

Toys for Big Boys

by mayfly

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Notes: Written for sksdwrld for hd_season's 2011 stockingfillers. Many big thanks have to be given to my faithful and tireless beta raisinous fiendling and to the lovely groolover for the quick lookover.

As Harry slowly woke up, the first thing he noticed was the welcome feeling of a firm hand fondling his hard cock. He sighed contentedly and snuggled back into his warm bed, perfectly happy to let the hand continue its ministrations.

"Wake up, sleepyhead! We have a long day ahead of us today, and we can't afford to be late."

As if to punctuate his point, his lover gave a sharp, almost painful twist to his cock. Harry's eyes flew open to the slightly blurred vision of a smirking Draco with sleep tousled hair and dancing grey eyes.

"Dun wanna," Harry slurred, blinking the sleep from his eyes.

"Well, I certainly won't be the one to tell Mrs Weasley the reason we were late," Draco replied tartly.

That seemed to do the trick and jolt Harry awake. However, he simply smirked wickedly and rolled on top of Draco, forcing him to finish what he started.

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"I told you we would be late," Draco said, arching a perfect eyebrow in that superior way of his that never failed to get Harry's blood boiling.

With one swift move, Harry pulled him into a sloppy demanding kiss as he wordlessly summoned their gifts. Without giving Draco any time to recover, he pulled him into the ready Floo and called out their destination.

It was now Harry's turn to feel smug when Draco stepped out after him into the bright crowded living room. Draco's cheeks were a bit pink and his hands slightly unsteady as he smoothed down his robes. Unfortunately Harry wasn't given enough time to admire his handiwork before he was assaulted by an excited herd of screaming children, followed by their parents.

Ron stepped forward from the group and clapped him on the back warmly. "All right there, mate? Mum was starting to worry what kept you."

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Harry lounged comfortably in the enlarged armchair. He was feeling pleasantly full and nicely lax after one of Molly's predictably amazing Christmas dinners. Draco was snuggled into his side, talking quietly to little Hugo.

The other kids were still running around like over-excited little whirlwinds. To his left Percy and Hermione were conferring quietly and earnestly about what Harry guessed was Ministry business. Ron, Charlie, Bill and Angelina were all piled into the large squashy sofa, arguing boisterously about Quidditch. Over by the bookcase Arthur seemed to have cornered poor Dean and was chatting away animatedly. Ginny and George were whispering conspiratorially by the fireplace.

That last would have normally worried Harry, but this evening he was feeling so content and relaxed as he carded his fingers through Draco's silky hair that all he could think of was that if someone got him a nice glass of brandy then things would be pretty damn perfect indeed!

He was busy pondering which little bright whirlwind to stop and ask for a little favour for uncle Harry, when Molly came in carrying a large bowl of eggnog, a deep ladle hovering behind her dutifully, followed by a bobbing line of mugs.

"Eggnog everyone?" she asked brightly, as Fleur and Audrey herded the kids into the kitchen for some hot chocolate.

Now that Harry had a nice big mug of eggnog to sip, he relaxed even further back into the armchair. Draco snuggled even closer, carefully holding his steaming mug with both hands.

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Far too soon for Harry's liking, the pleasant sleepy atmosphere was broken by the herd of Weasley children swarming out the kitchen clamouring for their presents. Harry felt Draco sit up next to him enthusiastically. Draco was almost endearingly childlike in his love of gifts.

Before long the living room floor was covered in mountains of ripped brightly coloured wrapping paper and happy children noisily playing with their new toys.

"Now it's time for the adults," Molly said brightly as she summoned a pile of much simpler looking presents. Harry could feel Draco plainly vibrate with anticipation next to him and couldn't help rolling his eyes. It wasn't as if Draco didn't know what his present would be; he had dropped enough hints about what he wanted after all.

Harry hardly paid attention as all the usual presents were opened: books, watches, scarves, slippers, chocolates and WWW products. Draco eagerly ripped open the gifts addressed to both him and Harry, squealing appreciatively and thanking the gift givers warmly.

