

# An Evening at Home

*by mayfly*

Draco likes it most when Harry is home early.

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

Draco likes it most when Harry is home early.

Author's notes: My first attempt at PWP! Lots and lots of thanks have to go to my wonderful beta raisinous fiendling for being spectacularly fast and honest and most of all for putting up with me. This was written as a stocking filler for bleedforyou1 at hd\_seasons christmas exchange.

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Draco is calmly sipping his second cup of coffee of the morning when the first note is dropped in his lap. He looks up just in time to see Harry's owl leave the Great Hall.

Draco frowns; Harry probably wants to tell him that he will be home late tonight, again. He has become quite tired of falling asleep alone, only to have Harry wake him up a couple of hours later as he creeps into the bed in what he no doubt considers a stealthy manner. Draco sighs. They'd had words about it, but he doubts it will make much difference.

Draco picks up the small note with a distinct lack of enthusiasm. It is rolled up and tied with a pale blue silk ribbon. Draco runs his fingers across the smooth fabric with a little smile. It is his favourite shade of blue, his favourite colour actually, and Harry knows it very well. He carefully slips the ribbon off the roll of parchment and absentmindedly puts it in his robe pocket before straightening out the missive.

*Have you finished your second coffee yet? I hope the*

*little terrors don't give you too much trouble today. See*

*you tonight! I miss you already,*

*Harry.*

Well, that certainly was unexpected!

When they first started going out together, Harry used to constantly send him little rambling nonsensical notes. Draco had thought it rather sweet and endearing at the time. He still does.

He reads the note again with a little smile and runs his finger across Harry's messy signature before carefully folding it up and putting it in his pocket.

As Draco looks over the boisterous children finishing their breakfast in the Great Hall, he can't help but feel strangely energised and buoyant all of a sudden. He drinks the last of his coffee and gets up to get his classroom ready for the first class of the day.

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Draco massages his temples. He can feel a headache coming on. The fourth years were real horrors. Was he that bad at their age? He's certain he wasn't.

Double Potions with the fourth years never fails to exhaust him and make him question the prudence of his decision to become a professor. Surely there were plenty of other fulfilling things he could do that didn't entail dealing with hormone-crazed little wizards and witches. Maybe he should have become an Auror like Harry.

Draco is considering retrieving a headache draught from his office when the second note is summarily dropped in front of him.

It's another little scrap of paper tied up with a pale blue silk ribbon. Draco unrolls it curiously, wondering what Harry wrote this time.

*Are your ghastly pupils giving you a hard time? I'm sure  
you can manage them all right, you are a marvellous teacher  
nothing like old Snape. I have been fighting with my backlog  
of paperwork all morning. Being an Auror is not what it's  
cracked up to be. I can't wait until tonight!  
Still missing you dreadfully,  
Harry.*

Draco smiles fondly at the missive, a warm ball of feeling settling in his stomach. After so many years, he still finds Harry utterly adorable, and not a little predictable. Draco wonders if Harry has anything planned for the night.

His head feels much better now; the headache has almost gone. The next class is the NEWT seventh years. They are mostly quiet and eager to learn, making it one of Draco's favourite classes.

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Draco smiles at little Teddy as the rest of the first year Slytherin Gryffindor class leaves. Draco enjoys the wide-eyed awe of the first years almost as much as the thirst for knowledge of the seventh years.

"Cousin Draco..." the small green-haired boy begins, but Draco gives him a stern look and he hastily corrects himself.

"Sorry. Professor Malfoy," Teddy amends sheepishly.

"I'm Cousin Draco at home," Draco reminds him gently. "What was it you wanted?"

"I wanted to ask you about the properties of boomslang skin," Teddy asks awkwardly.

"What about them?"

"Um... I don't think I understood them completely. Um, could you explain them to me again?" Teddy's face is shy and hopeful as he gazes up at Draco.

Draco sighs, resigned. He is sure that Teddy understands the properties of boomslang skin perfectly well, only using this as an excuse to spend time with Draco.

Before Draco has time to answer, the third letter of the day is dropped on the desk in front of him.

"That's Uncle Harry's owl!" Teddy exclaims excitedly.

"Yes, it is," Draco agrees, picking up the little scroll and removing the blue silk ribbon to surreptitiously place in his pocket. "Let's see what he wants."

