

Hiding In Plain Sight

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Rating: NC17/18

Summary: Harry and Draco had been in a relationship for years, but no one knows except them.

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A/N: Thanks go to Soph for the beta and to Aja for the whole fun idea. I'm afraid this ended up a little fluffier than I intended :)

At thirty five Draco Malfoy was a fine figure of a man and still every inch a Slytherin. Contrary to what everyone had thought Draco had not married as soon as the war ended, even though having ended up on the side of the Light he was a hero and the second most eligible bachelor in the country. Harry knew that the fact he was the second most eligible niggled Draco, but being the most eligible bachelor himself there was not a lot Harry could do about it. In his opinion it was actually more trouble than it was worth, as the gaggle of women refusing to let him mingle normally at the gathering illustrated perfectly.

The war had been over for seventeen years to the day, or rather Voldemort had been dead for seventeen years to the day after having been hit by three simultaneous Killing Curses from Harry, Draco and Snape, before transferring his soul into the last horcrux that Harry then proceeded to pulverise into a million tiny pieces, thus ending the Dark Lord once and for all. It had taken a while after that to mop up the stragglng Death Eaters and to clear up the details of how Draco and Snape were not the enemy, but the death of Voldemort had been the beginning of the end, hence the celebrations. Where as Muggles might have chosen 20 as a good year to celebrate, the Wizarding world had a thing for seventeen.

Where else could the annual party for the great and the good take place, but at Hogwarts, which was why Harry was backed up to the high table trying to pretend he was enjoying himself? Not a lot had changed about his attitude to fame since he was a boy, and quite frankly he hated gatherings of the sort he was currently enduring. The only benefits were that he could ogle Draco across the room and annoy Snape whenever their paths crossed, since both men were forced to show up at such things as well.

"What do you think, Harry?" those words dragged him back from doing his best to catch a glimpse of gorgeous arse in leather trousers.

He looked at the annoying woman who had decided to use his first name even though he didn't know her from Adam and realised he had no idea what she was talking about.

"So sorry," Harry said with his charming mask in place, "I was distracted for a moment. Something you said reminded me of Albus and I was thinking how much he would have loved these festivities."

The woman's eyes began to glisten suspiciously and Harry scored himself a point for tugging on heart strings. Bringing Albus Dumbledore into a conversation with

people, who had not actually known the man, never ceased to cause the same reaction and it was a bit of a competition among the ex-Order members to see when they could slip references into any conversation, there were bonus points for mentioning Snape in the same breath. It was also a very useful diversionary tactic.

"We were wondering what you thought about the latest softening of the laws against werewolves," the woman, who's name he couldn't remember for the life of him, said as she recovered herself. "It seems to me that if the Minister keeps up with all these changes it won't be safe for us to sleep in our beds anymore."

Harry knew his smile had just fixed in place and his eyes had probably gone the cold side of arctic. His publicist, Harvey, liked to leave Remus out of the press releases and articles about him, something which Harry lived with some of the time and demanded it be put right at others. Even when Remus was mentioned, the fact that he was a werewolf was nearly always left out, so people often forgot that Harry Potter's surrogate godfather was in fact a wolf every full moon.

The fact that Snape had helped refine the Wolfsbane potion so that werewolves that took it weren't even contagious any more was not exciting news to the majority of the population so very few realised it. Harry had many irons in the fire in bringing such information to the public eye, and had been one of the names behind the latest reforms to give werewolves back more of their basic freedoms, but no one other than those involved were privy to that information.

"It's how we treat werewolves that make them dangerous," Harry said, not bothering to keep his annoyance out of his voice. "We deny them decent jobs so they can't afford to buy Wolfsbane and then we cry foul because they become raging beasts. I am fully behind the Minister's reforms and have given my support to the Wolfsbane for All project. Not only does it allow a werewolf to remain sane at full moon, it renders their bite completely harmless as well."

He did not mention that he was the impetus behind the project and in the beginning had been the only wizard funding it. The idea was to subsidise or give the Wolfsbane potion free to all werewolves who wished to use it. With the new formula it made even more sense and Harry had gone to Snape with the idea as soon as he had heard. The program was in its infancy and would take time to set up, but he was discretely talking with several firms about sponsorship.

"Excuse me, but I see a friend I must talk to," Harry was not feeling very polite. "If you would like to actually understand more about werewolves rather than the scaremongering the Prophet seems to enjoy I would suggest you talk to him at some point as well. Remus has been a werewolf since before he was at Hogwarts."

