Nights of Insomnia

[Chapter One: The First Night 2](#_Toc76300165)

[Chapter Two: Just You 12](#_Toc76300166)

[Chapter Three: A New Day 25](#_Toc76300167)

Chapter One: The First Night

Quietly, Harry tiptoed out of the dormitory. The snores and gritting of teeth were muffled as he closed the door and scaled the banister into the lowly lit Gryffindor Common Room. He heaved a grand sigh and brushed his hand through his messy hair and collapsed on one of the sofas.

Insomnia had become a constant thing ever since he'd returned to Hogwarts. It wouldn't be so bad if Harry weren't constantly bored out of his ever-loving mind.

He counted the flickering tongues that sprang up in the fiery hearth, it usually sent him into a rather hallucinating daze to watch them, and how they danced and twirled across the logs that never seemed to turn to ash.

"You look tired," a soft low voice toward the staircase pointed out, drawing the seventeen-year-old from his daze.

Glancing up, he saw Dean Thomas standing there, his curly black hair hanging down into his dark brown eyes. He was a tall chocolate skinned teen with a boyish face. He was wearing dark brown silk pyjama bottoms and a button down matching sleep shirt.

"I am," Harry said bringing his hand up to his cheek and resting his elbow on the arm of the sofa. He turned back to the fire.

"How often do you sleep?" He asked taking the last step into the warm room and walking over to sit in front of Harry on the coffee table.

"Two hours a night before someone bugs the living hell out of me to get up, even on the weekends, Ron and Hermione don't let me sleep later than nine before dragging me up for some reason or another."

Dean winced. "Sounds bad. They are little nagging prats about you aren't they?"

Harry snickered and nodded. "I can't go to the bathroom without being followed. I love them to death but damn," he stressed and then smirked. "What are you doing up?"

Dean laughed quietly at that and looked around him. The quiet laughter made his shoulders shake and he ducked his head. "There's quite an amusing reason for that."

Harry furrowed his brows curiously. Dean was grinning slyly and he leaned up with his elbows against his knees. "Well?"

Raising his head back up his eyes locked with Harry's bright green ones. "Not to be disgusting but I woke up with a hard-on from a bloody dream."

Harry's pale cheeks flushed and he snickered again at Dean's dilemma. "I see."

"Do you?" Dean challenged.

Harry grinned and slouched on the sofa. This was so much better than watching dancing flames. "Not unless you show me," he said daringly causing Dean to do a double take.

"And if I do?" He drawled a spark set off in his dark eyes.

Feeling rather giddy at where this may lead too, Harry wondered how far he could take it. "Then Insomnia wouldn't be so bad."

Dean chuckled at this, it was a split second decision on the taller Gryffindor's part, but he rose up towering over the small form of Harry and then he straddled him with his knees on each side of the boy's body.

Harry gasped at Dean's warm weight, with his heart beating he barely heard the teen. "Like this?" He purred huskily.

"Which kind of like?" Harry breathed in shock at Dean's actions.

That question was never answered, because those full chocolate lips cupped his mouth and began to kiss him deeply.

The adrenaline rushed through him from the lascivious smothering of Dean's body. His hands gripped the silk pyjama top as a whimper of want and need escaped him.

When Dean's demanding mouth left his aching lips, he tugged Harry's head to the side and began to kiss along his ear and neck; closing his eyes Harry let the sensation take him over. The moist warm glaze of Dean's tongue made its way down his neck and his teeth nibbled across the tight skin.

Harry released a few simpering sighs and a moan every time he felt a warm wet circle around a sensitive spot on his neck. Dean's fingers tore at Harry's shirt, making each and every button pop off without a care. Warm kisses were pressed into his flesh; a tongue glided along and flicked itself across his left nipple sending a surge of pleasure and a louder moan than before.

He opened his eyes and peered through his lashes at Dean who was grinning, he rose up and licked Harry's lips before thrusting his tongue inside. Harry captured Dean's tongue with his own and a war began to wage.

Shamelessly, Harry brought a hand down to Dean's crotch which had been resting up against his own and squeezed the hardness, sending the black teen bucking sharply into him, a hiss, and then a nibble to his tongue and lips.

Harry had never felt so red-hot before. He'd kissed other boys and even a girl or two but this - this was beginning to go far, but Harry couldn't get himself to be worried or care, instead he rose up slightly so that he could get a better grip on Dean's mouth and quickly made work of the shirt before shoving it off his shoulders.

Their cocks pressed together, knocking both of the boy's senses off-kilter. Harry's hands glided down Dean's torso and then grazed across his hard stomach to the waistband of his pyjamas.

Dean groaned and swirled his tongue across Harry's lips and chin. He sucked against the hollow of Harry's throat and then shimmied down, his hard-on brushing across Harry's legs and knees until he was on the floor and pried Harry's knees apart and slipped his whole chest between them. More kisses began at the top of Harry's chest and tingling sensations worked their way down, not leaving anything out.

Moans and whimpers pooled out of Harry's pitifully pouty lips. Dean was shamelessly devouring and teasing him. His teeth grazed across the waistband of his pyjamas and a hand came up and cupped his stiffened cock.

"Ooh," Harry cooed shivering.

Dean chuckled darkly and squeezed him some more. "I saw this in my sleep…" He rumbled softly. "Did you know? I dreamed that I had your cock in my mouth."

Harry gaped, his head trying to come back to coherency. "M- me?"

"Are you surprised?" Dean queried huskily as he continued to rub, and watched as Harry's chest rose faster and unsteadily. The breaths were nice to hear and the sighs and whimpers even better.

"Yes," Harry replied.

"Why?" Dean pressed kisses along Harry's hipbone. He tasted so nice, sweet and clean.

"I - I don't know, I just - don't think of - ahhh," Harry's voice was lost when the palm of Dean's hand made motioning circles around his cock and balls. He panted out a few breaths. "Myself that way-"

"You should," Dean murmured. "You're very - pretty, Harry. I hope you aren't offended."

