

The Payback

by Keppiehed

Draco is all bad in this tale of revenge.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: This all belongs to J.K. Rowling.

Warnings: slash, language, crossdressing, oral(m), BDSM, solo(m), dub-con, dirty talk

Prompts: -evil!Draco/sissy!Harry dubcon or non-con, rating: NC-17

- HUMILIATION!

- Draco gives Harry a painful spanking and the Boy-Who-Lived-To-Become-The-Malfoy-Heir's-Sex-Pet enjoys it against his will. (So, also painlut!Harry).

- Also: cross-dressing. I'd love to see Harry in french maid or Sweet Lolita dress. *snickers*

- PWDP (pr0n with devious plots) is very much appreciated but unapologetic PWP would be nice too.

- as drabbles are short, I don't mind the lack of actual buttsecks -in fact I'd lurrve it if Harry comes all over Draco's lap due to the spanking (and is forced to lick the genetic raw material afterwards). Of course buttsecks is love too and that's just a suggestion.

- I'd love some moar spermpplay if you don't mind. (I totally kink on that.)

- Also, some dirty talk about Draco telling Harry that he's a filthy whore and a painlut (Gods I kink on that!) ...of course those words are just for example and inspiration.

- Oh, and a detailed description of Harry's dress. *snickers* I'd like it to be *really* feminine with lace and frilly stuff.

- Maybe Harry performing a rim job to Draco?

- Oral and/or anal with Harry forced to lick Draco's cock afterwards?

-Oh, and no happy ending for Harry but I guess that it was quite clear already. I hope you don't mind!

A/N: This was written in as a winning drabble request for Ms_Anthrophy for coming in First Place in the inaugural competition at DeathEaterDrabs. It was supposed to be 750 words or less. With a prompt list like that, my muse ran wild and broke all the rules. This is the result. I hope I did it justice and that you like it! Also, I have to mention that this started out as my own creation, but I accepted a lot of help from Grander_fanfics when I was unable to deliver an acceptable amount of smut. Not only did she do a

great job as my beta, she stepped up to co-author status. Thanks so much for helping me out of my porn-slump, my friend. You can certainly write the hot stuff!

"*Petrificus Totalus*."

The whispered words barely had time to register in Harry's brain before he felt the effects of the spell. One minute he had been rounding the corner from a late evening spent in the library, the next he heard a voice...*that voice*...and his muscles locked. He couldn't fight the powerful magic that froze him in his tracks. He felt himself falling and saw the floor approach at a terrifying speed. The impulse to put his arms out to break his fall was intense, but he was as rigid as stone. Harry might be petrified, but he still felt the impact. His face hit with a painful crunch. He couldn't even wince.

"My, how the mighty have fallen."

Harry couldn't see him, but he would have recognized that voice anywhere. Draco Malfoy. His temper flared, the anger curling up like a hot plume from his stomach and rising in his chest. He could almost taste his resentment for Malfoy on his tongue as he stared, unblinking, at the cold stone floor.

"I'll bet you hate being in such a position, don't you?"

Dark humor dripped off Draco's voice, and it galled Harry to no end.

Draco crouched on the floor, his warm breath ghosting over the nape of Harry's neck. He wanted to shiver, but he was completely immobilized.

"You're at my mercy, Potter," Draco whispered. Something hard and cold dragged along Harry's throat. "You owe me a penance that can only be paid in blood. And I'm here to collect."

There was no time to puzzle out the meaning of Draco's words; the blond wizard stood up and immediately performed a Mobilicorpus charm. Harry flipped over, his whole world shifting in a dizzying lurch as he tried to brace for an impact he could do nothing about. A resounding *crack* stole from the stones as his head bounced once, then twice. It was the third time that had him seeing stars. When his vision cleared, he was looking right into a pair of cold, grey eyes.

"Aww, did that one hurt?" Draco said with mock concern. He pointed his wand at Harry and hauled him upright.

Bile rose in Harry's throat from the speed with which his body was being yanked around. He might not be able to move, but he was pretty sure he could vomit.

Draco gave a flick of his wrist and slammed Harry into a wall. Stalking towards him with the feline grace of a predator, Draco pressed his hands to either side of Harry's face and held him in his icy gaze. Harry couldn't look away. He couldn't even blink.

