

## anything & everything

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# anything & everything

by [exarite](#)

## Summary

"If you do own me, then you can have me anytime. Anywhere. That's how it works, right?"

"Anytime?" Tom asked. His lip twitched, curling into a dark smile. "And what am I allowed to do to you?"

"Anything," Harry promised. "Everything."

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Featuring Sugar Daddy Tom and Trophy Husband Harry. Tom takes very good care of him, and in return, Harry gives him blanket consent.

Of course, Tom's curious as to just how far he can push Harry's limits.

## Notes

huuuge thanks to StarsAndHeavyRain for the beta <3333 much love!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

# Chapter 1

"I have plenty of my own money, you know," Harry pointed out.

"I know," Tom said, not even looking up as he flipped a page on the Daily Prophet. The picture on the front page waved at Harry and Harry made a face back in response.

"You don't need to keep buying me things," Harry continued, holding out the fine dragon-hide gloves Tom had just given him. They were supple to the touch, obviously expensive, which was a shame since Harry was just going to scratch them up in Quidditch.

"I enjoy buying you things," Tom said simply. He looked up then and raised an eyebrow. "I enjoy taking care of you."

Harry flushed at that and looked back down at his new leather gloves. He touched them reverently. They really were quite nice.

"Do you want me to return that?"

"No," Harry immediately answered, pulling it back and scowling. "They're mine."

Tom smirked. "I *do* enjoy seeing you wear the things I bought you. It's almost as enjoyable as seeing you wear my clothes."

Harry paused at that, and then a sly smile curled up his lips. He inched closer towards the older man and tilted his head, fluttering his eyelashes in an over-exaggerated motion.

"You buy me clothes," he stated, and Tom frowned.

"I do."

"You take me on expensive vacations."

"...I do."

"You feed me," Harry continued, slowly closing the gap between them. Tom watched him in amusement, already putting aside his paper. Harry slipped into his lap, draping his arms over Tom's shoulders, and Tom automatically held onto his waist, his hands warm and firm. The beginnings of arousal curled in Harry's gut. "You take such *very* good care of me."

Harry's voice was low and overtly sultry, his smile mischievous now.

"Are you my *sugar daddy*, Mr. Riddle?"

Tom's eyebrows shot up to his forehead in genuine surprise before he smirked.

"Well," he said, playing along, his hands slipping underneath Harry's shirt to splay his hands out over Harry's side. "I *am* 12 years older than you. And you're right, I do all those things."

"So are you?" Harry asked, grinning down at him.

"The real question is," Tom said, tilting his face up to brush his lips against Harry's neck. Harry tilted his head to the side, and Tom nipped at his jaw, mouth hot and wet. He pressed a kiss to the curve of Harry's ear, and whispered into it, "are you my baby?"

Harry laughed and pulled away as he shivered. "Oh, that's weird," he said, rubbing at his ear where Tom's mouth had been. "People *do* think I'm just your trophy husband though."

"Shame on them," Tom smirked. "That's their problem."

He reached up with one hand to brush his knuckles against Harry's cheek, tenderly almost. His eyes were dark, and Harry swallowed at the lust in them.

"I do take very good care of you, don't I?" Tom mused out loud. Harry nodded silently, leaning into Tom's hand on his face, and settling into the older man's lap, thighs on either side. "I take very good care of my things, in general."

"Are you trying to say you own me?" Harry asked, laughing. He couldn't deny the low heat that burned in him at his own words.

"Don't I?" Tom teased. "Everything you're wearing right now I paid for."

Harry swallowed. There was a tension in the air now, thick and heavy around them, and Harry felt his cock twitch in his pants—that Tom did, in fact, buy him. His shirt felt tight on him, a heavy reminder of the truth in Tom's words.

"I should be allowed to take them back or to tell you to take them off," Tom said. He wasn't completely teasing now, Harry could tell. He sounded intent, obsessive in that way he sometimes got, and Harry licked his lips. He inched closer, settling in right over Tom's hardening erection.

Tom's grip tightened around his waist, his hand at Harry's face curling down to wrap at the back of his neck. Heavy. Almost like a collar. Harry had to stop himself from whimpering.

"If you do own me..." Harry said, and trailed off, his face hot. Tom waited with his hand on Harry's neck, warm and firm. Harry swallowed. "If you do own me, then you can have me anytime. Anywhere. That's how it works, right?"

"Anytime?" Tom asked. His lip twitched, curling into a dark smile. Harry's breath stuttered and he looked down, bashful, his whole neck and chest warm now too. "And what am I allowed to do to you?"

Tom nudged his chin up and Harry met his eyes through his eyelashes, expression coy.

"Anything," Harry promised. "Everything."

Tom chuckled lowly and pulled him in down for a kiss, slow and languid. Harry moaned into his mouth, his grip tightening on Tom's shoulders as he closed his eyes. Tom's mouth was slick and warm against his own, hungry, his tongue greedy.

They pulled away from each other, Harry panting in the space between them.

"You're going to regret saying that," Tom told him, amused, and Harry laughed.

"You promise?" he asked, and Tom grinned, wide and pleased before he drew Harry back into another kiss.

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Their conversation lay at the back of Harry's mind the next few days, but Tom did nothing about it. Their sex life stayed much the same with brief bouts of passionate love-making when they were both free, Tom from his political duties and social maneuverings, and Harry from Quidditch practice and whatnot.

Harry could almost believe that Tom had simply just forgotten about it, preoccupied as he was with the recent bill he was trying to push through. And yet...he couldn't dismiss the intensity of Tom's gaze, the way Tom was so obviously into Harry's suggestion of anything and everything, anytime and anywhere. But after a week of nothing, even Harry had let it go to be brought back up when Tom wasn't so busy.

It was easy, especially when whispers of the Quidditch World Cup started to pop up. It was held every four years but Qualifying Rounds started 2 years before the Tournament Proper, and Teams were picked a year before that.

When the manager of the English National Quidditch Team owed him with a request for a Floo call, Harry excitedly agreed.

"Would you like to play for England, Mr. Potter?"

"I would be honored to play for England," Harry immediately said, a wide smile breaking out across his face. The last time they had been looking for players, Harry had only been 15. It's been 4 years since then, and Harry was now well established in the British and Irish Quidditch League. He was the only proper choice for Seeker, the Quidditch tabloids had said, with his 2-year-straight run of catching the snitch in every game.

A superb performance, especially if you took into account how he'd only been playing for those 2 years, a rookie among the more experienced players.

"The World Cup is still 3 years off of course," Denison Frisby—former Keeper, now Manager of the English National Quidditch Team—said. He was squatting down in front of the fireplace, and still, Harry had to look up from where his head was in the Floo. "But we'd love to have you practice with the team, get a feel."

Harry opened his mouth to respond, but the sensation of hands on his hips stopped him. They moved to his front and unbuttoned his trousers.

“Er,” he said, suddenly flustered, his face heating up. He wondered if he could pass it off as a result of the green flames of the Floo, but probably not. “Give me a few seconds, Mr Frisby.”

He pulled his head out of the fireplace and whirled around to glare at his lover, hand flying out to stop the steady advance of his trousers down his hips.

“*Tom*,” he hissed. “I’m talking to the English Team’s Manager!”

“I know,” Tom said coolly. He raised an eyebrow and motioned towards the fireplace. “Go ahead, I’m not stopping you.”

Harry stared at him in disbelief, his face hot. He squeaked when Tom yanked his trousers and underwear down to his thighs, his ass and cock exposed to the cool air, and squirmed in embarrassment at Tom’s dark, heavy gaze.

“Tom...” he said plaintively, but Tom only smirked at him.

“Anytime, anywhere, right?”

Harry swallowed. Of course Tom hadn’t forgotten. It was naive for Harry to think so. Slowly, he nodded.

He ducked his head back into the fireplace, painfully aware of his position on his hands and knees. It was temptation personified for Tom, easy access for anything he wanted to do to Harry.

“Where were we?” He asked. Behind him, Tom rubbed at the rim of his asshole, his dry thumb pushing, pulling, nudging its way inside to spread him open. Harry’s toes curled and he forced a smile up at the man.

“Ah yes, practice,” Frisby continued, smiling back eagerly. “You’re familiar with most of the other players, or so I heard. It won’t be much of a problem for you to mesh with them.”

“Oh?” Harry said, pleased. Tom pulled his thumb away, and his fingers came back slick. Two of them pressed inside Harry then without preamble and Harry jolted, making a soft noise of surprise at the sudden stretch. Frisby’s eyebrows raised.

“My cat,” Harry stuttered. Tom paused at that and then slapped him solidly on the ass. Harry flinched, hips jolting away. “*Bad* cat. My very bad cat.”

“Yes...” Frisby said slowly. He eyed Harry in suspicion but quickly brushed it off, shaking his head with a smile. “We have Ginny Weasley for one of the Chasers and Oliver Wood as Keeper.”

“That’s wond—”

Tom rubbed at his prostate, and Harry’s voice cracked mid-speech. His face heated up even as he spread his legs further apart and lowered his ass to bear down on Tom’s fingers inside of him. He cleared his throat.

“That’s wonderful,” he said evenly as Tom thrust his fingers inside, stretching him open. His face twitched. “I assume that I can’t play for Puddlemere anymore?”

“Oh no, you’ll have to attend practice. We’re really hoping to win this Cup.”

Tom pulled out his fingers and Harry relaxed. Maybe Tom was done playing with him. Maybe, for once, Tom would be nice to him.

“When do practices begin?” He asked. Then—the blunt head of Tom’s cock pressed against him and Harry froze. He paled. Tom couldn’t possibly, actually be planning to fuck him.

“You can sign the contract this Friday, and we’ll begin the Monday after,” Frisby told him, and Harry nodded, even as his attention was caught on Tom’s dick. He squirmed, pulling away, but Tom’s hands on his hips were firm and unyielding.

Tom pushed in, his length and thickness spreading Harry open. Harry’s lips parted, his eyebrows drawing together. A moan threatened to bubble out of his chest but Harry kept it locked in out of sheer force of will, his gaze dropping helplessly to Frisby’s shoes.

“I, uh,” he said, breathless, his jaw tight. “I already said that I’d be honored to play but—”

Tom pulled out and then fucked into him hard, the head of his cock brushing against Harry’s prostate. Harry cried out and instantly clamped his mouth shut, his whole neck and chest hot now too with shame as he tried to keep in the rest of his moans. His hands tightened on the carpet, his shoulders tightening, and Tom smoothed a hand down his back in comfort, rucking up Harry’s shirt.

“Mr. Potter?”

“Sorry, the cat!” Harry squeaked, voice high. He licked his lips and laughed nervously. Tom took mercy in him and changed the pace of his thrusts, slower now but *deep*, nudging ever so often against that spot inside Harry. “I was saying I’d be honored to play but I have to confirm with my partner.”

“Of course, do give my regards to Mr. Riddle,” Frisby replied, smiling again.

“Is there—uh—” Harry’s breath caught as Tom reached down and stroked his cock, the twist of his hand sending Harry’s jaw dropping. He squeezed his eyes shut and whimpered. He looked back up at Frisby, sweating slightly. “Is there anything else?”

“No, that’s it for now, Mr. Potter.”

“Okay, thank you!” Harry rushed out before he pulled his head out and ended the fire call.

“You utter arse!” Harry hissed, pushing Tom off him. His hole was left empty, aching, and Harry quickly tackled Tom to the floor, landing on his lap. Tom grinned up at him, his hands big and warm on Harry’s waist, spanning across the width of it.

“Anytime, you said,” Tom reminded him smugly, and Harry scowled. He reached down underneath him and lined up Tom’s cock to his hole. He sank down and both of them

moaned. Tom's grip tightened around his waist.

Harry didn't bother keeping quiet anymore, his groans echoing loudly in their living room as he rode Tom's dick. His thighs strained with his frantic motions, his cock bobbing, red and leaking clear fluid. Harry threw his head back and cried out, every hit of the head of Tom's cock on his prostate sending pleasure down his spine.

Tom was merciless now, his hips meeting Harry's with every thrust. The sounds of their skin slapping against each other echoed in their living room, obscene, and Harry's moans joined it. He ground down against Tom, his fingers digging into the front of Tom's shirt, nails leaving lines at the exposed skin of Tom's neck and collarbones.

All of the pent-up noises of pleasure from earlier were released, Harry almost sobbing now at how thick, how deep Tom was inside of him. He fucked himself onto Tom's cock, frantic now as he felt himself reach the edge, little *ah ah ah*'s escaping him with every thrust.

Tom wrapped his hand around Harry's cock, his gaze heavy and dark. Harry looked into his eyes, his lips parting at the intense burgundy. It only took one, two strokes before Harry was groaning, his hips jerking as he finished all over Tom's hand.

Tom quickly sat up and the change of angle made Harry cry out, his fingers digging into Tom's shoulder. Tom smirked at him. He wrapped his arm around Harry's waist and leaned in, pressing their lips together in an open-mouthed kiss, hot and wet. Tom's teeth nipped and pulled at Harry's bottom lip, Harry's soft moans muffled into it.

Tom continued to fuck into him, uncaring of Harry's pleasure now and only seeking his own. His pace was erratic, his eyebrows scrunched as a low groan escaped him. Harry shuddered at the sound and clenched around Tom's cock in his ass, breathless in pleasure.

Tom buried his face in Harry's neck, panting, and it only took a few more thrusts before Tom finished inside him, wetness and warmth filling Harry. Harry let out a weak moan, trembling at the feel of it inside him, shifting on Tom's lap. He was boneless now, his body dependent on Tom's to hold him up. Only Tom's arm around his waist anchored him, and Harry relaxed into it.

They panted in the silence, both of them just breathing each other in. Harry closed his eyes, smiling, and tilted his head to press a fond kiss to Tom's lips.

"Merlin, I hate you," he murmured into Tom's mouth. Tom chuckled and pulled away, pressing his lips to Harry's neck. He nipped at the skin there, kissing and sucking, laving his tongue over the forming bruises that Harry would have to wear tomorrow.

"I love you too," Tom murmured into his neck. They exchanged more kisses, lazy now, a gentle slide of lips and tongue. Harry sighed blissfully, nuzzling into the side of Tom's face. A nap would be perfect right now.

"You should take it," Tom said, pulling back. It took a moment for Harry's brain to parse through before he remembered that he had been invited to play for the Quidditch World Cup



team. “You’ll do wonderful. Maybe the English team will actually make it to the tournament proper for once.”

“I’ll have to travel a lot,” Harry warned, a little hesitant, and Tom nodded easily.

“Exactly. We’ll have a larger reach. You can get a feel for where the rest of Europe will lean in terms of the new changes in Britain.”

Harry bit the inside of his cheek and rose up, grimacing at the feel of Tom’s come leaking out of him. Tom was right. So far, they only really had ties with the Scandinavians and the French by virtue of Durmstrang and Beauxbatons. They needed more allies and followers in the other European countries.

They cleaned up quietly, trading tender touches every now and then. Harry’s mind was off dwelling on the pros and cons. He did truly, honestly want to play Quidditch for England. He looked up at Tom as he pulled up his trousers, buttoning them.

“More countries to spread propaganda to?” Harry joked, and Tom frowned at him.

“The word—”

“*Propaganda* has negative connotations—yes you’ve said that a million times.” Harry rolled his eyes. “Spread the *truth*, then.”

“Glad you agree with me,” Tom said lightly. His dark eyes said more, holding a threat there that Harry was intimately aware of. Tom was glad Harry agreed because then Harry wouldn’t need to be...corrected.

“Do you want me to look for potential followers?” Harry asked quietly, shaking his legs. He winced at the sensation of the beginnings of rug burn on his knees and the ache in ass. His thighs were sore as well, but Harry couldn’t bring himself to regret it in the wake of what was objectively a fantastic shag.

“Of course. Let me know personally if they’re Death Eater potential,” Tom said smoothly. He tipped his head down for another kiss, tender and sweet, and then pulled away to smile down at Harry. He reached up to thumb at the bruise already forming at Harry’s jaw, smirking smugly.

“Heal it,” Harry said, his bottom lip jutting out, and Tom hummed in amusement.

“No, I’d rather not.”

He paused, and tilted his head, running his knuckles down Harry’s cheek. “If you really want me to stop, just say so. You know I’m going to take full advantage of it.”

Harry hesitated. He licked his lips and thought back on what had just transpired. It was humiliating to have to keep in his moans while talking to Frisby—to know that just behind him Tom was fucking him open and yet...

Harry couldn't deny that it was hot too. Just the memory of it was enough to make his dick twitch valiantly.

“It’s fine,” Harry said, shaking his head. “I trust you. I’m yours, remember?”

Tom smiled.

“Yes, yes you are.”

# Chapter 2

## Chapter Summary

somnophilia and some sugar

## Chapter Notes

TW description of a panic attack

Thank you to Wolf\_of\_Lilacs for betaing this chapter <333 much love

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Ready for your first day?" Tom asked.

Harry paused, his eyes flicking up from his plate to Tom, and then he continued to chew. Tom's face was half-hidden behind the New York Ghost as his eyes skimmed over the front page. The Daily Prophet, the Wizzarding World News, and France's *Le Cri de la Gargouille*, among other assorted newspapers from around the world were piled up by his left side, already read.

"I guess," Harry said once he had swallowed. He pushed his eggs around idly and then asked, unable to keep the hope out of his voice. "Are you coming with me to practice?"

Tom brought the paper down, his lips curling into a smile.

"I do have a gift for your team," he said, amused, and Harry felt his face grow hot at the reminder. Right. The top-of-the-line brooms that Tom had bought. He remembered years ago when Malfoy's father had done the same, and what they had accused him of.

"Living up to your sugar daddy reputation then," Harry said before he stuffed another sausage into his mouth. He waved his fork around, still chewing. "They're going to say I bought my way into the team."

"Who?" Tom asked, wrinkling his nose. He looked affronted, and Harry wasn't sure if it was because Harry was talking with his mouth full, or because of what he had said. "Everyone knows you're the best Seeker in Britain."

Harry smiled at that and ducked his head, pleasure warm in his chest.

"How sweet," he teased. "Sugar for your baby?"

"And besides," Tom continued as he went back to his paper, deliberately ignoring Harry's side-comment. "Anyone who doubts that you didn't get in by your own merits will be—"

"No unnecessary murder," Harry reminded sternly. Tom paused. It was long enough that Harry was thinking he might need to worry, but then finally, with his jaw tight, Tom acquiesced with a reluctant nod.

Harry rolled his eyes and went back to his food.

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"Harry!"

Harry turned his head and his face split into a wide grin as he saw Ginny near the stands. She was waving wildly at him, a bright smile on her own face. The other members of the new English National Team were scattered in her direction too, some of them curiously eyeing Harry and Tom.

"Gin!" he called out as he took a step towards her, ready to jog in her direction. Beside him, Tom made a small sound, and Harry faltered, rocking back to stay at Tom's side. He looked up at him, and wordless eye-contact passed between them before Tom tilted his head. Harry grinned.

He ran towards Ginny and they met in the middle, hugging each other tightly.

"Your husband bought us new brooms!" Ginny hissed in his ear, and Harry laughed sheepishly, wincing a bit. He pulled away and rubbed the back of his head as he shrugged, just a little awkward.

"Er, he did, yeah," he said.

"The Firebolt Supreme!" Ginny said in awe, pressing her hands to her mouth. "I didn't even know they were out yet!"

"They aren't," Harry confided conspiratorially, and Ginny gave him another look of amazement.

"Come," she said, taking his hand as she began to drag him off. "Meet the rest of the team!"

