

# Ten Reasons Not to Date Draco Malfoy

Von Rabenfeder

## Kapitel 3: Chapter three: He is very secretive about his private life

The soft pink hair glittered in the warm afternoon sun as if it was trying to become the star of a hair conditioner commercial. The individual strands were not all evenly coloured but upon a closer look varied from a rose blond to a deep rosé tone. All in all, it was rather pastel than saturated. The dark eyebrows contrasted harmoniously with the extraordinary hair colour and the pale skin tone. Now that Draco had come a bit closer Harry could even see the faint traces of freckles around the pointy nose.

The piercing in the bottom lip was located rather on the outer half and currently the tattooed man was chewing on it, clearly expecting some sort of reaction. 'His hair colour makes his grey eyes stand out more', Harry thought to himself while still staring at the other guy. Somehow the lack of controlled style suited Draco more than the slick back hair our beloved Gryffindor was used to. The messy bun managed to soften the sharp and pointy features a bit, giving the former Slytherin more of an edgy but approachable vibe.

Harry smiled to himself. It needed someone like Draco Malfoy to wear bright pink hair and look sociable. It actually suited him well. He seemed more natural, not as if he was holding back anything anymore. Harry wondered if it had been the fact, that Draco was glamoured all the time that had given the impression of slight discomfort.

"Potter, you make me feel like a two-headed unicorn at a child's birthday party," the pink haired man finally managed to comment. His voice lacked a bit of the usual sharpness and if Harry had believed it was even possible, he could have sworn it sounded vulnerable. (Which obviously was true, I mean, how would you react if your best kept secret was being exposed to someone whom you just started considering being your friends a few weeks ago? But we have not arrived at that part of the story where Harry notices Draco is, in fact, a human being.)

"You look different ...," the dark-haired mess with words commented on the obvious. Harry had never been great at expressing himself but that was a low, even for him. Draco still reacted, brushing back some loose hair behind the left ear. With that he exposed the earrings. It were in fact four tiny silver rings and a larger black tunnel. With a bit of surprise, Harry noticed he could actually look through the hole. "...but not in like a bad way", he desperately tried to finish his sentence on a more positive and not so darn obvious note.

Draco looked him straight in the eyes with what could only be described as a smug smile and leaned a bit towards him. Even though they were still a few feet apart Harry could feel the heat rushing into his cheeks. He suddenly realized that the other man was quite a few centimetres taller than himself, looking down at him with a lot more confidence than Harry had ever owned himself. He looked so poised and at peace with himself.

"Potter, I darn well know how breathtakingly handsome I look. I mean, what would be the point of dying my hair and suffering endless hours of pain if the result did not turn out to be unbelievable stunning," while holding what sounded like a lecture on his beauty he pointed onto his tattooed arms, "but thank you for appreciating it. If you want to continue staring at me, I am sure my assistant Miss Greengrass would be glad to sell you an autographed photograph of me. But," and with that comment he turned his head towards his roommate, "not the naughty stuff, that is only for premium fan club members!"

He demonstratively turned around on one heel and went to the kitchen only to return back mere seconds later with three plates and cutlery. Harry (who still felt his cheeks burning because of the thought of naked pictures of Draco) noticed the atmosphere had changed once again and relaxed a bit while the two former Slytherins sat down on the couch and started placing food on the plates.

He was still wondering if this was the moment where it would be polite to leave them alone when Draco addressed him: "I really hope you like dumplings. This is a dumpling house." With a charming half smile, the pink haired man patted the cushions next to him, offering Harry a seat.

Luckily our favourite Gryffindor actually loved dumplings. The taste of the different vegetables mixed with the hot sauce made his mouth tingle. The fact, that Astoria

constantly tried to steal from Draco's plate on the other hand made him giggle quite a lot. The other man defended his food as if it was the most precious thing on earth, climbing onto the cushions and eating while squatting on the couch. Harry wondered to himself, if secretly the Slytherins had always been like that when they were by themselves.

