

## Dick Slip

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# Dick Slip

by [andromaxeoftroy](#)

## Summary

Sirius has an unfortunate habit of walking around in a bathrobe—in *just* a bathrobe.

## Notes

dick slips in a bathrobe are so hot jfcccccccc

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Sirius has an unfortunate habit of walking around in a bathrobe—in *just* a bathrobe.

It's not unfortunate because Harry finds the idea disgusting or disagreeable in any way. No, it's unfortunate because Sirius is basically dangling himself in front of Harry and it's slowly driving him mad.

The bathrobe in question comes down to the man's ankles. It is black, incredibly thin from use, and prone to loosening around the crotch area, giving Harry the perfect view of his godfather's big cock.

And it is *big*.

Harry can see the outline of it regardless of what Sirius is wearing, but the bathrobe just accentuates it. Harry's eyes are immediately drawn to it whenever Sirius walks into the room. He's seen the whole thing too, on more than one occasion. It's uncircumcised, but the bloody thing is so large and meaty the foreskin is always pulled back a bit over the head. Harry can't tell the amount of times he's wanted to put his tongue there, lick under it and taste Sirius' essence. He's wanked off to the fantasy plenty. Under his cock, hang a pair of shaved, pendulous balls, each the size of a lemon. Harry doesn't think he would be able to fit more than one in his mouth at a time, though he'd certainly try.

Sirius always lumbers into the kitchen in his robe, lazily tightened and clinging to his thin, muscular frame, and makes himself a coffee before sitting down at the table with a copy of the *Daily Prophet*. Harry will usually be in the middle of eating breakfast. His godfather always sits at the head of the table, but at an angle, so Harry has specifically chosen the right chair to catch glimpses of his crotch in the hopes that it loosens. Which it usually does. Just a tad, enough for the thatch of thick curly black hair surrounding his cock to appear, and maybe sometimes the base, thick and veiny and altogether far more delicious than whatever is on his plate. But sometimes the belt undoes itself entirely, leaving Sirius' fat cock on display for Harry's viewing pleasure. His godfather is always too invested in making fun of the *Prophet* journalists to notice.

He's tried learning wandless magic so that he can loosen it himself, but that was mostly a failure. And the one time he did try it, Sirius readjusted his robe anyway.

Harry has always been fine with this arrangement though. He's under no illusion he'd ever be given access to his godfather's cock, no matter how much the man spoils him with treats and expensive trinkets. The man's family jewels are strictly off limits. And Harry has never been given reason to question this—that is, until one morning.

Harry is sat, like usual, at the breakfast table in the corner of the kitchen, slowly making his way through his eggs and toast. His eyes dart to the entrance to the room every few seconds. Sirius might be here before Harry, but he usually comes after, always the late riser.

He's almost done with his breakfast when the man finally walks in, looking half-blind to the world. His robe is half undone.

*What a way to start my morning*, Harry thinks happily, watching as his godfather makes his rounds through the kitchen. He pours himself a cuppa, grabs the paper Harry already accepted from the delivery owl, and comes to sit at the table, thighs spread enticingly and broad chest on display. He mustn't've tied his belt properly.

'Morning, pup,' Sirius says, smiling at him before turning to his paper.

'Good morning, Sirius. How'd you sleep?' He asks distractedly, turning his head slightly to look down between his godfather's lightly-haired thighs. They're spread to the ends of the table, meaning the robe is pulled away. Those hefty balls are sagging against the bottom of the chair, and the cock hanging over the edge. Merlin, what he wouldn't give ...

'I slept alright. It was bloody cold though. Almost froze my bollocks off in the middle of the night.'

Harry looks at Sirius at the mention of *bollocks*, as even just the mention is enough to make him perk up, to find his godfather already staring at him, dark silver eyes gleaming strangely. It makes butterflies appear in his tummy.

'Do you reckon they've shrunk any? I've heard from some of the boys that the cold makes your bollocks wrinkle.'

'Is that what you kids—' (Harry winces at the term, knowing his godfather sees him as a child) '—are all talking about now? Shrunken testicles?'

'N-no. I just heard it once or twice.'

'Ah, I see. So you don't talk about bollocks, then?' Sirius smirks wickedly at him, probably aware of how flustered Harry is, then returns to his paper.

Harry doesn't bother trying to recapture his godfather's attention. He finishes his breakfast quickly and takes his dishes and Sirius' empty mug, to be washed and refilled respectively.

Sirius ruffles his hair in thanks when he sets a newly steaming cup of coffee in front of him. Harry basks in the attention for a minute, the pleasant tingles that travel over his scalp.

