

It was not, perhaps, a talent he could show with pride to his Transfiguration professor. But it was a talent all the same. His latest attempt — a wonderfully comfortable king-sized bed with a small mountain of pillows to match — had certainly held up well to everything he and Draco could think to test it with in one evening, and Harry was fairly certain it would hold up long enough for them to get a few hours sleep, too.

He hoped so. Draco was awfully cranky when he woke up due to the bed disappearing.

He cuddled his Slytherin love closer, both of them boneless and sated but no longer sticky thanks to the joys of magic. On the floor beside the bed was the book of sex positions Harry had bought from Infinite — they'd ticked a couple more off the list, with resounding success.

"Can you believe we've only four months left of term?" Harry sighed, fingers running down the ridges of Draco's spine.

Draco groaned. "Don't. Four more months in this bloody powder-keg of a castle and I may never want to come back."

Rolling his eyes, Harry poked the blond gently. "As if. You wouldn't miss your seventh year. You wouldn't miss *my* seventh year."

"I'm sure I could convince you never to return, as well," Draco replied, reasonably confident.

"Not likely. Seventh year is going to be the first school year of my life where I won't have to deal with Dumbledore's bullshit or some sort of fight against evil. It's going to be brilliant." Just a normal year at Hogwarts, his biggest concerns passing his NEWTs and winning the quidditch cup.

"That does sound nice," Draco agreed, and Harry loved him for not even suggesting that there might be either of those things.

Harry had his heart set on that perfect, normal year. He was going to do whatever he had to this summer to make it happen.

He wouldn't let Dumbledore ruin his *entire* Hogwarts career.

"There's another World Cup the year after next, too," Draco told him. "Think it's in... Greece, possibly? Maybe Turkey."

"That would be fun. Do you think we could get tickets?"

Draco propped himself up on Harry's chest, looking at him like he was a complete idiot. "I think you'll be on the damned team, you clot." Harry started to grin, and Draco huffed. "Honestly. The only question is how badly it'll clash with my healer training and whether I'll be able to go with you for the whole thing. I shan't have you seeing all the sights without me."

"I've never been to Greece. Or Turkey," Harry said, a little bemused.