Harry Potter & The Accidental Confession

by ghostboi

Summary

"They just.. don’t listen. Like when I told my mother I wanted to ask you out, and my dad overheard. He was all ‘Oh Draco, you could be our spy. Date him and keep an eye on him and his friends’.

Harry stared at the other teen, eyes wide behind his glasses

Notes

wrote this for a friend <3

“What the hell is your damage, Malfoy?”

Harry stared across the suddenly-too-small hallway at the blond, his nemesis in every sense of the word. Draco Malfoy scowled and reached for the wand tucked inside his robe: Harry did the same. He raised the slim piece of wood, preparing himself for what was bound to be an epic --

His brow shot up as Draco sighed suddenly and dropped his wand hand to his side. The blond dropped his head back, eyes on the ceiling above them and what was basically a pout on his mouth.
“What’s the matter with you?” Harry lowered his own wand cautiously, wary of Draco luring him into a trap. He would lower his wand and the other would strike. His other brow raised as the other teen shrugged and practically stomped over to throw himself onto a stone bench near the wall.

“Why’re you acting so..” He barely bit back the word ‘pouty’, “..weird?”

“You wouldn’t understand.” Draco muttered sulkily from his seat on the bench, arms crossed over his chest and wand forgotten on his lap.

Harry crossed his own arms over his chest. “Try me.”

“You wouldn’t.” Draco insisted, shifting to sit up a bit. He uncrossed his arms and toyed with his wand for a moment, before shoving it in its place within his robes. “You’ve got it all, Potter, so how could you?”

“What’re you on about, Malfoy?”

Draco shrugged a shoulder, “You’re the Chosen One, so you’ve got fame in the bag. Everyone knows your name. You run around this bloody school like you own it. Everyone wants you, girls and boys both.” He scowled for a moment, before continuing, “You’ve got friends, you’re not bad on a broom.” He wrinkled his nose as he reluctantly admitted, “Fair bit of talent at Quidditch, much as it pains me to say it. The teachers here love you, Dumbledore practically worships you. And then there’s your family. You’ve got it all.”

Harry had been staring at the other teen, a slight frown on his face; at the mention of family, his brows drew together. Family? Did Draco think his aunt and uncle and Dudley were his idea of a dream family?

“You’ve your family, too,” he shoved his wand in the waist of his pants, “Your mum and dad. So I don’t -”

“Do I?” Draco’s laugh was more of a scoff, “I mean, yeah, I guess I do, but at the same time I don’t. Don’t kid yourself, Potter. They’re nothing like your family.”

Harry was about to tell him that was a good thing, when Draco continued,

“I mean, Weasley might be a twat but he’s a loyal one, and he would throw himself in front of a troll for you. And Granger, hell. Granger would take this whole bloody school apart for you. Even Hagrid loves you, the big oaf.” He frowned again, muttering something that sounded like "He hates me," under his breath.

Understanding had dawned on him the moment Draco had spoken (kind of) Ron’s name: the other meant his family. The one he had built and chosen after arriving at Hogwarts. Not biological, but far more family than the Durleys had ever been.

His gaze shifted back to Draco as the blond went on, “We might put on a grand act, but don’t kid yourself about me and my parents. My mum is alright, I guess. I mean I know she loves me, but she’s not. “ He sighed, “I think the last time she actually hugged me was when I was 11 years old and getting on the Hogwarts Express, and that was because people were watching. And my dad, he barely knows I exist, unless I’m in some kind of public trouble or he’s trying to recruit me for those bloody Death Eaters.”

Their eyes met, and Draco glanced away, features sheepish and embarrassed.
“Ugh, forget it, Potter. Forget I said any of that.”

“Look,” Harry crossed to the stone bench - Draco shifted over to make room for him - and sat down, “I get it. Really. Sometimes you need to get it out, and it seems like you were long overdue, Malfoy. Make your own family here, with your friends.”

