

“The list of places you’ve never been to could fill a book. Does, in fact, fill a book — it’s called an atlas.” Draco snickered at his own joke, dropping his head to kiss Harry’s chest, right above the thatch of dark hair growing on his sternum. Draco’s chest was still baby-smooth, and he insisted it likely always would be.

“Can we go to them?” Harry asked.

“To all of them?” Draco asked, raising an eyebrow. “Might take a while.” Harry shot him a flat look, and he smirked. “I’m sure we can go to plenty of them. You’ve certainly got connections — France, Italy, Bulgaria, Egypt, Romania. Fairly sure my family owns an island in the Caribbean.”

“Of course you do,” Harry agreed, rolling his eyes. “Can we— can we go to India?” His voice grew hesitant. “Parvati and Padma said I could stay with their family if I ever went. I... I think I’d like that. But I think I’d like you to come with me. If you want. Sirius, too, maybe. See... see where my family came from.”

“Harry,” Draco sighed, voice achingly fond, “darling. I would follow you to the ends of the Earth with a smile on my face and then to Hell and back for good measure. Yes, I’ll go to India with you.”

There was nothing Harry could do about that but kiss him, so he did. Draco moaned softly, rolling onto his side to tip his head back, deepening the kiss at a much better angle.

“I love you,” Harry whispered against his lips, feeling the blond’s answering smile.

“I love you, too, you daft Gryffindor.” He squeezed Harry’s hip. “Now, are you absolutely sure this bed will last the night? I don’t want a repeat of the last time — I swear I still have bruises, and not the good kind.”

Harry laughed, kissing Draco again, smothering him with hundreds of tiny kisses until he was laughing too, until he agreed the bed was magnificent and wonderful and absolutely capable of carrying them through a night of slumber without fading to nothingness. Then Harry curled up in Draco’s arms, and fell asleep, dreaming of seventh year and quidditch and travelling, all with the boy he loved at his side.