Storyid: 4664268
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Name: Sunspots
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Chapter 1 to 9

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Chapter: 1

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"Damn it, Malfoy, get out of the way!" Harry yelled, shoving the blond aside to pound on the heavy oak door.

"If it didn't work for me, Potter, why would it work for you?" Draco sneered, crossing his arms defensively over his chest.

"Fuck," Harry groaned, letting his bloodied hands fall to his side as he slid down the door, coming to rest at the bottom.

Draco rolled his eyes, retreating to the middle of the room, which was scattered with comfortable chairs and sofas. He sank into one, propping his feet up on the ottoman in front of him.

"So eloquent, Potter," he drawled, examining his own bruised knuckles.

"Stuff it, Malfoy," Harry spat, settling into his position on the floor. Sure, there were more comfortable seats, but he wanted out the second that door opened. *Stuck in here with bloody Malfoy of all people*, he thought, grimacing.

"Ooh, point to you for such a brilliant comeback," Draco mocked, absently wishing for some Bruise Salve to soothe his aching hands. No sooner had he completed the thought than the salve appeared on the table next to him. "Looks like parts of the room still work."

Harry looked up, watching as Draco unscrewed the cap and dipped a pale finger into the salve, massaging it onto his discolored knuckles. Sighing, Harry concentrated on thinking of a Healing

Ointment for the broken skin covering his own knuckles, disappointed when nothing appeared.

"It didn't work for me," he said glumly, flexing his fingers. A sharp pain alerted him to the fact that his frantic pounding may have broken more than just his skin. *Perfect*, he thought sourly.

Surprised by the sudden pity he felt for the dejected Gryffindor, Draco pushed thoughts of a balm to heal Harry's knuckles to the front of his mind, plus a Pain Relieving Draught for both of them. Watching Harry wince as he flexed his hand, he silently added a Bone Knitting potion to the mix. A pale eyebrow rose as the requested potions and salves appeared, and he sighed heavily, gathering up several to toss to Harry.

"Heads up, Potter," he said, chucking one of the Pain Relieving Draughts to Harry.

The Gryffindor caught it reflexively, grimacing as his hand closed around it. *Definitely broken, then*, he thought as he examined the potion in his hand. He looked up when he realized what he held, surprised Draco had bothered helping him at all. He downed the potion, watching as Draco did as well, both of them relaxing slightly when the pain disappeared.

"Here," Draco said, tossing Harry the Bone Knitting potion next.

Harry didn't even bother to examine the vial, uncorking it and downing it without a thought. Even with the benefit of the pain potion, his hands throbbed as the bones weaved themselves back together. Draco rolled his eyes at the trusting Gryffindor, amazed that all it took to garner the Boy Who Lived Twice's trust was one simple act of kindness. *Idiotic Gryffindor*, he huffed. *It's amazing he lived once, let alone twice. I'll never understand how that insufferable prat defeated Voldemort.* Draco's brow furrowed at these uncharitable thoughts, his conscience suffering the slightest twinge. *Not that I'm not grateful he rid the world of that abomination,* he added. *And he's not* always *a prat.*

"One more, Potter," he drawled, flinging the Healing Balm in Harry's direction.

Harry uncapped the balm, spreading the soothing gel over his battered knuckles. *Not a prat all of the time, apparently,* he thought, though he would have been mortified to know Draco had just thought the same thing. *I suppose he hasn't gone out of his way to be an arse to me in awhile*, he acknowledged grudgingly. He nodded at Draco, easing himself up from the floor.

"Thanks," he said tersely, turning to inspect the lock on the door once more. Seeing his efforts were futile, he crossed the room, collapsing in a chair across from Draco's. "I wonder why the room responds to you, but not to me?"

They had been locked in the Room of Requirement all morning, essentially helpless. The morning had started out normally, but during breakfast, Hermione had pulled Harry aside, telling him that all of-age witches and wizards were to attend a meeting in the Room of Requirement right after the meal.

"Sunspots," she had said matter-of-factly, nodding her head gravely. "A few times a century, the sun and the planets align in a way that makes adult magic go haywire. Only witches and wizards who are of-age are affected, but the results can be disastrous if you try any advanced magic while the interference is there."

Harry had, of course, never heard of sunspots interfering with magic, but Hermione often knew things he didn't, so he didn't even think to question her. He'd dumbly followed her to the Room of Requirement after breakfast, noticing Pansy and Draco trailing along not too far behind. That, too, had seemed perfectly normal, since Hermione said the meeting was for all of-age students. Most of their class had returned for their make-up seventh year, meaning there were quite a few of-age witches and wizards around Hogwarts these days.

"I don't know who told you that, Pans, but I think they're having you on," Harry heard Draco say behind them as they reached the Room of Requirement. "I've never heard of such a thing."

Pansy had just smiled sweetly, opening the door and urging them all inside. What happened next would shame Harry for the rest of his life; Hermione and Pansy had managed to disarm them, locking them in the room alone.

"Pansy!" Draco had screamed, pounding on the solid door. "What the hell, Pans?"

"This is for your own good, Draco Malfoy," the petite brunette had answered, her voice faint through the thick door.

"And yours too, Harry Potter," Hermione had added, a note of censure in her voice.

"The two of you have some things to work out, and you'll have the entire weekend to do it," Pansy yelled, audible after casting a *Sonorus* on herself.

"What?" Harry had screamed, pounding the flat of his palm against the smooth door. "You can't lock us in here all weekend!"

"We can, and we did," Hermione said, her voice smug. "The room has been very specifically designed, so don't waste your breath trying to get out. You'll have everything you need for a comfortable weekend if you just work together."

"What the hell are you talking about?" Draco had screamed, kicking the door with his dragon hide boot.

"Oh, I think you know," had been Pansy's answer, accompanied by a knowing laugh from Hermione.

After that, their pleas had been met with only silence. After yelling themselves hoarse for hours, trying everything they could think of to budge the impenetrable door, Harry and Draco had given up.

Harry relaxed deeper into the over-stuffed chair, closing his eyes.

"All weekend," he muttered, shaking his head slightly against the headrest.

"Tell me about it," Draco said, restlessly moving his legs.

Harry considered letting himself drift off to sleep – perhaps the best way to get through 48 hours with Draco was to be unconscious? – before deciding that would be the cowardly way out. He sat up, stretching.

"You hungry?" he asked, looking up at Draco, who was also lying back with his eyes closed.

"Yeah. I tried requesting food a bit ago, while you were healing your hands, but it was a no-go."

Harry focused his thoughts on food, and moments later, the long table in the corner of the room sagged under a veritable feast.

"I see *you're* definitely hungry, then," Draco said, smirking at the ridiculous spread.

Harry blushed, wondering why he cared what Draco thought at all. *That's funny*, his inner voice – sounding a lot like Hermione – mocked, *you keep wondering that.*

The Gryffindor pushed up from his chair, wandering over to the food-laden table. It was all food he particularly liked, including his absolute favorite dish of the moment, a saffron curry with almonds and pistachios. A dish most definitely *not* on the menu at Hogwarts.

"Kreacher," he growled.

"What?" Draco asked, startled by Harry's low growl. He paused, plate half-full of Shepherd's Pie and roasted vegetables, looking at Harry.

Harry sighed, filling his own plate with the curry.

"Kreacher," he repeated. "My house-elf. He's the only one who makes this curry, so I'm sure he's helping them somehow."

"Kreacher!" he yelled, hoping the room couldn't interfere with the bond between a wizard and his house-elf.

The wizened creature Apparated in, clothed, Harry was relieved to see, in a relatively clean tea towel, worn toga-style.

"Master Harry?" Kreacher asked, the picture of house-elf deference, bowing low before the two boys in front of him.

"I demand you get us out of here, Kreacher," Harry said, trying his best to infuse his voice with authority.

"Kreacher is sorry, Master, but he is not taking Master and his friend out of Hogwarts," the house-elf said, grabbing for a pot on the table to punish himself.

"No! Kreacher, I forbid you to punish yourself," Harry said quickly, cursing himself for forgetting once again how house-elves operated.

"Why can't you take us away from here, Kreacher?" Draco asked, his voice stern, exactly the measure of calmness and control Harry had aimed for.

"A house-elf is bound to protect and serve," Kreacher said, his long fingers trembling with the effort of holding back his punishment.

Harry struggled to retain his temper, rubbing his temples to stop the headache that threatened anytime he tried to reason with a house-elf.

"You may protect and serve me by getting us out of here, Kreacher," he said, his thinly veiled impatience clear in his voice.

"Yes, Kreacher is protecting Master," the house-elf said, nodding quickly.

"Protecting Harry how, Kreacher?" Draco asked, and Harry felt a tingle shoot up his spine at the sound of Draco using his given name.

"Kreacher is a good house-elf; he is looking out for Master Harry," the creature answered gravely, pulling on his ears when he saw Harry's thunderous expression.

"Damn it, Kreacher, why are we here?" Harry yelled, finally losing his temper.

The house-elf cowered, taking a step away from Harry, instantly shaming the Gryffindor.

"I'm sorry, Kreacher," he said, contrite. "But I don't understand how being here protects me. Hermione and Pansy locked us in here, and we would like to leave."

"Master Harry is not leaving!" Kreacher said, his eyes wide. "Master Harry is staying! Miss Hermione said –"

Harry's cheeks colored instantly, the blush spreading up from his neck and turning his face hot. He had a very good idea just exactly what Miss Hermione had said.

"Fine. That will be all, Kreacher," Harry said, watching as the relieved house-elf Disapparated.

"Why did you release him?" Draco asked, incredulous. To his mind, they had just started getting somewhere with the creature.

"If Hermione got him to agree to this, there is no way to convince him otherwise," Harry said, relieved he'd stopped Kreacher before the elf said something Harry would live to regret. "She probably threatened to free him or some such rot."

Harry sat at the table, grateful for the Warming charms that had kept their food hot. He dug into his curry, savoring the flavors that exploded on his tongue. He didn't notice Draco watching him, fascinated by the way Harry's eyes fluttered shut at the first bite, or the tiny moan he made when saffron and cardamom hit his palate. Draco's pulse jumped at the sight of Harry so thoroughly enjoying his food, and he quickly looked down at his own plate, afraid his reaction to the sensual sight would be evident.

"Why don't you just call one of yours?" Harry asked, forking up another bite.

"I'm sorry?" Draco replied, his mind still replaying Harry's first bite.

"One of your house-elves. Why don't you try calling one of yours?"

Draco shook his head, scooping up a bite of Shepherd's Pie.

"I can't," he explained, swallowing. "I'm not sure how Kreacher got through, but most house-elves can't make it in through the wards."

Harry nodded thoughtfully, dragging a piece of buttery naan through the creamy yellow sauce on his plate before popping it in his mouth. His tongue darted out to catch a stray drop near the corner of his lips, and Draco had to suppress a moan of his own.

"Kreacher worked here during the war. The wards are probably keyed to accept him," Harry reasoned, licking a bit of sauce off his finger before pushing his plate away.

"Are you finished?" he asked, nodding at Draco's mostly empty plate. When Draco indicated he was, Harry concentrated on clearing the food away, pleased when the dishes disappeared. "I suppose that means I'm in charge of food, then."

Draco smiled, standing to walk to the fireplace.

"What was it they said? That we'd have to learn to work together to be 'comfortable'?" Draco asked, shaking his head. "I suppose it's worked already. Hours gone, and no blood lost."

He looked at the pink skin on Harry's newly healed knuckles, laughing.

"Well, none we shed intentionally, at any rate."

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Chapter: 2

See disclaimer in Chapter 1. Lovely though they are, they aren't mine.

The glasses clinked as Draco sat them on the table in front of Harry, followed shortly by a bottle of Firewhisky. The firelight made the amber liquid glow, casting warm patterns on the tabletop when Draco filled the two shot glasses.

"I'm not sure this is a good idea," Harry said hesitantly, eyeing the bottle suspiciously.

Draco just smiled, pushing one of the glasses closer to Harry.

"There's nothing else to do," he said, shrugging. "We've asked for every game imaginable, even those Muggle ones I've never heard of. We both tried requesting books or magazines about any subject, but the room wouldn't give us anything but this."

Harry glared at the bottle, which had instructions for how to play the wizarding drinking game I Never printed on the label.

"I'm still not sure this is a good idea," he repeated, glancing up at Draco.

"It's this or sit here staring at the walls for another hour, Potter," Draco said, his tone irritated. "I, for one, prefer this."

Harry sighed in resignation, reaching out to twist the bottle around so he could read the label once more. He'd never played this particular drinking game, but it sounded similar to the wizard version of "Truth or Dare". Agreeing to play constituted a magical contract, which forced the players to tell the truth. Harry was sure the combination of the Truth spell and the alcohol would have disastrous results for him, especially in Draco's presence.

"Can't we play it without the alcohol?" he whined, figuring he had at least a small chance of keeping some of his secrets if he was sober.

Draco stuck his lower lip out in a pout, collapsing onto the nearest sofa with a huff. He crossed his arms, considering Harry's offer.

"You really won't play otherwise?"

Harry shook his head solemnly, his cautious eyes watching Draco's reaction. In truth, he'd probably cave and do whatever the Slytherin wanted, but Draco didn't need to know that. Seeing

the dark-haired boy's apparent resolve, Draco nodded tersely.

"Oh, fine," he said, muttering something that sounded suspiciously like "puritanical Gryffindor".

Harry flashed him a brilliant smile, and Draco's bad mood vanished. The Gryffindor in question settled himself on the chair nearest Draco's sofa, folding his long legs underneath him as he sat.

"This is more fun with alcohol," the Slytherin warned, sending a baleful glance toward the Firewhisky. Harry shook his head, and Draco sighed. "Alright, alright. We'll start easy. Usually you'd take a drink if the statement isn't true, but I suppose we'll play with a show of hands. I've never been in the Slytherin common room."

Both boys raised their arms, and Draco's pale eyebrows rose incredulously as he watched Harry's lightly tanned arm move.

"No, no questions," Harry said quickly, stopping the blond before he could speak. "My turn."

They both lowered their hands, though Draco still looked very intrigued.

"I've never played this game before."

Draco rolled his eyes, raising his hand. Harry's stayed in his lap this time.

"Lame," Draco said, narrowing his eyes as he thought of his own question. "I've never asked Hermione Granger to do my homework for me."

Grey eyes squinted incredulously as Harry's arm stubbornly remained motionless. The Gryffindor grinned, shrugging slightly.

"She always offers," he said cheekily. "I've never had to *ask*."

Harry stretched in his chair, considering his options. There were plenty of things he'd love to ask Draco, but he'd never have the courage to do so.

"I've never used the Astronomy Tower for anything other than school work," he said, nodding ruefully as Draco raised his arm, shaking his head at Harry, who still had both arms at his side.

"Poor Potter," Draco mocked, laughing. "This explains so much!"

Draco bit his lip, running through questions in his mind. The game wasn't quite as boring as he'd expected, given the lack of alcohol, but it was still rather tame.

"Let's make this a little more interesting. I've never snogged Cho Chang," he said, picking someone he knew Harry had a history with.

Harry colored, raising his hand, scowling as Draco raised his hand as well.

"I've never snogged Pansy Parkinson."

When Draco made no move to raise his hand, Harry cocked his head at the Slytherin.

"Really?"

"No questions, remember?" Draco said hastily, shaking his head. "I've never snogged a Weasley."

Harry's face, still not recovered from the Cho Chang question, flushed even more, and he reluctantly lifted his arm into the air. *Thank Merlin the spell doesn't make me say how many Weasleys,* he thought.

Draco noticed Harry's darkening blush, wondering why he'd be so embarrassed to admit he'd kissed Ginny Weasley. The whole school knew they'd dated before the war, although they hadn't reconciled the way everyone thought they would at the start of this year.

"I've never cheated in Potions," Harry said, trying to steer the conversation away from dangerous waters. His brow furrowed when he found his hand drawn into the air along with Draco's, his mind flashing to Snape's book. "Oh, damn."

Draco's eyebrows rose again, but he wouldn't be deterred from his Weasley curiosity.

"I've never been naked with a Weasley," Draco said, grinning when Harry's hand reluctantly rose. *Not so puritanical, perhaps,* Draco thought, wondering if Harry *had* managed to sleep with Ginny.

"I've never faked an injury to try to get a teacher fired," Harry said, getting annoyed with Draco prying into his love life. He smirked when Draco's arm lifted into the air, the blond glaring at him.

"I've never had sex with a woman," Draco said, surprised to find Harry's hand wasn't in the air. He lowered his, smirking.

"I've never had to bribe my way onto a Quidditch team," Harry said, his jaw clenched. Draco rolled his eyes, raising his hand and waving it around.

"Ooh, that hurt," he said, faking a grimace. "No sex, but nudity? Unless the nudity was in the Quidditch showers or something. Hmm. I've never been naked with Ginny Weasley."

Harry's hand remained at his side, his face nearly purple.

"I've never –"

"It's *my* turn," Harry shouted, cutting Draco off. The blond was entirely too interested, in Harry's opinion. "I've never had a parent in jail."

Draco's eyes narrowed as he involuntarily raised his hand, but he wouldn't be dissuaded. Not when he was finally getting an inkling of why Harry was so embarrassed.

"I've never been naked with Ron Weasley," Draco drawled, watching Harry closely. The other boy's hand rose, but his face remained impassive.

"I've never been a ferret," Harry said, sounding bored. Draco surprised him by laughing, wiggling the fingers on his raised hand.

