Little Prince, Kneel II

by Selly87

Summary

A year has passed and Harry's and Draco's relationship is still going strong. They are happily in love, their bond is stronger than ever. Or is it? Could it be that everyone suddenly seems to have an agenda? Just how are Harry and Draco going to cope with everyone's opinions?

Notes
Well, folks, due to popular demand and the incredible love I've received for the original "Little Prince, Kneel" story, I've decided to give you more. It's time to meet your favourite Dom, Sir Harry Potter, and his beloved little prince, sub Draco Malfoy.

Brace yourself for another rollercoaster ride and plenty of fabulous scenes from their life together.

#Writober2019

Thirty-one prompts in thirty-one chapters. Thirty-one glimpses into Harry's and Draco's lives.

That was the original plan, the boys vetoed, Caleb threatened a rough spanking (not that I would mind!) and so here we are: It's been a little over two years since they got together and I'm so excited to go back to writing about these two characters.

I have a great storyline in mind and I expect to produce a lovely multi-chapter long story.

Phew, what a complicated thought process that was...

POVs will alternate between Harry and Draco; however, there won't be any weird jumps in the timeline, and all events will happen consecutively. I will most definitely mention things that happened in the original LPK. You may also get a closer look at the life of Master Charlie and his slave Liam, and, of course, Sir Caleb Reid and his darling other half, sassy bratty sub Stefan Vallee.

Please note that this sequel will make little to no sense to you if you haven't read "Little Prince, Kneel".

If you have an extremely vivid imagination, you may be able to guess certain things, but many references and reactions will be hard to understand.

I may provide you with links for further reading if I feel that it may help you to understand certain BDSM-specific references, scenes, etc. You're welcome to check these out or ignore them, entirely up to you.

I hope you'll enjoy the sequel as much as the original story.

Love,
Selly

P.S. K, since you will once again be my sanity and my muse and will do your utmost best to keep me on track, I'm dedicating this story to you. LPK was brought to life because of you and it continues to live on because of how wonderful you are. Thank you for everything you've done for me and continue to do for me, I love you a lot. You're the bestest brother anyone could ask for, a natural twenty really!

- Inspired by Little Prince, Kneel by Selly87
“Are you absolutely sure about this, my little prince?”

Harry murmured the question directly into Draco’s ear, pressing his lips gently against the outer shell as he spoke.

Draco reacted like he always did. It was a natural response, not a conditioned reaction to stimuli. He visibly melted at the soft vibrations, hummed softly and relaxed fully into Harry’s embrace. His eyes remained closed, and a little content smile curved his lips upward.

Harry knew that Draco loved the feeling of his warm breath ghosting over the sensitive skin around his ear and along his neck. It was one of Harry’s favourite places to tease and torment. Sometimes he peppered it with countless of kisses, and other times he covered the area in bitemarks and sucked until the skin turned a deep shade of purple and Draco moaned and writhed beneath him, lost in the throes of his pleasure.

Tonight, Harry kissed Draco’s earlobe lightly and flicked his tongue over it, then quietly reminded Draco that he still owed him an answer.

Draco slowly opened his eyes and looked at him through their reflection in the floor-length mirror of their bedroom. His silvery-grey eyes gleamed, and there was a spark of pure joy in his eyes, yet at the same time, Draco also looked incredibly vulnerable. It ignited something fierce inside of Harry and his desire to protect and cherish Draco overruled all others.

“Yes, Sir. I want this.”

Draco’s softly spoken response was music to Harry’s ears, and he ran his fingers along the tight hemp rope that presently ran across Draco’s chest. The vibrations of Harry’s light and deliberately teasing touch caused Draco to shudder. He whimpered softly and smiling, Harry pressed a kiss to Draco’s neck to tempt him a little further.

They’d only recently switched from jute to hemp, and the different texture of the rope was something Draco was still getting used to. It didn’t diminish his burning need to be bound in Harry’s ropes though.

Smiling, Harry continued to trace the rope restraints that hugged Draco’s chest tightly, keeping him bound. He’d spent the last thirty minutes creating a Shibari masterpiece with one long string of exquisite hemp bondage rope, he’d purchased especially for Draco.

The diamond-shape full-body harness, Harry had created, looked absolutely divine and with Draco’s pale skin as a backdrop, the dark grey colour of the rope stood out beautifully. Harry instinctively and possessively tightened his arm around Draco’s waist and continued to run his fingers along the six-millimetre-thick hemp rope, causing it to vibrate in all the right place.

He’d purposefully tied the rope right across Draco’s nipples, and Draco’s cock and balls sat snuggly between two diamond knots. One knot placed pressure against the base of Draco’s cock, while the other knot rested snuggly just behind Draco’s balls. The continued influence of the rope and its tightness would most definitely provide Draco with some delightful friction each time he took a step forward, sat down or stood up.

“You’re a sight for sore eyes, my gorgeous little prince, do you know that?”
“Ngh.”

Draco blinked, and his cheeks turned a marvellous shade of light pink as they flushed in response to Harry’s praise. He briefly averted his eyes and pressing another kiss to Draco’s neck, Harry clicked his tongue in a gentle reprimand.

“No, look at me, my love. You’re stunning like this. I love seeing you in my ropes.”

Draco whimpered softly but dutifully lifted his gaze to meet Harry’s.

“That’s my good boy.”

Harry praised Draco’s obedience and stepping around him, he stood directly in front of him and brought his hand up to caress Draco’s cheek.

“You’re so beautiful, my little prince, and so sexy. I’m not going to be able to think straight knowing that you’re wearing my ropes underneath your clothes, do you know that? I’m not sure I’ll be able to keep my hands off you for very long. I’ll be thinking of all the things I could do to you while you’re bound like this. For example, I could easily slip a pair of nipple clamps under those ropes, restrain your wrists to the bed, blindfold you and then run my wand along every inch of those ropes. You’d feel every tremor, every single vibration. Your beautiful nipples would be so hard for me, and your cock would be dripping. I think you’d beg me to touch it, wouldn’t you? You’d beg and plead for me to fist your gorgeous hard cock and tease your tight little hole, perhaps even fuck you while you’re wearing these ropes. Or maybe you’d prefer if I just admired you and told you how beautiful you look and what you do to me. Hm? What would you like, my gorgeous little prince?”

Draco’s cheeks flushed a deeper shade of red, and he bit the corner of his bottom lip. He let out a low moan, and Harry smiled.

“Whatever you desire, Sir. I submit willingly, and I trust you.”

“Such a good boy, I love it when you’re like this when you give me free rein to do as I please with your body and mind, knowing I’ll never take things too far.”

“Only for you.”

Draco whispered the words into the small gap between them, and Harry nodded in silent agreement.

“Yes, my love, only for me. That part of yours will forever be mine to treasure. Now, please tell me, how do you feel? Are the ropes too tight or can you take it?”

Draco took a moment to consider the question. He shifted a bit and adjusted his stance, then smiled shyly.

“I feel good, Sir. The ropes aren’t too tight, they’re just perfect.”

Pleased with Draco’s honest response, Harry inclined his head in approval. He’d taken his time with the creation of the harness, wanting to make sure he got it absolutely right, but Harry wasn’t the one wearing it, and as such he relied on Draco’s feedback to let him know how he felt.

“I know we practised this, but you will be wearing the ropes for much longer than you ever have. I need you to promise me that you’ll tell me when it gets too much. Tell me right away, even if it’s just a bit unbearable. Do not play the hero, it will not please me, you know that. This is supposed to be fun for the both of us, but the moment you stop enjoying yourself, the fun stops for me too.”
Draco smiled softly.

“I know. I promise I’ll tell you if it gets too much, Harry. I won’t pull any stunts; you have my word.”

“Good, very good, my perfect little prince, you’re wonderful. One more thing, and yes, I’ve mentioned this as well, but I absolutely will repeat myself. These things need to be said often and repeatedly. Depending on how you move or stand, people will notice the outline of the ropes beneath your shirt and they will know that you’re wearing a harness. They are unlikely to point it out to you, and you said you can handle it, but I need to hear you say it one more time.”

“I admit it’ll be weird, but I think I can handle it. If I can’t, I’ll let you know immediately. It’ll either be our agreed hand signal or my safeword, Sir.”

Harry smiled.

“You really are my perfect little prince,” he said.

Draco’s blush intensified once more and Harry leant in to capture his lips in a soft kiss, which he gradually deepened until his tongue had found its way into Draco’s willing mouth. He let it dance around Draco’s tongue, delighting in teasing him and only pulled away after several long minutes of heated kissing and when they both struggled to fill their lungs with adequate amounts of oxygen.

“Will you leave the top two buttons of your shirt undone and wear my grey collar, my love?”

He whispered the question against Draco’s lips, then pulled back and thoroughly enjoyed the dazed expression on Draco’s face. It took him a moment to gather himself, and he closed his eyes, inhaled, then slowly opened them, and exhaled.

“Yes, Sir,” he breathed.

Harry’s heart skipped a beat.

Draco lowered his head in obvious surrender, and a jolt of excitement caused Harry’s chest to swell with pride.

It had been nearly two years since Draco had first submitted to him, but each time he did, it felt like he was doing it for the very first time. Harry truly treasured Draco’s gift, and he never missed an opportunity to tell him so.

“I love you, my little prince, you’re breath-taking.”

Draco let out a soft whimper and bring his hand up, Harry let his fingers run through Draco’s hair and then summoned the light grey wild leather collar, he’d placed on top of the bed earlier.

It flew over to him and catching it with ease, he gently fastened it around Draco’s neck, making sure that it fitted perfectly. When he was confident that it was neither too tight nor too loose, he drew the outline of an ancient rune onto Draco’s shoulder and locked the collar into place with a mumbled incantation.

Harry leant in to place one last kiss on Draco’s lips, then took two steps back and waited patiently for Draco to stop staring at his own reflection in the mirror.

He eventually turned his head slightly, and as he focused on him, Harry smiled.
“Get dressed, my love, then meet me in the kitchen.”

Draco nodded and turning on his heel, Harry left their bedroom without a backward glance.

Since he rather enjoyed watching Draco, naked or otherwise, it took a fair bit of effort, but he managed to concentrate on the evening that lay ahead instead of fantasising about Draco putting on the clothes Harry had chosen for him.

He headed downstairs and making his way into the kitchen, he got started on preparing two cups of espresso for them to enjoy before they left the house.

A few months ago, they’d met Malcolm and his partner Andrej for coffee at a small coffee shop near Kensington Gardens, and Draco had instantly fallen in love with the espresso machine at the café.

He’d waxed lyrical about it for weeks, refusing to drink any other espresso, and unable to resist the temptation to surprise Draco with his very own espresso machine, Harry had returned to the coffee shop to ask for more information.

The shop’s owner had been kind enough to put him in touch with the Italian vendor, who supplied the machine, and after a whole month of eagerly awaiting its arrival and making sure the courier dropped it off at a time when Draco wasn’t home, it had finally arrived a few weeks prior.

It had taken Harry a whole afternoon and a plethora of swear words to assemble it correctly, and when Draco had returned home from the Ministry that evening, his jaw had all but dropped to the ground. He’d stood in the kitchen doorway, looking flabbergast and had spent a whopping ten minutes grappling for the right words. Harry still felt intensely gratified over the knowledge that he could render Draco speechless by gifting him an original Italian espresso machine.

Harry chuckled to himself at the memory. Prior to that afternoon, he’d been convinced that it took a sensual spanking, edge play, a bit of teasing praise, or a box of expensive chocolates to rob Draco of his ability to articulate himself properly — though occasionally a gag also worked — but apparently unexpectedly receiving a espresso machine from his boyfriend had the same effect on Draco.

After another few minutes of admiring every inch of his new toy, Draco had, in his excitement, thrown his arms around him, and kissed him deeply. The snogging fest had ended with a steamy round of sex on the kitchen counter, and Harry had to resolutely push the memory out of his mind to stop his body from reacting to it.

He had no intention of spending all evening with a raging hard-on, although realistically and given the fact that Draco would be wearing his ropes concealed underneath his clothes, chances of not getting aroused were slim.

Caleb had invited them to a special event at the club, and once Draco had found out that they were going to attend a rope bondage party, he’d expressed the idea of wearing a body harness in public.

The boldness of Draco’s request had slightly surprised Harry, but after a long conversation about all the pros and cons of it, he’d decided to indulge Draco. It hadn’t taken him long to come up with a plan to get Draco used to the idea of wearing a tight body harness for several hours. They’d practised for a few weeks, gradually increasing the length to time Draco spent wearing the harness, and Draco had responded exceptionally well to the ropes.

In fact, he had thoroughly enjoyed himself, but Harry still worried.

Deep down, he knew Draco well enough and didn’t expect there to be a problem, but he was also aware of the fact that while they intended to spend the evening surrounded by friends, there would
also be strangers and they would be able to see the harness underneath Draco’s shirt. Harry had initially offered Draco a loosely fitting long-sleeved shirt, but Draco had taken one dark look at it, scowled, and threatened to set the offending item of clothing on fire to disappear it for all eternity.

Apparently, a casual jumper wasn’t good enough for a party. It didn’t matter that it concealed the harness entirely; Draco refused to be seen dead in a jumper he wore to lounge around the house.

Harry hadn’t even tried to convince Draco otherwise. He’d been tempted, but after Draco told him that he would wear whatever Harry chose for him, all rational thought had fled from his brain. There was nothing Harry could say to that; all of Draco’s acts of submission, no matter how small, meant the world to him and he cherished each time he was allowed to pick Draco’s outfit.

Outside of play or at home it wasn’t a regular thing between them, so whenever Draco surrendered that power to him, Harry caved — always. The gift of submission was his Achilles’ heel, so to speak.

“I’m ready, Sir.”

Draco’s voice pulled Harry out of his musings and turning around, he found Draco standing in the kitchen doorway, looking positively edible. He was fully dressed, yet there was something about him that instantly took Harry’s breath away, and it wasn’t just one particular thing either, but a combination of many things. It was the way Draco carried himself, with an air of refined elegance. He wore his light grey collar proudly and like the gift that it was, and despite the harness, Harry had tied around his torso and fastened between his legs and buttocks, he moved as though nothing was out of the ordinary.

“Stunning, just stunning,” Harry said.

He gave Draco a highly appreciative once-over. The pair of black tailor-made chinos, he’d chosen earlier, fitted Draco like a glove and the light-grey button-up shirt complimented both the trousers and the collar perfectly.

Draco smiled.

“Thank you, Sir.”

Harry beckoned Draco over and offered him a small cup of freshly-made fragrant espresso.

“How do you feel?”

Draco inhaled deeply, and his eyes gleamed. He took a sip of his coffee but held Harry’s gaze over the rim of his espresso cup.

“I feel good,” he answered.

Harry nodded.

“How are the ropes?”

“Tight enough for me to feel them when walking but not tight enough to make them uncomfortable.”

“Good. Do you think you’re ready for tonight?”

Draco smiled.

“As ready as I’ll ever be, Sir. I’ve nothing to compare this to. Tonight, I’m jumping into the deep end
of the pool.”

“And that even though you still don’t know how to swim, how very bold of you.”

Draco chuckled.

He finished his espresso and set the empty cup down on the kitchen counter.

“Or insane. That depends entirely on how you look at it.”

Harry laughed.

“Well, if it makes you feel any better, I promise to jump right after you and rescue you.”

Draco grinned, displaying two rows of perfectly white, straight teeth.

“Sir, you truly are my knight in shining armour.”

Harry smiled fondly.

“Anything for my gorgeous little prince.”

Draco’s cheeks pinked just a little, and with a cheeky wink, Harry finished his own espresso. He wandlessly levitated both their cups into the kitchen sink, filled them with water and chose to leave them there for later.

“Ready?” he asked.

Draco nodded.

Harry offered Draco his hand, and the moment Draco took it, Harry pulled him close, wrapped an arm around him and concentrate on the dark alley near Pandora’s Box. From there it was less than a five-minute walk to the entrance of the club. The familiar pull of Apparition pulled at Harry’s navel and keeping a tight hold on Draco, as they both swirled through the air, they left Grimmauld Place behind and elegantly landed in the secluded backstreet a few seconds later. They smiled at each other and straightening up a little, Harry laced their fingers together, and they headed straight for the club.

The DM at the door greeted them both with a wave, pushed the door open and ushered them in. Instead of heading downstairs into the dungeons, they made their way upstairs to the first floor and walked down the corridor to the Sapphire room.

The door stood wide open, and Draco respectfully waited for Harry to take the first step over the threshold before he followed him into the room.

“Potter, Malfoy! Only took you half a lifetime. Let me guess, you just couldn’t keep your hands off each other and had to do the dirty before coming over.”

Caleb approached them from the bar, grinning broadly. Stefan trailed behind him but smiled just as enthusiastically.

Harry rolled his eyes.

“Crude, Reid, you’re just crude,” he said with a chuckle.

Caleb thumped him on the shoulder and extended a hand towards Draco, offering it to him to shake. Draco took it, and they shook hands. As they did, he took the liberty to correct Caleb about the
reasons for their slightly delayed arrival.

“If you must know, Reid, Harry and I had some espresso before we left.”

Caleb’s smirk turned positively dirty.

“Espresso, huh? Is that a new euphemism for quick, hot, and dirty?”

Harry groaned.

“I swear, C, do you ever think about anything other than sex?”

Caleb laughed.

“Sure do, just not when you two are around.”

Draco pulled a face.

“Honestly, Reid, if your wank fantasies include Harry and me having kinky sex, I really don’t want to know.”

Harry tried biting his lip to suppress his laughter but failed spectacularly.

Caleb winked at him, then gave Draco a quick once-over.

Harry could tell that Caleb had spotted the full-body harness underneath Draco’s shirt, but instinctively knew that Caleb wouldn’t comment on it. He also wasn’t worried that Caleb might joke about it as that went against everything Caleb believed in. There were crude jokes and cheeky remarks and then there was a kind of kink-shaming and the latter was something that resulted in Caleb instantly seeing red. It was his trigger, and over the years, he’d fought hard to rid the local community of anyone who thought kink-shaming was acceptable. Caleb had a standard, and he expected everyone in the community to follow a standard code of honour and respect. If they didn’t, they quickly found themselves in Caleb’s bad books and that was a place nobody wanted to be in. Caleb had a reputation and a lot of experience, and many within the local community looked up to him and accepted him as one of their mentors.

“I don’t need to wank, Drake, I’ve got a very obedient pet to take care of all my needs,” Caleb said, and as he spoke, he placed an arm around Stefan’s shoulders, pulling him close.

Stefan wrapped his arms around Caleb’s waist and snuggled into his embrace and Harry smiled at their openly affectionate behaviour. He squeezed Draco’s hand lightly, and when Draco turned his head slightly, they both exchanged a quick look, then Harry turned away to glance around the function room.

“Where’s Charlie?” he asked.

Caleb shrugged.

“He phoned earlier to say he’d be late. Some sort of emergency just outside of London. Couldn’t really understand much over all the noise in the background. To be honest, it sounded like a riot was about to break out.”

Harry barely managed to contain his smirk and Draco actually sniggered. If only Caleb knew that Charlie’s job entailed the preservation and taming of magical dragons, but that was a conversation neither of them would ever have.
“Liam’s here though,” Stefan interjected. “He’s over in the lounge area talking to Ruby.”

“I’ll go say hi, if that’s alright with you, Harry?” Draco said.

Harry nodded and let go of Draco’s hand. He watched him walk across the room and swallowed hard when his mind supplied him with a series of delectable images of Draco’s body harness and the way it moved underneath his clothes, teasing him in all the right places.

Caleb raised an eyebrow at him in a silent question and smirked.

“Congratulations,” he said.

Harry smiled.

“Thanks, took a bit of practice but he’s enjoying himself.”

Caleb nodded.

“First time?”

“Yes.”

“Make sure to keep an eye on him, just in case. These things occasionally do go pear-shaped.”

“I will,” Harry said.

“Good man. Now, join me for a drink?”

“Only if it’s not some super-sweet cocktail concoction.”

Caleb grinned.

“Nope. How about a Gin and Tonic without the gin?”

Harry rolled his eyes.

“How about a Mojito without rum?” he mocked.

Stefan giggled beside Caleb.

“Sounds good, A round of Virgin Mojitos it is then,” Caleb said, firmly ignoring Harry’s jab at the club’s no-alcohol policy for any events and parties that included any form of play, even if it was just a show scene.

The three of them headed for the bar, and while Caleb ordered, Harry perched himself on the edge of one of the leather-patted bar stools. He had an unobstructed view of the lounge area and smiled when he spotted Draco, who was engaged in an animated conversation with Liam and Ruby.

It was as if Draco could feel his eyes on him and less than a minute after Harry had sat down, he turned his head to the bar and looked over. They exchanged a smile and Harry used a hand signal to check in on Draco, asking him how he felt. Draco grinned and gave him the thumbs up. Relaxed and relieved, Harry turned his attention towards Caleb and Stefan but kept some of his focus on Draco, just in case. He wasn’t worried per se, but he was responsible for Draco, and he took that privilege very seriously.
Draco absentmindedly toyed with the piece of dark grey hemp rope; Harry had tied around his wrist a few days ago.

Harry had sealed the two ends of the short string of rope with a locking spell, effectively turning what had once been bondage rope into a simple bracelet. It was a small and inconspicuous token to remind Draco of how well he’d mastered his first public outing while wearing a concealed full-body harness. Draco had thoroughly enjoyed the experience; it had been something new and exciting.

There’d been a moment when he’d nearly convinced himself he’d have to ask Harry to cut the rope. When he’d told Harry so, Harry had immediately whisked him away to a small room, adjacent to the function room. He’d closed and locked the door with a simple spell and once alone together with no chance of being disturbed; he’d helped Draco to focus. It had been surprisingly easy, and Draco credited the fact that Harry knew him exceptionally well for that.

Draco smiled at the memory. His fingers gravitated towards the pulse point on the inside of his wrist. He could feel the steady beat of his heart, working tirelessly to pump oxygen-enriched blood into every part of his body.

Harry’s habit of repeatedly circling his thumb over his pulse point always helped him to calm down and relax, especially when he was nervous or worried about something or other.

The gentle touch of Harry’s thumb and the steady pressure kept him focused on the present, on the here and now. It drowned out all other thoughts and outside noise.

It was something for Draco to concentrate on when his life turned itself upside down, and he still remembered the first time Harry had done it. He’d been in his office, close to having an epic meltdown, fervently trying to come up with a way to fix his former legal assistant’s monumental
cock-up in a desperate attempt to ensure the prosecution didn’t lose their case.

Pressing his thumb against Draco’s pulse point was Harry’s way of silently reminding him that he would always stand by him; that he had his back and that Draco wasn’t alone.

The gesture was simple enough, but the message behind it was a powerful one, and Draco truly cherished it.

A small touch from Harry was enough to ignite a fiery passion inside of Draco, and a few words were all it ever took for Harry to make him his.

It was their little thing, a little something that worked only for them. Draco couldn’t imagine anyone else ever being able to affect him in like that. No, this was something only Harry could do.

Even though Draco had never explicitly asked Harry about it, he was sure that knowing he could help meant the world to Harry. Being protective was in his very nature. It was part of his core. It was who he was.

If there was one thing Draco had absolutely no doubt about, it was the fact that no matter what, Harry would walk to the ends of the earth to make sure that he was safe and to Draco, knowing that almost meant more than a straightforward ‘I love you’. He trusted Harry with his life, and that was the beauty of their relationship. It was the reason why Draco willingly tried out new things and allowed Harry to bend his boundaries repeatedly. He knew, with every fibre of his body, that Harry would never go too far. Harry knew his limits; he knew them inside out.

“Prosecutor Malfoy, you look like you are a million miles away.”

Draco jumped a little and pulling himself back into the present, he let go of the rope bracelet around his wrist and focused on Harry instead. He’d been too lost in his thoughts to notice that Harry had approached him from somewhere across the room.

Tonight’s Ministry function was a fundraiser disguised as a ball, and it was a maddeningly dull event. Draco’s attendance wasn’t strictly required, but since he didn’t like the idea of Harry suffering alone, he’d offered his company and Harry had gladly accepted it.

Taking a deep calming breath, Draco smiled softly.

“I was,” he said. “A million miles away, I mean.”

“Welcome back then. Unless you were having good thoughts, in which case I’m sorry for pulling you out of them. Were you daydreaming?” Harry asked. “You had a bit of a dreamy expression on your face; it was rather cute.”

“In a manner of speaking,” Draco nodded. “Have you finished your rounds then, Director Potter?”

Harry gave him a lopsided grin, and his eyes twinkled mischievously.

“Not quite, but I’ve had enough of Kingsley parading me around the room like some precious pet.”

Draco chuckled.

“If only they knew that you prefer to have a pet rather than be one yourself.”

Harry laughed.

“Yes, if only they knew. However, it would be best if we kept that particular preference of mine a
secret, don’t you agree, my love?”

“Rest assured, Sir, my lips are sealed. Am I to understand that I’m yours for the rest of the evening or have you just stopped by to check that I’m still your good boy?”

Harry took a step closer, and Draco felt the rate of his breathing increase a little.

His stomach flipped with excitement. When Harry reached for his hand and laced their fingers together, a shudder surged down his spine. For a few seconds, he lost himself in Harry’s sparkling green eyes, then he cast his eyes downward and positively basked in the hum of approval, he got from Harry. Over the last two years, he’d practically mastered the art of discreet submission. Harry cherished them, and Draco lived for the thrill of pleasing Harry, who leant closer and pressed a sweet kiss to his cheek.

“You’re always mine, my love, whether you’re a good boy or not. But we both know that you like being my good boy. Being good reaps rewards, doesn’t it? Being bad, well, not so much.”

Draco shivered and swayed a bit. He was rather grateful when Harry placed his remaining free hand above the small of his back, effectively steadying him.

“May I have the pleasure of dancing with you, my little prince?”

At Harry’s formal question, Draco’s heart skipped several beats, and he felt his cheeks heat; not enough for him to blush while attending an official Ministry fundraiser, but most definitely, enough for him to feel a little flustered.

“I’d be my honour, Sir.”

He whispered his response.

Harry’s broad smile made the butterflies in the pit of his stomach flutter wildly.

Somehow, even after a little over two years of dating Harry, his excitement hadn’t diminished in the slightest, and he highly doubted it ever would. Harry knew how to keep the spark alive.

Over the last twenty-four months or so, Draco had grown accustomed to the fact that with Harry, he could always expect the unexpected. Harry didn’t conform to the conventional norms of dating. He always added his own little twist to it and had his unique way of spicing things up and making them more exciting. Draco thoroughly enjoyed the experience.

“Well, then let’s dance,” Harry said.

Draco nodded and allowed Harry to lead him onto the dancefloor. Harry walked right to the centre, and although Draco felt a little bit self-conscious over the fact that the moment they started to dance, all eyes would be on them, he forced himself to relax and got into position.

The string quartet had just started to play a classical waltz, and before Draco knew it, Harry took the first step forward, and left him with no option but to take a step backwards; however, there was no hesitation in his movement, and he moved fluently. The pace of the dance was slow, and as they moved around the dancefloor, Draco relished in the way Harry guided him, setting the speed of the dance and making all the rules. He felt Harry pull him a bit closer than strictly necessary and revelled in the natural body heat that radiated from Harry’s body. This was one of the things Draco cherished immensely. Harry always felt warm. It didn’t matter how long he’d walked around naked or how cold it was outside. Harry’s body was always warm, and Draco loved to snuggle against it, hiding away from the world.
They danced cheek to cheek and a minute or so into the dance, Draco slowly closed his eyes and felt his grasp on reality slip slightly into the background. He trusted Harry enough to follow his lead without worrying about tripping up. As the music, amplified with the help of a Sonorus charm, continued to wash over him, Draco grew entirely oblivious to the fact that at least two-hundred Ministry employees, including his Head of Department, and the Minister for Magic himself, as well as another two-hundred important and highly influential attachés of the Ministry currently surrounded them.

“I love you, Harry.”

The words slipped past Draco’s slightly parted lips, and he felt Harry smile against his cheek.

“I love you too, Draco.”

Harry’s responded without a second thought, and the words filled Draco with warmth. He felt somewhat fuzzy and was only vaguely aware of the fact that the first dance had finished. The band now played a much faster waltz, and Harry was swirling him around the dancefloor at a dizzying speed.

Draco was sure that everyone in the room had by now stopped to watch them dance. He could practically feel everyone’s eyes boring into their backs, but he couldn’t bring himself to open his eyes to verify his assumption.

All he wanted to do was to enjoy this particular moment.

Harry often asked him to dance, but in the two years they’d been together, they’d never danced at a Ministry function. This was a first and Draco had an inkling that their little show was bound to make it onto the front page of The Prophet.

In the eyes of the reporters, Director Harry Potter asking his life partner for a dance in front of a large Ministry audience was far more important and newsworthy than anything else currently going on in the Wizarding World.

Draco could think of a few things that piqued his interest more than a photograph of him and Harry dancing together.

The first-hand experience was everything, and Draco had already memorised every second of every minute of their dance. Harry’s steady and firm grip reminded Draco of several other times during which Harry had gotten a bit rough with him. The mental images his mind so helpfully supplied were somewhat distracting, and Draco resolutely pushed them away and focused on the here and now. It was for the best. Dancing with a rather prominent erection pressing against the inside of his bespoke suit trousers wasn’t something Draco was especially keen on.

Harry expertly led him around the dancefloor for another minute or so, then gradually slowed the pace and the moment they came to a standstill, a tornado of applause erupted in the large banquet room. Draco tried to stop himself from turning crimson, but didn’t quite manage and lowering his head; he beseeched Harry for help.

“Director Potter.”

He murmured Harry’s official title under his breath, and Harry chuckled with amusement. Draco instantly wanted to glare at him, but because that would mean lifting his head, he resisted the urge.

“Prosecutor Malfoy, thank you for this dance.”
“My pleasure. Now, please, get me off this dancefloor before my cheeks burn off.”

Harry laughed.

“Praise kink much, my love?” he teased.

Draco snarled under his breath and scowled darkly, but since he wasn’t looking at Harry, his efforts were entirely lost and did absolutely nothing to quench Harry’s sassy cheerfulness.

Still, Harry gallantly led him off the dancefloor, and they headed over to the bar. There, Harry picked up two champagne flutes and handed one to Draco, who had to actively pace himself to avoid pouring the contents of the entire glass down his throat.

Draco gave the copy of The Prophet, his mother was presently guarding like a hawk, another withering look and reached for his cappuccino. He’d made two attempts to vanish the paper, but his mother had foiled both of them. She’d now placed the newspaper next to her on the sofa. It lay right beside her cross-stitch frame and a half-finished elaborate pattern of a Japanese garden with blooming Sakura trees; she’d been working on for the last few weeks.

“Seriously, Mother, if you’re that desperate to own a proper photograph of Harry and me, I’ll make an appointment at a photo studio for next week, and if it’s a painting you want, I’m sure we can make arrangements for that, also,” Draco said.

His mother’s venomous glare made Draco’s blood run cold, and he instinctively tightened his hold on his favourite coffee cup and clenched his other hand in his lap.

That look was all it took for him to feel like a five-year-old, and Draco loathed the fact that his mother had that uncanny ability. Apparently, this was a quality all mothers possessed, and according to Harry, Molly Weasley wasn’t any better, but since she always smothered him with love and plied him with extra home-baked chocolate chip biscuits, Draco wasn’t particularly inclined to believe Harry.

“Draco, darling, it’s not the photograph that matters, it’s what I feel when I look at it.”

His mother’s cool tone sent a shiver down Draco’s spine, and he silently watched her add another piece of brown sugar to her favourite tea. She stirred it carefully and until the sugar had dissolved completely, then elegantly placed the small teaspoon beside the glass saucer. She lifted the tea glass off the table, brought it up to her lips, then paused and glanced at him over the rim of the crystal cup.

Draco forced himself to relax and smiled. He knew that his mother wasn’t being deliberately difficult; it was just that he didn’t like that particular cover story. The Prophet had blown the story entirely out of proportion. The Minister for Magic was, of course, grateful for the additional and free publicity of the event. However, to Draco, his dance with Harry had been just that, a dance. He wished the press would say the same about it, but instead, they insisted on going on about their bespoke suits and dress robes as well as the music. Draco thought the article ridiculous, and the five pictures that accompanied it were a complete waste of precious print space.

Sure, the dance had been a unique and intimate moment between his partner and him, but that was precisely why he hated the idea of seeing it splashed across every single newspaper in Wizarding Britain. The fact that even a few international columnists had picked up on the story irked him even more. Harry found the whole thing rather hilarious and was entirely unbothered by it which unnerved Draco quite a bit. It wasn’t that he didn’t have a thick skin, he couldn’t get past the farcicality of it all.
“What do you feel when you look at the photograph?”

Draco wasn’t quite sure why he’d asked the question; he wasn’t overly curious, but on some level, he did want to know.

Narcissa’s expression instantly softened, and her warm smile surprised him.

“What do you know what I see when I look at those photographs of you and Harry dancing?”

Draco took a sip of his cappuccino; then a shook his head.

“Tell me.”

“I see two people who are so absolutely in love with each other, that looking at you both hurts in the most beautiful way possible. I see someone who truly loves my son. I see someone who cherishes you deeply and wants to protect you with everything he has. I see someone who wants to put you first; someone who wants to spend a lifetime loving you, Draco, darling. And I see those very same emotions on your face, reflected right back at Harry. Call me a sentimental old romantic, but to me, that was the first dance at a wedding.”

Draco straightened up so abruptly that he spilt half of the contents of his coffee cup over his trousers, and promptly started choking on the breath of air, he’d just inhaled. Coughing into the palm of his hand, he abandoned his coffee on the table and reached for a napkin to dry his soaked trousers.

His mother’s sudden and unexpected remark had flustered him entirely, and he could feel his cheeks burn. They’d undoubtedly turned crimson, though this time it wasn’t because he was embarrassed, but because he’d managed to clog up his airways with a breath of air of all things.

“Mother! What the actual fuck!”

Draco regretted his discomposed exclamation the moment the words had left his mouth. He watched the expression on his mother’s face change in the blink of an eye. It went from concerned to livid with anger in practically no time, and Draco shrunk in his armchair and hastily glanced around for an escape route.

There was none, and all Draco could do was to make himself that little bit smaller.

“Draco Malfoy!”

Narcissa’s voice boomed through her private parlour, and Draco desperately wished there was a spell that had the power to open up the grounds so that they would swallow him alive.

Alternatively, a time turner seemed of the essence right now. Anything to undo the spectacular way he’d just put his foot into his mouth. He had no idea what had made him say those words but, in his surprise, and shock, they’d jumped to the forefront of his mind, and he hadn’t been on guard enough to control his words.

“I will not stand for such vulgarity, especially not when you direct it at me. You are my son, and you are a Malfoy; I have raised you better than this. You are a renowned prosecutor in Wizarding Britain, courtesy of your talents and hard work, and this complete lack of sophistication and crudity is absolutely and utterly uncalled for.”

Draco tried to stammer out an apology, but his mother continued to lecture him on decorum, proper etiquette, and several dozen reasons why today’s society was vulgar, uncouth, and lacked a sense of delicacy.
Apparently, words such as ‘fuck’ were bringing about the slow demise and mental enfeeblement of the world at large, and while that was kind of funny, Draco couldn’t bring himself to laugh. A reaction like that was bound to be the final straw for his mother, and Draco was quite sure that in her current mood she wouldn’t shy away from drawing her wand and throwing a curse or two at him.

He highly suspected that his mother’s violent reaction was down to his lack of support about her desire to keep his and Harry’s most recent photographs close at hand. Still, by the time she finally fell quiet and reached for her tea again, Draco felt like he’d been put through the wringer several times over. He waited for several seconds of silence to pass between them, then cleared his throat and straightened his back.

“I’m sorry, Mother, I didn’t mean to speak to you like that. It was uncalled for and disrespectful. Please forgive me.”

Narcissa’s piercing glare caused goosebumps to break out up and down Draco’s arms, and he shivered.

Back at Hogwarts, he’d always fancied himself the Ice Prince of Slytherin. One condescending dark glower had always been enough to sent anyone, including his housemates, scrambling to run for the hills, but his skills were no match for his mother. She had practically invented the icy death glare.

Draco could only recall one other time when he’d seen her use that look. Back then it hadn’t been directed at him but her husband. It had been the night that his father had promised Voldemort that his only heir would take the Mark. Draco shuddered and hastily pushed the memory of that night into the darkest and furthest corner of his mind. That was the very last thing he wanted to think about right now.

“Really, Mother, I’m sorry.”

Draco apologised for the second time, and his mother’s expression softened marginally. The tiniest of smiles tugged at the corners of her mouth, and she relaxed back into the sofa and sipped her tea.

“You’re a fine young man, Draco, darling, and you shouldn’t speak like that. Especially not in front of your mother. I fancy myself a tolerant woman, but I draw the line at obscenities like that. If you want to curse, utilise the English language, my dear. Eloquence is power; tasteless swearwords are not.”

Draco nodded in silent understanding.

He was about to respond when the door to his mother’s private parlour opened and Harry entered the room and closed the door behind him. He’d left earlier to make a quick firecall, although since he’d been gone for the better part of an hour, whatever had needed resolving had taken much longer than Harry had initially anticipated.

Draco watched him take one look at them both, and his first response was to raise an eyebrow questioningly.

“Have you two been squabbling?” he asked.

Draco sighed, and lowering his head slightly; he toyed with the napkin in his lap.

Harry approached his armchair, stood beside it and placed a hand on the back of it.

“Care to enlighten me what happened in my absence? Do I need to act as a mediator?”
Draco lifted his head again.

He caught his mother’s roguish smile and knew that it would be up to him to confess his sins to Harry.

“Mother is displeased with me,” he said.

“And why is that?” Harry asked.

Draco swallowed a sigh.

“I used a bad word.”

Harry grinned.

There was a devilish sparkle in his eyes.

“Did you now?”

Draco nodded.

“Don’t make me repeat it. She’ll hex my head off.”

“Did it by any chance start with the letter F?”

Draco inclined his head to answer in the affirmative.

Harry chuckled with amusement, and Draco felt the strong desire to glare at him but swallowed the urge.

“In that case, I wholeheartedly support your mother. Such uncouthness needs to be punished. Narcissa, I apologise on behalf of my boyfriend. I shall take him home, wash his mouth out with soap and then put him over my knees. Rest assured, he’ll apologise profusely next time we visit to have tea.”

“Harry Potter!”

Draco only realised exactly how high-pitched his exclamation had been when both Harry and his mother placed their hands above their ears and grimaced. Biting down hard on his tongue, Draco swallowed his next remark and this time he didn’t hold back. He glowered at Harry and defiantly crossed his arms over his chest.

“You’re unbelievable. For the record, I already apologised twice, and instead of being a good boyfriend and having my back, you side with my mother and say that!”

“Aww, have I ruffled your feathers, my love?”

Harry’s teasing only served to make Draco scowl even harder.

When his mother chuckled in obvious amusement, he rather abruptly rose from his chair, stalked over to the large double-glazed French windows and turned his back on Harry and her.

“You are both utterly unbelievable,” Draco said.

He crossed his arms over his chest and continued to face the window, looking out of the grounds of Malfoy Manor.
“How so?” Narcissa asked.

“I can’t help it; you bicker like an old married couple. Don’t expect me to listen to that sort of entertainment going on in my house and keep a straight face throughout it all.”

Draco whirled around and glared daggers at his mother while Harry looked at him with a questioning expression.

“Harry and I don’t bicker like an old married couple, thank you very much, Mother.”

Harry’s snort made Draco redirect his dark glower at him.

“I hate to break it to you, my love, but when we bicker, we absolutely bicker like an old married couple. Your mother isn’t the first person I’ve heard that phrase from. Charlie and Caleb have both said it on several occasions. Ron said it, and every time I mention your name in Gin’s presence; she calls you my husband.”

Draco sighed.

He shook his head, and after a few minutes of quiet contemplation, he returned to the comfortable sitting area, although this time, he chose to sit down on the armrest right beside his mother. She reached up and caressed his cheek and smiled softly.

“Humour me, Draco, darling. I’m an old romantic at heart, and I want to see you happy and in love for the rest of your life, but if it’s too much too soon, I’ll keep quiet about it.”

Draco couldn’t help but smile.

“Don’t be silly, Mother, dear.”

He leant down and placed a tender kiss on her cheek.

“Aw, you’ve made up. All is well again.”

At hearing Harry’s comment, Draco turned his head.

“I’m not talking to you, Potter.”

“Oh?”

Harry raised a questioning eyebrow.

“Don’t act all innocent, you know why.”

“I’m afraid I don’t. Would you mind telling me?”

“I would. You’re the Director of the Auror Department, use your excellent deductive skills and figure it out yourself, Mr Potter, Sir.”

Harry laughed.

“Looks like somebody got up on the wrong side of the bed this morning.”

Draco made a purposefully incomprehensible remark and stubbornly continued to ignore Harry and all of his amusing attempts to get him to break his silence and talk to him.
An hour later, when they arrived back at Grimmauld Place, Draco was still in a huff or at least pretending to be, though he was confident that he wasn’t doing a good job at sulking away. This resolve was beginning to wear thin, and it was all Harry’s fault or at least he wanted it to be Harry’s fault.

Harry hadn’t done anything, and Draco wasn’t really mad, but at this stage, he wanted to get this own way just for the sake of it. Draco suspected that Harry knew that, he could read him like a book after all, but even if he’d seen right through his charade, Harry wasn’t letting anything on.

Instead, Harry was thoroughly charming, full of smiles, and he was lacing all of his responses with just the right level of cheeky sass. So far, Draco had hastily turned his head away trice to be able to hide a smirk, that he hadn’t been able to stop from pulling at the corners of his mouth. He was sure that Harry had noticed every single one of his slip-ups, but he was too much of a gentleman to let Draco lose his face, and Draco appreciated it. He enjoyed it a lot, and that made pretending to be mad at Harry for siding with his mother even more difficult than it already was. It was a petty little thing to hold a grudge over, and at this stage, it was his pride that pushed him to get his way rather than anything else.

Harry had just left the room, ominously announcing that he had a little surprise for him.

Not giving any further thought to Harry’s sudden departure, Draco picked up his favourite dark-green coffee mug and casually sipped on a lightly-roasted coffee from Guatemala.

After Harry had made and handed him his coffee, he’d curled up on the large and comfortable sofa in his and Harry’s living room. He stared into space and allowed his mind to slowly gravitate to whatever thought it wanted to contemplate.

Draco wasn’t sure how much time had passed, but by the time he had finished about half of his coffee, Harry called out to him from the doorway, announcing his return.

The moment Draco turned his head, his breath caught in his throat and any rational thought, he’d ever had, fled from his brain. His mouth fell open, and it didn’t matter how hard he tried; he couldn’t stop himself from staring.

Harry wore nothing more than a pair of worn, distressed light-blue jeans — it was his favourite pair. His feet were bare, which was nothing unusual, but the fact that he was topless was highly surprising. Harry didn’t usually make a habit out of walking around the house half-naked, and if he was, then he had an excellent reason for it.

This was the kind of outfit; Harry only wore when they played. He didn’t always wear the same one, but whenever he did, Draco’s mind went blank, and he had a hard time concentrating on anything, except perhaps Harry’s orders.

Slowly sweeping his eyes over Harry’s chest, Draco swallowed hard. Harry’s choice of clothing suggested impact play. That or Harry wanted to play with his ropes, tie him up, and use a plethora of decorative knots.

“Sir.”

The word fell from Draco’s lips like honey dripped from a wooden honey dipper, and he felt its vibrations surge down his spine and pool low in his groin. His heart skipped a beat, and the butterflies in his stomach fluttered, making him feel both nervous and excited at the same time.

Harry smiled.
He didn’t say anything.

He just smiled.

He also had that look in his eyes.

The look.

Draco melted and felt the intense urge to slide off the sofa and crawl across the room. He wanted to kneel at Harry’s feet and surrender every part of himself to Harry. The desire and need to do so was almost overwhelming, and Draco didn’t feel the slightest bit embarrassed about feeling this way.

Only Harry could make him want this with something as simple as a look. Sometimes, a smile or even an innocent touch was all it took to release his burning need to submit.

Without actually doing anything, Harry had broken down the barrier, Draco had built between them, and there was nothing Draco could do about that.

There was nothing he wanted to do about it.

The power Harry had over him was intoxicating. It was the sweetest kind of aphrodisiac, and it always drew him in. He couldn’t resist it, and he didn’t want to.

Moving his feet off the sofa and setting them onto the ground, Draco curled his toes into the shagged rug beneath his feet. He was about to lean forward and set his coffee mug down when Harry shook his head.

“No, my little prince, stay right there,” he said.

His voice was soft, but the authoritative undertone wasn’t lost on Draco, and he nodded mutely. He gently set his cup down on the low table in front of him and relaxed back into the sofa cushions.

Harry walked into the room, and with each step that he took, Draco’s breathing hitched a little further, and he felt his anticipation rise. He had no idea what Harry’s plan was, and he didn’t want to know. Not knowing what was about to happen never unsettled him, but always excited him.

With Harry, there was no reason to be apprehensive.

There was absolutely no way Harry would ever break their golden rule — if it’s not what you want, then it isn’t what I want.

Over the last two years, Harry had repeated that sentence so many times, that it was now etched deeply into Draco’s heart. He didn’t think he’d ever be able to forget it.

As Harry crossed the room, he moved his hand ever so slightly and levitated the coffee table further away from the sofa. He stopped right in front of Draco, and when he reached out to run his fingers through his hair, Draco instinctively closed his eyes and hummed in approval.

He felt Harry’s thumb press against his mouth and parting his lips; he allowed the digit to slip inside and place pressure on his tongue, effectively gagging him.

“Had your fun, my little prince?”

The question surprised Draco somewhat, and opening his eyes, he looked up at Harry and blinked. He wanted to ask what Harry meant but couldn’t respond.
“You know how I feel about your use of foul language. It’s unbecoming for a little prince such as you to be this uncouth. There’s absolutely no way I’d have taken your side, my love.”

Harry’s smile was more of a devilish smirk, and Draco wanted to glare at him, but he couldn’t bring himself to follow through.

“Still, I sense that you’re rather miffed and so I’ve decided that a bribe is in order, a little something to sweeten the deal.”

Draco swallowed and the pressure of Harry’s thumb against his tongue intensified. He wanted to ask about Harry’s intentions, but he also rather enjoyed the possessive way Harry had robbed him of his ability to speak freely.

“I think five of your favourite chocolates should do the trick, don’t you? And after that, if you decide that you want to be a good boy and talk to me again, we can negotiate about adding to the deal. I can think of a few things to sweeten it even further.”

At the mention of his favourite chocolates, Draco felt his mouth water, and he hastily swallowed hard. Harry slowly withdrew his hand and produced a small inconspicuous-looking white box. He removed the lid and removed a piece of chocolate, carefully holding between his wet thumb and index finger.

“Let’s start with a butterscotch walnut truffle,” he said with a smile.

He offered the chocolate to Draco, who willingly parted his lips and accepted the offered treat. He loved it when Harry towered over him like this and fed him. The gesture in itself was sweet and loving, but the domination behind it was intense and powerful, and Draco thoroughly enjoyed every second of it.

Biting into the soft chocolate, he savoured the butterscotch caramel and walnut cream and let out a soft moan when the sweet molasses just beneath the milk chocolate shell, mixed with all the other flavours. He hummed softly and looked up at Harry.

“Thank you, Sir,” he whispered.

Harry smiled.

“You’re welcome, my little prince? Would you like another one?”

Draco instinctively nodded, but Harry clicked his tongue and shook his head.

“No, my love, that’s not how this game works. You know the rules. If you want it, you’ve got to ask for it.”

Draco swallowed the last bit of his chocolate down and nodded in silent understanding.

“May I please have another chocolate, Sir?”

“Of course,” Harry said with a smile.

He lifted another piece of chocolate out of the small box. This one was a dark chocolate ganache sprinkled with red cocoa. Draco accepted it and let out a low moan of appreciation when he sank his teeth into the soft truffle, and an avalanche of flavours exploded in his mouth. He identified cinnamon, vanilla, and several exotic spices. The blend was perfect. The chocolate was sweet and spicy at the same time, and Draco licked his lips.
“Are you enjoying your sweet treats, my love?”

Draco nodded.

“Yes, Sir.”

He asked for a third piece, and Harry offered it to him. They continued to play their little game until Draco had finished the fifth and last piece of chocolate — a chocolate lava cake truffle with liquid fondant in a dark chocolate shell, and dusted with a light sheen powdered sugar.

“Still feeling put out, my little prince?”

Under normal circumstances, Draco might have considered answering that question with yes, but this wasn’t an everyday sort of situation, and he wasn’t feeling particularly sassy anymore.

“No, Sir.”

“Well, that’s perfect. A little bit of bribery always goes a long way, don’t you think so, my love?”

“Yes, Sir.”

Harry grinned in response to that.

“Is there anything else you would like, my sweet little prince?”

“A hug and a kiss?”

Draco posed the question tentatively but knew that Harry wouldn’t deny him that request. Physical contact wasn’t something Harry ever refused to give him. During proper playtime, he sometimes made him ask for it, or even wait for it, but otherwise, he always gave it freely and with wild abandon.

“Always,” he said.

Harry sat down on the sofa beside him, and Draco immediately shuffled as close as possible. He curled up against Harry, and wrapping his arms around him, he pressed his cheek to Harry’s bare chest, and closing his eyes, he focused on Harry’s steady heartbeat. Harry ran his fingers through his hair and kissed the top of his head, and Draco hummed softly.

“Your mother is right; we do bicker like an old married couple, you know.”

Letting out a low groan, Draco lifted his head and rolled his eyes at Harry.

“Not you too, please,” he implored.

Harry chuckled softly and pressed a kiss to his forehead.

“But I enjoy ruffling your feathers, my love.”

“Don’t I know it.”

“And you don’t mind.”

Draco wanted to object to that, but since it would be a lie, he kept silent and snuggled back into Harry’s embrace.
“Sweet little pet, I love you.”
Happy Anniversay

Chapter Notes

Another humble offering. After bringing back some of my favourite original characters, I decided I also need to bring back some Weasley love.

I know this is not everyone's cup of tea and not everyone agrees with the way I've portrayed them in this story, but at the end of the day, it's my story and the way I've written all the members of the Weasley family works best for my story, and I hope, that even if you have a different opinion on the characters, you can understand where I'm coming from.

I wonder if you're slowly able to work out where I am taking this story. Would love to hear your thoughts on this. Of course, I’m not going to confirm or deny anything but you’re welcome to let your fantasies run wild and if you want to share them with me, well, that’s even better.

Following popular demand, let us also welcome back Draco's famous diary entries.

Love,
Selly x

[...] I’ll be honest, as I always am when I write these entries, there was a moment when I thought I might be upset about the comment you made in front of Mother. But after thinking about it for a while, I realised I am not. I mean I could have freaked out about it, wondering and worrying what she thought of you telling her that you’d put me over your knee once we got home, but beneath it all, Mother does have a great sense of humour, and I know she understood it to be a joke. [...] 

[...] Sometimes I wonder what she’d think if she knew about the finer points of our relationship and sometimes, I can’t help myself but think she must have an inkling. I’ve never been especially obvious about submitting to you in front of her, but there are moments when what you do or say makes it impossible to resist letting that side of me show. It’s then that I ask myself whether she knows what we get up to in the privacy of our own home, and then I find myself grinning like a fool. [...] 

[...] Let’s not let her find out, though, OK? The way we have chosen to live our lives isn’t a dirty little secret, and I’m not ashamed of who I am or any of my preferences, but I do want to keep them private and between the two of us. For the most part anyway. Each time we play, and every time I submit to you, is unique and special. I don’t ever want to share any of those moments with anyone but you, Sir. [...] 

Amid all the chatter and laughter that reverberated around the marquee, filling the evening with happiness and love, the light and the clear chink of champagne flutes could be heard. It was a strange sort of combination, yet each sound complimented the other perfectly. Harry glanced around large and sumptuous tent; he’d helped erect earlier this morning and smiled softly.

The party buzzed with life and Harry couldn’t help but feel giddy with excitement. He squeezed
Draco’s hip gently and felt Draco shuffle beside him, moving just that little bit closer. There wasn’t a
gap between them, and Harry liked it that way. He didn’t mind the fact that they’d practically been
joined at the hip all evening. Ron had, of course, jumped at the chance to mercilessly tease them
about acting like newlyweds, but the playful jabs had done nothing to dampen Harry’s high spirits.
Tonight, was most definitely a good night, an excellent night indeed.

A few minutes ago, everyone had gathered around the dancefloor and the Wizarding DJ, George had
booked for the night, was currently blasting Celestina Warbeck’s *A Cauldron Full of Hot, Strong
Love*. It was Molly’s and Arthur’s favourite song, and after much persuasion, they’d finally stepped
out onto the dancefloor and were now thoroughly enjoying themselves, while everyone else clapped
along to the beat to encourage them to keep dancing.

Harry silently credited the two tumblers of Firewhiskey, he’d seen Arthur indulge in, and judging by
Molly’s very rosy cheeks, she’d had at least one glass of wine, if not more.

Arthur boldly spun his wife around, and she laughed heartily. Somehow, Fleur had managed to
convince her mother-in-law to literally let her hair down, and it whipped through the air as she
danced with her husband of forty years. It was their wedding anniversary, and everyone had
gathered in the Burrow’s back garden to celebrate the happy occasion.

Molly had, of course, put up a massive fight about having such an extravagant party, but Harry and
the rest of the family, including Andromeda, had overruled her reasonably quickly. According to
Arthur, that in itself was a historical family event, and Harry still chuckled every time he recalled the
murderous glower Molly had given her husband from across the room. Usually, it was her who made
the rules and told everyone what needed to be done, but just this once they’d rallied together to get
her to back down.

Hermione had planned the entire event, organising and order the catering, the flowers, the marquee,
and the round tables and matching chairs.

Fleur had taken charge of decorating everything and putting together the flower arrangements.

George had volunteered to book a band and DJ. He’d also organised the gifts for the guests,
although Harry highly suspected that Angelina had banned any and all of Weasleys' Wizard
Wheeze’s’ stock from making it into the gift bags.

Ginny and Andromeda had, under false pretences, of course, kidnapped Molly and taken her to get
fitted for a new dress.

Charlie had portkey’d over from Romania, with Liam in tow, and together they’d taken Arthur to a
tailor who’d taken measurements for a brand-new and very fancy three-piece Muggle suit.

Bill had volunteered to adjust the wards around the Burrow.

Draco had drafted the application for a sizeable wizarding gathering and Harry had rushed it through
the relevant Ministry departments, getting it approved in no time. He didn’t often use his fame or his
position as Department Head to get what he wanted, but if it was for a good cause, he did
occasionally make the one or other exception.

Percy and his wife had welcomed all invited guests at a designated Apparition Point just outside the
village of Ottery St. Catchpole. They’d chosen a somewhat secluded spot and secured it with plenty
of Muggle-repelling charms to allow for the sudden appearance of around one-hundred guests, some
dressed in rather peculiar-looking wizarding robes.
Ron had gathered up all the children, solicited the help of several friends, and they’d all floo’ed to Diagon Alley to enjoy cold treats at Florean Fortescue's Ice-Cream Parlour, and have lunch at the Leaky Cauldron. In the afternoon, he’d organised a magical sport’s fest in the empty field adjacent to the Burrow’s back garden, and by the time the guests started to arrive, all the children had been perfectly dressed and on their best behaviour.

Teddy had been the only one to refuse to tag along with everyone else, and after a long conversation with Harry, he’d confessed that he wanted to spend time with him and Draco at the Burrow instead of eating ice-cream and playing games. Unable to refuse Teddy’s request, for it had come with a pout that melted Harry’s heart, he’d declared his godson his right-hand-man and Teddy had positively blossomed after being allowed to stay back and help with the final preparations for the party.

“Harry?”

Draco whispered his name softly, and Harry turned his head at once, smiling at him.

“Hm?”

“If we last this long, if we’re fortunate enough to celebrate our fortieth anniversary, promise me, we’ll never lose this childish innocence. I believe it’s the foundation of love.”

Harry chuckled.

“There’s something fundamentally wrong with your request, my love,” he said.

Draco arched an eyebrow and gave him a pointed look. It was the kind of Malfoyesque gaze that practically screamed how-dare-you-question-my-words-Director-Potter-I’m-a-Senior-Prosecutor-for-the-Wizengamot, and it instantly made Harry grin widely. His amused reaction only furthered Draco’s annoyance although, and Harry was sure of that, most of it was simply carefully executed pretence.

“And what, pray tell, is wrong with it?”

Draco voice thickly dripped with sarcasm, and when Harry winked at him, Draco pulled a face that was one of complete and utter disdain; however, his features softened a moment later, and he smiled lightly.

“Just one word,” Harry said, then paused for dramatic effect. “Not if, Draco, my love, but when, because unless you’re planning to walk away, I fully intend to keep you for all eternity.”

Draco chuckled softly.

“Possessive.”

Harry grinned.

He squeezed Draco’s hip. His grasp wasn’t hard enough to bruise, not here and not now, but it was most definitely hard enough to for Draco to feel it.

“Always. You’re mine. And I promise I’ll whirl you around a dancefloor when we’re eighty, and our bones ache and crack with every spin we take.”

“Speak for yourself, Potter. My bones are in excellent shape. There’ll be no aching and cracking when I’m eighty. I’ll crawl with elegance.”
Harry laughed.

“A spanking perhaps to supply the aches and a good hard fuck to give your crack the attention it deserves?”

Draco wrinkled his nose.

“Crude, Director Potter, just crude.”

The flicker of amusement in Draco’s eyes gave him away. He was neither seriously offended, nor put off by Harry’s suggestion.

Leaning closer, Harry pressed a kiss to Draco’s lips. He lingered for a few seconds, then pulled back.

“A little bit of crudeness keeps the spark alive, my little prince. Now, and on an entirely different note, want to know what Molly said to me earlier?”

For a moment, Draco looked hesitant.

“Dare I ask?”

Harry chuckled.

“You dare, my love.”

“Why do I have the feeling that you’ll tell me no matter what I say?”

“Because you know I feel the unquenchable desire not to suffer in silence?”

Draco shrugged.

“Perhaps, you should. Payback for your earlier crudeness.”

