

Ten Reasons Not to Date Draco Malfoy

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Prolog: Ten Reasons Not to Date Draco Malfoy

The hearts of dozens of young (and a few witches in their best age such as myself) broke, when the extremely handsome bachelor Draco Malfoy announced he was gay last year. Still, the silverblond aristocrat makes our knees weak whenever he is spotted at any event due to his absolutely delicious looks (for the latest updates on steaming hot male fashion remember to turn to page 24).

However, the most wanted gay bachelor of the whole Wizarding World seems to be rather picky when it comes to choosing a suitable partner. Even though he has been seen in the company of several adorable young wizards (the last time we checked, no other than the Oliver Wood accompanied him at the Ministry's Yule Ball), none of them seemed to be able to keep up his interest long enough for a second date. For all you cute boys out there, we therefore have come up with a very carefully researched list of reasons why it better for you not to date Draco Malfoy.

1. He is anything but approachable

Draco Malfoy is a rare sight in public to be fair, so it will be hard to spot him at all. But even if you managed to meet him, it is more than likely he will refuse to talk to you.

2. He does not like company

On the rare occasions that we met the handsome bachelor he openly explained to our reporter that he preferred solitude over small talk at any time.

3. He is very secretive about his private life

Little is known about how the beau prefers to spend his free time. So far he has scarcely been spotted outside his work space as highly appreciated consultant in the healing potions sector.

4. He is obsessed with his looks

Draco Malfoy is one fine man. And unfortunately he knows that far too well. You will never find him not wearing a perfectly tailored three-piece, his hair groomed for the gods. And we are sure he suspects nothing else from his partner.

5. He is very conservative

Even though being open about his sexual preferences, the Malfoy heir is known to be rather conservative. So wild party nights and hot make out sessions are hard to imagine.

6. He is a real traditionalist

We all have come to enjoy some of those crazy Muggle inventions. Draco however

refuses to interact with any kind of technology. It is even said that he until today does not even own a telly.

7. He has a dark side

How could anyone forget the dark place, this beauty has blossomed from? Despite all his charms and success today, there is still this aura of sadness lingering above the young gentleman's head that from time to time gets insufferable.

8. He cannot stand cowards

...but Draco Malfoy is not a coward. And he cannot stand people being imitated by society. Therefore whenever he is asked about his attraction towards our other bachelors previously featured in this column he declared that he would never again go out with anyone still in the closet.

9. He is not the guy for great gestures

Do not expect any grand gestures from this guy, as much as he looks like a fairytale prince. Being this handsome, the astonishing wizard never had to fight for attention and therefore will not feel the need to show his affection publicly.

10. He does not date

And last but not least, the most important reason: Draco Malfoy does not date, as he declared himself. He just recently told Witch Weekly that he indeed has "no intention to enter any kind of serious relationship in the next few years."

So all you cute gay wizards out there, be strong, Draco Malfoy is no option for you either. Check out our bachelor of the week in our next issue when we are going to take a closer look into what buttons to push to get to know...

Harry sighs heavily, putting away the rubbish article Daphne had carelessly tossed into his face and tries his best to offer her a crooked smile. 'Well researched' seems to be a rather loose term, at least when the Weekly Witch uses it, he thinks grimly. At least half of the reasons to not date Draco could not be further away from the truth.

Harry stretches lazily, enjoying the soft late morning sun that shines through the massive window front of the living room. Coming from the kitchen he can smell a faint idea of coffee. It has been a long night and he is not in the mood to discuss Draco's datability. Not as long as his own lips are still swollen from stolen kisses of laughing girls and adorable blokes. His head still heavy from the lack of sleep and alcohol he almost dozes off again into the warm whiteness of a comfortable sleepy Sunday morning.

The weight of another body forces him to flutter his eyes open once again, but he barely moves his long legs to just make enough room for the other man. Only dressed in boxers and a loose white shirt without sleeves the other guy clearly has not really woken up already either. His tattoo-covered arms cross behind a messy bunch of pink

hair and his feet fold elegantly on the coffee table while the other man grabs the neglected newspaper. The sun reflects in the longish strands of hair that have fallen out of the loose bun. His face is covered with a few dozen light freckles, especially around the pointy nose. The dark eyebrows contrast nicely with the light hair. Earrings hang from his left ear, four rings and a tiny tunnel, not even half an inch in diameter. Even though he clearly lacks sleep his face is still quite attractive, the tiny smirk softening his sharp features.

"Well, well, well, what do we have here? Ten reasons not to date me? Oh that must be a new one!", Draco snarls, biting into one side of his pierced lips while looking at Harry with an amused grin.

And all over sudden the previous Golden Boy of Gryffindor is not so sure anymore if he could come up with even one single reason why one should not date Draco Malfoy.

'Oh crap, please tell me it is just my drunk horny self that made me think that,' he prays to whomever might hear him. But secretly his consciousness whispers in his ears that it is not the first time his heart has skipped a beat when those grey eyes focused on him.

But let's not jump ahead in our story. I think we have to rewind a few weeks back to a point when Harry Potter did not even dare to think about meeting dear Draco privately or could have ever considered crushing on his couch regularly. Our story in fact starts at a point when our beloved Gryffindor did not even have a clue about the actual Draco, who quite enjoys everything muggle from partying to tattoos and especially gay bars...

Kapitel 1: Chapter 1: He is anything but approachable

Chapter 1: He is anything but approachable

Harry took another sip of his ice-cold coffee and blankly stared in front of him. He had already been sitting in the small coffee shop for at least an hour. While the people around him were either engaged in conversations or just simply playing with their phones, he just sat there quietly and stared at the table on the other side of the tiny terrace.

It had been exactly 17 days since the news of his and Ginny's break up went public. 17 days of him being hunted by reporters, stalked by hundreds of owls and not being able to set one foot out of his home without having to answer the same questions over and over again.

Why did you split up?

Weren't you supposed to get married this year?

Is it true she left you for another man?

How do you deal with the heartbreak?

He had asked himself those questions constantly after they had actually broken up three months ago. It was Ginny's idea to keep it a secret until Ball season would start again. She told him like this the press would have other stories to cover and therefore less capacity to focus on him. She was right about that. After one week, his face disappeared from the covers, after two weeks, the double features became rare and today was the first day he hadn't spotted his own face on any newspaper except the Witch Weekly feature of him being the most wanted bachelor of the Wizarding World.

Ginny somehow always knew how to handle publicity. She was so much better at it than him. She knew when to appear at an event, what to say, when to pose, touch, kiss, leave. It was her who carefully managed the bits and pieces of information they gave to the press. She announced them dating so it was her duty to inform the press about their break up.

