

The Pure-blood Enigma

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The Pure-blood Enigma

by [Phoenixstrike](#)

Summary

HP/DM slash. A drunken bet with Blaise means Draco now has a very difficult task ahead of him. To train Harry Potter and pass him off as a pure-blood, all within the space of two weeks. But things become somewhat complicated when he finds himself falling for the git. And does Harry return his feelings? Canon-compliant for all seven books/EWE. Written for the 2013 bottom!draco fest. Adapted from Pygmalion, by George Bernard Shaw.

Notes

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This was written for the 2013 bottom!Draco fest on LiveJournal. Author reveals were today, so here it is. The story is complete and I'm posting it in four parts over the course of this week. Total length is a couple of hundred words shy of 20k.

Part One

"He can't have been that bad!" Draco said, his words slurring slightly from the effects of a quarter-bottle of Firewhisky. He reached for the bottle with somewhat unsteady hands and poured himself another generous measure of the smoking spirit, before knocking the alcohol back in one, and handing the bottle to his equally-pissed drinking partner.

"I'm telling you, Draco, he was," Blaise replied. "Potter may be outstanding at slaying megalomaniacs whose ultimate life goal is to commit mass genocide, but he knows absolutely fuck all about blending into pure-blood society, despite spending so much time with that pack of Weasleys he's so fond of. Within ten minutes of the start of the meal, everyone at the St Mungo's Charity Dinner worked out that he wasn't my date, but instead he was just some bloke I'd hired for security. I've never felt so humiliated."

After the war, a small vigilante group of Muggle-borns calling themselves Ultio had begun to target pure-bloods, desperate to seek some sort of ill-acquired retribution for the wrongs done to them during Voldemort's reign. Numerous pure-bloods had found themselves on the receiving end of hexes or jinxes and, whilst they were nowhere near as sinister in nature as those that the Muggle-borns received from the Death Eaters during the war, they were very inconvenient and often embarrassing. Like Zabini, many pure-bloods hired bodyguards when attending social functions for self-protection.

"OK then, Blaise, what did Potter do?" Draco asked, reaching for the bottle of Ogden's Finest.

"Well, for starters, he didn't know which cutlery went with which course," Blaise said, and Draco winced. Maybe Potter was a total plebeian, after all. "Then, when the waiter came to take drinks orders, he asked for something called Coca Cola. Over dinner the conversation turned to foreign travel and he started prattling on about some place called Disneyland, which he apparently took his godson to last summer. He then took a set of keys out of his robes and showed us all a plastic keyring of this little black and white mouse that he bought whilst he was there."

Draco began to laugh. He couldn't help himself. Yes, Potter really was as pathetic as Blaise believed him to be.

"Okay, Blaise, I agree that Potter is a first-class knob. But you didn't get hexed, did you? And I heard that Ultio hit Theo Nott with the Bat-Bogey Hex that night. At least he stopped you getting cursed."

"If by 'stopped me getting cursed' you mean, 'caused me to feel so fucking embarrassed I left at nine' then, yes, I suppose he did do his job," Blaise replied drily. "You and I both know it's seen amongst our social circles as the ultimate weakness to hire someone to accompany us to these events."

"You'd have thought, Blaise that you, of all people, would have had the sense to coach Potter before you arrived at the dinner," Draco said. "You have only yourself to blame, in all

honesty."

Blaise's eyes narrowed, and a dusky pink appeared on his cappuccino cheeks. "Draco," he replied icily, "not even you could teach that virtual Mudblood how to behave like a proper wizard. But if you think you're so superior, then be my guest. Try it."

Draco smirked, and cocked a single eyebrow at his best friend. "Why, Zabini, is that a challenge?" he asked. Blaise grinned back, just as cockily.

"Why not, Malfoy? Let's make a bet on it. You're so confident in your own abilities? What about the Beltane Ball in two weeks' time? I'll say you're the greatest teacher alive if you achieve this. Two thousand Galleons says you can't do it. And I'll pay for the lessons. I bet that you cannot pass Potter off as your pure-blooded date to all our friends." He held out his hand to Draco, daring him to accept the bet.

Draco never could back down from a challenge. It was his inner-Slytherin pride; to reject the bet would be as good as admitting defeat. He reached over and took Blaise's hand in his own, squeezing his fingers tightly.

"It's almost irresistible. Potter is so low, so uncouth. And I do so enjoy a challenge. Two weeks' time it is then," he sneered. "But you sadly underestimate me, Blaise, old friend. I'll take him anywhere and pass him off as anything."

"I look forward to watching your abject humiliation, Draco," Blaise replied with a wry smile.

* Merlin, Harry Potter was tired. He sat at his desk in his office, a quaint, seventeenth-century building, a short walk away from the main shopping area in Diagon Alley, and removed his glasses, rubbing furiously at his exhausted eyes. He'd just returned from an undercover assignment protecting a pure-blood middle-aged man whilst at a business meeting with Muggle-born clients. There had been an altercation and Harry had had to intervene. The Ultio needed to stop; the war would have been over for four years in just under a month's time, and, besides, they were taking their 'revenge', as they called it, on completely the wrong people. Harry was inundated with pleas for help on a daily basis from terrified pure-bloods who hadn't had anything to do with Voldemort. From accompanying sweet old ladies as they did their shopping, to assignments like Zabini's, where he took on another persona (complete with Polyjuice), Harry had barely had a day off for two years. He was beginning to wonder whether he should have followed Ron into the Auror corps after all.

Harry had opted not to enter Auror training, figuring he'd fought enough Dark wizards to last him several lifetimes. On Hermione's suggestion, he'd opened his own business, a bodyguard service called Spellbound Security, offering magical defence to anyone who was in need of it, and it had become hugely successful. It played to his 'saving people-thing' strengths that Hermione insisted he had, and Harry had to admit he did enjoy his job. It was just that, thanks to Ultio, he had extremely little free time.

Harry was just contemplating going home for the night and leaving the paperwork until the morning when a tap at his window made him jump. His heart sank when he saw the owl; a huge, proud eagle owl with fiery orange eyes and razor-sharp beak like this could only belong to a pure-blood, to someone else begging for his help. He swore softly under his breath as he opened the window. He retrieved the letter from the owl, and sat back at his desk

as he watched the majestic creature take flight into the golden-pink sunset that signalled late evening. Sighing deeply, he unfolded the letter, and laughed aloud when he recognised the name on the headed parchment. The note was short, curt, and written in an elegant script.

Potter, I require your security services at the upcoming Ministry ball in honour of Beltane, scheduled for two weeks hence. Please contact me at the earliest possible opportunity to discuss this. D. Malfoy.

Fighting the urge to simply write back *fuck you*, Harry retrieved a blank sheet of parchment from his desk, dipped his quill into a pot of ink, and scribbled out a quick reply confirming he could take the job. He sent it with his business owl, Aquila, and forced himself to make a start on his tedious paperwork whilst he waited for Malfoy's reply.

Aquila returned only ten minutes later with the reply, which instructed Harry to come to his Diagon Alley penthouse. the following evening. There was no *please*. Harry snorted when he realised it was an order, rather than a request. He really did want to tell Draco to make alternative arrangements this time. But the idea of posing as Malfoy's new plaything for the evening was, Harry had to admit, something that could turn out to be very amusing indeed. Grinning, he sent back an extremely short note saying he would be there, before really deciding to call it a night this time and returning to his flat. The following day promised to be very interesting indeed.

* "You're late, Potter," Draco sneered in lieu of an actual greeting, as soon as he opened the door. Harry sighed and checked his watch.

"It's two minutes past seven, Malfoy," he said.

"Which is late," Draco replied. "I asked you to be punctual and arrive at seven. If I wanted you here at two minutes past seven, I would have specified two minutes past seven, rather than seven o'clock. Whether you're a minute or an hour late, you are late, and therefore you are not punctual." He stood aside from the front door, in order to let Harry enter the spacious penthouse. Harry took a deep breath and counted to ten before he entered. He had just had a very sharp reminder why he hated Draco Malfoy so much.

Harry stepped into a sumptuously- decorated penthouse. The entrance hall and living area were decorated in pure white, giving the entire property a light, airy appearance, even at evening time in mid-April. Modern art in tasteful monochromatic shades hung from the walls or graced the shelves, and the living room contained a glass wall, giving spectacular views of the setting sun over Diagon Alley. Harry sat down in a squashy-looking armchair close to the window, and rested one leg across his knee, forming a triangle shape. Draco made an irritated sound in his throat.

"Do you always just help yourself to seats in other people's houses uninvited?" he said, his voice laced with sarcasm. "I know you were dragged up by Muggles, but even they know basic manners, surely?"

Harry completely ignored Draco's comments. "So, Malfoy, what did you want to discuss?" he asked, his voice as casual as he could make it.

"The Beltane Ball, obviously," Draco drawled, looking at Harry as if the other man was extremely slow. "What did you think I'd invited you here for? To discuss the weather?"

Harry felt the flicker of irritation he had experienced since setting foot in Draco's penthouse escalate into full-blown annoyance. "Yes, I know *that*. But what *specifically* about it that was so urgent?"

"Well, Potter," Draco began, "as you know, it is regarded amongst pure-bloods as the ultimate admission of defeat to hire somebody like you, and it is deeply frowned upon amongst my social groups. I require a competent bodyguard to escort me, and will require you to adopt a persona, complete with Polyjuice. You will also be required to pose as my date for the evening, and therefore I expect you to pass as a pure-blood."

"I can do that, Malfoy," Harry said. "And I know how to act like a pure-blood. Simply look down my nose at people in disgust like they've just trodden in Crup shit and are emanating a very unpleasant odour. I did this just last week for your friend Zabini. I still don't understand why the big drama over this."

"Ah yes," Draco replied, and there was the self-satisfied smug Harry remembered so well from Potions lessons at Hogwarts, "you see, here lies the problem. Unlike the result of your assignment with Blaise, I require you to not completely and utterly fuck it up in one huge giant fiasco." In response to Harry's look, which was a bizarre combination of incredulity, anger, and confusion, he continued, "You blew your cover within ten minutes with your woeful ignorance of pure-blood culture. If you're representing me, I *will not* be embarrassed by you, Potter. I've brought you here this evening to discuss your lessons in pure-blood culture, which you will be undertaking with me."

Amusement flittered across Harry's face. "You seriously expect me to take lessons in how to be a first-class toff from you?" he said, unable to keep the grin off his face. One look at Draco told Harry that, yes, the blond was deadly serious. Harry rolled his eyes. "OK, fine, I'll take your stupid lessons. But you fit your 'lessons'" - he made air quotes with his fingers when he said this - "in around my other clients, and I'm on the clock the whole time, plus I'm charging you maximum for my services."

"Potter, you sound like a common whore," Draco sneered. "How much do you charge, anyway?"

Harry thought for a moment. He didn't exactly charge by the hour; each job was priced according to difficulty and risk, but no way was he going to let Malfoy get away with not paying for these 'lessons', as he called them. "A hundred Galleons an hour," he said finally, "on top of the five hundred I'll charge for the Ministry ball appearance. Part hours will be charged the full hour." Draco made a nonchalant shrug, as if the amount was simply peanuts to him. "Oh, I'm sorry, Malfoy, was that my first lesson? In order to be a pure-blood, I need to act like some stuck up rich bastard who's better than everyone else just because my Gringotts account is full?"

"No, Potter, your first lesson will be how to dress with an ounce of decorum," Draco replied drily, as he looked Harry up and down with distaste on his face. "Blue hooded sweatshirts, denims, and something called Converse trainers doesn't akin you to a well-bred heritage, you

know." He withdrew his wand and gave it a flick, removing all Harry's clothes and setting them in a pile by Draco's feet, leaving him sitting in only his boxers and socks. Harry was so outraged that words failed him. He just stared furiously at Draco, his jaw dropped open in disbelief.

