The Most Miserable Place on Earth

It had been a long, exhausting day, and all Draco wanted to do was take a hot shower and crawl into bed. He would prefer to have a nice, warm body beside him as he did those things, but he didn't hold out much hope. Harry had been slinking home later and later from work, laden down with files. In the past, Draco would have been suspicious. But he knew that Harry's loyalty, once gained, was a very strong force. Draco somehow had it, and though he still wasn't sure how or why, he would be damned if he ever took it for granted.

Much to his surprise, Grimmauld Place was not empty when he arrived. He stepped out of the fireplace, brushing soot off his robes, to hear voices coming from the kitchen. He paused. The Weasleys, but apparently without their children in tow. That was all right, then. It had taken quite a bit of time, but he had come to tolerate Harry's friends. At some point, Draco was able to admit he enjoyed their company--Hermione's more than Ron's most days. As for children, Rose and Hugo weren't awful. It was just that the little girl was always asking why?, and after his day at work, Draco didn't think he could take it without going completely mad.

Though he had not had issue with Harry's friends in a long time, he still hung back, preferring to get a sense of their visit. Sometimes it was related to work, and Harry was just a little shorter and sharper after those visits. Draco paused outside the door to the kitchen.

"You should have seen Hugo's face, Harry," the ginger was saying, ever the doting father. "When he actually got to touch one, his face lit up. It made the sunburn and the crowds and all of Hermione's lectures worth it."

"They weren't lectures, Ron," his wife said in an exasperated tone, and Draco could practically see the look on her face. "I just didn't see why we should pass on the educational opportunity for our children."

"We were on holiday, Hermione," Weasley--Draco could call him 'Ron', but he would always think of him as 'Weasley'--sighed. It sounded as if they had had this conversation before. "Really, though, I'm just glad you didn't take up the cause of exploited sea animals or something. We all know how you were about House-elves."

"That's a little different. House-elves are self-aware, intelligent--"

"Are you saying those dolphins weren't intelligent? Because they seemed awfully smart to me, doing those tricks."

"No, I'm saying--"

"Was it hard on the kids, doing everything the Muggle way?" Harry interrupted mildly. He was brilliant sometimes, defusing those two before they really got going.

It was Weasley who fell for the distraction. "Oh, no. Rose understood perfectly, and Hugo's at an age where anything he does is completely by accident anyway. It's not like either of them have wands yet. Hermione's taught them well. I think it was harder on me than on them."

"How did you even think to go on holiday there?" Harry sounded relaxed and interested, and Draco breathed a sigh of relief. He had been so bloody uptight lately, and they had been fighting more than usual. Never about anything important, but one could only stand being snapped at so many times over things like letting the coffee (which Draco didn't even drink) run out, or buying the wrong kind of marmalade, or forgetting to remind someone else about an errand they were supposed to run after work.

"Oh, I found this travel agent through someone else at work. He specialises in getaways to Muggle areas, especially tourist attractions. So everything is integrated to make it as easy as possible. I thought it would be best for Ron."

"I do fine with a lot of Muggle things now," he protested.

"Really? Do you really think I don't know you Confunded the driving instructor when you took your exam for your licence?" Draco could not see any of them, but he was fairly sure he knew the flustered, beet-red look on Weasley's face. "That's what I thought."

"So you arranged everything and went for holiday in America with Muggles. Sounds interesting." Harry was quick to step in again. He had had many years of dealing with the two of them. Draco wasn't sure how he had managed without wringing their necks.

"Well, you know, Harry, one of the other girls in my department is Muggleborn. It's nice to have someone to talk to about the kinds of things we used to do when we were little. She mentioned Sea World and some other places, having grown up in America, and Rose has been on kind of an oceanography kick lately--"

"Give the kid a stuffed tortoise and see what she gets into," Weasley muttered good-naturedly.

"So I figured we would look into it. Didn't you ever...?" Hermione paused and Draco rolled his eyes. Harry often refused to talk about his aunt and uncle, but Draco knew that his fat cousin had gotten everything he ever wanted while Harry was denied all but what was required to keep him alive. Holidays, especially to America, were not a part of Harry's childhood. Hermione knew that, he was sure, but had forgotten.

"No," Harry said quietly, and Draco heard a chair scraping against the wooden floor. "The Dursleys took Dudley to Disney World once, but I had to stay with Mrs Figg for the week. He said it was brilliant, though. I don't know if that was true, or just something he said to upset me."

Draco figured he had done enough hiding in the hallway. Making a big deal of slinging his things near the kitchen door, something he never did, he pushed open the door and walked in with a smile. "Hermione. Ron. I didn't realise you were here. We haven't seen you in a bit."

"On holiday in America," Ron said casually, leaning back in his chair. "Just got in a few hours ago. Dumped the kids with Hermione's mum for the night so we could have a little break. If you know what I mean."

"Yes, yes," Draco said, flapping his hand dismissively. He crossed the room over to Harry, who was now leaning against the countertop. "I get it. Children get in the way of your sex life and must be escaped now and then. Not sure what you're doing here, if that's the case. Best be off, then, hm?" Hermione looked a little pink and Draco felt a bit of satisfaction well up within him. It was fun to get her riled up sometimes. She could be so sensitive about some things.

"That's enough, you two. But he's right, Ron. It's getting late, and we've kept Harry from dinner. I'm sure he and Draco would like to have a meal together. Harry's been putting in a lot of time at work."

"A hero's work is never done," Draco said with a smile he didn't quite feel. Harry sighed and Draco moved a little closer, pressing his hip against Harry's. Hermione was right. It was late. Maybe they would eat together, Draco could shower, and they would tumble into bed. Sleep or sex, it didn't matter, as long as Harry was actually in bed with him.

Weasley finally stood up from the table and tugged Hermione's hand. "All right. Let's go. We'll let you two alone. We have our own things to take care of," he said with a waggle of his eyebrows. Hermione swatted her husband and mouthed a 'sorry' as they left the kitchen.

"How does pizza sound?" Draco asked as soon as the couple was out of the room. "I'm guessing you don't feel much like cooking? I know I'm not exactly up for it."

"Rough day for you?" Harry asked, and Draco saw something that looked like a genuine, albeit tired, smile.

"I can't even begin to tell you."

"Is that why there's a hole in your trousers?"

Draco glanced down at the spot Harry was looking at. A hole the size of his palm had burnt in the leg of his trousers, just below his knee. "How did I miss that?" He refrained from cursing. He had long ago learnt not to wear clothing he really cared about to work.

"What kind of potion were you dealing with today, Draco? You should be more careful. I don't need to get a call from St Mungo's and find you've had an accident and are missing...parts." He grinned outright this time, and pulled Draco close for a brief kiss. "That wouldn't do at all."

"Right." His focus had been off lately, Harry was right about that. They were both in dire need of a break. It had been far too long since they had properly relaxed together. Come to think of it, he couldn't remember the last time Harry had taken off work. Had it really been years? "Why don't you order the pizza, and I'll change into something that's not eroding?"

Harry nodded and Draco headed toward the parlour. He was beginning to formulate an idea, but he needed to discuss it with Hermione. He almost popped into the Floo, then remembered the look on Weasley's face when they had left. That was not a sight he needed to subject himself to. He would send a quick letter by owl, instead. Much safer.

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It had been nice to see Ron and Hermione, Harry thought as he waited for Draco to emerge from the shower. He didn't seem to have as much time for his friends--or anything else besides work--these days, and it was something he deeply regretted. Add the fact that Ron and Hermione had two small children, and free time with them was at somewhat of a premium. Hell, even finding some quiet time with Draco was becoming difficult. Draco didn't complain much, but the signs were there. It was in his sigh when he found Harry going over files he had brought home, or the way Draco tried to hold him in bed when he got up for an early shift in the Aurors' office, or the look on his face when Harry tried to slip into bed without waking his boyfriend. His patience was wearing thin.

He was glad they had stopped by, and even more glad that Draco hadn't seemed upset to see them. The four of them got along in a group just fine, and had even spent many an enjoyable evening together. And Harry would never mention it aloud, but he was amused at the way Draco seemed to accept Rose and Hugo. True, Draco was a bit twitchy whenever Hugo was something of a mess, but he seemed to get along well with Rose. He didn't treat her like a child, and Rose had told Harry once that all adults should follow Draco's example. Draco would have long conversations with her about Pureblood traditions, things Ron's family never really did, or the theory behind some of the potions he was studying, and sometimes it was easy to forget that she wasn't even old enough to attend Hogwarts. Draco once told him, after one particularly long conversation with the little girl, that he would be surprised if Rose didn't have her hand in the air even more often than Hermione ever did. "She's likely to get tendonitis in her shoulder that way," Draco had said with a sigh. Harry had only been able to laugh.

He must have fallen asleep waiting, because the next thing he knew, Draco was nudging him and removing the glasses from his face. "You didn't have to wait up for me," Draco murmured at him, slipping underneath the covers with him. Harry made some incomprehensible noise and moved closer to Draco, throwing one arm over Draco's still-damp skin. He smelled good, like soap and cool water. Not at all like that potion that had ruined his trousers. Someday, he was really going to have an accident at work. Harry didn't like to think about it. Then again, Draco probably felt the same way with Harry's position in the Auror squad. They both took daily risks. Draco joked that Harry didn't know any other way.

He heard Draco sigh from beside him. "Goodnight, Harry. Get some sleep. You need your rest." Soft lips brushed a kiss over Harry's cheekbone, and a warm weight settled beside him. He tried to say something, but sleep overtook him quickly. He had time to wish that he had more time to enjoy moments like this, and then he was dreaming of dolphins and whales and penguins, and Draco splashing about in the water with him while little Hugo and Ron rode sharks.

