

# Yield So Readily

*by LiteraryBeauty*

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deserves to be greedy.

## Oneshot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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*"Men are so simple and yield so readily to the desires of the moment that he who will trick will always find another who will suffer to be tricked."*

-Niccolo Machiavelli

"Remind me again why I let you do this to me?" Harry asked, absurdly proud that his voice hadn't crossed over into whining yet.

Ginny giggled, but Hermione said seriously, "Because you are looking for something! And you're not going to find it hiding under your desk at Hogwarts."

Harry thought that was probably true, but he didn't point out that whatever he found at a gay wizarding nightclub was bound to look just as good under his desk, preferably with a nice mouthful.

"But why *here*? Everyone here is so..."

"Young? Pretty? Sweaty?" Ginny offered helpfully. His glare was weak at best, and she raised a challenging eyebrow. Backing down, he offered to get them drinks and walked away from their table.

The club was alive with music, the sensual, rhythmic pulsing more at home in the bedroom than in the overlarge industrial building. The spectrum of colours rained over the dance floor and walls, painting the half-naked and glistening bodies in an erotic watercolour.

Forty-fucking-four and he was desperate enough to have found himself here. He felt older by half than most of the men here, and probably looked more. He held on firmly to the steel railing as he made his way down the utilitarian stairs toward the bar, which was, of course, on the other side of the packed dance floor. He considered going around it, but there didn't appear to *be* an 'around.' There was only 'through.'

Harry had settled into an easy position as Potions professor at Hogwarts soon after the war. He said easy, not because the job was thus...in fact, he still struggled from time to time, and Snape's portrait was usually the opposite of helpful...but because life at Hogwarts was simple. No one expected more from him than his job description, which he could live up to with no complications.

Well, except one.

But he was rid of said complication now, had been for a few months, when school had let out for that particular complication for the last time.

No more silly, sultry looks from across his classroom. No more unsubtle winks in the Great Hall. No more sly glances, which always seemed to make Harry feel as though he'd done something wrong, when he'd never so much as thought about overstepping his boundaries.

It was easy enough to convince himself of that when those sparkling grey eyes were not fixed on him, assessing him *grading* him.

"Want to dance?" came a soft voice directly in his ear. He only shook his head and fought his way further into the mire, which meant he was closer to the bar. He'd never be able to bring drinks back for the women through this, but they deserved to go dry. *Damn fag hags*, he thought affectionately.

When he finally stumbled out the other side of the writhing, pumping dance floor, Harry gracelessly fell against the bar, feeling like he'd fought a war. He was definitely not cut out for this. Thank Merlin he'd discovered his sexuality after he'd already started a family, because after his divorce, such behaviour had not been expected of him. If he'd found himself here twenty years ago, he would have hid in a corner. Even at his age, he felt overwhelmed.

"You're *kidding* me. Dad?"

Harry whipped his head around...that was one word he'd never expected hear in a place like this.

"What are you doing here, Al?" he asked, aghast. His son's expression mirrored his own.

"We're here for Scorpius' birthday... what are *you* doing here? I mean... I know *why* you'd be here... I just mean... oh, hell. Is Mum here?"

Harry rolled his eyes and pointed to the balcony, where Hermione and Ginny were dancing together unashamedly and certainly not sexily.

Al groaned and dropped his face in his hands.

"Well, tell Scorpius I said happy birthday. I think I'll be able to convince them to leave, now that you're here."

"Tell me yourself," Scorpius said, sidling up next to Al and draping an arm over the boy's shoulder. The two were almost the same height, but Scorpius was slimmer, willowy and lithe, whereas Al had the beginnings of a stockier form that would likely rival Harry's in a few years.

Harry looked to Al, wondering about the nature of Scorpius' gesture, when a cute little brunette wiggled her way between the two boys, her hand gripping Al's. Scorpius allowed the move, turning toward the bar and telling the bartender in a voice quiet enough to make the harried man lean over the bar that it was his birthday. The bartender smiled, whipped up a drink in record time and slid it to Scorpius, who hopped up and kissed the man on his cheek. Harry watched impassively as the bartender looked like he wanted to talk to Scorpius, but the blond had turned his attention back to Harry.

"Dad, this is Julie," Al said, bringing Harry's eyes back to the pair. He shook her hand...a weak grip...and made all the expected comments.

Ginny appeared beside him, and Harry was grateful. She was much better at this 'meet the girlfriend' stuff. Harry still felt like chuckling and patting Al on the head.

Harry ordered a drink from the bartender, who was still trying to recapture Scorpius' eye, and took a thoughtful sip. No one in his son's group seemed to be drinking except Scorpius, but pure-bloods had different ideas on alcohol than most wizards. The boy had probably been drinking wine from a formula bottle.