"Sooki!" Draco called, completely indifferent to Harry's reaction, and instantly a house-elf dressed in a pink tea-towel appeared. "Sooki, take all Potter's clothes and burn them. Apparate to Twilfitt and Tatting's for new ones. Wrap Potter up in my black silk gown till they come." Sooki bowed deeply and Disapparated with Harry's clothes, returning a few seconds later with the silk robe. Draco took it from her and handed it to Harry, who still hadn't uttered a word since his clothing was forcibly removed from him. He Summoned a sheet of parchment and a quill, and wrote a list of items to buy on it, before handing to the elf, who disappeared with a crack.

Finally robed, Harry found his voice. "You do anything like that again, Malfoy, and you can shove the job up your arse and attend your pathetic little Ministry ball alone," he yelled. "I will accept your lessons, but I *will not* be humiliated by you, do you understand? I can do a lot worse to you than Ultio can, believe me. And you're paying for whatever monstrous outfit your house-elf comes back with."

"Potter, you wouldn't know decent attire if it slapped you round the face," Draco said. "You have all the style and grace of a particularly moronic mountain troll."

"Fuck you," Harry snarled. Draco sneered at him.

"And... point proven," he drawled with a smirk. Just then Sooki Apparated back into the room, which was a good thing, as Harry had just trained his wand on the blond.

"Master Draco! Mr Tattings is taking Master Draco's order, sir, and he says he will have Harry Potter's robes by tomorrow, but he is being sorry and he cannot get them this evening, sir."

Harry stood abruptly at the elf's words. "I'm going home," he said wearily. "Malfoy, if you wish to continue these lessons then, next time, I expect you to behave with a little more respect. It will be your last chance." He crossed the room to the small Floo located in the corner and threw a handful of Floo powder into the flames.

"What about my robe?" Draco called behind him. Harry smiled an insincere smile at him.

"Call it collateral. You'll get it back if - *if* - you buy me a decent set of robes to replace my clothes you destroyed." He stepped into the flames and disappeared, taking a final look at Malfoy as he left, and wondering how the fuck he was supposed to pull off being Malfoy's *date* in just two weeks' time, if they couldn't even hold a civil conversation with one another.

* Draco had blown it, he knew he had. What was he thinking, taking this bet with Blaise and believing he could actually turn a cave-dwelling peasant like Potter into a civilised member of society in just a fortnight? Oh right, he'd drank nearly half a bottle of Firewhisky at the time. Fucking Firewhisky. Damage limitation was what was needed now. Otherwise Potter was going to refuse the job and Draco would lose the bet before the challenge had even

properly begun. It was time to unleash his Slytherin cunningness. He was going to have to be *nice* to Potter.

Harry arrived at the office a little later than usual the following morning, and found the proud eagle owl belonging to Draco Malfoy already waiting for him. He was sat atop a neatly-wrapped package, with Twilfitt and Tatting's emblem stamped on it, and a sealed note in its beak. He sighed; it was far too early in the day to deal with Draco sodding Malfoy. He sank down into his chair, took a large swig of the coffee he'd brought from the shop on the corner, and slid the envelope open.

Dear Potter,

My deepest apologies if you found my behaviour yesterday abrupt or impolite. I realise now that I made you feel uncomfortable, and this was not my intention. I want to be able to form a working relationship of mutual benefit. Therefore I propose we meet again, at your convenience, and wipe the parchment clean. A fresh start, if you will. I'm sure we can agree that we need to find a way to work with, and be civil towards, one another; after all, I do not wish to employ an alternative bodyguard for the Beltane Ball. As I know you're aware, I always desire the best. I have sent your new formal robes along with this letter. Please accept them both as an apology of last night, and as a peace-offering. You may also keep the silk gown, which was woven from the silk of the finest Bombyx mori larvae. Consider it a token of goodwill on my part. I await your owl.

In anticipation, Draco Malfoy.

Harry opened the package and let out a surprised gasp when a stunning robe in opulent bottle-green velvet slipped into his hands. He slid the garment on (a perfect fit, naturally), and, reluctantly, conceded that Malfoy knew what he was talking about when it came to clothes. It must also have cost a few hundred Galleons. *Good*, Harry thought. However, Malfoy was right. If they were to work together - and, even more challengingly, actually look convincing as a couple, they needed to put the past behind them and stop bickering. Smiling slightly to himself as he fingered the soft material of the robe with his left hand, he scribbled a quick note to Malfoy that said simply, *'Tonight. Same time, same place'*, and sent it with Aquila.

* Draco's first thought when he opened the door that evening was that it was bang on seven and Potter was exactly on-time. His second thought was that Potter was wearing the velvet robes he had chosen the previous evening. And Draco's third, and highly inappropriate, thought was that he looked absolutely mouth-watering in them. He blinked in an attempt to dislodge that thought from his brain, smiled at Potter, and extended his hand. The irony of the gesture wasn't lost on Draco. Apparently it wasn't lost on Potter either, who chuckled lightly before taking it. Draco laughed lightly in response.

"Always shake a gentleman's hand upon meeting them," he said. "It gives respect, but it's also a gesture of equality. It sends a clear message that, whilst you hold them in high regard, you do not in any way consider them your superior, and that you expect to be treated accordingly. When meeting a female, address them as 'Lady', not 'Mrs' or 'Madam', as this acknowledges their social standing as a high-society pure-blood, and kiss them on the back of the hand. This

again shows respect. There, you've had your first lesson of the day and you're not even through the front door yet."

Harry's face was amused, but he was also thrown slightly by this version of Malfoy. "I'll try and remember that. Look, I'm not making any promises though, Malfoy. We'll attempt to be friendly towards one another, but I mean it - if you insult me, my blood status, or my friends, this whole job is off. And don't you dare try to take my clothes off for a second time."

And there's the inappropriate mental image again, Draco's brain helpfully pointed out, as Harry walked past him and into Draco's penthouse.

Draco was delighted to note that Potter waited to be offered a seat this time. *So he's not completely un-trainable,* he thought. "Would you like a drink?" he asked. Harry nodded, and Draco called for Sooki to bring them coffee. "Always wait for your host to pour your drink, once offered. It is considered rude to help yourself," Draco said, as he prepared Harry's coffee and handed Harry a cup. "And always leave half an inch of your drink in the cup; to drink it all implies your host provided inadequate quantities of refreshment, but to leave more suggests the beverage was not to your liking. Both are regarded as insulting towards a host or hostess in pure-blood culture."

"Ron and his family never do any of this," Harry muttered, and, inwardly thinking that so-called pure-blood etiquette was a load of bollocks, and longing for the informal, care-free setting of The Burrow where people helped themselves and drank as much as they bloody well liked, sipped his coffee. It was perfectly made, of course; expensive filter coffee made, no doubt, with lavish coffee beans harvested in some hard-to-reach area of the rainforest, or something. Draco rolled his eyes.

"That's because your Weasel and his family are -" But whatever they were, Harry didn't find out, as Draco caught himself just in time; remembering his promise to Harry not to insult him or his friends, he changed the subject. "Whilst we're discussing greetings, always refer to people by their surnames, until a mutual sense of familiarity and friendship has been achieved. For example, you would address my mother as, 'Lady Malfoy', not 'Mrs Malfoy' and certainly never as 'Narcissa'. Males require no title; simply call them by their surname."

"Oh!" said Harry suddenly. "Is that why you call me 'Potter'?" Draco laughed.

"No, I call you 'Potter' because I don't particularly like you. But in essence, I concede you're correct. We're not familiar with one another personally; therefore in my culture, we should address each other with surnames only."

"What about when I'm your 'date' at the ball, though? I need to call you Draco then, surely?" Harry said.

"Yes. Given that we're trying to convince the other guests that we're sleeping together, I think it would be inappropriate for you to address me in any other manner," Draco replied, deadpanned. Harry felt his face flush slightly at that.

"One thing I still don't get though," Harry said, his face serious. "Why is it so important that you would need to be dating another pure-blood? I mean, if you and I were to go to a

hospital, and they X-rayed us, our skeletons would be identical. The same. Because *we're* the same, Draco, regardless of how 'pure' your blood is. We're both still human beings."

Draco looked at him blankly. "An X what?" he said. Harry sighed.

"An X-ray. You know? In Muggle medicine, where doctors -"

"Potter, stop," Draco interrupted, his voice full of exasperation. "It's talking about things like this that give you away instantly. Pure-bloods do *not* talk about Muggle medical procedures!"

Harry scowled and defiantly downed the rest of his coffee. "Can I have another cup, please? My host provided inadequate quantities of refreshment."

"Potter, you are an uncivilized, uneducated troglodyte," Draco said, but filled Harry's cup with more coffee anyway. Harry grinned at him and their eyes met for a second, and Draco's breath hitched. When did Potter become attractive? An instant later, however, he gave himself a mental slap. So Potter was good-looking. Big deal. He definitely *did not* compare Harry's eyes to emeralds, or a wide, spacious meadow in springtime, or any other soppy, poetic, Hufflepuff-esque metaphorical nonsense his idiotic brain could conjure up. Because no matter how pretty the packaging, it was still Potter inside. And Potter was a prat. And a half-blood prat at that. But still, a good-looking half-blood prat. And it was a long time since Draco had had a shag...

"We'll leave it there for today I think, Potter," Draco said abruptly, suddenly desperate to get Harry out of his penthouse, so he could take a long, cold, shower. Harry looked at him in mild confusion before standing. "Um, you're welcome to use the Floo again."

"Thanks," Harry replied. "And, Malfoy? I think this could work. Us working together, I mean. I've sort of enjoyed this evening, in a weird way. Seven tomorrow OK for you?"

"Yes. I need to teach you dining etiquette, so let's meet for dinner," Draco said. "But I can't risk someone seeing us together in the wizarding world, as they'll work out who you are at the ball. It'll all just be too obvious." An idea suddenly came to him. "Do you think you could find someone to Polyjuice into by tomorrow night? The same person you'll become at the ball. But, Potter, can you transform into a well-to-do Muggle? Aristocracy, if possible."

"Sure. That's easy. I'll just get the hair of Prince Charles, shall I?" Harry replied drily.

"Excellent! Is he rich?" Draco replied, in all seriousness. Harry bit back a laugh.

"Leave it to me, Draco," he said, trying Malfoy's name out on his tongue for the first time. It didn't feel too bad. "I'll meet you outside Le Jardin à la Française. But you're paying for dinner. See you tomorrow." He stepped into the Floo, called out the address of his office, and disappeared, leaving Draco to wonder what the fuckity fuck had happened this evening.

* "Harry?" Draco asked uncertainly as an unfamiliar man rushed towards him, his cheeks slightly flushed from the cool April breeze. "You're late. Again. The restaurant is holding our reservation for us for only another five minutes."

"Sorry, Draco," Harry replied, as a lock of auburn hair fell around his unfamiliar features. "Had to get the hair for the Polyjuice and it took longer than I thought." He licked his lips and smirked. "Want me to make it up to you?"

He stepped forwards and crushed his mouth onto Draco's, who surrendered instantly to Harry's mouth. "Fuck," he muttered against Harry's lips, which turned to a hiss of shock and delight when Harry began to rub Draco's rapidly-inflating bulge through his trousers. "Harry, what -"

"Shush, just let me take care of you," Harry said, and grabbed Draco by the hand and pulled him into the alley behind the restaurant. He slammed Draco against the wall and dropped to his knees, expertly unfastening Draco's trousers and freeing his erection, before licking a stripe from root to tip. Draco whimpered softly, which turned into a full-blown moan when Harry opened his mouth and took him in down to the hilt, licking and sucking, and driving Draco closer and closer to climax. Harry looked up at Draco and locked his eyes on his, just as Draco felt himself begin to come, and as his orgasm reached its peak, his vision was awash with magnificent green eyes that were all Harry's...

Draco woke with a start. His sheets were drenched in sweat, he had a raging hard-on, and his heart was pounding in his chest. "Bugger," he said into the darkness, as he slid a hand into his pyjama trousers to finish the job that Dream-Harry had started. "Fucking Potter." He came quickly, cleaned up the evidence, and fell back to sleep, where he slept peacefully, dreams mercifully not plagued by annoying, incompetent Gryffindors for the rest of the night.