"I've never fantasized about Ron Weasley," Draco said, his eyebrows raised in silent challenge. Harry folded his arms, looking away.

"I've never fantasized about any of the male Weasleys," Draco shot out before Harry could protest. Harry's arm trembled, and he shut his eyes as it rose into the air.

Sighing, Harry whipped his arm down, leaned forward and grabbed one of the shots on the table, downing it in a rush.

Draco watched, fascinated. He racked his brain, silently running through the family roll in his head, counting them off on his fingers. *Ginny, Ron, the twins – but wait, hadn't one of them died in the war? – that prat who worked for the Ministry under Fudge, the older one who Greyback attacked, but he's married* – Draco's brow furrowed as he dug for another, knowing he was missing one – *and the one who isn't here, who works with dragons. Charlie?*

Harry easily followed Draco's train of thought, cringing inside as he watched Draco tick off members of the Weasley clan on his fingers. He knew the moment the blond figured it out, an unholy light transforming his already-striking grey eyes.

"I've never fantasized about Charlie Weasley," Draco said, his grin growing as Harry groaned and reached for another shot. Apparently the Truth spell allowed the substitution, since his arm didn't rise after he downed the drink.

Draco scooted forward to the edge of the sofa, leaning forward to get a look at Harry's scarlet face. The Gryffindor wasn't even trying to ask his own questions now, obviously resolved to his fate.

"I've never been naked with Charlie Weasley," Draco said, his voice breathy with anticipation. Sure enough, Harry poured another shot and drank.

Could it be true, Draco wondered? *Harry Potter, gay*?

"I've never had sex with a man," Draco said, leaning forward to pour two shots. Harry closed his

eyes, gulping his, without noticing Draco drink as well.

Harry's eyes snapped open when he heard Draco replace his own glass on the table, his eyes traveling to the blond's face. Draco shrugged, a small smile on his lips.

"Did you think you had the corner on the discreetly gay market, Potter?" he asked, shaking his head.

"I think the game is over," Harry said, pouring them both another shot and sitting back, swallowing the contents of the glass.

"When it's just gotten fun?"

Harry laughed, the tightness in his chest easing a little. He was fine with Draco knowing he was gay, actually. Most of Gryffindor knew, and it was only a matter of time before the news spread. His brief summer fling with Charlie wasn't top-secret either, though few people knew about it. He was desperate to stop the game, though, so Draco wouldn't have the opportunity to question him further on who he fancied *now*.

"Time for bed, I think," Harry said, the room spinning around him slightly as he stretched and stood. *Definitely time for bed, then,* he thought, worried the alcohol would loosen his tongue.

"Shall we share?" Draco teased, waggling his eyebrows suggestively.

Harry squeezed his eyes shut, hoping he'd open them and this would all have been a dream. *No, still the same nightmare,* he mused, opening them and looking at the room's solitary bed, pushed back into a far corner.

"I'll take the sofa," he said, his words slightly slurred. "You can take the bed."

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Chapter: 3

See disclaimer in Chapter 1. They belong to JKR. Many thanks to Lady_Aubrey for her fantastic editing skills!

Harry groaned, shifting uncomfortably on the floor. He'd spent half the night tossing and turning on the small sofa, some part of his body always ending up hanging over the side. Sometime during the wee hours of the morning he'd given up entirely, tossing a few cushions onto the floor and curling up on top of them, buried under the thick blanket the room had provided.

"Regretting your decision not to share the bed, Potter?" Draco drawled, startling him.

Harry struggled to sit up, banging his head on the underside of the coffee table he had rolled under at some point. After a brief but vicious struggle with the blanket, he freed himself and crawled out, rubbing at the lump forming on his forehead.

"Fuck," he said, blinking sleepily at the sunlight streaming in through the room's enchanted windows.

"Mmm," Draco agreed absently, spinning the half-empty bottle of Firewhisky on the tabletop. "Not a morning person, I take it?"

"Screw you, Malfoy," Harry snapped, raking a hand through his disheveled hair.

"I believe that was implied in my offer to share the bed," Draco teased, enjoying seeing Harry so confused and cranky.

Harry made a growling noise, rubbing his palms briskly against his face to try to wake himself up. He muttered a few words of thanks when Draco helpfully pushed his glasses toward him from their resting place on the table, blinking owlishly as the room came into focus.

"Breakfast?" he asked, glancing at Draco blearily.

"Coffee," the blond answered, stifling a yawn. He stretched, the hem of his jumper skimming his taut belly, revealing a strip of firm, creamy flesh. "Lots of coffee."

Harry swallowed hard, the revelations of the night before coming back to him in a rush. Curiously, he wasn't feeling any negative effects from the Firewhisky – aside from mortification that he had admitted he was gay to Draco – who happened to like men as well.

"Coffee, right," he said, his voice strained.

Krum in a dress. Percy. Thestrals. He ran through a host of negative thoughts aimed at killing his morning erection, which had taken a definite interest in Draco's lithe stretch. *Ron naked. No, fuck!* He panicked as the naked Ron in his thoughts morphed into an equally – but more gloriously – naked Draco. *Millicent Bulstrode in a thong. Gilderoy Lockhart*. *Ginny's face when she found out I slept with Charlie.*

Draco watched Harry's face contort as though in pain, the dark-haired boy's eyes tightly closed, his breathing irregular.

"You aren't sick, are you?" he questioned, concern tinting his voice. "I put Hangover Potion in the Firewhisky last night, so you shouldn't be feeling ill."

The thought of Ginny had helped Harry master his reaction to Draco's briefly exposed skin. He

opened his eyes, shaking his head slightly as he focused on asking the room for breakfast and coffee. Draco made a sound of triumph as a large carafe of black coffee materialized on the table, reaching out eagerly to pour himself a steaming cup.

"Ahh," he sighed, savoring the first sip of the bitter liquid. "Coffee."

Harry looked away, reaching over to grab some bacon and toast. He hesitated, then poured himself a cup of coffee as well. Draco arched a brow, realizing for the first time that there was no pot of tea among the breakfast offerings.

"No tea?" he asked, taking another sip of coffee. He watched as Harry did the same, his green eyes closing briefly at the first taste. "Don't tell me you're a coffee convert, too."

Draco had taken a liking to coffee in the weeks he spent hiding out with Snape during the war, since Conjured tea was disgusting and they often didn't have the means to brew it properly. Coffee's bitter taste didn't suffer from magical preparation, unlike tea's more delicate flavors.

Harry shrugged, buttering his toast. "I didn't have much choice for a few months, and after it was all over I found I preferred it, at least in the mornings."

Draco nodded slightly, a bit disturbed he and Harry shared such an intimate preference. A brief image of the two of them sharing a pot of coffee, half-dressed and tousled after a night in bed together, flashed through his mind, unbidden. Draco shook his head slightly, trying to clear the image. *Just because he's gay doesn't mean he'd have any interest in me. It doesn't change anything,* he thought harshly, closing the door on his train of thought.

They ate in silence, absorbed in their own thoughts. Neither spoke until after Harry had cleared away the dishes.

"How did you get a change of clothes?" Harry asked suddenly, studying Draco's crisp trousers and soft charcoal jumper.

Draco colored slightly, taken off-guard that Harry had noticed what he was wearing.

"I just asked the room for a change of clothes," he said, shrugging.

He'd woken up that morning, grouchy and out of sorts until he'd seen Harry's lanky body sprawled on the floor. His first thought had been an absent wish for a change of clothes – clothes that would draw the Gryffindor's interest. He'd been startled when a stack of clothes had actually appeared. Draco narrowed his eyes, watching Harry's reaction to his outfit, wondering if the second part of his request had been fulfilled.

"Mmm," Harry said, closing his eyes and making a very similar request. A neat pile of clothing appeared on the table, and Draco's face heated slightly when he recognized a pair of denims he'd seen Harry in a few weeks before and a green button-down shirt. "Excellent."

Draco sighed as Harry made his way to the bathroom to shower and change. Was there any significance to Harry choosing those particular items? *Don't be ridiculous,* he told himself, staring out the window at the enchanted scene below. *Just because I happen to think Harry's arse looks particularly shaggable in those denims doesn't mean he phrased the request the same way I did,* he chastised himself. Still, he couldn't help but smile when Harry re-entered the room, the cuffs of his green shirt rolled up his strong forearms just exactly the way Draco liked.

"We should try the door again," Harry said, making no move to do so.

Draco shook his head. "I tried before you got up. Still wouldn't open."

Harry drummed his fingers against the table, silently wishing for something – anything – that would keep them occupied for the day. To his surprise, a pile of homework appeared in front of him. Harry laughed, his eyes dancing.

"That's just like Hermione," he said, chuckling as he pulled the books closer. "I should have known she'd never let us get behind in our studies. I'm guessing this means the door will open tomorrow morning so we don't miss class."

Draco smiled, concentrating on his own books and notes, which appeared in front of him a few seconds later.

"Didn't we try this last night?" he asked, rummaging through the pile for a quill.

Harry looked up, his brows drawn together as he considered Draco's question. They'd tried requesting everything they could think of last night, including homework.

"Maybe we didn't phrase it correctly," Harry guessed, opening the book on top of his pile. "I'm not looking a gift horse in the mouth, though."

They'd gotten through the day with no major fights and, truth be told, only a few minor ones. Homework had been drawn out as much as possible, but in the end they'd finished everything on their weekend assignment lists before evening fell.

The books disappeared when dinner arrived, and Harry was disappointed to find they didn't reappear when he cleared away the food and dishes after the meal. Another long night stretched in front of them, and he desperately wished for anything that would distract him from the disturbingly inappropriate thoughts he'd been having about Draco all day long.

"What now?" he asked as he sprawled on the sofa.

Draco shrugged, his eyes traveling to the clock over the door. It was still early; they had hours before they could reasonably go to bed.

"We could ask for another game," he suggested, smiling as a fresh bottle of Firewhisky appeared on the table. Today's label had instructions for Truth or Dare.

"No," Harry said, his body tensing. He scooted further down the sofa, as though he was afraid the bottle might jump out to grab him.

"We could talk," Draco suggested with a sly smile that Harry didn't trust at all.

"About?"

Another elegant rise of cashmere-covered shoulders. Grey eyes sparkled with mischief, and Harry's heart sank. He should have known it was too good to be true – the Slytherin hadn't mentioned last night's game all day. Harry hoped he'd either forgotten or simply didn't care to question Harry further on his sexual orientation. From the look on Draco's face, he knew he'd been wrong – the blond had simply been waiting for the opportunity to corner him.

"Tell me how you and Charlie Weasley got together. He's quite a bit older, yeah?"

Harry sighed, biting his lip. He hesitated, weighing the pros and cons of answering. He knew they'd eventually play the game, so if he refused to answer Draco's questions they'd just come up again later after he'd lost the ability to lie, if necessary. At least this way he could control what information he shared.

"He's eight years older," Harry admitted, ducking his head so Draco wouldn't see his blush. The Weasley family hadn't exactly been thrilled to learn of their involvement. "Not so bad, really."

Draco grinned, folding his legs underneath him and pulling a pillow into his lap so he could rest his elbows on it comfortably, supporting his head with his hands as he leaned forward.

"Details?"

Harry's blush spread, and he looked away, shifting uncomfortably.

"Not much to share, actually," he said, flipping over so he was lying on his stomach, his head cradled on his folded arms. "We were only together a few weeks."

"First time? Love of your life? Details, Potter, I want details!"

Harry buried his head, his cheeks hot against the skin of his arms. As much as he didn't want to share such personal information with the Slytherin, he also didn't want to ruin their easy camaraderie. Harry had actually enjoyed the time they'd spent together, and he was reluctant to see it end. *Will things go back to the way they were before when we walk out of here tomorrow morning?* He wondered if that would even be possible; he'd stopped thinking of Draco as an evil Slytherin arse only hours into their captivity – was there any hope of concealing his attraction to the blond? It had been hard enough when they hated each other.

"It wasn't my first time, no," he said slowly, his voice muffled by his arms. "And he definitely wasn't the love of my life."

Draco perked up, excited Harry was actually sharing information. He ignored the jealous burn in his stomach at the thought of Harry with another man, wondering how many other confessions he'd be able to ply out of the Gryffindor.

"Who was?"

Harry looked up, startled. His glasses had been knocked askew, and they hung crookedly off his nose in an endearing way that made Draco's stomach flip.

"The love of my life? I – well, it's not like – I haven't actually – I'm not –"

Draco arched a brow at Harry's blathering; he'd obviously hit on a nerve. *Who in the world would cause such a reaction?* He wondered if Harry might be harboring a crush on a professor or someone else completely inappropriate, pushing down the sharp tang of resentment and anger at the thought of Harry feeling strongly enough about anyone to become that flustered.

"No, your first," Draco clarified, letting the dark-haired boy off the hook.

Harry eyed the bottle of Firewhisky on the table, making a spur-of-the-moment decision to be reckless for once. So what if his true feelings came out? He'd likely never get an opportunity like this again, and he summoned his Gryffindor bravery to make the most of it.

"Let's play," he said, sitting up and grabbing the bottle of amber liquid and the two shot glasses in one hand, using his other to toss a few cushions from the sofa on the floor in front of the fireplace.

Draco followed his lead, settling comfortably onto a pile of blankets and pillows near the hearth. Harry filled both glasses, nudging Draco's closer to the blond so he wouldn't have to move to reach it.

"Drink before or after?" Harry asked, narrowing his eyes to read the instructions on the label.

"Before," Draco said, saluting Harry with his glass. "Your first?"

Harry took off his glasses, setting them aside. This would be easier if he couldn't actually see Draco and his reactions. He swallowed his drink, grimacing as the liquid burned a path down his throat. "Zach Smith. Truth or dare?"

"Truth," Draco answered, downing his drink in one neat swallow.

"When did you know you liked men?"

"Fourth year," Draco answered, not hesitating at all. "Truth or dare?"

Harry refilled his glass, tossing it back without hesitation. "Truth."

"Are you gay or bi?"

"Definitely gay," Harry said, smiling a little. Thoughts of his disastrous attempts at heterosexual relationships flitted through his mind. "Truth or dare?"

Draco poured himself another shot, re-filling Harry's glass as well. He thought for a second, choosing truth.

"How about you? Are you gay or bi?" Harry asked curiously, remembering Draco's admission that he'd slept with a woman from last night's game.

Draco drank, pausing to study his empty glass before answering.

"It's complicated," he said slowly, running his finger around the rim. "I don't think of myself as either. I think attraction has more to do with magical and physical compatibility than anything else. When I fancy someone, it doesn't matter if it's a guy or a girl, so long as the attraction is there on the magical and physical levels."

Harry had never heard of magical compatibility, and he made a mental note to look into it later. Were witches and wizards attracted to magic, like Muggles were attracted to certain physical features? Did that mean his failed relationships with girls had been more because they weren't compatible, not because he was only attracted to men?

Draco put down his glass, looking up at Harry. "Truth or dare?"

"Truth," Harry said, downing another shot.

"Why did you get together with Charlie Weasley? What attracted you?"

Harry grinned, drawing in a deep breath as he formulated his answer.

"Have you *seen* Charlie Weasley?" he asked, his smile widening. "He's gorgeous. He's incredibly fit – he's all muscle. And his hands –" Harry broke off, his eyes unfocused as he remembered the feel of the older man's hands on his body, " – they're perfect. Strong and callused, and he can do things with them I'd never even imagined. He's a bloody amazing lay."

Draco ran his thumbs over his palms, feeling the Quidditch-roughened skin there. His face colored slightly as he imagined his own callused hands running over Harry's tight body.

"So it was just physical between you two?" he asked, shifting so his own physical reaction to

Harry's enthusiasm would go unnoticed by the Gryffindor.

"Yeah," Harry said, blinking as his mind returned to the present. "He's great in bed, but we never even considered any sort of relationship. Just a bit of stress relief every now and then."

Draco nodded absently, refilling the glasses once more. His pulse quickened when he chose truth again, wondering when they'd be drunk enough for either of them to try a dare. He swallowed his shot, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.

"Are you a top or a bottom?" Harry asked, surprising himself with his boldness. The alcohol was doing its job, loosening his inhibitions with every shot.

Draco chuckled, looking into the fire. He could feel the magic of the game working on him, urging him to answer truthfully.

"Both," he said with a seemingly careless shrug, grateful the spell let him get away with that oversimplified answer. The truth was a little murkier – he'd never bottomed for anyone before, and the only person he'd ever considered doing it for was sitting right there in the room with him.

Predictably, Harry chose truth, tossing back his shot like it was water.

"Who here at Hogwarts have you had sex with?" Draco asked, smirking when Harry grimaced.

"Ah, fuck," Harry swore, his blush returning in full force. "Full-on sex or just fooled around with?"

Draco grinned, considering the question. "Both."

"Let's see," Harry said, concentrating. His mind was starting to get a bit muddled from the whisky, but the Truth spell helped sort everything out. "I've messed around a bit with Cho, Ginny and Terry Boot," he said, his brow furrowed as he thought. "I've had sex with Zach, like I said, and Oliver Wood, though not when he was a student here. Oh, and Blaise."

"Zabini?" Draco choked out, stunned.

"Yup. Truth or dare?"

"Merlin, you're kind of a whore, aren't you?" Draco asked, laughing as he swigged his next shot directly from the bottle. His preconceived notions about Harry Potter were taking a definite beating tonight. "Truth."

Harry rolled his eyes, shifting his position so his legs didn't fall asleep.

