

Who Fell As Beautifully As Their Ballads Tell

by LiteraryBeauty

Harry attends a Slytherin party at the behest of McGonagall. Draco Malfoy is there, and his presence inspires a change. Afterward, Harry and Draco continue to surprise each other.

Oneshot

Chapter 1 of 1

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"This is a monumentally bad idea," Harry muttered, his grip slick on the bottle of Firewhisky.

"I'm not going to disagree with you there," Ron said cheerfully, making Harry glare at him.

"It's the Slytherins' own fault they're so hated in this school." Harry wished he could open up the bottle and quaff it down, but he was afraid that would break the glamour on it. As it was, it looked like a bottle of Muggle soda, and Harry was sure the Slytherins would sneer disdainfully at the offering. Actually, he was hoping they'd kick him out for the affront and put an end to this charade.

"You heard McGonagall. The Slytherins are getting harassed for no reason, and it's..." Ron broke off to affect Headmistress McGonagall's brogue. "...Our responsibility as leaders in the school to set a good example and help put an end to the senseless rivalry."

Harry snickered. "The rivalry isn't senseless when it's winning us house points," he pointed out, remembering the way McGonagall favoured her lions when it meant putting them ahead of the Slytherins.

"Yeah, well, I intend to get good and pissed, so I doubt I'll care whether we're in a den of snakes or not."

Harry wasn't so sure. They were literally offering themselves up as sacrifices, and Draco Malfoy, despite his past, was still the one the Slytherins looked up to. They blindly followed his lead, though Harry had to admit Malfoy hadn't really done anything to make that loyalty unwarranted. Ever the Prince of Slytherin, Malfoy mostly tried to keep his house mates in line, doing a pretty good job of it, too. Not that Harry would ever admit that aloud...he heard it from Hermione often enough.

The chill of the dungeons seemed to seep through Harry's veins, though that could just be his blood turning to ice in the face of certain death. He hoped McGonagall wasn't counting on Harry helping his team win the Quidditch Cup...he'd undoubtedly be dead by morning.

The two stood in front the unmarked entrance, eyeing it cautiously before looking at one another at the same time.

"Go ahead," Harry said, extending his arm for Ron to go first.

Ron swallowed and Harry shook his head.

Face down and defeat Voldemort? Done.

Walk willingly to own death? Yeah, but he'd already done that once before. There was no reason to do it again.

Stupid McGonagall and her Dumbledorific twinkling eyes.

Ron knocked, and they both stepped back instinctively. Music was reverberating through the wall, the same music Gryffindors listened to, and wasn't that interesting?

Harry supposed they bled red, too, but it didn't mean they were same.

Just don't let Malfoy open the door. Harry wanted at least a few drinks in him before he faced that particular issue.

He told himself it was because he didn't want a confrontation. And not because...

Well, that didn't matter, because Pansy Pugface Parkinson opened the door instead.

She arched a slender eyebrow and eyed Harry and Ron suggestively, lingering over Ron's groin area, which made the redhead burst into flames...or near enough, with the colour he turned.

"Er, we're here to... that is to say, we heard there was... and McGonagall said...but we can just..."

Pansy sighed and rolled her eyes. Crossing her arms over her chest, she curled her lip in a sneer that was almost a smile. "I know what that old alley cat said. We got the message, loud and clear. We've been expecting you."

Harry was surprised to hear that the Headmistress had spoken to the Slytherins...she'd made it seem as though it was supposed to look like an act of goodwill on Harry and Ron's part, which it wouldn't if they'd already gotten a talking to.

But he was distracted from that train of thought by the predatory look in Pansy's eyes.

She opened the door and walked into the room, leaving Ron and Harry to follow, which they did, with trepidation.

The Slytherin common room had changed since the last time he'd been there. There were couches and chairs crowding half of the room, almost all of which were occupied by bodies, some talking, most laughing, few entwined in a manner that made Harry blush. Those were his *classmates*; it was strange to see them act so... human.

The other half of the room, save for one wall reserved for drinks and various snacks, was being used as a dance floor.

And the dancing was where Slytherin and Gryffindor truly parted ways.

At Gryffindor parties, people danced in groups of three or more, in a circle, laughing and joking around, sometimes having dance-offs where the most outrageous dances won.

But Slytherin... they danced in pairs, if it could be called dancing at all. Girls and girls, girls and guys, guys and guys... they danced like people fucked, slowly, sensually, writhingly. There were even moans and wet sounds, and that was over the music that was blaring.

Ron had adopted that set-afire look again, and Harry suspected his own face wasn't much different. He had *not* expected this kind of... *debauchery* was the only word for it.

"Like what you see?" came Pansy's voice again, lower and throatier now. She had directed her question to Ron, which was lucky because Harry didn't think he could make words at this point. He needed a drink.