He reluctantly goes into the living room—the only one they use, since the telly is there—and settles into one of the large, overstuffed armchairs. He turns on some early-morning cartoon, something Dudley might have watched while Harry cooked for his relatives.

He quickly becomes invested, however, and startles at the feeling of Sirius' hand in his hair again, idly running his long, dexterous fingers through the unruly mane. He melts into the couch, eyes fluttering shut. He's always liked having his hair played with; anytime Sirius touches him there Harry becomes little more than a puddle of goo. The man probably knows, because he does it often, and Harry readily accepts any touches the man gives him. Hermione would call him touch-starved, but Harry just thinks he's Sirius-starved.

He turns his head deeper into Sirius' palm; feels something fleshy against his cheek. Cracking open an eye, he's met with a view of Sirius' half-hard cock, dangling over the head

of the archair.

Harry gasps silently, gazing in awe at the weapon—because that’s what it is—taking up his vision. He’s never seen a prick so large, and it’s not even fully erect.

Harry takes a few deep breaths through his nose, catching the scent of it: sweat, and salt, and a deep musk belonging to Sirius. It makes Harry’s skin heat up, and the mild sensation of the fingers running through his hair becomes deeply arousing, like Sirius is running his hands all over Harry’s body, playing him like a finely-tuned instrument. His own prick grows hard in his pants, and Harry rubs his thighs together to relieve the sudden ache.

He’s about to poke out his tongue, to finally taste the thing he’s been fantasising about for months, when it’s taken away from him.

‘Merlin’s beard,’ Sirius curses lightly. ‘Sorry, pup, my robe must’ve come undone.’

Sirius adjusts his bathrobe, effectively covering up his body again. Harry almost cries from frustration. He was so *close*.

Sirius fondly tugs his hair one more time, then begins to walk away. ‘I’m gonna get ready and head off,’ he announces. ‘I need to go to Gringotts to settle a few of my affairs. I’ll be back in time for lunch, and we can go out after, yeah. How does that sound?’

‘Perfect,’ he croaks in response, still a little too distracted by the memory of his godfather’s hands and cock to be paying much attention. ‘Absolutely perfect.’

Harry doesn’t waste much time after Sirius leaves through the fireplace, racing up to his room, leaving a trail of clothes behind him. His heart pounds as he takes in hand his cock—woefully small next to Sirius’—and wanks like he’s never done before.

It barely takes any effort to conjure forth the smells and sensations of Sirius’ prick. So big, so powerful. He wishes with everything in him that he could’ve licked it, just once, just to know what it tastes of. If it’s as heady and overwhelming as it smells. He wants to take it in his throat and leave it there, for Harry to suckle on whenever he wants. He imagines Sirius petting his hair and calling him a good boy and ah, *ah*—

It takes him a while to calm down from his high. He scoops up his come and pops it in his mouth, pretends it’s Sirius’ spend, then gets up to have a shower.

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After a hearty lunch in Diagon Alley and an impromptu shopping trip, he and Sirius head home. Harry heads back into the living room, while Sirius goes to take a shower.

Kreacher already has dinner prepared when the man comes down in his bathrobe, dark hair hanging wet over his shoulders. He herds Harry away from the telly and they sit down.

‘Do you like the new broom I bought you?’ Sirius asks after they’ve devoured most of the food.

Harry nods, obviously pleased though trying to hide it. ‘I did, it’s brilliant. But you didn’t need to, Sirius. I still have that broom you got me in my third year.’ He’s been thinking of giving that one to Ron, now that he has a newer broom. He’ll have to be sneaky about it though, Ron’s always been touchy about Harry’s wealth.

Sirius grins at him, and the warmth of it touches Harry’s heart. ‘Don’t worry about it, pup. I have far more gold than I know what to do with. And it makes me happy to spoil you—you deserve everything and more, you know.’

‘Really?’ Harry asks, voice faint.

‘Oh course, Harry. Anything.’

*Anything.*

He knows Sirius doesn’t mean what Harry wants him to mean, but the faint hope sends a shiver through his body. He still remembers the emotions he felt this morning, the dizzying mix of hotdistractedembarrassed; they overcome him once again, and make him drop his fork.

Harry startles. He ducks underneath the table to fetch it, getting on his hands and knees to crawl under the absurdly large table until he finds it ... gleaming suspiciously between Sirius’ bare feet.

He tilts up his head and gasps, because dangling over the edge of the chair is Sirius’ large, beautiful cock. It’s just inches from Harry’s nose. It looks half-hard, the foreskin pulled back most of the way from the head, and a drop of clear precome hangs precariously from the piss slit. Harry wants to lick it off so badly he *aches*.

‘Found it yet, pup?’

