

Snowflakes and Cashmere

by Veritas03

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Only Chapter

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: This was written for the Live Journal mini_fest that brissygirl put together. The prompts I used were: Someone is caught catching snowflakes on his tongue (which was one of the prompts I submitted I guess I really wanted to write this fic), snowfall, snowflake, first kiss, fireplace, mulled wine.

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Beta: SEVFAN

Snowflakes and Cashmere

The figure at the edge of the lake stood with arms wide as if welcoming the snow falling from the late afternoon sky. His head was thrown back, his mouth open wide so that he could catch the fat, wet snowflakes on his tongue.

Draco watched from the shadows of the trees. There was still enough light for him to see the expression of contentment that graced the beautiful face of the Savior of the Wizarding World. That's what Harry Potter was now. He'd done it. He'd defeated a dark power that Draco's father had sworn would be unstoppable. His father, Draco had discovered, was not the authority on the Wizarding world after all. The irrefutable evidence of that the most powerful wizard in their world was standing at the edge of the lake catching snowflakes on his tongue.

This contentment, this... peace, was an expression that Draco was accustomed to seeing on Harry's face these days. Draco was certain he knew all of Harry's expressions he'd studied the dark-haired wizard enough to have catalogued them all. That's what they did now, he and Harry. Since school had resumed and the "eighth years" had come back for the special NEWTs seminars, Draco Malfoy and Harry Potter had spent a great deal of time studying each other.

Draco wanted to do more than just watch Harry, but he didn't know how to initiate it. The events of the past few years had shaken the foundations of the world as he had always known it. Even though he could acknowledge, now, that this was a positive thing it had left him with a sense of insecurity that he had never had before. The post-war Draco Malfoy was given to circumspection. He wanted to approach Harry, to talk, to ask about that expression of contentment and that secretive smile that he often wore. He wanted to ask Harry if he watched Draco for the same reasons that Draco watched him. But the only other time he'd approached Harry Potter with something other than hostility, the only time he'd held out his hand in friendship, he'd been rejected. Even though it felt as though the dynamic between them had changed, Draco had been unable to muster the confidence to do anything other than watch.

Now, with Christmas break drawing near, he felt the need to approach Harry with a bit more urgency. Many of the eighth years had indicated that they now felt prepared for NEWTs and would not be returning after the holiday. Draco had been unable to determine what Harry intended in that regard and had taken to shadowing him in hopes of ascertaining his plans. Draco realized that, technically, this might be seen as elevating his watching to more of a sort of stalking, but he couldn't seem to stop himself from pursuing the activity. So, here he stood, hiding among the trees. Still watching. He'd long ago admitted to himself that a part of him had been hoping that Harry, with his quiet confidence and enigmatic smiles, would decide that he, too, was tired of just watching.

As if that thought had been plucked from Draco's mind, Harry turned toward the trees and looked directly at him. "What are you doing over there, Malfoy?" Harry asked. The tone was not necessarily inviting. Was this because Harry was truly irritated about being spied upon, or was he like Draco unsure of how to talk to the other wizard without that edge?

Refusing to allow Harry to know that he was flustered at having been discovered, Draco strolled casually forward. Stopping just short of moving into Harry's personal space, Draco summoned a smirk to make himself feel more confident. "Just wondering why someone who isn't five years old would be catching snowflakes on his tongue."

Draco thought he saw just a hint of embarrassment flash in those brilliant green eyes. Emotions were easier to see there since Harry had finally had his vision corrected and no longer wore those hideous spectacles. As Draco lifted his hand to brush a snowflake away from his own eyes, though, he saw Harry conjure a devilish smirk. Well now... that was a new expression to add to the list.

"Mittens, Malfoy? You're going to give me hell about the simple pleasure of catching snowflakes on my tongue when you're wearing mittens? What grown wizard wears mittens?"

Harry's tone seemed more teasing than mocking, but Draco couldn't help feeling just a bit defensive. Was Harry Potter seriously presuming to critique Draco's fashion choices? "Cashmere mittens, Potter. I wouldn't expect someone of your upbringing to understand the pleasure of luxurious fabric against your skin."

Harry huffed and crossed his arms. "Just as someone of your upbringing obviously fails to understand the pleasure of catching snowflakes on your tongue."

"Please," Draco protested. "As if one compares to the other." His defensiveness had been easily replaced by the thrill of suddenly realizing that he and Harry were actually having a conversation not without an element of confrontation, perhaps, but a conversation nonetheless. A conversation about... pleasures. "The sensation of a snowflake against your tongue is fleeting. Cashmere is forever."

