Come Harbour a.k.a the Not-a-Metaphor Sailing Association: a story of friendship, sex, and beautiful water-based metaphors (not puns)

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by dicta_contrion, gracerene, zeitgeistic (faire_weather)

Summary

After Harry, Ron, and Draco are suspended - for something Ron had absolutely no part in whatsoever - they must take a forced holiday in Majorca to learn to work together. Which they do.

Notes

Once upon a time, Grace, Dicta, and Zeit (plus Cabana HCGS, who does not have an AO3 account) hung out for three days in Las Vegas and proceeded to get very pissed, at which point they wrote a highly inappropriate fic on a series of napkins. The obvious solution was to re-meet online, get very pissed again (which they still are), and turn aforementioned highly inappropriate fic from bullet points into a proper narrative. This is the fruit of their labors. They are very sorry. But not too sorry to put it on AO3. #noshame #sorrynotsorry

Un-beta'd.

Be sure to see the second chapter for the original notes!
See the end of the work for more notes.
The ship pulled into the Majorca harbour. Ron gazed at the still distant sands as his best mate came up beside him.

“We’ll be coming up on the dock soon,” Harry commented.

“Perhaps we should jump now,” Draco replied, “as everyone hates docking.”

“Don’t I know it, mate,” Ron answered glumly, staring sadly at the thin wooden slip of a dock protruding into the sea.

“Muggles have the craziest ideas,” Draco intoned. He scoffed. “Docking. I mean, why not Apparate?”

“My kingdom for a wand.” Ron felt glummer still.

“My kingdom for getting off suspension,” Harry added.

“Did you just make a Shakespeare reference?” Draco looked up, a spark of interest in his eyes for the first time since they’d pulled out. It had not been long since Ron pulled out, incidentally—of Lavender that is.

He thought of that amazing night they’d had just before Malfoy got them all suspended. Fucking wanker. He could be on patrol with Lavender right now, but he was exiled from his own fucking country and sent to babysit Harry and Malfoy, who couldn’t even be partners at work without cocking shit up, while they were all wandless and lacking base tans.

They got their keys to the villa, which at least the Ministry was paying for, and Ron got the housemaid to carry their bags inside because, again, the Ministry was paying for it.

“Might head down to the pub down the street,” Ron said. “What kind of drinks do they have in Majorca? Margaritas?”

“That’s Mexico, you fuckwit. Spaniards drink Sangria.”

Ron rolled his eyes. “Whatever. Sangria. I’m gonna get some.”

“There’s a wet bar by the pool,” Draco informed him. “I’ve checked. Priorities, if I’ve got to spend the week with you.”

“It was your fault, arsehole,” said Ron. “If you and Harry could act like fucking adults, then we wouldn’t be here. You make the damn sangria!”

Ron stormed off to the pub down the street.

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Ron’s day went from bad to worse as he rounded the corner returning from the pub, images of Marcella the pretty barmaid still lingering in his mind, and came upon his best friend’s naked arse glistening in the sun.
“Oi, mate! Cover it up!”

“Base tan,” Harry murmured into the cushion. His oiled skin gleamed in the sun, the bright light reflecting off his awesome sunglasses.

If Ron thought that was bad, it was nothing compared to seeing a naked Malfoy standing by the bar, drinking the Sangria that Ron had ordered him to make earlier. Draco smirked at him. Ron wanted to punch his face in, but he knew Harry would be upset, so he manfully scowled and turned away.

Ron felt Draco come up behind him — because Draco always had boners. It was a problem they frequently experienced at work in the Department of Magical Law Enforcement.

The only thing Malfoy could enforce, in Ron’s opinion, was a mandatory erection whenever Harry was around. Ron wished they would just fuck so he wouldn’t keep getting suspended with them whenever their unresolved sexual tension reached yet another boiling point.

He rolled his eyes. “Cover your arse, you pasty fuck.”

“Look who’s talking,” Draco snorted, his boner inching problematically closer to Ron’s arse. “Oil it up, Weaselby.”

