

# Traditions and Innuendo

*by mayfly*

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## Part 1 of 4

*Chapter 1 of 4*

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Author's Note: Written for cassie\_black12 for the 2009 hp\_yule\_balls.

Part 1/4

If he were to think back, he could pinpoint exactly where it all started. At the time it had seemed a perfectly ordinary night, which had been preceded by a perfectly ordinary day. He had had no premonitions, no strange feelings; there had been nothing portentous at all in the air.

That was how, unaware of what was to come, Harry was sitting in the Auror Headquarters on the night of the 3rd of July 2007. It had been a perfectly dull Tuesday, and the night promised to be just as dull. Normally Harry liked taking the night shift; there was more promise of action and adrenaline-fuelled chases through night-time London. Even though, if he were being completely honest, the chases hadn't actually happened yet. But he was hoping they would, eventually.

Harry sat in his cubicle, doodling on the back of an old report. It was a hot muggy night, the sort that sapped all energy and willpower to move. Harry was pretty sure he wouldn't have to move from his chair until his shift was over barring the occasional toilet break of course so he made himself more comfortable in his Ministry-issue chair and chewed the end of his quill as he wondered whether his doodle looked more like a cat or a cow. He decided to add whiskers and a longer tail to settle the matter.

"Potter, Cummings, Fairweather, we have a call." Bernice, the night shift's secretary, had the bad habit of sneaking up on them when they least expected her. Harry nearly put his quill through his parchment in surprise, Cummings slid off the side of the desk he had been dozing on and fell on the floor, and Fairweather hit her head against the underside of her desk what she had been doing under there was anyone's guess.

Bernice snickered. "A report of 'Disturbance Of The Peace' in Trafalgar Square. Hop to, gentlemen and lady."

They got to their feet with a minimum of enthusiasm. It was probably just a group of drunken wizards and witches who decided to take their merrymaking a bit too far. Harry sighed as he followed the others out the door. Being an Auror certainly wasn't all that it was cracked up to be.

"Oh, Potter," the secretary called out just as he was about to leave.

"Yes, Bernice?"

"Let's avoid calling in the Obliviators this time, shall we?" She gave him a wide smile as the others tittered behind him.

Harry ducked his head to hide his blush and quickly ushered the others out. You make one, one, stupid call and they never let you live it down.

They Apparated into a secluded side street and walked to Trafalgar Square, expecting to find a large group of loud and rowdy youths, only to find the place practically deserted. A Muggle drunk lifted his bottle in greeting and continued trying to put on the robe he had found. Harry looked closer: it was definitely a wizard's robe, quite a fine one too, with an embroidered trim of gold thread. Actually, now that he was looking, there was a whole trail of clothes leading towards...

"Look, over there!" Cummings called out.

... the fountain. A single, bright figure was cavorting in the fountain. As they jogged closer it became apparent that he was male and very, very naked and very, very drunk. He was mangling an old Celestina Warbeck song as he held a half empty champagne bottle aloft. From what Harry could see he was rather fit; he had angular wide shoulders that tapered down to a trim waist and a rather luscious arse. Harry found himself staring in appreciation and idly wondering how unprofessional it would be to proposition the man. Would it be better if he did it before or after he arrested him? Harry felt like hitting himself. There he went, doing it again! Ever since his successful, and final, defeat of Voldemort, Harry's long dormant sex drive has reared its ugly, and irrepressible, head and gone into overdrive. Sometimes he wished he could just turn the bloody thing off!

Fairweather jabbed him sharply in the ribs with her elbow, cutting his musings off and bringing him abruptly back to the matter at hand, but unfortunately doing nothing to his annoying libido. Cummings took a couple of steps forward.

"Please turn around and come with us in an orderly manner!" Cummings called out in his best authoritative voice. Fairweather snickered and Harry stood up straighter.

The blond with the gorgeous backside stopped singing and clumsily turned round. Harry had just enough time to make out a well defined chest, an attractive cock and Malfoy's face, in that order Harry had priorities after all before the drunk blond lost his footing and fell down with a big splash.

Fairweather laughed out loud, Cummings tsked and Harry stared, gobsmacked. Malfoy? It was a testament to how ridiculously oversexed he had become that the knowledge of the identity of his current object of lust made no difference to his libido. If the convulsive twitch his cock just made was anything to go by, it seemed to be rather turned on by the turn of events. Harry always had suspected that he was a bit of a pervert.

Malfoy was not deterred by his fall. "Oops!" he exclaimed brightly as he popped his sopping wet head out of the water. He slung an arm over one of the bronze merman and took a swallow out of his bottle. Harry's eyes immediately tracked the bobbing of his Adam's apple before dropping to hungrily check out his glistening pectoral muscles and peaked pink nipples. He swallowed hard, earning himself another sharp elbow in his ribs. He really needed to get laid soon. Maybe then he would be able to properly concentrate on his job.

Malfoy made a face and threw away his bottle, just as Harry was surreptitiously adjusting his trousers.

Cummings tapped his wand briskly against his thigh and gave an annoyed huff. "That's enough of that!" he said brusquely. "Pull yourself together, man, and for heaven's sake cover yourself, there's a lady present."

"Don't mind me," Fairweather retorted cheerily. "I'm quite enjoying the view. Not as much as Potter though."

Harry sputtered and muttered, *'traitor'* under his breath. Malfoy, however, visibly perked up. "Potter?" he asked. "Did you say *Potter*?" He looked around blearily until he saw Harry.

"Ah, my dear Potter!" he exclaimed. Harry hadn't thought he'd ever see Malfoy happy to see him; he wondered how many bottles of champagne it had taken. "Fancy seeing you here," Malfoy went on in an overly loud and bright voice, slurring his words only the slightest bit. "What's a nice boy like you doing in a place like this?"

Harry swore he felt his eyes bulge. Fairweather slapped him on the back and laughed out loud. Malfoy gave her a bright grin and a flourishing bow and promptly fell on his arse once more.

Cummings ground his teeth. "Oh for the love of..." he muttered. "Potter!" he barked. "He obviously knows you. Go and fish the pathetic sod out. The sooner we get him out of there and back to Headquarters and booked, the sooner I can forget this whole sorry episode ever happened."

Fairweather gave him a helpful push forward, and Harry stumbled as he made his way towards his old rival. He was so confused that he hardly knew if getting closer to the ~~wet~~~~naked~~~~drunken~~~~insufferable~~~~wanker~~~~bloody~~~~gorgeous~~ blond was a good or bad thing. Even though he had to admit that there was a big part of him that was just itching to get its hands on the enticing man.

By the time he got to the edge of the fountain, Malfoy had helpfully paddled over if only he were this accommodating sober! so all Harry had to do was lean over, grab him under the arms and lift him up and over and out of the water. Malfoy let out a surprised squeak as Harry lifted him, but quickly took to the idea, wrapping his arms around Harry and laying his head on Harry's shoulder. Water started to seep through Harry's robes as he awkwardly held on to the blond, at loss as to what to do next. He consciously gritted his teeth in an effort to keep himself from groping the delightfully slender man in his arms.

With a muttered spell Cummings dried them, making Draco jump and squeak once more before humming in contentment and snuggling into Harry. Harry's brain short-circuited as he felt a firm chest and a warm, slowly hardening cock plaster themselves against him. *Perks of the job*, he thought to himself before yelping. Malfoy had grabbed his arse. "Nice," he whispered into Harry's shell-shocked ear. A second later, Cummings had pulled him off and unceremoniously wrapped him in the robe with the gold trimming. In the background the drunk could be heard grumbling.

"Let's get him back to Headquarters." Cummings held Malfoy up as if he were something distasteful; he had clearly had enough of him.

Malfoy squirmed in the unfriendly grip. "No, I want Potter," he whined. Cummings growled and thrust Malfoy forward. "Take him," he said, and Harry did. The Slytherin's weight felt oddly comfortable and familiar in his arms. Giving in to his baser urges, he held Malfoy much closer than he strictly had to.

Malfoy didn't seem to mind in the least. "Hey, handsome," he whispered drunkenly in Harry's ear. "Wanna take this somewhere more private?" In response Harry gripped him even tighter and Apparated them both to the Auror Headquarters' Apparition Chamber. Fairweather and Cummings were already waiting for them.

Malfoy opened his eyes and slurred, "Where's the bed? I have a whole list of naughty things you can do to me." For a split second Harry wondered how much trouble he would get into if he Apparated Malfoy back to his flat and took up his offer.

He was abruptly jolted out of his brief, but very pleasant daydream, as Fairweather's laughter filled the room and Cummings opened the door. "Come on, let's get this over with," Cummings ground out.

After that, things went rather speedily. Malfoy seemed to fall from his drunken high and barely kept from nodding off after they deposited him in a chair. The booking was quickly done and it was only a matter of minutes to fire-call Malfoy Manor.

Harry experienced another first: he had never thought he would ever see Mrs Malfoy in a dressing gown, and he was sure he never would again. Cummings' drooling was practically audible in the background. It was easy to see where Malfoy got his looks from.

Mrs Malfoy was polite and accommodating. In no time at all, she had bundled up her erring son and Flooed them both back to the Manor. Harry felt almost sorry to see them go.

Harry and the others quickly wrote up the necessary report and filed it. Afterwards Harry made a quick trip to the toilets to deal with the ~~little~~ *problem* Malfoy had left him with. On his way back to his cubicle he was feeling much more clear-headed already. He shook his head in disbelief toward the way he had let Malfoy of all people get to him. It had been nothing more than an aberration, he assured himself. A testament to how desperately he needed to get laid.

Soon after, Harry was back to whiling away the rest of his shift doodling farm animals, with varied rates of success. Picking Malfoy up had been rather diverting and was certain to make an interesting anecdote the next time he was out with his friends. Of course he would not be telling them about his temporary lapse of judgement; there was no need for him to embarrass himself. There was no way he could have known what was to follow and even if he had, he doubted he could have prevented the way events unfolded.

*Five months later*

"He's here again!"

Ron's head popped into Harry's cubicle just as he had finished his second morning tea and was wondering whether he should finish off his late reports or get himself another one of those delicious biscuits from the tea room.

"Almost *every bloody Friday!*" Harry exclaimed, exasperated, to his grinning friend. He dragged himself out of his chair. "All right, let's see what he's dreamed up this time."

Ron continued grinning and led the way. There was a time, Harry thought with fond nostalgia, that just the thought of Draco Malfoy poncing around the Auror Headquarters and telling them what to do would have had Ron in a lather. Harry heaved a heavy sigh. Gone were those days. Lately Ron had even begun looking forward to Malfoy's practically weekly visits.

A group of Aurors was slowly congregating near the notice board. The notice board Malfoy had put up so he could erect his various edicts and propositions and regulations. All with the official seal of the Department for the Advocation of Integration and the Development of Equality (or AIDE for short).

Harry easily pushed through the small group to take a look at Malfoy's latest work and assess the amount of bother it would give him. He resolutely didn't look at Malfoy standing to one side, preening. He didn't notice the gleaming blond hair, styled to perfection, or the fashionable muted purple robes that highlighted his shoulders while lightly skimming over his hips and opening to showcase his long lean legs. Using the great force of will he was famous for, Harry concentrated all his attention on the notice taking pride of place amongst all the older ones.

It only took him three attempts to finally manage to read the short notice. Harry was quite proud of himself. Malfoy might douse himself in that delicious aftershave and answer questions using that deceptively soft and melodious voice, but he could not distract Harry. Harry read the notice a fourth time, just to be sure, and because he had just forgotten what it said.

