

Midnight Duel

by RedOrchid

A challenge is issued... HP/DM/HG/OFC foursome PWP. Very mild bondage warning.

Part I - Single Combat

Chapter 1 of 2

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A/N: A couple of weeks back, Lariope and I ran word counts on the sex scenes in our respective stories and analysed the results. (Inspired by a livejournal post by TheOhara, link and results can be found at my LJ if anyone's interested.) It turns out that my mind has been completely warped by romance novels in my early teens, resulting in very euphemism-heavy smut with next to no naughty words on my part. I think the naughtiest one was 'length,' so you can imagine. Anyhow, I thought I should practice. See if I can actually write the word 'cock' without blushing (nope, not yet at least). And since I've also just read through the scripts of seasons one and two of Queer as Folk and done some heavy YouTubeing, I just had to put some DM/HP in there. So slash and dirty words. Oh, and a foursome thrown in as a bonus. If that can't cure my near Victorian shyness for naughty writing, nothing will. So, enjoy everyone. Hope you'll like.

Midnight Duel

Part I Single Combat

The bar was dark and pulsating with life, flashing lights playing on every surface. A bit to the side, away from the loudest bursts of music, a couple was sitting crammed into a small booth, working on their drinks with gloomy looks on their faces.

"I'm sorry, Hermione," Harry said. "I never imagined he'd do something so stupid."

The girl opposite him shook her head a little and took another gulp from her glass, draining it. Putting it down on the table, she tapped the drink list with her wand, and the glass magically refilled itself.

"No, Harry," she said, half-mournfully, half-sarcastically, "I'm the stupid one."

"Hermione..."

"No, Harry, really. Don't pretend you didn't suspect it would come to this," she stated, a hollow chuckle following her words. "You'd be the only one, that's for sure."

"I didn't think it would come to this," Harry said quietly. "I figured things would work out, that you'd be happy together."

"Then you're just as naïve as Kingsley said you were," she snapped, draining yet another glass of wine. "People don't marry their school sweethearts and live happily ever after. I should have known that. Heck, even my mother tried to warn me. I really thought you, of all people, would know this after..."

"Don't, Hermione," he said forcefully. "Don't drag Ginny into this." Hermione laughed, an empty, desperate laugh that sounded more like a sob to him.

"Look at us!" she exclaimed, throwing her hands wide and almost upturning her glass in the process. "The Saviour of the Wizarding World and his faithful companion...whom some have called the brightest witch of our age, by the way...alone in a bar on a Saturday night, drowning their sorrows over their pending divorces!"

"Hermione, calm down."

"No!" she shouted. "I'm not going to be calm about this! Five years, Harry! Five years of my life spent trying to fit into that family, trying to be the kind of wife people expected me to be while struggling to get my career going. And then he just ups and leaves!"

"He didn't just 'up and leave,' Hermione," Harry protested. "The two of you've had problems for a long time."

"So what?" Hermione yelled, almost standing up in her seat. Then, as quickly as it had flared, the anger seemed to burn out, and she slumped back down on the padded cushions. "He left, Harry," she said quietly. "He left after promising to stand by my side until the end of his days, no matter what."

He scooted over to her side of the booth, pulling her into his arms and drawing her close as she broke down against his shoulder. "I know, Hermione," he whispered as he held her. "I *know*."

She quieted against him and drew back, meeting his eyes. Something new was stirring in them, something he didn't quite like the look of.

"Take me home, Harry," she said, and he drew a sigh of relief.

"Yeah, sure thing. Just let me get the bill and..." She stopped him with a sudden hand on his cheek.

"No, Harry," she whispered, stroking him across the cheek down to the line of his jaw, brushing over his lips briefly. "Take me home. I don't want to be alone tonight."

"Hermione," he tried, shock making him momentarily speechless. "You're upset. And I couldn't..."

