Author: [info]nicevenn

Title: Breaking Tradition

Pairing(s): Harry/Draco

Rating: NC-17

Beta: Thank you, [info]groolover

Disclaimer: All Harry Potter characters herein are the property of J.K. Rowling and Bloomsbury/Scholastic. No copyright infringement is intended.

Word Count: 2,100

Summary: The wedding is about to begin, but where are the grooms? Silly PWP.

A/N: Written as a gift for [info]nursedarry, who asked for a Harry/Draco wedding. Happy birthday! It's bottom!Draco, though. Sorry, the boys just wouldn't cooperate.

Draco stepped up to the closed bathroom door for the third time within the past minute, only to back off again. He cursed his indecisiveness so vehemently that tiny drops of spit shot out from between his lips. His heart raced as the seconds flew by. Any moment now, someone could come to shoo him out into the gardens, where he was supposed to be, and the decision would be made for him.

Lifting his chin with resolve, he took a step forward again. He wanted this.

No, he didn't; he'd already come this far. It would be a shame to let all that suffering turn out to have been for nothing. His parents would be appalled if they knew he was even entertaining such thoughts.

"Draco, darling," his mother had said the evening before he left for his fourth year at Hogwarts, "now that you are getting older, the other boys and girls at school might start trying to pressure you into doing inappropriate things."

She had smiled awkwardly. "As pure-bloods, we must uphold certain traditions."

"What your mother is trying to say, Draco," his father had explained, "is that we expect you not to engage in any kind of sexual activity until you are married."

Draco's face might have twisted with incredulity as he cried, "But I'm not a girl!"

"No, that you are not," his father had said. "It is true that some families believe men should be allowed more leniency in these matters. However, your mother and I don't hold with these views. Malfoys do not philander, do you understand?"

"Yes, Father." Draco had cast his eyes down, and the matter had been closed.

But this wasn't the nineteenth century, and Draco had no desire to live the rest of his life knowing he'd been a blushing virgin on his wedding night. The urge to rebel, just once in his life, rose inside him like bubbles from the bottom of a heated cauldron.

Draco leaned forward, resting one hand on the doorframe, and knocked. "Potter, let me in."

There was a pause, followed by, "Malfoy?"

Harry sounded like he had a mouthful of foaming toothpaste. He must have forgotten to brush his teeth before coming over.

"Yes, it's me. Now open up."

"Malfoy, we're not supposed to see each other before the ceremony."

Draco sighed. "Stop being superstitious. Please, just let me in."

"The door's unlocked," Harry said.

He was spitting into the sink when Draco entered.

"One would think we were already sleeping together, what with you having a toothbrush here and everything," Draco teased as sat down on the edge of the bath.

"It's just an unopened one I found on the shelf," Harry said, and then he grinned. "But we will be, starting tonight."

Draco swallowed hard, hoping it would stop his heart from choking him as it leapt up into his throat. "Let's start now."

"What?" Harry laughed, but stopped abruptly when he saw the look on Draco's face.

"Fuck me, Potter. Here. Now."

Harry stared at him for many seconds, as if preparing to berate a naughty child. "No," he said flatly, and proceeded to fix his hair in the mirror.

"Potter, I don't want to walk down that aisle a virgin."

Harry whirled around. "Yes, you do," he reminded Draco. "I've waited two years, Malfoy, because that's what you wanted. There have been days when I wanked until my cock was raw, because I wanted you so

much, but couldn't have you."

"Believe me, I did the same." Draco grabbed Harry's hand and pulled him closer. "I wish I'd have changed my mind sooner."

"I don't regret having waited." Harry bent down to kiss him and, as their mouths touched, the scent of peppermint toothpaste tickled Draco's face. Suddenly, he could sympathise with Granger for smelling it in her Amortentia.

Harry's lips were soft, and his tongue slid slowly against Draco's; it felt so familiar, yet as exciting as it had been the first time. Harry pulled back much too soon.

"But a few more hours aren't going to make a difference," Harry said, "so why don't you head on down, and I'll shag you senseless after the reception."

"They'll make a fundamental difference, Potter," Draco argued. "The difference between me being a normal person or a pure-blood prude."

"You're exaggerating."

"No, I'm not."

Harry sighed and hung his head. "You won't forgive me if I don't do this, will you?"

"No."

Draco reached up to drag his fingers along the bulge that had begun to appear in Harry's trousers. He had never touched someone else's cock before. That hadn't necessarily been off-limits, but he'd feared

that if he allowed himself that much, he'd be tempted to do more.

When Draco touched him there, Harry sucked in a breath and held it for a moment before exhaling. He kept his head down, eyes closed, as Draco continued to fondle him to full hardness.

Draco pulled down Harry's zipper and reached inside his trousers. Harry's cock was hot and hard and straining against his pants. Precome smeared onto the backs of Draco's fingers as he pulled it out. He brought his hand to his mouth for a taste. It was salty and a tad bitter, but he could get used to it.

"I can't wait to suck you off tonight," Draco said. In fact, he was tempted to take Harry's cock in his mouth right now, but he wanted to save something for later.

Harry rested his hands on Draco's shoulders for support as Draco began to stroke him. "Are you sure you won't regret this?"

"Positive."

The sound of clicking heels downstairs sent a thrill through Draco's body. His first time was going to be in the bathroom in a house full of people.

Draco looked at his watch. The wedding was scheduled to start in twenty minutes.

"Think you can finish in ten or fifteen?" he asked.