"Listen to me, you filthy bastard. You might not mind walking around all scarred up, but I most certainly do. Obviously, I have higher standards. Since you dared to ruin me, I'm going to take my revenge...my 'pound of flesh,' to coin a vulgar, yet fitting, Muggle phrase...from you. It's only fair. Don't you think, Potter?" Draco wasn't smirking for once. He looked mental, as if the threads of his sanity were stretched too tight and about to break. Then the expression evaporated, replaced with the mask Harry was used to seeing. "After all, you're the righteous one, aren't you? All about being fair? Well, prepare to give me my due, halfblood."

Harry's mind reeled, trying to piece together Draco's words before the situation got out of hand. Apparently, Malfoy could hold a stellar grudge. Was he still upset over Harry using *Sectumsepra* on him? He hadn't intended to scar him...surely Draco understood that? If he could just explain ...

Draco didn't seem to be in the mood to listen to reason, however. That wild look returned to his eye, and dread filled Harry's gut. Draco was clearly beyond the reach of reason. He spun Harry around again while muttering an Obscuro charm, and a whole new level of anxiety seeped into his chest as his world went dark.

His senses alerted him to movement at his back. Malfoy's steps rang against stone, the changes in their echoes suggesting transport.

Adrenaline sped through Harry's heart as he began to question his safety. While he and Malfoy had always had a vehement animosity towards each other, they had never actually resorted to unrestrained violence. Was Draco planning something truly evil? Harry wouldn't have thought so, but the look in his eyes just before he'd been blindfolded had given Harry a shock. Malfoy had seemed crazed, reminiscent of Bellatrix's deranged deportment in the Hall of Mysteries. Did mental disease course through his blood line? Was *Sectumsepra* going to tip Malfoy into being a villain? Fingers of unease crawled up Harry's spine.

Just when Harry's nerves were as taut as they could get, he heard the sound of a door shutting behind them.

"*Colloportus*," Draco said.

Harry's heart plummeted as he recognized the locking charm. Straining to get his bearings, Harry's senses pricked as Draco approached. He hovered next to Harry, close enough for his body heat to bleed through their clothes.

"I'm going to take off your restraints now, Potter." His silky voice was right at Harry's ear. "There's no escape from this room. Should you try, I'll tie you right back up again, and it won't go easy for you. I have your wand. So you can take your punishment in relative comfort, or trussed up like the pig you are, but you *are* going to take it. That's about the only choice you get tonight. Do you understand me?"

Without warning, Draco lifted the spell that kept Harry immobile. His legs collapsed beneath him and he landed on his hands and knees. His vision was immediately obscured by black wool trousers.

"Get up, slut, and take a look around." Draco pressed his wand to Harry's throat, the bruising tip guiding him to standing.

He didn't recognize the room he was in. It was dark, and Harry could only guess from the furniture what Draco had in mind. A large bed with manacles attached to the headboard took center stage. Swallowing hard around the lump in his throat, Harry decided to plead his case before it was too late.

"Listen, Malfoy, if you think..." Harry began.

Draco raised his wand. "First rule: You may not speak unless I give you permission."

Harry snorted. "But that's..."

"*Devesto!*" Draco said.

Harry gasped as his clothes disappeared. He was completely naked in front of Draco Malfoy! His face flared red in rage and embarrassment.

"Not the sharpest knife in the drawer, are you, Potter?" Draco taunted. "So, rule one covered. I don't think I need to outline everything. You'll get the idea. I mean, you're stupid, but not that stupid. Basically, you're going to be my slave tonight. You're here to do my bidding. So, in that spirit, put this on." Draco handed Harry a pile of pink ruffles.

Harry stared in horror at the item in his hands. It was a confection designed to humiliate him, a creation of shimmering pink silk and satin and bows. It was a dress made for a little girl. The shimmering pink mocked his manhood. There didn't seem to be a square inch of it free from embellishments. He shook his head mutinously.

"You can't be..."

