Storyid: 5481465
FanFiction.net
Name: Order of Merlin
Author: Cheryl Dyson
Chapter 1 to 5

#####
#####
#####

Chapter: 1

ORDER OF MERLIN

Draco scanned the patrons of the club with growing annoyance. He hated to be sent out on a stupid case, but even more than that he hated being sent out on a false alarm. His orders had been extremely vague, which added to his irritation factor. He had been told only that there was a high profile Ministry official disturbing the peace and that he needed to be escorted out "with utmost discretion".

"Oh, shit," he said when he caught sight of the "high profile Ministry official". "Shacklebolt, you utter *prick*."

It was Harry fucking Potter.

Despite his exasperation, Draco could not help but stare. It was Harry Potter as Draco had never seen him before. His black hair was wilder than usual and his smile was too bright. He wore a white shirt unbuttoned to the navel, exposing far too much tanned flesh, in Draco's opinion. The hem of the shirt was loose where it had been half-tugged from the waistband of his black Muggle jeans and a diamond-plate belt glinted beneath the material as he moved.

Something gleamed on Potter's left breast. What was it? A medal of some sort? Surely he wasn't *wearing* his Order of Merlin?

Potter held a drink in one hand and his other arm was casually draped around the neck of a young man who seemed only too happy to have the attention of the Chosen One. Even worse, Potter was *singing*. Quite badly. And loudly. Potter raised his glass with the chorus and Draco caught sight of his wand in the hand that held the drink.

Fuck, this was not going to be easy. Potter was a loose cannon. It was rumoured all over the Ministry, even in the secret subsection in which Draco was employed. Personally, Draco did not

understand why they didn't just cut him free. His days as the Ministry's poster child were obviously long gone. Potter's bad deeds were in the news far more often than his good deeds had ever been.

Looking at Potter smiling into the face of the boy with the spiked blond hair made Draco ponder one of those tales. It was rumoured that Potter would sleep with anything that walked; male, female, centaur, vampire, veela; it was all the same to him. Draco had always thought it to be a load of tripe… until now.

Potter's song reached a crescendo, loud enough to rattle the glasses with most of the crowd now joining in. Draco half-crouched and drew his wand when a series of loud pops was heard over the dying voices. A bottle of ale next to him exploded, sending foam and alcohol spraying onto his robes. The crowd screamed with hilarity as beer, champagne, and other beverages splashed onto random bodies.

As if on signal, Potter threw back his head and laughed. The man clinging to him did the same, splaying his hand over Potter's chest and giving Draco a view of one of Potter's pink nipples. Draco straightened and spelled his robes clean with a frown. He felt a hand pluck at his sleeve.

"Please, sir. You're from the Ministry, aren't you? I spotted you right away as an authority figure, 'specially when you drew your wand."

Draco turned to see a pudgy man with a round face and a worried expression. Sparse wisps of greying hair decorated the top of his head.

"Can you stop him, please?" the man went on. "I'm Willis. I own the place. I like the business he brings in, but I don't like it so much when he gets like this. I can't ask him to leave, but…"

"I'll take care of it," Draco assured him, although he wished he were as confident as his words sounded.

Potter was dancing now, and he had released his hold on the blond, whose hands were clutched around Potter's hips in what appeared to be a death grip. Potter was half-turned away from Draco and he figured he might not have a better chance.

"*Accio Potter's wand*," he said quietly with a sharp snap of his wand. To his amazement, Potter's wand snapped away from the glass cohabitating Potter's hand and flew into Draco's outstretched palm.

Draco blinked at it for only a moment before gripping it tightly and bracing himself for Potter's attention, which fixed on him with terrible intensity. Draco held his gaze and waited while Potter disentangled himself from the clingy blond and sauntered forward. Draco tucked Potter's wand into an inner pocket for safekeeping.

"Draco Malfoy," Potter said in a tone guaranteed to set Draco's teeth on edge. Two small words

brought back years of rivalry and hatred in an instant.

"Potter," Draco replied in the same vein.

To his surprise, the look in Potter's eyes changed, becoming something Draco did *not* recognize. Potter's gaze moved over him suddenly, slowly and methodically, starting at Draco's chin and travelling slowly down over his frame, taking in Draco's body clad in nondescript dark grey robes. Draco felt the pressure of that gaze as it moved down his torso, waist, and thighs. The stare made its way to Draco's feet and back again before a smirk twisted Potter's mouth.

"Neat trick with my wand, Malfoy. What other tricks do you know?" Potter's voice was a seductive purr and before Draco could think to respond, Potter's body was plastered against his and his hands clung to Draco's waist, holding their pelvises together. Potter's face was inches from Draco's and his eyes seemed luminous beneath the spectacles he wore.

Potter leaned forward and for one timeless instant he thought the man meant to kiss him, but then he felt lips skating along the edge of his jaw, barely brushing Draco's skin on their way to his ear. Potter's next words were issued in a whisper that sent gooseflesh springing to life along Draco's neck and arms, and turning his nipples into hard nubs. "You've changed, Malfoy. I never would have expected you to turn out so… hot."

Potter's hands began to wander, sliding up over Draco's ribcage and curving around his back to caress his shoulders. Draco felt certain he should escape, somehow, but Potter's nearness and insane behaviour seemed to have destroyed his ability to react in a normal fashion.

He tried, anyway, and succeeded in speaking. "We should… You should probably go home. I think you're drunk."

"Mmmm." Potter's words were muffled by the fact that he seemed to be *tasting* the edge of Draco's throat by way of tiny butterfly-light kisses and flicks of his tongue. "I am definitely drunk. Should we go to your place?"

Draco's breath caught. A dangerous warmth had begun to pool in his midsection, sending tendrils of something unexpected slithering through him. How long had it been since he had allowed anyone this near? Overwhelmed by Potter's proximity, he could not process the murmured suggestion for a moment—until he realized Potter's busy hands were not attempting to seduce him at all. Instead, Potter was systematically *searching for his wand*.

Draco shoved him away with an oath, face flaming as he fought a crushing sense of disappointment. Potter hadn't wanted him; he had merely been Slytherin-sneaky. Draco tried to unclench his jaw. Why should he care that Potter had been faking? He hated the git, after all. Draco glared at him and held onto the rage, allowing it to wash over the knowledge that he had been rejected, once again, by the Chosen One, if not exactly overtly, and shouldn't he be used to it by now?

"Bastard!" he hissed.

Potter grinned at him and shrugged. "It was worth a try. And no, I'm not ready to go home, yet. Who sent you?"

"Does it matter? You are leaving, regardless." Draco was relieved to note that his voice was fairly steady and not shaking, despite anger that made it difficult to breathe.

Potter cocked a brow at him in a way that should not have been seductive. Damn it all, when had Harry Potter turned into sex on legs? "Am I?" Potter purred again.

The spiky-haired blond had caught up to them, by then, and he wrapped his arms around Potter's neck. "Harry!" he whined. "There you are!"

Draco frowned at the too-obvious ponce and the boy stared at him challengingly.

"I'm coming," Potter replied, but Draco reached out and snatched his wrist.

"I'm afraid not," Draco said. "Mister Potter is leaving."

"Am I?" Potter repeated, this time in a dangerous tone.

Draco hauled him bodily toward the door, keeping his wand tightly in hand. If he had to hex Potter he was not quite sure what spell he would use, but it had better be fast and it had better be long-lasting. He flitted through a quick mental list.

There was a sharp crack and he glanced back to see the mahogany bar split straight down the centre, sending glasses and bottles sliding and patrons leaping away.

"Sorry, Willis!" Potter called amiably. "I'll pay for that!"

Draco pulled more forcibly, eager to get Potter away from the crowd, especially if the idiot planned to start throwing around wild, wandless magic. Potter stopped resisting and allowed himself to be dragged.

The fresh air tasted lovely in contrast to the steamy, cloying atmosphere of the club. Draco drank it in gratefully, hoping to shake off the after-effects of Potter's false flirtation. Potter snatched his arm away and stopped walking. Draco turned and gave him a patented Malfoy glare.

Before either of them could speak, a shout drew their attention. "Harry! Are you all right? Leave him be, you bleach-blond slut!"

