

Ghostly Drarry, A Continuation of Deciding Match

(August 24, 1998)

It had been a whole summer since Harry's life had changed forever. Harry had thought his life had changed many times before, but it had never changed like this. Not even at the end of his sixth year when Dumbledore had died. (Of course Dumbledore had been briefly resurrected by Madame Hooch to help referee the final Quidditch match at the end of Harry's seventh year, but Snape had then pushed him off the Astronomy Tower again. So that was that. No more questions about Dumbledore. I'm sure he won't come up again in this story.)

Anyway, this life changing moment that had changed Harry's life forever had come at the end of this final Quidditch match when Dumbledore revealed to Harry that Draco Malfoy was a ghost! And the only way Harry could possibly save Draco was to marry him and live at Hogwarts, working as an assistant ref for Madame Hooch, helping her to watch the Quaffle game (which Harry was quite good at, being a chaser and all) and helping her resurrect past Headmasters to help referee the most important matches.

Harry had thought for many years now that his destiny was to finally defeat Lord Voldemort. Although, Harry hadn't really seen Lord Voldemort since they came face-to-face at the Ministry of Magic in his fifth year. Come to think of it, Bellatrix had also been mysteriously absent since that encounter. Where had she been during the Battle of the Astronomy Tower—during Dumbledore's first death? Harry hoped she and Voldemort were not making a child. But it really is hard to be sure about what could be true these days.

Thinking about making a child turned Harry's thoughts to a certain dreamy, pale-skinned dead-boy. It was Draco. **[AN: Of course, Harry knew he couldn't make a child with Draco, because they didn't want to have a dead baby. It was just the sex-thing that made Harry think of Draco.]** He couldn't help thinking about him. Harry sometimes dreamt about those smoky grey eyes and that beautiful arse of Draco's. Plus now, Harry supposed, Draco could walk through walls, disappear, and fly, which made him much more unique than the other guys. Harry, like Draco, had kept his true feelings hidden for many years, but he had had a crush on Draco since Draco's invitation to duel him in their first year.

But, if Harry married Draco, what would he do about the whole Voldemort-destiny-prophecy-neither-can-blah-while-the-other-blah-blah-blah thing? So Harry went to the only person he could possibly trust to help him make a decision—perhaps his greatest friend and confidant...

“YOUR AURA IS PULSING, MY LOVELY!”

“That's, uh, it's actually just a cup of coffee that you're staring into there, Sybil,” said Harry, politely retracting his hand to keep his coffee the-HELL-away from his former Divination teacher.

“RIGHT! SO IT IS! I WAS ACTUALLY JUST TESTING YOUR OWN INNER EYE! AND I WOULD SAY YOU'RE AT A SOLID INNER EYE LEVEL 4, MY DEAAAAAAR!”

“WHY ARE WE SHOUTING!?”

“THE SPIRITS, MY DEAR! PLUS I MAY HAVE HAD A LITTLE TINY TEENY BIT TO DRINK OF DRINK AND MAYBE AM A LITTLE BIT ON THE DRUNK SIDE OF THE BRIDGE, IF YOU WILL! ANYWAY, WHY HAVE YOU SUMMONED ME FROM MY LAIR!?”

“Well, the, uh, thing is that I have to make a really tough decision. I can give up all of my dreams and my destiny and your prophecy and my girlfriend, Ginny, and marry this guy who's always been a dick to me. Or I could, uh, not do that.”

“MY DEAR, HARRY POTTER! I’M HAVING A VISION!” Sybil wailed, staggering around the Burrow. (Which is where they were, because, of course, Harry didn't live with the Dursleys any more since he graduated and all.) “I WAS WRONG ABOUT THAT OTHER STUPID PROPHECY! SOMEONE ELSE CAN PROBABLY STOP VOLDEMORT! BUT YOU MUST FOLLOW YOUR HEART AND MARRY THAT BLONDE DEAD BOY WHO’S ALWAYS SO MEAN TO YOU! I MEAN, LOOK AT THAT ARSE!”

That night, Harry climbed the many crooked staircases of the Burrow, saying goodnight to each Weasley (and Hermione) until he arrived at the bedroom he shared with his supermegafoxyawesomewhat girlfriend, Ginny. She was wearing her favourite magical lingerie. Lacy and dark red with an enchanted fire pattern that changed from yellow to orange to blue and danced from her crotch to her chest and back again, radiating warmth. But all Harry could think about was Draco. He had to tell her. He couldn’t keep leading her on while Draco’s pale grey eyes flashed in his head.

“Ginny—“ As he spoke her name, she spoke his as well. “Harry.”

“You go,” he said.

“No you.”

They spoke together once more. As he said, “I'm in love with Draco,” she whispered, “I've been sleeping with Luna.”

“Oh,” he said.

“Oh,” she said.

And that was that. It was decided.

