

Ten Reasons Not to Date Draco Malfoy

Von Rabenfeder

Kapitel 1: Chapter 1: He is anything but approachable

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Harry took another sip of his ice-cold coffee and blankly stared in front of him. He had already been sitting in the small coffee shop for at least an hour. While the people around him were either engaged in conversations or just simply playing with their phones, he just sat there quietly and stared at the table on the other side of the tiny terrace.

It had been exactly 17 days since the news of his and Ginny's break up went public. 17 days of him being hunted by reporters, stalked by hundreds of owls and not being able to set one foot out of his home without having to answer the same questions over and over again.

Why did you split up?

Weren't you supposed to get married this year?

Is it true she left you for another man?

How do you deal with the heartbreak?

He had asked himself those questions constantly after they had actually broken up three months ago. It was Ginny's idea to keep it a secret until Ball season would start again. She told him like this the press would have other stories to cover and therefore less capacity to focus on him. She was right about that. After one week, his face disappeared from the covers, after two weeks, the double features became rare and today was the first day he hadn't spotted his own face on any newspaper except the Witch Weekly feature of him being the most wanted bachelor of the Wizarding World.

Ginny somehow always knew how to handle publicity. She was so much better at it than him. She knew when to appear at an event, what to say, when to pose, touch, kiss, leave. It was her who carefully managed the bits and pieces of information they gave to the press. She announced them dating so it was her duty to inform the press about their break up.

She had always been the voice of the relationship. Because she understood how to

handle situations. How to handle Harry. She just knew him better than he did himself. Maybe that was the reason she knew just when to end things with him.

Don't get me wrong. During their time together Harry never felt unhappy. Being with Ginny was easy. Spending time with her, kissing her, exploring their bodies together. It just felt logical. Reasonable.

He never felt uncomfortable with her. But he also never felt uncomfortable without her. When she was gone, he sure was wondering what she was up to but it was never her he missed, it was solemnly the company.

He had always felt like a member of the Weasley family. This was where he belonged and therefore dating Ginny was - well it was the obvious thing to do. And it seemed to work out pretty well until one day Ron made this terrible joke about Harry dating even him if there had been no female Weasley he could court.

Harry still remembered the second the realization hit Ginny. He was dating her because she had always been the most reasonable choice. Later that night when they were alone in bed together, she would ask him whether he loved her. He told her, that he loved her from the bottom of her heart. And it was the truth. She still started crying.

The next morning she broke up with him, just before breakfast. It was as simple as starting their relationship. She talked, he listened. Her reasons were logical. It was too easy. They never argued. They just were together and it was alright. But she did not feel desired.

He had that thought in the back of his mind for quite long. Sure, Ginny was beautiful and when they had sex, he enjoyed it. But he never craved it. He always thought of himself of not being the sensual type. They stopped having sex three years into their partnership. He scarcely missed being intimate with her.

"I really wish you will someday find someone you really can desire. Someone whose touch makes your knees weak. Someone you want to be with every second."

When she told him that, he could hardly imagine ever feeling that way for anyone. There had never been a girl he looked at in that way. Sure, he could enjoy a woman's beauty but that was about it. What she told him next was what really shook him to the ground.

"Maybe it is not a woman you are looking for..."

And that was is. As simple as that. At the age of 25 Harry Potter was left by his fiancée and girlfriend of seven years because she thought he was gay. Shocking isn't it? How would the press have reacted to this part of the story, he often wondered. And more so, what would the Weekly Witch write about him knowing that not for one second he tried to argue with Ginny. Actually, he wasn't sure if she was wrong at all.

This brings us back to the day 17 days after the breakup. Harry was still sitting in said

coffee shop, staring at the back of a well-known, blond haired man and wondering if he was actually checking out the other man.

But this story would not go anywhere if it only was about Harry staring at someone's back, lost in his own thoughts. The blond man turned his head for the approximately fifth time this day to notice him still staring. Dark eyebrows twitched and a smug smile conquered his lips. With what could only be described as pure elegance the other wizard got up from his chair and made his way towards Harry.

