



F\*\*k Buddies

By Mystwriter

Summary: Out of the blue, Draco Malfoy just wants to be fuck buddies with Harry. And Harry goes along with it. For a while.

One shot PWP, NC-17 for...well. I think you can guess what for. Deathly Hallows compliant except for the little matter of homosexuality.

Image borrowed from Ruby Moth

It started simply enough. Malfoy crashed Harry's party.

Voldemort had been dispatched two years ago. Malfoy had gone through the motions of a trial but it was plain the Wizengamot did not want to incarcerate him, having been an underage wizard at the time. Coercion, threats, Stockholm Syndrome: all terms bandied about and all served to set him free. But still. Harry hadn't seen him in a year. And here he was, at Harry's doorstep at Number 12, slithering into the crowd and making a nuisance of himself.

"Far be it for me to suggest who you invite to your parties, mate," said George. "But young Mr. Malfoy is causing a bit of trouble amongst your friends."

Harry whipped his head around and spied that unmistakable head of white blond hair. "I certainly didn't invite him! He's the last person I'd ever invite. I don't know where he came from!"

"Well. In that case, perhaps you would like some assistance in helping him leave." George pushed up his sleeves, ready to do battle.

"No, George. I'll take care of the prat." Harry sighed. And he'd been having a good time, too. There were a few Ministry blokes here whom he had wanted to get to know better and they were giving him the eye. How would it be with two men at once, he wondered, stalking Malfoy absently. Not that Harry was that adventurous in bed. And he'd hate what the Prophet would have to say about it. But it was a thought and it was making him hard. He adjusted his jeans and pushed through the crowd in earnest. Take care of Malfoy first, and then he could take care of those blokes.

Finally, he stood behind that blindingly white blond head. Malfoy was poking his finger nearly into Susan Bones' chest and pontificating on some nonsense when Harry tapped his shoulder.

"Don't want a drink, thanks," said Malfoy, not turning round. Susan looked grateful for the momentary distraction but it wasn't enough to allow her to get away.

Harry tapped him again, harder this time. "Malfoy. What the hell are you doing here?"

Malfoy stopped speaking then and slowly pivoted. "Potter." Those grey eyes studied him up and down. His lids rested lazily at half mast and a smirk drew up one side of his mouth. "You throw the dullest parties. I wonder why I ever bothered to crash it at all."

"I was wondering that, too. And I'm here to escort you to the door."

"What? How rude! Of course I'd expect nothing less, Scarhead. What's it to be? A hand firmly on my arm, or a hex to spin me out the door?"

Harry hadn't thought about it, but magic would have been simpler and call less attention to it all. "Why don't you just leave like a good boy since you've been caught?"

"Oh, but Potter, didn't you know. I'm not a good boy." The way he said it, the cast of his eyes, the glistening lips, made Harry's cock harden all the more. What the hell? Malfoy? Turning him on? He coughed into his hand to hide the blush to his face.

"Malfoy, just go."

He looked at Harry again, eyes traveling down to his jeans. Could he see Harry's erection? Who could miss it?

Malfoy brought up a smile. Without warning, he leaned close to Harry, his breath tickling his ear. "Did I do that, Potter? Interesting." Harry felt his wet tongue flick against the shell of his ear before he withdrew. "I think I'll get a drink."

Helpless, Harry watched him move away toward the bar. Draco cast a backwards glance at him and smiled, slipping into the crowd again.

He watched Draco for several minutes. Well, he doesn't seem to be causing any trouble, he assured himself. But he knew it was only an excuse to avoid the man.

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But try as he might, Draco wouldn't leave him alone. Even when Harry was sitting on his sofa chatting with Luna and Neville, Malfoy was suddenly there, insinuating himself between Harry and the girl.

"Lovegood," Draco snarled. "It's been ages. Don't tell me someone actually hired you."

"Shut it, Malfoy," said Neville. "She works for the Ministry, if you must know. In Natural Sciences."

"Natural Sciences?" He looked at Harry. He was sitting awfully close. "What the hell is Natural Sciences? And why does the Ministry need it?"