Which he had. As he was unscrewing the lid and breaking the glamour on his liquor, Ron said, "I... there's a lot to... see."

Pansy laughed and it almost sounded genuine. Harry eyed her suspiciously as he took a swig straight from the bottle...fuck his offering, he needed it more than they did.

"Slytherins work hard and play hard. It's difficult for a Gryffindor to understand."

Ron stammered out something that resembled an answer, and Harry took in the room, studiously avoiding looking at Theodore Nott and a younger...male... Slytherin, who had danced right up against a wall and were now grinding against each other with abandon. Harry's ears were ringing, he was so... embarrassed. Yeah, embarrassed.

He passed the bottle to Ron, who graciously offered it to Pansy. Pansy looked as though she wanted nothing more than to reject it, but then her face smoothed over and she Accio'd a cup from the table. As an afterthought, she summoned two more, pouring one for Ron, another for Harry, and a mere finger for herself.

Pansy and Ron continued what could only loosely be labelled a conversation, as Ron was doing little more than staring in shock at her eyes (and her breasts, but she either didn't notice or didn't mind, and Harry very much doubted it was the former).

Harry's entire body froze when his eyes fell upon what he promised himself he hadn't been looking for.

Draco Malfoy, leaning against the wall across the dance floor, drinking from a gleaming silver flask and glaring at all and sundry.

Pale grey eyes met Harry's, and Draco smirked. Harry almost reared back in shock at getting caught staring, but he stopped himself and raised his cup in a mocking toast.

Draco lifted his flask in return before tipping it to his mouth, licking his lips slowly after he'd lowered it.

Harry looked away.

"Dance with me?" Pansy was saying, her strident voice obviously trying for seductive.

Harry couldn't have been more shocked when Ron actually agreed. He almost moved to pull his friend back, but figured Ron hadn't had enough to drink to warrant such an intervention. But he'd be watching Parkinson...Merlin knew she wasn't above slipping something in their drinks.

Come to think of it, maybe he'd better stick to drinking straight from the bottle. He took a swig and hissed at the bite.

Harry was dismayed to see Ron and Pansy dancing rather like the rest of the Slytherins...inappropriately. Hermione would have been shocked at her ex's behaviour. Maybe that was why she'd declined to come. Maybe she knew something Harry didn't. Or wished he didn't, now.

Another swig was definitely in order when Harry noticed his... archenemy, yeah, that sounded right... crossing the floor toward him.

Harry only stared at him, not even speaking when the Draco stood right in front of him.

"Who invited you?" Draco said, though it wasn't the insult it could have been.

"Not so much invited as ordered," Harry said, turning away slightly even though he doubted Draco would take the hint.

"Don't act like you're doing us a favour," Draco said. He took a genteel sip from his flask before pocketing it in his flawlessly fitted robes...not that Harry noticed.

"I am, though," Harry said, turning back. "I'm doing you a huge fucking favour. When word gets around Ron and I were mingling with you lot, maybe you won't be spat at on your way to lunch."

"Maybe that's a better fate than having to look at your sorry mug all night," Draco spat. It was a weak insult and they both knew it.

But more than that, Harry had it on good authority that his face wasn't very sorry at all, and though he sometimes doubted that information, there was a reason Draco was trying to get his attention when he could just as easily be with his own kind. It hadn't gone unnoticed by Harry that Draco was very much on his own at this party. He might still be the Prince of Slytherin, but people didn't seem to be flocking around him the way Harry'd always thought they would.

"Why don't you go where you don't have to see it, then?" Harry said. Starting the night off with a fight would defeat the purpose of this entire excursion.

Draco looked mildly surprised at the lacklustre comeback. "Why don't you make me, Potter?"

"Are you kidding me?" Harry shook his head and took another drink of Firewhisky. His head was reminding him that he hadn't eaten since lunch, but his need to appear unaffected overruled his brain's protests against the alcohol. "Go slither back under a rock or something, Malfoy. I don't have time for this."

Malfoy's cheekbones flushed with streaks of colour, and Harry only had a second to think that he blushed much prettier than Ron before a hand pushed him hard against the wall.

Malfoy leaned in close and hissed against Harry's lips, "I don't think I like your tone, Potter. You should be kissing my fucking boots in thanks for me not destroying you for being here."

Harry groaned at the tight grip Malfoy had in his hair, and Malfoy laughed. "You like that idea, hmm? Like it a little rough?"

Never one to be on the losing side for long, Harry had his wand under Malfoy's chin in seconds. "Back the fuck off me," he said, his voice low.

