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Lying under a blanket on a conjured futon in the back garden of Seren Du, staring up at the stars with Draco curled up beside him, Harry was fairly sure he'd found the definition of perfection.

It was a beautiful cloudless night, still surprisingly warm even with the sun long since set. The whole thing was Draco's idea — teasing Harry about his Astronomy grade, saying he spent too much time indoors to even recognise stars anymore. So they had set up their little haven, with hot chocolate delivered by Ceri; the closest they could get to a date night while cooped up in Seren Du.

Harry pressed a kiss to Draco's hair, hand running gently up and down the blond's side. "This was a really good idea," he said softly, feeling Draco smile against his collarbone.

"It was, wasn't it?" he agreed, only a little smug. His fingers curled slightly around Harry's hip, just beneath the hem of his t-shirt. "I'm glad the weather worked out for us. I was worried we'd only have cloudy days before we had to go back to Hogwarts."

Harry sighed quietly; school was approaching far, far too close on the horizon for his liking. "I don't want to go back," he confessed. "I wish we could just stay here until I turn seventeen." Then he would have his full adult power, could finally take on Voldemort and Dumbledore both. But there was work to do in the mean time.

"Quit being such a pessimist, Potter," Draco scolded lightly. "This year won't be nearly as bad as last. No Umbridge, no awful exams, and a reason to put two fingers up at Dumbledore. Not to mention, we won't have to pretend to hate each other any more." Thanks to Narcissa's bold moves over the summer, everyone knew that the Malfoys were on the side of the Light — and that Narcissa and Sirius had reconnected as family.

"I'm looking forward to that part," Harry agreed with a slight smile, pulling Draco up gently to kiss him. "Maybe we'll be out properly before the end of the year." He wanted that, so very badly, but not at the expense of Draco's safety.

"Mm, we'll see how it goes," Draco agreed, their foreheads pressing together. Harry's glasses dug into his cheek a little, but he didn't care. "There are a lot of good things ahead. Even Dumbledore can't ruin that."

"I suppose." It was hard for Harry to remember all the things he was worried about when Draco was winding his fingers through his hair, lips skating down Harry's jaw.

The conversation was derailed as they kissed languidly, Harry slowly turning boneless beneath his boyfriend's fingers. Their touches weren't designed to arouse — they might feel alone out there, but they were both aware their guardians were still in the house and perfectly capable of looking out a window — but Harry arched up into Draco regardless, wishing it were somehow possible to get even closer, to surround himself with the blond's scent and warmth and love. Draco removed Harry's glasses so he could kiss him better, and the Gryffindor grinned playfully.