It had started as an implied dare and maybe not even that.

"I'm sorry, mate, but after that fiasco at the Yule Ball…" Ron shrugged. "I just don't see it."

"Oh, you don't," Harry had said, biting back his anger.

It was stupid to be angry about something Ron was so right about. Or maybe that was the best reason ever.

"Harry," Ron had continued. "You're starting Auror training. You're the Boy Who Lived. What are you on about, stripping?"

And the way he'd said *stripping* -- like Harry had suggested they both eat some flobberworms.

"You've seen the lines out Parkinson's place on a Saturday night. Three blocks long," Harry found himself saying, staring down into his coffee mug like the remains of his ego might be lingering at the bottom somewhere.

"Operative words being 'Parkinson's place'. Come on, Harry. She was going to give you up to You Know Who!"

Harry let that slide. She'd done extensive community service, including outreach for those with PTSD from the war and other war-related injuries and illnesses, so Harry wasn't so quick to backtrack to their school days when they'd all been stupid and self-righteous. Instead he replied, "Do you know who else works there?"

"No, but I can guess from that look on your face. Merlin, Harry it's sixth year all over again. Let it be. The Wizengamot pardoned him, which is what *you* wanted. Let him peel his clothes off for every horny wizard down Knockturn. What do you care?"

Harry blinked.

"You've…you've been there, haven't you?" Ron cottoned on. "You've seen him," he gulped, "do it."

Harry raised his gaze back to Ron's, now defiant. "There's nothing wrong with it," he said. "I would have thought you of all people—" Harry stopped himself and ran a hand over his buoyant hair. "Look. Never mind. I mean, you're right. I can't bloody dance. I *can* bloody save people's lives. I'm just a little tired of it, that's all. I just, I don't know, thought my life might be my own now. Clearly I was wrong." He threw his napkin down on the table.

He knew he was being too hard on Ron. Ron's default setting was Scoff Now – Get on Board Later. Harry knew that. And he also knew that it was Ron's dream that they'd be Auror partners, and now with all this stripper bollocks Harry had mistakenly brought up…well, that would go right into the rubbish bin, now wouldn't it?

But Harry and Ron had a long history of playing chicken with their friendship. Being out of school and winning a war hadn't changed that. So Harry stood and glared at Ron with everything he had.

"It's not like I'm asking you to come with me. I just didn't expect to be laughed out of the restaurant."

"Do you see me laughing?" Ron replied bitterly.

"You don't think I can do it."

"No. I don't."

Harry threw three Sickles onto the table to cover his coffee and scone. "Well," he said. "Thanks so much for the support. And for the record, I don't give a fuck what you think." He turned around and left.

That had been seven months ago.

\*

The lights went all the way down, and the place was so quiet all Harry could hear was his own breathing, the squeak of his slippery hand as he adjusted it on the pole over his head. But then the throbbing bass began, the sultry guitar, and a single poignant light rose from the back of the room, spotlighting him in soft blues.

Shit, he was nervous. He didn't think he'd been so nervous for anything. Which couldn't have been true but bloody *felt* true at the moment.

Harry bent his knees, sliding his arse down the pole a bit, and then straightened back up, rolling his hips at the top. The roll went through his stomach and up his chest. Someone whistled. Harry's heart started beating hard and fast. He licked his lips and spun around until the pole was at his front. Then he wrapped a leg around it, slid his hand up it like it was a lover, lips close to the shining silver, before swinging around it and grasping it behind his head again, staring into the dark of the audience.

Which consisted of exactly eleven people, so far as Harry could tell. It was five o'clock, not even close to opening the club, and the eleven people watching him held it within their power to determine Harry's fate: to hire him or laugh him right out into the alley.

He listed them in his head as he danced in order to give his mind –which was experiencing quite a bout of fight-or-flight at the moment – something mundane to fixate on while he moved.

Parkinson, of course. Then Zabini, her right hand. Other than that, five people he had never met, plus Seamus Finnigan (who was a bouncer and held very little sway to Harry's knowledge, except if you counted the ability to make Harry extremely self-conscious), Millicent Bulstrode (bartender), Oliver Wood (their most veteran dancer), and, of all people, Luna Lovegood, who had thought it wise to invest half her Galleons into the club (and was now the wealthy thorn in every Pureblood wizard's snobbish side).

Harry slithered to the floor, onto his knees, and unbuttoned his shirt slowly. He was getting into it. He felt loose now that the music was thrumming through him. He remembered his pole-dance teacher's words: 'Take control of them. That's what they want.' Harry stared into the black, seeing only the flash of a quill as somebody wrote feverishly on parchment or the reflection of the light on a pair of glasses. But in his mind, he was captivating a full-house of wizards just dying to see his prick.

And it was at that moment that, from the door to the right of the stage, *he* sauntered out. He was in his street clothes, which made him look like a banker who'd stepped into the wrong establishment by mistake: dark fitted trousers, grey silk dress shirt, charcoal vest, no tie.

He walked into the room like he owned it, but when his eyes fell on the stage and he saw Harry there on his knees with his shirt open, hands ready at his trousers, he stopped.

It wasn't a long pause. Two seconds probably. But Harry had stopped, too, and for that moment it was as though Malfoy were swirling a Time Turner in his pocket.

Soon enough, Harry got his shit together and began unbuttoning and unzipping his trousers, jutting his hips forward as if his cock would be on offer. His eyes slid back to the darkness, but in his peripheral vision, Harry saw Malfoy walk over to the table where they were judging him.

Harry rose again and left off the trousers to yank his shirt off one shoulder, his hands roving over his own body as if he couldn't stand not to be touching himself.

Malfoy leaned down and whispered in Parkinson's ear. Harry could just barely see his blond head tilting.

He strutted back to the pole, and it was like a lifeline just then. As long as he had hold of it, he couldn't fall, right? That was Harry's logic at any rate. Because he'd seriously begun wondering if it might be possible to just fall the fuck over for no reason. Malfoy's tilting head had given him vertigo.

He swung, leg wound round the pole, and undulated against it like he was attempting to mate with the metal. He cast his gaze back out at his audience. Malfoy had perched on the edge of the table where they all sat. He'd crossed his arms over his chest. He dangled one leg, letting it swing a bit. Harry pressed his wholly unenthused cock to the pole, let his head drop back, and then whipped back upright, swinging again and piercing the dark with his gaze.

The moment of truth.

Harry walked to the edge of the stage, the guitars grinding harder in crescendo, and he slid to his knees once more. He reached into his pants, gyrating. He let his head drop back again, more out of a desire to not have to see anything like an appalled stare than out of actual arousal, as he did what he did next, which was push his pants down and palm his cock openly, moving his fist on it until it twitched and stiffened marginally in his hand.

There was another whistle. Harry felt sure it was Seamus and couldn't fight the raging blush that spread over his cheeks and down his neck.

Thank Merlin the song was ending, though, and Harry rode out the last strains before stuffing himself back into his knickers and awkwardly standing. He held a hand over his eyes to cut the glare from the spotlight and try to see Pansy and Blaise. And Malfoy.

There was a smattering of applause, but Harry had no hope of seeing from whom it came.

He saw ferocious scribbling by Zabini as Bulstrode and Luna strode off together toward the bar, Luna nodding as she walked.

Malfoy leaned down to whisper to Pansy one more time before standing, casting one last look at Harry, and then walking away toward the front door, opening it and throwing harsh daylight into the foyer for only a moment before disappearing and leaving Harry more blind than he was before.

"Thank you, Mr. Potter," Parkinson said as though they'd never known each other. "We'll be in touch very soon."

Harry left the stage in a stumbling fashion, trying to keep his trousers from coming off while shrugging his shirt back on.

He would have liked to be able to say, 'Take that, Ronald Weasley,' but unfortunately, Harry didn't feel confident in his performance in the least.

Feeling that Ron might have been righter than he'd ever before been and humiliated to boot, Harry finally found the side stairs and practically ran down them, hitting the backstage door and disappearing behind it with a fateful sigh, never intending to strip on a stage ever, ever again.

\*

He was halfway through eating a pot full of macaroni and cheese straight from the saucepan when the owl came.

At first he thought it was Hermione's. It had the same coloring as her barn owl, Cressida, and he thought maybe she was trying to get him and Ron talking again.

They'd met a few weeks after what Harry now referred to as Stripper Blow-Out 2001.

"He's very sorry, Harry."

"As shown by his complete lack of correspondence," he'd answered.

"He just wanted you to be an Auror, like him."

"He can still be an Auror," Harry had argued. "I'm not stopping him. Hell, tell him I'm sure he'd be better than me anyway. Tell him… Tell him I'm proud of him, okay?"

"Can't you tell him yourself?"

*Not when he's so ashamed of****me***, Harry had thought.

They'd ended lunch with an awkward hug and not owled very much since.

At first Harry was let down that the owl turned out not to be Hermione's after all. It was slightly bigger, and hers had a crooked beak.

But then his heart began to patter against his ribcage.

Harry put down the big wooden spoon, wiped his mouth, and opened his window. He took the letter and treated the owl, his stomach up in his gourd.

*Dear Mr Harry Potter,*

*We'd like to congratulate you on becoming the newest dancer at****Fiendfyre****! Please be at the club on August 27th for fittings and orientation at which point we will go over your schedule and duties as one of our elite dancers.*

*Thank you for your interest in****Fiendfyre****! We look forward to working with you!*

*Salutations,*

*Blaise Zabini*

"Oh my bloody God," Harry muttered to himself. He looked down only to spy a macaroni stuck to the front of his t-shirt by the copious cheese.

He laughed.

\*

It was his first day of rehearsal, and Harry felt like he'd swallowed a Snitch – and might just throw it up.

"Here," Bulstrode said to him, appearing at his elbow as though she'd Apparated there. Harry jumped, and she actually smiled at him. She held out a shot of firewhiskey. "Don't worry," she told him. "It's a *Fiendfyre* tradition."

"What, to vomit on stage?"

She laughed. "Only occasionally. Seriously, this will help." She nudged him.

He took the shot and downed it. "Thanks."

They stood together and watched Zabini talking closely with Parkinson in front of the stage. Other dancers, clearly used to everything, were stretching, their legs propped on the stage, bodies draped over them in jackknives that made Harry want to gulp. Still others were lounging at the tables and laughing together.

Harry felt like an outsider and tried to reassure himself that everyone had felt exactly as he did at one time or another.

He wished Hermione were with him. Her presence was usually calming, unless it was right before exams or something.

Ron would actually have been preferable. Harry took a deep breath.

Millicent was the one beside him, so she'd have to do, he decided. He just needed to talk to *someone*.

"So. How long have you worked here?"

"Just six months," she said. "I was tending bar at *Niffler's Knickers* before that."

"Why did you make the change?"

"Draco," she admitted easily.

Harry tensed for no good reason. He'd heard Malfoy's name plenty over the course of his life. It just never seemed to get any…less dramatic. "Oh?" he said stupidly.

"He knew I was having trouble making my rent, so…" She shrugged. "He was right. I make triple in tips what I made at the Knickers."

"Why do you think that is?" Harry found his eyes scanning the room again. He told himself it wasn't in search of Malfoy's prattish hair. But he knew that was a load of shit.

"Oh, the themes," Millicent said, as though he would know what on earth she was talking about. "Definitely that."

"Bulstrode!" Seamus called from the door suddenly. And before Harry could ask what she had meant, she was rolling her eyes at him -- as though they were already friends – and then stalking away with a loud, "What!"

Harry never found out 'what', and he never found out what 'themes' were, because at that moment, Malfoy came out of the back in a dressing gown that gaped open at the chest and revealed his long loose-fitting trousers as he walked.

And he walked right up to Harry, standing close so that they were shoulder to shoulder. Like they were waiting for the same Knight Bus or something.

"Potter," he said with some odd mixture of superiority and…affection? Maybe he had an affection for feeling superior to Harry. The bastard was untranslatable.

"Malfoy," Harry answered.

"I'd ask you what lured you to the wrong side of the tracks," Malfoy said, "but I feel sure you wouldn't tell me."

Harry fought the desire to fidget with the hem of his t-shirt or pick his nails or something. He said nothing.

"You were good, by the way," Malfoy said when Harry had been silent a good while.

"At what? Killing Voldemort, being a ponce, or my audition?"

Malfoy let out a soft chuff of a laugh. "All of it," he answered.

"Gee, thanks," Harry sighed, looking around the room to keep from checking him out. Not so much in a gay way -- although, hell, why not; Malfoy was beautiful and Harry was, indeed, gay – but just to figure out where the git was coming from, to ascertain who he'd turned into and how. It wouldn't do to appear so interested, Harry thought.

But he felt an undeniable thrill at the strange compliment.

"How does this usually go?" Harry asked him.

Malfoy shrugged. "Pansy and Blaise are disorganized for the first half hour and each blames the other," he explained amiably. "Then the director – that's Green there – splits us into pairs, groups, or solo acts, gives us a theme to work with, and we all work it out with loads of bitching."

"I see." So that was the thing with the themes.

"It's actually great fun."

"You're doing this for fun, are you?" Harry couldn't help but ask.

"No, Potter," Malfoy admitted. Then he looked him square in the eyes for the first time since they'd begun talking. "I suspect I'm doing it for the same reasons you are."

Parkinson clapped her hands loudly five times, and then her voice rang out through the club, breaking the eye contact Harry was sort of enjoying as Malfoy blinked away to look at her instead.

"We'll be starting in five m-- What?"

Zabini tugged on her elbow and then started whispering in her ear while she frowned.

Malfoy smirked. "See?"

For the first time, Harry wondered why Malfoy had chosen to stand next to him, was still standing next to him. He'd assumed, when Malfoy stopped at his side, that he was there to…well, to be mean. But he hadn't been. Not yet. He was just standing there, his shoulder nearly touching Harry's. He was just standing there talking to him, mooching about with him, when Harry felt sure he had other, better friends he could be chatting with.

He'd chosen Harry. For whatever barmy reason that Harry felt sure must be on some currently-veiled level self-serving, he'd chosen to rub shoulders with his old nemesis.

Maybe he was about to be hazed, Harry thought.

But then Parkinson was addressing the group again. Again with the hand clapping. She seemed to think they were first years in need of jarring noises to help them pay attention properly.

As if sensing his thoughts, Malfoy leaned in and whispered, "Don't worry. It's Green who'll actually run rehearsals."

He'd leaned in, his shoulder actually brushing Harry's, his lips scant inches from Harry's ear.

Harry didn't hear a word of what Parkinson had to say.

But then Green was dividing them up. "Wood, you're solo again with the broomstick. Baker, Simmons, and Al-Basri, you're doing that 'Jinx My Junk' number again, so that ought to be easy, yes?"

Harry snuck a look at Malfoy's sharp profile while the names were called. His jaw was working back and forth slightly in a possibly anxious gesture, though none of his other features betrayed such an emotion.

Harry looked around the room – at Bulstrode and Luna stocking the bar together, at a guy magicking a mop to go over the foyer floor – and he remembered the night he'd stopped into *Fiendfyre* all those months ago – how nervous he was, how titillated, how the music was just almost too loud and the lights almost too low. It was hard to believe he was here now – a dancer. He was a *dancer*.

He looked back at Malfoy, whose eyes had narrowed just slightly.