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Hermione had been just as much help as Draco had hoped. A wealth of information, whether he wanted it or not. And once he had explained why he needed her help, she was only too

happy to assist. She threw so many pamphlets at him that he worried he would drown in them. Once he felt sure he was doing the right thing, he made the necessary appointment. Once that was taken care of, he met with one last person, the one who could make or break these plans.

He arrived home feeling quite proud of himself, and even found himself humming an old Celestina Warbeck song as he threw together a quick supper. Harry was supposed to be done early tonight, and they might actually get another meal together. Draco smiled. More of those to come.

He heard Harry's trademark heavy footfalls in the hall, an indication that however else the day had gone, Harry was exhausted and ready to turn in. There was no slamming of Harry's things, and Draco relaxed even further. It might have been a stressful day, but at least Harry had not arrived home angry. Draco did not want to have to wait to share his news.

"Oh, thank Merlin, you made dinner. What would I do without you?" Harry said in a raspy voice as he entered the kitchen.

"Survive on take-away, I imagine. What's wrong with your voice?"

"Overworked it, that's all. It'll be fine in a bit. There was just a lot of shouting to make myself heard today."

"You remembered you're a wizard, right? Whatever happened to Sonorus?"

"Not that kind of shouting," Harry said with a gravelly sigh. "New batch of trainees. Not more than three of them listen worth a damn. And if they don't grow out of it, and soon, I'm not passing them. I'm not going to risk not only their lives, but the lives of anyone else they work with, because they can't grow up." He sighed again. "I need a shower and a nap."

No, what you need is some time off, Draco thought. He poured Harry some tea from the kettle he had going and added lemon and honey. The husky voice was kind of sexy, but it

sounded painful. "Drink this. Dinner will be ready in twenty minutes. Change out of your work robes and shower, if you wish. Then we'll eat. I have some news for you over dinner."

"Are you up for another promotion?" Harry asked before draining half of his tea at a go.

"No. We'll discuss it at dinner. Now go on," he said with a little shooing gesture. Harry rolled his eyes at him, but Draco could see the curiosity plain on his face.

After a moment, Harry finished his tea in one long draught and stood up. He shot Draco a curious look as he walked off, shrugging out of his robes as he went. Draco smiled to himself. It felt good to be doing something for Harry.

Dinner was ready and plated when Harry walked back into the kitchen. Draco made him wait until they were both seated before he allowed any questions. Once they were both settled at the table, Harry took one sip of the ice water in front of him and cleared his throat. "Okay. I've been thinking about it during my shower. What's this surprise?" Draco was pleased that Harry's voice sounded better than it had when he'd come home. Just a little deeper than usual.

Having preferred to lead into his plan instead of just blurting it out, which was Harry's preferred way with everything, Draco took a deep breath and made him wait just a moment. "We're going on holiday."

"Holiday? Draco, I have to work. Haven't you been listening to me talk about the new class starting training?"

"I'm well aware of the new batch of recruits, Harry. Really, you've been ranting about them for weeks now. That's why I decided to do this. And after the conversation you had with the Weasleys about their holiday--"

"You heard that? You're not avoiding them, are you? Because I thought you were over that."

Draco held up one hand to stop the argument. This was meant to be good news, not the cause of another fight. "I wasn't avoiding them, I promise. In fact, I've been seeing a lot of Hermione the last couple of weeks. I just heard a bit of the conversation before I walked into the kitchen. Now, you're not even letting me tell you the best part."

"Best part?"

"You haven't let me tell you where we're going."

Harry just blinked at him for a moment, and Draco saw past his pink skin, flushed from the hot water, and noticed the circles under his eyes, the stress lines at the corners of them. He was going to get permanent wrinkles unless he relaxed a bit. "You've made concrete plans?"

"Well, yes. You think this is just some random holiday?"

"Given that I didn't know we were taking one, yes, I sort of did."

Draco shook his head. "No. We're taking a week and going to Disney World."

Harry nearly choked on the mouthful of pasta he had just shovelled into his mouth. After he swallowed it and took another drink, he fixed Draco with an incredulous look. "You booked a trip to Disney World? You know that's in America, right? And it's for Muggles?"

Draco huffed at him. "Of course I do. I used the travel agent the Weasleys used. But you said your aunt and uncle took that horrid cousin of yours when you were children, and left you at home. I wanted you to finally have the experience. It seemed important to you."

"Draco, are you sure about this? I really don't need to go to Disney World. That was years ago."

"Don't argue with me, Harry. From what I've heard, it's an important childhood experience for Muggles. And while you are a wizard, at that age, you didn't know that, correct?"

"Yes, but--"

"But nothing. Your relatives failed you in thousands of ways." He heard his voice rising and made an effort to keep it under control. If he ever saw the Dursleys, he would transfigure them all into...into...well, he hadn't thought of anything fitting yet. Harry had mentioned something about Hagrid having given the cousin a pig's tail, but that was nothing compared to what Draco wanted to do to all of them. "I'm simply correcting one of the many childhood wrongs inflicted upon you."

"You make it sound like I was abused or something," Harry murmured.

Draco saw red. "You were! Sticking children in the cupboard and expecting them to slave away like a common House-elf and--"

This time it was Harry who stemmed the argument. "Okay, okay. I understand. And it's sweet of you to want to do this, really. But like I was saying, I'm in the middle of something at work. I can't just take a week off."

Ah, here Draco was on better footing. "That's where you're wrong. It's already arranged. Holiday approved."

"Approved?" Harry raised his eyebrows. "I didn't even make the request."

"Well, obviously. I wanted this to be a surprise. I've already spoken to Kingsley about it."

"You got this cleared through the bloody Minister for Magic?" Harry's eyes were nearly as big around as his glasses.

Draco beamed. "Yes. And do you have any idea how difficult it is to get a meeting with that man? Not even money speeds up the process."

Harry's face quickly became horrified. "Draco, tell me you didn't bribe the Minister."

"Of course not!" Though it wasn't as if the idea hadn't crossed his mind ever so briefly. "I made an appointment through his secretary. Once I told him it was about you, he was a bit more willing to listen. And when I said I thought you could use some time off to relax, he was completely on board with the idea. It seems he and some of the others think you could do with a bit of a break. He said something about you making one of the Aurors cry..."

Harry ducked his head and blushed. "I didn't mean to make her cry," he muttered, looking guilty. "She just wasn't thinking, and I wanted to make sure she understood the consequences."

"Harry, face it. You've been wound awfully tight lately. We've been fighting more than we used to, and it's all over the little things. We are both in need of a holiday. A holiday together, in fact. When is the last time we had one of those?"

Harry sighed, and Draco knew he had just won. "Never."

"Correct. All the time we've been together, and we have yet to go on holiday together. It's been years. This will be good for both of us. Everything has been taken care of. Reservations have been made with hotels, tickets to the park have been purchased, transportation has been arranged. I even purchased Muggle clothing for the occasion." When he saw the worried look on Harry's face, he had to laugh. "I know wizards are pants at blending in with Muggles. You've mentioned it more than once. Hermione offered to help. I think she did quite an acceptable job. I mean, look what she's done with Weasley. He doesn't wear anything horrid."

A smile warmed Harry's expression. "Okay. You've put a lot of effort into this, I can tell. And since the Minister personally approved the idea, I suppose it's the thing to do. When do we go?"

"The day after tomorrow. You can pack in the afternoon, and we can get a decent amount of sleep. Hermione warned about something called jetlag."

Harry looked at him for a long moment. "You're really sure about this? You know what you're getting into?"

"I have been armed with pamphlets, thanks to Hermione," Draco said dryly. "The woman has a never-ending supply of information on every subject in the known universe, all available in handy pamphlet form. I thank my lucky stars I didn't need anything in more of an encyclopaedic form. I would still be wading through information."

"As long as you're positive."

"I am. We are going to give you the experience you never had as a child."

Harry reached a hand across the small table and squeezed Draco's forearm. "Well, one thing is for sure: I don't think this holiday will be boring."

Draco smiled. If only he had known how right Harry would prove to be.

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Draco really had seen to a number of details. In a way, Harry was impressed. He had never in a million years thought that Draco would voluntarily go to a place with so many Muggles, and

try to blend in with them for Harry's sake. Harry had had a hard time getting Draco to go to the Muggle cinema with him, even after they had been dating nearly a year. But now Draco was going to submerge himself into Muggle culture. Harry wondered if they would be okay. More than a tiny part of him worried Draco would simply go into shock before they even reached the park gates.

The travel agent knew his business quite well. He managed his office with the help of his wife, and both of them were Muggleborn. He winked at Harry as they prepared to activate their Portkey. "Call me ignorant, but Mr Malfoy just doesn't strike me as the kind of person who would seek out our services. Pureblood, isn't he?"

Harry snorted. "Quite. Believe me, I'm surprised as well. But he seems more excited about this than I am."

The travel agent, Albert Douglas by name, laughed as Draco checked their luggage for what seemed like the tenth time. "I wouldn't tell him that. He was quite insistent that everything had to be perfect--just for you. He wanted the entire Muggle experience."

Harry paused. "What exactly does that entail?"

"What it sounds like. No magic, as much as we can limit it. A lot of our clients stay in hotels and resorts with other witches and wizards, but he booked one of the regular resorts on the park's property. He even declined the use of the Proxy."

"Proxy?"

Douglas thumbed through their documents, sorting through impressively authentic passports and other assorted paperwork, before handing them over to Harry. "A lot of people, even those who are Muggleborn, find it difficult to go without doing any magic for the duration of the trip. Obviously, wand use is off-limits in most places, as it would attract undue attention. So we've devised a system where the wand stays in a secure place, locked in your hotel room under a number of safety charms, and the witch or wizard wears a piece of jewellery that acts as a low-powered wand substitute. Basic spells will work. Nothing fancy, you understand,

to keep a low profile. But it provides a measure of comfort and convenience. Of course, if a wizard is skilled enough at wandless magic, the Proxy is unnecessary."

