

than to stay up all night wringing as many orgasms as he could out of Draco's gorgeous body.

"I believe," Draco drawled, getting to his feet, gripping Harry through his boxers and making the Gryffindor's whole body jerk at the surge of pleasure, "that I was promised a fucking against a wall." Harry moaned, Draco's fingers trailing up his stomach. "That sounds like a good warm-up. Then we're going to go right to that table and I'm going to bend you over it and fuck you 'til you see stars."

He gestured to an ornate table off to the side of the room, likely a space where Slytherin students sat to do homework in their common room. Harry smirked at the idea, imagining Draco all throughout the next school year, trying to sit and study at the table and getting distracted by memories of pounding Harry into it.

"Sounds good," he breathed. "But that sounds like you think you can last through me fucking you," he added, raising one eyebrow daringly. "And that sounds like a challenge to me."

Draco smirked, pulling him close. "And a Gryffindor doesn't back down from a challenge, does he?" he drawled teasingly. "So get to it." He dipped his head, pecking Harry on the lips. "Impress me, Potter."

As always, those words sent a roar of heat through Harry — he looked up, seeking out a decent spot of wall, and quickly decided to use the very same section they'd entered through. He backed Draco up against it, expertly undoing the many buttons of his fly, kicking aside the trousers and underwear once he yanked them down.

Last time it had been a little clumsy, figuring out how it all worked, how to hold Draco up and still get the right angle and not risk dropping him when his knees buckled. But this time, Harry knew what he was doing — he grabbed Draco by the arse and lifted him up, gasping as their cocks pressed together, the blond's legs wrapping around his hips.

They stood like that, kissing languidly, arousal coursing through both of them as thin hands gripped muscular shoulders, Harry bracing himself against the wall and keeping one hand under Draco for support. If he had to use a little magic, that was just fine by him, not wanting to risk dropping his partner. He bucked his hips against Draco's, both of them crying out. Harry was on far too short a trigger for a long build-up, and he adjusted their position, hitching Draco a little higher so he could line things up properly.

"Lube?" Draco reminded, and Harry rolled his eyes, reaching out with his magic — flying through the open door to Draco's dormitory was a vial of lube, left behind when the boy packed up to move to the Tower. He uncorked it with his teeth, letting his magic do most of the work in holding Draco up as he coated fingers in the slick substance, finding Draco's hole. Even with the slightly unfamiliar angle, Harry was an expert in Draco's body by now, easily finding that sweet spot and crooking his fingers to press against it. Draco's hands tightened on his shoulders, a moan escaping him as his cock left a damp smear on his belly.

"So sure about that challenge?" Harry teased, breath hot on Draco's neck, grazing his teeth lightly across the blond's sensitive skin.