Fic: Inter-House Tie Symposium
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Disclaimer: All characters belong to J.K. Rowling, et al. I do not make any profit from this story.
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Warnings: SPOILERY FOR DEATHLY HALLOWS.

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Summary: Away from the distractions of school, Harry and Draco channel their energies.

Inter-House Tie Symposium

Hogsmeade thrived under the care of its shops' owners in the months after the war, blossoming along every street corner like a hardy, winding garden.

Harry made his way through town, bending his head against the frigid winds and holding fast to the hood of his winter cloak. Peering through falling snow as he neared the Hogsmeade Inn, he was amazed at the number of restaurants and shops that had recently opened up. More astounding still was the number of wizards and witches practically strangling the thoroughfare despite the snowstorm, which showed no signs of letting up.

Approaching the inn situated directly across from the Three Broomsticks, he noted it had the aged, sturdy look of a building that had weathered centuries, though it was only a few months old. Spying none of his classmates, he quickly pulled his Invisibility Cloak out of his pocket and threw it over himself. Once an oblivious couple opened the door, he slipped in behind them.

Glancing around nervously, Harry saw no signs of Draco. He manoeuvred around to sneak a quick look at the register, not really expecting to see Draco's name there, but he was still disappointed to see no Malfoys listed. If he'd used some other name, Harry hadn't a clue what it might have been, but his gut was telling him Draco just hadn't yet arrived.

It was seven when Harry had come through the door. The last time he'd glanced at his watch, it was a quarter past eight, and people-watching had long since lost its interest. No one hung about for long, anyway. He envied those who expeditiously checked in and hurried to their upstairs rooms.

If he'd known that Draco was going to keep him waiting like this, he would've brought something to occupy his time. As it was, he'd left the castle armed with only three items: his Invisibility Cloak, his wand, and the letter Draco had Owled him.

The inn's reception area became more stifling with each passing minute. Harry thought it might have been a cosy place to relax under ordinary circumstances, with the squashy armchairs and open fire, but he was boiling underneath the cloak. And as tempting as the chairs were, he didn't risk sitting in one for fear one of the inn's several patrons might sit in his invisible lap.

He loitered a few feet beside the front desk, which he'd learnt was a low-traffic area. From there, he had a clear view of the innkeeper, a short, rather rotund wizard with a pince-nez and tufts of white hair on either

side of his head. When the man wasn't dealing with customers, he shuffled through parchment and hummed to himself.

Harry had been listening to him for a while now, and the humming was having a soporific effect on him. He shook himself awake and, after a moment's hesitation, decided to take Draco's letter out of his pocket. Opening it quietly and carefully, he read the short message he'd read so many times before:

Potter,

You are addled. No, I will not meet you at the Hogsmeade Inn this Friday night.

However, I might decide to stay in one of their rooms for a few hours after dinner on Friday, for privacy's sake.

Now please bugger off.

DM

Harry frowned and put the note away. The first few times he'd read it, he'd been amused by Draco's transparent aloofness. Now he was starting to wonder. Perhaps, he thought, Draco had never intended to come to the inn at all. Harry seethed at the possibility that this was just a prank, a stupid hoax like that wizard's-duel-that-never-was their first year.

He didn't want to believe that was true, but Malfoy was Malfoy, and there was no telling what went on inside that Slytherin head of his. A nasty possibility niggled inside Harry's own mind; once Draco had got the shag he'd apparently been wanting all along, maybe he simply had no more need of him.

Harry leant against the wall and released a small, silent breath. He would give the prat fifteen more minutes. Tops.

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At ten past nine, Draco finally swaggered inside the inn. Harry pushed away from the wall and grinned at the sight of him. His cloak was covered with a dusting of snow, and his shockingly silver-blond hair cascaded neatly over his forehead when he pulled the hood back. Harry wanted to feel irritated that he'd taken so long, but all he felt was a lightness spreading across his chest and down to his toes.

He was pleased to see the other wizard scanning the reception area for him. Draco seemed to lose some of his confidence as he approached the desk, his brows drawing together fractionally. Harry crept behind him to listen to his conversation with the innkeeper.

"Would you like a room for the evening, sir?"

Draco turned his head to the side and pursed his lips, revealing to Harry a thoughtful profile. "Could you tell me," he said, "have you had any...celebrities in here tonight? Anyone...noteworthy?"

Harry stifled a laugh, along with the urge to poke Draco in the ribs.

The innkeeper stroked his chin. "Celebrities? Here? I can't say that we have. There was a rumour that the Weird Sisters would be in town this past Christmas, and I'd hoped they might stay here..." He sighed deeply. "Ah, but nothing came of it, I'm afraid."

Draco rested both hands on the desk and leant forward. "So no one's been here? I mean, no one whose name might've been in the papers?"

The innkeeper looked affronted. “We here at the Hogsmeade Inn value our patrons’ privacy,” he said, puffing out his chest. He then lowered both his head and his voice. “Why? Have you heard about someone famous planning to stop by?”

Draco’s hands fell away from the desk. “Never mind,” he said irritably. He took a single step backwards, his heel landing squarely on the toe of Harry’s shoe. “Oh, sorry...”

Harry held his breath as Draco turned around, his expression bemused as he stared at the empty space behind him.

“Something wrong, sir?”