Harry looked back helplessly at Tom, but Tom only met his gaze placidly, his eyebrow raised. Harry winced. He'd deal with Tom's irritation later.

He let Ginny introduce him to the other members of his new team, smiling at them awkwardly. Most, if not all, were friendly enough. Polite, at the very least. Half of it, Harry thought, was probably because they were used to playing on different sides.

They had a pretty solid team if Harry had to judge. Oliver Wood, who wasn't here yet, was also from Puddlemere. Then there was Ginny, from the Holyhead Harpies, then their Beaters were a duo from the Montrose Magpies. They almost rivaled the Weasley Twins in their supernatural communication on the pitch, even Harry couldn't help but admire their game.

Their other two Chasers were the same from the last World Cup. No need to fix what wasn't broken, after all. Ginny was there to replace the third member of their Trio, a Smith that had gotten injured from a bad meeting with a Hippogriff. Ginny had the most work cut out for her if she wanted to integrate herself seamlessly with them and learn their tactics.

Then of course—their manager, Denison Frisby.

Harry felt his face heat. Very studiously, he looked away and avoided Frisby's eyes. Beside him, Tom smirked in obvious amusement.

"And of course, thank you very much, Mr. Riddle, for your donation. It is *greatly* appreciated," Frisby said, almost bouncing in his excitement as he stared at the new brooms everyone was holding onto. Harry felt his new teammates glance at him and his face reddened even further, his neck warm now too.

"It's my pleasure, Mr. Frisby," Tom said smoothly. He nodded at the team, ever gracious. "I expect great things from you all."

"Will you be staying for the first practice?" Frisby asked, still smiling up at Riddle. Harry hid his cough behind his hand. Frisby's enthusiasm and obvious worship almost be endearing if they weren't directed at his husband.

Understandable, but still.

"Unfortunately no. Business calls, as you know," Tom said. He smiled charmingly, just a hint of teeth, his eyes dead. "Maybe some other time."

Harry stepped away from the rest of the team as Tom did to escort him to the edge of the pitch.

"I'll see you at home," Harry said softly, glancing back. The rest of the team were listening to Frisby, none of them looking in their direction. Harry took the chance, stepping closer towards Tom and pressing himself up against his side.

Tom shook his head as he wrapped an arm around Harry's waist, the warmth of it seeping even through his Quidditch robes. He brought his face down. Harry tilted his face up and met him halfway for a kiss, short and chaste. It was all that was appropriate around company, and Harry had to sigh regretfully into Tom's mouth.

"I'll be late," Tom said as he pulled away. "Don't wait up for me."

\*

"Hey," Ginny said, stopping him with a hand on his arm. Harry blinked at her and she gave him a thin smile. She pulled her hand away to sweep her hair back, tucking the sweaty strands that had escaped her ponytail back into their place, and then shifted. Nervous. Awkward. So utterly unlike her that Harry immediately gave her his full attention, his face twisting in concern.

"Hermione's upset with you because of the Muggleborn bill," Ginny said in a rush, "and of course Ron's taking her side."

Harry's face fell, and he looked away. He rubbed a hand over his face, a long, tired sigh escaping him.

"I'm not going to change my mind," he said, a little uncomfortable. He leaned away from her and tucked his hands into the pockets of his Quidditch robes. "I'm siding with Tom, I'm sorry."

"That's what I thought." Ginny grimaced.

"And what do you think about it?" Harry asked, testing the waters.

"Well," Ginny said, rocking back on her heels. "I can see where it's coming from. I do think that magical children should be protected, especially Muggleborns and the Muggle-raised. And I do understand why you and Riddle would...yeah. Why you'd want it."

"We're a product of our pasts," Harry said, smiling serenely. She could definitely be brought to their side. Tom would appreciate it. Harry could already imagine the interviews.

"Either way." Ginny shrugged, grimacing. "Let's just avoid discussing politics. We're teammates now and that's what matters."

"Agreed," Harry said. He stuck out his hand solemnly, and Ginny rolled her eyes before she took it. She squeezed hard, and Harry winced. "To the World Cup."

"To the World Cup."

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Harry woke, the world around him syrupy slow. Sensations came to him one by one. The hand on the back of his neck, the hand on his hip, both warm and firm. The cool sheets beneath him, the decadent smoothness of it as his bare cock slid against it, already dripping with clear fluid.

And of course, the open ache of his ass, the solid, thick length inside him fucking him raw.

"Tom?" Harry moaned, confused, and buried into the pillow. His ass clenched, his hands fisting into the sheets.

"You're awake," Tom said, his hand moving down to under Harry's knee. He sounded disappointed. He moved Harry's knee, opening Harry up even more to him, and Harry groaned. He rutted against the sheets lazily, his cock seeking friction, mouth agape, eyes half-lidded.

"Oh," he murmured drowsily, arching his back. Tom hummed in acknowledgment, his thrusts into Harry turning slow and deep, filling him up so *so* well. "You feel so... You feel so good."

Tom leaned down and pressed a kiss to Harry's nape, his breathing uneven.

"Go back to sleep," he whispered into Harry's ear. "I know you're tired."

"Mhmm," Harry replied, his eyes fluttering closed. He was so lax, so loose, all lazy pleasure. Tom was fucking into him so easily, all smooth thrusts, an endless glide in and out. Harry felt like his body was just a vessel for Tom's pleasure, and the thought of it made his dick impossibly hard.

"I'm so close." Harry's words were slurred and thick with sleep. "Please, Tom."

Tom shushed him, pulling away to run a gentle hand through Harry's hair. He cupped the back of Harry's neck, rubbing his thumb at the hair there.

"I'll take care of you," he murmured.

Harry let himself melt into their bed, his breathing going slow and even. He basked in the gentle rock of Tom's hips, the brush of Tom's cock against his prostate, the slide of his cock against soft cotton. It seemed so distant, so hazy, the pleasure soft and muted. The silence of the night was filled with the lewd sounds of Tom fucking him—skin meeting skin, the wet slide of Harry's hole, and Harry's soft, muffled moans.

Tom's thrusts stuttered and he groaned, his grip tightening on Harry's neck, Harry's thigh, and Harry let out a quiet stutter of breath as warmth filled him.

Tom reached in between Harry and the bed, his hand wrapping around Harry's cock. He stroked it, exactly the way Harry loved it, and it only took one, two before Harry was spilling over his hand, a fine tremble racing up his spine, a soft cry escaping Harry's lips.

He was left boneless, his limbs useless. Sleep dragged at his eyelids, the combination of the exhaustion of the day's practice and the orgasm weighing him down.

"Sleep, darling," Tom murmured, running a warm hand up his back.

Harry slept.

\*

"So," Harry said casually. Tom looked up from the documents he was going through, moving his quill to the side so that it wouldn't drip and stain. "Last night."

Tom raised his eyebrows. *What about it*, they said.

Harry felt his cheeks heat and he ducked his head.

"I liked it," he admitted. Waking up to Tom fucking him. Waking up again the next morning with his muscles sore from Quidditch, and his ass pleasantly aching along with it. The only thing missing was that Harry hadn't woken up leaking lube and come, but he figured that Tom was too much of a neat freak to allow it.

And then this morning—Tom fucking him once more, not even having to stretch or prepare him. Just sliding right in, pushing past Harry's tightness, slowly fucking him back open.

Harry's dick twitched in his pants.

"That's nice," Tom said blandly. "I was going to keep doing it either way."

Harry scowled at him but Tom only smirked back, unfazed. Harry strode towards Tom's desk and sat down on the edge, his eyes narrowed.

"You're really taking advantage of that anything and everything," he accused, and Tom smirked at him.

"Did you expect differently?" Tom asked, and Harry *hadn't*. He hadn't expected any less from Tom but to take full advantage of Harry's body now that he had confirmation of full reign. Anything and everything, just like Harry promised. Anywhere and anytime.

Even, as it seemed, while Harry was asleep.

Tom reached out to touch Harry's thigh. The heat of his hand burned through the silk of Harry's pajamas, a gift from Tom that Harry adored. Their eyes met.

"Just tell me to stop and I will," Tom said calmly.

Harry swallowed. He looked down at Tom's hand on his thigh, his elegant fingers, the spread of them over the width of Harry's leg.

"I told you it was fine," Harry said, slow and even. "If I change my mind, I'll tell you. So don't ask me again."

"Good," Tom said, pulling his hand away. Harry missed it already. "If you're quite done talking, I do have better use for your mouth in mind."

He moved his chair back and patted his thigh, smirking.

"You're the worst," Harry groaned. He kneeled down anyway.

"Also," Harry said conversationally as he unbuttoned and unzipped Tom's trousers. "If Frisby asks, we have a little black cat named Marvin."

"Marvin?" Tom asked, looking down at him with a disgruntled expression. Harry grinned up at him and pulled out Tom's cock, stroking it until it was hard in his hands.

"Marvin, short for Marvolo," he said mischievously and Tom closed his eyes, pinching the bridge of his nose. He sighed at Harry, all full of fond exasperation and Harry just laughed.

"I'll *get* you a black cat, and then we can name him Marvin," Tom said just as Harry was opening his mouth and about to swallow down his cock. Harry looked up at that, his eyes wide.

"Really?" He asked hopefully and Tom hummed in assent.

"Anything you want, darling."



\*

"Should have stayed with Puddlemere, Wood," Harry moaned, shifting the chest with the balls in it to knock against Oliver's knees. Oliver scoffed, shaking his head as he pushed it back.

"And miss a chance to play at the World Cup? No thanks."

The two of them were carrying the chest in between them, their turn to put everything back into storage until their next practice. It had become routine now and Harry appreciated the extra time just to chat and banter with Oliver.

"You think the two of you would be sick of each other," Ginny piped in as she caught up to them. She rolled her eyes and flashed them a grin. "Three years at Hogwarts, two at Puddlemere. How can you stand it?"

"Because," Oliver said, confused. "Harry's a great player, and it's *Quidditch*."

"And that's all that matters," Ginny said solemnly, and Oliver immediately nodded.

"It is!"

Harry laughed at the look on Ginny's face.

They stopped in front of the broom shed and Harry opened the door.

"Some of the brooms here are wicked old," Ginny whistled lowly. His eyes roamed over the spare brooms that the English National Team kept just in case, the tins of broom polish, the extra uniforms. All in all, though, it looked pretty much the same as the one in Hogwarts and the one in Puddlemere's pitch.

Harry and Oliver hoisted the chest of balls up on the shelf, and Harry brushed his hands on his robes. He rolled his shoulders back, sighing at the pop and ache.

"Oh, look! I didn't know there was a cupboard here," Ginny called out. Harry's head lifted in curiosity and he made his way to her to peek into it. It was filled with old balls—worn out Quaffles, dented Bludgers, even a broken Snitch if the glint of gold at the corner was any hint.

He went in and crouched down, prodding at the curled up ball, smug when he was proven right that it was a Snitch. He grinned and held it up between two fingers, turning to Ginny.

"Be careful, the lock is broken," Oliver called out, just as a ball of fur came racing out of the shelves.

Ginny yelped and reflexively slammed the cupboard closed, the loud bang echoing through the broom shed as pitch dark surrounded Harry. The sound of yelling from both Oliver and Ginny traveled through the door, along with the bang of shelves, the mad scramble of some creature scared for its life.

Harry stood up and stumbled to the door. He yanked on the doorknob and horror filled him when it didn't open. A sudden cold sweat broke over him and he paled, his eyes going wide.

"Gin!" Harry yelled, banging on the door.

"Alohomora," Ginny said from the other side, and they tried the doorknob again. Harry's heart pounded furiously in his chest when it still didn't open, his hands beginning to tremble.

"Let me out," Harry begged, his voice catching. "*Please*, let me out."

"Just wait, Harry, I'll call for someone!"

"No!" Harry called out after her, voice shrill. The edges of his vision were going hazy now, his chest throbbing. "Don't leave, Gin, please, just break the door, Gin, please—"

Ginny didn't answer, long gone.

Harry sank down onto the floor and dropped his head against the door, his eyes squeezed shut. He pressed his head to his knees, a fine tremor running through his hands, and let out a soft cry.

Even when the door finally opened, Harry didn't stand.

\*

"Harry," Tom said, and Harry didn't react, his eyes glazed. He ducked his head and let Tom run his hands over his shoulders, his neck, his face, and accepted the kiss Tom pressed onto his lips. He didn't kiss back.

"Sorry," he apologized, his voice dim. He was dazed. Lost to a memory almost a decade old, one he thought he was long over. He had been in dark places before, had entered alcoves and even cupboards like his old one, but he had never reacted like this. The memory of being alone, helpless and terrified—

It had never overwhelmed him like that. He had never been so weak as to work himself into a panic attack at the mere accident of being locked in a cupboard.

"—ry. Harry."

Harry looked up, blinking, and Tom frowned down at him in concern. He looked annoyed, and Harry withdrew, shrinking into himself.

"Please don't be mad," Harry whispered, and Tom's face softened. He leaned in slowly and pressed another kiss to Harry's forehead.

"I'm not mad," Tom promised. "I'm concerned. You look like you're in shock."

"I'm just—" Harry hesitated and looked away, his eyes shuttered. "Remembering."

Tom's hands stilled in its gentle up and down over Harry's arms, and Harry belatedly realized that he had been doing it. He hadn't noticed.

"Your cupboard?" Tom asked, voice harsh, and Harry flinched. Just a bit, but it was enough for Tom to catch and for his lover's eyes to grow stormy and vicious.

"They're already dead," Harry told him, voice flat. A part of him was still angry about it. A part of him would always be.

Tom's lips thinned. His expression was venomous, telling of his thoughts. He wouldn't voice them out loud, not here where Oliver and Ginny could easily overhear. But his dark thoughts were clear. He'd kill them again if he could.

"Not now, Tom," Harry pled, and Tom frowned. He nodded, and Harry relaxed, pitching forwards to rest his head on Tom's shoulder.

"Let's go home."

\*

*—darkness all around him, never-ending, inky black shadows wrapping around him like tendrils. Cold. Harry was under a thin blanket, his skinny body wracked with fine tremors. Only spiders and his toys kept him company, the door locked no matter how hard Harry banged and yelled. He was crying, he realized. They've forgotten about him. He was going to starve and—*

Harry woke up, gasping for breath, and in the same second, Tom was awake too.

Tom held him close, gentling him. He said nothing, only wrapped his arms around Harry's waist, Harry's head tucked into his shoulder. Harry didn't cry but he clutched him tight, inhaling greedy gulps of Tom's scent as his body shook and trembled.

He grounded himself in Tom's steady presence knowing there was nowhere safer. There could be no fear of monsters in the arms of the biggest of them.

And yet, it still took ages before Harry finally fell back into an uneasy, restless sleep.

\*

"Here," Tom said. "I bought something for you."

Harry looked up, his mind flitting through *clothes? gift? food?* before his eyes settled on the potions flask Tom had put on top of the bedside table. It was filled with purple liquid, the color familiar to Harry, and he frowned.

"Dreamless Sleep," Tom explained, and Harry felt himself flush.

"I don't need it," he said, looking away. He avoided Tom's eyes, his jaw tightening at the skeptical raise of Tom's eyebrows. Neither of them mentioned the past few nights, how Harry had to be soothed back to sleep as if he were a child.

"Then do it for me," Tom said calmly, and Harry's eyebrows rose, his eyes side. He looked up, his lips pursed. Tom sat down on the edge of the bed, warm against Harry. "I want to have you without you waking up."

Harry felt his face turn hot at that, not just with embarrassment anymore, but with a healthy dose of arousal.

"You pervert," Harry said, voice cracking and betraying his own interest. Tom smirked at him.

"Take it for tonight," he said, and Harry eyed the potion again. He swallowed, his throat suddenly dry. He would wake up tomorrow, sore and well-pleased, his hole open and ready to be taken again. He shifted on the bed, his cock hardening.

"Alright," Harry agreed.

\*

Tom watched as Harry took the potion, his throat working, Adam's apple bobbing. Tom wanted to kiss, to suck, to mark his name over the skin of it. But he could wait. He could be patient.

If it wasn't so crude, Tom would never leave Harry's neck unmarked. He would have Harry come to practice, to parties, to his little outings with his friends marked up, so that everyone would know Harry was his. Even the golden band on Harry's ring finger wasn't enough to sate his possessive desire, no.

Tom wanted the sordid evidence on every inch of Harry's body.

Harry layed down on his side facing him, his eyes already turning half-lidded. He had stripped earlier to 'make it easier for Tom', and it took every inch of Tom's self-control to not just take him right then and there. It was only the promise of Harry warm with sleep, body loose and pliable, that stayed Tom's hand.

"I'll take care of you," Tom promised and Harry smiled at him sleepily, all soft and sweet. Tom wanted to debase him, to come on his face, to bruise him with a pretty necklace of purple and red, his own mouth the brand.

"Goodnight," Harry murmured, eyes fluttering closed. "I love you."

"And I, you," Tom said, his gaze intent on Harry's face. He didn't take his eyes away and just watched until Harry's face went slack with sleep. His lips parted slightly, soft puffs of air escaping from them, his expression turning serene. Innocent. Vulnerable.

He reached out to cup Harry's jaw, and with the pad of his thumb, he touched Harry's slack lips and pressed down, simply just feeling the give of it. He slipped his thumb inside the wet heat and the tip of Harry's tongue brushed against the pad of it. Tom watched, entranced, and he couldn't help but remove his thumb only to replace it with two of his fingers.

His fingers brushed against Harry's teeth and he stroked the sharp edges of them, sliding his fingers further into Harry's mouth to touch his molars. He withdrew them, pleased at the shiny spit-slick of it.

Carefully, Tom moved down Harry's body, shifting him so that the younger man lay on his back. It was so easy to move him, Harry so pliable in his hands. Fond, Tom stroked the skin of his bare hip up to Harry's pelvis and the limp length of his cock.

He was soft still and Tom didn't bother, moving away to pull Harry's legs up until they're spread apart.

Harry was normally so sensitive to his every touch. Tom found it strange now, but still very much arousing, to smooth his hands up Harry's thick thighs, his sides, and to have the muscles underneath stay lax instead of jumping at his touch. His only regret was the lack of soft sighs and gasps from bitten-red lips, the stifled moans, the loud cries of pleasure.

It was worth it.

He reached over to one of their pillows and slotted it under Harry's back, lifting his ass at a slight angle that exposed the wrinkled hole between Harry's firm cheeks. It left him completely open, a sensual invitation to touch and tease, and Tom found his throat dry at the very sight of it.

Tom slicked his fingers and then gently probed at Harry's hole, stroking it first, before he pushed inside with two fingers. This part was familiar. He had fucked Harry awake more than once since the first time, and he was used to this. The thrill was still very much there, but the newness of the experience of gently stretching Harry's sleeping body open was gone.

But something in him could tell that it was different tonight. That Tom could go a little rougher, shove his fingers in a little deeper, more forcefully. That Harry wouldn't wake no matter how rough Tom was with him now.

The wet sounds of his fingers fucking into Harry, stretching him open roughly were lewd, vulgar almost in the quiet of their bedroom. Harry was dripping with lube, soaked with it, the rim of his asshole turning a tempting red.

And yet, Harry's body was lax with sleep, his cock only a step up from flaccid. Tom looked up at his face, at the slight wrinkle of his brow, the slackness of his lips, and felt his own cock throb. He couldn't wait anymore.

He let out a quiet curse as he pulled his fingers away, wrapping his hand around his own cock. With his other, he spread Harry open wide and rough and then lined himself up.

He pushed inside, easily sinking in until he was balls deep. Harry's body let him, so open to Tom, such a wonderful, beautiful, smooth slide in, and Tom couldn't help but groan. Harry made a soft noise, his eyebrows twitching, and that was the only reaction he gave.

