Toeing the Line
by shiftylinguini

Summary

_Draco wasn’t sure why watching his partner fuck Teddy until he screamed was somehow less morally iffy for Harry than just doing it himself, but Draco wasn’t about to judge. Not when he was balls deep, anyway._

Notes

Shameless smut, written for the Daily Deviant July theme of Daddy Kink. Huge thanks to ruinsplume for being brilliant and looking this over!

See the end of the work for more notes

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The Hotel Chancellor, found at number eleven Blensworth Crescent, is not in the nicest of boroughs. It sits above a bar, and next to a laundromat, both open almost twenty-four hours a day and owned by the same middle-aged woman. It appears to be respectable enough, which is ideal for the owner, given that it is absolutely anything but. From rooms one can rent by the hour to flyers offering information on those offering services which will make that hour particularly memorable, the hotel prides itself on being discreet, if not decent.
Draco’s always had respect for establishments facilitating discreet indecency.

The Hotel Chancellor is the place in which Draco and Harry first fucked. Room 43, first left after the stairs, and do see Martin at the front desk if you need more towels, prophylactics, or the room service menu. They were high on adrenalin after resolving a case together — a dead woman, three Boggarts, and an Amortentia cult — and needed to blow off steam, or so Harry said. Draco’d said sod the steam, as he slammed Harry up against the newly closed door; he wanted to see what could come of the simmering tension that had been building between them since they’d been assigned together. They weren’t really friends then, but they weren’t enemies, and Draco knew what it meant when someone stared at him like that. He suspected what Harry had been really hiding behind that scowl, and he’d been right. Harry fucked like a man starved; an hour had been barely enough. They hadn’t stopped since.

Ten years ago, now, that was. Well, ten years and three months, to the day, but who’s counting? Draco just has a good memory for dates, that’s all. Birthdays, deaths, anniversaries — first times. Draco remembers them all. There’s a reason he requested Room 43 specifically, after all.

Draco slams his hips down, smiles at the loud, shaking moan it elicits. He’s got a feeling he’s never going to forget this particular date, that’s for sure.

“Oh, fuck!”

“That’s right, baby.” Draco smiles. “Louder.”

He thrusts again, feels the bed creak underneath their combined weight. Draco’s a lean man, and always has been, but he’s strong. He’s no waif, and neither is the man — teenager, really, Draco reminds himself, feeling his cock jump — currently face down, writhing and keening beneath him. No, the kid is tall, healthy, and nineteen years going on forty to hear him tell it, but Draco knows that’s crap. He was just as bad when he was that age himself. All “I’m old enough for this, stop telling me what I want and don’t want!” and “please, okay? I want this, it’s fine. Please!”. Draco remembers saying almost the exact same things when he was that age, to a man far older than Draco’s thirty-seven years. The only real difference, though, is that this kid is sincere when he begs, his face so earnest and serious and open. It makes Draco ache, a strange and exhilarating combination of power, desire and affection. He’s never known this boy to lie, and he’s never, ever been asked so sweetly by someone if he could please, please fuck them into the mattress.

Everything about Teddy Lupin is always so damn sweet and sincere.

Draco sucks on his lower lip, tries to suck the self-satisfied smirk off his mouth. *Harry Potter’s precious godson and budding Auror protege, canting his hips like he was born to take it up the arse and beg for more.* Draco shakes his head, pale hair tickling at his cheekbone as he shuts his eyes, rolls his lips together on the wave of arousal that thought brings him. Merlin, but he’s got a fucked-up libido. Draco flicks a glance up at the room’s third occupant, registers the tight set of his jaw and the tension visibly thrumming through his body. Yeah, Draco thinks, outright grinning now. At least he’s in good company there, when it comes to fucked-up matters of the heart and the cock.

Harry’s always kept Draco in good company in that regard.

Sometimes, Draco thinks Harry might actually even be worse, more depraved, than he is. At least Draco’s never made a point of hiding it, never bothered to pretend he was anything else. Draco knows Harry tried, back before they became an item, before Draco pushed those buttons he knew so well and it all came tumbling out of Harry in one hot, rushed afternoon spent in this very same seedy hotel.
Draco doesn't blame Harry for wanting to keep what he gets up to well under wraps, though. The saviour of the wizarding world doesn't have the freedom to fuck his demons out the way Draco — reformed pariah and deviant Unspeakable — can, and Draco knows those demons are many. He'd buy them a drink, if he ever met them, for leading Harry to him, for allowing Harry to finally accept he might not be as vanilla as he’d like to be. They understand each other now, Harry and Draco, two opposing faces of the same coin, but Draco knows all too well that they’ve each got one foot on either side of the ridged metal. He knows what Harry wants, has dragged it out of Harry’s willingly unwilling mouth in broken gasps on more than one occasion, in the deepest, darkest sanctuary of their shared bedroom.

He knows that Harry wants to fuck Teddy so badly he can barely even voice it.

“Ah, god!”

“Say it, darling,” Draco rumbles to Teddy, palms flat and fingers curling around Teddy’s warm, pliant sides. “You know what to say.”

Draco sighs, deep contentment coursing through him right alongside the searing arousal, as he lets himself slide in another inch, then stops. Teddy whines, a high-pitched keen as his hair flickers from vibrant turquoise to a deep, midnight black, as his body trembles. God, but Draco loves when that happens, loves the pulse of magic he feels running over Teddy’s overheated skin, the ripple of mother-of-pearl white on Teddy’s pale body before it settles down again. He doesn't even know he does it, this beautiful, strange boy, doesn’t realise how impossible a thing he is. Draco chuckles. All the better for him.

He’s always loved collecting pretty things.

