That Kind Of Day

by Selly87

Summary

Draco is in a mood. He's had a bad day. Can Harry fix it and make it all better?

Notes

This was originally supposed to be a short Drarry drabble and I had every intention of posting it as a fluffy, sweet one-shot with around 1~2K, but somehow the writing demons took over, tied me to my laptop and made me write a 6K+ update for this series. Oh well, if anything, it just proves were my mind can be found on a daily basis.

Nevertheless, I had a lot of fun writing this story and I hope you'll enjoy it as much as I did.

Love,
Selly

See the end of the work for more notes.
The sound of keys turning inside a lock and the front door opening has me looking up from that boring multi-page report I brought home with me. I can count the times Draco used his keys to unlock our front door on one hand. He hardly ever chooses the Muggle way to come home.

When he slams it with venom I know precisely what kind of day it has been, and as he appears in the doorway of our front room, looking ready to commit bloody murder, I close the case file and placing it on the small coffee table beside my favourite armchair, I gesture for him to come closer.

He doesn’t smile, and as he stalks across the room, I straighten up a bit and sit forward. Draco stops in front of me and without saying anything, I take his hand and gently squeeze it. He’s all tense, with his shoulders drawn up, his back ramrod-straight, and his face set. His lips are all but a thin line, and I can see the thunderclouds swirling around his stunning silvery-grey eyes. Now and then a strike of lightning flashes across them and I give his hand another squeeze.

Draco parts his lips for long enough to allow a loud sigh to escape from the depths of his chest and although I’m dying to know what’s riled him up so bad that he’s currently planning someone’s painful murder, I know better than to ask. Instead, I tug on his hand, and as he presses his lips together again, my fingers move to close around his wrist. I grip it firmly, and his gaze momentarily flickers to my hand, then settles back on my face.

He stands there, in front of me, for several moments, then briefly closes his eyes and mutters something under his breath that I fail to catch. I refrain from asking him to repeat himself and watch as he shifts slightly. He gracefully folds himself together and sitting on the floor, right in front of my feet, he settles there, draws his legs up to his chest, and as I release him, he casually rests his hands at his sides and toys with the shaggy off-white sheepskin rug.

My hand finds the nape of his neck, and I begin to massage his tense muscles. After a few minutes, he lowers his head, sighs softly and relaxes against my legs. He continues to comb his fingers through the shaggy rug, and I continue to give him a neck rub.

I am in no hurry to ask him what happened. He’ll explain himself when he’s good and ready, and until that time, we’ll sit here, in comfortable silence. I summon the television remote with my other hand, press the power button and flick through the channels until I come across a comedy film that’s about to start.

It doesn’t take more than fifteen minutes before my mindless commentary draws a chuckle from Draco and once that first giggle has escaped him, there’s no stopping him. About halfway through the film, he starts laughing, and soon enough, he falls sideways and clutches at his sides as he snorts, attempts to breathe, and laughs hysterically at the same time.

In all honesty, the comedy isn’t all that hilarious, but each time, Draco’s eye catches mine, I grin at him, and it sets him off all over again. A few times, he manages to control himself for a few minutes, but it doesn’t last for very long.

Two-thirds through the film, I slide off the armchair, expertly straddle Draco’s slender hips and closing my fingers around his wrists, I draw them up and above his head, then easily pin them to the floor beneath.

His breathing hitches up a notch or two, and he looks at me with his lips slightly parted and his eyes open wide. The tip of his perfect pink tongue darts out to wet his lips and the action draws my attention. I lower my head slightly as if I’m readying myself to kiss him and I know precisely that that’s what he’s expecting to happen. He doesn’t move and patiently waits, but I don’t give in.
With all but a subtle look, I filled his mind with the idea of me kissing him, of me claiming his mouth in a passionate and possessive snog. It’s all he’s thinking about, and I can tell that he wants it, craves it badly. A tiny whimper reverberates around the room and it all but proves my mind.

