

Folie à Deux

by mrs_nott

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Beta'd by Raisinous Fiendling

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His hand traces the curve of his neck, pulling him closer and yet keeping him away as his other hand pushes against his chest. He is trapped between the wall and his hard place. The panting on his skin, the breath that engulfs him, confines him in a dreamland where the air smells of the best sex he's ever had. Prying his thighs apart, he anticipates the hips that soon slam against his, again and again. The hand wrapped around his neck presses until it's almost a sweet, precarious chokehold that makes his legs quiver. It's the only thing supporting him against the wall.

And suddenly, there is no longer a hand keeping a distance. There is now one that fumbles with zippers and buttons, coaxing out low, guttural moans that bounce off the walls and echo loud in his ears. He is drowning in a red sea, his lungs fighting for air, and his heart drumming fast, faster than it ever has. Backdrafts of passion poison the blood running through his veins. He is high on the sensations when he opens his eyes, only to see the most provocative act of his tongue darting out, predator-like, licking his puffed bottom lip. He wants that tongue in between his lips, mapping out every corner of his lewd mouth. He wants it on every inch, on every place of his body. He needs that tongue on him.

* * *

"So, Mother thinks I should thank you for saving my life and such," Malfoy says, his tone more uncertain than confident.

Tilting his head, Harry eyes Malfoy. The fact that his mother sent him, even though Malfoy is most certainly of age, seems awfully fitting, and for a moment Harry feels tempted to make a comment about it. He realizes, however, that this would be rather rude and would probably bring about a spat Harry has no strength for.

"You're welcome," Harry says instead. "I guess I should probably thank your mother for saving my life in person," he adds upon noticing Malfoy staring intently at him.

Harry, considering that to be what Malfoy wanted to hear, turns away. His surprise is great indeed when Malfoy grabs his left arm.

"I'll put in a good word for your family, Malfoy," Harry says, annoyed at having to turn around once more.

He sees Malfoy's characteristic sneer. "Of course that is what you think I want," Malfoy says flatly. "It seems, however, that you are mistaken, Potter." Malfoy's voice has regained its natural confidence at this point, and Harry really wants to shut him up, except Malfoy keeps talking, and Harry is too tired to interrupt him. "Although a good word from you will undoubtedly be most welcomed, that is not what I intended to get when I came to find you."

"What do you want, then?"

At the question, Malfoy's cheeks colour, making Harry ponder what could possibly make Malfoy act like this. "I..." Malfoy starts but can't bring himself to say more.

"You...?" Harry supplies.

"I..." Inhaling deeply, Malfoy looks as though he's bracing himself for some sort of excruciating pain. "... Well, Mother thinks I should apologize to you. What for, I really haven't got the faintest idea. Though I suppose it could have something to do with me trying to murder you, harbouring thoughts of murdering you, repeatedly insulting you, and designing awfully clever schemes to make your life miserable." Malfoy pauses to stare at Harry. "You can take your pick, Potter. You can choose them all, if you wish. I'm only apologizing this one time, so I guess that would be okay."

Something about Malfoy's speech is just so comical that Harry lets out a loud guffaw. The look this reaction puts on Malfoy's face is absolutely priceless. "Consider your apologies accepted, Malfoy," Harry answers, still snickering.

Malfoy blushes again, and for the smallest of moments, Harry thinks that blush is absolutely adorable. The thought is gone as soon as it arrived, as Malfoy stretches out his arm. Harry takes the hand offered to him, finding Malfoy's grip to be surprisingly firm. He stares at Malfoy's still flushed cheeks, now noticing there's dirt all over them, traces of the smoke. He wants to say something to Malfoy, he just doesn't know what. Before Harry can beat up his brain for not coming up with something, he gets caught up, staring into Malfoy's eyes. They're shining intensely, something Harry has never seen before. He notices Malfoy's long lashes and the shape of his eyes. As weird as it sounds, Harry can almost feel, like this, that Malfoy has been stripped naked and Harry is staring at another person entirely. Dropping his hand all of a sudden, Malfoy walks away from Harry.

* * *

Plunging forward, he makes a move to capture his lips in his own, to get a taste of the beautiful, pink, talented tongue. But he turns away before his lips can reach him, instead choosing to occupy himself differently. The hands that have so skillfully driven him to a point past ecstasy itself are now cupping his arse, squeezing it tight. Pushing his own hips forward, he manages to rub against his body for a precious second. His name escapes from his lips before he can hold himself back. He feels sharp teeth digging into the skin between his neck and his collarbone. He hadn't realized it, but he too is panting furiously, wanting more and more. Just rubbing against him, just his hips slamming into his, is not enough. The tension that builds up in his body wants to speed everything up. It craves the feeling of skin against skin, of hands on bare bodies. It beckons him to make a move, but just as he is about to, he whispers in his ear.

"You're mine." The voice is barely audible, but so charged with desire he moans again.

"Yes."

* * *

Watching the people you love, and yes, Draco Malfoy *does* love, lose their minds is about the worst thing that can happen to you. Because watching them die, as heart wrenching as it is, does not give you the hope that they might, some day, be the people they once were. The impotence you feel upon realizing, over and over, that it's just not going to happen is enough to drive *you* crazy. Yet you decide to stand by them, to help in any way you can because, dammit, as much as you want not to, you still have a thread of hope lingering somewhere close to your heart. And then they kill themselves. Like Pansy Parkinson.

