

“We will one day.”

Harry sighed, squeezing Draco’s hand, then raised it up to his lips. He pressed a kiss to the side of his wrist — the sight that had been so distracting at dinner.

“What?” Draco remarked, looking up in confusion. Harry just smiled.

“I like your wrists. Your arms,” he said, trailing his fingers up the silk-soft forearm. “This whole sleeves-rolled-up thing is a good look for you.”

Draco smirked, and the next thing Harry knew his boyfriend was sat up, straddling his lap. “You like me looking all disheveled, do you?” A wicked light entered his eyes. Harry hummed, letting his hands rest on Draco’s waist.

“Yeah. But it’s better when I know I’m the one who made you that way.”

They kissed, lips parting eagerly, and though Harry could feel that both of them were hard, he felt no pressure to *do* anything about it. His mind flashed back to their conversation on his birthday — they had plenty of time to figure all that out, there was no need to rush things.

Though he wouldn’t mind seeing Draco with his shirt off again.

Tentatively, he set his fingers on the first button of the blond’s shirt, toying with it before he popped it open. Draco’s eyes were hot with want when he broke the kiss, both hands in Harry’s hair. “Go on,” he urged, then kissed him again. A moan rose in Harry’s throat. With that permission, he slowly undid the rest of the buttons, eventually pushing the soft shirt back off Draco’s shoulders, revealing endless creamy skin. Harry’s breath hitched at the sight, and as Draco pulled his arms out of the sleeves, Harry ran a hand over the blond’s shoulder. There was more muscle there than he remembered, though his lithe frame was deceptive. His body was starting to look less like a teenager’s, more like a man’s.

“You’re so gorgeous,” Harry murmured in awe, watching the blush travel all the way down Draco’s neck and chest. For someone who projected such a cocky demeanour, Draco still struggled to take an earnest compliment.

“Says the boy with annoyingly perfect abs,” he retorted breathlessly, tugging Harry’s t-shirt up to stare at the abs in question. It was Harry’s turn to blush — he had spent so much of his life not thinking about how his body looked, aware of how scrawny and awkward he was. Now that Snape’s nutrient potions had corrected the damage done by the Dursleys, Harry wasn’t used to having a body to be proud of. A body others admired. As long as they didn’t see the scars.

He didn’t fight Draco pulling his shirt all the way over his head, setting his glasses aside when they tangled in the fabric. “Salazar,” the blond sighed, sitting back against Harry’s thighs to take in the sight. “Not a hint of that weedy little third year I started fancying, is there?”

Harry grinned, stealing a kiss, skin sparking with electricity when it pressed them closer together at the crotch. “D’you still fancy me, then?” he asked teasingly, arching his neck as