One of Those Nights

by loveglowsinthedark

Summary

“I never would have thought you had it in you,” Potter’s heated murmur against his jaw is dark and full of depraved promises. “I’ll give you this much, Malfoy, you sure know how to get a man’s attention.”

Notes

Warning: The ridiculously fluffy ending might cause slight nausea. You've been warned.

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See the end of the work for more notes.

There’s a patch of something dark and viscous on the back wall, dried and flaking off – he hopes it’s not blood. The men sitting at the table below it don’t even seem to notice it. One of them is driving the blade of a pen knife into the table, repeatedly stabbing it into the worn wood, his gaze fixed a
foot to the left of the blade, his eyes glassy. His companion holds his pint right below his mouth, blowing gently over the mouth of the bottle, his right hand down the front of his jeans, his eyes fixed on Draco.

Draco’s skin crawls. He slowly raises the tumbler of whiskey to his mouth, willing himself not to examine the water marks on the glass again. The surface of the bar is sticky and the barkeep leaning his hip into the bar with his face buried in a pornographic magazine doesn’t seem to be inclined to wipe it. There’s a dark, heavy beat thumping from the jukebox in the corner; a young man and woman, clearly riding something more potent than just alcohol, sway together, completely out-of-synch with the music, the guy’s hand firmly cupped over the woman’s bottom, her skirt riding up to reveal skimpy knickers in a shocking pink.

Draco can feel the pervert’s eyes on him like cigarette butts being put out on his skin. Shivering lightly, he drains his drink in one gulp, swallowing and quickly clearing his throat against the burn of the truly horrible quality of the alcohol, while simultaneously earning the barkeep’s attention.

The sweaty man sighs, grabs a bottle off the shelf and shuffles over, the magazine with the naked woman on the cover still held firmly in his other hand. Her nipples are dark and round, her breasts abnormally large – it makes Draco a little queasy.

The man pours Draco’s drink, puts the bottle down with a thump, and opens the magazine where he stands; there’s a bulge in his trousers and he shifts from foot to foot as he leans back against the counter behind the bar, adjusting his boner.

Draco shivers again, resisting the impulse to just go home, scrub off the top layer of his skin under a scalding hot shower, and go to bed. He needs this – he needs tonight; tonight has got to be good.

The door opens as a patron enters and there’s a soft tinkle. Draco restlessly looks around.

His breath hitches.

Harry fucking Potter.

The Saviour stands there, dark blue jeans, fashionably faded, a black t-shirt that clings to his muscular, tapering torso, and a well-worn black leather jacket over it, pushing his square, black framed spectacles up his nose, his hair tousled in a way that makes Draco think of heated writhing on rumpled sheets, hot breath, flushed skin and fingers desperately carded through hair.

Okay, so Potter now apparently just happens to go around looking like every wet dream Draco has ever had.

Potter shoves his hands into his pockets, looking around, and then saunters forward, slowly walking towards the bar. He pauses at a stool several seats away from Draco, and carefully looks down the bar, his eyes landing squarely on Draco sitting there, his eyes determinedly fixed on his drink.

Draco shuts his eyes and drags in two deep breaths before he’s assaulted by Potter’s scent – something warm and spicy and so determinedly male, it instantly sends a frisson of something utterly shameless right down to Draco’s cock.

He presses his knees together, his hand trembling as he clenches it around his glass.

“Are you lost?” Potter murmurs, and Draco actually starts because he hadn’t realised just how close the man is standing. His warm breath washes over Draco’s ear, tickling his neck and sending more signals to his cock to wake up and stand at full mast.
“Potter,” he says with as much dignity as he can, turning his head slightly so he’s staring right into his eyes. There’s something in them, something that glints like little shards of broken glass that have sunk to the bottom of a bottle of vivid green poison, catching the light and shimmering.

Potter’s mouth – Merlin, why the hell is his mouth jumping into focus all of a sudden? – lifts in a small, decidedly devilish smirk and he eases his (aggravatingly fit) arse onto the stool next to Draco’s.

“What he’s having,” Potter says softly to the bored barkeep, his gaze, however, firmly lodged on Draco’s face. “Did you wander in by mistake, Malfoy? Shouldn’t you be at a gentleman’s club of some sort?” His tone is light, teasing.

“No, Malfoy? Shouldn’t you be at a gentleman’s club of some sort?” His tone is light, teasing.

“Do you hear me asking questions, Potter?” Draco doesn’t look at him, instead slowly sipping some more whiskey.

“I’d say it’s a lot less unusual to see me in a Muggle bar than the Pureblood prince himself.” The git sniggers, nodding casually at the barkeep as he picks up his own tumbler of whiskey, sipping on it at once. Despite himself, Draco feels his lip curl defensively.

“Mind your own business, Potter,” he says curtly, still determinedly looking anywhere but back at the unblinking, green-eyed, denim clad, lifetime supply of trouble sitting next to him. Potter’s leather covered elbow was way too close to his for him to be able to ignore and he eyes it cautiously, his heart speeding up at the realisation that Potter was a veritable furnace beside him – the heat from his body pushes into Draco’s personal space, making him lean into it while wanting to lean away.

