

The Draco Malfoy Problem

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The Draco Malfoy Problem

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Summary

Harry needs to learn.

"What you don't understand, Harry," said Luna, floating along several inches from the sidewalk. "Well. One thing you don't understand amongst the many, many things you don't understand, is that Draco Malfoy is too good for you. He was always too good for you."

"Really?" asked Harry. "See, that surprises me a little. Because of him being a Death Eater and a racist and stomping on my face that time."

"Oh Harry." She gave him a look of benevolent pity. "You never really did understand the Slytherins. But that's because you didn't want to. You never tried. And that's why Draco Malfoy will always be too good for you."

Harry scratched his head. "I did, you know, save his life and defeat Voldemort and stuff? So maybe I'm not a total waste of space compared to him?"

Smiling, Luna shook her head. "No, Harry. You're a Gryffindor and Gryffindors are stupid and emotional. Slytherins are practical and see the truth. They're smarter than anyone else, even Ravenclaws, and they stick together. They're even more loyal than Hufflepuffs."

"Well... Gryffindors are brave? And willing to sacrifice ourselves to help others?"

"You mean foolhardy and stupid? Yes. That's exactly what Gryffindors are like."

"Huh." Harry shoved his hands into his pockets. It was a lot to think about. But Luna was always right about these things, because she was spiritual and mystical and saw things like Nargles, and if Harry had been straight he'd have fancied her much more than Ginny because she truly *understood* him (she truly understood everyone) despite the fact that he got bored and irritable after spending more than five minutes in her presence.

He decided to go see Hermione. The things he had to tell her might come as a shock, but she was strong enough to take it.

She was waiting at her open front door. "There you are, Harry. You're late."

"Late? But I didn't even tell you I was coming over."

She gave him a knowing look. They went inside; the table was set for tea. "You have treacle tart." Harry grinned.

Patting him on the head, Hermione brushed by, then sat down. "Well, it's your favorite."

"But you didn't know I was even--"

"Shhh." She pressed her finger against his mouth. "Now. Sit and tell all about you being gay and in love with Draco Malfoy."

Harry's mouth fell open. He sat, but given Hermione already knew, he didn't know what to say next.

Hermione rolled her eyes. "Honestly, Harry. I knew since the very first moment I saw you. It was obvious."

"You knew I was gay? Or that I was in love with Draco Malfoy?"

"Both. Obviously."

"I don't understand--"

"Of course you don't." She patted him on the head again.

Harry scowled and re-mussed his hair.

"The problem," continued Hermione, taking Harry's hands in her own, "is that you simply aren't good enough for Draco Malfoy."

"That's sort of what Luna said."

"Luna is right, in her whacky hippy priestess way. Draco Malfoy might want to love you, but he can't. Because you aren't good enough for him."

Harry frowned. "I really don't think I agree."

Hermione's eyes went dark. She sighed, withdrew her hands, then started briskly and efficiently cleaning away the tea service. Shaking her head, she said, "This has always been your problem. Frankly, I'm sick and tired of dealing with your bullshit. He feels *judged* by you, Harry. You killed his entire family."

"I did not!"

She spun and cupped his face in her hand. "But you would have, given the chance."

"No... I... What the actual fuck? Do you even know me?"

"Harry, you're a killer. You want to torture and kill all the Slytherins. Because Gryffindors are naturally violent brutes."

"You're a Gryffindor!"

"You're right. Maybe it's not all Gryffindors. Maybe it's just you."

"The Death Eaters are the ones who did most of the the torturing and killing and they're mostly Slytherins! Mostly!"

"You only think that because you're biased. If you stopped and looked at things from their perspective you'd see that they were just as, if not more, reasonable than any one else. In fact, they should have won the war. You stopped them. And, honestly Harry, I don't see any shame for that on your part."

"You're starting to make me feel a bit angry, Hermione."

Hermione sighed again, louder this time, and crossed her arms. "Look. Draco Malfoy doesn't love you back. He wants to, but he can't, because you're an idiot. These are just the facts. If you want him to love you back, you need to go through a series of strange and nonsensical adventures which will teach you the truth and prove to him that you've become a better person."

"And him too? He'll need to go through adventures and learn and prove things too, right? We'll do that together?"

"No. He's already learned everything and was always a better person."

"Oh. I thought maybe--"

"No, Harry."

Harry rubbed his eyes. It was even more to think about. But Hermione must be right. Because she was always right, because she was Hermione, and if Harry had been straight he would have fancied her even more than Ginny, because of when they'd ridden on a Hippogriff and spent all that unwashed time in a tent together and despite the fact that she never made him laugh and hated Quidditch.

