

Dari's Drabbles

by nastygrl

My submissions for LiveJournal's community, Dyno_Drabbles.

January: Harry/Draco Drabbles

Chapter 1 of 1

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Just a quick note to say that "Try It" and "The Missing Conversation" won Mod's Choice at the Drabbles :)

Try It

"Draco, try it," coaxed Harry.

"Not in a million years, Potter," sneered Draco.

"Why not?" Harry questioned.

"No," Draco reiterated.

"Just try it," implored Harry.

"Potter, I said no," snapped Draco.

"C'mon, you'll like it," Harry cajoled.

"How do you know?" Draco retorted.

"Everyone likes it, once they've tried it," bragged Harry.

"Everyone likes it?" drawled Draco.

"Well, okay, I shouldn't have said everyone." Harry muttered.

"And just how many wizards have tried it, hmmm, Potter?" Draco quizzed.

"No one," answered Harry.

"No one has tried it, Harry?" repeated Draco.

"No," Harry mumbled.

"So... no one likes it?" Draco inquired.

"Well, they would like it, if they tried it!" enthused Harry.

"But no one has tried it," stated Draco.

"Well, no. No one knows what it's like," Harry admitted.

"Hmmm..." Draco mused.

"It's just a chicken nugget, Draco!" exclaimed Harry.

"You expect me to eat a chicken's nugget?" gagged Draco.

"Oh, Draco," Harry groaned.

"Muggle food is disgusting," Draco spat.

"Forget it," Harry sighed.

Push and Push Back

"I don't understand. Why are you so opposed to this, Potter?" Draco Malfoy snarled, leaning over the desk at which Harry was sitting.

"It won't work. I told you that three weeks ago when you first suggested it. I told you a week and a half ago when you had the nerve to bring it up in front of the team, and I'm fucking telling you again. It's not going to work, Malfoy. Move on. It's my call, and I say it's a 'no go.'"

"Fuck, Potter, just because it's coming from me doesn't make it a bad idea. You're just a prejudiced prick." Draco was incensed. The almighty Potter had decided that his word was fucking law, and everyone else had to bow down to his awesome omnipotence. Fucking git.

His plan would work; he knew it.

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Damnit Malfoy, why didn't you just fucking listen to me? Why couldn't you fucking admit that maybe, just fucking maybe, someone knew something you didn't? Someone fucking knew more than you? Harry raged silently as he and his team stood graveside, watching as Draco's casket was entombed in the Malfoy mausoleum. It was a cold, dank day, the bare trees standing as silent sentinels as the last Malfoy was laid to rest.

That Malfoy resisted Harry's repeated attempts at friendship was to be expected, he supposed. That he resisted having Harry as his superior, he understood. What he couldn't understand, what he couldn't tolerate, even, was Draco involving his, Harry's, team in some harebrained scheme that wasn't thought out beyond how it would make Draco the hero - wands blazing, charging in to capture the last of the Death Eaters. *What a waste of talent*

First phase of 'Capture Daddy' complete, thought a Disillusioned Draco as he turned and Disappeared.

A big thank you to Wildcatcdc for her help and for letting me 'borrow' her Draco and Harry!