As Draco Malfoy stands in front her grave, he wonders if things would be better if the Dark Lord had not been defeated. Maybe, she would still be alive. Shaking his head, Draco dismisses the thought. He is not a bloody brat anymore. He knows if the Dark Lord had won, he'd probably be dead by now. Also, he isn't here to mope in front of Pansy's grave over her suicide. It's not as if she can do anything about it.

"I saw Potter today," he finally says.

Draco likes to imagine Pansy laughing at this, her expression slightly darkened by the mention of Potter's name. She really hated his guts. Potter's, not his. Pansy loved Draco's guts, which was probably why she hated Potter's.

"He looked... a downright disaster."

Draco doesn't really know what he expected Potter to look like after five years of not seeing him. Certainly not slightly fat and with dark circles around his eyes that are definitely rivalling those around Draco's.

I keep telling you he isn't worth it, Pansy would have said.

"I know how much you hate ... hated him. I know how much I should hate him. And still..." his voice trails off.

"It's just... *Fuck*, Pansy. I thought I was over it. I thought I wanted to move on. But then I saw him again, and the whole sixth-year-Moaning-Myrtle's-bathroom-scene came back to me, haunting me." Draco stops himself. He doesn't really know why he is doing this. Pansy is not even listening. She's dead. The only person who understood, even though she despised the very idea, is dead, and Draco is, quite frankly, so fucking lost.

"I thought I had forgotten, Pansy," he whispers in front of Pansy Parkinson's grave.

* * *

He rushes to put his hands on his chest, to rip the clothes off and give into this animal instinct, but the hands that were cupping his arse stop him on the spot. His own hands are brought above his head and against the wall.

"No." His grip tightens. "Touching." His voice is husky, primal, definitely a command.

* * *

Draco can still remember the tears streaming down his face and the way his reflection looked in the mirror. He remembers vividly the drumming of his heart echoing in his ears and his shaking hands. If he closes his eyes, Draco can still feel his clothes sticking to his body, everything drenched in his own blood. The whole episode has been engraved in his mind. The only reason he has not gotten himself a Pensieve is because, despite the blood and the dull ache in his chest, Draco has never felt as relieved as he felt when Potter found him. It was as though he could finally, finally, surrender to someone. He didn't have to pretend for Potter because Potter *expected* this from him. Potter *expected* him to be a failure, and Draco had *needed* that.

* * *

He doesn't even want to try to break his hands free from the tight grip. Desire pulses through his body. This animal instinct that won't surrender, to anything, to anyone, has his body sweating, aroused beyond words. The hands holding his in place release him slowly, working their way down his body.

When the talented tongue he has been craving all along is finally placed on the one part of his body that yearns for it the most, he screams his name, loud and clear. His hands dart to the head bent in front of him. The hair, damped by their sweat, feels oh, so good, tangled in his fingers. But the head, the tongue, the arousing touch, they're all gone as soon as they began. Whimpering at the sudden loss, he watches as he rises from his knees, expression dark and clouded.

"No touching," he says again.

He swallows, willingly submitting. Fuck.

* * *

After the war Harry spends a whole year suffering from insomnia, having nightmares that start around three months after the war is over. Harry supposes that's only natural after all the horror he's seen. He guesses this, too, shall pass, and prays to a god he has never really believed in to let him be. He wants to move on. He wants to smile and go out, and stop feeling like shit all the time. Harry *needs* to let go.

But he can't, and he spends the next year drunk on Bell's whisky. Harry wakes up with a blinding headache on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays and, occasionally, Sundays, too. Wednesday nights he prefers to stay sober so he can pretend his life isn't hitting rock bottom when he meets his friends on Thursdays. Sunday nights are alcohol free because, usually, his other friends like to drop by his flat on Sundays. Also? Sundays are the days Harry spends at the Burrow. It isn't the way it used to be. The place is no longer as bright and cheerful as it was. Still, it gives Harry a certain peace of mind. A peace of mind that allows him to go back to his flat and sleep without a single drink.

One day, Harry's drunk. Wait, scratch that. Harry got terribly, terribly drunk. Right now? Right now Harry has a blistering headache, and, fuck, he can't even see; the sun's too fucking high up in the sky, too fucking bright and warm. Someone calls out, yells, Harry can't really say which because his head's splitting in two due to the sound. *Fuck.*

There's a knock on the door.

"Harry, this place is a mess. What the hell have you been doing?"

Harry pretends he's asleep, wishes the intruder to go away. However, instead of hearing distancing footsteps, Harry feels suddenly cold.

"Harry." Hermione is standing before him, one hand on her hip, the other holding one end of Harry's sheets.

"Give those back," he manages to say.

"Get up," Hermione says in a tone that reminds Harry of Mrs. Weasley.

"I'm not a child, Hermione."

"Then you better stop acting like one," she counters, dropping Harry's sheets on the floor.

Seriously? "Leave me alone, Hermione," he moans.

"No, Harry, I'm not leaving you alone so you can rot in this place and throw your life away. You're getting up and taking a shower. You have an appointment with a Muggle therapist in..." She takes a moment to glance at her watch. "An hour." With that, Hermione walks out the door.

