

## The Holiday

By Mystwriter

NC-17...you know the drill. Canon all the way except for the gay thing. Post book seven, whatever that is. Really, just a bit of candy floss. But chock full of smut!

For Heidi on her birthday!

Summary: Harry has killed Voldemort and everyone is celebrating. And he is glad, it's just that now that it's finally over he has to face some hard facts about himself. One, he's gay. And another, he's lonely. After a few months, Harry goes off by himself to Bermuda to a Muggle gay circuit party. He is finally going to get a chance to be who he is.

And then who do you suppose he runs into?

Chapter One—Holiday

Chapter Two—Morning After

Chapter Three—Spending the Day

Chapter Four--Parting

Chapter One—Holiday

Harry looked in the mirror, trying to brush his messy mane of hair. Voldemort is finally dead. Dead. He kept saying it to himself, even three months after the fact. The sad thing was, so was Dumbledore, and so many others. Everyone sacrificed so much so that Harry could survive and kill the bastard. He was grateful. He really was. Hermione and Ron were getting together, Hagrid and Olympe, Neville and Ginny. Everyone was finally happy.

Harry looked at his reflection again. "Everyone but you, mate," he said to himself. It was in his seventh year—or what should have been his seventh year that he realized he was gay. No bells and whistles. No thunderclaps. He'd just come to that conclusion at the wedding of Fleur and Bill. That's when he suddenly knew. He had looked at all the girls—many, many very pretty ones—but he couldn't keep his

eyes off the men, off of Bill's friends. He wanted them. That wasn't a normal heterosexual reaction, he knew. So he could only draw one conclusion from that. The rest was an investigation through gay Muggle magazines. Somewhat instructive but a bit intimidating. But then it was all put aside to look for those damned Horcruxes.

Harry sighed and put the brush back into the drawer. His hair wasn't going to get better. He left the toilet and picked up the paper again, the one he'd gotten in Muggle London near that gay night club, the night club he was too cowardly to go into.

There was a huge advert for something called a White Party and it was to be in Bermuda. Harry had looked and looked at that same advert for days. Bermuda. He'd never been anywhere like that. And it was so far away. No one was likely to have heard of Harry Potter there. And anyway it was a Muggle party, not a wizard one. Even better. No one would know him. He could be himself, whatever that was. Okay, he could learn to be himself, to be who he was... Who was he kidding anyway? He could get some SEX there! Isn't that what he really wanted?

Harry took note of the hotel's address and decided he would pack his things right away and go there before he chickened out. He had enough money. That was no problem. But he certainly didn't want to tell anyone where he was going. He looked at his desk with its pile of parchment and his quill and he slid into the chair to leave a note.

To whom it may concern (which probably means you, Ron and Hermione. And what are you doing breaking into my flat, anyway?)

I just slipped away to be by myself for a bit. So don't worry about me. I'll be back in a week.

Harry

He stared at his note. Good enough. Time to go. Was he going to attempt to Apparate that far? Not bloody likely. He decided to Floo to the nearest fireplace to the hotel, and with his bag clutched tight to his chest, he stepped into his hearth, tossed down the Floo Powder, and hoped for the best.

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Harry stepped out into sunshine as he had never known it. Sure, there had been sunny days in Little Whinging and even a heatwave, but nothing ever like this! He looked out at the white, white beaches to the water that was an unnatural aquamarine colour. He just stood there on the pavement as traffic whizzed by, gawking like a tourist, when he was bumped by some blokes moving along the street. There were three of them, buff, blond, and either wearing midriff-baring muscle-man tees or nothing on their smooth chests but a deep tan.

Harry gawked at that.

“Oh, sorry,” said the man who bumped Harry. His eyes threaded up and down Harry’s t-shirt and jeans. “Didn’t hurt you, did I?” From his accent and of the others, Harry concluded that they were American.

“No, I’m fine. Wasn’t paying attention. Sorry.”

The man smiled, a gorgeous collection of white, even teeth. His eyes traveled over Harry again, more slowly this time. Harry swallowed. “Are you here for the White Party?”

Harry felt his face flush hotly. His eyes fluttered to his feet and his old trainers. “Uh...yeah. First time.”

The blond man smiled broader and he looked at his friends. “We’re staying at the Palms. Room 715. If you’d like, you can join us. It’s not fun going to the White Party alone. And you have the cutest accent.”

“Ah—I do? I mean...thanks. That’s nice of you.”

The man looked at his friends. “The Brits. They’re so polite.” He turned to Harry. “What’s your name, cutey?”

Harry had never been called “cutey” before. On one level he thought the man might be playing with him. But on another, he realized that the man meant it. Harry hadn’t considered before whether he was good-looking or not. He supposed he was pretty ordinary. Certainly not a “cutey”.

“H-Harry.”

The man stretched his arm around Harry's shoulders and gave him a squeeze before kissing his cheek. Harry was certain his face was crimson. "Hi, Harry. I'm Kyle, and this is Max and Corey. We'll be back in our room and ready to party by ten tonight. Come on up. I've always wanted to yell 'the British are cumming!'" He giggled.

The others laughed. Harry gave a half-hearted chuckle and Kyle released him. He waved his fingers at Harry. "See you, Harry. Room 715."

Harry watched them go with awe. He had just been picked up. He hadn't been in Bermuda for more than five minutes and he had been picked up. By three men! He smiled when the shock wore off.

This was going to be a great party.

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Harry checked into the hotel and rode the lift to his room. He fumbled with the card key and finally got the door open. It was very nice, decorated with a sea theme of shells and paintings of ocean views. Even the bedroom furniture was designed with a sort of wave pattern. But he also had a balcony and he opened the French doors and stepped out onto it, breathing in the salty breeze gusting up from the beach below. The sky was a deep blue like a blue cloak. The beautiful color of the ocean washed gently to the white shore. It was perfect. Harry decided to make use of that beach since everyone else he saw in the hotel here for the White Party was tanned.

He tore off his t-shirt and looked at himself in the mirror. Scrawny. That best described him. And white. Fishbelly white. There certainly wasn't time and sun enough to go sun-bathing in England. "Oh well. You've come to discover who you are, Harry," he said to his reflection. "And who you are is a pasty-white Brit. At least the Yanks will think so." He shucked his trousers and found his bathing trunks. Grabbing a hotel towel and concealing his wand in it, he left the room and trundled down to its private beach.

Right away he noticed two things. Most men were already tanned, and most of them were wearing very small, revealing bathing suits. It was difficult not staring because one could see exactly what these men's cocks looked like squashed in those tight little suits little better than underpants.

The sun was bright reflected off the sand and Harry realized he needed sunglasses. With his hidden wand, he merely turned his glass lenses darker. That was better. No squinting. And no telling others where his eyes were looking.

He laid his towel on the sand, eschewing the lounges, and plopped down. Everything was great. The men he was surrounded by, the relaxing sound of the waves pelting the shore, the smell of the air with its mix of salt and suntan oil, the blue sky. Perfect. Harry lay down and closed his eyes.

It wasn't long until he was dreaming. But he couldn't see anything. All he could see was the sunlight through his eyelids, the world in red. And a voice.

"That's not the drink I ordered, you stupid Mug—er—waiter. I don't want any ponce drink with a bloody umbrella in it. Ca pice?"

Malfoy. Why was he dreaming of Malfoy? And only his voice. He threw his arm over his face and the sand from it hit his lips. He sputtered a bit and spit it out. His eyes snapped open. He wasn't dreaming! But if he wasn't dreaming...

He snuck a peek through the shade of his arm at the person striding past him. Fishbelly white. Platinum blond hair. Eyes hidden by sunglasses. But a smirk that was as familiar to Harry as the palm of his own hand.

Malfoy! What the hell was Draco bloody Malfoy doing here? Wait. Malfoy. At the White Party. Great. Just great. Harry's one time to be himself—his gay self—and there was Malfoy to bollux it up. And him gay, too? What a bloody mess.

Harry rolled over onto his stomach and peered at Malfoy under his arm. He was moving away down the beach, but he was wearing one of those small, skin-tight swim suits. Could it be? Did Malfoy have a nice bum? No! He wouldn't let himself think that. He had to leave. How could he stay with Malfoy here to mock him? Harry rose to leave the beach when he looked around.

Hang on. There were hundreds of men here. What were the chances of running into Malfoy again? Slim to none, really. And Harry had a date waiting for him later. Three, he supposed. How would it be to do it with three men at once? Harry sunk down to the sand. He couldn't very well walk across the beach and a hotel lobby with a boner the size of his Firebolt.

And who cares, anyway? How could Malfoy taunt Harry when he was here for the same reason? Harry supposed Malfoy was just as happy that Voldemort was dead. He had been brought to trial as a Death

Eater, but after the testimony of Remus Lupin, of all people, he was exonerated. “Extenuating circumstances,” the Wizengamot had called it. Malfoy had been coerced into becoming a Death Eater. Dumbledore, the Vanishing Cabinet incident: it was all due to the pressures to keep his parents alive. Blah, blah, blah. Harry didn’t believe much of it, but he had to admit that Remus knew more of the doings of the Death Eaters than most, having had to infiltrate the werewolves during the war.

So Malfoy had probably wanted escape as much as Harry. Grudgingly, Harry supposed—if all that was true—that he needed it perhaps more than Harry.

So what if he was queer. So was Harry. So they finally had something in common. Not that they would ever talk again.

Harry felt the warmth from the sand on his cheek through the towel. Mmmm. It sure felt good. Maybe he would take a nap. He reached for his hidden wand under the towel and whispered a sunscreen spell. No reason to get oneself lobster red. Especially tonight. If all went well, Harry would have his first sexual experience tonight. He smiled into the towel. That was something Malfoy was not going to interfere with!

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Harry awoke on the sand hungry. After toweling himself off, he wandered toward what appeared to be an outdoor restaurant attached to the hotel. Each table had at least two men and they seemed to be either absorbed in each other or watching the sight of other men. And some even had their eyes on Harry. He felt his face flush again at the smiles directed his way, and he sat quickly at one of the open tables. He laid the towel with his wand in his lap and looked at the menu. Not seeing much he recognized, he ordered the grilled fish and a beer and sat back under the shade of his umbrella to enjoy the view—of both ocean and fellow partiers.

This was certainly different. What would Ron and Hermione say? Hermione would probably try to sound intelligent and worldly, something like, “Harry can be anything he wants to be. And if he is gay, then there’s absolutely nothing wrong with that.” She’d probably blush a bit and then Ron would say something completely asinine like, “Crikey, Harry! You’re not really—that way—are you?”

He took a sip of his much too cold beer and sighed. They’d get used to it. It seems they’ve been following his lead since they met him. They always came around eventually. And they were as close as three people could be.

Just then the trio of Kyle, Max, and Corey wandered by, waving at Harry as they disappeared into the bar. Well, almost as close as three people could be.

His food arrived and he enjoyed the new flavors of mango chutney on his fish. He finished it all and even had dessert—some kind of pastry—and decided to go up to his room to change. He wanted to go over his wardrobe. He was afraid it wouldn't be up to snuff and he'd have to buy something in the men's shop in the lobby.

Harry laid out his best—jeans and clean t-shirts. He had the feeling that wouldn't be enough. Downstairs he went and marched into the shop, when he drew himself up short. Malfoy was there! Harry ducked behind a mannequin and felt like the biggest fool. Why was he hiding from Malfoy? He was the most famous wizard in England and here he was hiding out from one of the most notorious. So much for the Famous Harry Potter.

He peered around the torso of the mannequin at Malfoy. He was preening in front of a mirror. He was wearing a short-sleeved shirt over a tight tank top that revealed just enough of his flat stomach over a pair of very tight low slung trousers. It suddenly reminded Harry of the first time he ever saw Malfoy in Madam Malkins.

The blond turned to the salesman and plucked at the overshirt. "Have you got this shirt in linen? I'm not much for cotton when linen is available."

"Yes, sir," said the salesman, and hurried to find the shirt in question.

Malfoy shrugged off the overshirt and turned this way and that in the mirror. He clearly liked what he saw. Harry looked him over, too. Actually, if you squinted and pretended it wasn't Malfoy, he looked pretty good. His bare shoulders were very fair like ivory and they stood out against the black of the tank. The trousers didn't leave much to the imagination. Harry hadn't seen Malfoy from the front when he was wearing his tiny swim suit, but the trousers were no doubt just as good. Which made Harry realize that the man probably wasn't wearing any underpants.

Harry looked away. This was Malfoy he was gawking at. He had to stop it. This place was getting to him.

He couldn't help but look again. Should he come back later? But there had to be many other men's shops near the hotel. He could take a taxi and find one.

He ducked out of the shop and hailed a cab.

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Harry bought a dark tank top and new trainers. He felt his jeans were fine and maybe another one of his shirts to wear over his tank, but he didn't want to be too extravagant. Besides, he'd never spent so much money in his life with this trip and he'd only ever spent it on Hogwarts books and supplies and the occasional bit of clothes.

But as he was leaving the shop, he noticed a display of cologne bottles. He stopped and looked at it. Grabbing one of the bottles, he brought it up to his nose and sniffed. He raised his brows at it. It was nice.

"Something else, sir?" said the salesman, suddenly behind the counter.

Harry debated with himself. He usually didn't wear cologne. But he usually didn't sleep with men, either. Tonight was a special night. He knew it would be. "I'm not sure. I've never worn cologne before."

"Let's try some out."

And Harry left with one more purchase.

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Harry had been showered and dressed for hours when the clock struck half past nine. He dabbed on a little cologne like the salesman showed him, and decided to head over to Kyle's room early. If they weren't there, he was certain he'd meet other people.

He took the lift to the seventh floor and vaguely wondered why Hogwarts didn't get rid of those damned moving staircases and install a few lifts instead.

He moved down the corridor and found 715. Nervously, he raised his hand to knock and heard laughter on the other side of the door. It swung open and Corey hung in the doorway, all smiles. "Oh Kyle! You're little Brit is here."



Corey moved aside and Kyle replaced him in the doorway. "Hi, Harry! God, you're adorable! Come on in!"

Harry cursed himself, knowing it was ridiculous that he had to blush all the time. It was going to be long night if he blushed at everything everyone said to him. "Hi guys," he said sheepishly.

"Hi Harry!" they sing-songed.

Before he knew it, a drink was shoved into his hand. "Do you want to start the party with something, Harry?" asked Max, leaning toward him. He held out his palm and on it were several different kinds of pills.