"Perfect," Tom praised roughly, the slick tightness around him almost too much to bear. He leaned over, his body bowed over Harry, his hips pressed into Harry's ass. With gritted teeth,

he reached up to slide his hand over Harry's chest, feeling the bones of his ribs, the smoothness of his chest, before his hand finally reached Harry's throat.

He squeezed experimentally, his eyes narrowing as he pulled his hips back and then thrust in again. Harry's face had the expression of mild bliss on it as if he was just in a pleasant dream rather than getting fucked raw. Tom grinned, all teeth, savage.

He pulled his hand away from Harry's throat and held onto to Harry's hips, his fingers digging into the flesh as he tilted Harry's pelvis up to a better angle. He drove in deeper, harder, his cock delving deeper into Harry's tight heat. Still, Harry's lips were slack, unreactive to the loud slap of Tom's hips against his ass, the sound of flesh on flesh.

Tom let out a low, pleased sound, his teeth gritted. Harry's body jostled with the force of his thrusts, and he would have been pushed upwards into their headboard if it weren't for Tom's unrelenting grip on his sides hauling him back.

He felt mindless almost, lost to the sensation of Harry's hole loose and sloppy around his cock. He normally held himself with such utter control in public, but now, he felt as if his control was leaking out of him in every thrust. His guttural groans escaped through gritted teeth and his eyes were wild as he pounded into Harry. His nails threatened to break the skin on Harry's hips, bruises a foregone conclusion now with how roughly he was holding onto them.

Tom's thrusts turned frantic, and yet, at most, Harry's body only twitched and trembled against his, low unconscious sounds of pleasure escaping him. Harry was half-hard now from the stimulation.

Tom's balls drew up tight, a signal of how close he was and he cursed. He pulled out and climbed over Harry's still body, straddling his chest. He wrapped his hand around his cock and jacked himself off to the sight of Harry's peaceful face, hissing in delight and pleasure. His grip was tight and rough, and it only took moments before his orgasm came.

It hit him with a strength that surprised him, and he grunted as he spurted over Harry's face, marking him with white streaks over his closed eyes, his slack lips. Tom panted, his eyes greedy as he took in how Harry looked beneath him. He seemed so vulnerable, so debauched with the lewd proof of Tom's claim over his face.

Only Tom could see Harry like this.

Tom reached out to run his fingers through the streaks, coating the tips of his index and middle finger with it. He pushed them inside Harry's mouth, coating his heavy tongue with them. He did it until Harry's face was clean.

Tom smiled and leaned down to kiss him, a dark pleasure curling in his gut at the taste of himself on Harry's lips.

"Goodnight," he murmured.


## Chapter End Notes

Somnophilia is my favorite kink and I've been wanting to write it for the looongest time. originally, tom was just supposed to take harry out for a fancy dinner and get him drunk n passed out but 🤔 I figured this was more interesting, and I did promise political intrigue. and now u have a little backstory on a morally grey harry bcos I care about that.

Also. Idk if you've all noticed, but then there's no daddy kink tagged bcos...I don't wanna write it....and im not into it....

# Chapter 3

## Chapter Notes

ty to Blue\_Pandas for the beta 

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"I brought you something amazing," Harry said, foregoing a greeting as he opened the door to Tom's office.

Tom didn't even bother to pretend he was surprised to see him, only smiled at Harry from behind his large, imposing desk. "Your presence?" Tom tried, placing his quill off to the side. "Your arse?"

"Yes those, but also—" Harry held up a paper bag. It was stamped with the logo of the restaurant Harry knew Tom favored but pretended not to. It was far too unhealthy, he claimed, but Harry saw his longing side-eye every time they passed by.

Tom opened his mouth, his eyes greedy on the bag as Harry walked towards him. Harry sat on the edge of the desk and dropped the paper bag beside him. He couldn't help but smile with smug pleasure when Tom reached out and pulled it closer towards him.

"This is insanely unhealthy," Tom said. He opened it anyway. The scent of Chinese food wafted out of the open paper bag, the aroma strong and quickly filling up in the space between them. Tom looked up at him, his hand dropping on Harry's knee, the width of them spanning over. "Aren't I supposed to be the one buying you things?"

Harry laughed and leaned down, Tom's head tilting up so their lips could meet in a chaste kiss. Tom tried to deepen it, his tongue licking at Harry's lips, his hand sliding further up to Harry's thigh, but Harry pulled away.

"You can always make it up to me," Harry teased, and Tom smiled.

He pulled his hand away from Harry's thigh. With a wave, the papers and documents in front of him gathered themselves up and dropped to the side of the desk, leaving the middle free. Harry watched, his feet kicking back and forth on Tom's desk.

"I do have something nice for you," Tom shared as he took out the little takeout containers. He reached over the side of his desk to the locked cabinet, and with a tap, it unlocked and slid open. He took a slim, black leather collar, a small oval charm in the center, and handed it to Harry. It was far too tiny to be for him.

Curiously, Harry took it, his finger sliding the charm up so he could look.



*Marvolo*, it read, and Harry felt his face split into a wide smile. He looked up to meet Tom's gaze, his heart full, and he couldn't resist leaning in to press another kiss to Tom's mouth.

"You got me a cat!" he said, ecstatic, reaching up to cup Tom's cheeks in his hands. He pressed a series of quick kisses over Tom's mouth, his cheeks, his nose, and Tom laughed, low and amused. Harry pulled away and beamed. "I've never had a pet before. I'm calling him Marvin though, you know that right?"

"Unfortunately," Tom sighed. He nudged Harry's leg, pushing it off the desk in exasperation. "Can you please sit on the chair?"

Harry rolled his eyes and slipped off the desk, twisting around it to sit on one of the two armchairs in front. Tom passed him a container and a pair of chopsticks, and silently, the two of them began to eat.

They chatted idly, Harry rambling mostly about his latest Quidditch practice. They'd been getting better, and Harry thought they had a real chance now for the World Cup, especially since Ginny had begun to really click with Moran and Walls, the other two Chasers on the team. You couldn't force chemistry, and Harry thought all of them, especially Frisby, were relieved and pleased that Ginny worked well with them.

Tom responded with easy questions in between bites, looking genuinely interested, and Harry felt his heart fill. No matter what his friends had to say against his husband, Harry knew that Tom did love him. Wholeheartedly, and often, Harry thought, a little too much.

It made Harry far too forgiving of Tom's less savory side.

When they were finished eating, Tom packed it away back in the paper bag, disposing it to the bin on the side. He pushed out his chair and patted his lap, smiling slyly at Harry.

"Come here," he ordered, and Harry's eyebrows raised.

"We literally just ate," he complained but stood up anyway. He moved around Tom's desk, a little awkward with how big it was, and slipped into Tom's lap, thighs on either side. He wrapped his arms around Tom's neck and leaned in, an impish smile playing on his lips. "How very naughty, Mr. Undersecretary."

"You complain, and yet you're hard," Tom said, sliding his hands up Harry's thighs. He brushed against Harry's half-hard cock, by-passing it to squeeze his arse. His hands traveled up to the hem of Harry's shirt, and when he pulled it up, Harry let him, raising his arms above his head.

Tom dropped his shirt beneath his desk, his eyes dark and intent as they roamed over Harry's front. Harry shivered, just a little conscious, and a soft exhale escaped him when Tom leaned in to nip at his nipple, teeth harsh. His hands roamed Harry's back, greedy and reverent, and Harry arched into his touch.

"Tom," he moaned, his hand sliding up into Tom's hair.

Tom pulled away, gently removing Harry's hand from his head to pin it to his side. He nipped at Harry's neck in reproach. "Don't mess up my hair," Tom said, and Harry stifled a laugh, rolling his eyes.

"Sorry," he said, but it dragged into a low groan as Tom began to suck a bruise in the juncture of Harry's neck and shoulder.

Tom's hands dropped in between the two of them, quickly unbuttoning Harry's trousers. He prodded Harry off his lap, and Harry quickly clambered off. He stripped off his trousers with enthusiastic speed, Tom's pleased smirk only goading him on. It joined his shirt on the floor underneath Tom's desk, just in front of Tom's chair.

Tom reached out and slipped his fingers in Harry's underwear, his hands insistent as he yanked them down. Harry stepped out of them, leaving him bare to Tom's eyes and the cool air of his office. He shivered, goosebumps rising, and when Tom wrapped an arm around his waist, Harry climbed back into his lap. Their lips met in a heated, wet kiss, Harry's hands desperate and wrinkling Tom's clean suit.

He could imagine the sight they made. Harry, completely nude, all golden and lean, thick thighs and firm stomach. Tom, completely dressed, elegant and composed if it weren't for his slick lips and his pupils blown-open wide.

"You're a vision," Tom murmured into his mouth, his hands cupping and spreading Harry's arse. Harry groaned, his teeth nipping gently at Tom's bottom lip, drawing it into his mouth.

Then the paperweight at the edge of Tom's desk buzzed, and they both froze. Harry looked over his shoulder, catching the yellow glow that announced an incoming visitor. He looked back at Tom, and their eyes met.

"Go under the desk," Tom ordered, voice even.

Harry swallowed and quickly nodded. He slid off Tom's lap, crawling under Tom's thankfully large desk. It was big enough that Harry could comfortably kneel if he sat back on his haunches, even if the top of his head brushed against the bottom of the desk, his clothes a crumpled pile just beside him.

Just as Tom slid his chair forwards, bracketing Harry in between his legs, a knock sounded on his office door.

"Come in," Tom called out, languid and unaffected. The door opened.

"My lord," a familiar voice greeted. It took a while before Harry placed it as Lucius Malfoy. Harry let out a low, soundless breath and stared at Tom's crotch in front of him. His husband was still half-hard, and Harry licked his lips at the temptation.

He hesitated.

But only for a second.

"Update me," Tom ordered, and Lucius nodded.

"Support for the Muggleborn bill has raised—"

A soft, tentative touch at the top of his trousers and Tom's face went flat. The corner of his lip twitched, but he did nothing to deter Harry as he started to unbutton and unzip.

"—after your husband's interview. We're expecting a good turnout when we present it at the Wizengamot next week."

Tom said nothing at first, shifting in his seat as Harry pulled out his cock.

"Thank you," he finally said. Harry licked at the head of his cock, his grip firm at the base of Tom's quickly hardening cock. Harry teased his tongue at the sensitive vein just underneath the head of Tom's cock, and Tom's hands flexed on top of his desk, his thighs tensing. His expression stayed stubbornly placid.

At his silence, Lucius continued. "Compared to the supporters, there have been little against the bill. Unfortunately, the ones against it have been very loud."

"Any names in specific?" Tom asked calmly. Harry pressed a light kiss to the crown of his head, and then his mouth opened to fully take Tom's cock in, all wet heat. He held himself steady with both hands on Tom's thighs, hands splayed out. A muscle in Tom's jaw tightened, and he exhaled.

"Granger, of course," Lucius said, voice snide and his lip curled in distaste. Harry's throat abruptly spasmed, his nails suddenly digging in through the material of Tom's slacks. Tom dropped his hand down to the back of Harry's neck, gentling him, and Harry slowly settled. His hands clenched against Tom's thighs before they relaxed, his head slowly starting to bob up and down again.

"Amos Diggory is surprisingly vocal as well, and there have been a few smaller names kicking up a fuss."

Harry's nose nudged against the wiry hair at the base of Tom's cock, and Tom hummed, low and appreciative. He leaned back in his chair and spread his legs, giving Harry more space, and Harry followed after him, leaving the dark safety of Tom's desk. Tom's gaze flicked down as Harry tucked his bare shoulders under Tom's knees, his eyes closed, expression blissful. Tom propped his head up on his hand, elbow on the armrest, and looked up.

He smirked when Lucius' eyes dropped below his chest to his lap, the shock of black hair moving up and down probably evident now. Dark pleasure curled low in his chest. Oh, how he enjoyed his blatant claim on Harry. He couldn't wait to work his way up to more and really push his boy's limits.

Lucius swallowed, his gaze quickly flicking back up to meet his.

"I trust you and the others can handle them?" Tom asked, and Lucius nodded.

"Of course, my lord. The usual?" His voice was strained, his chin stubbornly raised as he avoided looking back down.

Harry sucked at his head, his grip firm at the base of Tom's dick as he stroked it and Tom closed his eyes, pressing his mouth against his knuckles to stifle his sound of pleasure.

"Yes, thank you, Lucius," he said, voice low. Lucius' nod was jerky, and Tom watched him flee out of his office, the door slamming shut behind him. He chuckled.

He looked back down, warmth coiling at the pit of his stomach. Harry met his gaze as he pulled off, his eyes green and bright, and Tom smiled.

"You think he noticed?" Harry asked, still stroking his cock in a steady up and down, the wetness of saliva letting it glide easily. Tom's hips jerked into his hand and he hissed.

He cupped Harry's cheek, his thumb rubbing at the curve of it, and Harry leaned into his touch, smiling at him. Tom licked his lips.

"No," he said. He moved his hand to the back of Harry's head, his fingers sliding through Harry's hair, and he guided Harry back to his cock. "I don't think he noticed at all."

Harry sucked him, determined now, and the obscene, wet sounds of his mouth around Tom's cock was loud in his office. Tom fucked into his mouth, goaded on by the talented flick of Harry's tongue, and heat built in his belly as his orgasm approached.

"Darling," he warned, his voice rough, and Harry's eyes fluttered closed. He swallowed Tom down, his throat working around his cock, and with a low groan, Tom finished in his mouth. His cock twitched, Harry suckling at his head through it until it was too much, pleasure turning into pain.

Tom nudged him off and Harry pulled away, sitting back on his knees. He wiped his mouth, his eyes wide. Tom leaned down, pulling Harry up, and stole a kiss, humming in delight at the taste of himself. Harry shivered, his hands flexing on Tom's thighs.

"Cold?" Tom asked gently. Harry nodded, reaching down to grab his clothes. Tom stopped him, shaking his head, and brought out his wand from his sleeve. With a lazy wave, he conjured a thick blanket and wrapped it around his lover.

"Tom," Harry said, annoyed even as he reached up and held the blanket closed. The charmed paperweight buzzed again, yellow warning, and they both looked at it. Harry gave him a helpless look and Tom leaned in, brushing his lips against Harry's before he pulled away.

"I have another meeting," Tom said, pushing Harry back down to kneel against the floor again, Tom's knees on either side of him. "Be a darling and stay there."

Harry opened his mouth to protest, but the knock on the door interrupted him before he could say anything.

Tom's hand curled around Harry's nape, a slow smirk curling up on his lips. "Keep my cock warm, love. I'll fuck you later if you're good."

He slid his chair forward, trapping Harry in with his legs.

"Come in," he called out.

\*

Harry glared at Tom's dick. He could just bite down and show Tom how he felt. But then...

*"I'll fuck you later if you're good."*

Harry silently sighed. He leaned in and opened his mouth, taking Tom's flaccid cock into his mouth. Tom's hand reached down to pat his head, his nails scratching gently at his scalp in appreciation, and Harry shivered in pleasure.

He closed his eyes and rested his head on Tom's thigh, settling in. His knees ached a bit from his prolonged kneeling earlier, but Harry pushed past it. His hands were lax around Tom's ankles, and Harry just grounded himself on the warmth of Tom beneath him and the heavy blanket across his shoulders.

The sounds of conversation reached him, but Harry didn't much care about whatever it was they were talking about. He didn't recognize the other voice as one of Tom's many minions. It wasn't important.

Tom's thigh shifted under his cheek and Harry adjusted himself, his nose brushing against the wiry hair. He inhaled, the clean, warm scent of Tom filling him, a comforting familiar thing that Harry had long associated with home. All Harry could do was breathe, in and out, a gentle exhale through his nose.

It was uncomfortable at first. His jaw ached, and his knees protested, but...

He drifted, eventually, his mind pleasantly clear of anything but how perfectly Tom's soft cock fit inside his mouth. His heartbeat slowed, his whole body relaxing until he was boneless, just submerged in the feeling of having something in his mouth.

The gentle swipe of Tom's thumb through the hair at the back of his neck soothed him, dragged him further under. It was oddly grounding. Peaceful, almost. Harry could forget where he was, forget how Tom was busy talking to someone else.

His jaw went slack, the slight twinge of discomfort a mere pebble on his still mind. Harry ignored it, his breathing evening out. He felt dazed and loose with a sort of pleasure he had never experience before.

Time passed, slow and dragging, but Harry didn't notice. He felt like he was in between the world of sleep and wakefulness, just peacefully dozing off.

When Tom tapped his shoulder, Harry almost didn't respond.

Tom nudged him off, ever gentle, and Harry let him, rocking back on his heels. He looked up at Tom, dazed, blinking slowly. Tom peered at him thoughtfully, his head tilted to the side.

"Come here," Tom said, and his voice was low.

Harry obeyed, climbing up. His blanket fell off his shoulders to the floor and both of them ignored it. His legs shook beneath him but Tom kept him steady, his grip strong as he helped Harry climb into his lap. Harry tucked his head into Tom's neck, silent and unable to form words. He moved his jaw and worked out the kinks.

Tom hummed, rubbing his bare back in comfort, a gentle pass up and down that soothed him.

"Was I good?" Harry finally asked, voice cracking, throat dry.

"Yes," Tom murmured, pressing a kiss to his sweaty temple. His hand drifted down, fingers playing in between Harry's cheeks at his hole. He slipped a finger in, beginning to stretch Harry open. Harry's body was still lax, and he let him in easily. "Let me take care of you."

Unbidden, a memory rose from the corners of Harry's mind.

*"Tom," Harry said, flustered and anxious. He pressed the box back into Tom's hands, his face red. He exhaled and shook his head. "It's too much."*

*"You hate it," Tom sighed.*

*"No!" Harry immediately responded, leaning in closer towards him as he furiously shook his head. "I love it, Tom," he assured, fidgeting with his hands.*

*"It's just too much," he repeated, his head dropping to gaze mournfully at the box. "I can't possibly accept this."*

*"You can," Tom said simply as if that was that. As if Harry really could just do that. He pressed the box back into Harry's hands, insistent but not forceful.*

*"You could have spent the money on something else," Harry protested weakly. He wanted to accept it, he did. He's never had anything so nice before, especially not as a gift.*

*"I'd rather spend it on you," Tom said, low and soothing. "Please, Harry. Let me take care of you."*

That had been so long ago. They had just been starting to date then, and Harry had been so uncomfortable just at the very idea of Tom spoiling him, buying him things, feeding him, but eventually...

He had grown used to it, he supposed. The fancy dinners, the gifts, all of that had become commonplace between the two of them. It was only now, with their recent awareness of Tom's sugar daddy status and Harry's blanket consent, that Harry found a renewed appreciation for it.

Tom lifted him, and shakily, Harry rose up on his thighs. They kissed and shared a moan in between them as Harry sank down on Tom's cock.

"You feel wonderful," Tom breathed, his grip hard around Harry's waist. Harry pulled away, his breath hitching at the intensity of Tom's dark eyes on him. There was a barely restrained wildness in them, just the hint of something dark and feral that Tom thought Harry couldn't see.

Harry closed his eyes, his face twisting in pleasure.

The two of them were no strangers to starvation, to lack of love and attention, and maybe that was why Tom had so much of it to give. But only to Harry. No one else.

It was a terrible burden to be the one to bear Tom Riddle's love, but it was one Harry shouldered gladly.

Tom's love for him was a consuming, obsessive thing. He tried to hide it under the veneer of tenderness and gentle hands, but at this point, Harry had caught enough glimpses of the savage teeth of it.

