

love me....

Von abgemeldet

Kapitel 23: 23.

23.

It was a good thing that Mrs. Black was still asleep in her painting. Harry didn't think he could have dealt with her malicious comments that night; not after what had happened between him and Draco in the bathroom of the club. He went red at the thought. It was hard to believe that he had lost his self-control like that. It was hard to believe that he had moaned and trembled in Draco's arms. Now that they were back in the house and their passion had settled a little, Harry was having doubts about the whole thing.

'How typical of you, Harry,' he thought to himself bitterly. 'The classic Harry Potter move, huh? Are you really going to blame it all on Draco, you bastard? You know damn well that this time it was your fault.'

Draco was experiencing something similar. His passion had cooled down quickly once he had told Bill that he was leaving without looking his boyfriend in the eye. Bill hadn't asked for explanations, and the lack of jealousy had been a knife in Draco's pride. Now Draco was confused and a little bit angry, wondering if Bill would find comfort in Fleur's arms. After all, Bill had seen Harry.

And then there was Harry, the main problem, the trigger that had messed up Draco's life. Draco knew Harry was having second thoughts about him. He could see it in the way Harry's body language had changed right after they had come out of the bathroom to face reality. That made him sad, and aware of the fact that if he really wanted Harry, he would have to handle not only Harry's mood swings but also his constant state of denial.

But Harry didn't notice any of this. He was too busy with his own turmoil.

"Potter?" Harry heard Draco calling his name and he shivered. Harry had never noticed just how sexy Draco's voice was. It was like a soft touch on his skin. Harry turned around expecting to find the famous sneer on Draco's face, but all he could find was disappointment in the clear blue eyes. "I see," Draco said with a feeble smile, "that you've already changed your mind. It's ok. Actually, I was expecting this already."

Was he? Harry didn't know he was that predictable. Then again, wasn't it that same predictability in his personality that had endangered him and others so many times in

the past? Voldemort had made that a weapon against Harry. It wasn't so difficult to predict his moves. And Draco, who probably had a degree in Harry Potter, knew that as well as Voldemort.

Harry wanted to stop being so predictable. He wanted to make some changes in his life. But to do that, he would have to come clean with Draco. He would have to tell Draco that even though he could handle a few kisses and touches, he didn't know if he could handle a night of wild sex with a man. He was scared of his own emotions. Until now, no woman had made him lose control like Draco had. But it was gay sex. And by the way Draco had teased him in the bathroom, Harry would be the bottom. He was feeling conflicted. He wanted to have sex with Draco, but he was scared.

If he came clean with Draco about the matter, the blonde would laugh at him and the mood would be spoiled. Harry would hate him again, and the verbal battles would restart.

But if Harry didn't come clean, there was a remote – actually, big – chance of him freaking out in the middle of the whole thing. And then Draco would either laugh his heart out or be angry with him, which wouldn't be too different from the first hypothetical situation. There was a third possibility in that horrible scenario that Harry's mind was creating. Draco could rape him. He opened his eyes widely at the possibility, and then he made a face. Even if that happened, he could defend himself pretty well.

"POTTER!" Draco exclaimed, upset.

"What?" Harry asked, disturbed.

"What's with all these faces you're making?"

"I'm not making any faces!" Harry quickly denied.

"Yes, you are." Draco crossed his arms and sighed. "Look, what just happened between us... We could blame it on the full moon, right? We were caught up in its spell. I knew it was a very bad idea, but... Well, it doesn't matter. I have someone already, and in spite of what you think, I don't like to cheat on my partners."

Harry took off his jacket angrily and hung it on one of the hooks next to the front door. He didn't like to think about Draco and his partners. He certainly didn't want to talk about Bill, who had sent him a murderous look right before Harry and Draco had left Scintillation, but hadn't done anything to stop Draco from leaving with him. What kind of boyfriend was Bill anyway?

He stared at Draco and said, "Are you listening to yourself? You talk about Bill as if he was just one of your numerous partners. Or better yet, you don't talk about him. He didn't seem worried about you, did he? And you... you're so bloody cold about Bill that it gives me the shivers. Are you this cold in bed, too?"

Draco clenched his fists to his sides. "First of all, don't talk to me like I'm a bloody slut.

You are!" Harry made an outraged face and Draco went on before Harry could cut him off, "Secondly, I'm very hot, Potter! You had a taste of me not so long ago. You could find out more about it, but you're too much of a coward to even try!"