To his surprise, Malfoy didn't back away even an inch, but his entire posture shifted. He went from threatening and overpowering to seductive faster than a blink. Harry was dazed as the hand in his hair threaded through instead of ripping, and the body before him relaxed and pressed even closer, only an inch between them all the way down. Even his eyes softened, and Harry stared, horrified and... horrified. Right.

"You know," Malfoy mused, his mouth still entirely too close to Harry's, "we could have been friends. We should have been, even. But I'm glad we weren't."

Harry was having a hard time following, but he valiantly made the effort. "Why?"

"If we were friends, you wouldn't have destroyed the Dark Lord," Malfoy asserted.

"Why do you say that?"

Malfoy shrugged one shoulder. "Because I would have asked you not to." Harry began to protest, but halted as Malfoy made a shushing noise that brought their lips even closer together. "Like I said, I'm glad."

Harry refused to ask why again. He didn't have the capacity for head games. He didn't... he just didn't.

"I never thanked you, did I?" Malfoy went on. "Well, thank you. Really. I don't know if you know this, but I made some mistakes..."

This Harry understood. He snorted and rolled his eyes, but Malfoy continued.

"...But I'm one of the good guys now. You made sure of that. And I have to admit..." Malfoy trailed off, and Harry urged him to continue, enrap. "I have to admit it's better this way."

"I'm not sure I believe you," said Harry, the only thing he really could say. Malfoy had spoken of remorse before, most notably in an interview with the *Daily Prophet*, the glory-whore, but it had never seemed sincere until now. But Harry hadn't won a war by taking Death Eaters at face value.

"Can I... express my appreciation in a more... Gryffindorish manner?" Malfoy asked, pressing closer.

As Harry tried to riddle out what he meant, Draco kissed him, a long, frozen kiss that seemed to wait for something.

Gasping, Harry finally...and *why* hadn't he done it before?...pushed Draco away. He swiped at his mouth with the back of his hand, more symbolic than effective. "What the *fuck*, Malfoy?" he spat.

Malfoy's breath was coming in panting huffs. He opened his eyes and smiled...evilly, of course...at Harry.

"Come with me," he ordered. He turned and began to walk away.

Harry noticed that the room hadn't even paused, though he'd thought for certain the entire world had. Everyone seemed to be carrying on just as they had been before, which made absolutely no sense to Harry.

"Well?" Malfoy prompted from a few feet away.

And it was obviously the Firewhisky that made Harry push himself off the wall and follow Draco. He gave the dance floor one last look, nearly gagging when he saw Ron looking dreamily into Pansy Parkinson's face. And Harry *did* gag when he saw she was returning the look. That *had* to be faked, it just had to be!

Malfoy waited for Harry by one of the doors leading away from the common room. "Ready?" he asked.

Not even close, he wanted to answer. Not by half. "Sure."

Malfoy took him by the wrist and pulled him through the door, down a short hallway and through another door that opened under persuasion of a password. The room was almost exactly like the room he shared in Gryffindor Tower, but it somehow felt more sinister.

"You know, Potter," Malfoy said conversationally, "you came awfully willingly. Don't you have any sense of self-preservation?"

For some reason the words brought Harry back to life. "You know what, Malfoy? I'm out of here. I don't know what game you're playing..."

Malfoy's pale eyes were intent as he slammed Harry against the bedroom door. In the common room he'd obviously been restraining himself, for now he pressed the entire length of his body against Harry's, and Harry was shocked...just shocked, nothing more...to feel a cock like a steel rod against his hip.

"You talk too much," Malfoy drawled. He leaned forward and licked Harry's lips. Licked them.

"Fuck off!" Harry shouted, confused and turned on and confused again and then the second thing some more...

Malfoy kissed him again, and *that* wasn't fucking off, but Harry didn't push him away this time. His lips were soft now, not frozen like before but almost tender, searching. Harry found himself responding despite his vocal protestations. He opened his mouth and his cock throbbed at Malfoy's responding groan.

Then Malfoy's tongue was in his mouth, and the world had very clearly gone mad. Even more evidence of this was the fact that Harry very badly wanted the kiss to continue, to grow and morph into more and better things.

"Unbutton my trousers," Malfoy said against Harry's lips.

Not bloody likely, Harry thought. Cock be damned, he wasn't taking orders from a Malfoy, not ever! He lurched forward off the wall, intending to push Malfoy away with his hips, and that wasn't exactly the most thought-out plan, because it just brought his cock into hard and desperate contact with Malfoy's groin, making them both hiss. Harry let Malfoy guide his arse back against the wall, feeling both defeated and victorious.

Malfoy, with fingers too deft for someone who'd drunk as much as he had, opened Harry's trouser placket and jammed his hand inside. Harry cried out in shock as Malfoy's slender fingers encircled his cock and *squeezed*.