Of course, they had been! Back then they were children just as much as he himself and his friends. The prejudice that the other house was constantly plotting evil schemes against him was something he thought he had overcome a long time ago. Wasn't it obvious, Draco was not the tiny Malfoy brat anymore?

While finishing the delicious food he let his gaze wander and looked at the framed pictures on the opposite wall once again. They seemed to show Astoria together with another girl, as well as different man with bright hair colours. Only after a few seconds Harry noticed all of them were the same guy. With a flick of his wand and a whispered "Accio!" Draco, who of course had noticed him starrng, summoned the pictures from the wall to fly closely in front of them so Harry could finally have good look at them.

"This terrible home décor decision, pressed upon my beautiful apartment by two malevolent witches illustrates the colourful story of how I tried to express my inner unicorn through different hair colours," he managed to explain with a straight face, sounding more than stern. Had it not been for Astoria who broke out in laughter, Harry may have thought the other man was serious.

"So," he finally found his words again, "how did you end up with pink then?"

Draco gave him a very short crooked smile and Harry noticed how well placed the piercing actually was, moving just the lightest bit to enforce the expression. All of the piercings and the extravagant hair colour really made Draco look more approachable. And handsome. Which Harry only noticed because he was still figuring out if he was gay and automatically checked out every guy. Not that Draco was his type. Definitely not, he did not even have a type! And even if it could never be someone who stood out from any crowd so much!

"Well, it has been quite a journey," Draco started what already sounded like a rather longish lecture once again. He actually still loved to talk about himself Harry noted in

the back of his mind. "The first step was to try something different, something definitely not me."

A picture of a younger Draco probably taken shortly after their graduation flew by. He had pitch black hair in that one. Even though he did not look bad, the colour made him look even paler than usual. Also, he was skinny in that picture. Not that he was heavy today but the Draco on the picture was scrawny and seemed to be very tired. It was replaced by another one, taken a few months later.

"Obviously, I could not stick to that colour," the explanation went on. The next Draco still looked stressed out but he already had the first earrings. His hair was shorter but had a deep petrol colour. He was again very pale, however. The next one had him feature dark blue hair, then lighter, then soft green, purple and finally pink. With every picture the number of piercings and tattoos grew the same way the black circles under his eyes got lighter. Harry noticed that only the first two pictures had featured Draco by himself in the black clothes he had been wearing during their last school years. After that his wardrobe had become less formal and brighter. Astoria was in many of the latter ones as well as Pansy Parkinson, stylish as ever, and another girl around the same age which had bleach blonde hair in most of the pictures and bore a distinctive similarity to Astoria.

Harry got more and more comfortable while listening to Draco babble about each hair colour, fashion choice and nonsense concerning the photographs. He even stretched a bit on the couch while Astoria was serving some tea. Time seemed to fly by and he noticed that he enjoyed spending time with Draco like this even more than meeting up in a bar. But the other guy would not have been in Slytherin for good if he didn't somehow sense Harry's train of thoughts.

"So now that you have heard all about my magical hair story, is it still weird to you?", Draco asked with a half-smile on his lips once again and Harry could not stop wondering how anyone could be fooled by a Glamour if he looked way more natural like this.

"No, nothing about it is weird. It all makes sense, the apartment, your hair. I like all of it", he mumbled in response. The moment he noticed what he had just said, the Saviour of the Wizarding World could have slapped himself. In the face. Very hard. In comparison to Draco he was so unbelievable clumsy with words. He wondered, why the other two would not make fun of him.

Instead, Astoria turned towards Draco with an enormous grin and explained: "If that's so Harry, you should come around more often and keep us company!"

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Some friendships develop just naturally. This was how hanging around with Astoria felt like for Harry. It was very easy and somehow reminded him of when things had not been weird between Ginny and him, the time before they were official. He kept wondering if that was what had ruined their friendship. When he was with Astoria, he felt more confident and from time to time even managed to be witty. In all her extravaganza she made a really good friend for Harry, who forced him out of his comfort zone.

