

Resimesdra

Falling Away With You

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Inhaltsangabe

All out of sudden, a completely new world had opened in front of his very eyes, and Harry felt like Alice after stepping through the looking glass. Harry turns away from the Wizarding World for a while to gain back his peace of mind and start a new life far from all the pressure his status as VIP brings with it. Then, however, he begins feeling extremely lonely... (This is probably the worst summary ever, but if you're inclined to read the story anyway, you will find it's not as stupid as the summary suggests oO)

Vorwort

I know I should be writing the new chap to Katharsis instead of... well, this, but hey, I needed a break^^

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Intro

1 - Intro

After *Sailing On A Sunken Dream*, this is a more lighthearted and fluffy story, for as I said before - there's many possible sides of this pairing that all deserve showing :)

I do not own anything Harry Potter, neither did I invent mobile phones or the concept of contact ads. I don't make any money with this story either; I merely waste precious study time for writing it - hoping it will prove worth the while ;)

Thanks...

...to Solvej, Caliatara, Thekla and Anthimaeria for their wonderful support and helpful suggestions!

...to C-Beta for her kind beta services!

~ Story title borrowed from Muse - the bestest band ever!

Chapter title also borrowed from Muse (perhaps it's not worth the disclaimer since Intro could be anything, really - but still ;))~

~oOo~

Okay, Harry thought, scanning over the short message for a final time. That should do.

He pressed the send button of his mobile phone, then exhaled with both anxiousness and relief. He'd done it. He'd finally made up his mind and got the damn message out. Now all he had to do was wait.

Harry had felt extremely alone since the final battle with Voldemort. He was never actually alone, as he was always followed around by fans and admirers who were constantly congratulating him, worshipping him, and eager to fulfill his every wish – but this was exactly what made him feel so lonely. All those people pretending they knew everything about him when actually they knew nothing. It was starting to annoy the hell out of him.

Even his friends seemed to have changed their attitude towards him, or so it felt to Harry, when they were whispering behind his back and sporting broad, silly smiles as soon as he looked at them. They didn't seem comfortable around him anymore – either because they couldn't cope with his status as celebrity (now more than ever), or because they had eventually detected their attraction towards each other, and Harry was mostly the third wheel. Either way, Harry wasn't particularly keen on their company anymore, so he'd started to avoid them wherever he could.

That was why Harry had started turning back to the Muggle world, little by little. All the things that used to bother him when he was younger – the anonymity, the fact that nobody knew who he was or gave a fuck about him – now seemed like a real blessing. No one got edgy or nervous when they met him in the street or when he dined in a restaurant; for once, people treated him like he was a normal, ordinary human being, and Harry found that he immensely enjoyed this.

But after a while, once the novelty of normalcy had worn off, Harry began feeling lonely again. He'd dated various girls in both the Wizarding and the Muggle world, but he never was comfortable with these tête à

têtes; quite the contrary. He was always uneasy, feeling he was saying or doing the wrong things, and once he and the bird had parted ways, he used to feel lucky for having escaped her claws.

Well, Harry might not know an awful lot about how relationships worked – but he was fairly sure that this was not the correct way.

It was really by accident that one frosty, foggy evening in November Harry stumbled right into a gay bar when he had actually been on his way home (and quite drunk in addition) – but it turned out to be the best mistake he'd ever made. The scent of male bodies, sex and sweat was appealing to him at once, and it wasn't long before Harry found himself shoved against a wall by a young, bare-chested man with dirty blond hair and warm brown eyes (not that Harry spent much time looking at his eyes, though), receiving perhaps not the very first but certainly the very best blow job he'd ever experienced.

All out of sudden, a completely new world had opened in front of his very eyes, and Harry felt like Alice after stepping through the looking glass.

At first, he thought he'd found the perfect thing. He spent almost every night at some gay club or the other, had the most fantastic sex ever, felt young and attractive and alive – but after a while, the odd feeling that something was missing began creeping its way back into his mind.

Harry ignored it, tried to squash it like a bug, but it wouldn't go away. It was hovering in the back of his consciousness the way the stale stench of old sweat and cigarettes in the morning would stick to the clothes he'd worn at night when he was out clubbing.

Harry felt lonely. He felt lonely when he woke up next to a stranger after a night full of wild, fantasy fulfilling sex, because he didn't even remember the bloke's name. He felt lonely when he got up, traipsing to his bathroom and found only one toothbrush standing by the mirror. He felt lonely when he walked into his kitchen, opened up the fridge and found nothing in there but a can of beer and a pair of socks, even though God knew how those had gotten in there.

And he felt extremely lonely when he got back from the fast food take-away around the corner with breakfast for two in a paper bag, and found his flat empty because his trick had already hit the road without as much as leaving a quick note.

It was one of those Sunday mornings again, and Harry was sitting on his couch, feeling slightly sick because he'd been so frustrated he'd eaten both breakfasts. He was moodily flipping through a newspaper with greasy bacon fingers when he accidentally flipped the Lonely Hearts section open.

Harry's heart skipped a beat and he forgot about the two helpings of scrambled eggs in his stomach, intently focusing on the small ads in front of his eyes.

Not one of the female ads, which he dutifully skimmed through, could arouse his interest, and so he skipped to the gay section instead. There were loads of 'hot, horny guys' looking for 'wild, kinky monkey sex' and Harry was truly astounded that everything about being gay seemed to be related with sex.

He wouldn't have minded usually, but right now, he was in such a mood that he wanted nothing more than someone on the couch with him, someone to cuddle and fuss about, someone who he could pamper and spoil rotten. Someone to love. Not just to make love to, but to truly, madly, deeply be in love with.

He was about to give up reading and buy a cat at the pet store around the corner instead, when he spotted it. It was a short ad, sitting almost at the end of the page, but once Harry had read it, his heartbeat sped up.

Tristan (age 20): Hey guys! I'm new to the gay scene and I don't want my first time to be with a random

stranger I barely know. I would like to find someone I could truly care about; someone I could fall in love with. Could you be this special someone?

Something about this ad touched Harry deep inside. There was someone out there who wanted exactly the same thing that he wanted! Well, not that Harry was still worried about his first time since that had been ages ago, but still...

His fingers were shaking when he got his mobile out, and he had to erase and change the message about a thousand times because everything looked crappy to his critical eyes, but finally he was contented with what he had written.

Hey Tristan! I read your ad this morning and I think we've got something in common. I feel like I've been looking for the right person for an eternity, without success. I'm 21 - thought you might want to know that. Please mail back; I'd love to get to know you better! Jamie

Harry had finally decided to stick to the name he was using these days; first because it actually was his second name and using it wasn't exactly lying, and second because he liked it far better than Harry. He'd also decided to keep the personal information as short as possible; he didn't want Tristan to think he was shallow and only interested in himself.

He was nervous as hell when he finally sent it away, praying Tristan would write back soon.

He needn't have worried. It was about two hours later when the beeping of his mobile announced an incoming message. Harry darted out from under the shower so fast he almost tripped over his own feet and grabbed the phone from the couch.

Hi Jamie! Thank you for mailing. You sound like a decent guy and I would like to keep up the connection. Please tell me something about you, I'd like to get to know you, too. ~Tristan

Harry's heart beat erratically. Something told him that Tristan was a very cute bloke, but he didn't even know why he felt like this. It was not as if the boy had told Harry anything about himself yet; not to mention that even if he had, Harry had no way of knowing whether he was telling the truth or not.

What do you want to know? Btw, I've noticed many people use nicknames – is Tristan your real name?

The answer arrived immediately.

No, Tristan is not my real name. Does it bother you if we use it anyway? I don't really like my real name, you know. What do I want to know about you... how long have you been gay?

Harry smiled when he read this.

No, that doesn't bother me at all. I know many people that don't like or use their given name, so don't worry. As for your question: I guess I've always been gay, but I only realized it a short time ago. It was sort of an accident, actually. Before this, I always tried to make it work with girls, but failed spectacularly. How about you?

Tristan wrote:

I've known I was gay since I was about 12 years old. It's been rather hard for me since my parents are very strict and I couldn't tell them. I still haven't told them. Actually, nobody in my family knows. Are you out?

Harry frowned. Poor boy. He seemed to have a hard time at home.

I'm sorry to hear that your family seems to be so narrow-minded. I never had a chance to tell my parents. I don't know whether they would have approved of it, but I like to think they would. My friends don't really know either, but that's not because I hide it. I just haven't seen them in quite a while.

What do you mean you didn't have the chance to tell your parents? Did something happen to them? I don't have real friends, just people that pretend to like me because they think it will do them some good. They don't need to know about me at all, so I don't tell them. Btw, what did you mean when you said you found out by accident?

Harry gulped. He hadn't meant to tell Tristan already that he was an orphan. That would seem like he was out for his sympathy, which Harry wasn't at all. But anyway, he couldn't not tell him now, could he? He decided to stick to the Dursley version of the story.

My parents died in a car crash when I was very little. Sometimes I wonder what it would have been like to have parents, but most of the time I don't even miss them since I never got to know them. It was an accident because I sort of fell through the door to a gay bar when I didn't even know I swung that way. In there, I noticed really quickly, though.

It took a while until Tristan wrote back this time and Harry was already getting worried. Perhaps he'd been too uncaring about what had happened to his parents? Perhaps Tristan thought he was cold hearted or something?

He was about to send a second message to ask whether something was wrong when his mobile vibrated again.

So sorry to hear about your parents! Sometimes, however, I wish I were an orphan too. It might sound harsh, but you have no idea what my folks put me through... So you've already had sex? I was... well, I was somehow assuming you were still a virgin like me.

Harry gulped again. Tristan sounded so disappointed now. Harry could kick himself for letting that bit about the gay bar slip. What if Tristan thought he was just like all the other sex-obsessed blokes out there?

I had sex, that's true. I won't lie and tell you it wasn't good, because it was. It's just... I've never done it with someone that actually meant something to me. Are you disappointed now?

This time, he didn't have to wait for long.

I'm not necessarily disappointed. More, like, a bit surprised. But then again that's my fault for simply assuming you were inexperienced even though you never said so. Don't worry, it's not a problem; and I'm glad you're not lying to me anyway. So, are you a top or a bottom, then?

Harry spewed the soda he had been drinking all over the place when he read that. Then he grinned. Okay, so Tristan wasn't a saint, either. He might still be a virgin, but he definitely had an interest in sex. Harry smiled to himself. This was good. This was very, very good. Because even if he was looking for someone to have more than sex with, Harry still loved sex, and giving it up was not an option.

I'm glad you're not mad or something. Harry typed. Then he paused, thinking for a moment. Was he a top or a bottom? Am I a top or a bottom – well, I've tried both, and to be honest, I think I prefer topping. Have you figured this out for yourself yet?

Harry thought he could feel Tristan's blush when he read his next message.

I'm not sure. Sometimes, when I... you know... fantasize, I imagine I'm on my hands and knees and there's a big cock up my arse. But I guess I have to try it for real before I can decide which I really prefer. Do you have a favourite fantasy, Jamie?

God. Harry had to reach down to adjust his dick, which had taken to poking insistently against the inside of his trousers at of Tristan's words. So much for the boy's innocence. Had he a favourite fantasy?

Well. There was this one imaginary scenario in which Harry shagged Draco Malfoy in the shower in the locker room. Harry had been a bit surprised when it had first popped up in his head, even if it was after he had fully known he was gay (which meant he hadn't seen Malfoy in almost two years by that time). But once he had gotten over the initial fright, he had found the vision quite endearing. He was forced to conclude that this might point to some secret attraction always harboured towards his former archenemy, but he much preferred looking at it as just a strange way of dealing with his past.

Of course, Harry wasn't going to tell Tristan any of this. He didn't think the boy would appreciate hearing something so specific about another bloke, anyway.

Sometimes I imagine that there has been a game of soccer and I'm in the shower with my teammates. It's steamy and hot in there, and there's this cute boy from my team. He winks at me through the steam, so I walk over to him, drop to my knees, and suck him off. Nobody notices because they can't see us properly, and he tries so hard to make no telltale noises... I don't even play soccer, but I think it's hot anyway.

Harry bit his lips when he sent the message. He wasn't sure if he had gone too far with that. He was already quite on edge when finally the next message arrived.

He read it and his heart leapt into his throat.

205-447-3897 Can you call me on the landline?

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TBC

Reviews plz?

Bliss

For disclaimer and acknowledgements, please see first chapter.

~Chapter title borrowed from Muse (yet again... I guess I must really love them! ^^°) ~

~oOo~

Harry dialled the number with shaking hands. His pulse was thundering so loud in his ears that he wasn't sure whether he would be able to understand a single word Tristan said, anyway. He didn't recall any occasion when he had been so excited before. Yeah, well, before he had had to face Voldemort, perhaps, but that had been something different altogether, of course.

The telephone gave one and a half rings before someone picked it up. "Jamie?"