But just as Neville was about to answer, Draco turned his back on him and slid even closer to Harry. He draped his arm on the sofa back, just above Harry's shoulders.

"Malfoy, didn't I tell you to shove off?"

"You didn't try very hard. So just what is it the Hero of the Wiz—"

"He hates that title!" said a chorus of voices over Draco's head.

Draco looked around at the party goers and shrunk a little. "Blimey! Surrounded by bloody Gryffindors."

"I'm not a Gryffindor," said Luna airily. Draco stared at her.

"Yeah," Harry interjected. "So why are you here?" He crossed his legs. This was getting embarrassing. Why was he reacting to Draco like this? He didn't even know if Draco was gay. He didn't know anything about him except that he was a prat.

"Why, to annoy you, of course, Potter. Why else?" He rose from the sofa and disappeared into the crowd again.

After several hours, the party began to break up and Harry didn't see any sign of Malfoy. Probably wasn't getting enough attention and left, the git, thought Harry. A part of him was relieved but another part was intrigued why—out of the blue—Draco Malfoy felt compelled to crash his party.

The last guest was let out the door, and Harry waved his farewells. Those Ministry blokes had slipped out together and though Harry was disappointed, he was also a bit tired. He shut the door and leaned against it. He'd clean the place tomorrow. For now, he only wanted to get into bed.

But when he turned, he nearly smacked right into Draco. "What the—!"

Draco looked around, an innocent expression playing at his face. "Everyone gone home? Well, here's to you, Potter. You managed to keep everyone here till at least midnight."

"What the hell are you still doing here? I thought you left."

"What am I doing here?" His look of innocence finally fell away and his grey eyes smoldered, seizing Harry's full attention. He approached and Harry backed away until his back hit the door. "Let's not play these silly games any more. We danced around it all through school. It was never about fighting, Potter." He stepped so close to Harry that his body came up against him. His breath was hot on Harry's lips. Harry felt his pulse speed up. "Never about fighting," whispered Draco and then he seized Harry and began sucking on his neck.

"Oh!" Harry flailed for a moment before he sunk against the door, helpless under Draco's warm, wet assault.

"You've been gagging for it all night," Draco whispered huskily against Harry's hot skin. "You've been wanting to sink that considerable cock of yours into the Malfoy arse, haven't you? And I'm going to let you. I'm going to position myself on your bed, arse in the air, and you're going to give it a rigid pounding, aren't you, Potter?"

He must be dreaming. Wet dreaming. He took a swallow of air and stared at Draco with glazed eyes. "You want me to—I mean you're—with me—"

"As coherent as always, Scarhead." He took Harry's hand and pulled him toward the bedroom.

“Wait, Draco, wait!” Harry dug his heels in and stopped. His cock was harder than it had ever been, pulsating in his jeans, but he shook his head to clear it and stared at the blond in earnest. “Why me? Why now? I didn’t even know you were gay. We’ve never spoken more than a handful of civil words to each other. I haven’t seen you in a year, and here you are begging for a shag.”

“Let’s just get one thing clear. I am not begging for a shag.”

“Whatever! You’re here and you’re leading me to my bedroom. What gives with that?”

“Gryffindors! Can’t take anything handed to them on a plate without analyzing it to death. What difference does it make? Do you want to shag or not?”

“Well...truth be told...yeah.”

“Then shut up, Potter, and don’t mess this up for yourself.” He tugged on Harry again and they were soon in his dim room. Draco waved his wand with a “Lumos!” and it brightened considerably. Harry supposed that Draco wanted to see clearly. Looking at the blond shuck his shirt and reveal smooth, white skin and a fairly toned torso, Harry had to agree.

Harry threw reason out the window. If Malfoy was giving it up, Harry wasn't going to argue. Not now, anyway. He quickly peeled off his shirt and dug into the button on his jeans. Down they went along with his underpants. He was kicking off his shoes at the same time, and bare bollocks naked, slipped off his socks. All the while, he kept his eyes on Draco who was carefully drawing his trousers down, casting them gracefully aside, and smoothly going for the next article of clothing.