Harry put his hand in front of him and pushed Draco back towards the desk. The look of uncertainty Draco wore was almost comical, but once comprehension dawned, he looked downright murderous. Harry traced his index finger down Draco’s cloak, stopping at what felt like the metal clasp of a belt buckle. He fondled it between his forefinger and thumb.

Draco’s face pinked as he stared at an intruder he couldn’t see. He then whipped back around to face the innkeeper. “How much for a room?”

The innkeeper eyed him with new suspicion, clearly confused by Draco’s strange behaviour. “Are you a student at Hogwarts?”

“Yes, but I’m eighteen,” Draco said haughtily, showing the man his school identification card.

The innkeeper chuckled knowingly. “Ah, yes, we’ve seen our fair share of seventh years here on the weekends. All that freedom goes to your heads. And other places too, I’m sure.” He waved his hand vaguely. “Well, I’m not here to judge. The rate for a double room is five Galleons.”

Harry closed in on Draco and grasped his hips, amused by the sharp intake of breath he heard.

“Yes, that will be fine,” Draco said in a rush, putting his identification away and handing the man the Galleons. Harry rubbed his hands down the sides of Draco’s trouser-clad thighs as he watched him sign the register.

“Room 135,” the innkeeper said, handing Draco the key. “Just up the stairs and down the hall on the left. Is there a special lady friend I’ll need to direct there later?” The man’s lecherous smirk caused Harry’s libido to take a nosedive, and he let go of Draco.

Draco snatched the key from his hand. “No thank you. I can handle things fine on my own from here.” He stalked towards the stairs, Harry on his heels.

There were voices coming down the stairwell, the sound of a family with young children. As he approached them in the hallway, Harry held his breath, hoping his trainers would conceal his presence. They all entered their room, with the exception of a boy who looked to be about seven, who lingered in the hall.

“I’m going exploring!” he shouted. Harry smiled as he dodged around the child. A second later, Harry froze. His Invisibility Cloak lay in a silvery, silken puddle around his shoes. His gaze travelled over to see the boy standing on the hem of it.

“Sod it,” he mumbled, reaching down to grab the cloak and re-cover himself. Once underneath, he couldn’t manage to free the cloak entirely as the kid was still standing on it. He yanked on the cloak, hard.

The boy cried out as he lost his balance and landed on his backside. Harry quickly ducked into the open doorway of room 135. He closed the door partway to see the boy's mother running her hands over his small, dark head and shushing him.

"It was Harry Potter! He swore at me, and then he used his magic to knock me down! He was horrible, Mummy!"

"Oh, now," she soothed, "you've just had too many of those Peppermint Toads your father bought at Honeydukes. Just go in our room and hop into bed, love."

"But it's not the Toads!" the boy protested, his mother dragging him into their room. "I really did see--"

The rest of the boy's sentence was cut off as the door clicked shut behind him. Harry closed his own door and tugged off the Invisibility Cloak, letting it fall to the floor.

"That was close," he said, closing his eyes for a moment before turning to look at Draco. In the dark room, he was merely shadow. Harry pulled out his wand and cast Lumos.

"Looks like there's one less member of the Harry Potter fan club," Draco quipped, unclasping his cloak and tossing it onto a chair. "Serves you right, creeping around in that bloody thing."

Harry tilted his head to the side, resting it against the door. Draco was now standing only inches away from him, staring fixedly into Harry's eyes as he loosened his tie.

He looked away, slightly unnerved. "Suppose I'll have to recruit another one, then," he said, removing his own school cloak and stretching out his arm to drape the garment over Draco's. His fingers brushed Draco's elbow as he drew his arm back.

"In your dreams," Draco muttered. He stepped away from Harry and focussed his attention on a table dressed with a plum velvet runner and supporting a large bronze candelabra. Draco lit its candles with a flick of his wand and did the same to the fireplace. With the benefit of added illumination, Harry saw walls painted a royal blue.

"Nox," he whispered, then laid the wand on his cloak. He next assessed the plush carpet, a deep burgundy. There were several chintz chairs in the room, a huge black four-poster bed with matching wardrobe, and a few small tables scattered throughout. Harry noted a door on the far wall, and he pushed it open to reveal an en-suite bathroom.

"I suppose it's not completely hideous," Draco said, and Harry turned to face him, expecting the Slytherin to start spelling all the colours hues of green and silver. When he didn't, Harry relaxed in one of the chairs and took off his shoes and socks, plunging his toes in the warm carpet.

"Thanks for finally showing up, by the way," he said, a little more tightly than he'd intended.

Draco gazed at him and then dropped the pillow he'd been examining to approach Harry slowly.

"I never made any promises. I said I might come here tonight. You can read, right, Potter?"

Annoyed, Harry pushed himself out of the chair and reached out to pull Draco's tie from his collar. He held it in one hand for a moment before dropping it on the chair he'd just vacated.

"I thought you were done with games. I thought you worked out how much trouble they caused."

Draco snorted, unbuttoning his collar. “If I wanted to avoid trouble, I would’ve found some quiet spot to take Pansy. I wouldn’t be here with you.”

The words stung; it seemed obvious to him now that Draco really hadn’t changed. He wasn’t sorry. He wasn’t reformed. He was as morally slippery as ever. All he cared about, all he’d ever cared about, was looking out for himself while exploring his dark nature. Harry knew he shouldn’t be surprised, but those last words, ’here with you’...

