

would have had him beating Draco to the fluttering gold ball, instead watching pale fingers clamp around it, pulling up from the dive.

Draco grinned to himself, then turned to look suspiciously at Harry, both of them coming down to land. “You let me win that one,” he accused. “Come on, Harry. It’s no fun if you let me win.”

“Yeah, well,” Harry said, just a little shaky, his stomach full of butterflies and his heart in his throat. “I sort-of needed you to catch that snitch.”

Confused, Draco looked down at the snitch in his palm. There was a quiet click, and it split in the middle, opening to reveal something nestled inside.

A ring sat in a little velvet indent; silver band made of three interwoven strands, swirling up around a flawless emerald with a smaller, perfect white diamond on each side. Masculine, but beautiful. Like Draco.

When Draco looked back up, Harry was in front of him, on one knee, eyes shining with hope.

Harry watched the rapid cycle of emotions play over his love’s face — confusion, shock, joy, his jaw dropping ever so slightly, his hands beginning to tremble as he held the snitch steady.

Harry swallowed his nerves, and cleared his throat. “You are the best thing that’s ever happened to me, Draco Malfoy,” he declared earnestly, voice wavering with emotion. “Magic, Hogwarts, all the rest of it — none of it compares to the moment I looked at you across an empty classroom at one in the morning and realised I couldn’t live without you in my life. I know we had a bit of a rocky start, to say the least,” he chuckled weakly, and Draco’s lips twitched, “but we’ve come a long way since we were eleven. We’ve seen far more than anyone our age should ever see, done things we never should have had to do. Through it all — all the drama and the danger and the *ridiculous shit* that seems to follow me around — you were right there, by my side, calling me an idiot Gryffindor and telling me you loved me in the same breath, making all my problems seem so easy to manage, as long as I had you. And I know, without a doubt, that I want you right there for the rest of our lives. I fought a war so I could have a future, Draco, and I want you to be that future. So... will you marry me?”

Draco stared at him. Harry couldn’t breathe. His pulse thudded in his ears, fears suddenly gripping him; it was too soon, they were too young, Draco wanted to wait—

That thought was cut off abruptly as he was tackled to the ground, pressed against the grass by Draco’s weight, the blond beaming down at him with tears shining in his gorgeous silver eyes. “You foolish Gryffindor,” he rasped, and Harry’s heart jolted. “Yes. Of course I’ll marry you.”

“Oh,” Harry breathed, the words echoing in his head. *Yes. Draco said yes.* “That’s good, then.”