The Unofficial Biography of Harry Potter

Pairing: Harry/Draco

Rating: NC-17 for m/m sexual slash mature adult content.

Notes: PWP, humor, oral, anal, rimming, Post-HBP with minor spoilers.

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Beta: Nance O'Neil

Author's Note: This fluff is too sweet. You'll need to book an appointment with Hermione's parents after consuming this fic.

Additional Note: Eldred Worple also belongs to JK Rowling. (See HBP.)

Dedication: For Sher/SeparatriX, for all the lovely coding and uploading, and the gorgeous animated manip of the Theban Band's 'Snog' that so inspired this fic - thank you so much!! Also, for lestats_queen, for being completely cool, and a fellow purveyor of pervy pimping pics! :D

Summary: 'The Unofficial Biography of Harry Potter, by Eldred Worple: The Unauthorized and Unabridged Truth of the Boy-Who-Lived.' Harry is horrified to discover the bio; but when he learns Draco is one of those responsible, Harry confronts him over the reason behind it.

Status: Complete.

The Unofficial Biography of Harry Potter

Harry knocked on the Weasleys' door again, wondering if he was perhaps bothering Mr and Mrs Grangers-Weasley at an inopportune time, or if Ron wasn't home. Harry hoped he wasn't making Hermione heave her pregnant self from too far in the house to get to the door to answer it.

Their cheerful cottage home was nestled quietly amongst other cheerful homes in Ottery St Catchpole - well within walking distance of Luna's, in fact. After their marriage, Ron and Hermione had insisted on living near the Burrow, particularly since Hermione had become pregnant so quickly. Mrs Weasley's help was invaluable, having had so many children herself, and having good relations with the local Ottery Midwives & Mediwitches Foundation.

Maybe she wasn't home either. He was about to knock again just in case, when the door was flung open. Hermione stood there, glowing and round, her prominent belly showing how very well along she was. "Harry! Sorry, I was in the middle of something. Come on in."

Harry followed her in and shut the door as she went into the kitchen.

"What'll you have? I made lemonade," Hermione called to him.

"Yes, please; thanks," Harry answered, looking about the living room. Ron's Quidditch mags still littered the coffee table, and it looked like Hermione had also lost the battle of trying to keep her work separate from her home life. There were books everywhere.

Hermione came back in with two glasses and handed him one. Harry said, "I thought you were going to leave work in the study."

She grinned. "I can barely move these days. I thought it best to go ahead and let Ron bring me books. He's so eager to; how can I refuse him? After all, he has a point. He's worried if I lift one book, the baby will drop and I'll miscarry. He's absolutely paranoid."

"How are you?"

She shrugged. "Couldn't be better, actually. Is this just a social call? After last week, I'd've thought you'd have gone back into hiding for a bit."

"That wasn't my fault," Harry protested. "None of it! No one could have known that Dean's parties would get so rowdy."

Hermione simply sat down carefully on the settee and put her glass on the coffee table upon a barely-visible coaster amidst the books. "Did I say it was? I was talking about Ginny, actually. I know she's turned out to be a bit of a swinger, and I don't have a problem with her, of course. I just know that it must be upsetting for you to see your ex in that kind of a clinch, is all."

"I'm fine," Harry said, eager to leave behind the whole thing. "Actually, the reason I came was because I overheard something odd at work yesterday, and I wanted to get your opinion on it."

"Is this related to a case?" she asked, her expression turning serious.

"No, and that's actually the strange thing about it," Harry said. "I mean, I try not to bother with Auror gossip, and my department is usually more focused on business. They're quite professional, and rarely given to gossiping. I have no complaints. It's just…" He trailed off.

Hermione lifted a brow meaningfully, waiting for him to carry on.

He cleared his throat. "I don't think they knew I was listening. A few of them were standing around the water cooler in the staff room during a coffee break. I was just passing by, when I overheard them saying something about me and Cho."

Hermione frowned. "Cho Chang? The Ravenclaw girl you fancied back in Fifth Year? How odd."

"Yeah," Harry said, rushing into his explanation. "It was Fourth Year, actually. I thought it was odd, too. See, I know she's overseas, I know she's already married, and I've not had any contact with her in - well, years actually. Since school. I mean, they were talking about my crush on her and the fact that the kiss really hadn't been all that great. I mean, Hermione, it was rather disturbing. They were talking about it IN DETAIL. And no one, I mean no one, knows about all of what happened but Cho and myself. It was bloody embarrassing, actually. Like, if anyone wants to date Harry Potter, remember: don't cry. And don't mention Diggory. I never talked about that to the press. And Cho never did. So how did they know?"

Hermione nodded suddenly, a look of knowing entering her face. "It's the book, that's all. They were probably comparing notes, or just talking about what they'd read."

Harry paused. "The book?"

"Yeah, you know. The book. Now that's it come out, everyone knows everything. Rather unavoidable, really. Don't worry, I'm sure that Cho is okay with it."

Slowly, Harry said, trying to ignore the sinking feeling in his stomach, "Hermione, pretend for a moment that I have absolutely no idea what you're talking about. What book?"

"This one," she said, cheerfully. She motioned at the coffee table. "Your biography."

"My… what?" Harry blinked at the coffee table piled with mags and books. He couldn't see anything that - hold on… He pushed a Quidditch magazine off of one partially obscured hardback book that had a glossy red and gold dustcover. Gryffindor colors, an absent part of him realized.

To his numb surprise, a picture of himself graced the front, and as he stared, trying to remember when the photo had been taken - it looked like a studio shot from sometime after his defeat of Voldemort four years before - the Harry in the photo winked at him.

Harry dropped the book in shock, and nearly dropped his glass as well. It was creepy. He knew for a fact he'd never done that in any photo session. Ever.

"Why- why am I winking!?" he exclaimed, jerking as the cold lemonade in his glass spilled over the rim and drenched his hand. Absently, he put the glass amidst the books on the table, crowded for space, and took out his wand to dry the spill from his hand and the carpet.

Hermione sipped her lemonade. "I thought it was rather cheeky and cute of you to do that," she commented. "A far cry from your usual look. You know: the broody, tragic hero. You look almost flirty there, and it's certainly a popular picture. I've heard others cooing over it. Looks like you were in a good mood that day. You don't remember doing it?"

He stared at the book, then up at her where she sat casually on the couch. "No. Never. I swear I've never done that in a session, ever, for ANY photo, EVER."

Her brows lifted. "Well." And then she frowned. "You know, it's possible that they manipulated the photo somehow, with an altering spell perhaps, to make it look like you winked when you never did."

cover art by The Ruby Moth

Harry picked up the book again. The Unofficial Biography of Harry Potter, he read silently. By Eldred Worple.

"Worple! That bastard. That utter git!" Harry raged in a low voice. "I'll kill him. I'll murder him! I told him not to write it, years ago!"

Hermione sipped again from her glass. "Well, you sort of brought it on yourself, Harry. For years, he'd been after you to give him that interview so he could write it. I thought you knew he'd already published it. It came out a few months ago. It's been very popular. In the wake of the Dark Lord's defeat and death, everyone's been hungry for more information about you, particularly your personal life, since you're

such an enigma. You're the powerful, mysterious hero and everyone wants to know more. You can't blame people for that, Harry. And now what with your being an active Auror, your appeal hasn't died, just been transferred. The Hero Who Defeated You-Know-Who is now a heroic career savior. It's unavoidable. And you have made everyone wait for four years now."

"Yeah, I know," Harry said. "It's not that; I know that the fame is always going to be there, and I can't get away from it. You know I already resigned myself to that part of it all, ages ago. But this! I told him I refuse to let him do such a thing."

"Well, read the bottom part," she said.

He read aloud. "'The Unauthorized and Unabridged Truth of the Boy-Who-Lived'."

"Rather catchy, I think. It certainly made me want to read it, and not just to find out what lies he'd told about you. Spinning the truth a certain way is one thing, but the appeal of something naughty and unauthorized…Look at it this way," she said, comfortingly, "you'll never have to bother giving any interviews, nor have to speak to Worple, either. The book's already written and out there. You don't have to do a thing. It's selling like crazy. He's a Galleonaire now apparently; invited to all the big parties and social soirées."

With a sigh, Harry sank down into one of the armchairs by the settee. "'Mione, it's not fair. I wanted to control the damage. I wanted to write my own autobiography myself! Now whatever I say will sound like…like I'm trying to cover up whatever rubbish he's said about me."

"Oh, it's fairly accurate," Hermione said.

"You've read it?" he asked, feeling a little betrayed, and wondering if now he wouldn't have to, himself.

"I'm reading it now. It's a brilliant read, actually," she blithely informed him. "He doesn't make up anything about you, and has only filled in narrative gaps from what others have said. He interviewed just about everyone who's ever known you. It's not hearsay; it's all verifiable interactions that others have

had with you."

"So it doesn't misrepresent me?" he asked, a feeling of relief filling him. With all the horrible experiences he'd had before, with the press and with the Daily Prophet, and Rita Skeeter and the more annoying, persistent tabloids, including the girlie mags, he had feared the worst.

Hermione considered him thoughtfully. "You should read it. It might give you a completely different view of yourself. I discovered things about you that I had never seen before, and you know how long we've known each other. I daresay I thought I knew you better than anyone, even over Ron, with him being your dorm-mate. But I never knew that people had had such encounters with you."

Harry looked at the winking picture of himself, trying not to shudder at the creepiness of it, and wondered how many people found it completely out of character for him to look like that, winking away. He did indeed remember this particular photo now, and he hadn't been feeling flirtatious at all. He'd felt tired but content.

He rarely adopted such a flirtatious mood, even when bolstering his courage when looking in the mirror before some event or date. Not that he had dates these days, being so busy - and so tired of fans asking him out. Like Cho, they all wanted the Hero Who Defeated Voldemort. Not him, not Harry. And now it would be even worse, Harry thought to himself. They'll all want this non-existent Harry Potter who charmingly winks at them with some kind of leering promise.

"May I read a bit of your copy?" he asked her, absentmindedly turning to the fly at the back of the book, noting Eldred Worple's smarmy look in the photo there as the author preened, obviously smug at having gotten away with it.

"Sure," she said. "I was just reading it myself. That's why I didn't get to the door when you knocked."

