



The Next Steps

Ron was sleeping in instead of going to breakfast, dreaming of his youth before all the death and destruction. He rolled onto his back, wincing from the violent memories that unfolded in his dream. He started to sweat as he begged his body to wake up.

Seamus crawled into Ron's bed at the sounds of distress, wiping the sweat from his forehead. "Ron you're having a bad dream." He nudged him, pulling the covers o as he fanned him with an old magazine.

Ron didn't wake from the so voice that pleaded to him, groaning in his sleep.

Seamus sighed, thinking quickly of the ways he could wake Ron without using a spell or causing any shock. He looked around to find everyone had dispersed to their own activities, leaving them alone. Well there's one idea...hmmm...

Ron whined in his sleep as he heard the screams of Hermione being tortured, squeezing his fists from the distress inside his mind. "N-No!" Seamus pushed himself under the covers, disappearing under them.

Ron's body quivered as his nightmare slowly started to fade, replaced with something strange. It was warm and light, almost as if he could feel himself tingle in his sleep. This feels...so good!he moaned in his sleep, noticing in his dream that the feeling of dread had turned into pure bliss and pleasure.

2 minutes later...

Ron slowly started to wake, feeling extremely good, unsure what was happening. He came to, looking down to see something moving under the sheets. "Whaaa???" He questioned, pulling the blankets up.

Seamus looked up at Ron, his mouth wrapped around the top half of his cock.

Ron's eyes widened comically as he dropped the blanket, arching his head back into his pillow. "Seamus!" He moaned, nervously looking around.

Seamus went all the way down to the base, sucking slowly as he enjoyed licking and bobbing his head. "Mmmm." He moaned, sending vibrations to Ron's cock.

Ron reached for his wand, spelling the curtains closed, followed by a silencing charm. "Shit!" He inhaled sharply, reaching his hands under the blanket to grab handfuls of Seamus's hair.

Seamus took his time, sucking on just the head of Ron's cock, swirling his tongue around the sides and slit of the tip.

Ron pushed Seamus's head back down, spreading his legs open. "Don't stop!" He begged.

Seamus smiled around Ron's cock, humming in agreement. He went back to sucking all of Ron's cock, squeezing tightly at the fat of Ron's spread thighs.

Ron licked his lips at the continuous pleasure of Seamus's hot mouth, moaning unashamed at the wetness of his tongue lapping at the underside of his cock. "Oh fuck! What a way to wake up!" He moaned high pitched, placing his hands on Seamus shoulders.

Seamus slowed down, torturing Ron with his tongue. He moved his hand down to gently cup his balls, rubbing his thumb over the middle. His other hand pushed under him, teasing the tip of his finger around Ron's ass.

Ron was close to coming, whimpering and moaning each time Seamus went back down. He rubbed the back of his neck, trying desperately not to truth up against his face. "I'm so close!"

Seamus looked up at Ron as he pushed a finger inside his hole, running it over his prostate.

Ron locked eyes with Seamus as he came with a loud groan, holding his shoulders tightly.

Seamus gagged as he swallowed all of Ron's pleasure, continuing to suck on him slowly. He kept eye contact as he ever so lightly licked the head of his cock.

Ron was so sensitive, whining at the intense swipes of Seamus's tongue. "Too much! Don't do that!" He pleaded.

"I like hearing you beg." Seamus sucked his lips over the tip.

"Seamus please! Ahh!!!!" Ron threw his head back, grabbing the sheets. It felt so good, but his vision flashed white. I'll come again if he does that! "S-Stop!" He moaned.

Seamus gave Ron one last lick, sitting up as he wiped his mouth. "I'll stop for now, but I'll pick up where I le o later." He winked, disappearing behind the curtains as he le.

Ron took a shaky breath as he sat up, looking down at himself. He was still dripping, moaning as he pulled his boxers back up. "Bloody hell!" He felt over-stimulated, as his legs wobbled as he got up. He wanted Seamus to show him more, but the reality of what came next...he didn't know how to ask.

Harry sat on the bed with Draco, staring at him. He heard the word second yet he thought that's what they'd been doing for weeks.