I don’t tell him so. Instead, I observe him. I see every single flicker in his eyes and listen to the sound of his breathing. It’s becoming more and more irregular, and I can feel and hear his rapidly increasing heart rate.

I smile.

He inhales sharply in response.

“Earn it,” I whisper at him.

He mewls.

Twists a little.

Wriggles beneath me.

Flexes his fingers.

After a few seconds of faux-struggle, he stills.

“How?” he asks.

I let my smile grow into something a lot more devious.

“I think you know.”

He frowns.

“I’m not ready to share,” he says with a sigh.

“Well, then don’t. I’m sure you can think of another way to earn it.”

He holds my gaze for well over a minute, then blinks slowly yet doesn’t sever the intense connection between them.

Even though I’ve not turned down the volume of the television, the noise has all but faded into the background. It’s not difficult for us to forget everything around us.

It’s always been this way. From the moment we first met, all my attention was always on him. I was always inexplicably drawn to him, and whenever he was around or whenever my thoughts drifted, everything around me ceased to exist. It simply didn’t matter anymore.

I told him once.

In return, he told me that he’s always felt the same.

Over the years, that sort of connection never lost its intensity. If anything, it’s only grown stronger.

I can draw his undivided attention with a single look across a crowded room. Some say it’s telepathy, some say it’s a soul bond, and yet others say its love. I agree to an extent. It’s all that yet at the same time, it’s also so much more.
It’s explicit trust and understanding. It’s me being able to read him like a book, and it’s him opening up and allowing me to understand him. I can tell what’s written between the lines; I know what he doesn’t say. I already know that the reason he’s so terribly irked is that something at work upset him. It bothered him enough to cancel all of his plans for the evening and return home to me instead. I’ll get the details out of him eventually and when he’s good and ready.

But until that time comes, we’ll entertain ourselves in another way. I’ll keep him distracted and focused on other things. Eventually, he’ll be relaxed enough to want to share with me, and once he’s ready, I will willingly listen to his complaints and what will, undoubtedly, be a very long rant.

“Please.”

His softly-whispered plea fills the space between us and I smirk.

“Please, what?” I press, deliberately milking it.

“Please, Harry, kiss me.”

It’s barely a whisper now, more of a breathless plea. There’s a hopeful look in his eyes, and I lower my head just a little more.

“Please.”

He asks again.

“Ngh, I love it when you beg, pretty boy.”

His cheeks heat and pink up. They flush nicely, and when I smile, the colour deepens.

“Please.”

He’s pushing all my buttons now. He knows I love hearing him beg me. I don’t especially need to tell him, but I enjoy doing so. It gives me a chance to praise him, which he loves. He melts like ice in the sunshine whenever I do so. It’s the easiest way to take him apart.

Another faint plea falls from his lips, and I wordlessly capture them with my own. I kiss him deeply, hungrily and with a ferocity that lets him know he’s mine. He’s always been mine, and he will always be mine. Of course, he’s in charge of the duration of ‘always’, but somehow I do not doubt that between the two of us always is synonymous with forever.

I grind my hips down, and he groans into the kiss. Even though he doesn’t struggle, I tighten my fingers around his wrists and squeeze.

Kissing him, I can’t imagine ever growing tired of that. I know exactly how he tastes, how he feels, what he likes, and what drives him wanton with the desire for more. Our lips fit together perfectly, and as though they were made for each other. Two sets made to match. His tongue compliments mine and I swirl my own around it, then abruptly pull away and stare down at him.

He swallows, and I watch his Adam’s Apple bop as he does. His breathing hitches again, and I give him a predatory sort of smile.

“I’m going to take you, and there’s absolutely nothing you can do about it, pet. You are mine, all mine. Every inch of you belongs to me, pretty boy.”

He keens and nods vigorously in approval.
“Yes, Harry.”

His answer is breathless, and I watch the rapid rise and fall of his chest.