Harry looked down at it. "Er...."

"A little X, Harry? It will keep you going all night."

"N-no. I don't think so."

"Oh come on," said Kyle, sidling up to him. He was so close his lips were in Harry's hair, tickling him. "It will make you feel fantastic!"

"I...I don't need drugs for that, thanks." He stepped away from Kyle to prove the point. He was beginning to think he made a mistake joining these strangers.

The others had no problem partaking of pills and white powder and lots of alcohol. With music blaring, they seemed to forget about Harry and began to dance with one another in their room and on the balcony, exchanging some open-mouthed kisses in the process.

Harry clutched the plastic cup in his hand and watched them, feeling a little over his head. Maybe a club would have been a better start than something like this.

When he left, none of them noticed.

He looked down at the cup in his hand and set it down in the corridor outside their room. He felt a little foolish. He could face down and kill dark wizards but he was overwhelmed by some gay Muggles? Oh well. What was he going to do now? Well, he was here. He might as well go downstairs and see what it was all about.

Two ballrooms were transformed into a wall of sweaty men, loud music, laser lights, smoke, confetti, and all manner of lights and sounds.

Harry tapped his foot and moved his shoulders to the music, to the throb beating in his gut. His glasses reflected the light, the dark, the movement all around him. He wanted to be part of it, but he felt a little foolish doing it alone. I thought I could do this.

When it didn't look as if it was going to happen, Harry turned around and headed for the bar on the beach. That was crowded and noisy, too, but it was better than nothing. Harry could at least look at everyone. And there were a lot of very cute blokes there, some still clad only in those irresistibly skimpy swim suits. Harry ordered the well drink—a Margarita, something he never had before—and found it very refreshing. He swallowed it down quickly and ordered another. His head felt lighter and he was feeling a little more relaxed, and by the third one, he was smiling and hooting with the rest of them. Everyone was watching the small dance floor on the beach and boys were pulling off their shirts and sometimes their trousers and danced chest to chest in little more than their underpants or jock straps.

Harry slid off his stool and made his way unsteadily closer to the dance floor. It was stupid to come all this way and not dance. He tossed his empty cup aside and joined the fray, throwing his hands in the air and closing his eyes. He danced. Harry Potter, hero of the Wizarding world, whirled around a Muggle dance floor with fifty other gay men on a resort beach in Bermuda and he suddenly didn't give a damn. For once, once, he was his own man. No one knew who he was. He was with all these other men here for the same thing. No one had to pretend. No one had to blush. They were all gay and all having a great time.

"I love you all!" he shouted into the music. A few boys next to him hooted and one even leaned over and kissed him on the mouth. He'd never been kissed by a man before, and he let it linger, savoring the sweet taste of some well drink on the man's tongue—his tongue! Harry grabbed the back of his head and opened his mouth wide over the other boy's. They kissed, closing the space between them, the boy winding his drink-free arm around Harry's neck. When they pulled apart, the boy smiled brightly at Harry. "You're sweet," he said to Harry's lips.

“So are you,” said Harry boldly. He thought the boy really was.

“Do you want to—”

“OH MY GOD!”

Harry spun at the sound behind him and was suddenly staring directly into cold, grey eyes. Above those eyes was a sweaty fringe of platinum blond hair.

Oh fuck! Draco Malfoy!

What were those odds again?

“Oh my fucking god!” Malfoy stared at Harry aghast. “Can’t I spend one bloody knut without running into you! For fuck's sake!”

The dancing men around them pushed Harry right into Draco and for a moment they were chest to chest and cheek to cheek. Harry pushed himself away with the bleary thought that Malfoy managed to smell good. He was wearing that dark tank top and linen shirt he purchased today. Harry looked a little bit like him, except Malfoy wore tight white trousers and Harry had on his jeans.

Malfoy couldn't stop staring.

“What’s the matter, Malfoy? Ever see a gay man before?”

“Not you! Not fucking Harry Potter! Are you really gay or is this some trick to follow me around and make my life miserable?”

“Why the fuck would I want to follow you around?”

Draco's eyes widened even further at Harry's use of a swearword. But Harry was in a proper drunk now and he planted his fists at his hips. "Didn't think I knew that word, eh Malfoy? 'Fucking Harry Potter', is it? No one seems to be fucking Harry Potter. That's the bloody trouble." He staggered away from Malfoy, thinking that would be that. But Malfoy followed him to the bar. Harry ordered another Margarita and gulped down a big swallow of it.

"How many of those have you had, Potter?"

He licked the salt off the edge of the cup. "This is only my second one. And why are you still here? Sod off. Can't you see I'm trying to be gay here?"

Draco stared at Harry as he drank and slowly slid onto the stool beside him. He motioned to the bartender and got his own Margarita. He drank his thirstily. "You really are gay?"

Harry didn't look at him. "Would I be at a bloody White Party if I weren't? That would be mental."

Draco drank his drink down and ordered another. "I mean...I never suspected...You never looked like...I didn't know Gryffindors could be gay. Hufflepuffs, yes, but not Gryffindors."

He turned his head to look squarely at Draco. "Are you some kind of an idiot? No wait. Don't answer that. Of course you are. Stupid Death Eater."

Draco rubbed his arm. The exposed skin where his Dark Mark used to be was still a bit pink. He drank down his drink. "I was exonerated."

"Don't waste your breath on me, Malfoy." Then Harry giggled and stuck out his palm at Draco. "Talk to the hand 'cause the Boy-Who-Lived ain't listening." He giggled again into his cup. These Margaritas were really good and they didn't make you feel drunk at all. They were very tasty and went down soooo easy.

Draco drank nervously. "Look, Potter. Maybe you should go to your room or something. I assume you have a room in this hotel."

“A room! A room! I went up to the room with Kax and Myle and Morey. But they only wanted to do drugs.”

Draco lowered his cup and licked his lips. They were very pink lips. Harry watched that tongue slide over them. “You didn’t take any Muggle drugs, Potter, did you? You couldn’t be that stupid.”

“I didn’t take any drugs, Malfoy. I just wanted to get laid.” There! He said it. Every other bloke was saying it or thinking it or just doing it somewhere. Maybe out there on the beach. Wouldn’t you get sand up your arse? Harry suddenly thought that was very funny and burst out laughing.

Draco drank, darting his eyes toward Harry and then into his cup. He set the cup aside and turned his stool toward Harry. He seemed a little unsteady himself. “Are you a virgin or something, Potter?”

“Not for long!” He reached for his cup but knocked it over. “Oh damn!” He pulled out his wand and Draco grabbed his wrist and yanked it down to his lap.

“Touch my wand, Malfoy, and I will make you lose that hand.”

“I’m not touching your wand, you prat, but you can’t go waving it around. These are Muggles, you idiot!”

Harry remembered that and tucked his wand away. “I know! I just...forgot.”

Draco was staring at Harry outright now. What was Malfoy’s problem? Couldn’t he just leave him alone? Harry slid from the stool. “I’m dancing again.”

“No you’re not. You’re going up to your room.”

“I am not. Stop bossing me around, Malfoy. I’m tired of people bossing me around. First it’s the Dursleys and then it’s Hermione and then it’s Dumbledore and then it’s Voldemort—”

Draco cringed at mention of the Name.

Harry smiled wickedly. "Voldemort, Voldemort, Voldemort! God, Draco! He's dead. Get a grip!"

"I appear to be the only one with 'a grip'," he whispered harshly at Harry. He took Harry's arm. "Now come on."

"Where are we going?"

"To your room."

"Oh, Malfoy! You naughty boy." Harry leaned into him and smiled up at Draco's face but all he saw was the underside of his jaw. It was a nice jaw.

"Merlin, Potter. You're drunk."

"I'm not drunk. I'm gay!"

"You're fucking drunk. And fucking gay. Now come along. Which room is it?"

"Not telling." He stayed against Malfoy's shoulder and tried to stumble after his footsteps. He tucked his face into Draco's neck. "You smell good, you know that? I smell good, too. New cologne. Just bought it today."

They were heading toward the lifts. "Yes, you smell very good. We all smell very good. Which bloody room is it?"

"Don't know. Something with a 'two' in it."

Malfoy leaned Harry up against the wall as he pressed the lift's button and rummaged in Harry's pockets. "Didn't you bring your room key?"

“That funny card? Nope. I figured I’d just open the door with my wand. Alohomora!”

The lift doors whooshed open but there was no lift. Only the shaft and a quivering set of cables. Draco stared wildly at it and hissed, “Finite Incantatum!” The lift doors closed again and the hum of the machinery continued. “Don’t do that!”

“Do what?”

“Magic, you idiot. You’re drunk. You’ll get yourself killed. As much as I’d like to see that, I don’t want to be anywhere near you when you are.”

“Oh ha ha. Since when? You’ve always wanted me.”

Draco’s jaw fell open. The lift arrived and he threw Harry into it. He walked in behind him and pressed the button to close the doors. “Wanted you? Wanted you dead, you mean.”

“No. It’s all become clear to me now. You were always a pouf, Malfoy. Always trying to get my attention. Why else?” He pressed his finger into Malfoy’s chest and emphasized each word with a poke. “You. Wanted. Me!”

“I should have let you fall down the shaft,” he muttered.

They went up to the top floor and the lift doors opened. He tugged on Harry’s arm and they went through. Harry looked around at the corridor. Each level had a different colour and he didn’t recognize this one. “Where are we?”

“You wouldn’t tell me your room number so we’re going to mine. It’s the penthouse.”

“Taking me to your room, eh? And you don’t want me. Right. In what universe?”

“Shut up, Potter.”

He forced Harry against the wall with one hand and with the other opened his door with the card key. Harry found himself yanked through another door and looked out onto a splendid terrace. "Wow!" He stumbled forward toward the glittering lights below and the shining surf. The stars were sharp points in a painfully clear, black sky. The doors were open to the terrace so he stepped out. The loud music rumbled up to him in echoes and base thumps.

"Potter! Get away from the balcony! For Merlin's sake! You want to fall off?"

Harry was yanked again and he shook Malfoy off. "You know, I'm getting a little tired of you pushing me around. Where do you get off, anyway?"

"Look, if you get hurt and people find out I was here, they are going to assume it was me. And I'd at least like a little credit if I'm going to off the Boy-Who-Lived. And a little creativity. Off a balcony. Where's the art in that?"

"The art of offing Harry Potter. Sounds like a book. You should write it. Make millions."

"No market for it anymore. You killed the market."

"Killed the market. Oh yeah!" He laughed hysterically. It was bloody funny. He doubled over and then just fell to the carpeted floor and rolled to his back. "Oh that's funny!"

"Yeah. Hysterical."

"Malfoy. You're funny. You really are." His laughter slowed and he looked up at Draco from his position on the floor. "Why are you upside down?"

"Because I'm standing on my head. Get up." He reached down and Harry felt hands lifting his shoulders. Malfoy pushed him to his feet and directed him to the bed. Harry sat on the edge, but he teetered from side to side. Nothing seemed to be staying in one place.

"Why is your room swaying?"



"It's not the room, Potter." Draco knelt at Harry's feet and Harry couldn't imagine why until he felt his shoes loosen. Draco pulled off one trainer and then worked on the laces of the other.

"I have new shoes," Harry said conversationally as he watched the other trainer being set aside.

"They're very nice."

"Thanks. You look good. I saw you shopping today."

Draco froze and looked up at him. "You knew I was here and you stayed anyway?"

"Why should I leave just because the Ferret was here?"

Malfoy stiffened. "Don't call me that," he said in a deadly voice.

"Ferret, Ferret, Ferret, Fer—"

Draco stood, arms trembling at his side. But his wand was in his hand. "I said stop it."

Harry felt he was serious and pressed his lips tightly together. He made a zipping motion over them.

Draco turned his back on him. "You can take off your own damned clothes."

Harry began stripping off his overshirt while looking at Draco's back. He hadn't moved and his shoulders were pinched tight. Harry suddenly felt guilty. "Sorry," he said. "That wasn't nice. And you're being very nice to me. And I don't know why."

Slowly, Draco's shoulders loosened and he sighed. "Gods, Potter. Don't you know anything?"

"Because you want me?"

“No, you idiot! Because...because you....” He looked over his shoulder at Harry. “Forget it.”

“No. Why?”

“You killed the Dark Lord, that’s why! Okay?” Draco left for the balcony and rested his hands stiffly on the railing. Harry took off his tank, then his trousers which got hung up on his feet, and then decided to drop his shorts. He stood shakily in front of the bed wearing nothing but his socks.

“You’re welcome.”

Draco spun to say something when he noticed what Harry was not wearing. His eyes bulged. “Potter! What do you think you are doing?”

“You told me to take off my clothes.”

“Not all of them, you git.”

“Why not?” Harry smiled and jutted his hips forward. His half-hard cock flopped against his thigh. “Don’t you want me?”

“For the last bloody time—”

“Aren’t you gay, Draco?”

“Yes. Be stupid being here if I weren’t.”

“Then—” Harry slithered sloppily backwards up the bed. He wasn’t nervous at all being naked in front of the Slytherin. Vaguely he wondered why as he lay back on the pillows. “Want to fuck?” His hand slid to his cock and caressed it with his fingers.

“WHAT?”

Harry rolled his eyes. “Look. You were right. I am a virgin. But these blokes all seem a little out of my league. I know you. So why don’t we...you know? Do it.”

“You want me to deflower Harry Potter? No way.”

“Oh come on, Draco. I can fuck you if you don’t want to fuck me. It’s all the same to me at this point.”

“At this point. You’re drunk. I don’t take advantage of drunks.”

“Since when, Slytherin?”

Draco put his hand to his hip. “Even I have standards, you bloody Gryffindor. No one seems to care that I’ve changed.”

“Draco. Come on.”

“What part of ‘No’ don’t you get?” He walked over to the bar and knocked over a bottle reaching for the one he wanted. He shakily poured himself a drink in a crystal glass.

Harry stumbled off the bed and stood behind him. Draco knocked back the drink and then seemed to sense Harry behind him. Without turning around, he said, “Potter, just get into bed and sleep it off.”

“No,” Harry wheedled. He touched Draco’s hair and the Slytherin jumped as if someone set his shoes on fire. He turned to face Harry, glanced at him head to foot, and studiously avoided anything below the waist. Harry stepped forward. Malfoy took a step back.

“Potter—” His voice had raised an octave.

