

Draco pursed his lips, as if considering it. “I suppose,” he sighed, stepping close to press a kiss to Harry’s cheek. “Will you tell me where you’re taking me, now?”

“You’ll find out when we get there,” Harry insisted, offering his arm with a gallant bow. “You look stunning, by the way. I’m going to be the envy of everyone in the room.” Draco’s ice blue robes were tailored to perfection, his darker blue shirt in contrast to a pale grey tie that made his eyes stand out even more. Truly the Ice Prince of Slytherin.

They walked downstairs arm in arm, and Harry groaned at the duo that awaited them. Sirius and Narcissa, stood by the door ready to send them off as if it was their very first date.

Which, technically, Harry supposed it was. They’d gone about everything a little backwards, really.

“Don’t stay out too late,” Sirius mock-warned, wagging his finger. “And you look after my son, Malfoy, or I’ll have your head.”

“Have him back by midnight, Harry, darling,” Narcissa told him, smirk tugging at her lips. “My boy is a gentleman and I shan’t have you ruining his reputation.”

Harry snorted. “We all know that ship has sailed,” he joked, ignoring Draco’s indignant expression. “You two are the worst, and we love you, and we’ll be going now.” He tugged on Draco’s arm, heading for the door and ignoring the two waving dramatically at them on their way down the drive.

“Sometimes I think it was a bad idea bringing those two cousins back together,” Draco said drily. Harry hummed in agreement.

“At least they didn’t bring Andi into it.” The three Blacks together were a force to be reckoned with.

Holding Draco close under the guise of needing to side-along him to their destination, Harry apparated, smiling as Draco peered around curiously. “We’re in Diagon,” he realised, and Harry nodded.

“Yup. Come on.”

In those wonderful three weeks before his third year, in around having his entire life flipped on his head, Harry had gotten quite familiar with a lot of the offshoot alleys of Diagon. Before then, he’d thought the main high street was all there was to it.

This little section of the alley was full of restaurants and cafes and even a dance club — something Harry definitely wanted to investigate when the furore around him had died down some. He and Draco were still too young for muggle clubs; the fake IDs he’d conjured to get them into the sex shop beside Infinite earlier in the week probably wouldn’t slide with a club bouncer. Mostly because Harry only had vague ideas of what a muggle ID was supposed to look like.

Maybe Farlig would be able to help him out. Gringotts did muggle documents, too.