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Name: Stuck! - The Elevator Story
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Chapter 1 to 6

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Chapter: 1

! WARNING: Spoilers for OotP !
Author's Note: Not sure whether this will be slashy. Right now its pre- slash, I think. The idea just popped in my head and I had to go with it.
It is a somewhat clichéd romantic situation but I've only read about it described in a het environment. So I wondered what would happen when you put two boys in a stuck elevator instead.
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Stuck! - The Elevator Story
By Katanes Dreamer
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Harry Potter waited patiently in front of the long row of golden grilles.
No one else was around at the moment. Being full, the previous lift had taken up everyone but him.
And now he was left waiting for the next one.
He had arrived in the Ministry of Magic building just a few minutes ago, through the Floo Network.
He checked his tie for the second time and smoothed the crease in front of his neatly pressed white shirt.
The thin black tie felt a little constrictive around his neck and the shirt was a little uncomfortable and stiff against his skin, but he wanted to make a good impression.
And he just didn't feel right wearing his T-shirt today, somehow.
Ever since he had made known to McGonogall last year that he wanted to become an Auror after leaving Hogwarts, she had been extraordinarily supportive.
In fact, she was the one who arranged for Moody to give Harry some of his time today.
Moody had agreed to allow him to spend a few hours in the office with the other Aurors; watching them work. Moody also promised to let Harry sit in on their daily meeting (though he mumbled something about them usually falling asleep after lunch).
Harry smiled inwardly as he thought about Mad-Eye Moody accosting him at odd moments

whilst he was walking along Hogsmeade. At first, Harry had felt a little strange at the older man's habit in following him, but over time it had become a comforting sort of ritual and they had fallen into an easy habit of chatting amiably while Moody takes a hold of his elbow firmly as he steered him around the streets.
It had been now over a year since Sirius had died and Harry had had a difficult time getting over the immense loss of his godfather.
But, since then he had also spent more and more time with the Weasleys. The twins had named him the most famous and honourable patron of their store and thus he had been spending inordinate amounts of his free time in their weirdly wacky store; which was amazingly crammed with odd tricks and unique yet disturbing knick knacks.
It had reminded Harry immediately of the non-linear cosiness of The Burrow and he had felt immediately at home from the first time he had stepped in.
Moody, Lupin and Tonks were also around him so regularly that he had much less time to be alone.
And to feel sorry for himself and think about Sirius.
He still sometimes cried into his pillow in the middle of the night, though much less than he used to.
Slowly but surely, over the months, he had started to smile and laugh again.
He knew that all of them; along with his best friends Ron and Hermione had flanked him and hardly left his side out of love and protectiveness and for that he felt very touched and blessed.
Under McGonogall's coaching, he was also doing well in his studies so far this year, and she had told him she'd be quite surprised if he didn't do well in his NEWTs.
Which was a huge part of why he had been given this opportunity, in the first place. And although he felt a little strange to be given a step ahead any other potential candidates who wanted to be Aurors too; he knew he couldn't turn it down.
A clattering suddenly interrupted his thoughts, a lift was coming down finally.
The grille squeaked a little as it opened for him.
He stepped in, and looked at the panel of buttons.
He still remembered that the Auror Headquarters was at Level Two.
He pressed the small button in the wall.
Just as the doors were closing shut, a clear male voice rang out from the lobby.
"Hold the lift!"
Loud footsteps were rushing towards him.
He instinctively pressed the button to open the doors again.
And a figure squeezed through the gap in the grille and flung himself next to Harry.
Harry couldn't help but stare at the boy.
The boy who had thrown himself into the lift. Who was now panting slightly, leant back against the wall, his eyes closed as he exhaled breathlessly.
The white-blonde hair, that slim face, the pale skin.
It can't be!
"Malfoy?"
The grille clanged shut. And the lift started moving up slowly.
The eyes snapped open immediately and widened in shock and dismay as they took in The-Boy-Who-Lived.
"You!"

"Yes, me! What are *you* doing here?"
"Press five for me, will you?" Draco interrupted.
Harry pressed the button quickly and snapped back immediately to the boy.
"Well?" he demanded.
"Well what, Potter?"
"Why are you here?" he said angrily, his hand automatically going to his wand pocket.
"It's none of your business." Draco replied in a clipped tone.
The lift stopped at a floor and a cool female voice announced - "Level Seven, Department of Magical Games and Sports, incorporating the British and Irish Quidditch League Headquarters, Official Gobstones Club and Ludicrous Patents Office."
The grille opened with a squeak to let in a very disgruntled looking wizard who kept on Apparating and Disapparating every few seconds.
Harry couldn't help but blink at the strange sight momentarily.
Three paper aeroplanes darted in and went through the man's head before he became solid again.
The wizard pressed 6 on the panel before his finger disappeared again. Harry could hear him grumbling under his breath.
The lift doors closed again with a clatter and the planes buzzed around busily above them.
Inter-office memos Harry remembered Arthur Weasley's words the first time he had seen them.
Harry looked over at Draco again and frowned.
He seemed to be picking a stray thread on his cable-knit sweater and ignoring Harry.
A few seconds passed and the lift stopped jerkily at the next floor.
The three of them automatically grabbed the side of the wall that was nearest as they tried to keep themselves balanced.
The voice announced; "Level Six, Department of Magical Transportation, incorporating the Floo Network Authority, Broom Regulatory Control, Portkey Office and Apparation Test Centre."
The grille seemed to be stuck for a moment and refused to open. The wizard grumbled and tried to punch the Door Open button except that his finger disappeared again.
Harry reached over and pressed the button for him.
After a long pause, the grilles parted finally.
The wizard quickly got out; relieved.
One of the aeroplanes darted out after him and into an open office door. Two more aeroplanes flew in.
Harry pressed the Door Close button on the panel.
It's Five next. Guess Malfoy will be leaving without answering any of my questions. Harry realised, with a trace of disappointment.
The lift started to move jerkily down with a heavy groan and shudder.
The light from the lamp overhead them flickered.
Once.
Twice.
And then, without warning, the lift jerked back sharply downwards a foot.
And completely stopped.
The lamp went out.
And they were in complete darkness.
All Harry could hear was the heavy breathing from himself and Draco across from him.

