

Resimesdra

# **F\*\*\* Me I'm Famous (- revised!)**

# Inhaltsangabe

What would Harry's life be like if he hadn't made friends with Ron? Would he have ended up in Slytherin like the Sorting Hat suggested? This is a - none too serious! - vision of how Harry and Draco's life might have looked like if things had not been the way they were^^

## Vorwort

Many thanks to my wonderful betas lady\_aubrey and ladysmith, to my friend Lethe for support and to Calanthe for pointing out (and correcting!) several mistakes and inaccuracies (hence, this new version^^). I love you all!

Now to everyone: I'm well aware this is totally AU and even OOC and it also reads like a Bravo photo love story \*g\* Still it was fun writing it LOL. I love fag!Draco and bighead!Harry... ^\_- Anyway, I hope you like it. And if you do: REVIEW. If you don't: REVIEW, too! ^\_^ Please?

# Inhaltsverzeichnis

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2. The Only Man

# F\*\*\* Me I'm Famous

*Disclaimer: No, I don't own them. No, I don't make money out of this. No, I'm not happy about that, but that's how it is. \*sigh\**

*Thank you... to my wonderful beta crazybee, who keeps on patiently correcting my disastrous writing and never complains about me being so stupid; to lady\_aubrey, who is a great friend and beta, and to Calanthe for being so patient and friendly and helpful about everything. ^\_^*

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Harry glanced at his reflection, an unmistakably satisfied expression in his vivid green eyes as he took in the way his raven hair shone like black silk. He had styled it precisely so that his scar – The Scar, as it was called – would be visible to anyone passing his way, 'cause Harry wanted people to know who they were talking to when they met him.

After all, he was a celebrity; probably the only celebrity people had the chance to meet here on the oh-so-commonplace grounds of Hogwarts, and Harry considered it hardly fair to let them miss the opportunity to have a word with the amazing Boy Who Lived, Hero of the Wizarding World, Youngest Seeker in a Century, Sole Survivor of the Killing Curse, and Hottest Piece of Arse currently available on the school grounds or probably in the entire kingdom.

People simply had to be informed about who he was when they were crossing his way; how else could he make sure they would show the appropriate reverence and gratitude towards the greatest wizard this world had seen in decades, the one who had defeated Voldemort at the tender age of sixteen years and exactly fifty-six days? Harry would, of course, never forget this very special date; he had not marked it in his calendar for nothing, after all, and chances were high that this day would, sooner rather than later, become a national holiday. Naturally, most people were perfectly aware of who he was; after all, he was present practically all the time in almost every form of media; but there might still be one or two that were a bit slow and needed to see The Scar first, before they could show their appreciation.

Not that Harry was vain or cocky or an attention-seeking brat – no! But it was completely clear to him that people would want to show their gratitude to their hero. And who was Harry to deny them what made them happy?

Now, some people might say he was just an extremely lucky, big-headed little bastard with no more brains than a Flobberworm. They might say fortune favoured fools and the fact that Harry had caught the Dark Lord with his pants down in the middle of the war could hardly be seen as a heroic deed, since even Voldemort, scourge of mankind, needed to fulfil natural necessities, and it could hardly be considered sporting to barge into an obviously occupied portable toilet on the battlefield.

Statements like these outraged Harry. After all, it was fucking war and who could blame him for dragging his mortal enemy off the loo when given the chance, for taking advantage of his rather disadvantageous situation? After all, Voldemort would have done the same; that much could be considered certain.

So, Harry simply didn't listen when such blasphemies came up. He knew he was a hero, godlike, the Golden Boy, and so did everyone else, and he really didn't give a shit about those few fuckwits who begrudged his glory. He was far too mature to get upset about such childish rivalries, especially since he knew perfectly well that they were not fit to hold a candle to him.

He now took a step back to eye his entire body in the mirror and was very pleased with what he saw. He truly was gorgeous! No wonder those pin-up calendars featuring him were selling like hot-cakes amongst his fellow Slytherins and all the other houses. And, if the money that was steadily accumulating in his account at Gringotts was any indication, probably everywhere outside Hogwarts, too.

He was of medium height and slender, but one could see the firm muscles of his torso moving under the fitted black shirt he was wearing, and turning around, he simply had to admire how well those tight black jeans hugged his perfectly proportioned arse. Sexy, indeed. So hot it should be a crime. Sex on two legs. A walking wet-dream.

His self-admiration was rudely interrupted when Draco Malfoy barged into the dormitory they shared, tossing him an appreciative look.

“Wow, you do look hot tonight, Harry,” he said, and his voice was soft and velvety. Nothing like when he was shouting or sneering at those dickheads from Hufflepuff or Gryffindor, which Harry found terribly amusing every time.

It was just too good to see the insulted, pouting expressions on their faces after Draco’s cutting remarks had hit home yet again. Even if Malfoy junior hadn’t been one hell of a great bloke once you got to know him closely, it would’ve been worth it to befriend him just to get on the right side of the foul humour that wicked brain of his came up with.

But as it was, Harry and Draco had been best friends from their first day at Hogwarts. Harry had been relieved when the cocky boy had burst into the compartment where Harry was sitting with the Weasley boy. The latter had been droning on for ages, oblivious to the fact that Harry could not understand half of what he said since the boy had that cringe-worthy habit of talking with his mouth full of chocolate. Chocolate Harry had bought, mind you.

When Draco had taken the piss out of the redhead and offered Harry his hand afterwards, Harry had gladly taken it. That boy sure looked like one would have fun hanging around with him. He had a great way of dressing, a sharp wit, and he was obviously well-bred and would therefore most certainly never talk with his mouth full.

Weasley’s jaw had dropped open (not a particularly nice sight with all the melted chocolate still on his tongue), and Harry and Draco had cringed in unison, discovering their first common ground. But soon enough he was joined in the cabin by a girl with big incisors and terrible hair (it was even worse than Harry’s unkempt tuft had been), so Harry figured Weasley should be fine. Indeed, Weasley and Granger had become good friends and now they were even rumoured to be dating. Not that Harry gave a fuck what they did; they were sodding Gryffindors and, a Slytherin was, by definition, not interested in gossip.

Draco had told him a great deal about the wizarding world (he clearly possessed much more knowledge about this fascinating subject than the redhead), and helped him to get some decent clothes when Harry had told him that the Dursleys used to make him wear his overweight cousin’s old rags. The boy was absolutely shocked when Harry explained the conditions under which he had been raised and Harry could barely restrain him from sending, “someone to teach those sodding Muggle vermin a lesson,” as he put it. Draco finally abandoned the idea, but insisted Harry would spend holidays with him at the Manor.

Dumbledore had not exactly been thrilled at the prospect of delivering his biggest weapon against Voldemort to the hands of a former Death Eater, but neither had he been when the Sorting Hat had put Harry in Slytherin. Harry mused, the old man would simply have to get used to the fact that not everything would turn out as he had imagined it, and that Harry would not grow up to be Dumbledore II. He couldn’t help it.

But in the end, Dumbledore, as well as Lucius Malfoy – or Daddy as Draco referred to him when in private – had been persuaded to let Draco and Harry spend their holidays together. Even though Lucius still entertained the idea of ridding the world of Mudbloods and Blood Traitors, he was even more keen on supporting the right (which meant no more than “winning” in this context) side of the war effort, since this would cause him the least trouble.

And it probably didn't hurt, either, that Harry had shown an amazing talent in surviving each and every attempt to kill him without even getting a scratch. Lucius felt tempted to believe the boy might actually succeed in kicking the Dark Lord's wrinkled rear as soon as the latter made his reappearance, and he therefore didn't mind changing sides any longer.

So both of the boys had been spoiled rotten by Draco's parents; Narcissa had been thrilled to go shopping with them and Harry had been entirely newly clothed, had received regular hair-cuts and everything a boy needed to form a nice exterior.

Alas, due to the Protection Charm that had been set on Harry, he had to stay at the Dursley's for at least a few weeks each year. But when Harry had once cursed particularly nastily about that, (Honestly! Had that old fogey Dumbledore actually had a close look at those people before he had left poor Baby Harry to their mercy?), Malfoy senior in person had accompanied him there, making himself very clear about what condition he expected the boy to be in when he returned to the Manor. The Dursleys, intimidated by Lucius's exterior and the power that he seemed to radiate in waves, had literally shown the white feather.

Afterwards, life at Privet Drive had been much more endurable.

Things had become a little awkward, however, when Draco had chosen one bright morning in July to make a rather shocking confession.

The Malfoys and Harry were seated at the breakfast table, enjoying the warm sunrays and a delicious French breakfast complete with croissants and seven types of jam, when Draco set his mug of café latte on the table, casually grabbed another croissant and said, in a completely conversational voice, “By the way, I'm gay.”

It took a moment for the news to sink in, but then Harry snorted into his hot chocolate, Lucius dropped his cup of coffee, and Narcissa choked on a strawberry.

“You think...” Lucius started, turning sideways so the house-elves, that hastily came running, could clean him up.

“...you are...” Narcissa elegantly wiped red strawberry mush off her mouth with a napkin.

“...GAY?” Harry finished, wiping chocolate from his chin and nose.

“Yup,” Draco said, cutting open his croissant, apparently not at all vexed. “Pass the cherry jam please, Harry?”

“So, whatever makes you suspect that ...” Harry started, his face still red from coughing, evaluating how many times Draco had seen him naked so far.

“...you actually prefer boys?” Narcissa finished Harry's sentence, unable to hide the little spark of amused curiosity in her blue eyes.

Lucius just stared.

“Oh, I don’t know. Perhaps the way I like six-pack so much better than boobs.” Draco took a bite of his croissant and smiled innocently at the lot of them.

Harry couldn’t quite believe it. Not that he had a problem with homosexuals, no; he just hadn’t given the matter at hand much thought up ‘til now. How could Draco just decide, from one day to the next, that he was queer? Even though... Well. Draco had never been like the other boys their age. He loved music, especially classical tunes, he was an alarmingly good dancer, he was totally obsessed with his hairstyle and fine designer clothes and – last but not least – he had never had an actual girlfriend before. And that, Harry knew for sure, was not due to a lack of possibilities, since the girls at Hogwarts would only be too willing to let Draco into their pants. Alright, after they had given up on Harry, of course, who was still their number one. But Draco had never seized one of those chances. At least, not after that one encounter with Pansy Parkinson back in their fourth year, during which both participants had been so pissed that their tryst had merely consisted of a short round of groping and had been followed by a much longer round of serious puking. Draco had never since touched a bird again. Well. In hindsight, Harry mused, he should have seen that one coming, now shouldn’t he have?

“You know,” Draco said dreamily, licking some stray jam off his fingers, “boys in tight leather trousers are just to die for.”

Harry, who had only just recovered from his fit of coughing, choked again and made a mental note to give his own leather trousers away to charity. He would most definitely never wear them in Draco’s presence again!

Narcissa had a hard time hiding the amused and not-at-all-motherly grin tugging at the corners of her mouth. Harry realised with a bit of jolt that the woman who was the closest thing to a mother to him was not only happy in a healthy and caring, ‘Oh-my-God-I’m-so-proud-my-son’s-telling-me-this-he-must-really-trust-me’ way, but also in a more disquieting, ‘OH-MY-GOD-my-son-fancies-boys-how-fucking-hot-is-that?’ way. Harry frowned. Straight as he may be, he still would definitely never get his head around women!

Lucius, who had spent the last few seconds frozen on the spot, suddenly came back to life, pushed back his chair, and fled the table without another word.

Draco looked after him in mild astonishment. “Did I say something?”

It turned out that Lucius could not quite get over the mental image of his only son salivating over boys in leather clothing, which was why he locked himself in his office and refused to come out again before Draco agreed to take it back, which Draco, being Draco, naturally refused. It took Narcissa almost twenty-four hours and the promise of a perfect roast lamb before Lucius decided he had spent enough time sulking; ‘brooding over the horror of life,’ as he put it.

It took a few more days, however, before he and Draco could be in the same room again without Lucius blushing profoundly and babbling nonsense, and Draco looking strictly the other way or saying provoking things to drive his father mad. But eventually, Lucius’ unease diminished, as did Draco’s juvenile attitude, and peace returned to Malfoy Manor; even though Lucius never missed out on a chance to comment on Draco’s revealing style of dressing.

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Speaking of revealing style – at that moment, the boy who was formerly known as the Death Eater’s Son was leaning in the door frame, looking undeniably hot. He was wearing low-cut, tight leather trousers that almost exposed the cleft of his arse if he as much as leaned in, and the translucent, sleeveless shirt he wore presented much of the milky white skin of his slightly muscular, flat stomach and back whenever he moved.

His well defined arms were wrapped affectionately around Desdemona, his furry white cat (Draco had also

developed a fierce fondness for Shakespearian pieces and it had taken him ages to decide which name to pick), who was leaving whole tufts of white hair on his black shirt. Harry could also see the tattooed black snake that elegantly wriggled its way round Draco's lean bicep and smirked.

Something told him that Lucius would not be too pleased when he first saw this new acquisition of his son's; neither would he appreciate the fact that Draco had gotten himself a spiky nipple-piercing at a tattoo-shop in Hogsmeade soon after school had started.

Yet Harry had not even tried to talk him out of it. He himself was not too fond of tattoos and piercing holes in his body where naturally none were, but he had to admit this sort of thing kind of suited the slender blond very well.

"Did I ever tell you how grateful I am that you made me wear these contacts instead of those sodding glasses?" Harry said, giving his countenance a loving expression. "I look divine without them. Can't believe I wore them 'til the age of fifteen!"

