

Harry's eyes darkened as his brain ran through several ways the evening could play out — all of which were probably things Snape had told Draco not to do. Well, what the Potions Master didn't know couldn't hurt him.

"If I'd known, I would've brought your Christmas present with me," he said sadly, thinking of the wrapped gift hidden in his trunk. Draco smirked.

"I actually had Ceri help me with that one." He gestured to the small tree on the blanket, making Harry realise there were two wrapped gifts beneath it; one of which was his gift for Draco.

"Sneaky snake," Harry murmured, pressing his lips to Draco's with a soft sigh. "Should we open them now?" He was suddenly nervous about his gift, and he didn't want to spend the whole evening worrying about Draco's response to it.

They exchanged gifts and opened them simultaneously, neither wanting the pressure of being stared at while they unwrapped their present. Harry eyed his curiously; it was a palm-sized disc of shiny black stone, engraved with runes all over. He glanced up at Draco, who smiled tentatively. "It's a Meditation Wardstone," the blond explained. "Put it under your pillow, and it'll make it easier for you to meditate before bed — and strengthen your Occlumency shields while you're asleep. I know you've been having those dreams, and I... I thought it would help."

Harry's breath caught in his throat, his gaze turning back to the stone with awe. "That sounds amazing, Draco... this is brilliant." Harry had never heard of such a thing before; they probably weren't common. What lengths had Draco gone to just to get one for him?

Suddenly, his gift to Draco seemed meagre in comparison. "I, uh— Fleur recommended it," he explained, gesturing to the book of French-language spells in Draco's lap. "Apparently there's some more obscure and older spells in there. I know it's not much, but—"

"I love it," Draco insisted, leaning over for a quick kiss. "I can't wait to find something to hex Weasley with — even Granger will never think of a French counter-spell." Harry snickered; the way the pair had been treating him all year, he'd like to see that, too.

Still beaming from his gift, Harry shuffled closer to Draco. "So what's the plan now?" he asked playfully, watching Draco's eyes widen.

"We could play cards," Draco suggested casually, even as his fingers began to creep up towards the hem of Harry's t-shirt.

"Hmm," Harry agreed, running his fingers through Draco's pale hair.

"We could have another dance lesson."

Harry made a face at that, and Draco chuckled. Suddenly, he stretched his leg out and pushed, toppling Harry gently until he was on his back on the blanket, Draco's knees either side of his hips. The blond leaned in close. "We could talk about how hot you looked on your broom