He backed Draco up against the wall, feeling a shiver of delight at the whump of Draco’s shoulders hitting the solid surface.

“Where do your friends think you are?” he asked, digging his fingers into the school robes Draco still wore. He caught a whiff of what might’ve been cologne. He gave in to an urge to lean in and smelt the exposed skin of his neck, stronger now, a tang of sweat over soap.

It was Draco’s head that hit the wall that time, and Harry’s grip tightened.

“Ah...I said--I told them...aah... I said I’d be back later...”

Harry licked the patch of skin at the hollow of Draco’s throat, once, twice, growing bolder as he broadened his territory, over and over...he lost count how many times. The further up Harry went, the rougher the skin was on his tongue, which vibrated with each of Draco’s soft groans. He idly wondered how often Draco had to shave.

He drew back and unfastened Draco’s robes, which were quickly dispatched and fell into a pile on the floor.

Harry felt a smirk tug at the corners of his mouth. “You’re staying the night.”

Draco didn’t attempt to argue. “What about your little entourage?” he asked, trying and failing to sneer. “Where do they think their saviour’s gone?”

Harry bit his lower lip and toyed with one of Draco’s shirt buttons. He shrugged. “I just told them I wanted to be alone.”

Draco moved Harry’s hand away to ease the button open. “I don’t believe you,” he said quietly, releasing the rest of his buttons one by one. “Nosy as Granger is, she’d want to know where you were going. And I’m sure your--other friends would be just as curious.”

Harry was relieved he hadn’t said her name. He laid the flat of his hand on Draco’s chest, bare now, and felt the racing of his heart. “I might’ve mentioned I was going to Godric’s Hollow,” he admitted.

Fingers began stroking over his own, and Harry watched as a pale hand covered his.

“Godric’s Hollow? Isn’t that the place where--”

“Yeah,” Harry blurted, wishing now that he’d lied to Draco. He didn’t want to be reminded of them. Of their murderer. Of any of it.

Something Harry couldn’t identify passed over Draco’s features. He didn’t think it was fear, but there was something similar to that emotion; at the same time, it was something wholly unknown.

Merlin, he thought, there were vast oceans of the unknown when it came to Malfoy. He closed his eyes, baffled by how he’d let himself get this far into this mess. At the soft brush of lips against his own, Harry

made a small, startled sound. Draco seemed undeterred, grasping the back of Harry's neck and pressing one delicate kiss after another on his slightly open mouth.

Harry let himself get caught up in the attention, not caring that he hadn't initiated it. Draco's tongue was the one inside him tonight, and it caressed him with such tenderness, such hesitation, that Harry had to remind himself just who he had pressed up against the wall.

He wanted this; Christ, he'd been eager for it, but still he needed more. Draco's gentle kisses teased at the edges of his desire, never giving him enough. He needed to crush - fuck - obliterate any thoughts of what he'd tasted of others before, because Draco wasn't some girl he fancied. Harry wanted to wind himself around Draco, to crawl inside him, to make him his. He ached to brand him with a mark more permanent than Voldemort's faded tattoo.

He took Draco's face between his hands, the skin so hot on his fingers, and took his mouth in a lingering kiss that quickly became a feverish slide of tongues and lips. Their teeth clacked in his desperate rush for more. Draco opened easily to his demanding touch, returning with enthusiasm everything he was offered.

Aware of little outside the immediate need to possess whatever he could get his hands on, his mouth on, it took a moment for Harry to realise Draco was tugging on the sleeve of his jumper. He pulled back, unable for several seconds to tear his eyes away from the spit, his spit, shining on Draco's swollen lips.

"Would you take this blasted thing off?" Draco practically snarled, tugging harder. "It's scratchy as hell."

He quickly shed the jumper, mumbling an apology as he threw it behind his back. And damn, that was so much better, he mused. Chest to chest, mouth on mouth, fingers clenching handfuls of hair, and sweet, hot breath misting over his face like some baptismal blessing. His hands roamed over the firm, sweat-soaked skin of Draco's abdomen, across his back and over his shoulders while Draco's remained in his hair, pulling almost painfully.

Harry didn't care. He smiled into Draco's mouth, almost laughing, lost in the blissful high of letting go so completely. His cock was throbbing in his denims, but he was too wrapped up in his greed for the man in his arms to give it the attention it was begging for.

Draco, on the other hand, was becoming adamant about bringing his own prick out to play as he quickly let go of Harry's hair to fumble with his belt and flies. Harry then felt the length of it rub against his thigh, rough and insistent.

"What do you want?" Harry whispered, his hands already stroking down Draco's back, past his trousers, and inside his pants to squeeze his arse.

Draco's hands tangled in his hair again. "That..." he said, "...anything--please, just don't stop."

There was little chance of that, Harry thought as he licked the shell of Draco's ear, then took it gently between his teeth. He let go after a moment, dazed by the allure of all that warm, inviting skin waiting for him. He licked and nipped his way down the pale column of Draco's throat, laving the protrusion of his collar bone.

His lips skidded a few inches over until he was sucking on a rounded shoulder.

He tasted the swell of a hard bicep.

His hands pulled out of Draco's pants to grasp his waist as he veered over to prod a nipple with the tip of his tongue.