Draco grinned. "You've thanked me about a hundred times, Harry, but I don't mind hearing it again. And I do agree; I can't believe it either. After all, I've been telling you to get rid of those specs since the day we met. Fuck the trademark!"

Harry paused and cocked his head when he looked at what Draco had done with his hair. It stood up in spikes and Harry quietly suspected him to have wasted an entire tube of magical fixing gel on this extravagant style. Not that it looked bad. No, just... odd.

The small silver ring Draco wore in his left ear twinkled when he moved, informing anyone who was oblivious to his sexual preference about the way this beautiful body swung.

Harry secretly admired Draco's courage. Not that Hogwarts had been difficult on the subject of him being gay, and not that Draco had been the only queer at school – even though he was the one who flaunted it the most shamelessly – but there was a certain amount of teasing and stupid joking involved, and it still required balls to stand up for it. Harry couldn't help being amazed.

But that didn't mean he had to approve of each and every decision Draco made, now did it?

"Please tell me you're not going to attend the party like that!" Harry winced, wrinkling his nose.

Draco arched one of his perfect eyebrows and Harry realised, somewhat shocked, that his friend had also applied eyeliner to accentuate his quicksilver eyes.

"And why is that? Do I not look good?"

"Frankly, you look like they should print a picture of you in the dictionary next to the word 'faggot.' Sweet Merlin, Dray, you might as well put up a sign that reads, 'get it here.' I can even see the piercing in your nipple through that bit of a shirt you're wearing!"

Draco rolled his eyes. "That's why I picked it in the first place! Oh please, Harry, we've been through this. I decided not to have a problem with my sexuality and you agreed you wouldn't either. Besides, you're a fine one to talk, Potter! You're not seriously going to wear that, are you?"

Harry looked down at his shirt. It read, "FUCK ME I'M FAMOUS" in bold white letters across his chest. He grinned back at Draco.

"Why not? It's perfectly true," he said, causing Draco to snort.



Desdemona, terrified by the sudden noise, wriggled her way out of the boy's arms and bounced to the floor, where she dashed off to jump on Harry's bed, causing him to moan in disapproval.

“Great! Now whoever spends the night in my bed with me will have to lie down in cat's hair. Seriously, Dray, can't you just shave that brute? Or wax it? It's gross.”

Draco looked mortally offended. “Why, she is an angora cat and she loses hair. Cats do that. I don't complain when you use my toothbrush in the mornings if you can't find yours, do I? Come to think of it, that is pretty vile, too.”

Harry grimaced. “That must be because you're secretly in love with me,” he said with a cheeky grin. “Otherwise, you'd just give me hell. But since it's me you don't even mind my nasty germs on your toothbrush...”

“Would you shut it? Look, you promised you wouldn't tease me about being gay all of the time.”

Draco had dropped on his bed and looked at Harry with a sulky expression that made the other boy snicker.

“Aw, you're just adorable when you're pouting,” Harry mocked, moving over to him, and was rewarded with a particularly nasty Malfoy-death-glare, the one that was usually reserved for the most terrible crime man could commit: wearing white socks with black shoes.

“Har - ry,” Draco warned, emphasizing the last syllable. “Stop that!”

“What will you do if I don't?” Harry continued, about to straddle his friend, who was still lying on his bed. “Will you be a naughty boy and jump me?”

Draco's face almost fell, but then there was a wicked light in his eyes.

“Maybe. Or perhaps I'll just ruffle your perfectly styled hair a bit.”

Harry looked horrified. “You wouldn't!”

Now there was a whole wildfire sparkling in Draco's grey eyes. He gave Harry his best bedroom eyes and parted his lips lasciviously.

“Oh but I totally would. You know I'm absolutely crazy about your hair. It's just so tempting and fluffy-looking and I find it hard to keep my hands off it anyway...”

He reached out and Harry jumped off of him.

“Don't you dare do that, Dray! It took me ages to get it the way it looks now, and if you so much as touch it, I'll fucking kill you!”

Draco sat upright. “Why, same goes for my trousers, stupid. They're so bloody tight I actually had to use a spell to put them on. And if you think I'll let you give me a hard-on while I'm wearing these, then you'll have to think twice!”

Harry blinked, curious. “I could actually give you a hard-on?”

Draco sighed and rolled his eyes. “Harry, honestly, I'm gay, in case you forgot, and you're a bloke. A bloke who is currently looking hot as hell and practically sitting in my lap, I should add. There's no fucking

way I could not be turned on by that. Oh and will you wipe that smug grin off your face immediately, or else I'll punch it in."

Harry gave him a wicked smirk. "I take it you know resorting to physical violence is often a sign of sexual frustration?"

"And you would know; one can tell by the way you kicked Lord V's wrinkled ass all over the battlefield last year before finally AK'ing him. Looked sure enough like extreme sexual frustration to me."

"Wha...?! Would you please fuck off and die! I am NOT sexually frustrated!"

"Right, that's why you keep sexually harassing your gay friend even though you're – to put it in your own words – 'straight as a fucking wand'."

Harry looked ready to tackle and kill the other boy. "I am not harassing you in any way!"

"You are, and if it's of any interest to you: if I am sexually frustrated, then it's simply because you keep hitting on me and won't see it through!"

Harry gave him a totally startled look and Draco couldn't hold back the laughter pulling on his midriff anymore.

"I'm just kidding, stupid! I don't believe you fell for it."

Harry stared at the person claiming to be his best friend and frowned. He did not quite spot the humour in this, but obviously Draco was enjoying himself immensely. At his expense. And here Harry had already started worrying that Draco might have had a point with what he had said about him!

But since it had all apparently been a joke – a bad joke, mind you – Harry decided to just drop the subject. More to change the topic than because it really mattered, he asked, "So you'll go and put on some decent clothes, then?"

Draco immediately stopped laughing. "What? Whatever made you think that? No way! And since when do you tell me how to dress, anyway?"

"Oh, come on, Dray, just because I'm not going mental about you being queer does not mean I have to let my best friend run around looking like a hustler!"

Draco pursed his lips and pouted. "I'll tell you what, Potter. If you take off this pathetic demand to get laid," Draco gestured to Harry's t-shirt, "I'll stop wearing my undeniably sexy and tempting outfit as well. It's either the both of us get changed, or neither will."

Harry huffed. "Fine, be like that. But I'll tell you what. If you get jumped by some raving fairy from Hufflepuff the very instant you show up at that party looking like a member of the Village People, I'm not going to save your arse from anything that will happen to it, understand?" He paused for a second, thinking about what he had just said. "And I mean that literally," he added with a wicked smirk.

Draco's eyes narrowed. "Don't you worry about me and my arse, Potter. I think the two of us will do just fine, even without you suffering another fit of pathological heroism."

Harry cocked his eyebrow at him. "Right. That's why you let Finch-Fletchley have a go at you last week, right? A sodding Hufflepuff! He's not even good-looking!"

Draco blushed a little. Ah. The Finch-Fletchley incident. He should have known it would come back to him like this. Right, Justin was not exactly the epitome of attractiveness, and most of the time Draco didn't even bother to look at him twice; but well, he had been extremely horny, not to mention drunk last week, and when Justin had so nicely offered a blow-job, Draco could not find it in him to object. Not that, in hindsight, the act itself had been worth the trouble; way too much insecure fumbling to be truly good, but oh well.

Still, Harry had no right at all to hold this over him! Draco defiantly set his jaw and folded his arms.

“You're a fine one to talk! Were you or were you not the bloke caught snogging Luna Lovegood in one of the broom sheds only a few days earlier?”

Now it was Harry's turn to blush. “Oh. That. Well... that's beside the point!”

Draco unfolded his arms again and stared at his friend. “How's that beside the point? And what's it to you anyway? Since when do you give a fuck about who I'm shagging?”

“What it is to...?” Draco thought that Harry's blush had deepened, but considering the current state of redness on his face, it was hard to tell. Then Harry turned away and Draco could no longer prolong his studies of his face. “Oh... eh, I completely forgot to feed Pandora!”

Harry quickly went to the terrarium at the other side of the room, leaving Draco with a quizzical expression on his face. In fact, Harry didn't even know why he gave a shit about Draco's outfit and his tricks, but sometimes it just bothered him immensely. He opened the lid and a beautiful green snake with big gold-black eyes slid onto his outstretched hand, worming her way up to Harry's neck and shoulders. He really didn't know why it got to him like this. Actually, Harry thought, stroking the cool, green scales on his snake's back, it was rather stupid of him. “Don't you think so?” Harry asked the snake in Parseltongue.

Pandora was not very talkative; she hardly ever responded when spoken to, but Harry didn't mind. It hardly ever kept him from droning on about something. Somehow, he figured, this was like writing a diary, only better.

Meanwhile, Draco had flopped backwards on the bed again and cuddled Desdemona, who had changed location and was now comfortably curled up in her owner's lap, cradled in his arms just a tiny bit too tightly for the cat's liking. He watched Harry's back and listened to him talking to his snake, and as much as he would have liked to know what those two were whispering to one another, he would still have preferred it if Harry had finally stopped speaking bloody Parsel! Draco had long since found out that this strange, hissing language sounded inexplicably erotic and turned him on immensely, which he did not appreciate right now. Or ever, actually, since getting turned on by Harry was always a bad thing.

And it happened way too often anyway.

It happened, for example, whenever Harry got these sporadic, rather confusing fits of jealousy. Or at least fits of something Draco liked to interpret as jealousy. Since, even if Draco would rather bite through his tongue than ever admit it, he really fancied his best friend.

Of course he knew that Harry was the straightest man in this solar system, that he never so much as looked at another bloke in that particular way; but still, when Harry acted like this, the little part of Draco that was still hoping for Harry to eventually realise his attraction to him took over and for a short moment, Draco allowed himself to believe that Harry really was jealous. But then he remembered the sight of Harry snogging his way through at least half of the girls at Hogwarts and his insides cramped painfully. He clutched Desdemona so hard against his chest that the cat gave a disgusted meow and jumped off his lap. Harry turned around, surprised, and Draco shrugged it off.

“Have you ever heard from Hedwig again?” Draco asked to distract himself from this rather gloomy thoughts and feelings.

Harry put the snake back in the terrarium and carefully closed the lid. Then he turned around again and scowled. He always looked slightly outraged when the topic of Hedwig’s disappearance came up. “Nope. And I still can’t quite believe she flew off with that diminutive owl of Weasley’s. I mean, she was my owl, she was supposed to have some taste!”

Draco chuckled. “Now I’d just like to remind you of the thing with Luna again.”

Harry blushed angrily. “I was drunk, you fuckwit. I would’ve snogged anyone at the time! And Luna actually isn’t that bad!”

Draco frowned. “Yes, she is! She’s a stupid cow with Butterbeer corks round her neck and ridiculous specs! She talks constantly to herself about non-existent beasts and looks like she just landed on this planet, marvelling at its sights. Oh, and have I mentioned she’s a stupid cow?”

Harry looked at him, flummoxed. Draco actually was a very calm person. “Now, that seems a bit harsh to me. She’s never done anything to you, has she? And snogging me is not a crime either.”

Perhaps it should be, Draco thought, but bit his tongue. He’d already gone too far and he knew it.

“Besides,” Harry continued, checking his reflection over once more for good measure, “as I said, I would’ve easily snogged anyone that night.”

“Anyone but me,” Draco sighed before he could help it, causing Harry to whirl around.

“What did you just say?”

Draco waved him off dismissively. “Nothing. I was just joking again.”

Harry put his hands on his hips and scowled. “I’ve bloody well had enough of your stupid jokes, understood? Just so you know, they’re not funny at all!”

“Keep your hair on.”

Harry gave him a last, murderous look and then turned around to check whether he had actually damaged his perfect hair, muttering, “Stupid prat!” as he did so.

Draco suppressed another sigh. He really didn’t want to get into a fight over this; he was way too scared that he might let something slip if he got carried away. And we wouldn’t want that, right?

“All right, Wonder Boy. It’s ten o’clock now and I do believe it’s time for the two most fuckable boys at school – and that would be us – to show up at a certain party.”

Harry nodded his assent and soon afterwards they were off, prancing towards the Great Hall, where the party was taking place, like peacocks during courtship.

They were very aware of what impact they were having on both the girls as well as the boys, when swaggering to the bar. Harry coolly leaned in to the barman and ordered two jars of Firewhisky in his most masculine voice, which made the girls around them swoon and sigh in admiration of their handsome hero.

The barman was a middle-aged bloke Harry had never seen before. He was probably substituting for

Warren, who used to be the barman whenever parties took place at Hogwarts. Well, never mind, Harry was always keen on meeting new fans.

The new bloke leaned in and Harry smiled, inwardly readying himself to give his autograph. Then the man opened his mouth and said, "Firewhisky must not be sold to underage persons," and watched Harry closely. "May I see your identification, please?"

Harry kept on smiling even though his forehead desperately tried to frown. "Pardon?"

The barman frowned, too. "I said I'm not allowed to hand out any Firewhisky unless you're seventeen. May I see your ID, please?"

"Pardon?" Harry repeated. His smile had frozen. Next to him, Draco stiffened. It was always a very bad sign when Harry smiled this manic, never-faltering smile.

Harry turned to look at his friend. "Did I miss something? He wants to see my ID? Doesn't... doesn't he know..." He turned back to the bartender. "You don't know who I am?"

This was unbelievable. Outrageous! Ever since Harry had turned eleven, EVERYONE knew who he was. No matter where he went or what he did, people simply recognised him!

The man arched an eyebrow. "Some teenage boy trying to get illegal alcoholic drinks?" he suggested, causing Harry to blush furiously.

He wiped his hair even wider out of his forehead, thrusting his head (The Scar now very visible) towards the older man.

"See this scar?" Harry pressed between clenched teeth.

