Closets and Pleasure

As the night continued on, everyone wrote down the 2 people they wanted to see go to the closet on their piece of parchment. Some Witches and Wizards wrote themselves down with someone else, and the others wrote down pairs to mess with. Whispers wandered around the room about the anticipated pairs.

Draco finished collecting the post-it notes, mixing them up inside Hermione's magic bag that Harry supplied. He handed the bag over to Seamus. "You can be the keeper of the bag."

Seamus gladly took the bag, pulling it over himself, transfiguring it into a cross body. "Okay everyone it's time!" He stood up ontop of the coffee table. "Hermione come up and pick the first post it!" He leaned forward infront of her.

Everyone gathered around Seamus, anxious about the first pick.

Hermione ran up excitedly. "Thank you Seamus!" She smiled sweetly, sticking her hand in. She pulled out one that had very messy hand writing on it, handing it to Seamus.

Seamus turned it over, squinting as he tried to read. He instantly knew who wrote it, giggling at the penmanship. "The first pair to go in the closet is..." he paused for dramatic effect. "Pavarti and Terry!!!"

Padma lost it, laughing loudly at her sisters expense.

Pavarti sighed with anxiety as she headed to the closet with Terry close behind.

Terry stepped in last, sliding the door closed with a silent spell uttered after.

Meanwhile Dean and Ginny were already making out on the couch, a bowl of popcorn resting on her skirt.

"I'll take that!" Seamus swiped the popcorn bowl right as it started to fall. "Naughty children! Almost wasted cheddar popcorn!" He walked back to Ron.

"How long do you think they'll last?" Ron asked.

Seamus shrugged, stuffing his face with popcorn. "The closet is spelled to not open for atleast 7 minutes....after that they can get out so we'll see!" He chewed.

"I wonder who will get chosen next?" Harry joined in coming over with some butter beer in his cup.

"Oy! Where did you both go???" Seamus asked, wiggling his eyebrows.

Draco chuckled. "Oh stop that, we had to go warm up the bath for the next activity once this game is over."

"I hope it's not me who gets chosen! Keep me out of it!" Ron's voice cracked, leaning his head on Seamus's shoulder.

"What's the next game Draco?" Seamus asked, reaching behind him to rub Ron's stomach in comfort.

Ron blushed, pushing into Seamus's touch unashamed.

"No game! Just come and soak in the bath, I transfigured the bath so it has water jets." Draco mentioned. "I might just keep it that way after the party ends who knows?"

Harry handed Draco a cup of butter beer, kissing him. "You're such a good host."

"So are you." Draco kissed back.

The closet doors opened loudly, Pavarti running out with her hair messed up and dress wrinkled.

Terry stepped out moments later with lipstick kisses all over his neck with his hair stuck up on all sides.

Everyone whistled and woo'd at them, laughter following as everyone went back to their chatter and drinking.

Draco felt very tipsy at this point, looking at the grandfather clock to see it was 8pm. "Wow you guys were in there for a half hour!" He picked up the bag, handing it to Harry.

"Time to pick the next pair!" Harry announced, waiting for the room to become quiet.

"I want to pick next!" Pansy came up to Harry, Theodore behind her making sure she didn't misbehave. "Please?"

Harry nodded. "No funny buisness." He held the bag down to her. "Pick only one and hand it to me when you're done, mix it up good!"

Pansy dipped her hand into the opening, mixing them up with her fancy pointed green nails. She picked one, handing it to Harry.

Everyone gathered around to watch.

Harry took the note, giddy with anticipation. "Okay let's see what we got here." He flipped it over, freezing. His eyes widened as he read the pretty script. "Draco...you've been chosen." He looked up at him.

Draco smiled. "Alright let's go then!"

"N-No not with me..." Harry slowly said.

"Huh? With who then?" Draco looked around the room.

Harry's lips formed a large smirk. "Neville."

Everyone gasped, turning their attention to Neville sitting in the chair by the wall of books.

Draco's jaw hung open slightly. "No...no way." He clutched his jeans in his fingers, his lips curling in slight disgust.

Neville looked like he'd faint, pushing himself further into the recliner. "No Harry I refuse! He'll hex me!"

