

at night he liked to *imagine* doing some of those things with Draco, but they hadn't done more than take their shirts off and rub off against each other so far, and the thought of getting naked together was... overwhelming, to say the least.

"Oh," Draco said softly, the wind taken from his sails. "You don't want to?"

"At some point, yeah," Harry murmured. "But not right now. I swear, I wasn't thinking anything like that when I brought you up here. I just really wanted to be with you, without all the teasing and stuff."

Little by little, Draco began to relax. His body pressed against Harry's, but it wasn't done to arouse. Harry adjusted them until he was on his back, Draco curled up under his arm. "You know you're always allowed to say no, right?" he said, tracing gentle patterns on the Slytherin's arm. Draco made a quiet, noncommittal noise, but didn't say anything.

Harry had once had a conversation with George, after he'd admitted he and Draco were together. It had started out embarrassing, as those sorts of conversations often did, but George had talked to him about consent and boundaries, and how it was only worth doing things if all parties were equally into it and involved. The older boy had insisted Harry should never feel pressured into anything, and he'd prank Draco for a week if the Slytherin ever tried.

He didn't think Draco had anyone like that, to have that conversation with him. Snape, maybe. But Harry didn't see that happening; certainly not in the same way George had done things. And Slytherins were a little weird about relationships and stuff; it was always a power play, to some degree. Maybe they didn't have chats about consent at all.

His heart ached, and he held Draco tighter, kissing his hair. "I swear, I'll never make you do anything you don't want to," he promised. "Even if we're in the middle of something and you change your mind, just tell me and I'll stop, okay? We can do something different, or hell, I'll go take a cold shower or something." He tried to get a laugh from his boyfriend, but barely managed a smile and an eye roll. "There's no rush to do things. I don't care if the other boys act like it's some sort of competition or whatever." The Slytherins were probably even worse than the Gryffindor boys for bragging about 'how far they'd been'. "They're all going so quickly, I doubt they really know what they're doing, anyway," he joked, and *that* got a quiet chuckle. Finally, Draco's stormy grey gaze met his. Harry smiled. "I just like being with you. Even if we just cuddle. Though I really, really like kissing you," he admitted, a little bashful.

"Kissing is good," Draco agreed, his fingers curling in the hem of Harry's t-shirt.

"We've got plenty of time to get to everything else," Harry insisted. He resolutely ignored the little voice in the back of his head telling him he'd die before graduation, that the war would get to him quicker than he'd like. That was no reason to push things. He'd rather die a virgin than make Draco uncomfortable. "Right?"

Abruptly, he thought that maybe Draco wasn't thinking as long-term as Harry foolishly was; sure, he made comments sometimes, but he'd never *really* said that he expected anything like that.