Lubricity

Author: The Ruby Moth

Pairing: Harry/Draco

Rating: NC-17 for pure m/m slash smut adult mature sexual content.

Summary: Harry's fantasy-life is jaded and wanking is better with proper lube, not an elementary spell. In his attempt to find an answer to both problems, he discovers it in Draco Malfoy of all people.

Credit: This fic is the result of a savagely porny plot bunny who was born out of viewing that incomparable genius hill_'s incredibly amusing and inspiring comic: The Supermarket: A Journey.

Author's Note:Harry's seventh year, Voldie's dead; it was hard for me to write a smutty one-shot PWP about lube, wanking and gay sex if Voldemort and his horcruxes were lurking about.

WARNING: PWP, One-shot, First-Time, Self-wank, Gay Anal Sex, the Search for Lubricant.

Spoilers: Only up to OotP. AU from OotP; no HBP.

Beta: Nance O'Neil; Britpicked by the incomparable G.

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Additional Note: Chanterelles are perfectly edible; they are not 'magic' mushrooms containing Psilocybin.

Status: Complete. This fic is done.

Lubricity

The Gryffindor boys' dormitory was silent, filled only by the quiet snores issued by Ron in the bed closest to Harry's.

Restless, Harry tossed and turned in his bed, feeling a nameless urge that he couldn't place. He wanted to get off, but there was nothing to get off to.

He tried to think of Cho, or Lavender's breasts, or the flash of Pansy Parkinson's knickers the week before when she'd suffered that sudden skirt-lifting hex by one of the leering fifth year boys. Nothing; no effect upon his imagination. Nothing fired him up.

Lately, trying to have a solitary wank was growing to be a nuisance for Harry. All the usual fantasies didn't do it for him, and the things he was supposed to think about had no effect. He wasn't tossing off before sleep anymore, and this was resulting in his waking up in the early hours of the morning filled with an agitation he couldn't dispel. He'd even risen and taken his broom out for a fly outside a few days ago but it hadn't helped.

Taking his cock in hand, he realised his palm was dry and it chafed as he tried to rub himself. Licking his palm, he tried again, but it still felt dismally dry.

With an irritated sigh, he fumbled in the dark for his wand at his bedside, and muttered the Silencing Charm, and then the Lubricus Spell. Aiming for his hand resulted in a sticky unguent gel that immediately began sliding off his palm and he quickly stuck his hand down the waistband of his pyjamas. He dropped his wand on the bedcovers beside him.

The sensation of the cold, slick mass - that hadn't properly warmed from his body heat - congealing upon his half-heartedly semi-erect cock was less than stimulating. Feeling stupid and rather put out, Harry attempted to fist his cock harder, quicker, and closed his eyes, thinking of Cho's long, glossy dark hair.

The memory of that wet kiss and all the attending feelings of self-conscious inadequacy and frustration returned, and he swiftly changed over to Ginny. Red hair and wild spitfire…and he felt odd despite having had her, because not only was Ron lying not a few feet away from him, but it made him feel like he was back in the Burrow, wanking over the youngest sister which in the past had always felt rather naughty and had done it for him nicely. Right now it made him even limper. Why would he wank over Ginny when she was no longer with him?

The thought of Pansy's pink lace knickers as her skirt had flown up and she shrieked that cold afternoon was inspiring, until he realised that in spite of it being illicit and sexy, there was absolutely nothing else about Pansy he wanted to see. The boys assembled in the corridor on their way to D.A.D.A. had all laughed and whistled, and the other girls had all grinned coldly at the Slyth girl's humiliation.

But the thought of what lay beneath the knickers wasn't exactly enough to make him want to ask her out - and the knowledge that her rather pug-nosed expression of superiority would light up with triumph if he dared. Him, the quintessential Gryffindor, asking out the Princess of Slytherin of their seventh year… She'd reject him and he wouldn't blame her, nor would he be disappointed about it.

Also, she'd swan about the place afterwards, her ego puffed up, and it would be a total nightmare.

Plus, there was the Malfoy problem to consider; he didn't dare move in on Slytherin territory. House unity was one thing; poaching Slytherin girls was quite another. Malfoy would not only take affront at his incursion, but would also make loudly known to all and sundry that Potter was so hard up he was willing to go to the enemy for a bit of skirt. No, it simply wasn't done.

It just wasn't worth the hassle for a pair of lacy pink knickers.

The gel in his hand had warmed slightly now, but it was sliding down his cock and getting everywhere, feeling mucky in his cracks and stickily clinging to his pubes. It felt messy and horrid. Lubricus was a first year's spell, and although it was essential for a boy to learn it immediately for a number of uses, private

wanking being the priority, everyone knew that it was really only for lack of proper lubricant that it was employed.

Harry sat up, feeling disgustingly clammy and out of sorts. With a sigh, he climbed out of bed and went into the bathroom, needing to shower just to get the horrible stuff off him as well as wake himself up properly. It was starting to feel like glue, all plasticky and disturbing.

He'd tried oils of various kinds, but he didn't like the sensation of oil. It got too dry somehow, and rubbed in a non-slippery, nearly gritty way against his cock.

He needed something that glided, slid and melted on his skin. Precome was usually best, of course, but these days he was having a difficult time finding any fantasy that got him hot enough to harden while he was awake, let alone leak, and all in all he was very frustrated.

Wet dreams didn't do it either, and some of the situations, objects and events he'd got hard over in dreams left him feeling rather odd in the cold light of the waking day. The entire problem was of course that he was feeling despondent and unexcited during the day, having grown tired of wanking all the time since he'd discovered the joys of it years before, and so he suffered emissions, wet dreams that were inconclusive, and messy ejaculation at night was hardly satisfying.

In the shower, he found himself getting hard at last, with the slickness of the soap on his dick, and he managed to bring himself to full erection and finally to sploodge into his soapy fist, but it felt empty, like going through the motions. Self-maintenance.

He needed to get some proper lubricant; that much was certain.

Who could he ask? He knew Ron never bothered with anything but the Lubricus Charm; as did Seamus and the other boys. Where did others get theirs? He knew that Madam Pomfrey must have various creams and salves but he couldn't possibly ask her for some, not without explaining what it was for, and that was beyond embarrassment. There was no way he was asking her.

Harry sighed to himself. He was going to have to ask Hermione; there was no way out of it.

~*~

"Hermione, can I have a word?"

She looked up at him from her book in the library. In an undertone, she said, "Harry, this is my last study period until Arithmancy. I need to study! And so do you - our N.E.W.T.s this year are too important."

"Please," Harry said in desperation, "this really is important. It is."

She sat up and gave him her attention. "Okay. What is it?"

He licked his lips. He'd been building up to try to ask her all day and now that it had come to it, he couldn't find the words. "I need to know - if there's - something, that one can use for - for, you-know," he made the unmistakable gesture of his hand for illustration, "that works better than the Lubricus Charm. That one just isn't doing it for me. I hate it, in fact."