Harry's laughter was quiet and strangled. "You're rubbing my cock, kissing me, and are between my legs… there's very little right now that could offend me…"

"Really?" Dean drawled and reached his hands up and gripped the top of the bottoms. "And if I yank these down?"

Harry's only answer to this was when his legs wrapped around Dean's slender dark body and locked him in pulling him closer.

Dean grinned. "I take that as a yes." He kissed and licked Harry's lips once before doing as he wanted, exposing Harry and before the boy had a chance to get red with embarrassment, Dean swallowed him, and spine-tingling screams filled the empty common room.

Harry's eyes watered and he gasped and slid his hand down around Dean's toned shoulder. He squeezed and moaned continuously as the zigzags of pleasures sang through his body. Dean's mouth and tongue made goose bumps form and everything inside of him began working itself into overdrive.

The pressure building inside of him grew and grew until Dean's tongue swirled around the top and with a cry, streams of white poured out before he could warn or control it. "Hmm…"

Dean was up, mouth pleasantly filled with Harry's come, he crawled on top of the boy and smashed their lips and tongues together.

Harry gasped and gagged against it, but took it as Dean's heat and arousal rose to new heights. He was sucking himself off the tongue in his mouth and was already making his way to return the favour.

Harry explored Dean's toned chest as the black boy had done to him. However, Harry was a little more teasing, he nipped and licked against Dean's nipples with desperate circular strokes.

Dean hissed and fisted his hands into Harry's black hair, and ground his cock up against him, not caring what he was rubbing, he needed relief. He groaned when Harry's fingers pinched him and then bit.

"Fuck you!" He growled, eyes wide and breathing was nearly lost on his part.

"Now, now Dean," Harry taunted. "I'm going to make you come tonight, and perhaps later you can have my arse."

Dean moaned in misery, the growing need was agonizing.

Harry slipped down between his spread knees. Dean was still on the couch and Harry was now half off. He pulled Dean out and began to tease and taunt him, with licks, sucks, and swirls spit glazing every inch of the dark meat that rested against the back of his throat, stretching his mouth wide.

He'd never given a blowjob, but he knew how one felt… now and he knew enough to get Dean going. But damn was he demanding, Harry sucked hard and fast, using his hand to stroke what he couldn't get down his throat. Dean would press on his head, causing him to gag and cough.

"Jesus!"

Harry coughed and laughed. "No, I'm not a Muggle Messiah," he breathed and swallowed him again, getting a strangled laugh and then another groan. Harry's mouth began to get tired, he picked up the pace and did something with his tongue that caused Dean to shout out and explode with pools of come straight down Harry's exhausted and gagging throat.

"Oh my God!" Dean moaned as Harry held a hand to his mouth and shifted aware of his back killing him. "Harry…"

"I've never done that," Harry murmured, blinking rapidly.

Dean folded his fingers into Harry's hair, tilted his head back and brushed the hand away from his mouth and kissed him, licking the come from his chin. "You should always let someone devour you Harry, maybe you can sleep that way?" He taunted as he pulled back a bit.

Harry snickered. "I don't know if that is a remedy, though I do feel drowsy," he confessed. He grabbed Dean's wrist and checked the clock considering the teen's body was blocking the clock in the corner. It was after three.

Dean conjured a wet cloth with his wand and brushed it over Harry's face and then his own. "Come, let's see if you can sleep now."

"I doubt it, it's been this way since I returned."

"Try," Dean said pushing a kiss to the side of his now clean mouth.

Though Harry's mouth didn't feel clean. He could taste the come settling in and even feel some of it down his throat. It was hot at the time but the aftertaste wasn't very splendid. He slipped his pyjamas up when Dean crawled off his body.

They picked up their lost articles of clothing and then headed for the dormitories. Harry in front and Dean behind, who towered over him like he did everyone else in the dorms, even Ron.

Harry lost his balance halfway up and Dean's hand swiped out to catch him around the waist.

The sleeping sounds of the boys reached their ears as Harry eased the door open and went for the bathroom. Dean followed and after taking care of their mouths they went to bed.

Harry crawled into his barely used bed and he lay there under the covers. He could hear Dean rustling his own sheets and stared at the ceiling for how long he didn't know.

Instead of falling asleep he thought about what had just occurred downstairs. He chewed his lip and shook his head. Harry hadn't known that Dean was gay. He seemed to like girls; hell he dated Ginny last year.

Harry knew he was gay after the whole Cho Chang fiasco in the fifth-year. Whiny, crying girls were not something that appealed to him. Not in the slightest and besides, if Harry were to be honest, he'd prefer a man's hands to a woman's any day. He'd been kissed a few times. Seamus gave him his first kiss with a guy, but he'd never gotten sexual with anyone. Not that it mattered much.

He was seventeen so he wasn't bothered by the random acts. They happened all the time to others. Hell, Harry caught so many people together being Head Boy. Hermione usually freaked out, screaming at the top of her lungs about propriety and school rules while Harry usually apologized and shut the door and asked them to put up a silencer so they weren't caught.

Personally, it was none of Harry's business what they were doing. He didn't care.

Sighing, Harry knew that lying down was a fruitless endeavour.

He made to roll back out of the bed when the curtain around his bed pulled back. "You can't sleep?"

It was Dean again.

Harry laughed quietly. "No, I can't. I'm tired but I can't sleep."

"Scoot over," he said and Harry did, shuffling a bit to the side. The covers ruffled and the bed bounced with Dean's weight.

Dean's arms swept around Harry's small waist and drew him into his bare chest and then slipped one leg over the boy who unconsciously snuggled down into him.

The action was nice. Harry's body became completely relaxed and the soft hot puffs of Dean's breath brushed against his ear and hair. His eyes became droopy and then, sleep actually consumed him.

Dean grinned into the night, when he heard Harry's deep breaths. He brushed the boy's hair out of his eyes. For the last two years, a heavy secret had weighed Dean down like a bunch of boulders resting heavily on his shoulders.

