

# That We Might Be Alive

by LiteraryBeauty

Draco sees someone he never expected at a Muggle dance club. What is the Saviour doing dancing alone, and how can Draco convince him that he's changed?

## Oneshot

Chapter 1 of 1

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**Title:** That We Might Be Alive

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**Summary:** Draco sees someone he never expected at a Muggle dance club. What is the Saviour doing dancing alone, and how can Draco convince him that he's changed?

*We ought to dance with rapture that we might be alive... and part of the living, incarnate cosmos*D.H. Lawrence

Draco's head was pounding right along with the music, both beats so steady and throbbing that he wasn't sure which preceded which.

He groaned aloud, hating the club, hating the drinks, hating the dance floor and its inhabitants, hating...

Wait a minute.

Draco Malfoy wasn't a man to goggle. He didn't ogle, either. He didn't *boggle*. He did none of these ignominious things. Usually.

But *usually*, Draco did not lay eyes on such a delicious form. Oh, no. This was very obviously not a usual day.

Almost immediately, his headache abated, and the formerly joyless music took on a beatific energy as he watched.

The young man was dancing by himself. This wasn't exactly typical, not in a place like this. Muggles really knew how to pack a dance floor, he admitted, only slightly grudgingly. As Draco watched, men constantly sidled up to the swaying form, plying for a dance, even begging, if body language were to be believed. But the dark-haired

youth would only shake his head, maybe smile...Draco could only see him from the back, and what a blessed thing *that* was...and move slightly away.

He wore fitted dark jeans that outlined him splendidly and cupped his firm, high arse just as surely as if they were held by hands, instead. His dark green tee shirt was almost too formfitting to be legal, the shirt baring a luscious inch of flesh when the dancer raised his arms over his head, or pushed his messy hair away from his surely sweaty face.

His skin was only softly tanned, his form willowy but not without muscle tone. Draco fancied he could see a bead of sweat forming at the nape of his neck and wondered exactly what this newest treat would taste like. And how many others had tasted him before.

Not that *that* mattered, Draco told himself, frowning.

The only thing of which Draco disapproved was the trainers. He really did not appreciate trainers on such an otherwise perfect body. But at least they looked new and weren't ragged like some of the hideous things he'd seen.

And then, the young man's hips moved a certain way, causing his pants to shift a certain way, and his leg to twist a certain way... and Draco saw it.

Through his pant leg, a particular shape. A very familiar shape.

A wand.

This beauty, this temptation, this *god* was a wizard.

And suddenly Draco couldn't abide being anywhere but at his side. He needed to know this man; he needed to feel that writhing body moving against him, this way and another way and *all* ways. Always.

Draco's mind was racing even as he descended the staircase to approach the dance floor. He usually didn't think such thoughts about the men he *saw*. Certainly not so soon. He hadn't even *met* the man. Honestly.

As Draco moved subtly closer, he watched yet another man dance up to the slowly moving object of Draco's obsession. The other man, shorter than Draco but significantly wider, spoke to the dark-haired man, but Draco couldn't hear over the music.

As he'd expected...and hoped...the broad man was sent away, disappointed.

Draco moved up behind the desirous dancing form, which was a good deal shorter and slenderer than Draco's.

"You must have high standards," Draco said in his best club voice. It allowed him to be heard without shouting, maintaining a sultry tone that was audible even through the most raucous songs.

The body shrugged, and Draco drew his eyebrows together. He wanted the man to turn around, but he seemed content to face away.

"I can meet them," Draco continued, braving a touch to the man's waist. When he didn't immediately pull away, Draco fought a grin. He let his fingers slide down the shirt to rest on the jean-covered hip. The jut of his hipbone enticed Draco beyond reason, and he curled his fingers into the groove, the bone fitting snugly into the palm of his hand. He wished there wasn't a shirt in the way.

"You move beautifully," Draco said, trying to turn the body around to face him. But the man moved away, out of the light embrace and through a few bodies to a new place on the packed floor.

Draco, of course, followed him.

"One dance?" he asked, trying to sound casual and knowing he failed. One dance was all it would take to convince this man he was worthy to take him home.

Apparently exasperated, the lissom body turned abruptly, and suddenly, the music stopped.

Or maybe it only seemed as though it had.

Harry *fucking* Potter.

"Damn it," he whispered, aghast and intrigued.

"Malfoy," Harry said, shock showing in those eyes *and how had Draco never noticed those eyes?* Without his trademark glasses, he looked more mature, less of a caricature and more a real person.

Draco hadn't seen him since after the war. No one had.