Harry remembered standing near the back, unwilling to take a seat up front and actually stuff the club's paper vouchers down the dancers' pants (or a real Galleon into their naked arsecheeks).

No, he'd just cowered at the back, watching. Watching, watching, watching and hard as a bloody boulder.

And that had been *before* Malfoy had come out onto the stage.

Harry could feel his face heat, remembering it: Malfoy's slow walk, the way he teased it until every wizard in the audience was ready to come from nothing, the way he looked at once accessible and removed. Harry had just leaned against the wall and forgotten how to breathe.

A little like now.

Until, "Malfoy and Potter! Your theme is 'enemies', and your first show will be Saturday night, so that gives you five days to figure something out, all right?" Green's attention moved on.

Harry gulped. He searched Malfoy's tight face. "I thought… I thought you always stripped solo."

"What gave you that idea, Potter?" he answered, not looking at him. "Because you saw me strip once?"

"You— You knew I was here?" Harry's whole chest went tight and hot in a flash.

Malfoy turned his head and looked at him with this condescending smirk that made Harry want to punch him in the smug jaw.

"Well, what was I supposed to think?"

"Seems like you thought you'd like to give a spin on the old pole a try yourself," Malfoy answered.

"So, what? We're," Harry swallowed, "paired?"

"It certainly seems that way, Potter. Couldn't you have guessed?"

"Why would I have guessed?" Heat crackled over his skin.

Malfoy scoffed. "I knew the moment I saw you up there."

Harry wasn't sure if he should take that as a compliment. It didn't sound like one this time.

"How could you have known then? They hadn't even hired me."

Now Malfoy rolled his eyes. "As if they weren't falling all over themselves to hire the Saviour of the World. Potter, please."

Harry just blinked, but Malfoy went on. "Plus, the fact that you even got a little hard during your audition whilst you were clearly also terrified… You know we use potions for that, right?"

His face blushed hot, and Harry had to look away. He had, very obviously *not* known that, thank you very much.

"Well, you're just a fount of information, aren't you?" Harry clipped.

"Yes, actually. And if you want to keep your new job, you'll follow me now, because Green is over there about to pitch a fit that we haven't begun yet."

Harry swallowed.

"So," Malfoy said. "Are you in? Or are you out?" He turned and looked at Harry squarely.

Harry remembered the slow way Malfoy had slid his hand down his own stomach, into his pants – the outline of his long fingers gripping and stroking his own cock. The way his head had fallen back, exposing his pale throat.

How he had owned them all.

He took a deep breath. "I'm in," he said.

\*

*Saturday Night*

Harry listened to the music to *Jinx My Junk* and rolled his head around, popping his neck, hands on hips. When that didn't diffuse his tension, he jumped up and down a few times.

"Hey."

Harry jumped back. "Bugger." He exhaled hard. "Malfoy, what?"

"I said, 'hey'. It's not a hex, Potter."

Harry sighed again. "Well, what do you want?"

"Uh, I want you to not throw up all over me out there, Potter, shite. Here, drink this."

Harry looked and Malfoy was holding out a phial. Of course, that wasn't the most interesting thing about him at the moment. Because at the moment, he was wearing his costume, an all-black dress shirt and trousers number that slunk along his svelte body, hugging it like water.

Malfoy jiggled the phial. "It's for your nerves. I'm not trying to poison you." Then his eyes cast down Harry's Auror costume once.

Harry felt like a git in it. He was supposed to have been one of these, after all. With Ron. And here he was pretending to be only so long as it took Malfoy to rip the top off of him.

He felt like a phenomenal git.

But Malfoy, at least, didn't seem to share that opinion. His appraisal seemed to go on for minutes, and when he met Harry's eyes again, his own were dark, the grey almost completely obliterated by the pupil.

"All right?" Harry asked, though his own pulse raced. He took the phial, and their fingers touched. Which should not have been anything what with all the other ways they'd touched each other in the last five days – were about to touch each other in about five more minutes.

"All right," Malfoy said and very quickly, almost imperceptibly, licked his bottom lip.

Harry downed the potion and grimaced.

Malfoy rolled his eyes. "It is not that bad."

"Says you."

"I made that," he insisted grouchily.

"Well, in that case, it stinks, Malfoy."

When he just stood there pouting, Harry sighed. He hadn't meant to actually offend the plonker. "It's…" He tried to come up with a suitable adjective that wouldn't be an out-and-out lie. And that's when he realised, "It's working."

At this, Malfoy adopted his patented smirk. "Told you, Potter. Think you can do this?"

"Yeah," Harry breathed. "Yeah, okay."

"Good," Malfoy said curtly and then smacked him rather hard on the back.

Harry watched Malfoy wander away, shaking his legs to get his thigh muscles to jiggle, theoretically loosening them up for their piece. But Harry was too busy watching his arse shake.

Then suddenly… "Malfoy, Potter, places."

*Jinx My Junk* was over, and Baker, Simmons, and Al-Basri all came off stage in just their g-strings, sweating and panting.

"Merde, Harry," Al-Basri – or rather Felix – said to him.

"I'm sorry, what?"

"He means good luck," Malfoy whispered to him. Then he disappeared onto the dark stage to take his mark.

Harry waited for the music to start, for Malfoy's spot to come up. He watched from the wings as Malfoy snuck around the stage, greedily eyeing a cheesy-looking artifact which was also spot-lit.

"Six, seven, eight," Harry whispered under his breath. "Three, two, three, four…" This was it. Harry stepped out on the big music. *Five, six, seven, eight.*

The spotlight hit him, and Malfoy turned, caught in the act. Harry drew his wand and sent the silly Styrofoam vase hurtling over the side of the stage, clearing the patrons' heads but just barely, creating a wave of "Ooh!" and "Look out!" and then nervous laughter and some applause.

And that's when Harry realized:

There were REAL PEOPLE OUT THERE.

For a split second, he froze. He just stood there in his silly fake Auror garb with his wand out and his dick magically hard for no reason. And he almost, almost, almost ran the hell away.

He would have liked to think he stayed because he remembered that he defeated Lord Voldemort – that he died doing so.

He would have liked to think he stayed because he had a decent work ethic.

But really, he stayed because he was bloody frozen in place.

It took Malfoy to unstick him.

In a completely improvised move, Malfoy drew his own wand (which he wasn't supposed to draw until almost the end of the number), and he swiped Harry's legs out from under him.

Harry fell to the stage floor with an audible "Oomph!"

To his chagrin and maybe also relief, the crowd reacted with a gasp – like it had been part of the choreography. Which it most certainly was not.

Harry tamped down the desire to fling a Bat Bogey back at his dance partner, because honestly, it had sort of done the trick. At least Harry was busy being pissed at Malfoy now and wanting to duel him rather than being stuck in place with a bloody hard-on and his eyes round like dinner rolls.

This all happened in a matter of moments, of course, and before Harry could push himself up in, he was sure, a very unsexy manner, Malfoy had stalked over and was now straddling Harry's hips and lowering himself down until his arse settled against Harry's groin.

Until it settled on his very hard cock.

Then Malfoy leaned down and, licking his earlobe as a pretense, whispered, "Now flip me and we'll pick it up at the chorus." He then took Harry's costume in both hands and ripped the front wide open.

The crowd went wild, yelling and whistling, and Harry didn't think; he flipped the bastard onto his back, rose up, backed away, holstered his wand as Malfoy stood, too, glaring at him, and they began their dance.

It was fucking *exhilarating*.

It wasn't like rehearsals at all!

He could feel the audience's anticipation. He could sense their rising excitement as he and Malfoy circled each other, as they shoved one another, as they pulled one another closer and circled once more in each other's faces.

Like rehearsal, Harry could feel Malfoy's breath on his lips and cheeks. Unlike rehearsal, it was sort of shivery now, uneven.

Like rehearsal, he jerked Malfoy's shirt over his head and threw it to the ground. Unlike rehearsal, Malfoy gasped when he did it, blinking at Harry as they prowled around and around the pole, until Harry spun around behind him, his front to Malfoy's back and pressed him to the metal.

*Six, seven, eight,* and Harry whipped off Malfoy's rip-away trousers, revealing his tiny black pants, his pale buttocks peeking out, and his stiff cock almost burgeoning past the flimsy fabric.

He grabbed Malfoy's hands and held them to the pole high above their heads, then he undulated his hips like his teacher had taught him, except that on every thrust forward, he rubbed himself against Malfoy's pert arse. *Six, seven, eight.*

The crowd groaned collectively.

Or maybe that had been Harry.

He couldn't be sure.

Malfoy's arse felt ridiculously fantastic against his raging cock. He hadn't been hard in rehearsals. Well, not completely. And the high from performing for a live audience upped Harry's audacity so that the rubbing was really more like grinding, hard and desperate and animal.

Malfoy's arse felt fucking unreal.

For one moment, Harry closed his eyes on it and shuddered against Malfoy's bare back.

But then, as they'd worked out in rehearsals, Malfoy bucked him off and Harry "stumbled" back onto his arse again.

Malfoy turned and drew his wand and with a flick, he removed Harry's costume, leaving him naked on the stage, erection standing straight up from his crotch, and Harry had never heard applause and cheering like that, even at the Quidditch World Cup, he didn't think.

In the final move of the piece, Malfoy came to stand over him, pointing the wand at his face as the music abruptly ended and the lights went out.

For a moment, Harry wasn't sure what to do next. He'd forgotten. But then he felt Malfoy's hand in the dark, finding his own and grasping it. He grasped back, and Malfoy helped him to this feet.

"Get the vouchers," Malfoy hissed at him then. "Use your wand."

The vouchers?

It was then that Harry realised the stage was just littered with what amounted to loads and *loads* of money!

"Holy crap," Harry breathed, trying to hurry up and grab his costume.

"No, no, I've got that, damn it. Get the sodding money, Harry," Malfoy snapped at him.

Harry, naked as the day he was born, charmed their earnings into a little floating pile and then made his way after Malfoy toward the wings.

He felt the absurd desire to bow to his audience and say thank you.

Thankfully, just as he neared the wing, Malfoy's hand shot out, grabbed him by the elbow, and pulled him off the stage to prevent him from doing exactly that.

\*

The weirdest thing in the world was to be handed a robe by Luna Lovegood while standing there starkers with an impressive erection.

And they were still clapping!

Harry felt sort of high on it. Like he might just rip the robe off and go out for an encore. Like he might drag Malfoy's skinny arse out with him and…he didn't know…snog him or something. Harry found himself wondering how many Galleons they could get for that.

Not that he was in it for the Galleons. He didn't need them. For that matter, Malfoy probably didn't either. Although, Harry couldn't imagine his pureblood parents continuing to finance his budding gay stripper career.

Still. It would be an interesting experiment: snogging Malfoy for vouchers.

"Potter!"

"Hmm?"

It was Malfoy trying to get his attention. His eyes were downcast in the direction of Harry's—

"Oh." His cock was sticking straight out of the slit in his robe. Harry quickly covered it, though it looked no less ridiculous for having a little cotton tent hanging around it.

He expected to find Malfoy smirking at him in that superior way when he lifted his gaze, but he…wasn't. His lips were parted, his brow furrowed, and when he saw Harry looking at him, he just smiled tightly and swallowed, blinking as though the sight of Harry's cock burned him like onion vapors.

Not that it mattered. "That was great!" Harry enthused. "Wasn't it? I mean, I know I was rubbish at the start, but you! How did you know what to do to snap me out of it? That was brilliant!"

Luna was ushering him out of the wings, and three people shushed him at once.

"Sorry," he whispered. Wood's Quidditch piece was starting right behind him. Harry let Luna drag him backstage where they could shut the door on what was happening out front. He didn't even care that she'd seen him starkers – that she'd seen his hard prick and everybody else had, too. He felt like he'd just aced his N.E.W.T.s.

"Congratulations, Harry," Luna told him, smiling serenely in his general direction. "Your penis is lovely, too."

"Er, thanks," he beamed. "I, uh, like your scarf."

"Yeah, you guys were hot," Felix told him, shaking his hand and smiling.

Somebody pulled a newly-robed Malfoy away in the other direction while Harry was surrounded by his co-workers, all wanting to tell him how not-awful he'd been. When he'd finally extricated himself, it was to find Malfoy had ensconced himself in his dressing room with the door closed.

Harry wanded their earnings over to his own dressing room, which was larger than everyone's except Wood's as far as he could tell. It lent credence to Malfoy's assertion that Parkinson very much wanted him there. He closed the door to change into his street clothes and then started counting.

Then he counted a second time, because he couldn't believe it.

He took the vouchers and exited his dressing room, making his way down the hall to Malfoy's. The door was still closed. He knocked.

"Malfoy? You in there?"

"Who else, Potter?" came the answer.

Harry tried the knob, but it was locked. "Open the door."

"I'll open it when I'm bloody ready."

Harry compressed his lips. "Are you cross with me for forgetting to dance?"

"No, Potter."

"Well, then open the door!"

"Merlin," Malfoy growled, jerking the door open, "what?"

Harry's eyes dropped immediately to his still-bare chest. His pale, heaving stomach. A pair of – Harry gulped – leather trousers, still undone. The pubic hair sprouting out that was just a shade darker than the blond on his head.

"Uh," Harry said. He shut his mouth and licked his lips. "Thought you'd like your money." Belatedly, Harry realised he was addressing all of this to Malfoy's fly. His eyes shot back up to his face. "What were you doing in here?"

Malfoy let his own eyes drop pointedly to Harry's still-hard cock where it pressed against the denim of his jeans in a distinctly vulgar way. "What you haven't yet, obviously. But come in." He turned, vacating the door and expecting Harry to walk through it after him.

"So, it doesn't go away on its own?"

Malfoy, back still turned to him, shrugged. He started fastening his trousers. The muscles of his back shifted over the angular bones, and Harry found it almost mesmerising. His cock gave a little appreciative leap. "It will eventually."

"Oh," Harry said. Not that he was going to stroke it off in present company. Even if Malfoy *had* sat on it not twenty minutes earlier while he licked Harry's earlobe and tore his clothes off.

Back to the business at hand.

"So, I'm not sure, but I think we just made loads of money."

Malfoy picked up a white t-shirt that had been slung haphazardly over a chair. He peered over his shoulder. "How much, Potter?"

"Well, if we split it in half, which I'm assuming is how things work unless the new guy takes a smaller cut?"

Harry was finding it a little hard to concentrate as Malfoy donned the shirt and pulled it down over his body. It had mussed his perfect hair, and Harry watched him run his hands through it twice. He wondered how soft it might be. Of all the places he'd got to touch Malfoy this week, that hadn't been one of them.

He went about tossing things into a duffle: potions, hair brush, pants, a girly-looking necklace. And as Harry watched, it slowly dawned on him that Malfoy had just jacked off. In this room. Moments before Harry had arrived. Maybe still going as he'd arrived.

But he was explaining that the cut was even and now looking at Harry like he was waiting for the figure, so…

"Erm, yeah, okay. If we split it down the middle, we each made two hundred and two Galleons. In four minutes," he emphasised when Malfoy didn't so much as blink. "That's good, right?"

Now Malfoy smiled at him. "Yeah, Potter. That's good."