His secret infatuation with Harry and everything that he was. If one were to look between Dean's mattress they would find hand drawn images, so many of them. Some were of Harry's hands, Harry's face; sometimes just his eyes without the glasses would be sketched in pencils.

He'd had no idea that his advances would be successful, but he had been livid with Seamus when his best friend confessed that he had kissed Harry a time or two and knew for a fact that he was gay.

Good and bad.

Bad because Dean wanted to rip his head off.

Good because Dean was perhaps a small step closer and now he had.

He'd watched Harry during the nights leave the dormitories and at first he thought the gorgeous green-eyed boy was going for a tryst but then he found that Harry did nothing but stare into the fire at night.

He grinned. He didn't know what Harry was thinking, but at least he got to touch Harry, feel him - hear him.

These thoughts sent him off into a deep sleep with his mouth right up against Harry's ear.

Exactly where he needed to be.

Chapter Two: Just You

Harry whimpered the next morning when the warmth around his body left him and his brain snapped him awake. He blinked his eyes open to see Dean standing sleepily and leaving his bed.

When did he join him? Harry wondered and then recalled last night, his eyes widened, he rose up on his elbows. That had been real? He slept? Harry cast a quiet Tempus and goggled at the nine o'clock hour.

He hadn't slept more than two hours a night since he'd returned. He'd fallen asleep sometime after three, which was a huge improvement, though he couldn't fathom why Dean's presence made a difference.

He shook his head and lay back down and turned on his side. He drew his covers closer, when he heard.

"HARRY! Wake up!"

Argh, Harry burrowed his head under the covers.

"Can't you see he's asleep?" Dean scowled.

"He's slept long enough! Time to get up, we have Hogsmeade today."

Harry sighed heavily and tried to bury himself. He didn't want to go to Hogsmeade.

"Harry!" Ron groused pushing the curtains aside. "Come on before Hermione makes us finish our weekend work."

"No!" Harry murmured tiredly.

"But Harry!" He whined.

"Bloody hell, would you stop whining? Go with Hermione and leave Harry to sleep! I think he's deserved a rest," Dean snapped sharply and Harry heard shuffling through the room.

"Why do you care?" Ron grumbled.

"Because I do," the dark teen retorted harshly.

After much nagging, in which Dean chased Ron from the room. Harry was almost fully awake. The curtains opened and Dean was standing there fully dressed in Muggle clothes. A jet-black t-shirt, basic black slacks, and a black belt with a silver buckle. His hair was as disorganized as Harry's a few of the curls flopping down into his eyes.

"Morning," he said as Harry gazed up at him.

"Hmm, morning."

"You still tired?"

"I'm awake. There is no getting back to sleep."

Dean frowned and sat down on the edge of Harry's bed, he began stroking his head, sliding his fingers through the soft black hair. Harry's eyes drifted shut at the gentle touch and Dean's frown turned into a grin.

The door creaked open but Harry wasn't paying attention, his concentration was on the ministrations of Dean's fingers.

Dean however saw Seamus in the doorway and arched an eyebrow at him.

Smirking, his best friend gave him a simple nod before leaving, he understood without having to be told.

Harry's breathing evened out once more. Dean shifted on the bed and sat up against the post and curled an arm around Harry's sleeping figure, he touched the boy's soft ivory cheek and simply watched him. He had no need to go to Hogsmeade right now, Harry needed sleep that was more important.

He tilted his head in thought before summoning his pencils and sketchpad. Lifting his hand from Harry's hair, he brought his knees up and placed the pad against his thighs and started to sketch, dark eyes flickering from the figure back to the paper every few seconds. He wanted to pull the covers back but he didn't want Harry to wake with shivers and simply drew the top half with the cover over the rest of him.

By the time he finished the sketch, it was an hour later and Harry was waking again. When he did, he raised his head, eyes opening and rubbed them gently. "Dean?"

"Yes?" Dean asked glancing at the waking form.

"Erm, I'm sorry."

"For what?" He was confused, what on earth did Harry have to apologize for?

"Falling back asleep."

Dean rolled his eyes. "I wanted you to go back to sleep," he said and then turned the drawing over to show Harry. He chuckled when Harry blushed.

"Wow, you're really good," Harry murmured.

"Yeah well, it's the one thing I've done since I could pick up a crayon," he said loftily.

"It's amazing," Harry said pushing the covers back and going to the bathroom to wash up.

When Harry came back out he saw Dean closing his sketchpad and banishing his pencils. He watched him briefly in silence and wondered what caused Dean to stick around. Of all seven years in a dorm, Harry had never known Dean to show signs of sexuality; then again most of it was hidden and kept undercover.

But when Harry thought about it. Dean was a kinky man! But one look at him and you'd never guess. Harry scratched his cheek and shuffled forward. "Don't you want to go to Hogsmeade?"

Dean smiled and gazed over. "Only if you come with me."

Harry nodded. "Alright." He flicked his wand Transfiguring his pyjamas into black relaxed jeans and a dark green turtleneck.

Dean smirked. "How'd you do that? I still can't grasp that concept. Then again, I am terrible at Transfiguration."

"I really liked that bit of Transfiguration so I worked hard on it. It's more useful than turning chairs into animals. Why would I want to sit on a pig?"

Dean barked with laughter and nodded his agreement. "Why would you even want to Transfigure one in the first place?"

"Exactly!" Harry slipped on his shoes and stuffed some Galleons into his jeans.

Dean mused at the mess that was Harry's hair, his own was messy but his little companion's gave a whole new meaning to the word. It was so many different lengths and they fluttered around his eyes in wayward angles. It blended with his eyes and skin, giving all three features an enhanced sort of glow.

Then again it could be Dean's point of view on this. He was so infatuated with Harry it was pathetic and the teen had no idea. He was going to try to get close to Harry, Ron and Hermione be damned. Those two never let anyone in, well this time Dean was going to force his way in and let Harry decide what he wanted, not those two.

Call him aggressive, but he'd been staring at Harry for two years with longing he'd drawn picture after picture and now here he was, this was his chance. He wouldn't break that chance. He would grab ahold of it. He had too.

