A Hogwarts Christmas

By Mystwriter

NC-17 (duh)
Summary: Part of the "Aftermath" universe. Harry and Draco celebrate the boys' second Christmas at Hogwarts but something or someone has hexed the professors...with a most peculiar curse.

Very short and very silly but still sweet, I hope. Fluff, fluff, fluff. Happy Christmas, all!

(Okay, so my photo shop technique needs work. But it's kinda cute anyway.)

Book Fourteen in the Hogwarts Series

"Luc! Don't put that in Father's soup!" cried Draco.

Harry whipped his head around and caught Draco dragging something wet and soggy from his bowl. Luc, their dark-haired, green-eyed son stood contritely by his father's chair. His maternal twin with the blond hair, Jamie, looked on with wide eyes from his seat. Both boys were only two and a half years old but already they were a handful.

Draco shook the offending object at Luc's face. "This is mistletoe. It can be poisonous if put in someone's food."

"But all the mistletoe at Hogwarts is charmed not to be dangerous," Harry reminded.

"That doesn't matter, Harry. He's got to know he can't go putting odd ingredients in people's food. Dangerous consequences can occur."

"Thank you, Potions Master," said Harry. But when he looked at Luc, his large eyes were filling with tears. "So...erm...no harm done, Luc. Father just doesn't like mistletoe soup. He'll be fine."

"Just the same, I think I'll get another bowl."

Tears started to course down the boy's pink cheeks. In sympathy, Jamie began to cry as well. Harry looked at the both of them. They were so sweet, really. And he knew Draco was trying to teach them an important lesson, but he didn't like to see such sad faces so close to Christmas.

"Draco. Eat your soup."

The blond man frowned. "I will not. I want another bowl."

"Draco! Eat your soup!"

Draco's lips mashed together into a scowl. Harry blocked the loud epithets from creeping into his mind. His husband could be just as childish—if not more so—than their children.

Draco splashed his spoon into the soup and slurped it loudly, narrowed eyes glued to Harry.

Now Luc was crying, his shoulders shaking with distress. Oh dear. Harry scooted toward Draco's bowl and scooped his own spoon in it. "See, Luc. Dad's having some, too." He tasted the soup, which seemed perfectly fine. "Mmm. It's good. Now sit back down and finish your dinner. Father isn't mad anymore, now is he?" He eyed Draco who turned to his dark-haired son. Harry knew that Draco could never stay angry at Luc. The blond father had a soft spot for his dark-haired boy, just as the dark-haired father had a soft spot for his tow-headed child.

And on cue, Draco's frown wilted. His brows frayed outward and he opened his arm for his son. Luc buried his face in his father's chest. "It's all right, Luc. Father loves you. You know that."

Luc sniffed and lifted his face. "Sorry, Father."

Draco's heartbroken expression tore at Harry. But he watched as Draco lowered his face and kissed his son on the head, wiping his tears with his fingers. "Father's not angry. Now go sit down and finish your dinner."

Luc turned his face toward Nanny Pansy, who sat at the opposite end of the table in the Great Hall at Hogwarts, and shook her head. "It's all right, Luc. Now sit down or your beef will get cold." She put her arm around Jamie. "Luc's not in trouble," she whispered to him.

Harry smiled as he looked at his family. Life couldn't be better. He and his husband had the jobs they loved, they had their two boys with them, Pansy had mellowed over the last two years, and they were home at Hogwarts for Christmas, which was in three days. Christmas. Harry loved Christmas now. At the Dursleys it was just something to pass the time between school terms. He certainly never had presents to look forward to. And he barely got to eat the special Christmas Eve dinner Aunt Petunia made mostly for Uncle Vernon and Dudley. But now, with his family, Christmas was so much better. He and Draco indulged their boys at Christmas, but this was the first year they would really understand about the presents. It made it very exciting for Harry.

Dumbledore cast his glance at the assembled family nearly taking up one of the head tables. Hagrid always joined them as did Professor Flitwick, while the other teachers were happier sitting on the opposite end where toddler food was not likely to fly through the air at them.

"Trouble, Harry?"

He looked up at the Headmaster, whose blue eyes were twinkling at them. Dumbledore was like the grandfather now and his children adored the old wizard. Whenever Harry couldn't find them at the school, he knew they could be found in Dumbledore's office. Once he found them each sitting on Dumbledore's knee being told a story. Harry dearly wished he had had his camera with him on that occasion.

