FIC: Seeing Things: Or How Not to Make a Spectacle of Yourself

Prompt Number: #25

Gift for: [info]nursedarry

Title: Seeing Things: Or How Not to Make a Spectacle of Yourself

Author: Anonymous

Pairing(s): Harry/Draco

First Time scenario: Glasses

Summary: Getting new glasses might be the most horrible thing in the world, but in retrospect it also might have its perks.

Rating: PG-13

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Warning(s): some swearing, innuendo, UST

Epilogue compliant? EWE

Word Count: ~6500

Author's Notes: Dearest Prompter, I truly hope you enjoy this little ficlet I have written. When I saw this prompt, the idea for this fic immediately sparked inside my brain and wouldn't leave me alone, also I somehow appear to have a thing for Harry in unusual professions. :)

My undying devotion and thanks as always go to my betas A. and A., thank you for the hand-holding, the cheerleading, the staying up late and for letting me run my ideas past you at any hour of day and night. Without your support this story wouldn't have been written. ♥ Of course special thanks to A. again for coming up with the title for this! ♥ You rock my world!

It was raining. Why was it always raining when he needed to go out? At first Draco had planned to Floo directly to Diagon Alley, but had ended up drowning his sorrow in a pint or two at the Leaky Cauldron,

instead. He refused to cast an Umbrella Charm, letting his robes soak through. His hair clung to the side of his face and he could feel raindrops running down his forehead and dripping off his nose. Everything about him spoke of frustrated neglect. If it hadn't been for the fact that his clothes were impeccably clean (though wet) and were available only to the type of people who shopped in the kind of exclusive establishment that required appointments, one could have mistaken him for a tramp, or so he thought.

After hearing the initial diagnosis, he'd felt as if his life was effectively over. There was no escaping his fate, which was at this very moment looming over him in the form of the shadow cast by an entirely too cheerful looking shop, which he'd been happy to avoid for more than two decades.

Draco knew he was sulking. Maybe it wasn't the end of the world, but right now he didn't care. At least the weather was cooperative enough to play along with his mood, he reflected, feeling another raindrop run down his cheek and dripping off his chin to join the many others on his robes. Even his mother hadn't indulged him, just told him it was a part of life and that he'd better get used to it and don't he dare throw a tantrum because the house elves had just set up the good china. Which is how he found himself standing in the rain, outside a shop in Diagon Alley, slightly drunk and desperate to come up with an excuse to avoid having to go inside.

Sighing deeply and dramatically, Draco cast a Drying Charm on himself and made sure his appearance was immaculate. He was a Malfoy, after all; no amount of sulking would ever overcome his compulsion to be any less than the very epitome of perfection. Pushing open the door caused the little bell attached to it to jingle brightly. As the door closed behind him, he sent a spiteful look at the still happily ringing culprit. If life dealt him lemons, he was going to make bloody sure nobody else got lemonade!

Draco found himself in front of a reception desk. A dark-haired, middle-aged witch smiled at him, making Draco want to scowl even more. Completely oblivious to the temper brewing under the as of yet calm surface of one Draco Malfoy, the receptionist reached for the calendar in front of her and began cheerfully rattling off a series of questions that everyone who had ever been to a physician anywhere would be nauseatingly familiar with. Had he ever been here before? Was he allergic to anything? Was he insured? Would he please fill in this form? And last but not least the all-time favourite, whether he'd please take a seat in the waiting room, somebody would be over to fetch him momentarily.

Nondescript furniture and plants decorated, if one could call it that, the waiting area. Draco chose a chair that was facing away from the door. The room was the epitome of Muggle physician waiting rooms the world over, he wouldn't even be here if St Mungo's had been a viable option, but Draco still had no cause to trust them; the only reason he was here was because his mother had said the head optician owed her

a debt and he might as well collect on it since she had no need for it.