Hermione gave him a look of disbelief. "Harry! You're not still using that one? I stopped using that back in third year!"

Harry stared at her in growing horror. "YOU use it? I mean, used? What -" he paused.

She rolled her eyes a little and shook her head. "Honestly, Harry, everyone knows that spell isn't adequate except in emergencies."

Harry thought of his dorm mates all using it, right up to their seventh year, and wisely kept mum. "Erm, yeah, that's what I thought. So… what should I be using instead?"

"Well, a proper lubricant of course!" she replied.

Harry glanced about the library, hoping no one had overheard. "Keep it down," he said. "I know that, Hermione. But I don't know where I'm supposed to find any around here!"

Lowering her voice, Hermione leaned closer. "Look, it's very simple. All you have to do is go to the grocer's in Hogsmeade. That's where everyone buys theirs. It's only bog-standard, I suppose. Many of the other girls buy theirs specially through the post, and have it owl-delivered from the manufacturers direct. There's a big outlet in Diagon Alley that caters for that sort of thing."

Nodding quickly, Harry sat back away from her. "Thanks, Hermione. I should have thought of that. I'll try that."

She lifted a brow, curious. He quickly nodded again, "Don't worry about it. Thanks."

Eager to drop the entire conversation, as it was mortifying enough discussing it with her, Harry got up and made for the library shelves with the excuse of looking for a book. He tried to calm his anxiety and disappointment. He'd hoped there would be an easier way.

The thought of having to go into Hogsmeade, into some public shop, and purchase the stuff was a terrible one. He had no other alternative, though.

Fortunately, it was Friday, which meant that tomorrow he could slip out with his Invisibility Cloak and no one would ask him where he was going or what he was actually doing. It dawned on him that it would look even more suspect if he did that, though. Much better to just pretend he needed to stop in the shop alone somehow.

This was as bad as needing condoms.

~*~

The night was spent in more restless hours of non-sleep and wakeful agitation, as elusive images tilted through his mind and his body ached for something. He knew what it was. He didn't want to be alone; he wanted to sleep with someone, to feel someone's skin against his own. It wasn't enough to take care of business on his own; he needed someone there.

The few times he'd had been with Ginny the previous year, it had been nice enough, he supposed, but it hadn't…excited him. He had more fun wanking, to be honest. He wondered if there was something wrong with him that it was better on his own than with a proper girl. There was nothing wrong with Ginny, after all, and she'd enjoyed herself. Hadn't she? It was just that she felt so much like a sister, in the end.

He was beginning to wonder if it was even a question of shagging; he didn't think he cared if they went all the way or not. Okay, that part was a lie, he immediately corrected himself. But still, he just wanted someone to hold. And to hold him. Where the sex part would take care of itself and just be par for the course. Accepted. Rather than being the be-all and end-all of the relationship.

He wanted to go out with someone, and actually feel needed and wanted in return. Harry began to wonder if he was being pathetic. After all, even Neville wanted that; as did Ron and the others. Dean was certainly getting it from somewhere, although that was supposed to be some huge secret, mostly because Ron wasn't supposed to know and everyone knew Ginny fancied Dean.

The problem wasn't going to go away: every girl would love to go out with Harry Potter. It was him, just Harry, himself, that no one was ever interested in. It was the Cho problem all over again…and Ginny too, actually. Ginny'd had a crush on him for years, but now that she'd had him - it hadn't even been about him, but her.

Harry sighed to himself in his bed and closed his eyes against another night fraught with restlessness and lack of sleep. The idea of looking at Seamus's porno mags didn't do it this time either. He'd borrowed them too many times while Seamus slept and Harry had memorised all the girls in the moving pictures already.

He didn't fall asleep for a long time.

~*~

The next morning, he was incredibly grateful to be seventeen and no longer need a note signed by the Dursleys to be able to go into Hogsmeade. In the village, he managed to ditch Ron and Hermione - who were circling around the possibility of asking each other out - and made his way to the grocer's. He really hoped one of them finally broke this year and asked the other out; they'd each separately come to him at the start of the school year and claimed to be thinking of doing just that. Harry could only hope.

Inside the shop, he wandered about the aisles aimlessly, pretending to peruse the goods on display. Harry wondered if all this trouble was worth it, just to obtain a tube of lubricant for wanking purposes.

But he hated that dry chafing feeling and had no love of calluses rubbing against his cock when it felt red and raw, without the proper slippery sensation, and it was hardly his own fault that there was no girl in Hogwarts that was able to properly hold his fantasies up these days.

"May I be of assistance?" called the old shop owner from the till.

"No, no, thank you. I'm just looking," Harry quickly responded. Where oh where was the lubricant? He couldn't see it anywhere.

What would Hermione do? The idea of looking amongst the females' section was swiftly illuminating, but equally horrifying. He could hardly go poking about those items without looking a right idiot. And he hadn't even located them yet.

He felt a touch of heat in his face just from the thought of it.

Great, he thought to himself, this is just great. Let's go look in the girls' section, where all the girls buy theirs, he bitterly added. Why didn't they cater to the boys? It was so unfair. Where were the condoms?

The door swung open with a cheerful tinkle of the bells, and Harry ducked his head down and pretended to handle some large tuberous roots in a bin. They looked like yams but he couldn't be sure. He glanced up and over the aisles to see three Ravenclaw girls… He didn't want to be recognised in here. Too many possible questions.

He furtively sidled down the farthest aisle and ended up in the dark recesses of the tiny shop, faced with an assortment of strange objects. He picked one up and read it: Stayfresh - Madam Sweet's brand. Guaranteed to keep you fresh - Chrysanthemum fragrance.

Harry dropped it in horror. Pads! He had to get out of there.

He glanced wildly about the shelves but saw nothing remotely like lubricant. He considered getting out his wand and Accio'ing lube, but the possibilities of this backfiring were enormous. Besides, it was much more courteous to simply ask the shopkeeper.

What was this? Feminine vaginal douche water, in strawberry? That was the final straw. He was leaving. Immediately!

He heard the girls whispering and giggling to each other, and wished like hell that he had his Invisibility Cloak.

Trying to avoid them, he quickly went out of the far aisle just as they all turned the corner to make their way in his direction, and he practically sprinted to the door. The shop owner asked kindly, "Didn't find anything to your satisfaction, lad?"

"No, sorry. Thanks," Harry hastily mumbled, and quickly left the shop.

That had been close. He gathered his robe about him and breathed a sigh of relief in the cold October air.

It promised to frost over tonight, he could tell from the chill.

The near miss of his attempt in the shop reminded him that he was, in fact, Harry Potter, and if anyone found out that he was publicly looking for lubricant, he'd never live it down.

He frowned to himself as he trudged back along the muddy street to where Ron and Hermione probably would be. He could just see it now on the front page of the Daily Prophet: "'Boy-Who-Lived Seeks Lube - owls despatched with samples from fans". Or Witch Weekly: "Harry Potter, Hogwarts Student and Defeater of You-Know-Who: Prefers Chrysanthemum for his self-pleasuring needs".

