With Sprinkles On Top

by DrarryDealers

Summary

When December comes around, Draco starts to go to Harry Potter's Magical Ice Cream Shop everyday, just to say hi and have a scoop or two, he promises. Having a crush on Potter has absolutely nothing to do with it. But, honestly, Harry is not complaining. He thinks the blond's company makes his days sweeter.

Notes

Dear Zigster, we were going for the prompt of Draco needing a place to stay in a cold night when this idea came to me and I just had to write it. I really do hope you enjoy it 'cause it was really fun to write. Merry Christmas!
The first time Harry entered the space, it looked as destroyed as he felt inside.

The Gazania Residence was a very old house in Diagon Alley that had worked as a condiments shop over the many decades it was owned by the Nnamani family, passing on from generation to generation with the African family’s business, until its last heir passed away a couple of months after the war.

Harry entered the space, Ron and Hermione by his side, and sighed. Hermione spoke first.

“Do you think it’s worth the effort, Harry? It’s completely falling apart.”

“Yes.” Except he hadn’t been sure of that at the time. All he knew was that he felt something on his gut when he walked in. The place needed some work, but it didn’t mean it was not worth it. So he bought it, expecting to make something great out of it.

What he certainly didn’t expect was that, a couple of weeks after he opened his shop, Draco Malfoy would come along to thank Harry for returning his wand. Their first encounter had been weird and awkward, a heavy tension still noticeable between them. By the end of their short conversation, Harry wanted to cut the silence, “was that all?”

“No. I came to have some ice cream, actually, isn’t that what you sell?”

“You like ice cream?”

“What the fuck kind of question is that, Potter? Who doesn’t like ice cream?” Draco looked both annoyed and confused.

“You’re right, sorry. I’ll serve you right away.” He answered, dusting his hands on his apron, “Which flavour would you like?”

“That one named unicorn,” he answered, pointing to the blue and purple icecream, “what does it taste like?”

“Bubblegum.”

“English, please?”

“It’s a muggle thing, it’s sweet, children usually love this one.” Harry answered, with a small smile.

“I’d like that one then,” Harry immediately picked up a cup, “with some sprinkles on top.”

Harry stopped dead in his tracks. “With what now?”

“Sprinkles on top, you have that right?”

“Yes, I do.” Harry began to serve Malfoy his ice cream. He then handed it over with a little spoon.

“There you go.”

“How much is it?”

“It’s on the house, no worries.”
“A truce?” Malfoy asked, extending his hand.

“A truce.” Harry answered, shaking it.

They all had come a long way since the first day Harry visited the Residence. They all had been broken and twisted at the time. Three lost causes. Harry worked his ass off everyday to bring the place back to life and in turn, unexpectedly, felt himself come back to life as well. He left Hogwarts and the horrors of the war behind and started what had been the best idea of his life until now: Harry Potter’s Magical Ice Cream Shop. Draco had apparently enjoyed the ice cream, because he started coming by 2 or 3 times every week.

Now, six years after the war, it was safe to say Draco’s friendship had been an unexpected, but much happy, surprise.
Harry turned the sign at the door to "open" without realising that he was still murmuring the agitated muggle song that was on the radio that morning. He walked by the small tables and felt the house wake up all the flowers he had chosen for decoration, he fixed one of the paintings on the wall and smiled as the place got warmer. It was like the house was smiling back at him.

Harry sat back at the front desk and relaxed a little, he knew it would be a couple of hours until the firsts customers started to show up. For some reason he honestly didn't understand, morning wasn't really the best time for ice cream. That's why summer was quickly becoming his favorite season: his ice cream shop would be crowded right at the earlier hours. He would also have to close later at night but, to be honest, he didn’t mind that at all, he loved his job.

"Hey mate." He said, getting up to pour some coffee to Ron, as he did every weekday morning.

"Oh, no time for that, Harry, I can't be late, just came by to say hi."

"Oh right! You have that big case to get to, don’t you? How's it going?"

"Nowhere, honestly. We still have no clues about who the wizards may be. And, Merlin, it's so much paperwork, I can't stand it."

"Why don't we have lunch today? You could fill me in on it."

"Sorry, mate, can't make it today. But come to mine and Hermione's for dinner tomorrow. She'll be thrilled to see you!"

"Sure,“ he smiled, “here, you can drink it on the way." Harry said, handing the cup of coffee to the ginger. Ron searched at his robes for coins but Harry stopped him, "On the house."

"My orders are always on the house, Harry."

"Are you complaining?"

"You're gonna have to let me pay sometime, you know?"

"Sometime."

Ron scoffed, "Thanks mate, see you tomorrow!"

"Good luck at work!"

And then he was gone.

The thing about having your own business was that it got pretty silent sometimes, mostly in the mornings because he thought he shouldn't have his employers come in early to work if the clients only started to come after noon. The only reason he did open the store that early was that he was a morning person and needed something to do.

After the war Harry had had a hard time. He hadn’t known what to do with all the grief and sadness inside of him, so he did nothing at all; until Hermione came to Grimmauld Place some afternoon to find out he hadn't got out of bed in days. Being who she was, she couldn't let it go and, to be honest,
thank Merlin for that, because he probably wouldn't have got up ever again if it wasn't for her hot tea every morning and different schedules for the days. Slowly enough she and Ron moved in with him to Sirius' old house - the three of them cleaned the whole place, they worked at the Weasleys' Wizard Wheezes, and they soon fell into a routine. It all seemed well for a while, but when Hermione went back to Hogwarts and the boys started auror training, everything felt like it was breaking down on Harry again. He didn't want that. He was tired of fighting, he was tired of that house. So Luna took him to a Mind-Healer and that was really his turning point.

It took him months to finally get a grip on his life again, but then, one day, his search for a new home took him to the Gazania Residence. He moved in before deciding what to do with the first floor though. Harry only settled on an ice cream shop when Teddy made a fuss during one of their Sunday brunches at the Burrow because he really wanted ice cream and Molly didn't have it. Ron and Hermione thought it was a good idea too, so he went for it and it was honestly the best decision of his life. His friends had lived in Grimmauld Place for a little longer, until they got a small flat of their own on muggle London. Now, Sirius’ old house stood empty, searching for a meaning Harry couldn’t give it, full of memories of a past Harry couldn’t stand.

Potter went to the kitchen to check on the cream he made last night, he was still experimenting with this flavor and he was very anxious to see if had worked out this time. He scooped a little bit and savoured it but it still wasn’t the right consistency. He thought of setting a cooler spell but restrained himself, he didn't like to use spells directly on the ice cream, thinking it changed the flavor. While he waited, he started on his other recipes, mostly the ones he was running out of stock like Triple Chocolate and Cookie Dough.

He enjoyed mixing the cream by hand, even if it was a lot. It was kind of a therapy, actually. He'd lose track of time thinking about new flavors, experimenting, mixing ingredients together and coming up with names for his originals. It was fun. He never imagined he'd work with food, given that cooking had been a punishment for him as a kid, but maybe that's part of growing up - discovering new things. Changing.

"Hey, Mr. Potter!"

"Oh, hey Lucie, is it lunch time already?" He took his eyes from the bowl where he was mixing the Bubblegum flavor, he loved that it was Teddy's favorite.

"It's half past eleven. Have you been back here all morning eating ice cream, Mr. Potter?"

"I can't say that I haven't, I’m afraid."

Lucie bursted into the most fun laugh, she was a very bright girl. Both her and her older sister had suffered a lot the last couple of years, after they lost both their parents in a potion accident - they were both potion masters and one of their experiments went incredible wrong. Olivia, the older one, was the most responsible person Harry knew, after Hermione, and she'd do anything for her little sister. Lucie would only work on Harry's shop on Hogwarts’ breaks, but she’s been there full time since summer, when she graduated. She says she’s still figuring out what she wants to do with her life.

"Oh, I almost forgot. My sister will be a little late today, she has an-"

"Appointment at St. Mungo's, yes, I know, she's been reminding me of that every day for the past week."