Flipping through the front, he found the contents page and read:

CONTENTS

1 ..... In the Cupboard - Dudley Dursley's Cousin

2 ..... Quidditch Boys - Oliver Wood's Protégé

3 ..... Dear Diary - Ginevra Weasley's Saviour

4 ..... My Hero - Mary Garvey's Obsession

5 ..... Cedric and Harry - Cho Chang's Seeker

6 ..... Potions With Purpose - Severus Snape's Thorn-In-His-Side

7 ..... Cats and Dogs - Minerva McGonagall's Charge

8 ..... Pink Or Blue - Mrs N. Tonks-Lupin's Comrade-In-Arms

9 ..... Love Or Hate, Griff or Slyth? - Pansy Parkinson's Dilemma

10 ..... From Seed To Tree - Neville Longbottom's Spiritual Brother

11 ..... Seen and Heard - Sybill Trelawney's Prophecies

12 ..... Demented - Draco Malfoy's Hogwarts - The Early Years

13 ..... Dejected - Draco Malfoy's Quidditch Rival

14 ..... Depressed - Draco Malfoy's Gryffindor Challenger

15 ..... Deranged - Draco Malfoy's Dark Twin

16 ..... Defeated - Draco Malfoy's Salvation

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Harry held the book in nerveless fingers. "Oh. My. God."

Hermione began to attempt to lift herself out of her seat. "Do you want some more lemonade?"

"No, no. This is - just - no." He looked at her, and she seemed to be struggling. "Stay there, I'll get it," he ordered, and handed her the book before taking her empty glass.

Going into the kitchen, he woodenly opened the fridge and poured her more lemonade, his mind tumbling over the implications; Ginny had talked about him? And Headmistress McGonagall? Tonks, even? Why? When?

He brought her the refilled glass and sat down in the armchair stiffly, wondering what he should do. If anything. Maybe she was right: it was too late to do anything.

Hermione had opened the book and she read aloud, "Harry Potter was a brilliant student; not that his marks were academically Ravenclaw in nature, nor in the sense that he was anything but a Gryffindor in terms of the number of times he was given detention, but he certainly earned as many House points as he lost, and throughout his years at Hogwarts, I keenly felt that the enormity of the task thrust upon his unready, youthful shoulders far outweighed any maternal feelings I might have harbored for such a tragic orphan boy. I considered it my duty to see to it that he was prepared for Auror-dom, and a career in defending the Wizarding World from Dark Magic if that indeed was the path he sought." She looked up at him. "That's Headmistress McGonagall, there. Harry, I really think you're worried about nothing. So far, I've yet to read anything untrue or unkind about you, and just because Sybill Trelawney is batshit insane is hardly a reflection on you."

Harry choked. "Batshit insane?"

"And just because Mary Garvey was only a First Year when we were in Sixth doesn't mean that she didn't have real feelings for you, or wasn't inspired by you. She was a Muggleborn, you see, and you gave her courage and hope."

"First Year?" Harry asked, weakly, wondering how icky it was to others to read about an underage girl with a crush like that on him. He was afraid to even look at the chapter.

"As for Colin, well," Hermione continued, "We all know he was overly focused on you at school. But really, all of his photos do you justice, and none of them seem out of place to me, or awkward. He really captured some priceless moments. It makes me nostalgic to see these pictures, actually."

"Priceless moments?" Harry repeated, wondering what in the bleeding name of Voldemort's dispersed dust she might be referring to. Colin 'Creepy' had always been a bit too fervent in collecting photos of him. Having to chase him out of the shower that day after Quidditch had been the final straw for Harry.

"As for Draco," Hermione mused, and then fell silent, her eyes on the book.

"What about Draco?" Harry sat up straighter. "What did Malfoy say about me?"

"I haven't read them all, you see. I actually started reading that first chapter of his, 'Demented', first, when I got the book two days ago, and found it so absorbing I couldn't put it down. I had to start reading from the beginning. I've only got up to McGonagall so far. I had to read Malfoy's chapter first because I was worried for you. I thought Malfoy would simply go on and on about how awful you were, and Harry, it's strange. He seems to have noticed far more about you than anyone else. I mean, you two always were overly concerned about what each of you was doing, but he seems to have observed you much more closely than you ever did him. I take back what I said about you in Sixth Year - you weren't as obsessed with him as he was with you ALL through our years at Hogwarts." She gave him a knowing glance. "I can't wait to read all his chapters, actually. Very insightful. I can see why Worple gave him so many chapters in the book."

Harry felt sucker-punched from Hermione's words. Cautiously, he said, "Where did you get it? The book?"

"I owl-ordered mine, but you can get them anywhere. Harry, you might want to reconsider that this is a bad thing in any way. It's not a bad book, and no one seems to have said anything hurtful or damaging.

There's some personal stuff, but then, they would have no reason to lie, and it isn't represented in a way that makes you look bad. Harry, if anything, this book seems to show the actual side of you that Ron and I know. The friend I went to school with rather than the Boy-Who-Lived. You always wanted to be known for who you really are, and this provides that for the world." She smiled at him, happily. "In fact, I daresay that people will feel sympathy for you, and be able to better empathize with what you have gone through. It's addictive to read. You won't have just fans now, you'll have friends who will understand a bit better what and who you are."

Was she right? Was he overreacting?

Harry was silent, unable to find any response. He gazed back at her, and wondered how vulnerable and exposed he really ought to feel. "How personal is it? I mean how revealing is the personal stuff?"

Hermione shifted a bit in place. "Well," she replied, slowly, "not too revealing. Ginny was candid, but you'd expect her to be, wouldn't you? Mostly she talked about how you saved her life, and how much she'd crushed on you for so long. And Snape may have said things that he didn't realize were so…well. And your fat cousin was unintentionally helpful; he said a lot that really didn't reflect so well on the Dursleys. Which I feel is a good thing," Hermione added, angrily, almost with a growl. She obviously was upset over whatever Dudley had spoken of about the way Harry'd been treated there.

Harry closed his eyes and let his head fall back in the chair. "This is unbelievable. I can't believe they all talked. And what on earth would Malfoy have to say that takes up, what, five chapters?"

"Harry, I'm in the middle of reading it. Why don't you get yourself a copy and just find out?"

"Yeah," he agreed, nodding and still in shock. "I will. Thanks, Hermione."

* ~ * BOY * ~ * WHO * ~ * LIVED * ~ *

Malfoy Mansion - by The Ruby Moth

Draco looked up from the Dark text he was perusing, and absently frowned at the house-elf who'd interrupted him. When Arthur Weasley had awkwardly brought the artifact to him the previous afternoon, begging him to find out if it was authentic and yet Muggle in origin, his curiosity had been sharply aroused. Now she was bothering him - again. Non-stop interruptions these days, he mused; one moment I'm Public Enemy Number One, and the next, Mr Popularity. "What is it?" he demanded.

Frooty cleared her throat and quavered, "Mr Malfoy, Sir? There is someone to be seeing you, Sir. They is downstairs. Frooty put him in the Jade Room, Sir."

Draco made a gesture, impatiently. "Who is it?"

"Eldred Worple, the author, Sir," she quickly said, bowing, and then bowing again.

"Stop that," Draco said, referring to her bowing. He'd already told all of them to stop with the constant insincere obsequiousness. It reminded him of the days when his father had ruled the house-elves with cold cruelty, and despite their being useless and utterly stupid, he hardly made them punish themselves. Unless they'd done something unforgivably stupid, that is. "Did you give him tea?"

"He is not wanting any, Sir. He is most upset and afraid, Mr Malfoy, Sir."

Draco stood up with a sigh and pushed the chair back. "Fine." He stalked out of the study, and went downstairs to the Jade Room.

Worple stood up quickly when he entered, and said in a rush, "Oh, thank Merlin! There you are. Mr Malfoy, we have a bit of a problem. I didn't think it would happen so soon. And then again, I wondered why we hadn't heard anything sooner."

"Wait, hold on." Draco held up a hand, bewildered by the man's hurried speech and agitated stance.

"What is it? What happened?"

"It's Potter. He's found out about the book." Draco's heart gave a thump at the mention of Potter's name. Worple continued, "He's already read it, and now he's hunting me down. I had the Restraining Ward spelled around my home, and he broke through it trying to get to me yesterday. I've been hiding in my publisher's basement all night. He's probably going to come here next. I thought I should warn you. He seems very upset. Which is hardly fair, considering the nature of what we published about him."

The thought of Potter actually pursuing Worple sent a little frisson of anticipation through Draco. "I thought the Restraining Ward was impregnable."

Worple had assured him before publishing the book, during their extensive interview together while Worple wrote the final chapters on Potter's later years at Hogwarts, that once the book was out, the Restraining Ward developed by the Ministry's legal people would ensure that no one could break through if they were the one the Ward was set up against. Restraining Wards were usually only used on stalkers and overly-obsessed ex's and family members in current legal disputes. Worple had thought it best to have a restraining order in place against Potter in the event that Potter would react.

"It's supposed to be," Worple exclaimed, anxiously wringing his hands. "But you know Potter - he's powerful. He may not even need a wand to get through wards, especially if he's really angry about something! I didn't think he'd get through but he did! I barely managed to Apparate away! You should have seen his face. I haven't slept a wink! He shouted something about Malfoy and wild distortions and lies, and I didn't stick around to hear more. He was apparently furious about the book cover."

Draco sucked in a breath and tried to calm his racing pulse. Finally, FINALLY Potter had bitten the bait.

Worple stopped, and then muttered, "I thought it was a great cover. It's sold so well, just on the strength of that alone. And you'd think he'd be more grateful not to be presented in his usual brooding, morbid look."

Draco bit his lips against a laugh at this. "Well. Potter never did have much to be happy about. We can't blame him for that."

Worple shot him a distressed look. "I can't stay here, and hopefully he'll have tracked me here, and YOU can deal with him! Look, Mr Malfoy, you know him, I don't. He could hex me into an unrecognizable lump of jelly in seconds flat. You at least have a fighting chance!"

Dryly, Draco answered, "It's very fortuitous that I actually want him to follow you here, isn't it?"

Worple regarded him warily now. "I, er, never meant to put it like that. Look, it's not that I want him to go after you instead of me; it's just that you can actually defend yourself better than I can, see?"