“Say the words, sweetheart.” Draco runs his hands over Teddy’s back, up and along the perfect jut of his shoulder blades. He shoves him down, hard, Teddy’s elbow bending easily and his chest hitting the inexpensive cover of the bed. “You know what I want to hear.”

“Uhh!”

“Ah ah ah,” Draco tuts, shaking his head. There’s sweat dampening his temples, darkening the light blond hair there. He pulls out even further, thighs tense as he rests only the tip of his cock inside Teddy, his hands on Teddy’s hips. He moves them to Teddy’s arse cheeks, spreads them wide as he feels Teddy try to push back against him, buck him back into action. Draco shakes his head again, digging his fingers into Teddy’s hot skin and refusing to budge. Running a fond hand over Teddy’s head again. He’s setting the pace here, thank you very much.

“Please,” Teddy gasps, curving his back and spreading his legs as wide as he can in this position. His chest is brushing the bed, fingers tight as he fists the sheets hanging over the end of the mattress. Draco sighs happily at the sight. Merlin, Teddy wants it so bad. Draco feels almost drunk with it.

In front of them, Harry’s hands tighten against the arms of the hotel room’s only other piece of furniture; a large, wingbacked armchair. It’s covered in embroidered velvet, garish burgundy and gold, and Harry’s fingers look ready to tear a hole in it.

His eyes haven’t left Teddy since they started this, his chair pulled close to the end of the bed. A front row seat for the show, and doesn’t Potter always get the best of everything? Draco’d feel jealous, if he hadn’t set this whole thing up. And if it wasn’t turning him on enough to need to have to blink the sweat out of his eyes, hips rolling gently as he moves the head of his cock inside Teddy, just the barest of fractions, before stilling when Teddy moves.
Teddy whines, evidently torn between pushing back urgently against Draco, and waiting until he’s given more. Teddy’s Hufflepuff to his core, but Draco’s long suspected there’s something else there, a long streak of wolf twining through the yellow and black. Teddy’s never devious, but he’s cunning, and while he’s not aggressive, when he’s provoked he can fight as dirty as any Slytherin and with as much fire as his Gryffindor parents. Perhaps that’s why he likes being held down so much, Draco wonders, tightening his grip on Teddy’s hips and holding him still. Or perhaps that’s the lycanthrope heritage again, making Teddy’s need to belong somewhere as fierce as that of any wolf needing to belong to a pack. Teddy mewls softly, arse clenching around Draco’s cock as he fights to keep still, and Draco rubs his thumbs appraisingly over Teddy’s hips, holds him tighter still.

Maybe it’s all just an orphan thing, Draco wonders as he watches Harry stare at Teddy hungrily. Merlin knows — and Draco knows even better — that Harry’s got some pretty similar tendencies.

“Teddy.” Harry’s voice is soft, gentle, save for the slightest tremor in it, the faintest rumble in the deep familiar tone. To anyone else it would be easy to miss, but Draco knows Harry's tells. He’s been searching for this one since they started, the sign that Harry’s cracking. He stops though, doesn’t say anything more.

“Teddy,” Draco says, copying Harry. “Do you know what I want you to say?”

Teddy stills, then nods, his hair just long enough to brush against the covers beneath him.

“And are you going to say it?” Harry asks, and it’s half genuine question, half shaky, hopeful desire. Harry looks away almost immediately, retreats behind the invisible line he’s drawn for himself, but it’s too late. He’s asked now, and Draco can’t see Teddy’s face properly from this angle, not really, but he could swear there’s the flicker of an excited smile tilting Teddy’s lips, dimpling his flushed cheek, when he replies,

“Yes, Daddy.”

Harry drops his head, the breath whistling out of him in a low rush. He prises his fingers away from the arm of the chair, forcing them to relinquish their grip. “God,” he mumbles hoarsely, and Draco bites his lip, feels the thrill running through Teddy. It always hits Harry like this, makes him almost recoil as the thump of arousal washes over him, his expression clouding and his cock thickening in his Ministry order trousers. The sight of it hits Draco almost as hard in return.

This isn’t the first time they’ve done this, the three of them in a room together toeing lines they all know they want to cross. It wasn’t all Draco’s idea, although he’d planted the seed in their heads for weeks before it bloomed. It was Teddy who cracked first, coming to both of them and asking for this, asking for Draco — but above all, asking for Harry. There’s something there, something that sparks between godfather and godson and ignites a fire in Draco. Draco knows that Teddy wants him, that he idolises Draco and his ambiguous role in the Ministry, hangs on every word of the stories Draco’s been telling him for years. But Teddy adores Harry, a deep and unshakable affection that turned sexual for him some time in his late teens, or perhaps when he got into the Auror training program and saw Harry in full Head Auror mode. Merlin knows, that gets Draco hot and bothered, the uniform tight over Harry’s thighs, his businesslike scowl from under that salt and pepper fall of hair across his forehead. What teenager would stand a chance? Draco found it endearing, sweet, at first, the godson with the obvious little crush on the big Head Auror. He teased Harry about it, watched the colour appear in telling slashes on his cheeks as he shook his head but refused to respond. It was then that he realised the extent to which Harry reciprocated the attraction, and Draco started to form his plan. He and Harry had brought other lovers into their bed before, but none they’d wanted to keep. Teddy — young, willing and gorgeous — was like a gift from heaven. That was something Draco wanted to explore, and something Teddy jumped at too.
But Harry? Harry insisted on rules. He wouldn’t touch Teddy. He wouldn’t fuck him. He wanted to be in the room, to watch, to talk and to listen, but he wanted to draw a line in the sand about doing anything further. He would not fuck him.

“I’m his godfather, Draco. I’m practically his boss. I can’t cross that line.” The music of the club had swirled around them, thick and suffocating and the perfect backdrop for Draco to suggest their ménage à trois.

