

Harry wasn't sure he'd last long enough to do anything but. He propped his shoulders up on the pillows, just a little bit, so he didn't have to strain his neck to see. Then, with one hand gripping Draco's hip, he started to buck his hips ever so slightly. Each movement made Draco jerk and gasp, angling his body better until he was crying out in pleasure. He leant forward, bracing against Harry, pushing down with every thrust up to get deeper still. His own cock bobbed between them, dripping onto Harry's stomach, and as Draco leant forward a little more the pressure around Harry hit *perfectly*, wringing his pleasure from him with one final thrust, his whole body going tense as a bowstring as he spent inside his lover. Draco froze, watching him, and when the haze of orgasm began to fade Harry looked up; Draco was still impaled on his rapidly softening cock, his own still rock hard and flushed.

"Hang on," Harry gasped, reaching down with both hands to ease Draco off his sensitive flesh, head buzzing. Before Draco could move away, Harry dragged the blond up his chest, forcing him to fling his arms out and grip the headboard to avoid falling face first.

"Harry, what the— *ohhh*." His words were lost to a moan as Harry took Draco's length in his mouth, the Slytherin straddling his shoulders. Harry gripped his thighs, taking as much as he could manage, begging for more. Draco's movement was tentative at first, but when Harry didn't choke or protest he grew bolder, fucking into Harry's mouth — he didn't last long, his fingers tugging at Harry's hair the only warning before he arched his back and came.

Harry did his best to swallow, but some still dribbled out of the corner of his mouth, and as Draco shuffled backward the blond let out a low moan, looking down at him. "Fucking *hell*," he groaned, pupils so wide there was hardly any grey visible. "You are... *fuck*."

Harry smirked, tongue darting out to catch the mess he'd made. "Like you can talk," he retorted, voice a little husky.

Draco leaned down and kissed him, uncaring of the taste in his mouth, and for a moment Harry wondered if their second round might not be just as fast as the first. But the heat between them soon simmered, Draco pulling back and settling down on his side, legs tangled with Harry's.

"So, that was new," Harry remarked breathlessly, lips quirking. "Been planning that for a while, or...?"

Draco flushed, the colour trickling down his chest. "I've been reading one of the books you picked up at Infinite in the summer," he admitted. "It sounded... intriguing."

Harry's eyes widened. "You mean the, ah *romance* books, or...?"

Draco grew even redder. "The *instructional* one," he confessed quietly. Harry's cock made a weak attempt at an early recovery.

"Oh." He hadn't thought Draco was interested in that one. Hell, it had taken him six months into their relationship to even be up for looking at the book Harry had been given by George, and that was tame compared to some of the stuff from Infinite. "You didn't do that just for me, did you?" he asked, stomach sinking in concern. Draco scoffed.