“Focus on me.”

He nods.

We disapparate from our front room only to reappear in the same position on the floor in the centre of our playroom at the cottage. This time, there’s no rug beneath him. He’s on his back on the wooden floor, and we both know it’s uncomfortable.

He wriggles, struggles against me, and I let him.

Only for a moment.

Then I hold him down.

He tries to assert a bit of dominance, but all it takes is a raised eyebrow, and he stills. I can tell he’s not looking to be a brat tonight.

What he desires tonight is a distraction, and I intend to give it to him.

I start by getting to my feet and towering above him to further assert my dominance.

“Kneel.”

It’s a simple enough command, and he obeys without hesitation, question, or trepidation. He elegantly moves into a kneeling position, places his arms behind his back and lowers his head submissively.

I turn my fingers through his hair, caress his scalp and give him a moment to adjust, to acclimatise.

We could have played at the house, we’ve done so a few times, but since it’s a distraction he needs, I decided the cottage was a better place. There are rules to follow here, and things I expect. He knows that and just being here is making him think about it. The more time I give him to adjust, the more thoughts about submitting to me will consume his mind.

In just a few minutes following my lead will be all he’ll want to think about. There won’t be any space in his head to concern himself with whatever upset him, and there certainly won’t be any room left to consider whether giving be a bit of attitude is worth his time.

Then again, tonight, I think, being bratty is the very last thing he wants to be. What he wants now, more than anything, is a bit of guidance and an opportunity to let go for a little while.

He doesn’t want to be in charge, and after the nightmare of a day, he’s probably had I don’t blame him. Luckily for him, I am more than happy to take over being in control.

Being dominant comes naturally to me; it’s why we work so well together. Taking control doesn’t take much of an effort. It’s a part of me, and all it requires is a slight change in the way I handle a situation and how I say things. I minor adjustment to the way I react. It is something I do without thinking. He knows this, and it’s one of the many things he loves about me. He’s told me so many times and continues to tell me. It is something I’ll never grow tired of hearing, just like I’ll never tire seeing him willingly kneel before me as he patiently waits for me to decide what it is I want to do with him.
Although he’s unable to see, I allow a small smile to caress the edges of my mouth, and as my lips curl upward, I continue to run my fingers through his soft blond hair.

He sighs.

Compared to before, it’s a content sigh, and I casually drop down on one knee in front of him. Two of my fingers find their way underneath his chin, and I lift his head. He keeps his eyes lowered until I tell him otherwise.

“Look at me, Draco.”

It happens once in a blue moon that I call him by his given name when we play, and his reaction to hearing it is like no other. His eyes meet mine, and he holds my gaze.

The wild thunderstorm from before is as good as gone. I’ve already replaced it with the kind of calm he feels when he’s worked up and spends a bit of time in my presence. When he doesn’t feel bratty and can’t keep his sassy little mouth under control, it barely takes anything at all to get him to submit to me.

He does it not because I desire it and derive pleasure from it but because he wants it and craves it as much as he needs to breathe and eat and sleep. It is who he is, and I love how open he is about it. It takes a great deal of strength to admit to what you want and every single time we play; Draco proves to me that he’s got incredible strength of character.

There are, of course, still a few things he’s shy about. His deep love of pain is one. His wish to have us negotiate a scene during which I’ll take him by force and against his will is another. Nevertheless, and even though it usually takes him a bit of time to get there, he is still able to share his deepest darkest secrets with me.

To me, his life partner, his husband, his best friend, his soulmate, his Dom, all this shows me just how strong he is. Even though he’s currently on his knees with his hands behind his back and his eyes locked on mine, there’s nothing weak about him. He’s confident about what it is he wants, and he’s not ashamed of it.

I love him all the more of it, and although, at this very moment, my lips don’t move and I haven’t allowed him to read my mind, he still knows.

He knows how much I value and cherish and desire and appreciate him.

He knows how much his submission means to me and that I’ll never take it for granted.

