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Secondhand Robes: Epilogue

by [Samayel](#)

Summary

In the near future of Secondhand Robes, Draco feels a certain trepidation about his upcoming loss of virginity.

Epilogue Part 1

DISCLAIMER: Warning! I make no claim to any property of J.K. Rowling's, and am in no way profiting by this. I do offer her my sincerest thanks for allowing us this garden of the mind in which we play. Further Warning! This story...and likely any I ever write...are dominated by gay themes and characters. That's how it is, if this in any way makes you uncomfortable...do not read further.

Secondhand Robes: Epilogue...by Samayel

Draco had to admit it. Harry Potter had turned out to be a much better boyfriend than a rival. He was patient, which, given that Draco was often tense and snappish, was a godsend. He was also generous with his time and his affection, which did wonders for Draco's ego (though he'd never admit that he was insecure!) Harry was one other thing as well. Incredibly, wildly, almost ridiculously horny.

It had been months since Draco had kissed Harry in the Great Hall, thereby announcing to the world that he had made a choice and wasn't ashamed of it in the slightest, and in those months he had grown inexorably closer to Harry each day.

Things had started simply enough with long walks, pleasant conversations, some hand holding and many flustered kisses. Once Harry had become comfortable, however, things had progressed quickly.

The snogging sessions had grown longer, with as much attention paid to where each others hands were as to what their mouths were doing. Before long, snogging had become grinding, and the grinding had led to orgasms. Especially for Harry.

Draco supposed that it might have been Harry's long life without being touched with affection by others that caused it, but Harry came hard and easily, utterly without shame, with just a modest amount of pressure near his groin and some solid attention from Draco's mouth just behind his ear. More impressively, it didn't take Harry long to recover at all, and more than once, the horny git had been hard again a few minutes later.

It was flattering, if a bit disconcerting at first. He liked that Harry responded so well to him, and that knowledge made him feel a surge of pride and more than a little lust. It was Harry's quickly rising need for more that ultimately began to make him feel less confident, and more than a bit nervous.

For all practical purposes, Draco really had no experience being gay...or being straight for that matter. He would rather have choked on his own bile than confess to being sexually inexperienced, but the truth was that, having only ever snogged a couple of girls and one boy before Harry, he hadn't the faintest idea what to do, and was making it up as he went along.

He was sure that he wanted sex...and he was also sure that he only really wanted it with Harry, but some stubborn shard of Malfoy pride insisted that he know what he was doing before he went and did it. The notion of being outclassed in bed, or performing poorly, was utterly intolerable, and he had every intention of making their first night of real sex a night that would live in Harry's mind as a legend.

Unfortunately, getting said information was harder than it sounded. He'd no desire to share this problem with others, especially not Slytherins, who would laugh long and loud if they heard that Draco Malfoy was a virgin in need of advice. That left books, which he really didn't wish to be caught with. So he had stalled. That had lasted him almost five months, and time was running out.

Not they hadn't used the time in the interim quite well. Truthfully, Draco now knew a lot more than most about everything except the 'main event' itself. He knew these things because Harry knew them, and Harry had gently pulled and prodded Draco into more and more advanced acts as the year progressed. So far, Draco had no complaints.

Draco leaned back on his bed, and let his mind drift back through some of his fondest memories of the year that had been slowly passing by in a haze of pleasure.

It had been a crisp early spring night in the Astronomy Tower, but they had been more than warm enough, wrapped together on a bundle of blankets, watching the stars periodically between long rounds of snogging.

This time Harry had moved out from under Draco, just a few seconds after Harry had come hard into his own trousers, whimpering into Draco's kiss all the while.

Draco usually took much longer to finish, but had been shy about mentioning it, not wanting Harry to feel like he was insufficiently exciting. Harry had known full well that Draco didn't finish as easily and, after recovering from his own shuddering release, promptly started snogging Draco again, this time moving his hand down Draco's chest.

Draco had groaned in surprise and pleasure when that hand reached the fly of his trousers and quickly unfastened and opened them. He hadn't been ready for it, and hadn't asked for it, but Harry simply snogged him into lust-drenched submission, and pulled him off gently and well within minutes.

The sensation of another person's warm hand, wrapped delicately around his own aching erection, was more than he could last through. Then it had been his turn to tremble, thrusting instinctively into Harry's talented hand, and biting back cries of pleasure that were muffled by soft lips that never ceased working wonders.

When any thought other than the urge to come had returned to him, Draco had been shocked to realize that he'd just reached a level of intimacy with Harry that he'd never known before. Harry Potter, of all people, had been the first person, boy or girl, to ever see Draco with an erection, much less touch that erection or stroke it to orgasm as skillfully as Draco himself could have!

Equally sated, they curled up among their blankets and snuggled for a couple more hours before returning to their respective dorms once again, and Draco still cherished the memory of that heady sense of freedom that had overwhelmed him after that night. He might still have been a virgin, but at last he'd shared more of himself with someone he adored than ever before.

It was a wonderful memory, and Harry's silent swiftness to make certain of Draco's pleasure had set the pace for their future progress. After that night, they'd taken to further experimentation along the same lines, learning to wank each other off, and practicing this new skill as often as possible.

One interesting part had been comparing his own manhood to another for the first time. He'd never seen another erect, and the very next time they'd been together, Draco had timidly employed the same techniques he'd just learned, this time for Harry's benefit.

It had been intoxicating, holding Harry's stiffened cock in his hand, and learning every detail of

this most intimate part of his boyfriend's anatomy.

While Draco had the longer of the two, his was relatively straight, pale like the rest of his skin, and traced with faint blue veins. It also tapered neatly to a narrower head, and had a neat, clean slip of foreskin that peeled away easily.

Harry's was quite different. Aside from having skin that was naturally darker than Draco's, Harry's was thicker by far, even if it was a couple of inches shorter, and curved upwards very noticeably. The foreskin was slightly ragged, somewhat tighter, and pulled back automatically when Harry was hard. Most curious of all, at least to Draco, was the fact that Harry, when excited, leaked an absolutely ridiculous amount of pre-come.

The first time he'd put his hand down Harry's pants, he'd encountered so much slick moisture that he'd initially thought that Harry had already come! On the bright side, it seemed very erotic to Draco, and also made for good lubricant, making Harry very short work at the mercy of Draco's hand indeed.

Draco put his arms behind his head and stretched back comfortably. Thoughts of Harry drifted behind his closed eyes and through his mind.

In the dungeon hallways a month later, between their classes, they'd fled for the safety of an empty classroom, and made swift use of the precious time available to them.

Midway through their brief time in that fateful classroom, Harry had decided on his own to take things further than simple wanking. Though Draco had him pressed against a wall and was grinding mercilessly against Harry in the places that always brought the best results, Harry simply and suddenly dropped to his knees while laboring over Draco's fly.

A lusty-eyed glance from Harry, and a few seconds later, Draco's erect length was in Harry's mouth, and Harry's tongue was doing utterly unbelievable things to the head of Draco's cock. Draco had almost toppled over, legs shaking while he held himself against that wall for support. Only in the aftermath of that brilliant orgasm was he able to lean his head against the wall and catch his breath while he stroked Harry's perpetually mussed hair. He wasn't released from Harry's wet and inviting mouth until every drop he could muster had been eagerly drained from him.

Perhaps Harry wasn't any more skilled at such things than Draco was, but he took to it like a duck to water, and Draco, lacking much in the way of experience, loved anything that involved Harry, so it was all grand to him.

That new discovery between them had led Draco to the next, obvious step forward, which was giving the same treatment to Harry.

It hadn't been half as bad as locker room talk had suggested. He'd never imagined that, as a Malfoy, he would kneel before another, much less Harry Potter, and then grant oral favors to said person. But it was an enlightening experience to say the least.

First, he discovered that the taste and scent of Harry actually made him hungry for more. Then he found out that Harry, whose mouth had generally been busy before, was quite noisy when unoccupied. Last, it took very little work to make Harry come, which was something he was used to, but when his boyfriend did come, from this new position, it seemed like a great deal more fluid was involved than he had previously imagined. It took a fair amount of practice before he could time himself to swallow as it came, and didn't wind up gasping for air as the excess ran down his chin.

It had been thrilling to hold so much power over Harry, who wept and groaned and shivered at Draco's every caress or stroke of the tongue. It was a heady thing, knowing that he could turn his lover into a shuddering ruin so easily.

After that, wanking and such became *passé*, and in the future, they moved from snogging and groping almost directly to exchanging blowjobs, which made their brief encounters between classes oh so much more satisfying, as well as slightly shorter.

All this was good, but it brought Draco back to the situation at hand. Harry would want something more...and soon. There were signs already showing.

This past week, Harry had shown an unexplained interest in remaining on his back during their snog time, and he tended to wrap his legs around Draco's waist as well. Draco may have been a bit shy about sex in general, but he was neither stupid nor blind.

Harry was hinting, in that sweet, not at all self-conscious way of his, that he fancied a shag, and that he wouldn't mind if Draco did the shagging.

Draco was torn in two. On one hand, he felt incredibly honored, since he knew full well that Harry Potter was a virgin, and being offered something like this, from a Gryffindor, was very nearly the highest compliment that could be given to him. On the other hand, he was out of time to stall. He needed information fast, and had no idea where to get it. If he was to be Harry's first, he wanted to repay that honor by having a clue as to what the hell he was doing, and by making the event something that Harry would never forget, even if they did it a thousand times (and what a pleasant thought that was!)

Draco slipped his pajama bottoms down, savoring the knowledge that, surrounded by curtains and spells, he had complete privacy even while sharing a room with others. He could relieve the aching stiffness that thoughts of Harry always brought, and no one would be the wiser.

In his mind's eye, Draco was reliving the softness of Harry's lips, the hunger hidden in Harry's touch, and mind-shattering sensations brought by Harry's mouth. In minutes, he was spurting heavy droplets of come across his own chest and stomach, panting heavily, and wishing that Harry was here with him.

Draco couldn't pinpoint the exact moment, but at some nebulous time in their relationship, he'd begun to realize that he missed Harry when they were apart. It made him blush with shame to think that a Malfoy was dependent upon the presence of another for his happiness, but no matter how embarrassing that knowledge may have been, it was still true.

The word used to make him sneer and laugh at others who made use of it. That word was now the only one appropriate for his situation. Love. He loved Harry Potter more than he had ever loved his own family, more than he had ever valued any acquaintance, more than he had ever desired any object of his fantasies. When Harry was near, smiling or laughing, or even just holding his hand, everything was right with the world. Conversely, when Harry was absent, he had the vague sense that something important...like an arm or a leg, was missing and needed to be found as quickly as possible. What could such a thing be called, but love?

A hasty Scourgify later, Draco slipped into dreams, at peace with his lot in life, sure that somehow, he would find a way to make Harry as happy as Harry had made him.

TBC!!!

Epilogue (part 2)

Secondhand Robes: Epilogue (part 2)

'I love him. At least...I think I really do. How do I know? I'm pretty sure he loves me, too. Oh, god...I'm such a complete pillock at this stuff! How can he even stand me?! Fuck all, Harry. Get it together.'

Harry stared at his reflection in the mirror. He was still wet from his shower, and his hair was a mussed tangle that almost blocked the little vision he had without his glasses.

Once he'd dried himself and fumbled with his glasses, he blinked a bit owlishly and looked at his reflection again. The mirror was a bit fogged yet, but Harry scrutinized every detail anyway.

'I never used to care about this stuff! I feel so stupid gawking at myself in the mirror all the damn time. It's bloody ridiculous.'

Less subtle than ever, his inner voice slapped his pretense away ruthlessly. He stared because he wanted Draco to stare. How he looked from day to day mattered to him now, because it mattered to his boyfriend. As embarrassing as it was to admit, being desirable to Draco was intoxicating, and Harry took more pleasure from it than he'd ever imagined was possible.

The boy in the mirror wasn't quite tall, at least not quite as tall as Draco, but certainly couldn't have been called short. The best he could do with his thatch of almost coal black hair was to slick it back enough to keep it out of his eyes, and he already knew from experience that that wouldn't last once it dried. His chest was well defined, if a bit thin, and his skin was a few shades darker than most people's, leaving the first impression of a light, uniform tan. Harry let the towel slip away, and stepped further back.

He'd rarely been completely naked around Draco, despite all the sexual activity they'd managed to indulge in when they could get the time alone, and the image in the mirror suddenly meant more when he thought that this was how Draco would see him. Harry turned left and right, vainly attempting to figure out whether he had what constituted an attractive backside. It was just hard to do without a second mirror, and more than a bit embarrassing when he realized he was preening and posing more than any of the girls that had once annoyed him by doing those same things.

"HARRY! C'mon...give it a rest, mate! I need the bloody loo!" Ron's exasperated voice shattered Harry's quiet reflection, and he hurried to get his towel secured and grabbed his things.

