

“One day, when this is all over, I’ll dance with you in front of the whole bloody Ministry,” he promised, kissing Draco slowly. The blond melted into the kiss, fingers threading into Harry’s hair. “That’s actually something I wanted to ask you about,” he added breathlessly when they parted, refusing to get distracted.

“Can it wait?” Draco muttered, going in for another kiss. Harry let it go on for a minute or two, then pulled back.

“I promised Susan I’d find someone to teach me to dance before the ball, so I don’t embarrass the both of us,” he explained. “You know how to dance, right?”

“I’m a Malfoy,” Draco retorted, as if it answered that question. Which, Harry supposed, it did.

“Would you teach me? I know we’re both boys, so it’ll be different, but... you won’t laugh at me.” How far they’d come, that Draco Malfoy was one of the few people he could say that to.

A thoughtful hum was Draco’s response. “I suppose. If it’s to save you looking a fool in front of our esteemed guests,” he added wryly. Harry beamed, kissing him again.

“Thank you! I’ll try my best, I swear.” He made to give Draco another kiss, but the blond boy got to his feet abruptly, rolling up his sleeves.

“Let’s see what we’re working with, then,” he prompted, eyeing Harry expectantly. Harry gulped.

“What? Now?” he asked, alarmed. He hadn’t expected to start so soon! He’d thought maybe he could have a day or two to mentally prepare himself. Have Neville show him a step or two, so he didn’t totally look like an idiot in front of his boyfriend.

“I need to see if it’s going to take me every night from now til Christmas to get you in shape,” Draco retorted.

“Oi!” Harry argued. “I’m in great shape!”

Draco’s eyes trailed over him, heavy-lidded. Harry shivered. “Hmm, you’re not bad.” He stepped closer to Harry, resting a hand on the small of his back that dipped down to brush his backside for the briefest of seconds, just long enough to be intentional. “But let’s see if you can dance.”

“We don’t have music,” Harry protested.

“Doesn’t matter for now, and you can bring your Wireless next time. Quit making excuses, Potter.” Draco’s smirk turned challenging. “Unless you’re scared?”

“In your dreams,” Harry returned. Draco winked at him.

“You frequently are,” he said without missing a beat, catching Harry when he stumbled and pulling him up into dancing hold. “Now, you’ll have to lead Bones, so I’ll teach you that way.