

It Was You

by *MystressXOXO*

Six years after the war, Harry and Draco share a moonlit picnic together. Harry has an important question to ask Draco, but he also has a surprise for him, too.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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***A/N:** This is a gift fic for Loui, and it is long overdue. She gave me four prompts to choose from well over a year ago, and this is what resulted from using three out of the four prompts as inspiration. Loui, my wonderful friend, this is for you, and I hope you enjoy it!*

Also, I must thank Lolafalola for her much needed help in getting this fic into shape. Lola, I thank you so much for your help, encouragement, and friendship. I'd be lost without you.

"Beautiful moon tonight."

"Yes, it is."

"I'm glad you changed your mind, Draco."

"So am I, Harry."

Draco looked over to his husband and couldn't help but smile. Harry had been right, as usual, and after being married for three years, one would think that Draco would've learned by now. Harry was an expert when it came to the simple things in life, and Draco was still reluctant to admit that he had grown to enjoy most of Harry's suggestions. Tonight was no exception.

Harry had asked for a picnic under the stars.

Draco had barely hung up his robes before he was asked to go by the sinful, pleading eyes of his other half... the manipulator. Draco had just spent the entire day, plus most of the night, working with his solicitors and had adamantly refused to leave again for, of all things, a picnic. Nevertheless, Harry was dead set on it, and Draco never stood a chance. His husband was a lethal mix of both Gryffindor and Slytherin; therefore, Draco's dissents proved useless in the face of Harry's stubbornness.

Draco went upstairs to change his clothes, and after a Side-Along-Apparition, Draco had suddenly found himself in Scotland. More specifically, he found himself at Culzean Castle and Country Park: one of Harry's favorite places.

Imbued in earth tones, the centuries old Culzean Castle and its property could only be described as awe-inspiring. Harry had fallen quite hard for the beauty of its natural surroundings, and with the exception of Hogwarts and Malfoy Manor, Harry could spend hours at a time simply strolling around the castle's luscious grounds. Tonight, however, Harry had other plans.

Harry had lain out what he had packed on an open plain of verdant grass, and after a few spells for the supplies and for their privacy, Harry had had his picnic under the stars.

The meal had been nothing short of heavenly, Draco decided. The finest meats and cheeses, freshly baked bread, and wonderfully sweet cakes had thoroughly satisfied his palate, and the bottle of his favorite Merlot had brought it all together.

"Does it remind you of anything?" Harry asked softly as he gazed skyward.

Setting his spelled wineglass on the deep blue blanket they sat upon, Draco glanced at the moon Harry was referring to.

"Yes, actually," Draco replied.

"Of the first time you cried in front of me?" Harry voiced tenderly.

"And the first time I kissed you," Draco said with a small smirk.

Harry sighed and turned to contemplate the moon once again. "Both happened five years ago tonight."

Draco sucked in a breath and ogled his husband. Wrinkling his forehead in thought, he realized Harry was right. It *had* been five years.

"It's okay, Draco. You were in a bad way at that time. It doesn't surprise me that you forgot the date."

Draco had forgotten the date all right. Five years... so that meant... "Six years," Draco said in a hush. "The war ended and my parents died... six years ago."

"Yeah," Harry agreed as he picked at the small fibers on the leg of his grey cotton pants.

"It doesn't seem that long ago." Draco glanced at Harry curiously. "Why didn't you say anything? You've gone to the War Memorial with your friends every year. Unless... Harry?" Draco questioned sternly. "I'm not going to find a Howler from Granger waiting for me when we get home, am I?"

"No, Hermione *Weasley* knows why I didn't attend," Harry chuckled before gazing down at his lap.

Draco slowly raised an eyebrow. "What is it, love?"

Harry glanced up in recognition before returning his focus back to his folded legs. "I know we were only friends during that year after the war, but I have always wondered why you suddenly vanished for those few months. I didn't see or hear from you at all. I've never asked because of what took place when I finally saw you again. I've tried to imagine, Draco, but I'd rather know what really happened to you."

