All Tied Up

Draco and Harry returned to their room after Tea with Hagrid, eating lunch while talking about the trip to Hogsmeade Village in a few days. This year was proving to be one of the coldest, frost already showing up on the edges of the windows. Students were starting to ask Draco and Harry about the possibilities of another party, curious to when they might host one of their own.

Draco stretched himself over the couch, his long slender legs hanging off the arm. "Uugghhh." He groaned.

"Serves you right for eating all those cookies and eating lunch so fast." Harry leaned over him, sticking his tongue out.

Draco glared with a smirk, grabbing Harry's head in his hands, pulling him into a long kiss.

Harry smiled into Draco's lips, kissing him again and again. "Damn your long arms." He chuckled, holding his cheeks in his palms.

Draco opened his eyes at the loss of contact, sitting up to see Harry sitting on the arm of the couch. "What is it?"

Harry held his wand to the side. "Accio Draco's tie." He said slowly, staring at Draco as he said it.

Draco leaned away slightly. "Harry? Why are you looking at me like that?" He asked, suddenly feeling slightly anxious.

Harry looked at the tie in his hand, stroking the Slytherin snake pin on the silk with his thumb. "Come to bed with me." He stood up, slowly walking backwards.

Draco stood, raising a brow as he watched Harry disappear into the closed curtains. "What are you up to?" He asked nervously, slipping into the curtains.

Harry grabbed Draco as soon as the curtains closed, pushing him down flat on his stomach.

"Oy! Harry what the?!" Draco didn't finish his sentence, blushing hard as Harry sat on his lower back.

Harry leered down at Draco, rubbing his back with his hand. "Put your hands up against the headboard."

Draco looked up at the headboard, glaring. "And why would I do that?" He growled, looking over his shoulder.

Harry pushed his erection against Draco's back. "I want to try something...don't you trust me?"

Draco was glad it was dark, his whole face felt like it was burning. "I do but-"

Harry leaned down, nuzzling his face into Draco's silver hair. "Then do as I ask of you." He whispered in his ear, biting playfully at it.

Draco turned his head back to look at the headboard, slowly bringing his hands forward till his fingertips touched the solid wood.

"Such a good prince." Harry teased, running his fingers down Draco's back. He pointed his wand at the headboard, transfiguring the solid headboard so that wooden rods appeared.

"Harry I don't like this..." he looked behind him to see Harry making a duplicate of his tie.

"You know I'd never hurt you." Harry slowly removed Draco's shirt, pulling it over his head and arms.

Draco flinched slightly as Harry tied both his wrists to the posts, wrapping his fingers around the knots. "But you're restraining me...why?"

Harry made sure the ties weren't too tight, moving down to squeeze Draco's ass in his hands through through denim. "You'll see...I promise you'll enjoy it."

Draco looked over his shoulder, watching Harry remove his sneakers, socks, and jeans.

Harry settled between Draco's legs, looking up at him. "Look straight."

Draco turned his head back, getting hard very fast at Harry's hands rubbing his ass. "Wait...what are you doing?"

Harry slowly pulled down Draco's briefs, kissing his right cheek.

Draco stiffened, wanting so badly to look behind him. What is he doing?! He's too close to...oh god..."Harry..."

Harry spread Draco's cheeks apart with both hands, blowing hot air on Draco's tight virgin hole.

Draco pulled at the green ties around his wrists, wiggling slightly. He couldn't find the words to speak.

Harry swiped his tongue over Draco's hole, licking at the center of it.

"Ahhh!!!" Draco yelled in surprise, freezing at such a feeling. "What was that?!"

Harry lapped at the opening, poking his tongue against it. "It's so hot...and tight." He whispered, pushing Draco's legs wider.

Draco's jaw hung open, unable to keep calm. "Oh my!" He moaned, feeling his skin twitch against Harry's tongue.

Harry sucked his mouth fully around Draco's hole, sticking his tongue slightly inside as the skin softened.