"You couldn't what, Harry?" she demanded. "Couldn't do it to Ron? Or is it Ginny you're worried about?" She let her hand trail along his arm, reaching his hand and sliding the golden wedding band from his fourth finger. As he looked on, she did the same with the rings on her left hand, holding them up in her palm before him. "They left us, Harry," she stated bluntly, dropping the rings into a nearby ashtray without a second glance. "They left us and went on with their lives, and we have every right to do the same." He let his eyes fall closed for a second, allowing the feel of Hermione's light touch to flow through him. God, how long had it been since he'd been touched by another person, friendly hugs of comfort aside? Four months? Five? More? He looked at Hermione, seeing the same, burning loneliness in her eyes. A deep source of anger and resentment welled up inside him, directed at the man he'd called his best friend for most of his life and the woman he'd thought would stand by his side forever. Recklessness and bitterness mixed and washed over his mind like a wave, propelling him forward to grab the back of Hermione's head and bring her lips to his in a rough kiss.

"Get your cloak. I'll meet you at the door."

"Fancy seeing you here."

He spun around, hand going reflexively to the wand in his robes.

"Malfoy. I thought you were in France."

The other man eyed him intently, swirling the amber liquid in his tumbler softly as he leaned casually against the bar.

"Well, I'm not, as you can see. How have you been?"

Harry's eyes narrowed.

"Why would you care? Last time we met, you tried to trap me in a room full of Fiendfyre."

The corners of Malfoy's mouth drew back into a small smile.

"Yeah, well, times change."

"What the hell is that supposed to mean?" he said angrily, turning to the bar to sign the receipt that was finally handed to him. When he spun around, he found himself just inches away from Malfoy's beautifully tailored appearance, forcing him to tilt his head back to meet the grey eyes.

"It means, Potter," Draco Malfoy said, leaning in close to his ear, "that if you need something more... challenging than your little Mudblood friend to work out your... *aggressions*, I'd be happy to oblige."

Harry stared at him, dumbstruck.

"You want to fight me?" Malfoy's mouth curled into a wide smile.

"Yeah, I guess you could call it that," he said, holding back a chuckle. "A midnight duel, all stops pulled." Harry glowered at him, feeling the adrenaline start to trickle through him at the challenge, making his breaths come slightly faster.

"You're on," he said quietly, voice low enough to be heard only by the man in front of him. "Name your time and place." He broke the eye lock and pushed past the blond wizard, heading towards the exit. Just as he came out from under the other man's presence, however, he turned around, catching Malfoy's arm in a vice-like grip. "Oh, and one last thing: call Hermione a 'Mudblood' again and I will happily tear your arm off." For some inexplicable reason, Malfoy's smile seemed to widen even more at the threat.

"No problem, Potter," he said, casually lifting his hand to draw it through his hair and effectively breaking Harry's hold. "On second thought, why don't you bring her along? Let's start off with a nice dinner. No reason not to be polite."

Harry stared at him as though he wondered if he had completely lost his mind and left the bar without further comment. Draco watched as his former enemy walked over to the exit, donning a cloak and putting his arm around the young woman next to him, pulling her with him into the night. Smile still firmly in place on his handsome face, he turned and walked over to a beautiful blonde sitting in a booth right next to the one the acclaimed heroes had just vacated.

"I have reason to believe we will have guests over for dinner quite soon," he said happily, sliding in beside her on the leather seat.

"I guess I'd better finish the re-decorations on the house, then," she replied serenely, meeting his gaze and adding a saucy smile.

"Oh, most definitely," he confirmed, pulling her close against him.

Three weeks later, Harry and Hermione walked up the path to Malfoy Manor, hand in hand.

"I'm still not sure about this, Harry," Hermione said anxiously as he reached out to ring the doorbell.

"Don't worry," he replied. "I can take Malfoy. I'm an Auror, remember?"

"Still..."

The door opened and cut off their argument. Draco Malfoy appeared, casually dressed in tailored robes of black silk, showing them inside.

"Good evening," he said simply, motioning for a nearby elf to take their cloaks. "Welcome."

They were shown into a majestic dining room, a table set for four dominating the space. A slender, blonde woman rose from an armchair by the nearby fireplace, coming to stand on Draco's right side.