The voice on the other side sounded slightly breathless, but young and pleasant at the same time, and at least as excited and nervous as Harry felt. "Yeah," he said, trying to make his voice sound steady and cool instead of totally girlish and high-pitched. "It's me."

There was a momentary pause. Then, "Damn, this is bloody awkward, isn't it?"

"Yeah," Harry agreed. "Quite." Tristan's voice sounded vaguely familiar to him. But then again he thought that each and every time he got a call – and mostly it turned out he was being spoken to by a recorded message. So much for Harry's sense of hearing.

"So. Erm. How are you?"

"Totally nervous and everything," Harry admitted. "This is the first time I've done anything like this."

Tristan laughed at that. He had a very nice laugh, Harry decided. "Me too. I can't believe I gave you my number!"

"Do you regret it?" Harry asked, feeling a wave of cold wash over him.

"No," Tristan said quickly. "Not at all. It's just... weird. I'm usually not so... impulsive, you must know."

"Well, I'm glad you are with me," Harry said honestly. "It's nice talking to you, even though we don't actually know anything about each other yet."

He could practically feel Tristan smile at the other end. "Well, I've told you my most intimate sex fantasy. There are people I've known my entire life who don't know that much about me."

Harry chuckled. He was really starting to like Tristan. He could almost imagine what he would look like. He probably had soft blond curls and blue eyes... lightly tanned... some freckles around the nose... his teeth may be a little crooked, but that would do nothing to detract from the charm of his smile. Harry found himself grinning stupidly into the mouthpiece. Okay, so he had a thing for blonds.

"Are you on your own right now?" Harry asked more because he needed something to say than because he actually thought it was important. "Or are your parents at home?"

“I don’t live with my parents anymore,” Tristan said. “I moved out about two months ago. I couldn’t stand it any longer.”

Harry frowned. “What did they do to you?”

“My father... he was constantly pressuring me to get a girl and everything. And my mother... well, she says she doesn’t agree with him, but she never does anything to defend me either, and...” He paused. “Look, let’s not talk about my parents right now, okay? I don’t want to get upset.”

“Oh. Of course, I’m sorry.” Harry stammered, feeling incredibly stupid.

“’s alright,” Tristan said lightly. “Jamie? Could you...uhm... tell me what your first time was like?”

Harry felt his face grow red and hot. He didn’t normally talk about sex, he just did it. Okay, there was the obligatory dirty talk while one was at it, but apart from that... “I... err... okay.” He paused. “What exactly do you want to know?”

“I don’t know... everything. Anything. Whatever you want to share.”

Harry cleared his throat, trying to remember the evening when his first time had taken place.

“Well. It was a cold and foggy night in November. I had been to a pub with a girl I knew from university and...”

“What courses do you take?”

“Huh?”

“At university, I mean. What do you study?”

“Oh. Ehm. English and literature.” Truth be told, Harry had only started studying because he needed something to keep himself occupied until he knew what to do with his life. He’d found he liked literature and so he’d gone and enlisted at the university. He didn’t really think about doing something that had to do with language later on, because actually he was still assuming that he would eventually go back to the Wizarding world. But of course, he couldn’t tell Tristan about that. “What about you? What do you do?”

There was a short pause. “Er... I haven’t quite decided what I want to do. So, you were at the pub with that girl. Then what happened?” He seemed eager to get past the topic of his career and since Harry feared Tristan might ask him something he did not have a good answer for, he complied rather willingly.

“Right. We were at this pub and we were both starting to get seriously drunk. Somewhere along the line, I noticed that Abby was trying to flirt with me. You know, batting her eyelashes, trying to play footsie and all sorts of weird things. I, for reasons I would soon understand, wasn’t interested in her in the least and so I was quite eager to get out of that pub and away from her.”

“Why did you go out with her if you didn’t even like her?” Tristan interrupted, sounding decidedly confused.

“It’s not that I didn’t like her. I mean, she’s a nice girl and we were good friends back then, but I just didn’t want her in, you know, a sexual way. She didn’t seem to understand that.”

“I see. Go on.”

“Well, I made up some lame-ass excuse about having to finish an essay for Uni, which was pretty stupid since she must have known there wasn’t any essay to finish, and then I headed for the door, glad I’d made yet another escape.”

“And you tell me you didn’t know you were gay? Didn’t you get suspicious when you weren’t interested in girls at all?”

“Eh...” Harry thought about this for a moment. “Actually, no. I mean, I’ve always been a little different from anybody else*, and back at school I had some really traumatizing relationships with my best friend’s sister and a girl whose boyfriend had just died in a... uh... car crash. I figured I needed a little time to get used to girls again.”

Car crashes seemed to be the only way for people to die outside the Wizarding world, really. Besides, Harry thought he’d just made himself seem like a total freak - I’m different from anybody else, now really!

“And all this time you never noticed you actually like cock?” Tristan sounded suspicious.

Harry shrugged, and then remembered that Tristan couldn’t see him doing this. “Well. There was this boy... he was in the same year as me, and I couldn’t stand him. But he was quite good looking, and I guess there might have been moments when I wondered whether our dislike for one another wasn’t just a result of the fact that we secretly fancied each other. But then again he never gave me any reason to think he was attracted to me, so that’s that.”

“Oh,” Tristan said softly. “I think I know what you mean. That’s how I knew I was gay, actually.”

“Hm?”

“Yeah, well. He was pretty popular and everybody loved him, even though he didn’t actually do anything. At least, not back then. Later on, though... Anyway, I guess it was just the way he was, so self-assured and carefree. Whenever he walked into a room, he just owned it. I... I know that sounds stupid, but that’s how it was. I liked him from day one, but he... well, he didn’t even seem to know I existed. So I did all sorts of stupid things to get his attention, but that only made him dislike me.” Tristan paused. “I... once I found out why I wanted his attention so badly, things got pretty frustrating for me.”

“I can imagine that,” Harry said with sympathy. And he really could empathize. He remembered how frustrating it had been to get Cho’s attention, and she had actually already liked him back. The guy Tristan was talking about must have been a real jerk. “And, did it work out in the end?”

Tristan sighed. “No. I haven’t seen him since school ended. He’s probably out there, doing all sorts of great things and populating the world with his magnificent children... But no more of this, let’s get back to your first time.”

“Okay,” Harry said, even though he was much more interested in Tristan’s story. “So I walked out of that pub. I was inebriated and couldn’t recall exactly where my flat was since I had only just moved there. Anyway, remember I said it was frigging cold? Well, it was, and after a while of tipsy stumbling along deserted alleyways, I felt like I was going to freeze my bits off. So I told myself that it couldn’t hurt to warm up in the next bar I passed – and I did. As it turns out, said bar was a gay bar - which I only realised belatedly, when some hot guy chatted me up.”

“He chatted you up? What did he say?”

“Oh, I don’t know. Something along the lines of ‘hey cutie, haven’t seen you here before, wanna dance?’”

“What did he look like?”

“I don’t really remember. It was quite dark in there and I was drunk...”

“Oh come on, give it a try.”

“Okay, so, I think he was dirty blond and... well, shirtless.”

“Handsome?”

“Very. Quite cute, actually. Anyway, we were dancing for a while – I don’t know how he made me dance, since I’m not a big dancer usually – and eventually he started feeling me up.”

“He... felt you up?” Tristan’s voice sounded curious and a bit strained.

“Yeah... he started pressing against me, and suddenly I felt his fingers on my crotch.”

Tristan gasped. “He groped you on the dance floor? Where everybody could watch?”

Harry laughed. “Nobody cares. At most gay clubs, sex is everywhere. People constantly fumble and snog and grope, and as long as you don’t actually jump your partner right on top of the bar, nobody minds.”

“Oh.”

“Have you never been to a club before?”

“No. I didn’t want to go there on my own.” Tristan’s voice sounded oddly shy and resigned.

“We should go together. Eventually.”

“That would be nice. I think I might like that.” Tristan sounded a little distant and Harry was once again wondering whether he’d gone too far.

“Want me to go on?”

“Yes, please.”

“Okay. So when I realise what the guy is at, I’m like, ‘what’re you doing?’, and he says, ‘honey, you’ve got the cutest cock; let’s get out of here and I’ll give you a blow job you won’t forget’.”

“So you went with him?” Tristan said somewhat breathlessly. “Weren’t you scared?”

Harry contemplated this. “I guess I would have been. But I was still pretty smashed and, well, I had quite the boner in my pants, so I really didn’t mind his offer. It wasn’t until the next morning that I fully realised what I’d done and what it meant. He took me to the toilets – they have signs reading ‘no sex in the toilets’ there, but no one gives a fuck – and I leaned against the wall of a cubicle. He undid my trousers, so slowly that I thought I’d die if he didn’t speed up, and then he dropped to his knees.”

“Oh, God,” Tristan said, sounding more out of breath by the minute. Harry couldn’t help wondering whether the boy was working out while they were speaking, or perhaps running up and down the stairs to exercise or just for fun. “And then?”

Harry sighed and closed his eyes as he remembered the scene. “He took my cock out. God, I was so hard, I

thought I'd come if he as much as looked at it, but I didn't. He looked at me with these big brown eyes and said, "That's a wonderful dick you've got there", and I was so absolutely gagging for it, but he took his time. He licked the head first, slowly, did little circles with his tongue until I wanted to scream, and then he finally took me in."

Harry couldn't stop his hand from wandering down his trousers as he recalled the scenario. He was hard against his fly and it felt wonderful when he started to massage his erection lightly through the strained fabric. Talking about sex wasn't that bad, actually.

"It was the most intense thing I've ever felt. Wet, molten heat all around my cock, and he sucked it in such a skilled way, and I wanted to fuck his mouth, shit, I wanted to grab his head and fuck his mouth because never before had I needed to come so desperately."

There was a strangled noise at the other end and Harry was startled out of his memories. "Tristan? Are you alright?"

"I... yeah... I'm... just a moment, please..." the boy panted, and suddenly Harry knew what was going on.

"Hey! Are you touching yourself?" Harry asked, a wicked smile playing on his lips.

There was a shocked pause. "I... no?"

Harry chuckled. "I don't believe it. You've got your cock out, haven't you?"

"I..."

"That is so hot."

"You... you think so?" Tristan sounded uncertain and Harry found himself grinning broadly at how adorable he found it.

"Absolutely. I'm so hard my trousers feel fit to burst - I can't wait until I can take care of this."

"Then... why don't you do it now? We could... do it together."

Harry gulped and his cock grew another inch, even though Harry could have sworn there wasn't enough skin for such a task. "Are you sure? I don't want to pressure you into something."

Tristan chuckled. "You won't. I've been ready for it for ages. Just... just tell me what you're doing."

Harry started chewing on his lower lip. He'd never before had a try at telephone sex, but how bad could it be? "I'm unzipping my fly," he heard himself say. "What are you doing?"

"I'm holding my cock in my hand, waiting for you to join in." Harry could practically feel Tristan smirk. Not that he knew what a Tristan-smirk would look like, but it simply had to be cute.

"How do you feel?" he asked as he was fumbling his dick out of his underwear. "How does your cock feel in your hand?"

"I... it's hot and heavy and slick against my palm. It twitches from time to time. When I squeeze it I can feel the vein at the underside pulsate; that's funny."

"I'm ready," Harry said hoarsely. "I've got it out and I'm rubbing it. God, that feels good. What are you

doing?”

“I’m playing with my balls. I like that. Do you know how soft your skin is down there? It feels like liquid silk.”

Harry reached down to cup his own testicles to check. He found Tristan was correct. “Hmmm, that’s nice. What now?”

Tristan seemed to become more wanton by the minute. “I’m taking the lube out of my drawer and squeezing some on my palm. It’s cold and slick, but it feels wonderful on the heated skin of my cock...and... uh...”

Oh, God, Harry thought, fisting his shaft a little harder. This has gotta be one of the most exciting things I’ve ever done!

“Put some on your fingers,” Harry heard himself say. “Then put them down and...”

“I know,” Tristan breathed. “I was going to do that anyway.”

Fuck.

“Tell me what you’re doing!” Harry demanded, his cock throbbing fiercely in his hands. He knew he was about to come, and he had only just started stroking himself. He had been wrong, he decided. This wasn’t one of the most exciting things, this was the most exciting thing he’d ever done!

“I’m lubing my hole... and now...I’m... pushing inside...and... uh fuck...oh... I could pretend that it’s your fingers up my arse... Jamie...”

Harry almost bit right through his lip. A bloke could only take so much, and he was about to break. “Put... put another one in,” he pressed, his hand doing a rapid rhythm up and down his swollen shaft. “Oh... fuck... tell me how it feels.”

“I’m... I’m... ohhhh... oh God... oh GOD... Jamie... I can’t take it any longer...”

Harry was teetering on the edge himself, but he didn’t want to come, not before Tristan was shooting his load. Oh shit, what wouldn’t he have given to see the other boy right now, spread on his back, his face flustered and his fingers up his arse... what a sight that would make!