He used to be afraid of it, but now...Harry had begun to crave it.

## Chapter End Notes

♥ Anyway the sugar daddy dynamic I really wanted for this fic was tom taking care of harry ♥ but still being an ass occasionally.

(chapter count and tags updated)

# Chapter 4

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Your friend has been particularly troublesome," Tom said, and Harry paused, his cup half-way up his mouth. Slowly, he put it down, the clink of it meeting the saucer somehow exceptionally loud.

"We haven't talked in a while, so I wouldn't know," Harry replied, voice mild. He had tried, but Hermione and Ron suddenly developed an aversion to even meeting his eyes, much less replying to his messages.

"Would you talk to her?" Tom asked evenly. It wasn't a request, even if it was phrased as one.

Harry looked down at his cup, hesitating. His hand spread out across the table and all Harry could do was stare at his wedding ring, gleaming gold. "I don't particularly want to," he said, barely audible, and Tom hummed. "Not about this."

"But would you?"

Harry bit down on his lip, eyes shadowed. He believed in the Muggleborn and Muggle-Raised Bill with all his heart. It was just as much his as it was Tom's. He wouldn't have done half of what he had for it if he hadn't.

"For the cause," he finally said. He looked up and met Tom's half-lidded eyes. "For you."

Tom smiled, slow and sweet. He leaned across the table and placed his hand over Harry's, squeezing it warmly, before he lifted it to his mouth. He kissed Harry's knuckles, his lips lingering.

"Thank you, love."

\*

"I won't, Harry," Hermione said, her lips thin. "I won't change my mind."

"That's what I thought you'd say," Harry sighed. Hermione had always been so stubborn. "I don't understand why not. The Muggleborn and Muggle Raised Bill is a good thing, 'Mione."

Hermione stared at him silently, her eyebrows furrowed. Harry stared back at her, ever stubborn. "You really think that," Hermione said as she leaned back in her chair, stunned in disbelief. She shook her head, and Harry's lips pursed, his hackles rising defensively. "I can't believe you, Harry."

"Why?" he demanded. "It's just spells monitoring children who show magic in Muggle households. Abuse will be caught, the Ministry will interfere. Children will be *safe*."



"It's a stepping stone, Harry," Hermione insisted, her eyes wide. "It's just an excuse! Riddle's goal is to take *all* Muggleborn children away from their families, even if their parents love them! You know he wants total separation—"

"What do *you* know of Tom's goals?" Harry cut off, just a little nastily. His hands clenched, and then flexed where they were rested on the table, sending his wedding ring into stark relief. He resisted the urge to add, to ask, '*and what's so wrong about that?*'

Hermione stared at him silently, expression twisted.

"You know nothing about my husband," Harry snapped. They were doing the right thing. This was good. This was *necessary*.

"I know that he's a bad person," Hermione replied tightly.

"You know *nothing*," Harry repeated, voice cracking, and Hermione's expression turned pained.

"Harry...You must know he's killed people. Tortured them. He's done so many terrible things."

Harry shook his head, leaning away and pushing his chair back. She was wrong. He *did* know. He didn't approve of it, but it was necessary. All he could do was lessen Tom's darker impulses.

"I knew there was no use talking to you," Harry muttered, almost to himself. He moved to leave, but Hermione stood up and snatched his wrist, pulling him back. Her grip was tight, the bones in his wrist grinding against each other.

"Harry, you don't need to stay with him. If you need to get away..." Hermione hesitated, looking around her warily. She leaned in, her voice hushed. "We can bring you somewhere safe. Somewhere he won't find you. We'll protect you."

Harry twisted his hand away, his eyes dark.

"I appreciate the offer," he said. "But no thanks. I'm exactly where I want to be."

\*

"She said she's not going to change her mind," Harry said, his head bowed. He shifted worriedly, wondering if Tom would be upset.

Tom tilted his head, eyes assessing. Then he patted his lap, and Harry's shoulders dropped in relief. He climbed up into it, dropping his head onto Tom's shoulder. He sighed happily when Tom wrapped his arms around Harry's waist, strong and dependable. He loved this. Tom's lap was his favorite place to be.

He shifted and licked his lips, wondering if he should bring up what he had been thinking about since Harry had Apparated away from his lunch with Hermione. At Tom's continued silence, Harry eventually felt compelled to share.

"Hermione said something that worried me."

Tom stilled. "Show me," he said.

Harry pulled away and met Tom's eyes, the color of dried blood. *You must know he's killed people.*

Tom's eyebrow quirked, clearly seeing it in Harry's mind. Harry didn't look away, letting his devotion and love shine. Tom's eyes softened.

*"Harry, you don't need to stay with him. If you need to get away..." Hermione hesitated, looking around her warily. "We can bring you somewhere safe. Somewhere he won't find you. We'll protect you."*

Tom broke the eye contact and kissed him. Harry's heart fluttered and he kissed back, their lips meeting in a slow, gentle slide. Tom pulled away and pressed their foreheads together.

"What do you suspect?" he asked, and Harry sucked his bottom lip into his mouth, unsure.

"She said we," Harry slowly said. "Isn't that odd? Who's *we*?"

"It is odd," Tom confirmed. "I'll find a way to look into it."

He kissed Harry again, a simple brush of lips. "They think you're unaware, or that I'm controlling you in some way." Tom sounded amused, and Harry's lips twisted. "Love potion, they must think."

"You wouldn't," Harry muttered, just a little defensive, and Tom chuckled. He pulled Harry's head to his shoulder with a firm hand at his nape, and Harry followed.

"We know the truth, don't we?" Tom asked him quietly, pressing a kiss to the top of Harry's head. Harry closed his eyes, his grip tightening at the front of Tom's shirt. He *loved* Tom. Without a doubt, without question, with everything that he was.

"We'll prove it to them," Tom said.

\*

"I'll be watching your practice today," Tom said, leaning against their bedroom door. Harry looked up, his toothbrush in his mouth, his Quidditch gear half-packed in his bag.

"Oh?" he said and it came out muffled through the toothpaste. He turned back to his bag and tried to push in his goggles, frustrated when the zipper wouldn't work. Tom sighed, and with a wave of his hand, Harry's gear rearranged itself in his bag, fitting perfectly, the zipper easily sliding closed.

"You're a wizard," Tom reminded him and Harry sheepishly smiled.

He slipped back into their bathroom, Tom at his heels, and spat the toothpaste out. He rinsed, fully aware of Tom watching him from behind, and well, watching his behind.

"Are you sure you want to spend a good few hours watching us run drills and tactics?" he asked, and Tom shrugged.

"I'm free. I haven't spent time with you in a while, and I enjoy watching you play."

The first part was true. The two of them had been busier than ever the past few weeks. The English National Team's practices were more rigorous, more demanding than Puddlemere, and both Oliver and Harry frequently complained about it. Not seriously, of course, just joking asides.

Then Tom had been busy with his own plans, gaining and turning support in the direction of the Bill. A bit of blackmail, a bit of bribery, maybe few mild threats to the lives of those that opposed it. Nothing serious. It had passed the first and second reading in the Wizengamot already, and it only needed one more before going to the Minister.

"A break from your plans of world domination," Harry teased, and Tom's eyes flicked upwards in irritation. Harry raised an eyebrow, his lips twitching, and Tom sighed.

"I suppose," he relented, and Harry grinned.

A soft meow interrupted them and Harry looked down, his smile widening into a bright beam.

"Marvin," he cooed, bending down and picking the black cat, a few months old now. He stroked the soft fur of its back and looked up. "If you're watching my practice, then who's going to watch Marvin?"

Tom's lips thinned, his eyes narrowed at the cat.

"Marvolo can watch himself," he said and Harry gave an exaggerated, horrified gasp.

"How dare you?" he said and leaned in to drop Marvin in Tom's arms. Tom's eyebrow twitched, but he said nothing, half-holding their cat in front of him as if he was afraid it was going to piss on him. Really, it had only happened twice. Harry didn't know what Tom's problem was.

"Bring Marvin to practice," Harry said and smiled up at Tom.

Tom opened his mouth to protest, but at Harry's bright smile, he closed his mouth and sighed.

"The things I do for you," he said, and Harry's smile widened into a grin.

"Thank you," he said, and Tom leaned in, Marvin wiggling in between them, to press a quick kiss on Harry's lips.

"What would you do for me, I wonder?" Harry murmured. "If I only asked."

"Anything," Tom promised, kissing him again, slow and sweet. "Everything."

Harry knew Tom had a soft spot for him.

He also knew that if there was an opposite to a soft spot, Tom would have it for Ginny.

He and Ginny had dated briefly in his sixth and seventh year, and while it ultimately resulted in nothing but amicable friendship, Tom seemed to take it as if they were about to get married at the tender age of 18.

Really. As if Ginny could ever compare to Tom.

So when Ginny clapped his shoulder and leaned in, laughing, the scent of her red hair strong in his nose, Harry wasn't surprised to feel the chill of Tom's gaze go down his spine. Gently, he nudged Ginny away, still smiling at her.

He met Tom's eyes over her shoulder, anticipation curling in his gut. He grinned at Tom, his eyebrows raised, and even feet away, Harry could almost hear Tom's exasperated sigh.

\*

"You try my patience," Tom said, voice low and dangerous as he pushed him up against the wooden stands of the pitch. On the grass near them, Marvin was lazily splayed out, soaking up the last of the setting sun and uncaring of his owners' play.

"Do I?" Harry teased, and Tom growled. He kissed Harry, sharp and hungry, and Harry melted, his mouth opening under Tom's as he needily kissed him back. Tom's hand roved against his front before he yanked his Quidditch robes open, his hands slipping in beneath Harry's undershirt.

Harry moaned into his mouth, clutching onto him at the feel of bare skin against his. Tom's hand was warm against his stomach, burning as he pushed Harry's shirt up and rubbed his chest. He pulled away to possessively nip at Harry's jaw, his teeth harsh against the skin of his neck, his collarbones. He licked at the salty sweat from Harry's practice, his greedy tongue sending shivers down Harry's spine.

"Let's go home," Harry urged, squirming, his cock hard in his trousers. Tom slipped a solid thigh in between his, and Harry rocked against it, panting at the friction. "Tom, come on."

"No," Tom said darkly. "I want you now."

"What?" Harry asked, just a little breathless as he pushed Tom away. "We're in *public*, anyone could see us."

Tom ignored him, his hands slipping down to push Harry's trousers and pants down. Harry whined, his hands tightening around Tom's shoulders, the material of Tom's robes sleek and smooth against his palms.

"*Tom*," Harry said, unsure, and Tom kissed him, hot and wet. It was almost enough to distract him from Tom's grip around his cock, dry and rough. Harry gasped as Tom's wrist twisted, sending bolts of pleasure from his cock. His hips thrust into Tom's grip, his eyes squeezing shut, his mouth falling open.

"Let's go home," Harry repeated, breathing harshly as he arched into Tom's touch. His hands fluttered uselessly at Tom's front, embarrassment filling him and making his face, his neck, and his chest warm. He hated anything public, even PDA that was too blatant was enough to make Harry wince.

He enjoyed his privacy, hated attention. He only gave it up for Tom and the cause, and only when it was necessary.

"You're mine," Tom said, warm breath over the shell of Harry's ear. Harry keened as Tom's grip tightened around his cock, jerking him off, deliciously painful. "Say it."

"I'm yours," Harry immediately said, voice catching. He spread his legs and shook his head, lightly pushing his husband away. "Tom, not here, please."

"Why?" Tom asked, pulling away. He pushed Harry's trousers further down, baring him, all the way down to his knees. Harry's legs pressed together in modesty, his face bright red now. He glanced over Tom's shoulder, eyes darting around to see if any of his teammates, or Merlin, Frisby were passing by.

They could, so easily. They were so near the dressing rooms. A little detour would immediately leave the two of them exposed to whoever.

"You know why!" Harry said, his voice high pitched and hysterical.

"And you promised me. Anywhere, you said," Tom said, tone even. Harry shuddered, his head tilting up and resting against the wooden beam of the stands.

He swallowed down the ball in his throat, his hands clenching against the front of Tom's robes. All the while, Tom didn't let up, his strokes even and smooth and tempting on Harry's cock.

"Harry," Tom said, voice smooth as silk, and Harry could feel his reluctance crack.

"Be quick," he finally said, relenting, his shoulders dropping. Tom smirked, and Harry's gut burned in arousal at the very sight of it, even as frantic embarrassment made his heart quicken and beat roughly against his ribs.

"Turn," Tom said, and Harry did.

He held onto the stands, his palms rubbing against the wood, rough against them. He let out a harsh breath and ducked his head, his hair falling over his eyes.

"Lovely boy," Tom praised, smoothing a hand over his arse, sore from hours of Quidditch practice. Harry shivered and arched his back, gratified when Tom's hand moved upwards, rucking up his shirt until it was raised to his armpits. His nipples were bare and tight, perky from the evening chill.

Tom's fingers brushed against his hole, and Harry jolted, a soft sound escaping him.

"Wait," Harry moaned in embarrassment, ducking his face to hide it in his arm. "Marvin's watching."

"Shh," Tom soothed, laughing in amusement. "He isn't, I promise. He's sleeping."

He nudged Harry's legs apart as far as they could go with his knees bound by his trousers, and Harry shivered, goosebumps pimpling his flesh, his cock leaking and rubbing against his stomach.

"Tom," he gasped.

\*

"You're so good for me, aren't you?" Tom murmured, rubbing at Harry's hole. The wrinkled rim clenched, and when Tom nudged his dry finger inside, Harry was tight and warm, pulling him in.

"Yes," Harry breathed, arching his back, greedy for more even as he ducked his head to hide behind his shoulders and his arms. His boy was so shy still, even now. Tom needed to work that out of him.

Taking mercy, Tom slipped his finger out, slicking it with a wordless, wandless spell. He pushed it back in, working Harry open, and Harry let out a soft, pleased sigh, fucking himself back on it.

"Hurry, please," Harry begged, his hands clenching against the wood. "I don't want anyone to see."

Tom laughed lowly and obeyed, slipping another finger in. He wasn't so gentle this time. The slick sounds of his fingers fucking Harry open, the sight of Harry's hole clenching and pulling, his rim pink, it made Tom's cock throb, painfully hard in his trousers.

"Enough?" he asked, and Harry hurriedly nodded, the back of his neck red. Tom leaned in and kissed it, breathing in the sweaty scent of him, all Harry. All his.

He unzipped, just enough to pull out his cock. He kept a hand on Harry's back, keeping him bent over as he stroked his cock and left it slick.

"Tom," Harry moaned, impatient, and Tom chuckled. He shushed him and guided his cock, the head of it pressing against Harry's greedy hole. He pressed in, Harry's rim spreading around it, still so tight despite his fingering. He hissed in pleasure and Harry grunted, holding back his own appreciative groan in fear of getting caught.

"You feel so good around me, darling," Tom praised, and Harry shuddered. He wrapped his hand around Harry's hip, squeezing, and then pushed in deeper until he was sinking in all the way to the root. Harry let out a startled gasp, and Tom grinned, all teeth.

He pulled out only to fuck into Harry again, hard and deep, and a cry escaped Harry's lips. Harry covered his mouth, his eyes clenched shut as his shoulders shook.

"No," Tom said, pulling his hand away in sadistic pleasure. "I want to hear you, love."

"I can't," Harry whimpered, "I'm going to be loud."

"I know," Tom chuckled, pressing another kiss to Harry's neck, and then once more to the shell of his ear. "I want you to be."

He thrust into Harry, pleased when Harry let out a choked cry, his chest heaving with his efforts to stay quiet. Unlike before, Tom didn't bother going slow, fucking deep and rough until Harry's rim was red and abused.

"*To-om!*" Harry wailed, his voice cracking, unable to keep it in any longer. Tom's hand on the back of his neck kept him bent over, the other on his hip holding him still. Harry let out a loud cry, and Tom was relentless now, fucking into him and keeping the angle, uncaring of Harry's desire to stay silent.

"Oh, fuck, Tom," Harry sobbed, his grip tightening, his knuckles white. His back arched into a lovely bow, the dimple at the top of his arse deepening. His legs started to shake beneath him, and Tom slammed into him, his hips snapping, the smack of flesh obscene and loud as it echoed into the Quidditch pitch.

A rustle of grass dragged his attention away from Harry's intoxicating body and he glanced to his side. Savage glee filled him at the sight of Ginny Weasley, frozen as she stared at their intertwined bodies. Her jaw was slack and her eyes wide, stunned speechless.

He smirked at her.

"How do I feel, Harry?" Tom crooned, not breaking eye contact, and Harry moaned, low and dragged out.

"Good," Harry said, breath hitching. "You feel so go—*fuck!* Merlin, you feel so good, I love you, *I love you*."

Her face turned as red as her hair, humiliation bringing tears to her eyes. She fled, her hair whipping around, and Tom laughed as he watched her go.

He kissed Harry's cheek in praise, his hand smoothing up Harry's back.

"I love you too, darling."

He bent his head and bit down on Harry's shoulder through his shirt. Harry spasmed around his cock, a loud cry yanked out of him. Tom's stomach tightened, heat boiling in his belly.

"Touch yourself," he ordered, voice low and guttural, and Harry moaned, his hand dropping down in between his thighs to grab onto his cock. He stroked himself roughly, legs quaking, and Tom increased his pace until Harry was being shoved against the wooden beams, his face rubbing against it.

Harry gasped, and then he was spilling into his fingers, the clench of his arse enough to push Tom over. He hissed in pleasure, the snap of his hips turning erratic, his grip tightening on

Harry's neck and hip.

He finished in Harry, base pleasure rising in him as he filled Harry, marking him up from the inside out. Harry whimpered, trembling in his arms, and Tom soothed him with a gentle kiss to his sweaty neck, his cheek.

"You're so sweet, aren't you?" Tom said fondly, breathing rough. He pulled out, arousal still hot in the pit of his stomach as Harry weakly moaned, still so open.

Tom spread his ass cheeks, his eyes glued to Harry's hole as it clenched uselessly. His spend dripped out of Harry, and Tom let out a low, pleased breath. He pushed it back in, fingers rough, and Harry let out a soft, weak whimper, clenching around them.

Tom lazily fingered him, basking in Harry's soft cries of pleasure.

He smirked to himself. He knew that the youngest Weasley would report this to her brother, and more importantly, that it'd get back to the Granger girl.

Harry didn't allow him to do anything concrete about them, but this Tom could do. It was as good a claim as any.

For now, at least.

\*

"I have something pretty for you," Tom said, and Harry looked up. Marvin was fast asleep in his chest, tiny and black. Harry yawned and rubbed his eyes, sleepily dragging himself and Marvin over to fall across their sofa. He pillowed his head on Tom's thighs, rubbing his face against Tom's silk pajamas like a cat, their actual cat still in his arms and grumpy now.

Marvin jumped out to land daintily on their carpet, yowling in upset, and Tom rolled his eyes.

Harry let Tom lift his hand up, and he only looked up when cold wrapped around his wrist, a stark contrast to Tom's warm hands.

Harry brought his hand closer to his face, squinting at the [elegant, gold bracelet](#) encircling his wrist. It was pure gold, thin and delicate in the shape of a snake eating its own tail. The Ouroboros—said to symbolize infinity or wholeness. The snake eye gleamed red at Harry, and he looked up to meet Tom's own burgundy eyes.

"You put tracking charms on this, didn't you?" he asked, just a little amused, and Tom hummed as he shook his head.

"No, you know that's on your ring."