They grabbed a quick breakfast together before heading out toward the carriages. Harry curled his arms around himself as the chill fluttered through and the trotting and moving of the Thestrals picked up leading them down the winding trail toward the village.

Dean was watching him closely. He was trying to figure out how to get what he wanted across without freaking him out. Rejection was something high on his lists of fears.

Quietly, Dean moved from his place in front of Harry and sat right next to him. "Don't mind?"

Harry blinked at him in mild confusion before shaking his head. "You're fine, Dean," he said earnestly.

"Good, I don't want you to think that I was using you."

Shocked, Harry shook his head again, but this time a little more frantically. "No, Dean, I never thought that. We might not be the best of friends you know, but you are my friend." He smiled. "I didn't mind you touching me. If anything I egged you on."

"That you did." Harry snickered and leaned his shoulder against Dean's.

"Can I have you today?" Dean asked boldly. "Just you."

Wow, Harry hadn't expected that. He nodded. "Sure, why not?"

"Without your friends?"

"Yes," he said understanding perfectly well what he meant. Ron and Hermione hardly let Harry get a word in. They sort of dominated him when it came to talking. Ron would start in on Dean about Quidditch and football; Hermione would talk about how all of it was rubbish and demand Dean to start worrying about NEWTs rather than a pointless sport. Harry would be standing there listening and not joining in.

Heh, yeah, Harry understood well.

The November weather rushed passed them as they made their way through the village together. They visited various shops, talking, and simply getting to know one another without sexual interference.

"I have three brothers and three sisters," Dean said. "They are all Muggles. So it's a wonder how the hell, I wound up a wizard."

"My mother was a witch, her sister was not and hated her for it," Harry added.

"They don't hate me, well, Kevin might. He does have a rather sour attitude." He chuckled when Harry picked up a funky lava lamp but instead of the Muggle kind that heat up when plugged in this one required the simple Heating Charms. It was black and acid green. "My step-father is my father in all but blood. My real father walked out on us when I was really small."

"Kind of how Remus is," Harry hummed shaking a panda bear snow globe and watching the green leaves inside swirl around it.

"Remus?" Dean queried curiously.

"Remus Lupin?"

"Ooh, I remember him, from third-year! He was a great teacher."

Harry's eyes lit up when Dean said this. "It's nice to hear that…"

"What do you mean?" Dean asked daring himself to touch Harry's waist with both hands and was rewarded with a relaxed back pressing into his chest.

"You didn't say: He was a great teacher for a werewolf," Harry gazed up at him blankly.

Dean chuckled at the expression, he reached around and took the snow globe and shook it some more. "It never even crossed my mind," he said into Harry's ear. The teen was just too cute when he tried to go emotionless because his eyes told on him.

They shone with emotion when his face did not. He let go of Harry and walked toward the counter with the snow globe.

"Hey!" Harry realized Dean walked away and raced after him. "Watchya doing?" He asked peering around the tall boy.

"Buying this."

"Wh- why?"

"Because I feel like it," Dean said with a smirk.

Harry blinked owlishly at him. "Why?" He asked again.

"Uhm," Dean hummed as he placed it on the counter.

"Will this be all?" The lady asked grinning at the two of them.

"Yes," he said and paid the six Sickles for it.

"Deannn!" Harry whined and followed him out the door.

"I wanted to buy it. Okay?" Dean mused.

"Okay… but you didn't even like it."

Dean chuckled. "No but I liked watching you look at it."

Harry paused when it was placed into his hand. "Happy early Christmas," he ducked his head and landed a kiss to the cheek, stunning the green-eyed boy into complete silence. He walked ahead with a smile on his face.

Harry was standing there cupping the snow globe in absolute astonishment. He gazed down at it and shook it for the thousandth time and watched the little leaves tumble around the pandas that were cuddling together.

He smiled at it before rushing to catch up to Dean. "Thank you," he said reaching up on his toes to kiss him back but this time on the lips.

Honeydukes and Zonko's were next on the list and then an Art Shop where Dean spent most of his time. Harry simply followed shaking his globe up every so often and pondering what was on Dean's mind.

So they messed around last night? Harry didn't think it meant anything, at least from his point of view, but from Dean's he was unsure. He wanted to ask but was afraid too. He chewed his lip lost in thought when Dean's fingers grazed his neck causing him to flinch and glance up.

"Ready?" Dean asked a bag was in his hand.

How long had Harry been in thought? "Yeah," he said back in reality. "Sorry I was thinking."

"About?" He pressed opening the door for them.

"Uhm." Harry shrugged. "Stuff."

"Stuff?" Dean laughed. "What kind of stuff?"

"Things." More laughter from his end and Harry blushed and scratched his head. "Well, if you must know, I want to know what you're wanting?"

Dean stopped in his tracks and Harry swung around to face him fully. "What I want?" He asked quietly.

Harry nodded. "Yes, the question is not to be taken in a bad sense Dean, I'm simply curious what you want."

Tapping his bottom lip in thought, he contemplated on what to say. The question was blunt and sincere. It was probably Dean's only chance. "I want you."

"For?"

"Myself."

Harry turned this answer over in his head. "I didn't know you liked guys."

"I like you," Dean corrected. "Just you."

"What about me do you want?" Was it sex? Harry asked himself inwardly. Is that what he wanted? He decided not to let his words carry out nor did he jump to conclusions like most would. His heart pounded as he waited for Dean to answer.

"I want everything," Dean said succinctly. "Dammit Harry, I've wanted you for two bloody years, did you know?"

Harry shook his head. "Why me though?"

Dean closed the space between them. "Why not? Can I have you, Harry?" He asked slowly and longingly.

"No one's ever wanted me before," Harry murmured averting his gaze. Those that passed by glanced back briefly at them, some recognizing Harry some not. It didn't matter to him at the moment. He didn't particularly care about anyone at the second. "Is this based on-"

"No," Dean said sharply. His eyes went narrow and cross. He then took Harry gently by the elbow and led him down an alley so that they weren't seen or overheard. "This isn't based on sex but while we're on the subject, I would never taste another man's seed if I wasn't truly serious about what I wanted. It's only you Harry that grabs the drive inside of me and makes me act and do things so unimaginable!" He gripped Harry's chin and raised it so that their eyes were locked.

