Title: Planes, Champagnes, and Chocolate-Chip Pancakes

Author:

Prompt Number: #155 by [info]anon_drarry

Travel Destination: London to New York City

Rating: NC-17

Pairing(s): Harry/Draco

Summary: Harry and Draco find themselves stuck on board a plane from London to NYC following an unlikely suspect who may or may not have stolen Narcissa's ring that has the capabilities of blowing up half of London. Needless to say, Draco does not do well on planes, and Harry is forced to do all he can to keep his partner from blowing their cover.

Warnings: slash, dirty-talk, violence

Word Count: ~11,000

Author's Notes: For the first time in my life, I think I actually was able to include all the prompts! [info]anon_drarry requested vomit bag, safety card, and toilets, and all three easily fell in place. This was a great prompt that grew from a little fic to something bigger. Thank you to all my betas for their fantastic help. *clings*

Planes, Champagnes, and Chocolate-Chip Pancakes

"My seat is too small." Draco squirmed in his maroon and blue leather first-class chair. "Muggles have no concept of leg-room. Tell me, son-of-a-Muggle, is it because all Muggles are short, like you?"

"We're the same height," Harry replied, adjusting his seat belt.

"And it's so bloody hot." Draco pulled at his collar. "Where are the cooling charms? Do these people not have any understanding of basic temperature control?" He poked at the plastic ceiling and the walls. "Is there a button somewhere? You told me there would be a button."

Harry raised his arm and twisted the air valve. It began emitting cold air onto their foreheads.

“Bah,” Draco yelled, reaching up to cover the vent with his hands. “Too cold!” He glared at Harry. “Are you trying to make me ill?”

“Breath, Draco,” Harry soothed. The normally cool and collected Draco had strangely turned into a nervous complainer the moment they had stepped onto the plane. “Just relax.”

“I'll relax the moment we land,” Draco replied, closing his eyes and gripping the armrests.

“This was your idea, Draco,” Harry helpfully reminded him, although it may have been a mistake considering the look Draco was currently giving him - a mixture of disdain and exasperation.

“Yes, well,” Draco began, but then stopped. Harry guessed Draco was seriously reconsidering, but his pride was in the way.

Just a half-hour earlier, Harry and Draco had been in the Chief Auror Shaklebolt’s office, going over their recently finished case files, when their meeting was cut short by Narcissa storming through the doors, a secretary hot on her tail, the woman completely flustered when her repeated requests to not go in there were ignored.

Narcissa announced, her breath short, a handkerchief in hand, that she had lost her mother's ring. Usually, this would not be cause for alarm, but apparently the ring had the nasty potential of blowing up half of London.

Narcissa always wore her ring on her right forefinger, and she remembered putting it on in the morning, but when she came home from a leisurely stroll in a nearby park, the ring had vanished.

“You must help me find it,” she insisted. Draco's eyes narrowed, and Harry knew, no matter what, that he would insist on them being the ones to find it.

“Did anything happen while you were in the park, Mrs Malfoy?” Kingsley asked.

“Did you see anything suspicious?” Harry added, taking out a notebook and pen.

“The day was fine, hardly anyone out on a Tuesday morning. I fed the ducks and sat and read a while near the rose bushes. They smelled divine, so I picked a few.” She paused, putting her finger to her chin. “There was a nice older gentleman who stopped to speak to me for a while. He was lost, which I completely understand. The Royal Victoria Park is dreadfully large.”

Harry's ears perked. “Did the man ever get close to you? Touch your hand?”

“I'm not sure. Oh!” she responded with sudden vigor, “He lent me this handkerchief when I sneezed!”

Draco yanked it out of his mother's hand, whispering a quick apology to her. He lifted his wand and cast a charm, revealing the last three people to touch the item. The name Wilfred Whisenhunt appeared. He next did a locator charm and the words, Heathrow Airport appeared.

“And you’re sure that's where you lost it?” Kingsley asked, his face serious.

Narcissa bit her lip. “No, not really. To be honest, I don't remember seeing it on my finger then, either.” She sat gracefully in the chair in front of Kingsley's desk. “I was helping the elves sort through our silver collection. I didn't check there. And really, I could have lost it while feeding the ducks. They kept nipping at my fingers.”

“We should arrest this Wilfred fellow at once,” Draco announced, heading toward the door as if to do just that.

“Wait,” Kingsley cried. “Draco, sit back down.” He turned to Narcissa. “Mrs Malfoy, would you mind stepping out for a moment?”

Narcissa nodded and gracefully withdrew from the office.

The moment the door shut, Draco was at Kingsley's desk. “We must get that ring back. You have no idea of the danger.”

Kingsley sat back in his chair and began to rub his temples.

“Kingsley,” Draco continued, but Kingsley cut him short with a raised hand.

“Not another word, Draco. Let me think.”

Draco looked to Harry for help. Harry shrugged.

“The Royal Victoria Park is a Muggle park, is it not, Mr Malfoy?”

Draco nodded, slowly.

“So, more likely than not the man your mother spoke to was a Muggle man, correct?”

Draco folded his arms.

“How easy is it for a Muggle man to activate your grandmother's ring without magic?”

Draco sighed. “Impossible. He'd need to know the ritual, and be a member of the Black family.”

“Well then, you have your answer. Your mother should continue to look for the ring, enlist her friends and family to help, and if she can't find it within twenty-four hours then she can speak to the Lost and Found department.

“But…” Draco interjected.

“No buts, Draco. Our forces are spread thin as is.”

“That is not good enough. What if the man was a wizard? What if he stole the ring on purpose?”

“Draco, mate, calm down. The ring was probably swallowed by a duck. We'll find it,” Harry attempted to suggest.

“I formally request that you allow me to pursue this case on my own, off the clock.” Draco gave Harry a quick look. “Harry and I will go on holiday. We both have days available. This frees us up to search for the ring.”

“Oi, I was saving those days up!”

Draco lifted his eyebrow. “For what? To sit home and watch telly?”

“Boys,” Kingsley interrupted. He gave Draco a hard look. “I'll give you one day, that is all, but you are not allowed to harass the man unless you see solid evidence that he has your grandmother's ring. You are to observe, not to interfere. Meanwhile, I'd suggest convincing Mr Weasley to help Mrs Malfoy in her search. He called in sick this morning, but Mr Weasley has a bad habit of calling in sick whenever the Canons have a day game.” Harry smothered a laugh. Kingsley gave Harry a look. “The moment your

mother finds her ring, you are to return. Do I make myself clear?”

Draco nodded and stood. “Thank you,” he responded before turning and heading right out of the office, leaving Harry behind.