"Unbutton them." Malfoy's voice was low and compelling, and Harry blindly did as he was told, and then he was leaning forward for another kiss, which Malfoy returned.

Then in two quick and jerking movements, Malfoy had Harry's shirt off and then his own, and when he returned to press their chests together, Harry was sure he'd never felt anything quite so brilliant.

Until, of course, Malfoy tugged down his trousers and pants and then did the same for Harry, and Harry only had a moment to think how ridiculous they must both look, naked to the ankles where their boots kept their clothing pooled.

"Merlin fuck, Potter, you're gorgeous," Malfoy hissed, stroking Harry's cock with hard and fast movements. Harry thrust into the grip even though it was punishing. Malfoy took Harry's hand and curled the fingers around his own cock, then leaned in and bit at Harry's lower lip.

"This is so fucking stupid," Harry bemoaned, letting his head drop against the door behind him.

"Then of course you'll do it," Malfoy said, smiling darkly, showing sharp white teeth in a predator's grin.

Harry didn't answer, only gripped the cock in his hand too tightly to be anything but a warning, but Malfoy didn't quite react as Harry'd hoped...though how that was, he'd admit to not being entirely sure.

Malfoy grabbed both of Harry's wrists and pulled them up over his head. Holding them there with one hand, he grabbed up their cocks with the other and began to stroke them together.

"Let me fuck you," Malfoy groaned against Harry's ear. "I'll make it so good you'll scream."

"You..." Harry panted, turning his head away from a hard kiss. "You shouldn't..." And then Harry realised for the first time that he was drunk. How had that happened?

But the knowledge gave him bravery...drunk, he couldn't really be responsible for his actions. So he could let Malfoy fuck him, and it wasn't because he *wanted* it, thought about it, dreamt about it, longed for it. It was because he wasn't himself.

"Turn around," Malfoy said, a small note of wonder in his voice, or maybe that was just Harry hoping for something more than an upright fuck against a wall that he'd regret the next day, or rather, the moment his come left his body.

Harry let Malfoy turn him around. He pressed Harry's hands against the door and pushed against them as if to say, stay. His cool hands travelled down Harry's arms to his shoulders, down his back and over his arse. Malfoy thrust his cock against Harry's crack, making them both whimper in anticipation. Well, Harry whimpered and he hoped Malfoy did, too.

Harry was compliant when Malfoy moved his feet back a little, and even when he pushed him over to bend at the waist, exposing his arse to his erstwhile...no, current, *current!*...enemy.

"Ask for it," Malfoy whispered against the nape of Harry's neck. Slick fingers brushed against his hole, and he pressed his hips back, wanting more, but so very far from begging for it.

Or so he thought, though his mouth has other ideas. "Fuck me, Malfoy."

Malfoy slid a long finger inside, pumping slowly as Harry ground his hips back against the intrusion. "Hmm, no please?" Malfoy chided. "And maybe you should call me Draco."

Another finger pressed inside, and Harry exhaled at the delicious burn. The stretching was more than he really needed, but he was too surprised at Draco's...and *that* change shouldn't have happened so quickly, especially inside his own thoughts...consideration to deny the unexpected pleasure.

"Draco, stop talking and just fuck me. Honestly, you're so..."

Harry cried out brokenly when Draco slapped his arse cheek, but then he forgot to object when he felt the rounded head of Draco's cock against his hole.

"Tight," Draco said, sounding surprised, though he shouldn't have been. Harry had only done this once before, though this experience was enough to leave that one alone in the dark, and Harry had a moment's regret that *this* wasn't his first time, for it certainly would be the time against which all further encounters were...unfavourably...measured.

Draco's hands smoothed over Harry's forearms as he sank inside, as though calming a wild animal, but Harry didn't feel wild, he felt *tamed* and that felt good and *that* was bad.

Moving so his entire body pressed against Harry's from knees to neck, Draco began fucking Harry in earnest. There was no tender, slow start to adjust; there was only hard and fast, every three strokes slamming against his sweet spot and making stars dance in front of his eyes.

Draco's hand moved around and tugged on Harry's cock, sliding down the foreskin and slipping the precome liberally over his straining erection.

It was annoying, really, how good Draco was at this. It would have been supreme justice if Harry could have left the room with tales of inadequacy or even prematurity...not that he planned on telling *any* tales about this particular night, not if Draco were the worst shag, not if he were the best.

The latter of which, unfortunately for Harry, he was. Or maybe that should be fortunately, he thought distantly as Draco's cock filled him with every thrust.

Harry let his head fall back against Draco's shoulder, prompting Draco to grip his hair and turn him so they could kiss, sloppily and with too much teeth, but perfectly.

"Never thought this," Draco said, panting as he returned his hands to Harry's hips and dragged him back onto his cock with perfect rhythm.

