FIC: All That's Left You

Prompt Number: #74

Gift for: geneva2010

Title: All That’s Left You

Pairing(s): Harry/Draco, Theo/Luna, Ron/Hermione, Ginny/Dean

First Time scenario: First kiss and many more…

Summary: Harry has secured a promotion at work and thinks his life is perfect. He couldn’t be more wrong. Join Harry and Draco as they discover why, and if, they should be together at all.

Rating: NC-17

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Warning(s): Angst (although it was pretty unavoidable *points to prompt*)

Epilogue compliant? Nope! No epilogue here!

Word Count: 7,200

Author's Notes: A huge thanks to G for all the help and cheerleading while I was writing this. I love you, bb! And a massive thanks to B for making it perfect! ♥

“Time it was and what a time it was, it was,

A time of innocence, a time of confidences.

Long ago it must be, I have a photograph,

Preserve your memories, they're all that's left you”

~Simon and Garfunkel~

“To kick off this evening’s festivities, please give a huge welcome to-” Kingsley paused to gesture to the wizard sitting down beside him. “-your new Deputy Minister of Magic, Harry Potter!”

The ballroom exploded with applause as Harry stood up to address his audience.

“Thank you, Minister Shacklebolt,” Harry spoke calmly and confidently. “I’m not going to repeat my promises; I’ve bored you with those enough.”

The crowd chuckled; Harry had talked non-stop about his hopes and dreams for the future of the wizarding world during his campaign.

“I will say again that I am looking forward to help create a better future for all of us. The past is behind us, so let’s move forward!”

The enraptured audience cheered. Harry gifted them with a beaming smile before searching the crowd for the group he wanted to address.

“I would like to thank my family, my friends, and most importantly, my partner; I would not be standing here today without your unwavering support, Draco. Thank you.”

Harry was focused so intently on Draco that he didn’t notice the disapproving stares directed at his boyfriend; nor did he hear the mumbling that followed his speech.

A shy smile burst across Draco’s pink-cheeked face as he lifted his glass towards Harry. The action was mimicked by the rest of the hall and Harry raised his own champagne flute in thanks.

“Enjoy the evening,” he said, before bowing slightly and walking down from the stage.

Harry stepped down and attempted to make his way over to where Draco and their friends stood. Instead, he found his path blocked by the crowds of wizards and witches wanting to talk to him.

“Mr. Potter, I am so happy to meet you. Please, may I introduce my daughter, Marianne.”

“Mr. Potter, such a pleasure. Please know that you have my family’s complete support. Speaking of family, allow me to introduce my niece, Sarah.”

“Mr. Potter, that was a marvellous speech, truly. I think you know my sister’s daughter, Amelia.”

After the sixteenth person tried to introduce their daughter, niece, cousin, and even wife, Harry had had enough and had started to zone them out. Thanking Mr. Cooper for his support, and politely nodding at the delightful Miss Cooper who stood beside him, Harry snagged another drink off a passing waiter’s tray and made his way across the ballroom.

Spotting Draco, Harry had had to stop and stare. Draco was simply brilliant at social gatherings. He held court as if he’d been doing it his entire life. Smiling to himself, Harry realised that Draco probably had. Seeing the way he interacted with his peers, Harry had to wonder if Draco missed it. Harry barely tolerated such events and, with his position in the Ministry secured, Harry knew that they would be refusing many invitations in the coming months. Draco had always assured him that he didn’t miss rubbing shoulders with the rich and elite, but now Harry worried that he was depriving Draco of the life he craved.

Draco looked radiant; his robes falling perfectly as he gestured as if to demonstrate his point. Harry finally caught his eye, and the smile that Draco bestowed upon him made Harry’s heart leap. Harry barely had time to return the smile before another ageing wizard pledged his ‘complete and utter support’ and introduced his ‘beautiful daughter’.

Many hours later, Harry had finally had enough. He’d had enough of the hand-shaking, the flirtatious young witches, and the pompous old wizards. He’d also maybe had too much champagne.

Harry had, at last, managed to reach Draco and they were currently seated at a large table with their equally inebriated friends. Harry looked once again at the one man he’d been looking at for the last two hours.

“Yes!”

Harry’s cry caused more than a few members of the table to jump in alarm.

“Kingsley has just asked for his cloak; he’s finally going!” At Draco’s questioning glance, Harry clarified. “We can leave!”

Draco nodded. “Back to ours?” he asked the table.

The group were now safely ensconced in the living room of Harry and Draco’s house. Drinks had been poured, drunk and refreshed and chatter filled the room. As usually happened when this particular group assembled, Draco was seated down at one end of the room with his old school friends, and Harry was at the other with his.

The chatter was light at first; the group settling comfortably into Harry and Draco’s plush sofas and chairs.