Draco frowned menacingly at the sight of Potter's boytoy, all puffed up and indignant, holding a wand that caused Draco's lips to twitch in a half-smirk. The wood was short and rather stubby, which did not bode well for the wielder, according to popular lore.

Draco raised his wand to cast a Stinging Hex on the annoying puppy, but he was apparently more excitable than Draco anticipated. The boy flung a spell at him, yelling, "*Stupefy*!"

Potter, true to form, stepped in front of the bolt, either to save Draco or because he simply could not resist his heroic instinct. *More likely the latter*, Draco decided. He disarmed the annoying blond lad with a simple *Expelliarmus*, bound him with several magical ropes, and left him propped in the alley next to an overflowing rubbish heap.

"I am a natural blond, you little tosser," he murmured next to the boy's ear before returning to Potter. He knelt and half-propped the Gryffindor against him. He needed to get Potter away before anyone else from the club decided to give the hero a rescue attempt.

He sighed and Apparated them to his London flat.

Draco heaved Potter onto the sofa and went to the kitchen to make a cup of tea. He knew it was stupid to drink it at this hour—likely it would keep him awake half the night, but he needed something to calm his nerves and nothing seemed to work better than Earl Grey.

He heated the water with a single spell and tossed a practised handful of tea leaves into it. He watched the water darken and the leaves sink while he thought about Harry Potter. The man was unpredictable. Once the Golden Child of the Ministry, he had been pushed farther and farther out of the limelight until he had left the Auror Department entirely. Rumour had it that Potter had been demoted, although the official paperwork insisted that a position had been created that was "better suited to his abilities", although what those abilities were had been left unmentioned.

Draco tried to remember Potter's official title. International Wizarding-Muggle Relations Liaison Officer or some such rubbish. Potter's unofficial title was Troublemaker and Ministry Embarrassment.

Draco cast a spell that whisked the spent tea leaves from the cup and sent them winging to the rubbish bin. After pouring in enough sugar to boost the wakefulness factor even higher, Draco took a welcome drink and returned to the living room.

He stood next to the couch, drank his tea, and surveyed the sprawled man. *Portrait of a broken hero*, he thought morosely. There was something morbidly depressing about Potter's fall from grace. As much as Draco had despised him in hero mode, it was still better than seeing him gyrating with strange boys in seedy bars, drinking like he was nothing more than an average Ministry drone, acting as though he had never…

Saved us all, Draco thought, possibly admitting it for the first time since the war.

More than Potter's morality had changed, obviously. Draco sipped his tea and let his eyes slide over the man with an appreciation he would never have shown if Potter were awake. His hair was worse than ever, longer than Draco had ever seen it, nearly covering his eyes in the front and

curling over his collar in the back. It looked… soft.

Draco scowled and continued his survey. Potter had new glasses. They were barely there, edged in silver with smaller, oval lenses that made him look more intelligent than he obviously was. They perched atop a face that had grown amazingly handsome. Potter's lips were tantalising, bow-shaped and perfect for kissing. He wondered how many men had tasted those lips and his hands clenched around the mug.

Probably hundreds, he admitted. *Who wouldn't want the Saviour of the World? Especially when he looks like that?* He wondered how many had made it past the snogging stage… Draco buried the thought before it took root and conjured up images he would rather not envision.

Potter's shirt had opened to reveal even more skin during Draco's manoeuvres. One hem hung completely free of the tight trousers, exposing most of Potter's torso. *His incredible torso*, Draco corrected. Potter's body was perfection. There was not an ounce of fat on him and his abdominal muscles would have put a professional athlete to shame.

One hipbone was visible, jutting from the edge of his jeans, looking far too tantalising for Draco's tired mind to deal with. He left the prone man and walked to the linen cupboard where he fished out a soft blanket to toss over Potter. He nearly left him, but paused and turned back in order to remove Potter's shoes. Not to make him more comfortable, but merely to keep him from marring the sofa.

As he tucked the blanket around Potter, he caught sight of the medal that dangled from Potter's shirt. He leaned in for a closer look and shook his head in wry amusement. It really was Potter's Order of Merlin—a proud display of sarcasm. The idiot had style, Draco had to admit.

After one final chore—sending an owl to Kingsley with a terse note assuring him that the Saviour problem had been dealt with—Draco shut off the lights and went to bed.

~To Be Continued~

#####
#####
#####

Chapter: 2

Potter was gone when Draco awoke. The bastard hadn't even left a note.

Draco filled out the requisite paperwork regarding the Potter incident and sent it off to the Auror Department. Draco was not technically an Auror, but he reported to that division, when he bothered to report at all. He had a tendency to act as though he answered only to Shacklebolt, an idea that was seldom contested by his boss, who seemed to be a bit nervous around Draco most

of the time.

Draco was definitely the black sheep of the Ministry. They liked to pretend he did not exist, but when something came up that required questionable morals, they generally sent him out, knowing he would get the job done. They despised him, but they needed him.

He heard nothing further about Potter for the next four days, three of which he spent under a Glamour tailing a distributor of illegal potions. The job was almost too easy, since the suspect was a nineteen year old Muggleborn punk who barely put up a fight when he was cornered in a seedy inn located in a questionable part of Essex.

A Patronus jarred Draco from sleep, causing him to lever himself out of bed with a snarl.

"…need you to fetch him out. He's causing another disturbance and since you were relatively discreet about removing him last time…"

Fucking Potter. Draco threw on some clothing and dragged a comb through his hair while thinking of ways he would like to murder the former Auror for disrupting his much-needed sleep. The potion dealer case had been simple, but it had also involved many long nights, leaving Draco somewhat sleep-deprived.

Potter was in prime form this time, dancing on the bar top in a pair of black leather trousers that nearly stopped Draco's heart when he caught sight of them. He also wore a skin-tight vest that left little to the imagination, especially considering the damned thing was too short to reach the low waistband of his trousers and exposed far too much of his delicious midriff for Draco's comfort.

The crowd around Potter was half-mad, shouting and clutching at his legs. Draco felt a flare of rage when a hand reached up to caress the inside of Potter's thigh, sliding nearly to his crotch as Potter's gyrated to the overly-loud music.

The reason Draco had been called to the scene was immediately obvious. The entire back wall of the club was missing, allowing patrons to spill out into the alley. Most of them were dancing, getting drenched by the rain. The club was near a Muggle neighbourhood, so Draco had little doubt the Obliviators would be showing up soon. Draco planned to be long gone by then, lest he be forced to fill out even more wretched paperwork in order to explain the incident. Dealing with Potter was bad enough.

Draco shoved his way through the crowd, ignoring the annoyed exclamations.

"Oi, Malfoy!" Potter called, catching sight of him. "Fancy meeting you here." Potter threw his head back and laughed. Draco nearly gaped at the captivating sight, but then Potter flicked his wand in Draco's direction and called, "*Accio*, Malfoy!"

It should not have worked. There were laws regarding such things. The amount of effort

expended in Summoning was generally equal to the weight and mass of the object Summoned. In theory, it was impossible to Summon anything larger than one could physically lift. And humans were inherently resistant to being Summoned, especially Malfoys.

Leave it to Potter to toss pesky things like magical law to the wind. Draco felt himself lifted into the air and drawn rapidly forward until he slammed into the surprised man. Potter's arms wrapped around Draco and his muscles flexed to keep them both from toppling backward off the bar.

"Fuck me, it worked," Potter said in amazement.

"Potter!" Draco snarled while trying to disentangle himself from Potter's clinging arms. "What the bloody hell do you think you are doing?"

"Dancing," Potter said simply. "Now that you're here, you can dance with me."

With that, Potter began to shimmy, moving his hips against Draco's, straddling his legs suggestively while still holding him tightly. The sheer power of his personality was almost overwhelming, not to mention his presence.

"Cease this unseemly display at once!" Draco hissed and tried to pull free. He considered *pushing* away, but deliberately touching Potter's body seemed like a *very bad idea* at the moment.

Potter laughed in his ear, a hot puff of air that sent warmth sliding through Draco's veins. "I love the way you talk. So formal and proper. Come on, dance with me."

Draco relaxed in Potter's arms, having little choice. He hoped the lack of resistance would cause the idiot to lower his guard.

"Potter, you are extraordinarily drunk. And why have you Vanished the wall?"