"And this one's from Harry," Molly said, handing Draco a simply wrapped box.

She winked at Harry as he sat up abruptly, eager to see Draco's reactions and accept the inevitable effusive thanks. For the amount of Galleons he had spent on that small bottle of admittedly divine cologne, he expected his thank you to be very warm indeed.

Harry barely glanced at the package as Draco tore it open, all his attention focused on Draco's face as he greedily took in his expressions: almost childlike excitement and anticipation, surprise and puzzlement, then understanding and pink-cheeked embarrassment. Puzzled, Harry finally looked at his present in Draco's hand, trying to understand why his lover wasn't smothering him in sloppy kisses.

Draco was gingerly holding up an exquisitely fashioned pair of delicate silver handcuffs. Badly muffled sniggers started to be heard from the gathered group, and Harry felt his cheeks heat up. Draco would never let him live this down!

Even though, if Harry interpreted his blush correctly and if there was one thing Harry was intimately acquainted with, it was with all the nuances of Draco's different blushes Draco actually seemed to be equal parts embarrassed and turned on. Harry had been certain that he would appreciate his "special" present as much as his "official" one.

"Oh my!"

Molly's flustered exclamation only made the sniggering worse, and Draco quickly stuffed the handcuffs back into their box and closed the lid, holding it tightly to his chest.

"Let's move on to Harry's present from Draco, shall we?" Molly said in a falsely cheerful voice.

"Yes, let's," added Ginny with a giggle.

Harry looked up to glare at her, only to be faced with George's leer and the others' shocked and amused eyes. He practically snatched his gift up and violently attacked the beautiful silver wrapping, making as much noise as possible trying to cover the continuing giggles.

He uncovered a beautifully crafted wooden box. As he quickly opened it and took out the object inside, he faintly heard Draco's gasp and cut off, "Harry, don't-".

Draco scrambled to push the gift in Harry's hand back into the box, but George's Wingardium Leviosa beat him to it. As the smooth, gleaming object slid out of Harry's grasp and started to levitate above them, his stomach plummeted. This was Draco's "special" present too, and if it was anything like last year's... Next to him, Draco groaned and hid his face against Harry's side.

Charlie wolf-whistled loudly and everybody started talking at once.

"Merlin, Harry!"

"What is that?"

"Bill, isn't zat lovely? We should get one!"

"You kinky buggers!"

"My eyes! I didn't need to see that!"

"Oh my! Oh dear!"

Cheeks beet red, Harry steadfastly refused to look at his laughing family and instead concentrated on Draco's present.

It was a stunning solid silver dildo. The silver gleamed beautifully and mysteriously, reflecting the flickering fairy lights in the room. The wide base that would permit it to be used as a plug was delicately carved into the semblance of a snake's face with two sparkling diamonds for eyes. The whole object faintly hummed with magic and embedded spells.

Despite his mortification, Harry couldn't help hardening, his cock pushing uncomfortably against the hard seam of his jeans. His mouth watered as he took in Draco's exquisite present. Draco always knew how to choose the best pieces! And the crafty bugger always made sure he would get just as much satisfaction out of his presents for Harry as Harry would, if not more. Harry couldn't wait to use his new toy on his cheeky blond lover.

With a quick flick of the wrist, Harry wordlessly and wandlessly summoned to silver dildo and placed it carefully into its box. He snapped the lid closed and got up to stare down at the amused, shocked, embarrassed faces surrounding him.

"Yes, um," he said, squaring his shoulders. "Sorry about that. A slight mix up with the presents. It won't happen again. But we really must go now."

He turned round to look at Draco, who was sitting at the edge of the armchair, gripping his own embarrassing present with white knuckles, face a burning pink. He held out his hand.

"Come on, Draco, let's go."

And as if a switch had been flipped, Draco was suddenly on his feet, smiling and gracious, gathering together all their presents and thanking everyone for their hospitality and the wonderful evening.

As Harry finally managed to push Draco into the Floo, he heard George call out, "Have fun with your new toys, boys!" This was followed by the sound of catcalls and boisterous laughter as they escaped the Burrow to the safety of their own home.