Harry's cheeks burned as he remembered last night. It had been intense. "I - I just - I've never really dated besides Cho… and that ended terribly," he murmured quietly. "I- I don't really know."

"Yes, well, I do Harry. I want to taste you, drink you every fucking time. I want to do things to you that I would never do to or with anyone else. You drive me up the fucking wall because I wasn't gay I knew I wasn't. No other guy turns me on, nobody, but you."

"Why me?" Harry asked in a small voice. He seemed to have asked this a lot but he never got a straight answer.

"Don't begin to think it's your name," Dean said coolly. "This has nothing to do with that. It's just you, maybe your eyes; maybe it's the way you talk. I don't know why personally. All I know is that I wanted you, it started two years ago and I'm stealing my chance. Do I have a chance Harry? Don't tell me yes just to make me happy! I know how you are Harry, you'll do anything to make someone hap-"

But he was cut off by a small hand to his mouth. "Shush up a minute," Harry scowled lightly. He laughed at the look he received from Dean. "I wouldn't play with someone's emotions like that. I was a little curious about last night but I would never say yes because we messed with each other. But I will give you a chance. If you want - you can have me," he said softly. "You don't have to go slow with me. I'm a big boy, I can handle it. I like getting right to the point."

Dean laughed behind Harry's hand and cupped it before kissing his fingers and then pulled him close for a soft kiss to the lips. "You can handle it, huh?"

"Yes, you don't have to treat me like a girl, Dean. I'm a guy. I think I can handle your hands all over me without discretion."

"Yes, I'm well aware, you're the only guy I want. You're the only guy I want to swallow." His kissing turned into playful bites to the lips.

Harry bit back, fingers dancing around the black t-shirt and flicking across his nipples for a hiss and a swipe of a tongue across his lips. "Swallow me then."

Dean laughed darkly. "Not in an alleyway."

"Aw, why not?"

"Because then someone could come and see you - naked - and I don't want that," Dean said holding him tightly.

Harry laughed. "You really do want me?"

"Yes," Dean stressed and pressed his lips to Harry's ear. "Badly."

Harry shrugged inwardly. Why not? It wasn't like he had to think long and hard. Dean's mouth was already against his neck, working its way up to his ear. He moaned quietly and gripped ahold of the hard shoulder that pushed into him. He didn't know what this was, but he would go with it.

It was certainly better than anything he'd ever been into. He laughed frantically when Dean clutched him with a playful growl.

If anything it would be fun for a while and the whole point of life was to live, right?

Chapter Three: A New Day

Harry was still slightly confused. Dean's proclamation had not been expected. They finished their Hogsmeade trip with a stop in at the Three Broomsticks where they met up with Ron, Hermione, and Seamus.

Dean's best friend was grinning widely at the two of them.

"Harry! There you are, you're late!" Hermione tutted. "Ron said you wouldn't get up."

"I was tired," Harry said still clutching his snow globe.

Seamus smirked. "Well, Dean and I will get you something to drink," he said winking at Harry. "Go get our table before it's stolen by Malfoy."

"The git better not steal it," Ron groused rushing back through the throng of crowds.

When Dean walked away with Seamus, Harry watched them the confusion still lingering.

"What were you doing with Dean?" Hermione asked as they met Ron at the table in the back.

"Why do you care?" Harry reciprocated uneasily.

"Well, Ron said you didn't want to go."

"I didn't. I slept an hour more and Dean asked if I wanted to go to Hogsmeade when I woke, so I said yeah, what's wrong with that?"

"Nothing, just… you should have come with us!" Hermione pointed out.

"I can't do everything with you guys, I need some time alone you know," Harry said sliding into the booth.

"Why do you need to be alone? We're always together mate! You can't do things without us," Ron insisted.

Harry shook his head vaguely and placed his snow globe on the table.

"That's cute!" Hermione squeaked. "Where'd you get it?"

"Dean," Harry answered as Neville passed by with a wave. He was with a couple Hufflepuffs and Luna.

Dean and Seamus came back; Seamus sat across while Dean took his spot on Harry's left. "Butterbeer right?" Dean queried.

"Of course," Harry said grinning and taking it. "Thank you."

"Where've you guys been so far?" Seamus asked casually.

"Everywhere," they answered at the same time.

Hermione was staring from one to the other while Ron didn't seem to notice and struck up a conversation about Quidditch, in which everyone but Hermione joined in, she rolled her eyes good-naturedly.

Harry didn't see any need to jump in. Ron was bold enough and adding a heated discussion about football and Quidditch with Dean and then Seamus.

That evening when everyone separated, Harry had finally given into Hermione's pleas to finish their weekend homework. He sighed and sat between the two with his feet curled up underneath him. He was using a Muggle pen rather than a quill and ink. He was on the third paragraph of the Potions Essay when he felt that he was being watched and gazed up and locked eyes with Dean's dark brown ones. He was sitting on the couch long ways with his feet out in front of him with one leg bent and his sketchpad was levelled on it. Dean smirked turned eyes down to the pad itself a few minutes and then back up again.

Harry flushed feeling as though he were on display. Dean chortled quietly and winked at him. He shook his head visibly and went back to his homework. He couldn't help but wonder how often Dean had been doing this over the past two years.

It boggled his mind to know that the gorgeously tall, dark, and extremely handsome man that was Dean actually liked him.

"Harry!" Hermione snapped getting his attention.

"Hm?" He asked raising his head.

"What's going on with you and Dean?" She hissed.

Harry paused and cast the teen a quick look. "What do you mean, Hermione?" He asked not entirely sure what to say. "Aren't I allowed to be around someone other than you two?"

Hermione's mouth opened like a fish. "B- but you never were before. What's Dean's interest in you?"