With a sigh of forbearance, Draco looked down his nose at him. "And Potter calls ME a coward," he muttered.

Angrily now, Worple retorted, "He defeated You-Know-Who! You're not going to tell me that's not something to be afraid of?! A Potter on the warpath? A Potter hell-bent on hexing us both into oblivion, in a righteous fit of indignation over some painful revelations about his past? All those things you told me about him, they're bound to have upset him the most. He'll be coming for you, whether I'm here or not!"

Draco grinned, helplessly at the thought of a rageful Gryffindor at his door. "I was rather counting on it, myself."

"Good," said a firm, male voice from the doorway. "Then you can explain it yourself."

Draco and Worple both spun to look in his direction, while Potter stood regarding them with glittering eyes. He didn't look angry, but he didn't look happy either. He had his wand in one hand, and was tapping it against himself absently over folded arms.

Draco regarded Potter with a mixture of delight and concern. He stared at the green-eyed nemesis that he'd not laid eyes on in so many years now. God, how long had it been since he'd actually looked at Potter himself, in the flesh, and not in some magazine or something? Years and years. Once just after the

Dark Lord's defeat, and then nothing. He licked his lips and didn't say anything, but had to force himself not to shiver as Potter's eyes raked him up and down, seemingly taking his measure.

Worple sucked in a breath and backed away, nearly tripping over the footstool behind him. "M-Mr Potter! I - you - I -" He stammered in fear, obviously losing his composure completely to be faced with the aforementioned Hell-bent Potter. He began edging towards Draco, trying to get behind him. Worple continued, "Malfoy, your wards! I told you he'd get through them."

"I left them down," Draco said, not looking away from Potter's gaze. He didn't want to back down, and look away, but he also felt rather pinned by it.

Potter didn't seem to be looking at him with anger at all. More like cautious curiosity. Intense curiosity, to be sure, but he was hardly whipping out the hexes.

He gave Potter a smirk. "Took you long enough to get here, I must say."

"I only just finished reading it yesterday," Potter said, with a glare at Worple before returning to stare at Draco again.

Worple stammered, "Y-you read it? The whole thing?"

"The whole thing," Potter agreed. He stepped into the room.

"I'm sorry about the whole thing, I swear! It's just that you never answered any of my owls! I sent you copious owls, and the final date came for publishing and I had to carry on without you!" Worple moved until he was standing directly behind Draco, and hissed, "For Merlin's sake, Malfoy, get out your wand!"

Draco lifted a brow at this and called, "Frooty! Tea. For two."

Frooty popped into the room and bowed, saying, "Yes, Mr Malfoy, Sir," before vanishing again.

Draco held out a hand to the seating arrangement, indicating the largest sofa. "Have a seat, Potter."

Potter set his jaw, and with another glare at Worple he slowly walked to one of the wingchairs and sat down in it. He didn't put his wand away.

Draco went to sit down in a seat across from him. Relaxing, he settled himself and said, "Oh, by the way Worple, you might want to leave now, while you can. The wards are down, after all."

With a brightening of his countenance, Worple gave a brief smile of relief and hope, and then abruptly Apparated away with a crack.

Draco took out his wand, re-set the wards, and put it away again, careful to let Potter see that he was putting it away.

Potter was still looking at him with that measuring stare. "I must admit I was surprised, Malfoy. You seem to have been far more observant than I thought you were back then. I can't believe some of the things you took notice of. Really; comparing my package to Krum's? I'm flattered. The man's a Quidditch god, after all. There're few who'd not be flattered just for the comparison. But I can testify that you were right; he's bigger than I am." Potter gave him a twisted smile. "Do I even want to ask how you'd know?"

Draco couldn't help a similar smile from creeping into his face. "It's not what you're thinking, I assure you. I was simply comparing two of Worple's photos of you both. Seekers, you know. It was in all the readers' minds that everyone believes I actually saw anything. After all, you were the one with that Invisibility Cloak of your father's, yes? If I'd stepped into the Gryffindor showers after a game, you all would have foregone hexes and resorted to fisticuffs. I do have some common sense."

"Not enough to realize what you told Worple would get me here faster than any owl," Potter returned. Was that accusation and hurt in Potter's green eyes, Draco wondered? Or was Potter giving him fair warning?

Before Draco could respond, however, Frooty appeared with the tea tray. She set it down on the table before them and snapped her fingers. Then she stared at Potter. "Oh! Mr Potter, Sir! Oh! Frooty is most joyous to meet you, Mr Potter!"

Potter stared at her in something akin to horror and patience. "And you, as well. Erm. Fruity, is it?"

Frooty carried on. "Yes, Mr Harry Potter! Frooty knows of your graciousness to house-elves when you stopped Mrs Granger from freeing us! All of us house-elves are most grateful to you, Harry Potter!"

A wince rippled over Potter's face at that, and Draco turned to her. "That's enough, Frooty. And tell the others that we're not to be disturbed. By anyone."

"Yes, Mr Malfoy, Sir," Frooty said, quickly bowing over and over, and then after a moment, began bowing in Potter's direction too, before vanishing.

Potter blinked at him with consternation. "Was that a shower cap on her head? And that awful thing she was wearing - Malfoy, how can you let her wear that in public?! It looked like something Neville's gran would wear to bed! When thinking of her husband!"

Draco nonchalantly took out his wand and waved it at the tray. The Tea Service Charm was so useful; he didn't need house-elves to pour and drop things and generally freak out in company. "Tea, Potter? Cream, lemon or sugar?"

"Er, yes, please. Just a drop of cream, and lemon. No sugar, though."

Oh, good. Potter was going to play along. How nice, Draco thought to himself. Then he allowed himself another grin. "So you like it pale but slightly tart, do you? Have you ever tried it sweet, black and strong?"

"Er, no," Potter replied, slowly, and then frowned. "Are we talking about the same thing?"

Another swish of Draco's wand, and Potter's cup of tea floated effortlessly towards him. Potter took it with a glance filled with suspicion. Draco picked up his teacup from the air where it hovered and sipped. "So are you here for business, or pleasure?"

"Business, actually," Potter said, over his tea. "But your pleasure, apparently. I wanted to know why you'd say those things about me at all, let alone go on and on about it for five bleeding chapters. I'd have thought you would keep it simple. You know: Potter was a git. Potter was a psycho. A Gryffindor to the bone, and a prat. Simple, not all that rhetoric about Quidditch, flying, hatred and psychological weaknesses. And saying that I was your favorite subject…where the hell did that come from? I thought you hated me more than werewolves or Muggleborns."

In a vain attempt to suppress the rising heat and excitement in his blood at having Potter bring it up, let alone sit in a chair in his own home, Draco murmured over the rim of his cup, "Ah, you obviously didn't read closely enough. I explained all that in the final chapter, 'Defeat'."

Dryly, Potter replied, "I don't read between the lines, nor do I fill in the blanks with dirty thoughts. I leave that to my adoring public." He paused. "Which I didn't think you were a part of. Well, the adoring part, anyway. I thought you were more in Snape's camp. 'Death to all Potters, young and old', or even the 'too bad the Dark Lord didn't win' camp."

Draco sniffed, dismissively. "I'm not camp, Potter. I don't do camp. Some people may spread stupid, common rumors that I am, but they're hardly speaking from experience. Just ask Pansy."

"Oh, yes, Pansy," Potter put in, with a note of false cheer. "Her crush came as a real surprise - a Bludger from below, one could say. Totally unexpected. And I can't understand why McGonagall would go on and on, the way she did. As for Mary Garvey - I never knew her, and she never knew me. I hardly think she was an appropriate speaker for someone to interview about me. What was Worple thinking?"

Draco smiled at him magnanimously. "Haven't you worked it out yet? The entire book was about

people's crushes on you, and how they feel now compared to what they went through back when they knew you."

Potter froze at this. His expression was so delightfully gamin. Draco didn't know if Potter would play dumb, or panic, but it was certainly fun waiting for the ice to break. Potter was deliciously present, so completely there, and it made up for years of not being in the proximity of that old fire, all that rage and heat and passion. Draco hoped his face wasn't coloring. He didn't want to seem TOO eager, after all. But his fine clothes beneath his robes were getting damp, and he could feel his skin getting clammy with excitement.

Slowly, Potter asked, "So, five chapters, huh?" He was regarding Draco with new eyes.

Casually, Draco commented, "Haven't seen you in ages, Potter. How's the Ministry job? Does being an Auror pay off, or do you find you can't quite capture those glory days, back when the Dark Lord was keeping everyone on their toes?"

Playing along, Potter responded, "Oh, you know, the usual. They send me out to keep me happy, and then turn around and slide another ridiculous piece of legislation through when I'm not looking. If Hermione wasn't there to keep an eye on them, I don't know what I'd do."

"Ah, yes. Granger's not going to - excuse me, Mrs Weasley," Draco enunciated carefully, "isn't going to run for Minister? I daresay the wizarding world has finally collapsed and surrendered to the onslaught of Muggle-oriented politics. Surely a female Minister of Magic is overdue?"

Potter licked his lips and then drank some more tea before he responded. His eyes seemed to be wavering now; he kept glancing at Draco and then away, before restlessly roving back to him again.

"She's not overdue, actually; she's right on time. She'll be having Ron's first baby in a few weeks."

Still playing it safe, then, eh? Draco thought to himself with a private grin. He kept offering Potter opportunities to take issue with him, but Potter kept sidestepping them. What did Potter want, here? He decided to go for broke. With a sneer, he said, "True. Being the Weasel's broodmare will keep her out of

trouble for a good while, yet."

Potter shot him a look, and narrowed his eyes. "She's loving the book, actually. She's got so much time on her hands just now, waiting for the baby. She particularly loved the bit in your chapter where you went on and on about the similarities between Quidditch and foreplay. Erm…'Dejected', 'Quidditch Rival'. She agreed that you were very right to call me out on being a cocktease, keeping the game at that tense level of bated breath, until I decided to just catch the Snitch and bring it to an end."

With an indifferent lift of his brows, Draco asked, as if bored, "Did she, now? And there I always thought Granger - ah, Mrs Granger-Weasley - was all brains and no persuasion, particularly where sports were concerned. Then again, she always did have a thing for Quidditch players; Weasley, Krum… you, even."

