

this Chamber and then telling me there's a portrait of my house founder you won't let me meet, you're going to have to do some serious grovelling, Potter."

Harry laughed, shaking his head. "No. The surprise is over here; the Chamber is just the location. And I promise you, as soon as Salazar is willing to allow it, I'll take you to meet him." He just had to hope Snape wouldn't tell even his godson when Harry brought him down to the office.

Taking Draco's hand once more, he led him over to the foot of the statue. With a wave of his wand, the true surprise was revealed; a picnic for two, laid out on a green and silver blanket, complete with a bouquet of red roses in a vase. "Oh," Draco said softly.

"I wish we could go out for a proper dinner somewhere nice," Harry said, kissing his cheek. "But I thought this might be a good substitute. We'll certainly have privacy down here," he added, and grey eyes flared with heat, sending a shiver of electricity down Harry's spine. He would not admit that the privacy had been the biggest factor in planning his Valentine's surprise. They could stay down here as long as they liked, without having to worry about Umbridge or patrolling prefects or anything.

Showing Draco the Chamber of Secrets had just been a bonus.

Harry knelt down on the blanket and began unpacking the basket, but stopped when a hand landed on his wrist. When he looked up at Draco, the blond was staring at him intently.

"I'm not all that hungry just yet," he drawled, kneeling down in front of Harry. "I think we'd best work up a *proper* appetite, first."

Harry swallowed thickly. "Fine by me." Suddenly, food was the last thing on his mind.

In moments, Draco had him on his back, pinned by his wrists to the blanket, their mouths pressed firmly together — as well as other parts of their bodies. Harry moaned softly, arching into the embrace. Then with a quick jerk of his hips, he flipped them over, straddling Draco's thighs. Draco gasped against him, and Harry smirked. "Y'know, something I've learned about the Chamber," he said conversationally, sitting back to start unbuttoning his own shirt. "It's got excellent acoustics." As soon as brown flesh was revealed, Draco's hands were on it, blunt nails scrabbling up Harry's chest. Harry leaned back down for another kiss, then looked Draco dead in the eye. "Bet it's going to sound amazing when I suck your cock so hard you scream my name."

Draco's pupils blew wide. "Holy fuck," he breathed. Harry grinned.

"That a yes?" Already, he was shifting down, working at the fly of Draco's trousers.

"Hell yes," Draco confirmed, lifting his hips to help Harry pull the trousers down. He wasn't wearing underwear, and it made Harry's throat go dry.

He started somewhat tentatively, licking at the flushed, sensitive skin. Even that little touch had Draco whining quietly. Slowly, Harry got a bit bolder; the taste wasn't bad, so he took a bit more in his mouth, careful to keep his teeth out of the whole affair. He was working only