Harry stepped out of the room as Ron dashed in, muttering a rather insincere apology for occupying their dorm room's toilet. Ron hurried in, still half dancing in his pajamas, fighting the rising urge to pee until he reached the toilet. Once the door was shut, Ron unleashed his bladder and shouted over his shoulder.

"Just 'cause I gave up trying to talk you out of dating the Ferret, doesn't mean you get to hog the mirror all morning like Ginny!"

"Yeah, yeah, yeah...and stop calling him that! It's Malfoy, or Draco, but nothing else. I mean it, Ron. He's hasn't given you a minute's grief since the year started, so just let it go already... please?"

Ron finished his business and stuck his head out the door with a wounded look.

“Sooorry. I mean...seriously, Harry, six months just isn’t enough to make me believe Malfoy has turned over a new leaf. You act so different around him. I feel like I don’t even know you anymore. It’s like my mate’s been replaced with someone I never met before. We never do stuff like we used to, and we miss you. Malfoy gets every spare minute you have, and we get the leftovers!”

Harry leaned back against the wall and sighed. “Maybe I am different now, or maybe no one recognizes me all of a sudden because it’s the first time I’ve been allowed to be happy for more than a couple weeks before something horrible happened. We’re still mates, Ron, but we’d be better mates if you’d stop insulting my boyfriend...and stop cringing every time I call him that!”

Ron stopped in mid-cringe. “Okay, okay. I promise I’ll lay off Malfoy, but do me one favor...tell me, why him, mate? Why did it have to be Draco Malfoy instead of someone we could all get along with?”

“Honestly? You want to know?” Ron nodded soberly. “I think...I think it’s cause he’s the only person I’ve ever known who doesn’t expect me to be anybody but who I am. He never bought into the Boy Who Lived hype, and he never judges me for not living up to it. He always listens to me when I say what I’m really thinking. That, and we understand some things about each other that no one else ever could. Ron...I’ve never been this happy, and I just wish you guys were happy for me, too. I love him, Ron.”

Ron shook his head, then looked Harry in the eyes again.

“Whew! So it’s like that is it?” Ron looked a bit pale after Harry’s confession. “What can I say, mate? If he makes you feel that way, there’s nothing else for it. I can give Malfoy a break if you promise you won’t be a stranger here, but if he hurts you in any way, Filch will be cleaning up what’s left of him for weeks!”

Harry’s heart leapt, just knowing that the tension between his best friends and himself was finally wearing away. If Ron had finally come around, Hermione would follow soon, and he could look forward to coming back to Gryffindor Tower and getting treated to something other than scowls and muttering each night.

“Thanks, Ron. You’re still my best mate, and don’t worry...I’m not getting into anything I can’t handle. I’ll be fine. I’ve gotta get dressed and go, but I can catch up with you in class.”

“You’re on. See you later.” Ron closed the bathroom door and went about his business, leaving a very cheerful Harry to get dressed for the new day.

The day passed with a certain predictability. A blur of classes and hushed conversations with classmates, smiles and glances between him and Draco, and the occasional hallway snog when they got the chance.

A hasty round of empty classroom snogging after lunch left Harry aching for more as well as needing a quick Scourgify. Even though they hadn’t time for more than a bit of grinding, Harry had reveled in the feel of close warmth, savoring the taut muscles that his hands could feel beneath Draco’s clothes.

Their encounters had been brief by necessity, and with Filch prowling the halls each night, there were real risks attached to slipping out of their dorms at night. Throw in classmates that didn’t approve and who were probably itching to turn them in for breaking curfew, and the situation was tricky at best.

Most evenings, Harry studied alongside Ron and Hermione, despite the strained silence and underlying tension that often strangled communication between them. It wasn't that he enjoyed those unpleasant hours, it was that, when he tried to study with Draco, they almost inevitably wound up mauling each other and forgetting to study at all. When both their grades slipped after their first few weeks together, they agreed, however reluctantly, to study apart from then on.

This night, Harry studied alone in the library, and not very successfully, since his mind drifted more often than not, and History of Magic was not a subject that held his attention easily.

He knew it was insipid and childish to pine for Draco despite having seen him several times that day, but that knowledge didn't lessen the restless hunger inside him in the slightest.

The Goblin Accords, which framed their modern relationship with wizards and the financial stability now enjoyed by all, were far less appealing than the thoughts and memories that scudded like clouds through his mind.

It was vaguely humiliating, being so bloody needy, but after the first time he'd come in Draco's arms, his back pressed against cool stone and his head on fire from Draco's kisses, a switch had been thrown in Harry's body, and it simply couldn't be turned off.

He'd wanked alone before, as every boy his age had, but it had been an idle pastime, indulged in only occasionally...until Draco. Now Harry was almost constantly aware of his body in a new and nearly frightening way, and the thrill of being touched, and held, and caressed lovingly made him ache for more desperately. Sometimes, when Draco couldn't meet him before curfew, wanking was all Harry could do to get himself to sleep.

Draco was so reserved, and his face rarely gave away his inner thoughts, but at least when he and Harry talked, Harry could tell when Draco was being sincere. It was different for Harry, who was used to being untouched except for blows, unloved, ignored and silent by cruel necessity. Harry's reserve melted away whenever Draco was near, and his smile and demeanor gave away the depth of his affection in a way that almost made words unnecessary.

Harry also tended to act more on impulse than Draco, whose life had very nearly depended on maintaining a disciplined and disdainful front whenever his family was near. Draco had rarely initiated anything more than snogging or a bit of grinding between them, and that had been more instinct than choice. It had been up to Harry to push things in the direction he wanted, and there were so very many things he wanted.

Harry grinned, letting his mind drift pleurably through his keenest memories of the past months. Had anyone been sharing a table near him, they would have recognized the glassy look in his eyes as that of a teenage boy in the throes of lusty daydreams.

The first time he'd come because of Draco, they'd been in one of the halls between classes, enjoying a hasty snog that was originally intended to make the time apart before supper pass a bit quicker.

Draco had been at what Harry considered his best, which meant that he'd been enthusiastic, and almost forceful, when he pushed Harry back against the wall and pressed their groins together while he worked his mouth down Harry's neck and collar. Harry whimpered when a soft love-bite suddenly turned savage, and the straining erection pressed against his own felt enormous and distinct against his hipbones.

The pleasure was just too much, more than he'd imagined, and more than he could handle. Harry let go, letting his head loll against Draco's, and let himself melt into that warm embrace. Seconds later, his erection erupted out of control, and he didn't feel any shame about the sudden and sticky

warmth that kept trickling and spurting into his pants for almost half a minute or so. He only hungered for more.

Draco had backed away a few seconds later, aware that the soft noises that Harry usually made when they snogged had suddenly turned quite different than before, and also aware that Harry's entire body had been trembling for what were rather obvious reasons, given the moisture darkened patch of cloth on Harry pants.

“Did you...just...?” Draco queried, with a look that was half surprise and half fluttering pride.

Harry just grinned and nodded sheepishly, glassy eyed and suddenly feeling boneless and slightly giddy. He leaned his head back against the wall and finally slurred out an answer.

“That was soooo good. Wanna do that again tonight? I'm free after Advanced Transfiguration...”

And that was only how it had started. With every passing week, things had gotten better, and wilder, and more frenzied.

Harry never stopped restlessly searching for new ways to broaden their repertoire. Gryffindor courage had its advantages, and as soon as Harry tired of the familiarity of one act, he experimented with another, always to Draco's benefit.

As much as Harry enjoyed being touched, he still couldn't get over the thrill of touching Draco... anywhere. Draco's skin was infinitely softer than velvet, and wonderfully warm to Harry's searching hands. He'd first made himself acquainted with every spot that Draco responded to, and then Harry took the final step.

In the Astronomy Tower, curled in a heap of blankets, he'd simply stopped thinking and just did what his fantasies had centered on for weeks. He'd opened Draco's pants without a word between them, save for Draco's kiss-drowned gasp of surprise, and then took his boyfriend's stiffened cock into his hand.

It made Harry think of silk...and fire. It was the most intimate thing he'd ever done, and when he could spare a glance between kisses, he'd glimpsed the incredible thing that stretched upward and out from his palm.

It was as beautiful as everything else about Draco, a pale and heavy wand of flesh that jutted proudly upward from a nest of blond curls, and at its tip, a single drop of moisture was shining in the moonlight. Harry's own recently spent prick, still buried in his pants, seemed flawed and ugly next to this.

Draco had groaned into Harry's mouth when Harry gently squeezed, and he quickly found an even rhythm, similar to the way he wanked himself, then let the tempo rise slowly as he worked, kissing Draco as fiercely and hungrily as he could all the while.

A minute or two later, Draco was arched and stifling a cry between gritted teeth, thrusting into Harry's hand as white drops jetted onto their clothes and rolled down Harry's wrist.

That had been the most enlightening moment of Harry's life. In those fateful minutes, he had discovered what it meant to be utterly in control of another person, as well as what it meant to have intimate knowledge of another person at the moment of their complete surrender to desire.

This was a knowledge more powerful, more narcotic and overwhelming than orgasm itself, and Harry reveled in it. The starved, unwanted boy that once languished in a cupboard alone was finally dead. Draco's gentle, gratitude laden kisses and words of praise had killed that boy, and a stronger, happier young man had risen from the ashes to take his place. Harry had a lover. And

now he finally knew it as never before.

His contentment was absolute, but that didn't mean that his ardor was easily sated. Harry wanted their intimacy to be complete, and there was only one definition for that. He'd mulled over the possibilities, and finally made peace with the notion of giving his virginity to Draco.

People had often spoken crudely of sex around him, adding connotations that were like cruel barbs, not because they meant to hurt, but because they couldn't have known better. Teenage bluster and bravado didn't leave much room for frankness and honesty. Harry had simply worked it out for himself.

Words like bugger, shag, screw and fuck made the act seem inherently wrong and dirty. Even less pleasant terms were applied to the people who preferred to be the one buggered, shagged, screwed or fucked. Punk...bitch...slut...whore...sissy...nancy...the list dragged on endlessly. But when Harry thought of what it would be like to feel Draco inside of him, to be utterly linked to his boyfriend in a fashion that could not be matched any other way, his stomach fluttered nervously, his breath caught in his throat, and he couldn't imagine anything wrong or evil about being made love to by someone he adored. However the world's view was slanted, his gut instincts told him they were all wrong.

It wasn't that he didn't like the notion of shagging Draco, but, at least for their first time, it just seemed right. Harry suspected that, given Draco's Slytherin heritage and upbringing, it would be very difficult for him to be comfortable surrendering that much control...at least until he'd seen Harry do it first.

He'd discreetly asked questions to a few carefully selected others, most notably Michael Corner of Ravenclaw, and had gotten some very honest answers from some of the other gay students of Hogwarts. The talks had been riddled with tension, but he learned what he needed to know, and all that was left now was to act on it.

He'd been slipping hints to Draco for several weeks, and at first, Draco had seemed oblivious, and completely content with their relationship as it was. When the hints had become a bit brazen and obvious...like deliberately turning around during a snog and grinding his bum against Draco's straining lap until he came...Draco began to get nervous.

Harry couldn't figure out why Draco kept shying away. Wouldn't most guys leap at the opportunity to shag their girlfriend or boyfriend? Draco was only occasionally sentimental, and chastity was not a famed Slytherin virtue...so what was holding him back?

Terrible, haunting fears tugged at Harry's insecurities as the weeks passed. If Draco didn't want to make love to him, did he really love Harry back? Was the prospect of that much intimacy more than Draco could deal with? Their relationship had started suddenly, and Harry's friends had assured him time and again that Draco Malfoy was the type to get easily bored and move on...was that happening right before his eyes while he was too love struck to notice?

Those things just couldn't be true. They couldn't. Ron and Hermione were just beginning to soften toward Draco, and it had taken months. Draco was sly, prideful and occasionally viciously sarcastic, but he'd never seemed unwilling or unhappy, if anything it was quite the opposite.

Harry looked down at the History of Magic text in front of him. Study period was almost over, and he was due back at the dorms. He hadn't finished his essay, and he didn't even have a lusty interlude to remember in its stead. This just sucked!

He'd sworn never to Legilimize another person again, unless lives were on the line, but he'd have given his eyeteeth to know what was going on in Draco's head. Harry made up his mind...if

Draco didn't come around soon, or at least explain his feelings, Harry would set a date and force a conversation out of him if need be. The other option was letting himself slowly go crazy with worry, and that possibility didn't even bear exploring. Draco would come around...he had to. Didn't he?

TBC

Epilogue (part 3)

Secondhand Robes: Epilogue (part 3) by Samayel

Draco had made up his mind. Time had run too short, Harry was showing the faint signs of panicky desperation, and a plan of action was needed...immediately!

