

Yes, Sir, I Can Boogie

by Savva

Apparently, Potter can dance.

One

Chapter 1 of 1

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Prompt courtesy of TycheSong: They met in a bar on Valentine's Day, one of them drowning their single sorrows, the other celebrating finally being free of a toxic relationship. They got a little drunk, and woke up the next morning with each other on the other side of town in bed together. What happens next...?

Yes, Sir, I Can Boogie*

It sucked being single and pining for someone you could never have. To do it on February 14th sucked twice as much. In general, as far as Draco Malfoy was concerned, Valentine's Day wasn't supposed to exist. Period. The fact that this year it fell on Friday made the whole circus even more atrocious. Knowing, however, that nothing could be done about it the damned Earth wouldn't stop its rotation, no matter what he kept his head high and took that sheer cruelty with dignity ... in the pub ... over a third glass of whisky.

Melancholically sipping his scotch and ignoring the buzz around him, Draco sat on an unbelievably uncomfortable bar stool and stared at the big bottle of Glenfiddich that stood on the mirrored shelf right across from him. To be honest, he had been eyeing it for the last forty minutes, even though he had never fancied the brand. The subtle glint of an emerald glass, however, did remind him of one particular set of green eyes. It was pathetic; *he* was pathetic. "Damn it," he cursed, took another swig, and forced

himself to focus on a bowl of disgusting-looking peanuts.

"Oi, Malfoy, is that you?" The familiar voice sounded near his left ear, interrupting his session of self-loathing. Draco whirled around and met the very pair of green eyes he had tried so hard to avoid.

"Potter." He stated the obvious because his mind had momentarily turned blank. As soon as it began to function again, he decided to prolong the pause, meanwhile giving the legend of Wizarding world a thorough once-over. The legend was tipsy that much was obvious. Potter's glasses sat low on his nose, and his gaze seemed slightly hazy. His coat was opened, and his tight white shirt was unbuttoned way more than was appropriate, giving Draco a glimpse of a patch of short black hair. Stifling a sigh, he decided not to allow his gaze to go any lower just to be on the safe side and returned his attention to those green eyes once again.

Potter's face lit up with a drunken smile. "What're you doing here, Malfoy?" he said with a slur.

Draco arched an eyebrow and said, "It should be obvious, Potter. I'm drinking. You?" He made a special effort to sound as condescending as possible. With any luck, he would scare Potter away and be able to return to his self-pity fest.

"I'm celebrating." Potter blinked happily. Sitting down on the stool closest to Draco's, he gestured to a bartender. "The same," he said, pointing at Draco's drink.

The word 'celebrating' caught Draco's attention, and he said, "What exactly are you celebrating, Potter? Alone. In a Muggle pub. On Valentine's Day."

"Ginny broke up with me," Potter announced, and his eyes sparkled so enthusiastically that Draco almost smiled. Thank goodness he caught himself in time. "Finally," Potter went on. "I feel so libradated, you know."

"Liberated," Draco corrected him automatically. "And no, Potter, I don't know. I'd say you look more drunk than liberated."

Potter snorted. "Yep, it's my third pub this evening," he said and took a big swig of his drink.

Draco shook his head. "Well, that explains the level of your drunkenness. Where're your buddies: Weasel and Miss-atrocious-hair?"

Potter blushed and hiccupped guiltily. "They don't know yet. Or maybe they do. I dunno. It doesn't matter. The only thing that matters I'm free! Free! FREE! Do you get it, mate?"

Draco was going to tell him that he could hear him perfectly fine without his shouting in his ear, and that he most definitely was not his mate, but the moment he opened his mouth, some idiot decided to turn on an ancient jukebox. Surprisingly, that Muggle apparatus, which in Draco's opinion was only good for collecting dust, did work. A melody filled the bar, and Potter tilted his head to one side, listening. "Music! I know this song!" he exclaimed gleefully, sprang up, threw his coat on the stool, and began to sway his hips.

"Can you dance, Malfoy?" he said, smirking crookedly and performing some ridiculous dancing routine.

For a moment, Draco simply watched him, torn between a face-palm and a wolf-whistle. How someone could move so absolutely out of beat and still look adorable was beyond him. It was Potter's black jeans' doing, he decided eventually. Because the way those jeans hugged Potter's bum made his dancing skills absolutely unimportant.