Naked, Harry watched Draco divest himself of his last sock before he turned to Harry. White blond hair everywhere, except it was a little darker at his groin. And his cock. Draco had a very nice dick. Long, slightly curved to the left, pink, and standing straight out from his body.

Draco’s eyes glittered staring at Harry’s bits and Harry felt his body flush under the scrutiny.

“Well, well,” said Draco, licking his lips. “Look what you’ve been hiding from the world, Potter. Winning the Tri-Wizard Tournament and killing the Dark Lord aside, you could have been famous for this alone.”

Harry couldn't help but give his package a squeeze. "Er...thanks, Malfoy. You...uh...look pretty damn good yourself."

"Been working out." He slid toward Harry and raked his nails down his chest, running the nails over his nipples and causing them to rise. "And you, Potter, are in excellent shape. Auror training becomes you."

"Yeah," was all he could say. His mind was shutting down. His cock ached with need. He reached forward and began caressing Malfoy's body. It was warm and his skin was smooth and soft. He leaned over and kissed his chest, running his lips along the pecs to reach a nipple, licking it, then pressing his lips over it and sucking. Malfoy groaned above him. The sound tingled his balls. "You need to go to the bed," rasped Harry, "before I fuck you right here."

Draco groaned again at that, and quickly made his way to the bed. He lay down on his back, toying with his balls with those long white fingers and then drawing them up the shaft of his darkening erection when Harry swallowed again. "I thought you were going to be arse up."

Draco smiled at Harry. It wasn't a smirk like the old days, but something quite seductive. How was it Harry never noticed this about Malfoy? Could it have to do with the fact that Harry wasn't enlightened about his own orientation until a year after school?

Draco sinuously turned, leading with a pale shoulder. He gazed at Harry over that shoulder for a long moment before he turned completely. His white arse was gorgeous. Two perfect orbs of soft, round flesh. He scooted up onto his knees and raised his bum. Then he walked his knees apart, opening himself.

Harry panted. It had been a while since he'd seen anything as arousing as this. Draco Malfoy's arse was a thing of true beauty and with his legs wide his dangling pink bollocks were inviting him to explore them.

Harry knelt on the bed behind him and immediately took the man's bottom in his hands, squeezing the flesh with gentle pressure. He rubbed his palm over both cheeks, relishing the smoothness, before he dug both thumbs in that crack and opened him. Even Malfoy's hole was pink, the furl tight. Harry leaned over and licked it, tasting that tangy/bitter taste of maleness. Draco gasped. Harry lapped at it again, changed to dabbing, and sunk his pointed tongue inside the relaxing sphincter. Draco was moaning now and rotating his bum. Harry grasped it tightly, digging his fingers in and jabbing his tongue deeper. He reached down with one hand and gently kneaded his sac.

“Oh Harry! Oh God!”

Harry stopped. Draco had never called him “Harry” before.

The blond whimpered. “Why did you stop? Come on!”

Harry canted forward again and licked a long swath up Draco’s balls. The man moaned again. “That’s so delicious,” Draco crooned.

“Yes it is,” said Harry, nuzzling the underside of his bum. He reached around and grasped Draco’s cock for the first time. Draco made an involuntary thrust into Harry’s hand. “Don’t come yet,” Harry ordered.

“You have no idea how aroused I am, Harry,” Draco whined. “Everything you’re doing—Oh my God, I knew you’d be fantastic!”

This day was full of surprises. Not only the presence of Draco Malfoy in his bed, but Draco Malfoy actually willingly giving Harry a compliment? Truly amazing.

Harry continued to stroke Draco too lightly for him to come. But the man wriggled and thrust, trying to get more friction.

Harry smiled at his struggle. “I’m going to fuck you first, Malfoy. If this is some kind of dream or hallucination, at least I’m going to have the satisfaction of bugging the daylights out of you.”

“Oh yes!” came the strangled reply.