"Well?" Scorpius said, suddenly beside Harry and drinking something green through a straw.

"Well, what?" Harry asked, unable to pick up on the thread of conversation.

"Well, aren't you going to wish me a happy birthday?"

"I thought I had," Harry responded, watching Ginny draw Julie into an animated conversation. It appeared the young woman was an avid fan of the Harpies, and Harry wondered if Quidditch was the common ground between her and his son.

"No, you told Al to tell me, but he's busy, so I'd like to hear it from your lips," Scorpius said, leaning in closer and pointedly looking at Harry's lips as he spoke. Harry recognised the way Scorpius spoke quietly, trying to get Harry to lean in exactly as the bartender had, but he was wise to the younger man's antics, having had years of dealing with them in Hogwarts.

"Happy birthday, then, Scorpius," Harry said, leaning away as Scorpius closed the distance between them minutely.

"I hope so," the blond said, effortlessly catching the straw of his drink between his full lips. At this proximity, Harry could see that Scorpius was actually wearing make-up, though not so much that anyone would notice at a more... appropriate distance. His lips had a subtle shine, though that could be the drink, and Scorpius *did* seem to have a habit of licking his lips. But there was definitely a touch of shimmer on his cheekbones, and his eyes had the subtlest line of black around them. His eyelashes might be natural, but they did seem absurdly long for a man. Long and thick and like a black fan resting on his skin when his closed his eyes and made a decadent noise in his throat.

"This drink is amazing," he murmured, and Harry wondered how he could hear him in this din. "You have to try it," Scorpius continued, stepping even closer.

Harry shook his head and looked for Ginny. She and Julie were on the dance floor between one incredibly fit, muscular type, and one tall, thin woman... or was that a man? Either way, she was beautiful, though not Harry's type at all. Too tall, too... ambiguous.

Looking for Hermione, Harry spotted her further on the dance floor, laughing loudly (or so he assumed) as Al did some wild sprinkler dance in front of her. Al had a soft spot for Hermione...they shared a love of learning and both knew what it was like to feel a little out of place in their chosen house at Hogwarts. Hermione would have made a brilliant Ravenclaw, though Harry never would have defeated Voldemort without her help, and Al was a good Slytherin, though Ravenclaw might have suited him as well.

"Really," Scorpius was insisting, and Harry brought his attention back to the conversation. "It's to die for."

But Harry saw that Scorpius' drink was finished, and he raised an eyebrow in question.

As he watched, transfixed, Scorpius took the straw from his drink and drew it over his lower lip, the vestiges of the liquid anointing it.

And before Harry could fathom his intention, let alone turn away, Scorpius had pulled his head down into a kiss, his lips wet with the drink *but*, and parting beneath Harry's. He tried to pull away, it was wrong, after all, to take advantage, but Scorpius was making it clear any advantage being taken was not Harry's.

Finally, Scorpius pulled back, running a pink tongue over his lower lip and sighing. His smile was almost shy, but Harry had had years of that almost-shy smile, more than enough time to recognise it was a trap.

"Delicious," Scorpius said, even though Harry had been the one who was supposed to have given an opinion on taste.

"Scorpius, you can't do things like that!" Harry scolded, fighting the urge to lick his lips. But leaving the electric taste of Scorpius on his mouth seemed just as bad and twice as tempting, so he wiped his lips with the back of his hand, startled to see a look of hurt cross Scorpius' face before it melted back into teasing.

"Why not, Mr. Potter? It's not as though you're my professor any longer," Scorpius said in what he probably thought was a very reasonable tone.

"But I am your best friend's father."

Scorpius shrugged. "Al knows."

Harry's eyes widened at the casual declaration. He immediately searched out his son on the dance floor. Al was swaying with Julie as if to a slow song, though the quick, pulsing beat raced on. They only had eyes for one another. Hermione and Ginny were dancing in a circle with a bunch of men, all laughing wildly. Harry idly thought that maybe it was time for the girls to call it a night.

"He knows what, exactly?"

The blond bit his lip, and Harry's eyes were drawn to the movement. As if sensing an audience, the pink tongue snuck out and licked the corner of Scorpius' mouth.

"He knows that I have a... thing for you."

"You... have a thing?" Harry stopped, blushed furiously, and hurriedly continued. "For me? What do you mean by that?"

Scorpius sighed in a long-suffering way, eyeing Harry as though he were a dim student and Scorpius, the patient professor. "I like you. I have *foages*. Haven't you... I mean, I know I was your student, but I thought... well, I thought you sort of had a thing, too... for me."

