

Positively Gryffindor about it. You've ruined my reputation."

Harry rolled his eyes, grinning as he let Draco crowd his space. "Your reputation is doing just fine," he argued, sliding a hand into the soft blond strands at the nape of his neck. "But it's nice to hear I'm not the only sappy Gryffindor here."

Draco hummed, kissing him in lieu of a reply. Harry shifted them to get more comfortable, pulling Draco half on top of him. He sighed into the kiss, hand moving to cradle Draco's waist, their legs tangling together. All of a sudden, Draco froze, pulling back. Harry frowned. "What's wrong?"

"Harry, I— about what your godfather said."

Harry almost groaned at the reminder of Sirius' embarrassing words, wondering which part Draco objected to most. Then he saw the look in the blond's eyes, hesitant and shy, and comprehension slammed into him.

They were in his bedroom. On his bed. Alone.

His pulse ticked up a notch— was Draco suggesting... what was he suggesting? They'd never been alone together like this before. Somewhere that wasn't a classroom, or a hidden corner of the school where they might be found at any minute. Somewhere with a bed.

"Everything we've done has been great, truly—" Oh, Draco was talking again, Harry should probably pay attention. "— I just don't know if I— I mean, things are going— maybe we shouldn't—"

"Draco," Harry interrupted, brows furrowing. Draco was getting more frustrated with every word he tripped over, his body tense and uncomfortable. "Talk to me."

"Can we maybe just slow it down a bit?" the Slytherin blurted all at once, then bit his lip. "Fuck. I mean, just because we're up here in your room, doesn't mean we have to, y'know. Do anything." He wouldn't meet Harry's gaze now. The Gryffindor frowned.

"Do you not want me to kiss you?" he asked, suddenly worried. He tried to untangle them, but Draco held tight.

"No!" he blurted. "No, no, this is good. I just... oh, bugger it all," he muttered under his breath. "I know you've had that book, from George, and it's got all sorts of... *stuff* in it. But I — I don't think I'm ready to go any further than we have just yet. Even if now would be perfect for it, because we're here and alone and even though Sirius was teasing I bet he wouldn't even care if we did shut the door, and my mother just wants me to be happy, but all the same I can't— I don't— Merlin, I can't *think* when I'm looking at you like this."

Harry might be an idiot Gryffindor with blood flowing to lots of places other than his brain right now, but even he could put those pieces together. He frowned, stroking the back of Draco's neck. "Draco, breathe," he soothed. "We don't have to do anything. I'm sorry if you thought— if I was pushing, or something, I didn't mean to. I don't think I'm ready either," he admitted. He'd read the book cover to cover at this point, and maybe in the privacy of his bed