"Well Potter," he said while nonchalantly pulling out the chair opposite of Harry, "I know it has been quite some time since you last had the chance to lust after me across the tables but what special occasion did I miss today that forces you back into old habits?" While still talking he let himself glide into the chair, not breaking eye contact with the former Gryffindor for just a split second.

Harry Potter is brilliant at a lot of things. The most important examples for that would be defeating evil Dark Lords and constantly getting into a lot of trouble. Lesser known talents include cooking, being lazy on Sundays and having the ability to instantly charm any toddler. Small talk is not mentioned on this list for a good reason.

"Malfoy, am I gay?"

Staring at him blankly without blinking even once, Draco Malfoy, the undeniable eloquent aristocrat who never seems to be short of a sharp but thrillingly entertaining response, finally looked shaken. He seemed very unsure as what to make out of this question, but honestly, who wouldn't?

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Harry was well aware that this might had come out of nowhere. However, this had been the chance he so desperately had been looking for since the breakup. He didn't know many openly gay people - actually only Charlie Weasley and he was obviously not a suitable choice to discuss such a delicate matter. Not after the breakup. The Weasleys were his family but still...as long as he was not sure whether Ginny's suspicion contained the smallest notch of truth, he didn't want them to know.

Not Charlie, not Molly, not even Ron or Hermione. He was too scared of them asking uncomfortable questions, forcing him to explore his - maybe - true sexuality.

Three months and 17 days and still Draco Malfoy out of all people seemed to be his only chance. Not only because Harry could be absolutely sure, the blonde aristocrat would never address the matter in a conversation with the Weasley family (as if Malfoy would even talk to them!) but also because he never made a deal out of his sexual preferences.

Charlie was out to his family and friends but not publicly. It felt more like a not so secret secret shared by a larger number of people. He had never been seen dating a bloke nor had he brought someone home yet. If he had a partner, nobody in the family knew. Malfoy had approached the matter differently. Harry estimated that the

number of people knowing about Charlie being gay must equal the amount of witches and wizards not being aware that the sole heir to the Malfoy family was riding his broom the other way around.

When Draco Malfoy came out he did it with style. Of course, a simple announcement or an interview would not do. He instead reacted to the various rumours in a way only he could. It was a feast for the media.

First of all, posters started to appear. They featured a variety of phrases such as: "Draco Malfoy plays for the other team." "The Slytherin prince fancies snakes and not princesses." "Draco Malfoy: from prince to queen." "Instead of skirts Draco Malfoy lifts shirts." Having initially been seen as an attack on the former Death Eater the campaign had not been taken seriously. Then the day came Pansy Parkinson wore **the** button.

It was plain black with green writing on it. The enchanting made sure whomever glimpsed at it was able to read the message: "I was Draco's fake girlfriend while he was kissing boys!" This coming from the one girl always being supportive of Malfoy made people realise that after all the posters might not have been wrong. Why else should Parkinson make sure, her best friend since Hogwarts was outed? Also, denouncing herself as fake girlfriend was nothing, she could probably be proud of.

The final stage of the plan was of course Malfoy's big entry. Dressed in a form fitting three-piece suit he attended his family's traditional Beltane celebrations not only by himself but also making a point nobody could overlook. It was a number of rather subtle changes that left a deep impression.

His hair was still combed back and as longish as it had been for the past months, however, now it was held back by a very elegant ribbon instead of a more masculine piece of jewellery. His pants fit just this tiny bit too well around his buttocks to make absolutely sure everyone could get a perfect glimpse at his behind. His gestures lacked the forced edge, he moved more like a Veela than ever before. All in all he seemed more comfortable in his own skin than ever without having given up his masculinity at all but still more emphasising his delicate feature.

Oh and did I already mention he announced himself as "Draco Malfoy, last of his name, not willing to pretend he was ever going to date a witch, well-educated wizards of old families with the financial means to fulfil his every wishes as well as stunning looks welcome owl him"?

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Since his coming out, the world did not change for Draco Malfoy. He was still the same, dressed the same, had the same job and friends. He just simply dated man. And that was exactly what Harry wanted for himself. Enough things had chance in his young life. He had lost what he would call a family not only once. He had been special long enough. If Ginny was in fact right and he was gay, he didn't want it to be special. He wanted to be normal. And as strange as this might sound, Draco Malfoy managed to stay normal.