And with that Harry stepped towards where he could see Remus standing alone by the drinks table and the sea of his admirers parted like a curtain. No one argued with Harry when he was annoyed, not even the top Aurors from the Ministry were that brave. Remus looked rather surprised to see Harry walking towards him, and Harry realised he was glaring when Remus raised an eyebrow at him, but he didn't seem to be able to stop just at that moment.

"Not enjoying the party?" Remus asked with his usual quiet tone as Harry picked himself up another drink.

"Well I was tolerating it," Harry replied before downing the entire glass of wine in one swig, "and then someone mentioned the new werewolf bill."

"Oh," Remus said in a fair impression of sage-like wisdom, "not in favour I take it?"

Picking up another glass Harry turned to look at his friend properly and sighed in exasperation.

"I don't really think any of them had a real opinion," he said, annoyed that people still chose to believe what they were told and not think for themselves, "they were just spouting the rubbish from the Prophet. I was rather loud with my opinions."

"Which no doubt Harvey will make sure do not appear in tomorrow's edition," Remus observed with just a touch of bitterness in his tone.

Harvey had only been working for Harry for six months since his last publicist moved to France to settle down and raise chickens (it seemed working for Harry Potter was a stressful job) and the wizard was not making friends.

"I'm this close to firing him," Harry replied and indicated about half an inch with his thumb and finger, "but he's bloody good at handling the she-dragon that is Rita Skeeta. I think I may just have words with him ... again."

However much Harry hated the limelight, he knew he had no choice about it any more and he needed someone to control it for him. Finding a normal job and settling into obscurity was impossible for him as he had found out when he had tried after the war. Even playing Quidditch had been a nightmare because no one was interested in his playing, just him and he had quit after a month. So these days he was a professional celebrity and he did his best to use his fame well without becoming a politician.

He turned his back on the rest of the room trying to ignore the whole game for a while and he felt a familiar presence just behind him. Turning he was not surprised to find Draco standing there with his hands on his hips. Looking at him then Harry wondered how the rest of the world had not figured out Draco was gay; the Slytherin really could strike a pose when he wanted to.

"Ditched the fanclub then, Potter?" Draco asked with his usual smirk, and Harry knew every eye in the room was probably on them.

When Draco Malfoy and Harry Potter met in public there was usually something news worthy about it, and Harry had no doubt they were being watched from every angle.

"They're people, Malfoy," Harry replied, playing his role as dutiful Gryffindor even though he would have happily strangled most of 'his fanclub', "not a club."

That earned him a knowing laugh; Draco was enjoying this far too much. In private they could be themselves, in public it was all the act of reluctant allies. The Prophet was forever speculating on when they would finally duel it out, which amused Harry since it was so very far from the truth. Now he and Snape might end up on the end of wands one day, just to prove a point, but not Draco and him.

"Did you want something in particular?" Harry asked, as if disinterested while taking a good look at Draco's outfit.

Everything Muggle was in just at the moment, and most of the younger wizards and witches had worn full robes to the ceremony that morning, but had then taken them off in favour of the Muggle clothes they had underneath. Draco had of course taken to the new fashion in a spectacular manner and made it his own by giving his outfit a very old fashioned feel. Harry would have drooled at the whole swashbuckling theme Draco had going on if there had not been so many eyes on them.

"A donation," Draco said, as if it was nothing but a trifle, "for that charity you're setting up, the Wolfsbane thing. Personally I'd rather have safe werewolves running around than wild ones."

Remus and Draco were pretty good friends, but the look the Slytherin sent the werewolf then would never have given any indication of the sort. Draco played a role for the purebloods, just as Harry played a role for the rest and they were very good actors by now. Harry was, however, surprised at this public display of generosity, even though Draco was backing it up with Slytherin logic; Draco was firmly behind the project, but there had been no plans to go public with that for some time yet. It seemed Draco had changed his mind for some reason and when the Slytherin held out a wizard's cheque Harry did not have to pretend to be taken aback.

"Thank you," he said, not quite sure how to handle the situation, "that's very generous."

As it was, Draco's donation had six figures.

"Not at all, Potter," the Slytherin said and turned away, "for once I think you might actually have had a decent idea in your head. That's two miracles in one lifetime so I'd lay off for a while if I were you."

