

Using a handy bit of silent, wandless magic to lubricate his palm, Harry got to work, determined to bring Draco to pieces.

Harry's own hardness was pressing against the fly of his jeans, against the inner curve of Draco's thigh — but he didn't care about himself, not when Draco was *right there*, sat in his lap, giving tiny bucks of his hips in time with Harry's hand movements. His head was thrown back, quiet moans falling from his lips, one hand gripping Harry's shoulder for dear life while the other tangled in his hair, just the right side of painful.

"Ohh," Draco sighed, lurching forward for a fierce kiss. "Come on, Harry. Faster."

Harry did as bid, glancing down in fascination to watch the reddened head of Draco's cock beneath his fingers. It was so different to doing this to himself, in the privacy of his four-poster bed.

For a moment, he got a mental image of Draco splayed out on Gryffindor-red sheets, naked and flushed and *Harry's*, and he almost came in his own jeans. He moved his hand faster, trying to figure out what made Draco moan louder, loving the tiny sounds he made with every thrust into Harry's palm.

"Fuck, close," was all the warning Harry got, before suddenly Draco's spine arched and he came with a shout, spurting hot over Harry's hand and both their laps. As he did, he pressed down hard in Harry's lap, and Harry was *gone*, sparks exploding behind his eyelids as he followed his boyfriend into orgasm.

And then the chair broke.

Only an instinctive wandless Cushioning charm saved Harry a very painful landing, as the legs of the old chair gave out, sending them both tipping backwards to the stone floor. Harry ended up on his back, Draco sprawled on top of him, his spent cock and the sticky mess pinned between them.

Harry looked up, meeting Draco's bewildered grey eyes, still hazy with lust. A beat, and they both burst out laughing. "Fucking *Merlin*," Draco groaned, shaking his head. "That's not how I wanted that to go."

"At least it happened after you came," Harry pointed out, blushing as he looked down at the mess of his hand, and both their shirts.

The pink flush rose on Draco's cheeks again. "Yeah. That was... thank you." He kissed Harry softly, suddenly shy. "Do you want me to..."

"No need," Harry assured. Draco frowned.

"Yeah, s'pose the chair was a bit of a mood killer."

Cheeks hot, Harry shook his head. "No — well, yes, but — I, uh, already. When you did. I." He stuttered helplessly, while Draco was wide-eyed.