

“Harry, there are definitely portraits in here,” he informed the Gryffindor. “They just all ran for it when you started taking my shirt off.”

Harry pulled off him with no small amount of effort, looking over his shoulder at the common room at large. Now that he actually paid attention, he could see at least four frames with various empty backdrops and landscapes. “Oh. Oops.”

He looked back to Draco, leaning nude against the wall with come all over his belly and thighs, hair a mess and lips swollen and so stunning Harry could hardly breathe. “Well I don’t think they’ll be coming back any time soon,” he commented, “so we can take a breather before round two.” And maybe round three. Possibly even four, if he was really being ambitious.

“Just give me a minute,” Draco murmured. “Can’t feel my legs.”

With a bark of laughter, Harry stepped in close, picking up Draco’s legs to wrap around him once more. Then he carried the blond back to the sofa, both of them collapsing into the surprisingly comfortable cushions. Draco’s elbow was in his side, and they were sticky, and leather was not the greatest thing for sweaty bare skin, but all Harry could feel was a tingling, electric happiness through his entire body.

It was damn good, being alive.