Harry's laughter seemed to startle them both a bit. "Cashmere is forever, Malfoy? Is that some sort of personal philosophy?"

"Yes," Draco retorted as he moved quite deliberately into Harry's personal space. "And it beats the hell out of 'I heart Snowflakes on my tongue.'"

Harry's eyes twinkled with equal parts mischief and defiance as he moved forward just enough to bring the two of them a breath away from touching. "That sounds like a challenge to me, Malfoy. I'll put snowflakes up against cashmere any day."

Draco huffed and rolled his eyes, but the delighted smirk was trembling on his lips. "I'd hardly call that much of a challenge, but if you insist you're on."

A huge grin spread across Harry's face. "Excellent!" he declared as he stepped back a bit and brought his gloved hands together in a muffled clap. "Right then, you first. Prepare to eat snow!"

"What? Why am I first?" Draco couldn't care less who went first; he was arguing just for the sake of it now and enjoying it just as much as Harry obviously was.

Harry leaned close once more and in a low voice that set Draco's heart racing said, "Scared, Malfoy?"

Draco knew the expected answering line and couldn't repress a grin as he said, "You wish."

Harry laughed again and Draco's grin became a full-blown smile. Harry paused for a moment, as if suddenly distracted. His gaze seemed to wander a bit, down to Draco's mouth and then slowly back up to his eyes. Then, that soft, enigmatic smile the one that Draco found so intriguing appeared and Harry lifted his hand to Draco's chin. "Head back," he said quietly.

He allowed Harry to tip his head back and had to close his eyes to keep the snowflakes from falling into them. He shivered, not from the cold, as Harry said, "That's right. Close your eyes."

On principle, Draco lowered his head again and narrowed his eyes in a semblance of suspicion. "I'm only closing them because of the snowflakes not because you tell me to."

Harry rolled his eyes, but grinned nonetheless. "Fine. Now head back!"

Draco obliged and stood with his head back and eyes closed. He knew what was expected of him, but he decided to wait for Harry to tell him what to do. He didn't fully understand why that thought sent a little thrill through his body. He could tell that Harry was no longer standing in front of him, but was circling around him instead. Again his body was electrified by the thought of being the focus of Harry's attention for those moments.

He could feel the heat from Harry's body against his back as the other wizard leaned in to whisper. "Open your mouth, Malfoy."

Draco shivered again this time from the puff of Harry's breath against his ear as he had spoken. He was so distracted by the sensation of Harry's nearness that he nearly forgot to do as he was instructed. When he did open his mouth, he realized a need to draw in air as he was feeling quite breathless.

"Now," Harry whispered, his voice sounding a little breathless as well, "stick out your tongue."

Smiling just a bit as he did so, Draco complied. He thrust his tongue out and immediately felt the tickle of a large, wet snowflake landing upon it. His laughter came unbidden, and he lifted his arms toward the sky in an unconscious imitation of Harry's previous stance. Snowflakes continued to fall upon his tongue, his face, his eyelashes. Draco brought his cashmere mittens up to brush at his eyes. When he opened them he saw Harry a brilliant smile lighting his face as he stood watching Draco.

"You liked it," Harry said simply and Draco gave a quick nod in return. They stood there for a moment, smiling at each other and then Harry whispered, "Do it again."

Draco's hesitated only a moment and was still smiling as he threw his head back and opened his mouth. The huge flakes fell softly against his face and once more danced against his tongue. And then Harry's gloved hand caressed one side of his throat as his lips brushed softly against the other side. Draco gasped at the sensation, and he felt Harry startle a bit and begin to pull back. With his head still back and eyes still closed, Draco grasped Harry's shoulders, wordlessly asking him to stay, continue.

And Harry did. The caress of lips became soft kisses that Harry trailed up from Draco's throat to his jaw, then his cheek. Harry's hand slipped up into Draco's hair in a movement that encouraged him to bring his face back down so that their lips could meet. His face was cold from the snow, and Harry's was as well. Harry's mouth, though, was warm and so surprisingly soft. Their lips brushed, pressed together, explored the sensation they created as they connected.

Draco had been fully prepared to admit to a sense of enjoyment at the feel of the snowflakes landing upon his tongue. Then Harry's mouth pressed more insistently against his, opening him up, and their tongues began a delicious dance. Snowflakes, though quite nice, just didn't compare.

