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**When Grey Meets Green**

by invisible_slytherin

**Summary**

"It was as if Harry’s eyes took some of his sanity away, Draco was shocked to realize."

When grey meets green and calm meets adrenaline, water and fire collide and the consequences are beautiful yet dangerous at the same time. Draco just has to decide if he will keep calm and collected or if he will let Harry take his sanity away.

**Notes**

I missed Drarry and I've been wanting to write a truth or dare type of fic, so why not do both now?

Milli and Sunny are original characters based on two of my friends because they wanted to be in the fic and just how could I ever refuse that.

Special thanks to Milli for giving me the inspiration behind the title and the summary.

See the end of the work for more notes.

Pansy and Hermione Granger had, somehow, hit it off since the beginning of the 8th year. After a
Transfiguration group project they had done together, they became friends. No one had been more surprised than Draco to see them getting along so well.

Draco knew that Pansy had apologized to Hermione and her friends and that, fuelled by the desire to put everything that was war-related behind her back, the Gryffindor girl had accepted the apology and they had moved on.

Now, months later, no one batted an eyelash when seeing the two girls talking or laughing together. It had become such a normal friendship to witness that people looked more confused when they were apart than when they were together.

Following Pansy’s lead, Draco had even apologized to the golden trio, albeit awkwardly, and they had come to a certain truce. But it had been nothing even remotely close to the friendship that had blossomed between Pansy and Hermione.

Draco was happy for Pansy. He was glad she was moving on and making other friends, she looked better and happier and there was nothing else he wanted for his friend. However, he couldn’t have predicted how dangerous those two would be together.

They had made it their job to make sure that no one dwelt too much on the war and rivalries. Therefore, they had made multiple efforts to unite the houses, starting with the 8th years.

They started by gathering the 8th years on the common room they all shared every Friday night. And, although they didn’t make anyone talk to anyone, it had proven to be a good strategy. After some weeks of weird silences and wary glances, everyone had started to relax more and talk to different people. Now, it was common to see people from the four different houses together, either studying or playing something or talking. Draco had to admit it was a refreshing sight and even a bit relieving.

Draco didn’t mind those Friday nights, not that he would ever admit it to anyone other than himself and Pansy. No, he actually liked to spend a weekly night without any worries, just having fun with his classmates. The problem was when Pansy and Hermione had come up with something to spice up a particularly boring Friday night.

It was a winter night and the lit fireplace cast a warm glow through the room. The environment around them was so comforting, that it inevitably was the cause behind some of them feeling drowsy and sleepy. Draco was pretty sure that Susan Bones and Millicent had actually fallen asleep on one of the couches, their cats on their laps. Neville Longbottom was also halfway to sleeping where he was playing chess with Ron Weasley.

Pansy and Hermione had apparently noticed it too. From the moment he saw them whispering to each other even more than they usually did, - with serious expressions on their faces nonetheless, - Draco had been slightly afraid of whatever they would come up with.

Draco didn't trust them or whatever they were planning one bit. He was afraid that no one else would have noticed it, but he was proved wrong when he looked at Blaise and saw him observing the two girls.

“I don’t think I want to know what those two are planning,” Blaise said from his place in front of the fireplace. He made sure to keep his voice down so that the two girls wouldn’t hear him and Draco was thankful for that.

“I don’t trust anything they plan together,” Draco agreed with a nod.
“Come on,” Potter butted in. He had been sitting next to Weasley watching the chess game, but it seemed that Neville had actually fallen asleep and the ones playing now were Ernie Macmillan and Anthony Goldstein. “How bad can it be?”

“Famous last words, Potter, famous last words,” Blaise taunted with a laugh.

Draco had no doubt that Pansy and Hermione would prove Potter how wrong he had been to underestimate anything they could come up with. He would just have to wait to see the look on Potter’s face whenever that happened. It always amused Draco how easy it was for him to read Potter’s expression and understand what he was feeling. The Golden Boy really was an open book if someone knew how to look at him properly, and Draco had learned exactly how to look at him throughout the years.

Pansy got up from the chair where she had been sitting, interrupting their conversation. She moved to the centre of the common room where everyone could see her and looked around at all of them. There was a smirk on her face and the mischievous look that she and Hermione shared didn't leave any room for doubt. Those two were up to something and there would be no way to run away from whatever it was.

And then Pansy said the words that would change Draco’s night, and possibly even his life.

“Let’s play truth or dare.”

Draco heard Potter curse. He wanted to laugh at the horrified expression the idiot had on his face, but couldn’t even bring himself to do that. After all, Draco was feeling the same way as him.

“What?” Terry Boot asked looking as gobsmacked as half the students in the common room.

The other half of the room, though, looked as excited about the game as Pansy and Hermione did. Draco really couldn’t understand them. How could they not be bothered about the prospect of being stripped bare mentally and maybe even physically?

Hermione seemed to have read his mind, though, and she hurried to explain that there were things that were off limits.

“There are things that are too personal to ask, especially after a war. Just refrain from touching any subject that might hurt anyone in the room. Also, no one absolutely has to do the dares, if it’s too much we can come up with something else,” she said seriously. “We’re here to have a good time, not to feel uncomfortable.”

After that, some people seemed surer of themselves and not as afraid as they had looked before. Pansy and Hermione had probably noticed the change in the room and the excitement that was now more prominent, too. After a swift look around the common room, the two of them took the initiative to seat on the floor and start what would be the truth or dare circle.

They didn’t have to wait long before people started joining them. Blaise was the first to sit on the floor next to Pansy and Draco wasn’t even surprised about it. Blaise had always enjoyed having fun way too much; he also didn’t have enough shame to stop him from doing whatever anyone in the room challenged him with.

With Blaise seating, people starting feeling more confident about joining them. Theo and Justin Finch-Fletchey sat in front of Hermione and Pansy. Zacharias Smith soon followed them and sat next to his former housemate.

Milli, one of the Slytherins, grinned and dragged her Ravenclaw friend, Sunny, to the circle that was
slowly forming on the floor. Draco almost laughed at the wicked smile that appeared on Blaise’s face when he saw Milli seat next to him. He wasn’t sure if there was anything happening between those two but, if there was, he wouldn’t be shocked.