"Uhhh!!! H-Harry!" Draco moaned, pleasure rushing to his cock. This feels so wet!!He thought to himself, gripping the wooden rods in his fingers.

Harry reached under Draco, putting his knees under him so his ass raised up. "You like that?" He moaned, pushing his tongue in as far as he could.

Draco moaned with each insert of Harry's tongue, his thighs spreading wider. "Yes!" He finally answered, his ass quivering against the wet flat tongue.

Harry took his hand down to cup Draco's balls, squeezing lightly.

Draco came, shooting onto the sheets, his legs shaking.

Harry didn't stop, he continued to tongue fuck Draco's ass, reaching under with one hand to start pumping him.

"Wait! Uhh!!!" Draco thrusted his cock against Harry's hand, overwhelmed by his sensitivity.

"Mmmm!" Harry moaned as his tongue fucked Draco even deeper, catching the edge of his prostate with the tip of his tongue. His hand sped up, pumping tightly as his fingers teased the slit.

Draco's eyes glassed over, his whole body a slave to the immense pleasure that rocked his body. "What....are you doing to me?!" He struggled to say between his shaky moans.

Harry lifted his head, taking his hand to Draco's ass, spanking his pale ass, pushing his finger inside. "Such a slut." He hissed, licking his balls as his finger rubbed him on the inside.

Draco cried, moaning so loudly. He felt himself getting close again, squeezing the silk in his hands.

"Come for me my Snake Prince." Harry slithered, pushing a second finger in Draco's ass, massaging his prostate roughly.

Draco came for the second time, coming into Harry's hand. His whole body trembled down to his toes, collapsing flat on the mattress.

Harry rubbed Draco's back gently as he pulled his fingers out, casting a cleaning spell on them both and the bed. He gently untied Draco's wrists.

Draco laid there silent, all he could do was lie there as he rode out his orgasm.

Harry crawled back up, cuddling next to Draco as he waited for him to relax.

"Harry..." Draco whimpered, looking at Harry next to him.

"Yes Draco?" Harry smiled, gently pulling Draco to his chest.

"That was...I have never felt something so..." Draco could barely form a sentence.

"Intense?" Harry suggested, kissing his forehead.

Draco nodded, burying his face into Harry's neck.

Harry listened to Draco start to quietly snore, realizing he fell asleep. He smiled, embracing him. "Nap time I guess." He closed his eyes.

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Down the hallways of the dungeons was Severus's rooms, guarded by multiple wards when he wasn't teaching. He left his room, darting out of the Dungeon.

Severus sped down the last part of the Dungeons, his cape swishing side to side as he walked up the steps.

The entrance by the big stairs was teeming with students, all loitering and running around with their friends. Whispers about the upcoming trip to Hogsmeade rushed through the crowds.

Severus sneered at multiple students as he made his way to the Library.

Professor Filch kept close behind, letting Mrs. Norris free to catch up to Severus up ahead.

"MRRROOW!!!" Mrs. Norris meowed most loudly in desperation to make Severus stop.

Severus continued, going to the top floor of the shelves. "What do you want cat? Bored today I presume?"

She brushed against Severus's leg, circling him in need.

"Sir if I could have a word..." Professor Filch snuck behind moments later.

Severus rolled his eyes with a smack of his tongue. "Of course, I should have known with this furball that you would be close behind." He sat on one of the misplaced ottomans that a student must have forgotten to put back.

"Sir forgive me, but Head Master has put me in charge of watching you...she says you seem very tired lately." Professor filch bowed his head slightly, not wanting to give off the wrong idea.

"Very well...what do you want? Make it quick I have no patience for you up my arse today." Severus growled dryly.

"Sir...the ministry thinks you might have to be checked into St. Mungo's to have a Healer check you." Professor Filch informed very gently.

Severus got too close, making a disgusted face. "You pathetic Squib...what's to say that I don't beat you for such daring words?"

Professor Filch cowered slightly, holding his hands infront of himself. "Please Sir I am only the messenger!" He lowered himself.