Getting up to pick up a journal, Draco glanced across the paintings on the wall that were supposed to make the room cheerful but only managed to somehow underline the feeling of boredom as well as anticipation and the impression of fluctuation at the constant to and fro of patients being asked to wait and called to the examination rooms. He settled back into his uncomfortable chair and hid behind his copy of Snidget Magazine, a recent addition to the numerous magazines on the wizarding world's favourite sport.

Draco would never admit that one of the reasons he enjoyed reading Snidget Magazine so much was because they did a complete photo spread on famous Quidditch players every week. This week featured Puddlemere United's star Seeker, Harold Maxwell. Draco flipped through the pages, ignoring the interview and only glancing at the pictures. There was the regular stretch of photos with his family, his dog, him in the air above the Quidditch pitch chasing the Snitch, and then there was a picture that made Draco's mouth water.

Maxwell was posing for the camera, astride his broom, his right hand holding up the golden Snitch in victory. His flying goggles were nestled between strands of dark hair and a happy grin almost split his face in half. What had caught Draco's attention, however, was that the perpetual motion of shaking his right hand in victory let the man's shirt ride up slightly, exposing part of his toned stomach in the process. Maxwell was definitely fit. His arms were muscled just the right way and the way his thighs and his left hand gripped the broom, dear Merlin, if that wasn't the hottest thing ever.

He imagined what it would feel like running his hands up and down those delicious thighs as they were wrapped around him and then burying his hands in that messy black hair and seeing those spectacularly green eyes cloud over with sudden desire for him. Fuck me, Draco! His partner would beg as Draco drove their crotches together and traced the lightening bolt shaped scar on his forehead gently. Draco smiled dreamily oh yes and then Harry would kiss him with abandon, whimpering as he was stroked through his Gryffindor Quidditch unif-

Hold on, first of all the only person who had a scar like that was definitely not a regular part of his wank fantasies, thank you very much, and second of all Maxwell didn't even have green eyes. Merlin's balls! He'd let his mind wander and with vicious glee it had deposited him right in the middle of one of his most embarrassing, as well as most coveted, day dreams. By Salazar's stripy knickers, he'd been fantasizing about Harry "Boy Wonder" Potter again! He was startled out of his inner self-flagellation when a voice who he only now realized had been speaking to him for a while, said his name for the third

consecutive time.

“Mr. Malfoy, if you would follow me into examination room six, please.”

Guiltily lowering the magazine he was about to apologize when he finally noticed just who was standing in front of him.

“Potter? What the hell are you doing here?”

“I am working here, Malfoy, and you are my two o’clock,” he said neutrally. “Now if you would follow me please.” He added invitingly, indicating the way to examination room six.

“Not bloody likely! I am here to see the head optician, not to get poked and prodded at by the hired help,” said Draco disdainfully, still refusing to get up.

“Didn’t your mother tell you when she set up this appointment for you?” Potter said, stressing 'your mother' as if he was calling Draco a mummy’s boy, “I am the head optician so unless you actually want to be poked and prodded at by the hired help, you’ll have to follow me now.”

Fuck! Draco thought, not saying it out loud, but from what he could see of Potter’s expression, he didn’t need to.

Clinging to the last shreds of his dignity, Draco followed Potter, who had started moving the moment Draco had stood up.

In contrast to the waiting area the examination room was furnished with taste; it was rather larger than expected and half of it was lined with white cupboards and counters that reminded Draco of a kitchen. The charmed windows created the impression of filtering in sunlight despite the rain that could be heard spattering against them from the outside. Everything seemed bright, crisp and pristine; there was a sectioned-off area to the side which was most likely where the test results would be discussed in a more

comfortable surrounding.

Draco was asked to sit down in front of a weird contraption before Potter darkened the room with a spell, explaining that a diluted pupil was necessary for the tests. After measuring Draco's intraocular pressure, taking pictures of his retinas and doing some other things to his eyes that seemed distinctly Muggle, Potter announced the next one to be the last test. Draco was asked to sit on a stool in front of the only white wall that didn't sport a poster on some ocular health-related subject or other (his favourite being "Tired of the old wooden prosthesis? Try the new magical revolving eyeball, now with wide angle and improved macro function!").