“You want to, though.”

“That’s not the point.”

“He wants you to, as well.”

“God.” Harry closed his eyes for one long, heated moment, before stealing Draco’s gin and soda, taking a deep swig of it himself. “That’s even more reason for there to be rules.”

“And what about me?” Draco’s smile had been sweet, curving demurely at the corners as he saw Harry’s eyes darken. “Does this mean you don’t want me to touch him either?” He ran one long finger around the lip of his glass, imagined he could hear its high-pitched whistle and keen. “Do you not want me to fuck him?” His voice was pitched low, grey eyes crinkling with mirth, before Harry suddenly dragged him into the bathroom. He’d come down Draco’s throat in record time and gasping out all of the things he wanted to watch Draco do to Teddy, his knuckles white as he clung to the edge of the bathroom stall.

No, Harry’s rules did not apply to Draco. Draco wasn’t sure why watching his partner fuck Teddy until he screamed was somehow less morally iffy for Harry than just doing it himself, but he wasn’t about to judge. Not when he was balls deep, anyway.

Not with Harry looking at Teddy, at the way Draco’s cock was thick and hard and holding him open, either.

“It’s alright, Teddy.” Harry licks his lips, swallows thickly, and Draco feels Teddy moan. His face is buried against the blankets, in the material piled at the end of the bed as if it’s too much, Draco inside him and Harry watching him with that barely controlled lust. He tenses his arse, hole clenching around Draco’s cock and Draco draws his lip into his mouth, rolls the plump shape of it between his teeth. Merlin, but that feels good. Teddy’s hot and tight around him, the globes of his arse cheeks fitting Draco’s hard grip so well. Draco stares down appraisingly at the way his prick is splitting Teddy open. He presses his thumb next to Teddy’s hole, watches the way it stretches around the fat head of his cock, and Teddy moans, the muscles over his back working as he fights to keep still.

Draco wants to memorise that sound, the way it seems to stutter out of Teddy. He wants Teddy to make it again.

“Such a good boy, aren’t you?” he says, rotating his hips and letting his mouth fall open at the jolt of arousal it brings. He exhales heavily as Teddy clenches around him. “Aren’t you, baby?” he croons, smoothing his hands in comforting strokes over Teddy’s trembling skin. “Isn’t he perfect, Harry?”

The groan that stutters out of Teddy makes Draco’s cock throb, makes Harry inhale sharply. Draco bites his lip as he sees Harry’s hand slip between his own legs, palming his groin as his face colours. Merlin, look up, darling, Draco wants to say to Teddy. Look at what you’re doing to him. But Draco says nothing, bides his time. He knows it’s going to come.

“Yes,” Harry croaks, his voice rough. Draco feels Teddy tremble again underneath him, an involuntary shudder. His knees skid against the bed as he drops down lower, shoulders against the
mattress now and his face turned to the side. Draco can only see his profile, those bright eyes squeezed tightly shut. Teddy’s mouth is open and panting and there’s pink on the apples of his flushed cheeks.

“Such a perfect thing.” Draco begins to move, just the barest hitch of his hips. Draco knows Harry is looking at him now, that his eyes will be sharp and focussed on him as he talks, but he doesn’t stop. Why would he, when that’s what he wanted all along? “Why don’t you tell him you want him to say it again, Harry?” he asks, eyes never leaving the sight of his own cock sliding inside Teddy. Draco lets himself slide in another inch, the heat surrounding him as he rests his palms over the dimples above Teddy’s arse, right before the perfect flare of his hips.

Harry’s probably glaring at him now, Draco thinks, chewing on his lip and trying not to smirk. This isn’t breaking any rules, though. Harry never said Draco wasn’t allowed to involve him, and Harry’s spoken to Teddy during this before. He’s just never explicitly admitted that the things Teddy says — that Draco tells him to say — are for Harry’s benefit as much as anyone else’s. Merlin knows Teddy loves it, the kinky little sod. Really, Draco’s doing Harry a favour; Teddy’s going to love it even more when he knows it’s for Harry. Draco thinks he might even know that already, given that secretive smile he saw earlier. Perceptive, kinky little sod, Draco amends, looking down at Teddy proudly.

“Yes.” Another heavy exhale, as Harry sits forwards in his chair. “Yes, I want you to say it again, Teddy.” Harry’s forearms tense, one gripping the arm of the chair while the other rests between his thighs, unmoving but pressed against his erection. He’s the picture of crumbling self-restraint, and it takes everything Draco has not to gloat. He gives up and grins, Cheshire cat-like in his self satisfaction. Oh, good boy, Harry.

Draco leans down, plants his hands next to Teddy’s shaking fists as they white-knuckle the sheets beneath him.

“That’s right, Teddy. Harry wants you to say it.” Draco’s chest, his nipples, brush against Teddy’s shoulders, and a thrill runs over him at the contact. He lowers his mouth to Teddy’s ear. When he speaks, though, he’s looking at Harry.

“You do what your daddy tells you, don’t you Teddy?”

Draco isn’t sure who moans the loudest out of his two companions, but wand to his head, he’d say it was Harry. The sound is guttural, deep and raw, and Draco sees Harry’s fingers tighten around the shape of his cock in his trousers. Teddy choked out another sound, his mouth falling open and his hole clenching again around Draco, and fuck, that feels good. Maybe it was Draco who was moaning like a wounded animal.

“Yes,” Teddy whimpers, stubble scratching against the blankets beneath his cheek as he nods. “Yes, I do what my daddy tells me.” Teddy swallows, thighs trembling as he still fights to keep still. “I do whatever he wants me to.”