“Keep Draco out of trouble,” Kingsley suddenly said. “And use Glamours.” Harry nodded, folding up his notebook and following his partner.

While he agreed with Kingsley that Narcissa had most likely lost the ring somewhere in the park, Draco looked visibly worried and it wasn't often that Draco argued with the boss.

And now, here they were, headed to New York, having discovered Wilfred was already on board a plane. Pulling a few strings, Harry had managed to get them first class tickets, seats directly behind and across from the man in question. Close enough to observe at their leisure, and far enough away to talk freely.

“I have a hunch about this man.”

Harry hummed while he dug through the front seat pocket, looking for the in-flight magazine.

“And don't call me Draco, Potter.”

Trying not to laugh, Harry replied, “We’ve been partners for five years, Draco. I’m not calling you by your last name.”

Draco scoffed. “It is not polite to take such liberties with my name. I should employ my mother. I bet she’d love teaching you some manners, including fixing that ridiculous way you walk and the way you drink your tea.

“Your mother likes me,” Harry replied, “and what's wrong with the way I walk?”

“You walk like an ogre, all legs and grunts.” He lowered his eyebrows and grunted, as if it proved his point. “And my mother only likes you because you bribe her with chocolate every time you come to the Manor,” he huffed, kicking the seat in front of him again, causing the dining tray to fall into his lap. He yelled, “Get it off me, Harry, get it off!”

Harry, swallowing the urge to point out Draco's use of his own given name, calmly lifted the tray table up and clicked it back into place. “It’s just plastic, Draco. It can’t hurt you.”

“So you say.” Draco sniffed.

Harry closed his eyes, willing time to go faster and Draco to keep silent for a few blessed moments. He listened as the stewardess welcomed aboard the new arrivals and enjoyed the constant rumble of suitcases rolling down the aeroplane aisle.

There was a static noise and then a cheery voice sounded overhead.

Welcome aboard British Airways Flight 872 to New York. All passengers, please place any hand-luggage in the overhead compartment or under the seat in front of you.

The static ended with a click. He suddenly could feel warm breath on his face. He cracked open his right eye. Draco's face was above him, mere inches away.

“What's an overhead compartment?”

Harry groaned.

~*~

Two Months Earlier

Harry awoke to a head that felt like trolls had trampled on it and to a mouth that tasted like he had sucked on sludge. He stayed very still, hoping to convince his body to go back to sleep, possibly forever. His hopes, unfortunately, were short lived.

“Get out of my bed, you brute!” Draco yelled, throwing a pillow at Harry's face.

“It's my bed,” Harry retorted, a shady recollection of the previous night's events coming back to him. He opened his sleep-caked eyes slowly, groaning as he took in the mess he and Draco had made. “My lamp!” he lamented. “That was a flat-warming gift from Ron.”

Draco, naked, the right side of his hair standing vertical atop his head, picked up the orange striped lampshade off the bed and sneered. “This thing did not deserve to call itself a lamp.” He threw it onto the ground, much to Harry's horror. “I demand an explanation of our current situation.”

Harry ran a hand through his hair. Given the cuteness of Draco's current hairdo, Harry would have preferred to run his hand through Draco's hair but seeing Draco's aggressive stance while in his bed naked, Harry thought it best to keep his hands to himself. “We got drunk, we came here, we fucked, and then we woke up hung over.”

“So, you took advantage of me,” Draco stated, his arms crossing in front of him.

“Of course not,” Harry replied. “If I remember correctly you were pretty pushy.”

“I demand an apology,” Draco yelled.

“Will breakfast do?”

Draco's rumbling stomach answered for him. “In lieu of an apology, I demand pancakes.”

“Always ordering me around.” Harry chuckled as he gingerly stepped out of the bed. “Such a pushy bottom.”

Draco threw another pillow at him. “Just because I bottomed last night does not a bottom make me. I happen to like topping just as much.”

“So you do remember,” Harry replied triumphantly, wiggling his eyebrows. Draco frowned. “Don't worry, Draco. We were drunk, we're both gay, it happens.”

“And it won't happen again,” Draco insisted, wrapping the sheet around him. “Now get to my pancakes and let’s forget this ever happened.”

Harry saluted and headed toward his kitchen to make his famous chocolate-chip pancakes.

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One Month Earlier

Harry awoke to a head that felt like a hundred trolls had trampled on it and to a mouth that tasted like sour milk. He covered his mouth with his hand and raced toward his bathroom, only to discover what he thought was his bathroom was really a closet and that someone’s very expensive looking leather shoes now needed to be cleaned.

“Good, you’re already out of my bed so there is no need to – my shoes!” Draco ran toward him, knocking Harry out the way. “I leave you here for five minutes and this is what you do? You’re like an untrained puppy. I should have left newspapers out.”

“I’m sorry,” Harry lamented, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. “I thought this was the bathroom.”

Draco began dragging Harry away from the closet and toward another room, which thankfully turned out to be a bathroom. He dampened a washcloth and began to dab it onto Harry’s face. Harry was so thankful, he willingly allowed Draco to lecture him without interruption. “Anyone with sense would have seen the shirts, shoes, robes, jackets, and thought that perhaps the room was not a bathroom and in fact a closet, but I guess we can’t expect such things from a speccy git like you. Who knows the messes you would get into if I were not around?”

Harry lifted his eyes. “Thanks, Draco.”

“Don’t thank me, thank my manners. Now, how quickly do you think you can leave?”

Harry laughed, not surprised that Draco’s hospitality had run out. “I can’t have breakfast?”

Draco sighed. “Fine, but only if you cook pancakes for me and my mother. You took advantage of me last night and I demand an apology.”

Harry smirked. “If I recall correctly your exact words were ‘Please, fuck me, Har – mpf.” Draco had shut him up by placing a hand over his mouth.

“We were drunk, we’re both gay, it happens,” Draco helpfully supplied.

“And it won’t happen again?” Harry chuckled.

“Most certainly not,” Draco replied, throwing the wet washcloth at Harry’s face.

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Two Weeks Earlier

Harry awoke to a head that felt like a thousand trolls had trampled on it and to a mouth that tasted like salt. Before moving, he tested his stomach to make sure everything would stay in place. Then, he carefully opened one eye and then another, sighing in relief when he realized he was in his own bed.

Suddenly, a lump at the end of the bed moved.

Harry lifted the sheet. “Draco?”

“Five more minutes,” the man sighed, pulling the sheet back over him.

Not even sure he remembered how they ended up in the same bed again, Harry thought Draco’s suggestion was a fine one indeed. He pulled the covers back over his face and fell immediately back to sleep.

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Two Days Earlier

Harry awoke to a head that felt like a million trolls had trampled on it and to a mouth that tasted like he had eaten garbage. He rolled over onto his side only to be met with a wave of nausea and a face full of blond hair.