Speaking of extravaganza: then there was Draco. Handsome, sharp tongued, flirty Draco who always seemed like he knew what to say. Who loved making Harry blush when referring to his tattoos, especially when it was about the ones covered by clothes. "If you already like this arrangement, I am sure my thighs would excite you even more", he had explained to Harry when the dark-haired man had tried to inspect upon Draco's arms a bit closer. When Astoria had become quite touchy the opposite had happened to her roommate. Not that he was being unfriendly or unwelcoming – more than once Draco had believably expressed how happy he was that they finally got along – but he definitely kept physical distance.

He indeed had been frequenting the apartment regularly now instead of meeting up with Draco by himself. Most of the times it still was the latter or his roommate who invited him over but from time to time Harry managed to ask Draco what he was up to on a certain date to find out if he was free. Which he often wasn't due to self-employment. He however managed to always give our favourite Gryffindor an alternative date - as if he were scared that our dark-haired mess would stop asking to spend time with him.

They often went to take out places and had their dinner at the apartment but sometimes Astoria more felt like "fancy food" as she declared and they went to a muggle restaurant in walkable distance. As their place was located in Soho, they had plenty of choice. And they always seemed searching for just the next weird dish to try.

Astoria had been joking about that quite some times, referring to Draco as “easily bored, always looking for the next adventure” which had led to the pink-haired not talking to her for the rest of the evening and Harry wondering if that was true for his sexual partners as well.

Even though, they still talked about the sexuality thing from time to time, the matter somehow had lost its urgency for Harry. He still was not sure what his actual preferences were but he was not questioning himself all of the time anymore. Maybe it was because of something Draco had told him.

“You will know it when you meet someone you are attracted to. It is as simple as that. Do not overthink it. I always thought you Gryffindorks were great at trusting their guts, Potter!”

Whenever they had this type of serious conversation Draco tended to end it with something that was actually helpful. He, however, always paired it with a tiny insult – even if it was just going back to last names. Still, Harry thought, he had a point. Do not rush it. When Hermione had given him the very same advice, he had simply shrugged it off. From Draco it seemed to carry more weight. “Maybe because he knows the feeling of being unsure”, she had explained with a knowing smile. Harry hated it when she gave him that look as if she knew a secret, he should be obvious about as well but wouldn’t want to ruin the moment of enlightenment for him.

For now, Harry actually was happy with how his life was going. He had found a new friend in Astoria and as long as he could talk to Draco about the sex thing, that was enough. He really liked spending time with both of them, but on a different level. Astoria was his friend to chat and laugh and feel comfortable around, Draco however, was fascinating, witty and charming. Harry did not feel any desire to meet someone else in his life. He wondered, if he ever met someone who would make him realize his sexual preferences. It would still take our beloved Golden Boy a few more weeks until he realized what Hermione at this point had already found out while quietly listening to him lionizing about how different Draco was. Of course, the confidentiality pact made sure, Harry did not spill out any kind of information on Draco’s actual looks but still he had plenty of reason to talk about his former rival.

Sometimes Harry wondered, how Draco would even get to know potential partners. As his first and only relationship had developed out of a long friendship and all his friends in relationships (which were Hermione and Ron, to be honest) had known their partners from back at school, he had absolutely no clue as where one could go to

meet new people, though this would certainly change after the night that lay before or Hero.

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It all had started quiet innocent with a text from Astoria, asking him how to cook Ratatouille. Thinking back, he realized, he should have wondered why she was attempting to create a dish on her own. She had already admitted she was a horrible cook weeks before. He could undoubtedly have known things would not turn out well. He should most certainly have realized he would have to run for her rescue the moment she had asked the recipe. In the aftermath he clearly should have been able to predict he was going to end in Draco's kitchen, cooking dinner for Daphne while Astoria despairingly tried to be of any help. Which she was not.

He ended up sending her into the living room where she happily decorated the table, glad to finally be useful. This left Harry alone with a giant mess of burnt vegetables and a lot of time to think about the situation. He was going to prepare dinner for a strange of whom he did not know more that she was Astoria's elder sister, had attempted Hogwarts at the same time as himself, was a friend of Pansy Parkinson (He had remembered that himself!) and according to the pictures seemed to favour blond hair on herself.

