

Touch Me, Hate Me

Draco was the first to wake up the morning a er everyone took refuge inside Sirius's hideaway Cottage, keeping Sirius company while he put up the barriers and wards. Everyone else seemed to be sleeping in, exausted from the stress and worries of the Rebellion looming over their heads.

Draco and Sirius finished the protection barrier. "Let me do the wards, go back inside I'll finish up." Sirius patted Draco's back fondly.

Draco smiled timidly. "Thank you for taking me in like this, I truly don't know what to say..."

Sirius came over. "Draco I want to make this abundantly clear." He put his hands on Draco's shoulders. "None of this is your fault, your Father has made some terrible things happen but you are your own person."

Draco bit his lip, his eyes tearing up. "Sirius...you have no idea the things I've seen, I didn't...I didn't think I'd make it out of that manor."

Sirius embraced Draco, feeling the need to comfort him in that moment. "I spent 12 years in Azkaban, people thought the worst...but then my friends and family were there for me to help me start over." He let go, wiping the wetness from his cheeks. "Now we can all do the same for you."

Draco let out a few harsh breaths he didn't know he held in, hugging Sirius back. "Thank you." He lightly sobbed.

Sirius took his wand back out. "Now o with you, I'll finish up and we'll make breakfast with everyone when they wake up." He smiled warmly, waving him o.

Draco went back inside the cottage, wrapping himself in the blanket from the sofa. He walked into the kitchen, searching for a cup.

Neville came down the stairs, yawning with a head scratch. He

walked into the living room, freezing when he saw Draco rummaging through the cabinets in the kitchen.

Draco felt tense all of a sudden, turning around when he felt eyes on him. "Neville?"

Neville nervously clutched the sides of his pajama pants. "Morning..."

Draco finally found where all the cups and mugs were, pulling out a white deep mug. "You gonna stand there like an idiot?"

Neville glared slightly, walking into the kitchen to turn on the muggle co ee machine that Sirius owned.

"What is that thing?" Draco asked, staring at it with a distasteful expression.

"It makes co ee Malfoy, you know what co ee is don't you?" Neville asked, his tone slightly sharp.

Draco came over bumping his hips against Neville, pushing him to the side. "Don't make me maim you before breakfast Neville." He poured the co ee into the mug he chose, slightly embarrassed that he wasn't familiar with muggle objects.

Neville caught himself on the edge of the counter. "Fuck o Malfoy!" He spat.

Draco gingerly sipped at his co ee, slowly turning to Neville at that remark. "Don't push it, you and I are not evenly matched." He threatened with a harsh stare.

"How so? You don't have your wand do you?" Neville accused.

Draco grinned evily, taking a few steps towards Neville. "Don't underestimate me, threaten me again and you'll regret every syllable that escapes those lips." He got really close, brushing his fingertip across his bottom lip.

Neville stayed still, looking at Draco's fingers that lingered close to his face. He looked up at his face, thrown by the silver eyes that looked at him so closely. "Get it over with then."

"Get what over with?" Draco asked quietly.

"Aren't you going to hit me?" Neville flinched slightly.

Draco wrapped his slender fingers around the front of Neville's throat, forcibly turning his head to the side. "You're not my enemy Neville, be on my good side or I'll make you look like Trevor." He whispered in his ear, letting go.

Neville watched Draco take his co ee out of the kitchen, walking back upstairs. Holy shit!He thought to himself, looking down at how much Draco a ected him.

Harry woke up at the smell of Sirius cooking breakfast, sitting up with a big stretch.

Ron came in Harry's room, closing it behind him. "Harry." He smiled, sitting next to him on the bed. "It's time for breakfast!"

Harry pushed Ron down on his back, cuddling ontop of him. "It's too early, don't wanna get up."

Ron laughed, blowing Harry's hair out of his face. "Common we have to get up! I know you can smell the food downstairs, I'm starving!"

Harry made more protest groans, hugging Ron tighter. "Where's Seamus? Is he still asleep?" He mu led against his chest.

"Couldn't get him to get out of bed, said he was too tired." Ron sighed, trying to push Harry o . "Common!!!" He tried tickling him.

Harry growled, rolling o of Ron. "Fine I'm up!" He threw a pillow at him.

Draco came in, sipping his co ee. "You both need to shower and go downstairs, Sirius just started cooking."

Harry walked over. "Did you shower yet?" He asked, kissing him.

"Yes I just came from there." Draco blew minty breath at Harry's face. "You still smell like sulfur and ash go shower, I'll get Seamus up."