“Don’t even start with me, Potter,” the tuft of hair responded. “And get me pancakes.”

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Harry turned his attention away from Draco and toward Wilfred.

The older gentleman had an unassuming face. He was wearing a brown sweater and a plaid bow-tie. When they had passed him earlier, going to their seats, Harry had noticed the man smelled of mothballs and Vaseline. His nose was large and red, his hands were spotted, there was hair growing out of his ears, and his thinning white hair was topped with a brown tweed flat cap.

“That’s our man. Let me arrest him,” Draco whispered into Harry’s ear.

“No.”

Harry stood up and pretended to stretch while he took a good look at his supposed ring-thief. The man looked old enough to be a great-grandfather and quite incapable of doing anything dastardly except perhaps complete crossword puzzles with a pen and demand to eat dinner at four in the afternoon. This gentleman couldn’t hurt a fly.

As soon as Harry sat down, Draco was on him, whispering frantically. “Let’s arrest him now and search him. I bet he’s keeping that ring somewhere close. What an evil fellow, I can tell he’s up to something horridly wicked.”

Harry sighed. “Draco, hush. Did you actually see the ring?”

“No,” Draco petulantly replied. “But that doesn’t mean he hasn’t hidden it somewhere. We need to search him.”

Draco made to stand up but Harry pushed him back down. “You know what Kingsley said. We sit, we watch, and that's it.”

There was a loud ding and then the familiar static sound.

Welcome aboard British Airways Flight 872 to New York. Our captain has turned on the fasten seat belt sign so please take your seats. A short demonstration will now commence to acquaint you with some important safety features we have aboard this plane. Please take a look at the safety cards found in the pockets in front of you.

“We’re just expected to sit in this metal death trap for eight hours in vain hope that my mother finds her ring?”

“Yes,” Harry replied, wearily eying the attendant in his aisle smiling a bit too broadly while she gave Harry and Draco a disapproving look as she demonstrated how to put on a lifejacket. “Unless the kind old man does something suspicious, we are merely taking an plane ride across the pond.”

As the plane began to move on the runway with a jerk, Draco suddenly grabbed hold of Harry’s wrist.

“Why is the plane moving? Is something wrong?”

Draco’s fearful face was unexpected. Harry titled his head, unsure what to make of it. “Nothing is wrong. The plane has to position itself on the runway before we can take off.”

“What do you mean by take off?” Draco quietly replied.

“You didn’t read any of the material I gave you, did you?”

Draco’s head gave a tiny shake.

“Planes use propellers and engines to mechanically push them into the air. It's how Muggles fly. How else did you think we were going to get to New York?”

Draco’s face tinged a bit green.

We are glad to have you with us on board this flight. Thank you for choosing British Airways. We have been cleared for take-off. Would the flight crew please take their seats?

“I think I’m going to be sick, Harry,” Draco whimpered, his face turning ghastly pale, sweat beading on his forehead.

The plane began to speed up, the sides rumbling. Most passengers were oblivious to the change, closing their eyes or pulling out newspapers to read. Draco gripped Harry’s wrist harder, enough for Harry to wince and bite his lip.

The plane lifted, pushing the passengers back into their seat.

Draco took one look at Harry, and Harry knew. He quickly reached for the vomit bag just in time for Draco to bend down and vomit on Harry’s shoes.

Harry stared down at the empty paper bag while running his hands along Draco's back while he heaved.

"Is this your way of paying me back for soiling your leather shoes a few nights ago?"

The heaving stopped. In a shaky voice, Draco replied "Not quite, but it's a start.

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"Would you like some tea, or perhaps a hot towel, sir?"

The attendant smiled pleasantly at Harry, her red lipstick stretching along her lips. Draco grabbed at the hot towel, pressing it into his face as soon as it touched his hands. He slid back into his seat, his entire body relaxing into the leather, the towel remaining on his face.

"And for you, sir?"

Having covertly spelled away the mess on his shoes, Harry was thankfully vomit-free, but the smell still lingered.

"Do you have anything stronger than tea?" Harry asked.

A voice rang from underneath the towel. "They have drinks here?"

The stewardess winked and began to mindlessly rattle off their wares. "We have several wines and champagnes available. Might I recommend a class of Alfred Gratien Cuvee Paradis Champagne?"

“Yes, that,” Draco replied, lifting his hand in a dismissive gesture. “And get this brute one too before he predictably asks for a pint.”

The stewardess left before Harry could protest, but at least Draco was silent beside him, enjoying the warmth of his towel. When she came back with two glasses in hand, somehow Draco was able to sense her presence, or the presence of expensive champagne, and held his hand out, without lifting the towel off his eyes. The stewardess did not blink, rather placed the drink professionally in Draco’s hands. Draco only lifted the towel off his mouth to drink, leaving the rest of it still plastered to his face.

Harry sipped at his drink. It was too fruity for him, but to say so would only incur a lecture from Draco about his plebeian taste-buds (he had heard the lecture at least five times since they had been partnered).

“When will the plane stop moving?” Draco asked from underneath the towel.

“Not until we land.”

Draco moaned.

“Is the drink at least helping?” Harry asked.

“Yes,” Draco replied in a small voice. “I would appreciate it if you kept them coming.”

“I don't understand how you can be sick. We ride on tiny brooms all the time. How is this any different?”

“This is entirely different. We're depending on Muggles to keep us in the air. The idea is laughable. Where is a good broom when you need one?”

Harry rolled his eyes. “You just don't like not being in control.”

There was a brief pause of silence from underneath the towel. Harry mentally patted himself on the back.

But, alas, the silence did not last long. It never did.

“Of course I'd prefer to be in control, Potter. That way I know things will be done right.”

Draco, his champagne glass now empty, snapped his fingers at Harry. Harry sighed, unbuckled his seat, took the glass, and headed toward the front to ask a stewardess to refill the drink.

While up, Harry took the opportunity to covertly spy on the older gentleman who this entire trip was about. The older gentleman was lucky enough to not have anyone sitting next to him, but it hardly mattered. The man was quite small, hunched over a newspaper, a large pair of reading glasses sitting on the bridge of his nose, threatening to fall off his tiny face. He had a cup of tea sitting on his tray table that he would occasionally lift to his mouth. Before taking a sip, the man would smack his lips together in a way only someone without any concern for the people around him would.

With a filled glass, Harry returned to their seats, only to find Draco already had another full glass. Harry shrugged and went to take a sip of the champagne he had just retrieved, but was thwarted by a darting hand grabbing the glass and taking a sip first.

“Do you really think drinking two glasses of champagne at once is really necessary?”

