

“No more dangerous than living with the fucking Dark Lord in your house,” Harry pointed out. “Besides, with any luck I’ll be at Seren Du, too. Don’t you want to spend your summer with me?”

“That is a tempting prospect,” Draco agreed. He turned his head ever so slightly, lips brushing Harry’s head. “I’ll try, that’s all I can promise.”

Harry made a vague noise of agreement; his mind was already on the prospect of having his boyfriend live with him all summer. Playing quidditch together, swimming in the pool together... and all those hidden little corners of the manor they could use to escape their guardians and get up to fun things. Not that he thought any of their guardians would truly mind them getting up to anything in their bedrooms, after dating for so long. No one could become pregnant by accident, after all.

Harry’s belly warmed at the thought of being with Draco in that way; they hadn’t gone so far yet, happy getting more familiar with just their hands and mouths — but fingers had been wandering in that direction more and more, and maybe with a whole summer ahead of them they would have the time to... explore.

“Whatever you’re thinking about, stop it,” Draco drawled, amused. “I can feel you getting hard — this is supposed to be nap time, you randy bastard.”

“Sorry,” Harry replied unrepentantly, kissing Draco’s neck. “Saving it all for after exams, yeah?” It was getting a bit frustrating, having to masturbate every night after his stupid teenage libido got wound up just *watching* Draco across the Great Hall, but if Draco needed no sex to focus on his exams, then Harry would oblige.

“Hmm.” Draco sounded considering. “I suppose we are halfway through... and it *is* supposed to be good for stress relief.”

Harry tried not to get his hopes up, but the blood rapidly heading south had other ideas. Draco’s hand trailed down to his backside, squeezing. “Go on, then,” he relented, already shifting, and suddenly Harry could feel Draco’s erection too. “Shame we’ve already done our Transfiguration exam,” the Slytherin murmured, meeting Harry in a kiss. “This would be great practice for Vanishing spells.”

Harry smirked, grabbed his wand, and with a short movement they were both entirely naked. “Let’s call it early practice for NEWTs.”

Draco laughed, which rapidly turned into a moan, the sound shooting straight to Harry’s cock.

Yes, this was *exactly* what they both needed to get them through their exams.

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Walking out of his Potions practical exam, Harry silently made a note to buy an enormous amount of chocolate for Remus Lupin at his next earliest convenience. If the werewolf had not been in love with Snape, then Snape would not have been so willing to tutor Harry in the