Weasley was the next one to seat. He claimed the place next to Hermione and, not willing to be left standing with his best friends already sat there, Potter followed him and sat next to him. Dean and Seamus sat too.

Draco sighed, knowing that, inwardly, he had already accepted that he would play the damn game with them. He stepped away from the wall he had been leaning against and sat between Pansy and Blaise on the circle. Showing an amount of confidence that he wasn’t feeling.

Pansy smiled at him, a thankful look in her eyes, and it hit him how important all this was to her. He smiled back and relaxed a little. Anything would be worth having his friend happy.

Draco looked around at the people outside the circle. Millicent, Susan and Neville were still sleeping and he knew no one would wake them up to join them. The Patil twins were at one of the tables, heads bent together over parchment and books; they both shook their heads when Hermione asked them if they were joining the game. The same happened with Ernie and Anthony who were still in the middle of a seemingly very intense game of chess.

Hannah Abbott, Terry Boot and Michael Corner, however, had been convinced to play truth or dare with them. Hannah sat in the middle of the Gryffindors, Dean making space for her between himself and Potter. Terry sat between Sunny and Zacharias and Michel sat next to Zacharias and Justin.

It seemed like everyone who was going to play was sat and ready to get on with it, even if some of them still looked slightly doubtful.

Pansy clapped her hands, calling the attention to herself and smiled at all of them.

“Let’s begin!”

She looked around the circle, analysing everyone’s expression and deciding who she would call out to be the first victim of the game.

“Théo,” she smiled with fake innocence at him.

He wasn’t fooled. Having known her for years, Théo already knew that there would be nothing innocent about whatever it was she was going to say.

“Truth or dare?” She asked.

“Truth,” he said.

Draco would never understand the eagerness to share secrets with everyone in the room. Yet, he reasoned that maybe the thrill of not being able to hide was what made the experience of playing such games so much fun for some people.

At first, Pansy looked slightly disappointed about not being able to give Théo a dare. However, after looking around the room and at the two girls still sleeping on the couch, she turned back to face Théo and opened her mouth to ask her question.

“I’ve been meaning to ask. Who have you been flirting with lately, dear Théo?”

Draco snorted, not all surprised by the question Pansy had chosen to ask. The girl loved gossip,
especially the love-life type of gossip. It was an unspoken rule in Slytherin that Pansy would know, sooner or later, whoever anyone had a crush on. She always knew. Lately, though, Theo had been very mysterious about it. He had been sneaking about and buying chocolate and flowers and Pansy had been beyond herself with curiosity. Draco was sure that Theo was only being so secretive because of Pansy’s reaction; he loved the girl, but seeing her so worked up over not knowing such a small piece of information was indeed very amusing.

“Why, Pansy? Tired of trying to find out by yourself?” Theo chuckled, only confirming Draco’s suspicion that he didn’t actually mind sharing with them the name of the person he liked.

“Just answer the question.”

The people who hadn’t grown up in Slytherin looked confused about the interaction and the annoyed look on Pansy’s face, but Draco knew that no one would clarify what was happening. It was a Slytherin inside joke, their little secret, and they would be damned if they let anyone else in on something that was only theirs.

“Well, dear Pansy, if you must know, the person I have been flirting with is our darling Millicent,” he winked, a proud smile on his face.

Pansy looked at the couch where Millicent was sleeping next to Susan and back to Theo before grinning and clapping her hands like an excited little girl. It was good to see her looking so free and happy without any worries, not even keeping appearances and composure. It was good to see her so relaxed that she could show just how excited over trivial things like a possible romance she could get.

“If I have it my way, you two will be together by next month.”

Theo only laughed and thanked her. They knew that Pansy would come up with some sort of plan to see if Millicent felt the same about Theo and help them get together if she did. She loved playing matchmaker after all, and she was good at what she did.

“Your turn to ask someone, Theo.”

Theo seemed to think about it, looking around the circle and taking in everyone’s facial expressions. His eyes shifted between the Golden Trio, deciding that they would be the best victims and, eventually, he settled for Hermione.

“Hermione,” he called. There was a wicked smile on his face and Draco almost feared for Hermione; nothing good would come out of Theo’s mouth. “Truth or dare?”

Hermione seemed to be following Draco’s line of thought because her face showed that she didn’t trust Theo with this.

“Truth.”

Draco didn’t know if that was the best decision, but then again, maybe admitting something was better than having to do whatever Theo came up with.

Theo’s smile only widened and Draco was sure he had heard Hermione mumble a small ‘oh no’.

“Have you ever been slapped during sex? And did you like it?” He finally asked.

The reactions among the group were mixed. There were some people who looked shocked and others, like Ron, were blushing madly. But there were many who seemed to like the adult approach
of the game. Some were laughing and offering Hermione teasing smiles, Pansy was even leaning against her shoulder and laughing on her ear. Hermione looked torn between wishing for the floor to swallow her and laughing with everyone. In the end, despite the blush darkening her cheeks, she seemed to settle for being amused. She pushed Pansy off of her gently before straightening her back and looking right at Theo.

“I have been slapped during sex and I did like it,” she admitted.

Every reaction that had been there after Theo asked the question seemed to become even more prominent after Hermione’s answer. Draco was kind of surprised that Hermione was into that, she didn't seem like the type. Yet, he was shaking with laughter and beginning to accept that maybe playing this game wouldn’t be as bad as he had made it out to be in his head.

“I’m impressed,” Theo smiled at her, delight brightening his eyes.

Pansy was leaning against Hermione again and saying something on her ear. By the fond way Hermione rolled her eyes and pushed Pansy away, still flushed, Draco knew that his best friend would tease the Gryffindors for months to come.

“Justin,” she called, eager to take the attention off of her. “Truth or dare?”

“Dare.”

