

lube-slick hand wrapping around his boyfriend's cock, coaxing him through the initial discomfort. For Harry, it was the most incredible feeling in the world, that tight-hot-pressure wrapped around him, knowing it was *Draco*, he was *inside him*.

Draco gave a slight grimace of pain, and Harry froze immediately. "No," the blond urged, "keep going. It's just— weird. Keep moving."

Harry did so, going as slow as he dared, breathing steadily to stop himself from coming far too early. He was suddenly very, very glad that they had taken their time to get to this point — if they'd tried it a few months ago, he would not have been able to control himself, and it would have been over embarrassingly quickly.

When he was in all the way, he stopped, looking down at Draco with concern. "You okay?"

Draco nodded. Unable to help himself, Harry leaned down to kiss him — and as soon as he did so, Draco shouted. "What?" Harry pulled back. "Did that hurt?"

Draco shook his head, reaching up to grab Harry's shoulder and pull him back down into a sloppy, gasping kiss. "No, fuck, that's— more." He met Harry's gaze insistently. "Move, Potter. Now."

Harry snorted, lips curling in a relieved smile, and he did as asked. First with just little jolts of his hips, testing the water, then getting a little braver when it seemed Draco was enjoying it. Then, *finally*, he hit that perfect pleasure spot, and got to feel Draco clench tight around him as he bucked up against Harry, drawing him in deeper. "Fuck, just, go for it," Draco urged, fingers tightening on Harry's shoulder. "Stop holding back. I want it."

Harry eyed him skeptically, but started to push a bit harder, bracing himself against the headboard. Draco moaned with every thrust, eyes closed, one of his hands wrapped around himself, and Harry knew then he wasn't going to last much longer.

"Draco," he breathed, and the blond dragged him down into another kiss, gasping into his mouth. "Draco, I'm gonna—"

"Do it." There was challenge dancing in those grey eyes, and as always Harry rose to it with aplomb, thrusting into Draco and losing himself in the motions, the pleasure building and building. He pulled one hand off the headboard and gripped Draco's cock, determined to make his boyfriend come before he did— with one swipe of his thumb over the weeping head, Draco arched up, and suddenly Harry saw stars as Draco clenched around him with the force of his orgasm. He had no hope of lasting through that, spilling into Draco with a ragged cry, climax ripping through him with such force he could hardly breathe for a moment. He slumped down onto Draco, trying not to fall fully on top of him, Draco's seed sticky between them. His cock slipped out, still sensitive from the aftershocks, and the pair lay there breathing heavily together, Harry's face mashed against Draco's collarbone.

"Oh," Draco sighed eventually — it was a sigh of satisfaction, a sound that made Harry go boneless, warmth flooding through his body. "Was that— how was that for you?"