Potter scoffed at him. "Me? Get over yourself. That's absurd."

"So you don't know?" Draco grinned at him. "Who do you think owns the publishing house that published Worple's book?"

Potter's face went blank - and then white. Stony, Potter said, "What?"

"Yes," Draco explained, relishing the chance to out Granger to him, "didn't you know? When you gave her and Weasley that ridiculously over-the-top wedding present, she went and invested it in the publishing business. She saved Lovegood's beloved Quibbler, even. It was floundering financially for a bit there."

Oooh, this was hitting Potter hard. "You didn't think she felt nothing for you, surely?" Draco asked, gleefully, keeping himself calm.

"She… orchestrated this?"

"Actually, I did," Draco drawled, smiling back at him. "With Granger's help. It was relatively easy to find

someone desperate to write about you. Apparently poor Worple there's been after you since Hogwarts. You really should have given him something. Then again, Lovegood was more than happy to run a few excerpts. I don't suppose you've kept up with her, have you, what with being so busy playing Auror and chasing Dark wizards." He grinned at Potter's helpless expression.

"Malfoy, why?" Potter asked, the helplessness and confusion in full-swing now.

"Why do you think?" Draco asked him back, immediately, wondering if Potter was being obtuse on purpose. Did he have to hit him over the head with it?

"To…to out me? To get me to re-enter the social circles? To get me to react? To fight with me, even? Just… I don't know why you'd bother. Can't we just live our separate lives and get along? I mean, all that happened so many years ago, I don't know why you'd want to bring any of it up."

Draco let out a frustrated sigh. "Merlin, Potter! I owled you several times and you never even responded with a 'get lost', or a Howler! You never even said 'get a life' or plain 'piss off'! You just ignored me. How else was I supposed to get your attention? Just like being back at bloody school, if you ask me! Utterly absurd, making me go to such lengths just to get a glance! For God's sake, look what it took to get you here."

Potter blinked at him in that manner that was quickly getting under Draco's skin. He wasn't this stupid, surely. "But why? Why would you even want me here?"

"I spelled it out for you for five bloody chapters!" Draco burst out, angrily. "Didn't you read them at all? Do I have to stand up and take my clothes off before you get it? Or should I have Frooty come back in with a bowl of whipped cream and chocolate sauce while I draw you a map? Honestly!" Draco scowled at the infuriating creature who sat before him, who was now blinking rather like an owl himself in his ridiculous glasses.

Draco huffed at his incredibly depressing misfortune to have fallen for an utter imbecile.

* ~ * BOY * ~ * WHO * ~ * LIVED * ~ *

Harry stared at Malfoy, wondering why Malfoy would have a crush on him, of all people. And why Hermione would go along with it, even going so far as to talk up the book to him, to convince him it was 'a good thing'. No wonder she'd endorsed it so readily. She'd probably been waiting for him to go to her about it, in some way. Maybe she'd thought he'd have come across it already. He had admittedly been overly focused on working.

"Erm, chocolate sauce?" was all he could manage to say. The whipped cream seemed to come out of nowhere, but the chocolate sauce comment was beyond disbelief. He'd never bothered with anything so kinky before, not in all the one-night stands and more casual or risky dates he'd gone on thus far.

But Draco didn't answer, just sat and crossed his arms before him, looking sulky and ruffled.

His mind quickly shelved the comment about Malfoy removing his clothing. Harry wondered now if Malfoy was making it all up. Would some of the old ex-Slytherin students burst in at some point with jeers and catcalls to capture another few photos of him? Or was Malfoy really…crushing on him? Had been crushed? "Crush?" he wondered aloud. "What exactly does that mean, anyway?"

Draco's face darkened further.

Quickly, Harry continued, "I mean, come on, Malfoy! This is just too much. I'm supposed to believe that you arranged all this because you had a crush on me in school? Now what? What happens now?"

Draco's face cleared, and he answered, in a low voice, one that seemed to now reach into the deeper parts of Harry's very fiber and make him resonate with the tone of it, "What would you like to have happen, Potter? Surely you don't think I'd go to all this trouble just to fight with you some more like a couple of errant schoolboys? Especially if you take into consideration the inescapable fact that we're both fully grown, fully adult and fully mature wizards with a history so filled with sexual tension that it

warranted five long chapters to explain?"

Harry swallowed in a throat that seemed to have closed up of its own accord. Thickly, he said, in a hoarse voice, "Why should I pick you, if the whole book was about everyone's crushes? Why not someone else? Just because Worple let you go on and on the most…"

Draco regarded him with an amount of seriousness now. "Well, you're here, aren't you? You're hardly thinking of hunting down Longbottom, or even Pansy. And McGonagall - let's not go there. I meant it a bit tongue-in-cheek, I'll admit. By 'crush', let's say they thought the world of you, and some of them had crushes, while others just adored you like the good little fans they were supposed to be."

"Still," Harry responded. "Why you and not Colin?"

Draco's brow furrowed. "Colin? Who the bloody-"

"Creevey," Harry finished. "Oh, never mind. You're right. We're both adults, we've matured beyond the need for pathetic fights or dueling over juvenile insults. You're saying that you want our - our relationship to progress, rather than just me keeping to my Auror career and you keeping to your soirees, is that it?"

Draco rolled his eyes at him and stood up. Toeing off his slippers, he snapped, "No, Potter, it bloody well isn't." He began to undo his robes, peeling them away to reveal a simple but elegant black sweater and tailored slacks. He let the robes fall beside him and began to undo the button and the zip of his trousers.

Harry's mouth fell open, and he could only watch, stunned, as Draco Malfoy continued to undress in front of him. "What - are you - doing?" he managed.

"Obviously, the art of conversation is lost on you, Potter. I'm taking the more Gryffindor approach." The trousers fell slinkily to the floor and Draco stepped out of them, before pulling off one sock and then the other. Harry had to admire the way he kept his balance and did it so smoothly. Harry would have undoubtedly found himself on the floor at that point, from sheer nervousness.

Harry licked his lips at the incredibly distracting sight of Draco's long, slender, pale legs, and the obscenely pretty thighs that had no business belonging to a man. "You can't just - just-"

"I can 'just'. I am 'just'. Watch, as I do 'just'," Draco retorted, pulling his thin black sweater over his head with aplomb and dropping it on the carpet. He smirked now, and the expression seemed to fit Draco's face better with all the lovely white skin showing, so white and lovely and smooth-looking. How was his skin so white? And lovely? His torso was planed and fit and Harry could see the nearly fragile thinness of his bones while his body retained the musculature one would expect of a nude man -

Harry shook his head briefly. "Malfoy, I'm not gay. I'm not- this isn't - I'm not."

Draco shrugged. "Neither am I."

Harry took a breath. "No, I mean, I'm not bi, either."

Draco began to pull down his briefs, slowly, somehow managing it without taking his eyes off Harry's face. It rather pulled the air out of Harry's lungs.

"I tried it once, and it wasn't..." Harry was starting to feel like his protestations were very weak indeed. And they were, faced with the nude glory of Draco Malfoy. Who was he kidding?

He'd come here filled with fire and determination, ready to have it out with Malfoy, to negotiate whatever it was that had galvanized Malfoy to make such an open declaration, such a gesture. The book had been like a gauntlet thrown down before him. He'd never expected Draco to make it overtly sexual in nature.

Desperately, even as Draco stepped out of his pants and they joined the rest of the pile of clothes on the carpet, Harry found his voice again at last. "I don't do this, casual flings. Not any more, at any rate, and even then, it really wasn't any good. Flings, that is. I just don't. I don't know what kind of point you're

trying to make. If you had a crush on me in school, that's one thing. But this is really out of the blue."

With his hands balled upon his hips, Draco stood squarely and nonchalantly naked before him, with a lift to his chin. He might just as well have been posing before a camera, himself. Talk about proud, Harry thought. Although he had to admit that Draco did have a lot to be proud of. Harry knew he'd never be able to do that.

Draco said, with authority, "You're forgetting you're crap at Occlumency. Aunt Bella taught it to me before Sixth Year, along with Legilimency. I was using it on you all during school, that last year. You kept thinking you were stalking me because you suspected me of being a Death Eater and up to something, but you failed to understand your own subconscious crush. Why do you think I'd go to all this trouble when you never tried to confront me after the War ended?"

"My subconscious? Crush?" Harry repeated, spluttering a bit. "I wasn't! I didn't. I never!"

Draco's lips twisted into a salacious little smile at this. "Never? Not even now? I'll make you an offer, Potter. One you can't refuse. You can pay me back for all the years in school that I made you angry, that I called you and your little Trio names, or insulted your mother and father. You can pay me back now for those five chapters, and my part in the production of that little book of Potter-worship. You can pay me back for throwing my lot in with the Dark Lord in the beginning of Sixth Year, and for not running to you for help. You can make me pay for all the things I've ever done to upset you. What do you say?"

Harry tried to throw his resolve to the sticking place, but he couldn't hide the fact from himself that he was getting a boner from having Draco standing naked in front of him, offering himself like this. Nor could he hide it much longer from Draco. The boner was most insistent in his jeans. In a firmer voice, he said, "Sex isn't going to make everything alright. You can't just shag your problems away, not with me or with anyone."

"Maybe not," Draco agreed, in a deceptively agreeable tone. "Maybe it won't help, and we'll not solve anything here today, but I've wanted you for years, and you've wanted me. We've finally got each other right where we wanted each other, and besides, that isn't what this is about. This is about you making me pay. And I'm willing to pay, Potter. I'm willing to pay for it all. Right here, and right now. Make me pay, Harry."

This last part was delivered in such a seductive, lilting, low voice that Harry inhaled involuntarily at it. Swallowing, he regarded Draco, and glanced down, and then realized his own eyes kept flickering down despite his best attempts not to. Glances of that lovely, perky pink cock that had lifted amidst the golden curls and those long, smooth thighs… Harry gulped and tore his eyes back to Draco's face. He realized this was the closest thing to an apology that he'd ever receive, as Draco was probably feeling more than exposed at present, and it was all the more moving for it. Helpless now, he said, "Erm."