*I'm on a stakeout, and it's cold and lonely and very  
boring. Luckily I have thoughts of you and how hot it  
will be tonight to keep me warm. Tell Teddy hullo from  
me. You're so lucky to see him every day! You know  
you're his favourite, don't you?  
I'm missing you more and more,  
Harry.*

By the time he finishes the letter, Draco is sure he's sporting a soppy smile. Harry can be so sweet when he wants to, and he gets to Draco every time. Draco is quite looking forward to returning home tonight, and something tells him he won't be falling asleep alone this time.

"Well?" Teddy asks impatiently.

Draco lifts a scolding eyebrow to remind the boy they are still at school. Teddy blushes, but still manages to look defiant. *A Gryffindor through and through, this one*, Draco thinks. *Won't Harry be pleased.*

"Uncle Harry says hullo," Draco tells him, and then adds, "The private tutoring will have to wait. You know that tonight I leave early. Come to my office tomorrow at around five, and we'll see what we can do."

"Okay!" Teddy answers with a grin, happy to have achieved his goal. He gives Draco a quick wave and skips away to find his friends.

*Favourite, huh?* Draco smirks to himself.

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Draco watches the last of his pupils pack up and leave. He heaves a sigh and begins cleaning up his desk.

His last class of the day has just finished, and Draco is feeling rather tired and hungry. He is seriously considering visiting the staff room for a cup of tea and a biscuit before heading home.

His mind is almost made up when something lands on his head. He looks up to find Harry's owl hooting at him before flying away.

Draco retrieves the fourth note from the floor with a fond shake of his head. Just like the others, it's a small roll of parchment tied up with a pale blue silk ribbon. Draco eagerly unrolls it.

*I'm in our living room and have just lit a fire. It's  
wonderfully nice and toasty in front of it, but I'm  
lonely without you. When are you coming home?  
I don't want to have to start without you!  
Hoping you won't keep me waiting too long,  
your Harry.*

When Harry puts it like that, the tea and biscuits in the staff room suddenly look much less appealing. Actually, there is precious little that is more appealing than spending an evening at home with Harry.

Draco stuffs the last note into his pocket and locks the classroom up before hurrying to the Floo.

\* \* \*

Draco steps out the fireplace into the antechamber of the cottage he shares with Harry (having a Floo in one's living room is just so gauche!). He puts his bag in its customary spot and shrugs his cloak off to hang it on his coat-hook, right next to Harry's scarlet Auror cloak and muddy boots.

Losing no time, he makes his way to the living room, eager to see what Harry has set up. Harry has always been fond of romantic gestures, and Draco likes to be romanced.

The living room is dimly but warmly lit by an abundance of cinnamon scented candles and the roaring fire in the hearth. Harry is lounging on the thick rug in front of the fire in his pyjama trousers and an undershirt.

"Welcome home."

Harry's eyes are bright, and his face is flushed from the heat of the fire as he looks up at Draco.

"Come here," he beckons, "and take your shoes and robes off. It's very warm here by the fire."

Draco quickly complies, and in no time is snuggling up to Harry, clad only in his undergarments.

"You're right," he tells Harry, nuzzling his neck, "it's very nice and cozy here."

Harry laughs, pleased, and captures his mouth in a heated kiss. Draco hums in delight. It feels like it has been too long since they did something like this.

Harry breaks away with a smile. "Lovely as this is," he says, "first things first. First we eat!"

He motions towards the food next to him, and Draco's stomach seizes the opportunity to rumble loudly. Harry laughs once more and picks up a meatball, which he swiftly pops into Draco's mouth.

"Eat!" he says.

While Draco obediently chews, Harry fills up two glasses with wine and hands one to Draco. "Drink!"

Draco's tiredness seems to slip away from him as they spend long minutes feeding each other delicious fingerfoods and sipping their wine.

As they finish their feast, a feeling of lethargy and contentment steals over him. He feels nice and warm and comfortable curled up on the rug in front of the fire with Harry. His belly is full, and his head is slightly fuzzy from the wine. He slowly lets his eyelids fall shut; it has been a lovely welcome home, and now he could easily fall asleep.

"Oi! What are you doing?" he hears Harry exclaim. "No falling asleep on me now. I had plans for the night."

When Draco makes no response, Harry nudges him. "Hey! Wake up!"

Draco cracks and eye open to look up at Harry's indignant face. "Make me," he retorts cheekily.