Draco's expression darkened as he slapped Harry hard across the face. "You *will* wear that, Potter. Don't test me, or you'll not only be sorry but I'll make this night Hell for you. Trust me when I say that you are going to be the sorest piece of ass in Hogwarts tonight if you don't put on that damned dress. If you do everything I say, you'll leave here with a bruised ego but otherwise intact. Test me, and you'll see firsthand how dark the depths of my anger flow."

Harry took one look at Draco's face and knew he wasn't kidding. Though it went against every fiber of his being, he shook out the pink travesty and tried to figure out how to get in. After a moment of struggling he looked up at Draco, but the blond seemed quite amused at Harry's confusion. Remembering the painful slap he'd received the last time he'd spoken out of turn, Harry raised his hand.

Draco smirked. "Yes, pet?"

Harry gritted his teeth. "I need some help. I can't get into this on my own. I don't even know where to start."

Draco rolled his eyes. "Merlin, you're an imbecile." He grabbed the dress. "Just ... unzip it. Like this." Draco held it apart. "I'm not *dressing* you, for Salazar's sake. Do I look like your house-elf? I'll do you up in the back, and that's it."

"Fine," Harry grumbled. He stepped into the frilly pink monstrosity, pulling it up past his hips and shoving his arms into the puffy capped sleeves. The skirt stood out in a full flounce, held out by layers of tulle in the style of a ballerina. He felt ridiculous, like a five-year old child attending a tea party.

Draco stepped closer to zip him up. The dress hugged his sides, the satin molding to his ribcage like a lover's caress. The neckline had a Peter Pan collar, and he could feel the bodice stretch against his hips and then flare away. The puffed-up tulle barely extended to his thighs and left his ass completely exposed.

"Don't forget the panties," Draco said in a husky whisper, a wicked grin exposing the white of his teeth.

Harry groaned in humiliation. Panties? He turned and saw a scrap of lace dangling from Draco's fingers.

Harry grabbed them none too gently and shoved his feet into the lingerie. He yanked them up, the delicate fabric catching on the hair that covered his legs. They weren't meant to be worn by a man, he thought rebelliously as he wrestled them up over his cock. He hoped they tore.

"Careful," Draco warned as he paced a circle around his captive.

Harry scowled, trying to tug the fabric over his prick. But it was an exercise in futility. The undergarment was just not made for someone of his proportions, and the more he adjusted himself, the less it seemed to comply. To make matters worse, they were thong-style knickers, which chafed between his cheeks. Adding to the shame of the situation was finding the foreign sensation somewhat pleasing, a fact Harry didn't want to consider too closely. To his eternal mortification, the lace was teasing his cock, the friction giving him an erection. He stopped fiddling with the panties and dropped the skirt into place, his face burning.

"All done primping?" Draco asked, amusement dripping like acid from his tongue.

Harry just nodded.

"Give it a whirl, then," Draco commanded.

He can't be serious, Harry thought with gritted teeth. But when he gazed into Draco's face, he knew that he was. Harry spun around in a twirl. His skirt flared straight out, exposing Harry's legs and panty-clad ass to Draco's gaze.

Draco paced up behind him, resting his chin on Harry's shoulder as he pulled up the rear of Harry's dress and began massaging his arse cheeks. "Don't you just look like the sweetest little thing?" he cooed in Harry's ear. "Just like a pretty baby doll. The only thing that's missing is your makeup. And maybe some pearls. Would you like me to put some makeup on you, slut?"

Harry's cheeks burned with humiliation at Draco's words, but it was nothing compared to the horror of having Draco's hand slip underneath his knickers and begin stroking his cock.

"I bet you're loving every minute of this, aren't you, Potter? Dressing up for me like the prissy little sissy that you are. My hand feels good on your cock, doesn't it?"

Harry's jaw tensed as his cock pulsed against Draco's hand. Draco touched him with the practiced ease of someone who knew his body inside and out. Dropping his head back onto Draco's shoulder, Harry could feel a rush of excitement welling up in his sex.

"That's it, Potter. Come for me. Come like the pretty little slut you are." Draco slipped the panties down lower so that he could fully thrust his hand along Harry's length. His fingers slid through the steady stream of Harry's precome, gliding easily over his shaft and milking the engorged head. A sick feeling came over Harry when he realized how easily Draco was getting him off. Fuck, his hand felt so good. He was going to come, he was going to...