"I am going to conjure a series of letters that will start out large at the top and get smaller and smaller the further down they go. Please read out any letters you can make out, starting at the upper left-hand corner."

Potter flicked his wand and Draco stared at the letters appearing to hang in mid-air. The first few were easy enough to read, the further along he got however, the more difficult it became to make them out clearly or at all.

"Y-T-A-E-L-B-S-G-F-L-H-Q-T-U..." He read only to hear his voice falter and stop as every second letter merged into a word just hanging there in mid air, glowing softly. Surely this couldn't be happening, he thought, because the message floating before him now read: You are looking so fucking hot today.

"Is anything the matter, Malfoy?" Potter asked innocently, as if the letters hadn't just changed into words.

"The letters, they…" Draco stopped speaking again as he saw Potter's eyebrow rise as if Draco were insane. Bugger!

"Shall we get on with it then? Read these out please." Another swish of Potter's wand and a new combination of letters appeared where the old one had been.

"W-L-T-A-P-G-M-W-H-Q-A-K-O-D-Y-Y-G-T-B-…" He was going insane and the minute he got out of this

room, he'd have himself castrated, Draco decided, as every second letter yet again became a glowing word, floating in the air beside a completely oblivious Potter. Want to put my hands all over your gorgeous body.

Draco could feel his face heating up and his body reacting inappropriately in front of his optician as the messages became more and more explicit in nature.

Want to feel your thighs wrapped around me

Want to hear you moan my name

Want to bend you over the table

Want to hear you whimper and gasp

Want to taste you, swallow you to the root

Am going to make you beg me to fuck you

Want to pound you until you scream

Am going to stroke you inside and out

Want to spill deep inside of you and clean you up with my tongue

Not being able to press the heel of his hand against his crotch was akin to torture; his voice shook as he continued to read out the letters to a calm and collected Potter who didn't even seem to notice Draco's

distress. When he finally thought he couldn't take anymore, it was over. Feeling the heat radiate off his face, Draco realised that his entire body was trembling.

"Right, I've got what I need." Draco wasn't sure whether what Potter had said had supposed to sound as ambiguous as it did to his ears. Maybe he wasn't insane after all, maybe Potter was just playing an elaborate game with him. A searching look at Potter's face revealed nothing, no spark of mirth in his eyes, no smug grin on his face; if there had been the slightest hint, Draco was convinced he'd have punched the bespectacled git, head optician or not. Either Draco was losing it, or Potter was a far better actor than he had ever given him credit for.

"If you would like to take a seat over there," Potter said, indicating the sectioned-of area, "I'll have a look at your test results and we can discuss your options in a bit."

"I'd rather you'd point me towards the facilities, Potter." Draco said, his words coming out only slightly mangled, Potter yet again not taking any notice.

"It's the second door on the right," Potter said absentmindedly as he wheeled his chair to one of the counters, conjuring up the images he'd taken earlier and making notes in Draco's file. The moment Potter's back was turned, Draco fled the room.

Locking the door behind him, Draco leant against the cool tiles of the bathroom wall, eyes closed, panting as if he'd just stumbled across the finish line after a particularly taxing marathon and pressing the heel of his hand against his inappropriate reaction. What the fuck was wrong with him? He was here to get a pair of prescription lenses for Merlin's sake, not to sport a raging hard-on after going insane over the fact that it was Potter, of all people, who was going to mar Draco's perfect features by turning him into Draco "Four-Eyes" Malfoy.