The smile widened, growing more predatory, and Draco knelt down before his chair, edging forward on his knees in little increments towards him. "You can make me pay," he purred, "you can suck me, or fuck me, or anything you want. Or I could suck you. We could do it all. And by the time you leave here, I promise you'll be happy. You can shag all the pain, all the anger, all the frustration out on me, and not only will I beg for more, I'll leave you begging for more as well."

Speechless at this, Harry could only watch as Draco reached him and placed his hands on Harry's knees.

"So what's it to be, Harry?" Draco continued, in a quieter voice, his eyes betraying a bit less confidence now, and obviously a bit of anxiety too, at how far he'd gone.

Harry had to admire his nerve. If he got up and left Draco kneeling there naked, after offering himself so spectacularly, it would be not only rude of him but incredibly hurtful. And Draco would be the one to bear the shame and rejection.

But it wasn't fair, to take advantage of his surprise like this. He really hadn't expected this. He'd thought Malfoy hated him. And now he felt pressured to perform, to accept Draco's proposition, to accept him.

"You don't understand," Harry implored him now, his voice raw and leaving little hidden. He felt as stripped as Draco was. Trembling, for Draco really had turned the tables on him, he continued, "I never, ever expected anything like this. You…throwing yourself at me. I can't DO just…just shagging. I don't want a grudge fuck, or to hurt you or something. I'm not into that."

"Neither am I, despite appearances," Draco admitted, quietly, looking back at him with his grey eyes so

dilated that they appeared dark and huge, staring through him and making Harry feel like he'd stepped into some kind of alternate reality. Where Malfoy stripped himself naked suddenly; an alternate world where Malfoy unexpectedly declared his lifelong crush and offered himself up for anything. It was all too much.

However, Draco was continuing, "But I'll take what I can get. I've wanted you too long not to take whatever you might be willing to give." And then he grimaced slightly as he obviously realized that he'd pretty much just openly begged. A haunted look crept into his face, and Harry could see the bravado and confidence leaking out of him. Draco was starting to tremble more now, and he didn't look very happy at all.

A hidden part of Harry's heart squeezed at this, and he realized that however suspicious he might be at Draco's motives, or his intentions, Draco had really gone so far in betraying his own desire that it was impossible for Harry to suspect he didn't mean at least that much. If not the whole thing about having a crush as well. Desire was one thing, but unrequited feelings were another.

And, truthfully, he did find Draco attractive. More than attractive. It was just too much, was all. Having someone open up all Harry's dreams and wishes and loneliness with their own outpourings of declared feeling… It was overwhelming in the extreme.

Wetting his totally dry lips again, Harry relented. "Fine. But we do this right. I'm not going to get into some kind of twisted revenge thing, here. That's not what I want."

Gently, carefully, Draco asked, "And what is that? What do you want, Harry?" His gaze darted from one of Harry's eyes to the other, searching his face.

Draco was quivering with restraint, and Harry could feel the tension in both of his hands that still lay upon his upper knees. In fact, the heat of Draco's palms was burning his skin under his Muggle jeans.

Harry felt a trickle of sweat run down from his left armpit beneath his shirt as he said, with a tongue that felt like it was cleaving to the roof of his mouth, "S-suck me."

He was surprised at himself, and hadn't realized that was what he meant to say. But what else could he say, really? Love me? I love you?

Loving people in the past had never saved them; just look at what had happened with Sirius. And Dumbledore. Loving people had never stopped them from leaving, either. And Ginny had been nice for a bit, before deciding they were too much like brother and sister to keep any kind of spark alive between them. What was Draco to him, after all that had happened? And how could a blowjob help? What did Draco want from him? Really? How could Draco want HIM? It didn't make sense. Besides, 'love'? What was he thinking?

And really, 'suck me'? How crude. He felt he was taking advantage now, of Draco's declarations and willingness to…do anything he wanted. He was about to take it back but before he could think about it, Draco's hands flew to his jeans and undid the button, unzipping him, and Draco murmured, "Up, lift up."

Obediently, Harry lifted his hips, as Draco slid his jeans down a bit, and then palmed his pulsing cock through his shorts. Harry groaned; it had been far too long since anyone did this to him. Draco drew his cock out and leaned over, and down, moving between Harry's legs and spreading them apart to kneel there, and then with one hand he gripped him firmly and with the other he pulled the waistband of the shorts all the way down over his balls, exposing them, handling them, rolling them. He bent to tongue at them, sucking at them; it was so new, Harry jolted at it.

Harry found his mouth open with ragged gasps as he threw his head back at the sensation. "God, Draco!"

With a single chuckle at this, almost of private delight, Draco bent his head and licked the flat of his tongue from the base of Harry's cock all the way up to the head, painting a wet stripe of fire.

With a yelp, Harry bucked in spite of himself, and Draco merely grinned at this and then opened his mouth. Harry's eyes widened as he watched Draco's mouth open wider and just… go down on him, swallowing him whole. The feeling of being engulfed in that wicked mouth, to see those plump, sarcastic lips stretching pink and perfect around his prick: both gave Harry the indication that he was about to get one of the most satisfying sexual experiences of his life.

Then Draco began sucking.

"Oh my GOD-" Harry gasped. He could barely contain the need to squirm in his seat. "F-fuck, Draco, please - oh ssh-shit -" The pleasure was too great, and there were no words he could find.

With a hum that reverberated right down into his body, Draco sucked harder, alternating the strokes of his tongue, sometimes lifting up to nibble at his weeping, engorged head, then sliding down to wrap around his cock again, letting the head nudge right into the back of Draco's throat - which then seemed to flutter around him. The sensation of THAT was too much, and Harry nearly embarrassed himself with a scream before managing, "Gonna - come -"

Draco just urged him with a grunt and sucked hard, hard, and faster, moving his clenched fist around the bottom of his cock while concentrating on the head now, and Harry did finally lose control over his voice as he gave a low, hoarse yell.

The racing white-hot excitement boiled up and out and over, and he twitched and jerked in the chair as he emptied himself into Draco's evil, evil mouth, that seductive Malfoy smile, that perfect pair of lips wrapped around him, finally shutting him up for once. Making Draco swallow all the things he'd ever said to Harry. It felt bigger and more than revenge or absolution. It was completion.

That pale, long throat sucked him down, all of it, working, as Draco didn't let any of him spill out.

Harry was gasping for breath, as the heat in his face was like a fever, and he couldn't really breathe properly. He felt like he'd been playing Quidditch for hours, or had just run until he dropped.

Boneless, he watched almost distantly as Draco pulled off of him with a slurping sound and said in a gravelly voice, "You're delicious. I always thought you'd be."

Harry couldn't speak, just stared back at him, panting.

With a self-congratulatory smile, Draco regarded him. "I take it that was alright?"

Harry just nodded. And then hissed a breath as Draco palmed him again. At it, Draco gave a little whimper of need. "Harry," he moaned. "I want to. I need to."

"Okay," Harry managed. "Sure. Er, do you want a hand?" He flushed anew at the unintentional pun.

"Fuck, yes," Draco bit out in agreement.

Harry sat up and then said, "Move back. In fact, lie down."

Draco did so immediately, backing away, his cock leaping a couple of times.

Putting his cock away and pulling up his shorts and jeans, without fastening them, Harry chewed his lips nervously. He'd only blown another guy once in his life, and it hadn't really gone down all that well. Apparently teeth were completely wrong. He said, "I want to, but I'm not sure that you'll like it. I mean, I haven't really done this very often, if at all. Before, that is. Once, like."

"I don't care," Draco said forcefully. "Just do it." He softened. "Please. I'm in pain, here."

Harry couldn't help a smile at this obvious Slytherin attempt to jab his conscience into action.

Draco lay back amongst the pile of his clothes; his legs spread wantonly, his lithe limbs so gracefully displayed. Harry wondered how in the name of Merlin he'd ever managed to ignore this man. Maybe he hadn't, Harry realized in the next breath.

Kneeling between Malfoy's spread legs, Harry eyed the luscious pink cock hungrily, and felt his mouth water. He'd liked sucking cock, actually, but the other guy had been too big, and too demanding, too fast, trying to shove it down his throat and gagging him. Which was of course why Harry had backed out of

letting him do anything else to him that night. But Draco's was… perfect.

A little dribble of precome was leaking down and Harry couldn't bear not to taste it anymore. He leaned over and licked it away, loving the way Draco keened under him and shifted, writhing a bit.

He grabbed Draco's hip with his left hand and his cock with the other and decided to imitate Draco's earlier boldness with him. Swallowing the salty-sweet and clean taste of him into his mouth, letting the head slide along his tongue, Harry rubbed his tongue-tip along the crown, darting downwards to sweep along the glans and then up again to tease the slit.

This seemed to drive Draco crazy, and he let out a muffled shriek. "Fuck! Do that again!" Draco's head lifted and dropped to the floor with a thud, as Harry complied.

"Mmm! Nng God, Potter, f-fuck, Harry - oh fuck, I'm too close," Draco babbled. His hips jerked, and he bucked under Harry, who held him down and resolved to give as good as he'd got.

Letting Draco's cock fill his mouth felt so intimate, he knew that there was no way he'd ever be able to feel the same way about him from here onward.

With an open-mouthed groan that seemed pulled from him, Draco suddenly filled his mouth with cream, and Harry swallowed, amazed at how not-bitter it was. It was Malfoy-rich, he thought in private amusement, and kept pace with every spurt so that he could catch every bit of it. Not bad at all. And with the noises Draco was making, his own cock was reviving quickly, finding all of it intensely arousing.

The smell of Draco, the taste of him, the lewd way his cock filled his mouth and throat, the fragrant vanilla-salt of his warm, silky white skin, and the almost adorable golden curls of his pubes; it was all beautiful. Harry wondered why he'd never thought of doing this before. And then on the heels of this, he wondered how many dreams had featured half-shadowed glimpses of it. He sat back, regarding the melted figure that lay vulnerable and panting before him.

Maybe that crush hadn't been so subconscious after all.

Regaining his breath and composure a little, Draco lifted his head. His cheeks were quite pink. "My God, Potter. You suck like a pro!"

Harry flinched, wondering what that meant, anyway. Pro? He licked his lips of the taste of him, and said, "Thanks, I think."

"Well, I mean, you said - once before? It doesn't show."

Dryly, Harry grinned. "I'm a quick study."

Draco let his head fall back again, with a moan and another thud. His moan - it sounded like surrender, and Harry's cock decided that it was very interesting, indeed.