"Ah," he sighed as his erection throbbed and juddered within Draco's grip. Both of Draco's hands were moving under his skirt, and when Harry saw them emerge, they were completely covered in Harry's spunk.

"So much make-up for you, my pretty little doll." Draco stepped around in front of Harry, his fingers hovering in front of Harry's face.

Harry saw red. "Draco, don't..."

Stars danced in front of his eyes again as his head rang from Draco's slap.

"Tsk, tsks. Now you've gone and ruined your make-up. Let's see if we can't pretty you up anyway." Draco dragged his fingers over Harry's cheeks and lips, coating his skin in his wet, slimy gunk. This had gone beyond humiliation.

"Sorry, pet, there's not enough for a necklace. You'll just have to be good and maybe you'll get a chance to make another." Draco's eyes sparkled with glee as he wiped his hands clean on the bodice of Harry's dress.

"Now, about that bad behavior of yours... I think you've earned a little punishment, don't you?" Grabbing Harry's flaccid cock, Draco pulled Harry with him as he walked over to the bed and sat down on the edge. "Now be a good slave and bend over my lap."

Harry hesitated.

Draco drew in a rough breath as his fingers squeezed Harry's shaft. When he spoke, the authority in his voice couldn't be denied. "If you make me force you, it's going to hurt even more. I promise you that. I'm not going to say it again."

Swallowing hard, Harry dropped over Draco's knee. The knobby bones of his patella dug into Harry's solar plexus and made it difficult to breathe. The mountain of frills decorating Harry's chest afforded him no protection.

A smile stole over Draco's sharp features. "*Accio gloves*." Harry turned his head and watched uneasily as a pair of finely made dragon's hide gloves flew through the air. Only the best for a Malfoy, Harry thought bitterly. Draco caught them, and from the movements at his back, Harry could tell he was putting them on.

A cool breeze rushed over his rear and Harry knew that the back of his skirt was being lifted. He squeezed his eyes shut, tears of humiliation burning behind his lids.

"Wouldn't everyone be shocked to see their hero now?" Draco rubbed his gloved hands over Harry's arse, his fingers spreading the cheeks and exposing his puckered opening. "I think you like wearing a pretty little dress for me, don't you, Potter?" One pointed finger circled around the ring of muscle, gliding over Harry's arsehole. "That's why you came so quickly for me, isn't it? I'm setting your inner slut free."

Harry hated this exposure, hated having no control and being at the mercy of Draco Malfoy. But something in the way Draco was handling him set off a spark in his core. Draco caressed his buttocks almost gently, his gloves gliding over the tender skin of his ass, dipping between his cheeks to circle around his anus. He relaxed a little against his will. It actually felt ... nice. Draco's stroking and petting lulled him into a false sense of security, his eyes no longer squeezed shut in embarrassment but in enjoyment.

The first blow caught him by surprise. When the crack broke the silence of the chamber, his eyes flew open and he jerked forward. Only Draco's restraining arms kept him from tumbling off his lap. The smack was unexpected and it *hurt!*

The pain was more surprising than severe, and Harry steeled himself for the rain of blows that were sure to follow. He could take anything Draco felt fit to dish out. Harry tried to ignore the sting in his buttocks. The pain wasn't intolerable, but Draco was unrelenting. The heat started to increase. Harry twitched a little as his discomfort began to increase. The only sound in the room was the spanking, the rhythmic slap of Draco's hand landing on Harry's bare bottom.

Harry realized that he was in trouble. His ass was completely exposed while Draco's hands were encased in the gloves. His legs kicked a little as he started to squirm.

Then, to his horror, Harry felt a tingling start in his cock. He couldn't be enjoying this! He didn't like this! He couldn't! He nearly shook his head, but the more he wanted to deny it, the more his blood seemed to rush south and fill his hardening cock. Each wallop made him swell with pleasure; each time Draco's hand smacked against his bollocks, his cock pulsed alive until he was a panting, writhing mess.

His condition didn't escape Draco's attention. He paused in his ministrations to lean over Harry. "I always knew you were a painlut, Potter," he said as his gloved fingers stroked at the dark locks covering Harry's forehead.