Well then. Harry whispered the lubing spell and positioned himself behind Draco. That arse was just so lovely. He kissed it and then took his dick in hand, aiming for that now moist hole. Harry didn’t prepare him. He simply plunged in. Draco cried out for a moment but any sounds of discomfort dissipated quickly and were replaced by deep moans and breathy sighs.



Harry opened his mouth at the incredible feeling of that moist heat surrounding his dick. Draco was tight and he was deliberately squeezing his anus to torture Harry. "Ohmygod!" Harry moaned. He never—in all his wild imaginings—dreamed of fucking Draco Malfoy. And he never dreamed it would feel so incredibly good!

"Fuck me," chanted Draco, thrusting back at Harry as Harry thrust in. "Fuck me hard, Harry! I want it!"

"You're getting it," he grunted. He grasped Draco's hips and jammed into him again and again, picking up speed.

"Yes, yes, yes!"

Draco's encouraging moans were bringing Harry close. He laid his sensitive torso over Draco's back and reached around the blond, grasping his dick. He pumped it hard, trying to maintain a rhythm. In the end, it didn't much matter. Draco was coming and Harry felt the surge of insane pleasure travel up his balls and he shot his load into his blond lover a moment after Draco spilled his seed over Harry's hand.

Everything stopped. Harry felt the hot flesh of Draco's cock pulsate and spend every drop in his hand while he breathed into the sweaty nape of Draco's neck. His own cock was riding the last vestiges of Draco's orgasm as his anus tightened and released, tightened and released on him. He kissed the skin in front of him, letting his cock shrink a bit before he pulled out. A heavy lethargy wrapped in a cloud of happy feelings overtook him, and he flopped down on the bed beside Draco.

"That was incredible. Fantastic," gushed Draco. "You're the best shag ever, Potter."

Back to 'Potter' again, he thought, too tired to say it aloud. Instead, he scooped Draco up and tucked him against him, nestling his soft hair under Harry's chin. Harry slept. And when he awoke in the morning, refreshed as he hadn't felt in a long time, Draco was gone without so much as a note.

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Harry tried to get on with his life. But now he was plagued in the most inappropriate places with daydreams of Draco. Where was the bloke? That was the most incredible sex Harry had experienced in some time and he hated to give it up now. Even if it was with Draco Malfoy. But nobody knew exactly

where Draco was these days. Harry made some offhand inquiries at the Ministry but the rumour was he was ensconced at Malfoy Manor with his parents. But no one knew for sure.

That was the last place Harry wanted to go. He'd seen too much of it through Voldemort's eyes to ever want to see it in the flesh. So he went on with his daily routine of Auror training, visiting Ron and Hermione, and checking in with Neville as his friend studied at Hogwarts to teach.

Then, one Saturday while Harry was studying the Auror textbooks that Tonks had left him in her will, there was a knock at his door. Number 12 ceased to be an unplottable house after the war was over. Harry could keep away the curious and it was certainly easier for his friends and other Aurors to visit him, so he thought nothing of the intrusion and got up to answer it. But when he opened the door, Draco Malfoy was standing there.

"Afternoon, Potter. Busy?" But he didn't wait for a reply as he pushed his way in.

Harry stood in the doorway, his mouth hanging open before he gathered his wits and charged after Malfoy.

"Malfoy—"

He was sitting on the sofa, his feet up on the table. He glanced up at Harry with a crooked smile.

"What's up, Potter?"

"What are you doing in my house?"

"Thought I'd drop by for a spot of sex."

"You just charge in here without a—WHAT?"

Draco unwound from the sofa and stood up. He seemed to glide toward Harry and slid his hands up his shirt-covered chest. "I said...sex." And he punctuated the sentiment with a short peck to Harry's lips.

"Want to?"

“But I...it’s...what?”

