

Flobberworm

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Flobberworm

by [TheLostLibran](#)

Summary

Harry Potter's made it his life ambition to ruin all of Draco Malfoy's dates after the war. It started in their eighth year and carried forward into their Auror training. Draco's had enough of it now. He just wants to have dinner with the hot guy Pansy's set him up with and roll under his sheets until late in the morning. He's not going to tolerate anymore of Harry's tomfoolery. Are you listening or not, Potter?

Notes

To

My dear puff,

I just wanted to say I adore you, your account and works. I'll admit I didn't start writing this with the intention of gifting it but as the story progressed, I could think of no one else who I'd rather give it to.

So here's a part of my heart that I hope stays with you long after you've finished reading the story.

Much love,

The Libran.

This work is only for entertainment purposes. I do not own the characters nor do I make money from this work. Harry Potter and Co. belong to JK Rowling and WB.

Flobberworm- The Beginning

Actually, there's no reason for Draco Malfoy to be nervous. God! It's not like it's his first date or anything!

It's his twenty seventh date to be precise. In as many weeks. Discounting the three he went on during his eighth year.

He knew there were many who supposed he was an adonis. He knew of the others who argued he was a Veela too. While he wouldn't go overboard and explicitly confirm either of those compliments, he agrees with them.

Modesty or humility have nothing to do with that, however. Draco refuses to comment on those statements because in spite of all his attempts and endeavours, he is yet to land at least one of his almost equally gorgeous dates in his bed.

Or go with them to theirs.

But to be honest, that isn't the cause of his anxiety either. That isn't why he is currently sitting blushing in front of a dark haired, bronze skinned and absolutely ravishing Greek god who is dripping sex from all his pores, twiddling his thumbs, raking his hands through his hair and changing his posture every five minutes.

It's been fifteen months since the war ended and two since Draco got into Auror training alongside his self appointed best friend but in reality his best frenemy, Harry Potter.

The Saviour of the wizarding world is his frenemy not because he testified and helped acquit his stint in the war, but because one month into their eighth year, he had declared his allegiance to Draco and then went on to hang off of him every minute of every day, taking full advantage of the fact that they were roommates. Draco had wanted to befriend him at 11, true, but after everything, he didn't know where he stood. Things were slowly settling into a precarious balance and not wanting to upset that fragile equilibrium, Draco accepted Harry as an inexplicable and unwanted accessory.

Which is exactly the problem now.

Harry Potter, the Chosen One, the Saviour, the green eyed git keeps interrupting Draco's dates even though Draco lost his patience regarding this matter after the very second time he invited himself to Draco's date night, as though Draco had no right or reason to enjoy a happy, romantic and a possibly copulatory evening.

And Draco keeps fiddling with the cutlery as they wait for their waitress to bring their order, training one eye on the door for possible Pottersome butt-ins, fidgeting like a virgin on his wedding night, never mind that he was one. Virgin, that is.

Draco internally groans at the picture he has succeeded in presenting to the man opposite him so far. He's sure he came across as a nervous wreck because he now recognises that the

conversation that managed to get past his nerves into his ears, is forcibly taking a turn into lighter and humorous topics.

Once Draco realises that the food has arrived but not Potter, he relaxes a notch. Potter has a disgusting habit of intervening right before the food, often making complete use of the pretext of joining them for dinner and then chatting up Draco's date so much that the guy probably didn't realise he went home early and *alone* until he reached his flat.

When his mobile doesn't buzz even ten minutes later, Draco feels his spirits lifting. Because that is another one of Potter's irritating tactics. If he can't, for some reason, be present in person, he makes twenty calls in the space of twenty minutes, asking for some report or file or evidence, till Draco or his date or both of them lose their interest.

Draco is ravenous after the long, tiresome and ineffectual stakeout Robards had them on that morning and quickly gulps everything down on his plate. He looks up to find an amused look on his date's face. Draco thinks Tom is his name.

He elegantly arches a seductive brow in question at that look, hiding all the sudden confusion at his change in behaviour deep within his heart, far away from his face.

Tom laughs. 'Nothing, I was just thinking of the one eighty you made after eating. Almost as if all that food fuelled your dwindling confidence.'

Draco is offended by the words and their implication and he's silently fuming on the inside because Potter managed to upset his night, even without being physically present.

Since he's not a Malfoy for nothing however, he immediately decides to put the man in his place. Deliberately adopting a wounded expression, he says, 'And yet here you are.'

That throws the other man off far more than expected to Draco's immense delight so he ploughs on. 'Do you like showing off to those whom you deem inferior to you?'

There's a minute of charged silence between them and Draco starts wondering if he's pushed too far when the man laughs. As in opens his mouth, bangs his fist on the table, clutches his abdomen with the other hand and laughs. It's loud and boisterous and also genuine and carefree. Draco's completely mesmerised and a slow smile spreads across his own face.

Just when he's about to ask if that was some kind of a personality test, because Tom said he was a Psychologist, Tom speaks. 'Defensive. And yet, assertive. You sure are interesting.' There's a fond smile in his eyes and affection lacing his tone.

Tom leans back and picks up his wine glass for a sip. 'You seemed extremely edgy since we stepped in here and I failed every time I tried to ease you. At last however, insulting you looked like the only way to get a rise out of you and make you comfortable. Almost like you are used to it, like it's one of your quirks.'

Draco lifted his own glass in a mock salute for Tom's skills before tasting his drink. 'Ten points to Dr.Tom?'

Tom laughs again, shaking his head. 'It's Dr. Tim, actually. I'm Timothy.'

Draco goes from casual to beet red in record time, choking and spluttering. Tim hands him over the stack of tissues placed on the table and as he dabs at his lips and shirt, says, 'I'm intrigued, Draco. You reacted to the insult as though you've grown up dealing with them and, might I valiantly add, flinging some yourself.' He gives Draco a once-over and continues. 'But you clearly are well educated and have good breeding. I'm not implying that those who lack education or manners are inherently bad. It's just that when it comes to you, things don't quite make sense.'

Draco rests his hand on the table and tilts his head. 'What's that supposed to mean?'

Tim takes a deep breath. 'This isn't your first date, but you are tense for some reason. You are the farthest thing from insecure, so it's not that. You are not worried about your manners failing you because you've been a gentleman all throughout. You know you are witty and can hold your own in a convo. You can't be thinking about your looks or charm because I've been wanting to jump your bones since I laid my eyes on you. So why?'

Draco finds himself in awe of Tim. It had taken him under forty minutes to fully and correctly analyse him. Tim was not just the nerd kind of brainy. Tim had innate intelligence that Draco considers his aphrodisiac. He is also going in too deep for a one night stand to be comfortable so Draco once again switches gears.

'I'm your date and a potential bed partner, Tim. Don't turn me into a case study.'

Tim laughs that open hearty laugh again and Draco swoons just a bit. 'Let's go to mine then.'

'PANSY!'

Draco is bristling with righteous anger, his smoldering eyes conveying everything else his shaking, heaving frame is falling short of communicating.

When a bleary eyed Pansy answers her floo five minutes later, he bulldozes in, picks up the glass vase on her mantle and throws it on the ground.

Pansy yawns, flicks a Reparo at the pieces and when they don't coalesce, shrugs, vanishes them, bringing a new vase to replace the latest object that sacrificed itself to one Draco Malfoy's burning rage.

'What is it this time?' she asks, dropping into her armchair. Her tone is bored and her hair is in disarray.

Draco thinks Pansy should thank her stars there's no guy or girl in her bedroom. He's positive he would have hexed their bits into dysfunction had there been a hint of sex in the flat.

'Did Harry spoil your date again?'

And just like that the fight hops out of Draco's body. He sighs and collapses to the ground where he's standing, dragging his hands over his face and through his hair. And then he spills everything.

'It was going fine. I even went to the bloke's house and we groped for a while. He brought out some whiskey, got me drunk and made me fess up on my crush on Harry. Just as I was seething at my slip up and the brat's impertinence, Harry knocked on the door.'

Pansy yawns again and curls up deeper into her chair.

'Say something!'

Pansy remains silent.