With Voldemort dead, he should be grateful his only looming problem was the procurement of lube.

The surprise attack of Voldemort upon the Dursleys over the summer had resulted in his destruction when Aunt Petunia had slapped the dread Lord Voldemort for daring to insult her as a 'filthy Muggle bitch' to her face. Apparently that blood magic was strong, and Harry had come downstairs to find Uncle Vernon and Aunt Petunia outraged at the wizarding mess on their front doorstep in the aftermath of Voldemort's instant decay. Having discovered Harry's whereabouts from his spies, Tom Riddle had failed to take into account the protection of the blood magic. Who could have known a Muggle aunt would defeat him?

Harry sighed. He was still proclaimed the hero, as he'd been on site, even though everyone knew that he hadn't done anything. It was mystifying and very frustrating. Although of course he was grateful that his mother's sacrifice had proven to be so potent all throughout his life, from the first death attempt to the last. Dumbledore had never really explained it to his satisfaction. Aunt Petunia shouldn't have been able to slap Voldemort dead, Harry was sure. But, who was he to complain? No one was trying to kill him anymore.

Now all he had to do was find lubricant by some means that wouldn't result in his very complete and public humiliation.

Ron and Hermione were inside The Three Broomsticks. He joined them there, feeling very glum indeed.

"Harry, what's wrong?" Hermione asked him.

He sat down beside her, and said, "I couldn't find any. And I did try. Even in the girls' section."

Ron frowned at him in puzzlement. "Try to find what?"

Harry pulled a face and decided to confide in him. Lowering his tone, he muttered, "Lubricant. Do you know, they don't even have condoms? But some Ravenclaws came in, and I had to scarper. Girls, again."

Hermione gave him a compassionate look. "Oh, dear. Yes, I can imagine that would be rather…"

Ron shrugged. "Aren't you just using Lubricus, like the rest of us?"

Hermione rolled her eyes. "Don't tell me. You as well?"

"What?" Ron asked.

"I'll bet Malfoy doesn't have this problem," Harry mumbled.

"Well, no, he doesn't. The Slytherins already have their own in-school apothecary," Hermione agreed, hearing him despite his having mumbled it. "They all use the same thing: the Shroom Salve."

Ron and Harry stared at her blankly. Harry asked cautiously, "Shroom Salve?"

"Yes, it's an orange, fruity concoction that's supposed to be far superior because it's homemade from special mushrooms. Usually it's used by mediwizards, like Mrs Pomfrey, for the insertion of…well, things. It's amazing stuff, apparently: it instantly heals vaginal tears and anal fissures."

Ron's face bloomed crimson at her words.

She blithely carried on, "But Malfoy got a hold of the book from the Restricted Section and has had it out since the beginning of last year, with Professor Snape's indulgence. He's got a crop of shrooms in the Forbidden Forest that he's staked out. He protects them from frost and animals and everything. He keeps them growing all year round now. No one dares pilfer from his patch. And he makes the salve himself, and then sells it for a profit. It's daylight robbery, if you ask me. He's selling it way too high, and raking in the money - as if he needs more of an allowance than his mum is sending him," Hermione sniffed indignantly.

Harry asked, "Have you seen this stuff? Is it any good?" And why hadn't the Gryffindor boys heard about this?

She shook her head. "I've heard rumors from some of the other girls, though. Apparently it's the best. It's homemade, so of course he has every right to sell it to whomever he chooses, and he only supplies to Slytherins. But it's highly unfair and naturally Snape turns a blind eye."

The thought of going to Malfoy to purchase lube was too horrifying to contemplate.

But even after they left Hogsmeade to return to Hogwarts, Harry couldn't get it out of his mind. Surely he could buy some. Just a little. He had more than enough cash. He could afford to purchase the best. The only problem was that Malfoy had it.

Then again, maybe he could make it himself.

Harry grinned to himself over dinner as he realised that all he had to do was sneak the book out of Malfoy's dorm, and make the salve himself. He wasn't as proficient at Potions as Malfoy was, but he could surely accomplish a simple salve made of mushrooms. Although he was not sure why something

made out of mushrooms was supposed to be any good. Surely it would smell and taste foul.

He needed to get hold of a sample of this salve.

And if he tried to purchase some directly, no doubt Malfoy would blackmail him somehow, and either extort things out of him for Malfoy's silence or blackmail him into paying some ridiculous price for it.

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That night, Harry crept down to the Slytherin dungeons in his Invisibility Cloak and managed to slip into the common room, and into the Slyth boys' seventh year dorm.

When he realised that they virtually had their own rooms, partitioned quite nicely, he was very envious. Why didn't the Gryffindor boys have such a set-up? He managed to avoid being trod upon or bumped into by various Slytherin students, and began checking out the various rooms. Most of the students were still in the common room or elsewhere, as it was Saturday evening, and it was relatively easy for him to locate Malfoy's bedroom cubicle.

He began quickly going through the books he found, and was about to open the cabinet by Malfoy's bed when he saw the Trip-Alarm Jinx protecting it. Harry's eyes narrowed. He wondered if he could find a way to -

There it was: A tiny tube of orange liquid sitting just behind the lampshade on the bedside cabinet by Malfoy's bed. Right in easy reach of someone who needed to grab it for a quick wank while in bed.

Harry considered his options. Malfoy was making the stuff and selling it at high prices; surely he could afford to lose such a small sample?

Feeling dirty, Harry snatched up the little tube and pocketed it. He turned to leave, wondering how low

he'd sunk to actually be reduced to nicking Malfoy's lube.

~*~

Later on that Saturday night, he waited until everyone was asleep before taking out the lube and uncapping it. He sniffed it cautiously, and it did indeed smell wonderful; like ripe, luscious apricots. He wondered how mushrooms could produce such an incredible smell. It smelled so good, in fact, he realised he really, really liked it.

And knowing that it was the very same stuff that Malfoy had made with his own hands, and sold to the others, and used on himself when he wanked… Harry shivered suddenly.

He discovered his cock was rock-hard. In fact, the thrill of having stolen Malfoy's lube was so great he was practically leaking all over the place just in anticipation of trying it out.

He put his fingertip over the opening and tipped some out. It poured slowly, like wet, wet honey. Thick and slippery; it felt really promising against his fingers. Tipping out a generous but not overly wasteful amount, he covered his fingers with it and recapped it, then settled back in bed against the pillow for a proper go.

As he grasped his cock, this time he was relieved to notice that it warmed instantly upon contact, and was so slippery and fluid against the sensitive skin of his cock that it felt wonderful. A thought occurred to him and he brought up his finger to lick slightly at it before shoving his hand back down to grasp himself and continue a light wrist movement, up and down.

