



Draco's Curse

By Mystwriter

Summary: Draco hates it but he needs Harry's help to break a curse. But is the curse really so bad?

Post Hogwarts. NC-17 (need I even say it anymore?)

Draco pounded on the door, not really caring if anyone else on the street heard him. How humiliating. The whole thing, not just standing out here in the cold. "Open up, for Merlin's sake!"

The door swung wide and there he was. He hadn't changed one bit. It had been a whole year since the Dark Lord's defeat. A year of trials and testimony and conniving to save the family fortune, but Draco had done it. He'd only seen Potter once or twice throughout the ordeal, always standing on the sidelines, doing nothing, saying nothing.

That didn't change a thing, however. Draco was still here. Had to be. There weren't many Curse Breakers in London. They were very hard to find. And besides. This made the most sense. If anything did.

Harry Potter stared as if he'd seen a ghost. He gripped the doorframe and stared gaga at Draco.

"Well? Aren't you going to invite me in?"

Finally, the Gryffindor got his voice back. "What? What are you doing here?"

"It's cold out here, Potter. Can. I. Come. In?" He enunciated the last, just in case the idiot didn't get it.

Harry pushed his glasses up his nose and, still bewildered, stepped aside so Draco could enter.

Draco looked around. The place wasn't very clean but it was tidy, more or less. A simple flat with nothing-to-write-home-about décor. Not that Potter had anyone to write to. Weasley and Granger, maybe. The place was serviceable, he supposed. But none of that mattered. Draco's problem mattered.

He spun and looked into Potter's eyes...those amazingly green eyes. "Look, I'm not going to beat around the bush. I came here for help, so spare me any epithets or accusations. I've heard them all. Charges were dropped. I'm not a criminal. The Wizengamot said so."

Harry said nothing, but he did raise a cynical brow. He sauntered into the lounge and sat on a chair. He folded his arms and looked through his spectacles at Draco while Draco stood.

"Aren't you going to ask me to sit down?"

“No. You’re not a guest here. You just came barging in. So I suppose I have a right to know what the hell you want before I start setting out tea sandwiches.”

Draco wrung his hands. Maybe this wasn’t such a good idea. Maybe this was the most idiotic idea he’d ever had. “It’s not a social call but it is still polite to ask a person to sit, you know.”

Harry sighed lengthily and nodded toward a chair opposite. Draco sank into it. But no sooner was he down that he sprang up again and paced.

Harry’s eyes tracked him for a while before he scooted to the edge of his chair. “Um...Malfoy. You’re wearing out my carpet. Just what do you want?”

Draco stopped before the fire and stared into the licking flames. “You’re a Curse Breaker, right?”

Harry nodded. Draco could see that out of the corner of his eye.

“I need a curse...broken.”

“Oh?” Harry sat back and clasped his fingers over his stomach. He didn’t say anything else. What was wrong with him? Anyone else would be curious as hell if Draco Malfoy was standing in their parlour looking for a Curse Breaker. Weren’t the Malfoy’s powerful wizards? Did they need such things as Curse Breakers?

“What the hell’s the matter with you, Potter?”

“What’s the matter with me? What’s the matter with you?”

“You just sit there like a toad on a log and you don’t ask any questions!”

“You’ll tell me when you’re ready. Ready yet?”

Draco scowled his blackest when he looked at Harry sitting like some Mandarin on his cushions. "All right! I am cursed, okay! Cursed! And I want it to stop."

"Okay. Good start. Let's first discuss my fee."

Draco spun and glared. Fee? FEE? "Who cares about a fucking fee?"

Harry hadn't moved. "I do. That's how I make my living. Oh I know that Malfoy's have more money than Gringott's but the rest of us mortals need to make a living. So my fee is 100 galleons."

"One hundred—that's robbery!"

Harry shrugged. "Take it or leave it."

Draco's anger thrummed throughout his quivering body. He glared at the flames, daring them to annoy him. "I accept," he muttered between clenched teeth.

"Fine. Then explain your problem and we'll get right to it."

Explain his problem. Hadn't he been trying to do that for days? A week? Or was it longer? "I...." But it was much harder to say than he thought. "There's...there's a sort of hex on me. A curse."

"Yeah, I got that. What kind?"

"It's a...a...." Gods how he hated to squirm in front of Potter! "It's a sort of... erm...you know. Kind of...lvmm...hex."

Harry sat up again. "Sorry? Didn't catch that."

Draco turned. "It's a LOVE hex, okay? A bloody love hex."

Harry smirked. He was not going to laugh, was he? He was absolutely not going to do that to Draco.

Harry put his hand over his mouth and got up from the chair, turning his back to Draco. He seemed to get himself in order and faced him again. "I see. And who is the object of this love?"

Draco felt his face flush with heat. "What difference does that make?"

"Well, it could make a great deal of difference. It can tell me the source of it, can reveal the kind of hex, the sort of counter-hex or charm I might need. Lots of factors."

"Do you absolutely need to know?"

"Look, Malfoy. I'm like a doctor, here. I won't reveal any of this to anyone. It's a confidentiality thing. I can sign a binding contract if you like."

Draco grimaced. Why did these things always happen to him? He wrung his hands again and stared at the carpet. "It's you."

Harry leaned forward. "What's me?"

"The bloody curse, idiot! It's making me in love with...you."

Harry dropped all pretense. He burst out laughing. Draco felt his hot face grow hotter. He felt the need to run as far and as fast as he could. But he made himself stick to the floor. Harry Potter was his only and best hope. If Potter couldn't help him he was doomed.

"God, Draco. Who put you up to this? Why would you do it? Lost a bet?" He got his hysterics under control and wiped the mirth tears from his eyes. "Oh that was a good one. It deserves a drink. Have one?" And he meandered toward a tray with bottles and stacked glasses.

"You think this is a joke? I don't find it bloody funny. I'm suffering here."

Harry stopped in mid-pour and looked back at Draco. "What? A-are you serious? You mean this isn't a joke?" Harry's jaw dropped open and he froze that way for almost a solid minute.

"Get a grip, Potter. I need help, dammit."

"Oh." He put down his glass and studied Draco from head to foot. "Oh." He rubbed his jaw and made a wide circle around Draco and sat back down. "S-so...um...when did you...erm...start feeling these f-feelings?"

"About a month ago. At the big Vanquishing Voldemort anniversary."

"You were there?"

"The Malfoys always make an appearance at Ministry functions, Potter." He noticed that Harry was not making eye contact anymore.

"I see. And that's when you first noticed it."

"I think that's when it happened. I was there making small talk as usual and then you got up and made that lame speech."

Harry frowned. "They make me do it. I'd rather not, you know."

"As if anyone could force you to do something you don't want to do."

"Minister Weasley tells me it's good for morale. And anything Arthur says is all right by me." He ducked his head again as if embarrassed by making another speech. "So you first noticed it when you saw me."

"Yes, yes. Haven't I been saying that?"

“Okay. What does it feel like?”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean what does it feel like? Is it all consuming? Is it painful?”

“Yes, all of those things. And it makes me feel bloody stupid!”

“Okay.” He got up, took out his wand, and approached Draco. Draco instantly became wary and drew his own wand. Harry stopped in mid stride. “I’ve got to check you, Draco...er...Malfoy.” Draco lowered his wand but didn’t put it away.

