

More Truth Than Dare

by Mystwriter

Never mind Voldemort. Facing your friends with the truth is scarier. Started out as something naughty and turned instead to a bit of fluff. Still quite slashy. PG-13

Harry crossed his arms tightly over his chest and glared at Draco from within the small space of the wardrobe. He hadn't meant to say "dare". It had just slipped out. It was a stupid game anyway. And now here he was with Malfoy, of all people, glaring contemptuously back at him. He could see him clearly enough by the long line of light seeping through the crack between the doors. Draco's long, blond bangs draped over his eyes and one brow rose in a sardonic arch. His steel gray eyes merely glared, his mouth curled in a perpetual sneer.

"Well, Potter. This is your fault. How are we to get out of this?"

"I don't know!" They sat that way a long time. Draco had immediately tried an Alohomora spell, but Harry had told him that the wardrobe was magically charmed to repel unlocking spells. It could only be unlocked when they had performed their "dare".

"We have to do what again?" asked Draco for the third time.

"Look, I already told you. We have to kiss on the mouth and...and...use tongues. Okay? I don't like it any better than you do."

"Well I don't fancy staying in here forever. With you."

"Neither do I." Harry blew out a frustrated breath. He'd kill Seamus. Stupid prat.

"Look, Potter. Why don't we just get it over with."

"Are you serious?"

"Do you have any better ideas? We've been sitting her an eternity already. Aren't you supposed to be a great wizard, fighting the Dark Lord? You got out of that. Can't you get out of this?"

"I've already tried some spells. You saw me."

"Yeah. Well. If we...if we just do it quick. And if you ever tell another living soul, I'll hex you from now till Doomsday!"

"I won't need to tell anyone. Seamus and his pals will take care of that," he said miserably.

Draco fell silent. Harry listened to him breathe. Draco took long, heavy breaths, like a fighter before going into the ring. He could smell the musky sweat rising from both of them.

"At the count of three, then, Potter. We'll close our eyes and just do it quick. All right?" Draco edged closer.

"But how are we—"

“Don’t think about how, Potter. Just...do it.” Harry scooted toward Draco until they were less than a foot away. Their knees touched. Draco started to raise his hands but then let them drop. “Damn you, Potter! You had to choose ‘dare’, didn’t you?”

“I didn’t mean to,” Harry hissed. Draco stared right into Harry’s eyes. Harry had been the butt of that stare for seven years now, and it never failed to disconcert him. Those gray eyes, so flat, so hard. They’d be frightening if he were anyone other than Harry Potter, who’d seen so many frightening things already. He didn’t know what Draco might see in his green eyes. He didn’t have the usual contempt for Draco in them right now. Perhaps a little sympathy for what Draco had to endure, the same feeling he felt for himself at the moment.

“All right,” said Draco, his voice a bit unsteady for once. “One....” He drew closer, his face larger now. “Two....” Harry felt the heat from Draco’s body. Was it his imagination? He looked at his eyes, but dropped his gaze to his lips. They were slightly pink, and then his tongue ran over them quickly to moisten them. They hung open just a little and he was breathing heavily, as heavily as Harry. Harry’s heart hammered. Was he really going to kiss Draco Malfoy?

Harry smacked his hand to Draco’s chest, holding him back. He took short, shallow breaths. “Wait.”

“What now, Potter?”

“I just—”

“Three...!” Draco leaned forward and pressed his lips to Harry’s. It was a strange sensation. Draco’s lips were soft and warm. At first he did nothing more than touch them to Harry’s, but then he added a bit of pressure and rubbed them along his mouth, slowly at first and then with a growing fervency. Harry felt his nose brush against Draco’s, felt the hot breath blast through Draco’s nostrils against his cheek, smelled the Slytherin’s scent, a blend of sweat and just a tinge of a spicy cologne. The effect intoxicated along with his mouth glued to Harry’s. Harry found himself responding. He hadn’t meant to, but Draco’s movements over his mouth were nothing if not sensual and he felt helpless to react in any other way. He angled his head to draw him in, and jumped a little when Draco’s hands came up to cup his face.