(September 1st, 1998)

Harry was on the train, and things were a little awkward because the only compartment that had had space had been the one containing his ex-girlfriend, Ginny, and her new girlfriend, Luna. Luna sat in Ginny’s lap and they made out the *entire* train ride. London to Hogwarts. In Scotland. That's like a six hour train ride. Seriously. They made out the *entire* way. But Harry was lost in thought about his future husband. He longed for the days when he could make out with Draco for six hours on a train. Of course, he wasn't entirely sure that ghosts could sit on people’s laps or get on trains or make out. But that was something they'd have to work out together. Perhaps they'd have to go to ghost therapy. It occurred to Harry that he probably should have just Apparated to Hogsmeade so he wouldn't have had to watch Luna grope for the nargles she was so sure were hiding in Ginny’s bra. Ginny’s whole body had been covered in blue lipstick smudges and hickies by the time they arrived. And Luna had burnt her fingers several times on Ginny’s enchanted, fiery bra. The two took one of the boats that was supposed to be designated for the first years, and Harry had a sneaking suspicion they would be spending the night in the boat house searching each other’s person for nargles.

Harry went straight to Dumbledore's old office where he found a recently-resurrected-by-Madame-Hooch Phineas Nigellus Black who was now Headmaster again for some reason.

"Oh, Potter, finally, if you could put on these dress robes, that'd be great. The first match of the season is actually going to start as soon as the welcome feast is over, because why the fuck not?" Harry was shocked. He had never heard a professor swear before. Plus he was about to get married to a ghost or whatever. But the thought of Draco's pale lips made his stomach somersault. He imagined himself "searching for nargles" in Draco's pants. His face burned and he had to snatch the dress robes from Professor Black to hide his erection. He ran out of the office to change into the fancy white wedding robes. For some reason, it was now day time when Harry arrived on the pitch. Harry didn't question this, for his love for Draco was taking over. Although, then he tried to focus on wondering why it was day time because he realised that if he continued to think about Draco, he might get another boner. It *was* weird that it had stopped being night.

"The Quaffle is released!" shouted Madame Hooch, followed by, "The Snitch is loose!"

"Yeah, he is!" shouted Ginny and Luna in unison, all the way from the boat house where they were. The match was Hufflepuff Vs. Ravenclaw. So Harry literally didn't give a fuck about the Quidditch that was being played around him. He was just watching the Snitch, which really brought him back to his days seeking before he decided to be a chaser for whatever reason. The Snitch kept flickering in and out of sight—bright glints of gold. And then it happened—right in the middle of the pitch—the sunlight hit the Snitch just right and the ghostly, pale form of Draco exploded into view and rose slowly up into the beam of sunlight. That mischievous smirk and those smoky eyes. And that firm arse! Harry suddenly felt the urge to touch Draco's butt, but he was unsure how corporeal Draco was. But as he moved closer, he noticed that Draco was looking at his butt as well, and Harry suddenly felt self-conscious. When he'd been with Ginny, he'd never even thought about his butt. Now, though, he found himself worrying that his arse was too small and would never be good enough for Draco. Just then, however, Draco winked at him and his brain filled with wrackspurts. Draco was still beautifully clad in his emerald seeker robes. Harry guessed Draco would be wearing them forever. Could he at least take them off? Harry hoped so.

"Potter, you've come back for me! I always knew you wouldn't miss the chance to get some Slytherin D!" Harry blushed and looked away. He didn't know what to say. Draco was so beautiful.

Madame Hooch flew over. She was going to have to simultaneously officiate this match and their wedding ceremony.

"Do you, Draco—Jesus Christ, red card, Donahue! Red card!—Sorry, do you, Draco, take this living-flesh-human-boy to be your lawfully wedded husband?"

"Oh, I'll take him anytime, anyplace," Draco said with a wink. Draco slapped Harry on the arse.

"And do you—WATCH THE COBBING—Harry, take Draco to have and to hold or whatever? Even though he's literally dead?"

"I do."

"You may kiss!" Hooch shouted as she raced off to make a call for deceptive immunity.

Harry had never felt so good in his life. Their lips seemed to fit perfectly into place. Draco sucked softly on Harry's bottom lip, and Harry let out a little moan. Draco let out a moan, too—a ghostly moan. Draco gave another maddening smirk and took Harry by the hand, pulling him away to Harry's room. (Dumbledore had created a staff room for Harry just before Snape had re-killed him.)

Draco held Harry close in bed and whispered in his ear, “So, Potter, you finally came over to the dark side? Wanted to see just what a bit of dark magic could do in bed? When you come over to the dark side, you don’t just come over, you come over and over and over.” However, as soon as the two tried to do anything more than hold hands, Draco would become intangible and Harry would phase right through him and feel that frigid, icy feeling that one always feels when they pass through a ghost. So after many attempts at doing more than holding hands, they eventually had to give in and go to sleep. Still, despite the challenges of incorporeality, Harry knew in his heart that he’d made the right decision.

“Draco?”

“Yeah?” responded Draco.

“I” Harry mumbled in a way that didn’t require this sentence for clarity or any sort of other literary reason, “I’m really glad you died, Draco.”

“Woah, that’s a little bit rude,” said Draco, offended, in case that wasn’t implied.

