

Uncertainty

by jmlane57

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Chapter One

Chapter 1 of 1

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Harry Potter was livid ... ready to kill, in fact. Now there could have been many reasons for his feeling as he did, but in this case there was the best reason in the world. Someone had just tried to come on to him...and not just any someone either, but his number-one nemesis, one Draco Malfoy! What had ever given Draco the impression that he, Harry, would ever countenance that sort of thing? For Merlin's sake, he had a steady girlfriend! Did that sound like he was "queer"?

His first instinct after the incident had passed was to grab his wand and hex that smarmy git into the middle of next week for even suggesting it, much less laying a hand on him. But what got to him most of all was after he'd thought for a while, he'd actually considered it! Merlin, what was wrong with him for thinking like that, even for a minute? Even if Draco had gay tendencies, that didn't mean Harry did.

Once he'd told Ginny what had happened, she had done her best to ease his fears. "Don't worry, Harry, my love. I've never questioned your sexuality, not for a moment. As far as I'm concerned, you are very, very straight! You couldn't snog me as you do and have any gay tendencies whatsoever!"

"But after I thought about it, I actually considered it, Gin! Doesn't that say something?"

"Considering it is one thing. Doing it is another," she pointed out. "Now let's get back to what we were doing...which is infinitely more pleasant than discussing something that is about as likely to happen as your turning to the Dark side."

"But it must mean something! Why would I even consider it otherwise?"

"No more talk, Potter." With that, she covered his mouth with hers and there was no more talk...on that or any other subject.

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Just the same, Harry was unable to keep it far from his mind, wishing more than anything that he could have discussed it with someone...Sirius, preferably, if not Dumbledore. Unfortunately he didn't have either option. And it was a cinch he couldn't mention it to either of his friends...Ron would be just as likely to hex Malfoy as look at him for doing such a thing, just as Hermione would. Ginny was the only one he'd dared to mention it to and she preferred them to snog rather than discuss the matter.

Not that he minded snogging her...definitely not...but there had to be a reason for his even considering to pursue a gay relationship. Was he simply curious to know what it was like to have a gay experience, even if it was the only one he had? Harry was not naïve; he knew that there had been blokes who had had experiences like that, yet still

married women and were happy with them. Would it be so wrong for him to be one of them?

It occupied his mind to such an extent that day that he went to bed still thinking about it ... and not long after he'd fallen asleep, he'd had a dream (or rather, a nightmare...at least what he considered one, anyway) concerning this very subject.

They had had a tough Quidditch game against Slytherin. Harry was both hot, sticky and grimy, gladly shedding his robes and the clothes beneath them, then stepping beneath the hot, steaming shower water after turning it on, allowing it to soak him thoroughly, washing all the weariness and dirt of the day away.

But he had been unaware that he had been watched from the moment he had begun to undress...that Draco Malfoy had been unable to tear his eyes away from Harry, from his slender, well-built body, his bare skin, his gently rounded ass. And if he could look this good from the back, what must he look like from the front?

Draco then dropped his own clothing and made his way silently to where Harry was showering and stepped up behind him; Harry's eyes widened upon feeling arms snaking around him and a strange hardness pressing against his backside...stronger arms than Ginny's could ever be. It had to be those of another bloke ... but which one? It wasn't until the faceless intruder spoke that he knew who it was. Harry shivered when warm lips brushed his nearest ear. "It's all right, Harry. It's just me ... Draco."

"Draco? What the bloody hell do you think you're doing?"

"What do you think I'm doing, Harry?" There was blatant desire, even hunger, in the blond youth's voice. "I'm showing that I want you."

"But you've always ... hated me. How can you possibly ... want me?"

"You don't need to like someone to find them attractive."

"Draco, I have to admit I've ... thought about it ... but even if I wanted to, I already have a girlfriend. Besides, someone could come in, catch us and get the wrong idea."

"Not likely. I've put a Locking Charm on the door." Draco's arms tightened and he buried his face in Harry's neck, kissing it passionately. "We won't be disturbed. Besides, haven't you heard of bisexuality?"

"Isn't that ... where someone likes both ... their own kind and the opposite sex?" Harry was slowly but surely becoming aroused in spite of himself at Draco's ministrations, but fought not to show it.

"Right. That means you could have Ginny ... and me too!" Draco began stroking his companion's wet, naked body, virtually everywhere he could reach, enjoying every moment of Harry's reaction to his touch. "Have you any idea how long I've wondered what you looked like naked? I even watched you undress earlier. Your body is more beautiful than I ever imagined. And can you say you never wondered about watching me do the same thing? Dreamed about me? I have about you ... not to mention wondered what it would be like to snog you senseless...and in public, no less!"

