



Summary: Harry Potter suddenly notices that he's very interested in one Draco Malfoy. And not in the way he used to be. Trouble is, Draco doesn't seem the least bit interested. Nope. Not at all.

This is AU as we are studiously ignoring Half-Blood Prince. Shhh. Tip-toe by him and he may not notice.

One shot. Definitely PWP and NC-17, of course. Why write it otherwise?

For dracos annie on her birthday! Happy Birthday, mate!

"Ginny, it's not you, it's me," said Harry, trying to prevent what looked like an inevitable flood of tears. They'd had a lot of those lately.

"That's a load of shite, Harry, and you know it!"

They had been snogging under the tree by the lake, but Harry's mind, as usual, had been elsewhere. Didn't he want this? Hadn't he felt a little left out when Ron and Hermione paired up, or at least were heading in that direction? Even Neville was dating. Ginny seemed like a natural. He admired her work in Quidditch and she was fun to pal around with. Just another one of the blokes, really. And he was anxious to snog a bit since Cho, his first kiss, didn't work out so well. That, of course, was due to her preoccupation with the late Cedric. But Ginny was preoccupied with Harry. So it should have gone swimmingly. Right?

"How could it possibly be you," she said, her voice becoming shriller by the minute, "when you aren't even paying attention?"

"Er...paying attention?"

"Like now! What have I been saying for the last half hour?"

"Um...." And that was the problem. After a bit of snogging, Harry just wasn't much interested in her. He'd even groped her a bit, but touching her budding breasts hadn't thrilled him as he thought it might.

"Oh!" She pushed at him disgustedly and he stumbled back. As he recovered she stomped away. Harry looked after her confused but not bereft. Had he broken up with her? He tried to. Perhaps she had gotten it after all. But now he was worrying about Ron. What would he say?

"Oh, not very nice," said the last voice he wanted to hear.

He sighed and slowly turned. "Sod off, Malfoy."

"What's the matter, Potter? The shine off the Snitch? The Little Weasel not all she's cracked up to be?"

He glared at Draco. Didn't that Slytherin prat get it? "I said SOD OFF!" He pushed past Malfoy, but the Slytherin would have none of it. He grabbed Harry's arm.

Harry stared down at it. "If you don't let go of me now," Harry said in a deadly voice, "I will hex you from here till next Tuesday."

Malfoy sneered. "I'm so scared."

Harry never bothered going for his wand. He swung out with his fist and connected with the side of Draco's jaw. The stinging contact felt good. He needed something like this—this violence—to set things right.

Draco snarled at him and returned a glancing blow to Harry's ear.

And it was on.

Harry grabbed Draco around the neck and pulled him to the ground. He punched him as they rolled and their momentum took them down the grassy slope to the stony bank of the lake.

Malfoy was swinging with all his might, but Harry had had a lot of practice deflecting Dudley's blows, and Malfoy's prissy hits only met Harry's forearm. They grunted as they tried to strike one another, still rolling.

They came upon the rough shoreline and stopped, Malfoy under Harry. Harry sat up and straddled him, grabbing both his wrists and forcing them over Malfoy's head. The Slytherin bucked up at Harry with his body.

"Get off me, you fucking Gryffindor!"

"Not very polite, Malfoy," huffed Harry. He ground Draco's wrists into the stones, knowing it must hurt almost as much as his back lying on the uneven surface.

"I swear to you, Potter, when I get up, you will regret ever being born!"

Harry thought of a good rejoinder, and he opened his mouth to say it when something odd occurred. Straddling Draco as he did, his crotch sliding along Draco's, and with Draco bucking his hips into Harry, made the unthinkable happen. Horrified, Harry slacked off. But it was enough.

Draco gave a gargantuan grunt and shoved Harry backwards. Harry hit his head on the stones and was momentarily stunned.

Malfoy scrambled to his feet and kicked Harry hard in the side. He drew his wand and aimed it. Harry stared at the wand tip expecting the worst when the shrill voice of McGonagall called out, "Expelliarmus!"

Malfoy's wand flew out of his hand and landed neatly in the professor's. "Malfoy! Potter! Rolling on the ground like a pair of niffles! Twenty points from both houses! Get up, get up!"

Harry groaned and rolled to his feet. He grabbed his side where Malfoy kicked him and touched the back of his head and flinched with pain. "Potter? Do you need to go to the hospital wing?"

He wouldn't give Malfoy the satisfaction. He grunted a, "No, ma'am." He didn't care if all of his ribs were broken and his skull was cracked.

She squinted at him unconvinced but then turned her dark expression on Draco. "Mr. Malfoy, return to your dorm at once. You will both receive a detention." She handed him his wand and snapped, "March!"

Harry watched Draco, shoulders tight, stomp away.

"You, too, Potter. I'm not through with you." He nodded, still clutching his side, and limped toward the castle.

* * *

He and Draco both had to serve detention with Filch, and his side still throbbed (maybe he did break a rib) but that wasn't what bothered Harry.

What bothered Harry was the erection he got from straddling Malfoy. Draco frigging Malfoy. He could never manage an erection with Ginny no matter how much they snogged or how much inexperienced groping he did.

Why did he have to get a stiffy from Malfoy?

He reasoned that it must have been from the adrenalin. Yes, that was feasible. Adrenalin mixed with male hormones must have caused this ridiculous reaction. At least Malfoy hadn't noticed. Well, he hadn't mentioned it. But what boy would? Even if he could taunt Harry with it that wasn't a good idea declaring something like that. It could easily backfire. So at least he was safe.

But that didn't explain that reaction.

Harry tried to shrug it off, anxiously awaiting their detention. He raised his eyes to Draco when he entered their classes, and he happened to notice him when he went to the Great Hall for meals. Was Draco doing something to his hair? It seemed to Harry that it shined more or seemed softer. It was much better than Harry's unruly locks but whose hair wasn't? It just seemed that Draco's was particularly appealing these days. And his eyes. Perhaps he hadn't noticed his eyes before. Were they always that amazing shade like silver? Who had eyes like that? They weren't natural.

"Harry," hissed Hermione at Harry's ear. "You're staring again."

"What? Oh." He turned back around to his plate and pushed his food around with his fork.

"You really have to stop staring at him like that," she whispered. "People are starting to talk."

"People? What people?"

She slid her glance toward Ginny who was looking poisonously at Harry.

"Oh, her? She doesn't count. She's a woman scorned."

“But she has a lot of friends and it’s a very evil rumour.”

Harry stared at Hermione. “What rumour?”

Hermione blushed. She snatched a glance at Ron but he was busy gesturing with a turkey leg and saying something funny to Seamus. “About you. And Malfoy.”

“What about me and Malfoy?” But the very words sent an unaccustomed thrill through Harry’s chest.

“That you’re...you know. Involved.”

“Involved in what?”

She sighed. “Honestly, Harry. How thick can you get? Involved in one another. As in relationship.”

It was a slow burn but the firecracker finally went off in Harry’s brain. “WHAT?”

Everyone at the table looked at Harry. Hermione shushed him quietly and they all went back to their plates.

“I agree. It’s very nasty of her. But as you say. A woman scorned....”

“But that’s...that’s....” Impossible? Ridiculous? Absurd? Disgusting? All the adjectives he might have said but none actually made it past his lips. He couldn’t help himself and twisted round to look at Draco.

The Slytherin was oblivious and ate his food and cut his meat with precision while chatting to Blaise Zabini beside him.

“Harry! Stop looking!”

Harry felt his face flush and he turned back to his plate. "But she's a Gryffindor, for pity's sake. And doesn't she know the pressure I'm under?"

Hermione nodded. "I'll talk to her. But in the meantime, you can help matters by not staring at him so much."