"It was hot," Potter said and then breathed in Draco's ear again. "You aren't dancing."

The music was low enough that Draco could hear Potter perfectly, but the beat throbbed against Draco's skin, compounded by Potter's groin rubbing against him in rhythm. The leather trousers must have been dreadfully thin, because Draco could feel Potter's cock, half-hard and heavy with promise, sliding against Draco's thigh with every thump of the drum.

Against his will, Draco felt Potter's seductive pull. It was obvious why so many hangers-on gravitated to him. He was immensely powerful and—damn it all—extremely attractive.

"We have to leave, Potter. You need to put the wall back and set things to rights before the Aurors and Obliviators get here," he said rationally.

"I don't want to. Bloody Aurors are always spoiling my fun." Potter's petulant tone was nearly as seductive as the repetitious grinding.

"Yes, that happens when you are constantly in the limelight."

Potter drew back at that. He frowned. "I never wanted that."

"Of course not," Draco replied dryly. "Your fame is a curse."

Potter stepped away as though he suddenly found Draco distasteful. His seductive demeanour was gone. He looked over his shoulder at the gaping hole where the wall had once stood. His eyes narrowed and he flicked his wand casually. If he cast a spell, Draco did not hear it, but the wall was back in place instantly, trapping a number of patrons outside in the rain.

Potter sighed heavily. "Very well, Malfoy. You win again. Shall I provide you with the name of the next establishment I plan to torment with my presence?"

Draco shook his head, trying not to be impressed by the man, and failing. "No need. I am certain they will call me the moment you become unruly."

"Lucky you," Potter said in a bitter tone and hopped down from the bar. He made his way through the still-dancing crowd to the fireplace and reached up to take a handful of Floo Powder from the tin bucket on the mantle.

He gave Draco a jaunty salute with his wand, tossed the powder into the flames, and disappeared.

Draco began to hope for an assignment that would send him out of the country and remove him from the possibility of future Potter-sitting. Such was not to be.

Two days later, he received a Patronus from Shacklebolt telling him they had another "Potter situation" and giving him an address. Luckily, Draco knew exactly where it was and didn't have to spend valuable time trying to Apparate to an approximation and use Locator Charms to find the idiot. He was at Humboldt Castle, an exclusive Wizarding Club for purebloods.

The location perplexed Draco, not only because of the nature of the place, but also because it was barely 10 o'clock in the morning. It seemed unlikely that even Potter would be carousing at such an early hour.

His instincts were correct. Potter was not drunk, he was furious. Two Aurors stood before him, wands drawn, looking terrified, but determined, as they faced off against the Chosen One. Potter threw Draco an ugly glare when he appeared, but ignored him as he turned back to the Aurors. Longbottom and Williamson, Draco noted.

"This is my case," Potter snarled. "I worked on it for two fucking years!"

"You aren't an Auror any longer, Harry," Longbottom insisted. "This is our job, now. You're not supposed to be here."

"I built this bloody case piece by piece," Potter insisted. "You know damn well why I need to be here. You, of all people, should know that, Neville."

Longbottom flushed, looking guilty, but his wand remained steady. "Harry, this isn't my decision. I am only following orders."

"Go back to your damned Muggle Relations Division, Potter, and let us do our job," Williamson cut in.

Tension fairly crackled in the room and Draco feared Potter's magic would spiral out of control and bring the entire building down upon them. He stepped forward and wrapped a hand around Potter's bicep.

Green eyes snapped to his as though enraged at Draco's temerity. Rather than remove his hand, Draco tightened his grip, although he said nothing.

"Fuck this," Potter snapped. "And fuck you all!"

With that, Potter Disapparated, taking Draco with him.

Draco took in their new surroundings calmly as Potter yanked his arm away and walked off a few paces. They seemed to be nowhere—in the midst of a mountainous region, barren of everything but scrub brush and huge boulders.

Potter lifted his wand and snarled *Wingardium Leviosa* at one of the large masses of rock. To Draco's amazement, the boulder lifted free from the clinging grasp of the mountain, dripping dirt and vegetation until it trembled several metres above the earth. It was yet another tribute to Potter's excessive power—Draco would not even have attempted such a feat.

It was apparently not easy, even for the Chosen One. His brow furrowed in concentration and his limbs began to shake. All spells took some measure of energy from the caster. Impossible spells took more. Draco flitted through several Arithmancy formulas, trying to calculate the exact amount of magical energy required to lift such a heavy object and hold it.

Potter released it and it fell with a thump that shook the ground. Potter dropped to his knees, panting, as though he had run the gamut of stairs at Hogwarts. His head drooped and his black hair obscured most of his face. He looked utterly defeated.

"Who was it?" Draco asked quietly.

"Greyback," Potter replied.

Draco frowned and thought the Ministry to be utterly stupid to take on Fenrir Greyback without Potter. Then again, he normally thought the Ministry to be utterly stupid and this only served to reinforce that opinion. The bollocking morons would most likely let Greyback slip through their fingers, as they had done repeatedly since the war after foolishly allowing him to escape custody.

"I hate my job," Potter added as he climbed to his feet and dusted off his knees. He wore a faded pair of Muggle jeans and a simple, light blue polo shirt. He tucked his wand into a back pocket and looked at Draco, who realized with bemusement that Potter was even sexier in his current attire than he had been in leather trousers. This seemed a more natural, unconscious eroticism, rather than contrived.

"Why don't you quit?" Draco asked.

A sneer twisted Potter's features, something Draco had not seen since Hogwarts. "No. I saved their fucking arses. I played their little games, and I listened to their lies, and I was the proper little figurehead and *they owe me*. Now that I refuse to toe the line they can fucking *deal* with me."

Draco turned to look out over the picturesque valley. His thoughts were whirling. He had wondered why Potter had accepted his "lateral transfer" out of the Auror Department. The press had speculated that Potter had lost it, burned out on the heroics, and requested a transfer to the International Muggle Relations Division. Draco had believed it himself, until now.

"Why did you accept the transfer?" he asked, returning his attention to Potter.

"Because I was stupid. I believed Kingsley when he told me it was vitally important. He said it was a neglected division and one that would benefit from my 'prestige" and bring about some much-needed change. Frankly, it was Hermione who persuaded me it was a good idea. She said being an Auror was burning me out. I suppose it was true, since I fucking lived and breathed my job at the time."

Potter dragged a hand through his hair and surveyed the same view Draco had admired. "Now I know it was just an excuse to get me out of the way. Kingsley was afraid I would end up Head Auror and make a bid to become Minister for Magic, despite the fact that I detest the very idea."

Draco was silent, trying not to think about the concept of Potter as Minister.

"At least I was doing some good in the Auror Department. What I'm doing now… It's not only unimportant, it's also a waste of time. They wanted me to go quietly and become just another Ministry drone, except when they need me to be on display for public functions, of course. 'Everyone look at the Boy Who Lived! He defeated He Who Must Not Be Named! Raise your glasses in a toast and then we'll lock him away again so we can pretend that whole war business never happened.'"

Potter sighed and looked at Draco. "I know, you're probably laughing with the rest of them. At least I expect it from *you*. How did you get stuck being my nanny, anyway?"

Draco refused to feel annoyed by Potter's words. It was true, at any rate. Draco had been highly amused by Potter's slow fall from grace, and even though they both worked for the Ministry, it was a rare occurrence for them to run into one another. They had always ignored each other completely.

Draco shrugged. "My position is the opposite of yours, it seems. They want you to stay in the limelight, but never actually do anything. They want me to stay hidden and pretend I don't exist, but they need me to accomplish their dirty deeds." He was proud of the way his voice remained flat and even; he did not sound bitter at all.

Potter snorted. "Rousting me from clubs is a dirty deed?"

Draco grinned at him. "One of the worst, I'd say."

"Prat," Potter retorted, but he smiled as he said it. Draco was surprised by the moment of near-camaraderie, and then Potter stepped forward and held out his hand. "Come on, I'll take you back."

Draco hesitated.

Potter sighed. "I promise I won't go after Greyback, all right? I'll be a good little figurehead and go home. I might not even go out tonight."

