

brightly. Her hair was bright pink, and there were several piercings in her ears and face. She looked like someone Tonks would be great friends with.

“Hey, you two looking for anything in particular I can help with?” she asked, and Harry shrugged.

“Not really. We’ve, uh, never been here before. My godfathers brought us,” he explained, looking around for either Sirius or Remus, but they were nowhere in sight. Perhaps it was planned; giving them privacy to explore the shop without being embarrassed to have either adult looking over their shoulder.

“Aww, inducting the baby gays, I love it!” the woman cooed in delight. “Well, welcome, I’m June, and the sign on the door says we check IDs but I’m gonna be honest with you, we only have that up so the police get off our backs about *distributing pornography*,” she added with a roll of her eyes. “Let me know if you need any help or anything, okay? Also, you two are very cute together.” She grinned when they both blushed, and retreated back behind the counter.

Harry could have spent hours in that shop, in all honesty. Everywhere he looked there was something else interesting, and while a lot of it was quite sexual there was also a lot of tamer stuff that was just about being proud to be yourself, and helping to explore identities and become comfortable in your own skin. Even in the wizarding world, where homosexuality wasn’t nearly as taboo as it was with the muggles, Harry couldn’t imagine finding a shop like this.

He thought about teenage Sirius and Remus, the way he’d seen them in their pensieve memories, kicking around this place on their summers. Remus bringing Snape in when he knew Sirius wouldn’t be there, both of them enjoying the anonymity of the muggle world to be a couple, even if it was only within these walls.

It felt like a safe haven, like a hug in a shop — *come in*, it said, *feel welcome here, even when you don’t feel welcome anywhere else*.

“I like this place,” he murmured, and Draco hummed quietly, nodding.

“Me, too.”

They kept looking, and after June’s assurance that she wasn’t going to ID them for anything — and a quick look around to check Sirius was nowhere in sight — he added a book of gay sex positions and some flavoured lube to his basket, smirking at Draco’s blush. June rang him up without batting an eyelash; Harry imagined she’d seen all sorts of purchases, working at a place like this.

As if by magic, Sirius appeared right as Harry was putting his purchases away in his bag. “What do you think, pup?” he asked, smiling slightly. There was a knowing look in his eyes when Harry smiled back.

“It’s really cool,” he confirmed. Sirius’ grin widened. “Where’s Remus?”