Harry approached again and took a hold of Draco's lapels. "You know, I never noticed this before, but you are quite attractive, Malfoy."

"Potter—"

"No, really. Your lips. I never noticed how pink your lips were. Can I kiss them?"

Draco dropped his glass. "No! Just go to bed."

"Please? Just one kiss?"

"No!"

"Just one and I promise I'll go to bed."

Draco sighed with his whole body. "Just one?"

"Yes. I promise. On my honour as a Gryffindor."

"All right. Make it quick."

Harry smiled. Everything seemed so wicked suddenly. Maybe he was drunk. But who cared? There was Malfoy literally in his clutches and he was dragging him closer, and the closer he got, the cuter he became. Harry leaned in and planted his lips on Draco's, all the while thinking, I'm kissing Draco bloody Malfoy!

And it was like the kiss earlier tonight. That had been Harry's first kiss with a man, but this one was more like something familiar or at least something that should have been. Draco's lips were soft and warm. And gentle. That surprised Harry. Malfoy always seemed like sharp angles and rough edges; fingernails on a chalkboard. But instead, his mouth was surprisingly sensuous. Harry gnawed a bit and then licked the lips under him, opening to the kiss, pressing harder. Draco tried to pull away but Harry fisted his lapels tightly. His mouth worked over Draco's and the blond seemed to reluctantly surrender to it.

Hands were at Harry's naked waist and the fingers dug in. Harry pulled Draco up against him and the feel of those clothes against Harry's nude body caused a little thrill to wriggle in his belly and snake up his spine.

On Draco's part, the Slytherin rubbed his pelvis into Harry's and Harry moaned at the feel of it. He liked his lips against Draco's, his tongue mingling with his, his body conforming to the other, the maleness of him. It was so different and new.

He pulled Draco backwards toward the bed.

Draco yanked himself away, their lips making a smacking sound as they disengaged. "No! Potter! I said—" He looked down, and Harry did, too.

Wow. Harry noticed his own upstanding erection. The head was red and shiny. He reached down and gave the shaft a squeeze. "I'm really horny, Malfoy."

"I—I can see that." He tried to back away, but Harry could also see that Draco had an erection of his own. After all, he wasn't wearing underpants and those white trousers were quite tight...

"Draco." Harry panted it. "Draco. Let's fuck. Please. No one has to know. I...I really want you."

"Potter...." But it came out as a rather weak protest. Malfoy was panting too, his chest was heaving, and he looked as if he was having trouble swallowing. Sweat beaded his upper lip. "You...you don't know what you're saying."

"Yeah, I do. I mean...yeah, I'm pretty drunk right now. Must be, to say this stuff to you." He laughed half-heartedly. Really hard to laugh when you had a stiffy like Gryffindor tower. "But it doesn't mean I don't want it."

Draco brushed the blond hair off of his face and sighed deeply. "You are really going to hate yourself in the morning," he said quietly. Harry wasn't certain if the man was saying it to Harry or himself.

"But I'm going to be really appreciative right now. What do you say, Malfoy?"

“Well....” He looked around the room as if the empty space could help him. “Bloody hell, Potter.”

“I refuse to sleep with someone who can’t even use my first name. Come on, Draco.”

“Okay...Harry.” Draco slowly approached and lifted his hand. Gently he pushed back Harry’s messy hair and caressed his cheek. Harry closed his eyes and nuzzled into the hand. “I guess you aren’t bad looking yourself, Pot—uh...Harry. I mean...oh the hell with it.” He gathered Harry in his arms and gave him a deep, wet kiss with plenty of tongue.

Harry melted into it, relaxing in Malfoy’s embrace. Boy, does he know how to kiss. One arm held Harry as he pulled back and the other touched his cheek, tracing a line from cheekbone to lips.

“Those kisses can be rather addicting,” he whispered to Harry’s lips.

Harry reached forward and sucked on Draco’s neck. God, he smells so good! Tastes even better. Draco moaned. I did that? Harry continued sucking and making small bites to Draco’s neck. Draco finally pushed him back and looked at him, really looked at him this time, from his green eyes down to his dick where his gaze lingered the longest. And suddenly, Harry felt gentle fingertips just grazing his cock and he jerked upright at the sudden sensation. “Oh God!”

“Like that, do you? Anyone ever touch your dick before, Harry?”

“No,” he answered breathlessly.

“Not even the Weaselette? Pity. You have a really amazing cock. So what shall we do? I can shag you, of course, but I’d feel a bit of a lech doing you in your state. So it really wouldn’t be taking advantage if I let you do me, hmm? Want to, Harry? Fuck Draco Malfoy?”

“Yes!” he cried hoarsely. He didn’t know how much he really wanted to until the offer was made. He wanted so badly suddenly to drive his hard dick into Draco. His hips gave an involuntary jab at the thought.

“Anxious, aren’t you?” said Draco in a thick voice. He was obviously not unaffected. He shed his overshirt and drew the tank over his head and let it drop behind him as he escorted Harry to the bed. His free hand ran down Harry’s back to his bum and cupped an arse cheek. “And you have a superior bottom, too,” he said quietly, so quietly it was almost to himself. “Nice and round. It’s very tempting, but I think...since this is my one and only chance...that I’d rather you bugger me.” But it didn’t stop him from pinching Harry’s bum and leaving his hand there to give the flesh another squeeze.

He released Harry to reach for his trouser zip. Harry filled his eyes with Draco’s white chest, the two tiny, pink nipples, the curve of the hollow of his hip over his low slung trousers. The slacks fell to his ankles and Draco stepped out of them. Muscular thighs from Quidditch looked like hard marble dusted with ivory hair, and between them... Harry gawked at the man’s penis. It was as hard as Harry’s, a dark pink in contrast to the rest of his pale skin. The pubic hair curled around it like a protective nest, and below it hung his tight sac as flushed as his cock. Harry licked his lips. He had never had the urge to suck anyone’s cock before, but he certainly had the urge now. But he didn’t think he was going to last and he really did want to bury his own length inside Draco. He couldn’t believe that he was about to do so.

Draco postured. “Well? What do you think?”

“I think you’re gorgeous!” Harry said. He considered that he would have blushed to say that were he in his right mind. But something in the back of his head was telling him that these were special circumstances and that he could be forgiven anything he said or did at this point. Because he was intoxicated, he’d be absolved, just like Draco.

He looked up at Draco’s face and was surprised to see the Slytherin looking shocked. Maybe he didn’t expect Harry to say that. Hell! Harry never expected to feel that for Malfoy. But he was. Gorgeous. There was simply no denying it.

“Oh,” said Draco. “Well. So are you, if comes down to it. Though I don’t expect you’ll remember all this tomorrow.”

“Oh, I hope I do,” murmured Harry. “I want to.” His hand on its own stretched forward and ran a knuckle across Draco’s chest. Harry watched Draco’s face as he took a deep breath. Those eyes, those grey eyes, kept a steady gaze on his. He wondered what Draco was thinking and then he asked it aloud.

“I’m thinking that you would never have touched me if you weren’t drunk out of your skull.”

“Maybe not,” Harry said softly, with just the slightest of slurs. “But why is that? I want to touch you now.”

“Of course now, with a liter of alcohol floating in your system. But I was always a rather sexy bloke. You just never noticed. Maybe you weren’t ‘out’ yet, Potter. I mean Harry.”

“No, I wasn’t. Not even to myself. But I am now. To you... You have soft skin.”

“You...have a very gentle touch.”

“You...you’re incredibly sexy, Malfoy.”

“Draco.”

“I’m not Draco. You’re—”

“You’re supposed to call me ‘Draco’, git.”

“Oh. Sorry. Draco. Dra-a-co. I never thought about it, but I like that name.” His thumb and forefinger closed around a nipple and pinched it. Draco moaned. “I made you moan.”

“That’s because I like what you’re doing.”

“You’re hard, aren’t you?”

“Yes,” he sighed. “Very.”

“I want to touch your cock. I’ve never touched another man’s cock before.”

He grabbed Harry’s hand and guided it to his groin. “Then touch it.”



And Harry's hand curled around the hot, stiff flesh. It felt familiar but strange. Like his own but definitely not like his own. Draco's was thicker for one. And pinker. Harry liked the look of it, liked better the feel of it. His hand moved down and cupped the sac. Draco was breathing heavily now, almost as heavily as Harry. "Do you like what I'm doing?" asked Harry.

"Yes," said Draco in a coarse voice.

Harry looked up at his face. "We're going to fuck, aren't we?"

"You'd better believe it."

"Good." Harry licked his lips and gave Draco's cock another long, slow tug. "How should we...I mean I've never done this before...."

"I know. Let's get on the bed."

"Brilliant idea." Harry released Draco and flopped back onto the bed. The bed was much bigger than the one in his room, but of course this was the penthouse. The best for a Malfoy, he supposed. "I like this bed."

Draco crawled up the mattress toward Harry. His pale skin was flushed all over. Harry watched his penis bob and his sac dangle as Draco approached him. He thought that his bobbing penis might be funny but he didn't feel like laughing. His dick ached.

"I like this bed, too," said Draco, looking only at Harry.

"It's big, isn't it?"

Draco stared at Harry's cock. "Yes. Very."

"Draco. Do you hate me? I'd hate to sleep with someone who hated me."

“Not at the moment. Though if you continue to chatter—”

“I don’t hate you. Not anymore. Not like when we were kids. I thought you should know that.”

Draco straddled Harry who was propped up on his elbows. His face was close to Harry’s now and his eyes kept darting down to Harry’s lips and looked like he was about to kiss them. “That’s nice to know,” he whispered, and then he did kiss Harry.

Harry opened his mouth right away and sucked in Draco’s tongue. He found he rather liked kissing Draco. A lot. The Slytherin had a way with his lips and tongue that Harry found appealing. More than appealing. Draco’s kisses reached deeply. He felt a tingle down to his cock and balls. When he gradually pulled away Harry looked up at him. Those grey eyes glittered. “You’ve had experience at this, haven’t you?”

Draco smiled. It was a slow smile with closed lips. But it wasn’t a smirk. Harry hated those smirks. This was different. Draco was different. “Uh...yeah, Potter. Lots of experience. Never would have taken you for a virgin, though.”

“I’m not innocent,” he felt compelled to say. He pushed himself forward until he was sitting upright. “I know stuff.”

Draco’s hand cupped his face and traveled down his neck to his chest. “I’m sure you do.”

“I do! I’ve studied up on it.”

Draco chuckled. It was a rumble deep in the chest that Harry found very sexy. “This isn’t a quiz, Harry. Relax.”

“I am relaxed.” Strangely, he was. Must be the alcohol. He reckoned he really was drunk. “I’m drunk, aren’t I?”

“I’ve been trying to tell you.”

“And you didn’t want to take advantage of me. That’s nice of you.”

“Told you I’ve changed.”

“Yeah you’ve changed. You’re starkers!”

He chuckled again. “Harry. Do you want to fuck me?”

Harry lost his smile and licked his dry lips again. “Yeah. Very much. Lie back.”

Draco did. His head was at the footboard. He opened his legs and raised up his knees. Harry looked down at the dusky cleft of Draco’s arse that the man had opened for him. His arsehole was exposed, a tight pink furl under his sac. “Oh,” said Harry, gobsmacked. “That’s...that’s....”

Draco wiggled his rump at him. “Want it, Potter?”

“Yeah,” he breathed.

Draco lifted his wand and whispered. Immediately, Harry noticed Draco’s hole was wet with something, and looking down, so was Harry’s dick. Neat, he thought. He took his cock in his hand and scooted down the bed toward Draco. “I just shove it in, right?”

“Gently,” said Draco. He was breathing very heavily now. He kept tilting his hips up toward Harry. Harry didn’t need any more coaxing. He set himself right up against Draco’s legs and guided his dick toward Draco’s hole. But after a few moments of probing, it was obvious that his intoxication was finally taking a toll.

“Damn it,” hissed Harry.

Draco sat up. “Lie back, Potter. I’ll show you.”

Harry's disappointment was keen. "But I wanted to shag you."

"And you will. Lie back. I'll show you something."

"O-kay." Harry knew he was whining, but so what! His dick was achingly hard. He wanted so much to be inside Draco.

He lay flat on his back on the bed and looked up as Draco hovered over him. His blond fringe fell forward. His eyes were steady on Harry and his pink mouth was curled in a smile. "Don't be so petulant. You don't know what good stuff is coming."

"Oh?" Draco clutched Harry's cock and pointed it straight up from his body like a flagpole. Then Harry watched, amazed, as Draco slowly squatted over the cock. Harry felt the head of his dick press against something soft and tight and finally push through it. "OH!" Draco slowly descended, impaling himself on Harry. Harry's cock slid past the tightness of the anus muscles and reached a place tight and warm and slick from enchanted lubricant. It was impossible to have imagined how good this was going to feel. It was amazing! Draco's flesh was hot and close. It squeezed him exquisitely. Harry wanted desperately to thrust upward.

"Oh Draco. Can I...can I...thrust?"

Draco's face was flushed pink. "Let me pull up a bit—" Draco did and it was incredibly brilliant. Harry couldn't help thrusting up into the man.

Draco made a pleasure noise, somewhere between a purr and a groan. Harry thrust into him again. I'm fucking, he thought, and it was almost the same feeling he had when he first rode a broomstick. But that thought almost made him laugh. Except that it all felt too, too good to laugh. "Draco, you feel so good. You are amazing."

"Yes," he grunted, fucking himself on Harry's dick. "You...you feel amazing, too. I never would have thought...I never imagined..."

“Draco! I could do this forever!” It was brilliant. Draco’s tight arse surrounding him, and Draco’s hard dick bobbing in front of him, a full and perfect view of it. Harry stretched his hand forward and enclosed his fingers around the hard shaft. Yes. He liked the way Draco’s cock felt in his hand. It belonged there. Just like his own cock belonged in Draco’s arse. He fucked upward and in, and jerked that cock in his hand in the same sloppy rhythm. Draco arched in front of him, throwing his head back in a soundless scream. And Harry soon saw why. He felt Draco’s dick jerk in his hand and long spurts of white jetted into the air, pelting back onto Harry’s stomach. He stared at it with wide eyes and suddenly felt an overpowering sensation rumble up his balls. He let go of Draco’s throbbing penis to clutch his hips and thrust and thrust. He exploded with waves of pleasure, raising his hips off the bed to get as far inside Draco as he could. Draco took it, pushing back at the pulsating cock inside him.