Harry nodded. Wandless magic was standard protocol for Aurors. It wouldn't do to have their law enforcement outdone by a simple Expelliarmus. Draco, however, was not so skilled. "You really do have a thorough business plan."

Douglas smiled. "Only the best here. You know, if you enjoy your trip, we would love to have your endorsement." He handed Harry a business card.

Harry pasted on a smile that didn't feel genuine. How many endorsements had he been asked for since the end of the war? The requests had lessened over time, but it appeared they would never go away. He slid the card into the back pocket of his denims. "We'll discuss that afterward."

"Of course. Now, gentlemen," he said, raising his voice to catch Draco's attention. Draco's head came up from where he was trying to count some greenish-grey bills Douglas' wife had handed him. He looked slightly perplexed. Harry sighed. He wasn't familiar with American currency, but at least he had experience with something other than Knuts, Sickles, and Galleons. "Everything is in order. As discussed, we will transport you via Portkey to Orlando International Airport. You'll arrive in our private lounge, with luggage, and will have appeared to already cleared Customs. From there, you will catch the lorry to your hotel. Which of you wants to take charge of the itinerary?"

"That would be me," Draco said, giving Harry a glance that translated to I have this handled. You just enjoy this. Harry shrugged. Maybe Draco really could handle everything. He seemed to have done well enough in the planning stages of the trip. And Merlin knew if he had been working with Hermione, he wouldn't be going in blind. Draco took the bit of paper--not standard parchment, Harry realised, but Muggle computer paper. "Thank you," he said, taking a deep breath. Harry gave Draco's hand a squeeze. Draco gave him a smile in return. He really did seem to be looking forward to this.

"Very well, Mr Malfoy. Off you go. Just take hold of the umbrella once it lets out a hum and you'll be off. Enjoy your vacation. You'll find your return Portkey waiting for you when you

check in to the airport next week. Until then, have fun!"

"We will," Harry said with another look at Draco, who now looked a little nervous. The umbrella on the table in front of them hummed softly and they joined hands and reached for the Portkey with their free hands. Harry closed his eyes and hoped that this vacation would be everything Draco was hoping for. Who knew? Maybe they would both have fun.

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When they hit the private lounge, Draco breathed a small sigh of relief. He had never particularly liked travelling by Portkey--he found it a bit crude--but Muggle America was easier to take than he had expected. The lounge was clean and quiet. There were two brunette witches dressed smartly in heels, navy skirts, and crisp white blouses. Overall, Draco approved. "Mr Potter. Mr Malfoy. Good to see you."

Draco breathed deeply, enjoying the cool air of this place. It had been muggy in London, but this was nice. "Thank you. What's next?"

There was a small pop and their luggage appeared near the door. "Take your luggage and go through the door. Take your first left. You will see a counter for the Disney Magical Express. That should take you straight to your hotel. Check in there. Your rooms are already set. After that, it's simply a matter of occupying yourself around the parks and the surrounding area for the next week. Your plans say you're checking your wands with us."

Harry shot Draco a look. "We are?" Douglas hadn't mentioned that.

"Full Muggle experience, Harry," Draco said with a roll of the eyes. "You wouldn't have had your wand if you had gone with your family, so you don't have one this time."

"It's nothing to worry about, Mr Potter," one of the attendants told him. "It will be perfectly

safe here. Strictest security measures. Besides, should you change your mind, you will be able to come back here to us and we will release your wands into your possession. Is that okay?"

Draco looked at Harry, whose jaw had gone a bit rigid. "Yes. That's fine," Harry said at last, very reluctantly handing over his wand, muttering something that sounded like Kingsley would murder me if he knew.... Draco did the same, and they both watched as a small wand box appeared on the counter and opened. The witch gently laid their wands in the box together, then tapped it with her own wand and murmured something Draco could not quite make out. The box glowed gold for a moment before it disappeared. Harry looked pained.

They both walked toward the door and took hold of their luggage. "Enjoy your week, gentlemen." The one with the widest smile (which was saying something, as they were both exceptionally pleasant) opened the door for them and they stepped out of the private lounge.

Draco was suddenly assaulted by noise and a throng of people. He stopped dead in his tracks, gripping his suitcase. Behind him, Harry put a hand at the small of his back. "Relax, Draco. No busier than the Ministry some days." With a stiff nod, Draco resumed movement and turned left. He saw the counter the witch had mentioned and suddenly wished he had elected to keep their wands. Setting his jaw, he decided that was no way to think. This was for Harry. If Harry could live as a Muggle for the first half of his childhood and survive, then Draco could do it for a lousy week.

After they had checked in and queued up for the lorry, Draco spared a look at those waiting with them. People from every ethnicity and nationality. He heard mostly American accents, one couple speaking in Australian accents, but he did hear something that seemed like Japanese or one of the other Asian languages, some Spanish, and then French. That was also comforting. If people from other continents could wait here for their holiday to properly begin, then so could he. For all anyone else knew, he and Harry were just average Brits. They could blend in. If only he could quit reaching for his wand that wasn't there.

"Oh, finally," he sighed as the lorry pulled up in front of them.

"Er, Draco," Harry whispered as the queue moved forward. "I know it says Disney's Magical Express, but you know it isn't really magic, right?"

Draco favoured him with a haughty expression, choosing not to tell him that when he had seen the name for the first time two weeks ago, he had, in fact, thought that it was a nod to wizards and witches. "Yes, I know that, Harry. Just like I know that the phrase 'most magical place on earth' does not refer to..." he saw other tourists looking at him and decided not to use the phrase 'our world'. "...to actual magic. It's just a Muggle perception. Whimsy. I'm not that dense, thank you."

Harry nudged him with a smile. "Just making sure." He gave Draco a look which quite clearly said you are a Pureblood, after all.

"What time is it here?" Draco asked, choosing to ignore that look.

"No idea," Harry replied, flopping down into his seat.

Draco felt a tapping on his shoulder. He turned to see a little girl of about twelve peering at him. "Yes?"

"It's just after one in the afternoon," she said, pointing at her watch helpfully. "I didn't mean to listen. You both just have very nice accents. Where're you from?"

"England," Harry said, looking over his own shoulder at the girl.

"Ooh," she breathed, looking as if Harry had said they were from an exotic locale. Draco wasn't sure she could look more impressed if he had mentioned they were wizards. "That's--"

"Annabelle!" the woman next to the girl said sharply. "What have I told you? No talking to strangers!"

"Yes, Mom," the little girl said dejectedly. It didn't stop her from flashing a smile at the both of them before they turned around.

"Cute kid," Harry said as they began to move.

Draco closed his eyes and leaned his head back against the headrest. "Mm." He knew Harry liked children. He spent as much time as he could with Teddy, who had started school last year. Draco could deal with children--specific children. McGonagall had offered him a position teaching Potions three years ago, and Draco had considered it heavily. Until he had realised it would require him to put up with a bunch of eleven year olds in a Potions lab, five days a week, for much of the year. He had elected to stay in his current position in the Ministry at that point, sending what he had hoped was a politely worded letter declining the 'opportunity'. "It's supper time back home. I forgot to eat. Do you think the hotel will have food?"

Harry made a noise of consideration beside him. "If not the hotel, then someplace nearby."

"That should be good enough. What did you want to do this evening? It's too late to head to the park, so I didn't plan anything for today. The travel agent said it would be best to get there when they open, and stay until close."

"Can I see the itinerary?"

Draco hesitated. "I did want this to be a surprise."

Harry sighed. "If you insist. I trust you. Just...if you have questions about Muggle things, let me know, okay?"

"Of course." He didn't think he would need the assistance. Hermione had given him what seemed to be a thorough primer in Muggle customs. She was probably better than any Muggle Studies professor Hogwarts had ever had. Not that he would ever tell her that.

They checked in and Draco used one of the flat, plastic cards to open their room. It only took three tries before the lights flashed green instead of red. Harry offered to give it a try, but Draco would not let him. He wasn't helpless, even if everything in the Muggle world seemed to be unnecessarily complicated. A simple Alohomora was so much easier.

"This is...nice," Harry tried as they stepped into the room.

"Well, it's not a suite," Draco said with a sigh. "I figured this would be the type of room your aunt and uncle would have rented. Only, you know, with just the one bed, seeing as how it's only the two of us." The room wasn't as nice as he might have chosen on his own, but this whole week was for Harry. The idea was to let him experience what he had missed out on in his childhood, and with the benefit of not having to deal with his sorry excuse for a cousin.

"Good decision. What do you say we put off dinner until we've had a little fun?" Harry raised his eyebrows suggestively and dropped the luggage at their feet. "I could wait, if it's for that."

Draco felt heat in his face as he thought about how long it had been since he and Harry had fooled around without worrying about how much time they had until one of them had to be up for work. "Dinner can wait. Even in a place like this, I'm sure there's room service."

"Glad to hear you say that," Harry said, moving forward until he had Draco backed up against the bed, the edge of the mattress pressing into the backs of his legs, just above the knee.

Draco dropped onto the bed, pulling Harry down with him. Even the rough feel of the scratchy sheets beneath them as they slid, finally unclothed, between the blankets was welcome. He didn't need satin and silk and five-hundred thread count Egyptian cotton when he had Harry with him.

* * *

Harry woke early the next morning as the sun was just coming up. It felt so much later than the clock beside the bed said it was, and he wondered how long it would take until he adjusted to the difference in time zones. If they did decide to stay at the park until closing, he would be lucky to make it fully into bed before passing out.

Beside him, Draco rolled over and placed a soft kiss on Harry's chest just above his left nipple. "Good morning."

"Good morning to you, too. Sleep well?"

"As well as I expected on a mattress like this. I can't believe you kept me up so late."

