**Unexpected Pleasure**

by **Severus1snape**

Summary

Draco Malfoy is the ultimate man’s man. He is powerful, rich, handsome and smart. He is also highly manipulative and can be charming whenever he needs to be. He uses people all the time to get what he desires, and people let him. Because he is Draco Malfoy.

What happens when the tables are turned?

Notes

**WARNING:**
Mind the tags - if dubious consent is not your thing, do not read. Any flamers from this tag will be deleted.

This is a WIP, mind you, so I’ll be posting every Sunday. (weekly)
I’m looking forward to hearing your thoughts on this one. From now on, every story that I post will be WIPs.

My freakish mind decided that each chapter will be with two words, and the first three chapter will end with the second word beginning with an A, the following three will begin with a B and so on. Why, because I felt like it, heh.

I hope you’ll enjoy this one.

My lovely Beta [Magzillasaurus](https://www.archiveofourown.org/users/Magzillasaurus) helped with this! She is ‘crazy’ like me, so it’s a perfect match.

See you out there!

Posted in May 2016.
Chapter one – Coming Around

The Malfoy heir found himself very much in darkness.

He blinked and was still unable to see anything. He tried to use his hand to claw at his eyes, but he found that both of his hands had been tied down. He was hanging from the ceiling and by the rattles he heard when struggling to get free, he was chained with his arms above his head. Though his feet could easily reach to stand on the ground.

It didn’t hurt. But it would if he hung there long enough. He felt some sort of fabric on his face adding to his conclusions that he has been blindfolded. He was outraged. “Let me go you bastard!” he spat at whoever was there.

He didn’t believe he was alone.

As soon as his words had echoed around him, he heard feet moving across the stone floor. He must be someplace deserted for sound to travel like that. He cursed inwardly, wondering who dared to kidnap him as he was heading down to dinner on this Friday night alone, for once. They had to have been watching his every move to know when to strike because Draco Malfoy rarely went anywhere alone.

Even though the war had ended before their seventh year began two months ago in September and Draco had been a Death Eater—he had been acquitted by his parents’ testimonies. With the use of their pensieve memories, some of his fellow students and a few Order members.

Painting a picture of a poor young man being forced to join Voldemort’s ranks. Because he was the first student to ever have done that, and the public was sick of death and wrongdoings, they had mercy on him and offered him a second chance.

Draco’s father was in Azkaban and his mother had fallen ill shortly after. It had been only three weeks since Draco had gotten the horrible news of her passing.

He was still very much the same stuck-up Malfoy heir he had ever been now that he was the head of his family and fortune; after the passing of a new law stating that no inmate was allowed to own anything of value.

“My father will hear about this!” he drawled in his best imitation of a spoilt twelve-year-old. He yelped when a hand smacked his firm arse in response. “I’ll fucking kill you. Let me go and I’ll defeat you in a duel, you coward.”

Another smack landed on his other butt cheek and Draco growled. Not because it hurt because it didn’t really.
Suddenly, Draco found his feet glued to the floor and he couldn’t lift them in a kick of frustration. A wand was pointed at his neck and that’s when the blond finally caught on. That this might not be a pleasant encounter.

“No one can hear you down here. So, you can scream all you’d like,” a disguised voice said from just behind him. Draco bucked his hips backwards without thinking and a firm hand stilled his slim hips.

“I always knew you were a little gay.” Draco froze and shivered as the sudden thoughts of something highly inappropriate assaulted his brain. The voice sounded excited.

“No. I like girls and I would never touch any male that way. Not ever.” Draco closed his eyes behind the blindfold and willed himself not to panic.

“Yes. I’ve seen you use several over the years. How does it feel to enjoy them and then discard them like they mean nothing?” the voice whispered.

“I’m not interested in your money, Draco.” Two hands were slowly dragged down the Slytherin’s body teasingly, setting Draco’s skin on fire. God, what is happening to me?! he thought.

“Don’t do this,” Draco’s voice had lost the last of its confidence. “Please, I’ll do anything.”

“What would your friends think of you pleading like this, Draco? Begging for mercy?”

Fuck, he really shouldn’t be turned on by this. “I-I don’t care. I just want–”

“This is about what I want this time, not you,” the male’s voice whispered into Draco’s left ear. A hand travelled down to the front of the Slytherin’s trousers and settled on his groin. The hand began to rub gently. “I’m going to make you feel so good tonight. Would you like that, Draco?”

“Noo, please. Just let me go. I’m not–I don’t want this,” Draco almost sobbed, because his mind was yelling YES!

“Shhh. I promise I won’t harm you. I’ll let you go after.”

“After?” Draco shuddered and shook his head in pretend repulsion. “Please don’t.” He whimpered as the zipper was pulled down and the button left open on his trousers. “N-noo…”

Draco’s head was spinning with desire.

“It’s alright, Draco, I’ll make you feel good. I promise. You have a gorgeous arse.” Hands ran across the firm bum, and Draco tried to move away from the touch.

“I’m not going to fuck you tonight. I swear. I’m just going to touch you, so be a good boy and stop being afraid of me, alright? I would never force myself on anyone.”

“I’m not afraid! I don’t even know who you are…and what do you call what you’re doing then?”

“You don’t need to know. It’s all here, Draco. Just you and I, all alone, exploring each other.”

“Then release my hands and feet, I can hardly do anything like this,” he tried, wanting and not
wanting to be released at the same time.

Hands ran over Draco’s body in a caressing manner. “I can see why the ladies would be drawn to you, but it’s time to stop pretending to be someone you’re not. You need a man, and we both know it.”

“NO! Never, I never would. I don’t even—I’ve not been attracted to any male in my life. I’m not gay!” Draco almost believed his own words.

“Maybe you’re right, but you’re at least bi.”

Draco shook his head in refusal.

“I’m going to pull down your trousers and underpants,” the stranger said.

“Don’t.” Draco stiffened.

“Pretend you’re in the showers after Quidditch training. You’re naked then with the guys. And it’s fine that way.” The hands began to pull down the clothes.

“But they don’t have their hands all over my body. Only females ever have.” And that was true. The fabric fell and his captor inhaled sharply. “Yes. And that’s what we’re going to change.”

Draco shook his head again.

“I promise I won’t fuck you. Just relax, Draco. I’ll make you feel good.” Warm hands gently began caressing the pale arse and Draco tensed. “Breathe, Draco, don’t fight the pleasure I’m offering.”

“This is wrong.” he shivered as he fought to keep pretending to hate the hands that were gently fondling his globes.

“Mmm, that’s it. Let yourself feel.” The man moved to the other side. The Malfoy heir yelped as a finger glided over his crack.

“N-nooo, you said you wouldn’t.”

“I won’t use my cock to penetrate you, or my finger. I’m just touching you, exploring.” Suddenly a hand gripped Draco’s cock and pulled it gently. “You feel so good, Draco. I’m going to rim you now.”

“W-what? What’s that?” Even though he could admit to having had secret desires involving males, he didn’t know the first thing about anything men did during sex. Draco fought to keep himself standing as the talented hand worked his dick into a standing mast.

“My tongue, licking your crack.”

Draco cursed, “That’s disgusting!” He wasn’t sure if he felt that way or not.

“Mmm, I think you’ll enjoy it. Just wait and see.” And then he knelt behind Draco. Two hands parted his globes and Draco yelped again as a spell tickled his skin. “Cleaning spell,” the other stated informatively before a tongue poked out and let the first lick his Draco’s hole. “Fuck, yes.”

“Oh, what are you— ooh god!”

The mouth sucked and then let go and the tongue lapped and licked and tasted. The moaning from
his captor was getting to Draco, because how could he possibly enjoy this. Being on the receiving end was another thing, it felt so bloody fantastic.

“Ooh, are you…” The tongue probed at the entrance and slowly pushed inside. Draco tried so hard to fight it, the pleasure that was building up inside as his balls began to prepare themselves for his orgasm. He had never felt so much intense pleasure before. Then the fucker moaned, and the vibrations traveled over Draco’s skin and into his butt hole. Draco lost himself in his pleasure. “Sweet Merlin.”

“Mmm, that’s it Draco, let it go. Just feel.” And Draco did. He shook as his orgasm was pulled from his body when the tongue had dived into him once more to fuck his arse so willingly.

After what seemed like minutes the stranger stood and cast a cleaning spell on Draco. He pulled up Draco’s underwear and pants and closed them. He cupped one of the firm buttocks. A spell removed the chains tying Draco to the ceiling. He couldn’t move at first, “W-who–”

“Someone your own age that enjoys your beauty from a distance.” And then silence.

Draco realised he was now alone. He slumped to the floor and removed the blindfold. He had just been assaulted–no pleasured-beyond belief. The stranger had tried his best to make him feel comfortable, enough to compare it to a damn shower anyway. And he hadn’t been raped, nothing had fucked him.

Well, unless you count the tongue.

Oh god, but that tongue had felt so bloody good. Still, he had been humiliated. His free will had been taken from him; he would never have agreed to make out, if you could call it that, with a guy. Thinking about it was one thing. He was Draco Malfoy and he knew what was coming now. All he had to do was wait for it; the blackmail. He closed his eyes and sighed before standing up.

He was a Malfoy; they were raised to handle threats.
It was Thursday almost three entire weeks after the event—as Draco had begun to call it. He was finally alone to consider what had happened. He was cornered by one Theodore Nott and this time he was not giving Draco the chance to run away, just like he had managed on several other occasions these past weeks. Of course, any Slytherin would not have called it running away, but dodging, instead.

“Dray, have we or have we not been best friends since we were five?” Theo sat down next to the blond in a deserted area of the library that only 7th years were allowed in. Only, at this hour most were at dinner. Not these two Slytherins, because Theo was going to get to the bottom of his friend’s odd behavior.

“So, what of it?” Draco shrugged and didn’t look up from his book on potions. Theo was not fooled, however.

Theo leaned casually across the table and placed his hand over the book forcing Draco to meet his eyes. “So, who is it?”

Draco knew he could not lie to his best friend, he could try, but he always knew when Draco was telling the truth. “Not here.”

Theo simply nodded and they both left the library behind in silence as they headed towards their dorm. Pucey, Goyle, and Zabini were in extra potions class (and Crabbe was dead), only the three of them with Snape. He always took care of his own students if they needed tutoring to keep up in potions. They would be gone for two hours every Thursday evening during which time nobody else would come asking since they were all at dinner most of the time.

They flopped down on Theodore’s bed where Draco immediately lay down and closed his eyes. “Oh, come on Dray, nothing is that bad.”

“Lately,” the blond began silently. “You know how Pansy and Astoria keep pestering me for sex or offering blows?”

Theo nodded. “Like always. You’re usually game. Who wouldn’t?”
Draco opened his eyes and quirked a brow causing Theo to laugh. “Alright, maybe not me, since my boyfriend is finishing his final year at Durmstrang.”

“Because you’re gay,” Draco stated like it was the most obvious thing in the world, which for Theo, it had been since 5th year.

“Does shagging a good-looking bloke for two years in a row and thoroughly enjoying it make me gay?” Theo joked. He’d never been into females, except to try it out once. Theo stared at his friend, “Are you saying that-”

Again, Draco dodged and spoke: “Three weeks ago someone jumped me on my way to dinner. They blindfolded me and chained me to the ceiling, but I could just reach the ground with my feet.” Theo sucked in a breath and waited impatiently. “I’ve been waiting for the blackmail to come to the surface, but it’s been three weeks tomorrow.”

Theo asked the question he didn’t really want to know the answer to, but it would keep his friend talking. “And you don’t think it will?”

Draco shrugged. “I don’t know. It’s so fucked up.” He ran his hand through his blond locks. “He told me he wanted to do things to me.”

“Dray-”

But Draco silenced him with his hand. “He told me to embrace the pleasure he would be offering me! He whispered into my ear and said to—to think of it as being in the showers after practice with the other blokes. Then he undressed me.”

Theo wanted to see his friend’s eyes as he was speaking to see if he was truly hurt, so he reached out and turned Draco’s head. He went along with it.

“He didn’t kiss me, or fuck me—” Draco closed his eyes.

“Did he hurt you? Did you see who it was?”

“No, I didn’t. And he didn’t hurt me.” He swallowed, Theo was the only one he could ever allow himself to be vulnerable in front of. “I wanted to—to not enjoy the way his hands roamed my body, but it was so gentle and he kept whispering—GOD, I’m such a fucking girl!”

“You’re not. You’re Draco Malfoy, ultimate macho man, ladies’ man of the year. And it’s okay to be confused, Dray. Sometimes it’s not about who it is that is touching you, sometimes it’s just about the now.”

Draco froze. “That’s what he said.”

Theo laughed. “Mate, I swear it wasn’t me! I can touch you whenever I want.” Then he winked.

“I have nothing against gays, you know that! It’s just, I’m not one and I shouldn’t like that one is—is—”

“What did he do, Dray?” Theo stared into the stormy grey eyes in front of him with his own blue ones. “What was that—I didn’t hear you?”

Draco took another deep breath and said what he had just tried to say once more: “He rimmed me.” Theo choked on air and Draco waited until his friend calmed down again. “He didn’t do anything else. Except praise my arse and the way it tasted.”
“So, you’re stressed out because you fear the blackmail. And you’re feeling guilty because you enjoyed having a male’s tongue shoved up your arse?”

Draco cursed at his friend’s bluntness but nodded anyway. “And, perhaps you are...craving more of it, and it confuses you?” Theo snickered slightly when Draco blushed. “You know, Jackson and I are not exclusive until we are both out of school and are able to live together here in the country, so if you–”


“You didn’t say, that you didn’t want it. Which means, that you are playing with the idea, and perhaps the idea of not liking ladies only. And who better than someone who would not judge and help you figure it all out?” Then the fucker winked and Draco sighed while staring at his friend. Theo lay down next to Draco and let his finger trail down the firm jaw, then without warning, he leaned in and captured his friend’s lips.
“Well?” Theo asked after a snogging session that left both young males panting. Theo stared down into his best friend's eyes like he had not just kissed Draco for the very first time.

“Well, what?” Draco responded and met Theo’s stare boldly while still being firmly pinned down on the other’s bed.

Theo smiled and caressed Draco’s cheekbone. “How was it?”

The blond struggled for an answer that would describe what he wanted to be said. “It was–nice.”

Theo sat up on the bed and ran his hand through his short dark hair. “Nice. Draco Malfoy thinks that my kissing skills only amount to nice.”

The Malfoy heir raised himself up onto his elbows. “That’s not–Theo, there’s nothing wrong with the way you kiss.”

“I know,” he said matter-of-factly.

Draco snorted. Bloody Slytherin to the bone. “It was nice. I liked it, but I wasn’t–“

“I didn’t check to feel if it aroused you. Did it?” Draco blushed and averted his eyes. “Ah, I see. So, I gave you a boner but because you’re not attracted to me in that way, it didn’t really do anything, other than reacting naturally to the stimuli.”

“You’re very handsome.”

Theo smiled and met Draco’s greys again. “Yeah, but you didn’t say that you found me handsome. Meaning, you are going by the general opinion of my looks and adopting it as your own.”

“I do think you are handsome. I’m just not-attracted to you.”

Theo nodded in understanding. “Since you managed to get aroused, I think we should move ahead in the game.”

When Draco blinked stupidly Theo explained. “I want to rim you.” To watch his best friend splutter was worth it. The dark-haired male grinned. “Now, strip naked.”

* 

Draco cursed at his own stupidity; travelling the castle in solitude, as it once again landed him in complete darkness. This time he was still blindfolded, but he found himself lying down on a bed, hands bound by the damn chains again. Only this time they had been stretched out to his sides away from his body. “Something is different with you since we met,” the captor spoke softly from the spot where he was sitting beside Draco and the blond wanted to roll his eyes.
We’ve gone to school together for years, we’ve not just met! Draco racked his brain to remember anyone transferring to Hogwarts while he was here, and he couldn’t come up with a male his own age.

“Tell me what happened,” the other demanded of him.

“None of your bloody business!” Draco spat.

A hand caressed his naked hairless chest. “Oh, but it is. You’re mine now.” Draco blinked behind the blindfold.

“In what dreamland did you come to that conclusion? You won’t even tell me who you are. Fuck, you won’t let me see!” Draco pulled on his restrains.

His captor made a clucking noise with his tongue. “That’s the same thing, gorgeous.” The stranger lay down next to Draco. “Now, why don’t you tell me how many times you’ve thought about my tongue in the past three weeks? I wanted to see you again so badly, but I also had to give you a little “me” time, you know.”