He'd been rebuffed in his attempts to gain access to the restricted section of the library, as Madam Pince was a more thorough guardian to Hogwarts' books than ever Cerberus had guarded the Gates of Hell. It was a humiliating failure, given that his charms had rarely failed him, but that reality had to be dealt with and moved on from.

Harry had invited Draco to the Room of Requirement. On Saturday. One week ago. There were only two days left. He'd put Harry off for long enough, and it pained him just to do that.

This didn't mean that there hadn't been sex. It just meant that he hadn't surrendered to Harry's desire for full on, loss of virginity, real, adult relationship sex.

Oh, but he had wanted to! Harry had been pulling out all the stops, and tempted Draco at every turn with those thoroughly wicked green eyes that shone brightly with determined hunger every time they crossed paths.

Draco had almost broken down and given in more than once this past week. Every fiber of his being ached to unite with Harry in a final and irrevocable way that would bind them as lovers. Only his implacable pride had sustained him. Harry would have a first night with Draco that would linger in his memory for the rest of his life, and that was all there was to it.

Draco hated saying sentimental things. Call it Slytherin cynicism, but he never felt comfortable using words when actions could speak for him. Harry deserved something that would prove he was loved. Something that words couldn't display.

It was nerve wracking to admit how common his feelings really were, but Draco knew that he was in love. Desperately, deeply, spectacularly in love. Harry deserved the best a Malfoy could give. Nothing less would do, and so, Draco suffered for his cause in silence.

He couldn't dodge the invitation. It would have hurt Harry terribly, and caused no end of damage to the growing trust between them. That consent to meet Saturday night had made Harry giddy... and pleasantly horny, but it had narrowed Draco's options enormously. Now he had to act, or come Saturday, he would face Harry's need alone and unprepared, and some pathetic night of teenage fumbling would forever mar Harry's first night with Draco as a lover. Any fate would be better than that.

He needed advice...or access to knowledge. Who could provide that safely? Advice required friends. Draco's 'friends' were like hyenas, waiting for the chance to move in on easy prey. So advice was out of the question. Access to knowledge, however, held possibilities.

The notion of asking Snape for a special writ permitting him into the restricted section was feasible, but a bit nerve wracking. Severus Snape was bloody brilliant, and facing his scorn when he learned that Draco's goal was 'How to shag Harry Potter into a complete stupor in one easy lesson' would be unbearable.

Draco mulled through his mental list of people who had full library access. Dumbledore? Oh,

Merlin no! The man was only slightly younger than God, and possessed an insight that was bloody frightening at the best of times. Admitting that he needed sex tips to guarantee that the Boy Who Lived had a memorable first time was out of the question!

Granger? Hmm. She had possibilities. She still seemed intent on carrying a grudge in that insufferable Gryffindor way of hers, but she'd do anything for Harry. There was hope there, and the possibility of bridging the huge divide between Harry's friends and himself. The thought bore further looking into.

It would take just the right approach, and thanks to Harry, Draco had some experience dealing with Gryffindor sensibilities. There was a lot to be gained, little to be risked except rejection and the chance to make Harry happy in more ways than one. If she didn't agree to get Draco the books he wanted, at least he could count on Gryffindor honor to keep her silence. This had all the markings of a win win situation.

Draco penned a hasty note and grabbed his cloak. Time was of the essence. He would see that Granger got his request for a meeting before the night was through, and let the chips fall where they may!

'Granger, meet me in the library at six. It's about Harry, and it's important. If you really care about him, you'll be there. Please, DM

The note had been sent, and Draco languished in tense contemplation in the library. It was almost six. Classes had been over for almost two hours, and if Granger was coming at all, she'd have to come soon. If she was too stubborn to even come, a trip to Snape's offices might be necessary, and that was a horrifying notion that Draco would rather not face.

The heavy doors of the library creaked, and Granger slid through them with a look of exasperated irritation on her face. Great. He knew it would be a tough sell, but he'd hoped that she would be in a slightly better mood than this.

She walked directly to Draco's table and sat down across from him. Given that there were very few students in the library, this was acceptable, but it was a bit disconcerting to say the least. Gryffindor directness was still unnerving for Draco, and it seemed unlikely that he would ever be completely comfortable with their blunt and honest ways.

"So...what is it that's so important for Harry that I should see you alone? And don't waste my time, it had better be good or I'm out of here. I'd sooner kiss a basilisk than trust you!" Her tone was waspish, and her eyes were cold and flinty.

Draco took a deep breath and sighed. He'd rehearsed this all afternoon in his mind.

"I'm sorry."

Granger's composure collapsed.

"W-what...did you say?"

"I said...I'm sorry."

Her face played through a whirlwind of emotions. Draco maintained the same quiet, straightforward demeanor that had gotten him this far with her. Eventually, Hermione recovered

from complete speechlessness.

“What...exactly, are you sorry for?” There was a hint of acid suspicion in her voice, but there was genuine curiosity there as well.

“I’m sorry for the things I said and did that hurt you. If I could take them away, I would. I can’t. All I can do is tell you that it won’t happen again. I hope that’s enough.”

Granger had the stunned look of a pole-axed steer, and that was reward enough.

”I’m not saying that your apology is unaccepted...but...why now? Why here?”

“Harry misses his friends. I don’t want to be the reason he’s without them. I need your help, and you need to learn that I won’t do anything that would hurt Harry. The reason I’m here has to do with all of those things.”

Granger’s slack jawed surprise shifted to hard eyed cynicism.

“You want something...so now you want to play nice. I knew you were up to something. When Harry finds...”

“Stop right there! Everything I’ve said has been true! Don’t walk away until you’ve at least given me the chance to ask for the help I want. You can decide whether you want to help or not after I ask, but don’t you dare write me off that quick! If this wasn’t for Harry, I wouldn’t be here talking to you now. Okay?”

Granger settled into her seat, flushing a bit and obviously biting her tongue.

“Okay. I’ll bite. Tell me what you want, and we’ll see. This better be for Harry.”

Draco smiled. He hoped it was a disarming smile. Granger needed all the extras if this was going to work.

“Let me preface this a little, but bear with me, the point is coming. I trust you. Don’t say anything yet, I’m still working my way to the point, so lets not get off track. You may not trust me, but I trust you. At least when it comes to Harry.

You care about him...a lot. I know that we haven’t gotten along, and I know we can’t fix that in one little chat. This is just one little step towards giving my boyfriend his friends back, and if I can accomplish a second goal at the same time, where’s the harm? Especially if this all benefits Harry.

I want to do something special for Harry. To do this, I’ll need help that only you can give. I’m asking now because I need this help as soon as possible, and because I know you still care about him. If that weren’t true, you wouldn’t still be pissed about him seeing me.

The question is this: If you knew that Harry would be very happy, and not in any danger, and you knew that, after the fact, he’d be grateful for your helping me, and all you had to do was assist me in acquiring a few books and then keep silent for a few days...would you do it?” The ball was in Granger’s court. Draco fought the urge to hold his breath while she processed this information.

“More.” Her eyes narrowed, but Draco could tell that wheels were turning in her mind as they spoke. “I need more than that. What books, and what are they for? I won’t be party to anything that violates school rules, especially for restricted spell books.”

“Not those kind of books, Hermione. I don’t need Dark magic. I could go home if I wanted those. It’s...well...it’s complicated.” She was going to make him tell it all. How utterly humiliating! He

could feel his cheeks pinking...a blushing Malfoy...how pathetic.

“Then make it less complicated. Either I know what I’m getting into, or nothing doing. Spill! And it’s Granger. Not Hermione, not to you.”

Draco cast his eyes downward. Looking at her directly was impossible for this. He kept his voice to a conspiratorial whisper that wouldn’t carry more than a foot or two.

“Saturday night. Harry wants it to be our...our...Merlin, I can’t believe I’m saying this to you. Our first time. I want you to get me books that will help me...you know...make it perfect. Harry deserves that, doesn’t he?”

The look on Hermione Granger’s face was priceless. Gobsnacked didn’t even start to cover it.

“You...you want me...to help you get books...about sex...so you can...?”

“Yes. In a nutshell.”

“You mean you haven’t actually...?”

“No. Don’t make me belabor the obvious. It’s rude and unnecessary. I want Harry to have the best night of his life. If that means asking for help from you, I’ll do that, too. Are you getting the picture? There’s only one person I’d go through this much trouble for, and it’s Harry. Will you help?”

“Why? I mean...why all the extra ‘trouble’? I want to hear it.” Her eyes were boring into him, hot and unrelenting.

‘Bitch! She’s going to make me say it!’ Draco took a deep breath and exhaled slowly.

“I love him. I want him to remember this forever. Nothing else is good enough for him. I’ll do anything to make him happy, even telling you things are that only his business and mine.” Draco’s eyes were faintly wet when he looked up, and they held an accusing anger that was aimed at the person who had just forced him to share more than he had wanted to.

Granger’s eyes softened suddenly, and a mixture of guilt and embarrassment flickered across her features.

“I’ll do it. Tell me exactly what you want and I’ll get them. I...I believe you. Never thought I’d say that, but I do.” Her voice was as much a whisper as Draco’s had been, and there was just a touch of awe in it.

‘Yes!’ “I don’t even know what books to ask for, I didn’t worry about these things until after Harry was in the picture. I just need books that are explicit about what I should do to please a lover. If you find them, I’ll read them and have them back before the weekend is over. You have my word on it.”

“Okay. You’ll have them by tonight. I have access to the restricted section until a quarter to curfew. I can have them waiting in the old Prefect’s suite left of the main stairway on the third floor by nine o’clock. Is that good?” Relief flooded through Draco’s being.

“That’s perfect! Thank you! I mean that, Granger. Right now, you’re my hero, and if you give me a chance, you won’t regret it. It doesn’t have to be like it was last year, and I really want Harry to have his friends back. You’ll see. I promise.”

Granger stood up, still looking shaken from the evening’s revelations. She looked pensive and

restless, then spoke calmly.

“Draco. He loves you, too. At least he says he does. I suppose I believe it now. You ought to know...no matter what happens, Harry will remember everything as special just because it was with you. You don't have to do all that.”

“I don't HAVE to do anything, Granger, but I want to just the same. I'd do this for him...and a lot more if I had to, trust me on that one.”

“Oddly enough, I do.” Granger smiled and started toward the desk of Madam Pince. She paused a second and looked over her shoulder. “And Draco...you can call me Hermione.”

Less than two hours later, Draco Malfoy was laden down with books and headed for the privacy of his room. He'd bundled them the best he could, but it was obvious that he was up to something. Slytherin stared as one at the overloaded master of the Malfoy estate, as he quickly walked to his room and locked the door behind him. It was study time!

Some of the things Draco read were of no use whatsoever, and others were fairly obvious things by anyone's standards, but there were also things that made his palms damp, made his breath catch in his throat, and made his eyes bulge until they ached. Obviously the wizards who wrote some of this had had a lot of time on their hands!

Draco read, and Draco learned. Long into the night, and right through breakfast, he stayed at his task, buried in musty tomes that covered every minute detail about intercourse between men. It was as much a lesson in anatomy as a lesson in style. The gland known as the prostate made frequent appearances, and though Draco had never heard of it before, it featured prominently in his plans for Saturday night.

Friday's classes swept by in a sleepy haze, and Draco returned to his studies, his only significant memory of the day the time he spent with Harry during and after lunch. By silent agreement, there'd been no sex between them, since they were content to snog and wait until the next night, when curfew would be lax and the Room of Requirement would be theirs.

Draco drifted to sleep early that night, his mind awl with an ocean of new insights. For all that he'd been absorbed in reading this past day and a half, his sleep was only interrupted by the gentlest of dreams. Green eyes, lambent with desire, and lean limbs, dark against his own, holding him close in a way that was infinitely more innocent and magical than the acts described in the books scattered about his room.

TBC

Epilogue (part 4)

Secondhand Robes: Epilogue (part 4) by Samayel

Draco walked through Hogwarts' halls with a weirdly serene confidence. His final destination was the Room Of Requirement on the seventh floor, and Harry would likely be waiting for him, even though he meant to be just a little early.

Draco had just undergone a rather hasty education in all things gay and sexual, and even if he was inexperienced, he still knew enough to make Harry's mind reel. Two days were barely enough to cover even half the material that Granger had supplied him with, but his head was still buzzing with new concepts and yet untested possibilities.

'If he thinks he loves me now...wait 'til tonight is over. This time...I'm the one who'll know what he's doing! About bloody time, too!'

Beneath that rather crass sentiment was a glaring truth that Draco only rarely acknowledged. He wanted Harry's love more than anything he could have imagined and, coming from a world where fidelity and loyalty were unheard of concepts, Draco felt a terrible uncertainty at the core of his being.

