

# Blow Me Away

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## One Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: This little beauty was written for Tyche Song's HP BDSM Smutfest on FB. A huge thanks to Tyche for providing the prompt and inspiration. Thanks also to JenniferLupinBlack for being a super Alpha reader. And a final thanks to krazyredhead0317 for being my Beta. I appreciate everything you've all done for me! I hope you all enjoy this.

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### *Blow Me Away*

The lights in the club pulsed in time with the beat from the magical music system. Smoke from a fog machine filled the air, and the sound of laughter was heard. All throughout the club, witches and wizards alike were having the time of their lives. Some were even having a little of each other in darker corners.

Harry was sitting at the bar with Hermione, much like they always did on Friday nights. And like every Friday night, Harry's attention was solely on the blond who always sat on the other side of the bar.

Draco worked at the Ministry of Magic, as an Obliviator in the Department of Magical Accidents and Catastrophes. Since Harry was an Auror, the two of them would cross paths every so often. Draco was always polite, going so far as to even smile at Harry once in a while. But that was it, really. There was no casual conversation between the two, no heated looks full of lust and desire... just business. But Harry wanted more.

During the past few years, Harry had grown attracted to the blond wizard. He wanted to get to know Draco better. He really wanted to know if Draco was truly a changed man. It seemed he was. But despite his desire to know Draco on a more personal level, Harry never made a move. He always refrained from doing so.

Hermione sipped at her cocktail, a small smile on her face. "Why don't you go and say hi to him?" She suggested.

"Hmm?" Harry mumbled, not fully paying attention to what she had just said.

"Go say hi to Draco," Hermione repeated over the loud music. Hermione had known for a long time now that Draco had somehow captured Harry's attention.

"What?" Harry's cheeks turned pink. "Why would I do that?" It was better to feign innocence than to admit his obsession with their old schoolmate.

Hermione rolled her eyes. "Harry, don't play coy. You stare at him every week when we come. Why don't you just go say hello?"

"Because I just can't walk up to him and say that!" Harry protested.

Hermione couldn't help but laugh. "And why not? It's just Draco Malfoy."

Harry sighed before taking a sip of his cocktail. "That's exactly why," Harry admitted. "It's not just Draco Malfoy, it's *Draco Malfoy*."

"I don't see the difference," Hermione said, ordering another drink. "You obviously like him, Harry, what is there to lose?"

"My pride."

"Oh stop being so dramatic," Hermione chided. "Put your big boy panties on and go say hello."

Harry chewed on his bottom lip. He shook his head. "No, I think I'll just spend my night with you."

She grinned mischievously.

"What?" he asked.

"Well, I knew you'd say something like that, so I went ahead and asked someone else to meet me here."

Harry was shocked. "What? Who on earth is meeting you here?"

She craned her neck around him, looking towards the door. "There he is now, right on time."

Harry whipped his head around to get a look. His jaw dropped in surprise. "Snape?" he squeaked. "Snape is meeting you here, of all places?"

Severus Snape stood in the doorway. He was wearing what looked like black Muggle jeans and a button up dark grey shirt. Even Harry had to admit Snape looked good even though he wasn't Harry's type at all. Harry preferred young blonds.

Hermione grinned excitedly. "I can be quite persuasive when I want to be, Harry. I told him to meet me here for some drinks, and then, we could go back to my flat for the rest of the night. He was more than happy to agree."

Harry shook his head. "I don't know how but you've got that man wrapped right around your little finger, don't you?"

"Of course I do." Hermione smiled.

Severus Snape had survived the war, much to everyone's surprise. It seemed that Lucius had immediately searched for Snape's body when he had heard that Snape had died. Surprisingly, when he found Snape, his heart was still beating. With the help of Madam Pomfrey, the two of them were able to stabilize Snape and get him to St. Mungo's. Five months later he was fully recovered and released from the hospital. With testimonies from Harry and the other Order members, Snape was able to clear his name. He then resigned from Hogwarts and opened an Apothecary in Hogsmeade Village.

Hermione and Snape had been an item for the past month or so. He wasn't sure how the two of them met since Hermione worked for the Ministry. Harry didn't understand what his best friend saw in Snape, but he accepted their relationship anyway. Snape was the only one who could handle Hermione's bedroom preferences. He silently chuckled, remembering Ron's reasons for breaking up with Hermione. *"She wanted me to do things, Harry! Things that certainly aren't normal!"*

Snape made his way over, taking a seat on the other side of Hermione. He greeted her with a kiss.

