

Unique

by CiraArana

A young man thinks about his lover. One-shot.

Unique

Chapter 1 of 1

A young man thinks about his lover. One-shot.

A/N: My beta insisted that Cedric Diggory was blond. I always imagined he had dark brown hair. This is my story, so he has dark hair.

Unique

He lies on his side, propped up on one elbow, and looks down at his lover sleeping next to him. The slender body is relaxed; the breathing is deep and regular. The pale skin has a rosy glow, and his lips curve into a smile as he remembers why.

The smile deepens as he lets his eyes sweep over the expanse of smooth, bare skin that is still glistening in places. A bead of sweat crowns a sharp hipbone, and he reaches out and gently brushes it away. His lover sighs softly.

The sharp angles of his lover's body tempt him, and he maps them out with his fingertips: ribs, a lightly muscled stomach, and those delicious hipbones. His touch slowly slides lower, comes to rest on a strong thigh. His dark glance brushes possessively over the fair locks and what they guard. His lover is a natural blond.

Blonds are not his type, not at all.

Also, his lover is male. Not that it matters.

Although, he has to admit, for the longest time, he would have said that the male part was the most insurmountable obstacle. It had taken a long time, a very long time, until he had been able to admit, even if only to himself, that he preferred male lovers. It had taken him a lot to do as much as entertain the possibility.

In fact, he had died over it.

It had taken all his courage. And then another couple of years and another relationship with a woman that ended in a mess. But it certainly explained why he the girls he had fancied had proven to be a lot of trouble. Trying his hardest to be normal, he had picked out those girls he knew he would not get along with for long.

But even when he had admitted to himself, and later his friends, that he preferred his lovers to be male, he had never been interested in blonds. No, he prefers tall, dark and handsome, though he winces at the cliché.

And this, too, explains why he had such trouble admitting it in the first place. Look at the boys he had felt himself drawn to! He still cannot think of them without being disgusted and ashamed.

First, there was young Tom Riddle, as he had seen him in the diary. Tom had been so handsome, so charming! Yes, he had been only twelve years old and far too underdeveloped to really understand what was happening, but he had felt a warm glow in his chest every time he had thought of Tom.

But that was, of course, before he had found out that the handsome, charming young man later became the murderer of his parents.

It had convinced him that there was something horribly wrong with him, something that had to be stamped out, forgotten. He shoved it away, burying it so deep *he'd* forget about it. For two years, at least, until Cedric Diggory had been chosen Champion of Hogwarts School for the Triwizard Tournament.

Cedric had not turned out to be rotten behind his handsome face. Cedric had been a brave, loyal, and courteous young man. They had helped each other. And his fourteen-year-old self had cautiously allowed himself to be attracted, had allowed himself to dream. Yet, still being wary, he had hidden his emotions for Cedric behind puppy love for Cedric's girlfriend. Being jealous of Cedric and adoring his girlfriend had proven much easier.

Especially as his friendship with Ron had already been severely tested that year, and he wasn't sure it would survive another test. But he had been sure that admitting to Ron, with his rather macho outlook on women and his worry over getting a good-looking date for the Yule Ball, that he was attracted to Cedric would test, if not kill, the friendship.

And in the end, he had managed to get Cedric killed. If he had not been so determined to share the victory with Cedric, to create something that only the two of them could share, he would not have suggested they both claim the cup. Cedric would not have been 'the spare' to be killed in front of his eyes without a second thought.

This second experience had proven to him that feeling those things was wrong, was dangerous, and was something that he should not feel. He had crushed the fragile awareness, had buried it even deeper inside of him than before, buried it so deep that not even Snape had found it during Occlumency lessons. He would not think of this ever again.

So, every time afterwards, when he felt the forbidden tingling inside, he had pushed it away and thought of something or someone else.

He had concentrated on Ginny during his sixth year, so whenever one of his friends pointed out that he was obsessed ... Well, it was their fault, they had a wrong impression, hadn't they, for there was the monster inside of his chest that growled over Ginny.