Draco's voiced oozed with sex...the dark, silky timbres coating every word with animal lust. Just the sound of those dirty words rolling off his cultured lips made Harry's hips jerk forward as his cock demanded friction. He gasped as his barely covered shaft came into contact with Draco's thigh. Quidditch hardened muscles flexed underneath him; it felt so good to move against the rough fabric of his trousers, and Harry couldn't help grinding himself against his enemy.

"You're nothing but a filthy little cockslut, you know that, Potter?" Draco said, but he sounded strained.

Harry's arm slipped backwards as his hips worked across the lap beneath him, and he was amazed to feel a rock hard erection rising up between Draco's legs. Something about knowing that they were both turned on made Harry go wild. He couldn't remember ever having been so aroused.

"You want to see my cock, don't you, whore?" Draco's fingers smoothed over Harry's throbbing bottom. "Don't worry. I won't deny you," he said as his fingers dipped down between Harry's cheeks. "I never would have thought that you'd be such an eager bottom, Potter."

Draco muttered a foreign-sounding charm, and Harry squirmed when a stream of cool fluid squirted between his cheeks. "Have you ever been fucked up the arse, Potter? Has that red-headed weasel ever sneaked into your bed and buggedger you in your sleep?" Draco's fingers were circling around Harry's anus, dipping little by little into his puckered hole.

Harry's face burned, but his cock throbbed rigidly as Draco's finger sank deeper and deeper into his anal canal. He had to bite down on his lip to keep from crying out as Draco's hand built to a steady rhythm, his finger exciting his depths and making all of his nerve endings tingle.

His eyes flew open at the pressure of an additional finger at his opening. A ragged gasp escaped his lips when Draco forced the second finger in, the tight ring of muscle contracting sharply before it relaxed. His hips seemed to have a mind of their own, rocking back into Draco's hand as he fingerfucked Harry into ecstasy. The soft sound of Draco's chuckle drifted down to him, but he didn't care anymore. It wasn't like he had any control. His body was just reacting. It didn't mean anything.

When Draco pressed a third finger to his anus, he nearly bit down on the leg beneath him. He didn't think he could handle it, but Draco pushed the extra digit inside, stretching Harry's tender arse wide open in preparation for his cock.

The feel of Draco's fingers sliding in and out of him was driving him to distraction. Whenever his long fingers curved and hit a certain spot at the front of his canal, Harry felt a jolt of electricity run straight to his cock. How was it possible that Draco Malfoy was doing this to his body? It didn't make sense!

Without warning, Draco's fingers slid out of him to begin his beating again. Draco's hand pounded across Harry's ass in earnest, making every blow bite.

"Oh, I'm sorry Harry. Did you think this was supposed to be enjoyable?" Draco sneered as his fingers pinched a welt.

Harry bucked up with the pain of it, but his excitement was too far gone. He was going to come. Harry panted in near ecstasy, while Draco huffed in exertion.

"How do you like that, Potter, you dirty cockslut?"

Each word, each welt made Harry throb.

"Don't you dare come, do you hear me? I tell you when to come, and you don't have permission!" Draco shouted, his restraint broken.

Harry was so close ... he shuddered, trying to hold back, but the thought of Draco about to plow his arse was his undoing. The last blow that hit him released the floodgates, and before he could stop himself he was coming hard against Draco's leg. He could hear himself whimpering, but it felt so good, he couldn't stop himself from throbbing over and over. He hadn't had an orgasm this intense ... ever.

It took him a minute to collect his thoughts, and when he recovered, he sat back on his heels. Draco's gaze was smoldering, burning into him with anger and lust. Harry looked down to see his breeches impressively tented.

"You have no self-control. For that, you will lick up your own mess." Draco waved at his leg, indicating the gobs of white semen that stood out, glistening, on the surface of his trousers. "And make it quick."

Harry swallowed. He had never tasted himself before. This whole thing was so degrading. Not to mention the sheer volume of fluid that had collected amounted to a major chore. Apparently the panties were not up to the task of containing his member, as they had gotten shoved aside in his enthusiasm.

"Anytime this century, Potter. I hear it's worse cold and dried. Get moving," Draco said.