He wondered aloud, "You said… anything, right?"

Draco paused, and then grinned slowly. "I did." He turned his face to one side to look askance up at Harry. "Why?"

"Can we," Harry asked slowly, thinking aloud, "Apparate within the wards to your bedroom, or something?"

"Or something," Draco agreed, sitting up. "Let's get my clothes though, I don't want these getting all wrinkled."

Harry lifted a brow at his fastidiousness. Draco pulled a face at him. "Give over, Potter. These clothes cost a fortune."

"I'm not saying anything," Harry smirked back at him. He held out a hand, intending to pull Draco upright to his feet.

Sitting naked on the carpet amidst the swirl of his robes, Draco looked back at his hand with a vacuous expression. Slowly, he reached out and took Harry's hand, and allowed himself to be pulled up. "Thanks," he murmured, and then turned, quickly busying himself with gathering his clothes.

Harry blinked. What? And then it hit him. Right. First Year. On the train. Talk about deja vu. It almost hurt, considering at all that had transpired from that first moment to this one.

Draco was finished and he said, "There's no one here. We may as well just walk up." He pulled his robes on.

Harry did up his jeans and looked at him. The sight of Draco's pale skin against the black robe material was a stark contrast, and made Harry's fingers itch to rip the robes apart, tear them off of him, and expose that skin again, all of him. He needed Draco to be naked again, and realized that he'd not taken off a single item of his own clothes this whole time.

Draco stalked towards the door, and said over his shoulder, "Well? You coming, Potter?"

"Hopefully very soon," Harry muttered, wondering when he'd abandoned all reason or vigilance.

* ~ * BOY * ~ * WHO * ~ * LIVED * ~ *

Draco attempted to appear unaffected, but it was difficult; what with Harry Potter walking up the stairs behind him, and Frooty calling out, "Will Mr Harry Potter be staying for dinner, Mr Malfoy, Sir?"

"Yes. And dessert, and tea and drinks after, and maybe even later than that," Draco said. "You know the drill, Frooty."

"And breakfast," Harry said, from behind him as they kept climbing the stairs.

Draco grinned unseen. He'd got him. He had. Potter was his. Oh, he was SO his.

"Planning on staying the night then, are we?" Draco said, as they reached the landing.

He chuckled as he led Harry to the master bedroom, Harry muttering something about Quidditch and Snitches under his breath. "What was that"? he asked, unable to keep the smile from his mouth. It seemed that having Potter with him caused him to be excessively happy. Dangerous, but altogether desirable. He'd have to keep Potter here indefinitely.

"I'll have to leave in the morning though, for work," Harry reminded him.

Draco shrugged and shut the bedroom door behind them. "Sure. So long as you come back for supper tomorrow night." At Harry's glance, he added, "Oh, it'll be worth your while."

"I don't doubt that," Harry replied, with a trace of nervousness. Obviously being in his bedroom was making Potter anxious. "It's just, I never would have imagined, not in a million years, that you'd want me back. Like, tomorrow. Or here at all in the first place. You never seemed to."

Draco allowed the robes to slip off his shoulders, and he laid out the clothes over the back of the chair by the dresser. "As I believe I mentioned earlier, you weren't exactly paying attention."

"Are you sure about this?" Harry asked, remaining where he was just inside the closed bedroom door. Harry sounded so unsure, himself. In fact, he sounded downright melancholy now. It was getting to him, it was all sinking in.

Harry's tone made Draco's heart snag on it, and he realized that his plan may just well have turned around and bit him on the arse. Prickly issues like caring, and continuing, and keeping Harry for good had not been part of it. Patience and relief, closure and requitement of all the unrequited, pent-up desire had been more the gist of it all.

Draco turned to face him, and thoughtfully replied, "Do I need to get my copy of the book and read out some of my chapters to you? Or will it take breakfast to convince you?"

"What's for breakfast?"

"Crumpets with jam, or marmalade, or what have you. And coffee. With extras."

"I'd rather know what the deal was with the chocolate sauce, and the whipped cream," Harry admitted, coming into the middle of the room and staring at his emperor-sized custom-made bed. He made a noise of incredulity. "How, how do you sleep on that? Don't you get lost in it?" He waved at the bed, clutching his wand, and then ducked as he'd accidentally jostled one of the lights above him loose with an unintentional jolt of magic and it fell with a tinkle. Shamefaced, Harry levitated it back up and restored it, then put his wand away. "Sorry."

Draco came to stand before him, and put his arms on either side of his neck, in a loose embrace. Harry's big green eyes stared back at him, guilelessly and still completely unaware of the effect they had on people. "It's incredible," Draco informed him. "You're utterly oblivious, aren't you?"

A spot of color darkened Harry's cheeks. "Look, if you're wanting some kind of acrobatic, athletic challenge here, with positions, and, and things, you've come to the wrong person."

"No, you daft creature," Draco smiled. "About yourself. You're oblivious about your own charms. You're gorgeous, you know. You are. I know I used to complain about you a lot in school, but I could hardly be seen as lusting after you, now could I?"

Harry put his hands on Draco's waist, letting them rest just above his hips, and Draco bit his lip at the sensation of it. To have those hands…on his body. It was glory, and happiness, and gloat-worthy. He wanted Harry to possess him, urgently, hard; he wanted to push away the awful and niggling longing he was starting to feel growing so quickly inside of his chest, the longing to keep Harry and possess him in every other way. Most especially to keep him here, with him. Possessively. The Ministry'd had Potter long enough, hadn't they? Years, it'd been.

"You're the gorgeous one," Harry corrected him, leaning into him, and then moaned as he let his body rest flush up against Draco's naked skin.

Draco let out a breath; he could feel Harry's erection through his jeans, already wanting more again, and his own was finding it stimulating beyond belief, just to press against Harry's through those Muggle jeans of his. "Harry, we have to get you out of your clothes. And you know what that means. It means braving the bed. You can do it, you're the brave one, remember."

Harry let out a chuff of laughter. "I'm not afraid of your bed, Draco. Or any dragons therein, either."

"I do get lost in it, you know," Draco said, leaning forward to nibble at Harry's left earlobe. It was succulent. "I spend every night in it all alone and lost and needing you to make it not so lonely and big," he murmured against Harry's tender skin beneath and behind his ear, on his neck. Harry shivered against him once, and Draco felt all at once powerful - despite being the one who was starkers - and he felt protective too. He pulled away and began to help Harry out of his shirt and jacket.

Harry let him assist him, but abruptly gave a sudden gasp, and Draco felt Harry's fingers tracing along his upper chest. "Oh my God, Draco, I'm so sorry; so very sorry," Harry said, miserably in a shocked tone.

"What-" Draco began, then realized. The tracings of scars from the Sectumsempra curse Harry had used on him. "Don't worry about it. It was fairly shocking at the time, but as you can see, Professor Snape managed to heal it pretty quickly. He recognized what you'd used, apparently. And besides, afterwards, we were both more shaken at how you'd used a Dark curse without even knowing what it would do."

"I'm sorry," Harry said, frozen in place, unable to stop looking at the few fine white tracings of scars that

ran upon his skin.

Draco let out a breath of relief. "Potter. Harry. It's fine. It is. I was furious at the time, of course, but it was a long time ago, and I got over it. Like I said, we were fairly convinced by it that maybe, just maybe, you'd stand a chance of facing the Dark Lord after all. It was rather encouraging, actually, that maybe you had it in you to be able to defeat him."

"It was stupid of me, it was a stupid mistake," Harry said, guiltily. "I never, ever meant for it to happen." And he bent his head and began to press gentle kisses along the barely-visible little white lines, the soft fluttery touch of Harry's lips on his skin causing whispers of pleasure and something else to dance up and down Draco's senses.

"Don't worry about it, alright?" Draco said, wondering if he'd survive the night. Or the morning. It was one thing to seduce someone, even the Boy Who Lived; it was quite another to watch him leave by the door afterwards, or to be left in the bed alone. The continued line of kisses was starting to undo him, and the gentle tenderness of it, the sincerity of Harry's apology, was too much, and he felt a wave of panic as heat gathered beneath his eyelids and burned.

It was one thing to seduce someone physically; Harry seduced people emotionally.

Blinking, he pulled away, moving to the bed to throw the covers back. He silently Accioed his wand and dimmed the lights, as well as locking the door and casting a Silencing Spell around the room. He didn't want anything disturbing them. Dinner would wait. The house-elves knew not to interrupt him when he had guests over like this. Especially the great Mr Harry Potter, he thought with a wry smile. Turning to Harry, he saw Harry had pulled off his jeans and his shorts and was moving to join him.

He stared as Harry came closer. It was overwhelming suddenly, those clean, sharp lines of him, the sculptured body, with all that naked animal grace, and the compact but powerful frame; Draco abruptly felt dizzy at having Harry so near and so unclothed. What the hell was happening to him? Was he, a Malfoy, showing latent Hufflepuff gay genes that would result in his wanting to propose marriage and the wearing of interesting female garments? Draco had never thought it could happen to him.

He'd never felt like this for anyone, he realized. It was frightening. He swallowed in a dry throat as Harry

seemed to self-consciously notice his open admiration of his physique.

Harry stopped and didn't climb into the bed. "Are you, er, alright?"

Draco nodded. "Harry, I must say, you really are a bit of alright."

Harry blushed and said, "I gathered that part already. Downstairs."

"No, I mean, I haven't had a chance to inspect the goods yet. You're built. And your arse. It's just - yeah." Draco found himself without words for once.

Blushing more strongly, Harry said, with a corresponding twitch of his cock, "Are we going to do this?"

"Is there a rush? Are you in a hurry? Because I've never been able to look at you before. You're positively scrumptious, Potter. And don't you dare contradict me, or I'll bring out the whipped cream and torture you with it," Draco threatened, alarmed that his entire consciousness appeared to be fixated by Harry Potter. More so than ever before, and certainly more than he'd ever been at Hogwarts.

"What IS it with you and the whipped cream?" Harry grumbled under his breath.

He climbed onto the bed and scooted over to give Harry room, indicating he should join him. He sailed his small clear tube of lubricant over and surreptitiously tucked it beside one of the pillows. There was enough light in the room that he could see Harry's expression, and the gleam of the remaining daylight on his skin.

