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By the next day, Harry's little fainting spell in Divination had been passed along to just about everyone in the school. General consensus was that the pressure of the tournament had made him crack. Harry didn't really care what people thought of him; he had bigger things to worry about.

Sneaking through the Transfiguration corridor under the cover of the cloak, Harry slipped into the classroom, getting quickly to work. He cleaned off the teacher's desk with a quick spell, setting his burden down in the centre. Another series of spells had soft balls of light floating around the ceiling, and two chairs brought up to the desk. Harry seated himself in one of the chairs, and waited.

He didn't have to wait long. The door eased open, and there was an intake of breath as Draco slipped inside. "What's all this, then?" he asked, looking about the room. Harry grinned.

"Happy birthday, Draco."

Draco moved closer, his eyes landing on the small cake on the desk, a single candle burning happily on top. "Where did that come from?"

"I asked Ceri to make it," Harry admitted. "Blueberry and white chocolate, your favourite. And— here." He reached over to pick up the wrapped parcel, thrusting it into Draco's hands. "I hope you like it."

Draco closed the gap between them, ignoring the second chair and straddling Harry's lap to kiss him softly. "And you say *I'm* the romantic one," he teased quietly, stroking Harry's cheek. The Gryffindor smiled.

"I've picked up a few tricks here and there."

Draco leant back just far enough to unwrap the present between them, revealing a plain wooden box. He opened it with a curious frown, brows rising at the rows of inkwells inside. "It's something the twins have been working on," Harry explained, as Draco picked up a bottle of dark green ink. "Password-protected ink. You set a password to the bottle, and it dries invisible. Whoever wants to read it needs to speak the password with their wand to the paper in order to reveal the message. I thought — things might be difficult, over the summer, for you to properly write to some of your friends. With your dad, and their parents. You can share the bottles around, that way you can write to each other without getting caught."

Draco was wide-eyed as he held the bottle up to the light. "Fascinating," he breathed, then glanced to Harry. "You really do think of everything, don't you?" He smiled fondly.

Harry began to insist that the twins had done all the real work, but Draco cut him off with a firm kiss, his free hand tangling in Harry's hair.

When they broke the kiss, Draco looked towards the little cake. "I suppose I'd better blow out my candle," he mused, still seemingly quite comfortable on Harry's lap.