“As if you're not excited about the fact that I’m confident we’ll still be hot for each other in forty years.”

Draco rolled his eyes.

“Our sex life is the very last thing I’ve complaints about.”

“Oh? Anything making you unhappy, my love?”

Draco nodded.

“Yes, the carpet in the downstairs hallway,” he said with an expression so severe that it momentarily sobered Harry up.

A second later, however, he was grinning again.

“What’s wrong with the carpet in the downstairs hallway?” he asked.

Draco sighed dramatically.

“Everything.”

Harry laughed.
“Change it then, you don’t need my permission to redecorate. Have at it. The only room that’s off-limits is the playroom, but I don’t need to tell you that.”

“Careful, Potter, issuing that sort of blanket approval is dangerous. You’re giving me decidedly too much power here.”

Harry smiled.

“No, my little prince, I’m not. We both know that if you abuse it and turn Grimmauld Place into a sort of Slytherin shrine, I’ll spank your gorgeous behind until it’s Gryffindor-red and you won’t be able to sit comfortably for a day or two.”

Harry positively delighted in the way Draco’s pupils dilated, and he swallowed hard. His Adam’s apple bobbed as he did so and with a thoroughly devilish glint in his eyes, Harry decided to take things a bit further.

“And do you know what makes that fantasy even better, my love? The fact that we both also know that you’ll love every smack of it and I’ll have you begging for more before I’m even halfway done with your punishment.”

Draco pressed his lips together, and Harry knew he was trying his hardest to hold back a soft longing sigh at the images he’d just planted in Draco’s head. Harry swiftly closed the small gap between them and kissed Draco. It was a lingering, deep kiss, and Draco hummed into it, silently expressing his approval of Harry’s kinky little fantasy.

When he pulled away, they both had to take a moment to regulate their breathing and the soft flush that graced Draco’s cheeks did unspeakable things to Harry. For a moment, he wished that they could make a run for it, apparate away from the Burrow and return home to play for a while. But this was Arthur’s and Molly’s special night, and Harry wasn’t about to disappear on them just to indulge his deviant imagination and have sex with Draco. There would be plenty of time for that later, and Harry had every intention of making sure of that.

Having noted his slight struggle with fantasy and reality, Harry was grateful for Draco’s quick reaction and focused entirely on the tight squeeze, Draco gave his hand.

“I believe you wanted to share something with me? Something Molly said to you earlier?”

Harry nodded.

He took a moment to settle his mind, then launched into a detailed recount of his and Molly’s earlier conversation, watching with amusement as Draco’s eyes widened steadily in complete and utter disbelief.

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**Flashback Start**

“Harry.”

Molly’s familiar voice instantly drew Harry’s attention. He wrapped his fingers around the stem of a champagne flute, and holding the glass steadily, he turned to face his adopted mother.

Her eyes sparkled with happiness, love, and hope, and Harry found it impossible not to let her intoxicatingly cheerful mood positively influence his own. She’d been smiling and laughing all day, and Harry loved seeing her like that. She looked younger than ever and her new dress, makeup, and
professionally-styled hair were only part of the reason she looked so good.

Molly Weasley was the kind of woman who always worried about everything and everyone, but for today’s celebrations, everyone had come together and they’d all taken care of everything she usually worried about. Somehow, having been given a day off and not having to potter about the place, thinking about a million different things all at once, had taken years off of her. Her wrinkles appeared much softer, and she seemed a lot more relaxed than usual.

Tonight, she wasn’t the dragon sitting at the head of the Weasley family table.

No, tonight, she was here to celebrate her wedding anniversary, and the fact that somehow, she had consented to her family temporarily relieving her of all her matriarchal duties was indeed a feat in itself.

Harry smiled at his adopted mother, then frowned slightly when he noted something about the look in her eyes. It wasn’t pronounced, but Harry had known Molly Weasley for about two decades, and he fancied himself rather apt at being able to foretell her moods. Knowing when or when not to approach Molly Weasley helped a lot when one wasn’t especially keen on getting an earful about something or other one had done.

Molly wasn’t the kind of woman who shied away from telling you exactly what she thought of your behaviour and even at nearly thirty years of age, Harry had a great deal of respect for the woman who had, without as much as batting an eyelid, accepted him as part of her family.

When it came to Molly, his preference for dominance didn’t matter. The fact that he had killed Voldemort and ended a war mattered even less.

His celebrity status in Wizarding Britain, along with being the Director of the Auror Department and the Assistant Director of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement wasn’t something, Harry thought about when he stood in front of Molly.

With Molly, he was just Harry, a thoroughly ordinary boy. Molly didn’t entertain any of his flights of fancy. He occasionally tried to test her boundaries — it was somewhat of a tradition among the Weasley offspring, and even Molly’s grandchildren were starting to do the same — in the end he always backed down and listen to reason. Molly didn’t expect her word to be the golden rule unless it came to house rules and family gatherings.

When it came to those things, nobody dared to mess with her, not even her husband. With everything else, all Molly wanted was for her children to listen. She was a smart woman and an excellent argument often managed to change her mind, but stubborn behaviour and sulky expressions hardly ever got you her attention. Although, it did often result in a whack around the head with a dishtowel.

Molly smiled in returned and mildly concerned, Harry instinctively knew that his adopted mother was about to say something he mightn’t necessarily want to hear. He inhaled deeply, took a small sip from his champagne flute, and inwardly braced himself for whatever Molly was about to say. What he wasn’t prepared for was Molly inquiring about his and Draco’s relationship.

“I trust all is well between you and Draco?” she asked.

Harry blinked.

For a moment, he was unsure of what she’d meant. He wasn’t aware of any unfavourable articles about him, and Draco in the tabloids and Molly knew better than to believe that sort of nonsense, even if the piece included photos that showed him and Draco walking down the street holding hands.
or even locked in a passionate embrace and sharing a kiss.

Knowing that prolonged silence was never an excellent response to one of Molly’s prodding questions, Harry forced himself to nod.

“Yes, yes, of course. Everything’s fine.”

Molly smiled, and Harry relaxed just a little bit.

“Why do you ask?” he wanted to know.

Molly shrugged.

“Motherly concern,” she said.

Harry didn’t believe her for one second, but he knew better than to question her outright.

“You needn’t worry, mum, everything’s is going great. We’ve no plans to kill each other in the immediate future, and Draco won the small discussion we had last week about changing the brand of tea we buy.”

Molly chuckled, and Harry gave her a lopsided grin.

Even though they both usually preferred coffee, Draco had been complaining about the brand of loose tea leaves, Harry had been buying for the last few years. Apparently, something was off with the taste of it, and Draco was thoroughly put out by the idea of having to drink the vile concoction. At first, he’d tried several different brewing methods, but nothing had elevated his foul mood.

Despite trying his best to engage all of his taste buds, to Harry, the tea tasted just fine, but the mere mention of that set Draco off and he’d start an epic rant that resembled the closing speech of a fake-lawyer in some American TV drama. The second time he went on a lengthy rant about the lack of inspection during the leaf-picking-process and every other step that followed after, Harry had felt the strong desire to pull the Dom-card; however, there was a time and a place for that and using the lifestyle to quench Draco’s unhappiness about something or other, no matter how small, wasn’t how one respectfully dealt with relationship problems, no matter how small they were or how ridiculous or trivial they might appear. That was one of Harry’s golden rules and he had no intention of breaking this one any time soon, or ever.

So, instead, he’d set aside some time for them both to go tea tasting and after a whole afternoon of trying out different types of black tea, and several pressing trips to the loo, they’d finally agreed on a new brand of tea leaves. Draco had, with a most gleeful smile, gifted the remaining tea leaves to his department’s newly-furbished tea room and tea leaves were no longer an issue at Number 12 Grimmauld Place.

“You two bicker like an old married couple, it’s quite entertaining,” Molly said with a shrewdly whimsical twinkle in her eyes.

“You’re not the first one to say that. Draco and I talk about anything. We communicate, and we’ve built a great deal of trust between us.”

Molly nodded in agreement.

“The most solid foundation of any relationship,” she said.

Harry smiled.
He agreed.

His and Draco’s relationship was built entirely on trust, open communication, and complete honesty. Those were the pillars they’d founded their relationship on, and he was immensely proud of the close bond they shared. Intimacy and sex were vital to them, and something they both indulged in often and with great abundance, but it wasn’t the most crucial aspect of their relationship. They both respected each other and Harry didn’t think Draco’s desire to submit to him and follow his lead made him weak. If anything and he still reminded Draco of that quite frequently, he felt it was a testament of Draco’s strength and character. Draco was comfortable with who he was, and so relaxed that he willingly let go and handed the reins over to Harry. It was a gift, Harry truly treasured and he made sure to tell Draco as often as possible.

*Thank you, my little prince* — five simple words were all it took to turn Draco’s world upside down and produce the most beautiful blush Harry had ever seen in his entire life. The look in Draco’s eyes was the kind of look that repeatedly made Harry fall in love with Draco.

“I’m pretty sure that you’re not concerned about the state of my relationship, Molly. You have the eyes of a hawk; you know everything is fine.”

“Do I?”

Harry wasn’t entirely sure how to handle Molly’s wicked smile. It wasn’t something one saw often, and Harry couldn’t help but wonder whether Molly had, perhaps, taken a few too many liberties with her favourite sherry earlier today.

“We both know you do.”

Molly laughed.

It was a hearty, amused sort of laugh.

“Cheeky, Harry, cheeky.”

Harry shrugged.

“It’s true, though.”

“Well, since you’ve seen right through me and my charade, I might as well come right out with it.”

Harry grinned.

“You might as well.”

He took another sip from his drink but made a point to swallow quickly, lest Molly’s next words caused him to choke.

They would have done.

“What are your plans for making an honest man out of that handsome boyfriend of yours?”

Harry’s first response to the question was to grip his champagne flute so tightly, he worried that the delicate glass was going to burst in his grasp. His second response was to try his best to suppress an embarrassed cough.

“I hadn’t actually thought about that,” he said.
It was a blatant lie.
He’d thought about it.
He’d even told Draco that he’d thought about it.
It had been this on his birthday a little over a year ago.
They’d been in Draco’s childhood bedroom on the top floor of Malfoy Manor, curled up in each other’s arms, trying to recover from an intense scene and the high, Harry had taken them both to.

“You should, Harry, you really should.”

“Are you telling me that Draco and I should get a move on and get married?”

Molly nodded.

“Essentially, yes.”

Harry groaned.

“Mother,” he sighed. “It’s been a little over two years—”

“Plenty of time to realise whether the boy’s the one or not. And don’t you mother me, young man, it’s always been mum, although I only hear it once in a blue moon from you.”

Harry wasn’t quite sure whether Molly was giving out to him about the fact that he didn’t call her mum nearly often enough or whether she was happy that he did so at all.

“We live together. What’s the rush? As far as I can tell, Draco isn’t going anywhere, and neither am I.”

“If you’ve already established that neither one of you is going anywhere that doesn’t include the other, you may as well just make things official, Harry.”

You just want to plan a wedding, Harry thought. The words were on the tip of his tongue, but he bit it harshly and swallowed the sassy remark right down. While Molly wasn’t currently in possession of a dishtowel, he had no doubt that she would likely find or summon something else to whack him over the head with.

“Have you been talking to Draco’s mother?” he asked instead.

Judging by the look on Molly’s face, that question wasn’t any better than what he’d actually been about to say, and Harry wondered whether he could get his hands on a time-turner right about now.

Molly frowned at him.

“No. Why? Should I?”

Harry quickly shook his head.

“No, no matter. Forget I ever said anything.”

“Young man—” Molly started but broke off.

She looked at him for a moment or two, then her expression softened. With a smile, she reached out
to squeeze his forearm.

“Forgive me, Harry. I said to myself I wasn’t going to be pushy, yet that’s exactly what I’m doing. You and Draco are absolutely perfect for each other. The first time I’ve ever seen you truly happy and at peace with yourself was when he walked back into your life. There’s something about him that’s good for you, and it makes me want to see you together forever. I just want all of my children to be happy.”

Harry blinked furiously and told himself that he wasn’t going to cry in front of Molly Weasley at the celebration of her fortieth wedding anniversary, but he couldn’t entirely stop his eyes from filling with water. They stung, and he blinked harder, then shook his head and embarrassed, he quickly looked away.

“He’s perfect, mum, in every sense of the way.”

Molly responded by pulling him into a motherly hug, and he instinctively wrapped his arms around her, hugging her tight.

“Don’t muck it up, Harry, my boy.”

“I won’t, I promise.”

“And do me the honour of marrying him before they call me from behind the veil, won’t you? I want your mother to see you on your wedding day, and I’ll gush about it for all eternity.”

That was it, Harry’s floodgates opened, and although he tried to swallow down the giant sob that threatened to slip past his parted lips, the thick, massive lump in his throat made it impossible to do so.

Molly hugged him a little tighter and patted his back, offering silent comfort. After a minute or two, Harry resolutely pulled away. He gladly accepted the cotton handkerchief, Molly conjured for him, then he turned away and discreetly dried his eyes.

When he looked back at Molly, she was smiling brightly, and he couldn’t help but do the same.

“I’m sorry, Harry, I didn’t mean to turn this into such an emotional moment. Tonight’s celebrations have already been quite touching, I’m afraid it’s made me a bit sentimental.”

Harry chuckled.

“Only a smidgen more so than usual, mother,” he teased.

Molly gave him a pointed look.

“Don’t you—”

“Seriously, Mrs Weasley, I’ve said it like a million times tonight, and this is all you care about?”

Molly cringed.

“Mrs Weasley, that’s even worse,” she said with a noticeable shudder.

Harry laughed.

“I promise you, I won’t let Draco go. Well, not if he doesn’t want to leave, in any case.”
Molly smiled.

“That’s my boy. Now, if you’ll excuse me, I must find my husband before he decides to escape into his shed.”

As Molly turned and walked away, Harry quickly downed the rest of his champagne, then turned back to the bar and ordered a double Firewhiskey neat. He needed something to calm the nerves. Everything about his conversation with Molly screamed surreal, and Harry discreetly pinched himself. A part of him was absolutely convinced he’d imagined the entire thing.

Flashback Finish
A knock on his office door pulled Draco right out of scrutinising a large pile of witness statements in preparation for a new case and lifting his head off the paper, he glanced at the clock on the wall.

It was eleven-thirty in the morning, and to his knowledge he wasn’t expecting anyone, but that didn’t have to mean anything. Unannounced visitors were a regular occurrence.

“Come in.”

As he called out to whoever stood outside his office door, he stood up and smoothed out his black prosecutor’s robes, flicking a stray speck of dust off his left sleeve.

The door opened, and to his surprise Andromeda walked in.

Behind her, Teddy dragged his feet. He was terribly pale and had turned his hair into an awful shade of mouse-grey. Draco suspected that it had been a burst of uncontrollable underage magic. Teddy was getting better at managing his Metamorphmagus powers, but because of his age, a lot of the changes to his physical appearance were directly connected to his mood and general wellbeing.

“Andromeda!”

Draco greeted his aunt with a smile as he stepped out from behind his massive mahogany desk.

“Draco, dear. I’m so sorry to come by completely unannounced—”

“Nonsense.”

Shaking his head, Draco cut her off instantly. The last he wanted to listen to was an unnecessary apology.

“What’s the matter with Teddy?” he asked, concerned.

“He threw up at school, and they got in touch, telling me to come pick him up. I suspect it’s an ordinary stomach bug, but the poor fella is absolutely miserable. I’ve a meeting with Kingsley in twenty minutes I absolutely can’t get out of, and I tried to find Harry, but he’s not in his office. Would you mind—”

Draco held his hand up, silencing his aunt for the second time in as many minutes.
“Harry’s up in Glasgow for the day, he left before dawn this morning. Leave Teddy with me, I’ll look after him,” he said without having to think twice about his words.

Strangely enough, he felt entirely at ease with the fact that he’d just offered to look after Harry’s sick godson, who also happened to be his little cousin.

Before Harry and he started dating, the mere idea of having to look after somebody else’s child would have scared the life out of him, but Teddy was family, and this was obviously an emergency. There was absolutely no way he would turn Andromeda away, adding to her stress.

“Are you sure?” Andromeda asked.

Her anxiousness was distinctly noticeable, and she looked slightly conflicted.

“I’d floo him over to the Burrow, but I don’t think he’s in any fit state for that, and I’m not risking apparating him there.”

“Andy. For Salazar’s sake, stop fussing. I’ll look after Teddy; he’ll be fine with me.”

“I know it’s a bit of an inconvenience—”

“Don’t be daft.”

Draco dismissed his aunt’s concerns straight away, and shrugging his prosecutor’s robes off, he folded them neatly and placed them over the backrest of the empty visitor’s chair in front of his desk. He gave Teddy a warm smile and taking a step forward, he gently combed his fingers through his cousin’s hair.

“You’re OK staying with me, aren’t you, little man?”

Teddy shrugged listlessly.

“Sure, Uncle D,” he mumbled.

Teddy’s low-spirited response was a stark contrast to what he was usually like. He was outgoing, bubbly and loved to laugh. Now, he was just a very sick and miserable boy.

Draco still passionately hated whenever Teddy called him that, but he swallowed his displeasure at the way his cousin had butchered his name, and wrapped his arms around Teddy instead, enveloping him in a gentle hug.

It still amazed him how quickly Teddy had taken to him, but in the short time they’d known each other, they’d practically become the best of friends.

Granted, Teddy still clung to Harry any chance he got, but he didn’t mind spending time with his older cousin, and they often did stuff together and usually had the best time. What with Teddy being poorly, Draco suspected having fun wasn’t very high on his to-do-list, but he was sure he’d be able to find something to entertain Teddy with. Perhaps, sleep was all he needed and wanted.

Andromeda asked once more whether he really didn’t mind looking after Teddy for the rest of the day. Although Draco had a massive pile of files to get through for an upcoming trial, he lied straight through his teeth and told her that he was free and very much capable of taking care of Teddy. She looked at least half-convinced and pulling Teddy into a squishy hug, she kissed his forehead and left, pulling the door closed behind her.
Once alone with his cousin, Draco crouched down, and cupped Teddy’s cheeks, tenderly holding his cousin’s face in his hands. Teddy was the epitome of misery, and Draco felt his heart crack a little in his chest. It lurched painfully as if somebody had purposefully dislodged it from its usual place.

“How are you, little man?” he asked.

Teddy responded with a dry retch and a thoroughly pitiful expression.

Without a second thought, Draco summoned his coffee mug, vanished its contents and transformed it into a bowl, which he thrust in front of Teddy.

A few minutes later, it became apparent that Teddy’s stomach was empty and that no amount of retching would produce any more than vile-tasting bile.

Draco disappeared the foul-smelling contents of the bowl, and making a mental note to purchase a new mug for his office, he gently wiped Teddy’s face and offered him a bit of freshly cooled water from a carafe that always stood on a small table beside his desk.

“That better?” he asked.

Teddy nodded and gingerly climbed onto the chair in front of his desk and curled into a small ball of misery.

“My tummy hurts,” he mumbled.

Draco sighed.

“Best get you home, huh? Sitting in my office while I work isn’t going to help you get better. Just give me a couple of minutes to gather a few things, and we’ll be on our way.”

“We aren’t going to floo, are we?”

Teddy looked at him with pleading eyes and Draco’s already-cracked heart, twisted painfully in his chest.

He shook his head.

“No, little man. Apparition is out, too. I think we’ll take Muggle transport.”

Teddy’s eyes sparkled a little, although it was barely noticeable.

“The tube?” he asked.

Draco stopped sorting through the files on his desk and looked at his cousin.

“Do you want to? I thought a taxi might be faster.”

Teddy appeared to consider the two options for a while, then shrugged.

“Taxi, I suppose,” he said.

Draco nodded.

He bent over the side of the desk and pulling one of the larger drawers open, he dragged a leather briefcase out of it and kicked the drawer shut again. The bag, which he hardly ever used, came with a handy expansion charm as well as a lightening charm. It made it very handy to transport documents
between Grimmauld Place, the Manor, and the Ministry.

After a few minutes of gathering up all the documents he needed, and stuffing them into the briefcase, Draco was ready to leave. He took Teddy’s hand, informed his secretary and his legal assistant that he’d be working from home for the rest of the day, and dispatched an inter-departmental memo to Harry’s office to let him know that Teddy was poorly and at home with him.

They existed the Ministry through the visitor’s entrance and managed to get a taxi rather quickly. Draco checked to ensure that he had enough money, advised the driver of where to take them and then sat back. Teddy curled up on the seat beside him, looking thoroughly unwell and Draco gently caressed his pale cheek and combed his fingers through Teddy’s hair.

It didn’t take long for Teddy to fall asleep and when they pulled up in front of Number 13 Grimmauld Place, Draco had to carry his cousin out of the car. He somehow managed to get Teddy inside Number 12 without dropping the sleeping child or his briefcase. Not bothering to discard his shoes in the hallway, like he usually did, Draco merely put his bag down, then carried Teddy straight through and into the living room.

There, the gently placed him on the sofa, divested him off his shoes and summoned a blanket to keep him warm. He also eased a pillow underneath Teddy’s head and checking one last time that his cousin was comfortable, Draco left the room and headed down the small flight of stairs and into the kitchen.

He washed and dried his hands, then looked around the room and sighed.

“Coffee first,” he mumbled.

Less than ten minutes later, Draco leant against the kitchen worktop and sipped on a double espresso. He finished it quickly enough and cleaning the small cup, he left it out to dry, then headed back into the living room to check on Teddy. He was still sleeping peacefully and smiling down at him, Draco nodded to himself, turned on his heel and returned to the hallway to take his shoes off.

Moving them to the shoe rack inside the walk-in closet near the front door, Draco levitated his briefcase into the living room, then returned to the kitchen to make himself a sandwich. He wasn’t especially hungry, and with Teddy being so unwell, Draco didn’t see the point in cooking anything. He suspected that once Teddy woke up, he’d probably ask for a slice of dry toast.

Beyond it could get late, I’m sorry, my love, he didn’t know when exactly Harry would be back, and it was still too early to contemplate what to prepare for tea. Pottering about the kitchen, Draco helped himself to two slices of crunchy brown whole-wheat bread and topped them with some soft-ripened and creamy Bleu de Bresse. He also brewed a pot of coffee and cut up a medium-sized carrot.

Once everything was ready, Draco set the kitchen table for himself, then checked in on Teddy. Since his little cousin was still fast asleep, Draco made his way back into the kitchen and ate there, browsing through an interrogation report, he’d retrieved from his briefcase. He took his time to finish his light lunch and left the dirty dishes sitting on the table while he continued perusing the file and summoning a pen, he made a few side notes for future reference.

At around one pm, Draco finally rose from the wooden chair, stretched and yawned and carried his empty plate to the sink, where he washed it and left it sitting in the dish drainer to dry. He refilled his coffee mug, and gathering up the beige case folder and all of its contents, Draco left the kitchen and returned to the living room.

As he walked in, Teddy rolled onto his back, stretched and slowly opening his eyes, he looked at
Draco with a thoroughly sleepy expression.

Draco smiled at once.

“Hey there, little man. Feeling a bit better yet?”

Teddy hummed, rolled onto his stomach, and buried his face in the pillow. He stretched again, then lay on his side and pulled the blanket up to his chin.

“Can I watch a bit of telly?” he asked.

His voice sounded a bit raspy and full of sleep and walking over to the sofa, Draco set his coffee mug down on a coaster and placed his case file next to it. He sat down on the sofa and ruffled Teddy’s hair affectionately. Teddy’s lips curled upwards and into a soft, sleepy smile.

No surprise Harry is absolutely smitten with you, Draco thought, it’s so incredibly easy to fall in love with you. Teddy was utterly perfect, and out of all the children that usually chased each other around the Burrow at every family gathering, he most definitely was Draco’s favourite. Whenever Harry didn’t tease him about being intentionally biased, he liked to commend him for his excellent taste, and the memory of that conversation always made Draco smile. Teddy loved Harry more than anything, and Harry loved his godson just as much, if not more.

Whenever Draco watched the two of them interact, he couldn’t help but fall in love with both of them. Theirs was a tender relationship made out of unconditional love. Even though Teddy was officially an orphan, having lost both his parents in the war, Harry always found new ways to ensure that Teddy knew he was loved, wanted, and cared for. In return, Teddy, despite his young age, had a great deal of respect for Harry and wanted to spend as much time as possible with him. He was a bright young child, and he possessed a very rare and unique brand of magic. He was also curious and incredibly witty.

Teddy was due to start his magical education at Hogwarts next year, and Draco knew for a fact that Harry hated the idea of accompanying his godson to King’s Cross and putting him onto the Hogwarts Express. Teddy living with his grandmother and visiting every other weekend was one thing, Teddy spending most of the year up in Scotland roaming about the corridors of a medieval castle and learning how to wield a wand was a different thing altogether.

“What would you like to watch?” Draco asked.

He was conscious of the fact that he’d allowed his mind to wander a bit and therefore still owed his cousin an answer.

Teddy shrugged.

“Dunno, something funny.”

Draco chuckled.

“Alright then, something funny it is. Now, I don’t think daytime television will be all that entertaining, but I’m sure we’ll find something suitable for you.”

Draco summoned the TV remote from the mantelpiece and switching the television on, he zapped through a few channels until Teddy eventually demanded to watch The Last Unicorn, an animated musical that had just started on one of the kids’ channels. He shuffled on the sofa and moving closer to Draco, he curled up beside him, boldly claiming Draco’s thigh as his pillow, and using the large blanket to cover the rest of him.
Ruffling Teddy’s hair, Draco followed the film for a few minutes, then shifted a little, and put the remote control down on the coffee table in front of him. He reached for his case file and summoned his briefcase, then leafed through the documents and was about to skim over another interrogation report when Teddy rolled onto his back and looked up at him.

“Uncle D.”

Inwardly, Draco cringed. Outwardly, he smiled.

“Yes, Teddy?”

“Why do Muggles make films about unicorns. Aren’t they magical creatures?”

Draco chuckled.

“Ah yes, they are one of the wizarding world’s worst-kept secrets. Muggles believe unicorns to be magical creatures, but most of them have never actually seen one. Muggle children think they are real, adults think they only exist in fairy tales.”

“Have you ever seen a unicorn?”

Draco nodded.

“Yes, they are stunningly beautiful. Unicorns are so precious, looking at them will simply take your breath away. You know, my great-great-grandmother kept a few unicorns on a secluded pasture in the forest near Malfoy Manor. She loved those creatures and would spend hours with them, petting them and telling them stories. Unicorns prefer a woman’s touch, so they didn’t mind having her around. When I was young, I spent hours begging her portraits for stories about the unicorns.”

“Did you have a favourite story?”

Draco smiled.

“Yes. My great-great-grandmother once witnessed a unicorn birth. When a unicorn foal is born, it is pure gold in colour and looks strikingly similar to a horse.”

“Completely golden?” Teddy asked, his eyes wide and curious.

Draco nodded.

“Yes. They remain that way until they’re about two years old, then they turn silver. At around four years old, their horn starts to grow, and it takes about three years for it to grow out fully. Once that has happened, they turn a shade of pure white. It’s so bright that it makes freshly-fallen snow look grey.”

“Are there still unicorns in the Forbidden Forest.”

“I believe so, yes. But don’t you get any ideas, young man. Harry will have my head if I encourage you to venture into the Forbidden Forest in search of a unicorn. Besides, I’m pretty sure that your Care of Magical Creatures professor will cover unicorns in his class. They are exactly the kind of animal Hagrid would include in his curriculum.”

“What about Hippogriffs?”

Draco groaned.
“What sort of bees has Harry filled your bonnet with now?”

Teddy frowned.

“What do you mean?”

Draco chuckled.

“Nothing, Teddy, nothing. I’m sure Hagrid will cover Hippogriffs as well. I wouldn’t be surprised if he talks Charlie into showing you all a real-life dragon.”

Teddy grinned.

“I can’t wait to go to Hogwarts.”

“You’ll have a blast, I’m sure.”

Teddy abruptly fell silent. He turned his head to look at the TV and a few minutes of silence past between them, then he looked back up at Draco.

“Uncle D, I’ll miss Harry. And you. Will you both come to visit like every week?”

Draco smiled and combed his fingers through Teddy’s hair. It was still mouse-grey in colour, but it didn’t look quite so lifeless anymore.

“I’m not sure we’ll manage to come up every week, but we’ll visit. There’s nothing that’ll stop your godfather from seeing you, Teddy, you know that.”

“But what about you? Will you visit too?”

“Do you want me to?”

Teddy nodded vigorously.

“Please.”

“If you want me to come and visit, I absolutely will. But you have to promise me something.”

“What?”

“You must be a good boy. Make loads of friends, study hard, and don’t get into any trouble. If Madame Pomfrey firecalls to say you had some sort of accident, you’ll give Harry a heart attack.”

Teddy grinned.

There was a mischievous sparkle in his eyes and Draco pointedly swallowed a sigh.

“If I get in trouble, will Harry visit more often?”

Draco considered the question for a few seconds and tried to think of an appropriate way to answer it. The answer, of course, was yes, but since he didn’t want to encourage Teddy, Draco decided on a mature response.

“No, but Nana Tonks will.”

Teddy grimaced a face.
“I’d rather not. I mean I love Nana Tonks, but she’s seriously scary when she’s angry.”

“You won’t want to meet Nana Cissy then.”

“Nana Cissy is your mother, right?”

Draco nodded.

“Right.”

He’d spoken to both Andromeda and his mother a few times, trying to entice both sisters to bury the hatchet and meet up and while both of them were willing to let bygones be bygones, Draco could tell that both women were a bit scared of being in the same room with each other. He’d spoken to Harry about it, and he’d suggested organising a dinner here at the house but so far, they had yet to work out the logistics of that particular dinner party. Harry had jokingly suggested that they invite Molly as well, and Draco had nearly whacked him around the head for uttering such complete nonsense. He didn’t think that those three women should ever be in the same room with each other, at least not without about one hundred other people to act as buffer and barrier.

“Is Nana Cissy very strict?” Teddy asked, dragging Draco away from his thoughts again.

“Yes and no. It depends. She can be a lot of fun too. If you want, I’ll take you to meet her one of these days, and you can find out for yourself.”

“Can Harry come too?”

Draco smiled.

“Of course. We can all have tea together next Sunday if you like. Actually, maybe you can help me convince Nana Tonks to come too.”

“I think I can do that.”

Draco winked.

“Perfect.”

Teddy turned his attention back to the film on TV, and for a while silence settled around them. Draco went back to perusing his work-related files and a good half an hour past until Teddy scrambled off the sofa and left the room to visit the loo. When he returned a few minutes later, he asked for a slice of dry toast, and they both headed into the kitchen, where Draco suggested that Teddy take a stomach-settling potion first. Since the tonic was somewhat bitter, Draco added two teaspoons of sugar, mixed it carefully, and then prepared some toast for Teddy.

He allowed his cousin to eat his late lunch in front of the TV in the living room and afterwards, they chatted a little more about Hogwarts. Teddy wondered which house he might end up in, and upon enquiring, Draco found out that Teddy didn’t want to be sorted into Gryffindor. He suggested Slytherin, but Teddy pulled a face and said that he wasn’t particularly fond of snakes. Draco chuckled and eventually eased Teddy’s worries by telling him that the Sorting Hat would find a suitable fit for him and that he needn’t worry about it.

Sometime after that conversation, Teddy fell back asleep and napped for a little over an hour. After waking up again, he asked for another slice of toast and Draco went into the kitchen to make it for him while Teddy dashed upstairs and into his room to fetch his colour pencils. Draco retrieved a few blank pages of parchment from Harry’s study and Teddy settled on the shaggy rug at Draco’s feet
and quietly humming to himself, he began to draw on the paper.

Draco watched him for a while, then turned his attention back to his work and skimmed over several extremely dry and overly wordy interrogation reports. They were so dull that Draco’s eyes started to feel heavy, and yawning, he resolutely dragged himself into the kitchen to brew a fresh batch of coffee.

When he returned with a full pot of steaming hot coffee in his left hand and his favourite mug in his right hand, Teddy was still on the floor in front of the coffee table, quietly colouring and drawing.

He’d drawn a castle on a hill and while it looked nothing like Hogwarts for Teddy had never seen the castle, it was still pretty impressive. Harry was adamant that Teddy should wait until his first day to see Hogwarts since he wanted his godson to have that moment of pure awe when Hagrid took the first-year students across the Black Lake.

Draco smiled to himself. Nearly twenty years had gone by since he’d first seen Hogwarts, but even though he’d downplayed it at the time to appear cool, he’d been thoroughly excited.

Moving a bit closer, Draco could see that Teddy was using a pencil to reaffirm some of the outlines of what appeared to be a ghost yet wasn’t quite that. Teddy had drawn a little man with wickedly slanted eyes. He was dressed in loud, outlandish clothes including a bell-covered hat and an oversized rather ridiculous-looking bow tie. The not-quite-ghost had wild bushy black hair and an obnoxiously large nose.

Draco set the pot of coffee down on the table and ruffled Teddy’s hair affectionately.

“You know, that looks a bit like Peeves,” he said.

Teddy looked up from his parchment and grinned.

“That’s the poltergeist at Hogwarts, right?” Teddy asked.

Draco nodded.

“Harry’s been telling you stories, I assume.”

“And Nana Tonks. And Nana Molly. And Granddad Arthur.”

Draco chuckled.

“Just don’t listen to Uncle George or Uncle Ron.”

Teddy pulled a face.

“Harry says that too,” he said. “But he won’t tell me why?”

Draco lifted his coffee mug to his mouth, inhaled deeply, and then took a few small sips.

“And neither will I.”

Teddy’s pout almost made him reconsider, but he remained firm and shook his head, even when his little cousin pleaded with him to divulge some of the secrets his godfather clearly refused to share with him. Shaking his head, Draco crouched down beside Teddy and shuffling into a kneeling position, he drew his wand, lightly tapped the parchment in front of Teddy and mumbled an incantation.
The poltergeist on the parchment began to move, and a speech bubble with the word BOO appeared beside his head while his mouth repeatedly made an o-shape.

Teddy giggled softly and putting his pencil down, he lifted the parchment off the table and admired his now animated drawing closely. When he brushed his fingers over the poltergeist, it flinched and grimaced, then laughed.

“It’s ticklish!” Teddy exclaimed.

“It would appear so,” Draco said with a smile.

“How did you do that?”

Teddy’s excitement was evident, and his hair colour changed from mouse-grey to a very light shade of brown.

Draco grinned and shook his head ominously.

“Not telling. Professor Flitwick will teach you when you start your charms lessons next year.”

Teddy looked at him with a massive pout that actually melted Draco’s heart, but he remained stout. There was really no point in teaching Teddy the incantation. He didn’t have a wand just yet and wouldn’t be able to practise the spell anyway.

“You and Harry are so mean; you won’t ever teach me any magic.”

Teddy put the parchment down and crossed his arms over his chest.

Draco chuckled.

“I’ll teach you something else. Something a lot more useful. You’ve heard about Peeves, right?”

Teddy nodded.

“Well, he isn’t a huge fan of rules. He never disobeyed Professor Dumbledore when he was still alive, and he does usually, albeit reluctantly, listen to the other professors and agrees to stay out of their classrooms when they’re teaching. The only person, well ghost, who really knows how to control him is the Bloody Baron, but Slytherin students know a little secret that none of the other houses ever discovered.”

Draco winked, and Teddy’s eyes lit up like a Christmas tree. He clapped his hands in excitement.

“Tell me!”

Draco laughed.

He leant closer, and even though the two of them were the only ones in the room, he whispered a short phrase into Teddy’s ear.

“Did you get that?”

Teddy nodded his head quite vigorously.

“I did.”

“Remember it well. If Peeves ever gives you trouble, you just tell him that, and he’ll leave you
alone.”

“Does Harry know?”

Draco shook his head.

“Nope, your godfather has no clue. Peeves used to love giving him trouble.”

Teddy grinned.

“I don’t think I’ll tell him.”

Draco chuckled and put his coffee mug down. He hugged Teddy and kissed his cheek.

“Our little secret,” he whispered.

Teddy snuggled into him, and for a little moment, they simply sat together on the floor, embracing each other. Draco felt oddly content and at home. Taking care of Teddy wasn’t an unwanted chore, and it didn’t feel tedious either. It just felt right. Harry loved telling him that he belonged right here with him and Draco couldn’t stop thinking that whenever Teddy came around to spend a weekend with them, they were the perfect little family. Perhaps not in the traditional sense, but in their own unique way, they were a family. Harry wasn’t only Teddy’s godfather, no, he was also a father figure. He most definitely loved spoiling Teddy, but he also took his parental responsibilities rather seriously.

On paper, Harry was, along with Andromeda Tonks, Teddy’s legal guardian and in the eye of the law, he had all the rights any biological parent had. There were only two reasons why Teddy lived with his grandmother; she didn’t work, and her house was closer to Teddy’s primary school and the Burrow. Draco knew that Harry would love to have Teddy stay with him fulltime, but Harry’s job made that virtually impossible and at this point in time quitting wasn’t an option. Still, Harry made every effort to find time for Teddy, and it was one of the many things that Draco loved about him.

Harry never ignored the people and the things that were important to him and had a special place in his heart. He scheduled his time accordingly and painstakingly made an effort to put everyone he loved and cared about first.

While his work governed a lot of his time, including some of his personal time, he made a point to make his loved ones the precious gift of being there for them. Harry wasn’t the type of person who placed importance on how many galleons he had in his vault or what material things he could purchase with all the money he had at his disposal.

He certainly cared about his outfits and good food as well taking a well-deserved holiday to recharge his batteries, but those were things he’d earned for himself, and they were completely justifiable. It was also one of the many things Draco loved about Harry and their relationship. Harry never ignored him or made him feel unwelcome. He invested his time and his love into the relationship to ensure it continued to blossom and in return, Draco did the same.

It was one of the many reasons why they worked. Besides their solid foundation, they simply enjoyed spending time together, and no matter how busy life got, Harry found ways and means to arrange playtime, time for romance, family time, and time for each of them to do whatever they needed to do to recharge their own batteries.

“Uncle D.”

“Hm?”
Draco snapped out of his thoughts.

He looked at Teddy and grinned.

“You have such a goofy smile on your face right now.”

Draco chuckled.

“Do I?”

Teddy nodded.

“Yes. Can I ask you something, Uncle D?”

“Always.”

“You really love Harry, don’t you?”

Draco smiled.

“What makes you ask that?”

Teddy shrugged.

“Just curious.”

“I see. Well, if you’re that curious. Yes. I really do love Harry. He’s wonderful.”

Teddy nodded with great enthusiasm.

“Harry’s bloody fantastic.”

Draco grimaced and clicked his tongue.

“Just because Uncle Ron loves using ‘bloody’ every two seconds you don’t need to do the same, young man,” he chided.

Teddy blushed a little and chewed on his lower lip.

“Sorry, Uncle D.”

Draco ruffled Teddy’s hair and kissed the top of his head.

“It’s alright. Sometimes it’s OK to use the one or the other bad word, but be careful who hears it. Some people are easily offended, and others don’t like it at all.”

“’K. I’ll be more careful.”

“Good boy.”

Draco reached for his coffee and taking a few sips, he took one of Teddy’s colour pencils, a black one, and doodled a broomstick and a flying Snitch in one of the corners of the parchment. The broomstick flew around the castle, and the Golden Snitch whizzed around Peeves’ head. The poltergeist tried catching the flying ball but ended up stumbling over his own feet instead.

Teddy chuckled, then abruptly turned his head and asked a question that had Draco nearly choke on his coffee.
“Are you going to marry Harry?”

Draco coughed and spluttered into his mug. He swallowed a mixture of spit and coffee, set the cup down on a coaster, and summoning a tissue, he wiped his mouth.

“Whatever makes you ask me that?”

Teddy shrugged.

“You said you love Harry. He always says he loves you. People who love each other get married…”

Teddy trailed off, scrunched up his face in thought and looked somewhat concerned.

“I know you’re a man, and Harry is a man, uhm, does that mean you can’t get married? Is that why you only live together?”

Draco wanted to smile, but the question was so damn serious, and Teddy was still so damn young yet so utterly world-smart that Draco couldn’t help but take his cousin seriously.

He smiled.

“We can get married. There’s no wizarding law that stops two wizards or two witches from marrying each other. There has never been such a ban, and there will never be such a ban.”

“Phew, that’s good, because I think I’d have to have a word with Uncle Kings if that was the case. Everyone should be allowed to get married if they want to.”

Draco laughed then abruptly turned his head in surprise when Harry’s imposingly deep and beautifully full laugh filled the room.

“Coming home from a long day in the field to find my two favourite boys sat on the floor, talking about marriage equality has got to be the best thing to ever happen to me!”

“HARRY!”

Teddy was on his feet, flying through the room faster than Draco could get up. Deciding not to bother, he simply remained sitting on the floor and leaning back against the sofa, Draco watched as Harry stepped into the room. He caught Teddy in the nick of time, lifted him up and twirled him around the room, then showered him with kisses and hugged him tightly.

With Teddy’s limbs tightly wrapped around his torso, Harry walked further into the room, crouched down beside Draco and leant in to give him a kiss which Draco, rather willingly, reciprocated. It was a rather tame kiss, but Draco relished in it anyway.

“You said you’d be back late,” he said quietly.

Harry sighed and stretched his legs out.

“Glasgow was a bust. Got back early, found your note and came straight home. What happened?”

“Teddy got sick at school, and Andromeda had a meeting with Shacklebolt and couldn’t look after him. Figured he’d be miserable at the office, watching me work, so we took a taxi home. He napped, had some food, watched a bit of TV and we did some colouring.”

“Sounds like my two favourite boys had a great time together. Thanks for doing this.”
Draco smiled.

“You are family,” he said with a sheepish grin.

Before Harry could respond to that, Teddy piqued up and instead excitedly shared his opinion.

“You are two dorks in love!”

Draco failed to suppress his laughter and snorted, and Harry turned his head and raised an eyebrow at his godson.

“And who taught you to say that?” he asked, injecting a bit of an authoritative undertone in his voice.

Teddy blushed.

“Erm…”

“Yes?”

“Uncle Charlie said not to say that,” Teddy mumbled under his breath.

Draco nearly collapsed in a fit of laughter and Harry rolled his eyes at both of them, then sighed.

“Fantastic, I come home to find that my boyfriend has gone insane and my godson has turned into a parrot and repeats every single inappropriate thing his uncles teach him whenever he hangs out at the Burrow.”

“Harry,” Teddy said with a pout.

“Can you make Spaghetti Bolognese for tea tonight?” he asked, changing the topic yet again.

Harry instantly shook his head.

“Absolutely not. If you’ve been sick this morning then you can have plain porridge, plain rice or a banana and apple mix, or more toast, but most definitely no Spaghetti Bolognese.”

Teddy pulled a face.

“Not fair,” he said with a sullen expression.

Harry grinned.

“Yes, fair. You get over that stomach bug of yours first and then we’ll talk—”

Teddy opened his mouth in an attempt to protest, but Harry simply placed a single finger over his godson’s lips and silenced him that way and Draco watched and smiled to himself.

“Your protest is of no use here, Teddy Lupin. For now, I make the rules.”

“Hmpf, I like Uncle D better.”

Teddy continued sulking and scrambling off Harry’s lap, he crawled into Draco’s and threw his arms around him. Draco returned the unexpected hug and immediately clarified that he wouldn’t be persuaded to cook Spaghetti Bolognese either.

Teddy merely shrugged.
“I still like you better.”

Harry looked at them both and shaking his head, he got to his feet.

“You two are the perfect pair, I’m going upstairs to have a shower. Any chance I might find tea on the kitchen table when I come down again?”

Harry raised one eyebrow at Draco in a silent question, and Draco nodded.

“I’ll whip something up. Any special requests?”

Harry shook his head.

“Nope, anything you put on the table will do, I’m starving. Thank you, my love.”

“Not a bother.”

Harry placed one hand on the coffee table and leaning down, he kissed Draco on the lips, then ruffled Teddy’s hair.

“I’ll be about half an hour,” he said and left.

Draco looked at Teddy, squished his face and grinned.

“Will you help me cook tea for Harry?”

Teddy nodded.

“Yup.”

“Great, let’s go.”
A Family Heirloom

Chapter Notes

The plot thickens, or doesn’t it?
I can’t believe how many of you went crazy over discovering that I’m posting a sequel and I’m utterly floored (again!) that you’re willing to go on another rollercoaster ride with me and the lads. THANK YOU so much for all your love and support. You are all absolutely freaking amazing and I don’t know what I’ve done to deserve so much love. Thank you, thank you, thank you.

Love,
Selly

“Draco?”

Narcissa’s crisp, soft voice drifted through Malfoy Manor’s vast library, and Draco reluctantly dragged his attention away from the large, weighty, scholarly tome. He’d heaved down from one of the upper bookshelves in the hope to find a few more details about an old pureblood wizarding law in it, but so far, he hadn’t had any luck yet.

He placed the Eagle feather pen, he’d been toying with, on top of some blank parchment and lightly ran his fingers along the quill’s vane. At first glance, the pen looked like any ordinary wizarding quill but was a perfectly non-magical writing utensil. He’d come across it in a fancy Muggle Pen Boutique on a recent shopping trip to Notting Hill with Harry. The Muggle quill had been on display in the shop’s window, and it had instantly caught his attention. It came with a refillable cartridge that rendered always keeping an open inkpot around unnecessary.

“Hm?”

Verbally acknowledging his mother’s presence, Draco turned around and smiled at the tiny blank kitten, his mother had recently adopted. She’d apparently found it in one of the old stables inside the barn on the far side of the grounds. Upon his arrival earlier today, it had followed him from the Manor’s entrance hall all the way into the library. His mother had named the kitten, a female, Nightshade, although Draco preferred to call it Black Fluff, if only because it made his mother frown.

Black Fluff Nightshade Malfoy was presently curled up on a stack of old books in the top right corner of Draco’s reading desk but stirred and blinked sleepily when her new mother approached. It stretched, yawned, licked its right front paw, wiped it across its nose, then curled up and went back to sleep.

“A moment of your time, if you please?”

Draco nodded.

“What’s the matter?” he asked.
Narcissa produced a rather fragile-looking black velvet-covered ring box and gently placed it on the desk before him. It had been embroidered with the Malfoy family crest, and even though the ring box was old, the expensive silver embroidery thread still gleamed brightly in the reading lamp’s warm light. Draco suspected the thread had been charmed.

“It belonged to your great-great-grandfather on your father’s side. Lucius was supposed to give it to you on your seventeenth birthday, but what with the war and his arrest that never happened. I dug it out of our family vault at Gringotts, took me half a day to find it, and had it adjusted to fit you and polished.”

Draco smiled softly at his mother and reaching for the ring box, he carefully lifted its lid and found himself looking at a beautifully sparkling silver signet ring. It, too, bore the Malfoy family crest.

Years ago, when he’d attended Hogwarts, his father had given him a copy of his own signet ring. With it, Lucius had officially named him as the one and only Malfoy heir.

After the war, Draco had, in a fit of white-hot rage, tossed it into the angry foaming waves of the North Sea on his way out of Azkaban. Back then he’d barely been able to see through the tears streaming down his face. It had been just after his father had renounced him as his son for being gay.

Ever since that day, Draco had wanted nothing to do with any family heirlooms, Malfoy signet rings, or any other piece of jewellery that reminded him of his father or his status as the only living male heir of one of the oldest pureblood wizarding families in Europe. So far, his mother had respected his reluctance to wear anything that evoked the memory of his father.

Although Draco wasn’t exactly pleased to see the ring, he couldn’t bring himself to feel vexed over his mother’s tentative request. In the last decade, she’d made no other demands and accepted him for who he was and whom he loved. His happiness was more important to her than pressuring him into getting married and continuing the family line.

Draco gently touched his left index finger to the ring. It was cool to the touch, and even though he was slightly wary of putting it on, he couldn’t sense any hidden magic embedded within the classic piece of family jewellery. While that didn’t have to mean anything, he trusted his mother not to present him with a cursed Malfoy signet ring. Then again, he didn’t think there was any curse strong enough to turn him straight, charm him into marrying a beautiful pureblood witch, and father a child with her.

“It’s beautiful,” Draco said quietly.

His voice wasn’t much louder than a whisper, but it didn’t have to be.

He rose from his chair and wordlessly enveloped his mother in a tight embrace. Draco was much taller and stronger than her, and at first, she squeaked in surprise, but then she relaxed into his impromptu embrace. She wrapped her arms around his waist and snuggled into him. They stood like this for a minute or two, then Draco pulled back and smiled at his mother.

“Thank you,” he said.

He leant in and placed a tender kiss on her right cheek, and she giggled.

“Charmer,” she said.

A faint blush graced her cheeks, and Draco winked at her.

“They teach that at the academy for gay wizards and lesbian witches.”
Narcissa rolled her eyes, and although she tried to suppress it, she still snorted with amusement. She took a moment to collect herself, and once she had, she smoothed out her dress and reached for the ring box.

“Will you wear it?”

Draco chuckled.

“Of course, I will, Mother,” he said.

He took the ring out of the ring box, admired it from several different angles, then allowed his mother to slip it onto the third finger of his left hand. He found it a bit odd that she'd chosen his wedding ring finger instead of his index finger but decided not to point particular minuscule matter out to her.

“So, does this now make me the Master of the Manor?” Draco asked cheekily.

Narcissa responded with a pointed look that spoke volumes.

“Draco, darling, you cannot be the Master of Malfoy Manor if you don’t live here.”

Draco chuckled.

“Point taken. As much as you’d love to have me around more, I don’t think anything will ever convince Harry to give up living in London and move to Wiltshire. You’ll have to content yourself with regular visits and a longer stay during the summer months.”

“Such is the plight of motherhood.”

Draco rolled his eyes.

“It’s hardly a plight, Mother,” he said, and she smiled in response.

“Admittedly, with you, it isn’t. Have you found what you came to look for?”

Draco shook his head.

“Not yet.”

“I shall leave you to it then. Will you join me for tea in the winter garden later?”

“I'll try my best, although you might have to come and remind me. Once I get lost in the research, I forget everything around me.”

Narcissa’s understanding smile warmed Draco’s heart, and when she reached out to squeeze his forearm, he placed his own hand on top of hers. She glanced down at his signet ring, and her smile grew tenfold.

“It suits you, Mr Malfoy,” she said.

Draco shuddered, then frowned.

“Please don’t use that form of address ever again, Mother.”

She smirked.

“I’ll try and resist. Is there any point to me firecalling Harry to invite him over for tea?”
Draco shook his head.

“He took a Portkey to Romania this morning to discuss something with Charlie. I doubt he’ll be back in time.”

“I see. Well, just the two of us then, nothing wrong with that.”

Draco nodded in silent agreement.

“That reminds me. How do you feel about meeting Teddy Lupin?”

“Harry’s godson?”

Draco inclined his head.

“And your sister Andromeda’s grandchild,” he said.

He noticed his mother’s slight flinch at the mention of her estranged sister but refrained from pointing it out to her.

“I’ve been telling him about Nana Cissy, and he’s rather excited to meet you.”

“Nana Cissy?!” she asked, properly cringing at the nickname.

“All the ways you could have chosen to get that child to address me and you come up with Nana Cissy. I’m not sure whether I should be offended or—”

“You should humour me,” Draco said, cutting his mother off.

Narcissa frowned in response.

“I told him your name was Narcissa, he decided to call you Nana Cissy—”

“And you, of course, didn’t think it necessary to correct the child.”

Draco shrugged.

He ignored his mother’s stern look and attempted to woo her with a sweet and innocent smile instead.

“There might be some truth in that last statement,” he said.

“Didn’t I know it!”

Draco grinned.

“You’ll love him.”

Narcissa chuckled.

“Bring the boy along whenever you want to, Draco, darling. I don’t mind in the slightest. The sooner, the better, it’ll be a good reminder for me to get over myself and get in touch with my sister. I want to try and see if we can call a truce. There’s so much history and bad blood between us, but I think Andromeda and I are both mature enough to try and put the past behind us.”

“Believe it or not, a while back, Harry and I talked about organising a dinner at the house for you and Nana Tonks—”
“Nana Tonks?” Narcissa interrupted with a somewhat disbelieving expression.

Draco raised his hands in mock surrender.

“Teddy calls her that.”

In response, his mother rolled his eyes.

“Sweet Mother of Merlin,” she said with a sigh. “That child…”

“Is the funniest child you’ll ever meet, Mother. I swear, it won’t take more than five minutes for you to fall head over heels in love with him. He possesses a strange sort of magic, it makes him instantly likeable. And I’m not talking about him being a Metamorphmagus.”

“It’s not magic, Draco, it’s a child’s innocence. There’s nothing quite like it, it’s virtually irresistible. It’s why I never quite managed to be properly mad at you whenever you turned the Manor upside down.”

Draco rolled his eyes.

“I was a very well-behaved child,” he said.

Narcissa laughed heartily.

“Yes, you just keep believing that, Draco, darling. I shan’t distract you any longer, but I wholeheartedly support the idea of you and Harry organising a reconciliation dinner. I leave the planning in yours and Harry’s capable hands and promise to be on my best behaviour throughout. Restoring friendly relations with your estranged sister while in the company of the Head of the Auror Department and a hotshot prosecutor is the best incentive to encourage a successful outcome.”

This time, it was Draco’s turn to laugh. He leant in and placed another kiss on his mother’s cheek, then shooed her away. She gave him a pointed look, but turned and crossed the room. At the door of the library, with her hand already on the handle, she turned and looked at him.

“Just this once, I’ll let you boss me around, Master Malfoy,” she said, and before Draco had the chance to react to her blatant teasing, she slipped through a gap in the door and was gone.

As if on cue, Black Fluff Nightshade Malfoy woke from her slumber, stretched luxuriously and jumped off the reading desk. With her tail pointed straight up and the tip of it curled, she strode towards the door and squeezed through the tiny gap, his mother had left behind for her.

Draco shook his head.

He glanced down at the signet ring on his finger, twisted it a little, then sat back down and resumed his research.

A few minutes later, a house-elf appeared in the library and served him a bottle of lemon-infused cooled water and a cup of cappuccino. Draco thanked the elf, and after it had disappeared, he brought his coffee up to his lips, smiled, and thanked his lucky stars for his mother. She was, despite all her oddities, a real treasure and one he could not imagine ever living without. Even at nearly thirty years of age, he couldn’t imagine a life that completely excluded his mother. He loved her too much for that to ever be a possibility.

Harry took Draco’s left hand into his own, lifted it up, and inspected the Malfoy signet ring that now
adorned the third finger of his left hand carefully.

“It suits you,” he said.

He turned his head sideways, looked at Draco, and holding his gaze, he smiled softly.

“My gorgeous little prince.”

Draco’s cheeks coloured a little in response to the compliment. They always did whenever Harry used his pet name. With it came a certain kind of intimacy that they both found irresistible.

Harry shuffled a little closer, and throwing his leg over Draco’s thighs, he propped himself up on his elbow and leant down to place a kiss on Draco’s gloriously soft lips.

The night was still young, but Harry didn’t care. He’d happily spend all day and all night in bed with Draco with his arms wrapped around his perfect little prince. There was nothing better than spooning around Draco, holding him tight and feeling him curl into the embrace. Harry’s possessive and protective sides thrived on being close to Draco. It felt like getting high on the sweetest yet most addictive drug the world had on offer.

Upon his return from visiting Charlie in Romania, he’d found Draco reclining in their bathtub upstairs. After a long day of research, he’d decided to treat himself to a luxurious soak with aromatic essential oils, a glass of red wine and some relaxing music playing in the background. Harry hadn’t been able to find fault with that. He loved spoiling Draco, and he loved it when Draco indulged in things that made him happy. Everyone deserved a bit of pampering every now and then.

Draco had looked so thoroughly inviting that Harry had simply stripped naked and climbed into the bath with him. He hadn’t even waited for an invitation. Once he’d settled behind Draco and pulled him into his arms, he’d proceeded to snog him senseless, and after their long bath, he’d been very tempted to take Draco up to the playroom but conscious of the fact that Draco had indulged in a large glass of red wine, he’d taken him to bed instead. Draco had been more than happy to remain naked and very willing to spend the evening snuggling in bed.

They’d both had a long day, and both felt tired, but not tired enough to sleep. Harry was feeling a bit mischievous, too. He kissed Draco again and trailing his fingertips along the side of Draco’s neck, he smiled softly.

Draco parted his lips ever so slightly, and the tip of his perfect pink tongue appeared. He ran it along his lips, wetting them and Harry caressed his cheek.

“You look stunning tonight,” he whispered.

Draco hummed softly, and Harry kissed him again.

He let his hand trail along Draco’s collarbone, and down the length of his arm. When he reached Draco’s hand, he toyed with those delicate long slender fingers, he loved so much. He squeezed Draco’s hand lightly, then slowly pulled it up and out from beneath the light blanket, he’d dragged up around them a little while ago when Draco had confessed that he felt a little chilly. He placed Draco’s arm on the pillow above his head, and Draco didn’t move it and didn’t object to him taking charge.

Before climbing into bed, Harry had put on a pair of black boxer briefs and a matching t-shirt, but Draco was still completely naked.

After they’d climbed out of the bath and dried each other, Harry had asked him not to put any clothes
on, and Draco had, rather willingly, complied with his request, and when Draco had suggestively
crawled onto the bed and curled up beside him, it had taken Harry several minutes to scrape the
remnants of his sanity back off the floor. He still wasn't sure whether he'd managed to glue all the
pieces back together. Draco had the uncanny ability to make him lose all of his bearings just by being
himself and showing him how comfortable he felt in his own skin.

“Sir.”

One whispered word was all it took for Harry to fall apart again and lifting his head a little, he looked
down at Draco and held his gaze for the longest time.

“I’m yours if you want me.”

Harry swallowed hard and hummed. That invitation was one he could not resist.

“I’ll always want you, my little prince,” he said.

His voice was warm, soft, low and husky with a reassuring undertone.

In response to that, Draco dragged his other hand out from underneath the blanket and placed it
above his head. He did so entirely out of his own volition and without Harry prompting him to do so.
The submissive gesture caused Harry’s heart to skip a beat, and he claimed Draco’s lips in a very
possessive kiss. There was only one reoccurring thought running rampant inside his head, *this man's
mine, mine, mine.*

“You’re divine, absolutely divine,” he whispered.