After a few seconds, he shakily withdrew his wand from his pocket.
"Lumos."
A bright bluish glow emanated from the tip of his wand and he squinted as his eyes adjusted to the dim light.
"What the hell happened?" Harry asked, looking accusingly at Draco, as if the boy had somehow caused this.
"Well, apparently the lift has stopped, Potter."
"I know that. But why?" Harry looked at the panel and started punching the Door Open button a few times.
When that didn't work he tried pressing random buttons on the panel, trying anything that would make the lift move again.
"Just a suggestion, Potter," drawled Draco, "But, you might want to try pressing the alarm button. That's the big red button at the top with the word 'ALARM' on it."
Harry looked up and sure enough, there it was.
"Oh." He said feeling embarrassed and pushed it.
Silence.
"Erm, shouldn't this be louder?" Harry asked, keeping his finger pressed on it.
"Oh, for Merlin's sake! Move aside, Potter." He pushed the dark haired boy roughly back as he reached up and pressed the alarm button himself.
He punched it a few times before turning back to Harry.
"It doesn't work." He stated glumly.
"Really." Harry crossed his arms and glared.
Draco leaned back against the wall and cursed silently under his breath.
"You bring me such bad luck, Potter. Though it comes as no surprise." Draco said, shaking his head and exhaled wearily.
He moved a hand to the back pocket of his pants and withdrew his wand.
"Hey!" Harry was immediately on guard and pointed his still glowing wand at Draco's face.
"I am not going to hex you, Potter!" Draco yelled.
Harry looked at him doubtfully, suspicion still in his green eyes as he lowered his wand slightly.
"Just watch yourself there, Malfoy. One wrong step."
"What? One wrong step and you'll put me in Azkaban too?" Draco challenged, his eyes furious.
"Maybe." Harry said, his lips a thin line.
Draco scoffed. "You're such a pompous prick, Potter."
He lifted his wand, pointed it upwards and muttered. "Volaticus Lucernos."
In an instant, tiny glowing moth-like creatures started fluttering from the tip of the wand and towards the ceiling, circling them overhead.
Harry gaped as he stared at them.
Most of them were vivid green and yellow, but Harry spotted one strikingly blue one and a couple of red ones in the mix.
The closest thing to them that he could think of was-
"Fireflies." He said out loud, with some awe.
"Close enough." Draco said, putting his wand back in his back pocket.
"They're a children's spell actually, strictly for entertainment purposes. But I thought they might be easier than you holding up that pitiful wand all day."
Harry's mouth twitched.

"Right. Thanks." he mumbled.
"Finite incantatem." He spoke and the light from his wand was extinguished.
They were left under the light of the dozens of creatures fluttering silently over their heads.
The moving colours and lights cast strange shadows in the lift and Harry watched them for a while, spellbound.
"You really are a simple creature, Potter."
"Oh, shut up."
Draco sighed.
He looked at the slim silver watch on his wrist and groaned. "I don't believe I'm going to be late today. Of all days!"
Harry looked at his own watch and worried too.
Moody was expecting him soon.
"How long will we be stuck here?" he asked.
"How the bloody hell should I know? You're the hero here, shouldn't *you* be getting us out?" Draco spat out.
"I'm not Superman." Harry frowned.
"Super-who?"
"Never mind."
Silence.
"Look, sooner or later, someone waiting for the lift will realise that it isn't working, and they'll call someone. Right?" Harry ventured again, a trace of hopeful optimism in his voice.
Draco looked at him.
"I suppose." He paused, "Except, that there are 11 other lifts in that lobby and on every floor serving this building. What are the chances someone will notice *this one* hasn't moved?"
Now it was Harry's turn to groan. Malfoy had a point.
"We could be in here for a while, Potter. You might as well get used to it."
And with a resigned sigh, Draco hitched up the legs of his pants slightly and started to sink down to the floor of the lift.
He sat down, with his back resting against the wall.
He took out his wand and rested it beside him so that he could sit comfortably.
Harry looked at the blonde and noticed for the first time that he had on well-fitting black denim jeans on instead of pants.
Whatever else you might say about Draco, he also dressed remarkably well for a teenage boy.
Even Harry had to admit, the light tan cable-knit sweater looked very expensive and its turtleneck collar suited Draco's slim pointed face and light hair very well.
He could be a model. Harry thought inanely as he looked at Draco's lean form before him.
The boy had stretched out one leg across the floor and kept the other one bent at the knee towards his chest.
He seemed to be able to feel Harry's eyes on him.
"Hasn't anyone ever told you that its bad manners to stare, Potter" he said, not looking up.
Harry blushed and looked away.
He mimicked Draco's move earlier and hitched up his own pants slightly before sinking down to join the Slytherin on the floor.
Might as well get comfortable. he thought as he loosened his necktie and closed his eyes briefly.

Was it just him or was the air getting a little warm?
He opened his eyes to see Draco observing him intently.
"So, Potter. Care to tell me why you've actually dressed *unlike* an orphaned vagabond this morning?"
Harry flushed slightly at the insult.
He knew that he didn't give much thought to the clothes that he wears, but growing up with the Dursleys; he hadn't had much choice or knowledge on the matter.
In fact, Hermione had to drag him to a Muggle shop to get him a proper shirt and tie for today.
She had even knotted his necktie for him.
He hadn't a clue where to begin and Ron had been just as perplexed as he was.
"Shut up, Malfoy." Harry responded in kind.
"Your comebacks are getting wittier by the year, Potter." He said dryly and rolled his eyes.
"What about you? What are you doing out of school?"
"If you must know, Dumbledore gave me express permission to miss classes this morning because I had some urgent business to attend to. Official business." He said smugly.
"What business?" Harry asked, his curiosity getting the better of him.
"Tell me what you're doing here first."
Harry bit his lip and considered for a moment before answering.
"Fine." He relented.
There really wasn't much else to do, and they could be stuck here for hours.
"I'm to spend a few hours with the Aurors. Observe how they work, you know, see the practical side to it."
Draco lifted his eyebrows questioningly.
"McGonogall arranged for it. Since I told her during career counseling that I might like to become an Auror after graduation." He finished, looking at Draco to see his reaction.
He expected sneers and a well-placed insult.
But instead the boy just nodded and placed a hand on his knee.
"I can see that." He acknowledged.
"You can?" Harry blurted out in disbelief.
"Don't get excited Potter. I only meant that it's just like you to go after one of the most unattainable positions there is, achieve it despite all odds, perform *ridiculously* well at it and then be even more admired and swooned-over by your teeming masses of scar-worshipping fans." He said sarcastically.
Harry shook his head and fumed silently.
He heard Draco snigger.
"You know what, Malfoy?" Harry finally found his voice, "I just might. And who knows, when I become an Auror for the Ministry, it might very well be me who arrests you and puts you in Azbakan for the rest of your miserable life."
"I'd like to see you try." Draco said coolly.
"Don't be so cocky. After all, it worked for Lucius, didn't it?" Harry added.
Draco clenched his jaw and stared at Harry.
"Don't you even speak his name. You have no right." He whispered tensely.
Harry met his eyes and blinked, unsure.
He had known that he would touch a nerve when he chose to mention Lucius's name but now he felt a certain regret at his words.

