

# Some Like It Hot

by RedOrchid

The most famous shower scene since *Psycho*.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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*A/N: This fic is directly inspired by one of my favourite shows, just... recast. :-)* Enjoy.

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*Queer As Folk (US), Episode 101:*

*BRIAN: It was after school in the locker rooms. He was taking a shower. I went back for something: a book, my jockstrap, I don't remember. Anyway, there he was, all naked, soaping himself. He saw me there, a big boner under my chinos. Shit, I walked right into the showers with all my clothes on.*

*JUSTIN: No!*

*BRIAN: Got down on my knees and sucked him off right there.*

*JUSTIN: He let you?*

*BRIAN: Let me? He loved it.*

*JUSTIN: I bet you were scared.*

*BRIAN: Well, I guess we're all a little scared our first time. [Beat. He stands.] But I don't remember any more.*

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### Some Like It Hot

"Great practice, Harry!"

"Yes, great practice. See you in the common room!"

Harry Potter looked up from the pile of Quidditch equipment he was currently sorting and waved back at his Chasers as they passed him on their way back to the castle.

"Thanks, guys! Good flying tonight. Keep it up and Slytherin won't stand a chance."

"That's right!"

Smiling, Harry put the last of the tack away and grabbed his Firebolt, heading for the changing rooms. It had been a good practice. Lots of technical flying and some great new tricks that would no doubt come in handy. Stepping through the door, he was met with warm steam and the fresh smell of soap, causing him to linger for a couple of moments on the doorstep while his glasses cleared up.

"Hey, Harry," Ron called from over by a row of lockers, pulling a towel through his newly washed hair and then throwing it into the laundry chute. "Hurry up, mate. We'll miss dinner."

"You go ahead," he answered. "I need to stretch a bit before I shower. I'll nip down to the kitchens for a bite once I'm done. Meet up with you later for Transfiguration?"

"Sure thing," Ron said, starting to tie the laces of his worn tennis shoes. "I'll try to get Hermione to join us, yeah? Studying goes so much bloody faster when she's there to help."

"Fine," Harry murmured, walking into the room and sitting down on a bench to remove his boots. "See you later."

Ron left, leaving him alone to the quiet of the room. Breathing deeply, he raised his arms and started to work the kinks out of his sore muscles. He stretched his back, feeling the stiffness abate somewhat, but the shoulders still protested. A hot shower was definitely in order. Standing up, he pulled off his gloves. He had just begun taking off the protections on his wrists when a soft sound penetrated his consciousness.

A shower was on.

Harry's brow furrowed. He had been sure that everyone on the team had already left. Technically, it could be someone from another team, of course, though why they would use the common showers puzzled him. Every Hogwarts team had their own changing rooms and showers in connection to the pitch, to save everyone the trouble of carrying robes and equipment back and forth with every practice (and to prevent inter-House fighting after the games). Perhaps there was a leak somewhere, or perhaps it was Dean or another substitute. He hadn't paid close attention to who was in the stands tonight.

Deciding to run a quick check, he walked into the adjoining room, Quidditch robes still on, stepping carefully so as not to get his socks wet.

And then he stopped.

Less than five yards away was Draco Malfoy, head tilted back into the shower spray, hot water glittering as it cascaded down his body. His face was relaxed, mouth half open and swallowing small gulps of the water while his hands spread soapy suds across his chest and stomach. Transfixed, Harry followed the movements, watching the fingers play over pale, taut skin, stroke along the outside of the arms and move downward again, brushing over the muscles on Malfoy's front.

His mind felt suddenly dazed and unfocused. He'd known Malfoy was tall and thin, but he'd never suspected he looked like this...all sleek and smooth, sinewy muscles in all the right places. Despite the humidity in the room, Harry's mouth was suddenly very dry.

And then the blond opened his eyes. And both of them became very, very still.

For a split second, Harry considered bolting, just backing out of the shower room and run back to the castle, no shoes, training robes and all. Something kept him frozen on the spot, however, something he couldn't quite put his finger on, but which he suspected was somehow related to the way Malfoy's chest seemed to rise and fall in a slightly faster, sharper rhythm. The air suddenly seemed thinner somehow, and he, too, had to pull sharper breaths to fill his lungs with oxygen and keep his head from spinning. They stared at each other, green eyes meeting grey ones across the room, both pairs widening slightly in response to what they were seeing.

A bolt of heat, not unlike a punch to the stomach, hit Harry without warning, spiralling out from his gut through his bloodstream so fast he didn't recognise the start-up tingles until they were long gone and replaced with open flames. Not stopping to think, just knowing what he wanted...what he *needed* to do...in that precise moment, he swallowed hard and walked forwards.