"Those three months before the Memorial's unveiling?" Draco asked before downing the rest of his wine when Harry nodded. "Why are you asking about it now?"

"I just need to know, Draco. Please?"

Draco hadn't talked about what happened during those three months of his life to anyone, not even to Harry. Now, looking at Harry's green, hopeful eyes, Draco felt he had no choice but to tell him... finally.

"I was weak, Harry," Draco gritted out and automatically held his hand up to silence the protests he was sure Harry was about to make. "It's true. I was weak because I didn't deal with everything the way I should have. My parents died fighting against the Dark Lord, and they left me with so many unanswered questions. I know they were just trying to protect me, and I understand that, but it made me question everything about my life. They could've told me something instead of keeping me in the dark the way they did. I felt like I was as much of a pawn as they had been... despite their actual intentions."

"I couldn't handle the grief, Harry. After the war, I worked constantly in an attempt to distract myself, trying to sort out the damage that was done to the Malfoy fortune. Actually, I'm *still* working on that," Draco chuckled with the smallest bit of humour. "It didn't last, though, even with your friendship, and it wasn't too long before I became overwhelmed. I couldn't avoid it any longer, and I ended up exiling myself from everyone."

"You couldn't have helped me during those three months, Harry... I know that now; I didn't want to depend on anyone. I almost didn't go to the Memorial that day," Draco stated, sighing as he turned to focus on the darkened surroundings.

"Draco," Harry uttered softly, "you don't have to say anymore."

And that's exactly why I will Draco thought with affection.

"Truthfully, my first memory of the unveiling was standing in front of the etched marble that detailed the death of my parents for everyone to see. I couldn't deny it anymore; they were really gone... forever. I realized then that I was truly alone."

"Time sort of stopped the same time my mind did, and I couldn't move. I don't recall everyone leaving, I don't recall it getting dark, and I definitely don't remember when it had started to rain." Draco glanced up at Harry and saw that he had his husband's complete attention. "I do, however, recall a pair of strong arms that held me from behind and what the man attached to those arms said to me."

"I said that you should be proud," Harry said with a soft smile.

"And you broke me." Draco couldn't help but chuckle because even saying that was an understatement. "I was proud of my parents, and I didn't realize how much I was until that very moment. My resistance crumbled then, and I just let everything go. I remember sobbing until I was hoarse and then looking into your eyes."

"We were both soaked," Harry laughed. "But the rain had stopped, and the moon that night was so bright."

"Yes, it was."

"And then you kissed me."

Draco smiled. "I couldn't really help it, now could I?"

"Thanks, Draco," Harry said, smiling as well. "I had thought maybe I had done something to push you away, but now I understand what happened."

Draco nodded and watched as Harry began to wring his hands. He knew Harry only did that when he wanted to tell him something but was nervous about doing it. "Is there something else you want to ask me, Harry?" he asked, slightly wary of what else Harry could be worried about.

Harry looked up from his hands and shook his head, but he didn't look Draco in the eye. "No, but... umm... I do have another reason why I asked you to come here tonight."

"And that would be..." Draco urged, hoping the inquiring frown he had on his face didn't show how anxious he was becoming.

"Well," Harry started, his voice cracking a little, "I was so worried about you during those months before that night, and I ended up driving Hermione crazy with my moping about. She told me to do something constructive until I could get in touch with you, and that's when I found an acoustic guitar in Ron's basement. I didn't want to tell you because I was embarrassed, and I'm not that great of a writer, and I didn't want you to think"

"Whoa, whoa, Harry! You're getting a little ahead of yourself there," Draco interrupted. "What are you talking about?"