Harry relaxed. Well, except for his ever-saluting cock. Unable to stop himself, Harry let his gaze slide once more down Malfoy's body, this time stopping on the nipples he could just barely make out under his shirt. "Would you like to get a pint?" The words were out of his mouth with absolutely no input from his brain, apparently, because the moment he'd said it, Harry turned all kinds of red.

Had he just asked Malfoy *out*?

Malfoy frowned a little and then turned, picking up his wand and holstering it at his hip. "It's tradition that—" Malfoy began but then was interrupted by Seamus appearing in the doorway.

"Wood's off! So you guys coming to the Leaky or what? Did you tell Harry about the rules? Harry, did he tell you about the rules?"

"What are the rules?" Harry asked warily.

"Get out of my dressing room, Finnigan," Malfoy growled.

When Seamus just rolled his eyes and laughed, Malfoy made a slapping motion with his hand and the door slammed in his face.

"What are the rules?" Harry asked again.

"First," Malfoy told him, "you need to go deal with that." He nodded toward Harry's happy crotch. "Then I'll tell you on the way. You can use my loo. It's soundproofed."

"Uh, mine's fine," Harry informed him. "But, er, your vouchers." Harry held them out.

Malfoy reached to take them, they fumbled the exchange, and they caught the little paper slips between them.

"Sorry."

"Sorry."

"You got it?"

"Yeah."

"Okay, good." Harry stepped back, wiping his hands on his jeans. "I'll, uh…" He jerked his thumb toward Malfoy's closed door.

Malfoy nodded.

"Shall I meet you out front then?" Harry asked.

"Ten minutes?"

Harry laughed self-consciously. "I think five should do it."

"No, I meant for me," Malfoy corrected him, and Harry, mortified, blushed hotly.

"Oh, well yes. Of course. Yeah. Ten minutes. Right." He turned to the door, physically unable to leave the room fast enough even if he Apparated out.

"Potter," Malfoy called.

"What," Harry said, out of patience with his own blunders. And Malfoy's lack of them.

"You're quite good. When you remember to move."

Harry turned back, surprised. Malfoy was already sitting back down at his dressing table and composing something on a parchment.

"Thanks," Harry said, his heart thundering away in his chest. Then he turned around, wrenched the door open, and left.

\*

The rules were thus, he was told:

At closing time, when there's a new dancer, everyone walks together over to the Leaky Cauldron, which stays open late to accommodate them.

Then, the new dancer, if he made enough, buys a round.

Then they make him do a Blow Job shot.

And they drink until dawn and everyone gets a room and passes out.

Their *own room*. This was emphasised.

Harry processed all of this as he and Malfoy walked side by side, following everyone else.

"What if I had other plans?" Harry asked him, hands shoved in his jeans pockets even though it was a warm night. He had nothing else to do with them.

"Did you?" Malfoy asked, smiling but looking straight ahead.

"Well, no, but I had thought I might sleep."

Malfoy's smile widened. Harry liked what that did to his face. He realised, strangely, that Malfoy had always had a really nice smile. He just so rarely used it in a way that wasn't cruel.

Harry let himself really look at him again. It wasn't just that he was almost unnaturally beautiful. It wasn't the outfit – the t-shirt and the leather and the heavy boots – although Harry had never imagined Draco Malfoy would ever wear such a thing and the fact that he did, that he was, made Harry practically giddy for some reason. He shivered though there was no breeze.

It was all of him. All that Harry could see on the surface, and all that he couldn't see but could still sense. It was the mystery of him. It always had been.

Harry looked ahead again as they rounded the corner and strode up to the Leaky's door. Seamus held it open for everyone to file in.

They sat at a long table in the back room, and Seamus was the first to shout out, "First round's on Harry!"

"Hear, hear!" came a few voices, and Harry smiled, nodding around the table and raising his hand in acquiescence to the rules.

Malfoy had sat across from him, and he watched Harry with a subdued but interested expression. Harry found he couldn't quite meet his eyes.

The night progressed quickly toward dawn. Their table was loud and raucous, with Seamus doing an impromptu Wood impersonation on a neighbouring wobbly table and sending everyone into gales of laughter.

"I did not shove it up my arse!" Wood yelled when Seamus mimicked that very thing. He threw a salt shaker and hit Seamus in the hip with it, knocking him off kilter.

"You bloody idiot!" Seamus yelled, but Millicent grabbed him and righted him, leading him staggering and rubbing his hip back over to his chair.

Harry, laughing and tipsy, glanced across the table to see Malfoy staring at him, two long fingers propped against his cheek and one covering his lips. Harry's laughter died in his throat, and he felt a warm ball of…excellence…or something…coiling in his gut. He gave Malfoy a little smile, and Malfoy shifted a little in his seat. He dropped his eyes, moved his hand, and downed his firewhiskey.

Then Parkinson called out to the room. "It's time for a special drink for The Boy Who Stripped!"

Wood clapped him on the back, as did Felix, and everyone else – barring Malfoy – just clapped and cheered. Harry felt his skin warming. It wasn't unpleasant. He was being inducted into the group, after all. He felt strangely honored and excited, only a little bit embarrassed.

A barkeep brought his shot. It was a chocolately-looking thing with whipped cream piled atop it as high as the glass was deep. And it was not exactly a shot glass. It was certainly as wide around as Harry's cock was at the base. It would not be easy. But Harry supposed that was the point.

He cast a glance up at Malfoy and met his dark gaze. Malfoy smirked behind his fingers.

"Hands behind your back, Potter!" Millicent shouted from down the table. Seamus, beside her, belched.

Harry felt a sharp moment of missing Ron. Ron would really liked to have seen this.

He swallowed and tamped down the feeling. He looked across the table again, at Malfoy watching him. He licked his lips and clasped his hands around his forearms behind his back.

The table cheered, but Harry kept his eyes on Malfoy, and Malfoy, silent, kept his eyes on Harry. He lowered his face, licked his lips once, and then stretched his mouth wide open. But the risqué absurdity of it struck him suddenly, and he stifled a laugh, backing off.

"Harrrryyy!" Seamus bellowed. Luna laughed next to Millicent, falling into her side. Felix took him by the shoulders and shook him good-naturedly.

"Okay, okay," Harry said. He unclasped his arms and removed his glasses. After hesitating a moment, he handed them over to Malfoy who took them slowly.

His gaze was as intent as ever, and Harry felt his body respond quite pleasurably.

"Okay, just a mo," Harry said to everyone else. He pushed his chair back and stood.

Several people clapped and hooted at him. Harry could feel himself blushing.

"Okay," he said again. Then he adjusted his stance, reclasped his arms, and lowered his face toward the towering cream. He flicked his gaze up to meet Malfoy's one last time. He was blurry now, and Harry couldn't quite tell what his expression might be.

He opened his mouth and went for it.

The cream, of course, went straight up his nose, over his lips and chin, even into his eyelashes as he went down over the glass, wrapping his lips around the rim and then tossing his head back and throwing the drink down his throat.

Cheering erupted around the table. Harry set the glass back down with his mouth then came up gasping and licking his lips. Felix took his arm and raised it over Harry's head in triumph.

"Thank you, thank you," Harry nodded. He used his free hand to wipe his mouth clean, but he could still feel it down his neck and on his cheeks. He sat and took a napkin, cleaning himself off. "Somebody spare a *Scourgify*?" he pleaded jokingly.

Malfoy blinked and then lazily drew his wand. With Harry's glasses held gently in one hand and his wand in the other, Malfoy said the first word he'd spoken in possibly an hour. "*Scourgify*," he said with a deft flick of his wand. Harry's face was suddenly not sticky at all, but when he licked his lips, he could still taste the liquor and the cream. Harry wondered if Malfoy had left that bit on purpose. He took a deep, cleansing breath. Malfoy, still staring at him, reached across the table and handed Harry back his glasses.

"Thanks," Harry said, putting them on and looking at him again.

Malfoy's eyes were dark and intense before he lowered them, looking around for the barkeep. He holstered his wand and then waved two fingers to order himself a new whiskey. He didn't look at Harry again for a long while.

The party came to a sputtering stop as Seamus and Luna sang sad Irish songs at one end of the table, Millicent's disheveled head on the table between them, and Felix yawned beside Harry. "I'm out," he declared.

"Goodnight, Felix," everyone chorused, as he went and got a room key and then trudged up the stairs.

"Me, too," Wood called.

And so it went until Luna had to shake Millicent awake, which she came to with a soft snort.

Harry rose from the table, and so did Malfoy. They went to the bar together to get their keys.

"Here's number 17 for you, Mr Potter, and number 18 for you, Mr Malfoy."

"Thanks," Harry said, and Malfoy nodded.

They went upstairs, Malfoy right behind Harry such that he shivered again in the almost stifling warmth of the pub.

Harry stopped at his door and fumbled with his key. Malfoy passed him and stopped at his own. He held his key near the hole but stopped as if he'd forgotten how these things functioned.

"Potter," he said.

Harry's heart slammed into his ribs. "Yeah?"

"I—" Malfoy began.

Harry sipped in his breath and blurted it, "Do you want to come in?" When Malfoy was silent, he qualified his question in case it hadn't been obvious, "T-to my room?"

Malfoy closed his eyes and dropped his chin to his chest. He breathed through his nose. Then he looked at Harry, and the hunger there was so blatant, so everything he had not been all night, that it stole Harry's breath.

But then he said, "We can't," and Harry's stomach flipped.

He couldn't decide if he was mortified or deliriously happy or impossibly frustrated.

Malfoy *wanted* to.

But they couldn't.

They couldn't.

Because that was part of the rules, too.

"Right," Harry said around the lump in his throat. It wasn't so much that he wanted to cry. More like he wanted to cast an Unforgivable. And not at Malfoy for once. "Right," he said. He felt like a fool.

"Harry…"

Harry scoffed at the word immediately. He couldn't look Malfoy in the eye. He inserted the key into the lock, but it jammed.

"It's okay," Harry said to the key. He jimmied it hard, lips compressed. "I'm just bloody drunk." He laughed sickly.

He could feel Malfoy watching him. In fact, he could feel Malfoy stepping in close to him.

"Potter," he said softly. And then there was a hand on his elbow, hot and horrible. Because it was everything *but* horrible. "Stop."

Harry growled and pushed at the door, but then he let his hands drop. He looked up into Malfoy's frowning face. "I don't fancy you," Harry said stupidly. "I mean, look at you." He laughed, and Malfoy smiled sadly.

"Potter," Malfoy began, his fingers sliding up Harry's arm, tickling him, making him shiver. "I—"

Just then Zabini came up the stairs and stepped out into the hallway. Malfoy stepped back from Harry quickly, his hand dropping away. "Sometimes you just have to jimmy it," he said stiffly.

"Yeah," Harry said, his voice strange. He swallowed. "Yeah, I think I've got it now."

They both looked at Zabini as he passed, but then Harry looked once more at Malfoy, breathing deeply. Malfoy blinked.

"Goodnight," Harry told him.

"Night, Potter," Malfoy said gravely.

The key turned in the lock, Harry opened the door, and he shut himself inside, closing his eyes tightly against both the arousal and the shame.

\*

*Four Months Later*

"The numbers are down," Blaise was saying.

"How far?" Pansy asked, the worry clear in her voice.

"Well, it's not good," Blaise replied. "Only fifty wizards out there tonight. Down from sixty-eight last weekend. And we used to pull—"

"Yeah, a couple hundred, I know," she sighed.

Harry stood just outside the office door, fist raised to knock. He hadn't meant to eavesdrop. He had only meant to ask if there might be more rosin in the cellar, since there wasn't any more in the cupboard and he'd felt like the stage was abnormally slick that afternoon during rehearsal.

He certainly hadn't expected to overhear such a bleak forecast for the club. A cold knot of fear clenched inside him. He was about to walk away when the conversation continued.

"Maybe it's the weather. I mean, it's so bitterly cold. Maybe if we offer a hot toddy special—"

"The toddies we need to be hot are the ones on the stage, Blaise."

"Wood's working on a new piece," he reassured her.

"Mm."

"I think Simmons is almost over the dragon pox. It'll be good to have him back."

"Mm-hmm."

"What do you want to do, Pans?"

She sighed. "I don't know. I really don't."

Harry tip-toed away, rosinless. He sulked back to his dressing room to get ready. Ren was out doing his slow strip this evening, and then it was Wood, so he and Draco had about fifteen minutes.

Harry dressed quickly. It was the minimalist number tonight – the one with just the pyjama bottoms over white pants. Which was sort of nice. Less likelihood of a wardrobe malfunction, plus it was comfortable.

Harry adjusted his cock and bollocks in the tight pants, straightened the waistband of his trousers, gave his hair one last withering look, and then went to wait in the wings.

He was bent over, stretching, when the familiar voice rang out beside him.

"Hey." Draco hip-checked him, and Harry almost stumbled.

He righted himself, hip-checked Draco back again, and replied, "Hey."

"How's your shoulder?"

Harry circled it, testing. "Good," he said.

"Think you can manage the Firefighter Spin tonight?"

"Oh yeah. Sure," Harry told him. "That salve you gave me really worked."

Draco didn't look convinced. He rarely was. "C'mere," he said, frowning.

Harry swallowed and turned, and then Draco's hands started rubbing and massaging his shoulders, down his arms, back up again, and down into his shoulder blades. Harry shut his eyes and bit his lip not to groan. He did let himself breathe out, "Merlin, that's nice."

"I just don't want your shoulder giving out and you splitting your fool head open on the stage and me having to clean you up off the floor," Draco said, his thumbs rubbing deep circles into Harry's muscles.

"Uh huh," Harry replied. He dropped his chin to his chest and let Draco's hands move him back and forth. "Right there," he hissed. And then he did groan.

Draco stopped rather abruptly, and Harry had the mad desire to stamp his feet and shout at him to finish. If he hadn't been hard already… But he just said, "You're bloody good at that."

Draco shrugged as if the compliment didn't matter to him, but Harry saw the little sparkle in his eye.

Wood was in the last throes of fake passion, waggling his dick at the front row wizards and letting them stuff vouchers in his pants. Harry took a deep breath. Oliver's reception was good, but it was nothing to write home about. Harry knew, from what he'd overheard, that they'd need to be great tonight, not just good.

He stood shoulder to shoulder with Draco as the applause intensified for the end of Wood's dance, and he willed himself to be on. The club needed them to be hot tonight. And if he valued his job, which he did, being hot served his interests as well.

"Malfoy! Potter! Places!"

"Merde, Draco," Harry whispered to him.

"Merde, Harry," Draco whispered back.

Harry bumped into his side affectionately. Little waves of pleasure rode his skin where they'd touched; they always did.

"I've got the spin," Harry assured him. "Don't worry. I know what I'm doing."

"That assertion has yet to be proven out," Draco said. Then under his breath, "Gryffindor shit."

"We're on," Harry informed him. And then together, Draco sighing, they went out and took their marks in the dark.

The music began, slow and dirty, and Harry felt the tell-tale thrill of it. The light coming up easy and bathing them both in warmth. Harry took to the pole, his spin being the opening move, and there were whistles and cat-calls from the back.

He came down from the spin, and Draco was there to grab him, yank him close, and writhe against him. Harry let the feel of Draco's hands on his body ratchet up his excitement. He looked Draco in the eye, let his lips part. He gave him a little secret smile.