“Don’t talk about things that don’t concern you, Pans!”

Harry looked up from his conversation with Hermione when he heard Draco’s sudden shout. Draco was stood in front of Pansy with a hurt look on his face.

“Everything all right?” Harry asked his frowning boyfriend.

Draco nodded and settled back into his chair.

It was Harry’s turn to frown when the conversation he was having with his friends turned to the witches

that had been fawning over Harry all evening.

“Give it a rest, Ron. I don’t give a shit about any of those witches,” Harry told his oldest, and obviously quite drunk, friend.

“No, really, Harry. Aren’t you ready to settle down yet? I think it’s time. Mum is on your case full time,” Ron slurred. “Mum knows it, we know it, everybody knows it – hell, I think even Malfoy knows it. This is just your last fling before settling down.”

Harry stood up, and he was sure he had a look of pure shock on his face. Looking around the room, he was surprised at the guilty yet defiant faces staring back at him. Draco’s friends were even nodding their agreement at Ron’s words. Harry hadn’t realised that Ron had been talking that loud.

Harry looked at Draco and his heart nearly broke at the sight of the anguish in his face; he nearly cried at the realisation that Draco had heard every word. Draco didn’t say anything; he simply stood up from his seat and left the room.

“Get the fuck out of my house. Every single last one of you,” Harry growled before chasing after Draco.

Harry found Draco in the kitchen. Draco poured two cups of tea and slammed the kettle back onto the stove.

“Why are we together, Harry?” Draco’s voice was wavering. “Are they right? Should we just go find ourselves some wives? Should I go back to living my life as a ‘proper little Malfoy’? Go marry some pureblood witch that I’ve never even met before? Leave you to lead your ‘proper little life’?”

Harry was shocked. “What are you talking about? I love you. You love me. Why is that not enough for you?” he asked, not even attempting to hide his confusion.

“It’s not me, though – it’s everyone else.” Draco had a look on his face that Harry knew meant that he

was serious. “They have no problem with you having your fun, but it’s time to settle down now; preferably with someone without an ugly tattoo on their arm. It's what the whole fucking wizarding world wants, Harry. The Weasleys, your friends, your public; they want you with a nice little witch. They want you to reunite with Ginny fucking Weasley. The only people that don't want that are you, me and Ginny herself. Open your eyes, Harry. The Minister of Magic does not settle down with a Death Eater."

“I’m not Minister, Draco, and you’re not a Death Eater,” Harry pointed out.

“You will be one day,” Draco said. “And when that day comes, the muttering and disapproving stares will not be so quiet or discreet.”

“I’ll quit.” Harry nodded his head vigorously and reached for Draco’s hand.

Draco didn’t take it. “No. You love this. Creating the new wizarding world, righting the old guards’ wrongs; you need to do this.”

“I just need you,” Harry said, holding back tears as they threatened to fall.

The cooling cups of tea sat forgotten in the middle of the kitchen table as Harry stared at Draco. Is this really happening? Is Draco actually trying to leave me?

“Think about it. When was the last time we spent any quality time with each other? We both work so hard; so many hours. When did we even make love last? I don’t mean sex – I mean taking our time and loving each other,” Draco mumbled, rubbing his eyes with the palms of his hands.

“It’ll be different now,” Harry promised. “The hard work has finished. The campaigning is over; we’re just going to be working normal hours!”

“You really believe that, do you?” Draco snorted. “I have to work longer; being who I am. I have to prove

myself."

"That's ridiculous!" Harry interrupted.

"Yeah, you would think that. Do you think they treat me the same when you're around as they do normally?" Draco spat.

"What? Who?" Harry spluttered, getting angrier by the second. "I'll –"

"That's all I need – my hero of a boyfriend saving me."

Harry's anger sparked again. Draco knew how much he hated the hero tag; Harry knew Draco must be upset to taunt him like this.

"But it isn't the only thing, Harry," Draco continued in softer tones. "Is Ron right? Is it time for you to leave me and get married?"

"No!" Harry cried. "I don't want anybody else! I saw you tonight; parading around the ballroom, holding court. Do you want to go back to your family? Do you want to reclaim your place in high society?"

"I walked away from my family because I didn't want that. Because I wanted you." Draco's eyes flashed with anger and hurt. "Oh, fuck it. Why did we ever think this would work?"

Harry stood up from the table so quickly that his chair clattered to the floor behind him. Not bothering to stop to pick it up, Harry held up a hand to curb Draco's questioning look and went into the large pantry at the other end of the room.

Seconds later, Harry emerged from the pantry, his hands clutching a familiar rune-covered basin. Draco's

eyes lit up in recognition.