Harry hopes she's gone for good, wills her to be gone for good, until she comes back and throws a towel at his face. *Now*, Harry."

After dragging Harry to Eve's, his therapist's, office, Hermione waits out for him, and, when he finally emerges from the room, takes him to the small cafe in front of Eve's building.

"I need you to promise me you'll come again, Harry," Hermione says, letting out a breath. "Therapy takes time."

And Harry would, except Eve took one look at him, gave him an address for an AA meeting, and then kindly asked him to return once he's sober. *Bitch* is the first word that jumps into Harry's mind after their first meeting. Turns out, she *is* right about getting sober. So Harry goes back, two and a half years later.

Harry's sessions with Eve are much more pleasant now that Harry can think of himself as a sober man suffering from PTSD that chooses to manifest itself in the form of horrifying nightmares that have been preventing Harry from sleeping for almost five years. Eve considers Harry has made splendid progress. Harry considers Eve is absolutely bonkers because, in his opinion, his condition is very far from better.

One day, Harry comes in late to a session, and, consequently, leaves later than he normally does. To Harry's great surprise, the person who's been waiting for him to leave has a striking resemblance to Draco Malfoy. Moving closer, he tries to get a better view of the man who could be Malfoy except he's wearing worn jeans and a hoodie. Malfoy would never even own just because he's Draco Malfoy. But despite this, despite the hollow cheeks and lack of a sneer, this is Draco Malfoy.

"Malfoy?" Harry asks, still not convinced.

"No, Potter, his ghost."

"Blimey," is the first word that leaves Harry's mouth, and, in retrospect, he would've liked to smack himself because, seriously? Blimey? What is he, two?

"Any particular reason for you to be feeling this infantile, Potter?"

Malfoy's smirk brings Harry back to the third year when Harry fainted while riding the Hogwarts Express, and Malfoy wouldn't stop making the most out of it. And the weirdest thing is not the way this annoys the shit out of Harry, but the way it is, in its own, twisted way, *normal*. Yes, that's right, it feels bloody *normal*.

"You haven't changed."

"I'd say the same but you definitely look much older. Ah, well, I suppose not everyone can have my excellent complexion." Malfoy eyes him as he says this.

His first instinct is to punch Malfoy in the face because Malfoy is a prat and Harry hates prats, and yes, Harry realizes how pathetic it is that he sounds like a ten-year-old in his own mind. And it's all *Malfoy's* fault.

"Cat got your tongue, *Scarhead*?"

Well, it's at least nice to know he's not the only one suffering from severe regression.

"Just wondering why a fervent follower of certain dark wizards such as yourself is here to begin with," Harry counters.

Harry looks Malfoy right in the eye, expecting to catch a glint of annoyance. Instead, he gets ~~that~~ look again. The one he saw that time after the war. The one where Malfoy isn't hiding behind something or someone; the one where Malfoy looks vulnerable and terrified, and Harry doesn't even know what the hell is going on anymore.

"Mr. Malfoy, please, come in." Eve's voice breaks the spell between them, and Malfoy is out of Harry's sight before he can say good-bye.

Harry thinks about Malfoy all week long. He can't help the way his thoughts seem to develop a preference for drifting back to Malfoy's eyes and that look. That look that Harry can't quite place.

There's a part of Harry that finds this whole Malfoy business incredibly annoying. It's the part that wants to brush it all off as Malfoy resenting how everything ended. But then, there's this other part of Harry that is just uneasy about the whole thing. It's the part that tells Harry this look is *just for him*, as if Malfoy only allowed himself to be weak in front of Harry. As if Malfoy *trusted* Harry, of all people, with this weakness. It makes Harry uneasy because no matter how many people trusted him to defeat Voldemort, no matter how much he felt for Ginny or how much he has felt for anyone else, Harry doesn't think he's ever been trusted with something so fragile, so important. It's this part that Harry forces himself to ignore. He's got other things on his mind.

The fact that he doesn't see Malfoy on his next appointment causes him to feel *something*. Harry would like to say this something is nothing but utter annoyance. The thing is, Harry isn't, as much as it looks like when Malfoy's around, thirteen anymore, and, as an adult, he has reached some level of self-awareness that keeps him from fooling himself. Which is very unfortunate, considering Harry really, really, wants to stop thinking about Malfoy.

Anyway, the bottom line is, Harry doesn't get to see Malfoy that week or the one after that and the unknown feeling just grows and grows. In fact, Harry hasn't seen Malfoy in over a month when he decides to ask Eve about him.

"You know Mr. Malfoy?" Eve asks.

"We, uh...I know him from school."

"I see. You know, Harry, I can't tell you about my other patients." Eve looks right into his eyes as she says this.

"I was just looking forward to seeing him more often," Harry says in a rush, not really sure what bothers him more. The fact that Eve won't tell him about Malfoy or the fact that, for the first time since he saw Malfoy, he understands it's disappointment he feels when Malfoy isn't there.

"Let's talk about your week, Harry."