"Potter," he retorted with none of the usual bite. He was trying to decide how important it was that this exquisite man was Harry Potter and whether bringing him home was still as important as it had seemed only moments before.

Apparently, it was.

"Where have you been?" he asked, annoyingly aware that he sounded like an angry wife.

Harry shrugged, looking from side to side as if to *say around*.

"I didn't know you..." Draco began, then hesitated. What did he mean? Didn't know you were gay? Liked Muggle clubs? Danced more sexily than most people fucked? "...Could move like that." Close enough to what he'd really been thinking.

Harry snorted, and it somehow wasn't disgusting. "There is so much you don't know about me," he said, and like Draco saying *Potter*, it just didn't sound as angry as it should, considering it was *them*.

Harry started to turn away, but Draco grabbed his arm. He was aware that people were watching their interaction, and he certainly didn't want some nosy bodybuilder stepping in to save the damsel in denim.

Draco immediately let go of the arm when he felt a tingle of magic snake up his fingertips. It hadn't hurt...it felt rather good, actually...but it had shocked him enough to drop his hand. People didn't usually have magic coursing along their very skin, after all.

"Goodbye, Malfoy," Harry said, turning again.

"Wait!" he called, unnecessarily loud even with the music. Harry obliged and Draco sighed in relief. "One dance, like I said."

*And then I'll go back to a world that's felt strangely empty ever since you left it* Draco thought, mind strangely clear.

"I don't dance with other people," Harry said. "It's evident why." He looked pointedly at his own arm and then Draco's hand, which was still tingling with residual magic.

Harry stepped closer. "They can't feel it the same way," he said, looking around. *They* were obviously the Muggles. "But after a while, they get weird, too. Really... touchy."

Draco shook his head. "Did you ever think they get *touchy* because you're the hottest thing most of them have ever seen, let alone laid hands on?"

Green eyes narrowed, and Draco smiled. Sincerely. "I'm not having you on. I saw you from across the room, and *had* to dance with you."

"See?" Harry said, as if he'd proven a point. "It's the magic. You don't really want that."

"How can you be sure?" Draco challenged, stepping closer, but not touching.

"How can *you*?" Harry retorted.

"Because I know the kind of magic on you, about you. It doesn't compel people, Potter. It's like a shield, a guard. Protection. I've seen it before, though it didn't cause the same reaction."

"Where?" Harry demanded, closing the distance.

"On the Dark Lord," Draco said, hesitating only slightly. Harry must have known where this new power had come from.

Harry nodded slowly. "That's what I thought. Another *gift*," he said scornfully.

"Like I said, though, it didn't feel the same. When someone would touch the Dark Lord, it would *hurt*. When I touched you..."

"What?"

"It felt really good."

"It did?"

Draco nodded. He wasn't masochistic. Touching Harry had been pure pleasure. Draco very much doubted the Muggles could feel it at all. He meant what he said...they probably got clingy with Harry because the man was fucking gorgeous, and better yet, didn't even know it.

"Is that why you left the wizarding world?" Draco asked carefully. He had to speak very close to Harry's ear, but he found he didn't mind that at all.

He saw more than heard Harry sigh. "Among other reasons," he said cryptically.

Draco raised an eyebrow but didn't say anything. It wasn't as though he hadn't been tempted to leave, as well.

"How about that dance?" Draco pressed, stepping even closer so that they were only inches apart everywhere. The heat was pouring off of Harry, but Draco couldn't feel the magic. He trailed the very tips of his fingers over Harry's wrist, the contact with bare skin having the same effect as before. Tendrils of magic soothed Draco's fingers like a kiss, hot and cool at once.

Harry was watching him intently. "It doesn't hurt?" he asked.

Draco only shook his head. His fingers continued to move up the silken skin of Harry's arm. The sensation dulled after a moment of constant contact. He told Harry as much.

When Draco's fingers reached Harry's neck, they curled around, cupping his nape. His other hand moved to lightly hold Harry's hip again. The magical flickers couldn't be felt through clothing, so Draco easily slid his fingers under the tee shirt. The magic was a gentle kiss, and suddenly it seemed that was a brilliant idea.

He leaned down slowly, closing the distance between his lips and Harry's. The slighter man looked wary at first, watching Draco's mouth instead of looking in his eyes.

"Harry," he whispered, his lips a hair's breadth away from those he desperately wanted to taste. "The dance?" he asked a final time.

Harry nodded minutely, the motion teasing their lips together. The contact sent a shiver of magic through Draco, but it quickly faded, even as their lips stayed in soft contact. Draco pressed his mouth more firmly against Harry's, part of him disbelieving that he could be kissing his school day nemesis and *wanting* it so badly. The bad blood wasn't gone, but Draco hoped it could be redirected... and it was, if the tent in his dress trousers had anything to say about it.