Then they were shoving one another away again, dancing separately, each teasing a different side of the audience, peeling down their pyjamas and showing off their cotton-covered cocks.

Vouchers flew onto the stage, the music got a little faster, a little harder. Harry's blood swam drunkenly through his veins.

This next part, he and Draco were to come back together around the pole. Harry was supposed to do a spin down to his knees, press his face briefly into Draco's crotch, and then snake his way back up Draco's undulating body, before they danced away again.

Harry turned and saw Draco approaching. They sauntered toward the pole and circled one another. Harry performed his swing. He slid to his knees. He was supposed to ghost his lips over Draco's cock now…

He did. And then he looked up at Draco from his place at his feet.

Draco frowned down at him.

Harry blinked.

He blinked again.

He could feel his own pulse pounding furiously. Draco's crotch was right there in front of him, his hard cock straining toward Harry. His breath short, Harry found himself leaning in rather than rising up like he was supposed to.

He leaned in and inhaled, his lips just barely brushing over Draco's prick one more time.

Draco gasped.

*Oh fuck…*

Harry let out all his breath and took hold of Draco's trousers, pulling them down until they cleared the bulge in his pants. When he glanced up again, Draco's eyes had widened in panic. Harry felt a surge of adrenaline, of unchecked longing.

For one sweet moment, everything seemed to stand still.

And Harry knew, looking into Draco's eyes, that he was going to do this.

He left Draco's trousers mid-thigh, leaned in, and then opened his mouth over Draco's swollen cock, closing his eyes and groaning at how the trapped prick filled his mouth.

The cotton tasted clean and smelled like lemons. But Harry could smell Draco's musk beneath. He closed his eyes and licked at the huge bulge, wetting Draco's pants and wrapping his lips around Draco's cock as best he could.

The hush that had fallen over the audience suddenly erupted into a roar instead. Wizards got to their feet. There was wild clapping and whistling, and someone yelled, "Yeah, go!"

Harry glanced up at Draco, stunned above him. He stared down at Harry on his knees, and the mix of his emotions danced over his eyes: panic, confusion, lust. He seemed torn between shoving Harry off and yanking him in tighter. His hands balled into fists at his sides, shaking, until Harry found the head of his cock inside his pants and began sucking on it. Then one hand shot out and grabbed Harry by the hair while the other went to the pole over his head to steady himself.

"Harry," he whispered desperately. "Fuck."

Draco's cock twitched against his lips. Harry moved his mouth down the curve of the shaft inside the pocket of the briefs. They were see-through now from Harry's spit. Harry thought if he touched himself for even a moment, he'd likely come.

He took the waistband of Draco's pants in his hands. He tugged on them just a tiny bit. Just enough to make Draco feel the material catching on his cock. Just enough to expose a bit of that dirty blond hair. Harry started rubbing his face against his cock, mouth open, spit running down his chin, making little hungry noises in his throat that no one could hear but that he couldn't help.

Draco's hand in his hair tightened. "Potter, I'm gonna—!" he warned. And then, in front of everyone, he did it.

He came.

Draco came and he came and he came, his beautiful body jerking against the pole, clothed cock thrusting against, into, Harry's willing mouth. Harry tasted his spunk through the cotton and groaned, licking and kissing him, slowly now, reveling in what was happening, in what he'd done, in what they were doing. In front of everyone. For the first time. And maybe the only way they could.

The music wound down, and Draco started to shiver and whine.

Harry slid up his body, standing. He sank his hand into Draco's hair and pressed a warm, long, chaste kiss to his trembling lips, ignoring the rowdy crowd and their lewd shouts. Then he whispered against them, "I'll get the money, Draco."

\*

"What the bloody hell was that?!" Blaise thundered, hands on hips and faced off against Harry in the hallway between the dressing rooms.

"I, uh, thought the choreography could use some spicing up," Harry answered.

"And it didn't occur to you, Potter, to, I don't know, run that by someone first?"

"No. It was spur of the moment," Harry replied hotly. Frankly, he had no idea why Zabini was so pissed. They'd probably just guaranteed a packed house the next weekend. Or hell, Tuesday night! But there he was, blustering away, trying to intimidate Harry with his height and position of authority.

And just when Harry was starting to wonder if Draco had somehow been *Silencioed* or if, for some cocked up reason, he was on Blaise's side, he cleared his throat and spoke up:

"It was my idea."

Blaise whirled on him, and he and Harry spoke at once. "What?"

"You heard me. It was my idea. I told Potter to do it." Draco's gaze slanted to him warningly.

"He's lying," Harry said anyway. "*I* decided to do it. Out there. In the moment."

"And why would you decide to do such a thing?" Blaise had turned back to him now.

Harry looked at Draco briefly.

"I thought it would be good for the club," Harry blurted, dropping his gaze, unable to look at Draco while spoke the half-truth.

"And you thought right, Potter," Pansy called from the end of the hall, striding quickly forward, a huge shark-like grin on her face. "Blaise, what the bloody hell are you taking him to task for?" She slapped him on the arm and then beamed back and forth between Harry and Draco. "That was the most brilliant bloody thing I've ever seen," she declared.

"Er, thanks," Harry said, smiling uneasily. He looked at Draco again and saw that his eyes had widened with something like shocked relief.

"Can you do that again next Saturday? The crowd ate it up! So to speak!" Then before he could dodge it, she grabbed Harry and shook him slightly in her delight.

"Erm…" he stalled. He looked to Draco for some kind of help.

Draco uncrossed his arms, wiped the shocked look from his face, and became every inch the self-assured ponce. "Definitely," he said. "Whatever gets their arses in the seats, Pans."

"Oh, you're a beast," she told Draco, grabbing him and planting a smacking kiss right on his lips and then shaking him, too, with barely contained joy. Or insanity.

And now it was Harry's turn to do the shocked stupid thing. "Sure," he choked out. "Sure. Yeah. Next Saturday. Same thing." Truth was he really hadn't thought that far ahead. Sure, he'd considered that it would be a huge draw. But he hadn't considered calculatedly going down on Draco a second time. He hadn't considered much at all.

He'd just loved Draco's smell.

And the way he'd gasped.

And the way his prick seemed to strain toward Harry's mouth.

Harry gulped and looked, again, to Draco. He was looking back, something in his eyes both warning and…well, Harry's still-very-hard cock twitched.

"Fabulous," Pansy enthused. "Now, Blaise, come."

She snapped her fingers and a chagrined-looking Blaise followed her toward her office.

They left Harry there with Draco, and now that they were alone, Harry felt like he couldn't even look him in the eye. "Uh…about…*that*," he began, preparing to make a speech about professionalism and ethics that he felt sure would put Draco at ease somewhat.

But Draco interrupted him by walking in close. "Shut up, Potter," he said. Then he took Harry by the hips and pressed him against the wall. Hard. "Out there," he warned. "Only out there. Do you hear me?"

Harry nodded. "I hear you." Though he said it to Draco's lips.

Draco growled – he actually growled like an animal – then he gave Harry a little shove and walked away. He disappeared into his dressing room and slammed the door.

Harry sagged against the wall, something inside him coming alive and singing.

They were going to do it again.

\*

It took Harry twenty minutes to get out of the club that night once he'd changed. One person after another accosted him on his way to the back door.

"Is it true you sucked him off out there?" Felix asked.

"Well," Harry began, "through the pants." It was a ridiculous qualification, and it felt ridiculous coming out of his mouth.

Felix clapped him on the arm. "Bugger, I'm sorry I missed that. Gonna do it again?"

Harry gulped. "Er, yeah. I think so."

"Brilliant, mate!"

Ten steps later, it was Millicent. "I cannot bloody believe you did that."

"Yeah, me either," Harry sighed.

She walked with him toward the alleyway door. "You do know about the rules, though, don't you, Potter? No fraternization and all that?"

"Yeah, I know about that."

"Nice figuring a way around them." She nudged him in the arm. "Very Slytherin of you, Potter, I have to say. Bully for you." Then she'd given him a wink and a smile and turned back down the hall.

He'd thought he was finished. He opened the door out onto the alley, bracing for the cold wind. He wasn't braced for the person waiting for him.

"Alright, Harry?" Ron said through shivering lips.

"Christ, how long have you been out here?" Harry asked him.

Ron shrugged and bounced on the balls of his feet. It had begun to snow. The first snow of winter.

"Do you want to…come get a coffee with me?" Harry asked tentatively.

"No, I'm good, I just—"

"You are not bloody good. Do a warming charm for Merlin's sake," Harry said and then cursed himself for raising his voice. He wasn't cross with Ron. He'd *missed* him. He didn't want to scare the stupid git away.

And then it struck him.

"Oh fucking hell, you saw the show, didn't you?"

Ron gave him a guilty and sort of sick-looking smile. He shrugged again.

"Oh my god," Harry breathed, turning and walking halfway down the alley, hands through his hair, only to turn around and stalk back. "Jesus."

"Has this been going on the whole time or did I just show up on an extra special night?" Ron asked.

"Extra special night," Harry said. Then, "Shit, Ron. I'd ask you what you thought, but I'm pretty sure I already know."

Ron looked like Harry had struck him. But he didn't disabuse Harry of any of his notions. He just said, "Is that why you're doing this? For him?"

Harry released a heavy exhale, the vapor of his breath rising quickly into the night. "Please, Ron. Let me buy you a coffee. I've—" He stopped abruptly. "Fortescue's opened an espresso place adjacent to the ice cream shop. They're open twenty-four hours."

"Hermione's waiting," Ron explained.

Harry just stood there blinking at him. He had no idea how to fix things. None. Coffee had been the only line he could think of to throw their friendship. "You look good," he finally said. "A little blue around the extremities, but good."

Ron smiled. He cleared his throat. "You, uh… You're not a bad dancer, Harry."

Harry snorted before he could stop himself. "Thanks."

"No, really. I mean that."

"Not a bad cocksucker, either," Harry added in a falsely jovial tone.

Ron flinched again. "Merlin, Harry, it was never about you being gay. Don't go making it about that."

"I know. I know, Ron." Harry put both hands over his face and breathed against his fingers, then sifted his hands over his hair. "I'm sorry. I'm just… I didn't think about what it would feel like for you to…see that."

"Are you going to stop?" Ron asked. He'd seemed to have carefully schooled most of the hope out of his voice.

Harry felt a calm resolve come over him. That or he was at the point of freezing to death where he'd begun to go numb. "No," he said. "No, I'm not."

"Then what does it matter what I think?"

Harry sighed. "It matters, Ron."

They stared at each for a long moment. Then Ron said again, "Hermione's waiting."

"Yeah, okay."

"Thanks for offering to buy me a coffee."

"Standing invitation. All right, Ron?"

Ron nodded. "All right." He seemed to want to say something else. They stood there a moment longer. Then Ron crossed the space between them, grabbed Harry hard, and hugged him fiercely for all of two seconds.

"I'll see you," Ron said. Then he stepped back, not looking Harry in the eye, and Disapparated.

Harry watched the empty space he'd left behind, how the snow fell there into his footprints, obliterating them.

\*

Harry didn't hear from anybody but Hermione for the next several days. He didn't have rehearsal until Thursday and was spending his free time decluttering his house as best he could and catching up on the TV shows he'd DVR'd.

Her owl came the day after Ron had seen his show. It was simple and direct like she was.

*Thank you for being kind to him.*

*Sorry about the timing.*

*We love you,*

*H*

"Sorry about the timing." Harry laughed to himself and composed a new owl back to her:

*Don't sweat it.*

*Maybe we could get together soon. Dinner? My treat?*

*I love you, too.*

*The other H*

He whistled for Alice and she came swooping in from his bedroom, ready to be of service. He attached the letter, stroked her spotted head and told her for the hundredth time, "You look like a cat, you know that."

Predictably, she puffed out until she was twice her original size and glowered at him.

"All right!" he admitted, palms out. "You're an eagle owl, all right?"

She shrank back down, hooted at him, and then took off out the window.

Harry then had a boring and lovely week. He watched his shows, did his dishes, did his grocery shopping, and daydreamed loads about Draco Malfoy.

They didn't correspond. He'd received precisely three owls from Draco in four months' time, and they were always about a rehearsal being moved up or cancelled. They were polite and cold to a fault. His owl always wanted to stay and hang out with Alice, though. It was sometimes difficult getting Sheldon to leave. Twice he'd ensconced himself in her cage and refused to budge. Harry would have worried Draco was abusing him except that he'd never seen a more coddled and cared for animal in his life.

Not that he'd seen Sheldon in weeks.

No, Harry didn't hear from Draco until rehearsal when they got together in street clothes to walk through the number. Draco was back in his banker clothes, and Harry couldn't stop thinking about opening those fine silk trousers and mouthing over whatever he had on underneath, but instead they carefully avoided the entire section when Harry was meant to lick his knickers. They just counted it out, avoiding eye contact, and gave the stage to Wood when they were done.

Harry smiled and made to draw Draco away to chat, but Draco had cut him off with a quick, "See you tomorrow," and left.

Harry felt hurt and confused. It wasn't like they weren't supposed to *talk* for fuck's sake. He hadn't been drawing him away to give him a quick hand job in the bloody foyer!

That night, Sheldon did show up, though.

Draco's scrawl was, if not absolutely illegible, close.

*I'm sorry I was an arsehole.*

*Blaise was behind the one-way glass, Harry.*

*DM*

Relief rushed over Harry, and he actually found himself smiling at Sheldon on his windowsill.

"Well, come in and have a treat, why don't you?"

Sheldon skipped over to the exact cupboard where the treats were kept and waited, shifting from foot to foot and hooting softly to himself.

"You're worse than Alice," Harry told him. "Here. Don't pig out." He left the bag of treats open while he went to compose his response, and sure enough, Alice flew out and joined her friend for the feast.

*Thanks for letting me know. Plonker.*

*I'll see you out there.*

*HP*

When Sheldon had munched his fill, Harry attached his note and sent him off.

Alice looked at him forlornly and hooted.

"Go on then. I'm not stopping you, am I?"

She hopped gracefully to the sill without another hoot and promptly took off into the night after her…well, he guessed Sheldon was her boyfriend.

Harry sighed, scrubbed his hands over his face, laid down on his sofa, and daydreamed some more.

\*

They didn't talk before the show.

They didn't bump into one another, dole out massages, none of it.

Before, they hadn't known what was coming.

Now they did.

They took their places on the stage in the dark, and the room seemed to vibrate with tension. A couple of blokes hooted and hollered into the silence. It hadn't been billed, but word had certainly gotten around. Harry knew it was a matter of time before it went in the *Prophet*, as his employment by *Fiendfyre* had in the beginning.

Harry didn't care about any of that at the moment.

At the moment, the music was starting and he was twining around the pole; he was almost flying.

The dance went without a hitch. Everything felt effortless. Everything felt like it was in service to what was coming.

Harry looked at Draco. He did the spin that put him on the floor at his feet. He leaned in, mouthed over his trousers, and inhaled deeply. He looked up at Draco and gave him a soft smile.

He was about to pull down the trousers when Draco's hands, instead, went to his own waistband.

Harry watched, rapt, as Draco shoved them down in one harsh movement.

And not just them.

His pants, too.