“I’m just concerned,” Potter says casually, finally, finally, looking away, bringing his drink to his mouth and then licking his lips thoroughly, making Draco want to lean forward and lick along with him. “Nice looking guy like you, in a place like this – can’t be very safe, Malfoy. Lots of people just waiting to take advantage.”

Potter thinks he’s nice looking. Potter thinks he’s nice looking. Stay calm, dammit.

Malfoy draws in yet another deep breath that’s drenched in Potter’s scent.

“As touched as I am at your concern,” Draco says with a slight scowl. “I’d like to assure you that I can take care of myself.” A pause. “Besides, what makes you think I don’t want someone taking advantage of me?”

He smiles, the slight splutter from Potter oddly satisfying.

“Not so pure after all,” Potter says almost inaudibly. “Is that why you’re here, Malfoy?” he asks, a little louder now.

“What, Potter?”

“So someone can... take advantage of you?”

“So many questions, Potter,” Draco sneers. “How ‘bout answering one first?”

“Shoot.”

“Why is the Boy Who Lived,” Draco starts. “Head Auror, beloved friend, adoring father of three, faithful husband--” Draco stares pointedly at the plain gold band on Potter’s ring finger, before looking up into those emerald eyes. “--in a place of such ill repute - and clearly a place that ought to have been shut down years ago?” Malfoy looks around, throwing a quick glance back at the
unnerving dark patch on the wall.

Potter smiles, drains his glass, gestures for a refill, and turns on his stool so he’s facing Malfoy.

“To take advantage of somebody,” he says easily, leaning back with an elbow on the bar, stretching out a leg and propping his foot on the rung of Draco’s stool. His hair falls onto his eyes, wild and impossible and sexy as hell, his lips are plump and pink. He spreads his legs open, effortless confidence oozing out of him along with all that body heat.

Draco has to physically restrain himself from looking down at his crotch.

“Trouble in paradise?” he asks casually, tilting his head, forcing himself to maintain eye contact. Potter shrugs a shoulder.

“Just nice to get away from all the noise and the bickering and the clutter and the nagging,” he says in a monotone, rolling his eyes, before snapping back to meet Draco’s gaze.

Draco’s lips twitch, his eyes twinkling for a flash of a second, before he lowers his gaze to his glass and then drains the whole three fingers of amber liquid.

“Careful, there,” Potter says softly. “You may want to keep your wits about you.”

“That’s exactly what I don’t want to do, Potter.” Draco’s voice is rough as he nods his thanks at the barkeep for his refill.

“Don’t tell me--” Potter smirks. “Bad breakup?”

Draco scoffs, actually snorting with laughter, before shaking his head and sighing.

“One doesn’t do something new and wild by keeping ones wits about them.”

“Ah, so this is one of those nights,” Potter chuckles. “Trying to break the routine, eh?”

“Am I that predictable?” Draco slants him a look. Potter just grins. Draco leans forward and very deliberately cups Potter’s denim covered crotch. Potter actually gasps. “Am I being predictable now, Potter?” he whispers lazily, leaning in close enough that he can smell the same whiskey on Potter’s breath as is on his, see the way his Adam’s apple bobs as he swallows hard.

“Malfoy,” Potter breathes, eyes dark and blazing. Draco slowly tightens his grip, massaging his thumb over the now twitching bulge under his hands.

“Hmm?” He smiles idly, his heart racing, breath shortening. He winks, pulls his hand away and drains his glass a third time. Then he gets to his feet, thankfully managing to stay steady, reaches for his wallet, and places some Muggle money on the bar.

Potter is watching him closely, so he meets his gaze once more, smirks a slow, burning smile and sways out, instantly missing Potter’s warmth next to him even though the night outside is still and muggy. It’s so horribly hot, the summer stretching on longer than one can bear; he wishes it would just rain in sheets; sweat beads on his lower back and prickles at the back of his neck.

The street is deserted, and he can hear the rumbling of vehicles from the main road up ahead. A car alarm goes off somewhere and there’s a loud, angry yell. Somewhere in the vicinity, two cats are either trying to rip each other apart or are furiously mating.

He turns into the side alley to Disapparate and walks forward several steps into the darkness before
he notices the young couple he’d seen inside, a little further up ahead, hardly visible through the thick shadows.

They’re fucking up against the filthy wall, the girl naked from the waist up, her breasts jiggling; her skirt is bunched up around her waist, her legs wound tightly around the man’s thrusting hips, his bare arse flexing. She’s moaning, loudly, uninhibitedly, her head thrown back, her hair catching on the rough brick, vivid red lipstick smudged around her mouth. The guy has his forehead pressed into her shoulder as he rams into her, his jeans and pants tangled around his shins, his hands on her bottom, squeezing rhythmically.

Draco is hard.

He watches them, his mouth suddenly dry, his cock throbbing, Potter’s heat somehow still tingling over his skin.

