

Harry snorted. “Yeah. I’m ready.” He’d been ready for ages, to be honest. But this felt like the right time — a big event, where it would be extremely impolite for people to ask questions, and he could leave for two weeks almost immediately after.

He wanted everyone to know Draco was his.

Still, his stomach fluttered anxiously as they grew closer to Slughorn’s office. And then he saw him.

Draco was waiting in an alcove, slightly shielded from view, his hands clasped in front of him. He looked up at the sound of footsteps, and his lips curled in as wide a smile as he dared show in public. He stepped out of the alcove, giving Harry the full view of him in perfectly tailored slate-grey dress robes, the tie knotted at his throat the exact same colour as Harry’s own robes.

Definitely Narcissa’s doing, there.

“I can hear the hearts of half the students of Hogwarts breaking already,” Ginny remarked teasingly. “Godric, you look smitten. Go on, if you must.”

Harry snickered, but happily crossed the distance between him and Draco, offering his date a smooth bow. “May I?” he asked, offering an arm. Draco cocked an eyebrow at him, then snorted, stepping closer and resting his hands on Harry’s shoulders, kissing him firmly.

“I really need to find more excuses to get you in formalwear,” he drawled, smoothing his hands over the front of Harry’s robes. They were high-collared, with no need for a tie or anything, but surprisingly comfortable.

“Only if you’re there with me,” Harry returned without missing a beat.

“I should’ve nicked Colin’s camera on the way out,” Ginny sighed, approaching with Neville’s hand in hers. “One picture of the two of you looking like this sent to *Witch Weekly*, I’d never have to work a day in my life.”

Draco laughed, neatly tucking his arm into Harry’s. “Please; that rag doesn’t pay nearly as well as it should.” He stepped back, gesturing for the other pair to go ahead. “Ladies first.”

“Only if you give us a minute to get in there before you make your big entrance,” Ginny replied, patting Harry on the cheek before letting Neville escort her into Slughorn’s office, where music and quiet conversation were already drifting through the open doorway.

Harry let out a long breath, glancing up at his boyfriend. “Sure you want to do this?”

Draco rolled his eyes, kissing him again. “I have spent the last two years waiting for this, Potter. Don’t chicken out now; you’re supposed to be the brave one.”

A slightly breathless laugh escaped the Gryffindor. “Fair enough.” It was easy. He just had to walk through that door, and they would be out. They had friends in the party; Ginny and Neville, and Blaise and Daphne. It would be fine.