

Obsession and Consequence

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Pairing: Draco/Harry (unrequited)

Rating: NC17/18

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Summary: Draco is obsessed and indulges in a round of self stimulation as a result.

Author's Notes: Thanks to Soph for giving it the once over. This is in reply to the masturbation challenge over at the covenites LJ.

This was just plain wrong; Draco knew that from the very depths of his soul, but he still could not stop himself doing it. It was not the act that bothered him, well not most of it; he was a teenage boy with hormones and no outlet for them at school if he didn't want Snape skinning him alive; no it was why he was doing it that bothered him.

He ran his fingers up the underside of his already hard erection, allowing the shots of pleasure to radiate from the point of contact as he looked down at himself and knew that he was lost.

It had been two months since the day he had lost his mind, two months, seven hours and twenty eight minutes. He knew to the exact moment because everything had slowed down and there had been a large clock on the wall of the Quidditch changing rooms which had told him the precise time.

He had been hard for at least ten minutes now, fighting with himself to ignore how his body was betraying him, but he had known that he would end up doing this. He always gave in. He even prepared for these moments carefully, sneaking things to the secret compartment in the head of his bed for times just like this; things like the enchanted candle that hovered above him allowing him to see and the small mirror that stood between his legs, charmed so that it remained angled where he could see everything he was doing while reclining. His curtains were closed and no one would dare interrupt him even if the crude silencing spells failed for some reason.

He had been angry that day, furious that Gryffindor had beaten Slytherin because Potter made it to the Snitch first. Potter always made it to the Snitch first, every time, and it made Draco furious. The Golden boy had to be cheating, there was no other explanation; after a year of not being allowed to fly there was no other way Potter could still have been so good. A couple of months practice couldn't bring you back up to speed after so long not playing; it just was not possible.

The tip of his erection glistened with clear liquid and he stroked it slowly, spreading the fluid down over the v of the head, feeling his finger trace a path over the sensitive nerve endings.

Furious beyond the capability to think properly, Draco had hexed his fellow team mates as they tried to hold him down for his own sake and prevent him doing anything stupid, and had then stalked towards the Gryffindor locker rooms. What

he had intended on doing when he got there he didn't really remember, but he was sure it involved blasting Potter into the middle of the following week.

His cock twitched at the very remembrance of the anger he had been feeling and he slid his hand down over his balls until he was touching the sensitive skin behind them. Looking down at himself, pyjama bottoms discarded to one side, legs spread, almost displayed on the bed, he knew he was going to do this; knew that he was going to take it one step further this time.

He had burst into the changing room intent on doing harm and had come to a complete stop. His team mates had obviously managed to delay him for longer than he had thought because most of the Gryffindor team had gone, only one remained: Potter.

Draco knew he was obsessive, it was a flaw in his character how focused he could become, and one he had yet to rectify, but there was a line he had not yet crossed. Reaching to the side he picked up the small object he had risked being expelled to buy, the little device he had Apparated from Hogsmeade to Knockturn alley to purchase, which was the seal of his doom.

The Boy Who Lived had been standing there, obviously just out of the shower, wearing nothing but a towel. Potter had been defenceless without glasses or wand and Draco had just stood there, staring.

It was about twelve centimetres long and about two and a half wide, tapering at one end into a rounded, angled point and as he looked at it he knew he was completely lost. If his father ever found out he had it his parent would probably laugh and congratulate Draco on not being afraid to enjoy new sensations, behind closed doors of course and so long as it went no further; Malfoys, after all, knew how to have fun and perversions were not a new thing to the family. If his father ever found out why he had it, his parent would kill him whether it would land him straight back in Azkaban or not.

Seeing semi-naked boys had not been a new thing for Draco, he showered with them all the time, but when he had seen the semi-naked Potter something had changed. Big green eyes had stared at him in shock from under that mop of unruly black hair and a connection had occurred in Draco's brain that he never would have dreamed of.

Whispering a spell he activated the sex toy and clear, slick lubricant flowed from the tip down over the first eight centimetres of its surface. The way it glistened in the light fascinated him for a while and then he finally moved the hand still resting lightly behind his balls further back until it slipped between the cheeks of his arse. One finger probed gently and he shifted on the bed to give himself better access until he could feel the finger tip at the entrance to his body. He looked in the mirror, but all he could see was the back of his hand.

Potter was not what he had expected at all. Underneath the loose robes Potter was no longer a skinny urchin, over the summer he had developed. At that moment Draco had remembered overhearing a conversation on the train, something about it looked like Potter's relatives had actually been feeding him this year. It had not occurred to him at the time to think much about it, but when he had seen Potter in the changing room he had been unable to ignore the difference in the Boy Who Lived.

Lowering the hand holding the toy to join the one exploring the cleft of his arse he used two fingers to spread the cheeks further. Now he could see where he had

been touching before. It was more awkward than he had anticipated, but he shifted again into a more comfortable position, then, watching everything he did he placed the slick toy at his entrance. For a moment he held it there, unmoving, the mere touch enough to make his cock twitch with anticipation, and slowly he applied gentle pressure.