And then warm hands, warmer than any other hands that he’s ever felt, settle onto his hips, a wet mouth descending onto the side of his neck from behind. Draco gasps, nearly losing his footing, but an arm suddenly winds itself around his waist, the grip frightfully strong. A foot kicks apart his own feet and then he’s being pressed into the wall, Potter’s scent washing over him, the heat from his hands burning him through his clothes. A Privacy Charm is whispered and the air around them shimmers, and then settles.

“I never would have thought you had it in you.” Potter’s heated murmur against his jaw is dark and full of depraved promises. “I’ll give you this much, Malfoy, you sure know how to get a man’s attention.”

And then Draco is spun round and has his back slammed painfully into the brick, a helpless moan escaping him before he can help himself. Potter is pressing into him so hard that he can barely breathe; his eyes are burning as they bore into Draco’s, his arm is crushing his waist, his other hand easily closing around both of Draco’s wrists, pinning them above their heads; his fragrant breath huffs over Draco, making him lean into the heat, his cock now seeping through his pants.

Draco is panting, loud and hard, pressing into Potter, jerking his hips forward so that – oh fuck, yes – his erection bumps into Potter’s own unmistakeable need.

Potter’s breath catches, his full lips parting as he breathes in sharply, and before he can tell himself not to, Draco has leaned in, firmly clamped his teeth over Potter’s moist lower lip, and pulled on it, nipping it as he releases it.

Potter doesn’t move as he stares hungrily at him, and for a few seconds, it’s only their hearts thudding against each other, the inert summer night and the young couple’s wild, vociferous coupling.

And then Draco hurriedly opens his mouth because Potter lunges forward, driving his tongue straight into Draco’s mouth, his hand tightening painfully around his wrists, and the whole fucking world tilts on its axis.

Potter claims his mouth, kissing him with a vigour and zeal he’d only ever seen him catch the Snitch with. He slants his face, giving Potter better access, letting him own him, kissing back the best he can and wishing fervently that Potter would release his hands so he could touch and grab and tug at all that untameable hair.

Potter unwinds his arm from around him and brings his hand up to roughly grab Draco’s chin, taking great big bites at his mouth, his whole body lurching against Draco’s as he kisses him hard, sucking
painfully at his lips.

He moans again, into Potter’s blazing hot mouth, and brings his teeth down once more, biting his tongue, then his lips, and then bucking forward again.

Potter growls - he growls - and Draco breaks the kiss to gasp for air because, Merlin, that sound went straight to his very bones and if his cock had a mouth, it would be screaming right now.

“Jesus Christ,” Potter mutters, releasing Draco’s face and bringing his hand down to brazenly cup his arse. Draco presses back into the touch, whining like a bitch in heat.

“Potter,” he breathes, and Potter’s hand squeezes. He gasps and jerks forward yet again, keening at the friction over his cock. “Potter,” he moans, when the man suddenly dips his head and pushes his face into Draco’s neck, immediately biting down and sucking.

“Fuck.” The word is bitten into his neck, and then Potter’s hand is slipping into his trousers, then into his pants and onto his arse, and Draco’s knees are trembling now because Potter grabs a handful of his arse and kneads.

“Quite an arse you have here, Malfy” Potter breathes into his skin, his hand now rubbing over his arse in scorching circles, fingers drawing closer to his crack with each stroke. “Makes me want to do things.”

“Do them,” Draco immediately whispers and oh okay, so he’s drunk as fuck; there can’t be any other excuse for that utterly whorish invitation.

“I’m going to need you to remember that you said that, Malfoy,” Potter says calmly.

And then pushes his middle finger into Draco’s arsehole.

Draco arches off the wall, and before he can do so much as gather some air to scream, his mouth is covered by Potter’s once more. So he whimpers frantically into that gob, his back being slammed back into the wall, trembling violently as Potter’s finger burns its way into him, his knees buckling suddenly.

Potter, finally releasing Draco’s wrists, catches him with his other hand, and holds him pressed into his broad chest, now slowly pulling his finger out. Draco can only groan, his mouth hanging open, jaw slack, as Potter shoves his tongue in, licking around eagerly.

Potter pulls his finger out and massages the rim of his hole, his other hand pressing into his lower back, yanking his hips outwards, causing their cloth covered erections to slide together in a way that has them break apart with identical gasps.

“God, Potter,” Draco whimpers, letting his head fall back, his hole actually gulping open this time as Potter’s questing finger sinks back in. “Yes!” he sobs – he actually fucking sobs – because Potter’s finger sinks in, deeper, deeper, until it teasingly nudges Draco’s prostate, lighting him up like a fucking Christmas tree.

Draco cries out when the little nub is firmly pressed, lifting one leg and wrapping it around Potter’s waist, his arms wrapping around broad, hard shoulders, fingers winding into the wild, jet black mane.

“One more?” Potter whispers casually – the bastard isn’t even out of breath - and then he’s pressing in another thick finger, the steady press making Draco’s vision tunnel. He rises onto the toes of the foot still on the ground, another sob painfully ripping its way out his throat. “You’re tighter than a
fucking virgin, Malfoy,” Potter says into his jaw, and he sounds quite admiring, really.