Harry's lips were full and firm, parting easily under Draco's. He wondered if Harry was as shocked by the proceedings as he was. But then, strange things had happened to Harry Potter his entire life. It was probably par for the course that Draco Malfoy should want to kiss him.

Or maybe not, he mentally amended as Harry broke the kiss, looking shocked, anxious, and not a little desperate.

Draco didn't try to initiate another kiss, not while that slightly suspicious look still graced Harry's features. Instead, he urged the shorter man's arms around his neck, trailing down them as his hands settled on Harry's hips. Draco rubbed his thumbs along the hollows by his hipbones, entranced by the feeling of that skin, so silky and forbidden.

To his surprise, Harry moved first, his body lined up with Draco's perfectly as he began to dance. Draco was again surprised at the sheer sensuality of the movements. He tried to keep up; he was a more than adequate dancer, himself, but Harry's grace and inherent rhythm put him to shame. He could only sway and let Harry move against him, not that that was in any way unwanted.

"Do you miss it?" Draco asked, leaning down to speak into Harry's ear. He couldn't resist nibbling on it a little, and he relished the tremor that flurried through Harry's body in reaction.

"What?" he asked, sounding a little dazed.

"Magic."

Harry moved half an inch closer. They were now pressed together from knee to neck. Harry's body seemed almost absurdly hot, but he wasn't sweating except a slight dew at his neck.

"I still use magic," Harry said. "And I do visit, you know. The wizarding world. I just don't let anyone see me except those I want to."

"So what do you do here, among the Muggles?"

Harry chuckled, and the sound tickled Draco's heart as much as his ears. "I work in a bookstore."

Draco goggled. Even though he didn't do that. "Harry Potter, Saviour, Chosen One, Boy-Who-Et cetera... selling books?"

Harry nodded, smiling.

"Are they first editions? Signed copies? Rare and mysterious tomes?"

Harry shook his head. "Mass produced."

Draco groaned. But then Harry pressed his groin against Draco's thigh, and Draco groaned for a different reason.

A much better reason.

Though Harry was too short for them to enjoy a cock-to-cock grinding, which sounded bloody amazing right about now, he had slipped a leg between Draco's and was...there was no other word for it...riding his thigh.

Draco had to kiss him again. So he did. And Harry was sweet and pliant and perfectly agreeable, which went against everything Draco thought he knew about the boy hero. His tongue was pure menace against Draco's, teasing and tantalising and creating havoc on Draco's limited self-restraint. He could feel Harry's arousal against his thigh, and he knew Harry could feel his in return.

The kiss deepened to obscene proportions. Draco felt like devouring Harry, leaving nothing unturned, nothing unexplored. He couldn't help but nip and nibble on those sweet lips, drawn to the way Harry made soft noises of capitulation and desire.

Draco's hand moved to cup Harry's arse, and just as he'd imagined when he'd been spying on the man from above, it was firm and soft and perfect. Harry's head fell back, his eyes dark with desire, greener, somehow. Draco wouldn't let him fall away from the kiss, however. His lips were insistent, greedy, searching, and Harry gave him everything.

And Draco had the fleeting, annoying thought that maybe he didn't deserve what Harry was offering. But oh, he wanted it.

Holding the slighter body against his, Draco bent Harry back a little, moving his mouth to the neck that was on offer as Harry gulped in air. One hand braced Harry at the small of his back, and the other slid over his arse, fingers pressing as though he could get inside Harry this way. His hand moved so far between his thighs that he nudged Harry's sac with his fingers, through the restricting jeans. He growled in frustration, uncaring that they were in the middle of a Muggle club and mostly likely the centre of a significant amount of attention. He wanted Harry naked, panting, begging, and he wanted it *now*.

He was hooked. Addicted. Completely fucking lost.

And he didn't care.

"Come home with me," he murmured against Harry's ear, his hand rhythmically squeezing and caressing that arse, of which he couldn't get enough.

Harry immediately tried to put distance between them, but Draco wouldn't have it. He held Harry fast, and the struggling quickly stopped.

"I don't do that," Harry said firmly.

Merlin, the man had been a few thrusts away from coming in his jeans on a dance floor, but he wouldn't let Draco do the honours in the privacy of his own home?

"Make an exception," he ordered, only it sounded a little more like begging.

Harry bit his lower lip, and Draco tried not to crow. He hadn't won yet.