He was in too far. He'd loved his parents, and they had hurt him and ultimately left him, albeit unwillingly, to starve without any plans for his welfare. His so-called friends in Slytherin were little more than vultures waiting for a sign of weakness before they struck. He'd been more open with Harry than he had with anyone...ever...and that gave Harry a power that no other possessed. The power to hurt Draco more cruelly than any parent, rival or classmate ever had. It was more terrifying than starvation or poverty had ever been.

When Harry had started pushing their relationship into more serious, adult territory, Draco had balked a little, not so much frightened by the sex, as by the implied intimacy that came with it. He'd coped well enough, given that Harry was incredibly sweet, patient and thoughtful, but that nagging fear had never left him. If Harry left him, it would be infinitely worse than suffering a Crucio. It would be a living hell.

It was hard sometimes to believe that he had any business having a boyfriend as good as Harry... or as sexy for that matter. Where Draco was cool and austere on the surface, Harry seemed to wear his heart on his sleeve. Where Draco was reserved with his emotions and plotted long and convoluted revenge upon his enemies, Harry simply went for the heart every time, wand or fists blazing. It seemed unimaginable that any two people so different could remain together. That was the crux of Draco's fear. Harry had his heart. If Harry ever turned on him, in anger or frustration, Draco would be utterly destroyed.

Tonight, Draco had a single purpose. Tonight he would cross a threshold with Harry that seemed common to some, but remained significant to Draco. Tonight they would come as close to each other as two human beings could ever be, and nothing would be the same afterwards. His goal was simple: his body would a living message to Harry, with every moment between them a wordless statement of Draco's absolute devotion to Harry. No awkward fumbling, and no amateurish experimenting. Even if he didn't have any practical experience beyond what they'd done together this year, he would still make this night dominate Harry's memory forever.

'If he just knew how much I love him...how badly I need him...maybe...maybe he'll never

leave.'

And there was the hall. Unmarked, completely hidden, waiting for Draco's thoughts to shape the doorway to his need. Draco paced while focusing his mind on what he required of the room, in this case, entrance to whatever room Harry had crafted for them, and then there was a door.

With a deep breath and a fluttering sense of trepidation, Draco entered the room and closed the door behind him. Harry had been waiting for him, on a large and comfortable looking day bed, naked, save for the thin white sheet that was draped elegantly across his waist, hiding his private parts and contrasting wonderfully with his slightly dark skin.

The room was bathed in a soft radiance that seemed to come from everywhere and nowhere in particular, and the details around the walls were hazy, as if wrapped in gauze. The furnishings were simple and elegant, and at the center of the room was Harry, reclining on his side, propped up by a few pillows, with his glasses already off, and his green eyes shining in Draco's direction. Harry's smile could have melted stone. Small wonder it had melted Draco's reserve so easily.

"I was afraid you wouldn't come. I should have known better." Harry's smile held a rueful poignancy. His tone was light and relieved.

Draco hung his head a moment. "I know it seemed like I wasn't ready for this, but that's over, love. I told you I'd come, and I wouldn't break a promise to you. Not now, not ever."

Harry looked abashed. "I didn't mean it like that. I just...I don't want you to feel like you have to do something you don't want to."

"No worries, love. I want this, too. I missed you this last couple of days, and I wouldn't have missed this for the world. I had a few things I needed to work out for myself, and I took care of them. I'm glad I'm here, and I like what you've done with the place...no distractions from the main attraction." Draco smirked, while Harry blushed cheerfully.

"I'd really like it if you climbed in here with me for a bit. I could do with a cuddle before anything...well...anything else. And I wanted to talk some. I know...any excuse to get you naked." Harry chuckled and patted the empty space on the bed in front of him.

Draco began peeling away clothes, not hastily, but with a quiet and implied sense of comfort that was artfully feigned. His heart was actually pounding, but he didn't want Harry to feel slighted or nervous. Confidence...where was that damn confidence he'd had a few minutes ago?!

When the last of his clothes were finally laid aside in a neat pile, Draco slid beneath the sheet, aware of the heat of Harry's gaze upon him. Once he was comfortable on the surprisingly firm bed, Harry kissed him just once on the mouth then turned his back on Draco and curled into Draco's arms, pressing the two of them close together like spoons in a drawer.

Draco wasn't sure what to say, and held Harry to him loosely, enjoying the sudden realization that he'd never had the leisure of laying naked, side by side in a proper bed, with Harry before. Harry's skin was wonderfully soft, and warm, and the sensation of his body against Harry's was indescribably pleasant and comfortable.

"Draco?"

"Yeah?"

"There are too many things we don't say. Tonight, I want to say them." Draco tensed ever so slightly at the serious tone in Harry's voice. He waited for Harry to continue, his own breath caught in his throat.

“Draco...you know I love you, don't you? You know I wouldn't be here...for this...with anyone else, don't you?” Draco had no choice but to answer. Harry's calm tone belied a hidden fear of Harry's own...and Draco was better at reading people than he ever let on. He kissed the back of Harry's neck, then sighed expansively.

“I know, Harry. I...I know it, but...sometimes I...sometimes I just get, you know, spooked. It's just too much sometimes. More than I can believe in, or at least more than I thought I could believe in. I just...it's...it's hard to say it. Harry...I...I love you.” Any attempt at salvaging his dignity was lost when his voice cracked. How could anything so seemingly common be so painful to say aloud? Harry's back stiffened in surprise and a hand slid back to find Draco's with a gentle squeeze. Draco bit back the tears that were threatening to scald his face. This wasn't anything like what he'd planned!

“I wish the world wasn't like this. I wish it wasn't the kind of place that made that so hard for you to say. I just wanted to hear that. Tonight.” Harry turned around and leaned close. Draco gave a wan smile and sighed with resignation. No one else made him feel this...this exquisite torture.

“You know you could destroy me, don't you?” Draco's question was little more than a hoarse whisper.

Harry's breath gusted softly against the shell of Draco's ear. “Yeah, but it would be like destroying myself. I'd do anything for you, Draco. Please don't ever think I would hurt you. I love you.” Harry's lips slid across Draco's neck and down to the pit of his throat.

Draco gasped lightly. His libido was slowly overwhelming his conscious mind and flickering to life. All his fears, his petty neuroses, his dreadful, middle of the night worries swirled away, and the crushing reality of Harry's lips and tongue tracing their way down his chest took over. Harry was still holding his hand, and he slid his fingers into the beautiful mess of his lover's hair, twining dark locks between his fingers while he gasped for breath. Gods, but Harry knew how to use that tongue!

Harry teased and taunted, letting his mouth attend every part of Draco except the one that achingly demanded attention, straining upward and tenting the sheet that now covered them less and less. Draco could have sworn that the light in the room had grown dimmer, and then his mind became void of thought when Harry lapped his way to the weeping tip of Draco's cock.

The past few months had taught Harry well, but Draco couldn't recall an occasion that Harry had ever shown so much restraint. This was NOT the hasty rush to satisfaction that had marked their earlier experiences. It was all he could do not to scream with frustration, until Harry finally slipped his mouth over the head of Draco's swollen and needful member, and let a gentle, lapping suction carry away Draco's tension.

Draco surrendered utterly to Harry's ministrations, letting time and mind slip away, until a growing sense of urgency began to draw him back to the here and now. It took more will than he thought he possessed to do it, but he pulled Harry up by the shoulders and rolled the two of them to their right, pinning Harry beneath him.

The wicked smirk on Harry's face made the effort entirely worthwhile. Draco turned his attention to Harry's neck and throat, trying very hard not let the sensation of his spit-slicked and aching organ against Harry's miracle soft skin distract him from his ultimate goal.

Harry melted on cue. He always did. The green eyed git was such a sucker for attention to his neck, especially just beneath his left ear. Harry was often the more forward of the two at first, but once things reached a certain feverish pitch, and Draco was sufficiently wound up, Harry almost

always relaxed utterly, taking his pleasure from Draco's rising need. It was a curious trait, but one that now gave Draco the freedom to bring his original plans back on line.

The studies he'd undertaken had not been in vain. Draco paused in his journey down Harry's body, and lavished attention upon Harry's nipples, which had never been part of their repertoire... until now. Harry began to make noises that implied both delirious confusion and pleasure at the same time, and Draco's ego soared. His fingertips and teeth and tongue worked in unison, and Harry responded, helplessly in thrall to Draco's manipulations. If Harry had been a musical instrument, Draco was now his virtuoso.

Draco was also careful not to allow too much friction against the stiff curve of Harry's leaking cock. Knowing full well how easily Harry could reach orgasm, he denied his boyfriend the chance to come before a time of Draco's own choosing.

When his mouth finally reached the inside of Harry's thighs, it became necessary to hold Harry's hands still, as Harry started to tremble and shudder, reaching for relief and finding Draco's hands stopping him at every turn. Draco paused while Harry groaned in frustration.

"Easy, love." He whispered. "We've only just started. I've got all night yet to go." Harry's frustrated whimper was just sublime.

Harry had showered just before coming to the room. Draco could tell by the faint scent of cheap soap that hovered at the edge of his senses despite the more intoxicating aromas of musky sweat and pre-come that filled his every breath. His tongue mapped every curve and crevice of Harry's groin, leaving only the pulsing erection alone, forcing Harry to flex and strain with unfulfilled desire.

Harry cried out loudly when Draco gently nipped at the flesh just below Harry's balls, and Draco suddenly realized that there was no need for silence on Harry's part. At last they were in a place where they could not be overheard or interrupted. No pleasure would be denied them here. How fitting.

With that comforting thought, Draco swirled his tongue lower and lower, toward an act he'd only read of the night before, but was sure that Harry would never forget. Before he even reached his ultimate destination, Harry began to gasp aloud at every tongue stroke.

"Wh-what the...D-d-raco...what are you...? Ahh! God! What...?" Harry was nearing complete incoherence when Draco paused to answer.

"Trust me, Harry. You'll like this. Just let go and enjoy. Don't hold back." Then he pushed Harry's legs up and back, and went back to work.

If it hadn't been for the depth of Harry's voice, the noises would have been similar to the ones made by girls he'd heard from a distance. Draco may have been a virgin, but he was neither deaf nor blind to what had been going on all around him since his fourth year at Hogwarts. In fact, he'd once stumbled upon Millicent Bullstrode in the more-than-friendly embrace of a seventh year Ravenclaw, and the pitch of her voice had been remarkably akin to Harry's. Thank goodness he was in a situation that guaranteed his excitement, or that mental comparison might well have spoiled the mood!

His tongue slithered across the whorled pink surface before him, and any faint shred of self control that Harry possessed evaporated on the spot. Within minutes, Draco had reduced his lover to tears and begging, none of it coherent, none of it answered. Harry's cries were met with a solemn resolve to keep at the task, and when Draco finally chose to relent, it was only because his tongue was thoroughly exhausted.

Harry's backside was liberally drenched in saliva, and Draco was keenly aware of his own burgeoning need for relief. He almost couldn't believe what he'd just done, except that, as soon as he'd stopped, Harry had collapsed into a boneless and gasping heap, muttering praise beneath desperate breaths. When Harry finally opened his eyes, Draco was making use of his wand with a discreet *Lubricus*.

Harry couldn't have imagined anything like what was happening. Draco had never been particularly aggressive, at least not when faced with new territory. Harry had been pleasantly surprised and excited by the change in demeanor, until Draco's head had slid between his thighs.

Nothing had prepared Harry for that sensation! Every move that Draco's tongue made sent shivers down Harry's spine. He'd almost bitten his own tongue to the point of bleeding while trying to remain reasonably still for his lover. It was just bloody amazing.

He'd been 'ready' for this night before, and had thought that there was no way he could possibly be more eager to feel Draco inside of him...and then his world had exploded into an inchoate mass of dizzying, blood pumping excitement and spiraling need.

The look on Harry's face was one of mingled awe, exhaustion, and urgent, all-encompassing need. He knew with perfect certainty that, if Draco didn't get inside him tonight, and soon, he would fucking well just die! Nothing could have brought more immediate joy than opening his eyes and seeing Draco kneeling in front of him, carefully spelling lubricant into the right places.

It was a very strange sensation, suddenly feeling thoroughly slick down there from nothing more than a muttered word, and he wasn't even sure where the hell Draco had learned that spell from. He'd learned about it from friends, and he'd expected to have to cast it himself, while guiding a nervous Slytherin through the whole process. Obviously, Draco didn't need any feedback from Harry other than assent...and that was just damned sexy in and of itself!

Draco was on his knees, looking down at Harry in the hazy, enchanted light, with an expression that perfectly mingled desperate hunger and awestruck love. At the moment, flustered and gasping for breath before Draco, Harry felt truly beautiful for the first time.

'He's so bloody gorgeous. I make him feel like this...he wants me sooo much...and I made him feel that way. ME! He doesn't see a fucking freak under a cupboard! He loves ME!'

