

at the tender spot just below his ear. “Do you know how many times I’ve jerked off in this bed thinking of you? How many dreams of you I’ve had in here? How many times I put my own fingers inside me imagining it was you, before I was brave enough to ask you for it?”

“*Harry*,” Draco moaned, rocking up into him.

“I don’t know what I want more,” Harry confessed, biting at Draco’s throat, kissing his way down his chest as he opened the shirt one button at a time. “To pound you into my mattress, or to have you do it to me. Something very sexy about the idea of my Slytherin boyfriend fucking me in the Gryffindor dorm.”

“Do you have lube up here?” Draco rasped, and Harry smirked. He sat up, pulling off his t-shirt in one fluid motion, then reached over Draco’s head to the hidden shelf behind the headboard, grabbing the vial he knew was in there. He watched Draco’s eyes follow the flex of his shoulders at the movement.

“Do I have lube, he asks,” Harry said, rolling his eyes, holding up the item in question. “As if I’d survive without it, all those lonely nights up here thinking of you.”

“Tell me about it,” Draco urged huskily. “These fantasies of yours.”

Harry’s eyes lit up. He finished undoing Draco’s shirt the rest of the way, letting it fall open to reveal the blond’s pale chest. Merlin, he looked good against the bold red duvet. “Well,” he began, keeping his voice low. “There’s quite a few of them. Sometimes I imagine we’re the only ones in the dorm, and I bend you over the end of the bed and fuck you til all of Gryffindor can hear you begging for it.” He let his fingertips trail down the soft trail of silver hair on Draco’s stomach, tugging gently at the waistband of his trousers. They were tented obscenely, a wet spot soaking through already.

“Sometimes I imagine I’m up here getting myself off and you sneak in to surprise me and catch me right in the middle of it. Sit right at the end of my bed and watch me til I finish.” He peeled the pyjamas down, baring Draco entirely, and sat back on his haunches to survey his boyfriend in satisfaction. Draco looked just as perfect in his bed as he’d always imagined.

“I’ve thought of all sorts of dirty, dirty things up here involving me and you. Didn’t even consider your new animagus form might make it easy to get you up here and actually do them.” He winked — if only the same could be said for his form making it as easy to sneak into the Slytherin dorms. That was something for another night.

“But the very first fantasy I ever had, once I knew enough to start *properly* fantasising,” he whispered, startling Draco when he reversed their positions, bringing the blond on top of him and then lifting his hips to take off his own trousers. “I imagined we were just like this, middle of the night, sneaking around behind my dorm mates’ backs. And *you* were just like this, over me, all gorgeous and Slytherin silver against my red and gold drapes, and you fucked me like I was the most precious thing in the entire goddamn world.” It was such a *sweet* fantasy, such a juxtaposition to the many other dirty thoughts he’d had of Draco in this bed. A fourteen year-old’s ideal of the perfect first time, not hot and heavy and wild but slow, sensual, *loving*.