It tasted delicious; a sweet, aromatic and fruity taste. It was hard to believe it was from shrooms. The edges of his dickhead where he'd been too rough in the past were instantly healed from the salve, and it seemed to renew his nerve-endings, making him so sensitive it felt almost like tickling. It was wonderful. Whoever had thought up this salve was a genius.

The fact that he'd stolen it from Malfoy was enough to cause him so much guilt and pleasure that he came very quickly, and was happy to discover that it was very easy to recover and have another go

immediately afterwards; probably some unknown effect of the salve itself. Certainly it had huge benefits as a medicinal creation.

The words Hermione had used came back to him: 'for healing anal fissures…vaginal tearing'. Harry wondered if that meant it was perfect for penetration. It had to be.

He sat up and pulled down his pyjamas, and put a little more on his other fingers and then lay back down to re-grasp his cock and simultaneously put a cautious finger against his anus. It slid in fine, and the slight burn of the entry was rapidly smoothed away by the slick salve. He ended up sticking two fingers into himself very soon afterwards, and discovered that it was perfect, so perfect, for finding that prostate that guys talked about. He'd only tried this a couple times before, and hadn't cared for it.

But…the idea of doing this to Malfoy, or of Malfoy doing it to him… of seeing Malfoy do this to himself, was too much, and Harry found himself coming hard, gasping and seeing stars, shooting messily and copiously all over the undersides of the sheets and on his belly.

He picked up his wand and muttered a quick Cleaning Spell, and was glad to notice that it disappeared completely, all of it, his seed and the wet spots and the salve as well, leaving no trace of what he'd been doing.

He fell asleep immediately into a deep, restful slumber, and his dreams for once were very peaceful.

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The salve was fantastic; in the morning when he awoke he felt refreshed. He no longer needed to get laid, he felt like he could take care of business himself and not worry about shagging until he found the proper girl. All the heart-ache and fuss he'd experienced since the defeat of Voldemort and starting his last year at Hogwarts with intent to find a girlfriend in the wake of Ginny's relationship with Dean was suddenly gone.

He used it again on Sunday night, and was left feeling so relaxed and happy he knew he never needed to worry about girls again. He was perfectly fine on his own. It was a relief of major proportions in fact, to

know he wasn't being held at the mercy of his own sexual frustration any longer, to have to find a girl in order to be happy.

He was left with a warm, fuzzy feeling of satiation that made it quite possible for him to concentrate in his lessons on Monday morning.

At lunchtime, he saw Malfoy loudly and angrily berating the Slytherins over at their table, and he did overhear the words 'thief' and 'salve'…

The downswing was abrupt. Harry's heart thumped in that sickly sensation one has when one is caught, or close to getting caught. Malfoy was upset about his lube getting pinched. There was absolutely no way that he'd suspect Harry, of all people. It was more likely he'd accuse one of the Slytherins for daring to help themselves to his, seeing as he charged so much for it.

Malfoy's glower was even somewhat vindicating for Harry to witness. The prat had been so petty and spiteful for so many years, even after the defeat of Voldemort, and it felt good to finally find a way to get back at him.

And the thought that he, Harry Potter, had managed to successfully steal the Slytherin's lube and use it while thinking of that very same Slytherin arsehole getting it - using it - at the same time was enough to make him instantly hard in his trousers.

With almost a spring in his step, Harry went to Potions after lunch, happy to have finally found a means of getting one-up on Malfoy.

It was when Snape's back was turned after Potions had already begun that Harry saw the little paper bird flitter onto his desk before him. With a simultaneous feeling of guilt and victory, Harry opened it to read:

Where's my lube, you bastard?

Harry frowned. Then he glanced up at the seemingly busy Professor who stood with his back turned, consulting a book, before staring over at Malfoy who was glaring accusatorily at him.

Harry gave a shrug of confusion, and shook his head a little, to convey absolute mystification.

Malfoy's face darkened, and he quickly began scribbling something else on a bit of parchment which he then tore up, folded expertly and blew at him.

Harry couldn't help but notice that it looked like a sort of kiss, a reverse kiss, when Malfoy did that; a snarky, nasty little kiss.

Ever since the Dark Lord's defeat, Malfoy hadn't exactly dared to openly challenge Harry any more; none of the Slytherins had, all of them seemingly happy to back down and accept the new order of the day in the wake of Voldemort's defeat. But Harry found he actually missed this; the heat and anger of tangling with Malfoy.

He opened the second bird note and read:

Don't play me for a fool, Potter. I had only just put it down, and I've asked all the others. It wasn't them. I know it was you. You're the only Gryffindor with an Invisibility Cloak, after all. Who else could have stolen into my room? Who else would dare, Potter?

Harry took up a strip of his own parchment and wrote:

I have no idea what you're talking about.

He screwed it up into a ball, and flicked it in Malfoy's direction, who caught it with Seeker reflexes.

But when he read it, Malfoy's face got even more wrathful and then abruptly cleared, frighteningly, and

then he began to smirk. He wrote something else down now, and then carefully folded the larger note. This time a goose came winging its way to Harry, just as Snape turned to face the class again with a watchful eye.

Harry didn't get a chance to read it until they left Potions, and in the corridor, he read:

Fine, have it your way. If you want more, you know where to come. Next time though, do us both the favor of asking instead of stealing it like a common thief. I'll make it worth your while.

Harry paused in the corridor at these words, and wondered. How the hell did Malfoy know it was him? Was he just guessing? It sounded more like he was calling him out. Or maybe Malfoy knew that the Gryffindor boys didn't purchase the stuff from him and it had to be someone who didn't already buy it from him and didn't have their own supply. Malfoy didn't sell to anyone but Slyths, and so it had to be someone who not only wanted it but couldn't get it. The dig about his cloak was far too perceptive, as well.

Harry began to feel worse about nicking it now. And there wasn't as much of it left as he would've liked, so he probably was going to end up having to try to get more anyway.

Harry wondered how the hell he was going to live this down. He loved the salve; it was perfect. It was so unfortunate that Malfoy would have the monopoly of the one source of the stuff, although not surprising.

The idea of purchasing it elsewhere - or some other brand - was a possibility, but why should he go to the trouble when he might very well buck up the courage and ask Malfoy to sell him some? But he doubted Malfoy would actually do so.

That night, when Harry used it again, he noticed that he only had enough for two more goes, even if he used it sparingly. It really was potent enough, and he knew he had to be less liberal with his application of it. He couldn't afford to have to crawl to Malfoy for more, especially after having stolen it in the first place. Malfoy's own personal lube.

As he used it, this time the guilt was all-consuming, and he couldn't help a flush of heat that rose in his face as he knew Malfoy was thinking of him using his stolen lube, and the knowledge of it was enough not only to stiffen his cock to complete attention but give Harry the sensation of having been caught as well.

Which didn't lessen his arousal at all, but made him conjure the image of what Malfoy would do if he HAD caught him pinching it…The subsequent punishment, or whatever Malfoy would have demanded…

His orgasm caught him off-guard this time, and he was gasping and crying out even before he realised it.

