

“Then perhaps I will eat mine and you will eat yours, and we’ll drink the wine together.” Blaise was suddenly holding a chocolate box of his own — where the hell had that come from?

Inside were the incredible melt-in-the-mouth chocolate caramels that Blaise had introduced him to in Italy that summer. George’s mouth watered just at the smell of them. “You do spoil me,” he sighed, making Blaise smile.

“Every day I can,” he promised. “Come on, let’s get comfortable.”

George’s brown eyes trailed over Blaise’s form. “Comfortable, or *comfortable*?” he drawled, wiggling his eyebrows.

Blaise set both boxes of chocolates on the end of the bed, then pulled his t-shirt over his head in one fluid motion. “Get naked and get in that bed, Weasley, or I’ll drink all the wine without you.”

George didn’t need telling twice — in moments, his clothes were a heap on the floor and he tackled Blaise to the mattress, wanting to get his mouth on that smooth, ebony skin. Blaise’s cock was already very much interested in the events, and George pinned the Slytherin down, sliding so his face was level with the impressive length.

“Thought you wanted wine and chocolates?” Blaise drawled, even as he made himself comfortable, bending his knees up to give George a better angle. George hummed deep in his throat.

“I can have those too,” he pointed out. “But this first.” Then, without hesitation, he took his boyfriend down to the root.

Blaise made the most incredible sounds like this. And George *really* had to learn Italian — he knew bits and pieces, knew the dirty words and the sweet words, but Blaise babbled in bed and George never remembered enough to look it up afterwards, his orgasm forcing it all from his mind. He worked Blaise’s cock thoroughly, fingers slipping lower, playing with his balls in the way he knew drove his boyfriend wild. Soon, Blaise’s hips jerked, his whole body going taut as he came down George’s throat. George hummed in satisfaction, crawling up the Slytherin’s muscular body — and reaching right past him for the open bottle of wine, necking it back like it hadn’t cost a small fortune. Blaise had such expensive tastes.

He took a few swallows, then offered it to Blaise, who pushed his hand aside and lunged up for a hungry kiss.

“Wine always tastes better from your lips,” Blaise breathed, fingers twined in George’s hair tugging just the right side of painful. “I wonder if it’ll taste better from the rest of your skin.”

Oh, George liked the sound of that. He liked the sound of that *very* much — Blaise pushed him flat on his back, straddling his thighs, taking the bottle of wine and pouring a thin stream into the hollow of George’s throat, chasing it immediately with his tongue.