"I don't stare at him," he muttered, knowing full well that he did.

But it was getting worse, whatever "it" was. He noticed Malfoy everywhere. And he wasn't even up to anything particularly sinister. When he was merely striding through the corridors it was as if Harry had a sixth sense about him and would turn just to watch him. A time or two Draco noticed Harry watching him and offered a sneer or rude hand gesture.

And at night, when Harry had his wank behind his silent-charmed bed curtains, try as he might, a blurry vision with white-blond hair and silver eyes would intrude and urge him onto his orgasm.

This had to stop. He needed help. But who to talk to?

Harry found himself the next day loitering outside the hospital wing. A student was talking to Madam Pomfrey and Harry casually waited in the corridor until that student left. It didn't look like anyone else was in the ward, so Harry made a hasty glance up and down the corridor before he slipped in.

It was funny being in the hospital wing standing upright. Usually he was brought in unconscious and woke up in a hospital bed. This time he had no broken bones, but he thought it best to simply talk to Madam Pomfrey. He liked her, after all. She was stern but always kind to him.

She was working busily, her wand flicking and rolling up some bandages. She hadn't noticed Harry yet and continued to work. Harry worried at his robe and finally cleared his throat to get her attention. She whirled around and looked him up and down. "Oh! Mr. Potter. I haven't heard of any accidents today."

"No, Madam Pomfrey. No accidents."

She turned to him and laid her hands before her on her stiff, white apron. "Aches, Mr. Potter? Pains? Double vision? Stray hexes?"

"N-no. Nothing like that. I just need to...." He looked around again to make sure they were alone. "To talk, is all."

"Talk?" She cocked her head birdlike.

"Yeah," he said. He felt sweat break out all over his body. "Just talk. About...stuff."

Madam Pomfrey eyed him critically. Was she a legilimens? Harry always wondered it but she wasn't using her wand. She nodded her head smartly. "Let's go to my office, shall we?" She put her hand gently on his shoulder and steered him into a back room, a room he'd never been in before. It was laid out like many of the other teachers' offices, with a desk piled with paraphernalia of various sorts. Book cases with books and odd objects lined the wall behind the desk and moving paintings of what Harry assumed were former heads of the hospital wing framed opposite walls of the desk. The office was small and cramped, and except for a vase of flowers on the edge of the desk, rather dark and gloomy.

She sat Harry in a chair and moved around to her desk where she sat and folded her hands neatly on the desk's flat surface. "Now then. Perhaps you can tell me what the problem is."

Harry looked around at the office and lowered his eyes to his hands lying in his lap. He fidgeted by toying with a hangnail. "Well, it's not really a problem. Well...maybe it is. I mean..." He sighed. When he looked up at Madam Pomfrey she wore a sympathetic expression. "I don't feel normal," he said, the only thing he could think to say at the moment.

"Indeed. Have you a fever?"

He shook his head. "Not in that way, ma'am. I mean...I...I tried having a girlfriend but it just didn't do."

Her brows rose but she said nothing for a moment. "Do you think the problem, Mr. Potter, is that you prefer boys?"

Harry dropped his face in his hands. She must have thought he was crying, because she hurried around the desk and put her arms around him. "There, there, Mr. Potter. It's perfectly normal, you know. I know that you already have much to contend with but it isn't so bad. You have a strong character. Even if you decide to 'come out' to your friends and colleagues at Hogwarts, I doubt that you will have to endure—"

He snapped his head up. "I don't want to come out! I'm not even sure if I am...you know. A pouf."

"The word is homosexual, Mr. Potter," she said drawing herself upright. "Or 'gay' if you prefer the common parlance. Many great wizards have been gay."

Harry hadn't thought about that. "Really? Who?"

"Well now." She strolled back to her desk and sat down. "There was Francis Frisbee. He invented many of the Charms we use today. He lived in the 16th century and it wasn't easy for him, I assure you. No, these are definitely kinder times."

"But boys make jokes all the time," he said wearily. "I don't want to be the butt of jokes. More jokes."

"Mr. Potter, you are what you are. And as I said, you have a stout character. I am certain you can withstand it."

"But what about..." He fidgeted with his hands again. "What about...dating? I mean, what if there's a bloke I want to hook up with. How would I know if he's a p—gay?"

"Is there someone, Mr. Potter?"

"This is really embarrassing. You won't tell anyone, will you?"

"Of course not. This is strictly confidential. Even the headmaster does not need to know."

Harry relaxed and sat back. It was easier talking to her than he thought it would be. "It's just that I don't think he is, and even if he was, he wouldn't like me."

"I believe you are prey to the same rejections and disappointments as heterosexuals, Mr.—Harry," she said more kindly. "There are never any guarantees."

"But with a boy and a girl at least you know where you stand. I can't tell who the boys are here who are gay. Maybe there aren't any and I'm the only one."

She smiled. "I can assure you, Harry, that there are in fact gay boys here at Hogwarts. Statistically it is an absolute. Four percent of the population is homosexual. And so it must be true here as well. Besides, I have had similar 'talks' with some of them."

"Really?" Harry scooted to the edge of his chair. "Who are they?"

"Now really. What sort of healer would I be if I went tattling that? Even to you?"

"Oh. Right. Sorry."

She nodded. "But I will give you the same advice I gave to them." She leaned forward. "Be gentle, be kind, be understanding. And..." She non-verbally Accioed a booklet from the shelf and handed it to Harry. "And I suggest reading this and learning some spells."

Harry looked at the booklet. There was a drawing of a perfectly normal wizard student on the cover. The title read: "So You Think You Might Be Gay".

He panicked when he looked at her. "I can't bring this back to my dorm!"

"Don't be silly, Mr. Potter. You know and I know what it says, but to anyone else it is charmed to look like a Quidditch injury pamphlet."

"Oh." That made him giggle.

"Was there anything else, Mr. Potter?"

“Um...no. I guess that’s it. Er...thanks.”

“Anytime. And anytime you wish to talk, my door is always open to you.”

“Thanks,” he said again and rose.

He walked absently to the Gryffindor common room, reading the pamphlet. There was a lot in it. He blushed as he turned the pages. There were illustrations about sexual positions and instructions on lubing charms. Everything a gay boy would need. If Harry was, indeed, gay.

Someone ploughed into his shoulder, sending him crashing to the floor. His shoulder hurt and now his bum where he landed. He looked up at the smiling face of Draco Malfoy.

“You should look where you’re going, Potter. You might get hurt. Oh. Good thing you’ve got this.” And he snatched the pamphlet from Harry’s hand. Harry’s heart started beating furiously. “Quidditch injuries, eh? Yes, if I were you, I’d study this nice and hard. A broomstick is liable to cause you the most harm, Scarhead.”

Harry giggled in spite of his predicament.

Draco frowned at him. “Find it funny, do you? So you don’t mind spending your school days in bed, eh? Nursing some bruise or other from some Quidditch player pounding you hard.”

Harry started laughing. Malfoy was staring at him perplexed now. He tossed the pamphlet back. “I think you fell too hard, Potter. Best go to the hospital wing. I think I bruised your bum—which is where your brain is.”

Harry couldn’t stop laughing. And Malfoy ruffled his robe and stalked away from him, casting a sneering glance over his shoulder before he disappeared around a corner.

Harry controlled the laughter and picked himself up. Well, that was pretty obvious to him. Each thing that Draco said, Harry imagined Draco doing something quite amazing to him. He glanced at the pamphlet. "Well, mate. I think I really might be."

* * *

Harry studied that pamphlet day and night. The pictures were really quite arousing, and he reckoned they wouldn't be if he weren't a pouf. He imagined Ron looking at them and the expression of disgust on his face.

