

Harry's Fantasy Come True?

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: This all belongs to J.K. Rowling. Though I doubt she'd claim this story.

A/N: This is my first slash, and my first PWP, written in response to a Top!Harry Challenge issued by Kamerreon. I don't like reading about Harry this way; I prefer him as the sub in the Drarry ships, so this was the best solution I could manage to come up with under the circumstances. Sorry about the pair I created. All I can say is it's tougher than it looks to write this stuff. Also, thanks to my peach of a beta, MystressXOXO.

Harry got up from his desk and made sure the lock on his door was engaged. He was sitting in his bedroom in the house at Privet Drive. He had just spent the evening writing letters to Hermione and Ron, basically doing anything he could to pass the time, but he couldn't ignore the tension in his belly any more. He was feeling horny, and he just had to have a wank.

He took off his clothes and got under the covers. It was going to be a long night alone, so he didn't want to rush it. He let his mind wander and was chagrined at where it chose to rest. No matter what he did, no matter how he tried to distract himself, his stupid brain kept thinking of Draco *Malfoy*, of all people. Even in the dark, with no one to see him or know, Harry's face burned with the very idea of it. He felt shame acutely because he didn't want this, but he couldn't seem to help it, either. He felt caught.

He had first observed it the last few weeks of school. Malfoy hadn't been any different, sneering and taunting as always, but Harry happened to notice the way the light had caught his hair as he turned, and a thought came unbidden to his mind: soft. He wanted to reach out and touch the platinum strands to see if they felt as silky as they looked. Shaken by the unlikely mental picture of himself fondling his worst enemy's tresses, he pushed the thought away; however, it seemed to open a floodgate of other, bigger things.

Suddenly Malfoy was everywhere, and Harry couldn't help noticing the smallest things about him: the way he moved so gracefully, his trim figure, his flawless skin. It shook Harry to the core, and he didn't like it one bit. He was grateful when the school year ended and for once, he couldn't wait to leave Hogwarts for a little while.

However, his problems didn't go away when he arrived at the Dursleys'. If anything, his problem was worse than ever. Thoughts of Malfoy popped up at the worst times: when he was in the middle of wanking or, even more embarrassing, before he started. Lately, that was all he could think about, all he wanted. The misery of it overwhelmed him, but he couldn't do a thing about it, other than pray that no one ever found out that he was harboring a deviant attraction for his mortal enemy.

Well, since he was alone, there was no harm in indulging himself. It was just a fantasy, after all. Harry let his mind drift, and he pictured Malfoy before him, his haughty features transformed by lust as Harry mentally stripped them both. Harry felt himself get rock hard instantly at the thought of Malfoy naked and wanting him. His breath hitched, and he began to pull on himself.

All of a sudden there was a pop, and the realization that he was not alone in the room anymore. Harry's heart almost stopped, and his hand stilled. He didn't know whether

to keep his eyes slammed shut in utter mortification or look and get it over with. He cracked his eyelids open.

Dobby, the house-elf, stood at the foot of the bed, watching Harry with his head cocked to one side. Harry's face flamed with embarrassment and anger. He felt like a two year old. He didn't know what to say, but he knew he wanted Dobby gone...fast. "Dobby," he croaked. "What are you doing here?"

"I came to see what you needed, Harry Potter Sir," Dobby answered in that annoying whine of his, his eyes never leaving Harry's.

"Well, uh, as you can see, I am in bed now, and I don't need anything but sleep, so goodnight, Dobby," Harry said in a strained voice.

Dobby did not appear to be going anywhere. "I thought Mr. Harry Potter was hurt. You were... whimpering."

"I was?" Harry's brain was not working as well as usual, it appeared. Possibly, the blood had been rerouted to more important areas, but that left him sadly lacking in wits at the moment, if he couldn't even fob off a house-elf.

"What is that?" Dobby gestured to the enormous hard-on that was tenting the sheets, which despite the interruption and subsequent humiliation, refused to subside.

"Nothing." Harry tried in vain to hide it, but it was clearly not possible with only a sheet. "Just... go away, Dobby."

Dobby got a crafty gleam in his eyes. "Dobby knows what Harry Potter needs. Dobby can help him."

Harry sat up a little at this alarming news. "No, no, no, Dobby! You don't know what I need. Just go away now, okay? I'm fine by myself here." Harry hoped that Dobby wouldn't start bawling because he really didn't want to spend the rest of the night with a hysterical house-elf. This night was turning into a big nightmare!

A slow smile crossed Dobby's face. "Harry Potter knows not that he needs help. Harry Potter is a *virgin*!" He said the last word triumphantly.

Harry breathed in. Maybe Dobby wasn't as dumb as he looked. "So what?"

"So Dobby *not* a virgin." He let the implication sink in.

Harry couldn't help the look of horror that must have crossed his features at such a suggestion. "Oh, Merlin, I... Dobby, for the love of Quidditch, I just can't do that. I am not desperate. I mean, I don't mean that you aren't... I just..." He was flabbergasted. The thought blew his mind. Sex with Dobby? Well, at least his hard on was rapidly diminishing.

Dobby didn't seem hurt. "Dobby knows that Harry Potter a good wizard, not want to hurt Dobby..."

"Yeah," breathed Harry weakly, grateful for any excuse. He hoped Dobby would make his exit soon. At this rate, he didn't even know if he wanted to have a good wank anymore. He didn't want to take the chance that he might develop some sort of fixation on elves.

"So Dobby use his magic." Dobby shimmered a moment and formed into a boy. A thin, pale, sneering Slytherin boy wearing nothing but a green silk robe. "Is this better, Potter?"