* Harry stepped out of Twilfitt and Tattings feeling as if he'd achieved a small victory. He'd procured the hair of a Muggle (not Prince Charles', but Harry figured if Malfoy ever saw a photo of the heir to the throne of the United Kingdom and the Commonwealth he'd think that was a good thing), and had just purchased a set of stylish - and very expensive - black dress robes with a gold trim that fit his alias perfectly. And he'd achieved it without Malfoy's help. It felt strange in his current body; the man whose identity he'd stolen was a couple of inches taller than him, which was throwing his balance off slightly, and he had very short, perfectly-styled light-brown hair that he was confident Draco would approve of, and piercing blue eyes that reminded Harry of Dumbledore's. Seeing clearly without his glasses was also a very odd experience.

He checked his watch. It was ten minutes until he was due to meet Malfoy, so he made his way to the entrance of the restaurant to wait for Malfoy who, predictably, arrived exactly at seven.

"Malfoy," he said, to make his identity known to the ex-Slytherin. Draco raised one eyebrow in appraisal, as his eyes took in Harry's appearance.

"Passable, I suppose," he muttered. "You don't look entirely hideous." He walked past Harry and opened the restaurant door. Behind him Harry grinned; coming from Malfoy, that was a compliment.

The maître d' showed them to their table, and handed them a menu. It was all in French.

"All upper-class pure-bloods are educated in French from a very early age," Draco said quietly, "and can at the very least understand a menu. It's a French sit-down dinner at the ball, so you will need to learn some French dishes before next week. To cast a Translation Charm, or to otherwise imply you do not understand the menu, will instantaneously expose your half-blood status."

Harry felt a combination of irritation and amusement at the way Draco spat the word 'half-blood' with contempt as others did 'Voldemort-supporter'.

Draco ordered an expensive bottle of Pinot Noir for them both, and demonstrated to Harry how to 'test the bouquet'.

"Never pour a full glass of wine," Draco said. "Half to three quarters full is acceptable. To fill your glass up gives the appearance of gluttony." Harry took a sip. It was full and rich. Delicious. "This is a red wine," Draco continued. "It goes with red meat - beef, venison, game such as pheasant, etc. If you're eating seafood, pork or poultry then order a white wine."

Harry looked at the menu, remembering Draco's earlier words about Translation Charms. He didn't understand a single word of what was written. "Um, Malfoy, can you recommend a dish?" he asked, and Draco smirked.

"Boeuf en Croute would be a safe choice," he said, somewhat patronisingly, Harry felt. "It's tenderloin of beef in puff pastry, served with vegetables and a meat jus. Nothing too fancy. And it goes splendidly with the wine."

"That sounds fine," Harry said. "Now, explain all this bloody cutlery to me, will you?"

"It's very simple, Potter," Draco drawled. "The cutlery is arranged in order of use, with the utensils to be used first furthest from your plate. Just start from the outside and work your way in. One set per course."

A small plate of hors d'oeuvres arrived, along with two glasses of an aperitif. Harry followed Draco's lead, mimicking his actions and how he consumed what was on his plate. The course was replaced soon afterwards with the fish course - a fillet of turbot served in a beurre blanc sauce. Harry had never eaten either before; he broke off a chunk of the white fish and popped it into his mouth with trepidation, but found it to not be too bad. It wouldn't be his first choice of food but, then again, none of this was. He was not a fine-dining type of bloke. But he doubted very much that he would be able to get a pizza and a bottle of Becks in here, so he'd have to make do with his pretentious fish and posh wine. He checked his watch; his Polyjuice was due to wear off in five minutes.

"Um, excuse me," he said, and left the table to visit the loo, where he took another drink of the disgusting potion before returning to the table. In his absence the fish course had been cleared and Draco had ordered their main.

"The thing you need to remember about pure-bloods, Potter," Draco said, once their mains had been served, "is that for us, our magic is our way of life. Our whole heritage is built upon our magic. For Muggle-borns, magical ability is just a tool that they use to enhance their pre-

existing life, like an extra skill that may make jobs a little easier or quicker. It is not their whole life. I'm not saying it's inferior, but you cannot deny that pure-bloods and Muggle-borns use magic differently. How many Muggle appliances do you have in your home, Potter? You don't exclusively use magic, like I, or my family and friends do, do you? And that is why pure-bloods date other pure-bloods; it's nothing to do with the actual blood status, and everything to do with having a relationship with somebody who respects and upholds the pure-blood way of life. Pansy dated a half-blood last year who was learned in pure-blood ways; nobody batted an eyelid. But such people are rare. Likewise, we do not form relationships with pure-bloods who do not follow our traditions any longer, such as the Longbottoms or Weasleys. Otherwise our culture will become extinct in just a few generations."

Harry thought about what Draco was saying. He also thought of his refrigerator, television and dishwasher. It felt alien to him to use magic for everything, even after a decade in the wizarding world. What Malfoy was saying made sense to him, for the first time ever.

"Ninety-seven percent of wizarding wealth is owned by just seven percent of wizarding society - and every single one of them is a pure-blood," Draco continued. "Our economy, and therefore, the Ministry, St Mungo's, etc., would crumble without us. Our world needs my kind. All those that are independently wealthy come from the oldest, most respected families. It's a heritage we're proud of, and we're not going to let Ultio destroy us."

"I'm independently well-off, Malfoy," Harry corrected, as he swallowed a piece of succulent beef that was a bit too rare for his liking. "I mean, I might not have your millions, but I'm not short of a few Galleons. And I'm 'just' a half-blood. I don't *need* to work; I choose to. So you're wrong about that; it's not just pure-bloods that are rich." To his surprise, Draco laughed.

"And where, exactly, does your money come from? You inherited both the Potter and Black fortunes. Both of which were affluent, pure-blood families. There's no getting round it. Your money is pure-blood money. Pure-bloods hold the wealth. *My* kind of pure-bloods, I mean. I'm not counting riffraff like the Weasleys."

Harry's fists clenched at the dig at Ron and his family, but he otherwise ignored it. He set about cutting into his beef, taking another bite. It did taste good. He also thought he was beginning to understand Malfoy's heritage a bit more. What was even more startling was that Harry was finding himself sympathising with Draco. Draco had finally explained himself without retorting to (too many) digs at Muggle-borns; he'd focussed purely on the difference that, Harry conceded, did exist. Maybe Harry had had too much wine to drink, but he wasn't finding Malfoy's company too horrible after all.

The mains were cleared, which was followed by a salad course Harry didn't care for ("It's considered very impolite to leave a course untouched, Potter. Discreetly Vanish it if you really cannot eat it"), then, a cheeseboard with some delicious cheeses, and some that were... not so delicious, was served.

"What the fucking hell is this?" Harry exclaimed, foregoing all manners and spitting out a mouthful of half-chewed cheese into a napkin. "It's disgusting."

"It's a Bucheron. A goat's milk cheese," Draco replied, and Harry wrinkled his face, downing the remaining contents of his glass of wine in an attempt to remove the taste from his mouth. Which probably wasn't a good idea because he already felt a bit tipsy. "I take it that it's not to your taste?"

"It's horrible," Harry said. "It's all... goaty." The corners of Draco's mouth twitched in amusement.

"Goaty'," he repeated. "Really, Potter, we really need to expand your vocabulary to a level higher than that of a three-year-old child's. Remember that you are a human being with a soul and the divine gift of articulate speech: that your native language is the language of Shakespeare and Milton. Don't sit there crooning like a second-rate postal owl who's about to be put out of its misery."

"Yeah, well, it tastes like come," Harry said, unthinking. Unfortunately for Draco, he'd chosen that moment to take a large sip of wine, which he promptly spat all over the formerly-pristine white tablecloth, then spluttered. He quickly Vanished the wine stain from the linen with his wand.

"You have a lot of experience with semen, do you?" he said as casually as he could, which probably wasn't very casually at all, given his brain chose *that* moment to remind him of the previous night's dream. He was pleased to note that a deep blush had appeared on Harry's (well, the man Harry was Polyjuiced as, anyway) face, and he suddenly wished Harry's eyes were their usual emerald. Draco was quite sure Potter hadn't meant to let that nugget of information slip out. Was Potter gay? Or did he just have some very strange masturbatory habits? The last Draco knew, Potter had been involved with that Weasley girl. But that had been years ago, back in school. He himself hadn't realised his own sexuality until he was eighteen; it wasn't entirely impossible that Potter could be the same.

Harry didn't respond, other than to cock an enigmatic expression with his eyebrows on his unfamiliar face and return to his- not goaty- cheese.

Eventually the cheese course was replaced by dessert (a delicious crème brûlée which Harry had consumed with all the dignity and grace of a starving Manticore), and then the bill arrived.

"Never ask the person paying the bill what the total came to," Draco said, slipping seamlessly back into student-teacher mode, which had, somewhere between the end of the main course and the arrival of the bill, been all but forgotten, "as it implies you're worried that the cost is too high for your date to manage, which is very insulting. And if you're paying the bill you should always add thirty percent of the total as gratuity. It is way, way more than most wizards pay and emphasises your status."

"Yeah, status as a stuck up blue blood who flashes their money around," Harry replied, but the words were without heat. He stood and offered his hand to Draco. "Tonight hasn't been unpleasant. Apart from the very unpleasant Cheese Incident. I'll owl you about our next lesson."

"Tomorrow?" Draco said as he shook Harry's hand, and there *definitely* wasn't a twinge of hopefulness in his voice. Harry gave him a small smile.

"I'm not free for the next three days. I have other assignments," Harry said as the pair reached Diagon Alley, and as he said it he realised that spending the afternoon escorting Ernie Macmillan's grandmother on a trip to the matinee performance of *Les Misérables* in the West End wasn't going to be nearly as interesting as spending the afternoon with Malfoy would be. "Will Sunday be OK for you?"

"That will only give me six days to teach you everything; the Beltane Ball is next Saturday!" Draco protested. "I need to see you before then. I'll pay you double, whatever you want, but you're not going to make me lose - er, I mean, give yourself away and humiliate me."

"No," Harry said - not unkindly, but in a tone that left Draco under no impression as to where Harry stood. The Polyjuice was beginning to wear off now - Draco could see dark locks of hair beginning to appear amongst the brown. "Malfoy, I'm not abandoning my prior commitments just for you. Sunday was going to be my day off - my first in two months - and I'm offering to give that up for you. But if that's not good enough we'll call this whole thing off and I won't charge you for the lessons so far, OK?"

"No, Sunday is fine," Draco replied, somewhat petulantly. "Goodbye, Potter."

"Bye, Malfoy," Harry replied, giving him a smile. His face was almost back to normal now, Draco was pleased to see. Harry reached into his robes - which were now slightly too big for him - and retrieved his glasses and slipped them onto his face. "I'll see you on Sunday." With that, he Disapparated. Draco sighed and headed off for the short walk back to his home. Yes, it was definitely just because he was worried about not having enough time to teach Potter everything that was making him anxious he wasn't seeing the git for three days, he told himself. It had nothing to do with anything else. Definitely, completely, categorically, not.

TBC...

Part Two

"I'm telling you, Blaise, this bet is as good as won. Potter is making commendable progress," Draco said confidently. It was Saturday, and he and Blaise were in the Three Broomsticks in Hogsmeade; Draco having felt able to return after Madam Rosmerta sold the pub and took early retirement after Voldemort's defeat. He didn't think he'd be welcome otherwise.

"I don't believe you," Blaise replied. "Potter was a useless, incompetent buffoon. You cannot teach our ways in a fortnight, Draco. So he knows now which fork goes with which course. Big fucking whoop. He'll still open that huge mouth of his and sprout some nonsense about electricity, or whatever else the fuck those Muggles use."

Draco took a mouthful of his drink. "We'll see," he said, as Blaise snorted into his Gillywater.

A few minutes' silence passed between them before Draco spoke again. "So, Blaise, have you heard whether Potter is still with Ginny Weasley or not?" he asked, suspecting he didn't quite manage to pull off the nonchalance he was intending. Blaise gave him The Look.

"For fuck's sake, Draco. Please, please tell me you're not going to try to shag Potter," he said, in a tone that was both resigned and exasperated.