"Malfoy, this has been... weird. Weird, but nice. Surprisingly so. But I'm not the guy for one-night stands. I don't do flings, and I don't do affairs. I was really just here to dance. Sorry if you think I was teasing you."

Draco sighed. His carefully plotted seduction wasn't going very smoothly. But suddenly, he didn't really want to *seduce* Harry. He just wanted him.

"I don't want those things, either," he admitted slowly. It was more than he usually admitted *to himself*, so no wonder it sounded a little strained. "I want something real. Am I surprised it seems to be you? Gods, yes. But I'm also grateful. Potter, in a way, it's always been you." At Harry's shocked look, Draco laughed. He continued, "Maybe not always in the same way, but we balanced one another, created two sides of a coin, ever since the day we met. I can see you've changed. I can see I was really, really wrong about you. Can you give me a chance to show you that you were wrong as well?"

Harry's arms around his neck were tense, but they didn't move. Draco thought that was hopeful.

"And what if I give you a chance, and we... whatever, and then tomorrow it's 'Thanks for stopping by'?"

Draco considered his words carefully. Something he rarely needed to do in pursuing a conquest, but then, this wasn't like any other man. "I can't say for sure that we'll have something amazing, Potter. You know I can't promise that, just as you can't. But we can try. *We should* try. We seem to fit together better than I ever could have expected." For emphasis, he pressed Harry more firmly against his body. Harry stiffened, but relaxed into the embrace. The tingle that Draco had been getting from touching Harry had dwindled to nearly nothing, but Draco felt the magic all the same, shrouding Harry in protection. As far as gifts went, it wasn't exactly a curse scar.

And Harry was nodding, and wasn't that a beautiful sight?

"I guess what I mean is, how do I know you actually want to give this...us...a chance? And you're not just saying these things to get the famous Harry Potter into bed?"

"Believing your own press, eh?" Draco teased, but Harry only frowned. Right. Not a time to make jokes.

"This is going to sound stupid and wholly inadequate, but... you'll have to trust me. You're beautiful, an amazing dancer, sexy as hell, and smart and cute. That's all I know about you *now*. What I knew before wasn't really what I knew. It was what I was told and what I assumed. And I have the feeling it's the same for you."

Harry smiled softly. "You're handsome, and a good dancer, sexy as hell, smart and hot."

Draco pouted. "Just a *good* dancer?"

Harry laughed, and suddenly they were moving again. Draco didn't mind that Harry was clearly the better dancer, because like it or not, Harry was *his*.

He just didn't know it yet.

"A very good dancer," Harry playfully conceded.

After nearly another hour of dancing and working themselves up into such a frenzied state of arousal they could barely formulate sentences, Harry told Draco that he wanted to see Draco's place.

Draco tried to accept the request with nonchalance, but he was all too aware of the enormous grin on his face.

He quickly led Harry away from the dance floor, certain he'd heard groans of disappointment from the other occupants. They *had* been putting on quite a show.

Once in a quiet alleyway a block away from the club, Draco gathered Harry into his arms again. How had he never noticed how utterly delicious the man was? Draco

usually went for men his own size, but Harry's smallness was undercut by the near-tangible power emanating from him, making him seem larger than life.

Draco's Side-Along Disapparition brought them both into the centre of Draco's living room. His flat wasn't huge...he had no need for something ostentatious. He would have the Manor one day, but until then, he quite liked his cosy home.

Harry looked around, a thoughtful expression on his face. "It's not what I expected," he confessed, grinning a little sheepishly.

Draco shrugged. He heard that a lot from his friends. "It's what I need for now."

Nodding, Harry moved to the mantle. There were picture frames and curios along the stone hearth, and Harry reached out to caress Draco's smiling face in a photograph of Draco and his mother at Pansy's wedding the year before. The photo Draco leaned into the touch, nearly preening, and Harry laughed, pulling away.

"Harry," Draco began, coming up behind him. He ran his hands over Harry's shoulders and down his arms, the soft jolt of magic dancing before it dissipated. "Can I show you my bedroom?"

He wasn't sure if he was moving too fast, but he wanted Harry like he'd never wanted another.

"I'd like that," Harry said, putting paid to Draco's uncertainty.

The bedroom was the largest room in the house. It was decorated in soft greys and royal blue, the furniture deepest mahogany. The bed was clearly the centrepiece, a monstrous four-poster that stood on a slight dais, two steps leading up to it. Draco had left a lot of pomp at Malfoy Manor when he'd moved out, but this bed had been his before, and it was his absolute favourite piece.

Harry looked a little overwhelmed, so Draco went to him.

"You know, we don't have to do anything tonight," he said quietly, cupping Harry's cheek. His libido was screaming at him that he did, in fact, have to do ~~do~~ something, but he ignored it. "We can just sleep, if that's what you want."