It was on the tip of Draco's tongue to ask why Potter found it necessary to flaunt himself in clubs, drinking and showing off and shagging any willing bloke… Instead he stepped forward and offered his arm to the man, knowing such a question would break the strange truce between them. Potter would likely not answer, anyway.

Potter's fingers curled around Draco's elbow gently and then they were swept away, only to appear in a rainy street that smelled faintly of spoiled fish and rotting rubbish. Potter let go and began to walk away. He jerked his dark head to the left. "Ministry is around the corner. Later, Malfoy."

"Bye, Potter," he said quietly and watched until the ex-Auror rounded the corner and disappeared. Draco Apparated home rather than make the walk to the Ministry. The paperwork could fucking wait, as could appeasing Shacklebolt's curiosity about the latest Potter situation. Draco ran a hot bath and thought about Potter for a long time.

~TBC~

#####
#####

#####

Chapter: 3

The next day was Draco's day off. He wondered who would be sent out to retrieve Potter in the event the idiot went out and eliminated walls or split countertops. He firmly decided that he did not envy them the job.

Much of his day was spent tidying his flat. He had never appreciated house-elves the entirety of his life—until he moved out and discovered he had to pick up his own soiled clothing and wash his own dishes and cast Cleaning Charms to expunge the collected dust from desktops and mantels.

He had finished the more mundane chores and was debating whether or not to dress and brave the anti-Malfoy atmosphere of a local restaurant or cook for himself when a knock came at the door.

He drew his wand and flung the door open, standing slightly to the side in order to surprise any would-be attacker. Instead, he surprised Harry Potter, who stood on the landing with his hand in midair, preparing to knock again.

Draco straightened from his defensive stance. "Potter?"

The man used his upraised hand to tug at his hair while smiling sheepishly. "Hullo, Malfoy."

"What are you doing here? How did you find my address?" The last was asked with a bit of heat, because Draco prided himself on being well-hidden. His flat was Unplottable.

Potter coughed. "Former Auror, remember?"

Draco rolled his eyes. With his luck, Potter had just *wished* for his address and appeared on the doorstep easy as casting a *Lumos*.

"Can I come in?" Potter asked politely and Draco reluctantly stepped aside to allow him ingress.

Potter's eyes scanned Draco's flat, making him very glad he had spent the day cleaning, until the green gaze scanned *him* and he realized he was a perfect fright. He had not even showered. His hair was likely a lank, dusty mess, and he wore only dirt-marred Muggle jeans (Merlin, Potter *would* catch him wearing Muggle jeans) and a black vest he had picked up from the end of his bed that morning and dragged over his head.

"Nice place," Potter said politely.

Draco glared. "Thank you. I would give you a tour, but I have no idea what you're doing here."

He thought it was quite unfair that Potter was similarly dressed, but looked positively edible. His dark blue Muggle jeans hugged every inch of his delectable legs, slung low about his hips, as Potter seemed to prefer. A pale green t-shirt accented his shoulders and chest with the word SEEKER emblazoned on it in silver. *A Slytherin shirt*, Draco noted absently and wondered with a flash of annoyance who Potter had stolen it from. Some random shag?

A plain brown leather belt threaded the loops of his jeans, held together with a two-tone buckle in the shape of a Golden Snitch.

"I came to ask you to accompany me to the club," Potter said.

Draco tried not to gape at him, but his expression must have been sceptical enough that Potter laughed.

"I'm off duty," Draco said finally.

"I know. I want to go out, but I didn't want them sending out some puffed-up Auror wannabe to apprehend me."

"You want me to chaperone you?" It sounded perfectly ludicrous, especially aloud.

"If you insist," Potter said, as if the idiocy was Draco's idea. "I'll wait."

Draco thought of a dozen reasons why that would it would be a very bad idea to accompany Potter, but staring into the patient green eyes seemed to make them all meaningless. The plain fact was, Draco wanted to go.

"I need to shower and change."

Potter's radiant smile could have melted glass. "I will just snoop through your personal belongings until you get back."

With that, he sauntered toward Draco's desk, which was, thankfully, devoid of embarrassing personal papers, including letters from his mother. Those were all safely locked away in a trunk in his bedroom.

"Well, then, I won't be long."

Potter waved him away and Draco reluctantly went to shower and change for what would probably be the strangest night of his life.

He showered in record time and agonized over his clothing only briefly, thinking of the man who was obviously still in his living room, based on the crash that came to his ears. He cringed, wondering what expensive artefact Potter had murdered.

In the end, Draco settled on simple black trousers and a silk button-down shirt of emerald green, deciding that if Potter wanted to surround himself with Slytherin colours, then Draco would oblige.

He adjusted his hair and went out to meet Potter, who sat meekly on the couch holding a book about Advanced Potions – Theory and Application.

"What broke?" Draco asked.

Potter grinned and waved a hand toward a porcelain dragon figurine on Draco's mantle. "It fell. I fixed it."

Draco eyed the statuette carefully. It wasn't his favourite, thankfully, and Potter seemed to have put it back together properly. He supposed he should get the man out of here before he destroyed something truly valuable. Like Draco's sanity.

"Come on, then," he said and Potter placed the book back on the tea table and got to his feet. He rounded the couch and reached out to touch Draco's arm. His hand was warm through the thin material of Draco's shirt.

"Lower the wards?" Potter asked.

Draco nodded, knowing the man could probably Disapparate right through the wards without half trying, but he approved of the consideration not to do so. He said nothing as he dropped the wards and allowed Potter to take them away.

They appeared in a rain-soaked alley. Potter released him to cast a careless Impervious Charm and then headed toward the street. Draco followed and they emerged on a boulevard he did not recognize. A neon sign flashed above their heads. JAY'S it said in bright green letters. *Muggle, then*, Draco assumed.

Potter beckoned him inside and Draco steeled himself, expecting another raucous club like the last two from which he had extricated Potter. Instead, a quiet pub met his gaze, barely occupied. Granted, the hour was early. A small wooden dance floor stood empty, even though music blared from somewhere, not quite loud enough to be annoying, thankfully.

Potter walked straight to the bar and ordered a drink from the man behind the counter. He smirked and ordered one for Draco, as well. The bartender turned around to prepare the beverages while Draco slid onto the round stool next to Potter.

A large-ish group suddenly pushed through the door and gathered round two small tables, talking animatedly. Draco glanced at them and then did a double-take when he noticed they were all male, and that one pair was already snogging.

"This is a gay bar!" Draco said to Potter in a hiss, leaning close.

An amused smirk decorated Potter's face. "Homophobic?"

Draco flushed and moved back. "Of course not," he snapped. Far from it, although he doubted Potter knew that. "But, why here?"

Potter shrugged. "It's quiet. And no one knows me, so I can just be myself."

The bartender set two glasses down and Draco looked dubiously at the pint glass before him, brimming with dark liquid. It almost looked like ale, except the foamy layer at the top was barely there. "What is it?" he asked.

Potter's grin was dazzling. "Snakebite. I thought it fitting. Slytherin, and all."

Draco rolled his eyes, but obediently picked up the glass and took a tentative drink. It was quite good, apparently a mixture of ale and cider, with a hint of… currant?

Potter sipped at his own drink, which looked far less lethal than Draco's. His eyes were fixed on Draco's upper lip, widening slightly when Draco's tongue flicked out to catch the stray foam. Draco glanced back at the men around the tables, feeling a strange tingle of heat that had nothing to do with the alcohol.

He and Potter made small talk for the next hour and even managed to get into a friendly argument about the upcoming Quidditch World Cup, causing the bartender to look at them curiously, but he said nothing. Draco finished his snakebite and started another. Potter was on his third Scotch and seemed none the worse for wear. The place had filled up and several couples occupied the dance floor.

Draco wondered if Potter planned to dance on the bar top. As if he had caught the wayward thought, Potter looked at Draco and asked, "Want to dance?"

Luckily, Draco did not have his drink near his lips, or he might have choked. "What?"

Potter smirked. "Come on. It's a fast song. I promise not to touch you. I just want to dance."

The fact that Draco did not immediately refuse could only have been a direct result of his level of inebriation. He glanced at the dance floor where a haphazard group gyrated to a song with a thumping beat.

"One song; no touching," Potter urged.

Draco shrugged, trying to look bored. "All right, if it will keep you from begging."

