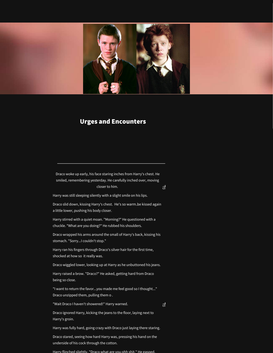

Urges and Encounters

Draco woke up early, his face staring inches from Harry's chest. He smiled, remembering yesterday. He carefully inched over, moving closer to him.

Harry was still snoring silently with a slight smile on his lips.

Draco slid down, kissing Harry's chest. He'd say it warm, he kissed again a little lower, pushing his body closer.

Harry stirred with a quiet moan. "Morning?" He questioned with a chuckle. "What are you doing?" He rubbed his shoulders.

Draco wrapped his arms around the small of Harry's back, kissing his stomach. "Sorry...I couldn't stop."

Harry ran his fingers through Draco's silver hair for the first time, shocked at how soft it really was.

Draco wiggled lower, looking up at Harry as he unbuttoned his pants.

Harry raised a brow. "Draco?" He asked, getting hard from Draco's loving caress.

"I want to return the favor...you made me feel good so thought..." Draco unzipped them, pulling them o

"You have big hands!" He gasped, feeling Draco rubbing him. Oh man those slender fingerprints but no matter his thought to himself, holding Draco's hair in his hands.

Draco gently pushed the hands down to Harry's knees, pulling the rest o...tossing them to the side. "You're very hard..." Draco leaning in, wrapping his fingers around Harry's cock.

Harry chuckled, those long fingers holding him was almost enough to come right there. "D-Draco" He moaned.

"I'm sorry, I'm nervous." Draco mentioned, inching down slightly. He started slowly pumping the middle of Harry's shaft, watching his face. He stuck his tongue out, licking the pre-come o Harry's tip.

"Jesus!" Harry gasped loudly, grabbing tightly onto Draco's shoulders. "Draco!"

Draco kept pumping slowly, giving a few experimental licks against the tip of Harry's cock.

Harry's mouth parted, getting even harder. "Oh fuck Draco!" He moaned each time Draco licked him, not expecting this at all.

Draco got comfortable with it, covering Harry's tip with his lips, sucking lightly as he swirled his tongue over it. His hand kept pumping slowly.

Harry started to breath heavier, his legs shaking. "D-Draco I won't last if you do that!" He groaned, his cock throbbing.

Draco sucked down further, taking half of Harry's cock in his mouth, bobbing his head. His hand moved to his balls, rubbing lightly.

Harry arched his back, feeling his face felt hot & explode as good. "Ahh your mouth is so warm!" He whined, moaning his hair up in his fingers. Oh god I'm gonna come! His mouth!!

Draco pushed his mouth fully over Harry's cock, gagging slightly.

Harry came without warning. "Uhhh! Draco!" He pulled his hair, running hard inside his mouth. "Oh fuck!" He shook, breathing heavily.

Draco removed his mouth, giving Harry a few light licks. "How did that feel?" He asked, crawling back up.

Harry laughed, still trying to calm his breath. "What the hell was that?! You just started to..." he couldn't even say it. He shook his head.

"I was curious...I just started wanting to...lick it." Draco smirked lightly.

"Well you fooled me if that was your first time doing that...damn." He tried moving, his hands moving back, he moved on his back.

Draco smiled, feeling embarrassed. "I liked it...did you?"

Harry nodded rapidly, hugging Draco. He didn't want to let go.

He should shower...Draco mentioned, seeing it was almost breakfast time. "We can find a way to sneak in the kitchen."

Harry looked at Draco with a smirk. "Ah!" He grabbed Draco's sides, kissing him.

Draco play pushed Harry. "Well come on then! Get clothes and lets go I'm hungry." He slid out of bed, grabbing baggy jeans and a Gryffindor Jumper.

Harry got up, noticing his cock was still hard. "Shit." He fixed himself, grabbing a pair of Gryffindor sweatpants and a plain green T-shirt.

Hermione and Luna were sitting at the Ravenclaw table, pulling eggs and bacon onto their plates. It was early but a lot of students were slowly coming in. Ron and Neville sat down at the Gryffindor table, complaining about advanced Herbology homework.

Fancy. Blaise, Theodore, and Gayle came in as a group, clearly looking for Draco. They scanned everyone in the Slytherin section but he wasn't there. "I'm telling you he won't be here! He's skipped meals all yesterday too." Theodore groaned.

Seamus came up suddenly, pulling Fancy out of the middle.

"Hey! Finnigan have you gone mental?! Let go of me!!" Fancy attacked Seamus's hand in her wrist.

"Cut the attitude Patronus! We have a problem and you need to fix it!" Seamus hissed.

"Let go of Fancy you fairy twit!" Gayle snapped.

"Back it Gayle!" Fancy warned, walking to the side with Seamus. "Now what is so awful that you felt you needed to kidnap me?!?" She yelled down her ear.

Seamus rolled his eyes. "Your lackey have been stalking Harry and Malfoy for the whole week we've been back."