She had always been the voice of the relationship. Because she understood how to handle situations. How to handle Harry. She just knew him better than he did himself. Maybe that was the reason she knew just when to end things with him.

Don't get me wrong. During their time together Harry never felt unhappy. Being with Ginny was easy. Spending time with her, kissing her, exploring their bodies together. It just felt logical. Reasonable.

He never felt uncomfortable with her. But he also never felt uncomfortable without her. When she was gone, he sure was wondering what she was up to but it was never

her he missed, it was solemnly the company.

He had always felt like a member of the Weasley family. This was where he belonged and therefore dating Ginny was - well it was the obvious thing to do. And it seemed to work out pretty well until one day Ron made this terrible joke about Harry dating even him if there had been no female Weasley he could court.

Harry still remembered the second the realization hit Ginny. He was dating her because she had always been the most reasonable choice. Later that night when they were alone in bed together, she would ask him whether he loved her. He told her, that he loved her from the bottom of her heart. And it was the truth. She still started crying.

The next morning she broke up with him, just before breakfast. It was as simple as starting their relationship. She talked, he listened. Her reasons were logical. It was too easy. They never argued. They just were together and it was alright. But she did not feel desired.

He had that thought in the back of his mind for quite long. Sure, Ginny was beautiful and when they had sex, he enjoyed it. But he never craved it. He always thought of himself of not being the sensual type. They stopped having sex three years into their partnership. He scarcely missed being intimate with her.

"I really wish you will someday find someone you really can desire. Someone whose touch makes your knees weak. Someone you want to be with every second."

When she told him that, he could hardly imagine ever feeling that way for anyone. There had never been a girl he looked at in that way. Sure, he could enjoy a woman's beauty but that was about it. What she told him next was what really shook him to the ground.

"Maybe it is not a woman you are looking for..."

And that was is. As simple as that. At the age of 25 Harry Potter was left by his fiancée and girlfriend of seven years because she thought he was gay. Shocking isn't it? How would the press have reacted to this part of the story, he often wondered. And more so, what would the Weekly Witch write about him knowing that not for one second he tried to argue with Ginny. Actually, he wasn't sure if she was wrong at all.

This brings us back to the day 17 days after the breakup. Harry was still sitting in said coffee shop, staring at the back of a well-known, blond haired man and wondering if he was actually checking out the other man.

But this story would not go anywhere if it only was about Harry staring at someone's back, lost in his own thoughts. The blond man turned his head for the approximately fifth time this day to notice him still staring. Dark eyebrows twitched and a smug smile conquered his lips. With what could only be described as pure elegance the other wizard got up from his chair and made his way towards Harry.

"Well Potter," he said while nonchalantly pulling out the chair opposite of Harry, "I know it has been quite some time since you last had the chance to lust after me across the tables but what special occasion did I miss today that forces you back into old habits?" While still talking he let himself glide into the chair, not breaking eye contact with the former Gryffindor for just a split second.

Harry Potter is brilliant at a lot of things. The most important examples for that would be defeating evil Dark Lords and constantly getting into a lot of trouble. Lesser known talents include cooking, being lazy on Sundays and having the ability to instantly charm any toddler. Small talk is not mentioned on this list for a good reason.

"Malfoy, am I gay?"

Staring at him blankly without blinking even once, Draco Malfoy, the undeniable eloquent aristocrat who never seems to be short of a sharp but thrillingly entertaining response, finally looked shaken. He seemed very unsure as what to make out of this question, but honestly, who wouldn't?

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Harry was well aware that this might have come out of nowhere. However, this had been the chance he so desperately had been looking for since the breakup. He didn't know many openly gay people - actually only Charlie Weasley and he was obviously not a suitable choice to discuss such a delicate matter. Not after the breakup. The Weasleys were his family but still...as long as he was not sure whether Ginny's suspicion contained the smallest notch of truth, he didn't want them to know.

Not Charlie, not Molly, not even Ron or Hermione. He was too scared of them asking uncomfortable questions, forcing him to explore his - maybe - true sexuality.

Three months and 17 days and still Draco Malfoy out of all people seemed to be his only chance. Not only because Harry could be absolutely sure, the blonde aristocrat would never address the matter in a conversation with the Weasley family (as if Malfoy would even talk to them!) but also because he never made a deal out of his sexual preferences.

Charlie was out to his family and friends but not publicly. It felt more like a not so secret secret shared by a larger number of people. He had never been seen dating a bloke nor had he brought someone home yet. If he had a partner, nobody in the family knew. Malfoy had approached the matter differently. Harry estimated that the number of people knowing about Charlie being gay must equal the amount of witches and wizards not being aware that the sole heir to the Malfoy family was riding his broom the other way around.

When Draco Malfoy came out he did it with style. Of course, a simple announcement or an interview would not do. He instead reacted to the various rumours in a way only he could. It was a feast for the media.

First of all, posters started to appear. They featured a variety of phrases such as:

"Draco Malfoy plays for the other team." "The Slytherin prince fancies snakes and not princesses." "Draco Malfoy: from prince to queen." "Instead of skirts Draco Malfoy lifts shirts." Having initially been seen as an attack on the former Death Eater the campaign had not been taken seriously. Then the day came Pansy Parkinson wore **the** button.

It was plain black with green writing on it. The enchanting made sure whomever glimpsed at it was able to read the message: "I was Draco's fake girlfriend while he was kissing boys!" This coming from the one girl always being supportive of Malfoy made people realise that after all the posters might not have been wrong. Why else should Parkinson make sure, her best friend since Hogwarts was outed? Also, denouncing herself as fake girlfriend was nothing, she could probably be proud of.

The final stage of the plan was of course Malfoy's big entry. Dressed in a form fitting three-piece suit he attended his family's traditional Beltane celebrations not only by himself but also making a point nobody could overlook. It was a number of rather subtle changes that left a deep impression.

His hair was still combed back and as longish as it had been for the past months, however, now it was held back by a very elegant ribbon instead of a more masculine piece of jewellery. His pants fit just this tiny bit too well around his buttocks to make absolutely sure everyone could get a perfect glimpse at his behind. His gestures lacked the forced edge, he moved more like a Veela than ever before. All in all he seemed more comfortable in his own skin than ever without having given up his masculinity at all but still more emphasising his delicate feature.

Oh and did I already mention he announced himself as "Draco Malfoy, last of his name, not willing to pretend he was ever going to date a witch, well-educated wizards of old families with the financial means to fulfil his every wishes as well as stunning looks welcome owl him"?