"No!" Harry all but shouted even as his face flamed.

"Are you saying that to me or your desires?" Draco crooned, reaching to stroke his companion intimately; Harry moaned and squirmed at the contact.

"Aren't women enough for you? Why are you going after ... other blokes?"

"No other blokes," Draco assured him. "Only you. You're all I've ever wanted. All I'll ever want."

"But what about your father? Wouldn't he go ballistic if he knew you had ... such desires? Especially for me?"

"Where do you think I got these desires? My father is gay, Harry ... but he married my mother because he wanted an heir for the Malfoy fortune. Haven't you ever wondered why I'm an only child? He only stayed with her long enough for her to get pregnant with me. Once she'd borne his designated heir, he went back to his regular retinue of male lovers. In order to save face, my mother stayed to raise me and chose to look the other way where my father's ... lifestyle was concerned."

Harry gasped upon feeling Draco's hand...warm, surprisingly gentle, and extremely talented...close around him, then begin to rhythmically stroke and caress. He moaned softly as the stroking and caressing continued, feeling Draco move sensuously against him while his other hand rested on his left hip.

"Draco ... oh, my gods ..."

"Ginny's never done this to you, has she? You two have never ... gone all the way."

"No," came the reluctant reply. "Although I've ... wanted to."

"Well, I intend to beat her to the punch," Draco crooned again, lips brushing, then nibbling his partner's nearest ear.

"Draco, I'm not ..." Harry forced himself to speak even as he felt his shivering increase and his arousal grow. "I'm not gay!"

Draco's other hand moved to cup his partner's "family jewels" and gently caressed them, prompting a soft cry of surprise and pleasure. "Are you trying to convince me or yourself? And even if you're not totally gay, I'm willing to bet that you're bisexual at the very least. You couldn't be reacting to me the way you are and be totally straight."

Draco nuzzled his partner's neck, then buried his face in his hair, even though it was wet. The combined smell of the water and musky scent of the hair itself was so arousing that it nearly undid him. He wanted so much to feel himself inside Harry's tight, delicious ass...but for the moment settled for bringing him off with his hand. The next thing he knew, his partner's member seemed to become incredibly hard in his hand, his body arching against him as he moaned loudly, creating a delicious friction, which nearly made Draco come off himself.

Not long afterward Harry cried out, knowing he would be unable to stop himself for a long time. Once he finally did, however, and before he had a chance to catch his breath upon coming down from the pinnacle, Draco swung him around, pushed him against the shower wall and began to snog him senseless, licking his partner's lips to prompt him to open his mouth.

When he did, he found his tongue with his own and they intricately entwined. He was unwilling to release Harry's lips even long enough to get some air. He had wanted this, and him, for so long. Now he knew why Ginny enjoyed snogging Potter so much. Even when he did finally reluctantly release his lips, he kissed his way down his partner's body to lick and suck his nipples, prompting further cries of pleasure.

He noted that Harry had no chest hair as of yet, although he had noted it elsewhere, under his arms and a certain special spot at the base of his abdomen. Upon finishing with the nipples, he kissed his way down until he was on his knees before his companion's groin. His member was standing straight out; Draco moved it slightly, then enveloped it in his hot, dry mouth, beginning to suck and lick its deliciousness.

This time the cry of astonished pleasure was loud, especially when Draco increased the suction of his lips. "Oh, gods ... oh, gods ..." Harry was glad for the support of the

wall behind him, for his knees felt as if he'd been zapped with a Jelly-Legs Jinx, they were so weak. Even as much as he wanted to, though, he didn't move to hold Draco's head in place. It wasn't necessary, for one thing; Draco had his arms around Harry's slender hips, holding him securely.

After a time he felt the telltale pain of imminent climax, knowing he would be unable to keep from overflowing into Draco's hungry mouth. Harry's face flamed again, but at the same time, it was the most wonderful feeling of release ... how would it feel to have Ginny do this to him?

Draco released him only reluctantly, once again getting to his feet and kissing his partner passionately once again. Once they parted, he crooned against his lips, "Would you like to do that to me now? I'd love to feel myself in your mouth."

At this point in time, Harry had to admit to finding the thought exciting, but found himself wanting Draco to do something else entirely. "Maybe ... next time. There's something else I want right now."

"Are you saying you want there to be a ... next time? And what else do you want me to do?"

"I ... want to feel you inside me," came the soft, embarrassed yet passion-filled reply.