Harry raised his wand, muttered an incantation and Draco felt the magic crackle around him. Could it be that simple?

Harry lowered his wand and frowned. “Hmm. Tougher than I thought. Someone is being awfully clever. Or in this case diabolical. If Snape were still alive I would attribute it to something he would do.”

“What have you found?”

“Nothing, yet. I don’t see any traces. Clever.” He walked a circle around Draco and the blond felt a little like a prize goose at a fair. “I’m not getting anything. Well. I’ll have to do some research. So bring your things and I’ll show you to your room.”

Draco whipped his head around. “What?”

“You’ll have to stay. I may have to try stuff in the middle of the night. It will be more convenient.”

“I have to stay? H-here?”

Harry scowled. "Look, I know you don't like me but you're the one who wanted my help. If you've changed your mind then the door's that way."

Draco breathed heavily. This was a complete nightmare. Just being in the same room with Harry was torture. He wanted...he wanted...to touch him. Oh yes. Touch him. With fingers. With his tongue. With his... Oh Merlin! How was he to be in the same house with him day and night! "It's just that...." He lowered his face, shaking his head. This can't be happening. In love with Harry Potter. In lust!

Harry's hand was suddenly on his shoulder. "I'm sorry," he said softly. "I forgot. But you really must be here or I can't help you. You understand, right?"

Harry was touching him. His hand burned a place on Draco's shoulder. He wanted to turn his body and rub himself on it. Instead, he trembled.

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Draco's things arrived by Floo. Harry led him up the stairs to a room opposite Harry's with a view of the street. When he was alone again, Draco sat on the edge of the soft bed. How was he going to do this? Harry's room was right across the way. A few steps. Harry. Lying in bed. Did he wear pajamas? Did he sleep in the nude as Draco did? Oh God! If he really wanted to know, he could creep next door and take a peek. Potter would be sleeping or Draco could hex him unconscious, pull back the covers, and look his fill. Mmm. He might be starkers. And if he was, with Harry in hexed sleep and unaware, Draco could...touch...him. He could. He could run his hand down that tawny skin, run fingers over his nipples, cup his sac, and stroke his cock. What did Potter's cock look like? Draco wagered it was thick and sturdy, like a broomstick, yeah. All taut and red. He could lick it and Potter would never know. It probably tasted musky and sweaty. Probably smelled like Potter, a combination of ordinary soap, sweat, and broom polish.

He lowered his hand to his bulging crotch and gave it a squeeze. How he wanted to taste him. Wanted to feel that cock thrust up in him. Wanted Potter to touch his dick—

No, no! He had to stop thinking of that! It was the curse, the damned curse! Fuck! What must Potter be thinking! Was he telling the truth? Would he blab about it? Tell his girlfriend and his mates down at the local pub? Guess who I ran into today? You'll never believe what Malfoy told me.

Draco dropped his head in his hands when he heard a timid knock on the open door. He snapped up his head.

“Sorry to intrude,” said Harry, dark brows arched, “but when you’re ready, we can get started.”

“I’m ready,” he said, getting to his feet.

They walked downstairs, Harry in front, casting glances back at Draco. Draco saw the tips of Harry’s ears reddening. That’s right, Potter. Didn’t know I was a fucking queer, did you?

They entered the lounge again and Harry looked at Draco and scratched his head with his wand. Draco shuddered. Doesn’t even know how to properly handle a wand. What am I getting myself into?

“So, Malfoy, do you experience night sweats?”

Draco glared. “No.”

Harry drooped. “Hmm. Okay. How about other symptoms?”

“Like a perpetual hard-on?”

Harry’s eyes dipped to Draco’s crotch for only a second before he darted them away. His face flushed and he turned. “Er...okay. Um...any unusual aftertaste in your mouth?”

“Not the kind I’d like.”

Harry couldn’t seem to stop blushing and he wouldn’t look Draco in the eye. “Look, Malfoy. I’m just trying to get at the problem. This is uncomfortable enough as it is.”

“Sorry.” But watching Harry squirm, looking at the sweat beading on his skin, made Draco only want to tempt him more. Heterosexuals could be so much fun to taunt. Especially Potter. Though the man was trying to help and it wasn’t helping matters to be flip. “Sorry,” he said again. “Now what?”

“Now we try some things.” Harry waved his wand over Draco in elaborate movements. He looked to be concentrating, with his tongue pressed between his teeth. Draco watched him, fascinated. Perhaps Potter did know his stuff.

Magic whirled around him. He saw colours dancing before his eyes and felt his hair tingle. Harry stared at Draco, leaning close, examining him like something in a museum. “Anything?” he asked.

Draco shook his head. If he leaned just a little closer he’d be kissing Harry. “No. Still in love.”

Harry stepped back and clasped his arms over his chest. His wand stuck up behind his arm pit. “Well, that was all the basic stuff. I’m definitely going to have to research this.

Harry turned from him and went to his bookshelf stacked floor to ceiling with books. Harry took one book down after the other and dismissed each one. Finally, he chose one that seemed to satisfy and he nestled into a wing chair to read. Draco stood looking at him.

“Is that it?”

Harry raised his face and blinked at him through his glasses. “Oh. Sorry. I’m done with you for now. You can...do whatever.”

Draco shifted his weight. “Well...what am I supposed to do?”

“Whatever you like,” said Harry, burying his nose back in the book.

Draco looked around. A shabby room, really. A lot of books. “This is a boring room, Potter.”

“I’m sorry it isn’t up to Malfoy standards. But it isn’t here to please you, now is it. Go listen to the wireless or something.”

“I don’t want to listen to the wireless.” He sat on the sofa.

Harry looked up again. "You're not paying me to entertain you. Entertain yourself."

Draco sighed. He wanted to entertain himself, all right. In Harry's lap. He threw himself against the sofa back. Oh why did it have to be Potter! There were plenty of blokes out there he'd rather fancy. He'd kill whoever did this to him. "Will you be able to find out who did this to me?"

"Might. Depends."

"I just want to kill the bastard, that's all."

"Me, too."

Draco snapped up his chin. "What?"

Harry never raised his eyes from his book. "Do you think I like this? Having Draco Malfoy in my house? We aren't exactly mates, you know."

"And whose fault is that?"

Harry's eyes slowly rose and he lowered the book to his lap. "What?"

"It's your fault."

"WHAT?"

"Sure. I wanted to be your friend but you would have none of it."

"Do you actually have the gall to blame me for your being such a prick all these years?"

"Well it certainly wasn't my fault."

He gave a mirthless laugh. "You're unbelievable."

"I was and am an exceedingly interesting chap. You've just never bothered to notice it, what with this insane hero thing of yours. 'I must be the one with all the attention.' 'Look at me! I've gotten hurt at Quidditch again!'"

Harry set the book down and glared. "'Insane hero thing'. You mean trying to stay alive while some maniac is trying to kill me? And...uh... yeah. One of my fellow students' father is also trying to help him." He made a rude noise. "Insane hero thing," he muttered. "You've got your nerve."

"If you would have apologized just once to me—"

"For what? Sorry you called Hermione a Mudblood? Sorry you made fun of Ron's family. Sorry I beat you like mad at Quidditch...."

Draco jumped to his feet. "Beat me! Oh I love how he attributes luck to skill! You think it's a skill catching a little golden ball? For Merlin's sake, Potter. Any idiot could have done it."