He followed Potter to the wooden square and was pleased when he felt almost perfectly normal

and hardly tipsy at all, except for one moment when he bumped into a chair on the way, but he righted it before Potter noticed.

Potter was all sinuous grace on the dance floor, moving his hips in a way that should have been illegal. Draco mimicked his movements, wondering how long it had been since he had danced with abandon. Surely not the Yule Ball at Hogwarts? He frowned and Potter caught the gesture.

"Not having fun, yet?" Potter teased and put his arms over his head. Draco rolled his eyes and kept his hands close to his sides, unwilling—and possibly unable—to let loose the way Potter did.

Potter spun in place, turning so that he faced away from Draco, whose eyes went straight to Potter's excellent arse, which moved deliciously beneath the Muggle jeans. When Draco dragged his eyes away, he noticed that Potter had caught the attention of someone else. A young man danced before Potter and his eyes appraised the Chosen One with interest. The lad was dressed scandalously in electric-blue hotpants and matching knee-high boots. A white waistcoat served as a shirt, trimmed in satin. He looked like a walking advertisement for cheap sex.

He danced closer to Potter with a come-hither smile. Without stopping to think, Draco reached out and curled his hands possessively over Potter's hipbones. Potter froze for a moment and the newcomer shot a startled look at Draco, only to meet a glare that would have done Lucius proud.

Potter started moving again, rocking beneath Draco's hands. He began to turn back, but Draco was unwilling to relinquish his hold, so he merely loosened his grip and Potter's waistband slid across his palms until he faced Draco once more. The green eyes seemed to burn with an inner fire and Draco was relieved to find no hint of amusement on Potter's face.

Draco's fingers tightened again and he found a rhythm with Potter that was almost breathtaking. Potter kept his hands in the air, fingers curled into loose fists and wrists facing outward. His feet lifted and fell as his hips shifted and moved, keeping time with Draco's motion.

The song trailed away and Draco made to release Potter and step away, but another song began to play beneath the dying beats of the first and Potter's arms fell over Draco's shoulders as he stepped even closer.

"I only promised not to touch for one song," Potter said huskily. His torso pushed against Draco's and then soft lips were brushing against Draco's neck, not quite kissing, but most definitely *there*. Potter's soft hair tickled Draco's cheekbone and the heady scent of him filled Draco's senses.

Draco could not seem to move, until the lights went dim and purple and fog began to swirl around them, produced by a hidden Muggle fog machine and coloured by the flickering lights. Potter swayed, pulling Draco with him, and he gradually relaxed into the slow-moving dance, which was more of a gentle rocking than anything resembling the dances Draco had been taught.

Potter seemed to melt against him with a sigh and one hand curled into his hair while the other

splayed over Draco's shoulder, holding him in a tight embrace. Draco tightened his grip on Potter's hips and admitted he might be a little bit drunk, especially when Potter's lips nuzzled the edge of his throat and jaw.

When Potter's mouth reached Draco's, he turned his head slightly, trying not to think as Potter's lips grazed over his, a tentative brush at first. Draco held his breath and stopped moving as Potter deepened the kiss, nibbling teasingly at Draco's lips and then painting them lightly with his tongue until Draco opened his mouth and allowed him inside.

The kiss was incredible, and not only because Draco had not been kissed in a long, long time. Potter kissed like the fucking hero he was, giving as well as taking, seeking gently enough that it did not feel like an intrusion, but rather an invitation. The hand in Draco's hair gripped tightly enough to hold, but lightly enough to allow escape, if escape was needed.

Draco knew he should escape, but the feel of Potter in his arms and the taste of him on his tongue was too enticing. He hardly noticed when they stopped moving. A moment later, a billow of fog swirled around them and then Draco felt a lurch as Potter Apparated them away.

They appeared in a darkened hallway and Draco's back hit something hard and wooden. Potter's kiss became even more intense, sending licks of fire through Draco's blood. Potter's fingers fumbled with Draco's shirt buttons, opening the material slowly and then sliding his hands over Draco's skin. They were softer than expected, but still a man's hands, solid and sure.

Fingers flicked over the nubs of Draco's nipples and he felt a jolt go straight to his cock, something Potter must have sensed, because he did it again and then tweaked at them gently. Draco moaned around Potter's searching tongue.

It seemed to break some sort of spell, because Potter's stopped kissing him. He pulled back to stare at Draco, who blinked at him in dazed amazement. Potter looked unbelievably sexy. His hair was more dishevelled that usual, even though Draco didn't remember burying his hands in it. His glasses were slightly askew and his lips looked raw and oh-so-kissable.

Draco leaned in for another snog and frowned when Potter;s lovely mouth drew out of reach, lowering until it was level with Draco's waistband. In the same motion, Potter's hands slid downward over Draco's abdomen and then tugged at the fastenings of Draco's trousers. Potter's emerald eyes remained locked with his and a wicked smile curved his lips.

Potter opened Draco's trousers, releasing the pressure on his aching cock. It strained against Draco's pants, eager to be freed of its last confinement. As Draco watched, Potter's eyes fluttered shut and he leaned forward until his mouth closed around Draco's cock, just beneath the head. It was more than a kiss and less than a bite, and sent such a rush of desire through Draco he thought his knees might give out.

Potter's fingers curled into the waistband of Draco's pants, preparing to pull them away and expose Draco completely to his waiting mouth. The mere thought of it made Draco moan and

Potter chuckled. Horribly, the sound penetrated Draco's fog like a *Lumos*.

How many times had Potter done this? Was it nothing more than game, calculated to add Draco to his list of conquests? Potter had come to *him*, after all.

He inhaled sharply. One hand curled in Potter's thick hair and tugged, not gently. "No," he said.

Potter looked up in confusion, but obediently took his mouth away from Draco's cock, leaving a wet circle on the silk beneath the growing dark spot made by Draco's precome.

"No," Draco repeated and was pleased to find his voice steadier.

Potter lifted his fingers from Draco's clothing and held them in the air in an attitude of surrender. He looked puzzled and... *hurt*, but he was still Gryffindor to the core. He sat back on his heels and opened his mouth, but Draco was not waiting for pretty words to make him behave more stupidly than he already had.

He let go of Potter's hair, tugged out his wand, and Apparated home.

~TBC~ Don't kill the author. *grin*

#####
#####
#####

Chapter: 4

Draco staggered and nearly went down, catching himself on the edge of his sofa at the last moment. He should not have Apparated while pissed. The room swayed for a moment before steadying itself and Draco checked carefully to ascertain that all parts were accounted for.

He verified one part in particular and frowned to note that it had not diminished in the slightest, still rock-hard and ready for Potter's touch.

His fingers dug into the sofa and he groaned. *Potter*. Despite everything, it was all Draco could do not to send himself straight back there. Only the certainty that it would be a colossal mistake made him loosen his grip in the couch and stalk toward his bedroom, stripping his clothing along the way.

By the time he hit his bed he was fully nude and stroking his cock, imagining Potter's hot mouth tasting, lapping, and teasing it the way he had Draco's tongue. He shivered, so close to orgasm he did not even require lube. Five strokes and he came all over his stomach, toes curling almost painfully, with Potter's name on his lips.

He lay gasping in the aftermath and stared miserably at the ceiling, wondering if it would have been smarter to take what Potter had to offer. Only his foolish pride demanded something more. Was he stupid enough to want more?

Yes! an inner voice screamed. Potter was broken; a wounded soldier with no battles left to fight. For such a man, Draco would be nothing more than a diversion. And god help him, he wanted more. As usual, he wanted what he could never have.

.

The next day Draco awakened to a knock on the door. He crawled out of bed and hurried to open the portal, foolishly hoping to see Potter's guileless face staring at him, but it turned out to be a nondescript teenager holding a huge bouquet of flowers.

"Draco Malfoy?" the boy asked and scratched at his forehead while he shifted from foot to foot.

"Yes."

The flowers were shoved at him and the boy said, "Have a nice day" an instant before he Disapparated. Draco carried the flowers inside and kicked the door shut with his foot. He placed them on his small dining room table and looked at them critically. They were magical, of course. No collection of flowers in nature was possessed of that many shades of green.