"Had to wait until dark, or we would never adjust to this schedule."

"Oh, I'm not complaining," Draco said with a little laugh. "I barely remember the last time we had a nice, leisurely shag. It was nice. Like old times."

"Absolutely. I'm starving, though. What would you say to breakfast?"

"Fantastic idea, Harry. Do you think they serve anything at this hour of the morning?"

Harry shrugged. "Well, we could always shower first. There's something in the hotel information about a continental breakfast in the lobby."

"As long as you mean a shower together, I'm all for that plan."

Harry eyed the door to the bathroom. "You think we'll both fit?"

Draco laughed at him. "I know we will. First thing I checked when I went in there. It's not exceptionally spacious, but it will do."

"I do believe we should check and see if you're right." He threw off the blankets and stretched, liking the look on Draco's face as he looked him up and down. It was such an odd feeling, knowing he didn't have to be at the Ministry, or shouting at new recruits, or risking life and limb letting those same recruits test the new spells they had been learning. He wondered if Draco felt the same way, knowing he didn't have to worry about what kind of experimental potions he might be brewing or testing on any given morning. Draco had been right. They both needed the holiday. This was better for them already.

He darted off into the shower, Draco right behind him. They made the most of the travel-sized soaps and such in the shower, and Harry was pleased to find Draco had been correct in his estimation of the shower's capacity. They emerged clean and in good spirits. Harry felt ten years younger. Bring on the Magic Kingdom. He could walk all day.

He was still feeling good as they walked through the turnstiles at the park. Draco looked uncomfortable from the start, and Harry wondered what he was thinking. "What's wrong?"

Draco looked down at himself. "I know I said I was all right with the clothing Hermione chose, but I feel ridiculous."

Harry laughed. "You look just like everyone else. You just look uncomfortable."

"I am uncomfortable. Shorts? Sandals? What was she thinking?"

Harry gestured to the dozens of people in their immediate vicinity. "That this is what Muggles wear during the summer. No cooling charms, remember? Though most of them don't have legs quite as pale as yours."

"One more word about my lack of colouring, Harry, and I'll..."

"You'll what, Draco? Pout?" When Draco only glared back, Harry laughed again. "Come on. We're here, on the holiday you planned. You finally have me away from work. Are you really going to pout over your wardrobe?"

That did it. Draco cracked a smile, the pout evaporating in a flash. "There are more important things than fashionable attire, I suppose."

"I'll remember you said that," Harry told him with a smirk. "Now, since you have everything planned, what's on the agenda?"

"Fantasyland."

Harry raised his eyebrows. "Are you sure? That's on the far end of the park. Wouldn't it be easier to just kind of walk the circle?"

Draco shook his head, and the set of his shoulders said quite clearly that he had his mind made up. "We're starting with Fantasyland because it's full of things for children. Peter Pan and that flying elephant and the woman who lived with the little men."

Harry blinked. "You know the stories?" He hadn't been familiar with the Tales of Beedle the Bard, but Draco knew about Dumbo?

Draco beamed at him. "Hermione has even more Muggle films than you do. She said she grew up on some of the films this place prides itself on. She let me watch a few."

The thought of Draco, lounging on the Weasley's sofa and watching Aladdin or Sleeping Beauty

made Harry's eye twitch. He was sorry he had missed that. He would have to ask Hermione later if she had been around to watch Draco's reaction. "That was nice of her." He sincerely hoped there was documentation.

"Yes. And as Fantasyland is the place where most children would recognise the attractions, that is where we are headed."

"But the more exciting rides are closer," Harry tried, wondering if Draco had thought through his plan entirely. Rides designed for children meant there would be...children. And while he dealt well enough with Rose, Hugo, and Teddy, a Muggle theme park such as this one... Harry wondered if he could procure a Calming Draught if he needed it.

"And we will get to those. I must admit, I'm intrigued by some of them. Let's go."

Harry took Draco's offered hand, noting the park map clutched in Draco's other one. He sighed.

He looked with something like longing at the larger rides they passed. He had been so busy with work lately that he hadn't even managed to squeeze in time for flying. While he didn't think roller coasters could compare, it would be nice to zoom along without having to worry about holding on for dear life, or making sure he pulled out of a dive in time. The queues weren't long yet, and even if they were, it just meant more time to spend with Draco. He missed some of their idle chatter. It was when he was most likely to see part of what had drawn him to Draco in the first place after the war.

"There," Draco said after several minutes of walking. Harry wondered how long it would be until the park truly filled up for the day. It had only been open half an hour. Even the monorail ride over from their hotel had had plenty of room. "This one." He pulled Harry into the queue for Dumbo the Flying Elephant.

"Draco, really, I think we might be too old for this one," Harry protested. Nearly everyone in front of them was chaperoning a small child.

"Nonsense," Draco scoffed. "Look at that couple on the ride right now."

Harry turned to see where he was pointing. Sure enough, there was a couple around their age in one of the elephants, laughing together. When they lowered their elephant, Harry caught sight of the woman's tank top. It had wedding bells and yesterday's date on it. "Yes, well, they're on their honeymoon, I think."

"So? Is the only exception to riding with a child being with someone you're in love with? If so, I would say we qualify."

Despite his creeping embarrassment, Harry smiled. Draco was more about actions than words when it came to sharing his feelings. This entire trip was an example of his preference for action. So hearing him say something like that made Harry feel warm and full. "That we do. All right. We'll ride the elephant." He thought briefly of the ridiculousness of this whole scenario. He had been shoved into war at a young age, confronted with things no child should be thrust into. He had grown up quickly, robbed of a proper childhood by his family, as Draco had reminded him. And here he was, a grown man, a war hero, a wizard who spent his days training others so that their world could remain safe, about to embark on a fibreglass pachyderm. The world made no sense sometimes. Many had said the same thing when he had started seeing Draco. Why buck the trend? Harry thought with a smile as they were let onto the loading platform.

Harry let Draco man the control lever. He looked at it a bit distrustfully, but made their carriage move up and down anyway. "That wasn't so bad," Draco said as they disembarked and headed for the next ride on his list. "It wasn't exactly thrilling, but it wasn't awful."

"Well, it was designed for young children," Harry told him, eying the ride coming up in front of them. "Draco, I was wondering... Did you plan for us to do every ride in the park?"

"Isn't that the point?"

Harry shook his head. "Well, when you come as a child, it's rare to get everything done in one day. Even the adults don't always do everything. Besides, we're here for a week. We can come back and catch what we don't do today after we do some of the other parks. What do you say?"

Draco stopped walking and looked at him. "Are you saying you don't want to do Winnie the Pooh's Many Adventures?"

That was exactly what Harry was saying. Perhaps if they had had a child along. But Harry felt a little...uncomfortable going on something like that with just the two of them. "I just think we should make sure we get to see most bits of the park today."

Draco looked at him for a long moment, no longer moving toward the queue. "Is that what you want?"

Harry relaxed. "Yes. I mean, we'll still do a few more things here in Fantasyland, but I'd like to see a bit of everything today, if you feel that's okay."

"Well, this holiday is for you," Draco said with a small smile. "If you insist, we'll do it your way. A few more rides here, and then we'll try one of these other lands. We'll just do the classics. Between Hermione and the travel agent, I think I have a handle on those."

"That sounds like a good plan." Harry breathed a sigh of relief. He felt something akin to what he had felt back at Hogwarts--being forced to do things that seemed too childlike, when he knew he was able to handle something others thought he was too young for. It just seemed silly for him to sit on a ride with so many children. Then again, if he couldn't lose himself here and have fun, where could he?

Draco led Harry away from Pooh and the Hundred Acre Wood and toward something that seemed perfectly acceptable for the both of them--the carousel. The queues were beginning to lengthen already, but Draco made no mention of it. He simply stood against the white railing and watched as people walked by. "Is that some Muggle thing I just don't understand?"

he asked after a moment, gesturing with his chin.

Harry turned around to see what Draco was looking at. There was a family of five, all dressed in identical white shorts and bright red shirts. There was writing on their shirts, but even with his glasses, Harry couldn't make it out. "Honestly, your guess is as good as mine. I suppose it's kind of..." No, not even he could do it. He couldn't call it 'cute'.

Draco looked at him with vaguely worried eyes. "You don't want to do that, do you? Dress the same?" Harry knew he was picturing having to wear whatever Harry had in his wardrobe, probably something in red and gold. Harry thought about dressing Draco in Gryffindor colours and snorted. "What? What's so funny?"

"Nothing," Harry said, trying not to let his smile give him away. "No. We don't need to dress the same. Relax."

"Oh, thank Merlin," Harry heard Draco murmur under his breath. When he realised he had said it aloud, he offered Harry an apologetic smile. "I mean--"

Harry leaned in and nudged Draco's arm with his own. "Shh. Don't worry about it. Just enjoy the holiday, okay?"

"I thought I was the one telling you that."

They eventually climbed aboard the carousel and Harry was quite amused to see Draco race around to the back side and stake a claim to a white horse with a green and silver saddle. Slytherin fashion sense, even now, Harry thought as he followed behind. When he saw the horse sitting next to it, he laughed aloud. A black horse with crimson and gold accents. "Really?"

"Yes, really. Now climb on."

Harry did as he was told, feeling only slightly ridiculous. Once he was settled, Draco took two steps backward and turned to his horse, only to find a young boy already perched atop it. Draco spluttered for a moment, then finally rediscovered words. "Excuse me, but that's my horse."

"Is not," the dark-haired boy said with attitude that must have rivalled Draco's at that age.

"Yes, it is. I was here first."

"I don't see your name on it," the boy retorted. Harry watched with a combination of surprise and amusement.

Draco, however, did not seem nearly as amused. "Of course my name isn't on it. That would be vandalism. You cannot just take things from people like that."

"It's a free country."

