

Harry thought about it for a long time, but ultimately he decided not to tell anyone about Slytherin's office. Not even Draco. Not yet, anyway — not until he'd had a bit more time to process things, and to investigate the room's contents. The way Slytherin had talked, it was supposed to be a room only for those of the Slytherin blood and family. He didn't want to risk upsetting the portrait by bringing a stranger to the office.

Besides that, he had bigger things to worry about — the first Defence Club meeting had arrived.

Harry arrived at the Room of Requirement a good twenty minutes early, determined to make sure everything was in place and ready. The doors offering passages to the house common rooms were there, he had plenty of cushions in case people got a little rough with their Disarming charms, and there was enough space for — hopefully — everyone to practice at the same time.

As the clock on the wall ticked closer to seven, the nerves started to rear their head. Harry paced anxiously, wand in hand, wishing he'd asked Neville or someone to come wait with him. Someone to calm him down, assure him he could handle it.

*You'll be fine, Potter*, his inner voice insisted, sounding remarkably like Draco. Thinking of the blond made Harry think of the last time they'd met up, and as such he had a slightly dazed smile on his face when the door opened and the first group of people arrived.

"Wow," Ginny said in awe, looking around the room. "This is brilliant, Harry!" She was not, as Harry might have expected, with Michael and the usual Ravenclaw entourage. Instead she was with Neville and Luna, who were both equally impressed.

Soon, Harry could hardly keep up with all the people flooding in, arriving in pairs and threes and hopefully having been discreet on their way up. They were all astounded by the room, murmuring about how they'd never seen anything like it in Hogwarts before.

"That door definitely didn't exist when I walked up here the other day," Cho remarked, making Harry grin.

"Sometimes if you ask nicely, Hogwarts provides," he replied in an appropriately mysterious tone.

At last, everyone was safely inside, and Harry shot a small firework from his wand to get their attention. "Right, then. Thanks for coming, everyone. I thought we'd start off with something simple today, just to get to know each other. How do you all feel about Disarming charms?"

There was a brief silence. Then, "What use is a Disarming charm against You-Know-Who?" Of course, Zacharias Smith had some opinions. Harry was going to find whoever invited that prick, and he was going to put itching powder in all of their school robes.

"It saved my life last June," Harry answered without missing a beat.

"It's a *second year* spell." Zacharias still wasn't impressed. Harry smirked, eyes flashing.