"Yule?" he asked perplexedly. "You want the Ministry to officially recognise and celebrate Yule?"

Malfoy looked at Harry with his preternaturally large and luminous eyes. "Yes," he said seriously. "Yule time and Yule traditions are an important and integral part of 'Wizarding Tradition and Pure-blood Culture'." Harry could actually hear the other man capitalising. "We at the Office for the Preservation and Promotion of Wizarding Tradition and Pure-blood Culture think that it's about time the Ministry officially recognised it as such. And to that means we have already made our petition and are currently gathering signatures. We have also arranged that this year the Ministry will be celebrating Yule, so you less fortunate can see what you're missing."

Malfoy gave Harry a winning, and infuriatingly superior, smile. Harry clenched his fists in annoyance.

"Brilliant, isn't it?" Ron butted in, obviously quite taken with the idea. "Yule's a bit like Christmas, only longer and with more drinking and stuff. Also, Malfoy wants to make Yule Day a holiday!"

Harry turned to look at his friend. "You knew about this," he accused him.

Ron rolled his eyes. "Of course I did. Malfoy works for Hermione's department, doesn't he? We had him over for dinner on Wednesday, and he told us all about his proposal. Hermione's very excited by it. She loves anything new, she does."

"Yes," Malfoy put in, his clipped accent coming in sharp contrast with Ron's. "Hermione is very open-minded and accepting, *unlike some others*." He shot Harry a sharp accusing look, and Harry scowled in response. Bloody Slytherin git, underhandedly winning over his friends behind his back.

Following his usual confusing and suspect tactics, Malfoy quickly changed tack and winked at Harry. He leaned close to Harry. "Don't worry," he said in a low, intimate voice that could almost be called throaty, "I'll make sure you enjoy it. I can make it very good for you."

While Harry opened and closed his mouth, rendered speechless once more by the blond, Malfoy stood up straight again.

"Well," he said in a bright, loud voice. "My work here is done. I can hear the siren call of the empty notice boards all over the Ministry, asking to display our new, brilliant announcement. I will be visiting again anon, but for now I must spread the good word!"

With his usual ostentatious flourish and a toss of his gleaming silver hair, Malfoy spun on his expensive heel and strutted out of Auror Headquarters, purple robes flapping.

As usual Harry felt like he had just been hit with a combination of a Stunning Spell and a Confundus: disoriented, vaguely irritated and unaccountably sexually frustrated. He turned to talk to Ron.

"Did you hear what he said to me?" he asked. When Ron just looked at him, perplexed, Harry felt the need to elaborate. "How he would make sure I enjoy it?"

Ron shrugged unconcernedly. "Yule will be fun, you'll see. That's all Malfoy was saying. He's not too bad a bloke once you get to know him."

Harry looked at Ron incredulously. There was a time when Harry had thought his friends to be immune to Malfoy's insidious charm. "And you really should stop imagining he's coming on to you," Ron added offhandedly, making Harry gape. "I asked him about it."

"You asked him about it!" Harry's voice broke into an unmanly high pitched screech on the last word.

"Yup," Ron confirmed, unperturbed. "I told him that you think he's flirting with you."

"You told him..." Harry spluttered. Merlin save him from his friends!

"He thought it was rather funny. He asked if you often accuse people of flirting with you. So really you're just imagining things." Ron gave Harry a sympathetic pat on the back and went to get himself some more biscuits from the tea room.

"I'm just imagining things?" Harry couldn't help but feel disappointed and betrayed by his friends. First Hermione and now Ron? As he trudged back to the safety of his Malfoy-free cubicle, he couldn't help but ruminate on how it had all begun.

He supposed that it all must have started with that fateful night they booked Malfoy. The Ministry protected their own and the next day not a whisper of *Malfoy's little impropriety*, as Harry had heard some call it, had got out. However, despite the Ministry's best efforts on his behalf, Malfoy's name still managed to find its way into the headlines.

*Greengrass Daughter Gives Gay Malfoy Heir the Boot!* the *Daily Prophet's* front page had exclaimed the next day. *Well, that certainly explains a lot*, Harry had thought as he skimmed through the article. The divorce had been finalised the day before. The ink had barely dried on the parchments before Asteria Greengrass had walked into the *Daily Prophet's* offices with her sob story. Soon Malfoy's dirty linen had become a matter of public knowledge and public gossip. Everybody had seemed to particularly enjoy finding out Malfoy's affinity for being '*buggered by stable boys*': It was enough to drive anyone to drink!

It hadn't taken long for the letters demanding Malfoy's dismissal from the Ministry to come. It seemed like it was too much to ask the public to employ the *homosexual* son of a Death Eater. Predictably Hermione had been up in arms. "This is preposterous!" she had exclaimed for all to hear. "This is blatant discrimination!" she had assured them. "And my department will not stand for it!"

After a short stint in the Department for the Regulation and Control of Magical Creatures, Hermione had managed to persuade Minister Shacklebolt that the Ministry was in desperate need of a new department. And thus the Department for the Advocation of Integration and the Development of Equality (AIDE) was created with Hermione as its head. She was heralded as the youngest department head the Ministry had seen in three hundred years. Hermione took it all in stride and began her campaign to combat discrimination and infringement of rights and freedoms immediately.

But even though Malfoy had started out as another one of Hermione's causes, before long, to Harry's and Ron's consternation, they had ended up becoming friends. Malfoy had managed to keep his job at the Ministry, but after less than two weeks he had asked to be transferred out of the International Magical Trading Standards Body, where he had been working, and into the Department of AIDE. And that had been the beginning of the end as far as Harry had been concerned.

Whereas by herself Hermione had run a well-meaning and necessary, but ultimately rather annoying, department, with Malfoy by her side the department had turned into an in-suppressible thorn in the Ministry's side, prepared to go to any lengths to ram its vision of political correctness down everyone's throats. What was even worse was that Harry had had to listen to Hermione rhapsodise about what an irreplaceable addition to her department Malfoy had become.

It had begun rather well with the *Freedom of Sexual Expression Bill* becoming the second bill Hermione's department managed to get the Wizengamot to approve after the *Werewolf Rights Bill* of the previous year. But soon enough they had begun championing the *Ghost and Spirits Marriage Bill*, which had put the Department for the Regulation and Control of Magical Creatures' nose out of joint, and demanding that each Ministry department employ a minimum quota of hags, vampires and Squibs, which had put *every department's* nose out of joint.

Not too long after that Hermione had let Malfoy create his own office in the department, the *Office for the Preservation and Promotion of Wizarding Tradition and Pure-blood Culture*.

"He will still be helping with the department's important actions," Hermione had told Harry. "But he wanted his own pet project, and I think it's brilliant!"

"Not a bad idea for an office, that," Ron had said. "It might come in handy."

Horror of horrors, Ron had become friends with Malfoy!

That had been almost two months ago. Since then Harry had had to put up with Malfoy's ever growing list of edicts, propositions, announcements and regulations. The old fogeys in the Wizengamot had loved Malfoy's new office and approved every single thing he brought before them. The notice board in the Auror Headquarters, which Malfoy had so thoughtfully put up, fairly groaned under the weight of the parchment he had put up on it.

Even worse than that, Harry had had to put up with Malfoy's near constant presence. Every now and then, with some excuse or another, Malfoy would swan into the Auror Headquarters with his distinctive cologne, gleaming hair and expensive robes, looking for all the world as if he had come out of the pages of a fashion magazine, to make Harry's life miserable. Malfoy would alternately call Harry out for infractions real and imagined, inform him of the new regulations he would be called on to enforce, and flirt outrageously with him. After every meeting with the impossible pure-blood, Harry was forced to flee to the toilets to release the tension Malfoy created. This time was hardly any different, so Harry carefully closed his door and sat behind his desk to unbutton his trousers and surreptitiously slip a hand inside.

It was more than Harry could stand. Whenever he tried calling Malfoy out on his inappropriate comments, or telling anyone else, the response was the same. He got laughed at. It was time Harry finally did something about it. Malfoy obviously thought it was some kind of game, so maybe Harry should just see if he could beat him at it.

Harry saw Malfoy again on Tuesday. He was still mulling over how he should go about putting Malfoy in his place, and as such he was caught quite unaware.

Harry had just arrived at the Auror Headquarters on Tuesday morning and was unobtrusively making himself a cup of tea in the tea-room when he heard raised voices from the main room. He waited until his tea had properly stewed it was an exact procedure that one shouldn't take lightly and then, mug firmly clasped in one hand, he went out to explore. He should have known it would be Malfoy.

Malfoy in an eye-catching shiny emerald green two-piece robe was directing a troupe of Ministry elves while the Aurors looked on in varying degrees of amusement and interest. The elves seemed to be handling a huge piece of wood and trying to arrange it to Malfoy's satisfaction. Finally they seemed to get it just right, and Malfoy sent them on their way and looked around in evident self-satisfaction.

"What did you bring us a hunking piece of wood for, Malfoy? Is this some obscure pure-blood tradition?" Harry asked mockingly. The huge log was rough and gnarled and was anything but straight or decorative.

Malfoy let out a loud theatrical sigh. "Potter, whoever told you your boorish ignorance was endearing and loveable was lying. Please refrain from making more of a fool of yourself than is strictly necessary." Titters were heard from the audience of assembled Aurors and Harry flushed.

Malfoy spotted Fairweather in the crowd and doffed an imaginary hat in her direction. "Would the lovely Auror Fairweather be kind enough to inform poor naive Potter what this is?"

Fairweather smiled indulgently at Malfoy; ever since seeing him in the all-together in July, she had developed quite a soft spot for the annoying prat, and he for her. She turned to Harry. She arched an eyebrow at him and said in an instructing manner reminiscent of Hermione, "It's a Yule Log, Potter. A traditional Yule decoration."

"I couldn't have said it better, milady." Malfoy blew Fairweather a gallant kiss she pretended to catch and gave her a cheeky grin.

Most of the Aurors started to disperse, Fairweather amongst them, evidently having seen a Yule Log before. Malfoy stalked closer to Harry, his strides oddly cat-like. "I would beg you to please not insult my ancestors' customs," he said sharply. "If you just open your mind, you might find that you'll enjoy it," he added, his voice going softer. "There are a lot of things I'm sure you'd enjoy if you opened your mind enough to try them." The last was said in a soft suggestive whisper practically in Harry's ear, and Harry was left once more without a thing to say as his ear burned hot from Malfoy's breath.

Malfoy took a small step away from Harry and gestured towards the Yule Log. "Traditionally a Yule Log is never bought, but always gifted, so my department has taken it upon itself to gift all the other Ministry departments with their own log." He paused for a second as if expecting praise. "I took particular care in choosing the logs. For the Aurors I chose the longest and thickest I could find. I'm told that you appreciate long, thick pieces of wood." Malfoy's voice was heavy with insinuation, and as Harry turned to goggle at him, he saw that he had once more sidled closer to him and was giving him one of his inscrutable looks.

How Harry hated himself at that moment! Once more he let Malfoy make him feel like an inexperienced teenager, wide-eyed and tongue-tied. Malfoy's words, said in that delicious posh voice and coming out of those delectable dainty pink lips, sent a jolt of electricity straight down to Harry's groin. And then Harry got a whiff of Malfoy's distinctive cologne and all was lost. He looked up into Malfoy's knowing clear grey eyes and gripped his tea mug harder for support.