Harry hoped Draco wasn't expecting an answer, because at those words, mouthed with dragging lips across his skin, his balls tightened up and he grunted, almost shocked, as his climax tore through him.

"Ugh," he groaned as Draco's sure hand milked every drop. Then the hand disappeared and Harry heard distinctive sucking noises, and if he hadn't just come... but he had, and he was quickly growing sensitive to Draco's pounding.

"Come, you fucker," he swore as Draco's movements became frenetic.

"Harry..." Draco cried, coating Harry's insides with one final, decisive thrust. "Fucking gods."

Harry's mouth was wide open as he sucked in reviving breaths. True to his prediction, he was already thinking about how Draco was going to use this against him, wishing he'd been strong enough or smart enough to just *not* follow the seductive blond out of the common room where Pansy was surely cannibalising his best friend.

Draco pulled away with care and Harry winced to feel come slipping out after him. "Loo?" he asked in a scratchy voice.

Draco pointed to a door, and Harry tripped when he tried to walk, forgetting about the restricting trousers. Draco caught him, laughing breathlessly as he knelt down and unlaced Harry's boots, letting Harry brace him on his shoulder as he pulled them off one at a time, then his pants and trousers. "All good," Draco said, patting Harry's arse and looking up at him with a smirk.

Harry didn't answer, only stumbled into the water closet and tidied himself up. It'd be so easy to say he didn't recognise the face in the mirror, but it was still him, looking shell-shocked and not a little anxious, but him, nonetheless.

He almost wrapped a towel around himself, but figured he was about thirty minutes too late for modesty, and walked back out to see Draco reclining on his bed.

"Staying, then?" Draco asked casually, though his silver eyes were glinting in a way Harry thought he should be able to interpret.

"Should go," he said, crouching instead of bending over to pick up his discarded clothing.

Draco was off the bed in a flash, closing his hand around Harry's upper arm and leaning in to speak against the shell of his ear. "Stay."

Harry eyed him warily, and then the bed. And then Draco again. But then the bed finally made up his mind. "I don't want to ever talk about this again," he warned his... whatever. He warned Draco.

"That's the Slytherin motto," Draco said with that smirk, and who did he think he was, smirking with those lips? It was dangerous, that smirk.

But as Harry curled under the blankets, sleepily letting Draco pull him against his chest, he realised Draco had avoided his warning altogether.

"I'm not sure sleeping with Draco bleeding Malfoy was what McGonagall had in mind, Harry!" Ron whispered urgently as they made their way to the DADA classroom.

"I knew that party was a bad idea," Hermione helpfully chimed in.

"Belt up, Ron. I wasn't the only one sampling Slytherin wares last night, was I?"

Hermione's eyes widened and a smirk touched her lips as she eyed Ron speculatively. "Well, Ronald, I wouldn't have thought you'd had it in you. Who was she? Or did you take a leaf from Harry's book and try a little man-on-man action?"

"Hermione!" Ron cried, scandalised. His cheeks were flaming and he couldn't meet either of their eyes. "It was nothing, just a little... flirtation."

"Last I saw, you were about to flirtation all over the inside of your pants," Harry sniped, making Hermione burst out laughing and Ron choke on air.

"Oi, Malfoy!"

Harry looked ahead to see Draco about to turn the corner, passing by a sniggering group of Ravenclaws. Draco looked warily at the group as Harry took in the sight of the Slytherin. Draco looked exhausted but not as hungover as Harry had been when he'd escaped the dungeons early enough to avoid the morning sun.

"We heard you were just giving it away at your party last night." The Ravenclaws laughed, and Harry quickened his pace.

"Yeah, what is it they call you? Draco Malfoy, Slytherin Fuck Toy? Got a nice ring to it, don't you think?"

Draco flipped them two fingers and turned the corner, out of Harry's sight. But then Alex Alastair called out, "So you've fucked everyone in your house and now you're moving on to Gryffindors? Classy, Malfoy. Fucking slag!"

Alex didn't even have time for a shocked expression before Harry reared back his fist and laid into the Ravenclaw's face.

"Shit, Harry!" Ron shouted, drawing his wand on Alex's friends, though they were shocked still by Harry's fierce beating.

"Potter, what the fuck?" Alex cried, blood spilling from his mouth. "It's just Malfoy!"

Harry sneered and grabbed the bleeding boy by the collar. "If you even so much as give him the fucking time, I'll tear your balls off and give them to him in a bonbon box, do you understand me?"

Wide-eyed, Alex nodded quickly. "No problem, Potter."

One of Alex's friends, too Ravenclaw to actually join the confrontation, appealed to Hermione. "Granger, you're Head Girl, what the fuck are you doing standing there? Get Potter under control!"