Sirius’ voice frightens him into pitching forward, ramming his face into Sirius’ crotch. He can feel the heat of his godfather’s cock, the brush of his coarse, wiry pubic hair. The heat spreads through his body like a wildfire. He gives himself three seconds to luxuriate in it before pulling back and looking up at Sirius, who is gazing down at him imperiously. Harry gulps. The man is already so tall and powerful looking, but like this he looms, his robe pulled away from his body leaving it bare for Harry’s eyes. His chest, broad and thin, is dusted in dark hair, and it runs down his torso into a happy trail, ending in a thick bush. There’s black, crudely-drawn tattoos layered over his pale skin, esoteric symbols and figures that catch his eye. But what truly makes his knees wobble, what makes his prick pulse in his trousers, is the dark, satisfied grin Sirius wears; a predator that has caught his prey.

‘Found something else you like, then?’

‘W-wha—I don’t, S-Sirius—’

‘Shh, calm down, puppy,’ he soothes, bringing a hand up to run through Harry’s hair. Against his will, he nuzzles into the palm, moves a bit closer to his godfather. He really is very weak to having his hair touched.

‘I’ve known what you wanted for a while.’ Harry tries to pull away at the admission, but Sirius’ grip tightens in his hair and keeps him stationary, a hair’s breadth from his cock. ‘You’re not very subtle. Your eyes are always darting to my crotch whenever I’m wearing my robe. And your blush ...—’ Sirius groans for a moment— ‘you look so pretty and pink that I could just gobble you right up. I’ve never seen a more tempting sight. You don’t know the amount of times I’ve almost put you on your knees, so you can worship the cock you’ve been drooling over all these months. But *this*, this is too much, even for me, pup. I’m finally going to give you what you crave.’

Throughout this, Harry’s been panting loudly, hot, wet breaths that stimulate Sirius’ cock, making it jump and throb in his face. The only thing stopping him from taking it in his mouth is the firm grip in his hair. He thinks Sirius will loosen it so he can do just that, but he doesn’t.

‘Open your mouth,’ he orders instead. ‘There you go, show me that pink mouth.’

Harry dutifully parts his lips. Sirius brings a thumb up to drag it over his bottom lip. ‘So pretty ...’ he whispers. Then, he pushes his thumb into Harry’s mouth. ‘Suck.’

Harry does this too, moaning helplessly at the taste of his godfather’s skin. He takes the whole thing to the second knuckle. Sirius presses the pad of his thumb down onto his tongue.

‘Good boy, you take directions so well. If I weren’t so patient, I’d have you gagging on my cock.’

Harry whines around the digit.

‘You want more, Harry love? You want me to fill you up?’

The moan he lets out at the suggestion is sinful, loud and plaintive. He sounds like he’s in pain; he almost is. He’s so turned on it makes him feel weak as a newborn kitten.

‘Y-yes, Sirius. I want your ...’ he hesitates over the word. Sirius wields his words so well, it feels awkward coming from him. But his godfather’s hard look forces him to say it: ‘... Your cock. I want you c-come. Please use me.’

Sirius’ eyes dilate. He looks hungry. ‘Anything you want, pup.’

He pulls his thumb from Harry’s mouth. And even though he knows he’s getting something infinitely better, he still whines a bit. Sirius strokes his hair, like he’s reassuring a beloved pet, and uses his other hand to bring his dripping, red, fully hard cock to Harry’s mouth.

Opening his mouth even wider to accommodate the largeness, he’s slowly pulled forward onto the prick until the head fills his mouth. Harry’s jaw aches from the stretch, but he says nothing. He’s too afraid Sirius will wake up from whatever spell has made him do this. So instead, he sucks softly on the cock in his mouth, swirls his tongue around the head and touches it to the piss slit. The salty-sweet flavour of the precome is delicious.

‘Merlin, you’re really enjoying this, aren’t you, puppy? You look like you’re in paradise. And just from having my cock in your mouth. I wonder how you would look if I fucked you.’ Harry’s own cock jerks in his pants; he keens. He can’t imagine anything better than this, having his face stuffed full of his godfather’s cock, but the thought of Sirius fucking him is devastating. ‘Yeah, I’m sure you would love it. You’d take all of me into the deepest parts of you, let me fill you up with my come until you drip with it. No one’s taken all of me before, I was too big for them, but I know you could, Harry. You’ve always been a tenacious boy. Next time perhaps.’

With that, he pulls Harry farther along his cock, dragging his lips along the shaft. The head touches Harry’s throat and he gags, but Sirius doesn’t stop. He bullies his way past the entrance until it yields to the overwhelming pressure. ‘Breathe, Harry,’ the man says. ‘Don’t fight it. You need to swallow around my cock so you can take it all. Can you do that? Can you be good for me?’