"Sorry, she really needs the job."
"And how many times will I have to assure you both that her job’s safe with me?" Harry rolled his eyes, but he honestly got it, she really needed the job.

"You should really put something more consistent on your system, Mr. Potter." Lucie said, tying her apron on her waist and going back to the front of the store. Harry left his ice cream in the freezer and went upstairs to eat real food in his flat.

By the time he came back downstairs, although the place had expanded to fit way many more people, there weren’t enough tables for everybody, so people either crowded next to the walls to eat their cones and chat with their friends, or they’d sit by the counter if they could manage to find an empty stool. Olivia was there already, working her ass out to make everybody’s orders while Lucie was at the cashier taking everybody's money. Harry couldn't hold back a smile - seeing the place so vivid like that made him feel like he was on the right path.

"Mr. Potter! I need help with the orders, please!" He heard Olivia's voice bring him back from his thoughts.

"Oh, of course." He rushed behind the counter to take the clients’ orders.
Exactly at half past two, when the lunch time rush had passed just enough for them to catch their breaths, but not enough that there'd be a place to sit, Draco Malfoy came in, just like he would, every Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday. Tuesdays and Thursdays were the days his department at the Ministry had more work to do and he would have to take a later lunch break. Sunday was his break, so he'd spend a bit more time at the shop.

"Good afternoon, Potter." The blond said, walking directly to him at the counter. Harry smiled at his forever formal tone and signed with his head.

"Come here." The gryffindor lead them both to the kitchen at the back of the store, a place Draco already knew as well as his own house, if they were being honest, and grabbed a spoon full of his newest creation. He was so glad it was ready on time!

Draco tasted it gladly and took his time deciphering which flavor it was. Harry watched, excited, as he licked his lips and made those weird face expressions while the ice cream revealed itself for the blond.

"Is this firewhiskey?!" He asked, suddenly, surprised. Harry nodded, smiling.

"Do you like it?"

"It's amazing! Where did you get the idea from?"

"Last weekend. Teddy was making fun of Ron for liking the Bubblegum one, so Ron said I should create a more adult flavor. " He answered, using his fingers to make imaginary quotation marks.

"Well, I can’t argue against that. This tastes great, it's sweet but you feel the burn from the whiskey right at the end."

"Yea? So should I get you two scoops?"

"Yea, thanks, with sprinkles on top." Harry then raised an eyebrow at him, but honestly why did he think it would be any different this time? When didn't Draco have sprinkles on top of his ice cream? Chocomint with sprinkles, toffee with sprinkles, cappuccino with sprinkles, pistachio with sprinkles...

"Sprinkles on top of firewhiskey? Wasn't it supposed to be an adult flavor?"

"Aren't the customers supposed to always be right, Potter?"

"Honestly, Malfoy, you make me run out of stock."

Draco had never imagined Harry Freakin’ Potter running his own shop (specially an ice cream one), everybody always thought he’d go out to be a prestigious auror and keep saving the world from evil. Kingsley, the Minister of Magic, had even offered The Golden Trio golden spots at the Department of Aurors. The press went crazy when Harry dropped the training to be a salesman, they printed thousands of articles about it with as many pictures they could get, they talked about where the store was going to be located, when it was going to open and how it was going to work - Potter said he planned on making the ice creams himself, but nobody ever got an interview, nobody
ever got the answer as to why. So, normally, Draco was curious.

He didn’t go to the opening though, there’d be too many people, too many reporters with those big cameras and he had just got a job, people had just stopped looking at him weirdly on the streets, he didn’t want to draw attention to himself, so he waited a couple of weeks for the fuss to pass - although it still hadn’t passed up to this day, if he was being honest with himself. The day he came by for the first time was a Tuesday, he took a later lunch break because he was nervous and kept postponing it. It was the first time they saw each other after Harry had surprised everyone, mostly Draco, when he spoke up at his trial on his behalf. Malfoy imagined he’d be mad to see him at his shop, that he’d think he’d already done enough, but Draco wanted to thank him for returning his wand. They talked for a minute or two, he ate his ice cream, shook hands on a truce and he went back to work, but truth is he couldn’t deny Potter knew how to make one mean ice cream. Also he hadn’t got the answer he was looking for yet, so he came back on Thursday - because Wednesday would make him look desperate. He approached the counter and Harry smiled at him.

“Hi, what can I do for you?”

“Can I get a mapple scoop, please?”

“No sprinkles this time?” He asked, a smirk playing on his lips.

“Obviously with sprinkles on top.”

“You know, that’s not a very good combination...”

“Says who?”

“The person who made them.”

“Well, tell this person that they’re wrong, will you? Sprinkles make a good combination with absolutely everything!”

“Absolutely everything?”

“Yes, Potter.”

“Every flavor I have here?”

“I should say so, yes.”

“Well, okay then, since you’re the one eating it.” Potter shrugged, but rolled his eyes, as if it was simply the worst idea ever so, naturally, Draco made it a matter of honor to taste every flavor in his menu with sprinkles on top and prove it to him that he was right. Little did Malfoy know, though, that Harry was in a little silent competition himself, always coming up with new flavors that would certainly not go well with sprinkles. And so, as the months went by, they got into a routine.

Which led them to the present day, having firewhiskey ice cream at the back of Harry’s shop, so naturally as if they had done it their whole life.

“How do you manage to run this whole shop if you spend all your time sitting here speaking with your customers?” Draco asked, that curious tone clear in his voice. Harry had learned that that tone was the one he liked best, it was the one that allowed them to keep long conversations.

Harry licked the spoon he had just put on his mouth, trying to look nonchalant, “I only speak with you.”
Malfoy raised his eyes to the gryffindor, surprised. The thing about Potter is that he was completely oblivious to everything, so the blond never knew if he said something with a double meaning because he intended to or because he didn’t even realize it.

“I should go”

“Oh sure, yea.” Potter said following Draco out of the kitchen

“Here” The slytherin handed the money for his scoops, but Harry waved at him

“Don’t worry about it, the flavor isn’t even in the menu yet”

Draco wasn’t even surprised. Potter would often give him free ice cream, but he had such a gryffindor caring heart Malfoy thought he’d do it for everyone. It didn’t make him special. So he just nodded, as he went out of the shop “Thanks. See you”
He opened the door at eight-thirty. He wouldn’t have much clients until noon, as per usual. Today, though, he was thankful for the extra time. The start of December meant one thing: christmas decorations.

He went to the back room and looked around for the tree and the boxes full of decorations he had stored away against the wall.

He picked up two of the boxes and made his way into the shop again. He cursed himself about his decision because now not only he couldn’t see anything in front of him but also it was heavy as hell. He heard the doorbell chime as he made his way around the counter, trying not to bump against anything.

He heard a familiar voice say “Harry James Potter, it’s the first of December, where the fuck are your christmas decorations?” He tried to peak around to look at Draco, tripped and dropped everything,

“Uh… On the floor?”

Draco sighed, “Honestly, Potter, are you even a wizard?” Harry looked up at Malfoy, just in time to see him finish his sentence, “Or did you just want to show off your super strength?”

“Why’d you ask?” He answered, scratching his neck.

“Because you could’ve levitated those boxes?” Draco questioned, doing it himself.

“Uh… right, why didn’t I think of that?”

“Still as smart as ever, I see.” He answered, a smirk on his lips but no bite in his comment. He finished putting the boxes away in the middle of the shop.

“Did you come here just to insult me?” Harry asked, in a bitter tone.

“No? I came to have some ice cream as always. Last time I checked that’s what Harry Potter’s Magical Ice Cream Shop was for.” He said, and Harry was sure Draco said the shops’ name just to piss him off.

“Ugh, you’re right. It’s too long, I need a new name for it.”

“When am I ever wrong?” He answered, looking smug.

“Believe me, it happens. You’re just too narcissistic to notice it.”

“I was actually thinking of helping you decorate, but since I’m narcissistic, I’ve changed my mind.”

“Would you reconsider it if I offer you ice cream?” Harry said, pleading with his hands.

“Can I choose the flavour?” Draco asked, suspicious.

“Yes.”

“Does it include sprinkles?”
“Always sprinkles for you.” Harry answered, smiling.