Draco mewled softly and blinked at him.

His cheeks flushed further.

Up until now, a light shade of pink had graced them, but it became a lot more pronounced. Harry
was thoroughly addicted to watching Draco blush. It always took his breath away, and there was
next to nothing he could do about stopping that reaction. Then again, he had no reason and no desire
to try and control the way his body and mind reacted around his perfect little prince.

Draco’s silvery-grey eyes were dark with anticipation and full to the brim with love and trust and
desire. Harry’s heart melted into a pile of completely useless goo, and the butterflies in the pit of his
stomach fluttered madly and with a ferocious sort in intensity that set the rest of his body on fire.

He captured Draco’s lips in yet another kiss.

This one was quite possessive and passionate in nature, and when he pulled away, Draco was
slightly breathless, and his pupils had dilated a little further, making his eyes appear almost black.
Harry caressed his flushed cheeks, teased his fingertips down Draco’s neck and without breaking
their eye contact, he drew an ancient rune onto Draco’s chest and murmured an incantation to
activate it.

When he dragged his fingers an inch closer to Draco’s nipples, Draco gasped, and his eyes widened.

Harry smirked.

“You know the spell, my little prince, don’t you?” he taunted.

Draco nodded.
“Ready to let me have some fun?”

Draco blinked.

“Yes, Sir,” he whispered, slightly breathlessly.

Harry set out to explore Draco’s chest with just his fingertips and his nails, and except for Draco’s nipples, he teased every inch of it.

Draco gasped and shuddered and keened softly. Harry could feel his entire body come alive and he’d barely done anything to make Draco fall apart. Well, he’d cast a sneaky little spell. One that amplified the sensations of his touch, but that was about all he’d done, yet Draco’s breathing was laboured, and his eyes had turned completely black and burned with intense desire, devotion, and the need to submit even further.

A few moments later, when Harry finally grazed Draco’s sensitive nipples with his fingertips, his gasps turned into a low, drawn-out moan, and Harry smiled.

“Feels good, doesn’t it, my little prince?” he asked.

Draco nodded and licked his lips.

“Yes, Sir.”

“Good, because I’ve no intention of stopping any time soon,” Harry said.

He purposefully made Draco aware of the fact that he was in for a whole lot of teasing.

Draco inhaled sharply and just as he did, Harry squeezed and twisted his left nipple. The spell intensified the pressure, and the pain and Draco gasped and arched his back a little. He didn’t draw away from the exquisite sensations of pain but rather pushed into it, wordlessly showing Harry that he wanted more, craved to remain on that sweet, fine line that ran between pain and pleasure, a line that was rapidly blurring and slowly disappearing altogether.

He moaned, and Harry repeated the action a second time and then a third.

After that, he paused and covered Draco’s chest with kisses. As he did so, he slowly worked his way to Draco’s right nipple, and instead of squeezing and twisting it, he flicked his tongue over it, licked it and then bit it hard.

“Ngh!”

Draco’s exclamation filled the room, lingered, and Harry smiled against his nipple.

He dragged his lips up to Draco’s mouth and kissed him deeply and with fervent enthusiasm.

As he wound his tongue around Draco’s, he rolled on top of him, straddled his hips and pinned his hands into the pillow above his head. He could feel Draco’s arousal press against the inside of his thigh and grinding down on it, he claimed all of Draco all at once.

Harry took his sweet time and dragged the kiss out until they’d both run out of oxygen and his lungs burned, demanding fresh air. He pulled away, breathed deeply and watched Draco do the same, then ran his hands along Draco’s arms, over his chest and down to his hips. Squeezing them, he shuffled and settled between Draco’s legs, pushing his thighs apart as he did so and causing a delicious burning sensation as he spread Draco open for his own viewing pleasure. He dragged his fingernails
over the inside of Draco’s thighs and delighted in the low deep groan that left Draco’s mouth.

“Let’s see how much teasing you can take before you start begging, my little prince.”

Harry whispered his promise into his and Draco’s dimly-lit bedroom and watched Draco’s eyes widen in response. He gasped and licked his reddened, kiss-swollen lips in silent anticipation.

It was just the sort of encouragement; Harry was looking for, and he proceeded to use his hands to torment Draco in the best possible way. He simply used them to caress every inch of him, although from this moment on Harry avoided touching Draco’s nipples and he never once went anywhere near his cock or his balls. The closest Harry came to touching it was when he repeatedly dragged his nails over the inside of Draco’s thighs. He left distinctive red marks behind, and when he told Draco how beautiful he looked like this, Draco moaned, shuddered and arched his back, silently begging for more, more, more.

In response, Harry peppered Draco’s milky-white skin, with kisses and left several bite marks behind. He sucked at the skin on Draco’s neck until it turned purple and did the same to the inside of Draco’s upper arms, his sides and his thighs.

“Please, Sir, please,” Draco begged.

Judging by the hungry and pleading look on his face, he was clearly unable to take much more of Harry’s teasing, and Harry smirked.

“Please what?” he asked, deliberately pushing Draco to be more concise about what it was he obviously wanted.

“Please, just, please, anything.”

“I think what I’m doing to you right now falls into the category of anything, my sweet little prince.”

“Ngh, Sir, please, just—”

Draco trailed off and inhaled deeply.

“What is it you want, my love? You know all you have to do is ask. If you ask nicely, and I believe you will, I’m unlikely to turn your request down.”

Harry teased his fingertips up and down Draco’s torso, and Draco moaned softly in response to the light touch, and Harry marvelled at how easily and willingly Draco came undone for him. It was a reaction Harry refused to take for granted. He cherished that openness between him and Draco and it often gave him pause.

“Please touch my cock, Sir, please.”

Harry smiled.

“What a good boy you are, my little prince, using please and Sir to ask for what you want. How could I possibly deny you when you’re this perfect?”

Draco mewed softly, and when Harry told him, in a low, whispered voice, to open his eyes and look at him, he did so without hesitation.

As their eyes locked, a genuinely precious smile tugged at the corners of Draco’s mouth, and Harry’s heart instantly skipped a beat.
“I love you.”

The words left his mouth before he’d actively considered saying them aloud.

Draco’s smile widened.

“I love you too, Harry.”

Harry captured his lips in a fiercely dominating kiss, and as he toyed with Draco’s tongue and teased and chased it, he let his hand slip between their bodies and wrapped his fingers around Draco’s cock, squeezing it lightly. Draco was hard, and his cock felt heavy and hot. The head was damp with precome, and Harry ran his thumb over and around it, then pumped the entire length.

Draco moaned into their kiss and arched his back, wanting more, and as he did, a positively devious idea crept into Harry’s mind.

He let go of Draco’s cock, and breaking away from the kiss, he summoned a bottle of his favourite lube from the top drawer if his nightstand. It flew into his outstretched hand and flicking the cap open, he smirked at Draco, who was panting heavily but looking at him expectantly.

Harry coated his hand with a generous amount of lube, cast a very subtle warming charm on the silky-smooth liquid and wrapping his fingers around Draco’s cock, he slowly stroked it, deliberately keeping his pumps light and teasing.

Draco gasped and sucked in a large amount of air, then slowly exhaled. A tremor surged through him, and Harry placed his other hand on the inside of Draco’s thigh. He dragged his nails over the sensitive, already-marked skin and twisted his lubed fingers and palm up and down the length of Draco’s cock. It pulsed in his hand, and Harry applied a bit of pressure.

“Are you going to be good for me, my little prince?”

“Yes, Sir.”

Draco sounded breathless.

His response was more of a panted breath of air than actual words.

Harry smiled.

“Are you going to let me play with you until I’m ready to let you come?”

Draco whimpered softly, then nodded.

“Yes, Sir.”

“And are you going to ask for permission before you come, my love?”

“Ngh. Yes, Sir. Always, Sir.”

“Such a good boy, hm, you’re perfect tonight, my love, absolutely perfect.”

Harry’s praise resulted in Draco blushing a deep shade of red. He gnawed at his bottom lip and dragging it into his mouth, he worried it with his teeth but stopped when Harry clicked his tongue in silent disapproval. Instead, he let out a soft gasp and a moan when Harry, once again, simultaneously pumped his cock and dragged his fingers up and down the inside of Draco’s thigh.
He took his sweet time but eventually, Harry had Draco begging him for more. He pleaded to be allowed to come and instead of granting him permission, Harry removed his hand from Draco’s cock and gave him a few seconds to cool down.

Once Draco felt a little more like himself, Harry squired a bit more lube onto his hand and toying with Draco’s balls, he massaged them gently, squeezed them lightly and then pressed his thumb against Draco’s perineum, causing him to buck his hips and beg for more.

“I’ve barely started playing with you, and you’re already this desperate, tsk, tsk, my love, you’ll have to do better than this if you want tonight to have a happy ending.”

Draco moaned and whimpered, and his eyes fluttered open and closed.

“Please, Sir, please,” he begged.

“Please what?”

“Please don’t tease?”

“I’m not, I’m just taking my time with you.”

Draco let out a low groan and Harry let his slick fingers slip past Draco’s perineum and closer to his hole. He teased the tight ring of muscle and Draco begged him for more. Instead of giving him more, Harry returned to pumping Draco’s cock, bringing him within inches of the point of no return.

When Draco started pleading for his orgasm, he stopped once again and resumed teasing Draco’s hole. This time, he teased for as long as it took for him to be able to breach the tight muscle and slipping a finger inside, he let it slide in and out of Draco.

“Feels good, doesn’t it, my little prince?”

“Yes, Sir, yes, it feels so good. Please don't stop.”

Harry twisted his finger a little and brushing against Draco’s prostate, he started to stimulate it but stopped when it got too much for Draco to bear. He returned to lavish Draco’s cock with his attention and brought him incredibly close to a third almost-orgasm.

Draco’s moan mixed with his desperate pleas for more and without removing his arms from above his head, he wound his fingers into the pillow cover and squeezed it so tightly that his knuckles turned white.

“OK, my love? Can you take a little more?”

Harry stopped for a moment to check in with Draco, and leaning forward, he braced himself on his right hand and looked down at Draco, who looked up at him and gave him a breathless nod.

“Yes, Sir. All green,” he whispered.

Harry nodded.

“Can you do one more?” he asked.

Draco moisturised his lips with the tip of his tongue, then nodded.

“Yes, Sir.”
Harry smiled.

“My perfect, brave little prince, I’m so proud of you.”

He gave Draco another few minutes to calm down a little more, then ensured that both his hands were slick and dripping with lube. He wrapped one hand around Draco’s cock and slipped the other between his arse cheeks and slowly sliding two fingers inside of him, Harry curled them a little and pressed against Draco’s prostate.

Draco keened and setting an even rhythm, Harry pumped his cock and fingered him.

It didn’t take long for Draco to start pleading again, but Harry merely smiled and shook his head.

“Not yet, my love,” he said.

“Ngh, please, Sir, please.”

“No, not yet. Be good for me and hold on.”

Harry remained firm, but because he was feeling devious, he twisted his hand around Draco’s cock and stroked it a little harder and faster while applying more pressure to his prostate and stimulating it further.

“You’ll be good for me, won’t you, my little prince?”

Draco whimpered.

“Yes, Sir, yes, I’ll be good.”

“Hm, good boy. Tell me what you want.”

Draco writhed on the bed, and Harry felt him curl his toes against his calves.

“I want to come, please, Sir.”

Harry smiled.

“I want you to come too, my sweet little prince, just not yet. I want to keep you on edge for just a little bit longer. You’re so beautiful like this, it’s truly breath-taking. Those flushed cheeks, so stunning. Hm, and just look at those lips. My love, your lips are sinfully beautiful. I can’t decide whether I want to kiss them or bite them, maybe both.”

A long moan filled the room, and Harry continued to twist Draco’s mind a little further.

“Open your eyes for me, my little prince. Look at me, my love.”

It took Draco several attempts to open his eyes completely.

He blinked a few times, then smiled at Harry.

“Hello.”

Harry whispered the greeting with a smile in his voice.

Draco huffed out a breath of air.

“Hi,” he whispered back.
The connection between them was charged with so much emotion that Harry's heart swelled to the point that it felt like it might just have to stop beating.

“You’re amazing,” he whispered.

A rumble of soft laughter erupted from the depths of Draco’s throat and his eyes danced with joy. There was a spark in them that made Harry’s heart, despite its current enlarged size, beat faster, and he grinned.

“My gorgeous little prince, you’re so good for me tonight.”

“Ngh.”

“Will you keep being good for me for a little while longer, my love?”

“Yes, Sir.”

Draco breathed his response, and his eyelids fluttered.

Harry clicked his tongue gently.

“No, look at me, my love. Don’t close your eyes. I want to see my little prince come undone,” he said.

He murmured the incantation to end the ancient-rune-spell, he’d cast earlier, but at this stage, Draco was so far gone that it hardly made any difference. The sensations of Harry’s strokes still felt intense to him, and the fact that Harry was also fingering him most definitely didn’t make resisting slipping over the edge any easier. But Draco bravely held on, and Harry watched, unable and unwilling to tear his eyes away from the mesmerising sight in front of him for even just a second.

“You’re perfect, my precious little prince. Tell me how bad do you want to come?”

“So bad, please, Sir, please. Please let me come.”

Harry shook his head.

“Hm, no, not just yet.”

He gave Draco’s cock another twist and continued to tease the walnut-sized nub inside of him with his fingers.

Draco thrashed around the bed, repeatedly curled and uncurled his toes, and his fingers sought out the headboard. He gripped it hard, and tilting his head back, he let out a long moan.

“Sir, please, please, please. Please let me come, please.”

Harry deliberately hesitated for at least ten seconds, then smirked.

“Come for me, my little prince.”

He finally granted Draco permission, and the second the words left his lips; Draco arched his back, and his hips moved off the mattress. He groaned, gulped down several large mouthfuls of air, and tried to calm himself at least a little bit, but failed epically.

Harry simply watched and a few moments later, when Draco finally fell over the edge and came all over his hand, he gently eased his fingers out of Draco and braced himself on the bed.
He stroked Draco through his orgasm and paid absolutely no heed as to where Draco’s come had landed. Instead, he told him how beautiful he looked and how much he loved him.

Draco keened softly, and Harry captured his lips in a slow and tender kiss, pausing every now and then to allow Draco to breathe deeply.

After a while, he lay down and pulled Draco into his embrace. He then instinctively wrapped his arms around his little prince. Draco curled into him, buried his face in his t-shirt and hummed softly, then chuckled quietly.

Harry pressed a kiss to the top of Draco’s head and gasped when he felt Draco’s hand sneak down to his boxers.

“Please, let me,” Draco murmured into his chest.

Harry hugged Draco a little tighter and smiled into his silky-soft blond hair.

“Go for it,” he said.

Draco’s hand slipped past the elastic band and he wrapped his long, lithe fingers around Harry’s hard cock. Harry’s eyes almost automatically fell closed, and he hummed softly in quiet approval.

“Yes, that’s it, my little prince, hm, yes just like that,” he whispered.

Draco knew precisely how to move his hand, how tight to grip his cock and how fast to stroke. He didn't have to give him any instructions, didn't have to tell him what to do when; he could just lie back and enjoy, knowing Draco knew his preferences inside out.

Harry tilted his head back a little, snuck two fingers beneath Draco’s chin and nudged it up.

As Draco looked up, Harry opened his eyes, moaned softly, then leant in and captured Draco’s lips in a slow kiss. He wound his tongue around Draco’s to deepen their kiss and moving his hips, he thrust into Draco’s hand.

Draco let him control the speed, and after a while, Harry pulled away from the kiss and inhaled deeply. He pressed his forehead against Draco’s, exhaled slowly and let the sensations of Draco’s strokes travel up the length of his cock into the pit of his groin. From there, they gradually spread into the rest of his body, and he shuddered, trembled and pulled Draco that little bit closer against his body.

“I want to fuck you, my little prince. May I?”

The fact that he was now the one asking for Draco’s permission clearly had an impact on Draco, and his eyes flew open at once. He looked at Harry with a slightly disbelieving expression, but before he could say anything, Harry pressed a kiss against Draco’s lush lips.

When Harry pulled away a second later, Draco wordlessly withdrew his hands from his boxer briefs. He shuffled and effortlessly moved into a kneeling position, then spread his legs apart, and bending over he offered himself to Harry, who took a deep breath and tried his hardest not to focus on how fast his heart pounded inside his chest. He was sure that if he were to concentrate on it, his heart would manage to break through his ribcage in its uncontrollable excitement; however, Draco’s next words nearly robbed him of every rational thought he’d ever had in his entire life.

“Fuck me, Sir, I’m all yours.”
Shifting, he took his boxer briefs off and pulled his t-shirt over his head, discarding both items in a careless heap on the floor. Once he was completely naked, he let his hands rest on Draco’s beautiful buttocks and squeezed them possessively. He let his hands travel over Draco’s back, all the way to his shoulders and massaged those gently.

“You are precious, my love,” he whispered.

Harry leant forward and trailed a long line of tender kisses down Draco’s spine, kissing every inch of it. When he reached, the small of Draco’s back, he moved his hands, squeezed those delightfully firm arse cheeks again, then pulled them apart and buried his face in the crack. He let his tongue circle Draco’s entrance and thoroughly enjoyed the sound of Draco’s low, somewhat muffled moans as the muscles around his tight hole flexed and fluttered.

“Harry—”

Draco mewled and whimpered when Harry pulled away, grabbed the bottle of lube and coated his cock with a generous amount of the cool liquid. He shivered a little, positioned his cock at Draco’s entrance and after gripping his hips firmly, he slid into him with one long thrust.

Draco trembled, gasped, and moaned, and Harry squeezed his hips a little harder.

“One,” he growled.

“Yours,” Draco replied.

Harry pulled back, then thrust forward and claimed Draco’s arse. He fucked into him with slow but steady strokes, and Draco arched his back, then whispered three words that were Harry’s undoing.

“Thank you, Sir.”

Harry groaned, and a jolt of excitement zapped down his spine and ended in his groin. His cock twitched, and pulling back, he took a deep breath, then thrust forward, using a little more force than before.

“Thank you, Sir.”

Draco repeated those blasted three words and Harry’s struggled against the intense brain fog that threatened to cloud his senses. He barely managed to keep it at bay and groaning loudly, he felt his orgasm start to build, and instinctively knew that he wouldn’t manage to delay it for even just a second. Not when Draco was on all fours in front of him, shamelessly offering himself up to him and thanking him for fucking him, too. That was all a little bit much for Harry to take and all he could do was to hold Draco’s hips in a bruising vice-grip and pound into him to somehow try and quench his intense desire to own every inch of Draco, inside and out.

It didn’t take long for him to lose his bearings, shudder and falling forward, he placed his hands on either side of Draco’s head and sinking his teeth into Draco’s left shoulder, he bit him hard.

Draco groaned at the sudden and all-consuming burst of pain but adjusted relatively quickly. Harry thrust into him one last time, and keeping his head buried in Draco’s neck, he exploded on a long, low moan and filled Draco’s tight arse with streak after streak of white-hot come.

The force of his orgasm caused him to fall forward but somehow, and despite not being able to think straight, Harry had the sense to fall sideways. As he did so, his cock slipped out of Draco, but he wrapped his arms around him and pulled him against his body, wanting and needing him as close as possible.
Draco turned, curled into his embrace, and once again buried his face in Harry’s chest and hummed softly.

In response, Harry tightened his hold on him and took a few moments to come down from his high.

When he was able to breathe again, he slowly opened his eyes, combed his fingers through Draco’s hair and kissed the top of his head.

Draco pulled back, looked at him and smiled.

“You’re perfect,” Harry whispered.

He captured Draco’s lips in a slow kiss, and they shared a lazy snog.

“You aren’t so bad yourself, Sir,” Draco mumbled after a while.

They both looked at each other and chuckled in amusement.

“The bed is filthy,” Harry sighed.

“We can always sleep in the playroom.”

Harry rolled his eyes in response to that.

“Absolutely not.”

“One of the guestrooms then?” Draco suggested.

“The cheek.”

Draco laughed.

“Spank me if it bothers you,” he said.

Harry sighed.

“No energy.”

“I can wait until tomorrow morning.”

“Insatiable little thing.”

“What can I say you spoil me.”

“I will absolutely spank you harder next time, you’re full of sass.”

“You love it, really.”

Harry chuckled.

“Guilty as charged, Prosecutor Malfoy.”

Draco grinned and reaching over him, he grabbed his wand from his nightstand. One swish returned the bottle of lube back to the top drawer of Harry’s nightstand and a second swish removed the wet stains from the centre of the bed.

“There, all done, Director Potter.”
“Your efficiency is one of the many reasons why I love you, my little prince.”

“I live to serve you, Sir.”

“You say the most wonderful things, my love.”

“I just had the best sex, I’m amenable.”

“Amenable enough to get us dinner in bed? I’m starving.”

“You’re a lazy arse, Potter.”

“And you’ll be a red arse before midnight if you keep that up.”

Harry laughed and brought his hand down firmly on Draco’s right buttock, smacking it hard.

Draco yelped.

“Ouch!”

“Behave then.”

Draco pouted.

Harry grinned.

“If I didn’t love you this much, I’d tell you to sleep on the sofa tonight, Potter.”

“Do you want to sleep alone?” Harry teased.

Draco pulled a face.

“Shamelessly using all my secrets against me,” he grumbled.

“You willingly shared those secrets with me, my love.”

Draco rolled his eyes, glowered half-heartedly and dragging himself into a sitting position, he extended his arms up and out over his head to loosen his muscles, then slipped out off bed and stretched again.

Harry licked his lips appreciatingly.

“You look absolutely gorgeous with my marks all over you.”

Draco paused, glanced down at himself, and gasped.

“Stunning, my little prince, just stunning, and all mine,” Harry said and languidly stretched in bed, flexing his toes and fingers as he did so.

“All yours indeed,” Draco whispered softly, then blushed a little and smiled shyly.

Harry’s heart skipped a beat and raising himself up, he crawled to the edge of the bed, and reached for Draco, pulling him into a fervent kiss.

“Come on, we’ll have a snack together, I’ll join you in the kitchen.”

Harry mumbled the words against Draco’s lips and climbing out of bed, he took his hand and lacing
their fingers together, he dragged him out of the room, along the corridor and down the stairs into the kitchen.
Lollipop Discipline

Chapter Notes

I've put the chapter-specific notes at the end so as to not spoil the chapter for you, although it's really not much of a spoiler, just me leaving you my two cents on the subject, as well as some additional reading material.

As always, friendly reminder, I force nobody to read the educational articles I offer, but if you're interested, go for it.

I also thought that after all the fluff and cuteness, I had to exercise a bit of control and pull the reins back *grin* so here we are.

Love,
Selly

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Thank you, Hira,” Harry said.

His excitement bubbled up, filling his chest with glee, and he was entirely unable to stop himself from grinning madly and as though he’d just won the first prize in a competition he hadn’t even known he was taking part in.

It trickled right through and into his voice, and the short, bearded man behind the counter raised his hand and dismissed Harry’s politeness with a wave of his hand and a click of his tongue. Harry suspected that he was a wizard, or at least in some way connected to the Wizarding World but he couldn't very well outright ask him that.

“When it’s finished,” Hira responded, refusing to accept any sort of praise for an item that was nowhere near complete.

Hira turned his back on him, revealing a light-blue Kippah with a white Star of David embroidered in its centre, and pulled a narrow and long box from one of the upper shelves in front of him. Harry shook his head. He didn’t think he’d ever get used to Hira’s oddities, but Caleb had recommended him, and Reid was never wrong about the people he associated with.

Harry headed for the door of the small corner shop, but before placing his hand on the knob and twisting it, he paused and turned back.

“I’ll see you in two weeks,” he said.

He waited for Hira to twist his head around, and when he did, his brown eyes twinkled with mirth.

“Shalom, Harry.”

Harry nodded, dragged the heavy door to the corner shop open and stepped back out onto the street. He walked along Hatton Garden into the general direction of Theobalds Road but ducked into an inconspicuous-looking alley quickly enough. Making sure that nobody was around, Harry
concentrated and disapparated into thin air.

He appeared in a small alcove in a courtyard near Portobello Road in Notting Hill several seconds later. Checking his wristwatch, he frowned and dashed out onto the main road, hurrying towards his and Draco’s favourite independent coffee shop. He was running a few minutes behind schedule, and he didn’t particularly enjoy being late for anything, but Hira had kept him longer than strictly necessary.

Cursing under his breath, Harry walked faster still and five minutes later, and slightly out of breath, he strode into the coffee shop and weaved his way through the early afternoon crowd of ardent coffee lovers.

Draco was sitting in his favourite tattered armchair by the window. He had his nose buried in a thick case file, and slowing down, Harry stopped beside the empty armchair across from Draco. On the small table in front of Draco stood an empty cup of coffee, a half-finished glass of lemon-flavoured water and a plate with one half of a chocolate croissant.

A minute or so past before Draco lifted his eyes off the papers in front of him, and Harry took the opportunity to reminisce about the first time he’d bumped in Draco a little over two years ago.

Back then, much like now, Draco had sat in precisely the same spot, with one leg crossed over the other and a mountain of paperwork all around him.

Harry smiled.

Not much had changed, and he didn’t think that a lot would ever change in that regard.

Draco still enjoyed escaping the madness of the Prosecutor’s Chambers in favour of spending his afternoons in a coffee shop, sipping a quality cappuccino and losing himself in the task of perusing a large number of documents in preparation for a trial or a speech to propose an amendment to existing or outdated wizarding laws.

The latter was somewhat of a new obsession, and as of late Draco was adamant about joining the post-war movement that demanded the continued overhaul of several thoroughly outdated wizarding laws. His hard-earned position at the Ministry and his reputation as one of the top Prosecutors to ever argue a case in front of the Wizengamot afforded him the privilege to be one of the instigators that insisted the Ministry update its laws and policies sooner rather than later.

Harry still vividly remembered the answer Draco had given him one afternoon when he’d been bold enough to enquire about his new interest in rewriting the laws of Wizarding Britain.

_It’s not that our current laws are impossible to understand or apply, it’s just that it’s too bloody tedious to do so and I’m tired of all the paperwork I have to waste my time with. So, unless the Ministry is going to use Muggle technology and give us all computers and access to a comprehensive database of Wizarding Laws and Customs around the Globe, I’m sick and tired of burying my nose in those ancient handwritten tomes._

Following that statement, Harry had been stupid enough to ask for more details, and Draco had promptly subjected him to a two-hour rant about all the hoops he had to jump through during trial preparation and why the current Wizengamot legislators were lazy fuckwits. According to Draco, the present members of the legislative body were better suited to the task of mucking out the Thestral stables at Hogwarts, rather than debating the merits and demerits of the current Wizarding legal system.
The passion in Draco’s voice and the spark in his eyes had made Harry fall in love with him all over again. Although he’d struggled to properly comprehend some of the intricate semantics of law-making, Harry genuinely appreciated Draco’s willingness to explain his interests in great detail, and he’d learnt a lot in that one afternoon.

Afterwards, Draco had felt somewhat anxious. He’d been worried that he’d bored him half to death with his wild and lengthy passionate speech about the changes he hoped to be involved in making. It had taken quite a bit of reassurance from Harry to convince Draco that his concerns were entirely unfounded and that he was interested and cared about Draco’s work, but Harry was sure that it had brought them closer together.

“Are you just going to stand there and stare at me all day?”

Draco’s sassy question had the desired result. Harry shut his thoughts down and focused on the here and now instead.

He grinned.

“I might just do that. You’re gorgeous.”

Draco chuckled.

“You say that every day.”

Harry shrugged and took off his jacket. He discarded it over the back of the empty armchair beside him and flopped into the cushions.

“If it’s true,” he said.

Draco rolled his eyes, marked a page in his case file, then snapped it closed and placed it on top of the table.

“Laying it on a bit thick there, aren’t you, Potter?” Draco scoffed.

Harry laughed.

“As if you aren’t a sucker for it, Malfoy.”

Draco didn’t bother with a response. Instead, he elegantly got to his feet and winked at him.

“You just want a piece of this?” he said, motioning at his body.

Harry chuckled.

“I own every piece of that, but you do have a point. I do want a piece of that stunning arse of yours.”

Draco’s cheeks turned rosy, and he cleared his throat.

“Coffee?” he asked.

Harry threw one leg over the other and reached for Draco’s unfinished chocolate croissant. He bit into it, chewed, then nodded.

“Black, please,” he said, then added that he wanted a filter coffee and not an Americano.

Draco inclined his head in silent understanding.
“Anything to eat?”

“Something savoury.”

Draco headed towards the counter and relaxing back into his armchair’s comfortable cushions, Harry turned to look out of the window and people-watched. He finished Draco’s half-eaten chocolate croissant, brushed a few stray crumbs off his black trousers and reached for the tablet, Draco had propped up against his armchair. A young barista rushed over to take it from him, and he thanked her, then settled back into his seat.

A few minutes later, Draco returned with a fresh tray.

Harry carefully moved some of Draco’s documents out of the way to make a bit more room on the table and grinned when he saw that Draco had chosen a white cheese chicken lasagna for him. He’d also ordered a piece of treacle tart with custard.

“I know you asked for something savoury, but you never say no to a treacle tart,” he said.

Harry grinned.

“You know me too well.”

He picked up a fork, and sitting forward, he sampled his lasagna while Draco placed a steaming cup of hot, black coffee beside his dessert.

For himself, Draco had ordered a large bowl of fresh Cobb salad with sautéed shrimp, hard-boiled eggs, grilled chicken breast, creamy avocado, crumbled blue cheese, halved cherry tomatoes, and finely chopped chives. It looked mouth-wateringly delicious, and Harry cheekily nicked a forkful, then gave Draco the thumbs up as he chewed.

“Perfect.”

“Couldn’t resist,” Draco said with a shrug.

“And neither you should,” Harry said and frowned when Draco placed something or other, rolled up in a napkin, in his lap.

He wanted to ask Draco about it, but his rumbling stomach distracted him, and he focused his attention on his food instead.

They ate in silence, and once they’d finished, Draco cleared their dirty dishes away, returning them to the counter.

When he sat down again, he had a positively devious smirk on his face, and his eyes sparkled with mischief. It gave Harry a pause, and instead of eating his dessert, he reached for his coffee and took a few small sips.

“Do I even want to ask what you’re thinking about?” he asked.

Draco grinned.

“Why don’t I simply show you?”

Harry raised a questioning eyebrow, then shrugged and motioned for Draco to go on.

He regretted his decision a second later.
Draco revealed what he’d been hiding inside the napkin all this time — a rainbow-coloured twisty lollipop. He slowly removed the wrapping and Harry swallowed hard, then shook his head. He tried to take his eyes off the lollipop but wasn’t able to do so.

The last time, he’d given Draco a lollipop — also rainbow-coloured, but in the shape of a penis — to suck on, he’d had a painfully hard erection in a matter of minutes. Thankfully, they’d been in the privacy of their own home, and he’d been free to unzip his trousers and replace Draco’s lollipop with his cock. But this time they were sat in a busy café, surrounded by a vast number of patrons and whipping his cock out and shoving it into Draco’s mouth wasn’t an option available to him.

Draco winked and toyed with the lollipop, rolling the wooden stick suggestively between his fingers and moving his hand up and down along it, as though he was pumping Harry’s cock.

“Saw this and thought of you, Sir,” he said, “it’s not cock-shaped, but I know you have a vivid imagination.”

Harry swallowed a groan and gripped the handle of his coffee mug that little bit harder.

“Don’t.”

Instead of carrying a warning undertone, the word came out of his mouth sounding strangely high-pitched, and clearing his throat, Harry hastily drank a bit of coffee.

Draco smiled.

“But I like sweets,” he said with a pout and licked the entire length of the lollipop slowly and lasciviously.

Harry felt a jolt of excitement zap down his spine. It pooled low in his groin, and there was next to nothing he could do about it. He knew precisely what Draco could do with his tongue and wasn’t looking forward to watching him do it to a lollipop.

“You can lick it at home,” Harry said.

Draco shook his head.

“You’ve got your dessert, I want mine.”

With that, he popped the lollipop into his mouth and sucked it slowly and deliberately.

Harry pressed his lips together and shook his head.

“Draco.”

This time, he managed to give his voice the desired undertone; firm and assertive. It was most definitely a warning, and for a moment, Draco paused and held his gaze, then he smiled around the lollipop.

He let it pop out of his mouth and shook his head.

“No.”

Harry swallowed a sigh, sipped on his coffee and sitting forward, he reached for his dessert fork and helped himself to a piece of his treacle tart. As he chewed, he cast a wandless, wordless muffling charm around their table and smiled.
“You’re walking on very thin ice here, my little prince,” he said.

Even though there was no chance of anyone overhearing them, he purposefully kept his voice low and quiet.

Draco grinned.

“But I’m walking,” he said with a sassy wink.

He continued to suck on the lollipop, and Harry felt his cock stir in his trousers, an entirely natural reaction to Draco’s blatant teasing. It slowly thickened and lengthened and soon pressed against its confines. He shifted uncomfortably, and after indulging in another bite of treacle tart covered in creamy warm custard, he put his fork down and drank more coffee, then dropped his hand into his lap to adjust himself.

“You’re going to get yourself into trouble if you keep that up.”

Draco sucked the lollipop into his mouth, then pulled it back, only to push it right back inside. He paused for a few seconds, then let it pop out and swirled his tongue around the very tip. Harry shook his head.

“Am I now?” Draco asked.

There was a cocky sort of undercurrent in his voice, and Harry smiled a little.

“Yes, my little prince. And I can promise you right now that you won’t like it.”

Draco hesitated.

Harry could tell that he weighed up his options and for a moment, he thought that Draco might stop, but he didn’t. Instead, he doubled his efforts.

Harry sighed.

“Stop it,” he said rather firmly.

Draco looked at him with big innocent eyes. He stopped suggestively sucking on his rainbow-coloured lollipop and very slowly let it pop from his mouth.

“But it tastes almost as good as you, Sir, I don’t want to stop.”

Harry clenched and unclenched his fist in his lap. Not because he was angry — it took more than a lollipop blowjob to ruffle his feathers — but because Draco was steadily edging closer to earning himself a proper punishment for ignoring the rules.

“You’re bratty.”

Draco smiled.

“You like it.”

Harry gave him a pointed look, carefully set his coffee mug down on the table, then crossed his arms over his chest.

“Do you want me to punish you when we get home tonight?” he asked outright.
At hearing the question, a flicker of fear crossed Draco’s face, but it was gone almost immediately, and a cheeky smile replaced it.

“You wouldn’t.”

Harry raised an eyebrow at Draco.

“I don’t recommend it but if you insist on finding out how far you can go until I punish you, go right ahead.”

Draco dithered for a few moments, then grinned.

“It’s too delicious,” he said and popped the lollipop right back into his mouth.

Harry sighed.

He uncrossed his arms and reaching for his dessert fork, he resumed eating his treacle tart.

“I foresee tonight ending with tears and a someone feeling very sorry for themselves,” he said.

In response, Draco sucked more of the lollipop into his mouth. His lips were glistening with sticky wetness, and their incident shape did next to nothing to improve the painfully hard situation in Harry’s trousers.

“I mean it, Draco, last warning, or you’ll have to content yourself with a very sore bottom.”

Draco pushed the door to Harry’s and his bedroom open and walked inside.

“I’ve got those two pillows you—”

He broke off mid-sentence and falling silent, he swallowed hard and nervously shuffled from one foot to the other.

Harry looked thoroughly sour, and a feeling of unease spread from the pit of Draco’s stomach through the rest of his body. He tightened his hold on the two decorative pillows, Harry had asked him to fetch from the living room and pressed his lips together. A moment later, he parted them with the very intention of saying something, but Harry shook his head and motioned towards the bed.

“Put the pillows on the bed.”

Draco hesitated and curling his bare toes into the soft carpet beneath his feet, he worried his bottom lip.

“I’m not in the mood to repeat myself.”

Harry’s firm undertone and his authoritative stance instantly convinced Draco that it would be wiser to get a move on. He gingerly set one foot in front of the other, and walking across the room, he approached the bed. There he stopped and looked at Harry in the hope to gauge his feelings, but he had no luck. Beyond the fact that he was not pleased, his facial expression didn’t give anything away.

Draco briefly contemplated sinking to his knees and begging Harry for mercy, but despite his strong desire to follow through on that idea, neither his legs nor his mouth obeyed him.
Instead, he dutifully placed the two large decorative pillows on top of Harry’s and his bed, placing one above the other.

His eyes fell onto the black leather belt that lay waiting for him on top of the blanket at the foot of the bed, and his trepidation intensified — this wasn’t going to be fun or playful, no, this was going to hurt. It was going to hurt a lot.

Draco knew that he’d teased Harry too much and pushed him way too far at the café, and right this moment, he couldn’t come up with a single sensible reason as to why he had paid no heed to Harry’s repeated warnings.

Harry hadn’t been a bad sport at all. He’d allowed him to tease, he’d even smiled about it, for a while at least. He’d not told him off for his sassy remarks but had thoroughly enjoyed them.

Their contract stipulated that the only time Draco had to rein his sass in was when they were inside the playroom. That was the only room inside the entire house where Harry expected complete obedience and Draco always gave it willingly.

There was something about taking that step over the threshold that silenced his mind and calmed his sassy side. On the fourth floor, Draco’s only desire was to submit to Harry’s authority and being cheeky was the very last thing on his mind.

Harry’s hand gently closed around his wrist, and Draco felt Harry’s thumb circle over his pulse point. The familiar touch calmed his nerves and slowed his breathing. Focusing back on the present, Draco slowly lifted his head and looked at Harry.

“Please?” his whispered feebly.

He didn’t think his plea would make a difference whatsoever, but he a part of him still wanted to try.

Harry shook his head.

“No.”

His response was short, and his tone serious, and Draco quietly resigned himself to his fate.

“You know what this is for, don’t you?”

Draco nodded.

Harry clicked his tongue.

“Use your words, please.”

Draco briefly closed his eyes.

“I know.”

“Then tell me.”

“I was naughty and didn’t listen when you told me to stop.”

Draco slowly opened his eyes again, and swallowing hard, he looked at Harry. There wasn’t an ounce of anger in those emerald-green eyes, and he was grateful when Harry threaded his fingers through his hair and caressed his cheek with his thumb.
“Correct. You broke the rules, and you know what the punishment for that is, don’t you?”

Harry’s other thumb continued to circle over his pulse point, and Draco slowly breathed in and out. His earlier nervousness was gone, and he felt calmer, but knowing that he was about to receive several rather firm lashes the leather belt, Harry had been wearing earlier, didn’t remove the feeling of trepidation that had taken up residence in the pit of his stomach.

Draco nodded.

“I do,” he said, then swallowed hard.

“How many strikes, Sir?” he whispered.

“Ten,” Harry replied.

“Or do you feel that’s unjustified?”

Draco didn’t immediately answer the question.

Instead, he took a moment to let the number of strikes sink in.

Ten.

It was fair, but it was going to hurt, and that was the part he dreaded the most. This wasn’t going to be the good kind of pain, Harry usually spoiled him with, no, this was going to be the kind of pain that would make him wince every time he had to sit down.

“No, Sir. I broke the rules when I didn’t listen to you telling me to stop.”

Harry nodded.

“You know. Good. Now, take off your trousers and boxers and get on the bed.”

Draco lowered his gaze and stared at his feet. Harry stopped caressing his cheek and let go of his wrist, then took a step back. Draco took a deep breath and moved his slightly shaking hands to the top button of his trousers. He undid it, pulled the zipper down, then stepped out of the garment, and folded it neatly.

Next, he placed it on top of the bed, near the headboard, then slowly dragged his black boxer briefs down. He folded those too, and put them down on top of his trousers, then gingerly climbed onto the bed and lay down on his front, making sure that the two pillows, he’d brought upstairs with him, rested underneath his hips.

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Harry reach for the black leather belt and fold it in half to form a loop. He gripped the two ends, then adjusted his grasp until he had a good hold on his belt.

“I want you to count each strike. Say it.”

Draco closed his eyes and nodded.

“Yes, Sir,” he said quietly.

He tried to mentally prepare himself for the first blow, but since he had no idea when exactly Harry would strike him, he couldn’t entirely compose himself. Still, Harry gave him the time to take a few deep breaths. He also wasn’t the sort of person to deliberately draw out the punishment and landed the first blow soon enough.
Draco’s hissed and clenched his butt cheeks, tightly. Harry had struck him harder than he usually did and the belt’s sting made his arse throb.

“One.”

The second blow landed almost immediately after the first, and this time Draco did more than just hiss. He yelped and squirmed, flexing his toes and fingers as he did. Harry hadn’t struck the exact same spot, but Draco could still feel the burn from the first blow and the second one only served to intensify and add to it.

“Two.”

Harry gave him a few moments to breathe, then Draco heard the belt whizz through the air. It struck him right across the centre of his arse and letting out a high-pitched shriek, Draco felt white-hot tears spring into his eyes. They burned and blinking furiously, he inhaled sharply and squirmed in a useless attempt to make the pain a little more bearable.

“Three.”

“OK?” Harry asked.

Draco wanted to shake his head. He tried to say no, and he tried to curse underneath his breath, but instead of doing any of that he simply nodded and forced a quiet yes through his gritted teeth.

“You’re doing well.”

Draco disagreed.

He didn’t think he was doing well.

Or maybe he was, but his arse certainly wasn’t. It thrummed and throbbed with the lingering sting of the three strikes, he’d already counted out, and the thought of having to endure seven more made him want to scream.

Instead, he ground his teeth together, clenched his fists and breathed deeply, then bravely counted out the fourth and the fifth strike, but was unable to stop the tears from falling.

A wretched sob forced its way past his lips, and his entire body shook from the impact of each blow. His arse felt like it was burning up and Draco buried his head in the mattress and sobbed quietly, then screamed.

“Six,” he panted.

Harry’s fingers found his wrist.

They closed around it, and the pressure of Harry’s thumb circling over his pulse point helped Draco to centre and ground himself.

“Breathe. Slowly.”

Harry’s voice was soft and gentle, and Draco instantly focused on it instead of the pain and the moment he actively redirected his attention away from his throbbing arse, it hurt less. He wondered whether Harry had perhaps cast a wandless wordless soothing charm but abandoned that idea as complete nonsense. Harry would never do that, not during a punishment anyway.

“You’re nearly there. You’re doing well.”
Thick hot tears rolled down Draco’s cheeks, and he whimpered softly.

Another strike reignited the pain in his arse and Draco huffed out a breath of air and howled.

“Seven.”

Number eight followed almost immediately after and a fresh wave of tears rolled down Draco’s cheeks.

_Two more_, he thought and took a deep breath, praying that it would be over soon. He didn’t like that belt, not one bit. Each strike hurt like hell and Draco was sure that the welts across his arse were a deep shade of red, purple, and blue.

Harry struck his arse for the ninth time, and Draco called out and choked on a sob. He spluttered, buried his face in the crook of his elbow and cried bitter tears.

A few moments past and then the last blow finally fell.

Draco screamed, thrashed, and slammed his fist onto the mattress.

“Ten,” he sobbed.

A flood of tears slid down his cheeks, and he sobbed, gasped and whimpered into his elbow and the bed covers. He felt Harry sit down beside him and gently pull him into his arms.

“There, there, it’s all good, my sweet little prince. It’s all over now. You did so well, and I’m so proud of you.”

Harry’s embrace and his gentle words only made Draco cry harder, and despite his hot arse, he scrambled to crawl into Harry’s arms and buried his face in Harry’s lap.

He felt Harry’s fingers comb through his hair and shivered when they caressed the back of his neck and slipped under his shirt to gently rub his back.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I’m sorry.”

Draco blubbered and mumbled his apology into Harry’s crotch.

Harry instinctively tightened his hold on Draco and continued to pet him.

“Ssh, my love. It’s all good, my little prince. All is forgiven and forgotten. You’re my precious little prince, my good boy.”

He soothed him with gentle caresses and sweet words and repeatedly told him that he loved him and that he was precious.

It took the better part of fifteen minutes for Draco to calm down enough to lift his head out of his lap and look at him. His cheeks were tear-stained and blotched, his eyes bloodshot, and his nose snotty.

Harry smiled.

He tenderly wiped some of the tears away and holding Draco’s face in his hands, he kissed the centre of his forehead, his eyelids, his nose, and finally his mouth.

“You were perfect, my precious little prince. Absolutely perfect. You did so, so well. I’m proud of
you. You accepted your punishment and took it in your stride, you are amazing.”

“I’ll be good, I promise,” Draco whispered.

Harry kissed him again.

“I know you will be, you are my good little prince, my perfect little prince, my sweet boy.”

Draco mewled softly, and Harry smiled.

“Come now, I’ll run you a bath, my little prince, it’ll soothe the pain and make it all better.”

Harry didn’t expect Draco to scramble off the bed and he didn’t ask him to. Instead, he stood up, lifted Draco into his arms and carried him into their en-suite bathroom. On the way in, Harry kicked the door shut, then cast a wandless warming charm to raise the temperature inside the room. He also used magic to turn the water taps on and gently easing Draco down, he steadied him with one hand and summoned several of Draco’s essential oils, which he added to the tub.

“Do you want a bubble bath?” he asked.

Draco, who was chewing on his bottom lip and looking very sorry, nodded.

“Please,” he mumbled.

Harry smiled.

“Anything for my gorgeous little prince.”

He summoned a lavender-scented bubble bath solution and pouring a generous amount into the tub, he used a spell to mix it all up thoroughly.

It didn’t take long for the tub to fill up and steadying Draco, Harry helped him to climb inside. Draco kneeled down, then attempted to sit, but hissed and immediately turned onto his front.

Harry chuckled softly.

He crouched down beside the tub and reached for a soft yellow sponge which he soaked in the bath’s hot water. Gently running it over Draco’s very sore bottom, Harry did his best to soothe the burn with the utmost care. The welts were rather prominent, and no matter how gentle his touch was, Draco hissed, squirmed and whimpered.

“It hurts,” he sighed.

“I’m afraid it will do so for a while, my little prince.”

Draco pouted but said nothing more.

“The bath will ease the pain a bit, my sweet little prince. And after we can curl up on the sofa and watch a film on TV or—”

“Can we just snuggle in bed please?”

Harry smiled.

“Of course. I’ll even make you some hot cocoa if you want, my little prince.”
“With extra cream and those tiny white and pink marshmallows?”

Harry laughed.

“Naw, you’re adorable. Of course. Anything for my little prince.”

About twenty minutes past before Harry gently coaxed Draco out of the tub, dried his hair and the rest of his body and summoned Draco’s favourite black silk pyjamas from the bedroom. He helped Draco dress, and as he buttoned up his shirt, Draco gave him a shy smile. It melted Harry’s heart and leaving the buttons be, he took Draco’s face into his hands and kissed him gently.

“My little prince.”

He whispered Draco’s pet name against his lips, then slowly pulled away and smiled at him.

“You’re perfect.”

Draco hummed, and even though his cheeks were already flushed from his bath, his blush intensified a little.

“Harry?”

Draco spoke quietly, and his voice was soft and tender.

“Yes, my little prince?”

“I really don’t know why I ignored your warnings. I think I was so lost in the moment that I took them with a grain of salt.”

“Remember it for next time, my little prince, repeatedly ignoring my warnings, will have consequences. Next time, I might just do ten strikes and then make you sit down and write in your journal straight after.”

Draco pulled a face and shook his head apprehensively.

“Please don’t.”

Harry smiled.

He ran his fingers through Draco’s damp hair and kissed him softly.

“Be good, and you don’t have to worry about anything at all, my little prince.”

“I’ll be on my best behaviour.”

Harry chuckled.

“Let’s see how long that’s going to last,” he said.

Draco glowered at him.

“I can be good,” he said, sounding cross.

“I know you can, my little prince.”

“Hmpf, I’ll prove it to you.”
“You don’t need to, I believe you.”

“Well, I don’t believe that you believe me. I believe that you’re mocking me.”

Harry laughed.

“I’d never mock you, my little prince. Tease you, yes, endlessly so, definitely, but I’d never mock you.”

“You better be telling the truth, Potter,” Draco grumbled under his breath.

“I never lie, my little prince.”

“Do you still have those chocolates you fed me the other day?”

Harry grinned.

“What a topic change and a half. Yes, I do. I’ve hidden them somewhere you’ll never find them. Do you want some?”

Draco nodded.

“Alright, be a good boy and wait for me in bed. I’ll make you a cup of hot cocoa and get you a couple of chocolates.”

“The best aftercare,”

Harry laughed.

“Anything for you, my little prince,” he said and kissed Draco.

Chapter End Notes

When it comes to discipline as part of the BDSM lifestyle, I have a serious issue with punishments being dished out in anger or punishments that don't fit the crime or the submissive / slave. It happens in real life, unfortunately, and it also occurs in writing.

For a punishment / the discipline to be effective, the submissive / slave must always know why they are being disciplined. The "crime" must be discussed before and after. While letting some time pass (like in the chapter, Harry and Draco had to get home first before Harry could punish Draco) is perfectly acceptable, allowing too much time to pass is not. Punishing a submissive / slave for a "crime" they committed several days ago is not acceptable, not ever.

Any discipline that includes pain should always come with aftercare, and the Dom(me) should remind and reassure the submissive / slave, letting them know that they are loved and cared for. A Dom(me) should never punish the submissive / slave when they refuse to do something they aren't ready for, have received adequate training in, or are pushed
beyond their limits. Such behaviour is a massive RED FLAG, and anyone ever finding
themselves in such a situation should GET OUT immediately.

Pain isn't always the most effective punishment, sometimes a simple timeout, a verbal
warning/reprimand, or a stern look is enough to correct unwanted behaviour.

If you'd like to learn more, I'm happy to provide you with a few links for a more in-
depth understanding. On a personal note, punishments are never fun (but they aren't
supposed to) and make you feel rotten because you know you've done something to
displease your Dom(me) and that's generally the last thing you want to do. However,
when done right, discipline/punishment can be highly effective, and it can bring two
people even closer together.

"What does Discipline mean?"

"16 BDSM Punishments For Effective Behaviour Training"

If you want to go really deep, I recommend these three articles from Limits Unleashed:
1) "Correction, Discipline & Punishment, Pt.1: Introduction"
2) "Correction, Discipline & Punishment, Pt.2: Abuse"
3) "Correction, Discipline & Punishment, Pt.3: Forgiveness"
Another One Bites The Dust

Chapter Notes

I know someone I heart an awful lot is probably going to have a good long giggle over the title of this chapter (Happy Oct. 7th, my love!) and I'm not even going to attempt to try and explain it to the rest of you lovely people, I could not, it wouldn't make sense, because I'm not even sure it makes sense to me.

Anyway, this chapter didn't turn out as planned. I had several other ideas for it, but my boys decided to take over and started telling me what to do. I got them to behave but not for long, so yeah, there will be more to this as I'm not finished telling this particularly whippy tale.

This chapter also wasn't supposed to be this long but somehow, I just can't control myself when I write these boys, though I have the feeling that none of you will have any complaints about that. I'm on a week-long break at the moment, so writing a chapter a day is entirely possible. Not sure that'll still be possible once school starts back up but a chapter every second day should be possible... I mean, if I'd stuck to drabbles and/or short glimpses into Harry's and Draco's lives I'd totally be able to churn out a chapter a day, but since I've got a story to tell that mightn't be possible. Still, I think I've proven that I'm good for updates on my WIPs time and time again so stick with me, folks.

Also, can I just say that I'm having so much fun? I really do love writing about these boys. They generally have a mind of their own, and occasionally it's somehow of a challenge to try and keep them in line but each chapter is a labour of love and so I'll forgive them for their naughtiness.

I also love reading your wonderful comments, there’s literally all sorts. There are the short notes, the excited gushes and the long rambles and I love each and every one for different reasons. I don’t pick a favourite because there is none, but please know that when I struggle to put the words together, when I struggle to get them from my head through my fingers and onto the screen, all your support and love helps. I love reading your thoughts on the characters, the plot and various other aspects. Your words are welcome, so much. Thank you again.

Love,
Selly

Draco set his empty mug down on a coaster on the coffee table in front of him, and reaching for the rather inconspicuous-looking flat black cardboard box, he picked it up and inspected it from several different angles.

If one ignored the fact that he and Harry had taken a Portkey to Romania just after breakfast this morning, it was a pretty typical Saturday afternoon. Charlie had invited them over for the day, and upon their arrival, he’d taken them to tour around the reserve, and for a large portion of it, they’d found themselves speeding through the air on broomsticks, travelling high up into the Carpathians to visit a female Antipodean Opaleye who’d recently become a mother. They’d watched her, from a
safe distance, of course, teaching her young offspring how to fly and it had made Draco feel just a bit broody.

While flying back to the reserve, Harry hadn’t been able to resist the temptation to pull a few gravity-defying, heart-stopping Seeker stunts. Apparently, the fact that he was now the Director of the Auror Department had done nothing to impair his flying skills. He was just as apt as he’d always been.

Watching Harry speed through the air at breakneck speed had reminded Draco of all those times they’d chased each other across the Hogwarts Quidditch pitch, and although he’d tried to resist, his competitive nature had taken over, and eventually, he’d given in and chased after Harry. He’d tried his very best to catch up with Harry, but somehow Harry had always slipped right through his fingers at the very last minute.

Unable to control his annoyance, Draco had thrown a plethora of colourful expletives at Harry, who’d laughed until he’d nearly fallen off his broom. Threatening to hex him, Draco had drawn his wand and promised murder. In response to that, Harry had dared him to chase him with a series of stinging hexes and much to Draco’s lingering exasperation, he’d out-flown every single curse.

“Earth to Malfoy!”

Shaking his head, Draco pulled himself out of his reverie, and glanced back and forth between Charlie and the box in his lap.

He looked over to Harry and raised a questioning eyebrow at him, but Harry merely shrugged, uncrossed his legs, and took a sip from his coffee and sat forward.

“Don’t look at me,” he said. “For once, I’ve no idea what this is all about.”

“He’s your brother,” Draco said with an exasperated sigh.

Harry chuckled.

“Doesn’t mean he tells me everything. In fact, most of the time it’s me telling him stuff.”

“Potter’s telling the truth here, mate,” Charlie said with a wide grin.

Draco shook his head.

“You two have an odd relationship.”

Charlie laughed.

“Hey, if it works, why change it.”


He inspected the box for a little while longer, then decided to bow to his fate and open it, though not without scowling at Charlie first.

“I swear, Weasley, there better not be anything nasty inside this box.”

Charlie grinned.

“Define nasty,” he said.

His crystal-clear light blue eyes twinkled with mirth.
Draco rolled his eyes.

“Honestly, Harry, can’t you train him a bit better?”

Harry laughed.

“Believe me, I’ve tried.”

“Try harder,” Draco mumbled.

He shook the box lightly, but whatever was inside did not make a single sound. Dithering for another minute or two, he eventually undid the silver satin wrapping ribbon and rolling it up, he placed it on the coffee table, beside his empty coffee mug. He tapped the lid, took a deep breath and pulled the cover off the box, then gasped.

Inside the box was a twelve-foot braided leather bullwhip with a ten-inch handle and a wrist strap for extra security.

“What? Why?”

He heard Charlie chuckle softly and dragging his eyes away from the whip, Draco attempted to concentrate on Charlie.

“Handmade, especially for you.”

Draco shook his head and glanced over at Harry, who raised both his hands in mock surrender.

“I swear, I had no idea.”

“He didn’t,” Charlie said.

Draco looked back at him and frowned.

“How did you know?”

Charlie gave him a wicked grin.

“A little bird may have told me that you’ve got a natural talent for wielding a whip.”

Draco shook his head and looking back at Harry, he narrowed his eyes.

“Liar. You did tell him.”

“Hey,” Harry objected, looking slightly hurt.

“I told him you were good with a whip, I never said he should gift you one.”

“Yup, that was entirely my idea.”

Unsure what to respond to that, Draco shifted his attention back to the whip and taking it out of the box, he scrutinised it. The handle was weighted for a better and more balanced grip — Draco suspected it had a steel rod core — and grasping it tightly, he couldn’t deny that it felt really rather good.

Ever since Harry had taught him how to correctly wield a whip, he hadn’t practised much, but now that he had his fingers wrapped around the handle, Draco suddenly couldn’t wait to hear it crack
through the air. Putting the box aside, he let the thong slide through his hands and marvelled at the softness and smoothness of the leather. When he reached the fall hitch, he paused for a few seconds, gripped it tightly and squeezed, then let go, allowing the fall and the popper to slither through his fingers.

“Like it?”

Charlie’s innocent question broke through the haze in his brain and looking up Draco smiled and nodded.

“Love it.”

“Want to give it a crack?”

“Here? Now?” Draco asked.

Charlie nodded.

“Sure, why not? I’m happy to give you a few helpful pointers. I mean Potter here is good, but he’s got nothing on me.”

Draco rolled his eyes.

“Pompous arse,” he scoffed.

Harry laughed, and when Draco turned his head to look at him, he seemed amused rather than offended.

“Don’t mock the man, my love, I told you before, Charlie’s seriously fantastic with a whip, and he’s absolutely right in saying that I’ve got nothing on him. He’ll whip an apple off your head without you ever feeling the breeze or hearing the faintest crack.”

Draco looked entirely unconvinced.

“You’re joking,” he said.

Harry shook his head.

“Absolutely not. Charlie’s that good.”

“Let me fetch my own whip and my boy, and I’ll show you.”

Draco gasped.

“You’re not going to whip Liam in front of us!”

Charlie laughed.

“No. I won’t, at least not in that way. My boy doesn’t like that sort of pain. But I can wrap the fall of my whip around him without leaving the tiniest mark on him. Instead of a nasty red welt, it’ll feel like a tickle.”

Draco shuddered.

He liked the cracking sound of a whip as it cut through the air, but he never ever wanted to feel a whip’s fall or popper connect with his skin. The mere thought of that gave him goosebumps and
filled him with fear. For that very reason, he couldn’t imagine that it was possible for a whip’s crack to feel like a tickle when it touched your skin.

“Come on, you and Harry head on outside. Me and Liam will be right behind. This is clearly something you need to see to believe,” Charlie said.

He rose from his favourite armchair and stretching a little, he left the living room, calling out for Liam on his way down the hallway.

Draco gathered up his whip’s fall and slowly rising to his feet, he shook his head again.

“This is insane,” he mumbled.

