

left them with somewhat limited options. Not that they minded.

Harry lay flat on his back on the bed in Draco's room — a place they didn't often go, but if Sirius was going to be a pest he would likely check Harry's room first. So they'd set up decoy wards on that door and scurried away to Draco's, hands already tugging at clothes.

"What's the rush?" he drawled teasingly as Draco tugged at the zip of his trousers. "We should take the opportunity to go slow while we still have it." Once they were at Hogwarts, their only free time would be snatches in the evenings and the occasional weekend. There was little opportunity for lazy lovemaking in a castle full of three hundred people.

"The rush is I want you in me," Draco growled in retort, smirking as Harry's cock jumped beneath his hand. "We can do slow on the second round."

Now Harry liked the sound of that. "Well, in *that* case." He flipped them over, wriggling out of his trousers and boxers and flinging them aside. Draco's eyes darkened, and he arched up into Harry, kissing him hotly.

"While I do love having you on top of me like this," Draco panted, cutting himself off with a gasp as Harry peeled down his underwear, "I had something else in mind, actually."

Harry cocked his head in confusion. "But— you said—" They had tried it both ways, and usually their preference was for Harry to be on top.

Draco smirked wickedly. The next thing Harry knew, he was flat on his back, Draco straddling his hips. The Slytherin reached over for the vial of lube, bracing himself with one hand planted just above Harry's shoulder, his other hand between his own legs. Harry could do nothing but watch with lust-blown eyes as Draco stretched himself, pushing against his own fingers. Then, he clasped a slick hand around Harry's straining cock, kneeling up higher, and suddenly Harry realised where this was going.

"Oh holy God," he breathed, watching Draco position himself, slowly sinking down onto Harry's length. He wasn't sure where to look; at the space between them, gradually growing smaller as he pressed deeper inside his partner, or at Draco's face, painted in rapturous ecstasy. "Fuck." His hands clenched at his sides with the effort of keeping his hips still — he didn't want to move, not when Draco was taking his time to adjust, didn't dare do *anything* that might upset this glorious vision. Every centimetre more sent sparks of white hot pleasure through him — every time Draco shifted, his breath hitched. Every moan he made went directly to Harry's core.

Eventually, Draco was fully seated, opening hazy grey eyes and shooting Harry a painfully attractive smirk. "Okay?" he checked, knees splaying a little wider. Harry gulped.

"Tell me I can move," he begged breathlessly. "Tell me I can touch you. I— Draco, *please*."

Draco adjusted his position, steadying himself, letting out another little half-moan as Harry's cock brushed his prostate. "You can move," he assured. "Just— slowly."