Draco kisses Teddy’s shoulder, soft and sweet, runs his tongue and then his teeth over the sensitive spot.

“Perfect, darling.” He sighs, sitting upright once more. His thighs are burning with the effort of holding this position, but that’s nothing compared to the coiled tension he sees in Teddy’s body. Soon, sweetheart, he thinks, pulling Teddy up with him onto all fours. Teddy’s arms shake slightly as he tries to hold himself up, bear his own weight, and Draco grips his hips firmly, comforting him and grounding him with his hands.
“I bet that makes your daddy so happy.” Draco’s brows curve into a frown of pleasure as Teddy gasps, pushing back involuntarily on Draco’s cock. Draco lets him, feels Teddy shudder gratefully in response.

“I hope it —” Teddy breaks off, clearing his throat. He raises his head, looking over his shoulder at Draco. His words are loud though, aimed at everyone in the room. Draco feels himself getting incredibly, impossibly, harder.

“I hope it makes my daddy happy.”

Harry surges forward, rests one hand against the edge of the bed as he drops his head, breathing hard. Harry’s fingers bunch the sheets and Draco stares at them, at how close they are to Teddy’s own hand. If Harry extended his fingers, they would brush against that silky soft skin, against Teddy’s knuckles. Draco sees Harry move his own fingers comfortingly, unconsciously, against the blankets instead, his eyes trained on Teddy’s lips. Teddy’s tilts his head, eyes meeting Harry’s, and Draco swears he feels the air crackle around them, sees that pearlescent shimmer over Teddy’s skin. It’s magenta, this time, that flashes through Teddy’s hair, startling electric blue chasing hard on its heels. **Merlin, Potter.** Draco feels his lip curl as he watches them. *You want to touch him so bad, you fool, and he’s right there. Right there! Just reach out and —*

Harry jolts, his face etched with surprise as Teddy’s hand shoots out, nimble fingers wrapping around Harry’s wrist.

Draco throws his head back, swallows the loud bark of triumphant laughter that wants to burst out of him at the sight. Oh, you beautiful, **genius** little thing, he thinks, stroking Teddy’s flank adoringly and rewarding him with a long, slow thrust. Draco didn’t have to do anything at all, in the end. He shakes his head in barely concealed glee, looks down to meet the accusing glare Harry is levelling right at him. Draco shrugs, one elegant lift of his muscled shoulder, and doesn’t even try to moderate his expression. **This is all him, baby,** he thinks as Harry breathes out sharply through his nose, arousal clear on his face, in the bulge of his cock tenting his jeans. **This is all him.** And it’s true; no one told Teddy he had to play by Harry’s rules.

“Gotcha,” Draco mouths silently at Harry, sees Harry’s jaw tighten and the vein in his temple throb in response. Teddy’s fingers look like they’re holding Harry tight enough to cut off the circulation, incarcerous-like in their determination, and Draco knows they’ve got him. They’re both descendants of the Noble and Most Ancient House of Black, after all. Who would stand a chance?

Not Harry, by the look of him. His eyes are glazed, wide behind the lenses of his black-framed glasses. His lips are moist and parted as his eyes flick between Teddy’s constant gaze, and the sight of Draco shallowly fucking into him. Draco fucks Teddy a little faster, still in short, shallow thrusts, the movement making Teddy rock forwards. He knows Harry can see it. He wants him to. Harry’s hard, so much so that it must ache as his trousers press tight against the thick line of his cock, and Draco imagines he can see it twitch when Teddy speaks again.

“I hope it makes my daddy happy,” Teddy says breathlessly. He blinks, slow and guileless, Harry’s eyes never leaving his. “Makes him happy when I’m good for him.”

“Oh.” Draco shuts his eyes as he slides in deep, almost without meaning to. Teddy gasps, a high and hitching sound, as Draco bottoms out inside him. “Oh, I’m sure it does, baby.” He rolls his hips, feels them flush against Teddy’s arse. He can feel each shuddering intake of breath as his palms smooth over and over down Teddy’s sides. Draco opens his eyes, his lids lazy and heavy. Teddy’s perched on the end of the bed, still moving with Draco’s slow thrusts, his face inches from Harry’s. They’re so close, and Draco stifes a groan. He wets his dry lips before he speaks again.
“Why don’t you show him, Harry,” he says hoarsely, looking down at Harry’s tousled head. “Why don’t you show him how good he’s being.”

“Yes!” Teddy keens, but Harry straightens. His posture is stiff when he meets Draco’s eyes, searing green locked on piercing grey.

“Draco.”

Harry’s tone is laced with warning, but it’s buried beneath the arousal, the longing, Draco hears there. Draco reaches forward with one hand, traces Harry’s jaw with his fingertips. He stills his hips, feels Teddy bow his head again and rest his forehead against Harry’s hand. His fingers are still firmly clasped around Harry’s wrist, pressing it against the bed.

“This isn’t,” Harry swallows. “This isn’t what we said would happen,” he whispers, a low and sibilant hiss. “I set rules.”

“You did.” Draco cups his chin. He moves his hand around Harry’s jaw, tilting his head back. He’s never been more pleased about the slight height difference the bed gives them than he is right now as he angles Harry’s face to look up at him. “But when have you ever wanted me to play by the rules?” he says, brushing his thumb against Harry’s lips.

He feels Harry’s breath leave him on a sighed exhale, the air warm against his fingers, and Draco knows he’s won the point. He’d like to see Harry deny that he sets rules only so Draco will break them — if Harry himself doesn’t step over them first, that is. Harry’s a good liar, but not good enough to pull that off. Two sides of the same coin, Draco thinks, feeling that familiar, warm twist in his belly at the look Harry is giving him. It’s half fuck you, half thank you, but entirely directed at him and if Draco could pluck it out of the air and keep it clenched tight and safe in his fist, he would. Instead, he runs the pad of his thumb over Harry’s bitten lips one last time, before pushing inside Teddy — and then pulling out entirely.