Hermione, who was very happy her beau was with her, turned to Harry. "Now, off you go. I don't want you ruining the mood."

Snape chuckled. "Hermione, he can stay if he wants. I'm not opposed to..."

"Don't you dare finish that sentence, Severus!" Hermione cut him off. "Harry needs to grow a pair and talk to Draco."

"Ah, yes." Snape nodded. "Don't worry, Potter, Slytherins don't bite...", he trailed off suggestively, giving Harry a smirk. "Hard."

Harry abruptly stood up. "Fine, I'll go see Draco. Happy?"

"Yes!" Hermione practically shouted, giving Severus a seductive smirk. "Go, Harry, have fun!"

He nodded and gathered up his Gryffindor courage. "See you." He slowly walked around the bar to where Draco sat. It seemed his will was slipping with every step. How did he think he could possibly do this?

Right as he was about to turn around, a voice caught his attention.

"I was wondering when you'd finally work up the courage to come over here."

Harry glanced up and saw Draco's piercing grey eyes staring right at him. The blond had a smirk on his face. "Come on, take a seat," he said when he realized Harry wasn't going to say anything.

Harry did as Draco said, taking a seat next to him. Draco ordered a cocktail for him, surprising the green eyed wizard when he realized that it was the same drink he had been drinking with Hermione. He arched his brow.

"You're not the only one who's been staring," Draco admitted. "I've had my eye on you for quite some time, Harry."

"Really?" Harry asked, surprised that the conversation was going this way. It seemed that while he was quiet and shy about his sexuality, Draco was very straightforward in his. Harry wondered if Draco took charge in all aspects of his relationships.

"Yes, really. Since sixth year, actually, but of course you wouldn't know that since we weren't friendly until a few years ago."

"Well, you've changed quite a bit in the past five years," Harry conceded. "You weren't a pleasant person in school."

"No, I wasn't," Draco admitted. "But let's put all those nasty memories behind us and form some new ones, yeah?"

"Yeah?" Harry asked nervously. He tried not to fidget too much. He didn't want Draco to see his nerves.

Draco nodded. "We'll have a few drinks then head back to my place, okay?"

Harry blushed. "Are you really interested in, er, sleeping with me?"

"Of course I am," Draco replied. "And much more to be honest." He leaned forward, resting his hand on Harry's knee.

Harry felt himself blush even more. "I've never been intimate with anyone," he admitted.

Draco nodded, pulling back slightly to take a sip of his drink. "I'm used to taking control anyways; it's no big deal."

Harry drank some of his cocktail as well. "So how long have you've known you were into men?"

He laughed. "For forever, I think. I messed around with Pansy at Hogwarts, but that was it really. I've been with a few guys, but none of them on a permanent basis. You?"

"After the war, I tried to date Ginny again, but things just weren't working out. I broke up with her when I realized why." He laughed. "She was furious. Her Mum was upset too. They had always thought we'd get married."

Draco smirked. "My parents wanted me to marry as well, but I told them no. I don't want to marry unless it's for love."

Harry felt himself smile. Talking to Draco was everything he had always imagined it would be. He couldn't wait to see what else was in store.

It seemed that Draco felt the same way. "Why don't we get out of here?"

Swallowing nervously, Harry nodded. He quickly finished the rest of his drink.

Draco took his hand once they were both standing and lead him to the door. Harry looked over his shoulder to see Hermione and Snape knocking back shots together. He smiled to himself; it looked like Hermione was in for her own wild evening.

"I'll Apparate us there," Draco said, pulling Harry into his arms. Harry shivered excitedly at their closeness. "Eager?" Draco asked with a smirk. "Me too."

Draco Apparated them both with a pop, and when they landed, the two of them broke apart.

Draco grinned wickedly. "Perfect. Well, this is my flat. We're in the living room." He gestured around him. "Through there is the kitchen." Harry followed him down the hall. "And this is my bedroom." Draco pushed open the door.

"Do you need to use the bathroom or anything before we begin?" Draco asked.

Harry shook his head as Draco nodded, entering the room.

Stepping inside, Harry looked around. The walls were a pale blue and the large bed in the center of the room had black sheets on it. He chuckled. "No green?"

Draco shot him a look. "Just because I'm a Slytherin doesn't mean I love the color green." He took Harry's hand and pulled him close. "I actually prefer the color blue although your eyes are a lovely shade of green."