Harry pushed Alex from his grip hard enough that he collided with the wall and slumped down. He was watching Harry, holding a sleeve to his mouth.

"You just tell your friend to be more careful when he walks. We wouldn't want him to stumble again, would we?" Hermione said coldly, crossing her arms over her chest.

"Let's go, Hermione," Harry said, pulling her out of her best glare.

She nodded and grabbed Ron's arm, and the three turned the corner, leaving a gaggle of stunned Ravenclaws behind.

Harry looked down the hall just in time to meet Draco's startled eyes before the blond hurried away and turned another corner.

You might not be mine, Harry thought grimly, surprising himself with his determination, *but you're no one else's, either.*

For the next two weeks, Harry was unsurprised but still disappointed when Draco did not make any attempt at contact. Harry himself had tried exactly two times before giving it up as a bad job. Draco had obviously only been interested in a one-off, and Harry didn't have whatever it took to entice him for a second.

He was unnerved by how much that hurt.

Hermione said he always gave too much of himself, too much of his heart. He gave pieces away too freely, never remembering to ask for them back. He'd lost her after the third round of similar analogies, but he thought the overall idea was sound.

He was a sucker.

Harry had been privy to one more conversation and two more implications in which Draco was called unflattering names. Harry's swift and unpunished vengeance was a story swiftly told and embellished. By now, Draco's reputation was as sparkling clean as it ever had been, even among Gryffindors. Harry really didn't know why he defended the git when Draco wouldn't even speak to him.

Not with his mouth, anyway.

Because wherever Harry was, there was Draco. Two steps behind, three ahead, around the corner, everywhere. And Draco was always *looking* at Harry, and he'd never known that quiet observance could be unthreatening, but he wasn't getting a *I want to hurt you* vibe from the looks, just a sly contemplation that Harry was much too unsubtle to figure out.

He swore he could feel Draco's eyes on him constantly. Except, of course, right now. When he really wouldn't mind a witness.

"We could hear your cries all way in the common room, you know," Theodore Nott said, chuckling against Harry's ear as his wand hand twitched. But he'd gotten a stern talking-to from McGonagall about fighting Slytherins after the last one slandered Draco's good... well, Draco's name, anyhow. He was determined to do his house proud and maintain his stoicism. Though it would have helped to have any of that to begin with.

"You better back up, Nott. I don't like people in my personal space," Harry gritted out through clenched teeth, yearning to hex the smug and smarmy prick.

"But I think you do," Nott murmured, his lips a hair's breadth away from Harry's jaw. "We all heard. And from the noises Draco made, you're worth the effort."

"But you're not," Harry snapped, finally reaching for his wand. But Nott was quicker and grabbed Harry's wrist, slamming it against the unforgiving stone wall behind him. The hallways were abandoned at this hour, and Harry suddenly felt very foolish for finding himself in the dungeons.

He wouldn't admit to what he'd been looking for, it was certainly wasn't Theodore Nott's uninvited body pressed against his. With his hands seized, Harry felt disgustingly vulnerable...trust a Slytherin to remind him that being a wizard sometimes didn't count for enough.

He snarled as Nott pressed his lips against the corner of his mouth. A split-second later he'd had barely an instant to contemplate knee-plus-balls when Nott was torn away and tossed onto the floor.

"Nott, you shit, haven't you learned yet that no means no?"

Harry felt annoyingly grateful to hear Draco's condescending voice. He didn't think he wanted to know what Draco was implying with ~~that~~...had Nott touched Draco?

Harry landed a kick against the felled Slytherin's ribs before turning to thank Draco. But Draco only held up a hand to pause him, and Harry's eyes narrowed at the gesture. Now he couldn't even say thank-you?

But Draco was talking. "Get the fuck out of here, and if you so much *asthink* about touching Potter again, I'll make sure the entire house hears exactly what souvenir you...or should I say your cock...brought home from Spain over the hols."

Nott glared, but Draco didn't even seem to consider capitulation. The defeated brunet stood smoothly, only a brief wince belying the pain Harry's kick must have given him. He turned and walked back toward the Slytherin common room, leaving Harry and Draco alone.

"Could have handled it," Harry said. Then he frowned...he'd meant to say thank-you, hadn't he?

But a sharp pain in his back told him Draco didn't much care for gratitude...he'd grabbed Harry by the upper arms and pushed him hard against the same section of wall Nott had him pinioned to. There was a very different feel to it this time, however. He found he didn't so much mind the restriction when it brought Draco's face so close to his.

"You just open your arms wide and invite trouble, don't you, Potter?"

Harry shrugged, not embarrassed. "I thought we were on a first name basis. Isn't that what you said... Draco?" He was surprised at the seductive quality of his own voice, and apparently, Draco was as well, because his eyes went dark and hooded.