Draco remained silent.

“Mmm, it’s Friday evening. People won’t miss us until Monday, so I have all the time you need—”

“Fine!” Like hell, Draco was staying here this long in darkness at somebody else’s mercy. “I—it wasn’t terrible.” That earned him a tongue which lapped gently at his right nipple before it sucked the bud into the mouth. Draco groaned before he could stop it. It felt so damn good.

“You like that.” It wasn’t a question, and then his captor repeated the action on the left one. Draco almost whined when the suction stopped. Hot breath tickled Draco’s ear. “Would you like me to suck on something else, too?”

God, no! You’re a bloke, and I have no idea who you are, you could be a mud-blood—or a Hufflepuff! “Yes,” his stupid, independent mouth misbehaved and acted against his own better judgment.

His captor moved further down the bed, Draco could tell. Oh, dear god, let me die! The tongue was back in the game, and without laying a hand on his half hard dick it lapped at the pearly drop that must have been there. It dipped into the slit and then a firm hand grasped Draco’s cock and pulled, while the tongue licked underneath the now engorged head.

“Shite,” Draco breathed out when the head was sucked into the mouth. “Do you suck people off as a side-career?” he joked.

The response was to swallow Draco’s entire length down to the root.

“Fuckfuckfuckfuckfuck…” Nobody had ever been able to do that before. It was average in width, but a good nine inches long. The stranger moaned and swallowed. “Ahhhhhhhh!”

Then the dick felt incredibly cold as the mouth released it with a loud pop.

“I love your sounds, Draco. Mmm, and you taste so bloody good.”

Draco’s body bucked upwards before his brain could say anything and the mouth was back for more. Don’t ever stop that, I don’t fucking care if you’re a Hufflepuff. I’d even let Weasley continue if he sucked like that. He shuddered at the idea of it being the redhead but was thrown off
course when a single finger very gently circled his hole. It never breached him, but stayed there, teasing, exploring, tormenting. Then the other male’s hand left his dick to cup the balls and Draco blew his load with a roar and in an undignified manner that would shame any Malfoy ancestor.

“I wish I could see your eyes when you come because if it’s anything like the rest of you, it would be breathtaking.” And then he was cleaned, clothed and released, and left to his own panting until he could move again and get the hell out of there.
Theo admired the pale eyes before parting them. Draco was shaking as he raised himself onto his hands and knees on his best friend’s bed. “You know, I’ve always found you gorgeous, Dray, but like this—God, I wished you were attracted to me.”

“You have a boyfriend you love, and who loves you,” he drawled, trying to sound like this was a normal sort of situation and conversation to be having while the rest of their friends were in potions.

“True. But compliments are always welcome.”

Draco simply nodded, because what else could he do, when feeling Theo’s hot breath tickle his hole. He knew he shouldn’t be doing this. But he was aching badly for that feeling once more.

The feeling of complete and utter pleasure and submission it would mean to not be able to see what was being done to your arse. Draco had been feeling lost over that particular statement he had come to acknowledge. But talking to Theo, who was so very masculine and gay, had made Draco feel better and more relaxed about it.

It was still very disturbing to Draco, being a Malfoy and craving submission in this way. He would wring the neck of the guy who had put these feelings inside Draco’s body when he found out who it was. But he was no closer to finding him than ever.

He and Theo had made a list of all the guys in school from 6th and 7th year and hid it in Theo’s trunk. Whenever they would discover something new about the guy they would cross out names, and eventually come up with a name. Hopefully.

Well, it was better than doing nothing.

Besides, Theo was convinced that the stranger would come and find Draco again.

Draco bit his lip to stay silent but Theo’s tongue swiping his entrance felt so good. Yet, it didn’t even come close to the feeling the other guy had given him. Theo reached down and started playing with Draco’s sac and the blond Slytherin moaned in approval. He relaxed his hole. Theo pushed inside to taste and Draco felt his friend groan.

“Shit Theo,” Draco blurted out in a breathy voice when the tongue movements sped upbringing Draco closer to the edge. “Yesss. Gosh, don’t stop.” Draco didn’t even twitch as he begged for
more. This was Theo, and he would never tell anyone.

Draco couldn’t help it when he started bucking his hips and arse into Theo’s face, earning another groan from his friend. “F-fuck, gonna go. Nuhhhr....” Draco saw stars and stopped moving, but Theo prolonged his orgasm by pulling the pale arse onto his face a couple of times more.

When Draco finally slumped forward on the bed, Theo released him and lay down next to his friend, and began to jerk himself off. Draco watched as Theo pulled his dick gently while touching his sac and circling a finger to his entrance before pushing it inside. It wasn’t the first time they had wanked together. Neither had ever been shy around each other, but they never touched before.

Draco stared into his friend’s face and saw the dark-haired male had his eyes closed as he concentrated on feeling. Draco, being curious, leaned over Theo and sucked on a nipple.

“Yeees, Oh fuck, Dray. Suck harder.” And he did, while his other hand twisted the other. “Uuh, feels incredible.”

Draco smirked. It wasn’t too bad, Theo tasted nice and they were friends. He suddenly had a thought and wandlessly turned out the lights.

“Mate?” Theo asked breathlessly, but Draco moved his mouth south. Nipping, licking and sucking. “Oh god, Dray.” Draco remembered how good it felt to have a tongue dip into his bellybutton, so he did the same with Theo who moaned.

*It’s only a cock, you have one, you know how it works. Stop fretting, Draco*, he told himself as his hand took hold of the hard prick.

“Draaaaay.” He wanted to do this because if the guy came back he was bound to make Draco do this eventually. And like hell, a Malfoy would look like a bloody fool. “Dray, what-?” But Theo’s question turned into a growl as Draco let his tongue taste the pre-cum. “Oh god, are you—shite, fuck yes, suck it!”

Draco sucked the head into his mouth and let himself get used to the taste and the feeling of a dick in his mouth. He moaned as he came to the conclusion that he liked it. A hand gripped his hair and Draco groaned. He loved having his hair played with. Draco swallowed down the cock as much as he could and sucked on the way up, just like he liked it himself. Judging from Theo’s reaction, he did too.

“Uuh, feels so good.” Theo accidentally bucked his hips and Draco gagged but didn’t draw back. Theo cursed in pleasure. “Gods Dray, I’m fighting here, to not fuck your beautiful face and skillful mouth. But Gods do I want to.” Draco wondered how that would feel. He knew that he loved to fuck a girl’s face with his own cock. And he knew that Theo had just pleasured him, so it seemed only fair that he got to enjoy himself, too.

Draco led his hand to Theo’s on his own hair and pushed down, hoping that his friend would get the meaning. And he did because next second he growled and shoved down hard on Draco’s head, causing him to take in almost the entire length. “Breathe through your nose, relax the throat.” Theo bucked his hips while guiding Draco’s head. “That’s it Dray, gods, you’re a fucking natural. Suck hard, now!”

When Draco did, his mouth was flooded to the brim with warm and salty cum. He was glad he was a wizard used to potions because the fluids would probably take some getting used to. He swallowed and Theo turned the lights back on half, so not to blind them and stared at his best friend’s face.
“Y-you didn´t spit.” Before Draco could answer his face was pulled roughly towards another pair of lips and Theo eagerly kissed him, getting the final taste of himself. When they drew apart Draco gasped and Theo smiled. “He’s gonna like you, so bloody much, Dray.”

Draco blushed lightly and Theo laughed.

“That was one of the best blows I’ve ever had!”

Draco cast a Tempus Charm and cursed. He cast cleaning spells, then spelled on their clothes again. Just in time to avoid the awkward questions from the rest of the gang as they burst into the room.
Burning Body

Harry had been feeling on edge since his last encounter with Malfoy. Well, Draco, he really should call him at this stage–only not in public. Gosh, but the blond snob was intoxicating.

Harry had loathed Draco for many years but somewhere during their sixth year Harry began studying the Slytherin more intensely. He knew Draco was up to something, and he had been right. He was, however, not right about Draco wanting to be a Death Eater. That much was pretty clear from the times he had seen the Slytherin have breakdowns when Draco thought he was alone. Harry had fought so bloody hard to hold back at those times, when his body had been screaming to go to the guy and comfort him.

Until Harry was almost done with his sixth year at Hogwarts he hadn’t really understood this urge. But now he knew he was attracted to Draco and not just sexually anymore.

He was in love with him.

Harry had thought long about the kind of upbringing the Slytherin had had. Even though Draco was rich and powerful, he had still been forced to join Voldemort. He had been forced to deal with the fact that the snake lived in his home and threatened both his and his parents' lives.

Still, in their seventh year, Draco had not killed Dumbledore like he had been ordered to. He had been courageous enough to stand up for his own beliefs in the end when it really mattered. Harry had been livid watching Snape murder his old mentor at first, naturally. However, when Harry discovered that it was all the plan all along, he had been surprised. The old coot was insane to demand such a thing from Snape. He, too, had been so brave.

And both men were Slytherins.

Harry watched as Draco ate his dinner slowly and with pride, just like he had always done. How he wished to be able to put something of his own into that mouth. His finger, his tongue, his nipple, his dick. Harry fought back a groan as he chewed his own steak and mashed potatoes. Ron was at the infirmary with a nasty wizard’s flu and Hermione was studying, she claimed she wasn’t hungry, but Harry understood she was just worried about her boyfriend, whom they weren’t allowed to see until he was feeling better.

The rest of Harry’s friends were chatting away without bothering Harry in the least. He liked it that way. Then, he could do what he loved the second most; studying the blonde. Tasting him, finally, was what he loved most of all.

And tonight he planned to do so again.

*  

“For God’s sake! Will you just ask me out like a fucking normal person instead of kidnapping me!?” Draco snapped when he was on a bed once more and blindfolded and tied up.

“You wouldn’t say yes. You told me yourself you aren’t gay, not in public anyway,” Harry replied, his voice still masked. “I’ve missed you, Draco. Watching you from afar is so alluring.”

Draco snorted, sick of this game of hide and seek. He wanted to know who the hell was doing this to him. “Tell me your name already, damn it!”
A finger traced Draco’s jaw. Hot breath tickled his skin, “Mmn, such a dirty mouth, Love. What else can it do, I wonder?” Draco stiffened his movements before regaining control over his body.

“Wouldn’t you like to know!” Harry laughed.

Draco snapped. “Give me a bloody clue at least. You’re male and a seventh-year like me. That’s all I know. It’s not fair—”

“Life is not fair, Love. Such beauty walking around, tempting others all day long.” Draco sighed in annoyance.

“You’re right on both accounts,” Harry said. Draco mentally crossed out the list of names he had written down with Theo of males in sixth year.

“What do you look like?” Draco tried next.

“That would be too easy for you. I like our time together. If you find out about me, you’ll put a stop to our meetings.”

“How do you know?” Draco asked without giving his mouth permission to speak the words he was thinking. He cursed inwardly. He was met by silence. He really didn’t like that on top of being blinded and bound. “Come on, give me something to go on. What house are you in? Which house can I rule out?”

“Hufflepuff,” Harry said, finally speaking again.

Draco froze, this was terrible, his mystery lover was a Hufflepuff-head!

Harry snickered when he realized Draco’s predicament. “I meant, I’m not a Hufflepuff.”

“Oh, thank god!” Draco exclaimed at the admission.

“Now, If I give you another house, that I’m not in, what reward will you offer me in return?” Harry’s hand caressed Draco’s bare chest causing the blond to shiver.

“Will you beg me for release? Will you let me wank us together? Or perhaps, you want me to finger that gorgeous bottom of yours while I suck you off? You could let me wank you from behind while my dick is trapped between those porcelain cheeks of yours, so I can pretend I’m taking you deep in your secret virgin passage?”

Draco couldn’t help but let out a groan.

“You like it when I talk dirty to you, don’t you? What will you offer me for another clue?” Harry sucked on the left nipple and Draco bucked.

“I-I…”

“Mmn,” Harry’s hand caressed a pale thigh. “I’m going to free your right arm, then turn you over. Get up on all fours.”

“W-why…” Draco didn’t like the sound of his own weak voice.

“I want to taste your arse while you decide.” Draco moved faster than he thought possible, causing Harry to groan. “You’re so eager, Love.”

“I just want this over with so I can leave.”
Harry chuckled. “Sure you do. Is that why your cock is weeping for attention?” Harry’s hand reached down and pulled on the dick a few times before leaning in and spreading the globes to taste.

“Shite!” Draco didn’t have control over his mouth at the moment, not when the very talented tongue dived in and began to fuck his puckered hole. Harry moaned and Draco bucked against the mouth, forgetting that this time it wasn’t Theo who wouldn’t tell anyone.

Draco whimpered at the loss. He suddenly froze when he heard a zipper and soon after a hard dick was slapped against his arse. "I-I.."

“Don’t worry, Love, I just want you to feel what you do to me.” Harry spread the globes, placed his member between them and squeezed the globes around his cock firmly. “Shite Draco. I want you so fucking bad.” Harry thrust his hips forward tentatively. As soon as Draco felt the dick sliding against his entrance he groaned.

“You like that too, don’t you? Merlin, I want to stick my huge cock into you and fuck you into the bed until you scream for more like a wanton whore!” Harry panted as he kept rocking his hips. “Ooh, Draco, you sexy beast!”

Draco couldn’t think, it felt so fucking fantastic, and yet, he wanted to scream stop. He was not ready for sex with a guy, not penetration anyway. The dick pulled away and the tongue was back again, causing Draco to moan loudly. “Y-yes…”

Harry nearly came then and there. He tentatively ran his thumb over the hole while licking and sucking. Draco didn’t seem to mind, So he rubbed harder. Something slick was smeared over Draco’s hole.

“W-wha–”

“Shhh, I’ll be gentle. It’s just one finger, I promise.” And then Harry pushed gently. Draco hissed at the odd intrusion. “Relax, baby, the pain will leave in a second.” Harry bent down and licked around the finger buried inside Draco. “That’s it, Draco, take my finger. You look so incredible like this.” Harry moved the digit in and out to get Draco used to the feeling. Then he pulled it all the way out.

“I’m going to use another finger to find your prostate.” And then a longer digit gently pushed into the heat. Draco fought to keep himself from crying out, he wasn’t a fucking girl.

“I promise, it will feel so much better soon, baby.” The finger twisted and turned until Draco yelped in surprise.

“Bloody hell!”

“Mm, found it.” And the devilish finger rubbed the same spot over and over again until Draco did the unthinkable.

“Please…my god…I can’t…”

“Do you want another finger? Or my tongue?”

“No! It w-will hurt.” Draco was bucking back into the finger and Harry groaned.

“Yes. The first time it will be a little painful, but I will be gentle.” Draco shook his head, he was not ready for that. Especially when he had no idea who the other male was.
“How about this. I’ll try another one and you stop me if you don’t like it?”

Draco was losing his mind, the damn finger felt so good. He found himself nodding. The digit pulled out of his body and was soon replaced with two probing ones. They felt odd. “W-what is–”

“More lube.” Draco shuddered in shame, he had no idea why he was agreeing to this at all.

“I can cast a spell to loosen you up so it won’t hurt so much?” Harry offered. He was so fucking turned on seeing Draco like this, so willing.

“Alright, but if I don’t-”

“Then I’ll stop,” Harry promised, and he would. Even though his dick was throbbing at the promise to move into the tight arse in front of him. Draco felt his arse tinkle from the spell and groaned when Harry buried the two fingers inside.

“Uh,” the Slytherin moaned when the fingers began to fuck his hole in earnest. “Oh god… This felt bloody amazing.

“You are the most beautiful being in the universe. I wish I could see your face right now.”

“Take off the blindfold,” Draco panted as Harry tentatively let his third finger join the party.

“You’re doing so good, baby. You have three of my fingers inside you now.” Draco nearly shrieked when the words hit him. “Does it not feel good? To know I want to do everything in the world to bring you pleasure?”

And it did feel good, so he said the only thing he could: “Yes!”

Harry used his other hand to slick up his weeping cock with lube. Then he pulled out the fingers and Draco collapsed onto the bed, leaving his arse in the air. “God, you’re so fucking sexy when you’re submissive.” When he felt the blond tense at his words, he added: “I can’t wait to have your cock inside my arse, making me beg you for more.”

“Y-you…I-I…” Draco hated how weak he sounded but the fingers were driving him insane caressing his prostate teasingly. Harry pulled out gently once more, grabbed his dick and rubbed the head over the entrance. “N-no, I don’t. Not that.”

