

When You Just Can't Scratch That Itch...

by dracontia

Sort of bondage-y. Sort of slashy. Sort of crazy. Pay no attention to the clichéd setup behind the curtain. Just enjoy the pretty, naked people.

one shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Yes, I rob these characters from the rich, but only to give them to others who are less financially well-endowed. Like my lovely and talented fangirlfriends. This one is especially for SS Lupin (who has a fine eye for art disguised as soft core porn) and for Potteresque_Ire (who possesses similar talents and who needs, in my humble opinion, angstidotes on a regular basis). Don't sue them, either.

"Ohhhh... Aghhhh..."

Harry stopped in his tracks. The most frightful groans and wails were coming from a small door, too small to lead to a classroom, half-obsured in an awkward bend in the corridor. It sounded as if Moaning Myrtle had escaped the plumbing and taken up residence there.

"Help, oh, help me!" the voice sobbed.

Hmm... maybe not Myrtle. That sounded rather male. Could it be one of the castle ghosts he wasn't familiar with? After all these years he thought he'd met all of them, but knowing Hogwarts, there would always be something...or someone...to find that he hadn't seen before. He drew his wand just in case and tested the doorknob. Locked, but it yielded easily to Alohomora.

"Malfoy? What the hell?" Harry congratulated himself on managing to articulate that much, considering what met his eyes on the other side of the door.

"Oh, God...of all the people to come in here," Malfoy wailed, writhing in what appeared to be terrible pain. "Get me down!"

Harry knew he was gawking like an idiot, but he really felt rather justified. It wasn't every day that he saw Draco Malfoy hanging by his hands from a bar stretched across the narrow width of the cluttered room, clad only in green silk boxers, his toes touching the floor just enough to keep his full weight from being supported by his arms without affording him any significant comfort. The sight was so surprising it completely overwhelmed his ability to form coherent sentences.

"How... what?" Harry couldn't seem to stop sounding dim.

Malfoy grimaced and squirmed. "Pansy... eeeeh... I'm going to kill her... thinks I'm cheating on her... I'm not, but we're through after this...ahhh, that bitch!" he ended his tirade in a shriek of agony. "Help! Don't just stand there!"

"What did she do to you?" Harry asked, truly alarmed. "Some form of Crucio? Let me get a teacher..."

"No!" Harry had the feeling that was a response to both his question and his offer. "No teachers... bad enough as it is...not Crucio... itching...not sure if it's a hex or some sort of contact potion, or what," Malfoy's face contorted miserably again.

Harry felt angry, stupid, and incredulous by turns. This put him back on familiar ground. He was used to feeling some combination of those emotions around Malfoy.

"You've got to be kidding," Harry said, shaking his head to clear it. Or maybe in hopes of making this all go away. No such luck.

"I wish I was," Malfoy moaned. It was an absolutely indecent sound. "I don't know how she did it. Every inch of my body...ohhhhh, unnngh!" His jaw clenched convulsively, and a tear rolled down his cheek.

For about a minute, Harry stood there, contemplating leaving Malfoy for some other lucky soul to find.

It felt like about a year to Malfoy, who whined, "Damn it, I'm going mad here!"

"That really makes me want to help you," Harry grumbled. However, he didn't really want someone else's madness on his conscience. And if Malfoy wasn't far enough off the deep end to leave school... Well, the last thing he needed was to have an antagonist who was barking, on top of everything else. "'Finite Incantatem'."

"It didn't work," Malfoy whined.

"I can see that," Harry snapped in reply. He tried a variety of opening and releasing spells, none of which did a thing to free Malfoy's hands or alleviate his condition.

"Please, Potter, I'm dying!"

Suddenly, a fair-sized bottle materialized on the floor next to the dingy mirror in the corner. Ignoring Malfoy's twitching and sobbing, Harry walked over and studied the tag looped around its clunky, pink neck. He was too wary of mysteriously appearing objects to just pick it up.

"Rub me on," he read, mystified.

"Yes! Oh, please, do it!" Malfoy sounded almost crazed with relief.

"You expect me to put my hands in some random bottle of stuff?" Harry asked. *Not to mention actually touch you with it*, he thought.

