

them both, *wandlessly* at that. But Draco had long since stopped denying that he was attracted to power, especially the power that poured off Harry in waves.

There were only a couple of people in the common room, and neither of them noticed the two invisible sixth years creeping towards the boys' dorms. Harry's breath was hot on the back of Draco's neck as they hurried through, slipping into Draco's room and shutting the door behind them. Immediately, Harry burst into giddy giggles, leaning back against the door.

Draco felt the flare of magic, the privacy wards springing to life. He swallowed, surveying his boyfriend. Merlin, he was exquisite. "I want you naked," Draco growled, reaching for the hem of Harry's t-shirt — one of the slogan ones from Infinite, with rainbow lettering bold across the chest, declaring that '*the first Pride was a riot*'.

"Where and how?" Harry asked without hesitation, so trusting as he looked at Draco, the openness of his face and eagerness in his eyes making Draco's cock twitch in his jeans.

For a brief moment he hated Albus Dumbledore for tying Harry up when he kidnapped him — the Gryffindor would look *incredible* all trussed up in Draco's bed, restrained by the drapes or perhaps a Slytherin tie or two. But that kind of restraint was absolutely not fun for Harry anymore, so Draco didn't even suggest it, leaving that play firmly in his fantasies and reaching for the next thought. He had so many, battling for space in his brain, all the while Harry was revealing more of that glorious burnished bronze skin and making it impossible for Draco to think through the lust clouding his mind.

One thought stood out above the rest. "I— remember the last day of Yule break?" he gasped, gaze dropping lower as Harry shucked his trousers. He wasn't wearing any underwear, and *Salazar*, if Draco had known that sooner they never would have made it through the party.

"Yeah," Harry breathed, stalking closer to Draco now that he was naked, the blond still far too dressed. It felt so forbidden, having Harry here, in the heart of Slytherin. Bare and unashamed and staring at Draco with such fire in his eyes. They would be in so much trouble if they got caught, but that just made Draco's blood pump that much faster. "You want that?"

For a moment, Draco forgot what they were talking about. Then he remembered — Harry, in his bed, beneath him. "Your mouth, like that," he confirmed, shoving Harry down onto his bed, kicking off his trousers and boxers as quickly as he could, wanting to match his boyfriend's nakedness. "Then— then I want you in me, up against the wall. Right there." He pointed to the space between the two tall wardrobes, the patch of stone wall with a Slytherin banner hung on it, directly opposite the door. The place where they had no chance of hiding if anyone walked in. Not that anyone would, not with Harry's wards, but it made the fantasy so much hotter to think about it.

They hadn't fucked against a wall before. Draco was keen to find out what it was like.

A growl rumbled in Harry's chest, the sound hitting Draco hard. The Slytherin took a moment to admire his nude boyfriend lying against his green and silver sheets, then joined him on the bed, straddling his chest, feeling desperate hands grip his thighs.