Without a word, Harry placed the bowl on the table and put his wand to his temple. After releasing the shimmering strand from his brain, Harry quickly transferred it to the Pensieve.

“Care to remember exactly why we thought this-” Harry gestured between himself and Draco. “-could work? Please?” he added, noting Draco’s doubtful look.

Draco nodded and took Harry’s proffered hand.

“After you,” was all Draco said.

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The Leaky Cauldron was bursting with chatter and the clink of glass upon glass. At the centre of the noise sat a rather unlikely group of people, gathered around a large table.

“To Theo and Luna!” Malfoy cried, raising his glass and bowing his head slightly.

“To Theo and Luna!” The entire table echoed.

It was the first time that this group had been all together at once and Harry knew that it wouldn’t be the last. Luna simply wouldn’t allow it. Luna had turned into quite a confident young woman and when she wanted something, she usually got it. If Luna wanted to integrate her friends with Theo’s, Harry knew he would be seeing a lot more of Pansy, Blaise and Draco bloody Malfoy.

Luna had met Theo on one of her quests to find a herd of Blubbering Nitwits, or something
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equally-stupidly named. Theo was there on one of his expeditions to find and cultivate rare potion ingredients. They had fought over the same plant; Luna had tried to stop Theo from taking the weird purple plant, on the premise that it was a natural food for the creatures she was seeking. After coming to a compromise, the pair had hit it off, and were now inseparable. They had returned to England and were engaged within months of that fateful trip.

Luna had joyfully explained to her friends what she'd liked about Theo and how she'd fallen in love with him. She liked the way he felt so passionately about his work, how he didn't make fun of her little 'oddities' and she also had no qualms about describing, in great detail, how much she enjoyed their sex life. Theo had been introduced to Harry and the rest of Luna's friends, and to Harry's surprise and Luna immense happiness, everyone seemed to get along with Theo quite well. Luna told them of her visits to see Malfoy and the rest of Theo's old housemates, and she seemed to be accepted and comfortable in their presence.

Which led them to where they were tonight - celebrating the happy couple's engagement with what Luna wanted. One party - with both sets of friends together.

The drinks were flowing, and the night had turned from the stilted conversation of the start of the evening, to quite a comfortable, relaxed atmosphere. This was partly because of Luna's insistence on the group drinking copious amounts of lurid pink cocktails, with more than a touch of alcohol contained within.

Harry found himself quite pleasantly surprised by how the night had turned out. After sitting resolutely between Ron and Seamus for the first half of the evening, Harry had been shifted and nudged until he found himself sitting next to Malfoy. Harry suspected it was Luna's fault. The two groups hadn't really been getting along and, as the two with the most animosity, Harry assumed that he had to put up with Malfoy to encourage the others to mingle. No-one, except maybe the woman of the hour, had expected them to actually get along.

The pink drink - of which Harry never did discover the name or the contents - had mellowed him sufficiently and he had no worries about pouring his troubles out to a bemused looking Malfoy. How he had got to the state where he felt that Malfoy was his only option for conversation, Harry didn't know. It was testament to the general drunkenness of both young men that neither one of them found a problem with the situation.

The pair talked as thought they'd never been enemies.

'What the fuck was in that drink of Luna's?' Harry fleetingly thought.

They talked about inconsequential matters and laughed and joked with each other. Harry couldn't remember a time when he'd felt so comfortable and at ease.

Ron and Hermione had left quite a bit earlier, citing early meetings or some other nonsense. Harry knew that they just wanted to get back home to make the most of the free time they had while baby Rose was at her grandparents.

Ginny had dragged Dean off, too. To where, Harry didn't know and, to be honest, didn't really care. Seamus was practically asleep in his chair and, to Harry's shock, Blaise stood up to escort him home. Harry's eyebrows rose until he discovered that they lived in the same neighbourhood and Blaise was doing just that - escorting Seamus home.

Luna had been sitting in Theo's lap and whispering into her fiancé's ear. She had suddenly jumped up, dragging Theo to the fireplace, while gleefully explaining to the remaining stragglers exactly what she planned to do to him the instant she got Theo home.

Not long after Luna and Theo had stumbled to the Floo, so wrapped around one another that Harry didn't know how they managed it, he realized that he and Malfoy were the only two left in the pub. Well, the two of them and the barman, Tom.

Harry and Malfoy had gone past the point of actual conversation, and had descended into the giggling stage.

"I know, right!" Malfoy guffawed. "He actually expected me to put my mouth on it – it was green!"

Harry fell off his chair, laughing. “And did you?” he asked, still sitting on the floor, causing Malfoy to start guffawing again.

“Maybe just a little!” Malfoy burst into peals of laughter again and in doing so, also fell off his chair.

“Hm-hm.”