"Hardly. How many people have *you* had sex with?" Harry asked, leveling a cool look at the blond.

Draco struggled to sit up, leaning against the stone hearth to help gain his balance.

"Hmm," he said, squinting as he did a mental tally. "Just fooling around, I'd say –" he paused, clearly running through a list of names in his head, " – five or six? Tracey Davis, Pansy, Justin Finch-Fletchley, Marcus Belby, Demelza Robbins, Terry Boot, Eddie Carmichael – I guess that's seven."

Harry raised an eyebrow, impressed.

"Sex. Hmm. Let's see. Cho, Mandy Brocklehurst, Luna Lovegood, Smith and Blaise," he said, stumbling over the last two. The thought that he and Harry had both slept with some of the same guys made him slightly aroused, though he didn't know why. Surely his primary emotion there should be jealousy?

"And *I'm* the whore," Harry said, shaking his head again. He held his hand out for the bottle, wiping the rim of it with his sleeve before drinking deeply. "Truth."

"Who gives better head, Blaise or Smith?"

Harry giggled, slapping a hand to his mouth in horror once he realized the sound came from him.

"Erm, Blaise," Harry said quickly, looking a bit shocked at his own answer. If he hadn't been under a Truth spell he'd probably have said Zach, so his answer surprised him.

"Yeah," Draco agreed, his voice hoarse from the combined effects of the alcohol and his growing arousal. He took another heavy swig from the bottle. "Truth."

Harry reached out and grabbed the bottle, taking another drink himself. He couldn't believe how bold he was getting, and he needed the extra drink to help push him over the edge.

"What makes Blaise's technique better than Zach's?"

Draco's breathing quickened, his pupils dilating as his persistent erection suddenly hardened to the point of pain. *Now or never,* he thought to himself, scooting a little closer to Harry.

"I think that's more suited to a dare, don't you think, Potter?" he drawled, his usually cultured voice slightly slurred.

Harry's eyes widened, and he scrambled backward slightly, his mind reeling even as his body responded with wholehearted approval.

"It wasn't – I wasn't – I didn't –"

"My turn, my choice, right?" Draco whispered, crawling toward the Gryffindor. "I'm choosing

dare. Get your trousers off, Potter. I'm going to *show* you what makes their techniques so different."

"You – you can't change in the middle of a turn," Harry said desperately, literally backed into the corner by Draco's advance.

Draco paused, sitting back on his heels briefly. He waited to see if the spell would prevent him from making the turn into a dare, but none of the game's usual punishments had taken effect. *Definitely alright, then,* he thought, a feral grin creeping across his face.

"It looks like I can," he said, licking his lips. "Trousers. Off. Now."

Harry whimpered, so aroused he could barely stand it. His cock twitched violently at Draco's order, and Harry nearly moaned at the sensation. His hands flew to his denims, fumbling with the zipper. His mind screamed in protest, listing all the ways this encounter could end badly. Harry couldn't think of a single way this would work out in the end, but he was past the point of caring. His emotions were going haywire after being locked in a room with the object of his near obsession for two long days, and he was finally getting the chance to have the mouth he'd fantasized about for more than two years wrapped around his aching cock.

Draco grabbed the thick material, wrenching it off Harry's legs as the Gryffindor lifted his hips to ease the process, his boxers falling away with the denims. Draco paused, his mouth watering at the sight of Harry half-naked before him, his gorgeous cock standing at attention, a drop of glistening precome leaking from its head.

He lowered his head, his breath ghosting against the hot skin of Harry's erection.

"You see, Smith is always in a hurry, rushing to take as much in his mouth as he can," Draco whispered, his lips almost touching Harry's twitching cock. "But Blaise, he knows the value of letting all that anticipation build up. He's slower to start," Draco said, his stormy grey eyes watching Harry carefully as he darted his tongue out to lick a thin stripe up Harry's rock hard member.

Harry gasped, leaning heavily on the wall behind him. Green eyes darkened as Draco slid further down Harry's body, smiling.

"Blaise likes to draw the experience out, making sure each sensation can be appreciated," he continued, drawing one of Harry's balls into the wet heat of his mouth, humming lightly when Harry cried out. Harry whimpered in complaint when Draco's mouth left him, arching his hips up, seeking more contact.

Draco pulled back, his grey eyes nearly black with arousal. "It's incredibly frustrating, isn't it, the way he stops and starts so much?" Draco asked, his lips curving into a smile when he saw Harry's head nod slightly, his breathing shallow.

Draco trailed a pale finger over the path of dark hair that led down Harry's stomach, his smile growing when the light touch made Harry suck in a breath. He let his fingers sink into the tangle of coarse hair surrounding Harry's cock, feeling the warm skin underneath tremble at his touch.

"The best thing about Blaise's technique, though," Draco said, lowering his lips to the head of Harry's cock, "is how he always knows *just* the moment you can't take the teasing anymore."

With that, his lips parted, engulfing Harry's cock. His soft tongue swirled around the firm head, his lips sliding down the shaft. Harry gasped, his hands automatically lifting to card through Draco's soft hair, holding him in place. The movement made Draco chuckle, the vibrations against Harry's cock causing the dark-haired boy to cry out again.

"Stop!" Harry cried suddenly, tugging gently on Draco's hair to lift his head. Draco sat up, his eyes narrowed in confusion. No one had *ever* refused one of his blow jobs – he was nearly as good as Blaise.

"Take yours off, too," Harry panted, trembling fingers moving to help unbutton Draco's trousers.

Draco nearly breathed a sigh of relief when he realized why Harry had stopped him; he shucked his trousers and pants quickly, wincing slightly at the cold bite of the stone floor against his naked flesh. Harry curved around him, his erection still in front of Draco's lips as he bent to take Draco's aching cock in his own mouth.

"Oh, Merlin," Draco gasped, his pulse soaring when Harry's mouth closed around him. He rested his head on Harry's hipbone, getting himself back under control before drawing Harry's erection back into his mouth, sucking and licking as frantically as Harry was.

"Draco – I'm getting – oh, God!" Harry cried, trying to pull away before he came in Draco's mouth.

The blond locked his hands on Harry's hips, preventing him from moving away as jets of hot come pulsed down his throat. Harry's mouth returned to Draco's cock, the moans and gasps from his release heightening Draco's pleasure. Moments later, Draco was crying out Harry's name, his own release pumping out of him.

Their bodies remained intertwined for long minutes afterward, their breathing slowly returning to normal as their bodies recovered. Draco was the first to move, shifting around so they lay shoulder to shoulder.

Harry looked over at him, his voice barely a whisper as he continued the game. "Truth."

Draco smiled, surprised Harry was speaking to him at all, let alone willing to keep playing. He sat up, pouring them both shots of Firewhisky. Harry downed his without breaking eye contact.

"Was that – well, that is – was that just a result of the game and the whisky, or would you be

willing to do that again?"

Harry's eyes shut in relief; it sounded like Draco wasn't just looking for another one-off to add to his impressive list.

"To be honest, I don't know if I *could* do it again tonight," he said ruefully, nodding toward the nearly empty bottle of alcohol. "But I'd like to try again sometime – if you would, too."

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Chapter: 4

See disclaimer in Chapter 1. Sadly, not mine. Lady_Aubrey rocks for all her patience and hard work!

Draco Malfoy was dreaming. Not just any dream – a wonderful dream he never wanted to end. He was curled around Harry Potter, both of them blissfully naked. The bed was harder than he usually preferred, but the discomfort was easy to ignore given who he had his arms around. Unlike most of his dreams about Harry, they were sleeping, not fucking, but Draco was enjoying it nonetheless.

Draco groaned as consciousness threatened – he could hear Pansy's shrill voice cutting through the warm cocoon of his dreamscape. *How many times have I warned her not to wake me up?* He felt Pansy's cold hand against his bare chest, shivering slightly at the shock of it. *That's what we get for living in the dungeons,* he thought crankily, sleepily batting the offending appendage away.

He started when he felt the tip of her shoe nudge his bare hip. *What the fuck does she think she's doing? Is she* standing *on my bed?* Draco grumped at her, muttering a string of nonsensical threats as he turned onto his side, trying to get away from her. He paused as he encountered warm, naked flesh – the same warm, naked flesh he'd been holding in his dream.

Draco's eyes shot open, suddenly wide awake. He blinked, pain shooting through his skull as he swiveled his head to find out who was in bed with him. Or rather, who was curled up on the floor with him, he amended, noticing for the first time that the hard bed in his dream was actually cold stone covered by a scratchy wool rug. His bleary eyes focused slowly, the throbbing in his head making it difficult to concentrate. He saw a tanned arm slung across his torso, which was attached to a muscled and equally tanned shoulder. His gaze followed the arm up, and he nearly choked when he realized it hadn't been a dream at all – he and Harry Potter were naked, wrapped around each other like Kneazle and a ball of yarn.

"Finally!" Pansy said, huffing out a sigh as she stepped back. Her words hadn't been loud, but

Draco flinched as though she'd yelled.

"What the fuck?" he growled, his voice rough with sleep.

"That's what we'd like to know," a new voice piped in, and Draco went through the laborious process of turning his head once more to find its source. *Great,* he thought, wincing. *Granger.*

He was saved from answering by Harry's return to consciousness. The Gryffindor got his bearings much faster than Draco had, pulling himself out of the blond's embrace seconds after opening his eyes. Harry sat up quickly, fumbling to pull the blanket – their *only* blanket – around his naked body, leaving Draco completely exposed.

"Damn it, Potter!" Draco barked, tugging the thin blanket back toward him. The tussle continued for several seconds, ending when Hermione whipped out her wand and cast a Severing Charm, giving each boy his own half.

Harry hiked the ragged fabric up to his armpits, securing it around himself toga-style before getting shakily to his feet. He felt like a herd of Hippogriffs had been let loose in his head.

"Mione?" he asked, squinting at the dark-haired girl in front of him.

"Over here, Harry," Hermione said, grinning. Harry took the glasses someone placed in his hand, surprised to see he'd been looking at Pansy Parkinson.

"Have a good weekend?" Pansy asked innocently, her wolfish smile giving her away.

Draco groaned, covering his face with his hands. He pressed hard against his closed eyes, hoping to dull the ache in his head enough to somehow salvage the situation.

"Did someone forget their Hangover Potion?" Pansy continued, tutting loudly. "You're usually so good about that, Drake." She turned to Hermione, shaking her head. "He brews his own, you know. It's completely tasteless. He usually slips it into the drinks before imbibing, but I guess he must have been … distracted … last night."

Harry cringed under Pansy's appraising stare, his cheeks coloring as her gaze drifted over his body. The body she'd seen completely naked, wrapped around Draco Malfoy just minutes before. His blush deepened.

"Looks that way," Hermione agreed, narrowing her eyes at the scene before her. The empty Firewhisky bottle lay on its side in front of the fireplace, and their clothes were scattered about haphazardly, exactly where they'd thrown them the night before. She held her hand out expectantly, nodding when two vials appeared out of thin air. "Take these."

Harry obediently grabbed one of the vials, uncorking it and tossing it back without a second thought. Draco was more careful. He stood slowly, not caring that his blanket slipped, pooling at

his feet. He knew he had a brilliant body, and they'd already gotten a good look earlier. He took the second vial, uncorking it and sniffing at its contents warily. He gagged slightly at the overpowering scent of billywig stings, grimacing as he held the potion away from himself.

"Just drink it, Draco," Pansy snapped, narrowing her eyes as she glared across the room at him.

He sighed, holding his breath as he downed the potion in one swallow. The aftertaste of fluxweed made him gag again, his hand clapping over his mouth automatically to stop himself from vomiting up the potion.

"Ugh," he said, swallowing several times in an attempt to wash the taste of the potion off his tongue.

"So, last night?" Hermione asked, tossing Harry his denims.

Harry blushed again, quickly donning the trousers under the cover of his blanket. His cheeks burned even hotter when he caught sight of a pair of boxers near the sofa; he hooked them around his toes, grabbing them quickly and stuffing them in his pocket. Draco seemed unaffected by his own nudity, slowly donning his wrinkled trousers when Pansy handed them to him.

"A drinking game that got out of hand," Harry said swiftly, ducking his head so he didn't have to meet anyone's gaze.

"Is that all?" Pansy asked, clearly disappointed. She looked from Harry to Draco, waiting for one of them to expound on the statement.

Draco opened his mouth to say it had been a bit more than that when he caught sight of Harry's mortified face. *Was it* not *more than that?* Draco wondered, snapping his mouth shut.

"That's all," Harry said, and Draco bit his tongue to keep his angry retort back.

"A wasted weekend, then," Hermione said, carefully studying Harry's beet-red face.

"We weren't here by choice," Harry reminded her, glaring at his friend as he collected his shirt from the back of the chair, slipping into it angrily.

"Since you're here, I assume the door is no longer locked?" Draco asked, his voice cold. Harry stiffened slightly at the haughty tone – one he hadn't heard all weekend.

"We have Potions in twenty minutes," Pansy said, watching the way Harry and Draco gave each other a wide berth as they moved toward the door.

"I'll see you there, then," Draco said, his hand on the doorknob. He turned to Hermione and Harry, bowing stiffly before he left. "Granger. Potter."

"Malfoy," Harry acknowledged, inclining his head slightly. He frowned as Pansy swept past him, a glacial look on her face. "Parkinson."

"Nothing at all?" Hermione asked, her brows drawn together as she frowned at Harry.

Harry sighed, dropping his quill in his inkpot. It was clear Hermione wouldn't stop nagging him until he told her what happened during his two-day captivity in the Room of Requirement. She'd been pestering him all day, and he knew it would continue tomorrow if he didn't talk to her. He set his Transfiguration essay aside, leaning closer to her so they wouldn't be overheard. The Gryffindor common room was mostly deserted, but he didn't want this getting out.

"A little something," he said, frowning as he thought of his drunken encounter with Draco. "But it hardly counts. I was so drunk I'd probably have made a move on anyone – even *Ginny*."

"I doubt that, Harry."

"Oh, fine, probably not," he admitted. He struggled to get the traitorous blush under control – he'd spent most of the day scarlet, his cheeks coloring every time he thought of Draco. "It was a moment of weakness on my part."

"Just a moment?" the witch asked, her brown eyes studying his face intently.

"That's all it can be," he said, his voice sad. "He's messed around with half of the school, and the other half is in line."

Harry shook his head, absently plucking at a loose button on his robes, his mind on his surprisingly pleasant weekend with the Slytherin.

"The same could be said of you, Harry," Hermione said, continuing quickly when green eyes narrowed dangerously. "That everyone in school wants you, I mean. The only person who's more sought after is Malfoy. The two of you together …"

"Is impossible," Harry said harshly, frowning at his friend. "I know why you did it, Mione, but that doesn't mean I agree with you. You're lucky I'm speaking to you at all, after what you pulled. We survived the weekend, but that's it."

"Why, Harry? What's stopping you from giving him a chance?"

Harry laughed derisively, shaking his head.

"It was just a dare, Mione," he said, pursing his lips. "He's never shown the slightest interest in me. Just leave it alone."

Hermione shut her mouth, sitting back in her chair. She knew Draco had feelings for Harry, but it was clear that Harry hadn't figured that out. She and Pansy had done everything they could to get

the two of them together, but ultimately, it was up to the boys to work it out.

"If you say so," she said, sounding unconvinced.

" – saw the look on his face, Pans. He couldn't get out of there fast enough," Draco said, taking another pull from the bottle of Ogden's in his hand.

"He was just embarrassed. You know how those Gryffindors are – all that senseless modesty and propriety."

"It was more than that," Draco said, slurring his words slightly. He'd been drinking since dinner, trying to erase Harry's mortified expression from his mind. "He's no blushing virgin. It was *me*."

Pansy grabbed the bottle, squinting as she peered at it, trying to figure out exactly how much Draco had already imbibed. He had an incredible tolerance – she knew if he'd made a move on Harry last night, he'd been fully aware of what he was doing.

"So you're just going to pretend it never happened?" she asked, tossing the half-full bottle in the bin with a censorious look at the blond, who was sitting on the floor, lounging back against his bed.

Draco rolled his eyes, leaning back to reach into his trunk. He disappeared from view for a moment, rummaging around before emerging with a full bottle of vodka.

"That's the plan."

Pansy and Hermione stood side-by-side in silence, carefully pruning pots of Chinese Chomping Cabbages in Greenhouse Three. Professor Sprout passed them without a word, leaning in to watch as they gingerly lifted the cabbages' outer leaves to trim them. She gave them both a curt nod, walking away to observe the next table, her hands folded behind her back.

"So that's it, then?" Pansy hissed as soon as the professor was out of range. "Potter's just going to sit back and do nothing?"

Hermione squinted at her plant, carefully separating the leaves with her finger so she could work the pruning shears underneath. Like most plants harvested for potions, Chinese Chomping Cabbages had adverse reactions to magical pruning, which meant they had to do it by hand.

"Well, yes," Hermione said, tilting her head to see if she'd gotten the last cut right. "They both seem certain it would be a disaster. Maybe they're right. Besides, Malfoy hardly seems too put out."

It had been two weeks since Harry and Draco's weekend in the Room of Requirement, and the blond Slytherin had been busy. He'd reportedly been making judicious use of the Astronomy Tower with anyone – male or female – who was willing to give it a go.

"Oh, that," Pansy said dismissively, waving her shears. "Isn't it obvious what he's doing? He's trying to prove he doesn't need Potter."