Harry coughed and laughed, reaching up to pull Tom down to kiss him. The ring on his finger glinted against Tom's pale skin, the bracelet just as bright. He opened his mouth and shivered as Tom's tongue slipped in to trace along his teeth, his cock hardening in his pajamas.



"Thank you," Harry said as Tom pulled away. "It's very pretty. I don't think I can wear it during Quidditch though." His tone was regretful, and Tom's lip quirked.

"There's an event tomorrow," he said, his fingers tracing the raised edges of Harry's new bracelet, the textured snakeskin engraved on it. "I'd like you to come. You can wear it then."

## Chapter End Notes

Me: yeah this fic is gonna be 80% smut

Also me: how bout no

Sorry... so little smut in this chapter, more of a plot one 😊 the next chap is particularly smutty and long though, it's at 5k already and not even done 🙄 a lot of the tags r for the next chap ;)

# Chapter 5

## Chapter Summary

cedric/harry/tom ft. orgasm delay, sex toys under clothing, consensual infidelity, overstimulation, and many, many more

## Chapter Notes

check end notes for TW!! and check new tags for new kinks!!

AND thank u for RedHorse for the beta ♥♥

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Are you ready?"

Harry looked up and met Tom's eyes in the mirror, his hands pausing mid-way down his chest in his quest to button up his shirt.

"Er, in a bit," he said and shrugged. It was another one of Tom's fancy parties. All Harry really had to do was sit there and look pretty, and occasionally speak up to agree with Tom. *'Why yes, Mr. Minister, Tom is very talented. Did you know he discovered the cure to Vampirism?'* After a few dinners, Harry had gotten pretty good at it. He used to be bothered by having to talk to so many people, but he'd realized by now that they mostly just ignored him in favor of Tom. Harry could easily slip into the background like he wanted to.

He moved to continue buttoning his shirt, but then Tom stepped up behind him, his front pressing against Harry's back, a solid, firm heat. Harry stilled.

He looked back up in the mirror and met Tom's eyes, the sly look in them promising dangerous things. Tom touched his waist, and Harry felt himself grow hard in his neat, pressed slacks. He swallowed, and without further direction, let his hands fall to the counter to steady himself.

"We don't have much time before we have to leave," Harry warned, just a little breathless, but Tom only smirked and leaned in. He pressed his lips against the shell of Harry's ear and kissed down his neck, just the hint of teeth and tongue. Harry shivered, a soft exhale of air escaping him. He tilted his head to the side and Tom took immediate advantage, pressing up further against Harry's back until Harry was shoved up against the sink. His cock ached, and Harry couldn't resist rutting up against the linoleum, needy and wanting.

Tom reached down between Harry's heated body and the sink and unbuttoned Harry's slacks. Harry looked down, enamored by the view of Tom's hands framing his pelvis, his pale skin contrasting against Harry's. He admired Tom's long, delicate fingers as they wrapped around his cock.

Harry groaned, thrusting into his grip, but Tom kept it light. Teasing. Not nearly enough to satisfy him.

"We don't have much time, remember?" Tom said mockingly, his teeth glinting. Harry glared at his reflection, but Tom only smirked, unbothered, and nipped at Harry's neck in reproach.

"You're the worst," Harry grumbled, and Tom laughed as he pushed down Harry's slacks mid-thigh, exposing him to the chill bathroom air.

"Bend over," Tom ordered, nudging his legs apart, and Harry obeyed. He leaned over the sink, the cold still managing to make its way even through his jacket, and waited, breathing hard. In the mirror, he could see the intensity in Tom's dark gaze as he cupped Harry's bare arse and spread it.

Tom's fingers were slick now against his hole, and Harry let out a short, pleased exhale as Tom wasted no time in pushing one in. He spread his legs, frustrated at the restriction of his trousers. A part of him worried that the lube would stain the back of his trousers and that everyone later would see.

Tom found his prostate, and Harry moaned, his worries driving themselves out of his mind. But Tom didn't linger, the stroking of his fingers clinical almost and with only one purpose in mind, Harry's pleasure not one of them. He inserted another finger without preamble and Harry's head dropped between his shoulders.

"Tom," Harry said, impatient, his teeth gritted as he nudged his hips back and squeezed around Tom's fingers. It wasn't enough, wasn't even close. Tom ignored him as he stretched Harry out, his other hand reaching up to grip the back of Harry's neck. Harry whimpered, his lips parting, body relaxing further into the sink until his face was pressed almost right up to his reflection. The firm, heavy hand at his neck was hot, enough to send Harry's cock throbbing.

He opened his eyes and flushed at the sight of himself, already a mess from just two fingers. His bottom lip was already red-raw from being bitten down on, his eyes glazed with arousal.

Tom, on the other hand, looked immaculate as always. His clothes were perfectly pressed, his hair perfectly coiffed and without a strand out of place. Harry knew Tom wouldn't look so perfect balls deep in him.

"You're not allowed to take it out," Tom said as he withdrew his fingers. "And you're not allowed to come without my permission."

*What?* Harry thought. Take what—

He squeaked as Tom suddenly pushed something inside of him. It was a little larger than two of Tom's fingers, no give to it, the shape familiar as one of their plugs. Harry almost whimpered when it settled snugly against his prostate.

Fuck.

"Tom," Harry whined in protest, but Tom, as usual, was uncaring of his struggles. He only patted Harry's arse, and with firm hands, pulled Harry's slacks and underwear back up his hips.

"Let's go," Tom said and smirked at Harry's red face in the mirror, cruel pleasure on his lips at what Harry had already been reduced to. "We can't be late."

With dread in his gut, Harry tucked in his button-down, redid his pants, and followed him.

\*

Tom said and did nothing about the toy lodged up in Harry's arse for the first hour of the party, and Harry thought that maybe he would get off easy for once.

But of course, Tom was only waiting for the right moment.

"I agree," Harry said solemnly. "I believe that what some Muggleborn or Muggle-raised children experience to be—"

The vibe in his arse abruptly turned on and Harry abruptly stopped talking, breath catching, eyes widening.

"...to be?" Minister Fudge prodded. Tom's hand around his waist squeezed—comforting, or punishing, Harry wasn't sure. He smiled, cheeks hot, and dropped his hand down to rest above Tom's.

"—to be absolutely abhorrent. I can't condone it. The new bill would be so helpful to orphans like us. You understand, right Minister?" Harry said bravely, pushing through even as the vibe increased in intensity as it assaulted him. His neck and chest warmed, unsure if everyone else could hear the buzzing or if it was just in his head.

Tom and Fudge continued their conversation, and Harry inhaled, trying to steady himself. He was holding on to Tom for dear life, the other man his lifeline and the source of his torment. His cock was hard and aching in his slacks and Harry was desperate. He wanted to reach down and relieve the pressure, but all he could do was move his coat to the side to hide the hard, obvious line destroying the clean cut of his trousers. He could do nothing about his flushed features.

He almost collapsed in relief when Tom ended his conversation with the Minister and then led him away, the toy continuing to press and buzz inside him even as Harry clenched around it.

Tom pushed him then into an alcove, stepping in close to him and covering him with his coat, his arm around Harry's shoulders. Intimate, if anyone were to look at them, but not

scandalous. Not a hint of what was beneath Harry's clothes, of how Harry was practically leaking precum into his underwear.

"Tom," Harry warned, voice catching, and Tom smiled at him beatifically, the expression on his angelic face such a contrast to the evil bastard Harry knew he could be. Tom leaned down then and pressed a chaste kiss to his lips just as the plug suddenly shifted, pressing right up against his prostate, hard and cruel.

Harry couldn't help but moan into Tom's mouth, his legs trembling, lips slack, eyes almost rolling to the back of his head. He gripped onto Tom's arms, hot and humiliated, so achingly aware of how hard he was, how close he was to coming, and of all the people in the ballroom.

"Tom," Harry repeated helplessly, panting as Tom pulled away to just stare down at him, eyes half-lidded and dark. He moved to reach down to touch himself, uncaring, but Tom held onto his hand, Harry's bracelet shifting back. He brought it to his mouth and pressed his lips on Harry's knuckles, smirking, his eyes half-lidded.

"You're doing so well, darling."

Harry's hips moved uselessly against air, his lips parting, and Tom pulled him into an embrace. Just the press of his firm thigh against Harry's, the length of his clothed cock nudging against Harry's, it was enough to send Harry to the edge.

He groaned into Tom's ear, his balls drawing up, his hands tightening on Tom's arms—

And then Tom pulled away, the vibe suddenly cutting off to nothing. Harry almost cried out, his release cruelly yanked away from him when he was so close. His dick throbbed in his pants, useless and aching, uncaring of the packed ballroom.

"No," Harry moaned, his head falling, but Tom only laughed.

"Not yet," he teased and pulled Harry back into the crowd.

Harry was dazed now, mind syrupy-slow as Tom led him around to talk, and talk, and talk. His only mercy was that Tom didn't prod Harry into conversation as often as he normally would. For once, Harry was free to just smile prettily and nod at to whatever Tom said while the vibe continued to buzz against his prostate. Low in its intensity, but persistent and solid, a constancy that Harry wouldn't be able to forget or ignore.

"—right, Harry?"

"What?" Harry asked, breathless. He shifted his weight and almost cried out when the plug pressed right against his prostate. He held onto Tom's arm, his grip tight in what must be a bruising hold. Tom's lip twitched in amusement.

"I was just telling this kind gentleman about how you play Seeker for the English Team."

"A—Ah, yes," Harry stuttered, blinking furiously. The vibe increased in intensity, hard, relentless, cruel against his prostate, and Harry's nails dug into Tom's fine coat. A low sound escaped him and Harry felt his face burn in mortification. "Quidditch. Seeker. I play it."

"The English team might actually have a chance at the World Cup now," Tom added, the picture of a proud husband as he patted Harry's vice grip on his arm. Harry laughed, high-pitched, and ducked his head.

"Are you, ah, alright?" the man asked, his eyes flicking up to Harry and then to Tom in concern. Tom gave him a placid smile back and Harry's jaw tightened.

"Yes, I'm—hah—perfect," he said, and forced a charming smile on his lips, already fraying at the edges.

"Of course," the man replied, and then obviously dismissing Harry for the trophy husband he was supposed to be, turned back to Tom.

Harry almost whimpered out loud.

"Harry," Tom said, in that tone of voice that meant nothing good. Harry closed his eyes. What could Tom do to him that would be worse? "Would you please get me a drink?"

Harry eyed him suspiciously, but Tom only flashed a perfect smile.

"Sure..." Harry said slowly. He tried to refrain from moving too much, aware that the wrong move could push the toy against that spot inside of him and render him useless. His hole was sore now, over-sensitive, each low vibration traveling all the way up from his spine to his half-hard dick. He clenched around in the toy in his arse, his focus narrowed down to its stretch, its gentle buzz inside him. The urge to go to the loo and just jack off and end it was persistent, but Harry resisted. Tom's punishment would just be worse.

"Go on then," Tom ordered, smirking, motioning with his head towards the drinks table.

Harry followed his gaze and paled. It was all the way to the other end of the ballroom. Harry swallowed. He looked up at Tom helplessly, but Tom only smiled, snickering almost, so obviously amused at his pain.

"A kiss before I go?" Harry asked, and Tom laughed lowly but leaned in anyway to press a sweet, gentle kiss to his lips. Sickeningly sweet, what with the vibe he was currently controlling in Harry's arse. If only everyone else knew.

Harry walked towards the drinks table, achingly aware of each and every person he brushed or pushed past. He felt overheated, over-sensitive, his breath harsh with every step that moved the plug up against him. His cock was pressing painfully against the front of his slacks, fully hard now from the renewed stimulation.

He closed his eyes, already panting by the time he reached the long table. He reached out to steady himself and almost keened when the speed of the vibe suddenly ratcheted up, almost sending him face-first into the glasses. His fist clenched against the tablecloth, a soft sound escaping him.

"Harry?"

Harry's head snapped up, his eyes wide.

"Ced—Cedric," he stuttered, paling. Cedric frowned at him in concern then and reached out to grasp his arm. A soft cry escaped out of him without his permission, the unforgiving vibe inside of him combined with the warmth of Cedric's hand too much. He almost rocked forward into Cedric's firm chest, but he stopped himself, his eyes squeezed painfully shut.

"Are you alright?"

*No*, Harry thought.

"Yes," he answered tightly and smiled.

"You look, ah..." Cedric trailed off and smiled at him sheepishly, almost embarrassed. Harry felt his face flush again, albeit for more innocent reasons. Cedric was very handsome. Just as the thought crossed his mind, the vibe suddenly increased in strength and speed, and Harry squeaked, his legs almost collapsing underneath him. Cedric's grip tightened to steady him, and Harry groaned, low and unmistakable.

He looked back, panting, eyes wide and frantic at the sudden onslaught. Tom raised an eyebrow.

Right, Harry thought, his throat working. Jealous lover.

But Tom didn't look murderous, no. Not even remotely upset. He looked amused.

Fuck.

Harry hunched over, curling up on himself and Cedric moved his arm to around Harry's shoulders, the steady, comforting weight a stark counter to the onslaught inside of him. Harry whimpered and ducked his head, reaching out to grasp uselessly at the ends of Cedric's coat and only serving to crinkle it.

"I can help you relax," Cedric murmured in his ear. It took a while to register in Harry's dazed mind, but when it did, he choked on his next breath. He looked up, his eyes wide, and Cedric gave him a kind smile.

"What?" Harry gasped, staring up at him in disbelief. He clenched around the toy inside of him, shifting away, his face hot with shame that Cedric would somehow know it was there.

"You look like you need some air," Cedric said, leaning away. Harry tried not to whimper when his steadying hand left Harry. "The gardens outside are lovely if you're feeling overwhelmed."

"I..." Harry's mouth dried. The vibe buzzed angrily inside of him and Harry almost yelped, the words cutting off. He couldn't resist the temptation to rock forward, to bury his face in Cedric's shoulder, and Cedric let him, ever gentle. A soundless scream bubbled out of him, and he sobbed, his eyes squeezed shut at the overwhelming desire to rut against Cedric's thigh like an animal. He wanted to come. His balls were drawn up painfully tight, and Harry couldn't care less about all the people in the ballroom with them.

He moaned low into Cedric's shoulder, so so ready, and then—

The toy turned off. Harry wanted to scream.

"Diggory." Tom's voice was cool, and Harry whimpered. He was sweating, probably soaking his nice shirt, and fine trembles were running up and down his whole body. He didn't know if he could stand up by himself without Cedric holding him up. But still, he forced himself away from Cedric's gentle, steadying embrace to stumble away and tuck himself back into Tom's side, under his arm. Right where he belonged.

"You're a mess, darling," Tom said to him, his tone low and intimate, entirely for Harry alone. Cedric's gaze darted back and forth between them, and Harry felt dirty. Exhibitionistic.

"I apologize, sir," Cedric said. "Harry looked like he needed help."

"Thank you, but I believe I can handle my own husband now."

There was a noticeable chill in the air as Tom stared Cedric down, but Harry was too dazed to really take note of it.

"Of course, sir," Cedric finally said and ducked his head. He shot Harry a friendly, charming smile, and Harry was hapless but to smile back, even as Tom's hand moved to cup the back of his neck, blatantly possessive. Even as Tom squeezed hard in warning.

For him or for Cedric, Harry couldn't quite tell.

Cedric made his excuses then. Tom watched him as he left, coldly assessing.

"Maybe he *can* help you," Tom said thoughtfully, and Harry stiffened. He looked up at Tom, eyes wide, but Tom didn't look down to meet his gaze. Harry tugged tentatively at Tom's cloak, feeling oddly like a little child begging for attention.

"Don't I..." Harry blinked furiously, gripping uselessly at Tom's arm. Tom took pity on him and reached up to smooth a hand through Harry's sweaty locks that were sticking to his forehead. His hand was cool, and Harry leaned into it, taking a steadying breath. "Don't I get a say in this?"

"Of course not," Tom said, amused. He patted Harry on the head. "Anything and everything, remember, love?"

Their eyes met. Tom's eyebrow was quirked in question. Testing. Harry swallowed.

"Yes," he murmured. "I remember."

Tom smirked.

"Here's what I want you to do."

\*

Harry splashed water onto his face, desperately trying to cool down. He still felt overheated, more so even with the revelations of earlier.



When he had given his blanket consent to Tom just a few months ago, he didn't think that Tom was going to take advantage of it in this way. Harry didn't even know how to describe what Tom was currently doing. Letting some lucky chap have a chance at his arse for the night? Some odd version of cuckolding?

He swallowed, his cock twitching at the thought of what Cedric would do to him.

He had thought Tom too possessive to ever allow Harry to be touched by anyone else, but it turned out Harry was wrong. This was miles away from everything else Tom had done to him so far or had made him do.

It was a long way away from fucking him while asleep, or pushing him in a semi-public place. He was escalating, and a part of Harry was scared.

Another part of him was excited.

He looked at himself in the mirror and took a deep breath then let it out in one go.

He was going to do this. He was going to seduce Cedric Diggory into fucking his boss' husband.

He turned on his heel to exit the men's room, his head held high and his shoulders back. He made it only a few steps towards the door before it abruptly swung open, revealing—

“Cedric!” Harry greeted, his voice high-pitched.

Cedric blinked at him, his hand on the door. He smiled.

“Harry,” he said. “I’m surprised your husband let you out of his sight.”

“Yes,” Harry laughed nervously. “He does that. Sometimes.”

All of his confidence from just a few seconds ago was gone, replaced instead by an odd mix of guilt and embarrassment. It didn't make sense if you took into account that he was doing this with Tom's permission and under his orders.

Cedric glanced at him before he stepped up to the sink, brushing past Harry. Harry swallowed, his nerves firing, unsure what to say or where to start. He could already imagine Tom's amusement at Harry struggling in his seduction attempts, so early in the game.

As Cedric started to fix his hair in the mirror, Harry cleared his throat.

“I was er, actually planning to leave early tonight. Tom said he had some things to take care of.”

“Oh?” Cedric asked, politely interested. Harry flushed. Damn it. He coughed, and straightened his back, trying to infuse Tom's charm into his own voice.

“I was wondering if you still wanted to take that walk in the gardens?”

Cedric paused at that, and then his gaze flicked up to meet Harry's in the mirror.

"Are you allowed?" he asked, smiling lightly, and Harry felt his face twist in indignation.

"I'm allowed to do anything I want!" he said, and Cedric ducked his head, still smiling.

"Of course."

\*

"You're right," Harry whispered, spinning around to take in the gardens around them. No matter where he looked, there was something that drew his eye. Even at night, the flowers were beautiful, their sweet scent filling the air. Some of them were glowing slightly, moon-flowers at their peak, and the fairy lights strung across the arches above them only added to the ethereal quality. The stone beneath their feet crunched and crackled as they walked along the path, and on either side of them, the flower bushes rose above to the night sky, tall enough that Harry could hide behind them if he wished.

It was lovely, just as Cedric promised.

It was also very intimate.

Even if Harry knew they couldn't possibly be alone, it still felt like they were. The garden was silent save for the sounds of nature, and of Harry and Cedric. He turned to look at Cedric then, the other man's face serene, bathed in the moonlight.

"It's beautiful," he said, voice hushed.

"It is," Cedric agreed, that ever-present smile lifting up his lips. Harry's eyes dropped down to it, flushing slightly. Cedric smiled a lot, much more than Tom.

"Harry..." Cedric said lowly, and Harry's gaze shot up to meet Cedric's. His eyes were dark, curious. Harry realized belatedly that he had been unabashedly staring at Cedric's mouth in his contemplation of Cedric's admittedly very nice smile. "What's the real reason you've brought me here?"