"Harry?" Draco asked a er a long period of blank staring.

"Haven't we been having sex?" Harry asked finally, putting his hand on Draco's knee.

Draco's groin twitched at the vision of their sexual life. "Yes well..." he moved closer, kissing Harry's cheek. "I want more." He said lowly.

Harry's eyes widened at this, blushing like a forest fire. "M-More? You mean?"

"Yes." Draco kissed Harry's lips, pushing him backwards.

Harry fell to his back, letting Draco overpower him. "Al the way?" He gasped, a hand intruding in his pants.

Draco climbed ontop, reaching inside Harry's briefs. "I want us to be together." He wrapped his fingers around his cock. "I want to fuck you." He whispered in his ear, slowly starting to pump him.

Harry inhaled with a moan, unable to move. His whole body tingled at how erotic Draco was being. "You do?" He struggled to say, his cock hard as a rock inside his fingers.

Draco pulled Harry's hair in his free hand that wrapped around him, admiring the tan skin of his neck. "Do you want me to?" He asked seductively, licking the tender flesh down to his collarbone.

Harry squeaked, thrusting into Draco's hand that pumped his cock torturous and slow. "We've never uhhh talked about it b-before." He took in a shaky breath.

Draco pulled his hand out to unbutton Harry's pants, zipping them. "You're so beautiful Harry Potter." He took his wand out as he pulled o his pants and briefs, spelling lube on his fingers and Harry's cock.

Harry moaned when Draco took hold of his cock again, his whole hand pumping him all slippery and hot. "You're driving me crazy!"

"Let's talk now." Draco pumped slower, feeling each inch of Harry's wet cock in his fingers. "Do you want to have sex with me?"

Harry chuckled with a light moan. "I do b-but!!!!" He got interrupted by kisses to his inner thigh. "Draco I do want to have sex with you uh!"

Draco got comfortable between Harry's legs, pulling his shirt o. "I'd love to feel your insides around my cock." He whispered roughly, spreading his thighs apart.

Harry trembled as Draco's tongue slipped down to his balls. "W-wait! What if I don't want that?"

Draco li ed his head with a raised brow. "You don't want to have sex?" He asked nervously, forgetting his hand was still pumping Harry's dick.

Harry sat up half way with his arms holding him up behind him. "No that's not what I said."

Draco gaped at Harry completely confused.

Harry took the moment of pause to switch control, pinning Draco on his back. "I want to have sex." He pushed his lips against Draco's, quickly slipping his tongue inside. "With you."

Draco moaned into Harry's lips, enjoying the sexy kissing. Their tongues met with need. "But that's what I asked you." He mu led, melting into his lips with each kiss.

Harry pulled apart, taking his hand to the back of Draco's head. "Draco." He kissed him again, threading his fingers in his so silver hair. "I want to have sex...with you" He said lowly.

Draco's face changed as he got it. "You want to fuck me?" He blinked a few times, swallowing hard. "Me as the...bottom."

"Does that bother you?" Harry moved away to sit up, looking a bit hurt.

Draco sat up. "N-No it's just...we've never done this before. I'm honestly very nervous."

Harry sighed, thinking back to his relationship with Ginny. "I've never had sex either, but I know I wouldn't want to have it with anyone but you." He took Draco's hand. "I love you, I want to make you feel good."

Draco bit his lip out of anxiety. "Seamus said it hurts...I don't do well with pain." He looked at his hands in his lap.

Harry smiled when he figured out why Draco was worried. "Seamus told me that too." He moved closer. "I'd be gentle...I don't bite."

"Umm...I don't know Harry...that's asking alot..." Draco was very curious how this whole thing flipped to him being the one on the bottom. Dominance...submission...what do I do??? The first time will shape our relationship...

Harry climbed ontop of Draco, pulling his hands above his pretty silver hair. "I know we haven't talked about this yet." He bent down to so ly kiss Draco's lips. "But you know I'd never hurt you."

"Can I have time? To think about it?" Draco asked, his head spinning with fear and arousal that seemed to be loaded with confusion.

Harry smiled, rubbing his thumbs against Draco's wrists. "You can take all the time you need, I've been thinking about this as well."