He wondered if she was going to be as loud and chirpy as her little sister when he heard Draco entering the apartment. The pink-haired man went straight for the kitchen, carrying two stuffed bags full of what seemed to be bottles and still wearing his coat. With a raised eyebrow he nodded at Harry.

"Have you decided to be our very own maiden for free or why are you trying to burn down my perfectly fine kitchen?", he asked with a short wink. His voice sounded way too pleased with himself and arrogant for the other man's taste. Harry furled his eyebrows in a mixture of anger and surprise. Hadn't Astoria told Draco she had asked for help?

"I am trying to save whatever your roommate has left over and turn it into something edible for a guest I don't know! Don't worry, I will be gone long before your little party starts!", he snarled back at the other man. If his help was not wanted, why did they ask for him! There were a lot of things, Harry was capable of being made fun of for. His

cooking was not one of them.

With a surprised expression Draco left the kitchen, not saying a word and Harry immediately regretted being emotional about such a tiny matter. He focused back on the vegetables, slowly simmering in the pan in front of him. Therefore, it took him a moment to notice Draco had returned shortly after, this time without his coat. Instead, he was holding two fancy looking glasses in his hands, both filled with a liquid that was translucent at the top, slowly turning into bright red at the bottom of the glass. A single, deep red cherry was placed at the edge of it.

“Care for a drink then, Mr. party saver and master cook?”, Draco asked, a faint hint of seductiveness lingering in his voice. He casually leaned against the kitchen counter, offering one drink with his left hand while taking a sip from his own glass. He was not facing Harry when the other man took the beverage. It was rather sour but has a sweet, alcoholic aftertaste, the dark-haired noticed. Nothing he had ever tried before. He softly licked his lips and searched for Draco’s eyes which now were focusing directly on him. For a quarter of a second a shiver ran down Harry’s spine when his eyes found the dark grey ones. Had they always been carrying so many emotions? He could clearly read the mixture of amusement, interest and something else out of it. A challenge. Quickly, Harry took another sip. Whatever it was, it tasted delicious, like fruits and sugar, a soft bitterness to it. Temptation. Would the taste also linger on Draco’s lips he wondered? As quickly as the grey eyes had found his, they gazed away again. Harry blushed. What was he thinking?

“It is delicious,” he mumbled, putting down the glass and redirecting his attention back to the dish he was currently preparing. He swallowed hard. Draco was only teasing him and he simply reacted because he was not used to get this much attention from anyone, be it male or female. This had absolutely nothing to do with the fact that as soon as he thought about Draco, his mind was fixed on an image of a crooked smile, half open lips...

He cleared his throat and managed to ask: “What is it?” His voice sounded terrible, rough and scratchy. What was wrong with him? He was not supposed to act like this around Draco. They were friends! The other man left his position and walked behind the counter so that they were now facing each other over the stove. A faint reminder of what was once a half smile still lingered on his lips when he put a finger into his glass and swirled it around. He had the nerve to lick the liquid off of said finger while still staring at Harry who was now sure, Draco was playing his usual game with him.



"A Singapore Sling, a cocktail made famous by the Raffles Hotel in Singapore", he explained with an eyebrow raised in excitement as he always had when he got the chance to show off with his knowledge or skills. "The main ingredients are gin, cherry liquor, Bénédictine and Cointreau mixed together with a hit of grenadine, some fresh lime juice and bitters, shaken with approximately three ice cubes, filtered, filled up with soda and served in a high glass with a single cherry. Well, at least this is how I make it."

He took another sip, obviously pleased with himself and the fact, that he perfectly knew, Harry had only understood half of the terms he was using to impress him. The cocktail however did actually taste simply amazing, the Gryffindor had to give him that.

"I hope you like it, it is one of Daphne's favourites, so you will be having quite a lot of them tonight when we go out," Draco added after a moment as if this information was nothing. Harry stared at him blankly, needing a few seconds to process. Was that supposed to be an invitation?