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Draco whirled round and pointed an accusing finger at Harry.

"You! You did that on purpose, didn't you?"

"Of course not!" Harry exclaimed, surprised that Draco would accuse him of such a thing. "Why would I want to do a thing like that on purpose?"

"Because you like seeing me embarrassed," Draco answered huffily, crossing his arms in front of himself and looking petulant.

Harry couldn't help it. He walked over to his lover, opening his arms.

"Never in public, baby. I promise you, never in public."

Draco snuggled into Harry's arms, laying his head on his shoulder.

"I have never been so mortified in my life," he griped.

Harry hugged him close, smoothing his hands in soothing circles over his back. Draco hummed, slowly relaxing into Harry's embrace. Predictably, it didn't take long for him to start rubbing his thigh against Harry's half hard cock, bringing it quickly to full hardness.

"You liked my present, didn't you?" Harry asked, bringing his hands down to pull Draco closer and roughly knead his delectable arse.

"Yes," Draco breathed. "They are gorgeous. I can't wait to use them."

Draco was just as hard as Harry now as he sinuously rubbed his clothed erection against Harry in tight little circles.

"You outdid yourself this year," Harry said. "Your present was beautiful and perfect, just like you. And I'm sure it has many hidden secrets too, just like you, my love. Am I right?"

"Oh, yes!" Draco moaned.

He was rubbing himself wantonly against Harry now and panting loudly. Harry loved how rapidly Draco got aroused and how quickly he would fall into their game. Without warning, Harry grabbed his shoulders and held him at arm's length. Draco whined and writhed in his firm hold.

"How about we try them both tonight, hmm?" Harry asked, his voice low and commanding.

He stared at Draco intently, green eyes glittering with danger and promise.

"Yes, Harry, yes!" Draco answered enthusiastically, eyes eager and face flushed with arousal.

"You are going to show me exactly how my new toy works, and together we are going to give it a thorough workout," Harry continued, excitement and anticipation curling low in his belly.

Draco nodded fervently and swallowed loudly. Harry summoned both boxes and looked at Draco intently.

"Strip," he commanded.

The bright pink of arousal smearing across Draco's cheeks got even brighter as he quickly and obediently did as he was told. Harry's eyes roamed greedily over the exposed pale skin covering long limbs and lean muscles. Draco's perfect porcelain skin had gone pink and blotchy with arousal. His soft, flat stomach quivered with anticipation, and a thin rope of pre-come dribbled down his hard cock.

"Go to the bedroom and arrange yourself on your back with your hands above your head for me," Harry ordered once he had looked his fill.

With a quick nod Draco turned, affording Harry a lovely view of his gorgeous backside, and disappeared down the hall. Harry closed the Floo and put out the lights before following Draco at a sedate pace, both gifts still held tightly in his hands.

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Draco was lying on their bed, his back and head propped up by pillows. His arms were raised gracefully over his head, wrists overlapping daintily, and his long legs were spread wantonly, feet flat on the bed and knees wide apart and bent.

Harry stood a second to admire the view: the heaving chest and quivering stomach, the hard, dripping cock and the small pink opening underneath that he was sure was fluttering with anticipation, but most of all, the high sharp cheekbones, regal nose and bright glittering eyes that burned into his soul with their feverish intensity.

With slow, deliberate movements, Harry set the boxes down on a side table and opened the one that contained his gift for Draco. He held the gleaming handcuffs up so Draco could take a good look at them. Harry didn't miss how the blond licked his lips and eyed them covetously.

"I had these specially made," Harry told him, his voice intent and low.

He saw Draco wriggling impatiently, but never for a second breaking his position.

"They are delicate and beautifully crafted, but unbreakable just like you," Harry explained steadily.

"I had them enchanted to be always comfortable and never chafe or rub at your beautiful wrists. But I also spelled them to be unbreakable and to withstand any spell cast at them."

A low whine had started low in Draco's throat, and his hips had started to move in subtle circles. His eager cock was leaking copiously.