Then there was a strangled groan close to Harry’s ear and Harry, knowing that meant Tristan had just orgasmed, allowed himself to climax. He couldn’t remember a time when orgasm had been such a relief.

Harry slumped down in his chair afterwards, feeling completely boneless and wanting nothing more than to roll over and fall asleep. Preferably with Tristan by his side. Was it stupid to feel that way about a person you didn’t know at all? Harry wasn’t sure, and quite frankly, he didn’t care either.

“Oh my God,” he finally said, laughing quietly, breathlessly. “That was...”

“Yeah.” Tristan sounded as satisfied and exhausted as Harry felt. “That was intense.”

“Was I good?” Harry grinned lazily.

“The best,” came Tristan’s somewhat sleepy reply and Harry grinned even wider.

Then, “Hey, Jamie?”

“Mmh?”

“How about doing this for real?”

--

TBC

Apocalypse Please

~Title borrowed from Muse. Yet again ;) ~

I'm terribly sorry for making you all wait so long, but RL got extremely busy (still is, by the way, and will be at least 'til August/September *sigh* Why AM I doing that to myself?), and I didn't even have access to the internet for a full month on top of it.

This chapter is dedicated to my darling Solvej; because of Muse, because of non-available gloves, because of McD twice a day, because of t-shirts in December, because of Fight Club and because of the curious awkwardness of meeting someone you've never seen before. ;)

To those wondering what I'm on about: you don't want to know. ;)

Thanks to Thekla for feedback! :-*

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Draco Malfoy was nearly certain that he had lost his mind. How else could it be explained that he had already spent more than two hours in front of the mirror, trying to decide which clothes to pick? He'd never given his outfit much thought, and up until now, it had always worked out wonderfully for him – but today was special. Today, Draco wanted to look good, really good. Because today, Draco was going to meet Jamie.

It had been two weeks since their fateful night on the telephone, two weeks during which they had exchanged short messages and even talked to each other on the phone – but never again had they done something similar to what they had in their first night. It had taken them a bit of time to work up the courage for a real meeting, but now they felt they were ready.

Except, at the moment, Draco felt anything but ready. For the first time in his life, he felt truly and overwhelmingly ugly; he could have sworn there were pimples raising that hadn't been there before, and his hair was a complete and utter mess. His clothes didn't seem to fit at all, and he wasn't sure whether he should wear the new Converse shoes he'd bought the day before, or the elegant slippers he usually wore when he wanted to make a good impression.

They had planned to go out in the park for a walk, perhaps have some ice cream – but right now, the sky was dull and grey, and it looked by all means as though it would start to rain at any minute.

Cursing, Draco tossed the empty tube of hair gel into the bin and furiously combed his hair with water. Why did everything always have to be so bloody complicated? Couldn't he even have a proper date like everybody else?

Staring into the mirror, despair visible on his face, Draco realised that his current state had to mean that he really liked Jamie. And he really, really, really wanted Jamie to like him back. Which was remarkable in itself, since Draco hadn't felt that strongly for anybody for a long time. Not since his rather unfortunate crush on Potter all those years ago, that is.

Draco sighed. What a mess. For all he knew, Jamie could be five feet tall and weigh four hundred pounds! He could have acne all over his face, and a nasty overbite on top of it. His dick could be the size of a peanut and his feet could stink of dead rats. Perhaps he reeked of sweat and unbrushed teeth. Or maybe he was wearing his grandmother's knickers as a kink...

Draco wanted to bang his head against the wall. What had he gotten himself into? Whatever had possessed him to propose this meeting? He hadn't even been this nervous when he'd told his parents that he was going to move out, and he had been quite edgy back then (which was perfectly understandable, considering Draco's family situation). His father had been pissed and his mother had cried, but Draco had merely been glad he could make it out of there. He hadn't heard much from them since. Well, apart from a rather whiny letter of his mother's, asking him in not so many words to come back. Draco had been sad when reading the letter, and something inside of him had wanted to go back to her – because despite everything, Draco still loved his mother a great lot, and sometimes he didn't feel very grown up at all, and just wanted to crawl back into his mummy's arms.

Thinking about his new won freedom helped a little, but then again there was the fact that Draco had been living in the Muggle world for over two months by now and still hadn't made any acquaintances. Mostly, this was because Draco had hidden in his new flat and used the time to read up on everything he could about Muggle culture, because he didn't feel fit to join the world out there without knowing how a telephone worked. Now that he knew about everything, he felt he needed to go out and make new friends.

There was just one little problem: Draco Malfoy didn't know how to make friends. His friends from school hadn't been real friends, because, as he had told Jamie, they were only nice to him because their parents wanted them to be. ...And because they smelled advantages for themselves in his company; and they weren't mistaken – Draco didn't have to do anything to gain that. Draco's only attempt ever in befriending someone had been with Harry Potter, and look how that one had turned out.

More than once, he felt solemnly tempted to just pack his bags and return to the Wizarding world. But then he remembered the stern look in his father's eyes, the inevitable marriage with Pansy Parkinson (the thought alone made Draco shiver and his dick shrink to the size of a grape) and the accusing, suspicious looks that greeted him whenever he walked down the street. Of course, nobody had forgotten about the role that the Malfoys – and Draco in particular – had played before the war had begun; and no one seemed to care that they had changed sides even before it was over.

Draco himself had never quite gotten over the traumatizing night when Dumbledore had been killed, and there were times when he woke with a scream, the look on the old man's face standing clearly before his eyes. He hadn't wanted him to die, even though he didn't harbour any feelings of sympathy for the old fool, but he'd really had no choice.

But who cared whether Draco had acted out of the desire to save his mother from the lunatic reaching out for ultimate power? All they saw was the traitorous little fuck who'd killed their leader, and no one gave a toss about asking about the hows and whys of Draco's – admittedly stupid, but nonetheless noble in some sick, twisted way – deed.

No, this was better, the anonymity and namelessness of a world where no one had ever heard the name Draco Malfoy before, where no one gave a rat's arse that he had been involved in circumstances leading to the death of a very important man – because Albus Dumbledore was a name nobody knew either. And best of all: no one cared that Draco was gay. He could shag every bloke he wanted to, for all he was worth, and no one would even look twice.

At least – theoretically. In practice, however, Draco hadn't worked up the nerve to go out and chat up other men yet. Or anyone. Practically, however, Draco was starting to feel more and more like an island. He had been on the verge of caving in, crawling back to the manor because, really, even an enforced marriage with a woman he didn't want would be better than this solitary confinement. And then he had seen the Lonely Hearts section in the newspaper.

It had taken him two days of quarrelling with himself before he'd made up his mind and set up the ad. Then, he had needed another two days to get a mobile phone, because obviously, things didn't work via owl

mail here. It was difficult to understand how that bit of technique worked, but while Draco might have been many things, stupid wasn't one of them, and he got it figured out in almost no time. He hadn't been sure what to write or how to address people out there – but then he had written exactly what was on his mind, merely without giving away how desperately lonely he already was.

There had been many, many messages responding to his ad (Draco guessed that it was only natural since he was a young gay virgin and there was quite the number of gay men out there looking for exactly that), but none of them had been appealing to him. He'd already given up hope when his mobile beeped for a last time. Draco had reluctantly taken it, half expecting another 'Hey hottie, got any free time this afternoon? I'd like you to meet my *special someone*, harr harr', but was infinitely relieved when the incoming message had been nothing like this.

Jamie's message was like rain in the desert.

Truthfully, Draco had no idea why he found it so endearing, but he did, and his fingers were eager to answer. But his mind set a slower pace, forcing him to wait a little longer, instead of being carried away. Two hours seemed sufficient, though, and Draco allowed himself to press the send button.

The following conversation went surprisingly well, and somehow, Draco had the odd feeling as though they had known each other for so much longer, knowing exactly what the other was feeling... but of course that was major BS, since Jamie was actually the first real Muggle Draco engaged with.

Inevitably, sex soon became a topic for them, and Draco was a bit disappointed to learn that Jamie was indeed far more experienced than he himself was. But once he'd gotten over the initial shock, he found it quite exciting. So many things Jamie could teach him...

The thought alone had him hard against his underwear, and he couldn't resist the temptation of teasing Jamie a bit, so he told him about one of his fantasies. It was true, Draco really fantasised about being sub, but he only told Jamie because he was fairly certain that knowing this would turn the other boy on.

He wasn't mistaken, and what followed was the very best sexual experience Draco had faced so far. And that included hiding in the locker room, perving after Potter's bits in the shower! Draco still flushed when he remembered the incident, but seeing how it still gave him something to wank over after all these years, he was forced to conclude it must have been worth his while.

Everything about Jamie made Draco wanton, and so it had actually been his idea that they should meet for real. Staring at the bags under his eyes in the mirror, though, Draco started to seriously regret this decision.

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Surprisingly, it hadn't rained by the time Draco left his flat and headed for the ice cream parlour where they had agreed on meeting. He was a little late, but it was on purpose, because he figured this would give him time to check out all possible candidates. If he saw something he didn't like, he could always chicken out. Something told him that this wasn't very noble, but fuck if he was feeling courteous at the moment, with blood thundering around his body so loudly that he was almost driven over by the tram because he hadn't heard it coming in time.

Suddenly, Draco realised that they didn't have a symbol that they could recognise each other by. They hadn't agreed on carrying something - like a rose - with them, or anything equally cliché; they'd just figured they would know each other when they met. Well. Draco thought it couldn't be that bad. They would probably be the only idiots standing there, waiting for hours – so if they didn't recognise each other at once, they'd just have to check for the other poor fool to know it was their corresponding half.

He slowly neared the parlour, always cautious to keep his distance – and suddenly, he almost stumbled over his own feet in surprise. He almost didn't believe his eyes, but even after blinking several times it didn't go away: there he was, Harry Potter, strutting back and forth in front of the parlour as though he owned the place.

Draco swallowed. And swallowed again. No fucking way. He was not going out there, revealing himself, when Potter was around to watch his every step. Oh no. Never. He'd rather drop dead right here in the peonies than have Potter recognise him!

Draco hid behind a bench and watched in awe. Potter had, amazingly, become even more attractive since school. His black hair was as messy as always, except now it seemed artfully 'destyled', rather than just unkempt. He was wearing faded blue jeans, a green, long-sleeved shirt and Converse shoes – the very same that Draco had decided on wearing. Shit. Shit, shit, shit. How was Draco supposed to find any good in Jamie, when he had to compare him to Potter? Fucking Potter, looking like the incarnation of everything that was sexual. At least to Draco.

Fucking shit.

Draco moved a few meters so that he didn't have to watch stupid sexy Potter parading up and down the street, and pulled out his cell phone. He'd ring Jamie and ask them to meet somewhere else; that was his only chance if he didn't want to fuck this up.

"Hey Jamie, it's Tristan."

"Hey! What's wrong?"

"Could we, like, meet somewhere else?" Draco gulped. He must sound very stupid.

"Err. Sure, if you want to. But why?"

"I..." I've just seen my old crush, and if I don't get away this instant, I might just accidentally jump him. "I've just seen someone I'd rather not run into. Let's meet somewhere in the park instead, shall we? How about the fountain?"

"Yeah, sure. I'll be right there."

Draco exhaled a slow, shaky breath and relaxed a bit. Okay, so that was that.

He walked over to the fountain and sat down on the rim, too exhausted for any more hiding and sly spying. Either this went well, or it didn't.

He hadn't been there for a very long time when Harry Potter came marching along, obviously aiming for a bench to sit on. Draco shrunk several inches and almost dropped backwards into the fountain. This was so not cool. What was that guy's problem?! Hadn't he already made enough of a mess out of Draco's life? Damn him and his stupid, well-fitting denims!

Then, however, it became even worse.

Potter accidentally looked over his shoulder, stopped and ogled Draco as though he was a Martian or something. Then, he slowly walked over to him, a wry grin splitting his lips.

Draco wanted to punch him. Anything, just to make this arrogant sneer go away.

“Well, well, well, if it isn’t Draco Malfoy,” Potter sneered, looking as though he intended to sit down next to him. Draco tried to stretch out to occupy as much space as possible, which wasn’t much since he was still a bit on the skinny side. Potter didn’t pay any attention to Draco’s attempts of minimizing the remaining space and dropped down beside him, clueless. His hand touched Draco’s, who pulled away as though he had been burned. “To what does the Muggle world owe the favour of your majesty’s visit?”

Draco’s cheeks reddened. “It’s none of your fucking business, Potter!” he spat.

Potter looked mildly stunned. “Language, Malfoy!”

Draco was miffed to see that he was amused rather than offended. He snorted. “Now that you’ve had your share of insulting comments would you mind bugging off? I’m meeting someone here, and I don’t want you to scare them away.”

Potter grinned. “Now that you mention it – I have a date, too. But-“ he checked his watch, “he’s rather late already. Not that I mind particularly, now that the company has improved so much...”

