

“Yeah, okay.” Slipping his hand into Draco’s, Harry turned towards the pitch, while the pair of Blacks strolled back to the front door. Draco’s shoulder bumped against his.

“It’s good to see you,” he said softly. “You look good.”

Harry would’ve blushed, if he wasn’t reminded of the last time Draco had seen him; on the train home from Hogwarts, still raw from Cedric’s death and terrified Sirius wouldn’t be able to find a way to get him safely away from the Dursleys’. “I’ve been able to get some rest,” he said eventually.

Draco snorted. “I could do with a bit of that.” He did look like he hadn’t been sleeping well. Harry squeezed his hand.

“We don’t have to fly. We can just sit, if you want.”

“No, no.” Draco untangled their fingers, drawing his wand and his shrunken broom from his pocket, resizing it in one fluid motion. “I’ve hardly been able to fly all summer. It’s... not always safe, to be outside the house.” His lips twisted in a sneer. “Not always safe to be inside, either.”

Harry’s heart clenched painfully. Here he’d been enjoying his freedom, and poor Draco had been dealing with a nightmare made reality. “Come here for a second.” He nudged the broom from Draco’s hand, winding his arms around the blond’s lithe hips. Automatically, Draco’s arms came around Harry’s shoulders, holding him close. He was tense, up until the moment Harry tucked his chin into the hollow of Draco’s neck. A beat, two, then the Slytherin finally let go of his rigid posture, slumping into Harry with the quietest of sighs.

“It’s good to see you,” Draco repeated, barely louder than a whisper. “I’ve missed you.”

“Me too,” Harry breathed, closing his eyes to take in Draco’s heartbeat against his cheek. Merlin, he’d needed this. He wished Draco could stay all summer; even when Harry had to leave Seren Du to go play Gryffindor Golden Boy, at least his boyfriend would be safe from the monster in his home. But it would raise too many questions. Draw too many lines they weren’t ready to draw yet.

The two boys stood there for a while, just taking each other in, until Draco finally drew in a deep breath and dropped his arms. Harry kissed him, and when he pulled back they were both smiling.

“Let’s chase the snitch for a bit, shall we?” Draco suggested. “We can talk after lunch.”

They had so much to talk about, but Draco didn’t look like he was ready for that, and quite honestly Harry wasn’t either. He’d much rather just fly with his boyfriend on his birthday, and pretend they were normal, just for a little while.

.-.-.

Lunch was timed perfectly; just as the bell rang, the clouds that had been gathering all morning began to let loose their burden — Harry and Draco were both a little waterlogged by