He finally located a card tucked into the centre of the foliage and read it with a grimace. It read only, *I'm sorry. H.*

If Draco expected additional contact from the man, he was disappointed. Five days passed without a word. He lay awake at night, waiting for the call that would roust him from bed to retrieve the drunken hero, but it never came.

Draco barely resisted the urge to storm into Shacklebolt's office and demand to know what Potter was up to. The note nagged at him. Sorry for what? Sorry for kissing him? Sorry for taking him home? Sorry for ever meeting him?

.

Draco was mindlessly doodling on the edges of a reference book and rereading the same paragraph for the sixth time when Shacklebolt's Patronus made him sit up with something that felt like relief.

The nebulous creature ordered him to fetch Potter from a wizarding nightclub in Camden Town. Draco took the time to change his shirt, rationalizing that he had spilled a drop of tea on the one he wore. After pausing only once to check his appearance in the mirror and shooting one last glance at the everlasting green flowers, he centred himself enough to visualize his destination and departed.

Despite its location in a solidly wizarding neighbourhood, the club was surprisingly difficult to find. The exterior of the place matched the dull brick of the surrounding buildings, and Draco walked past the address twice before spotting a foursome that hovered on a small stoop, smoking.

"You looking for McCloud's, mate?" one of the girls called.

At Draco's affirmative response, she beckoned to him. "In here. Not easy to spot unless you've been here before."

"And Harry Potter is here!" the other girl cried with a giggle.

One of the blokes nudged her with an elbow. "Why don't you take out an ad in the Prophet, then, Doris?"

"Well, he is!" she said petulantly and jabbed the fellow with a sharp-looking fingernail.

"I know. Thank you," Draco said as he eased past them, ignoring the curious glances, and went inside. The place seemed more like a fraternity house hosting a party than a nightclub, but the noise level soon directed Draco down a set of stairs to a magically enlarged basement. There, all was flashing magical lights, gyrating bodies, and loud music.

A raised dais stood in the middle of the round dance floor, spinning slowly like an oversized lazy Susan. Potter, of course, danced atop the centre of that, surrounded by half-dressed bodies. Draco admired him from the safety of the staircase for a moment, glad of his anonymity.

Potter danced more slowly this time, seeming more subdued than usual. He wore black trousers and a pale button-down shirt with a hint of shimmer to it. Once again the Order of Merlin gleamed on his breast. A busty girl danced up to him and he smiled at her. Draco nearly left the stairs to fight his way through the crowd, but the girl turned enough for him to recognize her with a jolt. It was Hermione Granger.

She looked different. Draco ran into her at the Ministry now and again, but she was always bundled up in official robes. Tonight she wore a short skirt and a rather revealing top that made Draco blink at her in surprise. She leaned close to Potter, who shook his head sharply and frowned at her. Draco nearly smiled; she was obviously still nagging him, despite the outfit.

Draco pushed away from the stairs and headed for the bar. Potter was obviously not causing any problems, especially with his bushy-haired guardian watching out for him. Draco wondered why Shacklebolt had even sent him out; probably nothing more than sheer paranoia.

He ordered a drink—not the lethal concoction he had imbibed during the last outing—and turned to watch Potter dance.

Granger hopped down and joined him. "Draco," she said calmly.

"Granger."

"Come to see him off, or just get in one last hex?"

"See who off?"

She rolled her eyes and ordered a glass of white wine before replying. "Harry, of course. I assume you're here to gloat."

"I have no idea what you are talking about. Shacklebolt sent me here to extract the Chosen One if he gets out of hand. Or are you pretending to be unaware of his behaviour, of late?"

She frowned. "I'm aware. You're only here in an official capacity, then?"

"Naturally. I do not spend my time playing nanny to him by choice."

Granger picked up the glass that appeared in front of her and took a sip. "You'll be glad he's leaving, then."

"Leaving where?" Draco wondered if Shacklebolt had finally had enough of Potter and planned to send him on extended assignment to Greenland.

She looked at him with a measuring stare. "I forget you are not at the Ministry very often. You haven't heard the rumours?"

Draco waited impatiently.

"Harry is taking a job with the Aurors. The *American* Aurors. In Boston."

Draco shot a surprised look at Potter, who had vacated his lofty post and was making his way through the crowd toward them. "He's leaving?" Draco asked stupidly.

Before she could reply, Potter enveloped Draco in a warm embrace, nearly knocking him off the stool in what seemed to be drunken exuberance.

"Malfoy! Glad you could make it. Here to see me off, yeah?" Potter's voice was breathy and hot against Draco's ear.

Draco's arms went around Potter automatically and he met Granger's gaze around the mop of black hair. Potter clung to him tightly and he swallowed hard, trying to let go, but not quite managing it.

"See you off?" Draco repeated.

Potter nodded. "Soon I will be far far far far away, just like you want me."

Draco felt a growing sense of panic. "I think it's time for you to go home," he commented when Potter's hands carded through his hair above the nape of his neck and sent minute shivers coursing down his spine. He waited expectantly for Granger to offer to escort Chosen One out, but she only glared at them wordlessly.

"Home?" Potter mumbled into his neck.

Draco sighed and realized he had no idea where Potter lived. The single drunken Apparition to a darkened hallway in Potter's home had left an indelible impression on him, but not enough to achieve the proper bearings for such a jump. Against his better judgement, he nodded farewell to Granger and took Potter to his flat.

Once safely in his living room, he tried to pry Potter's arms from his neck without success.

"Dance with me," Potter said.

"There is no music and, besides, dancing with you is very dangerous," Draco replied.

"Why?"

Because it leads to touching and kissing and wanting more touching and kissing, Draco thought, but dared not admit such a thing aloud. Potter was *leaving*, after all.

"When are you going?" he asked. "To America?"

"Tomorrow. Ten o'clock International Portkey."

"Why didn't you tell me?" Draco asked quietly.

"Didn't think you'd care."

Draco's hands tightened around Potter's back and he buried his face in the soft, dark hair. "I care."

"It was you, you know," Potter said, still holding on to Draco like a lifeline.

"What was me?"

"You woke me up. Made me take a look at my life. I found I didn't like what I saw. I'm wasting it, you know. Doing this stupid job, going to clubs, trying to hold onto the memory of a time when what I did made a difference."

Draco's hand caressed the length of Potter's spine. He had never considered the notion that Potter might feel useless. He had destroyed the evil that threatened them all and now he felt like he was no longer needed. Draco spared a moment to curse the Ministry for allowing Potter to feel that way; he was better than all of them.

"So, thank you," Potter said. "And, Draco?"

"Yes?" he asked, feeling a curious tightness in his throat.

"The rumours about me… Well, some of them are pretty farfetched. You were the first man I ever took to my flat. I'm sorry for… whatever I did that made you leave."

Fuck.

Draco pulled away just enough to capture Potter's lips with his own. Potter seemed to melt into his kiss and they snogged for long, breathless moments before Draco asked, "How… how drunk are you?"

"Barely at all. Why? Do you plan to take advantage of me?" Potter's voice was teasing, husky, and altogether tantalizing.

"Absolutely," Draco said and kissed him again.

This time there was no holding back. Draco could barely accept the fact that Potter was leaving. This would be his last, and only, chance to keep from making another mistake. Potter did not resist as Draco removed the shirt, sliding it off his shoulders to drop on the wooden floor with a clank.

"You're not very respectful of your Order of Merlin," Draco commented.

"Do you want it?" Potter bent down and picked up his shirt. Draco admired the lean stretch of muscle as he leaned sideways. Potter fished the medal off of the material and grinned as he carefully pinned the bauble to Draco's shirt. Amazingly, he did not gouge the hinge pin into Draco's flesh, which hopefully indicated he really wasn't that drunk.

"There," Potter said. "You deserve this as much as I do."

"Hardly," Draco replied dryly, strangely touched by the ridiculous gesture.

"Don't sell yourself short. You did what you had to do, just like me." With that, Potter raised his hands and cupped them around Draco's face before leaning in to kiss him again. Draco knew he could spend a very long time kissing Potter without getting bored of it, but more urgent matters quickly took precedence.

"Bedroom," Draco said during a lull and Potter made a deep-throated sound like a growl that

made Draco want to pick him up and sprint to the bed. He made do with merely grabbing his hand and dragging him there at a swift pace.