"Um... yeah? What's so special about it? Sleepwalked right into a cupboard, didn't you?" The man folded his arms. "Seeing as how you are obviously an utter klutz anyway, you should be grateful I'm not selling you the strong stuff. You might get hurt or something!"

Draco, as well as the steadily growing crowd around them, held his breath. Either that bloke really had not the faintest idea whom he was insulting, or he was clearly weary of life.

Harry felt like he was about to faint. He reached out for Draco so his friend could steady him in case he really did pass out as a result of this impertinent amount of ignorance. Draco dutifully grabbed his arm, feeling very awkward with the whole situation.

"The Boy Who Lived?" Harry asked, hope showing in his eyes, "The Chosen One? Defeater of Voldemort and Saviour of the entire wizarding world? Any bells ringing?"

The bloke behind the counter merely looked at him as if he wondered whether now would be a good moment to go and make an emergency call to St. Mungo's, since he obviously suspected Harry of being a case for the nuthouse. He shook his head in denial to the question and Harry paled.

"May I ask you what bloody hole you lived in over the last fifty years?! I'm a fucking celebrity! I'm the embodiment of a V.I.P. I practically saved each and every arse in that sodding hall – what am I talking about – in this bloody country, by kicking Voldemort right in his pimply arse during the BIG WAR that took place last year! Not to mention I'm fucking gorgeous and my picture is in a couple of magazines every day, you utter and complete moron! I'm HARRY FUCKING POTTER!"

The silence following Harry's insolent outburst was nearly palpable. Then the elder man put his hands to his hips and bellowed, "I don't give a flying fuck who you are or how many evil wizards you may have booted up the backside! No ID, no Firewhisky, and that's final, Mr Harry fucking Potter!"

Harry threw his hands in the air in exasperation, gave a strangled yell and sashayed off through the crowd of stunned, horrified, or simply amused people surrounding them.

Draco was suddenly very aware of being the centre of attention, standing all alone encircled by curious students and a pissed-off barkeeper.

"Well," he said, pulling his purse out of the pocket of his tight leather trousers, "that would be two Butterbeers for me, then."

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It took Harry, who had been sitting in a corner sulking, numerous bottles of Butterbeer and an impressive amount of compliments from various people regarding his outfit before he slowly started to cheer up again. When Draco could finally persuade him to come to the dance floor with him, Harry flirted so shamelessly with every girl that made eye contact with him, Draco felt sick. He finally took hold of Harry's shoulders – Harry only reluctantly turning his face from one of the Ravenclaw girls he'd been hitting on – and said,

"Harry, listen, you obviously need to build up your ego again. Just go and get one of these girls, snog her, boink her brains out against the wall or whatever it takes, but please stop behaving like a lunatic mandrill!"

Harry gave him an affronted look but was simply stunned into silence since he wasn't used to get insulted in such a creative way. Draco just patted his shoulder dismissively.

"See you later, mate."

He then disappeared and Harry turned round to find himself stared at by Lavender Brown, Parvati Patil and – much to his surprise – Hermione Granger, who was not known to be one of his groupies.

He put on a charming smile and the three of them smiled back with flushing cheeks and fluttering eyelashes. There you go, Harry thought to himself, I'm still Hogwarts' sex god.

Some time later, he could be found a little aside the dance floor, hands pressed against Hermione's back, snogging her senseless. She had turned out to be a surprisingly good kisser, even though it was pretty obvious she was a little tipsy. After a while, Harry broke the kiss, desperately in need of oxygen.

"Wow, Granger," he said, "I didn't know you could kiss like that. Oh, and speaking of things I didn't know, I always thought you were going out with Weasley?"

Hermione blushed, but before she could answer, a cold voice interrupted them.

"As a matter of fact, she is."

They whirled around, staring at Ron Weasley, who was tossing death glares at them from under his amazingly red tuft of hair.

"Ron, I..." Hermione winced, hastily taking her hands off Harry's upper arms, "I can explain that!"

"Yeah," Harry sneered. "Truth is, Weasley, I happen to be a way better kisser than you will ever be and therefore your darling Granger here decided to make out with me instead."

"Shut up, Potter!" Hermione and Ron shouted at him in unison and Harry looked mildly stunned.

“So I’m the bad guy here? Actually, it was your girlfriend who imposed herself on me. Perhaps you might want to drop in eventually so I could provide you with some ideas to keep her sexually satisfied so she won’t need to fornicate with...”

Hermione and Ron glared at him and Weasley’s eyes narrowed dangerously.

“Fuck off, Slytherwimp! Be sure to get out of reach right now or I’ll disembowel you with my bare hands and fly your guts as a flag. And rest assured I don’t give a flying fuck about you being everybody’s hero, either!”

Harry sighed in disapproval. Slytherwimp? That expression was new to him. Still, he couldn’t gather up the calm to pay the slight the appreciation it probably deserved. He was far too upset with the way he kept coming across disrespectful people that night. First the barkeep, now even Weasley! Really, the Weasel should be thankful to him for saving his blood-traitorous family. If it hadn’t been for him and his greatness, Voldemort would’ve given them short shrift.

It didn’t really occur to Harry’s sulking mind that he might have just reduced some of Ron’s gratitude by snogging his drunken girlfriend. Or that said gratitude might just not be enough to make Ron willing to share his girl.

Harry was about to come up with a cutting response (which usually took him much longer than Draco, shame, and if he had finally thought of one it would hardly be as cunning as the ones his friend came up with), when he suddenly saw something that made him completely forget about the fuming Weasel and his little Mudblood girlfriend.

Instead of being there at Harry’s side to verbally finish-off Weasley for him, Draco was on the opposite side of the Hall, unscrupulously making out with Seamus Finnigan, that Irish dickhead from Gryffindor, and it looked like Finnigan was about to screw Draco into the sofa they were lying on.

Before he actually knew what he was doing, Harry darted across the room – violently shoving several people out of his way – and when he reached the happily snogging couple, he yanked Finnigan off his friend with brute force.

The boy gave a stunned grunt when he suddenly landed head-first on the floor and a flushed Draco stared wide-eyed at his friend.

“For fuck’s sake, what the hell do you think you’re doing?” Harry yelled at him, drawing people’s attention towards them in no time.

“No, Harry,” Draco replied, angrily picking himself off the couch, his arousal quite visible in his tight trousers, “the question is what the fucking hell do you think you are doing?!”

“Are you nuts?! He’s a bloody Gryffindor! It’ll be a cold day in hell before I let my best friend be shagged into a rotten couch before everyone’s eyes by a fucking Gryffindor!”

“Hey!” Finnigan piped up from the floor, but a warning glare from Harry’s savage green eyes silenced him immediately and he decided to save his bacon and get out of reach. He clearly did not feel any particular wish to come between the black haired Slytherin and his rather inexplicable wrath.

“Fuck off, Gryffindork!” Harry snorted after him for good measure before returning his attention to Draco, whose eyes had narrowed dangerously.

“Merlin’s fucking balls, have you completely lost it, Potter? You were just smooching Granger like you

wanted to smother her with your tongue!”

“I... that’s something else!” Harry yelled, obviously not in the mood for a logical argument.

Draco folded his arms across his chest. “And how is that something else? She’s a Gryffindor as well, you utter fuckwit!”

“That’s not the point!”

“Then what IS your fucking point, Potter? Would you mind enlightening me about that or are you just going to keep on yelling at me like an impotent baboon?!” Draco was clearly into the primate-thing these days, but Harry was far too upset to worry about the fact that this was already the second time he had been compared to a monkey this day.

“I...” Harry gulped, suddenly very aware of about a hundred students circling them, watching them with deadly curious expressions on their faces. He grabbed the collar of Draco’s shirt and dragged him out of the hall, completely ignoring the very audible and rude utterances of Draco’s protest against this treatment.

When he finally let go of the boy’s shirt out in the corridor, Draco tossed him a death-glare that was much more intimidating than the one Weasley had just given him. It was even worse than the average ‘how-can-you-actually-live-looking-like-that?’ look, and Harry felt his temper cooling down slowly.

“Now don’t you dare do that ever again,” Draco said with an icy voice that would have caused most people to fall to their knees and beg for mercy. But Harry wasn’t most people. He stood there, watching how Draco rearranged his twisted shirt, his heart pounding in his chest and blood rushing in his ears.

“And now you’d better come up with a damn good explanation for that little stunt of yours. And you’d better do it fast or I’ll take no responsibility for hexing your moronic bollocks into next year!”

Harry stared at his furious friend and again his body took action before his brain had given its consent. He darted forward and pressed the boy’s body against the closest wall. For a moment, it looked like he was going to throttle him, (and by the noise coming from Draco’s throat one could tell that the thought had crossed the blonde’s mind as well), but then their lips crashed together in a fierce kiss.

Draco’s eyes went wide with utter shock, then closed with utter pleasure. He had no idea why Harry ‘I’m-so-straight-you-could-use-me-as-a-water-level’ Potter was currently shoving his tongue in his mouth like he was going to eat him alive, but Draco would rather die than stop him.

Finally, Harry broke the kiss, slowly taking a step back, and looked, totally flummoxed, at his friend.

“What the hell...” they said in unison and glared at each other like the both of them had suddenly grown acne all over their perfect faces.

“Harry...” Draco drawled, trying to get a level head again, which was not easy with all the confusion and arousal whirling in his mind. “Uh... why?”

Harry shook his head, completely out of it. What had he just done? What had gotten into him? What on earth had just made him kiss his best friend like there was no tomorrow? He looked at Draco’s beautiful face, those soft, slightly swollen lips and the big quicksilver eyes and decided, hey, whatever!

Their lips met again and the world blew up. Kissing Draco was Heaven and Hell; Heaven because it was simply so wonderful it made him feel like soaring, and Hell since it also made him painfully aware of how tight his sodding jeans were.



“Gods, Harry...” Draco winced, gasping for air.

“Bloody hell, Draco!” Harry panted back, pressing his groin against the other boy’s. “Let’s get the fuck out of here!”

Holding hands and carefully watched by a horde of nosey and delighted students, Harry and Draco rushed to the Slytherins’ dorms. Draco barely had the time to close the door and cast a Locking Charm on it when Harry started yanking his shirt off.

“Hey!” Draco complained, out of breath, cheeks pink with excitement. “That bloody shirt cost me a fortune – cost my dad, actually – and you’ll be in a hell of a lot of trouble if you do any damage to it!”

“Yeah, whatever,” was Harry’s unbothered response as his lips hungrily sought the blond’s.

They somehow made it to the bed – Harry’s bed, and he didn’t give a shit about any cat hair that happened to be on the sheets – and fell down in a heap of entangled bodies. There, they were interestedly watched by Desdemona, who had just made it off the blanket in time to avoid being squashed flat by the combined weight of her owner and his new-found lover.

“Damn,” Draco panted when Harry violently pushed Draco’s shirt over his head to lick all over his chest and softly bite down on a pierced nipple. “What’s gotten into you, Harry? No complaining on my part, but why on earth are you doing this?”

“Don’t” – lick – “know” – lick – “don’t” – bite – “care” – kiss, suck, lick – “either!”

Draco knew he couldn’t summon up the mental strength to stop his clearly completely batty friend from doing something Harry would probably gravely regret the next morning. He couldn’t and he wouldn’t. He’d dreamed of doing something similar with the dark haired wet-dream for years but had never considered it possible. Hell would freeze over before he’d miss out on that chance. Perhaps it wasn’t a very noble or responsible thing to do, but Draco was a desperately horny sixteen year old boy with a raging hard-on; he didn’t give a fuck about noble and responsible.

Harry, on the other hand, was already so out of it he wouldn’t have been able to write the word ‘responsible’ anymore. His brain had short-circuited the very moment he’d seen Seamus snogging his friend and a fiery wave of jealousy had shaken his body. Right now, all Harry could think about was the incredibly handsome boy wriggling under him, his hands on hot flesh and the feeling of Draco’s ragged breath brushing over his cheeks and neck. Bloody hell, how could he have been so totally oblivious to the inherent beauty of a male body for such a long time? How could he have lived next to Draco Malfoy for six years without realising he was the most perfect, desirable human being he had ever met?

He once again sucked an erect, pink nipple into his mouth hungrily, greedily, and Draco whimpered, his hips bucking up uncontrollably. “Harry,” he moaned and his slim fingers entangled in Harry’s black hair, messing it up, pressing his head down onto Draco’s chest. “Fuck, yes! Harder!”

Harry complied and Draco’s back arched up from the bed like a drawn bow. Harry held him down – he had to use his entire bodyweight to manage the task – and crawled on top of the lean boy, biting his lips when he felt Draco’s straining erection pressing against his thigh. Draco hissed at the applied pressure on this particularly sensitive part of his body, unsure whether he wanted Harry to continue his slightly uncertain ministrations or to roll him on his back and take matters in his own, more experienced hands.

But this happened to be the moment Harry decided to be the Boy Who Lived to Shag the Living Daylights out of Draco Malfoy, and since he was more than willing to fulfil this self-imposed quest, he didn’t give Draco

any chance of changing their positions. He ground his hips against the boy's groin with more determination and relished the desperate moan the action forced out of Draco, who came to the conclusion that he'd better surrender.

"Harry," Draco whined, "oh GOD, Harry, I want you so much!"

Harry kissed his way down Draco's stomach, admiring the lean but firm abdominal muscles while trailing his tongue over them, and started unbuttoning the boy's trousers. He did it deliberately slowly so Draco would feel how Harry's fingers pressed down and then released each button, and every time it forced a desperate moan from deep in Draco's throat.

"Please, Harry," Draco whimpered, and he thrust his hips up to show his urgency. "Please!"