"He's doing a good job of it," Hermione said, casting a surreptitious glance at Harry's table. He and Ron were poking at their cabbage, jumping back and laughing every time the plant snapped at them. "Harry's convinced."

Pansy shrugged, letting out a squeak of alarm when her cabbage tried to bite her finger.

"He's a Slytherin, Granger," she said, giving her plant a careful berth. "What *should* he be doing? Crying in front of the fire with a bottle of Butterbeer like a Gryffindork? Life goes on. Besides, he's just trying to get Potter's attention."

Hermione set her shears down on the table, giving Pansy a pointed look.

"He definitely has it. You should have seen the look on Harry's face last night when Lavender Brown flounced in wrapped in the shirt Malfoy had been wearing at dinner!"

Pansy grinned, poking her plant delicately to see if it had calmed down yet.

"Well, there you go. A sign of devotion. Draco's very particular about his clothing. He'd never have given away his shirt unless he wanted Harry to notice."

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Chapter: 5

See disclaimer in Chapter 1. I don't own 'em. Thanks go to Lady_Aubrey for the beta!

Harry shifted restlessly in his sleep, his hand still clenched around the green silk boxers he'd taken to holding at night. He'd grabbed them by accident in his rush to dress the morning Hermione and Pansy discovered them naked in the Room of Requirement, and though he'd deny it if anyone accused him of it, he liked to keep them close.

He'd forgotten jamming the incriminating evidence into his pocket, not even realizing they hadn't been his until the house-elves had brought his clean and folded laundry the next day. He'd discovered the freshly laundered green silk boxers on top of the pile, his face blushing crimson at the thought of accidentally grabbing Draco's pants.

Harry left the dark green silk in the pile of folded clothing at first, refusing to touch it. After tossing and turning for hours, though, he'd crept out of bed, snatching the boxers with the bright

silver Slytherin crest from the cupboard and stuffing them under his pillow. He'd slept soundly after that, oddly comforted by having something of Draco's nearby.

Now, though they'd spent a month studiously avoiding each other, Harry had become disgustingly dependent on the scrap of fabric. As he watched Draco slide further and further away from him – clearly so disgusted by their drunken assignation that he had to fuck half the school to erase the memory – he felt an odd comfort knowing the encounter *had* been real, and that he had tangible evidence of it. Not a day passed without some new rumor reaching Harry about Draco's exploits.

Harry blinked sleepily, pulled from another nightmare by the sound of Ron snoring. He turned over in his bed, dragging the boxers with him. His thoughts drifted to the blond Slytherin, his mind mulling over the latest Hogwarts gossip: Draco had moved on from the student body and was now actively pursuing the attractive new Defense Against the Dark Arts professor, a man who was roughly twice his age.

It doesn't fit with what I know of Draco, Harry's mind protested, his fingers absently caressing the silky material. *None of the rumors do. I wish* – Harry's thoughts broke off. He wasn't sure *what* he wished. Did he wish things had gone differently, that he and Draco had never fooled around. *No,* his thoughts screamed, bringing memories of his naked body wrapped around Draco's lithe frame to the forefront of his mind. Did he wish things had gone differently the morning after? *Merlin yes!* his mind screamed, and Harry let his head fall heavily onto the pillow, running through the awkward scenario a hundred different ways, trying to figure out where it had all gone wrong.

"You've got to stop doing this, Dray," Pansy complained from her perch atop the counter in the boys' bathroom.

Draco rolled his eyes, smoothing more warm lather on his face so he could shave. It was one of his guilty pleasures – shaving the Muggle way. His father would kill him if he found out that his son preferred to groom without magic, but Draco liked the way it relaxed him. The *Pilo* charm always felt like it ripped the outermost layer of his skin off.

"I'm not hurting anyone."

Pansy snorted, drawing her legs up. Draco's pajamas were rolled up several times around her ankles so they would be short enough for her to wear. He glanced at the cashmere sleep trousers, shaking his head slightly. *I ought to buy her a pair of her own for Yule*, he thought absently, returning his attention to the razor in his hand.

"Yet," she said, her tone dripping with disdain. "You haven't hurt anyone *yet*."

Draco pursed his lips, scraping the razor carefully over his chin. With the delicate move finished, he rinsed the suds off the implement, turning fully to face Pansy.

"I am very careful," he said, his voice even.

"Draco, the whole school is convinced that half of Slytherin and most of Ravenclaw has had sex with you!" she cried, pounding her fist against her thigh. "Even a few Hufflepoofs and Gryffindorks, for Merlin's sake!"

"And?"

"And it's not right! Potter hasn't said a word about it. Why keep going through the motions? What if it's driving him further away?"

Draco gave her a shuttered look, running the tap so he could rinse the remaining shaving cream off his face. She handed him a towel wordlessly, her lips set in a grim line.

"Pansy," he said quietly, his eyes bleak. "I can't drive him away if he was never mine in the first place. Thank you for your concern. I'll consider – slowing down," he muttered, sighing.

"You should be telling this to Potter, not to me," she said, her voice softening. "Draco, I really do think he likes you. I don't know what happened between you two that weekend, but I can't help but feel like there's something rather huge you're not telling me. Dray, you're in lo-"

"I think you're mistaking me for a Gryffindor," he joked, forcing a laugh and wrapping an arm around her shoulders when she hopped down off the counter. "A Slytherin would never lay himself on the line like that."

Pansy was silent for a moment, reluctantly agreeing. It *wouldn't* be a very Slytherin thing to do. A slow smile spread across her face as an idea hit.

"Draco, do you have plans tonight?"

He was startled by her sudden mood shift, but he shrugged, nodding.

"I was going to take Hannah Abbott to the abandoned Charms classroom," he said.

"And what was the lovely Miss Abbott going to so vividly recall the two of you doing?" Pansy asked, her tone mocking.

Draco hesitated before answering. "Er, I hadn't decided yet," he admitted. "Giving me a blow job? That's an easy one."

Pansy snuggled tighter under his arm, looking up at him.

"Make it Lavender Brown in the Astronomy Tower," she said, grinning.

Draco looked puzzled for a moment, but shrugged and agreed. It didn't matter to him, after all.

" – up there with her *right now*," an excited fifth-year gushed, squealing in delight at the juicy gossip.

"Can you *imagine*?" the other answered, her face dreamy. "I'd give anything to be Lavender, all alone with Draco Malfoy at the top of the Astronomy Tower. So romantic!"

Harry sat up from his spot on the sofa in front of the fire, his Potions text falling to the floor with a soft thump. He looked around, jumping up when he was certain no one else had overheard the gossiping girls. *Enough is enough*, he decided, striding angrily through the portrait.

Hermione watched him go, her smile grim. As soon as the portrait slammed shut behind him, she crossed the room, slipping a Galleon into each girl's hand.

"I still can't believe you're *paying* us to gossip, Hermione," one of them giggled, blushing. "I mean, we didn't say anything that wasn't *true*."

Hermione rolled her eyes, sighing as she turned to head back to her homework. She just hoped Harry was bright enough to take things from here on his own. There was only so much she could do.

Harry very nearly lost his nerve several times on the way to the tower. His resolve steeled every time he envisioned the last time Lavender had come back from a date with Draco – wearing his shirt. Harry's hand slid into his robes, fisting around the silk he now carried with him everywhere. He'd Transfigured it, of course, so it would just look like a handkerchief to anyone who happened to see it. The thought that anyone else could carry a bit of Draco with them like that – the thought was too much for Harry to bear.

I'll pull that bitch off him if I have to, Harry thought angrily, storming up another of the seemingly endless flights of stairs to the top of the tower. *If he can stand being with* her*, or half of the others he's slept with over the last month, then he can certainly stand being with* me *a time or two.*

Harry stopped, his harsh breathing loud in the confined stone staircase. *Is that what I want?* he wondered, sitting heavily on the step. *To be another name on Draco's list? Just someone he has casual sex with every so often?* Harry's mind said no, but his body rebelled, his cock leaping to attention at the mere thought of having any kind of sex with Draco, casual or not.

It won't mean anything to him, Harry's mind warned him, and he felt his chest tighten at the thought of being Draco's fuck toy when he wanted so much more. Would it be worth it?

Harry stood, stuffing the green silk back into the pocket of his robes. He started back down the staircase, but hesitated after he'd only gone a few stairs. *Fuck it,* he thought roughly, turning on his heel and dashing up the remaining two flights of stairs to the top.

His hand trembled as it closed over the doorknob, knowing what he saw on the other side might change his mind. What if Draco was tenderly stroking Lavender's face like he had Harry's that night? What if his gorgeous blond hair was tossed back in laughter, his normally closed-off emotions set free, like Harry had witnessed during those two nights in the Room of Requirement?

Gathering every bit of his Gryffindor courage – and feeling more nervous than he had when he faced down the Dark Lord – Harry turned the handle, the creak of the old wooden door echoing loudly against the stone walls. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath before he stepped inside, braced for the worst.

The first thing Harry noticed was the silence – it was too quiet for Draco and Lavender to be in the throes of sex – Harry had firsthand knowledge of how Draco gasped and moaned when he was being pleasured.

He set his jaw tightly before opening his eyes and surveying the scene in front of him. What he saw shocked him more than any of the scenarios he'd so vividly – and angrily –imagined.

Lavender Brown was sitting placidly, staring at the wall. Draco, on the other hand, had heard the door squeak on its hinges as it opened. He jumped up at the noise, pushing his – homework? – behind him to hide it from the intruder.

"Draco?" Harry asked, completely confused.

Draco grimaced, tossing his quill on the pile of books he'd stacked on a make-shift table near the windows. His gaze flicked to Lavender, who took no notice of Harry's arrival, a small, dreamy smile on her vacant face.

"What the fuck is going on?" Harry demanded, striding across the room to wave a hand in front of Lavender's staring eyes.

"She can't hear or see you," Draco said quietly, carefully rolling the parchment he'd been reading and placing it neatly next to his stack of books.

"What have you done to her?" Harry spat, his green eyes flashing. He'd expected to come upon them having sex, not – not whatever *this* was.

"A simple Memory Charm," Draco said, his voice dull.

"A Memory Charm," Harry repeated, his voice full of condescension. *It 's not enough for him to have their bodies – he has to mess with their minds as well?* Harry's mind screamed in outrage, his hands fisting at his sides.

Draco stuck his own hands sheepishly in his trouser pockets, and Harry noticed how gorgeously rumpled the Slytherin looked for the first time, now that his attention was drawn away from

Lavender.

Draco's well-cut trousers hugged his slender hips, a fact accentuated by the hands now fisted inside the pockets. He had rolled the cuffs of his standard, school-issued button down up to expose his forearms, and Harry stared, fascinated, at the tiny white-blond hairs that barely stood out against his pale skin. The top few buttons of his shirt had also been undone, and his green and silver tie hung haphazardly, its knot loosened for comfort.

"What the fuck, Draco?" Harry repeated, swallowing back his desire and letting his anger push forward again.

His eyes rose back up Draco's body, his hard glare settling on Draco's face. But instead of looking defensive or angry, as Harry had expected, the blond's features were crumpled in an expression of complete misery.

"Draco, *what* is going on?" he asked softly, feeling his fury ebb at the sight of the usually expressionless Draco in so much obvious pain.

The blond sighed, motioning toward Lavender, who hadn't moved at all during their exchange.

"I brought her here to be my alibi," he murmured, shrugging. "It doesn't hurt her. She came of her own free will."

Harry cocked his head, an idea beginning to bloom. He looked over Draco's shoulder at the homework the blond had been working on, wondering why he needed an alibi to finish his assignments.

"What will she remember?" he asked cautiously, his green eyes narrowing.

"Giving me a blow job," Draco said simply, looking away.

"Draco, that's –"

"It's what she would have done, Potter. It's what she *willingly* came here to do. I'm the one who's not willing. Can't you see that? *I'm* the one who would rather work on his Potions essay than have sex with a beautiful girl. *That's* the problem here."

Harry was speechless, his gaze wordlessly traveling between Lavender and Draco. Though his mind balked at the Slytherin's underhanded methods – using Memory Charms like that was just this side of legal – his heart thawed for the first time since he left the Room of Requirement.

"The others?"

Draco began to pace, finding it easier to talk if he wasn't facing Harry. This was what Pansy had warned him about – that at some point, one of his charms would fail, or someone would walk in

and discover what he was really up to. Harry could smash the Slytherin Prince's carefully constructed reputation like a house of cards with one well-placed comment. The gossip would spread like wildfire, and Draco would be left humiliated and alone.

Ah well, he thought grimly. *Nothing for it.*

"The same. The first night – I think it was with Smith? – I did try. I just … couldn't. I didn't want him to tell everyone I hadn't been able to, well, rise to the occasion, so I used a simple Memory Charm on him. He left thinking we'd had fantastic sex."

Draco swallowed, the words pouring out of his mouth now that he had started his confession. Suddenly, it seemed vitally important to him that Harry know the absolute truth.

"But then at breakfast the next day, I saw how unaffected you were, sitting there, chatting with your friends like our weekend had never happened," Draco said, turning to look at Harry. His normally vibrant grey eyes were bleak, his gorgeous lips turned down into a moue of disappointment. "I was – shattered."

Shattered? Harry's thoughts turned the word over and over in his mind. *Draco was shattered that I didn't seem upset? Wait,* Draco *was upset?*

"That you could be so unmoved by what was, frankly, one of the best experiences of my life –" Draco broke off, shaking his head, " – well, hurt me. It hurt me in a way I didn't know I *could* be hurt."

Draco looked up at Harry, his face completely open and earnest. Harry almost forgot to breathe when he saw Draco's emotions painted all over his face – love, desperation, pain.

"So I wanted to hurt you, just a little. More importantly, I wanted to show you that it didn't mean anything to me, either," Draco continued, trailing his fingers absently across the desk as he paced. "And here we are."

Harry's throat had gone too dry to speak. He opened his mouth, but he couldn't force words out. He didn't even know which words to use.

Draco nodded, as though Harry's silence was only to be expected. He flicked his wand toward Lavender, who suddenly blinked awake.

"Draco, that was amazing. You're so – Harry?" her dreamy words turned to a startled shriek, her hands flying to her robes as though she expected to find herself naked. She looked down, puzzled, when she found herself fully dressed.

"You fell asleep," Draco said quietly, and Lavender's eyes lost focus. She nodded. "We finished – and you're right, you were fabulous – and you fell asleep. Harry came looking for you because he was worried, and he burst in on us. You aren't angry with him. He was just looking out for you.

Go back to the tower with him now."

Lavender rose obediently, smiling softly at Harry and shaking her head fondly.

"Not everyone is as virginal as you, Harry," she teased, her smile growing when Harry blushed a deep red. "But thank you for fetching me. It wouldn't do to be caught out after curfew."

She caught Harry's hand, leading him toward the still-open door.

"Draco –"

"Tell whomever you like, Potter," Draco sneered, his condescending mask back in place. "No one will believe you, anyway."

Harry – shocked by Draco's abrupt mood shift – backed out of the room. When he and Lavender entered the Gryffindor common room ten minutes later, he still didn't know what to make of what had just happened.

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Chapter: 6

See disclaimer in Chapter 1. They aren't mine, but I *did* put them on my Christmas list. Thanks to Lady_Aubrey!

Hermione watched Harry absently spoon up another lumpy bite of porridge, holding it above the bowl and watching chunks drip back into the gluey mess before upturning the spoon and pouring the rest back in. Scoop, drip, dump. Scoop, drip, dump. She finally reached out and grabbed his wrist, stilling the mindless motion.

"Stop, for Merlin's sake," she huffed, not releasing him until she was sure she had his attention. "You're driving me mad."

He grimaced, apologizing quietly and letting the spoon fall to the table with a clatter. Though he spoke to her, his gaze was directed across the Great Hall. Specifically, Draco Malfoy's empty seat at the Slytherin table.

"He hasn't been to a meal in six days," Harry whispered, knowing Hermione wouldn't need an explanation. She knew exactly who he was talking about. The same person he'd been talking about since that night in the tower. "Six *days*, Hermione. He could be sick, or hurt -"

"He's fine," she said absently, picking up her quill to mark out a section of the Charms essay she

was reviewing over breakfast.

"How can you know that? No one's seen him outside of class for days." Harry's eyes narrowed as he watched the witch, easily reading the deception in her body language. "You know something."

Hermione felt a blush spread across her cheeks, silently cursing herself for saying anything in the first place. "I know Madam Pomfrey would never let him starve himself."

Harry's brow furrowed as he studied her, watching for the telltale signs he'd learned over years of watching her lie to others. She bit her lip, her eyes shifting away from his. *Lying*, he thought, suddenly angry that Hermione knew something about Draco that he didn't.

"What do you know?"

His brusque tone was attracting attention, and Hermione grabbed his wrist again, this time pulling him out of his seat. "Not here," she hissed, grabbing her essay and bag and striding toward the door. Harry followed, leaving his own bag under the table. It hardly mattered, not when Hermione knew something about Draco's absence.

She kept walking, past the suits of armor that stood guard outside the Great Hall, down the mostly empty corridor, filled with chattering portraits. He followed close on her heels, grabbing the door and holding it open for her when she stopped in the entry hall. She led them down the steps, settling herself on a low stone bench a ways away from the castle.

"Malfoy got a special dispensation from Slughorn to miss the classes that Slytherin shares with Gryffindor," Hermione said, her eyes averted. She picked at a loose string on her bag, feeling better with something mundane to concentrate on. "Or rather, the classes *you* are in that Slytherin shares with Gryffindor. He was in Arithmancy and Runes earlier this week."

