

# Dudley's Punishment

*by Keppiehed*

Dudley gets what's coming to him. It just isn't what he thinks it's going to be ...

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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

**Prompt:** Dudley, Draco, "striped pajamas"

**A/N:** Written I response to a challenge from Sunny33 and Quaaffswinegaily. Hope this fits the bill, ladies! And a tip of the hat to Starduchess, who helped revitalize my muse and gave me an idea for the plot.

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He had been dreaming of pancakes. Not just any pancakes, but his mother's. No one made them like Mummy did. Golden and fluffy, with a crisp around the edges, they were so delicious with bacon. With a little bit of syrup drizzled...

Dudley didn't know what woke him, but something did. He was quite put out. It had been a long time since he'd dreamt of breakfast food, and to have his dreams interrupted so rudely was intolerable. Perhaps he could return to his fancy. He rolled over.

And was stuck.

Dudley felt the foreign sensation of restraints on his wrists. He yanked his ankles and felt the bonds there, too. He panicked. He was tied to his own bed! What had taken him so long to realize it? Dudley thrashed around.

There was a velvet voice in his ear. "Calm yourself, stupid boy, and listen. If I had wanted to harm you, I could have a dozen times over whilst you slept."

While this logic percolated in his overheated brain, Dudley slowed his movements. It took a lot of energy to keep moving so violently, and he had just been asleep, after all. Something about the voice chilled him. He didn't recognize it.

"That's better. Some cooperation wouldn't go amiss in this situation."

"Wha ... what do you want? I've got money! I mean, my parents have money, if that's what you want!" Dudley's mind was finally starting to work. Isn't that what these kinds of people wanted? He didn't know. He was just a nice, normal bloke.

The voice laughed. "Money? Now that's a joke if I've ever heard one. You offering me money."

"What?" Dudley had the dignity to feel affronted. "My money's just as good as the next guy's, isn't it?"

The voice sounded mildly amused. "Don't you mean your parents' money?" it taunted.

"Well, if it comes down to it," Dudley answered. "What's it to you where it comes from?"

Silence.

Dudley strained to hear, but there was nothing, not a whisper of a sound. He opened his eyes wide, but there was only darkness. He began to get nervous.

"Because,"

Dudley jumped. The voice was right next to his ear.

"I'm not in it for the money."

Dudley tried to keep his breathing even, but his mind was spinning. This wasn't good, wasn't good at all. That meant ... that this wasn't about the money?

"What do you want?" Dudley asked. He tried not to sound scared, but he thought perhaps he might be.

"Ah, the question. What do I want? Well, *Duddy-kins*, I want to play a little game. That's what I want."

A frisson of fear went up Dudley's spine. "Who are you? How did you ... you know that name?"

"*Lumos*."

Dudley's eyes watered as the light flared to life in the pitch darkness. His heart hammered in his chest as he recognized the seriousness of his situation in an instant. He had been tied up in his bed by a *wizard*. Fear, sharp and guttural, thrummed through him. He got lightheaded and felt a faint coming on.

"Dudley!" The wizard barked. "For the love of Merlin ... you aren't going to pass out, are you? Harry said you were a bit..."

"Harry?" Dudley sat up. "You know Harry?"

The wizard's eyes narrowed. "Not that it is any of your concern, but yes. He the reason for my ... visit, shall we say."

Dudley took in the appearance of the man sitting next to his bed. He was slim, with blond hair that was so light it almost looked white. He was pale everywhere, though, from his skin to his weirdly gray eyes. Maybe he had a condition. A wizard condition. Dudley felt bad for him. He knew what it was like not to fit in because of your looks. "So, you're an albino, eh?"

The man looked startled. "What?"

"Oh, and hard of hearing!" Dudley shouted. "Yes, well, I do understand what it's like, but you needn't tie up people just..."

"I'm not an albino, you imbecile!" The man stood up and held out his wand. "Now, shut up and listen, or I won't hesitate to gag you."

Dudley's eyes widened at the wand that was brandished rather threateningly. Apparently this man, whomever he was, was touchy about his condition.

The man took a breath. "I am here on behalf our our mutual acquaintance, Harry. I believe you are cousins? A nod will suffice."

Dudley nodded.

"Well, Harry means a bit more to me than that. You apparently have no idea who I am. My name is Malfoy." The man waited.

Dudley didn't move.

Malfoy cleared his throat. "*Draco* Malfoy."

Apparently this Draco wanted some sort of fanfare. Dudley was getting the notion that he was rather a megalomaniac. He nodded, as if he had just remembered something interesting.

Draco sighed. "Harry's *boyfriend*?"

Dudley's eyes almost popped out. "Harry's a..."

"Careful," Draco growled.

"...wonderful guy, full of surprises," Dudley amended.

"Yes, well, be that as it may, he is also far too forgiving, in my opinion. When it came to my attention the indignities he had suffered at your hands as a youngster, I thought a little visit was in order." Draco said.

"What?" Dudley frowned. "Harry and I have squared that all away. We're fine now. I haven't seen him in a few months, actually. In fact, last Easter he came over and everything was bully. What are you on about?"