"Do you hear that?" Harry asked darkly. "Once I put them on you there are only two ways out of them."

Harry lowered his voice to a whisper. "My spoken command, and your safe word."

Draco gulped loudly, his eyes wide and unblinking.

"You will be completely at my mercy. Do you want me to put them on you, Draco?" Harry asked.

Draco nodded eagerly, but Harry only raised an eyebrow and dangled the cuffs tantalisingly from his finger.

"Yes! Yes!" Draco eventually managed to breathe out. "Merlin, yes, Harry, I want them!"

Harry grinned wolfishly and climbed over Draco's supine body to pass the cuffs through the bar in their headboard and safely attach each end around a delicate wrist. He couldn't resist caressing the paper-thin skin there and laying a soft kiss on each pale appendage.

He stood back and admired Draco once more, as he wriggled and writhed on the bed, pulling at the cuffs to test them.

"Well?" Harry asked rubbing his erection through his jeans. "What do you think of them?"

"Yesss," Draco gasped. "Yes, they are perfect. Mmm... So good! Merlin, Harry." Draco moaned in satisfaction and Harry grinned.

"I knew you'd like them, baby. How about we try your present now? I can't wait to get my hands on that lovely toy and see how I can make you moan with it."

Harry reverently opened the beautiful velvet in-laid wooden box to reveal the gorgeous silver dildo. Draco's presents were never less than perfect.

He admired how it shimmered and thrummed with magic for a couple of seconds before picking it up. He held it firmly by the base with one hand while he slowly stroked the other up and down the smooth surface. The metal felt beautifully warm and alive to his touch, and he almost thought he could feel it hum and purr in satisfaction under his fingers.

"It's goblin silver. Malleable, liquid silver," Draco said, his voice rough and scratchy. "I had it keyed to both our magic. It will respond to my body, but follow your commands. It will do whatever you want, reform itself to all your desires."

Harry looked at Draco, intrigued.

"How?" he asked.

"Turn it around and look at the base," Draco told him.

Harry did as he was asked, looking at the carved snake's face. The diamond eyes seemed to glitter with intelligence and a tongue flickered out briefly, startling Harry.

"Introduce yourself to it," Draco told him. "Tell it you're its master."

"Hullo, I'm Harry Potter," Harry said, easily slipping into Parseltongue. "I'm your new master. You will be doing as I say from now on."

The engraved snake winked at him and hissed its acquiescence. Draco's loud moan echoed through the bedroom.

"You cunning little slut," Harry told him fondly. "Trust you to try and get as much satisfaction out of your gift to me as possible."

Draco had never made any secret of just how much he enjoyed it when Harry spoke Parseltongue.

"Give it an order," Draco wheezed.

Harry thought for a minute before hissing "Vibrate!" at the snake faced toy. Immediately the dildo started vibrating in his hand. "Faster." "Stop." "Grow colder." "Warmer."

The toy obeyed each of Harry's orders immediately and accurately.

"Grow longer. Thicker. Smaller. Turn into a pyramid, a sphere. Grow spikes, ridges. Turn back to how you were in the beginning."

"Merlin, this is amazing! You are a genius, Draco."

The toy was absolutely perfect. How did Draco always know exactly what Harry wanted, even when Harry himself didn't?

Harry couldn't wait to try it out on Draco. He sat at the foot of the bed and laid his hand on one of Draco's bony ankles. He stroked along the firm, slim calf, feeling the tickle of fine blond hair, his eyes drawn to the revealed pink puckered entrance.

Eyes on his prize, Harry moved up the bed until he was kneeling between Draco's spread legs. He put the toy down and placed both his hands on Draco's knees. Slowly moving his palms up the inside of the spread thighs, he caressed the impossibly soft skin and pushed them up and even wider open, until the tantalising little opening was on even better display.

"Hold yourself there; don't move," he ordered, and released his grip.