"You're quite the sight, Harry," he informed him, noting the golden cream color of him and the provocative mixture of confidence and insecurity that Harry wore. No one deserved to see this, to have this. No one but him. Whatever lengths he had to go to keep him, Draco knew in that moment that it was worth any price. He wanted to kick himself for ever having failed to recognize just how necessary it

was. Begging was the least he ought to be willing to do.

Harry had wormed his way back into the covers, between the sheets, and Draco had been all for conducting this with plenty of room atop his ample bed, but he realized Harry was probably in mild shock now, and needing something less extroverted than what they'd done downstairs.

He grinned suddenly, and moved closer to Harry. "I'll never be able to spend any time in the Jade Room again without thinking of today."

"Is that what it's called?" Harry asked, as if to make conversation and not caring much either way what it was called, or if they ever went into that room again.

As a rule, Draco didn't like to engage in an inordinate amount of kissing and carrying on, but seeing as his schedule, his life, his future and his home arrangements these past few weeks had been entirely leading up to having Harry in his bed as he was right now, he considered it a necessity. Moving to snuggle up against him, he murmured, "So, what was it you had in mind down there?" He planted a casual kiss on Harry's mouth, and found himself stuck there.

He couldn't pull away, and he couldn't stop himself from kissing him, as if their lips were glued together in a Lip-Locker or one of those other insufferable Valentine hexes the Weasley Twins came up with from time to time.

The feel of their skin together was inspiring, and Harry responded so avidly that he ended up pushing Draco backwards, and twisting them so that Draco found himself lying on his back with a very aroused Gryffindor pinning him down, not having broken their kiss once.

Harry ravished his mouth, and it was all Draco could do but just accept it, feeling the tide turn again as Harry managed to take the reins back from him. He'd had them since he'd so impulsively and angrily stripped before Harry downstairs, and they both knew it. He could afford to be generous; it was the entire point of this whole seduction, after all. To get Harry to want it, to want him, and believe that it was all his own idea.

"Want you," Harry stated, in broken breaths against his mouth before capturing his lips again, "now."

"By all means," Draco said, having to pull his face to the side to reach over to grab the little tube of lube. He pressed it into Harry's hand, who took it and held it, seemingly hesitating in thought. "I presume you know what you want, and where it goes?" he asked, hoping Harry had at least some idea what to do.

"Yeah, sure. Absolutely." His tone wasn't convincing in the least.

"Harry, you have done this before, yes?"

"Erm, not with a guy. I mean, I've tried it with girls, but not-"

"Same procedure, only it's better for blokes," Draco said. "If you want, I'll do it myself and you can slide in." He had to take a breath and close his eyes momentarily, at the surge of lust that hit him at the anticipation of this. He was never going to survive.

There was a racing sense of breathless anticipation throbbing in his bloodstream, and the air felt like it was charged. Despite the calm of the room, the silence of the house, and the privacy of the moment between them, Draco could feel the change. He realized what it was.

They were alone.

Harry hadn't moved yet, still clutching the lube, and Draco said wonderingly, looking up into his green, green eyes, "We've never been alone like this together before. We've always had students, teachers, friends and enemies around. I've never had you all to myself before."

Harry was breathing harder, and his face was flushed. His lips were trembling ever so slightly. "Draco."

Draco waited, and finally asked, "What? What is it?"

"Draco," he said again, "I wonder. I'm just wondering if this is, you know, it. If this is it. Right here. I mean, don't you feel like everything we've ever done was kind of leading up to this, right here and now?"

Draco could feel Harry's hardness pressed into him, nearly flush with his own. Thickly, he muttered, "Yeah. I do. It feels strange."

Harry asked, slowly, "Was there something in that tea?"

His mind stumbled on that one. Then he realized: "No, Harry, there wasn't. This is just us, pure and undiluted. I'll admit it's a good idea, but I know what you're like, and there was no way in hell that I was going to take the chance of you losing your temper later over something like that."

"It wasn't an accusation," Harry explained.

"It was, but I'm not going to make anything of it," Draco smiled. "Besides, if there had been, as an Auror and a Gryffindor who knows well what us Slyths are capable of, there would be absolutely no excuse for your lack of alertness."

"I just… I didn't mean that the way it sounded. I wasn't accusing you, really I wasn't. I feel kind of… odd. Like, I've taken something, or whatever. You know?"

Relief was swift. "It's called hormones, Potter," he replied in amusement. "And it really is your call. I'm assuming you want to shag me, yes?"

"Oh, I do. And I'm going to. I just feel like we're really plunging in a bit fast, is all."

"That's because you're thinking too much. That tends to ruin the mood. Worry usually does," Draco

explained, wondering what Harry was hung up on. He really didn't want a carry-on, but if talking Harry through whatever emotional problem was causing his reticence was required of him, then by Morgana's Firstborn, he was willing to do it. He leaned up to kiss Harry again.

This time, fortunately, it worked. Harry promptly kissed him back, pressing him back into the bed and moving atop him.

"Use your fingers," Draco urged into his mouth, and bit at his chin.

Harry let out a low groan, at the use of teeth or at the suggestion, Draco wasn't sure. But Harry moved off of him and sat up, saying, "Turn over."

Draco had hoped he'd shag him face to face, so he was mildly disappointed as he rolled over, but maybe it would be easier this way, seeing as Harry was less experienced at buggering.

He heard Harry's quick intake of breath behind and above him, and Draco could virtually feel Harry's gaze on his backside. It was joined with the touch of Harry's hand sliding down his back, to caress over his right buttock and then firmly slide down his thigh. Draco shivered.

Harry slowly pushed his legs apart and knelt between them. Lying down to cover him, Harry began to mouth the back of his neck, his hands moving down his sides before returning to grab his shoulders. "You," he said with a sprinkling of kisses, "are fucking gorgeous, Draco."

He was inching his way down, and Draco could feel Harry's cock slide across his lower back, across his arse, and then over his left thigh as Harry kissed his way down his spine. And then he realized that the ever-intrepid Potter wasn't stopping at his tailbone and had more in mind than just shagging.

Thanking every deity, Draco held his own breath as he felt Harry's breaths ghost over his crack, and then gasped sharply as Harry licked and bit at first one cheek and then the other, his hands sliding up to the top of his legs now.

Please, please, do it, Draco willed silently. It wasn't often he'd found anyone willing to actually do this. The fact that Harry wanted to was just too perfect.

Those questing hands were lightly parting him, then took a firmer hold of each cheek, and then he felt the nudge of Harry's nose-tip against the sensitive skin between, followed by the puff of breath against his anus. The first tentative slip of wet tongue against him there pushed a pleading whimper out of him that he was a little ashamed of. Harry took it as encouragement and licked him again, this time less hesitantly, before sliding into him, and in deeper, and curling his tongue slightly.

The tickling, maddening sensation of it not being enough and yet glaringly intimate and fulfilling was enough to send a bolt of lust that shocked through his groin, and he found himself groaning against the sheets in muffled, wordless entreaties.

There could never be enough of this, never. He considered asking Harry to marry him, and then thought it would probably be taken as just spoken in the heat of the moment. But really, in this heat, and in this moment, he seriously believed it would probably be necessary in the end.

Fuck the plan; Harry was his.

* ~ * BOY * ~ * WHO * ~ * LIVED * ~ *

Harry finally realized he had been eating Draco out for far too long. He just couldn't stop; he had never rimmed anyone before, and the sight of Draco's utterly forbidden, tempting pale arse had been too much to resist. What he hadn't counted on was the sweetness buried there; amongst the earthier, musky scent was a sweet, almost flowery taste, and he'd marveled at it, unable to get enough of it. The delicate, thin heat that sheathed him there was so vulnerable that he was almost daunted at the thought of pushing his cock into it.

He withdrew, pulling back with a glazed sigh of contentment, realizing that Draco had been practically squealing like a girl throughout it all.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck," Draco was whispering against the bed, completely gone.

A grin of triumph split Harry's face, and he said, "You alright there, Draco?"

"Bastard," Draco panted.

With a low chuckle, Harry said, "You taste sweet, Draco. I could do that to you all night."

"You are a fucking cocktease; I was right about you. Are you going to shag me or not?"

Feeling completely euphoric and not in his right mind, Harry snatched up the little container and concentrated on squeezing out the clear drops of slick gel onto his fingers. He smeared some on his cock too, but had to stop, because he didn't want to focus on having to keep his own pleasure banked just now.

The thought of pushing into Draco's willing, clenching hole was just too much to expect anyone to handle and keep their composure.

"We should have done this years ago," Harry said, placing a finger to Draco's little wet hole and pushing it slowly into him, carefully moving it in and out repeatedly.

Draco seemed beyond the ability to reply though, and just made a wounded noise that sounded very reminiscent of a dying animal. Harry realized it would be cruel of him to keep up the light strokes, and focused his attention on preparing him properly, slipping another finger carefully in short, even movements, noting when Draco tightened. He kept it up for a while, then added a third.

It was incredible, to be able to do this to him, to have all this pale, haughty skin laid out for him; all this gorgeousness wrapped up in one shifty, underhanded, needy, pure-blood, white-blond boy who'd done everything in his power to alienate, irritate, and agitate him in all the years Harry had known him.

His concentration was broken by the dry, muffled voice of Draco sardonically saying, "Are you going to fuck me anytime in the next few days, Potter? Because I swear my arse has never been this ready before."

"Shut it, Malfoy," Harry said, in a reflective tone. "I'm admiring, here."

"You can admire all you want afterwards. I want you to. But right now, you need to do a bit more than that. I don't need a full massage, just a bit of lube there."

"I thought you said we weren't in a rush?" Harry grinned at the urgency and undertone of pleading in Draco's voice. He pulled his hand away to snatch up more of the gel and reapply it to his cock, which had never been harder.

"That was then, this is now. For the love of-" Draco was interrupted as Harry moved over him and leaned down into position, perched on his left elbow to fumble with his right hand and guide himself along Draco's crack to slide against him.

Abruptly, he was pushing into that sweet tightness, and it seemed to suck him in.

He tried to go slowly, but it was too good and too slick, and he ended up balls-deep before he realized it. The heartfelt moan from Draco under him seemed part-pain and part-ecstasy.

