

It'll be easier for you anyway; following's harder, you've got to do it backwards. It'll feel a bit weird at first, since I'm taller than you, but so's she, especially in heels." Harry wanted to argue, but he couldn't deny it. Susan wouldn't be quite as tall as Draco, but there wasn't a chance of her being the same height as Harry, let alone shorter.

"We'll start off basic," Draco assured. "I'd imagine the opening dance will be a traditional wizarding waltz, and anything that follows probably a fairly simple box-step."

Harry wished he knew what any of those things meant.

"Okay, here we go. Just do as I tell you."

Without any music to follow, Draco instead counted beats quietly, directing Harry with soft words and pointed nudges of his hands. Harry still tripped over his feet for the first twenty minutes, but eventually he started to get the hang of it a little bit. "Look at me, not at your feet," Draco instructed. Harry snapped his head up, meeting Draco's silver gaze. The Slytherin had a soft, unguarded smile at the corners of his lips. It took Harry's breath away for a minute, and his feet stopped moving. Draco blinked at him. "What are you—" Harry cut him off with a kiss, moving his hand up to cup Draco's jaw. The blond hummed quietly. "That's not part of the dance," he said a beat after they parted, looking a little dazed.

"Couldn't help myself," Harry replied, grinning abashedly. "So how am I doing?"

"Not as terrible as I feared," Draco acquiesced. "Definite potential. We should still start meeting up at least every other night, though, just to make sure you get plenty of practice. Unless that'll be too much? My roommates don't much care what I do at night, but yours aren't good at minding their own business."

"I'll make it work." Harry didn't need sleep, right? Not when he could spend several hours a night in Draco's arms. And, sometimes, stepping on Draco's feet. "Every other night, or every night?"

"We'll go for every night this week, then go from there. Can you handle that?"

Harry smirked. "Oh, I don't know, having to spend that much time looking at your ugly mug," he teased, stroking Draco's cheek. "Not sure I can cope."

Draco sniffed haughtily. "One must suffer for one's art, Potter," he said in reply, sounding every inch the puffed up little pureblood lordling his father wanted him to be. Harry laughed, leaning up for another kiss. He liked kissing when they were like this. Having to stretch up on his toes, just a little bit, to get the perfect angle to slot their mouths together without his glasses digging into Draco's face. He didn't mind being shorter than Draco.

They kissed for a few minutes more, then Draco took Harry's hand in his own, nudging him back into hold. "If you can get this tonight, maybe tomorrow I'll introduce the lifts."

Harry's face paled. Maybe dancing wasn't such a good idea after all.

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