For the first time that evening, Scorpius looked uncertain. Harry had no idea why the young man would think such a thing. Harry had never once responded to his flirtations with anything more than calm indifference. Even if he *had* found the young Malfoy impossibly charming and of an ethereal grace too feminine to be called handsome, and too obviously *male* to be anything but, Harry had certainly never encouraged Scorpius' teasing. He'd only thought the boy was testing the waters as so many students...Slytherins, especially...were wont to do as they came into their sexualities.

"No, Scorpius," Harry said gently. "I don't know what gave you that idea, but I never intended for you to think that I was interested in that way."

Scorpius looked crestfallen for all of three seconds before a beatific smile spread across his face. Harry watched in near-wonderment at the change, but he realised the reason behind it when he heard his son say, "We're going to head home, Scorp. Mum wants to show Julie her signed Quidditch jersey collection, and Aunt Hermione's totally drunk. You coming?"

Turning to Al, Scorpius looked thoughtful. Then he glanced over at the dance floor and shook his head. "No, I think I'll say here... see if anything comes up." He winked salaciously at Al, and Harry shook his head. It wouldn't do to get involved with someone so... without boundaries.

"What about you, Dad?" Al continued.

"Yeah, I'll come with you, make sure your mother and Hermione get in all right. Is your aunt staying with us tonight?"

Al laughed. "Definitely. She's in no state to make it through the Floo, and forget about Apparition." Harry followed his gaze to the dance floor where Hermione was swaying rather precariously, a big, goofy grin on her face. She usually didn't let go like this, and he was happy to see her so relaxed. Ron would never let her live it down if word got back him.

"Mr. Potter!" Scorpius said, putting his hand lightly on Harry's arm as Al slipped back to the dance floor to gather his group.

"Yes?"

"I was obviously wrong, before, about what I thought you wanted. But there's no reason we can't have a dance, is there? It is my birthday, after all. And I didn't get what I wanted."

Harry thought about the way Draco and Astoria spoiled their son...if Al were to be believed, and Harry trusted his son's gossip...and found Scorpius' words hard to believe. Some of his doubt must have shown on his face, because Scorpius laughed self-deprecatingly.

"Oh, yeah, I got a new broomstick and new robes and my own Pensieve and all that. Lots of new things. But still *things* weren't what I wanted."

Knowing he was walking into a trap, Harry took the step anyway. "And what did you want?"

Scorpius shrugged lightly, not meeting Harry's eyes. "Doesn't matter. Look, your party's leaving," he said in feigned levity, gesturing toward Al, Julie, Ginny, and Hermione all walking to the exit. Harry watched them go, knowing he really, *really* should be leaving with them.

But Scorpius was smiling so softly, his eyes so unsure but his posture still so arrogant.

Maybe a dance. A birthday dance.

"Come on," Harry said, holding out his hand. He must have lost his mind; he certainly couldn't blame the alcohol, because he'd only had a couple drinks.

His hand was eagerly gripped, and Harry pulled them both to the middle of the cramped dance floor. The club lighting was low and pulsed to the beat of the music. Bodies of all shapes and sizes, in various states of undress, crowded in from all sides. Scorpius stepped close to Harry's body, but not close enough to touch.

Harry knew he wasn't the best dancer. Any dancing he'd learned came from the few years he'd had of visiting bars like this, where dancing was thinly disguised fucking. He could keep a rhythm and move from side to side, but he didn't focus on himself, not once Scorpius began to move.

Scorpius Malfoy danced like he didn't give a shit that every eye in the club turned toward him. His eyes were half-closed, his arms sometimes moving slowly above his head in a sensuous writhe. His hips were pushed forward, revealing just an inch of milk-white skin above the snugness of his black leather pants. Harry caught only a glimpse of a golden trail of downy hair leading down from his navel before his eyes were torn away.

Scorpius had turned around, facing away from Harry, whose eyes were now free to take in as much as they could without fear of being caught out. The long line of Scorpius' body created a perfect flow for the eyes. His white-blond hair shimmered angelically under the light, his shirt was perfectly moulded to his back so that Harry could see every sharp line and angle. His pants hugged and gripped an arse so tight...

Harry had to look away. Scorpius was closer now than he'd been before, only a foot or so away from connecting with Harry's front. His hips were softly swinging, an obvious pantomime meant to entice, and entice, it did.

A tall brunet came up to Scorpius and started dancing in front of him, leaning in to whisper something in his ear. He couldn't see his dance partner's face, but Harry prepared to leave the dance floor...the new man was very attractive and much closer to Scorpius in age. But Scorpius shook his head and gestured to Harry. The brunet looked at Harry with a raised eyebrow, but then all at once seemed to recognise him. Harry had been able to stay out of the spotlight, living at Hogwarts, but he was still something of a spectacle, apparently.