A shiver of satisfaction went down his spine as he saw Draco's thighs and stomach tremble with the effort of keeping himself wide open without the help of his hands. Harry leaned down, nuzzling Draco's beautifully rounded balls for a second before moving lower. He pressed his nose against the hidden skin just beneath them and inhaled deeply, taking in the familiar addictive scent. He flicked his tongue briefly over Draco's small pink pucker to enjoy the feeling of it fluttering under his tongue and Draco's high sharp cry.

Grinning to himself, he gave a couple more short teasing licks until Draco's whole body was trembling, his toes curling. Harry licked a long line up the underside of Draco's leaking cock and sat back to smirk at his flushed, panting mess of a lover.

"You like that, don't you?" he asked smugly, rubbing his own hard cock through the thick material of his trousers. "You like it when I tease and lick your little hole, don't you?"

Draco just moaned in answer, his pale eyes wide and unblinking, his luscious pink lips soft and open. His thighs were still trembling with the effort of keeping them in position.

"What shall I do? Shall I lick that greedy little hole of yours until you come? Shall I make you all wet and sloppy and loose?"

Harry looked at Draco contemplatively, watching his eyes darken even more in arousal and his pink tongue dart out to wet his lips.

"Or would you rather I open you up with my fingers, get you nice and ready and lubed up, and then use my new toy on you? Would you rather that, hmm? Your choice, Draco."

Harry sat back and smirked at Draco, lazily stroking his clothed erection. Draco was trembling and panting, his head thrashing from side to side.

"Harry, Harry, Harry," he whined.

Harry loved making Draco choose what exquisite torment Harry would inflict on him. He loved seeing his normally decisive and controlling lover come apart into a mess of

inarticulate indecision. He loved seeing him flounder and short-circuit under an overload of desire and need.

Harry caressed Draco's ankle soothingly. "You know I won't do either unless you choose, baby."

Draco was close to hyperventilating, his inability to decide almost overcoming him. Harry continued to pet him tenderly.

"Shh, shh, love. You can do it." Harry told him gently, trying to calm him. "And whatever you choose, you know I'll make it very very good for you." At that Harry couldn't help grinning devilishly.

"I... I..." Draco stuttered brokenly. "I want... I need... Harry, both! Please, Harry, both! I want you, I need... both."

Harry's grin grew even wider, turning into a satisfied smirk.

"Are you sure, baby?" he asked. "You remember what the penalty for being a greedy little slut and choosing both is, don't you? You know I won't forget or let you off."

Draco whimpered and moaned, still wriggling and writhing impatiently on the bed.

"Yes. Yes, Harry. I'm sure. I don't care. Both... *please?*"

"Don't you worry, love. I'll do it. You know it's your choice," Harry answered. "My greedy little baby," he added fondly, arousal and anticipation crashing over him at the delicious thought of Draco's penalty.

Draco was so used to being spoiled and getting everything he wanted, that making him choose between two pleasures he coveted equally was a sure-fire way of breaking down his control and turning him into a pliant mess of need and desire. Harry had often enjoyed using that successfully in their games, until the time when Draco had broken down, wanting both options so much that he just couldn't choose, and used his safe word. Harry had laughed and called him greedy and spoiled, and then had cuddled him close, kissing him on the nose and promising to find a solution.

It had turned out to be easy enough. Every time Draco broke and couldn't choose, because he honestly wanted both so much, he could ask for both, as long as he understood that he would have to submit to the penalty of wearing his chastity belt for three days and nights.

The chastity belt was the first and last present Harry had got Draco that Draco had not liked. Harry had immediately fallen in love with the device the moment he had seen it in the shop. It was so beautifully crafted, yet so imposing and efficient. Strong, hard stainless steel with locks on the front and the back. It fit Draco like a glove, and Harry had got the biggest thrill out of wearing the keys on a chain round his neck, knowing that was the only way to release Draco from his confinement.

Draco had hated the device with a fiery passion from the first time they had tried it out. As a result, Harry had sadly put it away, resigned to never using it again. That is, until he had needed to find a suitable penalty for their games. Something that Draco wouldn't enjoy, something that would seriously make him think twice about taking the greedy, easy route.

