



**Catspaw**  
**By Mystwriter**

*Summary: Harry uses his Animagus form to spy on Draco Malfoy in their sixth year. But Harry learns far more about Malfoy than he ever expected to.*

*A/N: This may be trite and unoriginal; you may have seen something similar before elsewhere, but this is my take on it and it was my turn to go for an Animagus story. So there!*

*Warnings: AU Half-Blood Prince; NC-17 for bestiality, dub/con, auto-eroticism, torture (just a bit, a moment, really), and general smuttiness and naughtiness.*

Harry padded down the corridors, amazed at how quiet his paws were on the stone. It was a strange perspective being so short, looking up high to the portraits and up the skirts of the suits of armor, but in many ways it had its advantages over his Invisibility Cloak. For one, being an Animagus got him into places he couldn't ordinarily go, even with his cloak. And for another...it was just way cool.

He'd found the book at Grimauld Place and Hermione had naturally warned him against doing it, but his dad had mastered it, so why couldn't he? Besides, it was an excellent way to see what Malfoy was up to, since he hadn't had good luck following him with either the Marauder's Map or his cloak. Just because she and Ron had failed to change didn't mean he shouldn't try it.

He was a little disappointed in his Animagus form, thinking he might be a hippogriff or a snake at the very least. Instead, he was an ordinary black cat with dark green eyes and white socks. It was better than looking like Crookshanks, he supposed—who sniffed at him in a most disconcerting way.

Anyway, a hippogriff wouldn't have been able to sneak around Hogwarts. Harry was fond of prowling the corridors in his form, loving the way his ears could pick up the minutest of sounds and how his heightened sense of smell could identify what was on the breeze, be it mouse or man.

He lifted his whiskery chin and sniffed the air near the Slytherin dungeons, searching for the smell of Malfoy, which he had come to recognize as a musky scent etched with spicy undertones. He wasn't certain if he actually liked the scent but he had gotten used to it, following him night after night as he did. And even in his human form, when he got close to Malfoy, he could still sense whiffs of him.

Tonight the Slytherin seemed to be hanging about near the dungeons. He stopped and pricked his ears. In fact, he was fairly certain that was Malfoy on his way now. Yes, he could smell the deep scent of Crabbe and the sickly sweet scent of Goyle with him. Harry crept along the wall amongst the shadows and the trio appeared around the corner.

"If you could just tell us what we're doing, Malfoy," complained Goyle. "I'm tired of being a girl."

Harry cocked his head. What? What did that mean?

"It's not for you to know, Goyle. Just keep on doing what you're doing and you'll keep everyone happy. Including You-Know-Who."

"Did you really meet him?" asked Crabbe in hushed tones.

"Of course I did! He gave me my orders directly. Malfoys are important in the scheme of things, you know."

"But I heard," continued Goyle, "that he wasn't too happy with your father after he mucked it up at the Ministry—"

Malfoy stopped and leaned into Goyle, a deep sneer on his pale face. "You don't know shit, Goyle. Keep your mouth shut and your opinions to yourself, if you know what's good for you."

“All right, Malfoy,” he said nervously, swallowing hard.

Draco gave him one more hard look, gave one to Crabbe for good measure, and then turned in a whirl of robes that would have made Snape proud, and headed for the Slytherin common room. Harry thought this might be his chance to get in there and find out just what Malfoy was up to. If he could get some kind of information he wouldn't have to suffer through Hermione or Ron's stupid dismissal of Malfoy's activities. Malfoy was definitely up to something and it sounded—amazingly enough—as if he had gotten his orders directly from Voldemort.

The tapestry slipped aside at the whispered password, and Harry trotted forward on silent feet, shooting quickly past Malfoy's henchmen before the tapestry sealed the entrance again.

It was like he remembered it from his second year when he and Ron had breached the inner sanctum when they were searching for the heir of Slytherin. Only he was a great deal shorter now, looking up at the leather couches and armchairs. He threaded his way under tables and around chair legs. Malfoy positioned before the fire while Crabbe and Goyle stood silently beside him.

“What about tomorrow?” asked Goyle as placatingly as he could.

“I told you,” hissed Malfoy. “It's on a need-to-know basis. And so far, you don't need to know.” He sighed deeply and turned from the fire. “I'm tired. I'm going to bed.”

He headed toward a stairwell that tilted downward and Harry didn't hesitate to follow him. He was very glad to be a black cat. At least he moved about unseen. Malfoy headed toward a four-poster with dark green bed curtains. The dorm room looked similar to the Gryffindor dorm, only the furnishings were in green and there were no windows. No wonder Slytherins turned out so fucked up, he considered. No light, no fresh air. Anyone might go Dark faced with that.

Draco dragged something from his trunk and retreated into the bathroom. Harry snuck under his bed and waited, watching the doorway for Draco to immerge again.

After a bit, he returned. Harry's round eyes widened. With all these covering robes and Quidditch uniforms he had never noticed Malfoy's figure. The man was well turned-out. His tight t-shirt showed off his muscled arms and chest. The shirt was short over his pajama bottoms and revealed an appetizing sliver of pale, pale skin. But more importantly, those pajama bottoms were loose enough that Malfoy's...well. His *package* for wont of a better word, jiggled enticingly.

Harry crept out from under the bed to get a decent look, and suddenly Malfoy spied him.

“Bloody hell. Who's fucking cat is this?”

Heads in the various beds turned but no one acknowledged ownership.

Malfoy looked down at Harry who was too shocked to bolt. He felt like an idiot. Just because he had recently come to terms with his interest in boys he seemed to be making a fool of himself all the time. Now had definitely not been the time to notice Malfoy. Oogling the Slytherin when he was supposed to be sneaking around unseen had been the height of idiocy. But there was nothing for it.

He was caught. He widened his eyes and tried to look as cute as possible. Did Malfoy even like cats?

Malfoy's hands were at his hips. "Where the hell did it come from then?"

"Throw it in the fire, if you don't want it about, Malfoy," grumbled someone.

Harry yowled involuntarily. If he had a hand he would have slapped it over his mouth. As it was, he simply closed his mouth and backed away.

"You are a complete arsehole, Zabini. And heartless. It's just a stupid cat."

Harry backed under the bed and Draco actually bent down and peered into the shadows. "Here, kitty, kitty. Ignore stupid Zabini. After all, when one has only a sock as a familiar, one has a hard time dealing with animal ones."

"Sod off, Malfoy," said Zabini sleepily.

Malfoy reached forward and rubbed his fingers together. "Here puss, puss. I won't hurt you."

The tone of his voice and the twitching of his fingers intrigued some feral part of Harry's mind and he stepped forward almost in spite of himself. And then, Harry froze as Malfoy's hand smoothed over his head and down his back. His other hand scooped him up under his belly and held him fast against his chest. Malfoy was warm. His hand continued to pet Harry. Unbidden, Harry began to purr. What the hell?

"You're a soft one, aren't you?" Malfoy carried Harry to his bed and sat on the mattress with him still clutched against his chest.

He was on Malfoy's bed—against Malfoy's chest.

Harry squirmed, his claws protruding. "All right," said Malfoy, letting him down. Then he was standing on Malfoy's bed on his Slytherin duvet. He looked up at Draco looking down at him. Harry never noticed before how intense those grey eyes were.

Malfoy waved his wand and the curtains closed.

Uh...

"You can stay if you want," he said to Harry and reached forward to pet him again.

Harry considered biting him. But then he decided if he made friends with Malfoy, he might be able to find out what he was doing. He sucked up his courage and butted his head into Malfoy's hand.