Both Harry and Malfoy stopped laughing and turned as one to look towards the noise. At the sight of the wizened barman staring wearily down at them, the pair started giggling again.

“Mr. Potter, Mr. Malfoy,” Tom calmly stated. “I think it’s time for both of you to be getting home.”

With the help of the table, a toppled chair and each other, Harry and Malfoy shakily stood up. Nodding to Tom, the pair staggered to the fireplace. Before they reached their destination, Harry tripped over his own foot and fell to the floor, dragging Malfoy down on top of him.

“Silly, Potter!” Malfoy giggled, placing his hands on either side of Harry’s head and using them as leverage to push himself slightly off the floor.

Harry didn’t know why he did it; he definitely didn’t think he meant to. He moved his hands from where they were lying helpless at his sides to cup Malfoy’s face.

“Malfoy,” Harry began.

Malfoy didn’t give him a chance to finish speaking and closed the distance between them, gently pressing his lips to Harry’s.

Harry wrapped his arms around Malfoy and deepened the kiss. He couldn't be sure which one of them the moans were coming from.

"Hm-hm."

Harry and Malfoy carried on as though nothing else mattered in the world.

Hm-hm!"

Harry and Malfoy finally stopped and they both looked upwards, only to burst into giggles again at the sight of Tom's face.

"I think we'd better-" Malfoy gestured to the fireplace.

"Yeah," was all that Harry said.

They helped each other once again into standing positions, and finally made it to the fireplace.

"I'll Owl you," Harry promised.

Malfoy nodded and disappeared in a flash of green flames.

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Harry and Draco were both smiling as they emerged from the Pensieve.
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“I love thinking about that night,” Harry said.

“Me too,” Draco agreed, yet his smile quickly slipped off his face. “But that doesn’t prove anything. I still called you Potter at that point!”

Harry didn’t say anything else; he simply nodded and pointed his wand at the swirling mass. Replacing it in his head, he thought to himself for a moment before pulling a second strand out and putting it into the bowl.

Draco once again took Harry’s hand and entered the memory.

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An anxious-looking Harry paced around his living room, alternating between looking at his clock, the door and the open window. He had just moved to his desk, picking up a quill and some parchment, when the doorbell rang. Answering it, he found Draco Malfoy waiting on the top step.

“I’m so sorry for my lateness; I couldn’t get away from the office.” Draco removed his cashmere coat and shot Harry a beaming smile.

“No problem; it’s just a few minutes,” Harry replied, smiling back at the man.

The two of them had been exchanging Owls quite frequently since their impromptu, drunken kiss at the Leaky. Harry, as promised, had sent Malfoy an Owl the next day. Malfoy, to Harry’s dismay, hadn’t replied at first. It wasn’t until Luna intervened that Malfoy admitted that he was scared, and finally replied.

The Owls shot between their two houses, and Harry was quite confident that this tentative relationship
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could actually turn into something more.

This was the first time that Harry had managed to pin Draco down for dinner; busy as Malfoy was at the Ministry.

“I’ll just hang your coat up, Malfoy,” Harry said.

“Please,” Draco muttered. “Harry, I think you can call me Draco.”

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The memory shimmered as they moved to what was obviously a different point of the same evening.

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The two men were sat at the huge, oak table in the kitchen, the remains of their dinner pushed to the side as they steadily made their way through a second bottle of wine.

“...and then she said, ‘Turtle’!” Draco finished his anecdote with a flourish.

Harry had given up trying to keep his composure and was literally hanging onto the table to keep himself from falling off the chair in his mirth.

“I know!” Draco added, catching his own breath. “Silly girl!”

A clock chimed in a different room, causing Draco to look at his watch and sigh.

“Oh, look at the time,” he said. “I have an early meeting with Pugsley. And you know how much of a git he can be.”

Harry nodded and stood up. Fetching Draco’s coat, he handed it to his companion.

“Thank you so much for a fantastic night, Harry,” Draco said, the truthfulness of his words showing on his face.

“I haven’t had this much fun in quite a while,” Harry admitted, just as honestly. “Can I see you again, soon?”

“Of course,” Draco replied. “Are you free for dinner tomorrow? I can’t cook, and I really don’t think you would want to dine with my father; I’ll make us reservations somewhere.”

“I’ll Owl you in morning,” Harry said with a smile.

Draco pulled Harry in for a kiss as the memory ended.

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Draco was smiling again as they re-emerged in the same kitchen that they had had that first dinner in over four years before.
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“Draco?” Harry tentatively said.

“What is the point of this, Harry?” Draco asked with an audible hitch in his voice. “I remember; I was there. Why drag this out any longer?”

“Please, Draco. Humour me. Please?” Harry begged.

