

## Slammed

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## Slammed

by [Faith Wood \(faithwood\)](#)

### Summary

Potter develops a worrying habit of randomly wall-slamming Draco all over the castle.

### Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

The first time it happened, Draco had nearly suffered a heart attack. Which was understandable. Anyone would have been terrified to see Harry Potter, Defeater of Dark Lords and Basilisks and Dementors, walking towards them with that determined glint in his eyes, like he had just been told he needed to save the world again and he was ready to blast every obstacle that was daft enough to block his path.

And Draco was not daft. One look at Potter's expression had him stepping aside and looking over his shoulder to see which unfortunate soul had earned Potter's ire and would now be crushed into dust.

But there was no one standing behind Draco. The corridor was empty and Potter kept coming, like there was a fire-spitting dragon standing right there in Draco's place and Potter meant to strangle it with his bare hands.

For one tiny second, Draco considered holding his ground and retaining an air of dignity, because Potter had no *reason* to be cross with him. Because Draco had been *so* careful. Careful to smile at the right people and frown at the wrong people, careful to greet Hufflepuffs with a cheerful "Good morning," and pick up dropped books, even if the student who had dropped them was a bushy-haired Muggle-born, or worse, a ginger blood traitor. Why, Draco had even decided that should he ever go to the Muggle world (which was, admittedly, unlikely, but one never knew) and see an old

lady attempting to cross the street, he would, indeed, help this hypothetical Muggle cross it and risk being hit by one of those ridiculous metal contraptions, which looked like ugly carriages and were presumably pulled by invisible — and obviously stolen— wizard horses. And he had told Blaise as much, very loudly, and Potter had been standing nearby at the time, so he must have heard Draco say it. So *really*. Whatever Potter thought Draco had done, he was clearly wrong and this was a misunderstanding.

Except, sometimes Draco didn't *see* Potter lurking about and then he had possibly said some things that might have insulted Potter's delicate sensibilities and, if this were the case, then it was likely too late to plea "reformed Death Eater, unjustly bullied and innocent."

It was time to do what Slytherins did best, which was surviving at all costs.

Draco spun around and ran.

As far as plans went, it was a decent one, but perhaps not when one was being chased by Defeater of Dark Lords and Basilisks and Dementors, because obviously if you defeated all those impossible odds, you were probably really, really fast.

Which Potter was. Fast and unreasonably strong for such a thin, wiry creature, and Draco found himself flying back and around, and was then slammed against the bumpy stone wall with Potter's fingers curled around his hips.

If his breath hadn't been knocked out of him, Draco would open his mouth and wax poetic about his innocence, but he had only managed to open his mouth, which was apparently all Potter needed to implement his vicious plan, clearly meant to murder Draco by way of asphyxiation.

It was odd, Draco acknowledged, that Potter should try to do him in by kissing him senseless, but on the other hand, it *was* working, so Draco did not worry about Potter's strange methods as much as he worried about the end result. His vision darkened and stars danced in front of his eyes, and there was no air to be found in Draco's proximity, only Potter's lips and tongue, and sweet scent of shampoo, which was possibly as deadly as Potter's kiss. Potter's shampoo *had* apparently murdered Potter's hair and turned it into a permanent, hopeless mess, after all. Who knew what other horrid things it could do?

Potter stepped back — much too soon, as Draco was still alive — and then turned and left, possibly arrogant enough to believe that he was just *so* good at defeating evil that Draco would simply fall down and die.

Draco survived, however, just to spite him, and by dinnertime, he was actually able to breathe properly again and even walk on reasonably steady feet.

Potter stared at him from the Gryffindor side of the Great Hall, smiling in a distinctly creepy way that gave Draco rather disturbing dreams that night.

\*

The second time it happened, Draco was just about to exit the boys' bathroom on the third floor. Instead, he was slammed against the tiled wall and kissed senseless for so long his lips were beginning to tingle and his knees threatened to turn to jelly.

He should have expected it, perhaps. Potter was known for his inability to give the fuck up.

"Mmm," Potter said, body pressing even closer, intent on crushing Draco between himself and the wall. And then, without warning, he attacked Draco's neck with his lips and teeth, and Draco

realised that Potter was, in fact, a vampire and was surely after Draco's blood. He certainly sucked on Draco's skin hard enough.

Which was actually kind of nice. Which additionally confirmed Draco's theory, as vampires were likely to suck you dry and make you *like* it; that was their most cruel power.

Potter must not have been very hungry, however, as he pulled back eventually and then drew a sharp breath, blinking at Draco and licking his lips, which were not bloody, so the vampire theory was quickly abandoned and replaced by another: Potter, Draco decided, was possessed. This theory seemed much more likely, especially after Potter smiled at him, as though he didn't just *ravish* Draco, then ran a hand through his black hair in a sweet, innocent sort of way, and then turned around and fled.

Draco resolved not to let Potter catch him off guard again.

\*

The third time, Potter slammed him against a tree.

