

Harry sighed — everyone else in the dorm was asleep, but he still felt restless. Silently, he crept out of bed, sitting on the ledge of the curved window, staring out at the night sky. Somewhere out there was Dumbledore, plotting Merlin only knew what. Possibly with the power of Death itself at his disposal.

If only Harry had left his cloak behind that night. He hadn't even been *wearing* it!

Scowling to himself, he focused back on the stars — beating himself up wasn't going to help him sleep any.

He saw a pale blur in the sky, and smiled as he squinted at it — it was Hedwig, out for a late night hunt.

Then a second pale blur joined the owl. Another snowy owl. Harry raised an eyebrow.

Well, it seemed he wasn't the only one who couldn't sleep, tonight.

Slowly, silently, Harry undid the latch on the window, hissing when the cool night air touched his skin. Then he whistled — not too loud, but enough to carry through the quiet.

An owl hooted in response.

The two pale forms changed direction, heading towards him. The one that wasn't Hedwig was showing off a little, flying graceful arcs and dives, making Harry grin. Hedwig landed on the window sill first, cooing softly at Harry. He scratched the back of her head where she liked it best. "Hello, sweetheart. You showing him how it's done?"

The second owl's landing was a little more unsteady, and he butted imperiously at Harry's hand. Harry chuckled, giving him a scratch, too.

Hedwig hooted softly at the pair of them, hopped up to gently nip Harry's ear, then took off in the direction of the Owlery. The second owl watched her go, then turned back to Harry, bright amber eyes studying him.

Harry shuffled backwards, opening the window a little further. "You coming in then, or what?"

The owl didn't need asking twice, hopping through the window and giving a graceful little glide over to Harry's bed. Harry shut the window, heartbeat picking up.

By the time he turned around again, Draco was fully human, draped attractively over Harry's crimson duvet, wearing grey silk pyjamas and a lazy smirk. "So this is the Gryffindor dorms, is it? Charming."

Harry hurried to join him, pulling the drapes and raising a Silencing charm, arousal already coursing through him. This was exactly what he needed to deal with his restless energy. He straddled Draco's hips, mischievously kissing his nose. "Do you have any idea how many times I've fantasised about having you up here?" he murmured, playing with the button at Draco's throat. Grey eyes turned the colour of a summer storm, hot with lust. "Splayed out on my Gryffindor sheets, no one else knowing you're in here." He kissed Draco's jaw, suckling