Draco bucked, almost unbalancing Harry, and now his cock was pressed against Harry's stomach. It slid over Harry, slick with a mixture of sweat and pre-come. Harry felt a relentless throbbing in his own groin. He grabbed his crotch, which did little to placate the erection bulging against his zip. Too soon, he told himself. It would all be over far too soon if his cock got anywhere near Draco's. With Draco moaning and gyrating so shamelessly against him, it was going to be hard enough to last as it was.

The tight little nub grew harder between his lips, and Harry flicked it once more with his tongue, his hands back on Draco's waist, gripping him as he arched. He teased it over and over before switching his attention to the other, sucking it mercilessly. Draco arched again and groaned loudly, his sweaty torso becoming harder to cling to.

The sharp smell of Draco's arousal was driving Harry mad with need, and he finally took hold of him at the base of his cock. He reluctantly released his nipple, giving it a few tender strokes before getting on his knees to bite his way across stomach and hips, down to the warm and musky crease of thigh. He pumped Draco slowly as his tongue tangled in the soft, dark blond curls near his fist. Draco tasted familiar here, distinctive and tantalising.

"Uhnn," Draco croaked, then choked back what sounded remarkably like a sob. Harry soothed him with a whisper and a hand on his chest. The fingers of his other hand kneaded Draco's sac, and his thumb lightly stroked over the root of his purpling cock. Draco's entire body undulated as Harry pushed his foreskin down and licked the tip of him slowly, thoroughly. The taste, stronger now, almost bitter, completely male, was nearly Harry's undoing. He welcomed each droplet oozing into his mouth, where the flavour blossomed on his tongue. He craved more, his moans muffled with every inch of Draco he sucked down, and he stopped only when the head of him nudged the back of Harry's throat. He backed off, coughing a little, then swallowed a few times as he continued stroking Draco's balls.

"Sorry," he muttered before taking him back into his mouth, easing the thickness of him down more carefully this time. He sucked more steadily now, feeling the ridges of Draco's cock on the flat of his tongue. Just when he was starting to think he might be getting the hang of it, Draco shoved him back with his knee, shouting as he shot thick streams over Harry's chin and neck.

Harry watched, nearly drooling as Draco rode out his orgasm, then sat back on his arse at the same time Draco slid down onto his own. Chuckling softly, Harry swiped his thumb over his chin and brought it to his mouth, licking it clean. Slack-jawed, Draco leered at him, his toned, compact chest heaving as he caught his breath. He reached out for Harry, who scooted away, grinning mischievously.

As Harry got to his feet and looked around the room, Draco sighed heavily, a weary sound. Harry picked Draco's tie up off the chair, then made his way to the bed, where he pulled back the duvet and sheets and tossed the shams onto the floor. When he looked back at Draco, he swallowed hard. With his white shirt open, his hair mussed, his legs splayed out, and his sated cock hanging out of his pants, Draco was the picture of debauchery.

Harry knelt on the floor, set the tie down, and then slowly pulled off Draco's shoes, fingering the supple leather of each before letting them fall to the floor with a soft clunk. His socks were next to go, and Draco wasn't amused when Harry then lightly tickled his soles. He wrapped his fingers around Draco's left foot and brought his toes to his lips to suck on each of them. This seemed to garner a better reaction, so he did the same with his other foot, sliding his tongue along the delicate skin of his arch before delving between each digit.

"You've got some odd kinks, Potter," Draco said, shaking his head. He shimmied out of his trousers and pants, accidentally clipping Harry in the chin with his heel in the process. Or maybe not so accidentally, Harry thought, grinning cheekily at him again. He grabbed the tie off the carpet, leant over Draco, and then looped it around the collar of his shirt and held it fast.

“Want you in bed now,” he said huskily, pulling both ends of the tie until Draco tilted forwards. Harry took the opportunity to kiss him deeply again. Pale hands found his face, and he let his head fall back as Draco’s tongue licked the come off his skin. Harry let him finish before standing up, pulling Draco to his bare feet.

Holding onto his hand, Harry stepped back, just far enough to appreciate how gorgeous the Slytherin really was with his cool, shimmering eyes, his tousled blond locks, his translucent skin and his fuck-me lips. He cupped Draco’s fingers against his groin, reaching up to kiss him as Draco popped open the button of his denims and pulled down the zip.

Finally, Harry thought, walking them backwards as Draco deftly freed him from the confines of his denims and pants. Fuck, he was painfully hard, and the room’s air on him was soothing, almost silken on his skin. He stopped to hop out of the remainder of his clothing. He kicked his clothes away, and his mouth fell open at the sight of Draco’s lithe form crawling onto the bed. Once on the mattress, Draco lay on his back and bent one knee, slowly stretching his arms over his head.

“You wanted me in bed, so here I am,” Draco drawled, arching his back sinuously. “Did you want me like this?” He rolled onto his stomach and rested his head on a pillow. “Or like this?”

Harry felt himself sway slightly and squeezed his eyes shut. He took a deep breath. He had to play this cool. And jumping Draco right now would so, so, so very much not be the essence of cool.

He opened his eyes and approached the bed slowly. Once there, he caressed a pale arse cheek, squeezing once before sliding his index finger along the crack. He was pleased to see Draco so affected by the touch, his entire frame shaking slightly.

He leant close to Draco’s ear to whisper, “I’ll let you decide.”

Draco turned onto his back, pulling Harry on top of him. “I’d prefer it this way,” he said, tilting his head to stare at Harry. “I want to kiss you when you’re fucking me.”