After Lucius had escaped the poorly guarded prison almost a year ago, he had gone into hiding. No one had seen hide or hair of him since, and there was some speculation that he might have been killed by the Dark Lord, for his failure to retrieve the prophecy in the last battle.
All the rumours aside, Harry had not truly known what Draco had gone through the past year. Did he really think his father was dead and gone?
To his credit, the boy had been his same old hideous self, but there were times when Harry would look over and see a faint glimmer of sadness creep into the boy's eyes when he thought nobody was looking, and his guard was down.
"I'm sorry. That was uncalled for." Harry said softly.
Draco held his eyes for a while before looking away.
The tension faded.
They sat in silence for a few minutes.
"You still haven't told me what you are doing here, Malfoy." Harry broke the silence.
"Now, I don't recall ever saying that I would." Draco said slyly, a smirk on his lips.
"Fine, Malfoy," Harry said, exasperated, "You can be such a child sometimes."
He took his glasses off and started wiping them on the edge of his tie, feeling a little sulky and trying not to show it.
If Draco didn't want to share, then Harry wasn't in any way going to beg for it.
"Okay," Draco sighed, "For the interest of not dying of boredom, I will tell you." He looked at Harry and blinked.
The boy had taken his glasses off his face.
And sitting in such close proximity, Draco was startled to see the sheer clarity of his green eyes. Most people with green eyes also had a brownish or yellowish tint in them, but Harry's eyes were such a clear crystal green that Draco was reminded of a piece of broken green glass that he had found on the seashore when he was six.
He had been fascinated by it then and kept it in a small box, where he kept all of his little treasures and keepsakes.
He was older now and knew that it was intrinsically worthless, just a part of a Muggle bottle.
But he had kept it still.
He thought it was beautiful.
"Well?" Harry knitted his brow questioningly.
Draco tore his gaze away with some surprise.
Always, he had mocked the silly little girls who would fawn over every occasional photo of Harry Potter published in a magazine or the Daily Prophet.
But in this light, he can sort of understand why they had been so enamored by him.
He wasn't classically handsome or even pretty.
But his face had a certain openness to it that was disarming. And Draco noted that his large eyes were framed remarkably with thick sooty lashes, making his eyes appear more dramatic in their colour.
His hair was also always messy and unkempt, falling this way and that over his forehead.
Draco doubted very much whether Harry had even had his hair styled once in a salon. But Draco had to admit that it had a nice glossy look to it and was thick and lustrous.
He also had very nice skin, and while other teenagers were griping and whining about the occasional spot, Harry never had to worry.
"Are you stalling or something?" Harry asked again when Draco kept quiet.

"Oh. Uhm, right." He fumbled and pushed the sleeves of his sweater up to his elbows.
It was starting to get a little warm, he thought.
"What did you have to do on Level 5?" Harry prodded.
He glanced at Draco's bare upper arms and started to unconsciously unbutton his cuffs.
"International Magical Office of Law." Draco stated. "I needed to finalise on a legal matter regarding my father's assets and property."
"My mother has been trying to get his assets transferred to me and to herself for the past few months. But, it couldn't be done because according to a Wizarding mandate, we had to wait a year for him to be declared legally dead and not missing."
"And now he is." Draco finished matter-of-factly.
Harry goggled. He didn't know what to say for a few moments and they sat in silence yet again.
"I'm sorry." Harry said.
"Why?"
"Well...you did say he was..." Harry trailed off, feeling uncomfortable.
"Dead?" Draco shrugged, "Nobody knows for sure. But at least now, me and Mother can keep the house and everything we own for sure. Otherwise, the Ministry could always seize his assets because of any number of security reasons they can think of. And if that happened-we'd be out on the street."
He looked at Harry without a trace of emotion.
"I suppose now you will tell all your little friends. Weasley and that Mudblood. Ugh. And all those times I called Weasley poor, too. He'll love it when he finds out how close Draco Malfoy was to being homeless." Draco laughed mirthlessly.
"I won't tell anyone if you don't want me to, Malfoy." Harry said.
Draco appraised the boy before him with narrowed eyes and scoffed, "Of course, the old Gryffindor honor and all that. Lucky me." He said ungraciously.
"You never change, Malfoy."
"And why should I?" he challenged, with a wide smirk, "When I am already so perfect in every way, Potter?"
Harry shook his head and folded up the long sleeves on his shirt methodically.
Draco looked at him and fingered his thick sweater with a frown.
"It *is* getting warm, isn't it?" he asked. "I thought it was just me."
"Nope. Me too." Harry exhaled and loosened his tie even more till he could pull it up and over his head.
He tossed the black strip of cloth beside him and ran a hand through his hair easily.
They sat in silence for the next hour.
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Chapter: 2

Sometime during the first hour, Harry had closed his eyes and also unbuttoned the top three buttons of his shirt.

