

They lay there for a while, Draco pressing fluttering kisses to Harry's shoulder, still skimming that hand up and down his side, just light enough to make the skin prickle pleasantly. Harry stretched out a little further, which had the side effect of pressing his arse back against Draco's quickly-hardening cock. The Slytherin hummed happily, fingers skirting up and over Harry's nipple, though he still didn't move otherwise. He scraped his teeth gently across the sensitive skin of Harry's neck, drawing a sigh from the Gryffindor.

This continued for a while longer; tiny movements, teasing touches, a slow and lazy journey into wakefulness. But there was intent to it, a heat building in that aching slowness, and Harry wasn't surprised when eventually that hand stroking his chest went down, down, right beneath the waistband of his boxers. He gasped, arching back against Draco, the blond's fingers curling firmly around his length.

Draco continued to press against him, hips bucking in bigger movements now, his leg sliding between Harry's and his other arm creeping around the Gryffindor's shoulders, bowing his back so their lips could meet in a messy kiss. A breathless whine escaped Harry as fingers tightened in his hair, kisses dotting along the shadowed line of his unshaven jaw until a tongue started to drag across his throat. Draco bucked his hips harder, hand around Harry dry but just the right side of sweet friction, thumb flicking over his leaking head and making Harry whimper slightly. Teeth nipped at his Adam's apple, the tingling pressure of his arousal building gradually within him.

Harry reached back blindly, scrabbling a hand down Draco's side, his back, grabbing a handful of his silk-clad backside, urging him to move harder, faster, *more*. The rhythm between the hand on his own erection and the hard length jutting into the swell of his arse was *almost* perfect, Draco's quiet moans singing in his ear like a prayer, a plea. Harry closed his eyes, straining to reach his release, hoping that each pump of Draco's hand around his cock would be the perfect angle, the sizzle in his veins almost *painful* as he remained on the brink but not quite, thighs tensing, toes curling, *so close*—

*BANG! BANG! BANG!*

"Boys, come on, we've got to pick up the kids at the Pottery and I don't want to be late!" Sirius, on the other side of the door, cheerful and probably entirely too aware of what he'd just interrupted, the heat he'd as good as tossed a freezing bucket of water over.

Harry groaned, feeling his arousal die even with Draco's hand still around him, his partner rolling onto his back with an irritated huff.

"Every *fucking* time," Harry grouched, trying to fight through his addled brain, trying to comprehend such delicious torture with such an abrupt, unsatisfying end. "It's like he waits, right until the worst moment."

"That requires your godfather having more knowledge of our sex life than I *ever* want to contemplate," Draco told him, shuddering. "Sodding Salazar, I'm going to murder him one day."

"I'll help you hide the body," Harry promised. He cast a wandless tempus, his clock having been moved to his room at Grimmauld Place. "Are you kidding me, it's not even nine yet!"