"Well Potter, I do tend to cause this reaction in men. Look at me, who would not want to share their bed with me. So, is this your reason to ask me such a question?", the blond man responded with a witty tone in his voice. It had taken Malfoy quite a while to regain his cool and laid-back mannerisms. Now he was leaning back in his chair, casually stretching his long legs a bit and looking at poor Harry with one eyebrow slightly raised, twitching in amusement while a smug half smile was playing around his lips.

All of the former courage had left the Gryffindor and he could barely stand to even look into Malfoys direction anymore. Instead he focused on his neglected coffee mug and desperately wished he had never asked this stupid question. Not Malfoy. Not after the blond git had already let shine through, he was very well aware of the constant starring. How stupid could one single person be, Harry wondered. There was absolutely no reason for Malfoy to not simply get up and straight forward tell the press about this weird conversation. Harry could already read the new headlines: "Malfoy heir molested by the Chosen One" "The third wheel in the Potter relationship was in fact a man – Harry's man!"

After what felt like ages in which he mentally kicked himself for being so insanely stupid, the other man finally reacted once again. Dragging his chair closer to the table and sitting upright Malfoy changed his posture from arrogance into what seemed to be real interest.

"Potter, this isn't a joke to you, is it?", he carefully asked. His voice was much quieter than before as if he wanted to make sure this conversation stayed between the two of them. The smirk around his face was gone. It had been replaced by a faint frown. When Harry finally found the courage to look up again his gaze was met by very earnest looking grey eyes. The atmosphere of this conversation had changed completely.

This was his chance to get out of this unbelievable stupid idea! Harry just had to tell Malfoy that of course this was a joke and he just tried to insult the git. Call him a faggot. A Sissi and this was it. But somehow, he did not want to do that either. Under the expectant gaze of the blond man he managed to very slowly nod once and after that quickly shut his eyes.

Again, the man sitting opposite of him changed his position, now leaning on the table with both his elbows. The frown on his forehead had increased and now he definitely seemed to be rather confused than amused or in the mood to make some jokes. This could be the first glimpse Harry could ever have at the Draco Malfoy that stood in for something. The young wizard who refused to be treated differently because of his sexuality. The man who stood up and fought for something. Someone from whom Harry maybe could learn something.

"Well Potter," he slowly and very quietly said, "if you really want to talk about this subject, we should meet at a less public place." Out of the inner pocket of his jacket he pulled a business card and a pen that could only be described as decadent. Dark mahogany wood together with what looked like actual marble held a thin fountain-

pen nib made out of platinum. The ink of course had a deep green colour. He took his very time to note down an address. Harry immediately noticed that the capital letters were written obnoxiously large and contained more than one unnecessary extra swirl.

While sliding over the business card which now contained an address, Malfoy got up from his seat and attempted to leave Harry alone. Our favourite Gryffindor was almost tempted to think of this meeting as surprisingly pleasant had the blond man not turned around at the last moment to loudly and announced: "Oh, and you pay! However, you shall not confuse this meeting with a date or any similar activity of such kind! What would the people think of my loss of taste! See you, Scarhead!"

With a theatrical bow and a – Harry had to admit that – rather charming half smile on his lips he eventually exited the little coffee shop. And left back a rather confused young man who blankly starred on the card in front of him, wondering if he had made one of the biggest mistakes of his life. Was asking Draco Malfoy for advice really a good idea? The definition of aristocratic git? But something at the back of Harry's head told him that even though his former school rival made a scene out of his departure, the moment the blond man noticed the seriousness of this matter, his behaviour had indeed changed from playful nagging to something one might even consider as understanding for the other guys situation.

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Two days later, this voice had become very silent and had been replaced by a rather hysteric train of thought that constantly told Harry to leave as soon as possible before Malfoy arrived and had the chance to embarrass the Golden Boy by unleashing the press onto him like a pack of wild bloodhounds. The blond git would definitely try to humiliate him. He would stage this meeting as some sort of date where he could act as the suffering victim who had been stalked by the mad Potter, a lovesick maniac. Maybe Malfoy would not even show up. Maybe he would just send a callboy. A stripper. Someone who would make Harry feel utterly ashamed while the former Slytherin Prince could get a fair share of laughs from his Potter-stinks-fan-club.