"You're aware of that? I'm sure of them who's been trying to break that car?" Fancy snapped.

"Well it needs to stop! Did you have anything to do with with Ravenclaws who attacked Malfoy?" Seamus asked, making a disgusted face at Goyle and Theodore.

"How dare you accuse me of such brutality!" Fancy yelled, walking away from Seamus.

Seamus grabbed Fancy by the arm. "Patronus! you need to leave them both alone this isn't a joke!"

Fancy glared angrily at Seamus. "Let go of me...now."

Seamus let go. "I'm warning you, if anything happens to Harry you'll be sorry."

Fancy walked away, pushing the boys to the Slytherin table.

Seamus walked back to the Gry-stair table, which Hermione was pushing food into.

"Seamus, you alright?" Neville asked, scooting over.

"Have you talked to Harry at all?" Seamus asked, putting food on his plate.

Neville shook his head. "I only have advanced herbology with him and he doesn't sit with me...why? Is there something going on?"

Seamus shrugged, pouring orange juice. "Neville can you keep a secret?"

Neville nodded. "Is there is something wrong?"

Seamus pushed food around his plate. "Well you remember when Malfoy got attacked? Harry now lives with Malfoy and I think there's something else might be going on."

Neville furrowed his brow. "Seamus I don't think that's our business."

Neville nervously chewed on his sausage.

"Don't you want to know if their in a relationship?" Ron asked, shoving bacon and eggs on to hate each other." Seamus asked.

"I'm not a fan either..." Ron replied, scrunching his face up.

"I'm not aware of that! I'm sure of them who's been trying to break that car!" Harry snapped.

Seamus rolled his eyes. "I'm sure Harry is fine, walking to the world with Ravenclaws who attacked Malfoy?" Seamus asked, making a disgusted face at Goyle and Theodore.

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"I'm not a fan either..." Ron replied, scrunching his face up.

"Neville your always such a goody two shoes!" Seamus teased, trying to get a reaction out of Neville. "Well if you won't talk about it I'll find someone who will." Seamus got up, wandering out of the Great Hall.

Ron nervously finished his food, following Seamus a few minutes later. He made sure to stay far behind. All rumors of what was about to happen.

Seamus followed the changing wood of the ceiling up, making sure nobody saw him. He made it to the 7th floor, walking to the very end of the corridor.

Ron was making his way up the changing stairs, walking very slowly. He was trying to relax but part of his mind kept shouting to turn around.

Seamus paced back and forth very slowly, trying to summon the room of requirement. He was getting very frustrated, he needed to make a fit and it just not coming out right. He finished pacing a few times, watching a large hole-sized style door appear. "Finnie..." he pushed it open.

Inside was a small cozy room in Gry tailor colors and a bed in the back corner. There was a stone fireplace with a light brown leather loveseat infront of it.

Seamus smiled, closing the door behind him. He sat on the loveseat, petting his feet up on the matching ottoman.

Ron walked down the hallway of the 7th floor, stopping at the end. He stood infront of the large double door, afraid of to push it open. He knew Seamus was on the other end of it...

Seamus spelled the logs in the fireplace, walking over to the door to watch for Ron, part of him thought he wouldn't come.

Ron reached his hand out, shakily pressing it to the door. This is Seamus ridiculous! Why did I agree to this?! It's not gay and I've never even gotten aroused a Neville! Ron coughed to the door, pushing it down.

Seamus messy the doors open seeing Ron standing there.

Ron blushed across his cheeks, looking away. "Seamus...hi." He dropped his wand arm on the back of the couch as he looked into the room.

Seamus locked eyes with Ron, shaking his head. "Ron..."

Seamus blushed lightly, holding the door open. "Ellis Ron." He smiled, beckoning him in.

Ron walked in slowly, his stomach turning as he saw the bed in the corner. "Seamus...this room is..."

"Cozy?" Seamus mentioned, sitting on the edge of the bed. "It's my room I made so I wanted it to be comfortable." He smirked.

Ron pulled at his shirt nervously. "Seamus I think this is a bad idea." he felt his sweaty palms in his jean pockets.

Seamus patted a spot on the bed next to him. "Is that really what you think? Why don't you sit with me?"

Ron swallowed hard, forcing his feet to move. He sat next to Seamus, making a point to keep a gap between them. "I shouldn't have come you...it wasn't right of me."

Seamus grabbed Ron by the side of his jeans, pulling him closer. "Too late mate, you've already walked in the door." He smirked, placing his hand high up on Ron's thigh.

Ron stared wide-eyed at Seamus, crossing his leg over his knee. "Why did you say you're Finn?"

Seamus blushed with a smirk. "Because you're hot Ron, plus we've been friends for 7 1/2 years...I wouldn't be into with just anyone. I've did his hand down Ron's inner thigh, squeezing gently.

Ron couldn't help but smile, lightly on the compliment, he looked down at Seamus's hand. "What exactly do you want out of this?" He shakily put his hands down on his side.

"Well...we can both benefit from this." Seamus leaned in, giving a so with on Ron's neck. "Depending what you want."

"Oh god umm...I don't know!" Ron's heart pumped, getting harder.