“My friends,” another scoff from the blond, “They’re my friends because I’m a Malfoy. Because I’m pureblood. Because it’s expected. They’re not -” he glanced away and shook his head.

“Not friends enough to throw themselves in front of trolls or take the school apart for you,” Harry finished for him, voice soft.

The other boy nodded, fingers fidgeting with the hem of his robe. He looked miserable, and Harry wasn’t certain what to do.

“Maybe you could talk to your parents,” Harry suggested, cringing slightly at how lame that sounded, “Tell them.. Tell them how you feel. It - Things happen, one day they might just be..gone.”

Draco glanced over at him - was that sympathy on his face? - before looking away again. “Yeah, maybe. They just.. don’t listen. Like when I told my mother I wanted to ask you out, and my dad overheard. He was all ‘Oh Draco, you could be our spy. Date him and keep an eye on him and his friends’. I even told them that would never happen because you hate me, but they went on and on. When they finally heard what I was saying, they were disappointed that I couldn’t spy for them. Damn my feelings, right? Just.. be a spy, Draco. Be a Death Eater, Draco. Don’t disappoint the Dark Lord, Draco. Fuck the Dark Lord, alright? It’s bothersome.”

Harry stared at the other teen, eyes wide behind his glasses. He heard every word, but his mind seemed to be locked on the ones that went ‘I wanted to ask you out’.

“You wanted to ask me out?” he blurted the question before he could stop himself. To his amusement, Draco blushed and looked away.

“Forget that part, okay? I didn’t mean to say that. Shut up, Potter, don’t be an idiot. I never wanted to ask you out.”

“You did,” he grinned suddenly, “You wanted to ask me out.”

Draco snorted and rolled his eyes, arms crossed over his chest again. Several seconds later, he shot Harry a wry smile, “Had a speech planned and everything. It’s stupid, okay? I know you hate my guts. I still hate yours. I don’t know why I wanted to do it.”

“Let’s hear it,” Harry leaned back against the wall and studied Draco.

“Don’t make fun of me, Potter, or I will hex you.”

“No, really,” Harry tilted his head to look at Draco’s face. The other boy glanced at him, brows drawn together, “Let’s have it. I want to hear it.”


Harry met his blue gaze, “C’mon, Malfoy. Don’t be a chicken.”
He might have a strong sense of self-preservation, but Draco refused to allow Harry Potter, of all people, to call him a chicken. He exhaled a put-upon sigh and rolled his eyes, “Fine, then you’ll shut up about it.” He hesitated, biting at his bottom lip. Harry didn’t think he was going to do it, but then he started, words coming in a rush,

“Look, I know we hate each other, but I think we’re quite compatible. We both like Quidditch, we both hate Snape.” Harry raised a brow at that one, surprised, “We’re both witty and good-looking and -- “ Draco faltered, stumbling over his words, “-- and I think we should have a date.” He exhaled, his expressed almost one of relief, “There you have it.”

“Yes.”

“Yes what?” Draco shot him a bewildered glance. His eyes widened, shocked, as Harry repeated,

“Yes I’ll go out with you.”

Draco stared at him for a long moment; Harry stared back, unable to keep the smirk off his mouth.

“Are you having me on, Potter?”

“No,” he brushed an imaginary piece of lint from his robes, “I think we should go on a date.” His gaze shifted back to Draco, to find the other watching him.

“What will you tell your friends?” he asked finally, “My parents would freak out.”

“We’ll tell them we’re doing it to spy on one another.”

Another moment of hesitation, then Draco agreed, “Alright. Yeah, alright.”

The blond leaned in slightly, hesitated, leaned in still more. He wasn’t disappointed when Harry leaned in, too, and their lips brushed. It was soft, it was clumsy, but it was the best kiss Draco had ever had (and he had had at least three, so he figured he was an expert at this point).

They parted, and Draco shot Harry a mischievous smile,

“Spies it is. My father will hear about this, Potter.”

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