Harry started to gnaw on his bottom lip as he looked at Draco. Then, after taking a deep breath, Harry reached into the picnic basket and pulled out something. With a wave of his wand, Harry enlarged the item he had taken out, and Draco found himself staring at a beautiful acoustic guitar that was painted black with various red accents. Draco tried to find words to say to Harry, but he ended up snapping his mouth shut when he realized he was gaping like a fish.

"I was talking about the song I wrote for you," Harry answered.

"The song..." Draco blinked and started to smile as Harry's rambling from before started to make sense. "You... you wrote me a song?"

Harry nodded and blushed. "Yeah."

Draco was both surprised and impressed at how Harry had kept a secret like that from him. He said the only thing he could think of saying: "I'd love to hear it."

Harry took a shaky breath and positioned the guitar to rest on his leg. He plucked a couple of strings and fiddled with the tuners on top, making sure the guitar was in tune, and with a final glance at Draco, Harry positioned his fingers on the appropriate frets and began to play. The melody he began the song with started off strong before transitioning to a slower, more quiet tempo. Then, Harry closed his eyes and began to sing.

"I never thought I'd find

In this life, in my life.

Someone who could love and

Treat me right, without a fight.

The look within your eyes said

You could see, you and me.

The one who stole my heart I

Thought you knew, it was you.

"It was you who saved me from myself

I meant more than anybody else,

Never need to question or assume

It was you, my eternal groom.

I love the way you hold me through the night

Still can't believe it could feel so strong and right,

You're the one who made my dreams come true

It was you, it was you."

Harry had sang the second part with a powerful voice, and the melody he started with had been strummed along with those words. Draco's mouth was parted in awe, he knew, but he didn't care, not when Harry was singing those words to him... like *that*. The tempo then slowed again, and with his eyes still closed, Harry continued.

"I'll never look again

In this life, in my life.

For one to love me more and

Treat me right, without a fight.

I love you with every breath so

You could see, you and me.

I found my one and only

Thought you knew, it was you.

"It was you who showed me who I am

And in turn made me a better man,

You're the one who's always by my side

It was you, my love for life.

It was you and anyone can see

This isn't chance, no this is destiny,

My love is pure, you must believe it's true

It was you, it was you."

Harry then played some simple chords and individual notes that enhanced the overall melody of the song, and as he finished, he picked up the tempo once more.

"It was you who saved me from myself

I meant more than anybody else,

Never need to question or assume

It was you, my eternal groom.

I love the way you hold me through the night

Still can't believe it could feel so strong and right,

You're the one who made my dreams come true

It was you, it was you.

"It was you who showed me who I am

And in turn made me a better man,

You're the one who's always by my side

It was you, my love for life.

It was you and anyone can see

This isn't chance, no this is destiny,

My love is pure, you must believe it's true

It was you, it was you.

"It was you.

"Only... you."

As the resonance of the guitar came to a stop, silence followed; Draco sat still, looking at Harry in complete wonder. The way Harry's fingers had moved across the neck of the guitar had been mesmerizing, and his voice... *fuck*... the deep, gruff voice that came out of Harry's mouth as he sang was the sexiest voice he had ever heard. Everything about the song was absolutely beautiful, and as he looked at Harry, Draco became painfully aware of two things: he was more in love with Harry than ever before, and his cock was hard and throbbing. He wanted Harry bad... *now*.

Draco took out his wand and sent every object that was between them back to their house. Harry's head snapped up when his guitar disappeared, and that was the only warning he had before Draco swooped in and took his mouth in a kiss. The kiss was wet from the tears Harry had on his face, Draco discovered, but it was also sloppy and nothing but teeth and tongues. It was perfect, and it was just like the kiss they first shared exactly five years ago.

Draco groaned, grabbed on to Harry, and had just enough mind to pull back before Apparating them to their bedroom.

Once their feet touched the ground, Draco tore at their clothes and didn't stop until every last piece was removed. Draco bent down and latched on to Harry's right nipple, relishing in the way it immediately peaked under his tongue. He pushed his husband toward the bed as he sucked on Harry's chest and removed his mouth with an audible pop when Harry's legs came in contact with the mattress.