* * *

He never paid attention to the way a tongue felt wrapped around him, the unique texture of the slick muscle sliding up and down, up and down and around. The long, easy strokes send tingling sensations all over his writhing body. He feels the walls in the room close in, depriving his lungs of the air they so desperately need. His body, lewd, uncontrollable, feasts on the wetness pressed against him, gets high on the fingertips that dig in his upper thighs, marking him. He wants more. Up and down. Again, again. Low, guttural, primal. Tension that builds up. Drowning in a red sea. The wetness, the slick strokes. Up and down, up and down. Again. Drowning. Tension. Up and down. And then blank. Blissful white that explodes behind his eyes as his legs give in, his whole body shaking. Trying to find support on the wall, he rests his back on it, chest heaving, his breathing shallow.

It takes a minute or maybe two or three or four to finally get his pulse under control. But he doesn't forget where he is, what they're doing. He forces his eyes open, ready to give back, but gets caught by the sight of his own come dripping down his chin, his tongue licking it away. It's too much.

* * *

Harry wants to see Malfoy again. Actually, right now, it feels more like he needs to see Malfoy again. He tells himself it's because he needs to ask about that look. He *needs* to know *why*. But that's not all. Harry really wants to see him. He has the itch for him, for his insults. Or rather, Harry has a craving for his voice and the way it makes Harry feel silly and stupid because it allows him to forget. And he desperately needs to forget. Which is why he drank in the first place, but Harry is past that. He thinks. Or he should be past trying to forget, but that thing with Malfoy outside Eve's office just made him feel, in a bizarre, really messed up way, okay. He felt, for the first time since Bill's wedding at the Burrow, completely and totally normal.

Harry yearns so badly for that feeling, it drives him insane. He needs to see Malfoy again. In a fit of...*something* Harry can't place, he takes a parchment from his drawer and writes a letter. It is only after he sends it and sits around waiting for a reply that Harry realizes what he's done. *Oh, no.* He just invited Draco Malfoy for a cup of coffee. What the hell is he doing?

* * *

His lips brush against his ears as he speaks, "I love your face when you come." His breath is hot and tickling on his bare neck. "I love the flush on your skin that I cause as my tongue licks you dry." He bites his ear playfully. "I love the noises that you make and want to hear you screaming my name over and over." His own breath is caught at the sound of his voice. "I want my fingers deep inside you, hitting that sweet little spot, lighting your body on fire."

His body trembles in anticipation, waiting, wanting to be penetrated.

"Please," he moans.

* * *

Harry Potter has the annoying habit of sipping his coffee. He also has an addiction in remission that keeps him from partying like any person their age would. Harry Potter is hardly a catch. Yet Draco is sitting across from him in the little café no one knows about except Potter and the owner and, perhaps, three other people. The place is what Draco supposes commoners and Muggles call 'cosy'. Draco only sees it as a hole in an alley of doubtful reputation. The only reason he even accepted the invitation is because he has the sneaky feeling Potter would have probably stalked him until he said yes to whatever nonsense Potter wanted to indulge himself in. That, and because, when the owl first arrived, his heart skipped a few beats, and Merlin knows Draco wants more than small talk in ludicrous cafés. But that's all Draco's getting.

"Do I have something on my face?" Potter suddenly asks.

"*What?*" Trust Potter to be so fucking random.

"You've been staring at me," he offers as though that's reason enough to prompt such a question.

Draco doesn't even know *why* he bothers in the first place. Potter is so dense.

Rolling his eyes, Draco tries his best not to sound as though he'd like to smack Potter as he answers, "No, you do not."

"Well then, what?"

He frowns. "What, what?"

"Why were you staring at me?"

"Oh, it's just that your face looks so incredibly gorgeous under this prudent light."

Potter, who has not stopped sipping his coffee annoyingly, chooses this moment to snort violently, managing to get some of it on Draco's shirt.

"What the fuck is wrong with you!" Draco exclaims as he rises from his chair in the hopes to find a bloody luo in this place.

"Shit! I am so sorry." Soon enough Potter is standing up, too, a napkin in his hand. "Here," he says as he starts rubbing the napkin on Draco's chest. "Let me help you."

Draco is frozen on the spot, the feeling of Harry Potter's hand on his chest being too much for him right now. Too much, too soon.

"Stop," Draco says cuttingly, and how he managed that voice is beyond him.

Potter looks at him straight in the eye, as though he's about to say something. But he doesn't. In fact, he doesn't move, his hand remaining there, flat against Draco's chest. His heart starts racing, blood pumping hard and fast to his head. He feels his cheeks colour and wills himself to take deep breaths, wanting his heart to slow down. It is only then that he realizes Potter's hand is *on his chest*, probably feeling every single accelerated heartbeat.*Shit.*

* * *

He listens impatiently as he summons the lube. His senses are so heightened he can actually hear each and every move he makes as soon as the lube is in his hands. Click. He gasps, a shiver running down his spine. A squish and he hears as the fluid is being spread on his palm. He wants to brace himself for the intrusion but it comes too soon, and the long finger is already in. The same animal instinct overwhelms him again, almost overpowering him. Yet he knows better now. He knows that finger cannot leave him. Not when he needs more, not when he's already nearing the edge. He pushes down, encouraging the foreign finger, earning himself a tingling laugh against his too-sensitive skin.

He searches for the only pair of eyes that can take him out of this sweet desperation. When he finds them, they're dark, burning with built-up desire. An unexpected finger joins the other. They pump in and out, moving, stretching, scissoring him open. He thinks he can't take it anymore; he thinks this is it. He's on the edge embarrassingly soon. And then the fingers twist, crook forward. The prehistoric noise that escapes his lips can't possibly be his own. But there it is again, the fingers crooking, and his guttural grunt filling up the room. And there it is, again, again, again.