"Not you, apparently."

"You were just very lucky."

Harry stared slack-jawed for a moment before he picked up the book again. "Whatever, Malfoy."

"And you still aren't apologizing. Incredible."

He slammed the book down again. "I'm not going to apologize to you. If anything, you need to apologize to me!"

"For what? I just did what I had to do to get by."

“You know what? Get out. I don’t need your galleons.” He tossed the book aside and headed for the stairs.

Panic seized Draco. No! He couldn’t be leaving him in the lurch like this!

“No! Wait! Harry, please—”

Harry froze and slowly turned his head. “You called me ‘Harry’. You’ve never called me Harry.”

“That’s your name, isn’t it?” he said in a small voice.

“That’s beside the point. I was always like a servant to you. Not worth using my given name, right?”

“No. Th-that’s not it.” The panic was still there but he could see Harry vacillating. “It’s just something boys do. You know. You never called me Draco. At least not until tonight.”

“As if you would have let me.”

“I’m letting you now.”

Harry looked him over. “That’s because you’re desperate.”

He grasped the ends of his cloak and ran his fingers through them. “Well...wouldn’t you be?”

He snorted. “Yeah. I suppose I would.”

“Don’t...don’t leave me. I can’t eat. I can’t sleep. I’m so...so....” He sat hard on the sofa and dropped his face in his hands. He couldn’t believe he was crying. In front of Potter. How humiliating! But this whole thing was humiliating. He wanted so badly to touch him, to kiss him. His whole body yearned for it.

He heard Harry stir and eventually drop down to the sofa beside to him. "You're in a proper mess, that's for sure."

"I don't know what to do," he sobbed into his hands.

A hand, Harry's hand, eased over his shoulder and gently rubbed. Draco's sobs stopped. He tried to hide the groan.

Harry had moved closer. His thigh was touching Draco's. Draco raised his face and he noticed Harry very close indeed.

Without warning, he grabbed Harry's cheeks and forced his head down. His mouth covered Harry's in a burning kiss. He chewed on his mouth, mashing lips over lips, slipping in his tongue past the yielding lips and tasting, sucking, licking. Oh! Harry's mouth was warm and wet and his lips were so soft. Draco wanted to devour him when all at once Harry shoved him back.

"Geroff!" His red mouth was wet and he used the back of his hand to wipe it off. "What the hell do you think you're doing?"

"I need you!" Draco pleaded by way of explanation.

"It's the curse, Draco. Try to fight it."

"I'm trying but I want you so much."

The door bell rang and they both froze, faces turned toward the entrance.

"Who the hell is that?" whined Draco.

But Harry smacked his forehead. "Oh shit! I have a date tonight." Harry pulled himself from the sofa and staggered toward the archway.

Draco frowned. "Oh fine. Just go see one of your little tarts when I'm in trouble. No worries. I'll just hang around the Potter B and B and watch the grass grow."

"Grow up, Malfoy," Harry sighed. He reached the foyer and Draco followed. Not that he was going to be jealous of some slag of Potter's. Probably that Weasley girl. He was welcome to her. Though of what he remembered from school, everyone seemed welcome to her.

Harry pulled open the door and his expression instantly changed to one more gentle. "Hi! I'm so sorry. I completely forgot to Firecall you. Erm...something came up."

The door opened wider and there stood...a man.

Draco's jaw dropped.

The man stepped in and gave Harry a peck on the lips. "Something came up? What?" It was then he looked toward Draco. His eyes widened and he turned stiffly back toward Harry. "Is that Draco Malfoy? What the hell is he doing here? Is that your big emergency?"

"Look, Dolf. It's a job, okay."

"A job, is it? And you really need the money?"

"That's not the point. This is my career. It's important to me."

He glared at Draco. "Your career. Right. And it just happens to be Draco Malfoy."

Harry reddened. "This is not open for discussion," he said tightly. "I'm sorry about tonight, but this is going to take a while. I'll Firecall you."

"You know what? Don't bother." He turned on his heel and went out the opened door.

“Dolf! That’s a hell of an attitude!” He rushed after him out the door and stood on the front stoop. “Oh that’s really nice. Yeah. Well. Don’t bother calling me again!”

Draco peered around the door to watch.

Harry reared back to slam the door but Draco was in the way. He was mere inches from Draco’s face.

“You don’t need him,” said Draco.

“I didn’t ask for your opinion.” He pushed Malfoy back and slammed the door. He stood in front of it, panting hard.

Draco suddenly felt one hundred percent better. “I didn’t know you were a woofter.”

Harry sighed and rolled his eyes. “So now you know.”

“This makes things very interesting.”

“I am not interested in you. And may I remind you that you are under a curse.”

“So? We might as well make the best of it.” Draco reached forward to drape his arms over Harry’s shoulders but Harry pulled back.

“Malfoy! I said I’m not interested. Back off. Hose yourself down or something.” He retreated back to the parlour and sat in his chair. He stared at the book he had left on the ottoman but didn’t reach for it.

Draco eased onto the sofa and stared at the carpet. “Been seeing him long?”

“I’m not talking to you about this.”

“Really, Potter. This is possibly the most interesting news to come along in the Wizarding world since you offed the Dark Lord, and you won’t talk about it? Does anyone else know?”

“Ron and Hermione and all my friends. And you’re not one of them so you’d better keep your mouth shut.”

Draco lay back. “Oh I don’t know. This is juicy stuff.”

Harry’s wand was out and aimed at Draco. He leaned forward in emphasis. “I can make you keep your mouth shut. Permanently.”

Draco felt a tinge of fear creep up his spine. He knew Potter could do it, too. He waved his hand. “All right. Relax. Don’t go all Death Eater on me.”

That took Harry aback and he lowered his wand instantly. He made some sputtering remark and tucked his wand away. They sat in silence for a while until Harry moved to pick up the discarded book. “Well...I guess I should get back to my research. Why don’t you make yourself useful and make dinner?”

“Make dinner? Don’t you have a bloody house elf for that?”

“No, I don’t. So if you know what’s good for you, you’ll go to the kitchen and do something.”

“Hmpf. It’s clear you’ve never been taught how to properly treat your guests.”

“For the last time, Malfoy, you are not a guest.”

“I’m a client and it’s much the same thing—”

“Would you get your arse in the kitchen and leave me alone!”

Draco snorted and made for the kitchen. He left the door open so he could see Harry and then looked around the sterile room with fists at his hips. "Now what am I supposed to do?" he muttered. He began peering into cabinets, and then the fridge, but he didn't see much. "What am I supposed to cook with?" he called to Harry across the hallway.

"There's food in the pantry," came the reply.

"Where's the pantry?"

"Oh for the love of—you are a wizard, right? Figure it out."

Draco made a face at him and looked around again. There was a door at one end of the kitchen. He supposed that could be it. He approached it and turned the knob. Yep. The pantry. A ham hung from a hook. Draco took that down and set it on the counter. He took out his wand and thought a moment. He gave a gargantuan wave around the whole kitchen. "Cook yourself!" he ordered.

He ducked as pans flew from cupboards and utensils whizzed from drawers. He slid to the wall and stayed there as food and condiments marched from their places, allowing knives to chop and slice them.