“What, no!” Beneath him Teddy quivers, shooting a frantic look over his shoulder. His hair falls into his eyes as his head whips back to stare at Draco imploringly. “No, keep, please, just keep —”

“Shh,” Draco sits back on his heels, smiling as he calms Teddy. His smile turns feral when he pulls Teddy up and into his lap, until he’s sitting over Draco’s thighs. Draco’s skin prickles with sweat, and he wraps one arm around Teddy’s middle, sets the palm of his other hand low against Teddy’s belly. He strokes the scant hair there, pulls it slightly, then does it again.

“Tell me, baby.” Lips against Teddy’s ear. “Do you like sucking cock?”

Teddy laughs, soft and breathless. When he looks over his shoulder at Draco, his expression says you know I do, idiot. He bites his lip though, settles only for nodding. Wonderfully obedient, Draco thinks, stretching the fingers out on his left hand then letting them slowly trail down the line of Teddy’s spine.

Draco hums as he feels Teddy gasp as Draco slips his fingers between Teddy’s cleft. He rubs at the lubed and stretched hole, his middle and index fingers playing around Teddy’s sensitive rim. Teddy sighs, relaxing against him and letting the tips of Draco’s fingers slide in easily. He’s so pliant, open, as he lets Draco’s fingers slip where his cock was moments before. He knows what’s coming, what Draco’s going to do, and Teddy keens in anticipation; Draco’s good with his hands.

“Your daddy’s got a big cock,” Draco says, enjoying the crisp satisfaction saying the hard K brings him, enjoying Harry’s barely concealed moan. He’s staring at Draco now, but his eyes keep pulling
away, trailing down the long, slim line of Teddy’s abdomen, over the hair that’s scattered low on his belly and the red and angry throb of his cock as it juts out from his body. Draco makes an appreciative sound, humming in agreement with the glazed look over Harry’s face; Teddy, turned on and desperate, is some fucking sight.

Harry, handsome face etched with longing, and pupils dilated as he stares at Teddy, is a pretty memorable sight, too.

Draco moves his hand from Teddy’s belly, slips it up into his beautiful, mad hair. It’s gentle turquoise, but it flashes a deep, ocean blue around Draco’s fingers, the colour rippling out from the point of contact. Draco presses his lips together, shifts until his cock is against Teddy’s arse, a smear of precome sliding over that perfect, hot skin. Merlin, but Draco is hard, aching. Not yet, he tells himself. He tilts Teddy’s head back, admires the long line of his neck. He can see Teddy’s pulse flutter and Draco can’t help but run his lips against it, grazing his teeth over his throat. He wants to bite, to suck, to leave marks that Teddy will be hiding for days. He thinks Teddy might like that, to have someone’s mark on his throat, but Draco restrains himself to only a scrape of teeth, a kiss. Tonight is not the night for that.

Draco tips him forwards again until he’s looking down at Harry, still sitting in the chair, watching the two of them with lust-blown eyes.

“Maybe your daddy will show it to you.” Draco grins. “Will let you see his cock.”

“Oh, god. Yes.” Teddy shivers, licking his lips eagerly, and Harry looks away, then back again. The shake of his head is hard to read, but when he looks at Draco the heat in it spears him. Harry might be angry. He might be dying to come. Draco’s always found Harry looks alarmingly similar when he’s either furious beyond words or too turned on to talk. Draco’s grin widens, until he’s baring his teeth. “Maybe if you ask him nicely, baby boy, he’ll show us,” he murmurs against Teddy’s sweat-tacky skin. Teddy groans, nodding frantically.

“Yes, please.” He grips Draco’s thigh with one hand. The other hangs in mid air, unsure about whether he should touch Harry or not. Draco isn’t sure either. He kisses Teddy’s cheek, sighing at the soft and sincere tone in Teddy’s voice. “I’ve been so good, Daddy.”

“Hasn’t he, Harry?” Draco agrees, resting his temple against Teddy’s. His fingers slip inside to the second knuckle, and he twists them, twists them again when Harry stands. Teddy gasps, his head dropping back against Draco’s shoulder, and Harry steps as close to the bed as he can, knees bumping against it. Draco feels Teddy’s breath hitch. Merlin, yes, he thinks. Good boy. Good boy. Beg for it — make him give you what you want.

“Please, Da — Ah, Daddy.” Teddy lets out a groan, low and deep, as Draco crooks his fingers, ghosting over his prostate before pulling away again. “Please, show me.” Teddy’s brows knit together, wide hazel eyes glued to Harry, to every shaking breath he draw in, every bob of his Adam’s apple as his throat works. “I’ve been so good.” Teddy swallows. “Haven’t I, Daddy?”


“I’ll only look, Daddy, I won’t touch.” Teddy’s hair is falling over his forehead, a stripe of turquoise covering one eye as he leans higher on his knees and begs. “I won’t touch, if you don’t want me to, I promise.”

“Christ, Teddy.”

“Merlin, you perfect thing,” Draco murmurs, running his teeth over the taut muscle of Teddy’s
shoulder. Teddy’s voice is plaintive, sincere, and the words shoot right to Draco’s cock. He doesn’t know what this must be doing to Harry, to Teddy. This is their kink after all, their kink that Draco’s riding, but dammed if it doesn’t drive him wild listening to Teddy talk like that, all wide eyed innocence and filthy muttered words.