“Yes,” Draco replied shortly. “Very.”

Choosing not to respond, Harry pulled out a newspaper from his satchel and began to read. After reading a rather dry article about the price of wheat, Draco snapped his fingers again.

“Another, please.”

“No,” Harry replied, flipping the page in his paper.

Draco lifted the towel off his face, which by now had most likely gone cold. The front of his hair was damp and smashed against his forehead. Harry suppressed a laugh.

“Do you want me to heave on your shoes again?”

Harry lifted his hand and pressed a button. It gave a “ping” sound and began to blink. Soon a stewardess came to their side.

“Can I help you with anything?”

“Yes,” Harry replied. “This man would like another drink and another hot towel, if you could.”

“Of course, sir,” the stewardess replied before leaving to fetch them.

Harry nodded and then turned back to his newspaper. After a few sentences about the weather in Poland, Harry felt a tap on his shoulder.

“You surprise me sometimes, Potter.”

“I aim to please, Draco. And next time you need something just press that button.”

The stewardess returned with another hot towel and two flutes of champagnes, not batting an eyelash when Draco took both.

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Seven drinks later, Draco was a bit tipsy. Actually, Harry was being nice. Draco was actually completely sloshed.

“You,” Draco said, much to close to Harry's face, “are a mystery. I hate you. I'm supposed to hate you. And you hate me. That's how this works.”

Harry, having given up on reading anything interesting in the newspaper besides the comics, nodded blankly, completely baffled as to what Draco was going on about.

“I don't hate you, Draco.”

“See! That is my point.” He emphasized this by poking his finger into Harry's arm. “When did you stop hating me? Why did you stop hating me? Why did I stop hating you? It can't be because you are fit, with gorgeous eyes and a goofy smile that makes my toes tingle, because I am a man who does not think with his cock.”

Harry pinked at the compliments. “You aren't so bad yourself,” he replied, flicking a piece of soft hair off Draco's face. “It's too bad you only say nice things to me when drunk.”

“I'm not drunk,” Draco replied. “I'm pleasantly buzzed. And why would I say nice things to you? That's not how this works.”

“I don't really give a damn about how this works,” Harry stated. “It is what it is.”

“Yes,” Draco continued, “but what is this?”

Harry blinked underneath his glasses. “What do you mean?”

Draco adjusted in his seat, getting as close to Harry as possible considering there was a metal armrest between them. “You have tea with my mum. We have lunch every day, even when we aren't on duty. You've seen me sick, tired, angry, and naked. You've saved my life more times than I can count and we've fucked. I'd say we have a . . . this.”

“How many of those drinks have you had?”

“Stop dodging the question, Potter.”

“If we're having this conversation, it's Harry.”

Draco furrowed his eyebrows. “No. Answer my question.”

Harry sighed, taking off his glasses and rubbing the bridge of his nose. To be perfectly frank, Harry had an inkling in the back of his head that perhaps he should think about his odd relationship with Draco, really analyze it and see what it meant. The voice sounded suspiciously like Hermione's, who on many occasions had attempted to get Harry to discuss the very issue, but Harry had skirted it better than Ron skirting the when are we going to have children talk.

After the war, Harry didn't have time to hold onto old grudges. He was too busy mourning and moping about, feeling guilty that he hadn't done enough. All the Malfoys had been arrested, but in a surprising turn of events, Lucius confessed to coercing his family into following Voldemort, earning him fifteen years in Azkaban, a sentence Lucius took with his head held high. Soon after, Harry received a letter from Narcissa asking him over for tea. He took it, on a whim, pocketing Draco's wand just in case. The Manor was in shambles, Aurors still collecting and digging through their possessions. Narcissa handled it all gracefully, apologizing for the mess, and admitting that the Aurors presence was almost comforting. They were gutting the house of Voldemort's stain, and afterward Narcissa had planned on a complete renovation. Harry, not used to such formal meetings, sat nervously on a cushioned chair and chomped

on biscuits the entire time.

She told Harry of her plans of reuniting with her sister. Harry told her of the existence of Teddy. She was quite surprised, her eyes misting. It was then that Draco arrived, looking gaunt and tired. As soon as he spied Harry, Harry expected him to begin shooting off hexes. Instead, he just looked at him and then his mother before sitting down and pouring himself a cup of tea.

Harry, unsure what to do next, pulled Draco's wand out of his pocket. Draco looked at it for a few moments, but failed to take it. Harry pushed it forward until a tentative hand came and grabbed hold of it. Draco, his fist tight around the wood, slowly curved the wand, sparks flying out from the end. Harry smiled, as did Draco. Narcissa fondly patted Draco on the shoulder.

Harry couldn't quite remember what they spoke about afterward. He knew he talked about becoming an Auror and was surprised to see how engrossed Draco was in the conversation. Several months later, when Harry arrived at the Auror training camp, while most were extremely surprised to see Draco Malfoy standing there, expensive trunks trailing behind him, Harry was not. Nor was he surprised when Draco requested that Harry be his partner, much to the chagrin of Ron.

Harry always assumed Ron would be his partner, but after seeing how well he and Draco worked together, always egging the other on to do better, he couldn't argue with the change. Ron reluctantly saw it too, although some of it may have been because he was partnered with the rather attractive and well-endowed Katie Bell.

The first year was hard, filled with bickering and headaches. But after Draco saved his life, pulling him out of the way of a slicing curse, earning Draco a trip to St. Mungo's for a week, their bickering turned into bantering, the headaches turning into friendly feelings.

Harry wasn't sure when it turned into more. Perhaps it was the way Draco filled out his Auror uniform, or the wry smile he gave only to Harry when he thought no one was looking. Or, more likely, perhaps Harry was delusional and in need of a good therapist.

A finger pushed on his forehead. "You are thinking way too much. You'll pop a blood vessel."

Harry opened his mouth, but was quite unsure what to say.

Thankfully, he was saved by a smoky terrier-shaped figure heading toward them through the window.

“Look, it's Ron's Patronus.”

Draco whipped his head around, pressing his nose against the plastic window as the ethereal shape grew closer.

Taking a quick look around, Harry discretely lowered his wand down his sleeve and cast a silent Disillusionment Charm so no one else on the plane would notice the wispy Jack Russell Terrier morphing through the plane walls and a quick Muffliato.

The cloudy dog jumped on Harry's lap, wagging his tail. He opened his mouth and Ron's voice barreled out.

“We've searched the entire Park. Can't find the ring. Sorry, mate. Checked out Mrs. Malfoy's pensive memory as well and I didn't see anything fishy. Keep an eye on our guy and we'll keep looking over here. We've alerted JFK. He’ll be randomly selected to be searched, so if we aren't able to find the ring, and you don't see it on him, they'll find it then. Good luck and stay safe.”