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Since his coming out, the world did not change for Draco Malfoy. He was still the same, dressed the same, had the same job and friends. He just simply dated man. And that was exactly what Harry wanted for himself. Enough things had chance in his young life. He had lost what he would call a family not only once. He had been special long enough. If Ginny was in fact right and he was gay, he didn't want it to be special. He wanted to be normal. And as strange as this might sound, Draco Malfoy managed to stay normal.

"Well Potter, I do tend to cause this reaction in men. Look at me, who would not want to share their bed with me. So, is this your reason to ask me such a question?", the blond man responded with a witty tone in his voice. It had taken Malfoy quite a while to regain his cool and laid-back mannerisms. Now he was leaning back in his chair, casually stretching his long legs a bit and looking at poor Harry with one eyebrow slightly raised, twitching in amusement while a smug half smile was playing around his lips.

All of the former courage had left the Gryffindor and he could barely stand to even look into Malfoys direction anymore. Instead he focused on his neglected coffee mug and desperately wished he had never asked this stupid question. Not Malfoy. Not after the blond git had already let shine through, he was very well aware of the constant starring. How stupid could one single person be, Harry wondered. There was absolutely no reason for Malfoy to not simply get up and straight forward tell the press about this weird conversation. Harry could already read the new headlines: "Malfoy heir molested by the Chosen One" "The third wheel in the Potter relationship was in fact a man – Harry's man!"

After what felt like ages in which he mentally kicked himself for being so insanely stupid, the other man finally reacted once again. Dragging his chair closer to the table and sitting upright Malfoy changed his posture from arrogance into what seemed to be real interest.

"Potter, this isn't a joke to you, is it?", he carefully asked. His voice was much quieter than before as if he wanted to make sure this conversation stayed between the two of them. The smirk around his face was gone. It had been replaced by a faint frown. When Harry finally found the courage to look up again his gaze was met by very earnest looking grey eyes. The atmosphere of this conversation had changed completely.

This was his chance to get out of this unbelievable stupid idea! Harry just had to tell Malfoy that of course this was a joke and he just tried to insult the git. Call him a faggot. A Sissi and this was it. But somehow, he did not want to do that either. Under the expectant gaze of the blond man he managed to very slowly nod once and after that quickly shut his eyes.

Again, the man sitting opposite of him changed his position, now leaning on the table with both his elbows. The frown on his forehead had increased and now he definitely seemed to be rather confused than amused or in the mood to make some jokes. This could be the first glimpse Harry could ever have at the Draco Malfoy that stood in for something. The young wizard who refused to be treated differently because of his sexuality. The man who stood up and fought for something. Someone from whom Harry maybe could learn something.

"Well Potter," he slowly and very quietly said, "if you really want to talk about this subject, we should meet at a less public place." Out of the inner pocket of his jacket he pulled a business card and a pen that could only be described as decadent. Dark mahogany wood together with what looked like actual marble held a thin fountain-pen nib made out of platinum. The ink of course had a deep green colour. He took his very time to note down an address. Harry immediately noticed that the capital letters were written obnoxiously large and contained more than one unnecessary extra swirl.

While sliding over the business card which now contained an address, Malfoy got up from his seat and attempted to leave Harry alone. Our favourite Gryffindor was almost tempted to think of this meeting as surprisingly pleasant had the blond man not turned around at the last moment to loudly and announced: "Oh, and you pay! However, you shall not confuse this meeting with a date or any similar activity of such

kind! What would the people think of my loss of taste! See you, Scarhead!"

With a theatrical bow and a – Harry had to admit that – rather charming half smile on his lips he eventually exited the little coffee shop. And left back a rather confused young man who blankly starred on the card in front of him, wondering if he had made one of the biggest mistakes of his life. Was asking Draco Malfoy for advice really a good idea? The definition of aristocratic git? But something at the back of Harry's head told him that even though his former school rival made a scene out of his departure, the moment the blond man noticed the seriousness of this matter, his behaviour had indeed changed from playful nagging to something one might even consider as understanding for the other guys situation.

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Two days later, this voice had become very silent and had been replaced by a rather hysteric train of thought that constantly told Harry to leave as soon as possible before Malfoy arrived and had the chance to embarrass the Golden Boy by unleashing the press onto him like a pack of wild bloodhounds. The blond git would definitely try to humiliate him. He would stage this meeting as some sort of date where he could act as the suffering victim who had been stalked by the mad Potter, a lovesick maniac. Maybe Malfoy would not even show up. Maybe he would just send a callboy. A stripper. Someone who would make Harry feel utterly ashamed while the former Slytherin Prince could get a fair share of laughs from his Potter-stinks-fan-club.

Nervously turning the small business card over and over again, Harry had of course arrived at the address way to early. Instead of 5 p.m. he had been sitting there since four, eagerly waiting for whatever evil surprise Malfoy had planned for him. If he was going to be fast enough to notice the malevolent plan, maybe he could still escape the worst.

Still he was wondering why Malfoy had suggested to meet at a Muggle bar, quite outside of any magical district of London. A rather cosy place, however rather fancy than old-school. The tables were made out of blank wood pieces same as the chairs and the menus which included only fancy sounding drinks or organic gluten free vegan homemade smoothies. Harry, always favouring a good old pint over anything else, had simply gone with a still water (which had already been harder to order than he would have ever imagined. As if he cared where the spring was located, which special kinds of stones had filtered the water or what kind of packaging had been used to preserve the natural quality of the drink!)

On the one side of the card, Malfoy had carefully written down the address of the pub, including a date and time, the other side contained his business information.

*Draco L. Malfoy
Freelancing consultant for Dark Curses
Including the handling of Dark Artefacts
And poisoning through Ancient Receipts
Contact: Owling Station 314 b, London*

Interestingly enough, Malfoy had very well established himself as one of the most demanded and successful consultants the Ministry of Magic worked with. Furthermore, he had explicitly refused to directly work for them, stating that he wanted to remain his own boss with nobody to push him around. It had been quite a surprise after the war that he did not try to leave all of his past behind and simply pretend to have moved on. Nor did he strictly follow every old tradition. He decided to go his very own way, as he explained himself to the press, by serving the Ministry as freelancing consultant in an area where they had been lacking expertise for ages as no other wizard actually connected to the Dark Arts would have ever considered working for the government. Sometimes Harry wondered if such a job decision would also be an option for him. It was not that he was unhappy at his office and having someone else to decide for you when you had to work, what times you had to take off and what jobs you should take surely had its upsides...

When he looked up from the small card in his hands, he noticed that Malfoy had entered the pub, starring at him from a distance as if he had been waiting for Harry to notice him first before getting any closer. He was wearing a mixture of black robes and a suit, emphasizing his slender frame and very fashionable this season. The long hair was held back by the elegant and simply hairband. The actual robes part of his outfit was carefully draped over his left arm. The grey vest nicely contrasted with the darker trousers and the black shirt. He looked flawless as always. The tiny half smile returned to the blond man's face when he finally caught Harry's eyes. Slowly he came closer to the table, his own drink already in one hand, and sat down.

