

It was nearing eleven, but the band was showing no signs of stopping. Many of the students had gone to bed — or gone off to find a secluded corner of the castle — but there was still a good number of them out dancing. Harry was wedged between Ginny and Luna doing a move that looked like something he'd seen in 70s music videos when he was yanked back towards the Weasley twins, the two girls shrugging and merely grabbing Neville in Harry's place. Harry's brow furrowed when Fred and George started to slowly move him away from the dancing crowd. "What's the matter?"

"Courtyard, west corner, behind the rose bush," George whispered in his ear, shoving him towards the doors. "You can thank us later!"

Utterly perplexed, Harry stepped out into the courtyard, shivering a little at the evening air after being in the huddle of dancers for so long. There were couples dotted around the places, some poorly-hidden in rose bushes while others were making no attempt to hide at all. He raised an eyebrow at Seamus and Lavender, sat on a bench with hands in some very inappropriate places for being in public. Edging around them, he hurried to the west corner, hesitantly approaching the rose bush. A hand whipped out, grabbing him by the lapel and tugging.

A familiar voice muttered a Privacy charm, and Harry relaxed instantly, barely having a second to register the company before lips were pressed frantically against his own. "You're going to kill me, Potter," Draco breathed, hands sliding into Harry's robes and around to the small of his back. "You in those *bloody* dress robes."

"Like you can talk," Harry muttered, trying to figure out how to get hands on skin as quickly as possible. Draco's robes had so many *fucking* buttons. "I've been wanting to do this all night."

Harry lost track of the amount of time they stood there kissing passionately, but they never let it get further than that, despite Harry's hand on Draco's velvet-covered arse and Draco's up the back of Harry's shirt. Neither of them wanted to risk doing anything more in such a public place; it was dangerous enough just being near each other. "We're dead if we get caught," Harry said eventually, resting his forehead on Draco's collarbone, sliding his hand up to the blond's hip.

"Worth it," Draco declared, making Harry smile. "Have a little faith in my wandwork, Potter. We won't get caught."

"Oh, I'm sure your *wandwork* is exemplary," Harry drawled quietly, green eyes bright. "But I don't think that's something you want to show me right now."

Draco's pale cheeks went pink, and he cleared his throat, trying to put a little bit of distance between them so they could calm down. He didn't get very far. "I see all your dance lessons paid off," he said eventually, breathing a little steadier. "You seemed to be a hit."

"All thanks to you," Harry said, playing with Draco's hair. "I still wish I could have danced with you, though."