Draco stood there, pants around his thighs, proud cock erect in Harry's face. Harry gasped a little. He couldn't help it. He looked up at Draco's face to see such a look of desire there – of hope and fear and *ache*.

And challenge.

Of course there was challenge.

Harry cocked his head, giving him a crooked smile. Draco shivered in response. Then Harry wrapped his hand around Draco's cock, drew it down to his lips, and sucked it into his mouth.

Harry felt them surge out of their seats. He heard the shouts of encouragement, the cheering, but none of it mattered. Draco's cock mattered. The way he slid it over his tongue toward his throat, how it filled his mouth slowly. How it tasted only a little salty with sweat and how the skin was so soft Harry moaned his pleasure at that fact alone.

Harry braced against Draco's thighs, the hair there coarse and springy, that same dirty blond that was around his cock and bollocks. As Harry bobbed his head, picking up pace until he did it in time with the music, he felt Draco's thighs tensing under his fingers and his palms. He squeezed back, sliding his hands around to the backs of them, feeling him twitch with wanting to thrust. Harry stroked his fingers through the hair on the backs of Draco's legs and made him shudder helplessly.

It was better than magic.

That was his thought before Draco took his head in his hands, that is. Harry looked up at him, saw the torrent of lust in his eyes, the little frown, the gritting of his teeth, and Harry just let his jaw go slack. And in that same moment, Draco pushed deep into his mouth.

There were renewed shouts and clapping. Vouchers fluttered around them like confetti. But Harry couldn't look away from Draco's face, the taut control there, the near-violence in his eyes. Yet his hands were soft. His fingers, where they brushed his skin – his ears and the side of his neck, his unruly hair – were tender, coaxing.

Harry didn't need coaxing. He was deeply afraid he'd come first, actually.

Who knew he'd have a thing – a pretty severe thing – for Draco Malfoy fucking his face?

Draco set a rhythm, pulsing his hips and holding Harry's head where he wanted it. His prick fucked over Harry's tongue, just almost hitting the back of his throat but not quite. Harry thought the sight of Draco fucking anything was the sexiest thing he'd ever seen. The fact that he was that thing almost pushed Harry over the edge.

Harry let his hands roam up to Draco's arse just to feel the power there, the restraint, but doing so seemed to tax that very thing, and Draco started going harder, taking longer but faster strokes.

Harry's eyes watered. He wanted to wank so fucking bad; he throbbed inside his own pants. But then he felt Draco hold his breath – felt the first shot of it over his tongue – and Harry started swallowing it because that's all he *could* do. Draco's hips faltered, his hands gripping tightly to Harry's hair, so Harry bobbed his mouth on it again, sucking and swallowing and humming around it, wanting this so bloody much that the deafening roar of horny wizards almost didn't even register.

Draco's cries above him, his little whimpers, registered.

Draco was coming in his mouth. Harry moved his hands around to his belly and caressed the spasming muscles while he finished.

It took a moment to realise that the music had stopped. But then he did.

*Oh shit.*

Harry pulled off Draco's bobbing cock. He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and stood. He helped Draco right his pants and trousers, the lights still stubbornly on them, not allowing any intimacy to go unwitnessed.

Harry looked into Draco's eyes, the blown pupils.

"To hell with it," he breathed, then he hauled Draco in for a deep, wet kiss.

The cheering erupted anew. Draco's tongue was almost shy compared to his cock, and it was Harry who plunged his tongue into Draco's mouth and let him taste it. Draco moaned and gripped Harry tightly to him.

Harry let it go on for five seconds. Just five. He knew any more and they'd seriously risk their arses.

When he pulled back, Draco looked positively *Stupefied*. Again. So Harry smiled, smacked him lightly on the arse and squeezed it once, then said, "Go on then. Be off in a sec."

Draco obeyed silently. Harry would have laughed, but… Well, something strange and wonderful was happening inside his chest. And his bollocks, of course.

He charmed the vouchers tiny and fit them all into his trouser pockets. Then he did something he thought he might regret but couldn't stop himself. He lifted his hand and waved at the still-cheering crowd.

They started whistling and cat-calling, and Harry gave them one last appreciative wave before exiting the stage as the applause finally began to die down.

Millicent's booming voice came over the loud speaker announcing half-priced Pepper-Breath shots and last call.

\*

Harry didn't expect to see Draco again that night, and he didn't. Whether he dressed quickly and left the club before Harry or if he had locked himself in his dressing room until after Harry went home, Harry wasn't sure. It was sort of a bittersweet thing. He'd got to suck Draco's cock. He'd actually done it, cockskin against his lips, come in his mouth, fingers in his hair.

They'd done it. And it had been brilliant. But now it seemed like they could only have that if they sacrificed something else between them. Something that had started to feel a lot like it could be friendship.

After all the shit they'd gone through – together, separately, the things they'd done to one another, because of the war, because of Voldemort, because of competing loyalties and a world that almost demanded divisiveness – after all that, to lose what had developed between them because Harry was sucking his cock?

Harry fell asleep that night meandering between daydreams and nightmares.

He woke very late, the sun already high.

"Why didn't you peck me?" he asked Alice, rubbing his eyes. She just stared at him, blinking, and didn't even so much as hoot.

He showered, stroking off his morning wood and letting the hot water ease away the soreness in his muscles.

Harry didn't realize his knees were bruised raw until the hot water and soap sluiced over them. And even then he frowned in wonderment for a moment, not remembering why they would be.

Then he remembered. And his cock gave a happy little twitch at the thought.

He dried off, slung on some loose sweats, and started his coffeemaker. Then he padded barefoot to the front door and opened it, intending to fetch the owl post he'd been up too late to receive, his *Prophet* and his *Quibbler*. Instead he screamed. Like, high-pitched and utterly humiliating.

He leaned against the doorframe and tried to catch his breath. "Merlin's pants," he gasped. "What the bloody hell, Draco?"

"Hey," Draco said.

Harry blinked at him, still panting. "How long have you been out here?"

Draco stared at him. "Ten minutes?"

Harry looked up and down Draco's body. "Jesus, you're in jeans. I didn't know you owned jeans. I thought you were sort of…silk or leather and that's it."

"They're new," he confessed, eyes a bit too wide.

Harry's stomach warmed, his head sort of buzzing a bit. "Bugger," he said. "I have no manners. Sorry. Do you want to come in?"

"I, uh…" Draco scratched the back of his neck. "I was thinking…well, what if we just went for breakfast? Have you eaten breakfast? Because it could be lunch. Or coffee even. If you drink it."

Christ, he looked nervous as hell! More nervous than Harry felt. The sight of his nervousness made Harry smile. "I haven't eaten yet," he said. "But I'm not dressed to go out." He looked down at himself.

Draco looked at him, too, and his eyes darkened, making Harry feel a little giddy.

"Do you want to come inside while I change?"

Draco peered past him into Harry's living room, frowning at it as though he expected there might be booby-traps lying in wait for him. "I can wait out here," he finally said warily.

"Well…okay," Harry replied. Then he grabbed up the papers and thrust them at Draco. "Here. I won't be long, though."

Draco took the papers and nodded. "All right."

Harry smiled brightly at him. "Just…don't go running off, okay?"

"I'm not running off, Potter," Draco prickled.

"All right, *Malfoy*," Harry said. "Back in a sec. Okay?"

"Yes, yes," Draco groused.

Harry practically ran back inside and proceeded to ransack his own closet.

Draco was on the porch, he was on the porch, he was *on the porch*. They were going to breakfast. Harry was so very glad he'd showered. And that he'd already wanked. He was glad about a lot of things.

He threw on jeans and a t-shirt, ran into the bathroom, and took a piss. "Hurry up," he gritted out to his dribbling penis. Then he shook it off, tucked it away, washed his hands roughly, cleaned his teeth, and gave his hair a deep frown. "Oh God," he groaned, pushing on it, pulling it this way and that, and then finally giving up on it entirely. If Draco needed his hair to be good, well, that was going to be a deal-breaker.

He grabbed his glasses from the edge of the sink and shoved them on, then grabbed and holstered his wand. He fed Alice, turned off the coffeemaker with his untouched coffee in it, and was out the door again in under six minutes' time.

"You're still here," Harry said.

Draco just rolled his eyes.

Harry warded his house. "So where are we going?"

They ended up at a Muggle greasy spoon three blocks away.

"Oh, I see, take your dirty little secret to a Muggle place so we're not to be seen," Harry said, injecting his tone with all the humour and affection he could to soften the words.

"You blew me in front of three hundred wizards," Draco argued. "It's hardly a secret, Harry."

"Yes, but…well… That's the show, isn't it?"

Draco held the door for him. "It is," he agreed.

The restaurant was a cozy place, sun-lit and small. There was a jukebox playing Patsy Cline. All the waitstaff wore yellow and white. They seated themselves at a booth away from anybody else.

"Have you ever eaten in a Muggle place in your life?" Harry asked him.

"Yes, Potter," was all he got.

When their waitress arrived with her notepad ready, Draco said, "Two coffees."

She looked at Harry to make sure that was okay, and he nodded quickly.

When she left, Harry slanted Draco a smile. "You're a toppy shit, aren't you?"

Draco blinked madly. He was blushing.

"Don't worry," Harry told him, edging his hand closer to Draco's on the table but not daring to touch him. "I rather like it."

When Draco just cleared his throat and picked up a menu, Harry did the same and let it drop.

Their coffees arrived, and they ordered, and then Harry watched Draco dump four little pots of half and half into his mug, frowning like he was in potions class.

Harry sipped his black. "You're good at potions," he said.

"What makes you say that?" Draco shook the last drop from the last pot then stirred, counterclockwise three times, clockwise twice. Then he repeated that three times.

"Oh, I don't know, the potions that you've made that are good?" Harry teased him.

Draco met his eyes briefly. "It's a hobby."

"You could sell them. Get someone to market them. Have your own shop." He sipped again. The coffee was, surprisingly, not bad.

"I suppose."

"That's not something you've thought about?"

"Why are you interrogating me?" Draco asked, suddenly looking quite wary again indeed.

Harry couldn't help but smile a little. "Is this a date? Because generally, when two people are on a date together, they ask about one another's lives."

Draco blushed again. He examined a spoon for cleanliness. He put it down and stared into his lap. "I don't know what this is," he admitted.

"Did you just…want to see me?" Harry asked, Draco's fear seeming to somehow make *him* braver.

Draco nodded.

"You may have scared the shit out of me, but…I was glad to find you mooching about on my porch."

Draco spared him a scant smile then. "I should have owled."

"Do you know your owl has been in my house four times and you haven't been in once? He knows where my treats are, for fuck's sake."

Draco laughed. He *laughed*. Harry felt like he had on Felix Felicis.

"You haven't been to mine yet, either," Draco said.

Harry's heart did some fancy pattering. "No." He'd said 'yet'.

Their food arrived, and the conversation was left hanging between them. Harry thanked the waitress. It smelled amazing, and he was starving, so he was happy to let things lie where they were while they ate.

And he liked watching Draco eat. He was ridiculous really. He sniffed *everything* before he'd put it in his mouth. He spread his butter all the way out to the crusts of his toast extremely evenly. He didn't shake the salt shaker; he held it aloft and tapped its top three times.

It was hard to believe that this person treating his breakfast like an exam was the same man who owned his audience every night on that stage. Who danced with controlled abandon rather than just control. Who moved like wine poured into a glass. Who captivated at will and was so sensual and direct.

"What?"

Harry realized he'd been staring, his chin propped on his hand.

"Sorry."

He went back to eating his own food, fast and efficient. He'd never really unlearned eating like that. The Dursleys were still with him at any table, it seemed.

He was just cleaning up some egg yolk with a bit of toast when Draco asked him, "Why aren't you becoming an Auror?"

"Why aren't you becoming a Potions Master?"

"I asked you first."

"No, you didn't."

"Merlin, Potter, yes I did," Draco hissed and then kicked him under the table. It was the first time they'd touched that morning, and even that sent a thrill through Harry's very bones.

"Okay, you did," he admitted with a cheeky smile. He shrugged. "I didn't want any of the horseshit," he said.

"Seems a bit facile, doesn't it?" Draco pushed. He dabbed his mouth with his napkin and then laid it over his plate.

"Now who's doing the interrogating?"

Draco smirked at him.

"All right then." Harry threw down his own napkin. "I need my life to be my own. I don't see how that's possible working for the Ministry of Magic. Now you. You're brilliant at potions. What's stopping you?"

"We strip at a club down Knockturn, Harry," Draco told him.

"So?"

Draco laughed mirthlessly now. "Do you really not see my Mark when we're dancing? Do you really not care?"

He'd seen it. Of course he'd seen it.

But Draco went on before he could formulate a response. "You know who runs the club. She doesn't have a Mark of her own, but…" Draco sighed. "I just… I'm accepted there, Potter."

"I accept you," Harry blurted. "Lots of people would accept you if you gave them the chance."

"I don't want to live on polite society's terms, Potter."

"Quit calling me Potter."

Draco sighed. "I believe I've called you that while coming," Draco said softly. "It doesn't mean what you think it does, Harry."

Harry felt his blood rush from every point in his body toward his cock. "You," he said, "are changing the subject."

Draco allowed a small half-wicked smile.

"Do you really think Parkinson would give a toss if we were…?"

"Dating?" Draco supplied. "You seem to be under the mistaken impression that she and I are friends enough for that to matter. She named her club after something that nearly killed me. I don't think she's so much all about my feelings."

"It didn't kill you," Harry found himself saying quietly.

Draco looked him square in the eye. "No," he said. He blinked and looked down.

"Okay, so maybe she's not your best pal or anything, but she seems to quite like our new act," Harry said.

"Because it's under her roof, Pot-- Harry. Believe me, she does not like to not be the one in control."

Harry sighed. "So, I guess this is just breakfast then."

Draco moved his foot under the table until it was touching Harry's. "Yeah," he agreed. "Just breakfast."

Harry moved his foot against Draco's. "Between friends?"

Draco gasped a little, and the sound felt like a touch. "Yeah," he whispered. "Friends."

Harry smiled at him. Their feet moved a little, touching still. Draco called for the check.

\*

They walked back to Harry's house slowly, hands shoved in pockets. Their elbows kept brushing. Harry wanted so very much for Draco to drape his arm around his shoulders. He felt so stupid, but he wanted it with something in him that he'd never understood, that had never made sense. That same thing that had made being on a date with Cho so agonizing. That had made kissing Ginny feel just a bit…off.

Harry wanted a man's arm around him. And he wanted that man to be Draco Malfoy.

Draco came up onto the porch with him. Harry unwarded the door and then turned to him. "Thank you for breakfast. I had a really good time."

Draco was staring at his lips. Blatantly staring. "Me, too."

Harry took a step toward him. His breath came out in a rush. "We probably shouldn't…"

"No," Draco replied, but his voice was rough. He stepped in and pressed Harry back into his own door. They were close enough to touch, but they didn't.

Harry angled his head and leaned in, almost kissing him, definitely inviting a kiss, but when Draco didn't move, he pulled back, only to watch Draco lean in in his wake. Harry breathed hard against Draco's lips, just barely touching his own.

"Oh shit," Harry gasped.

"Harry…"

Draco stood there, crowding him, nearly panting. And then he balled his hands into fists and stepped away.