"Is that what you want? To say my name?"

In answer, Harry leaned closer and whispered Draco's name against his own lips. Draco's eyes closed and he let out a soft moan. Harry took advantage of the parted lips and kissed them, softly and insistently. His tongue slid within, gliding along Draco's and flicking against it, teasing, drawing it back into his mouth and making it welcome.

"I hated seeing him touch you," Draco whispered, his forehead resting against Harry's.

"Can't say I was a fan, either," Harry said.

"So you didn't like it?" Draco pressed. His hands moved over Harry's chest, pushing him back against the wall. They rested on his belt, fingertips lifting the front of Harry's shirt and just touching the skin below. Harry thanked Merlin that his robes had finally found their way into the laundry, because it would have been much more difficult for Draco to touch him had he worn them, instead.

"Hated it," Harry said, pulling Draco closer. He bit his lip when he felt Draco's arousal collide with his.

"Wanted this, instead?" Draco's hands loosened his belt and unzipped his jeans, plunging a hand into his smalls and grabbing the hot length of his cock.

"Fuck," Harry hissed, thrusting into the grip. "Definitely wanted this."

Remembering that reciprocation was important in matters such as these, Harry began to unbutton Draco's robes, wishing today had been laundry day for Draco as well. When he'd opened the garment enough to capture his quarry, Harry took Draco in hand and leant his hips forward so their cocks aligned.

When Harry took both their pricks in his hand, a little awkwardly at first, Draco resumed the kiss and Harry fell into it. Though in the middle of the hallway minutes before curfew, Harry was sure they were the only two people in the castle.

Feeling like he was sharing air, Harry let Draco make most of the movement, grinding his hips and setting about a long slide of cocks, the way of which was eased by their mutual precome. As frantic as the last time had been, this time was easy, almost soft. Harry rather thought this was what sex would feel like when you'd been with the person for ages and felt comfortable. It was a simple mutual exploration, and it was divine.

"Wish I was inside you," Draco said before licking Harry's mouth...like he had the first time they'd been together, which made Harry's cock throb and threaten...and then biting his own lower lip.

And Harry wished that, too, but he wished a lot more. With a move too graceful for an ordinary Gryffindor, he turned them both so Draco's back was against the wall. Draco was shocked by the action, but Harry didn't give him enough time to protest. He slammed their mouths together and gave a particularly long haul to their cocks, an action that had Draco panting, his head falling back against the stone.

After that, Draco let Harry take control, and take control he did. Draco's cock was steel in his grip, but he manipulated it expertly, swirling his thumb over the glistening head and dipping his fingernail into the slit.

Draco could no longer maintain the kiss, so rapid was his breath. Harry smiled against his throat as he felt Draco's cock thicken under his grip, and he finally let himself feel the intensity of the grasp.

With a stifled cry, Draco pulsed his release over Harry's hand, slumping against the wall and letting Harry's body hold him up. With the extra slickness of Draco's come to ease his way, Harry's climax followed with a gasp and an ungentle bite to Draco's throbbing pulse.

When Draco kissed him again, it was desperate, hard, and needy. Harry responded perfectly, he knew...he gave Draco everything he had, all his attention, all his affection, all his experience. Draco wouldn't be disappointed.

Swollen lips parted when Harry drew back. He couldn't resist going in for another soft sweep of Draco's mouth and was gratified when Draco followed the kiss after Harry pulled away.

"Thanks, Potter," Draco said, looking satisfied. He tucked himself away and buttoned his robes, looking for all the world as though he'd just been given homework instead of the best hand job of his life, which that had fucking better have been.

Harry did up his own pants, but his fingers were too slick to deal with the belt, so he left it open. Draco took a step back and it was like a spell broke. His look of satiation faded into brief regret before hardening into the impassive face Harry'd seen much too many times on the Slytherin's face.

And then Draco walked away.

"Wait a second!" Harry called, having had enough of Draco's mercurial temperatures.

Draco stopped but didn't turn, and Harry quickly caught up to him.

"Have you thought about maybe doing something more than this?" Harry asked, his breath still coming a little short.

"What?" Draco said archly.

"More than this fuck-em-and-leave-em bullshit."

"It isn't bullshit," Draco said, but he sounded tired and the defence seemed automatic.

"It is," Harry insisted. "And you know it. What's the problem here? I mean, I'd understand if it was because you don't really like me, but I think it's pretty clear by now that you do, or you could. So you must be scared, but you don't need to be. I'm not a bad guy. I can be a little clueless and I'll probably annoy you as much as you annoy me, but I like you. Can't really say why, but I do. And I think it'd be in both our best interests to give this thing between us a real try." Harry bit his tongue when he realised the extent of his babbling, and he watched Draco's for his reaction. He'd officially given away his entire hand, and it was Draco's turn.