"May I present my wife, Celia Malfoy," Draco said, putting his arm around her slim waist. "Celia, this is Harry Potter and Hermione Granger."

"Pleased to meet you," Celia said, holding out a perfectly manicured hand for Harry to bring to his lips. Rather slow on the uptake, Harry finally got his wits about him and placed a soft kiss on the smooth skin.

"Let's eat, shall we?" Draco said, a decided smirk on his face when looking between his wife and the shocked expressions his guests were sporting. Putting light pressure on Celia's waist, he steered her towards the table, leaving Harry and Hermione to follow in their wake.

Dinner went along wonderfully. Draco admired his wife silently as she wove her magic around the other two, wrapping them in a perfect, invisible web of desire. Being married to a part-Veela, part-Siren definitely had its advantages: Potter was practically eating out of her hand as they reached the main course. He raised the crystal decanter and refilled the glasses with rich, slightly laced wine from his cellar. He didn't think there was much risk of rejection with Celia at his aid, but it never hurt to take extra precautions. He kept the conversation going, working hard to put Potter at ease while still playing the animosity and distrust that lay thick between them, even after all this time. Potter seemed to have held on to his grudges of childhood rivalry. He found that he didn't mind in the slightest...a little bit of hate would only add to the passion he could practically see stirring behind the impossibly green eyes. As dinner drew to a close, he stood from his chair and looked directly at the other man.

"Celia, love, perhaps you would show Hermione the rest of the house while I go through the terms of our arrangement with Potter?"

"Of course." Celia stood and raised her arm in invitation, beckoning Hermione to follow her out of the room. The brunette hesitated, eyes fixed on Harry.

"I think I'll stay here, actually," she said, though he could hear the reluctance in her voice. "I promised I'd watch out for him."

Draco did his best to hide his smile.

"Oh, we're not instigating the *duel*," he bit the inside of his cheek slightly to keep a straight face, "just yet. Go with Celia. We'll be along in a minute. I promise you'll get to watch."

"Harry?"

"It's okay, Hermione," Harry said, a slightly dazed quality to his voice. "Go on, I can deal with Malfoy."

"Alright, if you're sure..." Turning her head to look back at them one last time, she took the arm Celia offered and let herself be swept from the room.

He watched the door close with a soft *click* and turned to face Potter.

"Give me your wand."

"Not a chance, Malfoy."

"You won't be needing it, not for this." Harry's eyes narrowed.

"Wandless magic? You want to fight me without a wand? Aren't you afraid for your precious furniture?"

"Oh, I'm sure it will be fine," Draco said, stepping closer with the tip of his wand between his fingers, holding the piece of wood out for Harry to take. "Unless you're scared of losing control?" He raised an eyebrow suggestively.

"Not at all," Harry replied, an almost predatory smile spreading on his face as he drew his own wand and offered it to his opponent. Draco took it and levitated both wands over to rest on top of the mantelpiece. When he looked back, Harry was flexing his hands subtly, tiny sparks of green and gold forming around his fingers.

"So," he said softly, approaching by smooth, sure steps. "Are you ready to do this?"

"Very," Harry replied, eyes locked to his as he walked steadily closer. "Just show me the way."

He held out both of his hands in invitation, as though expecting Draco to lead him out of the room. When nothing happened, he lowered them again, eyes narrowing a second time.

"We're not fighting in here, are we?" he said, taking in the many valuable and extremely fragile-looking objects adorning every surface.

"No," Draco replied, following his gaze around the room. "But there are steps to observe before the actual event. Proper introductions."

Harry's brow furrowed in confusion. His only experience with formal duels had been back in their second year...a lifetime ago.

"You want me to *bow* to you?" he asked, incredulity evident in his voice. Draco's face split into a wide grin, and he took yet another step closer, invading Harry's personal space.

"Yes, Potter," he said in little more than a whisper. "I'd very much want you to bow to me."

