

“I’ve never known a powerful man like you, Harry Potter,” he whispered, tilting his chin up for another kiss. Harry pressed into it eagerly, sliding a hand down to Draco’s backside.

“If anyone has the power here, it’s you,” Harry pointed out breathlessly; if Draco said jump, he’d ask how high without a second of hesitation, and they both knew it.

The blond smirked, pushing back on Harry; all the way over to the bed.

“That’s what’s so incredible,” he drawled, gently shoving Harry onto the bed and crawling up to straddle him. Harry’s pupils were wide behind his glasses, his pulse racing frantically with lust. “You’re arguably the most powerful wizard in the country, and you just... let me do this.” Draco’s hand pushed firmly on Harry’s chest, pinning him to the mattress. Harry couldn’t help the low, needy groan that escaped him. “A boy could get addicted to that sort of power.”

“Good,” Harry gasped, desperately wishing Draco would kiss him, touch him, do *something* other than sit there on his lap and look at him like Harry was the most beautiful thing on the planet. “If you’re addicted, you won’t leave me.”

Draco’s laugh was like warm honey over Harry’s skin. “Oh, that ship sailed long ago,” he breathed, and *finally* he leaned down to seal their lips together.

With a careless wave of Harry’s hand, the door was locked and silenced. Draco’s eyes darkened at the easy use of magic. “I use my power for the important things,” Harry remarked cheekily, watching amusement flash across the blond’s face.

“Clearly,” he drawled, fingers playing at the hem of Harry’s t-shirt. “One of these days, we’ll have to *experiment* a little with that wandless magic of yours. I’m sure we’ll find quite a few good uses for it.”

Harry smirked at the challenge, want pulsing through him hot and urgent. “Well it sounds like you’ll be moving in this summer after all, if you’re training with me,” he murmured. “So we’ll have plenty of time on our hands for that.” This summer, next summer, after graduation; they would have all the time in the world.

Draco grinned at him, grinding down against Harry, both of them moaning at the blissful friction. “Fuck, I missed you,” he sighed, palming himself, head thrown back. Harry was transfixed by the pale column of his throat, Adam’s apple bobbing delicately. He wanted to bite it.

He surged up to do just that, holding Draco in place while he ravaged the blond’s neck, drawing desperate little gasps from his mouth that were music to Harry’s ears. “Missed you, too,” he breathed, biting at Draco’s jaw. “Glad you’re home.”

If Harry had his way, Draco would be staying with him until September 1st. He was *so* tired of only getting snippets of time with his boyfriend.

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