Draco just gaped at the child before turning back to Harry, who quickly wiped the smile off his face. "Harry, please talk some sense into this child."

"I don't think he's going to listen to me," Harry told him, seeing the boy's mother glaring at them from the unmoving carriage seat just behind them. "Just get on the one on my other side. Quickly, before you find yourself standing without a horse."

Draco caught sight of a teenage girl coming toward them, her sights obviously set on the horse with the pink and purple saddle, and made up his mind, nearly vaulting on to it. "I can't believe this. That--that brat poached my horse right from under my nose."

"He's a kid, Draco."

"He's a brat, Harry. Don't deny it."

Harry looked over his shoulder at the boy's mother. She was glaring at the both of them, and Harry hoped there wouldn't be a scene. "And you weren't?"

"I was a model citizen!"

"Draco, I didn't know you at that age. I met you three, maybe four years after that. But trust me: you were a brat, and you know it."

Whatever Draco was going to say was lost as the safety announcement played above them. When the music began and the carousel started, Draco just set his jaw and held onto his horse, looking quite put out about the whole thing. "I have to say, I was hoping for something a bit more regal," he said as they climbed off the ride and began to walk toward the next place on Draco's mental list.

"It's a carousel. It turns in circles and the horses go up and down. I don't know what you were expecting, but I promise, it pretty much delivers what it advertises." When Draco didn't say anything, Harry took his hand. "What's next on the list?"

Draco sighed. "The Mad Tea Party. I saw this film. It wasŠodd. But it has to be more exciting than the elephant, right?"

Harry, who knew what the ride entailed, gave Draco's hand a squeeze. "Much more exciting. You never got motion-sick when you flew, did you?"

"Of course not. Who gets sick on a broom?"

One of my trainees, Harry thought grimly. He had lost a good set of robes that day. No spell got that completely out. "Right. I've seen you Apparate and been with you when we've Portkeyed. We'll be fine."

"Fine? Do children get sick on this ride often?"

"I don't know about often, but I know Dudley did. But that's probably because he stuffed himself with candyfloss and other sweets first. Aunt Petunia almost made him sit in the hotel the rest of the day. Uncle Vernon ranted about how she wasn't worried with wasting good money."

Draco made a face. "That family of yours."

"Tell me about it."

"New rule, Harry: let's not speak of your family on this holiday if we can help it. This is supposed to be fun and meaningful." Harry nodded agreement. He didn't particularly like to dwell upon them either. He had never even been close enough to tell them that there was a very real chance he wouldn't come back after each school year, after he had learnt of Voldemort. He hadn't spoken to them in years.

For all his insistence on his itinerary, Draco looked upon the ride with disdain when they got closer. "Is this all it is? Just spinning in circles?"

"Yes. It's probably more fun than it looks. You get to control the speed, I think."

"I suppose that could be fun," Draco allowed. "For Muggles."

Harry did not roll his eyes, but only through sheer force of will.

Soon enough, they were clambering into a teacup, Draco muttering something about how it was the only proper English reference so far. "Do you mind if we join you?" a red-headed teenage girl asked as Harry was about to shut the small door. There was a taller blond boy standing behind her. Harry put their age at around seventeen or eighteen. "All the other cups look full."

Draco gave Harry a warning look, but Harry ignored it. "Come on in." There was room enough for the four of them, and Draco was just going to have to deal with it. It was ninety seconds out of their day. Ninety seconds, and then they could wander off alone again.

"Thanks," the girl said with a shy smile. The boy behind her nodded his acknowledgement and climbed in behind her. Harry tried to give them a smile big enough to make up for Draco's lack of one. When no one was looking, he gave Draco's knee a brief squeeze before taking hold of the wheel in the middle of the cup. Draco's irritation seemed to disperse just a little. Harry would take it. Draco was looking a bit more frustrated with every ride. At least they would soon be out of Fantasyland.

The ride began at last, and soon Harry was laughing right along with the teenagers, exerting considerable force to get them spinning as fast as possible. At some point, Harry realised Draco had pitched in his own effort, working with the blond boy to switch the direction of the spinning on them. He slid into Draco's side, pressed up against him, and Draco laughed with something that might have been triumph. If Harry had not been busy trying to spin as fast as possible, he would have stopped to kiss him. He grinned. Plenty of time for that this week. He had probably been taking Draco for granted lately. He was determined to correct that.

"Well, what did you think?" Harry asked as they exited the ride. He felt a little giddy; either from the lack of equilibrium or from seeing Draco laugh like that, he wasn't sure. It was almost like the way he used to laugh at Harry's awful attempts at cracking jokes, just before he pulled Harry in for a passionate snogging. Merlin, how he missed that. This was a moment that he thought he would keep with him for quite a while--Draco's laugh, in the midst of hundreds and thousands of Muggles, on their very first holiday together.

"That was actually fun," Draco said with a slight wobble in his gait. "One more ride in Fantasyland before we move on. This one reminds me of us."

Harry tried to figure out what on earth in this place might remind Draco of their relationship and gave up. "How?"

"Do you remember what you said the night we ran into each other in the Ministry, looking for the same file?"

Racking his brain for a moment, Harry ventured a guess. It had been years ago. "Something about a coincidence, wasn't it?"

"You said, 'Small world, I suppose, that we would run into each other', when you'd just been thinking about me."

Harry did recall that bit of conversation now. He had needed the file on a suspected intentional poisoning case from decades before, and found Draco had retrieved it mere moments before Harry had made it down to the archives. At the time, Draco had just been hired at the Ministry, and word of it had made it through the Aurors' department that day. Someone had mentioned that Draco shouldn't be allowed to get a job in the Ministry, no matter how qualified, due to his actions during the war. It had grated on Harry, that people believed no one could redeem themselves, that they couldn't possibly have good motives underneath the poor choices. He had thought of Snape's reasoning for his actions, revealed too late for Harry to appreciate the man during his life, and then he had thought of Draco, who had, if rumours were true, been working himself half to death to prove he wasn't the epitome of evil that so many people thought he was. He had been fuming about how closed-minded people could be, and yet he had nearly snapped at Draco with scarcely a greeting. Somehow, it had evolved into this.

He paused in his musing for just a moment. "It's a Small World? That's where we're going next?" Draco was dragging him back past the two rides they had already done, and Harry worried that the rest of the day would be similarly disorganised.

"Very good, Harry, you did catch on," Draco sighed at him, shaking his head in mock disbelief.

Harry nudged Draco. "That's enough out of you. Come on, let's go."

They had been in the queue for nearly ten uneventful minutes when the small child behind them began to fuss. Harry ignored it, preferring to think about the things he wanted to do to Draco when they got back to their hotel. He wanted an evening where they could snog until his lips felt bruised, then shag and fall asleep with their bodies close, only to wake up and do it over again before they left the room for the day.

He was midway through quite a nice fantasy that included massages and long, searing kisses when he noticed that Draco's posture had changed. Instead of lounging against the nearest railing, Draco was standing bolt upright, hands clenched into fists at his side. His eyes were squeezed shut in frustration or pain, Harry couldn't tell. Reluctantly leaving his daydream behind, Harry slid an arm around Draco's back, resting it on Draco's hip. "You okay?" he murmured into the shell of Draco's ear.

"Perfectly fine," Draco said in the most unconvincing voice Harry had ever heard. And then the child behind them let out one of the most irritating whines in Harry's memory. Draco's entire body clenched and even Harry winced.

"It's just a kid," Harry said, trying to be soothing. The mother behind him was trying, quite in vain, to quiet her child, who was gaining in both volume and intensity. With a quick glance, he put the little boy's age at three, perhaps four.

"I know it's a child," Draco said through clenched teeth. "Why doesn't she just Silencio him or somethŠ Oh."

It was hard to adjust to a lack of magic, Harry knew. It was hard enough for him, and he had spent much of his childhood not even knowing of its existence. It must be even harder for someone who had always taken it for granted, knowing it would always be there for a quick solution to so many of life's small problems.

After a blood-curdling screech, Draco ran a hand though his hair, tugging at the fine strands. Harry knew this meant Draco was dangerously close to losing his composure. If his hair was mussed and they hadn't just fooled around, it meant something was very wrong. Acting before really thinking, Harry cast a quick wandless calming charm on the little boy, and on the mother for good measure. He stole a glance around. No one seemed to have recognised what he had done. It was a mild, discreet spell, often used when apprehending suspects or talking to witnesses (especially Muggle witnesses, before they were interrogated and Obliviated), and one of the many practical ones he taught to each new class of Aurors.

"Oh, thank Merlin," Draco sighed a moment later, looking weary and still quite irritated. "I was wondering just how much Muggle parenting left to be desired. If that child had gone on much longerŠ"

He didn't finish, and Harry didn't press him. He tried to rationalise that what he had done had not only helped Draco, but also the poor mother, as well as everyone else within earshot, but he still felt a bit guilty. Harry tried to push the feeling behind him. Not even Draco had realised what Harry had done. Then again, he seemed too wound up to notice if Merlin himself had walked in front of them, sans robes and pants.

There was time to watch Draco relax bit by bit before they reached the loading platform. Draco gave Harry a sceptical look, as if he had not been the one to suggest this ride in the first place. "That water looks absolutely foul, Harry."

Shrugging, Harry agreed. "But it's not as if we're swimming in it." He sighed. Gone was Draco's smile and laugh from earlier.

"What the bloody hell is this?" Draco leaned over and whispered as the ride began.

"What?"

"What is with all the creepy children? Look at their faces! And the singingŠ Do Muggles find this charming?'

"I don't know. I suppose so." Harry really only thought the ride was a bit too cheesy for his tastes. But looking closer at the dancing animatronics figures, he thought he could see what Draco meant. There was something eerie about the small children.

"It'sŠhorrifying. And that song is far too sweet to be natural." Draco shuddered.

