

Harry managed to lift his head, grinning dazedly. “Fucking amazing,” he declared, kissing Draco’s chin. “You?”

“Yeah,” Draco agreed, nodding, chest still heaving. “Sweet Merlin.”

The sweat on Harry’s skin began to cool, along with other things that were cooling much more uncomfortably. Harry did as gentle a Cleaning charm as he could manage, but both of them still squirmed at the magic. He shuffled further up Draco’s body, their heads next to each other on the pillow. “I love you,” he murmured, rolling them over, pulling Draco on top of him, trying to get at as much skin as he could reach. “I— fuck. We can do that again, right?”

Draco laughed. “I fucking hope so,” he retorted. “Maybe next time we could do it the other way round, see how that feels.”

Despite his recent orgasm, the prospect sent a surge of pleasure through Harry’s veins.

Merlin, he hoped next time was soon.

Chapter End Notes

As far as I'm aware, Infinite is not a place that exists, or existed in the 90s, but I'm sure there were definitely shops something like it and Sirius would know how to find them. He just wants the boys to be happy and comfortable in their identities :3