* * *

Draco's life is a fucking mess. There is not one single thing going right for him, and he is so tired of being wrong, of being stressed out and anxious. He is tired of feeling worthless. He is tired of closing his eyes only to see his hands crimson with Pansy's blood. He's tired of the copper smell that hasn't quite left him yet. He's tired of thinking that maybe, if he had been there sooner, if he hadn't stopped for coffee, if he had woken up earlier, then maybe she'd be alive. Then maybe he wouldn't have had to force his way into her flat, only to find her on the floor, drowning in a pool of her own blood.

He's tired of the fucking stereotypes and sometimes just wants to yell at everyone who stops to give him death glares. He's tired of Rita Skeeter making a career out of his family's misery. He's so sick of receiving hate mail at *his very own flat*. But mostly, he's tired of the way he can't stop feeling guilty over Crabbe's death and the way he feels so utterly alone.

Draco does feel alone. All his friends, or whatever it was that they were, have either left or disappeared or killed themselves. Because Pansy was only the second in a series of suicides after the war. Right now, there's only Zabini left, and if Draco has got it bad, he doesn't even *want* to think about how *he* is doing. Fucking stupid war.

And then there's Harry bloody Potter barging into his life as if Draco had bloody *asked* for it when the only thing Draco wants is for Potter to just *piiss off*. Who does he think he is? Just because he saved his life for which Draco has already thanked him, let that be noted is not reason enough to reappear to fuck him up more than he already is. Although that probably is not a very fair assessment, considering Potter's thickness is rather legendary. And he's so bloody righteous and self-important and infantile and... Oh, he's just so very *Potter*. Why him? Why him out of all the self-righteous pricks that inhabit this sad world? *Why?*

Merlin, he's never going back to that stupid therapist. Not ever again.

* * *

"Don't you dare come right now," he orders.

He gulps, trying hard to fight against the urge to go a little further and over. To reach that glorious ecstasy. It's sheer, unadulterated torture at its finest.

"Fuck," he moans, riding those long fingers buried deep inside him.

"That's right. I'm gonna fuck you. Hard."

* * *

Draco is not an idiot, and, by the time the second letter arrives, he knows Potter's after something. What that is, he hasn't got the faintest. Draco only knows Potter's not doing this just because, and, as much as he would like to fool himself and say it's because of *Draco*, he knows enough of Potter to realize that is an egregious lie.

But then, what? He can't really be using Draco because, well, Draco is pretty much as unusable as they get. A bet, maybe? No, Gryffindors are far too *noble* for that. Besides, the only person that came close to knowing the depth of Draco's... Well, the only one was Pansy and she's dead. And she hated Potter and would rather be caught *in flagrante* with a troll than be associated with him. Then, *what?*

He does not want this. Draco does not want Potter to do this. Not like this. Not when Draco wants it so bad. Draco Malfoy wants Harry Potter. There, he admits it. Draco wants Harry bad. He wants to trace every curve in Harry's body and lick every inch of skin. Draco wants to feel Harry's accelerated pulse, but most of all, he wants to know *he* is the cause of that acceleration. He wonders what Harry looks like when he comes and how his first name would sound on his tongue. He wonders if Harry's eyes are always as expressive as they are when they fight, full of fire and passion. And Draco stops because he realizes where this whole thing is going. He realizes it's not Harry's body he craves but his *presence*.

Not just a night and good-bye, nice knowing you. No, Draco wants Harry for real. Draco wants Harry to *be there*, to trust him and be trusted by him. He wants so much more than skin against skin. The revelation is unbelievable but so true and honest. He can't believe it took him nearly eight years, a dead best friend, and him being completely alone to figure that one out. Except he's now scared shitless because he has never felt this strong about anything or anyone. His heart pounds in his chest just the way it did when Harry touched him, and, *fuck*, what *is* he going to do?

Even if Harry *does* want him, he surely does not want Draco like that. He surely doesn't feel like Draco does. He isn't blind. People who develop an addiction for alcohol and are forced to go to therapy can hardly qualify as relationship material. People who spend six years of their lives being chased by a lunatic, who also happens to be the assassin of their parents, and another one chasing said lunatic are not exactly likely to trust other people. Especially not those they associate to said lunatic, which is a category witches and wizards are more than happy to remind Draco he clearly belongs in. He can't do this. He can't hope for something that is so obviously doomed. His

life is already ugly enough as it is.

'Sorry, can't.

M.'

Draco sends the letter, hoping Harry does not answer back and leaves it at that. Maybe Harry will forget all about him and never ever write again. Maybe Draco will take a trip somewhere far away from this shithole.

* * *

His words nearly bring him over the edge. His breath is needy, rough and raw. He sounds desperate, even though he's in control. It's all for him and only him. He's the cause of this, and that very thought gets him higher than any drug ever could. He indulges in the pleasure of those fingers buried deep inside him, thriving on their each and every move. He wills himself to hold back, as hard as it is, understanding he can't. Not now, not when what's coming is going to be so much more. Not when it's going to give him so much more.