Before Harry had time to process the words, Draco's lips were on his, and he felt his back slam against a nearby bookshelf. Draco's hands were in his hair, holding his head in a firm grip as he deepened the kiss, his hard body pushing him roughly into the rows of leather-bound tomes. Shock made his mind stumble, even as jolts of heat shot down his spine from the other man's touch. Draco kissed him with burning hunger and relentless force, a kiss meant to dominate and control, forcing his attention away from rational thought to focus on the intense sensations conquering his body. His hands came up between them, pushing at Malfoy's chest, breaking them apart.

"What the fuck are you doing!" he demanded angrily between panting breaths. Malfoy just chuckled.

"Catching on, are you? Took you a while."

"All this...the duel..."

"Pretty innocent, aren't you?" He leaned forward, back into Harry's face. "Now, Potter, is that really the card you're going to play?" Something stirred in the deep-green eyes before him, and a second later, he found their positions reversed, hard wood and leather behind his back as Harry attacked, taking full possession of his lips and body.

One hand wound itself into his hair, yanking away the ribbon that had held it in place, holding him still with an iron grip. The other stroked him roughly down his chest and over the tight stomach to his hip, squeezing the flesh in a near painful caress. He groaned against the exploring lips, kissing back with abandon and wrapping his arms tightly around Harry's back, pulling his hips to collide hard with his, blood rising with the sensation of Harry's erection sliding against his own. Harry drew in a sharp breath and thrust against him, causing them both to gasp. Moving his hips to reciprocate, Draco felt his momentum shift again, finding himself pressed tightly against the darker man's chest, driving him relentlessly into the bookshelf.

"So not so innocent after all?" he commented wryly between kisses, coming up for air.

"Hardly," Harry rasped, pulling him down for another bruising kiss before breaking off to lock his eyes firmly to his. "Now bow to me."

Chuckling softly, Draco fell to his knees, lifting material as he went, helping Harry to pull the robes over his head. He worked his way down quickly, lips having to give way for teeth as he hurried towards his destination. Grabbing hold of the elastic, he roughly tore the remaining piece of fabric down and wrapped his hand around Harry's hard cock, stroking it firmly.

"God, yes."

He heard Harry moan the words somewhere above his head and felt his hands, those incredible, strong hands, push their way back into his hair, guiding him closer. Without a moment's hesitation, he moved his hand to Harry's hip and took the hard flesh into his mouth.

"Fuck!"

He sucked hard and fast, going deeper with every move, going for dominance, dragging the pleasure from the other man as he tried to hold back, to keep control, moans and gasps falling from his lips amidst a steady stream of obscenities. Apparently, the acclaimed hero of the Wizarding World liked to talk. He moved a hand to Harry's balls, caressing and squeezing softly while the other went to his mouth, joining his lips and tongue hard at work until they were slick and wet and ready. Keeping up the relentless rhythm with his mouth, he moved his fingers back, stroking the skin behind the heavy balls and penetrating Harry's ass in one, swift movement. Harry screamed, and he began to pump his fingers in sync with his mouth, feeling the smooth skin with his tongue as he took him in deeper, moaning around the hard length penetrating his throat to add further stimulus.

"Fuck, Draco, slow down," Harry panted from above, hands fisted so tightly in his hair, it was almost painful. "I can't hold on. I..." He ignored the plea, going faster, noting how Harry's cock seemed to grow even larger in his mouth. Closing his eyes in concentration, he curled his fingers to rub the area sure to rob his partner of the last of his control with smooth deliberation.

"Oh, God!"

He withdrew the hand on Harry's balls as he felt them draw up, stroking instead the skin on his inner thighs in soothing, circular motions as Harry came hard, shooting off into his mouth in sync with his continued ministrations. He swallowed and kept going, letting his lips and tongue slide reverently over the over-sensitized skin, carefully enough to avoid real pain but hard enough to make Harry cry out and for his hands and legs to tremble. He went on until he heard Harry's breathing slow down and felt his cock soften. Pressing a last kiss on the soft skin near the base, he withdrew and got to his feet, adding a strong arm around the other man's back to compensate for the tremors in his legs. Harry's eyes were closed, head leaned back against the rows of books, mouth half-open and drawing deep breaths of air into his lungs. Leaning forward, he inserted his left hand between the dark hair and the bookcase, bringing his lips down in an almost-gentle kiss.