Harry opened and closed his mouth several times before he could find a decent reply. "I'm not a coward! I was the one who took the initiative to go after you in the bathroom! And I'm definitely not a slut!"

"Oh, really?" Draco smirked. Harry wanted to draw out his wand and hex him. "Then how about all those girls you bring here for a quick and uncompromised shag? I'm a wizard, but I know about that awful muggle disease! I could be risking my life by sleeping with you!"

Harry's face was scarlet. "That's... that's... such a... For your information, it only happened a few times! And I took the test not so long ago! I'm clean, all right? I always use condoms."

"How can you tell? You're always too drunk to remember!" Draco accused. "What about that woman that you brought in the last time?"

Harry's face was so red he thought it would explode. "I do remember using it with her."

"Bullshit."

"I do! I don't expect you to believe me, because I can't remember a lot of things about that night. Hell, I don't even remember her name! But I do remember that she kept nagging me about using the bloody thing, and I also remember her putting it on me, so..." Harry made a pause. Draco seemed as if he were about to throw up. "I'm not Don Juan. I'm not fit for the job. I can count on my fingers the girls I've slept with. You know I hate to go out. It's just that sometimes I need some relief, all right? There were only two girls I couldn't remember at all the morning after, and because of them I took the test. I am clean. That girl you saw with me was the only exception. Ever since I thought I could be sick, I stopped bringing girls I didn't know here. And I only brought that girl here because I wanted to get you out of my mind."

Draco's breath was caught up in his throat. "What about the MC Sisters?" he asked quietly.

"They are friends." Draco raised an eyebrow sceptically and Harry sighed. "I slept with both of them, but I was never drunk while doing it. And we really are friends. I like talking to them..."

"Talking?" Draco snorted. "Yeah, sure."

"I do. They are very intelligent."

"Oh, please..."

"I'm telling you the truth!"

"Yeah, whatever." Draco walked towards the stairs, but he stopped on the first step as if he had suddenly realised something. Without turning around, he asked, "What did you mean by bringing that woman here just to get me out of your head?"

Harry licked his lips nervously. "Exactly what you think it means."

Draco turned around and stared at Harry with a sneer. "Oh, but I don't know what you mean."

Harry breathed hard. "Don't play dumb with me, Malfoy."

Draco cocked his head and Harry felt like punching him. "How about what you said to me yesterday? You said that hell would freeze over when you found yourself attracted to me. Now you're telling me that hell froze over a long time ago... How interesting."

Harry rolled his eyes. "So what if it did?"

"Do you want me or not, Potter?" Draco asked bluntly. "Because you're not the only one who's tired of this stupid denial game."

"Then why don't you tell me the truth?"

"What truth?"

Harry grunted, distressed. "Why don't you admit what you want?"

"Why don't you?" Draco counterattacked.

Harry was about to explode. Why did Draco have to be so stubborn? "I already did! I was the one who followed you to the bathroom, remember? I was the one who told you how I felt! But you haven't said a word!"

Draco snorted, disbelievingly. "I acted upon it, haven't I?"

"Why can't you just fucking say it?!" Harry shouted impatiently. "Is it so hard to admit that you want the common Harry Potter? Is it so hard to tell me that you want me even though you think so lowly of me?"

Draco stared at him with surprise. "What are you talking about?"

"You don't like anything about me."

Draco wanted to tell him that he liked everything about him. Well, everything except Harry's block-headed personality. Draco suddenly realised how stupid the situation was. They both wanted the same thing, but neither of them wanted to admit it first. It was so typical of them. Draco's lips curved into a smile, and then he laughed.

"What's so bloody funny?" Harry asked, fuming.

"We are so ridiculous, Potter. We turn everything into a stupid competition."

Harry raised an eyebrow. "And whose fault is that? You were the one who started this, remember? You couldn't even be friends with me without turning it into a bloody competition of who was better than whom. Maybe if you hadn't been so bloody conceited and arrogant, I would have shaken your hand the first time you offered it to me."

Draco made a face. "I don't really want to talk about the past, ok? It's buried forever."

"It isn't buried. It's always hanging between us," Harry stated.