The steps across the white tiles barely registered with him. Nor the sensation of water soaking through his socks as his feet propelled him onwards, or the trickling sensation on his back as his robes gave way to the hot water. In the space of a laboured breath he was there, under the same shower spray, sinking to his knees without thought or comment. His hands came up, stroking a reverent path along the wet skin, feeling the muscles in Malfoy's thighs move under his fingers. The heat in his gut increased, fanning the flames in his blood, urging him on, urging him to hurry to take what he now desperately needed to feel.

The first touch on his tongue felt like the first gulp of water after a game of Quidditch on a hot spring day, and if there had been anything in his head but driving need at that point, it would have bugged off then and there. Moaning with relief, he parted his lips, taking the head into his mouth and sucked greedily. With every touch, the need in his gut intensified, telling him to take more, to fill himself up with the heady sensation of Malfoy's throbbing cock between his lips. Letting go of the outer world completely, he fell into pleasure, filling his mouth and hands and throat with lust and power and pure, undiluted need.

He heard Malfoy moan above him. Heard words and groans as weak, distorted echoes through the deafening roaring of blood pounding in his ears. He didn't care, didn't need to hear them. The hard prick in his mouth said it all, and much more eloquently, with its pulsing veins and bleeding slit, and the little twitches of shocked pleasure whenever one of his hands moved to the heavy balls or he managed to moan low in his throat. He moved on instinct now, sliding up and down the impossibly smooth skin, tongue stroking and twirling, wanting to be everywhere, to reach everything at once.

Hands tangled in his hair, brushing wet strands he hadn't even noticed were bothering him out of his face. Draco's hips moved with his touch, jerking back and forth in tiny, barely controlled movements, like someone tethering on the edge of insanity. He moved his hands to Draco's hips, stroking him gently while taking him deeper into his mouth, demonstrating without words what he needed, what he wanted for both of them. A helpless groan told him that the message had got through, and Draco's hips sped up, thrusting the hardness deep into Harry's mouth with long, needy movements.

He gagged almost immediately, unprepared for the force of the attack or the onslaught it wracked on his senses. Not wanting to limit the tempo, he wrapped a hand around the base and renewed his efforts, taking as much as he could, as fast as he could, revelling in the feeling of the hot, hard cock, wrapped in silky smooth skin under, between and inside his mouth and fingers. The heat within him burned with a steady flame, radiating pure lust-filled bliss through his body. A quiver in Draco's thigh and an almost painful tightening of the hands in his hair warned him what would be coming next, and jolts of anticipation exploded within him. When it happened, he dove in deep, doing his best to milk the last drop of pleasure from the man in front of him. He choked once, and some of the fluid escaped and splattered onto the white tile, but none of it mattered because he was *here*, on his knees, and Draco's cock was still in his mouth, quivering slightly in post-orgasmic spasms under the gentle ministrations of his tongue and fingers.

After a long moment, Harry let go, moving his hands to the floor and raised himself unsteadily to a standing position. Fear must have flashed in his expression as he met Draco's gaze, because the eyes before him displayed the same emotion, along with wary hesitation as they faced each other, close enough to feel the other person's breath against the wet skin of their lips.

It was only half a minute at most, but it might as well have been a year, or even a lifetime, spreading out before them like a clock frozen in mid-tic. And then it changed, the tension spinning on its head, morphing into lust again and sending Draco launching forwards, grabbing him by the back of the head and slamming both of them against the shower wall. Draco kissed him passionately and hungrily, like a man starved for touch and overflowing with desire. Hands were on the front of his soaked-through robes, stripping him down, freeing more skin to slide against Draco's own. Moaning, Harry wrapped his arms around the blond Slytherin, kissing him back for all he was worth and rubbing his aching erection frantically against the other man's hips. For a split second, Draco broke off their kiss and smiled.

And then his hands slid downwards.

THE END

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*A/N: With this instalment, I officially confirm having switched my OTP from SS/HG to HP/DM. These guys are just so hot to write, what can I say? :-) And I blame Dracontia; her Standee series is just so brilliant that poor SS/HG fans like me don't even stand a chance. I will try to finish my WIPs, however. I promised myself not to abandon them, and I'll do my very best to keep that pledge. Hopefully, the upcoming SS/HG exchange can revive that good old teacher/student passion for me a little. Keep your fingers crossed...*

*Please review! Reviews are the Elixir of Happiness to me and my muse.*