"Oh, baby," Harry cooed, his mouth already watering at the thought. "I'm going to enjoy locking you up, so so much. Mmm, yes I am."

Draco mewled and moved his foot impatiently under Harry's hand, not wanting to be reminded of his forfeit.

"You're right," Harry said. "It's not time for that yet. Now it's time to take care of you. Don't worry, I'll take very good care of you. I'll do everything I promised. You won't regret a thing."

And with that, Harry laid both his palms against the soft insides of Draco's thighs, helping keep them open for him, and dived in.

He nuzzled and snuffled around in the warm, damp crevice, then started laying hot open-mouthed sucking kisses everywhere he could reach. He delicately nipped at the pulsing rim and laved it soothingly with his tongue.

Harry kissed and licked until Draco was sopping wet and pleading for more. Only then did he start pushing his tongue into the quivering opening, just little shallow teasing jabs at first. Just enough to make Draco thrash, and plead, and beg, and demand.

"More. Deeper. Please, *I need it!*"

Chuckling, Harry gripped Draco's thighs even harder and pushed them impossibly further apart, and then buried himself as deep as possible between them. He mercilessly thrust his tongue as deep as he could, caressing and stroking the sensitive inner walls. He licked and sucked, slobbered and nibbled, and rooted around happily, thoroughly enjoying Draco's high pitched cries of pleasure and breathless constant demands and pleas for more, and for Harry to never stop.

As if Harry would ever stop, when he could feel Draco so close to the edge underneath him. Draco was wound so tight, it was only a matter of minutes before he snapped. Harry rocked his hips against the bed, trying to give some relief to his throbbing cock. He could feel the uncomfortable sticky dampness that soaked his underwear, and the stiff unyielding fabric of his jeans that almost chaffed, but he didn't stop for a second.

His efforts became more relentless as Draco's cries got sharper and louder. Harry slipped a finger in next to his tongue, rapidly locating Draco's prostate and mercilessly rubbing against it until Draco's cries finally dissolved into one long drawn out wail, and his body thrashed violently, his thighs almost escaping Harry's firm grip, and his back arching into an impossible bow, as he came. Harry continued to lick and suck at the clenching pucker as Draco slowly came down, aftershocks still coursing through his body.

Draco started whimpering and trying to shy away, yet Harry continued to tease and nibble at his oversensitive hole for long moments longer, until the whimpers turned to halting cries and pleas for him to stop. With one final kiss on the swollen pucker, Harry eventually retreated, sliding his hands softly down Draco's thighs to rest gently on his knees, and hold him open at a more comfortable angle.

Harry breathed deeply, trying to bring himself back from the edge. The last thing he wanted to do was come in his underwear like some inexperienced teenager, no matter how much the sight in front of him made him want to do just that.

Draco was trembling slightly and covered in a light sheen of sweat. Long, sticky white ropes of ejaculate coated his chest and throat; some had even managed to splatter his cheek and his damp blond hair. His loosened opening was tinged a beautiful, tender red, and his spent cock lay soft and delicate against his thatch of wiry blond hair. Like always, he had come without being touched. Draco had proved to be the most responsive lover Harry could have possibly dreamed of.

Harry felt a soft expression steal over him as he gazed at his lover's face. Draco looked sated and sleepy, like he always did after he had come. A small satisfied smile curled his lips, and thick fair eyelashes fanned over his still pink cheeks. This was Harry's and Harry's alone to witness and enjoy, this soft trusting vulnerability in his normally prickly and sharp lover. Harry started rubbing his hands in soft circles over Draco's knobby knees, as much to ground himself in the moment as to remind Draco that he was still there.

"I told you I would take care of you, love," he said quietly. "That was good, wasn't it?"

Draco hummed dazedly in response, already dozing off.

"Yes," Harry told him, "I'll give you some time to recover. Just a moment to come down before we continue."

And then he fell silent. Harry loved these soft in-between moments, where they stood suspended in time, just the two of them, with no words or actions necessary. He

loved how close he felt to Draco at these times and how full of contentment he was.