Draco leaned in for a kiss, and Harry acquiesced hungrily. When their lips parted, Draco whispered into the shell of Harry's ear.

"Are you ready for this, love? We could wait if you want?"

Harry smiled in response and slipped a hand between Draco's thighs, enjoying the way Draco closed his eyes and swayed a little when Harry's warm hand closed around his slick erection and gently pulled him closer.

"This was worth the wait. I...I trust you, Dray, and...I still want this...now." Harry leaned back and brought his legs slightly up, then watched Draco move into position while his own heart fluttered in his chest.

His ankles were resting comfortably on Draco's shoulders, and Draco's free hand felt strangely sensual on his right hip. The other was clearly guiding Draco's cock into place, and the first soft

nudge against his entrance made his breath catch audibly.

Draco paused only a second before starting a rather weird motion. It seemed like he was just constantly rubbing the head of his erection against Harry, poking gently at it and moving away, then pressing only a little harder the next time. The sensation was torturous, and Harry felt himself almost involuntarily pushing out and back for more, inviting something...anything more than this.

He hadn't the slightest idea where Draco might have learned to do something like this, but at the moment he really didn't care. Frantic need was overtaking everything else, and all he wanted was to feel more and more of his lover inside of him.

He'd imagined that it would hurt...at least a little. That's what others had told him, and he had just accepted that brief discomfort would be the price for eventual pleasure. This was anything but pain! It was a different kind of torture, a constant flirting with entry that inspired a hunger in him he hadn't realized was possible. Draco was smiling while he worked carefully, concentrating on his task, and Harry was suddenly aware that at least the head of Draco's cock was inside his body...and it hadn't hurt at all!

Truth be told...all he felt was a strange and intoxicating fullness and a rather pleasurable sensation similar to the way his own finger had felt in the shower. Harry had been 'experimenting', albeit very gently, over the past few weeks, hoping that when this event finally took place, he wouldn't suffer any pain or discomfort that wasn't absolutely necessary. Between those slight preparations, the Lubricus spell, and Draco's skillful manipulations, this was going infinitely better than he could have imagined.

Harry lost a bit of patience, and pushed himself open, sliding imperceptibly forward just as Draco pushed in...and the result was a delicious feeling of thickness and heat moving through him, and the guttural moan that passed his lips wasn't lost on Draco.

Harry squirmed and whimpered in frustration while Draco pressed ever so gently further and then slid back, over and over again. His eyes were closed and his skin felt too tight to be his own. Uncounted minutes passed and Harry's eyes flew open in surprise when he felt Draco's groin pressed firmly against his bum.

The sudden realization that Draco's entire length was currently inside his own body was mind boggling. It had fit like a key meant for just this one lock. Draco's stillness gave Harry a chance to wriggle a bit, and shift himself about, experimenting with the feel of Draco's taut and aching flesh inside him. Then Draco started to move, and Harry's world slid into chaos again.

Draco's pace was slow and determined, and he was entirely comfortable with that. He'd teased Harry into a state of excitement that had made entry easier, and the techniques he'd read so painstakingly over the last two days were working to good effect. His ego was rapidly reaching new heights, and his confidence rose with it.

There was one more trump card he hadn't played yet. It just required a bit of gentle searching. Harry seemed agitated, but pleased, with Draco's gentle thrusts, and Draco's only immediate concern was fighting off the overwhelming urge to come. Harry's body was lithe and tawny and beautiful in front of him, and trickling pre-come had spotted Harry's stomach and pooled in his belly button. Draco shifted the direction of his thrusts cautiously, and Harry was too enraptured to notice. There was something Draco was searching for, and he'd know when he found it.

Harry's eyes widened comically, and his back arched sharply while he barked out a sharp and wordless cry of surprise. Draco smirked and raised an eyebrow, then thrust for that newfound spot again, eliciting the same response from Harry as before. Now he knew exactly what to do, and exactly where to do it. Draco picked up his pace, gripped Harry's ankles tightly to keep them steady, and went to task like never before.

Firm and steady, Draco applied pressure to that wondrous spot inside Harry with every stroke, and in less than a minute Harry was coming noisily and hard, his cock straining while muscles tightened around Draco with every spurt. Draco's control faltered, and he reluctantly gave himself over to orgasm, while the magnificent tightness of Harry's arse clutched at him as he came. Harry was a lot louder when he came this way than ever before, and Draco's ears were almost ringing from some of those final cries.

Harry was a shuddering, shaking mess, panting for breath and staring at Draco with glazed eyes. Draco didn't withdraw from Harry's body, and leaned down, still connected at the hips, sunk deeply in Harry's quivering body, and kissed his lover deeply between gasping breaths.

Harry regained the power of speech just long enough to look Draco in the eyes with wild gratitude and naked lust, and almost snarled, "S brill- brilliant. Again! Do it again."

Draco lifted an eyebrow in amazement and smiled. Harry's arms slipped around him and yanked him close, pulling Draco into a savage kiss. Harry slipped his mouth away from Draco's and worked his way down to the pit of his lover's throat, then bit down...hard, enough to make Draco wince and groan, and just enough to make his blood rush and pump.

Draco pinned Harry's knees to his chest and started thrusting slowly again. Always he aimed for the spot he now knew drove Harry crazy with pleasure, and though Harry's cock had softened, it twitched to life slowly while Harry moaned and thrashed with desire.

Fingernails burned hot trails of fire down Draco's back, and Harry's eyes were green beacons in the dim light, guiding the ship of Draco's soul safely home in dangerous waters. Harry obviously wanted Draco to let go and be as wild as he wanted, else he wouldn't have savaged Draco so, nor would he have so vocally demanded more. Draco took up the challenge.

His way was made all the easier by the come he'd so recently spent, and the Lubricus had been more than sufficient. Draco pumped hard and swift into Harry, who no longer seemed to care about the perfect spot and only wanted as much as Draco could give as savagely as possible.

Arching his back yet again, and groaning loudly, Harry reached up and twined his fingers through Draco's hair while his other hand scratched its way down Draco's chest. The pain was exquisite, and drove Draco to new heights.

Draco paused suddenly, pulled out of Harry with a soft wet pop that seemed all the louder for the sudden silence. Harry looked stricken and desperate, but before he could question what Draco had just done, Draco artfully manipulated Harry's legs and flipped him onto his stomach, only to enter him quickly again, and resume his earlier pace as if it had never been interrupted.

Harry's backside was a work of art, and the only thing that prevented Draco from coming almost immediately was his recent orgasm. Draco positioned himself over Harry and used his slight advantage in height to best effect, letting his lips and teeth work their will on Harry's neck and shoulder.

With every stroke into Harry, Draco used his own cock like a lever, bringing pressure down against Harry's prostate and listening hungrily to the gasps Harry made as he clawed the sheets. It wasn't long before Harry went over the top again. Being pounded through the mattress was

simply more than his normally sensitive body could take.

Harry's entire body tensed and shook. Draco twined his fingers into one of Harry's hands and found his own hand trapped in a frenzied grip. The sudden clenching around his own buried cock, combined with Harry's pillow-muffled cries, pushed Draco to the end of his tether, and with a few last, unrelenting thrusts, he came to orgasm again, and promptly collapsed onto Harry's back.

It was a heavenly exhaustion, and Draco hesitantly slipped sideways as he caught his breath, sliding slowly out of Harry and pulling Harry's limp and pliant body against him in a fevered embrace. He kissed the smooth, tanned shoulders he'd so recently bitten and bruised with fierceness. Harry could only sigh contentedly and lay back against Draco.

Draco had hoped for a conversation that flattered him, but it didn't seem to be forthcoming. Harry was almost completely out of it, smiling giddily and just holding Draco's arm around him. It was a little disconcerting, but after almost a quarter hour, Harry finally got a grip on himself and spoke hoarsely.

"Draco."

"Yes, love?"

"Who else have you been fucking?"

"Only you, Harry! You didn't know that? You were bloody fantastic!"

"No, I mean before me. Who...who did you do this with before me?"

"No one, Harry, I swear."

"Not possible. That was the most fucking incredible set of orgasms I've ever had...ever. Take all the ones you've ever had any other way, roll them into one, and have them at the same time...twice. Then you're getting close. You really mean that you did that to me on your first try?"

Draco blushed. "Well, yeah. I wanted this to be perfect for you. No compromises. So I...I uh...I studied." The last word was almost a garbled whisper.

"You what?"

"Books. I studied books. Hermione helped me get them."

"Wait wait wait! Let me get this right. Do you mean...to tell me...that you got Hermione...to bring you books...to learn how to have sex...with me?" Harry was the picture of incredulity.

"Yeah. That's it in a nutshell. It was worth all the effort, too. I hope you mention to Hermione that you were happy with the results, or she might hex off something of mine that you might want later. It was a real piece of work getting her help on this."

Harry was silent for a minute. "I was fantastic?"

"Bloody incredible! If I'd known it would be like this...I'd have shagged you right there in the great hall when we kissed! I'm just sorry I made you wait so long for me to get it together."

"Mmmm. Draco?"

"Yeah?"

"Could...could you maybe...spell away the...the mess."

Draco grabbed his wand and quickly spelled Harry front and back, as well as the sheets and his own groin. He turned to Harry again.

“Do you need a Healing Charm? Just a mild one, if you like?”

Harry looked mortified. “Are you crazy? I forbid you to take this feeling away from me. I wish this would last forever. My knees are weak, the entire lower half of my body is tingling, and I feel more completely alive than I ever have before today. I want to feel this...feel you...as long as possible. If that means a little soreness...then so bloody what?”

Draco couldn't help but smile. It may have been an off the cuff comment from his currently sated boyfriend, but it made Draco's heart sing. Harry was exhausted...and delirious, and most of all happy. This was everything he'd hoped for, and everything he'd wanted to give his lover. Only one question remained, nagging at the back of his mind.

Draco curled a little closer, holding Harry just a little more tightly to him. “Harry?”

Harry was entirely comfortable in Draco's snug embrace, and meant to stay in for a good long while. “Mmm?”

“Not to sound crude...but,” Draco hesitated, unsure of how to frame his question.

“You can say anything to me, Dray...what is it?” The muscles in Harry's back tensed ever so slightly with concern.

“You really, really liked getting...well...shagged, right? You said it was the most incredible thing you ever felt...right?”

“I wasn't just flattering you...this was the best thing I've ever felt, nothing else even came close. I'm sooo not kidding you! What are you...”

Draco cut him off before any more misconceptions took root. “Would you...for me...oh, bugger all! This is coming out all wrong. Harry, would you be my first? I can't know what it was like from your side until I've tried it, but I know if it's with you, then it just can't be bad. Would you?”

Harry's grin could have put the Cheshire cat to shame. “We've got tomorrow off, but I'm not sure I feel like letting you out of this room, or this bed, just yet. Tell you what, as soon as this weekend is over, it's my turn to score those books off 'Mione...then we'll see what kind of damage we can do to each other with a little training up. Besides, I'm feeling a bit selfish at the moment...also...a bit horny again.”

Harry's hand pulled Draco's own down to Harry's already stiffening groin. Draco let his fingers curl softly around the swelling flesh, and he savored the shudder that coursed through Harry's body as he stroked it gently, even while his mind reeled with amazement at Harry's speedy recovery from their love-making.

“You randy little bitch! I hope there's enough left of me for you to shag by the time we get those books again...you might just leave the withered husk of me behind in here if you keep going this way!”

“What can I say, love. Got all the right inspiration right next to me. Don't worry. We've got all of Sunday to recover, so just write off sleeping until tomorrow morning!”

Harry was already grinding his arse against Draco, slowly but surely eliciting a sluggish response from Draco's exhausted cock.

Draco nipped gently at the nape of Harry's neck, enjoying the little tremor from Harry that echoed against his own body. It was going to be a very long night...and there was no question in his mind that it was only the first of many to come.

tbc

The Epilogue (part 5)

Secondhand Robes: The Epilogue (part 5)

Hermione had actually begun to worry. Harry had left Saturday evening for his date, and hadn't been seen or heard from since. She'd looked for him at breakfast, and again at lunch, and the first faint sense of serious worry came when dinner was over and Harry STILL hadn't been seen or heard from.

She'd broken down and confessed her fears to Ron, who promptly fetched the Marauder's Map in hopes of setting their minds at ease. Ease was not quite what they got.

In a room on the seventh floor, ostensibly the Room Of Requirement, the dots for Harry and Draco were so close together as to be nearly indistinguishable, and there was no doubt as to what that meant!

"Merlin's sake, 'Mione! Look at 'em! It's been like twenty hours since he left...they can't possibly still be at it after this long. Maybe they're just chatting." Ron clung to his sanity while the tiny movements of the two dots clearly displayed otherwise.

Hermione rolled up the Map and handed it to Ron with the pained look of someone who wasn't sure if they'd done a good deed, or made a pact with the devil.