"Yeah, well I'm sorry for before. It's a lovely wood... I mean log! Thank you." To his relief Harry managed to sound relatively normal, and not in the least like a man who was now sporting a semi-hard on.

Malfoy gave Harry one of his sharp smiles. "Think nothing of it. We aim to please! I must leave you now, for I have many more logs to gift." With his usual theatrical swirl, Malfoy turned on his heel and strode out the Auror Headquarters. Harry sighed in relief and looked down at his forgotten tea. It was stone cold and undrinkable now; he would have to make a new cup. But first things first a trip to the loo was now imperative.

As Harry took care of his Malfoy-induced problem in the relative privacy of a toilet stall, he couldn't help but feel very disappointed with himself. Next time Malfoy visited he had to be prepared. He refused to let the little snot leave him tongue-tied one more time!

## Part 2 of 4

### Chapter 2 of 4

The last thing Harry wants is for Malfoy to jam another pure-blood tradition down his throat, especially if he's going to be so flirtatious while doing it.

**Author's Notes:**This was written for cassie\_black12 for the 2009 hp\_yule\_balls. Many, many thanks to my gorgeous beta raisinous\_fiend for putting up with my bad grammar, impossible tardiness and panic attacks. And also for being brutally honest and not letting me get away with anything. All remaining inconsistencies are mine.

Harry trudged back to Auror Headquarters, annoyed and cold. He had been sent out to check out a possible sighting of a wanted wizard on the run. He should have known it would have been nothing more than a waste of time. As it was he had just spent almost two hours wading through mud for nothing. He couldn't wait to get back to his office and have a nice warm cup of tea. Preferably accompanied by the nice cinnamon biscuits someone considerate left in the tea room this morning.

As he reached Auror Headquarters he heard the sounds of mild commotion. Knowing his luck, it would be Malfoy again. Taking a deep breath, he disillusioned himself and slowly crept into the main room. He was right; it was Malfoy and his posse of elves. Holding his breath, he slowly and carefully crept through the room towards the tea-room. Out of the corner of his eye he saw the elves and a couple of fellow Aurors - damn their training - spot him, but thankfully no one said anything and Malfoy remained blissfully unaware.

Once in the relative safety of the tea-room, Harry breathed a sigh of relief and quickly busied himself with making a cup of tea. Once the tea was ready, he let himself collapse into a chair and sip his beverage. Slowly, slowly he could feel the aggravation and tiredness slipping away, only to be replaced by acute awareness of Malfoy's presence in the next room and curiosity as to what he was up to.

When he felt up to it, he made his way towards the door, keeping his Disillusionment Charm up. Leaning against the doorjamb, he was able to observe Malfoy, and perhaps admire him a little bit, mind you, just a very little bit.

Malfoy stood in the middle of the room, straight-backed, sharp chin proudly pointing upwards, dressed in mind-boggling robes, unbelievably tight and orange with a trim of what looked like green holly leaves. He looked ridiculous, and yet Harry's unmanageable libido was urging him to go over and grab him, and then do unmentionable things to him.

Harry squelched his ridiculous urges, reminding himself what an utter and impossible prat Malfoy was. After the short inner scolding, Harry managed to tear his eyes away from the orange figure in the centre of the room and see what the elves were up to. Harry almost choked on his own spit when he saw.

Malfoy was expertly directing the elves to turn the Auror Headquarters into a giant over-decorated showroom. There were red, green, gold, white and silver spangles and ribbons absolutely *everywhere*. Huge wreaths of some sort of greenery hung on all the walls, and every door-frame was literally covered in ivy and holly, and was that *mistletoe*? It looked absolutely atrocious, and to make matters worse Malfoy was currently instructing the elves to position giant garish gold candles in strategically annoying spots.

After surveying the damage, Harry decided he would have to talk to Malfoy. *Be polite*, he instructed himself. *Don't be confrontational. Keep cool, and for Merlin's sake don't jump the bloody wanker!* He dropped the Disillusionment Charm and carefully walked over, unconsciously mimicking the way he had seen Charlie Weasley approach the more irritable dragons in the reserve.

He timed his steps to coincide with the final positioning of the last candle. Malfoy motioned the elves to stand by and proudly looked over his creation, just as Harry took the last step to reach his side. *Keep cool*, Harry reminded himself. *And don't say anything stupid.*

"Well this certainly looks... like a lot of work," Harry finally managed to force out in a pleasant, he hoped, tone.

The corners of Malfoy's mouth curled up, making Harry irrationally proud of himself, but he didn't turn round. His eyes were still roaming over the large room. Admiring his work or looking for faults? Harry wondered.

"I have made it my mission this year to make sure that all Ministry employees receive the full Yule experience," Malfoy answered haughtily.

*Be polite*, Harry told himself. *And try to beat him at his own game.* He racked his brain unsuccessfully for something suggestive to say.

"And you plan on doing it all by yourself?" Harry finally said. "Don't you have any assistants?"

Malfoy gestured towards the elves. "All the assistants a determined pure-blood needs."

Harry wondered just what Hermione thought of that. *Don't be confrontational*, he reminded himself just in time.

"So... you personally see to all the departments?" Harry asked, feeling just the slightest bit impressed.

Malfoy finally waved the elves away and turned round to look at Harry. "Why yes, I do," he said. "If you want anything done properly, you should do it yourself," he added before leaning conspiratorially closer to Harry. "My department is very *hands on*. Call it the *personal touch*, if you will." Malfoy had dropped his voice to a throaty whisper, and as if conditioned Harry's body reacted as it always did.

Even though he could feel his temperature rising and his cock slowly hardening - why did it have to have such a hair-trigger? - Harry managed to force himself to breathe evenly. *Keep cool. Don't let him get to you.*

Harry cocked his head to the side and pouted just a little. "I thought that you personally *took care* of only the Aurors." He tried his best to sound slightly disappointed and very flirty. He looked at Malfoy from under his lashes and cringed inwardly, afraid that he was getting it all wrong and making a fool of himself.

Harry was pleased to see Malfoy start and look surprised. Malfoy quickly wiped the surprise from his face and smiled, pleased. Harry's temperature rose even higher, and

he noticed that his heart-beat had gone up too.

"Alas," Malfoy answered. "I give all the departments the same treatment. But if you need *any personal assistance in anything*, my door is always open for you." Malfoy's eyes were twinkling almost as distractingly as his pink lips were carefully enunciating every suggestive word. "You can have a *private session* any time you want, *Auror*." Malfoy's mouth was practically at Harry's ear and his hot whisper made shivers run down Harry's spine.

Harry's cock was now throbbing uncomfortably. *I wonder if Malfoy likes to talk dirty in the bedroom* Harry's irrepressible libido thought. The last remaining logical part of his brain squashed the thought. *Keep cool. Don't let him win again.*

Using all his impressive will-power to keep his voice from wavering, Harry managed to answer sounding relatively nonchalant. "I might take you up on it."

Malfoy's eyes twinkled even more and he smiled. "You should," he said before nodding and striding out of Auror Headquarters.

Once Malfoy had left, Harry let himself relax and blow out a deep breath. That hadn't gone too bad. Even though he still had a long way to go to make Malfoy lose his cool, he had managed to keep his own, even if he did forget to say something about the horrid decorations. Smiling in satisfaction, Harry took the shortest route to the loo.

The next day Malfoy visited again.

Harry was in his cubicle, writing reports when someone knocked on his open door. He lifted his head to find Malfoy standing there. He was wearing the same ridiculous robes as the day before ("They're not that bad," Ron had said when Harry had told him about them. Harry begged to disagree), and his hands were full.

Harry remembered his manners just in time. "Please come in," he said.

Malfoy strode into the small room, holding a basket in one hand and a potted plant in the other. "Good day to you too, Potter," he said.

He deposited his burden on Harry's desk and looked around the cubicle, his lip curling in distaste. Harry supposed that *he would* be a bit neater.

"I have sent the elves round the Ministry with baskets and plants," Malfoy said. "But after what you said yesterday, I thought that my favourite Auror deserved a more *personal* service." Malfoy lifted a suggestive blond eyebrow and leaned one hip against Harry's desk.

Harry had a very brief fantasy of pushing Malfoy down onto the desk and having his wicked way with him, before pulling himself together.

"I'm your favourite Auror?" he said with genuine astonishment. "Not Ron? Not Fairweather?"

Malfoy laughed, a short sharp sound that Harry wouldn't mind hearing more often. "I like Weasley well enough, and Fairweather is a lovely lady, despite being an Auror. But no, you are my favourite Auror. Haven't I made it obvious?" Malfoy smiled and looked at Harry, his bright grey eyes intense and so very, very suggestive.

Harry squirmed in his chair and swallowed, his throat suddenly very dry. "I'm flattered," he managed to mumble.

Malfoy leaned closer, his eyes intent and unreadable, before he suddenly moved back and stood up straight. "I have brought you a poinsettia," he said, pointing to the plant with the strange big red flowers. "It's a traditional Yule flower. I also brought you a basket of clove-spiked apples and oranges. Don't try to eat them, they're only for decoration."

Harry picked up an orange and smelled it. "It smells nice," he said.

Malfoy smiled as he arranged the poinsettia to his satisfaction on Harry's desk. "I'm glad you like them." He then looked around Harry's cubicle. "You don't want that, do you?" he asked, pointing to an old empty plant pot in the corner. Without waiting for an answer, he whipped his wand out and intoned a spell under his breath. Harry watched with interest as Malfoy screwed his face up with concentration and the old pot twisted and split and lengthened until it had turned into a small squat table.

"That was a nice piece of Transfiguration," Harry said, not bothering to keep how impressed he was out of his voice.

Malfoy grinned at him and preened. "Thank you," he said. "Outstanding on my Transfiguration N.E.W.T."

Harry smiled back, oddly charmed.

Malfoy stepped closer to Harry's desk and leaned over to take the orange that Harry was still holding out of his hands. Malfoy's long smooth fingers lingered over Harry's hand, leaving burning trails of sensation behind. He stared into Harry's eyes, unblinking. "Don't mangle the fruit," he said, his voice slightly breathless as he dropped the orange into the basket without breaking eye contact.

The minutes stretched out as Harry felt himself fall into Malfoy's hot gaze. "Sorry," he said finally, clearing his throat. "I'll be more careful in the future." Harry's voice broke the spell and Malfoy blinked before jerkily nodding his head.

"Good," he said in a low voice.

Malfoy picked up the basket and turned to the newly Transfigured table. He bent down to place it on the table, made a small annoyed noise and then spent long minutes twisting the basket in various angles and arranging the fruit inside.

Harry barely saw what he was doing. As Malfoy bent over, his ridiculously orange, ridiculously tight robes stretched taut, revealing a perfectly round, perfectly proportioned arse. Harry's eyes glazed over as he remembered how that arse had looked naked and wet under the street-lights. *Get up and touch it*, his over-eager and disgustingly pushy libido urged. *Go and find out if it feels as delicious as it looks.* Harry gripped the edge of his desk tightly, his knuckles going white, to stop himself from doing anything crazy, like listen to the insidious urgings of his over-sexed subconscious.

Not a moment too soon, Malfoy finished his fiddling around and stood up. "There," he said. "Now you're all sorted."

*Am I?* Harry thought slightly hysterically, wishing Malfoy would hurry up and leave so he could get down to the serious and urgent business of *wanking*.