Slowly the dreamy tranquil feeling ebbed away, as hot arousal and need filled Harry once more. He saw Draco's eyes flutter open as he hummed and wriggled around to get more comfortable. Harry slid his hands down the soft insides of his thighs to rest once more near the top. He gently pushed them slightly wider, and Draco moaned in response.

"Are you ready for more, love?" he asked. "Don't forget, we still haven't used my new toy yet..."

"Mmm. Yes. More," Draco sighed, lethargic and content. "Yes, please, more."

Harry laid a little row of butterfly kisses along the insides of his spread legs as he pushed them as open as he could.

"Don't worry, baby," he said. "I'll go slow. You'll be begging for it soon enough."

Draco simply hummed in satisfaction and arched his back like a big lazy cat. Harry spent a couple of minutes just stroking and kissing Draco, waiting as he slowly became more alert and eager. Draco's breath began to gently hitch and his cock twitched and showed signs of coming back to life.

Harry released his hold on Draco, cupping one hand and murmuring a soft spell, filling it with warm, sweet-smelling lubricant. Draco murmured appreciatively, recognising the smell, and wriggled his hips. Slowly, teasingly, Harry circled Draco's still damp opening with a well lubricated finger, carefully spreading the ointment all around.

Once he was happy that the area was sufficiently sloppy and dripping with lube, Harry started shallowly pushing his finger inside. His jabs were short and fast, guaranteed to drive Draco crazy with frustration. Predictably enough, it didn't take Draco long to start whining and pleading once more.

"Harry! Pleeese, just shove it in!"

Harry smiled and continued toying with Draco's hole, twisting and rotating his finger and getting it well and truly lubricated, but not pushing any further in than the first knuckle.

"Why should I go any deeper?" he asked, goading Draco. "I'm having plenty of fun like this."

"Because you bloody well promised you would, that's why!" Draco screeched.

"Yes, I did, didn't I?" Harry answered, pretending to contemplate it. "And I always keep my promises, don't I?"

"Yes! Yes, you do. Please!" Draco's voice was reaching ear splitting levels, and Harry had never been so glad they had no neighbours.

However, Harry continued with the shallow teasing. "I never said *when* I'd do it. Why should I rush it? Give me one good reason."

"Because... because..." Draco gasped.

"Yes?" Harry asked eagerly.

"Because I'm an impatient slut!" Draco shouted desperately.

"Yes, you are, baby. And why else?" Harry egged him on, eager to hear more.

"Because I have a greedy shameless little hole that just wants to be filled!" Draco cried, willing to say anything to get what he wanted.

Harry's cock jumped and throbbed at the words. "That's right, baby," Harry growled, voice dark and husky. "My beautiful spoiled baby. Your over-eager hole is just gagging for it, isn't it?"

"Yes! Yes! Give it to me please!" Draco writhed urgently, trying his hardest to impale himself further on Harry's teasing finger.

"Right." And with that he jammed his finger as far in as it would go and started pumping it hard and fast.

"Yes, just like that," Draco sighed in relief.

After a couple of swift thrusts, Harry replaced his finger first with two and then three, using plenty of lubricant, but barely giving Draco any time to adjust.

Once Harry was satisfied Draco was stretched enough, he withdrew his fingers and picked up the silver toy. He stroked his fingers down its sleek sides, getting it slick and lubricated as he enjoyed the feel of it in his hands.

Draco began whining and complaining again as Harry contemplated the toy and its possibilities. Suddenly, in one powerful move, Harry thrust the whole thing inside Draco, right up to the base. Draco screamed and shuddered, and the snake head on the dildo seemed to hiss in approval.

Without even giving Draco time to take breath, Harry pulled the dildo almost completely out, and slammed it back in again, and again, until the room echoed with Draco's yelps and groans and breathless pants.

When Harry's arm started to ache from the effort, and Draco was loose enough for the dildo to slide in and out easily, Harry pushed it as far inside as it would go, and let go to retreat to the foot of the bed. He sat comfortably for a couple of moments, rubbing his still-trapped erection and staring at Draco's red opening as it stretched wide around the dildo. Harry slowly opened his trousers to finally free his cock as Draco started predictably whinging once more. He lazily palmed his dripping length as he hissed his first order at the toy and Draco shuddered.

