

Draco laughed through more tears, leaning down, pressing their foreheads together. “Disaster of a wizard,” he murmured affectionately, the same words he’d said years ago, right before he’d kissed Harry for the first time. “You couldn’t possibly think I’d say no, did you?”

Harry shrugged sheepishly. “I mean — you might have?” He hadn’t wanted to assume.

Snorting, Draco pulled back, kneeling on the grass next to Harry’s reclined form. There were grass stains on both their robes, but neither of them cared.

“You’ve had me ruined for anyone but you since I was fourteen years old, you prat,” Draco whispered, gaze turning back down to the ring, still safely inside the snitch. “It’s absolutely beautiful, Harry. Is it an heirloom?”

Harry nodded, too dazed to speak. Draco ran a gentle finger over the ring. Then he looked at Harry imperiously. “Are you going to put this on me, or what?”

Harry scrambled to sit up, taking the ring out with shaking hands and fumbling with it until it slid onto Draco’s left ring finger, resizing perfectly.

And there it was. His engagement ring, on Draco Malfoy’s finger. His claim for the whole world to see — this perfect, amazing man was going to be his forever.

Harry hooked a hand round the back of his neck and pulled him into a hard kiss, pouring all of his love and relief into the embrace, hoping Draco knew just how *happy* he was at that moment.

Suddenly, there was a loud whistling noise, and a firework exploded over their heads in a shower of golden sparks, forming a heart in the sky. Cheers and whistles filled the air, and the two boys startled apart, whipping around to see a crowd of people up in the lowest stands. Their parents and godparents, but also Ginny and Neville, and all the older Weasley boys with their partners, and the Gryffindor quidditch team. Susan and Theo and Luna and Daphne and Pansy and Millie, all their other Hogwarts friends. The Tonks family and Kingsley, his hand on the barely-there swell of Tonks’ stomach while she whooped and cheered, her hair cycling through the whole rainbow in her joy. Even McGonagall was there, applauding with a smile on her face and if Harry wasn’t mistaken, tears in her eyes.

“Did you—“ Draco started, but Harry shook his head.

“I didn’t plan that!” he insisted, blushing bright red. “I thought it was just us!” Having an audience was *not* part of his grand idea!

Harry and Draco scrambled to their feet, trying to make themselves a little more presentable. “How long have you lot been there?” Harry called up, wondering how the hell he hadn’t noticed. He held the damn school wards!

But then, so did Neville, and Luna, and McGonagall. And Harry would bet anything Hannah was up in the castle, watching through the magic, doing her bit to keep the family hidden from him.