"So now you want to be friends?" Malfoy petted Harry's head, scratching behind his ears which absolutely did not feel good—though he wished he could stop bloody purring!

Malfoy cast a silencing charm on his bed and continued to pet Harry. Harry flopped down on the duvet. So the petting *did* feel good. A little. After all, it wasn't as if blokes were beating down his door to touch him. In fact, no one knew he was gay. Girls were still trying to get his attention and one lousy kiss from Cho Chang hardly constituted experience in the strictest sense of the word. And he didn't want to kiss a girl, anyway. He wanted to kiss a boy, though he didn't know which one. Just about any would do at this point. He found he was pretty horny most of the time. He rubbed his head into Malfoy's caress. Except Malfoy, of course. He didn't want to kiss Malfoy. No way.

"I see we're a boy cat. You should put that away, you know. Not quite polite since we only just met."

Harry looked down. His small red penis was poking out of its dark, furry foreskin. Oh God! What was he doing? This was so humiliating! He turned his back on Malfoy. Can a cat blush? Whether he could or not he certainly felt as if he were. Damn! He had to stop this. Malfoy had to stop touching him. It didn't help that he was a horny gay teenager on a boy's bed, even if that boy was Draco Malfoy, smelling like dark musk and woody spice. And Harry had to admit to himself that he liked that scent. A lot.

"That's all right," said Malfoy, running his hand down Harry's rounded back. "None of us can help our reactions all the time. I get a little like that myself when I'm around the right blokes."

Blokes? Was Malfoy a shirt-lifter too? Holy fuck. He sure rather not have known that.

"But I'm afraid, little cat, that you're the only male I'll be seeing in this bed for a long time to come. I haven't time to waste on such things. I've got a job to do. And I'd better get it done soon or I'm done for."

Malfoy stroked Harry's fur distractedly. His face became a bit paler, greyer even, and worry lines crossed his brow.

Harry peered at Draco's face. If Harry hadn't known better, he would say that Draco was scared. Was he really working for Voldemort? And if so, had he just confided that whatever he was doing he did under duress?

Harry quickly glanced at Draco's left arm. He was shocked to see nothing marring that white flesh. So. He *hadn't* taken the Dark Mark. Harry would have bet his entire Gringott's vault that Malfoy had done. Didn't mean he wasn't doing Death Eater work, though.

Suddenly, Harry was hauled against Draco's chest again and stuffed under the blankets. *Geroff!* He squirmed.

"Come on," cooed Malfoy. "Please stay. I could use something soft and comforting. And you're so sweet. I always wanted a cat. But Father would never let me have one. Please stay."

Harry had *never* heard Malfoy use that tone. He sounded so desperate and...lonely.

Harry turned toward Malfoy. The Slytherin's face was coming closer. What the hell was he doing! Harry was too surprised to react to lips pressed against his head. Malfoy was kissing him! Eww! He

squirmed again, but Draco's hands stroked and scratched under Harry's chin. "It's okay," he soothed. "It's all right."

He kissed Harry's head again and drew him against him, rubbing his belly. Harry's eyes rolled back. Oh that felt—

Malfoy hunkered down, petting Harry and kissing his head. "You're a nice cat. If you don't belong to anyone, I'd be glad to take care of you. We can take care of each other, yeah?"

Harry didn't know what to say. Never in all his years of knowing the Slytherin had he seen him so vulnerable. Somehow, he never pictured Draco this way. Always, he seemed evil and conniving and in control. More like something in a film—a screen villain—than a real person with fears and feelings.

And Malfoy seemed afraid. If he had promised to do something for the Dark Lord and couldn't deliver, well. Of course he'd be scared. Served him right, though, thought Harry. Evil to him that evil thinks, or something like that.

But then Draco sniffed.

No. He wasn't. Malfoy wasn't...*crying*...was he?

He held Harry tightly. Certainly if Harry were a real cat he would never tolerate such handling. But Harry being Harry was fascinated by what was going on. "I just...I don't know if I can do it. And he threatened my mother. I don't know how to save her except to do this. And I don't want to do this. I think it's bad. Really bad. But I can't go back now. And there's no one to turn to."

He rubbed his face into Harry's fur and it felt wet. Harry almost shook out his ears, but he let Malfoy weep on him. What else was he to do?

Dammit. Why couldn't Draco just be evil like everyone thought, like he wanted them to think? Why did he have to be human with human problems? So he was doing this evil thing whatever it was because Narcissa was being threatened. Shit.

He couldn't even hate him properly, though he'd certainly like to get him back for breaking his nose on the Hogwart's Express.

But not this boy. This sad and lonely boy who was clinging to this bit of fur that was Harry was not at all like the Malfoy he expected. Draco doused the wand light and the bed was smothered in darkness. Harry's cat eyes could still see perfectly fine and his gaze traveled over Malfoy's face, trying to relax. His snowy lashes rested against his alabaster cheek.

Hey. How was he to get out of the dungeons? Was he going to be stuck here all night? Crap!

It was no use. Draco was holding on to him tightly, like some stuffed animal. Harry settled down. Great. His first time sleeping with a boy and it was Malfoy. And they were *sleeping*! Not what he had in mind. But. He had learned important information that Ron and Hermione could not ignore. Namely, that Malfoy really was up to something direct from Voldemort and had to be stopped.

Well. Might as well make the best of it. He curled up as much as he could and closed his eyes.

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Some idiot was humming and woke Harry up. “Shut up, Ron!” mumbled Harry. But he startled awake when all he heard out of his own mouth was, “Meeooww!”

He bolted upright. He was still a cat. On Malfoy’s bed. And it wasn’t Ron who was singing, but—

Malfoy leaned over and gave Harry’s head another scratch. “Wake up, sleepy head. Time to catch yourself some nice mouse for breakfast. I’m off to the Great Hall.”

What? Wait. What time was it?

Harry leapt off the bed and streaked through the common room. Luckily, others were leaving and he was able to high-tail it through the opening. He ran down the corridor and up the endless staircases toward the Gryffindor common room.

His heart was beating madly. He’d never slept in his Animagus form before. It was a good thing he had stayed a cat or Malfoy would have had *him* for breakfast.

He skittered around a corner close to the Fat Lady portrait and where no one could see him transformed back. He was still in his t-shirt and pajama bottoms and he hurried through the portrait, scrambling by his fellow Gryffindors pushing their way out.

Harry made it into the dorm room just as Ron was walking through the door. “Hey, Harry. Where’ve you been? Did you even sleep here last night?” Ron’s face was between concern and pride. If Harry hadn’t spent the night here then he spent it somewhere else. Probably *with* someone else. Though not the someone Ron would be proud of.

He grabbed his friend's arm and tugged him back to his bed. “Ron, I spent the night as my Animagus,” he said in hushed tones, stripping off his shirt. He rummaged in his trunk and pulled out his uniform and robe.

“You did? Why?”

“I followed Malfoy,” he said, voice muffled in his shirt as he pulled it down into place, it still being mostly buttoned. He threw on the loop of his tie and wrestled it into his collar. Stripping off his pajama bottoms, he pulled on reasonably clean underpants. “And I discovered he *is* doing something for Voldemort.”

“Bloody hell,” murmured Ron, sitting on Harry’s bed as Harry struggled with his trousers.

“Yeah. And it’s so bad even he doesn’t want to do it.”

“Yeah? But he’s an evil git and so probably doesn’t really mind, eh?”

“Well...” Harry shrugged into his robes and slipped his stockinged feet into his shoes. It was a distinctly uncomfortable feeling having second thoughts about Malfoy. Everything he believed about the boy was slowly disintegrating. “He’s evil, yeah, but I reckon not as evil as Voldemort. Or Snape. Sounds like he’s being forced to do it because Voldemort threatened his mother.”

