

with her by now?

“I do! At least. I think I do?” Neville ran a frustrated hand through his hair. “I know I want my first time to be with her. And it’ll be hers, too, so we can figure it out together, but... I know she did some stuff with Michael, when they were together. Sometimes it just feels like she had this head-start and I’m still trying to catch up with her.” He grimaced. “Am I making too big a deal out of it? I don’t want to make her feel bad for being with Michael before me.”

This was absolutely not how Harry had expected his afternoon to go, and he wished he had been given some kind of *warning*, some time to prepare an answer.

But Neville was his best friend, and he’d helped Harry with so much. And while most of the books about sex and relationships Harry had read — which was a surprising amount, these days — were about queer relationships, he figured most of the basics had to apply to straight ones too.

“Look, Nev, if you’re really nervous about it, just talk to her,” he said, shrugging. “Ginny won’t want to do anything you’re not completely on board with. Maybe she’s dropping hints because she thinks you want it — you are sixteen now and everything. If you want to slow down, tell her you want to slow down. There’s definitely something to be said for going slow.” He grinned to himself, remembering all the fun he’d had with Draco before they’d even *thought* about penetrative sex. “It’s not a competition, no matter what anyone tells you. As long as you’re both having fun.”

“I don’t... I don’t completely want her to slow down,” Neville admitted hesitantly.

“Then I think that’s a conversation you need to have with her, rather than me,” said Harry diplomatically. “And, as usual, I have books if you need them.”

That made Neville snicker. “You’re practically a Ravenclaw,” he teased, bumping his shoulder against Harry’s. “I... thanks, Harry. That really helps.”

Harry wasn’t sure *how*, considering most of his advice had just been ‘talk to your girlfriend’, but he smiled all the same. “Anytime, mate.”

“So... you two *have*, right?” Neville checked. “You’ve been together for ages, you must have.”

“We have,” Harry confirmed, his blush returning.

“What’s it like?” Neville blurted the question before he could think better of it.

“Bit different for me than for you, I think,” Harry teased, laughing when Neville’s eyes bugged. “It’s— I mean, it’s brilliant. Best thing ever. But that’s more because it’s Draco, I think, than because it’s sex.” He didn’t have any comparison, but he doubted anything could possibly feel even half as good with anyone else.

“Does... does it hurt?” The question was far more tentative. “Some of the things I’ve heard, from the other guys... I don’t want to hurt her.”