Knowing the moan coming from him had an inherently huge mortification factor, he covered it up by kissing Draco hard on his open mouth. He spread Draco’s thighs open as their tongues stroked against each other, then lay between his legs. The feel of Draco’s reawakening prick rubbing against his own was nearly more than he could take, and he pulled back quickly, tugging down on his sac to stave the impulse to come.

“Bugger, I need my wand,” Draco said, shifting away from Harry to slither off the bed and search the floor.

Harry flung himself onto the mattress, sighing into it. “Don’t you mean my wand?” he said and then promptly wanted to kick himself. He clasped his hands behind his head, wondering if his stupid mouth had bollocksed the night up completely.

Draco snorted. “To tell you the truth, I didn’t understand half that waffle you and the Dark Lord were on about. That wand is Draco’s wand because it was Dumbledore’s wand, so then it was his wand. But now his wand is my wand, and that wand is my wand because it was Draco’s wand, so you think it’s your wand, but it’s really Draco’s wand, which obviously means it’s my wand. I mean, what the bloody fuck?”

Harry curled in on himself, laughing into the sheets. It really did sound bizarre the way Draco put it, but at least he’d been right about the Elder Wand. He didn’t want to think of what might’ve happened had he been wrong.

He stretched out on the bed and put a hand on his chest. Draco was just standing there, staring at him, the hunger on his face unmistakable. “Have you found your wand yet?” Harry asked, trying for

nonchalance.

Draco blinked. “What? Oh, it’s right here.” He picked it up and climbed back into the bed, stripping off his shirt and dropping it on the rumpled duvet. Once he’d eased onto his back, Harry clambered on top of him, all pretence of being able to wait one more second long vanished.

Harry pressed their lips together, nibbling at Draco’s bottom lip before placing light kisses all over his face. “You haven’t forgot anything else, have you?”

Draco slid a hand down Harry’s back, resting it on his arse, a noncommittal whimper all he received in response.

He rocked against Draco, the sensation in his groin almost too intense to bear. “Ahh, so say the spell already,” he ground out. He sucked on his middle finger before seeking out Draco’s hole, plunging it inside.

The invasion elicited a squeak from Draco, and then he cast the spell on himself, the rush of fluid coating Harry’s finger and helping ease its movements. Having cast the same lubricating spell at Harry’s cock, Draco tossed his wand somewhere near the headboard.

Harry slathered his cock awkwardly with his left hand and continued stretching Draco, who’d pulled his knees back and lay wide open, flaxen hair spread out over his pillow, his lower lip red with blood from where he’d bitten it. Harry shook his head slightly as he stared down, hardly believing he was getting the chance to shag Draco a second time; hardly able to keep from spearing him with his prick that very second.

Draco gasped with each thrust of Harry’s fingers, stroking his own cock, the liquid shining at its head making Harry’s mouth water. He stretched forward and swiped his tongue over it, a shiny strand sticking to his lips. Draco shivered beneath him, releasing himself. He eased his thumb inside Harry’s mouth, running it along the bottom row of teeth. Harry nipped at it once before leaning up to kiss Draco, carefully pulling his fingers out of him.

“I want you to do something for me, Draco,” he said, teasing Draco’s entrance with his prick. “Say my name when I’m inside you.”

Draco’s eyes widened for a moment, his lips curving upwards in an amused smile. “Harry,” he said breathily, clasping his hands behind Harry’s neck.

Harry stilled at the sound of his name falling out of Draco’s mouth so easily. “I--I’m not there yet,” he said, too stunned to think clearly.

Draco wrapped his legs around Harry’s back, digging his heels into Harry’s arse. “What are you waiting for?”

Harry smiled, pressing their lips together as he pushed into tight, clenching heat. Draco gasped into his mouth, long fingers threading through his hair. Harry rocked them together slowly at first, his tongue fucking Draco with the same gentle rhythm as his cock.

He pulled his mouth away to gaze into hooded eyes, into pupils blown wide with lust. The intimacy of the act hit him like a rogue Bludger to the head. They were joined, moving together as one, and not on some classroom table with their trousers around their ankles. While Harry had loved that, this room, the lighting, the bed, everything seemed so much more...civilised. It was the setting for a proper shag, one a pedigreed aristocrat like Draco clearly appreciated.

He was jerked back to the moment when Draco gripped his shoulders hard enough to bruise.

“Fuck, Harry, harder!” he practically roared in his ear.

Harry nodded stupidly, setting aside all thoughts of doing anything properly or civilized, and penetrated him with deep, forceful thrusts. Draco cried out with each loud slap of skin, clearly pleased by the more fervent attention, his legs clasping tightly around Harry’s waist.

Harry felt closer to this man than he’d ever been to anyone, and desire wrapped itself around him like a quilt, cutting him off from everything else. He buried himself in it, caring for nothing but the body being offered to him so freely. Not a sodding thing in the world mattered to him but holding onto Draco, owning him, dragging him down willingly into the abyss.

Feeling closer and closer to his breaking point, he clutched Draco and drove into him ruthlessly, hips pistoning, his balls drawing in as he neared the precipice. The tight feeling low in his belly started uncoiling, and then Draco shouted to the ceiling. Harry felt something wet and thick cover his stomach, something more copious than sweat. He buried his face in Draco’s shoulder and groaned with his final thrusts. Draco held onto him as Harry rode out the spasms that tore through him. Once the waves began to subside, Harry laid his head on Draco’s chest.