Nervously turning the small business card over and over again, Harry had of course arrived at the address way to early. Instead of 5 p.m. he had been sitting there since four, eagerly waiting for whatever evil surprise Malfoy had planned for him. If he was going to be fast enough to notice the malevolent plan, maybe he could still escape the worst.

Still he was wondering why Malfoy had suggested to meet at a Muggle bar, quite outside of any magical district of London. A rather cosy place, however rather fancy than old-school. The tables were made out of blank wood pieces same as the chairs and the menus which included only fancy sounding drinks or organic gluten free vegan homemade smoothies. Harry, always favouring a good old pint over anything else, had simply gone with a still water (which had already been harder to order than he would have ever imagined. As if he cared where the spring was located, which special kinds of stones had filtered the water or what kind of packaging had been used to preserve the natural quality of the drink!)

On the one side of the card, Malfoy had carefully written down the address of the pub, including a date and time, the other side contained his business information.

Draco L. Malfoy

*Freelancing consultant for Dark Curses
Including the handling of Dark Artefacts
And poisoning through Ancient Receipts
Contact: Owling Station 314 b, London*

Interestingly enough, Malfoy had very well established himself as one of the most demanded and successful consultants the Ministry of Magic worked with. Furthermore, he had explicitly refused to directly work for them, stating that he wanted to remain his own boss with nobody to push him around. It had been quite a surprise after the war that he did not try to leave all of his past behind and simply pretend to have moved on. Nor did he strictly follow every old tradition. He decided to go his very own way, as he explained himself to the press, by serving the Ministry as freelancing consultant in an area where they had been lacking expertise for ages as no other wizard actually connected to the Dark Arts would have ever considered working for the government. Sometimes Harry wondered if such a job decision would also be an option for him. It was not that he was unhappy at his office and having someone else to decide for you when you had to work, what times you had to take off and what jobs you should take surely had its upsides...

When he looked up from the small card in his hands, he noticed that Malfoy had entered the pub, starring at him from a distance as if he had been waiting for Harry to notice him first before getting any closer. He was wearing a mixture of black robes and a suit, emphasizing his slender frame and very fashionable this season. The long hair was held back by the elegant and simply hairband. The actual robes part of his outfit was carefully draped over his left arm. The grey vest nicely contrasted with the darker trousers and the black shirt. He looked flawless as always. The tiny half smile returned to the blond man's face when he finally caught Harry's eyes. Slowly he came closer to the table, his own drink already in one hand, and sat down.

"So, Potter, why me?", he just asked instead of greeting the other man first. It was a very simply and logical question to ask concerning the situation. Still, Harry was not sure how to answer, how to start. Deep down inside of him the one voice kept screaming that Malfoy only wanted to make fun of him, embarrass him, use his weaknesses against him.

After waiting for what felt like ages, but really might have been 90 seconds Malfoy started talking again.

"You know that it is impossible to have a conversation with me if you refuse to even talk to me!"

Biting his lower lip Harry once again looked down at the table, incapable of reacting to the other man. A theatrical moan came from the blond man. Harry noticed the sound of parchment taken out of a bag. Pale hands with carefully manicured fingernails put something in front of him which looked a lot like a formal agreement

he knew from work.

“Well Potter, as I can clearly not simply trust you with information on such a private matter and neither should you, the best solution will be a confidentiality pact ensuring none of us can share any details about our meetings.”

Did Harry just imagine it or had Malfoy referred to meetings in plural as if this would not be a one-time thing? With a seemingly confused frown he skimmed through the parchment in front of him. It mainly contained the basic paragraphs ensuring both parties that the other one would be bound by magic to not let any piece of information spoken, written or even drawn in their meetings be known to a third party. It also had a section about expanding this disclosure to any kind of owling or texting. And a paragraph about not revealing spells such as Glamours. Interesting, he thought to himself. It was a well-known fact in the wizarding community that Harry from time to time used a Glamour to go out in public without being recognized but normally his disclosures did not mention such a thing.