His shirt collar was still sticking up from when he had hastily removed his tie from under it.
He seemed to have fallen into an easy sleep.
Draco had also spent the past hour trying to relax, closing his eyes as well.
But he found himself opening them every few minutes to gaze at Harry's form next to him.
They were now sitting leaned back against the two back corners of the lift. And for them to stretch out fully in the cramped space, their legs had to cross.
So he had allowed the boy to rest his long legs over his own.
Draco didn't mind, really.
He knew Harry was too tired to care also, and the unique situation that they were in allowed for more freedom than what was normal.
Harry's face had turned towards him in his sleep so he now had an excellent view of the boy.
He briefly considered the pale expanse of neck and the smooth chest beneath it.
He had never seen Harry so reposed before.
He knew how Harry looked when he was angry or upset.
He knew how Harry looked when he was excited or determined.
And he had seen Harry sad and vulnerable any number of times the past year.
But the expression on his face now was so relaxed and innocent, that for the first time Draco saw him as what he really was.
A young boy.
The grown-up looking starched white shirt and the tailored black pants that he was wearing made him appear all the younger. More like a child putting on his parent's clothes to play make-believe for a day.
In a strange way, it was enthralling to see him like this.
Draco couldn't tear his eyes away.
A dark lock of hair suddenly fell forward when Harry's head lolled slightly in his slumber and Draco had to fight the urge to smooth it back.
He was still gazing drowsily at Harry's face when those eyes opened suddenly and blinked at him in surprise.
Harry sat up, and almost immediately winced.
His neck was painfully tense and the muscles in his back had knotted.
He sighed and started rubbing a hand behind to massage his neck.
"We're *still* here?" he said disbelievingly. "How long has it been now?"
Draco checked his watch.
He felt a little flustered thinking that Harry had caught him watching him sleep a moment ago.
Maybe he didn't notice. Draco thought hopefully.
"We've been here for over an hour now." He answered helpfully.
"Damn it. And it's hotter than ever." Harry could feel the wetness down his back. His fringe was also damp with sweat as he pushed it out of his face.
He looked at his ruined shirt and then at Draco.
"Do you mind?" he asked, as he started to unbutton the rest of his shirt.
Draco shook his head.
He looked down at his own sweater.
He had been dying to remove it for the past hour. And now it looks like he could.
He pulled off the thick sweater up over his head in one quick fluid motion.
And sat back with a sigh of relief as he felt the first rush of cool air hit him when the sweat

evaporated on his skin.
Harry watched all this with some interest as he pushed back his own shirt over his bare shoulders and wriggled out of the sleeves.
Draco Malfoy.
Shirtless.
His previously neat blonde hair now had several tufts sticking up from being ruffled out of place when he had pulled off his turtleneck.
He had his eyes closed and his head was leaned back.
Harry could see the boy's Adam's apple bob up slightly on his pale throat when he swallowed.
He flushed suddenly when he realised that he had been staring at Malfoy and he quickly shifted his gaze to the ceiling instead.
The glowing moths were still fluttering around in circles above their heads. Harry only just realised that the paper aeroplanes were still in the lift with them.
And he gasped when he saw something else he had missed.
He cursed out loud and stood up.
"What is it, Potter? Don't tell me you're going to go all hysterical on me." Draco remarked, unperturbed.
Harry merely ignored the last comment and looked down at Draco who was now stretching on the floor lazily, like a cat.
"We are *so stupid*." Harry said plainly.
"Hah! Speak for yourself, Potter."
"Would you shut it, Malfoy? I'm trying to tell you that there's a hatch in the ceiling!" he said, gesturing wildly towards the ceiling to make his point, causing some of the glowing moths to flutter nervously out of his reach.
Draco looked up, and sure enough there was a square outline in the middle of the ceiling. It had been partially obscured by the overhead lamp.
"Huh. Will you look at that." Draco said, raising his eyebrows as he got up to his feet slowly.
He gasped as the pins and needles started shooting up his leg.
Harry carefully unhooked the useless lamp and set it down on the floor.
"Are you all right?" Harry asked, narrowing his eyes when he saw that the boy was clutching at wall and biting his lip in pain.
"Leg went numb."
"Oh." Harry snickered, "I didn't mean to squash you while I was asleep. You should have said something."
"Forget it. It'll go away soon." Draco grumbled. "Aren't you going to open the bloody hatch, already? I can't imagine how you got chosen to be Seeker when you're as slow as molasses."
"I can't. I need a leg up." Harry said pointedly.
Draco stopped and considered this.
"Fine." He huffed. "Here." He moved closer to Harry till he was standing directly underneath the hatch and crossed his palms together in front of him for the boy.
Harry reached out a hand and held onto Draco's left shoulder hesitantly.
He'd never touched another boy when he was half dressed before. It felt a little strange to be allowed to do so with Draco.
Harry raised a foot, before he realised that he still had his shoes on.
"Oh, hang on." He stumbled back and started to slide out of them hastily.

"Gee, how thoughtful." Draco said wryly as he watched Harry clumsily hop on one foot to remove a sock.
"I just did you a favour, Malfoy, so shut up and behave yourself if you want me to get us out of this."
Draco opened his mouth to retort back at the most repulsive insinuation that Harry would be rescuing *him*, but the dark-haired boy had chosen that moment to lift a foot onto his palms and boost himself up.
The suddenness of the weight made Draco stumble momentarily before he regained his footing.
Meanwhile, Harry had steadied himself by grabbing onto the fixture that had held the lamp before.
He looked down at Draco with amusement.
"You okay?" he asked.
"Just fine." Draco seethed.
"If you want, I could hold you up instead. Maybe that'll be easier." Harry suggested, a mischievous glint in his eyes.
"I *said* I was fine! Will you just get a move on already?" he complained.
Harry snickered and pushed a hand over the opening.
It didn't budge.
"Uh oh." He said out loud and pushed again, harder this time.
"Uh oh? What's going on up there?"
"It won't open. Maybe it's not a hatch after all."
"Yes-It-Is. You're just not doing it right, you idiot! Push harder."
Harry made a fist and punched it over the opening several times.
"It's not working, Malfoy!"
He heard Draco curse below him.
"Okay, you can put me down now, I guess." Harry called out, disappointed.
"No, wait! Try sliding it."
"What?"
"Just try it."
Harry placed a flat palm on the square and pushed it sideways to the left. When that didn't work, he tried pushing it the opposite direction.
He felt the board shift slightly and laughed in relief.
"I think it moved!"
"Great. Now, will you get that bloody thing open? You're not exactly a lightweight!"
Harry laughed and looked down at the blonde in amusement.
"I'm not?" he teased.
"Well... okay, you are... But so am I!"
"Hey, I *did* ask you if you wanted -"
"You're doing this on purpose, Potter! That's it, one more word and I'll drop you."
"Don't!" Harry yelped as he quickly shoved the hatch open with one hand.
And instantly, big fat drops of water started falling onto his head and face.
The first ridiculous thought that hit him was that someone was spitting down the shaft.
He placed both hands on the edge of the opening and stuck his head outside.
And almost shrieked in shock.
Instead of seeing a long dark shaft, he saw an expanse of dark heavy clouds swirling and moving