Harry couldn't help but laugh. "Neville, Draco wouldn't hex you." He walked over to Draco.

"Harry...this is atrocious it's Longbottom for Salazar sakes!" Draco growled, the thought of touching Neville making his stomach turn violently.

"It's fine Draco he's not that bad, if you don't do it you'll get jinxed and you saw how painful it looked." Harry crossed his arms with his big smirk still on his face. "What's it gonna be?" He asked, looking at him and then back at Neville.

Neville had gotten up, landing behind the recliner with a frightened expression.

Draco rolled his eyes, taking his time walking over to Neville. "Common Longbottom let's go." He held his hand out.

Neville stared at Draco's hand like it was going to bite him. "Don't!"

"Common I don't bite." Draco shook his hand, getting impatient.

"Bugger off!!!" Neville hissed, hiding more behind the recliner.

Draco glared, he had enough of this. "Alright that's it!" He yelled, going around the recliner, grabbing Neville by the back of his long messy hair. "Let's go!"

"Let go of me!!!" Neville yelped, trying to pull away but it just made Draco's hand grip his hair tighter. "Ahhh get off!!!"

Draco dragged Neville all the way across the room, firmly tossing him into the sliding mirror door of the closet.

Neville moved to the very back of the closet, accidentally cornering himself in the right side. "You stay away from me!"

"Shhhhh!!! Shut it!" Draco hissed, lifting his wand to cast a strong silencing charm and ward.

Neville cursed under his breath, looking around. "Why did you agree to this?!" He backed himself against a tower of sneakers boxes and tie rack.

Draco sighed heavily, cracking his neck, fingers, wrists and back in one annoyed movement. "Why must you insist on being so loud and obnoxious? Do you enjoy sounding like a crazy person???"

Neville glared so angrily that he wished daggers would fly out of his eyes.

Draco liked a challenge like this, missing the days he use to bully and push Neville around. But those days are over...be better than that he told himself, starting to walk towards him.

"No! No you stay over there!" Neville knocked over a box, no more room to move.

Draco smirked. "Why are you so afraid of me?" He asked lowly, coming closer. "Colloportus!" He did a wandless lock of the sliding doors.

Neville's heart wanted to jump out of his chest cavity, beating so hard he swore the whole room could hear it.

Draco was now only a few inches from Neville, reaching out with both hands.

Neville gasped as Draco's fingers wrapped around his wrists, instantly trying to rip them away. "Don't touch me!!!"

Draco held tightly around Neville's wrists, pinning him against the boxes. "Stop fighting, this is bloody ridiculous!!!"

"No!" Neville, pushed Draco backwards, accidentally causing them both to fall.

Draco crashed down on his back, wincing at the impact. He used the moment of shock to pin Neville on the carpeted floor of the closet. "Now that's enough! No more crazy!!!" He held down his wrists on each side.

Neville looked away, refusing to acknowledge Draco.

Draco leaned his whole body down on Neville. "You never answered my question." He said to Neville's ear.

Neville shuddered from the deep whisper, screwing his eyes shut. "You...you tortured me for years..."

Draco had a feeling that was why. "Would it help...if I said I'm sorry?"

Neville opened his eyes, turning his head. "You are?"

Draco nodded, letting go of Neville's wrists. "I was very angry...so I bullied alot of people..."

"Can you...you know, get off me?"

"Oh...yes okay." Draco rolled off Neville's hips, standing up. "Can you forgive me?" He asked, holding his hand down to him.

Neville started to reach for Draco's hand, stopping inches away. "What if this is a trick?" He hesitated.

"Oh stop that." Draco grabbed Neville's hand, pulling him to his feet.

"Why should I forgive you???" Neville glared. "7 years of bullying and I'm just suppose to forget that?"

"No...but things have changed now...I've changed." Draco admitted, remembering they were in a closet. "You know we're supposed to..."

Neville's eyes widened. "What?!"

Draco smirked. "Unbutton your jeans."

"What?! NO!!!"

"I know the reason Luna broke up with you."

"No you don't!"

"Yes I do."

Neville pushed Draco.

"Oy! Not so rough that's no way to start!" Draco joked lightly as he caught himself before he fell.

"Shut up! There's no way you know what happened!" Neville challenged.