“No! No, I refuse to believe that prat is human!”

“Yeah,” Harry said, nodding and heading toward the door. “I felt that way too, but it’s pretty unmistakable.”

Ron grumbled and followed Harry down the stairs into the common room. “So did you find out what he was doing?” he whispered.

“No. I’ll have to go back tonight and maybe find out then.”

Hermione arrived and they left together, Harry explaining everything again in hushed whispers to her on their way to the Great Hall. When they reached it and sat in their places at the Gryffindor table, Harry twisted around to catch a glimpse of Slytherin. Malfoy was there talking with an unhappy Crabbe and Goyle. Malfoy didn’t look well, Harry thought. He seemed agitated and his skin which was already pale, seemed translucent, as if he might disappear.

Hang on. Was he feeling sorry for Malfoy?

Harry turned back to his table and drank a long draught of pumpkin juice, trying to forget any sort of sympathetic emotions.

But Hermione was talking in low tones to Ron and him. “If he is doing something, then perhaps you had best go to Dumbledore about it, Harry, now that you have proof.”

“For one, Hermione, I’ve already told Dumbledore and he refuses to do anything. And two, I’d have to tell him how I know and I don’t fancy registering myself as an Animagus just yet. It’s dead useful as a secret.”

“As Rita Skeeter well knew,” she said ruefully.

“Well, right. So I’m not going to let on to anyone I can change. It just might help me with Voldemort, too.”

“Too bad you weren’t a snake,” said Ron. “Then Voldemort would want you hanging about.”  
“Except I’d probably be eaten by Nagini. I don’t think I’d fool her.”

They quietly finished their breakfast, each consumed by their own thoughts.

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Harry went to classes as usual, keeping an eye on Malfoy when he could. But when night fell and supper in the Great Hall was over, Harry went back to his dorm, donned his pajamas, and



transformed. Ron snuck him out under his dressing gown and let him out of the portrait hole. "I won't wait up," he told Harry's disappearing shadow.

Harry trotted quickly down the stairs, thinking that it would have been handier being some kind of bird at least. Faster, anyway. It wasn't long until he picked up Malfoy's scent and he changed directions and followed it. Malfoy was turning the corner on the seventh floor corridor and by his expression, hadn't succeeded in what he was supposed to do. He kicked at the carpet and swore under his breath. But worse, Harry saw him brush wetness from his face. Had Malfoy been crying again?

Harry felt a pang of guilt. It was one thing spying on the speccy git Malfoy had been, but quite another to spy on this quite obviously desperate boy.

Voldemort was much easier to hate, even after all those episodes Dumbledore had shone him in the Pensieve. Tom Riddle had had all the chances Harry had. Maybe even more. But he turned it all toward evil.

Draco on the other hand...

"Hey, puss. Am I glad to see you." Before Harry could run, Malfoy had crouched down and scooped Harry up. "Come back to Slytherin with me, pretty boy."

Malfoy stroked Harry and Harry leaned against him, relaxing. He really shouldn't do that, thought Harry. He really shouldn't let his guard down like this, but it felt rather delicious being stroked. He wondered what it would feel like on his bare skin, not fur, and that thought suddenly broke him out of his reverie. This was Malfoy, for Merlin's sake! *Get a grip, Potter!*

Malfoy was carrying him down to Slytherin. Harry pouted, his whiskers twitching. What had Malfoy been doing? Was it something on the seventh floor? Maybe Malfoy would say but how was Harry to get him to talk when he was a cat?

Draco muttered the password and the tapestry slid aside. He ducked inside and emerged into the Slytherin common room. Crabbe and Goyle were playing checkers in a corner and looked up hopefully at Malfoy, but the Slytherin turned away and headed toward the dorm room. "I hate treating them like this," Draco muttered. "But the fewer who get involved the better. Don't want the Dark Lord going after them. It's my fault and my problem, I guess."

Every last prejudice about Malfoy was being shattered. Here he was, looking out for someone else? How could this be? Maybe Hermione was right. Maybe they should go to Dumbledore with this new information on this unselfish Malfoy. The world was really spinning off kilter when Draco Malfoy wanted to keep others out of trouble.

Harry was deposited on Malfoy's bed and instead of Draco changing in the bathroom, he began stripping right there.

Harry's tail twitched and he moved to the far end of the bed, which wasn't really all that far. He tried to look up at the bed curtains, the other beds, the stone walls—anywhere but at Malfoy, but when he heard the zip lower, his eyes just darted in that direction of their own accord. Malfoy dropped his

trousers and his smalls in one go and Harry stared. How could anyone's pubic hair be that light a colour? It was exactly like the ice-blond hair on his head. But that was only the first thing that caught Harry's attention. The next thing was that penis. If Draco had wanted to brag he'd have every right to, in Harry's estimation. Granted, Harry himself was only standing a foot high at the moment, and comparatively, Draco seemed enormous, but scale-wise, Draco had a good-sized dick. It was pink and just a little hard. His equally pink bollocks hung below, fuzzed with the same white-blond hair. Harry licked his furry lips. *This is Draco Malfoy*, he kept chanting in his head, but that knowledge didn't stop him from reacting to this very erotic and very naked sight.

Draco scratched himself and flopped down on the bed. He spelled the curtains closed and put a silencing charm on it. "I need a tension reliever," said Malfoy, hand still at his crotch.

Oh no. He wouldn't. He couldn't.

But he was. Malfoy's hand was stroking his cock slowly, leisurely, as if he had someone watching him all the time as he wanked. Of course, Harry was only a cat.

Malfoy's lids drew down to slits but he slid them toward Harry. "You can lick yourself if you like. We might as well both enjoy this."

What? Sick perv! Harry sat hard on the duvet and deliberately stared.

Malfoy looked back and smiled. "Oh, it's that way, is it?" But it didn't stop his stroking rhythm one bit. His other hand reached down and palmed his balls. His thighs stretched taut for a moment until he opened them, giving Harry an unintentionally glorious view. Balls, cock, and arsehole. Harry had never seen so much in the flesh before. He froze on the spot. He'd only seen as much in wizard wanking mags, but this was unreal. And hot!

He shook out his head. *Have to stop watching. Not right.* Harry turned away and settled down, facing away from Malfoy. The bed shook as the boy's strokes became stronger.

Harry's cock was twitching and getting hard. The reddened little prick was protruding from its furry sanctuary and he tried to settle more comfortably on the bed but the duvet was rubbing uncomfortably against it.

He repositioned and looked down. It seemed very small, his cat penis. He'd never licked himself as a cat before. What would that be like, he wondered. Could he get off that way? No, no this was all wrong! So very wrong!

Harry studiously avoided looking at it, but when he turned away he found himself looking at Draco, and that was...that was...

Draco's face was going red. His hand was working his cock now and the fingers of his other hand had disappeared in the cleft of his bottom. Draco was writhing, arching his body off the bed. He was moaning and his wet lips were parted and panting. *Holy fuck!* That was by far the hottest thing Harry had ever seen.

His little cat prick was aching. His purr was becoming a growl deep in his throat.

Well. Maybe one lick.

Embarrassed and glad he didn't have to tell anyone about this, Harry rolled back on his haunches, spread his thighs, and dipped his head down. Gingerly, he stuck out his flat cat tongue and flicked it once at his moist penis.

Merlins bollocks! That felt fantastic!