There were screams and hands clapping at the apparent bravery the Hufflepuff was showing for being the first to pick a dare. Draco had only barely remembered to put a silencing charm over the sleeping people so no one would wake them up. Looking up, he saw Potter watching him and his wand and Draco raised an eyebrow. Did the golden boy really think he was going to curse them or something? But Potter merely gave him a smile and a nod, looking impressed, apparently having figured out what Draco had done. Draco just shrugged and turned his attention to Hermione and her pondering expression. He didn't want to dwell on how much he seemed to enjoy having Potter looking at him like that.

“Let Zach grab your ass,” Hermione said quickly as if she didn’t know whether or not she wanted everyone to hear what she had said.

“I like the way you think, Granger,” Blaise complimented.

“Just to make sure,” Seamus interrupted. “Are we playing dirty truth or dare?”

“Damn right we are,” Justin answered before looking at Zach.

He winked at Zach and settled himself on the boy’s lap, looking like he was enjoying every second of his dare.

“Come on, Zach,” Justin encouraged.

The other boy laughed. There was redness on his cheeks but his hands moved to Justin’s ass without the need for any more prompting. He grabbed and even squeezed it and everyone laughed at the delighted look on Justin’s face. Before getting up, Justin dared to grind a little against Zach’s crotch making the other boy groan.

“Terry, truth or dare?” Justin asked once he was back in his place.

“Truth,” he said. “I don’t fancy anyone touching my butt,” he added under his breath.
“Now that’s just unfortunate,” Dean laughed.

“Well then, Terry, would you take a shower with those two lovely people sitting next to you?”

Terry blinked, apparently not having expected that. He looked to his left at Zach and to his right at Sunny and gulped, probably trying to think of the better answer.

“I mean,” he started. “I would if they wanted to and let me, that is. I wouldn’t be opposed to it, but I would only do it if they also wanted to, you know,” he rambled.

Terry looked at the people in question. Zach was quite obviously trying not to laugh and punched Terry in the shoulder lightly in a friendly manner. Sunny was looking at him with a raised eyebrow apparently torn between looking amused or unimpressed with him. Milli, however, was leaning towards Sunny and staring at Terry over Sunny’s shoulder with a hard look in her eyes. Seeing that, Terry shuffled to sit closer to Zach than to Sunny. Draco tried not to laugh at their antics, amused by what a Slytherin glare could do.

“Harry, truth or dare,” Terry said even faster than Hermione had.

Draco stared at Potter trying to guess what he would choose. He was almost sure that Harry Potter, golden Gryffindor, would choose dare, though.

“Dare,” Potter proved Draco right.

“I dare you to,” Terry stopped, thoughtful. “I dare you to strip for us. With music on.”

“Terry Boot,” Pansy called. “You just became one of my favourite people in this room.”

“I-,” Potter stuttered. “Do I really have to do that?”

Draco himself didn’t know how to feel about the dare. Despite them playing ‘dirty truth or dare’ as Seamus had put it, none of the other people had to do something remotely close to what Potter had been dared to do. Draco understood the discomfort - he wouldn’t like to be in Potter’s shoes right now. However, for some reason Draco didn’t want to think about, he wanted Potter to go forward, be a brave Gryffindor and do the dare.

“You don’t have to do it,” Hermione assured. “No one has to do something they don’t want to.”

“Spoilsport,” someone said childishly.

“I’m serious, if Harry doesn’t want to strip, then no one will make him,” her stare was hard and no one dared to disagree with her.

There was a beat of tense silence and Terry looked ready to give Potter another dare, but the Gryffindor opened his mouth and surprised everyone.

“I’ll do it. But I won’t take everything off.”

Everyone seemed to accept that easily and Potter got up. He moved to the middle of the circle and Hermione waved her wand at the record playing that stood on the corner of the common room. The song started playing and Potter started shuffling around very awkwardly, probably not even knowing how to go about doing a striptease. Or maybe just dancing in general; Draco could still remember the disaster that was Harry Potter in the Yule Ball.

I can taste it on your mouth
And I can't leave it

“What’s this song?” Draco heard Pansy ask Hermione.

“It’s a muggle one.”

“You’re going to have to show me more muggle music, Mione.”

He tried to listen to Hermione’s answer but what he was watching seemed to occupy his whole brain and he was incapable of focusing on anything other than Potter and his awkward dance moves.

_I, I, I, I just wanna watch you when you take it off_
_Take off all your makeup, baby take it off_

Harry lifted his arms and took his shirt off, his fingertips softly tracing the path his shirt left behind. He was still a bit too skinny but his muscles looked strong from playing Quidditch and whatever else Harry did with his spare time. His skin was dark and gorgeous and Draco had a sudden desire to just touch and taste and that frightened him.

_Take it off, take it off, baby just take it off_
_Take it off, take it off, baby just take it off_

Harry was already lowering the sweatpants he was wearing and Draco was sure that he would be done before the song even finished. But Draco couldn’t get himself to care, couldn’t even get himself to laugh at how clumsily Harry was moving, almost tripping over his feet and falling in his haste to take his sweatpants off. His hair was even messier than usual and his cheeks had a delicious red colour.

_Push me up against the wall_
_Don't take it easy_
_You like it hard like me_
_It's what you need_

Draco’s mouth felt dry and his pants felt tight and he just wished that no one was looking at him to see the state Potter, of all people, was leaving him in.

It wasn’t that Harry was an excellent stripper who knew exactly how to move and how to take off his clothes. Or even like he knew how to keep an audience captivated and wanting to touch him. He didn’t know how to do any of that, he was clumsy and awkward and he looked mildly uncomfortable.

However, Draco wouldn’t have wanted to see anyone else stripping. Even if Harry didn’t know how to captivate an audience he knew how to captivate Draco and keep his eyes focused only on him. He knew how to make Draco’s entire being scream at him to get up and hug and touch and taste and give him everything.

_I just wanna watch you when you take it off_
_Take off all your clothes and watch you take them off (take it off)_

The song was only halfway through, but Harry seemed to be done. His hips stopped moving and he avoided everyone’s eyes while he picked up his clothes and put them back on. Draco selfishly wanted Harry to look at him, to let him see the green of his eyes, to see the mess he had made out of Draco.