“Okay, let’s do it then.” Draco said, laughing.

Half an hour later they had already levitated every box to the front of the shop and had assembled the 3-meters-tall fake tree. They then took to decorating it, adorning it with hundreds of red and gold spheres, red and white candy canes, ribbon and lights.

They stepped back, looking at it.

“Looks pretty, doesn’t it?” Harry asked, turning from the tree to look at Draco.

“It does.” He answered, taking out his wand from the pocket of his robes, “May I?” he gestured around at the whole room.

“Yes?” Harry wasn’t sure what Draco meant, but, “I trust you.”

Draco looked surprised for a tiny second, but soon enough recollected himself. He lifted his wand and sparks of magic started coming off it, surrounding the whole place. Strings of gold lights started to show up, dangling from every window. The flowers at every table changed into red and green candles, all lighting up one by one at Draco’s will. The shops’ counter got a new flower arrangement, with leaves and pinecones, completed with a red and golden ribbon tying it all up. There were stockings dangling from it and Harry watched as Draco transfigured one of the stools into a little Santa Claus that was trying to climb a rope to get to the top of the counter. Mistletoe appeared on the ceiling at the right corner of the shop, which Harry was sure the teenage couples would love. Soon enough there was soft quiet christmas music sounding all over the shop. A sweet cinnamon scent reached Harry’s nose, and he looked at Draco. He was completely focused, his movements precise but calm, and Harry felt a sense of fondness overcome him, right as Draco did his last spell. Harry looked up and watched tiny little white snowflakes fall from the ceiling, disappearing as soon as they touched anything. He was so entranced that he didn’t even hear Draco call him the first time.

“Harry?” He looked at the other man.

“Yes?”

“They disappear as soon as they touch anything, you don’t have to worry. They’re made of sugar, so they’re really not harmful at all.”

“I wasn’t worried,” he answered, smiling, “the place looks so beautiful, I could’ve never done this. Thank you.”

Draco’s cheeks heated up a little bit, but he coughed, trying to look nonchalant. “It’s nothing. Also, you can thank me with that ice cream you promised me.”

“Coming right up. Which flavour today?” Harry asked, walking to the counter.

“Cookie dough. With-”

“Sprinkles on top. I got you.”
Harry rang the doorbell, hearing footsteps inside the house. He could’ve used the floo, Ron and Hermione obviously always had it open for him, but he’d wanted to take a walk through muggle London. The cold night breeze had felt good after a tiring work day, and he always enjoyed some time alone with his thoughts. Years ago, they haunted him and silence was deafening, but he had done a great job with his mind healer to overcome that, he’d started to see things in a different light. Silence and being alone weren’t bad anymore, he saw them as opportunities to reflect.

The door opened to reveal a smiling Ron, wearing his pyjamas, “Hi mate! I was expecting you through the floo.”

“I had time, so I decided to walk here.” Harry said, stepping inside.

“Some things never change, right?” Harry smiled at that, and Ron closed the door.

“Harry!” Hermione showed up at the kitchen’s door, “I’ve missed you! How was work?” she asked, a spoon in her hand.

“Great!” he smiled, hugging her. “What are you cooking? It smells good!”

“Roast chicken with mashed potatoes.”

“She got home early today.” Ron commented as they all walked to the kitchen

“Really?!”

“Well, I do deserve a break, don’t I?” She answered with a big smile.

Hermione was the chief of her department at the Ministry, which meant she was always busy working a lot, so they relied on their weekly dinners for a chance to catch up.

“That’s what I’m always telling her,” Ron told him, “but it takes you coming over to dinner to make her take some time off. What’s your secret?”

“I’m just a really great friend!” He said, smirking.

“Very modest also.”

“I’m starving!” Harry changed the subject, sitting on the kitchen’s counter. Hermione sat across from him, next to the muggle oven that was roasting their chicken, and Ron walked over to the fridge to get them some drinks.

“How’s the shop, Harry?” Hermione took special interest on the shop because she was still scared Harry would have a breakdown. His mental state after the war scared her and she would be forever worried about him - which was both annoying and incredibly lovely.

“It’s great, busy as always.” He turned to Ron. “I was actually hoping you’d give me another flavor idea, since the firewhiskey one turned out so good.”

“Sure, mate, what do you need?”

“Maybe something more bitter?” Hermione suggested.
“Or sour?” Ron raised his eyebrow, sitting next to Harry when he finished pouring them some butterbeer.

“Sour ice cream?”

“Mione, at this point, I don’t refuse anything,” Harry took a sip of his drink, “remember that you thought the pepper one would taste horrible?”

“Oh, Merlin, it does taste horrible!” She answered.

“But it sells!”

“I love that you named it Gryffindor, Harry. One of your best ideas.”

“Oh, I don’t think I told you. The other day, a group came up for a kind of reunion from Hogwarts, I think.” Harry started. “They thought it was a good idea to order the Hogwarts flavors, so kiwi for Slytherin, blueberry for Ravenclaw, passion fruit for Hufflepuff and pepper for Gryffindor. So I’m watching them ‘cause I thought they hadn’t read the descriptions and the first spoon the guy takes from gryffindor makes him jump off his seat and scream for water! He couldn’t even wait for Lucie to get it, he ran to the bathroom and drank from the sink!”

“Merlin!” Ron laughed. “He will never eat anything with peppers again!”

“That’s so bad!” Hermione cried, laughing as well, “He must’ve been so pissed off!”

“He was! Yelled that he was going to sue me or whatever.” Harry laughed.

“Harry! That’s dangerous!”

“It’s not his fault the man can’t read, Mione.”

“That’s what Draco said!”

“Oh, Draco heard it before we did!” Ron answered in a disdained tone of voice. His friends had made peace with Draco too, when he started to be a frequent customer at his shop, but their schedules didn’t really match so they didn’t see each other as much. Ron never hid how jealous he was, though.

“He’s been to the shop everyday this past week!”

“That’s odd.” Hermione got up to get the chicken out of the oven. “Didn’t he use to go every two days or something?”

“Yea, I don’t know what’s happening.”

“But you’re not complaining.” Ron winked. Harry was not allowed to have another best friend, but Ron was totally okay with a boyfriend.

“He’s my friend.”

“So am I, but you don’t see me everyday.”

“Yes, I do, you always come by for coffee.”

“You have coffee at Harry’s?” Hermione asked, putting the chicken on the table before them. “You already have coffee at home! Ronald, it’s not healthy to have that much caffeine in your
“Hey! Look! It’s food! Who’s ready to eat?!?” Ron screamed with his arms up in the air. Hermione rolled her eyes and started to set the table, but the look the ginger gave Harry meant he owed him for that.
By the middle of the second week of December they had got into a new routine. Now Draco came by everyday, around the same time, but they usually had less time to talk on Mondays and Wednesdays.

Malfoy waited in line for his turn to order, looking around for Harry, but he couldn't find him. The store was a little more crowded than usual at this time, so with just the girls to take the orders, the waiting time was a bit bigger. The blond was so distracted searching the shop for Harry, that he didn't even notice it was his time to order already.

"Hey Mr. Malfoy! What can I get you today?" Lucie asked him with a smile, bringing him out of his thoughts.

"Hey Lucie, can I get a Slytherin scoop, please? With sprinkles."

"Of course, that will be 2.75 sickles."

"Here you go." He then moved to the right of the counter, where Olivia was finishing up with another customer. She smiled at him when she got him his order a few minutes later. He thanked her but didn't move.

"He's in the back, Mr. Malfoy."

"I just came in for ice cream." He answered shaking his head, as if to dismiss her absurd insinuations.

"I know, Mr. Malfoy!" She winked.

Malfoy really liked the girls. They were very observant and kind, they always memorized their frequent customers’ names and their favorite orders, and they did their best to be as fast as possible to make them. Also they really cared for Harry as much as he cared for them, and Draco thought that was quite sweet.

He knocked on the kitchen's door before opening it a little and putting his head in.

"Oh, hey you!" Harry said, opening a big smile at him that meant he could come in.

"I just came by to say hi."