After reading through the short text two more times, checking every word carefully for a second, secret meaning he signed the parchment. If he had looked up during his studies, he would have noticed Malfoy who could not hold back an amused grin when he noticed Harry's mistrust.

Stowing the signed document back into his pockets, the blond man once again looked at Harry and started another attempt for a conversation.

“Am I right to believe Potter that I am the only gay person you know?”

Harry was shaking his head quietly but did not answer which led to Malfoy reformulating his question.

“Am I the only gay bloke you could think of who is not related or somehow close to your former fiancée?”

This time Harry nodded and managed to almost look the other man straight into the eyes. Actually, it was more staring at a point between Malfoy's ears and eyes instead of his actual eyes. He can feel himself blushing, asking himself once again when exactly this had sounded like a good idea and why?

With what can only be described as a very theatrical sob, Malfoy took a sip from his drink. It smelled like herbs and citrus, something Harry would not have expected the other man to drink. Staring blankly at the glass in the other man's hand, our beloved Gryffindor decided it was time to make his former house pride and finally find the courage to talk.

“You are the only gay wizard I know who is like really out.”

His weary eyes search for the other man's gaze and when they lock for a second, Harry wonders if Malfoy had always had grey eyes. There was not a hint of blue in them. Just plain grey with a few darker spots. Currently, those eyes were dominated by the

dark brows above them, curved in a mixture of confusion and amusement.

“So, you thought that the old queen Draco had nothing else to do than teach you how to be a proper poof?”, he asked, the familiar snarl in his voice. But it was accompanied by something else. If you listened carefully, you could notice a soft undertone in the voice, something playful and almost caring. Harry however had never been quite sensitive to undertones and this is why no one at this point should be surprised by him not getting the hint that Malfoy was indeed just joking.

“No, no! I am sorry. I don’t think you are a poof! I did not mean to offend you! I was just...well it seemed logical...ugh...I...see I am sorry!”

The blond man sitting opposite of him burst out in laughter. He put down his drink to instead touch his forehead with three fingers while placing his elbow on the table. Eyes closed he could do nothing else than to keep on laughing. A tiny dimple appeared on his left cheek. It stayed there even after the laughter had settled for a deep smile whose mischievous aftermath even reached the storm grey eyes which starred at Harry from between his fingers.

“Potter, I was joking! There is nothing wrong with being a poof. I am one myself and I am proud of that!”, he explained with a very light hearted voice. The elbow remained on the table; the hand however was being moved away from the face and instead placed on the table between them. He even moved closer towards our Golden Boy and leaned towards him, lowering his voice as if they were sharing a secret between friend or planning on playing tricks on their teachers.

“And maybe you are playing for the same team as me.”

And then Draco Malfoy did something that shook the Saviour of the Wizarding World to the very grounds. He winked. At Harry. Playfully. A one-sided smile was still playing around his lips when he looked at Harry. Like they were on the same side and he was trying to assure his former enemy everything was going to be just fine. Just to make this clear: everyone one else in the whole world, be it magical or not would clearly have considered this behaviour flirting. Everyone but Harry who still was so not used to anyone making a move at him that he was just simply confused.

Leaning back a bit, Malfoy obviously tried to give our dear black-haired wonder boy some time to calm down once again. Taking in a deep breath Harry tried to relax a bit. There was absolutely no reason to be so worry. Malfoy was behaving way better than he had even dared to dream of. Nothing to be scared of, he told himself, we are not the ignorant children we used to be anymore.

“How did you know you were gay, Malfoy?”, he finally managed to ask the man sitting at the other hand of the table. Proudly he noticed that his voice was not shaking anymore. He even managed to look the other man straight into his eyes where his gaze was once again met with something best to be described as playful mischief.

“Well, having another man’s dick in your mouth or up your ass clearly is a good indicator,” Malfoy replied very calmly as this was the most normal thing to say. His

face stayed still, only one eyebrow twitching ever so slightly. Again, the heat rose into Harry's cheeks and he had to look away. How could he say that and keep a straight face as if it was the most common thing to talk about with your former enemy.

"Was you shagging another guy the reason you and the Weaslette broke up?", Malfoy curiously asked, forcing all the colour to drop from Harry's face at once. He eagerly shook his head, maybe a bit too forceful and returned to staring at the table in front of him. Noticing the shift in the atmosphere between them, Malfoy leaned in once again and lowered his voice quite a bit.