The feeling began to lessen and Harry was suffused with a warm glow. This was wonderful. Draco was wonderful. Encased in feelings of love and pleasure, Harry purred.

Draco, still arched over him, slowly relaxed. Harry popped free of him and Draco rolled to Harry’s side flat on his back, panting. “For a first time, Potter, that was damned good. I mean Harry.”

“Yeah.” But Harry felt heavy with sleep. He felt Draco’s lips nibbling on his ear as he drifted off into slumber.

\* \* \*

Ever since he’d killed Voldemort, Harry didn’t tend to dream anymore. At least the dreams were of so little consequence that he never remembered them.

When he awoke, he didn’t open his eyes right away. The first thing he felt was a deep lethargy and an ache in his muscles as if he’d just run a race. Then the next was a headache. Not like the kind his scar used to give him but a good enough one to notice. His tongue felt very large and furry and his mouth tasted terrible. Definitely had to watch out in future for those Margaritas.

He turned his head and slowly opened his sticky eyes. There was a blurry image of another face on the pillow beside him, a vague shape of grey eyes and white blond hair. He closed his eyes again sleepily.

Then his whole body snapped upright. He looked down at the blurry man beside him and groaned. “Fuck!”

Draco leaned up on an elbow. “And good morning to you, too.”

Chapter Two—Morning After

“Shit. Fuck. Malfoy.”

“And it was all kisses and ‘I love this, Draco’ last night. Guess the party’s over.”

Harry sank back down and stared at the ceiling. Definitely not a dream. It was all coming back to him. How he'd drunk too much and how Malfoy was suddenly there trying to get him back to his room... And how Harry had come on to him. "Oh God."

Draco sighed disgustedly and sat up, propping himself on the pillows. "All right. Spare me. The shower's through there and then you can make a hasty exit. I mean, I'd leave but it's my bloody room."

Harry didn't move. Vaguely he wondered where his glasses were when they were suddenly shoved into his hands by his bed partner. Bed partner! "Er...Draco...."

"I said spare me, all right. I don't need to hear a lot of unnecessary platitudes. You were drunk. I took advantage of you. End of story."

"But you didn't take advantage of me. You were trying not to."

"Yeah? So what? You're still in Draco bloody Malfoy's bed."

"I didn't say—" Harry bucked up his courage and turned his head to look at Malfoy just dropping down to the pillow beside him. His ivory hair was messed and flyaway strands were bobbing in the breeze from the opened balcony. He had a little blond fuzz on his chin and upper lip and Harry thought it was strange suddenly to be so close to Malfoy as to notice he needed a shave. But then it didn't seem strange. Just a little...embarrassing.

Actually, he had to pee like a racehorse, but he realized he was starkers and didn't want to expose himself to Draco. Except that he remembered doing a lot more with the blond last night.

He crumpled the edge of the blanket with nervous fingers.

"Potter. Get up. I've seen it already."

"I know," he said petulantly. He still didn't want to parade in front of Draco. But he realized if he wasn't to embarrass himself further by peeing in the bed he had better get up and quickly. Without another word, he threw back the covers and launched from the bed, running for the loo.

After finishing his business, he looked around the enormous bathroom. He thought about grabbing a towel and covering himself but didn't want to look like a baby. Sullenly, he left the bathroom in the same naked state and returned to the bedroom. He stood uncertainly by the bed for a moment before sliding back under the covers.

Draco looked at him curiously. "Um...what are you doing, Potter?"

"Well, it didn't seem quite polite to just leave."

Draco huffed a laugh and muttered something under his breath that sounded a lot like, "Gryffindors!"

Harry sat up and gathered his blanket-covered knees. Draco slowly sat up beside him. "I remember everything about last night," said Harry. "I was very drunk and you saved me from making a complete arse of myself downstairs."

"Can't have Wizarding royalty embarrass themselves in front of the Muggles, now can we?"

"I'm not Wizarding royalty."

"You might as well be. It's bad enough you're gay, you know."

Harry scowled. "What's wrong with being gay?"

"Nothing. It's just that people like their heroes unspoiled. Hetero is usually the way they prefer these things. After all, can you name me one hero from history who was gay, Muggle or Wizard?"

Harry considered this. He hated to admit it...

He slid his gaze to the tossed blond. Harry had thought he was attractive last night and strangely, he was of the same opinion this morning. "So...I never knew that you were gay. How did you...you know. Get your experience?"



Draco sighed and twined his fingers behind his head. "I used to go to gay clubs in London. Of course my parents thought they were just regular night clubs. They were amused that I was slumming in the Muggle part of town."

"You went to bed with Muggles? You?"

Draco rolled his shoulders uncomfortably. "Had to get experience somewhere. And I didn't fancy making a fool of myself with wizards just yet."

"Like me."

"Well, the only wizard you made a fool of yourself in front of was me...and I'm used to it." He gave Harry a smile that was a little mocking but had more playfulness than malice in it.

Harry grinned and turned away. "Yeah. I guess I have been making a fool of myself in front of you for a long time now. But last night...was really...nice."

"So you remember last night."

"Yes." He felt his face flush with heat but he looked up boldly at Draco. "It was really great. You were really great. I don't have any regrets, if that's what you're thinking."

"Oh." Draco seemed surprised at this. He leaned back and stared at the ceiling. "Well, truth be told...you were pretty good yourself, Potter."

Harry found that Gryffindor courage again and turned to face Draco. Draco lowered his hands from the back of his head and gazed back at Harry. "You know," said Harry, "last night, I was looking at your...your cock and I really wanted to suck it."

Draco's breath hitched and his gaze was now glued to Harry's. "You did?"

“Yeah.” He took a deep breath. “And I still wouldn’t mind doing it. Sucking your cock, I mean. I’d like to. Would...would that be all right?”

Draco stared into his eyes for a moment longer before lowering them. “You really want to?” he said to the covers. In that moment, Harry thought he sounded like a little boy.

“Yeah. Last night was only an appetizer. And I was pretty drunk. I know there’s plenty of boys out there. But I know you. We know each other. Not like this. But maybe...we should have. Maybe everything would have been different if we’d known about the other.”

“I know,” said Draco.

“So do you want to? Keep on shagging? You didn’t get to do me and I’d like to try that.” Draco didn’t answer and Harry’s heart gave a painful pang. Shit. Maybe he had overestimated his appeal. Maybe Draco had just been horny last night and any bloke would have done. “Oh. I guess I didn’t think. Just because I want to, doesn’t mean you’re interested in me. That’s stupid.” Harry clutched the bedclothes. What an idiot! Why was he always letting his heart dictate rather than his brain? Served him right. He started to throw back the covers to get up when Draco grasped his arm.

“Harry. Where are you going?”

“I thought—”

A hand snaked around his head and fastened on the back of his neck. He felt pressure to lower his face and Draco met him halfway, taking his lips in a searing kiss. Harry’s head exploded in fireworks. This was good last night, but it was a hell of a lot better when sober! Draco’s tongue caressed his palette, his teeth, and then his lips clamped warmly to Harry’s. Harry didn’t know when he’d grabbed Draco and pulled him into his arms, but he was embracing the other man, chest to chest. And the kiss—that marvelous kiss—went on and on. Harry tilted his head and suckled Draco’s lips. Draco really did know this business of kissing and Harry suddenly couldn’t recall ever hating him.

They pulled away but not very far. Lips still touching, Harry sighed. “Oh my God. I love kissing you.”

“Harry....”

Their lips danced on the other with feather touches. Harry was very hard again and he truly did want to suck Draco's prick. He groped for the covers and drew them away, exposing the both of them. Harry looked down and Draco's dick was standing up proudly as it had last night. He knew he was gawking at it and heard Draco above him chuckle. "You really want to, don't you?"

Harry smiled up at him. "Yeah. All right?"

"I've never turned away a blowjob." Draco rolled over onto his back and placed his hands behind his head again, watching Harry.

Harry licked his lips and gave his own hard erection a pull. He wondered if he'd last longer than Draco. He slid down so that he was between Draco's legs, which the Slytherin opened accommodatingly. Harry lay down on his belly, his aching dick pressed into the mattress. Gingerly, he touched Draco's wrinkled bollocks. Draco heaved a sigh. His sac was dark pink with a fuzz of white blond hairs. Harry was suddenly fascinated by it. He'd never gotten a good look at anyone's balls this close before. The skin wrinkled more as he ran gentle fingers over it.

"I feel a little like a lab rat," said Draco. His voice wasn't completely steady.

Harry looked up his torso and grinned sheepishly. "Sorry. I'll get right to it."

"No rush. I've just never had anyone this...interested...before, is all."

Harry looked down at the sac again. He really did want to explore everything, considering he'd never have the chance again with Draco. He reckoned after the morning's shag was over they would call it quits and he'd never likely see him again. This caused an ache of regret in Harry's chest, but he quickly shoved the feeling aside. If this was his only and last chance with Draco, then he wanted to enjoy it completely.

He scooted down and ran his fingertips over the sac again. He wanted to kiss it and so he leaned forward and did so. It seemed natural then, with his lips there, to lick it. So he stretched his tongue forward and licked a stripe up the tight sac to the base of his shaft. The hairs tickled his tongue but he did it again, getting a wriggle from Draco. He bet Draco liked that. It certainly made his own balls ache.

He gave the sac little licks, moving up to the shaft where he rested his lips. He felt the flesh throb beneath them like something alive. He kissed his way up Draco's cock and the blond groaned. "I'm not sure how to do this properly," he whispered to the side of Draco's erection.

"I'm sure you'll do—ah!—just fine."

Harry decided to allow instinct to lead him and he made a hard lick up the underside. The whole thing quivered under his tongue and the skin felt hot. He licked hard again and then licked the head, running his tongue all along the ridge, flicking it at the little slit that welled with pre-cum. The bitter taste suddenly stopped him and Harry allowed the flavour to roll around his mouth like a sommelier tasting the best vintage. It wasn't a great flavour but he knew he could get used to it.

He licked the head again before closing his mouth over it and sucking. Draco lifted his hips and made a gasping noise. Harry took that as more encouragement. He began licking all over the cock furiously, sometimes taking as much of it as he could into his mouth. He liked the way Draco's cock tasted. He liked the feel of it on his tongue and at the back of his throat. But mostly, he liked the reaction it was having on the Slytherin. Forget Imperious. If there was a way to get anyone into your power, surely this was it. He had a feeling he could get Draco to do anything about now.

Harry wrapped his hand around the base of the erection and sucked and sucked, closing his eyes into it. He felt Draco's fingers dragging into his hair, felt him writhing beneath him. Draco was about to come...in Harry's mouth! How cool was that?

Harry squeezed the base of his cock and sucked, teasing the head with his tongue. He felt Draco's balls contract, felt the cock throb and suddenly his mouth was full of warm liquid. It was a bit slimy and bitter, but Harry had committed himself to swallowing and so he did. A bit dribbled down the side of his mouth, but he didn't feel he did too badly for a first time.

He grimaced at the taste and tried to lick his mouth to get rid of the rest of it. "Was that okay?" he asked the blond when he'd come down from arching his back.

Draco panted and raised his head to look at Harry. "You don't look like you enjoyed the taste much."

“I’ll get used to it.”

“You do.” He lay back again and sighed. “That was good, though.”

“Thanks.” Harry stayed where he was between Draco’s legs. He watched the sac relax and droop down again. “Draco. Can I...can I shag you again?”

Draco smiled before he lifted his head and steadied those grey eyes on Harry. “If you want. Shall I use the lubrication spell?”

“Yeah. You’ll have to teach me that one.”

“Me, teach the Great Harry Potter a spell?”

Harry sighed and sat up. “I wish you wouldn’t call me that.”

“You really hate all the attention, don’t you? What an idiot. You know what I’d do with fame like that?”

“You’re different. You were raised to be the centre of attention. I was raised to be nothing.”

Draco squinted at him and sat up on his elbows. “You can’t mean those rumours are true?”

“Which particular rumours are you referring to?” Harry asked coolly, knowing full well what he meant.

“You know. The ones about your Muggle relatives. Kept you in a cupboard. Starved you. That sort of thing.”

“Oh those. Yeah. They’re true.”

Draco's jaw dropped. "What? And you put up with it?"

"I didn't know I was a wizard. Look, do we really have to talk about this right now?" Harry grasped his cock again and squeezed the urgent ache away.

"No," said Draco, but he didn't sound as if he was finished questioning Harry. Harry supposed he could indulge the Slytherin afterwards. Before they said their good-byes.

Draco reached under his pillow for his wand. "Unguere."

Harry wondered where his own wand was, when he was gobsmacked again as Draco repositioned himself onto his stomach. He raised up on his knees and spread his thighs. Draco's white bum was on display and Harry was looking at his wide open and exposed hole again. Harry swallowed, tasting Draco's cum once more on his tongue. This was pretty spectacular. He didn't think he'd ever had a better experience than this. And it was with Draco Malfoy!

He reached up and closed a hand over each white cheek of Draco's arse. "God, Draco. You look really fantastic." Draco wiggled his bum in answer. Harry breathed hard. He traced a finger down the man's crack until he reached the pink, furred hole already wet with lube. Harry very gently stroked it and Draco moaned loudly. He pushed his bum into Harry's finger and the digit suddenly sunk in up to his first knuckle. Harry froze. His finger was buried in Draco's arse. Amazed but incredibly aroused, Harry pushed the finger in deeper. He thought about some of his readings and decided to locate Draco's prostate. He aimed downward and crooked his finger till he found a nodule.

Draco expelled a gasping breath. "Ha-a-a-r-r-y!"

Oh my. That must be it. Harry stroked it again and was similarly rewarded. This was fun. And hot! Draco was squeezing down with his arse on Harry's finger now. "Enough with the fingers, Harry. Fuck me! Now!"

Oh. Oh boy. That was certainly an invitation. Harry looked down at his stiff and straining erection and grabbed it in one hand. He used his other hand to steady himself on Draco's bum. He lined himself up and pressed his cockhead to the gasping little pucker. It was certainly wet enough and Harry pushed forward, amazed when it sunk in like his finger. He found a bit of resistance, though, as the strong muscle tried to expel him. Determinedly, he leaned forward, pushing harder and finally breached the

hole, feeling the flesh suck around him. There was that marvelous feeling again. That incredible feeling of being cradled in hot wetness; tight. "So tight," he murmured, and sunk deeper until his pubes hit the opened arse cheeks.

