

Draco's breath hitched, his hands on Harry's thighs. He looked exactly as Harry envisioned he might, beautiful and flawless and *utterly in love*, haloed in the gold brocade along the top of the drapes. He leaned down, lips pressing to Harry's, nose brushing Harry's cheek as he opened his mouth and kissed him like he was trying to devour Harry's entire being. "*You are*," he breathed once they parted, smoothing reverent hands over Harry's bare chest. "You are the most precious thing in the entire world to me, Harry James Potter. Don't ever think otherwise."

Harry couldn't breathe, his chest was so tight with love for this boy above him, his beautiful Slytherin, his shining light in the darkness. Draco knelt between his open thighs, and his kiss-swollen lips curled at the corners. "Look at you," he murmured. "Letting me think you're about to ask for something *scandalous*, and all you want me to do is love you."

"Please," Harry gasped, hands fisting in his sheets. He felt so *exposed*, lying there naked in the bed he'd spent most of the last six years in, with Draco just *looking* at him with his eyes so warm. "We can get to the scandalous stuff later, if you like. Just— please." He hadn't realised how much he wanted this, *needed* this. Needed Draco to fulfil this teenage wish of his, to prove that loving Harry like that wasn't just something that happened inside Harry's own head.

Draco adjusted himself, hooking Harry's legs up over his shoulders, gently kissing the inside of his knee. Then he reached for the lube, abandoned on the bed beside Harry. "This good?" he checked, uncorking the vial. Harry keened quietly, heart beating so hard he was amazed Draco couldn't hear it, couldn't tell how it begged to leap right out of Harry's chest and into the blond's waiting hands, where it belonged.

"Perfect."

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Harry wouldn't say that Draco sneaking up to Gryffindor Tower in owl form became a *routine* after that... but he learned to expect that quiet tap on his window on Wednesday nights. Always Wednesdays — they had a free period first thing Thursday morning, so it wouldn't matter as much if Draco stayed the night.

He was pretty sure Neville suspected something, even if the other Gryffindor wasn't sure what. He didn't know about Draco's animagus form, after all. But Harry's sudden shift to always staying in the Tower on Wednesday nights did not go uncommented on. Nor did the Slytherin tie that Draco accidentally left up there one week, having come up still in his uniform so Harry could get the proper effect of having his snake in the lion's den.

It made the week more bearable, that was for sure.

It wasn't exactly the most comfortable thing in the world, squeezing two teenage boys into a single bed, but it just gave Harry an excuse to hold Draco even closer while they slept, after they'd properly exhausted themselves. But Harry could definitely get used to having one guaranteed night with his boyfriend — even if they didn't get up to anything sexual, it was nice having him there, without having to worry about being intruded on in the Room of Requirement or sneaking back up to their dorms from the Chamber. Sure, Draco always had