For the second time in less than ten minutes, Draco was about to fall backwards into the fountain. Was Potter gay? And flirting with him? Oh sweet Merlin, all those years of UST... For a moment, Draco was solemnly tempted to give Jamie another ring and tell him his grandmother had been eaten by the cat or something, and he needed to go to the funeral, just to prolong his time with Harry. Err, Potter.

Then he remembered that this charming young man next to him was still Harry Potter, and that he was most likely just playing with him. So instead of doing anything stupid that he would regret twenty seconds later, Draco gave another huff and they sat in silence for a few moments that seemed awfully long to him.

Finally, Harry pulled out his phone with a sigh. “I wonder where he is,” he murmured and dialed a number. Almost the same time, Draco’s phone started vibrating against his thigh. He quickly got up and walked a few feet away. He certainly didn’t need Potter to eavesdrop on his conversation with Jamie – neither did he feel the need to listen to Potter talking to his boyfriend or whatever.

“Where are you?” Jamie asked the second Draco had pressed the button. “I’ve been waiting for an eternity.”

Draco was confused. “What? But I am at the fountain! You knew which one I meant, don’t you? The one with the knight?”

“Yeah. Where are you? I’m right at the fountain, waiting for you.”

Draco walked around the stone wall, but there was not one single bloke in sight. Apart from Potter, of course, but he was certainly out of the question.

“I don’t see you anywhere. Are you sure you’re at the right fountain?”

“How many fountains with knights could there possibly be in this bloody park?” Jamie sounded positively angry now. “Are you fucking playing with me?”

“No!” Draco, to his utmost dismay, felt he was getting close to tears. “I am here and I am waiting for you! Now please hurry! There’s this guy from school I told you about, he’s chatting me up and I really want to get out of here!”

There was a moment of silence during which Draco could have smacked himself for mentioning Harry. What if Jamie was pissed with him now? Then,

“Oh my God. Malfoy? Is that you?!”

Draco dropped the cell phone and turned around, slowly, his eyes open wide, and praying not to find what he was afraid of finding. Harry Potter was staring at him with big, shocked eyes, his mouth hanging slightly open, his mobile still pressed to his ear. Draco’s jaw worked uselessly for a second or two, then he turned and ran without looking back.

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TBC

Map Of The Problematique

~ Title borrowed from Muse. Now really, what else did you expect? ~

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Okay, folks, sorry to have made you wait that long again – me and my wonderful beta CBeta had some problems with the evil internet to work out first; but now here it is, the amazingly sappy fourth chapter. Somehow I've got a feeling this is getting fluffier by the minute. oO Astounding, seeing how I'm pants at writing fluff...^^°

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Harry dropped face-first onto his bed and sighed gravely into the cushions. Two days since he had met Tristan – Malfoy! – in the park. Two days since they had discovered the secret of each other's identity. Two days since Harry had been left standing at a bloody fountain, which was awfully public, cell phone in hand and open-mouthed, staring at his former enemy's back rapidly disappearing. Two days during which Tristan – Malfoy, God dammit! – hadn't called or written.

Two days during which Harry had started to really miss the other boy in his life.

Harry groaned and buried his face in the pillows. Merlin, he hadn't been so frustrated since... No. He couldn't remember any other time when he would have felt so frustrated. It was sickening, this feeling that he and Tristan – Malfoy, now for Heaven's sake! – had shared so much (not even to mention the most thrilling, mind-blowing and perfect sex Harry had ever had – and they hadn't even touched or seen each other to achieve that, and Harry couldn't stop thinking about how good it would be if they finally did it for real!), that they had gotten along so wonderfully – and now it was over. Just like that.

And it wasn't because they had found out they didn't like each other when they met, no. Just like everything in Harry's life, it all came back to his past. They couldn't be together because of who they were, because they were life-long enemies and they just weren't meant to fraternize. To have sex. To fall in love with each other. Whatever.

Harry groaned again, incredulously registering that the mere memory of their telephone-wanking-session had him hardening in his boxers and against the mattress. Who was he kidding? He had it bad for him. He must have been in love with Tristan, and now that he knew it was actually Malfoy – he still was.

A little.

Okay, perhaps a bit more than just a little.

He had been awfully cute on the phone, and when Harry had Malfoy in the park, not yet knowing about the turn things were about to take, he couldn't help blushing because his imaginary Malfoy-shower scene had popped up in front of his inner-eye again and again, quite persistently.

And damn him if Malfoy's looks hadn't improved since school! While he'd always been taller than Harry when they were still at school, Malfoy seemed to have stopped growing in their sixth year, whilst Harry had had another spurt of growth in what should have been their seventh year. Of course, there hadn't really been a seventh year for the students and teachers of Hogwarts, since that had been the time when the war had started, leaving no time for educational worries...

Anyway, Malfoy was now at least several inches shorter than Harry was (and Harry liked that a lot), and his face seemed still very young, boyish even, despite the rather hard times the Malfoys had faced during the wartime. Harry had been seriously tempted to try to seduce him right there and then – and he might have, had he not suddenly remembered that first, he was about to have a date with the supposedly-second-hottest boy on earth, and second, that Malfoy didn't harbor any homosexual tendencies. Or so he had thought at the time.

So how did Harry actually feel about the whole thing?

Truth was, he couldn't actually tell. Everything about the whole matter was awfully ambivalent to him, and while he felt oddly stupid and betrayed on the one hand (which didn't even make sense, since – unlike him – Draco had never claimed Tristan to be his real name and he hadn't exactly lied to Harry in any way Harry knew of, or refused to answer any questions that Harry had asked him), he was still strangely relieved that things had turned out like this.

Because first, Draco Malfoy was one very attractive bloke, and everything Harry could ever want in a man. And he was blond on top of all.

And second, Harry slowly came to terms with the realization that there must have been something more to their mutual enmity back at school than stupid childhood rivalry.

And finally, last but not least – because Harry felt weirdly giddy about the fact that Draco had as good as admitted to having had a rather serious crush on him during their time at school, something Harry would never have found out about had it not been for the whole incident. And while he realized, of course, that he himself had made some statements along the same line that Malfoy could easily figure out if he only gave it a bit of thought – Harry didn't really mind. He was too busy reveling in the realization that a big part of Malfoy's appalling behavior was only due to a strong desire to get Harry's attention in any way. How unbearably cute and totally irresistible was that?

Harry sighed again, this time less aggrieved. Perhaps it wasn't so fucked up after all. All he needed to do was fully convince himself that he really wanted Malfoy. And convince Malfoy that he still wanted Harry, and that Harry wanted him back. Shouldn't be that hard, Harry mused, even though the thought of so much convincing to do gave him a headache. He still couldn't stifle the small smile working its way on his lips.

Harry rolled on his back and looked up at the ceiling.

“Malfoy,” he said experimentally. The name felt strange when spoken without the usual malevolence, completely foreign and unfamiliar on his lips, as though Harry had never before said it out loud. He shook his head. That wouldn't do. He couldn't keep calling him by his last name if he wanted him to believe Harry was serious about everything.

It was time for something more daring.

Harry frowned in intense concentration. It was harder than you should think, saying the name of someone that you had spent loathing for so many years of your life, and with affection.

“Draco,” he finally said, and was surprised at how easy he found it after all. “Draco,” he said again, for good measure. Not bad at all. Harry smiled. It was Dra- on the tip of his tongue*, clicking against his palatine with the softest of tickles, while -co rolled off his tongue, spilling over his lips like a summer breeze, like the soft stream of air that comes with a blown kiss.

“Draco.” What a wonderful, exceptional, unique name! How could he have been so entirely oblivious to the beauty of this word for such a long time?

Harry rolled his eyes at himself, even as a broad grin was spreading on his cheeks. Now he was being silly. And cheesy. And sappy. This was no good. Except – somehow it was.

Somehow, it was very, very good.

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Draco stepped out of the shower, drying his hair with a soft towel, when he saw that the tiny light on the answering machine was blinking. He sighed sadly.

Four days had passed since the terrible discovery in the park, and he was still shaken to the roots. Six billions of Muggles in this world, and he had to fall back on Potter of all people. That wasn't even funny any more. That was tragic.

Draco had spent the last week in complete and utter denial, convincing himself that he did not have any feelings for Potter, that he wasn't even remotely attracted to him anymore and that he Did Not Want To See Him Ever Again.

It worked out pretty well over the first two days, and Draco could almost believe that he would get over this new backslap without suffering from more permanent damage to his already badly affected soul – and then Potter had started calling.

Draco sighed again and made his way to the telephone, leaving wet stains on the carpet. He had been in the shower for almost an hour, and now his skin was soaked and shriveled. Draco found he did many rather stupid things lately, and he couldn't entirely shake the thought that this had to do with a certain git leaving stupid messages on his answering machine almost every hour. Or so it seemed to Draco. Getting things over with would be so much easier if it wasn't for those increasingly desperate messages, Draco mused, his finger already hovering over the DELETE key, as it did each and every time.

But then, he always gave in and listened to another outburst of Potter's. Somehow, hearing Potter's voice sounding so needy, begging and desperate provided Draco with some very sick but still very real satisfaction. He didn't even know why he was so worked up over this, but... The thought that he had told Potter so many private things, that he had shown him depths of his soul he didn't even know existed in the first place – it made him feel vulnerable. And in the very moment he had realized he'd been speaking to Harry bloody Potter the whole time, something inside him had snapped.

Perhaps it was some sense of self-defense clicking back into action, Draco contemplated; something that told him to get away before he got in over his head, like he had done so many times in the past.

He couldn't do this. He couldn't handle this. He knew that Potter was probably equally mortified over the whole matter, but then again Potter had always been good at stomaching stress. Draco had never excelled at that, and he seriously doubted he ever would. Potter was strong where Draco was weak, and he was not willing, more, not able, to expose his fragile self to such a vicious task. Not yet. Perhaps not ever.

And then there was this nagging little feeling that – somehow – it all had to be Potter's fault. It always was, right? So why not this time? Shouldn't he have noticed something was amiss when Draco had told him about his schoolboy crush on him? God. The mere thought that he had told Potter in person about his so well kept secret, something nobody knew about, still served to make Draco cringe.

But, the small voice somewhere in the back of Draco's head, that had an awful lot to say these days, pointed out, he did say he also had the hots for you.

“Oh shut up,” Draco mumbled. “He never said that. He said he was merely wondering. Besides, I don’t even know whether he was talking about me at all. There were quite a number of people Potter disliked, if I recall correctly.”

At least equally humiliating was the thing that had happened during their very first conversation. Draco still couldn’t believe he’d gotten so worked up over Harry’s damnably sexy voice that he couldn’t keep his paws out of his trousers. He had wanked to Potter’s words, he’d stuck his fingers in his arse and told Potter he imagined them to be his – and he’d told Potter that he fantasized over having dicks up him. Big dicks, implying in not so many words that it could easily be Potter’s.

Draco’s cheeks burned with humiliation. What had he been thinking?

Still he keeps calling, the unbidden little voice piped up again. Looks like he doesn’t mind you did all those things.

“Yeah right,” Draco murmured moodily. “Because he’s a bloody pervert who gets off on the notion of sticking his knob up some cute bloke’s arse.”

Isn’t that exactly what you wanted? The Voice was back, and she (she sounded like a woman to Draco, so he’d started to think of it as her) really was starting to annoy the hell out of him. Find some decent, good-looking bloke and surrender to him? Let him take care of you? Let him enter your body and soul, show him parts of you that even you don’t know yet?

Damn. The Voice was good, the persistent little bitch, Draco had to give her that much.

Draco stared at his reflection in the bathroom mirror. “What if he only uses me?” he asked his other self miserably. “What if he toys with me? What if he laughs at me?”

Do you really think that?

Draco shook his head, slowly, hesitantly. “I don’t know,” he said faintly. “People have used and played with me a lot. How am I to know he won’t do the same?”

You can never really know about another person. It’s called trust. It’s not easy, but the alternative is being alone for the rest of your life. Is that what you’d prefer?

Draco shook his head again. Then he left the bathroom and hesitantly walked over to the answering machine.

Harry’s messages. They were all still there, neatly saved. Draco hadn’t had the heart to delete a single one of them, and wasn’t that telltale! He sat down on the sofa and listened to them.

Hey Draco. This is Harry. Uhm... Listen, I’m sorry I didn’t call earlier, but I... well, I guess I was a little shocked. You know. So, uhm, what do you think about the whole thing? I’m terribly sorry it turned out so awkwardly, and I would still like to meet you. How about you? So... you know, just call me back. See you.

Draco gulped. The way Harry said his name... nobody had ever spoken it like that. When his father said it, it already sounded like a menace, with his mother it was always whiny and full of complaints, and his friends... well, there was nothing special about the way either of them pronounced it. But with Harry! Harry had a way of making it sound precious, like bone china, as if it would break if one said it in a careless manner. And he had never before used his first name either, so this must mean something, right?