He dipped down again and gave it another swipe, then another. The taste was strong and musky, but that didn't seem to matter. What mattered was that sandpapery tongue stroking against his raw redness like a calloused hand. Like a man's hand. Harry closed his eyes and licked away, curling that flat tongue around his dick, dipping it down around the furry foreskin, and further to his own furry balls. Damn! He jutted his hips forward with pleasure. His balls wizened, tightened, the pleasure coiling tightly within him. He'd never done this before. Never done anything remotely like this. And with another boy getting himself off right beside him! That thought alone sent Harry over the edge and his little feline penis shot a short spurt across his cat belly. Taut with ecstasy, Harry's whole body trembled and it took him a few moments to come down from the exquisite pleasure of it. Shit. Now he didn't feel so badly for his godfather stuck as a dog for all those years. That was the absolute best wanking Harry had ever done.

He looked over his shoulder and Draco was almost there himself. Harry flipped over, determined now to watch. This was already a weird night. Might as well go for a record.

Draco's hand was a blur over his cock and his leg muscles were taut as wood. His heels dug into the mattress and his breathing became more ragged. Harry had never seen any one else get off before. He'd heard it plenty of times before they all learned silencing charms, but this was the first time he'd seen someone. And it didn't even bother him that it was Malfoy.

Draco grunted loudly and shot his load. Harry's gaze followed the white glob as it soared into the air and landed on Draco's blond-dusted thighs. The tautness in Draco's body collapsed and he sunk into the mattress, expelling a long sigh. His reddened penis was still clutched in his hand and it was covered in his spunk. Without even thinking, Harry padded over and looked at it. From his vantage, Draco's cock was the length of Harry's cat head. But it was his spunk that fascinated Harry. The scent of it was all that Draco smelled like and more. It was absolutely intoxicating. So much so, that he couldn't help himself and stepped up onto his thighs, stretched his neck, and flicked his tongue out to taste it.

"Hey! What the fuck!" Draco sat up on his elbows and glared at Harry. "Are you a gay cat or something? That's not on."

Harry looked up at Draco's shocked expression and looked back at the cock that Malfoy was now covering protectively with his wet hand. Harry felt an overpowering urge to lap up his spunk and nudged at his hand with his nose.

"No!" said Draco, tightening his hold on his prick. "Bad kitty. I'm not into that, thank you very much. You're a horny beast, aren't you?"

Harry yowled, unable to control himself. He had tasted that unbelievable flavour, like nothing he'd ever had before, and he wanted more. He could smell it. He had to have it. He butted the hand again, and tried to lick around it.

"Fucking hell!" Draco pushed him back with his other hand.

*Oh, come on, Malfoy! Share, dammit!* Harry insinuated his small head between Draco's fingers and lapped at the side of the boy's cock with his roughened tongue. Mmmm. Draco spunk. Who would have thought that it would be soooo tasty?

A little voice at the back of Harry's head was screaming at him. Vaguely he thought he could hear it say, *this is Malfoy, you great pillock! What the hell are you doing?* But the feral taste of the boy was taking precedence over everything else. Besides, he'd never get another chance. As soon as they found out what Malfoy was doing he'd probably be sent to Azkaban.

Harry stopped and drew back. He licked the taste from his mouth and whiskers. Azkaban. He looked up at the shocked face of Malfoy who seemed to be absorbing the fact that a cat had just licked his penis clean—and he had let it. Sick fuck.

But Harry was growing concerned about Malfoy's fate. He had come suddenly to the conclusion that he didn't want Draco to go to Azkaban. Whatever foul thing he had done to Harry in the past, including that bit where he broke Harry's nose in the Hogwart's Express, he didn't think that Draco really deserved to go to the wizard's prison, especially if he were being coerced into doing whatever for Voldemort.

Damn.

Draco scooted up the bed and drew on his pajama bottoms. "You are a very naughty kitty," he said, embarrassed. His cheeks were pink. "I shouldn't have let you do that. But I have to admit, it felt bloody good. Almost made me come again. I never thought I'd add bestiality to all my sins, but there it is. Down the drain with me, that's for sure. And if I can't get those bloody cabinets to work it's all over for the whole Malfoy line, so what does it matter?"

His eyes grew pensive and he stroked Harry absently. Slowly, he gathered Harry to him and Harry was mortified that Draco was suddenly weeping into his fur. "I can't do it. My mother is as good as dead. I never should have agreed to do anything. But here I was, the bleeding man of the house. Thought I could. What an idiot." He sobbed, horrible frightened sounds, his face buried on Harry's head. He cried for a bit, and then raised his head, looking down at Harry. He grabbed a corner of the duvet and wiped Harry's head and ears with it. "Sorry, puss. Got your fur all wet. I wish I could turn myself into something like a cat and run away. You actually remind me of Potter. That dark fur and those eyes. They are the exact shade of green of his. You aren't Potter, are you?"

Harry tried to appear as catlike and unsentient as he could.

"No, even Potter isn't that clever. Though they say he's the Chosen One," he said with a bit of a sneer. He petted Harry in long, even strokes. Harry found it very relaxing. He purred loudly. "Though...I'll tell you a secret." Harry's ears perked up. "I really hope it's true. Because I don't know

what it is about Potter. He's nothing special, that's for sure. But he is uncommonly lucky, and I bet he can get the Dark Lord. I hope to hell he does. But probably not soon enough to help me."

Harry was crumpled against Malfoy again. He felt tears drip onto his delicate ears and he flicked them to dry them off. But he didn't struggle to get away. He laid himself against Malfoy's chest, purring, and offering whatever comfort he could.

This war was hell on everyone.

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After Harry had returned to Gryffindor in the morning, he felt greatly disturbed by all that had happened. Not only had he actually *licked* himself to orgasm, not only had he watched Malfoy wank and licked the boy's cum off his enormous dick, but he was now feeling a sort of kinship with the Slytherin. He didn't want his destruction and downfall anymore. Far from it. Malfoy was just a scared boy, not unlike Harry was himself. Another gay teen who was so concerned with the greater circumstances surrounding his life that he had no time for the love and affection they both craved. In a way, Harry felt a little like Malfoy's lover. Though he guessed he was really more his pet. And that thought, which should have repulsed him, actually turned him on a bit.

Malfoy had mentioned something about cabinets last night. What was that about? If only there was a way to approach the Slytherin and let him know that Harry was willing to help him, no matter what. Would he take the help? Knowing Malfoy and his pride, he doubted it. But this was a matter of life or death. He might be willing to make some kind of concession.

Harry waited until Charms was over and told Ron and Hermione to go on ahead. Malfoy had been distracted all through class, getting lots wrong when called on and never actually getting the assignment mastered. Draco was refilling his bookbag and most of the class was already gone. Harry made his move.

He sidled up to Malfoy and as gently as he could, said, "Hi."

Draco snapped his head up and glared. "What do you want, Potter?" he said in his best sneer.

"Look, Malfoy. I know you might be going through a rough patch here and I just want you to know that if you need any help, I'd be glad to offer it."

"And why would I need help from you?"

"It's just that..." Harry looked around and the class was now empty. Still, he lowered his voice. "We can help you. And your mum. If you needed it. Know what I mean?"

Draco's eyes rounded. "What are you talking about?"

"It's just that...I *know*. And I'm offering to help."

Malfoy dropped his book bag. His eyes were suddenly wild. "What do you mean you 'know'?"

“Does it really matter? The point is I do. And I want to help. You shouldn’t have to make these decisions on your own. Voldemort is not the way. I’m sure you recognize that now.”

But Draco’s face was looking desperate and more frightened than ever. “You don’t know what you’re talking about. And you’ll make it worse. Just go away!”

“Malfoy!”

Draco turned, horrified. “Are you spying on me?”