The brunet walked away.

"Sorry about that," Scorpius was saying over his shoulder.

"That must happen to you a lot," Harry guessed.

Scorpius shrugged but didn't answer, and Harry had the feeling it wasn't conceit but mere acceptance. Then Scorpius backed up more, putting his back in full contact with Harry's front. Harry gasped, not expecting the move, and certainly not ready for Scorpius to feel the evidence of Harry's greedy perusal of the younger man's bum.

But if Scorpius noted Harry's arousal, he said nothing. He reached behind and grabbed Harry's hands, placing them on his hips. When Scorpius began to move, Harry wondered if it felt as much like fucking to him as it did to Harry.

Scorpius was moving slowly, his arse grinding back in sensual circles against Harry's very interested groin. Harry tried not to want the contact, tried to think about all the reasons (for they'd been good ones, he was sure) that he should not be doing this. But then Scorpius' head was falling against Harry's shoulder, his hands were tight and hot on Harry's, making them grip his gyrating hips, making him an accomplice in this flimsy charade of a dance.

And then Scorpius was turning to face Harry, still in the snug embrace, only now Harry's hands were resting just above the sweet swell of Scorpius' arse, thumbs touching the forbidden skin that was bared by a too-snug shirt.

"Mr. Potter," Scorpius whispered directly into his ear, his breath a sweet promise.

Harry moaned, thankful that the music swallowed it. "Just call me Harry," he said, knowing it sounded like capitulation and not even caring.

"Harry," Scorpius said, and it was indecent, the way such a simple name sounded so wicked when passed through such wicked lips.

And then those lips were on Harry's, and unlike the time at the bar when Harry had resisted, this time, he fell into the kiss. There was obviously no point in trying to fight a battle he was incapable of winning.

If Harry had thought Scorpius extremely experienced, the kiss did little to belie that assumption, but there was a little desperation there, a little neediness that took the edge off the provocative touch. Scorpius' tongue tickled the seam of Harry's lips, and without even a token protest, Harry opened his mouth to Scorpius, admitting the searching tongue and caressing it smoothly with his own. Scorpius was making wanton little sounds in his throat, sounds that made Harry's cock throb and pulse with need. It had been some time for him, and never had he had such a... responsive partner.

Scorpius was continuing the facsimile of dance, a slender thigh pressed between Harry's so that the blond was rutting against Harry's hip. Harry didn't even try to ignore the hard length he felt rhythmically rubbing against him. Scorpius' pale arms were encircling Harry's neck as he deepened the kiss, forcing Scorpius' head back a little to absorb the pressure. Harry's hand slid over his pert arse, a perfect handful that made Harry's cock hungry for that tight grip.

"Take me home," Scorpius said, grey, Kohl-encircled eyes shining in the flickering light.

Harry closed his own eyes. Dancing was one thing, even if this dance had long since crossed the line into obscenity. Taking Scorpius home meant he was surely going to fuck him, and fucking him meant he would be stepping into something which he'd promised he'd always stay out of...namely, his students' bodies.

But Scorpius wasn't a student, not anymore. And Harry had done so well over the years, staying away, staying strong.

Fuck.

Without giving himself a chance to think twice, Harry grabbed Scorpius' wrist, almost shocked at the frailty of it, but not loosening his grip whatsoever. He fairly dragged the smaller man out of the club, into the alley next to it. It was the Apparition spot for the club, but Harry bypassed it, going farther into the darkened lane.

"Harry, what are we..." Scorpius began to say, but Harry cut him off by pushing him against the brick wall and immediately pressing his body against him. Scorpius moaned at the contact, hips taking up a similar rhythm to the one they'd been enjoying inside. Harry could feel how hard he was, hard enough to rival his own erection, at least.

He crashed his mouth onto Scorpius', relishing the immediate surrender. His hands were everywhere; he couldn't get enough of the moonlit flesh. Unceremoniously yanking Scorpius' shirt over his head and tossing it aside, Harry's mouth fell on those tightened, pink nipples, sucking and nipping and even chewing; nothing was forbidden as each movement only brought more and more cries of passion from Scorpius.

"You're beautiful," Harry said, a statement of fact, not really flattery, but Scorpius' cheeks flushed so becomingly, and Harry wondered how he could feign a reaction like that, because wouldn't he have been told the same thing a thousand times a week by men more interesting and handsome than Harry?

Harry plunged his hand into Scorpius' snug pants, searching out the throbbing length. Scorpius cried out sharply before biting his lip, meeting Harry's searching eyes.

"I'll come soon," Scorpius admitted, looking ashamed.