Harry tried to think, tried to make his mind form cogent thoughts, but his brain was swimming in pure sensation. He found himself intrigued with what might next happen and gasped in pleasure when Draco’s tongue caressed Harry’s lips. He realized he’d never been kissed like this before and when Draco urged his lips open, Harry didn’t hesitate to welcome his tongue. It was hot and moist and slithered along his own. Timidly, he ventured his tongue forward into Draco’s mouth and Draco opened his lips wide to receive him. Draco’s hands were at the back of Harry’s head now, forcing him into their deep kiss and Harry felt himself falling, wanting to succumb to all the sensations he experienced, and all the promises of more to follow.

But as quickly as it began, it was over. The door clicked open, the locking spell broken.

Draco drew back and stared at Harry with a strangely hooded expression. Harry panted, feeling a sense of frustration mixed with embarrassment. Their gazes locked. Neither moved. Draco’s mouth was wet and Harry felt the odd satisfaction that his own mouth was the cause. Draco breathed in harsh

stabs and he was about to open his mouth to say something when Seamus thrust his head in the wardrobe.

“You boys ever coming out, or shall we leave you alone to snog?”

Draco snapped out of it first and frowned. He pushed Seamus’ face back and scrambled to his feet. “I’m out of here!”

Harry rose and climbed out after him. The collection of boys from Gryffindor, Hufflepuff, and Ravenclaw all had a good laugh. They had played their game in a room in the seldom used north tower. Draco was the only Slytherin. It wasn’t quite clear to Harry how he had gotten there in the first place.

Someone slapped Harry on the back and assured him it was all in good fun, but Harry felt too dazed to respond. He glanced past their laughing faces and saw only a set of piercing gray eyes staring back at him.

Even a week later, Harry couldn’t stop thinking about it. How Draco felt, how he tasted, how his hands felt tangled in Harry’s hair. He realized with a sick feeling in his gut that he wanted it to happen again. But with a man? And with Draco? His archenemy? He thought he liked girls, but he never felt this pounding need for girls as he did for the suave Slytherin.

Sitting in Transfigurations, he realized he had better sit up and pay attention. He hadn't heard the last twenty minutes of McGonagall’s lecture.

As he straightened and lifted his head, a small folded piece of parchment materialized on his open book before him. He stared at it a moment, looked around, and then picked it up. He unfolded and read.

Meet me after classes in the North Tower alcove by the statue of Hufflepuff. We need to talk.

It wasn’t signed and he wasn’t certain he had ever seen that handwriting before, but a sharp jolt in his heart made him hope who it might be from. He slid his glance behind him to where Draco was sitting. Draco’s eyes darted toward him, raised a brow, and then turned away.

Did that mean it was from him? Harry read the note again and then several more times, savoring its mysterious terse eloquence. Was he insane? Why did he want it to be from Malfoy?

The day moved so slowly for Harry. He wanted each class to be as short as possible. And yet, he couldn’t believe he was this excited about the possibility of being alone again with Malfoy. Seven years of school, seven years of dances and girls giggling, seven years of Quidditch and camaraderie. And not once had he thought about Draco Malfoy in the way his mind thought of him now. But a cold thought did occur to him. What if it were Malfoy, and he merely wanted to threaten him never to reveal what they had done? They hadn’t talked about the incident in the days after it, even the few times they managed to cross paths. They hadn't exchanged more than two words, in fact, and always it was to endure a sneer or insult from the Slytherin.

What was Harry getting so worked up for? Malfoy wasn’t making some secret assignation with him. He was just getting him alone somewhere where he could try to beat him up. Harry’s spirits fell.

Then he frowned at himself. He'd actually been getting excited about Malfoy! How stupid could he get? What was he thinking!

He glanced at the note again and wondered whether he should go to the north tower or not. But his curiosity eventually won over his good sense, and he found himself making his way there.