Harry swallowed and looked down, his feet shuffling. Tom had instructed him in what to say, and yet...the words were hard to say. Even with all the parties and the balls Harry had spent on Tom's arm, subtle manipulation and Slytherin tactics were still beyond Harry. Everything he said and did was genuine, but with purpose and reasons—almost always Tom's, but still, purpose and reason.

"No reason," he lied, his face hot. Cedric stepped towards him. Close enough that Harry could smell his cologne and feel the heat of him, but not so intimate that if anyone were to walk by them, they would find fault in it. "It's just...Tom's very busy, you know."

He looked up through his eyelashes and licked his lips. Cedric's gaze dropped down to his mouth, his pupils blown wide, and Harry felt a solid curl of pleasure in his chest. The beginnings of arousal came to him easily with his shoulders loosening, his mouth going dry.

Harry's body was still primed from the solid weight inside of him, unforgettable in its constant pressure against his prostate even if Tom hadn't turned it back on.

It made it easier for Harry to tilt his head, coy.

"I just get very lonely sometimes," Harry said, voice soft, and Cedric instinctively leaned in to hear him better. They stared at each other, so close now, Harry's breathing uneven in the space between.

"Harry," Cedric said uncertainly. He drew in his bottom lip with his teeth, his eyes tracing Harry's features. "You're married. To my boss."

"We're not doing anything," Harry immediately argued. "And he's not your boss. Technically."

"He's everyone's boss," Cedric said, amused. He leaned away, breaking the moment, and Harry floundered in panic. He reached up and grabbed onto Cedric's arm, keeping him close, and Cedric blinked at him.

Carefully, Cedric reached up and detached Harry's hand from his coat.

"I do like you, Harry. I've always found you attractive, but this isn't fair," Cedric said kindly, and Harry could only gape at him in disbelief. Right. He forgot that there were people who thought in terms of fairness and actually cared about that. Tom was clearly rubbing off on him.

"Then—" he said, slightly panicked. Fairly or not, Tom would be disappointed if Harry couldn't even manage this. "Will you at least escort me home? I've had a bit to drink, and I don't trust myself to Floo or Apparate."

"I..." Cedric frowned, and Harry looked up at him helplessly, his eyes wide. "Sure. I'll just bring you home, but that's it, alright?"

"Alright," Harry said and smiled. "Thank you, Cedric. Tom will appreciate it, I promise."

\*

When they arrived at Harry's shared house with Tom, Harry only needed to take one look at Cedric, and say, "Would you like to come in for a nightcap?"

"I don't know, Harry," Cedric said, shifting his weight back. "I should go."

"I promise it's just a drink." Harry gave him a hopeful smile, and Cedric wavered. "Please, Cedric?"

"Alright," Cedric relented, sighing a bit. He was always far too kind. "One drink, Harry."

Soon, of course, one drink turned into two, and then in no time at all—

"He's very controlling," Harry said, subdued, eyes down on his lap to hide his expression. He knew what he looked like to Cedric right now. Vulnerable. In need of comfort. If he looked up to meet Cedric's eyes, Harry knew the game would be over. Harry was a horrible liar.

"I figured," Cedric said kindly, reaching out to gently touch his wrist, right over the bracelet Tom had given him. Harry's eyes darted down to his hand, his breath hitching.

"Harry..." Cedric said softly. "If you need to get away, we can bring you somewhere safe. Somewhere he won't find you. We'll protect you."

Harry stilled. That was the exact same thing Hermione had said. He eyed Cedric, wary. Slowly, he licked his lips and shook it off. Tom would figure it out later.

"I can't," he said lowly. *I won't*. He looked up through his eyelashes at Cedric before he looked away, mock-bashful. He licked his bottom lip, dry now. It was now or never.

"Will you kiss me?" Harry said, voice cracking. "It's been too long."

*Hook .*

"I..." Cedric hesitated, his face pinching, and Harry leaned in, touching his thigh.

"Please?"

*Line.*

Cedric's eyes softened. His soft heart would be the death of him. "Harry..."

"I just want to feel loved for the night."

*Sinker .*

Cedric leaned in, and Harry tilted his head up. Their lips didn't meet, not yet, but their shared breath was intoxicating by itself, the scent of alcohol mingling in between them. It must have been only seconds, but to Harry's rabbit-quick heart, it felt like hours, *days*, before finally, Cedric reached up to cup his cheek and close the gap.

Tentative, at first, just a brief press of lips, before Cedric pulled away. Harry didn't let him go far, reaching up to clutch onto the front of Cedric's shirt like a lifeline and pull him in. He chased after Cedric's lips, his eyes falling closed.

"Harry," Cedric breathed into his mouth, reaching up to touch his shoulder. He still sounded unsure. He made a move to start gently pushing Harry back, and Harry panicked.

Crocodile tears welled up in his eyes.

"Please," he repeated, tightening his grip on Cedric's shirt until his knuckles were white. Cedric looked stricken at his tears, his own eyes wide as they darted back and forth over his features. Harry let a single drop fall, and sniffed, excessively loud.

"Oh, Harry," Cedric said lowly. He pulled Harry in for another kiss this time, deeper, his mouth opening. Harry pressed himself flush against Cedric and took the chance to climb into the other man's lap.

Cedric let him, for once no longer hesitant as Harry seemingly sought comfort in him. Maybe Harry just needed to keep crying.

Cedric's hands fluttered at his sides, and Harry impatiently took them in his. His palms were calloused, just like Harry's. From the Quidditch, maybe, even if Harry knew Cedric hadn't played much beyond pick-up matches since graduating Hogwarts. They were a stark difference from Tom's elegant, smooth, and manicured hands. He guided them to his waist until they rested there, big and firm.

They pulled away, their breathing both uneven. Cedric was flushed, his pupils blown wide, his lips slick. Harry imagined he must look more or less the same, the tears that threatened to fall from his eyes the only difference.

Cedric reached up, his knuckles brushing over Harry's cheeks, gaze locked on to the unshed tears. "What do you want?" Cedric blurted out, and Harry resisted the urge to smile, pinching his lips tightly and letting them waver instead.

"Take me to bed," Harry said. When Cedric stalled, Harry's eyebrows drew together, his face crumpling, and Cedric immediately broke.

He let Harry lead him to his bedroom with Tom.

An odd, perverse sort of thrill raced up Harry's spine. Tom had told him to do this, yes, but Harry found himself in a conflicted state of aroused and uncomfortable. There was something strange about leading Cedric to the room Tom and he shared, to the bed Tom and he slept in every night.

Cedric sat down on the edge, his handsome face tilted up. His lips were parted, his hair mussed, but his shoulders were tight. Harry climbed onto his lap and kissed him again, worried that Cedric would rediscover his lost morals.

Tom would be home soon, if Harry had seen the time correctly. He needed to be under Cedric, or have Cedric inside him by then.

He could feel Cedric hard underneath him, the length and thickness of his cock enough to make Harry swell in his trousers. Harry shifted, and he had to stifle a low moan as the plug inside him moved and nudged against his sore insides. He had almost forgotten, and Harry wasn't sure how he was even going to start explaining *that* to Cedric.

Cedric made no move to undress him and so Harry did it for them. His clothes slipped loose over his shoulders, pooling around his waist, and Cedric's breath hitched at the sight of Harry's bare chest and shoulders.

"Harry..." he said, again unsure even as his heated gaze took Harry in. Harry let out a pathetic snuffle, and Cedric caved. He allowed Harry to undress him until they were both nude from

the waist up, heated skin pressing against heated skin.

“Can I?” Cedric asked, his hands wavering at Harry’s sides. Harry wasn’t sure what he was asking for, but he nodded anyway. He was pleasantly surprised when Cedric unbuttoned and unzipped Harry’s trousers, reaching in to cup Harry where he was hard and aching.

He made a soft sound, an exhale of enjoyment, and Cedric smiled up at him, pulling him out to gently stroke.

“You’re so kind,” Harry surprised himself by saying. Tom was never outright, overtly mean to him, but he was casually cruel in a way that Harry had grown to love and crave. Tom’s own brand of assholery was arousing and endearing in its own way, and Harry wouldn’t give it up for the world. Even for a million kind men like Cedric.

He’d grow bored eventually, he knew.

Cedric didn’t answer, only smiled at him once more in surprise.

Cedric guided Harry until Harry was lying down on his bed, splayed out, the sheets beneath him cool and smooth against his bare skin. When he took in a deep, steadying breath, he could smell Tom on the pillows.

He shuddered. Harry looked up at Cedric and then spread his legs, even trapped as they were in his trousers, letting his tongue dart out to wet his chapped bottom lip.

Cedric touched his thigh and then leaned in to press a kiss at the juncture of hip and thigh, close, yet entirely too far from Harry’s cock. Harry exhaled shakily, his fingers flexing.

“Does your husband do this for you?” Cedric asked, voice low as he looked up through his fringe.

“It’s been too long,” Harry replied, looking away. It’d been a day since Tom’s mouth was last on his cock so yes, entirely too long ago.

Cedric said nothing more, only leaned in and took Harry past his lips, heat and wetness. Harry let out a choked groan, his head tipping back. He was suddenly reminded of himself at 14, fantasizing about just this, Cedric Diggory’s pretty mouth on his dick. Fourteen-year-old Harry would be so proud of him.

All Harry could do was watch as Cedric sucked him, lips red, saliva dripping down his cock. His hand stroked at what couldn’t fit in his mouth, his other steady and firm over Harry’s hip.

Harry moaned as Cedric’s tongue laved over his head, pleasure racing up his spine. It didn’t take long, embarrassingly short really, but Harry had already been teased and pushed to the brink and back earlier tonight at the party. His balls drew up, tightening, and Harry’s cock twitched in Cedric’s mouth.

“Wait,” Harry whimpered, nudging Cedric off, his legs trembling now, sweat dripping down his face. “I can’t, I’m not allowed to come until—”

“Until?” Cedric asked, brow furrowed. Harry opened his mouth to respond, but a familiar voice from the door cut him off.

“Until I say he can, obviously.”

Cedric froze, his grip on Harry’s hip tightening painfully. Even in the darkness, Harry could see how his face was now pale.

“Well?” Tom asked, leaning against the doorway. He and Harry met eyes, electrifying heat that made Harry’s mouth dry, before his gaze dropped to Cedric. “Go on then. Don’t stop on my account.”

Cedric visibly swallowed, and Harry wondered if he should feel bad for him. He did, really, just a bit. Not enough.

“It’s okay,” Harry urged, deciding to be kind, and Cedric’s gaze dropped from Tom’s. Slowly, tentatively, he leaned forward once more and took Harry in his mouth again.

Tom stepped towards them, and Harry turned to him, like a sunflower to the sun even as his breathing turned haggard with the effort not to finish. He tilted his face up and accepted a kiss, sighing slightly as Tom cupped the back of his sweaty nape, his thumb rubbing soothingly up near the back of his ear.

Cedric’s palm twisted on the sensitive part of his cock, and Harry keened, hips thrusting.

“Please,” Harry begged, unsure to whom he was begging. His balls were painfully tight now, his hands clenching and unclenching uselessly by his sides, a fine shudder over his thighs.

“Please,” Harry repeated, gasping. Tom liked to hear him beg, and Cedric was far too kind to deny him.

“Go ahead.” Tom chuckled, and before he was even done speaking Harry was done, a loud cry shocked out of him. His back arched, his hand flying out to hold on to Tom’s thigh over his trousers, and Harry squeezed his eyes shut as finally, finally he was allowed to finish.

Cedric swallowed him down, the movement of his mouth quickly turning from pleasurable to painful, and Harry jolted, a whimper escaping him.

“Say thank you, Harry,” Tom said, and Harry bit down on his lip. He met Cedric’s eyes, a warm wary brown.

“Thank you,” Harry rasped.

“Not like that,” Tom said, amused. He squeezed the back of Harry’s neck and guided him closer to Cedric, who had quickly pulled away to sit back on his legs.

Harry looked up at him helplessly, and Tom gave him a slow, lazy smirk.

“You know better,” he scolded. “Mr Diggory deserves a proper thank you, darling.”

Harry released a low shaky breath and dropped on his hands. He crawled towards Cedric, his trousers around his thighs making it awkward.

Tom climbed up on the bed behind him and solved that problem by yanking his trousers down, helping him out of them until Harry was fully exposed. Harry let out a low pained moan as Tom touched the base of the plug, nudging it from where it lay in his sensitive hole.

His hands were trembling, he realized. He swallowed and reached out to quickly undo Cedric's trousers. Cedric allowed him. When Harry looked up, chancing a peek at his expression, Cedric couldn't seem to be able to decide between looking at Harry or looking at Tom.

Harry reached out and grasped Cedric's cock. Cedric decided then, a soft exhale from above him as Harry bent down, his arse tilting upwards. Cedric and he met eyes, Harry's half-lidded, and he licked a solid line straight up the vein underneath before opening his mouth and swallowing Cedric down.

Tom pressed himself up against Harry, the heat of him radiating even if he was fully clothed. From the corner of his eye, Harry glimpsed Tom's hand coming down by his head, to do—what? Harry wasn't sure, to touch Cedric's thigh? Harry reacted without thinking.

His hand flashed out as he pulled off Cedric's cock, and he turned his head over his shoulder to glare at Tom, snatching Tom's wrist in his hand before it could come near Cedric's skin.

Tom blinked at him, his fingers twitching. No words passed between them, but the furious heat in Harry's gaze must have spoke volumes.

Tom wasn't allowed to touch anyone other than him.

Amusement flashed in Tom's eyes, his lips curling upwards. Harry let go of his wrist, and Tom ran an apologetic hand up his scalp.

Relaxed now, Harry went back to Cedric's cock. Behind him, Tom pulled out the plug.

Harry shuddered, his arse clenching as it left him. The lube from earlier was tacky now, dry, and his arse protested. He let out a soft sound of displeasure as Tom slipped a finger inside him, testing the give.

Tom withdrew his finger, and when it came back, it was slick. Harry's eyes slipped closed, and he focused now on mouthing at Cedric's cock, repaying him for his kindness. He licked at the head, spurred on by the soft sounds of pleasure from above him.

"He's good at this, isn't he?" Tom said fondly, his fingers fucking Harry open. He rubbed at Harry's prostate, and Harry groaned, spreading his legs farther apart.

Cedric didn't answer, and even without seeing Tom, he could feel the air around them turn tense and chill.

"Yes...sir," Cedric finally answered, his voice tight. Harry hummed, pleased, before he took Cedric all the way down his throat, his nose brushing against the wiry hair at the base of



Cedric's cock. Cedric groaned.

The blunt head of Tom's cock pressed against his hole, and Harry's throat worked around the cock in his mouth. He had to pull off as slowly, Tom pressed inside, spreading him open, and a low whimper escaped through his red lips. He was over-sensitive and sore, his previous orgasm and the abuse from the vibrator already too much for the night.

"Darling," Tom said mildly, and Harry let out a soft sound. Tom guided him with a firm hand at the back of his head. Harry was helpless but to obey, gripping the base of Cedric's cock and opening his mouth once more.

Tom started to fuck into him, rough and hard, and Harry swallowed around Cedric's cock, jaw aching. He was moaning desperately now around the girth in his mouth, a combination of pain and pleasure that made his own cock twitch valiantly in a play at hardening once more.

Harry clutched onto Cedric's thighs, his eyes squeezed shut as Tom held onto his hips and pounded into him. The head of his cock slammed into Harry's prostate and a pained cry escaped him, real tears now brimming at the corner of his eyes.

It was too much, and his head was starting to get light, his mind hazy. He tried to pull off Cedric's cock once more, desperate for air, but Tom held his face down in Cedric's lap. Harry choked, tears falling down his cheeks, his fingernails digging into Cedric's thighs and leaving a red raw trail.

Black started to appear at the corners of his vision, Harry dizzy now as his throat spasmed uselessly around Cedric's dick. Cedric let out a stifled shout, thrusting down further into Harry's mouth. Just as Harry was about to pass out from the lack of air, Tom yanked his head back, and Cedric came.

Harry gasped for air, his eyes pinched shut, Cedric's spend splattering over his hair, his open mouth, the taste of him bitter. A full body shudder ran through him and he cried out, Tom's grip on his scalp painful now as Tom kept fucking into him.

Every pass of Tom's cock over his prostate was painful pleasure, on the knife-edge of too much. He cried out, his legs trembling, the sounds mingling with the lewd wet sounds of Tom fucking him, skin slapping against skin. The force of Tom's thrusts pitched him over onto Cedric, and Cedric held onto him. Harry couldn't stop the tears now, his body wracked with it as he sobbed into Cedric's shoulder.

It was too good, too much, far too overwhelming. His whole body was lit up.

Tom reached underneath him and stroked his hard cock. Harry's body jolted in pleasure pain, and with a twist of Tom's hand over the head, Harry was coming once more, his body seizing, a shout punched out of him. He collapsed fully onto Cedric, shuddering and Cedric wrapped an arm around him.

Tom pulled out, the drag of his cock painful over Harry's abused hole even with the abundance of lube. With his hand on Harry's hip he flipped him over, and pushed Harry up

until his back was resting against Cedric's chest. Harry's legs were splayed open, his head tipped onto Cedric's shoulder, and when he met Tom's eyes, his breath stuttered.

Tom's eyes were wild, a snarl lifting up his upper lip, and Harry whimpered. He spread his legs wider and Tom slotted himself underneath, pushing back inside him.

"Tom," Harry rasped out, his throat fucked raw. His tears mingled with Cedric's come still on his face. He felt debauched, debased. Dirty. Tom wrapped a hand around his soft, spent cock and Harry whined, trying to get away. "I can't, please, it's too much, I can't."

"You can," Tom hissed. Behind him, Cedric's grip tightened around his waist. Tom shoved his cock inside, and Harry sobbed, his jaw falling open.

He couldn't do anything but take it, his whole body taut like a raw nerve. Was he screaming? He couldn't tell anymore; his vision was blurred, and his chest heaved.

Tom didn't let up, fucking into him roughly, the bones of his pelvis slamming against Harry's sore arse. The sounds of their bodies, of Harry, rang out in the room, loud and unrestrained. From one pained breath to another, Harry tipped over an edge he didn't know he was even on. His back arched up off from Cedric's lap, a deafening shout escaping him. His cock twitched uselessly as he came dry.

His vision turned black, and Harry passed out.

\*

"Sir?" Cedric asked, voice strangled, and Tom ignored him. His gaze was intent on Harry's face, slack now except for his twisted brows.

Tom bared his teeth, irrationally angry at the sight of another man's spend over his lover's face. His thrusts turned erratic, and with a grunt, he slammed one last time into Harry. His body bowed over the younger man, his shoulders hunched as he came inside him.

He pulled out, satisfied, and watched with savage pleasure as it leaked out. He lifted Harry's lax body of Cedric's lap and laid him out on the bed.

Once Harry was settled, Tom looked up at Cedric, his eyes narrowed, and the other man gazed back at him. His shoulders were tight, wariness clear in his features.

"Now," he said brusquely. He slipped out his wand from his sleeve and pointed it at Cedric. Cedric stiffened, reaching out his hand for the wand that wasn't there. He was nude, after all, defenseless and entirely at Tom's mercy. All courtesy of Harry. "Time to deal with you."

Cedric's attention dropped back down to Harry, splayed out and boneless in between them. He said nothing, and Tom smirked in cruel amusement.

Between them, Harry stirred, Cedric unaware as Harry slowly came to.

"*Legilimens*," Tom said, and Cedric's eyes widened. He moved to struggle but Harry shot up, wand in hand, and Harry pinned him with his magic so he was helpless to Tom's perusal.