Harry sat back in his place, looking shy while everyone clapped, wolf whistled and congratulated
him on a well-done show. Draco wanted to get up and tell Harry just how amazing he had been, how he had loved every second of what he had watched. He wanted to whisper it on Harry’s ear and make it their secret.

“Michael, truth or dare?” Harry’s voice woke Draco up to the game.

“Truth, I’m not going to risk having to strip,” the Ravenclaw chuckled.

“Have you ever had sex in public?”

“Harry!” Michael exclaimed. He looked scandalized at the thought that Harry Potter could ask something like that.

“What? I can’t be the only one who gets embarrassed.”

Michael grumbled a little before answering.

“I haven’t had full on sex in public. But there was a blowjob in the library if that counts.”

“Who gave you a blowjob in the library?” Pansy asked.

“Who said I was the one receiving it?” Michael smirked slightly before turning to Blaise. “Truth or dare?”

“Dare,” Blaise answered without any hesitation.

“I dare you to take a girl’s bra and underwear off. With your teeth.”

Pansy looked like she was going to get up from the floor and start jumping around with how much she seemed to like the idea of watching that. Many others looked just as eager as she did.

“Well, who wants to do it with me?” Blaise asked looking at the girls in the circle, not bothered by the prospect of doing it at all.

“I’ll do it,” Milli said before anyone else had the chance to.

Her eyes were on him and he looked like he wanted nothing more than to do exactly what he was about to do. He knelt down in front of her and she opened her legs in an invitation for him to come closer. He did and raised his hands to undo the buttons of her shirt.

Draco heard Blaise’s breath hitch in the quite that had settled over the common room. His friend seemed to be entranced with the pale skin and contrasting black bra in front of his eyes. Blaise pushed the white shirt off of Milli’s shoulders and she let it fall to the floor without taking her eyes off of him. It seemed like they had forgotten that they were in the middle of the common room surrounded by people and were now in their own little world.

Blaise gulped before getting up and moving around Milli. He knelt down on the floor behind her and lowered his head to the hook of her bra. Milli sucked in a breath and shakily let it out, goosebumps appearing on her skin. Blaise seemed to struggle a bit with unclasping her bra, but then it fell a little forward a little, not enough to leave her shoulders, though. The kiss that Blaise pressed against the skin of her back was heard by everyone in the circle, but they didn't seem to mind or even notice.

Blaise moved so he was in front of her again. He knelt down between her legs and leaned into her. His lips closed around the strap that sat on her left shoulder and pulled it down. Both straps fell down her arms and the bra fell on her lap. Milli freed her arms and put the piece of clothing on the floor
next to her. Blaise’s mouth hadn’t left her shoulder yet.

It was a dare in a game between friends because that was what all of them were. Yet, Draco couldn’t help but feel like he was intruding in a private moment between Blaise and Milli. A moment that wasn’t meant to be shared with anyone else.

Blaise kissed her neck and Milli exhaled softly before he leaned back a little. His eyes roamed her body and Draco saw him gulp as if he didn’t believe the sight in front of him. Blaise looked like he had seen heaven.

The room was still silent, no one daring to interrupt what was happening between Blaise and Milli. Draco was happy to know that everyone was respecting them and letting them take their time.

Blaise laid down on the floor, ready to go forward with the last part of the dare. Milli raised her skirt slightly and Blaise’s head disappeared under it. Draco looked around the circle, everyone seemed to be focused on Blaise and Milli, everyone seemed fascinated with what was happening before them. Even if some of them were trying to avert her eyes, probably to show politeness, they always went back to staring. It was entrancing.

They didn’t know exactly what Blaise was doing. Milli’s skirt was covering their view, but her eyes were closed and his dark hands were gripping the back of her pale legs. Her breath was shallow and Blaise’s head moved under her skirt. Without even wanting to, Draco found himself wishing for that skirt to disappear.

Suddenly, after a quiet moan that Milli had tried to cover, Blaise’s head reappeared, pulling her black panties between his teeth. Once the underwear was on the floor, Blaise kissed her knee one last time and then kissed her cheek before going back to his place. His hand landing on Milli’s thigh right after he had sat down.

There was a pause, Blaise seemed to be rethinking what had just happened and Milli was calming down while everyone was waiting for them.

“So, when can I get dressed again?” Milli asked, seemingly a little more in control.

“You can stay like that,” Theo winked.

“Now. You can get dressed now,” Sunny said while giving Milli her bra she had grabbed from the floor.

Milli shrugged and got dressed again while the circle seemed to relax and calm down a bit after the little display that had happened in front of them.

“Milli,” Blaise turned to her, his hand still gripping her thigh. “Truth or dare?”

She looked at him, their eyes locked and Draco saw the decision clear in both their eyes. There was only one answer possible for that question when the two of them were involved.

“Dare.”

“I dare you to kiss whoever you have made the most eye contact with during the game.”

He might as well have said ‘I dare you to kiss me’. Everyone already knew who Milli had been making eye contact with the most.

She didn’t even blink. She just turned her face to Blaise and kissed him with all the tension that had
been cackling in the air around them since he had undressed her. The kiss wasn’t slow, it was fast and rough and Draco could almost see all the tension leaving the two of them. He looked away not wanting to watch one of his best friends making out with someone, he had already seen too much tonight.

“You’re very quiet.” Pansy whispered in his ear.

“I’m just analyzing the environment we caught ourselves in.”

“I hope someone picks you soon.”

“I hope not.”

She just laughed and hit him jokingly on the arm before turning to talk to Hermione. On Draco’s other side, Blaise and Milli were still going at it and he was hoping someone would tell them to stop and continue the game soon. He had a feeling that if they left it up to Blaise and Milli they would just keep on doing what they were doing through the night.

“Guys, don’t you think it’s time to continue the game?” Hermione asked softly as if she didn’t really want to interrupt the two of them.

“Yeah, Milli, we need you to ask the next person,” Sunny agreed.

Blaise and Milli separated after that, looking out of breath and like they couldn’t think of anything worse than stop kissing. Draco felt almost sorry for them, but he knew that they would continue where they left off sooner or later so he wasn’t too worried.

“Alright,” Milli said once she was sitting on the floor and not on Blaise’s lap again. “Zach, truth or dare?”