"Oh yes," came the answering moan beneath him. Draco seemed to like it, too. "Fuck me, Harry," he encouraged. "Do it."

Harry obliged. He took hold of Draco's hips and slid gently out almost all the way before shoving back in. God! That was so great! Each inch of flesh seemed to be caressing him and squeezing him as he pushed in. And the harder he thrust, the better the feeling. He snapped his hips forward, pounding deeply into Draco now. Draco made little whimpering noises each time Harry slammed home. Draco lifted his hips into it, taking as much of Harry as Harry could give him. They were fucking again. Harry was fucking Draco Malfoy and he absolutely loved it!

He heard the slap, slap sound of someone fisting their cock, and realized that Draco must have gotten hard again and was taking care of himself even as Harry was jabbing into him. "Oh God." He was going to come. The sensations were building with explosive intensity. He felt it in the painful ache of his balls and a tightening coil in his belly. He thrust once, twice, the last time sinking so deep Draco fell forward, face into the pillow, arse high. Harry came, shouting, jabbing his hips deeper and deeper into Draco, his cock pulsating with each spurt of cum he shot high into his lover.

Draco was shouting, too, and he was rocking his hips, taking Harry's thrusts but thrusting his own hips forward as well. He came on the duvet beneath him, and Harry just held him there, his bum pressed hard against Harry's groin, his cock still deep inside. Breathing raggedly, Harry loosened his grip on Draco's hips. He used one hand to adjust his glasses which had gone askew, and then he used that hand to caress the bottom before him. Both cheeks were so smooth. Almost like marble. He didn't want to let go, but his knees were giving out. Finally, his softened dick simply slipped out of Draco along with a generous amount of Harry's cum, dribbling down Draco's thighs. He watched that transfixed for a moment, before his strength gave out and he tumbled to Draco's side.

Draco rolled over and looked at Harry. His fringe covered his eyes before he took a shaky finger to draw it out of the way. "Harry Potter. You are one hell of a shag."

Harry smiled. "So are you. That was great. I didn't hurt you, did I?"

"No. Not at all." Draco looked at Harry's face. "We really should have done this years ago."

“No kidding!” Draco’s face was relaxed and happy. He’d never seen Draco like this. He really was attractive. “Um...look, Draco. I was wondering. Would you like to spend the...er...day with me? We could go to the beach or see the sights. Maybe go to lunch. What do you say?”

Draco’s face darkened slightly. “You want to spend time with me?”

“Um...yeah. Get to know each other. I’ve never been to Bermuda before. Hell, I’ve never been anywhere before. And it would be fun going around with someone I know. You’ve probably been here loads of times.”

“Maybe I have and maybe I haven’t.” He switched tactics after contemplating Harry’s wary expression. “Okay, I have. I’ve been lots of places. If you really want to, we can go down to the beach. And have lunch. If you want to.”

“I do. Shall we...bathe and dress?”

“You’re my guest. You can have the shower first.”

“Thanks.” Harry rose from the bed, not at all ashamed of his nudity this time. He looked back at Draco looking thoroughly debauched in that large bed, and felt a little proud of himself.

He turned on the water in the huge glass shower enclosure and after laying his glasses on the counter, he stepped in. The water jets came from four separate shower heads: one above him, two on the side, and one behind. It was very invigorating. He just stood with eyes closed under the jets, until he felt hands dragging over his flanks. He startled for a second until he realized it was Draco.

“Hello, there,” said a voice at his ear, tingling his spine pleasantly.

“Er...hi.” He turned to face Draco and they embraced, face to face, the entire lengths of their bodies now in contact. Harry felt Draco’s cock against his own. Harry’s began to rise.



Draco leaned in and kissed him. The warm water washed over their faces as they kissed. This was wonderful. Harry's skin quivered at the contact of Draco's naked skin on him. He kissed back with all the emotions that were roiling around in his chest, feelings he wasn't quite certain of. But he loved the sensation of wrapping his arms around someone. No. Not just someone. Around Draco. And he loved Draco's arms encircling him.

They broke their kiss and Draco smiled at him. Slowly, he sunk to his knees and when Harry felt Draco's hands on his thighs he had only a moment to suck in a breath before that warm, wet mouth closed over his dick.

"OH!" He slumped against the shower wall and grabbed onto Draco's hair. "Oh fuck!" There was something unbelievable about a mouth surrounding your dick, Harry decided. The sheer naughtiness of it, for one. And Draco's supreme expertise, for another. His tongue slithered all over his cock, and then he'd suck it all with deep suction. Harry bent his knees and pushed his hips forward. He had wanted this. Oh yes. Almost as much as fucking Draco. This was...this was...

He never had time to complete the thought, because he was coming hard in Draco's mouth. He clutched his head and jabbed down his throat, fucking his face with deep thrusts. He emptied his balls and milked himself through those lips, that mouth that wouldn't stop sucking.

Finally, Draco was through and sat back, the water pelting his face and washing away any stray cum. "You taste fabulous." He rose to his feet, grabbed the soap cake, and began rubbing it in circles on Harry's chest.

Harry smiled lazily and gazed at him with blurry eyes. This was a great beginning to their day.

\* \* \*

Once they finally left the shower and toweled off, they dressed again and hunted for Harry's wand which had somehow rolled under the bed. They retreated to Harry's room so he could put on his trunks, and then they went to the lift together to go down to the beach.

Harry felt very good today, and he kept looking over at Draco. On impulse, he grasped his hand and held it as they walked through the lobby. Draco stared at him, at their clasped hands, and then at Harry

again. Harry didn't care. He couldn't imagine what Draco was thinking, but he had just wanted to hold his hand. It felt comfortable. It felt right.

When they got to the private beach, Draco still hadn't commented on it. They both found lounges and placed their towels on them. Harry transfigured his lenses dark again and whispered a sunscreen spell before lying down. He looked over at Draco who was flagging down a waiter. "Hair of the dog, Harry?"

Harry didn't know what he was talking about, but he let Draco order two Bloody Marys and a plate of chips.

"Breakfast of champions," said Draco.

Harry shrugged and lay back. This was nice. He and Draco. They were really getting on. Boy, were they! And not just the sex—which was remarkable—but just being together. Harry liked that best. He was having a marvelous time.

Just then, three shadows fell over him. He opened his eyes and saw Kyle. His face wore a hurt expression and he kept darting his eyes toward Draco. "What happened to you, Harry? We had a date."

"Er...I know. That was unspeakably rude of me. But it just looked as if the three of you were getting on fine on your own. And...well. The drugs. That just wasn't my thing."

"What do you mean?"

"Look, the man explained it," said Draco. "So there's no need to prolong this. Why don't you lot shove off."

"Oh," said Kyle, squaring on Draco. "The British against the Americans?"

"Whatever," said Draco, sounding bored. He waved his hand at them just like he waved to the waiters. "Go along now and play."

Kyle's shoulders tensed and Harry slipped his hand beneath his towel inching toward his wand. "Maybe I want to talk to Harry alone, asshole."

Unconcerned, Draco turned toward Harry. "Do you want to talk to these slags, Harry?"

"What the fuck did you call me?"

Draco's lids were lowered. "Sla-a-gs," he enunciated. "Too hard for you Yanks to pronounce?"

Kyle was in a proper fit now and Draco was much smaller than him. Harry grabbed his wand.

But Draco must have used a charm, because as soon as Kyle grabbed for him, he was thrown down on his backside. Draco hadn't looked as if he had moved a muscle. Harry was certain he hadn't.

Draco glared at the man on the ground. "That's your last warning, fuckwit."

Kyle glanced at his friends who quickly helped him to his feet. He looked as if he would lunge toward Draco again, but Max thought better of it and dragged him away.

"Bitch," murmured Draco.

Harry stared at him. He put his wand back under the towel. Had Draco just fought over him? Times sure have changed. Harry lay back and smiled.

Their drinks arrived and he could taste the strong alcohol under the spicy tomato juice. He stirred it with his celery stick. "Isn't this a little strong for breakfast?" he asked.

Draco sipped at his and lay back. "A growing boy must have his vegetables."

They lay side by side in the sun for several hours, until a rumbling in Harry's gut told him it was lunchtime. They'd only had Bloody Marys and some salty chips for breakfast. Harry mentioned lunch to

Draco and the blond smiled. "Good idea," he said. "Want to go to the hotel restaurant or someplace else?"

"Don't care."

"I'm feeling lazy. Let's just go to the restaurant." They took their towels and sat under the umbrellas outside as Harry had done yesterday and he let Malfoy order for him again. Harry didn't mind. He didn't know much about gourmet food and wine. Only what Aunt Petunia called their "special dinners". Harry wasn't allowed to eat much of those anyway.

They ate and gazed out to the ocean. Harry felt very relaxed. He didn't so much as flick a lash toward the other handsome men at the other tables trying to catch his eye.

"You're getting tan," said Draco.

Harry looked down at his chest. "Yeah. You're not, though."

"I don't tan," he said, picking elegantly at his fish with his fork.

"So you've been here before?"

"Oh yes. My parents and I would go on holiday here many times. But this is my first White Party."

"I suppose I've been cramping your style."

"Not at all," he said politely. That was an odd tone. Harry wondered if Draco was bothered by being with Harry. By being stuck with him. He had certainly imposed himself on the Slytherin. It suddenly occurred to Harry that maybe Draco was only being polite about the whole thing and Harry's hanging around was just an annoyance to endure. After all, they didn't really know each other. They came from entirely different worlds, different sides of the war. What made Harry think that this was more than just a Slytherin's curiosity and the unique opportunity to shag the Boy-Who-Lived?

Harry picked at his plate and decided to do the gallant thing. He took a deep breath and nonchalantly said, "Well, I guess here's where we part company. You'll want to meet other men and so will I."

Draco froze, his wine glass halfway to his mouth. He looked at Harry over the rim of the glass and slowly drew it to his lips. After a moment he set it down. "If that's what you want."

"Oh, it's been fun. But I'm sure you want to get on with it. It's my first White Party, too."

"Yes. It's all about meeting lots of men, isn't it?" Did he say that snidely?

Harry gulped his wine and almost choked. "I suppose so. Here, Malfoy." Harry emptied his pockets and left money on the table. "I'm sure you can sort out the bill. Thanks for all this. You were really great."

Draco watched him get up with narrowed eyes. "Don't mention it," he said harshly.

Harry hurried away, afraid he'd do something stupid. His eyes burned, but he owed that to the sun.

Back in his room he sat on the bed, deflated, and wondered if he had just made the biggest mistake of his life.

### Chapter Three-Spending the Day

Harry had only been in his room for an hour when he was already bored. He wondered if he should go down to the beach again, and then decided to sight see. His chest felt tight. He had wanted to sight see with Draco, but it didn't seem fair taking up the man's time.

Harry wandered down to the lobby, and in shorts and trainers, he left the hotel to hail a cab. He wondered if he stuck out his wand whether the Knight Bus would show or not or if that was only in England. Maybe there was a Bermuda equivalent. It might be worth the experiment once night fell.

Once in the cab he asked the driver about the local sights and let the cab take him. They took a winding road to the top of a hill and the driver pulled over to a lookout point where there were several cars and many tourists taking pictures. Harry got out of the car and looked down at the panoramic view. But when he turned, there was Draco Malfoy...with some man's arm around him.

That was bloody quick.

Harry stood for a moment silently on the edge of the cliff, an unpleasant feeling simmering just under his skin. How would it be to take that man slobbering on Draco and push him over the side and simply watch his helpless body bang against the rocks?

He glanced back at Draco who clearly hadn't noticed him. Harry fisted his hands to his sides. Dammit!

He whirled and stalked up to Draco, hating himself with every step. "So," he said, and Draco spun, wide-eyed. "Who is this?" Harry gestured toward the man hanging on Draco.

"Oh. This is...what was your name again?"

"Grant," said the man impatiently. Draco didn't seem to be paying him much attention.

"So you sure found someone quick." Harry winced at his words but he stood his ground.

"Are you stalking me, Potter? I thought you cut me loose."

"I'm not stalking you. But...Do you mind, Grant, giving us a moment?"

"I'll give you more than a moment," he said. "I have no intention of coming between boyfriends." He left for a cab and slammed the door once he slid inside.

“He’s not my boyfriend!” yelled Draco after him. His face looked furious when he turned it back to Harry. “Who the hell do you think you are?”

“I think I made a mistake.”

“You’re damned right, you did.” Draco spun and stomped toward the cab.

Harry went after him and grabbed his arm. “No, Draco. I mean before. At lunch. I think I was being incredibly stupid. I was trying to do the noble thing and step aside.”

Draco glared at him. Comprehension fluctuated in his eyes. “What the hell are you talking about?”

“The White Party. I thought maybe I was imposing on you. I mean I thought that you rescued me and then we shagged and then maybe that was all you wanted but I kept getting in the way.” Harry still felt incredibly stupid nattering on, but he couldn’t stop himself. “Was that how it was? If it was, I’ll go now.”

“And if it wasn’t?”

“Then I still want to spend the day with you. Or two. I’m here for the week. Of course, maybe you don’t want to spend more than a day with me. I’ll understand. It’s not as if—”

“Potter. Do shut up.” Draco walked toward his cab and Harry’s heart fell. But Draco wasn’t getting in. He handed the driver some money, said a few words to Grant who made an obscene gesture at him, and the cab drove away.

Harry was absurdly happy when Draco returned to him. “As it happens, I seem to be free.”

\* \* \*

They took Harry's cab and they returned to town. Draco told the driver to pull over, and he and Harry got out to stroll the streets. "So you were being this noble Gryffindor; the gentleman, stepping aside to let me carouse at will."

"Sort of. I guess."

"But what you really wanted was to spend the day with me. Why didn't you just bloody say that?"

"You might have turned me down."

"And what if I did?"

"That would have been awful."

Draco stopped and looked at Harry curiously. Harry blushed. He was so tired of blushing. "So Harry," he said quietly. "Are you falling for me or something?"

Harry sputtered. "Of course not!"

"Because that would be mental. The two of us. How would you ever explain it to your friends?"

"How would you explain me to your parents?"

Draco looked taken aback by that. "This is just a holiday," he muttered. "We're not picking china patterns."

Harry agreed with mumbled words and as a distraction, grabbed Draco's hand and tugged him inside an arcade parlour. It was noisy with bells ringing and electronic music plying the air.