Harry drew a deep breath. When he looked up, he looked much more certain. "It's not that. I just can't really believe I'm here, you know? And you seem... really different."

Draco rested his fingers on the hem of Harry's shirt, playing with it a little. He looked to Harry for permission, which was granted with a nod. Draco lifted the tee shirt up and over Harry's up-stretched arms. Harry's body was just as the shirt had advertised: perfectly fit and toned, but still narrow and svelte. Draco ran adoring fingers over his nearly hairless chest, tweaking a nipple teasingly before moving to dip into his shallow navel and then tracing the dark line of hair trailing into his jeans.

"The war, Harry... I mean, you must know. It changes people. Even as I was making the wrong choice, *knew* it was wrong, and I still did it. I think I paid, though many don't agree. But I'm not the same person. I'm not a child anymore. I own up to my mistakes, but I can't change them. I can only try to be a better, different person. And I don't always do that very well, either. But I do try. I do."

"I know," Harry said soothingly, his fingers resting on the buttons he'd been unfastening on Draco's shirt. How he could know, Draco wasn't sure. But Harry sounded sure.

"I saw you, you know," Harry said musingly as he continued in his task. Soon, Draco was shirtless as well, and he found that it *fe*brilliant to press his naked chest against Harry, who still felt unnaturally hot, but Draco was beginning to think that was his normal state.

"What?" he asked, having lost track of the conversation.

"I saw you at the club. Up on the balcony overlooking the floor. You were talking to some blond." Harry said the last word as an insult, but Draco didn't take it personally as he knew it wasn't directed at him. *Jealous*, Draco thought triumphantly.

"Just some nobody," Draco reassured. He couldn't even remember what the bloke looked like. Moments later, he'd laid eyes on Harry, and nothing else before that moment seemed important in the least.

"Hmm," Harry said. He had unbuckled Draco's belt and was drawing it from the loops. He then started on his trousers, and Draco bit his lip to muffle a moan. Harry continued, "I thought you looked like an angel. Too perfect, though. From the side, I couldn't tell it was you. I should have been able to, with the hair, but I never would have expected to see you in a Muggle club."

*Too perfect*. That was something he'd never heard, almost like it was *abad* thing.

"As modern as the wizarding world is with its views on homosexuality, they are woefully behind in proper establishments for... enjoying aforementioned sexuality."

Harry smiled knowingly. He had opened Draco's pants and was reaching in to take him out. Draco hissed as the hot hand came into contact with his desperate flesh. Gods, he wanted nothing more than to throw Harry to the ground...fuck the bed...and yank those sinful jeans off of him, plunging into his body mercilessly while Harry cried out in ecstasy.

But he was yanked from his reverie by the sight of Harry kneeling before him. Draco moaned. There was something about this... more than the fact that this was Harry Potter on his *knees* before a former Death Eater, before *him*... it was that Harry wanted to do this, wanted to be here. Wanted him. And for so long, Draco'd thought himself un-wantable in any more than a temporary, sexual manner.

And there was nothing temporary about the reverent way Harry was fondling his cock and pulling his trousers and pants down to free him completely.

"Yes, Harry, please," he whispered, feeling out of control.

Harry immediately obliged, good man that he was. His tongue circled the head of Draco's cock, teasing him with little flicks and suckles. Draco was harder than he could remember being in a long time, and it was all he could do to still his hips from their instinctive desire to thrust.

Drawing back the foreskin, Harry's tongue explored Draco so thoroughly that not a centimetre was untouched by that deviant mouth. Fingers caressed, soothed, and tormented. Draco's balls were rolled lovingly, and then his sac was scratched lightly by neat fingernails. Every sensation begat a tingle of magic that flared and faded, magic that was just innately *Harry*.

When Harry swallowed him down, Draco grunted in shock. He could feel the man's throat working him, and it was so tight and so hot... Draco couldn't fight the urge to thrust, even though he was fully seated. His hand went to Harry's hair, but not to guide, just to encourage. Not that Harry needed it. The man was clearly proficient at his task, as Draco's climax was moments away. Which meant he had to stop Harry, because he desperately needed to pierce that perfect arse.

"Harry," he moaned, trying to pull away. Harry made a little noise not unlike a whimper and gripped Draco's thighs, trying to maintain the position. But Draco persevered. "Please, Harry, I have to fuck you. I don't want to finish like this."

"We have all night," Harry promised, immediately going back to tongue Draco's slit.

"Oh, gods," Draco said hoarsely. But then he thought of that tight ring of muscle giving way under his persistent pressure, and he pulled Harry up by his arms.