He couldn’t entirely deny his excitement though, and evidently, he hadn’t been very good at concealing it, for when he looked over at Harry, he flashed him a big grin and slowly stood up. Harry rounded the coffee table, sneaked his arms around his waist and pulled him into a hug.

“You know, you’re the first submissive I’ve met who has a penchant for cracking whips. It’s normally the Dom(me)s who like to do the cracking and certain submissives who like to be on the receiving end.”

Draco couldn’t help but chuckle softly at that comment.

“I live to defy norms,” he said.

Harry laughed, and when he leant in to kiss him, Draco melted into his embrace and against his body, relishing in the chance to be close to him.

When time and commitments allowed for it, they enjoyed socialising with friends and family, but whenever there were other people around, Draco held back a little and resisted the urge to publicly snuggle into Harry or share a passionate kiss. It wasn’t that he minded public displays of affection, it was just that he was conscious of the fact that other people didn’t necessarily want to see him stick his tongue down Harry’s throat. But since Charlie had left the room and therefore given them some alone-time together, Draco wasn’t above stealing a hug and a few passionate kisses.

“And you’re fucking unbelievable when you do, my little prince. You absolutely are something special, and I love you.”

A pleasant shiver of excitement trickled down Draco’s spine and pulling back a little, he locked eyes with Harry. The whispered praise did unspeakable things to him and feeling his knees shake just a bit, Draco was grateful for Harry’s strong hold on him. Harry reached for his hand and grasped it tightly.

They shared another slow and unhurried kiss, then Harry pulled him from the room and into the hallway.

For a moment, Draco wanted to protest, but he swallowed the urge, deciding to save it for later instead. There would be plenty of time for hours of kissing tonight when they returned to Grimmauld Place.

Once in the corridor, they paused, and Harry let go of his hand. He stepped into his dragonhide boots and bent down to adjust them, then pulled up the zipper.

Draco glanced at his own shoes, shrugged and decided not to bother.
Instead, he took his socks off and neatly placed them on top of his shoes, then rolled his trousers up a bit. Barefoot and with his brand-new handmade whip in hand, he pulled the front door to Charlie’s and Liam’s cottage open and stepped outside. He swiftly crossed over the pebbled path, hissing and cursed under his breath when the small stones dug into the soles of his feet.

It bloody well hurt, and for a split-second he regretted his decision not to wear shoes.

Harry, who was right behind him, laughed and pinning him with an icy glower, Draco escaped onto the soft green grass and flexed his toes. The grass was still slightly damp, but Draco didn’t care. He wriggled his toes some more and revelled in the feeling of nature beneath his feet. Harry merely shook his head but said nothing. Instead, he followed him around the house and into the back garden.

They walked past the rows of vegetable patches and headed further until they reached a large open space, perfect for wielding whips and other sorts of mischief. An old oak tree grew nearby, and a broad wooden swing hung from its branches, and for a moment, Draco contemplated sharing it together with Harry. It was a childish thought, but it was a fun thought and smiling softly to himself, he pinned the fantasy to a secret wall inside his heart, choosing to keep it close to his chest, instead of allowing it to get lost among the myriad of thoughts that filled his head daily.

Charlie and Liam caught up with them several minutes later and much to Draco’s relief, Liam was dressed — he didn’t exactly mind seeing Liam naked, but occasionally, it made him a little uncomfortable since he never knew where to look.

Liam wore a long-sleeved black shirt and a pair of beige chinos, and both garments complemented his toned figure. He was a little shorter and thinner than Charlie, but he took great pride in exercising regularly.

His silver stainless-steel eternity collar glimmered in the low, but warm, afternoon sun and what with a black shirt as a backdrop, it stood out like a beacon. Draco fought hard to stop himself from staring at it and deliberately redirected his attention.

Liam, like Draco, had chosen not to put on shoes, or maybe Charlie hadn’t allowed him to — Draco didn’t know, but he wasn’t about to ask.

They both walked hand in hand, but Draco instantly noted that Liam walked a full step behind Charlie. He also kept his eyes on the floor and his free hand behind his back.

Draco smiled.

He loved Liam’s submissive gestures, they were a sign of his respect for Charlie and their relationship and reminded Draco of the little things he often did to show Harry that he enjoyed submitting to him.

Liam’s devotion to his Master was genuine and strong. It showed in the way he carried himself, and how he walked, talked, and acted.

Unless Charlie explicitly gave him permission to speak freely, he never spoke out of turn. He was polite, kind, and a thoroughly good person. He was also an incredibly gifted wizard, and Draco suspected that he knew more about Charms than Professor Flitwick ever would. Liam had a keen understanding of the delicate intricacy of magic, and his spell work was truly outstanding.

People who didn’t know any specifics about Charlie’s and Liam’s relationship usually thought of him as shy and introverted, and they were entirely wrong. Neither one of those two boxes fitted
Liam. He was lively, outspoken, passionate, and well-read, and wasn’t the type of person who agreed with you just because he identified as a submissive. No, quite on the contrary. Liam had very strong opinions and loved a good debate.

The last time, Draco had had the chance to chat with Liam, they’d spent most of the evening talking about Wizarding politics.

When it came to the lifestyle, Liam was anything but a novice. He’d been part of the community for a very long time. He was, for the most part, extremely well-behaved, well-trained, and very knowledgeable.

He’d been Charlie’s slave for many years, at first on and off, then they’d gradually finalised things. All that had happened years before Draco had even heard the acronym BDSM.

Their was a TPE relationship which meant that Charlie called the shots, all of them. He had Liam’s full and written consent to do so.

The idea of giving up total control thoroughly terrified Draco, but he and Harry had spoken about it at length and more than once. They’d come to an understanding that worked for them. It also made Draco truly appreciate Harry’s ability to navigate between a kink-based relationship and a plain vanilla one.

TPE most definitely wasn’t the right kind of relationship for Draco. He understood that, and so did Harry.

Over the last two years, they’d forged their own relationship, one that suited them perfectly. They’d tailored it to meet their needs, and Draco felt comfortable and at home in it.

Harry generally treated him as his equal and rarely demanded his complete obedience. Especially allotted times and the playroom were the only exceptions to that rule. Their relationship wasn’t strictly vanilla, and it wasn’t purely kinky either. The lines between the two worlds were forever blurred, but it was consensual, and Draco liked it that way. Harry didn’t expect him to submit all the time, but he also never demanded that he suppress that part of himself to keep up pretence. While Draco didn’t have any regrets about any of his previous relationships, it was what Harry and he had built together that genuinely worked for him.

“Alright, everyone!”

Charlie’s cheerful exclamation drew Draco’s attention, and turning around, he watched Liam take several steps back. When Charlie nodded, he stopped and stood perfectly still. There wasn’t a flicker of fear in his eyes, and he seemed relaxed and at ease, but as Charlie slipped his hand through the wrist strap of his bullwhip, Draco couldn’t help but edge closer to Harry, who placed a hand on his hip and squeezed it gently.

“Are you sure this is going to end well?” Draco whispered.

Harry turned his head and smiled.

“Yes, don’t worry.”

Draco decided that he wasn’t entirely convinced, but he also decided to keep an open mind.

Charlie adjusted his grip on the whip’s handle, then expertly flexed it until he was happy with its position and his own stance.
“Liam? Ready?”

Liam smiled and nodded.

“Go for it, Master Charlie.”

Charlie turned his head to look at Draco.

“Right, watch this then,” he said.

He took a moment to concentrate, then brought his arm up and down in one dexterous and fluid motion to coax a loud crack out of his whip.

Draco watched as the thong moved through the air and created a small sonic boom that made him shiver. At the same time, the whip’s fall wrapped itself around Liam’s bare ankles, but he neither flinched nor howled in pain.

Draco felt his jaw drop and he stared in complete and utter disbelief.

Liam carefully stepped out of the leathery loop around his legs, and Charlie effortlessly pulled the whip back, waited for Liam to position himself, then cracked it again. This time the fall curled around Liam’s calves.

“Does this not hurt at all?” Draco wondered out loud.

Instead of answering the question, Charlie redirected it to Liam, who shook his head.

“Actually, it tickles,” he said with a smile.

Draco frowned.

Charlie sent the whip flying through the air for the third time, and it wrapped itself around Liam’s knees. On the fourth crack, it hugged his thighs, and on the fifth, it sneaked around his hips, then his waist, and finally his chest.

Liam slowly lifted his arms up above his head and positioned them so that he was protecting his ears and eyes. Charlie cracked the whip one last time, and the fall gently curled around Liam’s left wrist and forearm, and when Charlie tugged on the whip, Liam followed his wordless call and walked over to him.

“You were perfect, thank you, my boy.”

Charlie’s praise charmed a smile onto Liam’s face, and when he wrapped his arm around his slave and pulled him into a loving embrace, Liam melted into it.

The tender and unabashed display of affection warmed Draco’s heart, and when Harry squeezed his hip gently, it skipped a beat.

“Do you want to give it a go?” Charlie asked, and for a moment Draco struggled to comprehend his question, then he shook his head.

“I’m not going to whip Liam,” he said.

Charlie laughed.

“I would never let you. That privilege is mine and only mine. I’ll never share that with anyone. But if
Harry consents and you dare, stand where Liam just stood and I’ll show you that it doesn’t hurt.”

Draco instinctively turned his head and looked at Harry, not because he wanted to ask for permission but because he wasn’t sure that this was a good idea. It seemed mad; however, Harry’s unperturbed expression instantly eased his nervousness a bit.

Harry smiled.

“I’ve stood where Liam stood. It doesn’t hurt, I promise. If you’re curious and you want to give it a go, I don’t mind consenting to Charlie giving you a few lashes.”

Draco briefly closed his eyes and shook his head.

“There’s so much wrong with that statement,” he mumbled.

Harry chuckled, then lowered his voice to a seductive, teasing whisper that sent a shudder of excitement surging down Draco’s spine.

“If you want a couple of lashes that actually hurt, I’d be only too happy to supply this later tonight.”

Draco winced.

“No thanks,” he said, shaking his head.

“My arse still hurts from your belt.”

Harry grinned.

“I’ll take a look at it when we get back. I’m sure I can do something to make you feel better.”

Draco rolled his eyes, but instead of continuing the conversation, he handed Harry his new and as of yet unused whip and walked over to the spot where Liam had stood a few minutes ago. He wasn’t feeling extraordinarily brave and was sure that the whole thing was a colossal mistake, but something inside of him egged him on, and so he took a deep breath and tried to tell his wildly thumping heart to take it easy.

“Ready,” Charlie called out to him.

Draco shook his head.

“No, and I don’t think I’ll ever be.”

“Close your eyes, my love,” Harry advised, and Draco decided to do just that.

He adjusted his stance, and clenching his fists, he pushed them against the outside of his thighs and focused on that pressure instead of what was about to happen. Several seconds of nothing past, then he suddenly felt a tickling sensation around his ankles, and his eyes instantly flew open. He stared down at his legs and the fall of Charlie’s whip. It lay there, snuggly curled around both his ankles and all he’d felt had been a tiny gust of wind and a bit of a tickle.

Draco shuddered and slowly lifted his gaze. He looked at Harry first, swallowed hard, then slowly glanced at Charlie, who smiled at him.

“Told ya,” he said.

“You did,” Draco mumbled.
He still couldn’t believe that he’d barely felt anything and when Charlie asked him whether he wanted another lash, Draco mutely nodded, except this time he kept his eyes open and focused on Harry, who held his gaze and smiled warmly.

Charlie cracked his whip again, and Draco felt the fall curl around his calves. His knees buckled a little, and he gasped softly. Harry’s knowing look woke the butterflies in his stomach, and they danced around madly, robbing him of his ability to remain focused on anything. His vision became muddled, and everything around him turned into a complete blur. He tried to concentrate on Harry and tried to drown out the rest of the world, but even that proved to be a little tricky.

Charlie’s whip teased around his knees, his thighs, his hips, his waist, his chest and eventually, after a bit of advice from Liam on how to position his arms, his wrists. The touch immediately reminded Draco of all those times when Harry pressed his thumb against his pulse point and circled over it to calm him, and he inhaled sharply. He was vaguely aware of the fact that Harry was moving closer to him and then felt two strong arms sneak around his waist. Closing his eyes, Draco simply melted into the embrace, buried his face against Harry’s neck and sighed. Harry hugged him tightly and ran the flat of his hand gently up and down along his spine. Draco felt the familiar tug of apparition in the pit of his stomach, and the world around him descended into a spinning blur.

A second later, Harry and he reappeared in one of the guestrooms on the cottage’s second floor, and Harry gently eased him onto the bed, then crawled after him and curled himself around him.

“If I’d known you’d have this kind of reaction to the tease of whip’s fall, I’d have asked Charlie to teach me a long, long time ago.”

Draco chuckled softly and buried his face in Harry’s chest. He could feel and hear Harry’s heartbeat and inhaling deeply, he breathed in Harry’s familiar scent.

“It wasn’t the tease of the whip but rather the way you were looking at me,” he mumbled.

A warm rumble of laughter erupted from the depths of Harry’s throat and the sound settled around Draco like a warm blanket.

“I was aiming for you-are-fucking-sexy-as-hell-with-a-whip-wrapped-around-you, but I may have failed and given you I-want-to-eat-you instead.”

Draco snorted with laughter and relished in the feeling of Harry tightening his hold on him.

“It was neither. Don’t ask me to describe it, I can’t, not now. I’ll write something about it in my journal in a few days. I need to digest it first.”

“Take all the time in the world, my little prince.”

“Thank you, Sir.”

“No, thank you, my love. Thank you for being brave and thank you for giving me such an amazing gift.”

Even though they were alone in the room and curled up on the bed, Draco felt his cheeks heat, and he snuggled even further into Harry’s embrace or at least tried to.

“Is Charlie going to barge into the room and demand to know what happened?”

Harry chuckled.
“Nope, I think he trusts me to know how to handle my submissive boyfriend.”

Draco laughed.

“You just had to put the two together in one sentence, did you?”

In response, Harry combed his fingers through his hair, then kissed the top of his head.

“Of course, it takes both of them to describe you accurately.”

“You forgot an adjective. There’s also sassy.”

“I included that in boyfriend.”

Draco moved his head and looked at Harry, then shook his head.

“I’m afraid it doesn’t work this way.”

“It doesn’t?”

“Nope.”

“I see. Fine. Let me take another crack at it. I think Charlie trusts me to know how to handle my sassy submissive boyfriend.”

“That’s so much better.”

Harry laughed.

“As long as you’re happy, my love.”

“I’m always happy with you.”

This time it was Harry’s turn to snort with laughter.

“Fuck me, Malfoy, now it’s you who’s laying it on a bit thick, aren’t you?”

“Say those first two words again, please, Potter.”

Harry chuckled.

“Fuck me,” he said.

He deliberately lowered his voice to a seductive drawl, and Draco shuddered, then chanced his luck and moving swiftly, he flipped Harry onto his back, straddled him, and pinned his arms to the mattress.

“Feisty brat.”

Harry grinned but made no attempt to free himself.

Draco smirked.

“You know I am.”

“Oh, yes, you most definitely are.”
“Not going to fight me for your right to dominance?”

Harry raised an eyebrow at him.

“Do I need to fight you, my little prince?” he asked.

Draco nodded.

“Absolutely.”

Harry smirked.

“I don’t think I do, my love. This is as far as you’ll ever take it.”

“Are you sure?”

Harry flashed him a positively devilish and wicked smile.

“Very, my little prince. I don’t need to fight you. You’re going to give me your submission quite willingly, aren’t you?”

Draco bit his bottom lip and toyed with it.

“You love surrendering yourself to me, my little prince. You love it when I wrap my hands around your wrists and hold you down. You want me to claim your mouth in a hot kiss. You want to be mine. You want me to decide exactly how I’m going to make you fall apart. You want me to take you and own you. You want me to have all of you, and you want me to decide what I’ll do with it. You want to feel me exert that power over you. It thrills you; it sets your skin on fire, and it makes your heart beat faster, and it’s already started. You just don’t want to resist me, do you, my little prince?”

The innocent question pierced right through Draco’s very core. His heart fluttered, and he felt his arms start to shake, and there was next to nothing he could do about it. Harry’s words ignited something fierce inside of him, and he honestly did not want to resist. It wasn’t weakness or a sense of inferiority or even worthlessness that governed his decision, no, it was the fact that he knew exactly how good it felt when he surrendered, gave in to the thrill, and let himself fall.

“Give me what I want, my little prince. You know you want to.”

Harry’s teasing voice send a shudder of excitement coursing through Draco, and he blinked, licked his lips and folding his arms, he rolled off Harry and allowed him to curl around him once more. Harry wrapped his arms tightly around him and peppered the side of his neck with tiny kisses.

“Thank you, my little prince. Thank you for your precious gift.”

Draco whimpered softly and closing his eyes, he focused entirely on the sensations of Harry’s firm grip and his tender kisses. He was both fiercely possessive and loving at the same time, and the mix of that was thoroughly intoxicating.

Suffice to say it took an entire hour before Draco managed to feel more like himself and his knees stopped feeling like jelly. When they reappeared in the living room, they found Charlie sitting on the sofa reading a book and Liam curled up at his feet, snuggled against his legs. They were both drinking coffee, and when Charlie lowered his book, his knowing smile made Draco blush a little.

He invited them to sit and feeling a bit sheepish, Draco waited for Harry to sit down first, then curled
up on the sofa next to him.

_Sod appropriateness_, he thought and rested his head on Harry’s shoulder.

Charlie placed a bookmark inside his book, snapped it closed and handed it to Liam, who took it and put it on the coffee table in front of him.

“So, here’s the deal, I was going to offer to teach you how to throw a whip, but it’s getting a bit late now, so I think we’ll have to postpone our first lesson. If you’re interested that is,” he said.

Draco lifted his head up and looked first at Harry, then focused on Charlie.

“You want to teach me how to throw a whip so that the fall curls around a person’s limbs without actually hurting them?”

Charlie nodded.

“Although, I’d start you on a cattleman’s crack first. Something straightforward to get you going. There’s a show at the club in a couple of months, and I can usually persuade Harry to show some of his skills off, but this year I’d like to talk you into it. If you want to be talked into it that is.”

Draco gapped.

He hadn’t quite expected to hear that and was a little bit stunned for words. Harry’s squeezed his hand and blinking a few times, Draco considered the offer.

“Isn’t it normally just D-types who sign up to show off their skills?”

Charlie shrugged.

“There’s nothing in the rulebook that says s-types can’t sign up. So, if you want, I’d be happy to take a bit of time and offer my guidance. Or if you’re more comfortable with Harry doing the teaching, I can give him a few pointers, and he’ll teach you.”

Draco considered the offer for a moment, then a thought struck him, and he started grinning.

“I want to win the competition,” he said, “Whichever one of you can make that happen, can teach me.”

Harry laughed, and Charlie chuckled with amusement.

“Alright, come by next Saturday. Harry bring your whip. I’ll show you all my tricks and Harry can show you his. You can ask Liam about stuff you don’t understand, then choose your mentor.”

Draco smirked.

“Let me get that straight, you want to compete against each other with the sole purpose of me choosing one of you to mentor me in preparation for a whip-cracking competition at the club?”

Charlie nodded.

“I haven’t trained in a while, my fingers are itching,” he said.

Draco shook his head.

“You are insane.”
“He’s also a damn good mentor, my love. If you were you, I’d take the deal. He’s a hundred times better than I am.”

Draco turned his head and raised an eyebrow at Harry.

“I’ll be the judge of that, Potter. And just so you know, if you lose on purpose, I’ll know.”

Harry laughed.

“I’m just as competitive as the next guy, Malfoy. I’d sooner consent to be put into Azkaban-grade shackles than lose a competition on purpose.”

Draco grinned.

“I’m sure I can manage to get my hands on a full set and Weasley here can teach me how to use them.”

“Keep on dreaming.”
Chapter Notes

I have the feeling that I'm going to have to up the level of kink very very soon. So far, there's a whole lot of fluff going on. *grin*

I hope you enjoy this chapter as much as I enjoyed writing it. Even though it was entirely unplanned and very much a last-minute decision, writing this sequel is honestly a ton of fun.

Thank you for all your lovely comments so far, you are an inspiration and I heart you dearly!

Love,
Selly x

Harry straightened out his scarlet Auror robes, took a deep breath, and gallantly stepped into the witness box, casually taking in the layout of the courtroom. Two Court Aurors stood guard in front of his stand.

To his left was the judges’ bench, presently occupied by three Wizengamot judges. Although Harry had bumped into each one of them on various occasions and had even spoken to them, he didn’t know them exceptionally well.

However, Draco had informed him that they were just, reasonable, open-minded, and without any bias. All three judges also took their responsibilities seriously and weren’t the sort to be fooled by any attempts to delay trial proceedings. Harry thought that Kingsley had chosen the right people for the job, and he hoped they would ensure that the defence didn’t unnecessarily waste his time.

In front of the judges, on a slightly lower bench sat the official court recorder and the judges’ clerks. All four of them had their noses buried in their work and barely spared a moment to look up.

In the dock across from Harry sat the accused, and he tried his best not to glare at him. Reginald Warrenforth wore a smart dark-grey business suit and plain black wizarding robes, and Harry clenched and unclenched his wand hand at his side. While he agreed that everyone was entitled to a fair trial, he couldn’t quench the desire to stride across the room and punch Warrenforth in the face. He disliked the man and had done so ever since he’d had the displeasure of interrogating him following his arrest at Heathrow Airport, where he’d tried to get on a Muggle aeroplane bound for Antigua.

Hastily focusing his attention elsewhere, Harry glanced at the three rows of sturdy wooden benches, facing the judges’ bench, in front of the dock. Warrenforth’s defence barrister sat in the first row, in the row behind her sat her clerks, and Warrenforth’s solicitor had temporarily taken up residence in the last row and was currently busy scribbling notes into a file.

Draco and his legal team occupied the three rows of robust wooden benches directly in front of the witness box, and Harry couldn’t help but smile.
While the defence barrister’s desk looked like someone had cast *Reducto* on it, everything on Draco’s desk was in perfect order, and Harry watched him reach for a carafe filled with water. He refilled his empty glass, took a few sips, then set it down on a coaster beside the carafe.

Draco’s clerk, his legal assistant, a prosecutor-in-training, and someone else from the prosecutor’s chambers filled the two rows behind Draco. The files on their desks were also neatly arranged, and Harry had to bite the inside of his mouth to stop himself from smirking. Draco didn’t mind a bit of disorder here and there, but when it came to his work, he couldn’t stand any form of chaos.

Since the open-plan offices in the Prosecutor’s Chambers were in a permanent state of mayhem, Harry sympathised with Draco’s burning desire to escape the madness whenever he could get away with it. Their coffee house in Notting Hill was Draco’s port in a storm and not even the privacy of his own office, combined with an extra-strong Silencing Charm on its door, could match that.

Harry’s eyes fell back onto Draco, and he felt his brows furrow into a frown. Draco had been looking and feeling slightly run down for a few days now, and it showed. Harry suspected that he was coming down with something, possibly some sort of viral infection or other — Draco rarely got sick, but when he did, it was usually bad.

Draco had started the trial on a high but these days Warrenforth’s defence barrister was quite deliberately trying to provoke him. She was intentionally pushing all of his buttons, hoping to see him fly into a blind rage in open court. Harry thought it rather amusing. She clearly didn’t know Draco very well. While he was capable of suddenly becoming violently angry, he’d never do so at a trial.

Yes, the press called him a fire-spewing dragon who never showed any sort of mercy, but whenever Draco lost it in court, he did so with the utmost eloquence. He was passionate about the law, and he had a way with words that left Harry not only speechless but also breathless. But what amazed him most was that despite Draco’s fluent, forcible, elegant, and persuasive speaking, the easiest way to bring him to his knees was to use words.

While Harry knew how to make Draco melt with a gentle touch, a small gesture, or even just something as simple as a smile, it hadn’t taken him long to work out that his words always robbed Draco of his sanity. They’d discussed it a few times and come to the conclusion that Draco didn’t want to resist him, didn’t even want to try, and he proved it often enough.

Around him, but especially in the privacy of their own home, Draco was a lot more open, vulnerable, and willing to reveal his innermost thoughts and feelings. He didn’t close himself off, and he rarely concealed his emotions. Well, occasionally, he tried, but he’d yet to successfully hoodwink Harry. Sometimes, especially when he sensed that Draco wasn’t ready to talk, Harry consciously stopped himself from digging too deep, but he always knew that something was up.

Draco’s lack of protective barriers was precisely why Harry always succeeded in worming his way under Draco’s skin. There was nothing that blocked his way, and if Harry was absolutely honest, there never had been. Back at Hogwarts, Draco had always been on his mind. He’d always stood out, and Harry had always noticed him. They’d had that conversation over breakfast a couple of weeks ago, and after Harry had shared his thoughts, Draco had smiled at him over the rim of his coffee cup and nodded.

*Potter, you were my kryptonite long before I knew the meaning of the word,* he’d said after and glancing at Draco now, Harry’s heart skipped a beat. He was extremely grateful when Draco chose precisely that moment to rise to his feet and clear his throat.

Draco smoothed out his elegant black prosecutor’s robes, reached for his Eagle feather quill and
opened the topmost file on his desk. He glanced at his notes, then lifted his head and addressed the judges in front of him, and after a short speech, he turned his head slightly to the right.

For the first time since Harry had entered the witness box, Draco actually looked at him, and it was with a heavy heart that Harry noted the dark circles underneath Draco’s eyes. They hadn’t been quite so pronounced this morning when they’d sat down for breakfast together, but now they were a little more evident than Harry would have liked them to be.

He stifled a sigh and smiling politely, he inclined his head.

“Director Potter, Sir, thank you for your time this morning.”

Draco’s voice was raspy and slightly gruff, and Harry thought that it looked like his throat hurt.

For a second, Harry wanted to say something sarcastic. However, since it hadn’t been Draco who had subpoenaed him, he decided against being a smartarse. There was a time and a place for that, and it wasn’t in open court.

“You’re most welcome, Prosecutor Malfoy,” he said but sent an icy death glare into the general direction of Warrenforth’s defence barrister.

She’d been the one who’d hand-delivered the legal document that compelled him to attend today’s judicial proceedings as a witness. Harry really didn’t know what she hoped to achieve with her summons, but over the last few years, Harry had received enough subpoena ad testificandum to understand how to deal with them.

Occasionally, a special appearance in the judges’ chambers was enough, but some barristers stubbornly insisted that the Director of the Auror Department himself appear in court to make his statement. Each writ, Harry received, was a colossal waste of his time. They always turned his schedule upside down.

Afterwards, he usually ended up working overtime for days on end just to get through his workload. His secretary hated court orders as much as he did as it forced her to immediately dispatch several dozen interdepartmental memos to reschedule his meetings and other pressing engagements.

“Director Potter, Sir, I’ve just got a few questions I’d like to ask you. If you wouldn’t mind telling the court, approximately, and please be as precise as you possibly can, how often do you personally appear at a crime scene?”

Harry thoroughly appreciated Draco’s professionalism and admired his ability to disregard their personal relationship in favour of making this quick and painless. However, there was a flicker of something odd in Draco’s eyes that Harry really didn’t like. He couldn’t quite put his finger on it, but he was convinced that something was wrong and it worried him.

“I make an appearance when I feel that my presence is required.”

“On what do you base this decision, Director Potter, Sir?”

“Various factors. If the Lead Auror on the case is relatively inexperienced, I might make an appearance to oversee the initial investigation. If I deem the Lead Auror, despite their lack of experience, capable of handling the investigation, I will remain in the background or assign a Senior Auror to supervise and offer additional training. If the nature of the case requires my input, expertise, or direct investigation, I will take a trip into the field. If my Senior Aurors require my assistance I will make an appearance.”
“In Reginald Warrenforth’s case, you decided not to make an appearance at the initial crime scene, is that correct, Director Potter, Sir?”

Harry nodded.

“Yes, that’s correct. The MLEP officers on duty flagged Reginald Warrenforth’s shop to our department, suspecting him to keeping non-tradable goods. One of my Junior Aurors caught the case, and he and his partner apparated out to the location to check it out. Auror Rowan and his partner handled the case admirably. Unfortunately, the DMLE regularly comes across cases of illegal possession of non-tradable goods, and those cases are usually quite straightforward. If I was to make an appearance every time the MLEP flags us one of those cases, I might as well hand Minister Shacklebolt my resignation today and join the squad on the beat.”

Several low chuckles echoed through the courtroom, and even Draco smiled faintly.

“I’m certain the MLEP squad would appreciate your expertise and duelling skills, Director Potter, Sir.”

Harry nodded and responded with a smile of his own, but frowned when he noticed Draco grip the edge of his desk to steady himself.

“Perhaps, although I can assure you the MLEP squad is hardworking and excellent at what they do. They most definitely can handle themselves without my intervention.”

“Talking about intervention, Director Potter, Sir, when did you decide that Auror Rowan and his partner could benefit from your knowledge?”

“Right around the time that Auror Rowan flagged an abnormality in the case to one of my Senior Aurors who noted that the case appeared to be connected to one of her cold cases and immediately came to my office, asking for my input. You see, Prosecutor Malfoy, we at the DMLE take memory-tampering very seriously and my team knows to follow the chain of command. I’d rather my Aurors seek my advice before they get themselves into a whole lot of unnecessary trouble.”

“Barrister Norton appears to be under the impression that you were—”

Draco paused to check his notes, and while doing so, he reached for his water glass and took a sip. Harry noted that he was still holding on to the edge of the table and also appeared to be swearing slightly. He raised his eyebrow in a silent question, but Draco ignored him and cleared his throat, then continued with his interrogation.

“Like I just said Barrister Norton appears to be under the impression that you insisted on taking over the case, maltreated her client and verbally abused him on several occasions. Could you give the court your version of events, Director Potter, Sir?”

Draco coughed a little, then produced a white cotton handkerchief and dabbed his forehead. Much to Harry’s growing concern, Draco’s eyes had glazed over, and he looked like he was about to pass out.

“My version of the events is relatively straightforward, and I’d be happy to provide Pensieve proof. Senior Auror Watkins flagged the case to me, and after a short perusal of Auror Rowan’s case notes and Auror Watkins cold case file, I deemed it necessary to check out Reginald Warrenforth’s shop. Upon my arrival Mr Warrenforth was extremely hostile, insulted me personally and drew his wand to attack one of my Aurors. I persuaded him, with the assistance of a spell or two, to join me for an informal chat at the Ministry while my team of Aurors turned his shop upside down and unearthed
rather worrying evidence of several other crimes.

“Following the raid, I personally invited Mr Warrenforth to spend twenty-four hours in our holding cells, and when the extent of his crimes became apparent, I told him exactly what I thought of him. Despite our best attempts, Mr Warrenforth’s solicitor managed to have him released on bail, and he immediately attempted to flee the country. I personally apprehended him at Heathrow Airport, and because he resisted arrest, our team of Obliviators had to work two days’ worth of overtime. Upon returning Barrister Norton’s client to our holding cells, I told him exactly what I thought of filth like him, and my opinion hasn’t changed in the slightest.”

“Thank you, Dir—”

Draco paused mid-sentence and coughed. His hand slipped, and he floundered a little.

One of the judges spoke up.

“Prosecutor Malfoy, are you OK?”

Draco waved her off.

“I’m fine.”

He steadied himself once more, but when he turned his head to look at him, Harry furrowed his brows. Draco’s face was whiter than a sheet of paper, and his eyes had fully glazed over, and he appeared unfocused. Harry’s unease instantly increased tenfold, and he shuffled from one leg to the other.

“Apologies. Thank you, Director Potter, Sir, for your detailed recount—”

Overcome by a sudden coughing fit, Draco paused again, braced himself on his desk and lowered his head. He attempted to reach for his water but missed and promptly sent the glass sailing to the ground.

Harry thrust his hand out, and wandlessly slowed the glasses’ fall, then levitated it back onto the table.

Meanwhile, Draco lost his balance, and his hand slid off the edge of the desk.

Harry’s instincts took over and governed his response.

Before the Court Aurors had the chance to react, he jumped out of the witness box, over their heads and into the centre of the courtroom.

A series of loud gasps along with a firm reprimand from one of the judges reverberated around the room, but Harry ignored them. Instead, he dashed over to Draco, expertly steadied him and helped him to sit down.

His hand flew to Draco’s forehead, which felt hot, unpleasantly damp and sticky. Small beads of sweat trickled down Draco’s temples, and his pupils were dilated.

Harry swore under his breath.

“Fuck, Draco, you’re burning up.”

“I think I’m going to be sick.”
Draco pressed his lips firmly together and turning his head, Harry directed his next words at the three judges. They’d all stood up and were looking down at Draco with great concern.

“Can we please adjourn this session?”

Judge Sears nodded and reaching for her gavel, she first controlled the mumbling spectators in the gallery, then officially adjourned the court until further notice. She and her colleagues then immediately left through the door that led to the judges’ chambers.

Meanwhile, Harry solicited the help of one of the Court Aurors, and together they accompanied Draco out of the courtroom and back to his office, where Harry thanked the Court Auror for his help, then insisted that Draco lie down on the leather sofa on the far side of his office.

“I’m fine.”

Draco protested meekly, then coughed and rolled onto his side, looking thoroughly miserable.

Harry glared at him and crouched down beside the sofa.

“You are not fine, Draco. You’re running a fever, you’re sweaty, pale and shivery and you look like you’re five inches away from going into pseudo-subspace.”

Draco grumbled something entirely incomprehensible and Harry helped him to get out of his robes. He folded them neatly and placed them on top of the sofa’s armrest, then took Draco’s shoes off.

Taking his Auror robes off, Harry stood up, walked over to Draco’s desk and poured him a glass of water. He cast a mild warming charm on it to raise its temperature, then returned to Draco’s side and helping him to sit up a little, he offered him the warm water.

Draco closed a shaky hand around the glass, slowly brought it up to his lips and took a few sips, then rested the glass in his lap.

“Thanks. Fuck, I feel like death warmed up.”

Harry chuckled.

“You look it too.”

Draco twisted his head and attempted to glare at him.

With a smile, Harry combed his fingers through Draco’s damp hair and placed a gentle kiss on his cheek.

“Should have put my foot down this morning and told you to call in sick.”

“Meh.”

“Don’t you meh at me, Draco Malfoy, I am taking you home in a minute, and you’re going straight to bed. It’s Pepper-Up, bed rest, and cold leg compresses for you.”

Draco coughed, then grimaced.

“You’re an abysmal salesman, Potter, do you know that? You could at least throw some chicken soup on top of that.”

“Oh, believe me, there’ll be plenty of chicken soup. I’ll firecall the Burrow and get Molly to bring
some over.”

Draco groaned.

“Whatever have I done to you to deserve such a punishment?” he lamented. “Isn’t it enough that I’m on my deathbed already?”

Harry laughed.

“Don’t be such a drama queen, Malfoy.”

“Hmpf, I’ll be a drama queen whenever it suits me, Potter, and there isn’t a bloody thing you can do about it.”

Harry shook his head and smiled in apparent amusement.

“Fine, be a drama queen,” he said and ran his fingers through Draco’s hair.

“My dramatic little prince, you are adorable.”

“I am not adorable, I’m a menacing dragon.”

Draco coughed, attempted to drink some more water but spluttered right into his glass. Harry patted his back gently, then rubbed slow circles.

“This fever is making you delirious, my little prince. Come on, time to get you home.”

Harry slowly moved to get up, but Draco held him back. Sinking back down into the cushions, Harry raised a questioning eyebrow at him.

“What is it?” he asked softly.

“Can you not—?”

Draco trailed off and turned his head away, clearly embarrassed.

“Can I not what?” Harry asked.

He placed two fingers underneath Draco’s chin and turned his head, applying gentle force to get him to meet his eye.”

“Not what?” he asked again.

He purposefully kept his voice soft and gentle, and Draco’s eyelids fluttered as he struggled to keep his eyes open. Harry gently caressed his hot and sweaty cheeks and smiled.

“Tell me.”

“Please don’t call me your little prince, not right now.”

Draco mumbled the words, looking quite abashed.

Harry nodded knowingly.

“All that Director Potter, Sir was a bit much today, wasn’t it?”

Draco hummed.
“Sorry.”

“Why are you apologising?”

“It’s never bothered me before.”

“You’re not well today, this is completely understandable, my love. You have absolutely nothing to apologise for. Everyone has off-days and today was yours.”

Draco closed his eyes and snuggled into him.

Harry instinctively tightened his hold on him and kissed the top of his head.

“Why are you so perfect, Potter?”

Draco’s mumbled question made Harry chuckle. The only reason Draco was talking like that was because he was running a high fever.

“I’m not perfect, I just happen to be head over heels in love with you. Come on, I’ll take you home and pamper you like you’ve never been pampered before.”

Harry slowly got up, helped Draco to put his shoes back on, then pulled him up and off the sofa, and wrapped his arms around him.

Draco sneaked his arms around his waist and snuggled close.

“Harry?”

“Hm? What is it, my love?”

“Please never unlove me.”

Smiling, Harry squeezed Draco gently.

“I promise.”
I Had The Best Time

Chapter Notes

During the writing process, you ultimately come across a chapter that makes you wonder whether you have any talent whatsoever. I tried to read comments to pep me up, then skimmed over a few chapters of the first LPK just to see whether I might be able to copy the mood, then decided to have an epic meltdown, which my brother thankfully shut down immediately. Thanks for that, K.

Somehow, and don't ask me how, I managed to get past the massive blockage in my head but then had to stop writing because it was getting late and I could barely keep my eyes open any longer. Either way, I think I managed to nail the chapter and I'm proud of it. I think I captured the mood I set in the original story and I really hope you'll enjoy this scene.

Love,
Selly

Harry carefully extinguished the candle in his hand and levitated the leftover stump over to the non-flammable wax play box on the nightstand beside the bed, then admired his artwork with a proud smile.

He and Draco hadn’t played with wax for a couple of months. It wasn’t something they did regularly but saved for special occasions, and after having fully recovered from his truly nasty bout of the flu, Draco had requested it, confessing it was something he’d been craving for a few weeks. Harry had been only too happy to indulge him and looking at Draco’s beautiful wax-covered backside, he had no regrets whatsoever about his decision.

Draco looked stunning, truly mesmerisingly beautiful.

Compared to his pale white milky skin, the black low-temperature paraffin wax was a stark contrast, and Harry couldn’t stop staring. Draco was exquisite and truly breath-taking.

Harry couldn’t and didn’t want to get enough.

This beautiful man, currently sprawled out on top of a set of exquisite silvery-grey satin sheets, was his and his alone and the knowledge of that set every fibre of his body on fire.

Draco was his little prince.

His.

His to touch.

His to kiss.

His to play with.
His to treasure.
His to hurt.
His to worship.
His to love.
His to mark.
His to care for.
His.
Only his.

The thought had an intense and exhilarating effect on Harry, and for a moment, he struggled to fill his lungs with an adequate amount of oxygen. It felt like he’d had a bit too much to drink, except he was still lucid and coherent and for as long as his own logical reasoning wasn’t in any way impaired, he saw no reason to put an end to their playtime.

He’d spent the last hour using Draco’s body as his own personal canvas, painting Draco’s pet name onto his back with stinging hot melted wax. Harry was more than just pleased with the result of his efforts; the sense of satisfaction, he currently felt, ran deep. It had seeped right through his pores, into his bones, mixing with the very core of his being. He wanted to remember this moment for all eternity and taking his time to let the scene sink in, he smiled.

In addition to using black wax to write the words little prince onto Draco’s back, he’d also used burgundy-coloured candle wax to drip create an intricate web of curved lines and loops on Draco’s shoulders, his arms, his firm round buttocks, which glowed red after the earlier spanking he’d subjected them to, and the back of his thighs. It looked almost like a tattoo of some kind, and it had taken forever to complete.

Reaching out, Harry gently traced the words on Draco’s back, delighting in the tiny tremors that shook Draco’s body and the little hisses and contented sighs that fell from his lips.

After the continuous stings of drops of hot wax, Draco’s skin was slightly reddened skin and extremely sensitive to the touch. Harry thoroughly loved the effect his innocent teasing touches had on Draco, who whimpered softly as he drifted, untroubled by the world around him, somewhere between reality and his own little fantasy world.

“You are perfect, my little prince.”

He whispered sweet words of praise and Draco’s soft mewl made the butterflies in the pit of his heart flutter. Harry’s heart skipped a beat and feeling exhilarated, Harry leant forward. He placed his hands on either side of Draco’s shoulders, then pressed a lingering kiss to Draco’s temple, briefly closing his eyes as he did so. He inhaled Draco’s familiar scent and let it cloud his senses for a few moments. Draco smelt of love and trust and a prevailing aroma of vanilla and fresh citrus. It was intoxicating and not for the first time, Harry wished he could crawl into Draco and remain there forever.

“You are everything I ever wanted, my sweet little prince.”

Draco hummed softly and huffed out a breath of air. He was entirely at ease, and Harry was confident that even if he kneaded every inch of Draco’s body, he wouldn’t be able to find a single tense muscle.
He peppered the side of Draco’s face with tiny kisses, then set out to pamper the rest of Draco’s body with the sort of tender barely-there caress he knew could drive Draco wild. He used only the tips of his fingers and traced the beautiful wax painting he’d created on the one man he’d come to love and cherish more than anything in this world.

Whenever Harry brushed over a particularly sensitive area of Draco’s marked body, Draco shuddered and sighed softly.

In response, Harry smiled.

“You’re sinfully beautiful, my love. Being allowed to play with you is an honour, a true delight. You are my happiness.”

“Ngh.”

Draco wasn’t capable of making a more eloquent response and whimpered softly instead.

Harry smiled against his skin and pressed another kiss to his temple, then left a trail of butterfly kisses down Draco’s cheek, and nipped at Draco’s earlobe, playfully toying with it.

He teased it with his tongue, then sucked it into his mouth and bit it ever so gently. Draco let out a little moan and chuckling, Harry used the tip of his tongue to trace the shell of Draco’s ear, delighting in a series of tiny shivers that he could feel surge through Draco’s body as it reacted to the stimulation.

Draco’s fingers curled around the satin bedsheets beneath him. He squirmed, shifted, and a soft sigh fell from his lips.

Harry exhaled, blowing hot air all over Draco’s ear.

“Hm, my delectable little prince, are you enjoying yourself, my love?”

“Yes, Sir.”

Harry thoroughly delighted in Draco’s enthusiastic response and kissed his earlobe, deliberately lingering and sucking the soft flesh back into his mouth, allowing his tongue to flirt with it.

While he’d dripped wax all over Draco’s back, his little prince had filled the room with the most delightful sounds; sounds Harry could not get enough of, sounds that filled his ears and created the most beautiful and most fantastic images in his head. He was utterly addicted to Draco’s breathless sighs and his exquisite tiny whimpers. He’d panted, hummed, and moaned, and before long, he’d drifted off and lost himself in another world, a place where the only sensations that mattered to him were feeling the sting of hot melted wax splashing onto his skin.

Harry had, of course, kept a very close eye on him and checked in every once in a while. He’d certainly allowed Draco to float and dally with subspace, but he’d also made sure that Draco remained coherent enough to, at any given time, be able to tell him what his name was and where they were.

The last he wanted was for Draco to sink so deep into his haze that he was unable to respond to the simplest of questions and follow important instructions. There was consensual play, and there was mindless delirium, and Harry was not a fan of the latter. It was dangerous and, in his opinion, indulging in it was reckless and bordered on insanity.

Where wax play was concerned and given Draco’s unfavourable history with Fiendfyre and his
subsequent struggle with pyrophobia, Harry didn’t like taking chances.

Draco’s wellbeing was his main concern, and he wanted his little prince to know that he was safe, loved, and cared for — always and without exception.

Over the last two years, there’d never once been a reason for Draco to question his safety and Harry liked to keep it that way. It allowed him to relax and fully enjoy each time he and Draco played together, no matter whether they engaged in intense scenes up in Harry’s playroom or low-key versions in their bedroom or while on holiday.

Draco’s consent and his submission were powerful enough to bring Harry to his knees and drive him to the brink of madness in the most perfect way imaginable. He was utterly defenceless against the effects they had on him, and he cherished Draco’s gifts to him more than anything in the world.

“I’ve a little surprise for you, my little prince.”

“Will you tell me, Sir?”

Harry chuckled against Draco’s ear, purposefully sending a jolt of excitement through him.

“Hm, I could, but you know what, I don’t think I will. So, no. Stay here and don’t move, OK?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Mmm, that’s my good boy.”

Draco mewed softly and kissing his cheek, Harry moved off the bed and walked the short distance over to the spacious en-suite bathroom that was part of the playroom. He pulled the door open and retrieved a small ceramic bowl, which he’d covered with a Stasis Charm, from the marble top beside the sink.

Surprise in hand, Harry closed the bathroom door and returned to the large, comfortable play bed. He climbed onto it and positioning himself so that his knees were at the same level as Draco’s hips, he sat back on his haunches, and ended the Stasis Charm, then wandlessly cast a different spell altogether.

The round ice cubes inside the bowl immediately began to thaw a little, and their outermost layer became smooth and watery. Harry reached into the bowl, lifted a single frozen water sphere out and shuddering slightly at the cold, he shook some of the excess water off but made sure not to hit Draco with any of it.

“Ready, my little prince?” he asked.

Draco hesitated for a moment, then hummed, signalling his approval, but followed up with verbal consent.

“Yes, Sir.”

Harry smiled.

He was eager to witness Draco’s reactions to what he had planned for him. It was only the fact that they were in the middle of an intense scene that stopped him from bouncing up and down with the excitement, he barely managed to contain.

He’d told Draco that he could expect sensation play and temperature play during today’s scene, but
apart from promising to cover Draco in wax, he hadn’t divulged any specifics and Draco had been okay with that — another silent testament of his level of trust in Harry.

They’d experimented with sensation and temperature play before, but up until now, Harry had always used a variation of the Bluebell Flames or charmed an object to feel cold.

He’d never used actual ice cubes.

Placing his dry hand on Draco’s skin, near his lower back, Harry delighted in the fact that the pale and pink flesh still felt hot to the touch.

Feeling devious, Harry made Draco wait for another few moments, then he slowly moved his hand and positioned the steadily melting frozen water sphere so that a few drops of ice-cold water fell onto Draco’s heated skin.

In response to the unexpected unfamiliar sensation, Draco shuddered and let out a gasp, followed by a sharp sibilant sound.

“Ngh, f—ngh, cold!” he exclaimed.

Harry silently commended him for not swearing and moving his hand, he let a few more icy drops of water splash onto Draco’s skin.

Draco hissed and squirmed.

“Ngh!”

Harry smirked.

“OK?” he asked.

“Ngh, yes, Sir.”

Harry placed the ice cube on the small of Draco’s back and delighted in the way Draco squirmed and wriggled on top of the slippery satin sheets. He gently guided the frozen water sphere up along Draco’s spine, enjoying the way he shuddered at the intense cold.

“My sexy little snake, stop wriggling quite so much,” Harry reprimanded him.

He made sure to keep his voice low and soft since he didn’t really mind Draco’s reaction to the cold but enjoyed being able to exert his power and tease Draco a bit here and there.

Draco whimpered but tried his best to remain still, and Harry continued to move the ice cube over Draco’s heated skin, only stopping once the last bit of it had fully melted into a small puddle of cold water that pooled between Draco’s shoulder blades.

Before reaching for a second ice cube, Harry cast a mild warming charm and let it tingle over Draco’s skin. It wasn’t warm enough to melt the wax, but it certainly removed some of the lingering aftereffects of the ice. He then reached for that second ice cube and once again starting at the small of Draco’s back, he guided the frozen water sphere in a slow zig-zag motion over Draco’s left butt cheek and along the back of his thigh, then up again.

He used a third ice cube to subject Draco’s right butt cheek and the back of his right thigh to the same treatment, then paused to pepper the spaces between Draco’s temporary wax tattoo with tiny kisses, ever so slowly working his way up. Harry used his tongue to lap up some of the melted
water, and when his kisses reached Draco’s neck, he nibbled at the soft flesh, sucked it into his
mouth and gradually increased the intensity with which he continued to draw the skin into his mouth.

Draco moaned softly, and Harry brought his teeth into the mix. He slowly pinched the sensitive skin
with his front teeth, a good mouthful of it, then let his canines dig a little deeper, teasing the most
delicately sound from the depths of Draco’s body while he inflicted exquisite pain. Draco’s answer
to is teasing wasn’t a whimper, and it wasn’t a moan either, yet, somehow, it was all of this, breathy
and sinfully erotic, with a bit of a sweet meowl thrown into the mix to give it an extra little twist.

Harry added a tiny little more zest to his bite, and Draco’s already alluringly beautiful reaction turned
into an open-mouthed whine that turned into a bit of a cry when Harry pulled his teeth off Draco’s
neck without relaxing his jaws first. He soothed the abused and marked skin with his tongue and a
generous amount of warm saliva, digging the tip of it into the rather prominent little dibs his teeth had
left behind in the dark-red almost purple flesh.

“Tell me, my little prince, are you mine?”

Harry asked the question against Draco’s neck, knowing his voice would send pleasant vibrations all
over the tender flesh, he’d just claimed with his mouth, teeth, and lips.

Draco exhaled audibly, and a shudder surged through him.

“Yes, Sir.”

“Tell me then,” Harry murmured, balancing on the edge of blissful delirium.

“Tell me you’re mine, my little prince. I want to hear you say it. Tell me.”

“I’m yours, Sir.”

“Mmm, good boy. Again, tell me one more time.”

“I’m yours, Sir.

“Yes, you are. You are mine. Mine, mine, mine.”

Draco let out a little sob, not because he was hurt, but because of the effect Harry’s words had on
him and the feelings his response evoked, allowing him to slide deeper into his submission, and let

go a little more of himself.

“Ngh.”

Harry smiled.

He chuckled against Draco’s neck. He didn’t need access to Draco’s mind to know what he was
thinking about.

“I own you, my little prince. You belong to me. Your smart mouth, your beautiful mind, every inch
of you, all mine, mine, mine.”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Ngh, you drive me crazy. I want to keep you for all eternity. May I?”

Draco whimpered helplessly.
“Yes, Sir.”

For today’s scene, Harry hadn’t restrained Draco in any way, he hadn’t deemed it necessary. There were no ropes, no cuffs and no blindfold, yet he couldn’t shake the feeling that his words wound themselves around Draco’s body tighter than any string of exquisite bondage rope he possessed.

“Tell me again you’re mine, my sweet little prince, and keep saying it.”

“I’m yours, Sir. Yours, always yours. You can have it all, Sir, body and soul. Take it, please, Sir, please.”

Harry shuddered and pressing his lips to Draco’s neck, he hummed.

A zap of excitement jolted down his spine and pooled low in his groin, then spread outward, consuming him. A wave of white-hot warmth washed over him, and he sighed softly, contently.

“I will take you, my little prince, of that you can be sure.”

Draco whimpered again, and Harry ran his hand down Draco’s left arm in search of his pulse point on the inside of his wrist. He found it without removing his lips from Draco’s neck, pressed his thumb against it, then circled the familiar spot.


“Yours, Sir. Gladly.”

Harry huffed out a breath of air and chuckled against Draco’s neck. He reached for another ice cube and adjusting his position slightly, he ran the cold frozen water sphere from the back of Draco’s neck, along his spine, and down to his lower back. He paused for a moment there, then guided the ice cube along the crack between Draco’s butt cheeks, knowing the cold water would trickle between them.

Draco shuddered and moaned, and Harry teased along the crack until the frozen water sphere had melted completely. He let his cold fingers slip into the crack and teased the sensitive flesh, then channelled a wandless warming charm through his fingertips. Knowing that he didn’t have to worry about inadvertently melting any part of his wax artwork, he used a considerably higher temperature. Draco moaned and pushed into the touch, silently begging for more.

After a while, Harry ended the spell and reached for another ice cube, but this time, he gently eased it into the crack, teasing Draco’s most private part. The slowly melting water trickled down to Draco’s hole, and he moaned, arched his back and whimpered. Harry guided the ice cube over and around the furrowed skin and delighted in the way the muscles of Draco’s sphincter flexed at the extreme cold, then teased the frozen water sphere along Draco’s perineum, threatening to torment his balls with it.

“Ngh, Sir—”

“Yes, my little prince?”

Draco moaned.

Harry teasingly moved the ice cube back to Draco’s hole and pressed it against the ring of muscles around his hole.

Draco shuddered.
A breathless curse fell from his lips, and Harry watched as he bit his bottom lip sharply and flushed a deep shade of crimson.

Instead of verbally reprimanding Draco for his use of foul language, Harry doubled his efforts and pressed the ice cube against the tight muscle around Draco’s hole. It fought him at first, then eventually slowly relaxed and the sphere slipped inside. Harry pushed it fully in, and following with his finger, he used a warming charm to melt the ice.

Draco groaned.

He shuddered and squirmed.

Harry bit his shoulder and moved his finger inside of him, pulling it out and pushing it back inside. He teased and tormented Draco for several long minutes, then reached for the last ice cube and taunted Draco’s hole with it. He dragged the ice over and around Draco’s tight hole and eventually pushed it inside.

Draco grunted and twisted beneath him, and Harry bit his shoulder harder, silently forcing him to still his movements.

He pushed his finger into Draco, cast a warming charm and gradually increased its intensity, melting the ice cube and slowly finger-fucking Draco at the same time.

Grabbing a pillow, Harry dragged it down, trailing hungry little kisses down Draco’s spine on his way. With a bit of assistance from Draco, he positioned the pillow underneath his hips, ensured that Draco was comfortable, then used both his hands to drag Draco’s arse cheeks apart. He buried his face between them and lapped at Draco’s warm wet hole, flicking his tongue around it and over it.

Draco groaned and whimpered.

“Sir, please—”

He mewled.

Harry pressed the tip of his tongue against Draco’s hole, pleased when the muscle immediately relaxed and granted him entrance as though it wanted nothing more but to trap him right there, keeping him as intimately close as he could possibly get to Draco. He pushed his tongue inside, then pulled back and repeated the action several times over.

Draco moaned.

“Ngh, please, yes, please, Sir, don’t— please don’t stop, please.”

Harry slurped, lapping up the excess water from the melted ice cubes and some of his own saliva.

Draco’s groans remained continuous but grew muffled as he turned his head and pressed his face into the soft, crisp sheets beneath him. His breathing became heavier, then began to fluctuate as his body convulsed.

Harry let his tongue whirl around Draco’s hole, bathing it with warm wet saliva, then pressed his tongue inside. He moved it in and out of Draco’s tight channel and lost himself in the powerful sounds that fell from Draco’s lips. He writhed and squirmed, and his hole contracted around Harry’s tongue.

In response, Harry pushed Draco’s arse cheeks further apart and squeezed them. He let his right
Draco shivered and squirmed, and Harry pushed his thumb just past his knuckle. He pressed the tip against the sensitive walls, then tongued Draco with wild abandon, determined to make him fall apart, delighting in the silky-smooth texture of the delicate skin around Draco’s most private part. Draco trembled, shuddered and shook, and his moans grew louder, filling the room and intoxicating Harry’s mind.

He delighted in how simple it was to make Draco fall apart at the seams, and as he continued to rim his perfect little prince, Harry’s free hand travelled to Draco’s balls. He enthusiastically stimulated the delicate skin around it, squeezed them gently and toyed with Draco’s hard cock.

In-between Draco’s pants and his steadily incoherent pleas for more, he somehow managed to ask for permission to come and Harry took his sweet time to answer him.

When he finally did, he denied Draco, then kissed his cheek and marked his other shoulder with a rather prominent bite mark.

“Not yet, my little prince, I’ve only just started playing with you,” he whispered.

Draco whimpered pitifully and breathlessly begged him to show some mercy.

Harry chuckled and turned his desperate plea down right away.

A wretched sob fell from Draco’s lips, and he gulped in large amounts of air in a desperate attempt to somehow calm him.

Harry doubted he would be successful but highly commended Draco for his efforts to try and control himself.

He slightly adjusted Draco’s current pose, pulling him into a bit more of kneeling position with his arms extended far above his head and continued to tease Draco with untamed, ferocious delight. He used his mouth and hands to keep Draco hovering right at the edge of unadulterated pleasure and allowed him to fill the room with any and all sounds he had to offer, effectively drowning out the background music, Harry had chosen before starting this afternoon’s session.

After several minutes of truly mind-twisting, heart-stopping, toe-curling teasing, Harry stopped, allowed Draco to regain a tiny portion of his composure, then shuffled and summoned a simple dark-grey broad silk band. He slipped it over Draco’s eyes and tied it at the back, then kissed Draco’s cheek.

“OK?” he whispered.

Draco hummed.

He filled his air with lungs, then responded.

“Ngh, yes, Sir.”

“Good boy, I’m going to put some leather cuffs on you and tie them to the bed. Are you OK with that?”

“Yes, Sir.”
Harry smiled.

“Perfect.”

He retrieved the cuffs from the top drawer of the nightstand. He’d put them there earlier to keep them out of Draco’s sight, knowing that the combination of bondage and wax play had the potential to unnerve him.

Kissing Draco’s shoulder gently, he first fastened the cuffs to the bed’s headboard, then reached for Draco’s left hand, slipped it through the leather restraint and secured it. He sought out the pulse point on the inside of Draco’s wrist, circled it with his fingertips and pressed a reassuring kiss to Draco’s cheek.

“My good little prince.”

The praise did wonders. Not only did it renew the persistent flush that graced Draco’s cheeks, but it also made him blink and keen softly in delight.

Harry restrained his other hand and subjected it to the same treatment, teasing the pulse point on his wrist. For a change, he actually felt for a pulse. It was fast and erratic, and Harry smiled.

“Full of excitement and anticipation, my perfect little prince. You are truly wonderful and so perfect for me this afternoon.”

Draco shuddered, and Harry checked both cuffs to make sure that they were neither too tight nor too loose. Once he was confident that they were just perfect, he trailed the black wax words he’d dripped onto Draco’s back one last time, then kissed the back of his neck.

He shifted into a more comfortable position and summoned a rather extraordinary toy; he’d left lying out on the leather sofa on the far side of the room. It was a toy he’d used on Draco the very first time they’d tried out wax play and Draco had loved it. He’d asked for Harry to incorporate it in every wax play session and although Harry occasionally also used it on its own and in different settings, he loved watching the effects it had on Draco when he used it after an intense sensation play scene.

