

“Fucking show off.” But he took the rose and went willingly, following Harry through the crowd towards the staircase.

People noticed them leave. The cat-calls that followed them proved that, but Harry didn’t care. Let the whole damn Tower know that he was going up to his room to celebrate with his boyfriend.

“It’s strange, coming in through the door,” Draco remarked, making Harry laugh. He had said door locked in an instant, though he didn’t bother with the silencing charms. Everyone knew what they were doing; the perverts could listen if they really wanted. As loud as the common room was, the sound wouldn’t carry.

He kicked off his trainers, gently pushing Draco until his back was against the wooden post at the corner of Harry’s bed. Their lips met tenderly and the rose dropped to the floor, Harry’s hands mussing the blond’s hair, rucking up the hem of the Gryffindor hoodie, unsurprised to find a Slytherin-green t-shirt beneath. He pulled the hoodie over Draco’s head, the bold shock of emerald even brighter in this room full of red and gold.

“What’ve I earned, then?” he asked softly, thumb stroking Draco’s jaw. “What do I get for impressing you?”

“Mm, depends what you want,” Draco returned, eyes bright and thumbs hooked into the back belt loops of Harry’s jeans.

The Gryffindor frowned thoughtfully — for the first time, they weren’t confined by the drapes of Harry’s bed, and he wanted to make the most of it. He liked the way Draco looked leaned up against the post like this, remembered a hot flash of a dream in which he had the Slytherin bent over the end of the bed.

But then he turned, looking around the rest of the room, which was surprisingly tidy for once.

Looked at the centre of the round dormitory, the clear space in the middle of the room, with the enormous rug in the middle of it proudly bearing his house crest. Measured up the space in his head.

A wicked smirk crossed his face as lust coiled low in his belly. “So, I’ve got an idea…”

He stepped back, into the middle of the room, watching confusion turn to understanding and arousal in wide grey eyes as he went to his knees in the centre of the rug, beckoning Draco down with one hand and summoning the vial of lubricant with the other. Draco huffed a laugh, but didn’t protest.

“I’m going to get carpet burn on my arse, aren’t I?” he asked knowingly, even as he unbuttoned his trousers.

“I’ll heal it,” Harry promised with a grin, manhandling Draco onto his back right in the centre of the rug, pinning him to the floor with a hot, sloppy kiss.