And with that passing insult Draco was gone back to his pureblood companions. Harry looked at the cheque stupidly for a moment wondering what was really going on. Draco never did anything without a good reason and so there had to be a plot in there somewhere. It was as he was about to slip the cheque into his pocket that it happened; the normal looking slip with Draco's elegant handwriting on it changed. One moment it was just an average cheque and the next the background became two male Quidditch players with little more than their pads on, engaged in a sexual act that was only just anatomically possible. Writing also appeared along the bottom of the paper and Harry almost dropped it.

"I promise to shag you in the Quidditch shed," was emblazoned in clear gold lettering and there was a hand written note underneath: "meet me in ten minutes, Draco P.S. Only you can see the naughty bits."

Harry thrust the cheque into his pocket anyway; there were just some things a chap couldn't look at in public without embarrassing himself.

"You okay, Harry?" Remus asked, and Harry had to wonder what he looked like, because his friend appeared a little worried.

Draco was possibly the only person alive who could turn him into a gibbering wreck, and the Slytherin did it so easily it was silly. Of course it would have been far easier on Harry had they been able to tell everyone that they were lovers and had been for four and a half years, but so far they had kept that completely secret.

"I'm fine," Harry said, trying to reign in his raging hormones, "thanks. I just need some air."

And with that he disappeared; a luxury Hogwarts afforded him and no other since the night Voldemort died. No one knew why Hogwarts allowed him to Apparate within the wards, but when he had been badly injured on the battlefield the castle had let him Apparate to the hospital wing and had never taken back the privilege. He did not use the ability often because it tended to cause a scene, but he really did need the air and walking out would have meant having to ditch his unwanted entourage.

It was a beautiful late summer day and he had aimed to appear on the far side of the Quidditch pitch from the shed. He needed the distance to walk off some of the nervous excitement or he was sure he'd rip Draco's clothes off him the moment he turned up. Taking his time he meandered across the pitch letting his mind wander around good memories of games when he was at school until he saw a figure walking down from the castle. Even at a distance the shock of silver hair was a dead giveaway and Harry set his pace to meet Draco at the shed.

To his surprise he found himself pushed up against the side of the shed and thoroughly kissed. Draco tasted of champagne and chocolate, which was not overly surprising since both had been on offer at the party and were the Slytherin's favourites. Harry had found on more than one occasion that chocolate would get him all sorts of nice things when presented to Draco as a present; champagne not so much since Draco's cellar was simply better than anything Harry could buy.

"Merlin I've wanted to do that all bloody day," were Draco's first words as the Slytherin pulled back.

"All you had to do was let me know," Harry replied with a grin, "I'm always ready, willing and able for you."

"Yes well leaving any earlier would have attracted too much attention," Draco replied, pointing his wand at the shed door and casting a silent opening charm. "People tend to notice when one of their key note speakers vanishes before the speeches."

"I'd love it if they forgot to ask me one year," Harry promised as Draco backed him into the shed, "but they seem to think I'm important. That year I managed to palm it off on Snape didn't go too well. At least this year we got a party as well."

"But they took you away from me for a whole week, Harry," Draco said, kicking the door shut and casting locking and silencing charms over the dimly lit shed. "That's seven days where you didn't step out of the fire place annoyed at some stupid politician; one hundred and sixty eight hours that I couldn't push you down on to the chaise," Harry swallowed as Draco advanced on him with a predatory gleam in his grey eyes; "ten thousand and eighty minutes when I was prevented from divesting you of stifling robes; and six hundred and four thousand and eight hundred seconds when I wasn't allowed to drag my tongue all over your irresistible body."

Just the expression on his lover's face made Harry hard and when Draco backed him up into the stacks of practice ball boxes and placed one possessive hand on his chest, he almost moaned. Draco in this type of mood was like the most incredible lust potion ever invented as far as Harry was concerned. The fact that

he felt more loved and at peace in Draco's arms than any where else did nothing to dim the pleasure he took from his lover touching him.

"Think how bad it was for me then," Harry countered as he managed to put some semblance of thought together, "I was with those annoying politicians, or hiding in a hotel room with paper thin walls trying to come up with a new way to say 'thank you for loving me for polishing off Voldemort, but I really didn't do it alone'. If it hadn't been for the mental image of you in nothing but those pink panties that you left me with as you sent me off on this stupid tour I would have died of sexual frustration."