Straightening out some of the black deer hide tresses, he marvelled at their extreme softness and pliability. The toy was brand-new and had a very distinct aroma and texture somewhere in the range of moderately dry to slightly oily. Even though Harry had never used a deer hide flogger before, he knew that this one would be velvety smooth when dragged across the skin and getting to his feet, he towered above Draco. He moved into a suitable position with his feet placed on either side of Draco’s calves and reaching up, he grasped one of the iron bars at the top of the bed, ensuring that he had a steady hold.

Harry effortlessly slipped his wielding hand through the flogger’s wrist strap, adjusted his grip on the handle and relaxed.

“Ready, my love?” he asked.

Draco took a moment to respond.

He buried his head in his outstretched arms and hummed softly.

“Yes, Sir.”

He knew what was coming, but that didn’t seem to dampen his excitement in any way and smiling, Harry allowed himself one last longing look at the beautiful words he’d, in a manner of speaking,
etched into Draco’s skin. He then slowly dragged the tips of the flogger’s tresses across Draco’s skin, teasing his back and buttocks, as well as his thighs.

Draco moaned and squirmed slightly.

Harry watched him tug at his restraints and decided to take his sweet time, wanting to gradually build up the momentum and drive Draco wanton as he impatiently waited for him to land the first blow.

A part of Harry wanted to see whether he could seduce Draco into begging for it, and he used every single trick he knew to try and make that happen. He taunted Draco’s arms, teased the tresses over his shoulders, his back, his firm arse and his perfect thighs. Draco was fit and in excellent shape, and not even a bout of the flu had managed to change that. His metabolism was stronger than his sweet tooth, although Harry suspected that Draco’s magical core had something to do with it.

Draco’s body was a beautifully carved work of art, chiselled out of the finest, most precious white marble one could find, and Harry was hopelessly in love with every single inch of it. Draco had muscles in all the right places, and they repeatedly flexed as Harry teased him with unrestrained abandon. Yes, he was slim, but not unhealthily so. Draco’s appetite for superb food was unrivalled and even Harry, with his unfettered love for treacle tart, couldn’t match the pure joy in Draco’s eyes whenever he enjoyed an excellent meal.

Harry smiled to himself.

He dragged the tresses over Draco’s back one last time, then stopped adjusted his grip on the iron bar above him. He shifted ever so slightly, and then simply waited.

Several moments of silence past, then Draco gracefully moved but did not change position. He gave his restraints a light tug, then turned his head sideways.

“Sir.”

He whispered the word, and Harry grinned wickedly.

“Yes, my little prince?”

“Why did you stop?”

Harry chuckled.

“I’m waiting,” he said.

Draco sighed softly.

“Please don’t stop, Sir,” he pleaded.

His voice was a breathless whisper.

It was music to Harry’s ears.

“Don’t stop what, my little prince?” Harry teased.

“Don’t stop with the flogger, please, Sir, it feels so good.”

Harry let a rumble of soft, warm laughter escape through a small gap between his lips.

“You like it that much, don’t you, my little prince?”
“Yes, Sir.”

“If you want more, show me what a good boy you can be.”

Draco mewed.

“Please give me more, Sir, please. I want you to flog me, please.”

“Delectable. I love it when you beg me, my sweet little prince. One more time, my gorgeous boy.”

“Please, Sir, please. I’ve been so good, please.”

“You’ve been perfect for me, my love.”

Harry smiled.

Without warning, he landed the first blow.

Unlike the spanking, he’d given Draco at the very start of their scene, this smack was much softer and a lot more sensual. With the spanking, he’d gradually built up the momentum until Draco’s arse cheeks had been flaming red and he’d whimpered and moaned and squirmed while naked and stretched out over Harry’s thighs. With the flogger, Harry intended to keep things soft, tender, playful.

He landed another blow, and a few bits of wax flew off Draco’s skin.

Draco let out a soft whimper and arched his back, then let it dip low.

“Ngh, thank you, Sir, thank you.”

Harry’s stomach flipped upside down, and his heart skipped several beats.

He loved it when Draco thanked him, even more so when he did so without having been asked to do so.

“Good boy. Sweet boy, precious boy. You are perfect, you are my perfect little prince.”

Harry let a series of blows rain all over Draco’s back, arse, and thighs. Each blow peeled more of the wax off Draco’s skin and send it flying into all four directions.

Pausing for a few seconds, Harry caressed Draco’s marked skin with the tresses and listened to his laboured breathing as he panted, writhed and arched his back. He tugged on his restraints, twisted his head and pressed his open mouth against the inside of his upper arm, muffling a particularly loud groan.

Harry smiled.

“Let it all out, my little prince, let me hear all your gorgeous sounds.”

He encouraged Draco to verbally express his enjoyment and settled for the second round of sensual flogging, removing almost all the leftover bits of wax. Draco’s skin was red, marked with a variety of marks that ranged from the redness the sting of the wax had left behind to Harry’s cheeky bite marks and several pronounced love bites.

Pleased with the outcome of the flogging session, Harry let go of the iron bar and kneeling on the bed, he put the flogger away and ran both hands over Draco’s body, claiming it and massaging it.
Draco moaned and gasped whenever Harry found a highly susceptible spot. He removed a few tiny pieces of wax, teased Draco’s arms, and sides, then let his fingers travel to Draco’s nipples. He’d clamped them earlier, with small stunning snake-shaped silver clamps, he’d commissioned a few months ago, and as he brushed his fingers over Draco’s pert nipples, Draco hissed.

Harry had left the clamps quite loose, but because of the length of time, Draco had been wearing them, his usually already sensitive nipples were now hyper-responsive to the smallest of touches. Harry removed the clamps with the highest level of care and Draco whimpered softly.

Kissing his back tenderly, Harry played with Draco’s nipples, rubbing his fingertips over them and twirling them between his fingers. He pulled and twisted and Draco moaned.

“Such pretty sounds you make, my sweet little prince.”

Harry whispered the words into Draco’s neck, kissing the bite mark, he’d made earlier. He pulled on Draco’s nipples and applied gentle pressure.

“You’re truly magnificent, my little prince, and so good for me.”

Draco whined softly, like a kitten begging for a small offering of cream.

Harry chuckled softly.

“You’re beautiful, my little prince. Inside and out. Everything about you is special. I cherish you, all of you, and that will never change.”

Draco turned his head sideways, resting them on his arms, and Harry saw that the silk blindfold was slightly damp with the tears Draco had shed during the flogging. They’d been tears of joy, and the only way Draco knew how to elevate some of the incredible ecstasies, Harry had filled him with.

“Perfection, true perfection. My little prince, you are exceptional, truly.”

A soft sob escaped Draco’s slightly parted lips, and Harry moved one of his hands away from Draco’s nipples. He summoned a bottle of lube from the nightstand and somehow managed to flick the lid open and squirt some of it onto his hand without stopping to play with Draco’s left nipple. Coating most of his palm and his fingers with the slightly chilly and clear thick liquid, he closed his fingers around Draco’s erection and stroked it ever so lightly.

Draco moaned.

“Sir―”

Harry twisted his hand around Draco’s cock.

Draco swallowed whatever he’d been about to say and moaned out loud instead.

“Tell me, my little prince, does that feel good?”

Following the question, Harry smirked to himself. He pulled on Draco’s nipple, then moved his hand to give the other the same treatment and twisted his hand up and down the length of Draco’s cock, expertly stimulating it.

“Ngh, yes, Sir.”

Draco choked the words out, and Harry smiled.
“Tell me. Tell me, my little prince, how does it feel?”

“So good, Sir. *Ngh*, Sir, please, please don’t stop.”

Harry hummed against Draco’s warm skin.

“I won’t, my sweet boy, but that doesn’t mean you’re allowed to come.”

Draco wailed.

“No, Sir, please, please.”

“Nu-huh, my little prince. You can come when I say so, and that time is not now. I want you to show me how good you can be for me.”

Draco swallowed hard and whimpered.

“Harry, Sir, please, *ngh*, please, please, please.”

Harry shook his head and gave Draco’s nipple a rather cruel twist.

Draco yelped.

“No, my little prince. Feel free to keep begging for it though, I love hearing you beg your precious little heart out.”

Draco’s low whine sent a shudder jolting down Harry’s spine.

He stroked Draco’s cock slowly, teasingly, gradually twisting his hand around it, squeezing lightly, steadily increasing Draco’s desire to come.

“Sir, please, I’m going to come, please.”

Harry rubbed his fingertip over Draco’s nipple and hummed against Draco’s shoulder.

“Are you now, my love?” he asked, thoroughly amused.

Then, as if on cue, he let go of Draco’s cock, effectively ruining his approaching orgasm.

Draco wailed.

He shuddered and squirmed and rotated his hips.

“I thought you were going to come, my little prince,” Harry teased.

“*Ngh*, Sir, please.”

“Please what?”

“Yes let me come, Sir.”

“Soon.”

Harry continued to edge Draco, repeatedly bringing him within seconds of exploding all over his hand only to deny him that final stroke or twist or stroke that would send him over the edge.

Draco’s begged and pleaded.
He panted and breathed hard, tugging on his restraints as though the action had the power to make even the slightest difference.

Harry did not restrain his devious side.

Instead, he unzipped his distressed light-blue jeans, and pulling his own achingly hard cock out, he coated it with plenty of lube, then teased Draco’s hole with the very tip.

“Please, Sir, please fuck me, please. Take me, please, I want to be yours.”

Harry smiled.

“You’re already mine, my little prince.”

He pushed his cock an inch or so past the tight ring of muscle, then pulled back and twisted Draco’s cock, then pulled at his nipple, torturing the hard nub expertly with his fingers. He made sure to pay attention to both of Draco’s nipples and while he teased his cock he also played with his balls, squeezing the heavy sac gently and rolling it around in the palm of his hand.

“Please, Sir. Please, Harry, please, please.”

“Mmm, your begging is delectable. It’s music to my ears, my sweet little prince.”

Draco whimpered.

Despite his own growing need, Harry continued to fuck Draco agonisingly slow. He edged his cock into him, lingered for a few moments, then withdrew and did it all over again. At the same time, he toyed with Draco’s thick, heavy cock, played with the dark-red head, and twisted his nipples, driving all of his nerve-endings wild all at once.

It took every ounce of his sanity for Harry to be able to restrain him and he lasted for the longest time but eventually, he caved, giving in to his own needs. He pushed his cock all the way into Draco’s tight channel and setting a slow pace, he lost himself in the feeling of fucking Draco.

His own body came alive, and an abundance of feelings flowed through him. The entire scene, Draco’s submission, and his constant begging had aroused Harry mentally, stimulating him to the point of no return. Now, the physical sensations drove him beyond wild, and soon enough he increased his pace, fucking Draco harder, claiming him over and over again.

Harry’s body was on fire, his cock burnt from the lack of attention, and his groin felt full and was desperate for release. Sparks spread from it into the rest of his body, igniting every fibre of it. He moaned into Draco’s shoulder and shuddered with the sheer effort it took him to draw things out at least a little bit.

He desperately needed to come. He wanted to fill Draco with his come and claim him as he did so and it didn’t take him long before he absolutely couldn’t resist the pull of his orgasm any longer. He thrust a few more times, then buried the entire length of cock deep inside of Draco and groaned. His orgasm exploded, taking over his senses and making it rather difficult to breathe.

Harry squeezed his eyes closed, inhaled deeply and smiled as Draco’s scent contributed to his headiness. He groaned into Draco’s damp skin, moaning loudly and pressing his lips to the soft flesh, he felt his orgasm break free as he filled Draco with streak after streak of hot white come.

Draco whimpered beneath him, flexed his inner muscles and milked him dry.
In response, Harry tugged on Draco’s cock, twisting his hand around it firmly and with intent.

Gone was his playfulness and his devious teasing.

All he wanted now was for Draco to follow him over the edge.

“Come for me, my little prince, come.”

He breathlessly huffed the words against Draco’s shoulder, and his little prince didn’t disappoint him.

He shuddered, completely gave in to the pleasurable feeling of Harry wanking him, and spilt his come all over Harry’s hand and the abandoned pillow beneath him. This time the muscles inside his tight channel contracted out of their own accord, and they sent a shiver of intense excitement through Harry.

He teased Draco’s nipples, intending to prolong his orgasm for a few seconds, then slowly pulled his rapidly softening cock out of Draco’s hole, but slipped two of his fingers inside and pressing against Draco’s prostate, he miraculously managed to entice it into surprising Draco with a powerful prostate orgasm that made him scream Harry’s name as the tiny walnut-sized nub inside him exploded, causing him to, in all likelihood, see stars.

Harry whipped his sticky hand on the bed, and even though he was floating in a post-orgasmic trance, he reached out and touched Draco’s leather restraints. He found the panic snap and the cuffs fell open.

Draco collapsed on the bed, unable to keep himself up any longer, and gathering up the last bit of his strength, Harry shifted, moved them into a very comfortable position and hugged Draco tightly to his chest. As he did so, he expertly removed Draco’s blindfold and ditched it somewhere on the bed.

Draco snuggled deeper into Harry’s embrace and his favourite fluffy midnight blue bathrobe. Harry had spelt it bigger so that he could drown in it and over the last year or so it had become a bit of a ritual for him to bury himself in Harry’s bathrobe while he recovered from an intense scene.

In response to his movement, Harry’s arms automatically tightened around him, pulling him that little bit closer. It was a silent offer to keep him safe and hidden away from the rest of the world.

Post-play, Draco wasn’t able to deal with the demands of the world and generally found the most uncomplicated things utterly overwhelming. They had the potential to send him into an anxious tailspin.

He needed several hours to recover, sometimes longer.

The intensity of their earlier scene had left him feeling drained. Post-orgasm, he’d been floating on cloud number nine, and still felt floaty now, but it had also exhausted him and the idea of having to make even the simplest of decisions terrified him.

Thankfully, Harry was more than happy to provide whatever aftercare he needed to help him find his balance. Draco loved him for it. Harry’s tender loving care filled his heart with so many emotions that he couldn’t help but feel a bit lost and perhaps even a bit weepy. He didn’t enjoy these sort of maudlin feelings, but since he had no control over them and denying their existence only resulted in him becoming more depressed, he’d come to terms with the reality of sub drop.

Harry always made sure to provide him with everything he needed and was genuinely attentive and
present. He was right there with him, in the moment, always ready to give him exactly what he wanted and needed to feel better.

After their session, they’d napped for a while, then Harry had drawn him a relaxing bath and even gotten into the tub to hug him from behind and kiss him tenderly. He’d used an ultra-soft yellow sponge to gently wash him, and afterwards, Draco had napped a little more. He’d asked for Harry to cuddle him in the privacy of their bedroom and had fallen asleep within minutes of feeling Harry’s warm body curl around him.

Usually, Harry didn’t stay in bed with him for the whole time but left once he was fast asleep. This time, Harry had still been there, spooned around him. Draco had watched him for a while, then kissed him awake, and they’d shared a few lazy snogs before Harry had convinced him to join him downstairs.

Unwilling to get fully dressed, Draco had asked for Harry’s bathrobe and hiding in the oversized garment, he’d sat in the kitchen and watched Harry cook them dinner. When Harry had offered to feed him dessert, he’d jumped at the opportunity and indulged in a light chocolate mousse with vanilla sauce, Harry had made for him.

Draco twisted his head slightly and glanced up at Harry, who instantly stopped looking at the flickering television and focused his attention on him. Harry reached out to run his fingers through his hair and pushing into the touch, Draco closed his eyes and smiled.

“I had the best time, Harry,” he whispered.

“I’m glad you did, my love.”

Harry’s voice was husky, low, and warm, and opening his eyes again, Draco blinked a few times. The corners of his eyes pricked with tears, and he sighed.

“Everything alright, my love?”

Harry’s concern was clearly evident in his voice and swallowing past the big lump of emotions that had suddenly appeared in his throat, Draco nodded.

“Yes, just a bit off,” he confessed.

“That’s natural. It’ll pass. I promise.”

“I know, just—”

Draco trailed off and sighed.

Harry brought his hand up to caress his cheek, and his soft touch charmed a smile onto Draco’s face.

“Beautiful,” Harry murmured.

Draco hummed contentedly.

He was mostly happy and thoroughly satisfied. He just struggled to express that adequately at the moment.

“Cheek the pocket of your bathrobe.”

Furrowing his brows, Draco gave Harry a questioning look.
Harry chuckled.

“Just do it, Malfoy.”

“Bossy,” Draco grumbled.

Harry laughed.

“Always.”

Shaking his head slightly, Draco reached inside the large pocket of his fluffy midnight blue bathrobe. His fingers bumped against a square-shaped little box and pulling it out of his pocket, he pushed the lid open and dissolved into a fit of giggles.

“Chocolates,” he panted, trying his best to breathe through his nose.

“You slipped a box of pralines in here.”

Harry grinned.

“Of course.”

“You are unbelievable.”

“Is that praise or criticism?”

Draco selected one of the five chocolates and popped it into his mouth, then hummed around it. He let the tender chocolate melt on his tongue, chewed the hazelnut inside, then swallowed everything.

“It has the potential to be both, right now it’s praise.”

Harry chuckled.

“Well, I’m glad. Also, that film sucks.”

“I concur.”

“Can we watch something else?”

“Please.”

“Thank you.”

While Harry summoned the remote from the coffee table, Draco devoured another piece of chocolate, then frowned.

“Those aren’t ordinary chocolates,” he said.

Harry paused mid-channel-hopping and looked at him.

“They are special aftercare chocolates.”

Draco rolled his eyes.

He felt a lot less anxious and more relaxed but knew for a fact that while chocolate always improved his moods, it wasn’t powerful enough to elevate the symptoms of sub drop. At least not that quickly.
“What did you lace them with?”
“Love.”
“And?”
“Electrolytes?”
Draco gave Harry a pointed look.
“Get to the good bit.”
Harry chuckled.
“Diluted Calming Draught.”
“I knew it. You’re drugging me.”
Harry grinned.
“If only I had sinister intentions that accusation would actually be true.”
Draco smiled, then popped the third piece of chocolate into his mouth.
“You always have sinister intentions, Potter.”
“Hm, you may have a point there.”
“You know, I do.”
Instead of continuing their playful banter, Draco felt two of Harry’s fingers underneath his chin and tipped his head up. Harry bent down and kissed him softly, plunging his tongue into his mouth and swiped some of the leftover chocolate.
“There, now I’m drugged too,” he said with a wide grin.
Draco huffed out a breath of air and a somewhat mocking laugh, then settled in Harry’s embrace and watched him zap through the different TV channels until they came across a silly romantic British comedy that soon had them both in stitches.
I'm not entirely sure when exactly this idea popped into my head, but I'm oddly pleased with it and happy with the outcome.

Please do enjoy.

Love,
Selly

Harry looked up from his book and watched Draco set the oven timer. He straightened up, clasped and twisted his hands together, then stared out of the kitchen window, looking forlorn and thoroughly lost.

A minute or so past before Draco moved and when he did it was only to nervously pace the kitchen, as he muttered something entirely incomprehensible under his breath.

Harry shook his head.

He reached for his sterling silver snake-shaped bookmark and placing it between the pages, he gently snapped the book closed and put it down on the coffee table in front of him. He moved his legs off the sofa, and curling his toes into the soft carpet beneath his bare feet, he straightened up a little.

"Draco."

He called out and whipping his head around, Draco abruptly stopped pacing the kitchen of his Notting Hill flat and stood perfectly still, looking like a deer caught in the headlights of a truck.

"Yes."

His voice sounded strained. He looked tense and nervous but forced a smile.

Harry knew that Draco was trying to trick him into believing that he had nothing to worry about, but he was doing an abysmal job at keeping his cool mask of indifference in place. Besides, Harry knew him too well to fall for that trick, and Draco’s inability to stop himself from clasping and twisting his hands together was a sure-fire giveaway that he wasn’t able to calm himself enough to appear unbothered.

"Come here, please."

"M’kay."

Draco nodded and taking off his apron, he placed it on the worktop, then left the spacious kitchen area and walked into the living room.

He paused a few steps short of the large white corner sofa and shoved his hands into the pockets of
his black jeans to stop himself from fiddling.

“Do you want coffee? Some tea? I think we bought biscuits. Or I can cut you up a few celery sticks. I made that hummus dip you like.”

Harry smiled.

“None of that, my love. Just come sit beside me, please.”

Draco hesitated.

“I—”

“Have you made the cream chowder with the leftover fish from the pie you just put in the oven?” Harry asked.

Draco nodded.

“It’s in the slow cooker.”

“Good. What about dessert?”

“The strawberry mousse is in the fridge, and so is the whipped cream.”

“Great, and I also saw you set the table earlier, so you don’t have to worry about that either. I assume we’ll be having white wine with the pie.”

Draco inclined his head and shuffled his feet in a manner that practically screamed anxious bag of nerves to Harry, but he refrained from pointing that out.

“It’s been in the fridge since yesterday. I’ll take it out when Roísín gets here.”

“Good boy. See, you’ve got a handle on all the important things. Now, come here, please.”

Harry repeated his request and touched the empty spot beside him quickly and gently with the flat of his hand, beckoning Draco to his side.

Over the past week, he’d offered his help several times and again this morning, but Draco had, quite pointedly so, kicked him out of the kitchen, telling him he had everything under control.

Knowing when it made sense to argue with Draco, and when it was better to stay out of his way, Harry had quietly busied himself with cleaning the flat from top to bottom, using both spells and ordinary Muggle methods. Once he’d finished putting the place in order, he’d settled on the sofa in the living room with some light reading, but had kept an eye on Draco lest he needed help after all.

Draco pulled his hands out of his pockets and moving over to the sofa, he sat down and staring at the floor in front of him, he let out a soft sigh.

Harry wordlessly took Draco’s hands into his own, and squeezing them lightly, he rubbed his thumbs over the back of Draco’s hands, then slowly edged them towards Draco’s wrists. They found Draco’s pulse points and pressing against the sensitive spots, he moved them around in relaxed and unrushed circle.

“Look at me, Draco.”

He kept his voice low and soft and injected a bit of silky persuasiveness into it, making it reasonably
impossible for Draco to resist his words.

Draco lifted his head, turned it slowly, and focusing on him, he held his gaze for a few moments, then averted his eyes and looked down at their linked hands.

“Are you OK?”

Draco mutely shook his head.

“Do you want to cancel our dinner plans with Roísín?”

Draco shook his head again.

“What can I do to help?”

“I am— I just—”

Draco struggled to articulate himself properly and trailing off, he sighed.

Harry continued to circle the pulse points on the insides of his wrists. He could feel some of the tension leave Draco’s body but made no attempt to stop the familiar and comforting gesture.

“Do you need me to help you get into the zone before Roísín gets here?”

For a moment, Draco didn’t react, then he slowly lifted his head.

Harry instantly lost himself in those vibrantly bright silvery-grey eyes and smiled warmly, hoping to encourage Draco into telling him what he already knew he needed.

“Yes, please, Sir.”

Harry lifted one hand and gently combed it through Draco’s soft blond hair.

“Thank you for telling me what you need.”

Draco hummed softly.

His cheeks picked a little and Harry caressed them with his fingertips.

“Go upstairs, my little prince. Wash your hands, then splash your face with a bit of warm water and dry it. If you need the loo, do that too, then wait for me by the left side of the bed with your back to the window. I’ll leave the position up to you, but I trust you know which one I’d prefer. Remember, the choice is yours entirely, and I will appreciate whichever position you’re most comfortable in. Should adjustments be necessary we can always make those later.”

Draco inclined his head slightly.

“Yes, Sir.”

“Good boy. I’ll come up in a few minutes, and we’ll talk. Go now.”

Harry stopped petting Draco and withdrawing his hands, he sat back on the sofa, throwing one leg over the other as he did so. He watched Draco inhale slowly and deeply, then he got to his feet and walked around the sofa and towards the staircase that led up into his old bedroom.

The last time they’d spent a night here had been before Harry had asked Draco to move in with him,
but since Draco loved Notting Hill, he hadn’t sold it, and Harry didn’t want him to. When Draco had asked him for a reason, the flat’s beautiful location hadn’t been the first thing that had come to Harry’s mind. Instead, he’d cited all the firsts, recounting them one by one. Their first kiss, their first home-cooked meal, the first time they’d danced together, the first time they’d slept together, the first time they’d talked about kink, the first time Draco had submitted to him, their first big argument.

It all seemed so long ago, yet as he sat there on the sofa and allowed his thoughts to drift back to their first few memories as a couple, Harry’s heart swelled in his chest. He felt proud, content, and grateful for what they’d achieved in every aspect of their lives, both personal and professional.

As far as relationships were concerned, two years wasn’t an exceptionally long time, but Harry wasn’t overly concerned by the amount of time that had passed. What he cared about were the things they’d accomplished and what they had to show for. They’d put their differences behind and become friends, lovers, partners, equals, and could always rely on each other.

Their relationship was a healthy one with a robust foundation made up of everything they considered vital — mutual respect, understanding, honesty, love, intimacy, communication, understanding, trust and a sense of playfulness. Harry liked to think that they’d managed to build something that was bound to stand the test of time and last through the ages. He wanted it to, more than anything.

Somehow, they’d succeeded in creating a union where Harry’s strong preference for kink and Draco’s need to inject a healthy dose of vanilla into their lives intertwined perfectly. On top of that, they felt at home in both the Muggle world and the Wizarding World, and it never felt like they had to choose one over the other. They sometimes did, mostly unconsciously, but not because they were trying to avoid things that needed to be dealt with.

Harry smiled to himself.

His and Draco’s achievements filled him with a sense of pride. The kind that made his heart grow bigger and beat faster and woke the butterflies in the pit of his stomach, entailing them to flutter about madly until he could barely stand the excitement of it all any longer.

Conscious of the time, Harry decided to postpone revelling in the memories of the milestones of his and Draco’s relationship. Instead, he got to his feet and stretched luxuriously, raising his arms far above his head and thoroughly loosening his muscles.

He glanced at his wristwatch and gauging the time, he estimated that a little over five minutes had passed, and since he didn’t want to leave Draco any longer, he made his way upstairs. The carpet that covered the stairs which led up to Draco’s old bedroom was soft beneath his feet and for a few moments, Harry remembered that time when Draco had surprised him with silken ties, asking him to spice things between them up as they gradually delved into the world of kink, slowly incorporating the lifestyle and a more pronounced D/s dynamic into their relationship.

Compared to the things they did now and the level of submission Draco was comfortable with, it felt like those silken ties had been nothing more but vanilla with a bit of zest. Still, Harry cherished the memory and didn’t regret taking things slow. Draco had needed those baby steps. It had helped him to acclimatise and discover whether being submissive was for him or whether he just enjoyed being a bit adventurous in bed.

Harry reached the top of the stairs.

He found the door to Draco’s old bedroom open and leaning against the doorframe, he smiled fondly at the sight that presented itself to him.
Draco was kneeling by the bed with his head submissively lowered, and his eyes focused on the floor. There was a small gap between his thighs, big enough for Harry to comfortably place his hand in-between, and he was sitting back on his haunches. Draco’s hands were resting on his legs, just above his knees, with his palms facing upward and his fingers pointing towards the inside of his legs.

“Merlin! You’re stunningly beautiful, my little prince,” Harry exclaimed, filling the room with sweet words of praise.

Draco shifted ever so slightly but didn’t lift his head or disrupt his pose in any other way.

He took a moment to fully appreciate Draco’s pose, then gently pushed himself away from the doorframe and crossing the room, he walked up to Draco and sat down on the bed.

Reaching out, Harry ran his fingers through Draco’s hair, massaging his scalp softly.

“Thank you, my little prince, this is more than I hoped for. You truly are my good boy.”

“Sir.”

Draco’s voice was soft and warm.

It had lost some of its tension and strain and resonated around the room.

Harry smiled.

“My precious, perfect little prince, you are a dream come true.”

“Ngh.”

Draco mewed softly, unable to resist the effects Harry’s praise was having on him.

Harry placed two fingers under Draco’s chin and gently lifted his head, meeting his gaze with calm, steady eyes.

“Thank you, my little prince. I love it when you decide to kneel for me.”

“For you, always, Sir,” Draco whispered.

He blinked, and Harry leant in and pressing his lips against Draco’s, he kissed him softly to show his appreciation.

“You’re perfect, my little prince.”

Draco blinked, and his cheeks pinked a little.

Harry smiled.

“Tell me, how are you feeling now, my little prince?”

Draco considered the question for a moment, then answered.

“Better, Sir.”

“Good. That’s what I like to hear, sweet boy.”

Draco hummed in response but didn’t speak.
“Now, my little prince, you’ve invited Roísín over for dinner to show how the D/s dynamic of our relationship looks like in the privacy of our own home. I commend you for that, but I understand that you’re nervous about it.”

Draco nodded.

“Can you please tell me what makes you anxious? You’ve known Roísín for a couple of months now, and you’ve met her for coffee, and at several munches, she isn’t a stranger, my love.”

Harry smiled encouragingly.

He did not let go of Draco’s chin, wanting him to look him in the eye while he told him what was weighing on his mind.

Draco sighed softly.

“I’m afraid I’ve bitten off more than I can chew, Sir.”

“How so?” Harry asked.

He knew that Draco’s worries were mostly nonsense but telling him that and invalidating his concerns wasn’t how Harry wanted to handle this situation. So far, Draco had always felt that he was able to turn to him for help, and that was a critical feature of their relationship Harry didn’t want to jeopardise. He cherished Draco’s willingness to be open and honest with him. Around others, Draco always guarded a small part of himself. Even when he was at ease and around people, he was familiar with, he didn’t entirely drop his guard.

His mother was, of course, the exception. With her, Draco was just as open and honest as he was with Harry, although perhaps not to the same degree and with all aspects of his life, for obvious reasons.

Even around his ex-boyfriend Malcolm, Charlie, Liam, Caleb and Stefan, Draco kept a small part of himself hidden. It wasn’t easily discernible or necessarily especially evident, but Harry could tell.

In front of him, Draco never hid anything. It was all there for the taking. There was no barrier, no guard.

“It’s just—”

Draco started to speak but faltered and trailed off.

“Go on,” Harry encouraged him.

“Tell me, my little prince, I want to know.”

Draco sighed.

“Submitting to you is personal and private. The collar at the club is one thing, calling you Sir in front of friends is something else altogether.”

Harry smiled.

“You don’t need to call me Sir, my little prince. We have discussed this. If you’re more comfortable calling me Harry while Roísín is around then that’s what we’ll settle on, and it won’t diminish your submission to me in the slightest. Also, if you’re uncomfortable showing Roísín a more intimate aspect of your submission, we needn’t do it at all. Roísín might be a novice, but she’s a smart girl.”
Draco had met Roísín at one of Caleb’s munches a couple months ago. They’d been in the middle of a conversation when she’d walked into the function room, looking lost and very ill at ease. Harry still wasn’t quite sure what had made Draco abandon their playful banter, but he’d gotten up, politely excused himself and walked over to Roísín to make her feel welcome. Both, he and Caleb, had watched him interact with her closely and discreetly admired Draco’s efforts to make a complete newcomer feel welcome.

Roísín was younger than him and slightly shorter too. She was stunningly beautiful, with long dark-brown wavy hair and a smile that melted hearts. She was fiercely passionate about discovering her kinkier side, ridiculously smart and exceptionally well-read. Her family hailed from Ireland, but she’d spend most of her teenage and adult years in London. As such, she had a strange sort of accent. At times she sounded like she’d received elocution lessons to smooth out her strong Irish accent, and at other times she spoke like your typical Irish lass from Dublin’s northside.

Draco had taken great care to introduce Roísín to a few key people at the munch and had spent well over two hours chatting to her, just getting to know her, and insisted that she come to another munch to meet more people. Following their first meeting and before their second meeting they’d kept in touch through Muggle technology, and Draco had offered up a wide variety of reading material.

For the first three months, they’d met exclusively at munches, then Roísín had asked whether it might be appropriate for them to meet at her favourite coffee shop. Draco had turned to him for advice then, and Harry still fondly remembered giving him the green light, teasingly instructing him to enjoy himself.

“I don’t know enough to be a mentor, Sir, this is madness.”

Harry chuckled.

“Now that actually is nonsense, my little prince. We both know that you know a great deal about the lifestyle. You’ve done your research, and you still do, and I am absolutely certain that Roísín will agree with me there. Thanks to you, she’s been able to gradually get in touch with her kinkier side, learn about her preferences and feel safe. Trust me, my love, she will never forget the gift you’ve given her. Besides, we weren’t talking about that, we were talking about you showing your submissive side in front of Roísín.”

Draco huffed out a breath of air.

“I can’t get away with anything with you, can I now, Sir?”

Harry laughed.

He leant in and placed a soft kiss on Draco’s lips, then shook his head.

“No, my sweet boy. Know that when I let you get away with something, it’s always my choice and never a lack of attention.”

Draco sighed.

“I want to show her, I really do. I just think I’m not in the right frame of mind, Sir.”

“Well, if you want, I can help with that, my little prince.”

Draco dithered for a second, then inclined his head.

“Please, Sir.”
Harry smiled.

“With pleasure, my little prince.”

He took a moment to simply appreciate Draco kneeling in front of him, and while he did, he thought of several ways to push Draco into a more submissive mindset. In his opinion, Draco was already halfway there, but since he’d yet to realise that about himself, Draco decided that he needed a bit more assertiveness. He needed to feel that Harry was in control and that he held the reins in his hands.

“I want you to put your hands behind your back, my little prince. Cross them at the wrists and keep them there. Will you do that for me? Will you be my good boy and show me that you can follow the rules?”

A mild shiver surged through Draco, and he mewled softly.

He slowly moved his hands and placed them behind his back.

“Sir.”

“Mmm, good boy. That’s perfect. Well done. Now, close your eyes, my little prince.”

Draco hesitated for less than a few seconds, then his eyes fell closed. He dragged his bottom lip into his mouth and gnawed at it, but shuddered when Harry clicked his tongue and used his thumb to stop him from doing that.

In one fluid gesture, Harry also slipped the digit into Draco’s mouth and pressed down on his tongue.

“Feel that, my little prince?”

Draco hummed and nodded.

Harry smiled and caressed his cheek, then leant in and pressed his lips to Draco’s ear.

“That’s me taking control. Did you notice how easy that was? How willingly you submitted to me and gave up your words for me? You’re such a good boy yet sometimes you don’t even realise it. You hide behind that mask of sass, but we both know there’s only one thing on your mind and that’s submitting to me, isn’t that so, my sweet little prince?”

Draco keened around his thumb and swallowed hard.

“It thrills you, doesn’t it, my little prince? Handing over the reins to me, giving me the power to control you, to make decisions for you, it’s intoxicating and oh so addictive, isn’t it, my love?”

“Ngh.”

Draco’s response was muffled, and even though it wasn’t really a word, Harry knew exactly what it meant. Draco agreed with him; everything he’d just said was correct.

Applying a bit more pressure to Draco’s tongue, Harry combed his fingers through Draco’s hair, then grabbed a fistful of it. He didn’t pull it or hurt Draco in any way, shape, or form, but the fact that he’d gagged Draco and that his hand was right there in his hair, controlling him, had the desired effect.

He nibbled on Draco’s earlobe, bit it gently, then chuckled.
“I love this. When you’re pliable and soft around the edges and when you can’t help yourself but give in to me. When you melt at my words and crave to surrender to me so badly that it governs all your other thoughts, your mind, and your soul. What a gift, what an honour. Do you even know how absolutely precious you are, my little prince? Do I tell you often enough? You are my good boy, my sweet little prince, my perfect angel.”

Draco mewled.

His eyelids fluttered but he never once opened them.

Harry decided to push him a little bit further.

“You’re mine, aren’t you, my little prince? Mine to own, mine to play with, mine to hurt, mine to love, mine, mine, mine. All mine. Always mine.”

He withdrew his thumb from Draco’s mouth, and when he swayed a little, he steadied him.

A few seconds past, then Draco slowly opened his eyes.

“You’re mine, aren’t you, my little prince? Mine to own, mine to play with, mine to hurt, mine to love, mine, mine, mine. All mine. Always mine.”

He reached out, and pulling Draco’s grey wild leather collar from underneath the pillow closest to him, he let his finger slip through the O-ring at the front and dangled it in front of Draco.

“Show me, my little prince. Show me that you’re mine.”

Draco whimpered softly and lowered his head submissively.

“I want to be yours, Sir, collar me yours, Sir.”

Harry smiled.

“Gladly, my sweet little prince.”

He expertly fastened the collar around Draco’s neck, and sealed it with a murmured incantation, feeling Draco shudder at the wisp of magic that washed over him. He gave the O-ring a tiny tug, then kissed Draco, starting slow, then gradually increasing the depth and intensity of the kiss.

The kiss lasted for several minutes, and when Harry finally, but grudgingly, broke it, he had to take a deep breath to appease his burning lungs.

Draco was breathless and gulped down as much air as he possibly could.

Harry watched him for a few moments, then guided his head, adjusting Draco’s position so that his head was in his lap.

Draco closed his eyes and exhaled softly, and Harry ran his fingers through Draco’s hair.

“That’s it, my beautiful boy. Stay like this. Stay with Sir.”
Are you looking forward to the actual dinner?
Draco opened the fridge and reaching inside, he retrieved another bottle of chenin blanc from the Loire Valley of France’s Anjou region. It was his favourite white wine to serve and enjoy with a classic British fish pie. While the chenin blanc wasn’t the most expensive or most exquisite wine one could serve with fish pie, it had a certain kind of tension which meant that it offered up a variety of exciting layers. Draco liked to compare the wine’s versatility to white mist rolling across a landscape, constantly changing the view.

Chenin blanc was a sweet inhalation of wild honey, poached quince, the smell of an orchard in autumn, winter leaves, and wet wool. In other words, it was richly aromatic and offered a wide range of flavours — a wine for all seasons and all occasions.

Combined with succulent pieces of freshly-baked fish folded into creamy blankets of white sauce and crispy-topped, buttery mash, chenin blanc was the kind of wine that turned fish pie into a dish one might order at a Michelin three-star restaurant; an exceptional meal worth a special journey. According to Harry, it wasn’t the wine that made the fish pie special, but all the effort Draco had put into getting everything just right. He’d prepared everything from scratch, refusing to use anything that had been made in advance. To a certain extent, it had stopped him from fretting about tonight’s dinner. Although, the moment he’d placed the pie inside the oven, all that had changed and he’d come very close to sinking into a state of complete hysteria.

Thankfully Harry had seen the signs and stepped in before panic had had the chance to sink in properly.

Draco smiled at the memory, and reaching for the corkscrew, he expertly opened the bottle of wine and headed back into the living room.

While rounding the sofa, his eyes locked with Harry’s and he paused for a second.

Harry’s warm smile sent a shiver of excitement down his spine and feeling his cheeks heat a little, he took a deep breath in an attempt to try and calm himself.

So far, the evening had been a complete success. Roísín had arrived a few minutes before dinner was ready and after formally introducing her to Harry, they’d settled around the dining table and engaged
in a bit of small talk. Since Roísín felt a bit shy in Harry’s presence, Draco had let the conversation to try and distract her a little.

During dinner, Roísín had relaxed a bit more, and Draco credited the wine for that. Harry disagreed, he thought the food was to blame and had praised him to the skies for his culinary skills. Draco had barely managed to hide his blush, and his collar had been the only thing that had stopped him from kicking Harry’s shin under the table.

Dessert had thoroughly won Roísín over, and she’d confessed to having a sweet tooth, although Draco had already known that. Harry’s throwaway comment about finally understanding why the two of them got on so well had had her in stitches, and the ice had been broken. Roísín was still a bit shy about talking to Harry, but she tried her best to politely answer his questions and ask some of her own, although, so far, all of their conversations had been pretty vanilla.

Shaking his temporary paralysis off, Draco moved closer to the coffee table and reaching for Harry’s empty wine glass, he lifted it up and refilled it, then carefully set it back down on the elegant Slytherin-green coaster.

“Sir.”

Harry smiled softly.

“Thank you, pet.”

“My pleasure, Sir.”

Draco momentarily closed his eyes and bit his bottom lip, then drew in a deep breath. While he preferred it when Harry called him his *little prince*, he didn’t want him to use that name around Roísín — it felt a touch too intimate, and since Draco didn’t think he’d be able to remain unaffected, they’d settled on *pet*. It was a term of endearment Harry generally only used when they indulged in a bit of pet play, which happened once in a blue moon.

Harry raised a questioning eyebrow at him, silently asking whether he was OK, but Draco brushed his concerns off with a casual wave of his hand and busied himself with refilling Roísín’s empty glass and finally his own.

He placed the now empty bottle of wine in the centre of the table and with his own glass in hand, he settled on the plush white shaggy rug in front of the sofa, then shuffled slightly until he could feel Harry’s right leg press against his side. Harry moved his left foot, wedged it underneath his thigh, and tilting his head back, Draco looked up and beamed at him.

“Welcome back, pet,” Harry whispered.

His emerald-green eyes were full to the brim with warmth and love, and because Draco didn’t know how to handle to his heart’s response to seeing those emotions, he distracted himself with handing Harry his wine.

“Here you are, Sir,” he said.

His voice was barely louder than a whisper.

“Thank you, pet.”

Harry took the glass from him, and when their fingers brushed together, Draco shuddered a little. He hastily averted his eyes, focused his attention on the wine in his own glass, and slowly bringing it up
to his lips, he took a small sip, hoping it might calm his nerves.

He felt Harry’s free hand settle on his shoulder and his fingertips tease along the side of his neck.

A small tremor surged through him in response to Harry’s innocent touch, and he was immensely grateful when Roísín cleared her throat and chose precisely that moment to speak up.

“I don’t know if me saying this is putting my foot in my mouth, but I really like your dynamic, the way you act around each other. It’s a constant push and pull. Like, I’m not trying to be poetic, or anything but watching you feels a bit like doing a puzzle and finding two matching pieces. They slot together perfectly, and so do you.”

Roísín’s words filled Draco with a rush of warmth and smiling into his wine glass, he slowly tilted it and took another small sip, then turned his head sideways to look at Roísín. She’d sat down in the centre of the sofa’s other half, with her legs comfortably curled up underneath her, and was casually playing with her wine glass, trying to get light to give the amber liquid a sort of sparkling effect.

“Thank you, Roísín. That’s a lovely thing to say, and you’re not putting your foot in your mouth at all, don’t worry about it. I appreciate honesty of any kind.”

Harry spoke up before Draco could and in a way, he appreciated Harry taking the initiative, not because he was at a loss for words but because he really wanted Roísín to spend more time talking to Harry. So far, and whenever they’d met at a munch or Harry had picked him up at her local coffee shop, she’d been somewhat hesitant to talk to him.

Draco had tried telling her that Dom(me)s were ordinary people and that there was nothing special about them, but he also hadn’t pushed her past her comfort zone. If she needed and wanted time to plug up the courage to have a full conversation with a Dom(me), so be it. Two years ago, Harry had given him all the time in the world and had patiently answered any and all of his questions, so now that Roísín had picked him to help her understand the lifestyle, he wanted her to have the same experience.

“Even if it’s critique?”

Roísín’s next question surprised Draco a little, and letting his head fall back, he looked up at Harry, who briefly looked down at him, caressed the side of his neck with his fingertips, and then focused his attention back on Roísín.

He nodded.

“Yes, Roísín, even if it’s a critique. While it mightn’t necessarily be pleasant to hear, it’s an opportunity for self-improvement. Now, I won’t stand for mindless abuse or unfounded accusations, but I’ll happily listen to another person’s criticism, though I expect detailed explanations and examples. A simple ‘I don’t like this about you’ won’t do, I’m afraid.”

Roísín hesitated for a few moments, then inclined her head in silent understanding.

“Uhm, so, can I ask how you’d respond to Draco telling you he’s unhappy with something you did or didn’t like something you said?”

Harry smiled.

“You can ask, Roísín, and I shall answer, although I’m pretty sure Draco could answer that question as well, couldn’t you, pet.”
Harry looked down at him again, and after holding his gaze for a moment or two, Draco nodded.

“I believe I could, Sir, however, please, go ahead,” he said.

Harry inclined his head.

“Very well.”

He took a sip of his wine, then balanced it carefully on his high, keeping his fingers wrapped around the glasses’ stem.

“If I handle something in a way that displeases Draco and he comes to me wanting to talk about it, I’ll arrange some time for us to have that conversation, undisturbed. I’ll hear him out, and ask him how he’d prefer me to handle the situation. Depending on his suggestions, I’ll either accept his proposal, or I’ll make an offer of my own; however, I’m confident that we’d eventually be able to agree on something that suits us both.”

“You wouldn’t just outright reject the critique then?”

Harry shook his head.

“While that would be the easiest way to avoid confrontation, it doesn’t solve anything, does it now? I want Draco to feel like he can talk to me about anything. With me, he doesn’t need to limit himself to only telling me about the good stuff, because I want to know it all. There’s a time to thrive on praise, and there’s a time to be responsible and get your act together.”

“Do you tell Harry everything then, Draco?”

Draco straightened up a little and looking at Roísín, he smiled, then nodded.

“Yes. Eventually, I do. Sometimes I need a bit of time to think things through, but when I’m ready to talk, we sit down and have an honest conversation.”

Roísín hummed softly, sipped on her wine, then smiled.

“Alright, I’m going to be cheeky and go off-topic. Harry, if he tells you anything, I beg you, give me the recipe for that fish pie.”

Smirking, Draco pressed his lips together to suppress a snort.

Harry, on the other hand, laughed out loud.

“I’m afraid Draco doesn’t share recipes; he guards them like precious gems. I’m not even allowed to look over his shoulder.”

Draco mutely grinned into his wine and nodded in affirmation.

Roísín pulled a face.

“Can’t you order him to?” she asked.

“I guess I could, but I’m afraid that’s not how it works.”

“Could you like, perhaps make an exception?”

Draco tilted his head back again just in time to catch Harry’s wicked grin.
“I could try, but I can guarantee you, he’ll tell me to fuck off.”

“Would he dare, though?”

Harry chuckled.

“Pet, you answer that one.”

Draco laughed.

“Darling, I’ve told him where to shove it more times than I care to remember.”

“I remember,” Harry said.

He wore a dirty smirk and Draco rolled his eyes.

“I wasn’t referring to those times when saying it actually got me into trouble, Sir.”

Harry continued to grin.

He teased the side of his neck with his fingertips, and Draco shuddered a little.

“In that case, I probably don’t remember.”

Feeling a bit bold, Draco decided to be a bit sassy.

“Getting old, Sir?”

Harry gave him a pointed look.

“Thin ice,” he simply said.

Draco smiled, and taking a sip from his wine, he remained quiet. He felt Harry’s fingers tenderly thread through the hairs at the back of his head and sighing softly, he pushed into the touch, knowing that this was Harry’s way of praising him for giving him just the right amount of sass without taking it too far while he wore Harry’s collar.

Harry’s hand rested on the back of his collar, and Draco felt a tingle of magic shoot through him. He shivered and humming softly, he indulged in the feeling of unadulterated happiness that flowed through him, filling him with a strange sense of giddiness.

After Harry had stopped him from panicking for the sake of panicking, giving Roísín a peek into Harry’s and his dynamic had been surprisingly easy. While Draco still felt that he was allowing Roísín to witness something incredibly intimate, he no longer worried about it but wholeheartedly embraced it, and he recalled Harry’s earlier words to him.

Showing people who you are, who we are, doesn’t make you weak, my little prince. Quite on the contrary; it makes you strong. Being confident in one’s own skin is the sexiest thing there is, my love, and it honestly turns me on.

Knowing that just sitting at Harry’s feet, and openly showing his submission to him in front of their dinner guest, turned Harry on, thrilled Draco beyond imagination. He could barely contain the myriad of emotions whirling around the centre of his chest, making his heart beat faster.

“Dear Lord, save me, Draco, love, you have this absolutely adorable loved-up smile on your face right now. It’s too much, you’re melting me.”
Draco chuckled.

He lifted his head and looking at Roísín, he winked.

“I told you he’s perfect,” he said with a shrug.

“I believe you now.”

“Now, now, you two, stop praising me, you’ll make me blush if you keep at it.”

Draco looked back up at Harry, held his gaze for several seconds, then rolled his eyes.

“As if you’d ever blush, Potter,” he said with an expression of scornful derision.

Harry gave him a pointed look and his fingers, which were still resting at the back of his neck, moved ever so slightly.

A strange sort of jolt, one that almost felt like a surge of an electric current, zapped down Draco’s spine. Pressing his lips tightly together, he tried his best to suppress his sudden desire to yelp. He glared at Harry, who merely shrugged his shoulders, and sipped his wine with an utterly nonchalant expression and as though he hadn’t just wandlessly cast a mild stinging hex in the presence of a Muggle.

For a moment, Draco couldn’t quite decide whether getting a sore arse later tonight was worth the sassy remark that was on the tip of his tongue, but Roísín’s question stopped him from having to contemplate the matter any further.

“I wonder, could I perhaps ask something about submissive training?”

“You can ask about anything, Roísín,” Harry said.

“What would you like to know?”

Roísín hesitated for a moment or two, and a slight flush appeared on her cheeks. Draco wasn’t entirely sure whether that was because she was genuinely embarrassed or because the wine was starting to have a bit of effect on her.

“Erm, uhm, I just wondered, well, how long does it take to train a submissive?”

Harry’s first reaction was to cough, then he took a deep breath and a rather large sip from his wine.

Draco frowned at him, but Harry shook his head and squeezed his shoulder lightly.

“I’m not sure how much you want to hear about this, Roísín, but I actually have a few things to say. To me, training sounds like something you’d do to a dog, and although I don’t mind the use of the phrase, I always make sure to explain how I understand it. Let me endeavour to offer you the same courtesy, Roísín. First of all, training implies there are techniques and skills to be attained, which quite frankly isn’t true. If you’re submissive, then you are submissive. There is nothing to be learnt that can make you a submissive if you are not. Submission is mostly about how you react to dominance.

“Dominance in another person will call out to you — and you will respond in a way that comes naturally. It’s not something that can be learnt, or faked — it can be beaten into a person via abuse, or endured through sheer self-control, but not learnt. Submission will either come naturally — because it makes you happy, it makes you wet, it excites the hell out of you — or it won't. When a
Dominant grabs you by the hair, you will fall to your knees because it seems the natural thing to do, because usually you’ve dreamt and fantasised about this for years, and because you want very badly to be on your knees with someone’s fist wrapped around a hank of your hair.”

Draco noticed the way Harry paused for a moment, giving Roísín the opportunity for his words to sink in and for her to process them so that she might respond accordingly.

She remained silent for one or two minutes, then slowly nodded.

“So, uhm, are you saying that there’s no such thing as training?”

Harry smiled.

“In a way, I am saying just that, aren’t I? Let me clarify. There’s mentorship, there’s showing someone the ropes, helping them discover their submissive side and what kinks they might have. You can compare that to you and Draco meeting up for coffee and talking about the lifestyle. Then there’s mentorship between Dominants. You see, no one should just grab up a flogger, a coil of rope, or a pair of nipple clips, and start using them on someone without taking some time to learn how to use those things properly, don’t you think?”

Roísín nodded.

“Well, I’ve never really done anything kinky, unless, of course, you consider me allowing my boyfriend to tie me to the bed during sex kinky—”

Harry chuckled.

“Hey, if you thought that was kinky, then it was kinky. To me, it’s being a bit adventurous in a vanilla relationship, but that’s my own personal opinion, and I’m not going to invalidate yours. That would be rude of me.”

Roísín smiled, then took another sip of her wine, and caught a stray drop of wine that threatened to roll down her chin with the tip of her tongue.

“Like I said, I’ve never done anything super-kinky, but I don’t think I’d feel comfortable if my Dominant partner didn’t know how to use restraints or an impact toy properly.”

“A Dominant should always learn the basics, true, but there’s no need for you to outright dismiss a somewhat inexperienced Dom. As long as they are open and honest about their inexperience and are willing to learn, I’d say go for it. Besides, the start of any new relationship, especially a kinky one, will always be filled with two people trying to get used to each other and learning how to behave around each other.”

“Well, can you teach any of that behaviour? I’m trying not to use the word train because you don’t like it, so I hope ‘teach’ is a better one.”

“There’s a myriad of things a Dominant can teach a submissive. There’s also a near endless list of things a submissive can show a Dominant, Roísín. Like I said, you cannot learn to be submissive, it’s either something you enjoy, or it isn’t. Now, learning from each other is, again, a type of mentorship. Keep in mind that each Dominant has different preferences, so there’s no one-size-fits-all sort of training. However, let’s say you are prone to panic attacks while bound in ropes, we could certainly work on that if that’s something you wanted. There would be nothing sexual about it, just a guy who’s good with ropes teaching a girl who likes to be in them how to handle being restrained better.

“The same goes for many other lifestyle-related things. That’s basic training of a sort. Two people
could agree to enter into a D/s relationship for a pre-specified length of time, and that relationship could be sexual in nature, or it could exclude any and all sexual elements. The Dominant could, providing they are qualified, offer the submissive pointers on how to, for example, manage the household better, improve their interpersonal skills, learn various types of sexual services, or it could include a training course at an actual school where the submissive learns how to manage a business or coordinate an event; however, all of this could be entirely useless once that relationship ends.

“Once you find that one special person, you connect with, and once you got to know each other, and vetted each other, and talked about wants and needs and limits and, and, and, then you can use the term ‘training’ again. In that situation, your Dominant can teach you what particular areas they want you to be more skilled in, and what their own personal preferences are. For example, how do they like their food or drink? What’s their daily schedule like and what can you do to help with it? How do they like their foot rub? All those things.”

Harry fell silent, and letting his head fall back, Draco looked up at him and shook his head.

“Someone got a bit passionate there for a moment, didn’t they, Sir?” he said with a smirk and chuckle.

Harry grinned at him, then turned his attention to Roísín.

“Sorry, I understand this is a lot to take in.”

Roísín smiled.

“I’m a bit overwhelmed, you guessed that right.”

“You know, Roísín, it’s good to have heard it all, but once you actually start playing, if that’s something you want to do, and you meet someone who ticks your boxes, it’s all a lot easier to understand. You’ll have the context then,” Draco said between two sips of wine.

Roísín giggled a little, and the light pink flush that graced her cheeks intensified a little.

“You know, I think I’d actually like to try and play with someone. Well, no, wait, that didn’t come outright. I’d like to meet someone, and if we click, I think I might want to play with them. Like, I don’t want to say that I’m ready for it, but I’ve been thinking about it, and I’d—”

“If I may offer a bit of advice, Roísín?”

Harry’s question cut Roísín off, but she didn’t seem to mind.

She nodded.

“Go for it, Harry,” she said.

Harry smiled.

“Very well. Think about it for a little while longer. Take your time, there’s no rush. Personally, I find, the more you think about something, the easier it is to decide whether that’s something you really want, or not. You’ll inevitably get to a point, where you’ll either want to take action or where you decide that it’s not for you after all.”

Roísín opened her mouth, hesitated, then closed it again and shook her head.

“You know, I think you may have a point. I should do a bit more thinking.”
Harry nodded.

“Do that. In a couple of weeks, when and if you’ve properly made up your mind, tell Draco, and I’d be more than happy to introduce you to a few decent chaps from around town.”

Roísín looked thoroughly surprised.

“You’d do that?” she asked.

Harry inclined his head.

“I thought I’d have to, I don’t know, do a couple of sessions with a psychologist to work on my confidence. I’m not the most outgoing person in the world.”

Harry smiled.

“I’d be more than happy to help with introductions, Roísín, and I’m sure if you ask Draco nicely, he’ll even agree to chaperone.”

Roísín giggled.

“I don’t think I’ll need an escort. Once I get past introductions, I’m generally OK. It’s just the first move that I’m not very good at.”

“That’s something you can ask your future Dom to help you work on. And I mean it, Roísín, I’d be more than happy to help you find someone. Your first experience should be unforgettable and knowing that you’re safe, and everything is sane and consensual would make me very happy.”

Draco nodded.

“Trust me, Ro, Harry is pretty serious about that sort of thing. He had two incredible mentors, and they’ve trained him right. Harry is the sort of guy who won’t stand for kink-shaming or unsafe play. He hates wannabe Dom(me)s who know nothing but pretend they know everything with a passion. If he introduces you to someone, you can be sure your experience is going to blow your mind.”

Roísín smiled.

“You two are both incredible. I’m so happy I decided to show up to that munch. I swear I’ll never stop being grateful for all of Draco’s advice, his time, and the effort he’s put into explaining everything to me.”

Draco felt his cheeks heat and hastily finished off the last bit of his wine. He was about to respond to Roísín’s praise when Harry beat him to it.

“Draco’s a good mentor. He’s learnt a great deal, and he’s both passionate about the lifestyle and patient when it comes to explaining stuff.”

Harry’s words resulted in Draco’s heart skipping a beat and the butterflies in his stomach decided on precisely this moment to take flight, insisting on turning his tummy upside down.

Without thinking, he reached up and placed his hand on top of Harry’s squeezing it gently.

Harry effortlessly took his hand, laced their fingers together, then squeezed back.

“I mean it, pet, you’re absolutely amazing, and Roísín is lucky to call you her friend.”
“Naw, stop you two, my little heart can’t take this, you’re absolutely wonderful.”

Draco laughed and looking up at Harry, he raised a questioning eyebrow at him.

Harry responded with a devious smirk and a barely discernible nod.

“Sir, may I have a kiss, please?” Draco asked with a slightly whiney undertone.

Harry bit his lip to stop himself from chuckling.

“Certainly, pet.”

He leant down and captured Draco’s lips in a soft kiss. It was nothing overly indecent, but Harry did linger for several seconds.

When he pulled back, Roísín had put her wine glass down and was lying horizontally on the sofa with one arm and one leg falling off the side as she pretended to be dead.

“Killed by an avalanche of gay cuteness and D/s perfection,” she mumbled.

Both Harry and Draco burst into a fit of unrestrained laughter.

Chapter End Notes

"Submissive Training, Conditioning, and Development" is quite an interesting article that offers a lot of insight and psychological reasoning behind the whole "training" thing.

Personally, I share Harry's opinion on "training." It's an odd word and often confuses newbies to the kink world and it upsets me.

Sadly there are idiots out there who watch / read “50 Shades” today and the next day they decide they are a Dom. Those guys are one massive red flag and you could stay clear of them, always! They aren’t even worth a vanilla relationship.