The shadows had fallen over Hogwarts, and the corridors slipped into the dim gloom that so characterized them. There were fewer paintings down this corridor, and Harry was grateful for it. He really didn't want too many witnesses to whatever lay ahead for him.

A cresset burned up ahead by the statue of Hufflepuff, casting irregular shadows along the walls and vaulted ceiling. Was there the shadow of a figure standing below the statue? Harry couldn't tell and cautiously approached.

Draco Malfoy leaned insolently against the wall, one leg slung over the other. His arms were crossed over his chest and he glanced up at Harry with lowered lids. "So you've come."

Harry swallowed. "Yes. What did you want to talk about?"

Draco unfolded his long limbs with the grace of a praying mantis. He took two steps forward and stood a foot from Harry. "What do you think I want to talk about?"

Harry lowered his eyes. "Um...the wardrobe incident?"

"'Wardrobe incident'? Is that what you're calling it?"

"I don't know what to call it," he said, in a sudden harsh voice.

Draco took another step closer, toe to toe with Harry. Harry could smell that cologne again, and the sensation in his head made him woozy.

"That's not what I call it," said Draco, his voice softening.

Harry looked up. Their faces were close. Harry caught his breath. "What...do you call it?"

"I think of it as...The Kiss." He said the last with a long sibilant and a raised brow. His mouth curved sensuously on the word "kiss", playing on his lips and widening them to a mockery of a smile. Harry didn't know quite how to react to Draco's mixed expression. Was he contemptuous of the incident, or relishing it?

But when Draco moved forward again, Harry's doubts fell away. "I just wondered if it was a fluke, maybe a charm on us," said Draco, his hot breath on Harry's lips, "or if it was more than that."

Harry startled when Draco grasped his shoulders and dragged him forward, lips planted firmly on Harry's quivering mouth. Harry didn't hesitate this time opening his mouth for Draco, and Draco took what was offered, making it his own. His tongue jabbed into Harry's mouth, stalking his tongue and conquering. He used his mouth to cover Harry's completely, noses pressed side by side, inhaling harsh breaths. The hands at Harry's shoulders engulfed him and Harry's arms were trapped by Draco's chest temporarily, until he yanked them free to slide up around Draco's neck. He pulled himself fiercely against Draco's chest, and moaned in his mouth at the feel of their bodies crushed together.

The kiss went on until Harry felt jelly-legged. Finally Draco pushed him back and merely gazed at him with that silent, hooded gaze that was all Malfoy. "Well what do you know? Who would ever have suspected the Great Harry Potter likes boys?"

Harry blinked and took a deep breath. "And who would ever have suspected the Big Bad of Slytherin to be a poof?"

They measured one another until Draco's smile curled upward and he reached for Harry's hand and drew him close. "Malfoy and Potter. What a combination." He chuckled, raised Harry's hand to his lips, and deposited a kiss.

Harry watched all of Malfoy's movements carefully, watched his lips caress his hand, and his mouth when he looked at Harry, licking his lips as if he would devour him whole. "So...what are we doing, Malfoy?" he asked nervously.

Draco leaned back and dragged Harry with him. Harry didn't resist and ended up sprawled along the Slytherin as he rested against the wall. Draco still held Harry's hand and with his other, he trailed a tingling line down the side of Harry's face, down his neck, and around his shirt collar. "Well that's the question, isn't it? I take it you find me attractive."

Harry nodded, unable to speak.

"And I find you absolutely adorable. Always have."

"I'm not adorable," Harry managed to say, frowning. "I have rugged good looks."

Draco laughed. "No you don't. You're adorable. There's really no other way to describe you, with that studious pair of glasses and that unruly mane of hair. You're a young Mister Chips, Potter. Face it. And I love it." To punctuate his remarks, he slopped a quick kiss to Harry's mouth. "And then when you wear your Quidditch uniform, I go positively insane. Why do you think I wanted to play Quidditch?"

"Well, now I think it's so you could put a broomstick between your legs."

Draco chuckled. "You know, you're really very funny, Potter. Why haven't I noticed that before?"

"Perhaps because you've been trying to hex me and my friends for the past six years and you haven't had the time to notice."