Then, later, when the feeling stirred again every time he looked at the picture of young Gellert Grindelwald, beautiful, mischievous imp that he had been, he had called Ginny's face to mind. He had dug out the Marauders' Map and sat pouring over it for hours, staring at the little dot labelled Ginevra Weasley. Thinking about Ginny had always put the stirring to a sudden halt.

In hindsight, he thinks, this should really have clued him in, but nobody had ever called him perceptive as far as emotions were concerned. What they called him was stubborn, and stubbornly he stuck to his decision to love Ginny.

Then, he had died.

When he lived again, once more, everything had been so overwhelming that he had not spared a thought for the repercussions of his stay at King's Cross. Yes, he had felt different. Sometimes, he had even thought differently, giving himself quite a scare. But stubbornly, he still insisted he was normal.

Only when his relationship with Ginny had ended in, well, a mess that had almost split her family had he taken a pause to think. And he would not even have done that if not Hermione had tried to console him over his breakup with Ginny, and he had realised that he hadn't felt crushed. He had felt free.

It had been quite a shock.

After that, there really wasn't a way back. For the first time in his life, he had to think about himself. It was painful, and another first he needed his courage not to face outside danger, but danger inside of himself. For months, he wondered whether Gryffindor had been the right house for him. He did not feel courageous at all.

His lover shifts beside him and calls his thoughts back to the present. He looks at his lover's face. Sharp, too hard for a man of his age.

No. Not his type. Not his type at all.

For despite his gruesome teenage experiences, he still prefers them tall, dark, and handsome. And his lover isn't.

Well, he is tall. Standing, the sleeping man towers over his silent watcher.

But dark he is not: white-blond hair and eyebrows, his lashes only a shade darker. 'Honey blond,' he insists. His skin is pale, and his eyes a very light grey. He is as fair as fair can be.

Except, of course, if one means dark as in Dark, the silent watcher thinks with a wry grin. That, his lover is.

Handsome? Probably not by most people's standards. His features are too pointy, the expression in his eyes generally too hard and piercing to be attractive. He is too slender, and his shoulders are barely broader than his hips. He is only lightly muscled, and relaxed in sleep as he is now, he seems to have none at all. He certainly does not have the muscular build of an athlete, even though he does play Quidditch fairly well.

Hermione, in a very drunken moment, had once described him as having the body of a dancer, all slender grace.

She had had a lot of explaining to do once they were sober again.

So what, he muses, tracing small patterns on the silken skin of his lover's wrist, attracts a man who likes tall, dark, handsome, muscular athletes to a tall, fair, pointy athlete who doesn't look like one at all?

He does not answer himself. He does not need to.

His lover shifts, sighs, and stretches luxuriously, eyes closed.

'What're you lookin' at?' he mumbles, voice husky from sleep. Or, perhaps, not only from sleep.

He smiles and lifts his lover's hand and gently brushes his lips over the palm.

'You.'

The honey-blond fringed lashes lift ever so slightly. It gives the face a sleepy, languidly seductive expression, but the eyes behind the heavy lids are not sleepy at all.

'And?'

At one time, the way this single word is spoken or drawled, more like would have set him on edge, and the arrogant, teasing smile playing around the narrow lips would have sent him over. Today, he only smiles back.

'You're totally not my type.'

The lids lift, and the grey eyes look at him closely. The smile is gone, as is all pretence of sleepiness. His lover's face is solemn, and his eyes piercing.

After several silent moments, however, the lids lower and hide the grey eyes. The smile is back, deeper this time.

'Good,' his lover says, his voice deeply satisfied.

He blinks. 'Good?'

'Oh, yes.' His lover's hands reach up, tangle in his dark, messy hair, and pull him down. The next words are only a whisper against his lips. 'I'd much rather be unique to you.'

There is no room for an answer as his mouth is claimed. He sinks into the kiss, lowering his body until he lies on top of his lover. Arms wrap around his shoulders, and legs entangle with his.

He lifts his head and smiles into his lover's now storm-grey eyes. 'You are,' he says softly. 'Totally.'

And that, Harry thinks as Draco's fervent kiss pulls him into a torrent of passion, really is all there is to it, all that counts.

Fin