“Truth.”

“Have you ever done a striptease for someone?”

“No, I haven’t,” he laughed.

“Well,” Justin turned to look at him. “I wouldn’t mind helping you change that answer.”

“Maybe some other day,” Zach suggested with a wink. “Sunny,” he turned to the girl. “Truth or dare?”

She looked around unsure of what to answer. After all that had been said and done in the game, Draco could understand why she was unsure; the answers were equally bad and good.

“Dare,” she ended up saying.

“Sit on someone’s lap for the rest of the game.”

She looked around at all the people in the circle but when she looked at her right at Milli her decision seemed to already be made.

“Sorry, Blaise, but it’s got to be Milli.”

She smiled at her friend and moved onto her lap, Milli shuffling a little to get comfortable before wrapping her arms around Sunny’s waist. Milli rested her chin on Sunny’s shoulder so that she could look at what was happening in the game and smiled at them.
Blaise looked only mildly jealous and Draco wasn’t sure if he was hiding any more jealousy inside or if he wasn’t that envious. He reasoned that Blaise and Milli weren’t dating and that it was only someone sitting on her lap for a game, so Blaise really didn’t have any reason to be jealous.

Milli whispered something in Sunny’s ear then, making the girl struggle to keep a laugh inside. Sunny turned to Pansy.

“Truth or dare?”

“Dare,” Pansy said surprising no one.

“I dare you to take someone with you to your room and make out with them.”

“You’re full of great ideas, Sunny,” Dean laughed.

“Thank you very much.”

“You should take Mione with you, Pans,” Milli smiled innocently at her while playing with Sunny’s fingers.

“I should, shouldn’t I?”

Pansy got up and pulled Hermione up with her.

“Don’t take too long,” Hannah smiled at them.

The two girls climbed the stairs without looking back, Pansy shouting something about making no promises.

“Are they really going to-? I mean, Mione and Pansy Parkinson?” Ron asked the circle.

“I can’t believe you’re surprised, Weasley. After your break up the two of them have been even closer than they were before.”

“I thought they were just friends, though.”

“I’m pretty sure they are just friends, Ron,” Potter said with a hint of a laugh he was trying to hide. “But that doesn’t mean they don’t want to make out with each other.”

“See, even Potter gets it,” Draco couldn’t help but say.

“Oh, shut up, Malfoy,” Potter bit back, but Draco could see the amusement in the green eyes that met his.

They stood there just looking at each other for some time, unable to look away. Around them, their classmates were talking and betting on how long Hermione and Pansy would take to come back to the game. All of it was just background noise, at least to Draco’s ears. His senses were all focused on Potter like they had been when the other boy had been stripping and Draco didn’t know what to do with himself. Denial didn’t even work anymore.

“Please, don’t tell me you’re into a Slytherin too, Harry,” Ron’s voice shook them from their little bubble. “Hermione is enough.”

“I- I’m not,” Potter said.
He sounded unsure and that made Draco’s heart fill with hope that maybe Potter actually felt the same way he did and also didn’t want to look away.

Draco didn't know how to react to that, but he wished he did. He wanted to say something witty and smart and make a good impression, he wanted Harry to see him as Draco and never stop looking at him. But right when he opened his mouth to talk, Pansy and Hermione came back downstairs.

They looked dishevelled with messed up hair and clothes. Pansy’s lipstick had disappeared and both of them looked pleased and happy with themselves. It was obvious that they wanted everyone to know what had happened and hadn't even bothered with hiding any evidence. Draco chuckled at Ron’s shocked face; he couldn't believe that the Gryffindor hadn't seen it coming.

“So,” Milli smirked at Pansy over Sunny’s shoulder. “Did you have fun?”

“Plenty.”

They sat back down on the floor, smiling at each other before looking at the people in the circle.

“Thanks for the dare,” Pansy said to Sunny and Milli, knowing that the Slytherin had probably tipped Sunny on the dare that she gave Pansy. “Seamus, truth or dare?”

“Dare.”

“Let Michael suck your nipples.”

“Gladly,” he said before pulling his shirt over his head and letting it fall to the floor. “Come on, Michael, show me what you can do.”

Michael laughed and shuffled around in his seat so that he could reach Seamus’ chest with his mouth. His tongue poked out of his mouth and licked a stripe over Seamus’ nipple, making the boy giggle. He closed his lips over it afterwards and Seamus moved his hands to grip Michael's hair. Draco found it weirdly exciting to be watching them and he wished he could look away.

Michael moved onto the other nipple and, surprising Seamus, twirled the one that had just left his mouth in between his fingers. Although surprised, Seamus seemed to be enjoying himself and everything Michael was doing to him, if his expression was anything to go by. Draco found himself imagining more than he wished to. His mind filled with images of himself on the receiving end of a treatment like that and, strangely, Potter, of all people, being the one giving it to him.

He shook himself out of the fantasies and focused on what was happening in front of him. Michael had apparently finished his job and now he was back in his place looking way too smug about what had happened. Seamus was putting his shirt back on, he too looking quite pleased.

“Dean,” Seamus called after trying to smooth down his hair a bit, not that it helped much. “Truth or dare?”

“I guess I’ll have to go with dare. That looked fun,” he winked at Michael and Seamus.

“What about going over there and grabbing our dearest Ron Weasley’s crotch?”

“How can I ever deny that,” Dean said dramatically while getting up.

“Don’t I have a say in this?” Ron gulped when he saw Dean kneeling down in front of him.

“If you don’t want to, you don’t have to do it. Seamus can give Dean another dare,” Hermione
But even Draco could see it was just a front and Ron didn’t actually want to stop what was about to happen. It could be because he couldn’t back down - Gryffindors were as stubborn as Slytherins when it came to challenges. Or maybe it was because he was genuinely curious and actually wanted to feel what was about to happen. Draco didn’t know, but whatever the reason, he was sure Seamus wouldn’t have to think of another dare.

“I’ll let you do it, but watch yourself,” Ron tried to sound intimidating but failed horrendously.