Hi, it’s me again. Did you get my message earlier, I wonder. I just wanted to ask whether everything is all

right. Draco, I just want you to know that I didn't mean for any of this to happen, okay? Please don't think it was all part of a plan, because there is no plan. This has hit me as hard as it has hit you, please believe me!

Draco cocked his head. Why had he found it so hard to believe him? Right now, Potter's words sounded nothing but sincere to him...

Draco, please call me back!

Draco smirked. Potter was really getting desperate.

Are you away or something? Or are you just ignoring my calls? Can't you let me know where you are and whether you're okay? Please?

Goddamn, Draco! Would you pick up the bloody phone already? Look, I told you I'm sorry, but it's not my fault! Really! I didn't mean to lie to you about my name and everything, but James actually is my second name and I've been using it these days instead of Harry, because I like it better. I'm sorry I didn't tell you about that, but then I never figured it would become an issue, and you never asked! You can't be mad at me because of that. Please call me.

Okay, that sounded pretty convincing, actually. If you were inclined to really listen, that is, which Draco had not been doing until now.

Please, please, please, Draco!

Look, my address is Benton Road 147, if you'd rather like to talk in person? ... Not that I really count on it, but still... Now you know. You can come by any time, okay?

Draco felt a little pang of guilt at how resigned and sad Harry sounded. Harry. Harry wasn't as stupid a name as he used to think. Even back at school when Draco had started fancying him, Harry had always sounded pretty ridiculous to him.

Now there was the last message, the one Draco had not yet listened to.

Okay. I just know I'm making a great fool out of myself, but I can't stop thinking of you. I was shocked when I found out who you were, but really, it's not that much of a big deal, is it? I mean, okay, so you and I disliked each other when we were at school and you really did some stupid things, but so did I. We already admitted to having had a little crush on each other anyway, so what's all this now?

Little crush, Draco snorted mentally. I had the major hots for you, you stupid tosser! Merlin, I was absolutely crazy about your arse, and that one time in the shower... Oh my GOD, I'm so fucking glad I didn't tell him about that!

But Harry's message continued.

Of course the thing with Dumbledore was absolute crap, but in hindsight, I don't think that he did everything he could have done to save you and himself from this. I mean, I'd been telling him all year that you were up to no good, and he must have known anyway, but still he didn't do anything to prevent it. It might sound somewhat heartless now... I don't know, I don't mean it that way, I mean, I do miss him and everything, and at that time I would gladly have ripped your balls off... But I know now, however, that you only did it to save your family, and I know that you didn't actually participate in the war either, not on my side, but what's more important, not on His side, either. So can't we just forget about all things past and start all over again? I know I'm willing, and I'm hoping, begging, praying that you are too!

Draco stared at the answering machine as though there was a Blast-Ended Skrewt sitting on it, ready to explode. How could it possibly be that Harry Potter of all people should be the first person to willingly forgive him for his stupid mistakes? Could a little telephone sex really do that to people? He felt tears prickling in the corners of his eyes, thinking that Harry must be the most wonderful person treading the earth.

He didn't even bother to pick up the phone. He merely put on a pair of jeans, pulled over the next best shirt available and slipped barefoot into his sneakers. He had no time to waste.

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TBC

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*This was inspired by Vladimir Nabokov's "Lolita" : Lo-lee-ta: the tip of the tongue taking a trip of three steps down the palate to tap, at three, at the teeth. Lo. Lee. Ta. . I love that scene, it's likely my most favorite part of the whole book ;)

Overdue

~Do I have to say it again? Title: Muse. ;)~

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Yes, the big sap's back. Should I tell you now that writing this eats up all my positive energy, leaving me to only write depressive emo-stuff otherwise? Ah, what I put up with for the sake of some little romance...^^

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Harry didn't know what to do. He'd been tormenting Draco with call after call for the last two days, each a little more revealing about how desperate he was becoming. Frankly, he didn't care anymore whether Draco could sense his despair, because he figured that it was too late in the game to worry about keeping his dignity anymore. He was already in over his head, and he knew it. What difference would it make if Draco knew so too? Harry mused that at this point of the story, showing the boy everything was the only way to save what there was left to save. And Harry would have gladly given anything, if only it would help him to get back the wonderful and serene time he'd had with Tristan, or rather, Draco.

No, Harry didn't worry about making an even bigger fool of himself than he already had – but he did worry about the fact that Draco hadn't picked up the phone. Not once. And he didn't return Harry's calls, either. And this was really starting to put Harry on edge. He'd rather have Draco bluntly tell him that he never wanted to see or have anything to do with him again than this unnerving silence. Hell, he didn't even know whether Draco had listened to a single one of the barmy messages Harry had left on his answering machine. Perhaps he wasn't even home, and Harry couldn't shake the unsettling feeling that with each passing day that they grew further apart, it became more and more improbable that Draco would turn back to him.

But what was he supposed to do? He didn't even know where Draco lived, let alone where he liked to go. Harry found it a bit bemusing that they had been talking to each other on the phone for that long a time – and still he didn't actually know anything about the person he assumedly loved. If he just had asked him some more questions, had been a little more inquisitive – perhaps he would even have figured out the truth earlier. Perhaps this would have spared them the trouble they were in now. Why hadn't he been more receptive, more curious about Draco's life?

He was just on the train of wondering whether this meant he really was a self-centered egomaniac after all, when the doorbell rang, startling him out of his silent brooding. Harry sat up on his bed, where he'd been lying (he spent an awful lot of time lying on his back staring at ceilings these days) and frowned. Who could that be? It was a late Thursday afternoon, he wasn't expecting anyone to come by; and not even the delivery service was due.

Harry sighed and got to his feet. Perhaps it was one of his fellow students. Harry wasn't particularly close with any of them, but he did get along quite well with some, blokes as well as birds, and they'd already spent some free time together. Perhaps they'd been worried about him because he hadn't shown up at his courses all week.

Harry didn't actually feel like having any company right now, since he'd much rather keep on dwelling upon the subject of his apparent selfishness leading to the painful loss of his love, but then again he figured that getting a little distracted would most certainly do him some good. Perhaps he would even be able to think about something besides Draco for a few minutes. Not very likely, but still an option.

Harry padded to the door, wearing merely a pair of black drawstring trousers and a white, blotched muscle

shirt since he really hadn't been in the mood to dress up, and opened it.

And then, some evil little bugger must have hit him with a Petrify spell, because he suddenly froze in place. Harry was sure that even his heartbeat and breath were on hold, not to mention his brain, where only a dull humming sound could be heard.

Draco Malfoy was standing on his doorstep.

Error. System overload. Strike any key when ready.

“Hey,” Draco said, sounding a little uncertain, which was probably due to the expression Harry's face was sporting that very moment, suggesting he was a toad that had just been driven over by a centaur on a unicycle.

“Hey,” Harry managed with severe difficulty, his tongue feeling like a gummy bear that has been lying behind the radiator for about a year.

Draco gave a nervous little laugh that sounded much like a cough. But Harry preferred thinking of it as a laugh nonetheless. “I was planning to jump your bones and smother you with kisses the very second you opened the door, but now I'm reconsidering. This moment is too fucking awkward for me to do something that daring.”

“Eh,” Harry said intelligently, desperately trying to kick his brain back into action so he could start to process what the hell was going on. Draco had wanted to kiss him?

Draco looked up at him with those big grey eyes and Harry's heart liquefied in his chest. “Can I come in anyway?”

Harry very nearly dropped over his own feet with eagerness to both open the door wider and get out of the way for Draco to come in, but he managed. Barely. Draco stepped inside, taking a quick look around at the mess Harry called apartment, looking as edgy and excited as Harry felt.

Harry hastily cleared the couch of a heap of clothes and gestured Draco to sit down, which the boy did, albeit a bit reluctantly. Harry, having disposed of his armful of clothes by carelessly throwing them into the bathroom, dropped down in the armchair opposite of him. He would have liked nothing better than snuggle up to Draco, hold him tight and never let go – but Draco was right. The situation was fucking awkward.

“So,” Draco finally broke the silence that had endured for what felt like an eternity to both of them. Then he obviously lost track of what he'd been about to say, and so he shut his mouth again with an almost audible click.

“Yeah,” Harry added, equally clueless as to what to say. He was too overwhelmed with everything to be subtle or pensive, so he just blurted out the next thing that sprang to his mind. “Why are you here?”

Draco ran a nervous hand through his adorably messy hair, and Harry watched in awe as the pink tip of his tongue darted out to wet his surprisingly full lips. “I thought that was pretty much self-explanatory,” he finally said, and Harry's heart leapt in his throat with excitement.

“What do you mean? Do you mean what I think you mean, or am I just jumping to conclusions in regard to your meaning? I mean, am I projecting my wishful thinking into your statements, and therefore entirely mistaking your meaning?”

Draco stared at him in shock. “I... what?!”

Harry blushed. “I mean... no, what do you mean?”

Draco’s bottom lip was sucked in between his teeth, and Harry could see how the flesh was staked between his incisors. “You know why I’m here. Don’t you?” Draco took a deep breath. “Harry?”

For the second time in less than twenty minutes, Harry was short of a seizure, and he was fairly sure that this could not be a good thing. But fuck, Draco had just called him Harry. It had been timid, shy, and almost inaudible – but it had been there, and it had been real, and it was more than Harry would have hoped for.

“So,” he breathed, hardly daring to speak for fear of destroying the moment by saying something stupid. “So you’re okay with this? You don’t mind it’s me?”

Draco squirmed in his seat. “Well... I guess, saying that I don’t mind would be taking it a bit far. But... oh fuck it, I told you I already had a thing for you when we were still at school, didn’t I?”

Harry nodded, not quite sure what Draco was trying to say.

Draco sighed. “I just wish... I wish you wouldn’t have found out like that, you know? It’s bloody embarrassing, understand? Let alone all the fucked up things I did when we were... you know.” His face had taken on a brilliant shade of red by the time he’d finished, and Harry couldn’t stop the goofy grin from creeping on his lips.

“Oh, Draco,” he finally said. “If only you knew. That was the fucking hottest thing I’ve ever experienced. I wasn’t lying when I told you that.”

Draco was back to biting his lips. “And you don’t mind it being with me? Aren’t you... grossed out or something?”

Harry smiled at him. “You know what I thought when I saw you at the fountain that day?”

Draco frowned. “You mean, before you went and made fun of me?”

Harry had the good grace to look a bit sheepish. “Uhm... yeah. Well, I just had to. I wanted to talk to you, no matter what, and I couldn’t very well tell you that I thought you’d grown up to be the hottest bloke I’ve ever seen, now could I?”

Draco’s suspicious eyes widened in blissful surprise. “That’s what you thought?”

Harry shook his head. “You have no idea. I was so close to calling Tristan and telling him that something had come up. Merlin, I would’ve liked nothing better than throw you right onto the next bench and have my wicked way with you, no matter who bothered to watch.”

Draco gasped, torn between feelings of flattered joy as well as miffed disappointment. “And here I thought you weren’t one of the shallow guys only looking for a shag,” he said, only half-jokingly.

Harry sobered up a bit at that and sat up more straight. “I didn’t cancel the date after all, did I? In fact, I still can’t believe my luck – I mean, here I am, the boy on my phone being the cutest and most loveable bloke I know, and the boy next to me being the most desirable, sexiest guy I’ve seen in a long time, and seeing that both turned out to be the same person... I’d say that’s just perfect. I found the perfect body for the perfect character; I should be the luckiest man on earth.”

Draco was completely flattened. “You...you thought I was perfect?” he finally asked, voice shaking with disbelief.

Harry smiled warmly at him. “I still do. And very much so.”

Draco swallowed, almost painfully. He could tell that Harry was being serious, and this was the most affectionate thing anybody had ever said to him. He’d never felt as... wanted as he did now, and not just for his wealth or reputation or even looks, but for who he was, instead. Just for the person he was, nothing that came with it. He felt so completely at peace with himself, filled with a wonderful warmth from the inside, warmth that seemed to be radiating from him like he was a stove, and it lit up his entire being. If someone had told him before that one day Harry Potter would make him silently thank his mother for giving birth to him, that Harry Potter would make him feel as though his chest was too narrow for the swelling of his heart – Draco would have considered them mental.

Harry watched the display of emotions with rapt fascination. Almost unconsciously, he slid off the armchair and scooted closer to Draco on his knees, never taking his eyes off of the beautiful face in front of him.

“Draco?” he whispered hoarsely. “I would like to... would you mind if I... may I... can I... uhm...” He never made it to the end of his sentence, because suddenly, Draco was leaning in and their lips met in their first kiss.

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Harry was vaguely aware that Draco was crying while they were kissing, and that his hot and slightly salty tears were running down towards their mouths, adding an altogether different taste to their kiss – but Harry didn’t care. This was bliss, this was heaven, this was ultimately it. Memories of Cho Chang blubbering into their kiss swiftly crossed Harry’s mind, but that had been nothing like this.