It was horrifying and humbling to know that Malfoy knew; knew that he was using it and had stolen it and wanted more of it and that Malfoy was thinking of Harry using it probably even this very moment.

Oddly, the back of Harry's mind was whispering that it was the most exciting thing that had happened to him yet, and totally surpassed beating off to random images of girls any day of the week.

Then the realisation that this was utterly and totally gay struck him blindside, even as he clutched his semi-hard prick in his hand, and rubbed absently with his other fingers at his come and remnants of the slippery salve.

This time, he decided to imagine that Malfoy was punishing him by using it on him, and it wasn't his own fingers that slipped into his hole but Malfoy's long, elegant and pointy pale ones, reaching where no one had ever reached before, and pushing into him over and over, calling him a no-good thief and a queer, and Harry was so hard his cock was hurting, and as Malfoy's hand grabbed it and squeezed it punishingly, Harry whimpered.

His face was flaming, and he could hear Malfoy's snide, aristocratic tones informing him in a sneer that he was a dirty, cocksucking quer; a pussy, a thief, a fucking cunt and a naughty, naughty boy, and he deserved to be punished - and Malfoy's pale fingers jammed into Harry hard, stretching him, invading him, and his hand was clenched around Harry's cock, owning him, and Harry came in helpless jerks, his cries barely muffled, even as he realised it didn't matter because the Silencing Charm was up.

He fell asleep almost instantly, his hand wet around his softening cock and his fingers still slipping out of him.

When he awoke the next morning, he was very uncomfortable, discovering his hands were smelly and sticky, his body felt slightly cramped or something from falling asleep like that mid-wank, and he really needed a shower.

But he felt good, and under the hot water, he realised that he hadn't wanked so hard before in his life. Over Malfoy, no less.

Sobering and blinking back the water that sprayed into his face, Harry knew things had changed for him. It was just a fantasy, he told himself over and over. It was only a fantasy.

But at breakfast, he couldn't help knowing that Malfoy knew, or at least suspected very strongly, particularly after having hunted down every Slytherin and wrung it out of them until he'd no longer suspected any Slytherin of having done it. He had to have good reason to have accused Harry of taking the salve. Maybe Harry hadn't been careful enough.

Harry wondered too if Malfoy thought of him using it. He cautiously flicked a glance over at the Slytherin table and Malfoy was sitting there over his breakfast, casually eating. In one heart-stopping moment, Malfoy's eyes moved upwards and caught Harry's, boring into his with a very aware expression, knowingly and darkly, and Harry sucked in a breath and had to look down.

He didn't dare look at Malfoy again for the rest of the meal, uncomfortably hard beneath his robe and trousers, and it was with much relief that he realised he had lessons without Slytherin house for the rest of the morning.

After another agonizing lunch with Malfoy darting nonchalant and knowing glances at him all throughout, Harry had to face Potions again. He kept casting glances in Malfoy's direction, but Malfoy kept his head down and worked, taking notes as Snape droned on and on in his sonorous and exacting voice.

The day ended with Harry feeling ragged and anxious, and he ended up spending the night waiting until it was safe for him to wank himself raw over Malfoy, and when he did it was hot, and glorious, and utterly satisfying.

~*~

The next day was no better, and ended in the same way, and still Harry couldn't bring himself to approach Malfoy. The risk of rejection and humiliation was too great. He had absolutely no assurance that Malfoy thought anything of this other than that Harry owed him for the stolen lube.

He spent another week of days and nights worrying over Malfoy, Malfoy, Malfoy, until that damned blond head was all he could see or think of, and he realised his salve was long since gone but none of that mattered because he was thinking about the bastard all the time.

It wasn't about wanking anymore. It was about him. The Slytherin prick who'd been such a little beast all these years throughout their time at Hogwarts. Did he owe Malfoy, or did Malfoy owe him? Maybe in the end it was the same thing.

Harry didn't even care anymore whether this made him gay or not, he just wanted Malfoy. Draco. He tried to not think of Draco during his wank sessions; he didn't want him to be 'Draco'…he wanted him to be the Malfoy, the cold, sarcastic prat who hated him…because otherwise Harry knew he'd want too much and that just wasn't possible.

He read Malfoy's note sometimes, before tossing off desperately, and hearing in Malfoy's cool voice over and over, getting lewder in the inherent promise, "I'll make it worth your while." It always made him orgasm quite sharply.

Finally, during one Potions class in late October, his conscience biting him as well as the awareness that he did owe Malfoy, as well as needing to refresh his stock of the salve, Harry approached Malfoy as the class was packing up to leave.

"Malfoy, can I have a word?"

Malfoy gave a smirk, a very helpless and wide smirk, his mouth twisted in hilarity, and he murmured, "Certainly, Potter. I'll meet you in the hall. Let me just tidy up here."

Harry was standing outside the Potions classroom and the other students had all left, when Malfoy came sauntering out of the door.

"Finally decided to come clean, have you?" Malfoy sounded smug. "Took you long enough."

"I couldn't exactly ask," Harry admitted, feeling cheap and foolish. "I didn't think you'd be willing to sell to a Gryffindor, let alone me."

Malfoy lifted his brows at him. "Really? I imagine your Galleons are as good as anyone's. Why wouldn't I accept yours?"

Harry hesitated, regarding him warily. "Galleons? Whole GALLEONS? That's - that's criminal!"

Malfoy frowned at him. "I'm the one doing all the work of making the bloody stuff! I pick the ingredients myself, and it takes me two weeks to prepare it! People are paying for my time and hard work, not just the ingredients. And considering how good it is, I should think they're grateful they don't have to make it themselves. It's a public service I'm offering, hardly something sordid. Even Professor Snape and Madam Pomfrey are glad I'm making it."

"I'll bet," Harry muttered, not wanting to think about what uses Snape might have for the salve. "Look, I owe you for the first one. Are you willing to sell me more?"

A crafty expression crept over Malfoy's face. "Why, of course. Let it not be said that I denied Saint Potter the ability to properly wank."

Harry shifted nervously. "It's not just for wanking."

Malfoy cocked his head askance at him. "Oh? And I'm supposed to believe you've got some hot affair with a Hufflepuff you're carrying on with? Get over yourself, Potter! Everyone knows you're single. Being the big hero that you are, you can't get a date with anyone who doesn't want the Golden Gryffindor who defeated the Dark Lord. Everyone knows you don't shag your fans."

Feeling a little stung at the oblique reminder that he hadn't actually defeated anyone, and that he wasn't getting laid, Harry retorted, "Shut up, Malfoy. Just tell me where you want me to meet you, and I'll be there."

"Harry?" Ron's voice came to him as Ron was walking back up the corridor to him. "What's Malfoy on about? You're not dueling him again, are you?"

"No, Ron, it's fine." Harry turned back to Malfoy and waited, expectantly.