Ron frowned. "What are you talking about, Hermione? Dean's not interested in Harry. They've hardly ever talked, except this morning," he said thickly. "In fact, I wonder why was he telling me to leave you alone?"

"Probably because you were yelling," Harry said rolling his eyes.

His cheeks pinked and he went silent. Hermione however was staring at him with a calculating look in her eyes. Harry pretended she didn't exist and finished his work; he wanted to gaze up at Dean again feeling him once again but resisted. He didn't need any more questions.

He didn't know too much himself. What if Dean wanted them to remain quiet and he opened his big mouth? He raked a hand through his black hair messing it up even more than what it already was and it prompted a chuckle from across the room causing Harry's knee jerk reaction to look at Dean.

Hermione caught him and narrowed her eyes.

When everyone disappeared for bed, Harry sat up and he was as wide awake as he ever was. He crawled out of the bed and made for the door when a hand and a hard muscled shirtless body stopped him.

Harry gasped when he was pressed up against a wall and Dean's heat rolled off sharing itself with Harry who moaned quietly at the mouth that met his neck.

"Need company?" Dean asked into his neck.

"Uh huh," Harry barely managed to sigh out. Teeth gently grazed his neck. He squirmed and rubbed his arse up against Dean's burgeoning erection.

"You're going to sleep tonight," Dean hissed into his ear.

Harry whimpered. "I don't want to sleep," he murmured helplessly slavish to the sharp teeth that sucked on his neck. He could feel his skin reddening and loosening by Dean's sharp sucks.

Grinning up against the skin, Dean thrust his cock up against Harry's backside getting a purr from the ivory teen. "I didn't say now," he drawled flicking his tongue over the reddening marks. "You will sleep properly tonight. Come, let's return to bed," he whispered into Harry's ear and pulled him from the wall with relative ease.

Harry was so light and thin; he enjoyed how soft the raven was against him. Dean tugged the curtains around as Harry whispered, "Extendas!"

The bed went from twin size to full, Dean smiled and caressed the sweet face making the boy loll his head to the side at the touch. He pushed Harry down onto the bed and easily crawled on top and between his legs, brushing their clothed cocks up against each other with fascination.

Harry moaned and Dean winced when he realized that a Silencer had nearly been forgotten. "Silencio!" He tapped the curtains and all the sound from inside remained.

No one else deserved to hear Harry. Smirking at his thoughts, he slipped his wand back under the pillow as Harry's legs slipped around his waist and locked together. The act made them constantly touch. He sank into Harry's pinkish lips with the goal of reddening them to a swollen pout. Their tongues clashed and coiled, the attention being drawn by their rocking bodies. More whimpers escaped Harry's mouth that he shared with Dean who turned them into longing groans.

Dean submerged himself into Harry, kissing, licking, biting, and pulling up the taut pale skin and turning it a bloody red. Each pierce of his skin sent Harry shivering and crooning. He swirled his tongue around the boy's ear and cupped one hand down his side and hip, he gently squeezed Harry's soft bum.

Delirious and feeling heated, Harry loosened his grip on Dean's body and arched himself up, giving his boyfriend silent permission to pull them off.

They were discarded without a care at the same time Dean's were from Harry's hands shoving them off, while racing a tongue up and down his chest, licking across each muscle with delight.

Harry's mouth crawled all across Dean, nipping and exploring, while stroking him for those sexy moans that rumbled from his chest through his throat and out his mouth.

Harry snickered softly when he ran his tongue across the side only to feel it flex and make Dean gasp. "Ticklish."

"Mmm… feels good though," he said roughly. He was holding onto Harry's messy hair with a gentle fist and hissed every time the boy's tongue taunted his member. He was a tease.

"Harry…"

"Hmm?"

"You're teasing me."

"Yes," Harry purred and began to suck the top tauntingly. "You're just noticing that?"

"Fuck…" Dean moaned. He threw Harry back onto the bed, and growled.

He got a chuckle for his turned-on efforts. Dean settled on top of Harry, with his hair still clenched he taunted him, rubbing his throbbing prick across Harry's sweet face, getting cat like licks that made him twitch inwardly and outwardly.

Eagerly, Harry opened his mouth and took him as far as he possibly could. Dean cursed and held Harry's head down onto his cock until the teen gagged for the third time and the come was pouring out. But this time Harry was prepared no matter the gagging or spluttering. He released him sending a tongue surging up the sides as it popped effortlessly out of Harry's sweet mouth. Dean groaned just watching and slid down the slender body. He kissed Harry's soaked lips in a sloppy fashion before making swift movements on getting Harry down his throat. The smell and mixed taste eating at Dean's need.

Moaning and tugging at Dean's curly hair, he begged for more and after a strange cleansing spell on his body a lubricated finger found its way to his entrance.

"Oooh…"

Harry's eyes closed and he purred at the shocking invasion. He forced his body to relax and the tingles slithering through him and his nerves were becoming erratic and shot all to hell. He rocked against the fingers until his climax came before he knew it. He'd been so caught up with the waves of pleasure that no internal warning could be given. He giggled in reflex when a tongue lapped him up, the fingers left him, and Dean crawled up Harry's figure kissing and caressing along the way until he reached his lips again.

Harry was shivering and lax. He wasn't too sure if he could move after that. He whimpered and wrapped his arms around Dean's body clinging to him.

Dean smiled and nuzzled him. "You okay?" He asked huskily. "I didn't go too far did I?"

Harry snickered and kissed his cheek. "No, not at all," he said softly. "Personally…" He bit his lip. "I wanted it all tonight."

Dean pulled the covers around their naked figures. "Hmm, we should wait on that. I want you, yes, fuck yes…" He moaned pressing his forehead to Harry's shoulder. "You have no damn clue!"

"Then what's wrong?"

"I don't want you to think that's the only reason I want you. I want you to feel good, I want to always make you feel good," Dean confessed. "I've wanted you for two years, I can wait longer."

"I'm not some sappy little girl worried about her virtue, Dean," Harry drawled. "I'm a guy and I want sex just as much as you. I'm just not bold and brazen."

