

“Happy Valentine’s Day indeed,” he murmured. “I’m gonna have to get very creative if I want to top this next year.” A competitive light entered his grey eyes. Harry snorted, lifting out a couple of covered plates.

“No need to go overboard,” he assured, then winked. “You know me, I’m easy.”

“Only for me,” Draco purred, ghosting fingers across Harry’s denim-clad backside while he kneeled up to reach into the depths of the basket. “Merlin, I can’t believe you brought me to the Chamber of Secrets. I’d be the envy of every Slytherin in the world if they knew.”

“Glad you approve,” Harry replied, making himself comfortable on the blanket the best he could with his jeans still tight in the groin area. With his back against the base of the statue, he stretched out his legs and let his plate float in front of him, well aware that Draco’s lust-filled gaze was trailing up his body. Harry still hadn’t put his shirt back on. “I thought about taking you to the Room of Requirement — actual furniture in there, y’know — but I didn’t want to risk being interrupted. And I thought this might impress you a bit more.”

“Consider me impressed,” Draco responded, not even looking at the Chamber, eyes fixed firmly on Harry’s crotch. Harry smirked. “Do you have to be back in your tower by any particular time?” Draco attempted a casual tone, but missed the mark thanks to the strain in his voice.

“Not really. Before the others wake up,” Harry shrugged. That, too, was one of the reasons he’d picked the Chamber — even if the whole castle were looking for him, they’d never be found down here.

He had Draco to himself for the whole night, as long as they were both back in their dorms before sunrise.

He certainly planned to make the most of it.

## Chapter End Notes

There might be a lot of scary adult things going on around them, but they're all still teenagers ;)