Malfoy gave him a little shrug and another one of those damnable smirks. "Meet me outside that half-giant's hut at eight o'clock tonight. You can earn your next batch."

"How much will it be?"

Malfoy continued to smirk. "We'll discuss the price."

As Malfoy strode off, Harry couldn't help but watch him go, and wondered if it was, indeed, completely gay to find Malfoy interesting. A glance at Ron's dark face assured him that it was, and he quickly grabbed Ron's shoulder. "Come on, let's just go."

"Harry, what's he on about? Why are you meeting him?"

"Nothing. I'm just going to get some of that shroom salve, is all."

Realisation dawned. "Harry," Ron said slowly as they walked towards their next lesson, "You couldn't get some for us as well, could you?"

"Us?" Harry repeated.

"Hermione and me," Ron clarified.

Harry stopped. "Wait, what? Besides, Hermione already has her own. She buys it herself; all the girls do, apparently."

"Oh, good," Ron said, carrying on. "That's alright then. She finally caved, you know. Gave in to my charms. Took her long enough, wouldn't you say?"

Harry just shook his head.

Harry couldn't concentrate now though, and was hard-pressed to remember anything he wrote down in his classes, or what they had for dinner, because all he could think about was Malfoy. He was entirely preoccupied with the thought of meeting Malfoy by Hagrid's at eight, and how awfully similar it had sounded to a date, even though it really wasn't, and how completely gay it all was.

Not that he had a problem with discovering that Malfoy was an interesting person to imagine during wanking, but the reality was far more acerbic and disturbing in person, and he hardly wanted Malfoy himself. It was more the idea of Malfoy. Or so he repeated to himself.

With a sigh, Harry wondered how it had come about that it wasn't just shroom salve he wanted, but Malfoy. He hadn't even realised he wanted this. Well, him.

It was worrisome in a troubling, distant way; mostly because Harry knew Malfoy still absolutely loathed him. And didn't want him back. At all. That really did toss a spanner into the works.

He waited impatiently as time crawled towards eight, interminably. Frustrated, he was more than aware that he owed Malfoy, and he knew that Malfoy by no means was going to exact as interesting a punishment as he'd dreamed up every night in his bed.

As eight o'clock finally loomed closer, Harry made his way out to Hagrid's, and found Malfoy waiting for him, who threw him a look and then turned on his heel, entering the Forest with his hood up and carrying a lantern.

With a silent scoff at Malfoy's supposed bravery to enter the Forest at dark, in the cold nighttime, Harry followed him. Malfoy wouldn't dare unless he had good reason; his mushroom crop must be important enough to risk werewolves, and life and limb.

He followed the bobbing lantern as Malfoy made his way deeper into the trees, veering sharply left. Harry caught up with him to find Malfoy kneeling over a patch of very odd-looking, shrivelly, ruffled orange mushrooms. The cold air smelled dank under the trees, and the mushrooms were clustered in huge tufts and patches everywhere amidst long, green grass.

Keeping his voice down, Harry joined him. "What are these, anyway?"

"These, Potter, are the most expensive mushrooms for miles around. In the country, even. Forget truffles and pigs; these are chanterelles, and they're mine, before you start getting any ideas of helping yourself to these as well. You take these, I'll hex you where it won't grow back."

Harry held up his hands. "Don't worry. I won't. You have my word."

Malfoy snorted at this and stood, holding out a blade. "Take this, and cut off the heads, leaving the roots,

mind you, and put them all in this bag."

Harry took the small knife, and crouched down to harvest one of the heads of the mushrooms. It smelled lovely, like apricots and butter, and flowers. "They're gorgeous," he remarked, lifting it to his nose.

"They're mine," Malfoy reminded him.

Harry threw him a look. "Just saying, is all. I mean, they're sweet. I wasn't expecting that."

Malfoy gave him a look of disdain. "You've no idea what they are. Do you?"

Harry shrugged and shook his head. "I think I've heard of them."

"They're very expensive. If anyone else were to steal this lot, they could make a fortune in the marketplace."

Harry sat back on his heels. "How do you know these are yours, if they're just growing wild here?"

"Because I found them," Malfoy shot back, with a hint of anger. "Finder's keepers, after all. Everyone knows that. I was the first one here. It's the first rule of shroom etiquette!"

"Fine, fine," Harry said, carefully harvesting more of the large fruity things. "They're yours."

Malfoy was watching him. "So, Potter. What do you think of the salve? It's good, isn't it?" Without looking up, Harry could hear the grin in his voice.

"Yeah, it's brilliant." Harry didn't see anything wrong with agreeing.

"What do you think about when you use it?" Malfoy asked.

As if he was going to tell Malfoy THAT. Harry paused, his knife slicing under one particularly large shroom head. "Just whatever. Why? What difference does it make?"

Malfoy was smirking down at him. "I'm only making small talk, Potter. No need to get defensive."

Harry wondered what Malfoy would do or say if he told him the truth. There was the sudden impulse to shock him, but in the next breath, Harry knew it was highly inadvisable. Malfoy would probably laugh himself sick and then promptly spread it around the school: Potter the Arse-Bandit - no boy was safe. Yeah, he could already hear it.

Unfortunately, Malfoy didn't want to let go now. "Come on, Potter, you can tell me. Is it the littlest Weasel? The one that got away? She's moving through Gryffindors at such a rate, she'll be onto the other houses next."

Harry ignored this. "Nope. Not her. Sorry to disappoint, Malfoy." He continued cutting mushrooms and placing them in the rucksack Malfoy had placed upon the ground, before.

"Ah. Chang, then? The one who dumped you? The self-absorbed Seeker?"

Harry gave him a sardonic look. "Self-absorbed Seeker? Doesn't that describe you more than her?"

Malfoy's face lit up with glee. "Me? Don't tell me you're thinking about ME, Potter?! Oh, that's priceless."

Nettled, Harry snapped, "I didn't say I was thinking of you! I said you're more the self-absorbed Seeker than she is. Forget it," he added, leaning down to cut another mushroom, and then another.

Malfoy seemed to be considering this though. "So what do you think about, then? Come on, Potter; you owe me, for stealing my supply. This is part of your price for nicking from me, for sneaking into my room after hours in your father's cloak."

Malfoy's obvious guilting of him wasn't enough to make Harry want to spill the truth to Malfoy, particularly with what Malfoy would do with the information. "You want to know? Really? You swear you won't tell anyone?"

"Cross my heart," Malfoy said. "Not a soul."

Harry paused and gave him a look, and licked his lips. "Madam Rosmerta." He leaned back down to pick more mushrooms.

Malfoy came to stand behind him and abruptly was leaning too close, one hand on Harry's shoulder, his lowered voice in his right ear, "Liar. I can tell you're lying. I'll tell you what: if I tell you what I think of, then you have to tell me. That's fair enough, isn't it?"

