

A Different Intimate Arrangement

by SS Lupin

Harry has to decide between Ginny and Draco... or does he? Birthday gift for dracontia. One-shot.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Harry sat on the one fully functional and unhexed toilet in number twelve, Grimmauld Place, lost in thought.

It was the only place in the bloody house where his privacy was respected. Hermione and Ron were always persistent in stripping the wards Harry would place on his bedroom door and windows, the drawing and dining rooms were always filled with at least one Order member resting or having a quick bite to eat, and once again, Hermione would always be around in the library.

Though it smelled like mildew and other dank and growing things, the upstairs loo at Grimmauld Place was the best spot for Harry to have a think, whether it be about Horcruxes, the war, or...

Them.

Harry didn't know what to do about Them. While he loved Ginny and didn't want to break her heart (or face the rage of her six brothers), he also didn't want to lose the... whatever it was he was having with Draco, nor would he like to have the Horcrux help Draco had been giving him be denied.

Harry put his head into his hands. Out of all the things in his life, even his relationships had to be out of the ordinary.

He took off his clothes and stepped into the shower, still unsure of what he was going to do.

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Since someone was bound to go to the loo soon, Harry dried himself quickly and ran to his bedroom, one hand clutching the towel wrapped around his waist.

Only, when he approached his door, someone was already standing in front of it, hands crossed while wearing a haughty facial expression.

"Um... Malfoy," Harry stammered, "what are you doing here?"

"Your girlfriend," Draco spat, "beat me to it."

"To what?" Harry asked, confused.

Draco shook his head. "It doesn't matter. She won, I lost, and I'd best be going." He turned to leave, but Harry grabbed his arm.

"Don't leave," Harry said.

Draco stayed where he was, so Harry was forced to look at the back of the blond's head, his shiny silver locks grazing the collar of his shirt. How much did he love it when he could run his fingers through that silky hair, when they were snogging, or when Draco lay on top of his lap...

"But it's obvious, Potter. The Weaselette got to you first. Although I don't see the attraction you could have for a girl who looks like your mother, let alone a girl in the first place..."

"Got to me? Please, Draco. Tell me what's wrong."

Draco inclined his head, and Harry could see a pale patch of skin through his hair. "Ginny and I – we had a wager. The first one who could deflower you—"

"Deflower me?"

"Would keep you. The loser would walk away and admit defeat."

"What would make you think... that I'd be—"

"She's in your bed, looking like the cat that ate the bloody canary, while you're coming from the shower. What am I supposed to think?" Draco finally turned to face him, and he could see a look of honest pain on a face that was usually set into alabaster.

"Well... as much as I'd hate to say it, I'm still a virgin – in the technical sense."

"So you... and Ginny—"

"Not yet."

The hope that had flitted in Draco's eyes vanished. "So you still want her."

"But I want you, too."

"You can't have us both!"

Harry turned and saw a red-faced Ginny standing in the doorway of his bedroom. "You have to choose, Harry. The ferret or me."

"Better me than a walking oedipal complex."

"Better *me* than a Death Eater."

"Ex-Death Eater, thank you very much."

"Still have the Mark."

"Still have nasty freckles."

"Slimy ferret."

"Runty weasel."

"Little dick."

"Ginger pubes."

Harry looked at both of them. Ginny's face was darkening to purple while Draco's had paled with the exception of a pink spot on each cheek.

"Enough!" Harry shouted. Draco and Ginny looked at him instead of each other.

"Good. Let's take this inside," Harry said, entering his bedroom and sitting on the edge of his bed. When he looked up, he saw Draco and Ginny standing on either side of him, expectant.

Harry let out a breath. "I can't choose, and I don't want to choose."

"But you have to, Harry!" Ginny exclaimed.

"I'm not sure if I can," Harry said.

A glimmer appeared in Draco's eye. "Maybe you don't have to."

Ginny's ponytail flipped as her head turned to Draco. "Are you proposing a menage-a-trois?"

"A may-nay what?"

"A threesome, Potter."

"But... you don't even like each other," Harry stammered, even as the idea showed some promise.

"We'd manage," Ginny said, "if it meant staying with you."

"Let's make it clear that I'm only shagging Potter."

"What's the matter, Malfoy? Vaginas too scary for you?"

"No. Just Weasleys."

Ginny laughed. "I find that very *hard* to believe." Her hand shot out to grab what was bulging in Draco's trousers.

"What are you doing?" Draco gasped.

Harry just sat back and watched the show in front of him.

"I saw you last night, Malfoy. When Harry and I were snogging in the drawing room, you were looking at me as much as you were at Harry. And I know it wasn't all jealousy."

"Unhand me at once." But Draco didn't deny any of it.

"And when I was masturbating in Harry's room before he showed, I heard you on the other side of the door, moaning." Ginny ran her fingers along Draco's cloth-covered length, eliciting a sharp gasp from the blond.

"Admit it. You want me as much as you want Harry."

Harry let out a moan of his own when Draco seized Ginny's shoulders and pulled her in for a kiss.

He stood up slowly as the two embraced each other, not trusting his legs after what he had just seen. "So... this threesome thing."

Ginny pulled away from Draco, and both stared at Harry with desire in their eyes.

"Yes," all three said, Draco and Ginny pushing Harry back into the bed and joining him.

- end.

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Author's Note: This was written belatedly for dracontia, whose birthday was earlier in the month (I think I know the date, but time zones make things so difficult when it's close to midnight). The title came from a line in her fic "Let Someone ELSE Tell You About the Birds and the Bees." Thanks so much to Southern_Witch_69 for being such a great beta.