'Honestly, Pansy!' Draco shouts, suddenly angry again. 'It's like Potter has a bloody tracking charm on me. Last week, he popped into my flat just as I was about to undress the guy. And the time before that, he was already in my flat in his pajamas, topless and with a glass of whiskey. He's everywhere I go from Hogsmeade to Kingston!'

There is a slight snuffle at the end of his rant and Draco guesses that's what finally prompts Pansy into opening her mouth.

'You do know that tracking charms can't be used surreptitiously.'

'Yes,' Draco snorts. 'Tracking charms are borderline illegal and he is Harry Potter.'

'True.' Pansy nods.

'Did you ever talk to him about this?' she asks again after a while.

Draco raises his head to hers. 'I did, right when he inserted himself beside me on my first date.'

Pansy folds her arms across her chest. 'And?'

'He delivered an unasked for lecture about first times and why they are important.'

Pansy facepalms. 'He's inherited the eloquence of a flobberworm and you, it's brains.'

She shakes her head in exasperation and they are quiet for longer, this time around, though Draco is burning with curiosity at her statement.

Honestly, Potter's a menace. His presence, absence, even his mere thought has the potential to change the outcome of Draco's evening and Draco's sick of it.

He didn't endure an insane megalomaniac, his mad followers and an unapologetically intrusive and controlling father just so he could get interrupted after he finally got his freedom.

It's in desolate, desperate times like these that he wishes he had been a rebel and broken his father's rules. Draco lost count of how many times Blaise offered steamy sex. And he lost count of how many Hogwarts students left Blaise's bed in the mornings, blissfully and thoroughly fucked.

He lost count of how many times he had wanked over the emanating noises, imagining himself and a certain..boy he was mad about.

But eighth year had shown him in no sweet terms how he and his crush were worlds apart and why he ought to get over his infatuation.

Which was why he started going out on all his fruitless dates.

That reminds him.

'Harry took an off on the day of my date last week.'

Pansy focuses her stare on him and frowns.

'Harry was with Teddy last week,' Draco repeats. 'How did he know I planned to go out?'

It's his turn to narrow his brows and he looks questioningly at her. Come to think of it, illegal or not, Harry wouldn't use a tracer on him. And Pansy always sets him up on his dates. Nobody knew of them. Draco didn't trust anyone else.

Pansy snaps after less than a minute of their stare-game. 'Oh yes, Draco. I let Potter loose on you fully knowing that you are trying to get over him and bring all these,' she motions between herself and him, 'unwanted and possibly hazardous interruptions to my own sex life. Of course, that's exactly what I did.'

Now Draco feels stupid, just plain stupid. Pansy wouldn't do that to him.

Since riled up Pansy is unstoppable, she continues, 'Yes, I called Potter one day during our eighth year and told him to rescue you from the fuck fest you intended to indulge in to drown out your trauma and he being the saviour decided to give you a chance and fuck you himself instead. That's what this is all about. Makes total sense.'

Draco descends into feeling ridiculous. Potter might help others out of his nature, but Pansy wouldn't sit him down and have a discussion about saving Draco's life. She's taken to avoiding Potter like the plague for her thoughtless stunt during the war.

That's when an idea blooms in Draco's head.

'Set him up.'

'What?'

'Set him up on a blind date, like you do with me. Maybe he'll get off my back if he has his own sexy evenings to look forward to. The man's a bloody workaholic. I suspect he still didn't shrug off the adrenaline of the war. We hardly see him out of the office, he doesn't

even eat properly. Did you see the bags on his face? They are..' Draco trails off at the scowl overtaking Pansy's features.

'Why would I do that?' she hisses.

Draco gets off the floor, dusts his pants and says, 'So that you can enjoy twelve hours of sex without me barging into your house to lament about my poor, unchanging fate.'

Pansy's scowl darkens and Draco gives her a toothy grin.

Forgetful Drunk

Chapter Notes

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

Draco throws Pansy the best appreciative look he can as he spots her exiting Harry Potter's office three days later. Pansy flips him off and walks away. Yes, she shows him the finger in front of the seventeen other Aurors who are a part of Potter's team so Draco makes sure his internal cringe doesn't disturb the smile on his face.

Ten minutes later, there's an origami fox hopping upto Draco's desk. If the unparliamentary language is omitted, Draco finds the message reads as this:

Potter's date's fixed. Dinner on Saturday at 6. Yours too. Don't mess up.

Draco doesn't at all wonder at Pansy's brilliance. She, being the best friend ever, cleverly scheduled for him and Potter to have dates at the same time. There's no way this twenty eighth one could go wrong. Saturday needs to come by as quickly as possible so that he can finally fuck and decide if Pansy's exaggerating her annoyance at his weekly ill timed visits.

A purple button down with sleeves folded up to elbows and tucked neatly into white trousers, with his trademark wrist watch and the Malfoy ring constitute Draco Malfoy's idea of casual. He knows he can make heads turn his way like this. To look absolutely ravishing however, he has to loosen up his hair a bit and allow the strands to settle into just this side of post-sex hair and wear black muggle sunglasses, according to Pansy. And usually, a functionally sane person never really questioned Pansy when she offered her opinion in matters of fashion.

When Draco looks at himself in the mirror, he is happy he can positively say that he personifies sex on two legs with the way his arse and his clothed length are on display, leaving little to imagination.

It feels as though the universe stopped its games and dictated the planets and stars to get into the required formations.

So once again, there's really no reason for Draco to be having a mini panic attack in the foyer of his apartment building. And if he has to jerk off to fantasies of a certain irritating and unapproachable green eyed nuisance and take three gulps of Pepper Up to calm his nerves, no one has to know.

If he studiously turns a deaf ear to that voice in his head that chastises him about his unhealthy trauma coping mechanisms, once more, no one has to know either. Specifically, one Harry Potter.

Who does he think he is anyway? He may have defeated Lord Brainless but he cannot change the ways of the world! Not even if he supports the apparently helpless, internally struggling and obviously threatened mother-son duo who also helped when it mattered the most. But the

nauseously sweet wizarding wonder isn't worldly enough to realise that others aren't usually accommodative of almost-criminals.

On receiving a second chance, Draco's first thought, in a fit of gratitude for freedom, had been to mend the bridges between him and all his schoolmates. Even now, he firmly stomps down on that annoying voice that never fails to remind him that a possible revoking of a certain rejected friendship had been his biggest motivator. Because it absolutely wasn't.

One look at the adoring public of Hogwarts, whose welcoming of their hero was just short of making into the records as the grandest ever, on the first day of their eighth year, put a lot of things into perspective for Draco.

Harry's testimony was proof of his burying the proverbial hatchet. McGonagall's insistence on inter house unity was proof of changing times. The crowd that always surrounded Harry was proof that he had to work twice as hard to make nice with him as he worked for his NEWTS. The hate, disdain, resentment and anger of other students with regards to him was proof that earning forgiveness was even harder than earning respect in the best of circumstances and Draco was blessed with the worst possible of them this side of Azkaban. So the plans he formed in his euphoric high had to be shown their way to the gutter before Draco could even crawl onto the first step.

So if his past has him crying himself to sleep at the devastation he caused due to his utter lack of a spine, Harry doesn't have to know. If his past has him getting physically and verbally abused in unused classrooms and abandoned corridors, Harry doesn't have to know. If his past has him facing rejection from every Potioneer he applied to, Harry doesn't have to know. If his past has him drinking himself to oblivion and almost considering narcotics, Harry doesn't have to know. And if the fear of first his father and then Lunacy Incarnate, disgust at himself for his own foolish arrogance and pride, and the guilt and shame of the casualties of the war crushed him into pieces leaving behind a gaping, empty hole in place of his heart, Harry definitely doesn't have to know.

Therefore, if he is looking for someone to fuck his brains out at night and stabilise him with a non judgemental relationship during the day, Harry doesn't have to know.

But instead of engaging his cock in the hole of any of the innumerable and willing wizarding populace, Harry Potter chooses to get to know Draco, again interrupting his plans, which grates on Draco's every last nerve.

After the wank however, there's a look of serenity on Draco's face at the thought that his wretched luck is about to change.