The fingers twisting inside of him are removed before he hears the noise of clothes being removed, of zippers being undone. At last his skin is all over him. His hands get to touch and marvel at every fiber of his glorious body. Physical desire rips through him as he rocks their naked bodies in rhythmical motions that are too slow for comfort. He feels his body trembling against his, sweating, panting. It feels like he's melting against his skin.

* * *

Harry knows how hard, how fast, Malfoy's heart was beating under his palm. He knows that doesn't just happen. It doesn't take him long to put two and two together. What surprises him is not that Malfoy wants him, but that Harry is, strangely enough, okay with that. Yet, if Malfoy wants him, why say no? Did Harry imagine the whole thing? And if he did, why did he? Does he harbour undisclosed feelings for Malfoy?

Ha, ha. That is funny. Harry's been spending too much time around Eve. He's reading way too much into this, and it's probably nothing, right? Right. Nothing.

'How about Thursday, then?

H.'

He's not about to examine himself over a letter. That's just silly.

* * *

They are both on fire. He thinks he will bring them both to ecstasy just like this, rocking and rubbing against each other. Instinctively, he wraps a leg around his hip, managing to add more friction. Soon, he realizes he is just trying to get him as excited, as tense and wanton as he can manage. He realizes this as his face is cupped in his hand, and he is forced to look into his eyes. He wonders if his own eyes are mirroring his. They are dark, darker than he has ever seen them and laying out his every emotion, out there for him to see. It's refreshing, seeing him vulnerable. He bites his lips, looking progressively more and more hesitant. None of it makes sense. This abrupt loss of confidence does not compute with the commands that had him writhing just moments ago.

Suddenly, he feels a rush of searing pain exploding from behind. And now it makes sense.

* * *

It's the fifth time they're going out. And that is totally the wrong phrase because they are *not* dating, as much Draco now allows himself to wish. Draco has noticed the shifts in their conversations. They way they seem more personal and lacking insults. He knows Harry wants him, what with the way he tilts his head or stares at him for too long. Even though Draco is sure Harry knows the feeling is very much returned, neither makes a move. They keep teetering on this tightrope, not quite moving forward but always afraid of falling.

"So, what's been going on in your life?" Harry suddenly asks.

Draco shrugs. "I saw you two weeks ago, there's really nothing new."

"Really? Nothing? No girls, no nothing?"

At this lame attempt at figuring out his sex life, Draco does laugh. This is so pathetic that word doesn't even cover it.

"Why don't you cut the crap, Potter, and ask me if I'll sleep with you?" Draco's tone is sarcastic; it lacks seriousness all over it.

"Will you?" Harry quirks his eyebrows.

Oh, no, he didn't. He did not just ask Draco to sleep with him. No way. He isn't serious, right? He can't, not really. He..*Shit. Fucking shit.*

"And what a pair we'd be, wouldn't we?" Draco sounds sardonic as he speaks, harsher than he probably should but this isn't *fair*. Not like *this*. "An alcoholic with a superhero complex and a fuck-up who can't even-"

"An alcoholic?" Harry interrupts him.

And really? That's all he gets from that? Alcoholic?

"Word gets around, Potter," Draco replies, cuttingly.

Harry has this odd look in his eyes, like he's expecting something more. The look vanishes from his eyes as soon as he answers. "Well, not anymore. How about you get *that* word around?"

"Not nearly as interesting and tabloid-like. Sorry to break it to you, but you're stuck with that until you do something else," Draco counters.

"Like what? Is dating you an option?" Harry says this with a flat voice, perfectly serious, and Draco no longer has to wonder if he really *ally* means it. Harry is perfectly serious about this.

The temptation to just say yes, to indulge in this little *folie à deux*, is too much. And it won't give him what he wants in the long run, not now, not ever. Even if he's never getting what he honestly wants, he can't give in. He'd miss it, and, if *this* is driving him mad, losing Harry would drive him right to the gates of St. Mungo's.

Draco will not give in. "Oh, that would certainly raise some eyebrows here and there."

"Here and there?" Harry exclaims, throwing his hands in the air.

"Okay, Rita Skeeter would wet herself over it."

Harry's smirk is unexpected; it has something wicked behind it, something Draco has never seen before. "Such foul, foul language."

Draco's eyes nearly pop out at the statement. He's so stunned the only thing he manages to say is a lame, "Sod off."

"Not nearly as interesting and tabloid-like."

That does it for Draco. He can't play this game, not with Harry. He cares too much. There's too much at stake, and Draco *knows* how this ends. It ends in a dull, consuming pain that he won't be able to stand because, right now, this thread of hope that he has been trying to cut into pieces is the only thing holding him together. He can't lose that.

"This isn't a game."

"I know."

How dare he! He has no idea. *No bloody idea at all*

"No, you don't," Draco fumes. How *stupid* is he? "You think it'd be fun to have your dick buried deep inside my mouth as you scream my name and I make you come because I'm *that fucking good*, but that's not what I want."

"What do you want, then?"

"Something you're not willing to give up."

* * *

He has squeezed his eyes shut in an attempt to control the pain when he feels a pair of lips on his forehead.

"Open your eyes," he murmurs against his skin, softly, almost pleading.

And so he does. There's insecurity and anxiety flooding his darkened eyes, but there is also a faint hint of something else, of something more. A glint that tells him this is so much more than primal sex up against a wall. Warmth engulfs him, coaxing him into relaxation. His muscles loosen around him as he pushes deeper and deeper. The pain gradually melts, giving way to pristine, quintessential pleasure.

