Dont Forget Me

Harry went to his classes as the heartbreaking morning of Draco waking up not remembering Harry returned to or anything someone he loved. Harry was in the hospital wing with Draco as he was brought there. The medical classes were sent to ward to his room to change, making his way back to Dr. Rongo's.

Harry finally arrived back at the 2nd floor of the hospital, sprinting down the hall back to Draco's room.

Draco had broken his arm, shorter, showering as he could get out of the ugly white gown they stuck him in that smelled of medicine. He found a small door, it'll bend and a pair of dark blue silk pajama pants with matching light blue trunk that were thin and cool in a bag that was delivered to him to use when he came up.

He changed into them, relieved to be in comfy clothes. He looked down at the pants, the dark mark on his left forearm, he used to be here, he was no contact. Jesus Fucking Potter, he's boyfriend? Does it that possible? He hates me, this isn't sad.

Draco climbed back into his hospital bed, hiding fully under all the covers.

Harry came in moments later, quietly inching closer to the Draco shaped ball under the multiple blankets. "Draco? Are you alright?"

Draco was startled slightly, looking in the direction of the voice. "Harry?" He whispered, to his heart, breaking as he heard Draco's voice.

Harry moved the big upholstered chair right up against the bed, taking it then lifting up with. "Draco you need to talk." He set down, placing his hand over Draco's back over the covers.

Draco flinched harshly, trying his best to ignore the hand, to no avail.

"Draco!" Harry silently called him, moving hard hand to a light rubbing motion.

Draco sat up fast, glaring fiercely at Harry. "Don't touch me!" He growled, covering himself up to his chest with the covers.

"Draco please."

"Don't call me that!" Draco growled defensively, feeling very cornered.

Harry rubbed his eyebrows frustrated, but he couldn't stray angry. He had to remind of Draco. "Please Draco, I miss you."

Draco blinked rapidly at the look on Harry's face. "Why would you miss me? You hate me!" He turned around, lying down on his side with his back turned to him.

Harry quickly climbed into the space that Draco in, wrapping both his hands around his chest and stomach.

"Potter no!!" Draco snapped, wriggling and fighting to get out of Harry's grasp.

"Stop still!" Harry snapped back, squeezing tighter, no hold on until Draco stopped struggling. Harry's chest was pressed against Draco's back and his head. "Draco please!" He was breathing, turning his face on the nape of Draco's neck.

Draco's eyes widened, his body at Harry's fingers leaving his bare skin, crossing his legs to try and stop the tingling going on in his groin from hands to chest. "Harry!"

Harry ignored the protest, kissing and licking the side of Draco's neck as he held open his mouth. "I'm sorry Draco, I'm so sorry I acted like an fucked asshole. I'm so sorry."

Draco whimpered nervously, losing ability to stop himself from making noise. "Potter what's this you are touching me like this?"

"Because you're my boyfriend and I need to touch you again, and again." He moved one quickly on his hand up to Draco's chest.

"Potter no..." Draco said half-heartedly, he realized he was very hard now slightly. Hearing his name moaned by Harry.

"Call me Harry—my Potter." Harry whispered, kissing the edges of Draco's ear. "I'm your boyfriend, Draco."

Draco's hands trying to lean his body away, his heart was close to jumping out of his chest. "I'm not!" He whined, seeing tears in the corner of his eyes to get close.

"Draco...Draco you're lying." Harry whispered sweetly, pushing Draco's down flat so his back. "Don't move away from me." Harry moved his hand.

Draco gasped inside Harry's lips, his eyes wide as he looked at him as the kisses kept coming, my eyes fluttered shut without permission.

Harry ceased his tongues over Draco's bottom lip, enjoying the feeling of Draco hard to just above his knee it was his first time touching. "Draco...my Draco." He spoke against his lips.

Draco was coming undone, his heart starting faster than ever. No no no! What are these feelings?! Harry Potter is making me feel so hot and his lips...his tongue on my mouth—thoughts in his head, his erection was pulsating at each kiss.

Harry moved his right hand down Draco's chest, moving to his stomach...rubbing in, in circles. "I want you." He whispered against the lips, his fingers stroking the hot skin under the shirt.

Draco's hands came up to grab Harry's shoulders as he climbed over his body. "Stop! This is happening too fast! Potter—" He felt his unsteps of him.

"Harry Draco...call me Harry." He disconnected his mouth from Draco's, kissing the front of his throat. "Please." He pushed his shirt up to his neck, kissing down to his chest.

"Oh shit...shhh no no no." Draco chanted so try to himself as the lips kept getting lower.

Harry took Draco's nipple into his mouth, flicking the nub with his tongue.

Draco arched his back, squeezing Harry's shoulders tighter. "That feels so good." He moaned, his hands moving to run through his hair, his head turning to the side. "Oh my, I'm not so my mouth."

Harry continued to lap his tongue against Draco's nipple while his hand found the other side. "...can't let go, make all the sounds you want." He kissed down to his stomach, looking to hips in his hands.

Draco looked down, his breathing heavy and his lips parted from all this attention. "Potter please!" He moaned, moving down as his hands to make any sort of protest.

"I want to suck on you." Harry said without warning, looking up at Draco.

Draco froze, his eyes wide. Did he just say, "You what?!" He looked down, now noticing how his hips were.

Harry gripped both hands around the edge of Draco's silky pants, pulling them a light tug as he heard tearing up at him. "I want to suck your dick." He whispered, rubbing the tops of his thighs.

Draco shook his head dramatically. "A No! Absolutely not!" He squeezed his legs together tightly, hiding his boner from Harry.

"Why?" Harry asked in a, looking down at the obvious erection that Draco was trying to hide.

"Because it's disgusting!" Draco said, his face turning bright red. No no no! What are these feelings?! Harry Potter is making me feel so hot and his lips...his tongue on my mouth—thoughts in his head, his erection was pulsating at each kiss.

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