Draco slowly started relaxing again, searching Harry's face for any unannounced disappointment. "Are you sure?"

"Of course...this is exactly what I wanted to talk about a er the party, I love you Draco you have nothing to worry about." Harry whispered against his lips, kissing him.

Draco didn't agree, there was so much to worry about. This was new, but more importantly Harry had shown dominance in wanting to be the top. What should I do? I gotta talk to Seamus, he'll know what to do!He thought to himself.

Harry deepened the kiss, squeezing Draco's wrists tightly as he pressed his body down on him.

Draco gasped as Harry's tongue roughly invaded his mouth, his still hard cock pressing against his groin. "Harry!" He moaned.

"I could kiss you for hours," Harry kissed down Draco's neck, nibbling his collarbone. "I'm going to undress you."

Draco li ed his hips up as Harry's hands pulled down his pants and briefs, kissing his stomach and abdomen.

"Take o your shirt," Harry looked up as he stroked every inch of Draco's skin he could get to.

Draco obeyed, pulling his shirt over his head. What is he doing? Something seems...di erent...

Harry took the rest of his clothes o, gripping the sides of Draco's ribs. "Turn over." He ordered, roughly kissing the sides of Draco's sides.

Draco raised a brow. "You're acting weird...why?" Draco turned halfway on a side.

Harry pushed Draco on his stomach. "I'm fine, don't worry."

Draco pushed back, swatting away Harry's hand. "Harry!"

Harry moved away. "What's wrong???"

Draco felt Harry's magic swirl around him. "Are you...are you trying to make me submit?" He asked with a glare.

"N-No! Well...maybe a little." Harry pursed his lips, not truly realizing he was acting that way. "I didn't mean to..."

Draco got out of bed, grabbing a pocket T-shirt and ripped jeans. "I'm not mad but...I need to go take a walk." He slipped his briefs back on, changing into fresh clothes. "I'll see you a er lunch."

"Draco please...I don't want you to feel upset." Harry pulled the covers over himself. "Let's talk about this."

Draco put on socks and his silver hightops. "I am not upset...I just need a walk okay???"

Harry sighed. "Alright...I'll go hang out with Ron and Hermione then." He tried to smile, but he felt guilty. "I really didn't mean to do this."

Draco nodded, walking out silently with the door closing behind him. He took a breath, instantly running down the Dungeon Hallways.

Harry clutched the blankets in his hands as he stared at the closed door. It took him a few minutes to get up and get dressed, lost for words. I took it too far...I need advice. Who do I even ask? Who knows Draco better than I do!He asked himself, grabbing his wand on the way out.

Draco ran all the way to the quidditch field without looking back, stopping to catch his breath when he got there. "Accio broom!!!" He summoned with his wand pointed to the sky.

A few moments later his new Nimbus broom came darting towards Draco in a flash of silver.

Draco took a moment to admire his custom broom, only to hop on seconds later with a quick rush upwards. He go into the seating on the Slytherin side, plopping down where he usually sat.

A good 10 minutes into sitting and stewing, Draco was regretting coming out in a T-shirt when it was overcast and cold. There wasn't any noise or movement as the minutes ticked on, his teeth started to chatter.

Draco raised a brow as he looked down at the entrance to the field, someone was speed walking down on the grass. He walked down a few seats, peering over the edge.

Seamus walked to the wall, looking up at Draco with a shake of his head. "Are you da ?! It's freezing out here!!!" He yelled up to him.

Draco laughed. "Seamus??? What are you doing out here!!?" He yelled down, holding himself in chilly regret.

Seamus took his wand out. "Accio Draco's broom!"

The broom slowly flew down to Seamus's side, almost as if it hesitated.

Seamus sat on the broom sideways, carefully riding upwards. "Looney Draco have you been drinking Luna's tea???" He snapped lightly, stepping o.

Draco scoo ed. "I have not! I'm not a nutter! I'm just a bit...freaked out." He walked back up to the back row, sitting down.