Draco groans loudly, the top of his head pressed into the grainy brick behind him, his strained, exposed neck being painfully and thoroughly bitten by Potter, even as the man pumps his fingers in and out of him – no, he *fucks* his fingers in and out of him, roughly shoving them into him, his whole arm moving back and forth as he drives his fingers into Draco’s prostate with each thrust, unfailingly. “Potter,” his whisper comes out a rough, high pitched wheeze.

Potter releases his neck with a wet, sucking sound and then slowly moves his mouth up, along his jaw, pausing at his ear, hot breath ghosting over Draco’s skin, and then--

“Come.”

It’s one word, huskily commanded into his ear, and Draco unravels completely.

He’s being held upright only by Potter’s arm around his waist and his fingers buried up his arse, nails dancing across his prostate as Draco comes *hard* in his trousers, cock untouched.

He wants to shout, cry out, moan, scream, anything – he *tries* to even – but he’s not able to. The pleasure that rips through him renders him incapable of doing anything else except *come*, his orgasm going on and on, all his muscles drawing up tense and tight. He spurts wetly into his pants, teeth grit, sudden tears leaking out his eyes that he squeezes tightly shut, his head spinning from lack of oxygen.

The foot still on the ground scrabbles for purchase and he’s almost lifted off of it with the force of his climax. When the first wave passes, he opens his mouth and desperately sucks in air, his lungs gratefully expanding as he gasps, and then finally, he’s able to *scream*, just as the next wave crashes through him, bending his spine painfully so he’s forced to arch back, Potter’s mouth, his ruthless teeth back on his tender neck, his other leg now somehow wrapped around him as well, Potter’s free hand securely holding him up pressed into the wall, his fingers *still* moving within him.

“S-stop!” Draco hiccups, convulsing helplessly, desperately pulling Potter’s hair, his whole body, his very being, his fucking *soul*, burning white hot with overstimulation. Instantly, Potter’s fingers pull out of him and soothe his rim, massaging gently, his teeth easing up on his neck as well.

Draco trembles in silence, gasping ragged breaths, cradling Potter’s head into his neck, eagerly giving him better access, a stray sob escaping him every few seconds as he dazedly blinks the night back into existence.

“That was hot,” Potter says suddenly into the wet skin of his neck. He pulls back and his glasses are slightly askew, his mouth is wet and there’s a tiny smear of blood on the corner.

Draco licks his lips experimentally, and then peers closer at Potter’s mouth, trying to figure out whose blood it is.

“I bit you too hard,” Potter says quietly, his eyes flicking to Draco’s neck.

“Oh...okay,” Draco mumbles, a rush of excitement rippling through him at that. His pants are soaked through and there’s a spreading patch of wetness in his trousers and he ought to feel dirty and horribly cheap but all he can think of is the way Potter’s fingers had felt inside him.

Fingers which Potter now slowly extricates from between Draco’s arse cheeks and, while maintaining unblinking eye contact, sucks into his mouth.

Draco’s head falls back with a moan, his face burning as he stares down at Potter still calmly licking
Draco off his fingers.

“Do you want to go somewhere more private or would you rather I fuck you into this wall?” he then asks Draco as if he were enquiring if he’d like to share a taxi home.

“Merlin.” Draco is still shivering lightly. He shifts and Potter firmly holds him as he unwraps himself from around him and comes to stand on trembling legs.

“Malfoy.” Potter presses him gently back into the wall, his hands coming up to press into the brick on either side of Draco’s face as he leans forward and kisses him hungrily, coaxing Draco’s tongue into wrestling softly with his own, surprising Draco by moaning into the kiss.

He pulls back and surveys the bespectacled Auror in front of him; Potter’s composure, infrangible up until now, seems to have suddenly slipped. He looks borderline frantic, his frame quivering lightly.

Draco pushes forward and kisses him again, deep and slow and hungry and Potter moans even louder this time.

“Let’s go, Potter.” Draco brings the leather clad arms back around himself, grips his tense shoulders tightly and then they’re being squeezed through darkness.

They Apparate into the hallway, mere feet away from the bedroom door, but when their feet hit the floor, Potter overbalances and ends up inadvertently slamming Draco into the wall again, Draco’s hands flying up to his sleekly bulging biceps to steady him.

“Easy,” he whispers, his mouth pressed to Potter’s jaw, tongue coming out to flick teasingly, one hand creeping up to pull those glasses off his face and toss them aside with a careless flick of his wrist.

Instantly, Potter is kissing him again, growling into his mouth, rocking his erection into Draco’s wet crotch, Draco’s own cock starting to stir once more. He holds Potter’s head in place with two handfuls of the mangy black hair and kisses him back hard, pushing against him, gleefully determined to scrape away some more of that steely resolve that slowly, finally, seems to be slipping out of Potter’s grasp.

“I need--” Potter breaks away to gasp and Draco abruptly closes a hand over his crotch, making Potter gasp hoarsely and jerk backwards. Smirking slightly, Draco slowly sinks to his knees, his back sliding down the wall, fingers undoing Potter’s fly with ease. The man isn’t wearing any pants, of course he isn’t, the fucking prick, and Draco pauses to bury his face in the musky sweetness for a second, inhaling and sighing, Potter letting out a little whine.

