A Kiss

by norwegianeyes

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Oneshot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Harry wandered aimlessly through the corridors of Hogwarts, a victim of insomnia. Ever since Sirius had died, he found himself avoiding sleep to evade the nightmares. He stopped at one of the windows that oversaw the grounds. In the distance he could see a light on at Hagrid's hut. Perhaps he should seek out and visit his friend...

"Taking a midnight stroll, Potter?" an icy voice droned.

He spun around to face the source, Draco Malfoy.

"My, my, Potter. Seems as though I've found a way to have you expulsed from his school once and for all."

Harry rolled his eyes. "Bugger off, Malfoy."

"That's *prefect* to you." He smirked. "I could at *least* make it so that you have detention with Filch for three months straight, you know? Being out after hours is a serious offense."

Harry said nothing.

"How about we strike a deal?"

He cocked an eyebrow. "A deal with you?" He scoffed. "That's a good one."

"No, I mean it, Potter. If you grant my wish, then I won't report you."

Harry contemplated with his options. Choice one: to not agree to the deal and end up in detention with Flich. He shuddered at the thought of polishing all of the trophies in the school... or worse... cleaning Mrs. Norris' litter box. He tried not to gag at the thought. Choice two: to agree to the deal, whatever it was. Knowing Malfoy, it could be anything, but it had to be humiliating.

"I need your answer now, Potter," Malfoy stated, obviously annoyed.

Without thinking, he shouted, "I'll take the deal."

He watched as Malfoy's thin lips curled into a twisted smirk. He gulped as the Slytherin took deliberately slow steps toward him. "You already agreed to the deal. I can make you do whatever I want. You are my slave."

Harry was a little frightened by Malfoy, he looked so evil, his pale skin oddly reflecting in the moonlight. "Do you know what I want in exchange, Potter?" Malfoy finally stopped a few inches away from Harry. He could feel Malfoy's cool breath on his face. "I want... a kiss."

Harry's eyes widened in shock. "Wha... what?"

"A kiss, Potter. That's the deal. And it better be good."

Before Harry could respond, Malfoy wrapped his arms around his neck, crushing his pale lips against his own. Harry was still in deep shock as Draco tilted his head in different angles, completely capturing his lips. Harry had never kissed a boy. But if it was always like this... He could feel some sort of spark and urgency in the way Malfoy kissed. Harry let himself go and let his instincts take over. He grabbed hold of Malfoy's silver hair as Malfoy bit on his lip. Harry gasped, which let Malfoy take the opportunity for his tongue to enter Harry's mouth, devouring his very soul. The kiss was sloppy and wet, but passionate. Harry had never kissed like this before.

To his disappointment, Malfoy finally let go of Harry, shoving him away. Harry looked stunned as he watched Malfoy struggle for breath, his lips swollen. He assumed he looked to be in a similar state. Harry had never really looked at Malfoy before, but he was beautiful. He looked like a porcelain doll, really, with his pale features. His green eyes widened as they wandered to Malfoy's crotch. Malfoy had a bulge struggling against the fabric of his trousers.

Their eyes met for a brief moment. "Don't *ever* tell anyone about this, Potter. If you do, I will have my revenge." With that, Malfoy strode away in a Snape-like fashion, his robes billowing behind him.

Harry stood there for several minutes, bewildered. He touched his lips, and he could still feel Malfoy's touch. He shook his head, trying to rid himself of the memory. This was stupid. It was *Malfoy*. He should be disgusted.

Nevertheless, when Harry crawled into bed that night, he fell asleep peacefully, and dreamed of the light-haired Slytherin.