swiftly against a night sky.
Lightning coursed down from one side, briefly lighting up the sky in an eerie red glow. Loud crashes of thunder boomed from a distance.
Cold howling wind was blowing fiercely and tossing his hair wildly as he gaped at the sight in disbelief.
"Well?" An annoyed voice broke him out of his daze.
He ducked his head back down and shoved the panel closed.
He rubbed his eyes behind his glasses.
After a moment to calm himself, he took a deep breath and reached a hand up again, shoving the hatch aside.
More drops fell on his glasses and slid down his cheeks.
Nope, still there. he thought dumbly and slid the hatch closed.
"Potter! What the HELL are you doing up there?"
Harry gulped and shakily reached a hand down, and found the top of Draco's head.
He used it to balance himself as he lowered himself slowly.
Draco was muttering something incoherently under his breath as he let Harry off.
Strangely, the boy seemed a bit shaken up and his face was wet.
He was now gripping the sides of the wall and breathing hard.
"What's wrong with you?" Draco asked, rather insensitively.
Harry shook his head and pointed up to the ceiling.
"Well? Speak up!"
Harry gulped and tried to get a grip.
How could the rest of the building fall away?
Were they freely suspended in space now?
The thought of it was so terrifying that for a moment he was reminded of an episode of the Twilight Zone that he had seen growing up.
No.
There had to be a reasonable explanation as to what he had just seen.
"Uhh...there was lightning. And clouds. Raining too, I think." Harry nodded to himself as he wiped at his damp face, "No shaft though."
"So, it's enchanted?" Draco asked incredulously.
"What?"
And somewhere in the back of his mind, something clicked.
He suddenly remembered Mr. Weasley telling him that the windows in the building were enchanted and they could see the weather through them, despite being underground.
Magical Maintenance. Harry thought belatedly, feeling quite silly now.
He sighed in relief.
Draco was watching him intently.
"You are so weird, Potter." He stated simply.
Harry shoved his hands into his pockets and leant his back against the wall wearily.
"So now what? We can't get through?" he asked.
"Not unless you want to risk getting lost. And with spells like this, you never really know where you might end up when you step in them." He paused, "If you end up anywhere at all."
Harry shuddered inwardly at the words.
"Rats." He muttered and banged the back of his head against the wall in frustration.

Draco was looking at him with amusement and suddenly noticed the boy's naked bare feet for the first time.
He was so used to seeing Harry in his school uniform and robes around school that to see him with nothing but his pants on now was a little unnerving.
And in an odd way - a little exciting too.
It was exactly the same sort of feeling he would get when he was a child and when he looked at or touched things that he knew he wasn't supposed to.
He hadn't had a good look at Harry since he had taken off his shirt earlier, but now his eyes raked over the figure before him curiously.
He raised his eyebrows in slight surprise.
He had always imagined Harry to be completely underdeveloped and pale underneath his robes, but what he saw now completely put his previous approximations to shame.
The slight muscular curves on his upper arms conveyed an easy strength.
His collarbone and the hollow of his throat were easily visible, and he was still skinny enough to show the outline of his lower ribs.
But his abdomen was taut and completely flat. Draco imagined he could see hints of ridges on them.
And all this covered in perfectly smooth, tanned skin, he noted with some envy as he looked down at his own pale form. He had never managed to brown successfully under the sun himself.
"You're awfully quiet." Harry remarked uncomfortably. He had noticed Draco's eyes on him and felt a little embarrassed to be under such intense scrutiny.
No boy had ever looked at him like that before.
Like he was -
"Any other ideas on how to get us out?" Draco interrupted his thoughts.
"Oh. Not really..." he thought, "Wait, can you Apparate yet?" Harry ventured suddenly.
"No. You?"
He shook his head dismally. He knew it would be unlikely that Draco would know how to, but he had to ask anyway.
"This is hopeless. We might as well just-"
But what else they might just do, nobody knew.
Because at that precise moment, the lift suddenly lurched down.
They screamed.
++++++++++++++
A/N : Sorry this is a bit of a cliffie, guys! Review pls, I love reading what you have to

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Chapter: 3

The lift plunged mercilessly into a freefall.
Harry screamed.
He thought that his life was supposed to flash before his eyes now.
It didn't.

Which was perhaps a good thing, considering that a major portion of it was spent with the Dursleys.
I can't believe I'm going to die like this! Fear pitted heavily in his stomach.
He gasped for air and opened his mouth to scream again.
The freefall had lent a sickening weightless sensation to his knees and they were buckling as he grabbed onto the wall.
The feeling was exactly like what he felt when he descended too quickly on his broom.
Except this was much, much worse.
He could at least see when the ground was coming if the worst were to happen then.
But here, he had absolutely no way to know when they were going to finally hit bottom.
It could all be over.
At any given second.
He didn't know which was worse.
The not-knowing and the anticipation of it all, or the world of hurt that's sure to be coming his way when they finally crash.
He looked over at Draco, who had dropped to the floor, hugging his knees desperately.
The look on his face was just as terror-stricken as Harry felt.
He scuttled over to the blonde's side and grabbed his hand impulsively.
Next to him, he could hear Draco babbling incoherently, something along the lines of "omigod, omigod, omigod..."
Draco's cold hand was now painfully gripping his own.
If they waren't about to die, he would have smacked the boy upside his head.
Instead, he just moved closer to Draco and pressed his shoulder against the boy's.
It felt somewhat reassuring to know that if he was going to die, so was Malfoy.
Wait, that didn't come out right.
Harry was about to start laughing hysterically at this, but he stopped short when he was almost choked to death by a pair of skinny arms thrown around his neck.
Draco had apparently flung himself into Harry's arms.
The world must have turned upside down and inside out. he deducted.
But he wrapped his arms around the boy anyway and closed his eyes tight.
Nothing to do now but wait for the inevitable.
Something tickled his nose.
He opened his eyes.
Draco's hair.
And it smelt like baby shampoo.
A Muggle brand!
Ha Ha! Harry thought, but then bit his tongue when he realised that dead people can't use delicious nuggets like this for blackmail; even if they wanted to.
He was also suddenly keenly aware of something warm and wet sliding down the nape of his neck.
He was puzzling over this for a second when he heard a loud sniff right next to his ear.
He's crying?
And strangely enough, it must be contagious because his own eyes betrayed him when they welled up.
They were too young to die, it's not fair! his mind screamed at the unholy injustice of it all.