The dark-haired man licked his lips slowly, his eyes pure viridian in the low lamplight. Draco crashed his mouth on Harry's, consuming him rather than kissing him. The

meeting of their mouths was harsh and demanding, and again, Harry gave and gave. Draco hastily undressed Harry, setting his wand and shin holster aside, not willing to break the kiss even to look at Harry's cock. He took it in hand, instead. It was perfect. Like the rest of Harry, it was slender, but perfectly proportioned to the rest of him.

"Lovely," he whispered against Harry's lips, pushing the smaller man toward the bed. When Harry turned to ascend the two steps up, Draco nearly came at the sight of him. His skin was all lightly golden, gleaming and perfect. It was flawed, scarred in places, but he liked that Harry's story was told here, especially as it was widely known that he was reticent to have his story known through words. Draco felt strangely blessed, as though he'd been given an opportunity to really *know* Harry, and he was determined not to fuck that up.

Harry turned to lie on his back on the grey coverlet. He would look the perfect picture of repose if it hadn't been for the soft uncertainty in his eyes. Draco's eyes took in Harry's pretty cock. It was straining toward his belly, a drop of pre-come showcasing Harry's eagerness.

"Are you coming, or is this a one-man show?" Harry asked softly, taking his own cock in hand and slowly stroking it.

Draco moaned, watching, but quickly came to his senses and heard Harry's words. "Definitely a duet," Draco confirmed, quickly climbing atop the bed to take Harry into his arms.

The kiss was slower this time, less hungry, but not lacking in passion. Draco doubted they could ever lack that.

Harry parted his thighs, and Draco crawled between them, cradled in his lover's hips. It was a perfect place to be, his cock sliding against Harry's, the way slicked by their shared pre-come.

Draco moved down Harry's body, kissing those perfect brown nipples before nipping them both to hardness. His mouth travelled lower, but his fingers stayed to tease and pinch. Harry was writhing, moving just as though they were still on the dance floor.

Bypassing Harry's straining cock rather cruelly, Draco put his hands under Harry's knees and pressed them right against his chest. Harry was panting, but his hands came to rest on Draco's, as if to take over the hold, and Draco let him, moving his own hands to explore Harry's arse. His legs stayed in position, baring Harry completely to Draco's appreciative gaze.

He softly kissed the inside of both thighs, which trembled slightly, but not from effort, Draco knew. Then he licked Harry's cock in a way that must have been completely unsatisfying, not enough pressure or friction to relieve the ache. Harry's balls received Draco's attention next, as he tongued each one before nibbling the taut flesh of his sac. Harry's moans and soft cries were almost as encouraging as the steady stream from his cock and the frequent jerking and throbbing there.

But Draco knew what he really wanted. That perfect little ring, so tantalising, so tight. It looked as though it had never been penetrated by so much as a finger, and yet, with the way Harry was moving and begging, he knew it must have. But a part of him hoped that no one have ever done *this* to Harry.

The first soft swipe of his tongue confirmed his hope. Harry cried out Draco's name, his fingers gripping his legs so tightly they were white.

"You...you can't," Harry stammered. "You shouldn't..."

But Draco didn't mind a little incoherence, not after he'd had a wish so nicely granted. He just continued on, his tongue tracing the rosy ridges of Harry's hole with what must have been agonising slowness. Harry continued to make half-hearted protestations, but his hands didn't so much as slip on his legs, and Draco took that as permission.

He went from short, stabbing little licks, to long, thorough swipes, utilising every angle and every part of his tongue to please and prime Harry. When his tongue pressed firmly against the quivering little entrance, Harry gasped, short, halting breaths that made Draco's cock throb in sympathy.

When Draco's tongue first penetrated Harry, he thought he was in heaven. Harry tasted musky and sweaty, but perfect. Harry's hips were slowly rotating, as though uncertain whether to press against Draco's mouth or pull away.

Finally, though, Draco left the sweet crevice, waving his wand to both freshen himself and prepare Harry, who almost shouted at the sensation. Draco frowned. He shouldn't have had that strong a reaction to a simple cleansing and lubricating spell.

"Harry," he began slowly. "When's the last time you've done this?"

Harry looked a little shocked. He lowered his legs, squirming a little at the wetness between his cheeks. "You mean, what you just did?" he asked.

"No, I mean, the last time you've been fucked," Draco clarified, speaking bluntly to avoid misinterpretation.

"Er..." Harry winced a little.

*Shit.*

Oh, gods, he wanted to fuck Harry *so badly*, but the man was a virgin...