For as long as he can remember, Draco has had a strong belief that it's impossible to choose between Pansy Parkinson and Hermione Granger, equals that they are in all skills from magical efficiency to management. Okay, he's lying. If he was a raging sapiosexual or a zombie, he'd demand a never ending supply of Granger's brain and stay as far away as possible from Pansy's.

Because Pansy in addition to being bisexual and Slytherin, is also completely rotten minded.

Even if all that could be *excused, forgiven or understood*, there's still a reason she wasn't a Ravenclaw.

Case in point, Draco's current situation.

He's sitting in front of Dr.Tim (yes, Dr.Tim!) and Harry has just pulled up a chair in between them.

Nope, he didn't come to disturb them. He's so well groomed that Draco has half a mind to ditch Dr.Tim and his self imposed restraints and take Harry to bed.

'I didn't realise I would be meeting you here, Timothy,' Harry says, digging into his pizza and motioning in Dr.Tim's direction. 'Pansy told me it was going to be a blind date.'

Right, they are on a first name basis because barging into a guy's home in the guise of a muggle cop with a false warrant for some non-existent parking issue when the said guy and his date are in boxers, grants one such permission.

Dr.Tim, for some reason, is confused as hell. 'I was under the impression that I would be meeting some posh, rich guy who ran an advertising firm.'

'And I thought I was going to finally have a great night.'

Two heads snapped his way at that.

Alright. Why did he blurt it out again? That's right. Pansy. Her agency that specialises in "bringing love together" or some such nauseating rot that she uses as the company's motto, to be specific. Her mysterious "pairing platform" (which Draco strongly suspects is some kind of a love spell) that she presents as her "trade secret" that actually pairs people up according to their preferences to be exact. He idly wonders if threesome had ever gone into the form that Pansy had him fill and decides if it did, it was certainly not by his hand.

Draco remembers his brain spinning a full 360 thrice before stopping and registering Dr.Tim again, when he entered the restaurant twenty minutes ago. In that time, he went through the list of possible reasons why Pansy would actually do this and landed on "pissed enough to burn hell down" as the answer. He left it there.

'Again?' Harry says, loudly chewing his food. 'So that speech I made in the heavy rain about why you shouldn't turn to sex as a form of therapy from war just went over your head?'

Draco's eyes widen. What the-

'Did you even listen to me that day? Don't you think I at least deserved a hearing to after I spent twenty minutes getting drenched in the rain and the next two days in bed with a heavy cold?'

'You could have used an Impervius and Pepper up, but you are a stubborn and stupid idiot,' Draco scowls.

‘Not the point,’ Harry replies, white sauce leaking out of his mouth onto his chin.

Draco’s compulsive tendencies get highly irritated at the sight. He immediately grabs the nearest napkin and dabs Harry’s mouth, grumbling about how a niffler acts much decently in a vault of gold. ‘Do you think you are growing younger each day? Your manners become more obnoxious every time I see you.’

Harry’s gaze is fixed on Draco as he swipes one last time and throws the napkin down.

Draco looks up. ‘And what the fuck, Potter? Pizza? You eat three fourths of an apple as breakfast and have this oily, cheesy pizza for dinner? With that nutrition, I give you three weeks before you are evicted out of the Aurors and kicked into Mungos.’

Harry is still staring intently at him. Draco suddenly feels rather hot and discomfited. He starts fidgeting with his hands, opening and closing the buttons of his sleeve.

‘I make sure to forget such trivialities when I’m out with someone who cares about me,’ Harry says.

Draco closes his mouth with an audible click, eyes locked with the brunet’s.

So he may or may not have overheard or witnessed at least ten or more girls and boys, subtly trying to ask Harry out on a date in their eighth year and Harry’s casually bland responses to them made him believe Harry didn’t realise he was being flirted with.

Now, Draco’s not so sure of his firmly cemented opinion, because it does look like Harry’s trying to flirt with him. And Draco doesn’t like being wrong.

So his mouth opens of its own accord to spit out, ‘I think that’s why you should be more careful right now, Potter.’

And Draco loses his appetite when Harry’s face shuts down, taking away the glow that has been lighting up their table till then.

‘Sorry,’ Draco says, clearly not out of his dazed state of mind. ‘That was harsh.’

‘That was defensive,’ Dr. Tim says, reminding the other two of his presence. Draco coughs and notices Harry turning an adorable shade of red. ‘Tell me, Draco, why do you get defensive when someone compliments you?’

There, right there, is why Draco wished he never saw Dr. Tim again. That mind boggling psychoanalysis that Draco suspects turns more people insane, than it cures them.

In hindsight, perhaps Potter’s interruption the other day had been for the best because Draco is presently gagging at the thought of losing his virginity to him. Potter’s right. He should be thoughtful about things like this.

What the actual fuck?

‘Don’t answer that,’ Dr. Tim says again. ‘I’m more curious about what Harry said- sex as a form of therapy from war. What war?’

Draco shoots a glare at Harry for slipping up. Dr. Tim’s a muggle, they can’t exactly explain Lord Noseless to him.

‘Shouldn’t you be asking about the therapy part?’ Harry diverts the topic, but Draco’s not particularly glad. If anything, Harry threw him from the frying pan into the fire. Before he can inflict further damage however, Draco spoons some veggies from his plate and shoves them into Harry’s mouth.

‘Why are you behind me about this?’ he asks wearily. This was all too much drama for one day. ‘I never said I was looking for sex for that reason. Did it ever occur to you that I’m probably searching for a solid relationship? And that if I wanted to pull, I’d maybe visit the countless London clubs instead of going on date after date?’

Harry’s abandoned his food entirely, resting his face on his chin and staring at Draco with wide green eyes. ‘Did nobody ever tell you that you’re a forgetful drunk, Draco? Do you want to check with Pansy or Blaise if you have any accidental inebriated confessions?’

Draco goes white as a sheet.

What in the world happened at that eighth year party he got dragged to?

Chapter End Notes

What do you mean Tom Marvolo Riddle is Lord Voldemort? He's much more than that okay?

Flashes from the Forgotten(gettable) Past

Chapter Notes

This chapter's slightly different. It's exactly how the title says. I'm positive you can still identify who's saying what, but if you're doubtful, drop it in comments and I'll clarify.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

'No! I don't want to go and make a fool of myself.'

'You'd be a bigger fool not to go.'

'Everyone hates me, Pansy!'

'They'll hate you regardless. While they are at it, you can safely join a group of tipsy teenagers and dance your worries away for once.'

'It's not considered particularly intelligent if you stick your head into a lion's mouth and expect it to not bite.'

'Probably. But if you keep making your absence known and release your hold on the reins, that can't be called intelligent either.'

'I could care less about power play right now, Blaise! I'm aware I don't hold any.'

'But there's no reason for you to let others believe that unless you wish to be attacked like this every other day.'

'Fuck! Careful, Pansy. That's my blood and tissue, not some weeds in your backyard!'

'She's right, Draco. It's about survival now, not power. People need to know they can't take out their grief for their loved ones on you.'

'At least we have help on that front. DRACO MALFOY! Be fucking still or I'm going to bloody body bind you on top of this spell damage you already have!'

'Pansy!'

'Help?'

'Yeah, Potter boy's hauling the arses of every assailant into McGonagall's office in a feat rivalling Mad eye Moody's catapulting of Death Eaters into Azkaban. I personally don't think the latter would have been so comically entertaining as the former, though.'

'Potter? Harry Potter?'

'Shut the fuck up, Pansy. You swore not to let Drac- ahem, let anyone know!'

'Blaise, Pansy, what the hell?'

'I made no such vow, Blaise. I merely told him I wouldn't say I'd seen him. And I didn't. Give me your hand, Draco. Also, if you are done down there, you should move on higher, Blaise. He's already going limp and we need him in top form for the party.'

'Harry Potter?'

'Honestly, Pans! Is this the time for double entendres? I've finished applying Dittany on both his legs, by the way. You would have too, if you weren't busy shoving your boobs in his face.'

'Harry Potter?'

'Oh God, here we go. You should have just kept your mouth closed.'

'Don't be stupid, Blaise. Beggars can't be choosers. We need all the help that we can get and we have no choice in who helps us. If it's in the form of Harry fucking Potter, so be it. We at least have better chances at survival.'