"Oh, no...they're still at it. Maybe I shouldn't have given Draco those books. If they were this randy to start with, they probably didn't need quite that much encouragement. I hope they took breaks for food and water. They could get dehydrated going at it like that!" Hermione's concerns were sincere, but Ron snorted derision.

"Get real! Only you would worry about dehydration when they've been shagging like little gay bunnies for the entire last day. I think that's the last thing on their mind. Besides, if they 'require' anything, the Room will take care of it. Too bad nothing created by the Room can exist outside of it. They'll probably need canes if they wanna walk back to their dorms!"

Hermione punched Ron on the shoulder...hard.

"Owww! Easy, love. It's not like I'm not happy for them!" Ron rubbed the already forming bruise tenderly.

"Just be nice to Harry when he gets back. I don't want him to feel like he can't talk to us!" Hermione scowled as seriously as she could.

"Talk to us...hell, he'll be lucky if he can walk to us!"

It became necessary for Ron to flee the common room almost immediately after that comment.

Harry staggered into the Gryffindor common room late Sunday evening. The smile on his face and the hesitant stiffness in his walk spoke volumes to those who saw him return. Hermione waved hello from the common room's couch and smiled invitingly, hoping that Harry had good

news to share, and his slightly dazed and 'just shagged' appearance supported that hope more than adequately.

Harry grinned widely when he saw Hermione, and he sauntered over to her in relaxed fashion. There was a confidence in his step that seemed unfamiliar, and a cool and reserved demeanor that she couldn't recall Harry ever showing before.

"Safe to assume everything went well?" Hermione arched an eyebrow, leaving other questions tastefully unspoken.

Harry nodded, still grinning like an idiot. "Perfect. Just perfect. Couldn't ask for better if I tried. Oh...by the way..."

"Yes, Harry?"

"About those books..."

Hermione fidgeted nervously. "Umm...yeah...about those...you see..."

Harry grabbed her into a hug that nearly crushed her, laughing like a maniac all the while.

"Thanks! That was like the best thing you've ever done. EVER! 'Mione, I can't even tell you how much I owe you for this! Owe you or no, I have to ask...can you get those books for me this week? Pleasepleaseplease!" Harry dropped to his knees and clasped his hands, begging with puppy dog eyes that would have melted stone. Hermione crumbled.

"Okay, okay! I'll do it! What have I unleashed? First Draco, now you. Maybe I should just copy the books and hold a class!" Despite her feigned exasperation, a part of her rejoiced at seeing Harry so happy, and she now knew that she hadn't chosen wrong when Draco had asked for her help.

"Thanks! I knew you guys would come around eventually. Really...I missed you so much it hurt!" Harry stepped back, releasing Hermione.

Hermione sighed. "I'm glad I was wrong about Draco. I know he wants you to be happy, and I know he'd put himself through nearly anything to do it, too. Seeing you...like this...I know it's right. You deserve to be happy, Harry. We would never want to take that away from you."

Harry wiped away the tear forming in the corner of her eye. "Don't be sad, 'Mione. I know you two were just looking out for me. I wish you'd trusted me on this sooner, but it's alright now. I've got to get a shower and some sleep...but I'll see you tomorrow, okay? I am soooo knackered!"

"Small wonder," Hermione rejoined with a snuffle, "Did you two even sleep last night? Don't tell me that pompous little beast wouldn't let you get any rest!"

"HA! The pompous little beast...is still recovering back at the Room. I didn't let HIM sleep at all last night!" Harry strolled up the stairs with a mile wide grin on his face, enjoying Hermione's gob smacked silence all the way.

Hermione sat back down on the couch, staring blankly at the wall for a minute.

"Sweet Merlin! What kind of monster have I created?!"

Harry slept like an infant for the first time in years. He was as tired as he had claimed, and despite going to bed early, the morning came too soon for his tastes.

He hadn't used a single spell to alleviate the discomfort his overworked body was feeling. He'd wanted to savor every sensation for good or ill, and remember it forever. This had seemed like a fine idea at the time, but he was questioning his judgment on the way to breakfast as he limped down the stairs, wincing at the lancing pains that ran through his thighs and groin.

It wasn't that he was in poor shape, Quidditch had given Harry a body to be admired and abundant energy. It was that the muscles that had flexed and strained the most at the moment of orgasm just weren't used on a daily basis, much less an hourly one.

They'd taken many breaks, and more than a few short naps, between Saturday and Sunday night, but Harry had been utterly on fire with lust from the first time he'd come. Draco had inspired a hunger in Harry that was beyond the dark haired boy's wildest dreams, and Harry had answered by teasing, caressing and demanding everything Draco had in him to give, even waking his lover up by sliding himself onto Draco's erection and letting Draco wake during the act!

Harry received more than a few sidelong glances from classmates that had heard rumors about Harry's weekend plans. Most of the students that actually had shagged before, instantly recognized the look of one who had spent a weekend exhausting themselves sexually, and for once, Harry didn't feel like blushing.

Something subtle had shifted in Harry. A few months ago, the mere topic of sex would have elicited reddened cheeks and the need to look away. Now Harry felt a fierce pride in his sexuality. He was beautiful, and young, and strong, and he had a lover who was in every way his equal, and he knew he had every right to enjoy the pleasures that only lovers could give one another.

He met the gawking glances and occasional whispers in the common room and hall...and his answer was a defiant smile, amused and indifferent. Today, no one could take away what he had, and he had every confidence that no one ever could.

Breakfast was a muted affair, but smirks and glances aside, Harry loaded his plate like a man who had been fasting for a week. He hadn't noticed how hungry he was until he saw the food in front of him. Even Ron, who was widely believed to have a bottomless well instead of a stomach, looked in awe at the pile of food that Harry put away.

"Fucksake, Harry! That plate puts mine to shame! Did you randy bastards even stop to eat something?" Ron's friendly grin may have been a little strained, but his tone clearly showed that he was trying to re-establish the friendly banter that had been missing for months.

Harry smiled and waggled his eyebrows. As soon as he could spare a breath between bites, he answered. "Mouth's were too busy. Who had time to waste on food?" Then he smirked and filled his fork again.

Ron turned crimson, right to the tips of his ears. "Kay...cool," he squeaked. "Next topic! How about those Cannons, eh?"

Harry looked around the room, chuckling to himself, and suddenly became aware that, with breakfast almost over, Draco still wasn't to be seen.

Draco woke up Monday morning, alone, in the Room of Requirement. His first moment of awareness was colored by pain. So many things hurt it was hard to sort them all out.

The second thing that struck him was Harry's absence. Then he remembered why. Harry had left late Sunday night, while Draco had lounged, awake, amiable, and exhausted in the bed they'd shared for a night and a day.

Harry had left after copious kisses and promises for a second tryst this coming weekend...as soon as Harry got a hold of the books that Draco had been reading. Then Draco had nodded off, reveling in the scent of Harry that still clung to the sheets and pillows.

Monday. Classes. Time! "FUCK!!!" Draco bolted out of the bed, heart pounding as adrenaline washed through his system in a savage flash. 'Gotta go...got class...got clothes...where the bloody fuck is my tie! SHITE! I'm already late for Potions! Harry Potter, you're so dead when I catch up with you. Six years I've never been seen with 'bad hair' in this school! Trust my boyfriend to break more than one record in a weekend! Damn it!'

Draco fumbled with his clothes even as he left the Room. He was still muzzy from sleep and limping pathetically as he worked his way down the halls. He could barely walk, with pain like hot knives stabbing through his overworked inner thighs and abdominals. His face was trapped in a near perpetual wince.

'Oh, Merlin! Please tell me it doesn't always hurts like this. Fuck all! I have to try the other side of this! Harry was all cheery and perky and bloody insatiable...it's not fair! I'm fucking knackered! That's bloody it! Next week I get to bottom, and he'd bloody well better make it the night of my life! I want to see him half dead and limping all about the place!'

Draco stopped in front of a stairwell, slapped his hand against his head, and had a moment of frank self honesty.

'Who the fuck do I think I'm kidding? One look in his eyes and I'll be doing whatever he wants. I might as well just get over it. But I still bloody well mean to be on bottom next time! Gods, I love that adorable prat...'

Draco slowly continued his way to class, compounding his current physical sorrows with lateness...for Snape's class. It may have been the most awe inspiring and heavenly weekend of his entire life, but the new week was already looking like pure hell.

TBC

The Epilogue (part 6)

Secondhand Robes: The Epilogue (part 6)

Harry pored over the pile of tomes in front of him. The unfortunate side of this hasty education in all things sensual was the way it made him blush. He may have been alone in his room, but some of the things in these books were just mind boggling!

'Holy Christ! I didn't even know people could fit together that way! WHOA! Illustrated even! Yes!'

It had been a trying week to say the least. Draco had shown up a half hour late for Monday morning's Potions class, bringing the wrath of Snape down on both of them. Harry wouldn't have been involved in it at all, if Nott hadn't passed along the rumors of Harry and Draco's weekend tryst directly to Snape. The professor had turned crimson, insisted Nott shut his mouth, given Draco detention, and stripped ten points from Gryffindor when Harry attempted to protest.

Draco had been mildly snarky with Harry all day and the day after, and due to their respective soreness, they'd forgone sex in favor of some make-up snogging.

With the approach of their NEWTS, both boys were under pressure to study their books more than their bodies, and it was getting difficult in the extreme just to meet at night.

By Wednesday, Draco had finally broken down and let Harry talk him into a quick and savage shag up against the wall of an empty classroom. Harry'd had several days to recover from their earlier efforts, and was almost frantic with desire by then. The glorious and much missed feeling of Draco's cock inside him had Harry coming hard and copiously in mere minutes, and Draco hadn't been far behind him. It may have been hastier and more impromptu than their night in the Room Of Requirement, but it was just as satisfying, especially given their limited amount of free time.

Harry closed his eyes, remembering exactly how it felt to press his palms against cool stone, trousers at his ankles, while Draco held his hips firmly, thrusting fast and deep into a body that practically begged him for as much as he could deliver.

His mind drifted back to the sensation of Draco's balls pressing against the back of Harry's own each time Draco pushed his cock deeply into Harry, and how, when the pace had quickened, his lover's hips slapped softly against the cheeks of Harry's arse.

Draco's hand had slithered under Harry's waist, reaching until it met Harry's twitching cock. It had taken so little. Just a minute of gentle manipulation, and Harry had been coming, pushing himself back into Draco's thrusts, clenching tightly around the thick warmth of Draco's cock, pulling his lover closer to the brink with every poorly muffled cry of pleasure.

He'd loved the way it felt when Draco came inside of him, cock pulsing and twitching, buried deeply in Harry's body, unloading days of tension and hunger into Harry, and sating the one he loved completely. He'd made Draco whimper when he tightened his muscles a few times, claiming even the last drops of seed as his own.

Harry had no intention of ever giving up the pleasure he took from that moment. Not now, not ever. There were, however, other pleasures he had never indulged in, and he was taking notes

furiously.

He wanted Draco's first time as a bottom to be as sensational as his own, but he was by no means settling for some reversed mirror image of their past weekend. Draco hadn't been able to put a weeks worth of time into these books, and there were more than a few worthy notions that they hadn't even approached or considered yet. Someday, Harry meant to try them all, but for now, he'd settle for a smattering of the most appealing.

Besides, he had nothing better to do than study and plan. Draco had adamantly refused to have any more sex until Saturday night, since he insisted on being better rested and prepared for a lover he teasingly referred to as 'a demanding little hussy'. It had been gentle mockery, delivered with a smile and a kiss, and it hadn't really stung.

'Still unfair though! It's not my fault I get so horny around him. It's how I am! I wasn't like this until we had sex. How was I supposed to know I'd have the horn this bad once I'd had a little taste? That's all I'm saying!'

Harry huffed petulantly, then buried his nose in the books again, letting the marvelous suggestions within take root in his imagination. Damn, but he owed Hermione for this one!

Draco lounged nervously in the Slytherin commons. It was Friday night, and the other students were in study mode before the weekend. Draco had little difficulty with classwork, and could afford a little more leisure than most, but that didn't mean he wasn't busy. He just had other things on his mind at the moment. Like Harry.

It had seemed like a grand thing this past weekend, but he was having a few second thoughts now. Not awful ones, just tiny nagging doubts that crept from the back of his mind up to the front.

'What if it does hurt? I know Harry loves it, but his is thicker than mine...especially right at the head. What'll it feel like going inside me? It looked so easy when he was there, and gods, but he looked good when he came. He swore it was the most amazing thing he ever felt, but am I really going to like it like he does? If it hurts, I don't want him to feel like he's not good...would I wind up smiling while I really want to scream? Fuck! This is complete bullshit. It's Harry. It practically can't be bad! Can it?'