"What is this place?" asked Draco, looking around.



“These are Muggle games. Come on. They’re fun. I’ll show you.”

Harry took Draco to an old-fashioned pinball machine and dropped in the coins. He showed him how the flappers worked and then pulled back the shooter. Draco stood in front of it utterly enchanted. He flapped furiously at the first silver ball...and missed completely. But then he began to see the strategy of the thing and started to win points.

Draco played and Harry put coins in the machine next to his and suddenly their old competition began. “No magic,” Harry called over his shoulder. Each were racking up the scores, but ultimately, Harry got more and Draco’s game was finally over with the flashing of lights and the ringing of bells.

“Damn you, Potter. Do you have to win everything?”

“It’s just a game, Malfoy.”

“And I suppose Quidditch was just a game.”

“Uh...yeah. What else was it?”

He draped his arm over Harry and steered him out of the arcade. “It was the life-long psychological struggle between two opposites for superiority of magic, of fundamental moral questions, of right and wrong.”

Harry looked at him and laughed. “I was just trying to catch a little golden ball. I don’t know what you were doing.”

Draco shook his head. “You really are that thick, aren’t you? That naïve. Well, I suppose that’s what I like about you.”

“I’m not naïve. I’m just not mental, like you. Honestly, Malfoy. Did you mean all that?”

“Some of it.” He looked sidelong at Harry and laughed.

Harry had never heard Draco laugh with genuine feeling. He decided he liked it.

They ducked in and out of various shops, looking at the merchandise. “So what are your plans now that you’re done with school and the Dark Lord is no more?”

Harry sighed. He had been wondering about that himself. “I don’t know. Don’t know what I’m fit for. Wanted to be an Auror once, but....”

“Not so appealing?”

“Not after Voldemort.”

Harry saw Draco wince out of the corner of his eye. He still got vicious pleasure from it. “What about you?”

“What about me?”

“Draco, aren’t you going to do anything?”

“Do? Why? I’m rich.”

“Oh.” Harry picked up a jumper from a table and held it up to his chin. Draco shook his head and yanked it out of his hands.

“I mean,” Draco went on. “I might venture into politics. Something in the Ministry.”

“You’d be good at that.”

“Yeah, I know.”

“What about the gay thing, though?”

“Yeah, that does worry me.”

“But you’re lucky. You don’t have to do anything.”

“But you do. Being Gay Harry Potter isn’t going to win you any more Order of Merlins. Although my guess is that one is enough.”

“You think it won’t ultimately matter my being a pouf?”

“Don’t know. Probably not.”

“So it’s okay if I’m—” Harry bit down on that thought. He was going to say if I’m seen with you. But he didn’t know how Draco would take it.

He changed the subject and they talked about Quidditch teams.

They spent a good part of the rest of the afternoon just trailing through the streets, chatting, and when they returned to their hotel at nightfall, Draco turned to him in the lift. “Listen, Potter. Let’s put our cards on the table. Do you want to spend the week with me? Yes or no?”

“Y-yes.”

“All right then. And just for the record, I’d like to spend the week with you. So you can stop being a git. Now. I’m also assuming that you wouldn’t mind continuing to shag, am I right?”

Harry grinned. “Very right.”

“Okay. I’m proposing that you check out of your room and move into mine. What do you say?”

Harry’s jaw fell open. Did Malfoy just say--? “Okay,” he heard himself reply. Harry pressed the button for his floor but Draco shook his head.

“Let me show you something, Potter.” They got out at the penthouse and Draco went directly to the phone. “Hello, desk? Yes, Mr. Potter in room 217 is checking out. I’d like to move his things to the penthouse. Yes, right away. On my bill, yes.”

“No, Draco!” Harry whispered harshly, flailing his hands.

“On my bill. Thank you.” He hung up. “Don’t be such a girl. I can afford it.”

“So can I!”

“Then you get dinner.”

When Harry’s things arrived, Draco picked out some clothes for Harry so they could go to dinner.

“Are we going downstairs?” Harry asked as they rode down the lift again.

“No. There’s a little place I know about. Trust me.”

They took a cab to a very small establishment on a bluff overlooking the beach that had only six tables, all occupied with hetero couples. The maitre de took them to a table by the window. The whole place was lit only by the candles on the tables and a few candle sconces. Harry forgot how much he missed candlelight. It was almost impossible to come by in the Muggle world except for places like this. The view below glittered with lights and street traffic. Harry smiled up at Draco’s face lit warmly by the small flame on the table between them.

“Your eyes are very green,” said Draco quietly, as if he hadn’t meant to say it aloud. Maybe he hadn’t, because he dipped his face down, hiding his own eyes in the shadow of his fringe. When he brought up his face again he had planted a contented smile there. “That was a silly thing to say.”

Harry shrugged. “It was a romantic thing to say.”

“I guess.” Draco turned his face to look out the window. Harry had to be careful. This wasn't a Great Romance. This was a week at a gay circuit party. The expectation was to connect, at least for the week. And then it was supposed to be over. But with a tightness in his chest, Harry realized he didn’t want it to be over. It was romantic, dammit! Draco was romantic. It just never occurred to him before that the Slytherin could be anything other than a complete arse.

Harry’s eyes cruised the other diners. Occasionally, they would snatch a glance at Harry and Draco. “How did you know about this place?” he asked.

“My parents. It’s very exclusive. Whenever a Malfoy calls, they must open a table. We have a standing reservation.”

“Wow. I didn’t think you could do that.”

“With enough money, you can do anything.”

Harry rolled his eyes at that, but tried not to let it bother him.

There were no menus. The meal was simply brought one marvelous course after the other. A waiter was always somewhere ready to take an empty plate away or replace a fork that had slipped to the floor, but without hovering unnecessarily. If Harry wasn’t certain they were Muggles he might have assumed they were using magic.

“Good, aren’t they?” Draco commented about the staff, seeming to read Harry’s thoughts. “Like house elves.”

“I was thinking that.”

“So.” Draco sipped his brandy and hunched over the table after the plates had been cleared. “Tell me about the Muggles.”

“What Muggles?” Harry tasted the brandy but the alcohol was too strong for him. He set the snifter down.

“Your relatives, of course.”

“Oh.” Harry drew circles on the tablecloth with his fingernail. “Not much to tell, really. They hated wizards, so they never told me I was one. Hoped it would be pounded out of me.”

“Did they beat you?”

“No, I didn’t mean that. But they never treated me nicely. Or with kindness. Or love. I was just a nuisance to them. They tried to prevent me from going to Hogwarts.”

Draco shook his head and muttered. He straightened and looked Harry in the eye. “And what did you do to them when you finally left? I assume you left.”

“Yeah. I stayed with them one last time the summer of last year and then that was it.”

“Why?”

Harry explained about the protection spells and Draco slowly nodded, understanding. Harry the Hero was supposed to be some great wizard, but he reckoned Draco knew far more about magic than he ever would.

“So what did you do to them?”

Harry shrugged and took a bite of the small curled chocolate-dipped biscuits. “Didn’t do anything.”

“Whoa, whoa. Back up. You didn’t do anything to them? After all the crap they put you through? Even denying you the basics of love and sustenance? Are you bloody mental, or what?”

“I didn’t feel the need for revenge. I thought they were pretty sad, actually.”

“Didn’t feel the—” Draco frowned. His whole face took on the points of a V. “Gryffindors. What the hell are they good for!”

“Killing Dark Lords, apparently.” Harry crunched down on another biscuit and grinned.

Draco stared at him a long time before he burst into peals of laughter. Harry stopped chewing. It was the most marvelous sound he had ever heard.

Uh oh. Was he falling in love with Draco Malfoy?

\* \* \*

When they returned to the hotel the party was in full swing. Harry looked at Draco. “Should we...go to the party?” But Harry hoped Draco would say no. He didn’t want to share Draco with all these men. If he only had a week, then he wanted their moments together to last.

Draco scanned the lobby and its shoulder to shoulder glut of men. And then he turned his eyes on Harry, and Harry saw how full of lust those grey eyes could be. “I don’t need all of them. I’ve got you.” He slipped his arm into Harry’s and they Apparated to the penthouse.

Harry couldn’t believe they’d done that in front of everyone. “Draco!”

“No one would notice. We were so packed down there.” Harry’s indignation evaporated as Draco approached him. “We’re going to fuck, aren’t we, Potter? So why wait?”

Harry nodded. Draco was probably right. If Muggles saw them they would owe the strange sight to their pills or booze. He hoped. He didn't fancy being interrupted by Ministry owls.

Hands crawled up Harry's chest and wrapped around the back of his neck. Hot breath pelted his lips. "Harry," Draco whispered before a mouth closed over his.

Draco's kiss was thorough. It started out gentle, just lips barely skimming with a flick of tongue. But then the tongue slowly snaked inside, filling his mouth, forcing his lips open, and Harry allowed their ravishment. The hands at his neck tightened, pulling Harry against him. Feeling Draco's thighs and erection pressed to his own pulled a moan from Harry, a moan he offered into Draco's mouth.

Strong arms held him and Harry was overwhelmed with sensation. He never wanted to be let go, never wanted Draco to stop kissing him. But when Draco's hands curled around the flesh of Harry's arse he decided that other things might be just as good.

Draco's lips pulled free of Harry's and caressed up his face to his ear. They nibbled on the lobe before a tongue dabbed at the shell. "Harry," he whispered. "Do you still want a taste of what it's like to be a bottom?"

Harry skin was a mass of sensation. Everything tingled. "Yes!" he gasped.

"Good. Then strip and get on the bed, face first."

He grabbed the ache in his dick, begging it not to come yet. He pulled off his clothes, not caring in what order or if seams ripped or buttons popped off. Soon he was starkers and he pulled himself up the enormous bed and lay with his stiff cock pressed uncomfortably into the mattress. He spread his legs and pushed his arse up at Draco, hoping to entice him.

The bed dipped and someone crawled toward him. Harry looked behind and saw a naked Draco, cock red and erect up to his belly.

"I think I might have been waiting for this for a very long time, Potter."



“Back to calling me ‘Potter’? I thought we were on a first name basis.”

“This is different. There’s a little bit of a fantasy going on now.”

A warm hand closed on his left arse cheek. “Spread your legs wider,” he said in a husky voice. “That’s it.” Both hands massaged. “You have a truly remarkable bottom, Mr. Potter. Very, very delectable. If I had any religion at all, I’d worship this.” Draco stopped talking and Harry suddenly felt teeth nibbling on his arse. He almost bucked up but held himself in check. He moaned instead. Lips joined the teeth and alternated between little nips and sucking kisses. The massaging persisted and Draco’s thumbs dipped into Harry’s crack, stroking. Harry never imagined that someone touching near his anus could possibly be erotic, but he was squirming freely on the bed now, aching for Draco to do more to him.

Draco’s thumbs pulled his arse cheeks apart, exposing Harry’s hole. Harry whimpered and dug his face deep into the bed. It was a little embarrassing being opened like that and he felt his whole body flush. But as Draco’s breath got closer and closer, his own breathing hitched. What was Draco going to do? He wasn’t going to do what Harry was thinking he would do? He read about that but he supposed most people didn’t do it, that it was something relegated to wizard wanking mags. Not to everyday life—

“OH! GOD!” Draco’s warm, velvety tongue was dragging up his crack, from the back of his balls and upward. No, he wasn’t putting his tongue there--! The pad of his tongue made a long, agonizingly slow drag over his anus. Harry felt his pucker loosen involuntarily as if gasping for a moment before he clenched down. But the tongue stayed and swiped it again, a short lick this time followed by a stab directly into the rosette.

Harry was making noises he’d never made before. He wiggled his bottom and frothed his dick against the duvet. “Draco, Draco...” He couldn’t form any other words. Nothing seemed to make sense but his lover’s name. He was wildly aroused and was certain he’d come at any moment.

Draco lapped at Harry’s hole for another minute, sometimes dragging his tongue down to the back of his balls and making stripes back and forth, and sometimes flicking the point of his tongue at the tight muscle.

“Oh Draco! I need you inside me! Oh please!”

Draco released his arse cheeks and kissed one. "Since you asked so sweetly." Harry felt the spell lube him—a strange sensation in itself—and readied himself for the intrusion of Draco's cock.

At first he thought Draco might prepare him with his fingers as he'd read before, but that large something at his entrance was definitely not a finger. And it was pushing, forcing its way through the furled membrane. It began to hurt as it stretched him and he clenched without meaning to. "Relax for me, Harry. Take me in."

The words helped, and Harry opened. Draco's dick slid in, breaching him with a hot burn. He clenched his teeth and reared up, taking it as Draco screwed forward. He didn't stop until he was fully seated. A kiss graced his back between the shoulder blades. "All right, Harry?"

"Yeah. Just takes getting used to. It feels thick. Full." Draco Malfoy had his cock up his arse. And it never felt better.

"Can I thrust?"

Harry moaned. "Please."

Draco didn't hesitate. He pulled back and shoved in hard. Harry "oompfed" up the bed but when Draco did it again, Harry pushed his arse into it. That felt so marvelous! He was being fucked! By Malfoy! How great was that?

Draco changed angles, did it again, and a whole world exploded in Harry's senses. Something deep inside him responded to the slide of Draco's flesh. Something that sent radiating pulses of pleasure rippling through him. Then Draco hit that spot again.

Harry came, shouting.

Draco thrust in earnest, snapping his hips forward, his thighs slapping Harry's arse. After coming, Harry's whole body felt extremely sensitive and the pounding his arse received was only heightening the vestiges of his orgasm. He felt his dick start to harden again even as his anus clenched in its last aching throes. And it was then that Draco came hard, digging his fingers into Harry's hips, shoving and shoving

his cock deeply, crying out a half-shout, half-groan. His body collapsed onto Harry's back and his cock snapped free. Hot cum dribbled from Harry's hole, trickling down his thigh. Brilliant.

Neither of them said anything. Neither of them could. It took a while until Draco's weight slid over and fell beside him. Harry missed that weight and warmth. He turned his head and saw Draco's face, sheened with sweat, his hair in disarray almost as bad as Harry's, and a smile that put a sunny day to shame. "Now that's what I call a shag," drawled his lover.

Harry grinned back at him. "Too right."

Draco leaned forward and kissed Harry quickly and lay back again. "So, Potter. Now that you tasted it both ways, which do you prefer: bottom or top?"