Draco thought he was safe. There were students on the grounds, many of them. It was broad daylight, too. None of that stopped Potter, however. He simply walked over, pushed Draco against a tree and kissed him. And would not stop kissing him, even after several students gasped, one of them screamed — Weasley, possibly — and the Giant Squid seem to splash its tentacles louder in the lake, as though excited by the display.

Potter kissed Draco's lips, his jaw, his neck. Not even his earlobes were spared. Draco had to confess that Potter had impressive talent for squirming in just the right way, making sure his thigh was pressed tightly against Draco's crotch and his hips rolled in the most perfect rhythm that kept Draco immobile, despite his best efforts to convince himself to just push Potter away.

Potter breathed hotly against the skin of Draco's neck for several long, dizzy moments and then pulled away.

"See you later," Potter threatened with a smile and then ran back to the castle.

Students stared at Draco with wide eyes and he self-consciously straightened the wrinkles on his shirt.

This situation was getting out of control. Something had to be done.

\*

Nothing could be done. Draco had tried. He *really* did. He was determined to stay close to his friends and avoid Potter as best as he could.

But there were times when Pansy said she wanted to go outside, and Blaise insisted they should go to the library, and Goyle begged them to go to the kitchens, and Draco just didn't *feel* like going anywhere. Claiming he had forgotten something in the Potions classroom and they should all go on ahead, and he would catch up with them soon seemed like a much better idea.

And, of course, after he had said that, he had to *linger*. Walk around a bit, staying close to the Potions classroom in case one of his friends decided he was lying and returned to check.

Draco simply had no choice. He had to risk it. Risk Potter showing up — which he was likely to do, since they had Potions class together — and risk Potter dragging him to a dark corner and

kissing him until Draco forgot his own name and those tricky skills such as walking and breathing properly.

But well, at least Potter wasn't trying to murder him; that much was clear. He simply wanted to steal the remnants of Draco's sanity, which Draco supposed was a small price to pay for his sins, so he might as well let Potter punish him in the way he saw fit.

Draco was sort of getting used to it, anyway.

\*

With all this kissing, Draco had forgotten one important fact. He had forgotten how annoying Potter could be.

There Draco was, hovering near the Transfiguration classroom, and Potter was nowhere to be found, even though he was normally always there at this time of day, kissing Draco senseless.

It was disconcerting. Draco had no way of knowing when and where Potter would finally show up. And he kind of liked knowing that before he was slammed against a random hard surface.

Draco actually had to waste his precious time on looking for Potter. He had to shake a few Hufflepuffs and threaten a few Gryffindors, and only then he found out that Potter had abandoned him in favour of getting hit in the head by a Bludger during Quidditch practice.

Which sounded suspicious, really, because Potter was not supposed to be that careless. His right to get hit by a random Bludger had been revoked when he had so spectacularly defeated the Dark Lord.

So Draco had to make sure people were telling the truth by visiting Potter in the hospital wing in the dead of night.

Potter was indeed there, sleeping soundly, his black hair even blacker against the white pillow and his face even paler in the moonlight.

As far as conclusive evidence that Potter had been injured went, this was it, but... There was a certain amount of kissing Draco was accustomed to, and he didn't get it today, so it was only *reasonable* to lean in and press a quick kiss to Potter's lips.

Potter opened his eyes. "Hey," he said and smiled, as though one of his friends came to visit him and he was determined to give them an exceedingly warm greeting.

"Hey," Draco said and then kissed him again, just because he could. Because Potter was lying down and was completely helpless, and Draco was the one who could shock him with random kisses.

Except, Potter didn't look shocked. He was smiling and smiling, and when Draco would kiss him, he'd sigh and hum a little. Which was kind of *charming*, so Draco kept doing it. Was actually *unable* to stop.

"You should go," Potter said suddenly. "You have classes tomorrow morning."

"Sounds boring," Draco said. And it *would* be terribly boring if Potter was stuck here.

"It's important," Potter said, after sighing and humming a little because Draco had kissed him again. "Your N.E.W.T.s are important."

"Yeah," Draco agreed and sat down on the edge of Potter's bed. "I think I'll stay here." Potter's soft little sighs after each kiss were important too. Possibly the most important thing in the universe.

Potter grinned and then wriggled and squirmed until he freed one side of the bed.

"In that case..." Potter cocked his head.

He *was* a bit cold, just sitting there, Draco decided, and then quickly took off his shoes and climbed onto the bed beside Potter. It was much warmer beneath the covers, warmer still when Potter scooted closer and tangled his legs with Draco's.

Draco kissed Potter again, unhurriedly, licking and nibbling his lips, then wrapping his tongue around Potter's and sighing into his mouth. He pulled back to see Potter breathing deeply, with his eyes closed and his lips parted and wet. Potter cracked an eye open.

"Well, don't stop," Potter said.

Draco stared at him. "You really are trying to kill me, aren't you?"

"Hmm. I'm mostly trying to seduce you," Potter said, then grinned and gave Draco a sideways glance. "Is it working?"

"No," Draco said. "You're injured and drugged. So shut up and sleep."

Potter laughed and snuggled closer. "It's working," he mumbled and nodded confidently against Draco's neck.

Draco did not contradict him.

## End Notes

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