"Yeah," said Harry, looking down at Draco's hand on his prick. " It's gonna be a rough ride, though."

Draco stood and guided Harry's hand to the buckle of his own belt. Once his trousers and pants were down, Harry began to stroke him. It felt so different to have another man's hand on his cock. Harry's

fingers were calloused; his hand tugged roughly. It felt strange and brilliant.

Harry kissed him again, and that felt different too, now, though they had done it hundreds of times before. There was a heated urgency in the movements of Harry's lips and tongue he hadn't felt before.

"Turn around," Harry said.

Draco obliged, though he felt exposed, on his knees with his robes bunched up around his waist. When he looked back over his shoulder, he saw Harry pull a small bottle out of his pocket.

"I see you came prepared."

"Yeah," Harry said. "I'm counting it as my something new."

Draco looked away momentarily as Harry spread the lube onto his finger, and then gasped because Harry shoved the digit up his arse sooner, and with less care, than he'd anticipated.

" It's better to get it over with quickly," Harry explained.

Draco bit his bottom lip, not from pain—it burned slightly, but didn't really hurt—but because it felt strange and actually sort of pleasant to have something hard and slick inside him.

As Harry's finger began to move, Draco's thighs spread wider of their own accord.

"You like that?"

When Draco nodded, Harry gave him another finger. It burned a little more; he felt fuller; his cock began

to ache.

Then the intrusions withdrew, and Draco wanted more. He got more, too, when Harry replaced them with the slick, blunt head of his cock against his arsehole. Draco braced himself, hands gripping the edge of the tub.

He ground his teeth as Harry pushed forward swiftly, mercilessly, thinking he was doing Draco a favour by getting this part out of the way.

"All right, there?" Harry asked when his hips were pressed up against Draco's backside and Draco was anything but all right.

Draco shook his head. It felt like someone had run a sword through his arse.

Harry leaned against him and lay kisses on his back. "Just relax—it'll get better."

"I'll be returning the favour tonight, so you know," Draco said.

"Okay."

To Draco's surprise, it didn't kill him when Harry slowly started to move. Actually it felt incredible, despite the pain. It wasn't long before a breathy moan forced its way through his lips.

"I love you," Harry said.

They didn't say that to each other often, because they knew, and such words tend to become meaningless when repeated too often. But Draco was glad Harry had said it now, even if the gush of warmth that spread through his chest as he said he loved Harry too made him feel like a silly girl.

It could have been a perfect, though somewhat sappy, moment if it hadn't been interrupted by the click, click, click of high heels again. This time, they were coming up the stairs.

"Shit," Draco said, tensing.

Harry slowed down, but didn't quite stop. By the look of him, eyes screwed shut and mouth hanging open, Draco surmised he couldn't.

Fuck, fuck, fuck they were getting way too close.

"Draco, are you in there?" his mother asked when she reached the bathroom door.

Draco tried his best to keep his voice even and not so damn breathy when he answered, "Yes, Mother."

"The wedding is scheduled to start in minutes, you should be downstairs already." She spoke in that chiding, motherly tone.

"I had to fix my hair."

Please, please go away, Draco thought. It felt so wrong to hold a conversation with his mother while he had a cock up his arse and precome leaking out of his prick.

"Is Harry in there with you?"

"What, no?!" he answered, too quickly. "Why would he be in here?"

"We can't seem to find him," his mother said.

The entire time, Harry was shagging him slowly and it felt so damn good. He reached backwards to grab hold of Harry's arse, which turned out to be a huge mistake, because feeling it move as Harry thrust back and forth into him was enough to drive him insane.

It took all Draco had to continue keeping his voice even. "Maybe he forgot something and had to Apparate home. I'm sure he'll be there soon, as will I."

It could have been okay; his mother might have been placated and gone downstairs if Harry's angle hadn't shifted right then. Suddenly Draco felt as if he'd been hit by the Cruciatus Curse's heavenly antipode, and a mortifying, inhuman sound escaped his throat before he could stop it.

"Draco, are you all right?" Now his mother sounded truly concerned.

Draco really wished Harry would stop fucking him just for a moment. "Yes, Mother—it's just nerves."

"Oh, my poor dear," his mother said. "Should I ask the house-elf to bring you a Calming Draught, or something for your stomach?"

Why won't she go away?

"No, I'm okay. I just need a moment."

"Very well," his mother said. "But don't take too long—it's almost time."

Draco was clenching the edge of marble tub with one hand and Harry's hand on his hip with the other to keep from moaning. "Yes, I'll be right down."

Finally, finally, there was a crack as his mother Apparated away. She'd never liked walking down stairs in heels.

As soon as she was gone and there was no need to worry about the betraying, rhythmic sounds of skin on skin, Harry started pounding into Draco hard. The tension of the last couple of minutes resulted in a quick release. Harry had barely touched Draco's cock before the latter bit back a moan and came all over the cabinet and floor. Within moments, Harry's hips jerked and he slammed his cock deep inside Draco. He remained there, buried to the hilt and panting in Draco's ear throughout his climax.

Draco turned his head to give him a short, light kiss, but that was all the time they could spare for post-coital affection. He winced as Harry pulled out.

They cleaned themselves up quickly, using magic, and adjusted their trousers and dress robes. In the mirror, Draco saw that they both looked unusually flushed, and hoped that it would go away by the time they got outside. But if not, they could always blame it on nerves.

Harry gave Draco's arse a slap and grinned. "I'll meet you down in the gardens."

The End.