He is perfectly comfortable right here, indulging in the slow rhythm he has set until his hips shift. He penetrates him from a different angle, one where he keeps hitting that over-sensitive spot inside him. His pace is as slow as it was before, but he isn't as comfortable anymore. He grows desperate by the second, anticipating those slim hips crushing him hard into the wall. He moans, low and breathless.

He begs for more, faster, harder. He pleads for something he has never had the need to ask for. The sound of his begging voice drives him mad, insane with need, as he awaits his hips slamming into his own. Talking has never really been his thing, but as despair overpowers him, his mouth runs on and on. His own words feel filthy on his tongue, but they entice him into picking up his rhythm.

The first few thrusts are enough to drive them both to the edge, but they're not letting go. For some reason, they are trying to stretch this as long as they can, feasting on the insurmountable sensations. Their willingness does not last much longer. He writhes as he slams into him, again and again, faster and harder, just the way he likes it. Digging his nails in his bare back, he moans as he feels his teeth sink deep into his neck, marking him once more. He belongs to him and no one else. He wouldn't want it any other way. This is his craziest, wildest fantasy becoming true.

For a moment, he can't believe it because this is just what he wants. This is just the way he thought it should be, and just the way he always hoped it would be. This is just the way he's always wanted it, and the fact that he's getting it seems surreal. But then he is thrusting deep into him, as though to remind him this is happening, filling him up, fitting right into him, and it's too much. It's too fucking much, and he is screaming his name, moaning and tensing around him. He feels his wetness spurting into him, hot and so very real. It's the last thing he feels before he is completely lost to the world.

* * *

Harry and Ron are sitting at their usual table one fine Thursday when Hermione storms in, looking positively enraged at something, a copy of the *Prophet* in her hand. "I hate that woman!" she exclaims, throwing her hands in the air, trying to emphasize her total hatred. "You know, people need to be left alone."

"Hermione, what's wrong?" It's Ron who asks first.

"Well, apparently, Malfoy is going to marry or something, and all this woman can do is ponder who is *desperate* enough to agree to such a *burden*. And I know it's Malfoy and all, but he... I think he needs to be left alone."

Harry knows he should probably say something, curse Rita Skeeter's existence. But he can't. Not for the life of him. Because all he can think about is Malfoy with someone else. Malfoy *not* with him. And he doesn't remember ever feeling this insanelly livid. He wants Malfoy's bride or fiancée or whatever the fuck served to him on a silver platter. Malfoy is Harry's. Even if they haven't spoken since Malfoy walked out on him. That is totally irrelevant. Malfoy is his. And he doesn't know where all that came from. The only thing Harry knows is that Malfoy should be with *him*.

"Harry, mate, you okay?" Ron asks all of a sudden, bringing Harry back to reality.

"Yeah." What a fucking lie. "Yeah, yeah. I just... I need to go. Sorry, rain check?"

He watches as Ron opens his mouth to say something, but closes it immediately with one look from Hermione.

"It's okay, Harry." He thinks she senses something because she's squeezing his hand, and Harry knows he needs this. He needs Malfoy.

Harry walks out and into a beautiful, sunny afternoon. For some reason, Malfoy lives in Muggle London so Harry can't really Apparate to the middle of his building. He takes a taxi, and traffic is, of course, absolutely horrendous. Not really, but there are cars and those stupid, stupid red buses here and there, and patience has never been Harry's strong suit.

They finally get to Malfoy's flat, after what feels like a bloody eternity. Harry takes the stairs, two at a time, and is quite breathless by the time he gets to the sixth floor. Out of the blue, he's nervous. His hands twitch. *Shit*.

"What's the point of standing in front of a door if you're not even going to attempt to ring?" Malfoy's voice sounds behind his back, and Harry can hear the smirk in it.

"You walked away from me," Harry says, turning around. It's the first thing that comes to his mind.

Malfoy shrugs. "I didn't have anything left to say." He sounds cool and collected, but his eyes are betraying a turmoil of emotions Harry can't place.

Harry recalls perfectly their last conversation and how it ended. He remembers the way he felt, stunned at first, bewildered, even. But then, a sort of anguish took over surprise. He felt whatever it was that they had going was reaching an end, and Harry couldn't have that. It occurs to him right then and there, flashes through him like a lightning bolt, that he was *jealous*. Just a few moments ago. Harry was jealous over Malfoy, and that is exactly why he's here.

Now, Harry can either freak out, run downstairs and pretend he never came here. Or he can just suck it up and hang on because Malfoy is eyeing him, expectant, and Harry knows this is it. He wastes this and there's no going back.

"You have to be more specific about what you want," Harry says, breaking the silence.

"You can't give it to me anyway." Malfoy is pretending to be nonchalant but Harry knows better than that.

"You don't know." The truth is Harry doesn't even know if he *can* actually be whatever it is that Malfoy wants. The only thing he knows for certain is that he *wants* the chance. "You haven't asked."

"It doesn't matter."

"It matters to me," Harry presses.

"Fine. I want *you*."

Blinking, Harry pauses before he answers. He thought he had been very clear when he said he wanted Malfoy, too. "You can have that."

At this, Malfoy lets out what Harry can only describe as a scary, mad laugh. What the hell?