Harry nods desperately around the hard prick in his mouth—in his throat now. Having Sirius direct him, tell him what to do, makes it easier; he doesn’t have to think, he just has to do what Sirius tells him. He reckons he has a bit of a thing for being manhandled.

Something to think about later.

Eventually, Sirius runs out of cock and Harry’s nose is pressed to his pelvis. ‘Mm, not many people can take me so well,’ Sirius purrs, petting his hair. Harry, barely able to hear him over the thundering in his chest, breathes in slowly, letting himself be enveloped in the heady scent of his godfather. It’s a bit addicting.

He luxuriates in the fullness in his throat. He can feel the largeness of it, the way Sirius’ prick forces his body to conform around it. He swallows, once, twice, then Sirius pulls him off. Harry coughs and splutters. He’s never been filled so much before. He pants hotly and raises his eyes past the glistening cock to make eye contact at his godfather.

‘Was I ... good?’ He asks in his raw voice.

Sirius chuckles breathlessly.

‘Good? Pup, you were *brilliant*. I never knew I had a perfect cocksucker living under my own roof. If I did, we would have been doing this ages ago. Now, I want you to suck on my bollocks. Go on, there’s a lad.’

He uses his grip in Harry’s hair to direct him to the large swinging bollocks. He opens his mouth wide to take the left inside, then sucks like his life depends on it.

Sirius groans. His hold on Harry keeps him pressed under his cock, meaning Harry’s forced to inhale the damp, musky heat of him. He practically high off it.

He replaces the left bollock with Sirius’ right, and treats it the same. He sucks, laving his tongue all over, until it drips with his spit. Sirius hisses, pulls his hair. It just makes him suck harder.

‘You look gorgeous, Harry love, worshipping my body. I’ve never had someone so into my body. You could sit here all evening nursing on my cock and balls, and you wouldn’t even complain.’ Harry moans in agreement, giving Sirius’ bollock an affirmative suck. ‘You would, wouldn’t you? Merlin’s beard, Harry, you could lure a priest into sin looking like this. *Fuck.*’

The heavy cock on his face twitches, and Sirius brings him back up to deepthroat it, pulling him back and forth like a toy. It slides in and out of throat easily, like he was made to take it. ‘Use your tongue, Harry, come on, treat my cock how it should be treated,’ he orders as he starts fucking himself into Harry’s mouth.

Sirius’ prick seems to swell even more in his mouth, pulsing and bucking. Harry thinks he’s about to come. This gives him new motivation, and he does his all to bring Sirius to completion. He strokes his tongue along the shaft, swallows as it re-enters his throat, moaning and whimpering like a two-knut whore just so he can have Sirius’ spunk.

‘You’re so good for me, puppy. I love the way you feel around my cock, you’re a born cocksucker.’ He groans, low and dark. ‘I’m going to have you do this everyday for me from now on. You’ll be sitting naked under the table when I come in, and when I sit down you’ll undo my robe and take my cock into your throat, suckle me as I read the paper. The perfect little cockwarmer. You’d like that, wouldn’t you? You’d like to be good for your old godfather? I know you would, Harry love, puppy—because you’re my good boy.’

The combination of Sirius’ scent, the taste of his cock, his *words*, is enough to make Harry come in his pants untouched. He keens around the cock in his mouth as he dirties himself. This causes his throat to close up, his sucking to become vice-like, unyielding around Sirius cock as he milks it.

Sirius groans, filling the kitchen with the sounds of his pleasure. He fucks himself deep into Harry, harshly shoving his head all the down the shaft until his face is pressed to his pelvis, and spends it his throat, fills his gullet with come. It pours down his oesophagus in a torrent, leaving Harry unable to breathe as he accepts his godfather’s seed.

After it's over, his balls drained of come, Sirius loosens his hold on Harry and lets him pull away.

‘*Fuuuuck.* That was ...’ Sirius pants. ‘There are no words in the English language to describe that. Unless there’s a word for “best blowjob in the history of blowjobs.”’ He laughs to himself, then looks down at Harry, who has pressed his face where Sirius’ thigh meets his crotch. ‘Did you enjoy that, lovely?’ Sirius croons; Harry nods weakly. ‘Did you touch yourself?’ He shakes his head. ‘Why not?’

Harry mumbles into the man’s sweaty skin.

‘What was that?’

‘... I didn’t need to touch myself.’

Sirius laughs again, gravelly, like he’s the one who got throat fucked to oblivion.

‘Did you come untouched, baby boy?’

Harry nods.

‘*merlin's saggy tits*. You’ll be the death of me.’

He raises a hand to put it in Harry’s hair, petting him as he kneels in between his thighs.  
Harry feels like he’s never belonged anywhere more than here.

End Notes

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