"Or do you have any other plans for tonight, master cook?", Draco playfully asked. As soon as Harry shook his head, the pink haired man turned on his heels into the living room, four platters in his hands and explaining that they had to hurry up a bit as Daphne should be arriving is about an hour and he for sure had to get dressed up a bit to celebrate the occasion.

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She was everything Harry had expected her to be and so much more. Daphne Greengrass was definitely Astoria's sister, that one was for sure. Let alone the way she talked and used the same little gestures to show excitement was so much alike her younger sibling there couldn't be any doubt. However, she was quite different to her babbly, always high energy sister.

Where Harry had never seen Astoria without painted fingernails, even if they were chipped most of the time, Daphne had very beautiful, long nails which were held at a practical length. The only makeup she was wearing was a deep red lip and a faint dark eyeliner. There was neither glitter in her face nor had she styled her hair in a particular manner. It just hung loose unto her chin, being parted slightly more on the right side

of her face. It was definitely a few nuances brighter than her natural colour as far as he could remember.

In contrast to her sibling and Draco, her outfit was more casual, a loose fitting, black crop top and some high waisted hot pants with dark tights that were just see through enough to let the viewer be certain, her legs were almost covered in tattoos. Needless to say, she was pretty with her rather sharp nose and the two piercings in her lip, one on the outer right corner, one in the centre of the bottom lip.

When she had entered the apartment, Astoria was immediately running towards her, babbling and hugging her while she was still getting the buttons of her jacket undone. Draco had been a bit more reserved at first but given her a big smile when she kissed him on the cheek, not staining his skin with her lipstick. And then it had been Harry's turn. It should have felt awkward to meet someone whom you barely knew at their homecoming party but somehow it did not. She had looked at him for a second and seemed to be puzzled but then had decided to kiss him on the cheek as well and ask if the delicious smelling food was thanks to him as for sure the other two maniacs had never been capable of preparing a dish that needed more skill than opening a can or boiling noodles. After making sure that she and her "guest" were served drinks, she invited Harry to the table and they had a rather wholesome dinner together where she talked about her travel through Europe. Again, there had been moments, Harry was wondering how exactly he had ended up here but he enjoyed the company of those three way too much to really give a second thought. Which was basically how he had ended up here, in front of the most popular LGTB+ club in Soho at the moment, waiting to go on his first "super gay fun time adventure" as Astoria had called it.

If he hadn't felt so unbelievably underdressed and conscious about his looks, he might have enjoyed the colourful crowd around him way more. But standing next to Astoria made him realize how little he knew about fashion. She was wearing boots with gigantic heels that made her taller than him, together with tights that were shaped like kitty heads at her knees and a very short black dress. Her hair was half way up done in two tiny buns above her ears that made her look like a character from those Japanese cartoons. Her eyes were covered in glitter and she was enthusiastically chatting with Draco.

Harry had always known that Draco Malfoy knew his way around fashion and today was the living proof for that. The pink haired man was dressed in a black button-down shirt that had a round neck closing directly below his Adam's apple. Over that he wore a short, rather casual waistcoat. All of that would have been bearable had it not been for those skin tight black pants that hugged every inch of Draco's lower body and left very little to the imagination and ended in very elegant boots. Together with the

loose bun he looked like the perfect mixture between an old school dandy and a modern rebel. The sleeves were rolled up unto the elbows, showing of the tattoo covered arms which Harry still felt the desire to inspect more closely.

And then there was him. Plain old Harry in his plain old orange shirt with his plain old, worn out jeans and plain old dirty sneakers. His hair was as ruffled as always and he could have sworn he had spotted some leftover sauce somewhere on his face. He felt so underdressed. Had it not been for Draco earlier on he for sure had insisted on a fresh set of clothes. But when Astoria had asked him if this was how he planned on going out, Draco had immediately reacted for him, explaining to her that Harry looked just fine as he was. Needless to say, that once again the heart of the Saviour of the Wizarding world had skipped a beat when he heard that but his explanation for that reaction had been the simple fact that he had already drunken three of Draco's tasty but dangerous cocktails.