From the corner of Tom's vision, Harry watched, his face twisted in discomfort and regret. Tom's own was wild, his eyes dark, teeth bared in a snarl as he relentlessly delved into Cedric's mind.

Flashes of images came to, Tom lingering only on the ones he found relevant and interesting. One led to another, a chain of events, people, and meetings and Tom followed it. After what must have been only a minute, he pulled away, smug.

"Thank you, Diggory," Tom said. "Now... *Obliviate*."

The spell shot true. Cedric's eyes fluttered closed, and he collapsed on their bed.

\*

"I was afraid you were going to kill him," Harry said, eyes darting to Cedric's still body and then back to Tom. Tom raised an eyebrow.

"Well then you'd be upset at me," he said, and Harry huffed, helplessly fond.

"Did you find what you were looking for?" he asked, and Tom hummed, slowly nodding. He stroked his wand and then carelessly, he waved it, Cedric's body lifting mid-air. He deposited him to the side to be dealt with later. Probably return him to wake at the ballroom with no memory, Harry suspected.

"Yes," Tom said. "You were right. They're forming a resistance group against me. Against us."

Harry bowed his head, his eyes slipping closed. He already knew what Tom could have seen in Cedric's mind. The meetings. The *members*.

Tom sat down next to him and laid a heavy hand on the back of Harry's bare neck. The ends of his hair were still sweaty, and the exhaustion from the day and from the sex clung to him.

"Your friends," Tom said simply. "They want to take you away from me."

Harry nodded, resigned. "I know," he said quietly. "I won't let them."

Tom ran a hand down his bare back, silent and soothing. The two of them were quiet, basking in the afterglow of sex and victory.

"Would you make me this do again?" Harry asked softly, and Tom shook his head, pressing a kiss to Harry's sweaty temple.

"I find the thought of sharing you again to be...repulsive," Tom admitted, and Harry slowly nodded.

"I'm glad," he said into Tom's shoulder.

"It's made me realize..." Tom trailed off, tone thoughtful. Harry made a questioning hum, and Tom ran a hand down his back again, this time slower. When he spoke, it was tentative

almost. "I want to brand you. Let everyone know you're mine."

"Is your ring not enough?" Harry laughed weakly. Tom didn't join him.

"No," he said. "Something more permanent, I think."

Harry lifted his head from Tom's shoulder, and he blinked at the older man, confused.

"Like a tattoo?" he asked. Tom smiled at him, eyes half-lidded. The light from outside gleamed in them, the wine color brightening into a crimson that seemed to glow from the inside of his skull. He tilted his head down and kissed Harry, gentle, lingering before he pulled away.

"Something like that."

## Chapter End Notes

TW: cedric's part is pretty dubcon-y when tom enters, plus tom legilimens him and obliviates him. sorry 🙄

jfc this chapter got way too long 😊 so much kinks also?? i actually wrote this chap way before chaps 1-4... everything was just lead up to this chapter 🙄

(anyway, my newest discovered kink is crying during sex and harry with a dark mark lmao)

# Chapter 6

## Chapter Summary

public sex <3

## Chapter Notes

Plot n porn r 50/50. I know little about politics and plenty about porn

check end notes for TW, this chapter gets a little dark

ty to Earth\_Phoenix for the beta <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Harry," Tom called out. Harry looked up and from the doorway, Tom motioned him over to their bedroom. He stood up from his lounge on the sofa, shuffling over to follow Tom.

"Strip," Tom ordered impatiently once Harry was inside, and Harry obeyed without question or protest. He dropped his clothes on the floor, hurrying along, and let them fall to the floor until he was standing nude in front of Tom.

"Sex?" he asked eagerly, and Tom's eyebrows raised, his lip quirked, amusement in his eyes.

"No," Tom replied, and Harry deflated. With a wave of his hand, Harry's clothes rose and neatly arranged themselves on the nearest chair. With another wave, a new set came rushing out of the closet, laying itself out neatly on their bed.

"Go on. We're having dinner tonight."

"You bought me new clothes, just for that?" Harry asked, laughing slightly as he inched closer towards their bed to peek. There was a box beside the suit, simple and black, and curiously, Harry lifted the cover. For a few blissful moments, Harry didn't quite understand what he was looking at.

Then it sunk in and he slammed the box closed, whirling around to face Tom, his face hot.

"I'm not into that," he squeaked, and Tom rolled his eyes.

"Indulge me," Tom said. Harry's eyes darted back down to the box, and he opened it once more, revealing black lace and silk, pink ribbons topping it off. It was a matching set :

underwear and stockings. Dainty and elegant, words no one would use to describe Harry. Despite himself, he felt his cock twitch in interest.

"You pervert," he said fondly, and Tom laughed, making his way closer to Harry. He picked it up and it only served to emphasize how tiny it was in Tom's large hand. The heat traveled down to his neck and his bare chest, and Harry swallowed.

"Come here," Tom said, and Harry followed. Tom touched his waist. It was just the barest touch of fingers, but it was enough for Harry's breath to hitch, his dick swelling. The mark on his back seemed to burn, just as desperate for a touch from its maker as Harry was.

Tom kneeled, his fingers tracing a sensual path down Harry's thighs, his legs, and then looked up, his gaze heated. Harry almost whimpered.

He held out the panties, and Harry held onto his shoulder, his legs beginning to tremble as he stepped into them. Tom slowly inched it up his calves, all the way to his hips and over Harry's ass, his hands warm and firm. Harry looked down. He immediately had to cover his face, embarrassed, and a loud groan escaped through his fingers. It looked *obscene*.

Harry's dick was fully hard now just from Tom helping him put it on, and the tiny scrap of lace and silk did nothing to contain it. The head of his dick was poking out just above the pink ribbon, ruining the shape, and when Harry shifted, it tightened around his cock.

"Harry," Tom said, hand on his foot, the other on the thin, black stockings. Harry let him lift his foot, his face down to his bare chest flushed red. Without breaking eye contact, Tom kissed the top of his foot, his ankle, his sole, and Harry shivered, his lips parting.

The smooth glide of the sheer stockings was arousing, his dick throbbing in his panties, and the look of pleasure on Tom's face was almost enough to tip him over untouched.

"One more," Tom said, and Harry went through it again. The slow, sensual rise of it all the way up past his knees until it finally sat snugly on his toned thighs was painfully arousing.

When he brought his legs together, his thighs rubbed against the sheer fabric. He shuddered.

"Beautiful," Tom declared smugly. "Do you like it?"

"It's a little uncomfortable," Harry admitted, reaching down to adjust himself. It did nothing.

"It's alright," Tom said. "You won't be wearing it for long."

\*

Harry was silent as the hostess led them to their private room, his gaze roaming over the opulence and the shine. It was beautiful, everything obviously expensive, and it was nothing less than Harry expected for the night.

He inched closer towards Tom, pressing his shoulder against Tom's arm. Tom took his hand, their fingers interlocking, and Harry beamed.

"Is there something special happening with tonight?" Harry asked. "Did I forget an anniversary again?"

"If I say yes, will you try to make up for a theoretical anniversary?"

Harry snorted and he nudged Tom's side. "You're the sugar daddy here, remember?" he teased, and Tom rolled his eyes.

The door to the private room opened. Harry froze.

"Oh," he said, looking at the table that was definitely meant for more than two people. He shifted and looked up, the lace rubbing uncomfortably against his cock. "I thought the dinner was just for the two of us."

"I never said that," Tom replied, smirking down at him. He let go of Harry's hand to press his against the small of Harry's back, under his suit jacket, almost scandalously low. Harry almost moaned at the answering throb of Tom's mark, shuddering as the tip of Tom's pinky brushed the tops of Harry's trousers, dipping in to tease. "We're celebrating tonight."

"Pretty premature, don't you think?" Harry asked in low amusement. The third and final reading of the Bill was done, yes, but the Minister still had final say. He had to approve it first. Of course, after how hard Tom had worked on him, neither of them could imagine any reason for Fudge not to. Premature maybe, but a rightful celebration. It was as good as passed.

Tom led him to the end of the room, removing his hand from Harry's back to pull out a chair for him. The mark on Harry's back seemed to writhe in disappointment before settling, almost reluctantly. They sat down, Tom at the very head, Harry on his right.

"A waiter will come to take your order," the hostess said, smiling at the both of them. "I hope you enjoy your meal."

"Thank you," Tom politely replied. He watched her leave, his fingers tapping idly on the table. The moment the door closed behind her, Tom pushed back his chair and patted his lap. He raised an expectant eyebrow, his expression warm even as he smirked, and Harry gaped at him.

"Really?" he asked in disbelief, glancing back at the door. "I can't believe you."

"You always say that," Tom mused. "I figured you would have learned by now."

"What about the others? Is it Lucius and the rest?"

"Don't worry about them," Tom said. He spread his legs and motioned Harry in between them once more.

Harry flushed. With all the grace and dignity he possessed, he rose, and then slipped in between the table and Tom's chair, the table cloth obscuring most of him from view. Tom inched the chair closer, his legs bracketing Harry, and the sleek material of his trousers was smooth and cool against Harry's hands.

With much more confidence than Harry possessed, he reached up and slowly unbuttoned and unzipped Tom's trousers, inching it down to reveal the black cotton pants Tom wore underneath. Harry pulled Tom's half-hard cock out, grasping it firmly, his own cock hardening in his pants.

"You should hurry," Tom said, tone affecting boredom. Harry looked up. Tom rested his head on his hand, a glint in his eye as he smirked down at Harry. "They could arrive any time."

Harry huffed. He leaned in and opened his mouth to take Tom in, his eyes slipping closed in pleasure. A soft sound escaped him as the head of Tom's cock hit the back of his throat, the scent of him strong and arousing as Harry's nose nudged his pelvis. With one hand, Harry couldn't help but reach down to press the heel of his hand against his aching dick.

Tom reached down and rested his hand on Harry's head, his fingers threading through Harry's hair. He pulled, and Harry's toes curled at the bolt of pleasure, his jaw going slack and letting more of Tom in.

Tom kept his grip on Harry's head firm, controlling the pace, and Harry let him. All he could do was close his eyes and hold on to Tom's thighs. Saliva trickled down Tom's cock, the wet sounds of his cock fucking into Harry's mouth loud in the otherwise quiet of the private room.

"Good boy," Tom praised quietly. Then—

The door opened, and Harry froze, Tom's cock still deep in his throat.

"But too slow." Tom laughed.

Harry pulled off, Tom's cock slipping out of his mouth, but Tom's grip on the back of his head tightened, forcing him to remain kneeling.

"My Lord," came Lucius' smooth greeting. Harry was frozen, unsure of what to do. He stared at Tom's cock, framed by the zip of his trousers, and glared at it. They probably hadn't seen him yet, hidden under the table cloth that he was, but even Harry climbing out from under the table would be hard to excuse.

"Your husband?" Avery asked, and Harry dug his nails into Tom's thighs, warning him. Tom ignored him.

"He's right here," Tom said, dark amusement clear in his tone.

Silence.

"Ah, of course," Avery replied, his tone high and strained. Harry whimpered, ducking his head, his whole body hot with utter mortification. He was so *so* tempted to bite down on Tom's thigh.

"Do continue, Harry," Tom said, almost as an aside, and Harry scowled. Tom led him back down to his cock, and after a moment's hesitation, Harry followed. If he closed his eyes and



focused on the length and girth of Tom's cock in his mouth, Harry could almost forget that Tom's minions were right there.

More of them arrived, the door opening and closing. The sounds of their chatting reached Harry, and all the while, Harry tried to just keep sucking Tom's cock. His face was hot, his hands trembling a bit. What did it matter now? They already knew what was happening. The tablecloth barely hid anything. This wasn't much different from the time Tom had made him suck his cock in his office.

He lapped at the sides of Tom's cock, his hand fisting what wasn't in his mouth. Tom gave no reaction, just as cool as ever even as Harry relaxed his throat and swallowed down his cock all the way down. The only evidence of Tom's enjoyment was the slight tensing of his thighs, the tightening of his grip on Harry's hair.

The moment Harry tried to increase the pace, taking Tom in faster and rougher, Tom stopped him. He kept it frustratingly slow until Harry's jaw was tight and aching, unsure what exactly Tom's game was.

Then finally, Tom nudged him off his cock.

"Come here," Tom said and patted his lap. The conversation abruptly stopped. Harry's jaw clenched, his grip tightening on Tom's legs. He didn't know if he was ready to face the others, not when they all knew what he had been doing. His mouth was spit slick, just the slightest bit swollen, and Harry's face was still flushed with an odd combination of embarrassment and arousal.

"Harry," Tom repeated, impatient, and Harry reluctantly stood. Tom immediately pulled him down and Harry straddled his lap, hiding his face in Tom's neck. He clutched onto Tom's sides, fingernails digging into Tom's suit. He felt *shy*.

"Aren't you a darling?" Tom murmured, pressing a soft kiss to his temple.

"I hate you," Harry muttered into his neck and Tom laughed. He ran a hand down Harry's back, soothing, and Harry couldn't help but shudder, relaxing into it, the giant mark sending pleasure down his spine just at Tom's very touch.

Then his hands moved to Harry's front, already unbuttoning his trousers, and Harry's hands flew down to stop him.

"Tom," Harry hissed.

"Anytime and anywhere," Tom reminded him, and Harry hesitated. Tom took advantage, batting his hands away, and before Harry could fully protest, his trousers were open. The head of his cock was red, leaking clear fluid into black lace. He was ruining it, Harry couldn't help but think even as he squirmed on Tom's lap.

"Up," Tom ordered. Harry swallowed and lifted his ass up, just enough so that Tom could pull his trousers down to his thighs and... Harry groaned, pressing his face harder into Tom's

neck. Everyone could see now the—the *panties* he was wearing. He couldn't look any of them in the eye again, ever.

The clinking of utensils as the other Death Eaters ate was almost enough to distract Harry from Tom's hands as they dipped down past his waist to cup his ass over the silk and lace. Tom spread his cheeks, his nails digging in.

There was a clatter as someone dropped something, and Tom paused.

"Have you forgotten how to hold a fork, Rowle?" Tom drawled, one of his hands inching closer towards Harry's covered hole. He rubbed it through the silk and Harry let out a soft moan, his lips parting against Tom's neck. He felt overheated, overwhelmed with both arousal and shame.

"You prepared yourself earlier?" Tom asked quietly, just for him, and Harry nodded. Tom wrapped his arm around Harry's waist, lifting him. With his other hand, he moved the flimsy piece of underwear to the side, exposing Harry. Harry's ass clenched, his grip tightening around Tom's sides, but he did nothing to stop him.

Tom dipped his fingers inside the slick heat, two of them stretching and spreading and Harry whimpered. He rubbed his face against Tom's bare neck, the stiff collar of Tom's shirt brushing against his cheek.

"Tom," he said, voice cracking, almost pleading. His dick twitched, an angry red in between the two of them, and Harry couldn't help but rock against Tom's thigh, desperate for anything.

"Shush," Tom soothed and Harry's hole clenched around Tom's fingers as Tom withdrew them. "Are you hungry?" he abruptly asked, and Harry made a confused sound.

"I—I guess?" Harry shifted restlessly on Tom's lap. While Harry been sucking Tom off, they had already ordered and begun to eat without him.

Abruptly, with a speed and strength that surprised Harry, Tom lifted him again and dropped him over the table. Harry yelped as Tom pushed him down, his back hitting the top of the table, legs open but restrained by his trousers that were pushed down only mid-thigh.

He felt so *exposed* like this. He was laid out across the table and surrounded by Tom's Death Eaters, a feast for all their eyes. All of them were looking at his half-naked body, Harry helpless to do anything but let them. And yet, Harry's cock was still desperately hard in his panties, throbbing now, smearing fluid all over his stomach.

Tom smiled down at him, angelic, and Harry stared at him, mouth agape. With dark laughter, Tom reached up to touch Harry's face. His temple first, and then his cheek, his mouth, the tips of his fingers leaving a heated trail.

"Lestranger?" Tom called, eyes never leaving Harry's face. "Can you please feed Harry? He's hungry."

"Nervous?"

"No," Ginny said, wrinkling her nose. "It's not even a real match. Just a practice one before the Qualifiers."

Harry shifted, his ass a little sore still, and he felt a hot flush start from his cheeks at the memory of last night. Harry splayed out on the table, holding on for dear life as Tom fucked the embarrassment out of him until he was moaning like a slag and uncaring of Tom's minions watching them. He shook it off and forced a smile

"Well, *I'm* nervous," he muttered, and Ginny laughed. She had been a little weird with him for a bit, but eventually, she had settled back into normal. Harry still wasn't sure why, but it had been a good month or so ago, and she had said nothing since then. He had been forced to let it go.

He peeked out into the stands filled with people, grimacing before he looked back at Ginny. There weren't as many people as say, a finals match between the Ballycastle Bats and Puddlemere, but there was definitely a crowd. There was a renewed interest with the almost brand new team, maybe especially because people were betting they had an actual chance for the World Cup now. It was still two years off, but that didn't stop anyone.

"Ready?" Oliver asked, and Harry gave a determined, fierce nod to himself. Ginny patted his arm.

"Let's go."

They went out into the pitch, and immediately, the clamor of the crowd rose in intensity and pitch. Harry ignored them, fully focused now. He flexed his hand around the handle of his broom, letting out a low breath. He looked up into the stands, and even if he knew Tom wouldn't be there, busy with the final details of the bill, his heart still gave a small pang anyway.

Sure, it wasn't an important game today, but it was their first as a team. Harry had long accepted that they were both going to be busy, but it was different to actually experience it. His lips thinned. He didn't know why he was so tense. Ginny was right, it wasn't a real match. Maybe it was because Tom wasn't here.

Harry had played plenty of real matches before, but none have ever made him feel so off-footed as this one. There was something in the air maybe, a pervading sense of dread that made Harry's gut clench. The rest of the team didn't look affected, Harry seemingly the only one whose instincts were telling him to run or fight, or both.

He released a low breath and nodded at the opposing team. He slung his leg over his broom and waited for the whistle. When it came, Harry pushed. He flew.

\*

"Harry!" Ginny laughed, pushing him. Oliver tackled him from behind, embracing him, and they spun. Harry grinned, and he couldn't help but laugh as well, stumbling from the weight

of Oliver and Ginny. Moran and Walls joined the group hug, hooting in celebration, and Harry beamed.

"Nervous, my ass." Ginny grinned at him and Harry ducked his head, sheepish even as pride swelled in him. They had won, Harry had caught the snitch, easy as anything. They had plenty to work on, but they were a genuinely good team, almost seamless in their play. Ginny, Moran, and Walls were a dream, the Quaffle almost an extension of their will, and their Beaters were almost exactly where Harry needed them to be. Oliver too had played exceptionally well, better than usual even.

"Locker room then interview," Frisby told them once they reached the edge of the pitch. Their team separated, Harry quickly stripping out of his Quidditch gear and into something more casual once he was in their locker rooms. He felt a smile tug at his lips as he pulled on the shirt and trousers, both gifts from Tom. The trousers were comfortable yet fashionable, a compromise between the two of them.

He hesitated, just for a moment, at the sight of the Ouroboros bracelet Tom had given him before he slipped it on his wrist. The gold was cold on his wrist, but Tom had made him promise to wear it when he wasn't playing. It *was* pretty, Harry had to admit, the curve and color of it striking against his skin. He touched it with the tips of his fingers, admiring it before he turned back to his things.

With a wave of his wand, they quickly packed themselves back into his bag. He slung it over his shoulder and exited, almost bumping into Oliver.

Oliver smiled at him, wide and brilliant, still high from their victory. Harry grinned back.