Get a fucking grip, Draco! he chided himself and then decided it was a bad, very bad pun indeed, because a grip he did get, but not in the metaphorical sense. His face heated up even more with the renewed mortification of finding the heel of his hand not pressing down on his erection, but rather having the hand gripping his prick through his trousers, running up and down the length of it roughly. He tore his hand away as if burned. If he kept this up, he'd be the first case of spontaneous human combustion in an optician's restroom. Oh, how the Prophet would love that story. He could see the headline before him now, "Former Death Eater and Nemesis of the Boy Who Lived Burned to Death" and

smaller beneath it “causes of which are as of yet unknown.” Unknown my arse, he thought. Clutching the side of the sink forcefully, he stared at his reflection, noticing his dishevelled hair for the first time; he must have unconsciously been running his hands through it while reading out the torturous parade of letters. Draco turned on the tap and splashed cold water in his face repeatedly, willing his erection down at the same time. What he needed was a cold shower; it probably wouldn’t help much anyway, but even if water from the tap was a poor substitute it was better than nothing. The cold water stung his face unpleasantly but it did manage to return his complexion to a more normal colour, effectively dissipating the impression of him hiding a colony of red glow worms under the skin of his usually pale cheeks. Drops of cold water ran down his chin and into the collar of his shirt, making him shiver. He cast the second Drying Charm of the day on himself, finally managing to pull himself together. Taking one last look at his reflection in the mirror, he took a deep breath, unlocked the doors and made his way back to examination room six.

Back in the room, he sank into one of the chairs in the sectioned-off area, Potter was still working, but in front of Draco now stood a hot cup of tea. He wrapped his, by now, cold hands around the mug and inhaled the steam rising from the liquid. Careful not to burn his tongue, he took a sip, not entirely managing to suppress the moan that escaped him when he noticed that the tea was exactly how he liked it. Two sugars and a splash of milk; in other words, perfection in a cup. He didn’t have time to reflect on how whoever had prepared the tea for him knew just how he liked it, because at that moment Potter approached the table and sat down opposite Draco.

“I have looked over your test results and I’ve got some good news and some bad news,” Potter said neutrally.

“Are you going to ask me now which I want to hear first?” Draco said sounding not quite as cynical as usual, feeling slightly mollified by the hot cup of tea. Completely ignoring his question, Potter went on.

“The pictures of your retina indicate that you should have perfect vision, however, I’ve discovered some irregularities involving your cornea. You are suffering from irregular astigmatism. While this is usually easily taken care off with a spell, in your case that won’t be possible because part of the damage appears to have been caused by some wild magic you have been exposed to. This, unfortunately, also prevents us from correcting your eyesight by the use of contact lenses, which would have been the regular cause of action. I’ve prepared a few leaflets for you to read through before making a decision, concerning alternate methods, one of them being Muggle refractive surgery. For now I’ll prepare a set of magical lenses for you, which we can then Transfigure to fit into any frames you might like. Do you have any questions?” Potter asked, the very epitome of professionalism. If Draco was honest with himself, that

was kind of hot, too, and then what Potter had said sank in.

Draco's mouth was suddenly dry as he heard his sex life's death sentence. Nobody would ever want to sleep with him again; he was practically disfigured. Who would want him if he was that facially challenged? He'd always thought that, Death Eater past aside, he'd always have his looks to get him through life. Karma had apparently decided that it was payback time at last and taken even that away from him.

"Dra-… Malfoy, are you all right? You are as pale as a sheet!"

A croak escaped his lips and he had to take a sip from the cup that was held by a pair of now-trembling hands before making a second attempt at speech. He was not okay on an epic scale, but Potter didn't need to know that!

"H-how long… When do I need to come back?" he finally managed to ask.

"With the measurements I've taken and the other data I've collected it should only take us a little over a week to come up with viable lenses for your condition. Why don't you drink your tea and then make an appointment at the reception desk while I finish up here?" Potter suggested.

"All right," he managed to croak out, clinging to his cuppa like a life-line.

He didn't know how much time had passed when he finally made his way to the nearest Apparition point, his mind filled with a hazy fog. They'd barely spoken while Draco had tried to calm his nerves through the consumption of copious amounts of tea, magically refilling his cup more than once. The only sound in the room, besides Draco's occasionally ragged breathing, was the noise Potter made as he rummaged around, jotted down calculations on his notepad and finally cleaning away his equipment. Later on, Draco had made an appointment to get fitted for his scold's bridle, also known as spectacles, in a week's time.