“Articulate as ever,” he said and began sliding Harry’s shirt off. Harry let Draco undress him and he stood naked before him, still in a bit of a daze, while Draco undressed. When the last of his clothes hit the floor, he slid into Harry’s arms and kissed him deeply. He swiveled Harry around and sat him on the sofa. Harry’s cock jutted upward and Draco looked at it, licking his lips. He incanted the lubing charm, and turned around. Grabbing Harry’s thighs for support and spreading his legs, Draco positioned himself over Harry’s lap and slowly lowered, skewering himself on Harry’s dripping cock.

The heat of him, the tightness, felt incredible. Harry tossed his head back and just experienced the sensations. Draco lowered all the way and then rose up, fucking himself on Harry’s cock. Harry raised his hips to help, even grabbing Draco’s hips and shoving up into him. They went at it for quite a while before the sensations overpowered Harry and he came hard, pumping furiously up into the Slytherin. A few moments after, Draco came, keening his pleasure into the room. After a few more moments of panting, they took it into the bedroom for round two.

But in the morning, Harry awoke again to an empty bed.

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And so it went. Malfoy would drop over several times a week, let Harry shag him, and then disappear without a word.

Harry decided that it seemed to be a reasonable arrangement. After all, he was busy with Auror training. No time really for cruising the clubs or a relationship and he was getting what he needed to relieve the tension.

Even Ron noticed it one day. George had asked Ron to go into business with him, replacing the fallen Fred, and he was busy at the shop, rearranging shelves.

“The shop looks good, Ron.”

Ron stood back and looked around. Perhaps he wasn't the entrepreneur that Fred had been, but he had a good idea or two and seemed to know how to arrange the displays to the best advantage. "I'm no Fred Weasley," he said. "But I don't do too badly and George doesn't give me that bad a time about it."

Harry grinned. George could still play a pretty mean prank when he wanted to.

"What about you, Harry? Looks like Auror training is agreeing with you. You have a glow about you, as Hermione would say."

"A glow?"

"Yeah. Like you're...I don't know. Pretty satisfied."

Harry's grin faded. He cleared his throat. "I guess."

"Or is it something else?" said Ron, giving him the eye. "Or someone?"

"What? No! What makes you think that?"

"All that blather, I guess. Hermione was right. You are seeing someone."

"No, I'm not." He busied himself examining packages of the new Eye Candy: "Sweets to Make You look Delicious."

Ron was standing right behind him. Harry looked nervously over his shoulder at him. "Well now I know you are. What's the problem, Harry? Is he a Muggle or something? It wouldn't matter to me and Hermione. You know that."

"It's nothing," said Harry shrugging. "It's not a relationship. It's just shagging."

“Oh.” Ron looked uncomfortable and went back to his display. “I suppose you gay blokes do a bit more of that than the relationship thing. I thought, though, that you were looking for that one special person.”

“I don’t have time for that, Ron. And this arrangement is...fine.”

Ron chuckled. “Doesn’t that sound convincing.”

“Well it is!” His voice got louder though he didn’t intend it to. Softer, he said, “It is fine. It’s just...just...perfect.”

But the more Harry thought about it, the less perfect it seemed.

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“Wait...Malfoy—!” Harry pushed Draco back. His lips had plastered over Harry’s nipple and he was licking and sucking for all he was worth. And although it was an incredible sensation as always, Harry felt he had to slow things down.

“What’s wrong?” Draco’s hair was mussed, but it was so fine and so straight that Harry knew it would soon sort itself out and lay softly against his head in no time.

“It’s just...why don’t we ever...you know. Talk?”

Draco’s eyes widened. “Talk?”

“Yeah. We’re always just jumping right into shagging and I wondered why we don’t ever talk. Or share a meal. Or just hang out.”

Draco sat back and crossed his arms over his chest. “Because we’re fuck buddies, Potter, that’s why.”

“I know that. But is that all you really want? It does seem a bit...uncivilized.”

“Good God! You sound like a girl.”

Harry scooted out of bed and grabbed his terry cloth dressing gown. He wrapped himself in it protectively and looked back at Draco lounging on the bed. “Whatever, Malfoy. I just think maybe we should slow things down.”

“Slow things down? Are you mad? What’s wrong with you?”