The revelation only served to Harry’s theory that it had never been the tears bothering him in the first place, but he pushed the thought away almost viciously, only concentrating on their wonderful task at hand. Draco’s lips were soft and moist against his, his tongue a bit shy but curious, ever so slightly nudging against Harry’s from time to time and then timidly pulling back, and Harry did his best to respond equally careful, not wanting to be too forceful or demanding on their first time.

It quickly dawned on him that Draco was a rather inexperienced kisser – but what he lacked in knowledge about technique, he made up with true devotion and a fierce desire to learn. And besides, knowing that he was probably the first man Draco ever kissed served to make Harry all giddy and happily nervous like a schoolgirl.

When they finally pulled away, Harry’s eyes had hazed over and his heart was beating so fast he was slowly getting out of breath. He was ashamed to notice the pleasant throbbing in his lap that was his growing erection – after all, it seemed highly inappropriate to get aroused in such a tender and emotional moment.

But then he noticed that Draco, cheeks flushed, tried to inconspicuously adjust his own trousers so that Harry wouldn’t notice (at which he – obviously – failed), and Harry felt some of the embarrassment at his excitement cease. Draco caught him staring, and pursed his lips in partially faked annoyance.

“Well,” he said, sounding somewhat defensive. “What do you expect from a twenty year old gay that has never kissed another boy before? Just be glad I didn’t pop off already.”

Harry smirked. “I think it’s wonderful,” he said, shifting a little so that Draco could see the telltale bulge in his drawstrings (which were absolute crap at hiding a boner, Harry silently mused). “As was the kiss, as you can easily see.”

Draco’s eyes dropped down to the impressive tent in Harry’s lap, and he gulped nervously. Did Harry

expect him to do something about that? Not that he was entirely opposed to the idea, but... well, it just looked so...big, even when it was still trapped in his underwear and trousers. And despite the quite persistent pulsing in his own erection, the thought of already doing something with another man... with Harry, no less ... touching him... was as frightening as it was arousing.

Luckily, Harry seemed to sense Draco's unease, since he stopped the display of his enlarged genitals and sat back up, slightly leaning in so that his torso was covering most of his bits and Draco could tear his eyes away. "I'm sorry, Draco," he said, sounding by all means as if he truly was. "I didn't mean to scare you or anything, I don't want to push you into something you're not ready for. I said so before, and I meant it."

Draco felt a heated rush of blood to his face, even through the wave of gratitude and relief washing over him at Harry's words. "I'm sorry," he mumbled, not quite feeling fit to look at Harry. "Don't want you to think I'm crude or something."

He looked up when he felt a soft, hesitant touch at his knee. Harry was staring at him with big green eyes. "Hey. Don't say such things, okay? I won't think ill of you, even if you make me wait ages before I can touch you. I just know that you're worth it. Even though it won't be easy..."

Draco gave him a sly smirk to paper over the enthusiastic beating of his heart, and Harry's eyes grew even wider. "Oh my God. Don't tell me you're actually planning on making me wait that long?!"

Draco's smirk grew bolder as he wriggled his eyebrows suggestively. "Don't dare me, Potter. You know how that one tends to turn out."

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TBC

Skin Vision

~ Title borrowed from IAMX, for a change. Chris Corner is awwwwwwwesome. ;) ~

Folks, this chapter is as sappy as always, but at least it's got some hot stuff in it as well. We're getting there... slowly but steadily, we do! ;)

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“Will you stay the night?”

They had been sitting on the couch for quite a while, chatting and enjoying pizza from the delivery service (carefully avoiding the topic of their mutual erections, of course; they were both more than a bit embarrassed about that, and not quite ready to talk about it), when Harry finally asked him.

Draco, who'd been dreading and hoping for this question at the same time, was momentarily overtaxed. He wanted to stay the night, but he didn't want to stay the night. It was... difficult. Harry, however, read the signs right.

“I won't hold you to anything,” he said with a smile. “I'm not even expecting you to sleep in the same bed with me; look, I'll take the couch. I'm just asking because it's already late, and you'll have trouble getting home.”

Draco checked his watch. Indeed, it was way past two in the morning. He yawned, only then realizing how tired he already was. Falling asleep here on the couch seemed like a very good option – and far lovelier than the alternative, which, since he didn't want to resort to magic (he didn't even have a wand with him these days!), would be to walk down to the subway, wait for at least half an hour, and then ride to almost the other end of the city.

“I'll take the couch,” he said, stifling another yawn. “If it's really okay with you that I stay?”

Harry's smile broadened. “More than okay,” he said, beaming. “And I really don't mind sleeping on the couch, Draco. I figure you're used to a bit more of luxury.”

Draco wrinkled his nose at the not very welcome reminder of his family. “It's not like I'm a spoiled brat who won't live through a night spent on a couch,” he said, feeling a bit miffed by Harry's implications.

Harry cocked his head. “Do you want to bet on it? This couch is horrible! I should have given it away ages ago; the springs are total crap. Even if you were used to living low-class this would still give you trouble.”

Draco stared at him. “Okay. Now I'm never letting you sleep on this thing because of me! I can sleep on the floor.”

Harry shook his head. “That's not an option. No guest of mine will sleep on the floor!”

Draco shrugged. “Then what do you suggest? And don't start with that crap about you taking the couch again; I'm not even listening to another word about that.”

Harry blushed ever so slightly, avoiding Draco's eyes. “Well... you could always... sleep in my bed. While I'm in there too, I mean. I wouldn't do anything, I promise!”

Well... so much for Harry's noble plans, eh? Draco didn't even have to think about it. "Okay."

Harry's gaze snapped back to him. "Okay?" he asked unbelievably, but with a tint of hopefulness colouring his voice. "Just like that? Really?"

Draco shrugged again. "Of course. I trust you, Harry. Why else would I be here?"

It turned out that Harry possessed – fortunately – a rather broad and spacious bed, so there would be no trouble getting them both in there. Draco tried to brutally squash the awkward thought of how many other men must have shared this bed with Harry – he really didn't want to think about that. Suddenly, it dawned on him that they hadn't actually talked this through, and he had no idea whether Harry meant to be faithful and monogamous if Draco became his boyfriend – but that was another thread of thought he was not particularly keen on following through right now.

Harry dug out a spare blanket from somewhere in the depths of his cupboard, and when they had both been to the bathroom (of course, Harry let Draco go first. He was a gentleman, after all. He also lent him a t-shirt to wear to bed over Draco's own boxers. The shirt was a bit big on him, but it did the trick), they crawled on the mattress, each getting comfortable under their own blanket, and Harry switched on the TV.

Draco loved television. More than anything else he'd ever known. It gave him a chance to participate in the world around him, to look at other people's lives, to learn to see things their way. As a Malfoy, Draco was not very used to empathy. Not when it didn't serve to manipulate or torment people, that is, because knowing what people think could come in quite handy to this avail. But try and figure out what went on in other people's heads, not in order to use it against them, but to get to know them instead, had been quite the novelty for Draco, one he found strangely pleasing.

"What's that one for?" Draco asked, already grabbing another piece of plastic that looked pretty much like the controller Harry had in hands. He pressed a soft key – and was rewarded with another picture popping up on the screen. He'd switched on the DVD player.

"Oh no, Draco, don't..." Harry tried to intervene, but it was too late. Two male bodies were filling out the enormous flat screen on the wall, the sound of their moaning and the juicy slap-slap-slap of flesh against flesh accompanying their frantic movements.

Draco's eyes became as big as saucers.

"Oh fuck," Harry cursed, cheeks slowly reddening with an embarrassed rush of blood to his face. "Let's just switch that off and pretend it never happened?"

Draco reluctantly tore his eyes away from the two muscular bodies on screen to stare at Harry, a look of complete incomprehension on his face and his hands still clamped around the controller, not willing to let go. "Why would we do that?"

"Because I don't want you to think I'm a... Hang on, you don't mind?"

Draco shrugged. "Of course not! I think it's hot."

Harry looked at him, pensive. "Do you... uhm... want to watch it?"

Now it was Draco's turn to blush. "Sure... if you don't mind..." His gaze was already fixed back on the screen, where a third man joined the two horny guys.

“Why would I? I own this DVD, in case you forgot.” Harry also took to watching the three men having it off, grunting, sweating and moving rapidly. Who’d have thought Draco was so open-minded? Harry smiled at the notion that Draco must be in that certain state of mind, when on the one hand your curiosity is nearly killing you, while on the other hand you’re still too afraid to do anything about it. Harry could count himself lucky that, at his first gay encounter, he’d been so drunk it only really hit him afterwards. He had no idea how long he would have been stuck in said state otherwise. As a matter of fact, it had taken him long enough to gather up the courage to willingly go and try it again, so that was that.

“Fuck,” Draco suddenly gasped when one of the guys got on his hands and knees, getting fucked by the two other men on each end, one having his dick almost all the way down his throat while the other was buried balls deep in his arse. Draco shifted a little on the bed, face still burning up, and Harry could easily figure out which problem had emerged for Draco.

And with watching one of the hottest DVDs of Harry’s impressive collection – who could blame him?

After some minutes, it became pretty obvious that Draco had to deal with said problem. He was sitting there, hunched back in the pillows, eyes half-closed and mouth slightly open, breath coming in shallow waves and one hand creeping under the duvet. Never mind the porn – the sight of Draco so badly affected alone did Harry in.

He got up, a little regretfully, meaning to give Draco some privacy and get a grip on himself again before he jumped the poor boy – when a small and slightly sweaty hand grabbed him by the sleeve.

“Where are you going?” Draco asked, eyes glassy and lips so moist and swollen that Harry had to look away if he didn’t want his situation to seriously aggravate him.

“I’m... to the loo,” he said truthfully. “I figured we could both... well... use some time on our own.”

“Oh,” Draco said, eyes dropping down on the bulge in Harry’s pajamas, which he tried to hide rather unsuccessfully. Then he looked back up. “You don’t have to go.” His voice was constricted with nervousness and excitement, but still he managed to keep it steady, to some extent.

Harry frowned. “What do you...? Oh. OH!” His eyes became almost as wide as Draco’s had been before, and he had to clear his throat several times before being able to continue. What was with him? He was not some bloody first-timer (not that there was anything wrong with that!), he was The Experienced One, and he was supposed to keep his fucking cool! He was supposed to calm and reassure (and perhaps persuade...) Draco, not the other way ‘round, damn it!

He dropped back down on the bed, feeling oddly shy and edgy. “What...what do you want to do?”

Draco lay back in the cushions, face flushed. “I don’t know... Perhaps we could...” There was a particular loud groan coming from the screen, and both Harry and Draco could practically feel it thrum through their bodies. Draco sighed and his hand retook to lightly massaging his groin. Harry was absolutely vexed, his world shrunk to the small motion of Draco’s hand on his crotch.

He cleared his throat, and then lay on his back next to Draco, wanting to be closer to him and dreading it at the same time. It was... unsettling, to say the very least. He wanted to touch Draco so badly it hurt, but he was also terribly afraid of scaring him off with a wrong, rushed move, and that completely set him on edge. He’d never felt like this before.

“Do you like to watch?” he asked carefully as he positioned himself next to Draco’s lean body. Close, but not too close. “Does that... turn you on?”

“Of course it does. Who wouldn't be turned on?” Draco breathed, his eyes never leaving the screen, the heel of his hand pressing into what Harry guessed must be a straining erection. He scooted a bit closer and started fumbling with the fly of his pajamas. He wasn't at all sure whether this was a good idea, but he needed a wank, and he needed it now, dammit! And by hindering him from going to the loo, Draco had as good as admitted some interest in doing this together...or Harry had gotten it all wrong, and that would be pretty bad. But, he figured, it was worth taking the risk.

“You can watch me, if you want,” Harry finally mumbled as he took his dick out, palming it, feeling very embarrassed and uncertain about the whole matter. Not embarrassed and uncertain enough to make his dick go soft, though. If anything, the awkwardness of the moment made him harder. Strange but true. Harry mused that this must be the same as with going to the doctor. He'd always grown a boner when it was most inappropriate to do so... he just couldn't help it. He squeezed gently around the head of his prick and sighed in response.

That finally got Draco's attention.

His head whirled around and his eyes fixated on Harry's bare cock. He stared at it, unmoving, for a long moment, not saying a word, the only proof he was actually present being the steadily increasing size of his eyes. Harry was about to grab his dick and flee the room, for he was absolutely certain he'd just made a big mistake – but then Draco exhaled a low, shaky, breathy, “Oh my GOD.”

And suddenly Harry knew it hadn't been a mistake at all. It had been a fucking wonderful idea.

Draco squirmed and hesitantly pushed the blankets off him, revealing a cotton clad erection and a soft spot in his underwear where the precome had seeped through the fabric. Harry hardly dared to breathe. This had to be one of the most erotic moments of his life – despite the loud sound of porn in the background. Truthfully, he didn't even register it anymore. He was too absorbed with the way Draco's pale fingers kneaded his own erection through the fabric of his boxers, never taking his eyes off Harry's penis as he did so. It was...formidable.