He pulls out his cock, and, bloody hell, Potter really does have a stellar fucking cock. It’s wide and long and the reddish-purple head is peeking out of the folds of the foreskin, the jagged slit oozing copious amounts of precome. His heavy bollocks are softer than silk and oh, pretty darn sensitive, judging by the soft whimper he lets out when Draco grazes a thumb over the fuzz.

He leans forward and Potter whimpers again, and just as he’s about to close his mouth over the head, a drop of precome drips onto his lower lip. He licks it off and leans in for more, tonguing the slit and sucking on the sticky bitterness, resisting the urge to just take him down to the hilt in one go.

Potter’s ragged breathing is loud in the dense silence as Draco laps and sucks up the slick steadily dripping out of Potter’s cock, and a few seconds later, his impatience finally wins. Opening his
mouth and closing his lips over his teeth, Draco leans in and goes all the way down, Potter’s strangled cry serving to do nothing but make Draco’s own cock fill faster.

He slowly sucks off, inch by torturous inch, and then pauses to suckle sweetly over the tip. Potter swears and bucks forward, Draco’s head thudding back onto the wall as the heavy cock is thrust into his throat.

Potter’s hand immediately comes down behind Draco’s head, fingers lightly grasping the blond hair as he cushions his skull against the wall, and then he bucks again, and Draco can’t help but, well, moan.

It’s inexplicably hot and wonderfully dirty, the way Potter is fucking steadily into his mouth, into his throat, making helpless little growling mewls the whole time, his free hand propped against the wall, his legs trembling. Draco grasps his hips, thumbs pressing into the sharp hip bones, and opens his throat, his eyes falling shut, his jaw strained. He quickly focuses on breathing in through his nose, drawing long, steady breaths, running his hands over the backs of Potter’s thighs, the slide of Potter’s heavy cock on his tongue making him moan again around the sturdy length.

Tipping his head back so the slide down is easier, Draco brings one hand to fondle his balls again, reaching behind and with no gentle warning, pressing two fingertips into the soft skin there, making Potter throw his head back with a muffled oath, and come.

He fucks Draco’s face all through his orgasm, coming in long spurts down his throat, filling his mouth, continuing to come even as the thick whiteness flows out Draco’s mouth and down his chin. Draco swallows, closing his throat around the gushing glans, tongue stroking along the length at random, nails digging into Potter’s arse as he holds him firmly in place. Potter is panting above him, massaging Draco’s scalp gently.

Draco gently pushes at his thighs and Potter shifts, allowing Draco to pull off and look up at him, his jaw aching, throat bruised, licking around his mouth, leaning in to lick his cock clean, all the while maintaining unflinching eye contact.

“Jesus fuck,” Potter comments gruffly and Draco laughs, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. Potter reaches down and pulls him up by his collar, roughly kissing him for a second before pulling back. “Bedroom,” he requests shortly.

His renewed erection combined with the itch from the drying come in his pants is enough to make Draco shift uncomfortably even as he’s sprawled across the bed, Potter and his abnormal heat covering him. He’s barely reached down to undo his own flies when Potter pulls back, snaps his fingers, and Draco is suddenly blinking down at his own utter nakedness.

“Fucking show off,” he sneers but Potter is suddenly quite busy, licking up the mess around Draco’s crotch and really, who is Draco to complain about possibly the most powerful wizard in the world licking his come off his balls? Why wouldn’t he let said wizard push his thighs open and trace the inside of his arse crack? And why would he mind when a fingertip gently probes into his still slightly sore arse?

“Sore?” Potter asks on cue, tongue now pressing into the vein under Draco’s cock, steadily licking up to the glans.

“A little.” Draco’s voice is a weak rasp, one fist pressed to his own forehead, the other hand clawed in the bed covers. Potter hums around his cock, and presses the finger further through his rim except this time, Draco’s channel is suddenly slippery with lube. “Show off,” he repeats feebly.
Potter huffs around his cock and hums again, making Draco hiss and clench around his finger. He presses it further into him, his digit sliding through the slick, suddenly joined by another, making Draco arch up with a low cry. “Am I hurting you?” Potter asks, suddenly sucking off of his cock with a pop.

“Yes, don’t stop,” Draco grits, spreading his knees wider, desperately fluttering around Potter’s fingers, trying to accommodate him. Potter, however, pulls his fingers out. “I said don’t stop,” Draco snaps furiously, pushing himself up onto his elbows and glaring down. Potter simply buries his face in the blond curls above Draco’s cock and sniggers, licking through the soft, coarse hair, thumb gently massaging his arsehole.

“Turn over for me, Malf–,” he orders softly, rising onto his knees and shrugging off his jacket. Draco gulps a little, watching as Potter crosses his arms over his stomach, gripping the hem of his t-shirt and tugging it off over his head, carelessly flinging it to one side. His cock is half hard again, nestled between the open flaps of his fly, glinting damply. He’s still watching as Potter kicks off his boots and eases his jeans off, his eyes fixed on Potter’s cock, Potter’s eyes fixed on him. “Turn,” Potter repeats, naked and tanned and muscled and fuck.