Harry's other hand slipped around Draco's waist, bringing their bodies flush. Draco's mittened hands clutched at Harry's shoulders before slipping around to embrace him. This new nearness, the heated kissing, was dizzying and Draco felt his knees begin to tremble. He broke from the kiss, gasping for breath as he rested his forehead against Harry's. He was more than a little pleased to note that Harry's breathing was just as labored as his own.

They stood together, unconcerned about the minutes passing, the snowflakes falling, the sky darkening. Touches, smiles, sighs tinged with laughter filled those sweet moments. Finally Draco pulled back just enough to gaze very directly into Harry's eyes. "Your turn," he whispered.

Harry's eyebrows raised in surprise and Draco decided to believe that he had been so distracted by the kissing that he had forgotten the challenge. Harry hesitated only a moment before asking, "So... you want me to wear your mittens?"

"Pfft no. My hands would get cold." When Harry rolled his eyes at this statement, Draco slipped a hand up to give him a playful cuff on the back of the head.

"Hey!" Harry exclaimed, but laughed a little. "So, how do you intend to prove to me that cashmere is so brilliant you're willing to have your entire wardrobe made of it?"

"Please, Potter," Draco said with a long-suffering sigh. "My entire wardrobe is not made of cashmere. That would hardly be practical for warm weather, which is when I prefer silk but that's perhaps another challenge." When Harry's eyes sparked with blatantly lascivious interest, Draco cuffed him once more and said, "Focus, Potter! The issue here is mittens."

Harry gave his own long-suffering sigh. "Fine. Mittens. Cashmere mittens." Then, straightening his posture and adopting a very serious expression, he nodded and said, "Bring it."

Draco raised an eyebrow in response to Harry's choice of words. His accompanying smirk was downright wicked, and Harry's eyes widened just a bit as he realized how Draco had interpreted his invitation to 'bring it.'

Leaning in so that his lips only very lightly brushed Harry's when he spoke, Draco whispered, "You know the drill, Potter. Close your eyes."

Harry complied immediately and stood completely still in anticipation of how Draco might choose to prove to him that the sensation of snowflakes on the tongue could not compare to that of cashmere against... skin. Though Harry couldn't see it, Draco's wicked grin grew as he considered how he might make his case.

"The thing about cashmere or any fine fabric, really is that it feels good... everywhere." Draco felt a little thrill of triumph at the way Harry shivered at his words. "For instance, a cashmere scarf against your neck..." Draco brought his mittened hands up to softly stroke the exposed skin of Harry's throat, "feels warm and... secure. A protection against the winter wind." Draco moved his hands away from Harry's neck and blew softly against the skin. Harry trembled at the sensation then trembled a bit more when Draco pressed soft kisses against his throat.

Once again Harry seemed to be somewhat breathless, and Draco slipped his hands down to caress the chest that was noticeably rising and falling with his efforts to breathe. The problem, of course, was that very little of Harry's skin was exposed at the moment. Draco, always one to see the fine line between obstacles and opportunities, slid his hands further down to the bottom edge of Harry's jacket.

"Now, a cashmere sweater is a wondrous item and an absolute necessity for a winter wardrobe." As he spoke, Draco slipped his hand under the jacket and pulled at the shirt that was tucked into Harry's jeans. That accomplished, he was able to slide his cashmere encased hands up Harry's torso and was thoroughly pleased with the gasp that evoked. "Cashmere is like an embrace of luxurious warmth," he whispered as he slowly stroked Harry's back and abdomen. When Harry shuddered, Draco's body answered in kind. He was getting just as turned on by this activity as Harry obviously was, and his voice shook just a bit as he said, "Wouldn't you agree?"

Harry immediately nodded and eventually managed a muttered, "Ye-yes..." and swallowed as if his throat had gone dry. Draco, still caressing Harry's body, once again placed kisses on his throat. Harry moaned softly. His hands, which had been at his sides, slipped around Draco's waist and pulled their bodies closer together. Draco reveled in the embrace and nuzzled Harry's neck. Once more the two stood, lost in sensation, oblivious to anything that was not a part of it.

Draco felt fairly certain that he had made the case for cashmere over snowflakes, but decided he knew just what was needed to drive the point home. Need was a most appropriate term, in fact, if the hardness he could feel pressing against him was any indication. Draco suddenly had a new appreciation for the way Harry always seemed to wear loose fitting clothes as this afforded him the ability to slip one of his hands down the back of Harry's jeans and pleasantly discovered that Harry wore no pants underneath. He cupped Harry's arse, pulling him forward so that their erections pressed together. Both of them bucked in reaction to this, and Draco breathed Harry's name in a soft cry.