Harry's fingers felt clumsy and he was having difficulty holding the blade. He tried to steady himself, but Malfoy's hand felt hot against his skin, through his robes.

The cold of the dark October gloom about them as well as the danger of the Forest surrounding them was only exacerbated by the single gleam of the lantern as it shone, illuminating the mushrooms.

"Fine, alright," Harry agreed, thinking it would be easy to make something up. Seamus's mags sprang to mind.

"I think about you," Malfoy said in a near-whisper, his voice husky in Harry's ear. "I think about you using my stolen lube, the same stuff I use on myself, and I think about your cock sliding into me, making me pay for being a no-good, dirty, evil Slytherin. I think about you handling yourself, and handling me, rough,

hard, making it hurt almost. That always makes me come the hardest."

Harry couldn't speak and his fingers had gone numb from the cold. He couldn't move, and he closed his eyes as he felt heat rising up and spreading all along his skin, despite the freezing chill of the air. Malfoy's hand was gripping his shoulder now.

Malfoy's voice was relentless. "I think about you all the time; your mouth on me, going down on me. I think about filling your hypocritical Gryffindor mouth with my cock, and forcing my come down your throat. And I think about you, Harry, pushing me on my knees and shagging my arsehole, hard and deep."

Harry's mind whirled. If he reacted in disgust or rejection of Malfoy's words, he had no doubt Malfoy would laugh at him for believing any of it.

But what if he didn't? If he admitted he thought of it too, would Malfoy back off?

Malfoy's hand was shaking slightly on his shoulder, and Harry wondered if it was from the cold. He was willing to bet not.

Standing up slowly, he turned to face Malfoy, whose face was filled with a curious mixture of excitement and fear. Malfoy's eyes were dark and he seemed to be waiting.

Harry ran a wet tongue over his cold lips, and said in a voice he barely recognised, "Yeah, me too. I haven't been able to think about anything else since I took it."

Malfoy looked stunned at this, as if he hadn't expected Harry to respond at all, let alone admit anything. "You haven't? You do?"

Malfoy's surprise was enough to spur Harry on. "I think about your fingers in me, on me, your hand

pulling my cock. I knew I shouldn't have stolen it, and I wondered if you'd want to punish me for it."

Those cold grey eyes blinked, and Malfoy seemed amazed at this. Harry realised with a supreme sense of victory that he'd called Malfoy's bluff. He took a step towards Malfoy, who leaned back a little as if wondering if he should retreat.

"I think about you all the time now. You're my favorite wank fantasy," Harry continued, moving closer to him. "I'm even disappointed you didn't make me go down on you for the price of having stolen your precious lube. Instead you've had me on my knees down here in the dirt. Is there something I'm supposed to read from that, Malfoy?"

Now he was standing a few inches from Malfoy, who seemed pinned and unable to move away, staring back at Harry with some shock, Harry realised.

Harry reached out a hand, dropping the knife and not caring where it landed, and seized Malfoy by the back of the neck, bringing him down closer to him, pulling his surprised face against his own and kissing him hard on those pink, pillowy, pampered lips.

Malfoy gave a strangled sort of muffled gasp against him and kissed him back, opening his mouth, and Harry parted his own lips to find Malfoy's eager, wet tongue thrusting inside, against his own.

The heat that swept over Harry was enough to buckle his knees, and he had to grab onto Malfoy firmly to stop himself from descending, even as Malfoy grabbed him back, seemingly for the mutual support.

Harry's cock was throbbing in his pants and he wanted to push against Malfoy, and before he knew what he was doing, he had pushed too hard and Malfoy went down, backwards, tripping over a knob of grassy sod that stuck up lumpily in the uneven ground underfoot.

As they went down, Harry allowed himself to settle against Malfoy's body, and their kiss was rather ripped apart. Panting, Harry said, "Malfoy," and then didn't know what else was worth saying.

With an urgent whine, Malfoy said, "Potter, for god's sake, move your robe out of the way. I can't reach your trousers. Lift up!"

With a groan, Harry let himself grind his hips against him, feeling the wondrousness of another body against his, as his cock pressed tight against the inside of his trousers, caught.

He rolled off, and quickly pulled down his trousers and pants, to find Malfoy was already doing the same. Malfoy's cold hand on his cock was a slight shock, and then a muttered Warming Charm made everything better. By the light of the lantern, Harry could see Malfoy's pale stomach exposed, and a fine tracing of blond hairs that led down to his pink, hard cock. It looked so delicious that Harry found his mouth watering at the sight. But Malfoy's hand was on his cock and it was too good to make him stop.

"Do you have any on you?" he managed.

Malfoy panted back, "You don't think - I'd meet you out here - like this without any, do you? In my pocket." Malfoy was digging around in his left trouser pocket.

Harry asked, "You were planning this?"

"Hardly," Malfoy retorted, swiftly, his movements jerky with urgency. "But then it always pays to be prepared. I figured you'd want more, yes? Isn't that why you came out here?" He uncapped a familiar little orange bottle and before Harry knew what to expect, he found Malfoy's fingers sliding slippery and hot all over his dick, and Harry was thrusting up into Malfoy's touch.

Malfoy snickered at him, and said, in a low voice, "Do you want me on my knees, Harry?"

Harry froze at this, and had to bite back a moan, because it was such a very, very good suggestion. An excellent suggestion. "Yes," he said, firmly. "Now. Right now."

The tone of his reply seemed to shake Malfoy into action, who sat up, got on his knees, tore down his trousers further and pulled up his robe, presenting his pale, pureblood buttocks to Harry, who'd never seen such a beautiful sight. Then Malfoy bent over.

Harry found himself unable to tear his eyes away. If Malfoy's cock was lovely, it was nothing to that arse. It was as pretty as a girl's, Harry realised with awe. No wonder some guys muttered that they were 'straight but would be willing to make an exception for Malfoy'.

The darkish pink little pucker between those pale cheeks kept drawing his eye, and Harry abruptly wondered what it would taste like.

He got up and moved to kneel between Malfoy's spread calves, taking a moment to run an admiring hand over those white, pretty globes of his arsecheeks. At his touch, Malfoy quivered.

In a hoarse voice, Harry said, "You always try to come off so hard, but deep down, you're just a little bitch, aren't you?"

At Malfoy's suppressed moan that wasn't really a reply, Harry slapped one smooth buttock, making Malfoy jump and groan. "Aren't you, Malfoy?" he repeated.

"Fucking bastard Gryffindor," Malfoy gasped. "Are you or are you not going to shag me?"

Harry felt his balls tighten and swell at this, and he felt full and hot and completely in control. At last, at long last, he could give Malfoy exactly what the petty little clever prick deserved. "Oh, I'll shag you, don't worry; you'll get everything that's coming to you," he promised, picking up the little glass tube of salve to coat his prick with it, loving the way his words made Malfoy quiver again.