"So he's skiving off Potions and Transfiguration? I can see Slughorn letting him skip, but not Andromeda."

Andromeda Tonks had taken over teaching Transfiguration now that McGonagall was Headmistress – she simply didn't have the time to devote to both teaching and administration. Andromeda had latched onto the position like a life preserver, bringing Teddy with her to live at the school, far from her old home and the memories of her daughter and husband. It suited Harry, since it meant he got to see his godson often, and the boy seemed to be thriving there.

Hermione sent him a hard look, sighing when he still looked confused.

"She's his aunt, remember?"

Harry shrugged, toeing the dirt around the bench, distracted. "So?"

"So, she wouldn't want him to be near someone who hurt him so badly."

Harry's head snapped up, shock written all over his face. "Hurt him?"

Hermione made an impatient noise, crossing her arms over her chest.

"Yes, hurt him," she said, her normally kind brown eyes flashing with anger. "He confessed how much he cares for you, and you just left him there! Not a word, not a single look back as you walked away. How do you *think* he feels, Harry? He's convinced you hate him."

Harry was silent a moment, pondering Hermione's harsh words. It was true that he hadn't responded to Draco's confession, but the blond hadn't given him a chance. He'd awakened Lavender and all but forced them from the room. And Harry hadn't seen him since, so he hadn't had a chance to apologize.

"Someday I'm going to figure out how you always seem to know things like this," he said, shaking his head. He saw Hermione tense slightly, but ignored it. "Has he talked to you about it?"

She shook her head, her eyes back on the loose thread again.

"Of course not. But you've talked to someone he talks to," he said, watching her carefully. She nodded hesitantly, but still didn't meet his eye. "My guess would be Pansy, since she was there when you locked me in that room."

Hermione didn't move, her lips pressed together tightly.

"So Pansy must be telling you how Draco's feeling. Have you told her how *I* feel?"

Hermione still didn't move, her eyes focused on the now-frayed thread.

"Again, I'm going to take that as a yes," Harry said, pausing to think. "I assume that probably means Draco knows how I feel, but doesn't believe Pansy. Tell me, Hermione, what don't *I* know about how Draco feels about *me*?"

Her chest rose as she sighed, finally looking up to meet his gaze. She was silent for a few moments more, studying his green eyes. He looked sincere, and like someone who was truly worried about someone he cared for.

"He's in love with you," she whispered, staring down at her lap. "He hasn't admitted it, but Pansy is sure. He's – he's wrecked about everything that has happened."

"Wait – you said he'd been in your classes *earlier this week*. Was he there yesterday?"

Hermione shook her head.

"When was the last time?" Harry asked, a slight edge of desperation in his voice. *He wouldn't have left*, he thought, his heart sinking. "What was the last day you saw him, Hermione?"

"Tuesday," she whispered, swallowing back tears. It was Saturday.

Harry's chest tightened, and he struggled to draw in a deep breath. *Tuesday?* A heavy, sick sensation spread through his stomach as he counted the days, realizing it had been nearly a week since anyone outside of Slytherin had seen Draco.

"Tuesday," he repeated, his voice hoarse. "And you didn't think to tell me?"

Hermione's eyes narrowed, tears spilling over and running unnoticed down her cheeks. "What should I have said? I promised him I wouldn't interfere anymore. This was all my fault – it was the least I could do."

"You promised *him*? You're *my* best friend, Hermione!"

She stood, gathering her bag with an angry motion. "You didn't see him after you left. *I* did," she said, swiping her tears away with the back of her hand. "He looked horrid. Just absolutely horrid."

"Where is he?"

Hermione set off toward the castle, Harry's long strides matching her near-running pace easily.

"You leave him alone, unless you know what you want," she spat, stumbling as she took the front stairs two at a time. The door swung open before they reached it, and Ron emerged, his smile dying on his lips as he took in the two angry faces before him. "And you leave me alone, too, Harry Potter, until you figure out a better way to treat your *friends."*

Ron shot him a puzzled look, grabbing Hermione's bag from her shoulder and slinging it over his own before wrapping his arm around her and drawing her into the castle, murmuring soft words of comfort as they disappeared inside.

Well, fuck, Harry thought, kicking the stone wall.

Two more days passed with no word from Draco, despite the fact that Harry had sent him dozens of Owls begging Draco to let him explain. Harry spent most of his time holed up in abandoned classrooms or the Room of Requirement, hiding from everyone. His dorm was an uncomfortable place, since Ron was angry with him for upsetting Hermione, despite the fact that the witch wouldn't divulge what they had argued about. Harry figured he should be grateful for that, after the way he'd yelled at her. The common room was also out, since Ginny – in whom Hermione apparently *had* confided – shot him death glares whenever he entered. The library was out, since that was where Hermione often went, and she still wasn't speaking to him.

Which leaves here, he thought glumly, running a finger along the dusty bookshelf in the old Transfiguration classroom. *At least I'm alone.*

"You're a hard man to find, Potter," Pansy drawled, striding through the open door. Her expression was grim, but Harry was bolstered by her sudden appearance – if the Slytherin was looking for him, she probably had news about Draco.

"Stop Owling Draco. They're all getting redirected to me, and I don't care to read any more of your pathetic ramblings," she said, abruptly cutting off all hope that Draco had sent her as an emissary.

"Why are they going to you?" he asked, his eyes narrowing. He'd addressed them all to Draco, and owls – even the school owls he'd been forced to use since Hedwig's death – were usually more reliable than that.

Pansy watched him for a moment, her eyes hard as she considered her options. Draco's instructions had been clear, but he hadn't forced a Vow of Secrecy or a Wizard's Oath.

"Do you honestly mean the things you said in your letters?" she asked with no preamble or segue.

"Yes," Harry answered, figuring simple was best at this point.

"You love him, and you're willing to tell everyone? Not just your friends, but the public? You two would be mobbed with photographers and reporters wherever you went."

Harry nodded, hope blooming in his chest again at her words.

"The response won't all be positive, Potter," she continued, her voice full of warning. "Draco was pardoned, but many still think he was a Death Eater."

Harry shrugged, unable to speak.

"He wasn't, of course. But *you* know that. You testified at his trial."

He didn't respond, waiting to see where this was going.

"That's when he first noticed you, you know. The great Harry Potter, coming out of nowhere to rescue the Malfoy family. He couldn't believe it when you testified on behalf of his parents, too. They'd be in Azkaban without you. I'm sure you realize that."

Harry bristled at the suggestion heavy in her voice, implying he'd helped the Malfoys as a ploy to woo Draco. He hadn't even been sure he *liked* men at that point, and Draco certainly hadn't been on his radar.

"If you mean to tell me that he's interested in me only because –"

"Good answer, Potter," she said, cutting him off. "No, that's not the only reason. It *was* the reason he first took note, though. The first time he saw you as a human being instead of the Boy Who Lived, Dumbledore's disgusting little pet."

She paused again, her eyes distant as she debated what to do next. There was a good chance Draco would never forgive her for what she was about to do, even if it went well. She sighed. He was her best friend, and she wanted him to be happy. Even if what made him happy would very likely make him miserable first.

"He's transferred to Durmstrang," she said suddenly, looking as shocked at her revelation as Harry did. "Bring warm clothes. His last two letters have been little more than a string of complaints about how cold the castle is."

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Chapter: 7

See disclaimer in Chapter 1. They belong to the wonderful and talented JKR. Lady_Aubrey rocks!

Harry's hand shook from more than just the bone-numbing cold as he waited outside what the Headmaster had assured him was Draco's last class of the day. Karkaroff's replacement had been ecstatic to receive the venerable Harry Potter at Durmstrang, and Harry's face hurt from smiling through all the ridiculous ceremony the man had paraded in front of him. Photos with the Headmaster. Lunch with the Board of Governors. A visit to the Dark Arts professor, who had insisted on a gentleman's duel to test his skills against the Boy Who Lived.

Harry rubbed his shoulder absently, happy the dull throb was all that remained of the bone-splintering curse the man had sent at him to end the practice session. *Gentleman's duel my arse,* he thought with a grimace, rotating his shoulder in its socket to test the newly repaired joint.

His attention snapped back to the present when the heavy wooden door in front of him opened. He stepped back, watching as a stream of thickly bundled students walked past, all heading in the same direction. He knew Durmstrang's Great Hall was that way, and he assumed they were all on their way to dinner. He patted the pocket of his heavy cloak, reassuring himself that he hadn't forgotten anything.

"Draco," he said quickly when he saw the blond emerge, tightly wrapped in a thick ermine cloak.

Grey eyes widened, joy flashing through them for a moment before the shutters came down, blocking out all emotion and clearing his face of any expression. Harry's heart raced.

"Potter," he said coolly, inclining his head. "What brings you to Durmstrang?"

Harry's throat constricted at the coldness in Draco's voice, but he forced himself to speak, unwilling to let what was probably his last chance slip away.

"You," he said, thrusting a box into Draco's hand.

Grey eyes narrowed, but Draco took the proffered package, tucking it under his cloak as he led Harry away from the classroom. Neither spoke as they made their way through a series of corridors and up several flights of stairs. From his earlier tour of the castle and its grounds, he knew they were headed toward the dormitories.

Draco remained silent – speaking only to give the password at the entrance to his rooms – until the door was safely shut behind him. He whirled on Harry the moment they were alone, his anger radiating off him in tangible waves.

"What the fuck are you doing here, Potter?" he hissed, unfastening the clasp on his cloak and tossing it over a high-backed chair in the corner.

Harry let his eyes wander around the opulently furnished rooms, taking in the antique sideboard, the comfortable-looking sofa and chairs and the small dining area. Past the sitting room, he could see two other doors, ostensibly Draco's bedroom and a bathroom.

"You have your own suite?" he asked, ignoring the former Slytherin's anger.

"Potter!" he barked, slamming his hands down on a nearby table. "Focus! What. Are. You. Doing. Here?"

Harry wet his lips, swallowing as he removed his own cloak, drawing a small basket out of his pocket first. He placed it on the antique table in the dining room, using his wand to re-size it. The tiny object was suddenly replaced by a gigantic picnic hamper.

"Bringing you dinner," Harry said casually, flicking his wand. The contents of the basket responded to his command, unpacking themselves and arranging the meal on the table. Crystal candlestick holders were next, with long, white tapers settling gracefully into them. Delicate china followed, along with silverware and a bottle of Firewhisky.

"Dinner," Draco repeated hollowly, watching the scene unfold before him.

"We seemed to get along best during meals," Harry said, referring to their time stuck in the Room of Requirement. "That and, er, when we were drinking," he added, blushing slightly as he gestured to the bottle of amber liquid.

"Dinner," Draco said again, the word feeling strange against his tongue. Harry had come all this way to give him – dinner?

"Don't forget your gift," Harry said, remembering the box he'd handed Draco earlier. He fished around under the thick fur cloak Draco had discarded, finding the box and bringing it back to the blond. "Open it."

Draco's fingers trembled slightly as he undid the brown wrapping, revealing a plain white box. He opened it, a surprised laugh escaping when his fingers brushed the soft cashmere inside.

"A hat," he said, wonder replacing the cold fury in his voice. "You brought me dinner and a hat."

"I wheedled it out of Pansy," Harry said, worried Draco would lash out at his friend if he knew she'd volunteered the information. "A tough one, she is. But I convinced her to tell me where you were. She said your only review of the place was that it was abominably cold. Hence the hat."

Draco pulled the hat out of the box, stroking the soft cashmere with his hand. It was Slytherin green.

"I figured you'd be homesick for your House," Harry said with a shrug. He grinned, pulling a similar cap out of his trouser pocket in crimson. "I know I will be."

"You – will be?" Draco stuttered, his mind unable to wrap around the words.

"You didn't think I'd let you get away that easily, did you? One night with you was better than all the other shags I've had, and we didn't even get that far," he joked, smiling to cover his nervousness.

"You were right about the castle, by the way," he said, grimacing. "It's ball-numbingly cold outside, and only marginally warmer in the classrooms. Have they not heard of Warming Charms here?"

Harry sighed, shrugging again. His shoulder throbbed at the movement, and he frowned slightly at the pain. "I'll get used to it, I suppose."

"You'll get used to it," Draco repeated woodenly, staring at Harry.

"It's only for a few months, after all," Harry said agreeably, his lips curving into a smile. "And it's bound to get at least a bit warmer toward the end of the spring term."

"You're staying," Draco said, watching as Harry twirled the crimson cashmere hat absently in his hand.

"I go where you go," he said, nodding. "Merlin knows why you couldn't have chosen somewhere

warmer, especially since you hate the cold, but yes. I'm staying."

"It was the only school accepting mid-term transfers," Draco answered, his lips quirking as he fought a smile. "Though I expect you know that."

"I do, just as I know it takes a considerable donation to score a private room," Harry said, his eyes appraising their surroundings. "New Malfoy wing in the castle?"

Draco laughed, shaking his head. "Just a library."

Harry smiled, rolling his eyes. "Figures. My 'donation' is buying the Quidditch team new brooms and uniforms. Then again, *I* didn't get a suite this big."

Draco's gaze shifted to the elegantly laid table, his smile growing when he realized it held the food they'd eaten their first night in the Room of Requirement.

"Shepherd's Pie and curry," he said, looking back at Harry. "Not traditional picnic fare."

"There's nothing traditional about us," Harry said ruefully, shaking his head. "I'm sorry. I've been an idiot."

Draco's eyes shuttered again, but Harry continued on with his apology. He wanted to get this off his chest so he could enjoy the evening. That is, if Draco accepted his apology and agreed to forgive him.

"I've been attracted to you for years," Harry admitted, smiling a little when Draco blinked in surprise. "Yes, years. Before you say anything, no, the way I felt about you had no bearing on my decision to testify on behalf of you and your family. I did that because it was the right thing to do."

"I didn't *know* I was attracted to you until after the trial," Harry continued, rushing to get through his story. "I'd always watched you, but I thought it was just because I didn't trust you. I found out it was a little more complicated than that when I tried to have sex with Gin."

Harry grimaced, running his fingers through his already-unruly hair. He thought it best to plow right on through the awkward confessions, hoping they would make Draco understand how sincere he was.

"It – didn't go well. Things were alright as long as I closed my eyes -" he swallowed, caught up in the memory, "-but then I said *your* name, and all hell broke loose. Ginny was crying, hell, *I* was crying. It was a disaster."

"But it made me step back and take a good, hard look at my feelings for you, and I had to admit that it wasn't all bad. At first, I managed to convince myself it was just a physical attraction. I slept with Charlie, and that helped a bit. It confirmed I was into blokes, at least," he said with a

dark laugh.

"But then we were back at school, and I saw you every day. We sat next to each other in class, we'd brush against each other on accident in the halls. And it just became – more."

Wary green eyes studied the blond, trying to figure out what he was thinking. Draco's face remained expressionless, leaving Harry no choice but to press on.

"Just, more. You're the whole package. You're fit – I'm sure you know that – but it's more than just that. You're gorgeous, you're smart, you've got this withering sense of humor that I find fantastic, when it's not aimed at me," Harry said, chuckling as Draco finally let a small smile slip through his mask. "Even when it was, it was a secret little thrill. Because you were thinking about me, even if it was just to mock me."

He blushed, looking down at his shoes. Merlin, this was embarrassing. But Draco had laid everything out for him that night in the tower, and he'd stupidly walked away. So Harry continued, despite the hot burn in his cheeks and the dry ache in his throat.

"Er, remember the fight we had at the beginning of the year in Potions? I dropped a vial of armadillo bile near your table, and some splashed on your shoes." Harry looked up, meeting Draco's eyes. "You grabbed me by my robes, shoving me back into the wall. You looked so bloody gorgeous. I was hard almost instantly, and I was mortified, afraid you'd feel my arousal."

He looked down again, studying the pattern on the Aubusson rug he was sure Draco had to have brought from home. None of these furnishings looked like the ones in his suite.

"I wanked to the memory of your hands fisted in my robes, your eyes flashing like fire while you screamed at me for being a klutz," he admitted, blushing even harder. "That night, and many nights after it."

He took a deep breath, forcing himself to look Draco in the eye again. The grey depths were swirling with emotion now, the shutters gone. Harry nearly moaned in relief at the sight – Draco's beautiful face, open to him again.

"I spent the entire time we were in the Room of Requirement terrified you'd find out my secret – that I fancied myself in love with you," Harry said, pausing when he heard Draco's sharp inhalation at the words. "That's why I didn't want to drink. What did you call me – a puritanical Gryffindor?"

Harry laughed, shaking his head. "I was afraid that if we paired the alcohol with the truth games, you'd find out just how unpure my thoughts of you were."

He licked his lips again, grinning at Draco. "And believe me, very few of my thoughts of you are *pure*."

Harry shrugged, wincing again when the movement tweaked his injured shoulder.

"So that's it. When we woke up the next morning, I was afraid you'd just gotten carried away the night before. You looked so unruffled – so I pretended it didn't mean anything to me. And then I heard about you sleeping around like that, and it just confirmed in my mind that I did the right thing. I'm not a one-off kind of guy, Draco," he said seriously, stepping closer to the blond. "I've had that, and it felt – empty. That's not what I want with you. I'm not looking to be your fuck buddy."

"No, you're not," Draco whispered, a small smile playing across his lips. "You're Harry Potter, the kind of guy who transfers schools to win someone over."