"Christ, Draco," Harry groaned, moving with him to return the embrace. "I think my bones just melted." He chuckled in reply, breaking the kiss and taking a step back.

"One of my many talents," he said, voice full of arrogant promise. "Shall we continue this somewhere more comfortable, perhaps?" A slow, suggestive grin spread across Harry's face, causing a shiver of arousal to run through him.

"Oh, most definitely."

Nodding in confirmation, he pulled Harry back into his arms and turned on the spot. He knew that things were going perfectly according to plan when they came out of spinning and he heard Harry choke on his breath. Turning his head towards the large bed in the middle of the room, he smiled as he took in Hermione's naked form, spread wide on top of the silk sheets with both hands tied with delicate, golden sashes to the wooden headboard. He watched hungrily as the blonde head of his beautiful wife moved teasingly across her skin, trailing downwards with perfect, sensual movements. She tossed her hair over her shoulder and looked up, meeting his eyes briefly and raising an eyebrow in a mixture of invitation and challenge as the tip of her tongue came out to draw a torturously slow circle around the other girl's left nipple.

Chuckling darkly into Harry's ear, he pulled the other man's back tightly against his chest, turning both of them slightly to further improve their range of vision. *Perfect.*

A/N: This became a lot longer than expected, so I'm splitting it into two parts. Coming up: Hermione's side of the story (i.e. more smut) and lovely foursome goodies (i.e. yet more smut :-)). Stay tuned. Also, please review and tell me how I'm doing so far. The last 'cock' was written with next to no blushing. Making progress... :-D

Part II - Battle

Chapter 2 of 2

The girls get to join the fun.

A/N: Thanks to Lariope, who was very supportive of this chapter. :-)

Part II Battle

"Harry!"

The gasp of surprise morphed into a soft moan as Celia Malfoy chose that precise moment to wrap her lips around her right nipple and begin moving her tongue around the hard nub. Her back arched in almost sub-conscious movement, driving the swelling flesh closer to the other girl's face, pleading for more. She tried to keep her eyes open, meeting Harry's green ones across the room, even as pleasure surged through her. What she saw in them made the heat that had been building inside her rise to another level, and even more so when she registered Draco behind him, dragging his hands leisurely across Harry's naked chest.

"God, Hermione, you look fucking fantastic like that," Harry said huskily, eyes wandering over her naked form from head to toe. Draco murmured something in agreement, and oddly enough, this didn't make her feel uncomfortable or exposed, but rather very, very sexy. Locking her gaze with Malfoy's, she let her legs fall apart a fraction. He answered with a knowing smirk and met her challenge head-on, pulling his robes over his head and pressing Harry's back hard against his chest. From the shocked intake of breath from her friend, she figured that Draco had not been wearing anything underneath the mass of black fabric and that his hard length was now pressed intimately against Harry's backside. Fascinated, she watched as Draco's hips began to move in smooth, fluid movements and how one of his hands began snaking its way down across the flat stomach. Sudden rasps of a single nail along her inner thigh made her snap out of her rapt perusal and turn back to the woman half on top of her.

"Sorry, I..." she started, only to have her words cut off by soft, full lips against her own.

"Don't apologise. I want you to watch," Celia murmured in her ear, stroking a path along the skin of her inner arm, leaving goosebumps in her wake. "I just wanted to show you these."

She reached into a drawer of the nearby nightstand, withdrawing three oval, semi-flat stones and placing them directly over Hermione's heart. Her right hand went back to caress the underside of a breast while the other drew lazy spirals on the skin of her inner arm. The stones on her chest began to hum, a slow vibration going through her, taking up the rhythm of the pulse she could feel beat hard and fast in her ears.