Which brought up another problem. Not that he was interested in Ron. Not at all. Not in that way. But he worried what his best friend might think. Did Hermione already guess? Is that why she was warning him to stop staring at Malfoy? But he couldn't help it. Despite everything that awful Slytherin had done to Harry over the years, he couldn't deny that he found him irresistible. What wasn't there to like? He was handsome and refined. His hair—his hair! Harry started to daydream about running his fingers through his hair. And those eyes that seemed to bore right into you. Even that saucy little smirk he always wore when spouting something awful to Harry. Harry found that he wanted to lick that smirk, right at the corner of his mouth. What would Draco do if Harry suddenly did that?

Pound him into the ground, probably, and not in a good way.

Harry did his best to continue to watch Malfoy but not too obviously. Things began to settle down. Ginny hooked up with some other Gryffindor and the rumours ceased. But Harry was by no means done with Draco. Of course, what if he wasn't gay? Was there a way to find out? The pamphlet wasn't helpful about that sort of thing. It sure went into details about sex. Boy, did it! But not about how to find a partner. Well, Harry had found his; he just had to figure out a way to convince Draco.

He decided to ask Hermione after all. They were sitting together on the common room sofa. Harry was staring into the fire and Hermione was reading a book. Harry looked around and didn't see anyone else in the room. "Hermione," he said softly. "What would you do if you wanted to let someone know you liked them?"

She looked up from her book and stared at him. "What?"

He wriggled a little. "What would you do? Short of coming out and telling them. Which I can't."

She smiled and sidled closer. "Who is she?"

"I'd...rather not say. But I can't just come out and tell them. I mean, I don't know if they like me. What should I do?"

"Well...." She closed the book and set it aside. She stared absently into the flames. "I'm assuming it isn't me."

Harry smiled sheepishly and shook his head. "No. Sorry."

"That's perfectly all right," she said primly. "Maybe you could send her flowers. That's always a nice gesture. With a note. From her secret admirer. That sort of thing."

"That's not too old-fashioned, is it?"

"Oh no. Romantic things like that never go out of style. I'd try that."

"And then what?"

"Well, after you'd peaked her interest, you might start talking to her in class. Just a little. Nothing to arouse too much suspicion, but enough so that she sees you're a decent fellow."

"Yeah. Okay."

"And then you can casually invite her to lunch or something. Nothing that she can construe as a date, you understand, but something that definitely means she is special. And then, by this time, you can surely tell if she likes you and you can finally tell her it was you who sent the flowers."

"That all makes sense. Thanks, Hermione."

He jumped up from the sofa and as he left for his dorm, she called after, "Roses, Harry. Roses are the most romantic. Daisies are more for friendship."

"Roses are romantic. Got it. Thanks." He scurried up the steps to his dorm where Seamus and Dean were playing a game of exploding snap on Seamus' bed.

"Want to join us, Harry?" offered Seamus.

"No thanks. I've got some stuff to do." He grabbed a piece of parchment from his desk and grabbed his quill. He sat, looking out the window and toyed with the feather end of the quill along his lips.

Draco, he wrote. I think you're really cute and I hope you... He stared at it. No, no. He tore it up and got another one. Draco, I have been tortured thinking about you day and night... Oh, awful! He tore that one up and stuffed it away. He tapped the quill on the paper. Dear Draco, I really don't know how to do this or what to say... That sounded promising-- so I'm writing this note in hopes that you will know that somewhere there is someone who admires you very much-- But did he really "admire" him? --so I'm writing this note in hopes that you will know that somewhere there is someone who admires likes you very much. Someone who—on the surface—doesn't seem quite right for you, but given time, you might warm to them. I'm sending you these flowers as a small token. I hope they brighten your day as much as you brighten mine. Yours

He decided to leave it unsigned. "Secret Admirer" seemed too hokey to him. Now he had the note, what about the flowers?

He rolled up the parchment very tightly and ran downstairs and out of the common room. Professor Sprout had some in her greenhouse but who knew what sort of magical thing they might do to you. Perhaps he could conjure them, or transfigure something. Didn't they learn that last year?

Harry walked along the corridor on his way to the Owlry and looked around for something. He found a leaf kicked in by the wind near the archway and grabbed it. This would do. He ran to the Owlry and looked around. No one there but the owls. He took out his wand and waved it at the leaf and in a puff of smoke, a small bouquet of tight red rose buds appeared. Perfect! He attached the note to it and started toward Hedwig before he pulled himself up short. That wouldn't do. A bit obvious, that. Instead, he asked a school owl politely if it would take the message and the brown owl hooted and took the bundle in its beak.

Hedwig ruffled her feathers and squawked. "Sorry, girl. But I can't use you this time."

The next morning Harry ate nothing at breakfast. He sipped nervously at his pumpkin juice and watched as the owls began to arrive. He saw the school owl with the rose bouquet circle the hall once and then land squarely in front of Draco. Draco sat back with a start. He looked at the bundle and chuckled, trying to dissuade the owl. But the owl insisted and scooted it toward him with its head. Draco scowled.

Oh no! That wasn't the reaction Harry wanted. He pretended to read the Daily Prophet and peered over the edge.

His fellow Slytherins laughed until Draco drew his wand and they quieted. He poked the bouquet with his wand before he gingerly picked it up and looked suspiciously about the hall. He turned the bundle over in his hands and then spied the note. He flicked it from its place, unrolled it, and read.

His eyebrows shot up and he looked around again. Absently he put the roses to his nose and inhaled. He looked at them and shrugged, stuffed the note in his robe, and left the flowers on the table.

Harry slumped. He didn't take the roses! Maybe that was stupid, giving a boy flowers. He almost tossed the newspaper down when he noticed Draco returning alone to the hall. The Slytherin table was empty. Draco looked around, grabbed the roses, shrank them, and stuffed them, too, in his robe before he left the hall.

Harry smiled and sat back. "Well all right, then." The first part of his plan had gone well. Now the second part, a little tricky. How to get to talk to Malfoy in class without him hexing Harry or calling him names? Probably impossible, that last bit, but Harry could try. If he didn't rise to the bait, maybe Malfoy would settle down, too.

* * *

Their first class together was Charms. Usually Harry sat in the opposite end of the class from Draco but he deliberately hung back when everyone herded into class. When he saw Draco enter he slipped in after him and sat not right beside him but slightly behind him. Charms was always a perfect place to talk because so much activity went on, Flitwick seldom noticed.

Draco hadn't spied Harry in his different seat and that suited Harry just fine. This time, Flitwick had them learning to animate inanimate objects. They each had a table setting in front of them and ideally, they

were to make the dish runaway with the spoon. After lots of wand-waving and many broken plates, Harry saw his chance. He was watching Draco and the Slytherin was getting his cutlery to dance a little tango. Draco was really quite good at magic, Harry had to admit, and he thought a little compliment on that order might be a good start.

“That’s pretty impressive, Malfoy.”

Draco’s cutlery immediately took a dive. He spun around to glare at Harry. “Potter! What are you doing sneaking up behind me?”

“I wasn’t sneaking up. I just sat someplace different today.”

He sneered. “Well mind your own business.”

“I was just giving you a compliment, Malfoy.”

“I don’t need your compliments, Potter. I can get on well enough on my own, thank you.”

“No need to be grouchy about it.”

“Who’s grouchy? I’m not grouchy.” He glared. “Stop talking to me!”

“I was only saying how well you were doing that. Anybody would think I was insulting you the way you’re carrying on.”

“Did I or did I not just say STOP TALKING TO ME!”

“All right, all right. Don’t get your wand in a twist.” Harry frowned at his desk. That didn’t go well at all. He waved his wand distractedly at his fork and spoon and they jiggled a little but nothing as spectacular as Draco’s.