"And cold!" Seamus chuckled, unshrinking a flu y red blanket from his pocket. "If you get sick you'll miss Hogsmeade!" He walked up to Draco, wrapping him up as he sat next to him. "What's got you so shook up that you'd run here?"

Draco so ended at the kind gesture. "I had a very scary moment...but I feel like I may be overreacted a bit?"

"Well what happened?" Seamus scooted a bit closer.

"I told Harry I wanted to have sex, that I wanted to have sex with him." Draco explained. "But Harry flipped it on me and said he didn't want that...that he wanted to have sex withme!" Draco covered himself up to his neck under the blanket.

"Okay...what's the issue then?" Seamus asked with a smirk.

"Oy! I'm not taking it up the arse!" Draco protested dramatically.

Seamus laughed loudly, patting Draco on the back. "Wait wait...so you wanted to be the Top? But Harry does too? What else happened?"

Draco shuddered. "Well a er he talked to me about it I said I'd have to think about it...but then he started getting rough and...dominant," he said the word in an embarrassing tone.

"Still don't know why you are so resistant, you don't want to be stuck so hard you don't remember how to speak???" He wiggled his brows as he mimicked the motions of the trusting and pushing forward.

Draco brought a hand out of the blanket to cover his face, blushing profusely. "Bloody Seamus!!!!"

Seamus just sat back down laughing. "All seriousness now okay?" His giggles slowly subsided. "Honestly Draco being fucked is no di erent than fucking, both people get o and pleased!" He shrugged.

"You said it hurts!" Draco yelled. "Nobody dominates Draco Malfoy!" Seamus laughed even louder. "We need to talk about roles."

"Roles? Relationship roles?" Draco asked, unsure of the word.

Seamus nodded. "Like who's in control sexually, who is the dominant? Maybe Harry started acting dominant because you talked about sex."

Draco thought about it, realizing they hadn't talked about it. "We've both been taking turns a little..."

"Ohhh well that explains it! You haven't taken any role in your sexual life yet." Seamus assumed. "Is that right?"

Draco nodded nervously. "My whole life I've been pushed around by my family, bullied a er the war...I don't do well being under someone else's control...it makes me uncomfortable." He shrugged. "I always assumed that I'd be the dominant when the time came but...the way Harry acted..."

Seamus leaned into Draco. "You're scared...aren't you?" He turned his head to look at him.

Draco looked over, caught o guard by Seamus meeting his eye contact. "Seamus...what do I do?"

Seamus sighed heavily, thinking. "Well I know I'll always be a bottom because I need the dominance, I know I need that force and guidance..." he smiled, leaning his head on Draco's. "But if you feel you can't be the Submissive, you need to tell Harry...its not fair for you to make him feel like he did something bad."

Draco's eyes wandered around the field as he searched his feelings, returning Seamus's sigh. "You're right. I shouldn't have le..."

Seamus stood up, pulling Draco to his feet. "Let's get you back inside before you freeze."

Draco stuck a hand out, summoning his broom. He lowered them both back down, walking back to the castle, talking about the trip to Hogsmeade on Monday.

Harry wound up ditching his plans to hang out with Hermione and Ron, winding up in front of the Slytherin common room passage.

Harry stood there motionless, squeezing his fists closed. Why am I even here? This was stupid!e thought to himself, turned around to leave.

Just as Harry turned around, Pansy came outside. "Potter?" She asked, surprised to see him. "What are you doing here?"

Harry sighed, turning around to face Pansy. "I actually came to talk to you."

Pansy raised her brows. "You don't like me, why should I believe you want to talk to me about anything???"

Harry rolled his eyes, burying his hands in the pockets of his sweatshirt. "It's about Draco."

Pansy's face lit up. "What's going on? Is he hurt?" She took a step forward.

"Oh, no no he's fine but...I think I did something bad, but I'm not sure. Can we talk?" Harry asked, pleading for her to listen. "Please?"

Pansy crossed her arms, tapping her foot. "What's in it for me?" She asked with a glare, unsure if she could trust him.

Harry reached in hand inside his jeans, taking a thin bottle from the ripped pocket. "You can have this as payment."