“You’re not the boss of me, Potter,” he says lamely, already turning over and pulling a pillow to cradle against himself. Potter snorts, large, strong hands prising apart Draco’s arse cheeks, thumbs meeting over his arsehole, his searing heat spreading over his skin like molten wax.

“Sure,” he says snidely, and then Draco feels his scalding hot breath over his lower back, pressing dry kisses, nipping at the very top of his arse crack.

“Put something inside me, Potter,” Draco moans, pulling another pillow over his head, lifting his arse towards Potter’s mouth, now slowly licking into his crack, tongue firmly laving the crease.

“Oh my god!” Draco sobs, burying his face in his hands, his hips bucking back, his back arching and dipping, painful shudders rippling over his spine, shoulders hunched tightly.

“Going to fuck your brains out, Malf–,” Potter tells him nonchalantly, pushing in a fourth finger and mouthing around them, over Draco’s stretched rim, his voice dark and hot. “Going to fuck open this pretty pink hole.” All Draco can do at this point is whimper, mentally cursing his traitorous cock for twitching excitedly, trying to contain the happy quivering of his channel.

“Let’s see it then,” he manages to bite out, and Potter simply laughs, pulling his fingers out and wrapping them around his cock, coating himself. “You’re a cocky bastard, Potter.”
“You may just be right, Malfoy,” Potter says solemnly and thrusts into him in one go. Fucking bastard, no warning whatsoever, how the hell can Draco be expected to hold back that embarrassingly loud scream?

“Son of a bitch!” Draco is helplessly trying to rise up onto his arms but they won’t stop shaking and his elbows keep giving away. “Potter,” he groans as the man simply rocks his cock into him instead of pulling out and thrusting properly.

“God, this Pureblood arse of yours,” Potter groans back, and Draco can’t help the snort that escapes him. Potter’s hands grip his hips, thumbs pressing into the dimples above his arse, fingers sliding down over his sides to caress his hip bones. “Beautiful,” he murmurs, bending to lick a stripe between Draco’s shoulder blades.

“Beautiful would be when you actually fuck me.” Draco cranes his neck and looks over his shoulder. Potter’s lips twitch, and then he pulls out and slams into Draco. “Like that!” Draco’s whole body is jerked forward, and he hisses; Potter’s cock had managed to just brush along his prostate, sending searing sparks of pleasure up his spine. “Again, and a little deeper, Potter,” he breathes, pushing his arse out while dipping his spine down. Potter, the absolutely sweetheart, actually obliges him and this time, he rams it home, driving the blunt head of his cock right into Draco’s prostate with the force of a well aimed punch. “Potter!”

And then that’s all Draco is able to scream - ‘Potter! Potter! Potter!’ - like a fervent chant, like he’s cheering him along, begging to be mercilessly reamed open like this, to be reduced to just that one name, screamed with every thrust. He pushes his hands into the bed, leaning his weight onto his arms as they valiantly manage to hold him upright this time. He desperately sucks in air through clenched teeth, each pant coming out as a small moan.

Potter thrusts with a quick, brutal rhythm, his breath huffing out of him with the effort, his hips snapping furiously, fingers pressing into Draco’s flesh until he leaves uniform bruises over his hips and waist. The pounding of his cock onto Draco's prostate is stubbornly incessant, cruelly consistent and dangerously exquisite. Draco’s whole body veers back and forth, unable to hold its own as he’s simply taken. He pushes back now, throwing his weight back onto Potter’s cock, his climax approaching with alarmingly quick certainty.

“Coming,” Draco sobs, fingers closing over handfuls of the sheets under him. “God, Potter, I’m coming.”

He’s so close he can feel his very insides start to quake. And so naturally, Potter immediately pulls out of him.

The loss of Potter’s cock from his arse actually steals the precious little air right out of Draco’s lungs, making him fall forward with a gasp of shock, eyes flying open, his mournful moan coming out as a loudly whimpered, “No!”

“On your back,” Potter says roughly, and Draco, shaking uncontrollably and basically on the verge of tears, looks over his shoulder to see Potter gripping the base of his own dripping wet cock, his body flushed and trembling, rivulets of sweat pouring down his gleaming torso, clumps of hair plastered to his sweaty forehead. “Now,” he growls when Draco doesn’t move, his eyes flashing savagely.

Scrambling around, Draco gingerly places his throbbing arse onto the bed, hooking his fingers under his own knees and pulling them back, nearly into his armpits. Potter, midway through leaning over him, cock aimed directly at Draco’s shamelessly exposed arsehole, pauses at the sight, letting out a sound that actually sounds like a muffled sob.
“**Dammit,**” he grits, throwing his head back with his eyes closed, teeth bared. “**Damn you.**”

“Potter, _please_,” Draco keens, drawing his knees back further. Potter, his expression now one of sheer desperation, places one hand on the bed next to his shoulder, cock blindly prodding at his entrance, head slowly slipping in, both of them hissing. Then he braces his other hand on the bed and snaps his hips forward. Their identical groans are cut short as they both lunge towards each other, mouths meeting in a clash of teeth and tongue, lips smacking wetly.