"Harry," Draco said, in a higher voice under him, "do you want me to beg? I will. Please fuck me. Please. Just fucking do it. Please?"

"Don't want to hurt you," Harry panted. "You're so tight."

"I promise you, it won't hurt me. I want you to fuck me hard. As hard as you can."

The thought of it was almost more than his over-full balls and over-sensitized body could handle, and he felt himself shudder at Draco's words. He obediently slid out slightly, and then shoved back in, pushing forward, and then began to repeat it, letting instinct grab him and move him, and there was suddenly nothing else he could do but do it hard, harder, and faster.

Oh fucking God this wasn't going to last and there wasn't anything he could do to stop but just keep fucking, fucking, fucking -

A tiny trickle of awareness seized a vestigial corner of his mind with the thought that maybe this was exactly what he should have done to Draco as soon as they'd both discovered they even had cocks, let alone what to do with them. It would have saved so much time and pain and anger, so much trouble.

So Draco wants it hard, does he? Harry thought, and stopped worrying about what would happen, just let him have it deep, and hard, over and over and over.

Draco was trying to say something. Harry paused a moment to listen, and Draco lifted his head. "Up, up, up! Get - I need your hand on me."

Oh! Of course. "On your knees," Harry said, swiftly, trying to move his knees so that he could rise up a bit, and Draco followed him back. He managed to get Draco on all fours with his hips canted towards Harry in a better position. Harry found his balance and reached his right hand around to seize Draco's cock.

Draco cried out at it, and Harry began to fist him, in time with renewed thrusts. This time, Draco positively shrieked, and Harry realized he was hitting his prostate. Finally.

Feeling a bit stupid, Harry tried to keep their current angle, so that Draco made that lovely sound every time, and before too long, Draco was shooting come all over the bed sheets beneath them, and the raw whine of Draco's pleading cries touched off something buried in Harry.

It happened almost beyond him, taking a hold of him, and he heard his hearing go as he pumped into Draco hard, giving him everything, letting every hard word, every little hurt, every memory of fighting, arguing, every silent glare of impotent rage or disappointment that Draco had ever subjected him to, letting it all go pouring out, emptying outwards into a lovely, lovely release of pent-up heat and flame. Filling him up, giving him everything. He realized he must have cried out, for his voice sounded hoarse in his ears.

A couple of moments of white-out and black-out combined finally ended, and he came back to himself. The energy between them smoldered and seemed almost tangible like smoke, even as Harry took in the fact that Draco had stopped shaking and twitching around him, under him, and had stilled; his lean, shapely ribcage heaving.

"Fuck, Harry. It's never been like THAT before." Draco sounded intrigued; impressed, even.

"Mm," Harry agreed. And wondered if Draco wanted him to pull out. He didn't really want to. He wanted to stay buried in Malfoy's pert, lovely little bum forever.

Finally, Draco said, "You can move, Harry. Just do it slowly."

Harry eased himself out, flinching in sympathy at Draco's wince. "Sorry."

"It's fine," Draco said, reaching out to feel for his wand. "Got to take care of this wet spot."

Harry wondered at the strangeness at it all being over. Time had seemed to stand still for them, and he'd felt the whole experience flow like some kind of liquid moment, culminating in pleasure that was already departing, the memory of it all sliding away from him before he could catch at it. He caught his breath at his own pathetic sentimentality, and joined Draco in the bed, lying down on his left, realizing the bed was

too big to ever feel comfortable in.

He didn't say anything, wondering if he even should.

Draco was silent beside him, and Harry began to wonder if that was… it.

Lazily, Draco murmured, "Tell me you're not brooding."

"I'm not brooding," he said, matter-of-factly.

"Good. I don't think I have the energy to talk you around just now," Draco stated.

Harry's brows rose. He closed his eyes and breathed. "I won't brood."

"And you'll stay for dinner."

"Absolutely. I think I deserve a full meal after all that."

Draco shifted a little. "You know you're going to have to stay, don't you?"

"Yeah, I sort of figured that."

Draco was quiet for a moment, then said, "And you're not upset about the book?"

"No."

A bit more cautiously, "And you're mine now, you realize?"

Harry suppressed a laugh. "You've made it really clear, yeah."

Draco sniffed, and said, "And you'll forgive Worple."

"Sure. I owe him our happiness, don't I?"

Draco was silent a bit more, then added, "And you'll quit your job at the Ministry?"

Harry's eyes shot open. "What?"

Draco was deathly still.

Harry leaned up on one elbow to regard him in the dim light of the bedroom. It had gotten darker, as evening appeared to be falling. He hadn't realized the sun had gone down. He had arrived at the Manor in the afternoon, but he hadn't known how late. "You want me to quit my job? To stop being an Auror? Why?"

"Well, they've had you for so long," Draco replied, petulantly.

"What does that have to do with anything?" Harry was honestly confused.

"Oh, come on, do you really think they'll LET you keep your job if you're sleeping with a Malfoy, a Death Eater's son, and the one responsible for forcing you to leave Hogwarts before your Seventh Year?"

"It's none of their business," Harry retorted.

"You don't think it's a little incompatible; you and me, and Auror-dom?"

"No, I don't." Harry was resolute. Draco was being insufferable. "If anything, it clears you, since you're with me, and I can vouch for you."

"They may attempt to claim I've led you astray, or influenced you somehow."

Dryly, Harry said, "It would hardly be the first time they've said things like that about me. If they want me gone, all they have to do is attack someone I'm with, anyone I'm involved with. I doubt they want to lose me now."

"Oh, I'm not saying you have to choose. I'm just saying that they won't be happy about it."

Harry replied, "I heard what you said, and you were saying I have a choice. You or the Ministry. But being an Auror isn't all that I am. And if we're happy together, and anyone tries to force me to choose between that and you, they'll end up losing. This is too good to lose. I want this as much as you do. Okay?" He leaned over and kissed Draco on those sulky lips, the ones that even now were pouting in concern.

Draco melted a little under it, and returned the kiss. Harry moved in against him, pulling the sheets around them a little more.

Drowsily, Draco said, "You did well, Harry. Very well."

Harry did let out a quiet laugh at this. "Why, thank you, that's really great of you to say so. I did kind of work it out myself when you started screaming."

Draco stiffened. "I did not scream."

"You did. Repeatedly."

"I wasn't screaming! I was groaning manfully."

"And loudly. Very loudly. So loudly, that one could even say it was screaming." Harry was grinning.

"Moving on, I believe dinner is waiting on us."

"It can wait a bit longer, if you don't mind. There's the issue of what we're going to call this. Are we boyfriends, or what? Lovers, live-in lovers, just shagging buddies, or is this something more?" Harry did want to know exactly what Draco had in mind.

"If you look at anyone else ever again, I'll eviscerate them," Draco said, calmly.

"Ah," Harry accepted. "So it's like that, then."

"It is," Draco agreed.

"Fine. But if YOU ever look at anyone else, ever, I'll spank you."

Draco considered this. "Is that a promise?"

"Incorrigible prat. You are. I hope you know that. It'll be an unforgettable spanking, one you won't WANT repeated. Draco, is this what you had in mind all along? Was this some sort of plan you cooked up? Was Worple a Slytherin in his day? And when did Hermione get involved? HOW did she get involved?"

Draco began chuckling against him, causing nice motions of smooth, naked skin to slide against his own and turned to put an arm about him. "Harry, everyone was involved. You've been on your own so long, by the time I started presenting this plan to them, they were all in despair at you ever finding anyone. You've been working too hard. Some of them even asked if I could get you to quit the Ministry, or abduct you to Bora Bora or something. Lovegood suggested Sweden; Longbottom, Africa. Granger just wanted you to quit, period."

"Mm. I have such supportive, caring friends," Harry mused, with no little irony.

"And Tonks suggested getting you fired, as you'd never quit under your own intentions."

Harry took this in with some surprise. "Why did she say that?"

Draco breathed a contented sigh beside him and nestled in a bit more, tightening his hold. "Probably because she knows you're more than just an Auror and you deserve better. You're actually wasted there. And you've already given it your all. A sabbatical is probably going to be enforced once the news breaks that we're seeing each other. You have been working so hard that the other Aurors are apparently upset about your over-achieving. They say there's no room for people to excel if the great Harry Potter's hogging all the space at the top."

"What?! That's ridiculous!" Harry countered, hotly.

Draco made a little shrug. "But true."

"Fine," Harry huffed, feeling a bit put out. "And I'm not a work-a-holic."

"Not anymore," Draco said, meaningfully.

"So what exactly am I going to do now? What am I now? Seeing as you've got all this worked out beforehand?"

"Mine," Draco said, with a smile.

And really, there was nothing Harry could do to answer that one, for it was very true. One thing was for sure, he'd never be bored. And Draco was nothing if not challenging. And there was no denying that it was the best sex he'd ever actually had. With anyone.

Harry resigned himself to living the rest of his live paired with one of the most incorrigible people he'd ever known. Besides, someone had to save Draco from sleeping alone and lost in this terribly large bed.

"Yours," he agreed, trapping Draco's mouth with his once more, and kissing him until they were both breathless.

He might even get to find out what the whole deal was with the chocolate sauce and whipped cream.

* ~ * BOY * ~ * WHO * ~ * LIVED * ~ *

Hermione sighed patiently as Ron said, "I'm not having anything to do with this. Hermione, I love you, but you've gone too far this time. Harry's not going to be pleased."

Archly, she responded, "Seeing as he hasn't left Malfoy's in three days, I rather think he's more than pleased."

Colin was sitting on the chair across from them where they sat upon the settee. He was nearly bouncing

in place. "Did he read the entire book? Cover to cover? Did he read my chapter?"

Ron gave him a look of disgust. "Yeah, Mary, don't worry. I'm sure 'Your Hero' knows the true depth of your affection by now."

Hermione's mind tracked back to the discussion of the cover they'd had with Worple. Colin had said that Harry looked good, but would look even better if he was winking, didn't they agree? And Worple had enthusiastically endorsed Colin's suggestion immediately. She laughed. "Colin, you do realize he might try to look up Miss Garvey as well, don't you? He never knew any Firstie fangirl by that name."

Colin stopped, and stared back in something that did not resemble fear but rather more hope. "You really think he might?"

~ Finite