But Harry couldn't let such a delicate creature feel so badly. He tugged sharply on Scorpius' balls, making him cry out. Withdrawing his hand, Harry quickly unbuttoned the placket on Scorpius' trousers, lowering them along with his black silk pants.

"Step out of them," he ordered softly, taking in the sight of Scorpius' cock. It was the same lovely pink as his nipples, long and slender, just like Scorpius himself. A drop of pre-come too luscious to let go to waste was welling at the tip. Harry collected it with his finger, brought it to his own lips and smeared it across them as Scorpius had done with his drink. Instead of forcing the kiss on Scorpius, Harry waited, and only a moment later, Scorpius was gasping and attacking Harry's mouth with his own, sucking on the dewy lower lip and tasting his own essence.

Breaking the kiss, Harry turned Scorpius so he was facing the wall. Scorpius was trembling, even though the night air was a little balmy, only a light breeze keeping it from being stagnant. Harry made sure to touch every bared inch, from the nape of his neck to the backs of his ankles. Every single place he touched was softer than silk and lighter than air.

When his fingers ran down Scorpius' crack, the man shivered, turning his head to say, "Harry, Mr. Potter, I..."

But Harry shushed him, dropping to his knees. He encouraged Scorpius to step back, spread his legs more, and lean forward, presenting his hot little hole to Harry's greedy gaze.

Holding him open with one hand, Harry's traced Scorpius' entrance with his finger, not seeking admittance, just learning his body.

A soft gasp reached his ears, and Scorpius pushed his bottom out, obviously seeking more contact. Harry obliged, both hands now holding Scorpius open. He leaned in, letting his warm breath tickle Scorpius' most intimate part. Then he placed the softest of kisses on the hole, immediately following that with a lick.

"Oh, my gods," Scorpius said in a rush, straining to turn around and yet clearly not willing to change his position.

"Has no one ever done this to you?" Harry murmured between swipes of his tongue. Scorpius was musky and salty with sweat and yet smelled unlike anything he'd ever experienced.

"No," he answered in a low voice, as if the thought of someone else having been between his legs like this was unthinkable.

Harry hummed contentedly, liking the idea that he was the first and only one. His languid licks turned into short, stabbing motions; he wanted so badly to taste Scorpius inside, but he was so damn tight. His tongue took to flicking over his entrance, learning every ridge. His teeth even nipped softly, earning whining cries from Scorpius, whose hips Harry had to physically still because he wouldn't stop moving.

"Harry, stop, stop, going to come, stop," Scorpius chanted, whimpering. Harry was amazed. No man he'd ever been with had threatened to come just from being rimmed. Scorpius was a true wonder. And Harry knew he was telling the truth: pre-come was steadily leaking from him and sliding down to his balls. Harry didn't dare to touch his cock because Scorpius was so close.

Harry stood, used his wand to spread lubricant over his fingers, and smoothed it over Scorpius' already slick entrance. Kissing the blond's shoulders and neck, Harry slipped a finger inside quickly.

"Oh!" Scorpius cried, hips jerking forward as if to escape. "Do you... do you have to do that?" he asked softly, looking down at the ground.

Scorpius was *really* tight. There was no way Harry would consider fucking him without proper preparation. "Yeah, but I'll go fast. I want you so much," he whispered soothingly.

"You can't just... do it?"

"Not if you don't want to bleed all over the sidewalk," Harry said, heady desire making him unable to sugar-coat his words.

"Oh... no, just... just do that, then." Harry's finger had stilled inside Scorpius' burning channel, and the younger man's words made him remove them.

"Now?" Scorpius asked in a voice that was half hopeful, half trepidacious.

Harry turned Scorpius around to face him, keeping his hips out of contact with Scorpius', though upon looking down, Harry could see Scorpius had lost some of his hardness and was no longer at risk of going off at any second.

"You haven't done this before, have you?" Harry asked softly.

Scorpius scoffed and grinned cheekily, but he wouldn't meet Harry's eyes. "You mean in an alley? No, haven't done that."

"No," Harry said, though he knew Scorpius knew what he'd meant in the first place. "I mean, you're a virgin."

"No, I'm not!" came the immediate denial.

"Scorpius, don't do that. How could you let me go so far? Fuck, if I hadn't stopped, you would have had your first time in a grimy backstreet outside a club. Gods, if you'd picked up another man, he might not have stopped for you." Harry was appalled that he'd let himself get so carried away. It wasn't as though he himself had any experience fucking men in alleys, but Scorpius had proved impossible to resist. Was still proving thus, looking debauched and innocent at the same time, a maddening combination that sent both dominant and protective urges through his body.

"I wanted you to do it, to fuck me," Scorpius said, looping his arms around Harry's neck as if they were still dancing. "I still do."