Potter falls right back into rhythm, not missing a single beat, his thrusts even rougher now, lifting Draco’s arse off the bed each time. Slinging his knees over Potter’s sweaty shoulders, Draco desperately grasps him by the hair, angling his head so he can shove his tongue down Potter’s throat, groaning roughly as Potter’s flat belly strokes his cock, finally pulling his mouth away to throw his head back and pray that his ominously looming orgasm doesn’t kill him.

Potter attacks his neck, his tongue slipping over the bite he’d given Draco earlier, the sting making Draco shudder bodily.

“Come on,” he urges gently, biting into Draco’s lower lip firmly, grabbing his hands to pin down onto the pillows, and Draco slips.

“**Harry,**” Draco gasps, winded beyond conscious thought, lacing his fingers through his. “**Harry... Harry!**”

Draco doubts his climax has ever hit him this hard before; his back lifts completely off the bed, spine strained as it bows against Harry’s heated weight. Come shoots out of him in blistering hot jets, smearing between them, making Harry’s body slip over his. Draco wrenches his hands free and grips him tightly as his consciousness slides threateningly towards thick blackness, his ears filling with a rushing sound like he’s falling from a great height, the room going upside down, Harry’s face, his gorgeous expression of pure bliss, the only thing keeping Draco from falling into nothingness.

“**God!**” Harry’s arms give out, his face falling into the crook of Draco’s neck, his hoarse cry muffled. His cock stabs in and out, sliding through his own come inside Draco, and his body shakes so violently that Draco anxiously wraps his arms and legs around him, soothing his hands over his tightly corded back, his own involuntary clenching going on and on.

“Oh my god,” he whimpers into Harry's hair. “**Oh my god!**”

After several seconds, Draco slowly opens his eyes and blinks rapidly for his vision to clear, his chest aching from how short of breath he is. He shuts his eyes once more, his skin absorbing Harry’s heat, his flesh burning with it. His throat is parched and scratchy from Harry’s cock bruising it and from all the subsequent screaming. His arse _aches_ around Harry’s softened cock, begging for a charm or a dab of Healing Salve.

And Draco has never felt better. He pants raggedly, smiling into the nest of raven hair, heart singing as he lightly kisses the sweaty neck near his mouth. Their breathing slows, hearts thudding quietly against each other, sweat gradually cooling.

It’s raining outside, Draco suddenly realises. Steady pattering sounds on the roof and against the window, and he can’t help but sigh in relief. It would cool down now - although Draco himself is currently being baked to a fine medium rare under Harry.

“**Fucking brilliant,**” the man says, still lying unmoving and heavy on Draco. “**Jesus fucking Christ. I told you we still got it.**”
“Yeah,” Draco breathes, still grinning, and then clears his throat pointedly. “So,” he says slowly. “I’m a nag, huh?” Harry snorts into his neck. “Oh, and the house is cluttered, is it?”

Harry laughs soundlessly, Draco’s chest vibrating with it. He unwinds one arm and reaches down to sharply pinch the taut arse. “Ow!” Harry jerks, still laughing. “Stop it,” he mumbles, licking over the bite again. “I knew I’d be paying for that.”

“And yet you said all of it anyway.” Draco pinches him again and Harry laughs louder, pulling back and kissing Draco eagerly, grabbing his hands tightly again. “I hope you’ve had your fill of me, Potter, because it’s going to be a while before you get to do that again.” Draco squirms, trying to free his hands, grinning reluctantly at the man leaning over him.

“It’s called being in character!” Harry shortles.

“Oh, and what was yours?” Draco raises an eyebrow. “Arsehole husband looking to— eep!” He twists, laughing in strangled huffs as Harry tickles him. “Harry! Oh! ...Harry—” He sighs, arching, as Harry unexpectedly laves over a nipple.

“You’re so fucking hot.” Harry sucks hungrily, tickling his nipple with the tip of his tongue. “Fucking grabbing me in public like that... Nearly came in my pants right there at the bar.”

“Better than coming in a fucking side-alley,” Draco groans, combing his fingers through the scruffy black hair. “Like a cheap whore.”

“It was incredibly hot, you have no fucking idea,” Harry says feverishly, mouth biting its way lower, leaving his spit to cool on Draco’s nipples.

“It’s disgraceful,” Draco tells him. “Like those kids who were fucking there, right out in the open, no sense of propriety whatsoever.”

“Oh, come on.” Harry grins, looking up from Draco’s flat belly. “You know what it’s like, being young and in love.”

“Ah, to be young and in love,” Draco says with affected dreaminess. “To be twenty-one and not pregnant,” he adds sharply and Harry snorts, pressing his face into his stomach for a second.

“Draco” he says cajoling, grinning as Draco purses his lips over a smile. “It was an accident!”

“An accident is when you knock over a bottle of milk, Harry, not when you knock up your boyfriend who, incidentally, definitely doesn’t have the hips for childbearing.”

“Your hips are gorgeous.” Harry immediately mouths over his hips bones, his hands warmly pressing into Draco’s sides.


“What the fuck is wrong with you?” Harry sniggers. “You fit into Scorpius’ clothes!”

