

The ‘old haunts’ Sirius and Remus were referring to turned out to be a series of hole-in-the-wall shops in a dodgy corner of Soho, their doors covered in stickers, one of them with a rainbow flag hanging from an upper window. The first one they went into was a record shop, and Harry stared in awe at the music options available.

“I bought my first ever muggle record from this shop, when I was fourteen,” Sirius declared proudly, a hand on Harry’s shoulder. “Go have a look, see what strikes your fancy.”

Harry had very little frame of reference for what he might like, but he flipped through the record bins anyway, pausing at covers that caught his eye or band names that he recognised. Tonks and Sirius were both trying to work on his musical education, which was giving him some... eclectic tastes, to say the least.

They left the shop with a handful of records shrunk in Sirius’ bag, heading down a few doors to a place called Infinite, the sign small and showing nothing more than a rainbow infinity symbol on a black background. Harry took a quick look at the shop next door — there was a sign on the front that declared under-eighteens were not allowed in, and from some of the stickers surrounding it he confirmed his suspicions that the place was a sex shop. He flushed, tearing his gaze away.

Maybe they could come back to that one under glamours, sometime.

But Infinite was equally fascinating, and more than a little risqué itself. Sirius laughed when Draco turned bright red over a large framed drawing of a naked man, and pointedly sidled across to the other side of the shop when the boys got into browsing certain sections.

It was a much bigger shop than it looked from the outside, and Harry found his way to a small book section. There was a shelf entirely full of non-fiction books on sexuality and gender — muggle equivalents of the book George had given him once, and what looked like a newer version of the book on the gender spectrum that Remus had given him. A couple of them looked interesting, and Harry added them to his basket.

On a lower shelf was a collection of what were very clearly queer erotica novels, and Harry daringly picked one of those out, too. Draco would probably get a kick out of it.

There were some t-shirts along the back wall emblazoned with flags and slogans, and Harry grabbed a couple — both because he liked them but also to wear around Hogwarts when he wanted to piss off Dumbledore.

When he found Draco once more, the blond was staring with a sort of horrified fascination at what seemed to be a blown-glass dildo. Harry slid in behind him, kissing the back of his neck. “Find anything fun?” he drawled, feeling Draco press back against him.

“Muggles really have thought of everything, haven’t they?” the Slytherin whispered, awed. Harry chuckled.

“Just about.” He took the blond by the hand, leading him over to a display of weird-looking novelty toys. As they looked, a young woman ducked out from behind the register, smiling