"I don't want to shag Potter. I was just curious, that's all," Draco replied innocently, swirling his glass of mead in his hand. Blaise snorted, making it clear he didn't believe Draco for a single second.

"I work with Ginny Weasley," he said. "And she's been engaged to Neville Longbottom of all people for about six months. She and Potter broke up at the end of our sixth year and apparently he didn't want to start their relationship up again after he annihilated old Snake Face." He took another sip of Gillywater. "She's a pretty girl - funny and clever, too. Strong magically. And very popular; in fact, she's a lot of men's ideal woman. I *wonder* what it was that made Potter not want to get back together with her, hmm?"

"Stop it, Blaise, You're not going to get a rise out of me, OK?" Draco replied. Blaise laughed.

"Bet Potter would get a rise out of you," he smirked. Draco looked scandalised. "Oh come on, Draco, it's always the same with you. You can never just find a decent man from a good family and settle down with him, can you? You always have to pick the one that will be the hardest challenge. Remember that bloke, whatshisname? The one you screwed at last year's Samhain celebrations? He must have turned you down fifty times but you wouldn't take no for an answer. He even told you no that night; next thing I know is he's taken you behind a tree and is shagging you into the earth. You like the chase, and you've been chasing Potter for the best part of a decade."

"I have not been 'chasing' Potter," Draco said icily. "I hated him for years. It wasn't some kind of sadistic, drawn-out foreplay, you know. And even if I did say he was good-looking, which I didn't, or found his company pleasant, which I don't, he's still just a half-blood. Malfoys do not date, or sleep with, half-bloods."

"You know the rules on dating, Draco," Blaise said. "And if you're as confident as you say you are that Potter will be able to learn our customs by next week, then his blood status isn't an issue, is it? You must remember Pansy's half-blood boyfriend. He knew our ways better than she did. Unless, of course, all that talk about Potter's progress was total bollocks, which means the bet will be mine." Blaise smirked in victory, and folded his arms in front of him in a manner that clearly said, 'I win.'

Draco stared at Blaise with an expressionless face, and simply blinked at him in disbelief. The bastard had just completely out-Slytherined him. Which was something that happened about as frequently as he slept with a Mudblood. He had no answer. Somehow he didn't think that, *Why yes, Blaise, you're right, but given that Potter currently has a starring role in my wank bank material, I'm finding I care less about whether he ends a sentence with a preposition, and more about how his cock would feel inside me*, would be an acceptable answer.

"I... it's... oh fuck you, Blaise," Draco replied, uncharacteristically lost for words. Blaise laughed once more.

"I'll leave that to Potter, if it's all the same with you." He checked his watch. "I've got to go. Look, Draco, in all seriousness here, just make sure you know what you're doing before you do it, OK?" He finished his Gillywater and stood up, retrieving his cloak from his chair. "I'll see you next week."

Draco sat in the booth in the Three Broomsticks for a long time after that, mulling recent events over in his mind, and feeling in no way any less confused about anything. He sipped his wine, drinking several glasses and savouring the slight mind-numbing effects the alcohol had on his thoughts. He didn't get drunk, though. Potter was coming tomorrow, and he didn't want to be exhausted and hung-over for his visit.

* Draco grabbed Harry's hand firmly in his own, and pulled him close, ignoring the other man's obvious discomfort. He flicked his wand at the gramophone and Strauss' *The Blue Danube* filled the room. The two men began to move; Draco in command and confident whilst Harry tried to follow haplessly, and when Draco raised an arm, an indication for Harry to turn. Harry twirled around quickly - too quickly, in retrospect; he lost all sense of balance, and promptly fell onto his arse. Draco shot him an exasperated glare as he shut off the music, whilst Harry's cheeks flushed with embarrassment.

"Graceful, Potter," he sneered, as Harry scrambled back to his feet, his cheeks flaming.

"You know I can't dance," he replied, as he smoothed his robes (he had taken to wearing robes around Draco all the time now, it just made his life easier) to remove the creases from his inelegant fall. Draco raised an eyebrow.

"I do?"

"Yule Ball, remember," Harry said. "I was completely crap then. I have no co-ordination."

"As true as that is, Potter, the Yule Ball was over *seven fucking years ago*," Draco replied icily. "You were a boy of fourteen then. You are now a grown man who will turn twenty-two

in a couple of months. You are the defeater of the Dark Lord, Master of Death and you've survived the Killing Curse twice. You can stay on your feet for one fucking waltz."

"I don't see why I have to dance anyway," Harry grumbled, and folded his arms like a petulant teenager. "Why can't I just sit and have a drink when you're dancing?"

Draco's cheeks pinked and he felt his anger rising. When he spoke his voice was dangerously low and the control in it was clearly forced. "Because, you imbecilic cretin, we are going to a *ball*. People do not sit down at balls; they dance at them. And there's another reason I want you to dance. Now, what is it again? Oh, that's right, *because I'm paying you over a thousand fucking Galleons to pull this off successfully and be convincing as my date*, OK?" He flicked his wand at the gramophone again. "Now, one more time..."

Six hours later, Harry's robes were clinging to his body, his hair was even more wild than usual, his face was scarlet and covered in beads of sweat, and his feet were aching and blistered, but he had done it. Grinning wildly, he finished his waltz with Draco, the third successive time he had made it through the dance without getting a single step wrong. Even Draco had stopped glowering at him, so he suspected he must be doing a reasonable job. And, even more surprisingly, Harry had enjoyed it. There was something extremely therapeutic about being held and twirled around in sync to music, allowing him to block out the world and concentrate on the soothing rhythms.

"Tango next," Draco said, after they both paused for a quick bite to eat and a large drink of water. "It's a very different dance to the waltz. The music is faster, and our bodies must remain in close contact through the whole dance. It's a dance of passion, of lovers, and, no, you cannot sit the dance out at Beltane." He waved his wand and changed the records over, and suddenly the room was filled with the quick, uplifting beat of *La Cumparsita*. Harry yelped in surprise when Draco pulled him flush against his chest, his arm securely round Harry's waist. Harry tentatively wrapped his own arm around the blond, mirroring Draco's hand positions.

Draco's arms were strong and muscular, his chest firm, and Harry could feel the faint thumping of his heart beating against his own chest. He drank in the musky, masculine scent that was sweat and cologne and a hint of mint. They were relatively evenly matched in height, but Draco had about two inches on him, and Harry could hear Draco's heavy breathing, bordering on panting with the exertion of the dance, in his ear. Suddenly far too hot, Harry broke the hold and removed his robe, as Draco did the same. Both men's shirts were soaked through with sweat. As Draco removed his robe, Harry noticed a bead of sweat drip from Draco's hairline, down the side of his face, and onto his neck, where it glistened like a bead of amber in the candlelight of Draco's living room. It reached his collarbone and Harry suddenly had the inexplicable urge to press his tongue against the bone and lick it off. Mortified by his thoughts, he walked over to the table and took a large drink of water. *It's just the dancing making you feel like this*, he told himself as he drank. *It's just that stupid sexy music and the candlelight, and way he's holding you, and the way he feels, and smells, and sounds, and the fact he looks so goddam hot all dishevelled like that and...* Oh shit. It was at that moment that Harry Potter knew he was fucked. He groaned inwardly. He couldn't fall for Malfoy, he just couldn't. Reason one was that he was a rude, sarcastic, stuck-up arse. Reason two, and (if Harry was honest with himself), the one he cared most about, was Draco could

never want him back. He must really need to get laid, Harry told himself, when sex with Malfoy suddenly seems like a good idea. He must be desperate. It had been a whole six months since that drunken shag in the toilets of the Leaky with Seamus...

"Are you going to stand there like a particularly hideous-looking gargoyle all day, or are you going to learn to dance?" Draco called impatiently, breaking Harry's train of thoughts and effectively proving Reason Number One why he could never date Malfoy so perfectly. Harry took a deep breath and walked back towards the stubborn bastard, catching his indignant expression, and not fully managing to prevent the goofy grin from breaking out on his own face.

* Mastering the Tango had taken longer than the Waltz. A whole additional session, in fact, until Draco graciously told Harry that he "wouldn't look a complete and utter plebeian" on the dance floor. At the end of it Harry had bid him a good night, disappeared through the Floo, and wanked furiously whilst he was in the shower to the memory of Draco's hard body pressed flush against his, hot and sweaty, Draco's cock pressed against his thigh, which Harry wasn't convinced had been completely flaccid, and Draco's thigh against his. And Draco's silver eyes - not the cold, steely grey colour he'd imagined them to be - staring into his as if trying to bore a hole into his soul, cheeks flushed, as the dance ended and he still held Harry in his grip. He recalled Draco's hard breathing as he gasped with exertion, and Harry wondered if Draco made those same sounds while he was fucking. Image-Draco suddenly changed from memory to fantasy, and he was naked, hard, pressed flat against the mattress, whilst Harry drilled into his body, thrusting hard and making Draco's world explode -

Harry came as Fantasy Draco did, his legs shaking. He held himself under the shower spray to remove the evidence of his aquatic activities then shut off the water. He let out a loud groan that had nothing to do with his recent orgasm and everything to do with the situation he was now in. Harry was screwed. Completely and utterly screwed.

The dancing had proven too much for Draco, too. Harry had been hot, and breathless, his green eyes fierce as he concentrated, his mouth full as he worked tirelessly to get the steps right. Harry had let out an involuntary moan when Draco accidentally-on-purpose brushed against Harry's groin with his thigh. He wondered what Harry would be like in bed. Would he be tender and romantic, kissing his neck and whispering soft words of love? Shy and awkward, and unsure what to do, like a blushing virgin, and insisted on the lights out? Or - and this was the situation that really got Draco's blood pumping - would he throw Draco down on the first available surface and take him roughly, pinning him as they fucked; driving first his tongue and then his cock into Draco's body as they both worked furiously towards climax? Draco moaned and slipped a finger inside himself, whilst his other hand stroked his erection, the finger stretching and burning and feeling wonderful as it brushed his prostate.

He didn't last long after that. He pushed his arse down on the finger and stroked his erection firmly; with a cry that may or may not have sounded like "Harry", Draco emptied himself onto his stomach, eyes screwed tight, before cursing himself like he did every time he wanked to a mental image of Potter. It was going to be a relief when Saturday was over and he wouldn't have to see Potter anymore and he could put a lid on this ridiculous crush on his half-blood former nemesis, who was far from learned in Draco's culture. Just five more days

to get through, then he could take Blaise's money and get back to normal. Yes, it would be a relief.

So why did Draco feel so uneasy about it?

* Harry only had one session remaining with Malfoy before the Beltane Ball the following evening. Since the Dancing Incident (followed by the Wanking Incident), which Harry was calling it in his mind, they had seen each other once; Draco had spent the lesson on Harry's speech, and it hadn't gone well. Draco may have called it "teaching" but Harry called it "criticising" and the pair had got into a heated argument. To Harry's complete and utter horror the row left him as hard as the stick of rock he'd brought for Ron two years ago during Harry's Coming Out Weekend in Brighton that Ginny organised for them all, and refused to deflate for the rest of Harry's 'lesson'.

"It's not the way you say your words, Potter. In all honesty you actually speak well. A middle-class upbringing in an affluent area of Surrey was good for something, I suppose, even if it was with Muggles. But it's your *choices* of vocabulary that let you down," Draco had said. "Take what you said about the cheese last week -" Harry blushed a deep shade of magenta when he recalled his ridiculous comments about the taste of the Cheese of Satan - "'It's all goaty' does not in any way make you appear sophisticated or refined. 'It is too strong for my palate' would have been a better way of responding, and not made you appear to have the mental capabilities of a Pygmy Puff."

At that point Harry had yelled something about Draco having a thesaurus shoved up his insanely tight pretentious arse, and Draco had retorted by shouting that it was called having a modicum of intelligence, something Harry clearly knew nothing about, as obviously his mental development as well as his growth was clearly stunted by living with Muggles for too long, and why was Harry interested in how tight his arse was anyway, which didn't help Harry's raging hard-on a single iota.