"Oh yeah? She wouldn't go down on you would she? Wasn't ready? You pushed her too much." Draco glared slightly at the thought.

Neville backed up against the wall. "How did you..."

"I pick up on alot of things, plus if you remember at the last party you told everyone about wanting it." Draco explained, coming closer.

"Wait...w-what are you doing?!" Neville backed against the wall, his heart in his throat.

Draco was inches from Neville's face. "I'll ask again...unbutton your jeans." He tapped his finger against the metal button.

Neville glared at Draco, but it was calmer than the last few glances. "If you hex me I'll-"

"You'll what? Turn me into a shrub?" Draco mocked, dropping to his knees.

Neville swallowed hard, staring down at Draco. He bit his lip as he shakily brought his hands to the front of his jeans.

Draco watched Neville fumble with his pants, rolling his eyes. "Oh for fuck sakes." He smacked his hands away, unzipping them.

"Malfoy!" Neville scoffed, feeling scandalized, blushing bright red as his jeans fell to the carpet.

"What? I know what a dick looks like I happen to have one!" He reached for Neville's elastic.

Neville smacked Draco's hand.

Draco growled in irritation. "Look, if you smack me one more time I'll get up and let the sting jinx happen." He started to get back up.

"Wait!" Neville put his hand out. "Sorry its just..." he looked away.

"Is having Draco Malfoy on his knees too much for you?" Draco referred to himself in 3rd person for dramatic effect, shrugging as he looked up.

"N-No! Well yes, you know I've never..." Neville struggled to say it.

"Whatever happens at the party stays at the party...that's always the rule." Draco reassured, kneeling a bit closer.

Neville looked up to see some hangers, reaching up to hold on. "What are you going to do to me?"

Draco looked up as he pulled Neville's boxers down. "What you've been wanting." He moved in, placing his hands on Neville's hips.

Neville threw his head back with a surprises gasp, Draco's lips engulfed his whole length. His hands shook as they held tightly around the metal hangers, his bangs falling over his eyes. "M-Mmmm!!!"

Draco looked up at Neville's strangled sounds, licking the tip. "Don't hold it in, there's a silencing charm on the closet." He sucked back down, beginning to slowly bob his head.

Neville smacked his back against the wall, bringing his hands down at his sides. "M-Malfoy you're mouth i-is uhh!" He couldn't speak it felt so good, he tried to hold onto the wall to steady himself.

Draco reached up to relocate Neville's hands to his shoulders, allowing him to touch and hold on. He pushed his lips down to the base, sucking back up gently, repeating the motion as he looked up at him.

Neville was flabbergasted at what was happening, watching Draco Malfoy on his knees...sucking his cock willingly. He's sucking me...it feels so good! His tongue is licking my...oh god!

Draco allowed himself to get lost in the eye contact between them at this very intimate moment. He squeezed his fingers against Neville's milky thighs, sucking his cock slower, bobbing his head backwards and forwards.

Neville moaned sweetly at the swipes of Draco's tongue, the tightness of his lips that sucked him. "Malfoy! Uhh please!" He begged, unsure what he was begging for, his knees trembling.

Draco widened Neville's stance, spreading his thighs further apart, licking the head of his shaft. "How does it feel Longbottom?" He asked, sucking the tip between his lips.

"So good! So...uhh I'm so close!" Neville panted with his mouth open, squeezing Draco's shoulders.

Draco sucked deeper, faster, humming around Neville. The head of his cock rubbed on the top of his pallet, pushing deeper till it touched the back of his throat.

Neville leaned his head back, moaning at each new movement of Draco's lips and tongue. "Malfoy I'm going t-to-uhhh!!!"

Draco pulled away just in time, dodging Neville's come shot. He slowly pumped him till it stopped, politely licking him clean.

Neville sunk down the wall, his arse crashing to the carpet.

Draco looked at how frazzled and dazed he made Neville feel, smiling a very smug grin as he stood to his feet. "I would say that was a very successful turn!" He yanked Neville to his feet by his collar.

Neville almost fell back down as he stiffly pulled his clothes back on. "Why are my legs numb?" He wobbled a bit.

Draco smirked as he put his hand on the latch. "Because I'm that good, you didn't even get half of what I can do." He winked, opening the door first.

