into his hair. Feeling Harry pulsing inside him tipped Draco over the edge and warm fluid shot up between them.

“That is the best fucking thing in the world…” Harry sighed a few moments later. Then he seemed to remember where they were and roughly jerked upwards, pulling himself from Draco’s body.

“Ow, you wanker!” Draco cried, sore and exhausted. He clumsily raised himself to his elbows and tried to get his bearings.

“My legs hurt; I can’t lie across you like that any longer.”

“I don’t care about your stupid legs, Potter. I hurt even more!” Draco complained.

Harry smirked. “Didn’t sound like that twenty seconds ago.”

“Shut up.” Draco slid off the desk and set to work getting dressed. He watched as a Harry did up his trousers. Harry finished and turned to throw his Cloak over himself. “Potter,” Draco said, struggling with his zip.

“What?” Still visible, he walked over to Draco and grabbed his hands.

“Oi!” Draco said, wresting his arms free. “I just wanted to say…” Draco’s voice faded.

“Yeah,” Harry grabbed his face and kissed him with surprising gentleness. “Me too.” He let the Cloak fall over him.

Draco smiled as the door opened and closed.

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“Harry, where’ve you been?” Ron asked, as Harry came through the portrait hole.

“I… uh… had to go out…”

Ron’s eyes were shining. “You missed it, Harry! Half the school was in here taking love bites off our house-mates. You won’t believe who’s been doing what with who!”

Just in case he needed written proof of Ron's pronouncement, Lavender walked over holding the answer sheet and thrust it in front of Harry's face.

Harry gave it a cursory glance, just long enough to notice there was nothing written next to his name. Ron must have believed his earlier comments about unseen love bites to be facetious.

"So, Harry, you didn't play the game?" Lavender sounded disappointed. "I know you would've had the love bites taken off, but could you at least tell me who gave you them? If you had any?" She looked over at Ron, who shrugged.

Harry shifted from foot to foot, keen to end the discussion. "Sorry, but it's nobody's business who I choose to get close to." Harry gave her his best smile, ignored the lovesick sighs from nearby and went to get ready for tea.

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"If any of you had been paying attention at the beginning of class, you'll know that we're finishing today by discussing headache draughts. Put your hand down, Miss Granger." Snape hadn't even turned around from the blackboard, and Hermione's face flushed. She lowered her arm. "These aren't as powerful as commercial potions, but will be no doubt be useful to you as you spend more time studying."

There was a snigger from one side of the classroom. "I said studying, Mr Malfoy, not socialising." Draco promptly turned away from Goyle, with whom he'd been sharing the joke. "What is that?"

"What?" Draco asked, and turned to look behind himself.

"I'm talking to you, Mr Malfoy." Snape sidled closer. "What. Is. That?" He pointed the business end of his wand at Draco's shirt collar.

“Um…” Draco started. His hands shot to his neck. “I don’t… What…?”

“That thing. Did we not make it clear to you that we were to see no more of those on students?” Snape’s tone brooked no argument.

“Yes, Professor,” Draco said as meekly as he could muster.

“Twenty points from Slytherin.” You could almost see Snape wince as he said it. “Now get rid of it.”

Draco squirmed in his chair. “I… uh… I can’t, Professor,” he said very quietly.

“What did you say, Mr Malfoy? I don’t believe I heard you correctly.” Snape leaned menacingly over the desk.

Draco straightened his shoulders. “I can’t,” he repeated, more loudly this time.

“Professor,” Hermione’s voice rose from behind Snape. “They’re magic love bites. The wearer can’t take them off. Only the person who put them there can.”

Without thought, Draco’s eyes flitted to Harry’s. Harry’s face had gone pink and he shifted in his seat.

Snape turned to the class. “Whoever made these marks on Mr Malfoy will remove them this instant. My class has been disrupted enough for one day.” He strode to the front of the room and stood waiting beside his desk.

Draco thought he might die of embarrassment. Harry looked as though he wanted the floor to swallow

him up, but he often looked that way in Snape's presence, so it didn't register with their teacher.

The entire class fell silent.

"Pansy, c'mon!" Nott hissed from the desk beside Draco and Goyle.

"It wasn't me!" she hissed back.

The students began to murmur. Everyone in the class looked at everyone else. Out of the corner of his eye, Draco saw Lavender Brown surreptitiously draw a line through something on a piece of parchment.

Ron elbowed Harry in the ribs. "Mate, this has got to be the best Potions class ever! Malfoy looks ready to faint."

Harry was studying the floor. Draco glared at him. Stupid git! Too busy fucking to get all these damn things off. I'm going to kill him.

"I'm waiting, Mr Malfoy. We're all waiting. And we shall stay here until that thing is off your neck. I'll happily keep everyone here all day."

Draco could hear whispering now. He resisted the urge to look around the room, pretty certain most eyes were upon him.

"Come on," someone said angrily. "I'm not spending lunch in Potions!"

That stopped the whispering and it was briefly quiet again.

Then Draco heard the unmistakable scrape of a chair against the floor. He stared resolutely at his desk.

“Sit down, Mr Potter. I have not dismissed you.”

The class began whispering again, which very quickly became chattering.

“Mr Potter!” Snape shouted over the noise. “Where do you think you are going?!”

Draco closed his eyes.