They both calmed down over a large glass of elf-made wine and Draco, sensing he went too far before, explained calmly about synonyms and nuances, and the importance of taking a second to select vocabulary before speaking. Harry had suddenly felt like he was back in St Grogory's in year six, the year before he started Hogwarts, listening to his teacher droning on about vocabulary. Teachers were dull people - especially those who talked on and on about grammar, he'd concluded as a boy, and as Draco continued to lecture him, focussing now on how language is one of the key weapons a human possess, Harry had to admit his opinion on the subject had not changed one bit.

"I guess the pen is mightier than the sword," Harry had said drily. However his innocent comment had caused Draco's fragile temper to shatter.

"Have you learnt nothing in the last two hours?" he roared, causing Harry to jump. "When have you ever heard a pure-blood talk about using a pen? Potter, please, concentrate! We use the expression, 'the quill is mightier than the wand'. Same analogy, OK? But in speech that won't immediately give away your upbringing. Golden rule - if what you have to say has some Muggle reference in it - no matter how small - *for the love of Merlin, don't fucking say it!*"

That had been Wednesday. Thursday he'd had an assignment escorting, under his Invisibility Cloak, Terry Boot and his new girlfriend on their first date in Diagon Alley. He'd not charged Terry for the protection, and was beyond furious that Ultio dared to target anyone who'd fought against Voldemort at the Battle of Hogwarts. It had almost turned ugly; his lightning-quick reflexes detected the movement of a wand being drawn from a table near to Terry's and Harry had the woman under the Impediment Jinx before she had a chance to utter an incantation. Even though Ron and his Auror partner arrived to arrest the woman, the incident had left Harry in a foul mood, which had carried over to the following day. Harry was trying, desperately, not to analyse why he felt calmer now than he had all day as he left his office and started on the short walk across Diagon Alley to Malfoy's penthouse, or why the prospect of learning more pure-blood crap put a spring in his step.

"Evening, Potter," Draco said cordially when Harry reached the penthouse, "ready for our penultimate session together?"

Something flipped uncomfortably in Harry's stomach when Draco said that. How had he not realised that, after the following night, Harry had no reason to continue to see Draco, and their - whatever this was - would be over? The past two weeks had been intense and Harry had got used to seeing the git virtually every day. The idea that it was all about to end left Harry feeling empty. He forced a smile onto his face in way of greeting.

"Always ready, Malfoy. Or should I start calling you 'Draco' now? You know, um, as practice for tomorrow?" he said, not really believing himself that was why he wanted to call the man by his given name. 'Malfoy' was the tosser he'd known at school; 'Draco' was this sexy, passionate man whom Harry wanted to lick all over.

Draco nodded and escorted Harry into the living room that had also acted as Harry's classroom for the past fortnight, and summoned Sooki, asking her to bring them refreshment. Harry knew Draco was testing him, and suddenly was overcome with the need to show him how much he'd learnt.

"Take a seat, Potter," Draco said, impressed Harry had waited, and appraising his muscled form in yet another set of perfectly-cut robes. When Sooki placed the tray containing the coffee things onto the small table next to him, he also noticed that Harry waited for Draco to make the coffee. Draco handed him a cup and relaxed back into his chair, nursing his own cup in his hands.

"Today is mainly just a recap session, Potter," he said. "If anyone was to spend more than an evening with you then I'm sure they'd know very rapidly you were not a pure-blood. But you have, I believe, made enough progress to pull this off tomorrow night."

Harry recognised this as the compliment it was, and took a sip of his coffee. It was the usual delicious coffee that Harry had come to expect from his lessons with Draco, but today it left a bitter taste in his mouth. Harry was certain the reason for that was he was fully expecting this to be the last cup of coffee he was ever served here. Still, he finished his cup, remembering to leave coffee at the bottom, and returned the cup to the tray. Draco smiled approvingly.

"We also need to come up with our background, Draco," Harry said, then gave a small laugh in response to Draco's blank face. "You don't think it might be an idea to work out a story of

how we 'met'? How long we've been together for? The name you're going to call me by tomorrow?"

Draco flushed a soft dusky pink, and Harry had to swallow at the sight of it. "Clearly you're the expert in all things pretentious, but our entire charade falls apart as soon as someone asks how long we've been together and we gape at them like a fish out of water," Harry said, amused by the expression on Draco's face. "I could order everything in fluent French, and remember to address your friends by 'Lady' all night long, but without a good background story you'll be found out before the first dance."

Draco could have kicked himself. He was so focussed on instilling his lifestyle on Harry that it hadn't even occurred to him to come up with a story about them. Luckily this was the part of the contract that was Harry's expertise.

"In the past, the client has chosen my name," Harry said, "as it appears more natural and comfortable that way."

"Er," Draco said stupidly. "Well, I'm trying to pass you off as my pure-blood boyfriend, so you need a traditional pure-blood name. Let's go with... um... oh, I don't bloody know." He threw his arms up, clearly flustered. Harry grinned and took pity on Draco.

"Let's use 'James' - it's my middle name, but normal enough so no one will automatically link me with the name. And it's a long-standing traditional name, so should meet the approval of your friends. Is that OK?" he asked.

"Yes," Draco replied, happy to take a back seat and leave this part to Harry. "So, um, how did we meet?" He noticed his pulse was racing in anticipation of Harry's story.

"Your mother was friends with mine," Harry said on impulse, fighting down the pang when he said 'my mother'. "They were childhood quill-pals, but lost contact after your birth. You were in France recently on business - which is where I live, as it's easier to say I went to Beauxbatons than Hogwarts if I want to remain anonymous - and I was your business partner. We talked over dinner and realised our mothers' friendship with one another, and I invited you out for a non-business dinner the following evening."

"Sounds plausible, as I do visit France a lot for business, and my mother did actually write to a couple of girls during her youth," Draco said. "But your French is atrocious. If you're supposed to have lived there all your life then people will expect you to be fluent in it."

"No one is expecting me to converse with anyone in it, Draco," Harry replied, "and Hermione is fluent. She's taught me a few things off a menu which I can say well now, for each course, so as long as I order those things, we'll be fine."

Draco took a few seconds to process the unpleasant surprise that the Muggle-born had managed to teach Harry more French than he had, before continuing. "OK, that will work, I suppose. So, how long have we been together?"

"When was the last time you were in France on business, Draco?" Harry asked. Draco replied it was about three months previously. "I'm guessing since then - any longer and your friends

are bound to want to know why you didn't mention me beforehand. But what we have isn't serious. We meet up, have dinner together, then have fantastic sex, and that's it until the next time we meet. But I'm in London this week anyway on business and planning to relocate here for work soon, so you've brought me to the Ball."

"So you're my fuck buddy then," Draco drawled, eyebrow raised. Harry smirked.

"In a way, yes, but we're so much more than just friends with benefits. James and Draco turn heads when we're in public. We only have a few stolen hours together, but we sure as fuck make them count. When we're together we can't keep our hands off each other. When we're out for dinner, you stroke your foot up my thigh, teasing me. Never touching, but full of promises of things to come. I lick round the edge of my wine glass, never once breaking eye contact with you, telling you without words exactly where my tongue will be as soon as we get back to *ma maison*. I can't wait to be inside you, and you've teased me so much during dinner I'm aching for you. As soon as we get through my door I pin you to the wall, grinding against you, kissing your neck and loving the flush that creeps onto your cheeks. We have passionate, dirty, scream-the-place-down sex that we will each wank to the memory of until our next session. Sex that starts after dinner and doesn't end until it's getting light the next morning. Sex that leaves us dirty, and sweaty, and desperate. The type of sex everyone else wishes they were having."

Harry had no idea where those words came from, and as soon as he finished talking he wished he could take back everything he'd just said. He didn't think he'd ever spoken like that before in his life. Harry could feel his face flaming, both with embarrassment and, mortifyingly, arousal. All he'd meant to say was, *Why yes, Draco, we meet when you're in town, have dinner together, and fuck. A casual relationship of mutual benefit.* Instead he just described his latest wank fantasy to the man. He chanced a glance at Draco; Draco was giving him an unreadable look, and he himself was nursing another hard-on, thankfully hidden by his robes. What the fucking hell was he doing, talking like that?!

Well, there goes any doubt as to Potter's sexual orientation, Draco thought to himself wryly. *But what the bloody hell was that?* He realised his breathing was much heavier than it was a few minutes ago, and he now had an aching erection. Damn Potter and his unintentional sexy bedroom talk.

"I, er, I like to get into character," Harry stuttered, clearly thrown. "Um, sorry." He ran a hand over his face, unsurprised to discover his forehead was soaked in sweat. "Fuck. Look, Draco, do you want me to leave?"

"No!" Draco replied. "No, Potter, it's OK. Just a character, right? Like you said. Just a character." Not really knowing why he did it, he reached out and tentatively placed his hand on Harry's forearm, causing Harry to physically jump at the contact.

"Yeah. Just a character," Harry said, and swallowed nervously. He let out a rough chuckle. "Um, do you think you could just forget the last five minutes? I'm certainly going to *Oblivate* myself when I get home." The attempt at humour did nothing to diffuse the tension in the room. "Right. Um, let's go back and look at my language use, shall we?"

Draco and Harry spent the following two hours on speech patterns, vocabulary, and wizarding idioms and proverbs instead of the Muggle ones with which Harry was familiar. Conversation was stilted between the two, and Harry was perfectly convinced he had monumentally messed up.

When the end of the session finally arrived, Draco bade Harry a goodnight, and told him to Floo directly into his penthouse the following evening.

"It'll look very suspicious if anyone sees you arriving, then me leaving with someone totally different," he said. "Come here, change, then we'll travel to the Ministry together. Arrive for eight."

"Goodnight, Draco," Harry replied as he stepped into the Floo. "I'll see you tomorrow evening. And sorry again, about, um, you know what." He wasn't meeting Draco's eye. "See you." He disappeared into the emerald flames, and Draco shut the Floo connection down for the night. He poured himself a glass of neat Firewhisky and downed it in one. It had been a very strange evening.

* Draco thought about Harry's words for a long time that night. Those were not the ramblings of a man who'd just got too into character. They'd flowed too naturally, like it was a scenario Harry had played over in his mind more than once previously. Was it possible the git had feelings for him, too? Harry's reaction after his impromptu speech certainly led Draco to believe it was more than just a possibility. He'd been flustered and found it hard to concentrate for the rest of the evening. And he'd overreacted to Draco's touch, certainly.

But how did Draco feel about the possibility of actually dating the former Gryffindor? He and Harry had managed to put their bitter schoolboy rivalry firmly in the past, but there was still the half-blood status issue. But Draco had been successfully training Harry for two weeks now - with further training Harry would have full appreciation of Draco's world, which would be acceptable to his generation at least, if not to the older traditionalists like his grandfather Abraxas was. And the Potter name was as old - and, until James Potter married Harry's mother - as pure-blood as the Malfoy name. Harry was at the very least descended from a generations-old pure-blood family. If the rumours were true, Harry was descended from Ignotus Peverell himself, which more than qualified him as a full wizard, in Draco's book. Added to that was the fact that it was Harry Potter, Chosen One; Draco was quietly confident that none of his friends and acquaintances would protest too strongly about their relationship, if they were to have one. And, to be honest, Draco felt that that was good enough. His waxing erection definitely thought so, too.

But of course, Draco thought, his midnight musings would all be for nothing if Harry didn't return Draco's feelings. It wouldn't be the first time he'd misread the signs with someone he thought held romantic feelings for him. Oh, this whole situation was just a mess.

Thank god it's the Ball tomorrow night, Draco thought to himself, and this whole thing can come to a head, one way or the other.

Part Three

Part Three of Four

Harry had spent a large portion of the previous night playing things over in his mind too. After leaving Draco's yesterday he'd Apparated immediately to Ron and Hermione's, and ended up telling them both everything. After a large cup of coffee (which Harry was allowed to drink all of) and a few wise words, Harry did feel better. His friends' advice had been helpful, with both telling him that he'd always followed his heart in the past, and if it did all go hideously wrong, well, he'd never have to see Draco again after the Ball. He just wish he knew how Draco felt about him; on the one hand, if the idea of the two of them having sex repulsed him, surely Draco would have shown it, rather than touching him gently on the arm and continuing with the lesson? And there was the dancing a few days ago as well, when Harry was certain Draco was more than slightly turned on.

