

off what he'd read in the book — and one embarrassing but informative conversation with George, a few days ago.

Still, Draco certainly seemed to be enjoying it. A hand slid into Harry's hair, gripping tightly, and to his surprise it sent a hot bolt of arousal straight through him when Draco tugged a little too hard. He let out a muffled yelp, and Draco pulled his hand away. "Shit, sorry."

"No." Harry pulled off of his boyfriend's erection, lips swollen and spit-slick. "No. I liked it," he admitted, feeling his face flush. Draco's cock jumped.

"Fuck, you're a walking wet dream, Potter," he groaned, squeezing his eyes shut. Harry pressed a kiss to his belly, trailing them down to the crease of his thigh, then resumed his ministrations.

It did indeed sound amazing when Draco's moans echoed through the Chamber, the ragged gasps making Harry's arousal burn that much sweeter. Eventually it was too much, and he tugged on Harry's hair in warning, giving him enough time to pull off before he came, shouting Harry's name into the huge empty space. Harry was glad, not sure he was ready to swallow on his first try, flinching a little when the hot seed spurted up onto his chest. He fluttered gentle hands up Draco's sides, stroking him through the aftershocks, watching the blond lie there flushed and panting and utterly gorgeous. Utterly Harry's.

Draco pulled him down into a fierce kiss, not remotely bothered by where Harry's mouth had just been.

"Was that... okay?" Harry asked tentatively, suddenly unsure of himself. Draco cupped his jaw, meeting his gaze, and to Harry's relief he was smirking.

"Not sure if it's beginner's luck or natural talent, but it was certainly *more* than okay," he assured. "Sweet Merlin. I— that was— fuck." His incoherence made Harry grin, kissing him sweetly.

"Worked up enough of an appetite, then?" he asked cheekily. Draco chuckled, sitting up with Harry still straddling his lap, and cast a Cleaning charm on them both.

"I'd certainly say so," he assured, running his hands through Harry's hair in an attempt to tame it. "I'm sure I can think of something fun for dessert," he added, smirking wickedly. "Unless you don't want to wait?"

His fingers trailed down Harry's bare stomach, but the Gryffindor shook his head. He was hard, certainly, but there was no need to rush things. "I'm good, for now." The idea of letting his arousal simmer while they ate was... compelling.

Draco nodded, kissing him hotly, then unceremoniously shoved Harry off his lap so he could pull his trousers up. Harry snorted, and went back towards the picnic basket, wondering how overboard Dobby may have gone in packing it.

"Happy Valentine's Day, love," he said, holding out a bottle of butterbeer. Draco took it, clinking the neck against Harry's own.