Finally pleading, eh? Harry thought smugly, very aroused. God, he had never known one bloody word could have such an effect on him!

He pulled down Draco's trousers – and fucking hell those damn things were tight! – casting the silken black underpants that were revealed an appreciative look. Unfortunately, fancy though these pants may have been, they still happened to be very much in the way and Harry had no choice but to unceremoniously yank them down as well.

Draco gasped when the rather cool dungeon air caressed his heated skin. Was Harry really going to...? Harry stopped and jade eyes found Draco's grey ones.

"Do you want me to...?" Harry asked with an odd hint of insecurity.

Draco inhaled sharply and if possible his cock became even harder. "God, yes, Harry! Do it. Suck it."

Harry lowered his head over the boy's excitedly pulsing dick. Merlin, Draco thought feverishly and felt his face grow hot, don't let him chicken out right now, don't let him chicken out, don't...

But Harry gave no signs of chickening out. He might have been a little unsure about what to do, simply because he had never been with another boy before, but still he ventured the task of darting his tongue out and flicking it over the wet head of Draco's cock. He then obviously decided that this wasn't that bad, since he quickly licked his lips and slid them all over his friend's dick.

Draco had tried to sit upright to watch Harry going down on him, but when the sensation of a wet and oh-so-eager mouth on his most sensitive parts hit home, Draco just fell back on the mattress, tossing his head back with pleasure. "God..."

Harry stopped for a second. "Good?" he asked with a wry, wet grin.

Draco almost cried. "Fucking hell, YES! Keep o-" He never made it to the end of the sentence, since Harry had already gone back to engulfing him, which cut Draco short and only allowed for a desperate "Fuck!"

Harry bobbed his head up and down in Draco's lap, sucking and licking and lapping him for all he was worth, and if the guttural, hungry noises he made while doing so were anything to go by, he was utterly enjoying himself. He probably liked the way Draco's body trembled and twitched under his ministrations, too.

Draco, who felt like every sexual fantasy he'd ever had was currently coming true, was about to lose his mind. His hands – he'd taken them off Harry's head since he really didn't want to hurt him by tearing out the boy's beautifully messy hair – clutched the sheets, his hips bucking up frantically.

Harry was immensely turned on by the sight of Draco whimpering and jerking under him, and his own cock was twitching and aching in his constricting trousers with the desperate need to be touched. Yet he was determined not to do anything about that until the boy in front of him was passing out because of the most mind-blowing orgasm he'd ever had.

Harry felt immensely proud of his oral skills and smugly thought he was doing this pretty well, considering the fact that he was giving the very first blow-job of his entire life. But hey, he was supposed to be a sex god and he wasn't enjoying this flattering reputation for nothing, now was he?

He deep-throated Draco's member, which was quite an impressive thing to do since Draco wasn't exactly small, and Harry found himself fighting a violent gag reflex when his body protested against this rough and most unaccustomed treatment.

Draco, however, seemed to appreciate Harry's attempts anyway, and with a particularly nasty curse, followed by a strangled, "Oh god, oh GOD, Harry, I'm... I'm... FUCK!" Draco ejaculated massively in Harry's mouth.

Harry tried to catch a glimpse of Draco's face as the boy's entire body shook with a forceful climax, and what he saw made something happen to him, something he'd never experienced before.

Staring at Draco's flushed face, taking in how the boy chewed on his lower lip while his closed eyelids fluttered rapidly, Harry came straight away in his pants without ever having been touched.

The shock of experiencing an excellent orgasm without any friction other than the fabric his trousers was creating against his erection made Harry's eyes go wide and caused him to choke on Draco's cock, blurting cum all over the boy's lower abdomen while coughing a tortured "Holy shit!" as his insides suddenly contracted and loosened violently.

Draco all but bolted upright (sufficiently impressive since the last tremors of climax were still running through his body), giving his friend a horror-struck though apologetic look. He clearly mistook Harry's pained expression for disgust.

"God, I'm sorry, Harry! Shouldn't I have...? You should have said something if you didn't want me to!"

Harry shook his head, miserably staring down at his own lap where stains were showing on the dark fabric as his own cum seeped through the material. Good lord.

"This has never happened to me before, in my entire life," he whispered and felt like his perfect world had just shattered to pieces. A sex god certainly did not spend it in his pants!

Draco looked at him in confusion, then suddenly comprehension lightened up his face and he pulled a reluctant Harry into a soothing kiss. "You came?"

Harry nodded mournfully. He felt like someone had deflated his ego.

"Even though I never touched you?"

Harry looked up irritably. "It's already bad enough, no need to rub it in!" he spat and tried to break free from Draco's embrace. But the latter didn't let go.

"Shh, it's alright. It happens to all of us."

Harry blinked “It does?”

“Yes, well, it hasn’t happened to me yet, but…”

Harry looked murderous. “Was that supposed to make me feel any better?”

“...but I swear I almost got off once just watching you undress in the evening.”

Harry stared at him blankly. “You did?” he asked.

Draco nodded, a faint blush darkening his cheeks. Harry’s eyes narrowed. “You were staring at me when I didn’t notice? Checking me out? Getting off on it? You never told me!”

Now it was Draco’s turn to look incredulous. “What, so you would ask for a change of dorms? Hardly. I was afraid you would hate me if I ever told you about my feelings for you.”

Harry cocked his head. “You had feelings for me?”

Now Draco blushed in earnest. “Still have,” he whispered. “I figured you had feelings for me, too. I mean, after what just happened…”

Harry looked to the floor. Did he have feelings for Draco? Of course he had, but apart from brotherly feelings of friendship? Oh, and plain horniness? “I…” he said, not sure where this would lead him. Draco’s face fell.

“So, that’s it? Were you just curious or what? Wanted to know what it feels like to drive the most beautiful boy at this school totally mad?”

Harry shook his head. The situation was too serious to even laugh about the shameless, cocky way Draco had just described himself. He had never thought about it that way. In fact, he had never thought about this at all. Draco had always been out of bounds, he had never thought about doing stuff with him. Well, not seriously, that is.

Draco released him from his hug and sat at the edge of the bed. He didn’t look at Harry. “So what does this make us, Harry?”

Harry smiled. He suddenly knew what he wanted to say. “I don’t know,” he said and scooted closer to Draco, ignoring the uncomfortably sticky fabric of his pants against his spent cock.

“What does it make you if you totally freak out because your best friend is snogging another boy in front of you? If this drives you totally mad with jealousy? If you want to kiss him dizzy, tear off his clothes and fuck him stupid? If you’re so turned on by him, you even come prematurely without being touched?”

“Randy?” Draco suggested. He still didn’t look at him, but Harry could see one corner of his mouth curling up in a wry smile.

“Well,” Harry said. “I’d say this makes us more than just best friends.” He nuzzled Draco’s spiky hair. “Doesn’t it?”

Draco finally turned around, arching one eyebrow. “Well, I take it this must make us at least very perverted best friends.”

Harry chuckled and bit softly at the tip of Draco’s left ear.

“You know I don’t do boyfriends, don’t you?”

Harry looked at him in confusion.

“But in your case, I guess I could make an exception.” Draco grinned and pulled Harry into a very slow and very wet kiss.

# The Only Man

~ooOo F\*\*\* Me I'm Famous – The Only Man oOoo~

Here I stand, victorious  
The only man who made you come

Robbie Williams  
“Ghosts”

~oO^Oo~

Many thanks to my darling lady\_aubrey, who has provided me with a quick but thorough beta once again (and again, and again...), and to my friend Solvej for her support that made me get on with it, and - last but not least - to niobe87 for providing me with some very nice ideas...^^ Love ya all!

Übersetzung ist in Arbeit!^^

~ooO\*o\*Ooo~

“What do you mean, you’re not coming? Of course you are!”

Draco stood in the doorway, his arms folded, staring at Harry incredulously. Harry was seated on Draco’s bed, next to the blond’s packed trunk, fidgeting uneasily with a loose sock that had somehow fallen out of the trunk before Draco had managed to stuff his various possessions inside.

“I still think it would be for the best, Dray.”

Draco stared him down. “Well, I think it’s complete bollocks!”

“I have a bad feeling about the whole thing, Draco. Really.” Harry looked up for the first time since the start of their conversation and Draco was stunned to see the unfamiliar uncertainty in Harry’s usually so self-assured eyes.

He went over and dropped down next to Harry, causing the coil springs to give an outraged squeak. “What’s wrong?” he asked, examining Harry closely. “You not feeling well?”

Harry shook his head and seemed to fidget even more with Draco’s abandoned sock. “It’s not that... it’s just...”

Draco gently plucked the sock out of Harry’s nervous fingers and threw it aside in a careless manner. “What is it, love?” He leaned in and gently brushed his lips over Harry’s hair line. The boy jerked back as if he’d been burned and Draco quizzically lifted an eyebrow at that.

“You want to know what’s wrong with me?” Harry asked, rubbing his flushing cheek. “This. This... thing between us, Dray. That’s the problem.”

Draco blinked. Then blinked again. Then blinked again and said, “Come again?”

Harry sighed and got to his feet. “You know that I’m not gay,” he said, and started to pace restlessly around the room.

Draco rolled his eyes. “Harry, I’m not discussing this with you again. Fine, so you don’t like blokes in general, but you’ve got the hots for me and that is all I care about.”

Frankly, Draco didn’t believe Harry’s repeated oaths of heterosexuality for a second. He’d seen the way Harry looked at the other boys in the shower; and, apart from making him very, very jealous, this also reassured Draco that Harry was by far not as straight as he would like to be.

Actually, Draco doubted that Harry was even aware of the way he had been checking out, say, Zabini the day before. But checked him out he had; there wasn’t even the shadow of a doubt about that. It was unconscious, Draco mused, some subliminal attraction to males that Harry still had to fully discover. And accept.

Well. Even though this was rather strange, Draco didn’t mind much. Usually, he was fully content with being the only bloke Harry consciously fancied. But at times like this, really, Draco wished Harry would just pull that stick out of his arse and finally get his head around the fact he was not fully straight. That he might even be bi-sexual. So what if he was? Draco, for instance, happened to be very proud of being gay.

But that was beside the point.

“I still don’t see why your not being gay would hinder you from coming to the manor with me over Christmas. That totally doesn’t make sense, you know.”

Harry sighed. “This is not about me being gay or not,” he said, causing Draco to look at him in bemusement.

“No? Silly me, expecting this to be the goal of a discussion started by the words ‘I’m not gay, you know.’ I shouldn’t have interpreted too much into it then, I guess.”

Harry stopped his pacing – which Draco was rather thankful for since he found the restless back and forth to be rather annoying – and took a moment to scowl at his friend. “Look, Draco, could you just forget for a moment that you are a total asshole and listen to me?”

Draco, for a brief moment, considered feeling offended. But then he merely shrugged and settled for hearing Harry out. He could still take the piss afterwards, right? “Go on,” he nodded, motioning for Harry to continue.

“Right.” Harry stood and stared and finally picked up the sock Draco had only recently tossed on the floor to fumble with it again.

Draco just sat and perked up. If he had to quit being a prick, he might as well do it properly.

“You know, I really like your parents,” Harry suddenly blurted, rather unexpectedly.

Draco nodded, not knowing where this was getting them. “Yeah. You do. And?”

Harry’s busy fingers tied a knot into the sock, then untied it again. “What I mean is, they’re just like family to me.”

Draco nodded again, confusion only growing. Harry liked his parents, he thought of them as his family – so why didn’t he want to accompany him to the Manor for Christmas? It still didn’t make any more sense to him.

Harry swallowed hard and gazed down at his hands wringing Draco's poor sock like some wet piece of rag. "I'm just not ready for that, understand?"

Draco frowned, then shook his head. "Ready for what, Harry? You've been to the Manor before, actually, you sort of live there, in case you forgot!"

Harry sat down on the bed again and dropped on his back. "I know. That's the problem."

"How's that the problem? For fuck's sake, Harry, do you always have to be so bloody cryptic about everything? Just spit it out already!"

Harry popped up on his elbows and stared directly at Draco. "Fine. No more breaking it gently to you."

Draco gulped. There was something about Harry's voice that he didn't like at all. It made all hair on his neck stand up in anticipation.

"I don't want us to be like that. When we get there, I mean. Either we stop this" – he waved his hand between them, indicating that 'this' meant each and every bit of intimacy they had shared over the last two weeks – "altogether for the time we're with your folks, or I'm not going there at all."

All blood left Draco's face and for a split second, he thought he had misheard something. Lord, he just hoped he had!

"Excuse me?" he blurted when he finally had his voice back. "What on earth is that supposed to mean?"

"You heard me," Harry said, and his eyes left no room for doubts. "I'm not ready to tell your father about this. Us."

There was a short moment of silence. One of the most awkward moments the two boys had experienced around each other yet.

"You're serious about this," Draco finally said, and it was a statement rather than a question.

Harry nodded. Draco blinked and then stood up rather abruptly. "If you'll excuse me, I'm going to take a shower now. See you later."

He quickly crossed the room and yanked the door open.

"Draco..." Harry called after him half-heartedly, but when Draco didn't react to that, he fell silent.

The door opened and closed and then Draco was gone.

~ooOoo~

Harry lay on his bed and thoughtfully chewed on his bottom lip. He'd known that Draco wouldn't take too well to this. But hell, what else could he do? He wasn't ready to confess to Lucius Malfoy, whom he indeed regarded as some kind of foster father, that not only was he developing a rather unsettling attraction to blokes – but that in addition, of all people to be fancied, he fancied Draco. Had gotten him off several times. And had been gotten off in return. No. He really couldn't put up with an enraged stepfather and all yet, when he didn't even know for sure whether he was really gay at all. For all he knew, it could be just a phase. A rather confusing and distracting period of time during which he was tempted to believe he liked boys.