There are, of course, also those who read that crap and then decide they are a submissive and then go out to explore, knowing nothing. When they really discover that this is something they are into and Frenzy ensues they are in for a rollercoaster ride of hurt, both mentally and physically.
Sunday Shenanigans

Chapter Notes

I would humbly like to dedicate this chapter to the lovely "Im_a_bird", who, not so long ago, mused about what it might be like if Harry and Draco bickered/argued (thank you for inspiring me!). Now, I may or may not have something else in store for that particular trope, but I'm not going to give anything away just yet. You'll just have to wait and see.

I'll try my very best to post another chapter tomorrow, but I make no promises. I've got to work and might not finish it in time, but I should have chapter 13 for you on Sunday, I think.

Much love,
Selly x

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Even though Harry had yet to show off his own whip-cracking skills, he already knew that he didn’t stand a chance, and despite his own competitiveness, he didn’t even mind.

When it came to controlling a whip, Charlie, having taken up whip-cracking as a hobby some twenty years ago, knew precisely what he was doing. He was also extremely good at making the whole thing look like it was a piece of cake. It was exactly that which had gotten Harry hooked in the first place.

After the whole nightmare with David, he’d sought solace and advice from Charlie, and being the responsible honorary big brother that Charlie was, he’d travelled all the way to Canada, putting up with temperatures that ranged between minutes twenty and minus thirty-five degrees Celsius.

One late morning, after deciding that he’d spent enough time sulking underneath his winter duvet, he’d put on his warmest winter clothes, and left the house with the very intention of going for a walk. It had been then that he’d found Charlie practising outside in the fresh snow and thoroughly intrigued, he’d asked how to handle a whip. So, thanks to Charlie and the fact that he desperately needed something to distract him so that his heart had the opportunity to heal, it had taken him less than five minutes to fall in love with the art of whip-cracking.

Harry smiled at the memory, then focused his attention back on Charlie’s little show.

He’d started with a simple enough crack, the Cattleman’s Crack, or as some liked to call it the Lion Tamer’s Crack, but for Charlie, that was nothing more than warm-up.

After a while, he moved on to show Draco the Backward Cattleman’s Crack and eventually the Overhead Crack as well as the Coachman’s Crack.

Essentially, all of these were related and based the very first crack, Charlie had done, but each one required a slightly different execution.
They also sounded and looked different.

After going through each of those basic crack’s several times, Charlie swiftly moved on to the Flick, which was the kind of crack that created a hairpin curve which travelled down the taper of the whip. It looked rather marvellous. He followed up with the Sidearm Flick, and after positioning Liam a few feet away from him, he showed Draco that this particular crack was excellent for body wraps. One casual glance in Draco’s direction and his excitement-filled gleaming eyes told Harry all he needed to know — Draco wanted to learn how to be able to do that and he wanted to learn it very much.

Once Liam had moved out of the way again, Charlie demonstrated the Forward Flick.

Its crack sounded a lot more menacing than the Cattleman’s Crack, which was kind of playful, and Draco jumped a little. Charlie quickly distracted him with another type of crack — a casual flick behind his back.

Harry rather enjoyed the surprised look on Draco’s face and the way his lips formed the perfect O-shape. It was precisely at that moment that Harry felt sorely tempted to put his own whip down, walk up to Draco and grasp his hips tightly. He wanted to pull him into a fiercely possessive kiss and claim Draco’s mouth, lips, and tongue with his own.

However, even though he knew that there was no need for him to hold back in front of Charlie and Liam, Harry restrained himself, deciding to save his desire to kiss Draco senseless for later.

He wanted to do so much more than share a passionate kiss with Draco.

He wanted to twist his fingers into Draco’s hair and guide those perfect pink lips to his cock.

He wanted to force Draco to swallow all of his cock while he knelt at his feet and looked up at him with big wide watery eyes.

He wanted Draco to feel every drop of his come, and then he wanted to twist Draco’s mind and turn him into a desperate mess.

He wanted to hear Draco beg him for his release and he wanted to repeatedly deny him, not because he was feeling ferocious, but because he loved to see that vulnerable side of Draco. He was the only one allowed to see it, and he was thoroughly addicted to that pleading look in Draco’s eyes and the way he breathlessly beseeched him to allow him to climax. The power his control over Draco had on his perfect little prince was the single most beautiful thing, Harry had ever seen. Each time Draco allowed him that glimpse right into the centre of his very soul, Harry found himself falling in love with him all over again.

Charlie thankfully chose precisely that moment to distract him with a smooth and elegant Underhand Flick, and the loud crack stopped Harry from continuing to fantasise about all the things he wanted to do to Draco’s mouth. Harry was really rather grateful for Charlie’s impeccable timing.

The idea of having to present his own whip-cracking skills to Draco, while simultaneously also having to deal with a raging hard-on pressing against the confines of his tight black jeans, wasn’t one that particularly excited Harry, and he gladly focused on what Charlie was doing. He put several different cracks together and cast them in rapid succession, creating a complicated-looking sequence.

On its own, each crack wasn’t all that impressive, but put together into an arrangement, like the one, Charlie was currently showing off, they looked genuinely magnificent.

Harry particularly liked the slow figure eight, followed by the fast-paced Volley.
Charlie repeatedly cracked his whip in front of himself and behind himself, moving his whip’s handle as though it was the windshield wiper of a car.

He made it look so simple because he expertly adjusted the position of his wrist following the way he threw his whip. When throwing his whip’s fall out in front of him, his wrist pointed down, and when cracking his whip behind him, he made sure to turn his wrist up towards the sky.

Charlie finally finished his little demonstration with a crack he called the Snake Killer and a humble little bow.

Suffice to say, Draco didn’t appreciate the name, but he was undoubtedly impressed by the crack and nodded in silent admiration.

Harry smirked.

He quite liked the fact that Draco was able to value the art of whip-cracking.

Although, what really made him proud, so proud that his heart expanded inside his chest and caused it to swell to at least double its original size, was the fact that Draco, despite whipping being one of his hard limits, was still showing an interest in the performance aspect of handling a whip.

“Potter, quit daydreaming and show your man what you’re made of!”

Harry felt Charlie poke him with the handle of his whip and snapping out of his own little world, he glared at Charlie.

“Is there even a point of me having a go at making a complete buffoon out of myself?”

Charlie shrugged.

“Don’t ask me. Ask Malfoy, he requested this little presentation.”

A devious thought crossed Harry’s mind and smirking, he decided to taunt Charlie a little.

“That’s true. Listen, Weasley, do you remember whether he said anything about playing fair?”

Charlie raised a questioning eyebrow at him.

“Are you going to go all Slytherin on me?”

Harry chuckled.

“Well, I’m dating one, aren’t I? It’d be a shame not to steal some of Draco’s little strategies. Besides, the Sorting Hat nearly put me there, and I am mature enough to see the benefits of occasionally being a bit of a Slytherin.”

“Potter, you don’t stand a chance, no matter what rabbit you pull out of the proverbial Muggle magician’s hat.”

Harry grinned.

“I wouldn’t be so sure of that, brother mine,” he said.

He was about to wink at Charlie when Draco spoke up.

“Potter, you have too much of a fondness for reckless behaviour and stupid bouts of bravery, you
wouldn’t have lasted a day in the dungeons,” he said.

Harry chuckled.

“Dungeons are my favourite place to be, my love.”

Draco slowly crossed his arms over his chest and fixed Harry with an icy glower. All in all, he looked thoroughly piqued.

“Er, I’m just going to move over here,” Charlie said.

“You, know, just in case you two decide to duel in my back garden. I’d rather not be in the firing line and I’d rather my boy wasn’t either. I treat my property extremely well and am not especially fond of the idea of anyone damaging my Liam.”

“You deserve no less, Potter.”

“Potter,” Draco growled his name.

“Fiery little dragon,” he said.

His teasing was deliberate but resulted in Draco looking at him like he was about to snap his neck. For a moment, Harry wondered whether he should dial it back a notch, then he resolutely decided against it. This was way too much fun.

“You know, I do occasionally regret convincing the old hat that I definitely didn’t want him to sort me into Slytherin. Just imagine, the crush you had on me during the Triwizard Tournament might have had a different outcome altogether.”
Draco relaxed his stance somewhat, then rolled his eyes.

“I didn’t have a crush on you, Potter, don’t think so highly of yourself. I merely thought you were well fit.”

His Malfoyesque drawl had a distinctly derisive undertone.

Harry chuckled.

He genuinely enjoyed Draco’s scathing sass. It was hot. He also remembered the conversation during which Draco had confessed to him that he’d fancied him long before they’d put their differences aside. During that very conversation, the look on Draco’s face had made it several things quite clear — he’d most definitely had had a crush on him back then.

Harry was acutely aware that he was walking on very thin ice, but he couldn’t quite resist the temptation to tease Draco just a little more.

“Isn’t that the same thing?” he asked.

Draco promptly glared daggers, but Harry remained entirely unfazed.

“Absolutely not,” he said.

He defiantly crossed his arms over his chest again.

Harry smiled.

“I think it is,” he insisted.

*If only you knew, my sweet little Slytherin prince,* Harry mused. The way Draco was acting only made Harry want to claim him even more, not to silence him, no, never that, but because when it came to Draco, this was one of Harry’s many kinks. He loved Draco’s sass or the way he sometimes, quite stubbornly so, insisted that he was right, even when he clearly wasn’t. Watching Draco get upset with him over something that had happened when they’d both been eleven years old, was highly amusing.

“Well, you aren’t always right, *Director* Potter.”

Harry laughed.

“I’m not?” he asked.

“No,” Draco said.

He shook his head.

Harry took a step forward. He went to wrap his arm around Draco’s shoulders, but Draco sidestepped him at the last moment.

“Not a chance, Potter. You don’t get to worm back in by pretending to be—.”

Draco paused, clearly looking for the right word.

“Pretending to be what?” Harry asked.

Draco thought for a moment, furrowing his brows as he did so, then answered him.
“Cute,” he said.

Harry instantly feigned a hurt expression.

“What do you mean by pretending? I am cute. Everyone knows that.”

“Salazar’s wand, you make my skin crawl.”

Draco shifted as though a shudder had just gone through him.

Harry gave him a sly smirk.

“In a good way, I hope.”

“Most definitely not.”

“For the love of Merlin, will you two dunderheads do the world a favour and get married already?”

At first, Harry thought Charlie had cut into their good-natured bickering. It was only when he turned and saw Liam’s apologetic expression, that he realised Charlie hadn’t said a thing, but Liam had.

“I’m sorry, Master,” he whispered.

He cast his eyes downward, firmly fixing them on the floor, and placed his hands behind his back.

“I shouldn’t have spoken out of turn.”

While Harry never stopped Draco from saying what he wanted when he wanted, except for actual playtime, Charlie had an entirely different set of rules for Liam. The code of conduct, Liam had to follow, said he wasn’t allowed to speak out of turn unless Charlie had given him permission to do so, but apparently, he hadn’t quite managed to control his tongue.

Surprisingly, Charlie looked anything but cross.

Quite the opposite, even.

He was thoroughly amused, and there was a cheeky twinkle in his bright blue eyes. He wrapped both arms around Liam and pulled him into a fierce embrace.

“No matter, my boy, this one we’ll ignore. But only because you’re absolutely right and do fault you for that would be entirely counterproductive.”

To make his point, Charlie squeezed Liam even tighter and kissed the top of his head.

“I wholeheartedly agree, my boy. Those two dunderheads should get married, sooner rather than later.”

Harry groaned.

“Stop corrupting him, brother mine.”

Charlie half-turned and raised an eyebrow at him.

“He’s my property, I have his permission to do with him as I please when I please. If I want to corrupt him, I absolutely will.”

Liam pressed his lips together to swallow a laugh, but the amused expression on his face gave him
away.

“Master, may I say something?” he asked softly, his voice low and soft.

Charlie nodded.

“Absolutely, my boy.”

“I’d just like to clarify; Master Charlie didn’t put that thought in my head. Anyone who spends five minutes in your presence will come to the same conclusion.”

“The suits will be Slytherin green!”

Harry turned around and raised an eyebrow at Draco.

“Over my dead body,” he said.

Draco smirked.

He drew his wand and aimed it at Harry’s chest.

“If you insist, Potter,” he said.

Harry rolled his eyes.

“Like you’d have the guts, Malfoy.”

“Is that a challenge?”

Harry laughed.

“Do you want it to be? Remember, I don’t need *Expelliarmus* to disarm you, I proved that to you on numerous occasions.”

Draco frowned but didn’t lower his wand.

Without further ado, Harry jammed his whip between his thighs, and applying a bit of pressure, he held it there, then pulled his long-sleeved shirt off, revealing his bare torso, and tossed it onto the ground.

He deliberately flexed his muscles and taking a few steps, he brought a bit of distance between himself and Draco, then took his position.

When he turned around to look at Draco, he found that Draco’s jaw had basically dropped to the ground while his eyeballs threatened to pop out of their sockets. He was still holding on to his wand and Harry smirked deviously.

*Not for much longer, my little prince,* he thought, then adjusted his stance and flexing his fingers, he slipped his hand through the wrist strap attached to his whip’s handle. He gripped the whip tight, then cracked it entirely without warning. The fall flew out, and the tip of it wound itself around Draco’s wand.

Harry gave his whip a rather fierce tag, and Draco’s wand sailed right out of his hand. It flew through the air, and stretching his muscular arm up, Harry caught it without ease, then smiled in that irritatingly smug way, he knew would drive Draco livid.
He silently counted to three, watched Draco’s nostril’s flare. He curled his fingers and formed two fists. His eyes narrowed once more, turning into thin slits, and he growled.

“Fucking Slytherin! Charlie, you’ve got the job!”

Turning on the heel of his black Oxfords, Draco stormed off into the direction of the house.

For a moment, Harry felt the intense desire to crack his whip and guide its fall to curl around Draco’s waist, preventing him from leaving, but cracking a whip with the intent of having it wrap around someone’s body while their back was turned went against everything Harry believed in, including playing it safe and obtaining consent. Instead of immediately following Draco into the cottage, he retrieved his shirt, put it back on and ensured that it was stain-free.

“Trouble in paradise?” Charlie asked.

Harry shook his head.

“Nah, he’s just in a huff.”

“Aren’t you going to go after him?” Liam asked.

There was a curious sparkle in his eyes, and Harry smiled.

“In a minute. Or five. When he’s less likely to try and choke me with his bare hands. He hates it when I snatch his wand like that.”

“Are you always this volatile with each other?”

Harry laughed.

Before he got the chance to answer, Charlie spoke up.

“Yes, my boy. You know those two have history. This is their idea of foreplay. For tomorrow’s chores, you’re allowed your wand, sweetheart. You’ll need it to burn the sheets in the guest bedroom. There are only two ways this afternoon is going to go. Either they’ll wrestle each other to death, in which case I’ll have to renovate, or Potter here worms his way back under Draco’s skin using his irresistible Dom charm, and then Draco will beg him to fuck him through the mattress, in which case you may as well burn the whole bed.”

“Noted, Master Charlie.”

Harry rolled his eyes.

“You are bloody mental, Weasley.”

“You wouldn’t want me any other way.”

Harry huffed out a breath of air.

“I don’t want you in any way. The only one I want is presently sulking inside your cottage.”

Charlie’s response to that was to hug Liam tighter and kiss his temple.

“They’ll fuck.”

He lowered his voice as he said, but Harry still caught it.
Since he still had Draco’s wand in his hand, he simply aimed it at Charlie and cast a non-verbal stinging hex.

Charlie yelped and rubbed his now sore arse cheek, then growled.

“Potter you—”

“Sneaky bastard, I know. I love you too, brother mine.”

Charlie snarled.

“I swear, one of these days I’ll whip you black and blue.”

Harry laughed.

“Tom Riddle,” he said.

“Like that’s going to save your scrawny arse. Family ties void safewords.”

“Oi, I take offence at that. I don’t have a scrawny arse. It’s very nicely-shaped, round and very firm.”

Charlie hollered with laughter.

“Get the hell out of my face, Potter, before I kick you up your very nicely-shaped, round and very firm arse.”

“If I were you, I wouldn’t even think about that. Draco rather likes my arse, and I’m sure he’ll be distraught if he finds out that you bruised it in any shape or form.”

“That little dragon doesn’t scare me.”

Harry chuckled.

“You say that now. Now, if you’ll excuse me, I better head inside and grovel at my boyfriend’s feet, begging for forgiveness.”

“Who knew, there’s a submissive bone in you, after all, Potter. Wait until I tell Caleb, he’ll have an absolute field day.”

Harry rolled his eyes.

“Yes, you two children have fun on the playground. I’m going to go and do the mature thing, which his promise Draco to ply him with his favourite chocolate and let him have control over the television remote for a week. Merlin’s saggy balls, we’ll be watching Who Wants To Be A Millionaire? on repeat every night for seven days. This is what your life is like when you’re dating a Slytherin who’s also very well versed in contract law. Despite being Dominant in nature, you must agree to relinquish your control in order to get back into your little dragon’s good books. Life is hard, boys.”

While Charlie and Liam chuckled under their breaths, Harry turned and left them to their own devices. As he headed for the cottage, he casually toyed with Draco’s wand, and smirked to himself. He had a plan. It was a slightly devious plan, but it was a plan.
Yes, flicking a whip and wrapping it around someone's body is entirely possible and it's possible to do it without hurting that person or leaving a mark. If you'd like to check out some of the types of whip-cracks I've mentioned in the video, check out "Whip-Cracking" -- if you scroll all the way to the bottom, you'll find a bunch of instructional videos that show different types of cracks. Personally, I love the sound of a whip cracking through the air.
You and your silky-smooth overly persuasive voice may have managed to worm your way underneath my skin, Potter, but that doesn’t mean I won’t retaliate, Draco thought with a dirty smirk plastered square across his face as he headed down Diagon Alley straight towards Number 93: Weasleys’ Wizard Wheezes.

It was quite early, only a few minutes past eight, and what with it being a Tuesday, the only wizards and witches about were those who worked on Diagon Alley or had pressing business to attend to. Such activities usually involved a visit to Gringotts Wizarding Bank for an emergency cash withdrawal or the exchange of Galleons into British Muggle currency. Other than that, an elderly wizard entered Flourish, and Blotts with two large parcels of books in his arms, and a short middle-aged witch was busy inspecting a cauldron with a massive hole in the centre of its bottom.

Draco frowned slightly.

He didn’t even want to hazard a guess as to what sort of mishap had resulted in a bottomless cauldron. It did remind him of Harry’s and his Hogwarts days, and especially of Harry’s non-existing talents when it came to brewing potions. Not a class had gone by where Draco hadn’t silently wondered how on earth somebody could be so dense when it came to reading instructions and following a recipe. These days, Harry was a lot better at brewing potions but artistry it was not.

Draco consciously smoothed his forehead and inclined his head politely to greet one of his colleagues, as she exited Black Magic with a large paper coffee cup in one hand and a chocolate scone in the other. She nodded in return, then rushed past him, striding into the direction of The Leaky Cauldron, with her black Prosecutor’s robes billowing behind her. The click-clack of her heels repeatedly connecting with the cobblestoned ground, echoed up and down the street for quite some time and Draco took a moment to appreciate the relative silence all around him. It would be another hour or two before Diagon Alley woke up fully and the street bustled with lively action, chattering wizards and witches and overexcited small children.

Once he could no longer hear his colleague’s tread, Draco turned his attention back to his earlier
thoughts. There was only one reason why Harry was so inept at making potions: He hated following orders.

Harry Potter had become the sort of man who made the rules, not followed them. He liked giving orders, and he certainly enjoyed watching others execute those orders. Harry most definitely wasn’t the type of person who blindly followed instructions just because a book told him to do so and not even something as innocent as a cookbook could convince him otherwise.

Draco felt his smirk return.

Rebellious bastard, he thought and quickened his pace somewhat. He reached Weasleys' Wizard Wheezes only a few minutes later and climbing the four steps that led up to the shop’s front doors, he reached out and grabbed the oversized golden handle, then dragged the door open. A little bell announced his arrival and stepping over the threshold, Draco glanced around. He spotted George Weasley behind the counter. He perched on a high stool and had his nose buried in paperwork, which he’d spread out over the entire bar, but looked up as Draco crossed through the shop and approached him.

“Malfoy,” he said with a curt nod.

Draco took in the messy arrangement of documents and files and shuddered inwardly. How anyone could get any work done with one’s papers in such complete disarray was a mystery to him. Harry was the same, although ever since he’d hired the new senior administrative assistant, Draco had recommended to him, he’d improved slightly.

It truly was a stark contrast, and one Draco regularly marvelled at. Harry preferred rules and order. He wanted obedience. But when it came to his paperwork, Harry was entirely capable of literally burying himself up to his neck in case files and interrogation reports.

Miraculously, and the despite the mess he managed to create in his office at the Ministry or his study at home, he still possessed the ability to get some work done. Despite having known Harry for over two decades hand having dated him for a little over two years, Draco still considered him an amusing conundrum full of unexpected surprises.

He smiled.

George’s expression softened a bit, and he relaxed, dropping his shoulders and placing his quill on top of a parchment filled with numbers.

“Is Ron in the back?” Draco asked.

George nodded.

“Told me you’d be coming by but wouldn’t tell me why. Everything alright between you and Harry? No plans to kill each other yet?”

George smirked.

Draco chuckled.

“We’ve come close a few times, but you see, the sex is too good.”

George laughed.

“Way to go, Malfoy, that’s got to be the best reason I’ve ever heard for dating someone.”
Draco shrugged, then flashed George a beaming grin.

“Might be worth an exclusive with the Prophet.”

George let out a breath of laughter.

His eyes sparkled and danced with genuine amusement and Draco couldn’t help the small flood of overly sentimental feelings that clogged up his chest and caused him to swallow past the lump in his throat. He made sure not to let any of his emotions show in front of George, but he was genuinely grateful for the warm welcome he’d received from everyone at the Burrow. The Weasleys had welcomed him with open arms, offering him a clean slate, because all of them had been able to see how much Harry cared for him. Whenever Harry and he visited for dinner or to partake in a family gathering, he usually couldn’t help but keep his protective mask on, but Harry had repeatedly assured him that he was welcome, and the message was slowly starting to sink in.

“I can see the frontpage headlines already, *Sizzling Between the Sheets: An Intimate Account of The Saviour’s Sexual Prowess.* Turn to page two, three, four, five, and six for Exclusive Pensive Memories!”

Draco laughed hard, so hard that his lungs started to protest and his sides ached. He forced himself to gulp down several large breaths of air and slowly calmed down, then frowned a little when George’s less than veiled hint about Harry and him tying the knot slowly sank in. He tried his best to ignore the friendly nudge into the direction of the register office and focused on keeping the conversation light-hearted instead.

“Sounds like something Skeeter would print. Although the last time she rubbed Harry up the wrong way, he arranged to have her transferred to the Prophet’s legal department and she ended up covering court cases for six months. I may have pulled a few strings and ensured that she spent the majority of that time covering the most insipid cases ever.”

George grinned.

“Sneaky Slytherin,” he said.

Draco smiled.

“I’ll take that as a compliment.”

“Do that, it was intended as one.”

“Thanks.”

Draco dithered for a moment, unsure whether he should just head to the back of the shop and straight into the workshop or whether George expected him to continue the conversation. His indecisiveness bothered him, and after a minute, he decided to dip his toes into the deep end of the pool.

“George?”

“Hm?”

“I just, erm, thanks for the support. I really do love him, you know.”

George looked at him with a thoroughly curious expression, then smiled. It was a warm and soft smile, and so far, the only person Draco had seen George look at in this way was his wife Angelina and their two children. Inexplicably, the lump in Draco’s throat grew to double its previous size, and
George’s next words somewhat surprised him.

“Malfoy, you can hide behind that aristocratic mask of yours all you want, but just so you know, any fool can tell that you’re absolutely smitten with Harry and vice versa. I honestly don’t know what either one of you is waiting for. For the love of Godric Gryffindor, put a ring on each other’s finger already and fly off into the sunset on Harry’s favourite broomstick.”

Draco pressed his lips tightly together, and with great difficulty he managed to swallow the groan that had made its way to the tip of his tongue and threatened to force itself out into the open.

“Salazar’s snake, what is it with everyone dropping hints about us getting married!” he exclaimed.

George laughed.

“We’re all eagerly awaiting the wedding of the century, that’s all,” he said.

Draco rolled his eyes.

“I’m heading to the back to go and find Ron,” he said.

As he turned on the smooth heels of his handmade black Oxfords and prepared to walk off, George began to sing the lyrics to a hugely popular folk-rock song, though he’d clearly changed them a bit since the original was quite different.

“You belong with him, he belongs with you, you’re his sweetheart, you belong with him, he belongs with you, he’s your sweetheart…”

Draco turned his head, glowered at George, who merely grinned in response and raised both arms in mock surrender.

Shaking his head, Draco decided to ignore him and headed straight for Weasleys’ Wizard Wheezes’ workshop. To his horror, he found himself humming the song, George had just butchered, and thoroughly annoyed, Draco didn’t bother to knock on the heavy wooden door that led to the workshop. Instead, he turned the knob, and pushing the door open, he walked inside, intentionally giving Ron a bit of a fright.

He deserves it for that decidedly unenthusiastic response to my owl, Draco thought but firmly plastered his politest smile onto his face and slowly approached Ron’s workbench, and pushed the persistent nagging thought that Ron’s lukewarm response to his owl was down to the fact that he absolutely never owled Ron, to the furthest corner of his mind.

“Are you over your truly shameful loss yet?” he asked.

A change of subject always worked, especially when you were a lawyer. It generally confused the hell out of people and made them assume he had a hidden agenda when, really, you most definitely did not.

The questioned earned him a cold and deathly glower from Ron, who pushed his stool back and crossed his arms over his chest.

“You owe me a rematch, Draco Malfoy,” he snarled, deliberately lacing his voice with a generous helping of bitterness.

Draco allowed himself to smirk.
“You always say that, Weasley,” he drawled, while pretending to inspect his perfectly manicured fingernails, and therefore purposefully leading Ron to believe he didn’t care either way.

Ron gave him a pointed glare.

“Look, Malfoy, do you want my help or not?”

Draco considered the question for a moment, then dropped his hands to his sides, and gifted Ron a truly devious smirk.

“That depends entirely on whether you’ve ratted me out to our common enemy or not,” he said, trying his best to appear thoroughly nonchalant.

He really did want and need Ron’s help, but he wasn’t about to let Ron know that.

Ron frowned deeply.

“Why would I do that?” he asked.

Draco shrugged.

He approached the workbench, pushed a few items out of the way and perched himself on the edge of the large and sturdy wooden table.

“He’s your best mate, and you’re a Gryffindor. It’s in your best interest to protect him from a sinister and sly Slytherin like me.”

Ron laughed.

“Drop the act, Malfoy. Potter isn’t in my good books at the moment and as such, fellow Gryffindors or not, I am presently not inclined to side with him.”

Draco arched a questioning eyebrow at Ron and held his gaze for a full minute, silently enjoying the fact that he could make Ron squirm in his seat without putting any real effort behind it. They’d agreed to a truce long before Harry, and he had celebrated their first anniversary, and somehow, their shared passion for Wizarding Chess and their stubborn competitiveness when it came to winning a match had helped them to forge strange kind of friendship.

Granted, they bickered most of the time, and also managed to think of a thousand different ways to rile each other up, but somehow the truce held, and they got on with each other. Sometimes it felt a bit like Ron had taken Harry’s place when it came to exchanging sassy insults and riling each other up until they exchange resulted in a friendly trade of abuses, as they squabbled back and forth over a game of chess or a couple of drinks.

Strangely enough, neither Granger nor Harry ever intervened and stopped them from having a go at each other. Although, Harry had promised him, threatening a harsh spanking with a wooden paddle, that drawing wands and challenging each other to a Wizarding Duel would be taking their petty quarrels one step too far. Harry’s guarantee that he would most definitely not enjoy said spanking but cry bitter tears was enough of an incentive for Draco to control himself to the best of his abilities. He couldn’t help but wonder whether Granger had, perhaps, given Ron similar motivation.

Draco smirked.

Oddly enough, and even though he was still a bit miffed at Harry for the epic stunt he’d pulled when they’d visited Charlie in Romania, he was in a good mood.
“Right then, Weasley. Let’s suppose we’re on the same side—”

“There’s nothing to suppose here, Malfoy, we are. Strangely enough.”

Draco chuckled.

“For legal reason, I shall keep my responses non-committal. It’ll be easier to talk my way out of any crime I might or might not be about to aid you in committing.”

Ron rolled his eyes.

“Drop the lawyer’s act, Malfoy. I’m not recording this conversation, and there are no extendible ears hidden away anywhere. Also, Potter is not hiding under his invisibility cloak.”

Draco grinned.

“I like the fact that you’re calling him Potter, makes forging a possible alliance with you much easier.”

Ron shrugged.

“I told him to keep his big mouth shut and his comments to himself. He decided to repeatedly ignore my warnings and this time I am retaliating. He’s got it coming. Revenge is sweet, Malfoy, revenge is sweet.”

Draco laughed.

“You’re talking like a true Slytherin, Weasley. I like it. Now, are you sure your plan is fool-proof?”

“Given my choice of work, the fact that you’re questioning my competency makes me wonder whether you truly have the balls to do this, Malfoy.”

Draco raised his arms in mock surrender.

“Alright, easy there, Lion King,” he said.

“I just want to make sure that it’s going to work. Harry’s pretty smart, and if I’m frank, I’m rubbish at lying to him. He has this uncanny ability to make me want to spill the truth…”

Ron furrowed his brows.

“What’s there to lie about? I’ll get Mione to drop by Harry’s office later today and invite him and you over to the house for dinner tomorrow night. She’s been going on and on about having the two of you over for a couple weeks now, and quite frankly, it’s grating on my nerves. Mum’s got time to take the baby for the night, so it’ll just be the four of us. All you need to do is to ensure that you and Harry show up on time. How difficult is that? Me and Mione are doing all the work here.”

“Have you told her that we’re considering to prank him?”

Ron gave him an utterly disbelieving stare.

“Are you bloody mental, Malfoy? My wife will string me up by my balls if she finds out that we’re going to ruin dessert and since I’m rather attached to all of my dangly bits, I’m only going to tell her what she needs to know, which is you and Harry are coming for dinner and that it’s her job to invite you both.”
“What if Harry declines?”

Ron gave an exasperated sigh.

“Malfoy, I can be quite persuasive when I want to be and I will make sure that my wife will not take no for an answer, though how I plan to secure that she’s going to nag Harry until he says yes is something I’d rather keep to myself, if you don’t mind.”

Draco smirked.

“By all means, I’m not especially keen on your bedroom escapades.”

Ron’s cheeks pinked a little, and he glared.

“Careful there, Malfoy, or you’ll lose your partner in crime.”

“Don’t be petty, Weasley.”

“I’m not. If you behave that this. Now, are you going to offer him a glass of milk?”

Draco considered Ron’s question for a moment or two, then gave him a dirty smirk and shook his head.

“Nope, I don’t think so. Not immediately anyway. I think he needs to suffer for a bit until the message sinks in properly.

Ron nodded.

“Agreed. I’ll message you after Mione has invited Harry.”

“Don’t owl the house.”

Ron rolled his eyes.

“How stupid do you think I am, Malfoy?”

Draco wanted to reply with pretty but decided to bite his tongue instead. The last he wanted was for Ron to take offence and rat him out to Harry after all. He suspected that Harry would find some thoroughly underhanded way to get back at him, but for once, he wasn’t prepared to waste his thoughts about that yet.

For now, all he wanted to do was to enjoy the idea of thoroughly pranking Harry and teaching him a lesson he wouldn’t forget for quite some time.

That’s what you get for disarming me with your whip, Potter, and then having the audacity to prance about half-naked, being all sly and all, he thought, and rubbing his hands together, he gleamed. He was thoroughly excited and hoped that he and Ron would manage to pull their epic prank off.

“Here,” Ron said, holding out a business card.

Draco stopped musing about getting his revenge for Harry’s dirty tactics and reached for the card.

Ron had scribbled the address of a bakery on it.

“Apart from mum’s home-baked one, he’s utterly in love with the treacle tart from that place.”
Draco frowned.

“Why didn’t he ever tell me?”

Ron chuckled.

“Because he doesn’t know the address. Mione and me refuse to tell him.”

“Wicked, I like it.”

Ron grinned.

“You see, Malfoy, Harry isn’t the only one who knows how to play dirty. I’ve got a couple of tricks up my sleeve as well.”

“I’m starting to discover that. My respect, Weasley, my respect.”

Ron rose from his stool and took a mock bow, then grinned.

“Now shoo, I’ve got work to do and orders to prepare. Make sure you stop by that place tomorrow and pick up the tart. I’ve already owled to order. It’s under my name, but they know someone else will stop by to pick it up. Bring it here afterwards, and I’ll prepare it, then take it home before dinner.”

Draco nodded.

“Alright,” he said.

“Good, now get out of my face before I decide that challenging you to a rematch is more important than preparing fifty-seven orders from Hogwarts students.”

You’ll lose anyway, Draco thought but smiled sweetly instead.

“We can play afterwards to celebrate getting our own back.”

Ron inclined his head and gave him the thumbs up.

“I’ll hold you to that, Malfoy.”

Draco chuckled, turned on his heel and left the workshop. He strode through the shop, waved at George on the way out and leaving the shop, he headed down Diagon Alley and towards The Leaky Cauldron, grinning like a complete loon all the way there. He barely resisted to rub the palms of his hands together in glee, and shoving them into the outer pockets of his robes, he thoroughly basked in his excitement.

Tomorrow night was going to be fun.
Neither Harry nor Draco decided to play by my rules and I misplaced my whip or I might have whipped both their arses black and blue -- next time I'll just grab a cane. I'm not sorry, so not sorry, not even a tiny little bit sorry. I am utterly convinced that you, dear reader (please replace with your name), need this very(!) important(!) chapter.

*smirks*

Love,
Selly x

Draco poked his head around the door to Harry’s and his bedroom and instantly frowned, unable to comprehend how it was possible that he was ready to go, but Harry wasn’t anywhere near ready to leave the house.

Harry presently stood in front of their floor-length bedroom mirror, dressed in nothing but a tight black pair of boxer briefs, black socks and a midnight blue shirt, which he’d yet to finish buttoning up.

“How is it that you’re still only half-dressed?” Draco asked.

He just about managed not to shake his head in sheer disbelief. When it came to getting ready, Harry seldom took forever and generally just took one look around the walk-in wardrobe, picking out the garments, he intended to wear. Draco preferred to see his clothes on him. The visuals helped him decide what shirt to match with what pair of trousers. Somehow, he was more comfortable doing it that way.

Occasionally, just holding the items up against himself worked too, but he still preferred trying things on first before making a definite decision. For tonight’s dinner he’d opted for a black pair of skinny jeans, which were just the right amount of tight, but didn’t restrict his movements in any way. He’d paired it with a long-sleeved light grey shirt. The matching grey leather jacket was downstairs in the living room and since he didn’t like walking around the house wearing shoes, he’d yet to put them on.

Harry paused doing up his shirt, looked at him through the mirror, and arching his right eyebrow slightly, he held Draco’s gaze with frightful ease.

“Since when are you this excited to have dinner with Mione and Ron?”

Draco tried his hardest not to squirm, but Harry’s unfaltering and steady look was making it rather difficult to resist. A huge part of him wanted to give in to the strong desire to submit to that fixed stare. It felt like those piercing emerald-green eyes were trying to pin him down, and Draco couldn’t come up with a single good reason as to why he shouldn’t let them do just that. He swallowed hard, and straightening up a little, he disguised his squirm with a casual shrug of his shoulders, then smiled. Somehow, he managed to come up with a perfunctory response to Harry’s question.
“Spending time with your friends makes you happy, and I like seeing you happy.”

Harry didn’t look at all convinced, but when he didn’t immediately question his answer, Draco relaxed and stepping into the room, he closed the door behind him and leant back against it. He indulged in giving Harry a slow once-over, silently appreciating every single curve of Harry’s toned and muscular body. He loved the way those muscles flexed. Harry had incredibly powerful leg muscles, and his upper arms were a force to be reckoned with.

Try as he might, Draco couldn’t stop the images that insisted on flooding his mind. He knew exactly what it felt like when Harry used his body to restrain him when he straddled him and pinned his arms to the bed or to the floor, and the images filled Draco with intense longing. He wanted Harry to hold him down. He wanted to feel owned. He belonged to Harry, and he wanted Harry to show him that he did.

Draco also found it extremely hard to drag his eyes away from Harry’s arse and when he finally managed to do so, and his and Harry’s eyes met again, Harry was looking at him with a wicked sort of smirk plastered across his face.

“Like what you see?”

The teasing undertone in Harry’s voice made Draco nod before he’d consciously thought of how he wanted to answer the question, but he suppressed the low and needy whine he could feel rising up his throat. The words filled his mouth, and Draco pressed his lips together to stop the sound from spilling out into the open. For now, he managed. He was sure, or at least he wanted to be, that given the right incentive, he wouldn’t be able to exercise that level of self-control. Well, he was always able to compose himself, but whenever Harry stepped things up and dominated him, Draco saw no reason to hold on to that self-restraint. For Harry he wanted to let go of all the things that kept him together. He wanted to fall apart at the seams, and he did it gladly and often.

“Come here, my little prince.”

An electric jolt of excitement zapped down the length of his spine, and when it reached his groin, Draco thought a streak of lightning had struck him right in the centre of his crotch. Something red-hot and fiercely intense unfurled inside of him and spread out through the rest of his body, setting it on fire too.

This time, Draco absolutely did not manage to resist the resulting squirm, and he could tell that Harry had noticed.

There was a thoroughly devious glint in his eyes, and his almost irritatingly smug smile made Draco go weak at the knees. For a moment, he wasn’t sure whether they could still hold him upright, but deciding to put a bit of trust into them, he pushed himself away from the door and walked over to where Harry stood.

Less than a second later, he found himself pressed up against the mirror and let out a soft whimper. The sound flew out of his mouth and a breath of air, and he blinked, mentally adjusting to the shift in Harry’s and his dynamic.

Harry gripped his wrists, squeezed them tightly and dragged them behind his back, were he crossed them at the wrists, effectively restraining him. He held them there with one hand, then Draco felt him grip his chin. Harry squeezed it just tight enough for it to feel a little bit uncomfortable but was nowhere near rough enough for Draco to even entertain the thought of asking Harry to stop.

“Now, is that more of an incentive for you to tell me the truth, my little prince?”
Harry’s voice was low and husky, and he sounded just assertive enough for the pit of Draco’s stomach to fill with a mild bout of trepidation. It was the kind of fear that was fuelled by the intensely exciting prospect of the unknown and the knowledge that no matter what Harry was about to do, Draco was bound to enjoy it. He trusted Harry explicitly. He trusted him to stop or change his course of action when told no, and he trusted Harry to cease dominating him when and if he used his safeword. Knowing he held that sort of power intoxicated Draco and feeling a bit heady, he inhaled deeply.

Another flash of something intense zapped through him.

He’d checked the time just before checking on Harry and knew that they still had plenty of time. He also knew that Harry was well aware of how much time they had left before they had to get going. The only thing Draco didn’t know was how far Harry intended to take this little physical demonstration of the power he held over him, but he didn’t mind.

Quite on the contrary.

Over the past year or so, Draco had discovered that he rather liked it when Harry surprised him with a bit of dominance and took charge when Draco least expected him to do so. He thoroughly loved the thrill of it. Especially when they were in a place where he couldn’t be overly obvious about his desire to fall at Harry’s feet and had to get creative to think of other, more subtle, ways to show his submission. It had become somewhat of a game between him and Harry, one Draco enjoyed to a great extent.

As for tonight, Draco was prepared to go all the way, or at least as far as Harry wanted him to go. If a quick shag or his best oral skills ensured that he’d be able to get his revenge on Harry for stealing his wand with a whip of all things, then he was most definitely ready to commit every part of himself to make sure the evening ended with a lesson, Harry would remember for quite some time.

“Do I not get an answer, my little prince? Don’t tell me you are feeling disobedient tonight? Because if you are, we’ll definitely have to do something about that. I wouldn’t want you to get any ideas about how this relationship works.”

Draco shook his head in response to that question, then a cheeky thought struck him, and smiling softly, he looked at Harry.

“You’re well fit, Sir, of course, I like what I see,” he said.

He tried to control his sassy undertone at least a little bit but didn’t quite manage. One could either lace one’s response with a generous helping of sass, or one could be entirely serious. Strangely enough, a bit of both never worked.

Harry gave him a slightly pointed look.

“You know that that’s not what I meant, my little prince. Is someone trying to earn himself a sound spanking as an appetiser? I would certainly enjoy watching you squirm through dinner, knowing your flaming-red arse cheeks are thrumming and throbbing and that you can still feel the lingering sensations of my palms connecting with them repeatedly.”

Draco pressed his lips together and fought his hardest to force the unbelievably cheeky response, that presently lingered on the tip of his tongue, right back down into the abyss it had come from. Somehow, he didn’t think to answer Harry’s question with a flippant ‘we’ll see about that’ was the way to go here. It most definitely would not end well for him or his arse — it was the perfect invitation for Harry to demand that he pull his trousers down and kneel on the floor in front of the
So, instead, he settled for feigning an apology and prayed to all four founders of Hogwarts that Harry bought his little white lie.

“I’m sorry, Sir, I misunderstood. You see, you’re really rather distracting and—”

Harry cut him off by squeezing his chin that bit harder, and momentarily closing his eyes, Draco swallowed and adjusted to the tightness.

“Insatiable little thing you, I think a lesson in controlling yourself is in order very soon, don’t you?”

Draco swallowed hard and averted his eyes.

He knew exactly what a lesson in controlling yourself was a euphemism for and while he usually thoroughly enjoyed it when Harry edged him, he didn’t like it one bit when Harry did it to discipline him.

A punishment that included edge play usually ended with him feeling extraordinarily horny and Harry either denying him his orgasm altogether or ruining it in some cruel sort of way.

Those types of orgasms weren’t at all satisfying and Draco dreaded the thought of having one. No orgasms for a whole month was better than a ruined one.

“Please, no, Sir.”

Keeping his eyes averted, Draco pleaded softly and hoped that Harry was feeling merciful.

Harry’s soft chuckle sent a shudder through him.

“Then drop the sass and tell the truth.”

Draco’s knees buckled slightly, and he briefly pressed his lips together, then, took a deep breath and looked up at Harry.

“Honest answer?” he asked, purposefully stalling for a bit of time.

Harry nodded.

“Yes, my little prince.”

Draco sighed.

“Fine, here goes nothing. I just know that you’re going to hit me with a stinging hex for saying this, but I’m kinda looking forward to having a bit of a bicker with Ron. He’s still so tetchy about losing that last game of Wizarding Chess we played, and it’s even more fun like this.”

Harry’s response surprised Draco a little bit.

He snorted with laughter and slowly releasing his chin, Harry leant in and pressed a gentle kiss to his lips.

“You and Ron remind me of the two of us and our time at Hogwarts,” he said.

Draco felt his cheeks heat a little.
“We don’t squabble like that anymore,” he admitted, looking rather sheepish.

Harry smiled.

“Do you miss it?” he asked.

Draco nodded.

“Sometimes.”

Harry chuckled.

“You should have said something, my love. I don’t mind squabbling for the sake of squabbling if it makes you happy. I’m sure we could find something trite cross wands over.”

Draco shook his head.

“We fight differently now, and I think I like that better.”

“You think?”

Draco shrugged.

“I feel,” he said.

“It’s difficult to explain.”

Harry smiled.

“You’re something else, my love.”

Draco shrugged.

He felt Harry loosen his hold on his wrists and turned his head from side to side to try and show Harry that he didn’t want him to do that. Not just yet. He didn’t feel ready.

“Please, no,” he whispered.

Harry paused.

“Please no what, my little prince? You know the rules, you’ve got to tell me what it is you want, I can’t mindread.”

Draco averted his eyes again. He could feel his cheeks heat, and he was pretty sure that they had a very noticeable pink tint to them by now.

“Please, don’t let go, Sir.”

“Well, my little prince, since you’re asking so nicely, I’m certainly not going to turn you down,” Harry said.

He used both his hands to squeeze Draco’s wrists, and this time his grasp was a lot firmer than before, and Draco felt him repositioning his restrained hands. When Harry had first grabbed him, he’d placed his wrists on his lower back, but now he pushed further up, towards the centre of his back.

On top of Harry’s crushingly tight grip on his wrists, Draco could feel the muscles in his upper arms
protest against the unnatural position. They began to burn, and he let out a soft whimper — this felt amazing, and he thoroughly relished in Harry’s power over him, and soon enough, he lost himself in the haze of it.

“Thank you, Sir.”

“What was that now? I didn’t catch that.”

Draco pressed his lips together and swallowed hard. He knew that Harry had heard him and that Harry was doing this on purpose, but he didn’t mind, not even in the slightest.

Forcing himself to speak a little louder, Draco cleared his throat, then repeated himself.

“Thank you, Sir.”

“Why, you’re most welcome, my love.”

Draco let the words wash over him and allowed himself a moment to blissfully float, indulging in the sensations that flowed through him.

Harry squeezed his wrists tighter still, and humming softly, Draco revelled in the possessive hold, Harry had on him, then whimpered when Harry pressed his lips to the shell of his ear and blew hot air all over it, then nibbled at his earlobe, biting it gently.

“You're mine, all mine, aren’t you, my little prince?”

“Ngh, yes, Sir.”

Draco had to force himself to answer that question with actual words. His brain felt foggy, and it wasn’t very inclined to do its job. Somehow, everything beyond the bare necessities seemed entirely too difficult to accomplish. His mind was fully focused on ensuring that his lungs kept taking in the air his body needed. It also made sure to keep his heart beating so that it could continue to tirelessly pump oxygen-rich blood through his veins.

“No, not good enough, try again, my little prince.”

Harry whispered the words right into his ear, and Draco’s knees buckled at once. They shook and trembled, and Draco really wasn’t sure how much longer they would support him. He sucked in a large amount of air, held on to it for several seconds, then slowly exhaled.

“I’m yours, Sir.”

“That’s right, my love. For as long as you want to be, you’re mine, always mine.”

Draco whimpered and letting his head fall forward, he rested his forehead on Harry’s shoulder and decided to remain that way until Harry told him otherwise.

As it turned out, Harry didn’t instruct him otherwise but gave him all the time in the world to blissfully drift in his submission, and Draco loved him for it. He needed this as much as he needed air to breathe. It was his way of completely switching off and forgetting about the stress of the day.

Harry smiled into Draco’s hair, delighting in its softness as it brushed against his cheek and teased his lips.
“My perfect little prince.”

He whispered sweet words of praise and felt Draco’s knees buckle, and his legs shake.

“Please.”

Draco begged and whimpered, and Harry’s smile grew into a devious smirk.

“Please what, my little prince? What do you want?”

“Ngh.”

Draco made a delectable little sound and moving his head slightly, Harry found the side of Draco’s neck. He pressed his lips against the smooth and sensitive skin, then kissed Draco gently. Harry felt Draco hum into his shoulder, and parting his lips even further, he slowly sucked some of the firm and fair skin into his mouth. In response, Draco hummed a little louder. His legs continued to shake.

Harry smiled into his unexpected assault on Draco’s neck and sucking even harder, he added his teeth into the mix, biting down hard enough for Draco to gasp and moan.

“Ngh, yes, please, Sir, please.”

Draco’s knees gave in, not completely, but enough for him to slide a few inches down the length of the mirror.

Harry reacted instantaneously.

He pushed his bare leg between Draco’s legs and steadied him that way, making it entirely impossible for him to slide down any further.

“No, my little prince. If you want to submit, then you do as I say when I say it and not as you want to when you want to.”

Harry’s reprimand had the desired effect.

Draco caught his balance, gracefully steadied himself, and slowly lifting his head, he looked at him with a positively needy expression. His beautiful silvery-grey orbs were dark with desire and shimmered with the urge to surrender even further. Harry didn’t need to hear Draco say the words to know that he wanted to kneel at his feet and wanted to be taken by force, but he fully intended to make Draco say it anyway. He also intended to make his little prince beg for what he wanted. Draco wanted to be controlled, and Harry was more than willing to dominate him.

They still had plenty of time before they had to apparate over to Ottery St. Catchpole, and Harry was determined to put every second of it to good use.

He smiled at Draco, and adjusting his hold on Draco’s wrists, he used one hand to restrain both of Draco’s arms, then brought one hand up and caressed Draco’s flushed cheeks. They were a delightful shade of dark pink but continued to edge closer to crimson red, and Harry was really rather pleased about that. He ran his thumb over Draco’s slightly parted lips, applied a bit of pressure, and held Draco’s gaze for several moments.

“Do you want to kneel for me, my little prince?” he teased.

Draco swallowed, the nodded.

Harry clicked his tongue and shook his head.
“No, sweet boy, it doesn’t work like that. Must we stop this to go over the rules again? You seem to need an awful not of reminders tonight. Are you distracted?”

Draco shook his head.

“No, Sir,” he whispered.

Harry wasn’t entirely convinced, but he decided not to question the matter for the time being.

“Shall we try again then?” he asked instead.

Draco nodded, and Harry was about to click his tongue again and change his course of action when Draco spoke up.

“Yes, Sir.”

“Very well. Tell me then, do you want to kneel for me, my little prince?”

Draco nodded rather enthusiastically, and Harry smiled and caressed his cheek.

“Yes, Sir. More than anything.”

“Hm, is that so?”

“Yes, Sir.”

Having Draco’s verbal confirmation that he indeed wanted to kneel at his feet made making him wait for it all the sweeter, and Harry let a whole two minutes go by before he spoke again. He removed his leg from between Draco’s thighs and let go of his wrists, then leant closer, and making sure that his breath ghosted over Draco’s lips, he whispered a single word.

“Kneel.”

He didn’t need to say more. That one word was potent enough, and he watched, mesmerised, as Draco, without hesitation or embarrassment, gracefully sank to his knees right in front of him. He did so without removing his hands from behind his back, and when he went to lower his head in silent surrender, Harry cupped his chin and gently forced him to look up. Draco face was only a couple of inches away from his crotch and since he hadn’t yet put his trousers on, they were still lying on the bed, Harry could feel Draco’s laboured breathing through the thin fabric of his black boxer briefs.

The warm air, caressed his cock and he felt it slowly thicken and lengthen in size as it responded to Draco’s current position, the way he inhaled and exhaled, and the way he looked up at him.

“My precious little prince.”

As the words fell from his lips, Draco’s cheeks finally turned crimson-red, and Harry smiled.

“Beautiful so beautiful. You’re perfect.”

Draco mewled softly, and the already intense desire in his eyes increased tenfold.

Harry let go of his chin and hummed when Draco promptly buried his face in his crotch. He felt him inhale deeply and repeatedly combing his fingers through Draco’s soft blond hair, he massaged his scalp gently.

Draco whimpered.
“Please, Sir.”

He murmured his plea against Harry’s steadily hardening cock, and Harry shuddered. The soft vibrations were most welcome and most pleasurable.

“What do you want, my little prince?”

Harry asked the question without removing his fingers from Draco’s silky-soft hair, and since it was longer than usual, Harry twisted his fingers into the loose strands and tightened his hold a little. He didn’t apply enough pressure to actually hurt Draco, but he certainly used enough force to tilt Draco’s head back and make him look up at him.

“What do you want, my little prince?”

He repeated his question and watched Draco lick his lips.

“Please, let me make you feel good, Sir.”

Harry smirked.

“How?”

Draco swallowed hard.

“I— Please, I want—I want to suck your cock, Sir.”

Harry arched an eyebrow at Draco.

“Do you now?”

Draco nodded.

“Yes, Sir.”

“Hm, I think I’d very much enjoy that, my little prince.”

Harry smiled, and while he kept one hand firmly twisted into Draco’s hair, he traced Draco’s lips with the index finger of his other hand, deliberately teasing him.

“How much do you want it, my little prince?”

“Very much, Sir.”

Harry grinned.

He moved his hand to his boxer briefs, and expertly dragging them down just enough to allow his by now fully hard cock to spring free, he wrapped his hand around the thick shaft and guided the tip to Draco’s mouth, baiting him.

Draco attempted to part his lips and wrap them around his cock, but Harry pulled away before he could do so.

“Nu-huh, my little prince. I’m not convinced you really want it. If you do, you’ll beg for it like the good boy you are. You are my good boy, aren’t you?”

Draco whimpered and nodded.
“Yes, Sir.”

Harry clicked his tongue and slowly stroked his cock, twisting his fist around it as he moved it up and down.

“Say it.”

“Ngh. I am your good boy, Sir. I am.”

“Are you now? Then beg for my cock, my little prince. Beg, and if I’m convinced that you’re sincere I might let you have it. Otherwise I’ll make you watch as I wank and then come all over your face.”

Draco’s cheeks reddened further, and he swallowed hard. It wasn’t often that Harry made him beg for his cock, but occasionally it was thrilling to listen to Draco’s needy whiny voice as he asked to be allowed to suck him off.

“Beg.”

Harry prompted Draco again, purposefully sounding a little more insistent and a lot more threatening. Unsurprisingly, Draco didn’t dare disobey. He didn’t want to either.

“Please, Sir, please let me suck you off. I want to please you, Sir, please, please, please.”

Harry smirked.

“Oh, my sweet little prince, you can do so much better than that. Tell me what you want to do with my cock, and if I like your plans, I might let you have a bit of fun.”

“Ngh.”

Draco swallowed again, and Harry gave Draco’s hair a bit of a tug.

“Please, Sir, please. I want to wrap my lips around your cock and feel it rest against my tongue. I want to take you deep, and suck you as you pull out, then use my tongue as you thrust back into my mouth. Please, Sir. Please let me take care of you, please.”

“Well, that sounds a lot better, my sweet little prince. Show me a few of your skills. Words are all fine, but I want actions. Open up, pretty boy.”

Draco obediently parted his lips, and Harry slowly eased his cock inside, relishing in the warm wetness.

“Do you like that, my little prince?”

Unable to express himself with words, Draco hummed around his cock and nodded in response.

Harry smiled.

“That’s good. So far, it feels incredible. Now, be a good boy and show me your skills. I’m not just going to blindly let you have a go at it. I want to know it’s going to be good.”

Draco’s low hum vibrated all around his cock, and licking his lips in appreciation, Harry swallowed hard and relaxing his grip on Draco’s hair, he silently gave Draco permission to pull back. Draco applied just the right amount of suction, and letting out a low moan, Harry let Draco press his tongue against the underside of his cock as he pulled back once more, then thoroughly enjoyed the way Draco swirled his tongue expertly around the tip of his cock.
For a few minutes, Harry gave Draco unrestricted access to please him as he wished, then he combed his fingers through Draco’s hair, twisted them tightly into the soft strands and tugged, forcing Draco to stop.

“Not bad, my little prince. But I have a little something else in mind. Do you want to know that?”

Draco licked his lips and nodded.

“Yes, Sir,” he said.

Harry gently caressed his cheek, using his fingertips and featherlight touches to offset the tight hold he had on Draco’s hair.

“Very well, I will tell you then, my love, just remember, you can say no, OK. Do you understand that, my little prince?”

“Yes, Sir. I understand.”

“Good boy, you’re really quite perfect, do you know that, my sweet little prince?”

Draco smiled shyly.

“Thank you, Sir.”

“Naw, look at you, my sweet darling, gone is all that sass, and all that’s left is my perfect little prince. You’re on your best behaviour tonight, aren’t you, my love?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Perfect. Just perfect. Now, let me tell you what I want. It’s really quite simple. I want to own your mouth, I want to claim it, and I want full control. Let me fuck your mouth, my gorgeous little prince. Tell me, do you consent?”

Harry observed Draco’s reaction to his words carefully. His first response was a small gasp, his second was his eyes widening, and his third was a bout of mild trepidation appearing all over his face. Harry continued to caress Draco’s cheek softly and gave him a few seconds to consider his request.

He watched the way Draco swallowed and momentarily relaxed his grip on Draco’s hair.

Instead, he repeatedly combed his fingers through it, and gently massaged Draco’s scalp, knowing it would help to keep him calm and relaxed. This wasn’t the first time he’d asked Draco for the right to be a bit rough with him, and even though their contract stipulated that he was allowed to fuck Draco’s mouth, he always made sure to ask first, knowing that Draco wasn’t always in the mood for that type of blowjob.

“You can say no, Draco, remember that.”

Draco nodded, then shook his head immediately afterwards.

“No, I mean, yes. Thank you, Sir.”

Harry smiled.

It was a warm and soft smile, and Draco reciprocated it.
“I consent, Sir,” he whispered.

“Are you sure?”

“Yes, Sir.”

Harry’s smile grew into a wide grin.

He leant down and placed a gentle kiss on Draco’s lips.

“You’re perfect, my sweet little prince, just perfect.”

“Ngh.”

Draco made that delectable soft sound again, and his blush intensified.

“Precious, just precious,” Harry whispered.

“Let me have my wicked way with your sinful mouth, my little prince.”

In response to those words, Draco simply parted his lips and opened up for him.

Harry felt his heart skip a beat and as he once more curled his fingers into Draco’s hair, twisting them around until he had a firm and unrelenting grip, he guided his cock to Draco’s mouth and slowly pushed inside.

He paused about halfway in, let a few seconds pass, then pulled always all the way out, then repeated the deliberately slow thrust several times over. Draco adjusted to the slow pace, pleasuring him with his lips and tongue and thoroughly coating every inch of his cock with deliciously warm wetness. Every now and then he hummed softly, and the vibrations slowly but surely set Harry’s groin on fire.

He quickened the pace, and ensuring that Draco couldn’t move his head away, he repeatedly thrust into his mouth, sliding deeper and deeper each time.

“Ngh, you’re perfect, my little prince, just perfect. You’re so good for me, letting me have you like this.”

The sweet praise had a profound impact on Draco, and as he swallowed around Harry’s cock, he blinked rapidly, clearly trying to stop the tears from falling. Harry knew that his little prince was neither hurt nor upset, he could tell just by looking at him, and watching how he acted, but the words had most definitely moved Draco, and touched him deeply.

“Hm, yes, my little prince, just like that. Let me have your mouth, let me fuck your gorgeous perfect sassy mouth. I want it all. I want to own it, just like I own you, my sweet boy.”

