

treat him like some sort of divine figure.

The gentle nuzzle became a firmer press of lips, and Harry became suddenly aware of an insistent press against his lower back, too. "Is that a wand in your pocket, or are you just happy to see me?" he drawled lightly, feeling Draco's quiet snicker.

"Such a cliché, why am I so in love with you," he mock-despaired, biting at Harry's earlobe. "I just figured, while we're up here and everyone else is busy... you always hear such scandalous tales of the Astronomy Tower. We could see what the fuss is all about."

Harry swung around, facing Draco with an arched brow. "Now who's the cliché," he retorted. Draco just swooped in, capturing his lips in a kiss.

"Come on, you know you want to," he cajoled, stroking Harry's thigh, fingers tracing the inseam of his jeans.

"Pretty sure all the *scandalous tales* happen at night-time. Y'know, when the stars are out?"

Draco was unperturbed. "We can come back later, too. Pretend we're breaking curfew, sneaking about like it's fourth year all over again. I can't believe we never came up here back then, honestly."

"Too high a risk of getting caught." That wasn't a problem now, not with Harry's ability to sink into the very stones of Hogwarts and pop out wherever he liked. "I suppose we can tick this place off the list," he agreed, moving off the ledge, pulling Draco further into the room, where they were less likely to have an unexpected drop ruin the mood. He tugged on Draco's belt. "Would be better if we were in uniform, though. More authentic."

"I'll show you *authentic*," Draco muttered, rubbing Harry through his jeans. Perhaps they truly *were* going to take a nostalgia trip to fourth year, frothing against each other fully clothed and snogging until their lips were numb. Harry could absolutely get on board with that.

Then Draco paused, meeting Harry's eyes. "Hang on, did you say you have a *list*?"

"No!" Grey eyes narrowed, and Harry faltered. "I mean, not on paper or anything. Just. Y'know. We've got a year left in this castle. I can travel through walls and control the wards. That leaves lots of places for me to get you off." He moved his hands to Draco's backside, gripping two firm handfuls and grinding their cocks together. "It's not *really* a list."

Draco leaned back against the wall, the line of his pale neck into his undone shirt collar drawing a needy whine from the back of Harry's throat. "You make a fair point," he said, rolling the words slowly over his tongue, considering the matter even as he snuck a hand under Harry's t-shirt. He tangled a hand in Harry's hair and yanked, kissing down his jaw. "But if there's going to be a list, we start over on September first. Doesn't count if school's not in session."

That was fair. A shiver of anticipation raced down Harry's spine, imagining all the places they could try and have sex without getting caught. God, McGonagall was going to *hate*