Harry grinned, wrinkling his nose. "When you put it like that, I sound a sap," he protested, shaking his head. "It's not like that. I'm here because I was an idiot that night up on the tower. I wanted to tell you how I felt then, but – I don't know. I froze."

He smiled wistfully. Feeling daring, he reached out and grabbed Draco's hand. When the blond didn't protest, he pulled him closer, linking their other hands as well.

"I'm not here to force you into something you're not ready for, or something you don't want," Harry said carefully, twining their fingers together. "I'm here to tell you that this is what *I* want, and if it's what you want, too, that I'm all in. One hundred percent."

He bit his lip, studying Draco's face. "If you're not, we can go several ways. I can stay, and we can get to know each other without dating. If you don't want me here, I can leave, hoping you'll at least leave the option of corresponding open so we can talk things through." Harry paused swallowing hard. The last option was important, too, and he needed to get it out. "Or I can leave and you can choose never to speak to me again. I wouldn't fight you on it, if it was truly what you wanted."

"You're an idiot," Draco rasped, and Harry's heart clenched.

He didn't know what he'd do if Draco chose the last option. Their feud over the last few weeks had hurt, but it had been nothing like the burning, physical ache he'd felt when he hadn't even been able to see the blond in classes.

"You're an absolute fool –" Draco continued, leaning in closer, his lips almost touching Harry's, "–if you think I'm letting you walk away again."

Their mouths crashed together, their kisses hungry and desperate. Both fought for dominance, not yielding any ground as their embrace grew more violent, a heady mix of teeth and tongues and murmured words of love and hate.

"Merlin, I loathed you for walking away from me," Draco growled, yanking Harry's head back to suck on his neck, marking him with deliberation and glee.

"I thought I loved you before, but I had no idea," Harry groaned, his eyes shut tightly against the pleasure and pain Draco was inflicting on the skin of his neck.

"No idea," he murmured, wrenching free of Draco's grasp on his hair and capturing his mouth again, his kiss hard and punishing. He tasted blood, and he wasn't sure whose it was. It hardly mattered. They were both broken open and bleeding, their emotions so raw and close to the surface it hurt. "No idea."

Draco pulled back, panting with exertion both from the wild kiss and the whirl of his emotions. He held Harry's face between his hands, his thumbs stroking the dark-haired wizard's jaw.

"Why didn't you tell me that morning? Why did you walk away?"

"I didn't want to be just another name on your list," Harry whispered, his voice barely audible.

"You'd never be just another name on my list, Harry," Draco answered, his voice pitched low. "You're the *only* name on my list."

Harry looked up, confused. Draco wrapped an arm around his waist, pulling him so close his lips touched Harry's ear.

"My new list. I made it a few weeks ago. It's titled: People Draco Malfoy is in love with," Draco whispered, his warm breath sending shivers down Harry's spine.

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Chapter: 8

See disclaimer in Chapter 1. Not mine. Thanks to Lady_Aubrey for fixing all my mistakes!

They stumbled toward Draco's bedroom, the meal on the table forgotten as their world narrowed to only each other. Harry's heart was full to the point of bursting with the news that Draco loved him, too. He deepened the kiss, laughing as Draco's back slammed into the wall.

"Clumsy," he whispered, his lips still touching Draco's.

"Distracted," Draco corrected, pulling away long enough to get his bearings. Seeing their destination – his room – was in sight, he dived back in for another kiss, guiding Harry blindly through the open door and toward his enormous bed. "Wonderfully, fabulously, deliciously distracted."

Harry laughed as they collapsed on the bed, shoving what seemed like a mountain of blankets out of the way until they found the mattress. Harry raised an eyebrow at the impressive mound of coverings, but Draco just shrugged, lunging at him and pinning the dark-haired wizard to the bed.

"It's cold here," he said, moving down to kiss across Harry's neck and collarbone. He pushed at the heavy robes and jumper covering Harry's flesh impatiently, stretching the fabric to reach more warm, golden skin.

"I'm not cold," Harry panted, squirming away from Draco's touch long enough to shrug out of his now-opened robes and pull his jumper over his head.

"No," Draco said, a smile stealing across his face as he watched Harry disrobe, quickly following suit until he was shirtless as well. "Definitely not."

Harry held his arms open, his breath huffing out as Draco pounced, his full weight on top of Harry. Their laughter turned to gasps as the kiss resumed, gentler and less urgent this time. Draco nipped lightly at Harry's swollen bottom lip, his tongue bathing the small cut he found there.

"I'm sorry," he said, pressing a soft kiss to the broken flesh.

"I'm not," Harry growled, using all his strength to force them to roll so they were now side-by-side, arms wrapped around each other as they studied each other's faces.

"About your lip, I mean," Draco clarified, moving his arm so he could stroke Harry's face. The dark-haired boy closed his eyes, leaning into the soft touch, remembering that Draco had touched him in the same reverent way weeks ago in the Room of Requirement. "It's cut."

"I know," Harry said, his tongue flicking out to lick against the split, tasting the coppery tang of his own blood. "I kind of like it."

Draco grinned, ducking his head to bite Harry's neck, sharp teeth denting but not breaking the smooth skin there. "Like that?"

"Mmm," Harry moaned, desire shooting through him. *This* was what had been missing in all his other encounters. Something unquantifiable, but almost tangible – this complete trust in another person to give him exactly what he needed, even if what he needed was a bit of pain. "Yes."

Draco chuckled against his neck, his lips barely grazing the red skin as he soothed the bite with fluttery kisses. "Who would have guessed that the great Harry Potter likes a bit of pain with his pleasure?"

Harry fisted his hand in Draco's silky hair, pulling him up so they could exchange another heated kiss, his tongue forcing its way into Draco's hot mouth, stroking against the slick skin he found there. Draco moaned, pressing their clothed erections against each other, frotting against Harry

shamelessly.

"You'll be calling me the great Harry Potter again when we're done," he growled, his hand ghosting along the hard ridge straining against Draco's trousers, a feral grin splitting his face when the blond arched into him.

He Summoned his wand, casting a quick spell to Vanish the rest of their clothing, too far gone to bother with buttons, belts or zippers. Draco shivered at the bite of the cool air flowing over his heated skin, snuggling deeper into Harry's warmth. He gasped when he felt Harry's hands massage their way down his back, whimpering when one of Harry's thumbs delved between his cheeks and circled against his entrance.

"Shit, Harry," Draco groaned, his body tensing in anticipation of the intrusion. Harry stopped, removing his hands.

"Relax," he purred, his hands working their way up Draco's back, strong fingers massaging the tense muscles. "We won't do anything you don't want to."

Draco's muscles uncoiled, his vise-like grip around Harry's torso easing as he let himself relax into Harry's gentle touches. His fingertips ghosted against Draco's skin, tracing random swirls and patterns over the supple flesh.

Unsatisfied by the soft touches, Draco worked a hand between them, wrapping his fingers around Harry's straining cock. He grinned at the gasp the move drew from Harry, tightening his hold and firmly stroking the hot flesh.

"Draco," Harry groaned, his green eyes hidden as his lids drifted shut at the rush of sensations.

"Harry," he answered, his fingers sliding up over the head of Harry's cock as his wrist twisted. Harry cried out again, his fingers digging into Draco's bare back.

Draco released him, grabbing Harry's wand from the bed and casting a Lubrication charm on his fingers. He'd prepared plenty of lovers, and even fingered himself on occasion, always imagining it was Harry's fingers, not his, that brushed over his prostate and drove him over the edge as he wanked. This was different, though, and Draco's hand shook slightly as he rubbed his slick finger around his entrance.

Harry's eyes slid open, watching as Draco hesitated. He grinned, slithering down toward the end of the bed. He grabbed Draco's hand, gathering as much of the slippery lube as he could in his own palm. He nudged Draco's legs until he raised his knees, his back falling heavily against the bed, his muscles tense again. Draco gasped when Harry's slick hand closed around his cock, biting his lip to keep from crying out as it slid up and down, Harry's talented thumb circling the head on the upstroke, teasingly spreading his slit as he did.

He wasn't prepared when Harry's tongue swiped across his entrance, too preoccupied with the

dark-haired wizard's hand on his cock to see what he intended to do.

"Fuck!" Draco shouted, his entire body going rigid at the unexpected wet heat against his hole. Harry giggled, stopping his ministrations on both Draco's cock and entrance long enough to force the blond's legs apart again.

"You'll like this, I promise," Harry said, his head raised to watch Draco's reaction. The blond hesitated again before nodding, relaxing back onto the bed. He let Harry spread his legs more, his feet propped on the soft mattress. "Good."

He was ready this time, and the hot tongue circling his puckered hole sent jolts of pleasure – not surprise – through Draco. He relaxed even more when Harry's hand found his cock again, stroking it gently as his tongue laved circles against his entrance, tracing patterns against the puckered skin before finally sliding the tip inside.

Draco gasped, his legs trembling with the effort of holding them upright. Harry, sensing the problem, laughed. "Put your legs over my shoulders," he said, pressing a wet kiss to Draco's inner thigh.

"I can't – I'd crush you," the blond protested, raising himself up on his elbows so he could look Harry in the eye.

"You won't," he assured him, holding Draco's uncertain gaze while the blond complied. "See?"

He bent back to his task, teasing Draco's entrance with his tongue again before delving back inside, deeper this time. Draco hissed at the sensation, his legs heavy against Harry's back. Harry heard his head hit the pillows again, thrusting his tongue deeper still in response to Draco's mewling cries.

Harry continued to stretch Draco with his tongue, snaking a slick finger inside when he deemed Draco adequately prepared for the invasion, using it to gently stroke Draco's channel. The blond shuddered at the unfamiliar feel of another person's finger inside him, his musings on the difference – Harry's fingers were blunter, shorter – when the dark-haired wizard's finger finally found the hard nub he'd been searching for.

"Harry," Draco gasped. He ground against Harry's tongue and finger, embarrassed but unable to help himself. It felt so unbelievably *good.*

Harry laughed, the deep sound resonating inside Draco, making him cry out again. Harry sat back when Draco began to thrash, inserting another finger to scissor inside him, stretching him further. Draco's wordless babble was louder now, his body arching off the bed as he tried to take Harry's fingers deeper.

"Are you ready, Draco?" Harry asked, his voice low and soothing. The blond whimpered, which Harry wasn't sure which way to interpret. He slid another finger inside, stretching him even

more. "Now, Draco?"

He pulled his fingers free, his cock jumping at the sight of Draco protesting the retreat. He reached for his wand, casting another Lubrication spell, this time over his cock. He gasped as the cool liquid coated his erection, his breath hitching when he used his hand to spread it, stroking himself several times before letting his hand slip away.

"Draco," he said, his eyes locked on Draco's face. Unfocused grey eyes met his, and Harry smiled at the desire – and trust – he saw in them. "I need you to tell me if you're ready for this. "

Draco nodded, his throat too dry to speak.

"Tell me, Draco," Harry insisted, studying Draco's face, his pale skin almost glowing in the moonlight that shined through the window. Harry glanced outside in surprise – it had been light when they'd reached Draco's rooms. "I won't unless you tell me what you want."

Draco swallowed, nodding again. "I'm ready," he said, his lips twitching in a smile when he saw the exasperation on Harry's face. "I'm ready for you to fuck me."

A sigh slipped past Harry's lips, and he hurried to comply, his arousal surging at Draco's words. He'd have willingly switched places with the blond if Draco hadn't been ready, but he trusted the blond's words.

Harry positioned his slippery cock at Draco's loosened entrance, pausing to give the blond another chance to change his mind. When he looked at Draco's face, all he saw was anticipation – no fear, no more hesitation. Harry took a deep breath, guiding himself past the ring of tense muscles guarding Draco's entrance. He paused, waiting until he felt him begin to relax before pushing deeper inside.

Despite Harry's thorough preparation, Draco's body tensed against the invasion, the burning sensation of being stretched and filled causing Draco's erection to soften slightly. A light sheen of sweat coated his body as he tried to force himself to relax.

"Draco," Harry said, correctly reading the pain on Draco's face. He began to pull back out, but stopped when he felt Draco intentionally clench around him. Harry moaned, fighting the buildup he felt threatening in his belly. "Draco."

"Don't," Draco hissed, opening his eyes to glare at Harry. "I swear to Merlin, I'll kill you if you stop now."

"But Draco –" Harry stopped as Draco's eyes flashed. He studied Draco's face.

"Relax," Harry said, resuming his slow push inside.

Draco rolled his eyes, pushing up against Harry's body, forcing himself against the dark-haired

wizard's cock until it was fully sheathed.

"Jesus, Draco," Harry gasped, beads of sweat rolling down his back from the strain of going so slow – and then from holding back his release as Draco took him balls-deep.

"Wait," Draco panted, his eyes shut again as his body adjusted to Harry's length. Harry complied, holding himself perfectly still inside the blond, despite the fact his cock felt ready to explode. "Alright."

"Alright?" Harry asked, dipping down to press a gentle kiss against the corner of Draco's mouth.

"Alright, go," Draco said, impatiently thrusting against Harry again.

Harry closed his eyes, swallowing hard as he focused on not coming too soon. He'd topped before, but he'd never felt anything like Draco's tight heat. It was like being sheathed in a velvety furnace, and Harry's muscles ached with the effort of holding back.

"Please," Draco gasped, bringing Harry's attention back to him.

Harry felt in control enough to move, so he pulled back, changing his angle as he thrust again, a fierce smile transforming his normally boyish face as he heard Draco moan, feeling the blond tense underneath him as his thick cock slid against his prostate.

"*Fuck* yes," Draco groaned, all pain and fear forgotten.

Harry quickened his pace, his hips snapping forward with more force as he felt his orgasm beginning to build again. He'd put off his release as long as he could. Nothing, not even Merlin himself appearing before them, could stop him from coming now.

Harry fisted his hand around Draco's cock, pumping his length furiously as he drove into him again and again, bringing them both to completion after only a few more strokes. He felt Draco clench around him moments before the hot liquid hit his hand, the contractions sending Harry over the edge. He pounded into Draco, gasping and moaning wordlessly as his vision greyed around the edges, his body jerking with the force of his release.

Their sweaty skin quickly cooled in the chilly room, forcing them to move before either was ready. Harry pulled out carefully, and Draco grimaced at the feel of cooling come dribbling down his thigh. It was better to focus on that than the twinge of pain that accompanied it. Harry grabbed his wand, casting Cleaning charms over both of them. Draco shifted uncomfortably, glad the sweat and come had been cleared away, burrowing down into the warm blankets they'd dislodged in their frenzied lovemaking. Harry cast another discreet spell, sending a mild Healing charm Draco's way. He flinched at the unexpected intrusion, his grimace turning to a sheepish grin as the twinges of pain and discomfort in his arse disappeared.

"Mmm," Harry sighed, snuggling into the cocoon of blankets next to Draco. "What is it about

this castle? Why is it so cold here?"

"It's like the dungeons at Hogwarts," Draco muttered sleepily, the warmth from Harry's body and the blankets relaxing him even more. "Warming Charms can only do so much. There's a range they work in – you can't more than double the heat in a room."

Harry grimaced, doing the math in his head. With as cold as the room was, he hated to think of what the outside temperature must be. He Summoned his wand, stoking the fire burning in the grate near the end of the bed.

"I'm sorry I left," Draco said, stretching lazily. "We can go back, if you like."

He heard Harry shake his head, the sound of his messy dark hair scratching against the pillow.

"We're here," he said dismissively, as though he had left nothing important behind at Hogwarts.

"We are," Draco agreed, finding Harry's hand in the blankets and threading his fingers with the other boy's. "But there's nothing holding us here. We could transfer back."

Harry thought about what waited for them back in Scotland. Friends, to be sure, and familiar teachers and classes. But Draco's sexual siege on the student body over the last month had not gone unnoticed, and he grimaced at the thought of bringing the blond back to a place where everyone thought of him as a player. Harry felt a hot bolt of jealousy streak through him, gone as quickly as it had appeared. He knew Draco hadn't actually had sex with any of those people, but they had *memories* of Draco's body, of giving Draco pleasure. Harry suppressed a growl at the thought. Draco was *his*, and he didn't want to be surrounded by others who had – or thought they had – seen Draco when he was naked and vulnerable.

"All our stuff is already here," Harry answered, squeezing Draco's hand. "We're already settled, already enrolled in classes. We should stay."

"We should Owl Pansy and Granger to let them know we're alright," Draco said, guilt clouding his voice. He knew Pansy was hurt by his abrupt departure, however much she understood the reason behind it.

"Later," Harry groaned, dreading the thought of ever leaving the cozy bed again. It was so *cold*.

"We should talk about a few things," Draco said cautiously, wiggling his fingers against Harry's. He didn't want to have this discussion, but he knew it was necessary. He needed to know where they stood.

"I'll say. Never thought I'd teach Slytherin's biggest player anything about sex," Harry joked, laughing when Draco pinched him.

"I didn't sleep with any of those people, and you know it!"

Harry grinned, rolling his eyes. "Not those people, no, but there were quite a few before me. I can't believe you'd never been rimmed before."

Draco's face heated at the memory of Harry's tongue in his arse, and he twisted uncomfortably, his cock stirring at the thought. "Nope."

"Well, it's what Charlie did to me before my first time bottoming, and it made things a lot easier. At least, I think it did," Harry said easily, snuggling deeper into his pillow. "You only have one first time, so I suppose there's no way to compare."

His statement was met with silence, and Harry sighed, opening his eyes to look at Draco.

"Are you angry I brought up Charlie, or embarrassed I knew you'd never bottomed before?"