He squeezed Draco tighter and buried his own face in the boy's neck.
That's when the impossible happened.
The lift slowed down.
It was gradual at first and Harry thought he was imagining things.
But now, it was obvious that something underneath the lift was buffering their descent.
The loud shrieking of the cables that had accompanied their sudden drop now grinded to a halt.
They had stopped.
Everything was still for a few moments.
Harry froze.
He didn't let go of Draco.
A paranoid part of him was still terrified that they might just start falling again, and he didn't dare hope the nightmare was over just yet.
He felt Draco shudder against him and realised that he was skin-to-skin with another *boy*.
Never in his life had he been so physically close to another person. Except maybe when he was a baby and his mother or father held him, but he didn't remember any of that.
And it felt rather nice now, actually.
He could feel the Draco's chest moving against his when he took in a breath.
And the other boy's arms and cheek were powdery smooth against his own.
Plus, his hair did smell pretty great; baby shampoo and all.
Harry tentatively took a big whiff of it.
Silence.
"Potter, did you just smell me?" a small voice asked next to his ear.
"No!"
"I could have *sworn*..."
"Shut it, Malfoy."
Silence.
"Are we dead?" the small voice asked again.
That thought hadn't occurred to Harry.
He supposed it was theoretically plausible, but at that moment Draco's hair tickled his nose again and this time, he sneezed.
Wetly.
"Ew." Draco whined.
Harry wiped at his nose on the back of his hand and thought.
"Malfoy, ghosts can't sneeze, can they?"
"Probably not."
"I don't think we're dead, then." he deducted logically.
"Not yet, anyway." he added, as an afterthought.
"Oh."
"Yeah."
"Well. You can *pro-bab-ly* let go of me now, Potter."
Harry lowered his arms in compliance, expecting the boy to let go of his neck in return.
Which didn't happen.
"*You're* the one hanging on to *me*, Malfoy." Harry complained, a little snottily.
"Bollocks."
Harry rolled his eyes and sighed.

Even after a near-death experience, Malfoy was still Malfoy.
To the core.
And the stubborn blonde was steadfastly refusing to let go of his neck, sticking determinedly like an impoverished leech.
Or one of those annoying stuffed animals with the bendable arms.
Harry frowned.
He knew that people have been known to act strangely when they were in shock but of course he had no clue how to deal with them when they did.
He tried to think of what Hermione would tell him to do. She knew all sorts of things.
He bit his lip in concentration and gently shifted his body so that Draco's arms waren't choking him quite so.
Ah...That's better. he sighed in relief as the blood started rushing to his brain again, unimpeded.
Now - what do I do with you?
He tried to turn his head so that he could get a look at Draco's face but the furthest he managed was bumping his cheek against the boy's.
"Malfoy?"
"Mmmff." came the muffled reply.
"Lis-ten. We're not going to fall. E-ve-ry-thing's going to be all right." he said slowly and clearly as if he was speaking to a child.
He also started patting the boy's back awkwardly.
He felt Draco shake his head and bury himself even deeper in Harry's neck.
*W-o-a-h... He must be *really* scared.*
Not knowing what else to do, Harry continued rubbing Draco's back, hoping that would soothe him.
"I Promise." he stated in as confident a voice as he could.
After a few more minutes of gentle rubbing, Draco slowly started to extract himself from Harry, with an injured sniff.
And without a word, he sat himself next to Harry.
Harry looked at him curiously, but the boy was refusing to meet his eyes.
So Harry tried to get into a more comfortable position by sitting cross- legged. His legs were still somewhat wobbly.
He looked at the ceiling.
The moths appeared unharmed.
One of the paper aeroplanes was a little worse for the wear. It had a crease on its nose and was flying a little crookedly because of it.
"If you tell *anyone* about this, Potter..." Draco finally spoke after a long silence.
Harry couldn't help grinning at the familiar tone.
"Let me guess...You'll kill me?" he finished brightly.
Draco turned to him darkly and nodded, his eyes narrowed.
"That's right. Painfully and *very* slowly."
Harry grinned and shook his head in amusement. Draco didn't look the least bit threatening to him.
"Gee- I'm shaking in my ..." he looked at his bare feet. "ermm -boots." he finished weakly.
Draco rolled his eyes and sat back, leaning his shoulder against Harry's.

"By the way, Potter..."
"Yes, Malfoy?" Harry replied sweetly.
"You scream like a girl."
"I *do* NOT!"
Draco sniggered.
His superiority and poise reinstated.
Harry was sulking quietly at the most-disparaging comment, and just when he was about to point out that *he* hadn't been the one crying into the shoulder of a certain hated enemy, Draco placed a hand in his lap.
To his credit, the boy hadn't been looking when he did it and it unfortunately landed a little too close to his Harry's groin than intended.
Oblivious to Harry's sudden tension, Draco now grabbed at his pants material and shook it urgently, trying to get his attention.
A move which was wholly unnecessary on his part.
His hand had Harry's full, complete and undivided attention.
So to speak.
"Look at that, Potter." Draco said, gaping open-mouthed at the dial above the grille.
It was an old fashioned, semi-circle one which had a gilded arrow that would move corresponding to the level that the lift was currently at.
Harry managed a grunt.
He was currently trying to contain his body's most embarrassing reaction to Draco's rather warm palm.
In vain.
He would be, however; eternally grateful for choosing to wear his boxer- briefs today.
Boxers would have given him no assistance whatsoever.
"Potter!" Draco repeated, not used to being ignored.
He finally tore his eyes away from the dial and looked over at the dark- haired boy in annoyance.
Who oddly enough, seemed strangely flushed and appeared to be breathing a little harder than before.
"Are you going to be sick?" Draco asked, not bothering to hide the revulsion on his face.
"Malfoy...Err...Could you maybe-" Harry gulped, "Move your hand?"
He tried to maintain a neutral unaffected smile while he said this, which came out looking more like one of his uncle's constipated leers.
Draco frowned and looked down at his hand.
"Ack!" He immediately pulled forth the hand-gone-astray, and looked disgusted.
Meanwhile, Harry exhaled slowly in relief.
Sweat was breaking out on his brow.
Any longer and he might have -
"Sick, Potter. R-e-a-lly sick."
"Hey! *You're* the one who groped me!"
"Well, you're the one getting off on it."
"Was NOT!"
Draco merely looked at him and crossed his arms in a challenge.
"Well- I - I have hormones!" Harry blurted.
"No doubt..." Draco gave him a sidelong glance and smirked. This was fun.

