

It's All About Green

by mrs_nott

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Beta'd by Raisinous Fiendling

It's All About Green

Harry Potter sits by his fireplace and is not waiting for Draco Malfoy. Harry Potter is not thinking about the things he would like to do if Draco Malfoy were there with him. Harry Potter never gets off with the memory of Draco Malfoy's lips on his own and on every inch of his body. Harry Potter is done with Draco Malfoy; the fact that he can bloody see Draco Malfoy's face instead of Ginny's when he is shagging her means nothing. Draco Malfoy is not a part of Harry Potter's life, and Harry Potter barely misses him ... except when he is making green tea for himself and stumbles on a green mug.

'Green tea, in a green mug, for a Slytherin in green robes. How very fitting!' Draco Malfoy used to say to Harry whenever Harry served them tea. It was Draco's favorite mug, though it was old and ugly and the green had gone pale from all the use. *'It matches your eye-color when you laugh,* he'd say. And Harry would laugh, and Draco would say something along the lines of, 'It reminds me of that sound.' But it still is a very old mug, and Harry still wonders how someone as aristocratic as a Malfoy ever came to love that green piece of rubbish. Harry used to ask himself the same question over and over shortly after Draco stopped going to Harry's flat. Now he just stares at the green mug as his stomach sinks and he thinks of Draco's lips around it. There is nothing more beautiful than Draco Malfoy's lips. *Nothing.* But Harry is not thinking about them, or the mug, anymore. He has to get ready for work, or else he'll be late.

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"It tastes different," Draco says as he frowns deeply, as if trying to figure out what Harry has done to his tea.

"Uh, must be the honey I added to it," Harry answers and immediately regrets having added honey to Draco's sacred tea.

"It can't be green tea if you add honey to it, Harry."

Draco has left his mug on the table and is now eating biscuits. He is not going to drink the tea, and Harry wants to throw it in his face. But then Draco would get mad, and Merlin knew Harry didn't want a mad Draco. Harry feels like some sort of house-elf when he doesn't throw the tea in Draco's face, and he wishes Draco would appreciate him, just once.

He is ready to go back to his room when Draco speaks again. "You see, Harry, I like green tea."

"I can see that," Harry says rather sharply and takes his own mug of not-green tea.

Harry is already halfway to his bedroom. Draco still refuses to move in with him, even though they spend most of their nights in Harry's bedroom when a pair of arms wraps around his waist.

"Do you know why I like green tea, Harry?" Draco whispers hotly in Harry's ear, sending shivers down his spine.

"Because you like to take care of yourself?"

Draco's giggles brush softly against Harry's neck as he presses Harry closer to his chest.

"Yes, that, and because it's green. Which is why there is no point in drinking it if it is not green," Draco says gently as he smooths his right hand under Harry's black shirt. The small circles he draws across Harry's flat belly draw out a small, almost imperceptible, moan.

"It is all about green, Harry."

"Why?" Harry asks as he turns around, still in Draco's arms.

"Because it is all about you," Draco answers, and he holds Harry's gaze as he says so. He only does that when he tries to emphasize a point. "Green like your eyes, Harry. Green like the robes you wore to the Yule Ball," Draco continues, and Harry can't help but smile. It is a good thing to know that Draco has always wanted him.

"I love green because it reminds me of you."

Draco is kissing Harry, and Harry is moaning into Draco's mouth, his knees nearly buckling. Harry loves the feeling of Draco's tongue in his mouth, the way it slides against his own and how Draco licks with it his lower lip and then that spot behind his left ear that is so sensitive. Harry loves how Draco holds him up against the nearest wall and kisses him like there is no tomorrow. He likes to hear the moan that escapes from Draco's mouth as he hooks a leg around Draco's waist. But what Harry loves the most is the look in Draco's face when Harry whispers 'I love you' into Draco's mouth. Draco always looks surprised and then a grin spreads over his face. To Harry, there is nothing better than seeing Draco smile his huge grin when Harry whispers those words.

"Harry," Draco moans as he drags them into the bedroom.

What happens next seems to play before Harry like a slow motion movie. They are in the bedroom, kissing, taking each other's clothes off, and then Harry's back hits something. There is a loud crash. The lamp on Harry's nightstand has fallen to the ground, the pieces scattered all over Harry's new rug.

"Fuck, I'm sorry," Draco apologizes and makes a move to collect the shattered lamp but stops upon hearing Harry laughing.

"You'll just have to buy me a new one," Harry says, bringing Draco closer. He feels himself smirk before saying, "It better be green, or else I shall never receive you back in this flat."

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Draco had bought Harry a green lamp in the course of the following week. The lamp matched perfectly the new duvet Draco had also bought for Harry's bed. The same duvet Ginny is so fond of. And Harry can't blame her; Draco always had good taste. But Harry is not thinking about Draco, and his heart is not threatening to burst out of his ribcage. No, Harry can sit on the duvet that matches his green lamp and not think about Draco Malfoy at all.

He lies on his bed and, after not finding any sleep, grabs the *Prophet*, opens it and then closes it. He has forgotten it was all over the news ... Draco Malfoy's wedding. It is the first time Harry sees Draco since Draco stopped coming to his place. It is the first time Harry sees a real image he has pictured him in his mind often enough of Draco Malfoy in three years. Really, it is such a rare thing that Harry hasn't even come across him in Diagon Alley or some other place. But Harry isn't bothered at all by that fact, or by the fact that he just got married, because Harry is not waiting for Draco Malfoy to return to him.

He is not waiting because Draco never bothered to say goodbye or to give any sort of explanation. No, Draco Malfoy never bothered to tell Harry Potter why he had left. And Harry would have liked one, even if he already knows what that one would be like: 'Sorry, we are both men, and you are a Potter and I am a Malfoy, and I have a family name to live up to.' Harry thinks this would be Draco's explanation for leaving him, even though they were in love and Voldemort was dead and the whole pure-blood rubbish was done with. But then again, they had sneaked into each other's flats and beds, careful of *anyone* seeing. Harry hasn't even told Ron or Hermione about his affair with Malfoy, and he doesn't think he ever will. Draco Malfoy is Harry's past; Ginny is his present and future.

He is getting married next month. Mrs. Weasley is extremely excited, and Ginny and Hermione have done all sorts of shopping for the wedding. Ginny has set her mind to have a wedding even greater than Draco's. None of this matters to Harry. He really just wants a nice time with his friends, his family. Ginny will have none of that, and she has told Harry she'll do everything herself, and she is quite happy about it.

In the meantime, Harry waits for the date to come. He waits to be officially married, to have children and a family of his own. Harry finds them a big house, suitable for many children, with a backyard big enough to play Quidditch. He moves out of this old flat full of Draco. He is not waiting for Draco to appear on his doorstep one morning and kiss him fiercely. He is not waiting for Draco to come back to him. Harry is not waiting for Draco, never has been, never will be. He just keeps some memories. They are his to keep and cherish, just that. And if some day Draco does return, he won't find Harry, because he will be long gone. He will only find a green lamp and a matching duvet, a green mug and beside it, a bag of green tea. Nothing more, nothing less. Just green.

A/N: Pretty please, R&R!!!!