Potter nearly walked into him when Draco turned and began to tug at his clothing, determined to get them both naked as soon as possible. He could not seem to keep his hands or mouth away from Potter's body, touching and kissing every inch as it was revealed.

Potter's hands were quicker, or possibly more determined. Draco's trousers were open and Potter's hand wrapped around Draco's cock, eliciting a gasp of pleasure. Potter's other hand pushed Draco's clothing away and then he looked at him with a serious expression.

"May I?" Potter asked politely. "This time? Please?"

Draco could not trust himself to speak. He had been mentally flagellating himself for days for escaping Potter moments before a blow job and now the man was *asking permission* to make a second attempt. He could only nod and then watch in awe as Potter sank to his knees, looking almost nervous and curling his free hand around Draco's hipbone as if to stop him from fleeing.

"Potter," Draco said softly and then changed his mind. "*Harry*."

Green eyes fixed on him in surprise.

Draco cupped the side of his face with one hand and said, "I'm not going anywhere. Not this time."

Potter—Harry—swallowed and nodded. And then he turned his attention to Draco's cock and Draco found even more reason to curse himself for leaving before, because, *ungh*, Harry was a cock-sucking *god*. Draco refused to think about where Harry might have acquired such skill, which was surprisingly easy considering his mind was completely blown with each flick of Harry's tongue, every cheek-hollowing suck, and each gentle tug on his balls that left him gasping out nonsensical words in a very atypical manner.

Draco's hand slid into Harry's hair and stilled his movements. "Harry, stop, or I'm going to—"

"I want you to," Harry said with a smirk as Draco's glistening cock bobbed before his lips. His tongue licked over the head once more, which nearly did it for Draco.

"Not yet!" Draco said.

"All right, then. Bed?"

Draco nodded and gratefully took a couple of steps backward. He allowed his legs to give out and sprawled on his back as Harry straddled him. Draco had never seen anything quite as sexy as Harry Potter looking down at him with his too-long hair hanging in his eyes and an incredible expression on his face. His glasses were gone, discarded somewhere along the way, and he

looked strange without them. More vulnerable, somehow.

"Do you want to…?" Harry asked.

Draco wasn't sure what he meant for a moment and then he could not suppress a smile. He had assumed that Harry would top. It just seemed natural, but now that he was asking…

Harry's smile faded and Draco swallowed hard at the realization that he could fuck Harry, who apparently trusted him not to run to the press with the story. Or was it that he simply didn't care anymore, since he was leaving? Draco preferred not to think about that, not right now, at any rate.

"You can," Draco said. "If you like."

"I definitely like," Harry replied and then cast several wandless spells that left Draco reeling. Two of them he didn't even recognize, but they left him feeling loose, slick, and even more turned on than he had been before.

Draco needed no further preparation, but Harry did so anyway, using his fingers to bring Draco to the brink once more before giving in to his pleading gasps and finally—finally!—pressing his cock into Draco with exquisite slowness. Draco's fingers held Harry's arms tightly enough to leave bruises.

"You're amazing," Harry whispered, stealing Draco's very words. He couldn't remember the last time he had allowed someone the privilege of fucking him, but it had been years, at least. It had also been nothing like this. Potter took his time, moving with thorough deliberation, occasionally pausing to stroke Draco's cock with a slickened hand. Draco held off an orgasm twice more through willpower alone, determined to last as long as Harry, if not longer.

Eventually, however, Harry sped his motions until both of them were frantically writhing, clinging to each other with sweat-damp hands and exchanging sloppy kisses that were half-gasp. Draco's bed slammed into the wall with every motion and the sound made him want to laugh aloud. Let his rude neighbours complain about the noise. He didn't care, because Harry's was hitting his prostate with every thrust and he was—

Draco threw his head back with a loud cry and arched into Harry as he came harder than he could ever remember. He was only vaguely aware of Harry's muffled shout, half-buried in his throat. Draco's arms tightened around Harry's back as he sagged atop him.

For one of the few times in his life, Draco could not think of a single thing to say. He settled for trailing his hands through the sweat on Harry's back, wondering idly if he had ever wanted a lover to stay the night before. He didn't think so.

Harry finally stirred and shifted sideways, sliding out of Draco and moving to lie next to him on the bed. Their eyes met and the silence between them grew until it became almost

uncomfortable.

Harry looked away first. "Well, I guess I should—"

"Don't leave," Draco said quickly. He reached out and put a hand on Harry's wrist. He felt a blush creep into his cheeks at the needy gesture.

The tension seemed to drain out of the black-haired man and he smiled. "All right." He used his wand to clean them up and then he curled himself around Draco as if he belonged there. Draco relaxed into his arms and tried not to think about what losing this might mean.

If only he knew how to keep it.

~TBC~ WOOT!

#####
#####
#####

Chapter: 5

Harry was gone when Draco woke up. At least this time there was a note, neatly folded and placed on the nightstand next to Draco's wand.

Draco sat up and reached for it, feeling curiously depressed. He wished he had been awake for Harry's departure, if only to say goodbye.

He unfolded the parchment and read the words slowly.

Draco,

I wanted to wake you up and say thank you, not just for last night, but for everything, except that I'm pants at expressing myself with anything other than a wand. My life has changed completely since the night you walked into the club to fetch me. I will always be grateful for that.

And last night was incredible. I would wax poetic about it, but then I would sound like an idiot and you would likely not believe half of it, so let me just say that I'll treasure the memory forever. You are a wonderful person, Draco Malfoy, and I'm very glad to have known you.

Affectionately,

Harry

Draco read it through several times and then glanced at the clock on the wall. 9:38. Shit.

He threw aside the blankets and snatched a black dressing gown from the wardrobe. *Ten o'clock, International Portkey*, he had said. There was no time to do anything other than cast a quick Toothbrushing Charm and drag a comb through his hair before rushing to the fireplace and tossing a handful of powder at the flames.

The International Portkey Office was near the Muggle airport. It was also one of the most convoluted buildings on the face of the planet, and packed with people rushing to and fro, trying to reach their destinations, towing luggage, animals, and children.

Draco dodged a portly toddler riding a broom down the corridor and then narrowly missed being trampled by the child's mother, who shrieked at him to *come down at once*! Draco pressed on until he reached the magical reader board, whose glowing letters announced the rooms for the various departures.

Draco scanned the words frantically until he found it. *New York City, 10:00 am, Marie Antoinette Chamber, 5th floor.*

He cursed as he joined the ranks of late travellers rushing through the halls. The queue for the lift was huge, so Draco opted for the stairs, pounding up them two at a time. He was heartily winded by the time he reached the fifth floor, and made a mental vow to stop eating cream with his crumpets.

The Marie Antoinette Chamber was thankfully not much farther, and Draco burst into the massive room only to slide to a halt when he noticed that all eyes had fixed on him. He cared nothing for the stares, all except one.

"Draco!" Harry said in surprise before his eyes slowly took in Draco's attire. A smile curved his lips, those same lips Draco had kissed to swollen redness the night before. "Come to see me off?"

Draco's eyes flicked first right and then left, registering the presence of Harry's usual bookends, Weasley and Granger. Weasley looked bitterly annoyed to see him. Granger simply bestowed him a speculative stare.

Draco lifted his wand and cast a Muffliato, allowing himself a moment of smug satisfaction at shutting out Harry's former minions.

Harry's eyes went to the large clock on the wall. The long hand clicked forward. Two minutes left. He looked at Draco again with a curious expression. Draco knew he only had one shot at it.

"Last night, when I said 'don't leave'," he explained, "I meant *don't leave*."

Harry gaped at him. "You mean—?"

"Please," Draco added, deciding he was not above begging, at least just this once.

"Draco, I…"

It should have been a refusal, but it didn't sound like a refusal and Harry was not shaking his head, nor was he backing away and looking at Draco like he wanted to flee. Draco took a single step forward.

"I know. You quit your wretched job and you're supposed to go to America and you have no reason at all to stay here, but…" His words trailed off and he suddenly realized he must look completely insane, wearing a dressing gown and house slippers and practically begging in a manner that would have his ancestors turning in their graves.

And then none of that mattered because Harry was striding forward and cupping Draco's face with both hands and saying, "Maybe I do have a reason to stay."

