Harry looked around the room at the children gathered in front of him — because that's what they were. Children who had seen too much, who had been raised in a time that didn't give them a chance to be young, but children nonetheless. What was it the muggles were always saying? Children were the future?

If Harry didn't take a stand, he'd be dead before he was seventeen. And if the only people willing to help him were kids his own age, well. He was constantly surprising people — why couldn't they, as well?

.-.-.-.

Somewhat unintentionally inciting a minor revolution was the least of Harry's worries as he crept through the corridors beneath his invisibility cloak, heart pounding so loud he was surprised it didn't echo off the walls. He pushed open the door to the unused third floor classroom, breath catching in his throat at the sight of Draco perched on the edge of the teacher's desk. He looked up, smile more shy than Harry had ever seen from the young Malfoy. "Hi, Harry."

Harry lingered by the door. Seconds ticked by with neither of them moving. Abruptly Harry realised that Draco's little burst of courage that morning had been more motivated by panic than anything else, and if he wanted another kiss he was either going to have to buck up and do it himself, or wait until he got into another life-or-death situation. And while those were becoming increasingly common for him, Harry didn't want to wait.

He strode across the classroom until he was stood right in front of Draco, almost between his knees, the blond boy freezing at the sudden movement. Harry met his gaze. "I'm going to kiss you, now," he warned. Draco didn't move. Harry leaned in.

This time, both of them were expecting it, and it was *so much better*. Draco's lips were astonishingly soft against his own, the Slytherin's hand resting on Harry's hip, pulling him just that little bit closer until Harry was stood between Draco's thighs, the blond barely on the edge of the desk. Harry heard a faint moan that may have come from him, but also might've been Draco, and when a tongue peeked out and swiped across his bottom lip, he broke away, blushing.

They stared at each other.

"That was… nice," Harry said lamely. Draco kept staring.

"Nice. *Nice*? That's really all you've got to say?"

"Well I don't know, do I?" Harry retorted defensively. "I've never kissed anyone before!"

That made Draco blink in surprise. "What, really? So… I was your first?" Harry scowled at him; he had been a little busy thus far in his life! Suddenly, Draco smirked. "Maybe we should try it again. See if I can't do a little better than *nice*." His words were cocky, but he raised a pale eyebrow at Harry before leaning in again, as if to check it was okay with him. Harry did what he'd been wanting to do for *months* and slid a hand into the soft blond strands at the back of Draco's head, pulling him back in to a kiss.