

A Costume Drama

by Keppiehed

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: This all belongs to J.K. Rowling.

A/N: Prompt: costume. Also, though the story does not mention it, this takes place in the seventh year, and therefore Harry is past the age of consent. Any relations are considered between adults in this narrative. Also, many thanks to my beta, Melisse.

"You're just scared, Potter," spat Draco Malfoy. "Otherwise, you would accept. Afraid you can't beat me in a duel without your girlfriend's help?"

Harry's eyes snapped green fire at his rival and nemesis. "Name the time and place, Malfoy," he countered. "I'll show you something to be scared of."

"Oooh, I'm quaking," Malfoy taunted. "Thing is, I'm tired of just beating you. I want real stakes this time. Care to make a wager?"

"Harry, don't." Hermione grabbed his arm.

Harry shook her off. "Whatever you want, Malfoy. Just be prepared to pay up."

"Yeah, right." Draco looked unimpressed. "Like that's going to happen. How about the loser dresses in a costume of the winner's choosing for the All Hallows' Eve Ball tomorrow night?" Draco's eyes lit up at the thought.

"You're on!" Harry blurted before he could think through the ramifications of his decision. It didn't matter; he would beat Draco at the duel, anyway. Then, he would just have to think up a humiliating costume for Draco. That git deserved it!

"Let the games begin. I hope you're ready for social death, Potter," Draco smirked. "At least, more than you have already attained as a scar-faced loser." Draco bowed and held his wand out.

"Better than being a ferret with only one insult in his arsenal." Harry bowed back and held his stance. *Expelli...*

But halfway through his trusty standby spell, Draco threw a lightning-fast *Incarcerous*. Harry blinked as the ropes coiled around his wand arm, effectively stopping the duel on the very first spell. Draco must have been practicing. Harry had lost!

"Talk about only one thing in your arsenal, Potty! You're mine," Draco crowed in triumph. "I'll send the costume to you right before the party. I think this will be the best one I've ever been to!" His laughter followed him down the hall.

Hermione freed Harry, and she and Ron looked at him with pity. "What are you going to do?"

"Go to the party, what else?" he replied grimly. "I just hope my social death is quick and painless." He thought, however, that it would be anything but. He looked a little longingly after the blond-haired boy, but he was already gone, along with his cronies.

When the costume arrived at his room with one hour to spare, Harry's stomach was in knots. He had no idea what to expect. He knew what he would make Draco endure, but he didn't have an inkling what was up the Slytherin's sleeve, only that it would be nasty. Time to find out. He opened the package.

Inside was a French maid's costume, complete with fishnet stockings, frilly white apron and jaunty cap. Harry groaned. This was worse than anything he could have imagined. Social death, indeed! He would never live this down! He had no choice, however; a bet was a bet. He squeezed himself into the outfit.

The skirt barely covered his butt, and he felt exposed. He could hardly reach the zipper in the back, either. The only saving grace was that the outfit came with a mask that covered his face. Maybe Draco had some small amount of mercy in his black heart after all? Harry sighed and tugged at the hateful zipper until it finally snapped into place, and there was a flash of light. He disappeared.

He stood, disoriented, in a new place. The zipper must have been a Portkey, designed to react when the bottom half met the top. Where was he? Somewhere fancy. Damn Draco! Harry was aware of the extreme potential for humiliation here. He heard whistling and footsteps. Someone was coming. He had nowhere to hide and awaited his doom.

Lucius Malfoy opened the door, and his steps faltered when he saw what was before him. Harry blushed furiously, though this situation was not of his own making. Thankfully, he had the mask on.

"Well, well, what have we here?" Lucius entered the room with the grace of a cat and shut the door behind him. "How did you get here?"

Harry realized that he must be at Malfoy Manor. Draco wanted to show his father that he had managed to embarrass and subdue The Boy Who Lived in the worst possible way. Harry's heart ached a little. He hadn't told anyone, but recently he had come to realize some horrific news: he was nursing a huge crush on Draco. It was making him miserable, but there was nothing he could do about it.

"Cat got your tongue?" Lucius sidled up to Harry and tilted his head. Hmm... It seemed Draco's dad had a thing for boys dressed up in maid costumes. Who knew? Harry'd bet Draco didn't.

Harry had never realized the striking resemblance the two men bore each other before; he had never been this close to Lucius. An idea began to take shape in Harry's mind. Maybe this wasn't such a loss of a situation after all. If he couldn't have Draco, maybe he could have the next best thing.

Harry fell to his knees before Lucius.

"That's right, you little whore," Lucius said viciously, taking out his cock. "What do you think you're here for? Suck me off, like a good servant should."

Harry was already hard, his erection straining uncomfortably against the fishnets, but he didn't have time to think because Lucius was shoving his dick into his mouth. Harry just had time to adjust his mask slightly before taking him in, and Lucius was not easing him into what was Harry's first blowjob. He thrust hard right away, his cock scraping against Harry's teeth. Lucius hissed. Harry softened his lips a little, but he felt himself gagging as Lucius' movement became faster and faster. He must like it rough, Harry thought. Lucius' hands went behind Harry's head to hold him in place while he pumped away. Lucius began to groan. Harry just tried to relax his throat and not gag.

Suddenly, Lucius stiffened and pulled away. "You're too good to waste like that. Who are you?"

Harry shook his head.

"No matter, I'll find out in the end. Right now, there're more important matters to attend to." Lucius yanked Harry to his feet and directed him to a plush ottoman. "Bend over." He pushed his pants down around his ankles.

Harry looked at him. "First, get undressed...please."

Lucius stared back haughtily. "I never get unclothed with... people. Like you."

Harry wanted to see him. The fantasy would only work if he could picture Draco, not some tawdry one-night stand, like this really was. "I need it. Please."

"Fine." Lucius muttered a Divesto and before Harry turned around, he got a look at pale blond magnificence. He would always remember the glimpse of beauty he had been allowed to see.

Then, that beauty was pounding into him without warning. Harry bellowed in pain at the unexpected intrusion. He felt like he was ripping, shredding, tearing, with each movement of the blond man behind him. He couldn't stop the tears from flowing, but Lucius didn't seem to care; he just kept pounding, grunting and thrusting like an animal. Harry was a little shocked; he never would have expected a man with such a cool exterior to be so... primal.

After a few moments, Harry began to relax and even enjoy the slap of their flesh, the sheen of the sweat, the whisper of long hair on his back, until Lucius hit that spot within him, and he really saw stars in earnest. Harry began to push back against the strokes, and they were both crying out together. Harry reached down under his skirt and stroked his own cock, knowing that he had to see to himself. He pictured Draco behind him, stretching him, so hard, and that was it. He couldn't take any more. They both came together...Lucius in a growl, Harry in a whimper and a hard, messy spurt. It was over.

They lay slumped together, panting from exertion. After a moment, Lucius got up and casually cleaned and dressed himself. "Where do I need to send you?" he inquired, as if asking about the weather.

"Hogwarts," Harry replied quietly.

Lucius looked at him a moment. "I know your voice."

"Yes," was all Harry could manage.

Lucius just pursed his lips and uttered the spell to return him to his room.

Harry was back in enough time to attend the party, to his chagrin. As he cleaned up, he thought that he would be able to face the jeering of his classmates. He had a pretty good memory to help him through. Draco might have had his revenge, but Harry couldn't help thinking that he had been the victor in this duel, after all.