"Oh, Dudley, my poor Dudley." Draco clucked and shook his head in mock sympathy. "You don't seem to understand how retribution works. It doesn't need a current reason. And it will cut you down when you least expect it. You have to pay for how you treated your cousin all those years ago. You didn't think you'd really get away with it, did you? Harry may have forgiven you...but / don't. And I'm here now."

Dudley saw the good humor vanish, and what had been a facade of politeness drop away. Cold steel glinted in those gray eyes, and Dudley felt fear run through his veins like ice water. "Please, no ..." He began to struggle against his bonds.

Draco aimed his wand at Dudley. "Let's have some dignity, shall we? None of that. You know it won't avail you. Take it like a man, for once. You *are* a man, aren't you, Dudley? Let's find out."

With a flick of his wrist, the covers peeled back to reveal Dudley's pajamas. He was wearing his favorite pair, a rather garishly striped set. They were silk, though, and he thought that should count for something. His eyes snapped up in ready defense.

Draco arched a brow. "For shame, Dursley. I don't think I need to tell you how deplorably green clashes with purple. Why this travesty, Dudley? When you wear something abhorrent, you are only punishing yourself, you know."

Dudley's face was flaming red. "I'm hot in the summer!"

Draco's eyes fluttered shut for a moment, as if he had a headache. "That is no excuse for bad fashion." He took a breath. "Be that as it may, a smart man knows that

nightwear is only for one thing: to be taken off."

"What?" Dudley felt his panic rising. "You aren't going to take my jammies off, are you?"

"Oh, I'm going to do that, and a lot more." Draco leaned in. "I'm going to humiliate you like you humiliated Harry. And then, *maybe*, we can call it 'square'."

"Please don't! I'm sorry!" Dudley didn't want that. He would do anything to avoid the shame of it, even beg. Nothing was worse than being naked in front of this man, nothing! The very thought curled his toes, and he felt panicked tears start. "I'll do anything, but please don't hurt me!"

Just then, there was a loud bang of the front door. Both men looked at each other.

"Don't you live alone?" Draco asked.

"Yeah," Dudley whispered.

They stared at each other, eyes wide.

The door to the bedroom opened.

Harry stepped in. "Hello, guys. Mind if I join you?"

"Harry!" They cried in unison.

"What are you doing here?" Draco asked.

"You're dating a boy? Not that there's anything wrong with that!" Dudley added hastily, aware that he was still tied up.

Harry cocked his head. "I thought I'd find you here, Draco. What's going on?"

Dudley watched as a blush descended across the features of the taller man. "Oh, well. I just thought that after our talk the other night ... you deserved some kind of ... dammit, Harry! It's not right! And this little worm should pay!"

Harry's eyes lit up. "Draco, we were just talking about the past. That's what people who care about each other do: they share things. I didn't want you to go vigilante on me. I've put this behind me, I really have. Dudley and I are friends now. Right, Dudley?"

Dudley nodded. Vigorously.

"And I can't have you torturing my relatives, I really can't. So promise me that I can trust you not to do this again, Draco." Harry stepped forward and put a hand on Draco's shoulder.

Dudley couldn't help smirking. This was going to be good. Hearing that stuck-up git having to promise anything to Harry!

Draco pressed his lips together, and in what was clearly a difficult concession, said "Yes, Harry. I promise not to torture your family. But I still think he deserves it."

Harry smiled. "You can think it. And I am touched that you would try and protect me. In fact, that really makes me want to do *this* ..." he leaned in and whispered something in Draco's ear.

Draco's spine stiffened visibly. And that probably wasn't the only thing, either, Dudley thought miserably.

"Yes," Draco said. He grabbed the back of Harry's head and pulled him forward into a kiss. It was a long, sloppy one. With tongue.

Dudley felt sick. He didn't want to see this sort of thing! Not in his own bedroom, with his own cousin, wearing his favorite pajamas! He couldn't very well look away, as they were right in front of him, and he was tied up. They were really going at it, weren't they? Harry reached down and kneaded Draco's arse, which was admittedly firm. Dudley couldn't tear his eyes from the sight of his cousin snogging another man. They were starting to moan...a little indecently, if you asked him...and grind against each other. Dudley couldn't be blamed if he started to get the teeniest bit aroused by the sight. Anyone would. It wasn't his fault. It was a normal, healthy reaction to have.

He glanced up and saw his cousin's green eyes twinkling. Harry could see his erection, and he winked. Dudley had never been so embarrassed in all his life. He wanted to die of shame.

Harry broke away from his boyfriend. "Come on, let's go," he said. "I can think of a few other things I'd rather be doing, can't you?"

"But what about *him*?" Draco jerked his head to indicate Dudley. He was a little breathless. His eyes hadn't left Harry's face.

Harry waved his hand, and Dudley's restraints fell free. Dudley scrambled for the blankets and covered himself.

"Oh, him? I think he's been punished enough." Harry grinned.

"Hmmmph. I don't see how, but I said I'd leave it be. Let's go," Draco said. He scowled at Dudley. "I guess I'll see *you* at Christmas."

"Bye, Dudley," Harry gave a wave. The two men left.

Dudley curled up on the pillow. Maybe it wasn't too late to get back to that dream of pancakes?