Dean just grinned at him before slowly, much too slowly and surely to mess with Ron, lowering his hand onto the other boy’s crotch. Draco heard Ron suck in a breath and felt the almost uncontrollable urge to laugh because Ron looked torn between liking what was happening and wanting to shove Dean away. And wasn't that an amusing sight to see.

Draco averted his eyes from Ron’s face in order to stop himself from actually laughing. However, moving his eyes away seemed to be an awful decision, because once they left Ron’s face they fell on Harry’s and somehow that was even worse.

Harry was looking right back at him and Draco felt breathless. His mouth was dry and he wanted to leave the floor and sit on Potter’s lap. He wanted to stare at his face from up close and never look anywhere else.

“That was fun,” Dean said after getting up, crossing the circle to his place and, fortunately for Draco’s sanity, obstructing his view of Harry for enough seconds to let him look away.

“Hannah,” Dean turned to the Hufflepuff. “Truth or dare?”

Draco was almost ashamed to say he had forgotten Hannah was playing with them. It was not his fault though, she was sitting next to Harry and whenever Draco looked at that side of the circle he couldn’t look at anyone but Harry. It was as if Harry’s presence alone made everyone around him disappear, at least to Draco’s eyes. He wanted to deny it all but he couldn’t even lie to himself anymore. He was completely trapped in some kind of spell Harry’s eyes had cast on him.

“Truth.”

“How many times do you masturbate per week?” Dean asked after pondering for some seconds.

“Oh,” she mumbled, a blush spreading over her cheeks and her eyes shifting around the common room. “Depends. But usually twice or three times?”

She sounded kind of unsure and still couldn’t look anyone in the eyes, but it was most likely because no one, or almost no one, really wanted to share anything about their masturbation habits to a room full of people. Despite, the embarrassment Draco still saw the light of pride in her eyes and he was glad to see that she wasn’t ashamed but rather happy with herself.

“Ron,” she asked, eager to pass the attention to someone else. “Who do you think is the hottest person in the room?”

Ron looked around, his eyes stopping on multiple people, seemingly considering them all. Subtlety really wasn’t a Ron Weasley trait, Draco thought, he could pinpoint exactly who the other boy thought was hot enough to be the answer to the question without even trying too hard.

“Hermione,” he finally said.
Pansy coughed loudly and Ron grinned sheepishly at her when met with the glare she sent his way. Hermione covered her laugh with her hand and Draco snorted. He knew enough to be sure that Hermione and Ron's feelings for each other weren't romantic anymore and he knew that Pansy also knew that, but riling up Ron Weasley was so easy and amusing that no one could resist.

Finding Harry's eyes without even meaning to, Draco saw the same amusement he felt reflected in his eyes. He wondered for a moment why every time he looked at Harry he found his eyes already on him, but dwelling on those hopeful thoughts made him feel vulnerable and he didn't want to deal with it right now.

“Watch where your eyes wander, Weasley,” Pansy told him.

Ron nodded, even he looking like he could laugh any minute now.

“Draco, guess you're the last one,” Ron turned to him.

Draco had been very thankful that he had apparently been forgotten and had secretly wished that it would stay that way until the end of the game. Of course, he had no such luck.

“Truth or dare?”

Draco tried to assess the situation and think critically about it in order to choose the best thing for himself.

Truth seemed like the best option, Ron would ask a question and he would just have to answer. He could even lie if he didn’t like it, no one would have to know he hadn’t been truthful; after all, he had years of practice when it came to lying and he knew how to do it well. He didn’t like the idea of sharing details about his sex life, but if he did choose truth he had the lying way out.

Dare didn’t give him any room to get away. He would have to do whatever he was dared to do, and Draco didn’t really trust Ron to give him something he wouldn’t mind doing. Dare really seemed like an awful decision, who knows what kind of awful thing Ron Weasley would make him do.

The decision was easy, really, and Draco already knew what he was going to choose. But then he made the mistake of shifting his eyes to Harry and there was a challenge in those green eyes, screaming at him to prove he could go forward with a dare.

“Dare.”

Draco cursed under his breath. He cursed Harry for bringing out the impulsiveness in him, but, above all, he cursed himself for not knowing how to deal with that after so many years of knowing the annoying prat.

Not willing to show weakness, he looked up at Ron and almost wanted to run after seeing the contemplative, wicked smile he wore. He really didn’t trust Weasley with his dare.

Ron opened his mouth but closed it when Harry leaned into him to whisper something in his ear. Ron frowned.

“Harry,” he whined. “I’m not going to do that.”

“Come on, Ron,” Harry asked.

Draco was slightly afraid of what those two would come up with.
“I’m not going to waste an opportunity to embarrass the git for that boring dare, mate.”

Draco scowled.

“Please, Ron, I’ll do your Defense homework for two weeks.”

Hermione looked like she was going to protest about that, but Pansy grabbed her hand and squeezed it preventing her from saying anything.

“Fine,” Ron said looking very mad about it. “I can’t believe I’m doing it. Just all the possibilities that I could be choosing from.”

Draco raised an eyebrow, determined not to show how apprehensive he was feeling. Everyone around him seemed to be holding their breaths and waiting for Ron to dare Draco. Knowing that Potter had actually been the one to suggest the dare.

“I guess I dare you to kiss whoever you want.”

Draco was sure there had been some grunts about boringness and dares that had already been done, but he couldn’t hear any of them over the sound of his beating heart. Why had Potter dared him to do that?

He looked at Harry, the same challenge from before still shining in his eyes and Draco looked right back. Their eyes met and the air crackled around them, it felt weird and intimate and right and a confusing mix of feelings swirled in Draco's head, but he couldn’t look away. And Harry wasn’t looking away either.

Harry who had dared him to kiss someone and was looking at him with a kind of challenge in his eyes that could only mean one thing.

Draco couldn’t and wouldn’t let him win. Impulsiveness be damned.

He got up and half-heard how the whispers and voices around him fell suddenly silent. He paid them no mind if he did he would be tempted to sit down again and he wouldn’t prove Harry that he could go forward and do it.

He crossed the circle faster than he wanted to. Harry’s eyes still locked on him, taunting him, making him do things he wouldn’t do if he was completely sane. It was as if Harry’s eyes took some of his sanity away, Draco was shocked to realize.

