Tea Time and Curses

The 2nd week was almost over, teachers and staff were on high alert after the last threat to student safety. Security from the ministry were posted in numerous parts of the castle after the news of Greyback's escape, curfew for all the underage students was set, and the students of 18 years were expected to travel in pairs. Rumors started climbing in fear of what was yet to come.

Draco and Harry were in the kitchen, hiding out from the rest of the crowd. The house elves made them breakfast and lunch to go.

"After we eat, I want to go talk to Hagrid about all this, see if he knows anything we don't." Harry said as he read the department of mystery section of the Daily Prophet.

"I'll go study while you're doing that then, I wouldn't be good company." Draco said, chewing the last bit of his biscuit.

Harry looked up from the paper, shaking his head. "Nonsense." He lightly snapped, leaning over to plant a long kiss on Draco's lips.

Draco blushed, smiling as he looked away. "Very well then...I'll come." He cleared his throat, getting up to put his empty dishes away.

Harry wrapped the lunch food up in a large handkerchief, tying the top.

Draco washed his hands in one of the large sinks.

Harry came up behind Draco, wrapping his arms around his stomach. "You look so cute in blue." He complimented the T-shirt he wore with small star print all over it, kissing the back of his neck.

"Hey not around the elves!" Draco hissed, trying not to react to the light lips teasing the nape of his neck.

Harry chuckled slightly, moving his hands away. "We should get going."

"Yes alright, hand me the food." Draco turned to pick up his crossbody, opening the top.

Harry slipped the wrapped package inside the bag, snapping it closed. "Follow me!"

Draco swung his bag over his body, following Harry back to the Great Hall and out the front doors. They walked a bit through the grounds, hurrying along as it started to drizzle.

Harry walked up the steps, knocking at Hagrids hut door. He took the time to look at how nicely it was redone after it had been caught on fire. Everything was brand new materials and reinforced.

Hagrid opened the door, wearing an apron. "Oh ello Harry!" He smiled brightly.

"Hi Hagrid." Harry smiled back. "Can we come in for tea?"

"We?" Hagrid asked confused, only seeing Harry.

Draco slowly walked over from the side of the hut.

Hagrid made a surprised face. "Mr. Malfoy! I haven't had the pleasure of having you here!"

Draco looked at his feet, embarrassed. "Do you mind if I joined?" He asked sheepishly as he looked up at Hagrid.

"Well both of you come in before you get soaked!" Hagrid stepped aside.

"Thanks!" Harry ran inside, Draco close behind him.

Hagrid closed the door as they walked in, locking it. "Perfect timing! I just finished making cookies!" He went over to put them on a tray, bringing over the tea set with teacups.

Draco nervously walked over to the table, sitting next to Harry.

"Hagrid I wanted to see you so I could hear your thoughts about Greyback escaping." Harry started saying.

"Oh yes, I've wanted to talk about that too! There's danger brewing that's for sure." He sat on the opposite side of the table.

Draco felt so lost in Hagrid's hut, he was never friends with Hagrid or even set foot in the hut before. He use to make fun of him...

Hagrid looked over at Draco as he poured the tea. "Now why the long face?"

Draco sighed. "I have to apologize to you...about your dragon."

Hagrid furrowed his brow. "Norbert? Oh Mr. Malfoy I don't hold that against you." He handed Harry and Draco their teacups. "I am glad he's with other dragons and he's grown so large!"

"Umm...call me Draco, there's no reason for formal greetings..." Draco sipped his tea.

"Well you've been forgiven long ago, you were just a little tyke I'm not fishing in my past for blame." Hagrid smiled warmly.

"So Hagrid...do you know anything about Greyback? Besides that he escaped?" Harry asked, stuffing a cookie in his mouth.   Mmm these are so good!

Hagrid shook his head. "There is one rumor I heard...not sure if it's true but...the teachers think Greyback is not the only Death Eater that's popping back up."

"The thought of a group of Death Eaters coming back into play makes me want to pull a mandrake up without earmuffs." Harry sipped his tea.

Draco laughed, trying one of the cookies. "Sorry I know it's not funny, but that would be devastating if anything happened like that...Death Eaters are stupid without a leader though."