Not wasting another thought on all that had happened, he thought of where he wanted to go and

Apparated home.

~.o.O.0.O.o.~

Want to hear you moan my name

The simple phrase, as well as the others that had appeared out of thin air in front of Draco, wouldn't leave him alone. They'd infested his mind like a particularly aggressive virus and were multiplying rapidly, seriously limiting his ability for rational thought. In his imagination it was Potter who said those things, Potter who made him come harder than he had imagined possible. He ached for it, part of him filled with a feverish hope that his fantasies could become reality. Still undecided on whether the other man had played him or not, Draco was surprised to realise that he was filled with as much anticipation at seeing Potter again as he was anxious about picking up his glasses.

He'd stood in front of the mirror for the last hour, choosing and discarding more than a dozen outfits and getting increasingly frustrated with his inability to decide on any one set of robes. Finally he decided on a set of dark robes with a silver and green trim that would go well with Harry's eyes and that were loose around his crotch, in case he had another inappropriate reaction and needed to hide it. He refused to admit to himself that he was both hoping for and dreading said reaction.

The anticipation was beginning to become unbearable. Draco grabbed his wand after glancing at his reflection one last time – this would have to do – and Apparated to Diagon Alley.

It still looked like rain, but this time Draco had pre-emptively cast an Umbrella Charm on himself that wouldn't wear off for another half hour. He realised he was too early and, not wanting to appear too eager, which he wasn't, and whoever said that was a filthy filthy liar, Draco made a pretence of studying the window display in the shop windows across from the ocular specialists' headquarters. Ten minutes before his scheduled appointment, he made his way through the drizzle and confidently stepped into the entrance hall, almost knocking over a man who'd stood too close to the opening front door. His sudden appearance had almost caused the man to lose his balance, making him reach for Draco's arm to steady himself. The man, of course, was none other than Harry Potter. However brief the contact might have been, Draco's skin felt like it was on fire where Potter had touched him.

“Malfoy!” Potter said, a smile on his face and extending the hand that had only a moment ago clutched Draco’s arm for him to shake. “You are early!”

Draco couldn’t help but smile. Potter’s good mood was contagious, so he deftly shook the offered hand and said, “I was in the neighbourhood and it just started to rain. I thought it’d be better to wait inside. Umbrella Charms are notoriously unreliable in this drizzle.”

Potter’s smile widened into a grin. “Which is why I usually rely on the Muggle alternative of actually bringing an umbrella with me. I don’t have a patient right now. If you’d like, we could get started early.”

Their banter felt like the most natural thing in the world and, Draco was happy to notice, lacked the bitter sting of their school days. Maybe they had both changed over the years.

“Great, lead the way, oh Mighty Head Optician.”

Draco could see Potter’s back shake with suppressed laughter as he made to follow him. He was surprised to find that they didn’t head for the wing he knew all the examination rooms and the waiting area were located in, but rather went into the opposite direction into what he imagined your average Muggle optician shop looked like. Potter led him into a large booth situated near the back of the shop.

“Have a seat, I’ll just fetch the lenses and then some frames I thought you might enjoy trying on.” With that Potter left. Was it just Draco’s imagination or did he seem slightly nervous?

When he returned a while later, he explained the procedure at length, his voice calm and collected and even though Draco looked like he was paying attention, he didn’t hear a single word, his mind being otherwise occupied.

“Right, now that I’ve explained it all, we should really get started.” The smirk that adorned Potter’s face told Draco that he knew exactly how much attention he’d paid during the last few minutes.

“Uhm…?”

“Just try these on for size first; the mirror on the wall is charmed so you’ll see yourself clearly, even without the lenses,” Potter said, handing over a simple gilded frame.

“Bloody Hell!” Draco exclaimed as the simple innocent gilded frame turned into an utterly disfiguring monstrosity when he beheld his reflection. “Over my dead body!”