"So, Potter, why me?", he just asked instead of greeting the other man first. It was a very simply and logical question to ask concerning the situation. Still, Harry was not sure how to answer, how to start. Deep down inside of him the one voice kept screaming that Malfoy only wanted to make fun of him, embarrass him, use his weaknesses against him.

After waiting for what felt like ages, but really might have been 90 seconds Malfoy started talking again.

"You know that it is impossible to have a conversation with me if you refuse to even talk to me!"

Biting his lower lip Harry once again looked down at the table, incapable of reacting to the other man. A theatrical moan came from the blond man. Harry noticed the sound of parchment taken out of a bag. Pale hands with carefully manicured fingernails put something in front of him which looked a lot like a formal agreement he knew from work.

"Well Potter, as I can clearly not simply trust you with information on such a private matter and neither should you, the best solution will be a confidentiality pact ensuring none of us can share any details about our meetings."

Did Harry just imagine it or had Malfoy referred to meetings in plural as if this would not be a one-time thing? With a seemingly confused frown he skimmed through the parchment in front of him. It mainly contained the basic paragraphs ensuring both

parties that the other one would be bound by magic to not let any piece of information spoken, written or even drawn in their meetings be known to a third party. It also had a section about expanding this disclosure to any kind of owling or texting. And a paragraph about not revealing spells such as Glamours. Interesting, he thought to himself. It was a well-known fact in the wizarding community that Harry from time to time used a Glamour to go out in public without being recognized but normally his disclosures did not mention such a thing.

After reading through the short text two more times, checking every word carefully for a second, secret meaning he signed the parchment. If he had looked up during his studies, he would have noticed Malfoy who could not hold back an amused grin when he noticed Harry's mistrust.

Stowing the signed document back into his pockets, the blond man once again looked at Harry and started another attempt for a conversation.

"Am I right to believe Potter that I am the only gay person you know?"

Harry was shaking his head quietly but did not answer which led to Malfoy reformulating his question.

"Am I the only gay bloke you could think of who is not related or somehow close to your former fiancée?"

This time Harry nodded and managed to almost look the other man straight into the eyes. Actually, it was more staring at a point between Malfoy's ears and eyes instead of his actual eyes. He can feel himself blushing, asking himself once again when exactly this had sounded like a good idea and why?

With what can only be described as a very theatrical sob, Malfoy took a sip from his drink. It smelled like herbs and citrus, something Harry would not have expected the other man to drink. Staring blankly at the glass in the other man's hand, our beloved Gryffindor decided it was time to make his former house pride and finally find the courage to talk.

"You are the only gay wizard I know who is like really out."

His weary eyes search for the other man's gaze and when they lock for a second, Harry wonders if Malfoy had always had grey eyes. There was not a hint of blue in them. Just plain grey with a few darker spots. Currently, those eyes were dominated by the dark brows above them, curved in a mixture of confusion and amusement.

"So, you thought that the old queen Draco had nothing else to do than teach you how to be a proper poof?", he asked, the familiar snarl in his voice. But it was accompanied by something else. If you listened carefully, you could notice a soft undertone in the voice, something playful and almost caring. Harry however had never been quite sensitive to undertones and this is why no one at this point should be surprised by him not getting the hint that Malfoy was indeed just joking.

"No, no! I am sorry. I don't think you are a poof! I did not mean to offend you! I was just...well it seemed logical...ugh...I...see I am sorry!"

The blond man sitting opposite of him burst out in laughter. He put down his drink to instead touch his forehead with three fingers while placing his elbow on the table. Eyes closed he could do nothing else than to keep on laughing. A tiny dimple appeared on his left cheek. It stayed there even after the laughter had settled for a deep smile whose mischievous aftermath even reached the storm grey eyes which starred at Harry from between his fingers.

"Potter, I was joking! There is nothing wrong with being a poof. I am one myself and I am proud of that!", he explained with a very light hearted voice. The elbow remained on the table; the hand however was being moved away from the face and instead placed on the table between them. He even moved closer towards our Golden Boy and leaned towards him, lowering his voice as if they were sharing a secret between friend or planning on playing tricks on their teachers.

"And maybe you are playing for the same team as me."

And then Draco Malfoy did something that shook the Saviour of the Wizarding World to the very grounds. He winked. At Harry. Playfully. A one-sided smile was still playing around his lips when he looked at Harry. Like they were on the same side and he was trying to assure his former enemy everything was going to be just fine. Just to make this clear: everyone one else in the whole world, be it magical or not would clearly have considered this behaviour flirting. Everyone but Harry who still was so not used to anyone making a move at him that he was just simply confused.

Leaning back a bit, Malfoy obviously tried to give our dear black-haired wonder boy some time to calm down once again. Taking in a deep breath Harry tried to relax a bit. There was absolutely no reason to be so warry. Malfoy was behaving way better than he had even dared to dream of. Nothing to be scared of, he told himself, we are not the ignorant children we used to be anymore.

"How did you know you were gay, Malfoy?", he finally managed to ask the man sitting at the other hand of the table. Proudly he noticed that his voice was not shaking anymore. He even managed to look the other man straight into his eyes where his gaze was once again met with something best to be described as playful mischief.

"Well, having another man's dick in your mouth or up your ass clearly is a good indicator," Malfoy replied very calmly as this was the most normal thing to say. His face stayed still, only one eyebrow twitching ever so slightly. Again, the heat rose into Harry's cheeks and he had to look away. How could he say that and keep a straight face as if it was the most common thing to talk about with your former enemy.

"Was you shagging another guy the reason you and the Weaslette broke up?", Malfoy curiously asked, forcing all the colour to drop from Harry's face at once. He eagerly shook his head, maybe a bit to forceful and returned to staring at the table in front of him. Noticing the shift in the atmosphere between them, Malfoy leaned in once again and lowered his voice quite a bit.

"Have you ever shagged another bloke?"

Another shake of his head was the only answer Harry was able to produce.

"Kissed?"

Again, shaking head.

"Fancied?"

Still, Harry was signaling he had never, however, he was not so sure about the last question if he was being honest. In fourth grade he had been obsessed with Cedric Diggory and thinking about it now he wasn't quite sure anymore if a part of him did not somehow consider the Hufflepuff quite attractive. Also, when Harry thought back to early Quidditch practice, the first thing that came to his mind was indeed Oliver Woods naked back in the showers. He slowed the head shaking down and managed to look at Malfoy once again, expecting the blond git to make fun of him. But he did not, instead he made himself comfortable, took another sip from his drink and leaned back.