“I’ll do whatever you want.” Teddy rolls his shoulders, leaning as close towards Harry as he can, face tilted upwards and hands in fists against his own things. His voice is still quiet, desperate. “Please, show me, Daddy.”

“God. Fuck.” Harry chokes out a laugh, strangled. “Yes, Teddy,” Harry almost sighs the words, shaking his head in glorious, accepted defeat. “Yes, baby, I’ll show you. You’ve been so — fuck, you’ve been so good for me, haven’t you?”

The flush on Teddy’s cheeks, his chest, darkens as he nods frantically, hair falling even further over his eyes, and Teddy groans, low and deep, when Harry brushes it aside, tucks it behind his ear. “So good,” he mumbles, and Draco lets Harry’s voice wash over him. He wants to memorise this moment, wants to set it on his mantel piece in pride of place so he can stand in front of it, proud and sublime, when he entertains guests. The day Harry Potter accepted what he wanted, and took it. Draco has to shut his eyes against the surge of happiness this brings him. Too much time around sweet Hufflepuffs and upstanding Gryffindors, he thinks, shaking his head at himself. He’s going soft.

His cock, on the other hand, is hard as Arithmancy as he rubs it against Teddy’s arse. He can feel the muscles as they tighten and release, feel the shape of those round cheeks as Teddy rises up and down, fucking himself on Draco’s fingers. Draco tosses his head, flicking his hair out of his eyes and rolling his prick against Teddy's supple skin. He feels it jerk when Harry speaks again.

“You’ve been perfect, baby.” Harry cups Teddy’s jaw. “You’ve made me.” Harry’s voice is shaking, hoarse with desire. “You’ve made your daddy so happy.”

Teddy whimpers, high and involuntary as Harry strokes his cheek with his thumb. The gesture is so innocent, sweet, a perfect contrast to the hurried sounds of Harry undoing his belt. The buckle clanks and jangles and Teddy makes little desperate, hitching sounds. Harry tears at his fly, one button coming loose in his haste, and Draco wants to moan himself. He strokes his fingers through Teddy’s hair instead, brushes it back and away from his flushed face, while his fingers still work inside him. The room is filled with heavy breathing, with the wet sounds of Draco’s fingers pumping into Teddy’s arse, and he adds a third, feels Teddy arch his back, gasping uncontrollable now. He’s avoiding his prostate, still, keeping his fingers angled just so. He wants to see how Harry is going to play this before he makes the kid fall apart; he can tell Teddy’s been teetering on the edge for some time now.

He rolls his hips, the head of his cock slick and wet, and catching against Teddy’s skin. Draco’s ready to come himself. He and Teddy both groan, Draco deep and Teddy desperate, when Harry undoes the last button, pulls his cock from the soft linen of his trousers. Harry runs his fingers over the head of his cock, over the moisture at the tip, and Teddy whimpers, eyes fluttering as they flit from Harry’s face, to his cock, and back again.

“Oh god,” Teddy gasps out, and Draco hums, cards his fingers through his hair. Draco’s seen Harry before, seen him hard and flaccid. He’s felt the weight of that cock in his mouth, against his tongue, felt it press inside him, slow inch by achingly slow, perfect inch — but Teddy never has. Draco can feel Teddy’s unsteady breathing, feel the shake of his tense limbs, and he tightens his grip in Teddy’s
Harry’s trousers rest low on his hips, open and weighed down by his belt, and he widens his stance slightly, pushes the material of his underwear down and under his balls. Fingers wrapping around himself, Harry runs his fist up and then back down his cock, hissing at the relief of it. He rests his thumb under the flushed head, biting his lips as he stills his hand. He squeezes himself, once.

“Is this what you wanted to see, baby?”

“Yes,” Teddy gasps, his voice so soft it’s almost inaudible. “Fuck, yes Daddy.” He sways forwards, Draco catching him and pulling him back against his chest.

“Easy, baby,” he murmurs, and Harry nods.

“Easy, sweetheart.” He spreads his fingers over Teddy’s cheek, palms catching briefly on the stubble there. Teddy’s shaking, shivering as Draco ups the ante of his fingers, lets them brush against Teddy’s prostate just quickly before slamming in at a different angle. Teddy’s eyes never leave Harry’s cock, his pupils wide and dilated as Harry moves his hand up and down his length.

“Look at him,” Draco murmurs, even though he knows Teddy can’t tear his eyes away. “That’s for you, baby,” he says, running his hand from Teddy’s hair over the back of his neck, squeezing gently. His hand is aching from the angle he’s using to pump his fingers inside Teddy, but he wouldn’t stop for all the gold in Gringotts, not with the stutter and whine of Teddy’s breath as it gusts out of him, with the way Teddy is rolling his hips back against his fingers.

“He’s so hard for you.” Draco turns his face into Teddy’s hair, inhales the scent of it — apple shampoo, sweat, and boy — and he worries his lower lip, stifling a groan. “So hard for you, baby boy.”

“Oh, fuck.” Harry’s hand moves faster over his cock, pausing at the head and then running down the shaft in firm, sure strokes. “Yes,” he hisses, running the tips of his fingers over Teddy’s parted lips. “For you, sweetheart, all for you.”

Teddy shudders, rising up higher on his knees and opening his mouth wider against Harry’s fingers. He’s gulping down breaths, the air leaving him faster than he can gasp it down as Draco tilts his hand, crooks his fingers and — “ah, god, fuck!” — finds Teddy’s prostate on the next sure and even stroke of his fingers.

“Ah!” Teddy keens again, open-mouthed and loud. Harry’s fingers dance over his lips, pulling the plump flesh down slightly and then releasing. Draco stares at them, can’t tear his eyes away, and he exhales harshly when Teddy flicks his tongue out, laves Harry’s fingertips. He can’t curb the low and deep grunt he makes when Harry slips those fingers in Teddy’s mouth.

