

Those Lips...

Harry stood infront of the potions room door, staring at the light leading him in. He slowly opened the latch, walking in. The light thread went all the way in the back of where Snapes old o ice was. He followed it and saw it take a right turn into the storage closet.

Harry pressed his ear to the door, confirming that Draco was behind it. "Malfoy?" He lightly knocked. "Malfoy open the door."

Draco stared wide eyed at the door. He stood up pushing his back against all the shelves filled with dried ingredients. He covered his mouth, hoping he'd leave.

Harry sighed, pushing his wand to the lock. "Don't make me open it! We really need to talk!" He gave the handle a jiggle and a tug, unable to open it.

Draco looked for anything he could make to get himself out, but there were no ingredients he could use. "Bullocks!!!" He gasped at his loud cursing, smacking his hand over his mouth.

"I heard that!" Harry pushed his wand against the iron lock.

Draco was trapped, he would soon come face to face with Harry and he wasn't ready for any of that. He panicked at his situation, realizing he had no escape.

"Alohomora!" Harry said loudly, the lock crashing to the floor.

Draco heard the spell followed by the loud thud, his heart felt like it would explode. I can't do this...its Potter for Salazar sakes!!!

The door slowly creaked open, Harry standing there with his wand glowing blue from the spell. "I learned a new spell." He said with half a smile.

Draco wished for the floor to gobble him up, there was no running from this. "Move Pottahnow!" He spat like he use to.

Harry stood there una ected, knowing he was just scared. "Malfoy we need to talk." He repeated for the 4th time in two days. ส์

Draco glared at Harry, never getting the hint. "Move or I move you!!!" He took his wand from his sweatpants pocket. Pointing it to Harry's face.

"Expelliarmus!!!" Harry yelled, grabbing Draco's wand as it flew towards him. "Now for the 5th time we.need.to.talk!" He said with a hu.

Draco fell to the floor, sitting with his back to the shelves. "This can't happen!"

Harry slowly sat down infront of a very unstable Draco. "And why not? It was an accident you didn't expect me to start....you know."

Draco glared viciously like he was crazy. "You're Harry Potter!"

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"I am really?" Harry responded sarcastically.

"Why don't you get this is stupid? And wrong!" Draco yelled, crossing his arms.

Harry inched his butt forward, knee to knee with Draco. "We jerked o so what?"

Draco tried to push himself against the shelves, no room le . "Don't!"

Harry crawled over, sitting with his back to the shelves next to Draco. "You threw your wand."

"I what?" Draco asked confused.

"At the war...you threw me your wand and that's why I was able to do what I did...you helped me." Harry put his hand on Draco's knee.

Draco had hoped Harry would have forgotten that good deed. "I just did what anyone would have done...I saw before anyone that you were alive."

"You were devastated." Harry bumped his shoulder into Draco's. "I saw your face...don't tell me I'm wrong."

"Everyone was!" Draco snapped.

"How about that time Umbridge slapped me hard across the face??? I saw how freaked out you were." Harry kept coming with things that happened, making it hard for Draco to deny it any longer. đ

Draco looked away in total embarrassment. "You're Harry Potter, what am I to someone like you?"

Harry leaned in from the side, taking Draco's chin in his fingers, making him look. "You are Draco Malfoy, a misunderstood powerful wizard who just needs to learn to trust."

Draco had never gotten this close in a serious manner, those eyes made his stomach flip. "Potter...stop."

Harry leaned in, inches from Draco's lips. "Why? Scared Malfoy?"

Dracos heart bounced at those words. "You wish." He whispered.

Harry closed the gap, slowly pressing his lips to Draco's.

Draco pulled away...staring at Harry's lips. "Oh shit."

Harry pushed into his lips again, kissing him a few times.

Draco gasped against Harry's lips that kept coming, the weight of his body pushing half on his side. "Potter..." He whispered, pulling apart with a shocked look on his face.

Harry gave Draco a funny look. "Malfoy? Was that....?" He couldn't even ask. That can't be...he's 18!

Draco blushed, touching his lips lightly. "Let me explain..."

"Was that your first kiss?" Harry couldn't believe it! "How?"

"Nobody ever...caught my interest." Draco turned to look at Harry. "Don't tell anyone or I'll jinx you." He growled.

Harry rolled his eyes. "Shut up." He pushed against Draco's lips again, grabbing the top of his sleeve.

Draco's eyes fluttered closed, unprepared for each kiss that came, his heart racing. "Wait!" He pulled apart.

"What?" Harry asked, pulling apart.