He was still tipping from one foot to another when they entered the club and a whole new world opened up in front of him. The broadest variety of people he could have imagined filled the spacious room, most of them dancing to the loud music, some sitting in comfortable chairs at the sides, engaged in drinks and conversation. Directly next to him, two young men around his age were pressing against a wall, totally occupied with each other. The brunet was fiercely grabbing onto the butt of the dark haired who was stroking his back, desperately trying to get under his partner's shirt. They were kissing passionately and even from a distance Harry could clearly see their tongues moving. They clanged at each other as if there were no tomorrow and while staring at them and feeling really impolite, Harry noticed that he found it incredibly hot how the two male bodies rubbed against each other in sheer desire.

"Well, it seems as if Robert and Daniel are back together once again, let's celebrate that with drinks", Daphne announced just loud enough that the other three could hear her. Astoria grabbed Harry's wrist and dragged him towards the bar at the centre of the dancing area. How in the world were they supposed to get drinks in this crowded place, he kept wondering? But as soon as they reached their destination, Harry noticed that there in fact was an empty table next to the bar which was clearly reserved for them as a huge "Welcome back, Daphne!" sign covered half a giant chair made from red velvet to resemble a throne.

Quite naturally, Daphne occupied her "throne" and Draco sat opposite of her, leaving the small but comfortable couch for Harry and Astoria. The latter chose to sit closely to her sister and go on chattering about the two guys kissing in the corner. That left Harry no choice but sit next to Draco. The pink-haired man had immediately been attacked by not only one but three bartenders who obviously seemed more

interested in fulfilling his ever wish than in reacting to the crowd of people who had been waiting for their drinks a considering longer time than their group had. Harry was just about to turn around to the two girls and ask them what all that fuss was about when Draco had managed to get rid of the barkeepers and leaned very closely to asked him a simple question that in that moment meant quite a lot:

“Do you like it?”

Harry was definitely not sure what he meant by that phrase. The girls? The party? The club? Their seats? Or maybe he was referring to the whole evening? Or did he actually mean the two kissing guys Daniel and whomever? Harry noticed himself grinning at his counterpart wildly. He kept looking through the room where people of all skin colour and sexual orientation were dancing. He could spot some adorable Drag Queens as well as a few other kissing couples and he really, really felt comfortable. It was way too loud and overcrowded. The air was full of different smells – not all of them pleasant - and still: He loved it.

When he turned towards Draco to finally answer the question, their noses almost bumped together. The other man was still leaning in closely, probably to make it easier for him to answer without having to scream against the loud music. For a moment their faces were so close, their lips were almost in kissing distance. Then luckily their drinks came and Harry had the opportunity to change the subject. They were sticking to the same cocktail as they had before and it almost tasted the same as the ones Draco had made back at home.

“How did you get this table?” he managed to scream against the loud, leaning towards the other guy once again. Draco’s answer was a smug smile and he gestured Harry to come closer, so he could whisper or should I better say shout into his ear:

“I used to work here from time to time. Helped with the receipts for the cocktails. You know, great potions student makes a great barkeeper, that’s for sure!”

Harry really tried hard to focus on the words instead of the sensation of having another man being so close to him. He could feel Draco’s breath on his skin, tingling all the way down to his spine. It was an irritation, odd and new sensation. Even in the crowded room he could smell the faint remains of his perfume. It was light and herbal with a distinctive sweetness to it. ‘How strange’, he thought, ‘I always assumed Malfoy

would smell like citrus.'

But this was not Malfoy anymore. The guy sitting next to him was Draco, a man who had worked in a gay bar. Who shared a flat with a good friend. Who liked to get take away food and eat it on the couch. Who really tried hard to make Harry feel welcome. The pink-haired, tattooed, freckled and careless Draco of course still was the same person. He was snarling at people, loved to talk about himself and most of the time kept his distance but Harry actually liked that about him.