Malfoy looked around Harry's cubicle once more and moved to stand next to the door. For a moment he struck Harry as looking strangely awkward and searching for words. Harry quickly dismissed the ridiculous thought.

"Well," Malfoy finally said. "My work here is done. Come and visit me some time, don't be a stranger." And with one last glance at Harry, Malfoy left.

Harry slowly counted to twenty before spelling his door shut and unbuttoning his trousers.

Monday morning dawned bright and chilly. After a relaxing and pleasant weekend, Harry Flooed into the Ministry feeling strangely optimistic. He whistled a little off-tune ditty as he strolled through the Atrium, then lost his stride for a minute as his senses were assaulted by the full horror of Malfoy's Yule decorations in such a large space. *After the holidays it'll all come down*, he reassured himself. There was no need to tell Malfoy his honest opinion of his decorating skills. It would only put a damper on the new turn things had taken between them. Harry felt fairly optimistic after the way he had managed to stand his own the last two times he had talked to Malfoy. It was certainly an improvement over the previous months he had spent responding with tongue-tied incredulity to Malfoy's outrageous flirting.

Harry looked around the Auror Headquarters with dismay, eyeing the large golden candelabras with particular distaste. *Just a little over a week*, he reminded himself. Then it would all come down. A nice cup of tea and a cinnamon bun - if there were any - would make it all better.

As he sat in his cubicle sipping his tea, he wondered if Malfoy would be around today with another Yule tradition to promote.

He didn't have to wait long to find out. A couple of hours later Malfoy swanned in, wearing the shiny emerald green two-piece robe Harry remembered from the week before. When had he started cataloguing Malfoy's clothes? Harry couldn't help but feel slightly disgusted with himself. This robe was a far more tasteful colour than the orange one, but unfortunately wasn't quite as form-fitting. *You can't have everything*, Harry sighed and then chastised himself for thinking such ridiculous things about Malfoy.

Malfoy was busy pinning a brand new announcement to his notice-board. "We've been seeing a lot of you lately," Harry said once he had reached the other man.

Malfoy turned round to look at Harry. "And you will be seeing a lot more of me over the next few days," he answered with a smirk. He winked at Harry and lowered his voice to the throaty tones Harry - and his cock - were slowly getting addicted to. "If you want, we could easily arrange for you to see even more of me." Malfoy licked his lips suggestively, and Harry's breath caught as his eyes fell to avidly follow the movement of the slick tongue. "All you have to do is say the word," Malfoy finished, his sinfully suggestive voice unerringly pulling reactions out of certain parts of Harry's anatomy.

For a moment Harry looked at the shiny pink mouth, slightly open with a hint of sharp white teeth and silky tongue showing and then at the feverishly intent stormy grey eyes. It would be so easy to say the word, wouldn't it? To drag Malfoy off somewhere private, and soundproof, to reveal the gorgeous body he knew was hiding under the green robes, to finally touch his smooth firm skin and taste his pretty, cruel mouth, and to see how loud he could make him scream.

Lost in a red haze of lust and the oh so tempting fantasy, Harry almost did say that *yes, he wanted it, wanted it very much*. Fortunately a loud laugh broke through the haze and let Harry's rational mind assert itself once more. *Stupid, stupid*, he chastised himself. He had almost let Malfoy lure him into his trap. Of course Malfoy was only pretending; but Merlin was he a persuasive actor! He didn't really want Harry, he *couldn't* really want him. All he wanted to do was make a fool of Harry, most probably to get his own back for the way he had embarrassed himself in front of Harry in July.

Harry was determined not to fall for it. He shrugged in response to Malfoy's come-on. A fleeting look of disappointment washed over the pointy features and Harry wondered for a moment if he was wrong. "So what's the new notice about?" he asked in an overly cheerful voice.

Malfoy schooled his features into his usual haughty mask and glanced at the announcement. "The new notice, yes," he said in a brisk professional voice. Malfoy turned towards the room and the curious milling Aurors, cleared his throat loudly and theatrically, and began talking in what Harry called his 'public announcement' voice.

"Esteemed Aurors and fellow Ministry employees, the Office for the Preservation and Promotion of Wizarding Tradition and Pure-blood Culture has finally managed to get the go-ahead to organise a traditional Yule celebration." Murmurs of interest broke out amongst the gathered. "It will be held on the evening and night of Thursday the twentieth, since Yule Day - Friday the twenty-first - has been officially recognised as a holiday." Cheers filled the room and Malfoy smiled at the crowd graciously. "There will be wassailing and dancing," Malfoy started to explain.

"Will there be food and drink?" Ron's loud voice interrupted, and Harry couldn't help but smile at his friend.

Malfoy looked towards Ron and smiled too. "Yes," he said. "There will be *plenty* to eat and drink. Enough even to satisfy even you, Weasley." The gathered Aurors laughed and Ron grinned, unperturbed.

"I'll keep you to it," he said.

"Beside the requisite food and drink, singing and dancing, we are also having a pageant. A small pageant to showcase some of the older and more theatrical Yule traditions." Malfoy looked around his audience with an encouraging smile. "We are looking for volunteers for the pageant. Don't be shy. It will be fun." He motioned towards the notice. "All the details are in my announcement." Malfoy gave another of his sleek winning smiles. "I hope to be seeing some of you soon," he told the crowd. Malfoy then turned to Harry. "I certainly hope to be seeing *you* soon. Good day, Auror Potter."

Once more Harry found himself watching Malfoy go. "I don't blame you for watching," a voice next to Harry said. "It's certainly a nice view."

Harry turned to look at Fairweather and shrugged. "So when are you going to do something about it?" she asked him with a leer. "Entertaining as it is watching you two flirt with each other, don't you think it's time to get past the foreplay and shag the poor bloke?"

Harry goggled at Fairweather. What was she talking about?

Fairweather gave an aggravated sigh. "Come on now. Blondie is obviously gagging for it, and don't think I haven't noticed the way you make a bee-line for the loos after every one of his visits. So do us all a favour, will you, and get on with it."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Harry told her stiffly and walked away even more stiffly to the toilets. *Men!* he heard her grumble behind him.

Harry spent the whole rest of the day, and the whole evening at home, and half the night in bed, mulling over what Fairweather had said. Was she just having him on, or could Malfoy possibly be really interested in him? The latter thought led to a number of diverting dreams once he finally fell asleep.

Harry waited until it was almost lunch time next day, in the hope that Malfoy would pay another visit to the Auror Headquarters. Unfortunately Malfoy didn't show, so for once Harry decided to seek him out.

Harry hadn't visited the Department for the Advocation of Integration and the Development of Equality (AIDE) since Malfoy had begun working there. Hermione was predictably surprised and pleased to see him. She grasped his hand in a firm grip and chattered ninety-to-the-dozen as she eagerly showed him all the changes and newcomers. Harry was suitably impressed; hers was one of the most up-and-coming departments of the new Ministry. And it also contained the most Yule decorations per square foot.

In the end he had to break free. "Hermione," he said, interrupting her monologue. "This is brilliant, it really is. You're all doing a great job here. But I had a question for Malfoy. Is he here?"

Hermione looked at him too shrewdly for his liking. "Do you have a question about Yule?" she asked. "It's very interesting, isn't it? I have some books at home if you'd like." She caught Harry's look and laughed. "Or you could just talk to Draco. He knows all about it."

Hermione ushered him down a narrow corridor to the last door. It was small door, but newly painted. Ivy, holly and mistletoe predictably covered the frame and a large green wreath hung under a neat brass plaque. *Office for the Preservation and Promotion of Wizarding Tradition and Pure-blood Culture* was written on it with an old-fashioned curling script. Trust Malfoy to get his own customised plaque for his door!

Harry knocked on the door and waited until he heard Malfoy tell him to 'Enter'. He opened the door and peeked in, expecting to see a small cramped room. The room *was* smallish but had obviously been enlarged magically. Most striking, however, excepting the lavish Yule decorations and the absolutely huge poinsettia that sat in the corner next to the window, was the furniture.

The walls were freshly papered with a tasteful cream floral design and the floor was covered by such a beautiful Persian rug that Harry was almost afraid to step on it. In the centre of the room sat a big, heavy, antique oak desk, behind which Malfoy was sitting, engrossed in his work. On the wall behind the desk there was a large bookcase that looked to be a set with the desk, filled to the brim with books and folders. On the wall opposite the window sat another old piece of furniture that looked to be a cross

between a side table and a bar. A cut-glass decanter of amber liquid, possibly brandy or Firewhisky, was sitting on top of it, surrounded by similar cut-glass glasses.

Malfoy was still riveted by what he was reading and had obviously forgotten his guest. Harry slammed the door shut behind him and watched with amusement as Malfoy jumped, startled, and dropped the parchment he was holding. As soon as he spotted Harry, a wide warm smile lit his face.

"Auror Potter, what a pleasure to see you. Please take a seat." He motioned towards one of a set of chairs that looked like more antiques.

"Don't mind if I do." Harry looked around the room once more, and noticed for the first time the three framed wizarding photographs on Malfoy's desk. He could make out his parents in one, a blond baby that must be his son in the second, and the third looked very much like young Teddy Lupin. "If this is standard issue Ministry furniture, I think the Department of Magical Law Enforcement has been seriously had."

Malfoy laughed warmly. Harry was surprised to see him so evidently pleased to see him, and thought once again that maybe there was a grain of truth to what Fairweather had said. "Standard issue Ministry furniture is sub-standard, uncomfortable and unbelievably tacky," Malfoy explained, a look of distaste evident on his face. "No person of taste and breeding should be obliged to endure it. This all..." Malfoy swept his hand in large gesture to encompass the room and its furniture, "...is mine. I 'borrowed' it from the Manor. Mother won't even notice it's gone. It's not as if the study in the west wing has been used in the last fifty years."

"It's beautiful," Harry told him, and meant it. He spent a moment feeling jealous of Malfoy's comfortable and elegant office.

Malfoy grinned once more and his eyes twinkled. "Thank you," he said, trying to sound humble and failing miserably. Harry made a note of how obviously fond the other man was of compliments. "So what brings you here?" Malfoy asked.

Harry panicked momentarily, feeling caught out. He hadn't actually thought that far. All he had wanted was to see Malfoy to try and ascertain if the other man might possibly be sincerely interested in Harry. *Bluff*, he told himself. *If you play it cool, he won't realise a thing.*

Harry shrugged. "I came by to see Hermione and I thought I might as well pay you a visit too, and see what the infamous Office for the Preservation and Promotion of Wizarding Tradition and Pure-blood Culture looks like from the inside."

Malfoy looked slightly disappointed, but unsurprisingly he didn't look fazed for long. He steepled his hands in front of him and leaned slightly forward. A lock of light blond hair escaped from his perfectly combed and styled coiffure to swing forward. The tip almost touched his pointy chin and Harry found his attention irresistibly drawn. His fingers itched to touch the errant hair, smooth it back and test its feel.

"I thought you had reconsidered my offer," Malfoy said in his smooth intimate voice, and Harry discreetly adjusted himself in his chair.

"Which offer?" he asked, his mind filling with delicious images of the things he could be doing with Malfoy instead of talking.

"Any offer. All offers," Malfoy answered, his voice going deeper and throatier and his eyes practically blazing. "Anything you want. I can help you with anything you want. I told you that I prefer a hands-on approach and I am very flexible."