“Er...uh...I....”

Malfoy snatched his book bag from where he dropped it. “Just fuck off, Potter! Leave me alone!” He took off running and Harry stood in the classroom, feeling a bit bereft and completely useless.

\* \* \*

Harry transfigured regularly now and headed down to Slytherin. By now the others simply let him in and he slunk along the walls until he could get into the dorm and hopped up onto Draco's bed, waiting for him. He was getting used to the routine of sleeping with Draco. He liked Draco’s warm breath on his ears as the boy fell asleep. Harry felt in some small way as if he were helping him, at least comforting him with his small, furry warmth. And Draco was very gentle with him. He stroked Harry’s fur always in the right direction and even spent a good deal of time scratching under his chin, which felt divine.

And Draco would wank, right in front of him. Harry had come to look forward to that part of the evening. And after some embarrassed hesitation and persistence on Harry’s part, Draco let him lick the cum from off his shrinking dick again. Harry liked that part of the evening best of all. Draco’s cum was better than anything he had ever tasted; better than roast chicken; better than treacle tarts; better than anything from Honeyduke’s. Draco’s cum tasted like the very essence of Draco himself and Harry began to wonder if it would taste as good to him if he were not in his cat form.

Harry had gotten over his original reticence and licked himself to orgasm several times, too. Draco seemed amused that a cat was masturbating right along side of him. Harry thought that the Slytherin actually liked to watch that pointed, reddened prick peeking out; liked watching Harry lick it with that flat tongue until he had a little kitty orgasm. Malfoy would pet him afterward, soothing with his hands and soft words. “You little naughty kitty,” he would say with a wicked smile, all the while encouraging Harry to do it often.

Harry really enjoyed these sessions of shared wanking, especially when Draco masturbated. He liked the look of Draco’s cock. And when he licked Draco the last few times, the Slytherin would get hard right away and Harry wondered if he could get Draco off by his rough tongue. But that might be too suspicious. Draco was a healthy male and awfully good-looking once you got past the evil git part, and Harry wasn’t much thinking of him in that way anymore. Just another gay bloke that Harry could relate to in more ways than he could have imagined. Draco told him things; his hopes, his fears, his desires.

One night, Harry lay curled next to Draco's thigh, watching mesmerized as that hand performed its wonder on that pink cock. With his whole body stiffening, Draco came in a deep groan, his hips rising off the bed and his cock pumping forth a fountain of spunk. Harry licked his lips. Definitely the best part of the night. He hadn't licked himself to orgasm yet, and his tiny cat penis was stiff and throbbing.

He glanced at Draco whose eyes were still tightly closed. Cautiously, Harry stepped up onto his thigh. Always, Draco would flinch when he felt Harry move forward over his legs and he snapped open his eyes to watch.

Harry ran his gaze over the shrinking prick. Draco continued to cup it in his hand but allowed plenty of room for what Harry had in mind. He lay across Draco's thigh and stretched his neck, tasting his first lick of cum. He sighed and flicked his sandpapery tongue at that cock, lovingly devouring the sticky mess from the length of it. And like the last time, the Slytherin's flesh responded, filled, and slowly rose to hardness. But this time, Harry had no intention of giving up. He wanted to lick his way all over that wonderful cock and bring it to another spectacular orgasm.

He nudged forward, his own glistening cock rubbing against the hair of Draco's leg. He straddled that wide thigh, taking advantage of the feel of the warm flesh beneath him and between his legs, and he licked earnestly at the hot shaft while softly humping Draco's leg. He ran his flat tongue up, up and teased the flared ridge, cleaning it of every drop of smeared jizz. He wished that he had lips in which to kiss the bulbous head, but had to make due with his nearly prehensile tongue and curved it around and beneath every crevice and wrinkle. Draco moaned and Harry stopped suddenly to look back at his face.

Within the bed curtains, Draco dropped the mask he wore in the corridors of Hogwarts. In the safety of his bed, Draco's smiles came naturally without any hidden agenda. His face was not so stiff and even a little less pointy. His softened features would take in the spectacle of a cat licking his most intimate parts and he shook his head at the feline's brass as well as his own for allowing it. "You are one naughty cat, do you know that?" he said, slitted eyes watching Harry intently. "I shouldn't let you. It's so wrong."

Oh but it felt so right, thought Harry. He licked in long strokes up the ever hardening shaft. The Slytherin was so aroused that Harry could feel Draco's heartbeat throb through his lapping tongue. Harry rose from his rutting position in order to reach the crown of the man's penis and dipped his tongue into the pool of cloudy liquid forming at the slit, lapping it out.

"So very naughty," Draco purred, laying his head back down.

Harry purred even louder. He lapped more strenuously at the crown, making long licks. And when Draco's hips rose with pleasure, he held on without using his claws. He maneuvered around and lapped at the generous balls sitting plump and taut between those white legs. Draco jerked at the feeling. Harry speculated that it must have felt fantastic; that rough tongue swiping over the goose-fleshed scrotum. It certainly felt good when he did it to himself.

Harry took turns licking the sac and then longer licks up the reddened shaft. Faster he worked, digging deeper across his flesh with his tongue, loving the scent of sex permeating in waves from the man.

“Oh God. You shouldn’t. You...you should stop. You’re going to make me—” But his last words were drowned in a grunt and a hot release of another orgasmic eruption. Draco’s dick thrust at the air. Harry followed the rhythmic movements with his head, riding out the orgasm with quick licks.

Harry stared at the renewed globs of white and humped himself in earnest on Draco’s leg, bringing on a little kitty orgasm of his own.

Draco gasped soundlessly with mouth wide open and he stared with glazed eyes at the canopy ceiling. “I’ve sunk very low, haven’t I?” When his breath slowly evened again he raised his face to stare at Harry. “To let you get me off. I *should* be ashamed of myself. But...since it’s not likely I’ll survive this war...what the hell.”

He sat up on his elbows and watched as Harry made quick work of the mess. He chuckled to himself. “I don’t know why they say that dogs are Man’s best friend.” When Harry was reasonably done, Draco scooped him up and hugged him close. “You’re a miracle, that’s what you are. A tiny, furry miracle. I like you a lot.” He scratched Harry’s head and Harry purred, rubbing his head into it.

“I wish things were different. I wish...” He sighed, petting Harry in that distracted way he often did. “Shall I give you a name? No one seems to have claimed you. With those green eyes it would be funny to name you Harry, wouldn’t it? Would you like that? How does ‘Harry’ sound? You know, I know I complain about him, but really, Potter isn’t all that bad. He’s actually quite good-looking.”

Harry purred.

“I know. It’s hard to believe, him a Half-blood and all. But sometimes, I feel like grabbing him and slamming him into an empty classroom and snogging the daylights out of him.”

Shocked, Harry stared at Draco. “Yeah,” said Malfoy. “And he’d probably look at me just like you are with those same eyes and say, ‘What the fuck are you doing, Malfoy?’ Shame, really. We could have gotten on. I think we could have. There’s a rumour that he’s gay, but I don’t know if that’s true. Gods, I wish it were!” He lay back on his laced fingers, elbows out along his pillow. “I bet Potter’s a good shag. I’d love to be under him.”

“Meeoow!”

“What’s wrong? Don’t like me talking about Potter? Jealous?” He cuddled Harry against his chest. Petting his head, he stared into his eyes. “I could almost imagine you’re him with those eyes. I think I’ve always had a bit of a crush on Potter. On...Harry.”

Harry’s heart was seized with a warm hand. Malfoy had called him “Harry”. Malfoy *never* called him “Harry.”