I smile.

He responds with a shy smile of his own and my lips claim his in a slow kiss. It’s gentle and loving and a silent affirmation of my feelings for him.

He kisses me back.

His tongue moves in unison with my own.

It’s his answer to a question I didn’t have to ask.

It’s a silent dialogue we have in our heads, a conversation nobody but the two of us understands. Nobody has ever heard it and nobody will ever hear it.
May I?

Yes, Harry.

Now, today, always?

Yes, now, today, always.

I pull away and caress his cheek. It changes colour underneath my touch, and he looks at me with eyes that are full to the brim with love. They sparkle with trust and shine with consent.

Everything I hold dear, he gives it all to me, and I return it tenfold.

“Pretty little pet.”

My words turn his cheeks crimson, and he blinks but continues to hold my gaze. I run the tip of my thumb over his bottom lip. It’s still moist from our earlier kiss, and he puckers his lips and kisses it.

I smile, and my fingers trail along his jawline and down the side of his neck, then move to the front. I undo the clasp that holds his ropes together with both hands, then pull it off his shoulders. He shifts ever so carefully to allow me to remove it altogether, then watches me as I fold it neatly and place it on the floor beside him.

Next, I unbutton his shirt.

Slowly.

I drag it out of his trousers, push it off his shoulders and down his arms and leave it to pool around his wrists.

My fingers trail down his chest, over his sternum. I circle his nipples and tease them by not playing with them at all until I do. When I press the tips of my thumbs against them, he inhales sharply, and when I graze them with my nails, he hisses. I roll them between my thumb and forefinger, squeeze them a bit, then tug. At first, it’s just a gentle pull, but I don’t keep it that way.

Twist, roll, squeeze, pull, hold.

He moans.

“You like that, don’t you, Draco?”

A shudder goes through him, and it takes him a moment to gather his bearings enough to answer me.

“Yes, Harry.”

I reward him with an approving nod and a smile.

“Good boy. You love it being my precious pretty little pet, don’t you, Draco? You love being on your knees, doing as you’re told, isn’t that so, Draco?”

I push him that little bit further and watch his pupils dilate at my verbal teasing.

He sighs softly.

“Yes, Harry.”
I click my tongue.

“No, tell me. I want to hear it in your own words.”

His eyes widen once again, and he exhales softly. Not in shock, but because I continue to play with his nipples as I make him confess how much he likes being at my mercy.

It takes him a moment to put the words into the correct order in his head; then, he tells me exactly what I want to hear.

“I love being your precious pretty little pet, Harry. I love being on my knees and doing as you tell me.”

“Very good. You are such a good boy.”

Oh, what fun it is to play these simple mind games with him, to do the unexpected and throw him just a little off course. I give his nipples another tug, watch and listen to him hiss and moan, then trail my fingertips across his stomach and his abdomen. He shivers and squirms just a little bit, and I alternate between using a feather-light butterfly touch and dragging my nails over his skin and leaving red marks all over this torso. The sting of them lingers and judging by the blissed-out expression on his face he loves it.

My fingers make short work of the belt that holds his trousers up, and I slowly drag it out of its loops, then hang it around my fingers. It’s a pretty and pliable little thing, made from soft leather. It’s, quite undeniably so, perfect for a bit of impact play and my devious grin tells him as much, however, what my smile doesn’t tell him is whether or not I’ll do it.

For a few seconds, I see the look of longing in his eyes, but he manages to school it, for now at least.

Popping the button of his tailor-made black chinos is even less of an effort, and I thoroughly enjoy slowly dragging the zipper down. I can feel his half-erect cock against my fingers and having my hands there is enough to tease him.

I slide my fingers into his trousers and drag them down as far as I can without making him get up, then cup his cock and balls through his snug-fitting black boxer briefs, and give it a firm squeeze.

“Mine.”

His breathing hitches. A shudder surges through him. His eyes darken, and he licks his lips.