Harry gripped the hands of his chair painfully tight in an effort to stop himself from leaping over the impressive desk and launching himself on the other man. *He's obviously gagging for it*, Fairweather's assertion echoed in his brain. *And Merlin did he wish it were true!* It was starting to look as if it might be, but he wasn't sure yet. A small, but strong, cowardly part of himself wanted to be certain that it was true before he made a move and debauched the blond as thoroughly as he deserved.

Harry managed to give a sardonic smirk. "Are you now?" he asked, his voice slightly hoarse.

"Oh, yes," Malfoy breathed. Harry could make out the slight tremble of his thin pale hands. "Please feel free to see for yourself anytime you want."

Harry felt his heart-rate speed up. *Not yet*, he reminded himself. *Wait until you're sure first.* "I just might at that," he managed to force out.

Malfoy let out a deep breath and lifted a faintly shaking hand to smooth back his hair. He then got up and walked briskly towards the side table. "Do you want a drink?" he asked Harry as he sloshed a big measure of the amber liquid into a glass.

"No, thanks," Harry said. "I'm still on duty. Actually I should get going." He got up and made his way to the door as Malfoy took a large sip from his drink. "I'll be seeing you soon."

"You can count on that," Malfoy answered, and Harry couldn't help but grin as he let himself out. He waved at a distracted Hermione as he swiftly strode out the department. He wondered where the nearest toilets might be.

## Part 3 of 4

### Chapter 3 of 4

The last thing Harry wants is for Malfoy to jam another pure-blood tradition down his throat, especially if he's going to be so flirtatious while doing it.

**Author's Notes:** This was written for cassie\_black12 for the 2009 hp\_yule\_balls. Many, many thanks to my gorgeous beta raisinous\_fiend for putting up with my bad grammar, impossible tardiness and panic attacks. And also for being brutally honest and not letting me get away with anything. All remaining inconsistencies are mine.

Harry saw Malfoy again the very next day. He came early in the day to make another announcement. Ron popped his head into Harry's office eagerly when he arrived. "Come on. Malfoy's here again. Let's see what he has to say."

Ron was obviously keeping something back. "You have insider information, don't you?" Harry asked, narrowing his eyes.

"Maybe." Ron tried to smile mysteriously as he led Harry towards the group of congregated Aurors.

Malfoy stood in the centre, tall, slim, and glowing in blood-red robes. Harry was surprised how well the deep colour suited the pale blond. He made a note to get a set of red sheets if everything went well.

Malfoy was holding a red, pointy wizard's hat, the rim decorated with an intricate holly and ivy design, in his hand. "As you know, Yule is coming up," he was saying.



"Preparations are under way for the festivities on the twentieth. I would like to remind you that if anyone would like to take part in the pageant, it is still not too late." Malfoy looked around hopefully, but most of the gathered crowd averted their eyes shiftily, Harry amongst them.

Malfoy gave a put-upon sigh. "Ah, well," he said, sounding like a disappointed parent, before looking around cheerfully once more. "Never mind. You can still participate in the Yule traditions. Another well-known Yule tradition is the exchange of gifts."

"What did I tell you? Just like Christmas," Ron whispered in Harry's ear as he elbowed him rather sharply in the ribs.

Malfoy held up the hat and looked around to make sure everyone was paying attention. Noises of interest and apprehension could be heard throughout the room. "I have put all your names in the Yule Hat," he explained. "You will all draw a name to see who you will be gifting this year. To make it more fun and exciting, I will please ask you all to keep the name of the recipient of your gift secret until the gift exchange that will take part in the beginning of the Yule festivities."

Malfoy looked around, eyes bright and excited and a pleased smirk on his lips. Harry hated exchanging gifts with people he didn't know well enough, but for Malfoy he'd make an effort.

One by one all the Aurors and secretaries picked a name from the hat. Harry found it amusing seeing who looked pleased, who disappointed and who thoughtful. When his turn came, Malfoy gave him his special warm smile. "Hello there," he said.

"Hello there, you too." Harry couldn't help smiling goofily as he answered back, putting the folded piece of parchment in his pocket without opening it.

Harry stood by as Malfoy gave out the rest of the names, his heart beating inexplicably fast. He combed his hands through his hair, trying to smooth it back. Soon enough Malfoy came to stand next to him, and together they looked over the assembled witches and wizards as they gazed at their parchments, looking perplexed, or held quiet discussions in groups of twos and threes.

"My work here is done," Malfoy told Harry, sounding pleased with himself. Harry just hummed in reply and Malfoy turned to look at him. "Presents are fun," he said. "Even you must agree with that."

"I do enjoy receiving presents, that's true," Harry agreed grudgingly.

"You just don't like giving them?"

Harry cringed. Put that way, it sounded rather bad. "It's not that. I'm pants at choosing them, that's all. And for someone I don't know that well? I'm guaranteed to make a mess of it."

Malfoy gave him a comforting pat on the shoulder, his hand lingering just a little too long. "Don't worry about it so much. It's all simple fun. It's the thought that counts, and all that rot."

Harry shrugged noncommittally.

"What about the pageant then? Are you sure you don't want to take part?" Malfoy asked, changing the subject.

"Definite." Harry couldn't decide whether to laugh or shudder at the thought of himself on stage in a fancy costume. "You just want to see me in tights," he said, giving Malfoy a suggestive look.

Malfoy gave his habitual short sharp laugh. "You caught me out," he said, eyes twinkling. "This whole Yule lark was nothing but a ploy to get you into tights."

"I knew it!" Harry was oddly enjoying himself. Once he stopped being so anxious and uptight, this flirting business turned out to be actually quite fun.

"Well," Malfoy said, playfully waggling his eyebrows, "with a killer arse like that, it would have been a crime if I didn't at least try."

Harry blushed at the compliment, but told his hammering heart to calm down and tried to be nonchalant. "Thanks for noticing."

The blond grinned and shrugged. "I make it my business to notice things like that."

"Oh, so how many other.... attractive arses have you noticed in the Ministry?" Harry asked, trying to play it as casual as he could, while holding his breath for the answer.

"A few," Malfoy answered breezily. "But don't worry, yours is the best."

Malfoy was leaning close to Harry, two twin spots of pink blooming fetchingly on his high cheekbones and large grey eyes glittering. He looked like he was having a good time bantering like this with Harry, and Harry would be lying if he said he wasn't having a good time too. The heady feeling he always got while close to Malfoy, combined with the intoxicating smell of his cologne, was making him quite light-headed. He hoped he managed to keep his cool and not slip up and say anything stupid.

"You know," he told Malfoy, leaning forward to lower his voice conspiratorially, "maybe you should play in the pageant. I'm sure you're good at acting, and you would definitely look great in tights."

Malfoy blushed, looking inordinately pleased with the compliment, and Harry felt a strange warm feeling blossom in his chest. He suddenly decided it would be well worth his time to brush up on his complimenting skills.

"Why thank you, kind sir." Malfoy gave an impish little bow, doffing the Yule Hat. Harry couldn't help but laugh, finding him adorable. "While it's true that I look good in almost anything..." *Except that bright orange robe*, Harry couldn't help thinking. "...and I'm not lacking in thespian talent, unfortunately I can't take part in the pageant for I happen to be the director," Malfoy explained with a superior smirk.

Harry wondered if Malfoy had ever heard of delegating, or if he was simply a control freak.

"You seem to be a wizard of many talents," Harry told him. "Just make sure you don't bite off more than you can chew."

Malfoy smirked and looked caught between being flattered and offended. "I have many *many* talents," he said, looking at Harry slyly. "I could show you some of them sometime, if you want. And don't worry, I *never* bite off more than I chew." His voice dropped. "You might be amazed by how big *anouthful* I can manage." Strangely enough, he looked almost shy after saying that, his cheeks and the tips of his ears going delightfully pink.

Harry found himself getting rather hot and bothered too. "... um... That's nice to know," he said in a low voice and offered Malfoy a tentative smile.

"Yeah..." Malfoy had never sounded this uncertain before. "Well, you know, you are welcome to see for yourself any time you want," he added with a passable approximation of his usual hauteur.

"So you've said before," Harry couldn't help reminding him. "But, you know, I think I just might." Harry held his breath, hoping that he wasn't making a mistake in taking the chance.

But instead of laughing, as Harry still half-feared he would, Malfoy smiled at him, looking pleased and oddly bashful, certainly not nearly as poised as he usually did. "I'd like that a lot," he practically whispered.

Harry felt his insides unclench in relief. He had given in and hadn't lost the game, he hadn't been laughed at. Actually things were looking rather good at the moment. He briefly wondered if he should try pushing it, but he suddenly found himself feeling rather timid. They ended up spending a couple of awkward minutes standing close together in silence before Malfoy spoke again in something closer to his normal voice.

"I've got to get going," he told Harry. "I have to spread the joy of gift giving to the rest of the Ministry." He smirked his usual haughty smirk but it came out looking crooked. Harry felt a flutter deep in his chest.

"Yeah, right." Harry cleared his throat. "Good luck then and continue the good work, I'll be seeing you.'*Soon, I hope.*

Malfoy grimaced. "What with arrangements for the celebration, I'm going to be very busy for the next week."

Harry couldn't help feeling disappointed, but was unsurprised to hear that.

"But, I will try to pop round at least once more. It would be a shame not to share some more Yule traditions with my esteemed fellow Aurors."

"Yes, it would be a shame," Harry answered, giving Malfoy an eloquent look. Malfoy blushed, looking pleased, and with a hasty goodbye was soon gone.

Putting his hands in his pockets, Harry strolled back to his cubicle, fighting unsuccessfully to keep the sappy smile off his face. Once he was seated, instead of following the usual course of swiftly unbuttoning his trousers, he rested his chin on his palm and sighed dreamily, his eyes going unfocused.

Unfortunately his pleasant reverie was interrupted by Ron ambling into his cubicle a little while later. Ron sat down and looked around furtively before leaning towards Harry. "Well?" he asked. "Who did you get?"

It took Harry a while to understand what Ron was talking about. When he did, he reached into his pocket for the forgotten piece of parchment. He couldn't help feeling disappointed once he saw the name. "Cummings," he said morosely. "I have no idea what to get for the man!" he practically wailed.

Ron looked to be musing for a couple of minutes. "It can't be too hard," he said. "He must have some kind of hobby, or something." When Harry just looked at him blankly, he continued. "There must be *something* the man likes that you know about!"

Harry thought for a few minutes, but couldn't come up with much. "Dunno," he said. "Don't think he likes much besides following rules and regulations and fishing. Merlin, would he bloody shut up with the fishing!"

Ron sat back complacently. "Well that's it, innit? Get him some fishing tackle or whatnot. Shouldn't be too hard."

Harry sat back and thought about it. That actually wasn't a half bad idea. "Thanks, Ron," he said. "You're a life-saver."

Ron flashed a grin. "That's what friends are for." The grin quickly disappeared however. "Now that I solved your present problem, who's going to help me?"

"Who did you get?" Harry asked curiously.

"Head Auror Robards!" Ron moaned despairingly. And Harry didn't blame him. Robards was a difficult and inscrutable man, not to mention their superior. He shrugged uselessly.

"Unfortunately I can't help you with that, mate," he said. "You'll have to go to Hermione. She's the only one who can save you."

Ron looked glum. "That's what I feared," he said.

They sat for a while in companionable silence before Ron left to be moody somewhere else. Harry opened a file he was working on, but thoughts of Malfoy quickly intruded once more. With only the slightest twinge of guilt, he closed the file and returned to pleasant daydreams of the blond.