"One finger, Scorpius," Harry said. "One finger and your cock flagged. I'd want to use at least three for you, not to mention my cock."

"It's okay, I just wasn't expecting it," Scorpius was pleading, but Harry was putting the boy's trousers back on anyway. He found the shirt he'd tossed and Scourgified it before holding it up for Scorpius, who held it at his side.

"You weren't expecting fingers after I'd just rimmed you? What *were* you expecting?"

"I don't know!" he cried, biting his lip. "The... the first thing felt so good. And the finger did, too, I swear. Harry, please. I'm sorry."

Harry wasn't sure what to do. His own cock was still making its desperation known, and Scorpius' had quickly filled again, bulging his trousers.

If he didn't fuck Scorpius, the young man might go out and find someone...anyone...who would, and they might not be gentle or considerate as Harry would be, now that he knew.

It was shoddy and faulty reasoning, but his cock was doing most of the thinking, anyway. Besides all that, he *wanted* Scorpius.

"But you'll tell me if it's too much, won't you?" Harry said, almost wincing at his easy surrender.

Scorpius nodded all too eagerly, and Harry knew he wouldn't be able to count on him to say it was hurting. He'd have to keep a level head and make sure Scorpius was fine.

"Come on," Harry said, pulling him off the wall and toward the Apparition point. A quick turn and they were standing in Harry's apartment in wizarding London.

Harry's bed loomed in the corner, and Scorpius eyed it a little nervously. Again, that strange mixture of wanting to both ravage and protect Scorpius flooded him. The boy really was too young for this, and Harry was too old, and it was wrong for so many reasons that, at another point in his life, Harry would have listed before sending Scorpius on his merry way back to Wiltshire.

But Harry was feeling greedy, and he wanted this body that no one else had even tasted, and he even felt as though he deserved it...penance for all the years of batted eyelashes and too-long lingerings at his desk after handing in papers.

"Is this really what you want?" Harry asked for what would be the final time.

Scorpius didn't deign to answer, instead removing his clothes slowly, some of the Malfoy arrogance seeping back into him. He watched Harry avidly as he drew off his shirt, holding Harry's gaze without flinching or turning away as he unbuttoned his trousers and lowered them again. Standing naked in Harry's bedroom, Scorpius looked so right and so like he belonged that Harry wondered how something so beautiful could somehow be so foreign.

"Do you want me?" Scorpius asked, standing before Harry like some fallen angel.

"Yes," Harry answered simply.

"You want to fuck me?"

"Gods, yes," he said, his cock twitching at the simple and yet powerful words.

"You want to be my first?" Scorpius took Harry's hands and slowly walked him backward to the bed, where he turned and climbed on, reclining in the centre, his pose so casual it had obviously taken years of practise to perfect.

"Yes," Harry said again, quite possibly the only thing he would ever say to Scorpius again.

"I want that, too. I want you to put your fingers inside me, make me ready for you. I want to feel your cock stretch and fill me. I want you to fuck me like I'll never break. I want to scream your name when I come, though it won't be the first time. I want you to fill me with your hot come and brand me forever, making me useless for any other man. I want you to need me every day for the rest of your life."

During Scorpius' little speech, Harry had hurriedly undressed, unwilling to spend another moment without feeling the heat of Scorpius' body against his own flushed skin.

Once divested, he crawled into the bed beside the blond and was kissing a trail straight down his centre, pausing just above his cock to ask, "Won't be the first time?"

"Hmm?" Scorpius asked distractedly, his hips moving as if to thrust into something, but there was nothing there.

"You said when you call out my name when you come, it won't be the first time."

"Oh," Scorpius said, blushing. "I mean, you know. Sometimes, in my dorm, or at home, when I... thought about you... I would pretend you were touching me, sucking me, fucking me. And I would say your name."

Harry dropped his head onto Scorpius' hip. Hearing him say things like that made Harry feel like a Bad Man, because Scorpius had been a student at the time.

"Tell me what you did to yourself when you pretended it was me," Harry ordered, though he hadn't quite meant to say anything like that. Sighing, he gripped Scorpius' cock and teased the plumed head with his tongue.

Scorpius gasped, but began to speak. "I would pinch my nipples so hard, because I knew you'd like to be rough with me. I'd suck on my fingers and pretend they were yours, that you'd demanded that I...that I get them wet for you. I'd stroke my cock, more slowly and harder than I usually do, because that's how I thought you'd do it."

Harry was nearing the point of pain, his cock was so hard. Scorpius tasted liked innocence, innocence he was spoiling with every passing minute. "Did you fuck your arse with your fingers, pretending they were mine?"

Scorpius groaned, his entire body trembling. "Sometimes. Just one finger though, and always with lots of lube. It didn't hurt. I think I was just nervous, earlier."