Harry pushed his hands through his hair. “I don’t know. I thought I wanted it this way but I guess I don’t.”

“Fine.” Draco slid out of bed and began dressing. Harry watched him without a word. Draco said nothing and when he was finally dressed he pushed past Harry out of the room. Harry wasn’t surprised to hear the front door slam shut.

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Harry thought he would feel relieved that he and Draco’s “arrangement” was finally at a close. But he didn’t feel that way at all. If anything, he was more tense and made careless mistakes in training, nearly splinching himself when he practiced emergency Apparation, and allowed a spell to go haywire nearly knocking out all the paper airplane messages in the building. His instructor told him to take a week off to regroup and Harry, feeling a bit embarrassed, decided that was a good idea.

Sitting alone at Number 12, Harry contemplated the fire. The thing of it was, he missed Draco. Certainly, he missed the shagging. The Slytherin had been a fantastic lover, skin so sensitive, so alive, so responsive to everything Harry did to him. But it was more than that. He had begun to feel something. More than lust. He knew he was feeling attracted to Malfoy the person. He wanted to know about him, what made him tick, what made him do the things he used to do and why he had changed. Harry wanted to talk in soft whispers to him in bed after lovemaking, wanted to look across the table at him in a restaurant, wanted to go places with him.

Wanted a boyfriend.

But Malfoy never contacted him since he left in a huff that night. And Harry was miserable.

He glanced over toward his new grey owl Aries. How he missed Hedwig. But this owl was nice in his own way. He fawned on Harry. He was looking at Harry now with a hopeful expression. Should he send Draco a note? What did he have to lose?

He took a piece of parchment, sat thoughtfully for a moment, and then began to write.

Dear Draco,

I haven't heard from you in a fortnight. I hope you are okay. I really wish you would come over so that we can talk. Yeah, I know you don't really want to, but I'd like to explain myself. It's not that I didn't enjoy the shagging. Far from it. But...I guess...I want more. Please consider stopping by.

Harry

Harry sent the note and waited. A day went by. Two. On the fourth anxious day, an owl flew into his open window and Harry took the note with trembling fingers.

I'll be there in an hour.

DM

Harry looked at the spare note again and suddenly felt very nervous.

Draco arrived but instead of pushing past Harry as he always did, he stood at his threshold waiting to be invited in. Harry was gracious about it and followed Draco inside. The blond sat not on the sofa as he always did, but took up residence in a squashy armchair. He said nothing, just looked at Harry warily.

"Thanks for coming," said Harry, standing awkwardly. "Would you like something to drink? I have wine."

“You picked out wine?”

“I asked the shopkeeper which one. I probably paid too much. Five Galleons seemed like a lot.”

Draco snorted. No doubt the Malfoy wine cellar boasted far more expensive fare. Harry got the bottle and then struggled with the corkscrew before he reddened and grabbed his wand.

“The Great Auror,” muttered Draco.

Ignoring the remark, Harry poured the ruby-coloured wine into two glasses and handed one to Draco. He tipped his up and said, “Cheers,” before taking a sip. It was dark and rich and tasted like berries instead of grapes but it warmed going down and he decided he liked it.

Draco sipped and stared at the wine through the bowl of the glass, turning it to catch the light. “Not bad, Potter.”

Harry smiled and sat on the sofa. “You know, I think this is the first drink we’ve ever shared.”

“Nonsense,” said Draco taking another sip. “I’ve swallowed here loads of times.”

Harry choked on his wine and set the glass down. “Draco. I meant—”

“I know what you meant, idiot. So now what? We drink a little wine and then shag?”

“No!” He scooted forward, resting his fists on his thighs. “No. Look, Draco, I asked you to come so we could talk about ‘us’. I like ‘us’. But I want more than just shagging. I think we can be good together. A good...couple.”

Draco stood.



Harry rose to prevent him from leaving. "What's wrong? Why won't you entertain the notion of us together? Is it because...." The idea finally caught up to Harry and he felt a little sick at the prospect. "Is it because you just don't...like me?"