"No, sir. Just a little disagreement as to what is proper in soup."

Dumbledore chuckled. "Now you boys need to be good," he said to Luc and Jamie, whose eyes always shone brightly when the headmaster addressed them. "Christmas is just around the corner."

They each smiled broadly. Oh yes. They understood Christmas now.

* * *

The students finished their dinners and all were leaving for their common rooms. Harry and Draco each took a child. Nanny Pansy walked behind them, carrying toys left behind at the table.

The last person exited and the room fell to silence. The candles and the fires died down. And it was then that the house elves emerged from the kitchens.

Dobby waddled up to the table where the Malfoy-Potters had had their meal. He was very proud of his family. He sometimes came back to Hogwarts when his family was there, but he was equally at home at Malfoy Manor, now that it was home to Harry Potter. Even Master Draco wasn't so bad anymore. Dobby would never have believed it possible.

He blinked his large eyes curiously at a damp wad of *something* lying on the table next to a soup bowl. He picked it up between two delicate fingers and stared at it until he realized what it was. His large eyes went wider and he looked at the soup, then the mistletoe, then the soup, and put his curled fingers to his trembling mouth.

"Oh dear. Dobby thinks he is in trouble."

* * *

Draco stood at the nursery doorway, hiding amid the shadows. One blond child had already been put in his bed, snuggling into his soft blanket, but Harry was cradling the dark-haired one and rocking him in the rocking chair, gazing down with reverence at the drowsy eyes. "And soon it will be Christmas," he said softly to the boy who was steadily falling asleep in his father's arms. "And there will be many presents. Oh yes. You will never lack presents on Christmas morning while others around you have piles of them. And your birthday will never, ever go unremarked. Your birthday has been and will always be a very special time for your entire family. Because you will always be loved and wanted and cared for. No one will ever put you in a cupboard and make you sit alone, crying yourself to sleep. Never, ever."

Draco choked on a sob, suppressing it behind his hand. A tear trickled down his face. He mourned for that child who had suffered those things—his Harry. While Draco had basked in the riches of his childhood, Harry had been alone with nothing. Harry vowed it to little Luc being set into his bed and tucked in, but Draco vowed the same sentiment to the boy Harry had been, the man he was now, that that fate would never befall him again. Not ever.

Harry got to the doorway and pulled up short when he spied Draco. His eyes were wide behind his glasses, and he suddenly let out an "oompf!" as Draco snatched him

into a strangling embrace. "Oh Harry," he nuzzled into his neck. "I want to *kill* those damned Dursleys!"

"Oh. You heard that."

"Dammit, Harry! Why don't you let me curse them!"

Harry extricated himself from his husband long enough to close the door. He slid an arm around his shoulder and led him away from the nursery. "I guess I was feeling a little sentimental tonight. This is their first Christmas that they'll be aware of, and I want it to be special. It just came to mind of all my Christmases with my relatives and I just... What does it matter? That was ages ago."

Draco pushed a tear from Harry's face with his finger. "Apparently, it still does."

He hugged Draco tighter and flopped down on the sofa with him before their fire. "I...was just...Well. Every year I relive it. When I came to Hogwarts, that was the first time I had gotten presents and love and friendship. I'll never forget that first year."

Draco leaned in and kissed him softly on the lips. "You're my present. The best I've ever received."

Even after all this time, Harry blushed. That's what Draco loved about him. One of the many things.

"And I'm still trying to find the perfect gift for you."

Harry looked at him. "Oh yes?" Harry always perked at mention of presents. Perhaps he had never left behind that little boy at all.

Draco smiled from ear to ear. "But I promise I will have it come Christmas morning."

Harry leaned in and kissed him. "You know I only need you, right?"

"Oh? Then I don't have to buy anything."

Harry jumped him and tickled, forcing Draco underneath him, squirming and laughing. "You'd better get me something, you Slytherin! You know how I have to open something on Christmas."

Draco caught his breath and gazed up into those green eyes. He reached down and unbuttoned Harry's trousers. "Let's open this now."

Harry put his hand on Draco's. "Not here. The boys. Let's go to the bedroom."

Hand in hand they walked to their bedroom, closing the door and casting a *Colloportus* behind them.