And Malfoy must have noticed his confused expression because he straightens his face immediately. "Not like that," Malfoy says. "Not a one-night stand. Not a couple of shags. I want *you in my life*." Harry has never heard Malfoy sound so serious.

What makes him nervous is not the way this has suddenly become more than two idiots messing around. What makes him nervous is the way Malfoy is looking absolutely vulnerable as he waits for an answer. What makes him nervous is the way Malfoy has exposed himself completely to Harry, has handed himself over in his most vulnerable state without a trace of regret. Harry wonders how hard this must be. How much pride has Malfoy swallowed up to admit to this? To admit to wanting *him*, Harry, so bad? He has no idea what to do with all of this.

"I..." Harry begins, but what can he say, really? What do people say when a person surrenders to them completely?

A hurt look flashes through Malfoy's eyes, and Harry knows instantly *not saying anything* is definitely not the right thing to do. Not unless you want said person to slam their door in your face, which is exactly what Malfoy looks like he's about to do.

"It's fine, I know you don't want it." His voice is sharp and controlled, but for some reason, as Harry looks right into Malfoy's eyes, all he can hear him say is *I know you don't want me*.

"No, I just..." Oh, Harry is so useless at this. It's so beyond pathetic. But Malfoy is turning away from him. "No, don't go! Argh, I'm crap at this," Harry mutters under his breath as Malfoy turns around to face him. "Listen, I don't want *just* a shag, or a couple of those or whatever." It's funny how, despite the fact that he has just entirely exposed himself, Malfoy is the one who is raising an eyebrow at Harry. Oh, this is so hard. It's like... Well, to be honest, it's nothing like anything Harry has ever felt before. It's not like that time with Cho and his nervous, embarrassing babble. It's different because he isn't as nervous as he is anxious. He isn't stumbling over his own words because he can't even *find* the words. Oh, Merlin! And then out of his mouth comes this statement he had no idea he had been withholding: "I think I want you in my life, too."

Malfoy just gawks at him, blinking a couple of times before he actually speaks. "*You think*."

"Oh, come on!" Harry exclaims because this is so *hard*. "I haven't thought this through." It's honest. That's the truth. Everything just sort of landed on his lap. Out of bloody nowhere. "It started spiralling out of control before I even knew I was in it. I... *know* I want you, I *know* I want to see you over and over because *I like you*." Harry says in a rush. "Please? Can't we figure this out?"

"Your eloquence, Potter, is really something."

This time, Malfoy isn't smirking. Instead, he's grinning, and Harry would say he looked a bit like a maniac who just escaped from St. Mungo's except Malfoy looks so incandescently happy, Harry can't help the grin that appears on his own face.

Turning his back to Harry, Malfoy fumbles with his keys before he manages to get the door open. Wondering if he should just step in or wait for an invitation, Harry stands still, frozen two steps behind the doorframe.

"What?" Malfoy asks once he's inside his own flat. "Are you waiting for an embroidered invitation with your name in golden letters? Come in, you tosser."

Harry's smile grows wider, if that's even possible. He's *inside* Malfoy's flat. He--

Harry doesn't get much more time to process anything else because Malfoy is pinning him against the door, breathing heavily into the shell of his ear.

"I want *you*," Malfoy hisses.

Harry wants to say he wants him, too, but Malfoy's lips are pressed against his own. His mouth moves on its own accord as his tongue delights in mapping out every corner of Malfoy's mouth. It's just them in this room. Nothing else matters.

"*Malfoy*," Harry moans, low and guttural, moving their bodies away from the door.

"Draco. It's Draco."

"*Draco*," Harry corrects himself.

Funny how one name can have such a strong effect on someone. Malfoy's, no, Draco's name on his tongue feels powerful. Harry feels powerful as he touches Draco, watching his every move. And it's Harry's doing. Draco is squirming, aroused, and it's all because of Harry. Suddenly, something greater than himself takes over Harry's body. Twisting their bodies around, Harry manages to pin Draco against a wall. He can feel how aroused Draco is against his thigh, and it's intoxicating. Draco is intoxicating and he is *Harry's*.

"Fuck me," Draco demands, slamming his hips into Harry's. "Fuck me hard."

Harry never thought Draco Malfoy would say something like that to him. He never thought he could have him writhing under his touch. But mostly, Harry never thought the

very person to be able to take him out of this limbo he's been in, to make his life worth living again, would be Draco Malfoy. Because Harry may not be in love but he *is* smart enough to realize something brilliant is making its way through all the madness.

Harry knows, as he looks into Draco's eyes, that what they're building here is going to be greater than them. Now Harry knows why Draco kept exposing himself in front of Harry, why he allowed himself to be vulnerable in front of Harry, why he surrendered so irrevocably to him. Draco Malfoy trusts Harry Potter with his vulnerability, he trusts him above everyone else, and Harry Potter trusts Draco Malfoy just as much. And that, for now, is more than enough.

Lifting Draco's hands above his head, Harry murmurs, husky and primal, in Draco's ear, "No touching."

Harry loves the way Draco trembles, trapped between the wall and Harry's own body.

A/N: To my beta, many, many thanks for supporting and encouraging me. To the rest of you, ENJOY.

To be honest, until now, I had never written NC-17. Pretty please, R&R!