Ron took a step forward. “No thanks, Malfoy.” He added, at a whisper: “Why don’t you oil your fucking partner so you stop getting in trouble at the Department of Magical Law Enforcement?”

Draco shuffled up behind him, leaning in to whisper, “That’s a lot of manners from you, Weasel. Now what’s this about a fucking partner?”

“Harry, sunblock us!” Ron demanded, pointedly ignoring Malfoy’s addition.

“Get Malfoy to do it,” Harry replied, not even bothering to open his eyes. “I’m tanning.” Harry took tanning very seriously.

Ron looked at Malfoy and shuddered. “I’d rather burn.”

Harry scoffed. “You two fucks burn faster than a bucket of kerosene. You better put that sunblock on.”

“Could use a hand here, mate.”

“Tanning is very serious,” Harry said. “I don’t have time to put sunblock on you.” Ron thought he detected a hint of snark as Harry added, “Take care of it yourselves.”

“I don’t think you’re taking this suspension very seriously, Harry,” Ron said, failing to hide his disapproval.

“How do you expect your results to improve when you won’t even help a fellow Auror?” Draco added, deadpan.

Harry rolled over just enough to raise an eyebrow at them. “Depends on the kind of help they’re asking for. Mate.” He gestured between them. “Go on then, if you’re so interested in Aurors helping Aurors.”

“I am not rubbing lotion all over a naked Malfoy!” Ron insisted.

“No other way, I’m afraid,” Draco responded calmly. “Malfosys don’t do tanlines.”
“No?” Ron asked, “Telling me you put sunblock right up your arsehole then?”

"Why not?” Draco held out the tube with a rakish grin. “It’s not everyday that I get such an interesting offer from my friendly neighbourhood Auror.” He turned around and jutted his bottom out at Ron, who took a hasty step backwards.

“Not on your bloody life, mate. Your arsehole can burn for all I care."

“Not the kind of burn I like in my arsehole.” Draco wiggled his bum provocatively (sarcasm implied). “Oh please, Weselby, won’t you? I’ll do you after.”

Suddenly, a strategic idea came to Ron. If he could get Malfoy riled up (and Harry in the process) then they’d both finally fuck out all the UST that had been wreaking havoc on their working relationship, and Ron could go back to work. Ron loved work.

He began to smirk.

“Okay, I’ll sunblock your arsehole, Malfoy. Bend over.”

Malfoy narrowed his eyes suspiciously, but he apparently really needed his arsehole lotioned, so he agreeably bent over, bracing his hands against his knees and displaying himself.

Harry popped one eye open in interest, exactly as Ron, ever the strategist, had predicted, and just as he began to slide one lotioned hand over Malfoy’s arse. Not so worried about his base tan now, was he, the little fuck, at the sight of Ron oiling Malfoy’s bum.

Ron saw him crane his neck, barely able to hide his eagerness at the sight of Malfoy’s bare arse gleaming in the sun. Unfortunately, Malfoy's bare arse wasn't just having an effect on Harry. Ron felt himself growing hard and strong as his manly hands began to massage Draco's firm flesh.

“Ron, even your dick is freckled,” Harry commented. “Nice size, too. Don’t remember it looking like that back at Hogwarts.”

Ron looked down, embarrassed to realise his prick had pushed through the hole in his swim trucks. “Don’t remember you looking so closely back at Hogwarts,” said Ron, pretending it wasn't awkward that he was hard while massaging sunblock into Malfoy's arse.

“Mmhmm,” Harry mused, his attention clearly directed to Draco’s ongoing unfortunate perpetual boner situation.

Suddenly, Ron felt himself sliding forward. With his mind focused on drawing Harry’s attention, he’d done too good a job with the rubbing and made Draco’s arse so slippery that his hands slid off it, pulling him forward with them so that he landed, groin first, behind Draco’s arse.

“Weasley, you’re terrible at lotioning,” Draco said, though the way he canted his hips up like a Kneazle in heat said otherwise.

In the distance, the sound of a cruise ship’s horn blew as it docked.

“Mmmm, is that a ship coming in to dock?” Draco mused. “That sounds like a better idea than I ever expected.”