"And you haven't had time to notice what a charming fellow I am either."

"No," said Harry, blushing and lowering his eyes. "I have noticed."

"Oh?" Draco eased an arm around Harry's neck. Harry stiffened at the unfamiliar gesture, even though he longed to relax against him. "And I have just now noticed how pleasant you look when you blush and how sweet your kisses are." He didn't give Harry time to respond. He drew him close again for a deep kiss and they ended up sliding down to the floor.

They spent the rest of the night together, kissing, touching, and talking softly in that deserted corridor until it was almost morning.

Draco leaned back and looked at Harry's face, now every inch of its contours familiar. "What happens in the morning, Harry?"

"It is morning, Draco. It's been morning for four hours."

"No. I mean—"

"I know what you mean. I guess that depends on what we want out of...this."

"What do you want?"

It was the first time Harry had seen Draco look the least bit worried about anything. His heart did a little leap at the thought. Harry smiled and decided to go for broke. "I want you to be my boyfriend. I thought that would be obvious."

The worried expression on Draco's face fell away. "Oh yeah? That suits me."

"Yes, but how do we go about it? I mean, what do we do about the rest of the school?"

"Oh screw the school!"

"No. Just you," he said sheepishly.

Draco guffawed. "Why Potter! You are a tease."

"What I meant was," he said, trying to recover, "should we...should we..."

"Come out?"

"Yeah."

"Shit yes. I'm tired of playing games. And face it, whatever Draco Malfoy and Harry Potter decides to do, so go Hogwarts."

"What?"

"It's true. You, the Boy Who Lived, and me, Prince of Slytherin rule this school anyway. What we decide, goes."

It was a heady thought, and going past all the puff in that speech, Harry knew there was a lot of truth to what Draco said. "I think I'll tell my house tonight."

"Er...tell them what, Potter?"

"You know. Come out. And that you're my boyfriend."

"You sure you want to do that?"

"You just said—"

"I know what I said, but that doesn't mean it's going to be easy."

"No. But I'd rather hold your hand and kiss you in the halls than having to sneak off to do it. Wouldn't you?" Draco said nothing. His face was tense in thought. "Draco? You'd come out to Slytherin, too, wouldn't you?"

“Yeah. Sure thing.”

“Really?” But he could tell Draco was still hesitant. “You want to, don’t you? I mean I don’t want to take anyone else to the leaving dance but you.”

“Dance? You mean go together? And dance together?”

“That's what they do at a dance.”

Draco pushed himself up and stood. He buttoned his shirt and straightened the rest of his clothes and seemed to decide. “Yeah. I do, too. I want to dance with you. I want them all to know. Hell, Potter. Why not?”

And so they both decided to tell their own houses that night.

In Gryffindor, Harry waited nervously for most of them to assemble in the common room. Some sat by the fire and chatted, some played chess, and some had their faces buried in their school books. First years, second years, all the way through the seventh years all together in the same room.

Harry moved away from his seat by Ron and Hermione and moved toward the fireplace. He cleared his throat. Even Ron and Hermione had no idea what he had planned. “Er...excuse me. Can I have everyone’s attention please?” Harry watched as one by one, everyone turned toward him. He was used to people listening to him. Ever since starting his own Dumbledore’s Army group in his fifth year, he was used to leading others, but he had rather be facing a Hungarian Horntail about now than what he was planning to do.

“Um...thanks. Well, most of you have known me a long time. Some of you have only met me this year. But...I know you’ve all heard of me, at least.” There was a tense murmur and then it quieted. He looked over at Hermione and Ron and they each wore quizzical expressions. “So...so you know that I’m all right. A bit moody, perhaps, but all right. But there is something I need to tell you. And though I probably should have told my best friends first—” Hermione and Ron looked at one another with tense faces. “—I didn’t. Because it isn’t an easy thing. And, well, I really didn’t understand it myself until quite recently. Okay. The thing of it is...I’m coming out. To you. To Gryffindor. Coming out. Of the closet, that is.” He waited. No one said a word. Hermione looked surprised but not as much as Ron. “And the reason I’m doing so now is that I’ve got a...a boyfriend.” The boys all looked from one to the other. “Oh it’s none of you.” There seemed to be a general sigh of relief ripple through the crowd. “But you’re not going to like who it is. Except that he means a lot to me and I hope you will accept him.”