After watching it all for a moment, Draco decided it was fine on its own and he retreated out the back door to look at the garden. Winter was coming on and most of the plants were dead or dying. A few herbs still sprouted weedy arms. He shook his head. Potter was obviously no gardener. But it was a nice secluded garden in the midst of the city and he found himself sitting on a bench under a tree. He cast a warming charm on himself and looked up into the tree's branches. Potter wasn't so bad. He wasn't as bad as Draco imagined he might be. At least he was helping. For one hundred galleons, that is. He sighed. He'd been with lots of wizards before but he'd never been in love. He wondered if it was something like this, or if the curse just intensified everything. He wanted badly to be with Harry. Just sit in the same room with him. But for now, he was content to sit in his garden.

He must have been sitting there a long time because he began to smell wonderful aromas from the kitchen and decided to see what was cooking.

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The table was set, the candles were lit, and Draco stood uncertainly in the doorway, simply gazing at Harry. Harry. He never really looked at him before. He had a good nose, he decided. And that rosy

mouth was very good for kissing, as he discovered earlier. He had heavy brows but they suited him, arching or brooding over those intensely green eyes, all hidden anyway under those ridiculous glasses. As he read, he would absently brush a dark lock out of his face.

Draco looked at his strong, square hands, gripping the book. How would those hands feel, he wondered, running up and down Draco's naked body? He bet they'd feel spectacular. He could imagine those dry fingertips raising gooseflesh all over him, dipping into soft, secret places. His anus gave a twitch. Yeah. Those places.

All at once Harry looked up, surprised to see Draco standing there. Draco stood straighter and stammered a bit. "Er...dinner. It's...um...ready."

Harry slapped the book closed. "Good! I'm starved."

They sat opposite one another, silently passing plates. Harry tucked in vigorously and didn't stop for much until he looked up at Draco. With mouth full he asked, "Aren't you eating?"

Draco looked at the slices of ham on his plate as if he had never seen them before. "I guess."

"So you've lost your appetite, you say?"

Draco nodded, and cut a small strip of ham and brought it to his mouth. It felt like leather.

Harry bobbed his head. "An interesting symptom. I wonder what it's for."

"No distractions, I guess. It's something evil I might have thought of."

"Yes. Very Slytherin. Say. It wouldn't have been one of your mates from Slytherin thinking this is a good joke, now would it?"

He shrugged. "Might be. I don't much traffic with them anymore, truth be told. And I certainly didn't see any of them at the Anniversary."

“Hmm. It’s a puzzle, all right.”

“But you will be able to do something, won’t you? I mean, I won’t get stuck this way, will I?”

“Oh I’ll be able to do something,” he said, popping a piece of potato into his mouth. “Actually, love hexes are amongst the easiest to get rid of.”

Draco moved his food around on his plate. “How did you get into curse breaking anyway? The rumour was you were going to be an Auror or teach Defense at Hogwarts.”

“Me? Teach? I don’t think so.” He chuckled and drank a bit of his wine. “I was thinking about being an Auror, but...” He shrugged and began cutting more meat.

“But what?”

“You know. Already got a Dark Wizard. Didn’t fancy doing that over and over again. And I became good at figuring out curses. And then the research didn’t seem so much like homework when it was actually applied to something that interested me. So...I got one job, and then another, and before I knew it I was a Curse Breaker. Certified, by the way.”

“I know. I researched it.”

Harry smiled. Oh God. Harry smiled.

“Draco.”

Draco looked up.

“Did you hear me?”

Draco hadn't been listening. He was too absorbed in Harry's smile.

"I asked what you have been doing with yourself."

"Oh. Just learning to run the estate and checking our investments. That sort of thing. Dull, actually."

"Then why do it? Do something else."

"There's something called family obligation, Potter. Not having a family, you wouldn't understand that."

"You know," he said, face down and concentrating on his food, "something like that a few years ago would have really set me off. Made me possibly throw you out after jamming that ham bone up your nose. But today, it doesn't bother me. Because I know that you are a spoiled, self-centered, little prick who never bothered to put the comfort or consideration of others above his own." Harry looked up then, a determined look on his face.

Draco stared in disbelief. And then he considered Potter's words, really considered them, dissecting each phrase. Well...okay. Maybe that was rather rude. An orphaned boy—not his fault— orphaned by a truly evil wizard. Rubbing that in his face...Not nice.

"Oh. I'm...I'm sorry. I didn't think. I—"

"And that's your problem, Malfoy." Harry viciously sliced into his ham. "You don't think. You just say without any consideration for the feelings of others. Maybe you should think about that when you are insulting the only bloke who can help you."

"You're right. You're absolutely right. It's just hard to change. I've been this way a long time but I am trying. And not just because of this. I really am. I don't have a lot of friends you know. It's not as if I couldn't figure out why." He pushed his untouched plate away and nabbed the wine glass, taking a long quaff.

Harry chewed and watched him. His expression changed marginally. "Well if we are stuck here together for a few days, it's best you learn to be a bit more polite."

“I will, Harry. I will.”

Harry flicked his gaze up to Draco now and again as he finished his dinner. He fell silent for the rest of it.

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Draco tried to settle into the unfamiliar bed. The street noises bothered him. Why did Potter have to live in the Muggle part of town? What was wrong with him? Didn't he have enough of that growing up?

He turned and punched the pillow, adjusting his wand which he positioned under it (one never knew). He pulled the covers up to his shoulder and sighed into the dark. He was never going to get any sleep. He tired not to think of Harry in the bedroom opposite, but it was impossible.

Draco sat up with a sigh. Maybe Harry was awake, too. Maybe he wouldn't mind talking to Draco for a bit.

He threw the blanket aside and padded to the door. He opened it and stood in the hallway looking at Harry's door. This was stupid. He was probably sound asleep. What was that old saying? No rest for the wicked. Which was why Potter was most likely blissfully asleep while Draco paced the floor.

He took the few steps to the door and listened. Nothing. No sound. Not even snoring. He tapped lightly and waited. Still nothing. He turned the knob and walked in. Not even a protection charm or alarm spell. He shook his head in disbelief. What an idiot! Draco stood beside Harry's bed while Harry lay asleep.

There was enough light from the moon, casting flat silvery light onto the bed. Harry's face was a strange shade of blue, but it looked serene in sleep. Perhaps because his glasses were set aside on his bedside table. Perhaps because his face was completely relaxed, without that line that furrowed his forehead, or his brows weren't frowning over his eyes at something Draco said. He had long lashes, too. Dark and soft, like feathers brushing his cheek. Draco had always noticed that Harry was handsome, it just never mattered before.

Suddenly, Harry sat bolt upright and screamed, “VOLDEMORT!”

Draco fell back against the door, slamming it shut. Harry's wand was in his hand and he was standing on his mattress in full attack mode. The wand was suddenly aiming at Draco cowering on the floor, his back against the door.

Harry panted. His eyes finally focused on Draco, who was too terrified to speak. "Oh," he said, lowering his wand. He wiped the sweat from his face and flopped down on the bed, sighing out his apparent relief. "It was only a dream." He sat for a moment, looking at the mattress, before he leaned over and tucked his wand back under the pillow.

Draco hadn't moved. He merely froze in place, listening to his heart hammering in his chest.

"Sorry," said Harry, brushing back his hair. Draco could see the sheen of perspiration in it as it shifted in the moonlight. "Erm...did you want something? Was I...was I talking in my sleep?"

