

yesterday, and how much of an arse you were to just leave me in that state.” His words came out as a growl, and Harry smirked.

“I thought you liked my arse,” he teased, fingers still twined in the short blond strands at the back of Draco’s head, bringing him in for a kiss. Draco groaned.

“Missing the point, Potter,” he muttered. He lowered himself slowly until he was propped up on his elbows, chest-to-chest with Harry, and both boys gasped as something else connected much lower. Harry wiggled until only one of his legs was between Draco’s, the other bent slightly to keep the taller boy in place as he leaned up into the kiss, sneaking one hand up the back of Draco’s shirt. Draco’s hips rocked down against his, and Harry let out a muffled groan.

“Draco,” he breathed, his pulse pounding wildly. They’d never done much past a little snogging and above-belt groping, and he was near dizzy with how good it all felt. He tugged at the hem of Draco’s shirt. “Can I? Off.”

“You too,” Draco urged, sitting up and pulling off his t-shirt. Harry forgot to breathe for a second. The blond’s skin was pale and flawless, two dusky pink nipples perked on his chest, the ridges of his abs holding a faint dusting of silvery hair that trailed down to the waistband of his trousers. Fuck, he was hot.

Draco’s blush turned out to go all the way down his neck and chest, and he hurriedly pulled at Harry’s t-shirt until the Gryffindor sat up the best he could, trying not to get his glasses tangled in the shirt as it came over his head. It was Draco’s turn to stare.

Harry squirmed, forcing himself not to cover his chest with his arms; the summer at Seren Du had helped, but he was still a little scrawny, with the barest attempt at chest hair just beginning. He was glad for the low light of the classroom, hoping it would be enough that Draco wouldn’t see the scars from his time at the Dursleys. Most of them were on his back, anyway.

“Beautiful,” Draco declared in a whisper, leaning down to kiss Harry, gasping into it as their bare skin pressed together. “Harry, Merlin,” Draco’s hips began to rock more frantically, and Harry matched him, desperate for more friction. It felt amazing, like fireworks against his skin and in his belly, Draco’s lips moving down to suck bruises on his neck, fingers skating up his abs and then down, lower, brushing over the front of Harry’s jeans. Harry moaned, his vision going white as he was overloaded with sensation, coming in his jeans and pressing up against Draco’s fingers. He heard Draco swear softly, bucking his hips a couple more times, and then the blond bit down on his neck to stifle a cry, slumping against him after few moments.

They lay there for several long seconds, breathing heavily, Harry’s fingertips absently tracing the ridges of Draco’s spine. “Wow,” he murmured. Draco shifted a little, tilting his head to look him in the eye.

“If you say that was ‘nice’, I’m going to hit you.”