“Listen, Malfoy, how are you doing that, anyway? I’m waving my wand same as you—”

Draco turned, his wand aiming right at Harry’s nose. “Do you want a fork to come out of that nose of yours, Potter?”

Cross-eyed, Harry stared at the dangerous wand tip. “No,” he squeaked.

“Then leave me alone.”

“I only asked—”

Draco raised his wand— “Mr. Malfoy!” cried Flitwick. “I will beg you not to aim your wand at a fellow student. Mr. Potter, may I suggest you do your own work.”

“Yes, sir,” Harry muttered. This wasn’t going at all well. How could he salvage it?

He watched Draco who looked over his shoulder now and again at Harry. He wasn’t doing as well as he had before. With a frustrated sound, he slammed his wand to his desk and pivoted again. “I can feel you breathing down my neck, Potter.”

“I’m not doing anything! You’re just better at this, all right! Can’t a bloke give another bloke a compliment without all hell breaking loose?”

Draco stared at him dumbfounded. Perhaps he got it at last. He didn’t make a rude rejoinder. He didn’t say anything. He merely swiveled slowly back to his position.

Harry considered that a plus. Maybe Draco was getting it; that Harry wasn’t out to insult him all the time or hex him. Maybe.

* * *

That evening they had to do their detention with Filch. Harry met up with Draco in Filch's office but the Slytherin barely acknowledged him.

Filch leered at his charges and motioned for them to follow him. They walked a long way in silence through the dim corridors until they came to a mostly unused section. The corridor was lined with suits of armor. "These need polishing. Can't use magic, naturally," said the caretaker, chuckling.

"Naturally," said Draco.

Filch gestured to the rags and polishing compound in a jar beside the first suit's feet. "Have at it, boys. All of them."

Filch shuffled away and Draco put his hands impatiently on his hips. "That's going to take all night!"

Filch's only answer was a cackle.

"Sod this," said Draco, pulling his wand. But as he began to incant something the nearest suit reached down with its empty gauntlet and snatched the wand out of his hand. "Hey! Give it back!"

Harry sighed. "I don't think it will until we do this by hand as Filch says."

Draco sneered at Harry. "Stupid Potter!" He snatched up a rag and the compound, sniffing it, and then doused the rag with it. He tossed it at Harry and it almost hit his face. "Go to it, Gryffindor." Harry picked it up and walked to the nearest suit. But Draco just stood there.

"Aren't you going to do anything?"

"I rather enjoy watching you work."

But again, the suit of armor reached down and shoved Draco. He stumbled forward and shrieked.

Harry laughed in spite of himself. "I guess we both work, Malfoy."

"Damn armor," muttered Draco.

At first they tried working on their own suit of armor but it soon became apparent that the armored knights wanted the two to work together, so while Harry polished the greaves of one, Draco worked on its helmet.

"Why is it I always get stuck with you, Potter?"

"Maybe because you're always doing something mean to me."

"'Mean'? Listen to him. Isn't that rather first year, Scarhead? 'Mean'. Does that make me a 'Meany'?"

"All right, then. Prat. Git. Arse. Are those better?"

Draco scowled and turned back to polishing. After a while Harry rose to his feet and arched his back into a stretch. "I'm taking a break."

"No you don't. The sooner we get these done the sooner we get out of here."

Harry massaged his shoulder. "I'm all stiff. I'm taking a break. You do what you like."

Draco thought a moment then threw down his rag. "Okay. But only five minutes."

"What makes you so bossy, Malfoy? So you're good at a few spells. So what? So am I. You don't see me bossing people around."

"It isn't the spells, you idiot. It's the connections."

Harry snorted. "So I'm supposed to be afraid of your father?"

Draco straightened his robe and smirked. "Maybe not, Potter. But he has friends in high places."

"You mean Voldemort?"

Draco cringed and Harry laughed at him. "You can't even say his name out loud. I don't have any problem with it. And he's tried to kill me loads of times. Though I'm still standing. It wasn't me who turned into a bloody mist, like him."

Draco stared at Harry, his mouth hanging open slightly. Harry paused, considered, and then sat next to Draco. Draco made no comment nor moved to get away. Harry looked at him. Close range like this was better than he ever imagined. Draco's skin was ivory smooth; his lips like pink rose petals; his eyes like liquid mercury. He was rather handsome and Harry sighed, couldn't help himself.

"Draco," he began.

"I didn't give you permission to get personal with me, Potter."

"There's no rule about it, you know. I can call you 'Draco' if I want to."

"Why would you want to, Potter?"

Harry just gazed at him, running his eyes up and down Malfoy's face. "Maybe I like it."

"Ha!" His lip curled into a sneer. "Since when?"

"Since recently." Harry leaned closer. Draco leaned away.

"What are you playing at, Scarhead?"

“I’m just wondering what it would be like...to lick your cheek.”

Harry’s heart pounded in his chest. He said it. Why had he said it? Draco was going to kill him. Call him all sorts of names. Make his life miserable. Potter’s a ponce, everyone! Make sure you don’t show him your backs, gents!

Draco’s mouth fell open. “WHAT?”

But Harry couldn’t reply. Instead, he leaned forward and as quickly as he could, ran his tongue up Draco’s cheek to his temple.

Draco shot out of his seat as if his trousers were on fire. Harry knew his was.

Draco stared, his expression open with shock. “You...you...!” He opened his palm and wiped it down where Harry licked him. “What the hell—?”

Harry rose. Who knew where he was getting the courage? Malfoy backed away from him. “I don’t know what you’re up to, Potter, but it won’t work. I’ll call for Filch. I’ll...I’ll tell Snape!”

“Tell him what you like,” said Harry, closing on him. Malfoy fetched up against the wall, his escape now cut off.

“W-what are you doing?”

Harry had gone insane. He knew it. There was nothing for it. But he didn’t think he’d have a better chance—his only chance—and he pressed himself against Draco, hands planted on either side of his head against the wall. He didn’t say anything. He breathed in Malfoy’s scent, some sort of woody cologne. Yes, he would be perfumed, wouldn’t he, the pampered prat. Harry leaned in with parted lips, and with Gryffindor courage, planted them against Draco’s quivering mouth, simply breathing into him. His mouth was soft and so...so...tantalizing. Harry’s skin was aflame. His pulse throbbed in his neck. Being this close to Draco, touching his lips with his own, was enough heat to blast him to cinders.

Delicately he caressed Malfoy's mouth with his parted lips, just dragging across them with gentle strokes. Harry poked the tip of his tongue into Draco's slack mouth and ran it along its perimeter, tasting. Harry pressed more firmly and opened his mouth over Draco's. His tongue made a timid circuit in Malfoy's unresisting lips. He lapped at his teeth until he found Draco's tongue and slid his gently over the moist muscle. Draco didn't respond into the kiss, but it was just as well. Harry explored his mouth slowly, wide-open lips still fastened tightly to Draco's mouth, which sank open from Harry's persistence.

Harry drew back just a bit, and still with his mouth open, again caressed Malfoy's, flicking his tongue occasionally at those irresistible lips.

Harry had never kissed anyone like this. Even Ginny never received such ardent kisses from Harry, this open-mouthed adoration as he was doing now to Draco.

Finally, he drew back all the way and stood up straight, no longer leaning his body against Draco's. Draco still said nothing, did not move. He was panting and his wide eyes were staring at Harry.

"I just don't care anymore," Harry whispered by way of explanation. "I don't care what anyone thinks. I may be dead tomorrow. And I wanted to do that."

"Y-you will be dead, Potter. I'm going to kill you." His words were spoken in unsteady breaths, but he still made no move for his wand or away from the wall.

"I know. I didn't even get to the part about asking you to lunch. But what the hell. I'm gay, so there you are."

