

# Twitterings

by Amethyst

Draco sends his lover a letter, but his owl delivers it to someone else.

## Twitterings

Chapter 1 of 1

Draco sends his lover a letter, but his owl delivers it to someone else.

Barely masking the horror in his grey eyes, Draco watched his owl return to the Great Hall and drop the letter in front of Neville Longbottom of all people. The contents of that letter were only meant for one set of eyes, and they did not belong to Longbottom.

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Cautiously, Neville took the letter from the owl and began to read it to himself. He did not need anyone else knowing what it was if it was a threat or worse, something embarrassing.

*My Darling,*

*Last night was wonderful, we have too few of those. The feel of you embedded deep within me as you wrapped your strong arms around was close to heaven. I write this as images of your luscious lips wrapped around my cock fill my head. Wouldn't it shock everyone if you could walk into the Great Hall at breakfast and give me the blow job of my life in front of the whole school!*

*Missing you more than you know.*

*All My Love,*

*Draco*

An evil grin slipped across Neville's face. He looked over at the Slytherin table to see Malfoy looking completely mortified. What should he do? He wondered as he continued to stare maliciously at Malfoy. Seven years of put-downs and harassments and now the perfect chance for revenge. But what to do? If only he knew who the letter was meant for, that might help him decide. Should he read it to the whole school? Or perform the fantasy?

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Draco was agitated beyond belief watching Longbottom and wondering what he would do with the letter. A chill shivered through him as he watched the Gryffindor stand up. He doubted that Longbottom would just let it go and return the letter to him.

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**Written for SeverelyLupine's prompt:** Draco sends a naughty owl to his boy/girlfriend, but somehow Neville gets it instead. What happens next? **Based on:** Tom Felton accidentally sent a twitter message meant for his girlfriend to Matt Lewis.

This story was written for fun. No money was made. No claim of ownership has or will be made.