“Yes, Harry, yours, always yours.”

“Good boy. You’re such a perfect pet today.”

The blush that graced his cheeks before renews and I smile, then squeeze his cock again. It hardens further underneath my touch, and I rub the palm of my hand over it until he’s fully hard and his entire length strains against his boxer briefs.

It is then that I adjust my position slightly and drag him across my bended knee. He submits to his new position and touching his shirt; I transform it into a long string of jute rope.

I take my sweet time securing the rope around his wrists and work several beautiful knots into it. As I work, I never once forget to check the tightness of the ropes. I don’t mind giving him rope burns, but I most definitely mind causing permanent nerve damage by reducing blood flow or inadvertently stopping it altogether.
In this house, we play safe.

Always.

No exceptions.

Not ever.

That’s our golden rule.

It has been our golden rule since I one, and it’s what allows this and our relationship to continue to thrive.

Once I am satisfied that the ropes are tight and in perfect position, as well as safe, I run the fingertips of my right hand up and down his spine, teasing him. I run them all the way up into his neck, twist them into his hair and tug.

The first tug is just a gentle pull. The sort of pull you might feel when the hairdresser washes your hair.

I return to running my fingers up and down his spine and like before; I slowly start to alternate between the teasing touch of my fingertips and the sharp drag of my nails across his skin, leaving yet more marks.

He sighs softly, then hisses, and my fingers twist themselves back into his hair. This time, I tug a little harder. What he feels equals to a hairbrush getting stuck in a small knot of hair — a short sharp tug.

He yelps.

I smile.

My fingertips tease his back.

My nails scratch it.

Then I pull, harder again.

He moans and squirms a little.

I feel his hard cock press against the inside of my leg.

I continue.

His moans get louder, he hisses more sharply and lets out a little whine when I prolong the tug and the amount of pain I subject him to. When he wriggles more insistently, I bring the flat of my hand down on his arse.

A single hard smack is all it takes for him to still.

“That’s a good pet. Tell me, do you like this?”

“Yes, Harry.”

“I thought you might.”

I chuckle and run my fingertips along his arms, teasing and tickling, then drag his boxer briefs down
to expose his taut pale arse. My left hand finds its way into his hair, and I twist my fingers into it. At the same time, I rub my right palm over his naked butt. I draw slow circles, both to tease and to increase blood flow. It’ll make for a much better sting.

“Please.”

 Barely a few minutes have passed, yet he begs.

“Please, what?”

“Ngh, please spank me, Harry, please.”

 “Why?”

“I want it, please, Harry.”

“Needy little thing.”

“Yes, Harry, please.”

I smile and ignore him.

Instead, I give him more of what he’s already had and when he least expects it, I raise my hand and bring it down on his left arse cheek. It was a harsh smack, a hard one, and he didn’t expect it at all. I managed to distract him thoroughly, and the element of surprise only increased the sting.

He moans loudly and without restraint.

“Did you like that, Draco?”

He shudders and whines.

“Yes, Harry.”

“Do you want more?”

While I distract him with questions designed to twist his mind, I summon a lovely little leather paddle from across the room and cast a warming charm on it.

“Yes, Harry.”

“Ask for it.”

He whimpers softly, and I caress his arse and drag my nails over the spot I just smacked, renewing the sting.

“Please, Harry, may I have more?”

“More what, pet?”

“Please spank me some more.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes, Harry.”

“Very well, pet.”
Once again, and without warning, I deliver another smack. This time I use the paddle. It stings a little more than my hand, and the volume of his moan affirms that. I tug on his hair, tease a bit, then strike him across the back of his thighs.

Once.

Twice.

Thrice.

Then it’s back to his gorgeous arse. I bend low to kiss it, then use my hand to deliver a few blows. He moans almost continuously, but groans when I revert to the paddle and make it sting good and proper.