“Can I... see you too?” Harry finally asked, voice strained and hoarse with need and want. Draco seemed reluctant for a moment, but then he nodded and pushed his underwear down, nervously freeing his prick. It wasn't as big or wide as Harry's was, but it was perfection in its very own way. Light, with a slight bow towards his stomach, the head perfectly shaped and the tip glistening with a drop of precome that had emerged at the tiny slit. Harry gulped, feeling his pulse thunder through his body, further engorging his member with each forceful swat of blood into the spongy body. The vein on the underside seemed to grow thicker, and his penis gave a few excited jerks.

“What do you think?” Draco asked, shyly averting Harry's gaze. “Say something.”

“It's perfect,” Harry said, gripping his own cock tighter as he watched Draco's fingers play with his member. “It's the most enticing exemplar of male anatomy I've ever seen.”

“Flatterer,” Draco said, fondling himself with a bit more self-confidence. “You're having me on.”

“Wouldn't dream of it,” Harry pressed, now masturbating at a leisurely pace. “It's the truth.”

They lay next to each other on their backs, barely touching at the thighs and knees, stroking themselves while on the screen in front of them load after load was being shot – but Harry and Draco didn't care anymore. They looked at each other's pricks, rapt by the rapid moving of their arms and the wet smacking noises that came with wanking; revelling in the intimacy the moment bore.

Harry had seen quite a number of blokes jerking off in front of him, touching their cocks for him to see –

but still, nothing had ever even come close to this. It was fascinating, watching Draco fall apart under his continuous ministrations, to see how the tension was building in his lithe body, how he furrowed his brows in intense concentration – and Harry knew his eyes wanted to be closed, but Draco didn't allow for it, because he wanted to keep looking at Harry, and this certainly added a major thrill for Harry too.

Then Draco moaned, a soft noise, hardly more than a gasp in the back of his throat, but it exploded in Harry's head, echoing from the inside of his skull. His level of arousal was pushed to unknown heights, and he was left wondering how on earth he hadn't already come – but there he was, still fisting his shaft in an almost vicious manner, waiting for Draco to shoot first.

Which he did, eventually.

His torso came off the bed as thick spurts of semen sprayed over his stilling hand, and all Harry could think was look at me, look at me, oh dear GOD make him look at me NOW, and then Draco's eyes opened a silvery slit, searching for Harry's, perhaps apoplectic, perhaps looking for apprehension (which was definitely what he got) – and Harry held his gaze intently, still pumping himself, desperate for release.

And then, oh holy fuck, Draco – never taking his eyes off Harry's face, which made it oh so much better – slowly raised his right hand to his mouth and inertly made to lick his spunk off his fingers.

The sound Harry let loose at that was nothing short of a raspy bellow, followed by a flood of sperm shooting out of his swollen glans.

He dropped back into the mattress afterwards, gasping for breath, willing his heartbeat to slow down – and then he saw the broad grin Draco was sporting. Harry smiled up at him, resisting the urge to wipe his sweaty hair off his forehead, because his hand was still covered with sticky come and he didn't want to smear it all over his face in the process.

“Where did you learn that?” Harry finally asked, still smiling at his bedfellow in quite a smitten manner.

“What do you mean?” came the lazy reply. Draco had already worked up the willpower to grab the box of tissues on Harry's nightstand and was now leisurely cleaning himself up. “How to clean myself? Honestly, every boy figures that out by himself when he's about twelve years old.”

Harry shook his head, willing the goofy grin off his features, but it just wouldn't go away. The corners of his mouth felt like someone had put a hook in each one, pulled up and then tied it to his ears. If he were still practicing magic, Harry mused, he'd have to work on making this a hex. Having this forced upon you would be quite unpleasant. “No, silly. I meant, where did you learn to be so damnably sexy?”

Draco didn't look up, but Harry could see the spark of amusement in his grey eyes. “Oh. That.” He had finished cleaning and tossed the tissue into the bin next to the bed, then shrugged. “I'm a natural, I guess.” He made it sound perfectly convincing, and Harry couldn't help snickering.

“Well, that figures.” He rolled his head to the side to relieve the tension that was building in his neck. “Hand me the tissues, please?”

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TBC

A.N.: Hi everybody! Thank you so much for reading my little story; I'm so glad you seem to like it! :D Unfortunately, I have to inform you that it might take me even longer than usual to post the next chapter since my preliminary medical examination is coming up and I won't have time to think of much besides biochemistry and anatomy and histology and all that for the next... uh, three months. Of course it might also be that I will get totally overproductive in the attempt to distract me from my studies (no, seriously, it has happened before ;)), but I wouldn't count on it. Love you all! ~Res

# Bloodsport

## Bloodsport

I am so terribly sorry for making you all wait such a long time, but I assure you the last months have not been very pretty for me, and when the stressful parts were over I just had to take a time off. Thank you all for being so patient and understanding; I hope the oncoming chapters will make it worth your while! :-\*

Beta: Anthimaeria. Thank you so much; I owe you more than one! ;)

Love and sex is not a game  
A game is something you can win  
Maybe sometime kind of fun –  
But love is just a bloodsport

(Sneaker Pimps, “Bloodsport”)

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To say that Draco was aroused would be the understatement of the century. He found himself lying on his back, way beyond the state of mere excitement, his boxers shoved down between his knees, and Harry was sitting on his thighs, looking down at him with a look of appraisal and amazement. His own dick was obviously trying to drill a hole in his pyjama trousers, but Harry didn't seem to care – he only had eyes for Draco.

“You're beautiful,” he whispered, and Draco felt his cheeks reddening with joy and embarrassment. As much as he liked looking at Harry with his adorably messy hair and his delightfully big cock standing out proudly – at the moment he'd have preferred darkness. He wasn't used to being looked at, and certainly not like that, and even though it was rather thrilling it was also quite frightening.

But then Harry trailed the fingers of his right hand over the swollen flesh of his groin, and Draco forgot about being ashamed and shy. The world ceased to exist and the only things left were the pleasure and heat and completion in the touch of Harry's hand. Draco closed his eyes and let out a low growl that served to further encourage Harry.

“God, your cock is gorgeous,” Harry breathed as he closed his fist around it, stroking gently. “It feels absolutely perfect in my hand.”

Draco couldn't vocalise his heartfelt assent to this statement; he was too turned on to speak. Harry's hand was doing the most amazing things to him and he doubted he'd be able to last longer than a few more seconds anyway.

“Look at me,” Harry pleaded and Draco struggled to open his heavy lidded eyes, only to find Harry had pushed his trousers down and was now fondling himself with his left hand, simultaneously stroking Draco's prick. “See that? I'm so hard for you, Draco; it feels like I'm going to burst.”

Draco groaned out loud, feeling his climax drawing closer with frightening speed. His thighs tensed and his toes curled and his bottom lip was mashed between his teeth as he waited for the explosion to come... and then Draco woke with a start, realising his heart was doing a rapid two-step in his chest while he was frothing

his painfully hard erection against the fabric of the sheets with abandon.

He froze mid-hump, terrified of what he'd been doing and how fucking embarrassing that was yet again. God!

Draco turned around a little, careful to not make the bed wobble, and peered over his shoulder, anxious to see whether – by any chance – Harry was not yet awake and had mercifully slept throughout Draco's degrading moment of pure lustfulness.

But Harry was not only not asleep – Harry wasn't there at all.

Draco rolled over, staring at the very vacant space next to him. Hmmm. He trailed his fingers over the soft pillow, where exactly three randomly placed black hairs told the tale of Harry's head having lain here during the night.

Draco was miffed. Not only did such discovery spoil his long-time notion of him being a very light sleeper that could be woken by a mouse's sneeze (he had been rather proud of that one, thank you!) – it also ruined a fantasy harboured since he'd started thinking of such things, namely that one of the best things about being in love with someone was getting to wake up next to the person you were in love with.

Why that was such a big deal, Draco had no idea – but since everyone appeared to be so crazy about it, he figured there had to be some secret that only true lovers knew about. A secret which, thanks to Harry's early departure, Draco had yet to discover.

Just as he was about to follow this trail of thought, he heard steps in front of the door, followed by the noise of someone trying to one-handedly open said door. Before Draco had come to a conclusion about whether or not he should get up and put his still rather prominent erection in danger of revelation by helping Harry with the door, Harry managed on his own, stumbling into the room with a tray carefully balanced in his hands.

Draco's eyes widened in delight as a promising smell filled the air. "You made breakfast!"

Harry smiled, nodding. "Yeah. It's nothing special, though, just eggs and cereal, toast and yoghurt. Oh, and tea of course. I would have gone to fetch something nobler at the take-away around the corner – but..."

"But what?" Draco asked, even though he couldn't find any fault with the food offered. It had been such a long time since anybody had served him breakfast in bed, and he was too thrilled about that alone to really care whether he ate cereals or croissants. He picked a raisin out of the bowl and looked at Harry expectantly.

Harry blushed the faintest shade of pink. "Dunno," he murmured, handing Draco a plate with scrambled eggs. "First, I didn't want to leave you alone for too long. And second – no, that's just stupid."

"Tell me anyway," Draco pleaded, putting some egg into his mouth. "I won't think it's silly, I promise."

Harry looked up, amused. "There's no way you can promise something like that in advance," he said.

Draco shrugged. "I am a man of many talents," he said mysteriously.

Harry cocked his head in thought, then looked away. "I... I might have been afraid you wouldn't be here anymore when I returned."

Draco frowned. "Why would I ever leave without a healthy, nourishing breakfast, I'm asking you?"

Harry shrugged. "I... Some blokes do that, you know."

Draco swallowed at the fresh reminder that while Harry was Draco's first, the situation wasn't the same vice versa. There had been other men in Harry's bed where Draco was now lying, there had been other men that Harry had prepared breakfast for, there had been other men Harry had been with!

And while Draco was well aware it didn't make any sense to think that way, while he knew perfectly well it was absolutely pointless to mourn over the fact that Harry had had a (sex) life before they had met again – it still hurt.

He wanted to know whether there had been another bloke Harry had felt strongly for – he hadn't explicitly mentioned someone, but it was just stupid to assume that he hadn't had a boyfriend in all that time, or wasn't it?

And that one statement before... wouldn't that mean that Harry had cared greatly for someone that had left him like this?

On the other hand, why would Harry care so much for someone he obviously knew so little that they parted ways like this; said bloke stealing out of the bedroom while Harry was getting breakfast for both of them?

Draco wanted so badly to ask Harry about all that, but then again – perhaps it was better if he didn't know the details. He had a rather possessive streak after all, Draco thought, remembering how he'd felt when Harry had started dating Cho Chang back in their fifth year. Merlin, how he'd hated that little slut! He gladly would have hexed her to lose all her pretty hair and sprout acne all over her stupid face, anything to make Harry turn away from her. It had been then, actually, that Draco's suspicion about his sexuality – and all things Potter – had really been confirmed, making this year even more of a living hell for him than it would have been anyway, what with his father getting arrested and Voldemort stretching his greedy claws at Draco.

If nothing else, Draco thought, moodily putting another piece of scrambled egg into his mouth, all the frustration had caused his rather persistent erection to wilt. Thankfully. He needed the loo and he didn't fancy standing up, walking around with a hard-on visible from Wales ("I wish," Draco mused. "Merlin, I wish!"), thank you very much. And especially not now, when he was feeling somewhat angry at Harry – even though he fully well knew it wasn't Harry's fault.

He had said he didn't want Harry to lie to him – and he didn't. But there were still things he would have preferred unsaid.

Was it stupid to feel that way? Hypocritical? Probably. But what could he do about it? He had waited for this for such a long time, how could he not feel jealous?

"Draco, is everything alright?" Harry asked, piercing Draco's thoughts with that damnable perceptiveness he seemed to have acquired recently. "You look like you want to take someone's head off, preferably mine, and I don't think I like that. What did I do?"

Draco shrugged, avoiding Harry's gaze. "Nothing."

Harry shook his head. "I know I didn't do anything. My question is what did I do that makes you feel I did something?"

Draco frowned. "Do you always have to be so awfully insightful? That's bloody scary, you know?"

"You're not mad because I mentioned 'other blokes', are you?"

"Of course I'm not!" Draco spat. "Why would I be? That would be just ridiculous, wouldn't it?"

“Actually, yes, since there’s nothing to be mad over. But you are anyway, aren’t you?”

“No!”

“I’ll take that as a yes, then.”

“You can’t take a no for a yes, dickhead!” Draco was poking furiously around his plate, not feeling like eating anymore. “That’s not how it works!”

Harry sighed. “Draco, I won’t pretend I lived in a bubble over the last years, because I didn’t. You know that. I went to the clubs, I had sex with guys and, sometimes, girls; fuck, I even had some short-lived relationships. I told you before that nothing of this meant anything to me, and you promised it wouldn’t be a problem for you, so what the hell is wrong?”