Harry kissed him one last time, turning to walk to the bathroom. "Get Seamus out of bed before I come out of the shower!"

Draco slapped Harry's ass as he walked out, smirking. "Enjoy."

Ron glared slightly. "What makes you think Seamus would wake up for you? He wouldn't budge when I tried."

"Maybe he will." Draco teased, walking passed him. "Maybe he won't!"

Ron rolled his eyes when Draco le . "Bloody Malfoy." He shook the irritation from his mind, deciding to skip the shower. He went downstairs to help Sirius.

Seamus was snoring loudly, curled in a mess of blankets and sheets.

Draco came in the guest room, sneaking into the bed. "Seamus everyone is gathering downstairs for breakfast." He nudged him, putting his empty co ee mug on the nightstand.

Seamus didn't wake, drooling on his pillow.

Draco made a face of disgust, taking his dark green lace handkerchief out to wipe the drool o Seamus's mouth and pillow. "Wake up man, it's time to eat!" He shoved him a little harder.

Seamus slowly opened his eyes to see Draco sitting on the edge of the bed in fancy silk pajamas. "Well this is a nice way to wake up." His tired lips formed a wide smirk.

Draco smiled down at Seamus. "Yes you should be so lucky as to wake up with someone so beautiful by your side." He teased, smugly tipping his nose up.

Seamus grabbed Draco by the waist, pulling him into the bed.

"Seamus!" Draco squealed, hands squeezing and pushing him till he was under the covers, held in Seamus's arms. "Let go you perv we need to go eat breakfast!" He swatted at his hands.

Seamus smacked back, pulling them both under the covers. "Shhhh! Nobody has to do anything!"

Draco giggled at Seamus's hands squeezing his stomach from behind. "Stop it! Don't tickle me I was instructed to come get you out of bed!" He tried to pry o the arms that wrapped around his waist.

"Stay still!" Seamus warned, squeezing his arms tighter. "I'll get up in a minute I just...want to enjoy this for a moment."

Draco blushed a tinted pink across his nose. "Seamus?" He tried to look behind him, gasping quietly at the hard erection that pressed against his ass.

"I'm sorry, I can't help it in the mornings." Seamus pressed his face into the back of Draco's hair, taking in the smell of his shampoo.

Draco resisted the urge to push back against Seamus's hardness, swallowing as lips caressed the nape of his neck. "You...you're kissing me."

Seamus loosened his grip, his hands resting on either side of Draco's hips. "Tell me to stop and I will."

Draco raised his le leg up to shield his fast growing erection, his breath fluttering in his chest as Seamus's hand slipped up his silk pajama shirt.

"We're going to be spending alot of time together stuck in this

cottage." Seamus whispered, slowly unbuttoning the silk pajama shirt.

"Y-yes but-!!!" Draco sucked in a breath.

Seamus had pushed the silk to the side, pinching both of Draco's nipples in his fingers. "I want to do what you did for me when I was feeling down." He leaned in, whispering in his ear.

Draco looked behind him. "We did that because you were rejected that night, I don't want you to feel like you owe me." He turned around face to face.

Seamus pulled Draco close. "I don't want to look at it like that." He pulled the remainder of his pajama top o Draco's shoulders, sliding it down his arms.

Draco lied there half naked, pushed on his back. "What are you doing?"

Seamus had never seen Draco so vulnerable like this, looking at the claw marks on his shoulder. "You're healing fast, but what are these?" He so ly brushed his fingers over small scars in lines and slashes on his chest.

Draco took Seamus's hand, lacing his fingers. "It seems like a nightmare now, but it was my fault...Harry and I got in a fight in the boys wash room one day."

"Harry did that to you?" Seamus asked.

"Part of me is happy he did, I tried to hex him and I could have killed him if he he hadn't struck first...we were rivals... enemies" Draco flinched at the reminder of how things use to be. "But he got me good!"

Seamus leaned down, pressing his lips to each scar, kissing lightly.

Draco started getting a little nervous, he hooked up with Ron and Neville with it meaning nothing, it was just sex and kissing without any strings attached. This somehow felt very serious, butterflies rushed through his chest as his heart raced. "Seamus...stop."

Seamus looked up. "What's wrong? Did I hurt you???" He leaned up slightly, checking his wounds and bruises le over.

Draco shook his head. "No I'm fine...but we should get to breakfast before they come yelling."

Seamus sighed with a nod, backing o.

Draco put his silk pajama shirt back on. "Sorry."

"I'm sure you have a good reason, no worries." Seamus smiled halfhearted, walking out and down the stairs.