Draco couldn't speak. He tried to but nothing was coming out.

Harry grabbed his glasses and stared at Draco. "Draco? Are you okay?"

"I...I..." He pushed against the door and slid up it to stand. His hands trembled. "I just...couldn't sleep."

"I must have scared the shit out of you. I've lost many a potential boyfriend that way." His chuckle was lackluster.

"It was a little scary."

"I don't dream that very often any more. But the anniversary party last month must have brought it back."

"The dream. Is it when you finally...." He gestured, unable to say.

“Killed him?” Harry smiled grimly. “Yeah.”

Draco looked down at his hands, still trembling. “I should go.” He turned but Harry stopped him.

“No, you don’t have to. I’m wide awake now.” He shuddered. “What did you want?”

He felt foolish now. He had always poo-pooed it, as any proud Malfoy would, that Harry defeated such a powerful wizard. But Draco had involved himself in Voldemort’s doings; got himself in some very deep shit because of it. And Harry had effectively released them all from Voldemort’s servitude. On the inside, he had been grateful. He just never wanted to admit it to Harry. Harry was powerful. There was no excuse in denying it anymore. He was possibly the most powerful wizard left alive, now that Voldemort and Dumbledore were no more. Hell, even his father wasn’t as good as Harry. It gave Draco a little thrill to be in Harry’s presence. Even though Potter still acted as if he were fifteen and a Hogwarts student.

“I just couldn’t sleep. You know. Thinking of...you.”

Harry lowered his face. “Oh.”

“I’ll go.”

“No. It’s all right. Do you want to talk about it?”

“No. I want to snog you silly.” A sob escaped and he felt his face flush because of it.

Harry’s eyes were wide behind his glasses. Draco felt a crackle of tension pass between them. They were two, young wizards, both powerful in their way. And they were alone. In the dark. In a bedroom.

Draco began to sweat.

As if sensing the problem, Harry whispered a Lumos and a candle whisked into brightness. But it still wasn’t quite enough light to eliminate the intimacy of the setting.

“Well, for your sake, I’m sorry it’s me you’ve gotten all worked up about.”

Draco wiped his face. “Why?”

He laughed. “Because you don’t like me.”

“I like you.”

“That’s the curse talking.”

“No. I liked you before the curse. I reckoned you were all right. I reckoned the side of the Light...was all right.”

“Did you?” Harry sat back against his pillows. “When did you reckon that? After we’d won? What did your dear dad have to say about it?”

Draco sneered. “I don’t have to agree with everything he thinks, you know.”

“That’s surprising.”

“Why should it be? I’m my own man.”

“I guess so.” They stared at one another; Harry in bed while Draco was still flat against the door.

Draco’s heart was aching again, looking at Harry. “I wish I could kiss you,” he said before he could stop himself. He slapped his hand over his mouth once he realized he’d said it out loud.

Harry blushed. “You’re not a bad kisser.”

Draco stopped breathing. Harry Potter did not just say that.

Draco tried to salvage his dignity. "Once you get over the fact that it's evil Draco Malfoy, you mean."

"I don't think of you as evil. Not anymore."

Draco pushed himself off of the door and slid a step closer. "So...if I were to say...kiss you again, you wouldn't be entirely repulsed by it, then?"

Harry's gaze was steady on Draco. "Not entirely."

"I mean...." Draco took another step. "Just suppose I got close enough to t-touch you. You might let me."

"I might. If it would help you sleep."

"Oh, so this—" another step—"is strictly for my welfare?"

Harry said nothing as Draco took another step which brought him right up against Harry's bed. "That's right. Strictly to help you sleep."

Gingerly, Draco sat on the very edge of the bed beside Harry. "And just...where would I be sleeping?"

Harry's eyes roved up Draco and down. His eyes lingered a bit on his lap which clearly showed his erection through his pajama bottoms. "Don't know. It depends on the kiss."

Draco took a deep breath and leaned forward. His hands landed on either side of Harry and he drew himself in closer until he was only a hairsbreadth away from his face, lips just hovering over Harry's. He felt Harry's breath pelt his cheek in short, staccato stabs. Draco's eyes fluttered closed when he moved in and pressed his mouth to Harry's. Those soft lips. They opened for him and he was suddenly enveloped by Harry's mouth and tongue. He whimpered and suckled, the other mouth working gently over his. He slid his hands up to his neck and curled his arms around it, bringing his chest up against Harry's. Harry kissed him deeply and his hands were there in Draco's hair, fingers combing, thumbs caressing his cheeks.

The deep kiss gently receded and finished with several soft pecks. Harry pulled back and licked his lips, eyes scanning Draco's face. "I have no business doing this," Harry whispered.

"Why not?"

"It's taking advantage of you when you're hexed. That's not very nice."

"I already said I didn't hate you."

"You will when this is over and I've done something unforgivable to you."

"No I won't. I swear."

Harry smiled. It was brilliant. "You say that now—"

"No, I mean it."

"So if we...if we shagged you'd—"

"You want to shag?" Draco's breath hitched again. His heart was getting quite the aerobic workout.

Harry looked down at his own lap and when Draco followed that gaze he saw the stiffy pushing out Harry's pajama bottoms. "Erm...seems I have a problem."

"That's not a problem for me," said Draco breathlessly.

"You'll hate yourself."

Draco leaned over and got comfortable. "Let me worry about that." He dragged his hand down Harry's t-shirt covered chest all the way down to the waist of his bottoms. "You're very...appealing, Harry."

"Well, I never thought I'd say this, Malfoy. But so are you."

They kissed again, and while their mouths were clamped together, Draco slid his hands underneath Harry's shirt. His partner gave a moan when fingers drew over his taut nipples. Draco lifted the shirt off, replacing his fingers with his lips. He dragged his nose across Harry's torso, inhaling Harry's scent. Yes, he had been right. The Gryffindor smelled of sunshine, broomsticks, and maleness. It was irresistible. He licked at Harry, his hands going for his bottoms and peeled them away, looking down in time to watch his erection spring upward. Harry's cock was an awesome example of male flesh. With its upright posture, the dark pubic hair framed it on either side and his plump sac was rosy and round. "My, my," breathed Draco. His brain couldn't think of much else.

But now Harry reached for him and nearly tore his shirt from him, yanking down his bottoms once the shirt fluttered to the floor. Draco gasped when Harry grabbed Draco's cock. "Malfoy," he said tenderly, "who knew? You have an amazing body."

Those words flushed him with pride. "So do you. Oh Harry. I want to suck you." He didn't wait for permission. He dipped his head into the Gryffindor's lap and pressed the flat of his tongue at the base of his shaft and drew it upward. Harry moaned and ran his fingers into Draco's hair. Draco grabbed his ripe buttocks and pulled him forward so his face sank into Harry's musky pubic hair. He licked his way up the cock, nibbling very gently at the ridge of the head before he took the whole thing in his mouth. He sucked and lashed it with his tongue, moving his head up and down over Harry's delicious flesh.

Suddenly, Harry grasped his face and pushed him back. "No. I don't want to come this way. I want to fuck you. Come inside you." He was still holding Draco's face, looking for confirmation.

Draco smiled, turned his face, and kissed Harry's hand. "I've been dying for that."

Draco clambered up the bed and lay on his back. He opened his legs and ran his hands over his nipples enticingly. "Want this, Harry?" He opened his legs wider and bent his knees upward. "It's all for you."