On the other hand, however, Draco had hired Harry's bodyguard services. He wanted protection. Harry needed to maintain a professional relationship with the man. To take advantage of that, especially if Draco rejected him, could be catastrophic for his business reputation. He was still unsure what to do as he gathered up his dress robes and phials of Polyjuice and travelled by Floo to Draco's penthouse at precisely eight. He never did learn how to exit a Floo elegantly which is why he'd been arriving at Draco's door every time for their sessions. Draco looked up from the book he was reading as Harry stumbled out of the fireplace, grabbing hold of the mantelpiece for support, and laughed.

"Good evening, James," he said casually, but Harry barely heard him. Draco was already dressed for the Ball; he was wearing immaculate dress robes in an ice blue silk, and they were edged in silver. He had teamed the robes with a pair of Antipodean Opaleye dragon hide boots in a shimmering pearl colour. His hair was perfect, and not a single strand out of place. He looked absolutely incredible.

"You look nice, Draco," he said. Draco smirked.

"I look better than just 'nice'," he replied arrogantly. Harry rolled his eyes dramatically, but in reality was far more amused than annoyed.

"Um, can I use your bathroom please? To change?" he asked. Draco nodded. Harry entered the bathroom and locked the door. He stripped to his underwear, then began changing; first into 'James' - never a pleasant experience as Polyjuice was a highly uncomfortable experience - and then dressed in the formal robes he'd bought from Twilfitt and Tattings'. He took off his glasses and left them on Draco's bathroom cabinet, before pulling on two black dragon hide boots and lacing them up. He checked his appearance in the mirror, before adding the remaining three slim phials of Polyjuice to a hollow signet ring he wore on his right hand that Hermione had applied an Undetectable Extension Charm to, as he would need to 'top up' the potion several times throughout the evening. He stepped out of the bathroom and returned to where Draco was waiting.

Draco's first thought when Harry reappeared was one of regret that the Polyjuice was necessary; Harry had chosen a good-looking man to change into, but he had nothing on Harry's natural messy hair and jade eyes. But Harry - *James*, Draco reminded himself, still looked almost regal in his robes. Draco nodded approvingly.

"You look good, James," he said wryly. Harry smiled, and Draco felt the pang of longing again for the real smile that belonged to Harry, rather than this masked one. "Now, where are you hiding the Polyjuice?"

"In here," Harry said, holding up his ring. He chuckled lightly in response to Draco's confusion, then explained about Hermione's charm. "I've got another three doses, which will take me up to midnight. At that time I'll turn back into myself. Just call me Cinderella," he said. Draco pinched the bridge of his nose.

"That's right, *James*, get all your Muggle references out of your system now, before we arrive at the Ball," he said somewhat venomously, whilst Harry looked sheepish. Draco looked at his watch. "It's half past eight. We'd better go."

The pair left Draco's penthouse, descended the stairs and emerged onto Diagon Alley. It was a pleasant late-spring evening, and Harry expressed his regret that they couldn't walk the half a mile distance from the Alley to Whitehall.

"We can't," Draco said ruefully as he stared at the beautiful gold sky just as the sun began to set for the night, "our robes are far too conspicuous. We can probably get away with walking back though; we can remove our cloaks and it'll be dark by then anyway." He held out his arm for Harry to take. "Side-along? It looks better if we arrive exactly together." Harry nodded and took Draco's arm firmly, and the blond turned on the spot, dragging them both into the suffocating sensation of Apparition.

They arrived directly into a designated arrivals area of the ballroom in the Ministry, the Anti-Apparition Charm having been temporarily lifted on the room so the guests could arrive. Immediately a house-elf came over to them.

"Good evening to yous both and welcome to the Ministry's Beltane Celebrations. Can Tinky see your invitations, sirs?" he said in a high-pitched voice. Draco handed them over, and the elf checked them, nodding cordially to them. "Everything is in order, sirs. Tinky is to be wishing sirs a pleasant evening." Harry stared at the tiny elf, suddenly glad that Hermione and Ron decided not to attend, then scanned the room, wide-eyed. It was sumptuously decorated in springtime colours, with fresh flowers both in vases on the tables and floating about twenty feet above the guests' heads scattered throughout the room, and torches of open fire gracing the walls. The ceiling was enchanted, like the ceiling at Hogwarts, and was currently displaying the dusky pink and fiery orange sunset that was slowly darkening to night outside. He swallowed, suddenly inexplicably nervous. Draco noticed.

"Stop looking so scared," he hissed out the corner of his mouth, "and cheer the fuck up. Put your arm around me or something. You're supposed to look like my date, for crying out loud."

"Draco, darling!" a shrill female voice suddenly called. Harry turned with Draco and saw the pug-faced Pansy Parkinson making her way towards them. She reached the pair, gave Harry an almost-glare, and threw her arms around Draco, clinging tightly. "How are you? It's been too long, darling."

"Pansy, good to see you, too," Draco replied, extracting himself quickly from her arms. "James, I'd like you to meet my good friend, Pansy Parkinson. Pansy, this is James Windsor, my date for the evening."

Pansy held out her hand to Harry, who gritted his teeth inwardly, and fixed a smile on his face as he greeted the bint who would have happily handed him over to Voldemort.

"A pleasure to make your acquaintance, Lady Parkinson," he said formally, forcing himself to take Pansy's hand in his own, and placing a kiss on it. He resisted the urge to wipe his mouth with the back of his hand afterwards, but only just. Pansy giggled.

"Pleasure is all Draco's, I'm sure," she replied airily, giving Harry a wink and making him want to hex her. "So, Draco, where have you been hiding this gorgeous specimen, huh?"

Draco laughed lightly. "Let's save that tale until everyone else is here, shall we? It's obviously thrilling so I wish to tell it only once."

Five minutes later, Harry was drowning in a sea of Slytherins, and Draco had 'introduced' him to them all.

"...and this is Millicent Goyle, née Bulstrode," Draco finished, and Harry greeted her in the same way he'd greeted Parkinson, feeling less repulsed by her than he did the other woman. He shook Goyle's hand; he'd not seen the man since the Fiendfyre Incident and he was much taller and leaner than he was the last time Harry had seen him. Blaise Zabini gave him a strange look when he was 'introduced'.

"*Windsor*," he drawled, with a slight smirk. Harry blinked back in confusion, and noticed Draco glaring slightly at the other man.

"Zabini," he replied mildly, extending his hand. "Pleased to meet you."

Harry noticed Blaise was watching him throughout Draco's tale of how 'he and James met', barely able to keep the amusement of his smug face. *He fucking knows who I am*, Harry concluded. *Does Draco know? Did he tell Zabini? Or is it because I did this for Blaise himself only a couple of weeks ago and the bastard's worked it out?* He swallowed uncomfortably.

At this point Kingsley took to the stage and cast a *Sonorus* on himself.

"Welcome, ladies and gentlemen, to the third annual Beltane Ball!" he said once the chatter had died down. "Dinner will be served shortly, so please take your seats in the dining area. And, please, have a good time this evening."

Harry checked his watch. It was ten minutes till nine o'clock. He caught Draco's eye and shot him a meaningful glance. "Um, just popping to the loo," he said, and dashed off to top up his Polyjuice Potion. When he returned everyone was seated. Harry quickly located the table Draco and his friends were seated at, and joined them, slipping into the vacant chair beside his supposed date.

"I missed you," Draco said smoothly, and leant over and planted a small peck on Harry's cheek, before handing Harry a menu.

Harry forced himself to concentrate on the menu, despite the skin tingling where Draco's lips had just brushed. A team of house-elves were busy pouring wine for the tables, and Harry needed to decide on his main course so he didn't commit the cardinal sin of ordering the wrong fucking coloured wine. Settling on a chicken dish, he confidently asked for white wine when asked.

"So, Windsor, Draco tells us you attended Beauxbatons," Blaise said casually, and in that instant, Harry knew he was trying to catch Harry and Draco out. *Thank God I've listened to Fleur and her monologues about how wondrous Beauxbatons is*, Harry thought gratefully, and was able to give an accurate, detailed description of the palace, lessons, and how it differed to Hogwarts. Draco handled questions about their business dealings, and Harry was delighted to note that Blaise looked incredibly frustrated that he'd not managed to catch them out. He grinned to himself, suddenly enjoying the whole evening far more.

As the hors d'oeuvres disappeared along with the fish course, Harry was beginning to relax. So far he'd not said anything remotely Muggle-related, had used the correct cutlery, and had managed to pass off his relationship with Draco flawlessly. And, best of all, Draco was holding his hand between courses, and kept kissing him on the cheek. Harry almost let himself believe Draco meant it, then remembered it was almost certainly for show. He was wondering where the waiters, or even the house-elves, were in order to serve them their main courses.

"Cassoulet," Draco suddenly said clearly, and the dish instantly appeared in front of him. Rapidly remembering how they had ordered food at the Yule Ball, Harry caught on quickly, and checked the menu once more.

"Poulet a la Grecque," he said to his own plate, with perfect pronunciation, and the dish, like Draco's, appeared in front of him. He noticed Draco shoot him a thankful gaze. He was delighted to see Blaise scowl into his own meal in disappointment.

As main course cleared and the cheese arrived, Harry's confidence was high. He'd disappeared to the toilets for another dose of Polyjuice, and when he returned he avoided any cheese with which he was unfamiliar, loath to repeat the Semen Cheese Incident of the previous week. He even planted a kiss of his own on Draco's cheeks, delighted when a faint pink appeared on them afterwards.

"So, Draco, sweetheart, is this serious then? You and James?" Pansy asked. Clearly pure-blood etiquette didn't apply to the bitch. Harry couldn't prevent the eye-roll this time, and Draco snorted as he bit back a laugh. Harry jumped when Draco took his hand in both of his, though, and looked him straight in the eye, although he addressed Pansy.

"We're still getting to know each other, really. But I really enjoy his company, and I very much hope that now he's moving to London permanently I'll get to see a lot more of him, because I think we could have the makings of something sensational."

Harry couldn't breathe. The words were clearly said in order to shut Pansy up and for appearances sake, but in that moment Harry knew Draco was entirely sincere. He couldn't look away from Draco's eyes, which were wide and open, and simply nodded dumbly. Draco raised Harry's hand to his lips and pressed an open-mouthed kiss to his fingers before stroking them lightly with his thumb. Harry shut his eyes momentarily and breathed deeply. The rest of the world no longer existed.

A loud snort of laughter roused them both from their own bubble of existence. "Oh please," Blaise said, "how many times have we heard this from you before, Draco? 'He's the man of my dreams', 'he's the one', 'oh, Blaise, it's really love this time', and two weeks later you've got rid of them. I'm sure *Windsor* will be all forgotten about by midsummer."

"Shut up, Blaise," Draco said icily, letting go of Harry's hand, much to Harry's disappointment. "You don't know what you're talking about."

Harry tried not to let the unpleasant sensation in his stomach overcome him. Blaise was being a total shit-stirrer, Harry knew that. And this was still not a *real date*.

"Leave him alone," Goyle said suddenly, bringing the total number of words Harry had ever heard him utter to around twenty, "he's happy and Windsor makes him happy. This is the best Draco's looked for a long time."

Harry never thought in a million years that Gregory Goyle would ever cheer him up. Then again he'd never thought he'd want to fuck Draco Malfoy either. He grinned at Draco's former henchman and began to tuck heartily into the huge pile of croquembouche that had just arrived in the centre of the table.

Draco tried not to stare at Harry eating his dessert, but he couldn't help it. The slight semi he'd been nursing since kissing Harry's hand was now a full-blown erection, as he watched Harry's tongue dart out and lick a blob of cream from the corner of his mouth. Even on the unfamiliar face, the expression of delight was all Harry, and Draco had to forcibly stop himself from pouncing on him. He was suddenly both desperate to dance and also dreading it, completely unsure if he was in control of himself any longer. Harry Potter was slowly but surely driving him mad. He forced himself to conjure a mental image of Millicent receiving oral sex from a naked Greg. *Ah, better*, he thought as his erection began to wane.