Harry had already withdrawn the previous memory and was in the process of replacing it with another. He held his hand out to Draco but he stubbornly refused to take it; he simply dipped his head and entered the memory.

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“Draco! I’m going to come!” Harry cried.

Draco was sucking his cock, and had, at some point that Harry didn’t remember, slipped two slick fingers into his throbbing hole. Harry bucked his hips while trying to push down further onto Draco’s hand.

“What-” Harry asked when Draco abruptly stopped what he was so expertly doing.

“No,” Draco said in a gravelly voice, looking up into Harry’s eyes. “I want you to come with my cock buried inside you.”

Harry stilled at his words. They had never gone that far before; Draco had always said that it was too big a step.

“Or you could come inside me,” Draco mumbled. He had obviously mistaken Harry’s pause for
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reluctance.

Harry sat up, pulling Draco in for a kiss. He looked steadily into Draco's eyes.

"I'm ready," Draco assured him.

Harry lay back down and lifted his hand to grab the open jar off the bedside table. He scooped up some of the viscous liquid and slicked Draco's cock.

"I'm ready, too," he told Draco as the memory shimmered and ended once more.

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Draco wasn't smiling when they reappeared this time.

"Why that one, Harry?" he asked. "Do you want one last shag? Is that it? One more round of fantastic sex before we go off and procreate with proper witches like proper wizards?"

Harry felt the words hit him like a rampaging centaur. He didn't know why Draco was doing this; why he was being so cold. But Harry also knew that he had to show him. He had to show Draco the truth; the truth about them. Without missing a beat, Harry replaced the memory and nudged Draco towards the bowl.

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Moans filled the room as the figures entwined on the bed writhed against each other. Harry sat up and threw his head back in ecstasy. Draco moved his hands and grasped Harry's arse as Harry rode him. Hard. Taking himself in hand, it wasn't long until Harry could feel the heat building and he was coming hard all over Draco's chest.

Draco gripped Harry's hips and flipped them over so Harry was lying beneath him. Harry reached up and tangled his come-slicked hands in Draco's hair, kissing him passionately. Draco sped up his movements and he too was coming within seconds; filling Harry before collapsing on top of him.

Shifting into more comfortable positions, Harry and Draco lay in silence while they got their breath back. Draco rolled over, facing Harry and kissed him gently and lazily. Harry wrapped his arms around his boyfriend before breaking the kiss to whisper into his ear.

"Don't go, Draco." Harry said. "Please?"

"I have work tomorrow; I need to go home," Draco insisted.

"I happen to know a house-elf who is quite handy with a Cleaning Charm," Harry told him, gesturing with a lazy arm to the neatly folded pile of clothes on the dresser.

Draco rolled his eyes but nodded. He kissed Harry again before settling once more into his arms.

"You're washing my hair for me in the morning, though," Draco said before falling asleep.

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Draco eyes were wet as they arrived back in the kitchen. Harry had a tear rolling down his cheek.
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“The night before that was the last night we ever intentionally spent apart,” Harry stated. “And it was four years ago. We haven’t been apart in four years, Draco.”

“I do love you, Harry. So much. That is not in question. It’s everyone else,” Draco told his boyfriend. “Please, don’t make this harder!”

Harry didn’t say anything; he couldn’t say anything. Turning his face away from Draco, he changed the memory for a new one and stepped towards the Pensieve. Despite his words, Draco followed him.

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Harry gently pushed open the door to the kitchen. Spotting his boyfriend sitting at the table, Harry walked to him and wrapped his arms around Draco’s shoulders.

“How did it go?” Harry asked him.

Draco didn’t say anything; he simply lifted his hand and pointed towards the chests and bags in the corner.

Draco pushed back on his chair and turned it slightly so that Harry could sit on his lap. Harry did so, and he held Draco’s face in his hands as he kissed him gently.

Harry muttered reassuring words into Draco’s ear before getting up and putting the kettle on to boil.

“How did it go with the Weasleys?” Draco asked calmly as Harry busied himself making the tea.
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“They were, surprisingly, okay with it - us - actually,” Harry sheepishly replied, placing two steaming cups of tea on the table and taking a seat opposite Draco.

Draco smiled encouragingly.

“Ron even laughed. Molly was the only one who didn’t have a bemused look on her face; it was as if they already knew.” Harry looked into Draco’s eyes. “Do you want to tell me about how it went with your parents?”

Draco shrugged. “You can probably guess most of it.”

Harry moved his hand so it covered Draco’s and he squeezed gently.

“Their faces were a picture.” Draco laughed slightly. “You’d have appreciated it. I’ll have to put it into the Pensieve for you, one day.”

Draco paused to take a sip of his drink. Harry did the same.