"Have you ever had sex? With a man or a woman?"

Harry's silence was an answer, but a moment later, he confirmed it by shaking his head in negation.

"How is that possible?" Draco expounded, probably a little louder than strictly necessary.

"I told you, I don't do this," Harry said defensively, covering himself with his hands. He looked a moment away from leaving the bed altogether, so Draco took him into his arms.

"I thought you meant you didn't do one-night stands."

"I don't." He shrugged.

Draco sighed, kissing Harry. The other man responded eagerly, but Draco eventually broke the kiss to speak again. "I don't know if I'd be good for your first, Harry," he confessed.

But Harry grinned widely. "You called me Harry."

"That's your name, isn't it?" Draco said, but he knew what Harry had meant. Calling him 'Potter' was a way of distancing them, maintaining the same relationship they'd had as youths, when things were clearly different now.

"Yes, *Draco*," Harry said cheekily. But then his face turned serious. "I want to do this with you. It's not that I was waiting or saving myself. I just didn't really want to, before. I didn't want it to be all over the papers. I didn't want to have to worry about my story being sold or the person using me."

"And you're not worried about these things with me?"

"Well, I am, but not in the same way. You can sell my story, if you need the money or fame..."

Draco snorted.

"...But you'll never see me again, and I don't think that's what you want."

"You're very right about that," Draco said, his hand travelling over Harry's thigh. "If this is really what you want, and I'm really who you want it with, then I'd be mad to turn you down."

"I'd hoped you see it that way. But... what gave me away?"

Harry's beautiful naïveté was almost too much for Draco to bear. His cock was pulsing in desperation, straining toward Harry like a divining rod.

"The preparation spell," Draco said. He couldn't resist touching Harry's cock. It had softened a little from the lull in activity, but quickly returned to full hardness under Draco's ministrations.

Harry hummed. "Yeah, that was weird."

"You'll appreciate it after," Draco informed him. He would add extra lubrication and a healing salve to his own cock before he fucked Harry.

Draco leaned in to kiss Harry again, relearning the contours of his mouth. Harry was an eager kisser, absolutely devoted to the art. And if he kissed like he fucked... Draco had to find a way to keep him.

After a few moments of bringing Harry back to a state of soft begging and gyrating hips, Draco slipped his hand between his thighs. His questing fingers easily found Harry's twitching hole, and he was very careful when he slid one inside. He watched Harry's face for discomfort, but there was none. Just because the man hadn't been fucked didn't mean he hadn't experimented a little.

Merlin only knew the things Draco had played with when exploring his own inclinations.

A second finger breached the absolute tightness of Harry's body, and Harry drew Draco down for another kiss, which was eagerly imparted. A third finger drew the softest sound of distress, but Draco knew this was the hardest part. His own cock was raging, but Harry's had flagged a little.

Draco quickly moved between the man's thighs again, taking Harry into his mouth as his fingers stretched him. Harry immediately hardened, moaning wantonly at the quick and provoking strokes of Draco's tongue. Harry was so *responsive*, so quick to harden, so eager to please.

"Okay?" he asked softly once the flesh was more than willing.

"Please, Draco, I want you," Harry said, hips rolling in search of friction and fulfilment.

Draco braced one hand on the bed beside Harry's head and used the other to guide his cock. *Gods*. Maybe he should have let Harry finish that blowjob. Harry's tight hole was going to make short work of his stamina.

Harry made that softly distressed sound again, but it was paralleled by his body's betraying movements, so Draco kissed him to take his mind from the slight pain.

A moment later, he was fully seated, Harry's channel pulsing hotly around Draco's cock. No one should be this tight. Harry was kissing him like it would save him from drowning, and Draco responded, each kiss a salve to a wound on his soul he hadn't realised wasn't healed.

He began to thrust, slowly at first, letting Harry acclimate to the unaccustomed fullness he was surely experiencing. Draco couldn't stop staring at him. His cheeks were full of colour, his chest flushed as well. His lips were softly bitten and kissed to bruises. Short breaths huffed against Draco's body, warming him. But the most telling were his eyes. Draco hated himself for never noticing how expressive, how perfect they were. They told Draco everything he'd ever need to know. How Harry was scared, not of sex, but of what happened after. How Harry felt lost. How he was homesick, wherever home was. How he wanted to trust Draco.

How that's what this was really about. Harry letting Draco fuck him to prove his trustworthiness. It was a ploy worthy of Salazar himself, but Draco didn't resent his lover for that. He knew he would pass the test, was passing it already.

Soon enough, Harry began to move again, wrapping his legs around Draco's waist, drawing him deeper. The real dancing was beginning, but this time, Draco was the expert. Though he wished he weren't. For Harry, he wished he were as innocent.