Hoping that was indeed the case, Harry took his wand and said another lubrication spell, and a very light numbing charm. Only pain would be blocked, any pleasure would still alight the nerves. It was the perfect spell for just this situation.

Harry entered Scorpius with a finger, and to his immense relief, he keened with pleasure instead of freezing with pain. Still teasing Scorpius' cock with his tongue and lips, Harry slowly slid in another finger. "Okay?" he asked softly, placing lightly sucking kisses along the shaft.

"Yeah," Scorpius said breathlessly, and his restless hips hadn't stilled, so Harry took that to mean he wasn't in pain. His erection was still proud and throbbing, unlike in the alley.

Harry scissored his fingers, getting Scorpius ready for a third. When it came, the blond didn't so much as whimper, he was so lost to sensation. Harry slowed down his oral ministrations, not wanting Scorpius to go off before Harry finished fucking him, because Harry might not be able to stop, and then Scorpius wouldn't have the adrenalin and endorphins to make it pleasurable.

Deciding Scorpius was more than adequately prepared, Harry asked, "How do you want me to do this?" Giving Scorpius the choice would make him more comfortable, not that he was showing any signs of being otherwise.

Scorpius rolled over, stuffed a pillow under his hips and opened his thighs. His chest was flat against the bed and his arse perched high. Harry could easily stroke his prostate this way, and it would allow for full-body contact. He would go deep at this angle, but he'd just start slow and make sure Scorpius could handle it. Harry knew he could; the boy had a body made for fucking, made for *Harry*.

"This is how I imagined it. And when I wanked with a finger inside me, this is how I'd do it."

The position wasn't the most comfortable for finger fucking oneself, not to mention wanking, but if Scorpius had imagined someone else doing it to him, it made sense.

Kissing his way up Scorpius' spine, Harry lubricated his own cock liberally. Holding himself firmly in hand, he lined his prick up to Scorpius' entrance, enthralled by the heat radiating off the younger man.

"Yes, Harry, please," Scorpius begged, squirming.

Harry pressed the head inside, feeling the ring of muscles give slightly under the onslaught. Scorpius was breathing deeply, but showed no signs of distress.

"s good," Scorpius whispered, apparently knowing Harry needed that assurance.

He slowly entered Scorpius' body, watching his cock being swallowed by the tightest, greediest hole he'd ever experienced. Scorpius was fucking perfect. Harry told him so.

"I think... you are, too," Scorpius panted.

Once fully seated, Harry had to take a few moments to steady himself. His body was begging, demanding, that he just take and take, fuck and fuck, but he knew that in order for Scorpius to ever want this again, he had to make it good.

And Harry didn't stop to question what he meant when he thought about Scorpius wanting this again...just this, *ohim* as well?

A slow movement of Scorpius' hips told Harry he was ready for more, and Harry couldn't have been more thankful. It was sheer torture, being inside this hot, pulsing sheath and not being able to rut mindlessly until he received every token of pleasure this stunning body afforded.

With one hand braced on the bed by Scorpius' side, and one holding onto the slim hip beneath him, Harry began to thrust. He didn't make the deep, hard movements he might have enjoyed with a more experienced lover, but instead, rocked into Scorpius, withdrawing only an inch or two before plunging back in. He manipulated Scorpius' form until he heard the boy cry out with surprised pleasure, signalling that Harry had accurately located his prostate. To keep him making those noises that made Harry so warm inside, he held Scorpius firmly and pounded into him deeply, making sure to stroke against his sweet spot every time.

Before long, Harry could feel the telltale signs of impending orgasm race through his lover. His arse was clenching sporadically, his shoulders were quivering, and a thin sheen of sweat had broken out all over his alabaster body.

"Harry," Scorpius whimpered, followed by indiscernible noises that were equally desperation and protestation.

"It's all right," Harry said, sliding his hand below to encircle Scorpius' cock, which was thrusting as if needing to fuck something, even just the pillow.

"Oh!" cried Scorpius, his cock thickening even more as Harry roughly stroked him. "Tell me!" he demanded, panting harshly.

Harry wasn't sure what Scorpius wanted to hear, but the blond clarified immediately. "Tell me to come, please!"

Without thinking, Harry ordered, "Come, Scorpius! Come for me!"

And so like magic that Harry wondered if there'd been a spell involved, Scorpius' cock emitted rope after rope of come against the bedspread. Harry rubbed his thumb over the tip as he was coming, lightly blocking the stream and causing the come to drip and smear all over his hand.

Bringing the hand to his mouth, Harry's thrusts began to lose rhythm and certainty as he tasted the essence of Scorpius. It was salty and bitter but somehow exactly what Harry had been missing for years. It didn't taste of an experienced man, just as Scorpius' shudders and grateful whisperings didn't speak of mere uncontrollable lust.

