

No sweet dream, but a hell of a night

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/30562169) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/30562169>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Harry Potter - J. K. Rowling
Relationship:	Draco Malfoy/Harry Potter
Characters:	Draco Malfoy , Harry Potter
Additional Tags:	Dom/sub , Light BDSM , Light Dom/sub , Sub Harry Potter , Dom Draco Malfoy
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2021-04-09 Words: 1,148 Chapters: 1/1

No sweet dream, but a hell of a night

by [keyflight790](#)

Summary

Draco kept a record of the wreckage in his life.

Notes

Thanks, Halsey, for the title. (and Hope Mikaelson!)

I haven't written in a while. And TBH the whole thing is way harder than it used to be. Let's blame covid. It's easier.

Thanks to @Uphorie for the beta. I might write more. I'll see how my mental health is doing.

Draco kept a record of the wreckage in his life.

The entries started early; six years old, a crack in his father's broom from where he tried to fly it around his mother's tended garden. Blamed it on the house-elf and watched with horror and guilt as Dobby burned his own fingers with the iron. He couldn't tuck Draco in properly for weeks.

Eleven; outstretching his hand like some fool, pulling back with no grip. A tragedy for Potter, having to spend his evenings with a Weasley, no doubt. A shame he would never bring to his own prestigious household, that's for sure.

Sixteen; the triumph of fixing something, repairing and succeeding, quickly tarnished with those who crept out of the wooden coffin of his innocence. His wand still and pathetic as his Headmaster fell to his fate.

And now; a naked Potter in his bed, sprawled across his crisp white sheets. His skin glowing in the moonlight, his glasses askew, his face relaxed.

Perhaps the biggest mistake of his youth. If the ripe old age of forty-two was indeed youth.

He was older than his father had been when he had married his mother, and yet he still felt like he had walked the hallowed halls of Hogwarts only months prior; not the span of years that filled the uneventful adulthood he had since taken part of.

After all, what was a shamed Malfoy to do except cower in the chambers of Gringotts, filing paperwork and answering to the oafs that man the main quarters, an older and more dashing Weasley bossing him around time and time again just to bring him even lower down than he was before.

Apparently, pick up the Chosen One after three whiskey stouts and an Irish Bomb Blitz. Damn Abbott and the Leaky. It was really her fault that he found himself bared to his arch-nemesis.

An arch-nemesis that sure could fuck; who knew Potter had it in him.

Golden boy, Head Auror at the Ministry, secret submissive...Draco was surprised that factoid hadn't made its way to the Prophecy.

Such a good submissive at that; Draco had been surprised how quickly Potter had sunk to his knees, glassy-eyed, at the first touch of thin, pale, long fingers wrapping delicately around his throat. As if he'd been waiting on that confident grip for years, if not decades.

It had started innocently enough; Draco had taken his regular seat at the Leaky, a strong place to drown the sorrows of his week. He hadn't even noticed Potter at first; the man was barely present, all dark and huddled around his glass of mead. It wasn't until, and Draco hated to say this, but until he took a deep breath after downing his first glass that he *smelt* Potter.

Potter, with his chiseled jaw and emerald eyes. Potter, with his leather coat clinging to his frail frame. And when had Potter lost that muscled figure he'd sported at the Ministry, walking the halls as Head Auror, head high and hair a mess. Predictable for the Golden Boy.

Potter, who somehow always smelled of ripe green apples freshly plucked from the tree; of holly and hawthorn, of the first glimpse of snow and the first crackle of leaves. He smelled like childhood, when anything was possible; he smelled like hope.

And also burnt tar and cigarettes. Of musk and exhaustion.

"Let me buy you a drink, Potter." Draco had muttered, barely audible that Abbot had only been able to turn and motion, in which Draco held out two fingers. She had promptly brought over two stouts, and Potter had downed it in one gulp.

"Thanks," he had replied, his face still turned to the safety of the wooden bar top, the empty glass, the trail of salt and pretzels that must have been more captivating than Draco's grey eyes.

"Looks like you've had a worse week than I have," Draco said nonchalantly, trying not to show how desperately he suddenly wanted to know exactly how Potter's week had gone. Month. Year. Hell, at least twenty had gone by since they had crossed paths when Potter had visited Gringotts, holding hands with girl Weasley and signing over half of his estate.

"Possible," was Potter's reply, empty and dull, where his voice usually held such command.

Something in Draco's core had stirred at that one word. Something awakened.

"Do you want to make it better?"

The words had left his mouth before he'd even realized it. Two more drinks and Abbots famed Blitzer lead to Draco pushing Potter up against the wall with one gripped fist while he flagged down the Knight bus with the other.

Kissing Potter was like submerging your body into a roaring kettle. His hands were everywhere, reaching, clinging, so much so that Draco had to grasp his wrists and yank them over his head to stop him from undressing Draco right there, against the hard brick on the side of the bar.

When Draco did that, however, Potter stilled; Potter softened. Potter began to purr like a subdued kitten, his entire body relaxing as Draco pressed harder and harder into Potter's skin.

The purple bus had found them like that, Draco's cheeks windswept from the late summer chill and Potter's hands clasped above his head. Draco didn't let go; he simply tugged Potter's wrists forward, yanking him onto the bus and giving Shunpike broken directions back to his flat just five blocks from London city center.

He had held onto Potter's wrists, rubbing the soft spot where his veins met his palm in soothing circles. He hadn't looked at Potter; the fact that Potter was allowing this touch was

shocking and alarming. Draco thought if he stared too long the spell would break and he would realize he was only standing awkwardly on a swaying bus with a very convincing Potter lookalike. Surely not his arch-nemesis that he was currently sweeping home.

They had barely entered Draco's flat before he had Potter pushed against his own wall, painted a navy blue that he and Pansy had felt was sophisticated, yet warm. Those thoughts quickly swept away when Draco finally allowed himself to get lost in the emerald pools of Potter's eyes.

"What do you need," he had whispered, his lips slipping across the cherry-red of Potter's own.

"You..." Potter had answered, his voice hoarse. A pause, before he continued roughly. "Sir."

It took Draco only a moment to get into the proper headspace. "Limits," he said, feeling his own voice go hardened and stern.

"No permanent marks, no longer than a couple of hours." Another pause had filled the room. "My safe word is Snape."

He knew before he even stepped on the Knight Bus, Potter still secure in his grip, that this was yet another entry into the wreckage diary. "Funny," Draco had only muttered in response. "So is mine."

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