"Oh, shite, shite, why are you so damned paranoid? I'm going to itch to death because the great Boy-Who-Lived...twice...is afraid to touch pink goo." He was literally weeping now, his head hanging pitifully.

"Let me go get someone. This is ridiculous." Harry started for the door.

"I won't last that long! Please, I'll do whatever you want, just put it on me," Malfoy whimpered, sounding utterly broken.

Harry sighed in exasperation. "I'll hold you to that, like any other oath," he said, a warning note in his voice. Malfoy nodded frantically.

"Okay, I'll pour some on your foot...if nothing awful happens, I'll rub it on so you can survive long enough for me to get help freeing you." He cast a few spells to detect traps, then cautiously picked up the bottle.

Malfoy squirmed constantly, trying to rub one foot against the other. "Hold still, you're making me itch just watching you," Harry grumbled. He pulled the wide stopper from the jar and found the substance inside had an odd consistency...it moved as readily as liquid in the jar, but it stuck together in a jelly-like lump that couldn't be poured. There was nothing for it. He would have to pierce it with his fingers and actually touch that slender, ice-white foot that was so delicate it didn't seem properly male.

At least nothing dreadful happened when he touched the stuff. It was pleasantly cool and slippery. He didn't think much of the color, but the smell was quite appealing...sort of fresh and rain-like. Harry managed to gouge out a bit on two fingers and gingerly spread it over the straining tendons of Malfoy's instep.

Gah... Brilliant. Handling pink goo and Malfoy's feet. God hates me.

"Unhh... hmmm.... Oh, I think that works! Mmm, hurry, more! Do my back!"

Harry wasn't sure which set of noises was more disquieting...Malfoy wailing in an agony of itching or Malfoy panting with relief. At least Harry could stand up to handle his back, and there was no chance of seeing the constant play of contorted expressions on Malfoy's face from this position, either. Those faces were a bit unnerving. They reminded Harry of something, though he couldn't quite put his finger on what.

He tried to ignore the constant little sighs as he smoothed the cool pink glop over the finely muscled planes of his rival's back. Harry took some satisfaction in noting that Malfoy wasn't nearly as defined as he was, though he had a reasonable share of firm, smooth muscle. Still, with that incredibly white skin, almost unmarked except for a smattering of nearly translucent hairs and the faint rosy pink of his nipples, Malfoy had a certain graceful look about him. Which Harry tried to convince himself wasn't all that wonderful a compliment for a guy.

Malfoy's back was finished, and Harry took a moment to scoop up more of the substance. The arms were probably as good a place to proceed to as any. Harry rubbed up one shoulder, found he couldn't quite reach the back of Malfoy's hand where it wrapped around the pipe and fetched a box from the corner to stand on when Malfoy assured him that the back of his hand itched most agonizingly as well.

"Mmm... that's so much better. Ahh, more... oohh, that feels good! Do my hair!"

A pink drip had plopped right on Malfoy's part line, evidently reminding him that the itching covered his scalp as well. Harry felt distinctly silly, rubbing the stuff into the icy blond locks as if shampooing Malfoy.

"Could you stop that?" Harry asked, unnerved by the almost constant soft moans and sighs.

"Sorry, just feels so damned good, Harry," Malfoy keened, his head lolling back, an expression more like bliss than agony now twisting his features.

Harry almost asked, 'Since when are we on a first name basis?' but decided the less said, the better. He reached back up to finish the arms, eliciting a whine of disappointment, which quickly morphed into soft huffs of relief as he smoothed the substance down the other side of Malfoy's arms. Until he touched the pale fluff around the armpits, when the huffs abruptly turned to a choked giggle.

"Eeek! Hey, ah, keep moving." Malfoy tried to keep his voice even, but his entire body jerked, and it rather gave him away.

"Don't tell me you're ticklish," Harry said, unable to keep a certain amount of wicked glee from his voice.

"NO! ah, ha, oh, God, no, don't! HARRY!"

But Harry couldn't resist, wiggling his fingers frenetically in the soft fluff under Draco's arms, then dancing them up and down his sides with the speed of a Snitch in flight. He noticed that at some point in the gales of laughter, Malfoy had become 'Draco' within the privacy of Harry's mind.