Finally the remains of the desserts were removed from the tables, and with a clap of his hands, Kingsley Vanished them all, leaving the space free for dancing. A small orchestra made their way onto the stage and began to tune their instruments. Harry checked his watch; he had time for a dance before needing to replenish his Polyjuice.

"Ladies and gentlemen, please join us on the dance floor," Kingsley's voice boomed out. Draco held out a hand to Harry, who took it and followed him into the centre, with Goyle and Millicent one side of them, and Pansy and Blaise, who'd both come without a date for the

evening, on the other. Harry gripped Draco's waist firmly and felt an equal pressure returned on the hand Draco was holding.

The orchestra began to play, a slow, romantic waltz from *The Sleeping Beauty* ballet by Tchaikovsky. Draco began to lead Harry around the dance floor, Harry following with perfect steps. He was back in his own world, where it was just him and Draco, dancing to the music. He was drinking in everything he could about Draco; the sensation of how Draco held him, the scent of his no-doubt expensive aftershave, the few speckles of darker grey surrounding the almost-silver of his irises, the curvature of his lips, where his bottom lip was fuller than the top, the feel of his cool breath on Harry's hot cheek as they twirled and stepped in time with the orchestra...

The waltz ended far too early for Harry's liking, and he stayed close to Draco's slightly-panting body. He was aware that Draco's friends were watching them as well. The sudden presence of a feather-light finger grazing his cheek snapped his attention back fully to Draco's face.

"James," Draco said with a sigh. He cupped Harry's face with both hands now and pressed their bodies even closer together. Harry's breath caught in his throat when he felt the unmistakable ridge in Draco's robe pressing against his hip.

"James," Draco repeated, slightly more breathless this time, as leaned in closer to Harry, his lips just centimetres from Harry's ear now. Harry's eyelids fluttered closed when he felt Draco's teeth graze his earlobe, just as turned on as Draco clearly was now. Then Draco whispered in his ear, for his hearing only.

"Harry."

Harry broke. Finally hearing his given name on Draco's lips, knowing it was he, Harry, and not his Polyjuiced persona that Draco wanted was too much to take. He turned his head to the side, took a deep breath, and with a needy groan he pressed his mouth firmly against Draco's.

He had just a second to wonder why on earth it had taken them so long to do this, before he wasn't thinking at all. Draco made a soft groan of pleasure and parted his mouth, which Harry took full advantage of. He licked Draco's bottom lip suggestively before pushing his tongue into the other man's mouth, where it met Draco's tongue, which was just as eager as his. He wrapped his arms tightly around Draco's neck, pulling him closer into the kiss.

"Wow," he murmured into Draco's open mouth, and felt Draco chuckle lightly, before continuing his own exploration of Harry's mouth. He was on fire, he knew it, as Draco's hands tangled in his hair; he was going to explode, combust, through sheer sensation.

Draco was in a similar state to Harry. If Harry hadn't kissed him when he did, Draco would have initiated it for sure. Harry may not have his own face at the moment, but Draco's desire was all for the dark-haired, green eyed man who had flipped his world in just fourteen days. The groans of desire coming from the man in his arms were all Harry, even if they were from an unfamiliar voice. He kissed the corner of Harry's mouth gently before planting a series of chaste kisses along Harry's jawline, then returned to Harry's mouth and kissed him soundly,

pulling Harry flush against him and almost drowning in the sensation that overcame him when Harry's erection collided with his own.

"Well, fuck me."

Blaise's deep, incredulous voice dragged the two men back to the present, and a flush on both men's face, as Draco realised he was virtually frotting against Harry. They grinned at each other sheepishly. Draco glanced at his friends; every single one of them (and a good deal of the other guests whom Draco didn't know) were staring at the pair, jaws dropped in stunned silence. He grinned at them and rested his head against Harry's forehead, looking into his beautiful green eyes.

Hang on... Green... Oh fuck.

"Harry, your eyes are green," Draco whispered urgently. Harry chuckled.

"You've only just noticed?" he said teasingly, stroking a finger down Draco's cheek. Draco sighed.

"No, you pillock, I mean they're green *right now*. The Polyjuice is wearing off!"

"Shit," Harry hissed. He pecked Draco on the cheek quickly and dragged him towards the toilets, ignoring the catcalls and wolf whistles from Draco's friends, who obviously thought they were going for a shag.

"Sorry, but it would have looked really suspicious if I dashed off on my own after that," Harry said, after he'd dragged Draco into a cubicle. "I can't believe I dropped my guard like that. And I'm supposed to be looking out for Ultio! What was I thinking?" But he was smiling as he said it. He drew out his wand and pointed it at the signet ring on his finger. "*Accio phial*." A small glass jar containing the last dose of Polyjuice shot out of the hollow of the ring and slammed into his hand, and Harry, now completely back to himself, made to uncork it. Draco placed his hand over the top to stop him.

"Wait," he said softly, "just a minute. I want to kiss you this time, not James." He leant forwards and picked up exactly where they left off before Blaise had drawn them out of their own world a few minutes before.

Draco had been wrong before. Kissing Harry - the actual Harry - was a million times better than kissing his mask. The voice, eliciting the most sensual moans he'd ever heard, was Harry's this time, the hair thick and messy as Draco buried his fingers within it, the feel of the mouth that was more natural against his own. He deepened the kiss and pressed himself against Harry once more.

"Draco," Harry said gently, pulling away, "not here. Not in this dirty toilet when anyone can walk in."

Draco could hear the regret in Harry's voice, but also knew he was right. He nodded and rearranged his robes, this time drawing on the mental image of Hagrid having a wank to help calm him. "Ron's freckly arse," he heard Harry mutter to himself, and realised Harry was

doing the same. He burst out laughing. Harry grinned and downed the Polyjuice, the grin turning instantly to a grimace as the Potion took hold, then Harry disappeared and 'James' stood once again in his place.

"C'mon," Harry said, holding out his hand, "let's go and face the jeering from your friends."

They returned to the ballroom, where, thankfully, another dance had started up. The pair slipped comfortably into the steps, completely uncaring of the funny looks they were receiving from some of the guests who'd noticed their little display after the waltz. The music ended after about ten minutes and Harry and Draco exchanged a small, chaste kiss, before a furious-looking Blaise stormed over to them.

"A word, Draco. Now. In private," he barked, and turned on his heel, clearly expecting Draco to follow him. Draco looked regretfully at Harry.

"I won't be a minute," he said, released Harry from his arms, and took off after his furious friend.

They really should have known better, Harry mused later that night, to expect anything other than that Harry would follow them. He'd spent a large portion of his adolescence following people around - including Draco himself - and he always did let his curiosity get the better of him. He let Draco and Blaise get a few people ahead, then quietly and discreetly tracked them to the corridor that led to the toilets, and hid around the corner from them.

"Are you denying they all believe Potter is my pure-blood date, Blaise?" Draco's voice rang out, and Harry felt a very uncomfortable flip in his stomach.

"Au contraire, mon ami," Blaise replied. "Everyone out there is quite convinced your tryst with Potter was genuine. But I'm just wondering if it counts, given that you cheated - your methods to win are questionable at best. What do you think you're doing, kissing him like that?"

"You are a bitter loser, Zabini," Draco retorted angrily. "The bet was I could train Potter and pass him off as my pure-blooded date this evening without anyone becoming suspicious. I've done that. I've not broken any rules. Do not try and wriggle out of this. A bet is a bet and I've clearly won."

Harry felt the bottom drop out of his stomach. To his horror he felt the corners of his eyes prickle. *That bastard.* This was all for a bet? For Draco to get one over on his friends? Harry had heard enough. He turned and walked back to the ball, willing those damn stupid tears to go away.

Part Four

Chapter Notes

This is the final installment. I hope you enjoyed the story! The slipper scene has been directly adapted from the play, and was written as a request from the prompter, Icicle33, who really wanted it included in the story.

Part Four of Four.

Was that all he was? A conquest? Something to parade in front of Draco's friends as a symbol of his own pig-headedness? Did Harry mean anything to Draco at all, or was that kiss just another way of making their date look real? *I really thought he meant it. I thought he genuinely liked me*, Harry thought, furious with himself when a tear leaked. He wiped it away impatiently. Their kiss had felt so real. *It's my own stupid fault for falling for a Slytherin. For Malfoy. I really thought he'd changed*, Harry thought to himself miserably, as he helped himself to a glass of wine from a tray being carried by a passing house-elf.

Just then Draco and Blaise returned, and Harry's stomach did that uncomfortable flippy thing again.

"Are you OK, James?" asked Draco as he placed a hand on Harry's arm. Harry forced a smile on his face.

"Yeah. Bit tired, that's all," he replied.

"You look really pale," Draco said, "are you sure you feel well? Do you want to go?"

Yes, Harry really suddenly wanted to get out of here. And he had an argument to have. He nodded. "I don't feel all that great to be honest," he replied truthfully.

"OK, we'll go," Draco said tenderly, making Harry want to punch him. "Did you still want to walk back? It's a lovely night."

"Walk! Not bloody likely. I'm going to Apparate," Harry said. Without saying goodbye to Draco's friends, he made his way to the Apparition point inside the ballroom, and turned on the spot, arriving in Diagon Alley, where he was joined a few seconds later by a confused-looking Draco.

They walked back to Draco's penthouse in silence. Draco unlocked the door and opened it wide for Harry to enter first. Harry entered the penthouse and automatically made his way to the living room. He bit his lip, knowing that after he'd had it out with Draco he'd never set foot in this place again. He stared out of the glass window; Diagon Alley was mainly empty now as it was a couple of minutes until midnight. There were a few people leaving

restaurants or the Leaky Cauldron and making their way home. Harry envied their care-free existence.

"Draco, I..." Harry began, but Draco cut him off.

"My feet hurt," Draco said. "All that dancing." He kicked off his dragon-hide boots. "What the devil have I done with my slippers?" He wasn't even paying attention to Harry, nor had he asked him how he was feeling now, confirming to Harry that Draco's performance earlier was fake. Harry snapped.

"*Accio slippers!*" he cried, and two black suede slippers slammed into his hand. Draco smiled at him and opened his hand out to receive them.

"Thanks..." he began, but Harry threw his weight behind his right forearm and hurtled one of the slippers straight into Draco's face, catching him on the sensitive cartilage of his nose with the hard sole. Draco's hands instantly cupped his nose, and Harry threw the second slipper full-force into Draco's groin, causing him to double over.

"Harry! What the fuck is wrong with you?!" Draco cried, in a combination of pain and anger.

"Wrong? Nothing's wrong!" Harry yelled. "I'm hunky-dory, thanks. Why wouldn't I be great? I've *won your bet* for you, haven't I? *I* don't matter, I suppose! Of course I don't - you've ignored me since we left the Ball! You're looking for *slippers*, for fuck's sake!"

If Harry had ever thought Draco had pale skin before, it was nothing compared to the colour he was now. Any trace of pink had drained almost instantaneously from his face at Harry's words, and his skin looked pallid. He stood, frozen, staring at Harry.

Fuck. That was the only word that would now come to the forefront of Draco's moronic brain. Harry must have overheard him and Blaise talking. *Fuck, fuck, fuck, fucking fuckity fuck.*

He wanted to apologise. He wanted to explain. He wanted to tell Harry that he desperately wanted him. He wanted to say anything except the ridiculous, "What did you throw those slippers at me for?" his stupid brain decided to come up with instead of any of those. Harry's eyes, a moment ago filled with fury and betrayal, widened in incredulity at Draco's stupid question.

"Because I wanted to smash your face. I'd like to hex you, you selfish bastard! I fell for you, Draco! You made me fall for you! You did it on purpose, didn't you? You completely and utterly used me. Well, I hope the bet was worth it. Congratulations." Harry's face, fully back to himself now the last dose of Polyjuice had worn off, was livid, and his green eyes, which just an hour ago had sparkled with lust, were now tainted with pain. Draco winced.