Hagrid sighed heavily. "That's why all of us teachers are hoping it's not true...if Greyback leads all of them...we'll have another dangerous mess on our hands."

"Hagrid...what did you do with Goyle?" Harry remembered watching Hagrid drag Goyle out of the Great Hall.

Hagrid frowned, pouring more tea. "Harry that wasn't a proud moment of mine...I had to drag that boy to the minister...they expelled him and took his wand."

Draco and Harry looked at each other.

"Did you think he'd be forgiven? That was unforgivable! The killing curse is the worst thing a Wizard or Witch could do." Hagrid scowled at the thought.

"We knew it wouldn't be good...I'm sorry that you had to be the one to do that." Harry hugged Draco close to him, getting a flash of Goyle pointing his wand at him.

"Let me ask you...what's going on with you both?" Hagrid asked, popping a cookie in his mouth.

Draco blushed across his cheeks, hiding his face in his teacup.

Harry blushed slightly at the question. "Have you not heard the gossip inside the castle?"

Hagrid shook his head. "I normally don't care to listen to rumors, it's not nice to gossip!" He scolded.

"We're dating." Harry said slowly, not use to hearing himself say it out loud.

Hagrid dropped his jaw, never thinking that would be the answer. "You both use to fight! You use to wind up in trouble for being so ornery!"

Draco put his teacup down. "It seems we both liked each other and never knew...the anger was never real."

Harry smiled. "Let's just say both of us were rather stupid...we should have just talked to each other."

Hagrid smiled wide with red cheeks "Isn't that just so nice? A rivalry put to rest and replaced with compassion and love for each other."

Draco's eyes went wide at that word, taking a large sip of his tea. "Can I have some more?" Did he say love?!?!

Harry giggled quietly, polishing off the last cookie. "Hagrid it's not that serious yet." He looked over at poor Draco who was looking very embarrassed.

"Well maybe one day!" Hagrid said cheerfully, pouring more tea. "Poor Lucius...I'm sorry your Father is in such poor condition, I'm hoping he gains back his ability to move around and talk again!"

Draco looked up at Hagrid. "I don't want him to." He bluntly commented.

Harry gave Draco a strange stare. "Draco he's still your Father, even after all that happened he's still your family."

Draco dropped a sugar cube in his tea. "If he gets up and talks...he could hurt people again...kill muggles or injure half bloods..."

Hagrid sighed as he remembered all the events that transpired in the past few years. "Codswallop!" He snapped. "I think without you-know-who in the world, he'd be a dragon without its fire!"

"Wishful thinking." Draco responded grimly.

"Honestly I think Draco's right Hagrid, his father has proven to be very dangerous...let's hope if and when he recovers...St. Mungo's is strong enough to keep him in." Harry agreed, looking around. "It's much bigger isn't it?"

Hagrid nodded happily. "It's twice as big as before! The ministry rebuilt it for me! It's all the same but this time it's just wider and more stone on the outside!"

Draco placed his teacup down on the saucer. "I hope everyone will be okay...I don't ever want to see anyone get hurt again."

Harry wrapped his arm around Draco's shoulder.

"Life isn't always so safe! But all we can do is try our best to protect you kids! Let's hope things stay calm atleast." Hagrid held his teacup up as he drank the rest.

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Meanwhile...

Seamus was wandering the halls, bored on a Saturday. He decided to venture out to the lake, slowly tredding through the grounds. The sky was thick overcast, not a sunny spot to be seen. It was starting to get more cold outside, bringing out sweatshirts and hoodies with house mascots and crests.

Seamus was covered from head to toe with Gryffindor attire, a bright red zip down sweatshirt with a yellow shirt underneath. He unshrunk a fold chair, setting it up close to the water.

A few paces behind the lake was Ron, doing everything he could to get away from Hermione and his sister. For the last few days all he dealt with was nagging and shouting.

Seamus leaned the chair back, throwing odd shaped stones into the lake.

Ron stumbled over a root, almost falling. As he caught himself he saw Seamus at the edge of the lake. "Seamus?" He asked himself as he clumsily made his way closer.