"It'll be over soon," Harry supplied helpfully.

Draco opened his mouth to say something else, but that was when the woman in front of them in the boat started to sing along, using the English lyrics. The two children with her looked mortified, but she didn't seem to care. Draco, however, looked miserable. Harry reached over in the darkened passageway and took one of his hands, pulling it into his own lap. Draco looked as though he was considering jumping from the boat and swimming to safety, foul water or no, and Harry wanted to make sure he could keep him from doing so.

"That song is going to haunt me until my dying day," Draco informed him as they strode quickly out of Fantasyland. Draco didn't even give the place a look back, and Harry wondered if he should use that calming charm on his boyfriend. "I simply don't understand Muggles, subjecting their children to that kind of nightmare."

"It's meant to be more about unity and similarities and good willŠ" Harry tried, already knowing there was no arguing this. Draco would believe whatever he wanted to believe on the matter. "Never mind. Here," he said, spying a quaint little restaurant that seemed to have relatively few children milling around. "What would you say to a quick bite to eat, somewhere not overrun with small children?"

Draco gave him a desperate look. "Yes, please."

Harry tried not to laugh at the expression on Draco's face. This was someone who dealt with dangerous and deadly potions on a daily basis. Harry hadn't expected a few amusement park rides to unnerve him so completely. "Come on, then. After this, we'll do something meant for

older visitors. Not small children." When Draco looked visibly assured, Harry reached over and took his hand. The resulting firm grip told him things were all right, despite everything. The day wasn't over.

* * *

Draco took a deep breath as they queued for the first attraction after lunch. He had finally let Harry see the map, and after analysing it for a bit, Harry had chosen a somewhat nearby place to eat he felt would have the fewest children, and then an attraction to ride afterward. There were indeed fewer small children in this queue, and Draco did not even have words for how much better that made him feel.

The family in front of them, a set of Americans with long, drawn-out accents in identical outfits Draco still could not fathom the logic behind, began to read tombstones aloud as they approached each one. "Here lies good old Fred," the teenaged boy read to his younger sister. "A great big rock fell on his head." Draco looked at Harry, who only grinned lopsidedly at him. "Requiescat Francis Xavier. No time off for good behaviour."

Harry pulled Draco close. "Don't you dare correct his pronunciation of 'requescat'."

Draco, taken aback that Harry had known he was about to do that very thing, drew himself up to his full height so that he was nearly three centimetres taller than Harry. "What makes you think I would?"

"Because I know you. You get a similar look on your face whenever you're about to correct Hermione on something."

Draco tried to look affronted. "I do not!"

"Yes, you do. It doesn't happen often that she's wrong about something, but it's not completely

unheard of. And each time it's happened, you get that same look on your face. Just enjoy the tombstones. They're meant to be silly."

In front of them, the boy was now reading "Dear Departed Brother Dave; he chased a bear into a cave," much to his sister's delight. Draco just sighed. Puns. Of course Muggles would enjoy puns. The lowest form of humour. He tried to paste on a smile. At least they were not far from the entrance to the ride itself.

Once inside the attraction, Draco had to keep from rolling his eyes so hard he detached something important. The deep voice of the narrator, who insisted on calling himself their 'Ghost Host' spoke in a most ridiculous manner. When the voice chided them with, "Your cadaverous pallor betrays an aura of foreboding, almost as though you sense a disquieting metamorphosis," he nudged Harry's shoulder with his own. "A bit melodramatic, isn't it?"

Harry's reply appeared to be cut off when Draco's grip intensified as people crowded them into a corner. He had been too busy thinking of ways to mock the monologue to really pay attention to what was going on as the room seemed to stretch. But suddenly the light changed and the deep voice boomed out from everywhere. "Consider this dismaying observation: this chamber has no windows, and no doors. Which offers you this chilling challenge: to find a way out!"

Draco barely registered that he was clutching Harry's hand so tightly until Harry's voice was in his ear, asking if he was all right. Draco closed his eyes for a moment and took several deep breaths. He had not been in a situation that aggravated his mild claustrophobia in years. He wasn't even positive he had ever told Harry of his hang up, a leftover bit of irrational fear from the war. How silly that some Muggle ride would trigger it. He forced himself to ease up on Harry's hand. Thankfully, a door appeared in the chamber and the other people pressed up against them filtered out, leaving him room to breathe. "Of course I'm all right," he said with as much dignity as he could muster. "I just didn't want to be smashed into this corner."

Harry gave him an odd look before shrugging. "All right. I just thought it would be a bit ridiculous if, of all things to get to you, a ride about ghosts was the thing that set you off." He dropped his voice in a conspiratorial whisper. "Considering, you know, that you're quite familiar with a few."

"Yes. Absolutely ridiculous." His heart rate was still elevated, but he could play that off. As long as no one closed him up like that again. He followed the group of Muggles out of the lift and into a chamber with paintings that changed. They weren't nearly as impressive as the moving portraits he was accustomed to, but they were definitely more unsettling.

Draco took note of all the little things that seemed to catch Harry's attention as they moved throughout the ride. They climbed into a carriage, thankfully just the two of them, and began what appeared to be the proper segment of the ride. Draco thought it all a bit mundane and did not quite see what was supposed to be so frightening. Then he got a look at one of the main pieces. "Hey," he said, nudging Harry, who was scanning the scenery as quickly as he could. "That head in the crystal ball has nothing on Trelawney. Trelawney is much more frightening. She once told me I would get married to a ginger Muggle and have many children. I didn't sleep for two days."

Harry laughed and scooted closer in their buggy. "Glad she was wrong about that."

"Yes, well, she wasn't right often. Just enough." He paused when they slid by a set of mirrors and a ghost materialised between them. Something about it didn't seem right, and after a moment, he figured out why. He waved a hand through the thing that seemed to be sitting on in Harry's lap and scoffed when no blast of cold hit his skin. "It's not even real!"

"Draco, most Muggles don't even legitimately believe in ghosts."

"Oh. I see." That was simply silly, when they were obviously in existence. For a moment he had wondered how a ghost could be coerced into playing along with this attraction. Perhaps they were compensated somehow for a few hours of sitting with tourists? But no, another hope dashed. He put up with the rest of the ride, unable to get into it as much as Harry seemed to. He dragged Harry to the next ride on his list.

"Er, Draco?" Harry began as they approached.

"Yes?"

"Is there a reason we're headed for the Hall of Presidents?"

"Hermione pointed this one out and said we should go. She said she would attend if she were here."

Harry looked like he wanted to roll his eyes. "That's because it's educational. What do you know about American politics?"

"Nothing. So?"

"So, it's an attraction based entirely upon them. We have a Minister. British Muggles have a Minister and a Queen. Americans have presidents."

"Oh. Perhaps we'll skip that one, then, in favour of life over terminal boredom." He would have to properly thank Harry for that later. He should have known it was something he wouldn't enjoy, just by how adamant Hermione had been that they shouldn't miss it.

He let himself be talked into skipping the rest of Liberty Square and moving straight to Frontierland. Harry was finally showing an interest in what they were doing. It eased some of the odd feelings Draco was experiencing. Harry led him over to a ride that seemed to be a large mountain landscape. "Which one is this?"

"Big Thunder Mountain Railroad," Harry said with something approaching enthusiasm. "I understand wanting to work your way up, but I want it to be time for roller coasters. This is the fun part."

"Then by all means, go ahead."

Draco had to admit by the end of the first ride that the roller coasters did seem like the best part of the day. The themes were a bit brash and rugged, but the rides themselves were enjoyable. "What did you think?" Harry asked as they left the first roller coaster behind.

"It wasŠinteresting. I can see how they designed it with a theme in mind, what with the goat chewing on dynamite. I'm assuming the dynamite's fake?"

"Both dynamite and goat," Harry informed him with a grin.

"Oh. Right. Regardless, despite the rustic feeling, I think it was fun. Not quite the same as riding a broom, you understand." But there had still been that swooping feeling in his stomach, the sensation of the world moving on you in unexpected ways. He had felt a bit like that the night Harry had kissed him for the first time, leaning in with no warning and twisting all of his perceptions in an instant. Unexpected and disorienting, but not disagreeable.

"No," Harry said thoughtfully. "There's nothing quite like flying."

"I suppose Muggles need something close," Draco said after a moment, trailing Harry, who was leading them somewhere new. He stood and watched for a moment as they prepared to queue, then looked at Harry. "Do you really expect me to drop down that cliff, via a waterfall, in a simple wooden tree trunk?"

Harry looked at him very seriously. "Yes. I do. And I promise I will make it up to you if you don't enjoy it." Draco nodded and joined the queue with him. When they eventually made it into the hollowed-out logs, Harry nestled between Draco's legs, his back pressed against Draco's chest. Draco's mind went all manner of places not appropriate for a place that seemed to pride itself on family values. It did nothing for his train of thought when Harry squirmed back against him. They were in the back of their little log, another pair sitting ahead of them. When they rounded the corner and headed into the ride proper, Draco took the opportunity to nip at Harry's earlobe. Instead of brushing him off or admonishing him, Harry craned his neck and met Draco's mouth with his own briefly before turning back around. Draco bit his lower lip. Last night had been bloody fantastic. He wanted more of that.

He was jolted out of this line of thinking when they plunged down a hill and landed with a small splash. He loosened his death-grip on the metal railings at his thighs and listened to Harry laugh. Right. Caught off guard. Perhaps he really should be paying attention to the story line this ride had going. Something about a fox and a bear and a rabbit. And a 'laughing hole', whatever that was. Draco had other holes he liked to think about.

