

Waiting for Draco

by Keppiehed

A drabble in which Crabbe and Goyle contemplate desserts...and each other. Can I get a big EWWW? *laughs* Let's hear it for Malfoy's underrated sidekicks. It's their moment to shine!

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: This was written for SortingHatDrabs. The prompts were detention, boys. . . Sorry, it was just lame and for general poor taste for the very idea, but I couldn't resist the pair if I was given free license.

Crabbe and Goyle sat on the bench outside of Snape's Potions classroom, waiting for Draco. As per usual, he was serving another detention with Harry Potter for some sort of trouble that the two couldn't seem to stay out of during class.

Crabbe looked down at his feet, bored. "Why do we have to wait out here? It's Draco's detention," he grumbled.

Goyle just shrugged, engrossed in his snack. He had two creampuffs, one in each hand. His eyes glazed over as he contemplated each. Finally, he chose one.

Crabbe looked over at his friend. As he watched him open his mouth to take a bite of the puff, Crabbe noticed how lush Goyle's lips suddenly looked. Why hadn't he noticed that before? The sugar that coated them gave them a delicious looking sheen. Crabbe longed to lean over and lick them. He blushed.

Goyle's eyes slanted over. He noticed the covetous glance on his friend's face. After a moment's pause for consideration, he held out his remaining puff. "Want one?" he grunted in offering.

Crabbe merely shook his head mutely, biting his lips and enjoying the spectacle of Goyle eating his dessert. Goyle lifted the pastry, and in obvious ecstasy bit into it, the cream squirting out decadently. Crabbe felt his pants tighten, and he groaned a little.

Goyle looked over at him, then shoved the rest in whole. Crabbe sucked his breath in.

The door suddenly flew open and Draco stumbled out. "Detention's over; let's go, you idiots!" he snapped.

The boys got slowly to their feet to follow their leader, the pleasant interlude over. Crabbe couldn't help but wonder what might have been, had the detention lasted a little longer. He had never wanted to be a creampuff so much in all his life.