

# There Are, Aren't There

by *MystressXOXO*

Draco finds out that it doesn't matter what you say, it's how you say it.

## One-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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*A/N: Grammar is a funny thing sometimes. So many ways to write a sentence and so many reasons why it's both right and wrong. While beta-ing a fic, a remembrance of my college days woke up my Muse enough to write this. Dedicated to Lolafalola and Loui, for without them, I wouldn't be the person I am today.*

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"Harry, did you decide which one you wanted to use tonight?"

"No," Harry mumbled around his toothbrush before he removed it to rinse. "There are three dildos on the bed that I want to use, but I can't choose just one of them."

"Three dildos are on the bed."

Harry paused, stilling the towel he was using to wipe his face. "What?"

"Three dildos are on the bed."

Harry quickly finished up in the loo and walked into the bedroom. Draco stood naked at the foot of the bed, eyeing the dildos in question, and Harry could only look at him in confusion.

"Yes, there's three dildos on the bed. That's what I said, right?"

"Actually, first you said there *are* three dildos, and now you just said there *is* three dildos," Draco drawled.

Harry blinked. "And... so?" They were both naked in a room with three dildos on the bed. What the bleeding hell was the problem?

"So, 'there is' is wrong because of the plural, 'three dildos', but more importantly, 'there are' isn't the correct way to start a sentence. You said it wrong, and I just told you how to say it properly," Draco said nonchalantly.

Harry blinked again. "Three dildos are on the bed."

"Right."

"Right. And since my lover decided to give me a ridiculous grammar lesson, three dildos are *still* on the bed and not up his arse where they belong," Harry said with a slight growl.

Draco's eyes widened at Harry's tone, and as the dark-haired man started to walk purposely towards him, Draco's breath became audible and filled the room with the sound of his sudden anticipation.

Harry slowly ran his fingers up Draco's left arm, gliding them along the soft skin and fine hairs that quivered underneath his pads. His digits skimmed around the shoulder of the taller man standing in front of him, and Harry's eyes never left his fingers. They travelled across a prominent collarbone before circling down to deliberately brush against the erect nipples that stood in their path. His touch became lighter and lighter as it made its way down Draco's body, and it wasn't long until Draco whimpered his confirmation that Harry had arrived at his destination.

Draco's cock was thick with blood: pulsing, red, hard, and gorgeous. Harry inhaled deeply and finally looked up at his lover.

"*There are* so many ways I can touch you. *There are* so many ways I can make you come. *There are* so many ways I can make you scream out my name in ecstasy. *There are* so many ways my cock wants to fuck your sweet arse, Draco," Harry said in a low, seductive tone.

Without any warning, Harry wrapped his hand around Draco's hard cock, and every muscle in Draco's body reacted at once.

"*There are* so many ways that I need you," Harry growled, twisting and pumping the cock in his hand. Draco clung to his shoulders and nearly howled when Harry's cock suddenly rubbed up against his within Harry's grip. Pre-cum flowed from both of their cocks, and Harry spread it out as he stroked, hissing from the sensation it caused with every pass.

"There are so many reasons why I love you, Draco. There are... so many. Fuck, Draco, tell me there are!" Harry moaned, rapidly moving his wet palms over the sensitive flesh in his hands.

"Yes, Harry, there are! So many reasons... so many ways. Yes, Harry!" Draco gasped. "There are so many ways, and I want them all. Touch me, fuck me, love me, make me scream, Harry!"

One of Harry's hands left their cocks to grab a hold of Draco's arse with a resounding *lap*. "Come for me, Draco."

And he did.

Draco dug his nails into Harry's flesh and stood on his toes before his cock shuddered and shot the first stream of warm semen from its tip.

Harry's name rang loudly throughout the flat and was soon joined by Draco's when Harry started to come. Both men shook through their orgasm, and as Harry fell backwards, Draco fell forwards, landing on the bed side by side.

After catching his breath a bit, Harry moved his head slightly and was startled when it bumped against something. He garnered enough strength to move and started to laugh when he saw what it was. He glanced over at Draco, who had an eyebrow raised behind a mess of sweaty blond hair, and smiled.

"There are three dildos on the bed," Harry chuckled.

And at that moment, Draco could only agree. "Yes, Harry. There are, aren't there."

~Fin~