* * *

Sometime later, Dobby materialized in the lounge and looked around. He listened. Silence. "Master Harry? Master Draco?" He crept toward their bedroom. The locking

charm was nothing to a house elf and he passed through it. Dobby peered up at the bed and saw two naked men, limbs intertwined. They were both snoring.

Dobby scratched his head. "Maybe Dobby isn't in trouble," he whispered before shrugging, snapping his fingers, and dematerializing.

* * *

Draco dressed and Flooed to the Potions dungeon while Harry finished tying his tie. Nanny Pansy had already Flooed from her quarters and was heading toward the nursery. Harry smiled at their routine. It had all gone remarkably well. Pansy—mother to the two boys but insisting on status as nanny—had taken to her charges both professionally and with a great deal of love, something neither Harry nor Draco ever suspected she possessed. But after two years, they had all become accustomed to the habit of breakfasting with the boys, and after that, Nanny Pansy would arrive. This morning, however, everyone had had a bit of lie in and Harry was rushing now to step into his Defense Classroom.

All was ready. It was fourth years first thing and he had some special spells planned for them to learn today before they left on their Christmas holiday. Timothy Twillum arrived first followed by Frestus Florenz and Draco's favorite, the ever-clumsy Reggie Baskem.

Mmm. Draco. He and Draco had had quite a night of it. Was it Harry's imagination or was that some really spectacular sex? Of course, it was always spectacular. After three years of marriage—with two of those years raising twins—they still managed to get in a good shag at least once a day. It didn't seem proper falling asleep until they were damp from ministering to each other.

Draco. How he loved him. Thoughts of Draco filled his head and a surging sensation of immediate need warmed his skin. Merlin! He suddenly wanted him so badly. His dick twitched awake and he pushed his robes in front of him to hide it. But he had the feeling that even all the cloth in the castle wouldn't hide that stiffy.

Even as the students assembled at their desks, the door banged open. Draco stood in the archway, a glazed look on his face. Harry froze. Draco marched down the centre aisle right up to Harry and grabbed his shoulders. "I just...just had to see you."

"I'm glad," he said, not hearing the snickering of the students. Nor their gasps when Draco pulled Harry into his chest and pressed a kiss to his lips.

Harry dropped his wand and grasped Draco, opening his mouth for his lover's kiss. Oh! So good! Draco knew just how to maneuver his tongue in Harry's mouth, knew how to move his slick lips over Harry's, how to rub his pelvis with his groin. Harry felt Draco's erection and jabbed his at Draco.

A tiny voice. "P-professor Potter. P-professor Malfoy. Erm...."

Harry pulled his lips away long enough to stare hazily at Frestus Florenz. "What is it?" he said dreamily, letting Draco gnaw on the corner of his mouth.

"W-well, it's just that class has started...."

"Oh bugger class," muttered Draco, devouring his lips again.

He was groping Harry now, and the gasps all around them were getting louder. Someone said, "Go get McGonagall!"

By now, Draco was bending Harry over his desk, and Harry was trying to reach between their tightly pressed bodies to undo his trousers. Draco had already loosened his tie and unbuttoned Harry's shirt almost to his navel.

Vaguely, he heard chairs scraping the floors and feet shuffling quickly toward the door. Harry had the hazy notion that the students had left, and that was fine with him because Draco was nuzzling his neck with short nipping bites and then sucking those places. Harry's hard-on was unbelievably stiff and he jutted his hips pleadingly at Draco. "Draco, fuck me!"

"Yes, my Harry! Oh yes."

"Malfoy! Potter! What is the meaning of this?"

"Oh Draco!"

"Oh Harry!"

"*Oh Merlin!*" cried McGonagall.

"Help me get my trousers down—"

"*Aguamenti*!"

Cold torrents of water soaked them to their skivvies. Draco jumped away from Harry and stared at him.

"How did I get here?"

"What were we doing?" asked Harry, and then he looked around at his deserted class. "Where's my class?"

"They at least had enough discretion to leave," said McGonagall, crossing here arms over her chest. She cocked her head toward them and her tall witch's hat bobbed forward. "Would one of you please explain what the devil you think you were doing in front of your students?"

"In front of our students?" Harry looked down at himself. His shirt was open, his tie hung loosely from his collar, his zip was down and his cock was protruding from the hole. Blushing, he dropped his hands to his crotch and stuffed himself back in, zipping it up. He kept his back to McGonagall and tried to reassemble his clothes. Draco was doing the same.