Harry kneeled and took an experimental lick. It was like nothing he has ever tasted before, nothing he could describe. He started with tentative swipes of his tongue, but it wasn't as bad as he thought it would be. He lengthened his licks and ended up enjoying it. There was something erotic about licking his essence off of Draco's pants. He felt cat-like. He took to his task with diligence, and felt his spent cock twitch to life once more.

"Potter. Stop." Draco's voice was hoarse. He tangled his fingers in Harry's hair and yanked as he stood up. Before Harry knew what was happening, he was bent over the bed and the scraps of his knickers were being ripped from his hips.

"Get up there. On your hands and knees."

Harry scrambled up onto the bed and waited with his arse perched in the air. The mattress shook behind him, and then fingers were prying apart his cheeks and a delicious

pressure was rocking into his arse.

"Such a tight little slut. That's it, Potter, make your arse squeeze my cock."

Harry bit down on his lip as Draco's girth slid into him. The most intense pain burned through his rectum as Draco worked his cock inside Harry's virgin hole.

"You're taking this like a pro, Potter. Are you sure you haven't been fucked up the arse before?"

The voice at his back was dripping with sarcasm and sadistic glee, but Harry didn't care. He was too far gone to care. Once Draco's cock was fully sheathed inside of him, and Harry's muscles relaxed, the real fucking began.

Draco brutalized his arse, pounding into him over and over as his fingers gouged deep bruises into Harry's hips. The sensations playing out in Harry's body were so intense, so erotic that soon his cock began pulsing with another erection. Leaning down on his shoulder, Harry reached between his legs and began stroking his cock.

"You are a filthy little slut, Potter. Gods, if I'd known you were so hot for cock I would have fucked you years ago."

A low moan escaped Harry's throat as Draco rammed his cock into him with renewed vigor. Pressing down on the back of Harry's neck, Draco let all of his weight fall forward with every thrust.

"I'm going to fill your arse with my come. Does that make you hard, Potter? The thought of my cock erupting inside your arse?"

Harry's hand worked feverishly over his length, his erection swelling with every dirty word that dripped from Draco's tongue.

"I'd bet you'd like it if I made you my new cockslut. Wouldn't you, Potter? Fuck, your arse is tight. I'm going to fuck you until you're stretched out and raw. Until you're bleeding and screaming in pain. Until you're..."

Draco's words devolved into a strangled moan as his cock began pulsing within Harry's slick passage. The spasms pushed Harry over the edge, his cock throbbing against his fingers as a thin stream of come spilt over his hand. He milked his grip over the head, just as Draco was milking his cock within Harry's arse.

After a minute, Draco's movements ceased. Harry knew that he was going to pull out, but he still wasn't quite prepared for the absence of Draco's cock sliding around inside of him. His blond captor fell down onto the bed beside him, lying on his back.

"You've been such a good little cockslut, Potter, that I'm going to make you a deal," he said as he ran his finger over Harry's forehead. "Clean my cock and my arse, and you can go. But make sure you do a good job. If I'm unhappy with your performance, then I might just invite the Slytherin Quidditch team down here for a little recreation."

Harry's mouth went dry at the thought of licking Draco's cock and arse, but he didn't doubt that Draco would bring the rest of his Slytherin mates down here to have a go at Harry's expense. Pushing up off the bed, he saw that Draco was naked from the waist down, his cock lying limp against his thigh.

Crawling over the mattress, Harry settled between Draco's thighs and took his glistening cock between his fingers. Swallowing back the bile that crept up his throat, he took his first hesitant swipe at Draco's filthy cock. First he licked the tip, like he imagined he would enjoy. He lightly laved the sides and down to the base with his tongue. He nipped at the springy blond hair that tickled his nose. He started in earnest when he heard a low growl in Draco's throat. Holding his breath, he licked and sucked Draco into his mouth, running his tongue all over his shaft. Draco's fingers slid into his hair, and their gentle pressure let Harry know that Draco would decide when Harry was done.

He'd gotten into a steady rhythm of licking and sucking when he felt Draco's cock stir against his tongue. He thought for sure that Draco was going to make him suck him to completion, but instead he felt a rough tug at his hair.

