

Draco moved quickly, sliding off his chair and straddling Harry's lap. The chair groaned ominously under the weight of both of them, but held, and Harry let his hands fall to the blond's hips. "Careful you don't tip us back," Harry warned. "You'll have a hell of a time explaining to Pomfrey why you found me in a classroom with my skull split open at this time of night."

Draco scoffed, threading his fingers through Harry's hair, cradling the back of his skull gently. "Have a little faith, Scarhead," he murmured. "There's spells for that sort of thing."

Arching up for a kiss, Harry hummed, shoulders relaxing with the pleasure that flooded him. All the day's stress, the anxiety about the meeting; it all melted away when Draco kissed him.

His hands started to wander; first up the blond's firm chest, then down, settling on his thighs, fingers teasing at the inside seam of his trousers. Draco let out a strangled whimper when Harry's fingertips danced too close to the bulge pressing against his fly. "Don't tease, Potter," he gasped. Harry, suddenly feeling bold, looked up to meet lust-blown eyes.

"Not teasing," he assured, heart pounding. "Can I...?" He let his fingers move to the buckle of Draco's belt, his intentions clear.

The Slytherin sucked in a sharp breath, going tense.

"We don't have to," Harry hurried to say, moving his hands back. "No pressure. But if you want it, I'd—" He was cut off by lips pressing firmly to his. Then;

*"Please."*

He swallowed hard. Okay, then.

He unhooked the belt buckle, and slowly, with shaking hands, undid each button of the boy's fly. His trousers parted, revealing grey silk underwear, tented in a very obvious way, a growing wet spot on the front.

Harry could hardly breathe as he reached with reverent fingers, peeling down the waistband. Draco shifted to assist, until his underwear and trousers were pushed down to mid-thigh, his cock standing proudly at attention between their stomachs.

A quiet, keening noise wrenched from Harry's throat. He'd never seen an erection other than his own before, and the illustrations in the book George gave him. He hadn't expected to be so *painfully* aroused just by the sight of it. Slowly, he wrapped his hand around the hot length, giving it an experimental squeeze. Draco's breath hitched, his hands tightening on Harry's shoulders.

"Potter, I swear to *fuck*," he bit out, face absolutely wrecked, lips swollen from Harry's earlier attention. He was beautifully flushed, and not for the first time Harry was hit by how fucking *lucky* he was to call this boy his.