"Was it that obvious?" Draco asked, mortified.

Harry shrugged, relieved when the motion didn't twinge his shoulder. *All healed, then*, he thought, grateful the Durmstrang school Healer was as skilled as Madam Pomfrey. Though hopefully he wouldn't need the man's services as often as he'd needed Poppy's over the years.

"You jumped about a meter when I touched your arse, so yes," he said, grinning when he saw Draco tightly shut his eyes in embarrassment. "But I remembered what you said during that game – that you were both a top and a bottom. Since the truth spell wouldn't let you lie, I could only assume from your reaction that you meant you wanted to. Bottom, that is."

Draco nodded, opening his eyes and smiling when he saw Harry's green eyes were full of amusement, not scorn.

"It's a big deal, Draco," Harry said, leaning in to kiss him. "It takes a lot of trust."

Draco shrugged, uncomfortable with the rising emotional tide. He'd already expended more emotional energy earlier today than he'd ever wanted to in his life.

"It's not," he countered, a wicked grin stealing across his face as he hit on a way to lighten the mood. "It was merely the start of a new list."

Harry pulled back so he could see Draco's face, his cock filling at the heat he saw in the smoky grey eyes.

"New list?"

"Yes," Draco said, rolling up to his knees so he could straddle Harry's body. "The list of people Draco Malfoy will *ever* bottom for. It has one entry: The great Harry Potter."

"Oh ho," Harry laughed, and Draco cringed at the Slughorn impersonation. "You and your lists. So you agree I'm great."

Draco leaned forward and kissed him hard on the lips, and Harry could feel his smile. "Yes."

Harry laughed, raising his arms to rest them on Draco's shoulders. He let his hands slide down the lightly muscled flesh, stopping when his fingers reached Draco's wrists.

"I have another list," Harry whispered, tugging on Draco's wrists until their arms were splayed above them. Draco lost his balance, his face dropping until their lips were just centimeters apart, his body now entirely supported by Harry's.

"Oh?"

"Yes," Harry said, his tongue darting out to trace Draco's bottom lip. The blond shivered. "It's another short one, only one name."

He lifted his neck, closing the small distance between them and kissing Draco hard.

"What's its title?" Draco whispered, his grey eyes almost black with arousal.

"The list of people Harry Potter will *ever* top or bottom with again," Harry answered, releasing Draco's arms so he could wrap his own around the blond on top of him.

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Chapter: 9

See disclaimer in Chapter 1. The characters belong to JKR, but the smut is mine! I bow down to Lady_Aubrey and her magnificent grammatical skills!

Pansy spotted them just before the ceremony began, their light and dark heads bent together over a program. She could tell the moment everyone else noticed them, as well. A ripple of hushed whispers and exclamations swelled through the seventh-years on the platform, quickly spreading to the audience when their friends and family followed their disbelieving stares.

Pansy scanned her classmates' faces, her lips twitching with the effort of holding back laughter at the look of righteous indignation on Ron Weasley's face. They were lined up alphabetically, which meant Hermione could do little more than mouth threats at her sometimes-boyfriend across the heads of other students, the task of physically restraining Ron falling to Dean Thomas, who was only a few students away.

McGonagall called for silence, and the whispers and hisses died down. She knew who had caused the stir, just as she knew why they were there. The Headmistress began calling the roll, her usually grim features clouded with pride for the students who had returned to complete their seventh year after the war. Unity among the students – among the wizarding population itself – was more important now than ever; it was part of the reason she'd agreed to the request Harry had made earlier that day.

"Hannah Abbot, Hufflepuff," McGonagall said, her voice carrying across the sea of people gathered on Hogwarts' lawn with the help of a *Sonorus*.

The girl took a few timid steps toward the podium, accepting a handshake and a piece of parchment from Professor Sprout. She blushed under the scrutiny of the crowd, hurrying across the stage until she reached the edge of the platform. Hagrid held out his arm, helping her down the stairs and directing her to a line of empty chairs.

She was still blushing furiously when Susan Bones and Terry Boot settled into their seats next to her, parchment gripped in their trembling hands as well. Hufflepuffs were, on the whole, not fond of public spectacles.

"Lavender Brown, Gryffindor," McGonagall called out, her voice just the slightest bit louder for the member of her former house.

Lavender – much less embarrassed than the Hufflepuffs who had come before her – strutted across the stage, turning to grin at her classmates. Her eyes sought out Draco's in the crowd, and she sent him a lascivious wink. Laughter rolled through the crowd, and everyone was surprised to see Harry join in, slinging his arm good-naturedly over Draco's shoulder and rolling his eyes.

"Millicent Bulstrode, Slytherin," the Headmistress said, and the girl came forward, her back ramrod straight.

Her family had not approved of her return to Hogwarts, but she defied them, promptly finding herself disowned for her choice. She was more surprised than anyone when two loud, cheering voices were heard above the polite claps, the shock clear on her face when she took the proffered parchment from Professor Slughorn and made her way to her seat. Harry and Draco waited until she'd taken her place next to Lavender, her usually dour face beaming at the unexpected show of support and friendship, before sitting back down.

McGonagall had to call for silence again to quell the whispers and jeers that broke out as the couple took their seats again. Her hard glare swept over the crowd, making everyone who had ever had Minerva McGonagall as a professor squirm uncomfortably in their seats, feeling like chastised first years.

"Mandy Brocklehurst, Ravenclaw," she said, her voice still holding a bit of steel as she almost dared those in the crowd to continue their inappropriate comments.

She made her way across the stage without a problem, just like those after her. Justin Corner, another Ravenclaw, and Hufflepuff Justin Finch-Fletchley had barely settled into their seats after crossing the stage before the next eruption.

"Seamus Finnigan, Gryffindor," McGonagall said, smiling at the Irish wizard as he bowed to her on his way past her podium.

Harry was on his feet again, dragging Draco with him, applauding his former dorm mate. The crowd watched, excited, as Ron's face turned scarlet, his entire body shaking with anger.

"– no right –" Draco could hear the redhead shouting from across the field. He saw Dean grab Ron's arm, likely preventing him from tearing across the grassy space to tackle Harry. "– what he's done –" the tirade continued, more words becoming audible as the crowd hushed. "– an abomination. That he would even show up here after –"

Hermione's Silencing Charm hit Ron without warning, instantly rendering him mute. He continued to rant, but his words were no longer carrying on the wind, lost before they left his throat. Dean tightened his hold on the boy when he moved toward the front of the line, apparently going after Hermione now. Pansy leaned closer, but she couldn't hear the words the muscular boy was hissing in Ron's ear. Whatever he said seemed to work, coupled with Hermione's spell, since Ron went slack in Dean's grip, his arms crossed angrily over his chest.

Draco felt hundreds of eyes on them, from glares to curious stares. He looked toward his former classmates at the front of the audience, watching Seamus carefully. His jaw was clenched, but he returned Draco's gaze without the anger or revulsion Draco had been expecting, simply looking at him warily.

"Anthony Goldstein, Ravenclaw," McGonagall said, continuing as if Ron's outburst hadn't happened.

"Gregory Goyle, Slytherin," she said before the Ravenclaw had taken his seat, speeding up the tempo of the ceremony. She doubted Ron's Weasley temper would hold much longer.

Harry and Draco rose again, among the few who cheered for the bulky Slytherin. Much like Seamus, he glanced at them uneasily, a small smile on his lips as he took his seat.

"Daphne Greengrass, Slytherin," McGonagall continued, watching the witch flounce across the stage.

"Hermione Granger, Gryffindor," she said, unable to suppress her smile or the fond tone of her voice as she called the name of one of her brightest and best students.

Hermione could hear Harry and Draco whistling and cheering for her, their voices even louder than her parents and the assembled crowd of Weasleys, as she took the parchment from Professor Sinistra, McGonagall's replacement as Gryffindor's Head of House. She glanced over at the two

boys, who were on their feet now, clapping enthusiastically. A wave of apprehension slid through her as she saw George and Bill eye the couple, though Charlie's smile and wink directed at the same target made her feel a little better.

"Megan Jones, Hufflepuff," McGonagall said, fighting hard not to laugh when the Hufflepuff tripped over her robes as she raced across the stage, barely pausing long enough for Professor Sprout to hand her the parchment.

"Neville Longbottom, Gryffindor," she continued, her eyes still on Megan, who was now beet red and being helped to her seat by several other Hufflepuffs.

Neville grinned nervously as he walked across the stage, his smile growing when he looked out into the crowd, watching as Harry and Draco stood, both clapping madly. His Gran remained in her seat, though he saw the look of approval flash across her face when she saw him wink at his friends.

He had been in contact with the couple several times since their transfer to Durmstrang, and he'd found that once he was no longer the target of the former Slytherin's pranks and insults, he rather liked Draco. His Gran felt the same way; they'd had both boys over for tea when the schools were out for Easter.

"Ernie MacMillan, Hufflepuff," McGonagall said, her eyes scanning the crowd. Ernie's family had also been against the Hufflepuff's return to Hogwarts.

Harry and Draco were on their feet again, whistling for the boy who crossed the stage with his hands shoved into his pockets, his shoulders slumped. Like Millicent, he hadn't expected anything other than the customary polite applause. His parents were angry that he'd stayed to fight in the Battle of Hogwarts, ending generations of neutrality for the pureblood MacMillan family. They'd survived Voldemort's initial rise – as well as Grindelwald's – by refusing to take sides, and they saw Ernie's actions as a betrayal of the delicate political web they'd woven.

He paused before accepting Hagrid's help down from the stage, a look of bemusement on his face as he watched Harry and Draco continue to cheer for him, staying on their feet to applaud the next seventh year as well.

"Theodore Nott, Slytherin," McGonagall continued, watching the crowd warily as everyone focused on Harry and Draco's behavior. Loud whispers and comments were being thrown about again, but she pushed on, knowing a confrontation was likely inevitable.

"Pansy Parkinson, Slytherin," she said, her shoulders tensing slightly when Harry and Draco continued to stand, clapping wildly.

Pansy grinned, skipping across the stage – she could actually *feel* her mother's glare, even though she couldn't see the woman – and accepting Slughorn's hearty handshake. She waved her parchment in the air, blowing kisses to Harry and Draco before taking her seat next to Theo.

The Patil twins were called next, accepting their parchments gracefully, and settling into their seats after shaking hands with their respective Heads of House without a single glance toward the audience.

"Dean Thomas, Gryffindor," McGonagall said, smiling at the boy who marched across the stage proudly, pumping Professor Sinistra's hand enthusiastically.

She saw Harry and Draco rise once again, applauding the Gryffindor. Her gaze immediately shifted to Ron, watching uneasily as he turned an even brighter shade of red. She guessed Hermione's Silencing Charm must have held, since he clearly tried to shout something that no one could hear. She paused for a moment, admiring Hermione's tricky spell work. She truly was the brightest witch of her generation.

"Lisa Turpin, Ravenclaw," she said, trying not to dread the next name. The girl walked across the stage calmly enough, but her gaze kept flicking back over her shoulder, watching as Ron Weasley looked like he was preparing to implode.

"Ronald Weasley, Gryffindor," McGonagall said, her wand at the ready in case the boy tried anything foolish.

Harry and Draco rose dutifully, their clapping a bit more subdued than it had been for their other friends, but still louder than most of the rest of the audience, save the Weasley clan.

Ron's face was stony as he took the parchment from Professor Sinistra, not bothering to take the hand she offered him. His eyes were glued to Harry and Draco, the hate blazing in them obvious to even those at the back of the crowd. They stood their ground, applauding, until he crossed the stage.

"Blaise Zabini, Slytherin," McGonagall said, her voice almost trembling with relief. The last student had been called, with no major problems from Ron or the rest of the crowd.

Harry whistled, and Draco waved his hands, cheering and clapping as his friend crossed the stage. Like Pansy, Blaise had a spring in his step, and he, too, blew kisses in their direction, drawing cat calls and giggles from the audience.

The Headmistress waited until everyone had settled again before starting her closing remarks. Theo drew something out of his robe and inflated it with a spell, tossing it in the air. McGonagall's lips twitched as she fought to maintain her stern gaze, watching as the students gleefully batted at what she assumed was a Muggle beach ball. As the crowd watched the giddy seventh years bouncing it from hand to hand across the row, Harry and Draco slipped out, running full-tilt toward the castle.

"It says by invitation only," Seamus said, turning the heavy parchment over in his hands. The creamy paper was definitely expensive, as was the nearly iridescent ink. He looked around the

Great Hall, curious to see if the other seventh years had received a similar letter. "Looks like most of us got one."

Ron huffed angrily, rolling his eyes. He was still upset about Harry's appearance – and therefore still under the effects of the very clever Silencing Charm Hermione had cast. His voice would remain muted until his words would no longer be a rant against Harry or Draco.

"That's strange," Ginny said, her eyes narrowed as she studied her own invitation. "I got one, too."

She looked around, searching for any other non-seventh year holding a similar letter. "Luna, too. And Zach."

Dean frowned, looking over Ginny's shoulder at her invitation. It looked just like his.

"I wonder why you three were invited," he said, comparing the words again. "Maybe because you have a lot of friends in our year?"

Ginny shrugged, setting the parchment aside. "I don't care why, I'm just glad we were. 'Dress comfortably for a night of drinking and debauchery'? I'm not missing out on that!"

She cast a quick glance over at her mother, who was sitting further down the bench. Satisfied Molly hadn't overheard her words, she leaned back toward Dean, fluttering her eyelashes. "Interested?"

He laughed, shoving her away.

"Trying to get me killed, Gin?" he asked playfully, nodding toward her brother, who was watching their conversation with narrowed eyes.

"Shove it, Ron," she said, sticking her tongue out.

"Dean and I have been shagging all year," she whispered, supporting herself on her elbows so she could lean across the table to talk to Ron. "Because I'm feeling charitable, I'll give you this one opportunity to protest."

She sat back with a satisfied smirk, knowing full well he couldn't say a word.

"I'm *so* glad I have your approval," she said, laughing aloud when his face turned scarlet. She snuggled against Dean, his arm automatically resting around her shoulders as she inched closer. "See, Dean? I *told* you Ron wouldn't have a problem with us."

The party had been going for a good half an hour before the door creaked open, shutting quietly after a few seconds. Anyone who hadn't been watching for it wouldn't have noticed, but Pansy and Hermione stepped out of the shadows, feeling the seemingly empty air carefully.

"Oof," Harry gasped as Hermione walked into him, sending him crashing into Draco.

"I thought as much," Pansy purred, her fingers sliding over the slick material of Harry's Invisibility Cloak.

Hermione threw up a quick *Muffliato*, not that it was necessary to obscure their conversation. The room was buzzing with conversation and music, the wireless cranked up to an almost painful level. Students were lounging on the furniture – the room had configured itself like a generic common room, colors from all four Houses incorporated into the décor – or milling around by the large windows, drinking and enjoying themselves.

"Have you already cast the spell, then?" Hermione asked, her brow arched.

"Could you take the cloak off?" Pansy complained, pinching the fabric between her fingers. "I feel like an idiot talking to thin air."

There was a long pause, and then a whisper of sound as Draco slid the cloak off them, balling it in his hands. He tried to shove it in the pocket of Harry's form-fitting Muggle denims, but the dark-haired boy danced away. Hermione sighed, pulling out her wand again and casting a charm to shrink the cloth, rendering it small enough to fit in the pocket of Draco's equally form-fitting attire.

"Yes," Draco answered smugly, grinning at them. "It took me weeks to find the spell you used, and that was *with* the help of Durmstrang's incredible library. It's much better than the one here. No delineation between Dark and Light spells."

Hermione sighed dreamily at the thought of open access to so much information. She was impressed Draco had found the spell at all – she'd come across it by accident in the library at Grimmauld Place the summer before.

"I assume you have a plan?" Pansy drawled, giving the boys a stern look before throwing herself into Draco's arms, peppering his face with kisses. "Merlin, I missed you!"

He laughed, wrapping his arms around her and squeezing her tightly. Harry did the same with Hermione, pressing a smacking kiss to the top of her bushy hair. His eyes met Draco's over the tops of the girls' heads, and they abruptly released them. Harry caught Pansy as she stumbled, hugging her tightly to his body and swinging her around so her feet left the ground. She giggled and smacked at him, pressing a kiss to the tip of his nose when he sat her down. Draco did the same with Hermione, laughing when she giggled in delight.

"We missed you, too," Harry said, grabbing Draco's hand. "Both of you. Owls and Fire-calls are well and good, but they just aren't the same as actually seeing someone in person."

"I wish I'd seen you at Easter, but we were –" Pansy started, trailing off when Ron approached,

his face livid.

"Ron!" Harry greeted him, ignoring the look of cold fury that contorted the redhead's features. "I'm glad you came. Draco and I wanted to do something to congratulate everyone, so we thought a party was in order."

Ron's mouth moved soundlessly, his surprise evident.

"Yes, that's right," Draco drawled, pulling Harry closer. He grinned when Ron's eyes bulged at the sight of their bodies touching. "We had the good fortune to end our term a day earlier than Hogwarts', which gave us the chance to set all this up."

He gestured around the room with his free hand. The party was impressive – tables sagged under the weight of every type of alcohol imaginable, both Muggle and magical, as well as an impressive variety of snacks and sweets.

"We have a whole evening of activities planned," Harry said, grinning when he saw Ron blanch. He laughed when the lanky redhead glared at him and made for the door, obviously intent on leaving. "Oh, be reasonable, Ron; you can't leave yet."