Harry’s one hand caressed Draco’s lower back soothingly. “Shh baby, I’ll be gentle. I’ll just knock a bit and let nature take its course.”

“Knock?” Draco was terrified, what if the other raped him.

“I’ll push gently and buck my hips. Then, if your body gives in eventually and lets the head inside I’ll keep knocking but won’t push. I won’t force it.” Draco shook. “It will feel so good, baby. I promise you’ll like it.”

Draco felt his hole expand slightly as the hips behind him began rocking, but the stranger kept his word. He never pushed or forced the dick inside. Harry ran his hand up and down Draco’s hips while holding his dick on the other. He then stilled his movements. “Move your hips for me, gently. Back and forth.”

Draco fought a war with his mind. He wanted and didn’t want this. Harry had given him a pleasure he had never felt before, but– his body moved on its own, and Harry growled.
“Yes, baby, that’s it.”

After four bucks Draco cried out and Harry grabbed his hips to still him.

“Breathe, baby, the pain will go away, just breathe.” The head had breached Draco’s hole and he felt so stretched that he thought he would burst.

“Your dick is fucking huge!”

“I know, Love. But it will bring you so much pleasure soon. It’s all just for you. Move your hips for me again, baby.” Harry fought against not burying his massive dick into the heat. “Baby, I’ve wanted you for a year now. You feel so fucking good. To finally have you…”

Draco wanted to argue that he did not have him! But the body had begun moving again and the dick was slowly going deeper and deeper as it “knocked” its way inside his not-virgin-arse-anymore. Draco wanted the pain to go away, he was sure this boy was larger than even Goyle. And his dick was big! Everyone knew that from the showers. Draco hissed as the cock was finally buried to the hilt. “You’re a bloody elephant! Shite it fucking hurts…”

Draco knew he would be ridiculed for this but right now all he felt was pain and more pain.

“It won’t hurt this much next time.”

“There won’t be a fucking next time! I’ll never be able to sit down ever again.”

“I’ll give you a potion to rub on it–”

“I don’t want your god-damned potion-I want you to remove… SHITE!” Draco saw blinding stars as he accidentally brushed the dick against his own prostate in the heat of his yelling. Harry caught on and pushed just a tad and Draco moaned.

“Mm, just rock back and forth. I’ll let you take the lead.”

And Draco wanted so bad to feel that heavenly feeling again, so he moved. “Oh, oh god…urgh.”

Draco groaned in approval. “That’s it, baby. Milk my cock.” Harry guided, still not thrusting. “Fuck, Draco, you’re so tight. I won’t last much longer.” Harry reached forward to touch Draco’s cock. He didn’t get that far because the Slytherin cursed and came just then. Harry’s own orgasm was ripped from him by the spasms of Draco’s orgasm.

*  

Theo was reading a book on Transfiguration when Draco came into their dorm. The others were at Potions extra class and Theo dropped the book as he stared at his friend.

“Dray, what the–”

“Don’t!” Draco snapped. He winced as he sat down and got up again because the pain wouldn’t allow it. “Shite, Theo.”

“What is it mate? Tell me?” Theo’s concern was clear from his tone of voice.

“He’s a bloody Gryffindor!” Draco raked his hand through his hair. “He confessed it tonight. He–I didn’t. Oh god!”
“Well. At least we know there are only 11 guys it could be then.”

“Five! He’s in our fucking year! What if it’s Longbottom, what if–”

“Calm down mate, alright. Sit down and–”

“No!” Draco glanced away from Theo. “I-I can’t. We…it’s…we sort of.”

“Oh fuck, Dray,” Theo whispered.

“Yes. His dick is bloody massive. It’s got to be Thomas, he’s black. And you know what they say about…”

“Was it good?” Theo tentatively asked. When Draco finally nodded, because words were failing him, Theo grinned. “Well, I guess you’re dating a Gryffindor then mate.”

Draco flipped him the finger and groaned.

“If it’s Weasel I’ll fucking kill myself.”
“Mr. Malfoy, you don’t seem to be up to your usual high standards today. Are you unwell?” Professor Snape asked as he stood before Draco’s cauldron and judged the blueish contents. It was supposed to be turquoise at this stage of the potion-making.

Draco blew a few strands out of his eyes and wiped away the sweat that lingered on his forehead. “No sir, I’m fine. Maybe just a bit unfocused.” He sighed, annoyed with his own lack of perfection.

“No matter. It happens to the best of us.” Then Snape swept on to inspect Goyle and Zabini’s works.

“Mate, you need to talk to them,” Theo whispered as he bottled up his perfectly finished result from today’s brewing. Draco huffed.

“Fat chance. I’m not about to make an arse of myself by addressing a Gryffindor about, you know. Five Gryffindors at that. No way. I’ll just have to–make do.”

Theo shook his head as he watched his best friend snort into his own potion and bottle the incomplete sample. Draco wouldn’t fail, and it wouldn’t be the worse that this class handed in.

It had been five weeks.

Five bloody weeks since some Gryffindork had taken Draco’s anal-virginity. And not one bloody, god-damned incident had occurred since then. Draco was losing his mind, slowly. Somewhere in this school, a male was walking around with that knowledge and he had not even had the decency to contact Draco again. It was two weeks before the Christmas Holidays already.

At least, when Draco had slept with a female, he made sure to tell them upfront that it was casual sex. So it would not come as a surprise afterward. He needed to concentrate on his grades if he wanted to become a Potions Master, which he had planned on since his fifth year. There would be a time to marry some Pure-blooded witch, later on, to carry on the Malfoy name. Well, truth be told, Draco didn’t really care about his future spouse being a Pure-blood. A good Half-blood specimen would be fine, too.

His parents knew that Draco felt that way. His mother had taken it the hardest. She had always been proud of the pure Malfoy line. She would simply have to accept it. Because the other choice was to do without an heir, thus ending the Malfoy name with Draco.

*

“Watch where you’re going, Ferret.” Draco’s head snapped up from the book in his hands, and he groaned inwardly as he stared into the face of a clearly annoyed Weasel.

“Maybe if you weren’t so passionate about stuffing your face at every meal it would be easier for me to walk around you!” he spat back, causing the redhead to flinch. Dean snickered.

“He’s got you there, mate,” the dark-skinned male said, and Draco had to look away before a flush ould take residence on his cheeks in embarrassment. He had to get out of there.

“Hey, Ron’s not fat. He’s just a pig while eating,” Neville chimed in, and Harry laughed.
“What, no Irish whelp tagging along with your little assembly.” Draco cursed at his own mistake in acknowledging the five dorm-mates.

“Ay, miss me gorgeous arse, did ya’, Malfoy?”

Draco jumped when said boy rounded the corner too. Draco was alone, coming back from the library, and this lot had clearly been outside flying, judging by the fact that they all carried their brooms. “I wouldn’t know the state of your arse even if someone paid me to pay attention to it, Finnegan.”

“Ouch!” Dean grinned and rubbed his friend’s back mockingly. Seamus clearly didn’t mind the retort.

The Irish leaned closer to the Slytherin. “Maybe, ya’d like to fin’ out, eh, blondie?” he wagged his eyebrows suggestively, causing the other Gryffindors to laugh again. Draco took a calming breath, knowing that the person who shagged him was in front of him. He might as well use that statement to gain knowledge.

“Didn’t know you were a poof, Finnegan. Is that a requirement to being a Gryffindor, I wonder?” Draco drawled, trying to seem casual while his insides were racing away.

Neville was the first to raise his hands in surrender. “If it is, I should be in another house.” He then grinned. Well, that rules out one, at least. Draco thought.

“Why, Malfoy, do you want to transfer?” Ron said and grunted. “‘Mione is all woman, I promise you that!”

Draco drew in a deep breath, Finnegan, Potter, and Thomas. Shite, what the fuck did I get myself into.

“If it sucks–it rocks.” Draco flinched at Seamus’ blunt reply, and both Dean and Harry snickered. Draco mentally slapped himself for addressing them by their first names in his own head, but he kind of had to since one of them...

“Shower time. Feel free to join us, Malfoy.” Harry winked, and Dean high-fived him and laughed as they walked on. Leaving a very shaken up Slytherin behind. He couldn’t wait to get back to his own dorm to speak to Theo.
“It’s a Half-blood then,” Draco finally stated aloud, more to himself than Theo it seemed.

Theo studied his friend closely. “Well, you don’t really have a problem with that. If you can get over the fact that it’s a male then a Gryffindor seems like not that big of a deal on top of that.”

Draco slumped back onto his bed. The others were used to the two of them using silencing spells behind closed bed-curtains so they didn’t bother the two friends.

“I’d have preferred a Slytherin or even a Ravenclaw.” Draco sighed and placed his hands underneath his head, “At least it’s not a Hufflepuff.” He shuddered at the very thought, causing Theo to snicker.

“Yeah, imagine that.” Theo lay down beside his friend in silence for a while. “Are you going to seek them out to sort through the candidates?” he finally asked the blond.

Draco frowned. “Candidate s. You say that like it’s something I want and not something that another guy started.”

The dark-haired male smiled, “But you miss him.” Draco narrowed his eyes. “I think it’s bloody romantic. Fancying some bloke you don’t know the identity of, being taken deeply–”

“Shut it!” Draco snapped, and Theo laughed.

“Just tell him next time that you want to top. He did say something about wanting you to fuck him also?” Theo tried to soothe his friend.

“I wouldn’t know where to start,” Draco mumbled.

“Well, I can tell you the steps, but I think that the honor of your first time with a bloke should be his.” Draco stared at his friend.

“You do realize just how weird our friendship is, for Slytherins?” Theo grinned and sat up, and began to explain.

* 

“Stop ogling me, Finnegan!” Draco snapped at the Irish Gryffindor as he finished getting undressed for his shower. Something was wrong with the water at school so the prefects’ showers were now shared between Slytherin and Gryffindor, and Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw. Girls and boys separated, of course.

They said it would be like this until the Christmas holidays.

“Ya’ aín’t got nothing I haven’t seen before, Malfoy.” Seamus laughed as he entered the private stall next to Draco’s. The blond closed his eyes and allowed the burning hot water to run over his pale body.

Surely, this doesn’t mean what Draco thinks? That it’s Seamus. Strangely enough, he now wished he had let his eyes take a look at Seamus’ cock, just to be sure. He shuddered, and suddenly froze as the door to his stall opened. He forgot to lock it!

“Mind if I share yours? Everyone else is already sharing two and two-apparently, nobody wants to
get out of bed early.” Draco knew that voice at once, it had been his nemesis since day one at
Hogwarts.

“Potter,” he drawled and made the mistake of turning to face him. The Gryffindor smiled cheekily
before having the audacity to let his eyes roam Draco’s entire body, and then his grin widened
before he stepped forward to get under the water.

The stall was big enough to let them stand side by side without touching. Draco stood there and
wondered what the fuck was going on in his life before he remembered that one of the candidates
was now sharing his water. He swallowed a groan.

Surely, Harry would not have fucked him? Or given him all those compliments. They hate each
other, they always have.

“Pass the soap,” Harry’s voice jerked him out of his thoughts. “Unless you’d rather do me, of
course?” the bastard said. Draco was glad that he liked his showers steaming hot, so the flush his
cheeks now wore could easily be mistaken for heat. “Wash me, I meant.” Then the fucker laughed
at Draco’s obvious embarrassment.

The blond tossed the bluish soap at Harry, who—with his fucking seeker reflexes-caught it in his
bloody left hand, even though he was right-handed! Draco scowled before letting the water caress
his body again and then he sighed.

“I’ll take that as a compliment, Malfoy.”

Draco faced Potter and spluttered as water came into his mouth and eyes. The arsehole chuckled
and then he glanced down. What the fuck was he staring at, the pervert? Draco flushed again as he
noticed to his horror that he was hard. Very hard, indeed. He wanted to run, but he hadn’t washed
yet. And he was not about to let other Gryffindors see him like this.

“Fuck off, Potter. It’s the morning,” he finally managed.

The dark-haired male hummed in agreement before washing his hair. Magic soared through the
stall and Draco cursed when Potter stood before him.

“Hand or mouth?”

Draco blinked. “What?” he snapped, trying to will his dick to behave but Harry was not exactly
ugly naked. Great, you’ve now turned into a bloody poof!

“Handjob or blowjob, Malfoy?” Draco jumped away from Harry as the words hit him. He hit the
wall with his back, causing him to groan. The idiot Gryffindor grinned and moved forward. “Stop
freaking out, Malfoy. You’re clearly turned on. I’m offering a helping hand.”

“What the fuck is wrong with you, Potter?! Gryffindors are poofs, all of you…”

“Not all. Seamus and I are in our year, Dean is undecided. The rest are straight.” He knelt before
Draco. “Come on, it’s just a blow, Malfoy. I’ll let you fuck my face?”

“I refuse to let a Gryffindor defile my...wait until the school knows that the Great Savior is a cock-
slut.”

Harry laughed. “You honestly think people will believe you?” Before Draco could answer that with
a perfectly good snide remark his dick was swallowed whole.
“Shite!”

Potter hummed and Draco’s dick jumped in approval. *Harry Potter, is sucking my cock!* Draco closed his eyes and simply felt. My god he’s good. He grabbed Harry’s head and slammed his cock so hard into the willing mouth that the Gryffindor coughed—but didn’t pull away. So Draco did it again, and again, and again. He growled. “Fucking take my cock, Potter!” Then Draco felt his balls being caressed while he kept fucking—there was no better word for it—Potter’s mouth.

When Harry began to hum and moan, Draco finally blew his load. Harry didn’t spit. He got up when Draco was still coming down from his high, then he took Draco’s hand and placed it around his own cock and pulled. Draco was about to refuse when he felt the heavy weight of the Gryffindor’s cock. *Damn, it felt good.*

“Y-yes. Squeeze harder…uh, just like that. Gods…”

Draco didn’t even realize that Harry had let go of his hand and that he was jerking Harry off. Harry leaned in and sucked on Draco’s neck, making the blonde pull on the dick painfully hard.

Harry gasped, “YES! Harder…Uhm, I like it rough…” Harry bit down when Draco ran his thumb over the weeping head and came hard. “GODS!”

Draco turned around not knowing how to act around Harry now and washed his cum-coated hand. He had a strange urge to lick his fingers first but didn’t. Harry might think he was a poof, too.

“Thanks,” Harry whispered against Draco’s neck before Draco was left alone to finish his shower and fucking panic. *What the fuck is wrong with Gryffindors?*
Draco swallowed the foul-tasting yellowish potion that Madam Pomfrey offered him and groaned.

“You’re not the first to come by to see me today, Mr. Malfoy. There’s something in the air I’m afraid.” She clucked her tongue, “And just one week before the holidays too. Eleven cases of the flu so far this week. Vomiting, fever and stomach ache.”

Draco wasn’t really listening. He was a Malfoy; they didn’t get sick. He hadn’t been this ill since he was ten, from what he remembered. He reached for the bucket and threw up again. He glanced to his right where a Ravenclaw fifth-year girl with red hair was doing the same. He put down the bucket and fell back onto the bed.

“You’ll be here overnight, Mr. Malfoy. The potions will have begun working within a couple of hours, might as well try and get some sleep.”

Draco simply nodded. *Throwing up was disgusting. Food shouldn’t exit that way at all!*

This was the first Christmas Draco would be spending at Hogwarts. *What was the point of going home?* His mother had passed away, and his father would be in Azkaban until Draco would turn twenty-five. It was only his luck that his father had never killed anyone. Then it had been a lifetime in prison instead. The Manor was too lonely, and Draco would be back there in six months anyway, all alone.

He closed his eyes and drifted to sleep.

*Harry wanked to the image of Draco’s hand around his dick but what took him over the top was the way Draco had looked as he came hard down Harry’s throat. “Fuck!” He took a moment before spelling away the proof of his horniness. *He was so fucking gorgeous when he came. I want to see that again.*

*"

“Stop laughing, it’s not funny!”

Theo snickered the morning after when Draco returned to their dorm.

“Of course it’s bloody amusing. Potter sucking you off and you-you—” Draco smacked Theo’s arm as he howled with laughter by now, not very becoming of any Slytherin. “Okay, okay. Sooo, is he any good?”

Draco groaned and flipped him the finger. “I don’t get why he would do that. He hates me.”

“I’d like to see what he’ll do to those he likes! So, was he?”