Understanding dawned in Draco's eyes. "It was you! You sent those flowers!"

Harry nodded. He wondered if he could stroke Draco's cheek and he raised his hand and did so. Draco had awakened enough and shrugged his touch aside.

Oh well. It was good while it lasted.

“You’re a bloody pouf! Get away from me, Potter! I’m definitely telling Snape. He’ll make a lot of that in Potions.”

Harry shook his head. “I told you, I don’t care anymore. What does it all matter? A gay Harry Potter or a straight one. What does it matter? I’ve still got to fight Voldemort. I might as well be who I am before I die.”

And suddenly, he really did feel that way. Why bother pretending otherwise? Sirius escaped Azkaban only to die at the Ministry. And he was never free. Still holed up. Why should Harry do the same?

“I’m attracted to you, Draco. I don’t really care if you’re gay or not.”

“I’m NOT!”

Harry shrugged. “Doesn’t matter. I still want you.”

Draco was clearly not prepared for this kind of offensive response. He and Harry had sparred over the years with schoolboy insults and stupid pranks, with even the threat of the occasional duel. But this surrender, this confession, was something Draco didn’t look capable of dealing with.

Malfoy looked around, but there was no one, no help. “You’d better stay away from me, Potter.”

“I’m not going to hurt you, Draco. Or rape you, if that’s what you’re worried about. Merlin! Would I do that?”

“Just stay away!” He put his hand out, fingers splayed like a bobby directing traffic.

“But you have to admit,” said Harry. “You liked that kiss.”

“I’m not admitting anything, you bloody shirt lifter!”

"I don't know, Malfoy. You were pretty compliant. You never pushed me off of you."

"Th-that's because I was in shock. Yeah, shock. I never expected you'd be the Boy-Who-Lived-To-Suck-Cock."

Harry raised his brows to that. "I was only kissing you."

"Yeah, well...."

"I'd like to do it again."

"I AM NOT GAY!"

"And I said it didn't matter to me. There's no one here. And who am I going to tell? If I bragged that you let me kiss you where does that put me?"

Malfoy froze. Was he actually considering it? Harry stepped closer experimentally. "It was a good kiss, wasn't it?" Harry asked softly.

Draco backed up to the wall again. He lifted his chin, eyes glued to Harry. Harry approached cautiously. Malfoy had not touched his wand.

"I thought it was a spectacular kiss, Draco. You have soft lips. And your mouth tastes wonderful. It's just a kiss. No one would know. Bet you could use a good snogging."

Draco said nothing even as Harry stood chest to chest with him. Harry slowly raised his hands to Draco's face. Draco's eyes never left Harry's. "It's just a kiss," whispered Harry. "It doesn't mean you're gay. Not at all." Harry's hands felt Draco's soft cheeks and his thumbs caressed the cheekbones. Draco's eyes looked glazed from this close proximity. Harry said nothing more and canted forward. His mouth touched Draco's in one delicate kiss. Draco didn't kiss back. Harry kept his slack mouth in contact with Draco's. They breathed each other's breath for a moment; Harry's was long and expansive while Draco's made short puffs of fear or excitement.

Slowly, very slowly, with teeth covered by his lips, Harry gnawed on Draco's open mouth. He flicked his tongue on the Slytherin's lips and slid his mouth along, until he boldly thrust his tongue forward, found Draco's reluctant tongue, and sucked it into his mouth. Amazing! He sucked on Draco's lips and slurped on his mouth, his head moving softly from side to side.

And it was then that Draco's tongue touched Harry's and not to push it away, but to slide along it. Harry sucked Draco's mouth more forcefully, held his face more firmly. God! He was really kissing Malfoy now and Malfoy was sort of kissing him back!

The hands on Malfoy's face slipped around his neck and he pulled Draco against him, snogging the life out of him. Harry ground his pelvis into Malfoy's. He was as hard as a rock. His tortured dick was straining in his trousers but—was that Malfoy's cock? Was it hard as well?

Just then Draco shoved Harry back. He stared wild-eyed at Harry, his mouth wet and glistening from their kiss. "That's enough!" he shouted.

Harry panted. Oh not nearly enough. But he respected Draco's wishes and kept his distance.

They faced off, neither one moving away from the other. Draco looked a little confused. And maybe a little scared. He was panting furiously. "I don't care what Filch says," he said quietly. "I'm leaving. You can finish this yourself."

Harry watched Malfoy stagger through the archway. The Slytherin disappeared into the corridor's gloom until Harry felt it. With neck hairs bristling, he dived to the floor when a jet of magic whizzed by his head.

Sodding Malfoy! Hexing him!

But when Harry rolled to a sitting position, he noticed that all the suits of armor were polished to a bright sheen.

* * *

In every class Harry had with Malfoy he noticed the Slytherin was a little jumpy. He would glance at Harry nervously and Harry would smile back serenely. Even wink on occasion.

"I don't know what happened in that detention," said Ron one day to Harry in the corridor, "but keep it up. Malfoy's been as docile as a fawn."

"I'd like to keep it up," said Harry, secretly smiling. That was the best snogging he'd ever done. Malfoy may certainly not be gay, but he sure had a sensuous mouth.

Harry found Draco alone in the corridor a few days later, adjusting something in his book bag when Harry came up to him. "Hey, Draco."

Draco jumped ten feet. He clutched his book bag in his hand and cringed back. "I'm not gay, Potter. Can't you get that into your thick head?"

"I know, Malfoy. But I was wondering if you wanted to have lunch with me today."

"I'd rather put a blast-ended skrewt in my trousers."

Harry leaned closer and smiled, waggling his brows. "I'm buying."

"It's free, you idiot!"

"Well, anyway, if you change your mind, I'll be under the big oak by the lake. I'll be alone."

"Potter. For the last time. I Am. Not. Gay!"

"I know, Malfoy. It's just a friendly lunch. It's stupid us keeping up all this arguing. I'll either see you there...or I won't." Harry turned and left the Slytherin in the corridor. He resisted the urge to look back at him.

* * *

Harry used his traveling cloak as a picnic blanket and laid out sandwiches and a bottle of pumpkin juice. He even conjured a rose in a vase. He waited for Draco, uncertain if he'd really have the courage to come or if he really wasn't interested in Harry at all.

"He isn't gay, after all," muttered Harry, leaning back against the tree. He watched the late spring light dapple through the leaves. The sun was warm but there was still a chill breeze sweeping down from the Highlands. Enough sun to warm his face, but he was still warmly ensconced in his wool jumper.

He glanced at the water. Its shimmering coolness lulled him to a drowsy state. He glanced back up the hill toward Hogwarts. There was a boy standing on the promontory, his robe flapping around him. Did he have white-blond hair?

Harry turned away, hoping not to jinx it in case it was Draco deciding whether or not to come down.

Harry might have dozed, because the next thing he knew, someone was standing a little ways away. The sun was behind him and he couldn't make out his face. Harry shielded his brow with his hand and squinted through his glasses. "That you, Draco?"

"I'm not gay, Potter."

"I know, Malfoy. Care for some lunch?"

Draco stood over him for a moment more before he slide to the grass, sitting on the furthestmost point of the cloak. Harry handed him a sandwich. "It's only about what you said," said Draco. "About us not quarreling so much. Mind you, I still like insulting you and your friends. It's so easy, after all. But...you know. What's the point, really?" He took a bite of sandwich. "Not that I want to be your friend or anything—"

“Of course,” nodded Harry.

“What’s the point of that?” said Draco. “We hate each other, don’t we?”

“Well. I don’t know about hating. Not really. Not anymore. But I see your point about being friends. A Pureblood and a Half-Blood. What would we have in common in the long run?”

“Exactly,” said Draco gesturing with his sandwich. He looked down at it for a moment. “Mmm. Chicken. My favourite.”