Harry got on his knees, holding his dick in his fist. He was breathing through his mouth and staring at Draco's hole. "Yes," he rasped. He grabbed Draco's legs and shoved his knees up to his ears. A

whispered charm and Draco felt warmed lube fill him. Harry kissed him once before he guided his cock to Draco's anus and shoved it in.

No foreplay for Mr. Potter! thought Draco, and then he forgot to think. Because Harry's thick cock was gliding inward with a hot burn, filling every inch of him. It felt incredibly full and incredibly sexy. Harry twisted his hips while he literally screwed forward, touching all sorts of nooks inside Draco, including the one that seemed to matter the most. He gasped. "God, Harry!" And then his lover was thrusting in and out, and Draco, his limbs pinned helplessly up by his head was unable to wrap them around him. He rocked his hips, stabbing them forward to take in as much of Harry as he could. This was so much better than he ever imagined. Harry Potter, rogering him for all he was worth.

"You're so bloody tight," Harry grunted above Draco. His face was screwed up as he rammed into him with all his might. "God!"

"More, Harry, more!" Harry was fucking him so hard he couldn't believe he could possibly need more, but it felt so good to beg for it.

"I'll give you more," he taunted. He repositioned himself somehow and shoved upward, catching Draco's prostate with each hard thrust. And just as he did so, he grabbed Draco's dick and pumped it.

Draco wasn't going to last. He was going to unload all over Harry and he so wanted to. Harry pounded into him and jerked him so effectively that Draco only had time for one gasp before he shot long spurts of cum over Harry's chest and thighs.

Harry shouted out his orgasm soon after, and the two of them were rocking with hips thrusting in the last throes of their ecstasy. The afterglow warmed Draco all over and Harry relaxed enough for Draco to wrap his legs around the Gryffindor's waist. They embraced and kissed.

After a moment when they possibly dozed, Harry pulled free of Draco and lay back. "Oh my. I never thought that would be as good as it was. I mean...you, of all people."

"Likewise, Harry. But then again, I've wanted it. And weren't you naughty to have given it to me."

Harry fell silent and Draco could have kicked himself. He turned his head and Harry was staring at the ceiling. "I shouldn't have done that," he said.

"It's okay, Harry. I swear I won't hold any grudges. It was a relief after all that pent up stuff."

"But it wasn't fair to you."

"Listen, let me decide what's fair to me, all right. Save your hero-guilt for someone else. This is a Slytherin here. I know what it's like."

"Are you saying I was being Slytherin? Well, yeah. I guess so." His gaze fell to Draco. "You're a good shag, Malfoy. I must admit."

Draco smiled, proud of himself. "I know."

"Get some sleep now. We have a lot of spell work to do tomorrow."

"I can stay here? With you?"

Harry rolled over. "Sure," he said sleepily. "Doesn't make any difference."

Draco covered himself and Harry with the blankets and stared at the back of Harry's head. He suddenly felt very happy. Even if it only lasted the night, he got to sleep with his love. His love. He sighed. Stupid curse. He supposed that when it was over this will all be a mortifying memory. But he couldn't help hoping—in the far reaches of his mind—that maybe Harry wouldn't find a cure.

* * *

The next morning Harry acted just as he had done the day before: business-like and without sentimentality. He didn't refer to their night of lovemaking, even though they awoke at the same time, naked in each other's arms. He told Draco not to pee, not to eat or drink anything for one hour so that he could perform some spells. But after running through a series of those with no change in Draco's feelings, Harry threw up his hands and told Draco to go take a shower.

Draco thought about everything that had happened as he scrubbed himself. What if Harry couldn't cure him? He said he could but what if the hex proved too stubborn even for him? Would it be so bad being Harry's lover? If last night was any indication, it wouldn't be bad at all!

Leaving the shower and getting dressed, Draco met Harry downstairs in the lounge. "Okay, I'm ready," he said, straightening out his robes.

Harry spent the next hour trying out different spell breakers. He kept leaning over a book spread open on a bookstand, but nothing was working.

Harry flopped down on the sofa with an exhausted huff. "I don't understand it. I should have solved this by now."

They ate lunch together and chatted a bit about nonessentials. Draco realized how very much he liked Harry. Harry wasn't stupid at all. Perhaps he had made himself believe all that about Potter in school so he wouldn't feel so badly losing to him at Quidditch. He had to admit to himself at least, that Harry had been superior at catching the Snitch, and luck didn't really have much to do with it. And Harry was sweet and caring. He was really more polite than Draco gave him credit for and he liked simply sitting with him while he studied his books.

After dinner, Harry tried more spells with as much success as the others. When it was finally bedtime, Draco got up nervously. Would he get to sleep with Harry again?

Harry seemed to sense the same tension in the room. He dawdled at the stairs a bit, pretending to look out the window at the thrashing trees and rain. Finally, he turned to Draco. "Look, I really enjoyed last night. I'd like to do it again but it's not really fair to you—"

"Didn't I tell you I'd decide that?"

"But you're not in your right mind. You aren't really capable of making those kinds of decisions in your state."

"I'm a grown wizard, Harry." He stepped closer and laid his hands on Harry's chest. Reaching up, he caressed his face. "And I am entirely capable of taking responsibility for my actions."

Harry swallowed. "But what about me? I'm beginning to be sorry you were ever cursed."

"Why? I would never have come here if I weren't."

"Yes, but...once you're cured...you'll leave."

Draco had never seen that expression on Harry before. He looked quite heartbroken and Draco's skin felt a distinct tingle. "Oh? Are you getting a crush on me, Mr. Potter?"

Draco expected Harry to deny it. Vehemently. What he didn't expect was a forlorn, "I don't know."

"Well then...why don't we just not cure me?"

"Don't be ridiculous, Draco."

"I'm not being ridiculous. I'm being practical. I'm already in love with you and you seem to be crushing on me, so why don't we just...you know...."

"I can't base a relationship on a lie!"

"You are such a Gryffindor! Live a little!"

"It's not fair to you! Don't you see? And if we did have a relationship, I would want you to really feel it."

"Harry, in all likelihood, the moment you cure me, I'll be running out of here screaming. Is that what you want?"

“At least it would be honest.”

Draco stared at him, his jaw loose in amazement. Who thought like that? The stupid side of the Light, he supposed. No wonder he couldn't get into it in school.

Grudgingly, he had to admire Harry for his principles. Even if it didn't get you the shag of your life.

“That's...really nice of you, Harry,” he said, at a loss for anything else. “But I'd still like to sleep with you tonight. And when I say 'sleep' I mean fuck. Just so you know.”

Harry laughed. “Yeah. I got that.” Harry smiled affectionately at Draco before he leaned over and kissed him. “Well, let's go, then.” He took his hand and Draco followed him up to his room, gazing at the back of his head with cow eyes.

* * *

The next day was another round of spells. But by late afternoon, Harry was looking frustrated. He read for the rest of the afternoon, leaving Draco to wander about the house so bored he actually performed housecleaning spells.

After dinner which Draco prepared, Harry retreated to his lounge to read. Draco heard him once or twice Firecalling someone in consultation, but it wasn't until after ten that Harry called Draco into the lounge.

“Okay,” said Harry, looking nervous. “I have some good news and some bad news.”

Draco's heart gave a lurch. “Well...give me the bad news first.”