"Mmm. Don't know. Rather liked this last bit. But...reckon if I had to choose I really liked topping. What about you?"

"I'm fairly ambidextrous. But I suppose all in all, I prefer to bottom. For the right top, that is."

Harry wanted to ask And who is that? but he was afraid the answer might not be him.

\* \* \*

They continued this way for the next few days, taking their time in the mornings for a long, leisurely shag and lying back and either talking or just touching.

Harry liked awakening to the smell of Draco. Usually they'd sleep with the blonde's back curled up against Harry's chest and Harry's nose would be buried at the nape of the Slytherin's neck. If he awoke first, he'd begin kissing Draco there and his lover would start to writhe against Harry and make soft mewling noises, especially if Harry changed from kissing to little licks. He learned that Draco liked waking up that way.

But Draco also seemed to learn that if he awoke first, Harry liked being awakened by a gentle hand stroking his lethargic cock until it was semi-hard in the Slytherin's hand. Either way, they'd soon roll over

to face each other and indulge in some award-winning snogging. Draco liked to kiss. So did Harry. He also liked to touch and Harry liked being touched.

“Why do you get so angry when someone calls you a ferret?” asked Harry on Thursday morning, stroking the blond head.

He felt Draco stiffen beside him and he drew the blankets from his lap to his chest. “How would you like being called that?”

“I’ve been called lots of things. Most of them by you. But I never go mental like that.”

Draco fumed for a few moments and Harry was afraid he’d gone too far. Maybe they shouldn’t talk about themselves anymore. But he really wanted to know Draco better. Maybe soothe that hurt and that lost look he sometimes saw in his eyes.

“Try to imagine, if you will,” he said stiffly, teeth clenched, “being transformed into an animal against your will.”

Harry considered. It had been pretty funny at the time. That’s because Malfoy was being his usual prick self. Course that was four years ago. And a very evil wizard who hated Malfoys and who was disguised as a trusted teacher had done it. Harry understood it now as merely a matter of perspective. Suppose someone had turned him into a pig or a toad. He didn’t think it would have been very funny either.

He reached for Draco’s hand clenched over the blanket and grasped it. “I see your point. I’m very sorry.”

Draco calmed and then turned toward Harry. “You are, aren’t you? I mean you’re not just saying that.”

“Yeah. I am sorry. I don’t want anything to hurt you, in the past or the future.”

Draco studied his lover’s face. A brow quirked upward. “We’ve both changed.”

He held Draco’s hand and smiled. “An understatement, Malfoy.”

They decided to go downstairs that night and dance with the others. After all, Harry had spent all that money to come to the White Party, Draco pointed out. No use wasting it.

But as Harry took Draco's hand and they wended their way to the floor, Harry knew it hadn't been wasted.

They danced. Harry wasn't very good at it, but he didn't have to do much more than bounce up and down. Except the music changed and the lights darkened and the DJ said that everyone needed a partner for the slower dance. Harry stopped and stared at Draco. The blond merely blinked at him and moved in closer, taking Harry's left hand. He lifted it to his lips, kissed his palm, and placed it on his shoulder. "I'll lead, Potter. You look like you could use someone helping you."

Harry stuck his tongue out at him but Draco swooped down and sucked it into his mouth. And suddenly, they were kissing and slow dancing. Except for that one time at the Yule Ball, Harry had never danced before. He really hadn't wanted to dance and especially with Pavarti. But this. This was different.

When the kiss ended, Harry drew back. His face was mere inches from Draco's and he couldn't help but gaze into the Slytherin's eyes. "I remember seeing you in your dress robes at the Yule Ball," said Harry breathlessly.

Draco never broke off his concentrated gaze. "I remember you, too. That's why I offered to lead."

Harry ignored the remark. "I couldn't take my eyes off of you even then. But I didn't know why at the time."

"Didn't you? I did."

"You knew you were gay back then?"

"Yes. And I watched you, too. And I knew why."

Harry's face felt hot. After all they'd done together, Harry wondered why he still blushed. "You...you wanted me then?"

"Not exactly."

"Draco. One of our nights when we...when you shagged me, you called me 'Potter' and said it was part of a fantasy. Was I part of your fantasies back then?"

It was Draco's turn to blush. He pressed his pink lips together and whirled Harry around the floor.

Harry smiled. "Come on, Draco. Tell me. I was your fantasy boy, wasn't I?" He waggled his brows at him.

Draco wasn't having any of it. He tried to do some complicated turns with Harry, but Harry's feet couldn't keep up.

Draco snorted disgustedly. "Well none of them involved dancing, I can tell you that."

But Harry stopped talking, because it was quite the remarkable feeling being in Draco's arms under all the lights and the darkness, feeling his sure hand at the small of his back guiding him across the floor to the music. It was almost like being in one of those Muggle films that Aunt Petunia was always watching on the telly. One of those old black and white ones with that dancing couple. Draco's posture was like that man and his skill at it went unparalleled, though Harry was no judge of these things. He moved closer until their bodies touched and it seemed natural to lay his head on Draco's shoulder.

Draco inhaled a shaky breath and Harry vaguely wondered if he was tiring of dancing. But just as that thought crossed his mind, Draco's hands tightened where he touched Harry. He made a satisfied sound deep in his chest.

"This feels nice," they said at the same time. They chuckled, still at the same time.

But soon the music changed again to a faster pace and Draco looked at Harry with the same thought. He took his hand and they left the floor and headed for the lifts.

#### Chapter Four--Parting

Harry couldn't believe Sunday had arrived. He had wanted the week to go on and never end. But now that it was Sunday, he knew that he and Draco would soon be parting. He couldn't hope that the Slytherin would want to continue their romance, if that's what it was. Homosexuality and politics didn't mix, and Draco was all about how things appeared.

Harry couldn't care less if he had some crap job. As long as he was happy doing it. Maybe he could get by on being the vanquisher of Voldemort—even a gay vanquisher—but it seemed far emptier without Draco being there with him.

You're an idiot, Potter. What have you gone and done? You knew better than to let your feelings get out of control. You knew it was Draco Malfoy, for pity's sake.

He lay awake while Draco snored softly beside him. The sun had risen and Harry wondered if he should just leave and write a nice note. That wouldn't be quite the politest thing to do, but it would be less heart-rending.

Because he was reluctant to admit even to himself, that he was in love with Draco Malfoy. Can you really fall in love in only a week? But maybe it had been longer. Draco admitted to his early attraction to Harry. Well, sort of admitted it. Perhaps under all that animosity there were the seeds of attraction within Harry, too. He was sure Hermione would have something to say about that, trotting out some psychological theory or other. Harry didn't care. All he knew was that by the end of the day they would be saying good-bye to one another with little likelihood of seeing each other again. The ongoing saga of the Crap Life of Harry Potter.

Draco stirred, his hand groping on the pillow for Harry.

Well, Harry decided, if he only had a few hours left, he might as well make the best of it. He slid within Draco's grasp and was pulled toward the Slytherin. Draco was very warm and Harry felt a bittersweet sensation in the pit of his stomach. "Morning, Draco," he said softly into the blond hair.

"Mmmm."

He kissed the top of Draco's head. Draco rooted at Harry's chin, fishing for more kisses. Harry obliged by pressing his lips to the sweet-smelling hair again. "How long did you want to stay in bed? I mean, when were you planning on leaving?"

Draco stopped his movements and drew back, snapping open his eyes. "You're in an awful hurry to be rid of me."



"It's nothing like that. I just want to know when to pack and...stuff."

Draco yawned and shrugged. "Maybe by noon. What difference does it make? You're Flooing aren't you? Or are you traveling by one of those scary Muggle flying machines?"

"No. I'm Flooing."

"Then snuggle down, Potter. Later I have one more place to take you."

Harry allowed Draco to drag him back down. They wrapped limbs around one another, kissing the soft places their faces found. As Harry nibbled at Draco's throat, he realized he knew so little about the boy. Of course he'd been to Draco's trial and heard all the testimony. He knew what had happened in their sixth year, but really not much else.

"Draco," he said against the blonde's skin.

"Mmmm." Draco was nibbling at Harry's forehead and hair.

"Tell me what it was like growing up in your house."

Draco pulled back and looked at him. "Pardon?"

"I'm just wondering what it was like for you growing up at the Manor. You know. Life with the Malfoys."

His eyes narrowed. Harry could see that clearly even without his glasses. "And why would you want to know that?"

"Because I don't know anything about you. And I think after this week that it might be nice to know something other than how your cock tastes."

Draco smiled. "Oh." He sat back against the pillows. The morning light glowed his pale bare shoulders with golden light. Harry wanted to lean over and lick them, but he had decided on this other course and would not interrupt his lover. Soon to be "ex"-lover, he supposed.

"Mother and Father are amazing, really. They know everyone worth knowing. They throw these elaborate parties. It's a great life. I had everything I wanted growing up."

"Did you ever want brothers or sisters?"

"Oh no. I wasn't lonely. I had plenty to do. Plenty of friends. And house elves."

"And your family had everything."

"Yes."

"Then why—" Harry folded his arms over his chest. He wanted to ask but he didn't know how Draco would take it. He decided to ask anyway. "Then why did they follow Voldemort? If they had everything, what more did they need?"

"There are some things, Harry, you will never understand."

He jostled to look at Draco, squinting at him without his glasses. "But I'm trying to. If Lucius Malfoy had all he wanted—money, position, power—then why subjugate himself to some other wizard?"

"It's about absolute power, Harry. Haven't you ever imagined it? Do anything--and I mean anything you want to anyone you want. Be anything."

"But we're already wizards. And he already had power. When is enough not enough?"

"I told you. You wouldn't understand."

“You’re damned right I don’t.” Harry knew it was a mistake to get into a lather over it but he couldn’t help it. The Malfoys always got under his skin. Definitely unresolved issues. There was that little matter of Draco’s father trying to kill him. “It’s stupid that much power. Look what it did to Voldemort—and it’s bloody well time for you to be able to say it, don’t you think? He wasn’t even human in the end. Is that what you wanted for your father?”

“NO! Of course not! I didn’t want him to be like that. I didn’t want him to get deeper into it. But once you’re in you’re in. Never mind that it starts to look crazier and crazier to you.” He rubbed his left forearm. “I’m sure my father didn’t realize the cost, but once he was in it—”

“Just kill the Half-Blood Harry Potter because he’s in the way of the Dark Lord’s plans. Yeah. I know all about being ‘in’ it.”

Draco froze and stared at Harry.

“And I also know you didn’t much care for me,” Harry continued. “You might have had fantasies but it didn’t stop you from being a terror, now did it? Rita Skeeter. Umbridge. The Vanishing Cabinets. The time you almost Crucioed me—”

“And then the time you cut me to ribbons! Or did you forget that!”

Harry paused. The thought of that moment still made him ill. “That was a mistake,” he said quietly. “I didn’t know the spell would do that. It just said it was for one’s enemies. I thought it would be something like Fred and George might pull. I didn’t know Snape had made it up.”

“Didn’t make it hurt any less, though.”

Harry darted his eyes toward Draco’s body. He’d never seen any scarring from that—thank goodness. Snape’s immediate ministrations had seen to that.

“And I’m sorry for doing it. But there comes a point when you must have looked at everything, at the sacrifices your family was making, and decided that it wasn’t good for any of you.”

“Don’t you think we did that! But it was too late!” Draco threw the covers aside and got up. “I’m not doing this. I’m taking a shower.”

Harry lay back and scowled. What had he been thinking? Had he thought he and Draco had a chance together? How could they when their life views were so opposite? Maybe Harry should just go.

He glanced up at the closed bathroom door. Damn. He had wanted to shag Draco one last time. Despite everything, he still loved him. Still felt something. Even if Draco didn’t, couldn’t.

“I’m just a Half-Blood, after all. That’s never going to change.” He sighed and decided to wait for Draco. That would be the gentlemanly thing.

A few minutes later, Draco emerged wrapped in a silk dressing gown, clean and with wet hair. He sat on the edge of the bed next to Harry. “Look. I don’t know what to say to you about all that. That was a different time. My father got caught up in it. I’m not making excuses for him or me. I believed it at one time. But I’m very glad it’s over and I’m also very glad he didn’t kill you. I was glad then and I’m especially glad now. So...can we not talk about it?”

Harry was taken aback. He never expected Draco to have that sort of attitude. He didn’t seem evil anymore. Of course, would Harry want someone evil?

“We’re both eighteen. I guess we’ve both matured,” he conceded.

“I certainly hope so. Now. Are you still interested in going on a little trip today? I’ll understand if you want to just...go.”

“You still want to take me?”

Draco lowered his eyes to his lap. His light lashes covered his eyes. Long fingers twined the hem of his dressing gown. “Yes. I think you’ll like it.”

There was that lost look again Harry found so endearing. Why couldn’t the man let Harry stay mad at him? It would be easier to leave then.

“Okay. Let me shower and we’ll go.”

\* \* \*

They Apparated to a secluded place somewhere along the shoreline. It was a private lagoon of turquoise water, white sand, and overhanging palm trees.

Harry looked around and smiled. “It’s beautiful. But I didn’t bring my suit.”

Draco tiskied. “Harry. We don’t need suits.”

Harry watched as Draco began to strip. He saw where this was going and eagerly tore off his own clothes. Draco took a run toward the water, and in his state of undress, Harry found it a delightful sight of jiggling flesh and dimpled arse cheeks.

Gracefully, Draco dove in. He was like a pale fish, arcing upward until his head broke the surface. He whipped his head to get his wet hair out of his eyes and turned to look at Harry. “It’s warm. Coming in? Or do you just plan to stand there and look gorgeous?”

Draco had never said anything like that to Harry before. He had showered Harry with many compliments about particular parts of his body but never an out and out flattering remark as he just offered. Blushing yet again, Harry made a run and jumped in, not nearly as elegantly as Draco.

He came up out of the water and looked at Draco with a smile. Draco was beaming at him. “I like watching you run,” he said, swimming into Harry’s arms.

Harry folded his arms around him. “Oh? What did it look like?”

“It looked like the sexiest thing ever. Your cock, Mr. Potter, looks good cumming and going.” He nipped Harry’s lips before delivering a kiss.

Harry laughed into the kiss. It was fun to float in the warm, salty water with a naked Draco bobbing against him. He kissed Draco and the small pecks turned into something deeper. "Draco," he said hoarsely. "Do you want to swim or do you want to fuck?"