"Ok, Potter!" Draco began to feel restless. His past was something that got on his nerves and he didn't want to discuss it with Harry or anybody else. "Do you want the truth? I'll tell you the truth. I enjoyed competing with you in the past, mostly because it was the only way to get close to you. You only acknowledged me when I was being a prick. I thought that it was better to be despised by you than ignored by you." Harry opened his eyes wide at the sudden revelation. Draco looked down for a moment, but then he held his chin high and said, "I want you. I've wanted you since I first laid my eyes on you. Of course, back then I had no idea that what I felt was desire, but now I do. So, what are you going to do about it?" Draco challenged.

Harry was thunderstruck. He didn't expect to hear all that. He was stunned to know that Draco had wanted him since Hogwarts. He really thought that their attraction was something new to both of them. Was Draco really telling him the truth? Or perhaps he was only toying with Harry, telling him what he wanted to hear. Harry frowned. Did he want to hear that Draco wanted him since Hogwarts? Wasn't it already too shocking to know that Draco wanted him now? Harry's head was spinning. He didn't know what to think anymore.

"I'm scared," Harry said without holding his tongue. That wasn't exactly what he had meant to say, but now that it was out, he should just tell Draco the truth about him and how pathetic he really was. After all, Draco had been honest with him about his feelings.

"What are you scared of?" Draco asked curiously. That line was the last thing he expected to hear from Harry. Harry Potter was fierce and brave. He wasn't supposed to fear anything.

Harry licked his lips nervously, but his eyes remained on Draco's when he said, "I've never done this before. With a man, I mean. In a way, it's going to be my first time." Harry felt his cheeks getting hot and he knew he was blushing. "Weren't you scared your first time? And don't you dare laugh!" Harry threatened him as he caught Draco trying to suppress a smile.

Harry's confession took Draco by surprise. Draco went from total shock to exhilarating

happiness in a few seconds. The saviour of the world was afraid of... him. Harry looked at him with distrust while Draco battled with himself to suppress his brand new discovered powers. He was feeling great, but he couldn't let Harry know that. Their precarious relationship would fall apart for good if Draco made fun of Harry's vulnerability in any way.

But a smile escaped from Draco's lips before he could help himself. It was a sweet smile though, without any traces of mockery. That new side of Harry was so cute that he wanted to take Harry in his arms and cuddle him. "Even though I wasn't scared my first time, I understand," Draco said finally.

Harry wrinkled his forehead. "I don't believe you. You're just showing off."

"I am not!" Draco grinned slyly. "I wasn't scared. I was just... a bit anxious and... definitely horny."

Harry shook his head disbelievingly. He couldn't believe he was having this kind of conversation with Draco of all people. Harry had never talked about sex so openly with anyone, not even with Ron. The night was turning out to be very surreal. He smiled involuntarily. "Typical," he said. "I bet you fell for the guy just because he was pretty."

Draco just shrugged. "He was gorgeous, not just pretty. And besides, when you're that age all you care about are appearances," he said almost defensively. "You don't really fall in love with a brain... I know you haven't."

"I was never like that. I cared about substance."

Draco snorted. "Yeah, right. You fell in love with Cho Chang! She was nothing but a pretty face. She had no substance at all, Potter! She was as shallow as I was."

It was Harry's time to shrug. Draco was right, but Harry wouldn't let him know just how much.

"And she wasn't even pretty, if you ask me," Draco continued with a pang of jealousy in his voice. "I don't know what you saw in her. You called me shallow, but that girl had serious problems." Harry agreed with Draco on that, too. Cho had almost traumatised Harry for life. After her, he had never thought that any woman could be so scary and complicated. "How was your first time?" Draco asked.

"Good." Nothing spectacular. He hoped Ginny could forgive him for thinking that. Then again, Ginny probably thought the same thing about him. When Harry had broken up with her, she hadn't put much effort into changing his mind. "How about yours?"

Draco smiled mischievously and Harry felt a pang in his heart. "It was great," Draco said dreamily, making Harry want to find out who that person was, hunt him down and kill him. "He was very good at—"

Harry put his hands on his ears and said, "I don't want to know."

Draco smiled, but then he got very serious. "Harry..." Harry took his hands off his ears, amazed by the sexy sound of Draco's voice calling his name. "I'll be gentle. I mean, if you still want... you know... I promise I won't hurt you."

Harry felt his body shaking. He closed his eyes for a moment, pondering his options. He began to remember how good Draco had made him feel before, and how his body had screamed for more. He opened his eyes and stared at Draco. The blonde had changed a lot over the years. Harry would have never trusted the old Draco, but he wanted to trust this one. Taking a deep breath, Harry asked, "Your room or mine?"