“What are you on about?” Ron grunted, trying to wriggle his way free of the magnetic pull of Draco’s arse and the boner that lay beyond.
In the periphery, Ron realised Harry was now sitting up with considered interest. “Perhaps I could offer a hand after all.”

“Oh?” Malfoy asked, breathless. “Could you now?”

“Mmm,” Harry murmured, “Ron’s quite busy with your backside there. I could take the front. As a matter of partnership. Good Auror protocol, doncha know.”

“We’re a lot of things,” Malfoy bit out, “But Canadian isn’t one of them. Get over here and grab my cock, Potter.”

Ron saw how quickly Harry obeyed, fairly jumping off his lounger to wrap a fist around Malfoy’s cock. Ron started backing away — that had been his plan, after all, to get them together and himself out of it.

His dick had other ideas.

He found himself peering at Harry over Malfoy’s shoulder, not quite able to remove his dick from the soft, slick crease of the arse in front of him. He held Harry’s gaze, and his breath.

“No homo, okay, mate?”

Harry, flushed and with plump lips, agreed. “No homo,” he moaned, staring into Ron’s eyes and tightening his fingers around Draco’s cock.

“Any port in a storm,” Ron agreed.

“Speaking of ports,” Draco gasped, seductively.

Draco’s cock was so beautifully pale and there were no tan lines, unlike Ron’s freckled, yet still sturdy erection. Ron saw it written all over his best mate’s face: Harry desperately needed to dock to Draco. And this time, it wouldn’t be house points getting the docking.

Ron watched as Harry stared down at Draco’s cock, the way the super clean foreskin slid up over the plump head. The tip of Draco’s cock glistened with beads of precome and Ron could tell Harry wanted to feel that slickness slide over him. He rubbed the end of his prick against Draco’s spongy head, shivering at the intensity of sensation, but it still wasn’t enough.

Draco’s eyes flashed in what Ron was sure was all silver stormy sexiness, and he reached down, his fingers joining Harry’s around his cock. Those nimble, clever fingers slid under his foreskin and pulled, stretching it out and pulling it over the very tip of Harry’s throbbing prick.

Harry moaned, deep and guttural, like a bull horn, but sexier. Even Ron thought it was a little sexy, despite the no homo that they’d previously established.

Meanwhile, Malfoy’s arsehole was feeling surprisingly lush and pleasurable. Ron was a ladies man through and through, but he didn’t mind a little anal play, and he would do anything to help Harry along, even if it meant wingmanning himself right into Malfoy’s well-groomed arsehole.

“I think your arsehole is healing my sunburn,” Ron commented.

Harry gave him an odd look while he continued to be enveloped by Draco’s well-groomed foreskin. “Did you get a sunburn on your dick already, Ron? I told you you burn fast! Why didn’t you put sunblock on sooner?!”
“Fuck me, Weasley, you stupid shit!” Draco snapped.

“Ugh, fine!”

“Ron, just do it,” Harry gasped. “He really won’t shut up until he gets what he wants.”

“I said I would!” said Ron. Did anyone ever listen to him? No. They didn’t. If they did, he wouldn’t be suspended with Harry and Malfoy for something he had no part in. Fuck this shit. He’d just get in, get done, get off, and get out. And then hopefully Harry and Draco would have recognised their stupid feelings and he could head back to that bar and to Marcella the pretty barmaid.

Just after he shot his load into Malfoy’s pretty arse. But, counter to his earlier purposes, he’d need to separate the two of them to make that happen.

Ron pulled Draco back towards him, and away from Harry’s dick. Their foreskins disembarked.

Draco keened at the loss, until he moaned in response to Ron’s firm hand. Ron’s dick jumped. It was far more appealing than he’d expected during his earlier ‘no homo.’ Ron almost got lost in it, even.

But he was a man on a mission, and he hadn’t been the Gryffindor chess champion three years running for nothing. He played a long game, Ron did. Or at least a game that could last 30-45 minutes (nice).

With his ultimate goal in mind, he wingmanned Draco lower, lining Draco’s mouth up with Harry’s prick.