It had happened to other people before, right? And they'd still come out straight afterwards. There was no need to worry.

And Draco... well. Draco was special. He really was extremely handsome and Harry cared deeply for him; perhaps it was just normal that he... well, what exactly? There was no point in trying to pretend he was not feeling overprotective for the blond, that he did not get jealous when Draco laughed about other people's jokes or complimented someone on their abs. Or their ass. Or looks in general. Whatever.

And there was even less point in denying that merely thinking about the boy's fit, slim body had Harry all hot and bothered; not to mention what the real thing did to him. As had been spectacularly proven in that one, fateful night two weeks ago, when the mere vision of Draco's come-face had provoked Harry to instantly come in his trousers.

God, the embarrassment of it all still hadn't quite worn off yet. But just remembering the whole scene, Harry caught his hand lightly caressing the growing bulge in his jeans. He yanked his hand away, ashamed and angry, and slapped a pillow on his face in utter annoyance with himself.

~ooOoo~

Draco stood under the hot shower and rested his head on the cool tiles. He could not quite decipher the emotions whirling in his system, but it seemed to be some interesting blend of anger with Harry and himself, rejection, fear, love, and desperation. He just didn't know what to make of this.

He'd always thought that everything would be alright once he got his hands on Harry. Never had he imagined it to be like this, this stirring and unsettling. Things were so simple on his side. He was gay, he'd always secretly nurtured a crush on his best friend, and now that he knew he might even have a chance with him, that crush had quickly moved on into something different, something more powerful. More love-like.

Draco groaned and backed off a little just to let his forehead fall against the tiles again with a numb thud.

It was getting so frustrating. Why, oh why did Harry have to be such a wanker? He really kept Draco on tenterhooks. First, he ambushed him with this rather unexpected outburst of feelings for him, even participated eagerly in the coupling-discussion – Hell, Draco had been the one who hadn't believed in relationships before! – and then, come morning, Harry would have loved nothing more than to just shrug it all off, pretending it had never happened.

Draco had only just started to believe that Harry was a bloody prick and that he had just been drunk that night (like he had always feared in the first place), when Harry – completely sober this time – had crawled into bed with him and the whole scenario had repeated itself. Only this time, Draco had been the one to end up with a mouthful of sperm.

Meanwhile, the whole school seemed to enjoy the entertainment that Harry's eternal and rather obvious struggle apparently was to them, and Draco started to feel like a giant fool for putting up with all his shit. It was as if he were some stupid little school girl, desperately clinging to a long-time crush that she could never get.

But whenever he made up his mind to tell Harry to go and fuck himself, the boy suddenly started acting all amorous, sometimes even held his hand, and all resolution fled Draco's love-foolish mind.

It was degrading. Unfitting. Undignified. And still he couldn't stop himself from running after Harry like some smitten puppy.

Furiously shampooing his hair, Draco swore to himself that he would put a stop to this. He was most

certainly not going to spend two weeks at his parents' house, pretending he was not in love with Harry. They were either going there as a couple and staying that way, or not going and splitting up altogether.

Anything else was not acceptable and would do neither of them any good.

When something started prickling in the corners of his eyes, Draco hastily turned on the water again and told himself that some of the conditioner had gotten into them.

~ooOoo~

Draco didn't sleep particularly well that night. When he woke in the morning, his head hurt like a bitch and he felt strangely empty inside. Harry was already gone, probably down in the Great Hall for breakfast. Draco took his time in the bathroom; he'd overslept and had the entire bathroom to himself. He leisurely cleaned his teeth, observing his pale reflection in the mirror over the sink, thinking about how to handle the whole situation from now on. Harry never left without him in the morning; clearly he was very angry. Even though Draco hadn't a clue why Harry would be angry. He was the one spoiling their holiday plans and making such a mess out of everything, wasn't he?

But still, spitting into the sink and finally rinsing his mouth, Draco felt some entirely unpleasant sensation rippling in his guts. He wasn't sure whether this was because of guilt or fear – he merely knew that it was strongly related to the thoughts about Harry.

When Draco finally made it down into the Hall too, Harry was still seated at his place at the Slytherin table. After some mental debating with himself about his choice of place, Draco decided to sit down next to the boy, pretending that nothing was wrong. Of course, the side glances Harry tossed him when feeling unobserved did nothing to ease the situation; neither did the curious whispering and stupid jokes about a lovers' fight, that became louder by the second.

Draco stared into his bowl of cereal and tried to vanish it by sheer will-power – but to no avail. The soaked cornflakes remained awfully present, and Draco, who didn't feel like eating in the least, stuffed them into his mouth, trying to gulp them down and get done with it. Unfortunately, his digestive system had turned into mush at the sight of Harry, and fiercely refused to get ballasted with the pulp. So the cereal remained in his mouth and macerated, until they formed a massive sort of dumpling that was impossible to be gulped down and only triggered Draco's gag reflex. So he finally got up and got rid of the cereal-dumpling in the toilet.

When he got back to the dorm, Harry was already in there, silently unpacking his trunk. Draco's heart clenched viciously at that sight and the feeling of a lump in his throat was back immediately, even though this time, there was nothing in his mouth.

“What are you doing?” he asked quietly, struggling to keep his voice steady and banish the first hints of panic plucking at his vocal cords.

Harry didn't look at him as he carefully took one of his favourite t-shirts out of the trunk and carried it to his cupboard like it was something terribly fragile instead of some piece of clothing.

“What does it look like?” he replied in his usual, snottish voice. “I'm preparing to stay here for the holidays.”

The words broke Draco's heart and were his undoing. A sharp, thin wire cut right through his chest and every good sense he'd had was forgotten. He could not stand the thought of Harry staying at Hogwarts all by himself, and even worse was the vision of him sitting at the Manor without Harry by his side to shield his

father's teasing. No way he could handle that.

Draco knew he shouldn't say what he was about to say; he fucking knew it wouldn't do to let Harry get away with everything again, to let him have things his way once more – but he couldn't help it. He was no good at hiding what he felt, and even more so since Harry had started to play with his feelings like a guitarist of the Weird Sisters would do with the strings of his instrument.

He just wore his heart on his sleeve these days. And no biting through his tongue would ever keep the words from spilling over his lips.

“Don't be silly. I'm not letting you stay here on your own, Harry,” he said softly and with just the tiniest little tremor to his voice. “I'll do anything you want me to, I swear I will. Just please, come with me. Don't make me spend Christmas without you.”

Harry cocked his head and narrowed his eyes. “No shit? We're not telling your parents anything?”

Draco shook his head, inwardly already cursing himself for his weakness all over again. But really, any other arrangement was completely out of the question, wasn't it?

The corner of Harry's mouth twitched. “C'mere,” he said, and opened his arms invitingly. Draco was in them before he even knew he had moved, burying his face in the crook of Harry's neck, breathing in the soothing scent of Harry's skin that he had so badly missed in the few hours their argument had lasted.

Merlin, he had it bad for that boy. A fiery wave of something pulsed from Draco's chest right to his brain and he wanted nothing more than to tell Harry about how he felt and how badly he thought he was in love with him. He wanted to whisper the words against Harry's wonderful neck, his lips brushing over the sensitive skin, and Harry would smile and kiss him and say...

But Harry didn't say anything. He just held his arms loosely wrapped around Draco's narrow waist, and Draco, not willing to spoil their reconciliation by saying something he would regret all too soon, bit back the words swelling in his throat and merely nuzzled the fine hair on Harry's neck instead.

Harry gave some odd sort of grunted sigh, and it was only then Draco noticed the lump of Harry's growing erection poking into his thigh. Draco smiled and pulled back a little, just enough so he could look at Harry. Harry's eyes were wide with annoyed disbelief that IT was happening AGAIN and Draco might have been hurt if it hadn't been for that glimpse of outright want shining through the resistance in Harry's beautiful green eyes.

But there it was, and it only made Draco more eager to refresh Harry's memory as to exactly why his body reacted to Draco's presence in this particular way.

He didn't take his eyes off Harry's face while he gently rocked his hips, circled them against Harry's groin, massaged the boy's erection with his own. Harry breathed heavily through his nose and his hands tightened their grip on Draco's back as he steadied his hips against the assault – perhaps even pushing back a little, albeit somewhat reluctantly – eyes half closing at the sensation.

Draco's hands wandered down until they came to rest on Harry's firm buttocks – as usual, clad in the most perfectly fitting pair of jeans – and slowly started kneading them. Harry made a low, moaning noise in the back of his throat that spoke of defeat and arousal, and Draco, feeling all dizzy and light-headed, guided them both back until Harry came to rest against a wall for stability, and then he started frothing against him in earnest.

“Oh fuck, Draco,” Harry growled and shoved his hips forward. “Do it properly, damn it!”

And Draco, too excited and horny to even complain about the way he was bossed around, fumbled the front of Harry's jeans open, tugged them down and pushed his hand inside, where it immediately found the hot and silken hardness that was Harry's cock. God, Draco just loved the feeling of it in his palm; it was one of the most perfect sensations ever. He worked his hand up and down, enjoying the way the foreskin slid over the moist head, not to mention the needy little gasps the action forced out of Harry, and it wasn't long before he tucked his left hand into his own shorts to caress his own erection since Harry obviously was too busy enjoying being wanked to bother with Draco's needs as well.

Thankfully, Draco was ambidextrous. He'd learned masturbating with his left hand when he was fourteen, because that had been when Goyle had had this rather unfortunate, eh, handicap because of... well, because someone had hexed him with this particularly nasty curse for plundering someone's precious chocolate stock, causing his wank-hand to go all limp and lame whenever he was in the right mood for jerking off. Goyle hadn't had it in him to go to Madam Pomfrey because of this and so it had been two weeks until the curse had worn off. And even though Draco had very much enjoyed the whole thing back then, he still dreaded it might some day get back to him and he figured it couldn't hurt to be prepared.

They came almost simultaneously, and staring into Harry's face, Draco hoped that perhaps now, in post-orgasmic haze, Harry might just say something similar to how Draco felt about him.

"Draco," Harry breathed and Draco perked up. "I only let you do this because it will be the last time for at least two weeks, understand?"

Draco was deflated. Trust Harry to ruin anything that could've been at least the slightest bit romantic by being such a prick all of the time. No stereotypically whispered 'I love you' during or shortly after the mind-blowing cum-shot for Harry Potter, oh no. Hell, he couldn't even admit how much he'd enjoyed it!

Draco rolled his eyes. "Harry..." He wanted to yell at him how ridiculous he was being, how much of a fool he made out of him, how stupid and annoying and childish and immature and self-deceiving his behaviour was – but then he remembered that he wanted Harry to come with him, and that insulting him would not be the best way to achieve his goal. So he held his tongue and only said, "Sure" instead.

Harry nodded and cast a cleaning charm on himself – only himself, which Draco registered with a disapproving frown – and then went back to repacking his trunk. Draco, having cleaned himself up too, dropped on his bed and watched Harry moving around the dorm. This was so sick. Trying hard to appear all cool and indifferent on the outside, Draco really wanted to cry and shout and kick something. Or someone. Preferably Harry.

Why did he have to fall for Harry Potter of all people? The Boy Who Lived To Make Things So Fucking Complicated? He was a Malfoy, he was ridiculously rich, extraordinarily handsome, remarkably witty and charming – he could have anyone! Why did it have to be Harry he wanted?

Something hit his head and he looked up, distracted from his mulling. "What?" he asked irritably and tossed the single Bertie Bott's Bean Harry had no doubt found in one of his drawers back at the boy.

"Stop the pouting," Harry said, moving aside to evade the bean. "I'm coming with you, aren't I?"

"I'm not pouting," Draco pouted and folded his arms. Honestly. Did that bloke even know what he was doing to him?

"Good. Now come here and sit on my trunk so I can get it closed."

"Like I'm that much of a heavy weight," Draco murmured, but got up nonetheless. Obediently, he climbed

atop Harry's bed and sat down on the trunk. "What do you have in there, anyway? Looks like you plan on leaving the country or something. We're only staying at the Manor for about two weeks, you know."

"Oh, shut up," Harry said, struggling to get the lid closed. "Like you didn't haul all of your possessions along as well."

Draco wrinkled his nose. "Actually, I don't. There's only a tiny little fraction of my wardrobe in there," he said, nodding at the enormous trunk standing at the door.

Harry snorted. "Still it's enough to keep an entire army warm." There was a clicking noise when the lock snapped shut and Harry straightened up to face Draco. "Honestly, you're not telling me you're going to need all of those clothes, are you?"

Draco sighed. "Of course not. But it's always good to come prepared." He stared at Harry provokingly. "But it's not like you understand the necessity of a decent wardrobe anyway, do you? After all," he made a significant pause, "you're not gay."

Harry leaned in and their faces were close, so close that Draco's breath hitched in his throat. Was Harry going to... was he really going to kiss him? Draco gulped, and there was something in Harry's eyes, something inexplicable, something... Then Harry brought one hand up and pushed Draco off the trunk.

"Your services as lid-sitter are no longer required," he said, and hauled his trunk off the bed.

~ooOoo~

The trip back to the manor was an entirely unpleasant one. It had started to rain, and fat drops were messily running down the planes of the elegant black limousine (no more uncomfortable rides on the Hogwarts Express for Hogwarts' Hero and companion!) that took them there.

Draco and Harry were seated at the backseats, both staring out at the pouring rain, listening to the sound of it pattering on the roof. They hadn't really spoken much since they'd gotten into the car, and Draco was fine with it; he was once more lost in thoughts about how everything had gotten like this.