Granger and Weasley both started chattering at once. Granger pointed out the time and gestured at the Portkey queue while Weasley made spluttering noises and simply repeated, "Malfoy? Are you mad? *Malfoy*?"

Harry ignored all of it and continued to kiss Draco until the Portkey was gone.

"Are you staying, then, Harry?" Granger asked when the kiss finally ended. Draco was nearly too dazed to catch the amusement in her voice.

"Yeah, I'm staying," Harry said with a laugh. "In fact, I think I'll escort Draco home. I'll owl you later."

"Much later," Draco added and then gave Ron Weasley a wink just before Harry Apparated them home.

Epilogue

Draco opened his eyes to find a vivid green gaze staring back at him. It was almost hard to catch a breath through his sense of relief and he reached out to touch Harry's cheek with a smile.

"What are you doing?" Draco asked.

"Watching you sleep. It's lovely. You look so peaceful and adorable, perfectly relaxed. I think I've found a new hobby."

"I find that slightly disturbing."

Harry laughed. "I'll try to limit it to times when you're actually asleep, then. That way, you'll never know."

Draco frowned. "You've become rather wicked, Chosen One."

"Indeed. Shall I demonstrate some of my wicked talents, Mr Malfoy?"

"What do you have in mind, Mr Potter?"

"Here, I'll show you," Harry said in a low tone and reached out to run a hand over Draco's hip. Within moments, Draco was on top of Harry, kissing him passionately, while Harry's hands worshipped Draco's arse with languid caresses and gentle squeezes.

Draco had thought Harry sexy the night before, but he looked even better now, with his hair gleaming dark against the white pillow and an almost reverent expression on his face as he stared up at Draco.

Draco leaned down and kissed him, knowing he was lost, but strangely not panicked by the idea, not with Harry looking at him like that.

"I want you, Draco," Harry said hoarsely. "I want you inside me."

Draco had to close his eyes for a moment as he fought for control of his own voice. "I can't think of anywhere I'd rather be."

Harry's wondrous spells were quickly cast and then Draco pushed into his heat, wondering, despite himself, the identity of the last man allowed such a privilege. He forced down a rush of jealousy with determination, knowing it did not matter at all, since Draco planned to fuck him well enough to eradicate the memory of anyone before him.

Harry chuckled and Draco stopped for a moment to stare at him. "Whatever brought on that gorgeous expression," Harry said, "I approve."

Draco had to smile, especially when he thrust forward, earning a gasp from the Chosen One and changing his amused visage back to something far more erotic and needy.

"Draco," he breathed and his fingers tightened on Draco's arse.

"That's better," Draco said.

"Oh, you still win for wickedness," Harry assured him.

"Don't you forget it," Draco replied and then set about showing Harry just how wicked he could be, bringing him to the brink of orgasm and then backing off, more than once, until he was nearly begging. Somehow Draco didn't think any of Harry's former lovers would be a problem in the future.

"Please, Draco. Please," Harry cried, arching his back and dragging his nails over Draco's skin.

In truth, Draco had resorted to thinking unsexy thoughts about Millicent Bulstrode in order to keep his own orgasm at bay.

"Yes," he said soothingly and thrust one last time, stroking Harry's incredible cock as he did so. The result was amazing. Harry screamed Draco's name and hot fluid gushed between them. Draco could not even spare a moment of amusement at annoying the neighbours, because Harry was tightening around him so brilliantly that he saw white for a moment.

As he fell atop Harry in a limp heap, gasping for breath, he could only wonder if it would be this astonishing every time. He wanted to find out.

"I bow before your greater wickedness," Harry said. "I believe you own my soul after that." His hands drew over Draco's skin, soothing the marks his fingers had to have left there.

"You only *believe* I do? I shall have to work on making you certain."

"I look forward to it," Harry said and kissed him again.

Later, sprawled next to a freshly cleaned Harry—some of the cleaning having been done by Draco's tongue—he asked, "What do you plan to do today, Boy Who Has No Job?"

"That's *Man* Who Has No Job, impertinent brat," Harry replied with a grin. "I plan to go to the Ministry and demand my job back." He paused and added, "My *Auror* job."

Draco nodded approvingly and then smiled wickedly at the thought of Shacklebolt's expression when Harry made that particular announcement. He might have to accompany Harry just to witness it.

"And if they refuse to give it to you?" Draco asked.

"I've been thinking about that," Harry said. "While I was watching you sleep." He laughed as Draco poked him in the side. "If Shacklebolt plans to be an arse, I think I'll open my own agency. A detective agency, or something. I have enough friends still in the Auror Division that I'll be able to use them as a resource. Either way, I'll be doing something to help people, instead of frittering my life away."

Draco opened his mouth, but a flash of light appeared next to the bed—the Minister's Patronus. *Malfoy, I need you to locate Harry Potter and bring him to the Ministry for questioning*.

Draco laughed as the Patronus disappeared. "I think I'm going to enjoy that. Are you going to come quietly, Potter?"

"I don't know, what will you do to me if I resist?" Harry asked in a purring tone, leaving Draco speechless as he envisioned such a scenario. He shook it off, but mentally made a note to revisit that particular conversation later.

"I'll think of something," he said lightly. "Will you wear your Order of Merlin to your meeting with Shacklebolt?"

Harry snorted a laugh. "I don't know; I rather like it where it is."

Draco craned his head to look at the gleaming medal, now pinned to the front of Draco's pants. Harry had declared Draco's cock deserving of an Order of Merlin and attached it with a solemn ceremony that nearly had Draco in tears with laughter. They both snickered.

Draco sobered and said, "I've been thinking, too. While sleeping, because I'm talented that way."

Harry grinned and lifted a hand to brush Draco's hair away from his forehead before cupping his jaw and leaning in for a kiss. "You're talented in a lot of ways."

"Don't distract me, Potter. This is important."

Harry made a humming noise and pressed kisses over Draco's face. "Keep talking. I can listen and worship your body at the same time. I'm rather good at multitasking."

When Harry's kisses reached his collarbone, Draco was not sure he could keep talking through the reawakening desire. He refused to admit defeat, however, and ploughed ahead. "Whether or not you get your job back, I want you to think about running for Minister."

Harry stopped tantalising him with kisses and reared back to stare at him in surprise.

"I am serious," Draco said. "You'd be brilliant at it, especially with me to help you. If you still want me by then, I mean." He put a finger to Harry's lips and continued sternly. "You know Shacklebolt is doing a shite job. He was an excellent Auror, but he's bollocks at politics. The Wizengamot has Shacklebolt in its pocket and the senile old cretins have no concept of how things need to change. You aren't afraid to stand up to them, Harry, and neither am I. No one would ever accept me for the job, but you… Well, you're *you*, Harry. I know you could do it."

Harry seemed to shake off his astonishment with effort. "I never thought to have your support with something like that."

Draco glared at him. "Don't pretend that you know me at all, Potter. You have a lot to learn."

Harry's hand trailed quickly over Draco's abdomen in a soothing gesture. "I'd like to learn," he assured him. "I'd like to learn everything about you. Starting with what it takes to make you duplicate that sound you made about an hour ago right before you banged your head on the headboard."

"Don't change the subject," Draco said and gripped Harry's hand to still its downward motion.

Harry's gaze turned serious. "All right. I'll think about it, okay? I promise. It's a big step, so for today let's just focus on getting my job back, yeah? We'll have time to iron out the future, later."

Draco sighed and nodded, releasing Harry's hand so that it could return to its pleasant motion.

"And Draco?"

"Hmmm?" Draco asked, working his own hands over Harry's beautiful skin.

"These plans for the future, I want them to include you. That takes precedence over the rest, actually." Harry's tone was stern.

Draco smiled and batted his lashes coquettishly. "Why, Harry Potter, are you trying to claim me exclusively as your very own?"

"I always knew you were smart," Harry growled. "You got it in one."

With that, he pushed Draco back onto the bed and set about proving his words.

(Author's note: Finished! Amazing what can come of one little photo! YAY for hottie inspiration. If you're curious, the pic is on Chapter One of this fic on my **dysonrules** Livejournal account. I even made sure the TAGS work. *hearts everyone for this*)