

“One of the many reasons I’m looking forward to being done with school,” said Draco airily. He leaned in for a kiss, and when he pulled back he was holding the snitch that had been in Harry’s pocket. “Best two out of three?” he challenged. “If you win, I’ll finish that blowjob I started this morning.”

Harry’s eyes darkened, even as he had to adjust his seat on his broom. “You’re on.” That was an easy bet, and they both knew it.

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At five that evening, all of them except Snape apparated to Longbottom Manor — neutral ground for a birthday party, where no one was disrupting secrecy spells. Also, it was Neville’s party too, since his birthday was a day before Harry’s.

Harry handed his best friend a wrapped gift, grinning widely. “Happy birthday, mate.”

“You too,” Neville returned amusedly, offering up a present in return. “It’s, uh, from me and Ginny.”

“Ooh, joint presents already?” Harry teased, yelping when Neville punched him lightly in the arm.

“Don’t be a dick or I’ll take it back,” Neville told him. Harry raised an eyebrow.

“You really have been spending a lot of time with Ginny this summer, haven’t you?”

That made the blond boy blush, and Harry’s eyes narrowed. They would definitely be discussing *that* reaction at a later date.

“Come on,” Neville said instead, resolutely ignoring the statement. “The party’s outside. Uh, you all can come too,” he added to the small group of adults at Harry’s back. “Gran and Amelia and the rest are outside as well. And, um, welcome to Longbottom Manor. Well met.”

With Draco’s hand in his — mostly so the Slytherin could not escape — Harry followed Neville out to the garden. It was his first visit to Longbottom Manor; it was about the same size as Seren Du, though it didn’t have the same vast woodland surrounding it. A lot of the outside space was taken up with huge greenhouses, which was not a surprise in the slightest. But over by a set of French doors off the conservatory, Harry beamed to see a huge gathering of people, and a long table set up with food. Someone had even spread twinkling magical fairy lights through the trees and bushes, though it wasn’t quite dark enough yet to see them.

“Harry!” The shout was the only warning he got before a whirl of red hair slammed into him. He coughed, winded, but hugged Ginny back.

“Hey, Gin. Good to see you.”

“Happy birthday!” The youngest Weasley beamed. “Hi, Draco.”

“Hello, Ginny,” Draco replied wryly — Harry belatedly realised that Ginny was one of the few party guests who hadn’t properly met Draco as his boyfriend. Harry held Draco’s hand