

Damp Dreams

by del

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Forest green satin sheets were wrapped around his pale, lean body as he twisted and turned from side to side, unable to achieve a comfortable position. It was the second night he had been separated from his lover, and sleeping had never been so difficult in all his pampered life. Every time he closed his eyes that smile, those vivacious eyes, and that untidy mop would fall into place, and form the one thing that made his heart flutter. Harry Potter. His Harry.

But now he was asleep and dreams were plentiful.

Soon the laughing, smiling face of his beloved became something else, something more erotic. Even in his dreams, he could see Harry's passion flushed face as if his eyes were fixated on it. The way a thin layer of sweat dotted his upper lip, how his eyes rolled back into his head, and how all of his rippling muscles flexed and contracted visibly. Both of Draco's hands fisted in the bed linens beside him as his legs bent, bending his knees and putting his feet flat on his mattress, under the heavy comforter, arching his back slightly at the mere vision of Harry in such a position.

His erection was prominent, brushing his stomach as he twisted and panted in sexual agony while he dwelled in slumber. His mind painted the image of Harry knelt between his legs, kissing his stomach tenderly and sliding his hands over his sides to hold him imprisoned. Reflexes took over, and Malfoy pushed up with his feet as if Harry was actually above him, wanting to rush the Gryffindor into some other line of action involving his delectable mouth.

One of his hands slid down his torso toward his painfully throbbing manhood. His head tipped back against the pillows, spilling blonde hair out over the dark colors, as he dreamt of Harry licking furtively over the underside of his cock. Immediately the tips of his fingers danced over the places Potter was selectively lapping at. A silent, near inaudible moan escaped his chaffed lips and his hips moved into the touches of his fingers. Even in his dreams there was nothing that compared to the feeling of Harry's lurid tongue skimming his erection.

Both of his legs parted, pressing his outer thighs against the bed when he arched his back painfully and grabbed his leaking, jerking appendage with both hands. One hand shackled around the base of his dick and the thumb of his other hand followed Harry's tongue as it swirled around his opening, collecting all the dollops of fluids he was helplessly leaking. Another noise slipped through his lips, a whimper that made both hands tighten around his meat.

The familiar white hot coiling began in his stomach and the muscles of his lower abdomen dramatically constricted. He could see and feel Harry's mouth firmly wrapped around his erection, eagerly sucking and pulling at it. His body involuntarily convulsed, shuddering and trembling dramatically against his satin sheets and pillows. Pale brows furrowed together in concentration, in agony as he felt himself begin to spasm. The springs of his bed creaked louder around him as his body thrashed around in a tortured way.

"Harry," he whimpered out to himself, completely alone in his deserted bedroom. Twisting his hands, moving them up and down his cock, he turned his head to the side, pressing it against his shoulder as he peered down his sweat covered body at Harry. Both of his passionately glazed eyes flew open and saw that his hands were what was really wrapped around his pubescent sex, furiously working at it, and not Harry's mouth. A surprised "oh!" slipped through his mouth and into the air as he squeezed his eyes shut tightly and gritted his teeth.

Fat rivulets of his white come spurted against his comforter, dripping down his hands and back around his waning member. Completely exhausted, and flushed with the aftermath of the most intense masturbation session he had ever had, he went limp against his now sweaty, smelly, sticky bed. His eyes fluttered shut sleepily as he stretched out comfortably, uncharacteristically ignoring the mess he had made, and once again he drifted off to sleep. To a place where Harry's face always haunted him.