Harry's cheeks turned red. Before he could reply, Draco's lips landed on his. Draco's hands wrapped around his waist, holding his body flush against his. Harry could feel Draco's hardened length press against him. He reached up and wrapped his arms around Draco's neck.

The kiss was innocent and sensual all at the same time. It satisfied Harry's curiosity, but sparked his interest even more. He wanted to know what it all felt like. He wanted to experience every little thing with the blond man in his arms.

Draco looked at him, passion in his eyes. "Oh, Harry," he said, sweetly cupping Harry's cheek. "Are you sure you're ready for this?"

Harry eagerly nodded. "Draco, I've wanted you for so long. Please, please don't make me wait any longer," Harry begged. He watched as Draco pulled his shirt over his head.

Draco smirked. "Good," he said, his voice full of desire. Grasping Harry's shoulder, he lightly pushed him to his knees. Harry watched eagerly as Draco slowly undid his belt. Every moment seemed to make Harry want it more. Draco smirked as he undid his pants. He slowly pushed them down his body, revealing his nakedness. He stepped out of his jeans, kicking them to the side.

Harry eyed Draco's member, curiosity and lust filling him even more. He tentatively reached out to touch it, the silky smooth skin sliding beneath his hands.

"You had better suck this cock, Harry," Draco said, his voice harsh and sensual at the same time. "Suck it like you mean it and you had better get it very wet, because I'm going to fuck you with it later, and you don't want to get fucked up the arse with a dry cock, now do you?"

Harry, feeling so incredibly turned on that he could burst at any moment, eagerly nodded. He leant forward, capturing Draco's member in his mouth. He had never done this before, so it took him a few tries. Eventually, he found a rhythm that seemed to please Draco. He swirled his tongue around the head, gently cupping Draco's sac. The blond moaned.

Harry continued his ministrations as Draco reached down and slowly ran his fingers along Harry's neck. Harry picked up his speed, a moan escaping his lips. Draco trembled as the vibrations caused his legs to turn to jelly.

"Oh Merlin, Harry," Draco panted. "I'm so close."

Harry surprised Draco by taking his length fully into his mouth. His teeth scraped Draco's member and instead of the expected wince, Draco groaned. He came hard and fast, surprised that Harry swallowed every last drop.

After swallowing, Harry peered up at Draco. The blond stared down at him, a dazed smile on his face. "That was amazing," he managed to get out between deep breaths. "But now it's my turn to please you."

Taking Harry's hand, he pulled him upwards. The two of them locked in a passionate embrace, kissing each other as their hands roamed on their bodies.

"Harry," he breathed his voice hoarse with desire. He pushed Harry backwards, and the two of them tumbled onto the bed. Draco's muscular frame lay atop Harry's smaller one, his silver eyes full of desire. Harry's heart pounded wildly in his chest as he stared up at the blond. Draco bent lower, capturing Harry's lips in a kiss. When he ground his pelvis against Harry's, Harry almost lost it.

"Draco," he mumbled through the kiss, wanting release.

Draco paused and sat up. He straddled Harry, looking down at him. The pure intent in Draco's eyes set him on fire.

"I've waited to have you for so long, Harry. I won't wait any longer." Draco's hands made quick work of divesting Harry of his clothes. Once Harry lay naked beneath him, he looked down at him with longing in his eyes. "You're beautiful, Harry."

The words made him shiver. No one had ever said something like that to him before.

Draco reached down and cupped Harry's member. He gently closed his hand and pulled against the heated flesh, watching as Harry's eyes fluttered close in pleasure. He continued the act, watching as a flush spread out across Harry's cheek.

Harry let out a breathy moan as Draco tightened his grip around his neck. He arched his head upwards to press kisses onto Draco's neck. Wanting more, he thrust his

groin in time with Draco's movements.

Draco, taking the hint that Harry wanted more, quickly shifted his body and took Harry into his mouth. Slowly, one of his hands reached around and cupped Harry's arse. *Sweet Merlin, his arse.*

He began to knead his arse, teasing the dark haired wizard, his eyes watching Harry carefully. When Harry made no move to stop him, he whispered a lubrication spell and gently pushed his finger into Harry's warm heat.

Harry, who had never felt such a thing, froze momentarily. Draco waited patiently for Harry's body to adjust. When he was ready, Harry gave a short nod. Draco continued to suck Harry's cock as his finger began to slowly move in and out.