It’s not nearly enough to bring him anywhere close to his limits. He can take a lot more pain than this, but tonight I’m not going to give him pain just for the sake of letting him have it.

Tonight, I want to turn his arse a crimson red.

I want to see it glow.

I want to feel it burn.

I want to hear him moan and groan as he takes each blow and loses himself in the sensations of getting a spanking. He seldom gets these anymore. When I spank him, there’s usually a reason. More often than not, it’s because he’s been a sassy little brat and occasionally it’s because I know he needs the pain, thrives because of it.

I pepper tonight’s spanking with several breaks, each one different in length, and while I make him wait and wonder whether there will be more, I tease him.

I kiss his hot arse, suck and nibble on his fingers, and tease along his spine. A poke to his side makes him squeal and squirm, and at some point, I wandlessly banish the remainder of his clothing, leaving him gloriously naked.

He pleads for a few more smacks, and I let him have them, then place the paddle on top of his folded robes and caress his thrumming, throbbing, flaming-red arse cheeks.

He moans and whimpers softly, and for my amusement, I pinch the skin and make him groan. I take another moment to admire him, then slowly change the way I’ve bound his hands to allow him to remove them from behind is back.

“Crawl onto the bed for me, pet, then kneel on it and push your arse up nice and high for me.”

“Yes, Harry.”

He moves his hands, and as I lower my knee to the ground, he begins to crawl. I stand and watch him and only move over to the bed once he’s positioned himself according to my instructions. He looks beautiful, and I don’t hesitate to tell him so. The praise pulls a low whine from the depths of his throat and although I can’t see his face this very moment, I know he’s blushing.

The thought makes me smile and sitting on the bed; I make sure to tie his wrists back together, then drag the remaining bit of string through an iron loop in the centre of the headboard. I fasten the rope, test the tightness around his wrists again, then stroke down his back and rub over his still burning arse.
He sighs, and I move to settle behind him.

I think he has guessed what I’m about to do, or at least he now fervently hopes I will do it, and for a change, I don’t tease only to disappoint. I squeeze his arse cheeks, then drag them apart and burying my face between the crack; I swipe my tongue over his furrowed tight little hole.

It flutters and flexes beneath my tongue, and he moans and groans but knows better than to push his arse into my face. He holds perfectly still and lets me eat his arse, and I enjoy every second of it.

I enjoy loosening him up and working him open, and the pretty sounds he makes are music to my ears.

One of our rules states that he has to be completely clean down here at all times and it’s one rule he has never once broken. He religiously makes sure to adhere to it and lives for moments like this, when I pleasure him like this, with my tongue. I tease it around his hole and push inside, fucking him with my tongue.

The makes the most delightful sounds. There are moans and groans and tiny whimpers and whines and nearly incoherent pleas for more.

I don’t give him more.

Not yet, anyway.

This is way too much fun.

It’s a different kind of edging.

I’ve made him come from his before but I won’t tonight.

Or rather, he won’t come from this tonight because I have no intention of giving him permission.

He does ask.

My answer, however, is no.

It doesn’t stop him from asking, and it doesn’t stop me from continuing to deny him.

After quite the rimming session, when I can feel my tongue growing weary, I slowly stop and pull away. I summon the lube and dripping some of it into the crack between his arse cheeks and spreading it around his hole; I tease him with my fingers.

He begs me to work them into him, and I take my sweet time before I let finger-fuck him into an even more incoherent mess. I slide two fingers in all at once, and he hisses and groans at the sudden burn, but when I find his prostate and press against it, he forgets all about it and begs for more.

“Patience, pet.”

I admonish him a little, but he doesn’t manage to control himself for very long.

In return, I continue to edge him until he does try harder and behave appropriately.

Keep him inches away from his orgasm, or orgasms, considering where my fingers are and what I’m doing with them, usually works a treat. He stops begging and concentrates more on the sensations I’m gifting him.
I let him have his first prostate orgasm, and because he is my perfect little pet, he thanks me for it. I reward him with a second one, and when he thanks me for that one too, he gets a third.