“Fuck.” Draco pumps his hand faster, grinding his cock hard and dirty against Teddy’s skin. “You two. Merlin, the sight of you two.”

“Baby.” Harry’s hand is a blur on his cock, his voice so low it almost doesn’t sound like him anymore. He’s staring at Teddy’s mouth, at the way it stretches around his fingers. Draco wonders if he’s thinking about how it would look around his cock, around the fat girth of it as Harry feeds it to him. Draco sure as hell is.

Draco watches the way Teddy’s eyes darken, fixed on Harry’s as the fingers work in and out of his mouth, cheeks hollowing obscenely around Harry’s digits. He smiles, teeth bared, and runs them over Teddy’s cheekbone. Maybe he can find the family resemblance after all, he thinks, as he see
Harry crumble under the warm, wet onslaught of Teddy’s tongue against his fingers.

“You have a beautiful mouth,” Draco rumbles, the roll of his hips against Teddy unstoppable now. “Your daddy wants to fuck it.”

Teddy jerks, moaning around Harry’s fingers, and Draco grins.

“Maybe next time, he will,” he whispers, hoarse and intimate against Teddy’s skin as he watches Harry fuck his mouth with his fingers. “Or maybe he’ll grease you up, slide between your thighs. He’d like that.” Draco shuts his eyes at Teddy clenches his arse around his fingers, his body thrumming with coiled tension, with his building orgasm. “Your daddy likes to do that.”

Another whimper, a low grunt from Harry.

“Maybe next time, he’ll give it to you.” Draco licks his lips, feels them vibrate as he moans. “Watch as that pretty mouth of yours stretches around his cock.” Draco smiles at Teddy’s whimper. “Maybe he’ll give you what you want.”

“Fuck, yes,” Harry growls. “Next time. Next time, baby, you can have anything, anything, you want.”

Another strangled moan escapes out of Teddy, resonating through him as he writhes on both of their hands. Draco can feel how close Teddy is, can see it in the curve of Harry’s shoulders, in the way his lips curl and his hand is pumping his cock. Draco slips his hand down to Teddy’s aching, neglected cock, wraps long fingers around it. Teddy’s moan is low, and perfect, twining around Harry’s fingers.

“Maybe he’ll fuck you,” Draco murmurs, “let you feel that cock inside you, filling you up. You’d like that wouldn't you, darling?” Draco pumps his fingers faster, Harry’s shaking pants barely audible over the thump of Draco’s heartbeat in his own ears. “Filling you up, and making you his —”

Teddy stiffens, his body tight and taut before he’s coming, hot and sudden over Draco’s fingers. He’s wracked with the force of it, the muscles of his thighs jumping as he rises up higher on his knees, mouth closed tight around Harry’s fingers. Draco wonders if he’s biting them, if he’s clamped down on Harry’s fingers as tightly as his arse is clenched around Draco’s, before he’s suddenly coming himself. His cock spurts, sensational wave after wave spreading up from the base of his spine, making the back of his knees prickle and his vision blur. His come lands on Teddy’s arse, his hip, over the base of his back and sliding down to those dimples above the swell of his arse cheeks. Draco moans, letting the deep and heavy swell of pleasure roll over him, his limbs lax and heavy as he holds Teddy’s shaking body upright. Draco opens his eyes, slow and still hazy with the force of his orgasm and he watches Harry’s face screw tight, sees the gorgeous and familiar sight of those startling eyes slamming shut and his pleasure peaking.


Harry shouts, swaying forwards as his cock pulses in his fist and Teddy, still woozy and drowsy from coming, puts his hands up, rests them against Harry’s chest, his torso.

“Yess,” Teddy whimpers, eyes wide and glassy as he strokes over Harry’s cloth-covered sternum, palms flat and broad. Harry shudders, his hips stuttering forwards and his come landing on Teddy’s thighs, his stomach, on Teddy’s softening cock. Draco’s groans softly, his dick twitching at the sight. He closes his eyes again, releasing Teddy’s softening dick and resting his cheek on Teddy’s shoulder. He listens to Harry’s gasps as his orgasm ebbs and flows away, to Teddy’s soft keens and
whimpers as he touches over Harry’s chest, through his shirt.

“Shh, baby,” Harry murmurs shakily, and Draco hears the sound of lips against fingers, feels Teddy’s hitching breath. “Shh, you’re alright.”


“Yeah.” Draco hums as he feels Harry’s fingers in his own hair, imagines Harry is probably doing the same to Teddy. He’d like to make a joke, to tease Harry about being sentimental, but he’s too warm, too hazy and relaxed, to bother. Plus, he rather likes it; he lets them all enjoy it for a moment longer.

Draco’s eyes are still closed, his arms holding Teddy, when the bed dips, Harry lying down heavy and hard next to them. It dips again as Harry moves to the head of the bed, amongst the garish pile of burgundy cushions, leaving Draco and Teddy in a messy pile of limbs at the end of the bed. Teddy releases a breath in a loud puff of exhausted air, and Draco smiles.

“God,” Teddy says shakily, the timbre in his voice different, no longer pleading. “That was…” He shakes his head, trailing off.

“Mmm.” Draco huffs a soft laugh, feels Teddy nudge at his chest with his shoulder.

“Stop laughing at me, old man,” he mumbles, smiling faintly, and Draco runs his nose over Teddy’s cheek, bites playfully at his skin.

“No,” he whispers.

Teddy laughs, shakes his head. He touches a hand to his come splattered belly, almost shyly. “Merlin, I need a shower.” He sighs, tired and happy.

Draco hums in agreement.