"Well, hi."

"Hello," Draco smiled back at him, staring at those emerald eyes, "what are you working on?"

"Just restocking some flavors. The premiere of the firewhiskey one was a real success!"

"I figured it would be. It's really good!"

"I think it's the winter though. It makes people want something heavier."

"It makes people want something warmer. I don't understand how you don't lose clients on winter."

"But I do, comparing to summer, this shop today is a ghost town."
"On summers you gain clients. But you don't lose clients on winter. It's quite remarkable."

"What is it with you today? Complimenting me?"

"They put something in my coffee at work. I'm actually on my way to St. Mungos, I've been poisoned."

"Oh no, that's awful! Being nice to people must really hurt!"

"It's like fire burning my stomach!"

"You shouldn't try it ever again."

"I'll keep away from my work's coffee."

"You should!" Harry said with a laugh.

"But I really should get going, though..." Draco signed to the door. Harry left his mixing bowl on the table, cleaned his hands on a towel, and followed the blond to the front door "See you tomorrow?"

"I'll be here if you don't die from that poison!"

"I'm going straight to St Mungus!"

"Bye." They waved, as Harry closed the door behind Malfoy, not noticing he was smiling until he saw the malicious gaze the sisters were giving him. Honestly, they loved to play to matchmakers but Harry thought they didn't know what they were talking about. He went back to the kitchen to avoid their questions but eventually the shop got empty, it was the middle of the afternoon break where everybody in the wizarding world would be simply too busy for ice cream. Occasionally a kid would come by with a grandparent, but usually it was empty for one hour or two, until people started to get out of work.

Harry sat on the cashier next to Lucie while Olivia cleaned up the tables.

“Mr. Potter, Mr. Malfoy looked cute today, didn’t he?” Olivia commented raising her eyes from her task to meet Harry’s.

“He looked normal, I think...”

“So you mean he looks cute everyday?”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Mr. Potter.” Lucie started, “don’t you like it when Mr. Malfoy wears his hair like it was today? All slicked back...”

“I actually prefer when it’s messier.”

“I bet he’d like it if you messed it up...” The older murmured.

“Olivia!”

“I bet you’d like to mess it up!”

“Lucie! Oh god. I’m firing both of you!”
“No, you’re not.” They giggled, and Potter really wouldn’t, but damn, those girls had no respect.
A few days later, Harry took the day off to spend time with Teddy. He left the shop entirely in the care of Lucie and Olivia and picked his godson at his grandmother’s house, where he lived, to take him to the park.

Teddy loved to run. Actually, he loved everything that had to do with the outdoors: Quidditch, climbing trees, jumping on puddles… He could play in the grass the whole day and would come back inside after the sunset with dirt all over his body and the biggest smile on his face. He also loved animals; dogs, bunnies, nifflers, dragons, erumpants, he’d had an obsession phase with each of them, and Harry honestly loved to hear him going on and on about his favourite species. The boy would frequently ask him for a pet, he would take literally any pet, but Andromeda didn’t want one, she’d say it’s too much work. So Harry has been considering adopting a puppy himself and let Teddy name it, but he hadn’t come around the idea yet.

Their day started off at the park, where they played an endless hide and seek game that consisted in Harry doing a good job in pretending he didn’t actually see where his godson went. Then they had hamburgers for lunch at a muggle restaurant that Teddy loved, because Harry was, honestly, too tired of running after the kid in the park to argue about him eating healthy. He told himself a burger once in a while wouldn’t kill nobody. Then Potter settled for a more chill activity and took him to the public library.

Teddy liked books, he would get easily entertained by muggle fantasy stories about knights fighting dragons for the princess’ heart or a boy transformed in an elf by an evil witch. The gryffindor read to him all afternoon, story after story while he listened closely and asked too smart questions for his age.

That night, a little after six, after leaving a sleepy Teddy at his house, Harry apparated back to the ice cream shop to help the girls close up.

“You know what? I think I’ll keep it open a little longer. You two can go home!”

“Are you sure, Mr. Potter?”

“Yea, Olivia, don’t worry about it. Thanks for running the shop today.”

“No problem... See you tomorrow, Mr. Potter!”

“See ya!”

He cleaned all the tables and the counter, counted the money and made sure the stock was full. Potter felt kind of guilty for leaving the place the whole day, even if in good care - he was afraid the house would feel abandoned. So he stayed longer, waiting to see if somebody else would come in for a scoop.

When he finally decided it was pointless to keep it open any longer, Ron stormed in, still in his auror clothes and smiling big.

“Mate! We finally closed that case!”

“Oh, that’s amazing, Ron!”
“C’mon now, we’re going to the Leaky Cauldron to celebrate!”

“Alright, but tell me all about the case first!”

“Mate, you’ll never believe the plot twist! So, from the start, do you remember that illegal potion master we arrested last year?”

The Weasley started to talk while Harry closed the shop and set his wards up. They walked down Diagon Alley, side by side, while Ron went into details of how he and his team placed all the clues together and made the perfect plan to catch the wizards on the act. This case had been bothering him for over a month now, their designed team was huge and it even involved other Departments from the Ministry and more resources than auror cases usually got, so it was natural that the Leaky Cauldron was crowded of people still in their work suits cheering with pints, huge smiles seen in everyone’s faces.

As soon as Harry got in, he saw the unmistakable platinum hair. Malfoy was sitting on the bar talking excitedly with a coworker.

“Hey, Ron,” Harry called, following him to a table where a couple of his coworkers were laughing loudly, “I didn’t know Draco was on your team.”

“Oh,” Ron took a look around, “me neither. I don’t work with the Department of Magical Artifacts, that’s usually Seamus. I just get the reports.”

“He never talked to me about it...”

“Well, nobody's supposed to talk about the cases, Harry.”

“You don’t have a problem with it.”

“Which just proves I’m a better friend.” The ginger smirked at him, turning around to the bar to get them drinks. Harry was immediately brought to the conversation on the table and got distracted from the blond head he was trying to catch eyes with.

Draco had noticed him the moment he walked in, though. How could he not? All heads turned to greet him, glasses were raised and screams were heard “Harry! Nice to see you!”. No matter how embarrassed the Scarface would forever get at this kind of reception, that was quite normal wherever he went. But thing is they had never seen each other outside of Potter’s ice cream shop, so this situation was a bit awkward.

The blond kept Potter in his sight, he even nodded when their eyes locked at some point throughout the evening, but he only approached the gryffindor a few too many drinks later.

The new Weird Sisters’ song was playing in the background, it got louder the closer to the back of the bar, but Malfoy noticed Harry humming to it while he waited on the bar for the next round of drinks for his table. Draco leaned over the counter right next to him, not really sure if his head was spinning from the alcohol or the nervousness.

“Come dance with me.” He said next to Harry’s ear.

“I can’t dance...” The man laughed.

“Just come.” Malfoy pulled Potter by the hand, smiling at how easily he went with him to the back of the bar, where the instruments played by a spell and the floor was cleared from tables so people could dance. He lifted the brunette’s arm in the air, spinning him around and then pulling him back
to him. His heart was beating fast, and he didn't even realize he was smiling. His gray eyes were glued to the emerald ones as they moved facing each other, holding hands, half out of rhythm, with awkward and clumsy gestures.

It might’ve just been the drink going up his head, or maybe it was the effect the brunette had on him, but Draco didn't care if he was embarrassing himself in public. Certainly Harry danced worse than him, and yet his laugh didn’t sound any less fun. The Gryffindor grabbed the Slytherin by the waist with one hand and with his other outstretched Draco’s arms in a straight line. Draco took the opportunity to hug him and bring their bodies together, and let the other guide them slowly in a second Weird Sisters song that was too fast to dance like that. Malfoy laughed as Harry tripped over his own feet and cursed him as he stepped on his, but their laughter still echoed together, incessant in the room.

“Is this the beer or you really can’t dance?” Draco asked, in a tone of voice a bit louder than a whisper, as they were so close they could hear each other perfectly even above the music.

“Both.”

“This is a disaster.”