"Your hand been getting a workout, Potter?" Draco asked with a cheeky smile.

"Well I couldn't exactly pack the toys now could I," Harry replied, running a finger down the back of Draco's hand as he spoke. "Remember when that ridiculous woman stole my luggage? Imagine the headlines if they found a plug and a dildo along with my smalls."

"They might recognise you for the sex fiend you really are," Draco replied and took the last step so they were almost nose to nose.

Harry would have laughed if most of his attention hadn't been taken up with gazing at Draco's moist, inviting lips. He was going to lean forward and claim them when Draco dipped his head while undoing Harry's top button and placed those delicious lips on the revealed skin. This time Harry did not try and stop the moan of pleasure that rose from deep in his chest.

Even their friends did not know they were a couple. People like Remus, Hermione, Ron, Pansy and Greg knew the animosity between them in public was an act and they were friends, but no one knew how close they really were. Technically Harry lived in a large isolated farm house with more wards than Hogwarts, in the wilds of Scotland and Draco lived in Malfoy Manor, but most of the time, in private, they could be found together.

Just lately Harry could usually be found living at the Manor, but before that they had retreated to his farm house for a few months. It all depended on who was doing what, and before the 'Peace tour', as the Ministry liked to call it, they had both been busy in London. Apparating long distances every day was tiring even for wizards as strong as Harry and Draco so the Manor was easier. When Harry had been a guest Professor at Hogwarts for a while the farm had been their residence of choice.

"I'm," Draco released another button and placed another kiss on Harry's chest, "going," another button, another kiss, "to," the same again, "drive," he only had two buttons to go after that, "you," Harry did not resist as his shirt was pulled out of his trousers and the ritual continues, "insane," and the final button was undone.

Harry could well believe Draco was not joking either as his lover placed a kiss just above his waist band. Placing his hands on the boxes behind him he braced himself and just let Draco play. As his lover worked his way back up there was definitely tongue involved and Harry put his head back and closed his eyes, especially when Draco reached nipple height. There were reasons they used silencing charms when there was the danger of someone hearing and one of them was just how loud Harry could be. When Draco touched him his inhibitions vanished and one time they had been interrupted by a house elf that had been

convinced someone was being murdered. Now he moaned and demonstrated just how much he was enjoying what Draco was doing.

When Draco bit him quite hard he almost howled and he did buck against his lover which only made him moan louder as his erection pressed against Draco's hip. The leather of his lover's trousers did nothing to hide the bulge that pressed against his leg in return either. Draco was in as desperate need as he was, but the Slytherin had always had better control of himself in these situations, and Harry knew he was going to pay for being away so long.

A quick spell and Harry's black trousers were in Draco's hand, at which time a gleam appeared in the Slytherin's eye and he tossed the designer garment over his shoulder like so much rubbish. Less than warm air on his legs with nothing more than a pair of white boxers between his nether regions and the world was a little bit of a shock to Harry, but he quickly forgot about it when Draco ran a finger along the inside of the top of his underwear.

"I want a padded cell with pink walls," Harry said as Draco made good on his promise. "If I'm going to be mad then I want to make it very clear that it was rampant gay sex that put me there."

"I think that can be arranged," Draco said, slowly sinking to his knees in front of Harry.

There was no doubt in Harry's mind what was coming next and he bit his lip in anticipation. Draco had a very talented mouth as he had already shown and if where his eyes were riveted was anything to go by, the Slytherin had his sights set on another prize. Harry heard the same spell that had relieved him of his trousers muttered again and he felt himself fall free of any confines. Where his boxers ended up he had no idea, he was too intent on Draco to worry about that.

"Oh god," he said as his lover ran one finger along his length.

There was torture and then there was Draco when he wanted to punish him, and Harry had no doubt he would be doing exactly what Draco wanted, when the Slytherin wanted, before this was over.

When Draco's lips closed around the tip of his erection and a delicate tongue slid down over the head, Harry's knees almost gave way. As far as his libido was concerned it had been far too long since Draco's mouth had been where it was now and he felt all the tension of the last few days draining out of him. Nothing stressed him like a speech tour, especially when it was arranged by the Ministry, but it had been for the special anniversary so he hadn't been able to say no. When he did publicity tours normally he made sure to build in contingency time so that he could do his own thing, which these days usually consisted of going to see Draco.