The blond scowled. “He said that he and Finnegan were gay, and Thomas is into both. So much for coming closer to finding out who it is.”

“Well, we do have one week more of showering with them.” Theo grinned as Draco groaned.

“I hate you.”
“Harry, you’re evil. Keep teasing Malfoy and he’ll beat the crap out of you,” Neville said and grinned.

“Not teasing. He’s so fucking edible. I wanna shag his brains out.”

Seamus cheered him on, wanting to watch. “Can I suck his dick while you’re doing it?” The Irishman grinned. Harry and Seamus shared a look.

“Oh god, please tell me you’re not thinking of doing that?” Neville asked, but he wasn’t really against the idea. Even though he wasn’t into blokes, he could still enjoy sexual ideas about them, right?

“Pity Dean is involved with Hannah, he could have joined in the fun!” Harry grinned.

“Please, we all know you don’t feel like sharing,” Neville stated.

“I don’t want to share his arse, no. But imagine him screaming for more, begging, while two were pleasing him?”

“Shite, I gotta wank now!” Seamus pulled out his dick in front of his two friends like nothing mattered. Harry grinned and Neville groaned. “Nev. Wanna give me a hand here?” Neville blushed and buried his head in the pillow he was lying on.

Neville finally looked up and shocked the living shit out of his two best friends. “Fine, but I want a blow in return.”

“Oh, fuuuuck yes! Been dying to suck tha’ massive cock of yours for years!” Neville laughed. He could play with his friends while he was single, right?
Feeling Connected

Hot, steamy water caressed his pale and aching muscles as he washed his hair carefully. Draco sighed in contentment and allowed the water access to his most private parts. He closed his eyes and relaxed.

Draco tensed and his eyes flew open suddenly as a hand closed over his mouth. A naked erection pushed teasingly against his arse, but before he could begin to fight it, someone whispered: “Shh, Draco, it’s me, Love.”

Draco’s eyes widened and his heart was racing away. He closed his eyes again as he tried to recognize the voice, but failed, yet again.

Harry, as if he had read the blond’s mind, said: “Don’t speak, Baby. I’ll make you feel good soon.” Harry placed Draco’s shocked hands against the wet tiles and ordered him to keep them there. He hadn’t used any spells thus far. The lights in the private stall had gone out, naturally. Draco cursed inwardly at his own stupidity to get caught like this.

Draco blinked in confusion, both over the fact that his lover was—a Gryffindor, but also over he was letting one of them manhandle him when he could easily have fought back.

“You’re so beautiful, Draco,” Harry said, even though he couldn’t see Draco. A firm hand squeezed Draco’s buttocks and spread them apart so the water could run between them. Draco hissed as the hot water caressed his most private area, the place only he and his lover, apparently, had felt.

Draco pushed back against the wet and firm body resting behind him and Harry groaned.

“I missed you so much,” the Gryffindor said and kissed a trail across Draco’s shoulder blade. “Will you let me take you tonight?”

“Are you Thomas, Potter, or Finnegan? I have a bloody right to know!” Draco snapped at Harry, who seemed to still his movements briefly.

“Why would you think I’m one of them?” His breath tickled Draco’s skin near his soft spot behind his left ear and Draco groaned.

“Because you are,” came the short reply.

Harry let his hands wander down the front of Draco’s firm abs and into the pubic hairs before cupping what he’d been dying to touch for almost a week. “And you’d still let me touch you? Knowing I’m a Half-blood?” Harry pulled gently on the hard member and Draco ground his arse back, so it hit Harry’s thick cock.

“Yes. You fucking ruined my judgment.”

Harry bit Draco’s earlobe.

“I never…thought…about a male sexually so much b-befooore…fuck-stop that, I can’t think straight.” But Harry kept circling his hips to allow his weeping member to rut against the firm arse in front of him.

“Have you wanked while thinking about us?” Draco moaned as Harry turned him around and
sucked on his Adam’s apple. Draco’s hand yanked Harry’s hair roughly, causing the Gryffindor to moan. “Have you fingered your tight bottom as you wished for my cock to fill you?”

“I-I…” Harry sucked on the pale neck again, “Shite, please fucking tell me w-who…”

Harry grabbed Draco’s hips and pushed their dicks together causing Draco to cry out in pleasure.

“No yet, Baby.”

And then Draco yelped as Harry pushed him against the tiles and lifted him. “Kiss me.” Draco froze because suddenly he realized that they had never done that before.

“Draco, I need you.” And Draco felt magic around him and he thought that the Gryffindor might have made Draco lighter so he could carry him better. A tinkling buzzed around and inside Draco’s hole as the spell forced it to open up.

“God, I-I…are you…”

Harry’s hands still held Draco up by his arse and Draco tightened his legs around the other and leaned his head on Harry’s shoulder. “Please, tell me…”

And then Harry pushed gently inside and Draco lost his ability to form sentences.

“Merlin. Uhh, you. I’m, that’s…Move!” Harry did just that and Draco fought to not come right away. My god this was perfect.

“You feel so fucking incredible. Next time, I want you in me.”

“Fuck, yes!”

And Harry didn’t ask if it was because of his statement or the pleasure he gave his secret lover. “Touch yourself.”

“N-no, I’ll…” Draco stuttered, not wanting the pleasure to stop.

“I want you coming twice, Love. Touch your dick for me.” And with a shaking hand, Draco did just that. He was somewhat proud that he had to pull four times before coming in a low growl.

Harry stillled and willed himself to not feel the tightness of Draco’s orgasm trying to force his own orgasm from his body.

Draco was still panting when his lover started to move again and was hitting his prostate almost every time. He never knew he was this sensitive before, he had always been able to last at least half an hour on the first try and longer on the second. Not many minutes went by until he felt his balls aching and beginning to tighten once more. “Holy fuck, how…”

“Draco…” the Gryffindor moaned, “Please…”

Draco understood what his lover wanted and obliged him and leaned forward to kiss him for the first time. Harry moaned around the tongue that forced its way into his mouth and gave up on controlling the kiss and instead fucked Draco hard into the tiles until they both came while never ending the kiss.

“God, Draco. That was fucking…”

“Amazing,” Draco finished and panted heavily.
Harry released his lover and kissed him gently this time. He wished he could see his flushed and gorgeous face in the darkness, but this was better. This way, Harry could keep the fantasy alive of being with the man of his dreams and keep Draco from running away should he discover that he was, in fact, his enemy. Harry sighed in bliss as he caressed Draco’s chest. “You’re amazing.”

And Draco couldn’t help the chuckle that escaped him. He was used to compliments, of course, but this one penetrated his Malfoy armor and made him warm inside. It had nothing to do with the hot water or the fact that he had just been thoroughly shagged.

“You’re not too bad yourself, Gryffindork.”

Harry laughed and snogged Draco one last time before leaving him behind to finish-or start-washing off.
"Mr. Weasley! Maybe reading the instructions a second time would keep us all alive here two days after the Christmas holidays!" Professor Snape moved forward and vanished Ron’s potion. “A zero, Mr. Weasley, and 20 points from Gryffindor.”

Ron paled as the others laughed. He grumbled beside Hermione who shook her head while Harry grinned at his best mate. Ever since his two best friends had started having sex together Ron had been distracted often. “Bastard,” the red-head whispered, and Harry snickered as he concentrated on getting his own potion to turn brown.

“Alright, five more minutes to perfect your work and hand them in before we begin the next potion, that will–” Snape turned his head sharply to his left as Draco’s magic went haywire and his potion began to transform as the magic enveloped it. “Mr. Malfoy, step back! Everyone, take cover!” Snape moved swiftly and tried, but failed, to vanish the potion a couple of times. “OUT!” he bellowed and the students ran, all except Draco who stood there watching his potion in awe.

Draco snapped his fingers over the potion without a word or even a wand, and the potion calmed down again and returned to normal. Snape froze and eyed his student.

“That’s impossible, how did–” he then took a step towards Draco as he noticed the blonde Slytherin had a red glow surrounding his body, “No…” Snape tested his theory and vanished the potion and the glow was also gone. Snape staggered and grabbed onto the table behind him and swallowed.

Draco came out of his trance and stared at his professor.

“Mr. Malfoy—I would like permission to perform a spell on yourself. Something… curious just occurred.”

“Alright, sir.” Draco blinked and tried to focus, he felt odd at the moment. Snape moved closer and cast the spell non-verbally and cursed at the result.

“Please remove yourself from my classroom and go see Madam Pomfrey this instant, Mr. Malfoy.”

“What’s wrong, sir?” Draco asked as calmly as he could.

“She’ll run a few tests and then speak with you, then come see me afterward.” Draco frowned as he nodded and collected his things.

*

The school nurse looked at the results for the third time and frowned before turning a happy face to her student. “Congratulations, Mr. Malfoy. You’re going to be a father.”

“What!” Draco forgot all about correct behavior and stood up but immediately regretted it.

“Yes. Male pregnancies are very rare indeed—unless it’s in a Veela bonded relationship, and to my knowledge, you don’t have that in your blood?”

“No. I don’t understand–”

The nurse smiled. “It’s extremely rare. It will make quite the headlines when the child is born.”
“B-but…I’m not even married or–”

“Sometimes things just happen, Mr. Malfoy. Males don’t think about using protection when engaging in an intimate relationship with another male because they do not fear getting pregnant.”

Draco slumped back onto the bed. “I can’t, this can’t be happening!”

Madam Pomfrey frowned, “Mr. Malfoy, was this—did you give your consent when—”

“Yes! But I didn’t… I can’t be pregnant, I’m a bloke! And the father…” He closed his eyes and the nurse moved closer.

“He will be pleased, I’m sure of it. You’re young, but you come from a wealthy family who has all the necessary—”

“My mother died. And my father—” She nodded in silent understanding.

“You can manage. You have friends, and your partner will be there, too. Do you want me to summon him here? I can help you both with the details of the pregnancy so you’ll be prepared.”

“No. I’m not sure—” he began and swallowed hard. “I can’t tell him.” Then he got up and ran out of there as the nurse tried to call him back.

*

Draco burst into the potions classroom and went to his table. He began to unpack, looking paler than ever. Today they had a six hours potions lesson and there were still about two hours left.

“Mr. Malfoy, what are you doing back so soon?” asked his professor.

“The nurse allowed me to return,” he lied, but Snape caught on.

“I cannot let you attend potions the rest of the year. It won’t be safe. Not with your magic and not with—”

“Why not? I have to finish my NEWTs! I can’t become a Potions Master if I don’t!” He didn’t realize he was practically whining.

“I am sorry, but it is my final word on this matter.”

“B-but I…” Draco closed his eyes and willed the tears away and stood still. The entire class was watching them.

“You can come back and finish your NEWT in potions next year if you wish.”

“B-but that’ll be in September and that’s only two months after I…” he froze. He couldn’t speak the words. He was going to be a father, and he had no idea who the dad was!

“Your magic will be hard to control until after. Did you tell him?”

Draco looked up and flushed. “No, sir. It’s complicated.”

Snape’s brow rose. “Surely, your partner should be informed of your condition—”

Harry tipped his cauldron and the potion ruined the floors when it burned through. “Shite!” Harry cursed.
Snape growled. “10 points for foul language, and 20 points for idiocy, Mr. Potter!”

Harry wasn’t looking into the stern face of his professor. Instead, he was staring at Draco with his mouth hanging open. Draco flushed and cast his eyes downwards and without thought lay a hand on his stomach. Harry’s eyes followed that movement and Snape’s eyes widened in realization.

“Class dismissed. Mr. Malfoy, Mr. Potter, stay behind.”
"Mr. Potter, Mr. Malfoy," their potions professor sat down behind his desk gesturing for the two students to sit too. He stared at them as if waiting for them to speak up. Like it wasn’t him that had asked them to stay behind, instead of the other way around.

“Sir, was there something–” Draco began but was interrupted.

“I was under the same impression as the rest of the population of Hogwarts that the two of you were enemies,” the dark-haired Slytherin said, not making it out to be a question.

The silence in the room remained and Snape was clearly annoyed by it but held his temper in check.

“Mr. Malfoy will not be allowed to finish his NEWTs this year,” he paused for effect, using the moment to let his eyes linger between the two quiet males, “Unless…”

“Unless what, sir?” Draco asked, intrigued at last.

Snape leaned over his desk studying Harry while the next words left his mouth. “Unless your partner shares his magical core.”

Harry didn’t react at all.

He had had enough time around the Dursleys to be able to mask his emotions from them, to avoid punishments. Besides, if he said anything, Draco would yell and hate him even more than before. In his childish little Gryffindor head, he reasoned, that if he didn’t speak the words aloud then they wouldn’t be true.

“Professor, that’s not possible,” Draco practically whispered having partly forgotten about Harry sitting next to him awkwardly. “Only family members can do that, or–”

“Spouses,” Harry’s voice pulled Draco out of his pretend world where Harry was simply an empty chair. “But sir,” Harry licked his lips, making it possible for Snape to arrange his facial expressions into one of indifference. “Wouldn’t it be possible for, say, two powerful wizards, to do the same? Without having to actually bond?”

Draco cringed at the spoken question. So, if it was Harry, the Gryffindor wouldn’t want to take responsibility for his actions. Their actions, leading to their child. Draco wanted to sneer, or yell, or get out of there. But he had to at least listen to Snape’s explanations first. Then, he would deal with Harry.

Snape glared at Harry, perhaps thinking he was just like his father—always trying to buy his way out of trouble. Only, this kind of trouble would last a lifetime. He sneered while answering. “Yes, Mr. Potter. That’s true, however–”

“Is there a spell, a ceremony or potion that would cause that to happen? And for how long would it last?”

Snape waited a little while before speaking, blinking away the confusion that Harry Potter had actually asked something relevant and intelligent at the same time. “A potion. Much like the Polyjuice the two intended must offer up something from their own body. A hair, a piece of nail…” he trailed off, enjoying watching Harry looking revolted at having to swallow a toenail. “It
Draco frowned and wanted to speak up too, but his voice kept failing him for some reason.

“The sharing of the magical core. It’s to ensure that Draco’s magic is under control? To have someone to lean on, draw power from, so he can still take his NEWTs safely?” Who the hell is this man, and when did he eat Potter? Snape thought.

“Will you be making the potions?” Harry inquired before he got an answer to his other questions.

“Are you asking me to?” Snape sat back in his chair and observed his godson with interest. He had never seen Draco so subdued before. It wasn’t just the war, he knew that. It must be Potter. “Mr. Malfoy, what do you say to all of this?”

“I-I…” He stared down to his folded hands, making sure they didn’t shake as much as his voice wanted to. “It’s embarrassing.”

Snape nodded. He could understand that feeling. Draco was after all a Pure-blooded heir. They were supposed to do well on their own and not count or depend on others to uphold their dignity.

“It will only be for a short period of time. And nobody has to know, besides the parties involved, the Headmistress and the ones you choose to inform. Slytherins take care of their own, they will keep it amongst themselves.”

Draco nodded in agreement. He would only tell Theo, of course. “If–if this happens, can we say that the problem worked itself out to the general student population at least?” Asking a teacher to lie was not something he was proud of.

“I cannot control what you chose to say about the matter.” This was Snape’s way of giving the go-ahead.

“I’ll lend him my magic then,” Harry stated, and Snape glanced at him again.

“I shall make the potion tonight; it will be ready by the weekend.”

Harry nodded and got up but Snape’s words froze his movements: “All I need to know, to customize the potion to the intended properly, is if you are the father of Mr. Malfoy’s child?”

Shite. Harry had hoped he wouldn’t have to answer that. He could still bail out of this situation. He didn’t have to offer Draco his magical core. But if he did that he would lose Draco and their time together. And if he agreed, then he could very well stand to lose both Draco and his unborn child. Because Draco’s reaction to it being Harry that practically forced him to—What the hell was he going to say?
Harry turned around and faced the two Slytherins. One very stern-looking professor and a rather nervous Draco. Harry closed his eyes and pulled himself together. No matter his decision, it would have some kind of consequence.

“Yes.” It was barely above a whisper but they both heard him loud and clear. Snape simply nodded but Draco stood abruptly.

“May I leave now, sir?” facing away from Harry.

The Gryffindor’s heart was racing away and not in any good way at all.

“You may. I’ll make the potion and be in contact with you both.”

Draco yanked the door open and fled, Harry ran to keep up with the blond. “Draco!” he called after him, but the other didn’t slow down his strides one bit. “Dray.”

Draco stopped and swirled around, “Don’t call me that, Potter!” He was livid with wild eyes staring down Harry.