Harry looked up at him, still challenging, still wanting this. And Draco wanted to surprise him. He thought about kneeling down in front of him or sitting next to him, but he couldn’t do just that. If he was going to do this, he would go all the way and do it right.

Draco straddled Harry, one leg on each side of him, his forearms resting on Harry’s shoulders and his eyes closer to Harry’s than they had ever been. He watched Harry’s eyes widen a bit, apparently surprised by Draco’s audacity. He hadn’t been expecting that and Draco congratulated him for the small victory.

He leaned in.

“Was this what you wanted, Potter?”

One word. One word was all he needed to advance and get on with it. He was dreading it, but he wanted nothing more than to hear it.
“Yes.”

Draco took a deep breath and lunged forward. His lips met Harry with way too much force and Harry’s hands settled on his hips to keep them balanced and prevent them from falling backwards.

The voices and wolf whistling became purely white noise compared to the feeling of Harry’s lips. They were soft and firm and they gave as much as they took. Draco wrapped his arms around Harry's neck and grabbed a fistful of his hair, pulling lightly and scraping his nails along his head. Harry’s breath hit his lips when they parted to breathe and Draco considering getting off his lap and go back to his place on the other side of the circle. But then those damn eyes were on him again and his sanity was running away again and there was nothing to do except kiss Harry all over again.

He wondered if they were giving as much of a show as Milli and Blaise had and hoped that they were even more satisfactory to watch than those two had been. He wanted to win the game that wasn’t even supposed to have a clear winner.

Feeling Harry’s back under his palm, his hair between his fingertips and his tongue on his lips Draco felt like he had already won every single prize.

They became aware of the people around them once they parted again and Draco tried to fight the blush that threatened to take over his face. Harry grinned at him and patted his thigh gently to silently tell him to get off his lap. Draco didn’t really want to get up, he was comfortable and warm and he kind of wanted everyone to disappear from the common room so he could stay sitting on Harry’s lap for a bit more time.

He got up slowly, though, trying to prolong the amount of time he spent near Harry as much as possible. He didn’t know if he would get to be in that position again any time soon or even at all, so he wanted to enjoy it for as long as he could get away with it.

All too aware of the people around him tracking his every reaction after what he and Harry had done, Draco tried to look like he wasn’t bothered at all by what had taken place mere seconds ago. He smirked, the smug look he had been practising since he was little appearing on his face again. He would be damned if he let anyone know just how affected by Harry’s kiss he was.

He sat back on his place, ignoring Pansy’s grin and Blaise’s amused raised eyebrow. He was not going to give them the satisfaction of knowing how much he had enjoyed everything. Even if he had a feeling that they already knew it all and didn’t need his confirmation for anything.

“Well, after that show I think it’s time we call it a night,” Seamus looked like he had enjoyed every second of what he called a show.

When Draco looked around, he noticed that everyone who hadn’t played had already left the room, although he didn’t know when considering he had been so into the game that was happening.

“It is getting late,” Hermione agreed with him before anyone else could comment on the ‘show’. “And everyone had their turn, so I say we finish the game here.”

Some people protested, wanting to play more. None of them was ready to say goodbye to the night that had been, without a doubt, the best in a long time. There hadn’t been any worries, any wariness, any nightmares and haunting memories. It had simply been a group of eighteen-year-olds having fun like every person that age should do. Calling it a night and going to sleep, meant leaving that behind and facing reality again. With everything they had gone through in the past years, reality wasn’t very kind to them.
However, they all saw the reasoning behind Hermione’s words and they all were aware that they couldn’t just sit there and play truth or dare permanently. So, one by one or in groups, they started getting up and heading to their rooms for the night. There were a few mumbled goodnights and promises of playing again soon - “maybe next Friday or even tomorrow,” some had said - and that reassured everyone that it hadn’t been just a one-time thing.

Soon, it was just Draco, Pansy, Blaise and the Golden Trio in the common room and Draco had half a mind to be the next one leaving. He felt weirdly awkward with Harry sitting right in front of him after what had happened, but he didn’t want to show how awkward he felt. The situation made him hyperaware of everything he did and every expression he pulled. He was extremely uncomfortable and just wanted the others to decide to go to bed already.

“I think I’m going to bed,” Blaise finally said.

“And by ‘bed’ you mean Milli’s bed,” Pansy smirked at him.

“No comment,” Blaise answered with a smug expression.

He winked at them and went upstairs to go to bed; Draco was sure Pansy was right and the bed he was going to try to get into wasn’t exactly his. The 8th year dorms weren’t divided by gender, they were all in the same hallway and, when Draco saw Blaise pass their bedroom by and go further down the corridor, he was convinced that it was to go to Milli’s room.

“Isn't Milli sharing a room with Sunny?” Hermione asked Pansy.

“She is.”

“There's absolutely no way that Sunny will let Blaise into their room,” she laughed.

“I don't think we'll have to wait long to see Blaise come back to his room,” Pansy agreed.

Truth to Pansy’s word, not even two minutes after she had said that, Blaise came back from the end of the corridor and shrugged at them before getting into the room he shared with Draco. Knowing him, Blaise wouldn't be stopped just because he couldn't get into Milli’s room tonight. He would probably try again soon.

“I think that’s our cue to go to bed, too,” Hermione said. “I meant when I said it’s getting late.”

“Yeah, I'm feeling pretty tired,” Pansy nodded and winked at Draco making him wonder what was going through her head - nothing good for sure.

The two girls got up and dusted off the invisible dirt from their skirts.

“Come on, Ron,” Hermione pulled him up and glared at him when it looked like he was going to say something.

Draco was about to get up too when Pansy pushed down his shoulders so he couldn't leave the floor.

“Pansy, what are you doing?”

“I'm doing you a favour.”

Draco wasn’t stupid. He knew what Pansy was trying to do but he wasn’t sure he wanted her to accomplish it. Pansy wanted him to talk to Harry because she's Pansy and that’s what she does. He didn’t know if that was a good idea, though; what even could come out of that hypothetical
conversation?