I know. Harry swigged the pumpkin juice from the bottle and handed it to Malfoy. The Slytherin looked at it dubiously. “Oh come now,” laughed Harry. “We exchanged more saliva when we kissed the other day.”

“Don’t remind me,” he mumbled. But he took the bottle and without wiping it off, took a drink.

They fell silent and Harry thought he never had a better time. Draco finished one sandwich and ate another. After eating a few sandwiches himself, Harry lay down on the cloak, his head resting on his hands, his knees bent to the sky.

Draco settled down, too. Further from Harry, but still lying on the cloak. “I can’t stay long,” he said. “Someone might see. I’ll have to get back to my dorm soon.”

Harry sighed and closed his eyes. He wished Draco would stay with him all afternoon.

A shadow fell over him and Harry opened his drowsy lids and looked up into that smooth face. That platinum fringe fell in front of his grey eyes. “I have to go. Er...thanks for lunch.” His eyes darted back towards the castle, and very quickly—so quickly that Harry wasn’t certain he imagined it—Draco dipped forward and kissed Harry on the lips. And then he was gone.

Harry sighed deeply. “But you’re not gay. Not at all,” he said to the wind in the leaves.

* * *

The next day Harry didn't so much as look at Draco. But by the fifth class of the day, someone grabbed him by his robe and shoved him into a deserted classroom. Malfoy backed him against a desk. "What the hell is wrong with you, Potter?"

"What?"

"You think you're allowed to just ignore me all day?"

"Malfoy! I just thought you'd want some space. All that snogging and then the picnic. I thought you'd welcome me not bugging you."

Draco's expression was torn. Harry secretly smiled to himself. He was amazed the tactic had worked.

"Well...!" Draco eased back and paced. "I thought you were trying to be my friend."

"No," said Harry. "Remember, you said that there was no point in our being friends."

"You said it."

"But only because you did."

Draco squinched up his face. "So you want to be my friend, then?"

"I'm not so sure. You seem a bit high-strung."

Draco whirled and slammed his hand to Harry's robe, balling up the material. "Look, Potter. I'm not the gay one here. You're the one who came on to me."

Harry smiled. "Yeah. Because I think you're fairly gorgeous."

Draco froze. He dropped his grip of Harry's robe. "Okay, Potter. If you're so keen to be gay with me, you can...you can suck me off, if you want. Isn't that the sort of thing cock-sucking gay boys do?"

Harry looked Malfoy up and down. The boy looked nervous; twitchy. Harry frowned. "It's not that I don't want to, but I'm not your toy. You can't exploit me like that just because I'm queer."

Draco's jaw fell open. "You've got to be kidding. You're turning me down!"

Harry straightened his robes. "Yeah. I've got my standards, you know." He headed for the door.

Draco followed, even twitchier than before. "This is a once in a lifetime chance, Potter. It won't be offered again."

Harry shrugged and grabbed the door ring. "Well, I guess I'll take a pass. You know, it's not nice taking advantage of me just because...you know. That's not what friends do." He pulled on the door, opened it, and slipped through.

When it closed Harry distinctly heard the shriek on the other side. A wicked smile curled his lips. Perfect!

* * *

Harry watched Draco Malfoy pace along the astronomy tower roof. Each day after their last encounter and Draco's remarkable offer, Harry had added a little attention to Draco, just a little more each day. A "good morning," here and a "nice one, Malfoy," there. He even walked with him to class once, walking as close to him as he could without tripping up either of them. But otherwise, Harry would remain out of arm's reach.

But today, he thought he might up the ante. He saw Draco go alone to the astronomy tower and decided this would be a perfect place to get under Malfoy's skin.

He climbed the stairs and when he got to the door of the tower, he listened carefully before he slowly opened the door. The sun was setting and washed the tower in golden light. At first he didn't see Draco, but when his eyes adjusted to the brilliance of the colours assaulting him, he noticed him leaning on the railing, looking distantly.

He turned at Harry's step, recognized him, and straightened. "Potter!"

"Hi, Malfoy." Harry raised a hand in greeting before joining him by the railing. He leaned over and inhaled deeply. The air was so fresh in Scotland. And the damp of the forest scents wafted up to the tower. "Great view, isn't it?"

Draco looked at Harry before he slowly slumped to his former position on the railing. "Yeah. Great."

Harry edged closed to Draco. He could smell Draco's cologne, a scent that had haunted him since that first encounter. "You smell good, Draco."

Draco rolled his shoulders. He seemed as if he was going to say something and then stopped himself.

"You always smell good," Harry went on. "I've dreamed about the way you smell."

"All right, already. I'm a bloody perfumery. We've established that."

Harry turned to him. "I didn't say you were a perfumery." He reached up and lightly touched the front of Draco's robe. "I just said..." He edged closer. "You smell good." He touched Draco's chin, turned his face, and kissed him. The hand he laid on the Slytherin's chest slid up to his neck and cupped the back of his head, fingers threading in the silky hair. He deepened the kiss, mouth sliding deliciously over soft lips. When he pulled back, he kept his hand on the back of Draco's head. Draco was panting, his eyes lowered shyly. But he didn't wait for Harry to initiate more. He tilted his face upward and pressed his mouth to Harry's, kissing with a fervency he always seemed to hold back before.

Harry's arms embraced him and kissed back with zeal. They spoke in muffled moans and soft sighs, lips never leaving lips. Harry's body was pressed tightly to Draco's and there was no mistaking the Slytherin's enjoyment. A hardness nudged Harry's thigh and he ground his leg into it, making Draco moan louder.

Harry pulled back and looked Draco in the eye. "Shall we go someplace a little less draughty?"

"W-what do you mean?" Draco's hair was mussed in all directions from Harry's messing with it. His face was flushed, his lips were swollen, and his eyes were glazed.

"Someplace where we can get comfortable. Someplace where we can...." Harry licked his lips. "Take off our clothes."

Draco's breathing sped up at that. He pushed Harry back from him. "I don't know—"

"Don't you want to, Draco? We don't have to do anything."

"I'm not gay, you know," he said unsteadily.

"I know, Malfoy. But...we can touch a little. What harm could that do? And it would feel good."

"Mm," he grunted noncommittally.

"You don't have to touch me if you don't want to," said Harry, but he was thinking, Please touch me!

"Well...where did you have in mind?"

"The Room of Requirement. Meet me there in five?"

Draco eased back from Harry. He never raised his face to look at him. "I don't know. Maybe."

"Well." Harry trailed his hand along Draco's chest and then let it fall. "I'll be there and wait for you. If you don't come...then you don't."

"Whatever, Potter."

Harry gave him one last longing look before he trotted down the astronomy tower. He felt a little sorry for Draco. It was hard for Harry to come to terms with being gay but Draco just couldn't seem to admit it to himself. Maybe it was a Pureblood thing. He shook his head at it but quickly made it to the seventh floor, paced in front of the tapestry of Barnabas the Barmy, muttering, "I need a private place for Draco and I... I need a private place for Draco and I...."

When he opened his eyes, a door had appeared. Harry pushed it open and gawked. A sofa, a fireplace burning with large logs...and a four-poster. Beside the bed were jars of some sort of liquid and when Harry picked them up to examine them, he blushed deeply. "Oh," he said and looked around the room, a little embarrassed. "You do supply what's required, don't you?"

Harry sat on the sofa and looked at a magazine lying on one of its squashy cushions. It was a wizard's wanking magazine. Harry's eyes widened. It wasn't as clinical as the pamphlet Madam Pomfrey gave him. Not at all. These colour photos were moving and the wizards in them were going at it enthusiastically. They even waved at Harry. He snapped the magazine closed and set it aside. He kicked his feet and stared at the fire, wondering if Draco would have the courage to come. Maybe it was too much too soon. Would Draco even want to shag? Kissing and getting an erection was one thing, but actually having sex was another. Maybe Draco just wasn't that way.