True to his predictions, Malfoy spent the rest of the week in a flurry of anxious activity. Harry hardly saw him, and when he did, it was usually nothing more than a glimpse of a bright blob of frenzied activity rushing through the Ministry corridors in a flurry of extravagant robes, barked commands and nerves. Harry found himself not a little dismayed that they didn't have a chance for another little chat. Over the weekend he even considered getting his address from Hermione and fire-calling him, but he soon realised how pathetic that would look and patiently waited for Monday.

When Malfoy came round to Auror Headquarters on Monday, Harry predictably wasn't there.

After spending the whole Monday morning and most of the midday too hunting down a difficult lead on one of his cases, Harry returned to the Ministry tired and hungry. He found Ron sprawled out in the guest chair in his cubicle, reading an old Quidditch magazine.

"Make yourself at home," Harry told him as he collapsed into his own chair with an audible sigh of relief.

Ron put down the magazine and looked Harry over. "How'd it go? Find anything?"

"Ugh, don't ask," Harry groaned. "Don't want to talk about it."

Ron shrugged affably. "Malfoy came by today," he said. "He brought food. My kind of Yule spirit." Ron smiled, looking pleased and well-fed and pointed to Harry's desk. "He left this for you."

It was a plate, with the requisite festive adornments on the rim, containing four cookies and three small caraway cakes, and a suspicious amount of crumbs. Harry looked at Ron accusingly.

Ron lifted his hands in self-defence. "You were late," he said. "Besides, Malfoy should know better than to leave me to look over cakes. They are delicious, by the way. You should try them."

Harry did try them, and they were delicious. He ate them all in short order, resolutely ignoring Ron's longing looks. However, they were small consolation to missing Malfoy's visit. Malfoy would be busy until the celebration at the end of the week, and after that he would be most probably taking his Christmas holiday. Harry might not see him again until January! It was almost enough to kill his appetite.

Fortunately Malfoy miraculously found the time to come around the next day too. He came regally ushering in a troupe of elves and a group of wizards and witches Harry had never seen before.

"Festive greeting to you all!" Malfoy began, all but bouncing on the balls of his feet from barely contained nervous energy. "I have brought offerings of food and drink," he said, gesturing for the elves to offer round the cookies, cakes, fruit and nuts they were carrying and pour out what looked suspiciously like eggnog to whoever was interested. "I have also brought you music. Please welcome the Hampshire Magical Choir. They have not only agreed to do us the great honour of singing at the celebration on Thursday, but I have also managed to prevail on their goodwill to give us all a taster today of what they have in store for us."

Most of the Aurors present clapped enthusiastically. Malfoy looked around proudly for a while before gesturing for quiet. And then the choir started to sing.

Their voices rose and weaved together, filling the room with beautiful harmony. Harry hummed along in appreciation. He had never had the chance to experience or appreciate much music, but he found that he liked what he was hearing. The songs were uplifting and festive, and the members of the choir were obviously enjoying

themselves.

Once they finished, there was a lively round of applause and the singers scattered to chat with the assembled Aurors and secretaries. Malfoy took advantage of the lull to unobtrusively sneak up to Harry, who was standing on the sidelines munching on a caraway cake.

"Hi," Malfoy greeted him in an undertone.

"Hi, you too," Harry answered, after quickly swallowing his mouthful, in the same near whisper. "How's it going? You have been very busy lately. Everything under control?"

Malfoy attempted a small pained smile. "As much as it can be. Almost everything is ready for the big day. I took a small break today to bring you all the joy of music. But I still have a lot of work to do tomorrow." Malfoy paused briefly before adding with a proudly accomplished smirk. "The celebration is going to be brilliant!"

Now that Harry was getting a better look at him, the other man looked frazzled and not a little harried. He was dressed in the two-piece green robes once more, but his hair wasn't up to his usual neatly combed standard. An errant lock of soft blond hair fell over his forehead and dangled in front of one eye.

Without thinking about what he was doing, Harry carefully lifted a hand and smoothed the lock back. Malfoy suddenly went very, very still, and Harry couldn't help letting the tips of his fingers lightly skim over his cheek and the sharp curve of his jaw line before pulling the hand back.

Malfoy looked at him for a long silent minute, a light flush on his cheeks and pupils big and large inside his wide unblinking eyes. "I have been thinking about you," he finally said, voice rough and slightly unsteady. "When I've been able to think about anything else besides the Yule preparations, that is. I have been thinking about this. Being close to you. Touching you."

Harry swallowed thickly, feeling very hot and not a little trembly. Malfoy's eyes blazed bright, and he continued in a voice that sounded like sex to Harry's ears. "More than that, though, I have been thinking about *you* touching *me*. I have been imagining how it would feel for you to undress me. Slowly. Piece by piece. How it would feel to stand naked in front of you and let your eyes devour me. Because they would, wouldn't they, Harry?" Malfoy paused and looked at Harry, waiting for a response.

Harry licked his dry lips, and through a haze of unbearable arousal, managed to make some sort of sound. "Uh huh."

The response seemed to satisfy Malfoy because he leaned even closer and went on. "And after you looked your fill, you would touch me *All over*. Your hands would touch and caress and smooth over every part of me. They would touch me *everywhere*. Even in the most hidden, private places. Right, Harry?"

Harry nodded distractedly. He felt like he was in a trance, a trance of Malfoy's making. He felt sure that he would do and say anything, anything, Malfoy asked at this moment. Anything to make the blond continue talking. Anything to keep that sinful, throaty voice washing over him. A little longer and he was sure that Malfoy could make him come, with nothing more than the sound of his voice.

Malfoy smiled wolfishly, eyes feverish and bright, face flushed. "But touching wouldn't be enough for long. Would it, Harry? Soon you would want more. What would you want? What would you do then, Harry? Tell me."

Harry felt completely lost; the world was a bright haze of lights and sounds that only served to highlight Malfoy's face and Malfoy's voice. With great difficulty he tried responding, tried articulating any of the lewd images that were rushing through his mind. "Gnuh."

Malfoy leaned back, looking rather pleased and shaky. He lifted a trembling hand to smooth back his hair and looked down meaningfully at the obvious tenting of Harry's robes. "Good," he said, his voice taking on slightly more normal tones. "Think about that. Think about what you want to do to me, and tell me next time you see me."

Before Harry had time to react, to bring his spinning head under control, to grab Malfoy and keep him there until he finished what he started, the slippery Slytherin had gathered together his troupe of singers and elves and had left Auror Headquarters. Leaving Harry unfulfilled and very, *very* aroused.

Harry leaned back against the wall and closed his eyes in pain and frustration. He would get back at the git. He would do everything he had said to him, and more. But for now, Harry had to find a way to get himself back under control, and then he could plan how he would give Malfoy the comeuppance he so finely deserved. Harry went a bit cross-eyed, thinking about the many delicious ways he could punish Malfoy.

## Part 4 of 4

### Chapter 4 of 4

The last thing Harry wants is for Malfoy to jam another pure-blood tradition down his throat, especially if he's going to be so flirtatious while doing it.

**Author's Notes:** This was written for cassie\_black12 for the 2009 hp\_yule\_balls. Many, many thanks to my gorgeous beta raisinous\_fiend for putting up with my bad grammar, impossible tardiness and panic attacks. And also for being brutally honest and not letting me get away with anything. All remaining inconsistencies are mine.

Harry moved about the large room, slowly sipping his mug of spiced cider. Malfoy's Yule Festival was proving to be a great success. The lavish over-the-top decorations of the Ministry Atrium looked far better in the dim flickering light of the many scattered candles and fluttering fairies.

The gift exchange at the start had gone quite well, all things considered. Cummings had seemed happy enough with his new fishing rod, and Robards had actually cracked a small smile upon opening his own gift (Hermione truly was a wonder). Harry had been given a soft green scarf by a blushing secretary. He thanked her profusely and stuffed it in his pocket, for he had much bigger things to think about than gifts. Namely, getting Malfoy alone.

After the gift exchange the large, heavily laden banquet tables had been unveiled. Ron had sighed ecstatically, and even Hermione had looked rather impressed. Harry had eaten roast pork and honey glazed turkey and fruit and cookies and caraway cakes, and he had drunk spiced cider, all the while searching for Malfoy.

Once everyone had eaten their fill, the pageant had started. All things considered, it had gone off quite well. The amateur actors had remembered most of their words, and the costumes hadn't been too bad either. Nevertheless, Harry had been quite glad not to be up there with them. And at the end Harry had finally seen Malfoy as he came onto the stage to take his bows with the rest.

Harry had devoured him with his eyes while sipping the strong cider. Malfoy had burned brighter than any of the candles scattered round the room. His gleaming blond hair had shone impossibly brightly, and his eyes had glittered like two large feverish jewels. He had stood tall and slim, vibrating with barely contained energy and nervousness. And to top it all, he had been dressed in the most unbelievable silver robes. They had fallen around him like a dazzling, blinding, garish waterfall. Harry had wanted nothing

more at that moment than to capture that radiant otherworldly creature as his own.

Without conscious volition, his feet had started to take him towards the stage, drawn like a moth to the flame that was Malfoy. Harry had been halfway there when Malfoy had taken his final bow and disappeared.

That had been almost an hour ago. Since then Harry had been drinking cider - he was now quite pleasantly tipsy - and trailing the glowing figure of Malfoy around the room. But Malfoy kept on fluttering around like an overexcited fairy and giving him the slip whenever Harry got near. Harry's patience was starting to wear thin, but he wouldn't give up. He was determined to capture the elusive blond.

The choir was singing, and the beautiful festive music echoed around the large room. Some couples were even trying to dance. But Harry had only eyes for the garish silver figure that was standing by a large wassail bowl and filling his mug. Harry carefully stalked up to his prey, hiding behind groups of chattering and laughing witches and wizards.

"Imagine finding you here," he whispered in Malfoy's ear once he had crept up on him. The blond started and turned around, almost spilling his drink.

"Potter!" Malfoy was flushed with excitement and strung as tight as a bow. Harry felt a strong wave of longing and covetousness crash over him. He knew without a doubt what he wanted for Yule.

"I got my Yule present," he said, pulling out the scarf to show Malfoy.

"It's very nice," Malfoy told him. "It suits your eyes."

Harry stuffed it back in his pocket and crowded Malfoy against the table. "But it's not what ~~wanted~~ for Yule."

"No?" Malfoy asked curiously, his eyes flickering down to watch Harry slowly lick his lips.

"No," Harry answered. "I have yet to unwrap the present I want." He lifted his hand to touch and test the fine silver fabric of Malfoy's glittering robe. "And it's so prettily wrapped. The brightest, most eye-catching thing in the room."

Harry saw Malfoy swallow convulsively and felt him shiver slightly against him. "Yeah?" he asked Harry rather helplessly.

"Oh, yeah," Harry said, his voice almost descending into a growl. "The festival is a great success, everything is perfect. You are not needed here anymore. We are going to go somewhere *private* and tasteful, and I am going to unwrap my present. Okay?" Harry stared at Malfoy hotly, daring him to object.

After a second of staring back, Malfoy nodded jerkily, looking almost as aroused as Harry himself was, and let himself be steered through the crowd, Harry's palm hot and firm in the small of his back.

Harry surely and steadily led him to the lifts. During the short ride they orbited tensely around each other, unbearably close but never touching. Soon enough Harry had practically dragged Malfoy down the corridors and towards the door of Malfoy's office.

"Here?" Malfoy asked, taken aback.

