

lip. “Should we, um.” He gestured towards his room, trying not to spill his water.

His heart was racing as he entered his room — this was it. This was the big moment.

Draco shut the door behind them, and Harry noticed his hands were trembling. Was he nervous, too? That was good. Sort of. Harry didn’t really want both of them to be nervous, but he also didn’t want to be the only one quietly freaking out.

It was ridiculous, really; they’d done just about everything else together, why did this one act have such significance? Plenty of stuff they’d already done was technically sex. But... this was different. This was the thing that people talked about when they referenced *losing your virginity*. This was a big deal.

Harry set his water down on his desk and shrugged off his jacket, unable to meet Draco’s eyes. When he sat down on the edge of the bed, he was hit with a wave of exhaustion, muscles aching from all the dancing. Draco was bent over in front of him, stepping out of his jeans, and while Harry’s cock jumped at the sight of the blond’s arse in green silk boxers, it wasn’t the overwhelming burn of lust that he anticipated. He unzipped his own jeans, letting his fingers brush against his half-hard length, trying to stir that heat. As he did, Draco’s silver eyes caught his, and they both paused.

“Should we—“

“Are you—“

They spoke at the same time, and blushed. “You first,” Draco said, walking over with his shirt half unbuttoned to stand in front of Harry. Harry’s hands automatically went to the blond’s hips, thumbs settling into the dips of his back.

“Are you...kind of... tired?” he said hesitantly, hoping he wasn’t about to ruin everything. There was a beat of silence, and then slowly Draco fell face-first onto the mattress with a soft thump, rolling over to look up at Harry.

“Merlin, yes,” he sighed, gaze apologetic. “I don’t think we thought this through.”

Harry chuckled, suddenly giddy with relief, and he kicked off his jeans and patted Draco’s thigh. “I think thinking it through too much was our problem,” he countered, lying down beside Draco, their noses almost touching. “I want our first time to be special,” he admitted, “but... putting all that pressure on it just seems a bit... much.” He’d spent half the day thinking about it, and now they were there he was exhausted just from running over every possible scenario in his mind. “There’s no rush. Hell, we’ve got half the summer ahead of us still. And it’s not like we’re sneaking around behind our parents’ backs or anything.” Draco had told him about how utterly mortifying it had been to get caught by Snape brewing lube, but thankfully no embarrassing conversations had followed.

“I want you,” Draco murmured, and as always the words sent a delicious shiver down Harry’s spine. “But without sounding like an utter *Hufflepuff*, it’s going to be special not because it’s your birthday or we’ve planned it or anything, but because it’s *you*, and I love you.” He tilted his chin for a kiss, lips moving languidly. “And being entirely honest, I don’t