"They're learning you," Celia explained, cupping her breast more fully. "The more you give in to pleasure and allowing yourself to feel, the more attuned they will become to you and the more exciting they will be." She moved in for another kiss, lowering herself to caress Hermione's breasts with her own. The stones began to slide across Hermione's skin, finding spots that made her gasp and adding pressure of their own accord. One went to her left arm, sliding up and down in feather-light touch from her shoulder to the tightly bound wrists. Another went to her breasts, mimicking the movements of Celia's fingers earlier and sliding smoothly in and out between their bodies as both women arched into the connection between them. The third went down her stomach, coming to rest just above the junction of her thighs, vibrating softly on the spot as though waiting for something. Her legs fell apart of their own accord, hips rising slightly off the bed in search of contact, and the stone complied, moving through the dark curls to stop directly over her clitoris, the vibrations picking up speed as blood rushed to her aching centre.

"Not a bad show, don't you think?" Draco commented wryly in Harry's ear, watching closely as Hermione pulled against the golden sashes, trying to get closer to his wife's talented tongue as it worked its way down her trembling body.

"Not at all," Harry replied, eyes fixed on the couple before him. "See how she bites down on her lower lip? Enter her now and you'll have her coming in no time at all. Absolutely fabulous."

"Fabulous like this?" Draco whispered, thrusting firmly against Harry's back, causing his hard cock to slide back and forth between Harry's clenched buttocks.

"It compares." Smiling, Harry reached behind him and stroked a path down the side of Draco's upper body, stopping at his hips and moving forward to reach between his partially spread legs. "Seems like you could use an extra hand?" A second later, he was slammed against the other man's chest, moving with him until he felt cool wood against his skin. Another quick movement had his hands yanked away and tied firmly to one of the solid mahogany corner posts of the magnificent bed. He could reach the ends of the golden silk with his fingers and explored the material carefully. Like trickling water turned solid and smooth, contrasting sharply with the polished wood it bound him to. He turned his head and found Draco's lips, crashing down to claim his in a hungry embrace. Moaning, he pressed himself against the hard body, pouring the mounting excitement and apprehension into their kiss, losing himself in sensation.

"Just relax," Draco murmured into his ear, kissing a wet path along the neck and biting gently into his earlobe. His hands slid up his arms and guided his fingers gently around the wooden post, caressing the back of his hands almost lovingly. "I'll make sure you adore it." They kept kissing, Harry straining his neck as much as possible to reach Draco's lips over his shoulder, head spinning with the feeling of consuming contact. Hands were wandering down his back, skimming over the sides with teasing fingertips and stroking the planes of his lower back with steady palms. They went lower, and he felt moisture form from underneath them, spreading over his skin in cool circles. Inquisitive fingers moved closer, spreading his legs and caressing his balls, wrapping themselves around the bones in his hips, pulling him backwards, leading him into a slightly more bent over position to keep the bonds on his hands from straining. He could feel Draco moving against him now, his hard cock pressing against his entrance, telling him without words to relax and let him in. Closing his eyes briefly, he threw his head back and pushed, letting out a long, ragged breath as he felt Draco slide inside, filling him...completing him in a way he'd never known existed. Moaning, he pushed his hips back again, shocked by the waves of pleasure that flooded his system with every little movement.

"God, Harry..."

Draco's arms came up around his chest, holding him in a close embrace as his hips worked back and forth at a torturously slow pace which allowed him to feel every inch of the other man, again and again. Lips came down on his neck, mixed with a strong tongue and teeth that bit into his shoulder as Draco increased the tempo slightly. Grateful now for the extra support, his hands clung to the dark wood, compensating for the telltale tremble he could feel starting up again in the vicinity of his knees.

"Fuck, you feel fantastic."

Draco's words were hot in his ear, going into his system and heating his blood with every breathless syllable. The hands were clutching his shoulders now, using his upper body for leverage as the thrusts of Malfoy's hips became stronger, deeper and utterly overwhelming.

"Harder."

"I thought you'd never ask."

Moving his hands down to take his hips in a firm grip, Draco relinquished the even, controlled rhythm he'd started off with, going deeper and faster, pounding into him with exquisite abandon. Words were falling from the blond man's lips as he fucked him against the dark wood, words of wanting and desire filling him with pleasure as surely as the hard cock between his legs. A dull, throbbing ache started in his loins, working its way up from his balls to his hard shaft, and he pulled futilely against the golden sashes to get a hand free and stroke away some of the tension building within him.