He left to take a long walk and look at his life and his choices.

As he rounded the park, he ran into Pansy Parkinson. She wore high heels and an outfit that highlighted her perfect breasts, because she was a sexually empowered woman and therefore a strong female character, unlike Ginny who'd once had a crush on a boy.

"There you are, Potter," said Pansy. "My new best friend Hermione tells me that you're in love with Draco Malfoy despite the fact that you aren't good enough for him. Is this true?"

"Yes." Harry's shoulders sagged. It wasn't even worth the fight. "It's true."

Pansy shook her head and said, "Tsk, ts. You Gryffindors have so much to learn. Thank god you've got me, a Slytherin, to teach you."

"Thank god," said Harry.

"You aren't better than anyone else, Potter. Your actions don't matter. Your choices don't matter. It doesn't matter who chose Voldemort or who chose Dumbledore. They were just as bad as each other. It doesn't matter who killed Muggles, who tried to imprison all the Mudbloods or who gave their lives to stop them. The things we did during the war don't matter. Everyone is the same. Except you, Potter. You're worse than everyone else. And Draco Malfoy. He's better."

Harry had to admit that Pansy's words were rather hurtful. He hadn't thought of himself as a bad person, and while he was in love with Draco Malfoy, he'd thought of him as just a regular person with a particularly lovely ass and an attractive smile.

He hadn't realised that Draco was perfect and flawless, especially in comparison to himself.

But Pansy must be right, because she was sexy and a Slytherin, and Harry would have fancied her even more than Ginny if he'd been straight, despite the fact that she had wanted to trade his life to Voldemort to ensure her own safety. Choices like that were meaningless and one mustn't judge, especially when one had done Sectumsempra and Crucio and murdered Voldemort by destroying his Horcuxes.

Then Pansy grew bored of Harry, because he was a very boring person, and left him alone in the park.

There was a burst of musical magic and Draco Malfoy rode up on a white horse, his long hair flowing in the breeze. He leapt off the horse and landed effortlessly on the ground, supported by the iron-hard muscles of his enormous quivering thighs. Smirking saucily, he sauntered up to Harry and gazed down at him.

Or maybe Draco Malfoy's hair was tied back in a ponytail and he was short and thin like a child and he crept over to Harry, wringing his hands in that way he had, and then gazed up at him with wide eyes the color of a rain-wet morning sky.

It was hard to tell because the sun was in Harry's eyes. But it was definitely one way or the other. Harry suspected it had something to do with whether Draco Malfoy was going to top or bottom.

"Potter!" cried Draco Malfoy. "There you are. I hear you're madly in love with me even though you aren't good enough."

Harry sighed. "It's true. I can't deny it."

"Well, you're in luck. I am in love with you too."

"REALLY?!?" Harry exclaimed.

"I know!" Draco looked as shocked as Harry felt. "It's pretty surprising. But it's also a prerequisite if we're going to fuck. No one likes H/D where we aren't madly in love with each other."

"I am so madly in love with you, Draco Malfoy!"

"And I with you, Potter!"

"I am so in love that I'd kill for you! I'd kill anyone. Even Ron, Hermione and all my closest friends. I'd kill babies for you. Isn't that terribly romantic?"

Draco Malfoy grabbed Harry and pulled him close. "So romantic," he whispered. "And that's exactly why I love you so much. Because you're a loose cannon that could go off at any moment and you value nothing except me and my love."

"And your ass. Don't forget your ass. I would totally die for your luscious ass."

"Potter..." said Draco Malfoy.

“Yes, Malfoy?” responded Harry.

“We are going to have all of the sex now.”

“We are? Oh good. I’m really looking forward to that.”

“We’re going to fuck each other into mattresses and things.”

“Yay!”

“I’m going to make you come so hard your head explodes.”

“Let’s get started right now. My cock is so hard for you I can’t even describe how hard it is. I need something harder than wood and rocks and even diamonds to use as a basis of comparison.”

“I love your dirty talk, Potter.”

“I love your very existence, Draco.”

All the birds went quiet.

“Oh my god!” said Draco. “You called me Draco!”

“It’s because I love you now,” said Harry.

And then they kissed. Their tongues battled for dominance until they almost fell off. They got tied in a knot for a second, and it really hurt, but then it was okay again.

“Fucking now?” asked Harry.

“Fucking now,” replied Draco.

They were both so aroused that werewolves miles away were all, “Goodness gracious! What exactly is going on over there?”

And that’s the end of the story, because it’s about their feelings and their relationship and not about porn, because they were better than that.

-- The End

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