"Have you ever shagged another bloke?"

Another shake of his head was the only answer Harry was able to produce.

"Kissed?"

Again, shaking head.

"Fancied?"

Still, Harry was signaling he had never, however, he was not so sure about the last question if he was being honest. In fourth grade he had been obsessed with Cedric Diggory and thinking about it now he wasn't quite sure anymore if a part of him did not somehow consider the Hufflepuff quite attractive. Also, when Harry thought back to early Quidditch practice, the first thing that came to his mind was indeed Oliver Woods naked back in the showers. He slowed the head shaking down and managed to look at Malfoy once again, expecting the blond git to make fun of him. But he did not, instead he made himself comfortable, took another sip from his drink and leaned back.

"Well, I first suggested I was different than the other boys when I was 13. I remember every bloke in the second-year dorms was fancying Astoria Greengrass at that time when all I could think of was how cute Blaise Zabini looked in his pyjamas..."

What followed after this was a rather cute story of Malfoy trying to kiss Pansy Parkinson and really, really hating it. After that he managed to 'accidentally' hold hands with Blaise who after a long winter of sending longing glances across the common room decided it was time to kiss his friend. This time Draco liked it far more. So, they kept kissing until about March when the poor blonde boy caught Zabini holding hands with another girl.

The former Slytherin was just about to start telling the as he called it 'dramatic story of how Blaise Zabini conquered and broke my tiny precious heart for the first time' when a glimpse at the clock behind him made him stop talking and frowning for a moment.

"Shit, I got to go, I almost lost track of time. Look, Potter, I am not sure if that was helpful at all..." he started while asking the waiter for the cheque and without even thinking about it twice paying for both their drinks. Already getting up from the chair,

he once again looked at Harry. Who of course was not sure how to react once again? To be fair, he had quite enjoyed the former Slytherin talking about first crushes. Harry had to admit that Malfoy was rather entertaining.

“I think it helped a bit.”

With a sort of bow, waving his hand as if he were an artist waiting for applause, the blond man fully got up and looked Harry death in the eyes.

“So, should we just meet up again here in let’s say a week or so? I mean, you still owe me drinks!”

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And just like that meeting Malfoy for drinks to mainly listen to him talk about how he found out he was gay, how his mother somehow always had known and from now and then questions directed towards Harry and concerning what he was attracted to became a regular thing our Golden boy actually really was looking forward to during the week, always wondering, what witty comments or funny stories the other guy had to tell the next time they met.

Soon, his discomfort around the blond guy got less and less and he actually managed to go as far as emitting that he was maybe staring at Cedric Diggory’s butt from time to time which only made Malfoy throw one hand into the air, melodramatically commenting “well who on earth hasn’t, I mean this arse was made to be stared at!” It was still mainly the former Slytherin talking when it came to sensitive subjects such as sexual orientation, however, they did not exclusively stick to that topic but also had lively discussions about Quidditch (Where Malfoy tended to make fun of the awful colour combinations of some teams), the current reorganization processes going on at the Ministry (Where Malfoy kept complaining about the poor choices of fabric being made when it came to redecoration) and any current rumours that did or did not directly concern them (“Honestly Potter, how could anyone assume I would even touch that creepy old guy! I am way to rich and good looking to be a gold digger!”). To make it short, they were actually getting along quite well, surely avoiding difficult topics such as their past on different sides of the war but looking at Draco Malfoy now, Harry had a hard time finding any resemblance to the scared and broken boy who suffered under Voldemort and was raised to be a part of this dark cult.

We could stop our little story here and simply leave our two boys in that tiny bar, slowly becoming friends but that somehow would leave some questions open, such as why Draco does have pink hair or why Harry did not mention the ear rings and tunnels so far, let alone the tattoos covering the blond guys body up onto the back of his hands. To get to this part of the story we have to fast forward a bit into the boys regularly meeting until the day Harry gets to meet Astoria and Daphne Greengrass or as Draco prefers to call them ‘The two-headed demon who will once cause my death by liver failure or a heart attack’.