On and on it went, frame after frame, none of them entirely meeting with his approval except for one, but Potter’s reaction of, “Oh hell no! You look like a bloody hipster in those!” was veto enough for Draco to discard those, as well. Potter Levitated more and more frames over, some of them outrageously hideous, but Draco tried them all, anyway, to indulge the man. Some of them made the two of them laugh so hard that they threatened to fall off their chairs. He couldn’t have said when it started, but after a while Potter began putting the frames on Draco’s face, carefully making sure the earpieces fit smoothly and didn’t hurt him. With every frame Potter’s touches lingered longer and longer, and it was all Draco could do but to lean into them. Both men grew more and more quiet, their shared laughter and conversation becoming sparse.

The tension in the booth became almost tangible. This wasn’t about choosing frames for Draco’s glasses anymore, it had become about Potter touching his face and Draco letting him, even needing him to. They hadn’t spoken for a while now and silence was stretching between them like a thread, humming with want and longing. Without a word Harry picked up a slim silver frame and set it on Draco’s face.

His fingertips lingered on Draco’s cheek. Never breaking eye-contact, he leaned in closer and adjusted the glasses on Draco’s face with both hands, before taking a deep breath and stepping back.

“I think we did it,” he said, looking at his handiwork and not quite managing to keep a note of awe out of his voice. “Go ahead, have a look.”

Draco anxiously turned towards the charmed mirror and stopped to take in his reflection. He didn’t look like a dork, or how Potter had looked during their school years; he looked refined and sophisticated and

if Potter's reaction was any indication, he also looked hot. Carefully taking off the slender silver frame, he handed it over to Potter.

"This one will do,." he said trying hard to keep his voice neutral.

Potter got out his wand and merged the lenses he had prepared with the frame Draco had chosen. The frame and the lenses began to glow brightly as they merged, when the light had finally dissipated, Potter picked up the glasses and fastened them on Draco's face almost reverently. This time his hands lingered even more, cupping Draco's face, thumbs gently tracing across his cheeks. He could see Potter clearly now and the longing he saw in the depth of those amazingly green eyes made his breath hitch. As Potter leaned in closer, slowly, Draco's hand reached up to touch one of Potter's hands.

As if snapped out of a trance, Potter took a hasty step back, his hands, however, were still entangled in Draco's hair and sent his new glasses flying. They both heard the distinct sound of glass cracking as the spectacles hit the floor.

"Oh fuck! I am sorry, Malfoy, let me just…" Potter stuttered as he looked around for the glasses, picking up the delicate frames, his cheeks red with what could only be utter mortification. He mended the lenses by casting a quick Oculus Reparo and handed them over. Draco took the glasses and carefully placed them on the table in front of him. An uncomfortable silence stretched between them. They simultaneously cleared their throats, making the moment even more awkward.

"I should really…" Draco said as he hesitantly picked his glasses off the table.

"Mal- Draco, wait!"

Startled by Potter's use of his given name, Draco turned to look at him.

"There's one more test we have to do. You'll have to wear your glasses for it, to make sure your eyes have properly adjusted to the lenses."

Sighing, Draco put on his glasses and nodded his agreement.

Like last time in examination room six, Potter swished his wand and a series of letters appeared out of thin air. Sighing inwardly, Draco could feel his insides knot in anticipation of what was to come next.

“W-O-Y-A-H-J-C-E-W-Z-M-O-P-F…” Draco read out loud and even as he read he could see every second letter turn into a word.

Will you have coffee with me, please?

Draco sank back into his chair as all strength left him. It had been Potter, after all. He felt anger flare inside him at the realisation. How dared Potter do this to him, taunt him like this? A little voice at the back of Draco’s mind reminded him excitedly that this really wasn’t the point. What was the point, then? he wondered. The tiny voice piped up again. His eyes widened in shock as realisation hit him. Harry wants me! When he finally looked up to meet Harry’s cast-down eyes, he’d already made a decision.

“Alright then, lead the way!”

