

The blond blinked, gaping incredulously, then shook his head. "This is what it's going to be like, isn't it? Being with you. You're never going to be done with the ridiculousness."

"I hope not!" Harry said cheerfully.

Draco frowned briefly. "Should we have told Neville and Ginny about coming down here? So they don't worry they'll walk in on us in Gryffindor."

It was awfully sweet, hearing Draco worried about such things, but Harry waved a careless hand. "Nev's an heir, he'll check the wards, figure it out." They would probably appreciate the dorm room to themselves.

Apparently satisfied with that answer, Draco tugged on his hand, heading towards the dorms, but Harry didn't move. "Don't tell me you were just teasing, Harry," the Slytherin drawled, eyes darkening. He let go of Harry, adjusting his rolled-up sleeves, forearms flexing like he knew *exactly* what that did to Harry's insides, the smug bastard.

"Oh, I'm not teasing," Harry assured, reaching out to undo the top button of Draco's shirt. "But you missed something, love." He undid another button, fingers just barely brushing Draco's chest.

"What did I miss?" Draco asked breathlessly, sliding hands down to grab Harry's backside. Harry's answering smirk was pure and utter Slytherin seduction.

"They cleared out the dorms. *All* the dorms." Draco still didn't seem to get it. "We, my love, are currently the only two people present in the *entire* Slytherin dungeon." The light dawned in Draco's eyes. "And, as the heir of Slytherin, I can keep it that way." It was the work of barely a thought to lock the common room entrance, make it so that not even Snape could gain access.

He finished unbuttoning Draco's shirt, pushing it back off the blond's narrow shoulders. "Why go to the dorms," he drawled, trailing kisses up Draco's right shoulder, "when we can fuck right here in the common room instead."

Draco moaned softly, hips grinding against Harry's thigh, erection straining at his trousers. "I like the way you think, Potter," he gasped, tilting his head back to give Harry better access to bite gently at his neck, sucking vivid purple marks into the porcelain flesh.

Harry walked him backwards, pushing him down onto the black leather sofa, straddling his lap and tightening a hand in that silky blond hair. Draco's hands were straight on his chest, practically ripping the buttons apart in order to get to bare skin, mouth latching on to one of Harry's peaked nipples, drawing a cry from the Gryffindor. He shed his shirt, pulling back, undoing the zip of his jeans before the pressure within got to the point of painful. Shimmying them down his hips and kicking off his shoes, he stood in just his boxers and socks in front of his boyfriend, heart hammering in his chest. "This is your show," he offered. "Your common room. What first?" He wasn't going to pretend that this was the only time they'd be able to do this, or the only round they'd go that night. Harry had spent almost an entire day sleeping before, and now he was wired, filled with an almost manic energy and wanting nothing more