We play that game until I’ve turned him into a pliable mess of goo, and his brain and mouth refuse to cooperate.

I choose that moment to replace my fingers with my cock and although he’s already thoroughly lubed up and somewhat relaxed, taking all of my cock all at once still hurts.

He gasps and groans and I rub his lower back to make it a little easier on him, then slowly fuck him until I’ve managed to set a steady pace, which I keep for some time, then gradually increase. I enjoy fucking him hard, especially after a good spanking and when his arse is still red and hot.

My open jeans rub against his arse cheeks, and each time I thrust into him, I continue to ignite the burn in his cheeks, causing it to crawl deeper and deeper into him until every muscle in his arse is on fire, and he can barely stand the teasing any longer.

Mind, neither can I and even though I’ve been all about teasing and pleasuring him tonight, it’s not left me unaffected.

Quite on the contrary.

His submission turns me on.

Spanking him turns me on.

Rimming him turns me on.

Finger-fucking him turns me on.

Fucking him turns me on.

I’ve edged myself as much as I’ve edged him. The only difference between us is that he’s had a few prostate orgasms to take the edge off. I, on the other hand, am ready to come and with one final harsh and claiming thrust, I bury my cock deep inside his arse and let my orgasm wash over him. I fill him up with streak after streak of my come and take my sweet time before I pull my softening spent cock out of him.

He groans and shifts slightly but remains in position. I take a moment to admire his red arse, his well-fucked hole and the rest of his perfect body and as my fingers find their way back into his arse and I use my own come to continue to fuck him, my other hand wraps itself around his rock-hard erection and I stroke it in time with my thrusts.

“You’re my precious boy. You’ve been so good all night; I’m proud of you. You’ve given me the gift of your submission. You’ve let me tease you and spank you. You’ve let me eat you and fuck you. You’ve asked for permission before coming. You’ve given me so many delightful sounds, and you’ve let me admire every inch of you. You truly are perfect, Draco, you are absolutely divine, and I love you very much.”

My words have the desired effect. They pull a wretched sob from my pretty little pet, and as I tell him to come for me and he obeys me, he starts to sob harder. His chest heaves and he sobs and groans, going through a myriad of emotions from both ends of the spectrum all at once.

He comes all over the bed and my hand and unable to keep kneeling, he slides onto his front and buries his face between the pillows where he continues to sob quietly and softly.
A well-practised wandless and wordless spell vanishes all my clothing and curling around him, I wrap him into his arms, pull every inch of his back against my torso and throw a leg over him.

Instead of using magic to undo his restraints, I carefully and slowly loosen the knots with one hand, while I use the other to cradle his head and kiss him gently, peppering his neck and shoulder with several hundred kisses.

He pushes into my embrace, and by the time I’ve freed him, he’s stopped crying, and his breathing has returned to normal. He has curled up into a foetal position, and I continue to hug him tightly to my chest.

We lie on the bed, quietly drifting between wakefulness and slumber, but eventually, he slowly turns in my embrace and looks at me, with big watery silvery-grey eyes.

The thunderstorm and lightning have not returned, and those precious orbs are as clear as crystal and sparkle as brightly as diamonds. He allows me to see straight into his soul, hiding nothing, and I smile.

Before I’m too tired to do so, I apparate us back to the house, and we land in our marital bed. I drag the duvet around us, and when he starts to shiver, I cast a warming spell on him.

He smiles softly at me, and I kiss him on the lips.

“Will you tell me now?” I ask.

He nods and suddenly gets all teary-eyed. A few tears fall, and at first, I brush them away, then I settle for kissing them away.

“Remember that poisoning case St Mungo’s Hospital asked me to consult on? Because of my expert potions knowledge?”

I nod.

“I do,” I affirm verbally. “Have you made progress?”