Either way, he'd know by tomorrow night. Draco may have been a little uncomfortable with the notion of surrendering himself completely to another person, allowing them total control over him, but this wasn't just another person, this was Harry! There was no way he'd miss their rendezvous. Not for gold or glory. He loved Harry, and he knew it more absolutely than ever before. Whatever it took, his new full time job was making his gorgeous, green-eyed boyfriend happy, and that was all there was to it.

Saturday night had come at last. Draco had made up his mind to be early this time, and frankly, he'd taken several precautions ahead of time.

He'd actually broken down and sheepishly experimented with his fingers that afternoon, trying to get comfortable with the idea of something entering him via a route traditionally considered to be an exit. It had been embarrassing, and quite uncomfortable, and certainly nothing he'd have

thought of without having a solid reason to, but it hadn't been all bad.

He'd also brought a potion he'd brewed during his Monday detention. Snape had left him largely to his own devices once his irritation had worn off, and Draco had quickly brewed a powerful lubricant, much stronger than 'Lubricus' provided, with additional 'properties'.

He'd gotten the recipe from the book pile Granger had given him, and even though he wrote it down, he hadn't the time to make use of it before his tryst with Harry last week. Now he had a full bottle of the stuff, and it ought to prove quite useful.

This lubricant was laced with modest aphrodisiacs, as well as a mildly anesthetic salve that only diminished pain and relaxed muscles, rather than shutting down sensation altogether. It had been listed in the book as the ideal substance for a situation like this, allowing virgins unaccustomed to entry to more fully enjoy the experience.

Draco hadn't tested it, but he was certain that it was right. The recipe hadn't been terribly hard to follow. It was just that exposure to air after completion reduced its efficacy very quickly. He hadn't risked its potency for tonight by opening it, and when he did use it, it would need to be resealed quickly after.

His final precaution had been the most humiliating. He'd made use of a Potion Of Elimination about an hour ago, and his body had quickly done just that, eliminating any stray waste within him in minutes, just before he took a shower and dressed for his meeting with Harry. It was rather gross to think of, but at least it guaranteed his hygiene would be impeccable.

He'd made it to the Room almost an hour early, and conjured up the image of the setting that he and Harry had enjoyed a week ago. He probably had at least a half hour before Harry arrived, so Draco concentrated on adjusting the ambiance of the room to suit his mood. Then he started peeling away his robes.

Draco had stripped himself of his robes and his coat and tie, as well as his belt and shoes, but oddly he didn't feel like greeting Harry naked, as Harry had done for him. It seemed a little insipid, but he was feeling a bit edgy, and rather preferred the idea of Harry helping peel away the last of the clothing after they'd gotten a bit more comfortable.

Draco sniffed petulantly. 'I'm the one getting shagged tonight. I can have this my way if I want to!'

Draco suddenly cracked up, chortling into his own hand. There was a thought he'd never have imagined thinking to himself in a million years. It made the situation slip into perspective really. His life was very different from the one he'd lived a year ago, and Harry had made all the difference in it, all for the better. It was hard to be afraid when he thought of things like that.

Draco leaned back on the comfortable bed that they'd shared a week ago. Maybe it was because the Room read his need, or maybe it was just a memory of his own that leapt to mind under the circumstances, but he swore could smell Harry's scent on the pillow.

Draco closed his eyes and inhaled deeply. Cheap soap, Quidditch callous salve, leather oil, a faint hint of peppery sweat, and a delicate wisp of something sweetly musk-like, that must have been a part of Harry's body chemistry, since Draco recalled it being always present, but always faint. Those were the scents of his lover, and he knew them intimately. He also cherished every one of them.

He couldn't remember falling asleep. It just happened at some point. A little too much tension had slid away, and without that nervous energy, he'd relaxed enough to drift into a light doze, colored

by dreams of kisses and soft dark skin that felt like heaven next to his own.

Harry arrived a quarter hour later than planned, despite having planned to be early. First, Hermione had insisted on a chat before he left, albeit a short one. It had been pleasant enough, and it was good to talk so comfortably with his friends again, but he'd been on edge all day and really just wanted to find the Room and see Draco as soon as possible.

It hadn't ended there. He'd had a run in with Peeves the Poltergeist, and the resulting noise and chaos had forced him to don his Cloak and flee the other way. If it hadn't been for his Map, he'd never have made it without running into Filch and Mrs. Norris!

All in all, it had been an extremely frustrating process, getting to the Room where Draco was surely waiting for him. Given the importance of the night, Harry didn't want to do anything to spoil the mood, especially since it had been almost three whole days since they'd had sex of any kind, and Harry was ready to burst at the mere sight of his boyfriend, actual sex notwithstanding!

Harry walked the required paces before the door of the Room, and when the door shimmered into reality, he stepped inside and stopped right where he was, smiling wide and just looking with quiet appreciation.

Draco was curled on the day bed they'd shared before, undressed just enough to be comfortable, and curled on his side, arms wrapped around the pillow that looked like he held it as a surrogate for his absent boyfriend.

Blond hair, slightly mussed, fanned across the surface of the pillow, and Draco's face, in slumber, was crossed by a tiny smile of satisfaction, as if his dreams were sweet and good. He looked much younger like this, unhardened by tough times and difficult choices. Harry's heart soared at the sight of his sleeping lover, and it seemed a terrible shame to wake him.

'God, I love him. He's the most beautiful man I've ever known. I'm the only one who's ever seen him like this. Only his parents have ever watched him sleep. All the people in this castle, and I'm the only one that's ever seen this sight. I used to think I was cursed. Unlucky. Bullshit. I can't imagine anyone that's ever been as lucky as I have.'

Harry stopped his musing and quietly peeled away his clothes. If Draco was that tired, Harry would just strip to his underclothes and slip some covers over them. Missing the sex was one thing, but no night that included Draco in his arms could ever be called a failure.

Waking next to Draco for the first time last week had been one of the most joyful moments of Harry's life so far. It would be a poor repayment of that to demand more under circumstances like these. Besides, he loved being next to Draco, clothes on or off.

Harry got onto the bed from the other side, trying very hard to be gentle and quiet. He slipped a soft sheet over the both of them, then slid a little closer to Draco's back, softly slipping an arm around his still slumbering lover.

He could smell the expensive hair products Draco always used. Weird oils and exotic fruits and such. Not really Harry's style, but the scent of them always made him happy now. They meant that Draco was near, and that was a pleasure in itself.

Harry craned himself just a little and kissed the back of Draco's neck. A soft little purr of contentment came from Draco, who scooted back a few inches, pressing his body tight against

Harry's, even in his sleep. Then, with a sleepy sigh of contentment, he settled back into the soft breaths that indicated deep and comfortable sleep.

Harry drifted to sleep with Draco in his arms, wonderfully aware of the closeness and warmth that came of being curled around the one he loved more than anything in the world. Whatever may have been in the 'plan', this night was still a miracle to him, and he wouldn't have changed it, even if he could.

TBC!

The Epilogue (part 7)

Secondhand Robes: The Epilogue (part 7)

Draco's eyes fluttered open, and a creeping sense of warmth and comfort stole over his still half sleeping mind. Harry's arm was around his waist, and they were comfortably 'spooned' together on the bed in the Room of Requirement.

'Oh! I fell asleep. Merlin's Beard! This was supposed to be our night, and I passed out like a drunken troll. Why didn't he wake me up?'

The answer came to Draco almost as quickly, and a dreamy smile crept across his face when he realized how much he adored Harry. The prat had come in, found his sleeping boyfriend, and just climbed into bed rather than disturb his lover. How strange to think that, only a year ago, such Hufflepuffy sweetness would have left him retching. It really wasn't too bad, being on the receiving end of that kind of thing though.

That sparked another thought in Draco's mind. Speaking of receiving ends, he was wonderfully conscious of Harry's warmth behind him, and his body was already sluggishly responding to that presence. He wriggled a little, making himself more comfortable still, and relaxed again, savoring the way Harry's soft breath slid across his neck regularly. Not a bad way to wake up, really, even if he had botched their original plans.

Here, surrounded by Harry, feeling almost unbearably close and warm, it was hard to remember being nervous about anything. A sense of absolute and complete safety permeated the room, as well as Draco's entire being. Nothing bad could happen here, not with Harry beside him.

The soft breaths behind him stopped suddenly, and Draco realized that he'd been idly stroking the arm that Harry had around his waist. Warm, dry lips ghosted along the nape of his neck, raising goose-flesh down his entire body, before settling in for a long slow suck that made his skin tingle, and then Harry's teeth gently nipped that very spot.

Draco was instantly aware that he was painfully erect, and his slacks were still on, impeding his freedom of 'movement' quite badly. He shifted his weight a bit, hoping to find a more comfortable position, and wound up fully conscious of the hardness that pressed into his backside for the first time.

"Hey, sleepyhead." Harry cooed into the shell of his ear. "Love you." Then he went back to the nibbling of oversensitive flesh.

Draco melted into a puddle on the sheets. Harry's half sleepy voice behind him, and the soft but insistent attention to his neck, left him wanting to...well...purr like a starving kitten when presented with a saucer of cream and a tin of fish. His overtaxed brain floundered for a response.

"Didn't mean to fall asleep, luv. Just got...you know...comfortable, and then I was out like a candle. Mmmm, I like the wake up though. This is nice. What's the time, Harry?"

Harry plucked his wand from the bedside and cast a quick Tempus. "Just shy of two in the morning. We both needed a little rest, I guess. Draco?" He left the question hanging while he returned to kissing Draco's nape and shoulders.

"Yeah? Mmmm, don't stop that!" Harry's tongue on his shoulder blade made him shudder

wonderfully.

“If...if you’re not ready for this, it’s okay. You don’t have to do this now if you don’t want to. You know that, don’t you, luv?”

Draco warred between bristling at the implication of fear on his part, and melting completely at Harry’s seemingly inherent sweetness. It was mind boggling to remember that a person this good and considerate had spent a lifetime suffering at the hands of vicious Muggle relatives.

“I know, Harry. I was...worried before, but not now. I want this, I don’t know how to say how much. I just do, and I wouldn’t want it with anyone but you.” It was a sobering confession, and a playful smirk crossed Draco’s lips while Harry kissed the lobe of his ear. “Keep doing that, and I’ll be doing anything you want!”

Harry pulled back a moment, catching Draco a bit off his guard, then gently pulled Draco onto his back, so that Harry could sit astride him and kiss him properly on the mouth. Draco eventually became aware of how still Harry was...apparently his boyfriend didn’t dare grind his hips for fear of instant orgasm, and it occurred to Draco that this might well be the most relaxed they’d ever been as a couple.

Relaxed or no, Harry was fumbling with the buttons of Draco’s shirt, while Draco slid his hands along Harry’s tanned and silken chest. Harry made an exceptionally considerate lover, given that he’d long been the more aggressive of the two of them, and Draco counted his blessings while Harry peeled away his clothes for him.

With a minimum of shifting about and only a bit of cheerful giggling, they finally got the last of Draco’s clothing off, and made themselves comfortable with a long snog to celebrate the accomplishment. Granted, as far as they were concerned, waking up was sufficient cause for a celebratory snog!

Harry was rather cautious about rubbing too hard against Draco’s hips as they rolled about. His cock was already leaving wet little trails along Draco’s hips and stomach, and had been stone hard since they’d first awakened. Eventually, Harry just slid back and onto his knees, giving himself a comfortable position from which to work.

Draco closed his eyes and sighed contentedly at the familiar and much loved feel of Harry’s mouth wrapping around the head of his cock, and the calloused, yet gentle hand that stroked him into that mouth was just as skillful as his own. Small waves of pleasure lapped at his mind, and Draco lounged comfortably, twitching or cooing only a little when Harry teased instead of aiming for completion.

The tongue that so often had pleased him moved to his inner thigh, and Draco hissed with mingled pleasure and apprehension. Harry’s hands were respectful, but they were subtly preparing to move Draco’s legs up and back, and it was clear what that would lead to! Draco hesitantly took the cue, and slid his legs up and back, while Harry’s hands supported him just beneath the underside of his knees. He’d never felt so vulnerable, so exposed, or so essentially feminine before. It was a little frightening, but far more arousing than he’d imagined.

The soft, warm velvet of Harry’s tongue swept down the smooth crevice that led to a single and obvious destination, and when it brushed gently against the tensed pink whorl, Draco gasped sharply...then sighed. Such a private place, and such a gentle invasion of it, were beyond most people’s experience. He remembered how much Harry had enjoyed it, and now he knew why!

Harry teased and lapped in earnest while Draco shifted his hips in ticklish delight, occasionally finding himself almost involuntarily opening himself up to further conquest by Harry’s tongue.