Harry glared at the dull reflection of his face in the pane and wondered what was wrong with him. His life had been perfect up to now, in literally every imaginable way. And then the annoying little brat next to him had had to go and blow it all. Or rather, he had somehow made Harry blow him, which again had blown everything. Harry sighed inwardly.

He could've lived with one gay encounter in his life, really. What he could not quite handle was the rather shocking intensity of it all. It was just that it was too good to be true. It made images pop up in his head, visions of Draco spread out on his back for him, or of Draco on all fours, good and ready to get fucked, and – worst of all – of him taking that beautiful body under him, sliding his cock home between the firm buttocks until they were both moaning in ecstasy. It made him want to say and do things he'd never even considered possible before, and that really scared the shit out of him.

When the limousine finally rolled in on the gritted driveway to the manor, Narcissa was already at the door, watching the boys get out. House-elves hurried by to help with the trunks and Draco went right over to his mother. Narcissa hugged and kissed him and told him over and over again how good he looked until Draco was getting sick of it and fled her embrace.

Narcissa, not bothered at all, didn't hesitate for a second to turn all her attention towards Harry instead. Harry endured her affections somewhat stoically, not really knowing how to react to her motherly behaviour. Even though she'd been like this towards him almost from the start, Harry had never really gotten used to it.

When Narcissa finally let go of “her boys,” they were greeted by Lucius as well. He pulled Draco into a brief, one-armed hug, and when they backed off, he frowned. “An earring?” he asked, one eyebrow lifted questioningly. Draco shrugged unapologetically.

“Yeah. I thought it was kinda cool.”

Lucius’ frown deepened and he opened his mouth to reply – when he caught a warning glance from Narcissa. So he merely sighed dramatically. “Whatever, son, whatever.”

Harry, observing the whole scene with tight-lipped interest, wondered just what Lucius would have to say if he ever came to see what else Draco had thought was kinda cool. Luckily, the tattooed snake was covered by the boy’s grey cashmere jumper – as was the piercing, of course – but from the look on Draco’s face, Harry could tell the boy was having the same thoughts. Not that he would mind if his father should get another fit of hurt father’s pride – but well, he clearly wasn’t too keen on going through the whole thing again.

Harry shuddered inwardly, once more congratulating himself on his decision to keep IT a secret.

“All right now, boys,” Narcissa said with an unusually cheerful voice. “Go upstairs and get ready. We’re having guests today!”

Draco frowned at her. “Guests? Who?”

“The Mackenzies,” Lucius said. “You remember them, Draco?”

Draco nodded and his frown only deepened. Then he grabbed Harry’s sleeve and, muttering “I fucking don’t believe this!” dragged him inside and up the stairs.

~ooOoo~

“What’s all this about?” Harry said, once they had passed the door to Draco’s room (Harry had one of his own, of course. After all, it wasn’t like Malfoy Manor hadn’t enough spare rooms to give host to half of the Empire) and yanked his arm away. “What’s gotten your balls into a knot?”

“Don’t you understand a bloody thing?” Draco pressed through clenched teeth.

Harry, now genuinely confused, shook his head. “Actually, no I don’t. Who are the Mackenzies? And what’s so bad about them being here?”

Draco sighed. “They’re acquaintances of my parents. They’re not that bad actually – but it’s not about them, anyway. It’s about who’s probably going to be with them.”

Harry blinked. “I’m not so sure I get your point, Dray.”

Draco folded his arms. “Well. They do have a daughter. Serena Louise. Beautiful girl, long blond hair and as thick as two short planks, as far as I know. Approximately our age, if I’m not mistaken.”

“Well? I still don’t see...”

“For fuck’s sake, Harry! I told you about the codex pure-blood families follow, didn’t I? Remember, what duties every heir has to fulfil if they want to be able to receive their inheritance?”

Harry screwed up his face, trying to remember what Draco had taught him. “Uh... marry and raise

successors?”

“Exactly.”

“...oh.”

Draco snorted. “Yeah, Harry. Oh. Oh is a good way to put it.”

“So you really think they want you to... hell, Dray, they know you’re gay, don’t they? How can they assume you would still agree to marry a girl?”

Draco shook his head. “Actually, Harry, I think they gave up all hope of successfully marrying me long ago.”

There was a pause. Then Harry narrowed his eyes and suspiciously said,

“What are you hinting?”

“Isn’t that obvious? It’s you, you daft prick! They want to marry her to you!”

Harry, eyes wide with disbelief, opened his mouth and said the first thing that came to his mind.

“But – I’m not even seventeen! How can I already get married to some girl I don’t even know?”

Draco snorted. “Think that’s early, do you? Remember Theo Nott? He’s been engaged since he turned fourteen. Pansy Parkinson? Engaged even before she was born!” He paused. “Don’t you notice anything?”

Harry shot him a glance. “I was busy over the last years, in case you hadn’t noticed!”

Draco merely huffed and Harry’s mind went back to the more important matters at hand. “We’re not even related! How can they even think about marrying me off?”

The blond shrugged. “What do I know? I take it they originally wanted to marry me off, but when they noticed I’d never be happy with her, they probably decided to give it a try with you.”

“So you think they’re not actually going to force one of us to get married? They’re just suggesting it?”

Again, Draco snorted. “Please, Harry! You know my parents! Think they’d ever force us to do something we’re not comfortable with? Well, knowing my father he might just try, but my mother’s like a dragon protecting her young. He’d never get through with it.”

“But the codex... You said...”

Draco waved him off dismissively. “They try to follow it as much as possible. But they’re no fiends, you know? They try their best within reason. I don’t think my mother’s marriage with my father was an imposed one, either.”

Harry relaxed visibly. “Oh, good. Then the whole thing might even be fun.”

Draco frowned. “What do you mean, fun?”

Harry shrugged. “You said she’s pretty. Let’s find out about it. Perhaps her and I can have some fun together. It’s been ages since I’ve been with a girl.”

Before Draco could even express his extreme disapproval of Harry's words, the boy had already whirled around to check on his appearance in the XXL-mirror at the wall. "I guess I'll get changed before we attend your parents' guests. See you in a moment!"

With that he rushed out of the door, leaving a stunned and very displeased Draco behind.

The blond dropped flat onto his bed on his stomach and buried his face into his pillow before uttering a muffled cry of frustration. This was entirely unbelievable! Stupid, stupid, stupid parents and stupid, stupid, stupid Mackenzies! Who did they think they were, simply trying to marry their stupid, stupid, stupid daughter to his stupid, stupid, stupid Harry? He may be a stupid prat, but he was his stupid prat; it didn't matter that Harry himself wasn't admitting that yet, Draco knew and that's all it took. But now, Harry would, by all means, try to impress that stupid broad – if only to keep up appearances and annoy Draco. That much could be considered certain.

Worse was, however, that Draco didn't have the slightest idea what to do about it. Of course, he could tell everyone the truth (namely, that Harry was some kind of a closet case, desperately trying to deny his attraction towards blokes) – but if he did that, Harry would never as much as look at him ever again, and Draco was not willing to put that at risk.

He rolled onto his back and stared up at the ceiling. How fucked up was that?

~ooOoo~

They walked down the stairs a couple of minutes later, Draco extraordinarily grumpy and still wearing the same clothes, Harry extraordinarily cheerful (and if it was just a mask he'd put up, Draco thought, then Harry was a damn good actor!), wearing his favourite pair of jeans and a black shirt. He looked so good that Draco thought he could feel his mouth watering. But then he remembered that Harry had only dressed up to impress Serena stupid Mackenzie, and that thought quickly stopped the production of saliva.

They entered the living room where Draco's parents were already chatting with two elder wizards and two children, approximately their age. The young girl, probably fifteen or sixteen, looked up first and flashed them a charming smile that Harry – to Draco's immense displeasure – returned immediately.

"Draco, Harry," Narcissa said pleasantly. "Please meet the Mackenzies. This is their daughter Serena Louise. She's attending school at Beauxbatons. Draco, I think you already know each other, don't you?"

"Yeah," Draco murmured, stormy eyes silently speaking of murder. "My pleasure."

Serena nodded, not taking her eyes – that were of a warm brown – off Harry. "You must be the amazing Boy Who Lived, aren't you? I'm so glad we meet at last!" She brought one hand up to elegantly flip her long blond locks over her shoulder.

"Eh... my pleasure," Harry said, grinning impishly.

I'm so glad we meet at last,, Draco inwardly aped her. Stupid cunt!

"Oh, Draco," Lucius' words broke into his thoughts. "I don't believe you've met their son Seth yet? He's at Durmstrang in his final year."

And he stepped aside, revealing one of the most stunning young men Draco had ever seen. The boy was tall and tanned, his hair was dirty blond and his eyes were of an impossible blue. He smiled at Draco and displayed a row of perfect white teeth.



Draco gulped and almost shyly took the hand Seth was offering him.

“Uh...nice to meet you,” he said around the sudden lump in his throat. “I’m Draco.”

“Nice to meet you too,” Seth smiled. “Draco. You’re even prettier than my mother said you were.”

At that, Draco as well as Mrs Mackenzie flushed a charming shade of pink and even Harry snatched his eyes momentarily off Serena. Narcissa and Lucius Malfoy exchanged content smiles with each other and both of the Mackenzies.

And then it dawned on Draco. This wasn’t about marrying Harry to Serena. This was about marrying him to Seth!

~ooOoo~

The law about male/male marriages in the Wizarding World was a relatively new one and not very established yet. There were only a few gay couples that had made use of the law so far. Draco had known about it, of course he had, but since he hadn’t considered getting married yet (and no doubt he had counted on his parents to not take up on that possibility!), he certainly hadn’t given the law and its impacts on his life much thought yet.

But there he was, staring at one of the most handsome blokes ever, thinking about whether he was ready to call this man his husband. Well. The answer, clearly, was no. First, he didn’t want to marry yet. Hell, he wasn’t even seventeen, and despite the things he’d told Harry earlier, he didn’t think it normal to get engaged when you weren’t even old enough to be allowed to buy Firewhisky. And second – even though Seth was good looking as hell and Draco would have loved to shag the living daylights out of him – he would never settle for spending his life with some bloke he hardly knew. He was in love with Harry, goddamn, and he wasn’t going to marry some hot boy from Durmstrang! Not even when said hot boy from Durmstrang was staring at him like that, with a look that made Draco all itchy and sweaty, causing in him the fierce desire to find out exactly what Seth’s earlobe tasted like... But no; no, he was with Harry and he would not do this to him. Them.

Draco had already opened his mouth to make things clear, when he caught a threatening glance from Harry. Draco was absolutely outraged. There he was, having to fight off some imposed husband with all the ethical integrity he could muster, and all Harry could think about was his reputation! Alright, he could have that. Draco swore to himself that by the end of the day, Harry would beg to get him back. After all, Draco could fight dirty, too.

Narcissa suggested that Harry and Draco take the two Mackenzie offspring out for a tour around the Manor. “Why don’t you show them the stables?” she offered. “I bet Seth and Serena Louise don’t get to see horses that often. And you haven’t seen them in quite a while either.”

Draco, who really didn’t care what they were doing since the entire afternoon promised to be immensely fucked up, nodded his carefree assent and watched with hurt pride how Harry led a cheerily chattering Serena out the door. But he bit back the remark that was on his tongue and grabbed Seth’s hand instead.

“Come on,” he said with false joy. “Let’s show you around.” And the two of them hurried to catch up with Harry and Serena.

~ooOoo~

Serena was a nuisance. She really was beautiful with her short black dress and the long, flaxen locks, and

she had a rather cute way of cocking her head – but that didn't change the fact that she was a constantly babbling chatterbox. She was talking his head off and it wasn't long before Harry started to get annoyed with the monotonously falling cascade of meaningless words.

He tossed Draco a pleading look for help – but Draco was momentarily occupied with Seth, who was trying to put some straw under Draco's shirt. The two boys were giggling and laughing like school girls, as Draco tried to flee and get back at Seth by ruffling his hair with hay. Watching them lay devastation to the Malfoy Stables, Harry felt he'd lost. Worrying his bottom lip between his teeth, Harry observed the way Seth pulled Draco into the straw with him, both still giggling and faces all flushed. They both looked distinctively as if they were just short of taking it to the next step, right then and there.

Harry did not like that.

Serena nudged him and Harry looked at her, frowning, which the girl entirely missed since she, too, was looking at her brother and Draco.

“Seth has it bad for Draco, I can tell,” she whispered in amusement, causing the hair on Harry's neck to stand up. “He's blond and slim, totally his type. You should see his room at home. I swear most of the boys on the posters in there look just like Draco. He must be delirious with joy our parents are going to marry them! He could have it worse, there's no doubt.”

Harry's jaw dropped open. “Did... did you just say...? They want to marry them?”

Serena giggled. “Of course, dummy. What did you think?”

“I...eh,” Harry stammered, feeling stupid. “I thought they... eh... wanted to marry you and Draco?” He didn't want to admit that he'd thought he was the one who should be married.

Serena giggled even harder. “You thought so, did you? Please Harry, Draco's gay as blazes and my parents always suspected that, even before he came out. Besides, he's hardly my type.”

“Oh.” Harry looked back at the two bickering boys in the straw with a sinking feeling in his stomach. Draco married to that blond prat? That wannabe surfer dude? How entirely not cool!

He bit his lips, telling his heart to stop the pointless pounding in his chest. He was not jealous. Why would he be? The not-telling-anyone-bit had been his idea in the first place, right? It was good how it was. That way, nobody suspected him and Draco of being... But did that Seth bloke have to have his paws all over him?

Serena watched him closely. “Jealous, Harry?”

Harry whirled around. “What? No! Of course not! Why would I...? That's...”