The moan that passed his lips now was not as loud as before, but it was definitely more heartfelt. Nothing turned him to jelly like Draco's mouth, well except possibly his lover's arse, but that thought almost ended everything before it had begun by tipping him over the edge so he forced his mind onto slightly more mundane things. At that moment the more mundane meant focusing on Draco's beautiful hair and not on the sinful mouth slowly enveloping his cock.

Contrary to popular opinion, Harry was not, nor ever had been one to sleep around; he could count his sum total of lovers on one hand and they consisted of Ginny, who had decided they were better friends than lovers; Charlie, who had

been more relief during the stress of the war than a steady relationship; Jennifer, a team mate during his very short Quidditch career and hence it had been a very short relationship as well, and Draco. Draco was undoubtedly the most skilled, although Harry would never tell Charlie that.

Listing his other lovers was not something that helped his libido at all and he gave up and concentrated on just enjoying what Draco was doing, as his lover moved over his cock, almost worshipping it and Harry just did his best to stay vertical. The way Draco played him was mind blowing and infuriating since Draco would bring him to the edge and then apply just the right amount of pressure to mean that he didn't come. Torture a la Draco had so many pros and cons.

"Enough," much to his chagrin, he finally whimpered. "If you keep going nothing is going to stop me exploding."

Draco looked up at him through long lashes and gave him a wicked smile before darting his tongue out one more time and lapping at the head of his erection. Harry almost lost it; it was so close that for a moment he thought he would lose control. The sight of the pink tongue on his cock was nearly too much, but with a little help from Draco's fingers behind his balls and a will developed fighting Voldemort he held on. Even so Draco had the gall to laugh at him as the Slytherin climbed to his feet.

"Bastard," was about all Harry could manage in response.

For a few moments all he could think about was dragging his thoughts back into order and fighting off the overwhelming need to reach for his cock and finish this. When he finally looked up, Draco was standing there with his hands on his hips, smirking like a true child of Slytherin.

"Undress me," Draco said as soon as Harry was paying attention.

That was an order Harry did not need to hear twice and he was in no mood to patiently remove Draco's clothes, so he didn't. Pulling out his wand, which was still in the wrist holster he habitually wore, he cast the same charm Draco had used three times until he had a handful of clothes which he casually threw over his shoulder in an imitation of his lover's earlier antics. Draco actually looked a little shocked.

"Well that wasn't quite what I had in mind," the Slytherin said as he looked down at himself, "but it'll do."

It was Harry's turn to grin as he pushed himself away from the boxes. He was quite pleased that his legs only wobbled for a moment.

"Top or bottom?" he asked since they played by the rules that he who initiated the encounter was allowed to choose.

Harry knew what he hoped for, but their rule had served them well for years so he wasn't going to break it now.

"You think I went to all the trouble of making you so hard you can barely walk just to waste it?" was Draco's light reply. "Come, Harry, you know me better than that."

Which was just the answer he had been hoping for so he moved in on his catch; they were both alpha personalities, which made it rather extraordinary that their

relationship worked so well, and now it was time for Harry to take over. Or at least take over as much as either of them ever did when they weren't playing sub/Dom games.

"Did you bring supplies or shall I use spells?" Harry asked as he ran his eyes all over his perfect lover.

Draco was every bit as deserving of adoration for just his body as Harry was for finishing off Voldemort as far as Harry was concerned. Malfoys had to be perfect in every way and Draco was definitely that from the finely crafted abs, through the firm arse and sculptured thighs, right up to his white teeth. Harry had explored every inch of his lover at one time or another and in his opinion Draco was the definition of an Adonis; not that he was biased at all of course.

"Do you really have the patience for slow?" Draco asked with a lightly teasing tone, and wiggled his arse to make sure Harry was in melt down again.

It took Harry ten seconds to cast all the preparatory spells required between consenting males and then he threw his wand over his shoulder and closed the remaining distance between them. He pushed his lover into the pile of Quidditch pads behind him and unceremoniously picked Draco up under each knee. Draco needed little urging and legs wound around his waist as hands snaked over his shoulders and then Harry pushed into Draco in one easy stroke. This time they both moaned.

"I always knew there was a reason I loved you," Draco said breathlessly as they paused, locked together as completely as they could be.

"And there I thought it was my personality," Harry joked back, not able to move just yet without being a little premature.