Harry, whose face had turned a nice shade of cherry now, knew that he had to change the subject before he started throttling the boy next to him.
Being charged for murder may not be the best way to become an Auror.
"You were *saying*, Malfoy?" he asked through a clenched jaw.
"What? That you're a pervy sexually-repressed Gryffindor who gets his jollies from taking advantage of innocent unsuspecting Slytherins?"
"BE-FORE THAT!" Harry bellowed, covering his ears with both hands.
Draco grinned. This really *was* a lot of fun.
"Fine. Spoilsport." Draco muttered, trying to remember what it was that he had been so intent on. His mind seemed a bit slower now.
He tried to think as his eyes wandered involuntarily to the bulge on Harry's rather well-fitting pants.
Harry's eyes grew wide in alarm when he saw Draco checking out his erm- package and wondered in a panic if the boy was going to try to grab him again, just out of sheer cruelty and Malfoy-ness.
But thankfully, the blonde's brain finally seemed to be working again.
"Oh! The dial! Look at it!" Draco pointed excitedly, sitting up.
Harry peered at the dial. The arrow was pointing in the space between the numerals 5 and 6.
"So?"
"I think the arrow would've fallen off by now, don't you?" Draco asked him pointedly.
"It could just be stuck, you know. The lift did break down."
"But these sorts of things are never wrong! They're magical, not mechanical like this god-awful lift!"
Harry thought about the clock in the Weasley home. And how it showed where each Weasley member was, unfailingly.
He was starting to feel that something *was* wrong about their situation.
"So... what are you saying? That we're still stuck between those two floors? We haven't moved?"
They looked at each other for a few moments, both their minds buzzing at the strangeness.
Finally Harry said, "Now that I think about it...We *were* falling for a really long time. And there aren't that many levels."
"Yeah..." Draco replied.
"*Another* illusion?" Harry ventured, unsure.
"Probably." Draco nodded and pushed himself up off the floor. His bum was a little numb from all that sitting.
"But who would do such an awful thing? And why?" Harry wailed.
"We're wizards, Potter. We don't need a reason." Draco said aloofly and started to pace in the small space.
Harry looked at him sceptically and leaned back against the wall with a tired sigh.
It was a long morning. And getting longer.
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A/N: THANK YOU for all the wonderful reviews! I love you

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Chapter: 4

Harry was bored.

It's now been two hours since they first got into the damnable lift.

And Draco was still pacing tirelessly before him.

Harry wriggled his toes in front of him and looked at his feet.

He looked at Draco's covered ones and wondered what the boy's looked like.

Yep.

He had never been So Bored in his life.

He looked at fingers critically now and frowned.

They were rather uneven.

He started to bite along the edge of a particular crude one.

"That's disgusting, Potter. Stop it." Malfoy said snootily, his hands behind his back.

His posture combined with the pacing might have looked formidable if he hadn't still been bare-chested.

Harry defiantly stuck his tongue out at the blonde.

Draco muttered something under his breath that sounded like "immature Gryffindors."

"Can't you even *try* to keep still, Malfoy? All your walking around is making me dizzy!" Harry moaned.

"I *can't* stop. Got to keep moving. It's against my nature to be so immobile and useless." he said pointedly looking at Harry, with a superior smile.

"Yeah. Right." Harry rolled his eyes.

He stretched lazily on the floor and yawned.

His back cracked audibly when he arched it.

Motivated by this, he then cracked his neck, oblivious to the horrified expression on Draco's face.

"You're going to break your neck one day if you keep doing that!"

"No, I won't." Harry dismissed him languidly and turned his attention on his fingers next.

He started cracking them loudly, one at a time, looking thoughtfully at Draco who had stopped dead in his tracks to glare at him disapprovingly.

"I never knew you were such a fusspot, Malfoy." Harry noted with interest.

"I am NOT a *fusspot*!"

"Are to. And you're worse than Hermione."

"Am not! And you take that back!"

"Are to. And make me."

Draco scoffed at this but resumed his pacing nevertheless.

He *really* couldn't keep still.

He was starting to wonder if he wasn't a tiny bit claustrophobic.

"Potter."

"Hmm?"

"Don't you feel… even a little freaked out by this?"

"What? Being stuck with you?"

"No." Draco stopped, "I mean about being trapped in here. This little - windowless cell." he said, gesturing with his arms.

"And by the way, *anyone* would be privileged to be stuck with me, Potter." he added.

"Well, it doesn't bother *me*. It's actually a little bit roomier than my closet was." He chose to ignore the last comment.

"Your closet?"

"Never mind."

"I'm being *serious* here."

Harry sighed.

"Okay... The trick - is not to think about it." Harry suggested, "Do you need me to rub your back again?"

"What? No!" Draco looked indignant, "And it will *be-hove* you, Potter, if you never make mention of that, ever again." he threatened silkily.

Harry; who was by now, immune to any and all threats made by
The-Boy-Who-Cried-Like-a-Baby didn't even bother responding to this one.

Draco watched him sternly for a few moments before he finally nodded, pleased with himself for sounding so menacing and effective.

"So. How do I do that then?" He asked again, and resumed his pacing.

"Do what, Malfoy?" Harry asked, distracted.

He was now busy trying to find a way to make a noose out of his discarded tie.

He thought he might offer it to Malfoy to go hang himself, if the need should arise.

"Not think about this!"

"Oh, that...So - just think about something else. Hmm…Let's see now…" he paused thoughtfully.

"Ah! Got it. Try thinking about what you're going to tell the Slytherins when you lose to me at Quidditch this term." Harry said helpfully. "Again."

"Very funny, Potter. If I had known you were such a comedian I'd have voted for you instead of Ron."

"What do you mean - voted?" Harry asked, intrigued.

"Oh, you didn't know? There's an annual poll to vote for the best and the worst in Hogwarts." Draco said importantly.

"Really? I don't remember ever hearing about this...Who gets to vote and decide?"

"Only the most distinguished of students."

"And that would be…"

"Slytherins of course."

"Right... Why am I not surprised?" he said wryly.

Silence.

"Aren't you going to ask what you got voted for?" Draco asked impatiently when Harry remained silent.

If he didn't know better, he'd think Potter was trying to ignore him!

"Nope." Harry pushed his glasses up his nose and frowned in concentration as he adjusted his newly makeshift noose to make it even tighter.

Draco bristled.

"Well- I'll tell you anyway." he said haughtily, as if he was doing Harry an enormous favour.

"Oh, please do." Harry mumbled sarcastically without looking up.

"*You* Potter, was voted 'Most Likely to Die a Gruesome Death'." he announced gleefully.

"I'm touched."

Draco ignored him and continued.

He was on a roll.

"And Weasley! Weasley was voted Class Clown and Biggest All Round Loser!" Draco said triumphantly.

"I'll be *sure* to tell Ron the happy news… Say, what do you think of this noose?" he asked suddenly, holding it up.