"You love this, don't you?" demanded Harry, unable to stop himself as the aftermath of Scorpius' climax made his arse clench around Harry. "You love that I'm using your tight little hole, that I'll spare you nothing. You've already come and yet every stroke is like ecstasy to you, isn't it?"

Harry wasn't sure if he was making sense, because his words weren't even checking in with his brain to make sure they were acceptable. But Scorpius was making agreeable little whimpers, and Harry thrust only twice more before he came, shouting, filling Scorpius for the first time, hoping it wasn't the last time.

Breathing heavily, Harry dropped his head between Scorpius' pointed little shoulder blades. Harry wouldn't be surprised if there were wings somewhere under the flesh, waiting to be released.

Scorpius wriggled only slightly, and Harry came back to himself. Withdrawing slowly, he watched, entranced, as his come followed him back out, dripping out of Scorpius' hole slowly.

"Fuck," he whispered, unable to tear his eyes away from the swollen and twitching furrow. "Do you need healing?"

Stretching, Scorpius seemed to take mental stock of his body. "No," he said. But Harry watched him wince as he turned onto his back.

"What did I tell you?" Harry asked, disappointed. "I wanted you to tell me if you were hurt. That includes after."

Scorpius blushed and looked askance at Harry. "I don't want it to go away. I want to feel you in the morning. Tomorrow, all day."

Abandoning wisdom, Harry Summoned his wand and whispered, "What if I give you new things to feel tomorrow?"

Scorpius closed his eyes, and Harry felt ashamed. He'd just propositioned his former student, a *Malfoy*. There was no reason for Scorpius to ever want to see him again.

But then Scorpius was smiling widely, and it wasn't that under-your-skin flirtatious smile he'd always used on Harry in school. It was an honest smile, something that made a promise, and Harry wondered if he were crazy or lonely or selfish or greedy enough to take him up on that promise.

He thought he probably was.

"Okay," Scorpius said, and Harry tried to remember what the young man was agreeing to. But then Scorpius pulled one leg up to his chest, exposing his reddened hole once more, and Harry realised he was consenting to be healed.

Harry touched the cool tip of his wand to the abused area, trying not to moan as Scorpius sighed and squirmed. A whispered healing spell made the flesh as good as new. Harry couldn't resist testing it, tracing it lightly with a fingertip and prodding into the now virgin-like entrance.

"Mmm," Scorpius moaned. "Feels so good, Harry."

But Harry was much too tired and a little too old to play again so quickly. He crawled up the bed and laid himself down beside Scorpius. If he'd been younger and as insecure as he'd been in his youth, he would have buried his body under the sheet so as to not notice the glaring differences between his weather-beaten, scarred body, and Scorpius' flawless, milky skin and lissom form.

Scorpius immediately curled into Harry, his slender thigh insinuating itself between Harry's legs, and one thin arm snaking across his chest. A blond head was resting in the crook of his neck, and Harry wrapped his arms around him, unable to stave off the feeling that he needed to take care of this man.

"Can we do this again?" Scorpius asked sleepily, placing mouthing kisses wherever he could reach.

"I'm not convinced that's the best idea," Harry said, thinking of his kids, his ex-wife, Draco and Astoria, McGonagall, and everyone else involved, or rather, everyone who *would* get involved if he started regularly shagging the Malfoy scion.

"Still, I want to," Scorpius retorted as if that was the only thing that mattered. And really, wasn't it? What they both wanted, that was important, wasn't it? That counted for something, or at least it should.

"Me, too," he said honestly.

"So..." Scorpius prodded. "Yes, then?"

Sighing, Harry gave in, knowing that it would happen sooner or later, and the sooner it happened, the more he could fuck that perfect arse and do all the other depraved things he'd thought about for entirely too long, while Scorpius was a student. No point in denying it any further.

"As long as it's what you want."

"It's what I want," Scorpius said firmly. "It's what I've always wanted. It's what I'll always want."

Harry could easily remember being so certain about things, being so sure all the time. But he wouldn't force Scorpius into a jadedness that didn't suit his age, as had been forced upon him.

"Happy birthday, Scorpius," Harry whispered, placing a soft kiss on the silvery, feather light hair.

Scorpius stiffened and then laughed softly. "Er, Harry... it's not really my birthday. I told Al to say that so I could have an excuse to get a dance from you. My birthday was three weeks ago."

Sighing, Harry only kissed Scorpius again. He shouldn't have expected any different. Scorpius had been a Slytherin, after all.

And the ploy had worked. Harry had never been one to argue with results.

*Fin.*