

Under the Pouring Rain

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Under the Pouring Rain

by [Sophie_French](#)

Summary

He was there. Waiting for him. As always.
But Harry wouldn't go. He couldn't. Not anymore.

Notes

This work is a birthday gift for Sylvaticginger and was inspired by her beautiful art that you can find [here](#) and that I have put right under the title (with the artist's permission of course!)

A huge thank you to the lovely Iwao for the last minute beta! :D

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

Under The Pouring Rain



He was there.

Harry could feel he was there even though he couldn't actually see him.

He was there.

Waiting for him.

As always.

Harry was sipping his tea while staring out the window, knowing it was just a matter of minutes before he caved in and joined him in the pouring rain.

No.

He wouldn't.

He couldn't. Not anymore.

Just this once, his traitorous mind provided. *Just to say goodbye*.

Before everything changed forever.

No.

There would be no goodbyes. He couldn't afford it.

Tomorrow, everything would be different.

Harry hadn't even bothered to take a coat. Or to cast a protective spell.

He embraced the pouring rain.

He embraced every single drop rapidly soaking his black tee-shirt and jeans. He let the discomfort of the wet garment clinging to his body stay with him, as some form of punishment.

His heart was pounding louder in his chest with every sloshing step bringing him closer to his own personal hell.

To everything he had tried to fight against with all his might over the last few months, hell, the last few years.

To this man he hated with a passion, and yet wanted like he had never wanted anyone ever.

He turned the corner and unsurprisingly saw him sitting there on *their* bench, as haughty and superior as ever, arms spread on the back, blue shirt almost translucent because of the rain and hair dripping indecently all the way down his neck.

Harry stopped in his tracks and their eyes met. His fists clenched and his whole body tensed.

Malfoy had that fucking smirk of victory all over his stupid face and Harry wanted nothing more than punching it from him right this instant.

Or fuck him into oblivion.

He closed his eyes and took a deep breath, remembering his promise to himself.

Get a grip on yourself.

He started walking again.

It was a losing battle.

They didn't speak.

They didn't need to.

Before he was able to rationalise anything, Harry was throwing his glasses on the floor, grabbing the collar of Malfoy's annoying blue shirt with his hands and was pulling him into a hard, messy kiss. There was no tenderness in it.

It was a fight.

A fight for power that Harry intended on winning. He simply couldn't afford to lose. He had already lost so much.

He bit Malfoy's lip hard and revelled in the coppery taste of his blood. Malfoy grunted his displeasure but Harry knew he liked it as much as he did himself and deepened the kiss.

Harry then shoved him hard against the back of the bench and straddled him, devouring his mouth, his neck, his collarbone, every single bit of wet and slippery flesh he could find.

Fuck, Malfoy's taste made him dizzy, unleashing the beast inside him, making him yearn for more, more contact, more friction, more everything. Malfoy was fighting him, returning blow for blow, licking, biting, scratching him under the pouring rain.

When Malfoy bit his neck a tiny bit too hard, sending a jolt of arousal to his groin, Harry pulled back, a dangerous look on his face.

At this point, any rational thought fled him. He didn't care that this was a public place, he didn't care that people could see them, he didn't care about any of that.

He ripped Malfoy's blue soaked shirt open in one go.

He pushed Malfoy down on the bench, licking his chest urgently, encircling each of his nipples with his tongue before biting them slightly, tearing beautiful sounds from Malfoy's throat.

Malfoy's hands were in his hair, tugging at it as Harry worked his way down.

Harry fumbled with Malfoy's belt and swiftly opened his trousers, Malfoy's cock immediately jerking for attention. Harry opened his eyes wide and looked up.

Their eyes met.

The fucker hadn't bothered to put on any underpants and he looked very pleased with himself.

That set Harry on fire and he quickly removed Malfoy's shoes, socks and trousers before taking Malfoy's cock in his mouth all at once. He sucked on him hard, setting him on edge, running his tongue over the slit and teasing the head mercilessly before engulfing it over and over again. The rain added a whole other dimension to their tryst, pouring on them relentlessly, rendering everything more slippery and slightly altering Malfoy's unique taste.

When Harry felt Malfoy was close, he removed his mouth and took off his soggy tee-shirt, throwing it on the floor.

He then discarded the rest of his clothes and took himself in hand, stroking himself slowly.

Malfoy gasped at the sight and Harry revelled in the power he had over him at that moment.

Malfoy all wet and slippery.

Malfoy expectant and aroused.

Malfoy all ready to get properly fucked.

Harry knelt between his legs, opening him, revealing his quivering hole. He bent forward a little and spat on it, watching his spit coat Malfoy's entrance as he traced the cleft with his fingers before inserting them eagerly. Malfoy whimpered pathetically and closed his eyes. Harry pushed in deeper, his fingers soon completely buried inside him.

That would do.

He removed his fingers and stroke his aching cock once more, before lining up with Malfoy's hole and pushing all the way in in one go. They both cried at once and Harry placed his hands on Malfoy's shoulders, applying pressure there before pulling out and pushing back in.

Malfoy put his legs on Harry's shoulders and they started moving together.

It was hard, it was fast, it was needy, it was fucking good.

It didn't take long for the two of them to come undone. Harry closed his eyes and increased his pace, thrusting in and out of Malfoy like mad, while Malfoy was writhing and moaning under him restlessly, stroking his own throbbing cock until he finally came all over his chest and stomach, his come diluting and mingling with the rain, dripping down on the bench.

Harry bent Malfoy's knees over his chest and held them there tight as he rammed him ruthlessly before coming hard inside him. He came over and over again, his whole body tensing in the last effort it took him to finally let go before he crumpled on top of Malfoy, silent tears running down his cheeks and Malfoy's chest, mixing with the rain.

He felt Malfoy's hand reaching for his, gently entwining their fingers.

Harry didn't fight it.

He at least owed him that.

How long they remained like that? Harry didn't know. All he knew is that when he opened his eyes again, the rain had stopped.

Harry disentangled himself from Malfoy and retrieved his soaked clothes off the floor, along with his wand and his glasses that he hastily put back on. He cast a quick drying charm on them.

He did the same to Malfoy's clothes, before handing them back to him.

They dressed in silence.

"It was the last time," Malfoy said in a raspy voice, looking away.

It wasn't a question.

Harry nodded slowly.

As he watched Malfoy go, Harry's stomach contracted in the most painful way and he held onto the bench to stay upright.

It was the last time.

For tomorrow everything would be different.

Tomorrow Harry would be a married man.

And there would be no more meetings under the pouring rain.

End Notes

Comments and kudos are always appreciated! ♥

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