“Naw, what I meant was—“

“I know, I know. You meant that I’m incredibly sexy and that I have not only the hottest body you’ve ever seen—way better than Cho, Ginny, or even ‘Mione—but that I also have wit, cunning, and a stellar personality. I’m a fucking shooting star and you can’t wait to get into my hot leather Quidditch pants as soon as we figure out this corporeal-osity and whatnot.”

“Naw, I’m glad you’re dead ‘cause you’re a dick,” joked Harry.

“What about my dick?”

“It felt pretty big before it became intangible,” Harry whispered as he drifted off to sleep.

“Oh, it is, Potter. It is.”

The next morning, Harry and Draco awoke to serious news. (The Daily Prophet was claiming it was a LEVEL 6 on the Serious Scale, not to be confused with the Sirius Scale.) Lord Voldemort had apparently attacked Minister Scrimgeour while the Minister had been taking a bath in his London flat. The Minister’s body had been found in quite a large bathtub along with the bodies of two other men and a woman. The Daily Prophet’s front page headline read: Minister for Magic: Pansexual? Polyamorous? (Also, he died.)

It had happened. The Minister was dead. The Ministry had fallen. And Voldemort had appointed Pansy Parkinson, AKA The Ghost Puppeteer, as the new Minister for Magic. She had then proceeded to summon all non-protected ghosts to her side. Harry had married Draco just in time. Unfortunately, he had not been able to also marry Moaning Myrtle, The Bloody Baron, Nearly Headless Nick, The Fat Friar, The Grey Lady, Professor Binns, or Steve the Ghost Iguana. These ghosts now made up Voldemort’s elite forces, with Bellatrix still mysteriously hiding away and very possibly very pregnant with their second child. Harry thought when things settled down, he might write some sort of play where Bellatrix had a kid and Cedric fucking went crazy and killed everyone. Because why not?

Harry also discovered that Ginny and Luna had set out to stop Voldemort. They’d gone on some sort of extended camping trip to look for the Horcruxes Dumbledore had told Luna all about during his brief resurrection period last year. They brought with them the Sword of Gryffindor which Ginny claimed they just found in their bed one night. Harry believed in them. He knew that Ginny was great at hexes. And if she performed offensive curses half as well as sexual charms, those Death Eaters didn’t stand a

chance. Harry felt kinda bad for not joining them, but he had a new duty now. He was destined to protect his husband.

“Harry,” Draco whispered.

“Yeah?”

“I appreciate you,” Draco said, kissing Harry on the nose.

As the months passed by, Harry and Draco got better and better at keeping Draco corporeal long enough to have some fun. Harry even got to try out some of those charms Ginny used to always use on him. One evening Harry was licking some enchanted caramel off Draco’s abs while Draco read the paper. Draco’s words were breathy and he was clearly enjoying Harry’s tongue moving across his body, though he wouldn’t admit it.

“Did you—oh, uh—oh, my—I mean, did you read this? Undesirable Number 1 and Undesirable Letter A. It’s Ginny and Luna. Ooh, do that again!” But Harry had stopped and moved his hands from Draco’s arse to look at the Prophet. Sure enough, the gloomy battle-worn faces of Luna and Ginny stared up at him. They looked so different—so changed. They’d clearly seen some things. Harry was grateful for the brave fight that they were putting up. It was Ginny and Luna and the Order that let Harry stay with Draco, protecting his husband, and having lots and lots of sex.

One day, Harry arrived home from assistant reffing a bizarre Quidditch match where Ravenclaw played themselves, to find Draco cooking.

“Honey, I’m home.” Draco kissed Harry gently on the lips.

“Goddamn. I was hoping I could eat everything before you got here. But now I guess I have to share it with my husband.” Harry smirked.

“Well, maybe you ought to share it. It might just help you get lucky tonight.”

“I’ve been pretty lucky the last few months... for a dead guy.”

“I’ve got a new charm we can try out tonight.”

“Oh, that reminds me. Letter from your charming ex-girlfriend.” Harry kissed Draco on the cheek and grabbed the letter, tearing it open, while Draco poured more cheese into the fondue he was making and stirred. Harry read the letter quietly to himself.

“Harry, I really can’t overstate this: Not only is Luna a much better fighting companion than you, but she is way better at making me orgasm. She is so good with her tongue. Just thought you should know. Anyway, we’ve destroyed all the Horcruxes. Even the snake, with a little help from Neville and his boyfriend, Blaise. So now we’re going for You-Know-Who himself! Wish us luck!
-Ginny”

Harry and Draco sat down at the table, content that the world was being saved by their badass friends, dipping bread and fruit into the fondue. Draco dropped a piece of bread into the cheese. Harry giggled.

“You know what that means.”

Draco beamed at Harry before diving into his lap and starting a make out session.

Later that night, they curled in front of the fire, Harry resting his head on Draco's lap. Harry was surprised how corporeal Draco had become. "I'm surprised how corporeal you've become, Harry said. Because he was, you know, surprised how corporeal Draco had become.

Suddenly Dumbledore entered the room. "No, Harry. He's not corporeal. It's just that you're a ghost too. You see, Pansy snuck into Hogwarts aided by Moaning Myrtle and poisoned the fondue Draco was making for you. But you know, Harry, to the well-organised mind, death is but the next great adventure."