Little trickles of saliva rolled down his backside, chilling in the air and invoking mingled sensations of coolness next to the fiery warmth of Harry's tongue. Then a finger pried gently at the edge of his arse cheek, opening him even more to Harry's advances, and by now he was panting heavily, dizzy, unsure of anything but his desire for more.

The finger that prodded gently was almost a relief to a body that was craving more by the minute...and he barely remembered to ask that his bottle of lubricant be brought into play. The half coherent sentence must have made sense to Harry somehow, because with the pop of a cork, and a few seconds time, the incredibly viscous liquid was being massaged into him, and there was nothing that could have prepared him for the way it felt.

He couldn't have imagined anything making his cock harder than it had been, but within seconds of Harry applying it to him, waves of warmth filled his nether regions, his muscles there relaxed entirely, and yet their sensitivity to contact was still there. When Harry's finger slid cautiously in, Draco's erection became so hard it very nearly hurt, and Draco found himself pushing onto that finger urgently while clenching the sheets and keening with desire.

His entire groin seemed to throb in time with his heart, and pleasantly so, while Harry manipulated him slickly with first one finger, and then two. Opening himself for the second finger was effortless, and the feeling of stretching to accommodate them was utterly, indescribably good, as his nerve endings didn't register pain, yet remained sensitive to contact. The time he'd spent making the stuff had paid off...in spades!

Begging piteously to be shagged into the mattress, off the bed, and through the floor, was not a thing heard from Malfoys. It simply wasn't in their character...until tonight. Draco pleaded openly, frantic to be filled, sated, joined with Harry as closely as they could be. There was little that was rational or calm in the wide, gray eyes that looked up to Harry hungrily, and when Draco saw the thick prong spearing upward from Harry's groin, his entire body shuddered with need.

Harry relented, withdrew his wickedly talented, yet woefully insufficient, fingers, and slicked himself with same substance that he'd worked so lovingly into Draco. The look of satisfaction on his face as he rubbed it on was gratifying, but Draco was certain that if Harry didn't stop looking so pleased and get back to putting his cock into his boyfriend, he'd just kill the bastard out of pure frustration!

One firm hand was around his ankle, another was guiding the head of Harry's leaking stiffness into Draco. At the first touch against his throbbing entrance, Draco promptly sighed and flowered outward, offering no resistance of any kind. Despite the thickness that Harry possessed, which was significantly more than Draco's, his lover's prick slid gently into him, touching off an explosion of sensation inside his body that left his head reeling, and ultimately proved more than his groin could handle.

Draco came helplessly, crying out with relief and laughing deliriously while he clutched Harry's hand tightly. Words of love spilled off his tongue at random, utterly beyond his control.

"Merlin! Ha-harry! Oh...oh, bloody hell! HarryIloveyou...loveyousomuch... 's good. Soooo good!"

Harry held his clenched hand, and leaned close, brushing his lips against Draco's before veering to the left and kissing him just below the ear. Harry's voice whispered to him, confident and peaceful, making his heart leap in his chest with happiness.

"I love you, too, Draco. I wouldn't be doing this if I wasn't sure of it. You are the only man I've ever loved, and this...this is everything I've ever dreamed of."

Tears were shining in his eyes, blurring his vision, but he could make out Harry's face, beaming with pride and naked adoration above him. Then he felt Harry's heavy cock throb inside of him repeatedly, and he knew that Harry was coming. His lover was coming inside of him. It was an intoxicating realization, knowing that the man he adored was deep inside of him, and the very essence of life itself was spilling into him, brought forth by an act of love.

Harry began to move after a few seconds pause, and apparently his sudden orgasm hadn't diminished his appetite in the slightest! Draco felt the organ inside him sliding back...and then in again, with slow and even strokes, and his head was quickly on fire with rising excitement. The lubricant was working its magic, and every stroke of Harry's cock left a trail of warmth and throbbing pleasure in its wake. Draco's newly spent prick was still spitting small droplets of come onto his stomach, and before it could fully soften, it was already swelling again. How could he have ever feared this night? It looked so silly to have worried over it now!

Harry's movements became more confident, fueled by Draco's obvious pleasure, and the feeling of warmth and thickness tunneling into him became more and more distinct. Harry pushed hard, moving deeper into Draco's arse than before, and the wicked little upward curve at the head of Harry's cock worked a magic of its own. With every deeper stroke, that perfectly shaped tool struck Draco's prostate, and further transformed a traditionally reserved and dignified young man into a whimpering, gasping wreck, so overwhelmed by pleasure that he could no longer speak with any hope of coherence.

There was no reckoning time while Draco languished in ecstasy, his every depth plumbed by Harry's unflagging cock. His head was swimming with the wonder of it, when Harry's body shifted, pulling him up slightly from the bed, and partly onto Harry's lap. The hand that once held his own moved away, and wrapped firmly around the base of Draco's erect cock.

Harry's movements slowed to just short little thrusts, and Draco's vision cleared just enough to see Harry bend low...just low enough to take the head of Draco's cock into his mouth! The warmth and soft suction weirdly paralleled the gentle pressure inside him, and Harry's hand was stroking him gently into a hungry mouth. It didn't take much before the shock of it wore off, and Draco was thanking the heavens that the Room was hidden from all and essentially silenced, because his screams were raw and guttural when he came, this time violently, arching his back, almost tearing the sheets while his fists clenched and thrashed.

'The books...he really has been at those bloody books! If I live through this, I'm thanking Granger, on my knees...in public!'

The wild frenzy that overtook him faded, and he flopped, boneless as an eel, back onto the bed, whimpering, as his drained cock fell from Harry's mouth and back onto his own stomach. Harry pulled close, bringing himself deeper into Draco, who was too overcome to care, and kissed Draco deeply, letting the mingling flavors of their own mouths and Draco's freshly claimed come drift across both their palates. It would have been a more shockingly intimate act, but Draco was too far gone for semantics, and frankly, at this point, he wanted nothing more than to feel Harry thrusting into him deeply again.

That desire wasn't long unfulfilled, because Harry had not come yet, always taking longer for his second time, and Draco suddenly realized that he'd come both sooner and more often than Harry for the first time. It was a strange thing to think of, but a moment later, anything resembling thought was gone, as Harry was sundering his sated, yet pliant, body again, and whispering soft devotions to him, throatily, between deep breaths as he thrust again and again.

Something stole over Draco then, a subtle shift of mind that changed him utterly. For the first time, he felt utterly, gloriously free, and he had no inhibitions or restraint in him. Muggle drugs and powerful potions were said to have similar effects, but this was caused by none of those. Any

other time, a blush would have crept to his cheeks at such thoughts, and disparaging words might have rung in his ears. Whore...slut...punk or bitch might have come to mind, ugly and hateful, implying that he should be ashamed of such wantonness, but not now...not anymore.

Draco was thoroughly lost in his desire for Harry, insatiable and crazed with the need to feel Harry inside him, and the change may have been subtle, but it was potent and irreversible. It made it so easy to understand why Harry gave himself so freely...to feel this wondrous, inchoate freedom. As the night wore on, Draco never relented, coaxing Harry to further and further heights, shamelessly demanding more and more savage entry, shifting positions and ruthlessly seeking out new pleasures for himself.

There were no windows to see it by, but the sun crept through the sky well before they finished, sweat drenched, replete, and completely exhausted. Draco scarcely surrendered, even as slumber overtook him, having insisted that Harry remain inside him as they curled together. It was a neediness he'd never imagined he could feel that ruled him, jealously guarding the sense of fullness he'd just learned to crave. Cradled in Harry's arms, bodies flush against one another, Draco drifted to sleep still dazed and drifting, visions of the night's passion still flickering through his mind.

Draco looked back at that night often during the weeks that followed. He'd be leaving for the summer soon, and spending it with Harry in the old Black estate. It was finally accepted that he was irrevocably Harry's lover, and despite the ridiculous stack of oaths he'd had to swear at first, he was glad he'd done it.

Whatever it took, it was worth it. He was painfully aware that two months without Harry would be like a sentence to hell, and any indignity was worthwhile to avoid such a thing.

Their relationship had known only a single, petty, little strain. Well, it seemed petty to Draco, anyway. To Harry's everlasting regret, or so he claimed, Draco's introduction to the role of bottom had resulted in Harry's needs sometimes taking second place. Sometimes meaning that, in truth, it was very nearly a fight to get Draco to show interest in anything else. Not that Harry wasn't horny for him all the time, but Draco suspected that it was mostly just an excuse to play for sympathy...and he knew full well that Harry wasn't without a few Slytherin qualities of his own.

However discreet Draco might be in public, a switch had been thrown in his mind that night, and a need had flared to life inside him that he refused to ignore, deny, or limit. It had all been well and good when Harry had been the aggressive, demanding one, always pushing things further, but the shoe was on the other foot now, and Draco always knew exactly what he wanted, and he made sure that Harry fulfilled that want at every opportunity.

He could play the reserved, but dutiful, boyfriend for the world, but he also knew that he could turn Harry on with nothing more than a look...and he exploited that power ruthlessly to guarantee his own pleasure. There were times when Harry was especially insistent, or occasionally just so unbearably attractive that Draco gave in and put aside his wants for a bit, doing his best to deliver a searing shag, but he made sure that Harry never fell under the misimpression that he was excused from the expectation of returning the favor...immediately...and repeatedly.

Odd to think that, once upon a time, he'd been the shy one of the two, so uncomfortable with himself, and so fearful of every step forward. He never let himself forget that Harry had been the one coaxing him from his shell, opening his mind...and other places...to things he hadn't even imagined were possible. What his life had been like before, seemed a distant and empty world

compared to this...now; waking up in a lover's arms, knowing with certainty that, come what may, one person was always waiting for him, or just being able to talk to someone without any boundaries or borders.

So much in front of them. Another year of school, a war on the brink of exploding into sudden and immediate reality, a government that plodded and bungled its way along at the best of times, and the possible scorn of the many that loudly proclaimed, 'It will never last', at the sight of them together. But they had friends, real ones, the kind that helped you when you had nothing to offer in return, and they had allies, powerful ones that would never rest until the war was over and Harry was victorious.

They had one other thing, as well. Something that no one could have known save Harry or Draco. Though they rarely ever spoke of it, few people had ever touched each other's minds as they had. Most muddled through life never really knowing what kind of person they were dealing with, and even lovers, however close, could never really know the depth of feeling in another person's heart. What the nay-sayers could not know, and could never hope to understand, was the way that Harry and Draco understood each other.

Draco knew who Harry truly was, more intimately than anyone in Harry's life ever had, and even if that knowledge had been taken by force and guile, it had built a bridge between them. Draco knew that the miracle of Harry was that, having endured so much, having paid in blood and loss and grief for the crimes of others, Harry had grown into a kind, compassionate, decent young man who constantly strove to help those who needed it. Other people might have become twisted and hateful in the face of privation and abuse, but Harry was the gentlest, fiercest and most giving person Draco had ever known, and it was a tragedy that so many others couldn't see it beneath the fame and accolades. He knew these things more absolutely than any other could, and he treasured Harry above all others for good reason.

As for Draco, Harry knew his every fear, his every weakness and sorrow. He'd seen the arrogant, happy little boy that entered Hogwarts without the façade he'd carefully crafted, and he knew that Draco had seen his world torn out from under him. He'd seen his parent's love bleed away into disinterest, and finally blind and terrifying rage. He'd watched all that he'd been raised to respect become pitiful and meaningless in front of him, and endured the loss of everything that had been dear to him. Home, family, power, wealth and comfort had all abandoned him, leaving a frightened fifteen year old slinking around Diagon Alley, half starved and dangling on the precipice of total collapse. Harry knew his insecurities, his weaknesses and his occasional pettiness, and loved him anyway.

Harry knew all these things, and guarded them faithfully, when everyone that Draco had ever known would have made cruel use of that knowledge. To crown that trust, Harry had silently seen that Draco had suffered no further shame, feeding him when he was hungry, clothing him as befit a person of a certain status, and keeping him safe from the vicious tongues of classmates, all without the expectation of reward. That knowledge was always in the forefront of Draco's mind, and he never let it drift far.

No...those who said they wouldn't last would never know these things, but Draco and Harry did. Draco knew with diamond clarity that school would be finished, wars would be fought, and times would ebb and change throughout...but what they had would only grow, and deepen, and endure. Harry Potter would never again weep alone in a cupboard beneath a stair, and Draco Malfoy would forever have one person he trusted with his very heart and soul. They would struggle, labor, fear, and love as one...now...and always, and nothing spoken ill of them by the ignorant would ever change that simple truth.

The door to the Room creaked open, and Draco sat up, smiling widely, and leaned into Harry's

kiss, savoring the softness of Harry's cheek next to his own. Warm lips traced down the skin of his neck, and whispered words of adoration ghosted past his ears. Draco closed his eyes, hoping that undignified tears of happiness wouldn't show...and smiled.

FIN

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