The dog barked once, gave Harry a cloudy lick on his cheek before dispersing into the air.

Suddenly, Harry got a whiff of sour champagne breath.

“I told you it was him,” Draco said.

Harry still wasn't convinced. He took another quick glance at the older gentleman. He was gently snoozing, his mouth open. He snored, the sound a mixture between a cough and a sneeze.

“I'm still not sure,” Harry replied, placing a hand on Draco's chest, knowing the other man would like nothing more than to jump in front and search the sleeping gentleman himself. “And unless we see the ring, we aren't going to do a thing. If he's hiding it, the people at JFK will find it.”

“Don't let his looks fool you,” Draco insisted. “It's always the ones you least expect. I mean, look at you, no one would expect you to be a hero.” He pulled at Harry's flannel shirt, picking at a tiny hole Harry hadn't realized was there underneath his elbow. “I always thought heroes had proper hair-cuts and perfectly tailored robes. At least the ones in my dreams do.”

Harry rolled his eyes. “Don't start on my clothes or my hair. Some of us have more important things to care about than their appearance.”

Draco gave a baffled look in response. “Like what?”

Harry couldn't help it, sometimes Draco was just too cute. He leaned forward into the champagne breath and kissed Draco on the cheek. “I happen to have a rather beguiling partner that drives me so batty sometimes I can barely think. Constantly distracting me with his meaningless insults and tempting arse. Does any of that ring a bell?”

The plane jostled to the right.

Draco batted his eyelashes. “Why, Mister Potter, are you trying to talk me up? I'll have you know just because I'm a little tipsy it doesn't mean you can take advantage of me.”

Harry chuckled. “I'm not trying to do anything, Draco. Just making conversation.”

A devilish smirk suddenly appeared on Draco's face. “Just making conversation? I don't think so. A man

does not complement me in such a way unless he expects something.” He bit his lip and gave Harry a look that always went directly to Harry's cock.

The plane jostled to the left.

Harry squeezed his eyes shut and willed his cock to remember that he was on duty. Now was not a good time to get ideas.

Draco snaked a leg around Harry's and began to rub his shoeless foot up Harry's ankle. “A while ago, Pansy was talking about something ridiculous called the Mile High Club and I didn't understand what she was saying then, not quite getting the whole plane/toilet thing, but now that we're here, and you just so clearly want it, perhaps we should try to join this club. Pansy would be furious to learn I did it first.”

Harry attempted to move his leg away, but Draco had a surprisingly firm hold. He pulled Harry's arm to him, grabbing his hand and brushing it down his chest and finally to his half-hard cock pressing against his trousers.

“This is not a good idea,” Harry softly replied, failing miserably to convince Draco to stop.

Without warning the plane suddenly dropped. The fasten seat belt sign began to flash and attendants were bustling about, attempting to get everyone into their seats.

There was a click, static, and then,

“This is your Captain speaking. We’re experiencing a bit of turbulence. This is nothing to worry about. The seatbelt signs are now on, so could everyone please return to their seats and fasten their seatbelts until the sign is switched off. Thank you.

Draco, who already had a death-grip on Harry's arm, was beginning to press his nails into Harry's hand

enough to leave moon-shaped marks.

“We are going to die,” he whispered.

“It'll be fine, Draco, I promise.” He attempted to reassure Draco by rubbing his arms and pulling back his hair, usually a sure fire way to calm Draco down, but it wasn't working.

“Are you going to be sick?” Harry asked.

The plane began to bounce. Draco screwed his eyes shut, but shook his head in response to Harry's question. “If I die here, I'm blaming you and Kingsley, and that ridiculous Muggle man who may have good taste in rings but horrible taste in transportation.”

The overhead lights turned off. A baby began to cry back in coach. The older gentleman in front was jostled awake, tea spilling on his faded tweed jacket and lap.

“I'm Apparating back home,” Draco stated emphatically.

Harry gripped the sleeve that he knew contained Draco's wand and hissed with both anger and concern, “You can't. We're somewhere in the middle of the Atlantic. You'd never be able to make it that far back to England. You'll end up stranded in the middle of the ocean.”

While wrestling with Draco, attempting to keep him from Apparating, Harry spied out of the corner of his eye something quite peculiar. Their suspect that had just spilled his tea was not dabbing the cold liquid off his lap with a napkin, but rather waving his hand over the spot, something wooden and thin peaking out from under his sleeve.

“I want to get out of here, now, Harry.”

Harry held Draco close to him and did the only thing he could think of to both calm the hysterical Draco down and keep him quiet. He kissed him, full on the mouth, with tongue.

Draco garbled a weak protest, muffled by Harry's teeth biting Draco's lips, but soon Draco had forgotten entirely the turbulence that was still throwing the plane around like a rag doll, in favor of moaning and pressing deeper into the kiss. Luckily for both of them, Harry kept half his wits about him, leaving one eye open as the older gentleman finished drying his lap and pushed his wand back up his sleeve.

While Draco continued to enjoy some mile-high snoggage, Harry began to think, although not well as there was a hot blond ready and willing and practically in his lap.

Knowing the old gentleman was no Muggle but indeed a wizard, Harry's attitude immediately changed from laissez-faire observation to aggressive strategy. Instead of a kindly old man handing Mrs Malfoy a handkerchief, this was a wizard who most likely knew exactly what he was doing. Did he know he currently had Aurors tailing him? Did he know how to use the ring? Without those answers, they were in a very dangerous situation. The best thing for Harry to do was to keep up the pretence of being fellow passengers for as long as possible in order to keep the upper hand.

Harry decided step one of his plan of action was to continue to distract Draco and convince him to make their way to the bathroom in order to discuss what to do next. They needed to figure out a way to confiscate the ring as soon as possible without alarming the Muggles or alerting them of the presence of Magic, all without tipping their hand to the gentleman.

This was going to be tricky.

~*~

It was easy to convince the stewardesses to allow Harry and Draco to share a bathroom. All he had to explain was Draco's fear of flying and his upset stomach and their faces turned to polite concern, eagerly ushering the two of them inside.

As soon as the door closed Draco was upon him like an octopus, all arms and legs, snaking around him and clinging.

“Draco, hold on,” Harry squeaked, attempting to hold off Draco's advances. “In any other circumstance I would gladly consent to where I think this is going, but I actually brought you back here for a reason.”

Draco smiled like a cat caught in the cream, “Oh no you don't.” He pulled on Harry's shirt. “You are all mine. No backing out now.” He took a perusal of the cramped quarters and sniffed at the smell. “The décor is disastrous, but I'm three sheets to the wind and I need some cock to get me more sober, and you're the best cock I've got, so sit your pretty arse on the toilet seat and we can begin.”