'So what you both are basically trying to tell me is that Potter is not tolerating any kind of discrimination based on actions of war.'

'And preaching peace because "it's Voldemort's fault, not Draco's. He didn't kill anybody." He is specifically brutal on those who hurt you. Hmm, wonder why?'

'But Blaise, you've got to admit it was Granger's point that served more as the wake up call. "All your declarations of blatant injustice at letting Malfoy off in spite of his "behaviour" will just become moot if you yourselves behave in this way. War or no war, it's just inhumane to maul others. How many of you can honestly say that you are not using this opportunity to pay Malfoy back for what he did to you earlier under the facade of his war crimes?"'

'Did you just-?'

'You know, Draco, I think we may have underestimated Weasley. "We all are eighteen and we all made mistakes we regret. How reasonable can you expect anyone our age to be? Malfoy's a git but you can't torture him like that."'

'Did you both just quote Weasley and Granger?'

'Why are you horrified?'

'Because Pansy, it sounds like you guys found your latest crushes!'

'Well, Granger did put behaviour in air quotes. She has good fingers, you know. Nice, long, slender.'

'Besides, there is the whole appeal of them being the golden trio and all.'

'Excellent! We are three hopeless idiots who have fallen for three other impossible idiots. It's like blind leading the blind.'

'I wouldn't say I fell for him. Yet.'

'Whoa, Draco! Are we going to confess sober from now on?'

'What?'

'Pansy, it's seven already.'

'Right, let's get him into the bathroom he shares with Potter.'

'Pansy, I'm not coming! Is it clear enough or do I need to put not in air quotes too?'

'Oh, but you are.'

'I'm bleeding from three of my limbs-'

'We've bandaged them all.'

'My right leg can't support my body-'

'It's a sprain, you didn't break it.'

'This here is a deep cut and will not stop bleeding onto my face until tomorrow.'

'Episkey.'

'It's not something that an episkey can fix!'

'It's bleeding less actually, Draco.'

'Blaise!'

'You must strike the iron while it's hot or haven't you heard? Potter's giving you some attention now, Draco.'

'When has he not been attentive to me, Pans? He's frustratingly nosy.'

'Be a fucking Slytherin and take advantage of it.'

'I have a damned concussion. My head's pounding, my vision swims twice a minute and my abdomen hasn't fully healed from the bruising. If I was any bit Slytherin, I'd go and kip so that I can live to see tomorrow.'

'You can complain all you like, Draco. But you are making an appearance, even if it's only for an hour. Pans, take his arm.'

'Only!'

'Turns out, it's a bad idea.'

'It's the worst idea you've ever had.'

'I wasn't the one spouting gibberish about survival.'

'But you agreed with me, with all that talk of beggars.'

'And are we to believe that you very conveniently forgot exactly how drunk Malfoy can be, courtesy all your philosophical ramblings?'

'Granger! Why so serious?'

'Alright, that's enough for you Pans. Don't pout, for Merlin's sake. Granger doesn't look like she's particularly fond of purring.'

'Blaisey!'

'Um, yes, wha- Draco darling, Potter's shooting daggers with his eyes and if you keep clinging to me I'm sure as hell going to die by tomorrow.'

'Come on, they're playing that song we three like.'

'Your leg!'

'I need my hips to sway, Pansy-poo, and grind like this.'

'Oh God, Draco! Stop air humping!'

'Excuse me, I have to go obliviate myself.'

'Zabini, are you sure he's taken only three pints?'

'Weasley! Or should I say, Ronald?'

'No, thanks. I liked you better with your scowl from three meters away. Ouch! Blimey, Mione, he's showing his teeth.'

'Manners, Ron!'

'Parkinson, Zabini, and you two, we're starting Spin the Bottle! Go pick your love seat.'

'Ginny!'

'Those two are horribly straight, Blaise. Horribly and hopelessly straight. Not even bi.'

'They are hopelessly in love. But if they fall out, you should ask Hermione, Pansy. She's bi, look at all the Flattering Flumperflies around her!'

'Am I so drunk that I'm taking advice from the loony Luna?'

'Manners, Pansy!'

'Why are we joining the game again?'

'Because we imbibed the craziness of the lions. Let's go, Pans.'

'Thanks, Ron. Only my dad and Ginny kissed me on the cheek before. You're the third.'

'Ginevra and Granger would have his balls otherwise.'

'Yeah sure, because when I have my perfect girlfriend right beside me, I'd go about kissing other girls.'

'Enough, I'm spinning. Terry and Harry.'

'Harry? Harry Pott- uff.'

'Ow!'

'Shit, I spilled my drink!'

'Neville, are you alright?'

'I'm fine, Ernie.'

'Malfoy, what the hell! Why are you unbuttoning your shirt?'

'Draco! Don't you have enough broken bones already?'

'Ugh, get off me, Ginevra. You're stupid skirt is all over my face. I can't see!'

'I didn't think you'd complain about being under her skirt, Pansy. Here, loves, take a hand each. I'll help you up.'

'Mate, are you all right? Malfoy, you can't just tumble into someone's lap. What are you doing?'

'Licking my Harry's neck? He's delicious, Blaisey!'

'I'm right here. There's no need to shout.'

'You. Can't. Do. That.'

'Hm?'

'Get off Harry while I'm being nice, Malfoy.'

'I can do whatever I want to my Harry. And I won't get off of him. I'm going to kiss him like this,'

'I thought your trio was defending us?'

'Not at the cost of Harry's discomfort, Zabini.'

'Tut, tut, Granger. Doesn't look like Potter's uncomfortable at all.'

'Harry, do something!'

'Really, Ron?'

'I'm going to lap at his silky, warm throat,'

'Ah, oh God! From which angle do I look like I can-'

'I'm going to grind against his cock like this-'

'- ahhh, fuck! My hands are trapped beneath him.'

'FINE! We are now playing Truth or Dare.'

'Good idea, Hannah. Malf- Draco, do you want to play this round? Do you want to give out dares to Ron?'

'Mione!'

'Great idea, Granger. I'll blow you a kiss after I finish marking this hickey on my lover.'

'Lo-lover? You're not getting your turn so quickly. Ginny, truth or dare?'

'Alright, I'm not sitting here anymore. Good night and see you tomorrow morning.'

'Harry? Harry, please?'

'What the fuck, no Draco!'

'Ginny, truth or dare?'

'Please don't yell, Ron. Ginny is occupied-'

'In having her cunt eaten. So go on with your stupid game without the three of us, Weasley.'

'Oh God, my eyes!'

'Calm down, sweetheart.'

'Neville, truth or dare?'

'Dare, Hannah.'

'Strip to your boxers.'

'No- what the-'

'It's ok, you can do it, Nev.'

'But Ernie-'

'It's fine. You'll be fine. You can do it.'

'Ugh, ok. Satisfied? Draco, truth or dare?'

'Truth.'

'Alright. Terry, Anthony, Justin Finch-Fletchley. Kiss, fuck, marry.'

'Kiss Harry, fuck Harry, marry Harry.'

'He's not one of the options.'

'He's what I want.'

'He's not available, Draco. What do you do then?'

'Not available? Yeah, why would he be. He left me here all alone, just like everyone else. But he's not hitting me like the others. So that's good. But I want to show him that I can be good too. I can be good for him. In bed, outside of it, everywhere. I can be good for him, in his life.'

'Draco, stop.'

'Blaisey!'

'Just answer Longbottom. Potter's not one in the options. What would you do?'

'I-I'd do what I've never done before. Harry wasn't ever ever there, was he? He doesn't know my ambitions or dreams. He doesn't know my fears or nightmares. He doesn't know my grief and guilt. So I'll ignore him and go slut myself to anyone who's willing. I-'

'Draco!'

'I can't do this alone anymore, Blaisey. I need someone to hold me when I sleep, I need someone to feed me when I don't eat. I need someone who'll tend to my wounds. Mum's not there for that anymore. If I can't eat or sleep or stay healthy, I can't get my NEWTS. And I need them to open an apothecary and raise money to donate to Harry's home for orphans of war. So I'm going to go on a fucking spree to find the right guy for myself.'

'Whoa!'

'Oh Merlin!'