“They firstly congratulated me on integrating myself with such an influential person,” Draco said, winking at Harry. “And then they told me outright that I’d had my fun, made my connections, but that now it was time to actively seek a wife.”

Harry’s eyebrows rose at this.

“When I informed them that, no, I would not be ‘actively seeking a wife', and that yes, I was quite happy with you-” Draco broke off and gestured once more to his luggage.

Harry rose from his seat and once more settled on Draco's lap.

"We'll get through this, you'll see," Harry told him softly.

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"See, Draco!" Harry said when they had emerged from the memory. "We've already dealt with all this crap."

Harry pointed at the bowl as if the Pensieve had all the answers. Harry hoped desperately that it did.

"It's different now!" Draco nearly shouted. "We're different. The public's expectations are different."

"Fuck the fucking public!" Harry shouted back. "Do they know that I would still be sitting on my fucking arse at home if it weren't for you? They should know that if it wasn't for your coaching and encouragement, I'd just be moaning about the state of the wizarding world instead of actually dealing with it!"

Draco was visibly taken aback by Harry's vehement response; he didn't say another word as Harry placed another memory into the Pensieve. He simply followed Harry once again.

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Harry threw the newspaper down onto the coffee table, huffed and popped his feet on top of it.

Draco didn't look up from the novel he was reading; Harry huffed again.

"Okay, Harry, I give in." Draco finally raised his eyes from his book. "What's up?"

"Can't you guess?" Harry turned to face his boyfriend.

"Well," Draco began. "You've either got the horn -"

Harry rolled his eyes.

"So, then you've either seen a picture of my Father, scowling up at you from the newsprint, or my lovely employers have done something to upset you again."

Harry dropped his feet to the floor and picked up the newspaper, showing Draco the front page.

"It's a bloody mess!" Harry cried, throwing the paper down once more. "They haven't got a fucking clue!"

Harry watched as Draco marked the page in his book and placed it on the arm of his chair; Draco's face showed that this was not the first time Harry had become irate after reading the Daily Prophet in recent months.

"What have the idiots at the Ministry done now?" he asked, reaching for the offending article.

"Goblins," Harry spat. "They want to renegotiate with the Goblins. The whole wizarding world is falling apart at our feet, and all they want to do is renegotiate with the fucking Goblins?"

“You know the answer, Harry,” Draco said with the air of someone who had had the same conversation many times over. “Kingsley said-”

“Kingsley can shove it!” Harry interrupted. “They just want me to be the ‘poster boy’; that’s all they’ve wanted for years.”

“I keep telling you,” Draco patiently tried to explain. “Just go and talk to him. You’ll see. That’s all I’m asking. Please?”

Harry felt the anger leave his face as Draco spoke. It wasn’t fair for him to keep taking the frustrations he felt for the Ministry out on his boyfriend.

Harry thought for a moment before swishing his wand. Quill, ink and parchment landed in front of him and Harry leant forward to pen his letter.

Draco sat back in his chair and smiled.

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The memory shimmered as it changed.

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I can’t do it, Draco,” Harry muttered. “Why did I think I could ever actually do it?”

He threw himself down onto the sofa and put his head on Draco's lap.

"It's just nerves," Draco assured him. "It's your first big speech since joining the Ministry; of course you're nervous."

Harry lifted his head and kissed Draco before flopping back into his lap.

"You've worked so hard on this; you won't mess it up. I promise." Draco ran his hand through Harry's hair. "You've worked on your speech so much you could probably recite it in your sleep. As a matter of fact – you have."

Draco chuckled and Harry smiled.

"The research is sound, Harry. It'll all go perfectly."

"What if they say no?" Harry asked in a quiet voice. "This needs to go through, Draco; it needs to be done. It's too important. What if I mess it up?"

"You'll do brilliantly." Draco stilled his hand, cupping Harry's cheek. "And I'll be right there in the front row, watching you. We all will. They can't say no."

Harry turned his head and shot him a sceptical look.

"And if they do," Draco added. "We'll just have to set Hermione on them."

Harry laughed as kissed Draco.

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The memory changed once more.

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Harry was standing in the doorway to the kitchen. He knew the shock must be showing on his face, just as Draco's shock was showing on his from his seat at the table.

"They want you to do what?" Draco asked with a hitch in his voice.

"They want – well, Kingsley wants – me to run for Deputy Minister!" Harry said.

"That's fantastic!" Draco jumped up from his seat to embrace Harry.

"I know!" Harry was practically bouncing. "Imagine what I can do; all the legislation I can push through. No more standing, pleading, in front of aging wizards who couldn't give two hoots for the future! I get to actually do something – I get to help!"

"I'm so happy for you!" Draco was grinning like a fool. "All that hard work you've put in, those years of working your way through the crap. You've done it!"