His hold on Draco’s hips loosened, his breathing coming under control, and he focussed on the heartbeat beneath him.

He remembered Draco’s heart thudding against his back in the Room of Requirement when they flew twenty feet in the air, remembered the insanity of that night and the morning after. Adrenaline seemed to be the driving force keeping him going back then, along with a cock-eyed optimism that didn’t make sense on any logical level.

Lying between Draco’s parted, trembling legs didn’t make much more sense, but he was sure of the rightness of this, too; logic be damned.

He licked his lips and slowly pulled his cock free, Draco tensing as he withdrew. A gush of warm fluid seeped out of Draco and onto Harry’s leg. He looked down to watch it soak the sheets, inordinately pleased by the sight. Just as he closed his eyes and breathed in the scent, Draco brought out his wand, spelling away the mess.

Harry closed his hand around Draco’s wrist, stroking it with his thumb. Draco opened his hand, and the wand slipped out. Harry threaded their fingers together and squeezed tight. He let out a long, slow breath and brushed a light kiss on Draco’s shoulder.

Draco sighed and carded his other hand through Harry’s fringe. “Get off me, Potter. I can’t sleep like this.”

Harry rested his chin on Draco’s chest and grinned. “So you are staying?”

The fingers stopped suddenly and then moved down to run along the stem of Harry’s glasses. Harry didn’t object when he felt them being lifted off his face. Draco’s arm stretched to the side, and he tossed the glasses onto a table top. Harry rolled off him and scooted up the bed, grabbing a pillow and plopping his head down. Draco adjusted himself on his own pillow, turning to give Harry a lazy half smile.

“It’s too cold to go back out,” he said simply, running his fingertips along Harry’s arm.

Harry smiled back, savouring the light caress. “Just don’t leave while I’m asleep, all right?” he asked, his eyelids growing heavy.

Draco's smile grew sharper. "I'll make sure you're awake before I go," he said, his eyes pinning Harry where he lay.

Harry made a contented sound as he reached down to pull the sheets and duvet over them. Draco took his wand in hand again, a slight flourish of it dousing the candles.

The crackling of the fire was a soothing antidote to the quiet that fell over the room.

Harry became groggier with each passing minute. He was ripped from somnolence, however, when Draco sighed dramatically and draped a forearm over his eyes.

"I'm too peckish to sleep. Merlin, I'd kill for a tomato and cheese sandwich. And a cold butterbeer." He turned on his side and chucked Harry under the chin. "There's a new café round the corner. Be a good little Gryffindor and get them for me?"

Harry was astounded by the request. His limbs felt too weary to move. "Can't you wait for breakfast? I mean, you said yourself it's too cold to go out."

Draco drew his hand away as though he'd been burned. "Oh, fine. Bugger me up the arse and then let me starve. Huh." He turned away. "Some bloody hero," he muttered into his pillow.

Rolling his eyes, Harry sat up in bed. He scrubbed a hand over his face. "So what kind of bread do you want?" he asked dully, knowing he'd never hear the end of it if he didn't meet Draco's standards. "What kind of cheese?"

"Wholemeal," Draco said, still talking into the pillow. "Chèvre cheese..." He yawned. "Bit of chutney."

Harry stared up at the ceiling and sighed before fumbling out of bed and into his clothes.

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Whisking the Invisibility Cloak off, Harry was not at all surprised to see that Draco had not really been too peckish to sleep after all. After a few half-hearted attempts to rouse him, Harry set the food and bottle on a table, as well as his glasses.

He stripped and climbed back into bed. It was so deliciously warm under the sheets, and he curled against Draco, whose skin was entirely too tempting. He pressed a chaste kiss between his shoulder blades before moulding into the curve of him.

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When Harry woke the first time, he'd heard a loud popping in the fireplace. The first thought that came to his startled, muddled brain was that Ginny had Apparated into the room. He then thought of Lucius Malfoy and was prepared to bolt out of bed when the same noise issued from the fire.

He tensed for a moment and then relaxed. Just the wood burning, he assured himself. He turned to look at Draco sleeping, so untroubled and peaceful, all his defences down. It was hard not to stare at such a rare sight, and he drank it in for as long as his eyes would remain open.

A soft, wet tongue lapping at the skin over his ribs woke him the second time, and he kept his eyes closed as it inched closer to his nipple, trying and failing not to flinch. Merlin, he was sensitive there, more than he'd known, but once Draco's mouth closed around him, he exhaled in relief. Swiping gave over to sucking, a far more intense yet pleasant sensation, but he couldn't stop flinching again when Draco tugged him lightly with his teeth. He drew in a sharp breath, his eyes opening wide.

Draco was leering at him, his pink tongue circling the pebbled flesh before he sucked on it again. Harry didn't bother stifling a loud and embarrassing groan, arching his back to get more.

Draco chuckled briefly before turning his attention to the other nub, moaning as he easily teased Harry to hardness there as well. Harry had handfuls of silky blond hair in his hands before long, his hips bucking steadily against Draco's bare stomach.

Eventually, but still far too soon for Harry's liking, Draco's lips pulled away from his aching skin.

Draco smirked at him. "Told you I'd wake you up," he said, then reached across the bed. He returned, holding his tie, and ran it over one of Harry's palms. Harry watched as green and silver stripes raced across the creases of his skin.