"In our best interests?" Draco said, breaching the space between them and arching an eyebrow. "How Slytherin of you."

Harry laughed. "The Sorting Hat said I'd've made a good Slytherin."

Draco's other eyebrow hitched up to meet the first. "You'll have to tell me the story sometime." He took Harry's hand almost shyly and pulled him close.

Harry wrapped his arms around Draco's waist and kissed his lips. "Give me a chance and I'll tell you all my best stories."

Draco smiled and kissed Harry softly.

"Is that a yes, then?" Harry prompted.

But Draco only laughed and kissed him again.

Harry's fingers slid into Draco's hot tightness, and he cursed when his cock threatened to make an early night of it. Draco was just so unbearably sexy.

"I'm not made of glass, you know," Draco huffed, stretching his arms over his head and grasping the wrought iron twists of the headboard. His hips rode Harry's fingers, and Harry could do nothing else but watch him, entranced.

Well, almost nothing.

He did get it together enough to slick his own cock and settle on his knees between Draco's parted thighs. He palmed himself absentmindedly as he stared at his lover.

Harry had always thought Draco was like the moon: cool, distant, half unknown, and entirely inhospitable.

But bathed in the moonlight as he was, Harry now knew nothing was farther from the truth. Draco was like the sun: bright and burning but life-giving.

Hot.

Draco hitched his hips enticingly, and Harry wondered about his assertion that he'd never bottomed before. He was quite obviously a natural, but that was the sort of thing Draco would inevitably take the wrong way, so Harry kept his words to mumbles of pleasure and praise.

When he finally sank into that heat, everything seemed to come together. They weren't the greatest couple. They fought a lot, sometimes physically, sometimes with wands, always with amazing make-up sex. But there were moments, like this one, or others when Draco didn't try to cut them up and Harry didn't try to make demands... times like those when everything really would be okay. Eventually. Somehow.

Draco breathed out slowly as Harry entered him, and Harry let him set the pace. When Draco's arse was settled on Harry's lap, fully impaled, Draco planted his feet against the bed and lifted himself up before letting gravity take him back onto Harry's cock.

It might have been too much, seeing Draco on his back, fucking himself on Harry's cock, if they hadn't come only a few hours before, in the shower...cleaning themselves from the time they'd come before that. It shouldn't have been possible; no one had demanded as much from Harry as Draco did, and he'd certainly never offered himself so willingly to anyone. So it could work. It really could.

It fucking *had* to, because there was no way he could give this up. Harry moaned as Draco clenched around him, and despite his claims to the contrary, his orgasm was coming upon him faster than he'd expected.

"Touch yourself," he said hoarsely, wishing for Draco to not fight the command, to just do as Harry asked...for once.

And some god or another must have been listening, because Draco just exhaled sharply and grabbed his cock, thrusting into the fist and slamming himself onto Harry. Draco was in charge, even though Harry was technically doing the fucking.

"Harry!" Draco cried, eyes clenched shut as he came. His body stiffened in a high arch, and Harry reverently ran his hands down Draco's chest before gripping his hips and fucking him to completion.

When Harry came, he was in Draco's embrace, their mouths locked, Draco's legs high around his waist and holding on. Harry grunted against Draco's lips, not willing to break the kiss even then.

"Heavy," Draco groaned a few moments later, and Harry shifted inelegantly off of him. He gathered Draco into his arms, and the embrace was given as well as received.

"You're mine now, you know," Harry said almost casually. He pulled back to look at Draco's face, relieved to see a small smirk quirk his lips.

"I know," Draco said, and his tone was smug, familiarly so.

"I don't share."

"Neither do I."

"And I don't play games, Draco," Harry said with a warning in his voice. He wanted Draco to know that if they were together, there would be no making each other jealous or insulting each other's friends if they didn't understand...though Ron and Pansy might be a little *too* understanding. He wanted the real thing.

"I don't want to," Draco said in a rare show of pure honesty. "Not with you."

Harry nodded and rubbed their noses together. Draco snorted, rolling his eyes indulgently, and Harry laughed.

"This might be a bad idea," Harry said quietly. He didn't want it to be. It had the potential for something amazing, but it also had the potential for becoming apocalyptic.

"Might be," Draco agreed.

"I want to find out." Harry's voice was firm. Damn the world, he deserved this.

"So let's find out together."

That was as close as Draco got to romantic, and Harry took it happily. He licked the tip of Draco's nose, but Draco came back with a slow lave over Harry's own lips, his signal that talking just wasn't working any longer.

Harry groaned. Draco would surely be the death of him, one way or another.

But Harry had walked to his death before. It had never looked so good.

The End.