The Gryffindor didn't listen, grabbing the door handle and pulling. Hard. He tried again, jiggling the handle, his eyes widening as he realized it wouldn't budge.

"I imagine you'll find our dear host meant that quite literally," Pansy said, smirking. "I do believe we're all prisoners here for the foreseeable future."

"Prisoner is such a harsh word, Pans," Draco drawled, grabbing her hand and bringing it up to his mouth, his lips brushing over the soft skin. "I prefer the term guest."

The rest of the room had wandered over during their conversation, the students' reactions ranging from panicked, like Ron, to amused, like Neville.

"I have a feeling I know why we're here," he said, surprising everyone when he spoke. The notoriously shy Gryffindor rarely talked in public.

Harry concentrated on an image in his head, and the room transformed. Chairs and small sofas now dotted the center of the room, arranged in a cozy circle. He motioned for everyone to take a seat, gracelessly flopping on a nearby sofa. Draco sat gingerly next to him, rolling his eyes at Harry's lack of manners. As usual, the dark-haired wizard just laughed, shrugging.

"Let me tell you a story," he began once everyone – except Ron, who stalwartly remained beside the door – settled in. "Have you ever heard of sunspots? No? Me either."

"I can't believe you followed him to Durmstrang without knowing whether or not he really loved you," Lavender said, sniffing. Most of the girls had cried at the end of the story, with most of the

boys laughing and teasing them for their sappiness.

"It didn't matter if he did or not," Harry said honestly, squeezing Draco's hand. "It was enough that I loved him. I'd have followed him anywhere."

A chorus of sighs rippled through the room, the girls all completely besotted with the adorable couple in front of them. Harry hadn't told them about Draco's use of Memory Charms, but most of those assembled seemed willing to forgive the blond his apparent indiscretions, since he'd been spurred on by a broken heart.

"It's so romantic," Parvati whispered, shivering at the thought of someone loving her as much as Harry obviously loved Draco.

"And so tragic," Hannah chimed in, her gaze falling on Harry, who smiled and shrugged. He didn't care if they thought Draco had slept with half the school. Harry knew he hadn't. "It's like Romeo and Juliet."

Draco snorted, running his hand through Harry's hair, which was fanned out over his shoulder. Harry snuggled deeper into Draco's embrace, earning more coos from the girls and snickers from the guys.

"*Hannah*," Draco said, rolling his eyes. "Neither of us hatched some ill-thought-out suicide plot, nor is either of us a woman. How exactly is our relationship similar?"

She sighed dreamily, a smile spreading across her face.

"You have so many people who want to keep you apart," she said, watching them with a tender expression. "But you're so clearly *meant* to be together."

Harry jumped when Ron punched the door, the loud bang punctuating Hannah's sentence. Hermione practically growled, jumping up to confront him.

"They are meant to be together," she hissed at him, crossing her arms over her chest. A small part of her rejoiced when she saw how he cradled his hand, hoping it was broken. He deserved worse, after his behavior over the last few months. "Just like I used to think we were."

His angry expression morphed into one of confusion and hurt, his mouth opening to protest. He sighed in frustration at his inability to speak, pleading with her to remove the spell, desperation in his eyes.

"I won't," she said, turning back around to re-join the circle. "Not until you at least *try* to act civil."

He considered her words, still cradling his likely broken hand to his chest. After a moment, he gave in, collapsing into an empty chair near Hermione's.

"Excellent," Harry said, sitting up. "I'm glad you've joined us, Ron."

He looked at Draco, who used his wand to Summon several bottles of Firewhisky and a tray full of shot glasses from the table behind them.

"Ooh, are we going to play I Never, or Truth or Dare, like you two did in here?" Padma squeaked, clearly excited to witness the two of them playing. Though they'd heavily edited the story and only alluded to the sex – or the intimate nature of their questions and dares – it hadn't been hard to fill in the blanks.

"We thought it would be a good way to help everyone get comfortable with our relationship," Draco said, Levitating the tray around so everyone could grab a glass. "We've told you how we got together, and why we've stayed together."

"You're all our friends," Harry said, looking around the room. Only a few members of the seventh year class hadn't been invited, those who, like Daphne Greengrass, truly hated them, or those like Terry Boot and Mandy Brocklehurst, who neither of them really knew. "We want you to feel comfortable around us. We want you to know the truth about us, not just the drivel that's been printed in all the newspapers."

He looked at Ron, who glared weakly at him, clearly exhausted. "We want to find out if it will be possible to remain friends with you after school."

Ron had the grace to blush and look down, which gave Harry hope. He and Draco had orchestrated this entire thing mainly to win Ron over – or at least assure themselves that they'd done everything possible to sway him. Others, like Dean and Seamus, Harry had been confident would come around easily after they explained the reason for their transfer. The Slytherins needed none of those explanations – the reason would have been clear to them.

"I had planned to give everyone a choice of games," Draco continued, plucking the last shot glass off the tray as it came back around. "Unfortunately, it looks like Weasley wouldn't be able to play Truth or Dare, since it seems unlikely that Hermione would lift her Silencing Charm for the game."

He looked toward Hermione, who shook her head resolutely.

"As I suspected. We'll play I Never, then," he said, looking straight at Ron. "When you're ready to ask a real question, I'm assuming the spell will cancel itself. Until then, we'll skip you."

He gave them a quick overview of the rules – unsurprisingly, none of the Hufflepuffs had played the game before, and only a few Ravenclaws had.

"I'll go first," Harry said, raising his glass. He watched as everyone else held theirs, waiting for his words. "I've never been in love with Draco Malfoy."

Harry drank, grinning when most of the rest of the room drank, too. Ron's glass remained in his hand. Theo shrugged, wiping his mouth after his shot.

"The spell doesn't differentiate platonic love," he said, grinning as he saw relief flow over Greg's features as the larger Slytherin looked into his own empty glass.

They all refilled their shot glasses, readying them for the next question.

"I've never been in love with Harry Potter," Draco drawled, rolling his eyes. It was necessary, he knew, to convince the last of the Gryffindor hold-outs that he and Harry truly did love each other. He tossed back his shot, letting the glass clink heavily on the end table next to the sofa.

A good number of people – including Ron, this time – downed their shots as well. Harry grinned, arching his eyebrows.

"Guess I'm just a lovable kind of guy," he joked, laughing when Draco nodded seriously.

"My turn," Pansy said, waiting as everyone refilled their glasses. "I've never had sexual contact with someone while playing a drinking game."

Her eyes flashed as she watched Harry and Draco – and a few others, including Neville Longbottom, which surprised her – drink. Her lips curved into a satisfied smirk, as did Hermione's. It looked like they'd finally found out what happened during that weekend in the Room of Requirement.

"I've never called out the wrong person's name during sex," Ginny yelled, winking at Harry when he blushed crimson and drank.

"I've never wanted to watch Harry and Draco snog," Lavender called out, earning cat calls and whistles from the rest of the girls – and a few of the guys as well. Most of the room drank, compelled to by the spell either because they truly wanted to watch the boys kiss or because of simple curiosity.

Ron felt his anger dissolve, watching as one of his oldest friends snogged the daylights out of one of his oldest enemies. Draco stroked Harry's jaw as he deepened the kiss, and Harry sighed, relaxing at his touch. There was nothing obscene about the kiss, nothing terribly inappropriate. Still, it shocked Ron. His mind had unwillingly envisioned them together dozens of ways, but none of them had been this sweet, or this loving. Faced with it, he could no longer deny that they really were in love, and that Harry was happier than Ron had ever seen him. He sighed, surprised by a slight tingling in this throat. He opened his mouth, testing out his voice. It was back.

"I've never turned my back on my best mates, deciding I didn't need them anymore just because I'd found someone to shag," Ron said hoarsely, his throat raw from the spell.

Harry broke away from the kiss, his eyes flicking to his still-full glass of Firewhisky resting on the table. He made no move to grab it, and more of the tension flowed out of Ron as he realized the Truth spell wasn't making Harry drink.

"I didn't turn my back on you, Ron," Harry said softly, his heart clenching at the thought that Ron believed he'd deserted him. He'd thought his problem was Draco, or that Harry was gay. "I Owled you every week, but they all came back unopened. I even stopped by the Burrow at Easter, but you'd gone to Romania to see Charlie."

Ginny nodded sadly. "I tried to tell you, but you wouldn't let me say anything about Harry. He and Draco both stopped by. They had lunch with me and Mum."

"Your letters – I thought they'd just be attempts to tell me about how great Malfoy –"

"Some of them were," Harry cut in, frowning. "But most of them were just about daily life at Durmstrang. How much colder it was than here. How much you'd have liked the Quidditch coach there. The fact that they'd never heard of Shepherd's Pie. Just things like that."

Ron was silent, staring at his swollen hand, which he'd rested in his lap.

"I'm sorry, Ron," Harry said quietly. The rest of the room was silent, watching the estranged friends talk. "I didn't realize you felt that way. You'll always be my best mate. You still were, even when you weren't talking to me."

Hermione put her arm around Ron, resting her head on his shoulder. Like Harry, she'd thought the reason behind his anger was the fact that Harry had run off with Draco, not that he'd left in the first place.

"I guess that changes things, then," Ron said, his voice a bit stronger. He looked up, his back straightening.

"I've never forgiven a friend for being an absolute arse," he said softly, his eyes locking on Harry's.

Harry grinned, picking up his drink and downing it in one swallow. Most of the rest of the room – including Ron – also drank.

"Enough of this," Draco said, clapping his hands. Music started up, and the sofas and chairs began to scoot toward the walls, drawing shrieks and squeals from the people still sitting on them. "Why are we all sitting around? This is a party!"

The room straightened itself around them, empty liquor bottles disappearing, dirty plates and glasses vanishing from the tables and floor. It changed and morphed, shrinking and rearranging itself until it looked just as it had that fateful weekend so many months ago.

"Such a romantic," Harry teased, kissing Draco softly on the lips as he looked around the room. His gaze fell on the solitary bed, which seemed much more inviting now than it had been then.

"Going to sleep on the floor this time, Potter?" Draco sneered, his eyebrows rising in challenge.

"When there's a perfectly comfortable bed and a gorgeous bloke willing to share it? I don't think so," he answered, wrapping his arms around Draco's shoulders so their faces almost touched.

"Good answer," Draco whispered, kissing the tip of Harry's nose. "Much better than last time."

Harry grinned, grabbing Draco's hand and pulling him toward the bed. They fell into it laughing, wrestling briefly with each other as they struggled to pull their clothes off. Just like their last time in the room, both of them were already hard, already past the point of painful arousal. It had been torture not being able to touch Draco any way he wanted all night, but Harry had restrained himself, knowing the tentative peace they'd struck with Ron would have been ruined if he'd given in to temptation and frotted against Draco on the dance floor.

"Truth or dare?" Draco whispered, his lips ghosting down Harry's bare torso.

"Truth," he gasped, arching as Draco's tongue traced the ridge of muscle near his hip.

"Who gives better head? Smith or Blaise?"

Harry laughed, letting his fingers tangle in Draco's soft hair.

"Draco Malfoy gives better head than either of them."

"That's right," Draco growled, licking Harry's cock from root to tip. "Draco Malfoy gives the best head you'll *ever* have. Because I don't intend to let you gather any more data."

"Mmm," Harry said, his breath hitching as Draco's mouth returned to his cock, licking and sucking in earnest. "No complaints here."

Harry sighed when Draco's mouth left him. He watched as Draco picked up the closest wand – his own familiar piece of holly, which they'd found worked every bit as well for Draco as it did for Harry – and cast a series of spells to stretch and lubricate him. Harry grinned at the odd sensation, his cock jumping in anticipation of feeling Draco's hard length slide inside him.

"How do you want it?" Draco whispered, his husky voice sliding over Harry's skin like a caress.

"Hard and fast," he answered, moaning when Draco responded by sliding first one, then two long, slender fingers inside him, checking that the spell had done its job. It had. Harry was relaxed and loosened, Draco's fingers moving easily as they scissored inside him.

He chuckled when Harry ground against his hand, crooking his finger and gently stroking

Harry's slick channel until he found what he was looking for. Harry gasped and moaned – sounds mirrored by Draco, whose cock jumped painfully at the sight of Harry writhing on the bed – as Draco's fingers found his prostate, whimpering as Draco stroked it mercilessly.

"Fuck," Harry whined, still thrusting himself on Draco's hand.

The blond laughed again, withdrawing his hand. Harry didn't have a chance to protest the loss, since Draco quickly positioned his cock at his entrance, his eyes drifting closed as he entered Harry. As he always did, Harry felt impossibly tight as Draco pushed inside, sweat beading on his forehead as he fought his orgasm. Fucking Harry was always on the verge of being too much for him to bear. It was so much more intense than any of the other men he'd been with – so much more than just sexual gratification. Harry, *his* Harry, was sharing this part of himself, willingly taking part of Draco into his body. Draco shuddered, a spark of pleasure running through him at the thought. Not that he didn't love it when Harry fucked him – he did, every bit as much as this – but something about being the one in control, the one taking care of Harry, made topping him that much more exciting.

He opened his eyes, stormy grey meeting burning green. They moved together in harmony, like lovers who had been together years instead of months. They knew exactly what to do to trigger moans and gasps from each other, exactly how to move to bring their bodies closer, deeper.

Draco ran his hand up Harry's cock, stroking it gently. He knew they were both close, but he wanted to draw it out. He slowed his own strokes, taking care to control his movements, sending his cock over Harry's prostate with uncanny precision. He knew Harry's body better than his own.

"Merlin, Draco," Harry groaned when he finally sped up his strokes, his hand closing more tightly over Harry's cock as his hips snapped faster, the steady motion causing heat to pool in Draco's stomach.

He felt his balls tighten, and he jerked Harry's cock harder, twisting his wrist the way he knew Harry loved when he felt the dark-haired wizard begin to stiffen underneath him. Then they were both coming, whispered declarations of love falling from their lips as they found their release.

Draco let his forehead fall, resting it on Harry's chest as he caught his breath.

"Didn't want to go fast," he panted, kissing the salty golden skin. "Sorry."

Harry laughed, his breath still coming in uneven gasps. "No problem."

Draco smiled, stretching as he pulled out of Harry and flopped on the bed, exhausted. It had been a long day, starting with a Portkey ride from Durmstrang before dawn. He blinked sleepily as realized it had been nearly 24 hours since they'd slept.

He stretched again as he felt Harry's nonverbal Cleaning spell wash over him, removing the

sweat and come, leaving his skin slightly tingly. He desperately wanted a real shower, but he was too tired – it could wait until after they'd slept. McGonagall knew they were staying in the Room of Requirement, since they'd needed her permission to access it for the party. She'd agreed to let them spend the night there, too, since it made more sense than them sleeping in their old dorms. Everyone would be leaving tomorrow, and he and Harry planned to catch a ride back to London on the Hogwarts Express, one last ride for old times' sake.

"Do you think he meant it?" Harry asked out of the blue, and Draco didn't need to ask who. Ron had promised to try to accept their relationship, even going so far as to grudgingly shake Draco's hand as he left that evening.

"I do."

Harry was silent a moment, rolling to his side to look at Draco's face, which glowed slightly in the moonlight streaming in through the enchanted window. Harry looked outside, knowing the sun would likely be rising soon. They'd spent most of the night dancing and drinking, simply enjoying themselves with their friends. No one had left angry, and Harry was relatively sure no one would head to the newspapers to sell the story. His mouth tightened at the thought, but he let it go. It was a risk he and Draco had willingly taken.

"It went well," Draco whispered, pushing a lock of dark hair out of Harry's face. "We did the right thing."

Harry smiled, happy Draco was so easily able to read his thoughts. He wondered if it would always be like this – if they'd always be so in tune with each other. *Merlin, I hope so*, he thought, reaching out for Draco in the darkness. *What if he stops loving me? What if we don't stay together? What would I do if I lost him again?*

"Promise me we'll come back here sometime," he said, his lips hovering just above Draco's. Suddenly it was vitally important to Harry to know if Draco felt the same ridiculous attachment to the room he did, to confirm that their awkward weekend there was something the blond cherished as well. "Promise me."

Draco raised his head, his lips molding around Harry's as he tried to kiss away whatever worry had caused Harry's brow to furrow.

"Did you know sunspots happen on a regular cycle?" Draco asked, his face close enough to make out the surprise in Harry's green eyes. "They happen fairly regularly, but they hit a high point in the cycle every eleven years or so."

Harry's eyes widened, and Draco grinned.

"I looked it up. We're at a high spot now," Draco continued, moving his hand so he could run his fingertips up Harry's bare back. Harry shivered, as much from Draco's words as from the light caress.

"I promise we'll make time to return every decade or so," Draco whispered, closing the distance between them to kiss Harry's open mouth gently.

"No matter what else is going on in our life. We'll come back to remember our weekend, even when it means taking a vacation from work or our other responsibilities," Draco said, kissing Harry gently.

Harry shivered again, envisioning the life Draco was describing. "Or finding someone to watch our children for us while Father and Daddy steal away for a few days."

He kissed Harry more deeply this time, his gaze never leaving Harry's, enjoying the way his green eyes darkened at the words.

"Did you know sunspots make things go haywire?" Draco whispered, grinning when Harry shifted and climbed on top of him, clearly ready for another round. "Muggle technology failing, magic on the fritz, mortal enemies shagging … the world goes crazy."

"Tell me more about this shagging," Harry whispered, pressing his body against Draco's. "That sounds promising."