"Please, Draco..."

The blond chuckled softly into his ear, pushing one hand into his hair and capturing his lips for another searing kiss.

"Something you want, Potter?"

"Your hand. On my dick. Now."

"Oh? Like this?"

One of Draco's hands snaked its way across his hip, wrapping itself around his erection and stroking him gently, merely brushing against the sensitive skin.

"Harder."

The grip tightened briefly, stroking him firmly a couple of times before letting go and withdrawing altogether. The loss of contact was almost painful, and he bit down on his

lower lip to keep the whimper he felt rising in him from escaping. Whatever happened tonight, he would not whimper before Draco Malfoy.

"More!"

"Sorry, Potter. I've something else in mind."

With a hand in his hair, Draco turned his head to face the bed, reminding him of the other couple in the room. Mesmerised, he watched Hermione's face, resting now on one of Celia's inner thighs and partly obscured by a pale, smooth leg. Her tongue was hard at work, licking wet paths along Celia's folds and moving over her clitoris with focused determination. Moans and gasps were falling from her lips as she played, forcing his attention away from the plump, passion-swollen lips, along her body to the apex of her thighs. Hermione's legs were spread wide apart, her hips straining slightly upwards, begging for contact. Celia's mouth was on her, licking and stroking, turning his friend into a mass of quivering limbs. As he looked on, Celia dove deeper, disappearing from view amidst clouds of blonde, wavy hair. Hermione's gasps turned into pants, her head falling back against the pillows, and she cried out, coming hard before him. The throbbing in his cock increased, and he felt Draco move faster, fucking him ruthlessly against the bed frame. Stars began dancing at the outer edge of his vision as Celia kept on going, making Hermione rise off the bed again and again, her orgasm seemingly building off itself into an ever-increasing cycle of pure pleasure.

"Come over here, love," Draco beckoned, his voice hoarse with arousal and excitement. Pressing a last kiss to Hermione's inner thigh, Celia Malfoy complied, crawling gracefully towards them, rolling over to lie on her back at the edge of the bed. Draco moved his hands to Harry's, stroking his wrists and releasing the golden bonds.

"Put your legs on his shoulders," he instructed his wife, nibbling softly at Harry's ear. "Potter, I believed you wanted something to squeeze that hard dick of yours."

Shaking out his hands to remove some of the stiffness in his wrists, Harry smiled. Draco moved them closer to the edge of the bed, and Celia's long, slim legs came up to rest on his shoulders without prompting. Running his hands from ankle to thigh, he spread them wantonly before him, took a firm hold of her hips and guided her onto his throbbing cock. A groan of relief escaped him as he felt the tight wetness envelop him, and again, louder this time, as Celia contracted her inner muscles around him, squeezing him tightly as he drove deeper into her.

"All set?" Draco asked, pressing a loving kiss to his wife's left ankle as her legs came back up to rest against Harry's shoulders. Without waiting for a reply, he recommenced his deep thrusts, setting the pace for all three of them as they moved together in perfect harmony.

"Fuck!"

Harry pressed his eyes firmly shut, fighting for control as sensation overtook him. He was burning up, wrapped in heat from all sides, his blood surging like liquid fire through his veins, making him gasp for air. He moved his hands up and down Celia's legs, trailing the smooth skin with nails and fingers. Moving lower, he cupped her arse in his hands, lifting her slightly off the bed to increase the angle. The woman beneath him cried out, and her hands fell from her breasts to grip his thighs tightly. Beautiful, manicured nails dug into his skin, and he hissed, some of the red haze rising from his eyes as the pain brought sharper focus. He raised her hips even higher, rubbing relentlessly against Celia's g-spot with every thrust, welcoming the cries and moans that mixed with his own as Draco matched everything he did with his own body. Suddenly, the pain in his legs stopped, and he felt Draco's hands on him, soothing the skin with the palms of his hands. Hands became arms, wrapping themselves tightly around his body, making him feel as though he was melting into the other man, becoming part of him as they moved in sync, seeking release together. The urge to kiss him came over him with such pressing need that he forgot to breathe for a second, and he twisted his shoulders as well he could, muffling Draco's groans with his lips, drinking him down greedily as their tongues made love to one another as gently as the contact of their hips was violent.