Potter was sculptured, that was the only way Draco could describe it. He was still too thin, but his body was covered in muscle and the sight caused Draco's breath to catch in his throat. It had never, ever occurred to him that Potter was anything but an enemy to be despised, but seeing him there, half naked and vulnerable and yet still totally fearless had changed something inside Draco.

At first, even though it was slick against his skin, the toy met with strong resistance and did not move. Experimentally he changed the position of the head and consciously tried to relax more; the feeling was incredible. This time as he pushed a little harder his body opened to the intrusion and the tip slid inwards causing a slight complaint from the muscles. The pleasure of this strange new sensation far outweighed the momentary discomfort, but he paused anyway.

Staring at Potter across the empty locker room Draco had realised one thing: he found the Boy Who Lived attractive.

Growing in confidence he pushed a little more and the toy slipped fully inside. It felt incredible and he lay there for a moment, basking in the sensation of being breached. Slowly he pushed it in further angling it the way he had read in the book he had purchased along with the toy. He felt it brush against his prostate and he had to stop, gasping at the sensation.

They had stared at each other for a good few moments in complete silence.

"If you're going to hex me, Malfoy," Potter had said eventually as Draco's mind had reeled, "just get on and do it. I don't have time for your games."

The Golden Boy's tone was colder this year than it had ever been, and in his own confusion Draco had realised that it was not only Potter's body which had changed.

Feeling that he might come from just the contact with the toy up his arse and wanting this to last longer, he took his hands away and lay for a moment simply looking. The mirror showed him all there was to see and the toy was almost all the way in, poking from between the cheeks of his behind, taunting him with his own perversion. He tried to imagine the look on Potter's face if the Boy Who Lived ever saw him like this and his mind's eye conjured up everything from pity to desire.

Potter was no longer a child. It had been a stunning realisation that had removed all possible comebacks from Draco's mouth. His nemesis was only sixteen, but The Boy Who Lived was no longer a boy by any use of the description.

He trailed his hands up the inside of his thighs, over his buttocks, dancing either side of the toy, but not quite touching and up over his throbbing erection. Pleasure overcame any other thought in his brain and he moaned, watching the way his body moved of its own volition without his conscious consent. Finally he moved one hand to the base of his cock, stroking his fingers around his sensitive sack, and he placed the other over his hard shaft, taking the head between his thumb and forefinger.

No words had come to Draco as he stood staring at Potter totally unable to hide the stark realisation that had come to him. He had felt suddenly small and petty, a feeling he had never really experienced before. Standing there looking at the defenceless Golden Boy, Draco had felt infantile.

Moving his hand up and down slowly, he revelled in the reactions his body was having. He felt tingly all over and he held himself still for only a moment as his fingers worked. Gradually he found a rhythm that wasn't too fast and gave him time to enjoy the mental images he had of Potter. All the while he could feel the pressure building, feel his enjoyment increasing and slowly he began to move. With a little shift of his hips he felt the toy move and brush against his prostate bringing magical sensations with it. It was like nothing he had ever experienced and he combined the rocking with the movements of his hands, making his breath come in short, sharp gasps. This was everything he had dreamed, everything he had hoped as his body strove for climax and his mind gave him memory after memory of the Boy Who Lived.

Without saying a word Draco had turned and all but run from the changing room. The things he had felt; the things he had known as he was stared down by Harry Potter had been too much for him. He had only returned to Slytherin common room hours later, still in his Quidditch robes, and he had walked to his room, climbing onto his bed and shutting the curtains. That was when the fall from grace had really started.

It did not take long as the familiar sensation of fingers stroking his cock and the new and encompassing feeling of the toy slipped inside him, combined to push him towards his zenith and then throw him over the top. He came with a shout and spurted warm fluid all over his stomach, his arse clenching on the intrusion and causing even more incredible sensations to lance through his body. It was the most completely overwhelming experience that he had ever had and the whole time there was only one face in his mind's eye; one person his thoughts clung to: Potter.

The way Potter had looked at him over breakfast the next day had caused confusion in Draco. There had been a question hanging between them and he did not want to answer it. Their war had ended in the locker room and Draco had been avoiding the Boy Who Lived ever since. Sometimes when he saw him in his Quidditch robes he felt his cock stir, and sometimes all it took was a look before Draco found himself running for his room. That was just how it was.

He collapsed, panting quietly, turning away from the mirror as the tail end of his orgasm travelled through his body. Disgust with himself was his overriding emotion; that and fear, because there was something that Draco knew which chilled him to the bone. Lust he could deal with, he had been in lust before with many people, including that tall, long haired Weasley he had seen only once at the Quidditch World Cup. Lust was not the problem, because he knew himself well enough to know that what he felt for Potter was not it.

The End