

“Why can’t you?” Draco returned, shifting his grip on Harry until they were in dance hold. “May I?”

Harry’s laugh was breathless as he took Draco’s hand in his own, meeting amused silver-grey eyes. “I suppose.”

They didn’t need music, swaying with each other to a rhythm Draco hummed softly. It was by no means proper waltzing, more just the sort of side-to-side shuffle people did when slow songs came on, but it was perfect. Draco tilted his head down and pulled Harry closer, until his lips pressed against Harry’s forehead.

Harry could’ve stayed there for hours, in Draco’s arms in the tiny bit of space behind the rose bush, the rest of the world falling away as they swayed gently. Eventually, Draco stopped humming and stepped back a little, bringing Harry’s hand to his lips and kissing the knuckles. “Thank you.”

“Thank *you*,” Harry returned, smiling shyly. “How did you get the twins to get me out here?”

“Easy,” Draco replied with a shrug. “I told them I wanted to snog you, and I’d be waiting out here until I did. They were remarkably obliging. I think they actually don’t hate me.”

“They don’t.” Harry hadn’t properly introduced the twins and Draco yet, but they were the only two people at school who knew the truth about the relationship; and therefore the only people he could gush about Draco to. There were just some things he wasn’t comfortable talking about with Sirius. “They know you make me happy, and that’s all they care about.” The twins were some of the few people who trusted Harry’s judgement without question. If he said Draco was a good guy, then they were on board with it. It was refreshing not to be second-guessed.

“Oh.” Draco’s lips curled at the corners in a reluctant smile. Harry was pretty sure Draco would like the twins, too, given the chance.

The pair stayed behind the rose bush for a little longer, just holding each other and occasionally exchanging kisses, before Harry sighed. “I should go before someone notices I’m missing.”

“Yes, I suppose I should go say goodnight to Pansy,” Draco sighed. Harry, remembering Seamus’ talk of ‘private goodnights’, scowled. “Oh, don’t look at me like that,” Draco chided. “I mean literally say goodnight, walk her back to Slytherin and make sure she gets to bed okay. I told you, she’s not interested in any of that. And I’m certainly not interested in her.”

Harry offered a sheepish smile in apology. “I just hate that *I* can’t be the one you say goodnight to.”

“I’m pretty sure that’s what I’m doing right now,” Draco replied amusedly. Harry huffed; the Slytherin had a point.