"We've done it." Harry stopped bouncing and stared into Draco's eyes. "Don't think, for one second, that I could've done this without you."

Draco bowed his head but Harry simply lifted his chin and kissed him gently.

“I couldn’t have done any of this without you. I couldn’t have done it without your encouragement, your coaching, and your speech writing. Thank you.”

Draco blushed and shook his head.

“It’s going to be a good, hard, slog though,” Harry said calmly. “Are you ready?”

Draco nodded before cracking a smile. “Bring it on.”

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“They won’t care!” Draco scoffed as they arrived back in the present day kitchen. “They probably wouldn’t even believe it.”

“I know it, you know it, and that’s all that matters,” Harry said.

“Harry, please,” Draco mumbled. “Be realistic.”

“One more memory, that’s all.”

Draco nodded and followed Harry into the swirling memory for the last time.

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As Harry entered the house, he could hear banging, clanging and cursing coming from the kitchen. Taking his wand in hand, Harry apprehensively approached the door. He pushed open the slightly ajar door, and almost dropped his wand in shock.

Draco was stood with his back to Harry, in front of the cooker. He had an apron on and was obviously poking at something on the hob. The kitchen itself was a disaster. The table was laden with, what looked like, the contents of every cupboard. The sink was overflowing with dishes and the unmistakable smell of burning invaded Harry's nostrils.

Walking fully into the messy room, Harry accidentally kicked a metal serving spoon that was lying on the floor. Hitting the leg of the table with a thump, the noise caused Draco to whip around, the colour draining out of his face.

"Draco?" Harry prompted.

"Shit!" Draco muttered in response. "You're early!"

Harry had to stifle a laugh as he took in Draco's appearance. He was covered in flour, sugar, or something else white and powdery from head to toe and had the remains of something bright red stuck in his hair.

"I wanted to surprise you," Draco explained, gesturing to the cooker. "I thought I'd cook you dinner."

Harry did laugh at that.

"Oi!" Draco had obviously taken offense at Harry's laughter.

Scooping up a spoonful of whatever it was he was poking on the hob, Draco threw it at Harry.

‘Ah, rice pudding,’ Harry thought as the gloopy mess slid off his glasses and dripped down his face.

Not giving Draco time to react, Harry launched himself at Draco and tackled him to the ground.

“Thank you,” Harry said earnestly, looking down at the still flour covered Draco. “Really. I love that you wanted to do this for me. I love that you willingly got dirty for me... I love you.”

Draco smiled at Harry before reaching up to wipe some of the rice pudding off his glasses and face.

“I love you, too.”

Harry knew that they would look dreadful to anyone who happened to walk into the kitchen and saw them like this; entwined on the dirty floor, food and crockery littering every surface and covered in dessert. Harry couldn’t bring himself to care. There was nowhere else he’d rather be.

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Both Harry and Draco were openly crying as they reappeared in the kitchen. Harry held his hand out for Draco to take.

“I never did cook you that meal!” Draco chuckled through his tears, happily accepting the proffered hand.

“It doesn’t matter,” Harry assured him. “You can make a mean reservation! And we have Kreacher to do
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the cooking."

"It's not funny," Draco solemnly said. "This is another thing. You need someone to take good care of you. You deserve that much."

"Draco. I really couldn't care less what anybody but you think of me," Harry said quietly but surely. "The only reason I would let you go was if you wanted to go. And even then you'd have a fight on your hands. You're stuck with me. For good."

"You're daft," was all that Draco said as he claimed Harry's lips. "But for reasons that have become apparent in the last hour-" Draco gestured towards the Pensieve. "-I do love you."

"I love you, too," Harry said earnestly. "Now, have you finished trying to convince yourself that we don't belong together?"

Draco smiled and nodded. "Momentary lapse of sanity."

Harry laughed before taking Draco by the hand and dragging him towards the kitchen door.

Still dragging Draco behind him, Harry opened the door. And stopped - causing Draco to barge into the back of him.

"What the -" Draco muttered, peering around Harry to see what the holdup was.

"I thought I told you lot to leave?" Harry's voice had turned cold again. "Not one of you is welcome in this house anymore."

"Harry, please!" It was Hermione who finally spoke up, and she had tears streaming down her face.

“I don’t want to hear it!” Harry shouted. “Now, fuck off.”

“No, Harry. We -” She gestured around her at the people littering the hallway. “- want to apologise.”

“Harry, Mal-Draco, I’m sorry I said those things,” Ron mumbled. “I – we – didn’t realise.”

“You were listening?!” Harry was still shouting. “And what do you mean, you ‘didn’t realise’? Over four years we’ve been together! What exactly didn’t you realise?”

Draco stepped forward and put his arm around Harry. “Come on. We can deal with this lot tomorrow. Go on upstairs and I’ll see them out.”