"Damn it! Hee, ha, hee hee, ack! It's worse than the itch!" he gasped, now shrieking with laughter. "Stop! STOP! Please, stop!"

Harry reached around Draco's waist to tease his stomach, feeling the muscles shiver under his fingers as they shied away from the relentless tickling. One wildly ineffectual kick backwards and Harry decided that perhaps it was time to behave. He needed to get more gel, anyway.

"You *bastard*," Draco panted. "You can't hold me to anything, after that."

"From where I'm standing..." Harry froze, squatting on the floor with his fingers in the bottle. Oh... right. Sometimes laughing had an... effect... on certain anatomical features. And thin silk boxers did nothing to hide that effect.

"Sorry about that," he mumbled, red in the face and staying well behind Draco to hide it. Harry focused on the backs of the slender legs before him, hoping Draco could rein in his, er, reaction, before Harry had to come around the front. A glance upwards showed that not to be the case. Maybe he could just reach around from behind to work on the fronts of Draco's legs and his chest.

Whimpers and soft whines of relief warred with complaints about areas that still itched. "My legs are fine, please do my nose," Draco begged, his voice all breathy with exhaustion.

This wasn't going to work from behind. Harry wasn't about to chance putting a finger up one of Draco's nostrils. He did his best not to look into those almost feline gray eyes as he carefully smoothed the gel over each delicate, pointy feature. Draco, for his part, tried to keep his eyes closed, yet whenever they chanced to open, it seemed they were staring right at each other. Each time it happened, they tried to ignore the pink warmth that flooded their faces...especially when Harry ran his fingers over Draco's lips just as he sighed. They were both shaking by the time he stroked a thin film of the stuff over Draco's eyelids. There was no mistaking what Harry was reminded of when Draco made a soft keening noise at having his ears massaged.

Harry tried keeping his eyes carefully lowered as he worked on Draco's neck and chest. This had its own set of problems though, as it meant only a flicker of his glance was needed to look right at those green silk boxers. Either they'd never quite deflated, or they were starting to tent again. Had he spent a little too much time on the nipples?

"Could this get any more awkward?" he couldn't help asking.

"Potter... Harry... Considering the only parts left that need the treatment, could you have picked a more ironic time to ask that?"

Harry really couldn't find a good place to put his eyes. "Right," he finally said. It came out slightly strangled.

"Um, you might want to go behind and reach around. I don't think I can stop myself from...er...it feels so good to stop the itching, I'm sorry," Draco said in an embarrassed rush.

"Yeah, ah, I get it. I'll just stand back here, then." He hurried around behind, fairly certain he was turning red over as much of his body as Draco plainly was. Well, maybe not. Pulling down those rather silly (in Harry's opinion) green silk boxers revealed that Draco actually blushed all the way down his backside, which Harry concluded must be some sort of record. It was rather cute, actually.

The blushing is cute! Not the bum! Harry hastened to clarify internally. *That's just a bit on the skinny side, and...I am NOT analyzing this any further, and this is Malfoy, and cute doesn't belong in the same thought, so it's time to stop thinking now.*

Harry picked up the bottle, inserted his fingers, and looked aside. A grimace of utter embarrassment took hold of his face as he started to smooth the stuff blindly over the first bum cheek he came to. He huffed in exasperation as he was forced to glance over to make sure that he was covering new ground with additional rubbing.

Draco apparently read derision into the sound. "There's nothing funny about my backside, Potter!"

"I'm not laughing, you git. I'm wondering 'Why me?'"

"What do you mean by THAT?" Malfoy sounded insulted, and now Harry really did want to laugh.

"It's not exactly as if I spend my evenings wondering what it's like to fondle another bloke's bum!" Harry regretted that the instant it came out of his mouth, especially as he'd covered both of Draco's... er... cheeks, and the hips, and all that remained was to go straight up...*no, down, let's stay with down, less suggestive..*the middle.

"Potter! Don't you dare...FONDLE...me!"

"Believe me, Malfoy, I'm actually trying not to **look**, if I can help it. But I sort of need to aim for this last bit, if you get the picture."

"Oh, God. You're not going to..."

"Either stand there and itch, or shut up and think of England, Malfoy."