Wow. He even sounded like him. Harry rubbed his eyes. How did Dobby know who he was crushing on? This wasn't right, it really wasn't. And yet, he couldn't take his eyes off of Malfoy. He was here... in his bedroom. It seemed so real.

"I can't, Dobby. It wouldn't be right." His own voice was hushed, and he could feel himself growing hard under the sheet. Dobby noticed and took a step forward. He even moved like him. Harry gulped convulsively.

"It seems like your body disagrees with me. Call me Malfoy, Potter. Better yet, call me *Draco*." At this, he leaned down and whispered his name like an endearment in Harry's ear, and Harry was lost. He gripped the sheet as Draco's breath tickled his cheek. This was a dream come true. Well, almost.

Draco nibbled Harry's ear, and all of the fine hairs all over his body stood up on end. He suddenly felt electrified. This was better than anything he had imagined. He turned his head to meet Draco's kiss, and it was both soft and hard at the same time, demanding like he knew Draco would be. They both battled for dominance, neither one wanting to give up to the other, and Harry's lips curved into a smile. He reached up and felt the strands of hair that he had longed to touch. They were as soft as silk.

Draco growled and threw off the sheet that was covering Harry. He stripped the flimsy robe he had on, and in the scant light in the room, Harry could see that though Draco was thin, he was muscled and obviously strong. His body was better than Harry had imagined.

The bedsprings creaked as they accommodated Draco's weight. He straddled Harry, and Harry gasped as he felt his engorged cock brush against Draco's. The sensation brought stars to his eyes, and he whimpered. "Feels good," he whimpered. His hips started to thrust into Draco's, almost of their own accord.

"You like that, do you, Potter?" Draco said as he ground against him, earning a gasp. Then Draco snaked down Harry's form, and before Harry knew what was happening, he felt the delicious touch of what could only be lips on his member. He nearly arched off the bed with the pleasure of it. Indeed, just the idea alone that Draco Malfoy was giving him a blowjob nearly made him lose it. He concentrated on breathing so he didn't immediately embarrass himself. He felt wetness envelop him, and velvet heat, and then that magic tongue was nearly his undoing. He was close... so close... "Stop! Stop, Draco, I am going to come!" Harry panted, willing himself to hold on. His could hear his own voice, and it sounded ragged, like it belonged to someone else.

"So come." Draco smirked. "That's the point, Potter, isn't it?" His tone was mild, though, belying his words, and Harry ached.

"No, I want to come inside you." Harry would never have been able to say it, but obviously the time for embarrassment was long past, and he was desperate.

He could almost see Draco's eyebrow go up in the darkness. "Well, Potter, I never would have figured you for a top, but if that is what you want, then I am here for your pleasure." He spread his arms out as if to say, 'I am yours to do with what you will.'

Harry was on fire. So far he had been passive, but with the silent invitation Draco issued, he felt something break free, and he launched himself at the blond god. They kissed and rolled around on the bed, and as Harry had no other notion about how to go about doing this, he flipped Draco over on his stomach. He couldn't take much more, he really couldn't last.

He happened to have some lube on his nightstand, which he had been using for himself to make things more realistic, never imagining that this sort of instance would be occurring. He sent up a quick and fervent thank you to his lucky stars and then coated his fingers. He was not sure quite what to do, so he just did what came naturally, what he wanted to do, and if Draco's moans were any indication, he was doing just fine.

"Harry, do it, do it now!" Draco panted out, giving him some notion that he had prepared him enough.

Harry was as eager as Draco, and he lined up his prick with Draco's hole. It was so tight! He could hardly stand it. He worked it in gently, his breath hissing out. It felt so good; he knew he wouldn't last long. Draco paused a moment, then started rocking back towards him. "Give it to me! Harder!"

Harry slammed into Draco's ass with all he had. It felt so good; he felt the familiar sensation, and he knew he was close. He tried to think of anything else to distract himself. He could feel their rhythm and knew Draco was pulling on his own cock in time with their thrusts. The grunts they were making, in time, and the realization that he was fucking Draco Malfoy in the ass...Harry could feel his balls tighten, and his orgasm flooded out of him.

At the moment he felt himself coming, he felt a tingle of magic, and all of a sudden, he was buried balls deep not in Draco, but in Dobby. The confusion, the horror...it had to

be put on the back burner because his body was lost in a tide of undeniable pleasure, and he had to ride it out, jerking and twitching. They both were lost in their own twin gratifications for a moment, and then Harry felt sanity returning. And with it, rage.

"Dobby!" He stared at the disgusting sight of the house elf lying on his bed, sated and flushed, with come leaking out of him, and the revulsion rose up in his throat. He couldn't even cast a cleaning charm because they were outside of school grounds! Harry was nauseated. "You tricked me! That was a terrible thing to do!"

Dobby raised his head. "Dobby not trick Harry Potter. Dobby help Harry Potter. Now you are not a virgin any more." He nodded at him.

Harry shuddered. "You took advantage of me!" He couldn't help noticing the whine that had entered his voice.

Dobby sat up and waved his hand. They were both clean again. "Dobby sees that Harry Potter needs help. He a shy boy; he too afraid to ask for help when he needs it. He will never tell the people he likes that he needs them. Dobby find way for him to be happy for a short time. Why complain?"

Harry just stared at him. "How did you know I liked Draco? Why did you change at the last minute?"

Dobby looked at the floor. "Harry Potter Sir talks in his sleep." Then he looked up and looked directly at Harry. "Dobby wanted Harry Potter to remember who he was fucking for the first time. I got my wish, too." The little elf winked and disappeared.

Harry's mouth dropped open. He knew that nothing good could come of crushing on a Malfoy, but who knew it would lead to a night of shagging an elf?