“I think it’s going pretty well.” Potter smirked and that made Draco’s heart melt.

When dawn was so close that it didn’t feel appropriate to call it night time still, the bar was finally closing and people were apparating home, the alcohol in Draco’s system had already evaporated enough that he felt okay to apparate as well, but the same could not be said of Mr. Harry Potter.

“I can walk him home.” He told Ron, that was not in the best shape himself and was set to be taken home by his work partner.

“Thanks, mate,” he then yawned, “do we have to work tomorrow?”

“I’m afraid tomorrow is still friday.”

“Friday is almost saturday, I’m sure we can skip it.”

“Good luck with that, Weasley.” The ginger scowled. They said their goodbyes and went on their separate ways.

Draco made sure Harry’s coat was well closed on his chest because it was snowing outside and took him by the arm, keeping him close to his own body during their walk so he could keep the gryffindor steady. They didn’t talk much, both sleepy and tired, but when they got to the shop’s front door, not too long later, Harry stopped in front of him and opened his mouth to say something. He hesitated, though, and then just shook his head, changing his mind. Their eyes locked once more in that evening, both their lips curved in sincere smiles.

“Thank you for walking me home.” Harry finally said.

“No problem.”

Potter nodded and opened his door. The blond stood there still, watching the man wobble his way to the back of the store, where Draco knew were the stairs to his flat. Only then he apparated home, with this feeling in his gut that he was already dreaming.
It was already the middle of the month when Pansy finally came to spend a weekend at home.

Her model’s career asked for a routine that kept her either in Milan for most part of the year or traveling every week. Her letters and jet lagged floo calls were not enough to keep Draco’s heart warm, and he missed his best friend deeply. That’s why when she owled to invite him over to “drink tea and gossip”, he apparated immediately.

“I cannot believe you’re leaving tomorrow. You just got here!”

“I know, darling, but it’s my calling, what can I do?”

“You can retire.”

Pansy threw her head back, in that hot laugh that only she had “Oh, Draco, I wish I could!”

She poured them tea, with the exact right amount of milk. She brought the mugs to the living room couch where Draco was sitting, and settled down beside him, her legs crossed on the couch, facing her friend.

“Tell me about that boy you were shagging.” Draco said, patting her knee affectionately.

“Oh, he’s in the past.”

“Really? You seemed to like him.”

“Nah, he implied that I shouldn’t pay for dinner cause I’m a woman.”

“Oh no, he did not!”

“He so did! So naturally I ordered the most expensive dessert and wine they had in the menu, paid for it and never answered his owls again.”

“Merlin, can’t men think?”

“Not with their brains, they can’t.” She sighed. “What about you, though?”

“I’m good.” He smiled.

“No gossip to tell me? Aren’t you seeing anyone?"

“Oh, I’ve had a couple of dates, but not anything that lasted.”

“Why didn’t it last?”

“Oh, you know… It wasn’t meant to be, I guess…”

Pansy looked at him with an eyebrow raised and a suspicious look on her eyes, that look that meant she knew something he didn’t. “It wasn’t meant to be or you’re still caught up on Potter?”

“Potter has nothing to do with anything.”

“But he does, doesn’t him? Your dates don’t last ‘cause they’re not Potter.”
Draco sighed “Harry’s an idiot. He says things sometimes that make me think I have a chance, and then he just acts like he didn’t say nothing at all. He gets me so confused.”

She looked him in the eyes. “Just shag him already!”

Draco choked on his tea. “Pansy!”

“C’mon! You know you want to!”

“But it’s not about what I want. We’ve become good friends, I can’t just… shag him.”

“Oh, Draco, what you can’t do is spend the rest of your life waiting for him to notice you differently. You gotta do something, take a chance, and be fucking clear, for Merlin’s sake, the boy is completely oblivious!”

“Are you telling me to confess my feelings or something?”

“It’s possible. Or just learn how to flirt better!” She winked.

“I know how to flirt perfectly.”

“If that was true, you wouldn’t be single, honey.”

“Oh really? What about you, then?”

“I’ve realized life is not just money and men, Draco.” The woman spoke as if she was sharing important wisdom “It is also girls.”

Draco raised an eyebrow. “And how is that going for you?”

“You see, because I know how to flirt, I have a date tonight.”

“Tonight?! What about our night?”

“We’ll have other nights.”

“You’re going back to Milan tomorrow!”

“Come visit me! I have plenty of room, you’ll love my apartment, and honestly,” Pansy held his hand in a supportive way, “Milan is full of hot men you can shag your feelings away with.”

“Oh, that’s really perfect.” Draco answered, sarcastically, but his friend smiled.

Pansy was really something out of this world. He could spend hours just talking to her, without even thinking or stopping to catch his breath. He really missed their nights out, getting ready together, choosing outfits for each other, being her wingman, they had so much fun every time they were together. Draco wished she could stay longer. Life without her constantly present was harder.

But, as usual, she was right.

Draco had been hooked up on Potter since forever, he couldn’t let things stay this way any longer. So he decided he was going to make a change. Maybe talk to him, just, you know, be honest, pour his feelings out. But what if he couldn’t, what if he choked? What if Harry just didn’t know what to answer? Perhaps that wouldn’t be the best idea… So he could sing him a serenade! Except he couldn’t sing. Maybe he could send him a letter? That would make things easier, for sure, but what
if something happened to the owl and the letter was never delivered and Harry never answered him and Malfoy would just think the gryffindor didn’t answer because he didn’t feel the same way, and they would never know?

Maybe he should just stop overthinking it. So Draco went home and wished, to his Christmas tree, that Harry would love him back, the same way he did.
If Draco was being honest (and also a bit dramatic), December the 17th was the worst day of his life.

First, he’d slept in, which meant he had to rush to make it on time to work. Then, when he got there, the department was a mess. His colleagues were walking around, looking extremely busy and he felt somewhat lost until his boss walked right up to him.

“Malfroy, they finally caught the guys from the children’s case. Come with me.”

They had discovered some wizards were trying to steal very rare and expensive magical artifacts, disguising them as children toys. A team of eight aurors had been working on the case everyday for the last 2 months, with the help of people from all the other departments. As Draco was told later, they caught the wizards trying to travel to another european country, right at the portkey office. Draco spent hours and hours cataloging every artifact the aurors had managed to get back, which meant he didn’t have time for a lunch break, and no lunch break meant no time for ice cream, so it was safe to say that by 2pm Draco was already pretty much pissed off.

By 8pm he was as pissed off as he’d ever been but he was also finally finished with his work and ready to fucking go home, have a hot shower, eat dinner and drop dead on his bed.

He apparated thinking of his living room, the warmth of his fireplace and his soft sofa. When he opened his eyes, though, he was greeted by the Manor’s door closed on his face and a thunderstorm. He tried to open the door and escape the rain, but it wouldn't budge. He tried again and got no luck. He saw a flash of light and seconds later heard the sound of a thunderbolt. He decided to try to open the door one last time, but stopped himself when he felt the house’s magic run through him. The manor wouldn’t let him in until it wanted to. He didn’t know why exactly it was doing this, but he couldn’t stay there getting soaked, so he went the first place that crossed his mind.

He apparated on Diagon Alley, right in front of the door to Harry’s shop. The rain and the thunder still hadn’t stopped. He then banged on the shop’s door as hard as he could, hoping Potter would hear him. He kept banging on the door for a couple of minutes until he saw the lights coming on inside the place.

Draco watched as Potter approached the door, wearing his pyjamas, a confused look on his face. Then he let the wards down, and opened the door. “Draco, what the hell are you doing here?”

“Manor wouldn’t let me in. Are you gonna let me in? I’m almost dying of hypothermia here.”

“Come in. Why the hell are you soaking wet though?”

Draco stepped in, looking confused. “Because it’s raining?”

“And you didn’t think to put up a charm to shield you from the rain?” Realization downed on Draco’s face. “And what about a warming one?”

Draco did his best attempt at a scowl while shaking from the cold and looked Potter in his eyes. “Honesty, Potter, it’s been a long day. Stop asking me difficult questions and let me take a shower.”
Harry just laughed. “Come on, I’ll show you where the bathroom is, before you get sick.”