"Very well...I shall go talk to Head Master and find out what I need...as for you!" Severus snapped, smacking Filch rather hard, leaving a sting. "Be gone before I do the same to you as the ministry did to Mrs. Norris!"

Professor Filch collected Mrs. Norris, fleeing with fear as he disappeared out of the library.

Severus went back down to the first floor, stepping over the boundaries of the restricted section. He looked around, making sure nobody was watching.

"Oh dear tsk tsk tsk." A rude voice echoed in the otherwise silent library.

Severus rolled his eyes. "Not now Peeves."

"Oh but my dear Potions Master what shall I do with you???" Peeves floated over, watching menacingly.

"Disperse!!! I do not have time! There's dark magic in the works...Greyback has escaped." Severus glared.

"Oh the wolf man? Yes I do see how that would be a problem!!! But what does that have to do with your naughty arse in the restricted section hmmm???" Peeves teased, flying through Severus.

"Gahh! I am busy!" Severus yelled, throwing a small book at him. "O with you!!!"

"You silly little man! They may have put you in defense against the dark arts but all you'll be is a potions loser!" Peeves cackled. "I fancy you but let it be known I know you! What could you do?!"

Severus scoffed in irritation, finding a forbidden potions book and dark magic offense book. "I might not be here much longer...so I have to find information and guidance to protect the innocent!"

"Oh yes! I overheard some teachers and the Ministry worrying over your mental health! And it seems that you haven't fully recovered!" Peeves hovered very closely, making faces.

"Times like this I wish I could slap you!" Severus growled loudly, leaving the restricted section, taking a few books with him.

Peeves just laughed loudly, slowly stopping as Severus had left.

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By the time it was Dinner time on Saturday evening, students gathered tired and famished in the Great hall. Draco and Harry decided to join their friends for food and socializing.
Some of the students were still very wary of the Slytherin's, rumors racing through the castle about Greyback and if any of the students who came back for a makeup year knew anything about it.

Draco sat at the very end of the Slytherin table with Harry, taking solace in the safety of the teachers just a few feet away from him. He sat ontop of the table cross legged, eating a plate of grilled vegetables and poached fish.

Harry sat directly infront of Draco, not even bothering to hide his affections for him. He rubbed Draco's leg while he read the Daily Prophet from earlier that morning, stuffing his face with grilled chicken and rice.

"Reading that again? You'll drive yourself crazy with worry." Draco expressed his concern, glaring at Pansy down at the other side of the table.

"Atleast I'm not making scowling faces at my friends." Harry poked Draco's shin.

"Hey! They are not my friends! Especially not after the whole Goyle thing." Draco growled, turning back to see Pansy moving closer.

"I understand Goyle, Millicent, and Theodore not being in your life...but do you really need to snub Pansy and Blaise? She hasn't done anything to us since the whole library incident." Harry poked him again.

"Yes alright!" Draco snapped, smacking Harry's hand away. "I'll talk to her at some point, enough with the poking!" He whined.

Harry giggled, moving his cross body bag to block the right side view. "Why? Afraid someone will see?" He whispered, slipping his hand up Draco's thigh under the plate.

Draco jumped slightly, looking around nervously. "Stop that!" He glared down at Harry.

Harry slid his hand higher, covering his hand over Draco's crotch.

Draco's eyes widened, frozen where he sat. "Harry no!" He hissed.

"Relax Draco." Harry continued to whisper, stroking his fingers against it.

Draco blushed royally, feeling completely scandalized. "Harry p-please." He closed his eyes nervously, starting to get hard.

Harry leaned his body slightly to block the other side of view, making sure nobody could see where his hand was.

Draco swallowed hard, feeling Harry's fingers rubbing him through the denim. "You can't p-possibly expect me t-!" He bit his lip, fully hard now.

Harry went back to slowly eating his dinner with one hand, while his other hand teased and pleasured Draco's cock.

Draco's right hand picked his fork back up, pushing the food around the plate that covered his lap. "Oh no." He whispered to himself, taking in a shaky breath seeing Pansy walking his way.