Meanwhile, Potter added arm-flailing to his dance and began to sing along with the song, "Yes, sir, I can boogie ... boooogie-woooogie, all night loooong."

The bartender, who was watching him with a good-natured smile, turned to Draco and said, "Come on, go dance with the bloke. It's Valentine's Day."

Draco sighed, stood up, and made a few slow steps towards the dancing legend of Wizarding world. "Potter, you're making an utter fool of yourself," he said when he was close enough.

"I don't care, Malfoy. I'm having fun. If you want to have fun with me, you're very welcome. If not, you can continue to wallow in your misery." With that, Potter swirled around, yelled "Boogie-woogie," and, absolutely indecently swaying his hips, strode to the centre of the dance area.

"He's got a point, methinks." The bartender's thoughtful remark reached Draco's ears. Infuriated by the idiocy of the situation, Draco marched to the hip-swaying Potter, and, deliberately invading his personal space, spun him around. "Be careful what you ask for, Potter," he growled.

Potter stopped wriggling and focused his gaze on Draco's face. "Nah, mate. I'm never careful; it's not my thing." He jerked his chin up and, peering daringly into Draco's eyes, said, "So, can you boogie, Malfoy?"

Perhaps Draco would have overlooked the challenging glint in Potter's eyes. Perhaps he would even have been able to ignore his laboured breathing, and the drop of sweat that was running most enticingly down his heaving chest. However, when Potter licked his lips, Draco's self-control snapped. Simply evaporated.

"Don't do that, Potter," he said, his voice low and dangerous.

Potter's eyes widened. He whispered, "What?" and licked his lips again.

"That," said Draco, tugging on Potter's elbow and pressing him flush against himself.

"Oh, that?" murmured Potter, and licked his lips, this time slowly and sensually.

Enough is enough, thought Draco, and with a growled "You've asked for it", he kissed the bold wizard square on the lips. He felt him freeze for a second, but then, to Draco's surprise, Potter reciprocated with all his Gryffindor's boldness. What the fuck, he managed to wonder, right before Potter's hands found their way to his buttocks and squeezed them, forcing all coherent thoughts from his head.

They parted only when both were about to pass out from lack of oxygen. "I told you not to do that," Draco whispered, warily watching Potter's face for any signs of regret.

Potter sighed dreamily and said, "Why? I liked it. You smell good."

The sudden sound of cheers and claps startled them both. "Come on." Draco grabbed his hand and stirred him away from the pub, Apparating them both to his flat from the back alley without even asking. Perhaps he was a bit drunk as well, and thus wasn't thinking straight.

Once in his flat, Draco glanced at the dazed Potter, said, "I'll get us something to drink," and rushed to the kitchen. There, he sank on a chair and drew a heavy sigh. He had Potter in his living room. Correction he had thoroughly kissed Potter in his living room. "Fucking unbelievable," he said to himself, grabbed a bottle of scotch, and hurried back to the room. The sight that met him made him chuckle bitterly. There, on his black leather sofa, peacefully snoring, slept Potter.

Fucking unbelievable indeed.

He knew it had been a mistake to move Potter to his bedroom, but he just couldn't leave him on the cold, uncomfortable sofa. It was nothing more than simple courtesy. Oh, all right, perhaps it was a little more, but no one could blame him for wanting to have the subject of his desires near him. Even if only for one night, and even if the said subject was utterly inebriated. At least, he had been an almost perfect gentleman and hadn't allowed himself any liberties. Almost.

Of course, the next morning he woke up to a pair of startled green eyes staring at him. Draco groaned, cursed, drew himself up, and leaned on the headboard, not troubling

to cover his bare chest. He was in his own bed, after all. Potter, fully dressed and horribly dishevelled, stood near, watching him with a dumbstruck expression.

"Morning, *mate*," Draco drawled sarcastically. He couldn't help himself he had to tease him a little.

Potter blinked, inhaled sharply, and nervously fixed his glasses. "Malfoy," he whispered hoarsely and barely audibly. Then, perhaps recollecting that he'd a reputation to maintain, he straightened, cleared his throat, and said, "Why am I here, Malfoy?"