Dropping a quick kiss onto Draco’s lips and throwing an angry look at Ron, Harry headed for the stairs. Harry was halfway up the stairs when he heard Draco’s voice; he stopped to listen.

“I don’t want to hear your excuses, or reasons, for saying what you did.” Draco must have been angry; he obviously hadn’t noticed how loud his voice had become. “We invite you into our house; we treat you like family. And this is how you repay us? By telling us to break up and eavesdropping on our private conversations?”

Harry could hear mutterings but he smiled – Draco wouldn’t let anyone interrupt him now he’d gotten going.

“I love Harry, and he loves me. This is no-one else’s business but ours. Pansy – I don’t want to hear it. I’ve heard enough crap from you tonight. My Father can fuck off. As a matter of fact – you can all fuck off. I don’t want to deal with you right now. You can Owl your apologies in the morning.”

Harry heard the shuffling of feet and the slamming of the front door before Draco came into view at the

bottom of the staircase.

“Now who’s eavesdropping?” Draco said, climbing the stairs.

“Very funny.” Harry wrapped his arms around Draco’s waist. “Thank you.”

“My sanity came back,” Draco said, pulling on Harry’s hands a little to get him up. “Do you want me to show you just how sane I am?”

Harry simply laughed and led Draco into their bedroom.

As they passed through the door, Harry pulled on Draco’s hand, causing him to tumble. Chuckling, Harry caught Draco around the waist and kissed him soundly.

“Shall we retire for the evening?” Harry raised an eyebrow at Draco and nodded to the bed.

“I’m not tired.” Draco winked at Harry before running his hands down Harry’s arms. “Gah! I hate cuff-links!” he added as he struggled with the offending articles at Harry’s wrists.

“Evanesco!” Harry wandlessly rid himself of his cuff-links, and shirt, with a smile. “Now for you,” Harry said with a growl.

Harry moved towards the bed, forcing Draco to walk backwards, all the while undoing the small buttons on Draco’s shirt. He had divested Draco of his upper clothing before they reached the bed, and had moved onto Draco’s belt.

“”Get off!” Draco laughed, slapping Harry’s hands away and undoing the belt and trousers himself. “You are not Vanishing this belt. It’s my favourite.”

Soon enough, both Harry and Draco were naked and tumbling into bed. Harry lay Draco back on the bed and moved himself between Draco's eagerly parted legs; pressing kisses to his neck and chest.

"I love you," Harry said, before kissing Draco on the lips. "So much."

"I love you, too," Draco promised, flipping them over so Harry lay prone beneath him. "And I'm about to show you exactly how much."

Harry growled and pulled Draco down for another kiss. Harry ran his hands down Draco's back and raked his fingernails across his shoulders. They simply touched and kissed; with no rushing, just gentle caresses. Harry loved it: the teasing, the kissing, the heightened senses. He realised that he hadn't felt this turned on in a long time. They really hadn't been paying each other enough attention recently.

"Oh, Draco!" he cried, as Draco bit down on his neck. "Please!"

Draco reached for the jar they kept on the bedside table and quickly unscrewed the lid. Slicking his hand, he reached between them and stroked Harry's cock gently.

"Tease!" Harry chuckled before a particularly rough pull from Draco caused him to arch off the bed.

Draco kissed Harry gently before slipping his hand off Harry's cock and moving down to fondle his balls.

"Draco…" Harry trailed off as Draco finally slid his slick finger further down and pushed inside.

Harry was panting by the time Draco had worked three fingers inside him and was sliding them in and out, stretching him. Harry arched off the bed once more before placing his hands on either side of Draco's face. Kissing him gently, Harry pushed down onto Draco's fingers once more.

“Now,” Harry whispered.

Draco fumbled for the jar and slicked his own cock with the viscous liquid. He pushed inside Harry and stilled.

“I love you,” he said again.

Harry nodded, unable to speak. Wrapping his arms around Draco’s shoulders, Harry writhed beneath him. They moved together smoothly; moans and murmured words of love the only sounds emanating from them.

Harry came first; the friction from the force of both bodies pressing on his cock, coupled with Draco moving inside him proved to be too much. Draco kissed Harry once more and thrust inside him faster and harder. It was only seconds before Draco came as well, with Harry’s name on his lips. They lay unmoving for a few minutes, both out of breath yet satisfied.

“Off now,” Harry grumbled light-heartedly.

“Hmm,” Draco moaned as he cuddled into Harry’s side. “Why were we even upset again?”

“Remember, the party-” Harry wisely stopped talking at the sight of Draco’s expertly arched eyebrow.

As they settled in to sleep, Harry snuggled perfectly against Draco.

“See, Draco. We just fit.”

The end.