"Your wish is my command. Turn around." Harry turned around, facing the shower wall, feeling Draco spread his cheeks, then a moist finger entered his tightness and rotated for a time, making it as large as possible to spare his lover as much discomfort as he could. After a time Harry felt Draco's member begin to go inside him; due to the moisture and previous stretching, it didn't hurt too much, even when he was all the way in ... and Draco was not small. Gods, how could anything feel so good? Maybe he could also suggest that Ginny use something to stimulate him anally ...

"Hold still, now," Draco crooned, holding Harry's hips as he began to move back and forth...slowly at first, then more rapidly as he felt his climax coming.

"Draco ..." Harry was unable to help moaning as he felt his own release coming. "Bring me off again, please ..."

"My pleasure," his partner crooned. "Prop yourself up by your hands."

He then reached around to grasp Harry's hardness, able to tell by feel that his release was not far off. Once it came, however, his knees buckled and he collapsed against his partner's body for a moment...then tensed up as he prepared to receive Draco's liquid love into his hungry, eager body.

Not long after that, he felt his partner slump against him. Even as much at home as he felt in Draco's arms, Harry was sure that people must be wondering why they couldn't get into the boys' locker room and suggested that they dress and unlock the door before too many questions were asked that they could not answer.

In spite of his reluctance, Draco had to agree with his partner's suggestion and released him in order that they finish their showers, then get dressed. Only then did Draco use an Unlocking Charm to open the door. Fortunately no one was around when they decided to leave, and they took advantage of the providence. One thing was for sure, neither of them were going to get much sleep tonight!

Just the same, it was difficult for Harry to conceal from his friends what had happened between himself and Draco, despite his best efforts ... particularly when he found himself looking longingly in Draco's direction as he sat with his fellow Slytherins even as Harry sat at the Gryffindor table, Ron beside him and Hermione across from him. He had no idea what he was doing until she called out in a loud whisper, "Harry, stop that! It's sick!"

"Stop what?" He gave her a funny look even as her tone told him he had been found out. Ron didn't seem to have heard, thankfully, thoroughly engrossed in his food. Harry was grateful for this, for he could never have explained it to him.

"You're licking your lips, your eyes locked onto Draco's face, looking at him like you want to devour him! What's the matter with you?"

Harry had no idea how he ever managed to extricate himself from the situation, but he obviously did somehow, for the next thing he knew, he found himself exiting the room rapidly, suddenly needing to be alone...totally alone...in order to get himself back together. He finally got away from the castle and threw himself down on the grass in front of the largest tree near the Black Lake, burying his face in it. Gods, what was wrong with him that he could be looking at Draco of all people like he wanted to eat him alive? And what's more, have allowed people to see it?

It was a long time before he was able to sit up and lean against the tree; even then, he buried his burning face against his bent knees and folded arms. What was happening to him? Was he turning queer or something? Even now, all he wanted was to feel Draco's arms around him, his hardness inside him, his hands and lips caressing him ... How could he feel like this and still claim to love Ginny? All at once he knew he needed her...and right now! But he had no idea where she was; he could only hope that she would come looking for him and find him here, one of their favourite assignation spots.

The next thing he heard was her sweet, blessed voice. "Harry, love, what's wrong? Hermione said you took off out of the Great Hall like Voldemort was after you!" As much as he wanted to, he was unable to move or speak; she finally knelt down beside him and pulled him into her arms. "What's wrong, Harry? Please tell me!"

How could he possibly tell her about himself and Draco? She'd think he was either lying or going totally mental, to put it mildly! "I'd ... like to, Gin, but I can't. Not ... just now. Just hold me, please." Ginny was stunned at his almost literally throwing himself into her arms, but didn't question him...nor did she speak further. Just the same, she was surprised at his violent trembling and not long after that, soft sobbing into her neck. What was he crying about? She stroked his thick and silky, albeit unruly, hair.

"There, luv, it'll be all right. I promise you," she crooned, cradling his sweet face in her hands and kissing him passionately. To her surprise, she found herself on her back with Harry on top of her, kissing her more passionately than he ever had before, caressing her more intimately than ever before, even trying to undress her ... and even in the midst of everything, he was still crying. She loved it, but couldn't help but wonder what could have brought it on. But most of all, she wished she could know why he was crying.

But even as Harry kissed Ginny again, more passionately than he ever had, he couldn't help comparing her kisses and manner of snogging with Draco's. My gods, I'm sick, totally sick! Harry berated himself. How can I have such thoughts when holding, kissing and caressing such a beautiful girl ... the girl I love? He could only hope he was acting like this in order to prove his masculinity to himself, if not to anyone else.