Draco shrugged again, defensively. He still didn’t look at Harry. “I can’t help it, okay? Just let it be, I’ll get over it.”

“That’s not how it works either,” Harry said. “If there’s something we need to talk about, then we should do so, okay? If there’s something bothering you…”

“It’s not that, Harry!” Draco interrupted, somewhat annoyed. “Look, I don’t want to talk about this, alright? There is nothing to talk about. You had a life before me, and so did I, and we’ll both just need to get used to the fact that there were things we did and people we knew without getting overwhelmed by irrational jealousy each time any aspect of the other’s former life comes up.”

“Yeah, but…”

“No buts, Harry.” Draco looked up, attempting a faint smile. “Look, let’s just… let’s just eat breakfast in peace, and then we’ll do something fun, okay? Let’s not argue on our very first day, please?”

Harry smiled at him apologetically. “Of course, you’re right. I’m sorry.”

“’s okay. Those eggs are pretty damn good, Harry. What’s your secret?”

Harry grinned and let himself be carried away in a harmless conversation about how to cook the perfect egg, but he couldn’t shake the uneasy feeling that he hadn’t seen the end of this.

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“Well,” Draco said, his eyes scanning the room. “This is intense.”

“Do you mean intense in a good or a bad way?” Harry asked, handing Draco the drink he’d just fetched from the bar.

“I mean intense in an intense way,” Draco said, accepting his drink and gratefully taking a sip. “Oh my God, that’s practically liquid sugar! What’s that?”

“That’s a strawberry colada. I sort of figured you liked sweet sugary cocktails.” Harry shrugged. “If you don’t like it, you can give it to me - we can get you something else.”

Draco shook his head. “Nah, it’s fine.” He took another sip. “If I keep drinking at this speed, I’ll be

smashed within half an hour. You'll have to carry me home and help me take my clothes off."

Harry wriggled his eyebrows. "I was hoping you'd say something like that."

Draco laughed. "So you're trying to get me drunk to sneak your way into my virginal pants? Mr Potter, I am truly astounded by your capability of elaborating such deviant plans."

"So am I," a light voice said from behind Draco. "I always thought you were one to take the obvious route."

Draco very nearly choked on his cocktail, turning around just in time to see a very handsome young man staring at Harry over Draco's shoulder with a mischievous gleam in his eyes. Then the intruder passed by Draco, casually brushing his hand over Draco's leg as he did so, and positioned himself next to Harry, and not without pushing up on his toes to press a quick kiss to Harry's mouth. He was now (due to an additional spurt of growth on Harry's behalf) even smaller than Harry was, by at least a couple of inches, but his white blond hair was spiky and served to make him appear a bit taller. He was wearing tight leather trousers, clinging to his narrow ass like a second skin, riding low on his hips and revealing sharply-cut hip bones.

"Hey Harry," he practically purred. "Haven't seen you around for a while. Been busy?"

"Yeah, sort of," Harry said, eyes flickering from the new boy to Draco and back. He seemed decidedly uneasy. "Ehm... Shane, this is Draco, my boyfriend. Draco, this is Shane, my..."

"Ex-boyfriend," Shane finished, giving Draco a curious and somewhat challenging look.

"I don't know whether you could call it that," Harry said, tossing Draco a quick, insecure glance. "We were only dating for what, like one week?"

"Nine days, actually," Shane said, grinning. "I counted. You were my longest relationship up to date, Harry. I was even sort of sad when you told me you didn't believe in boyfriends anymore."

"I did? I don't remember saying any such thing," Harry protested, light panic colouring his voice.

"Oh, but you did," Shane said, smiling at Draco angelically. "So, how long have you two guys been together?"

"Two days," Draco said, somewhat tonelessly. He was clinging to his glass for dear life, gnawing at the straw like it was a chewing gum.

"Oh, I see," Shane chirped, emphasising "see" in a way that made the hair on Draco's neck stand up. "Lover boy's got a few more days before getting dumped because sex with the same person can get so tiring after a while." He smirked at Draco, then looked back up at Harry. "Give me a call when you're through with him. I haven't had a stud like you in half an eternity."

With that, he took a swift sip from Harry's beer, then disappeared into the crowd like a model on a catwalk. Harry and Draco both stared after those swinging narrow hips, then Harry shook his head, blinking. "Fuck me," he said with true astonishment. "What a little bitch! I don't believe I used to date that one!"

Draco said nothing; he merely sucked at his straw, feeling confused and hurt and sulky all at the same time.

"Draco?"

"Hmmm?"

“Are you okay?”

Draco let go of his straw and looked at Harry, faking nonchalance. “Do I have reason not to be?”

Harry shrugged, feeling seemed somewhat helpless. “I don’t know. Perhaps... I thought that maybe... the thing with Shane...”

Draco tried his best not to flinch at the words. “What’s with him? He’s just your ex, isn’t he? Should I be worried?”

Harry stared at him. “No! Gods, no, there’s nothing between him and me; I haven’t seen him in ages!”

“Good,” Draco said calmly. “In that case I guess I can risk going to the loo, knowing that you’ll still be here once I get back?”

Harry appeared confused. “Yeah, of course. But-”

Draco shook his head to silence him. “Could you hold my drink?”

Harry obediently took the half-finished glass (Draco had made short work of it; that had to be said) and watched his tipsy boyfriend making his way through the crowd, a sinking feeling in his chest. Damn.

He’d thought going to a gay club together would be a good idea, seeing how Draco had never been to one before, but right now he started wondering whether it wouldn’t have been much wiser to just treat him to a fancy dinner... or go to the zoo... or do anything that didn’t involve Harry’s former acquaintances coming up to them and making inappropriate remarks about their relationship. Though Harry couldn’t deny he felt oddly flattered by Shane’s statement about him being such a stud – and who could blame him for that?

Harry shook his head, stealing a sip from Draco’s drink. Boy, that was sugary, sickeningly sweet, even. Shane... when had he last seen him? It must have been... no, Harry really didn’t remember. Their relationship, if one actually wanted to call it that, had been a joke. They had only gotten together because of an acute fit of loneliness on Harry’s side in the first place, and while Shane really was handsome and a total rocket in bed (Harry had never met such a forceful bottom before or after), he soon managed to annoy the hell out of him. Their break-up – again, if you wanted to call it that – had had nothing to do with sex, even though Shane had clearly taken it that way. Everything about Shane was about sex, actually, which was one of the reasons Harry had broken up with him.

If Harry recalled correctly, Shane had always been a nasty little bitch and a drama queen on top of it – but he’d forgotten exactly how bitchy he could be.

Anyway. He sighed, taking another sip from Draco’s cocktail. He didn’t like coladas, they were entirely too sweet and creamy for his taste – but somehow the drink consoled him over Draco’s absence. Which, of course, was totally stupid, since Draco was merely using the loo and would be back in a sec... but still.

He looked at his watch. Hmm. Ten minutes, already. Should he go after him, check whether he was alright? But no, that would seem somewhat stalkerish, wouldn’t it? Like he didn’t trust Draco, which wasn’t the case. No. He’d just wait here until he returned. Just like he’d promised.

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Draco stood in the restroom, staring at the mirror unseeingly. What was with him? Why was he feeling that

way, as though someone was sitting on his chest, hindering him to breathe?

Harry had said he and Shane were over, hell, Shane had said so himself, the little bint! There was no reason whatsoever for Draco to feel so... betrayed. Inexplicably jealous. Okay, so that Shane guy was sexy as hell, and self-confident, and a remarkable personality and obviously very experienced when it came to sex, and perhaps Harry could have been a little more insistent for him to bugger off... but... but that didn't necessarily mean anything, right?

Harry just happened to have a bunch of attractive ex-lovers that didn't mind coming back for more, and Draco would have to play along.

After all, it wasn't like Harry had seemed very interested in Shane just now, or had he? But then again, what self-respecting homosexual wouldn't be interested in him? Hell, even Draco had to admit he was hot, and Shane wasn't even his type.

That just sucked! How would he ever stand a chance against such competition?

And what if Shane had told the truth? Was Harry really only after sex, was that all he wanted, even from Draco? No... Draco didn't believe that. Why would Harry have gone through so much trouble to get him back if he was only interested in a shag? It didn't make sense.

On the other hand... Harry did care a great deal about sex, that wasn't a secret. Even if he didn't intend to do so – what would guarantee he wouldn't lose interest in Draco once he'd slept with him?

That was pretty fucked, actually, and quite literally too. What was he supposed to do now? He wanted to have sex with Harry, he really did, but what if Harry dropped him afterwards? Draco knew he wouldn't be able to live through that, if it really happened; he'd already put too much feeling into the whole thing to stomach yet another rejection. But what to do?

Should he make them both wait until he could be sure Harry truly loved him enough to keep him after the novelty of their relationship had worn out, after he'd gotten what he wanted? But how would Draco know when the time was right? And wouldn't Harry be pissed if Draco played prude, would he just go and get it elsewhere, like, for example, with a certain blond whore that practically threw himself at Harry...?

Harry'd said he'd wait until Draco was ready, but who could tell whether he'd keep his promise?

Damn.

Damn that Shane and his big, stupid mouth, pushing him into so much thinking! Draco's fist clenched almost painfully. It had all been so good 'til now, he'd really felt comfortable with Harry, fuck, he'd started to actually trust him... and now this!

Draco unclenched his hands and leaned in, as though he was trying to look through his eyes, as though the answer to all his questions lay there, hidden behind his irises. He stared at his reflection until he felt dizzy; wondering how so little could amount to so much, how such a few words could send him into a fit of insecurity, and make all his carefully built self-confidence collapse like a house of cards.

Was he really that weak? Was he so twisted that some well-aimed words could so effectively destroy his self-esteem?

He jerked when he suddenly felt a strong hand on his arm, gripping him tightly. He looked up, right into two concerned blue eyes belonging to a brunet stranger. "Are you alright?" the young man asked. "You look all pale. Are you sick? Can I get you something?"

Draco struggled for composure, not willing to let anyone in on his misery. Bad enough someone had already noticed something was amiss. “No thanks,” he said, forcing a smile. “I’m okay, just got lost thinking.”

The man leaned against the wall next to the mirror. “So? Must have been something important if it caught you like that.”

Draco shrugged. “Maybe.”

“I don’t suppose you want to talk about it? Maybe I can help you.”

Draco frowned. “I don’t think so. Thanks, but no thanks.”

Now it was the man’s turn to shrug. “Let me buy you a drink then? You look like you could use one.”

“He already has someone to buy him drinks, thank you very much for your concern!” That was Harry’s sharp voice, cutting through the fog of cigarette smoke and male sweat that was hovering in the air.

Draco perked up, a bit irritated by Harry’s stern voice. “And you,” Harry continued, “what do you think you’re doing?”

“I beg your pardon?”

“You’ve been gone for an eternity! I was worried about you, stupid! And when I come in here looking whether you’re alright, I find you chatting up strangers!” Harry bristled.

“I wasn’t chatting up strangers!” Draco snapped. “He was talking to me, actually, and he just wanted to know whether I was okay!”

Harry snorted. “Yeah, sure! Because we gay men are so awfully concerned about everybody around us! Pure altruism, I bet.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Draco spat; he too was getting angry. How dare Harry blame him for something he didn’t even do, and after the Shane-incident at that! “He merely wanted to buy me a drink! Is that a crime nowadays?”

“Yes, yes and yes!” Harry barked, drawing the attention from some by-passers to them. “You’re my boyfriend, and I don’t even know which of the words my or boyfriend I ought to emphasise more! You’re not supposed to take up on offers to shag from other men!”

“First,” Draco yelled back, “I told him no, you jerk! Second, since when does buying a drink guarantee you a sexual encounter?”

“Since gay men have started dating other gay men!”

“First, only gay men would date other men, so there’s no need to emphasize it. Second, that’s just bullshit! Ask him whether he meant anything by it, if you’re suddenly so concerned about my well-being!”

Harry wanted to clarify a) his choice of words (he had taken literature as a main subject, after all, and stylistic device was something he meant to include in everyday life more often anyway), and b) how wrong Draco was assuming there had been no ulterior motive - but Draco’s brunet, not very surprisingly, had already hit the road, leaving the explaining for Harry alone to do.

“Draco, everybody knows that’s the way it works! Its only logic.”

Draco felt tears prickle in the corners of his eyes, but he’d be damned if Harry got to see them. “Fuck you, Harry! I didn’t know, okay? Besides, how come it’s okay for you to get chatted up by other blokes, your ex no less, but it’s such a drama when it happens to me?”

Harry’s eyes narrowed. “I knew it! This is about Shane, isn’t it? Look, Draco... Draco!”

But Draco had already turned around and was storming out of the men’s room. The tears that had threatened to fall were now running down his cheeks, and he just couldn’t bear the thought of crying in front of Harry. God, he was such a little girl sometimes!

TBC

A.N: Yes, I know that Draco really acts like a girl in this story. But there will be some development, I promise ;) Thank you for reading!