Voices were heard from outside the storage closet, young Witches giggling at some gossip they heard.

"We should get out of here..." Harry whispered, pulling them both to their feet. It was cramped, but they got out quietly, sneaking around the back.

Harry ran a er Draco, both of them stopping when they reached the main hall by the doors to the outside.

Hagrid appeared from the doors, coming inside from a successful hunt for Cornish Pixies. "Hello Harry!" He cheerfully walked up.

Draco took this moment to slip away.

Hagrid watched Draco run o . "What's with that now? Usually you're with Mione and Ron!" He asked, hauling the cage over his back.

"Oh um, nothing Hagrid what are you doing with those?" Harry changed the conversation.

"Oh these? I am helping Snape gather up some Cornish Pixies for a lesson! For the children you know, Cornish Pixies may be small but...hey I wasn't interrupting anything was I?" Hagrid asked, feeling like he overstepped.

"No Hagrid you're fine! Need help?" Harry asked, trying to ignore his frustration.

"Come along with me then and we can have some lunch! Aye Harry?" He smiled with chuckled, walking up the steps.

Harry trailed a er Hagrid, still thrown by the whole first half of the day. "Coming!"

Later that night Harry came back to the Slytherin common room, collapsing on one of the couches next to the fire place. None of the Slytherin's were back yet, making the common room look huge. All Harry could do was think of Draco's lips, the kissing was replaying in his mind over and over again.

Harry sat up on the couch as he watched the wood split and burn, thinking of how he would get Draco to kiss him again. I wonder where he is? Would he want to kiss me again?

Just as Harry thought about Draco's whereabouts...

Draco came inside the common room, walking up the spiral staircase to the bedrooms.

Harry slowly followed, silently taking each step one at a time. He lingered at the last step, looking into the bedroom hallway.

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Draco was tired, changing into his slytherin pajama pants and baggy green T-shirt. He took his stu away from Blaize's bed, putting it back to his assigned bed next to Harry's against the wall. He laid down, turning on his side. "I know you're there Potter."

Harry walked in slowly. "How did you know???"

"You're a terrible sneak, you drag your feet too much." Draco looked over his shoulder, his heart already racing.

Harry walked over, sitting on the edge of his bed next to Draco. "You ran o ."

"I didn't want to be around Hagrid, I wasn't especially nice to him in

the past...he doesn't like me." Draco explained, sitting on the edge of his bed.

"Hagrid doesn't hold grudges, he knew you were just a kid...we all make mistakes." Harry reassured. "You should have stuck around."

Draco nervously looked away, still replaying the kissing in his mind. "You...you kissed me."

Harry blushed slightly. "You kissed me back a few times..." He smirked, moving to sit next to Draco on his bed.

Draco looked over at Harry. "Don't come any closer." He warned. "What we did was a mistake." He glared.

"Was it really?" Harry inched slightly. "Didn't you like it?"

Draco squeezed the sheets in his fingers, remembering Harry's lips. "No."

Harry could see that wasn't true. "You're lying." He accused, getting closer.

"Stop that!" Draco snapped, moving away.

Harry moved closer "Malfoy..." he reached over.

"Don't touch me!" Draco felt defensive, he couldn't let this happen, he wanted to run.

"Malfoy!" Harry sternly snapped.

Draco looked at Harry with a crazed look on his face. "What do you want from me?!"

Harry leaned into a kiss, resting his hands on Draco's shoulders.

Draco gasped into the kiss pushing his hands against Harry's chest.

Harry felt Draco try to push him o , leaning over him. He needed those lips again, he craved them. "Don't fight me." He mu led into Draco's lips.

Draco was losing his ability to resist, feeling those juicy lips pressed against his again made him weak. "Potter?!" He squeaked in surprise.

Harry pushed Draco's back to the bed, climbing ontop of him, kissing those lips over and over.

Draco felt loss of lips, opening his eyes to see Harry looking down at him.

Harry never really took the time to look at Draco, his skin was so pale, cold to the touch. He looked at his lips, how they were perfectly smooth and so . "Tell me Malfoy..." he kissed his cheek so ly. "Do you like me?"

"I hate you..." Draco growled.

Harry read the signs on Draco's face, smirking. "So...you don't like this?" He moved his head down, kissing Draco's neck just below his jaw.

Draco gasped loudly, clenching his eyes shut. It was a strange feeling, Harry's lips pressing against his porcelain skin.

Harry pressed his hand to Draco's chest, feeling how hard his heart was beating, he knew he liked it more than he ever would admit. "Tell me you like me." He whispered into Draco's ear, nibbling his lobe.