Harry's cock was so fucking hard, and his entire body swayed toward Draco's. He blinked. "Fuck," he said.

"Yeah," Draco growled.

"Okay," Harry answered, not caring that it made no sense. Nothing made any sense.

"Thank you for coming out with me," Draco said.

"Maybe we could do it again sometime?"

Draco nodded. "Yeah. Yeah, I just…"

"Uh huh," Harry answered. "Me, too."

"See you Saturday?"

"Mm hmm."

Draco looked at him then, and the full force of the lust in his eyes made Harry's whole body shudder.

"Bye, Harry."

"Bye, Draco."

Then he Disapparated.

And Harry slammed into his house, dug his cock out, and beat off just inside the door, coming in thirty seconds flat.

\*

He'd been thinking about it ever since.

He'd had all week to think about it.

He wasn't obsessed or anything. He still went out to the store, he cleaned house, he had coffee with Hermione. He even went to the cinema with Felix when he'd fire-called Wednesday afternoon. And that had been really fun.

Truly.

It wasn't like all the weeks before, either.

He and Draco had begun owling in earnest. Neither Alice nor Sheldon seemed to mind the trips back and forth. They took turns. It wasn't *incessant* or anything. Two or three a day.

They weren't *seeing* each other.

Nothing like that.

But even when they weren't owling, Draco Malfoy was always there. Harry thought of him more often than he'd have liked to admit.

He thought of him fondly.

Very fondly.

Very very fondly.

Often with his hand down his trousers.

If he had to hazard a guess, he'd say he only thought of him every couple of hours, though. That wasn't too much. He'd just be making tea, and Draco would pop in there, and Harry would find himself smiling at a dripping tea bag.

He'd be tending the back garden Luna was helping him with and realise he was drowning the dirigible plums from thinking about what had almost happened on the porch.

Stuff like that.

It wasn't unmanageable.

He just couldn't stop…thinking about it.

About *it*.

And what *it* might be like.

What would it have been like if he'd just lifted his chin, parted his lips, and let Draco Malfoy shove him against his own door and kiss him senseless?

What would it have been like if he'd come inside?

So maybe that's why, when Saturday night came, Harry found himself feeling almost zen about it. Maybe that's why, when he said it, his voice didn't even shake. All he felt was resolute. All he felt was perfect.

As they stood side by side in the wings, waiting to go on, and Harry said, "I want you to fuck me," it was like the last ingredient falling into the cauldron and setting the contents ablaze.

Draco turned his head slowly and looked at him, stunned. "You want me to what?"

Harry looked at him calmly, even though his body was already reacting to the thought of it. "You heard me, Malfoy."

Draco gave a little disbelieving laugh. "You're not serious."

"I'm extremely serious."

"You're mad."

Harry shrugged. "Maybe. Will you do it?"

All Draco's breath came out in a rush. He shook his head. He laughed again. "Harry Potter," he said. And that's all he said.

"Draco Malfoy," Harry whispered to him and watched him suppress a shiver. Draco gave Harry a hard, warning look then. And that's when Harry knew without a doubt that he had him. He leaned in and whispered in his ear. "Fuck me." He let his lips touch the shell of his ear. "Fuck me out there, Draco."

"What, just screw the dance?"

"Yeah. Screw it. I don't care how you do it. I'll follow your lead. Just do it."

Draco sighed hard. "I don't— I don't want—"

"To hurt me?"

Draco's hands balled into fists and a muscle in his jaw went haywire.

"Look at me," Harry told him.

Draco did, his eyes full of the war inside him. A war Harry had already won.

"You won't," Harry said. "I want this."

"You do?"

"Yeah. Do you?"

Draco's lashes fluttered momentarily. "Christ, Harry…"

"Malfoy! Potter! Places!"

Harry nodded at him.

Draco swallowed thickly.

The lights went down, and Harry took Draco's hand, leading him out onto the stage.

When the lights came up and the music began, Harry did not do his Firefighter Spin. He just stood there, facing Draco, and Draco stood there, facing him. He was frowning rather fiercely, and Harry thought he looked so damned sexy he could hardly stand it. Something clenched in his chest, tight and searing. But it felt good.

Harry had no fear. None at all.

But when two eight counts had gone by and Draco had done exactly nothing, Harry realized he'd have to make the first move. Just the first one. He was pretty sure that's all Draco would need.

He smiled at Draco. Then he took his trousers and his pants and he ripped them down, stepping out of them and then tossing them aside.

He looked at Draco with the challenge lighting his gaze.

Draco's eyes raked down his body, and when they lit on Harry's cock, it bobbed. Draco's gaze found his own again, and then he pushed down and took off his own trousers and pants, until they were both standing there, naked on the stage.

Draco walked toward him, into Harry's space. Draco's cock brushed his thigh and his own pressed against Draco's hip. Draco's hands took Harry by the hips, and he looked deeply into Harry's eyes. For five seconds, just staring, his thumbs searing little circles into Harry's skin.

Then suddenly, he spun Harry around, and pressed him to the pole. It was cool, and Harry hissed. Draco took him by the wrists and raised his arms over his head, clasping his hands around the thick pole. Harry obeyed on a shivery sigh.

The crowd became, increasingly and predictably, raucous. The money was already landing on the edge of the stage. Harry closed his eyes on it as Draco's hands caressed down his forearms, his triceps, his armpits, around front and down his chest and stomach, then up his sides and all the way up his arms again. Harry shivered from the touching. And Draco leaned in and mouthed a kiss behind his ear.

"Harry…" he whispered.

Then one hand left his body, and Draco said an incantation. Two slick fingers rubbed between the globes of his arse, finding his hole and petting, circling it.

The audience went crazy. The music wound around them, and the cheering became like a loud hum. Draco nipped at the shell of Harry's ear, and Harry erupted in shivers, smiling and letting his head drop back. He arched a little into Draco's pressing fingers, and they pushed inside of him.

There were shouts and whoops and there was money, money, money, but Harry's world distilled to Draco. His fingers pushing hard and steady until Harry's tight arse had taken their length. Then Draco pulled back and fucked them back in.

Harry cried out, his cock bouncing. They felt so bloody good, Draco's long, graceful fingers working up a friction that made Harry whine and bite his lip. It got so good, Harry was afraid he could come that way. Draco had found his prostate easily and seemed to relish rubbing over it repeatedly until Harry was stifling his moans against his own upraised arm.

But then he pulled them out, slowly. Harry's arse closed around their exit, almost kissing his fingertips goodbye. Harry gripped the pole hard as he felt Draco positioning his cock there instead, preparing himself to fuck. "Oh God…" he gasped. He laid his forehead against the metal and waited for it.

And then Draco grunted, the head of it popping into him, and though the crowd was louder than ever, egging him on, vulgar and rowdy, Harry could still hear Draco's breathing. He could feel his body trembling. He drove his cock up Harry's arse on a loud teeth-grit groan. Harry inhaled sharply, his mouth coming open as he panted through the pain of it, his erection flagging a little.

Then Draco's body was flush against his own, almost shielding him as Draco pressed him tight to the pole.

He stayed there, deep, shuddering, and his hands roamed up Harry's body once more, touching him all over, rubbing and gripping and *feeling* him, and Harry's arse throbbed around the cock inside him.

Finally, Draco's hands settled on Harry's hips, he whispered, "Potter," behind Harry's ear, and he started to fuck.

The roar was thunderous. Harry held onto the pole for dear life. Draco's cock was long and so hard. Gone was the feeling of control Harry had had when he'd sucked it. Draco was in control now. Draco could do anything he wanted to Harry.

His lips found Harry's shoulder and sucked a bruise there while he fucked. Harry's head dropped back again. Draco lifted his mouth, took Harry by the hair, and angled their mouths together, kissing him hot and deep while he filled Harry's arse. Harry whined against his lips. He started bucking back for it, trying to get Draco to do him faster. Needing it. Needing that perfect friction, Draco's cock driving up Harry's own pleasure until his cock was fully hard once more, bouncing luridly for everyone to see.

Draco growled. Then he took Harry by the hips, man-handled him into a new position, backing him up from the pole and bending Harry over. Harry still had his hands wrapped around the metal, and he braced, Draco standing behind him and squeezing his arse hard, kicking Harry's legs farther apart, before he started whipping his hips, pounding his cock inside Harry's loosened arse.

"Oh fuck yeah," Harry whispered to himself. His own cock slapped his stomach with every violent thrust.

Draco's hands moved to his waist and gripped hard enough to leave marks. He was bouncing off Harry's arse now. Harry heard the high whine in his throat, and then Draco's come started pulsing in Harry's arse, warm and wet and it felt *so good*. Harry arched his back, completely receptive, while Draco fucked his semen in and some of it still dribbled out, running down his bollocks and his quaking thighs.

Suddenly, Draco handled him again, walking Harry back upright and tight into the pole. His hand came around and touched Harry's cock. Draco had never touched Harry's cock before. Sparks flew through his blood. Draco's hand began pulling, stroking, and he fucked his still-hard cock more slowly through his own spunk while he jacked Harry quickly.

Then the music stopped.

It just bloody stopped.

But Harry was on the edge, and Draco kept going. He knew Harry was close. Hell, everybody knew it.

He stayed buried deep in Harry's body, and as the crowd started to chant, he whispered in Harry's ear, "Come on, Potter. Come on, you beautiful fuck. Fuck, Harry, come on. Let me feel it." His hand started squeezing over and around the head just right. "Let me see you come, goddamnit."

So Harry did. He threw his head back and shot all over the place – all over Draco's hand, the pole, the floor. The sound of the applause and the whistles and the hooting and howling all came back into sharp focus, and it was good and wrong and he didn't care. Draco was rubbing out the last of it and whispering dirty things in his ear. Sweet things. His cock slipping out of Harry's body finally, the both of them hissing.

Harry turned in Draco's arms, smiling lazily. He wrapped his own arms around Draco's neck, and to the tune of a packed house cheering, kissed him.

\*

This time when they came off stage and were handed their robes and the crowd of dancers and crew wanted to swarm them with questions and congratulations and whatever it was they wanted, Draco didn't let them. He took Harry's hand and began leading him away, parting the crowd in such a way that he had to be using magic.

Harry let Draco take him where he wanted him, down the hall, leaving everyone behind. He let him pull him into his dressing room and ward the door.

Then Draco was all over him, pulling him in roughly and kissing Harry hard and deep, groaning into his mouth, walking them further into the room until Harry's arse hit the countertop. Harry sat on it, and Draco pushed his legs apart, pulling Harry to the edge until their bodies were flush again. Harry wound his arms around Draco, and Draco's hands gripped him, stroked him, held him.

Harry's cock started to get hard again, and he wrapped his legs around Draco's hips. He reached between them, parted their robes, and took them both in his hand, breathing, "Fuck yes," against Draco's lips.

But no sooner had he done it than Draco grabbed his hand and removed it. He kept kissing him, and he linked his fingers through Harry's in a gesture that made Harry's breath catch in his throat. His kiss slowed, gentled, his thumb brushing back and forth over Harry's.

Then Draco came up gasping. "Merlin, Harry…"

"Sorry I grabbed your cock," Harry smiled. "I just sort of thought that's where this was going."

Draco looked at him almost shyly, the hunger still obvious. His thumb brushed over Harry's again. "We shouldn't be in here alone together."

Harry scoffed, fiddling idly with Draco's robe ties. "This isn't 1825. I'm no virgin. Everybody is exceedingly aware of that now." He snorted.

Draco blushed. It made Harry's heart speed up, and he knew the look on his face must be the silliest thing ever, but…

"Yeah," Harry agreed. "You're right, though. I know the rules."

Draco looked at him and nodded.

"One more snog?" Harry wheedled. "You know, for the road?"

"Do explain to me how you weren't Sorted into Slytherin, Potter," Draco said to him, releasing his hand to sink his fingers into Harry's hair.

"I have better things to do with my mouth, Malfoy."

Draco smiled, angled his head, and kissed him.

\*

The next day, Harry woke up to a huge moving photo of himself and Draco making out on stage on the front of the *Prophet*. Their bits were blurred out, and Harry guessed he should be thankful it wasn't the money shot, complete with his own blissed-out face.

It was actually kind of nice in a way: having that moment preserved. Harry's insides warmed even as he suspected he might receive a few Howlers from his scandalized loved ones. It was hard not to imagine Molly Weasley's face really.

He poured himself a cup of coffee and made breakfast, waiting for whatever owls might decide to drop in and berate him.

Because Draco Malfoy had fucked him in public last night.

Draco had fucked him.

Harry felt like he might have to do a bit of a twirl, his happiness hardly containable. He refrained and stirred his scrambled eggs around in the pan, sipping his coffee and humming a little tuneless song instead.

He was just sitting down to his first bite when Cressida flew in and perched on the edge of the table.

"Hey," Harry said to her. But then his stomach tightened up. Surely, this would be about the spread the paper had done. It couldn't be good, of that much Harry was certain.

But once he'd gotten it open, he breathed a sigh of relief.

*Dear Harry,*

*We'd love to take you up on dinner. This Friday night. If you can tear your lips off Malfoy's long enough to eat, that is.*

*(Don't worry. Ron's okay. Only mildly traumatised.)*

*Love,*

*H&R*

Harry handed Cressida some toast crust to nibble while he composed his reply in the affirmative and then sent her on her way.

No Howlers came.

All in all, he'd certainly had bigger days in the press. He'd take this over having the flashbulbs blind him outside the Ministry while he tried not to openly break down into sobs of grief.

He'd take this any day.

He remembered the feel of Draco's soft lips opening under his own.

"Brilliant," he sighed to himself. And then he spent the rest of the day doing nearly nothing. Just being a lazy git with a slightly sore arse.

\*

Harry arrived last to Cinnamon Kitchen, and when he saw Ron and Hermione at the table, she laughing and him sitting back and smiling at what a good job he'd done making her laugh, Harry just stood and smiled to himself momentarily. It had been a long time since they'd been in one place together – since they'd just gotten together to be best friends, like old times. He just looked his fill of them for a moment, unnoticed, until Ron glanced up and saw him and waved him over enthusiastically.

They each stood to hug him, Ron's back-pounding and forceful, Hermione's soft and prolonged.

"Oh, starters already?" Harry said. "I didn't realise I was so late."

"It's all right, mate. We saved you some," Ron said.

There was indeed a healthy serving of Sev Puri left and quite a lot of the 'Chicken 65' that Harry loved. He leaned forward and inhaled the scent of tamarind and cilantro.

"You're a prince, Ron," Harry told him, tucking in.

"No, I'm the king," Ron assured him.

Harry spoke around a mouthful of chick peas. "Malfoy's sorry about that, by the way. I mean, he hasn't actually said so, but I can tell."

"That's great," Ron said dryly. "I feel so much better about life."

"So, how's training?" Harry asked.

At that, Ron lit up. He told Harry all about the physical endurance tests, the constant studying, the instructors he liked and the ones he despised. He'd obviously developed a bit of a man-crush on Kingsley Shacklebolt, because he went on about the flawlessness of his Patronus shield form for around six minutes – just long enough for Harry to stuff his face with the last of the chicken.

"What I'm balls at, though, is the potions. I swear, Snape—"

"Professor Snape," Hermione corrected, a Harry felt a slight pang twinging in his chest at the name.