“Please, I’m–”


“Yes. I am. I never meant to hurt you, I lo--”

“Don’t you FUCKING dare, Potter! I swear to Merlin, I’ll…” Draco’s breathing was crazy and he was losing his composure completely. Harry took a few steps closer then stopped and met Draco’s eyes.

“No! You don’t get to–you have no bloody right to start crying. It’s MY right, Potter. You hear, MINE! I’m the one whose life is ending. Everything I planned for the future destroyed, because you couldn’t keep your goddamn hands to yourself!”

“That’s not true. You can still do anything you’ve dreamt of. It’ll just be a little later than you planned to. It’s not the end of the world, Draco, a child is a blessing—”

“Then why don’t you fucking carry it!” He slammed his hand against the stone wall, causing the hand to bleed. “You changed everything, Potter. I wasn’t supposed to like males in the first place, I don’t! t’s just you, that…”

“Draco—”

“NO! You used me. And my desire to be close to you. You know I’ve always wanted to be your friend, to be close to you. That I was drawn to you from the moment we first met. And then you, you. It wasn’t right, what you did!”

“I know, I’m sorry. Please, Draco. Let me make it better.”

“Make what better? Can you make this child go away? Can you give me back control over my own magic? Can you take back the fact that you tied me up and used me?”

“I-I…gosh, Draco, I never meant to… I wanted to show you how much I love you, and desire you.
How beautiful I find you. And that I would stop at nothing to give you the greatest pleasure. There is nothing I wouldn’t do for you, Draco, I—"

“I know that, Potter! That’s what’s so fucking frustrating. Had you been anyone else, I would have contacted the Aurors, not that they would have believed me anyway. But I know, alright. I know you meant no harm, and that you think and mean all of what you just said.”

Harry let the tears fall.

“That still doesn’t make it right. You could have asked me out.”

“You would have said no.”

“Probably, yes. But that’s part of life, Potter. With our history and all—”

“It hurts so bloody much to not be able to touch you, to make you feel and see that you’re still loved, even with your parents away—” Harry paused. “You’re so special, and I want you to feel that, deep down inside. And I don’t think you’ve ever felt that. Just like me.”

“Maybe not.” Draco stared at Harry again. “I don’t know what to do from here, Potter it’s–crazy and—” He sighed. “I don’t care about your lack of Pure-blood family ties, and I can look past the whole Slytherin-Gryffindor rivalry, but you…I really did enjoy what you did the first time you tied me up. And I wanted what happened on the next meetings. But that first time was, you crossed a line, Potter, and I need to find a way to cope with that. Along with being attracted to you. Not to mention pregnant with your child.”

“Can you ever forgive me?” Harry whispered.

“I hope so. Because we’re in this for life, Potter. No matter how we both end up, we’re going to be fathers, together.”

Harry nodded and took a step closer.

“I love you,” he said.

Draco looked into wet, green orbs and saw the truth of those spoken words there, “I know.” He then reached out a hand for Harry’s and held it briefly.

But it was enough to give Harry hope.
“You both understand what is about to happen then?” Professor Snape asked Harry and Draco, who both nodded.

“We drink the customized potions, Potter’s magic will try to tame my own magic to stop me from losing control over it when around potions,” Draco trailed off.

“Sir, I don’t understand something. Why is it only in Potions class that Draco’s magic might acts out?” Harry wanted to know.

“Because that is the only class where you do not use your wands. The wand is a way to be able to tame your magic in everyday spells, curses and transfigurations. The magic has to go through the wand to act and the magic is bound to the wand, when you are holding it, and casting. There is no such bond when creating potions. There, the magic is more likely to act on its own when the person is overwelmed, exited or whatever other powerful emotion the magic’s owner is experiencing at the time, when pregnant.”

“So, it’s like accidental magic?”

Snape studied his student, once again wondering what had happened to the idiot Gryffindor he used to call Potter. “Yes, that is correct, Potter. Even wandless magic is controlled by the caster. However, accidental magic is not, hence the name.”

“Right. Got it.” Harry downed his potion without hesitation, since they had already gone over the potions’ effects and such, he might as well get it over with. Then he faced Draco and he too drank. “Tastes like coconut.” Harry grinned and Draco offered him a small smile, but a smile, nevertheless.

*

Harry stopped chopping his mandrake roots and leaned against the desk in concentration. ‘Breathe Draco, let the magic flow freely or it’ll be too much.’

‘Easy for you to say, Potter! You’re not the one who’s got a kid inside you, trying to control your every emotion! I’m a Slytherin, we don’t do emotions publicly.’

When Snape had shared the fact that they would be able to speak together secretly, in their minds only, Draco had almost bailed out. But he had come to his senses eventually, because he wanted so badly to become a Potions Master. Of course, he was damn wealthy and could have sat back and done nothing for the rest of his life. But he wasn’t like that. He was different that the other Malfoys, he loved using his hands. He was a worker, not a politician or a businessman. His father had taken the news of Draco’s career plans surprisingly well, even though he would be in Azkaban
for years to come, he still weighed heavily in Draco’s life; at least when it came to opinions.

When it was time for the exams, Harry had to take a blocking potion, so that Draco could take his exams without cheating. Draco would never cheat, but it was part of the school regulations, so this was what was going to happen.

‘If I could carry our child for you, I would.’

Draco closed his eyes this time. He had known for weeks now that Potter cared about him, and for one week that Potter loved him; but this was something that proved that he meant it. Slytherins were not accustomed to trusting someone outside of their own house, but Draco would have to learn to look beyond that, since his baby’s father was a Gryffindor.

‘Thank you.’ he finally managed to think and he heard the link between them sigh in contentment, which meant that Potter did too.

*

“What was that all about in potions class, mate?” Ron asked as the guys were gathered in their dorms for a game of exploding snap that evening. Harry sighed, he knew he would have to tell them.

“I’ve been seeing someone since the beginning of this term, or rather last term, right after we began our last year here.”

“What?” Dean said. “Why haven’t you told us this man, you know we’ve got your back? We could have helped you out, when you wanted to sneak around and stuff.”

“Thanks D. I’m just—we didn’t know if it was serious or…”

“And now it is?” Neville wanted to know on behalf of the others too.

“As serious as it can get.” Harry admitted and lay down on top of Seamus’ bed.

“Whoa mate, that’s…you’re getting married?!!!?” Ron exclaimed and joined Harry on the bed.

“Well, not now. It’s…complicated…”

“How come?” Seamus asked.

Harry bit his bottom lip nervously. “I’m going to be a father sometime this summer.”

“WHAT!” Dean and Ron yelled, while Neville paled and Seamus whistled. “Was it…” Dean tried to ask.

“No, we didn’t think we could.”

“Oh Harry, but you know about the birds and the bees, of course you can get a girl pregnant if you have sex with her,” Neville stated.

“Uuhh,” was Harry’s only response. The four friends were silent for a long while until Seamus finally managed to get his head to work.

“Wai’ up Har. You’re gay, how can ya’…SHITE, you got a bloke preg??” Harry thought it was easier to simply nod.
“Blokes, if both are powerful enough, can apparently become fathers together. Go figure.” He sighed, “And I went to Snape, and he made this potion so that the other dad would be able to control his magic in class as long as I’m in the same room with him.”

“So he’s in potions with us?” Dean had always been smart, and Harry nodded again. “But who is powerful enough– Oh god …”

“What?” Asked Ron and Seamus.

“It’s Malfoy, isn’t it?” The dark-skinned male whistled and Harry closed his eyes.

“I love him.” Was all Harry had to say to that, “And I want to be there for him, until he forgives me for getting him pregnant. Apparently, wizards and witches cannot terminate pregnancies without endangering their magical core. Since it bonds with the child and all. They can, of course, give up the baby for adoption, but it’s my kid-I can’t do that. I know I’ll only be 19 when it comes, but my parents weren’t much older.”

“Does he want to give it up?” Neville asked.

“No. We talked it over, eventually, once he calmed down and stopped trying to kill me.” He wiped his tired eyes. “I’m sure he wants to have a boy, but I don’t care at all about the gender, as long as it’s healthy. And Pomfrey is supervising Draco, so I trust her to take care of that.”

“Shite, mate.” Was all Ron could offer as an input.

“Yeah. But you know what? I’ll be out of school then, and I’m having a child with the man I love, so it can’t be all bad, huh?”

“The papers will have a field day over this, geez.” Dean said. “But we’ve got you mate, anything you need, just let us know.”

“Damn right scarhead,” Seamus grinned and Harry felt so blessed knowing he had friends for life.

“Don’t tell the girls just yet. Hermione will freak, and Ginny will never stop bugging me to go shopping for clothes, and I don’t know how Luna will react.”

“Shite mate, my mom will be a maniac once she finds out there’ll be a grandchild. Not even Bill and Fleur are pregnant yet!”

Harry laughed when Ron groaned as he thought about how it would be to move back home while saving up for his own place. “Thanks a lot!” Harry and the others snickered at Ron’s outburst before returning to their game.
“The mental bond is killing me, Sev. It’s–having Potter inside my head, when I don’t block him out that is, it’s frustrating.” Severus stared at his godson, who had been rambling for the past ten minutes as they sat in his private chambers after dinner one week later. “Do you have any idea how bloody giddy he is? I mean, being happy is one thing, but Gryffindors are just…It’s appalling how often he laughs over little things!”

“Yes, Gryffindors do tend to be rather positive in their way of viewing life. His mother was the same, I reckon.” Draco groaned at hearing this. “You will learn to accept it. If the person is really worth the effort, even a Slytherin can cope.” He smirked, because he knew that his godson was more like him than any other Slytherin he had ever taught or met in his own school days.

“It’s Potter.” Severus grinned. “I don’t–so, okay he’s rather fit for a bloke who’s only 5’6, and he may not be as stupid as I’ve been letting others believe–”

“Draco.” The blond stopped his flow of words and met his godfather’s amused eyes. “You wouldn’t have let him touch you in the first place if you didn’t truly want it. We both know that. In fact, you’ve been drawn to him since before Hogwarts. Even as a child, when hearing the stories about the-boy-who-lived, you were more than fascinated by the tales.”

Draco scowled, but he knew the dark-haired Slytherin was right, of course. Draco’s father loved his son, but he was not an easy man to talk to, especially about private matters. Severus had always been the one having the man-to-man conversations. He was pretty sure he had shocked his godfather, when at the age of eight he demanded he tell him about vaginas. His mother gave him everything he wanted, but she too was a true Malfoy after having been married to Lucius for years before Draco was born, so she let Severus deal with Draco’s delicate side, as they saw it. To everyone’s surprise, Severus had taken the responsibility to heart and there was nothing Draco could not confess to him.

“He doesn’t know about my wandless magic capabilities. I didn’t tell him. Naturally, I couldn’t. It’s a Malfoy matter, and always has been, if father–”

“Your father is in Azkaban, Draco. He will most likely only be let out when you are in your late twenties. The ministry has taken away his titles, and you are the Lord of the Malfoy house now, even when he gets released. You know the laws as well as I do. If any Lord or Lady is the last in line but has a living heir, the title is passed on permanently if they are incarcerated. It’s the only way to let the Lords and Ladies keep their place in the wizarding community.”

“Yes, I know that. But Potter–”

“You’re having a child together. Perhaps calling him by his first name would be advisable.” Severus interrupted.
Draco groaned again. “But that makes it more real.” He took a deep breath. “I’m not gay, I like females, it’s just—he’s the only male that I’ve ever…”

“Wanted,” Severus provided.

Draco flinched at the bluntness. “Yes. I don’t like other males that way. They don’t do anything for me when I’m around them, so I can’t be gay.”

“Perhaps not. Especially since you prefer girls mostly.” Draco relaxed as Severus came to the same sort of conclusion he had been working on himself. “You need to tell him the truth. You let him believe he practically molested you. He should know about your obsession with him, and why you could have easily broken free of the restraints he held you under.”

“I can’t! He’ll think that I’m a freak. I didn’t know it was him the first couple of times.”

“So, tell him about your fantasies. If they appall him, then he’s not the right one for you. Slytherins tend expand their sexual outlets more than most. That’s the reason most of us marry one from the same house.”

“He won’t like it–”

“You have nothing to lose, Draco. From what you tell me, the two of you spend no time together privately anymore. And you’ve closed down the mental bond most of the time. He’ll be desperate for any kind of conversation you should offer him, I’m sure. There are plenty of other Slytherins willing to blood adopt your child and marry you, you’re a Malfoy.”

“But it’s our child.” Severus nodded. “I didn’t want to be pregnant, I didn’t even know I had the option. But now that I am and have had some weeks to deal with it, I don’t mind much.” He rubbed his flat belly absentmindedly causing Severus to smirk. “What if he won’t share his magic if I confess?”

“Then you do without. It will set you back a year, but life will go on, Draco, it’s not the end of the world.”

Draco rubbed his face in distress. “I should tell him.”

Severus leaned back in his chair and sipped his tea, feeling like he had done something meaningful and hid the smile behind his cup.
‘We need to talk.’ Harry dropped the fork he was holding and barely managed to not choke on his potato at dinner the following night as Draco finally re-opened their mental bond and addressed him from across the Great Hall. ‘At nine, classroom five, don’t be late, Potter.’ And then the bond was closed as Draco exited the room, clearly in a hurry to get away before Harry could answer.

Harry ran a hand through his wild hair and sighed but didn’t pick up his cutlery to finish his dinner. His appetite lost somewhere between the coldness in Draco’s voice that had rung inside his head and startled him, and the abrupt nature of the blond’s exit.

He gave his friends some lame excuse and left himself, heading back to his own dorm to relax. He couldn’t believe Draco had been a total prick and closed down their link for so bloody long, not after Harry had willingly given him, or loaned him his magic to lean on. Of course, Harry also understood the reason why.

Draco was a Malfoy, and a Slytherin, not to mention a Pureblood; they were raised to not depend on anyone. Use, manipulate, blackmail, yes, but actually trust enough to lean on someone as if their life depended on it, fuck no!

Furthermore, Harry had practically forced himself onto Draco. He hadn’t raped him, but touching and rimming someone with no choice was just as bad, even though Draco and Harry had talked on a few other occasions, when the blond had stated that it didn’t matter anymore what had happened and all that mattered was they were going to have a fucking child together–Harry still felt awful.

He didn’t know what had possessed him to act like that. He would never, ever hurt Draco. He loved him. He was perhaps blinded by passion and that love and had given himself the excuse, that if it was for Draco’s pleasure, then it might be fine.

But it really wasn’t. Not to Harry anyway.

Draco couldn’t have chosen a worse night for this because the guys had planned for an evening of fun and Harry was so in need of that right now. He wanted to laugh at Seamus’ stupid antics, to agree with Dean’s reasoning, to snicker at Ron’s obliviousness, and tease Neville for his ability to blush over nothing at all. Especially, when the subject was sex, in detail.

Which was what they were going to gossip about tonight, on the damn day the Draco finally agreed to talk to him, like bloody girls who had their first crushes. Harry smiled at the idea of Neville describing his first time with Hannah, not that they were still together or anything, but still.

Harry didn’t realize how zoned out he had been until the blokes entered their dorm after finishing dinner and their planned study session at the library, which Harry had missed and not given them any notice of before running here. “Alright there, mate?” Ron asked as he sat down on Harry’s bed and the others began to change out of their school wear and into something much more
“Draco wants to chat tonight. In 15 minutes actually,” he stated after having cast a Tempus. “And I don’t know what he wants.”

“He sent you an owl?” Neville wanted to know as he too sat down on Harry’s bed, while Dean was brushing his teeth and Seamus zipping up his trousers.

Harry shook his head. “Nah, he linked me.” That was Harry’s new word for the bond they had begun to share. Not that he had had too much time to learn about that due to Draco closing it most of the time after the initial week.

“Well, that’s an improvement, ain’t it?” Ron tried to be a good friend about Harry and Draco, but still saw him as Malfoy and most of the time forgot not to sneer when talking to his friend about the blond Slytherin.

“Guess so, just wish I know what it is all about,” Harry shrugged.

“You’ll find out soon enough, you should leave unless you want to be late,” Neville said and Harry got up and followed orders.

“See you. Sorry about our plans though.”

“Ya’ll buy tha’ first round next time, Har,’” Seamus winked when Harry nodded in agreement and slipped out the room.

* *

“Potter, a minute early. Did someone promise you a prize for honoring your date?” Draco tried to act casual about it.