But if he weren't, then why did he keep letting Harry kiss him?

The door opened and Harry jumped to his feet. A sheepish Draco looked around until his eyes fell on Harry.

"Potter," he said, quietly.

"Hi." Harry felt suddenly quite nervous and a little at a loss. Where is that Gryffindor bravery now? "Um...want to sit down?"

Malfoy shrugged and tried a saunter toward the sofa, but it looked strained. He sat and eased his palms over his thighs. Harry stood for a moment and then sat beside him. "Nice room, isn't it?"

Draco made a cursory sweep with his eyes. "Yeah."

Harry tapped his fingers on the sofa arm. Well, now or never. He turned to Draco. "I like the fire but it's a bit warm. I'm taking my robe off."

He peeled it over his shoulders and tossed it aside.

Draco looked at him. "Okay." He unclasped his robe—Harry noticed it was of very high quality, and the lining was satin—and he tossed his somewhere near Harry's. He sat back down, but Harry still faced him. Slowly, swallowing hard, Harry reached for Draco. "Maybe...we can take off your tie and unbutton your shirt."

Draco looked at him like a mouse facing down a cat. "Why?"

"Because...because you'd be more comfortable." Harry continued forward and with shaky hands, undid Draco's tie and slipped it free of his collar. He let it drop to his feet and then leaned forward to unbutton the top button.

Draco covered Harry's hand with his own. "Wait."

"I'm just going to unbutton it, Draco. That's all."

"I'm not—"

"Gay, yeah, I know." Harry licked his dry lips and carefully unbuttoned the top button of Draco's shirt. After he'd done that one, he looked at the Slytherin's eyes, very close to his own. They were beautiful, almost unreal. Harry's hands traveled downward and slipped another button loose from its buttonhole.

He could see sweat beaded on Draco's upper lip. He wanted to lick it off but was afraid to scare him. To hell with it. He leaned in and very delicately licked Draco's upper lip. It tasted very salty. Draco's eyes closed and he gave a shuddering sigh. Harry took that moment to undo two more buttons before Draco's eyes snapped open again. But he didn't say anything, even as Harry got to his waist where the shirt was tucked into his trousers. Gently, Harry grasped the shirt and tugged it up and out of the slacks. Draco didn't object. He kept his face forward toward the fire, but his grey eyes were glued to Harry's face. Harry undid the last button and opened Malfoy's shirt.

They both sighed simultaneously.

Harry looked down at Malfoy's ivory chest. "You look really good, Malfoy," Harry managed with short breaths. He bent forward and very tenderly bestowed a kiss between his pecs. He ran his hand across the smooth flesh, palm raking over a raised nipple. Draco shuddered. Harry moved his hand again, opening the shirt wider and revealing the taut, pink nubbin. He took a breath and leaned in again to kiss it, and then couldn't resist offering it a lick. Draco arched but tried to hide it by wriggling in his seat.

Harry withdrew and sat back, merely looking at him.

"W-what about you?" asked Draco, gesturing to Harry's shirt. "Aren't you going to...you know."

Harry looked down at himself. "Think I should?"

Draco shrugged. "If you want."

Harry yanked off his tie and tore at the buttons. He pulled the shirt from his trousers and took it off. He waited expectantly but Draco didn't move. "I know I don't look as good as you. I mean, I'm all skinny and underfed, but...well. You don't have to touch me, of course." But even as he said it, he watched Draco's hand rise and draw near. Harry bit his lip and held his breath as Malfoy's fingers skimmed his chest.

"I don't think you look underfed," said Draco breathlessly. Malfoy seemed fascinated by his hand exploring Harry's skin. Harry did his best not to flinch and breathed slowly, enjoying the contact.

Watching Draco, Harry couldn't stand not kissing him, so he did. Draco opened his mouth to it, completing their joining with a sigh and a tongue timidly exploring. But he withdrew quickly as if he were thinking better of it.

Harry was trying to bide his time but his hard cock was telling him otherwise. He wanted to see the rest of Draco, wanted to touch him. Would it even be possible? He stroked Draco's hair instead, and the Slytherin leaned into it like a cat. Harry's other hand stroked down Draco's chest, to his stomach, and teased the waistband of his trousers with a finger. Harry raised his lips to Draco's ear, gave it a lick and

sucked his earlobe, before he whispered into it. “Can I undo your trousers? Just so you’ll be more comfortable. I won’t do anything.”

Malfoy considered. His white teeth dug into his lower lip. He didn’t pull away but he didn’t nod assent either. Harry moved on instinct, and with his eyes gazing into Malfoy’s, he unbuckled Draco’s belt, unbuttoned the fly, and edged the zip down.

Draco flicked his eyes once or twice to his lap, but mostly he kept his steady gaze on Harry’s.

Harry opened his trousers and could tell that Malfoy was erect in his smalls. The distinct outline of his cock showed very clearly through the material. He grabbed the open trousers and asked, “May I?” He needed Draco to lift his hips so that he could draw the trousers down and reluctantly, Malfoy heaved upward. Before Draco could change his mind, Harry made quick work of it and pulled his trousers down those white legs. He knelt when he got them to his ankles but he knew he’d have to take off Draco’s shoes first. Without asking, he untied the laces and pulled off each shoe. He considered for only a moment before tucking a finger into each sock cuff and took them off as well. When he sat back on the sofa, Draco was wearing nothing but his white underpants and was breathing hard.

Harry stood and undid his own trousers, taking them off quickly, removing his own shoes and socks so he was as bare as Malfoy. He sat beside him again—two boys in white underpants—and they just looked at each other, Draco gazing at Harry shyly from under his blond fringe. His lips were twisted together, making them redder. “Just because I’m doing this, Potter, doesn’t make me gay.”

Harry scooted closer and stroked Malfoy’s hair. The Slytherin blinked languidly into the sensation. “I know. Would you mind...calling me ‘Harry’? I’d like to hear you say it.”

Draco licked his lips. “Okay...Harry. But only here. Not out there.”

“I’ll take what I can get.” The fingers petting through Draco’s hair slid down his cheek and then to his neck. Harry kissed where his fingers had been; feeling with his lips the warmth of Draco’s throat and the quickened pulse throbbing through his skin. Draco’s breath caught and then continued in short stabs when Harry pressed his lips to Malfoy’s throat and sucked gently, nibbling a little before moving down to his collarbone and across his chest again. Between kisses, Harry asked, “Has anyone”—kiss—“ever touched you”—kiss—“like this?”

Draco gasped. “No!”

“Do you” —kiss— “like it?”

“Y-yes!”

Harry’s finger traced down the center to his abdomen, raking over the slight washboarding of his abs, circling his navel, and then resting on the waistband of his smalls. He paused for only a moment, trying to measure what Draco would allow him to do. The finger trailed lower, lower, until it traced the pattern of a hard penis jutting upward and squashed against the pants. His finger followed the tantalizing relief of its ridge, its shaft, and on down to the plump package of his sac. Harry cupped the whole of it and squeezed slightly. He’d never touched another boy’s private bits before, and he gave it another squeeze at the pure pleasure of touching it. Draco raised his hips into it and moaned.

Harry looked at Draco’s face. His eyes were closed, those snow-tipped lashes resting against his blushing cheeks. “I’m going to pull down your underpants, Draco. Okay?”

Eyes still closed, Draco nodded. His face was so knotted he almost looked as if he was going to cry.

I’ll be gentle, Malfoy, Harry wanted to reassure. I will.