He was about to ignore Pansy and get up when he felt Harry’s hand on his knee. He looked at the other boy and raised an eyebrow.

“I need to talk to you,” Harry said quietly.

Draco sighed but stayed put. He knew that Harry Potter was stubborn and that if he really wanted to talk to Draco there was no way he would be able to run away from it. And, well, to be completely honest, he wanted to know what Harry wanted to say to him.

“Goodnight, guys,” Pansy said with an entirely too wide grin.

Hermione smiled at them too and waved a little before following Pansy to the rooms. Ron looked at them for a few seconds, but then he sighed and rolled his eyes like he didn’t particularly like what he saw but wouldn’t do anything to try and change it. He said goodbye and hurried to his room too as if he was afraid he would see something he didn’t want to if he stood there any longer.

“So, what did you want to talk to me about?” Draco asked once Ron was out of sight.

Yes, he was stalling, but maybe that way he would have more time to think of what he was going to say once Harry brought up the kiss. Because that was what they were going to talk about, there was just no way they would be talking about something else; Draco knew that.

“You know exactly what I want to talk to you about.”

“Maybe I do,” he shrugged, acting calm and collected seemed like a good alternative to the mess he was feeling inside.

“We kissed,” right, Gryffindor, Draco had almost forgotten.

“We did.”

“It was a dare.”

Draco looked up at him. It had been a dare, he knew it but if that was all Harry had to say then he shouldn’t have asked Draco to stay and talk to him. He didn’t want Harry to state the obvious and step on Draco’s feelings by saying it had been a dare and that’s it. Draco didn’t need to hear that.

“Is that all you have to say?” Draco asked, maybe a little more forcefully than entirely necessary.

Harry startled.

“What?” He looked confused by Draco’s reaction at first, but then seemed to backtrack and realize his mistake. “That’s not what I meant.”

“Then what did you mean?” Draco felt the sudden urge to hug himself.

“That didn’t come out well at all.”

Harry got up from where he was sitting on the couch and walked up to Draco. He sat on the floor in front of him and boldly took his hand. Draco looked down at the tan hand holding his tightly but gently and gulped. He didn’t want to hope and have everything shatter around him in a few moments, but Harry was making it extremely hard not to hope.

“Have you forgotten why you were dared to kiss me?” There was a small, amused smile on Harry’s
face and Draco kind of wanted to look away.

Draco hadn’t forgotten. In fact, he remembered very well just how Harry had leaned in to whisper something in Ron’s ear before the redhead could give Draco his dare and how he had proceeded to practically beg Ron to dare Draco to do whatever he had suggested.

“So, you asked Ron to make me kiss you,” Draco watched as Harry nodded, not even pretending like he could take his eyes off of the boy anymore. “Why?”

“Because I wanted you to kiss me.”

Draco blinked. He had gathered that after thinking about it a bit, but just why? It didn’t make much sense that Harry Potter, of all people, would want to kiss him. But, then again, it also didn’t make much sense that Draco Malfoy wanted to kiss Potter and yet there was nothing Draco wanted to do more.

“And now? Do you still want me to kiss you?”

Harry’s eyes widened and his lips parted slightly. For someone who had looked so sure and confident mere seconds ago, he looked awfully surprised to hear Draco ask that. A smile spread across his face and he shuffled a bit closer to Draco.

“Yes,” he simply said.

Draco looked into his eyes and gulped while thinking about what was about to happen. Green, so much green. Draco had always liked green, probably because it was Slytherin’s colour, but it had never occurred to him that he would ever fall for something so beautifully green and get lost in it. But he was lost in Harry’s eyes and he never wanted to find his way back away from them.

Harry seemed to be getting lost in his eyes too and the tension around them was so thick, Draco worried something would break. And he couldn’t take it anymore. He leaned in the rest of the way and pressed his lips to Harry’s again. It hadn’t been long since they kissed for the game, but he had already been missing the feeling of Harry’s kiss. Getting acquainted with Harry’s lips again was the best thing that could possibly happen to his body.

Harry’s hands gripped his arms tightly and Draco fisted his shirt for balance, afraid that he would fall sideways or backwards with the impact Harry’s kiss had on his heart. Harry lifted his right hand and let it rest on Draco’s cheek, caressing his cheekbone lightly with his thumb. Draco gasped and he felt Harry chuckle against his lips. He shuddered, the air hitting his lips making him feel dizzy with want and something so much warmer.

Draco leaned back. He rested his forehead against Harry’s shoulder and breathed heavily, his arms going around Harry in a hug and feeling the other boy doing the same to him. He never wanted this night to end. He didn’t want to get up and take his arms away from Harry. Everything was just so comfortable and perfect and warm. Draco wanted to stop time and forever live in this moment.

Harry pushed him back a little to look at his face.

“Is this going to happen again?”

Draco was startled to realize that Harry did sound vulnerable when voicing the same fears he himself had. He didn’t like to see Harry looking like that and he didn’t feel afraid of rejection after what had happened. Not after those kisses that had said so much and meant so much.

“Yes. As many times as we want it to happen,” he pecked Harry’s lips again to prove his point.
“Many times.”

Harry laughed and kissed his forehead before getting up. He grabbed Draco’s hands and pulled him up with him, kissing him again softly ‘just because he could’ as he had put it when Draco giggled - fucking giggled.

The walk to their rooms took way longer than it should have taken, probably because neither of them wanted to let go of the other.

“What do you think Blaise and Ron would be opposed to rooming with each other and letting us room together?” Harry asked when they stopped in front of Draco’s door.

“Already want me in your bed, Potter?”

“Of course, just look at you,” Harry winked.

Draco chuckled and kissed him one last time.

“Goodnight, Harry,” he said and smiled before turning and opening the door.

He looked over his shoulder and bit his lip to prevent his smile from growing even more after seeing Harry still there looking at him with a happy grin painted on his face. Draco would definitely look forward to seeing more grins like that and, if he could have it his way, from now on, he would be the reason behind many of them.

End Notes

This was literally the biggest one-chapter-only fic I have ever written. I hope you enjoyed it. Feedback is much appreciated!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!