"That first time, when you tied my hands together..." Draco said, fingering the silk, "I want you to do that again."

Harry grinned. "Oh. And I'm the one with odd kinks. Right."

Draco sat up, pouting. "Well, I could just go if you're not up for this. After all, I fulfilled my end of things. I made sure you were awake before I left."

Harry pulled Draco back down on top of him, taking each of his arms and arranging them across his back. "I didn't say I wasn't up for it."

He grabbed the tie and crawled over Draco to straddle him. After a split second's hesitation, he began binding Draco's wrists together. He shut his eyes and had to bite down on his lower lip when his cock rubbed the crack of Draco's arse.

Draco made a small, approving sound. He tested the bindings, which held, then lifted his head. "Put the pillows under me," he ordered in a strained voice.

Harry quickly did as he was told, stuffing the pillows beneath Draco's stomach, then caressed the perfectly shaped arse that stuck out so invitingly. His thumb rubbed along the crease, and Draco mewled into the sheets. Harry knew without asking what Draco was after. Still, he very much wanted to hear it.

His fingers teased the damp skin between Draco's cheeks. "You have to tell me what you want."

Draco squirmed under him. "Just--" he bit out, then grunted. "Fuck, just do what you did last time."

"Last time?" Harry asked, brushing a finger over Draco's opening. "When would that be? You mean the last time I shagged you? That was just a few hours ago."

Draco pushed back, and Harry's finger slipped inside him. "No, no..." He hissed in what sounded like pain, and Harry quickly pulled his finger out.

"I'm sorry," Harry said, stroking his backside. "I didn't hurt you, did I?"

Draco shook his head. "No, you idiot. You didn't hurt me. I just...I want--you know. What you did in the Transfiguration classroom."

Harry slowly placed his hands on each of Draco's arse cheeks, ready to pry them apart. "And what was that?" he asked with mock coyness.

Draco groaned, a frustrated sound. “Your tongue, Potter, all right?” he finally said, and Harry was sure he noted a blush creep up Draco’s neck.

It was enough. He bent down and opened him with both hands. Draco’s private smell filled his nostrils, an aphrodisiac to his starved senses. The gradation in skin from pale to pink lured him closer and he licked leisurely. It was obvious from the taste of him that Draco’d recently showered. Harry pulled back and noticed half the sandwich he’d bought was gone, along with most of the butterbeer.

“You’ve certainly been busy,” he remarked, quirking an eyebrow. “And it’s Harry. Do try and remember.” He dove in for another swipe of clean skin.

Draco groaned and pushed back, the force of the action causing Harry’s tongue to slip down and over his balls. He lapped at the dark skin of them before sucking the scrotum into his mouth. The squirming and incoherent ramblings above him encouraged him on. In due time he let the sac slip wetly out of his mouth. His tongue then travelled over Draco’s delicate perineum back towards the recess between his cheeks.

He took his time tracing his tongue over the sphincter before screwing it roughly inside. Draco’s lower body jerked, and Harry held him still as his tongue wriggled, probing him thoroughly. He closed his eyes and pressed his lips against heated skin, squeezing Draco’s hips hard enough to bruise. When Draco relaxed, Harry urged his tongue further, spurred on by his need for this, then added a dry finger. He wondered if the stretch burned, but Draco wasn’t voicing a thing that sounded like protest. Just the opposite, in fact.

Still, Harry wanted his way smooth and slick. He’d heard the spell from Draco enough times to have an idea of its casting. The hell of it was his wand may as well have been stowed in his trunk for all the good it would do him now.

He eased his mouth away and watched the spittle cling to Draco’s entrance. Keeping his finger lodged inside him, he huskily asked, “Where’s your wand?” He then placed open-mouthed kisses along Draco’s pert and downy backside.

“I don’t--I can’t--” Draco stammered, breathless; his bound fists twisted, his back shone in the firelight with sweat anew. “Sod the spell, just get on with it.”

No delay in the order nor quaver in his words that Harry could detect. He moved his finger down, pressing against what he had in McGonagall’s classroom, and Draco writhed in evident pleasure.

“You’re sure?” he said, though his other palm was already close to his mouth, ready for his spit.

“Mmm,” was all Draco seemed capable of, and soon Harry was cupping his saliva and smearing it over his engorgement.

The passage was tight, though loosened somewhat from their first shag of the night. Tongue and fingers had nothing on this, Harry thought, grinning quite madly. He slowly stuttered his way in, far from the easy glide he’d wanted, but it was still fucking incredible. Draco stiffened beneath him, the strained hunch of his back wiping the smile from Harry’s lips.

Harry smoothed his palms over Draco’s spine. “Jesus, you sure this is all right?”

A quick thrust backwards for an answer. Brutal grip on those slim hips again, and Harry’s cock was buried inside him in an instant. Throaty moans called out in unison; simple, sinful glory enveloped Harry, heat and constriction wringing him of all sense. There was nothing for it but a hard, fast, compulsive drive into yielding flesh, nothing slow or gentle in what he wanted, what he took. Draco moved to meet every raw, slapping smack of their balls. Harsh grunts vied against rasping groans; another rivalry of sorts, this.

Harry arched back, his mouth falling open, and he crushed Draco's arse against him over and over in the heedlessness of lust. He could no longer hold back and was spurting inside, crashing and tumbling, not caring if he ever surfaced again. His grip on Draco lessened charitably, and his halting stillness was in opposition to the unceasing humping of his partner.