"It looks exactly like your necktie. And don't try to change the subject- I was just getting to the good part -"

And so, Draco prattled on and on for many, many minutes; ticking off names, and announcing even more and more ridiculous sounding categories until Harry felt just about ready to test-drive the noose on a certain skinny neck.

"Malfoy! Please, just stop!"

"Why?"

"Your mindless chatter *doesn't* amuse me, or can't you tell from my very PAINED expression?" Harry yelled, throwing his tie/noose at Draco's face.

Draco's hand shot out to catch it automatically.

"Well, I never!" Draco shook his head in derision, "Manners, Potter!"

Harry closed his eyes, took a deep breath and counted slowly from one to ten.

Bless-ed Golden Silence. he thought in sweet relief.

"What is this supposed to be for, anyway?" a voice asked.

Harry wondered if he dared risk opening his eyes.

He considered recounting.

To a hundred.

"Potter, I'm *talking* to you." The voice whined.

Harry sighed dejectedly. So much for sweet silence, he thought glumly.

He opened his eyes to look at Draco.

The blonde had, by now put the black necktie around his own neck, where it hung loosely against his bare chest.

If Harry didn't know any better, he'd think Draco looked kind of *hot* like that.

His eyes widened in horror at this.

Maybe Malfoy was right.

Maybe he really *was* pervy and sexually repressed.

And maybe –

"Is it really some kind of Muggle hanging accessory?" Draco cut in, truly puzzled.

Harry shook his head; his mouth had gone dry.

"It's just something they like to wear. It's meant to be formal." he finally found his voice.

"And people usually wear it with a shirt, too."

He swallowed and forced his eyes to focus on anywhere else but Draco's naked chest.

And they unwisely travelled instead to the graceful curve of his broad shoulders, the slim, tapered waist, the sexy way his jeans were hanging off his narrow hips, that incredibly cute ars-

"How strange…" Draco remarked to himself as he fingered the tie absently.

"Yeah." Harry echoed and wiped the sweat off his brow with a shaky hand.

"What were we talking about just now? Before I was so rudely interrupted?" Draco asked.

Oh no.

Harry grimaced and braced himself.

"Oh right. I was telling *you* about how they absolutely *insisted* I be crowned 'Most Desirable and Alluring yet Mysteriously Unattainable Hogwarts Bachelor' AGAIN! After four straight years of holding that title, I told them it was time I let someone else enjoy the spotlight for a change… But apparently, they *were* no other contenders! Imagine that! And of course, they were so desperate to have me, it would've been cruel of me to deny them…" he prattled on.

Harry shook his head, and fumed.

He must've been out of his mind if he thought for even a moment that Draco was attractive.

What a thick-skinned insufferable brat!

He must *really* love the sound of his own voice.

"Malfoy. For the last time - and please note that I am asking you nicely; DO-SHUT-UP!"

"Potter. I understand how you were raised by wolves and all, and sometimes our ways may seem strange and alien to you, but do try to understand that in *civilised* society, wizards, especially wizards with *intelligence* such as myself, enjoy having conversations with other wizards. It helps us to pass the time."

"But this isn't a conversation- you're just going on about yourself!" sputtered Harry.

"Your point being?"

"AAARRGH!" Harry screamed in frustration and banged the back of his head against the wall.

"*Must* you make such a racket?" Draco scolded.

"ME?" he stood up angrily and faced the blonde.

"I'm not the one who's been bleating on and on for half an hour!" he yelled..

"Bleating? This was your idea, remember? You said I should think about something else besides being stuck here!"

Harry blinked.

Okay, so he did say that.

But he didn't know that would instigate such torturous and annoying speeches!

"Well, since you seem to have all the answers, what do you suggest I do instead?" Draco asked and crossed his arms in a challenge.

Harry thought hard.

There was no way he wanted to hear any more mind-numbing diatribes from a Draco-Malfoy point of view; so talking of any kind was out of the question.

Draco tapped his foot impatiently and started to open his mouth to deliver a snide retort.

And was interrupted yet again.

By a very unexpected tongue plunging into his mouth.

In a blink of an eye, Harry had grabbed one end of the tie and pulled him roughly forward.

And before Draco even knew what was happening, he was being thoroughly and deeply kissed.

A/N: Much love to all who reviewed! This is such a fun fic to write and your feedback makes it even more so!

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Chapter: 5

A/N:
Dear wonderful and most-gorgeous readers,
Halfway through writing the next chapter, I realised (to my horror!) that it was getting a wee bit smutty. I blame my keyboard.

And being that I am a total ignoramus as to what-crosses-the-line between an R rating and an NC-17 one, I've decided to play it safe by not posting the dubious chapter on .
Because I strongly believe that each and every person out there has a right to nurture and feed his/her own perversions at their own leisurely pace. No one should ever force, or trick you into becoming a pervert without your due consent and complete readiness in the matter.
Also, I do not want to get booted off .
So, I've posted the next chapter on instead. Sorry I can't provide a direct link - it refuses to show when I previewed this so you'll have to find the authors page and click on my name. You can also find the first four chapters there as well.
Don't forget to review, pls! You can do it there or still post it here if you'd like.
All you kiddies and pure-minded people, pls kindly heed my advice and don't read it.
If you *DO* read it anyway, and find it offending to your moral palate, don't blame/flame me. (I have feelings too.)
The rest of you - knock yourself out.
Lots of Love,
Katane

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Chapter: 6

A/N: Chapter 6 is up on ! There's a direct link to it now in the story summary here. Just click on my name to see it.
Please don't forget to leave a review!
...something nice, preferably. Heh-heh
P.S: Thank you to all the wonderful people who reviewed Chapter 5 here and on !
(Skip this next part; it won't make any sense till after you read the chapter 6.)
++++++++++++
It's strange, but when I was writing the ending, I just *knew* people would want an elaboration of the shower scene. That thought was nagging at the back of my mind, but I pushed it away. Cause it was late and I needed to get some sleep.
And true enough, you wanted some smut.
...
Well, we'll see.
I can't promise anything.
Chapter 5 took me quite a while.
Smut wasn't as easy to write as I thought it would be. T'was my very first attempt at penning down anything even *remotely* smutty (what goes on in my filthy mind doesn't count).
Cause it's one thing to have an image in mind, it's quite another to find the words to describe it in a not-cringeworthy way.
On the other hand, I have a discovered a new-found respect for people who write PWPs.
Lots of love,
Katane