Draco pondered Harry under lowered lids. "You're really an idiot, you know that?"

"Draco...."

Draco sighed, rolling his eyes. "What the hell is wrong with just shagging?"

"Nothing. For some blokes. I'm...just not one of them. I want more. And I want it with you."

"It will fade," he said softly.

"No, it won't. I can't stop thinking about you. Just the idea of being with you, just sitting in the same room, makes me feel alive. Like nothing has since Voldemort. Draco...I think I may be...well...falling in love with you."

Draco shook his head and turned away from Harry. "It won't last."

"But it will. Do you think I'm the type to get what I want and then grow bored?"

"ALL MEN ARE THAT TYPE!"

Harry stepped back from the vehemence of Draco's declaration.

Draco passed his hand through his golden hair and then let that hand drop to his side. "You don't get it. You'll say all this flowery stuff and it will seem very romantic at the time and you will fall under the spell of the whole romancy thing. But as soon as you've got it you'll grow tired of it. I've seen it happen so many times before."

Harry cautiously approached the man. "So many times...to you?"

Draco rolled his shoulders, his rigid back to Harry. "What does it matter? It happens. It's all a very lovely dream but then it shatters. Well, I won't do it."

"But Draco." Draco moved to leave but Harry grabbed hold of his shoulders. The man tried to shrug him off but Harry's grip was tight. "This is me. Solid old Harry Potter. Do you really think I'd do that to you? After all that we've been to each other over the years? Hating and then shagging? There's too much history."

"That will only make it worse."

Harry turned Malfoy and gazed into his eyes. Draco didn't want to look up, but Harry took his chin and tipped it upward. "Didn't you hear what I told you? I'm in love with you. I really am. Yeah, it surprised me, too. But it also makes so much sense. Give me a chance, Draco. I'll make you see. I'm different from the others."

"That's what they all say," he muttered.

Harry shook his head. Words would only do so much. He leaned in and softly kissed Draco's lips. Draco kissed back reluctantly at first. But as Harry canted forward and kissed him again, the other opened his mouth into the kiss and ended up twining his arms around Harry. They kissed for a long time until Draco broke away first with a gasp. "You really love me?"

"Yes." Harry kissed him again and then drew back. "Come with me to the bedroom. I want to make love to you."

Draco whimpered and swallowed. Harry caressed his face tenderly. "Let me show you."

After a very long pause, Draco followed and Harry reached back and took his hand.

When they were in the room, Harry began undressing Draco first. The blond stood stock still, never flinching even as Harry unbuttoned each button of his silk shirt, carelessly touching Draco's skin beneath

as he did so. When he'd gotten to the last button, he leaned forward and very gently kissed the pale skin of his chest, glancing up to gauge Draco's reaction. So far, Draco wasn't even looking at Harry but at some distant point across the room. Harry straightened and stroked up the chest heaving with breath and laid his hands on his shoulders. Gently, he pushed the shirt off and it slipped down Draco's arms and fell to a whispering heap to the floor.

Harry cupped Draco's jaw and kissed his neck, only a few soft kisses very close to his jawline. He nipped it and then kissed away the nips, all the while moving his lips over his pointy chin and to his pink lips. A slow seduction of lips and restraint ensued. Harry kissed him firmly but did not venture further. He pulled back and felt the panting breaths puff against his face before he turned to Draco's trousers.

He undid the belt and flipped open the button. He took the zip carefully and eased it down by slow degrees. Draco still had not moved, but his flickering gaze now dropped occasionally toward Harry before it whipped away again.

"You know," said Harry, his voice husky with emotion, "I didn't realize how very fine you looked under all those robes at school. Wish I had known. I wouldn't have tried to hex you then. Unless it was a disrobing charm." Draco twitched at that, but he did help Harry shimmy his trousers to his ankles. Kneeling, Harry picked up each foot, removing the shoes and socks, before pulling each trouser leg off. Once his trousers were off and set aside, Harry looked up at the bulge in Draco's pants.