"Wait!"

Draco swung his head around. "What now Longbottom?"

Neville came over to him. "Call me Neville." He walked out first.

Draco felt a smile creep in the corners of his lips, shaking it off. He walked out to find Harry, getting tons of ooo's and teasing.

Harry handed Draco a full cup of superior red. "How was it???" He poked him in the ribs. "Hmm?" He grinned.

Draco took the cup, taking a big swig. "No talking, I need to get the taste of Neville out of my mouth." He proceeded to drink his wine.

Harry blushed with a giggle, joining Draco as they drank. "Ron!"

Ron came over already drunk with Seamus behind him. "Harry! Who's going next?"

"Would you like to do the honors?" Harry held up the bag. "We have time for one left!"

Ron ran up. "Sure!" He took the bag, going over to the coffee table to start. "Hey guys! It's time for the last pair of the game!"

Everyone came over, crowding around Ron.

"Dean! Want to pick???" Ron chose him, holding it out to him.

Dean came up with Ginny and Hermione, sticking his hand in. He mixed it around, pulling one out.

Ron took it, flipping it over. "Oh wow." He looked over the crowd. "Hermione and Pansy."

Gasps traveled as everyone looked at the two girls.

Hermione looked at Pansy a few bodies away, smiling nervously.

Pansy came over to Hermione, taking her hand. "Come with me?" She asked, squeezing her hand.

Hermione nodded. "Lead the way."

Pansy grinned, taking Hermione over to the closet. Hermione went inside with her, closing the sliding door behind them.

Harry stumbled. "Let's go sit." He refilled Draco's cup and his own. "I'm drunk."

Draco felt the warmth in his body. "Me too, to the couch!!!"

Harry bounced onto the couch cushions, pulling Draco with him. "You're so sexy." He slurred, kissing him.

Draco giggled. "You are very drunk." He kissed back, pulling Harry into his long legged lap. He set their cups on the side table. "You've definitely had enough.

Harry stuck his tongue out. "Mean." He leaned his back against Draco's chest.

"No not mean, I just don't want to deal with you all night with your head in the toilet." Draco tickled Harry ribs, sticking his fingers under his arms.

"No stop!" Harry laughed. "Okay! Alright I won't drink any more!"

"Good boy." Draco kissed Harry's hair, pushing his face into his locks. "I love you."

Harry pushed into Draco further, turning his head to kiss him. "I love you too."

"Get a room love birds!!!" Seamus slurred, leaning over the top of the couch to leer at them both.

"Oh shut up Seamus!" Harry hiccuped, throwing a pillow at Seamus.

"Never!" Seamus laughed, catching the pillow. "I wish we could see what was going on in the closet! It's been over 10 minutes already!"

Draco shook his head. "No I don't wanna see that." He made a face. "Not into girls like that."

"I do!" Harry laughed with Seamus.

"Oh common Draco no matter if you're gay or not, its hot to watch girls make out." Seamus teased, throwing the pillow back.

Pansy and Hermione came out, looking very disheveled and giggly.

Draco detached himself from Harry, waving his wand to clean up all the cups and trash from the first half of the party. "Who wants to go? It's getting late but we don't end till midnight! The next half will be in the bathroom, we have the bath transfigured into a hot tub with more alcohol and snacks!"

Padma and Pavarti stood up with a nod. "We will go, but we had a good time!" Padma smiled. "We always enjoy the time we hang out with you guys." Pavarti said secondly.

"We will miss you both." Draco waved goodbye.

"I'm heading out too!" Dean yawned. "Ginny are you staying?" He asked sleepily.

Ginny shook her head. "I want to get an early start tomorrow so I should turn in too."

Harry stumbled as he got up, trying so sober himself a bit. "Please be careful going back to your houses! Don't want anything to give us a-away!" He slurred slightly.

"We won't! We'll all go separately so we don't raise suspicion!" Ginny reassured.

After everyone split off that didn't want to stay, the ones who stayed helped clean up the main room.

Draco was relieved the number of people diminished, smiling at Harry being so intoxicated. He's very loose when he's drunk...I need to drink more I'm not drunk enough!

Continue reading next part ☐