“As if I could ever—” Draco’s voice broke and he shut his eyes and shook his head. “That’s something else I fucked up royally. It’s far too late now.”



*No it isn't!* Harry shouted in his head. *I like you too. You're sexy and brilliant and gentle. I never thought of you that way before but you are. You are just the kind of bloke I would like to be with. Really!*

But maybe Draco was right. The two of them had too much history between them. And then there was this little deception Harry had been perpetrating for the last month. Draco wouldn't likely take that too well, and Harry was too much of a gentleman not to tell him about it.

Double damn.

But maybe it wasn't too late after all. Harry would just have to see about that tomorrow.

\* \* \*

Harry waited until Malfoy was alone, which was pretty tough. Either he was with Crabbe and Goyle, or he was nowhere on the Marauder's Map at all.

Finally, Harry had him cornered in a lonely corridor. When Malfoy looked up and saw him, his worried expression turned to that familiar hatred. "Get out of my way, Potter."

"Wait, Draco. I want to talk to you."

"And since when are you allowed to call me by my given name?"

"I just thought...it might be nice if we called each other Draco and...and Harry. For a change."

Draco laughed. "And why the hell should we do that?"

"It's nicer," he said lamely, and knew it was a mistake the moment it left his mouth.

Malfoy grinned. "Oh. It's *nicer*," he mocked. "Why didn't you say so before? It's jolly being *nicer* to you, isn't it?"

"Malfoy..."

"Ah, so now it's Malfoy again. That didn't last long. Couldn't stand being *nice* to me now could you."

"It's bloody hard when you are being such a prick, yes."

"And so here we are back to the beginning," said Draco, arms folded over his chest.

Harry expelled an exasperated sigh. There were those eyes he had come to appreciate. They were dark grey, like a Scottish sky. They weren't icy as he had always thought before, but sexy and full of great intelligence. Draco's mouth, too, had always been a source of anger for Harry. Always twisted in a sneer, it was often ready to hurl an insult at him or his friends. But lately, Harry had watched that mouth up close a great deal, felt its soft lips press tenderly against his head, and Harry suddenly longed to kiss it. Draco's lips were almost feminine. They were small and pursed and very

pink. Harry was looking at them now, wondering how Draco would react if Harry leaned in and took a kiss.

Harry had never kissed a boy. There weren't many at Hogwarts he had wanted to kiss. But he wanted to kiss Malfoy.

Bucking up his courage, he grasped Draco by the shoulders and hauled him in. Before Draco could protest, Harry had slammed his lips artlessly against Draco's. Teeth clanked together and it wasn't the romantic moment Harry could have wished for, but their mouths were joined, at least briefly. Too briefly.

Draco shoved Harry back and glared daggers at him. "WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU THINK YOU ARE DOING, POTTER!"

"I was just...just..."

Draco wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "What the hell are you playing at?"

"I just thought that maybe we could put our differences aside and...and..."

"And what? Fuck? Are you gay or something?"

"Well...yeah. Aren't you?"

"Absolutely not! Oh this is rich. Harry Potter is a bloody ponce. Wait till they hear this on the Quidditch pitch. I'll have to come up with a winning song for this one. It will make 'Weasley Is Our King' look like a nursery rhyme."

Harry felt his face grow hot. "Why are you lying about this, Malfoy? I know you're gay too. Instead of fighting we could be getting to know each other."

"'Getting to know each other.' That's Gryffindor for shag, right? Don't embarrass yourself further, Potter. I mean, the next thing you'll be begging me."

"I won't beg you, Malfoy. I should have known you'd never change your spots. It's all just talk, isn't it."

But Malfoy was looking at him steadily now. Harry could see his mind working behind his eyes. "Right, Potter," he said at last, distractedly. "Neither leopards nor Malfoys change their spots." He gave Harry one more sneer before he left him in the corridor.

Harry crushed his hands into fists and kicked hard at a suit of armor. Damn, Malfoy! Couldn't he just take what was offered? Why did he have to be such an asshole about it?

\* \* \*

That night when Harry went to Slytherin, Draco was waiting for him on the bed. "Hey there, pretty kitty. Nice to see you. Just where is it you go during the day, I wonder?" He stroked down Harry's

back and lifted his wand. The curtains closed, the silencing charm was raised, and then instead of laying the wand aside as he usually did, Draco lifted it and incanted "*Specialis Revelio!*"

Harry instantly reverted to his human form, crouching on his hands and knees on Draco's bed. But before he could draw his wand from his pajama bottoms, Draco hit him with "*Petrificus Totalus!*"

Harry froze. *Dammit! How did he discover me?* But then fear thickened his throat. Harry was Draco's prisoner in a completely silent and private cage.

"I thought those eyes were too green for their own good," he said. His voice was shaking with anger. "It's all just talk, isn't it? That's what you said. And then I put it together, with leopard spots and tiny house cats. Who would have thought that your micro brain was capable of creating an Animagus? I am amazed. Even impressed."

He poked Harry with a finger and he tumbled over onto to his back, reminiscent of his helpless position on the train when Draco stomped on his nose. His knees were apart and drawn up and his hands were frozen before him like a stuffed wolverine. He stared up at Malfoy who had got up on his knees to gaze down at Harry. Draco's sneer transformed to something cold. "I told you things, Potter, I would never have said aloud to anyone," he said icily. "I'm sure you blabbed them to all your little Gryffindor friends. 'Oh look! Malfoy is scared like a little girl! He's crying for his mummy. Poor weak, frightened, *horny* little Malfoy. So horny he even lets a house cat lick his cock!'"

Harry tried with all his might to free himself from the curse but nothing was budging.

"I'm not afraid of you, Potter. Just because I said all those things didn't mean I meant them."

He fisted his wand so tightly his knuckles whitened. Harry looked at Malfoy steadily. He couldn't by virtue of the spell look anywhere else.

"You humiliated me, Potter. Let's see how you like a taste of it."

He grabbed Harry's pajama bottoms and worked them down over his hips. Harry was screaming in his head. *No! Not like this, Malfoy!* He tugged them out from under Harry's bum and stripped them down his legs before yanking them off completely and tossing them aside.

Draco looked his fill. "Nice, Potter. Good solid package, that. Nice cock, and balls you can really squeeze. Shall I?"

Harry tried to wriggle away but the curse kept him immobile. Draco reached down and grasped Harry's balls. His grip tightened and he gave Harry's scrotum a little twist.

Harry's eyes watered from the pain. He wanted desperately to curl into a ball and scream his lungs out, but he couldn't move an inch.

"It's a shame, really," said Draco, releasing his grip. He palmed the scrotum lightly as if he were holding an egg in his hand. "They are such nice balls, too." He fingered them a bit before he let them go. "But here's your poor neglected cock, Potter. What *shall* we do with it?"

He put his hands on each of Harry's knees and slowly pushed them outward so that his thighs fell wider apart. "There we are. All the access in the world."

Harry was breathing hard. He had forgotten that Draco was a desperate man, and that he was a Slytherin. Whatever Harry might have heard in their private moments together had nothing to do with an angry Malfoy who thought his honour was at stake.

What was he going to do to Harry?

"So we have some choices here, Potter. I'm thinking of opening these curtains and letting all of Slytherin have a go at you. Would you like that? Bugged by broomsticks and the occasional seventh year?"

