

Powdered Potter

by HogwartsHoney

Harry is alone and wonders where Draco has disappeared to.

One

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: JK Rowling owns the Potterverse; I just play in it from time to time.

Warnings: AU, food play, oral, sexual situations, slash, smut, PWP.

A/N: Thanks to NSS for the lightning fast beta. This story popped into my head one morning, but I believe that the Muse *had* been drinking heavily.

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Harry woke, his groin throbbing. He'd had those dreams again, the ones with Draco between his legs, his grey eyes flashing in the morning light as he ran his tongue along Harry's shaft. In his dream, Harry could feel the heat of Draco's tongue on him, followed by the cooling air of the room on his sensitive flesh. Draco would lick the tip of Harry's cock with his flat tongue and then blow gently on the wet surface, a move that would make Harry lose all semblance of control.

He groaned and turned onto his side, desperately willing himself to be calm. It was always like this when he woke up alone; thoughts of Draco permeated every cell of his body, and whereas it was easier to deal with during his waking hours, the nights belonged to Draco. Their disagreement the night before had been over inconsequential things, and although Draco had left abruptly, he hadn't seemed angry. Harry hoped that all they needed was a little space.

He couldn't help being fixated on the blond. The aristocratic power that he possessed was like a beacon to Harry, and he had known that his failure to stay away wasn't really a failure. Draco had egged him on, taunted him, tormented him, and finally, one afternoon in a dark corridor, had touched him with his hands, his lips and his words. Harry hadn't realized that much of Malfoy's bravado was just that – a front. Draco had been drawn to Harry since their third year, and they had both tried to fight it by fighting each other for years. Peace was so much more productive, Harry thought.

Harry rose and bathed, frustrated with his solitude. He dragged on a pair of jeans and a t-shirt before running his hands through his still-damp hair, a move that typically made no difference. He heard the 'woosh' of the Floo and smiled – he'd known that Draco couldn't stay away for long.

They met at the stairs, Harry at the top landing and Draco with his foot on the first step. The smile on Harry's lips faded somewhat when he saw the intense stare of grey eyes, and Harry's eyes flickered to the box in Draco's hand before returning to his face. There was something indiscernible in those eyes, and uncertain shivers ran up Harry's spine.

Draco stalked up the staircase, his eyes never leaving Harry's. As he approached the top step, Harry stepped backwards, but Draco's expression never changed. Harry soon found himself back in his bedroom, his shoulders pushing the door open as Draco continued to advance. Harry was slightly nervous now; Draco still had not said a word and the indescribable 'something' in his eyes flared brighter than ever.

He watched as Draco set the box on the bed and removed his jacket. He then unbuttoned and removed his shirt and trousers, standing naked before Harry. Harry

swallowed thickly as his heart beat madly with both desire and uncertainty. That Draco wanted him was obvious – his erection stood out from his body – but he had said nothing. He walked towards Harry and pushed him down onto the bed, removing his t-shirt in one swift movement, and Harry's breaths were ragged and shallow. Draco then opened the box and removed a doughnut, covered with powdered sugar. Harry stared in disbelief as Draco placed his cock through the hole in the center and slid the treat down to the base, groaning at the gentle friction. Harry felt his desire pooling in his stomach and groin, and he blinked as Draco repeated the procedure with two more doughnuts, seating them firmly against the other. Harry was mesmerized by the gentle fall of powdered sugar onto Draco's bare feet and the wooden floor beneath them.

Draco finally stopped, and Harry looked into his eyes, stunned, his jeans tight and constricting around his own erection.

'Breakfast, Harry,' he said breathily, his voice unsteady with want.

Lust surged through Harry as he fully understood the implications of Draco's seduction, and he licked his lips before he slid off the bed and knelt at Draco's feet, reaching out to grasp the hips before him. He looked up once more at Draco's face; he was flushed with desire, his lips parted and dry. Harry closed his eyes as he felt another surge of lust wash through him in waves, and he bent his head to the task.

Harry began slowly, trying to eat the doughnuts one at a time by licking the powdered sugar off eagerly. The sugar high soon went to his head, and as Draco's hands grasped his hair, Harry bit into the doughy treats, eager to remove them from the real object of his intentions. Draco groaned above him as Harry used his lips, teeth and face to accomplish his task, grinding his forehead and cheeks into Draco's stomach and pubic hair, coating them both in sugar. Harry finally succeeded in removing all of the breakfast and went to work on cleaning Draco's cock of every last evidence of sugar. He licked the base and Draco moaned, leaning into Harry's face as he arched his back and his legs quivered. Harry was insatiable; he wanted every bit of the surface area in his mouth and moaned himself at the taste. The sickly sweet of the sugar combined with Draco's musky, salty skin was almost too much. Harry felt the burn inside him as his possessive nature took hold, and he latched on to Draco's cock with abandon. Draco cried out, and his hands gripped Harry's hair, convulsing as he came, hard and long, shooting into Harry's ready throat. Harry's head reeled, and he moaned at the contrasting taste, gripping Draco's hips harder as he continued to suck him down from his orgasmic high.

Breathing heavily and finally spent, Draco's legs weakened and he staggered to the bed, lying across it as he pulled Harry with him. Harry stretched out beside the gasping blond and kissed him soundly, running his tongue over those lips, those teeth, sucking and biting his tongue as though he were still giving a blowjob.

After an eternity, Draco drew back from the kiss and stared at Harry. His lips curled in a smile as he took in the powdered sugar still on Harry's cheeks, nose and chin.

'Powdered Potter. I shall have to remember how much you love sweets.'

Harry's eyes sparkled as they both grinned, and Draco captured his lips once more in a searing kiss, erasing sweet and salt from Harry's mind.

~fin~