“If I’d known it was a date I would have dressed up.” Harry smiled as he walked closer and chose to sit down on a table near where Draco was standing. He wasn’t too sure his legs would stop shaking.

Harry watched Draco pacing the room, then locking the door, then pacing some more. Then he finally cast silencing charms all around. After that he kept fidgeting with the hem of his robes. “Just tell me, Draco. It can’t be that bad.”

Draco whirled around, caught off guard by Potter’s voice, clearly. He looked wild, with his hair sticking out in odd directions and Harry couldn’t stop himself from walking to him and placing a calming hand on his shoulder. It must have worked, because the Slytherin closed his eyes when finally speaking. “I’ve been lying to you, Potter.”

Harry pushed down his worry so he would be able to answer the other male, “About what?”

He still hadn’t opened his eyes. He couldn’t meet those damned gorgeous green eyes while saying this. “About our first meeting.” A hand caressed his cheek suddenly and Draco had no choice but to open the grey eyes bravely. He swallowed down the spit that threatened to drown him before continuing, “I didn’t want it–but I did.”

Harry’s brows furrowed. “I don’t understand what that means, Draco.”

The blond sighed. ‘It was a fantasy of a stranger meeting me somewhere, controlling me.’ Harry blinked as he adjusted to the link instead. He moved a step closer so they were touching by their comfortable.
chests.

‘You wanted someone to–’ Harry paused, looking for the right words.

‘Have their way with me.’ Draco finished and bit down hard to swallow the protests when Potter moved away from him as if stunned by a spell. He watched as the other took a seat on a nearby desk.

“A stranger.” Harry stated. “So, you didn’t–”

Draco’s feet moved before he could stop them from doing it, “I didn’t know it was you, Potter, until the third date. I was scared but still excited too.” Draco reached out a hand unconsciously and grabbed Potter’s wrist. “I know you don’t understand any of that, being a Gryffindor–”

“Did it turn you on, what I did to you?” Harry bluntly wanted to know some minutes later, as he interrupted.

“Yes.”

“Did you–were you hoping I’d fuck you against your will?” Draco shuddered as the words hit him hard. “To force my cock into your tight arse, while you whimpered and begged me to stop?” Harry pulled Draco closer and he came willingly. “Does rape turn you on? Having your voice mean nothing more than a whisper, as someone more powerful than you claims your body as his own…”

Draco licked his lips. He didn’t know if Potter was trying to coax him into admitting the truth, then hold it against him as he spread the word around Hogwarts and the rest of their world. Not all would believe him, but enough to make it impossible for Draco to live how he wanted, unless the potions master he studied under was a Slytherin too.

“Is that what you want, huh, Draco? For me to push you against the wall and bind you there, and shove my thick dick into your unprepared hole?” Draco whimpered, he couldn’t help it, but Potter was so blunt, so close to him right now, and gosh, it was making him hard to hear him speaking like this.

Harry dragged Draco closer and flipped him onto his back on the desk and claimed his lips. Draco couldn’t even move if he wanted to. There was so much passion coming from Potter it was hard to contain it all. When the kiss ended Potter was above him still, looking down at him in wonder.

“Your fantasy didn’t necessarily include me.” It wasn’t a question, and Potter knew he was right. “But I—if you’d like, I could do that.” Because he could. It what was Harry had wanted all along; to be the sole link to Draco’s pleasure.

Draco groaned and bucked his hips upwards causing Potter to blush. “Yes. Yes, fuck yes.” Draco pulled him down and forced their lips together again. ‘Does this mean you’ll give us a chance? A real one, and not just for sexual release, because it’s hardly something I could do for anyone.’

‘Yes. Now, shut up and suck me off, I bloody missed that.’ Draco didn’t care if he was begging, or that Potter was laughing at him. All he understood, was that someone was there, and willing to play out his sick fantasies without judging him for it. And Potter was hot.
“Shouldn’t you be off on your big date with lover boy?” Neville asked casually, three weeks after Harry and Draco’s conversation of ‘truth’, as the guys were drinking and playing silly, childish games in their dorms; female-free, mind you.

Seamus whistled loudly and moved his eyebrows in a very suggestive sort of way, while Dean snickered to himself into his drink. “How many bloody times do I have to tell you this? Stop hinting about sex and Malfoy in my presence!” Ron complained, but Harry knew that his best mate was supportive of them all the same.

“Shut it Ron. You get more sex than I do!” Harry tossed a bag of crisps at his friend’s head and got a hit.

“Oy! Stop wasting good food on stupid things, you dickhead,” the redhead opened the bag, sniffed and hummed before his large hand ducked in.

“Uhm, dickhead–”

“Don’t even get started Harry, I mean it!” Ron said between chewing.

“You should see him naked, it’s like–” Then the others were laughing hard because apparently the Weasley had cast a silencing spell over Harry before he could go on. Harry scowled and flipped him the finger. Then removed himself from his bed and went to fetch his own wand from the bedside table, casting the counter spell and went for the door. “Real mature, Ron!” Then he slammed the door as he left, still able to hear the laughter he had left behind.

A lean body slammed Draco against the stone walls, hard, and pushed his blond head toward the coldness afterwards so he was unable to move. “Pretty things shouldn’t walk the castle on their own in dark corridors.” Harry made sure to breathe harshly over the Slytherin’s pale and exquisite neck when speaking, causing his lover to groan.

“Go fuck yourself!” Draco shot back and was rewarded when Harry rubbed his aching hard-on against the pert arse in front of him.

“I’d much rather fuck you, I think.” Then he bit into the left earlobe and Draco bucked back against the firm, strong body holding him in place.

“Yeah. Well, I’m not a bloody queer, so go harass someone from Gryffindor. Apparently they
“It’s not much fun if they don’t fight you for it, is it, snake?” Even though they were in a secret passageway that the Weasleys and the Marauders were the only ones, beside Harry, to know about, Harry had made sure to cast the strongest silencing spells there is. “I’m going to enjoy fucking your tight Pureblood arse, Malfoy.”

Draco tried to free himself, but Harry’s grip on him was too bloody strong. “I wonder what daddy would say to his heir talking it up the rear, begging for more?”

“I will never beg you for anything, you fucking swine!” Draco yelled and then Harry spelled the trousers away with a flick of his wrist, the underpants too. “Is this the only way the savior is able to get a fuck?” Draco spat and stepped hard on Harry’s left foot causing the Gryffindor to yelp before he glue-spelled both feet to the floor. Draco was squirming to lift his shoes from the ground but they wouldn’t budge.

Harry smacked the pale arse, “You look perfect moving around like that. Will you do that with me buried inside you, too?”

“Don’t you fucking dare, Potter, I’ll god-damn murder you…” Harry spread the firm globes using both his hands after casting a particularly strong binding spell on the Slytherin’s hands. He then unzipped his own trousers just to free his aching cock. He rubbed it against the small puckered hole and Draco whimpered in disgust, because it couldn’t possibly be pleasure.

“Mmm, so beautifully writhing for me. I’m going to love deflowering you, Malfoy.” His hands were massaging the pale arse, “Make you beg me for more cock.” He cast a wandless lubrication spell on his own dick and then on the Slytherin’s firm hole.

“Ugh, don’t you dare, Potter…” Draco fought stronger against his restraints and made the mistake to push back too, causing the tip of Harry’s dick to push inside. “NO!”

“Yes!” And then Harry slammed home, where he wanted to bury himself for the next hour or so, but he knew he wouldn’t last that long beforehand, because this fantasy of Draco’s was too hot and inviting to not burst after some minutes.

But it didn’t end like either had thought, with Draco’s fantasy fulfilled, or with orgasms that would blow them both away with desire.

Instead, Harry screamed like he had been placed under the Cruciatus. And both males knew all too well from personal experience how that felt.

“Potter?” Draco croaked, when he was roughly yanked out of his fantasy and felt his lover fall out of him only to tumble to the floor and scream some more. “Harry!” Draco didn’t even have to concentrate too hard to free himself, even without his wand in hand. He dropped onto his knees in front of Harry and turned him over and froze momentarily.

There was so much blood everywhere he almost vomited. He reached behind himself put the only thing he found there was lube and a small amount of blood. Nothing to cause this sort of scene. “What the hell happened.”

“Somethi–something went wrong…” Harry panted loudly from the immense pain he was feeling. “My-my…shite, Draco…my fucking dick is broken…”
If possible, Draco paled further and cast a cleaning spell over Harry’s groin and noticed the dick was turning purple and sticking out in an odd angle. “Jesus, wha-, I’ll get Pomfrey…”

“NO!” Harry twisted slightly on the floor and Draco cast a cushioning spell and a warming spell under Harry. “Not he-her, I don’t want her to see me like this,” he managed to stutter.

“Well, you can’t—I don’t know the first thing about this sort of healing! You need bloody help, before it falls off…” Draco felt sick, this was his fantasy and his doing, and he couldn’t even begin to imagine the pain-level Harry was under right now. “Severus, I’ll get Severus.”

Before Harry could speak up and tell his lover that he prefers Pomfrey any day over Snape, he passed out.
Embarrassing Failure

Chapter Notes

Thanks for the lovely kudos!

Draco slumped back in the Hogwarts hospital wing’s uncomfortable wooden chair and sighed for the second time within five minutes. Harry was still out cold, which was a damn good thing, since Draco couldn’t possibly survive a stronger headache than the one he had already developed, if he had had to listen to Harry yelling at Snape for tending to his dick.

Snape, or as Draco called him in private, Severus, had been great about the whole ordeal. Naturally, that was probably due to Harry being asleep and immobilized. When Draco had summoned his godfather the man had asked the needed questions, then carried, yes, carried, Harry in his own arms without magic all the way to Madam Pomfrey’s care, where they both had begun healing his lover. Well, Draco thought, it was what Harry was now, after all.

Maybe he hadn’t planned on dating his nemesis, or a male for that matter, like, ever–but it couldn’t really be any different now, could it?

Draco was beginning to actually like Harry’s persona, not the boy-who-lived one, but the real one that only his friends knew about, because everyone else was so busy drawing up a hero that truly did not exist. Sure, Harry would always come to anyone’s aid, but he was still a real live flesh and blood person, and not some immortal killing machine that the Prophet was making him out to be.

“It’s perhaps best if I provide the proper healing in this particular case, Poppy,” Severus had said to the school nurse, when she had begun to take off Harry’s pants. She had merely nodded her agreement and gone to fetch a few basic potions, instead.

Draco had had to watch Severus clean and cast diagnostic spells on his lover’s dick. He had shuddered at the idea of having a broken dick several times while Harry was just lying there. Severus had hummed, and tsked and cast more spells. And all along Madam Pomfrey had stayed behind the curtain, that separated his chest and groin, Severus had conjured to give Harry some sort of privacy. “Tell me, Draco, how exactly did this happen?” the silky baritone voice interrupted the blond’s train of thought.

Draco blinked several times. He tried to open his mouth and allow the words of explanation to reach Severus’ ears, but failed. The potions master’s brow furrowed. “Did you do this to Potter?” he then asked.

“No!” Draco spluttered, “Of course not. That’s just–why would I?”

Severus turned to look down at his godson. “Yes, why indeed.” And then he waited again for the blond to explain.

“We were–I mean, Harry said–we wanted to…” Words never failed a Malfoy before, but right now he wasn’t acting very much like a Malfoy in the first place, what with the pink blush creeping up his neck and cheeks.
“You had sex in the hallways,” Severus stated, when Draco didn’t volunteer anything else. Draco simply nodded and avoided capturing the eyes of the school nurse, who would have frowned her disapproval, he was sure. “And then?”

“I don’t know! We only got to the–fun–part, and then Harry was on the floor, screaming and bleeding all over the place, and I…”

“You summoned me,” he clarified. Draco nodded again, face still burning from embarrassment. Severus turned to cast more spells over Harry’s still purple and odd-angled dick before speaking again. “Am I correct to assume that the sex was on the rough side?” he asked like it was a discussion that involved the most ordinary potion that existed.

“Yes,” Draco forced himself to answer.

“Was it consensual?” he then wanted to know as he tried a healing spell he had only cast twice before in his life. Being a Death Eater caused quite a few situations of strange or foul-ending problems, when spells or curses were fired at random.

“Yes! Of course it was–we…” Draco’s words died in the back of his throat as Severus met his grey eyes once more.

“Does this have to do with the conversation you and I shared some weeks ago?” Draco couldn’t look at his godfather and his head wouldn’t function, but having known each other since Draco was a baby meant that Severus could read the blonde quite well. “I see.” He then covered up Harry and sat down next to his godson.

“My qualified guess is that your child was acting out as a means of trying to protect its carrier.” Thank god, he hadn’t said mother, then Draco would have freaked out, he already felt like a bloody woman being pregnant.

“It can do that?” Draco whispered uncertain.

Severus nodded. “Yes, in situations where bonds are at stake, like the one you share with Potter, it is quite possible this is the very case of what occurred here.”

“But he wasn’t–we both agreed to it.” Draco felt his pulse increasing, making it much harder for him to breathe properly.

“I understand that. However, a child of magical origin, and especially one made between two strong wizards like yourselves would have a higher magical core, even if it’s still only the third month of the pregnancy.”

“I entered the fourth month last week,” Draco thought he had to admit. He now looked paler than Severus had ever seen him before.

Severus merely offered a curt nod. “Now that I know what caused the condition, I can heal it–”

“Will it be back to–” Draco couldn’t finish that sentence.

“Normal?” Severus eyed Draco, “Yes, you’ll have your toy back as it was within the next couple of days. However, should the two of you desire to engage in this sort of intense activity again, you will have to convince your child that Potter means no harm.”

“How?” Draco whispered, because he was sure his fantasy would come up again, not that he had much hope that Harry would ever agree again.
“You talk to it.” Draco’s eyes widened as Severus stood and went back to healing his Lover’s bruised dick. Talk to it? Draco wanted to ask how they could be sure that their baby would agree or not, but thought better of it when he finally met Madam Pomfrey’s gaze and had to turn his head away again. She was clearly not impressed.
HEY, so sorry - been away too long - BUT I HAVE A GOOD excuse - I had my son on my own birth day october 4th! Yay - before that I struggled with massive pain for two weeks and I could do nothing all day, it was horrible! My son and his older sister and older brother are all doing great!

“This is all your fault, Potter, you do know that, right?” Draco ran a hand through his already tangled hair. “Had you never sought me out and turned me into a poof, and made me want more from you, this would never have happened either.” He gestured to the growing belly he was no longer hiding under a glamour while sitting on the hospital bed he had enlarged to fit next to Harry, because why should he, a pregnant male Malfoy, sit in one of those ridiculously abysmal chairs.

He sighed and turned around on his left side to lie down and face Harry, then tentatively reached out his hand, letting it rest on the Gryffindor’s cheek. “You fucking git. You just had to make me fall for you. I was perfectly fine with admiring you from a distance in a non-sexual way, you know.” Long pale fingers caressed a rough chin, “And you ruined my perception of your appearance, too.” A finger touched the slim lips, “I used to be the best-looking bloke at school—”

“You still are.” Draco froze as Harry whispered and slowly opened his eyes, blinked a few times to try and focus and offered a thin smile, before reaching out for Draco’s hand. “You were always the hottest bloke around, even though you are a right bastard, you’re sexy as hell.”

Draco huffed and made to take back his hand but Harry wouldn’t let him. Instead, he raised Draco’s hand to his lips again and kissed every finger separately. Draco involuntarily drew in a sharp breath and Harry met his grey eyes. “Don’t I get a kiss?”

“No. And Slytherins do not fall for puppy eyes, so you can just stop that right now, Potter.”

“Harry.” He didn’t stop, “But I’m hurt and you’re here. I should at least get one kiss from my boyfriend.”

“You’re hurt because your child hurt you, because he thought you were hurting his daddy! Don’t blame this on me Potter, you wanted it too.”

“Mommy.” Draco stared into the greenness in front of him.

“What?”

“Mommy. You’re the mommy, Love, since you’re carrying our daughter.” Harry smiled caringly as he spoke softly and caressed Draco’s arm and draped a leg over the blond’s thighs.

“What! I’m not a god-damned female. You fucking take that back, Potter!” Draco fumed and fought to get lose from Harry’s firm body but failed.