"I've never been with a man," Dean said into his ear.

"Me either," Harry said. "But I'm not averse to trying."

Dean chuckled. "We will. I want all of you. I love the way you taste, the way you smell… damn Harry, I'm obsessed," he confessed feeling the heat of embarrassment.

Harry lay there stunned, holding onto Dean's form. He squeezed. "I'm sorry I never noticed. I thought - you were always straight you know? You should have talked to me earlier."

"I was scared too, you had so much on your plate. You had a madman to deal with."

"Yes, that I did," he said solemnly. "I wouldn't have wanted you in the middle of that-"

"Oh rubbish!" Dean scowled. "I could care less about the dangers, Harry. I cared more for your well-being," he said shaking his head. "I saw how hard you had it the last two years and me stepping in might not have helped in the slightest. In fact I may have made things worse because me, I'm a possessive bastard… I wouldn't have let you in front of him - I would have tied you to the bed…"

Harry choked on his snickers. "W- well we could always try that one day…"

Dean grinned. "Really?!"

"Mhmm… I wouldn't mind."

"Kinky…"

"Shall I go into kink, Mr. Thomas?" Harry teased.

"Hmm, you can, but I might get hard again," Dean mumbled.

"We're laying in come! You haven't cleaned us up!" He declared voice raising a notch.

"Hehe, so we are," Dean grinned. "I love it, it's all you."

"You too!"

"No you swallowed me and I licked the rest of it up…"

"Kinky," Harry murmured for the second time trying to ignore the stirring in his stomach. Damn! He thought and shook his head furiously. "Don't do that to me… I am too… weightless to move."

"You don't have to move," Dean purred and slowly rocked against him. "Let me…"

Harry didn't get to sleep that night till an hour and a half later and he didn't even remember how, he just did.

(o)

Come morning, half of Harry's body was tucked underneath Dean's. They were both on their stomachs with a sheet draped over their lower bodies. Dean had one arm under the pillow and the other around Harry in a protective embrace.

They were both fast asleep, enjoying the Sunday morning and Harry especially enjoying the fact that he was now getting a full seven to eight hours of sleep. It was lucky that Dean had been half-awake otherwise Harry might have woken from his jerk of surprise.

"What the hell is going on here?" Ron practically screamed, his eyes wide in horror.

Dean opened his eyes and scowled. "Fuck off!" He clenched Harry closer.

"What the hell are you doing with him?"

"None of your business," he hissed. "Would you shut the hell up? He's asleep."

He spluttered. "H- Harry? You? What the -!"

"Go away before I hex your bollocks off!" He threatened through clenched teeth. He yanked the covers further up their bodies. How dare anyone look at Harry's body?

Neville passed by and sighed. "Ron, leave them alone!" He said shaking his head. "Can't Harry have a life without you?"

Ron gaped and backed off before shaking his head.

Dean reached up and yanked the curtain back around, but it didn't last long because Ron had gone down and gotten Hermione, who stormed through with a blazing fire.

"If you so much as wake Harry up I am going to stun you both," Dean growled with his wand pointed at them.

"But - but!"

"It's none of your damn business what I'm doing with Harry," he spoke in a cold and calm nature, but his eyes were on fire. "Harry is mine and if you have a problem with it, take it up with me. This isn't your life, you may care about him, but he's mine. He's not yours and I won't let you bitch and moan at him for something that isn't in your right to complain about. Now piss off!"

Hermione goggled, her cheeks were red. "When did this happen?"

"When you weren't looking!" Dean snapped. "Now get out, you have no business here."

"Geez are you guys into voyeurism?" Seamus taunted by the door at Ron and Hermione who spun around. "Leave them the hell alone, for goodness sakes. Is Harry not allowed to have a love life without you two being involved?"

They gawked.

"When?! Harry's never mentioned being gay!" Ron's voice rose and Dean landed him with a Silencing Spell.

"If you can't talk calmly then don't talk at all."

Hermione gasped and bristled. "Ron has a point, Harry's never talked about it-"

"He is gay, he's been gay ever since that bitch Cho annoyed the hell out of him," Seamus said factually. "Now are you guys going to be horrible friends and turn against him for this or are you going to support him and not bitch every time he turns around?"

Hermione and Ron instantly looked ashamed and their eyes flickered to the ground.

"That's what I thought, now if you haven't noticed, Harry and Dean are butt naked…" Seamus pointed out blithely. "So, you might want to leave them alone. Dean's not the type to allow others to look at what's his, especially Harry."

Dean snarled but didn't speak.

More flares of red hit the duo's cheeks. Ron couldn't speak. His eyes were round and wide, it was comical but Dean wasn't laughing.

"We're sorry," Hermione apologized. "Come on Ron."

Ron opened his mouth to speak again but nothing came out.

"Downstairs Ron, let's not wake Harry," Hermione said wincing at the furious look on the dark teen's face. She didn't want to test what he could do.

Seamus smirked. "See you Dean."

"Thanks mate," Dean muttered pulling the curtain.

"No problem, I hope you're happy now."

"I am."

His best friend left, and Harry murmured. "I heard everything, thank you." No one had ever stood up to them like that. Harry was too afraid. He didn't want to hurt their feelings or make them go away. He lay there under Dean enjoying the heavy weight, it was warm and his arms were protective.

Dean pressed a kiss to the back of Harry's neck. "Mine."

"I slept again."

"Yes you did," Dean said smiling. "Seven hours?"

"Hmm, I wonder what it is that kept me from sleeping…"

"I don't personally know Harry, but if I'm the trick then by all means."

Laughing softly, "I don't know about that," Harry teased and then got a squeeze in the sides by Dean. He squirmed. "Aw, you know what I mean. That can't possibly be why I had Insomnia from the time I entered these damn walls."

"Maybe you were lonely?" Dean suggested. "You never did date…" Not that he wanted Harry too. He scowled at the thought of anyone having their hands near him.

"I didn't have time."

"Yes and now you do and you were lonely, probably even more alone at night."