The girl only giggled harder. “I thought so. Then why don't you come to the horses with me to prove your point? Let's leave the boys here to have some fun.” She winked at him, and Harry, not willing to admit anything yet, allowed her to lead him away. Even though he glanced back over his shoulder just in time to see Seth breathlessly kissing Draco's ear and cheek and jaw, all up to his lips. And Draco, the traitorous little rat, obviously enjoyed himself immensely, rolling about in the straw with Mr Universe.

But of course, Harry wouldn't know. Because OF COURSE, Harry was NOT LOOKING.

When he and Serena had just approached the horses with a bag of carrots, Harry heard Draco moan out so loud he broke the carrot he'd just meant to feed to Princess, Narcissa's stunning white mare.

So fucking not cool.

It went on like this forever. Seth and Draco were all over each other while Harry was stuck with Serena. And he couldn't quite shake the thought that he was not playing his role all too well since the girl kept tossing him suspicious looks from time to time. But he couldn't help staring at the boys; their making out was too striking to not be noticed. And Harry noticed two emotions fighting in him, both desperately trying to claw their way to the surface.

For one, he was feeling angrily jealous. He really didn't like the way Draco cooed and fussed over Seth. He wasn't supposed to do that. He damn well knew Harry was only a few feet away, how dare the little slut allow Seth to touch and kiss him?!

Second, no matter how much Harry disliked the way his supposed-to-be-boyfriend was making out with young Mackenzie – the sight of rather hot boy on boy action (even though they had done nothing but kiss and grope) had him all bothered, and he couldn't help noticing how uncomfortably tight his favourite jeans had become all of a sudden. An awareness that was absolutely truculent to Harry's theory concerning his heterosexuality, and in return did nothing to lighten his mood, quite the contrary.

The afternoon went by, and Harry became more and more tight-lipped. He only waited for Seth to yank down Draco's trousers and fuck him right in front of his very eyes. And judging by the starved look in Draco's eyes, Harry wasn't sure the blond would fight the other boy off if he really tried to do so.

Draco really had it coming, Harry thought. He'd so tell the blond where to get off as soon as Seth sodding Mackenzie had left the Manor! Harry didn't care that he didn't have a clue what to say, since he was the one insisting that they didn't have a real relationship, that he'd even started the whole thing by planning to have fun with Serena (some plan, by the way - he'd entirely forgotten about her!)... all he cared about was Draco snogging Seth, which was entirely intolerable and had to be punished.

The thin thread of Harry's patience broke sometime over dinner. It was probably due to the influence of several glasses of rich red wine, but when Seth started to spoon feed his tiramisu to Draco, who licked the sugary mass of the spoon in a way that was entirely too sensual for Harry's liking, Harry gripped the handle of his glass so hard it was a miracle it didn't burst at once. Then Seth leaned in and whispered something into Draco's ear, causing the boy to blush in the sweetest way and it really wasn't hard to imagine what Seth might have said. And that was it. Harry jumped to his feet so fiercely the wine in most of the glasses on the table swashed over the rim, staining the expensive tablecloth.

“That DOES it!” he growled. “Take your filthy hands off my boyfriend and do it NOW!”

All eyes were on him in no time. “Harry...” Narcissa said warningly, but Harry merely glared at her.

“What?” he asked furiously. “You expect me to just sit there and watch this bloody jerk devour my man? Not bloody likely!”

There was a moment of stunned silence, then Draco pushed Seth off him and stood up as well.

“How DARE you speak to my mother like that! That we're in this situation at all is only your fault to begin with, so don't you take it out on anybody else, you uptight closet case!”

“I AM NOT A CLOSET CASE!” Harry yelled, glaring daggers at Draco.

“DAMN RIGHT YOU ARE! If you want me then fucking admit it already and stop acting like you've got something shoved up your arse! Stop pretending you're straight and stop jerking me around, you stupid prick! I'm sick and tired of that!”

“JUST BECAUSE I HAVE SOME ISSUES, THAT DOESN’T GIVE YOU THE RIGHT TO FUCK AROUND ON ME!” Harry shouted, cheeks slowly and painfully reddening.

“Oh, so NOW we’re an item? All of a sudden? I’ll tell you what, Potter, go FUCK YOURSELF! I’m fed up with your shit! If you want someone to take your moods out on, go find somebody else!”

Harry blinked. “You can’t just dump me, I’m the Boy Who Lived!”

Draco snorted. “Yeah, like I care! You’re the Boy Who Got Dumped For Being An Arsehole, that’s who you are!”

They stood and stared at each other over the table, completely unaware that they were not the only people in the universe. It was only when Lucius Malfoy cleared his throat that they remembered the presence of six other people in the room.

“I suggest you two leave this room. Now,” Lucius said with the unmistakable Malfoy calmness that spoke of great emotions – namely: anger – hidden beneath the surface.

Draco didn’t need to be told twice. He stormed out of the door, followed by Harry. They stomped up the stairs, and when they reached the second floor, Harry grabbed Draco by the sleeve and slammed him up against the wall.

“Don’t even think about touching me, Potter!” Draco spat, his eyes sparkling with rage. “I’m through with you!”

“No you’re not!” Harry breathed unevenly. “I’m not going to let you get away with this!”

“This is not about you letting me do anything!” Draco said coolly. “I’ve fucking had enough of your games, Potter! I’m not a toy, you know!”

Harry had Draco’s lean arms in a vice and was slowly moving his body against Draco’s. “You’re mine,” he panted against Draco’s ear. “No one touches what belongs to me!”

“You really are fucked up, do you know that?” Draco murmured, cursing himself for giving in so easily again, but unable to do anything about it either. Fuck it. He wanted Harry; he wanted him with every fibre of his being.

“Mmmh, I guess I am,” Harry breathed into Draco’s hair, seemingly not at all bothered by the truth to this statement. “Merlin, I want you, Dray. I want you so badly!”

Draco gulped. “I… I can see that,” he whispered, referring to the hardness in Harry’s jeans poking into his hip.

Harry groaned and circled his groin. “You’re going to get it tonight. Oh fuck, you’re SO going to get it!”

A hot ball of fire manifested in Draco’s guts at the words and he found himself groaning and jerking his hips against Harry’s. “Oh Harry, yeah, I…” Then he suddenly stopped and tensed up. “Hang on. What do you mean, I’M going to get it?”

“Going to fuck you,” Harry panted, unaware of Draco’s sudden unease and frotting his crotch over Draco’s. “I’m going to fuck you all night long, good and hard and proper!”

Draco gathered all the strength he could muster and pushed Harry off. “No way!”

It took a while before Harry's arousal-mashed brain had digested the information. "Huh? What do you mean, no way?"

Draco rolled his eyes. "What do you think I mean? No! You're not going to fuck me!"

Harry blinked. "Why not? You said you wanted it!"

Draco glared at him. "I said I wanted us to have sex. I never said anything about me being the bottom!"

Harry looked so confused that Draco was forced to conclude this thought had never so much as crossed Harry's mind before. He'd always just assumed it would be him getting on top. Well, as far as Draco was concerned, this was not going to happen!

He folded his arms. "Merlin knows I love you to the point of stupidity – which I probably shouldn't, given the way you treat me – but I'm not a bottom, Potter."

Harry looked thoughtful for a moment, worrying his lip between his teeth. Then, without further ado, he pushed Draco through the door to his room and spelled it shut behind them.

"We'll see about that, Dray."

~ooOoo~

The next few minutes – or was it hours? Seconds? Draco couldn't tell – were pure bliss.

Harry pushed him down on his king-sized bed and Draco, who'd never known he was one to take to being manhandled like this, found himself groan in eagerness at Harry's rather possessive behaviour. It was just so good to see his man that jealous. He didn't even really mind Harry had simply taken him for a nelly bottom – he'd mind the day after, probably, but right now, all that mattered to Draco was Harry all over him. Because that was what he was doing; Harry kissed and slurped messily over every inch of Draco's skin, licking and biting him for all he was worth, and Draco, who'd been so furious only minutes ago, let it all happen. Hell, he even participated in his own devouring, and rather willingly so. That is, as much as Harry let him, anyway. The boy was not very determined on co-operation once he'd made up his mind.

When Harry ripped Draco's shirt open to hotly bite down on the pink nipples, Draco sensed he could no longer win this fight for dominance. His whole body was shaking with anticipation, begging for more attention to his lower regions.

"Oh Harry," he moaned breathlessly as his hips came off the sheets to press against Harry's, creating the most delicate friction by doing so. "Oh God, yes! More! Please..."

"Told you you were a bottom," Harry panted and roughly shoved one hand down to rub over the twitching hardness in Draco's pants. "You like this, don't you, my greedy little slut?"

Draco's mind told him weakly to protest against the choice of words, but Harry's lips crashed down on his and cut him off, so Draco decided to leave the chiding for later and settle for a hungry, "Mmmmmmh" instead.

"Fuck," Harry said against Draco's lips, "you had this coming all day. You really asked for it, making out with that asshole so shamelessly! You fucking knew it would drive me crazy, didn't you?"

His right hand never stopped kneading Draco's cock and balls as he spoke, which hindered Draco's reply.

Draco's brain had turned to mush and all he could think about was how much he wanted this, wanted Harry, and so he whimpered desperately against Harry's mouth, pleading for more in a wordless litany.

Harry had moved a little so that he was now frotting his crotch against Draco's right leg like a ruttish puppy. Draco took up on the idea and steadied his leg, pressing his knee against the hardness of Harry's erection. The look on Harry's face was priceless. Shocked arousal, mixed with sheer bliss and a good quantity of exertion.

"Shit, Dray," he pressed, face all screwed up. "You're... gonna get me off like this. I'm so fucking close already!"

Draco hastily pulled his leg away. "Don't you dare come yet!" he growled. "I thought you wanted to come inside of me?" He hadn't got a clue where the words had come from, but out they were, and once spoken, he couldn't – and more important: didn't want to – take them back. Not if they did to Harry what they obviously did. The boy jerked so fiercely, Draco almost feared he'd come prematurely again and somehow this gave him some of his self-assurance back.

"What is it, Harry?" he teased, provokingly lolling on his bed like an expensive concubine might do. "Can't stand the thought of shoving your cock into my tight arse, can you? I bet that merely thinking about me wriggling beneath you, begging you to give it to me harder, faster, deeper" – he especially emphasised the last three words – "pushes you over the edge, doesn't it? And you tell me you're the top?"

Harry groaned and pushed a hand down to grab his dick, probably to prevent himself from coming by Draco's words alone. "Fuck..." he whimpered.

Well, well. Who'd known that things would change that easily? Draco immensely enjoyed himself. He was hard as a rock, too – but he knew he wouldn't manage to smut-talk himself to orgasm. With Harry, he wasn't so sure.

"You know what I'd do with you if it was me getting on top?" he asked, seductively lowering his voice.

Harry closed his eyes and shook his head, his right hand still pressing down on his crotch. He must be so damn close, Draco thought and gulped almost unnoticeably. If Harry really did let go, he wasn't so sure if he himself would still be able to hold back then. But that remained to be seen.

"I'd tell you to get on your hands and knees," Draco whispered. "And I'd pull down your jeans and boxers. I'd do it slowly so you could feel how the air caresses your hot, naked skin..."

A low whine from Harry at that.

"... then I'd kneel behind you. And then – do you know what I'd do then, Harry?"

"You... you'd fuck me," Harry breathed, hardly audible.

Draco smiled. "Oh no, love, not right then. Right then I'd bend down and kiss the soft skin on your lower back. And from there I'd work my way down between your buttocks..."

A tortured growl from Harry.

"...and then I'd kiss you. There. Do you know what a damn sensitive spot of your body this is? Hell, I'd do it slowly, my tongue teasing your nerve endings until you'd think you're on fire, and..."

Harry's hand (the one not occupied with pressing his dick) shot forward and grabbed Draco's wrist.

“Do it!” he rasped, startling Draco out of his wicked fantasies.

“What?”

“DO. IT.” Harry’s voice was urgent and strained. He moved around and got on all fours, stunning Draco into silence. But only for a very short moment. Then, a wide grin spread on his face as he settled behind Harry, deliberately undoing the boy’s trousers slowly.

Fucking hell, Harry was hard! He breathed heavily through his nose while Draco slid down his boxers, and his dick jumped up against his belly, immediately connecting the gland to his skin with a glistening thread of pre-cum. Draco bit back a moan. He loved Harry’s dick. It wasn’t particularly big, but it wasn’t small either, and to Draco it was just perfect. He hadn’t had close-ups to that many cocks up to that point in his life, but still enough to be safe to say that in his opinion, Harry’s was one of the prettier ones, if not the prettiest par excellence. It was straight with just the tiniest bow towards Harry’s stomach, and the width fit the length just perfectly.

The urge to touch, stroke and suck it was almost overwhelming, but Draco didn’t give in to temptation. He knew for a fact that if he did, Harry wouldn’t be able to hold back any longer, and he didn’t want that to happen. After all, he’d made some promises that he was determined to keep.

Kneeling behind Harry, Draco vaguely wondered whether he was overextended with the task he’d set for himself. He’d never before given (nor received!) a rim-job and he wasn’t at all sure whether he knew how to do it properly. But when Harry impatiently wiggled his bum at him, urging him to go ahead and fucking do it already, Draco decided that learning by doing was probably the best he could do in that situation.

So he leaned in, albeit a bit hesitantly, and placed a small, almost timid kiss on Harry’s tailbone. The boy moaned and buried his face into the cushions, reassuring Draco that even though he hadn’t a clue what exactly he was doing, he was still doing it all right. Draco couldn’t help grinning as he moved further down, his tongue lapping teasingly at Harry’s cleft. Harry groaned and his hips jerked forward before pushing back against Draco’s face. Most people would probably consider it a rude and very impolite thing to have a bum shoved into your face – but curiously, Draco didn’t mind at all. Not if it was Harry’s arse on his lips, anyway.