The handholds were wet and slippery, and Draco rubbed his palms on his shorts. The water from the rides in this place felt slimy, and he tried not to think about all the things breeding there. He also tried not to think about the way Harry was pressed against him, being tantalising without even meaning to be. Draco wanted to drag him off to some deserted corner of the park, assuming the place had one, and just snog until he couldn't think straight. He could forget for a moment that they were surrounded by Muggles and he did not have a wand to cast privacy charms. He wondered how Harry would feel if he mentioned it, still thinking about it as they went down another drop. So far, the ride was fairly lacklustre. Not at all what it was built up to be.

The music playing as they floated along turned dark and ominous and Draco started to pay attention. "Ready?" Harry called back, his own hands tight on the handholds. Draco took that as his cue to tighten his own grip. The two women in front of them began to whoop as they tipped upward and climbed, and Draco swallowed. With the way they were creeping along, he had a feeling he knew what was next.

It was everything he had expected, but somehow more thrilling. He was intensely aware of his heart in his throat and his stomach somewhere around his ears as they plummeted toward a bottom Draco could not see. He ducked his head instinctively, pressing his forehead into Harry's back, and when they finally landed, a great wave of lukewarm water rushed over his back and his head. He shrieked. It was not dignified, and it certainly was not masculine, but he could not help it. He was wet and slimy, and impossibly, Harry was laughing beneath him.

Harry's mirth only escalated when they climbed out of the log. "Merlin, Draco, your hair!"

Draco's hands flew up to his head and he attempted to remove the excess moisture. He reached for his wand to cast a drying charm, only to remember it was being held. He did as good a job as he could manage trying to get his hair into something resembling its intended

style. "Better?"

"Much," Harry said, still grinning.

"Good. You didn't exactly come out spotless, you know. Your front's soaked more than my back. I won't even mention your hair. Though I can't say it's much worse than usual."

Harry's grin transformed into something somehow brighter at that, and he took Draco by the hand and led him down the path toward a little hut with photos of visitors. Harry scanned them all and pointed to one on the far left. "There we are. Well, there I am. Other than a bit of blond hair, you appear to have gone missing. It's a shame. If it had turned out, I might have bought one. Something to remember the holiday by."

Draco was going to tell him that he would make sure Harry had other ways of remembering the holiday, but was jostled by two teenagers surging past them and demanding to be helped at the counter. "Really, is that necessary?" he sighed. "Isn't there somewhere to sit while we dry off? A show, perhaps, instead of a ride?"

Harry pulled the map from his back pocket and unfolded it. It was unexpectedly dry. "There's a show not too far away. I don't know how good it will be, though." He peered at the map like it could tell him something not already printed there.

"As long as it's a place to sit, I think we'll be fine."

Harry shrugged, but folded the map and put it back. "If you say so."

They wove their way through other tourists and made their way over to what looked like a pavilion. "Look, no queue. That has to be a good sign, right?" He didn't even bother to look up at the sign. It was some place inside, and it meant he wasn't going to be doused in disgusting water. That was good enough for him.

Draco promptly changed his mind about that when they entered the attraction. It was made, like so many things in this bit of the park, to look rustic and charming. Those were not words Draco would use to describe what he was seeing. He was not sure the words he wanted had even been invented. Harry found two empty spots on a bench in the middle of the room and Draco followed him, despite his instinct to turn right back around and march out. He eyed the stage distrustfully. The word proletariat popped into his mind, and though he loved Harry dearly and routinely lowered his standards for his boyfriend, this was hinting at going too far.

Before he could even ask Harry what type of show this was after all, voices came from three of the mounted heads on the wall. Draco glanced at them warily. They had been realistic enough for him not to pay them any attention when they had entered. Animated as they were now, he could not miss the comically exaggerated expressions. Oddly, the moose reminded him a bit of Goyle. That was unsettling.

When the curtain on the stage lifted to reveal a host of bears wearing denims and straw hats, Draco decided he would be lucky to make it out of this alive. His brain was going to liquefy. To hell with the Haunted Mansion--this was the most frightening thing he had seen yet. Why on earth would anyone find this entertaining? There were a number of children (and a surprising number of elderly) sitting around, clapping along to the song that was playing. Draco sneaked a glance at Harry, who was looking at the goings on with something like boredom with a tinge of incredulousness.

Around the time a large female bear in a blue skirt and matching bow began to sing something about tears being the chaser to her wine, Draco knew it was either distract himself or go utterly mad. He began mentally reciting some of the more commonly used members of the mushroom family for some of the more dangerous potions he had been studying, beginning with those that caused poisoning. He was up to Galerina autumnalis when Harry leaned over. "Do you want to get out of here?"

"OhdearMerlinyes," Draco managed, still trying to think of toadstools. Anything but singing bears with awkward movements. Harry murmured something he couldn't hear, and then the two of them were stepping over families to get to the end of their row and out of the auditorium. Surprisingly few people seemed to notice their departure.

Once they were out and into the sunlight, Draco rounded on Harry. "No."

"No what?" Harry was looking at him with worried eyes, something Draco would have found adorable had he not been so agitated.

"No more of thoseŠwhat do you call them? Like giant puppets?"

"Animatronics?"

"Yes. No more of those things singing, or I promise you, I will cast a Reducto on them after I get my wand back. The children were creepy, the rabbit and such was off-putting, but I draw the line at singing prole bears. If I cannot sleep tonight, or ever again, I blame this."

Harry just looked at him with that same expression of worry. "No more singing animatronics." He pulled out the map and glanced over it for a moment. "That leaves out the Tiki Room, then." He put the map away and took a good look at Draco. "Are you sure you're okay?"

Draco was fairly certain the answer was no, but he was not about to admit it past his little outburst. "I'm fine. Pick another ride. Your selections have been better than mine. Probably because you grew up with Muggles."

"Pirates of the Caribbean?" Harry ventured, looking cautious, as if he was afraid of setting Draco off.

"Yes, fine, whatever." Draco took a few deep breaths and reminded himself this was for Harry. He followed Harry out of Frontierland and into Adventureland, which at least sounded acceptable. He was determined to get through this day, and the next six. Once they were safely back in England, he would never have to deal with so many Muggles all at once. He kept telling himself that as he let Harry lead him to the ride he had suggested. The next time he was possessed to do something nice for Harry, he would do a bit more research. Pamphlets were not as thorough as they ought to be.

* * *

As the day wore on, Harry became more worried about how well Draco was holding up. There would be moments where he got to see the sarcastic, witty Slytherin he had fallen for, the one who was so determined to get certain things right, and then something would happen and that person would disappear behind a frazzled veil. It was amusing at times, but Harry felt guilty for deriving enjoyment from Draco's frustration. He resolved to make it up to Draco tonight, once they were secure in their hotel room.

Draco followed him willingly enough to the pirate-themed ride and did not even complain when they stepped into yet another boat. Harry did not miss the look on his face as he glanced down at the dark water, nor did he miss the way Draco looked wary when they began to move. Harry scooted as close as he could manage on their little bench and put his hand on Draco's knee, squeezing lightly. In the dark, Draco looked his way and offered a smile. It wasn't broad or easy, but some part of it was real.

"You lied," Draco said quietly as they got out of the boat.

Harry was puzzled. "I'm sorry?"

"There was singing. 'A pirate's life for me'. That was a song, and you promised there would be no more of them."

Harry opened his mouth to apologise, but saw the twitch on Draco's lips that meant he was kidding--at least, mostly. "There are at least two more things we can do which guarantee no more singing," he said, happy to see at least a bit of good humour still left somewhere in Draco.

"Really? Do tell. I still cannot figure out what Muggles see in all the singing."

"I don't think it's so much a Muggle thing as a Disney thing, actually," Harry said with a shrug. "But there's a roller coaster left on the other side of the park. Space Mountain. It's supposed to be good."

"Then by all means, let's go. The other mountain-based roller coaster was fun, I'll admit."

Harry grinned. He should have known Draco would take best to the things that were similar to the feeling of flying. They wandered through Main Street on their way to Tomorrowland, and Harry was tempted to stop into some of the shops and pick something up as a souvenir. But the day was winding down, and there was plenty of time for that after dark and after the fireworks display. "Are you up for watching the fireworks display tonight?" he asked, figuring it was better to know for sure. The fireworks, at least, should be something Draco could enjoy. No animatronics there. At least, that he knew of.

"Just standard bright lights and explosions in the sky, correct?" Harry nodded. "Then yes. That might even be very nice."

"Good." They queued up and Harry noticed Draco appraising the people around them. Almost entirely adults this time. He seemed to relax a bit more.

The ride had been a good call, Harry decided as they hit the first real curve in the track. It was dark and he could only dimly make out Draco's blond hair through the pitch-black space they were hurtling through. He raised his hands just before they plunged down another blind slope, urging Draco to do the same. He heard laughter, true, genuine laughter from next to him and he let out a yell. This was what he had been hoping for--to be able to have fun with the man he loved, to be able to forget the hundred little things that seemed to slide between them on a daily basis.

They left the ride laughing together, hand in hand, and Harry had time to savour it before Draco stopped short, pulling Harry to a sudden stop. "What's wrong?"

"What in Merlin's name is that thing?" Draco asked, gesturing to something standing in the middle of the path they were on.

Harry looked and finally realised what Draco was worried about. "Oh. That's just Goofy. He's one of the mascots for the park."

"What on earth is he supposed to be?"

"It's just a person dressed in a dog costume. Why?"

"I justŠI don't trust those things. They're creepy. Do they not talk?"

Harry thought about it. He honestly had no idea. Perhaps the ones dressed as humans did. "I don't know. But we can detour if youŠ" Something caught his eye and he trailed off.

"What? What is it?" Draco asked, looking mildly alarmed.

Harry shook himself. "Nothing. I just recognised one of the rides over there. It's based off this old film. I saw it in bits and pieces when I was young. It was on the telly a lot, and my uncle used to watch it. Twenty-thousand Leagues Under the Sea."