~.o.O.0.O.o.~

The scent of freshly ground and brewed coffee filled the air around them. Even though Draco usually considered himself more of a tea drinker, he was known to occasionally indulge in the consumption of caffeinated beverages. Leaning back into his velvet upholstered armchair he smiled pleasantly at the other man, the index fingers of his steepled hands gently resting against his lower lip. Harry smiled back at him.

“You make quite the picture, Malfoy, with those glasses, especially in that armchair. You look like you are

just about to start a literary salon of your own."

"You've definitely chosen well, Potter. I didn't think it was possible, but it appears you actually do know what you are doing." Potter chuckled at this. Draco decided it was time for a little payback. "Say, do you send all of your patients lewd messages when you are examining them, or am I simply special?"

"I… No, of course not. I... Sorry," Harry said and then blushed prettily under Draco's scrutiny. Hardly a trace was left of the self-assured physician who had so deliciously tortured Draco only a week ago. "It wasn't very professional of me, I know, but somebody told me you might be interested and I just couldn't let the chance pass me by." The words left Harry's mouth in a rush, making it hard to understand him properly. "And you are special, you always have been… I thought you knew that…" With that he became silent, looking anywhere but at Draco and trying, but failing, to hide the evidence of his embarrassment behind his paper coffee cup.

"Who told you I would be interested?" Draco asked, curious despite himself.

"Nobody, per se." He swallowed audibly. "I overheard Parkinson and some friends talking by accident during my lunch break a few weeks ago and she kept complaining about how you'd never moved on from your silly schoolboy crush. They didn't mention anyone by name, but I assumed..."

"So you of course just assumed they must have been talking about you,." Draco drawled, old habits dying hard.

"I… yes…" Harry replied, suddenly looking even more insecure. Draco could see the thought that he'd been wrong about everything rise to the forefront of Harry's mind. His eyes widened in mortification as realisation about his assumptions hit him. "Oh God, I… I'd better go. My lunch break is almost over. I am sorry, Malfoy, I shouldn't have assumed…"

Enchanted by Harry's confession and his endearing blush, Draco relented. He reached out and touched Harry's hand, causing him to first look at Draco's hand and then at him.

"Harry, I never said your assumption was incorrect," Draco said, pushing his glasses up the bridge of his

nose for the first time. If his luck in recent times was any indication, the motion would become an unbreakable nervous habit in absolutely no time at all. “Let me walk you back to the clinic and maybe we can meet for dinner some time later this week, and talk?”

“I’d like that very much. Are you free tomorrow night?”

“It’s a date, Potter,” he confirmed, winking at the man opposite him.

They abandoned their paper coffee cups and made their way towards the front door only to be faced with a curtain of water that definitely meant business and didn’t have the audacity to call itself “rain” but rather, if asked by other weather phenomena, would refer to itself as a “bloody fucking huge downpour.” Draco grimaced when he imagined having to walk back to the clinic through that. Beside him, Harry flashed him a quick smile and with one fluid motion produced and opened a huge Muggle umbrella that would shelter them both easily. He held out his arm for Draco to take and grinned.

“Shall we?”

“Oh, all right, if you insist!” Draco replied in a sulky voice, not really meaning it, but ever the performer.

Too soon they found themselves at the place where their ways would part. Neither of them seemed to want to break the companionable silence that had been with them ever since they left the coffee shop. Turning to face Draco, Harry was the first to speak.

“You look absolutely gorgeous with those glasses. You know that, right?”

Draco only smiled, suddenly feeling shy, barely a hint of his previous cockiness left.

“I’ll pick you up at eight at your place tomorrow night then, if that meets with your approval?” Harry said, neither of them able to entirely tear themselves away.

Harry leant in to place a soft kiss on Draco's cheek and then pressed his face to Draco's cheek. The umbrella's handle was digging painfully into Draco's chest, but the gentle touch of Harry's face against his was far too precious for him to move away. He could feel Harry's free arm wrap around him, entangling his fingers in the hair at the back of Draco's head, gently increasing the pressure of his cheek against Draco's and holding him there. Unbeknownst to Draco, his arms had snaked around Harry's midriff and were crushing the other man.