"Well, I first suggested I was different than the other boys when I was 13. I remember every bloke in the second-year dorms was fancying Astoria Greengrass at that time when all I could think of was how cute Blaise Zabini looked in his pyjamas..."

What followed after this was a rather cute story of Malfoy trying to kiss Pansy Parkinson and really, really hating it. After that he managed to 'accidentally' hold hands with Blaise who after a long winter of sending longing glances across the common room decided it was time to kiss his friend. This time Draco liked it far more. So, they kept kissing until about March when the poor blonde boy caught Zabini holding hands with another girl.

The former Slytherin was just about to start telling the as he called it 'dramatic story of how Blaise Zabini conquered and broke my tiny precious heart for the first time' when a glimpse at the clock behind him made him stop talking and frowning for a moment.

"Shit, I got to go, I almost lost track of time. Look, Potter, I am not sure if that was helpful at all..." he started while asking the waiter for the cheque and without even thinking about it twice paying for both their drinks. Already getting up from the chair, he once again looked at Harry. Who of course was not sure how to react once again? To be fair, he had quite enjoyed the former Slytherin talking about first crushes. Harry had to admit that Malfoy was rather entertaining.

"I think it helped a bit."

With a sort of bow, waving his hand as if he were an artist waiting for applause, the blond man fully got up and looked Harry death in the eyes.

"So, should we just meet up again here in let's say a week or so? I mean, you still owe me drinks!"

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And just like that meeting Malfoy for drinks to mainly listen to him talk about how he found out he was gay, how his mother somehow always had known and from now and then questions directed towards Harry and concerning what he was attracted to became a regular thing our Golden boy actually really was looking forward to during the week, always wondering, what witty comments or funny stories the other guy had to tell the next time they met.

Soon, his discomfort around the blond guy got less and less and he actually managed to go as far as emitting that he was maybe staring at Cedric Diggory's butt from time to time which only made Malfoy throw one hand into the air, melodramatically commenting "well who on earth hasn't, I mean this arse was made to be stared at!" It was still mainly the former Slytherin talking when it came to sensitive subjects such as sexual orientation, however, they did not exclusively stick to that topic but also had lively discussions about Quidditch (Where Malfoy tended to make fun of the awful colour combinations of some teams), the current reorganization processes going on at the Ministry (Where Malfoy kept complaining about the poor choices of fabric being made when it came to redecoration) and any current rumours that did or did not directly concern them ("Honestly Potter, how could anyone assume I would even touch that creepy old guy! I am way too rich and good looking to be a gold digger!"). To make it short, they were actually getting along quite well, surely avoiding difficult topics such as their past on different sides of the war but looking at Draco Malfoy now, Harry had a hard time finding any resemblance to the scared and broken boy who suffered under Voldemort and was raised to be a part of this dark cult.

We could stop our little story here and simply leave our two boys in that tiny bar, slowly becoming friends but that somehow would leave some questions open, such as why Draco does have pink hair or why Harry did not mention the ear rings and tunnels so far, let alone the tattoos covering the blond guy's body up onto the back of his hands. To get to this part of the story we have to fast forward a bit into the boys regularly meeting until the day Harry gets to meet Astoria and Daphne Greengrass or as Draco prefers to call them 'The two-headed demon who will once cause my death by liver failure or a heart attack'.

Kapitel 2: Chapter two: He does not like company

Chapter two: He does not like company

"If I tell you, he swings the other way round, he does, even though me might not have realized it himself!", Draco explained to Harry very excitedly. They were once again meeting at "their" bar, coffeeshop or however you would like to call it. Harry himself wasn't sure about that either. The products sold there ranged from drinks to food and even shirts so a definite decision about the actual purpose of the store was hard to make. However, there was one thing he was sure about: It was a trendy place!

All the other customers he had seen while waiting for Draco (whom had explained to him that being on time was so not Malfoy style) were around his age and dressed way more fashionable than he would ever be able to. He himself stood out with his comfortable clothes which fulfilled no other purpose than to cover his body, as well as the blond man, who always seemed to wear formal clothing, be it a button down and dress pants or even a whole suit. Harry guessed that this was because they always met directly after work. He could not imagine that even Malfoy would find this type of fashion comfortable in his leisure time.

Which brought him back to wondering why it always was the same time slot. They were meeting each other for casual drinks for over two months now. The days tended to differ; the time of the days however always stayed the same. Before leaving first, the former Slytherin always suggested a date for their next meeting "at the usual time". So far, Harry did not have the guts to ask the other man if there was a reason for that. He could already imagine plenty such as Malfoy not wanting to be seen with him or the blond aristocrat attending fancy balls and other high society gatherings in the evenings. Maybe it was as simple as Malfoy not wanting him to feel like they were dating. Which they were not! Harry could never imagine actually dating a man, particularly not Draco Malfoy! In fact, he could hardly imagine himself ever dating someone.

He was brought back into reality by the other man who closed his almost rant on how people would not see how obviously gay Tanner van Burm was in his opinion. "Of course, being out there in the open changes a lot for you...", he closed his monologue which gave Harry the perfect opportunity to change the subject onto a matter he had wanted to discuss for quite a while now.

"But for you, not much has changed. I mean, you do not act different now than to how you did before!", he brought himself back into the conversation. The man sitting opposite of him carefully raised a single eyebrow and seemed to be having a hard time finding an accurate answer. Instead he asked a question:

"So, you do not think I have changed at all?"

While speaking, he looked Harry dead into the eyes, his voice sounding something between mildly offended and amused at the same time. Our beloved golden boy had

to swallow hard before answering. Still, he was scared of insulting the other man and therefore giving him a reason not to meet up and talk anymore. Harry quite enjoyed these small encounters quite much.

"No, no, this wasn't what I meant. Of course, you have changed, I mean, you are not a total git anymore. Since everyone knows...you...you did not turn totally...gay" He whispered the last word, not sure if it was okay to say it out loud which lead to Malfoy responding with a crooked smile and taking another sip from his drink.

"Well, everyone decides how they want to be seen in public, do they not?", he answers cryptically. This is the one thing that had been frustrating Harry for weeks now. Whenever he tried to address how his outing had actually affected Malfoy, the other man always managed to either be cryptic or change subjects completely. But this time he would not give up so easily.

"But I mean, you did not become another person, you still look the same," he managed to say while noticing that the blond was staring at the door behind him, a horrified expression on his face.

"Shit, how late is it Potter?", Malfoy asked him quickly, his eyes still focused on something behind them that seemed to be coming closer. Irritated, Harry looked at the wall behind them which told him it was already fifteen minutes after the usual time Malfoy left. The latter one seemed to be rather nervous when Harry finally noticed the woman heading towards them.