"Do you know any place in the Ministry as nice as your office?" Harry asked. "Now hurry up and let us in!" Ever since he had visited the other man's office, Harry had been having increasingly vivid fantasies starring the beautiful room and its even more beautiful owner.

As soon as the door was firmly locked and soundproofed behind them, Harry pushed Malfoy towards his large desk. Harry had planned on being suave and deliberate. He had planned on seducing Malfoy slowly and devastatingly. But being finally so close to the man, after what felt like endless months of torturous teasing and foreplay, proved to be too much for him. He forgot all his elaborate plans and surrendered to his craving and kissed him. Malfoy wrapped his arms around Harry and compliantly opened his mouth under Harry's onslaught. Harry could practically feel the energy and magic crackling between them as they touched and breathed in each other's hot breath. Harry felt lost to the moment, to the perfect way their tongues twined and battled, to the overwhelming feeling of grinding his own clothed hard erection against Malfoy's answering one. He felt the wave rising and rising, any moment now it would crest...

With more strength than he knew he possessed, he wrenched himself away from the other man and took a couple of steps back. He stood heaving as he slowly felt his arousal subside to more manageable levels. Opposite him, Malfoy stood slumped against the desk in total disarray, looking confused and disappointed.

"Sorry," Harry said. "I almost got carried away. You're just so..." He stopped, frustrated, and combed a hand through his hair. "I don't want it to end so fast. No, I have a lot more than a quick fumble planned for you." Harry took a deep breath. Malfoy was staring at him, eyes wide and expectant. "No," Harry repeated. "You're going to pay for what you did to me on Tuesday. I'm going to be slow and thorough, and by the time I finish with you, you're going to be begging for it. Do you understand?"

Harry couldn't stop his voice from quivering slightly. Planning and imagining what he would do to the other man was very different than actually doing it. Harry was amazed that he was actually going through with it. Thankfully, the more he spoke, the more he got into it and the more his confidence rose. However, there still remained a small, stubborn, insecure part of himself that was afraid that it would all turn out to be a joke and Malfoy would turn around and laugh at him.

He needn't have worried. Malfoy's eyes darkened with arousal as he gulped a large shuddering breath. "Oh, yes," he answered, looking eager and ready.

"Okay." Harry tried to ground himself, feeling more relieved than he could say, and get things back under control. "Do you remember what you told me on Tuesday? The things you imagined me doing to you?" *Have you been thinking of little else since then? Like I have?*

Malfoy nodded jerkily, looking very flustered.

"Good. Remind me... What was the first thing I was going to do to you?" Harry asked breathlessly, taking a small step closer.

"You were going to undress me," Malfoy answered, voice rough. Harry shuddered at the sound of it and nodded to Malfoy to continue. "Slowly. Piece by piece."

Harry stepped up to the trembling blond and did just that. He smoothed his hands up Malfoy's chest, enjoying the feel of the soft shimmery fabric, and started slowly unbuttoning the small jewel buttons down the front. Difficult as it was, he forced himself to go slowly and deliberately and was rewarded by the fine trembling of Malfoy's thin frame and the feverish intensity in his grey eyes.

Once Harry had undone all the buttons, he slowly peeled the robe off and let it fall to pool around Malfoy's feet. "It truly is a beautiful robe," Harry murmured, hardly knowing where the words were coming from. "But not nearly as beautiful as what's hiding underneath." He knelt before the nearly naked man and helped him slowly step out of the pool of fabric before pulling off his shoes and thin knee-high socks one by one.

Harry stood once more to enjoy the sight of Malfoy in his outlandish underwear. "I assume these are traditional pure-blood undergarments?" he asked, finding them oddly appealing, as he touched the thin silky fabric of Malfoy's white undershirt before pulling it over his head.

"Yes," Malfoy hissed as Harry purposely accidentally skimmed the backs of his hands over his peaked nipples.

"Do you wear them every day?" Harry asked as he slowly undid the string ties on Malfoy's silky white underpants. They were rather loose and long, but were delightfully transparent, and Harry was delighted to see that they had a nice large damp spot on the front of them.

"Yes, I do," Malfoy managed to answer in a hoarse whisper just as Harry let his underpants drop, leaving him completely nude.

Harry smiled shakily and stepped back. "Good. Now I'll know what you're wearing under those beautifully tailored robes every time you pay us a visit to put up a new announcement."

Malfoy kicked away the white underpants from around his ankles and looked expectantly at Harry.

"What did you say I'd do next?" Harry asked, trying to keep his cool and play the game to the end.

"You'd look at me," Malfoy said seductively, his voice going straight to Harry's cock. "You'd stand back and admire me." Malfoy leaned back, forearms behind him and supporting him against the desk, and posed for Harry. He arched his back and widened his stance, displaying himself, as he gazed at Harry artfully from under lowered eyelids. Harry had never felt as aroused as this in his life. Minutes seemed to span out indefinitely as, suspended in time, he gazed upon the other man. This time Malfoy was dry and sober, but he was still every bit as alluring and breath-taking as Harry remembered him being.

For long minutes Harry memorised every feature in the familiar sly, intelligent face. He started with the high proud forehead, the dark blond eyebrows and the large luminous eyes. Then he went on to the thin pointy nose, the sharp high cheekbones, the beautiful complexion, now flushed and glowing. He couldn't help but linger at the cruel but seductive pink mouth that was curved into a knowing and provocative smirk.

Then Harry stroked his eyes over the convulsing Adam's apple and the long graceful neck and the wide angular shoulders. He lowered his gaze to map out the thin, smooth, practically hairless chest, enjoying the light blush that covered it and the way it heaved as Malfoy took deep stuttering breaths and eyeing the peaked pink nipples that stood out proudly. He counted Malfoy's ribs and examined the small neat belly-button in his soft but flat belly. Harry could almost see the rapid beating of Malfoy's pulse under his pale skin. He licked his lips as he eyed the blond trail that led to coarse blond curls and an appealing erect cock, flushed red and glistening. Harry's fingers yearned to reach out and touch. Finally he looked down a pair of long lean legs covered in fair, nearly invisible downy hair.

"What would I do after that?" Harry asked unsteadily as he gazed, mesmerised, at Malfoy's long bony feet and impossibly elegant toes.

"You would touch me." Malfoy's voice was raspy and brittle and it splintered into a million sounds. It was almost more than Harry could bear and maintain his sanity. "You would touch me *absolutely everywhere*."

Harry almost stumbled in his eagerness as he stepped up to the quivering blond once more and followed the trail his gaze had taken with his shaky hands as slowly as he could. He touched the glistening lips and stroked the soft cheeks tenderly before going lower. He felt the delicate neck almost diffidently, the pulse point beating strong and erratically fast under his palm. He smoothed over the angular bony shoulders, feeling the bone so close under the skin. He briefly slid the tips of his fingers over the strong slender arms and the narrow bony hands. He slowly caressed the flat shaking chest, thumbing the irresistible pink nipples, and got a pained cut-off moan in response.

Malfoy's breathing was loud and gasping as Harry continued his journey as steadily as he possibly could. He was amazed that he had been allowed to get so far. He was blown away by the fact Malfoy eagerly accepted his touches, leaning into them almost hungrily. He skimmed his calloused palms over Malfoy's sides, feeling the delicate ribs, and lightly danced his fingers over the fluttering stomach. Malfoy was obviously trembling, and his rasping pants were intersected with small, almost inaudible moans.

Harry was so hard that his erection was pressing painfully against his constricting trousers. He took a minute to try in vain to arrange himself more comfortably before continuing; Malfoy deserved his complete undivided attention. He knelt down to stroke his hands down the long muscled legs and over the bony feet. He eyed the tantalising erection for a couple of minutes before lightly touching it with his fingertips.

Malfoy moaned louder. "*Please...*" Malfoy's voice sounded raspy and needy, but Harry wasn't finished yet.

Harry stood back up to gather Malfoy in his arms. "Shh," he whispered in his ear. "I'm not finished yet. Just a little more. You're doing very well. You can make it." Harry hardly knew if he was trying to comfort and reassure Malfoy or himself.

Malfoy leaned his head on Harry's shoulder, oddly patient and accepting despite his arousal, and Harry started smoothing his hand down Malfoy's back, counting each vertebra slowly. Harry was as hard as he had ever been in his life, but he was determined to follow through to the end, exactly the way he had planned it. Eventually he reached the small of Malfoy's back. His hands lingered there a while, finding the small hollow an inviting place to rest.

"There are so many wonderful places on your body," he whispered in Malfoy's ear, making him shudder. "But this has to be one of my favourites. I like it almost as much as I like *this* part." He swiftly lowered his hands and grasped Malfoy's arse in a strong grip. Malfoy started and moaned loudly. Harry began to knead the soft but firm cheeks in his hands. "Perfect," he whispered. "A perfect handful."

Malfoy continued moaning and started rubbing his leaking erection against Harry in small frantic circles as Harry continued kneading his arse, pulling the cheeks apart before squeezing them back together again. Eventually he let one hand go and let the fingers of that hand dip into the hidden crevice between. Malfoy's moans were getting louder by the minute, reverberating through his slim shaking body as Harry held it tight against him. He was rubbing his cock against Harry even more urgently.

Harry had never held himself back for so long; his leaking cock was throbbing against the unforgiving seam of his trousers, and his underwear was feeling damp and uncomfortable. The temptation to give in and seek a swift relief, both for himself and Malfoy, was overwhelming. It took more strength of will than he realised he had to remind himself that going through with what he had planned would ultimately be more satisfying for the both of them.

Reining himself back under control, he carefully stroked his shaking fingers through the tight hot valley, exploring. He passed over Malfoy's small swirled entrance, once, twice. Each time a strong convulsive shudder wracked Malfoy's slight frame as his arms wrapped round Harry in a punishing grip. With his index finger Harry circled the hidden sensitive spot again and again, keeping his touch gentle and teasing.

Malfoy's grip became impossibly stronger as he shuddered continually. "Oh Merlin," he moaned softly in Harry's ear. "Please, oh *please...*" he demanded impatiently as he wriggled in Harry's arms, trying to get more friction.

Harry stopped the motion of his finger and slowly and carefully pushed just the tip inside. It was impossibly tight and unbelievably hot.

He felt himself shudder and his cock lurched dangerously.

"Ah..." Malfoy let out a long drawn out moan, and his cock jerked against Harry, leaking hot liquid.

Harry breathed deeply for a couple of dizzying minutes, trying to bring them both back from the dangerous precipice. "Not yet," he whispered shakily, making Malfoy whimper disappointedly in response.

Once he felt slightly more in control of himself, he asked Malfoy once more. "What comes next? What do I do now?"

Long minutes passed and all that could be heard were Malfoy's deep shuddering breaths as they echoed through the room. "Well? Tell me," Harry finally prompted harshly. He was nearing the end of his rope, but he would be damned if he'd let Malfoy off. He had started the game after all.

"Anything you want. *Anything*, just *please...*" Malfoy eventually pleaded sulkily, his voice a dragging demanding whine. "*Harry...*" he breathed, softly, breathlessly.

*That's it*, Harry thought. *I won. He wants this, he wants me, just as much as I do* Finally the last of Harry's misgivings, that Malfoy couldn't possibly really want him, couldn't actually be attracted to *Harry* of all people, fell away. Harry's heart expanded in gratitude and a feeling very close to happiness.