That Draco had yet to come initially took Harry by surprise. Growing more sensate with the return of the blood to his brain, Harry realised there'd been no hand available to bring him off. Sliding out carefully and minding the dripping spooge, Harry coaxed Draco onto his back and took him into his mouth.

He suckled at the head, holding Draco down so as not to have his throat assaulted. He fondled the foreskin, circling it with his tongue, then released him enough to trace the slippery line of his slit. Only moments after he pledged himself to the task and descended onto Draco with intent, his own name rang in his ears, desperate and pleading. His mouth was then flooded with the unusual taste, hot and briny, and Harry swallowed compulsively.

Draco popped out of his mouth, and Harry pressed his nose into his balls, nuzzling them tenderly. Draco lay perfectly still for this treatment save for the rise and fall of his chest; he was quieter as well but moaned softly in appreciation.

Leaning back, Harry took in the picture of him, all spent and glistening. Remembering Draco's hands were still bound, he reached under Draco's back and unfastened the knot, then slid the tie free.

"Ah," Draco said, shaking out his arms before rubbing vigorously at his wrists. "I think I've got feeling again."

An apology for tying the knot too tight was on the tip of Harry's tongue, but Draco's meaningful gaze stopped it in his throat.

"The ropes you used chafed." Draco examined his wrists. "Silk's far kinder." He picked up a pillow and set it behind him, then laid back.

"I noticed you ate the food I brought," Harry said, taking the other pillow and crawling towards him on his knees. "Glad to know my Sickles weren't wasted." He didn't bother adding that the over-excited staff had made a fuss over him, wanting him to take it for free.

"Oh, right," Draco said, glancing with disinterest at the remains of his late-night snack. "You can have what's left if you like."

Harry grinned, scooting in closer. "Thanks, but I'm not hungry. Think I've had my fill for the night."

Draco combed a hand through his damp blond hair, grinning back. "You are a slut, Pot--" His eyes drifted closed for a moment. "Harry."

Without his glasses, he had to squint to see Draco properly. He assessed him from head to toe, and while pleased by what he saw, he had no idea what the other might be thinking.

"Tell me something," he said cautiously.

Draco frowned slightly. "Something?" he asked, more curious than defensive. "Like what?"

"Like something about you I don't know."

His eyebrows quirked up at this. "You know everything you need to."

Harry scoffed. “Like hell I do.” He tucked his forearm under his head. “What are your plans? For the future, I mean.”

“Oh, please don’t,” Draco groaned. “Let’s not spoil the afterglow with stupid questions.”

“I don’t think it’s stupid to want to know more about you,” Harry said, tensing up.

Draco turned to face him, glowering. “So why don’t you ask the question that’s really on your mind?”

Harry bit the inside of his cheek and narrowed his eyes at Draco. “All right, then. I will.” He took a deep breath and then released it slowly. “Are you still interested in the Dark Arts?”

Draco stared at him for a moment, seemingly incredulous. He then began laughing.

“I don’t see what’s so funny about it,” Harry sniffed.

“Good lord, what a question,” Draco said, incredulity back on his face. “Like being interested in the Dark Arts is a punishable offence. Where were these scruples of yours when you were casting Cruciatus against Amycus Carrow?”

Harry felt heat flare in his cheeks. That hadn’t been his finest moment, and it had never occurred to him Draco would have known about it.

“There was a war going on, and he was a Death Eater,” he said, distracted hands smoothing down the duvet.

“Right. I understand,” Draco said, and for a moment Harry truly thought he did.

“If spitting isn’t an excuse to use an Unforgivable,” Draco continued snidely, “then I don’t know what is.”

Harry fumed at the jibe. “Look, I never said I was perfect. I wasn’t thinking, all right? It’s not like I make a study of the Dark Arts, like I embraced them. I just don’t see why you’d have trouble walking away from that part of your life.”

Draco’s mouth hung open as he stared mutely at Harry for several seconds.

“What do you want me to say to that?” he finally asked. “You want me to say my family and I have seen the light, and we’re moving to a Muggle suburb? That I’m...what? Starting a used car business with my father? And my mother will be off feeding the indigent?” When Harry didn’t answer, Draco shook his head and laughed, reaching across his waist to pull him closer.

Harry leant into the touch, inching towards Draco despite himself. He wasn’t the least amused and was starting to wish he hadn’t brought the subject up. But he couldn’t let it go. Not now. He had to know certain things if they were going to keep this up. Whatever this was.

His hand went to Draco’s cheek, resting his palm there. “I just need to know what side you’re on.”

Draco put his hand over Harry’s and sighed. “If you have to ask that, then you really don’t know me. It’s the same side I’ve always been on.”

The tacit answer came unbidden to Harry and did not sit well with him. “The winning side,” he murmured uneasily.

“That’s right,” Draco said and then turned his face to kiss Harry’s palm.

“Well, just know that will always be mine,” Harry said, his conviction surprising him.

Draco’s tongue licked along his lifeline. “I don’t doubt it.”

Harry smiled, although he wasn’t entirely satisfied with this answer.

He was determined not to fret, though. He had more than he’d ever dreamt of getting from the Slytherin, more than just his body. He had his...well, he supposed he had his...loyalty.

Such as it was.

He twined his legs around Draco, embracing what the night had given.

end