'Dra- ahem, Draco, let's go back to the dorm. You've gotta sleep, right?'

'I'll take him, Zabini.'

'What? Pott-'

'Please, let me.'

'Whaa? Pott-Potter? What the fuck, Potter? What are you doing in my bed?'

'I thought you wanted someone to hold you while you sleep?'

'Do you, by any chance, have a habit of talking in your sleep, Potter? What are you bumbling about so early in the morning?'

'Yesterday, you- Ow, goddamnit Malfoy, do you have a habit of tumbling into laps and shoving others out of their seats?'

Chapter End Notes

So I was mid-sleep when Luna told me about Flattering Flumperflies. I'll have to ask her again now that I'm fully conscious. I'll hopefully have some info on them by next chapter!

Fucked! (Part 1)

Chapter Notes

Turns out, they are "Flittering" Flumperflies who are distant relatives of the Blibbering humdingers, sharing the same genus. Luna claims the Flumpers are like third cousin thrice removed or something to the humdingers.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

‘Hey,’ Dr.Tim says, placing a hand atop Draco’s shaking ones. ‘Harry won’t interrupt us today.’ There’s a happy smile on his face that for some reason doesn’t make Draco feel quite as pleasant.

Twenty minutes ago, when Draco stepped in to find Dr.Tim sitting at their “usual” table, he honestly wanted to go out into the adjoining alley, pick up a decently sized rock and hit his head with it. Repeatedly. But then he realised Pansy probably expected him to do just that so he immediately walked in.

And took his seat opposite Dr.Tim.

Not bothering to hide the exasperation from his face.

He won’t admit it was in part because he was weary of this stupid, seemingly never ending dating disaster and largely because he wanted to kiss this clingy man goodbye, without actually doing it.

But too-sweet-and-understanding-for-his-own-good Dr.Tim, keeps reassuring him every thirty seconds when his eyes inevitably find themselves sweeping to the doors.

Because he wants Harry sodding Potter to actually disturb them today. The irony, really!

‘What?’ Why isn’t Harry coming?

‘We had a talk last week after you abruptly left. I told him I was serious about you.’

‘What?’ What the hell! Of everyone, why did he get the one person who doesn’t care about the boundaries he very eloquently stated?

‘I know you’re probably upset that I didn’t tell you before. But you were very nervous the first time because of him and he looked extremely protective of you so I just figured it’d be good to let him know first. Good for me, I mean. My bits, that is.’

Okay. Draco will very much like people to make a note here that in case he gags and vomits all over the table, it isn’t his fault. Who even speaks like that these days?

What happened to the cheerful, confident guy he met two weeks ago? Draco should probably file a missing report.

‘Are you Potter in Polyjuice?’ he asks finally.

Dr.Tim looks up confused. Draco’s Auror mode kicks in as if on instinct. The confusion is no act.

‘What are you saying Draco? Polyjuice?’

So it is the real Dr.Tim. Just not the one from their first date.

‘Why does Harry interrupt anyway, ever asked him?’ Dr.Tim continues when Draco remains silent.

‘Um, no. I didn’t. He’s an irritating little bugger.’

‘He actually seemed pretty cool and friendly. And completely into you.’

Draco’s head snaps up to fix Dr.Tim with a glare.

‘You like him too, why are you in denial?’ Dr.Tim presses.

Draco thinks he should feel shocked or confused or *something* about this guy’s strange ability to switch gears with the ease of one affected with a bipolar disease but he doesn’t because he’s tired and numb and can’t think past the warm bed covers waiting for him in his flat. Besides, didn’t he tell him a few *seconds* ago that he was “serious” about Draco? ‘I thought you wanted a relationship with me?’

Dr.Tim shrugs. And proceeds to give him a smile that Draco of two weeks earlier would have considered dazzling. Now it just looks like the one of a cat that got the canary.

Draco’s irritation rises a notch. ‘I think I made it quite clear that I didn’t want to be your case study or would you like me to repeat it once more?’

‘No need, you were very articulate,’ Dr.Tim says, slurping his mocktail.

Draco begins to see red. ‘Then I want to stress that I hate having my mind looked into.’

He goes on to ignore the brief flash he has of his supposed aunt Bellatrix and Lord Stinksap poking and prodding his brain, taunting him, goading him and using Legilimency as and when they wished to but Dr.Tim is unfortunately too intelligent. He doesn’t miss Draco’s wince. Great, just great! Draco went from liking nerds to detesting them in a span of three weeks.

‘I’m sure Harry respects your boundaries. He seemed rather gentlemanly, though he did interrupt the steamy night I intended to have with you,’ Dr.Tim says, picking on a hangnail.

And that’s the last straw.

‘You sound as if you’d rather Harry was here in my place right now,’ Draco scowls at him, disregarding the voice in his head that yells it makes him look ugly. ‘So I’ll tell you he won’t be with you even if you were the last man on earth. Harry loves me and me alone. He won’t look at anyone else, let alone the likes of you. He’s kind, funny and adorable. He’s not the wisest but he never does anything by halves. He’s responsible and owns up to his mistakes. He *saved* my life, not just once but many times over and over again. He keeps saving me and waiting for me to respond to him even though there are others waiting in line for him. He’s the wonder boy of my childhood who grew up to become a wonderful man.’

Draco doesn’t know when the tears started spilling. He would have hands down won the poll for the Slytherin that didn’t cry because even his dorm mates never saw his eyes misty. Not even in the direst of times. It’s because Draco hates crying in front of others but right now, he’s not in the least embarrassed about his display.

‘In that case, why are *you* here?’ Dr.Tim asks patiently. His gentle tone seals Draco’s throat closed.

‘Draco, why are you resisting what you so dearly want? Are you apprehensive because Harry’s righteous and noble? Do you think you are unworthy of his affections?’

Draco remains mute.

‘If you must know, Harry isn’t doing any of what he’s doing because he thinks you need help or because he thinks of you as one other thing in the world that he needs to correct.’

‘What *is* he doing?’ Draco lets his voice sound timid. He’s curious.

‘I think there’s a list.’ Dr.Tim smirks. Draco doesn’t blink so he continues. ‘Truthfully, I have no idea. I don’t think anyone does. But I’m willing to bet he’s not just sitting at home and watching telly on the evenings that you don’t have dates. He’s too virtuous for that, wouldn’t you agree?’

Draco nods. Dr.Tim was finally starting to make sense though he didn’t particularly like where this was going. He hates confrontations more than he hates being wrong.

‘I personally don’t think you are pursuing a relationship for the right reasons. Your idea of sex therapy is also incorrect. While it may perhaps benefit other people, I think it’ll only end up injuring you further.’

Draco’s lips thin at the mention of his coping mechanism.

Dr.Tim nods apologetically and raises his hands in a placating gesture. ‘Consider it an occupational quirk. We have been taught right from our med school days to see and observe, especially what the other person conceals. I should say Psychology didn’t help the matters either.’

Draco lets out a mild scoff at that. ‘I’m not surprised about your predicament, especially if you dissected all of your previous dates too like you did with me.’

Dr.- Tim laughs out loud at that. 'I think you will be. I did manage to snag a queen and convince her to marry me. Between us, I'll admit that it took me twenty five dates, two years and fourteen rejected proposals before Linda accepted me.'

Okay, now Draco is fully functional to look aghast at the declaration. 'In that case, why are you *here*?'

Tim smiles. The indignation that infuriating smile arises in him is overtaken by the dawning realisation of what exactly had been happening.

'Who put you up for this?' He asks with a shaky voice, though he's half sure he knows the answer.

'No one,' Tim replies, surprising him once again. Gorgeous! There's apparently no limit to the surprises the universe decided to bestow on him today. 'I offered because I was curious about you, Draco.' He steeples his fingers under his chin and stares at Draco over them.

Draco's dumbstruck. He lets out a stream of incoherent mumbles that he would have been mortified to utter in the presence of anybody else but today's a totally fucked up day and Tim had already seen him cry, so why not?

'I'm not interested in you as a specimen. I was intrigued about you, about what kind of a person you are. Not *who* you are and how I can set you right, but just what makes you up. I think it speaks of my experience and expertise that you were easy to read. Honestly though, can't I get to know you like a friend, Draco, especially when two of my dearest patients couldn't stop talking about you?'