Draco let out a whimper accidentally, clenching his fists at his sides. What is he doing?! Those lips...his voice...damn it e crossed his legs slightly underneath Harry, flinching at a hand squeezing his side. "I can't!"

Harry took Draco's wrists, pinning them to his chest. "Why can't you? What are you hiding from me?" He asked inches from his lips.

Footsteps were heard coming up the Wizards dormitory steps.

Draco pushed Harry o of him, sending him crashing to the floor.

Harry hit hard with his back to the stone, he winced as he quickly ran to his bed, pretending to read his spell book from his nightstand.

Draco pretended to be asleep under his covers, cursing to himself mentally that they could have gotten caught. That was close! What if they had seen us?! Damn Harry Pottered eglared to himself.

Harry grabbed himself through his pants, willing his erection to go down. He needed privacy, he needed more time with Draco.

Draco shi ed in bed, tortured by his boner. It pressed against the thin cotton of his pajama bottoms, begging for attention...but it wasn't appropriate...

Both Draco and Harry felt disappointed in their own ways at being interupted, wishing they hadn't.

Goyle stared at them both from his bed by the stairs, he knew something funny was going on. He threw a cu link at Blaize's bedside, nodding his head to look over.

Blaize rolled his eyes, he didn't care either way, it's not like Draco cared about them anymore. He got in his own bed, lying down to sleep for the night. Part of him was still hurt at his old best friend leaving him.

Goyle was too thick headed to let it bother him, but he was curious as to what was happening. He turned his nightstand lamp o, rolling over.

Draco sighed with a yawn, covering his shoulders with the comforter. He stared at Harry reading, mad at himself for feeling this way. He slowly fell asleep, dreaming of better days.

Soon a er most of the guys were asleep, Harry put his book down, lying on his side. He watched Draco sleep, wondering if he'd ever return his a ections. His eyes became heavy, being forced to dri . Goodnight Malfoy...I hope you have sweet dreams...wherever you dri to... a

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Ron was tossing and turning in his bed in the Gry indor wizards dormitory, he couldn't sleep. He sat up, staring at the empty bed next to him. He missed sleeping next to his best friend, since his breakup all he could think about was Harry not being around him anymore. Sure they had most of their classes and quidditch together...but it didn't feel the same.

Seamus stumbled out of bed, lazily going down the stairs.

Ron raised an eyebrow at Seamus's random departure from the bedroom, following downstairs shortly a er. "You alright mate?"

Seamus sat infront of the fireplace on the dark red couch, hugging a pillow to his chest. "Come join me Ron since you're up!" He patted a seat next to him.

Ron plopped down next to Seamus, pulling a blanket over them. "What are you doin down here? It's the middle of the night." He asked with a noisy yawn.

"Could ask you the same! I couldn't sleep, I've been having nightmares of Cedric...the night he died...and then the dreams of Fred...its hard to sleep sometimes." Seamus revealed, heavily sighing with his face in the pillow.

"My brother was a brave Wizard...he fought hard with all of us...I miss him so much." Ron choked with a shaky breath, keeping himself together.

Seamus wrapped his arm around Ron's shoulder. "We lost so many." He leaned his head down on his other shoulder. "But I'm glad you're still here with us too don't forget that."

Ron felt touched by Seamus's caring ways, leaning his head against his forehead. "I miss Lavender...she died just like the others...I could do nothing to help her." He sighed, pushing into Seamus a little more. "How long have you had the nightmares?"

Seamus had to think about that, it hadn't happened until a year a er Cedric's death, and then the war ontop of that. "I've had nightmares for almost 4 years but...its not as bad as it was this summer."

Ron wrapped his arm around Seamus's shoulder, mimicking his actions. "We will get better, time will pass and we'll have careers and families." He reassured. "It won't be like this forever."

Seamus felt so calm, feeling better. "Thank you Ron, I think I can go to bed now."

Ron turned their position into a full hug. "I should be thanking you! Nobody has really talked to me about what happened since...since Fred died...I'm glad I can talk to you." He squeezed his back.

Seamus pulled apart with a comforting smile. "Let's make a habit of it. If I see you, or you see me not sleeping...well let's talk about stu ."

Ron nodded with a smile. "Sure thing mate." He stood up, walking back up together. "I'd like that."

"Goodnight Ron." Seamus waved, disappearing into his blankets.

Ron wrapped himself inside his comforter, smiling. "Goodnight

Seamus." He whispered, finally falling asleep.

Continue reading next part