Dressed in a dark green leather shirt combined with a light grey button down and very extravagant tights that featured intricate flower designs as well as some gem stones, she very well fitted into the environment. Her longish dark brown hair was half up done in a messy bun, that suited her well. While looking into her green eyes, Harry was not sure if he had seen a piercing in her nose. When he took a second glimpse, it for sure was gone.

She stopped at their table, her arms crossed in front of her chest and starred at Malfoy expectantly, completely ignoring Harry. He still wondered if he had seen her before. Something seemed to be familiar about her.

"So, this is where Mr. Too-Good-to-Be-on-Time-to-Meet-his-Best-Friend prefers to spent his afternoons, shagging cute boys he didn't tell her about.", she snarls at him. It was obvious that she was having a hard time not breaking out into laughter while talking, therefore her face looked quite tense, attempting to stay serious. While Malfoy only let out an annoyed sigh she turned towards Harry and for a moment lost all her cool attitude when she recognised him.

"Oh, Harry Potter! It has been ages since I last saw you!", she exclaimed enthusiastically while grabbing an empty chair behind her. Sitting down, she held out her right hand in order to introduce herself to him.

"Astoria, Astoria Greengrass, in case you can't remember," she added with a witty wink. Harry shook her hand, still a bit confused if he was obligated to introduce

himself now even though she obviously already knew who he was. She did not seem to mind him being quiet at all, as she simply continued talking.

"Oh, has Draco been annoying you with his work stories, Harry?", she asked, now ignoring Malfoy completely herself. "He can be such an attention seeker from time to time, completely unlike his roommate.", she jokingly explained to our favourite Gryffindor. The way she kept talking and how easy it was for her to force Malfoy into complete silence impressed Harry and he instantly decided, that he could become friends with this loud girl.

Turning towards the blond, she finally acknowledged his presence once again.

"Draco, why didn't you tell me, you were socializing with Harry? I would have loved to join the two of you. Maybe we should all go out some time," she grinned at him. From the tone of her voice Harry could already hear that she was trying to provoke Malfoy by being overly open and friendly. He chuckled a bit as he noticed the other man's face turning the slightest shade of red when he was addressed by who obviously had to be a very close friend who discovered a secret.

"Toria, what do you want from me? May I assume that there is any other reason you do not even let me spend a few single, wholesome hours a day without your constant babbling than to drive me crazy?"

"Well," she started, touching his hair with a confused expression, "I was having some difficulties renewing my Glamour, so I was wondering if you would be so kind as to do me the favour of helping me, Prince Draco." Harry wondered if it was normal to be able to hear eyes rolling instead of even seeing them, because he clearly just now had. Also, the girl had mentioned Glammers, what was that supposed to mean?

"And this is something you could not simply have texted me? Instead you decided to stalk on me while I was having a lovely time over some drinks with a – friend?" It was only at the very last part of the sentence that Malfoy looked at him once again, an unasked question between them. While Harry was still wondering if he really considered himself and his former school rival actual friends now, Astoria Greengrass (whom he now finally remembered as the rather timid Slytherin girl two years below them) asked the exact same question:

"So, Harry, you and Draco are friends now?"

Malfoy quickly looked at him, silently asking for help and an answer himself and Harry remembered that they were bound by a contract not to reveal the actual topic of their meetings. Even though it had started rather rough until Harry managed to ease up in Malfoy's company there was no logical reason to not assume, they were friends now.

"Yes, we started talking recently and, well Malf – I mean Draco – and I somehow became somethings like friends you could say," he managed to answer after having taken one or two seconds too long. While talking about friendship he had stumbled about calling the other guy by his last name. If they actually wanted to become

friends, they should use their first names, shouldn't they? The name Malfoy reminded him of the git back in school who made their lives miserable. It was only logical to call him Draco now, wasn't it? It sounded like a new start.

He could see the relief in the other man's face and Harry wondered if this matter might be of higher importance to Mal- Draco as he himself would have thought. He still remembered the terrible eleven-year-old boy that wanted to be his friend in order to show him how the world spun. Harry smiled to himself. Somehow the situation was not that different. This time however it had been him who came to Draco for help. To Draco. Draco. Draco.

In his mind he repeated the first name over and over again. It sounded strange, unusual. He would need some time to get used to it. But the look on the other man's face showed him, this was a step into the right direction. A Harry Potter who might be gay might also be friends with Draco Malfoy, he thought to himself and grinned a bit. His life seemed to finally be changing again after ages, finally the world seemed to be spinning again.

"Harry and I were just about to say goodbye before you interrupted us with matters that clearly could have waited," Draco told Astoria in a voice that should sound annoyed but actually carried an amused tone. His eyes were focused on our favourite Gryffindor and Harry had to admit that the spark of mischief that lit them actually suited the blond man very well. It made his grey eyes just a notch warmer and felt like they were sharing a secret, not even Draco's best friends knew about.

Astoria seemed to be aware of the unspoken pieces of information between them of which she would not become a part of. Shaking her head, she returned her attention towards Draco and brushed her hand through his hair, careful not to bring any strand out of place.

"Actually, we do not have that much time left Draco. My Glamour has already started fading and I am not so sure about yours either.", she explained to him, brushing through his hair with a concentrated look, as if she was searching for something on his scalp. Again, that Glamour thing. Harry started wondering what this was supposed to mean. Malfoy – Draco! – looked like always, what reasons could he possibly have to enchant his appearance?

With an excusing smile Draco got up from his chair and said his goodbye to Harry, explaining that he actually had to leave, which – and while he was telling the next part he was viciously staring at Astoria – had nothing to do with the interruption caused by his annoying roommate. It was Harry's time to pay so he did not feel in a hurry to get up at all. He could as well stay a moment longer and finish whatever this shake Draco had insisted, he had to try, was.

Astoria got up as well, grinning at the dark-haired man. She leaned a bit towards him and while fluttering her eyelashes asked something Harry would not have expected from a pureblood witch, but who was he to still make assumptions about people based on their past.

"Harry Dear, can you give me your phone number in case Draco misses another rendezvous? You know, just in case we have to start a nationwide search once again," she explained while attempting to keep a straight face. Without even waiting for his answer, she stuffed her phone into his hands and let him no other choice than add his number to her contacts. The phone lay heavy in his hands. It was one of the brand-new ones, no less than 2 months old Harry would assume. Had he only been given the phone and the task to spot the owner of it in the room without any further piece of information, he would have still known it belonged to Astoria, he thought. The case was pitch black and featured all kinds of cute but creepy animals on them. It was on the very verge of still being stylish and not considered corny, but somehow it fit her.