Seamus moved up to the pillows. "Come over here." He pushed the cornflour down, moving the shams and bigger pillows away.

Ron stood up, walking over to the other side, sitting in the middle.

Seamus took his tie index knuckle o. Showing it. "Take o your shirt."

Ron's eyes widened. "Wait what?" He blinked rapidly as if Seamus had spoken in another language.

Seamus laughed, moving thigh to thigh. "Take o...your shirt." He said slowly.

"O-kay."

"Ron please." Seamus kissed Ron's cheek. "Do as I ask."

Ron glared slightly, but slowly pulled his lion head T-shirt o., dropping it.

"Whoah! Look at those triceps!" Seamus squeezed Ron's arms. "I thought you'd be chubby! What a pleasant surprise!" He pinched his cheek

"Hey! Knock it o." Ron chuckled. "I worked out alot this summer...it helped with the anxiety."

Seamus took his shirt o., taking Ron's hand. "Remember how I said my way?" He pulled him closer. "Tell me what you want, I need to hear it from you."

Ron squeezed Seamus's hand, breathing in roughly. "And what if I can't say it?"

Seamus sighed. "Then I walk out right now." He challenged. "Well Ron? Gonna tell me or not?"

Ron glared. "I want you to blow me." He just came out with it, his heart beating soundly from his own words.

Seamus didn't think Ron could actually say it. "You're definitely not straight." He placed a hand on his chest.

Ron looked away, his whole face burned. "What are you doing?"

Seamus pushed Ron down, climbing along o him. "I want something too." He leaned down, smirking.

Ron gasped, unable to hide his excitement. "Seamus!" He groaned, Seamus's ass was sitting right against his groin.

"I'll do this, I will you for something in return, Not today, but soon." Seamus made clear, pushing upwards into Ron's erection. "Is that fair?"

Ron shuddered, wincing from how hard he was. "Yes, yes that's fine." He breathed harshly.

Seamus slipped down with his knees on the wood floor. "Well alright then!" He grabbed Ron's legs, pulling his ass to the edge of the bed.

Ron yelped from the fast motion, feeling his button and zipper being undone. He sat up, looking himself up by his arms behind him. "Seamus no! It's not you're actually doing this."

Seamus roughly yanked Ron's jeans down to his ankles. "I can't wait!" He looked up at him with a wide smile. "Ready?"

Ron nodded, unprepared for what was about to happen.

Seamus pushed Ron's balls slightly, pulling Ron's boxers down.

Ron's cock smacked against his abdomen, already slightly wet.

Seamus's jaw dropped. "Fuck Ron," he just stared. "It's big." He reached into his pocket, pulling out a thin vial of clear liquid.

"What you got that for?" Ron asked.

Seamus covered his lips with the liquid. "Makes the lips so w." He smiled.

Ron's eyes widened, watching Seamus get closer. "A Wait."

Seamus wrapped his hand around Ron's meaty cock, pumping slowly.

Ron's gasped, having to push his hands against the sheets to keep balance.

Seamus rubbed Ron's thigh. "Here we go." He blushed, covering the top half with his mouth.

Ron gasped loudly, gripping the sheets in his hands. It was wet and hot, Seamus sucked up, making Ron's legs shake.

Seamus laughed around his cock, coming back up to suck the tip between his lips.

Ron's hands shakily raced his fingers in his hair, overwhelmed by Seamus's tongue. "Oh fuck Ahhhh"

Seamus bobbed his head, sucking up and down while he looked up at Ron. He snuck his hand down to his balls, bouncing them in his fingers.

"Oh damn, Seamus, don't Ahhh!" Ron struggled to keep his eyes open is fail to grand.

Seamus popped his mouth o. Ron's cock, licking down the underside, moving down to suck on his balls. He came back, sucking all of Ron's cock in his mouth.

Ron clenched his teeth shut, groaning roughly, it felt so good but he wanted it last longer. "I'm not gonna Seamus I'm not!" He moaned out loud, pushing Seamus's face down.

Seamus gagged harshly, deepthroating Ron.

Ron gripped Seamus's hair, coming down his throat. "Oh fuckkkk!!" His feet over slightly, shakily breathing out the rest of his orgasm.

Seamus slowly came back up, pumping the excess come out of Ron's cock. "So how was it? Are you enjoyed it?" He wiped his lips with his thumb, standing up.

Ron shakily got to his feet, a dazed look on his face. "Seamus where did you learn to do that?" He shuddered as he pulled his clothes back on.

Seamus sat on the arm of the couch. "Three years of practice thats where." He hugged.

Ron fell back down on the bed, his legs still jello. "It was so fast!"

Seamus smirked. "The first time only lasts less than two minutes usually." He pulled Ron to his feet, looking down. "You're still hard Ron...that's impressive." He rubbed his hand over Ron's bulge through his jeans.

Ron gasped, extremely sensitive. "Don't don't!! You sucked the life out of me!" He got chills down his legs.

Seamus chuckled. "I'll see you later Ron...don't forget that face!" I'll be asking for." He winked, walking out of the double doors.

Ron stood there, staring at the door. "Fuck." He looked down at himself, trying his sweatshirt around his hips.

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