"Forget about me?"

He let go of Draco's lips and turned to find Hermione kneeling at his side, one hand on his chest, stroking him softly. She moved in to kiss him, and then trailed her lips along his jaw and neck, coming up behind him to do the same to Draco. "Thanks for releasing me, by the way," she said huskily, reaching between their legs to cup the blond man's balls and roll them firmly in her hand.

"Anytime, Granger," Draco managed, pulling her to him to claim her lips in a passionate kiss. "Now, why don't you help Potter here entertain my wife? I bet those gorgeous tits of hers could use some attention." Kissing both men quite thoroughly once more, Hermione smiled and moved onto her side, reaching out to stroke the underside of Celia's left breast softly before taking the right nipple into her mouth.

"Christ, Hermione," Harry moaned, pressing kisses to Celia's trembling calves as the girl whimpered and writhed beneath him. "So fucking hot." Hermione smiled, moving her mouth to the other nipple while her hand slithered downwards, across the flat stomach to stroke the skin of a pale inner thigh.

"Please," Celia moaned, eyes fixing on Hermione with an imploring expression. Hermione replied with a smile and a nod, moving two fingers to the other girl's clit, lips focusing on the left breast once more.

He felt the tension rise like someone watching water come to a boil...the slow simmering sensation followed by an explosion of heat, strong enough to make him bite his lip in desperation. Celia came with a shuddering cry, wetness drowning his cock as he continued to fuck her, muscles gripping him so hard he thought he'd go mad with the pleasure of it.

"God, Draco, I can't hold on much longer," he gasped, leaning into the other man for support as he felt his legs begin to turn into water.

"Then don't," Draco breathed in his ear, pulling his head around for a fierce kiss as his hips ground into Harry's mercilessly. Moments later, the arm around his chest tightened to a vice-like grip, and Draco threw his head back, mouth open in a silent scream as he exploded within his body. Feeling release take over, Harry mimicked the movement, thrusting deep into Celia as his balls drew up, pushing his seed like molten lava through his body. He came hard, collapsing against Draco and finding his lips in desperate kisses between panted breaths. Draco's hands were on his face, holding on to him, keeping him upright. A limp hand grabbed hold of his arm and pulled, sending both men tumbling onto the bed, joining Hermione and Celia in a tangled heap of complete satisfaction.

They lay there for a long time, kissing and caressing, soothing flushed skin and allowing intimacy to flow between them like a steady stream moving tranquilly towards the ocean. Harry met Draco's lazy stare and felt something settle into place deep within him...a question answered that he hadn't known he'd been asking before this. Smiling, he raised a hand and dragged a single finger slowly across Draco's bottom lip, enjoying the way his touch seemed to bleed into the other man's eyes, forming an answering smile within the grey depths. Hermione's hand came around him and turned him over on his back, pushing his hair away from his face while kissing him deeply. Celia moved around them to come up in the middle, curling her smaller frame to Draco's and letting him spoon up against her back. Taking her hand in his, Draco brought it to his lips in an affectionate gesture, followed by nuzzling gently at her neck.

"So," Hermione said finally, breaking the companionable silence. "What about the duel? Who won?" The two men looked at one another, identical smiles spreading across their faces.

"I think Draco came out slightly on top," Harry answered with a conspiratorially grin. "This time."

"Are you saying you want a rematch, Potter?" Draco drawled, propping himself up on one elbow to look more directly into the darker man's face. Harry's smile grew wider.

"Name your time and place."

THE END

A/N: And there it is, folks! Smutty, slashy foursome goodness completed. Hope you liked. Please review!

Oh, and I totally wrote the last three pages sans blushing. Go me! ;-)