“Stop acting like a child Draco. It’s always the one having the child that’s the mommy. And you’re masculine and sexy, and a Slytherin. Nobody would give you a hard time when our daughter calls you mommy,” Harry reasoned.
“I am the daddy, Potter. Any Malfoy has always called their father ‘father’, and I don’t want to be one of those cold and uncaring parents. I will be daddy to our son, you got that? You can be mommy if you want him to have a mother, or you can be father. I don’t care, as long as I’m the daddy!”

Harry grinned up at Draco. “You’re cute like this. All caring and defensive. You’re going to be a brilliant parent, Draco. No guy will ever dare to court our daughter.” He laughed.

“Son! I’m a Malfoy, and we always have a son.”

“And we will, Love, but not this time.” Harry pulled Draco closer to him and made to kiss him but the other pulled away.

“And how would you know if it’s a boy or a girl? Did you special order a child when you impregnated me against my will?”

Harry frowned, “I didn’t force you, Draco, and I didn’t know that you could get pregnant in the first place.” The Slytherin huffed again and relaxed back onto the bed. “I know we’re young and this wasn’t planned. But we’ll manage. We have the money, and I have a large family for support, once we tell them, that is—”

“I don’t.” Draco closed his eyes in a moment of weakness. “My father will not like this one bit, and my mother—”

“I’m sorry, Draco. I promise the Weasleys will love you once you stop being an arse to them. Well, maybe not Percy, but he’ll tolerate you, for me. And you’ll have me, and our child. And we’ll have other children, too.” Draco’s eyes flew open, “I’ll make you happy, I promise.”

“I don’t—it’s not that—”

“I love you, Draco.” Those words shut up the blond at once. He had known that Harry cared about him, but never had he imagined hearing those words aimed at him, while Harry was looking at him with openly admiring eyes. The only ones ever telling him that they loved him were his mother and Theo. He felt like he couldn’t breathe. “I understand if you don’t love me. But I hope you will, in time.”

And then Harry kissed him gently and for what must have been many minutes.

“Draco,” Harry moaned as they drew apart and the dark-haired male began to suck on the pale neck in front of him, causing Draco to groan almost silently. “Please, touch me. I need to know it still works.”

Draco could hardly refuse with Harry distracting him with his devilish tongue. He let his hand cup his lover’s groin and rubbed gently. “Harder, please. Oh god, yes, Draco. Just like that.” And Draco felt Harry’s prick responding to his touch so he kept running his hand up and down.

“Please,” and Draco knew what he was asking, but he was not about to do it.

“Pomfrey would throw a fit if we messed up her beds. And I for one, am not in the mood to be yelled at by a middle-aged school nurse.”

“Then don’t spill anything. Please, Love. I need you.” Harry drew Draco’s lips to his own and captured them in a toe-curling kiss that made Draco both hard and dizzy. “Use your pretty mouth.” Harry begged as he sucked on Draco’s nipple.
When Harry had managed to open his shirt, Draco had not noticed. But he did notice how sensitive that part of his body was. No one had ever sucked on them like Harry was doing now. Harry freed his cock and Draco stared at it in the dimmed light for the first time in earnest. It was huge and seemed to be aching to be touched. He couldn’t help feeling proud that that was his doing.

Draco Malfoy had made Harry Potter so hard his cock was practically purple with need. He licked his lips and pushed Harry away and back onto the bed before scooting down. He had practiced this on Theo, so he knew he was okay at it. Theo wasn’t this big though. “Just go slow, you can’t manage it all on the first try. I don’t care, Draco, as long as it’s your tongue and lips—shiiiiit… oooh, god. That’s, that’s, Jesus that’s so fucking good.”

Draco had already lapped up all the pre-cum and was now sucking the head with a purpose. “Teeth,” Harry gasped.

“Sorry,” Draco mumbled.

“Noo, u-use your teeth on the head, gently. Please.” Draco moaned at how kinky Harry was, just like he was too. “Yes-yes-yes-yes.” Harry panted. “Oh Merlin.”

Draco tried to take the entire length but failed numerous times, but Harry didn’t seem to mind at all. And he was not thrusting either, which Draco was glad, because then he would have choked on it. “Aahh, Draco. Gonna c-come.” And just like that Draco pulled gently on his lover’s sac causing Harry to yell out his orgasm and flood his mouth. He found he didn’t actually mind the taste of Harry, but it would still take time to get used to swallowing without making a face.

“Oh god, I fucking love you so much.” And before Draco managed to swallow the last spurt of cum, Harry had dragged his mouth against his own and pushed his tongue into his mouth, causing the fluids to transfer into Harry’s mouth too. Harry moaned when he tasted himself and drew back after a couple of intense minutes. “Mmm. So, are you going to let me taste you, too?” He grinned at Draco’s flushed cheeks and moved his hands to open the blond’s pants with fumbling hands.
Draco hissed and Harry looked up from where he was sucking on his lover’s nipple, “Sore,” he gasped, as Harry flicked his tongue over the bud gently. He wanted Harry to go on, but he also wanted him to stop, because the pain was killing him.

Harry moved below the nipple and licked his way down Draco’s chest instead, “I’m sorry,” he murmured and nipped and kissed at the hairless flesh, while his hand was rubbing up and down Draco’s left thigh. Draco groaned when Harry reached his swollen stomach. Harry, apparently, had a thing for chubby men.

They had had that conversation before several times, but each time Harry had told Draco that is was damn sexy to know that he had changed Draco’s body and that there was now a baby growing inside that rounding belly. A life, that they had created. Draco still wore a glamour around the castle, because only Harry’s dorm-mates, the Weasleys and Hermione knew about the two of them, besides Theo and the professors, of course.

Draco was now 7.5 months pregnant and they were supposed to be studying for their exams right now, but Harry was a damn sex machine around Draco. The blond didn’t mind that at all, not after the mind-bond had settled better, and the incident had been left behind too. They had agreed to not chance it again while Draco was pregnant, not that Harry was a coward. In fact, Draco was the one holding back, because Harry had told him that he wanted to try again, if that was what Draco wanted.

Draco was beginning to have feelings for Harry by now.

He had fought so damn hard against it, he was a bloody Slytherin for Merlin’s sake, and a Malfoy too. But Harry’s goofy grin, childish attitudes around his closest friends and attentiveness towards Draco and his needs had won him over, finally. He was still afraid of how the two of them becoming parents together would turn out, especially the part about telling his father the news. He had decided to wait until after their son was born; then Lucius would have an heir to uphold the Malfoy name long after he was gone, and Draco too.

“Fuck,” Draco cursed as Harry sucked his cock just hard enough to hurt a little, “deep,” he ordered and Harry took him all the way in, just how he loved it. Then he hummed and swallowed around Draco’s aching prick that had not seen action for four days. It wasn’t easy getting time alone together, so they took what they could get. And right now, that was Harry giving Draco a blowjob that made his ears ring and his eyes see white. “Aaaaaaah, shite Harry.”

That’s another damn thing that’s changed in the past month, first-name basis.

It wasn’t planned and Draco hadn’t noticed at first, until Harry had cupped his pale face and kissed the shite out of him as a reward. Since then, who was Draco to refuse. It’s not like Harry wasn’t the best damn kisser he had ever tried, so he kept it up, and then it just seemed to come naturally to
him at last.

Harry grinned as he wiped his mouth free of cum. “Mmm, I’ll never tire of doing that for you. Well, it’s more for me anyway, I think.”

“Git,” Draco breathed out with his eyes still closed as he rolled onto his side so he could breathe better. “My back and nipples are killing me. I should kill you for doing this to me,” he said, not really meaning it.

“Hmm,” Harry rubbed Draco’s back gently, “Then who’ll give you amazing orgasms whenever you demand it?” Cheeky bastard, Draco thought.

“Please, it’s not that hard to find someone willing.”

“I guess not,” Harry snuggled closer. “But will they love you as much, I wonder?” Draco had to open his eyes then. Harry had not said those words often, but every time he did, it made Draco’s insides melt. It was improper, he was a Malfoy. He reached out and drew Harry into a sloppy kiss.

“Stop being so damn Gryffindor,” and then he kissed him again, because he had to keep the words from falling from his own lips. And having a warm tongue inside his mouth kept him preoccupied.

* * *

“Stop it Potter,” Draco said, using Harry’s last name to prove a point, and pushed Harry’s hands away from around his waist one week later in the alcove he had been dragged into. “I have my Potion’s NEWT to study for. I have to get a top mark, you know that!”

Harry leaned closer and sucked on his lover’s chin from behind, “I know, I just missed you. Haven’t seen you all week, and I–”

“Stop whining, two more weeks then exams are over. You should be studying too, you know.”

“Please don’t start sounding like Hermione,” Harry begged as he drew away from the Slytherin. “It’s hard enough having to listen to her nagging about not telling her about us before Sunday, and Ginny, don’t get me started on how mad she is.”

“Serves you right–”

“Please, Baby, just one kiss. A real one, like you mean it. Like I’m all you’ve been thinking about for the entire week, and–”

“Fine! Then will you leave me alone to study?”

“I promise,” Harry’s hand played with Draco’s robes, “I’ll be a good boy, Love.”

Draco groaned, “ Fucking tease,” then he pushed Harry against the stone wall and gave it all he’d got and Harry melted in his arms. Draco loved how he had this sort of power over Harry of all people. Wizards and witches were pining over him, and here he was, all his for the taking.

When they pulled apart both were panting heavily. “I love you,” Harry whispered as he kept up his end of the bargain and left Draco to himself.

Draco leaned against the wall, hand over his stomach caringly with his eye closed and whispered to the empty space, “I love you too.”
Finally Graduating

Chapter Notes

Where have all the comments gone? "weeps"

Harry kept his promise, much to Draco’s surprise and satisfaction, because that meant that the highest grade he had gotten in potions was his ticket to finalizing his career goals. He couldn’t believe he had made it through seven years of school and was finally standing here staring at his own proud reflection as he dressed for the graduation ceremony.

“You look good, Dray,” Theo remarked from across the room and Draco smiled broadly while smoothing out his robes.

“You too, Theo,” he said, and winked at his friend in the mirror before turning around to face his best friend. “We made it.”

Theo nodded, “We sure did.” He paused, “You mother would have been proud.” Draco took a deep breath. It was still hard thinking about never seeing her again, but it had been a year and he had learned to cope with it, as best as possible.

He touched his hand protectively over his huge stomach, hiding behind the glamour already, so the clothes would fit perfectly. “I wish she could have seen.” He said, and Theo knew that he was talking about his child, not their last day of school now. He nodded and patted his shoulder.

“I know mate.” He hugged Draco gently then, “I’ll always be here. Whatever you need, both of you. You know that, yeah?” he whispered. And Draco found it hard to respond so he simply nodded as they pulled apart. Theo clapped Draco’s pale cheek in a friendly gesture. “I love you. You’re the brother I never wished to have.”

Draco snorted and smacked Theo’s shoulder. “Me too, prat.”

“Have you asked him yet?” Draco sighed as his friend’s question was out there to be answered. He shook his head.

“There hasn’t been a right time. It’s been hectic with the NEWTs and building up our relationship–”

Theo laughed and Draco stared at him. “Sorry,” he held up his hand, “I just never, ever thought, that there would come a day when Draco Malfoy admitted to being in a relationship and sounded pleased about it.” The blond offered a small smile in return.

“You and me both. I always thought I’d follow the traditional ways of the Purebloods and take a bride of good breeding and live in contentment, not love.”

The dark-haired male nodded, “Have you told Harry that?”

“Why would I explain the Pureblood–”

“You know what I mean, Dray,” Theo interrupted.
Draco sighed and managed to not run a hand through his hair. “No.”

Theo clucked his tongue. “It’s been two and a half weeks since the Weaselette confronted you with overhearing your words. You know, the big ones you said after Harry left you.” He gave his friend a look, “Didn’t you say she was pestering you about confessing to Harry?”

“God yes. She’s a pain in my arse—” He smacked Theo, when he was clearly about to say something about Harry being the reason his arse may be in pain—“She’s not too bad actually. None of the Gryffindorks are. They’ve been good about it all.”

“They love Harry.”

“Yeah,” was all Draco could say. “We should get going. The ceremony is in half an hour and then the feast followed by the party. Shite, I feel like falling asleep standing up.”

Theo grinned, “I’m sure your boyfriend will lend you a warm bed, after.”

* * *

The graduating students were well on their way to drunk as they danced, laughed and shared fond memories of their time in school. Tomorrow they were all leaving this behind and entering the real world; adulthood, for better or worse.

Some had managed to find jobs already, while others wanted to take time off to travel, or do nothing at all. That was mostly for those who had enough money to do so, of course.

Draco had sent out his application to seven potion masters all over Scotland and England, and was really nervous for the first time about something related to school. It was his dream, his future, his independence from the Malfoy money. His way of earning the right to spend from the Black and Malfoy vaults without feeling guilty about.

He was likely the only Malfoy heir to have felt this way. And that made him damn proud.

“Hey you,” Draco turned towards the voice of the speaker and saw Harry sitting down next to him with a glass of non-alcoholic drink with a ghastly-looking purple umbrella in it. He quirked a brow and Harry grinned as he passed it onto Draco.

“It looked cute.” He leaned in to whisper, “Just like you, when you’re deep in passion.” Draco flushed and growled because he did not want others to see him like this. Draco’s eyes widened as Harry leaned in the rest of the way and kissed him. Right fucking there, for everyone to see. And then he pushed his tongue inside his mouth too and Draco forgot about the rest of the world for a couple of minutes.

“Get a room,” Weasley yelled and walked up to them and sat down next to Draco, in a gesture that showed the rest of the students gawking where his support lies. Shortly after Hermione, Neville, Ginny, Dean, Luna and Seamus did too. It only took another minute for Theo to get there, his excuse being the tray of drinks he had brought with him.

Draco felt at peace. He felt warm and content. He felt happy for the first time.

Harry placed his arm around Draco and pulled him closer to his own body and Draco went willingly. Their friends were engaged in a drinking game now so Draco whispered, “Move in with me?” Harry turned to stare into his boyfriend’s wide and nervous grey eyes.

“Thought you’d never ask.” This time Draco initiated their kiss. “I—” Draco silenced the words he
knew would be at the tip of Harry’s tongue with a finger.

“I love you.” Draco said. And Harry closed his eyes, leaned his forehead against Draco’s and said the words back.
“Yes, Harry, it’s my house. You’ve asked me that twice already,” Draco said as he handed over Harry’s suitcase to be taken upstairs to the greeting house elf. He wasn’t bringing any of his own furniture. He felt it belonged at Sirius’ place.

“But—it’s so—”

“Huge,” Draco finished. “Are you going to just keep standing in the foyer staring at the ornaments and the bloody ceiling, or are you actually willing to see the rest of it?”

“Oh, come off it Draco. It’s bloody impressive. No wonder you’ve always acted like you had a silver spoon stuck up your arse, you were probably born with one!” Harry laughed when Draco frowned and left him behind, and Harry had to jog to keep up. “Alright, alright. Done with the teasing. Stop pouting and give me some sugar.”

“Sugar?” Draco stopped in his tracks and turned around to stare at Harry. “Tea is not until three, but if you’d like some now, I’ll call an elf—”

Harry laughed again. “It means, kiss me.” He put his arms around the blond’s neck and drew him in. “I’m going to be living here, with you from now on. I’ll be able to see you naked any time I want,” Harry’s left hand grabbed his lover’s arse, “I’ll never be able to concentrate again, you know.”

He leaned in and captured Draco’s lips before he was able to respond, and when they pulled apart, they were both panting. “Don’t make me regret this, Potter. Now will you bloody stop stalling and see the damn place. My feet are killing me!” he growled.

“I’ll rub them later for you, I promise.” He stole another kiss. “How about this. I’ll get an elf to show me the Manor, and you go rest your feet in a nice bath, and I’ll come find you after?”

“Fine, but hurry up. I’m starving already and lunch ought to be served in an hour.”

“Yes, you’ve explained your manic timetables for me, Love. I won’t keep you waiting.” He grinned as Draco huffed and left him alone. Seconds later a tiny elf was staring up at Harry and asking him how she could be of service. He didn’t care what Hermione said, house elves were bloody brilliant creatures!

* 

Harry stretched lazily after dinner that night and glanced over at where Draco was reading his Potions Magazine thoroughly. He grinned as he thought about Draco and his reading habits. Whenever something really interested him there was no contact with the blond. A trait he had in common with Hermione.