“O-okay. Well, the bad news is your condition seems more or less permanent.”

“What? I thought you said you can cure me!”

“Well, that’s the good news. It seems...it seems you aren’t cursed...at all.”

Draco took a moment to let that information sink in. He blinked and shook his head. “Wait. What?”

“You...uh...aren’t cursed, Draco.”

“A love potion, then?”

“Nope. Not a potion.”

“Well...if it’s not a curse and it’s not a love potion, then that would mean....”

“It means you really are in love with me.”

Draco noticed everything seemed to stop. The fire ceased to crackle and the candle flames stopped flickering. His heart, however, began to beat furiously. “But...that’s impossible.”

This was insane. How could he be in love with Harry Potter? He wasn’t the least bit interested in the git. Well. Maybe at the Anniversary party. Harry did look splendid in his dress robes. And he seemed very handsome talking to all those people. So sure of himself. So powerful.

“The very idea is ludicrous.”

Harry frowned. He looked miffed. “Well it isn’t that crazy. Some people think I’m a catch, you know. I have a decent house, I make a good living. No complaints. I didn’t ask for you to show up on my doorstep.”

“It’s just that...I’m a Slytherin and you’re a bloody Gryffindor!”

“Yeah, yeah. I know. So now that you know you are free to leave. You’ll get over this terrible thing in time and you’ll never have to think of me again. And you can keep your bloody galleons. I don’t want them.”

Harry stomped out of the room, leaving Draco standing in the middle of the carpet, horrified.

His suitcase suddenly appeared next to him, packed.

* * *

Draco waited for Harry to come downstairs but he never showed. Disappointed, he Flooed home and left his bag for the house elves.

Malfoy Manor seemed so big and empty. Not cozy like Harry’s house. He had liked Harry’s house, mostly because Harry was in it. He wandered from room to room for a while until he found himself standing on the terrace looking out across the green landscape. It would take a while, but he would get over it. Imagine him, falling for Harry Potter, of all people! That might have been the single most foolish thing he had ever done. Well...he supposed, truth be told, there were many more, usually having to do with Voldemort.

And what was so wrong with being in love with Harry Potter? “Well for one, he doesn’t love you,” said Draco to himself with a sigh. “He took you to bed, though. And that was bloody marvelous. I wished we’d slept together just one more time.”

Draco leaned forward on the rail. A mist was rolling in from the distant woods and the green of the hills seemed darker. The thing of it was, he wanted to be in love with Harry. Now that he knew it was real, it was more overpowering than before. Harry was lovely. He wasn’t anything like the schoolboy he knew. He was so much more: more exciting, more intriguing, more...just more. “Dammit. I fucked it up.” He had insulted Harry left and right, coming and going. If there had been a spark, Draco had doused it with his own stupidity. “Shit.” His eyes burned, despite the moisture in the air. How was he ever going to get over the man?

A dark spot appeared out of the mist and it was coming closer. Draco squinted at it? An owl? No, too big for an owl. As he watched he recognized that it was a figure on a broom and then his heart began to pound when he realized who it was.

He stepped back as Harry Potter alighted on the terrace. He leaned his broom against the railing and turned to Draco. His cheeks were bright red from the cold and his hair was in disarray—as usual. “Hi,” he said.

Draco realized his jaw had been hanging open. He closed it and gave him a curt nod. “Hello.”

Harry, looking nervous, took something from his trouser pocket. “You left this.”

Draco took it. A sock. “You could have owled it.”

“Oh. Yeah. I suppose so.” Harry fidgeted, leaning on one foot and then the other. He heaved a deep breath. “Well. I guess I’ll be going then.”

Draco shook himself out of it. “Wait. You flew all the way here. You must be cold. Come inside and I’ll get you some tea.”

“Have you hot chocolate? I’d rather have that.”

Draco smiled. Harry was like a little boy. It was rather endearing. “Of course. The elves will get it.”

And no sooner had Draco said it that two steaming mugs appeared along with a plate of biscuits. Harry’s eyes eagerly devoured the sight. Draco thought it was charming and offered Harry a chair.

Harry looked around the room, which was one of the libraries. “Wow. You have a lot of books here.”

“This is the main library,” said Draco, blowing on his chocolate. “There are two smaller ones upstairs.”

“I’ve never been here, you know.”

"I know."

"I know that the Ministry has parties here but I've never wanted to come."

"The Malfoys haven't exactly been your mates."

Harry snorted and chewed a biscuit. "Too right, there." He looked at Draco. "But I don't suppose you hate me now."

"You bloody well know I don't."

"Yeah." He sipped his chocolate and put the mug down. He seemed to be having difficulty looking Draco in the eye. "Look Draco, we've never been friends—"

"That's for sure."

"But I don't see why we can't now. After...you know...."

"Friends." Draco pushed his mug aside and gripped the table. "Sure. You got what you wanted. Shagged the Malfoy heir. Another notch on your bedpost, eh? Maybe the grand prize. Sure, we can be friends."

"Draco, it's not like that. It wasn't a grudge fuck."

"Oh that's right. It was for my welfare. So I could sleep. Dr. Potter."

"Draco! Stop. Do you think I would do that? I felt very badly taking advantage of you, thinking you were under a curse and wanting you so much anyway. Now that I know you weren't cursed it seems all right."

"Wait. 'Wanting me'?"

Harry dipped a biscuit absently into the chocolate. "Er...yeah. I saw you at the Anniversary. I...lied...when I said I didn't."

"You lied. How very Slyth—"

"I didn't want it to mean anything," he said quickly. "I mean, I didn't think it did. I saw you and I had an instant reaction and I didn't know why because the last time I saw you at the Ministry I still disliked you. Thought you were the same prick you always were."

It stung. Shouldn't have since Draco knew it was the truth. He said nothing.

"But then you were there, looking very handsome and cheerful. You didn't look scheming or mean like you used to. You looked very...normal. And it suddenly occurred to me that you could be likable. Someone I wouldn't mind going out with. But of course, our history seemed to make that impossible. Then there you were on my doorstep...in love with me."

Harry jumped from his chair as if it were on fire. "And then I fucked it up!" he said, pacing.

Draco was taken aback. He'd fucked it up?

"I treated you like shit. Like a client. Of course, I thought once I'd cured you you'd be gone. I was afraid you'd be gone. That you'd never really feel that way about me. And then you weren't cursed, so you did. And I panicked. I didn't know what to do. I just acted like a prick myself." He took a deep breath and gazed at Draco. There was a look of longing in his eyes, of desperation. His lips hung open, those red lips, and they were moist from a tongue running across it. Draco's heart ached. "I just wondered if we couldn't try to make a go of it."

Draco stood and stepped closer. "A 'go'?"

"Yes." Harry's eyes were fixed on Draco's and he was breathing heavily. "Together."

"You are crushing on me." And then a thought occurred to him. "What did that bloke mean when he said 'is that Draco Malfoy'? Why did he say it like that?"

Harry blushed again. "I...might have mentioned something about you once."

"Something like what? That you liked me?"

"Erm...not so much that." He smiled faintly. "That I thought you were sexy and...and I wouldn't mind...you know."

Draco moved right up against Harry's body and slid into his arms. "You wouldn't mind...nailing me? Despite our never having been friends?"

Harry's arms encircled him, and grew tighter. "The last few days were nice. We talked. We ate together."