"What happened?"

Draco shook his head. "I don't know. One minute I was thinking of you in a most pleasant and distracting way and the next thing I knew I was here."

"We were going to shag. Right here on my desk. Oh my God! *In front of my students!*"

"Holy shit."

McGonagall's expression softened. "Well. It seems someone's hexed the two of you."

Harry looked at Draco who looked back at him. "You think?"

"Quite the naughty prank, too. It brings to mind Fred and George Weasley."

"But we haven't seen them in a fortnight," said Harry.

Draco growled. "Still could have been them, though. Could have been some sort of time release thing."

"No. I can't believe Fred and George would do something like that knowing we'd be in front of a bunch of kids, including our own. Has to be something else."

"Dammit!" said Draco, pacing in a circle. "I thought we were finally through with this sort of thing."

"Me, too." Harry stared at Draco. He really was the handsomest thing, even soaking wet. Maybe especially soaking wet. One could see the outline of his cock now through his trousers. Harry had the urge to fall into his arms when McGonagall yelled the spell again. And again, Harry was doused with cold water and snapped out of it.

"Minerva, we've got to do something!"

"Right. Mr. Malfoy, come with me. You, Potter, *stay here*!"

"Oh. Okay." He backed up until he was sitting on the edge of his desk. Holy hippogriffs. That was some spell.

* * *

After a few hours it was Harry's turn to go to Madam Pomfrey but she was as unsuccessful with Harry's problem as she was ministering to Draco. It was decided that they would simply be kept apart for the day.

And that would have been fine—even with the painful longing Harry experienced—except that at lunchtime, Draco came into the Great Hall just as Harry was leaving it.

They froze in the entryway, staring at one another when all at once they pounced. Clothes ripped and Draco's mouth was firmly planted on Harry's. They continued to hurriedly disrobe, even as Harry heard the headmaster's voice yell above the loud chatter, "Everyone, clear the hall! At once!"

Students rippled past them, but it didn't matter. Because Harry was naked now and Draco was nearly so and Harry was forcing Malfoy face down on the Gryffindor table. Draco was helping by pushing up his bum and spreading his legs. Harry tore off the rest of his underpants and tossed them aside. He hurriedly barked the lubing spell and immediately sheathed himself in Draco. His husband groaned beneath him and wriggled his white bottom into Harry's groin. Harry grunted his pleasure as he rammed unceremoniously into Draco.

But before he could reach orgasm, he heard "*Stupify*!" and he fell from Draco into blankness.

* * *

Harry awoke in the hospital wing with a groan. In an instant, he knew why he was there and what Dumbledore had seen them doing. He turned a mortified expression to the figure sitting next to his bed.

"You're awake, Harry."

"Oh Albus. I...I...don't know what to say...."

"It was all very interesting and instructive. Except that we teach no such courses at Hogwarts." There was an amused twinkle in his eye. *Great*, thought Harry. *At least someone's amused.* "Nor are we likely to have them in the future," he went on.

"Surely you realize it wasn't on purpose. Is...is Draco all right?"

"He's fine, Harry. Just as embarrassed as you are, no doubt."

"No doubt," said Harry. His face felt very hot indeed. "Albus, what is doing this to us?"

"We are investigating, of course. It is vital, however, that in the interim, you stay away from Draco."

"No kidding." Harry sat up. He still had an erection and tried to hide it with his robes.

But Dumbledore looked at his lap. "Strange. Quite a reaction."

He realized that Dumbledore was acting more like a doctor with natural curiosity, but it was still Harry's penis he was talking about. Harry stood. "Er...can I go to my next class, then?"

"If you're feeling up to it. That is—"

Harry's face flamed. "I'm fine!"

"Then off you go," said Dumbledore, but Harry distinctly heard the tinkle of laughter nipping at his heels.

* * *

The day was finally over, and Dumbledore told Harry that there was no reason to separate the husbands from one another after hours, so Harry was anxiously waiting for Draco's return. He paced and fidgeted. He told himself over and over that he would not succumb to the spell. He put a shield around himself and trusted that it would at least dull the effects. He wanted to have time to play with Jamie and Luc, who were on the floor in front of the fireplace, building castles with blocks.