Draco did shut up, and Harry rather hoped he actually *was* thinking of England, because both of them contemplating this at once was simply not on.

Okay, you once slid down a chute in a disused toilet that probably had much nastier...bloody hell, remember that bit about NOT THINKING?

Easier thought than done. Harry figured that his face would explode right about the time that Draco started spreading his legs. He gritted his teeth as Draco whimpered, and tried frantically to convince himself that he wasn't touching what he thought he was touching when that sound happened. Every little squeak jumped on his last frayed nerve until he encountered the back of Draco's balls and pulled away as if hit with an electric shock. He aimed a quick nonverbal 'Scourgify' at the offended hand and contemplated saying something inane as he scooped up one last dose of pink stuff.

Take your own advice: shut up and think of England, Harry.

"Right," he muttered, and with courage that would have done Godric Gryffindor proud (or possibly not), he reached around and grabbed a handful of bollocks.

"Oh! Oh, oh-oh-oh..."

Harry let his head fall against the back of Malfoy's shoulder in defeat. There was no escaping reality, not with all those impossible 'ohs'.

In the name of being too softhearted (and possibly softheaded) for my own good, I am... on a rescue mission... that is basically comprised of hugging Draco...to hell with Malfoy...from behind... and wanking him.

I will now go to Hell, unless I'm already there.

It took exactly one go 'round of thigh tops, balls, and pubic hair, and one good, firm, twisting pull up one distressingly erect cock, before Draco gave a little wail and it wasn't just pink mystery goo dripping over Harry's hand anymore.

"Thank you, oh, thank you, Harry,"

The bar abruptly vanished, and Draco dropped the handful of inches necessary for him to stand flat-footed. Unfortunately, he was in no real condition to stand after his ordeal, and he stumbled back against Harry. Since Harry's arms were around Draco anyway, he caught him quite handily with no thought involved whatsoever.

'No thought involved' was pretty much how Harry figured the next event happened, and he tried to comfort himself with the thought that having his brain turned off had been a GOOD idea up to that point. Draco's head was lolling back on Harry's shoulder, his arms limp and twitching uselessly off to either side, his pretty dark blond eyelashes fluttering over his silver eyes, pupils still dilated in post-orgasmic bliss. His lips were incredibly red and, as Harry now knew, quite a bit warmer than he would ever have imagined any part of Draco to be, had he ever given the matter the least thought. And those lips were right there, so close, almost too close to look at, and all it took was a slight turn of Harry's head and their lips were together.

He wasn't kissing Draco. They just had their lips together. Harry didn't do a thing, except not pull away when Draco tightened his yes-they-are-quite-warm-and-soft lips against Harry's. Harry might have tipped his head ever so slightly, brushing their lips past each other a little. But it wasn't a snog or anything. Probably not even a real kiss.

Of course, that's probably not how it looked when the door opened and Ginny walked in.

"H-H-Harry?" Her eyes were enormous. Harry was afraid they might pop out of her head. Her lower jaw dangled uselessly as the door fell shut behind her with an anticlimactic thud.

"Ginny, this isn't..." He was about to say 'This isn't what it looks like,' but that was probably the single most useless phrase in the English language (right up there with 'the cheque is in the mail'), and certainly would have been useless in this particular situation. He rather doubted she would stay around to hear the whole story, not when confronted with Harry's arms around the waist of a very naked and sated-looking Draco, a telling whitish puddle on the ground in front of them. Either that, or Harry wouldn't live to tell it.

What she said next nearly shocked both boys into insensibility. "This is the hottest thing I've ever seen."

"Huh?"

Harry was slightly more coherent, but then again, he wasn't the one who was recovering from an orgasm. "What?"

"How long have you two been...?" She trailed off, obviously uncertain how to phrase her thought.

This spurred Harry into action. He started to let go, found Draco stumbling again, and allowed one of his arms to be captured while he grabbed the first garment that met his eyes, Draco's discarded shirt. "...We're not! Ginny, I mean, I just walked in here and found Draco's hands stuck to that bar up there...well, the bar USED to be there, he had some sort of row with Pansy..."

"And Harry rescued me," Draco said in a dreamy tone of voice, shrugging his way into the shirt. He seemed disinclined to attempt to stand on his own, sort of draping himself over Harry as the latter looked frantically for clothes.