Draco didn't notice when Harry let go of the umbrella entirely; the offending contraption trembled and shook for a moment before being carried away by a sudden gust of wind. What he did notice was both of Harry's hands suddenly entangled in his hair as he gently brought their lips together for the first time.

Draco's hands roamed across Harry's warm back, drawing soothing circles and then clinging to him for dear life as their kiss intensified. He gasped for air, and apparently that was the only invitation Harry needed, because the next thing Draco felt was a deliciously warm tongue brushing his lower lip, requesting entry. The first few tentative touches of their tongues were delicious, but quickly became more heated as curiosity became desire.

Harry tasted of coffee and rain and something uniquely Harry. Parting with his reserve, Draco moaned into Harry's mouth with abandon. He never wanted this moment to end. The kisses went on for a long time and Draco was ready to shed the last shreds of his dignity and ask Harry to shag him right then and there, in the rain against the convenient wall of an alleyway, when something changed.

Slowly he felt Harry withdraw, his breath leaving his mouth in panting gasps. He felt his face cupped by strong hands and closed his eyes as Harry pressed his forehead against his own, only somewhat successful in getting his ragged breathing under control. Draco could make out some of the words Harry whispered against his lips before capturing them again in the sensual slow movement of a languid kiss.

"…so beautiful… so perfect… my Draco… waited so long…"

On and on it went until they had to come up for air again. Harry slowly detached his hands from Draco's face and wound them around his waist, instead. When Draco opened his eyes, he could barely make out the man standing in the rain in front of him. How could it be foggy during a downpour of this magnitude,

he wondered, until he felt Harry shake with laughter.

“I think we forgot something,” he said. “Your glasses are all clouded with condensation. Here, let me help you.” Draco suddenly realised that his eyes were almost crossed with the effort of making out the wand that was pointed directly at his face. He didn’t flinch, his subconscious apparently deciding to give Harry the benefit of the doubt. Draco was rewarded with another quick kiss after the other man had cast an Impervius on his new glasses.

“What’s so funny, Potter?” asked Draco testily as he felt Harry chuckling against his chest.

“The look on your face when you didn’t know what was going on with your glasses was priceless.”

Draco huffed and tried to disentangle himself from Harry’s embrace, not getting far as Harry’s arms immediately tightened around him. And, if he was honest with himself, he hadn’t really been trying all that hard.

“Don’t be like that,” Harry murmured planting a series of wet, open-mouthed kissed along Draco’s jaw line and neck, before suddenly, fiercely, pressing him to his chest. “Come home with me,” he whispered into the shell of Draco’s ear, causing a strangled moan to escape him.

“I-I thought you had to get back to work,” he said, not quite able to hide the hitch in his voice as Harry latched onto his neck and then sucked and nibbled at his earlobe.

“I lied.”

“Oh really, now? I’d always thought it physically impossible for noble and honest Gryffindors to lie. Next you are going to tell me there is no Santa Claus,” Draco replied with mock outrage, his voice sounding breathy, attempting, but failing, to hold the eager man at bay.

“There’s a lot you don’t know about me, oh cunning Slytherin, but if you are very nice to me, I intend to

let you find out." His voice sounded sultry and promising, letting a shiver run down Draco's spine. Not that he'd been able to resist the man in front of him before, or even been willing to, but that voice just made him want to drag him into his bed, devour him and be devoured in return.

Draco could only nod as Harry repeated his offer from earlier. The last thing he felt before his senses were swept up in a wave of passion was the jerk of Apparition.

Much later, after Harry had done all the things to him that he'd promised, and more, Draco, wearing his new glasses, looked down at the peacefully sleeping figure bathed in moonlight, and reflected that something was to be said for the special skills of the man beside him and how he'd managed to put Draco's world back into focus.

~Fin~