Pansy's eyes grew wide with a grin, looking at the potion in Harry's hand. "Veritaserum huh? Okay! Deal, get in here Potter!" She gripped his sleeve in her hand, pulling him into the common room.

Harry allowed Pansy to pull him to the couch closest to the big fireplace. "I might have made Draco upset."

Pansy pushed Harry to sit down on the couch, throwing some logs into the fireplace. "Incendio!!!" She chanted, lighting the fire.

"What did you do Potter?" Pansy sat in the recliner across from Harry.

"You know we've been...intimate yes?" Harry blushed.

"Yes, yes that's what Draco told me when I dosed him with Veritaserum." Pansy smirked. "What about it?"

"He told me he wants to have sex with me...and I told him I didn't want that." Harry cleared his throat. "I said I wanted to have sex with him."

Pansy's jaw hung open slightly. "Sex? Like intercourse?"

"I'm only telling you this because I don't know who else to talk to to...you know Draco better than I do." Harry swallowed, nervous of what she'd say.

Pansy smirked. "You know that Lucius use to beat Draco right?"

Harry raised a brow. "Yes I know...wait what does that have to do with what I just told you?"

"Well I'm assuming Draco acted badly towards you wanting to fuck him yes?" Pansy smirked even harder.

Harry was confused as to how she knew. "Yes he did, he said he was going to think about everything and that's when he le to take a walk." He shrugged. "How did you know he reacted badly?"

"He never truly had control when he lived with his Father...being forced to have blind obedience from his family really messed him up...Draco doesn't like being controlled..." Pansy explained.

"So that's why he...wait why would that matter between him and I? I'd never take advantage of him he knows that." Harry shook his head. "I wouldn't hurt him."

"Does he really know that Potter? You're the first functional relationship he's ever had of any sort." Pansy started to say. "It takes alot for Draco to truly trust someone...giving himself up like that won't happen."

Harry sunk into the couch cushions. "I never thought about this...so he's upset because he couldn't be in control...I hope I didn't scare him..."

"Just let it go Potter, give him control! Hasn't he been in charge since you started dating?" Pansy questioned.

"That's the thing...we sort of take turns in the moment, this is the first time that we've run into this problem." Harry continued. "I'm so used to being in charge, being the one to guide someone else I guess...I didn't think it would be any di erent."

"So you've been flip flopping sexually? That's good but, this is where that ends." Pansy said gently. "From this point on, control will always be Draco's until he chooses to change that."

Harry made a nervous face, fiddling with his fingers in his lap.

Pansy shook her head. "Poor golden boy has to give up control, such a tragedy!" She mocked.

"Oy!" Harry threw a decorative pillow at Pansy. "It's not funny! I don't know what to do now..." he frowned.

"Be Draco's Submissive." Pansy said bluntly, like it was the most normal thing to say.

Harry's eyes widened at the response. "You mean...oh god." His face flushed to his ears, burning at the thought. "Bloody hell Pansy." He covered his face.

"I'm serious! Let Draco be with you...he needs this. He needs you to give him the control he craves." Pansy truly wanted Harry to know this, no matter how she felt about him, she cared more for Draco. "I'm telling you this to help you make the right choice...be there for him in the way he needs you to be."

Harry was very overwhelmed at this, but he knew Pansy was right.

"Why are you telling me this?"

Pansy smiled genuinely. "We may not like each other Potter, but we have Draco to think about and care for. So I may not like you, but the least I can do is help you."

Harry sighed with a half smile. "Alright, thank you Parkinson."

"Call me Pansy Potter it's silly to use last names." Pansy said with a raise of her chin.

"Okay...Pansy, I guess I have alot to think about." Harry responded.

"Hopefully you take my advice and make the right choice, for the both of you." Pansy crossed her ankles, sitting properly. "He loves you, it's easy to see."

Harry smiled at the compliment, wondering if he misjudged Pansy. "Thank you for your time." He said calmly, standing.

"Don't make it a habit Potter! Now leave before someone sees us together." Pansy picked up a book, waving him to leave.

Harry rolled his eyes playfully, leaving the common room. There was alot he had to think about, the walk back to the room. I have to be sensitive to Draco's needs, it's not just about me anymore...