The cool, satin sheets on the bed were no match for the heated skin it came in contact with. Harry fell backwards, bringing Draco down with him, and let out a moan as Draco's body came to rest on top of him.

Draco wanted nothing more than to stretch out on top of his husband and grind their cocks together, but his state of arousal was too great. He knew he wouldn't be able to stop once he started, and he needed...

"Harry," Draco breathed, gaining back some control when Harry's writhing slowed, "I need to be in you."

"Yes," Harry hissed in response.

"Display yourself for me," Draco said as he moved and retrieved the lube from the nightstand.

Harry did as he was told and put his hands behind his knees and pulled, bringing his legs close to his chest and raising his arse off the bed. Draco shuddered at the sight and positioned himself on his knees to where Harry's lower back could rest on his legs.

Draco coated his fingers with lubricant and wasted no time in applying the slick substance directly onto the wrinkled skin around Harry's hole. Draco's cock was mere inches away from its target, and he had to fight to keep still when Harry started to squirm and moan with every swirl he made with his fingers.

"Draco," Harry moaned, his underlying tone desperate.

"Soon, Harry, soon," Draco replied, licking his dry lips as he dipped a finger into Harry's tight heat.

By the time Draco had three fingers in Harry's arse, both men were panting. Draco quickly slicked up his oversensitive cock with light strokes and reached for Harry's legs, letting his husband anchor his calves on Draco's shoulders. He then pushed his upper body forward and guided his cock into Harry's entrance.

The walls of Harry's hole rippled around his cock as he pushed, and he let those muscles control his descent until he was flush against Harry's skin. Draco placed his hands beside Harry and leaned forward to kiss his gasping husband, swallowing the groan Harry breathed when Draco's movement pushed his cock a little deeper inside.

"God, you feel so good," Draco whispered.

Draco pulled out halfway before snapping his hips forward and repeating the motion again and again. The sounds Harry made told him that he had his angle right, and with his teeth clenched, Draco drove into Harry, keeping his pace as steady as he could. Harry's arse hugged every inch of his cock, and every seamless, glorious push sent Draco closer and closer to completion.

"Touch yourself, Harry. Make yourself come as I fuck you."

Harry's hand moved to his leaking prick, and Draco sucked in a breath as Harry's passage tightened around him.

"Yeah, just like that," Draco growled as he watched Harry fuck his hand. "Beat that cock, Harry. Show me how good it feels."

Harry's moans grew in volume, and Draco's self-restraint faltered with each thrust. He was so close. Just a little bit more and he would

Draco yelled as the body beneath him suddenly jerked and clamped onto him like a vice. He squeezed his eyes shut as his orgasm rushed over him, his cock surrendering to Harry's arse as it pulsed around him. His hips slowed to a stop and trembled as the last of Draco's come shot out of him, saturating the inside of Harry in gratitude. Only then did Draco open his eyes, and he smirked at the sight of his thoroughly shagged husband.

"Mmm..." Harry hummed in contentment. "I take it you liked the song."

Draco laughed and gave Harry a soft kiss. He slowly pulled his cock out of Harry and collapsed beside his husband. After taking a few moments to even out his breathing, Draco said, "I *loved* your song, Harry. Is that the only one you've written?"

"Yeah," Harry sighed, "but with a reaction like that, I'll have three more written for you by tomorrow."

Draco chuckled and yawned. "I would like that, but for now, I think it's time for sleep," he toned as his eyes drifted shut.

The next thing he felt was the brush of a cleaning spell against his skin, and he murmured his thanks when he felt the covers being tucked around his body.

"I love you, Draco," came Harry's sleepy voice.

"I love you, too," Draco replied, feeling the pull of slumber. He smiled as Harry's body settled next to him, and as he drifted off to sleep, he couldn't help but think that this had been a wonderful night indeed.

~Fin~