“I think you need about ten.” He slaps Teddy’s hip, lifts him off his lap and pushes him face first onto the bed. Teddy lands with an oof, ungraceful and uncoordinated. Draco could watch him for hours. He sighs, tearing his eyes away as Harry huffs a laugh behind them.

“Stop manhandling him,” he says, his voice thick. He’s peeled off his shirt, his trousers still undone but his cock tucked away. There’s something in his eyes that could be worry, could be concern, for the line he drew for himself and then just stepped across. If it’s regret, Draco’s going to slap him. Teddy’s not the kind of kid Harry should be regretting. He doesn’t think it’s that though. More likely it’s just Harry's inner moral compass adding a notch to its dial, making another exception. Good man, Draco thinks, grabbing Harry’s ankle and squeezing it fondly.

“It’s ―” Teddy swallows, blinking as he gets up onto all fours, “I’m okay, though,” he counters to Harry’s claims of manhandling, but Draco thinks he’s answering another question that Harry hasn’t quite managed to ask. “I mean, my thighs are a little sore,” Teddy murmurs coylly, crawling up to Harry. Harry remains still, not exactly relaxed, but he doesn’t move to stop him, and Teddy sits at his side, not quite touching him but only a cigarette paper’s width away. “And I’m sleepy,” Teddy says quietly, reaching out and resting his fingertips against Harry’s chest, right in the dip of his sternum. He wets his lips. “But I’m okay,” he finishes, his expression wary and hopeful in equal measures. Harry returns his gaze evenly, a small furrow appearing before his brow before he smiles himself, eyes crinkling in genuine affection.

“Good.” Harry sighs, sitting up against the pillows, and pulling Teddy to lie against his side. “That’s…” Harry exhales again, giving up on whatever he was going to say. He picks up a thick
strand of Teddy’s now light brown hair, holding it between thumb and forefinger. “And you’re filthy,” he adds, voice low and fond. “Add ‘filthy’ to that list.”

“Yeah,” Teddy smiles sleepily, then yawns. “Kay,” he murmurs, rubbing his forehead back and forth over Harry’s neck, an odd yet familiar gesture Draco’s seen him do before. It reminds him of a cat, something almost animal-like in the way Teddy is curling up against Harry.

Teddy shifts, moving to rest his tousled head on Harry’s chest, one arm slung across his belly, and Draco knows his own face is twisted into something ridiculous. He’s in love with Harry, and he knows it, and the sight of this gangly and gorgeous young man curled against Harry’s side is almost making his chest hurt with emotion. Beautiful pair of fuckers, he thinks, looking away. He moves to rub a hand over his face, but thankfully remembers where they’ve been recently and Summons his wand instead. He casts Scourgify over them all, sees Teddy shiver and Harry raise two fingers in thanks, before letting them drop back against his stomach.

By the time Draco crawls to the head of the bed himself, naked and sated, Teddy is breathing slow and even, mouth parted in sleep.

“Youth, hmm?” he jokes, lying down next to Harry and nodding his head at Teddy’s sleeping form. “No stamina.”

Harry groans in disdain. “God, can you not?”

Draco laughs, deep and real.

“As if I didn’t feel bad enough as it is,” Harry continues.

“Calm down.” Draco rests his hand on Harry’s chest, just above Teddy’s sleep-lax hand. “You had fun, didn’t you?”

“Didn’t you?” Draco asks again when Harry stays silent.

“Yes.”

“And so did he.” Draco shuffles closer, kisses Harry on the forehead. “So stop ruining the afterglow, you fucking broody wanker,” he murmurs into Harry’s hot skin, and Harry laughs, the tension bleeding out of him.

“Yeah, fine,” he concedes. “Hey, look though.” Harry looks at him, his eyes searching. He sighs. “Draco, we. We need to make sure —”

“Shh,” Draco strokes Harry’s cheek with the back of his hand, quieting the question he sees on Harry’s face. *Teddy needs to be safe*, his eyes are saying. *Don’t hurt him. We can’t hurt him.* “No need to worry about anything,” he says, and he means it. Draco’s always loved collecting pretty things, but he doesn’t break them. Merlin no; he treasures them. They belong on shelves, pristine and perfect and safe, and Teddy’s no exception. Hell, he’s the jewel in the proverbial crown.

Draco feels himself relax, a tight cog in his chest loosening when he sees that Harry gets it. He doesn’t know what he would do if Harry didn’t trust him with something like this.

“What time do we need to be out of here?” Harry asks, picking up one of Draco’s hands and playing with his fingers. Draco rolls onto his back, stretches languidly.

“Tomorrow, at eleven. Booked it for the night,” he clarifies at Harry’s confused look.
“The whole night?”

“Yes.” Draco scratches at his belly, stretches. “So, I suggest we rest for a bit, take Sleeping Beauty here out for some food. Then bring him back here, and…” Draco grins at the look Harry levels at him, partly exasperated, partly excited. He’ll never get tired of Harry looking at him like that.

“You thought of everything, didn’t you?” Harry asks fondly, and Draco turns his head, shrugs.

Teddy murmurs something, shuffling in his sleep, and Harry tightens an arm around his shoulders. The last remaining coil of tension in Draco’s chest relaxes even further at the ease of it.

“Shh,” Harry murmurs, brushing Teddy’s hair away from his forehead, his other hand still warm against Draco’s. He clasps his fingers, loose and familiar. “Go back to sleep, Teddy.”

Draco sighs in contentment, lifting one leg and dropping it over Harry’s. He smiles when Teddy moves his leg too, toes brushing against Draco’s calf. Harry’s fingers stroke over his palm, a soft and familiar caress, and Draco lets himself drift.

“Go back to sleep, baby.”

_End Notes_

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