Before Draco knows it, Harry has pounced on him and is kissing him breathless. Draco hums in satisfaction as his hands wind into Harry's thick, wild hair. Kissing Harry is one of Draco's favourite things in the whole world: the slippery slide of mouths together, the rough, wet feel of Harry's tongue against his, the taste of Harry, his moist, hot breath mingling with Draco's.

Draco lets himself get lost in the exquisite feeling as Harry lies completely on top of him, aligning their bodies perfectly and pushing Draco into the plush softness of the rug with his comforting weight.

Draco lets his thighs fall open to better cradle Harry and arches up into him. Even through two thin layers of underclothes, the slide of their hot, hard lengths against each other is delicious. Draco moans in satisfaction and encouragement, and Harry manoeuvres his hands under him to firmly grip his arse and pull his groin up even more forcefully.

Draco fully approves of Harry's grip and forcefulness. He lets his head fall back to pant out his arousal, and Harry loses no time in attacking Draco's exposed throat with sucking kisses, sharp nips and wet licks. Draco's throat is particularly sensitive, and Harry knows it well, and in no time he has been reduced to putty in Harry's hands.

Draco hardly realises it as Harry pushes up his fine silk undershirt and pulls it off his head, fluffing up his fine blond hair. He simply moans loudly and wantonly when Harry attaches his greedy mouth to a small, sensitive nipple and gently tickles his ribs.

Draco's body has become a collection of sensitive and throbbing locations: a spot beneath his jawline and another lower in his throat that ache and pulse with the memory of Harry's mouth bruising and marking his delicate pale skin; his raw swollen right nipple that Harry is alternatively biting and sucking on in such exquisite torture; his poor neglected left nipple that throbs in sympathy and imagined abuse; his burning left side where Harry is rubbing soothing circles with his hand; his sweaty crack that Harry is

possessively rubbing and delving into with his other hand; his fluttering little pucker that eagerly grasps at Harry's teasing finger as it playfully rubs against it through the silk of Draco's old-fashioned wizarding underpants and on occasion pushes in just enough to excite Draco and make him moan for more, but not enough to rub his steadily growing itch; and last of all, his hard throbbing erection that he is desperately rubbing against Harry's hard stomach as the front of his expensive underwear turns into a sopping mess.

Harry dislodges his mouth from Draco's poor nipple and breathes hotly on it, just as he pushes his middle finger up to the first knuckle into Draco's accepting hole. Draco lets out a shriek of delight, and his whole body thrums with readiness.

"Turn over," Harry orders, his voice rough and uneven.

Shakily, Draco scrambles to obey, fairly salivating with anticipation. He buries his face into the soft, thick pile of the rug as Harry proceeds to arrange him to his liking. Arse in the air, back curved, knees apart. Harry arranges him the same way every time and Draco's body falls easily into the familiar position, but Draco likes to make Harry do all the work. He savours the feel of his rough, confident hands as they competently manipulate his flexible body and caress his slender limbs.

Harry fondles Draco through his silk underwear and leans over to whisper hotly in his ear.

"You know how much your traditional pureblood underwear turns me on. It's so long and plain as to seem all proper and demure at first, but it's actually quite indecent with its expensive and transparent silk which reveals more than it hides, and not to mention all its handy ties."

As if to underline his point, Harry reaches forward to give Draco's aching balls a quick dirty grope and then loosens the ties at the front of his shorts.

Yet instead of sliding them down Draco's trembling thighs, Harry slowly kisses down Draco's spine, leaving a hot, wet trail, and buries his face between Draco's covered buttocks. He rubs his unshaven cheeks against the taut, silk-encased globes, and his prickly stubble catches on the delicate material and scratches Draco's sensitive skin despite the flimsy protection.

Draco is embarrassed to hear himself whine in excitement. Harry's in a playful mood, and Draco's stomach squirms in delight; tonight is going to be so, so good.

Harry doesn't disappoint; he proceeds to firmly knead Draco's backside with his palms, pulling his cheeks apart to bury his face in the hollow and nuzzle the damp hotness there.

Draco can't help wriggling and pushing back against the intrusion, and Harry pushes his nose in as far as it will go and just inhales. Draco blushes hotly with embarrassment and pushes his burning face further into the rug, and yet his wanton body continues to wriggle happily and arch up into Harry's touch.