Draco laughed which made them both groan again as shock waves ran through them both, although it made Harry feel warm inside that Draco could speak so freely of love. Once upon a time they had made love almost silently, seemingly afraid of what might be said, but not any more. These days sometimes it was hard to shut Draco up.

"If it was just your personality I wouldn't have given you the cheque," Draco all but purred as Harry held him.

The cheque had almost gone from Harry's mind completely since Draco often had that effect on him, and it only now occurred to him that this wasn't quite what was put on offer.

"I thought you promised to shag me in the Quidditch shed," he pointed out, feeling rather superior to have remembered.

"So I lied," Draco replied, "a little, now shut up and move."

Leaning forward, Harry placed a kiss on the end of his lover's nose and then in the same moment he pulled back before pushing into Draco again. The little whine that came from the back of Draco's throat was a good indication that he had hit the sweet spot; now he was in control and he set about enjoying ever second.

If Harry was loud, Draco was vocal but refined when being pushed towards the edge. The noises that Draco made as Harry slowly but surely shagged him were

breathy and far more elegant than what usually came out of Harry's mouth and Harry loved that they were just for him. Draco was everything a pureblood should be, even in the heat of passion and Harry loved him for it.

They moved together as if made for each other and Harry was very careful until he knew he couldn't take much more. As his movements became more erratic he realised he would not last and he did not want to come before Draco.

"Touch yourself," he said as he eased his rhythm as much as he could, wanting to keep going until he felt the wonderful, uncontrolled muscle spasms from his lover that would signify he had done what he set out to do.

Draco did not even argue, which said a lot for how far gone he was because the Slytherin made it a habit to not take any orders without at least a quip or two. Draco's hand slipped between them and the Slytherin lost all ability to make vocal noises which meant Draco was very close and Harry upped the paced accordingly. When his lover's head went back and Draco's back arched Harry knew it was almost over and with one more thrust Draco shuddered and clenched around him.

Just for a few moments Harry managed to hold himself back so that he could watch his lover writhing in silent ecstasy and then his senses exploded with sensation as his orgasm took away all thought. This is what he loved the most; the moment when neither of them had control and there were no pretences at all. In this time they were just Harry and Draco, mortal men caught in the sublime bliss of orgasm and it was wonderful.

Harry leant his head against Draco's shoulder and just hung on. His time with his lover was always precious and he did not want this to be over. Ever practical Draco would insist they clean up and get back to the gathering once they parted, so Harry did not back away and kept his softening body buried in Draco.

Neither of them spoke for a long time and Harry basked in the afterglow even as he tried to push all other thoughts from his mind. It felt too good to let it be corrupted by ideas of the outside and he doggedly held to the perfect moment.

"You don't want to go back," Draco observed eventually, but did not try and break the embrace.

"I can't take the lies like I used to," Harry admitted, knowing that he sounded weary. "Once upon a time it was a game, but I think I finally grew out of it."

His lover did not reply to that one, but gentle fingers ran through his hair at the back of his neck.

"Me too," Draco said eventually, much to Harry's surprise.

Now Harry did pull back, with his upper body at least and he looked his lover in the eyes. Draco was perfectly sincere, even with his hair mussed and his eyes still dilated with arousal, and it made Harry's heart beat just that little bit faster. This conversation had come up before, from both sides, but each time the other had had a reason for them to go on with the hiding. For a moment Harry let himself think the unthinkable and it must have shown on his face because Draco smiled and shook his head.

"It's a wonder we kept it a secret this long," the Slytherin said with a laugh, "everything you think goes straight across your face."

"Only for you, Draco," Harry said with a smile of his own, "only for you."

That comment his lover deemed worthy of a kiss.

"As much as I love you up my arse, Harry," Draco said as Harry just looked at him for a while, "these pads are not that comfortable after the heat of passion; if you would be so good."

Reluctantly Harry slowly pulled out and was gratified by the moan this drew from his lover. A wandless cleaning charm was child's play and after he waved his hand over Draco and then himself they were once again spotless.

"So how are we going to do this?" Harry asked as he reached for his underwear where it had ended up hanging on one of the school brooms.

He was about to pull them on when he felt Draco push against his back so that they were once again flesh to flesh, although not flesh in flesh. There was tension in Draco, Harry recognised it instantly and he could not for the life of him figure out what could be the matter. It was possible Draco had suddenly changed his mind, but for some reason Harry didn't think that was it.

