

year Slytherins. His hair was mussed, and the sleeves of his dark green button-down were rolled up to his elbows.

Harry almost tripped over his own feet, eyes so fixed on the curve of Draco's wrist, the line of his forearm.

He blushed, tearing his gaze away, heat filling his veins.

The note Draco had passed in the heirs meeting asked him to meet at eight. Those three hours were going to *crawl* by.

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Sitting in the unused classroom Draco had selected, Harry watched the little dot on the Marauder's Map labelled *Draco Malfoy* as it steadily made its way up from the dungeons. He'd already checked they were clear — Umbridge was in what Harry assumed was her personal quarters, and the only teacher out on evening patrol was Sprout, who was two floors up. There were prefects out, but Draco was one too; Harry wasn't worried about him getting caught.

He put the map away when the dot reached the corridor outside, and was grinning when the door slid open. Draco immediately locked and warded it with his wand, while Harry jumped to his feet.

"Merlin, I've been waiting all day for this," he declared, tugging Draco into a kiss. Draco's hands landed on his hips, steadying him.

"It's been far too long," the Slytherin agreed, smile soft. "I'm glad I had that mirror of yours, the last half of summer. I... I don't know what I would've done without it." Harry tensed at the reminder of the guests in Draco's home, pulling his boyfriend closer.

With a few Cushioning charms, they got comfortably cuddled up in the back corner, Harry leaning against the wall while Draco tucked himself against Harry's chest. "Can you stay at the school over Christmas?" he asked, tangling Draco's fingers with his own.

"Probably. Even Father will agree that the atmosphere at home isn't really conducive to studying. And of course, I must do well on my OWLs, or I'll disgrace the family name." The bitterness in his tone made Harry frown, kissing his temple.

"You're going to do better on your OWLs than your father could even *dream* of doing," he insisted.

"I hope so," Draco sighed. "I suppose you'll be spending Yule break with Sirius?"

"Maybe. I rarely get to decide these things." Perhaps he would be allowed to go back to Grimmauld for the holidays. If the Weasleys were going too. If Dumbledore wasn't pissed off with Harry by then. "I wish we could all spend it at Seren Du."

The idea of a family Christmas — a *proper* one, in their real home, with Draco and his mother there too — made Harry's chest clench painfully.