After Harry has inhaled his fill of Draco, he begins to sloppily bite and mouth at the valley between Draco's buttocks. Soon, the silk is thoroughly sopping wet, and Draco is whining and moaning in frustration; it's not enough. His skin has become hyper-sensitive and raw, and yet he still needs more. He needs Harry's mouth closer, with no obstructions; he needs Harry's tongue deep inside him. Draco wriggles and begs as much as he can, but Harry will not be swayed from his course.

For long minutes Harry continues to lick and suck at Draco through the silk barrier, his questing mouth getting closer and closer to Draco's quivering eager entrance. Eventually Harry takes pity and delicately nibbles at Draco's sensitive rim. Draco yelps, his hands desperately clutching at the rug under him, and his toes curling. Carefully, Harry continues to softly nip and nibble, and Draco thinks he might go mad with desperate arousal. It only gets worse as Harry starts pushing his silk-encased tongue into Draco.

Draco's pants echo loudly through the room, accompanied by the crackling of the fire, and he pushes himself back onto that magnificent delving tongue, trying to get it in as deep as possible. Both the front and the back of his silk underpants are squelching wet and sticky, and he wants nothing more than for Harry to rip them off him and plunge his unencumbered tongue as deep inside him as he can.

Yet Harry continues to torture him, and makes no move to remove the offending garment. Instead he slides a finger next to his tongue and proceeds to slip the long, silk-encased digit into Draco. With almost unerring accuracy, he locates Draco's prostate and begins to stroke it through the wet material.

Draco can't help himself; he yowls with need. He has been on the edge for so long, and yet Harry just continues to tease him.

"Please, Harry," Draco manages to moan hoarsely. "Now. I need you in me now!"

Harry continues to push his finger inside him as he noisily sucks and licks at the rim and Draco fears he is being ignored.

"Harry!" he whines loudly and impatiently, and Harry eventually detaches his mouth from its task and chuckles.

"All right, you demanding thing," he says as he removes his finger and moves his hands to the front of Draco to loosen the ties of his underclothes even more.

Draco feels Harry kneeling behind him and covering his back with his hot, firm chest. Harry nuzzles and nips at the back of Draco's neck as his hands play with Draco's balls. He still hasn't removed Draco's underwear; instead, he rubs his hard length along Draco's covered crack.

"In me, Harry!" Draco demands. "I want your big cock in me. Now! I want you filling me up with your hot seed. Now!"

Harry groans lowly, the sound reverberating into Draco through their joined bodies, and his cock jerks eagerly. He smoothes his left hand up Draco's stomach and chest and pulls the slighter man hard against him, until their bodies are so close they are almost one. With his right hand he pulls down the back of Draco loosened underpants until his quivering hole is finally exposed.

Harry mumbles softly, and Draco feels a familiar slick substance fill his hole. With quick, economic movements, Harry prepares him, and then at last he is pushing in.

Draco breathes a sigh of relief and exultation when Harry finally slides home. He hums in delight and pushes back until Harry is fully seated.

Harry begins a strong, smooth rhythm, pulling almost all the way out before pushing back in, and Draco can almost feel the sparks flying off their skins. He feels like he is drowning in an electric sea of pleasure, and it is almost too much for him to bear.

Harry's motions become harder and sharper, and he grasps Draco's still-trapped length through his shorts. Draco hardly minds as he is too lost in the unbelievable feeling of fullness and pleasure of Harry moving inside him. All his nerve endings are on fire, and the moment Harry begins sliding his hand along Draco's bursting cock, it is all over. He cries out loudly, spots appear before his eyes, and he is coming and coming, his seed spilling into his underwear and running down his legs. Scant seconds later, Harry is pulling him impossibly closer as he, too, comes, filling Draco to overbrimming.

Spent and satisfied, Draco collapses, bringing Harry with him. His body is tired and aching, he has rug burn on his knees and he is covered in sticky, cooling semen, yet this has been the best night he has had in longer than he can remember.

Harry moves them to their sides and spoons close to Draco, his arms wrapped possessively around Draco's waist. He kisses under Draco's ear tenderly.

"I had almost forgotten how good this was," he whispers into Draco's ear. "You are right, it's so much better when I'm home early." Harry pulls him even closer, and his voice takes on the earnest tone that never fails to turn Draco to putty. "I promise I'll try to stop being late from now on. I don't want to miss this, to miss us again. No more going to bed alone from now on."

Draco feels his throat close up with joy and gratitude. He snuggles further back into Harry's embrace; now he is truly home.

