

It was a narrow street, the buildings looming tall on either side, with only a few people out and about, all enjoying their evenings — other couples on dates, some families, some groups of friends. Many of them nodded in greeting to the pair, some giggled and eyed them appreciatively, but none of them bothered them, for which Harry was extremely grateful.

Draco actually gaped when Harry turned them towards the door of their destination for the night. “The Golden Harp,” he exclaimed quietly. “How the hell did you get us a table at the Golden Harp, this place is booked out *months* in advance!”

“Harry Potter,” Harry pointed out, shrugging. He wasn’t afraid to use his fame *sometimes* — namely, in the efforts of spoiling his boyfriend rotten.

The host straightened up at the sight of them, offering a sharp bow. “Lord Potter, Lord Malfoy,” he greeted demurely. “Right this way, please.”

One of the reasons Harry had chosen this place, other than Narcissa raving about the menu, was that they had low-level privacy wards on every table. Not enough for people not to recognise who was sat there — what was the point in going to a fancy restaurant if you weren’t *seen* at the fancy restaurant — but enough to discourage any sort of approach, or eavesdropping.

Harry and Draco could have a nice dinner to themselves, without worrying about the press or fans or anything.

“You really have pulled out all the stops, haven’t you?” Draco remarked, pale brows rising at the sight of a bottle of his favourite white wine chilling at the table already. “Are you trying to romance, me, Potter?” A wicked grin tugged at his lips.

“Well, I figured after nearly three years, it’s about time I put some effort in,” Harry joked in reply, smiling briefly at the waitress who came and poured their wine and water. “Consider this an apology for all those dates we haven’t been able to have in public.”

Draco’s face softened, a rosy blush rising in his cheeks. “You don’t need to apologise for that,” he insisted. “It was as much my doing as yours.”

“Then consider it the start of me showering you with love and devotion and expensive things as you so deserve,” Harry replied with a wink. “I always did say I’d spoil you rotten once I got the chance.”

The blond had a tiny, pleased smile he couldn’t quite hide behind his humour. “Dangerous thing to say to a Malfoy,” he warned. “We have expensive tastes.”

“Fairly sure I can handle the cost.” Harry had more money than either of them could spend in a hundred lifetimes, even if Draco demanded meals like this every single night.

As he perused the menu, Harry tried not to let on how nervous he was. Not because of the date, or even his plans for later in the evening — he had never actually been to a wizarding restaurant before, not really. Certainly not one as posh as this. And he’d only been to a