There's an earnest expression on Tim's face that completely dislodges that lump in his throat and he grimaces at a memory his brain decided to pull up and present.

'You squeezed my arse!'

Tim mirrors him. 'Yeah well, I was waiting for Harry to come and trying to keep you distracted until then but your hands were already reaching everywhere. I'm more rattled about the whole ordeal than I'll ever admit.'

Draco's mouth curves in a tiny smile at the hint of blush blooming on Tim's cheeks. Luck has never favoured him before as it has done that day by sending their waitress to break the tension.

'You didn't answer my question, you know,' Draco mumbles into his glass of water.

Tim frowns but his expression smoothens out in comprehension a second later. 'Ah, why am I here? To point out the obvious.'

Draco hates people who talk in riddles more than he hates confrontations, which he hates more than being wrong.

He narrows his eyes. 'Which is,'

‘You’ve, for some reason, become timid and are avoiding confrontations.’

There is actually a big list of things he absolutely loathes from the bottom of his heart, but Psychologists in general and Tim in particular are battling it out for the top spot right now. So Draco grits his teeth and fumes.

‘You are running away from your feelings and overthinking about everything. Why, according to you, is Harry interrupting your dates? I should perhaps phrase it like this- why is he saving you from yourself?’

Draco forcefully remains quiet. He knows Tim already knows.

Tim goes on as if he didn’t really expect a response to his question. ‘The short answer is that he knows what you crave for the most. I have a feeling you’d like to hear the real reason from Harry himself but what I think is this: Harry wants you to be happy and he knows you feel it’s possible only with him.’

And there lies the truth in all its glory. After a very bothersome and tortuous first eighteen formative years of his life and in a world that’s settling down from a gruelling war, Draco believes himself entitled to that elusive entity called happiness.

He’s scared of it and doubtful of whether he can really be happy or not but the indisputable truth is that both of them know he can find it in Harry and with Harry.

By the time their waitress returns, Draco’s mind is made up. He pushes away his still full plate and orders a takeaway instead. Tim is scooping up the last of his dinner as Draco stands up, ready to take that giant leap.

‘Oh and by the way Draco, tell Pansy I said hi,’ Tim says jovially.

Draco snorts. ‘You can say that to her corpse if you find it.’

Chapter End Notes

Bipolar here is only used as a literary reference to show how quickly the mood changes. It's not to insult or mock those who are suffering from Manic Depression. No offense intended.

Fucked! (Part 2)

Chapter Notes

Just one more to go! Thank you all for your support and all the wonderful comments. They made my day!

Frankly speaking, the door opening to the sight of Harry with a sixteen month old Teddy on his hip with drool leaking out onto his bib is not the one Draco expected to find. Don't ask him what he expected, though. He really doesn't know.

But Harry is pleasantly surprised and welcomes him in warmly.

Draco has to forcibly tear his eyes away from the blue haired tyke gazing up at him in wonder and making gurgling noises. Okay, so don't mistake him now, he has seen babies before. It's not his first time or something equally unbelievable.

It's just that all the babies he saw before were pictures of infants born to so and so person who was distantly related to the Malfoys through some torturous link that was not worth the pain of knowing. So from those vicarious experiences he knows babies are generally cute.

Until he sees Teddy though, Draco doesn't realise exactly *how* cute they can be.

Before Draco can take his first look at Harry's apartment, however, he's assaulted by the smell of milk that seems to be *everywhere!* He grimaces slightly but doesn't find it that disturbing. He begins making his way to the couch when the floo chimes.

'Oh, that must be Hermione,' Harry says. 'Sorry, Draco, it's kind of urgent. Do you mind looking after Teddy for a while?'

He doesn't wait for Draco's response and plonks Teddy in his arms. Draco thinks he would have said yes anyway. Okay, so not yes but he certainly would have jumped up and down, propriety be damned, because holy shit, he's holding a *baby!*

Teddy's first reaction to him is to smile a wide, toothless grin which he returns with as much affection. He's aware that Harry's watching on the scene with barely concealed fondness but he doesn't care.

Because he can lower his guards around Harry and be himself.

Because Harry understands.

Because he knows. That's what Tim said.

Harry turns to go when Draco remembers the brown paper bag in his hands.

‘Hey, I brought dessert,’ he says, realising those are the first words he uttered since he entered the house. No hello or how have you been or can I come in. A small corner of his mind recognises that somehow their warped relationship progressed from formality to familiarity fairly smoothly. So he’s not surprised that he doesn’t feel out of place in a place and with people he doesn’t know.

Harry opens the packet and breathes in the delicious smell wafting out.

His eyes light up with childlike glee and he looks about two seconds away from dancing through the house with joy. ‘You brought a treacle!’

Draco flushes and clears his throat awkwardly. This whole thing was so embarrassing! Why did he think he could do it again? Right, one Dr. Tim.

‘You brought a treacle tart!’ Harry repeats.

Well, duh. He did, didn’t he? It’s there in his hands. What more proof does he need?

‘Oh Draco!’ Before Draco can fully process what’s happening, Harry’s leaning forward and planting a loud, wet kiss on his cheek, pulling both Draco and Teddy into an uncomfortable group hug.

Just as suddenly, he disentangles and makes his way to the floo that has been ringing non stop in the background for five minutes now, but was completely ignored by all three of them. Or maybe, the two of them.

Draco has a small smile on his face as he rests against the arm of the sofa, sitting sideways on it and maneuvering Teddy onto his chest. He runs a calming hand on his back and when he looks down, he sees his own shirt covered in spittle, Teddy’s tiny fist clamped on the placket of his shirt. His smile grows wider at the sight. He lightly kisses his head and wraps his arms around him.

A while turns out to be one and a half hours later. No, according to Harry, the call lasted thirty five minutes but on finding them napping, he didn’t want to disturb them. So he went about preparing dinner for them both.

When at last they retire to the couch after dinner, with Teddy tucked in his crib, Harry pulls Draco to sit in the vee of his legs and interlaces their fingers together. He rests his chin on Draco’s shoulder and kisses his cheek once more.

Then there is silence.

Draco absorbs it all and wills the tension to leave his body.

The stupid fucker doesn’t.

He exhales and says, 'Okay.'

Harry chuckles. 'Okay.'

Draco knows he's hiding and stalling. *Running away* like Tim most cruelly pointed out.

'So yes, I've been going on dates to get some sexual action so that I can forget the past. You are right about your sex therapy theory or whatever,' he says dryly.

Harry snickers at him but when he speaks, his voice is gentle, soft. 'I cock-blocked you from getting that said action because I wanted you all to myself.'

Draco relaxes a fraction in Harry's hold now that both the confessions were out in the open. 'Saviour complex much?'

Harry huffs. 'No.'

Draco doesn't say anything.

'I don't want to lose any more of my people, Draco. I think I've seen too much of death for an eighteen year old.'

'I'm one of your people? Since when?' Draco can't believe this. It's starting to sound more and more like Harry likes him out of pity.

Which is more pathetic than him not liking Draco at all.

'Since the day you refused to give me up to Voldemort.' Harry shrugs, as though it's the most natural thing in the world. Which it perhaps is, in the world Draco doesn't quite know. He's pleased however, Harry doesn't like him out of sympathy.

Harry catches on to his confusion easily. 'Don't tell me your father screwed up your notions of friendship too,' he says quietly.

Draco clears his throat in a daring attempt to be honest. 'We didn't make friends based on how useful they could be, if that's what you're implying. We just never sought each other exclusively if we didn't need a favour from them.'

Harry frowns. 'That's what I meant by perverted notions.' He tightens his arms around Draco and continues, 'I don't know about others, but for me, friendship is caring for one another in distress, grief, pain, success and happiness. And I've realised that you can be a decent enough human to befriend when you're not spouting off or acting under prejudices.'

'You bestowed a value on my life the day you saved me from Fiendfyre, Potter,' Draco says a touch haughtily because otherwise he was going to embarrass himself by doing something abnormal like kissing him. 'I didn't want you to regret it.'

'I don't,' Harry says, staring at him. 'Not for one second. Not if it caused you to be here today like this.'