But at least he could take the things he'd learned and make this perfect for Harry.

Draco began to move into Harry a little more strongly, his hips guiding him slowly but very firmly into Harry's depths. He knew the exact moment his cock brushed against Harry's prostate, because he yelped and jerked his hips ungracefully, his moan sounding almost like a question.

"Like that?" Draco whispered, enjoying the feeling of power he was getting, but not as much as the feeling that he was making Harry feel good.

Harry only clenched his eyes shut and moved his hips as if to make Draco hit that spot again, which Draco did, over and over, firmly, softly, on every second or third stroke, so Harry had no idea when to expect it.

He reached between their bodies for Harry's cock, which he was relieved to find straining and slick.

"Fuck!" Harry cried, closing his eyes tightly.

Draco immediately tightened his thumb and forefinger in a circle around the base of Harry's prick, staving off his apparently imminent orgasm. Harry breathed deeply, and Draco couldn't stop himself from kissing him. Harry's tongue immediately searched his out, stroking it, fucking his mouth as surely as his own body was being fucked. Draco might have been controlling the sex, but Harry's kiss was as dominating as they come.

"I want you to wait for me," Draco said sternly, squeezing his cock again for emphasis.

Harry nodded quickly. Draco felt Harry's arse tense and tighten around his cock, which told Draco that he was trying to fight off his climax.

But it only served to bring Draco's nearer.

"So amazing, Harry," Draco whispered. He was usually quiet during sex, hardly speaking, rarely crying out, but Harry made him want to confess crazy things, promise everything, force promises in return.

"You..." Harry groaned. "You..."

Draco knew what he meant.

Loosening the grip on Harry's cock, Draco began to stroke instead. Harry immediately starting moaning and grunting, the sounds bringing Draco's orgasm crashing around him, flooding his every vein before ripping through his cock and into Harry's willing body. He cried out, uncaring, as shudders took him over, his hips moving of their own accord. From outside his body, Draco remembered to keep moving his hand, and he felt the spurting of seed anoint him. Where Harry's come coated his fingers, Draco could feel the soft heat of his protective magic, like a gentle caress of satin lips.

Harry's own orgasm was accompanied by a muffled scream, and Draco noted it was his own shoulder doing the muffling. It had also, it seemed, acted as a gag, if the dull pain from Harry's bites were any evidence. Draco briefly marvelled at the sight of Harry undone: *Did I do that? Am I capable of causing such pleasure?*

The answer was obviously, unequivocally, yes.

Instead of immediately rolling off of Harry, as he was wont to do with his nameless lovers, Draco wanted to stay encircled by Harry's thighs and arms forever. Harry's seed between them didn't make Draco any more eager to move. He began to place soft, barely-there kisses all over Harry's neck and shoulders, even tilting the man's head up to get that spot under his chin. Harry endured the treatment with good grace, though he didn't seem to be in much of a position to complain. His body was boneless, limp and malleable. He returned the kisses only when they got close enough to his mouth, but other than that, he just enjoyed them.

Finally, Draco moved to the side when he could sense Harry's breath becoming a little laboured. It raised a protective instinct in Draco so strong that he almost wanted to tell Harry to never leave.

Harry whispered a spell, and all evidence of come and sweat was gone. Draco's eyes widened at the wandless magic, done almost as a reflex, but Harry didn't notice.

He turned on his side to face Draco, who had been watching him from the corner of his eye. Harry pulled Draco so they were lying face to face. Harry initiated a long, slow kiss, something exploratory and new. A promise. Draco wasn't exactly the faithful type, neither in terms of religious belief nor with former lovers, but he could feel something changing, something significant forming as he watched Harry come down from a high that *he* had sent him on.

"What now?" Harry asked a little sleepily.

"Now, we sleep," Draco said, wrapping his arms around Harry and pulling him flush against him.

"No, I meant..."

"Harry, I know what you meant. I want you to stay here with me tonight. Then, in the morning, we'll decide what we want to do."

Harry sighed, sounding defeated. "I'm not ready to go back, you know. Maybe one day, but not now."

Draco squeezed him and softly kissed the tip of his nose. "I won't ask you for that until you're ready. I want to try to be with you, and I don't really care if you never want to go back, as long as you're sure that's what you want."

Harry's lips pressed against his, so softly it was as though it was mere breath. "I still can't believe this." He laughed.

"I can. Now, that is." Draco shook his head. He wasn't sure if he was making sense.

But Harry said, "Yeah," and Draco knew he was understood.

*Fin.*