"Shh..." Harry breathed soothingly in Malfoy's ear as he stroked his sides comfortingly. "It's okay. I've got you. *And I'll hold on to you for as long as you let me.* He bit down on Malfoy's pale shoulder, leaving a livid red mark. Malfoy whimpered, loud and delighted, as he pushed back into the bite. He hummed with pleasure as Harry stroked the

mark delicately with his tongue. Harry lifted him onto the desk and pushed him down until his back lay flat on it, his legs dangling off the edge. Malfoy went easily, compliantly, and Harry leaned over him, kissing his delicious pink mouth once more.

This time Malfoy's hands went up into Harry's hair, grasping it painfully. His naked body undulated under Harry's heavier clothed one as the kiss dragged out. For long minutes they kissed as Harry's hands rested against Malfoy's delicate breast bones, his thumbs stroking the smooth thin skin. They kissed, mouths impossibly wide, Malfoy trying to pull Harry improbably closer and making small strange noises of pleasure and contentment. Kissing Malfoy made Harry forget everything except this, the simple overwhelming act of kissing Malfoy's sweet mouth. Harry felt that he could continue doing just this for all eternity and be happy and perfectly satisfied.

After long moments had passed, Harry managed to drag his damp mouth away from Malfoy's demanding, addictive one. He slid his open mouth over the sharp cheekbone and trailed his questing tongue over the angled jaw line. He stopped for a second to suck on the protruding Adam's apple and savour the cry it elicited. After that came the clavicle and long minutes spent sucking on one dainty nipple and then the other as the moans turned into frustrated sobs and requests for more. Soon after that he licked carefully down the slightly protruding ribs and dipped his tongue into the quivering belly button. That earned a loud yelp and a painful tug on his hair that almost ripped handfuls out.

Eventually he took pity on the other man and licked around the base of his painfully hard cock before taking one nicely rounded ball in his mouth.

"Harry, please, oh *please*. So close. I need...*please*..." An exquisite litany of pleas streamed from Malfoy's mouth, urging Harry forward.

Taking pity on him, Harry mouthed his way up his hard shaft and licked around the wet domed head.

"Oh, yeah. Don't stop. Just like that...*Harry*."

With a firm grip, Harry held Malfoy's slim hips steady against the desktop as he hollowed out his cheeks and sucked as much of his erection as he could into his mouth. Malfoy was so near the edge that it hardly took any time before, crying in release and shaking his head uncontrollably from side to side, he came violently in Harry's mouth. Harry held him carefully until the aftershocks subsided, one hand snaking down to grasp his own painful erection tightly to stop himself from following Malfoy.

After spitting his mouthful on the floor, Harry climbed up Malfoy's supine, exhausted body to pepper small butterfly kisses all over his heaving chest.

Malfoy was trying his best to articulate some sort of response. "That was.. That was... Oh Merlin." He breathed deeply for a little while before trying again. "I can't remember it ever being like that before."

Harry smirked, satisfied, into the hot sweaty skin of Malfoy's chest. "I haven't finished yet," he informed him and felt Malfoy tremble in anticipation.

"Oh, *oh*..." was all the exhausted, but eagerly anticipating, blond could answer.

Carefully, he turned the still recovering man around to lie on his front. Harry stroked his fingers through the matted and damp strands of Malfoy's hair, before lifting the longish locks from the back of his neck and tenderly kissing the impossibly pale skin that lay hidden. Malfoy practically sobbed in response. "Shh..." Harry whispered comfortingly and started slowly kissing down Malfoy's protruding spine, laying a lingering kiss on each and every vertebra. By the time he had reached the sweet dip above the swell of Malfoy's perfect buttocks and lapped at the sweat that had pooled there, Malfoy was moaning non-stop and squirming against the hard wood desktop, slowly becoming aroused once more. Harry grinned. *Good*, he thought. *I don't want him to ever forget tonight.*

Harry moved lower still and rubbed his cheek against one perfectly round buttock while gripping the other strongly in his palm. He opened his mouth and tasted the smooth salty skin with the flat of his tongue before biting down hard on a particularly succulent soft spot. Malfoy's back arched impossibly and he yowled loudly. Harry spent a couple of seconds kissing and laving the reddening mark with his tongue before grasping both buttocks firmly and pulling them apart. Above him Malfoy was mewling and panting while he writhed against the desk.

Harry swallowed thickly, feeling nervously excited. He had never done anything like this before, he had never wanted to. But now, as he kneeled before Malfoy's most hidden place and the blond whimpered breathlessly above him, he found he wanted to so much that his mouth watered at the thought. He poked his nose into the cleft, inhaling Malfoy's private scent. He smelled hot damp skin, sharp sweat and the almost cloying smell of male arousal. With the flat of his tongue, he licked a big broad swipe all the way from the sensitive skin behind the prone man's balls to the end of his tailbone.

Malfoy yowled once more and began to beg. "Please, oh*please*... Harry... I want... *I need*..."

Harry kept up the big broad swipes of his tongue as Malfoy slowly fractured below him into small shards of desire, need, arousal, abandon and sweet submission. Once he was satisfied that the other man was nothing more than a piteous bundle of oversensitive nerves and breathless acquiescence, he started methodically tonguing his small furled entrance. He circled around it with his tongue and scraped his teeth carefully over the edges. Malfoy's reverberating moans and demanding whines became louder and louder and more and more abandoned.

Harry continued to hold Malfoy open with just one hand as he used the other to hold himself tightly. He didn't want to risk coming yet. His soaking underpants squelched uncomfortably against his throbbing cock, and his ears had started to ring. Ignoring his own discomfort, he furled his tongue into a point and slowly started easing it into the receptive hole. He could hear Malfoy alternately mewling and crying out above him as he thrust his tongue as deep as it would go again and again and retracted it to close his mouth around the fluttering entrance and suck. Malfoy was constantly writhing and wriggling under Harry's hold, trying to push back and get Harry to go deeper. Trying to give him what he wanted, Harry slipped an index finger in beside his tongue.

"Harry, *Harry!*" Malfoy was practically screaming above him, his voice hoarse and breaking. "*More,more!* I need... *please*."

Harry's cock gave a dangerous lurch in his punishing grip. That was it. He couldn't take any more. He fumbled inside his pocket to find and thumb open the tube of lube he had slipped in before leaving home, all the time tonguing Malfoy's entrance. Once he had coated the fingers of one hand with the viscous liquid, he slithered up Malfoy's quivering form, replacing his tongue with his fingers. He pumped his fingers, trying to stretch the opening, as he fumbled with his trousers, attempting to finally, *finally* free himself. With an effort he managed to push his trousers and sopping wet underpants down his hips just enough to free his dripping cock.

"Harry... Harry..." Malfoy was now making strange impatient whinging noises, all the while arching his back and pushing his arse back to meet Harry's thrusting fingers, trying to get them go as deep as he could.

Harry kissed the side of his neck tenderly and whispered hotly. "That's it. Just a little longer and then I'm going to give you what you want.*What we both want*

Once he couldn't hold back any longer, Harry pulled his fingers out and quickly replaced them with his needy cock. It took just one forceful, long thrust to sheath himself completely inside the other man. Malfoy threw his head back and screamed exultantly, his whole body shaking and convulsing under Harry's weight. Harry's vision blurred around the edges and his pulse beat wildly through his whole body. The feeling of heat and constriction was almost more than he could stand. To ground himself he grabbed hold of Malfoy's wildly scrambling hands and laced their fingers together in a strong grip, holding them down.

Malfoy wriggled restlessly under him. "Don't stop. I need you to fuck *me now!*" he choked out, voice raw and implacable.

Incapable of ignoring such an order, Harry began kissing Malfoy's wet cheeks and damp eyelashes as he fucked him with hard, deep strokes. He was certain that this feeling right now, this was heaven.

Malfoy yowled and moaned and pushed back against each thrust eagerly. As much as his own urgent need let him, Harry tried to give him what he wanted. Eventually he got the angle right and Malfoy started screaming, the ecstatic sound filling the room so loudly that Harry's desperate groans and growls were completely drowned out. It felt

so incredible and so unbelievably *right* that Harry wished it could last forever. He was burning up from the inside; the intensity of it all was so much that he didn't know how he could bear it. His heart thudded loudly and painfully inside his aching ribcage in steady counterpoint to the wild birdlike beating of the heart he could feel under him.

Harry was cresting high, so high that he felt he was losing himself, so high that he could barely feel his limbs. He could barely feel anything but the inconceivable feeling that was rushing through him. He squeezed Malfoy's hands tightly, arched his back, and with a large bellow was coming and coming, and soon he was going to bleed himself dry into Malfoy's accepting body.

Harry must have blacked out, because he opened his eyes to a feeling of unimaginable languor and peace. He rubbed himself in distraction and satisfaction against the damp slender body beneath him for a couple of hazy minutes before realising that Malfoy was sobbing and begging as he ineffectually humped against the table.

Almost as if in a dream, Harry turned to his side, pulling Malfoy's limp body with him. Comfortably spooning the other man, he let go of one of his hands to stroke down his hot sweaty sternum and grab his erection in a strong grip.

"Yesss..." Malfoy hissed as Harry wanked him with a quick, thorough rhythm. In almost no time Malfoy came with a plaintive, drawn out moan of relief and then collapsed bonelessly in Harry's arms.

Harry made himself more comfortable on the hard desk and pulled his precious warm bundle as close to him as he could, wrapping his arms against the bony frame.

After dozing off for an interminable amount of time, Harry slowly woke up to find that Malfoy had awoken and turned around in his arms, flinging a long leg over Harry. He had unbuttoned Harry's robes and shirt and was busy exploring his exposed chest with his hands and tongue. Harry lay still for a couple of minutes, enjoying the pleasurable attention.

Soon, however, he looked down at Malfoy's blond head and stroked his hand through the still damp hair. "Hey, there," he whispered. "Come up here."

Malfoy complied agreeably, licking a long wet stripe up Harry's front until they were lying face to face, so close their noses almost touched.

Harry gave a small tired smile and cupped Malfoy's cheek with his palm, stroking the smooth skin with the pad of his thumb. *Draco*, he breathed. Malfoy, Draco, grinned brilliantly, his teeth flashing, and in perfect accord they moved closer to each other until they were kissing once more.

Harry continued to cradle the blond's cheek in one hand as the other moved over his shoulder and down his spine to rest easily in the inviting dip in the small of his back. Malfoy's restless hands continued to explore Harry's front before twining round his neck.

The kiss was slow and languorous and comfortable, with frequent breaks for breath or for smaller kisses to the corner of a mouth or the tip of a nose. Harry hummed in lazy enjoyment, a feeling of contentment stealing over him.

Slowly, naturally, the long kiss drew to an end, and they simply lay together, noses touching, exhalations intermingling, legs intertwined.

After a while Harry could no longer ignore the hardness of the desk. "M...*Draco*, come home with me," he asked the other man in a low careful voice, the familiar feeling of fear creeping over him once more.

Malfoy smiled and tried to smooth down Harry's wild hair. "I don't mind if I do," he answered, the nonchalance of his voice belied by the delight in his eyes. "Only I think you should be on the bottom this time. What do you think?" he added as an afterthought.

Harry breathed a silent sigh of relief, a bright spark of hope blossoming in his chest. Things were going to be just fine. He smiled easily at the other man, all worries gone. "I think that you were right. I am very much enjoying Yule so far."

Malfoy laughed and waggled his eyebrows. "Wait until Imbolc," he told Harry mysteriously.

**finis**