Harry smirked as he chewed his food, his hand rubbing Draco's cock more roughly now, stopping occasionally to brush his fingertips over the head of his cock.

Pansy came over, unaware of what was happening, standing behind Draco. "Draco!" She called irritatingly.

Dracos eyes clenched tightly shut. No no no not now!!He cursed to himself internally. "What do you want Pansy?"

Harry chuckled as he looked up at Draco, squeezing his fingers around Draco's hardness.

"I want to talk to you." Pansy crossed her arms.

Draco put his left arm against his leg to create a bigger vision barrier. "Pansy this isn't a very good time." He tried not to whimper, feeling fingers teased his tip.

Harry felt Draco's cock leak under his jeans, poking and rubbing at the wet spot.

"It's never a good time for you is it?!" Pansy yelled. "When will you stop freezing me out?!" There was desperation in her voice.

Draco dropped his fork, unable to hold it anymore, covering his face in his hand. He choked back a moan, sighing heavily. "I will come visit the Slytherin common room tonight is that g-good enough?!"

Pansy stood, looking curiously at Draco but she thought better of it. "Fine, thank you..."

Draco leaned forward slightly, afraid she'd see. "Yes good, leave me be." He pleaded, biting down on his finger.

Harry pumped against Draco's cock faster, feeling him twitch inside his pants. He tickled his fingertips side to side, wishing he could lick the slit. Instead he stroked his pointer finger over the slit and sensitive underside of the head.

Pansy walked away, going back to Millicent and Theodore.

Draco waited till she was gone, turning his head back to send daggers at Harry through his eyes. "You need to stop!" He hissed under his breath, shuddering at how close he was.

Harry glared back, pushing his hand firmly against Draco's cock. "Won't be long now will it?" He teased barely above a whisper, stroking from tip to base.

Draco's eyes fluttered shut as he gripped the sides of the plate. "Oh s-shit!" He hissed, his toes tightly curling in his sneakers. "Harry I can't we are infront o-of everyonnne!" He stuttered as he felt it coming.

Harry smirked widely, running his fingers up and down Draco's shaft. "Lean forward slightly and just let it go." Harry whispered gently.

Draco whined nervously, letting a quiet moan slip from his lips, swallowing dryly as he leaned forward with his elbows on his knees. "F-Fuck!" He hissed, covering his face with both hands as he came hard in his jeans.

Harry softly rubbed Draco's cock through his orgasm, looking around to see nobody even noticed.

Draco twitched as he calmed himself, rubbing the blush from his face. "You're so dead." He sighed, sliding back down to sit next to Harry.

Harry leaned his head on Draco's shoulder. "Whatever it is, it was so worth it!" He laughed.

Draco playfully punched Harry in the shoulder. "Arse!"

Harry pulled off his green Jumper, handing it to Draco. "You might wanna wear this till we get you changed." He pointed to Draco's lap.

Draco furrowed his brows in confusion, but he followed Harry's gaze to see a big damp spot on the side of his thigh. "Bloody hell!!!" He growled loudly, snatching the jumper to wrap it around his hips.

Harry pushed a new plate with dinner food items on it. "Now actually eat this time so we can finish and go talk to Seamus and Ron about a possible party for next weekend."

Draco got flashbacks to him standing naked infront of all the 8th years. "Party?"

"It will be more selective this time just a small group. No Theodore or Millicent I promise....and we won't have to worry about Goyle or anyone being rude." Harry reassured.

Draco felt slightly less stressed at the idea. "Where will it be this time?"

"Let's talk about it when we go to Gryffindor tower tonight after you talk to Pansy." Harry started finishing his dinner.

"Okay...oh man Pansy...what am I going to even say? Do I want her back as my best friend again?" Draco asked rhetorically, eating part of dumpling.

Harry rubbed Draco's back, leaning into him as they continued to eat.

Draco honestly missed Pansy very much, but he didn't want to be with someone who would put him in danger of his old life. If she becomes my friend again...what will she want from me? I feel like if I do this...I'll be making a deal with the devil...

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