Ron caught Harry’s knowing look as Harry took the hint before Draco was able to come entirely back to his sense, so lost was he in canting his hips back to make way for Ron, who ran the ridged head of his dick over Malfoy’s hole, breathless as he thought about the prospect of entry.

He raised an eyebrow at Harry, who grinned at him wolfishly and reached out a thumb to pry Draco’s mouth open.

Ron felt Draco’s answer, as Draco hummed around Harry’s dick as it navigated into his mouth. The sound resonated through Draco’s body, ending in the tight ring of muscle that was begging to draw Ron in.

On the one hand, Ron had always hated Draco. On the other, Draco’s arsehole was a coconut scented bastion of sun protection, and he’d asked Ron to make him burn. Arse-burning — that was something Ron and his sturdy cock could deliver. He drizzled more sunblock over the both of them, preparing Draco for entry.

“Come on,” Malfoy moaned, “sheathe your dick in my arsehole for sun protection. It’s got enough freckles on it already.” Ron barely suppressed his moan as Draco angled his hole to graze over Ron’s head. “That’s right, Weasel. Your family’s too poor for dermatology, with the privatisation of the NHS — sheathe your dick before it goes from freckled to wrinkled.”

That was all Ron needed to thrust forward, the thick slickness of the sunscreen sliding over his dick as he went. “Like that? Yeah. Fuck yourself onto my dick Malfoy.”

“Oooh, yeah,” Malfoy moaned, “Let me distract you from overpriced healthcare.”

“Fuck,” Ron grunted, “Distract me from the sound of your voice.”

“Fuck you, Weasley.”
“Yeah Malfoy, show me your arsehole and I’ll rub this lotion right in so far in your arsehole will be protected from the sun for weeks.”

Malfoy popped off Harry’s dick just long enough to cast a glare over his shoulder at Ron. “Just as long as I feel it tomorrow.”

Ron groaned, his smooth testicles almost vibrating with pleasure as he slammed back into Draco’s tight, wet hole. He could go yachting in Malfoy’s arsehole any sailing Sunday.

Harry’s moan pulled them from their reverie. He was standing, his even base tan coming in nicely as he slowly fisted his prick. “Just lemme fuck your face, Malfoy.”

“Tell your best friend,” Draco bit back, “to just get on with fucking my arse.”

“Fuck his arse,” Harry moaned. “Just fuck his fucking arse. I need that hot, wet mouth around my prick.”

Ron’s balls tightened, and he plunged himself forward, sunscreen coating his ginger pubes as he thrust deeper into Malfoy’s hole. It was hot and sticky and filthy, but Ron didn’t care. He just needed that arse.

Lost in the rhythm, they both took Draco furiously. Draco was clearly on the voyage of his life, even if Ron’s master strategy had sailed off course.

Harry thrust into Draco’s mouth, and Ron heard Draco almost gag around Harry’s prick as Harry fucked his face so hard it almost hit his uvula. But Draco could take it; he was made for it. Made to take them both in and care for their dicks with his healing mouth and arsehole, even as Ron tortured the very care channel that gave him so much pleasure.

He had barely heard the give and take between Harry and Draco until Harry picked up speed, and began to keep pace with his words. “Will you feel my cock against your epiglottis for weeks?”

Malfoy hummed around him.

“Yeah, that’s—” Harry gave an indignant moan as Draco pulled off his dick.

Ron’s smooth, unwrinkled bollocks tightened further still when Draco turned around to spit, “Fuck me harder, you red-headed fucking shit face.” He snapped back to work, murmuring insults around Harry’s very sexy, medium-sized prick.

Ron tried to suppress his gasp, but fuck Draco’s hole felt good. It was weird that Harry was there, but Harry was the one who wanted the pointy-faced git anyway. He was just the beneficiary. Ron felt okay because Harry had already agreed that this would not affect the course of their friendship, and also because Ron planned to spend the rest of this forced holiday at the bar with Marcella re-affirming his (mostly) heterosexuality.

And what a benefit it was. He looked over Draco’s arse, over his cock pistoning in and out, over his best mate of more than a decade taking his conquest from the other end. Benefit, indeed. He reached out a hand. “High five me, Harry, like lads do.”