When the blond got out of the hot shower and summoned some dry clothes to wear, he found Harry at the kitchen making dinner. His flat wasn’t too big, the kitchen and the living room were just one big room, separated by a tall counter with some stools. Draco wondered if, with all the friends Potter had, he didn’t need a table to host dinner parties.

“Are you feeling better?” Harry asked, while Draco sat on one of the stools, across from him.

“Yea, thanks. What are you making?”

“It’s a kind of beef with sauce made of sour cream, mushrooms and tomatoes?” Harry served two plates with the dish and potatoes and placed it on front of the blond, then sitting down himself.

“Is it stroganoff?” He said, piercing it with his fork “How do you know how to cook a russian dish?”

Harry shrugged “My aunt used to make it for guests and I had to help her out so I think I learned it.”

Draco took a bite and moaned. “This is delicious.”

“Thanks.” Potter smiled, starting to eat too. A while later into their food, the gryffindor started talking again. “Why didn’t the Manor let you in tonight?”

“I don’t know. It’s pissed at me for some reason.”

“What did you do?”

Malfoy left his fork on the plate. “What makes you think I did something?”

Potter raised an eyebrow. “Didn’t you?”

Draco sighed. “Maybe it’s more likely I didn’t do something.”

“What?”

“I think the Manor is feeling lonely.”

“Oh, your house is feeling lonely, so it kicked you out. Makes total sense.”

“No, you dumbass. It kicked me out to make me change, or to teach me a lesson or whatnot. The Gazania never did anything like this to you?”

“Not really.” Harry got up to serve them second servings. “But Grimmauld Place used to slay doors on my face just because.”

“Have you sold it already?”

“Not yet. I don’t really want to give it away, it’s all I have left of Sirius.”

“We’ve talked about this, Harry, that’s not true. You know it isn’t.”

“I just… I don’t know. Maybe I can do something with the place?”
“What do you mean? Like move back there?”

“No, transform it in something else.”

“Another ice cream shop?” Malfoy smirked.

“I don’t know...” Harry answered in a sad tone, staring at his fork resting on his plate.

“Why don’t you ask Granger if one of those charity organizations she works for needs new headquarters?” The gryffindor raised his emerald eyes at him. “It’s a good way to give the place a new meaning, right?”

“Yes, that’s actually a very good idea.”

“Why do you even sound surprised?” Draco rolled his eyes, but Harry just smiled.

“What does the Manor want you to do, anyway?”

“I think it wants me to get married.”

“What now?”

“I was supposed to already have a kid by my age. It’s just that after Father was sent to Azkaban and Mother moved to France, tradition kind of...lost meaning, I suppose.”

“So you don’t want to get married?”

“No, I do. I mean, no... Maybe. The Manor probably just wants more life around, it’s pretty empty right now, with just me.”

“You shouldn’t get married just because of tradition, though. That doesn’t sound right.”

“Do you want to get married?”

“Sure, someday, when I find the right person.” He said as casually as if he had thought long and well about it. It took Draco by surprise, honestly, so he didn’t answer right away. They finished eating and Harry took the plates and glasses to the sink.

“What’s for dessert?”

“Hm, I didn’t make dessert.”

“What do you mean you didn't make dessert? You invite me over for dinner and don’t make dessert?”

“But I didn’t- You know what? We have a whole arsenal of ice cream just downstairs.”

“Are you allowed to eat the shop’s ice cream?”

“Draco, it’s my shop.” Harry laughed, leading the way downstairs.
The other night was incredible. Harry let Draco get behind the counter and put as many scoops in the bowl as he could fit, with as many sprinkles on top as he could get. They sat on top of the counter and ate while talking some more about their favorite flavors, about how Harry named them, about their friends, or just life, in general. Then, at some point late into the night, when they were both too sleepy to make sense of the conversation, they went upstairs again and Harry showed Draco the guest room - which, to be honest, was mainly decorated for Teddy.

The next morning, Draco apparated home before Harry was up because he was afraid that if he waited for him wake up to have breakfast he would be late to work, since he still had to run home to change. But he left a message, sticked to the fridge, saying thanks for the shelter and the great dinner. He meant to come by on his lunch break to thank Harry in person though, but right when he was about to leave the Ministry he hesitated. Was he going to look desperate and needy? He didn't want Harry to be annoyed that he had already done too much, so the blond just had lunch in his office and went straight home at the end of the day.

He did meant to go to the ice cream shop the next day, though. He was, actually, on his way out of the Ministry and into his lunch break when his boss came to him to ask for the reports from the children’s case he should have handled in yesterday. Fuck. He took them home Tuesday so he could wrap them up, but then he ended up staying the night at Potter’s, and yesterday he was so distracted thinking about Harry he must have forgotten to submit the papers and brought them back home by accident. He tried to summon it but he couldn’t remember where he left it. Damn, he would need to go home to get it.

Harry was worrying that he did something wrong.

“It’s the second day in a row he doesn’t come.” He told Lucie. It was already three o’clock, the place was empty except for a couple next to the window and a family in the back. He was sat on the cashier, while Olivia cleaned the counter and Lucie was restocking the ice cream.

“I’m sure he’s just late, Mr. Potter.”

“Draco Malfoy is never late, Lucie.”

“But, Mr. Potter,” Olivia started, “what could have happened that Mr. Malfoy wouldn’t want to come here anymore?”

“I might have said something to upset him.”

“Maybe you didn’t say anything.”

“What do you mean, Lucie?”

She stopped her chores to face him. “We’ve been telling you to make a move on him for years now.”

“Lucie! Don’t be disrespectful!” Said her sister.

“But I’m just trying to help! Maybe Mr. Malfoy just got tired of waiting.”
“How is that helping?” Olivia put her hands on her waist.

“We’re friends. He’s not waiting for me to make any move, girls.”

The sisters exchanged a look in that secret language they had and went back to their jobs. Harry hated when they did that.

“What?” He asked, but the girls stayed silent “What?!”

Lucie sighed “He has a crush on you, Mr. Potter, and, to be quite honest, you do too. He’s been coming here three times a week for years, you spend almost an hour talking in the kitchen and when he leaves you always have a dumb smile and puppy eyes on for the rest of the day.”

“And in the days he doesn’t come you sigh every two minutes, like you’re miserable.” Olivia completed.

“And this month he’s been coming here everyday, Mr. Potter, and I’ve never seen you happier.”

“Me neither.”

“When he comes and you’re in the back, he gets unseasy, and when he sees you his eyes sparkle.”

“Yours do too! And sometimes you just stay still, staring at each other’s eyes like you’re in some kind of transe.”

“And then you won’t hear us calling you.”

“I honestly can see the fireworks behind you two.”

“And the sexual tension, Merlin!” Potter’s eyes widened at the comment.

“I mean, it’s true, Mr. Potter. You can’t deny it.” Olivia shrugged. But Potter could deny it, he never noticed any of that.

“Alright, girls, you’re dismissed for the day.” He said a few minutes later.

“Mr. Potter, I’m so sorry, we didn’t mean to-”

“No, Olivia, it’s okay, I promise. I’ll just close early.”

“Are you sure? We can run the shop for you, if you want to take the rest of the day off.”

“No, you girls take the rest of the day off. Go christmas shopping, buy me a gift.”

“Alright, Mr. Potter” Lucie said, walking with her sister to the back of the shop, so they could get their things. But Harry heard her whisper to Olivia. “I think he’s heartbroken.”

He wasn’t sure if she meant Malfoy or himself. But if he was being honest, he did kinda feel heartbroken. It was like part of his routine was missing.

Not long after that, the couple and the family were gone and the store was empty. He turned the sign on the front door from “open” to “closed” and took his time cleaning everything up, the muggle way. He knew Olivia had done it already and he had no preference for the muggle way over the wizard one, but he needed something to get his mind around things. He really did hope he hadn’t done anything to upset Draco or mislead him or risk their friendship, he really cared for him.
Malfoy was there almost everyday, sitting on the same stool, ordering always a different flavor with sprinkles on top, giving him the same smile. And these past weeks have been intense, without a doubt. He loved seeing him everyday, even if it was just for a few minutes, it made everything better, and that day at the bar, their bodies dancing so close, the blond’s pale skin contrasting with his darker tone, Draco’s cold nose rubbing on his warm neck, and also the other night, after dinner, when Draco kept smiling at him, and Harry’s heart kept beating too fast.