Still kneeling, Harry placed his open hands on the man's upper thighs. His eyes traveled up his trim torso to that face still stoically staring outward. He curled his fingers into the waist band of the underpants and pulled, dragging them slowly downward. When the elastic cleared his pubic hair his penis sprung free. It was only semi-hard, but with Harry's diligent attention to it, it slowly rose and lengthened. The heady scent of arousal clouded Harry's senses momentarily and he merely froze, his hands still clutching the underpants, his face inches away from Draco's taut erection. He couldn't resist leaning forward and planting a kiss to the shiny head of that straining cock. It jumped a little under his lips and Harry smiled, finishing removing the underpants and casting them aside.

Draco stood nude and aroused before him. Harry returned his hands to Draco's thighs, just feeling the heat of his skin, the warmth diffusing from the flesh of his reddened cock. Draco liked to shave his bollocks all the way up the crack in his arse, making the skin that much more irresistible to the touch. And Harry wanted to touch it, but he wanted more to simply gaze at his lover's package, smell the muskiness of his sex, and revel in Draco's slowly crumbling control. Harry kissed his thigh, leaning his face against it and rubbing his cheek on the nearly invisible hairs there. "How can I ever grow tired of this?" he said, voice muffled by Draco's hot skin against his lips. "Why should I ever find this boring?" He nipped at the soft juncture of skin between thigh and groin.

He waited, but Draco still did not react. He'll react this time, he thought to himself, and then he kissed the naked underside of that rigid cock. He licked it hard, from the shaved base of it up to the flared ridge of the head.

Draco gasped.

Harry chuckled. That seemed to be what he was waiting for and he laved the whole thing, reaching down to caress the softness of his sac. He opened his lips and took the entire cock in his mouth. Fingers grabbed Harry's hair and pulled him into that blond groin. Harry slurped and opened his throat, taking the full length and sucking deeply.

Above him, Draco groaned. Harry tucked a finger by his lips to catch some of the drool and then reached up between his lover's legs and teased the tight whorl of Draco's arsehole. Draco's hips jutted forward at that. But Harry did not let up. He continued sucking and slurping, his finger pressing more firmly until he breached the tight entrance and sunk into the heat of the man. Draco keened and Harry clutched at one of Draco's arse cheeks, drawing the Slytherin even closer and deeper down his throat. But it wasn't necessary. Draco gave a shout, jammed his groin into Harry's face, and spurted his release into Harry's eager mouth.

He pumped several times, and Harry worked his throat, swallowing all he was given, laving his tongue on the throbbing flesh the whole while. When it seemed Draco had finished, Harry gave it one more suck, one more twist of his tongue, and released it. The wet cock flopped from his mouth and gradually drooped.

Harry smiled up at Draco and finally stood, touching his chest, his arms, his throat. Draco looked at him then. His grey eyes had softened considerably. "That was spectacular," he whispered.

Harry kissed him. "There's more where that came from. If you're willing."

Draco searched Harry's face for any sign of deception but Harry knew he'd find none. "I just thought...." Draco closed his eyes for a moment, breathing deeply. "I just thought we could shag and then I'd leave and you wouldn't have time to hate me. Or at least I wouldn't know about it."

Harry's heart contracted. "I don't hate you any more. Not for years. Surely you realize that." With his knuckles he touched Draco's cheek, dragging across them tenderly. "I love you, remember?"

It took a moment, but Draco's lips slowly curved upward in a smile. "Yeah." His cheeks flushed and he kissed Harry softly. "But if you really loved me," he said with a hint of a tremble in his voice, "you'd take your clothes off."

"Oh, I shall. And when I do, I have every intention of pounding you into the mattress."

Draco licked his lips. "I suppose I should tell you that...well...that I love you, too. Quite a lot, actually."

Harry smiled and folded the naked man into his arms.

And when Harry did take off his clothes, Draco was quite ready to be "pounded into the mattress" and indeed, he was.

In the morning, when Harry stirred and looked across the pillow, Draco was still there.

And he never left.

The End

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