

They both halted immediately at the sound of footsteps, whirling around to see Hannah Abbott creeping towards them. She was in pyjamas, too, and an oversized black jumper with the sleeves rolled to her elbows, wand held aloft. She tensed as she spotted them, then relaxed, eyeing them suspiciously. “What’s happening?”

“No idea. Did the magic bring you up here?” Neville asked. Hannah nodded, cheeks flushing slightly.

“It sounds weird, doesn’t it? But I just felt like — like something *needed* me to be up here.”

“Not weird at all,” Harry assured. The two boys flanked her, and the trio continued.

Harry realised they were headed to the Room of Requirement only a turn before they got there. His exhausted brain whirled frantically to try and figure out what was happening — then he saw Luna, waiting outside the door to the Room, and a suspicion began to grow.

“Luna?” Neville greeted, perplexed. “Are you the one who summoned us here?”

The blonde girl smiled, shaking her head. Her eyes seemed to almost glow in the dim moonlight. “No, it wasn’t me.”

“But you know why we’re here,” Harry presumed. He could feel it, now, with the four of them stood together. That pressure in his chest, the flood of magic in his veins. Family magic.

Slytherin magic.

Luna’s smile turned knowing. “So do you.”

“Well, I don’t,” Hannah cut in impatiently. “So if you’d care to share...”

Harry turned to her and Neville, quietly surprised. Luna, he half-expected; she was appropriately mysterious and ethereal to be hiding a secret Ravenclaw bloodline connection. Neville too, to an extent; the Longbottoms had been rumoured to be connected to Gryffindor’s line for centuries now. But Hannah was unexpected.

“It’s your birthday today, isn’t it, Hannah?” he asked, making her blink.

“I— yes? I got my magic surge about an hour ago.”

Harry smiled slightly. “Looks like the castle is eager for a shake-up,” he mused. It was growing impatient, too; practically screaming in his head for him to open the door to the Room. He reached for the handle, pushing it open, then stepped back. “After you, Lady Hufflepuff,” he said softly, gaze fixed on Hannah. She gasped, and so did Neville.

“How did you...?” She trailed off, stepping through the door. As Harry walked in behind her, making sure Neville and Luna were following, his breath caught in his throat.

The castle had led them to the Wardstone.