Draco sat on the edge of the bed completely confused with himself. He rubbed his face with frustration, taking a moment to think. What just happened??? Why did I say stopPle asked internally, holding his hand over his heart. **Thud thud thud!!!**

Everyone Gathered around the round kitchen table, eating breakfast. Sirius had made pounds of eggs and bacon, pancakes with French toast, and fat sausage links. Sirius needed to present some normalcy in the mix of all the destruction the boys dealt with over the past few months.

"Everyone here? Oh where's Draco?" Sirius asked, pouring everyone he y glasses of Pumpkin juice.

"I'm here! Sorry." Draco came down the stairs, sitting in the empty chair next to Harry.

"Oh very good! You're just in time! Now once again we've faced retaliation and danger due to the death of Voldemort." Sirius began. "I want everyone to express a feeling they've had recently about it all, Neville you go first!" He smiled, sprinkling cheese ontop of his eggs.

"Lost." Neville said quietly, looking embarrassed about it.

"That's okay Neville it's very hard a er such harsh events to keep yourself grounded without some type of setback." Sirius tossed a chocolate frog at Neville.

Neville caught it. "I've been trying...I feel frustrated."

"Don't we all?" Ron rudely interupted with a mouthfull of toast.

"What about you Ron? You were one of the Wizards who lost a family member." Sirius interjected. "I'm sure it's still di icult."

Ron nodded with a frown. "I feel bad more for my brother...he will never recover from Fred's death."

"Don't forget about your own feelings too Ron, it's very important not to bottle your emotions." Sirius said, tossing an extra piece of bacon over to him.

"I haven't, but yes my family has been there every step of the way, its good to have family like that." Ron smiled, looking to Draco with a frown. "Sorry, didn't mean it like that."

Draco snapped his teeth into a sausage loudly, glaring.

Sirius cleared his throat, tapping the stand of his water goblet that he filled with pumpkin juice against the table. "Let's move on, Harry there's something new I've put in the cottage...well not new, but it's been rebuilt."

"What is it?" Harry asked, his hand sneaking under the table, placing

his palm on the top of Draco's thigh.

Sirius nodded his head in the direction of the living room. "The fireplace has been turned into an unmarked floo network."

Harry raised his brows. "Isn't that dangerous right now?"

"Only 3 people who know about it are Remus, Severus, and Horace." Sirius explained. "It's unmarked so the ministry knows nothing of the location, for safety purposes."

"Probably for the best." Harry nodded.

Seamus silently continued to eat his he y plate of food, trying to distract himself from what happened with Draco. Why did he reject me??? Did I smell? Was I not being sexy enough?

Ron looked over at Seamus with a raise of his brow. "You alright Seamus? You haven't joined the conversation." He rubbed his back, concerned.

Seamus ripped his pancake in half with his fork. "I'm fine...just a bit tired still." He winked nonchalantly, drinking his orange juice.

Ron shrugged, going back to his food.

Draco caught Neville staring him down, glaring back as he stabbed his cluster of scrambled eggs with his fork.

Neville quickly busied himself with his napkin, folding it into a cat shape, spelling it to walk across his plate.

Harry laughed at Neville's morning display of magic.

Draco sighed as he watched the cat napkin play with the bits of bacon on Neville's plate, wishing he could do magic. With no wand, and a tracer still placed on him, he couldn't even levitate his glass of milk. "Bullocks."

"Alright boys I am going to leave you to clean all this up once the food is gone! I have to tend to the owls and then I have some buisness I need to attend to." Sirius kissed Harry on the top of the head, speed walking out the back door to the owl barn.

Harry fixed his hair, his hand rubbing upwards on Draco's thigh. "Are you alright?" He asked, sensing sadness upon his boyfriends mind.

Draco kissed Harry. "I'll be fine...just have something on my mind."

"Want to talk about it?" Harry asked, returning the kiss.

Draco shook his head. "Maybe later, I fancy a walk, would you go with me?"

Harry nodded with a smile. "Sure let's go! We just need to stay within the shield and protection wards are." He stood up.

Draco got up and followed Harry to the front yard, giving Seamus a few second glance as he le .

Seamus hu ed, stu ing more toast in his mouth.

"You sure you're alright?" Ron asked, kissing Seamus's cheek. "Let's go hang out in the bedroom." He stood up.

"I'll be fine Ron honestly I'm not upset." Seamus pleaded with Ron, following him upstairs.

Neville glared at the collection of dishes, waving his wand as he gathered all of it together to wash it. "Why am I always stuck with this shit?" He asked himself, turning on the sink.

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