Harry blinked. Usually he was more drunk for their coming togethers. He had no idea Draco was this forceful. It was rather hot.

He allowed Draco to manhandle him on the toilet seat, his arms wrapping around Draco's thighs as he straddled his lap. The man was gorgeous when determined, his gray eyes staring directly into his, his fingers threading and pulling through Harry's hair.

Draco arched up, their laps brushing up against each other, creating sparks down Harry's legs. Draco bent down and kissed Harry hard. He held Harry's head still with firm hands on his chin and ravaged his lips, sucking on his tongue. Harry moaned; the sound echoed around the small plastic room.

Their location was cramped, their elbows constantly hitting the sides. Draco accidentally pulled at the toilet paper roll, ripping it off the metal holder, Harry's head was knocked into the wall when Draco pushed too hard, making Harry see stars for a second, and they couldn't quite get the right angle for everything to work.

It was messy, absolutely uncomfortable, and utterly distracting. Harry knew he should stop it, but then Draco had pulled his cock out of his trousers and was running his hands over the shaft, giving the right amount of pressure, swirling his tapered fingers over the tip. Harry scrambled at Draco's buttons and zippers until he could release Draco's cock as well. As their cocks met Harry groaned, and Draco yelped,

and soon they were rocking back and forth in rhythm with the turbulence.

“Oh, God, Harry,” Draco cried, loud enough that surely the passengers could hear. Harry reached forward and grabbed Draco's lips with his teeth and pulled until Draco gasped his mouth open and allowed Harry's tongue in to explore.

It was quick and dirty, the beginning of an orgasm coming as a surprise to Harry. He held his breath, taking a hand down to meet Draco's on their joined cocks. He took hold of Draco's, making sure the other man was just as crazed as he. It just would not do for Harry to come too soon.

He bit Draco's ear and began to whisper dirty things. “You wish I was fucking you, don't you? Wish my big fucking cock was up your pretty little arse.” Draco moaned and sped up his movements. Harry knew he was close. “Would you take it? Would your pretty hole hold tight my big cock as I rammed it in, pushing in and out? Or, would you rather you were fucking me? Bending me over the nearest surface and pounding in as hard as you could.”

“Don't stop,” Draco cried, his rhythm growing erratic.

“No, I think you'd prefer if we were in my bed, your pretty arse held high as I grabbed your hips and eased my way in. I'd lift you up and grab your cock as I slowly pushed deeper inside you, tweak your nipple and bite your ear, just as I am now. God, and you'd hold onto my cock real tight until I couldn't take it any more. I'd push you down onto the bed, my arm pressing you down into the mattress until I could get just the right angle to pound into you like a piece of meat, but you'd take it, Draco, you'd take it and love it and cry out my name.”

“Yes, yes,” Draco cried, almost in a whimper. “You better do as you promise, you little fucker.”

“Oh, I will,” Harry replied, although he was having trouble following the thread as his body began to seize. He bit down hard on Draco's throat and then lovingly lapped at the teeth marks.

There was a ding and the Captain began to speak again through the intercom, saying something about being through the storm, but Harry was too far gone to pay any attention. He grabbed Draco's arse and

squeezed.

“Come for me, Draco.” He bit into Draco's ear. And like a good boy, Draco did, crying out Harry's name and spurting hot come all over their joined hands and Harry's shirt. It was all Harry needed to finally let go. He growled and bucked forward before his body shook out with pleasure.

Harry heaved out the last of his orgasm, letting it ride through his body. He reached forward and took Draco's face, kissing his lips, first fiercely, and then tenderly, as their high began to fall. It was pleasant, something they hadn't really done before, cuddling after the fact. Or, perhaps they had, the details of their past encounters still a bit fuzzy. Draco murmured something that sounded suspiciously like sleep or dunderhead, but Harry was too happy to care. He continued to kiss and cuddle, ridiculously pleased that Draco didn't push him away.

“So, how do you propose we arrest that wizard posing as a Muggle without having to erase all the real Muggles' memories once we land?”

Harry took a moment to regain his equilibrium before answering. “What,” he replied inelegantly. “How did you know he was a wizard?”

Draco rolled his eyes. “You never give me enough credit.” He lifted his hands and cringed when he saw the sticky substance coating them. “I noticed it when he opened up his newspaper. You may have only noticed the front page of the Times, but inside he had not so cleverly hidden a copy of the Daily Prophet. I've been trying to convince you to come to the bathroom with me ever since.”

“Oh,” Harry dumbly replied. “Well, then, what was this about?”

Draco looked guiltily around. “Like I said, I needed to get a bit more sober to think clearly. I thought this would do it.”

Something in Harry's heart fluttered sadly, like a specimen on a petri dish.

Draco stared at him for a while. The room grew silent, just the general buzz of the engines roaring through the air. Harry couldn't look up. His stomach was in his throat. He needed a drink.

“Hey,” Draco said softly. “No brooding after sex. It's not polite.”

“Sorry,” Harry replied, laughing at himself for getting so mushy. He went to run his hand through his hair, nervously, but Draco stopped him before he could coat his hair with his own come. Gingerly lifting himself off Harry's lap, Draco lifted on the tap in the sink and ran their hands underneath the water.

“I say we do this the easy way,” Draco continued. “We should divide and conquer. I'll distract him and you can do your fancy wand work and immobilize him. I'll arrange him so he appears to be sleeping until we land. Weasley said there would be Aurors in New York. It'll be easy as one, two, three.”

Harry nodded, liking the simplicity of the plan. “Sounds good.”

“Good,” Draco nodded, taking a paper towel and drying their hands. Once dry he picked up his trousers that had fallen to his ankles and pulled them back up, buttoning and zipping them closed. Draco had to remind Harry to do the same, rather than just sit like a bump on a log.

Harry shuffled around the other man so he could be in front of the sink. He threw some water onto his face to wake up, pushing away the odd feelings and focusing on the task at hand.

“New plan,” Harry suddenly announced. “What does it take for someone to activate your grandmother's ring?”

Draco hummed and tapped his chin. “Well, no one's ever actually tried, but it takes more than a wave of the wand. You need to use powdered bicorn horn to create a circle around yourself, and a few candles. There's a long complicated chant you need to complete before cutting your palm open onto the ring. Only then will the spell activate, and then, kaboom. And it only works if the participant is of Black blood, which is why I'm convinced the man only stole it to sell it. Easiest way to smuggle dark artifacts is

through the Muggle channels. ”

“Yes, kaboom,” Harry repeated. “You think it’s a coincidence that we're on the plane? Or more specifically, that you are on this plane? Someone of Black descent?”

