

Harry's back pocket. He reached in, pupils blowing wide when he plucked out a vial of lubricant.

*"Oh."* His breath hitched. "That kind of reward, hmm?"

"Whatever kind of reward you like," Harry promised, arousal curling hot in his belly at the calculating look that crossed Draco's face.

"Get your kit off, Potter," he instructed, tugging at Harry's jumper. "Your arse looks good in those trousers, but it'll look even better bent over these benches for me."

Harry's head spun with the force of the rush of blood to his cock at those words. "Fuck, yes," he gasped, leaning back as Draco's fingers started working on the buttons of his trousers.

This was definitely better than whatever party was going on in the Slytherin common room.