He closed his eyes for a moment, breathing in the scent that was so very Harry, and then slowly dragged his tongue over the puckered opening. Harry moaned out so loud at the small action that, once more, Draco thought he’d come. But miraculously, he hadn’t, and Draco continued his ministrations. He found it hard to access the small hole between the firm buttocks and so he used his hands – namely his thumbs – to spread them further apart. Then he closed his eyes again, trying to think not too hard about what exactly he was doing to that certain part of Harry’s anatomy, and started to lick and suck at the sensitive flesh in earnest.

Harry thought he’d died and woken in heaven. No one had ever touched him in the place where Draco currently stuck his tongue, and he hadn’t even considered this kind of activity before – but when Draco had started talking about it, Harry had found it so enthralling that he suddenly wanted nothing more than to actually experience the real thing. He knew that he was moaning and panting and twitching in a most degrading way by now, but Merlin knew, he didn’t care.

He wanted so badly to wank himself, to wrap his sweaty hand around his aching dick and stroke from tip to base – at least once, he wouldn’t last much longer anyway – but he needed all leverage he could get to steady his body against the assaults of Draco’s sinfully skilled tongue against a place of his body that he had never before been so aware of like he was now.

Bloody, fucking hell.

Draco made throaty little noises while snogging his hole and Harry groaned in response, pushing back even more to get more of Draco's tongue, to get it deeper in if possible. There was an entirely new desire forming in him, one that told him it would be really, really good if the intrusion wasn't only caused by the slippery tip of Draco's tongue, but by something more... massive instead. Harry held his breath, realising that this probably meant he wanted to be fucked.

He gasped when he also came to the conclusion that the thought of being fucked was really appealing to him. He'd never wanted get fucked before! He had wanted to fuck – he'd wanted to fuck Draco, damn right he had – but he'd never thought about it the other way. It was just that Draco had always seemed the natural bottom to him; not that he was too effeminate or anything, but still Harry felt more... masculine. And now it turned out he was the one getting it done. It simply didn't seem right. On the other hand, however, it also seemed like a very good alternative to just waiting for his dick to explode on its own, which would be the case if Draco kept eating him out like this.

And so, Harry did the unthinkable. He turned his head, well aware of how flushed and positively shagged he already looked, and mouthed, "Fuck me!" to Draco. The flickering tongue came to an abrupt halt and Draco's face – slightly shiny with saliva – appeared over Harry's lower back.

"What?" His voice was unsteady, uncertain. Clearly this was something he hadn't expected. At least not yet. Harry was pleased to learn that even though Draco had turned the table, he was still able to get the better of him.

He licked his lips. If he was going to plead, he might as well make a good show out of it.

"Fuck me, Draco," he repeated, louder and more urgent this time. "Please! I want you in me."

Now it was Draco's turn to gasp in shocked arousal. "Are you... are you sure about this?"

Harry nodded frantically. "I am! Just hurry up before I make a mess of myself just like this!"

Draco didn't need to be told twice. He grabbed a bottle of lube from the nightstand (no, he hadn't really put it to use before, but it was always good to come prepared), then yanked his trousers down, revealing his own, no less urgent, erection.

Harry glanced over his shoulder, watching as Draco thoroughly slicked his shaft, and gulped. Draco was big. Nothing worth an entry in the sight-seeing guides to England, and of course he'd seen it before, but still – thinking about fitting it into his body put matters into an entirely new perspective.

"Have you, uhm, ever done this before?" Harry asked, feeling a dragging sensation into his stomach, that was not unpleasant but not really pleasant either, as he kept staring transfixedly at Draco's cock.

Draco shook his head. "No," he whispered hoarsely. "But I've read a book about it. I know how it's done."

Harry fought the urge to roll his eyes. Great. He's read a book about it! What, *The Art Of Deflowering Harry Potter*?

Draco seemed to sense his unease. He leaned in and placed a quick kiss on Harry's temple. "It'll be alright, love. I'll be gentle, I promise."

You can take your gentleness and shove it up your arse! I'M the one who's going to get THAT THING shoved up MY ARSE; and I bet you a bloody fortune it's going to HURT LIKE HELL.

Harry bit his lips. He was not going to admit he was scared. He had defeated Voldemort and survived the



Killing Curse; he was sure he could deal with a bit of anal penetration!

Draco had started slicking Harry's entrance, too, and it wasn't long before Harry felt a finger being pushed inside. He tensed at the intrusion, his muscles squeezing down on Draco's digit.

"Fuck," Draco breathed. "If you do this once I'm in you, I'm gonna come at once, do you know that?"

Harry gasped and realised in astonishment how his dick jumped at the words. The thought of Draco inside him was a real turn on, he had to admit that!

Draco leaned over him and his left hand sneaked around his waist, slowly starting to stroke Harry's pulsing shaft. Harry moaned and felt himself relaxing a little, allowing for Draco to move his finger in and out, circling a bit as he did so. It didn't feel that bad, Harry decided after a moment. Not bad at all.

Especially when Draco inserted a second finger and carefully scissored them, hitting some spot somewhere around his bladder that caused a hot wave of pleasure to pulse through Harry's body.

"Shit!" he groaned as his pulse rate sped up. "What was that?"

"Did that feel good, baby?" Draco breathed into his ear and Harry nodded frantically. "Then it must have been your prostate, love."

"I don't really care what it was, just do it again!"

Harry had squeezed his eyes shut in anticipation, waiting for Draco to brush his fingers over the sweet spot again. Merlin, he was pretty sure he could come like this if Draco pushed his button often enough. Why had nobody ever told him that having something up your arse felt so bloody great?

The hand left his penis and Harry heard the slick smacking noises indicating that Draco had squeezed some more lube on his own dick, probably preparing for finally entering him. Harry shuddered.

"Now," Draco said breathlessly and slowly removed his fingers from Harry's anus to grip his hips instead. "Try to relax, love. Or better yet, try to push out."

"Push....out?" Harry swallowed around the lump in his throat, concentrating on the feeling of Draco's glans nudging against his sphincter.

"You know... like you do on the loo. It will make it easier."

"If you say so..." Harry replied uncertainly and did as he was told. Draco pushed forward and miraculously, the head of his erection slid past the tight ring of muscles.

"Fuck!" the blond groaned, his fingers painfully digging into Harry's hip. "That feels.... absolutely incredible!"

Harry hissed as Draco slid another inch in. It was painful, but not as bad as he'd anticipated. Draco was almost all the way in him now, and then the worst part would be over soon. Besides, it was really good to hear Draco's constant exclamations of growing arousal behind him.

"Oh GOD, Harry," Draco growled next to his ear and bit down on Harry's shoulder. "You're so tight, you're so fucking tight!"

He started to slowly pump his hips and after a minute or so, Harry felt the pain subsiding. He became aware

of the way Draco's balls smacked against his perineum each time Draco pushed in, and that was good; he started to realise how sensitive the skin of his sphincter was, and that was better; he also noticed the way Draco's cock brushed over his prostate from time to time, and that was best.

"Touch yourself," Draco panted. "I want to feel your muscles tensing when you come!"

Harry crooked his left arm and rested his forehead against it, so he wouldn't keel over when he took his right arm away to stroke his erection, and wrapped his hand around his hot prick. Fuck. He could get used to that, Harry thought while moving his hand up and down his hard length in a quick, hard rhythm. He bit his lips and gave a strangled grunt.

Draco had both hands on Harry's hips now, steadying him against his thrusts as he fucked him harder and faster by the minute. Harry let go of his lip, moaning out loud at the sensation when Draco's cock rubbed over his prostate again and again, eliciting hot waves of pleasure that quickly spread all over him.

Harry wasn't going to last. The feeling of his own hand on his penis, combined with the feeling of Draco pummelling into his body, groaning in ecstasy all of the time, dragged Harry to the edge with breath-taking rapidness.

"Draco," he gasped. "Oh Merlin, Draco, I'm gonna..."

"Fuck, YES, Harry, me too... Oh God... Oh GOD..."

Harry pulled his prick so hard he thought it might bruise, and then came in long, hot spurts all over his hand, the sheets, and some even made it up to his chest. The force of orgasm knocked the breath out of him and it took at least a minute, or so it seemed to Harry, before he could exhale again. Only Draco's hands on him kept him from collapsing altogether while his man was still in him, riding out the last tremors of his own climax.

Then they fell together in a heap of heated, sweaty bodies, too spent to even bother with willingly disconnecting; they simply waited until Draco's dick had softened and slipped out of Harry on its own.

Harry rolled on his back, lazily stretching his limbs. Draco, not caring that they were still sticky with cum and lube and sweat, cuddled up to him, resting his head on Harry's cum-splattered chest.

They lay like this for some minutes, giving their hearts and bodies time to calm down, and Harry had even started to absent-mindedly stroke Draco's fair hair, when Draco cleared his throat.

"You do realise of course, that this now makes you officially mine, don't you?"

Harry slowly turned his head to frown at the boy. Draco glared back, his stern expression belying the way his index finger was leisurely drawing patterns in the cum on Harry's stomach.

"I'm not joking, Harry. I'm not taking any more shit from you. Either you are my boyfriend and stand by it, or I'll kick you out for good and hit it off with Seth. He's a fit bloke, after all, and I could certainly have it worse." He shrugged. "Your choice."

It was the reminder of Seth that did it for Harry. His eyes narrowed and he immediately wrapped his arms around Draco in a possessive manner. "You really think I'd let you run off with that dickhead?"

Draco's heart gave an enthusiastic thump. "So... no shit, Harry? You really are my boyfriend now? You're not just saying that in post-orgasmic haze again and will forget about it as soon as we get out of bed?"

Harry snorted. “What choice do I have? I can hardly sit by and let you fool around with every bloke that happens to cross your way, now can I? Merlin knows what could happen to you! No, you’re best off with me, don’t you think so?”

Draco, trying hard not to grin too broadly, shrugged. “Only if you stop fucking with my brain before I finally go round the bend.”

Harry pulled him close and nuzzled the flaxen hair. “Oh, I’ll stop fucking with your brain alright,” he said, breathing in Draco’s delicious scent. “There are other parts of your body, however, that I very much intend to fuck in the near future…”

Draco closed his eyes and sighed contentedly. “All talk, talk, talk,” he said teasingly and bent his neck to give Harry better access; an offer Harry gladly took him up on.

~ooOoo~

Downstairs at the Manor, Narcissa and Lucius Malfoy were seated on the black leather sofa in the spacious living room. Narcissa sipped on a glass of champagne while Lucius was thoughtfully swaying a glass of cognac.

The enormous clock on the wall was mercilessly ticking away.

“You think they’re quite done yet?” Narcissa finally asked, throwing said clock an impatient glance. “They’ve been upstairs for an eternity. What if something has happened?”

Lucius chuckled. “What, like they’re stuck in each other?”

Narcissa rolled her eyes and her husband shrugged. “They’re still young, Narcissa. They’re probably done once, but I’m sure they’re just about to give it another go. Nothing to worry about, love.”

Narcissa sighed and inattentively leafed through the issue of Witch Weekly lying in her lap before putting it away, her hands nervously fingering the handle to her glass.

“You think the Mackenzies were upset? They left so quickly afterwards!”

Lucius took a sip of his cognac. “I don’t think they were particularly pleased.” He smiled. “And I’m sure Seth was absolutely devastated. He certainly looked like he had it bad for our Draco.”

“Yes, well,” Narcissa agreed contemplatively. “You think we should’ve told them before?”

Lucius snorted and got up to refill his glass. “What, that we’re going to use them because our son is madly in love with his best friend and we need some poof to trick said best friend into making a move on him?” He put the cognac bottle away and turned to his wife with a wry smirk playing on his lips. “Hardly.”

Narcissa smiled back admiringly. “You know, Lucius, your sneakiness never ceases to amaze me.”

Lucius grinned and dropped onto the couch next to his wife, placing an affectionate hand on her knee. “What can I say? I’m a Slytherin from a long succession of Slytherins.”

Snickering, Narcissa stroked her husband’s hand with her fingertips. “And I’m so glad you’ve finally accepted that Draco is homosexual, and in love with Harry. Who’s – apparently – homosexual, too.”

Lucius sighed dramatically. “Well, what can we do? If it makes them happy, it can’t be that bad. Or so I

figure.” He paused for a second and frowned. “Even though it is still slightly unsettling to see Draco with another boy. You think it’s too late to chain him up in the wine cellar and try to reverse him by force?”

Narcissa let out a peal of laughter. “Oh come off it. No matter how hard you try to keep up your appearance as a cold-hearted fiend – I know for a fact that deep inside you’re a warm, affectionate man, who loves his son more than anything else and would do anything to make him happy.”

Lucius huffed and took another sip of cognac. “Whatever gave you that idea? I’m evil to the roots, and once I’ve found out how to impregnate a man, our dear boys upstairs will think so, too. Draco can fuck whom he wants, but I’m not letting him fuck with our rituals and traditions.”

Narcissa, taking the words for the empty threat they were, smiled and leaned in to place a loving kiss to her man’s temple. “Sure. Now why don’t you come with me, my Dark Wizard, and show me exactly how evil and devilish you can be?”

Lucius emptied his glass in one quick draught, picked his snickering wife up in his arms and carried her towards their bedchambers.

~ooOoo~

Harry and Draco, however, would never know this conversation had ever taken place. They were fast asleep in each other’s arms, not yet caring about how they would explain everything to Draco’s parents, or how things would go on from now on. They had each other. What more could matter?

At least... for the moment.

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