It was a long time before Harry was able to stop himself; then he released Ginny and both of them sat up. Even then, he kept her close to him, holding her tight, as if she would disappear if he let her go. She was still rumped and disheveled, not to mention half undressed, but it didn't matter. What mattered was that Harry needed her and she intended to do everything she could to help him ... whatever that might entail.

Now that the interlude with Draco had happened, Harry knew he would have to advance his relationship with Ginny in order to keep her sweetness constantly before him, constantly in his mind, hands and arms; he could never be content with kisses and tentative caresses again. He would teach her how to please him, figure a way to explain both his increased desire and specific sexual preferences. "Ginny ..." he finally whispered hoarsely.

"Yes, luv?"

"I want to ... advance our relationship."

"Advance it?"

"I mean ... I want to take it to the next step."

"You mean you want us to ... start having sex?"

Harry blushed but didn't deny it. "I love you, Ginny. You don't call it 'having sex' when there is love between the couple involved. It's 'making love.'"

"I'm ... willing, of course, but just the same, it's going to be kind of tricky finding places where we can be alone long enough to do it," she pointed out. "Also, I think it's best that we get engaged as soon as possible. Maybe next summer. That way, if something happens and we need to get married, we can. Maybe if I use a Contraceptive Charm, we won't have to worry about me getting pregnant until we get out of school."

He had figured she would bring up the subject sooner or later and had to admit it was a good idea, even as young as they still were. After all, it was the responsible thing to do ... so he would take steps toward that goal, if only to make sure to be able to keep Draco at bay. So far Draco had not tried to seek him out, but Harry knew it had to be only a matter of time. He had to keep Draco at a distance, or else he would be unable to resist him. In the meantime, however, he and Ginny had best get started on the next stage of their relationship.

"Then we should ... get started. Where did you want to go?"

"The Room of Requirement, I guess. That's probably the best place to go for a rendezvous, at least for the time being."

"Then let's go." He pulled her up to her feet; then they walked back to the castle, arms around each other...and within an hour had ... shall we say ... totally and thoroughly advanced their relationship.

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As it turned out, it was a good thing they'd done it when they did...for the following day, almost as soon as Draco spotted Harry, he was on his way over to him and trying to get him to go somewhere for a quick snog, if not a quick grope of his crotch or butt. "No, Draco, I can't ... I'm having sex with Ginny now. Besides, sooner or later, if you keep after me, someone's going to see us. If they haven't already."

But as he had feared, that didn't stop Draco's advances. "Didn't I tell you that as a bisexual, you would be able to have both of us? Besides, don't care if anyone sees us. I ... need to kiss you, need to touch you ..."

Harry could have lived with antagonism...was, in fact, more used to it than he was this. But the prospect of a lovesick Draco Malfoy was almost more than he could stand ... and what's more, lovesick for him. Yes, from all indications, Draco had finally fallen in love. It was with whom that no one from Slytherin would ever believe.

"Please, Draco, don't. If you do, I won't be able to ... resist you." That was all the encouragement Malfoy needed. His hands and lips became dangerously exciting, and Harry fought against temptation for as long as he could...but once Draco had pulled him into a dark grotto near where they stood, deftly opened his trousers, then moved his jumper and shirt up with one hand and began caressing him intimately with the other in the midst of a passionate snog, Harry could do nothing but surrender.

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This was when Harry finally woke up ... and what's more, woke up in the most painfully aroused state he had ever been in. He had to get to the bathroom right away to get rid of this, or else he'd never be able to face anyone, especially his friends or Ginny. He had had many erotic dreams about her, of course; that was natural and normal...but this one had *not* been about her.

He recalled that she had said she had no doubts as to his sexuality, that as far as she was concerned, he was very straight. How could they snog as they did and have it be otherwise? All the same, he tried hard to keep in mind that many times one had erotic dreams about someone they were not in love with ... or even liked in the waking state, for that matter. Harry was personally unsure about his sexuality, however; about many things, really, especially at this point in time, knowing only one thing for certain. He loved Ginny, had loved her for a long time, and was certain he always would, whatever ... other desires he might have.

But just because one had those desires didn't mean they necessarily had to act on them. If he wanted lovemaking, he knew all he had to do was say the word and Ginny would be there for the asking. He could only hope that Draco wouldn't start pursuing him in real life. He didn't think he would be able to handle it or hold him off for long, especially if he acted anything like he had in the dream. And if Harry had his way, that was where his homosexual desires would stay...in his dreams. After all, he had something far too wonderful and lasting to give up in real life and would be a fool to put it at risk ... either now or at any time in the future.