Harry reached back out, slapping his hand and then twining their fingers together for stability. “Thanks, mate. This is one hot mouth.”

Ron inhaled deeply, and the scent of coconuts filled the air, only heightening the eroticism of the moment. Malfoy’s arsehole was like a monsoon of pleasure, sweeping his ship out to sea with speed.
“Oh fuck, fuck,” Ron gasped. “I’m gonna — ”

“Yesssss,” Malfoy hissed, “Yes, come inside my tortured sunblocked channel.”

“I’ve got a BOATLOAD for you, Malfoy!” Ron moaned.

“Ron, fill him up,” Harry moaned. “I wanna see if he’s watertight.”

Ron swore like a sailor when he came, his come gushing like the Thames inside of Draco’s succulent arse. He let himself soak in the sweet splendour of Draco for just a moment, before acknowledging that it was time to pass the oar on to somebody more deserving.

Harry’s hips lost the smooth ebb and flow rhythm after Ron pulled out, come splashing everywhere. He eased out of Draco’s sweet mouth and moored into the previously navigated port of Malfoy’s arsehole.

“Just come already, Potter,” Draco snapped.

“Call me Harry; I’m in your arseho—” It was then that Harry came as violently as hurricane season.

Feeling Harry’s surge of come in his arsehole, which was in fact, watertight (score), Malfoy too burst like a water main.

Harry came hard in — even Ron could tell from his removed distance — a great tidal wave of come, drowning the previously calm harbour of Draco’s sunblocked arsehole. Grossly, and also relievedly, Ron could tell that Harry’s heart also expanded with each throb of his loins.

Fucking finally.

Ron was so tired of their dancing (and hexing) around one another.

“Draco,” Harry panted, afterglowing disgustingly all over Malfoy. “I want to date you.”

It was then that Draco exploded into a tsunami of orgasm, incidentally taking a portion of Portugal out with the spray. They’d have to write up a report for that...bollocks. Ron hated paperwork. Nothing good ever came from working with Harry and Malfoy together. But at least they’d be keeping each other busy. Then Ron could go back to a partner who wasn't half-mad and incompetent with lust. Which was actually a vote against Lavender, now that he thought about it. Though that came with other benefits.

With his dick still softening over by the wet bar, where he had retreated for a post-orgasm Sangria, Ron surveyed the scene, slowly coming closer again as he drank, looking very debonair. Draco and Harry gazed dreamily at each other.

When Harry finally glanced up, he looked enraptured. Ron’s heart swelled with pride; his plan had worked. He reached out his palm, offering Harry another high five, this one as slow and sweet as the love blossoming between his friend and his... well, pain in the arse, but at least this time it was mutual.

Ron stepped back, their loosening grip giving Harry space to pull back, which seemed in turn to give Draco room to speak.

Draco gazed back at Harry. “We’ve destroyed eastern Portugal, which admittedly is not that large, with the strength of our come. I mean, love. How do you feel about the Maldives?”
“I could do without them if they were destroyed by your dozen daily orgasms instead of global climate change,” Harry replied thoughtfully.

“Muggles ruin everything,” Draco agreed.

Ron gazed at them gazing at each other. Their lives might be a poor omen for the world’s coastal nations, but it was a great omen for his work life.

He stretched his tired muscles and gazed into his drink to find the Sangria dwindling dangerously. He’d just have to go see Marcella.

FIN!

Chapter End Notes

If you want to see the original napkin outline that inspired this beautiful story, head on over to chapter 2! :D
The Source Material

Chapter Summary

The original napkins that we wrote the fic "outline" on. Just for shits and giggles. We feel it really embodies the spirit of the story.

Drunkenness may have affected legibility.
For the full experience, make sure to support public health care, learn to prevent smegma, and check out [I Had Rather Hear My Dog Bark at a Crow](#).

Ron is a 1 on the [Kinsey scale](#), but there isn’t a tag for that.

Other titles considered include: Cleanest Penis, But Trust Me on the Sunscreen.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!