

of our evening?”

“I’ve got a few ideas.” After the things he’d seen in those shops, Harry had a *lot* of ideas. One jumped to the forefront of his mind, blood rushing southwards. “We could... take that rain-check, if you’re interested?” He waved his hand, locking and silencing the door. Draco gaped slightly.

“You want to?”

“I’ve kinda been thinking about it since we left Infinite,” Harry admitted huskily. “I— I’m ready. If you are.”

“Yeah,” Draco breathed, nodding dazedly. “Y-yeah, okay then.”

Harry quickly shoved his satchel off the bed, pulling his t-shirt over his head without getting his glasses tangled up. His heart thudded hard against his ribs, but he didn’t have any of the nerves he’d had the day before; all he felt was excitement, and near-painful levels of arousal.

This was Draco. His Draco, the boy he’d known since they were eleven, the boy he’d loved since they were fourteen. And after a day being surrounded by erotica and phallic objects and so much *pride*, Harry felt silly for having been so worried about it before. It was a big deal, sure, but it wasn’t *a big deal*. It was nothing to be afraid of, not with Draco.

He’d loved everything else they’d done together, even the things that had started out a little awkward. Why would this be any different?

They fell onto the bed, tugging at each other’s clothes and grinning into open-mouthed kisses. Harry got distracted sucking a hickey onto Draco’s neck, loving the breathy moans that spilled from his lips — but then Draco yanked his trousers down and gripped his cock, and Harry arched down into him with a gasp. “Easy,” he warned. “Don’t make me go too early.” He smirked, kissing Draco, biting playfully at his bottom lip. “I want you to enjoy this.”

Soon they were fully naked; a familiar sight to Harry, but still one that sent a thrill through him, had him running fingers over flawless pale skin in awe. He would never get tired of looking at Draco’s body.

Reluctantly removing his mouth from Draco’s right nipple, Harry reached over to the bedside drawer for the vial Draco had tucked away in there a few days ago. This wasn’t anything new, either; they had used lube before, stuff that Harry had brewed in the Chamber of Secrets. They had practiced stretching each other, finding that little bundle of nerves that sent fireworks up behind their eyes.

Taking this step felt like the most natural thing in the world, now that they hadn’t spent several days psyching themselves up for it.

Harry kneeled between Draco’s spread knees, vial ignored on the bedsheets as he stroked the sensitive pale skin of his inner thighs, leaning up to kiss him and bucking his hips down into him, their cocks trapped between their stomachs. Draco moaned, one arm coming up above