"Right. Sorry. Anyway, apparently Professor Snape standing behind me and judging me isn't something I can blame my lack of prowess on anymore. I'm barely scraping by, and that's with Hermione's help."

Harry dabbed his mouth. "You know, Malfoy has made some really great potions. He says it's a hobby, but," he shrugged, "he could make good Galleons easy. I'm sure if you wanted…" His voice died in his throat. Of course Ron would not want any such thing. "Well, I can ask him what his secret is," Harry finished uncomfortably.

Hermione piped up, "Wonderful! Thank you, Harry."

Harry took a long drink of water, and a thick silence fell over the table.

It was only with the return of their waiter that things fell back into some semblance of normalcy.

They shared three dishes, and talk resumed around bites of curry. They told stories and laughed and teased one another with embroidered renditions of their childhood exploits, and what seemed like minutes actually turned out to be three hours.

"Christ," Harry said, eyes wide on his watch. "We'd better be gigantic tippers or they'll hate us."

"That reminds me," Hermione said. "I went to a wizarding cafe the other day, and the waiter had a Quick Quill that added in a thirty percent tip all on its own. Can you believe it?"

"If it's a good greasy spoon you're wanting," Harry chimed in, "Malfoy took me to a great place the other day. It's three blocks from my house. 'Murky Mug' or 'Magnificent Mug' or something. It was excellent. I never even bloody knew it was there."

Hermione and Ron exchanged the briefest of looks, and then Hermione turned back to him. "Sounds lovely."

Harry cleared his throat and dabbed his lips with his napkin, suddenly blushing. He hadn't mentioned Malfoy *that* many times, had he? Just – he counted in his head – well, six or seven. He gulped.

"Er, I've got to go to the loo. Excuse me."

His prick was still dribbling into the urinal when the door opened behind him and one Hermione Granger walked through.

"Fucking shit!" Harry cursed, tucking himself away quickly.

She rolled her eyes. "Give me a small break, Harry. We lived in a tent together for how long? I'm not here to ravish you and turn you straight. I'd drag you into the women's room for something like that." She smirked.

"Well, what the bloody hell *are* you doing in here?" Harry asked, washing his hands thoroughly to prevent any impromptu germ-related lectures.

"I—" she began and then stopped herself. "You really like him. Don't you?"

"Like who?" Harry tried but immediately felt like a plonker of the highest order.

She just looked at him.

"Okay. Yes. I guess."

"You guess?"

He sighed. He leaned his arse against the sinks and crossed his arms over his chest. "I like him." He met her eyes. "Hermione, I like him a lot."

"You're falling in love," she said frankly.

Too frankly.

He compressed his lips. But he didn't correct her.

"Have you told him?" she pushed.

Harry blinked. He dropped his gaze and kicked the toe of his shoe against a loose tile. "No."

"Why not?"

He laughed. "It's complicated."

"Don't brush me off, Harry."

"Well, what is the proper response to this situation? You're accosting me in the men's room."

"Because I love you."

Harry softened, looking again at her concerned face. He took a deep breath. "The club has a policy against fraternising," he told her.

"I see," she said. "So…what are you going to do? Strip with Draco into old age until one of you breaks a hip shagging the other?"

He broke into an embarrassed laugh and cast a hand over his face. "You always did know how to drill right into the core of a problem, Hermione."

"Well, I'm sorry," she said stiffly.

He pushed off the sink and walked to her quickly, taking her elbow in his hand. "No," he corrected. "I meant it as a compliment. Truly."

She sighed, smiling her relief at him.

*She'd called him Draco.*

"I hadn't exactly thought that far ahead," he confessed.

She frowned at him. "Maybe you should." At his flinch, she gentled her tone again. "I'm sorry. Look, Harry, I just… We care about you. I didn't barge into the men's room to try to convince you to stop seeing him. Or to stop stripping. But…well… Which one do you want more, Harry? Because it's going to come down to that, isn't it?"

He nodded, but he couldn't seem to meet her eyes. "Do you think I fucked up?" he asked. "I mean, not being an Auror. With Ron." He raised his gaze to hers. "Do you think I'm fucking up my life?"

She smiled at him then. "No, Harry. I don't think that. Not yet," she said pointedly.

Then she kissed him on the cheek, said, "Now, hurry up, because Ron's dying to try dessert," and then turned around and left the restroom.

Left Harry standing there reeling.

\*

The lights went down.

Harry stood on the dark of the stage, and Draco stood close, his breath bathing Harry's face. It smelled like these coconut sweets Harry knew he kept in his bag. Harry had rifled through looking for the pain salve after rehearsal the day before and found them. A little bag of sweets all tucked away, hidden. He hadn't meant to snoop. But he had. He'd also come across the "girly" necklace he'd once seen, too. The one Draco never actually wore. He'd discovered that it wasn't a necklace but a locket, inscribed on the back with his mother's elegant magical writing:

*I'll always love you, Draco.*

Harry could have opened it. He could have figured out the spell. But he didn't. He'd just lain it back where he'd found it, his chest feeling tight.

And now here they were, face to face, and the lights were coming up.

The crowd, having arrived in record numbers until there was standing room only and then none of that, began to cheer.

Harry looked into Draco's eyes. Unchoreographed, Draco's hand came up and cupped his cheek. He stepped in and took Harry around the lower back with his other. Harry stepped into his arms, sighing and letting his eyes flutter closed.

Draco's hand dipped down into his trousers and pants, palming his arse. He squeezed and yanked Harry closer. Harry gasped. When he opened his eyes, Draco was smiling at him. It was barely there, but there it was.

Smiling at him…

Draco started pulling Harry's trousers and pants down. He knelt to slip them off his feet and toss them aside. He angled his head and pressed a soft, lingering kiss against Harry's hard cock. The crowd erupted, and Draco teased them and Harry both, mouthing up the length of him until he opened his mouth over the crown, sloppy-wet and divine.

Harry grabbed his hair for balance. He felt Draco laugh against the tender skin of his prick, his tongue dancing little flicks that no one could see under the head.

"Draco…" Harry breathed.

Then the mouth popped off his aching cock, and Draco stood again. He leaned in to whisper in Harry's ear, "Lie on your back."

Harry obeyed as he watched Draco doff his own clothes.

Merlin but he had a bloody gorgeous cock. Harry would have liked to just stare at it for a while, to stroke it idly and watch it twitch under his touch. He swallowed against the desire and lubed himself with a whispered charm. He bent his knees and spread them, inviting Draco between. Draco knelt and came to brace himself over Harry.

The music was slow tonight, sultry, and Draco went with it, pushing one of Harry's knees up toward his shoulder as though in slow motion. Harry held his breath. Draco didn't once take his eyes off Harry's. He stared at him as he took his own cock in his hand and found Harry's arsehole with it.

They stared at each other as he worked it inside, as he pushed it deep, as Harry hissed and Draco bit his lip, as his cock sheathed inside Harry's body completely.

Draco dropped his face into Harry's neck for a moment, his breath hot and moist. Harry stroked his back, his body adjusting. And then Draco pressed his lips to Harry's ear and murmured, "I didn't take the potion."

Harry gasped a little. He hadn't? Harry wanted to ask, 'Why not? Was that on purpose? Did you forget, you dolt?' But he couldn't. He couldn't ask any of it. All he could do was know. Know that Draco was hard only for him, because of him. It sent a powerful thrill up his spine, and Harry pulled his knees into his shoulders, opening up for Draco as much as he could.

Draco braced an elbow on either side of Harry's head, and he began fucking him.

Wizards had resorted to standing atop wobbly chairs, to mounting one another's shoulders, to levitating themselves, all to get a better view of Harry getting fucked. Harry saw them and smiled. He wanted to laugh. In a very real way, they couldn't touch him. They literally couldn't touch him. But they also just…couldn't get near what this was, and it was amusing to see them try.

Harry's eyes danced over Draco's face – the effort there, the restraint and the care he took with Harry's body.

"You good?" Draco asked him breathlessly.

Harry nodded. "Yeah. Do it."

So Draco then sped his thrusts, driving into Harry's arse, which felt so bloody good now, so pliant and warm. Draco panted in his face, and Harry sank his hands into Draco's hair. Draco changed his angle minutely, and then his stomach was rubbing against Harry's cock as it lay in the crevice of his hip, and Harry turned his head and groaned, beginning to rock into Draco's rhythm.

"So good," he found himself breathing. "So good, so good, so good, Draco, fuck…"

He came between them, Draco huffing over him, body now slapping into him, cock sliding sure into the wet clench of his arse while Harry's cock smeared a sticky white mess over their stomachs.

"Harry," Draco groaned out, Harry's arse fluttering around and clamping down on his cock. "I'm gonna come so hard."

Harry grabbed his arse and tried to pull Draco harder into him. The crowd expressed their avid agreement. So Draco rose up over him and started hammering down into Harry's hole.

"Ffffuck," Harry cried, squeezing his eyes closed as Draco went at him hard and fast. His body felt electric, filled with magic. He felt free and pinned down at the same time. He just held his legs open and let Draco pound his way toward orgasm. He opened his eyes and watched. What he saw stole his breath.

Draco stilled suddenly, head thrown back, mouth open, and then groaned long and loud, emptying into Harry's body.

Harry had never *seen* it before.

He moved under him as best he could, milking it out of him, and Draco began pulsing his hips again, just stroking into Harry now tenderly.

Draco lowered himself down onto Harry's body, into his arms, and they rocked slowly together, Draco's face pressed into Harry's neck, and Harry stroked his hair, his back, gripping him close until the song faded away, and the cheering was all that was left.

And still they rocked, easy and perfect, Draco's furiously pounding heart slowing against Harry's chest.

\*

"Well, that was just way too bloody precious, now wasn't it?" Pansy shouted at them backstage. "Christ, Draco, I couldn't even see Potter's cock nor his orgasm nor much of anything except your skinny pumping arse which was nearly blindingly white under those lights anyway. I mean, I'm seeing stars still, am I right, Blaise?"

"Stars," Blaise agreed dourly.

"So, I'll use a tanning potion and fuck him on his hands and knees next time," Draco gritted out.

Harry just looked back and forth between them, partly disturbed by Pansy's response, partly aroused by the idea of Draco fucking him doggie style.

Pansy firmed her jaw. "We'll talk about it next rehearsal," she said before she stormed off, Blaise in her wake.

Draco gave Harry a dark look and started back to his dressing room. Harry followed, but Draco turned to him in the doorway, barring his entrance.

"What do you think she'll do to us?" Harry had to ask.

Draco sighed. "I don't know." Then he reached up and he cupped Harry's jaw. He just stood there like that, his thumb brushing Harry's cheek back and forth. Then, abruptly, he let his hand drop. "Goodnight, Harry," he said.

Harry had never wanted to kiss somebody so badly in his life.

"Goodnight, Draco," he said.

Draco gave him a sad, tired smile, and when Harry backed away, he shut the door.

\*

Harry slept badly the next few nights. He thought about owling Draco for a sleep potion, but every time he picked up a quill or a pen, he simply froze and no words would come.

He did his shopping, his errands… Felix fire-called and asked if he wanted to go with him and his boyfriend to the shore. Harry declined, his heart like a stone that had sunk into the realm of his stomach.

He would have liked to take *his* boyfriend to the shore.

Hermione's words rang unbidden through his mind:

*Which one do you want more, Harry? Because it's going to come down to that, isn't it?*

The owl came on Thursday evening, and though Harry had wanted it to be from Draco, it wasn't. Still, it made him warm to see the handwriting, and he ripped open the letter eagerly.

*Hey Harry!*

*How's stripping? I hope Malfoy keeps his bits clean for you.*

*I just wanted to write, because Hermione says you won't know how I feel if I don't say it to you.*

*But I think you know how I feel. Right, Harry?*

*You're my best mate.*

*Let's do Malfoy's restaurant sometime, yeah?*

*Take care of yourself.*

*Your Friend,*

*Ron*

Harry smiled at the parchment for a good while, then he composed his reply:

*You're the best, Ron.*

*Malfoy's restaurant, for sure.*

*Your Friend,*

*Harry*

He slept better that night, but he was still dragging his arse around the next day, and he realised that a lot of it was dreading this rehearsal.

When he arrived at the club, the air felt different. Tense and strange and quiet. Harry dropped his bag off in his dressing room and wandered out into the main room, the doors between it and backstage propped open wide to air things out.

Millicent was stocking the bar again, Luna sitting on a stool and watching her while she charmed maraschino cherries into the air, making them do a little dance. As Harry watched, Millicent turned and opened her mouth, and Luna sent one to hover near her lips. Millicent bit it out of the air and then walked over, leaned over the bar, and kissed it into Luna's smiling mouth.

"Bloody hell," Harry murmured under his breath. He knew he shouldn't be jealous. He got fucked weekly by Draco Malfoy, and he certainly wouldn't trade off, but… It just seemed like everyone was allowed to have who they wanted but him sometimes. He'd even wondered if Pansy and Blaise were secretly getting it on. She certainly had him wrapped around her finger tightly enough.

"Hey."

Harry jumped. "Christ, Malfoy. Did you Apparate here or something?"

When Draco didn't smile, Harry hip-checked him. He gave Harry a small grin then, but it was restrained. Perhaps he felt it, too.

Just then, Pansy and Blaise came out of the office and Pansy clapped her hands five times.

"Okay!" she called jovially. "This is going to be the line up for next week: Simmons and Baker, you're doing a beach number. Al-Basri, you're solo; your theme will be…" She flipped some pages. "Ah, yes, potions-related randiness. Okay? Good. Potter, you'll be dancing in Wood's Quidditch number, a really hot locker room piece I think will be scandalously brilliant, and Draco, you'll dance with—"

Harry's brain began to buzz unpleasantly. Did Pansy just--? Was she--?

"You're splitting us up?" Harry blurted, interrupting her.

"Yes, Potter, it does happen from time to time," she explained. "So as I was saying—"

"Am I to just strip with Oliver or…what?" he finished, stomach turning sour.

"I believe it's the 'or what' that has them rolling in, Potter. I'm sure you'll both manage – two strapping Quidditch blokes and all that," she said merrily.

Harry dropped his gaze to the floor. He blinked. She was splitting them up. She actually expected him to let Oliver Wood fuck him. His conversation with Hermione blared through his head.

This was it. This was that choice point.

He wasn't ready. He wasn't prepared for this. Panic rose up in him like a snake uncoiled.

He had to quit. He had to quit right now. And yet, he felt frozen in place. He felt like, if he just stood there a bit longer, Pansy would declare that she'd been joking and had said it for a laugh and then throw Draco a bottle of tanning potion and tell him to go for it.

Surely this wasn't all happening right now.

Harry opened his mouth. He had to say *something*.

But the voice that rang out was not his own.

"Is that your final decision?"

Harry looked to Draco standing beside him, his arms crossed over his chest, potential energy rippling all around him.

Pansy gave him a rather triumphant tight-lipped grin. "Yes, Draco. It is. If you don't like it, you know your way to the back alley now don't you?" She turned to address the group once more.

What came out of Draco's mouth then was no less threatening for its quiet.

"Fuck you."

Harry's eyes widened.

