

Draco's Bath

by Southern_Witch_69

Draco has lost once again to Harry, and he decides that a nice warm bath will help to relax him. Moaning Myrtle shows up for a little fun.

one shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: All characters were created by J.K. Rowling. Alas, no money is being made here as this is for entertainment purposes only. Happy reading!

A/N: A big thanks to my beta, Charmed Nay.

"Pine Fresh," Draco muttered. The door to the prefect's bathroom opened. He warded it behind him to be sure he wasn't disturbed. "Damn Potter," he bit out. "Always beating me at ruddy Quidditch. I'll show him next time."

He ran his water and lay back in the tub. Completely relaxed, he was able to doze off. A content smile tugged at his lips as he began to dream. In his dream, he saw Potter and Granger snogging in the corridor. Being a prefect, he moved forward to take away points when Granger disappeared suddenly. "What did you do to her?" he asked incredulously. Potter began looking at him seductively. "Geroff," he yelled as Potter began groping him.

"Come on, Draco. You know you want to be with me. I consume your thoughts. You want me. You want this. Let me love you," Potter was saying.

"Well, I won't do anything with you, but I suppose I wouldn't mind seeing you on your knees, Potter. It's where you belong anyway." He unzipped his trousers, and threw his robes over Harry's head. He leaned back against the wall as Potter went to work. "Ah...very good." He could feel Potter's hot mouth and hands releasing the built up tension. "Don't stop, Harry," he whimpered. Just as his tongue began to frantically circle his head, something broke through his dream.

Someone's knocking, his subconscious told him. Knocking? In a corridor? He blinked awake. "Go away!" he bellowed. Draco started sniggering about the dream he had. He didn't like males in general, but he just might be tempted to let Potter be his personal slave. He ached to have Potter's mouth on his cock while he forcefully slammed his head in rhythm. "Oh..." he gasped. He was aroused. Completely.

It felt as if someone was groping him. He moved some bubbles aside to look into the water. A bar of soap was gliding up and down on his erect shaft. "What the hell?" Hmmm... Maybe this wasn't so bad. Maybe the bathroom sensed that he needed release. He let the soap tease him. Moments later he noticed the soap was gone, but a washcloth in the shape of a hand was caressing him. "Fuck yeah..." he murmured. "Keep it going." It was erotic being fondled by an invisible entity. Just thinking of it that way had him calling out in climax. "Damn," he said to himself, dunking underwater to rinse the suds out of his hair.

He got out and chanted a quick drying spell. He felt much more relaxed now thanks to...whatever the bathroom had done. "Well, thanks," he said loudly.

Suddenly, the ghost of a girl with dark hair and glasses materialized near the faucets. "Don't mention it. I heard you whimpering in your sleep. I figured you needed it," she

said, giggling.

"What the hell?" Draco backed against the wall. "Who the hell are you?"

"I'm Moaning Myrtle. I haunt the girls' bathroom on the second floor near the West Tower. I also visit other places connected to the plumbing."

"Were... you... touching me? How? Why? Oh, Merlin!" Draco couldn't believe it. He'd had a hand job from some freaky ghost! Bloody hell!

"Didn't you want it?" she asking, pouting her lips.

"Not from you! A damn ghost! I can't believe this," he ranted.

The girl broke into the loudest sobs he'd ever heard. "No one ever wants to be loved by miserable, moping, Moaning Myrtle!" With a shriek she plunged into the now draining water and disappeared. Draco just stood there gaping. Had that shit really happened? He dressed as quickly as he could and unwarded the door. Potter was there!

"What the hell were you doing in there, Malfoy?"

Draco looked around wildly. "A damn...ghost. A girl ghost."

Potter started laughing. "Moaning Myrtle?"

"Yeah."

"Ah, she's harmless. She said she doesn't peek, and you should be honored. Usually she won't talk to anyone except me," Potter said, eyes twinkling. "Taking a bath all alone is a lonely business sometimes." Had he just winked?

"Doesn't talk, my arse! She just... she..." Draco paused. "Hang on! I don't have to tell you anything."

Potter shrugged. "Right, then. See you." Draco watched as he went through the door. That git! Had he mentioned something about being lonely while bathing? No matter.

"Just like you, Potter! Think you are so special. Just because you can use our bathroom even though you aren't a prefect! Think that even the ghosts only want you and not me. Ha! She closes her eyes so as not to look at your ugly arse! Yet, she comes to me, and eagerly gives me a hand job! She's my ghost, you hear? Mine! She chose me over you, Potter!" Draco screamed at the door, knowing Harry could hear him. With a self-satisfied smirk, he spun around to head toward the dungeons and froze.

Professor Snape was standing there with an odd expression on his face. One eyebrow rose slightly while Draco began to explain. Snape simply held up a hand. "I don't care to hear about yours and Potter's fights over ghostly affections. Get to your dorm now."

Draco hurried off to the dungeons. Damn! Now Snape thought he was a freak. "I hope he doesn't tell my father. It would be very hard to explain," he said bitterly. Thanks to the dream, he could clearly imagine the feel of Saint Potter's lips on him, and it was a consolation of sorts. Perhaps that was something to look forward to for his next bath time. "Yes, I'll just happen to need a bath when Potter does."

A/N: ahahhaa... too funny!