

Draco dropped his head to mouth at his shoulder.

“Mm, a bit, yeah,” he murmured, sucking a dark bruise on Harry’s collarbone, safe where his uniform would cover.

“That’s good,” Harry sighed. “I fancy you, too, a bit.” His back pressed against the cold stone wall as Draco adjusted himself, getting in a better position to attack Harry’s neck. It was the most glorious torture, and Harry never wanted it to end.

“I’m glad half the school thinks you’re a lunatic,” Draco said, once he was done leaving his mark. Harry raised a bemused eyebrow. “Means they’re too busy calling you crazy to realise how fucking hot you got over the summer. I’ll be hexing people all over the place once they finally figure it out.”

Harry ducked his head to hide his blush, kissing Draco’s sternum. “Doubt it,” he muttered. Draco was only saying that because he was Harry’s boyfriend. He was positively plain compared to someone like Blaise, or Justin Finch-Fletchley, or Draco himself. There were plenty of other boys in their year for people to thirst after.

“I know you’re half-blind without those glasses, Potter, but surely even you see it,” Draco teased softly, fingers sliding up Harry’s chest.

“I don’t, but I’ll take your word for it,” Harry replied. “As long as you think I’m hot, that’s all I care about.” He didn’t want anyone else looking at him like that, not when he had Draco.

“Just don’t come crying to me when all the bent boys in school start chasing after you,” Draco joked, cupping Harry’s chin to kiss him deeper. “I’ll be too busy cursing their dicks to fall off.”

That startled a laugh out of Harry, and he shook his head, grinning up at his ridiculous boyfriend. God, he was so in love.

Maybe he’d tell him that, one day soon.