

Steamy Thoughts

by Southern_Witch_69

Harry and Draco have a secret. What were the Malfoys thinking when they saw the Potters on platform nine and three-quarters?

One-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

Harry and Draco have a secret. What were the Malfoys thinking when they saw the Potters on platform nine and three-quarters?

Disclaimer: Mucking around with HP characters

This was written for soul_bound, whose birthday is today! Happy birthday, doll. I hope this sates your Drarry lust for a little while.

Proudly, Astoria watched Draco give their son a last minute talk before he boarded the Hogwarts Express. She'd dreaded this day for many years, her son going off to Hogwarts, but she was certain they'd find *something* to do to occupy their time. As she looked on, Potter and his family came into view out of the thick mist surrounding the platform. She smirked slightly and turned to watch Draco's reaction.

"So, be proud of your heritage, boy," Draco said. "And don't let anyone talk down to you."

"I am proud, Father," Scorpius said. "I promise to make you proud of me."

Draco gave him a small, indulgent smile. "I already am, son."

As Scorpius beamed, Astoria bent down to hug him. "As am I."

"Thanks, Mum, Dad." Suddenly, Scorpius's eyes got wide. "Look, it's Harry Potter, Dad."

The blond head turned ever-so-slowly to the left, grey eyes piercing a pair of the shade of green. Minutely, he nodded, received a nod in reply, and turned back to face Scorpius. She wondered how hard it was for him to show so little emotion. Of course, knowing her husband as intimately as she did, she knew what burned beneath his cool exterior.

Her eyes travelled back to Potter's family, which had been joined by a few Weasleys. It took an extreme amount of willpower to school her expression into one of friendly interest instead of the instant dislike she felt for Ronald Weasley. He seemed to be snickering and saying something nasty, no doubt about her family, as he was eyeing them as he spoke to his daughter.

Think you're better than us, Weasley? she thought maliciously and knew the desire to wipe that superior look off his face. Weasley had no right to gaze upon her family in such a manner. She wanted to put him in his place and only remained where she stood because she felt Draco's hand slide around her waist. He'd obviously sensed her displeasure.

Astoria looked into her husband's eyes and calmed immediately. She'd not reveal anything, though she'd like to. How would Weasley feel if he knew that Potter was a frequent visitor at Malfoy Manor? That Potter engaged in sexual relations with her husband? That she liked to watch?

"Bastard," she muttered.

"Weasley," Draco said in distaste. "He's not worth it."

"What was that, Dad?"

"Nothing, Scorpius. Just thinking out loud." Draco accepted a hug from his son, as did Astoria, and said, "You'd better get on the train."

"Owl me," he said, smiling broadly as he quickly boarded.

"Every day," she promised, waving him off.

As the train readied for departure, its steam adding to the mist swirling about them, she thought of another steamy memory entirely.

The sauna was so hot and steamy that she could barely make out the two figures across from her. Using magic for a better view was not an option, as it would simply disrupt the flow of things. Draco reached down, his lips never leaving Potter's, and grasped his lover's hard cock, stroking it slowly.

Potter moaned in appreciation and returned the favor, causing a jolt of excitement to course through Astoria's body. She loved how vocal he was, how he enjoyed being pleased—and giving it. Nothing ever turned her on the way this did—Potter and Draco, watching them fuck. Her hand slowly slid down her stomach to cup her sex, allowing one dainty finger to slide inside herself to retrieve a little wetness before slipping out to circle her clit.

It was amazing, watching the most powerful wizard alive—as far as she knew—mating with her husband. It had all started years back after a drinking binge at a pub and was the best-kept secret of the Wizarding world... in her opinion of course. There was much bitterness that night, loads of tension, and an obvious intent to pour these emotions into physical contact: their brawl had turned to forceful kissing and had continued from there, Astoria watching with wide eyes.

A gasp brought her back to the present, and she smiled wickedly, moving closer, wanting to be near the action. As much as she liked watching them, they both seemed to be equally turned on by watching her. It was a win win situation for them all. Normally, after Potter left, she and Draco always shared the best sort of sex. Not that it wasn't good without Potter's presence, but still...

"Harder," Draco said as Potter pushed himself inside his lover again and again. "Faster."

Potter obliged, looking over hungrily as Astoria circled one of her nipples with a long, dark wine-colored fingernail. She never touched the man or he her, but they looked and appreciated. For his benefit, she began to massage her breasts with both hands before sliding one of them down to her heated center.

She closed her eyes and listened to them as she masturbated: grunting, flesh meeting flesh, moans of approval, heavy breathing. Her own soft breaths mingled with theirs as she felt the inevitable building inside her. Before long, she opened her eyes again, wanting to see them as she came, and was rewarded by husband's distorted expression, obviously nearly over the edge. Draco was stroking himself fast and hard, matching Potter's pounding into his body. Potter had his head thrown back, eyes closed, a look of extreme concentration on his face as he moved. First, Draco spent himself, "Ah, Harry, Harry" – it was the only time he called him by his first name – and then Potter joined him, "Draco." This was always spoken softly. Astoria was next, never saying anyone's name, just voicing her delight as the orgasm washed over her.

"Hello," a soft, feminine voice broke her from her thoughts.

"Oh, hi," she replied, shocked to see Potter's wife standing before her. She'd always tried to not think of the woman or what Potter's visits to the Manor ultimately meant, so didn't know what to say to her.

"I think your son dropped this," she said, holding out a folded piece of parchment. "I saw it fall as he ran to the train."

"Thank you. I shall owl it to him as soon as I get home."

Ginny smiled and nodded towards the departing train. "Lots of first years it seems."

"I thought so as well."

Just then, the Weasleys and Potter joined Ginny. "Malfoy," Weasley said in greeting, his voice clipped.

"Weasley." Her husband said it as though it were a dirty word, and she wanted to smile, but stopped herself.

"Hello, Draco," Weasley's wife said.

"Granger," he replied. "Oh, right. Weasley as well then."

"Granger-Weasley to be exact, but either is fine. Or Hermione."

The girl's smile was genuine, so Astoria said, "I'm Astoria. I believe you know my sister, Daphne."

"Nice to meet you," was the reply.

"Likewise."

"Potter," Draco said, greeting Harry.

"Hello, Malfoy, your son finally going to Hogwarts, is he?"

"Yes, he was right nervous." Only Astoria noticed the tremor in Draco's voice.

"Maybe... maybe they'll have a better start than we did." Harry extended his hand to Draco, who just looked down at it for a long moment before taking it and shaking it.

"Maybe so, Potter."

Astoria refrained from smiling as the others looked on with wide eyes. They obviously thought that this was the first, true tentative step towards friendship between the men. They didn't know what she knew. They would never witness what she did. Unless...

She sized up Potter's wife thoughtfully. *Now there's an idea. Hmmm...*

So... you know how that goes.