

# The Prize

by Keppiehed

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Chapter 1 of 1

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

**Prompts:** Harry Potter, Draco Malfoy, "scars, we all have them."

**A/N:** This was written for SortingHatDrabs.

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"You don't have your friends to help you now, do you, Potter?" Draco taunted. He gave the barest courtesy salute with his wand to indicate his readiness.

"I could say the same for you, Malfoy," Potter replied. He returned the gesture. "It's just us."

Draco narrowed his eyes. Something in Potter's tone unsettled him. The way the other boy was looking at him from behind those stupid glasses got on his nerves. Draco channeled his irritation into his first hex. "*Bumastus!*" he cried. Vines sprouted from the floor and twined around Potter's feet.

Potter aimed his wand at the tangle of flora and countered with a Defloresco charm, withering the foliage. He retaliated with a hurried "*Castreo!*"

Draco was quick to cast a Protego before the kick to his crotch could register and threw Potter a dirty look. After that, the curses and hexes flew in rapid succession, neither boy willing to surrender. They were evenly matched in skill, and the duel lasted for nearly an hour. Draco didn't want to admit that he was getting tired, but he was starting to run out of hexes to throw. That last spell of Potter's had almost grazed him. On the other hand, Potter was slowing, as well. Taking a chance, Draco feinted to the left and threw a jelly-legs jinx.

Potter had anticipated his move and gone the other way. He blocked it, and his voice rang in the chamber. "*Carpe Retractum!*"

Draco knew he was caught as he felt the pull of the magic. It yanked him across the room and brought him within an inch of his enemy. Potter need only pluck his wand from his grasp to make his victory complete. Draco scowled.

Potter just stood there, his head cocked.

"Go on! I suppose you want me to say it? That the great Harry Potter beat me?" Draco spat. "Well, if you think I'll ever say the words that I was beaten by a scar-faced loser, you've got another thing coming!"

"Scars?" Harry gave him a wink. "We all have them, Draco. Even you."

While Draco was still reeling over the wink, Potter reached over and picked the wand from his flaccid grasp. Draco gasped. Potter had won.

"Now, our deal," Potter said.

Draco frowned. "Fine. The loser does one thing of the winner's choosing. What's it going to be, Potter? Just tell me so I can get it over with already. And quit staring at me like that. You're creeping me out."

Potter looked at him a moment. "You have to close your eyes."

Draco eyed him. "What are you going to do to me?"

"Nothing you don't want, I promise," Potter said.

Draco closed his eyes. He was ready for anything—a punch to his gut, a curse. He clenched his fists, waiting.

Everything he thought he'd known ended when he felt lips touch his own.

He kissed back.