While typing in his own number (oh what a lucky coincidence Hermione had forced him to learn it by heart just in case only this week!) he wondered whether Draco actually owned a smart phone as well and if he should dare to ask the blond man for his number – now that they considered each other friends this was not a weird request, wasn't it? Unfortunately, we will never find out if the Saviour of our beloved Wizard World would have had the guts to do so as Astoria was forced to leave by a very pushy Draco, who now seemed self-aware of his hair as well as he nervously checked it in the bar mirrors. They left behind a smiling Harry who wondered if he had ever assumed Draco was sharing a flat with someone like that girl.

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The next Saturday afternoon he spent as he often did, watching over his godson Teddy while Andromeda was busy finishing all the left-over stuff she did not manage to do with a quirky and very much attention seeking six-year-old around. Him playing with the boy had become a regular thing as soon as Teddy turned a year. It had always been something he felt confident doing by himself, something where he did not need Ginny or anyone else. He was good with kids. It was only after the break up that his monthly visits had turned into weekly ones and as much as Andromeda seemed to be thankful for his help, Harry could always see her hidden concern if he was alright.

Actually, he was, he noticed while he once more pushed Teddy who was sitting on his swing, his favourite thing to do outside right now. Harry's action resulted in a very happy squeak coming from the little boy with the purple hair. It would be foolish to assume Teddy always wore his hair in that colour but as he insisted on attending a muggle school before going to Hogwarts, Andromeda had taught him a spell to glamour his hair into a specific colour. This enchantment made sure Teddy's hair stayed the same during the day. As his grandmother strongly believed in the power of free will and making own choices, Teddy was allowed to decide which colour his glamourised hair should have. He went with purple (after all, he IS Tonks's son, so what else did you expect?).

Spending time with children had always been something Harry loved doing. It was easier to interact with them than with adults. Children tended to say what they actually meant and did not conceal their feelings in order to protect you. As far as it concerned Harry, it had never been a good idea to do something to protect him. Usually this resulted in people getting into big danger or even dying. He hated being protected. He was not broken. Not special.

Maybe that was the reason he liked spending time with Draco. The other man knew about his past – their past. How it had really been. Malfoy never thought about him as being special, Harry remembered smirking, actually it had been quite the opposite. He wondered, if some parts of the arrogant brat were still inside the blond man. Well, of course there had to be. Draco was still very self-confident as well as his responses never lacked what Harry would best describe as wit. Was it possible that the former Slytherin had somehow grown into his character?

Harry was brought back into reality by Teddy who explained to him that his pants were ringing. Surprised, Harry rose an eyebrow. Of course, he was carrying his mobile phone with him just in case of an emergency. There were some areas like here on a muggle playground where a message delivered by an owl would definitely cause suspicion so three years ago he had given in to Hermione who had bought him a smart phone. Needless to say, Harry still used the same exact model and it was in perfect condition for its age. He always took care of the things he owned, treating them as if they were irreplaceable. Also, he scarcely used his phone.

Not even Ginny had used to text him. They all knew, he rarely responded. This was why he was in a hurry to check who had messaged him; it could have been an emergency. In her defence, if you later asked Astoria Greengrass, she would have considered her situation as an emergency that required immediate action. Harry's brows rose higher and higher while reading through the texts.

12:31: Hey Harry, how are you? D. forced me to write to you. He said I had to apologise for being 'an annoying brat'. Can you imagine that? How rude! I thought the three of us got along perfectly well. But D. I always weird when his friends get to know his other friends, you know. Not that this happens very often. Well, I hope I will see you again soon, maybe without the git! ;D

12:32: Oh, by the way, I am soooooo bored today and nobody is replying to my texts.

12:34: And you are also not! ☹

12:34: Btw, this is Astoria writing :D You for sure remember me, the dark-haired vixen, bane of Draco's existence ☹☹

Well Astoria was for sure one of a kind, he thought to himself. A bit pushy but some how quite charming. And it had never happened, that someone he just met texted him simply because they were bored and attempted to engage in small talk. Not that he was good at that. In fact, our Golden boy was quite the opposite of a conversation maker. But why not try something new. If befriending Draco Malfoy did not turn out to be a bad idea, why should getting to know his friends then be?

12:40: Hi Astoria. I didn't think you were totally annoying. Did Draco really force you to write me?

This was harder than he imagined. He had been searching for words for a good five minutes before finally being pleased with his message. Former drafts had included

quite a few phrases that could easily be interpreted as being rude such as “you were only annoying at the beginning which freaked me out a bit. But I like that you always make fun of Draco” or “I thought that you were quite impolite at the beginning so Draco was right” or “Isn’t it terribly thoughtless to call your best friend a git?” So, you see, the message he settled with was the tamest he could come up with.

12:40: I take “not totally” as a compliment, just to let you know!

12:40: Well, he did not actually force me. His wording was more like “do not dare to peeve Potter ever again or you will need to search for a new roof over your stunning head sooner than you would like to!”

12:43: Did he really call you stunning?

12:43: Well that part is up to interpretation! Might not be the same exact words but the thought counts.

12:46: Well, why did you write me then?

12:47: I already told you that, silly! I was bored and you seemed to be fun to chat with. Should I stop? :’(

12:50: No, it’s fine, I guess.

12:51: Phew! Lucky me! So, what are you up to right now?

12:58: Not much. Taking care of Teddy.

12:59: Teddy Lupin? Oh, I see, this is why it takes you ages to respond!

Harry did not have it in his heart to tell he, he was typing as fast as he could right now while Teddy was sitting on his lap and helping him to sound ‘cooler’. He in fact had to admit that the boy was better in that small talk thing than himself. Still, Harry was not willing to ask Astoria what her favourite dinosaur was or what was her favourite toy. Especially the last one could sound wrong. Very wrong. Not that Teddy cared.

13:00: Is babysitting on Saturdays kind of your thing? And say hello to Teddy from me!

This message resulted in Teddy squeaking happily when Harry read it to him. It also reminded the two boys that it was time to go back home. Before Teddy went to school, he had no friends outside the wizarding world but this had changed a lot until now. Andromeda would be home in about ten minutes to escort the boy to a playdate he had arranged himself. So, this meant that Harry’s time with him would be over pretty soon. When Teddy still had been a toddler, he would always cry when Harry left. Now it was Harry feeling a bit empty when he dropped off his godson and realized that he had a long day of doing nothing ahead of him. With a shrug of his shoulders he took out his phone again and replied to Astoria.

13:14: Actually, Teddy is too busy to hang out anymore.

13:14: That means you are free?

13:17: Seems so.

13:17: Great. That's the address.