A single tear rolled down Draco’s left cheek, and as he briefly closed his eyes, two more followed. Harry gently wiped them away and caressed Draco’s flushed face with the greatest tenderness. Compared to his rough thrusts, his soft touch was a stark contrast, and he could tell that Draco had a bit of difficulty focusing on either one. Harry was sure that Draco’s mind kept flitting from one to the and back again and he loved the fact that Draco consented to this, that he let himself be taken in such an aggressive way, while at the same time revelling in the sweetness of Harry’s unusually light touch.

It wasn’t much longer until Harry could feel the beginnings of his orgasm. Its tendrils reached out
from the centre of this groin and slowly spread through the rest of his body. He felt hot and excited, and the tightness in his groin became nearly impossible to bear. He fucked Draco’s mouth a little harder still, and shortly after, Harry slowly started to give in to the intense pull of his approaching orgasm.

He resisted it for a while, wanting to draw things out just a little bit longer, but even when taken like this, Draco was perfect. He knew how to please, and pleasure and Harry didn’t stand a chance. It wasn’t long before his orgasm properly took hold of him, and surrendering to the intensity of it, Harry tensed and thrusting deep into Draco’s mouth, he stayed there for a split-second, nearly forcing Draco to gag, then pulled away enough to give Draco the chance to swallow the first white-hot streak of his come.

Several more followed, and Draco managed to swallow them all. He didn’t spill a single drop, and once Harry had given him every last drop, he used one hand to tug himself back into his boxer briefs, then dropped down onto one knee, and cupping Draco’s face, he kissed him deeply, tasting himself on Draco’s very red and very swollen lips. He could also taste himself inside of Draco’s mouth, but it only made him kiss Draco harder, and so much more possessively.

He didn’t break away until they both struggled to breathe properly, and even then, it was a grudging and forced separation.

Harry hastily gulped down a lungful of air or two, then tried his best to smooth out Draco’s hair. Unsurprisingly, he’d managed to make a complete mess out of it.

“Are you OK, my little prince?”

Draco nodded.

He coughed a little, then spoke.

“I’m OK.”

His voice sounded gruff and husky.

Harry smiled.

“How’s your throat?” he asked.

“Alright,” Draco rasped.

“You sound delightful, my love.”

Draco smiled.

“Thank you, Sir.”

“I’m ever so pleased with you, my little prince. I didn’t expect this, but this was a very welcome little surprise. Thank you for being so perfect.”

Draco flushed, and his cheeks turned crimson.

Harry kissed him again, though this time, it was a soft and tender kiss. It was the kind of kiss that was full of love, and trust and one little silent message: *I’ll take care of you, always.*

“How are your knees, my love?”
Draco shuffled a little, grimaced briefly, then relaxed.

“I’ll be fine,” he whispered.

“Good. Do you think you’ll manage to go to the bathroom to freshen yourself up? I promise I’ll be dressed and ready to go when you come out, but we’ll have a quick snuggle on the sofa before we leave, OK?”

Draco nodded.

A beaming smile appeared on his face and unable to resist, Harry kissed his forehead.

“You’re such a sucker for love,” he teased.

Draco pulled a face.

“I’m not. I’m a sucker for your love. Massive difference.”

Harry chuckled.

“Still a sucker,” he said. “In every sense of the word.

Draco growled and glowered at him, but made no attempt to make any sort of sassy remark, and smiling, Harry carefully helped him up and walked him to the bathroom door.

There, he kissed Draco, then opened the door for him, and motioned for Draco to enter.

Draco grinned.

“You are the perfect gentleman, Sir Harry.”

Harry laughed.

“Always, my little prince.”
Harry watched as Ron rolled his shoulders, then slowly but deliberately raised his arms above his head and allowed himself a luxurious stretch.

As Ron lowered his arms again, he casually placed one hand low on Hermione’s hip, and while leaning closer to her and kissing her cheek, he gave it a gentle and affectionate squeeze.

Hermione neither yelped nor told him off for ‘inappropriately showing his fondness’ for her in front of their friends, something she’d often done when they’d been much younger and before they’d tied the knot.

These days, though, she rather enjoyed all of Ron’s affections and even reciprocated with small acts of love of her own.

Harry observed his friends’ quiet moment of intimacy with a fond smile, then focused on Draco, who had thrown all of his attention into folding his white paper napkin into a beautiful origami swan.

Due to the softness of the napkin, the task proved to be more challenging than usual, but despite that, the movement of Draco’s fingers remained quick and light, exuding a certain level of skill.

Draco considered it somewhat of a hobby and often folded origami animals, especially birds and dragons while brooding over one of his cases. According to him, it helped him to keep his mind on developing a suitable strategy prior to the start of a new trial.

Harry himself had tried to learn how to fold a simple origami bird but for some strange reason, and although Draco had been extremely patient with him, his fingers refused to do his bidding and he’d failed to create anything that had even the tiniest liking to a bird. It had amused Draco a great deal and he’d teased him about being so good with ropes yet so utterly useless at something as simple as folding papers, and they’d bickered back and forth until Harry had pulled Draco into a fierce kiss and after that, talking hadn’t been quite so important anymore.

Feeling thoroughly relaxed and happy, Harry leant back in his chair and grinned to himself. Dinner had been absolutely fantastic, and his and Draco’s earlier impromptu play meant that he was still on a high.

What with his elated mood, he couldn’t quite resist the temptation to contemplate surprising Draco with a little gift once they got home later tonight. He wanted to ensure that Draco went to sleep feeling just as floaty as he had all evening, and he didn’t need to rack his brains for very long before
the perfect plan started to form in his mind.

Yes, he thought, Draco would most definitely enjoy and appreciate that.

Pleased, and feeling mighty proud of his idea, Harry stretched his legs out under the table, and crossed them at the ankles, placing the right ankle on top of the left one. He then moved his left arm to rest on the back of Draco’s chair and casually but repeatedly brushed his fingertips against the outside of Draco’s upper arm, drawing his little prince’s attention.

At the unexpected and gentle touch, a small tremor surged through Draco, and his nimble fingers slowed down, then stopped folding the paper napkin altogether. He slowly turned his head sideways, and Harry immediately decided that Draco’s smile was precious.

His second thought was, *mine, mine, mine, all mine.*

The expression in Draco’s bright silvery-grey eyes was just as exquisite, and Harry needed to make a conscious effort to stop himself from drowning in those crystal-clear orbs.

Even though well over two hours had passed since he and Draco had played, Draco’s eyes still shimmered with the remnants of his earlier submission, and it was a beautiful sight to behold, one Harry could hardly get enough of. He genuinely cherished Draco’s openness towards him and that he never deliberately concealed anything.

Well, except for these past few days.

Since Monday, Draco had been acting relatively strange, and although Harry had felt tempted to sit him down and question him about his behaviour, he’d decided against it.

Something was most definitely going on, but whatever it was, Harry wanted to see it play out before he acted — he was too curious to get his answers by asking a few simple questions.

Besides, at this point in time, he wasn’t especially worried. Draco seemed neither depressed nor overly preoccupied. Yes, he was a little distracted, and he was acting a little strange, much like he was trying his hardest to keep a secret.

If he was, Harry didn’t want to ruin the surprise for him by making it obvious that he was on to Draco.

“I love you.”

Harry mouthed the words rather than actually saying them, and Draco’s smile grew broader.

A light pink tint graced the pale skin of his cheeks, and he momentarily averted his eyes, then looked back and blinked very slowly.

For some reason, the expression reminded Harry of a thoroughly content cat that, after having lapped up a plate of kitten-friendly cream, was in a state of peaceful happiness. He briefly considered telling Draco, but then remembered what had happened the last time he’d been bold enough to compare Draco to a cat.

In response to what should have been a sweet compliment, Draco had left a five-page-long entry in his journal, outlining every single imaginable reason why he and cats had absolutely nothing in common.

Harry smirked at the memory and chose to keep his musings to himself. At least for now.
However, he did make a mental note to change his tactic and decided that the next time he and Draco discussed how much Draco sometimes looked and acted like a fluffy grey tabby cat, he would tie Draco up first, and gag him too. Physical restraints and the inability to use his words to defend himself were bound to have the desired effect, and Harry was rather looking forward to having his wicked way with his little prince.

When Draco parted his lips to respond to his earlier declaration of love, Harry swiftly leant forward, and closing the small gap between them, he pressed his lips against Draco’s.

He lingered for a few seconds, savouring the taste of Draco’s lips, then slowly pulled away and was delighted to find Draco grinning from ear to ear, much like a Cheshire cat.

Yet another good reason to silence and restrain you, then compare you to a cat, Harry mused.

“Earth to Harry Potter and Draco Malfoy!”

Hermione’s sharp reprimand pierced right through Harry’s bubble of bliss, and he just about managed not to jump out of his skin. Her abrupt tone could, at times, be a little frightening.

Instead, he turned his head and arched an eyebrow at Hermione.

She gave him a thoroughly withering look, though not because he and Draco had been completely lost in their own world and shared a kiss at her dining table, but because she’d clearly exerted a fair amount of effort trying to get them to listen.

“Sorry, yes. You have my full attention. What is it?”

Harry straightened up a little but didn’t remove his arm from the back of Draco’s chair. Rather than continuing to caress Draco’s upper arm, he placed his hand on Draco’s shoulder and squeezed it gently. Any excuse to touch Draco.

Hermione shook her head, but the small smile that caressed the corners of her mouth told Harry that she wasn’t at all furious with them. It just so happened that the two things she hated the most in life were being ignored and having to repeat herself, which she considered being a waste of her time. She also wasn’t a massive fan of having to fight for someone’s attention. Ron lavished her with it, baby Rose was enamoured with her mother, and as Senior Undersecretary to the Minister for Magic, wizards and witches alike treated her with a certain level of respect. Especially once she’d successfully reversed all the ridiculous decrees her predecessor had put into place.

“Somehow, I’ll highly doubt that, but let’s just pretend it’s the truth,” she said.

Harry tried to appease her with his warmest smile.

She merely gave him a pointed look; the kind that said: Really, Harry? You ought to know me better by now.

Although he’d known Hermione long enough to know it was in vain, he attempted good old-fashioned flattery.

“Dinner was fantastic, Mione, thank you.”

She shook her head again and laughed.

“While I’d love to take all the credit for tonight’s meal, I can’t. If you want to commend someone for it, my husband deserves all the praise and then some.”
Ron, who stood next to Hermione, but had so far remained quiet, blushed a bit.

Harry frowned.

“Ron?” he asked.

Ron shrugged.

“Mam’s been teaching me for a while now, and I thought I’d give poisoning you all a go,” he said. “Mione made the chocolate pudding though, I asked her to. You know she makes the best one.”

This was Ron’s way of quite deliberately downplaying his wife’s ploy to get him the accolades he so clearly deserved. Dinner had been exceptional; Ron had most definitely outdone himself, yet he pretended that it was nothing and promptly changed the subject.

Harry grinned.

Some things never changed.

Ron absolutely had a bit of a praise kink and loved a pat on the back and a couple of kind words for his efforts, but he wasn’t the type of guy to ever admit that he liked that sort of thing.

Harry glanced at Draco, who was trying to keep his lips pressed firmly together in a somewhat futile attempt to suppress his amusement.

Hermione rather firmly poked Ron’s side with her elbow, then sneaked her arms around his waist and snuggled into him.

Despite his obvious but mild annoyance over having been, albeit playfully, physically assaulted by his wife, Ron’s reaction was instinctive. He wrapped both arms around Hermione’s shoulders and pulled her against his chest.

In return, she made no attempt to wriggle free, and Harry smiled. Seeing his two friends so obviously in love, made him thoroughly happy.

When Draco suddenly spoke up, he turned his head, looked at him and listened attentively.

“Somewhat off-topic, but please satisfy my curiosity. How is it that you manage to balance two full-time jobs, a baby, quality time and time with friends and family? I mean, Harry and I do a decent job at making time for each other, but occasionally we do struggle, and we don’t have nearly as much on our plates.”

Ron grinned.

“I’ve two magic words for you, Malfoy. Nana Molly,” he said.

Hermione chuckled.

“Ron’s right, she helps a lot, but my since my husband is clearly being the epitome of humbleness tonight, which I find worrying. Let me clarify a couple of things. You both know that Ron’s schedule is a lot more flexible than mine, so I’ve put him in charge of organising all our social engagements.”

Ron rolled his eyes.

“Don’t you mean to say I’ve taken charge, my love? You were talking about having Harry and
Draco over for weeks, and even though you and Harry work in the same bloody building, I practically had to threaten you with a whole month’s worth of Howlers to get you to leave your desk for long enough to pop by his office and invite him.”

Hermione lifted her head and pursing her lips, she looked up at Ron and frowned.

“I’m not that bad, though I still don’t understand why we’re having this dinner in the middle of the week, but never mind. However, you best not forget that you owe me a bottle of wine. After all, you promised.”

Ron chuckled.

“You’re worse, darling, but not to worry, I love you no matter what. And I won’t forget, I’ll get you that bottle of red on Friday.”

“How very kind of you, Ronald Weasley, but you’re still truly incorrigible.”

Ron winked at his wife.

“You knew that before you married me, yet you still signed on the dotted line, and had a child with me.”

“Yes, on occasion I do still question whether either one of these decisions was a truly sane one.”

Draco shook his head, disbelievingly.

“How long have you two been married now?” he asked.

“It’ll be our tenth anniversary in two years,” Ron replied.

Draco rolled his eyes.

“Why can’t you just say it’s eight years?” he asked.

Harry noted that Draco sounded somewhat exasperated.

Ron shrugged.

“Dunno, ten sounds better,” he said.

“You know, it sounds like we’ve accomplished something big.”

“Don’t get ahead of yourself, Weasley. If you’re not careful; she’ll dump you before you can plan the dinner party to celebrate your ninth anniversary,” Draco scoffed.

Harry couldn’t help but chuckle at Draco’s derisive undertone.

There was something about Draco’s playful snide that got him every time. It was also part of the reason why he hardly ever told Draco to rein in his sass.

At hearing his amusement, Draco turned his head to look at him, and Harry felt the mild shudder that surged through his little prince, though this time it wasn’t a shudder fuelled by excitement, but one that clearly expressed Draco’s displeasure over the direction into which this conversation headed.

“I was going to say they bicker like an old married couple, but they actually are an old married couple,” Draco drawled.
In the space of several seconds, he’d somehow managed to replace the derision in his voice with slight boredom. It wasn’t the kind of bored drawl that expressed annoyance, but the sort of lack of enthusiasm that was, strangely enough, more endearing than irksome.

Harry felt the corners of his mouth curl upward.

He flashed Draco a broad grin, then laughed out loud.

It was precisely then that Hermione chose to include herself in the conversation again.

“As if you two don’t bicker like that, and it’s been what, a little over two years!” she said.

“Which reminds me, I really do think—”

Harry felt Draco tense, but before his little prince had the chance to react, Harry swiftly moved his arm and placed his hand on top of Draco’s thigh, squeezing it firmly.

The gesture instantly drew Draco’s attention, and he moved his own hand closer to Harry’s but didn’t immediately place it right on top, leaving it up to Harry to do so.

Harry appreciated the small submissive gesture and without hesitation, he took Draco’s hand. He didn’t need to look at what he was doing to be able to find the pulse point on the inside of Draco’s wrist. Once he’d sought it out, he gently tapped it with his thumb, and applying a bit of pressure, Harry started to circle the sensitive spot slowly, knowing the effect it would have on Draco.

It took less than a minute for Draco’s tension to ease, and Harry felt him start to relax.

Despite the immediate positive impact of his touch, he didn’t stop what he was doing but kept running his thumb over the inside of Draco’s wrist, slowly and evenly drawing hoop after hoop after hoop.

“Mione, any chance of a post-dinner cup of coffee?” Harry asked, pointedly changing the top of the conversation altogether.

Hermione nodded, then sighed.

“Sorry, I got side-tracked. I meant to ask you whether you want coffee or tea with your dessert. That was the whole reason why I was trying to get your attention anyway.”

Harry smiled.

“Coffee, definitely coffee,” he said. “Draco?”

“Hm?”

Draco turned his head and looked at him.

His expression was somewhat dazed, though it was most definitely not because Harry kept circling the inside of his wrist.

Harry gave Draco a lopsided sort of grin.

“Coffee or tea, my love?”

Draco nodded his head.
Harry frowned, then smiled.

“I’m afraid ‘yes’ isn’t the right answer to an either-or question, my love,” he said quietly.

Draco blinked.

It took him a few seconds to gather his thoughts, then he nodded and answered the question.

“Erm, coffee, please.”

“Right, it’s too late for me to drink coffee, I’ll have tea,” Hermione said.

“Ron, you?”

“Same,” he replied with a grin.

“You know that, Mione.”

Hermione rolled her eyes at him.

“Doesn’t hurt to check, even when one is married to a die-hard tea drinker,” she said.

“Right then, a kettle of tea and a pot of coffee. I’ll get on that. Ron, please sort dessert.”

“Sure.”

Hermione smiled and balancing on the tips of her toes, she tilted her head up, silently requesting a kiss from her husband.

Ron grinned and willingly obliged, giving his wife exactly what she wanted.

Satisfied, she extracted herself from his embrace, and when she walked off to the other side of the kitchen, to put the kettle on and ready the coffee machine, Ron’s eyes automatically followed her. He gave her an appreciative once-over. His gaze lingered for several moments, then he cleared his throat, and with a slight pink flush gracing his cheeks, he turned his attention back to the dinner table.

“Why don’t you two go ahead and make yourselves comfortable in the living room? Mione and I will join you with drinks and dessert shortly.”

Harry nodded.

“Sounds good,” he said.

Getting to his feet, he stretched a little, then laced his fingers through Draco’s and pulling him up, he pulled him straight into his arms.

“Just so you don’t feel left out,” he teased.

Draco rolled his eyes at him but made no attempt to wriggle out of his embrace, and deciding to try his luck, Harry pressed a soft kiss to Draco’s temple.

“My little prince.”

Harry murmured the words against Draco’s skin so quietly that Ron had no way of understanding whatever he’d just said to Draco. In response, Draco melted a little further into his embrace. When he felt a slight shiver surge through Draco, Harry squeezed his hip firmly, showing just a little
possessiveness, and for a second or two, he wished they were home alone at Grimmauld Place.

He really wanted to kiss Draco, and he wanted it to be a fiercely proprietorial sort of kiss. The kind of battle of the tongues he could use to push Draco down onto the bed, then climb on top of him and spend the next hour or so kissing him thoroughly senseless while he let his hands roam freely, exploring every inch of Draco’s body.

“Before you completely jump your man, are you having the chocolate pudding or the treacle tart?”

Ron’s question distracted Harry momentarily, and reining his thoughts in, he looked at his best friend, he gave him a pointed look. The kind of look that said ‘I did not appreciate that comment’, but Ron being Ron entirely ignored his wordless reprimand.

“Weasley, what kind of idiotic question is that?”

Ron grinned and shrugged.

“Just making sure. We all know you get iffy when others make decisions for you. Director Potter always needs to be in charge, even when he’s not on the clock.”

Harry snorted with laughter.

If only Ron knew.

He was sure his friend would think twice about making those sort of mocking comments.

“Sometimes I think you’re a complete nutter. Treacle tart and that goes without saying.”

The moment he’d made his choice, Draco squeezed his arm and said his name. His voice was low, and his tone soft. Compared to the iron grip, Draco currently had on his forearm, it was a stark contrast.

Harry ignored it, not because he wanted to, but because it did unspeakable things to his sanity.

“Hm?”

He turned his attention away from Ron and smiled at Draco, who instantly averted his eyes and stared at the floor.

He spoke without lifting his gaze.

“Maybe you should have the chocolate pudding. Hermione made it, I’m sure it’s superb.”

Harry wasn’t sure why Draco, entirely out of the blue, was trying to change his mind, but the attempt lacked a certain kind of Malfoyesque persuasiveness and charm. It was a half-hearted ploy, nothing more and nothing less.

Draco could do so much better than that.

When he really wanted something, Draco could be exceptionally compelling.

Shaking his head in mild confusion, Harry couldn’t help but note the strange look Ron gave Draco.

It was a mixture between a glare and a frown, and it made absolutely no sense to Harry.

It did, however, spark his curiosity further and he couldn’t help but wonder whether his earlier sixth
sense had been right.

Something was most definitely going on.

Still, for the benefit of everyone involved, he decided to continue to play along and pretending that he didn’t have a clue, he responded to Draco’s mad suggestion.

“I always choose a slice of treacle tart over Hermione’s chocolate pudding, my love. She’s never once complained or been offended.”

“Just this once? I’m sure she’ll be happy.”

Harry smiled at Draco’s insistence and squeezed his hip again, then raised an eyebrow at Draco, who’d finally looked up but still wasn’t looking directly at him.

“How odd, anyone could think you didn’t want me to have treacle tart tonight, my love.”

In response to Harry’s indirect question, Draco remained silent, and even though Harry tried, Draco also continued to refuse to meet his eye.

“Right then, one slice of treacle tart with warm custard for you, Harry, and chocolate pudding for the rest of us then,” Ron said.

Harry nodded.

“Yup.”

Ron spun around and walked off, and as he did, Harry focused on Draco, who looked like he wanted to say something, but after a few minutes of hesitation, he simply pressed his lips together tightly together.

A strange sort of expression appeared on his face, and his eyes sparkled with something that looked a lot like regret. It didn’t make much sense, and it unsettled Harry a little.

“Everything alright?” Harry asked quietly.

Draco nodded.

“Just a bit tired,” he said quietly.

Harry hugged him a little tighter.

“Early night for you then, my love, I'll put you to bed just as soon as we get home. Come on, let’s go into the living room and commandeer the sofa. If you like, you can have a cuddle.”

Draco gave a non-committal shrug, and turning away, he wordlessly left the large country kitchen and headed down the hallway of Ron’s and Hermione’s two-storey cottage.

A moment later, he disappeared inside the living room.

Furrowing his brows, Harry stared after him with mild disbelief.

Draco was acting thoroughly peculiar, and there didn’t appear to be any rhyme or reason to it.

The offer of a cuddle, especially post-play and no matter how long or short said playtime had been, always excited Draco.
This was the first time in two years, Harry had seen him act so blasé about it.

Feeling somewhat confused, and finally also a tiny bit worried, Harry followed Draco out of the kitchen, and when he entered the living room, he couldn’t help but smile.

Instead of sprawling out on the sofa, Draco had sat on the floor in front of the sofa. There was a soft rug beneath him, and he appeared to be quite comfortable with his chosen seat.

*My sweet little prince*, Harry thought fondly and crossing the room, he sat down on the large brown leather sofa. He made sure that his lower leg pressed up against Draco’s upper arm, and watched Draco curl his socked feet into the crocheted rug’s many tassels. Draco aimlessly toyed with the napkin, he had yet to fold into an actual origami swan.

Harry gently placed his hand on Draco’s shoulder and squeezed it lightly.

“Will you look at me, please, my little prince?” he asked.

He made sure to keep his voice soft and gentle, but he injected just a hint of authority.

Not much, just enough to get Draco’s attention.

Just a tiny dose of *The Voice*.

It worked.

It always did.

*The Voice* always spoke to Draco.

Given their relationship and their mutual preference for a less than average set of power dynamics, the sound of Harry’s voice connected with Draco on a different level, especially whenever Harry made a request *and* used his pet name.

It roused the part inside of Draco that didn’t want to resist, the one that found freedom in his surrender.

Harry knew that.

Draco stopped fidgeting with the paper, and slowly lifting his head, he let it fall backwards and looked up at him.

Harry responded with a warm smile.

“Are you dropping a bit, my love?” he asked.

He needed to be sure.

Draco shook his head.

“Just tired,” he mumbled, repeating his earlier excuse.

Harry frowned.

He didn’t buy it.

“If you’re sure,” he said.
“Hm.”

Draco hummed his response and placing the half-finished origami swan on the coffee table next to him, he stretched his legs out, then abruptly got to his feet.

“Excuse me for a second. I need the loo.”

Harry nodded.

“Sure thing.”

He watched Draco leave the room and shook his head.

*Tired my arse,* he thought.

He knew what Draco was like when he was tired, and this was not it.

This was something else altogether.

Tired Draco liked cuddles, wanted love, a lot of it, was a bit needy and yawned a lot.

Getting more comfortable on the sofa, Harry tried to relax into the cushions and looking around the room, he smiled. He loved Ron's and Hermione's living room. It felt like home. The mantelpiece above the fireplace was lined with a large assortment of photo frames. There was a photograph of Ron, Hermione, and him, taken about a year and a half after the war, and photos of Hermione with her parents as well as Ron with his parents and also with his whole family.

Above the mantelpiece was a large portrait of Ron and Hermione, taken at their wedding, and underneath the picture were several smaller photos of baby Rose. They ranged from the day she was born to a magical photo of her taking her first few wobbly steps.

Harry smiled.

Ron and Hermione’s living room was just as cosy as his own. It, too, had a TV. There were two large bookshelves filled with books. A third bookshelf, mounted to the wall across from the sofa, was lined with yet more photographs. Most of these were holidays photos from Ron’s and Hermione’s honeymoon, but there were also a few from other, random trips.

One of the photographs showed the three of them fooling around in the deep snow in Canada, having a snowball fight. Harry was sure that it had been Charlie who had taken that photograph for them and as his eyes drifted over the countless photos, some Muggle, and some magical, Harry vowed to frame more pictures of himself and Draco and place them around the house. He wanted to give Grimmauld Place the same homely feeling and rather liked the idea of visual reminders of his and Draco's relationship.

Apart from a large number of photographs and books, Ron’s and Hermione’s living room had a very homely feel to it. The Burrow had undoubtedly influenced the décor, but it didn’t feel like Molly had waltzed into the house and taken charge of everything. She’d crocheted the pillowcases and two large matching blankets, as well as the tasselled rug, but that was about it.

The most significant difference between his and Draco’s living room and Ron’s and Hermione’s living room was that Grimmauld Place was always exceptionally clean.

Here at the cottage, Rose’s toys littered the floor on the far side of the room, and her playpen had replaced the table with Ron’s Wizarding Chessboard and the two comfy chairs he’d purchased for it.
As far as Harry remembered, the table was now in Ron’s study, but he couldn’t be sure.

He also didn’t need to be, for his friends chose precisely that moment to walk into the living room.

Hermione was the first.

She’d drawn her wand and was levitating a large tray with a teapot, a coffeepot, and a set of four matching mugs and saucers, as well as all the cutlery for the desserts.

Ron followed her, carrying a second tray with four plates. Three of the places had chocolate pudding on it, and one had a rather large piece of treacle tart on it.

It came with a separate bowl of warm custard.

Hermione levitated her tray over to the coffee table and expertly setting it down, she pocketed her wand, then sunk into one of the nearby armchairs.

Ron set his own tray down as well, then slumped into the armchair across from his wife and stretched his legs out.

Harry grudgingly sat forward again and watched as Hermione poured him a cup of coffee.

Black, no sugar, no milk.

Just as she handed it to him, Draco returned from his trip to the bathroom.

He still didn’t look like he was entirely at ease, but Harry chose not to question his behaviour in front of their friends. Instead, he pretended like he hadn’t noticed that Draco deliberately dithered in the doorway for a few seconds before stepping across the threshold.

When he did finally enter the room, he chose not to sit back down on the floor. Instead, he sat down on the sofa next to Harry, and when Hermione handed him his cup of coffee, he smiled and thanked her politely.

A moment later, his eyes fell onto the dessert tray, and his expression darkened visibly.

Harry caught the glowering scowl, Draco gave the treacle tart, and smirking into his coffee cup, he shook his head lightly.

“You know, my love, one slice of treacle tart isn’t going to make me fat, in case that’s what you’re worried about,” he said.

Draco’s head spun around so fast that he nearly spilt some of his coffee, and he looked at him with a deep frown.

“I know that,” he said.

There was a defensive sort of undertone to his voice.

Harry grinned.

“Good to know.”

He took a few sips from his coffee and watched Ron hand Hermione her plate with chocolate pudding, and it was only after she’d accepted it, that Ron reached for his own.
Draco, on the other hand, didn’t touch his dessert but quietly sipped on his milky coffee.

Harry watched him for a while, then answered one of Hermione’s work-related questions and asked Ron about a new product, he and George were planning to launch soon.

A few minutes filled with amicable conversation passed, but Harry couldn’t fully concentrate.

He was thoroughly distracted by the fact that Draco kept staring at his chocolate pudding but didn’t lift it off the tray.

Shaking his head, Harry sat forward and setting his cup down on a matching saucer, he took the plate with chocolate pudding and handed it to Draco, who frowned at him.

“Here, enjoy,” Harry offered.

“Hm, thanks.”

Draco slowly put his coffee mug down and accepted the sweet treat, but still didn’t eat it, which was highly unusual.

“Have you miraculously decided to go off chocolate?”

“Hm, what? Nonsense, don’t be an idiot, Potter.”

“I’m not. It’s just that normally chocolate of any kind doesn’t last more than two minutes around you.”

Draco turned his head sideways and fixed him with an icy glare.

“I think we both know that I have a whole lot more self-restraint than that, Potter.”

Harry grinned.

He was pleased that at least part of the Draco he knew had returned. If the sass was, everything else would follow soon after.

“Do you?”

“Eat your tart, Potter.”

Harry laughed.

“Eat your pudding,” he said.

Ron rolled his eyes at them.

“For Merlin’s sake, both of you eat your dessert already, especially you, Potter.”

“Me?” Harry asked.

He reached for his treacle tart, a spoon, and the bowl of custard and placed everything in front of him.

Strangely enough, an extremely gleeful expression appeared on Ron’s face while Draco looked like he was on the verge of having a panic attack.

Harry shook his head, and dipping his spoon into the custard, he treated himself to a full mouthful of
the delicious creamy dessert, then washed it down with a sip of coffee while Draco finally ate a tiny bit of his chocolate pudding.

Tempted to ask whether Draco felt too stuffed from dinner, Harry delayed his first bite of tart for another few moments.

Ron still looked like he was about to explode with excitement, though Harry wasn’t sure why, and Draco had gone paler than pale. He listlessly played with his dessert.

Harry shrugged and using his spoon to help himself to a rather large piece of his treacle tart, he finally sampled his favourite dessert.

The second his teeth sank into the soft and sweet pastry, everything finally made perfect sense.

Ron’s exceptional, yet entirely unfounded, happiness and extreme excitement had been fuelled by the desire to get him back for last week when he’d turned Ron’s butterbeer into vinegar.

Draco’s weird, and half-hearted, attempt to stop him from eating his dessert had been fuelled by a healthy dose of fear after he’d clearly realised that what he’d initially considered a good idea wasn’t such a good idea at all.

Pulling a disgusted face, Harry spat the treacle tart right back onto his plate and fanned his mouth, but it was too late for that action to bring him any sort of relief.

The taste of spicy chilli hot sauce spread, like wildfire, through his entire mouth, gradually setting it on fire and numbing all his other taste buds at the same time.

He tried to swallow, but that only seemed to make things ten times worse and reaching for his coffee, he hastily gulped down several sips of the hot liquid. Unfortunately, the temperature only increased the spice-fuelled burn in his mouth.

“Fuck!” he exclaimed and putting the plate down, he continued to fan his mouth, this time with both hands.

He could feel the tears prick at the corners of his eyes and blinking furiously, he tried to discourage them from falling but failed, and they promptly ran down his cheeks.

For some reason, the fact that he was crying only increased the burn inside his mouth and continuing to fan himself, Harry actually felt his body temperature temporarily rise a degree or two.

While he started to sweat, Ron dissolved into hysterics, laughing uncontrollably.

Hermione looked completely confused, and Draco scrambled to put his mostly untouched dessert down and reaching across the table, he grabbed the small pot of milk and offered it to Harry, who, despite not being able to see clearly, managed to grab hold of it without spilling it all over the place.

He inhaled deeply, felt another wave of sweat break out all over his body and quickly downed most of the milk inside the pot.

The bland drink with its slightly sweet taste felt smooth and rich and it successfully masked some of the fiery hotness raging inside his mouth. Taking his glasses off, Harry wiped his tears away and coughed. He cleaned his glasses with a wandless spell, then put them back on and glared at Ron, then looked sideways at Draco, and clicked his tongue in obvious disapproval.

Draco instantly averted his eyes and stared at the floor.
“Why on earth would you two deliberately mess with a man’s favourite dessert?” he asked.

He gave the uneaten slice of treacle tart a withering look, then finished off the last bit of milk, and was pleased to note that the chilli-fuelled burn inside his mouth slowly started to die off.

Harry didn’t mind spicy food, but that had been decidedly too spicy, even for his liking.

“Oh, bleurgh, disgusting. Mione, control your husband, won’t you? He’s a despicable joker. I’ll deal with Draco myself,” he said.

Crossing his arms over his chest in complete annoyance, Harry shook his head.

“I knew you two were up to something and let me tell you something, I’m not amused,” he said, already planning his revenge.

Ron would soon receive a surprise parcel per Owl delivery and Draco, well Draco needed to give him consent first, but Harry had no doubt that his little prince wouldn’t hesitate to do so.
Chapter Notes

It seems, following the last two chapters, a few of you are of the opinion that Draco deserves a spanking or perhaps even a more severe form of punishment.

I disagree.

It would be wrong of Harry to retaliate with any form of physical punishment. Draco regretted his decision to partake in the prank before it even happened, so going ahead with a punishment like that would impact on his mental health negatively and while he’d accept his punishment, he wouldn’t be able to process it. At some point, it would come back to bite both him and Harry in the arse and I can assure you a fallout like that can, under certain circumstances, end a D/s relationship rather quickly. As a sub you've got to be able to trust your Dom(me) not to take it too far and once there's an inkling of doubt there, it'll fester and grow and the result of that can (and will) be catastrophic.

Punishments should only ever given when a sub deliberately crosses a line or breaks the rules, and even then context must always be taken into account, as well as the sub's present mental health. Furthermore, punishments must also always fit the crime and in this particular instance, a spanking, or any other type of physical punishment, would most definitely not fit the crime. It would make for a delightful read, I'm sure of that (I would love to read and write such discipline scene), but realistically it wouldn't make sense.

Right, I'm now going to get off this soapbox and let you get on with this new chapter while I drop dead until tomorrow morning. I'm utterly exhausted.

Love,
Selly x

Sometime later that night, and after they’d returned to Grimmauld Place, Harry came out of the en-suite bathroom, dressed in comfortable black silk pyjamas, to find Draco stood beside his side of the bed, clutching his pillow.

It was a special memory foam type of pillow, Harry had bought for him at a Muggle department store a couple of months ago, to ease the strain on Draco’s neck, an unfortunate by-product of long hours spent pouring over legal documents, books and case files.

Draco looked pitifully sad and disheartened.

“I'll just go sleep in the guestroom,” he mumbled.

He had to force the words out of his mouth, and even though his voice was low and monotone, there were obvious cracks to it.

His breath stuttered, and he struggled to swallow past what Harry presumed was a big lump that was
stuck somewhere in the top part of his throat.

Harry instantly abandoned the idea of dragging the duvet back, climbing into bed and pulling the thick, heavy covers up to his nose.

Instead, he turned around to look at Draco.

His slouched posture, hunched shoulders, and downcast gaze tore at Harry’s heartstrings. He hated seeing Draco like this, so full of remorse for what he’d done and visibly afraid to meet his eye.

Ever since the treacle tart incident earlier tonight, Draco had barely said two words and Harry knew that neither one of them would be able to sleep before they’d talked things over.

“And why would you do that, my love?” Harry asked.

A few moments of silence past, then Draco demurely answered his question.

“I’m quite sure you don’t want me in your bed tonight.”

Harry swallowed a sigh, and taking a step closer to Draco, he gently placed two fingers underneath his boyfriend’s trembling chin and coaxed him into lifting his head.

“Draco, look at me.”

Keeping his voice low and soft, and injecting a healthy dose of warmth into it, Harry applied a bit of pressure, and after resisting him for close to a minute, Draco finally lifted his head and bit his lower lip, continuously gnawing on it. His lashes were slightly damp and his silvery-grey eyes watery.

They were full to the brim with unshed tears.

Harry knew, without the shadow of a doubt, that by the end of the conversation, he and Draco were about to have, those beautiful and expressive eyes would be red, swollen, and puffy, and that streaks of tears would soon be running down those pale, sunken cheeks.

Without removing his fingers from underneath Draco’s chin, Harry smiled softly, hoping to reassure Draco.

“This is our bed, and I’ll always want you in it, no matter what. I absolutely do not want you to sleep in the guestroom, unless that is what you want, in which case I won’t stop you, but I will need an explanation before I let you go.”

Harry briefly contemplated cracking a silly joke to lighten the mood but decided against it when Draco looked at him with wide, disbelieving eyes. His lashes fluttered, then he closed his eyes and let out an anguished wail.

A moment later, he fell to his knees and bowed his head.

Harry hadn’t expected that particular reaction, but he trusted himself enough to be able to handle the situation.

“I’m sorry, Sir, I’m so sorry, I’m sorry, I’m so—”

Draco choked on his fourth *sorry*, and Harry could tell he was trying his hardest to fight back the urge to cry.

*Not for much longer,* Harry thought.
That flood of tears was going to fall one way or another, and there was next to nothing Harry could or wanted to do to stop that from happening.

Harry crouched down and wordlessly pulling Draco into his arms, he hugged him tightly.

“You needn’t apologise, my little prince, there is absolutely nothing to apologise for. I can take a joke. It was a prank, nothing more and nothing else. Yes, it was mean, but it was a prank, and you’re allowed one of those every now and then, and without having to fear that I’ll invoke my right to turn your behind gleaming red.”

Draco sniffed into his chest and mumbled something entirely incomprehensible.

Harry frowned.

“What was that now, my love?”

Draco lifted his head, and pulling out of his embrace, he sat back on his haunches, still hugging his memory foam pillow to his front.

“You should punish me, Sir,” he whispered with a creased forehead and dejected expression, “you should spank me, Sir. I deserve it. I was naughty and bad.”

Harry pressed his lips together to suppress a chuckle but couldn’t entirely conceal his amusement.

“Is that so?” he asked.

Draco nodded.

“Would a spanking make you feel better, my little prince?”

Draco nodded again and resumed biting his lip.

His chin still trembled, and he looked troubled.

Harry continued to speak.

“You know, I highly doubt that. While you might think that me bending you over my knee and smacking your behind a few times is going to make you feel better, I can guarantee you that you’ll feel worse tomorrow morning, and it won’t be because you’ll have to spend the day sitting on two thrumming and throbbing arse cheeks.”

“But—”

Draco choked out a single interjection, but Harry cut him off before he had the chance to continue.

“No, Draco, please believe me. I’ve been playing this game a little longer than you have. You do not deserve a spanking. Your guilt is already eating you up from the inside. You're far too harsh on yourself, my love, and I really do need you to realise that. Tell me, when have I ever punished you this cruelly for anything, hm?”

Draco parted his lips but didn’t say anything.

He just stared at him with glossy silver-grey eyes and a quivering bottom lip.

Harry reached out and pressed the palm of his hand to the side of Draco’s face, then gently traced the line of his high cheekbone with the tip of his thumb.
“Regret is an evil Master, is it not?” he asked.

Draco nodded mutely, then hung his head.

Harry clicked his tongue.

“No, look at me, please, my love.”

When Draco did not lift his head, Harry took the pillow from him and tossed it onto the bed, then shuffled closer and pushing his fingers under Draco’s chin, he lifted it up.

This time, Draco did not resist him but obeyed his silent command.

“Can you tell me why you’re so upset?”

Draco responded with a question of his own.

“Why are you so forgiving?”

Harry smiled.

“I told you. It was a prank, nothing more and nothing less, and I can take a joke.”

“But it was mean, you said so yourself.”

Harry chuckled.

“So is telling me to fuck off when I remind you that you forgot to buy milk.”

“You did spank me for that.”

Harry grinned.

“I did, but as I recall, you rather enjoyed that particular spanking, or did you not, my little prince? Did I imagine all those little gasps of pure pleasure when I kissed your lips, nipped at your neck and slowly pulled your trousers down, then bent you over the kitchen table and made you stretch your arms out above your head? You were nearly begging me for it long before I brought my hand down on your arse.”

Draco’s cheeks pinked a little, and he averted his eyes.

“You’re not new to this anymore, Draco. You’ve got a fair bit of experience, and you know the difference between a playful spanking to arouse us both and a few deliberate blows to your arse to remind you what happens when you cross a line.”

“I did cross a line with that prank.”

Harry smiled.

“You’re a petulant little prince tonight. Fine, I’ll let you have this one, yes, you did cross a line.”

“Then punish me for it. I deserve it.”

Harry shook his head.

“Absolutely not. You’ve already punished yourself enough, and entirely unnecessarily if I may say so. There’s no need for me to add anything to it to make you feel even worse about pulling a wicked
little prank.”

“But—”

Draco made another futile attempt at arguing his case, but Harry simply placed a single finger across his lips and silenced him.

“No, Draco, no. If you want a spanking you can always ask for one, and if I feel that you’re mentally capable of enjoying yourself, I’ll be more than happy to invite you up to the playroom where we can indulge in a bit of fun; however, I’m not going to dish out punishments that are neither necessary nor appropriate.”

“But I consent.”

Harry smiled.

Draco’s stubbornness was thoroughly endearing, but it wasn’t going to persuade him to break his own rules and go against his beliefs of what was right and wrong. There were times when physical punishments were extremely useful in teaching a submissive a lesson, and there were times when it was the worst thing a Dom could do to his sub. Tonight and Harry was confident about that, spanking Draco was the worst thing he could possibly do.

Placing the palm of his hand on top of Draco’s heart, Harry applied a bit of pressure.

“You might think that you want me to punish you, and your mouth may say so, but deep down in here, you don’t want me to spank you for what you did. Besides, if I really spanked you for what you did, I’d have to spank Ron too, or it wouldn’t be fair, and somehow, I don’t think he or Hermione would consent to that.”

The hint of a smile appeared on Draco’s face, but it was gone within the blink of an eye.

Harry removed his hand from Draco’s cheek, and ran his fingers through Draco’s soft blond hair instead, massaging his scalp softly.

“I’ll meet you halfway, my little prince. A verbal reprimand is all you’re going to get. Listen carefully.”

Draco forehead furrowed and he looked at him with wide questioning eyes.

Harry continued to smile.

“Sweet boy, next time you decide to prank me, please do me a favour and don’t team up with a Gryffindor who runs a joke shop together with his older brother. We both know that you’re a whole lot more cunning than my best mate and I’m pretty sure Salazar Slytherin would turn in his grave if he knew that this is how you honour his legacy.”

Draco’s brows furrowed further.

“You’re half a Slytherin yourself, you’ll see right through anything I’ll come up with.”

Harry chuckled.

“Perhaps yes, perhaps no. Either way, yet more of an incentive for you to give it your best shot, don’t you think?”

Draco sighed softly.
“I’ll never match your level of deviousness.”

Harry grinned.

“I wouldn’t be so sure of that, my little prince. I think you have it in you, it’s just that you don’t really want to be devious.”

“I prefer it when you are wicked, you do it so well.”

Harry laughed.

“Then leave the wickedness to the Master and just enjoy the ride, my little prince,” he said.

He ran his fingers through Draco’s marvellously soft hair and resting his hand at the back of Draco’s neck, he applied a bit of pressure, then pulled Draco into a tender kiss.

It was soft and sweet, and Harry hoped that it was also reassuring. He could sense that Draco had relaxed a bit, but he also knew that given that Draco had managed to convince himself that he absolutely deserved a punishment, it would take a while before all of his tension and anxiousness disappeared completely.

“Do you think we might be able to continue this conversation in bed? I know you enjoy kneeling for me, and I cherish your gift immensely, but I would prefer it if we could curl up in bed. I want to wrap you in my arms and hold you all night long.”

Draco hummed softly and inclined his head.

“Please,” he whispered.

“Thank you, my little prince.”

Harry got to his feet again, stretched a little and returning Draco’s pillow to its rightful place, he reached for one corner of the massive duvet, and pulled it back.

“Climb in, my love.”

Draco shuffled and grimacing a little, he slowly got to his feet and crawled into bed.

Harry followed suit, and pulling the bed covers over them both, he moved to the centre of the bed and wrapping his arms around Draco, he pulled him into a tight embrace, enveloping him with all four of his limbs.

Draco curled into him, deliberately making himself small. He buried his face in Harry’s chest and exhaled slowly. Harry smiled and let his hand slip underneath Draco’s shirt, and squeezed his hip and his side gently before running his fingertips teasingly up and down Draco’s spine.

He felt Draco relax even further and kissing the top of his head, he inhaled deeply, breathing in Draco’s familiar scent of bergamot, blackcurrant, juicy apples, and zesty lemons.

“I want to kiss you, my little prince.”

Draco hummed in response to his request and shuffling a little, he tilted his head up and looked at him.

Harry smiled.
“My little prince.”

Harry murmured the words into the tiny gap between his and Draco’s face and hugging him a little tighter, he pressed the palm of his hand to the space between Draco’s shoulder blades.

“You’re so beautiful. I love you so much.”

Draco parted his lips as if to respond to his compliment, but Harry shook his head.

“No, hush, I don’t want you to talk, my little prince, don’t say anything.”

Draco blinked and remained silent.

“Sweet boy.”

Pleased with the level of Draco’s obedience, Harry continued to smile. He pressed a loving kiss to Draco’s forehead, a butterfly kiss to the tip of Draco’s nose and a lingering one to Draco’s soft, lush lips.

Draco tilted his head a little, giving him better access, and silently inviting him to continue with the kiss. Harry gnawed a little, playfully toying with Draco’s bottom lip, then added a bit of suction, claiming both of Draco’s lips.

Draco’s body was a perfect mixture of firm and soft and thirsty for more, Harry closed his arms tighter around him and kissed him deeper. He felt Draco’s rush of helplessness as he surrendered to being held and being kissed and relished in the surging warmth of Draco’s body against his own as he clung to him as though he was presently the only solid thing in their intimate little bubble.

Insistent, Harry used his tongue to pry Draco’s slightly shaking lips apart, slithered inside the warm wet haven that was the inside of Draco’s mouth, and delighted in the way his little prince tremored in his embrace, evoking his desire to take things further still.

Giddy, Harry pushed Draco onto his back and eased on top of him.

Draco’s legs fell open for him, and Harry slid in-between, thrust forward and continued to kiss him hungrily, fuelled by the wish to silence Draco’s self-destructive thoughts for the night. He wanted Draco to know that he was loved and cherished and that no amount of pranking would ever change that. While he genuinely didn’t appreciate the fact that Ron and Draco had spiked his favourite dessert with hot sauce, he failed to be genuinely upset and angry with them. It had been a joke, a bit of nonsense between close friends, and the very last thing Harry wanted was for Draco to feel bad about is role in the prank.

Banishing his thoughts, Harry concentrated on the kiss, losing himself in the incredible sensations of sharing a special moment of intimacy with Draco, something that was so familiar yet never precisely the same.

He let his hands roam over Draco’s naked and warm skin, feeling it heat, quiver, and tremble beneath his exploring touch and when Draco slowly raised his arms above his head, Harry pushed his shirt up and took it off. He reluctantly broke the kiss for the two seconds it took to pull the suddenly offending garment over Draco’s head, then carelessly tossed it aside. As he resumed their heated battle of the tongues, Harry ran his fingers up the entire length of Draco’s arms and laced their fingers together before Draco could grasp the headboard. He squeezed tightly and pressed Draco’s hands into the pillows.

Draco arched his back and rolled his hips, and in direct response, Harry thrust his hips. He felt
Draco’s erection grow between them and his own cock instantly reacted to the apparent arousal.

They settled on a lazy rhythm and perfect mixture of thrusts and slow and deliberate hip-rolling. Draco moaned into their kiss and very slowly breaking away from the deep and possessive kiss, Harry trailed wet kisses along Draco’s jawline and peppered his neck with tiny nips, bites, licks, and kisses. He gnawed at Draco’s earlobe, exhaled hotly and revelled in the full-body shiver that surged through Draco.

“I love you, my precious little prince.”

The tender words dragged a delicious mewl from Draco’s parted, lush red, and kiss-swollen lips and Harry attacked them again, ferociously claiming Draco’s mouth in an intensely arousing kiss.

He rolled his hips, Draco arched his back, and he thrust down, then kissed harder and deeper before withdrawing to cover Draco’s throat with a million tiny kisses and also a few bites. Draco swallowed, his Adam’s Apple bobbed delightfully, and Harry continued to kiss him, covering his entire chest with licks, and tiny bites. He toyed with Draco’s nipples, biting and sucking them, then thrust his tongue into Draco’s navel and kissed it with as much fierceness as his mouth.

Draco’s black boxers, the ones Harry had charmed to spell out that Draco belonged to him, didn’t last much longer and once Draco was completely naked, Harry pushed the bed covers down to the bottom of the bed and told Draco that he intended to kiss every inch of him.

In response, Draco moaned and whimpered and spread his legs that little bit more. In the dim light of the lamp on Harry’s nightstand, he was a blurry mess of deliciously pale flesh, and licking his lips, Harry made good on his promise.

Draco writhed and thrashed beneath him, moaned and whimpered, and by the time, Harry pushed two well-lubed fingers past the tight ring of muscles around Draco’s entrance, he was a sweaty, incoherent mess, incapable of telling the difference between up and down and left and right.

Harry gave him a few moments to cool down, but continued to slowly push his fingers into Draco and pull them out again.

At some point, Draco clenched around them, huffed out a shaky breath of air, and curled his fingers around the headboard, gripping it tightly.

Harry kissed him fiercely, claiming his parted lips with everything he had to give and then some.

He grudgingly paused just long enough to take off his own clothes, then took Draco’s leg and grasping it right behind his knee, he squeezed the pale flesh and pushed Draco’s thigh right up to his chest, spreading him that little bit further open. He covered his achingly hard prick with a generous amount of lube, and pushed into Draco with one long thrust, deliberately splitting him open.

Draco threw his head back, groaned, and trembled as he momentarily struggled to process the intense burn, but Harry gave him enough time to adjust before he nearly pulled out and thrust back into him.

He kept the pace slow, and unhurriedly but repeatedly claimed Draco for himself.

Draco surrendered beautifully, gasped and panted, and Harry kissed him, devouring his mouth with wild abandon.

He pried the fingers of Draco’s right hand away from the headboard, squeezed his hand tightly and possessively held on to Draco’s leg.
They kissed until they were both too breathless to carry on, and Harry moved Draco’s hand between their sweaty bodies, whispering against his lips to stroke himself.

Draco wrapped his hand around his cock and stroked himself with the same speed that Harry drove into him.

He also told Draco to look at him, and when Draco’s forced his eyes to open fully, an incredible and intense jolt zapped through Harry, pulling a long groan from the depths of his belly. He gripped Draco’s leg hard enough to bruise, and thrust into him, claiming all of that tight and narrow passage for himself.

“My sweet little prince, you’re precious and perfect, and I love you.”

A wretched sob tore through Draco, and he stared up at him, open-mouthed, gulping for a breath of air, with a perspired, blotchy face and his hair in complete disarray. It was damp and stuck out in all four directions, and Harry smiled.

“Let it out,” he whispered.

A swell of tears spilt over the rim of Draco’s eyes and rolled down his flushed cheeks.

“I love you.”

Harry deliberately reaffirmed his feelings for Draco and another flood of tears followed the first.

He thrust into Draco and smiled.

“Mine.”

Draco choked and blinked furiously.

“You’re everything I ever wanted, Draco Malfoy.”

“Harry.”

Draco forced his name out between his lips, and a third wave of tears ran down his cheeks.

Harry kissed them away, then told Draco that he would dry all of his tears for as long as Draco wanted him to do so.

“Forever,” Draco gasped.

Harry smiled.

“Forever it is, my sweet little prince. I promise, forever.”

“Ngh.”

Draco sobbed a little harder, and Harry kissed him, swallowing both, his cries and his salty tears and revelling in having permission to do so.

“I want all of you, always.”

He murmured the words against Draco’s lips and thrust harder and faster.

“Mine, all mine, my beautiful, perfect little prince.”
Draco choked on a half-sob, half-chuckle.

“You forgot silly,” he breathed.

Harry grinned.

“My silly, sassy, sexy, sly little prince. There, how’s that?”

Draco responded with a moan, arched his back, and tilting his head back, he exposed his neck.

Unable to resist, Harry sank his teeth into the fair skin, biting down hard.

Draco groaned, and Harry sucked strong enough to bruise the skin and leave a very prominent mark. Draco howled in pain and to distract him, Harry dug his nails into his leg and spread him open until his thigh muscles burned.

“Yes, yes, yes, yes…”

Draco huffed out the word, and Harry claimed his arse with a harsh thrust, burying himself balls-deep inside of Draco.

He growled possessively against Draco’s neck.

“Mine.”

Draco whimpered.

“Yes.”

“Mine, mine, mine.”

“Yes, yes, yes.”

“Ngh, you’re precious.”

Draco groaned, and Harry resumed snapping his hips forward and fucking into him.

He knew that he wouldn’t be able to last for much longer and could sense that the same applied to Draco.

Gradually increasing the speed of his thrusts, he felt Draco stroke himself harder and faster to match his pace and claiming Draco’s mouth in a fierce kiss, Harry felt the muscles in his groin tighten in preparation for his orgasm.

Tremor after tremor surged through him and pulling away from the kiss, he locked eyes with Draco, who did his best to keep his own open as he neared his climax.

“Come for me, my sweet little prince, come for me, come now.”

Harry huffed out his prompt and Draco groaned.

He stroked harder still, and soon enough, Harry felt him clench around his cock, making it almost impossible to continue thrusting.

“Come for me, my precious.”

He encouraged Draco one more time, and that was all the incentive, Draco needed. He came on a
guttural groan and he spilt rope after rope of his come between them. Harry felt most of it splash against his abdomen, and smiling, he sank his cock all the way into Draco, buried his face in the crook of Draco’s neck, and allowed his orgasm to rob the last bit of his sanity.

Afterwards, he gently eased out of Draco, rolled off him, and spooning around him, he held him tight and charmed the duvet to cover them both. He mumbled a half-hearted cleaning charm to remove some of the stickiness from the sheets, pressed a kiss between Draco’s shoulder blades and pulled him as close against his own body as he possibly could.

He closed his eyes and drifted for a while, but opened them again when Draco whispered his name.

“Harry.”

“Hm?”

“Thank you.”

“You’re welcome.”

“That was fucking incredible.”

Harry chuckled.

“I agree. Better than a spanking too.”

Draco turned into his arms.

A contend glow had replaced his earlier disheartened expression and Harry kissed his lips softly.

“You’re not going to continue to be this soft with me, are you?”

Draco whispered his question against his lips.

A low rumble of laughter escaped Harry and pulling back a little, he focused on Draco.

“Do you prefer me tough, my little prince?”

Draco flushed a little, blinked, and pulling his bottom lip into his mouth to gnaw on it, he nodded.

“Say it.”

“Yes.”

Harry shook his head.

“No, say it. I want to hear you say those words.”

“Ngh.”

Draco’s blush intensified, and he bit down hard on his bottom lip, nearly drawing blood.

Harry clicked his tongue and used his thumb to free Draco’s bottom lip.

“Say it,” he whispered again.

Draco parted his lips, hesitated for a moment, and a shudder surged through him. He closed his eyes and inhaled deeply.
“I prefer you tough, Sir.”

He breathed the words rather than actually speaking them, and Harry smiled.

“Look me in the eye when you tell me what you want, my little prince.”

Draco shivered but slowly opened his eyes and focused on him.

A few moments of silence, filled with anticipation, passed, then Draco repeated himself.

This time he didn’t close his eyes, and Harry’s stomach flipped upside down.

“I prefer you tough, Sir.”

Harry smirked.

He had the perfect idea for an extremely devious plan.

If Draco wanted to experience a stricter version of himself, Harry more than willing to give his little prince a taste.

“How tough?” he asked.

Draco dithered for a few seconds.

“You make all the rules?”

Harry raised a questioning eyebrow.

“All of them? I thought TPE terrified you…”

Draco’s cheeks turned crimson, and he coughed, then cleared his throat.

“It does.”

“Then why are you asking me to make all the rules?”

“Just for a while?”

Harry considered Draco’s request for a few minutes.

“I’m too tired to give you a definite answer tonight. Give me until the weekend to think it over. I don’t do half-baked post-sex plans.”

Draco nodded.

“M’kay.”

“But I do have a little request for you.”

“You do?”

Harry smiled.

“Yes. As always, you can say no.”

“What is it?”
“I want tonight’s orgasm to have been your last.”

Draco swallowed hard.

Harry saw a flicker of trepidation in his eyes and kissed him gently, offering reassurance.

“How long?” Draco asked quietly.

“Two weeks.”

Draco gasped, and his eyes widened.

Harry chuckled softly.

“Two weeks are a piece of cake for you, my little prince. I’ve a surprise for you, but for it to work, I need you to be a bit desperate.”

Harry could tell that Draco was both excited and terrified. He often made Draco wait for it or denied him, but most of the time, he allowed Draco to come after he’d had his wicked way with him. The longest he’d recently made Draco wait for an orgasm had been five days. It had been a long time since he’d asked for anything more than a few days.

“Tell you what, my love, think about it and tell me tomorrow evening. OK?”

Draco nodded.

“Hm.”

“Remember, you’re free to say no. When I ask you for your decision tomorrow, I want an honest answer. If I feel that it’s not something you really want to do, I won’t accept your consent.”

“I know.”

Harry smiled.

“Good boy.”

He pulled Draco a bit closer and pressed his lips against Draco’s, kissing him softly.

“Let’s sleep. It’s late.”

Draco snuggled into his embrace and Harry drew a series of intricate knotting patterns onto his back, coaxing him into the land of dreams. A mumbled Nox turned the lights in the bedroom off, and blinking, Harry tried to adjust to the darkness that settled all around him. He could barely make out Draco’s shape, but he could feel him, and as such, he didn’t mind that he couldn’t see him. Shuffling a little, he adjusted the position of his pillow, then inhaled deeply, and closed his eyes.

Silence settled all around him, and Harry felt himself grow weary.

It had been a long day, and while tonight’s conversation had been exhausting, he was glad that Draco had given up on the notion of punishing himself.