"Bollocks!" Seamus snapped, unable to skip the rock more than three times. He stopped mid throw as he heard branches crunch, swinging his head around. "Ron?"

Ron tripped, slamming his knees in the dirt. "Bloody hell!!!" He winced, pushing himself back up, trying to rub off the grass and dirt.

"What are you doing here?" Seamus asked, standing up to pull his wand out. "Geminio!" He waved his wand at the folding chair, watching it double.

Ron came over, sitting down. "Ginny wouldn't stop yelling at me! And Hermione keeps following me around all day." He pushed his back into the chair, adjusting it to lean back.

"Women, what a mess." Seamus chuckled, handing Ron his handkerchief.

"You're telling me! I'm tired of being pushed and nagged!" Ron sighed, rubbing the mess off his bare knees that stuck out of the ripped denim.

Seamus shook his head. "I'll stick to Wizards thanks." He laughed, kicking some rocks by his feet. "But I'm curious why you came here of all places."

Ron shrugged. "Needed fresh air, felt like a walk might be good." He smiled at Seamus with a slight tint to his cheeks.

Seamus smirked. "You saw me go outside didn't you?" He playfully smacked Ron's arm. "Wanted to see me?"

Ron smirked back, diverting his gaze to the lake. "Something like that." He dropped his arm to the side.

Seamus looked down, dropping his arm. "Nobody's around..." he whispered, lacing his hand in Ron's fingers. "We could..."

Ron crossed his legs, smiling nervously. "Yeah...we could..." he squeezed Seamus's hand slightly. "What did you have in mind?"

Seamus looked over with a wide grin. "You tell me." He pulled Ron by the hood into an open mouth kiss, hungrily pushing against him.

Ron's eyes widened as he started to push back, not ready for such a strong start. "Seamus!" He gasped, being pushed out if his chair to the ground.

Seamus climbed ontop, unzipping Ron's sweatshirt. "What do you want me to do?" He asked, pushing Ron back down as he showed control.

Ron felt strange, it was different than last time...he didn't care if anyone saw them. "Show me more..." he timidly stated.

Seamus looked down at Ron, feeling adventurous. "Yeah?" He looked around. "Not here, common!" He got to his feet, pulling Ron up with him.

Ron followed without questions or hesitation, sprinting back into the castle side by side. He knew exactly where Seamus was taking him when they kept climbing the changing stairs.

Seamus dragged Ron up seven floors, stopping at a wide empty wall. He walked back and forth about three times, watching a large double door with engravings around it.

Ron recognized it, walking in to see the same bed next to the couch and fireplace. "Nobody can find this right? I mean we got caught a few years ago."

Seamus shook his head. "Bloody mess that was, but no the room is in use by us both so nobody even knows it's here." He took his hoodie off, throwing it to the couch. "Incendio." He whispered, spelling the wood logs in the fireplace.

Ron stood there, staring at Seamus. "I'm still a bit...nervous."

Seamus smiled softly, walking up to Ron. "It took me a long time before I was comfortable." He pushed the sweatshirt off Ron's shoulders, sticking his hands up the shirt.

Ron flinched, feeling hands squeeze his chest. "Your hands are warm." He whimpered.

"Show you more? I could show you something....naughty." Seamus teased, pushing Ron slowly to the bed.

"What exactly is that something?" Ron moaned, hands grabbing him through his jeans.

"Well..." Seamus pushed Ron down on the bed. "You know how...Witches get fingered? Wizards can as well."

Ron moved backwards anxiously, leaning his back against the headboard.

"Ron." Seamus whispered, climbing into his lap. "Will you do as I ask?" He bent his head down, sucking the reddened flushed skin of Ron's neck.

Ron swallowed hard, his eyes forcing themselves to close at the lips against his skin. "I don't know..."

Seamus forcefully pulled Ron flat on the bed. "If you tell me to stop I'll stop." He moved down to unbutton Ron's jeans.

Ron didn't even know how to do sexual things with girls, and now he was facing going further with a boy. "S-Sure." He looked up at the ceiling, listening to the zipper being pulled down.