Draco blinked. “I hadn't thought of that.” He checked the mirror. A man with shaggy brown hair and brown eyes looked back at him. “Our Glamours are still up, but if he's a wizard he might have realized that already.”

“I think there maybe another reason why this man has boarded a Muggle plane headed to New York.”

“Wait, you don't think,” Draco replied, his face turning unnaturally pale. “He's just a common thief. There's no way.”

“We can't take any chances,” Harry shortly replied. “We must assume the worst. You said the man would need to create a circle. How big would it have to be?”

Draco paused. “No bigger than this room, really. Big enough for his two feet to be inside, but no more.”

Harry nodded. He leaned towards Draco and took both of his hands firmly within his. “Whatever you do, stay behind me. I mean it. Who knows where the man has created the circle. If all he needs is your blood to complete the ritual then we can't allow that to happen.”

“I understand,” Draco seriously replied.

Harry took a deep breath, made sure he looked presentable, and then opened the bathroom door. A line of people were standing outside it, averting their eyes as Harry walked out. Draco exited behind him, giving a surprised squeak at the sudden audience. A gruff man who looked to be the same size as Harry's Uncle Vernon shoved Harry to the side. “Took you long enough,” he nasally spat.

The queue was about three people deep, blocking Harry and Draco's ability to go back to their seats. Harry made a quick glance at their suspect's seat to find it empty.

“Shit,” Harry said, energy beginning to zoom through his veins. He flagged down a nearby stewardess. “Where are the other bathrooms on the plane?”

She gave Harry a withering look, probably fully aware that Harry was the one that had been hogging the front bathroom with Draco, not using the facilities in the proper way.

“We have two in the center of the plane and one in the back, but the fasten seat belt sign was just released so there will probably be lines at all three.”

Harry heard another “shit” come from Draco behind him.

Harry wasted no time. He pushed his way through the line outside the front bathroom, curling his body around and jamming his legs into seat rests and tripping over people's feet. The woman at the end was pregnant and it was a test to get around her, but Harry did it, albeit ungracefully. He didn't dare look back to see how Draco was doing. In fact, Harry hoped the man was smart enough to stay behind, but he doubted Draco would willingly allow Harry to do anything unsupervised.

Harry scrambled out of first class, pushing aside the curtain into coach. The seats were smaller, the people more restless. Many were standing, some digging through the overhead compartments for their things, some just stretching. A woman was rocking a crying baby back and forth down the aisle, singing a soft lullaby. But nowhere was their suspect.

Harry headed toward the middle, excusing himself as he made his way through the people. One elderly woman eyed him and complained that Harry had pushed her. He felt bad, but he had to fight the urge to stay and apologize. Harry could hear the woman snipe at Draco. Harry cursed. He knew he couldn't keep Draco away.

There were two bathrooms in the middle of the plane, both occupied, with a long line of jumpy people behind him. Harry tapped the shoulder of a young man with headphones on.

“Yeah?” he yelled, without removing his earbuds.

“Did you see an older gentleman with a tweed hat go into either one of these bathrooms?”

“What?” the man yelled back.

Draco reached around Harry's shoulder and yanked at the young man's headphone chords.

“Hey!” the boy cried, but Harry interrupted his soon-to-be tirade by asking his question again. “Did you see an older gentleman with a tweed hat go into either one of these stalls?”

“No man, and tell your boyfriend to keep his hands to himself.”

“When you said no,” Draco snottily replied. “Did you mean you saw who went in and they weren't that man, or you didn't see who went in at all?”

“Your boyfriend sure is nosy,” the man said to Harry, pointedly ignoring Draco. “My sister's in one and my mom is in the other, so no, not your grandpa, okay?”

“Okay, thanks,” Harry replied, tapping the man on the shoulder before elbowing his way through. This line was even longer than the one in first class and a lot less willing to let Harry pass.

About half-way through the line, a rather large woman refused to move out of Harry's way.

“I've got nowhere to go, sugar,” she sweetly said.

“It's really vital I get through. Perhaps if we both turn...”

The woman began to laugh. “You can turn all you want, but I don't think you'll fit.”

“Harry,” Draco cried. “Look!”

He pointed past the woman to the back of the plane. There, standing in line for the last bathroom, was the older gentleman, rocking on his feet and patting his right pocket.

“Well, there's nothing for it then.” Harry said. He took a quick look around and noticed that the seat next to him was empty. He jumped atop it, earning him a few surprised gasps from the other passengers, and then proceeded to climb over it, landing, thankfully, in another empty seat. Now past the larger woman Harry was able to squeeze through the rest of the passengers.

Unfortunately, the scene Harry caused grappling over the seats alerted the flight attendants, and their suspect.

The older gentleman's eyes went wide. Their cover was blown. The man now knew that Harry and Draco knew exactly what he was up to. He scrambled forward through his own line.

“You have to stop him,” Draco hissed, pushing Harry forward.

Suddenly, a male flight attendant was in Harry's face, stopping them in their tracks.

“Sir, I must ask you to return to your seats. You are causing a scene. Let me escort you back.”

Thinking on his feet, Harry began to improvise. “My grandfather wasn't feeling too well and he was headed toward the bathrooms. I just want to check with him.”

“Sir,” the attendant replied, clearly seeing through Harry's lie. “I need you to return to your seat.”

Meanwhile, as Harry was stuck with the attendant, Draco had snuck by and was headed toward the back.

“Draco, don't,” he cried.

The attendant looked back to where Harry had yelled. Distracted, Harry was able to push past the man and follow after Draco.

The man had already reached the bathroom. Harry saw him take out his wand and wave it at the door. It opened and a woman exited, looking not herself. The suspect then slammed the door behind him.

Sensing that things were about to go from bad to worse Harry lifted his wand out of his pocket and cast a wide Freezing Charm on the passengers.

Everyone stopped, hands in mid air, people in mid speech. One small child had been caught with his finger up his nose.

Harry raced to the back. Draco was already there, pounding on the door.

“Stay back,” Harry yelled, “He needs your blood, stay back.”

But it was no use. The door was flung open. Harry saw the gleam of a knife as it flung through door,

directly at an unsuspecting Draco. It hit his stomach with sickening speed and then was swiftly pulled back, the silver sheen covered in red blood.

The bathroom door slammed shut.

Draco crumpled to the ground.

His heart breaking, Harry had to ignore Draco's prone and bleeding body in favor of stopping the mad man from blowing up the plane. With all of his strength, Harry ripped the bathroom door open, without magic. The thief, Wilfred Whisenhunt, was there, huddled in front of the toilet, a circle of white powder surrounding his feet.