"Is it possible?" Harry asked.

Dean shrugged. "Not a sleeping expert. I am telling you what I see."

Harry snickered and yawned. "What time did I fall asleep?"

"After two," Dean answered. "You need to go to sleep earlier."

"You prolonged it."

"Yes, I did," Dean said taking blame. "But you're so enjoyable!"

"I'm not complaining. Seven hours is more than enough sleep," he said as he was kissed all over the shoulder, neck, and back. He was aware of the tiny bit of burning in his bum but it wasn't massive. Dean's touch had been gentle though at one point Harry didn't want gentle. He blushed into his pillow at the thought.

He was experiencing things he had wanted to experience and now he was beginning to not be able to get enough. What did that make him? Dean had wanted him for two years and Harry kind of felt bed for never noticing him.

But he had dated Ginny and a couple other girls if Harry wasn't mistaken. Harry couldn't have known if he hadn't said anything.

"If you liked me all this time, what prompted you to date Ginny?"

Dean groaned and buried his face into Harry's back. "You wouldn't believe me if I told you."

"Hm?"

Dean slipped off Harry so that he could move, when he did, he saw that his boyfriend looked a little ashamed. "I dated her so that you wouldn't date her."

"…." Harry then made a face, getting a laugh from Dean who bent his knees and placed his fingers to the bridge of his nose. "Me and Ginny?" He whispered horrified.

"Mhmm, I always overheard how you two looked so good together, like your parents, Lily and James. Hell, even McGonagall said that one time too many."

"Okay, say that I was straight - Ginny wouldn't be on my list. She does look like my mother and uhm - I'm not into the whole incest factor. Not to mention she reminds me of her mother… Molly Weasley… who's like my mother… ew!"

Dean barked with laughter and shook his head. "I'm sorry," he said grinning stupidly.

Harry shifted against Dean pushing his smaller body up against him. He beamed when a strong arm latched around him. "I think it's kind of cute," he said pressing his chin to Dean's knee.

"Who would be on your list if you were straight?" Dean queried, not liking that thought but his curiosity had him.

Harry gave a hum. "Luna."

Blinking, "Why?"

"Things would never be boring and I don't think she'd ever ask for sex," Harry wrinkled his nose at the thought of sex with a girl.

Dean's laughter picked up again. "Oh Harry… let's get up, go to breakfast, before I piss on myself."

"Whoops, we wouldn't want that, especially in my bed," Harry nudged the lanky dark boy playfully.

"We've come on it enough," he taunted.

"Yes I feel sorry for the elves who have to change them every day. Not even Cleansing Charms will get the stains out."

Dean snorted. "Yes, I feel sorry for those little guys."

"I think Dobby cleans my sheets…" Harry blinked and then shuddered at the image of Dobby clutching them like a prized possession.

"Who?"

"Nothing," Harry said quickly and realized he was naked along with Dean. "Where are my clothes?"

"Somewhere," Dean muttered summoning boxers.

Harry followed suit and decided not to tell his boyfriend he forgot about a Summoning Charm.

After a long shower in which Dean met him in the rather cosy steaming stall, the two headed down to the Great Hall together, Dean's arm snaked around Harry's thin waist. They were met with instant stares but neither cared.

"Morning Harry," Hermione said timidly. Her eyes were on them curiously but she didn't ask like he expected her too. He then noticed that she was staring a bit nervously at Dean who squeezed Seamus' shoulder and sat so close to Harry that the smaller teen was almost in his lap.

Ron frowned and nodded. "You know you could have told us about you two."

"It was only yesterday," Harry said putting French toast on his plate.

"Oh," Hermione said shocked. "But why didn't you mention it?"

"Because I didn't feel like it. I didn't feel like questions…"

"Questions that no one needs to know the answers too," Dean said coolly eyeing the two in a warning nature. "What happened between Harry and I, is our business."

"But he's our friend! You could hurt him and then what?" Ron demanded.

"I am not going to hurt him," Dean said coldly. "For your information Ron, Harry is the only one I've ever wanted."

Hermione blinked.

Ginny, who had been sitting across from the three, gawked. "What do you mean by that?"

Dean ignored her. Harry cringed visibly. "Eat Harry," he said instead of answering her.

"You hurt Ginny, Dean!"

"I did not, we didn't like each other," Dean said shortly.

"That's not true!" Ginny said wide-eyed.

"It is so, don't deny it," he drawled grabbing a muffin.

"What did you mean, Dean? About how Harry was all you wanted?" She demanded.

Dean raised his eyes. "You know what I meant Ginny, now stop shrieking."

Harry slid a hand under the table and over Dean's knee squeezing gently. He turned away from the redhead girl.

Harry felt Hermione's eyes on him throughout breakfast. He wondered what was running through her genius head, she was never known for social skills and he really hoped she didn't say something stupid. He just didn't feel like listening to it.

Ron was staring at them strangely and then said. "Please don't hurt him!"

Dean growled and instinctively he wrapped an arm around Harry's waist and pulled him into his chest. "Never," he spat venomously.

Harry shivered just enough for Dean to be able to feel it but no one was able to notice it. His cheeks burned with heat as he poured syrup all over his French toast.

Ron nodded. "Good," he said looking a lot more pleased. "He's like my brother you know? He's been through a lot."

Harry sighed. "I'm still sitting here…"

Hermione quirked her lips and Dean chuckled. "I know you are," he said roughly in his ear.

"It's true Harry! Don't try and deny it."

"I'm not, but you could remember to say certain things when I leave the room because with me here it's just really weird."

Seamus chortled. "Poor Harry!" He passed the raven boy the strawberries that he'd been eyeing.

"Hmm, please Seamus do have sympathy," Harry said quietly.

"I do, believe me. You're in Dean's hands now."

Dean rolled his eyes but he had a smile on his gorgeous face. "He is in my hands and I'll never hurt him."

"Wow, you do like him," Ginny said in shock.

"More than you can ever know," Dean drawled and with that simple phrase he closed the subject. He got his point across. That was all that mattered.