"Harry-"

Harry wouldn't stop, however.

"I sold you my services as a bodyguard. I didn't sell myself. Fucking hell, Draco! You had no right - no fucking right - to mess with my emotions like this!"

Draco tried again. "Harry-"

"You don't care. I know you don't care. I'm nothing to you, am I - not so much as them slippers!"

Draco looked at Harry's face, red from the shouting, looking as if he was about to cry, and decided that, when it came to Harry Potter, actions always spoke louder than words.

"It's *those* slippers, not 'them'! Have I taught you nothing, you blundering, moronic philistine?" he shouted, as he strode towards the enraged other man, grabbed his face in his hands, leant forwards, and kissed him furiously. Harry offered a few seconds' resistance before surrendering to the kiss, returning it in earnest.

The kiss was nothing like their earlier kisses, which had been soft, and sensual and romantic; this was a desperate need, and the kiss was clashing teeth and far too much saliva, and between two men each trying to consume the other. Draco tried to put all his unsaid emotions into the kiss, of his desire and need for Harry, how this wasn't just some stupid bet to massage his Slytherin pride. Eventually Harry broke the kiss, gasping for air.

"If this is you toying with me again, Draco, I swear to Merlin I will kill you," he said, breathing heavily. Draco shook his head and took Harry's hand in his own. He smirked slightly, then pressed Harry's hand flush against his crotch, where his erection was straining in his dress robes.

"For over a week this has not been about my bet with Blaise," he said, panting as Harry's fingers slid up and down over his rigid shaft. "You really have no idea of the effect you've had on me, do you, Harry?"

"Then tell me," Harry replied. His own voice was hoarse now, and his eyes had the sparkle of desire back in them. He increased the pressure on Draco's erection, running his fingers freely over the full length now.

"If you'd waited a few more seconds whilst eavesdropping, you'd have - oh *fuck* that's good - heard me tell Blaise to keep his money," Draco gasped. "And that although I'd won the bet, I didn't give a shit about it anymore, because something far better than money had come from it: you. I meant what I said earlier this evening, you know. We are still getting to know each other, but all I know is you drive me absolutely insane, and I think we could be absolutely spectacular together." Draco then gave up trying to be composed and let his head fall onto Harry's shoulder.

Harry's heart suddenly felt a million times lighter. Draco wasn't playing with him just to win some bet. It had all been genuine. Draco wanted him as much as he wanted Draco. Harry could have wept from relief.

"I won't be your dirty little secret," Harry said. "If we're doing this then I'm not going to Polyjuice into some random Muggle every time we go out in public together, pretending to be

your latest pure-blood conquest. You'll tell your friends who I am, OK?"

"Yes," Draco said, although it sounded more of a hiss at this point. Harry smiled against his forehead.

"Good. Now, Draco, we're going to start with the not hiding me thing." He stopped stroking Draco's cock, causing a string of protests to come from the blond. "Patience, Draco. You know I'm not going to leave you like that. I'll take care of you. But you have far too many clothes on right now." He began unbuttoning Draco's dress robes, letting the expensive silk fall to the ground. "Oh yes, everyone is going to know that you. Are. Mine." He leant forwards and pressed his mouth firmly against Draco's once more, and walked him backwards until Draco was pressed against the glass wall of the penthouse.

"Anyone who looks up will see us, Draco," Harry said softly, pausing only to suck a huge bruise onto Draco's neck, as the other man began to tremble with need. "They'll know exactly who we are. Harry Potter and Draco Malfoy, fucking. It would make the front page of the *Prophet*. Is that what you want?"

"Yes," Draco gasped, as Harry hooked his fingers into the fabric of Draco's underwear and dragged it down, leaving him completely naked. Harry was still fully clothed, a situation Draco didn't find entirely fair. The need to point this out, however, died the second Harry fell to his knees.

"Stunning," Harry said as he let his eyes fall over Draco's body. "Draco, you're perfect." And with that he leant forwards and took Draco into his mouth.

Harry didn't often give blowjobs - he hadn't been lying when he said he hated the taste of semen. But he just couldn't resist sucking Draco, and the reaction he was receiving was making it totally worth it. Draco had yelped, then melted into Harry's touch. His hands fisted Harry's hair desperately, and Harry could feel the effort Draco was making not to thrust into Harry's mouth vibrating through his shaking thighs, as his arse pressed flush against the window. He took Draco in as far as he could, and hollowed his cheeks as he thrust his mouth up and down Draco's rigid length, pausing to lick the head as if it were a delicious dessert. Draco's breathing became erratic and Harry felt Draco's cock twitch in his mouth; with a final lick to the most sensitive glans, he pulled off with a soft pop.

"Not yet," he rasped with his own arousal, as he stood up and once more began to kiss Draco, alternating between desperate, needy kisses and the soft, romantic caresses of earlier. "I want to be inside you when you come."

"Harry," Draco breathed, clearly incapable of more intelligent speech at that moment, "please."

"Merlin," Harry replied. "Draco, do you have the slightest clue how gorgeous you are?" He began to remove his own clothes. "Turn around."

It didn't even occur to Draco not to obey. He remembered one wanking session, a few days before the Ball, where he had imagined what type of shag Harry would be. It was to his utter delight it was Scenario Numéro Trois: the Harry that would pin him and claim him. Draco

was quite certain he'd never been so turned on in his life as he was at this moment, cheek pressed against the window whilst his cock smeared his natural lubricant across the glass. He could see Harry's reflection behind him; he was now naked too and looked as close to coming apart as Draco did without even being touched.

Harry was not normally so bossy when it came to sex. He was pretty easy-going, in all actuality, and more than happy to do what his partners wanted. But there was something about Draco, this whole situation, that just made him lose his inhibitions. He wanted Draco more than he'd ever wanted anybody else ever. His mouth was practically watering as he took in strong shoulders, toned arms braced against the glass, and a muscular back at the base of which was the prize - a perfectly round, toned arse in a most beautiful shade of porcelain that Harry had ever had the pleasure to feast his eyes upon.

"Oh my god," he whispered to himself, willing his over-excited body to calm down before he embarrassed himself completely. He reached down for his discarded clothes, fumbled in his trousers and retrieved his wand, then cast a few discreet Cleansing Charms over Draco. He then proceeded to kiss, lick and suck a trail from the nape of Draco's neck, all the way down to his tailbone, slowly and sensually, pausing every few seconds to suck a bruise onto the pale skin whilst Draco moaned in appreciation at every single action. The idea that someone from the street below could see them simply added to the thrill.

"Part your legs," Harry commanded, and Draco did just that. Harry spent a few seconds simply enjoying the feel of massaging Draco's buttocks in his hands, before he gently separated them and swiped the flesh within with his tongue.

This is it. This is how I'm going to die. Death from Potter; Draco thought to himself as the first tentative touch from Harry's tongue sent sparks flooding through him. He made a very needy noise, certainly not one becoming of a Malfoy, but he really couldn't care less at that particular moment. All that mattered in the world was that Harry Potter was giving him the rimming of his life. He arched back into Harry as he felt Harry's tongue push into him, gently loosening him from within. The urge to grab his own cock was almost overwhelming but he somehow managed to resist, knowing if he did so he'd come in seconds and it would be all over. He simply allowed himself to become lost in the feel of Harry's expert tongue swiping inside and around, effectively leaving Draco completely boneless. All too soon, however, Harry withdrew his tongue and rose to his feet, wand in hand. Draco didn't know if he was more disappointed at the loss of contact, or excited by what was to come.

"Turn back around," Harry said gently, and Draco did so. The expression on Harry's face caused Draco's breath to hitch; he was flushed, caked in sweat, and his pupils were dilated. Harry's mouth was open slightly and he too, was panting. Harry waved his wand and conjured a small tube of lubricant. He added a generous amount to one hand, then slipped it between Draco's legs, slipping two fingers inside and curling them immediately, finding Draco's prostate and causing him to shudder.

"Harry... Harry," Draco repeated, gasping now like a man starved of oxygen. He slammed his mouth against Harry's and was rewarded with a deep kiss, tongues entwined. Knowing where Harry's tongue had been just moments ago was surprisingly arousing. For the first time since Draco had been stripped, he reached down and began to stroke Harry, desperate to taste

him but knowing they'd never make it further than that if he did, and pushed down, impaling himself further on Harry's fingers at the same time. Harry let out a moan and Draco's need to have the other man inside him was impossible to ignore any further.

"Enough," he said, "Harry, please."

Harry stopped kissing his jawline and grinned. "Face the window again," he said, "it'll make the angle better for you."

Draco braced himself against the glass panes and bent forwards slightly. He heard Harry adding lubricant to himself, then felt him begin to push into his body.

"Oh my - holy fuck, Draco," Harry said as he pushed in slowly, "nngh."

He began to move. Draco stared at Harry's reflection in the glass, and Harry's gaze met his. Neither man broke eye contact. Harry thrust into Draco, turning Draco's legs to a pile of jelly, Harry's hands covering his own as he supported himself against the window. The whole of Diagon Alley could be staring up at this very moment for all Draco cared; all that mattered was Harry kept moving, kept brushing against his prostate and hurtling him towards climax. He was so close to coming, so unbelievably close.

Oh my god, Harry thought. It had never felt like this with any of the other men Harry had slept with. How he was still going, he had no idea. By rights he should have come well before now. He could tell that Draco was teetering on the brink; he took one of his hands away from Draco's and placed it over his cock. One, two, three hard strokes was all it took and Draco's entire body went rigid, clamping down tightly on Harry, and Draco was coming, sending reams of semen over his formerly pristine window. Harry followed seconds later with his own release, the force of his orgasm slamming into him as he came.

"Wow," was all he could say, as he withdrew from Draco's body. Draco turned his head, smirked, and ran his finger through the semen running down his left thigh. He brought the digit to his lips, then swirled his tongue around it, licking it clean. Harry gulped.

"Kinky," he drawled. Draco laughed.

"You've not seen anything yet, Potter." He bent down and picked up Harry's wand, and used it to clean himself up before putting it back on the floor. Harry gestured at the window.

"What about that?" he said. The glass pane was filthy; there was sweat, and fingerprints, pre-come and semen smeared all over it, in addition to large patches where the glass had been frosted through Draco's heavy breathing. Draco smirked.

"Leave it," he said. "looks better like that."

Harry suddenly felt awkward. Would Draco expect him to go now? Or spend the night? What was he supposed to say?

"I can practically hear your brain, such as it is, whirring," Draco teased. "And, no, I don't want you to bloody well go anywhere, OK?" He held out a hand to Harry. "C'mon. Bed."

"Bed," Harry agreed happily. He followed Draco into his bedroom which, like the rest of the penthouse was done in monochromatic colours and expertly furnished, and sank onto the bed. Part of his brain thought that it was probably against pure-blood culture to sit on a bed uninvited, but, he also reasoned, he had just fucked Draco up against his own glass wall, so etiquette was probably no longer a priority this evening. He climbed into the bed, still completely naked, and was relieved when Draco joined him.

The pair kissed for a while, before tiredness started to overcome them both.

"Does this mean I need to act like a stuck-up prissy pure-blood more often now?" Harry asked, good-naturedly. Draco chuckled sleepily.

"Harry, what you are to do without me, I cannot imagine," he replied, cuddling Harry closer to his body.

"Well, luckily for you," Harry said, "I'm not planning on being without you to find out."

"You overly sentimental Hufflepuff."

"Stuck up Slytherin."

"Troglodyte."

"Pretentious wanker."

Draco kissed him again. "Go to sleep, Harry," he said tenderly. Harry grinned. He pointed his wand at the lamps.

"Nox."

They were both asleep in seconds, snuggled tightly in one another's arms.

Finite

Hope you enjoyed this story! Massive thanks to the bottom!draco mods- icicle33 and appleling, for running an amazing fest over on LJ. And for anyone who's interested (and in the name of equality), the draco_tops_harry fest has just started posting its entries, too.

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