“Too late, Potter,” the man rasped. He held the knife over the ring. A drop of Draco's blood dripped onto it.

Harry raged. He was not going to let this man hurt his partner and kill all these innocent Muggles. He slashed his wand, severing the man's arm. He screamed and fell back out of the circle.

The ring still held in the severed man's hand began to glow and send off sparks of light. Without thinking, Harry flashed his wand and the ring and the arm popped out of existence.

Hoping they were close enough to New York, Harry grabbed hold of the man's ankle, and Draco's and Apparated them directly to JFK, hoping with all he had the Draco would be okay.

~*~

Harry stared ahead as people rushed back and forth before him.

The seat was uncomfortable, plastic.

Shifting from his left hip to his right, Harry glanced at the magazines on the side table. A young witch featured on the cover winked back him and blew him a kiss. Harry flipped the magazine over.

“How is he?” a shaky voice cut through the gentle murmur of the hospital.

Harry rose and took Narcissa's hands.

“He's doing all right. The man managed to miss any vital organs, but he lost a lot of blood. Right now they're just trying to keep him stable. But they say he's going to be all right. They promised me.”

Narcissa grabbed Harry, wrapping her arms around him, pressing Harry's head to her breast. The motion reminded Harry of Molly Weasley, and if circumstances weren't what they were Harry would be amazed to ever make the comparison.

“Thank you for being there, for my son,” she whispered into his hair. “If he...” She didn't finish her statement and Harry was glad for it. He didn't dare think of that possibility either.

“Harry!”

Harry had never been so glad to hear the sound of his friend. Narcissa gently let him go and Harry fell into his best mate's tackling hug.

After a few manly grunts and pats on the back Ron let Harry go.

“Sorry it took me this long to get over. Quite a sensation you've caused. Portkeys are almost impossible

to get now. They've shut down all flights to New York and the Minister's called on every available man to help, making sure there aren't any wizards doing what Whisenhunt was about to do. You prevented a real disaster, mate. You're an international hero now."

"Draco's the real hero. Insisted the man was up to something," Harry whispered.

Narcissa squeezed Harry's hand. "I'm still not sure I understand how you were able to stop the ring from exploding. To think, all those poor Muggles."

Ron laughed. It was a good sound to hear. "Harry here just banished the thing. It went where all banished things go and probably exploded there, along with all our banished socks and rubbish tins, I reckon."

"Where is that exactly?" Harry asked. "I didn't hurt anyone by sending it there, did I?"

Ron shook his head, "There would have been reports if the explosion had happened anywhere near anyone. My mum always said banished things are sent to the Sun. An explosion there wouldn't have mattered."

"Yeah," Harry replied. His whole body shook. Only when Narcissa placed a calming hand on his arm did he stop. "Has the old man talked?"

Ron shook his head. "Not yet, but he will. Hermione's on him; no one can lie to that woman."

Suddenly, a medi-witch stepped out of the double doors in front of them.

"We've stabilized him. You can see him now, in room 13A."

Harry and Narcissa jumped up, but the medi-witch stopped them before they could continue. "One at a

time, please.”

Harry hung back, attempting to hide his disappointment, but Narcissa must have seen it because she shook her head and gave Harry a little push.

“You first, my dear. I think he'd want to see you.”

“He'd want to see his mother,” Harry shakily replied.

“Go to him,” she sternly said, sitting back down and grabbing Ron's hand. Ron's eyebrows lifted to his hairline. Narcissa tutted. “Come now, Mr Weasley, you have eaten my cake and dug through rose bushes with me, surely you can hold my hand.”

Ron blushed, but nodded in agreement.

Harry bit his lip and turned to the medi-witch. She smiled and ushered him towards Draco's room.

~*~

The room was bare, white walls and white curtains. There were a few magical machines scattered around beeping and flashing numbers Harry didn't understand.

Harry took a deep breath. He had no idea why he was so nervous. Draco was there, his eyes closed, blankets wrapped around him. All Harry had to do was walk a few steps and he'd be there, beside him, holding his hands, laying kisses on his forehead. But, he couldn't make his body do anything except stand stock-still.

“Get your arse over here, Potter,” Draco whispered underneath his breath, barely audible to Harry's ears. “Your heavy breathing is annoying.”

And that was all it took. Suddenly Harry's legs were working properly and he was standing beside Draco's bed, nervously running his hands together.

“I told you stay back,” Harry said, his voice hoarse.

“I have trouble listening to you,” Draco laughed before coughing. Harry quickly grabbed a glass of water off the side table and helped Draco drink of sip of it.

Draco smiled up at Harry after taking a drink, the most beautiful smile Harry had ever seen.

“I'm okay, Harry. Quit your waterworks.”

Harry hadn't even realized he was crying. He wiped his eyes, feeling foolish.

Draco reached out and grabbed Harry's hand. “Did you get him? Did you stop him in time?”

Harry nodded. “Yeah, yeah I did.”

Draco laid back down against the pillows and closed his eyes, his hand still gripping Harry's. “Good.”

“Your mother's here. Do you want me to get her?”

Draco shook his head. “Not yet. Just, stay here with me a while. Okay?”

Harry squeezed Draco's hand. Draco squeezed back.

They remained like that for a while, just listening to the buzz of the machines and the shuffle of feet outside.

After a few minutes a medi-wizard stepped inside, a chart in hand.

“Hello, Mr Malfoy, my name is Michael and I'll be your medi-wizard. Oh,” he gasped, taking a look at Harry and Draco's joined hands. “I see your boyfriend has joined us. Would you like me to bring a chair so you can sit down?”

“I'm not –” Harry began to say, but Draco gave him a hurtful squeeze of his hand.

“That would be perfect, Michael. My boyfriend seems to have a bit of hero complex and would never dream of asking for anything for himself. My mother is also outside in the waiting room. Would you mind bringing her a chair as well and asking her to come in?”

Michael smiled. “Of course! Anything for a true American hero!”

Draco rolled his eyes. “They keep calling me that. What did you do?”

Harry laughed. “Nothing. You stopped an international plot to blow up New York. Around here they consider that quite heroic.”

Draco hummed. “Finally, I'll get the respect I deserve.”

“Quite right,” Harry replied. He brushed a hair off Draco's face. Without thinking he bent down and

kissed Draco on the lips.

“Finally,” Draco whispered. “Been waiting for you to do that since you came in.”

“Boyfriend, eh?” Harry whispered back.

“Only if you promise to do the things you said you'd do earlier. And feed me pancakes. Make the best pancakes.”

Harry blushed, but bent down and kissed Draco again more soundly. “I promise,” he said, ignoring how his heart bounced in joyful glee.

~ The End ~