Draco looked at him for a long moment. "As that's the first true bit of enthusiasm you've shown all day, we will partake of that ride next."

"Really?"

"Yes. What is it about?"

"It's been so long since I've seen it, I don't remember a lot of the details. I just remember a giant squid."

"A giant squid. You do know there was one in the lake at Hogwarts?"

Harry laughed. "Yes. In fact, when I first found out there was one, this was the only thing I could think of."

"Then we are most definitely doing this now. Find the entrance to the queue, Harry, and lead the way."

Harry did so, pulling Draco along with him. This was silly, this bit of childhood nostalgia. He was surprised he even remembered the film.

Draco's grip on his hand got a little tighter as they approached the loading dock. "We're going to be under water?"

"Yeah. I mean, it is a submarine. A submergible. It looks like fun."

"Yes. Fun," Draco echoed. If Harry had been paying more attention, he would have heard the strain in Draco's voice. But he was too focussed on other things.

It wasn't until they were all sealed up with other tourists that Harry realised something was wrong. Draco was sitting beside him, breathing shallowly. "Are you okay?" he asked, tearing his gaze away from the window. For being only so far under the water, the illusion was great.

"I'm fine," Draco said for at least the third time that day. This time, Harry wasn't buying it. There was a fine sheen of sweat on Draco's forehead and his lips were nearly white. His face

was paler than usual, almost grey.

"No, you're not," Harry whispered, trying not to disturb the other riders. "What's wrong?" He thought back to his first year of Auror training. They had been taught a few basic first aid spells, but Harry had never actually had to perform any of them wandless. He wondered if he could do it, and if he could do it locked in this submarine if needed.

"I'm just feeling a littleŠI'll be fine. Don't mind me. Enjoy the ride." There was determination etched on Draco's face, but beneath that, there was panic. Harry remembered Draco's odd behaviour in the Haunted Mansion earlier in the day and put two and two together.

"If you were claustrophobic or had panic attacks, you should have told me," Harry said in a low voice.

Draco shook his head. "Don't be ridiculous. I have no such issues." Harry wanted to shake him a bit for the lie. Draco's voice wavered and he looked very close to being sick all over the passenger in front of him. Harry quickly reached over and rubbed small circles over Draco's back. It wasn't much, but Draco squeezed his eyes shut and his breathing became less shallow. Not fixed, but that was better than nothing.

"Draco Malfoy, you listen to me," Harry murmured in his ear after casting a wandless Muffliato. "You are perfectly fine. We are all of a metre or two under the water. This will all be over in under two minutes from now. Take deep breaths and think of something pleasant. Think of last night, of how it felt to be able to take our time with one another without having to worry about other obligations distracting us from what we were doing. Do you understand me?"

With a shudder, Draco nodded. "Two minutes," he muttered. "I can do two minutes."

"Bloody right you can," Harry told him. "The Draco Malfoy I know can do a lot of things. Some of those things would surprise people." He kept rubbing at Draco's back. He was missing most of the ride, but that wasn't important right now. The important thing was calming Draco before he made a scene. The calming charm he had used earlier on the child and its mother would do no good in this case. That was for simple agitation or irritability. Anything as

involved as a panic attack required a bit more expertise than he had without his wand. So much for the full Muggle experience.

He had Draco almost calm again by the time he caught sight of a giant squid toying with another submarine outside the window. But apparently, he was not the only one to see the squid. A child two rows behind them shrieked something about a squid attack and started to cry. Harry wanted to stun the entire lot of them. The shriek and crying undid everything Harry had accomplished. Please don't let him get sick or start shouting in here, Harry pleaded with any being that might be listening

Thankfully, they docked fewer than thirty seconds later. Draco bolted up from his seat and nearly bowled over an elderly man and the woman he was with. Harry climbed out of the submarine as quickly as he could without upsetting anyone further and found Draco, who was standing off to the side of the ride's exit, bent over double and breathing hard.

"That's it," he said in a tone that brooked no argument. "We are getting you to the loo right over there." They were only twenty steps away. It wasn't as if he was asking the impossible. "You're going in and splashing cold water on your face until you no longer feel this way. When you are done, you will sit on that bench right there and wait for me."

"Where are you going?" There was still that tinge of panic in Draco's voice.

"I'm taking care of something. I'll only be a few moments. Just do as I say. Can you handle that?"

Draco nodded and walked toward the loo on legs that looked unsteady. Harry sighed and stepped behind a large bush trimmed to look like an elephant. With a quick look around to make sure he could not be seen, he Disapparated.

The two witches in the private lounge at the airport, one blonde and one brunette this time, seemed quite surprised to see him. He almost stumbled into a family of six, but managed to right himself. "Mr Potter?" the brunette asked cautiously. She had been on duty yesterday

when they had come through. "Is everything all right?"

"I need to speak to Mr. Douglas."

"Surely you realise what time it is back in London--"

Harry had already done the math. "I'm aware of the time. Use the International Floo Network. I'll take care of the charges. Just tell him that if he does what I need, I'll happily give him that endorsement he wants."

The brunette scurried off to a place behind the counter. The blonde, having given the family directions and sent them off, looked up nervously. "Is there anything I can do for you, Mr Potter?"

"Yes. You can release both my wand, and Draco Malfoy's. I will be taking them with me."

"If you're unhappy with our service, sir--"

"It's nothing like that," Harry said, wondering how long it would take to get Douglas out of bed. "Nothing that's your fault."

"Please come around to the Floo, Mr Potter," the brunette called. "Mr Douglas will speak with you."

Prompt service, at least, Harry thought. He knelt down and took a deep breath before beginning with an apology. With that out of the way, he detailed what he needed, making sure the travel agent knew that money was no object.

"Give me three minutes, Mr Potter," Douglas said after Harry was done, no longer sounding so

asleep. "I'll reach you right here then. Everything should be in order at that point."

Harry nodded. Three minutes was acceptable. He waited and wondered how Draco was doing. He hadn't wanted to leave him, but it seemed the best way to accomplish the necessary.

* * *

Draco emerged from the loo feeling somewhat human again. It was shameful, the way he had acted on that last ride. It was the one thing Harry had wanted to do most, and he had ruined it for him. So much for his grand plan to let Harry have this thing he had been denied as a child. He hoped Harry would forgive him. He had seemed irritated when he had sent Draco in to calm himself.

Harry was nowhere to be seen when Draco stepped outside, and so he sat on the bench as he had been instructed. He would try to do whatever Harry wanted of him. After all, this holiday was for him.

Not more than five minutes later, Harry appeared from seemingly nowhere. "Feeling better?"

"Yes, a bit. Thank you."

"Good. I have a surprise for you."

"Oh?" Draco was sceptical.

"Yes. We're leaving. Not the holiday; just the park for the evening."

"But it's still early--" Draco began, not entirely sure why he was pressing to stay. If Harry wanted to leave, who was he to argue?

"It would make me happy if you just came with me," Harry said with a smile, and Draco caved easily. "Let's head back to the hotel via monorail."

They were almost to the platform when a large, heavily gloved hand landed atop Draco's shoulder. He resisted the urge to scream, even after he turned and saw what was attached to that hand. He flailed in his attempt to get away, throwing his arms out wide. The owner of the gloves misread the signal and wrapped its arms around Draco for a full five seconds that felt like months.

"Please go away," Draco said through clenched teeth. When the thing that was embracing him finally let go and walked away, Draco looked over, expecting to see Harry's amused face. Instead he got that worried one. With an attempt to sound as mild as he could, Draco brushed himself off and said, "If that big-headed mouse knows what's good for him, he will never come near me again."

Harry's mouth did twitch in a smile this time. "I'm sure you'll be let alone. Now come on and board the monorail. "

Draco did what he was told. When the monorail stopped at their hotel, Harry tugged at Draco's wrist, keeping him in place. "Not here. Two more down."

"Are you sure?"

"Positive." He was up to something. Harry looked almost pleased with himself. He tugged at Draco again as the Monorail pulled up to a resort they certainly had not slept in the night before. "This is our stop. Follow me."

Feeling a little out-of-sorts, Draco did. Harry led them to the front counter. "Mr Potter and Mr

Malfoy, checking in."

Draco gaped at him. This place was palatial. He could see a fountain nearby in the lobby near the lift, a restaurant with china and crystal and linen napkins. And best of all, he saw a sign that pointed to a full-service spa.

"What is all this?" Draco asked, positive he was somehow dreaming, that the last several hours had all been in his head.

Harry shook his head. "Wait until we get into the room."

Draco obliged, mostly because he had no choice. Harry opened the door for the both of them, and the first thing Draco noticed was that this place was much more the kind of room he had wanted to book in this first place. The second thing he noticed was that their luggage, which had most definitely been in another hotel, was now sitting at the foot of the massive bed. The third thing he noticed was his wand, propped up on a pillow like some strange mint.

"Harry?"

"Surprise," Harry said from behind him. "I know you wanted this to be a meaningful experience for me. And it was, but not for the reason you think." Harry moved closer and rested his chin on Draco's shoulder. Arms went around him again, but these were quite welcome. "It's meaningful because I'm here, away from everything, from all our responsibilities, and with you. I know how hard you tried to get everything perfect. I appreciate it. But I wanted to let you know that for the rest of the week, there is nothing saying we even have to leave this hotel. There's room service. There's a spa. And there's a large bed and a tub nearly the size of the Prefect's tub back at Hogwarts. I say we make the most of it."

"But what about the rest of Disney World? Or the fireworks tonight?"

"Forget it," Harry whispered as he moved around in front of Draco and pushed him onto the bed. Draco sank into the mattress, Harry following close behind. "I have all the magic I need

right here. And as for the fireworks?" he said, burying his face in the curve of Draco's shoulder and sucking gently. "I think we can make our own, don't you?"

The End

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