He grasped the elastic and slowly edged it down. The first of Draco’s pubic hairs appeared and they were as snowy as the hair on his head, only shorter and coarser.

He pulled further and suddenly his cock jumped free. It was very hard. The shaft seemed to pulsate. It was pink and the bulbous head was a darker shade as if it were straining. The little slit seemed to be gasping and as Harry watched a small pearl of pre-cum beaded there, balancing on its tip like a jewel. His sac was wrinkled up tight against the shaft and was pink and fuzzed with light hairs.

Draco lifted his hips again, allowing Harry to slide the pants down his quivering legs.

Draco was nude and completely aroused. And Harry, his mouth agape as he stared, did his best not to drool. “You’re beautiful,” he said, unaware he was voicing it aloud.

Draco opened his eyes. His face suddenly flushed, but he didn't draw away or cover himself, though his fidgeting fingers, clawing at the sofa cushions, seemed to want to do just that.

"Just beautiful," said a dumbstruck Harry. His fingers touched the taut head of Draco's cock and the boy's hips stabbed forward. Harry's finger touched the pre-cum and came away wet, but he used that as lubricant to trail that finger down the shaft along the pulsing vein to his sac. He fondled the sac for a bit and then delicately circled Draco's dick with his fingers. "You're very hard," he commented.

Draco whimpered.

Still holding the boy's cock, Harry bent and kissed the head of it, followed by a bold lick. Draco keened and wriggled his hips. "Oh Harry!" he gasped.

Harry felt very proud of himself for that. He had made Malfoy react and he wasn't telling Harry to stop. Without taking his hand from Draco's prick, he pulled down his own pants and kicked them away. "Draco," he whispered. "Let's go to the bed. We don't have to do anything. But I want to rub against you. Okay?"

Draco looked worried now. "You won't tell anyone?"

"No. I swear. I'd never tell anyone."

Harry got up and took Draco's hand, pulling him to his feet. He held Draco's hand all the way to the bed and crawled up it backwards, pulling Draco with him. He laid Draco down and then he lay beside him, facing each other. Harry threw his leg over Draco's hip, encircled his waist with his free arm, and pressed up against him. Oh! Such a feeling! All that soft, warm flesh against Harry's. Their cocks met and slid over the other. Draco moaned and so did Harry and he was pumping his hips into Draco's, trying to feel as much as the Slytherin as he could. Draco's mouth sunk to Harry's shoulder and began gnawing and kissing. Harry threw back his head, and Draco instinctively began licking and nibbling the offered flesh of his neck.

Harry felt Draco's prick slide against his groin, felt Draco's balls pat, pat against his thigh.

Draco was writhing and fisting the bedclothes. He kissed Harry hard and then gnawed on his chin. "Oh Harry! I want...I want...." But he couldn't seem to say it. He arched and pressed himself against Harry's pubes, straining to rub against his cock. "I need...I want...."

Harry licked Draco's cheek and followed with his tongue to his ear. He whispered within the pink shell. "Do you want me inside you? Do you want my cock inside you, Draco? Is that what you want?"

Draco winced, clenching his eyes shut. As if he was forced by Imperious, he finally nodded. Harry immediately pushed Draco to his back and sat up, kneeling before him. "But...Harry...." Draco still had his eyes clenched closed. "Could you...could you...tie me up?"

Harry froze, his brows raised in shock. "Er...tie you up...?"

"Tie my wrists to the bed. And...and my legs spread...sp-spread wide?"

The idea of that suddenly made Harry's erection throb with a telltale sign. No! Not yet! He grabbed his own dick and squeezed painfully. Finally, the feeling subsided.

"Okay," he managed to grunt. So Malfoy wanted to feel helpless. Harry supposed it went along with his denial that he was gay.

Harry looked around. Their school ties would work. He scrambled off the bed and gathered one green and silver tie and one gold and maroon tie. He came back to the bed, made a slip knot with the Slytherin tie and looped it around Draco's wrists. Draco moaned when Harry cinched it. Harry pushed his palm against his cock again to calm it down. Then he tied the other end of the tie to an ornate carving on the headboard. He looked back at Draco's ankles. He only had one tie left. Maybe a shirt. He tied one of Draco's ankles with the tie and lashed it to one of the footboard's posts. He jumped off the bed again and grabbed a shirt—he didn't know whose—and did the same for his other ankle. He looked at his handy work but wasn't entirely pleased with the results. Draco's legs were spread wide, but Harry would rather have them pushed up so he could readily see his asshole. He untied his ankles, grabbed his wand and, tinkering with a few spells, managed to use a binding charm on his feet. Slowly, the magic parted Draco's legs. But they kept going, bending his knees and pushing up his thighs toward his shoulders. Bound this way, Draco was opened wide, completely helpless...and utterly exposed.

Harry gasped at the sight of Draco's white cheeks pulled open, the pink hole, his sac dangling helplessly. Draco pulled a little on his wrists and his feet but all he could manage was to wiggle his hips...which had the effect of jostling his balls which had quite another effect on Harry. "Are you all right, Draco?" he choked out. "It's not hurting you, is it?"

The Slytherin's face was flushed with embarrassment, but he closed his eyes again and shook his head. He muttered something that Harry thought might have been "perfect".

Harry leaned over him and kissed him. "I'm going to be as gentle as I can. But I'm new at this so I might bollox it up. I mean...." He blushed. "You know what I mean."

Draco opened his eyes and smiled. Not a smirk, either, but a genuine smile tinged with embarrassment. "I trust you, Harry."

That was the finest thing Draco could have said to him. He took confidence from it and grabbed one of the bottles beside the bed. He tipped some of the liquid into his hand and then dribbled it down Draco's wide-open crack. The boy raised his hips at that but Harry was busy sluicing up his own erection. He held on to it, guiding it to Draco's hole. "Best to relax," he said huskily, and pressed the swollen head to Draco's pink anus. Harry leaned forward, using the pressure of his weight to insert himself. It was difficult because Draco's hole was small and tight, but the cock sunk in, spreading the furled flesh, and Harry sighed at the sight of Draco's flesh accepting him and the tight warmth surrounding him. "Are you okay?" he croaked.

Draco was gasping. He nodded, his mouth grimacing, his eyes crushed tight again.

Without waiting further, Harry pushed in as far as he could, and then eased back. Draco's muscles tried to expel him but Harry forced himself forward again. Before he knew it, he was thrusting in and out, hands pressed tight to the underside of Draco's bound thighs.

Softly, he heard Draco chanting, "Yes, yes, yes...." with each of Harry's thrusts. Harry rammed harder. Draco's cries encouraged him and he twisted inside the Slytherin, trying to create different friction, when suddenly Draco reared up. "Oh God!" he screamed. Without Harry's having touched his erection, Draco's dick pumped out an orgasm over his chest, one spurt, two, three. That was the hottest thing Harry had ever seen. He watched it, fascinated. But as Draco emptied his balls, his anus clamped down in rhythm to his aching thrusts, milking Harry's cock and Harry soon exploded with his own orgasm, jutting his hips hard into Draco's backside, his balls slapping Malfoy's bottom which each hard thrust.

And then, a pleasant haze descended over him and Harry was never happier in his life. He groped for his wand and released all of Draco's restraints. Draco collapsed bonelessly to the bed and Harry slipped free of him and laid beside him. He took Draco in his arms and kissed every inch of his face. "I don't care if you're not gay," he whispered. "I want you so much."

"Harry," Draco said timidly. "I hope I am gay. Because I think I love you."

Harry froze and stared at the Slytherin, his face flushed and dotted with sweat. He smiled at Harry again and shrugged. "So I might be."

Harry smiled and kissed his cheek. "I know, Malfoy." He gathered the Slytherin to him and they slept in each others arms.

The End