"That's enough, Potter. You've got to save a little bit of that enthusiasm for my ass."

The muscles in his stomach clenched as Draco pulled his thighs into his chest and hooked his hands behind his knees. Harry looked from Draco's cock to the tight little ring of muscle, trying to get to the nerve to send his tongue down below.

"Don't be shy, Harry. Dive in."

Edging his knees down to give him some room, Harry lowered his mouth and took his first swipe at the puckered ring of flesh.

"That's it, Potter. Make sure that tongue is nice and wet."

Closing his eyes, he stuck out his tongue and began circling it around Draco's anus. A low moan from Draco gave Harry an idea, so slipped his mouth over the taut skin of his perineum and ran his tongue over Draco's balls and then back up to his anus.

"Oh yeah, Potter. Just like that."

His mouth worked its way over Draco's sensitive skin, his movements spurred on by the sight of Draco's cock hardening against his leg. Sucking his mouth from Draco's arsehole up to the tip of his cock, Harry circled the bulging head and began stroking the cock with his mouth.

Harry couldn't seem to get enough. Alternating sucking his cock with licking his arsehole, Harry's hands took their turn over Draco's shaft as his mouth played between his cheeks. Pursing his lips, he let the tip of Draco's member slide through with some resistance, always making sure to keep his teeth covered as he slid the shaft into his waiting warmth.

Draco bucked his hips, pushing himself back into Harry's throat. Harry gagged, but he breathed through his nose and pulled back slightly. Bobbing up and down the length of it, he kept his tongue engaged and moved faster and faster.

Draco began making little sounds of pleasure that Harry found unbearably hot. He had never seen this side of Malfoy before, and the idea that he might see him lose control and come undone made Harry groan.

Draco reached down and tangled his hands in Harry's hair, pushing and pulling his head as he thrust his hips against his face, his balls slapping into Harry's chin with the force of it.

Harry's eyes watered at the force of Draco's movements. He tried to pull away, but Draco was huge, and he was grinding frantically against Harry's mouth. A little moan was all the warning Harry had to signal Draco's impending orgasm. As exciting as it was to know that his mouth was the instrument bringing his rival to his breaking point, Harry was a little panicked at the thought of being forcefully held down and made to swallow the by-product of his pleasure. But Draco held on tight, and soon Harry was choking and sputtering as stream of semen flooded his mouth.

Draco's grip slackened, giving Harry room to pull back and swallow all the come that had just been shot into his mouth. When it dribbled onto his chin, he flicked his tongue out to lap it up.

"That's right. Lick it up, Potter. Lick it all up."

Harry set to work cleaning up Draco's cock, laving his tongue over his balls and dipping back down to the puckered ring of flesh. After a minute or so of his ministrations, Draco pushed him off of his cock and onto the empty portion of the mattress.

Slipping off the bed, Draco bent down and retrieved his trousers. Harry waited anxiously on the bed, not sure if it was over, not sure if he could leave.

"What are you waiting for, Potter? Think I'm going to give you another go?" Draco waved his wand over himself as he mutter a cleansing spell.

"That's it?" Harry gaped. "You're leaving?"

Draco looked at him in irritation. "Get your clothes on. You look ridiculous dressed like that." He pulled his trousers on. "Your wand is waiting for you in your room. You'll recognize your bearings as soon as you step out of the door."

"But where are my clothes? I can't go back to my dorm dressed like this."

Draco waved his hand. "That's your problem, Potter. I had my fun. Not that there was much to be had. You make a pathetic fuck-toy, just for the record. See you around. Unfortunately." He started for the door. "Merlin, you're useless. Without that bushy-haired Mudblood, you'd still be mucking around swamps, wouldn't you?"

"I mean it, Malfoy, where are my things?"

"Here you go, Potter," Draco said as he waved his wand, a pile of fabric materializing on the floor. "Your wand will be waiting for you in your quarters. And you might want to have someone look at that arse. It looks kind of painful."

As soon as Draco was out the door, Harry scrambled over to see what he'd left him on floor.

Harry moaned as he shook the t-shirt and pants open. Written in flashing pink neon were the words "Potter Loves Cock". Considering his options, Harry stripped down naked and hoped for the best.