"Grow," he told it. "Widen and lengthen."

Harry could swear the snake face smirked at him before obeying. Immediately Draco started writhing, as if trying to escape, and his whines turned into high pitched pained moans. He began to tremble and gasp, curl his toes and clench his fists, and still Harry let the toy slowly grow.

Only when Draco's whole body was bright pink and shaking violently with exertion, and his eyelashes were damp with tears, did Harry order it to stop. He gave Draco a couple of minutes to get his breathing under control and calm his trembling down, before talking to the dildo again.

"Writhe like a snake," he said, and Draco yelped and started thrashing wildly on the bed, the handcuffs rattling against the bed frame.

"Start vibrating," he told it.

Harry brought his other hand down to massage his balls as he continued pumping his cock in long slow strokes, completely mesmerised by the view. Draco was crying and pleading, his body jerking uncontrollably as if he was being shocked, yet he never once uttered his safe word.

Harry stared greedily at Draco's thrashing body, relishing every high-pitched, hoarse or broken sound he made, and spent a couple of minutes pondering how else he could torment his lover with the brilliant dildo.

"Grow colder," he ordered it finally, and Draco immediately jumped.

Gradually Draco's whines and moans took on a desperate, broken quality as he shook his head from side to side, tears streaming from his eyes.

"Stop, stop," he panted hoarsely.

Harry left it a little bit longer and ordered the dildo to warm up again and stop moving. Draco's loud sigh of relief was almost deafening, but only short-lived, because Harry almost immediately ordered the snake toy to start sending pulsing shocks directly to Draco's prostate.

As Draco's breathing sped up and his cries got louder and closer together, Harry started to crawl back up the bed until he was kneeling exactly between the blond's spread thighs. As soon as he heard the telltale hitch in Draco's breathing, he quickly ordered the dildo to send one last strong shock and then slither out Draco's opening to drop onto the bed. Harry took a brief second to stare at the loose red hole in front of him, before Draco's back started arching once more.

Losing no time, Harry grabbed Draco's thighs in an unforgiving grip and slammed his hard cock into Draco's accepting hole just as it began pulsing as he came. He rode through Draco's exploding orgasm, fully enjoying the way Draco pulsed and clenched around him.

Once Draco slumped down, spent and boneless, Harry gripped his legs tighter, pulling his hips up, and started thrusting into him in a rough, merciless rhythm. The handcuffs rattled and the bedsprings creaked, as Harry's thrusts got stronger and wilder as he crested higher and higher, chasing his release. Under him, Draco let out soft pained grunts and twitched occasionally, but otherwise just accepted Harry's use without protest.

Finally, with one last punishing push and a loud heartfelt groan, Harry came, pulsing hot liquid deep inside Draco. He rested a second before pulling out, and then spent long moments gazing at the battered, swollen hole in front of him.

"Keep it," he whispered hoarsely to Draco. "Don't let a drop escape."

Draco grunted with exertion and his thighs trembled as he tried to clench his loosened opening. Harry caressed the sensitive rim with a teasing finger, enjoying Draco's gasp and flinch and then grasped the toy, and smoothly slid it into Draco once more, pushing it firmly all the way in. Draco whined and tried weakly to escape.

"Shh, you can do it, baby," Harry said comfortingly as he slithered up his lover's body to lie next to him.

Harry curled up comfortably next to Draco. He waved a hand briefly over them to clean up all the cooling come and sweat and then rested it just above Draco's pubic hair to softly massage the skin there.

"I know you can go all night," Harry whispered hotly in his ear. "I can certainly go all night, and this is just the beginning."

Draco whined softly, but otherwise didn't disagree.

Harry gave Draco a soft kiss on his tear damp cheek, then whispered a command in Parseltongue, delighting in how he immediately started whimpering and trembling as the dildo started vibrating once more.

The night was still young, and they were going to have so much fun!

Fin.