He was brought back into reality by a soft pull on his sleeve. Astoria was looking at him and then pointing at the dance floor. By Merlin, she could not be serious! He was not a dancer! Looking around, he noticed, they had already gotten their next round of drinks and he was really starting to feel them. His insides felt, well, warm and fuzzy. He had always been a light weight; how did he assume he would manage to keep up with them? Searching for help, he tried to return to the conversation with Draco. Whispering in his ear would still be better as to dance, even though his stomach felt a bit weird when the other man's lips almost touched his ears. But Draco was not in his seat anymore. Instead, he had already moved to the dance floor and stirred his head following the beats of the music.

Nobody would come to his rescue Harry noticed and gave up. Hoping it would calm him a bit, he finished his drink at once and followed Astoria to the dance floor. He could just stand there for a bit and move his head and then silently go back to his chair. He would not dance.

Three shots later he found himself not at the outer corner anymore but in the middle of the crowd, moving his body carelessly to the music, hands linked with Astoria who was obviously enjoying herself. Again, it was her who helped him ease up. First, he had only followed her movements and felt a bit weird but the light intoxication had helped him with the overthinking and now he quite enjoyed it. Astoria's dancing reminded him of a snake winding in between obstacles. She managed to not really touch anyone but gave the impression as if she almost would.

A guy about her height with light blond hair and glitter all over his face was approaching her right now, trying to get closer. With a laugh on her face and without letting go of Harry's hand she went for it and started dancing in his direction, eyes locked on the guys lips, she seductively moved her head. Harry saw the kiss coming way before it actually happened. It looked playful and fun, not as heated as the two guys he had watched before.

When she broke it off with a laugh and turned towards Harry, the alcohol in his brain left him no other choice as to mumble "Me too." She smiled at him softly, cupping his hips with her free hand and pushed him closer. Their kiss was short and sweet and light. He could taste the cocktail, smell the sweet odour of her sweat and perfume and feel her body having fun. This was definitely not a lover's kiss but he liked it.

When she loosened her grip on him and he opened his eyes once again, he noticed the guy from before was not gone as he assumed but still dancing closely, this time giving Harry his full attention. It might have been the adrenaline rush but our favorite Gryffindor felt as courageous as any member of his house ever did and let go of Astoria's hand to turn towards the other man and dance. The blond guy grinned as Harry approached him, but instead of dancing, he gripped the front of the orange shirt and pulled him closer.

In the split seconds before their lips met, Harry noticed how different it felt this time, a firm body pressing against his own, soft stubbles rubbing on his cheeks. And the smell, by Merlin, the smell! It made him push closer, leaning in with his whole body. He gripped the man's head and pulled him closer, opening his lips a bit. This was different than anything he had experienced before. Better. If there was one thing Harry Potter was certain of now, he preferred kissing blokes.

After the kiss, the other man let go of him pretty soon and left the dance floor with a playful wink. Harry definitely needed a drink now. He fought his way back to the table where he found Draco sitting by himself, staring at him. Still feeling the high of the kisses in his chest, he sat next to him and smiled. Draco leaned in again and asked: "Are you enjoying yourself?"

This time Harry turned so quickly that their noses actually bumped which he did not care about. Instead of answering, he leaned in and his lips brushed Draco's wanting more of that tingling sensation that made his head spin in circles. This time his lips felt electric, as if there was a spark and he tried to get more. More of the softness of the pink-haired man's lips, more of the smell, more of the sensation of being not only close to a man but beautiful Draco out of all of them. Draco however had other plans. After what had felt like him opening his lips and kissing Harry back, he had quickly withdrawn, currently staring at the ground.

"Sorry, I am not really a huge kisser, Harry," he explained loudly with what sounded almost like hurt in his voice. For the next part he looked up again: "And you don't

seem to be much of a drinker either, huh?" If our Golden Boy had not really been quite drunk, he might have noticed the vulnerability in Draco's eyes. But in his current state he just managed to nod when Draco offered him some water and later on did not resist the offered couch to crash on for the night. It had been a long day for him and a lot of things had changed. Maybe he should apologize to Draco for kissing him, he thought right before he fell asleep. 'Although, isn't it weird to apologize for something I liked?'