Bloody, fucking hell. Wanking Malfoy turns him into a big, under-stuffed, friendly albino teddy bear. Wish I'd known this years... Wait a second...

"He's good at that," Ginny said with a giggle. She moved towards them, her eyes oddly bright. "Really, you don't need to dress on my account." She slid her way in between them. "Something smells really nice in here," she murmured against Harry's cheek, nuzzling his face until his jaw dropped. Whether his mouth was open in surprise or to say something, the world would never know, because Ginny promptly filled the opening with her tongue.

The next thing Harry knew, there was another tongue in his ear (he had a pretty good idea whose it was, despite the fact that his glasses had fogged up and he couldn't see a thing), and two pairs of hands were exploring his body with obvious enthusiasm.

Harry thought he should protest, but he'd never been especially eloquent, and it was rather hard to talk around someone else's tongue, anyway.

By the time his shirt hit the floor, Harry sort of forgot about protesting.

By the time his trousers dropped down to join Ginny's blouse, the undressing process expedited by the involvement of six enthusiastic hands, he sort of forgot his own name.

By the time he came back to his senses, splayed out on a pile of clothes with Draco cooing all sorts of complimentary things in his ear while Ginny purred her satisfaction against his chest, Harry decided that unambiguous sexuality was highly overrated.

But it wouldn't hurt to do this a few more times. Just to make sure that he really was bi. Or confused. Confused could be nice, too.

He wouldn't even object to a repeat appearance by the pink goo.

Millicent Bulstrode and Pansy Parkinson dropped the mirror, which obligingly shattered the shocking scene into little obscenity fragments.

"That wasn't supposed to happen."

"No shite!"

"Pay up, so that I can afford enough brain bleach to get rid of the image."

"Excuse me? We had a bet. He said both 'Please' and 'Thank You,' AND he used Potter's given name, so I don't have to pay you one Knut!"

"Oh, no, you don't! The ingredients for that antidote gel cost a fortune!"

Things got very ugly from there.

Ginny Weasley went to bed one exceedingly happy witch that night, having spent a good two hours after dinner exploring all the delicious possibilities two gorgeous wizards had to offer. An agreeable feeling of warmth curled in her belly at the memory of how thorough and enthusiastic said wizards were in the matter of tasting her in return.

Beats sticking around the Great Hall for pudding.

As if that weren't enough, those two nasty cows, Bulstrode and Parkinson, had hexed each other right into the hospital wing (and Slytherin out of a fair number of points). Part of her felt ever so slightly guilty for reveling in their misfortune...after all, if they hadn't foolishly alerted Ginny by looking suspicious, she would never have threaded her ever-handy extendable ear under the door after them to discover their little plot. And if they hadn't devised said plot in the first place, Ginny would not have been able to put herself in the right place at the right time to walk in on that delectable scene (which was even better than she had imagined).

Most of all, she wouldn't have a date for tomorrow night with the two sexiest, most eligible bachelors in the wizarding world to continue what they'd started on the floor of that obscure little room. She had high hopes of repeating the exercise early and often.

If only there were some way to get Fred and George an Order of Merlin for inventing Extendable Ears...

The next morning found Draco smiling as he signed his name, with several stylish green-inked flourishes, to history's most lighthearted breakup note. A hapless second year Slytherin was pressed into service to deliver the note and a dozen roses to Pansy in the hospital wing. Said second year escaped before Pansy could shoot the messenger.

Millicent Bulstrode wasn't quite as fast.

By evening, Draco was too busy enjoying a nice double tongue bath to bemoan the additional point loss.

FIN

Author's note:

Sorry, ladies, if it looked like it was just going to be the boys there. I promise I'll come up with some pure, unadulterated slash (is that some sort of contradiction in terms?) for you. At some point. I'm working my way towards it, honest! All right, I admit it. There is no excuse for this patent absurdity. But Harry looks so utterly happy when surrounded by jealous, bitchy, wanton diva-ness, and they all look so *pretty* together, that I just can't resist. Me likes pretty things. And cookies.

Tempest, forgive me, for I know exactly what I'm doing. Except when it comes to punctuation and grammar.