Harry panicked. He wanted to scream, to run, to at the very least roll over and hide his privates. He was far too exposed and Draco was leering at him. He wouldn't really open those curtains, would he? *Please. Don't...*

Draco made sure Harry could see him lifting his wand. *Please...* But in mid-flick, Draco paused. "Hmm. No. I don't think I'll share. Yet. I think I want this show all to myself." He waved his wand over Harry's privates and the curse seemed to release on only that portion. *What the...?*

"I want to see the full effect, Potter. Won't work if you are petrified. I want to see the real Harry Potter in action." And with that, he tossed his wand aside, licked his palm in one sensuous glide of tongue, and grasped Harry's cock.

Harry gasped...or tried to. Draco's hand was warm and slick with saliva as it gripped Harry's dick. Draco gave it a firm pump and the semi-hard cock stiffened to full hardness. *Oh God. No...*

Draco was staring at Harry's groin, the corner of his mouth drawn up in a smile. "My, my. You react *quite* well, Potter. We'll have to make due for all those times you watched me wank while you were innocently curled on my bed looking for all the world like a cat."

He pumped Harry harder, twisting the sensitive head with his fingers. "What were you thinking coming in here and spying on me like that, hmm? Thinking of blackmailing me? You're not Slytherin enough for that, Harry."

He squeezed as he stroked, his other hand going for Harry's balls. Harry felt him manipulate his sac for a bit before his hand dipped lower. *What was he doing? Oh God.* Draco's finger was probing Harry's hole. But more than that. He was gently rubbing all around it, stroking softly across the furred flesh. Harry never imagined anything could feel so good...and so bad at the same time.

"So you're gay, are you, Harry?" Draco's voice seemed to be trembling. "Anyone fuck you yet? Or perhaps not. I'm certain Harry Potter is a top. Absolutely *must* be in charge, that right, Potter? I bet this is a nice virgin hole." Draco brought the finger that he used to touch Harry's anus to his mouth and sucked it in. When it was nice and wet, he dropped it down to his cleft again and stuck it in. Harry never felt anything like this. It felt strange but sensual and with the manipulation of his cock, everything seemed to throb in the area below the belt.

Draco drew silent as he pumped Harry's prick and sawed his finger in and out of Harry's hole. Harry was getting close. Was this rape? Technically this was against his will, but he had wanted this from Draco, just not quite this way; an unwilling participant. But he didn't know what to feel at the moment. Outrage, certainly, but he felt ashamed for liking it at the same time. Maybe that was what Draco wanted from him: total humiliation.

Except that Draco stopped abruptly, letting his cock go and pulling his finger out of arse. He sat back and wrung his hands. "I can't do this," he whispered. He turned his face away from Harry. "I was going to teach you a lesson. But I don't have the stomach for it. So that's another thing to make fun of me for." He grabbed his wand, put a shield charm on himself, and then released Harry from his curse.

Harry immediately rolled up onto his knees and grabbed his pajama bottoms, covering his erection with them. "You bastard, Malfoy!"

"You're the bastard! Sneaking in here night after night under false pretenses. *Licking my cock!*"

"Yeah, well..." Harry felt the hot blush go from his cheeks down his neck. "Okay. So I was spying on you. But just to find out what evil thing you were doing. And you *were* doing something, so you might as well not deny it."

"Yes. I was." Malfoy rubbed his arm nervously with his wand hand.

Harry struggled to put his pajama bottoms back on, turning away enough from Draco so he wouldn't be looking at his bits but not so far to actually turn his back on the Slytherin. "And I meant what I said about helping you. If all that stuff you said about *having* to do it was true."

"Do you think I would lift one finger to help that lunatic if he wasn't threatening me and my mother? Thank Merlin Father is safe from him in Azkaban. At least for now." He lowered his wand and with it dropped the protection charm. "And I've done...some very bad things this year. Things I very much regret."

"Then...let me help you, Malfoy."

"You can't. It isn't over. Not by a long shot."

"You can pretend to keep doing whatever it is you're doing and Dumbledore can secretly help you. It will work, Draco. It will."

Draco bit his lip. He stared down at the duvet. "Why are you doing this?"

"Well, I was going to say because I began to like you but not after this little sadistic display of yours." Harry felt himself blush again.

Draco lowered his face. "I'm...sorry about that. Really. You just made me so angry. I thought you were mocking me."

"Believe me, Malfoy, I don't ever want to make you angry again."

Malfoy chuckled and then looked up. "And...well. I happen to think you're kind of hot. And I was really tempted to make you come, just so I could see it. Since I knew it wasn't likely that I ever could see it again."

Harry eased his sweaty palms over his pajama-clad thigh. "Don't be so sure. I watched you wank enough. Why do you think I licked your cock?"

Draco gazed at Harry steadily. "Do you mean...even after what I just did, you'd want to...want to...do something with me?"

"Not just something. I'd want to shag." Harry squirmed. His erection had not gone anywhere and was still making itself known. "Erm...as a matter of fact, we could still do that."

"What? Now?"

"You got me going rather thoroughly, you know." He squeezed himself through the cloth. "And I've kind of wanted it for a while now. Couldn't do much with a little cat pee pee."

Draco gave him a wicked smile. "'Cat pee pee'? Really, Harry. We have big boy words for that. Besides, I saw you take care of yourself plenty of times with that sinful cat tongue of yours."

Harry flushed again. "Oh. Yeah. Can that just be our little secret?"

Draco edged closer and just touched his fingertips to Harry's crumpled in the blanket. "I suppose. You'll have to make it worth my wile, though."

Harry slid toward Draco. "I intend to." Draco leaned forward, his face close to Harry's. Harry met him halfway and touched Draco's lips with his own. It seemed strange to Harry to be kissing the Slytherin when just a few short moments ago the boy was threatening humiliation. But one press of Draco's lips was enough to silence the alarms in Harry's head. It was much better than the last time. This wasn't so desperate and faltering. Their mouths actually fit together. Harry sighed at the feeling. Lips so soft, breath so warm on his cheek. Hard to believe it was Malfoy. But he could smell that sweaty aroma of him, taste the faintest flavour that he knew was Draco; slurped on his mouth, in fact, trying to taste more. Harry drew back only to turn his head and plant his mouth more firmly to Malfoy's. He opened his mouth and one swipe of his tongue had Draco eagerly parting his lips, taking Harry in. It couldn't have felt better if Harry had planned it. He sought Draco's tongue and sucked it, caressing it with his own. The sensations of such an intimately deep kiss went straight to Harry's crotch already groaning with its heavy erection. And then Draco leaned his whole body into Harry's, almost resting his head on his shoulder. Harry lifted a hand to steady the Slytherin and to pull him closer. He wanted to feel Draco against his chest as Draco had cradled him as a cat so many times. He wanted their kiss to be more intimate than sex. He wanted the boy to know that Harry would protect him. He felt an almost overwhelming need to do just that.

Draco tore his lips away and inhaled a sharp breath. "That was intense," he gasped. He was trembling all over. His head slid down Harry's face. That silky blond hair caressed Harry's lips and he closed his eyes, deliberately rubbing his face into it, stealing a whiff of the scent of it, the scent he had come to know well as a cat.

“Draco,” he whispered, and the Slytherin whimpered.

“God, Harry. I didn’t know. How could I have known....” He raised his face and hungrily sought out Harry’s lips again. They kissed and kissed. Harry forgot about Voldemort, forgot about evil plots and an uncertain future. His entire body felt flushed. His cock ached so much and he wanted badly to thrust it at Draco. He tightened his hold of the Slytherin and kissed him fiercely, trying to convey with his mouth and tongue his urgent need.

Draco broke away again, gasping. “You’ll shag me, won’t you?” he rasped. “And you’ll be gentle, I know you will. It’s my first time.”

“Mine, too,” croaked Harry.

“Oh God. I’m going to let a Gryffindor virgin mess around in my bits.”