Potter wondered if he had thought of Draco so much he ended up summoning him, because the blond just stormed in at some point throughout Harry’s daydreams.

“I’m sorry I’m late.” He said, out of breath. His hair was messy and his clothes were ungainly and his face was red, as if he had ran his way to the shop. “I forgot my reports at home and I just couldn’t find them because the Manor vanished them and then it wouldn’t let me out! The house literally locked all doors and windows, do you have any idea how many windows the Manor has? And I tried them all! But I couldn’t get out so I had to literally sit on the floor and talk to THE WALLS to try and understand what the hell was going on! And I was right, by the way, the house is lonely and dark and too dusty and it wants me to change the situation somehow, to bring people in, to marry and have kids running around and filling it with life but the whole time I was there, talking to a fucking wall, I just wanted to be here, I just-”

He just wanted to be with Harry. That’s what he wanted to say. But he hadn’t stopped to look around or, for Merlin’s sake, think before throwing all of that on the man, so he didn’t realize Potter was dead still in the middle of his empty shop holding a fucking muggle mop and smiling at him. The brightest, biggest, warmest smile Draco had ever seen on his face. The emerald eyes were shining at him and Malfoy chickened out. He couldn’t say something and risk losing that smile. Fuck Pansy’s advice, he would have to shag his feelings away with Milan boys after all.

“Do you want some ice cream?” Harry asked, finally.

“Yea.”

“Which one?” The gryffindor asked, walking behind the counter, and watching Draco sit on the same stool he always did.

“Hm, the tangerine, please.” Harry then nodded and got him a scoop of the orange ice cream, pouring sprinkles on top and handing it to the blond.

“I thought you weren’t coming.”

“I got stuck in the Manor.”

“So I’ve heard. You didn’t come yesterday as well.”

“I thought it would be too much, after me practically forcing you to take me in the night before.”

“It wouldn’t. I love the company.”

“I’ll keep that in mind.” They exchanged a smile and Harry noticed they had been staring at each other for far too long. Was it the transe Lucie had mentioned earlier? As if reading his mind, Draco asked “Where are the girls?”

“Ah, I sent them on Christmas shopping duty.”

“Oh, yea, I should do that too.”
“Me too, we could do it together then. Saturday after lunch?”

“Yea, absolutely.” Malfoy smiled, but inside he was freaking out. *Was that a date?* “I should go. The Manor made me lose a day of work.”

“Oh, good luck then.”

“Thanks, I’ll need it.”

Harry stayed there, behind the counter watching the slytherin walk out the door and out of his sight. Then he realized he was still smiling.

And then it hit him.

“Oh my God, I really am in love with Draco Malfoy.”

And he just had to do something about it.

The next day Draco walked in the Harry Potter's Ice Cream Shop that afternoon a little earlier than usual because he didn't want Harry thinking he wasn't coming today. It was a sunny day, so the snow on the streets was melting and people were wearing one less layer of clothes, and that seemed to had been enough for everybody to think it was a perfect day for ice cream. But he waited in line patiently, reading the menu and trying to decide what he was going to get.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Malfoy, what can I get you?"

"Hi Olivia, can I please get one cappuccino scoop with sprinkles?"

"Oh, we're out of sprinkles today."

"What do you mean you're out of sprinkles?"

"We're out of stock."

"That's not possible. Where's Potter? I'm gonna make him make some sprinkles right now."

"Mr. Potter is not here today."

"What?" He said a little higher than he intentioned "Has the world turned upside down, Olivia?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Malfoy. All I know is that Mr. Potter sent us an owl last night asking us to run the shop today because he was going on a business trip and that we had ran out of sprinkles."

"A business trip?"

"He should be back tomorrow. Why don't you come by?"

"Oh, I will come by tomorrow, absolutely!" He said, pissed, getting out of the line "And your boss better give me my ice cream for free tomorrow!"

"Won't you want your ice cream now, Mr. Malfoy?"

"Without sprinkles? What's the fun in that, Olivia?"
Saturday the 21st Draco arrived at the shop quite pissed. It was the day they were supposed to go Christmas shopping together and if Harry wasn’t there he’d never forgive him. And honestly, while he turned a corner and saw people getting close to the Ice Cream Shop and leaving the door with angry faces, his blood boiled. But the door had a different sign today. It said “CLOSED to everybody but Draco Malfoy.”

“What the actual fuck?” He murmured before stepping in.

The place had two new counters, but instead of ice cream they were filled with other sweets and biscuits. One of them only had sprinkles of different shapes and colors Draco had never seen in sprinkles before. The christmas decoration they had put together was still there, but the snowflakes Draco had charmed to fall from the ceiling were now chocolate sprinkles. The place was also brighter than usual, but the slytherin didn’t know where the extra light was coming from, it felt like the house was happier, warmer.

“Hi.” Potter said coming from the kitchen. “I thought I heard someone coming in.”

“What is all this?”

“Oh, this, well…” He looked around as if he had just noticed the changes, “I was just wondering if, maybe, you’d like to… you know, if you’d like to go on a date? With me?”

“You made all of this just to ask me out?”

“I mean, this would be the date already.” Harry looked down, nervous. “I didn’t wanna risk you saying yes and then canceling… Or saying no.”

“Where the fuck were you yesterday anyway?”

“Hm, getting the sprinkles.” Potter gestured to the new counter. Draco shook his head in disbelief. “Will you, though?”

“Will I what?”

“Go on a date with me.”

Draco merely sighed, a smiling trying to form on his lips “Obviously, Potter, get me some ice cream already.”

The gryffindor had decorated the place as colorful as he could, he had asked the Residence to get really warm and he placed a picnic towel on the floor, so they could sit down and eat together. They ate so much, actually, that Harry layed down, at some point, with his hands on his stomach.

“I think I ate too much.” He cried.

“There’s no such thing as too much ice cream.”

“You’re a kid, you know that?”

“If I’m a kid because I know how to appreciate the good things in life, you should rethink your
priorities, Potter.” Malfoy said in a superior tone, before he got some sprinkles out of the box they placed between them in his finger and licked it.

Harry rolled his eyes and murmured “Such a kid.”

“Can I ask you a question?”

“Yea, go ahead”

“Why did you give up auror training to open an ice cream shop?”

Potter turned his face to the blond. “Where’s this coming from?”

“I’m just curious. You never told me.”

“How long have you been curious?”

“Will you answer me?”

Harry turned his head back to facing the ceiling “I never wanted to be the Chosen One, I never wanted to spend my life fighting evil. That was forced on me.”

“But I remember in school you took the classes to become an auror.”

“Yea, because Ron was going to become an auror and that was all I knew at the time. That’s why I even started the training, but then I felt suffocated, I guess, like I’d be forever stuck in that cycle.”

“But why ice cream, then?”

“Oh that was just an idea that worked out. It could have been anything.” He then turned to face the other man again. “But I suppose nothing happens randomly, maybe if it was anything else you wouldn’t have become a frequent client.”

“Maybe...” Draco leaned on his arm so that part of his body was above the brunette and their faces could come closer. “But I don’t think I would be able to stay away from you for too long.”

“Thank Merlin for that.” Harry brought his hand to the blond’s neck and pulled him even closer, finally joining their lips in an intense kiss. It was as if they had done it thousands of times already. Their mouths came together like lost parts of the same puzzle, their tongues moved as if they were already intimate. Malfoy pulled Harry up and wrapped him around his waist until the Gryffindor was sitting on his lap. He sank his hands into that naturally messy hair as he felt the other man's hands run down his chest. The brunette soon lowered his mouth to that long pale neck, lightly rubbing his cold nose over him, interspersing the gesture with kisses and hickeys. By the time their mouths came together again, the craving had subsided enough for them to notice the sweet taste from their mouths thanks to the ice cream, which made Draco smile in the middle of the kiss.