Harry's eyes flew open, dark with lust, and now Draco was the one who swallowed around the dryness in his throat. Valiantly he continued his argument, though his voice was more a rasp now than a whisper. "I've never heard of cashmere undergarments, but I think you'll agree with my previous statement that cashmere feels good everywhere."

"Uh-huh." Harry hastily agreed and crushed his lips against Draco's. Their previous kisses had been slow, soft explorations. Now there was an urgency, an ache-driven need that banished slow and soft to another realm of reality. Tongues dueled instead of danced. Teeth nipped flesh swollen with evidence of their passionate activities. Harry slipped one hand up into Draco's hair, cradling his head as their mouths mated. Harry's other hand imitated Draco's and slid down to grab his arse, again pulling them against one another in glorious friction.

Draco felt raw with need and he rubbed himself wantonly against Harry. That same need drove him to slip one hand, still encased in a cashmere mitten, down the front of Harry's jeans and brush that softness down the length of his hard cock. Harry choked out a cry that didn't sound like anything coherent and threw back his head when Draco wrapped his hand around him and began to stroke. The thought of how that softness must feel against Harry's hard prick drove Draco a little wild. He touched Harry just exactly as he imagined he would want to be touched by a hand wrapped in cashmere. It seemed to be working for Harry, who had begun to roll his hips, his cock demanding more of that firm/soft grip. Draco complied, stroking, squeezing, rubbing the soft cashmere across the sensitive, leaking head.

"Draco!" Harry's movements were furious now. "Yes! Ye- bri-bring me!" And then he was shuddering his release and once more shouting Draco's name.

The feel of Harry's warm come saturating the cashmere mitten, Harry's hands grasping him with desperation, and Harry's shout of Draco's name as he found his release brought Draco's own orgasm ripping through him. His cries were equally as uninhibited, and his body shook for several moments as his cock continued to pulse even after the fluid had ceased to flow.

Unable to stand any longer, and wondering vaguely how they had managed to do so up to this point, both young men sank to the ground. Their heated bodies, still entwined, barely noticed the snow they now sat upon. Their breath mingled as they nuzzled their faces together, stealing kisses as the need for air allowed. Eventually their breathing eased and they began to notice the frigid ground.

They helped one another to stand, and in an effortless demonstration of his power, Harry cast a wandless cleansing charm, then one to dry their now snow sodden clothes. Draco watched as Harry adjusted his clothing. Just when the moment might have become awkward, Harry leaned forward and placed a lingering kiss on Draco's smiling lips.

Draco thought Harry might embrace him, but instead he took Draco's hands in his and brought them up between them. Placing a kiss on each cashmere mitten, he said, "I think you won."

Draco laughed and just shook his head. "There was a time when those words, coming from you, would have been... magnificent." Now Draco drew Harry into his arms and kissed him with slow deliberation. Ending the kiss with a whisper against Harry's lips, he said, "I think we should call this one a draw."

Harry laughed softly and pulled Draco closer. "Alright. A draw." Then, evidently recalling Draco's earlier comment, he said, "Anyway we still have that challenge about silk, right? I'll have to think up something for that..."

"Well, you'll have time silk is my summer wardrobe," Draco reminded him.

"Oh Right. Well, I'm sure we can think up some other challenges in the meantime." Harry turned toward the castle and tugged Draco to come along with him. "Come on. It's cold out here."

Draco looked at him askance. "And were you too busy catching snowflakes before to notice that it's been cold out here all along?"

Harry stopped and faced Draco, another one of those mysterious little smiles on his face. "I wasn't really out here just catching snowflakes," he said. "I was out here catching you."

For a moment Draco just stared at Harry, nonplussed. Then, slowly, he nodded, and the smirk crept back onto his face. "Good answer," he said, turning once more toward the school. "So good, in fact, that I think it deserves a spot of snuggling before the fire with a cup of mulled wine."

Harry's voice was filled with mischief as he said, "Mulled wine? Pfft hot chocolate, Malfoy. Hot chocolate is the drink for snuggling before the fire."

Draco sighed dramatically. "I see now that we are not yet done for the evening as regards your education on the finer pleasures in life." Draco turned to Harry and, taking his hand, pledged, "Don't worry, Potter. I promise to dedicate myself to teaching you all about... pleasures."

Harry grinned. "We'll see who gets educated, Malfoy," he said and pulled Draco with greater urgency back towards the warmth and comfort of the castle.

The Beginning

END NOTE: Yes, I realize that cashmere applied in the particular way Draco ended up doing it MIGHT cause some uncomfortable friction. But this is magic (and fanfic)! No bad friction - only GOOD friction!