

“Fucking get on with it,” Draco demanded, heels digging into Harry’s thighs, trying to pull him ever closer.

Happy to comply, Harry slicked himself up, taking a steadying breath as he slid into his lover, stars sparkling behind closed eyelids at the tight heat enveloping him. Draco’s breathy moan echoed in his ear, fingernails digging in to his shoulders almost painfully. Harry snuck his slick hand between them, but Draco slapped him away. “No touching,” he scolded. “’S cheating.”

Harry grinned — Draco was that close already, was he?

The blond didn’t stand a chance.

One hand against the stone, Harry set a fast pace, fucking deep into Draco while the blond gasped with every thrust. He opened his eyes, watching the ecstasy on Draco’s face, suddenly hit with the knowledge that they were free, the war was over, he could have this *forever*. He jerked his hips harder, biting at Draco’s shoulder, chasing Draco’s orgasm and his own. The angle was perfect, pressing right against the Slytherin’s prostate, and Harry could see the strain in his neck as he built ever closer to release. His skin flushed rosy pink, his head tipped back against the wall, his cries echoing through the Slytherin common room — such an open area, so exposed, but private and just for them for now, for the rest of the summer if they wanted it.

“Draco,” he hissed, in what might have been English but could well have been Parseltongue. “Draco, come on. Come for me, love.” He was so close, he could feel it, the blond’s heart beating so fast, sweat dripping down the curve of his neck. Harry was so focused on Draco’s pleasure he hardly noticed the swift rising of his own — his ears began to ring and the tight coil in his belly tightened further, right on the crest of bliss. One more thrust and suddenly the heat around his cock got tighter, Draco’s whole body spasming, and it was too much; Harry went tense, orgasm punching through him with a visceral wave of utter perfection.

He rode out the mind-shattering pleasure, trying not to crush or drop Draco as his brain short-circuited for the moment, until eventually the rush faded and he could hear himself breathing once more, hear Draco’s heavy breathing as the blond finally loosened his grip on Harry’s back.

His thighs began to quiver, his knees a little weak, but Harry stayed standing and grinned smugly at his lover. He leaned in to kiss him, gasping at the sensation on his still sensitive cock. “I win,” he declared, feeling the sticky mess on his abs. Draco scoffed.

“Because losing was such a hardship for me,” he replied, easing up the pressure of his legs locked around Harry, just a bit.

Harry had to pull out before the aftershocks overwhelmed him, leaning heavier against Draco, the blond’s feet lowering to the ground. The buzz of alcohol still tickled his nerves, but it was just a lingering tipsiness, a languid melting of his limbs.

“It’s a good thing there’s no portraits in here,” he mused, nose pressed to Draco’s neck, inhaling the scent of sex and sweat. He felt Draco laugh.