"What did you just say to me?" Pansy asked icily.

The room had been struck dumb.

Draco lifted his gaze from the floor. "I said fuck you, Pansy. I know what you're doing."

"I'm saving my club, Malfoy," she thundered.

Millicent dropped a glass behind the bar, and it shattered. No one turned. No one moved a muscle.

Draco sneered at Pansy. Then he firmed his lips. He looked at Harry, and the mask of cold hatred slipped a little. He looked at the floor. Harry, speechless, held his breath. Then Draco said, very softly, a slight tremor in his voice that Harry thought only he would hear, "I won't do it." He raised his gaze and looked at Pansy. "If that's what you want," he shook his head, "I won't do it."

"You cannot fault me for doing what's in the best interest—"

"Losing strippers? That's in the club's best interest?" Draco challenged her. Then he turned to Harry as she gaped. "I'm not asking you leave," he said. "I want you to know that." Then he looked back at Pansy. "But I quit." He looked at Harry one last time and then turned around and walked out of the room, storming down the hall, flicking his wand as he went, *accioing* his duffle, and then slamming out the back door onto the alley pavement.

Then he was gone.

He'd walked out.

He'd quit.

For Harry.

Harry's whole body flashed hot with adrenaline. He could barely hear Pansy's stammered instructions to everyone else for the blood pounding in his ears.

Draco had quit his job. For *Harry*.

He felt thin tears prickle behind his eyes. He swallowed, balling his hands into fists to keep the trembling at bay.

Pansy shouted to the group, "What are you staring at? Get moving!" Then she turned to Harry and pasted on what Harry all-too-readily recognized as a sycophantic smile. "Harry," she said. "I'm very sorry about that. I do hope you understand that I only want what's best for everyone, yes?" She took him around the shoulders, like some kind of big sister. "I think you're going to just love what I have planned for you and Wood. I'm sure you'll agree he's got exceptional talent, and I really think you two could be our stars."

"Oliver's great," he found himself saying dully.

This was it.

Draco was already gone.

This was *it*.

Harry swallowed thickly and stepped out of the vice-like embrace of her arm.

"Potter?" she almost squeaked.

"Pansy, I really appreciate the opportunity you've given me," Harry said, feeling a strange calm suffuse his voice even as his heart began to pound against his ribcage, against his throat. "I know when Draco calms down, he'll extend his gratitude to you as well," Harry said to her. "I've really loved being a part of this." He looked around at Blaise's shocked face and the other dancers who had not dispersed as Pansy had ordered and were now whispering in little packed huddles. He was surprised at the genuineness of his own words, at how very much he really felt them when he said, "Thank you for taking a chance on me, Pansy." Then he breathed it out. "But I'm quitting, too."

"Harry," she laughed nervously. "No. Er, I'm sure we could work something out. I mean, maybe you and Draco could have an, I don't know, once-a-month reunion strip. I'm sure the patrons would just eat that up. I mean…that would be lovely, wouldn't it? Do you want a raise? Harry?"

Her fear was almost funny, but Harry tamped down anything other than his own gratitude and the thudding excitement beating at the walls of his very skin. "Thank you," he said. "Really. But I have someplace I'd rather be."

He reached out and shook Blaise's numb hand. "Zabini," he said. "Everyone," he added, addressing whomever might be listening. "Thank you so much." Then he turned and went to his dressing room to get his things, not wanting to parrot Draco's exit.

He gathered his belongings as quickly as possible, his hands shaking. Then he grabbed up his bag and took off at a jog down the hall toward the alley, hoping against hope that Draco would still be there.

"Be there, be there, be there, be there," he chanted under his breath.

Harry burst through the door.

And as though his words had been magic…

God, there he was, leaned against the side of the building. He was playing with a cigarette as though he couldn't decide whether to smoke it or not. When Harry exploded into the alleyway, he turned his head sharply and came away from the wall. He looked like he wanted to be relieved but couldn't quite manage it yet.

"Hi," Harry said, heart in his throat.

He was *here*. He was right here.

"Hi," Draco answered, his voice deep and rough.

Harry smiled at him, feeling nervous…shy even. "Hi," he said again.

Draco just blinked.

"So," Harry said, stepping one step closer to him. "I just quit, too."

Draco swallowed. He took one step closer to Harry.

Harry sighed into the silence.

Then Draco asked, "May I ask why?" It came out breathless and wonderful.

A smile crept onto Harry's face. He took another step. He remembered Draco's words to *him* when Harry had speculated on why Draco was stripping. Harry took another step. "I suspect I'm doing it for the same reasons you are," he said, lips twitching.

Draco licked his lips. "You are?"

Harry nodded. "Although," he said, "I didn't use your language."

Draco smoothed back his hair, a gesture Harry recognized as more jittery than suave. It gave him confidence.

"I was wondering," Harry began, "maybe if you'd…want to go out with me?"

Draco took one more step. They were almost touching now. "Where do you think you'd like to go?" he asked. He dropped his unlit cigarette to the ground.

Harry met his stormy eyes. "Your bedroom?" he offered, his voice nearly shaking. He smiled.

Draco exhaled hard. He took Harry's face in his palms. Harry tilted his head up, and Draco lowered his lips. They kissed, lips barely parting. Harry sighed, and Draco's tongue pressed tenderly into his mouth. They kissed long and deep, then, and Harry felt it out through his limbs, into his fingers and toes, most certainly in his stiffening cock. He moaned a little.

"Harry…" Draco whispered, not even pulling back enough for their lips not to touch.

One of his hands dropped to his side and found Harry's hand. He linked their fingers together. Harry met his eyes. They Disapparated.

*Two Years Later*

"Are you ready?" Harry yelled from the bedroom.

The answer was muffled.

Harry stepped to the doorway. "What?"

"I said, I'm brewing, Potter!"

Harry rolled his eyes. He took one last look at himself in the full-length mirror, sighed at the state of his hair, and then made his way downstairs and toward the back of the house where Draco's workshop was.

"How much longer?" Harry asked him, leaning into the room.

Draco took his time answering. "Twenty minutes?" he said finally.

"Christ, Malfoy, we're supposed to be there in twenty minutes!" Harry came into the room now and stood behind Draco with his hands on his hips.

Draco checked the pocket watch he kept on his potions table, frowning.

"Right, you couldn't simply take my word for it," Harry huffed.

"Shit," Draco exhaled. Then, as an afterthought, he turned and finally saw Harry standing there. The pocket watch dropped out of his hand, and Harry's whole body responded when his mouth dropped open and he said, "Merlin, you look hot."

Harry looked down at himself, at his dark trousers and light grey dress shirt, rolled up to expose his wrists and forearms just how Draco liked. He cleared his throat and tried to still be angry. "And you look late, so get a move on, will you? Or do you not want to keep doing this?"

Draco's eyebrows knitted into an attractive frown. "What are you on about?"

"Well," Harry said, "we've got the business. It's going well. We don't need the money…"

"It was never about the money," Draco reminded him.

"So, you do want to do it?"

Draco smirked at him. He put a stasis charm on his cauldron. He stood and lifted the apron off over his head, revealing that he was already in his leather trousers and a tight white t-shirt. *His* hair, of course, was perfect. Harry's cock swelled. He licked his lips. "Damn, Malfoy."

Harry walked up to him. He ran his hands up Draco's stomach, up his chest…he leaned in close. "I could be persuaded to be late."

"If we're 'late'," Draco emphasised, "we'll need to take the potion to get it up again. Or at least *I* will."

"Oh, the state of *my* cock doesn't matter, does it?" Harry pinched his nipple through the t-shirt.

Draco gasped, but he didn't flinch away. "You know it matters to me very much."

Harry wrapped his arms around his lover's neck. "I guess we'd better not be late then."

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Harry shook his legs out and Draco popped his neck beside him as the announcer came over the loud speaker and started in on their introduction.

"It's been six months since we were here last," Harry needled him as the announcer got the crowd riled up. "Think you've still got it?" Harry hip-checked him.

Draco looked at him. "For you? Definitely."

Harry blushed. He would have said something sweet back, but just then Pansy Parkinson bore down on them.

"Draco! Harry!" she squealed. "So good of you to join us again!" She jostled both of them, and he and Draco shared a look. "I wish it was more frequent than bi-annually, of course, but I'm not complaining. No, no!"

"Thanks for having us back, Pansy," Harry smiled at her.

When Draco said nothing, Harry elbowed him.

"Yes, thanks," he finally allowed.

"My pleasure, my pleasure!" she laughed. "Merde to you both, though you hardly need it." Then she wandered off to harangue someone else.

Harry smirked at Draco's disgruntled frown. "Hey," he said.

Draco's expression softened when he looked at Harry.

"See you out there," Harry told him.

Then as the lights went all the way down, he walked out onto the stage.

The crowd began cheering instantly.

When Draco joined him, they only got louder. He walked up to Harry in the dark and laid a warm hand on his hip.

"You ready?" Draco asked him, lips close to his ear.

"Unh huh," Harry replied. He was so bloody hard, it almost hurt.

"Me, too," Draco replied and then stepped back.

The music began. Eight counts went by in the darkness. Harry could hear Draco's breathing.

Then the lights came up. Draco reached out, gripped Harry's shirt in his hands, and ripped it open, the buttons skittering and twirling across the floor.

The crowd roared.

Harry's nipples went pebble hard even before Draco stepped back into him and ran his hands up his body until his thumbs rubbed over them. Harry pushed into the touch, wrapping his hands around the pole behind him and above his head. Draco flicked them and flicked them and flicked them, and Harry frowned into a mewing groan.

Then Draco backed off, whipped his t-shirt off over his head, and threw it haphazardly into the audience. They went wild.

God, bare-chested and in black leather trousers, Harry thought his boyfriend was the most magnificent thing he'd ever seen. He kept his hands wrapped around the pole over his head as he sank down onto his knees, skin squeaking down metal.

Draco walked up to him and pressed his crotch into Harry's face. Harry closed his eyes, inhaled, and began to mouth the leathered bulge. Draco's fingers tangled in his hair and he looked down, watching him. He let Harry suck at the leather for an eight or so, but Harry could tell from his breathing that he wanted more, and he began loosening the fastenings on his trousers one-handed.

When his cock sprang free, the audience whooped and yelled and shouted all manner of filthy things that made Harry break for just a moment, smiling cheekily up at Draco. Draco gave him a warning frown, still very much in role, and started smacking Harry's grinning lips and cheeks with his cock.

Harry gasped. He opened his mouth. Draco fit his cock inside and drove it forward. And sweet Merlin, Harry almost came.

Draco braced a hand on the pole high over Harry's head and fucked his mouth to the beat. He watched with hooded eyes as his cock disappeared between Harry's lips, but then his head fell back once Harry began sucking it.

Harry would have been happy to end the song like that, to ride out the second half with Draco using his mouth to get off and swallowing his spunk for all the world to see.

But Draco had other ideas and, with an agonised groan, pulled all the way out. He looked down at Harry, cheeks flushed, and crook'd his finger in a come here gesture.

Harry took one moment to admire the look – Draco's hard cock bouncing slick out of the gap in his leather trousers – and then he rose back up the pole in a practiced move while Draco grinned at him. He stepped in and palmed Harry's clothed, waiting cock. "Do you know how bad I want to fuck you, Potter?" he said.

Harry smiled. "Yes."

Draco spun him, wrenched his trousers open, and then yanked them down. Harry adjusted his grip on the pole and spread his legs as much as he could. Harry thought he'd lube him up then and drive it home. But instead Draco knelt. He spread Harry's cheeks wide.

"Oh, Christ," Harry moaned right before Draco started rimming him in front of everyone.

The audience reached new heights of randy cheering at that.

Harry's legs began trembling almost immediately, a known side-affect of Draco doing this to him, he'd learned. Though he'd never done it to Harry *on stage* before.

Four eights. That's all he got of it. Four bloody eights. Not that he could keep from coming for much longer had Draco decided to keep his tongue thrusting into Harry's arsehole.

Draco stood, and Harry whimpered in complaint. But then he maneuvered Harry around until his bare bum was faced out toward the front of the audience. He made Harry bend over more. He cast the lube charm and stood to the side of Harry so that the view would be unimpeded by his body and sank a finger right into Harry's hole.

"Oh my God, you fucker," Harry sighed out. He arched his back as Draco fucked his middle finger in and out, showing everyone.

In the months since they'd quit the club and started their own potions business and become lovers, they'd talked about shit like this. Draco had made Harry come talking about what he was going to do to him in front of an audience. It shouldn't have been *that* much of a surprise. But the surprise was part of the kink, too, and Draco – damn him – knew it.

He soothed one hand leisurely over Harry's back as he fucked two long fingers inside, and all Harry could do was listen to the crowd watching it and shake with arousal. In fact, he was close. Too close.

"M-malfoy," he whined.

Draco slipped his fingers free and helped him to stand upright, coming around in front of Harry. The blood rushed out of his head, making Harry dizzy, and Draco just caught him up and held him for a moment. Harry thought he heard Luna Lovegood's voice over the din, then, cooing, "Awwww!" He would have laughed if he weren't so bloody ready to beg Draco to fuck the hell out of him.

Draco pulled his wand from the back of the waistband of his trousers and Vanished Harry's clothes, all except for the torn open shirt. Apparently, he really liked that.

Then he ran his hands up Harry's arms until he had his hands grasping the pole again. "Wrap your legs around me," he commanded, voice deep with desire.

Harry used his arms to help hoist his weight, and Draco pinned him to the pole with his body as Harry did as told. Then Draco was nudging at his entrance with his long cock. Harry relaxed his arse and felt it slip inside. He and Draco both groaned, but the sounds were nearly lost under the roar of the crowd.

Draco started fucking into his slick arse, deep and grinding.

And then, sure enough, the music stopped.

They really had to work on that, Harry decided.

Except Draco just kept fucking him, and in place of the music, the crowd took up the gauntlet and began chanting. It hit Harry hard, deep in his body. His cock was slapping against Draco's stomach as Draco thrust into him. He wanted to keep watching that look in Draco's eyes – that burning intensity and concentration – but he felt himself getting closer to that knife's edge, and as the crowd shouted and cheered, Harry squeezed his eyes shut, gripped the pole as hard as he could, and came, splattering himself and Draco with it, crying out, floating on a sea of applause, Draco's cock fucking more and more out of him until he couldn't come one more drop.

He opened his eyes again just in time to see Draco follow him. He gritted his teeth, pounding fast into Harry's arse until the orgasm hit, and then his strokes went arrhythmic. He leaned forward to press his face into the side of Harry's neck, feet shuffling, and he groaned, "Harry, I love you. I love you…"

Harry gasped in his breath. He chuffed a laugh into Draco's hair. This was nothing he didn't know, but it was something that had never been said. Leave it to Draco Malfoy to lay it on him for the first time in front of three hundred people.

Harry tentatively unwrapped his legs, finding the floor with his feet as Draco's cock slipped out of him, still dribbling. Harry unflexed his hands from around the pole and held Draco to him. He stroked his back, his neck, his pale sweaty hair. With his other hand he gave the crowd a little wave of thanks, and they erupted once more.

Harry smiled, dropped his hand into Draco's hair, joining the other one, and murmured, "Me, too, Malfoy." Against the shell of his ear, "Me, too."