Ron shook his head. It was as if he could guess. Hermione got a dreamy look on her face as if she was thinking how romantic this was. Girls! Honestly!

“Actually, it’s Draco Malfoy.”

Silence. Then Seamus piped up with a laugh. “Aw Harry! You’re having us on!”

Harry shook his head. His expression remained serious. “No, actually. I’m not.”

Seamus’ face fell. “Really?”

“Yeah. Really. And I’m all looking for your support, as I expect of any Gryffindor.” There was a pause before students rose, one by one or in groups and went to Harry, patting him on the back, shaking

his hand and offering their encouragement. Harry lifted his eyes to Ron and Hermione and approached them cautiously. "You all right with this, Hermione?" Hermione had tears in her eyes and gave Harry a hug.

"I'm sure it will be fine, Harry. You must really care about him. I don't know how or why, but there definitely must be something between you two."

"There is. And I think it's going to be all right, too. Especially for Draco."

He swallowed a lump in his throat and turned to Ron. Ron's head was down and he kept shaking his head. "You all right, mate?" he asked Ron.

Ron sighed and looked up. "No. But I will be. You couldn't possibly make a crazier announcement, now could you? Like you were shagging Dumbledore or something?"

Harry grimaced. "Ew, Ron."

"All right. That shows you have standards. But Malfoy?"

"I can't help you there, Ron. I am at a loss to understand it myself. But he can really be sweet."

"Spare me the details. Please!"

"As long as you're all right with it. And I think you can expect no more harassment from the Slytherin front, if that makes it any easier to take."

"Well that's my benefit. I hope you can see yours."

In Slytherin, Draco Malfoy assessed the room full of his house members and scowled. "Listen up, everyone. I'm only going to say this once." Crabbe and Goyle looked up as did all the other Slytherin, girls and boys alike. "All right. Now how many of you knew that I was gay?" Stunned, no one moved or blinked. "Come now. Surely some of you knew." He turned toward some taller boys in the back of the crowd. "Or hoped."

But still no one said anything. "All right then. I am. But it doesn't change a damn thing. I can still hex you all from here to next Tuesday and you know it. Now. I've got a new boyfriend and I don't want any of you messing with him. Is that clear? I don't want to hear any jokes and I don't want to find out that you've bothered with him in any way. Because if I do—" His narrowed eyes scanned the dumbfounded crowd. "By the way, it's Harry Potter."

There were a few gasps and Malfoy swiveled his head in their direction. "Anyone have anything to say about it? No? Good. Oh. And you'd best leave Hermione Granger and Ron Weasley alone from now on. Harassment of those two is now strictly off limits. As for the rest of the Gryffindors—well. It's open season as usual. Speech over."

Harry ran into Draco in the corridor the next morning. "Well?" he asked.

Draco smiled. "Piece of cake. Should have done it years ago. You?"

“It went all right. Nerves were a bit frazzled, but—”

“But we are free to be an item, then?” Draco slipped his hand in Harry’s.

Harry smiled nervously. “I guess so.”

“Scared, Potter.”

“Absolutely.”

“Me, too.”

Draco reached forward and enveloped Harry's lips, drawing on them with his teeth and licking Harry's tongue with an open-mouthed caress before he licked his way over Harry's lips and down his chin. Harry trembled.

“Truth or dare, Potter?” he whispered to Harry's ear.

“Truth,” he said breathlessly.

“Ask me who I love.”

Harry looked wide-eyed at Draco. His glasses were askew, and Draco gently put them to rights on the bridge of Harry's nose. “Who do you love?” Harry asked dazedly.

Draco smiled. There was so much in Draco's smiles. Harry never realized that before. “Who do you think?”

The End