"Both," he said to his lips. He kissed Harry again and, lifting his legs, he wrapped them around Harry's waist. It brought his cock sliding against Harry's. But more importantly, it raised his hole to cock height. He pressed soft kisses to Harry's lips and whispered in between, "Fuck me, Harry. Now. I want to feel you inside."

Harry grunted an answer and wandlessly cast the lubrication charm. He hitched Draco a bit higher before blindly aiming his dick at the Slytherin's entrance. They both knew each other's body's well now. It seemed that he could locate Draco's hole in pitch black darkness in one go.

He poked the furled flesh and shoved, breaching the muscle. Draco made an "ah!" sound and pushed down at Harry, clenching his legs tighter around his back. "Oh Harry! I love being fucked by you!"

The last words he spoke before he threw his head back and moaned. Harry jabbed into him, pulling the blond tightly against his chest. He could feel the drumming heartbeat of his lover. He kissed and suckled the arching neck presented before him, tasting skin and salt water. Harry gloried in the feeling of Draco's tightness, his writhing body, his arse sliding up and down his thighs. If this wasn't heaven, what was? Harry tried to dismiss the gloomy thoughts rising in his head: that this was the last time they would make love, that Draco's kisses didn't mean what they seemed to mean, that Harry was a fool to fall in love with the first man, the very worst man to choose. He wanted only to feel.

What's wrong with me? Just fuck him, Harry. That's what we both want.

But even as his cock burrowed deeper into Draco, he couldn't do it with anything but tenderness. He had to kiss him, had to caress his bottom spread so wide beneath his hands. He's mine, he thought, not caring anymore. At least for now, he's mine.

Harry rocked his body and pumped his cock in and out of his lover. Draco clawed at his neck, humping his own cock against Harry's belly. He seemed incoherent with lust, and only muttered sounds and moans. One deep frot against Harry and he came, ropy strings of white gathering in clusters in the waves and washing away.

Harry watched every moment of it, watched his lover's prick throb out its orgasm and then deflate. But Harry wasn't done. He pushed into Draco slowly but deeply, the urgent need rising in his gut, curling around his insides and pushing forward until it shot from his cock deeply into Draco with short staccato thrusts. He emptied himself and clutched Draco to him, feeling the last moments of that pulsating anus milking him dry.

He slipped free and swam backwards onto his back, smiling languidly at his lover. They floated without saying anything for a long time. They swam playfully for a while and then dragged themselves to shore and lay naked on the warm sand, letting the sun bake them dry.

Hours might have past when Harry awoke. He looked over at Draco who was awake and sitting up, his arms on his knees and the most amazing view of his cock and sac lying quietly between his legs, balls nestled in the sand. Harry sat up. The whole side of his face was covered in dried sand, but Draco waved his wand and cleaned him.

"Is it time to go?"

"It's getting late," said Draco.

Harry nodded and reached for his clothes. They side-alonged back to the hotel and wordlessly returned to Draco's room. They each packed and rode the lift—still in silence—down to the lobby, where Draco took care of the bill. They shared a taxi to the Floo point and dragged their bags inside.

"Well Malfoy," said Harry, mustering that Gryffindor courage. "I guess this is it. Thanks for a wonderful time. I hope all goes well for you. I'll be looking for the next Ministry candidate in the papers." He put his hand out to shake.

Draco glared at him and then down at his hand. Sullenly, he reached forward and shook it. "Yeah. I suppose the antics of Harry Potter will show up in the Prophet from time to time."

"No doubt." He gave a brave smile. "After you, Draco. You can go first." He gestured toward the hearth.

Draco looked at the fireplace, then back at Harry, before scowling. "See you, Potter." He turned his back, stepped into the fireplace with his fist of Floo powder, and tossed it down. "Malfoy Manor!" And in a whoosh of green flames, he was gone.

Harry bit down on his lower lip and stared at the empty fireplace. "And that is that," he sighed. He stepped in with his own Floo powder and whisked himself to his London flat.

\* \* \*

A week went by. Two. Harry tried to get on with his life. He had a career to consider. Hermione and Ron visited all the time and Ron's suggestion that he design his own line of racing brooms was sounding better and better to him. Hermione had supplied him with plenty of books on the subject and even Ron was interested in research for once.

"You know, mate," Ron had said only last night when the three of them got together at his flat. "Maybe we can go into business together. I might fancy working on spells for racing brooms. We could have a couple of lines. A school line and a professional line."

"That's a great idea, Ron." Harry was happy to be excited about something for a change. Hermione beamed at them. "Actually, the three of us can go into business. Hermione is definitely the brains behind the operation."

"Really?" she said, sounding excited herself. "I haven't really thought about it. I thought I'd go into something in the Ministry."

"This could be a sideline. Think about it."

They had discussed it long into the night. Hermione drew up a business plan with yearly projections and Ron made a list of the most promising spells and materials. It looked like a great venture. Too bad his heart couldn't quite catch up yet.

But that was last night. Today he was looking out the window at a grey sky that reminded him too much of a particular someone's eyes. He thought he might get at least an owl from Draco saying "hi", but there had been nothing. It was like Harry didn't exist.



"I guess it was just the holiday atmosphere." He sighed. He shouldn't complain. He supposed he got his money's worth.

The door bell rang and Harry walked through the foyer to answer it. He pulled the door open and froze.

"So I said to myself," said Draco, looking as handsome as when Harry left him, except for that scowl he was wearing. "I said, 'Draco', are you that bad at reading people? Here I was thinking that Potter gave a damn. But I guess I was wrong.' I used every horrible epithet I could think of, demanding you do unspeakable things with hippogriffs. And then last night it occurred to me." He rose up onto the top step and squared with Harry. "Were you just doing some stupid noble thing and not declaring your love for me? Or do you really not feel anything? Because as it happens, as strange as it may be...I seem to be in love with you. And I think I deserve to be your boyfriend at the very least."

Harry's jaw dropped.

"Look, Potter. Are you going to let me in?" He didn't wait for an answer. He pushed past Harry and stomped through his foyer into the lounge.

Harry stood stunned at the door and it was only when he heard Draco messing about with something in the lounge that he closed the door and followed him.

Draco was fixing himself a drink. He grabbed the glass and knocked it back, licking his lips. He grabbed the bottle again and poured another.

Harry slowly approached and stood behind him.

"You see, I waited and waited for an owl from you," said Draco in an unsteady voice. He sipped the drink more slowly this time. "And then I thought that maybe you were too busy. But then I thought, no. That's just rude." He whirled to face Harry. "So which is it? Rude or noble?"

Harry gazed at Draco for a long time. Slowly, he reached for the glass, plucked it out of his hand, and set it back on the bar. He took Draco's face in his hands and smiled into it before he kissed him with as

much gentleness as he could muster. "It's love," he whispered to his lips. Draco sighed deeply and fell forward, his mouth clamped to Harry's and Harry's arms clasped firmly around him.

They kissed, mouths hungrily devouring the other. Harry trailed his hands through silky blond hair, and Draco's hands pinched and squeezed Harry's bottom. "I can't believe this," Harry whispered, his lips still entwined with Draco's. "We're in love?"

"I know," said Draco, sliding his lips up Harry's cheek. "Insane, isn't it? How will I ever tell my parents?"

"Do you have to?" Harry said, only half-joking.

Draco rubbed his cheek against Harry's. "Oh my God, I love you."

Harry's heart drummed in his chest. Draco loved him! This was amazing! He took his lips again in a burning kiss, pouring all of his emotions into it. Their tongues licked and slithered; their lips crushed and slipped. Finally, breathlessly, Harry pulled back. Draco's eyes were closed and his pink lips were moist and swollen. Harry kissed his eyelids. How could he love someone like Malfoy so much? After the week they spent together, how could he not?

Their twin erections pressed together and Harry looked down between their bodies. "So. Um...about those fantasies concerning me, Malfoy."

Draco blushed. It seemed to be the only thing that could do it. "Okay," he said timidly. "It involved that damned Gryffindor scarf of yours and a school desk."

"Oh really? Accio Gryffindor scarf!"

Something whirred through the air down the stairs and Harry put out his hand and grabbed it. He pulled his wand. Looking at the big desk in the corner he transfigured it to look something like the school desks at Hogwarts. "That more like it?" he asked, turning to Draco who was still red in the face.

"Er...yeah."

Harry held the scarf with a feral look in his eye. "Well, Draco? Now what?"

Draco swallowed loudly. "Um...you tie my wrists together with the scarf. Then you s-strip off my trousers, and then you...uh...bend me over the desk."

Harry grinned. "And then what?"

The old sneer was back on Draco's face. "What do you think, Potter? You fuck me, that's what!"

"Oh. Just making sure. Maybe you wanted me to insist you do potions or something."

"Idiot," he muttered.

Harry approached and kissed Draco. "So. You want to play?"

Draco's breath hitched. "Okay," he said in an unsteady voice.

"Put your wrists together, Malfoy."

Draco was breathing so hard Harry thought he might pass out. He supposed it wasn't every day that one got their fondest sexual fantasy fulfilled.

He tied the scarf tightly around his wrists and decided to give Draco his money's worth. "Get over here, Malfoy. You've been asking for this."

"Just what do you think you're doing, Potter?"

That was Draco playing, thought Harry. Even though that sneering voice was still unsteady, it sounded all too familiar. It wouldn't be hard to playact properly.

He dragged Draco to the desk. "Bend over it."

"I will not."

"Bend over it or you'll be sorry."

"Sod off, Gryffindor."

Harry smiled. He grabbed Draco and shoved him down. He reached around him and unbuckled his belt, unzipped his trousers, and pulled them down. He knelt and yanked them from off his feet and tossed them aside.

"What do you think you're doing? I'll tell McGonagall."

"Oh I doubt you'll be telling anyone, Malfoy." Harry curled his fingers into the waistband of Draco's underpants and yanked them down. Harry pushed the tail of his shirt up and out of the way. That white bottom that Harry so loved was now fully exposed, all perky and smooth and round. The pants fell to his ankles and Harry impatiently waved his wand at them and they vanished. He kicked Draco's legs apart.

That bum was so enticing. And he began to wonder if there might be more to the fantasy that Draco was too embarrassed to tell him or to ask for. Harry decided to experiment. He drew back his hand and spanked hard one round arse cheek. The sound made a loud crack in the silence.

Draco jerked upward with a yelp.

"Told you you'll be sorry." He reared back and spanked the other cheek. Both now had a bright red mark. Draco was panting and walking his legs wider. "You naughty boy, Malfoy. You like that."

"N-no I don't."

Harry spanked him again, this time slapping both cheeks down the middle of his crack. Draco pushed back involuntarily, raising his arse a little. Harry's hand caught the underside where it swelled from the

back of his thigh, giving it a good, solid smack. Draco writhed. Harry repeated it several times, spanking randomly until Draco's arse was red and warm. When he was done, he kissed the back of Draco's neck and whispered to his ear, "Had enough?"

"Y-yes."

"I'm going to fuck you, Malfoy, and there's nothing you can do about it."

"I—I'll tell."

"You won't tell anyone. Do you want any of your mates to know that you were fucked by Harry Potter?"

Draco whimpered. Harry reached around and felt for his cock. Just as he suspected: it was as hard as a rock.

Harry used the lube spell and shucked his own trousers and pants. He stroked Draco's warm buttocks. "You're mine, Malfoy. Every bit of you. Especially this bit," and he dragged his thumb hard down the center of his crack, stopping at his pulsing anus and rubbing. "Say it, Draco. Say 'my hole belongs to Harry Potter.'"

"N-never!"

He spanked Draco again. Why hadn't he thought to do this while they were in school? He sure could have controlled the Slytherin then. "Say it, Draco."

Draco whimpered. "M-my h-hole belongs...to Harry Potter."

Harry leaned down and kissed the sore bottom. "That's right. And I'm taking it now." Harry bent his knees and placed his cock at Draco's entrance. He pushed roughly forward, sending Draco slamming up the desk. "Oh, sorry," he muttered.

“Don’t worry,” said Draco, raising his hips and opening his arse. Suddenly the way was more open, and Harry glided in. His balls rested against that white arse.

Draco sighed.

“I’ve filled you, Malfoy. See? You’re mine. I’m going to fuck you now.”

There was a keening moan beneath him. Harry nearly came from that alone. Instead, he waited, calming himself, and then he grasped Draco’s hips and pulled out a bit. The groaning grew louder. He’s such a bottom. Harry pushed back in, repeating his slow withdrawal and equally careful shove forward. He rocked in and out for a bit, but Draco’s body was writhing beneath him. Harry laid his chest on his lover’s back and reached around to grasp his cock. As he thrust in and out he stroked the flesh of Draco’s dick up and down, pausing to finger his balls before resuming stroking.

Harry felt the cock harden further, felt it throb and jerk, and finally shoot his seed under the transfigured desk. His orgasm squeezed the moist heat of his anus, milking Harry’s cock, and he unloaded into Draco, his balls wizening up in extreme pleasure. The tightness, the squeezing, Draco’s warm arse and hot cum. All so brilliant! Harry lay his head down on the back of Draco’s neck and sighed out the last of it, succumbing to the afterglow.

“Holy fuck, Harry!” Draco stirred beneath him, urging him up. He turned. Cum spattered his thighs and there was a red line across his belly where he had been pressed into the desk. His wrists were still tied together. “How did you know? That was perfect!”

Harry gave him a lazy smile. “You’re a very naughty boy, Draco. That’s how I know.”

“And you aren’t naughty at all?”

Harry’s smile widened and he wagged his brows. “Maybe a little.” Draco held up his wrists to be untied but Harry just grabbed them and pulled him away from the desk and toward the stairs. “Uh uh. I’m not done with you yet. Not by a long shot.”

Draco’s confusion turned to smiles. “Oh? And what do you have in mind?”

“Well....” Harry led him to the stairs and helped him up the risers by tenderly cupping his warmed arse. “First, there will be another long shag session, then a leisurely lunch where we talk seriously about this boyfriend thing—of which I approve, by the way—” soothing that worried look on Draco’s face. “And then another shag session. And then dinner. And then I suppose the rest of our lives. How does that sound?”

Draco reached back and kissed Harry, pulling on his lips. “I think that sounds spectacular.”

“Thought so.” They reached the top of the stairs and Harry steered him toward his bedroom. Before he closed the door, he waved his wand carelessly over his shoulder and locked the Floo.

The End