Pansy sat on the sofa, knitting. She had taken to knitting all the Slytherin scarves this year and Harry wondered if she wasn't adding some sort of invincibility charm to them as the Slytherins didn't seem to have any problems or points taken away.

"Pansy," said Harry, on edge. "You'll keep an eye on us, won't you?"

"Sure thing, Potter. No hanky panky when the little ones are about."

Harry smiled when he looked at his sons playing on the carpet. He got down on the floor with them and helped Jamie pick the colours he wanted to use.

"No, Dad," said Jamie, brushing his blond locks back just like Draco did. "We're using the blue ones!"

"Oh, so sorry." Harry took the blue ones and set them on top of the tower Jamie was building.

"But I'm using the red ones," said Luc behind him. Harry turned and Luc was creating another strange structure with his blocks.

"What's that you're making, Luc?"

Luc smiled with tiny teeth up at his father. "It's Malfoy Manor."

"Oh. I see. Yes."

Malfoy Manor. Ancestral home of Draco Malfoy, his beloved husband. The sexy, naughty, fabulously attractive Draco. Harry licked his lips. How he wanted to wrap his mouth around Draco's cock right now. He'd suck him for all he was worth, forcing that sweet cum into his mouth. Oh yes! Or maybe he'd pull away and let Draco come on his face. Draco would like that. Harry's hair dripping with white, his lips covered in spunk. And Harry would make a show of licking them clean, too. That would probably make Draco hard again—

"Potter. Having a problem?"

"Huh?"

Pansy quirked a brow at him and he snapped out of it.

"S-so where is Draco?"

"Said he had a detention to take care of," she said, lowering her face to her knitting again.

Harry fidgeted. He had a block in each hand and he was absently clacking them together. Luc and Jamie seemed to think that was a brilliant idea and they clacked their blocks too, until Pansy said loudly enough for all to hear, "That's enough!"

"Dad did it first," said Jamie.

"Doesn't make it civilized, now does it." She glared at Harry until he stopped.

"Sorry," he said and put the blocks down.

"Tell us a story, Dad," said Jamie, crawling into Harry's lap.

"Yes, a story," said Luc, coming at him from the other side.

"What would you like to hear?"

"I want to hear about the dragon in the termament," said Jamie.

"'Tour*nn*-a-ment,'" Harry enunciated for him.

"Yes, the termament!"

"Well, all right. I was quite a bit younger than I am now. And there I was, very frightened because I'd never faced a dragon before..."

"Was it big?"

Luc punched Jamie. "Course it was big. You *know* that."

"Don't hit me. Dad, Luc hit me!"

"No more hitting, Luc, or I won't finish the story."

"Sorry," he said sullenly, and when he didn't think Harry was looking, stuck his tongue out at Jamie.

Harry smirked. "Okay. So I was scared because it was an awfully big dragon as dragons are wont to be—" which only made him think of Draco. *Stop, Harry. Tell the story.* "And...and I was supposed to get the golden egg. But it was a she-dragon and she was very protective of her young."

"Like Nanny Pansy!" said Luc.

Harry turned to her and she smiled but didn't look up from her knitting.

"Yes, just like that. Of course, it really wasn't her egg, she just thought it was. Anyway, I had to figure out a way to get the egg and escape unharmed. But all I had was my wand."

"But you're a good flyer!" said Jamie, hopping up and down on Harry's lap. Harry worried about an inappropriate reaction and tried mightily *not* to think of Draco.

"Jamie!" said Luc, pouting at him. "You're giving away the story."

"You *know* the story!"

"That doesn't matter. I want Dad to tell it."

"And I will," he said, holding both boy's hands to keep them still. "And Jamie is right. I knew that the only real skill I had was flying. But I didn't have my broom. So I had to rely on a brand new charm that I had barely gotten to work that same day. Can you tell me what that charm is?"

"*Accio* Firebolt!" the boys yelled together. Suddenly, the cupboard burst open and the Firebolt sailed right for them.

The three on the carpet ducked. Harry sat up and stared at the broom hovering inches away. He looked down at his boys, stunned. "Y-you both did that! Pansy! Did you see? They're only two years old! And they performed the summoning charm. Without wands! I can't believe it! Wait till I tell Draco—"

Draco, Draco. Thoughts of Draco intruded again, twining around him like a warm cloak and getting hotter.