Then he moves in for the kill. Kiss, he moves in for the kiss but it doesn't seem that different really. Mouths meet in a sloppy frenzy, each in their own hurry for that elusive taste. It's unlike any of his past kisses. It's tender when Harry cups his face and presses their lips together. It's soft when Harry runs his tongue along his bottom lip and begs for permission. It's hot when their tongues tangle and suck and explore every corner and crevice they can reach. It's possessive when his head is tipped back and Harry grabs hold of his hair to deepen the kiss.

When they part for breath, Harry's face is the shade of a tomato ripe enough to be plucked. Draco knows he himself could pass for beet. He keeps his gaze fixed on Harry (and his pupils blown with lust) as he undoes the top button of his shirt. He didn't think Harry's eyes could darken further but he's wrong? And he *likes* being wrong?

He's so fucked.

Harry nods imperceptibly and in a fraction of a second, they're both in a large, fluffy bed, naked as the day they were born, Harry's hands urgently fisting both of their cocks as if the world was going to end the next second.

The first feel of another man against him, another cock against his is pure, unadulterated bliss. Unadulterated? Yes, because it's unlike any other kind of bliss he ever experienced.

He whines when the sensation doesn't last but just as suddenly he loses all coherent speech when Harry swallows his cock down. Draco writhes and arches at the warmth of his mouth, cries in frustration when Harry's excellent tongue delves into his slit and convulses when Harry fondles his balls.

It doesn't last either. He's unceremoniously rolled onto his front. There's a cold, wet finger at his entrance, tracing over his crack and catching onto the pucker each time it brushes by. Draco ruts against the mattress as Harry pushes in and releases a croak.

'You're so tight and hot,' Harry kisses one of his cheeks and informs him. Two strokes later, a second finger joins and starts stretching his hole to accommodate Harry's monster sized cock.

God, Draco almost orgasmed a few minutes ago at the sight of the thick, heavy weight in between Harry's Quidditch toned legs. Not that his was any less but Harry's was positively delicious and really, he should be taxed for owning such properties.

He's sounding like an objectifying debauchee. What. The. Hell.

He arches his back and falls down as Harry introduces a third finger. Then there's the sound of squirting and slathering and Draco feels a soft, wet presence at his hole. He braces himself for the onslaught.

Harry presses in slowly. Draco sucks his cock in like he was starving for it. Lube makes the sliding easy, but it still burns and makes him whimper and keen. He feels full by the time Harry bottoms out. 'I love this place. I'll stay here forever,' Harry groans and it takes Draco's need a notch higher.

Wonder boy is full of wonders- a gargantuan cock and a nefarious mouth.

The room is filled with moans, grunts and slapping sounds not long after. Harry slams repeatedly into his prostate once he's found it. He directs his cock to that exact point on every thrust. He pounds and drives into him as if possessed. Draco loses all sanity to the throes of pleasure and is reduced to sensations alone.

The feel of Harry in him is indescribable. The feel of being taken apart is mindblowing. The feel of being fucked is overwhelming. It's explosive when he comes, cock untouched, arse clamping around Harry and prompting his own release. It's completely out of the world when hot cum rushes into him as Harry bites him hard on his shoulder.

Harry withdraws with a moan as if it pains him to let go but quickly rolls Draco over and pulls his sweaty body close. They're both panting, hearts beating wildly. The scent of sex and silence envelop the room.

Then Draco giggles. Giggle? Whatever!

'Does this mean I'm not a virgin any more?'

Harry snickers too. Good. Draco's face can now tone down its blush.

'I didn't intend to keep you as one for longer than necessary. And I'm going to spend every day from tomorrow reminding you that you are not, at every opportunity I get.'

Draco's in awe. He can only say one thing. 'Fuck.'

Harry laughs and presses a sweet kiss to his brow. 'Indeed.'

Draco stares into the green orbs shining in the night light. He thinks he can recognise something in them and that's when he knows. How he didn't see it until then, he'll never understand. He's glad he knows now, though. He knows why Harry's here with him. Because Harry found *his* happiness in Draco and is on a mission to help *him* find his own. God, he really could share happiness with him!

'You'll have to handle Weasley dinners, by the way,' Harry whispers.

Draco's totally fucked but he's too busy being happy to really be bothered by that. This feeling lasts long, unsurprisingly.

Flobberworm- The Finale

Chapter Notes

I've always seen posts about emotional support Hufflepuffs. For years, really. I found it to be true twice- with my best friend and with Hufflepuff. Mate, I probably already said this but I can always say it and it still won't be enough but your support and encouragement and just plain belief in me, an anonymous person you really don't know, worked wonders for me. I'm immensely happy I got to do this for you.

Here comes the end of this story and hopefully the beginning of a good friendship.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Draco wakes up to a warmth he doesn't remember ever experiencing before. Harry's arms are around him and the protectiveness that rushes through him at that is frankly dizzying. He pulls Harry in closer and nuzzles into his chest, taking in large lungfuls of scent that's purely Harry.

But he can't stop there. Of course he can't. Who's he kidding? Harry's brown skin is mouth-watering and Draco has to savour the taste once more.

He gives in to his urge and licks a broad stripe on Harry's chest. Yes, it was absolutely delectable.

Harry moves and makes Draco aware of how exactly they are wrapped around each other, limbs indistinguishable if not for their differing skin tones.

Harry's morning wood digs into Draco's hips as his own erection slides against Harry's crotch. Harry latches onto Draco's ear, tracing the shell with his tongue, nipping his delicate lobe and planting warm, wet kisses to the sensitive area just below his ear.

Draco squirms and groans as Harry turns his face up and places loving kisses all along his jaw. His hand drops down to Draco's hard cock and a deep sigh escapes Draco's throat. His other hand reaches behind Draco to find his hole and slips his index finger into his loose entrance.

Draco has to call on every unaroused cell of his body to push Harry away. Not that there were so many of them. But hey, he needs as many resources as he can get.

Harry blinks blearily at Draco and opens his mouth only to find a pale finger against it, quieting him.

'Answers first, sex later,' Draco croaks as Harry's tongue experimentally laps at his finger.

‘Sore?’ Harry smirks. The idiot smirks after everything he did last night. He’s got a nerve!

‘Curious,’ Draco grinds out. He’s sore alright, but he’s not going to admit it. Nope.

Harry inhales and squares his shoulders, resting next to Draco with one hand supporting his head. He quirks his lips and agrees, ‘Okay, go on.’

‘Teddy,’ Draco says.

‘Won’t wake up for another hour.’

‘No, I mean, why is he here?’

Harry frowns. ‘He’s my godson.’

Draco narrows his eyes, irritated. In his lust fuelled mood, he totally forgot how dumb Harry can be. ‘Yes, and he’s my nephew. Where’s Andromeda?’

Harry’s eyes take on a far away look as he answers. ‘She’s not well, Draco. The deaths of her husband and daughter hit her harder than she let on. Mr. and Mrs. Weasley had to force her into Mungo’s rehab helpline.’ He meets Draco’s eyes again. ‘Teddy’s going to live with me.’

Draco almost laughs at the challenging look in Harry’s eyes, daring him to contest. As if he would allow his nephew, his *family*, his boyfriend’s godson to grow up anywhere else. Boyfriend? Yeah, why not, it’s got a nice ring to it, to be honest.

‘That’s encouraging,’ he replies. ‘That way we can at least be sure of a positive influence on him.’

Harry guffaws but his smile softens. ‘Do you want to be a part of his life?’

‘He needs both of us, Potter.’ He refuses to acknowledge the blush creeping up his pale skin.

Harry pretends to think. ‘I thought you wanted a positive influence.’

Draco glares and moves on to the next question. A rather important one. ‘Tim.’

Harry nods. ‘Dr. Timothy Walters, eminent psychologist in the younger age group, father of three and personal therapist to Pansy and me. Only squib in a family full of witches and wizards.’

Draco’s fucking impressed. The man could as well be an actor for his spot on impression of a clueless muggle when Polyjuice and Voldemort were brought up. He’s more interested in something else, though, so he ploughs on. ‘Pansy.’

‘Yes, Ginny and Luna hunted him down after that party we had. They didn’t know I was already seeing him.’

