

# Delicious

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## One

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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"My God," Draco bellowed, "can't you keep that thing to yourself?!"

"Well, no, not with you around, sneaking peeks all day! You were going to see it eventually!"

"Really, Harry, put that away!" Draco covered his eyes with one pale hand while the other was held out palm first in front of him, as if it could keep Harry from advancing on him.

"C'mon, Draco, it isn't that bad." He wiggled it encouragingly and chuckled. "I know you want it!"

Draco peeked through his fingers and moaned as Harry took a few steps closer to him. "Harry, you know I can't. It'd be wrong, so wrong! I promised myself I wouldn't!" Through his fingers, he could see Harry pouting.

"Please? Pretty please, Draco?" He wiped a finger down the side of it and brought his hand up to his mouth, sucking the substance from it. "It tastes so good." His green eyes grew darker as he offered his still-wet finger to Draco. "Just a little taste?"

Draco couldn't bear it. He'd wanted it for so long but had denied himself the luxury. And now, here Harry was, just offering it to him. Playing the devil, probably, trying to see how long Draco could hold out.

"Just one taste and if you can still resist, I'll never tease you with it again," Harry promised silkily.

Draco let his hands drop to his sides, defeated by a pretty pouting Potter. It would eventually be the death of him, he was sure of it! "Fine," he acquiesced, closing his eyes again. "Just one little lick and that's it." He opened his eyes just as Harry grinned wickedly and he groaned.

"Let's get this over with, Potter!"

"Open your mouth," Harry purred.

Draco obeyed and too soon, his mouth was full of the most sinfully delicious thing he'd ever had in his mouth before. How long had it been? It felt like an orgasm exploding on his tongue, like the first time he'd used his wand, like the first time he'd let Harry's cock penetrate his mouth. It was glorious and the longer he sucked, the more he wanted to keep it there.

"Oh my God," he growled, unable to stop himself. "More, Harry. Give me more!"

Harry bit back a little whimper at Draco's words and deftly shoved more of it between Draco's parted lips. "You like it, don't you?" he whispered darkly. "You'll be begging me to do this to you every day for the rest of your life. I'll never tell you no. Oh God, Draco," he moaned, "tell me you want this every day!"

Draco swallowed the fullness in his mouth and let his head drop back to his shoulders, panting. "Every day, Potter. I don't think I could live without it."

Harry licked the droplet that clung to the corner of Draco's mouth and grinned. "That's what I thought, Malfoy." He set the empty plate down on the kitchen table, the fork coated in Draco's saliva and chocolate icing. Harry pointed to the door with a satisfied smirk and added, "Now get back out there to the party so I can finish cutting this cake for everyone else."