

With no need for an Unplottable house to keep Harry safe, the family would be moving out and returning the manor to its summer home status. Grimmauld was ready, the paperwork on the Forrester kids had been signed, and it was time for them all to go home.

“Remind me why I’m the only one packing?” Harry asked, glancing over his shoulder at Draco, who was sprawled on the bed eating apple slices and watching Harry magically pack books into an expanded trunk.

“Because it’s your room?” Draco retorted.

“Yeah, which you’ve been basically living in for the last two summers,” Harry said without missing a beat. “Half this stuff is yours, I swear.” The bedroom that was *actually* Draco’s room had taken all of ten minutes to pack, and five of those were spent double checking that they hadn’t left any vials of lube or sex toys or anything weird hidden somewhere, which then might be found at a later date and used to embarrass the hell out of them.

“But it’ll all go to your room at Grimmauld, which is where I’m likely to spend most of my time when not at school anyway.”

“Won’t you go with your mum?” Harry asked, finishing up with the books and deciding to take a break, flopping down next to Draco on the bed. The Slytherin shrugged.

“Potentially. But I’ll still come over to see you most days.” He smiled helplessly. “As many of our friends have pointed out to us, we’re really quite co-dependent, darling.” He didn’t sound upset about it; he almost sounded *proud*.

Harry snorted, leaning in to kiss him. “We’re not *that* co-dependent,” he insisted. “We’re just making up for all that time we had to pretend we hated each other.”

“Whatever helps you sleep at night, love.”

“*You* help me sleep at night.” Harry’s hand slid down Draco’s stomach, and the blond smirked.

“Exactly. Co-dependent.” He raised up on his elbows, kissing Harry softly, parting his lips and easing him into a deeper kiss.

“For fuck’s sake, can you two stop for five minutes?”

Charlie stood in the doorway, a box tucked under one arm.

“Actually, we just got started, so if you could shut the door...”

Charlie laughed, tossing a light Tickling charm at Draco in retort. “Cissa needs to borrow you for a bit,” he said. “Malfoy ward stuff.” In his defence, he looked slightly apologetic.

Draco gave a dramatic groan, tearing himself reluctantly away from Harry and rolling off the bed onto his feet. It was unfair how he managed to look graceful doing so — Harry would just look like a drunk giraffe.