Such A Beautiful Lie To Believe In

by articcat621

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One Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Such A Beautiful Lie To Believe In

"I'm dating Draco Malfoy."

The words had tumbled out of his mouth before he could stop them.

Ron's eyes had widened while Hermione's jaw had dropped.

He wasn't really dating Draco Malfoy, although he desperately wished he was.

"Are you bloody serious?" Ron asked, going red in the face.

Harry gave a shrug. He didn't want to lie any more. Draco probably wouldn't even look twice at Harry, given their past.

Hermione gently slapped Ron on the arm. He sent his girlfriend a glare before turning towards Harry.

"Are you really into blokes?" he asked.

Harry blushed. "Yeah, I am. I mean, I had never really given much thought as to why me and Ginny never worked out, but that's it. I'm into blokes."

Ron was shocked. "I had no idea."

"Yeah, well, it's not something I really advertised to the whole world," Harry said rather snidely. He didn't know why he had expected Ron to react differently.

"Don't get so defensive, mate; I was just confused," Ron said.

"Boys, stop it," Hermione interjected smoothly. "Harry, we're just a bit surprised. We're happy for you of course!"

"Yeah?"

"Of course," Ron said. "You're my best mate. I want you to be happy, even if it is with that Slytherin."

Harry sighed. He wished this was real. He wished Draco did know about his feelings, and he wished Draco felt the same way. But the last thing Harry had heard was Draco was seeing some bloke from Spain.

"Why don't you invite him over to our flat for dinner?" Hermione suggested, giving Harry a smile. "I'd love the chance to give him another shot."

Harry paled. He pursed his lips, trying to think of another lie. "Draco's been really busy with the company; I don't think he'll have time."

"Nonsense," Hermione said. "I'm sure he can take an hour out of his time to come for dinner."

"Unless the ferret has something better he needs to do," Ron grumbled.

Hermione gently slapped him again. "Stop it, Ronald."

Harry cleared his throat. "Well, I've actually got to run. Things to do, you know." He stood and made his way towards the door.

"Bring Draco over Saturday!" Hermione called after him. "I'm not taking no for an answer!"

Harry internally groaned. He disappeared through the door and Apparated to Diagon Alley.

He couldn't believe he had just lied to his best friends! He didn't mean too, but it just slipped out. He was sick of Ron and Hermione trying to set him up with other people. He could have just told them he was gay. But no, he had to tell them he was dating Draco Malfoy. He had turned his inner fantasy into some sort of sick reality.

He had lied, and now he was going to make a fool out of himself.

Harry slipped inside the Leaky Cauldron, taking a seat at the bar. "A shot of Firewhisky, Tom," he said to the bartender.

The elderly man nodded, bringing over alcohol. Harry quickly knocked it back, asking for another. What was he going to do? He had to think of something quickly to cover up his lie.

Harry had been in love with Malfoy for some time now. The blond had haunted his dreams, always there, never leaving him be. But they lived in separate circles, and Harry seriously doubted that Malfoy would ever look his way.

Draco was beautiful. One of the most beautiful people Harry had ever laid his eyes on. His blond platinum hair was always so casually brushed to the side, and Harry longed to run his fingers through it. His steel grey eyes seemed to pierce someone's soul. Draco always held himself up perfectly, never showing the world how he really felt. Despite his rocky past, the man was perfect.

"Potter?" a voice said beside him.

Turning, he was shocked to see the object of his thoughts standing next to him.

"I never struck you as a Firewhisky drinker," Draco Malfoy commented, setting himself in the seat next to Harry.

"There's a lot you don't know about me, Drac-Malfoy," Harry said, mentally cursing his slip up.

"What's got your knickers in a bunch?" Malfoy asked, sensing Harry's bad mood.

"If you must know, I've gotten myself in a bit of predicament," Harry answered.

Draco raised an eyebrow. "Tom, just bring the bottle."

Tom came over, placing the bottle on the counter. He gave them another glass before leaving them be.

"Don't judge me, Potter," Draco said as he poured them each a shot.

Harry didn't say anything. He just accepted the drink and drank it.

"So tell me about your predicament," Draco said, his grey eyes locking with Harry's green ones.

"Why?" Harry asked, confused. He was so excited Draco was sitting here with him, but confused about his motives.

"You obviously need to talk, and I have nothing better to do, so spit it out, Potter."

"Call me Harry," he said before he could stop himself.

"Then call me Draco."

Harry nodded, a smile playing on his lips.

"Well, go on."

Harry sighed. "I told a lie, and am now in a bit of predicament."

"You already said that, Harry, moving on."

"It was about you."

Draco's eyebrows shot up. "Really?"

Harry felt himself blush. "I told my friends we were an item." He closed his eyes, waiting for Draco's outburst. Instead, Draco's laugh filled the room.

"Well, that is something," Draco said, knocking back some Firewhisky. "What did Weasley and Granger say to that?"

Harry chewed on his lip. "They invited you to dinner."

"Then we'll go. When?"

Harry's jaw dropped. "What?"