*That’s my job, my little prince*, Harry mused, with a contented smile.
Let's Talk It Out

Chapter Notes

This took a bit of time to finish, mainly due to tiredness, so I'll keep this note blissfully short, upload the chapter and go to bed instead.

Love,
Selly x

Harry stopped one step short of crossing the threshold to his and Draco’s living room, but instead of entering the room, he casually leant against the doorframe. Pushing his hands into the deep front pockets of his favourite pair of jeans, Harry quietly observed Draco for a few minutes. He silently took in all of him, what Draco wore, the way he held himself, the way he looked, and even how he breathed.

At the moment, Draco was unable to remain still.

He kept fidgeting, getting up and sitting down again, curling his bare toes into the shaggy rug beneath his feet, and wringing his hands together, then resolutely twisting them apart once more.

His eyes darted around the room but didn’t settle on anything, and although Draco did look at him, mutely acknowledging his presence, his gaze only lingered for a few seconds. He then he averted his eyes, focused on the fireplace, and sighed deeply.

Harry smiled.

Not because it pleased him to see Draco all fidgety and nervous or because he liked the idea of knowing that Draco’s mind wasn’t at ease and that he didn’t feel calm.

No, none of that.

Harry smiled simply because he felt a deep sense of pleasure and satisfaction.

He’d worked extremely hard on getting to know all of Draco’s moods.

Every single one of Draco’s emotional states had its own little tell, and over the past two years, Harry had tried his best to keep a close eye on Draco to identify and learn them all.

He still made the occasional mistake, it was a given really since nobody was perfect, but usually, his predictions about Draco’s frame of mind were spot on.

During a scene or kinky playtime, it helped him to gauge how close to reaching his limits Draco was, and in everyday life, Harry used those all those little tells to discern whether to be a bit more dominant or whether to loosen the reins and pull back for a while.

It didn’t often happen that Draco got this nervous about something as simple as a conversation, even if the discussion revolved around negotiating kinks or a scene, they were both interested in doing, but Harry could understand why his little prince was so flustered.
A couple of days ago, Draco had asked him to be tougher, had even hinted at wanting to try something that resembled a total exchange of power for a limited amount of time, while Harry had asked him to consider to completely surrender all control over his orgasms for an entire fortnight.

According to their current contract, he owned all of Draco’s orgasms, and even though Draco was allowed to wank, if he wanted to, he had to ask permission first.

Over the last year, Draco had asked him for permission exactly twice. Not because he didn’t like to pleasure himself, but because they’d a very active sex life and Harry seldom gave Draco a reason to feel sexually frustrated.

Both times, Draco had asked him to be allowed to have a wank, Harry had been away on business for a few days, and he’d happily consented to Draco having a bit of fun on his own, though not without making a request of his own.

The first time Draco had asked, he’d told him to write about the experience in his journal, ordering him to be as detailed as possible.

The second time Draco had asked, Harry had fire-called him at home and told him to kneel in front of the fireplace in their bedroom. He’d then made him edge himself until Draco, his cock achingly hard, had breathlessly begged him to be allowed to come.

Harry swallowed a mouthful of saliva. The memory of that night made his cock twitch in excitement, and he hastily stopped to reminisce. He was about to have an important conversation with Draco, and the very last thing he wanted to have to deal with was a throbbing erection.

Initially, he’d given Draco twenty-four hours to consider whether he wanted to consent to two weeks of extreme orgasm denial, but when the time had come for Draco to tell him what he’d decided on, he’d not been able to do so.

Draco’s nerves had thwarted his plans, and instead of putting any sort of pressure on him, Harry had given him more time to think things over carefully. He’d also offered plenty of reassurance and a lot of tender loving care.

Even though they’d yet to discuss things in detail, Harry had, repeatedly, made it one hundred per cent clear that Draco’s decision was final. Still, he could tell, without the shadow of a doubt, that the conversation they were about to have terrified Draco. Harry only needed to take in Draco’s current demeanour to come to that conclusion. He also had pretty good idea why his little prince was so on edge, and it wasn’t because he’d asked Draco to consent to a short dry spell. Draco never came without permission; he was extremely good at obeying that rule.

The reason for Draco’s inner turmoil was rather simple. He’d had asked for something and then realised that he’d bitten off far more than he could chew.

Harry smiled.

It was time to put Draco’s restless mind at ease and dispel all of his fears.

Without moving any further into the room, Harry called Draco’s name softly.

“Draco.”

Draco immediately responded to the sound of his voice.

He spun around and looked at him, with his beautiful silvery-grey eyes wide open, then shifted his
body weight from one foot to the other and back again.

“Come here, please.”

Harry continued to keep his voice soft and gentle and pushing himself away from the doorframe, he took one small step forward, but otherwise waited to Draco to come to him.

He didn’t have to ask twice.

The voice worked like a magnet; it always did, though only because Draco want it.

It gently influenced Draco, persuading him to obey and honour Harry’s polite request.

Unwilling to ignore the potent lure of the voice, Draco slowly approached him, and once he stood right in front of him, Harry pulled his hands out of his jeans pockets and showed Draco his open and upturned palms.

“May I have your hands, please?”

Draco looked at him, nodded, and placed his hands in Harry’s.

With a smile, Harry expertly clasped his fingers around Draco’s hands, squeezed, then sought out the pulse points on the inside of Draco’s wrists. He pressed his thumbs against them, then drew slow and steady circles. More than two years had gone by since he’d first used this technique on Draco, and it still worked like a charm.

“Relax, my love. We’re just going to have a conversation about a couple of things. I won’t judge you for your choices, you know I’d never do that. I won’t force you into anything you’re not ready for either, and I will respect that there are things you do not want to do, you know that. If it’s not what you want, my love, then it’s not what I want. We’ve had plenty of these conversations, and you know there’s nothing, nothing at all, to be afraid of.”

Draco swallowed hard.

“I’m sorry, I think I just worked myself up a bit over the past few days.”

Harry chuckled softly.

“You think?”

He wordlessly pulled Draco closer, and wrapping his arms tightly around him, Harry attempted to crush him in the best possible way.

A strong hug, given in the right moment and by the right person, could do wonders to one’s mental state. Caleb had taught him that a very long time ago, and Harry valued that piece of advice, treasured it more than anything. During and after play, especially an intense session, it was such a simple yet powerful way of offering unconditional support, and elevating pain or worries.

Draco huffed out a soft breath of warm air.

Harry smiled against the side of his face and ran his fingers through Draco’s hair and down the entire length of his spine.

*I’ve got you, my little prince, Harry thought, and I’ll always have, for as long as you want me to.* He hoped that Draco would want him forever, and although he wasn’t worried about Draco changing his mind about their relationship anytime soon, he wasn’t the kind of person who took someone’s
affections for granted. He cared deeply about Draco’s feelings for him and soothingly whispered into Draco’s ear, telling him exactly that.

In response, Draco shuffled in his arms and buried his face against his neck.

Harry heard and felt him inhale deeply.

It seemed like he was deliberately trying to take in his scent and cover himself with it at the same time. It was Draco’s way of silently drawing strength from him, though he seldom did it quite this extensively when they were at home.

It was more of a coping mechanism when they were surrounded by people, and a hug was all Harry could offer Draco in terms of physical comfort. The odd time that an innocent hug wasn’t possible, he always made sure to find a way to take Draco’s hand and pull it behind his back.

He usually pressed their linked hands firmly into the small of Draco’s back, and while everyone around them was none the wiser, he was able to offer Draco the comfort he needed. It worked exceptionally well when they were both wearing their robes as it was just so easy for Harry to slide his hand underneath Draco’s long black robes, grasp his hand, and, unbeknownst to everyone around them, alleviate Draco’s distress.

Harry didn’t rush Draco but patiently allowed a few minutes of comfortable silence to pass between them. It was only when Draco shifted in his arms and attempted to pull back, that he slowly relaxed his hold and released Draco.

“Feeling better?” he asked.

Draco nodded.

“Much, thank you.”

Harry smiled.

“Any time.”

“I think I’m ready to have this conversation.”

Harry reached out and brushed a stray strand of hair out of Draco’s face. He let his hand rest on the side of Draco’s neck and using his fingertips, he located Draco’s left jugular vein. Applying a tiny bit of pressure allowed him to feel the steady pulsing flow of blood against his skin, and gently caressing Draco’s jawline, he leant in and pressed a tender kiss to Draco’s pale-pink lips.

“I know you are, my little prince.”

Knowing the vibrations would send a pleasant tingle through Draco, Harry whispered the words against his lips and smiled affectionately.

He pulled back and casually dropped his hands to his sides.

“Where do you want to have this conversation, my love?”

“What are my options?”

Harry chuckled.

“Any room in the house, really, but if you want, I’ll happily give you a few to choose from.”
Draco considered the offer for a moment.

“Give me three options?”

Harry nodded.

“Alright, no problem. The playroom, right here, or the kitchen.”

Draco made his choice instantaneously, deciding without the slightest amount of hesitation.

“The kitchen.”

“Alright,” Harry said, “but you’re in charge of making us some coffee.”

“No problem. Are you going to get some biscuits from the pantry?”

Harry laughed.

“The hidden place?”

A bright gleam appeared in Draco’s silvery-grey eyes, and they sparkled with giddy excitement.

He nodded.

“Yes, please.”

Harry grinned.

“Sure, anything to satisfy your sweet tooth,” he said.

He took Draco’s hand and laced their fingers together.

Together, they made their way into their warm kitchen, and while Draco pottered about the familiar space, retrieving two large mugs from one of the hanging cupboards and readying the coffee machine, Harry walked into the pantry. He closed the door behind him, and magically unlocked a hidden press, he’d installed just after Draco had moved in for good. It was full to the brim with Draco’s favourite chocolates, biscuits and other sweet treats.

Smirking, Harry contemplated for a few minutes, then settled on a packet of chocolate chip and walnut biscuits, and taking it out, he magically sealed the press again, ensuring that Draco wasn’t able to open it. For the charm to work, one had to draw an ancient rune in a particular corner of the cupboard’s door, as well as cast a spell, and Harry was always made sure that Draco didn’t accidentally see the ancient rune or heard the incantation.

Cross the pantry, there was another shelf with sweets, filled with stuff Draco bought for himself whenever they went shopping, but there was hardly anything there to choose from. It wasn’t because Draco had eaten all of those sweet treats already, but because he preferred it when Harry gave him his sweets. According to him, they tasted better. Harry thought it was complete nonsense, but because he loved Draco, he turned a blind eye and humoured him. Even though he never denied Draco his sweets, he delighted in the fact that his little prince had to ask him for permission before he was able to enjoy a bit of chocolate or a biscuit or three. It was a small act of submission on Draco’s part, and Harry truly cherished it for the gift it was.

With the packet of chocolate chip and walnut biscuits in hand, Harry re-emerged from the pantry, and using magic to shut the door behind him, he found Draco waiting for him beside the kitchen table.
He’d prepared two cups of steaming hot coffee and a plate of clementines.

Harry smiled.

He made his way over to Draco and leaning in, he squeezed Draco’s hip and placed a gentle kiss on his cheek.

“Thank you, my love. You didn’t have to wait to sit down.”

Draco’s cheeks pinked a little.

There was a bashful look in his eyes, and he smiled shyly.

“I wanted to, Sir,” he said.

His voice was soft and barely louder than a whisper, but to Harry, it was enough, and his heart fluttered in his chest. He felt fiercely possessive of Draco.

“Of course, you did, my perfect little prince.”

Draco hummed.

Harry handed him the packet of biscuits.

“Let’s sit down, my love.”

Not wanting Draco to wait any longer, Harry took his seat, and reaching for his coffee, he lifted his mug up and brought it to his lips.

Inhaling deeply, he watched Draco over the rim of his cup and waited with his first sip until Draco had sat down and opened the biscuit packet. Right this moment, it was more important than coffee, and Harry knew as much.

“Acceptable choice?”

Draco took a single biscuit out of the packet, dipped it into his coffee and then munched on the soggy cookie.

He grinned and nodded.

A childish sort of excitement sparkled in his eyes, and the butterflies in the pit of Harry’s stomach rose and sored up, flitting about madly.

“More than acceptable.”

“I’m glad.”

Harry took another sip from his coffee and smiling, he waited for Draco to finish devouring a second biscuit.

“Ready to talk?”

Draco inclined his head.

“I think so,” he said, mumbling the words rather than speaking loud and clear.

“Good, but before we start, you know that this is just a chat. I want to know how you feel about
what I’ve asked of you, and I’ll tell you how I feel about what you asked of me, and then we’ll try and find common ground. This is about making sure that whatever happens leaves us both fulfilled. It’s not about me making demands and you following blindly because you think it’ll please me, you know that, don’t you?”

Draco nodded.

“I do.”

“Excellent. Just keep that in mind, okay?”

Reaching out, Harry placed his hand on top of Draco’s and squeezed it gently.

“Will you please tell me how you feel about me putting you through a bit of a dry spell?”

Draco sighed softly.

He toyed with his coffee cup, and Harry squeezed his hand once more.

“If I agree, you’re going to be really devious, aren’t you? You’re going to edge me, but you won’t let me come, and you’re going to tease me and make me beg for it, but you still won’t let me have it.”

Harry chuckled softly.

“You know me so well, my little prince. Yes, I absolutely will be devious and I will edge you and tease you, it’s what I always do, don’t I?”

Draco huffed out a breath of air.

He reached for another biscuit, but instead of taking a bite from it, he drank a bit more coffee.

“You do love driving me to the brink of insanity, making me really desperate for it, however, if I said I didn’t enjoy it, I would be lying.”

Harry smiled.

He gave Draco’s hand a light squeeze, then pulled back and reaching for a clementine, he slowly peeled the skin off and halving it, he pushed one of the carpels into his mouth and chewed it.

“I would like to amend my offer from a few days ago,” he said, “so, instead of denying you completely for two weeks, I would like to offer you the option of an orgasm at some point during those two weeks, but you will have to be a really good boy in order for me say yes, and let you come.”

Draco shifted on his chair and toyed with his coffee mug.

“Obey all the rules?” he asked.

Harry nodded.

“Yes, everything outlined in our contract, but if you decide that you want to do this, I will give you a couple of extra rules on top.”

Draco remained quiet for a few moments and Harry gave him the time he needed to think and process.
“You mentioned a surprise, something for us to do, I presume.”

Harry smiled.

“Yes. Yours and Ron’s little prank gave me the idea for it, though I don’t intend it to be a punishment, you know I won’t punish you for what you did, but rather a bit of titillating fun, something a little bit out there.”

“A scene then.”

Harry smirked.

“Yes.”

“Tell me more?”

“You said you miss bickering with me. Well, I thought a roleplay scene might give you the perfect excuse to really go for it.”

“What kind of roleplay?”

Harry caught a glimmer of intrigue in Draco’s eyes but didn’t acknowledge it in any way. He didn’t want Draco to feel pressured into making a decision based on openly showing his desire to learn more.

“Hm, well, petty thief, tough copper. Or in wizarding terms, dealer of illegal wizarding artefacts versus Director Potter.”

The spark in Draco’s eyes intensified and a small smile tugged at the corners of his mouth.

“I like it. What would the scene entail?”

Harry deliberately finished his clementine first, then answered.

“Me apprehending you, you spewing fire over it, then attempting to bribe an officer of the law for which I will punish you severely.”

Draco swallowed hard.

“How severely?”

Harry chuckled softly.

“Let’s just say a very sore arse will most definitely be involved. Perhaps a toy or two. And restraints.”

“Where will we play? Upstairs?”

Harry nodded.

“Yes, but not inside the playroom. I’ll fix up two of the guestrooms.”

“Two? Why two?”

Harry grinned.

“My office and a holding cell,” he said with a wink.
He reached for his coffee, slowly brought the mug up to his lips and watched Draco blush. His cheeks turned crimson red, and he shifted again, though not because he was uncomfortable, but because of his rising excitement. Harry could tell that Draco was trying to conceal some of it, but he really wasn’t doing a very good job at being inconspicuous about it. Or perhaps he didn’t want to be.

“You’re actually going to lock me up?”

Harry chuckled and nodded.

“That’s what one usually does with a thief who attempts to bribe the Head of the Auror Department.”

Draco exhaled audibly.

“Fuck me,” he mumbled.

Harry smirked.

“With pleasure, my little prince, just as soon as we’re done talking. Although, it’s been a few days since I spanked you good and proper so if you want me to fuck you, you’ll have to allow me the pleasure of making your behind glow bright red first.”

Draco swallowed hard.

He went to reach for a biscuit, but his hand shook so badly that he stopped halfway and pressed the palm of his hand against the wooden table between them.

“My knees,” he whispered.

He sounded just a little breathless.

“Feeling a bit weak, aren’t we, my little prince?”

Harry deliberately teased him a bit.

Draco nodded slowly.

“Mindfuck,” he mumbled.

Harry arched an eyebrow at him.

“Which part of the conversation exactly?”

Draco rolled his eyes.

“All of it, Sir, and you know it.”

Harry smirked but purposefully continued to play a bit dumb.

“Do I now?”

“Oh, yes.”

Harry laughed.

“Have I wrapped you around my little finger then, sweet one? Is my offer of any interest to you?”
“I’m interested alright, don’t you pretend you don’t already know that, Potter.”

“Just making sure, Malfoy, just making sure.”

“Bring it on, Director Potter, I’ll give you sass like you’ve never seen before.”

“Does that mean that you’re planning to fight me every step of the way?”

Draco nodded.


“So full of confidence. When the time comes, we’ll have to do something about your sassy disposition.”

“Give it your best shot, Potter.”

Harry laughed.

“I’ll give it my best smack, my little prince. And while we’re at it, perhaps also a couple of blows and stings.”

Draco swallowed hard.

What had been a curious spark was now desire. His silvery-grey eyes were darker than before, and his pupils were just a little dilated.

Harry smiled.

“Do we have a deal then?”

Draco inclined his head.

“We absolutely have.”

“Very well then, your dry spell starts tomorrow after you get out of bed.”

Draco chuckled.

“Tomorrow is Sunday, Sir. Can we sleep in and make love in bed?”

Harry grinned.

“That depends entirely on how well-behaved you are today and whether you thank me for each blow that’s going to land on your arse.”

“If I get passionate morning sex, I’ll kneel, kiss your feet, and thank you for fucking me, Potter.”

Harry laughed.

“I’ll take your word for it, my love.”

Draco’s Adam’s Apple bobbed as he swallowed nervously.

“You drive a hard bargain, Sir.”

“As you do, my little prince, as do you.”
Draco finished his coffee and smiled.

“Fine, I consent.”

“Smart move.”

Draco rolled his eyes.

“I’ve got brains, thank you very much, Potter.”

Harry smirked.

“I don’t doubt that, but just so you know, by the time I’m done with you later tonight, your brains will be nothing but useless mush.”

“I look forward to it.”

“Good.”

Harry, too, finished his coffee, and reaching for another clementine, he peeled it effortlessly.

“Which brings us to the final topic on our agenda—”

Draco squirmed visibly, and his earlier excitement evaporated.

“Harry— About that…”

Harry smiled.

He ate about half of his second clementine, offered a carpel to Draco, then placed his hand back on top of Draco’s and squeezed it lightly.

“I know. You can have tough if that’s what you really want. I can certainly tighten the reins a bit over the next two weeks, but I don’t think to go all the way and giving up all control would make you happy, my love. I don’t even need to let you try to know you’ll be miserable less than half a day into the game.”

Draco pressed his lips together, then sighed.

“You’re not wrong, but will you tell me how you came to that conclusion?”

Harry smiled.

“I know you, Draco Malfoy. It’s not hard to read you when you don’t hide. You’d be miserable if I told you to stuff the sass. You wouldn’t be able to do it either, and I wouldn’t want you to try. I love your sharp tongue very much, and I’d be miserable having to live without it. You’d probably draw your wand and cast an Unforgivable Curse right at my chest if I told you that you no longer have permission to open doors. No more sitting on the sofa? Naked all the time? I’d put you into chastity for the first month and perhaps even longer. No more looking at me whenever it pleases you? Do you really want me to go on?”

Draco shook his head.

Harry nodded.

“I thought so. Total power exchange means you surrender all control, Draco. Everything. You know
I don’t play without a safeword, so you’d keep that, and I’d respect your limits too, but you’d find them pushed a lot more often. The submission you give me now is so much sweeter than anything the two of us could ever negotiate in terms of you giving it all up.”

They sat in silence for a while, and Harry calmly accepted that Draco needed a few moments to process.

He gave him that time, and while Draco mulled everything over in his head, he finished two more clementines, then got up to throw all the thin orange peel into the bin. He washed his hands in the sink, dried them on a towel, they kept by the sink specifically for that purpose, then returned to the kitchen table, but instead of sitting down, he stood behind Draco. Harry put his hands down on Draco’s shoulders and squeezing them gently, he began to massage the tense muscles.

Draco sighed, rolled his shoulders, then tilted his head back and looked at him.

“That feels so good,” he whispered softly.

Harry smiled.

“I’m glad to hear that, my little prince.”

He massaged a little more insistently, kneading the tension right out of Draco.

“That feels so good, please don’t stop, Sir.”

Draco hummed softly.

He let his head fall forward, and Harry ran his thumbs along the length of the back of Draco’s neck. He pressed the tips of his thumbs to the base of Draco’s skull and massaged the tender muscles there carefully, applying just the right amount of pressure to enable him to untwist the tiny sore knots.

“I won’t stop, my little prince, rest assured.”

Draco continued to hum, though at some point it turned into a little moan.

Harry smiled.

He paused his massage and without removing his hands from Draco’s shoulders, he leant forward and pressed his lips to the shell of Draco’s ear.

“If you really want tough, my sweet little prince, then do this for me. I want you to go to bed early every single night of the week for the next two weeks. No late nights. You’re not leaving the house without breakfast, and you will stop your trial prep to have lunch. You will do so without my reminders or take a spanking for every missed meal. I’m not going to stop you from eating sweets, but I’d like you to come for a walk with me every other evening. I’d like daily journal entries, and I want to know how you feel. And finally, next weekend, I want you to go take your mother somewhere nice. Finish work a bit early on Friday and surprise her with a little trip. Stay away until Sunday night. I’ll miss you, but I’ll spend a bit of time with Teddy, and I’m sure he’ll want to colour something for you. If you want me to be tougher, then those are my demands. Take it or leave it.”

Once he fell silent, Draco shivered.

Harry straightened up and resumed kneading Draco’s shoulders. He applied a bit more pressure than before, and Draco let out a long sigh. He shifted on his chair and remained silent for several minutes.
When he finally spoke, his voice was a breathless, shaky whisper.

“Harry—”

“Yes, my love?”

“Why?”

“Because I want you to be healthy. I want you to sleep well, eat well, and get enough fresh air. Family is important to you, and your mother even though she’s probably going to grumble about you springing this on her, she’ll secretly love it, and she’ll find little ways to show you. It’ll make you happy, and I want that more than anything. I want you happy, full of life, and healthy. You know I care about you and those things are more important to me than you dropping everything you’re doing just to kneel at my feet. Take these two weeks to take care of yourself and know that you’re doing it to please me. Afterwards, we can still talk about me occasionally being a bit firmer with you and making more demands.”

Harry felt the sob that erupted from somewhere deep in the centre of Draco’s body long before he heard it because by the time it had fought its way to freedom it was more of a choked sniff than a proper sob.

Acting quickly and without hesitation, Harry pulled Draco up and straight into his arms. He engulfed Draco in a bone-brushing hug and held him tight, giving him a moment to feel all of his emotions.

“I love you, my little prince.”

Draco hummed softly and buried his face in the space where Harry’s shoulder connected with his neck.

Harry felt warm dampness against the bare skin of his neck and knew that Draco was quietly shedding a few tears. In response, he merely squeezed tighter, and it was only when Draco tried to wriggle free, that he slowly relaxed his grip, and allowed Draco to pull back.

Once he had, Harry cupped both of Draco’s cheeks, wiped his tears away and kissed him deeply.

Draco instantly melted into the kiss, mutely surrendering to its passionate force.

Harry kissed him fiercely and with wild abundance until his lungs began to protest massively. It was only then that he grudgingly broke away from the kiss and smiled.

“I love you, Harry Potter. Your love is the best damn thing that ever happened to me.”

Harry filled his lungs with as much oxygen as he possibly could and smiled.

“I assure you; the feeling is mutual.”

“I’ll do it. A fortnight of wellness will do me a world of good. Especially if you’re planning to edge me repeatedly and we’ll be doing a roleplay scene.”

Harry grinned.

“Sensible idea.”
Draco wrapped his scarf a little tighter around his neck to ward off London’s chilly late autumn breeze. He stuffed the grey scarf firmly underneath the double-layer stand collar of his black thigh-length soft-brushed plaid topcoat with its smooth taffeta lining and bitterly regretted having detached the inside collar before he’d left Harry’s and his house to go to work.

The golden rays of this morning’s autumn sun had looked warm, but that had been nothing more than an illusion. Even after nearly thirty years of navigating Britain’s weather, Draco was embarrassed to admit that he still managed to fall for a bit of bright sunshine and allow it to trick him into believing today might actually be a warm day.

Even now, at lunchtime, and despite the sky being clear and cloudless, it wasn’t exceptionally warm. The wind had scattered golden, yellow, brown and red leaves all over the park’s carpet of grass. Only small patches of green were still visible and bringing the takeaway paper cup with his hot cappuccino up to his lips, Draco took a sip, then crouched down. He wrestled a large stick from Kona, and when she barked in protest, he merely poked his tongue out at her. She barked again and attempted to jump up at him, but Malcolm whistled, and she sat down on her hind legs instead—but looked up at Draco with a pleading look in her great big brown eyes.

*Play with me, play with me, throw the stick already, come on, play with me,* it said, and for a moment it gave Draco pause. He couldn’t help but wonder whether he occasionally looked like that whenever Harry and he indulged in a bit of kinky playtime, and they lost themselves in the thrill of the power dynamic they’d created between them. It was a weird comparison to make, but he knew that right this second, Kona’s entire world revolved around him and that large stick in his hand.

Whenever Harry dominated him, he felt much the same way. Nothing but Harry and whatever toy,
or implement, he held in his hand mattered. Everything else always faded away, became utterly unimportant. The more dominance Harry exerted, the quieter his mind became and the millions of thoughts that plagued him, day in and day out, stopped. They didn’t disappear, but they ceased to matter and no longer held any sort of power over him.

Even without the intense sex and the marks Harry, with his consent, left on him, it was the sweetest and most potent form of mind control, Draco had ever experienced in his entire life. It was addictive and exhilarating, and Draco had no other words to describe the all-consuming rush he felt whenever he submitted to Harry. He loved to obey Harry’s every command and willingly did so without hesitation. He had no desire to question any of Sir’s decisions. In those moments, Harry knew best. He was his anchor and the one person that could provide him with the stability and the confidence he needed, in what was an otherwise uncertain situation.

Kona barked again, and Draco abandoned any further musings about the intricacy of Harry’s and his relationship. Instead, he teased Kona with the stick, then tossed it across what had once been a pasture of green and straight into a large pile of fallen autumn leaves. Barking, Kona chased after the stick and promptly disappeared into the pyramid of dry foliage.

“You know, she’s never this wild when Andrej plays with her. I mean, I’m sure she loves him, but she’s completely besotted with you, and you’re the only one she goes completely batshit crazy for.”

Draco turned his head and grinned at Malcolm.

“I have that sort of effect on dogs,” he said.

Malcolm chuckled.

“You know, I was thinking of letting her have some puppies. She’s about the perfect age now to be a mom.”

“Are you ready for a whole pile tiny Golden Retrievers falling all over each other?”

“No, but I have several ulterior motives.”

“Oh?”

Draco took another sip from his cappuccino and raised a curious eyebrow at his ex-boyfriend.

Before Malcolm could answer his question, Kona returned and placed a thoroughly soiled stick at Draco’s feet. He eyed it with some disdain but crouched down anyway, and picked it up. As usual, Kona tried to wrestle it from him, but he was faster, and tossing it back into the nearby pile of leaves, he watched Kona leap after it with enormous enthusiasm and several loud barks.

Once she’d dashed off, he turned his attention back to Malcolm.

“You were saying?”

Malcolm smiled.

“Andrej and I spent the last few months talking about having a baby.”

Pausing mid-step, Draco felt his jaw drop in response, and it took him several seconds before he was able to shake off the state of stupefaction. He felt a strange sort of shudder trickle down his spine, and drinking a bit more of his coffee, he slowly swallowed the hot milky liquid.
“That’s a bit of a bombshell,” he mumbled.

Malcolm shrugged.

“When Andrej first brought it up, I thought so too, but strangely enough, it only took me a week to warm up to the idea.”

Draco frowned a little.

“And now you want to breed Kona so you can help her take care of a bunch of puppies.”

Malcolm nodded.

“Perhaps a bit of a strange way of going about it, but I thought it’d be safer than finding a surrogate, having a baby, and ending up feeling thoroughly overwhelmed.”

Draco laughed.

“You’ll feel like that either way, I have it on good authority that babies have that effect on you, whether you want them to or not. I might be an only child, but just about everyone in Harry’s extended family has children, and family dinners are madness.”

Malcolm chuckled.

“You’ve been to Hawaii with me, you know what my family is like.”

Draco grinned.

“Don’t remind me, between your lot and Harry’s lot, I can’t decide which lot is worse.”

Malcolm nudged his arm affectionately with his elbow.

“You love it, really.”

Draco smiled.

“I’ve no idea what you’re talking about.”

Malcolm laughed.

He took a sip from his own coffee.

“Sure, you don’t, Draco. We both know that beneath all that icy shell you’ve got a warm heart full to the brim with love.”

Draco lifted his paper cup to his lips and smirked against the white lid, then took two or three small sips in a row.

“Innocent until proven guilty,” he said.

Malcolm rolled his eyes.

“I don’t need to prove what I already know.”

Draco laughed.

“Perhaps not in a park but certainly in a court of law.”
Kona interrupted them again, and after wrangling with her and winning the saliva-covered chewed stick from her, Draco tossed as far as he possibly could and with a loud bark, that echoed through the nearly empty park, she enthusiastically bounced after her current favourite toy.

Once she was off, Draco finished the last bit of his cappuccino and walking over to a nearby litter basket, he threw the paper cup away, then returned to Malcolm’s side and together they continued to stroll across the sea of autumn leaves while Kona frolicked around in the foliage. He watched her for a moment, and smiled, then turned his attention back to Malcolm.

“You and Andrej got serious pretty fast,” he said.

Malcolm smiled and shrugged.

“I feel, he’s the right one.”

Draco grinned.

“Didn’t you once say that about me?”

Malcolm laughed.

“I did try a couple of times, didn’t I? In all fairness though, you always looked at me like you’d rather sever my head off than consider the possibility of us having a real go at it.”

“It would have been a disaster. I think we were always meant to be friends.”

Humming, Draco crouched down and picked up the stick Kona had placed on the ground in front of his feet. He toyed with it for several seconds, looking at it from several different angles, but Kona got impatient quickly and demanded it back with a loud bark. She also prodded him with her wet black snout.

Smiling, Draco tossed the large stick back into the pile of leaves and Kona dashed after it at the speed of light, and as she disappeared into the foliage, she barked happily and loudly. Draco shook his head, then quickened his pace and caught up with Malcolm, who’d walked a few steps ahead, and nudged him playfully.

Malcolm turned his head sideways and smiled at him.

He sipped on his coffee, then bent down, picked up a sizeable golden acorn leaf, and casually twirled the stem between his fingers.

Draco watched him for a while, and briefly took a trip down memory lane, remembering his and Malcolm’s relationship. Throughout their relationship, they’d always had a good time, and like Harry, Malcolm had always enjoyed his sass and his snide remarks. He’d never had a problem with his mask of cool indifference, and occasionally he’d even managed to worm his way underneath it and strip back a layer or two. Back then Draco had been much younger, and the scars from the war had been fresh.

Even though he’d tried to be open and carefree, it had been hard and sometimes damn near impossible to accomplish. Still, he didn’t remember Malcolm ever pressuring him to change or to share more about his past. He’d always accepted him for who he was, and ultimately the only thing that had driven a wedge between them had been the fact that Malcolm was married to his job and worked twenty-four hours, seven days a week.

Sure, they’d tried to make time for each other, but Draco had been determined to prove himself as a
prosecutor and he, too, had found it difficult to let go of his work in favour of spending more quality time with Malcolm. Their month-long holiday in Hawaii had been Malcolm’s attempt to salvage the relationship, but a few weeks after returning home to London, they’d sat down in Malcolm’s front room for a heart to heart. After a very long chat, they’d come to the conclusion that their relationship had run its course and vowed to be friends for life instead. So far, their friendship had outlasted their love affair, and Draco cherished their easy-going camaraderie. Post-war, he’d purposefully lost touch with his most of his Slytherin housemates and had no idea what the majority of them were up to.

Considering the level of attention Harry’s and his relationship received from the press, his old housemates knew more about his relationship than he knew about their lives. The first time the Prophet had written about Harry and him, Pansy’s owl had delivered a short message to the Manor. Apparently, she’d always known that Harry and he would end up together. Draco still remembered scoffing at the message. He’d very nearly tossed it into the fireplace, too. It had taken him months to respond, and once he’d found the time, he’d sent her a somewhat snarky note back, and she’d never answered him afterwards.

Blaise Zabini had been the only other person to write to him. His letter had arrived after Harry’s and his interview with the Prophet; it had been a short handwritten congratulatory message, and Draco had responded within days of receiving it and just like that he and Blaise had rekindled their Hogwarts friendship. These days, Blaise spent most of his time in America and hardly ever returned home to Britain. But he wrote, regularly. His letters weren’t long, but they were honest and kind.

Smiling to himself, Draco allowed himself a moment to recall Harry’s and his one and only official interview. He had very fond memories of that day. How could he not? While he’d been a bundle of nerves about ready to crawl into his closet and lock the door from the inside, Harry had gallantly defended his honour and outright demanded that the Wizarding World respect their private lives.

Reminiscing about the day of the interview was enough to send a pleasant shudder down Draco’s spine, and for a few seconds his knees felt a bit weak. Harry never shied away from being affectionate with him. He didn’t care where they were or who was watching. He wasn’t ashamed of their relationship or his feelings. It made Draco’s chest swell, and his heart beat faster. Not a day went by that Harry didn’t find some way to show him how incredibly special he thought he was. The knowledge that there was someone in his life who loved him this fiercely and without the slightest bit of self-restraint was thrilling and intoxicating.

“Hey you, come back here.”

Malcolm’s words pulled Draco out of his reverie and shaking off his daze, he smiled at his friend.

“Where did you go?” Malcolm asked.

But before Draco could answer the question, Malcolm held his hand up and shook his head.

“No, wait, don’t tell me. I know it. We were daydreaming about your knight in shining armour, Harry Potter.”

Draco rolled his eyes.

“He’s not my knight in shining armour. Anyway, you’re the one with the big news, so, tell me, are you still working day and night or are you making more of an effort to find time for Andrej? My guess is yes, but I’d rather hear it from the horse’s mouth.”

Malcolm whistled under his breath.
“Still sore about that, I see,” he said.

He grinned mischievously, and for a second or three, Draco fervently wished that he could draw his wand and hex Malcolm.

“I’m not even going to justify this idiocy with a response,” he drawled instead.

Malcolm laughed and wrapped an arm around his shoulder, briefly pulling him close.

“You just did; besides you know I’m just messing with you, little one.”

Draco glowered darkly and clenched his wand hand in an attempt to control the itch in his palm.

“Easy there, tiger.”

Draco pressed his lips together.

“I’m more of a snake. I prefer slyness, cunning deceit, dexterity, craftiness, and stealth. I attack suddenly and when you least expect me to.”

Malcolm chuckled with amusement.

“And they let you get away with that level of monkey business in the prosecutor’s chambers?”

Draco smirked.

“Wrong question, Mal. Letting someone get away with something implies they have knowledge of the devilry I get up to. The key is not to let them know. Besides, anything I do is perfectly legal. I’m just really good at fucking with your mind when you least expect me to do so.”

Malcolm nudged him with his shoulder.

“Kinky.”

“Wouldn’t you like to know?”

“Oh, believe me, I know. Although, I’m pretty sure that Harry is the one who does the mindfucking.”

Draco chuckled.

There was a certain gleam in Malcolm’s eyes, and without actually saying a lot, he conveyed that Draco didn’t need be specific about the nature of Harry’s and his relationship.

A little over a year and a half ago, the mere idea of anyone knowing, or finding out, what kind of deviance Harry was capable of, had terrified Draco.

These days, he didn’t care so much.

While he didn’t particularly want his boss or his mother to know, he’d learnt a great deal about the kind of relationship Harry, and he had. He’d discovered a great deal about himself and come to the conclusion that the only people who considered Harry’s and his lifestyle depraved were the kind of people who didn’t understand it. Those who did understand and Draco knew that Malcolm understood, saw nothing bizarre or strange in surrendering to one’s partner’s dominance and enjoying ropes, restraints, rules, control, and a bit, or a lot, of pain.
Still, knowing that Malcolm didn’t expect him to reveal any details about Harry’s and his sex life felt good and crouching down, Draco wrestled with Kona, stealing the stick from her. He ruffled her long fur and petted her thoroughly, then tossed the stick away again and off she went.

As he stood up again, he decided to change the topic. He wanted to know more about Malcolm’s and Andrej’s relationship. The last time he’d met Malcolm, Andrej had been there too, and it had been easy to see that Malcolm was utterly besotted with his partner. On the way home, he’d asked Harry what he thought, but Harry had merely smiled and pulled him into an open-mouthed kiss in the middle of the pavement before telling him that he thought Malcolm was as serious about Andrej as he was about him.

“Did Andrej move in yet?” Draco asked.

Malcolm nodded.

“You could say that. He stays over most nights, and almost all of his stuff is at my place. We’re in the middle of finalising things.”

Draco arched an eyebrow at Malcolm.

It was a silent question, but Malcolm understood.

“I think, if AJ and I are really going to have a baby, I’d like to buy us something in the country. Perhaps out in Surrey. Something with a large garden, plenty of room for Kona to run wild. If she has puppies, I’m sure I won’t want to part company with them, although realistically, we’ll probably have to give a few away. You know me, I grew up on an island. The ocean was my back garden. I want to live somewhere where my kid and my dogs can roam free and explore to their heart’s content.”

Draco smiled.

“Who knew you were such an old romantic,” he said.

Malcolm shrugged.

“I think I surprised myself. AJ knocked me on my arse in the best possible way.”

“As long as you’re happy, that’s all that matters.”

Malcolm nodded.

“I’m beyond happy. Speaking of happiness, you’re probably going to try and kill me for this, but do you and Harry have any plans to make things official?”

Draco sighed.

“Not you too,” he mumbled.

Malcolm grinned cheekily though there was a bit of a sheepish look in his eyes.

“You can’t fault me for asking,” he said.

Draco turned his head sideways and glared daggers at him.

“I can and I will,” he snarled.
Malcolm laughed.

“You don’t scare me, Draco.”

Draco rolled his eyes.

“That’s because I’ve yet to make an actual effort, but to answer your question, no, Harry and I have no plans to get married any time soon, but I promise you, if that changes, you’ll be one of the first ones to find out.”

“Great. I’m looking forward to the wedding. Should be fun.”

Draco groaned.

“I just told you there won’t be a wedding.”

Malcolm chuckled.

“At some point, there will be, you and I both know that.”

Draco sighed.

He arched an eyebrow at Malcolm.

“And why do we know that?”

Malcolm winked.

“I know that because I’ve seen the way you look at Harry when you think nobody’s looking, and you know that because you know the way you look at Harry when you think nobody’s looking.”

Draco snorted and dissolved into laughter.

“Hide behind your amusement all you want, dragon boy, we both know I’m telling the truth.”

It took several moments before Draco managed to calm down completely. Once he’d managed to control his desire to laugh until his sides hurt, he first tossed Kona’s stick a good few yards to his left, then crossed his arms over his chest.

“How do I look at Harry then?”

Malcolm smiled.

“Like absolutely nothing and nobody matters. Like he’s some divine god that descended from the Heavens and made you his. Like his soul is the missing half that completes yours. It’s easy to see when you’ve someone in your life you feel exactly that way about. AJ is my Harry.”

Draco wanted to roll his eyes at Malcolm or mock his ex-boyfriend in some other way, but he couldn’t come up with a single good reason as to why that sort of reaction made sense. What Malcolm had just said was the truth. Whenever he looked at Harry, even if it was only for a second, absolutely nothing and nobody mattered. Harry’s soul was the missing piece that completed his own, and together they made a whole. And occasionally, or quite often actually, he did like to imagine that Harry was some divine being that had descended from the Heavens to claim him, possess him, and own him.

So, instead of making fun of Malcolm’s overly sentimental words, he merely smiled and decided to
share a little secret with his ex-boyfriend.

“I’ll marry him someday,” he said quietly.

Malcolm nodded.

He wrapped his arm around his shoulder and pulled him close, and Draco let him.

“I know you will,” he said, “and I can’t wait for the day you and Harry exchange your wedding vows.”

Draco felt his cheeks heat and averting his eyes, he thanked Kona for her insatiable desire to play fetch with him. As she approached him with the chewed stick in her mouth, he ducked out of Malcolm’s one-armed hug, and laughing out loud, he chased after his favourite dog, promising to outrun her. She looked entirely unconvinced, but stopped, waited for him to come close enough to grab her stick, then barked — without dropping the stick — and dashed off.

Draco closed his eyes and tilted his head up towards the steady and powerful stream of hot water that cascaded down over him. He hummed softly and lost himself in the sensations of enjoying a relaxing pre-dinner shower. He rolled his shoulders gently and licking his lips, he caught some of the falling water and swallowed it.

Several minutes past and Draco remained immobile under the heavy rain of water. He let his mind drift but didn’t settle on any particular thought, then slowly lowered his head and opening his eyes, he blinked, then focused on the swirl of water surrounding the shower drain.

He was only mildly surprised when two strong arms slithered around his waist. Harry embraced him from behind, hugging him tightly, and he felt Harry’s rather prominent erection press against the crack between his arse cheeks.

Harry kissed the side of his neck, nibbled on his earlobe, and biting down, he trapped the sensitive flesh between his teeth and pulled.

Draco let out a low moan.

“Did you have a good day, my little prince?”

Draco hummed in response.

Harry clicked his tongue, and without thinking, Draco immediately corrected his answer.

“Yes, Sir, I did, thank you.”

“Hm, good boy.”

Harry murmured the praise against the side of his neck and kissed him.

“Thank you, Sir.”

Tilting his head sideways, Draco willingly gave Harry better access and gasped when Harry promptly sank his teeth into his neck and bit him hard.

“Ngh.”
Draco flinched at the sudden and intense pain but closed his eyes and let it flood his senses.

He felt Harry’s hands caress his stomach and chest and moaned when Harry pinched his nipples and twisted them.

“I want you, my little prince.”

Draco hummed.

“I’m all yours, Sir.”

“Yes, you are, you’re all mine, mine, mine.”

“Ngh.”

Harry twisted his nipples again, this time with a little more force than before, and pulled them too. He twirled them between his forefinger and thumb, applying just enough pressure for Draco to want to drown in all those sensations. He loved the exquisite pain and Harry’s possessiveness, and he could feel his own cock stir. It steadily filled with blood, growing larger and hardening until it stood up proud, demanding attention. Draco knew his cock wouldn’t be getting any attention for the longest time, but he neither cared nor minded.

Right now, all he cared about was Harry’s touch and his delicious torment. He never wanted it to stop, and he hoped and prayed that it wouldn’t.

Harry didn’t disappoint.

He continued to twist and pull and squeeze his nipples for several more minutes.

“Do you like this, my little prince?”

Harry asked the question after a particularly painful tug, and Draco inhaled sharply.

“Yes, Sir.”

“No, Sir.”

“Beg.”

“Please don’t stop, please, Sir, please. This feels really good, please, please, don’t stop.”

Draco felt and heard Harry’s soft chuckle against the side of his neck and relished in the kiss, Harry pressed against the spot he’d bitten earlier.

“Such a good boy.”

Draco felt his cheeks heat and wondered whether his praise kink would manage to turn them crimson. They were already flushed from his shower.

He felt Harry’s hands move.

They slid up his chest, edging closer and closer to his shoulders, and keeping his eyes closed and his
head lowered, Draco revelled in the sensation of Harry’s touch.

Harry squeezed his shoulders, massaged his upper arms, then ran his hands down to his wrists and pulling them up, he guided them over his head. Draco voluntarily raised his arms and hands up, and when he felt Harry guide him to the metal bar above them, he obediently wrapped his fingers around it and held on tightly.

“That’s my good little prince.”

Yet more praise fell from Harry’s lips and clouded Draco’s mind and senses.

He wasn’t cold, but he still shuddered.

Harry squeezed his wrists tightly.

“Don’t let go until I tell you to and don’t lock your legs, my sweet little prince.”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Hm, good boy.”

Draco felt Harry press a kiss between his shoulder blades, then Harry’s fingers returned to his nipples, and he resumed playing with them.

Whenever Draco thought he’d worked out Harry’s pattern, he changed it up, and the heavy fogginess in Draco’s brain began to increase.

He whimpered softly, lost himself in wave after wave of utterly intense pain.

Vaguely aware of the fact that Harry was trailing kisses down the entire length of his spine, and therefore kneeling behind him, Draco curled his toes against the matt that prevented him from slipping on the wet marble floor tiles.

Harry had reached the small of his back and bringing his hands down to his hips, he squeezed them, then ordered him to push his arse out a little further.

Draco obeyed without questioning him.

He felt Harry’s fingers slip between his arse cheeks and tease around his hole. The tight ring of muscle fluttered in anticipation, and he let out a long moan.

Harry pulled his cheeks apart, and when he felt the tip of Harry’s tongue lick around his hole, Draco groaned.

A shudder surged through him, and his stomach flipped upside down. A whole jar of butterflies tumbled off a shelf, the lid rolled off into a distant corner, and the swarm of overexcited overenthusiastic butterflies fluttered freely inside of him.

Harry licked his hole again, then applied a bit of pressure, though not enough to actually breach and enter him.

Draco whimpered.

His cock twitched excitedly, and he wanted Harry inside of him more than anything else. There was literally absolutely nothing he wanted more. He wanted Harry to fill him, with his tongue, his fingers, his cock, a toy, anything. If Harry wanted to claim his hole and fuck him raw, he was more than
okay with that.

Harry continued to tease his hole, flicking his tongue over and around it and Draco’s gripped the steel bar above his head so tightly that he didn’t need to look up to know that his knuckles had turned white. He continued to curl his toes, and when Harry pressed the tip of his finger against his hole and breached him, slipping just an inch inside, he howled with pleasure.

“Please, Sir, please, please, please.”

“Please what?”

“Please fuck me, Sir, please.”

Draco felt Harry chuckle against his arse cheek, then yelped when Harry sank his teeth into the sensitive skin and bit and sucked hard.

“All in good time, my little prince, all in good time.”

Draco swallowed hard.

He tried his hardest to concentrate on the pain, but Harry resumed licking his hole while slowly fucking him with only an inch of a single finger, which he most definitely did not insert all the way, no matter how much Draco wanted him to. Despite his best efforts, Draco’s mind focused on the pleasure.

He felt Harry’s hand cup and squeeze his balls, felt him toy with the heavy sacs and then rub the palm of his hand over them and along the underside of his cock. Harry’s thumb circled around the head, and feeling his legs shake, Draco shivered and shuddered.

“Please, Sir, please, please.”

“Patience, my little prince.”

They were about a week into their little game and so far, Harry had edged him every single night without fail. He’d fucked him, toyed with him, spanked him and tormented him with anal beads while sliding his fist up and down his cock, but each time Draco was seconds away from the point of no return, Harry ceased touching him and left him right there on the very edge, desperate for an orgasm he wasn’t allowed to have while he either emptied himself deep inside of Draco, fucked his mouth and made him swallow, or wanked until he came all over Draco, splashing rope after rope of white-hot come all over his stomach and chest.

By the end of it, when Draco was so out of it that he could barely tell the difference between up and down and left and right, Harry would mumble that evil little spell that made his cock wilt like a dead wildflower and while the spell did wonders to his erection, and stopped his cock from turning blue and then black, did it absolutely nothing to curb his desperate need to come. He’d begged every night, on his knees with his arms behind his back, but while Harry praised him for being good and obedient, he was relentless and devious and most definitely not in a giving mood.

A small part of Draco wanted to curse Harry and wanted him to feel the torment and unquenchable thirst he felt, but on the whole, he loved the game, and the power Harry held over him.

Over the last week, Draco’s desire to submit every inch of him to Harry had increased tenfold, and he couldn’t see that thrill decrease any time soon. It never really did anyway.

He was hooked, spellbound, addicted.
He wanted more, more, more.

He needed Harry to take him, own him, possess him.

Draco felt Harry’s fingers close around his cock, felt him pump it slowly and deliberately, and groaning, he surrendered to the fierce electrical jolt that surged down his spine and pooled low in his groin. From there, it spread through him, like the fiery heat of uncontrollable wildfire, and he moaned, deeply and without shame.

Everything about this was right.

This was what he wanted and needed.

Harry teased him with his fingers and tongue. He fucked him, stroked his cock, and worked him up until incessant pleas fell from Draco’s lips entirely out of their own volition.

He could not and did not want them to stop.

Harry slowly spread him open, and Draco did not know from where Harry had gotten the lube from, but he felt the slick wetness around his hole, and inside of him.

His hole was loose, dripping wet and his cock throbbed in Harry’s hand.

He pleaded and begged for more, but Harry did not indulge him.

No, he proceeded at his pace.

Draco felt Harry slowly rise to his feet and pepper the side of his neck with kisses before leaving another possessive bitemark.

Feeling his knees shake, Draco latched onto the pain and used it to clear some of the haze from his mind. Harry’s arm slithered around his waist and held him tight, then two fingers slipped inside of him, and Harry expertly found his prostate and massaged it.

The pain, Draco had tried his hardest to focus on, disappeared, and the haze returned.

Panting, Draco moaned, and his entire body shook and trembled.

He held on to the steel bar above his head but was utterly grateful for Harry’s tight hold on him.

A pleasant tingling sensation spread from his prostate through every inch of his groin and steadily intensified.

“Are you close, my little prince?”

Draco whimpered.

“Yes, Sir.”

“Do you want me to stop?”

“No, Sir.”

“Do you want to come, my little prince?”

“Yes, Sir.”
“Will you come without permission?”

“No, Sir.”

“Good boy.”

Draco moaned.

He felt Harry rub his prostate harder, more insistently, and the muscles inside his tight channel tightened around Harry’s fingers.

Harry smacked his arse cheek hard, and the sting brought him back from the edge, but he was too desperate and too turned on for the relief to last longer than a minute or two.

Before long, he was right back on the very edge, and he begged and pleaded with Harry to let him come. The words simply fell from his lips. He had no control over him.

But Harry stopped.

He withdrew his fingers, and Draco’s prostate thrrobbed.

His whole body was on fire and tingled.

He desperately wanted to come. He wanted just one orgasm, something, anything, to make up for Harry’s teasing this past week.

Another harsh blow landed on his arse cheek, and it bloomed.

Draco moaned and focused on the pain.

Another blow.

Then a fourth.

A fifth.

Harry paused, then a series of blows rained down on Draco’s arse, and he lost himself in the sensations, cherished each one.

When Harry paused again, Draco thanked him.

Harry bit his earlobe and tugged on it with his teeth.

Draco winced.

“Please, Sir.”

“Please, what, my little prince?”

“Please, just, Sir, please.”

Draco heard Harry’s devious chuckle.

His arse throbbled from the spanking he’d just taken.

He was still close.
This prostate was thick and swollen.

His cock twitched and bobbed.

“I’m not sure I know what you want, my little prince.”

Draco whimpered.

“Please, Sir, please.”

“Be a good boy then.”

“I will, I promise, Sir.”

“Words mean nothing, prove it, my little prince.”

Draco felt Harry smear more lube around his hole and felt him squirt it into him, then Harry’s cock entered him.

Harry filled him and once again, Draco latched on to the burning sensation of being split open. The pain pulled him further away from the edge, and he fervently hoped that Harry intended to pound his arse and fuck him with wild abandon.

He couldn’t take the thought of being slowly teased.

Thankfully, Harry didn’t disappoint, and after giving him a few moments to adjust, he pulled back and then slammed right back inside.

His pace was harsh, and Draco basked in the roughness.

He felt whole.

“Thank you, Sir, thank you.”

Harry pressed a kiss to his neck.

“Good boy.”

Draco shuddered.

His fingers slipped a little, and he had to adjust his grip.

Harry instantly tightened his hold on him but continued to pound his arse and Draco couldn’t help but look forward to the exquisite pain he’d be feeling all day tomorrow.

“I’m yours, Sir, all yours.”

Draco whispered the words against the wet tiles in front of him. He was sure that Harry hadn’t heard them over the cascading water, but he had.

“Yes, you are. You’re all mine, precious little prince. Mine to fuck, mine to love, mine to take apart, mine, mine, mine.”

“Yes, yes, yes, Sir, yes.”

Draco couldn’t think of anything else to say but yes.
It was the only word that he still managed to form.

Harry continued to fuck into him, claim him, and whisper obscene promises into his ear.

Draco moaned and whimpered and curled his toes.

His muscles clenched around Harry’s cock, and he felt it twitch almost violently inside of him.

Harry was close, Draco was sure of that.

Making every conscious effort to relax, Draco took every thrust, every bite and every squeeze.

He drowned in Harry’s breathless groans. His breathing was harsh and warm and wet and everything Draco wanted and more.

It didn’t take much longer until Harry finally exploded deep inside of him, filling him with his come, and Draco held perfectly still and allowed Harry to ride out his orgasm.

Afterwards, he politely thanked Harry for fucking him.

Harry growled into his ear, squeezed his hips hard enough to bruise, and then pushed two fingers into his arse, rubbing his prostate.

The small walnut-sized nub instantly reacted to the stimulation, and Draco let his head fall forward.

He groaned.

“Please, Sir, please.”

“Please what?”

“Please let me come, Sir.”

“Is that what you want, my little prince?”

“Yes, Sir, please. I want it so bad, please.”

“Do you now?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“And have you been a good boy for me?”

“Yes, Sir.”

Harry’s chuckle zapped down his spine, and his fingers rubbed his prostate harder, faster.

“Then come for me, my precious little prince, come.”

Intense relief washed over Draco and he finally allowed himself to entirely give in to the sensations of the orgasm he hadn’t been allowed to have for the last week. His cock twitched and his arse clenched around Harry’s fingers. His prostate throbbed, and wave after wave of hotness rolled through and over him.

Draco gasped for air and lost himself in the sensations.

Harry brought him right to the edge of the point of no return, then pushed him over it, letting him fall
right down the rabbit hole.

Draco’s orgasm was intense.

It robbed him of his ability to breathe properly, or at all, and his knees gave in.

Harry held on to him and continued to tease his prostate, deliberately extending his orgasm for as long as he possibly could.

He didn’t stop, and it didn’t take long for the burning need to come again to sweep over him.

“One’s not nearly enough, don’t you think, my little prince?”

Harry’s husky voice was right beside his ear, teasing him, egging him on.

Draco keened and whimpered.

“Yes, Sir, please let me come again, Sir, please.”

Harry chuckled.

“You bet I’ll let you come again, my little prince.”

Seconds later, a second prostate orgasm washed over Draco, and he curled his toes and groaned.

The haze in his mind was nearly impenetrable.

At this point in time, the only person who could get through to him was Harry.

Harry’s voice possessed magic powers. It could cut through the thick fog and demand his attention and Draco was virtually powerless against it. He didn’t want to fight it. He wanted Harry to fuck with his mind, the same way he fucked with his body. Every inch of him, including his mind, belonged to Harry, he wanted him to have it all.

“Such a good boy you are, coming for me like that. I think we’ll do it again, and again, and again until your knees give out.”

Harry’s words washed over him just as his third orgasm tore through him and gasping for air, Draco squeezed his eyes shut and let the tears fall.

He wasn’t hurt or sad, just relieved, and crying was his way of coping with it all. He sobbed in Harry’s embrace and let him tease orgasm after orgasm from him, feeling his knees weaken with each climax.

They buckled and shook and shuddered, and when Harry eventually grasped his cock and stroked it while he teased his prostate, Draco delved into another world entirely. His mind disconnected from his body and he floated, watching himself tremble and shake in Harry’s arms as he came one last time. This time, Harry let him have both: one last intense prostate orgasm, and then he made his cock explode, and it shot streak after streak of come over his hand and the tiles.

That was the final straw and unable to hold himself up any longer, Draco felt his hands slip off the steel bar. His knees felt like butter and promptly gave out under him.

He fully expected to fall to his knees, but Harry had an iron grip on him and prevented that from happening.
Barely coherent enough to know what was happening, Draco was vaguely aware of the fact that Harry had turned off the running water.

Silence settled around them and without letting him go, Harry pushed the door to the shower opened and guided him outside. He sat him down on the edge of their bathtub, wrapped him into one of their largest towels and then allowed him to snuggle against his stomach.

Draco breathed deeply and grinning stupidly, he sighed.

“Thank you, Sir.”

Harry combed his fingers through his wet hair.

“Anything for my good boy,” he whispered.

Draco keened.

His stomach chose precisely that moment to rumble, and when Harry started laughing, he chuckled.

Tilting his head back, he looked up at Harry, who smiled, then leant down and captured his lips in a slow and lazy kiss.

“You were perfect, my little prince. Come on, let’s get you snuggled into our bed, I’ll dash downstairs to get dinner. I made us a pizza.”

Draco felt his mouth water.

“Pizza,” he mumbled.

“Yes.”

Harry nodded.

“With plenty of cheese and spinach.”

Draco’s stomach grumbled again, and they both giggled.

“Are we going to have a picnic in bed?”

“Yes, my love. Tonight, that’s your aftercare. And then, if you don’t fall asleep right after, a film. I picked up a couple of DVDs after work.”

“You are the best.”

Harry chuckled, and Draco looked up at him.

“I mean it,” he said, trying his hardest to sound convincing.

“I know, my little prince, and I love you for it.”

Draco smiled happily, and when Harry dried him off and offered to carry him out of the bathroom and into bed, he did not object.
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