Just then the painting slid aside and Draco entered. He took in the family scene, but slowly his gaze returned to Harry and smoldered.

"Harry," he rasped. He took two steps to the carpet and Harry stood, setting his children aside. They clinched. Harry's mouth was all over Draco's. All thoughts of shielding himself flew out the window. They were groping madly at each other's crotches when Harry heard Pansy give a little shriek.

"Come along to bed, boys!"

"We want to watch Dad and Father snog," said Jamie.

"Yeah," said Luc, giggling uncontrollably.

"This is no place for children. I have a feeling that in a minute or two, it will be no place for anyone, strong constitution or no."

She fluttered forward and pushed them none too gently toward the nursery. "Honestly," she huffed. "They'd better find a counter-hex soon!"

The door closed and Harry and Draco were finally alone.

"How do you want it, Harry?" groaned Draco.

"I'm going to sit on that chair and you are going to sit on my dick."

"Yes, yes! Harry! Anything!"

They ripped free of their clothes and Harry hurled himself into the Slytherin wing chair. He was already hard but he stroked himself suggestively for Draco. The Slytherin licked his lips.

Harry fisted his cock and held it toward him. “Come on, Draco. Harry’s got something for you.”

“Oh yes he does!” Draco cast the lubing charm and all but flung himself on top of Harry’s lap. But he didn’t impale himself right away. He rolled his hips, rubbing his scrotum on Harry’s thighs, giving him a lap dance worth the price. He used the chair arm for balance and raised his hips up almost as high as Harry’s mouth. Harry even stuck his tongue out, hoping to get in contact with Draco’s cock. Draco slithered all over Harry’s lap, and Harry groaned, opening his thighs, spreading Draco’s wider. He reached forward and grasped Draco’s dick and pumped it hard for a moment before he reached beneath and clutched Draco’s bum, a hand on each cheek. He dragged him forward.

“Up on me, Draco. I want you now!”

Draco heaved himself up and squatted over Harry’s straight up dick. He wriggled until he positioned his anus right over it and then slammed himself down. Harry almost lost it right then and there at the sensation of hot tightness surrounding his flesh. He grasped Draco’s hips to still him. He didn’t want to come just yet. But Draco was tormenting him by screwing himself on Harry’s cock, writhing his bottom on Harry’s wide open thighs.

“Draco!” he hissed. “Be still. Please.”

“No. Not unless you speak Parseltongue to me.”

Oh, is this what you want, my dragon?

Draco threw his head back. “Oh God! I can’t stand it when you do that. Say my name!”

Draco, Draco. You are mine to fuck at will.

“Oh God!” Draco grabbed Harry’s shoulders and held on.

“And now,” said Harry. “We move.” He reared up, spearing Draco deeply. Draco gasped and steadied himself on Harry’s shoulders.

“More, Harry! More!”

Harry thrust hard and fast, getting as deep as he could. He held the Slytherin’s waist and forced the man’s arse into his groin.

Draco writhed madly, making Harry touch all sorts of spots inside. But when Draco found the spot he wanted, he aimed Harry at it again and again.

Harry took Draco’s cock in hand again and pulled on it, giving it a twist at the end. Draco jutted and humped Harry’s hand when he suddenly came, long ropy strings of white sailing up to Harry’s chin. By then, Harry was almost as far gone. He pumped madly into Draco, grunting with the effort until the sensations gathered in his gut and spurted up into his love. He jammed his hips upward several more times until he had emptied himself. Draco’s body slipped down to Harry’s shoulder where he buried his face, breathing and kissing.

"Oh Harry."

"Draco. My Draco."

And it was barely a minute before they looked at one another, ready again.

* * *

Pansy found them in the morning, still in the lounge and still going at it.

"Merlin's hairy bollocks!" She whipped out her wand. "*Aguamenti*!" But it didn't have any affect. "*Stupify! STUPIFY*!" She'd had to cast it twice, but it finally worked.

* * *

Draco awoke and felt an immediate and urgent need for Harry. Even though he was sore as hell and he felt soothing unguents stuffed up in him, he still wanted Harry to ream him for all he was worth.

Dumbledore paced in the hospital wing. Draco was separated by a barrier from Harry and he was tied down to the bed. Too bad it wasn't Harry doing the tying. That would have been brilliant. His erection—wrapped also in medicated bandages—was pushing up the blanket just thinking about it.

