

Little Black Thong

by *MystressXOXO*

Harry helps Draco make an important purchase.

One-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: This was written in response to bryoneybrynn and dysonrules' Speed Pr0nz Challenge over on LJ. I did my best!

The prompt I chose--Chance encounter in a bizarre location.

Many thanks to my lovely friend, Lolafalola, for making me do this! I can't thank you enough!

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Draco Malfoy perused through the rack of clothes, stopping briefly to touch the various fabrics on the garments. He was having a hard time deciding whether he wanted to try on the leather bodice or the silk teddy. Decisions, decisions.

"Can I help you find anything, miss?"

Draco's head snapped up to look at the inquiring smile of one of the saleswomen. Confident with the Glamours he had on, he politely shook his head and gave her a small smile, breathing a sigh of relief when she gave him a nod and went back toward the front of the store. The last thing he needed was for anyone to see him shopping at a lingerie store, especially a lingerie store that just happened to be owned by one of his mother's closest friends. It wasn't his fault he had to hand-pick his purchases, though no one ever knew about them, and it definitely wasn't his fault that this particular store carried so many items he just had to have.

After a couple more minutes of browsing, Draco made his way over to the thongs featured near a window display and found something that made him flush with excitement: a little black thong. It seemed out of place among the other thongs; it didn't have any lace or frilly accents, just a little green bow. It was perfect. As he held the tantalizing undergarment out at arm's length, a flash of red caught his eye through the window, and he nearly dropped the thong when he glanced over to see what it was.

Potter and Weasley were standing right outside the shop and were, by all indications, window-shopping. Draco was sure they had seen him, and if he wasn't mistaken, Potter had looked at him more than once.

*Fuck*, Draco thought, masking his features and checking his Glamours to make sure they hadn't slipped. Even if his face had shown a bit of shock upon seeing Potter, his outward appearance should've kept his identity a secret well enough. Any reassurances he gave himself flew out the window when Potter started to walk towards the door, leaving Weasley behind with a wave of his hand.

A bell chimed as Potter walked in, and Draco turned his attention back to the little black thong he was gripping in his right hand. Surely Potter wouldn't stay long; he

wouldn't be interested in anything in this store, right?

But Potter didn't leave right away, and he was slowly making his way to where Draco was rooted. Draco could feel him getting closer. He could smell him, as it was such a contrast to the flowery scent that was perfumed within the store. Draco concentrated on the thong and tried to convince his cock that this wasn't the time or place to be happy to see Potter.

"I think you should buy them," breathed a husky voice into Draco's ear, "and I think you should wear them for me."

Draco gasped and tensed. Did Potter really just say that to him? "You can see me?"

"No, but I knew it was you," Harry murmured between the kisses he was peppering along Draco's neck.

Biting back a moan, Draco asked, "And you're alright with this?"

"Fuck yes," Harry growled, pulling Draco against him to punctuate his acceptance. "If you don't hurry up, I'm going to blow more than your cover right here."

Draco shuddered and nearly tripped over himself in his haste to get to the counter, little black thong in hand.

~Fin~