“You taste like strawberry.” He said when they separated just enough to catch their breaths.

“You taste like sprinkles.”

And they were soon back to it, because Harry could not, honestly, believe he spent all his life not enjoying the insatiable, voracious, amazing feeling that Draco’s kiss brought to his heart.
"Hey, mate." Said Ron coming out of the floo on Harry's flat.

"Hey, what are you doing here?"

"Hi, Harry!" Said Hermione, just following the ginger. They both came to sit on the kitchen, as Harry was finishing putting the turkey on the oven.

"We came to convince you to spend Christmas eve with us at the Burrow."

"I really can't mate, Draco is coming over."

"There's no problem if he comes along" Answered Hermione.

"I know, but I don't think he'll be comfortable there just yet."

"Just yet?" She raised an eyebrow.

"Well, I suppose he'll eventually have to go, right?" Harry smiled at them. "Meet my family."

"Oh, Harry," Mione sighed happily, coming next to him for a tight hug, "I'm so glad you're happy!"  

"Yea, mate, haven't seen you smile that much in a while." Ron also came closer for a group hug. Harry felt cozy in that embrace. His friends were the best thing that happened in his life and he was so incredibly thankful for them. They separated after a few minutes and giggled awkwardly back to their seats.

"Oh, before I forget, Harry," Hermione got some papers out of her bag, "here I have all the information of those organisations you asked me about. The one I think is the best fit is at the top, but you should take your time reading it all. It's very important."

"Thanks, Mione, I'll get to it as soon as possible."

"It's a very good idea, mate, transforming Grimmauld Place into an orphanage."

"Thanks, Ron. It was actually Draco that gave me the idea."

"See, I always liked that bloke!"

Hermione slapped him on the arm. "Don't be ridiculous! Even after we all made peace, you've never said anything but dirt about him!"

"Hermione, let me be a supportive friend, for Merlin's sake!" Ron murmured, rubbing his sore arm after her punch.

Harry laughed. "It's alright. Ron was just worried Draco would take his place as my best mate."

"And I'm much happier with this new arrangement, Harry." The ginger nodded.
Dinner was delicious, honestly. Malfoy would never believe Harry was such an excellent cook if he hadn't tasted it himself.

"Do you cook for the Weasleys too? On christmas?"

"Molly would never let anyone cook besides her. We are allowed to peel potatoes, but that's it." Harry took a bite of his food. "What about you? How do you usually spend christmas?"

“If Pansy’s home, I’ll go over to her family’s party, sometimes the Ministry’s party is on christmas eve, but otherwise I’ll just stay home and go to bed early, like any other day.”

“Don’t you have any traditions?”

Draco took a moment to think, while chewing. “Well, when I was a kid, I would eat with my parents and then we’d sit next to the fireplace and Mother would sing for us.”

“That sounds lovely.”

“It was.”

“Do you miss her?”

“I do. I really don’t understand the need the women in my life have for living abroad, but, well, I think Mother is happier in France. England had too many memories she couldn’t stand.”

“Yea, I get that.”

“Don’t tell me you’re thinking of moving abroad too!”

“No,” Harry laughed, “but would you come with me, if I was to move?”

“I would have to consider it.” Draco said, but in his heart he knew he wouldn’t have to think twice.

Draco wanted to ask more about the Weasleys, he knew they were Harry's family, but he also knew Harry had abdicated from their christmas eve together so he could spend it with him. The blond was very glad for that, and he didn't want to start asking questions and end up making Potter regret it, so he changed the subject and asked about the lastest Daily Prophet instead, and so they talked excitedly through all dinner.

"Anyway, dessert?"

"Sure, what you got?"

"Ice cream, obviously." Harry rolled his eyes and got up, taking their plates to the sink and opening his muggle freezer. Draco thought he would get an ice cream pot out and they would eat there, maybe in front of the fireplace, just really cozy, but instead he got a jar of eggnog and walked to the front door. “Can you get the glasses, please?”

"Where are you going?"

"Downstairs?” Harry said in a confused tone. Oh, of course he would be that extra, it wouldn't be Harry if it was any different. So Draco just got the glasses and rolled his eyes, following Harry down the stairs to the shop.
"Is this going to be a thing, now? Having ice cream from your storage?"

"Sure." Harry used his free hand to turn on the lights when they got to the first floor. "Let's make it our Christmas tradition."

Potter kept walking, he left the jar of eggnog on a table and then went behind the counter to get them bowls and spoons, and also the package of sprinkles, but Draco stayed a little behind. Did he just hear what he thought he heard? Was it going to be just like this next year, was that the plan? Or Harry didn't even noticed what he said?

"What's wrong?" Harry asked when he finished bringing everything to the table, while Draco still stood next to the stairs.

"I just... I can't really believe this is happening."

"What? Us having ice cream?"

Malfoy smiled as he walked over the gryffindor, incapable of putting his feelings into words. He shook his head and kissed Harry on the cheek.

"Nevermind, let's have dessert."

Harry got them ice creams, with lots of sprinkles and Draco poured them eggnog. They sat on top of the counter, just like the other night, and drank.

"Harry James Potter, did you mix firewhiskey with eggnog?"

Potter merely smirked and raised his glass. "To new christmas traditions!"

That drink turned out to be really strong because after they emptied the jar, Draco wasn't really sure he could get down from the counter without falling, even though it wasn't even that tall. They'd been laughing for a few minutes now, but the blond couldn't remember what they were laughing about. All he knew was that Harry had been looking at him the whole night as if he was just the most precious thing in the world, and that made Draco's heart melt. He loved how easily they could talk, how comfortable they were with each other and how he could feel the love. Well, maybe it was a bit too soon to call it love, he didn't really know how Harry felt, but then he caught sight of the Christmas tree and remembered the wish he made to the one at the Manor. It might not be love, but it was definitely something, and it was strong. He could see it in Harry's eyes and feel in his gut.

"Thanks, Christmas Tree." He said, out loud.

"Why are you talking to a tree? It's not even a real tree"

"Because it made my wish come true."

"What did you do to my tree?" Potter's voice was dragged, given how drunk he was.

"I wished for you."

"That's quite creepy, don't you think?"

Draco opened his mouth to answer but Harry decided in that moment that he was getting down from the counter. Unfortunately he couldn't keep his balance and almost fell. Draco jumped out of
the counter as well to help but all he did was push the gryffindor accidently, who staged a little and then tripped on his own foot. Before they could understand what was happening, Harry tried to get hold of Draco's hand, but ended up making him fall over him.

With both laughing too hard and with their heads spinning too fast, it took them a fair while to figure out they were under the mistletoe.

"It's enchanted, you know?" Draco whispered. "We can't get out of here unless we kiss."

"Oh then we have a paradox." Harry answered in a serious tone. "You see, I really want to kiss you, but I don't mind at all being here with you for a while."

Draco smirked. "Really? What a bummer."

"I know, right?"

"I guess we'll just have to stay here until we get tired of it and then we kiss." Draco rolled over, hugging Harry and bringing him as closer as possible to his body. The gryffindor placed his head on the blond's chest and breathed in.

"You smell good." But Draco wasn't listening anymore, he was already fast asleep.

On Christmas morning they both woke up with the sunlight on their faces and their backs hurting.

"I will never, ever, in a million of years sleep on the floor again." Malfoy complained, sitting up.

"Oh fuck!" Harry screamed, staring at the christmas tree. "I forgot to buy you a gift!"

"It's okay, Harry. I told you yesterday," he pulled the man to sit next to him and looked him in the eyes, "I already got what I wished for."

"I'm sorry, but you'll have to repeat what it was, I don't really remember much from last night."

"You, you dumbass. I wished for you." Draco said in an annoyed tone, rolling his eyes. Then he caressed Harry's cheek with the tip of his cold fingers "Now, do kiss me so we can get out of this mistletoe and get some breakfast, will you?"

Chapter End Notes

Thanks so much for reading, hope you enjoyed it!

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