He then moved closer to him, and reached down, pressing his forefinger into the crack of those pert arsecheeks and slid all the way along until he found Malfoy's hole, and sliding his finger into him,

delighted in the sound Malfoy gave at his intrusion.

The incredible, slick, clenching heat of the inside of Malfoy's silky tight anus was more than enough motivation to pull out his finger and push his cock against that tiny, wrinkled, rosebud-looking entrance.

Sliding into him, Harry could feel his cock being surrounded by the glove-like flesh of Malfoy's body, and the sound of Malfoy's moaning and groaning under him was like a goad.

Then there was nothing in the world but his hot prick stuck deep and hard inside of Draco Malfoy's arse, as they knelt there surrounded by squashy orange mushrooms that smelled so good, and the rustling of leaves in the darkness around them, as he started to fuck him properly by the lantern's cold light.

The wet grass beneath his knees was soaking through to his skin, and provided a little leverage for him to grasp onto Draco's hips so he could fuck him better. Draco's cries and gasps were so good to hear; after all the nasty words and comments over time, it was soothing and made up for so much. Harry hadn't realised just how much it had all hurt, all this time.

Leaning over him, continuing to fuck him ruthlessly, Harry tightened his grip on Draco's flesh, knowing he was probably bruising him and wishing he could lick the skin over those dark bruises later. "Is this what you wanted, Draco? Getting it like this? From me? Because I'm starting to think this is what you've been trying to ask for. Is it? IS IT?!"

"Yes! Fuck, yes!" Draco finally sobbed, his elbows giving way and ended up with his arse in the air as he collapsed partway under Harry, his knees still steady and parting even more now. The fact that Draco Malfoy had his legs spread and his arse wanting this sort of treatment was astonishing to Harry.

"Tell me," Harry urged, almost growling now, "tell me you want this, you want me, you want it like this!"

"I want it, I want you," Draco gasped, and then he gave a breathy sort of whine. "Please, please touch me, you fucker, please…"

Harry realised what Draco needed, and reached around with one hand to grab at Draco's bobbing, leaking cock, and began pulling at him, jerking him fast, and the shivery motions made his own cock pulse inside of Draco's bum, and as Draco climaxed with a choking exclamation, Harry felt his cock where it was embedded deep inside him suddenly clutched by the spasmodic twitches of Draco's muscles as he continued to spurt in Harry's hand onto the grass and wet leaves beneath them.

He heard the drops of it spatter quietly, even over Draco's breathing and groaning, and the absolute stillness and darkness around them was wild and protective rather than threatening, and in a moment of peace and ecstasy, Harry thrust erratically and hard into Draco, feeling the pain and anger and tension all shooting out of him, filling Draco up, giving him everything, and it was all Harry could do not to collapse right there atop him.

His knees felt weak, and he realised he was clutching Draco's cock, and he didn't know how long he'd actually been doing this with him. It felt like time had stood still for them.

He remembered the possible bruises, and he quickly let go. A sinking feeling ran over him and he wondered if he'd been too harsh or something. What had he said? He'd never thought he'd ever speak like that to anyone. He could barely remember what he'd said.

Ohhh, right. He'd called Draco a bitch. And he wanted Draco to be HIS bitch, oh he did, so badly. So badly he could taste it like the coppery blood in his mouth, where he'd bitten the inside of his lower lip from excitement while he'd fucked him.

Trembling a little from nerves and over-stimulation, Harry cleared a rough voice and asked, "Are you alright?"

Draco seemed to sag under him. "Well, it's not bad for the first go," he replied, in a thoughtful voice.

Harry grinned behind him, happiness sweeping through his bloodstream. "Do you want me to pull out?"

"Not really," Draco admitted. "I'm good for another one, I think. Aren't you? Or are all Gryffindors single-shooters? That would be a disappointment, I must say."

Harry let out a chuff of laughter. "You're just an incorrigible slut, aren't you?"

Draco stiffened under him, and Harry began to comfortingly caress his cock, and his balls, letting the wetness of Draco's come slather over his skin. Harry murmured, "I didn't think it could be like this for us, actually."

"Didn't you?" Draco answered. "I've always wondered." He gave a little shimmying motion with his arse where he was pressed up against Harry, and said, "Let me lie down. Stay with me. Right?"

Harry nodded against his back, and slid his knee down a bit, then the other one. Together, they managed to sink down with Harry still lodged inside of him, until they were lying down with Harry covering Draco atop the lumpy grass.

"Could be more comfortable," Draco muttered.

"We can always carry on back inside," Harry suggested. "I know a great room…"

Draco laughed. "Potter, everyone knows about the 'great room'. Snape and McGonagall have arguments over whose students are more romantically qualified to use it. There's a waiting list of four houses' worth of naughty little shaggers, waiting for that 'great room'."

Harry considered this. "Maybe we should stay out here."

Draco let out a sigh beneath him. "I knew it. I knew you'd go all butch on me. You're so predictable."

"You don't want me to?"

"I didn't say that. It's just…you're such a Gryffindor, it's almost a joke."

Harry growled and shoved his hips into him, hard, enjoying the squeak Malfoy made. "Seems you like it enough."

"Oh, it's not nearly enough yet," Draco said, suggestively. "And you're getting hard again, so I do hope you'll not waste it."

Harry considered the state of Draco's arse around him, and gave another experimental shove into him, loving the give of Malfoy's body again as he sank into him. "You're all wet. I've made your hole completely wet. I think it would indeed be a shame to waste it."

As Draco shivered at his words, Harry realised that however much Draco might pretend that he, Harry, was trying too hard to compensate and be on top, Draco was fully cooperating with it.

He began to fuck him again, slowly this time, enjoying the scrape of his cockhead against the ring of muscle as he pushed back inside, and the little whimpers and grunts Draco was making in the back of his throat.

Harry realised that in this position, lying atop him, it felt like he was humping him primitively. But it also felt affectionate, so close, with their bodies pressed up against each other despite their clothes still being on, and the fact they were outside in the dark night, and rutting like animals in the woods, while being so intimately connected. He relished the sensation of Draco's flesh being so cold against his intermittently, except where they were already touching and the skin was so hot. The contrast felt delightful.

Harry wondered aloud, with his next thrust, "I think we could keep this going for a good while yet. Days, even."

Draco let out a contented sighing moan at this, and said, lazily, "Harry, if you imagine even for a moment that you're anything but mine from here on out, you've another thing coming."

"Is that so?" Harry said, with another keen thrust.

"Yes! Fuck," Draco replied. "Yes. You're mine."

"Well, I," Harry punctuated with a hard stab into him, "think that you are mine."

"You're mine, just like these bloody shrooms," Draco gasped, probably in an attempt to goad him again.

"Mine, mine, mine," Harry said, in time with each push into him, hard.

Draco didn't seem to be in the state to disagree anymore, and appeared to abandon the argument entirely.

"Thank god I needed lube," Harry whispered.

"You can thank me for providing it," Draco muttered.

So Harry did. All night long.

~Finite~