

They bid a cheerful goodbye to June, and left the shop — at the same time, the door on their left opened, and Remus walked out, tucking a brown paper bag into his satchel. He froze, staring at the three of them for one long moment, then smiled wryly. “Where to next, then?”

Harry shared a look with Draco — yes, they were definitely never going to ask.

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They spent most of the day in London, visiting more shops that Sirius insisted were integral to their ‘queer education’, then went over to Leicester Square to eat burgers and people-watch. Or rather, Draco was people-watching; Harry was watching Draco experience muggle life at its finest with a look in his eyes that Remus described as ‘utterly smitten’. Harry couldn’t even pretend to be annoyed about the call-out; it was true, after all. Draco’s joy and incredulity at seeing perfectly ordinary muggle things was adorable, and Harry couldn’t wait to one day introduce him to more.

When they got home, Sirius clapped them both on the shoulders and told them to let him know if they wanted him to take them back anywhere in future, then transformed into Padfoot and bounded across the grass, barking happily. Remus sighed, shaking his head in fond bemusement. “He’s sixteen all over again,” he muttered. “Silly dog. I suppose I’ll be out here playing fetch for a while. I’ll see you boys later.”

He jogged off after the shaggy black dog, and the two teenagers headed inside, making for the stairs. Harry wanted to put away his new purchases before Sirius — or anyone else — could get nosy and start snooping. He wasn’t surprised when Draco followed him to his room; both their purchases were in the same bag, after all.

“I had no idea that shops like that even existed,” the blond mused, still looking a little overwhelmed by the day’s events.

“Me neither.” Harry set his satchel on the bed, pulling out more bags than a muggle would expect to fit in such a space. “I mean, I knew they had to — I’d heard stuff, mostly my aunt and uncle talking about how *depraved* and *perverted* it all was. But I never really thought about what might be inside one.” A wave of his wand had his new clothes hanging up in his wardrobe, and his new books on his shelf. The lube he eyed with consideration, before deciding to put it in his bedside drawer.

When he turned around, Draco was holding a roll of dark green bondage tape, and Harry’s eyes went wide. “I didn’t see you buy that.”

“I can be sneaky,” Draco drawled in reply, stepping closer. “It looked interesting.”

Interesting was definitely one word for it. Harry’s throat went a little dry. “Y’know, I was thinking,” he started, voice low, “next summer, once we’ve got our apparition licenses... we could conjure up a couple of fake IDs and have a look at some of those shops we’re too young to go into. What do you think?”

Draco’s eyes darkened. “It’s a date,” he replied. The tape in one hand, Draco let his other slide around to Harry’s backside, squeezing lightly. “Now, whatever shall we do with the rest