

Harry barked out a laugh. “That was a lot better than nice,” he assured, smirking. “That was... wow.” He’d never done anything like that before. Barely even let himself imagine it. Even without Draco touching him down there, it was still *so much better* than being by himself in the dorm. “Pretty sure that was on Snape’s list of things not to do in here.”

“Ugh, don’t bring my godfather into this,” Draco said with a grimace. He rolled off Harry, but didn’t go far, their shoulders pressed together. “Now I’m all sticky.”

Harry reached for his wand, casting a Cleaning charm over them both. It felt odd on his oversensitive skin, but it was better than the uncomfortable mess cooling in his boxers. He turned his head to the side, looking at Draco, unable to keep the soft smile off his face. The Slytherin looked at him suspiciously.

“Why are you grinning like a loon? Did I break you already?” Harry laughed again, rolling over so he was the one on top this time, pinning Draco’s hands beneath his own and leaning down to kiss the tip of his nose.

“I’m just really happy,” he admitted, uncaring that it made him sound like the sappiest Gryffindor around. He’d had a great day with his family, and now he got to be alone with his boyfriend. It was the best Christmas he’d ever had.

“Gross,” Draco declared, but he was smiling too, tangling his fingers with Harry’s. “You’re going to destroy my reputation one of these days, Potter.”

“Too late, you chose this,” Harry retorted smugly. He shuffled down until he was lying half on top of Draco, head pillowed on the blond’s shoulder. “That’s the thing about Gryffindors; we’re stubborn. You’re stuck with me now.”

Draco sighed, even as his hand curled possessively around Harry’s hip. “So many regrets,” he murmured, making Harry grin.

“Liar.”

.-.-.-.

It took a lot of effort for the pair to pry themselves apart once curfew drew nearer, but eventually they managed it, Harry giving Draco one last long kiss before leaving the blond to set the classroom back to rights, heading up to Gryffindor Tower. He took his cloak off a few corridors away, falling in with all the other students cutting it very close to curfew. He tried to get the stupid smile off his face before he went into the common room, but it was a lost cause. He kept his head down and made a beeline for the stairs up to the boys’ dorms, praying he could get into bed without anyone asking where he’d been.

Luckily, Neville was the only one in the dorm when Harry entered, and the Longbottom heir gave him a once-over, eyebrows raising in suspicion. “I’m not going to interrogate you,” he said eventually. “I’m pretty sure I don’t want to know.”

“You’re the best, Neville,” Harry said sincerely. Neville grinned at him.