

Harry turned in Draco's arms, offering a somewhat stilted smile. "At least a year, hmm?" he asked in an undertone, raising an eyebrow.

"No marriage before we're eighteen," he said imperiously. Then he softened, gaze growing tentative. "Engagement, however, is a little more flexible."

For one heart-stopping moment, Harry wondered if his boyfriend was onto him.

"Mother might possibly kill me if I propose at school where she can't properly shriek about it, though, so there's that to keep in mind."

Trying not to relax visibly, Harry held Draco close. "Good to know," he murmured.

Draco thought he would be the one to propose, did he?

Harry would have to see about that.