"We shagged."

"Yeah." Harry's eyes kept flicking to Draco's lips and he finally leaned in and kissed him. Draco sighed in contentment. His arms went up around Harry's neck and he squeezed his body against him. He felt Harry's hardness poking his thigh. But the kiss... Harry was kissing him tenderly, mouth rubbing over lips, tongue caressing. Draco sank into it, absently rubbing his pelvis into Harry's from side to side.

Harry tore his lips from Draco's long enough to whisper a harsh, "Is there someplace—?"

"Right here, Harry." He grabbed his wand from his pocket and aimed it haphazardly to the door behind him. "Colloportus!"

They sunk to the carpet and began stripping off each other's clothes. Each bit of skin Draco revealed of Harry's he planted his lips there. At his neck, his shoulder, his belly...

"Oh Draco!" The sound of those words inflamed him, and Draco pulled madly at the rest, hearing seams rip as trousers were yanked down.

Soon they were both naked and Harry straddled him with his strong thighs. He was still kissing Draco, but now his hands were making tingling trails down Draco's flanks, stroking his hips, and then sliding down behind him to cup his bottom. "I'm going to suck your cock, Draco," he whispered to his ear, then licked the outer shell. "I so want to taste your cum."

Draco was extraordinarily hard after that, and he juttet his hips in assent. He looked up with heavy lids made drowsy with lust. Harry's cock was hard, too. It stood up taut and straight against his belly. It pulsed with each heartbeat.

But he wriggled down Draco's torso until he settled flat against the carpet between Draco's opened legs. His strong hands massaged his thighs and crept higher to the joint. He dipped his head and a wide, moist tongue licked a stripe across Draco's balls. Draco lay back, his neck arching. Oh God. That felt so good. Harry's tongue was flexible like a snake and he worked it over Draco's balls, darting it into the crevices next to his thigh and then sweeping across both testicles. Then, gently, he sucked each testicle in turn into his mouth. Draco raised his hips, an incoherent gurgle coming from his mouth.

Harry took his time wending his way from Draco's sac up to his cock. He kissed the base of it and then began raining kisses all over it, as if showing Draco how much he meant to Harry. But soon enough, the kisses turned to licks. A moist mouth covered it and Draco's dick was encased in hot wetness. Consumed as it was, Harry still licked it, and then changed angles so that Draco's dick fucked the inside of his cheek. That was hot! The head ran along the smoothness of his cheek and edged the tingling roughness of his teeth. Then Harry switched to sucking and began pumping it eagerly with his mouth. Draco was on the brink. His hips had already risen off the carpet. The sensations on his cock were so intense his mind blanked to anything but that.

Harry continued sucking, but Draco felt a slickened finger probe behind his balls and sneak up his crack until it rested against the puckered flesh of his entrance. Harry rubbed his anus in small circles and Draco spread his legs wider. The sensation was building. It all felt so incredibly fantastic. His balls ached with need and the ache grew until everything was Harry's mouth and Harry's finger and nothing at all mattered more than that.

He groaned as he came, back arching upward. Harry sucked harder, swallowing what seemed like liters of Draco's cum. He fucked Harry's face until he was spent and he slowly sank down again, dick wet and cold as it slid from Harry's mouth.

Draco pried opened an eye in time to see Harry licking his lips. His eyes were glazed with lust.

“And now it’s my turn,” he said huskily. Gently, he turned Draco over and Draco, as boneless as he was, simply allowed it. In fact, Harry positioned him as if he were a rag doll—which is what he felt like. He crossed Draco’s arms over the other and laid his head on them. Then he hiked up his knees into place leaving his bottom high and exposed. Draco helped by pushing his thighs further apart.

Harry moaned his pleasure. “God, Draco. You look brilliant like this.”

“Mmmm,” he replied. He was still in a state of afterglow.

Harry’s hands closed over his bum and squeezed. And then a finger dragged down his crack and settled on his hole again. Harry toyed with it, the fingertip just lightly rubbing circles. Draco squirmed. It was driving him crazy. The finger went away for a moment and then Draco heard a sucking sound. The finger returned, slicked with spit this time, circled agonizingly again, and then sunk in up to his first knuckle.

“Ngh!” said Draco.

Harry chuckled. His other hand continued to caress one arse cheek while the finger pushed in and made tiny circles inside the muscle, opening it by degrees. Not that Draco needed to be opened. He began to sway his hips. Harry could drill him right away with the most painful burn and he wouldn’t mind.

The finger withdrew again and Draco waited, wondering what Harry would do next. Hot. Moist. Tongue! Draco keened into his arms. Harry’s tongue was licking his anus, hard, flat licks combined with short stabs of a pointed tongue. “Harry, Harry, Harry....” he murmured, all the while swaying his bottom from side to side.

That was enough for Harry. Hands seized Draco’s hips and two thumbs dug into his crack to spread him wide. A lubrication charm did the trick and Harry’s thick cock was positioned there, resting against the muscle until Draco felt the pressure of him pushing forward. His flesh resisted for only a moment before it opened and sucked him inside. He glided forward with a slow burn that made Draco hiss, but it was a satisfying feeling when so thick a cock breached him and slid in the rest of the way, filling him as no other sensation could.

Harry rested there a moment, his hands gripping Draco’s hips tightly, his breathing deep and ragged. He said nothing as he began to fuck, pulling out and thrusting back in with a deep, slow rhythm.

Draco pushed up, getting Harry as deeply inside as he could. "Merlin! Oh fuck, Harry!"

Harry was taking his time, moving his hands from Draco's hips to rub over his spread open arse.

"Fuck me, fuck me," Draco chanted, not even realizing he was saying it aloud. It felt so amazingly good. To be so deeply filled, so rapturously treated to that slow seduction with a cock. Draco felt he was in a trance or the best dream he'd ever had.

Gradually, Harry's thrusts were ramming deeper, his hips more erratic. Draco knew he was going to come and he sped up his own movements, fucking himself on Harry's dick.

The hands were back at his hips, pinching and gripping. His bottom was yanked against Harry's pubes and Harry came with short, deep stabs. He gasped above Draco, and his orgasm seemed to go on and on. Finally, Harry came to a stop and rested his head on Draco's back. "Oh my God. You've killed me," said a panting Harry.

"Not yet, I hope."

His penis slipped from Draco and the blond collapsed. But Harry's hands hadn't left his hips or his bottom and as Harry's hot cum dribbled from Draco's hole, that marvelous tongue was back, lapping it up from his thighs and moving steadily upward until he licked Draco's sore and twitching anus, cleaning it of every last vestige of cum.

When he was finished, he kissed each arse cheek and rolled Draco over into his arms where he held him tightly. Harry was smiling as if he had just done something noteworthy. Draco guessed he had.

"So," said Draco when he could trust his voice again. "Is this what 'giving it a go' means, or is there more to it than that?"

"Do you mean do you want to start dating and stuff?"

"Yes, Potter. Dating. But I already feel a bit like a boyfriend. So am I?"

Harry squeezed him and had that shit-eating grin on his face again. "Yeah. Boyfriend sounds good."

Satisfied, Draco snuggled into him. "And you're sure I'm not cursed."

"Positive. But even if you were, there's no way I'm breaking it at this point."

Draco kissed the arm encircling him. At this point, he would have to agree.

The End

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