Harry laughed and the tension between them finally ebbed. “I’ll try to go slow but I’m pretty desperate here.”

“I love your cock, by the way,” said Draco, dipping his head to nuzzle Harry’s neck. “It felt so good to touch it. So am I the first to touch it? Tell me I am.”

“You are. And I’ve never licked anyone’s cock before, either as a cat or as a human. Your cum tasted fantastic.”

“Oh. Shit. Well. Um. Shall I...?” Draco gestured to his pajama bottoms.

“You’d better before I rip them off.”

“Oh. The brutal type. Sexy.” Draco hitched his fingers into the waistband and slid them down and Harry was gratified to see that familiar erection soaring above that snowy pubic hair. Draco kicked them the rest of the way off and they arced to the side. He shucked his shirt just as quickly and Harry stared at his tiny nipples and smooth, flat stomach. But his eyes were drawn unashamedly down to Draco’s pulsing erection again.

“You know, I’ve never licked a cock as a human. Shall I give it a go?”

“Oh yes. Do.” Draco lay back, his whole body trembling. Harry bent at the waist but then decided that he’d have to lie down between Draco’s legs. He got as comfortable as he could with his cock poking the duvet, and ran his hands up Draco’s thighs, kissing the tender hairless skin on the inner part.

Draco made a moan that pulsed Harry’s dick. He waited a moment, forcing his hips into the bed in order to calm himself before he reached forward with his very human tongue and lapped a long lick from root to tip. Ah! That was the flavour he liked. The scent. It was strongest in Draco’s groin. Harry nuzzled the impossibly blond pubic hair and kissed all around that twitching cock.

Draco moaned again and Harry slurped at the stiff, warm flesh, sucking it along the side of the shaft, kissing it, and licking it. Once he got started he didn't want to stop and finally took the whole thing into his mouth, licking and sucking, relishing the flavour and the feral feel of it on his human tongue.

Draco's hips bobbed upward, trying to fuck Harry's mouth. Harry grabbed the base of Draco's cock as much to steady the boy as to keep him from choking Harry to death. He sucked hard and Draco suddenly spurted his juices in Harry's mouth, apologizing in a gasping voice for not warning him.

Harry tried to swallow, choked a bit, and coughed back the rest of it. "Not as smooth as I would have liked," he said, voice hoarse.

"Everything improves with practice," said Draco dreamily.

Harry sat up and grabbed his own cock, giving it a squeeze. "Draco, I'm just about bursting here."

He drawled a smile at Harry and slowly opened his legs, raising his knees so Harry had a good view of that pink rosette nestled between his white arse cheeks. "We'll need lube," said Draco.

Harry stared at it. "It's your bed," he said distractedly. "I didn't exactly come prepared for this."

Draco darted his hand outside the curtain and rummaged in his bedside table, pulling in a little bottle of clear liquid. "Advanced Potion Making has an excellent recipe. I'm surprised you haven't made it yet, you Potions Wizard, you."

Harry gave a guilty smile. He supposed the Half-Blood Prince might have mentioned it had he been looking for it. Harry took the phial from Draco and popped the cork. Harry recognized the spicy scent immediately as one he associated with Draco. He chuckled. *Of course*. He poured a bit into his hand and rubbed the viscous stuff between his fingers. Looking down, he lowered it to Malfoy's crack and searched for his hole. Finding it, he marveled at how soft the skin was, how tight the furred muscle. His finger caressed it a bit, exciting a whimpering moan from Malfoy. Harry felt crazily wound up getting to touch it and then he screwed up his courage and slipped a finger inside, pushing. Such a strange sensation, being *inside* someone. It was warm and tight. And with all the gasps and groans, Draco seemed to be enjoying it, too.

"Is that okay, Draco?"

"Oh yeah," he said, breath hitching.

"More fingers?"

"Mmm yes. But hurry. I want your cock."

Harry wanted that too. He slid in another trembling finger and moved them both around, experimenting, gliding them in and out. He pressed another digit into service and ran them all together in little circles, trying to stretch the tight muscle open. Harry's penis ached and throbbed. Enough of this. "I'm...I'm going to put my cock in now," he said unsteadily.



Draco nodded. He seemed unable to speak.

Harry withdrew his fingers, grasped his dick, and aimed it at Draco's hole. He was breathing so rapidly he felt light-headed. *Don't faint*, he told himself. *Don't you dare!* He leaned forward, watching the head of his cock spread the furred muscle and sink past the opening. Oh God! That was tight. So good and tight. He had to have more of that flesh, all over him, encompassing him. He pushed further, snatching a peek at Draco's face. "Okay, Draco?" he croaked.

His lover nodded but kept his eyes closed tight. Harry pressed further, amazed that he was suddenly seated fully inside the other boy. His balls rested against that white widespread bottom. "Draco? All right?" he said, voice unsteady. "I'm in. All the way. It feels marvelous."

"Oh yes," crooned Draco. "Fuck me, Harry. I want it."

Harry didn't need any more encouragement. He jerked his hips forward in a deep thrust, feeling Draco's tight flesh seal around him, caress him, stroke him. He pulled back and thrust forward again, throwing his head back and savoring the amazing sensation. He felt suddenly as if he owned Draco but at the same time wanted to care for him with his last drop of blood. Was this love? He couldn't tell. His mind wasn't working properly anyway. The waves of sensations kept overriding anything his brain wanted to do or think. All there was in his mind and his heart, was Draco and he felt submerged in him, in the smell of him, the taste of him, the feel of him.

Draco squeaked beneath him, lifting his hips into it. "Oh Harry," he chanted, over and over until it was just a breathless release.

Harry fell forward, resting his elbows on the mattress on either side of Draco's head. He forced his cock deeply into Draco, feeling the Slytherin's thighs slap against his flanks as he fucked him. He turned his face and kissed him, darting his tongue in the boy's mouth just as his dick pistoned in and out of his hole. He didn't know how he lasted this long. But he was glad he had. This was so brilliant! His balls agreed and tightened, sending shards of pleasure into him, up, up, into Draco where he unloaded into the boy, releasing his lips at the same time he jut his hips in short thrusts until there was nothing left to give, no deeper he could go. He slumped onto Draco's chest, his lips falling to that white neck where he inhaled deeply and kissed and nibbled.

Draco closed his legs protectively around Harry, pulling him deeper inside. Harry's entire body went limp, basking in the afterglow. He kept licking Draco's neck and the Slytherin petted Harry's hair as he used to do when Harry was a cat.

"I miss the cat," Draco said suddenly.

Harry made a sound deep in his throat that sounded very much like a purr. "He's right here anytime you want him."

"I did like the way his tongue felt on my cock. Does that make me a perv?"

"A little. But since it was me, it was okay."

"But I didn't know it was you at the time."

“Oh. Then yeah, you’re a perv.”

He slapped Harry’s shoulder. “Thanks, Potter.”

Harry chuckled and settled in. He felt his shrinking cock slide out of Draco. Draco’s legs slipped down but his arms came up to embrace Harry. Harry rested his face against Draco’s smooth chest.

“I meant what I said earlier, Draco. We *can* help you.”

Draco sighed. “Well, I guess since you are on the side of the Light, it’s worth the risk. I’m not interested at all in what the Dark Lord has under his robes.”

“Eww. Neither am I.”

“Then count me in. But...I won’t have to wear a little phoenix badge, will I?”

“No, Malfoy, your wardrobe is safe.”

“Thank goodness. We’ll go to Dumbledore tomorrow. As for now, I have to cuddle my kitty.” He pet Harry’s hair.

“Mmm. Purr.”

The End

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