And as simply as that she sent him a picture with the actual address of her or let's be honest Draco's apartment. To Harry's surprise, the street was not anywhere near muggle London but in the very heart of the city centre. Maybe this was the reason Malf – Draco was so secretive about his address. When Harry thought about it, nobody seemed to know where the blond man actually lived as all written conversation took place via owls which were discretely sent to an owling station. Obviously, Draco did not like surprise visits so Harry definitely would not simply go there without the other man's permission.

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Never underestimate the stubbornness of a Slytherin! Most of them are gifted with a silver tongue and not afraid to extensively use it to get what they want. In this case it was Harry's company. He still wondered how she had gotten him to come over while he was waiting in front of the apartment door, already in the building. It had taken her several more messages (if you count five as a lot, for Harry who never received texts this number obviously was) to convince him it would be a great idea to swing by. She had also ensured him Draco was absolutely fine with it.

Taking another deep breath, Harry carefully knocked at the door, still feeling like he was about to do something very intimate. 'Don't be silly', he told himself, 'people visit each other all the time! Also, I was definitely invited!' The door opened and Astoria's smiling face greeted him, she was obviously glad to see him. For a brief moment Harry thought that she looked different to when he last met her. He could have sworn, there was something glittering in her face once again.

"Harry, good to see you. Come on in. Leave your jacket, shoes and glamours at the door!" With that words she gestured him to come inside and closed the door behind herself. Without waiting for him to take off his shoes she already went back inside the apartment which gave Harry the chance to take a look around. The hall was bright and the only thing in there were five cloak hooks, four of them currently empty. It did not seem as if Draco actually was at home. Harry did not like that thought at all. Still, he put his shoes on the shelf below the hooks and hung his old jacket next to Astoria's which seemed to be a rather formal blazer with glittering pinstripes. He carefully made his way further into the apartment. After only a few steps he felt the tingling sensation of magic.

It was as if the flat was trying to slide any enchantment off of him. Was this what Astoria had meant by leaving glamours outside? He began to wonder if she was wearing any. Stepping around the corner he found himself in a very large room with bright white walls. It featured an elegant and modern dining table with four chairs as well as a couch and to his big surprise a telly. To be specific a brand-new flat screen

which had been placed on a small sideboard. While the room itself was very bright, featuring huge window fronts to two sides, the furniture was held in dark earthy tones. Here and there a tiny bit of decoration was added such as a small plant on the coffee table or a few photographs on the wall behind the telly.

Before Harry had the chance to inspect said picture any closer Astoria returned from the open kitchen which was connected to the room, carrying two cups of steaming hot tea. She smiled at Harry, obviously feeling content with herself. He noticed that something had changed about her face. Now he could definitely see the small silver metal ring piercing through her nose. She was wearing her hair up in a bun once again but this time he noticed she had shaved the right side of her head so only short stubbles of hair covered her scalp. The arm she held out the teacup towards Harry featured at least three tattoos. One automatically drew in all his attention. It was the one thing he had been afraid to see on Draco. The constant reminder of their past. The Dark Mark.

Although still being clearly visible, it had been altered. The hollow eyes of the skull had been filled with colourful flowers Harry did not know and the body of the snake seemed to be crackling, brittle stone. Below it the tattoo continued with a banner featuring the words "Ego faciem meam metus". Harry could not help himself but stare at it. In a strange way it was almost beautiful. Not knowing what to say or how to react he took the tea from her and looked into her face. She carefully observed him with a cautious smile. Astoria had not even attempted to cover it up. Like a giant scar it was omnipresent. He knew the feeling. Also, he realized that if they really wanted to become friends, him and ... Draco they one day had to talk about this. But not today. Other matters seemed to be more important right now.

"So, this is how you look without Glamours," he began, not knowing how to go on. Luckily, she seemed to have regained her confidence, nipping at her tea before grinning at him.

"Yeah, I mean, I would prefer to not wear them at all but could you imagine the gossip? 'Astoria Greengrass turning into a muggle hipster' What is happening to the traditional wizarding families'. Oh dear, it would break my mother's heart if once again the wizarding world would viciously gossip about me."

Suddenly Harry remembered the rumours that had come up right after he left Hogwarts. There had been a time when the wizarding world was absolutely sure Draco Malfoy would marry this girl. And then he disappeared for almost a year, returning with the news he wanted to start his own business.

"Bad enough, that I am living with a man who is definitely not going to marry me!", she sighted dramatically while getting comfortable on the small dark brown couch. Harry decided to keep her company as it really started to feel weird standing in the middle of a room, holding a cup of tea. She put her legs on the cushions as well and Harry noticed she was actually wearing comfortable sweat pants. Somehow, he did not expect her to even own such a piece of clothing. At the same moment when he scolded himself for this silly thought he wondered if that could mean Draco also wore comfortable clothes at home. He could definitely not imagine that at all!

After a few initial difficulties to get their conversation going (which Astoria was not the reason for, just to let you know) they were engaged in a vivid chat about how annoying ball season at the Minister was and how much they hated the gross food people there considered fancy. So, no wonder, they did not hear the key turning in the lock nor notice the noises made by someone getting rid of their shoes and coat. Only when a familiar voice from the hall shouted, they stopped talking.

“Astoria, if I enter the living room to find you snogging another random bloke on my favourite couch without warning me first, I am going to kill you with a plastic spoon!”, Draco explained calmly while coming around the corner.

Harry had tried his best to prepare himself mentally to see Draco without his Glamour. The blond man obviously wore one as well, our Golden Boy had successfully concluded. He had tried to imagine what his former rival was hiding under the enchantment. He had considered a tiny but tasteful tattoo, maybe even an earring but by Merlin was he not prepared for what he was actually seeing right now.

Holding two bags of takeaways food in his left hand, Draco Malfoy had just entered the room and noticed it was Harry sitting on the couch. The former Slytherin seemed to momentarily be frozen into place, the sleeveless white shirt hanging loosely from his body while his right hand was carelessly brushing through his hair. Which was not neatly combed back but messy. And in a bun. And bright pink. The colour automatically reminded Harry of fluffy stuffed animals and cotton candy. If that alone had not been confusing enough, Draco’s arms were full on covered in black and white tattoos. His bottom lip was pierced on the left side, a tiny silver ring curved around it.

‘Well, at least I wasn’t wrong about the earring’, Harry thought to himself. Although, the “earring” indeed was not a single, tiny piece of jewellery but at least four on the left and three on the right side. Also, there was some sort of larger earpiece at the very front of Draco’s left ear.

After needing several moments to find the right words, Draco attempted a crooked smile and managed to say: “Well, maybe I have changed a bit more than you had expected?”

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 glamourised 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 staring, 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. Toria 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 died 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 off 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 way, 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?'