Harry began to lose himself to the sensations. The feeling of Draco's hot mouth around his member and the euphoric feeling in his arse were driving him into a frenzy. He was so high strung he didn't even notice that Draco had added an additional finger, stretching him even more. He continued the motions, loving the noises of pleasure Harry was making.

"Draco, please," Harry begged.

"Please what?" Draco asked, his own member aching once more.

"Fuck me, please," Harry begged. He wriggled his arse, moaning at the sensation. "Please, I want to feel you inside of me."

Draco let out a groan. He pulled his fingers away, Harry immediately mourning the loss of the sensations. Draco half pushed Harry over so his arse was now in the air. Gripping Harry's hips tightly, Draco aligned his member.

"You sure?" he asked one last time.

Harry gave a quick nod. "Yes, please," he panted, wiggling his arse.

Draco grinned at the adorableness of Harry's actions. "All right, brace yourself," he cautioned. Grasping his erection, he gently slid it inside Harry.

Harry stiffened immediately, cringing in pain. It hurt him, but he waited it out. Draco wouldn't hurt him.

Slowly, Draco began to move. It took them a few moments and some careful maneuvering between the two of them before they were able to find a comfortable position. As Draco maintained a steady pace, his hand reached around and grasped Harry's member. He fisted Harry's cock as he drove himself deeper and deeper into the heat surrounding him.

Harry's eyes fluttered close as his heart raced. The sensation of being fucked by Draco was better than he could have ever imagined. The feeling of being filled by him was slowly consuming Harry. He never wanted to let Draco go.

The only sounds that could be heard were the sounds of their sweaty bodies smacking into each other, and the heavy panting and breathy moans of both wizards filling the air.

"Harry," Draco groaned, his own eyes rolling shut. He increased his motions around Harry's cock knowing that he was close to the edge.

Moments later, Harry let out a strangled gasp as he came. Draco, unable to hold back, continued his thrusts for a few moments before coming himself. He cried out Harry's name as the pleasure washed over him.

Suddenly exhausted, Harry fell to the bed with *anoomph*. Draco chuckled, following Harry's example and crashing to the bed. Finding his wand, he quickly cast a cleansing spell on the two of them.

Harry panted, turning over to look at Draco. "That was amazing."

"Yeah?" Draco asked, wanting to make sure Harry enjoyed himself.

"Yes!" Harry said with a laugh. "I wish I had said hello to you sooner."

Draco's arms wrapped around Harry's naked body and pulled him close. "We have all of forever to make up for lost time." He pressed a kiss to Harry's forehead.

Harry smiled, a content feeling washing over him. He lay there quietly, listening to the sound of their hearts beating in the dark. Slowly, he drifted off to sleep.

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The next morning, Harry awoke with his body entwined with Draco's. Harry could feel Draco's fingers sliding through his hair.

"Morning," Draco said with a smile.

Harry smiled back. "Good morning," he said softly. He shifted in the bed, wincing as he did so.

"Are you hurting?" he questioned almost immediately.

"Not really," Harry lied.

Draco, however, noticed. He pulled out his wand, summoning a small blue vial. "Here," he said, holding it out to Harry. "It's a pain potion. It'll help with the soreness."

Harry took it, quickly drinking it. Moments later, Harry felt relief spread through him. He looked to Draco, who was watching him with keen interest.

"Where do we go from here?" Harry asked softly, insecurity building up within him. Last night, it was clear the two of them desired each other, but was there more? He certainly hoped so.

Draco frowned. "I thought I made that clear last night, Harry." Harry shifted in the bed, looking down. Draco reached down and tilted his chin upwards. "I want you, Harry, for the long run. I want to do this with you, again and again and again."

Harry blushed at his words. "Me too."

Draco leaned forward and gently kissed Harry. Pulling away, he gave him a reassuring smile. "Do you need to head home?"

Harry thought about it, shaking his head. "Hermione and Snape are probably still going at it, so I think I'd rather avoid our shared flat."

Draco frowned before quickly laughing. "My godfather and Granger? Really?"

Harry laughed as well, nodding. "It's weird."

"Yeah, it is." Draco paused, rolling his head to the side to look at Harry. "But I suppose they're a lot alike if you think about it." He saw the similarities between them and his

godfather and Granger.

"Mmm, I'd rather not think about them." Harry smirked sliding his hand under the covers, along Draco's abs.

Draco noticed the mischief in Harry's green eyes and wondering hand. "Oh, what did you want to think about?"

"A repeat of last night," Harry whispered before reclaiming Draco's lips in a passionate kiss.