“That kid is fat.”

“He’s skinnier than a fucking Bowtruckle, Draco. Shut up,” he adds when Draco opens his mouth to argue. “You’re a bloody masterpiece.” He licks tenderly over the faded, overlapping, C-section scars below Draco’s navel, gently sucking along the curved line. “Fucking gorgeous,” he murmurs into Draco’s skin, pressing kisses on his way back up his body. “Love you.” He grazes his teeth over Draco’s ribs. “Love you,” he repeats, sighing against his collar bones.
Draco can’t help the soppy smile that creeps onto his face. “Idiot,” he says fondly, tugging Harry’s head up for a kiss. “My idiot,” he corrects himself thoughtfully, opening his mouth so Harry can slip his tongue in.

They both hum into the kiss, hands roaming, caressing, gripping, kneading, mouths moving tirelessly.

“What time did we say we’d pick up the kids from Weasley’s?” Draco asks breathlessly, tipping his head back obligingly for Harry’s tongue. “How long do we have?”

“Until lunch tomorrow,” Harry replies, and then pulls back with a smile. “Hermione said she’d take them all to the cinema after breakfast,” he says, gently brushing Draco’s hair off his forehead.

“Oh, I like her,” Draco sighs. “I really, really like her. And I kind of like you too,” he adds in a murmur against Harry’s lips, smiling as Harry grins and presses their foreheads together.

“Do you really regret getting pregnant with Scorpius?” he asks anxiously after a moment. Draco hides his smile.

“What do you think?” he asks mock-seriously, his eyes twinkling playfully. Harry simply blinks worriedly at him. “My life so far – married at twenty-one to a man who hasn’t stopped groping me in sixteen years.” He pauses as Harry grins lewdly. “Three babies, who each took turns to rip their way around inside me.” Harry looks rather unnerved, his grin instantly disappearing. “And to what end – the eldest won’t stop setting fire to things, a budding arsonist right there; the second son, whose face I haven’t seen in a week because it’s been buried in that musty old tome my father gifted him; and our daughter who, by the way…” He suddenly taps Harry’s shoulder. “…asked me ‘when her breasts will swell up’.” Draco suddenly slaps his hands over his face while Harry roars with laughter atop him.

“Seriously?” Harry wheezes in disbelief. “When was this?”

“Yesterday, and it’s not funny,” Draco complains from behind his hands. “Mother was here at the time, for Merlin’s sake.”

“Narcissa wouldn’t have found it anything but hilarious.”

“She laughed right in my face, I hate my mother.”

“Oh, come on, you remember that time I took Albus to work with me and he went around pointing to his crotch and asking everyone if they want to see his ‘pecker’?” Draco starts to laugh, shaking with mirth as Harry thumps his forehead onto Draco’s shoulder. “God, he asked the fucking Minister that, Draco!” he groans.

“How old was he then?”

“Five.”

They both clutch each other, laughing helplessly, snorting between breaths. “What the hell else can we expect, they’re our kids for heaven’s sake.” Draco wipes his eyes.

“So it was Scorpius who set fire to the broom shed, huh?”

“I knew there was a reason we named him Scorpius-James,” Draco says pointedly, trying and failing to glare. “Your father had to come through somewhere.”
Harry beams down at him. “You think so too?”

“Idiot.” Draco rolls his eyes. “That boy is frightfully close to being expelled, Harry.”

“Have you seen him on a broom? No way would they expel him.”

“And I suppose you think he gets his skills from you?”

“Obviously.”

“You wanker, I’m a better flier and you know it.”

“The only thing you’re better at than me is cheating.”

“Oh, wow, real mature. And I don’t cheat.”

“All Slytherins cheat, Albus told me.”

“Jesus fucki-- I don’t know how that boy was sorted into my house when he has a mouth the size of England!”

“Lily wants to be in Slytherin too,” Harry suddenly says, tilting his head with a wry grin, gently stroking Draco's face.

“Really?” Draco asks surprised. “She told you that?” Harry nods. “Well, she’s always been my favourite.”

“You did not just say that out loud.” Harry snorts, now brushing his thumb softly over the bite on Draco’s neck. His neck tingles with a sudden burst of magic; Draco feels his skin knitting together and sighs.

“We did well, didn’t we?” He smiles contently, running the back of his fingers up Harry's temples. “Despite it being you and me. We didn’t cock it all up as Father had feared.”

“He didn’t fear it, he hoped for it.” Harry scowls. “Five minutes after we said ‘I do’, he comes up to me and tells me not to expect it to last, ‘regardless of the baby on the way’. He still wishes you’d leave me.” A sudden nervous pause. “You wouldn’t, would you?” Draco simply gives him a dirty look.

“Are you honestly asking me that right now? Your cock is literally still inside my arse.”

“Oh, right, let me just--”

“Shut up, I wasn’t complaining.” Draco smirks, leaning up to kiss him soundly. “Oh, and happy anniversary, scar-head.”

“Happy anniversary, ferret. -- Ow!”

~end~

End Notes
Hahahahaha oh my god, I am so sorry. :|

xoxo

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