"Don't you remember, darling?" Draco smirked, fully enjoying the look of horror on Potter's face. Alas, it was funny only for about a minute. With a sigh, Draco rolled off the bed. "Relax, nothing happened," he said, throwing on his dressing gown. "You're in luck, Potter you managed to escape unscathed. I don't have a habit of taking advantage of sleeping heroes. Not every day, anyway." He stepped closer to him, leaving just a few inches between them, and added, "I may have grabbed your buttocks a few times. You have a nice bum, though I urge you to rethink your choice of underwear, because the one you have now is truly abysmal."

He fully expected Potter to run after those words, but Potter still stood there, shifting awkwardly and obviously wanting to ask something else. "But," he started, "I think I recall something."

The blush on Potter's face was gorgeous, and it probably covered more than just his face. Alas, Draco had no chance whatsoever to confirm or refute that theory. Ever. That thought renewed his yesterday's sense of dread, and he snapped, "What?" as sudden annoyance got hold of him. "What do you recall, Potter?"

"I don't know." Potter flinched. "I'm not sure. It's just..."

"Just what?"

"I don't know," Potter shouted. "I don't remember. I was bloody pissed!"

"Well, let me remind you then," said Draco, and he attacked Potter's lips with all the pent-up frustration he could muster. It wasn't even a kiss, just a clash of teeth with their lips trapped in between. "Here. That's as far as we got. We've done nothing else."

Potter hastily stepped back, and the shocked expression on his face hurt Draco more than he cared to admit. With a muffled 'fuck', he turned to the window. "Floo's in the hall. First doorway on your left. Get your heroic arse out of here before I lose my nerve." The sound of hurried steps confirmed that Potter had heeded the warning, and a few seconds later, he heard the roar of the Floo. It was official he hated Valentine's Day ... and boogie-woogie.

The rest of the weekend and most of the next week were spent in misery. He encountered Potter in the Ministry's corridors almost every day. Oh well, they did work on the same floor, and there was no way around it. Fortunately, they handled those moments properly without as much as a nod. On Thursday, they even attended the same meeting courtesy of their beloved Minister, Shackbolt and Potter's gaze wandered everywhere but over him, just as Draco expected. Draco, on the other hand, couldn't help noticing that Potter had acquired a new shirt. It was grey, and looked nice on him: could have been tighter, though.

By Friday, the sliver of completely nonsensical hope, which somehow still lived somewhere in Draco's heart, had died. It was hopeless, absolutely hopeless. So when, around seven o'clock, the head of Aurors suddenly appeared on the threshold of his office, Draco was beyond surprised. Dumbfounded would have been a better word.

"Potter?" he eventually muttered, leaning heavily on the edge of his desk, which he was cleaning at the moment. Potter didn't answer and just silently gawked at him. "Is there anything you want?" Draco prompted.

"Yes. I think," Potter said and pushed his glasses higher in a nervous motion.

"And that would be?" Draco frowned as he frantically tried to recall what their departments could have in common.

"I need to check something," Potter said and made a few unsure steps toward him.

"What are you talking about?" Potter's edginess was making Draco uneasy.

"This," Potter said, and as if he had finally reached a decision, he covered the distance between them in two long strides and captured Draco's lips with the subtlety of the Hogwarts Express. It took a moment for Draco's mind to grasp what exactly was happening. But when he did, he returned the kiss with tripled enthusiasm. Once again, just as they had done seven days ago, they parted only because they needed to breathe. Both breathless, chests heaving and lips swollen, they stared at each other with wide eyes.

"What now?" Draco really, truly needed to know.

Potter shrugged, and winding his finger through one of Draco's belt loops, drew him closer and said, "Do you have any suggestions?"

Draco arched an eyebrow apparently Potter was full of surprises. "Perhaps we shall check if you really *can* boogie."

Potter hummed, smiled crookedly, and whispered in his ear, "I certainly can, Malfoy. I just need a certain song and ... the right partner."

The sound of their Side-Along-Apparition was unsophisticatedly loud, but Draco couldn't care less. Moreover, he had a feeling that he was about to fall in love with boogie-woogie. He still absolutely loathed Valentine's Day, though.

The end.

*Baccara