"This has become a very unpleasant joke," Dumbledore said to Madam Pomfrey.

"I find nothing amusing in this, Albus. There could have been serious injury done to both of them. It was a very good thing Pansy Parkinson found them when she did."

The old wizard went to Draco's bed and stood over him. "Professor. Can you answer me?"

"Y-yes. Is Harry near by?"

"Don't worry about Harry. Can you think of any sort of potion that would induce this kind of reaction?"

"Sure. There are loads. But this constant hard-on." He gazed at his tented blanket without embarrassment. "That's a new one." He tried to concentrate but he could have sworn that he smelled Harry. Mmm. Harry. There should be a cologne. Eu de Harry. Gryffindor de Toilet. Potter Perfume. Or a *flavor!* Even better. A Potter Cock Lolly. Now *there* was something worth licking--

"DRACO!"

He shook his head and stared up at Dumbledore. What? What was he supposed to be thinking? Oh yes. Potions.

"Albus, I'm...I'm finding it hard to concentrate."

"Yes, I imagine so."

"But let me think. It does rather sound like a potion. But this sort of thing would have to have been shared by both of us. And I don't recall imbibing anything lately that I might have shared with Harry."

Dumbledore was looking at him with a concentrated air. "Something you shared."

"Yes. Would have to be. Like the other night when he sipped out of my soup, but *everyone* had the soup—oh shit! The mistletoe!"

"Mistletoe? I am not aware of any properties of mistletoe that would induce such a state merely by being placed in turtle soup."

"Someone hexed the mistletoe, Albus. I'll stake my reputation on it."

"I wonder who that someone could have been."

But Madam Pomfrey was urging a small, trembling creature forward, who was weeping into his hands. His large bat-like ears spread out over his fingers and he looked up, his great round eyes filled with tears.

"It was Dobby, Master Dumbledore, sir. Dobby was a bad, nasty house elf."

"Dobby? Explain."

Dobby looked at Draco bound to the bed and wailed into his hands.

"Why you little squint!" cried Draco, pulling at his restraints. "Look what you've done to Harry and me! I should have let my father batter you to death with his cane!"

"Now Draco," said Dumbledore. He leaned down and put his hand on Dobby's shoulder. "Dobby, tell me what you did."

"I...I...Dobby hexed the mistletoe, sir. But Dobby didn't mean for it to get into Master Draco's soup, sir! Dobby meant it for...oh, sir! Dobby should be boiled in the mulled wine! I should be minced into a pie!"

"And you will be when they untie me!"

Dumbledore turned a stern gaze on Draco and then a kindly face toward the elf. "You meant it for...?"

"Winky, sir. Dobby has a terrible crush on Winky, but Winky won't look at Dobby."

"A hex, Dobby? Do you truly think that such a thing is a viable path to a happy relationship?"

"Dobby didn't know what else to do!" He wailed again into his hands. Dumbledore straightened. "You will tell us the hex, Dobby, so that we may cure Professors Potter and Malfoy. And then we will discuss your...situation."

"Yes, sir. Right away, sir," he sniffed.

* * *

Christmas morning arrived and two very excited little boys raced to the Christmas tree in the lounge of the Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher. There were piles of presents and each boy grabbed armfuls, sat on their own spaces on the carpet, and commenced tearing them open.

Harry sat gingerly next to Draco on the sofa, sipping his hot chocolate. He laid his hand on Draco's knee. Draco turned to Harry and smiled. Harry watched his boys destroy all the careful wrappings. "I don't know how we're to face the school after the holidays."

Draco chuckled. "Oh I don't know. You have absolutely nothing to be ashamed of. I should think you would get fan mail for it."

"Draco!"

Draco sniggered and leaned over toward Harry. "I was going to give you another special present this morning but...I'm too sore to give it."

Harry chuckled and felt the twinge in his own bum and his sore cock. "That's okay, love. I know what you mean."

"Think we'll ever shag again?"

He looked at his lover, his sexy husband straight in the eye. "Count on it, Mr. Malfoy." Over Draco's head an enchanted sprig of mistletoe bounced from its place over the doorway. Harry cringed on seeing it but then thought, *what the heck.* He leaned in and gave Draco a tender kiss. "Happy Christmas, Draco."

Draco smiled back and caressed Harry's face. "Happy Christmas, Harry."

And it was.

The End