Harry licked his lips and rose from the couch in Draco’s wing; a total of eight rooms that every heir
got at the Malfoy Manor apparently, and the rooms they would now be sharing. The rest of the Manor; bathrooms, ballrooms, dining rooms, conference rooms and guest rooms. It was insane how large this place was, but right now, all Harry cared about was this room and the male sitting at his work desk in a comfortable chair made for studying for long hours in.

He grinned as he crawled underneath the mahogany desk and inhaled the scent that was purely Draco. He had showered after dinner, just like every day. Harry never understood why anyone needed both a morning and an evening shower, but when rich, he supposed.

Draco hadn’t bothered dressing again, and Harry was enjoying the view of a boxers and shirt over his huge baby belly; knowing that he had made that with the Slytherin never ceased to amaze and excite Harry. He began his exploration slowly by sucking and licking the inside of Draco’s left thigh. Harry nipped his way closer and closer to his lover’s groin where he opened his mouth and sucked on the heavy balls through the fabric of the grey boxers. “Fuck,” and Harry grinned as he moved his hands up the pale legs and sucked again. “What are you doing?” Draco sounded out of breath already.

“If you don’t know that, then I’m not doing it right, am I?” Draco pushed out his chair and the mop of unruly hair followed his movements. A flick of Harry’s wand left Draco naked from the waist down and Harry didn’t waste one second in swallowing his cock whole.

“Oh, g-god.” Draco spread his legs further apart, which was quite difficult because of his heavy physique. “H-harry, yes.” The Gryffindor groaned. He loved it when Draco panted his name in the heat of passion, something that was beginning to become a regular occurrence by now.

“Bed, now,” Harry said as he moved off the pale, gorgeous cock leaving a trail of spit working its way down his chin. Draco moaned and ran his thumb across it before taking the offered hand of his now standing lover, letting him lead him to their bed. Their bed. Draco hummed to himself, he quite liked the sound of that.

Harry undressed with another wave of his wand and lay down on the bed, “Sit on my face, I want to fuck you with my tongue.” Harry stroked his cock while waiting.

Draco shook his head. “No. Move over.” Harry frowned as Draco removed his shirt and lay down next to Harry, also on his back. “Place a pillow under my arse.” Harry quirked his brow but was intrigued, because normally, these days, Draco never initiated sex or a position. He complied and sucked Draco’s cock on his way up again. “Uugh. C-cleaning spell.”

Harry moved to cast but Draco stopped him again. “On you.” Harry froze but the intensity of those grey orbs made him growl.

“You want me to ride you.” It was a statement. It should come as a surprise, because Draco had never taken Harry, yet. But he wanted the blond to, so many times. Each time Draco had insisted on being the one to bottom. Harry knew he was simply nervous, because he had never shagged a bloke before. He had to hand it to Draco, this was brilliant, because he got to fuck Harry but Harry had to do most of the work, that way the Malfoy heir could hardly do poorly. “God, YES!” He placed another pillow underneath Draco, levitating his cock even higher thus making room for the huge belly. This position was hardly easy while this pregnant, but fuck it if Harry wasn’t going to at least try.

Harry cast another spell to open him up, this was no time to go slow. While he shivered as the spell worked its magic on him, it had been so bloody long since he had bottomed, he made good work on Draco’s cock and balls. “Harry, you’ll make me cum too soon.”
Harry groaned and lifted the pale arse a little to taste that delicious hole for a moment. “Merlin, you’re too damn good with me…Harry, s-stoop…” Harry did and growled.

He moved to straddle Draco, making sure to leave his weight off the belly and grabbed the thick cock and began to lower himself. “Oooh fucking shite. Oooh Draco, yes, yes, yeeees.”

Draco grunted as Harry got used to the intrusion. “Like that, huh Potter?” He drawled a bit out of breath.

“Fuck yes, I missed being filled.” Whatever Draco had planned to say in return died deep in his throat as Harry began to move back and forth and up and down, while pinching his own nipples and biting into his lip.

“Merlin, you’re a sight.” Harry moaned and squeezed around Draco as he kept up his pace. “We s-should do t-this more o-h god–ooften…”

“Yesss, god Baby, you feel so good inside me. So thick and long, nudging me in just the right spot.”

“Harry!” Draco was panting and gripping the bed sheets, turning his knuckles white. “Gonna cum.”

“Yes Baby, cum for me. Dirty me arse. Pleaseee.” Draco reached out and fisted Harry’s cock roughly and Harry leaned back to grab onto Draco’s legs as his movements became more persistent. “Ooh fuck, yes. Don’t s-stop touching me.”

When Draco came Harry shuddered and bounced another three times before cumming all over Draco’s chest, some even landed on his chin. Harry knew he had to get off before collapsing so he hurried and fell head first, panting heavily next to Draco. “That was fucking incredible.”

“Mmm,” Harry turned his head and met Draco’s eyes. “You do realize how much I love you?”

Draco smirked. “I’m not sure it’s me or my body you love more.” And Harry chuckled as he rested his head against Draco’s shoulder when he turned to his side to be able to breathe better. “Sleepy.”

“Me too.” And they lay there until darkness came for them.
“You’re getting big,” Harry rubbed Draco’s belly as they sat together in the tub. “Merlin, you’re so damn beautiful, I can’t keep my hands off you.” He kissed a spot behind the blond’s ear.

Draco smiled, “I’ve kind of learned that already. I thought everyone complained about no sex when their spouse was knocked up. Guess, that’s only true for females then?”

Harry’s hands stopped moving. “Spouse?” he whispered against his lover’s skin, making Draco shiver and groan. “Is there something you wish to ask me?” Harry sucked an earlobe into his mouth as Draco squirmed in his lap.

“No, it’s a figure of speech. Sort off. Stop that, I’m too pregnant to go twice in one day!” He panted as Harry had found Draco’s cock again, slowly pumping it.

“I want to marry you,” Harry breathed against Draco’s skin as he moved his hand to play with the tempting sac he had access to when Draco’s legs parted on their own. “I want to be there, to take care of you, to pleasure you.” Harry pulled gently as he rolled the balls around in his hand, the way Draco always loved it. “To be the best parent I could hope to be, alongside you. To have brothers and sisters for our daughter.”

“Son,” Draco panted as Harry bit into his neck and licked the spot afterwards.

“I want you,” Harry’s thumb circled the large head of the prick he held in his hand, “Fuck me, please. You feel so fucking incredible inside me.”

“What? I thought, oh Merlin, that you preferred…” Draco practically mewled as Harry pushed his large erection against his pale arse.

“I love taking you, but I think I love it more when you take me. Maybe you could do that more often, yeah?”

“I don’t think I can right now. My belly is too big, oh fuck Harry, gonna come if you don’t stop.”

“Let’s move out of the tub. I have an idea.” Harry pushed Draco gently forward and rose first to help his lover out, he then cast drying spells on them both and pulled Draco eagerly into their bedroom.

“What are you—fuck, yes, you look good like that.” Draco moved forward to grip Harry’s hips firmly and took in the sight of his boyfriend. He was standing with his legs spread wide and his hands planted solidly onto a small stool that they used, well, that Draco used, to sit on in front of the mirror in the mornings at a desk, to do his hair after he had gotten heavier. Harry teased him about being feminine, but Draco didn’t care, he liked looking his best.

Harry’s firm bum was sticking up into the air and every muscle on his body was visible in this position. His hole was pink and inviting and Draco wanted nothing more than to taste his lover.
“Harry,” he moaned, as Harry glanced back over his shoulder and grinned cheekily. “Move closer to the bed so I can sit.”

And Harry did. As soon as Draco grabbed Harry's arse and parted the cheeks Harry groaned, “Baby, w-what-SHITE, oh fuck, Dray.” Draco swirled his tongue around and around, lapping up the scent that was purely Harry. “You've never—” Harry gasped as the muscle pushed inside.

“Yesss. Oh, god, yes.” Harry’s hands were strong enough to carry him for a while longer, but it was harder than he thought, this position. “Please, I need you inside.”

Draco pulled back, “I was inside.”

Harry moaned, “Your cock, please, fuck me.”

“Mmm,” Draco hummed and pushed a lubed finger inside. Then a second followed soon after.

“Please, please, pleaaaase, I want the burn when you take me. I want to feel what you do to me tomorrow too.” Harry was panting, “Fuck me, Dray.”

Draco groaned and stood. Harry had been right, in this position it was easier to keep the stomach out of the way, and if Draco lost his balance he would have the bed to fall back onto. “SHIT!” Harry yelled as Draco slammed into his still tight hole in one go, and before Draco could make sure he hadn’t been foolish enough to cause damage, Harry said; “Oh Merlin, YES!” Harry moved to rest on his elbows for more support of his body as Draco began thrusting into him.

“There, j-just, there.” His head fell forward to rest on his right arm. “Oh god, you have to fuck me more. You f-feel sooo, fuck, god damned good.”

Draco was beginning to feel dizzy and stopped moving to keep from falling, Harry understood and began pushing back milking Draco for all he had. Draco moaned as his eyes followed his dick disappearing into his lover, it wasn’t easy to see, because his belly was mostly in the way, but when Harry moved all the way to the tip he got a great vision. ”So c-close,” Harry panted.

“Yes, come with me.” Draco’s strained voice whispereded, and Harry did with a loud growl and one final push back. Draco gripped the hips in front of him more firmly and grounded himself, before finally plumping down onto the bed to lay down on his side to catch his breath.

He felt the bed dip and a warm body curl up to his.

Draco always hated post-sex; sweaty, sticky and cuddling witches holding onto him as if their lives depended on it. As if they thought he would change his mind and marry them because they got him off, even though he always said beforehand, that it would be casual.

But Harry had changed all that.

Along with his career plans, he had always wanted a child-not just an heir, but not until he had at least five years working experience after his education was finished. Not to mention his perspective of family; he always pictured a mother, a father and one child. Now, they would be two fathers and children, plural. He knew he couldn’t say no to Harry’s wish for a larger family, the Gryffindor had gotten under his skin and into his heart, and he wanted to keep it that way.

The Malfoy line had been wrong since the beginning. One cannot plan their way out of everything.

“Yes.” Draco stated finally, even though no question had been asked.
Harry placed a kiss to a pale shoulder. “Yes?”

“Let’s get married.”
"Tell me it’s not true, Harry,” Hermione’s voice pleaded as they were gathered around the Weasley family table for dinner. “Please.”

Harry chewed his food before swallowing and frowning, “What is?” He honestly had no idea what she was on about, or why everyone was staring at him.

Ron slammed a copy of the Daily Prophet onto Harry’s plate of half eaten foods, which flew everywhere. His mother scolded him with a slap across his head and he winced and whined, while rubbing his sore spot.

“Oh, that,” Harry merely said to the headline printed on the first page and resumed eating after placing the paper onto the table.

Hermione tapped her foot impatiently, arms crossed over her chest while waiting for Harry’s perfectly reasonable explanation. Harry simply continued to eat his dinner and raised his hand putting his wedding ring on display for his family. Molly and Ginny squealed and hugged him at the same time, causing Harry to chuckle. Ron sat down heavily while Hermione frowned at their best friend. The rest of the family members took turns to congratulate Harry.

“I can’t believe you did it,” Ron sounded defeated as he spoke and ran a hand through his red locks. “You bloody married Malfoy, mate.”

Harry grinned, “I know. He’s mine now,” he responded possessively. “Told you I would have him in the end, didn’t I.”

Ron’s face twisted a bit, “No details mate!”

Harry laughed, “I meant–”

Ron held of a hand, cutting Harry short, “I know what you meant, still, I don’t want that kind of mental image. It’s still Malfoy!”

“He’s gorgeous, even now,” Harry said absentmindedly.

“Speaking of which, when is it time?” Molly cut in as she took Harry’s plate and offered him the first piece of cake. “I can’t believe I’ll be a grandmum. Not a minute too soon either,” she said and frowned at her children in turn. “I thought by now, surely Bill and Charlie would have given me that title, but I guess my boys are slow–”

“We heard you before, mum, no need to have the speech again,” Bill interrupted and smiled slightly.
“Yes, well.” She huffed and listened to Harry’s answer.

“She’s due in two weeks’ time, Draco wanted me to give him time to himself before the baby arrives, so he sent me here tonight. He had to practically threaten me, I wasn’t keen on leaving him alone, you know.”

Molly nodded, “The elves have our floo address, you know that. No need to worry.”

“You still claim it’s a girl?” George grinned as he too sat down with his own plateful of cake.

“Malfoys are known to have only one child, a boy.” Percy filled them in, as if they didn’t already know this.

“Yeah, well, it’s the first time a non-pureblood is involved,” Harry said and winked, causing Bill and Charlie to laugh. “I want more than one child, even though Draco is giving me hell everyday right now for getting him pregnant. I can’t wait to meet the little one.” He glowed with pride and love and Molly kissed his cheek.

“You’ll be perfect, and so will your child. A mother knows.”

“Malfoy will freak out,” Ron stated and Harry snickered.

“Yeah, I know, but he’ll grow into the role. Malfoy’s tend to be–”

“Snobs–”

“Annoying–”

“Mean–”

“Manipulative–”

“Alright, I get it.” Harry grinned, “I’m telling you, Draco’s changed. He’s really sweet and–okay, maybe sweet is the wrong word to use,” Harry admitted when noticing the doubtful looks upon his family’s faces, “He’s–perfect. At least for my taste, anyway.”

“He better be, you married him,” Hermione spoke for the first time since the shock. She smiled tentatively, “If he hurts you–”

“We’ll give him hell,” Four Weasley males stated at the same time, and even Molly had to smile at that.

*  

“I’m hooomme,” Harry yelled as he entered the Manor and put down his broom where he knew an elf would pick it up.

He was met with a ringing silence, which was hardly unusual when they lived in such a large manor. Harry grinned and ran upstairs, knowing that Draco would probably be in their bedroom. Harry couldn’t believe they had a bedroom, together, that is.

“Love, are yo-” Harry ran to the bed in an instant, “Draco! Why didn’t you get the elves to find me!” He sat down on the bed and stared down at his paler than usual husband.

“Master Potter, young master be very tired. He be asleep.” Lizzy said, and Harry nodded at one of their elves, “He be in much pain, so Lizzy have no time for calling. Other elves be sent on free
time, like Master Potter said they bees.”

“Yes, I know, they have their weekly day off.”

“All buts Lizzy. She bees with young master and baby.” Harry nodded and caressed his sleeping husband. “Lizzy is sorry, she knows that Master Potter be wishing to be here when baby comes, but young Master very sick without bond, and Lizzy be choosing to help young Master with baby fast so he’s not be dead instead of calling Master Potter.”

“Baby!” Harry looked all around but found no crib or baby present, “The baby came?” he breathed out. “W-where is–”

Lizzy smiled and nodded, “Young Master be so good, he bees only yelling some, mostly about Master Potter being–” the elf stopped, “He be not meaning the words, he bees in great pain.”

“Oh god, I wasn’t here to–” He swallowed, he had sworn to be here to help Draco through it all, and he wasn’t. He closed his eyes briefly, gathering his wits.

“Potter,” a strained voice rasped and Harry’s eyes snapped up. “Stop pouting. I’m the one who fucking squeezed a bloody pumpkin out of a hole in my body that’s not supposed to be on a male body.” He glanced towards Lizzy, whom Harry guessed must have cast her magic on him to help him deliver their child.

“The baby,” but Harry’s words stopped because of the tongue that had been pushed into his mouth to shut him up.

“Lie down,” Draco ordered, causing Harry to frown.

“But–” he tried to protest.

“Potter,” the blond growled and Harry listened and placed his body next to his husband’s, staring at him. Draco nodded at a beaming Lizzy who popped out.

She returned briefly with a bundle of blankets in her hands and Harry gasped. “Is tha–”

“Potter,” Draco shut him up. Harry smiled, aware that his husband wanted to present their child to him properly, and let him. Lizzy handed the blankets over to Draco and left. “Harry,” and the Gryffindor’s heart practically burst, “Meet our child, Lily Rose.”

Harry closed his eyes, forcing the tears to stay away. “You named her after my mom,” he whispered and met Draco’s grey ones and tears did fall as he was handed over their daughter. Harry laughed as he stared down at her. “She’s a chubby one, huh.”

Draco huffed, “Must be from your side, nobody from my family has ever–”

“I love you so much, Draco. She’s perfect.” He turned to kiss his husband, “Thank you.” He lay back and settled their girl between them and Draco reached out his hand to caress her.

“I’m the one who should be thanking you.” Harry smiled gently and felt Draco tip his chin up so their eyes met, “I love you too.”

THE END
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!