‘That’s how you both got talking?’

‘Yes.’

‘So she really sat you down and asked for your help regarding me?’ Draco’s incredulous that Pansy had actually followed through with the same theory she dismissed as blasphemous.

Harry shakes his head. ‘No, I went to her to ask how I could be of help.’

Draco’s stunned. Harry reaches out and traces his finger along the faint scars on his abdomen, courtesy one nasty Sectumsempra.

‘Like I said, Draco, I wanted to be your friend but after you went all clingy on me during that party, I just couldn’t resist my attraction to you any more. I didn’t want to either.’

Their whispering, Harry’s closeness, their nudity, the soreness in his bottom that keeps reminding him of their night, are all driving Draco mad. He grits his teeth and refrains from pouncing on Harry and swallowing his cock.

‘You are not a virgin,’ he says instead, moving onto the next question and hardening his gaze when Harry tries making a cocky remark.

Harry falls onto his back and rubs his hands over his face before resuming his earlier posture. His face has shut down in those few seconds and his lips have thinned. That’s when he tells Draco something that breaks his heart. ‘It wasn’t consensual.’

Draco stares silently at the finger that is racing up his chest to his neck and goes on to trace his jaw, nose and cheekbones.

‘It happened in the summer after fourth year, shortly after the Dementor attack. My uncle was convinced I harmed his son, so he *sent* me to his friend who “needed help moving into a new house.”’ Harry’s hand drops to the bed covers between them. ‘He was a paedophile. I went home two days later and my aunt didn’t even bat an eyelid. It continued during that summer and the next. It was painful and insulting. It hurt the most when he invited his friends for fun. I felt tainted, impure, bad. You’d think I would have swore off sex forever but seventh year on the run, I realised there were far worse things to fear. When I left Privet Drive, I left all the seventeen years of my life there. I wanted a fresh start. That resolve only grew stronger once I died and came back. My past is always going to be there, Draco. But I refuse to dwell on it and live in it.’

Draco’s body is overtaken by disgust and anger of a kind he didn’t know existed. He has to stop himself from clenching his fists, from cracking his knuckles, from finding the two assholes and feeding them to Dementors. He throws his arms around Harry and cradles him softly in his embrace.

‘Then yesterday was your first time too,’ he insists, his stomach dropping at the wetness he feels on his chest.

After a long while, Harry nods and snuffles, ‘Yes.’

Draco presses a kiss to Harry’s forehead.

‘Ron, Hermione, none of them know. Well, except Timothy.’

Draco nods. ‘I figured.’

He knows why Harry trusted him with this. And he doesn’t think twice before making his mind up.

‘What else should I know about my Golden boy?’ he asks, trailing kisses over his eyebrows.

Harry rambles off, just as immediately. ‘I’m snarky and moody. I’ll snap at you for everything and nothing. I’ll go against your caution and put myself in harm’s way owing to my line of duty. You should be prepared to handle any kind of news you may receive. You will also have to deal with this celebrity status of mine and the bullshit that gets published. There are going to be rumours, a lot of them. I’ve developed phobias and mistrust due to certain traumatic events in my life, that I may or may not ever tell you and often have episodes of panic or withdrawal. I’m thinking of quitting Aurors in five years. I’m unstable and hysterical. I’m broken and I’m a mess and have the potential to bring you down.’

Draco waits for Harry’s sobs to die while fighting back his own tears.

‘Let’s get one thing straight, Harry James Potter,’ he starts.

Harry peers up at him through his black lashes.

Okay, fine. Babies *and* Harry Potter are both incomparably cute. It’s no big deal really, being proved wrong. Is it? Ugh!

‘I’m pretty destructive myself so I guess we’ll be one formidable pair.’

Harry snickers. ‘Yeah, let’s blow people’s minds away.’

Draco joins in and just as quickly, they become two naked dudes, laughing their arses off in bed, the morning after they had sex. If Draco thinks about it, he’s sure it’ll make a very interesting story to be told to Teddy when he’s old enough.

‘Why after five years, though?’ he asks.

‘I want to play an active part in Teddy’s life from then on. We have the Weasleys and our friends for now, but Teddy’s needs will grow later on. I want to be there for him. I have enough gold anyway. I needn’t work unless I’m bored.’

‘Umhm,’ Draco hums, twining his fingers through Harry’s. ‘What are they all doing, by the way. I never paid much attention during our eighth year.’

‘Neville’s apprenticing with Professor Sprout, Ginny’s trying for Harpies and Luna’s accompanying her everywhere she goes. Hermione’s working with Kingsley regarding the changes in the post-war wizarding world and Ron’s helping George at Wheezes. He and Herm are planning to buy a house with their savings.’

‘Pansy became a matchmaker and Blaise is a model,’ Draco adds. ‘So Pansy did inform you of my dates.’

‘Yes,’ Harry admits.

‘Why did you pretend you didn’t know Tim?’

‘Um, he asked me to,’ Harry answers a bit shyly. ‘Until he talks with you that is.’

Draco grunts. ‘I told him I wasn’t his prototype.’

Harry smiles. ‘You aren’t. You’re his friend.’

Draco has to concede. ‘So what do we do now?’

Harry gets the mischievous twinkle in his eyes that sends one hot stimulus after another throughout Draco’s body. He attaches his mouth to Draco’s and climbs on top of him, chewing his lips off and rutting against his body at the same time. He rolls their cocks together making Draco moan and whine and keen with need. He maneuvers one of Draco’s legs onto his shoulder and positions his cock at Draco’s entrance.

‘Now, we fuck,’ he announces before plunging in and taking Draco’s breath away.

Three months later

‘Harry,’ Draco tells his boyfriend, as they pack Teddy’s bag for his play date, ‘This is the last time I’m warning you, throw those hideous baggy shirts out or else I’ll burn them down myself in two weeks when I move in.’

‘Shut up, Draco,’ Harry rolls his eyes and steals a kiss. ‘You won’t do it. You love them.’

Draco flares his nostrils, and when that doesn’t have the desired effect, scowls and turns away. ‘There’s hardly any space for my clothing,’ he mutters.

‘There’s plenty right here, babe,’ Harry assures. ‘Besides, we should be looking for a place to house these little flobberworms.’

Draco facepalms. Of course! He totally forgot about the slimy little creatures that were sent by Pansy pea-brained Parkinson in gratitude for getting her together with “her girls” as she calls them. An unnecessary letter too was delivered by a pesky little owl that was currently in the process of entertaining Teddy.

Draco skimmed through it once, with Harry reading over his shoulder, before he pointed his wand at the note and promptly Incendioed it.

That didn’t prevent the imprinting of those words in his brain, however.

Dear Draco and Harry,

Our best wishes on moving in together. We hope you have fun with Boffin and Bumble.

Love,

Pansy, Ginny, Luna.

Harry snaps his fingers in front of his face and Draco blinks. 'We'll get back at them at their wedding. Let's go now.'

Draco huffs and picks Teddy up as Harry hoists the bag onto his shoulder. The owl flies off the way he came and the worms dig into their homes.

As they make their way out, Draco prays for one uneventful date. Just one.

Because, now that Harry resigned from the post of Date Spoiler Pro, their duty as Junior Aurors has conveniently filled in for him, both of them having completed their Auror training forty days ago.

Harry grins at his expression. 'You know, it's okay, babe,' he says, kissing his lips. 'I always make up for it.'

Draco glares but slides his arm around Harry's waist. 'I want sex *after* the date, not *in place* of it.'

Harry shrugs sheepishly and plants a kiss on Draco's cheek before whisking them away in a Side-Along.

Chapter End Notes

Boffin actually means one who's clever and brainy. Bumble, as we know, means speaking confusedly. The Flobberworms are named Boffin and Bumble in relation to what Pansy called Harry and Draco at the start of the story. I also felt they were exactly the sort of names Luna would come up with.

There is no real reason, however, why I titled the story Flobberworm except that the idea in my head had been Pansy being fed up of how slow and dumb our favourite couple are when it comes to each other and deciding to intervene and later send them Flobberworms as a token.

I hope you've enjoyed reading the story as much as I enjoyed writing it!
As always, kudos and comments are appreciated.

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