They started towards the part of the pitch where the reporters had gathered, and abruptly, before they could even make it, the bracelet on Harry's wrist started to heat, a low thrum to it that made Harry still.

"Harry?" Oliver asked.

His bracelet *burned*. Harry immediately yanked Oliver down just as a red Stunner shot over their heads, crashing into the stands. The crowd screamed, quickly turning chaotic.

"Fuck," Harry cursed, his eyes wide. With a flick of his wrist, his wand was in his hand. Harry rolled over to push Oliver up and out of the way and they scrambled to duck behind the stands, adrenaline running through Harry's veins. He peeked to the side of the wood and almost got slammed with a blue spell straight in his face. It was only his instincts that let him dodge it.

"What's happening?" Oliver asked, his eyes wide. He had his wand in hand too, ready to fight, and Harry let himself grin, muscles ready for a good duel. It had been far too long.

"The rebels. They call themselves the Order of the Phoenix."

Harry didn't wait for Oliver to reply. He rolled back into the thick of the skirmish, his teeth bared. He ducked, dodged, and danced out of the way of the incoming spells, a wild look in

his eyes. The heat around his wrist was a constant burn that Harry let himself be guided by, moving out of the way of spells flying, missing him by a hair. He held onto a Shield Charm, his wand flicking to send the rebels flying back or Stunning them.

Even if Tom wasn't by his side, the weight of the bracelet around his wrist was enough of a solid reminder of him. Harry felt like they were fighting together. He didn't quite have the elegant style of his husband, but Harry was powerful in his own right, ruled almost entirely by pure instinct alone.

Then a figure stepped in front of him, and Harry's wand rose before—

"Ron?" he said, stunned. His wand dropped, faltering. Ron had on a mask, but Harry had 7 years of knowledge on his best friend, and he knew that wand, steadily pointed at him, almost as well as his own. He didn't need to see Ron's face to identify him.

Harry's bracelet burned.

"I'm sorry, Harry."

And then—

A loud crack of Apparition disturbed the chaos, and for a moment, everything was silent and still.

Harry turned his head, and his breath hitched, his grip tightening on his wand. Tom's expression was stone cold, his eyes flinty red, and in his hand was his bone-white wand, yew and phoenix feather.

"Retreat!" Ron called out, stepping away. Tom flicked his wrist, and a spell shot out of his wand, straight towards Ron.

Harry's eyes widened. His wand that had dropped to his side flew out, and he sent a Shield Charm up before it could hit. It crashed against his shield, battering it, and by the time Harry had fully turned to glare at Tom, Ron and the rest had already Apparated away.

"We're leaving," Tom said brusquely. He grabbed Harry's arm. Harry sent one last, pained look at the British Team's Quidditch pitch before he let Tom Side-Along him away.

\*

"You're not allowed to leave the house," Tom ordered him, holding onto his wrist. His eyes were dark, murderous, and Harry's jaw tightened. He scowled at his husband.

"I'm not a child," he snapped. To their side, Marvin ducked into another room, away from their rising voices. "I need to go to practice. You can't keep me locked up in here."

"They want to take you from me!" Tom hissed back. "I know that's what they want!" His grip on Harry's wrist tightened, the bones grinding, and Harry flinched.

"You're hurting me," he said, and Tom immediately let go. He stepped back, his eyes narrowed, the beginnings of a snarl forming on his thin lips, but Harry followed him. He closed the space between them, reaching out, and Tom only watched as Harry tentatively touched his stomach.

"You can't keep me here forever," Harry said, spreading out his fingers, and Tom let out a low, frustrated exhale.

"Only until the bill is passed. Until it's safe," he said, and Harry shook his head, pressing his lips together.

"No, Tom."

"I'm not asking you. I'm telling you."

"Don't." Harry's teeth gritted. "Don't tell me what I can and can't do."

Tom's eyes flashed, and he reached up to hold onto Harry's hand, his grip bordering painful once more but not crossing the line. The tendons of his forearms were strained with the effort of holding himself back, all tightly coiled muscle with nowhere to go.

Harry only looked up at him. Seconds passed, their gazes held, and Tom sighed.

"Chaperones," he finally bargained, low and reluctant. "Bodyguards for when you have practice. And wear your bracelet."

"Thank you," Harry breathed. He pulled Tom in for a kiss, letting his thanks show in the few ways they knew how.

\*

The days passed. Harry didn't leave their house without either Tom or one of his minions at his side, and while it chafed, Harry put up with it. Compromise, after all.

He said nothing about the incident to Ginny, and in return, she said nothing too. He wasn't sure if she was a part of the Order, but he had no real proof either way. He couldn't even accuse Ron, not when all Harry had was a familiar memory of a wand and its specific chinks and personality. Ron's voice too could easily be explained away.

The Bill passed as they all expected it to. Fudge, after all, was in Malfoy's pocket. And Malfoy was effectively in theirs. Harry thought that was that, but Tom had resisted. *Just a few more days, love*, Tom had promised.

It lasted until Marvin suddenly, and without warning, fell ill.

"I need to take him to a Healer, or a vet, at least," Harry said, touching Tom's arm. Tom shook his head. Harry knew Tom cared little about Marvin, his affection for their cat limited to how happy it made Harry. But still, Harry had hoped that maybe Tom's affection would be enough.

"There's no one available that I trust to take you. Just wait."

"Tom," Harry groaned. "He could die."

"Don't be so dramatic, he's just sick. He can last another day."

"You're so cruel, I can't believe you."

"*Harry*," Tom said, voice serious. Harry pouted, cradling the lethargic cat in his arms. Tom sighed, and he pulled Harry in by the waist. "Don't do anything stupid. Just wait. Promise me."

"I won't," Harry muttered. "I promise."

Oh, he would.

Tom didn't have to know.

\*

The moment Tom left later the day, Harry called for their owl. He quickly penned a note to the nearest animal Healer, asking them to come as soon as was convenient.

He sent off the letter, and picked up Marvin, weak and so very, very small in his hands.

He waited.

When the doorbell rang, Harry immediately shot up, speeding towards it. He yanked open the door, a strained smile on his lips and Marvin still in his arms.

"Hello, Harry," Hermione said.

Harry's smile fell.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, instinctively drawing back. Hermione didn't let him, pushing past, and Harry grimaced as she entered his house. She really couldn't be here by the time Tom came back. Harry was already dreading the trainwreck that would happen. "I thought you were the Healer."

"We need to go now," Hermione said, and Harry gaped at her. His gaze dropped down to Marvin still in his arms, and Hermione let out an impatient sigh.

She pulled out her wand, and Harry stiffened.

"Oh, don't worry," Hermione grumbled. She said a spell Harry didn't recognize and the sickness that had pervaded Marvin's every move suddenly disappeared.

Harry stilled. Uncaring of what was happening, Marvin meowed, irritated, and dug his claws in Harry's arms. Harry let him go, his gaze going back to Hermione, narrowed now.

"You did something to my cat," he said slowly, and Hermione grimaced. He would have thought that she'd have more sympathy for cats, what with Crookshanks, but apparently not.

"I'm sorry, it had to be done. There was no other way to get to you."

"Ah, yes, because letters don't exist," Harry said, disgruntled, and Hermione frowned at him.

"Our owls returned without replies. We tried, Harry, really."

Harry shook his head, looking away from her.

Hermione's lips thinned and her eyebrows drew together in frustration. "We have to go now," she urged, reaching out to touch his arm. "Before Riddle comes back. The others are waiting."

"I already told you I won't go with you." Harry pulled his arm away from hers, none too gently. "I love him, 'Mione."

"How?" Hermione asked. She sounded the exact same way she did when she came across a tricky problem she didn't understand. "Why?"

"What do you mean why?" Harry was annoyed again, his temper flaring. No matter how many times he explained it to her, she just wouldn't accept it. "He's good to me! He takes care of me!"

"The bill he proposed—"

"I proposed."

Silence.

"What?" Hermione finally said, stunned, and Harry lifted his chin, his eyes stormy.

"I thought up the bill. I proposed it to Tom. Tom's just the one who wrote it down and brought it forward to the Wizengamot."

Hermione's mouth opened and closed soundlessly, her wand lax at her side. "Harry," she said, her voice breaking. She looked lost. Stunned. As if her whole world view had just been tilted on its axis.

That was all she managed to say before the door opened. Hermione looked away. It was her mistake.

The snake on Harry's wrist uncurled, and Hermione turned back just as it flew to her neck. Hermione's eyes flew open wide, her hand slapping the side of her neck, but it was too late, it had already bitten down. Harry watched as she fell to her knees, a choked sound escaping her as she slowly succumbed to the venom. Her eyes fluttered closed, and her wand fell to the floor with a clatter. Harry kicked it away.

He looked up at the newcomer and grimaced.



Tom scowled at him.

“What did I *say* about not doing anything stupid?”

\*

Hermione woke slowly, her eyes and limbs heavy. The side of her neck throbbed painfully, and for a long moment, she didn't understand where she was, what was happening.

“Hermione.” A low hiss came from her side, nudging her, and Hermione forced her eyes open. Her head lolled to the side, her eyes half-lidded. She squinted, her vision hazy and blurred, and just barely registered the shock of ginger hair.

“Ron? Where are we?” It came out as a slur, and she winced, shaking her protesting head. She touched the side of her neck and froze at the feel of two little puncture holes.

The snake on Harry's wrist, the bite of the golden bracelet. Harry's regretful green eyes the last thing she saw before she blacked out.

“Why are you here? Where's Harry?” Hermione asked, more awake now. She blinked the spots out of her vision furiously and made to stand, but Ron grabbed her arm and kept her still.

“I, uh, I tried to go after you,” Ron muttered sheepishly, and Hermione groaned.

“*Ron*,” she said.

“I'm sorry!”

The sound of a door opening interrupted them, and they both looked up.

Lestrangle eyed them, expression bored. “Well, come along then,” he said. Hermione and Ron glanced at each other, unsure. Lestrangle sneered. “You can walk or I can drag you there.”

Hermione patted her sides, and horror filled her when she couldn't find her wand anywhere on her. Beside her, Ron's face was grim.

“We'll walk,” Ron bravely said, and Lestrangle did nothing to acknowledge them but turn and start walking.

Wobbly, Hermione stood up. Ron held her up, and together, they followed after Lestrangle. Hermione couldn't help but remember all the times it was the three of them, instead of just two. Before Tom Riddle came into Harry's life and literally swept him away.

“Where are you taking us?” Hermione demanded, and Lestrangle glanced back over his shoulder, eyes half-lidded.

“My lord wants to make an example out of you.”

Hermione swallowed. She exchanged another look with Ron, matching looks of dread on their faces.

They had heard about the others Riddle had 'made examples out of', and neither of them was keen to be another number. If only Harry was by their side. He would have thought of something to get them out. He always did have the best on-the-spot plans.

Hermione's fists clenched by her sides. She'd figure something out.

By the time they arrived in the large, sprawling room, Hermione's mind had more or less settled. Detached, almost. There wasn't a crowd of Death Eaters in the room, and Hermione relaxed. It was just simply Riddle, and...

And...

*Harry.*

Her detachment was completely punched out of her. Hermione's jaw fell open, her breath catching in her throat. Beside her, Ron choked.

She took a step back, her face turning bright red, unable to look away even if she burned in embarrassment. Harry didn't even look at them, his back turned towards them. He was completely and utterly absorbed in Riddle.

The tops of his shoulders were bare, a hint of a mark on his nape that Hermione couldn't fully see. He was sitting on Riddle's lap, face tucked into the older man's shoulder, and the curve of his bared neck was somehow sensual, oddly submissive for what Hermione knew of Harry.

It was *wrong* .

"I told you we'd prove it to them, didn't I?" Riddle murmured, barely audible from where they were. "Show them, then. Show them you love me."

Harry finally glanced at them then, his eyes half-lidded. His face, his neck, his chest—they were all flushed the same red Hermione's own face must be. He looked just as embarrassed as Hermione felt, and yet he didn't protest. He didn't do anything as Tom pulled down his shirt, and Hermione...Hermione couldn't understand *why*.

Ron made another, choked-off sound, but Hermione couldn't even glance at him in concern. She couldn't tear her eyes away from Harry's back as it was exposed inch by inch, the snake revealing itself. It was completely different from the marks they had seen on the other Death Eaters, in size and in design. It started at Harry's lower back and coiled all the way up to the base of his neck, following the length of his spine.

It was a blatant *claim* .

Riddle smirked at them, running his hand down it. Harry shuddered, ducking his head, and the snake seemed to writhe, almost a living breathing thing under Riddle's touch. Hermione's gut clenched in discomfort.

Riddle whispered something in Harry's ear, and Hermione and Ron were helpless to do anything but stare, both of them still red-faced and uneasy. Harry didn't look at them as he took off his trousers, stripping until he was completely nude, and this time Hermione was able to look away.

She squeezed her eyes shut, but alas, it couldn't block off the sudden moan. Hermione's eyes shot open and she couldn't help but look. She immediately blanched, covering her mouth. Harry was facing them now, but still not looking either of them in the eye. His face was a deep red, the same color of his...his cock, hard, and straining towards his belly.

With a hand on Harry's waist, Riddle guided Harry back down on his lap, helping him sink down on his dick, Harry's thighs spread over Riddle's. Harry's eyelids fluttered, a soft unconscious sound escaping through his bitten raw lips. Riddle chuckled, grasping him by the jaw and tilting his head back until Harry's throat was exposed. He pressed a tender kiss to Harry's neck, his eyes never leaving them.

Despite herself, Hermione felt heat coil in her belly, shame right alongside it.

Riddle leaned back and rested his arm on the back of the chair, his smile smug and pleased, and Hermione burned with hatred and disgust. Her fists clenched at her sides, her teeth gritting, and oh, how she wished she had her wand on her.

"Come on, darling," Riddle urged, voice smooth. "Fuck yourself."

Harry whimpered, his eyes closing shut. Slowly, he started to move, his thighs straining. His back arched, only emphasizing the jut of his cock, and a sudden, loud cry tore out of him.

Harry covered his mouth, his eyes wide, but Riddle quickly pulled it away, pinning it to his side.

"You know I like hearing you," Riddle murmured, and Harry shakily nodded. He rose up again and sank back down, the muscles of his stomach clenching, another moan escaping through his slack lips.

"That's it," Riddle praised, and Harry gasped. He held onto Riddle's hand at his waist and tossed his head back, his hair sticking to his sweaty forehead.

Hermione didn't want to see this. She didn't want to watch her best friend get fucked out of his mind, and yet she couldn't look away. The two of them looked good together even if she wanted to deny it, the very sight of their bodies moving together riveting. She felt dizzy, and she didn't know if it was the traces of the venom still in her blood or something else entirely.

"Tom," Harry moaned, his voice breaking. It was the first time Hermione had heard him speak since she had woken up, and all it did was hammer in that this was her friend. This was *Harry*, who she hadn't had a proper conversation with in almost a year.

She watched him drive himself down onto his husband's cock, heady, uncaring now that she and Ron were watching the two of them. Harry had never liked being looked at, much less watched, but it was as if Hermione and Ron weren't even there. He didn't even seem

bothered anymore, his pace increasing until even here, Hermione could hear the slick sounds of their joining, the slap of skin against skin.

Harry cried out again, his body arching, and Riddle started to move now, fucking into Harry's ass with rough snaps of his hips.

"Tom—I, I'm so close, please." Harry's voice was broken, hitching in time with his gasps and Riddle's thrusts inside of him. His hand clenched around Riddle's, clutching onto him, the other reaching in between his thighs to stroke at his cock.

"Tell me," Riddle ordered calmly, pressing a kiss to Harry's jaw, and Harry let out a soft cry. "You know what to say."

He turned his head to look at them, vindication and dark pleasure in his blood red eyes. Hermione only understood why when Harry started to speak.

"I'm yours," Harry said shakily, his eyes glazed. "I love you."

Hermione flinched. Riddle smirked at her.

"Go," Riddle allowed, and Harry's body seized. He moaned, long, low and drawn out, his body jolting, and Hermione couldn't help but look as he came, spilling over his fingers. Riddle took his hand and licked it clean, his eyes half-lidded.

"Merlin," Ron whispered beside her. He was covering his eyes, the tips of his ears red, and Hermione wanted to echo his statement. She felt stiff with humiliation and embarrassment, only made worse when Harry didn't even look at them, his body curving towards Riddle in search of more touch and affection. She could see his back once more, that damning mark on it, and Hermione shuddered.

"Now, that's just the first part," Riddle announced with a dark chuckle. This was punishment for them, Hermione knew, but the dread and horror had been overwhelmed by the embarrassment of having to watch Riddle fuck Harry. It was back now tenfold, Hermione's spine drawing tight as Riddle fixed his trousers, nudged Harry off his lap and stood.

Ron stood in front of her, blocking her from view, and Hermione narrowed her eyes as Riddle started walking towards her. She kept her head up straight, her chin high even as her heart started to beat rabbit quick in her chest at the sight of Riddle's bone-white wand in his hand now.

He pointed it at them, and Hermione closed her eyes, her hands trembling. And then—

"Don't," Harry said. "Tom, please. Please don't hurt them."

Hermione's eyes shot open wide, and she watched, stunned as Harry, still very much nude, stumbled off the seat. He stood in front of them, pushing Riddle away, and Hermione's gaze dropped down to the snake in his back. She could see the details of it so much clearer now, the scales almost looking textured.

Riddle wavered, his jaw tight, before his gaze dropped down to Harry. Harry pressed himself up close to Riddle, wrapping his arms around Riddle's waist. He let his head fall until it was pressed into Riddle's shoulder. His own shoulders were shaking, and Hermione couldn't see his face, but she could imagine the teary-eyed look on it.

"They were going to take you from me," Riddle said, voice low and dangerous, and Harry furiously shook his head, pulling away to meet his husband's gaze. Riddle wasn't looking at them anymore. He only had eyes for Harry.

"I told you I wouldn't let them. I'm here. I'm *here*, Tom."

Riddle's lips thinned, and then slowly, to Hermione's utter surprise, his wand dropped to his side. His face softened, just the barest edges of it. He reached up to cup Harry's cheek in his hand, and Harry leaned into it.

"Please," Harry said again, his voice low. "Spare them."

Riddle sighed. The hand on Harry's cheek moved down to his chin, and Hermione looked away as Tom tipped her friend's head up. She felt like a voyeur watching something private. It was far too intimate, somehow much more embarrassing to see than them literally having sex earlier.

They went about this all wrong, Hermione realized numbly. They had thought Harry ignorant and unaware, beholden only to Tom's whims and pleasures. But Harry had a power that they knew not. Power over Tom Riddle.

"Would you do this for me?" Harry continued, reaching up to hold Riddle's hand in his. His tone was eerily intense now, nothing she had ever heard from him before, a commanding undertone to it.

"I told you..." Riddle murmured, tilting his head down to kiss Harry's knuckles. "For you?"

He leaned in and kissed Harry, chaste and sweet.

"Anything. Everything."

They turned to face Hermione and Ron. Together now.

Finally, Hermione understood.

This was how it was meant to be.

## Chapter End Notes

TW: the cat gets poisoned, ppl get poisoned, unwilling voyeurism for multiple people. No one dies though, at least. That last scene is very similar to something i've written

already lol.

anyway, it got a little darker than i had planned for, but i hoped you guys enjoyed this!!  
thank you so much reading, im so happy this kink fic is finally done 🐾

## End Notes

this is legit just a kink fic with background political intrigue 🙄 lots of smut lmao, pls check the tags. this is like the mildest chapter, literally level 1. it's gonna get even kinkier 🤪

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