

“Did I look like I wasn’t enjoying it?” he retorted, one eyebrow arched. “Though I was *not* expecting... *that*.” He bit his lip. “Did you... like it?”

“Sucking you off like that?” Being pinned down beneath Draco, having the blond fuck his face like that? “Yeah. Yeah, I liked it.” He’d only ever imagined something like that in his more daring fantasies.

Most of the time when they were together, he and Draco stuck to what they knew. It wasn’t *boring*, by any stretch of the imagination — even the familiar things were still relatively new enough to be exciting, so much of their bodies to still learn. But some of the books from Infinite just made Harry realise how much they *didn’t* know, hadn’t tried yet.

And that wasn’t even touching on the books that talked about *kinks*.

“Well any more new things you want to try, you go right ahead,” Harry assured him, mouthing a kiss against his jaw, his magic sliding over them in a lazy Cleaning charm. “If we don’t like it, no big deal, we do something else. It doesn’t have to be hard.”

“Pretty sure it *does*, for most of the things in that book,” Draco argued, giving a pointed glance downward that made Harry chuckle.

“You know what I mean.” He slid a hand into Draco’s silky hair, admiring the line of his boyfriend’s high cheekbones. “Don’t feel like you can’t ask me for stuff like that. Worst I can do is say no.” He grinned cheekily. “Maybe we could read the book together, note down things we both like.”

“Are you trying to give me *sex homework*, you fucking nerd?” Draco asked flatly, and Harry cackled with laughter.

“I’m *saying*, that first idea of yours was *ridiculously* sexy, and I want to see what else looks good.” He pounced, pinning the Slytherin playfully. “You’re always telling me to *expand my palate*.”

“I didn’t mean like *that*,” Draco argued, rolling his eyes. Then, his humour faltered, a guarded edge to his expression. “You’re not... bored, with what we do, are you?”

“What? Merlin, no!” Kissing Draco softly, Harry stroked his hair. “Draco, love, I could just kiss you for hours and never get bored. Hell, I think you underestimate how much time I spend just *looking* at you. Neville says I have a problem,” he added, smiling lopsidedly. “I love everything we do. But new things can be fun too.” His smile softened, hand cupping Draco’s cheek. “We’re past the point where I’m worried you’ll be freaked out by any part of me,” he confessed — his scars, his body, the literal piece of the Dark Lord he’d had in his head. Draco hadn’t batted an eyelash at any of those. “I feel like that extends to my dirty fantasies about you, too. I certainly want to hear *your* dirty fantasies.” He leaned in for another kiss, loving the way Draco’s lips parted for him so easily. “We’ve got our whole lives to figure out what we like and don’t like,” he said, thinking of the little velvet box that now lived in a hidden compartment in his desk drawer. “No need to be shy about asking for it now.”