Draco gave a shrug. "I don't have anything better to do, so then I'll pretend to go to dinner as your boyfriend."

"Really?" Harry could hardly believe it.

Draco nodded. "It's just pretending right?"

Harry swallowed his words and nodded. Another lie told. What the hell was wrong with him today?

"Good, send me the details tomorrow."

Harry nodded once more.

Draco stood, leaving enough money on the table to cover the drinks. "See you, Harry."

Harry watched as the blond disappeared from the room. A sigh escaped his lips as he let his head fall onto the countertop. It landed with a bang, grabbing the attention of Tom.

The bartender came over. "You've got it bad, boy."

Harry lifted his head up slightly. "I have no idea what you're talking about." Another lie.

Tom shrugged. "If you say so."

Harry grumbled. Standing, he Apparated himself home. Crawling into bed, he fought the negativity he was feeling. How could he have been so foolish? Why did he tell so many lies?

Was he cursed?

Probably not. He was an Auror and would know if someone had done so.

He'd just have to wait and see what happened. In the morning he'd send Draco a letter giving him Hermione's address and what time to meet him there.

Harry took a deep breath. Tonight was the night. Straightening his robes, he Flooed over to Hermione's house.

"Harry!" Hermione said with a smile as she saw her friend tumble out of the fireplace.

"Hi, Hermione," he said, forcing himself to be enthusiastic. He ignored the fact that tonight was going to be a complete disaster.

"Was Malfoy surprised I invited him to dinner? Will he be here soon?" she asked.

Harry gulped. Another lie coming forward. "Yes, he was surprised, but excited. He should be here any moment."

There was a knock on the door. Harry moved forward and opened it. Draco strut in, wearing his best Muggle clothes. "Harry," he said, smiling. He walked up to the dark-haired boy, pulling him in for a passionate kiss.

Too stunned to move, Harry allowed Draco to move his lips against his. It was too perfect for words.

Pulling back, Draco sent him a wink. He linked their hands before turning to Hermione. "Thanks for inviting me over."

Harry felt his heart swell. He quickly squashed down the hope. Draco was just pretending and he had to remember that.

"Well, I was a bit surprised when Harry told us you were dating, but well, if you're happy."

"Very happy," Draco replied, squeezing Harry's hand. Harry shot him a smile.

"Dinner's ready," Ron announced from the kitchen doorway.

The three of them moved into the kitchen. They sat down at the table while Ron put dinner on it.

Harry ate dinner mostly in silence. Ron and Hermione continued to ask Draco questions about work, his life, their relationship, etc. He couldn't help but wish this was all real.

Draco kept sending him little looks, causing Harry to flush. He wished those little looks were real.

But every word that came out of his mouth was a lie. It was all a lie, a lie that had gotten out of control. And he couldn't bear that knowledge anymore.

Abruptly, he stood.

"Harry?" Ron asked, looking at him confused.

"It's a lie."

"What?" Hermione asked.

Draco turned in his seat to face him. "What are you doing?"

"Listen, Draco, I appreciate your help, but all this is a lie. And I can't stand it!" Harry said, his chest heaving with emotion.

"A lie?" Hermione asked. "What are you talking about?"

"I'm not really dating Draco! Yes, I'm gay, but Draco and I aren't an item, no matter how bad I wish we were."

Draco was quiet.

"Harry, then why would you tell us you were dating?" Hermione asked, confused.

"Because it just slipped out! And I couldn't bring myself to tell you the truth. I lied, and I'm so sorry." Harry turned and disappeared into the fireplace.

Draco cleared his throat. "Yes, well, our relationship is a lie, and I'm sorry for lying to you."

Ron just looked confused. "You guys looked so comfortable with each other though."

Draco blushed.

"You like him!" Ron exclaimed, piecing it all together.

Draco blushed even more. "Well, he's a nice boy, but that..."

"Don't lie, Draco. We saw the obvious chemistry. So go to Harry's flat and tell him."

"I can't. He probably doesn't want to see me."

Hermione shook her head. "No, you're the only one he'll want to see. So go." She gave the blond a small push towards the fireplace.

Harry was surprised to hear the Floo activated again. Turning, he saw Draco standing there. "Sorry about all of this."

"Don't be sorry, Harry."

He was quiet. What was he supposed to say? "I don't want to lie anymore," he whispered.

Draco slowly walked towards him. "I don't want to lie either, which is why I want to tell you that tonight felt right."

"It did?" Harry asked, his green eyes snapping upwards.

Draco nodded. "It felt right. Like we should have dinner with them all the time. Like I should hold your hand all the time."

"Like you should kiss me all the time?" Harry asked, a small spark in his eyes.

Draco smirked. "Yes, exactly like that." He pulled Harry into his arms, their lips crashing together. The kiss was full of need and want, pure energy consuming them both.

Pulling back, Harry looked him in the eye. "Are you sure about all this?"

Draco nodded. "Yes, Harry, I am. I want you."

"I want you too," Harry whispered back. He couldn't believe this was really happening.

"Good," Draco replied before leaning in to capture Harry's lips once more.

What had started out as a lie had turned into something beautiful.