“You could say that. After brewing every single poisonous potion imaginable, I’m surprised you and your team of Auror hasn’t arrested me yet, because at this stage I have enough poisons in my workshop to kill most of London—”

I laugh.

“You couldn’t hurt a fly, Draco, but if you want me to arrest you and throw you into a holding cell, all you have to do is ask, my love, you know that.”

Draco glares icy daggers at me, and I grin devilishly.

He rolls his eyes.

“Do you want to hear this or not?”

“Bossy. Of course, I do. Please continue.”

Draco nods.

“Anyway, none of the magical poisons matched with the patient’s symptoms, and while the bezoar did prevent death, I started to look at Muggle poisons. This morning I came across Batrachotoxin,
and while I won’t explain it now, I suggest you stay the hell out of Western Colombia because they have some seriously nasty little frogs—”

My smile interrupts his flow, and he frowns, but before he can tell me off, I reassure him.

“I promise you; I will never set a foot into Western Colombia.”

He nods.

“Good. So, as I was saying, that particular poison ticked all the boxes. I went and acquired some frogs to extract the poison, and you’ll forget that I told you this part because the way I went about acquiring the frogs wasn’t exactly legal, but—”

I laugh some more, and Draco glowers at me. I kiss his nose, and he huffs and purses his lips.

“You already got spanked, consider that your punishment for illegally acquiring poisonous frogs and continue with your tale,” I say with an amused grin. “As your Auror husband, I will turn a blind eye on your current slightly dubious and most definitely not legal activities, but I will give you a proper talking to over breakfast tomorrow morning.”

“Just make sure to wait until I’ve had my first coffee.”

I grin.

“Sure. Continue?”

“Not much left to say, I correctly identified the poison, but the Healer at St Mungo’s Hospital is a complete gobshite, and he thinks my idea is complete nonsense. So I, figuratively speaking, ripped him a new one, although, I think, I would have very much enjoyed to actual hex him a new arsehole. What a gigantic twat. And before you say it, yes, I know, I’m a highly-trained professional, and this sort of stuff shouldn’t get to me, but it does. I know my stuff, and this was a case of using Muggle poison to very nearly kill a wizard.”

This time, it’s my turn to frown, although initially I can’t help but grin with amusement at Draco’s vivid description of how he would have liked to express his annoyance.

“Do you know which Auror is working on the case?”

Draco shrugs.

“No matter, I can find out. I probably shouldn’t, but I’ll whisper a suggestion into his ear. You might get a visitor to the workshop sometime tomorrow so make sure to get rid of all that poison you have bottled up inside the shop, or my suggestion will be that my subordinate puts a pair of shackles on you and drags you straight into my office.”

Draco grins.

“Kinky, Sir.”

I roll my eyes.

“Don’t you tempt me.”

“Oh, please.”

I sigh.
“No.”

Draco pouts.

“But I was such a good boy, Sir.”

“Draco.”

I use my warning tone, but the twinkle in my eyes instantly gives me away — I am not at all serious and Draco knows.

He chuckles.

“I’ll make sure to show you that I’m a really good boy and there won’t be any poisonous potions in my workshop for any Ministry official to find.”

“Now that’s what I call a good boy,” I say with a grin. “Because I have ways to make a spanking absolutely unbearable and not even your love of pain will help you there.”

Draco nods.

“I know.”

He speaks from experience, and I press a gentle kiss to his forehead.

“I’m glad we understand each other.”

“I love you, Harry.”

“I love you too, Draco.”

“Can we sleep, please? I’m exhausted.”

“Sure.”

I wrap both my arms around Draco, and he snuggles even closer, buries his face in my chest, and while I close my eyes, I stay awake until I’m sure that he’s fast asleep, then drift off too.

End Notes

P.S. I know some of you are waiting for a continuation of what Harry and Draco discussed in part nine of this series and I've alluded to it in this part, so I think it's safe to say that it will happen. I am not giving away any details though; you'll have to wait until I'm ready to surprise you.

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