

have some sort of decorum, love,” he sighed, making Harry grin wider and wiggle his eyebrows.

“Why bother? I’m fairly sure they would figure it out regardless.”

“We did assume,” Daphne said with a long-suffering sigh. Draco’s ears turned a little pink, but he was smiling.

“Go on, Malfoy,” Cassius urged playfully, “go take our *saviour* here off to celebrate somewhere private before he starts really trying to convince you to leave.”

“Oh, I don’t need convincing,” Draco assured airily. “I had just planned for a slightly more graceful exit. But, Gryffindors.” He and Cassius and Blaise shared an exasperated look, and Harry thought he should probably be offended by it.

“Are we going now, then?” he asked keenly, peeling himself off Draco’s back but only enough to tuck the blond against his side.

“We are,” Draco said, gaze flicking to his friends. “Goodnight, all.”

“Be safe, you two,” Daphne replied with a blatant leer.

Harry tugged Draco away, ignoring the cat-calls from the Slytherin crowd — and then the much louder cat-calls that came when everyone else noticed the pair leaving.

“Good ni-ight!” he called to the hall at large, hand already sneaking up under the hem of Draco’s shirt. “Don’t stay up too late!”

“We could say the same to you!” Bill retorted to another round of laughter and wolf-whistling.

Harry smirked unrepentantly. “You’re all a bunch of fucking hypocrites!” he told them, laughing, the pleasant buzz of alcohol coursing through his veins. “And I think I’ve fucking earned this!” With that, he took Draco by the hand, tugged on the castle’s magic, and walked head first into the wall next to the door.

His next stride put him right in the Slytherin common room, stepping out of the wall next to the fireplace. Draco followed close behind him, staring around in awe. “What the *fuck*, Potter,” he said, stunned. “Since when could you do that?”

“I’ve been pulling passageways for ages,” Harry said, frowning in confusion. Draco goggled.

“Passageways! Not *transporting through walls*!”

Oh, that. Harry hadn’t really been expecting that either, but Hogwarts was full of surprises. “Came of age with both hands on the Wardstone,” he explained, shrugging. “The castle likes me.”