Seamus quickly pulled Ron's jeans down, settling between his pale freckled thighs. "Remember if you don't like it, I'll stop just say so." He reassured, slowly pulling down the boxers.

Ron gasped as the open air hit his parts, shuddering at Seamus's hands squeezing him. "Easy!" He whined.

Seamus giggled, turning Ron on his side, coming back up to spoon him.

"What are you doing?" Ron asked, his back against Seamus's chest.

Seamus lifted Ron's leg so it bent. "You'll see." He moved his arm under his side to wrap around him.

Ron groaned as he felt one hand pumping his cock, while the other slowly teased a finger at the entrance of his hole. "Whoah...."

"Feels funny doesn't it? It's such a light touch but it feels so sensitive." Seamus whispered in Ron's ear, rubbing his finger in circles against the outside.

Ron felt light headed, sensations he hadn't felt before rushing to his cock. He looked down at Seamus's hand that pumped him, moaning quietly at each stroke.

Seamus pulled lube out of his pocket, spilling it on his finger. He rubbed the rest on Ron's hole, being as gentle as he could. "What about this?"

"Uhh!" Ron made a strained groan as Seamus pushed his middle finger halfway in. "That's...that's weird." He trembled.

"No it's not, silly." Seamus kissed the nape of Ron's neck, his hand continued to stroke Ron's cock. "Just you wait." He pushed his finger all the way in, slowly pulling it back out and back in again in a continuous motion.

Ron couldn't help but moan a little each time Seamus's finger pushed inside him, such an odd sensation...it felt so good. The two hands going at once was enough to make him come already. "Seamus I'm close already!" He moaned, pushing his ass closer without permission.

Seamus smirked widely, finger fucking Ron's ass faster, the edge of his fingertip brushing his prostate each time he pushed inside. "Don't come yet." He pushed Ron on his stomach.

"Wait! Uhh!" Ron moaned, startled slightly.

Seamus moved down, using his now free hand to spread open Ron's cheek. He wiggled his finger inside, pushing against Ron's prostate.

Ron grabbed the sheets in his hands, not wanting to stop him, but it was so intense that he didn't know how to deal with it. "Seamus uhhh too much!"

Seamus pushed a second finger in, rubbing them both against Ron's insides. "Is it? Does it feel good? You like being fingered?" He asked softly, scissoring his fingers.

Ron pushed his face into the bed, groaning loudly as he came hard against the sheets. His legs shook as his orgasm faded.

Seamus casted a cleaning spell over both of them, lying next to Ron with a smirk.

Ron leaned on his back, slowly getting his breath back. "Whut was that?!" He asked, moving his sweaty bangs from his forehead.

"I told you that Wizards could be fingered too, most men won't because of toxic masculinity, but the ones who are brave enough can feel tons more pleasure." Seamus leaned down to pick up Ron's clothes, handing them over.

Ron struggled to pull his clothes back on, his body still quivering from such a release.

Seamus laughed at how he made Ron's legs turn to mush. "You alright?"

Ron nodded. "I think we need to talk."

Seamus felt his stomach lurch at that sentence, wondering if he did something wrong. "Was it that bad?"

Ron shook his head dramatically as he sat up. "No no! It's not that kind of talk." He inched a bit closer. "I want to talk about what this is..."

"Ohhh!" Seamus sighed in relief. "Git!" He pushed Ron. "So what do you mean?"

"Well I wanted us to keep hooking up...but what is it that you want? Is there something you want from this?" Ron asked, fixing his shirt.

Seamus remembered what he said last weekend at the party that they attended. "I want to keep being with you...but it's up to you, I'm gay...I'll always be gay." He took Ron's hand. "You've only been with one man...me, so you need to decide if this should continue."

"I like girls there's no question...but you've made me realize I like it this way too." Ron admitted once he actually thought about it.

Seamus got up, walking to the couch to grab his hoodie. "Then it's the best of both worlds! For some a body is a body you know?"

Ron got up, hugging Seamus. "I know I don't want this to stop."

Seamus wrapped his arms around Ron's back, leaning his head on his shoulder. "Same mate."

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