"Malfoy's never do anything by halves," Draco whispered in his ear, and the nervous energy running through the Slytherin's voice was obvious, "so it'll have to be big and flashy."

It was almost as if Draco lost his nerve then as Harry heard his lover breathing deeply as if bolstering his courage. There was something big coming and Harry did not believe it was anything like walking into the great hall semi-naked, arm in arm.

"How do you feel about marrying me?"

Harry's world narrowed down to those simple words and as far as he was concerned the rest of the universe stopped. It was like he couldn't breathe, but he discovered a new way of going on anyway. He had spent his entire life adored by people he didn't know, but this was what he had been waiting for. Those were words just for him, not made out of some misplaced adoration but rather love and he felt as if his heart might burst.

"Harry?" Draco sounded worried and Harry realised he had been standing stock still for almost a minute.

His lover's voice broke him out of his reverie and he turned in the embrace so that he could look Draco in the eyes.

"I can't think of anything I'd rather do," he said, and had to sit on the bizarre urge to cry.

Harry hadn't cried since Dumbledore's funeral and he wasn't about to start now. The smile which lit up Draco's face was quite honestly breathtaking and with a flourish the Slytherin produced a small black box.

"Harry Potter," Draco said, with such reverence in his voice that Harry did not find it remotely strange, "would you do me the honour of becoming my husband?"

"Draco Malfoy," Harry replied, feeling the need to reply in kind, "it would give me the greatest pleasure to do so if you will consent to be mine as well."

There was a gentle shift of magic in the room and Harry had the feeling he had agreed to something a little more binding than a Muggle engagement, but he really didn't care. When Draco opened the box he could feel the magic even more and he was amazed to see an engraved gold ring with the largest ruby he had ever seen mounted in it.

"I Draco Lucius Malfoy," the Slytherin spoke calmly and slowly as he pulled the ring out of the box, "hereby pledge myself to Harry James Potter in that I will marry him within a year and a day."

Harry felt Draco's love as if it was a tangible thing as he let his lover slip the ring onto his finger. The moment it was in place he felt the need to reciprocate, but he had no ornate family heirlooms in his possession just at that moment and for a second didn't know what to do. Then he pulled off the Quidditch team ring he wore as a memory of his short stint as a professional player.

"I Harry James Potter," he said, trying to sound as collected as Draco had, "hereby pledge myself to Draco Lucius Malfoy in that I will marry him within a year and a day."

Magic settled around them like a cloak and Harry found himself wanting to whoop with joy like a Hufflepuff after his first kiss.

"I'll get you a proper one as soon as I can get to Gringotts," he promised, leaning into Draco until their foreheads touched.

"As long as it comes from you, Harry," Draco said with a small smile, "I will treasure it."

That made Harry beam with complete happiness and he could have stayed as they were forever. As it was they were still mostly naked and there was a breeze blowing through the flimsy wooden walls of the shed that was rather nippy. No matter how blissful his feeling, Harry could not help thinking that putting his clothes back on would be a good idea.

"Let's get dressed," he said with a mischievous grin, "and then we can shock the pants off those idiots up at the castle."

"I like the way you think, Mr soon to be Malfoy-Potter," Draco replied and Harry had to fight down the urge to look like a love sick buffoon again. "You have no idea how long I've wanted to do this."

"I can guess," Harry replied as he went back to his boxers and looked around for his trousers.

It was as he was pulling them on that he realised something and looked over to where his fiancé (that thought stalled him for a few moments) was searching for his shirt.

"How long have you been carrying that ring around?" he asked, knowing that it had to have been somewhere accessible for Draco to have summoned it so easily.

Draco actually blushed at that and Harry could not help smiling.

"Um," Draco was very rarely lost for words, but he seemed to be struggling now, "about a year."

The fact that Draco had been thinking of something like this for almost twelve months filled Harry with such a warm fuzzy feeling that, this time, he did smile stupidly at the Slytherin.

"Really?" he asked.

"Yes, really, you great Gryffindor dolt," Draco replied, but did manage a smile of his own. "There's just never been the right time."

Harry didn't comment that after sex in the Hogwarts Quidditch shed was rather an odd time as well, but he could not help thinking it. Not that he was complaining; he'd never complain about this.

"I'm glad you asked," he said with complete sincerity.

Draco gave him one of his rare, genuine smiles before turning back to the task of dressing.

The End