

Draco's living memory. Dating an heir to the castle was convenient and baffling in equal measure.

"Where are we going?" he asked warily, wondering if Harry was going to absolutely scupper his plan to have his way with his Gryffindor in the Slytherin dormitory by leading him to some romantic bedroom setup elsewhere in the castle. Perhaps he shouldn't have kept his birthday plans secret after all!

"Just for a bit of a wander. I want to show you something." Well, then. That sounded less like an intention to ravish him and more like Harry had found something weird and possibly extremely ridiculous, knowing that Potter luck. Like another secret chamber from the founders' era, or something left behind by Merlin himself.

Draco was braced for the extreme, and thus surprised when the passage ended in a familiar corridor. The seventh floor corridor, on the way to the Room of Requirement.

Had Harry been rooting around the room of Hidden Things again? Draco knew his boyfriend had looked into it once or twice, since finding the horcrux. Had he unearthed some other lost treasure?

Harry took him by the hand, opening the door and leading him inside.

"HAPPY BIRTHDAY DRACO!"

He stumbled against the wall of sound, wide-eyed at the sight of a room full of people; all his friends, even Pansy and Millie — even the Weasley twins, which explained both the fireworks exploding above his head and also Blaise's lack of complaints about vacating the dorm for the night. The room was decked out in silver and green, with a table groaning with snacks and drinks along one wall, a huge cake in the middle of the table decorated with snakes and snitches and the words 'Happy 17<sup>th</sup> Draco' in neat icing on top. Beside it was a smaller table, stacked with wrapped gifts.

Draco turned to Harry, who was beaming at his side, eyes sparkling. "You... you planned this?"

"Couldn't let you turn seventeen without a decent party, could I?" Harry said with a wink. "Do you like it?"

A long stare, and then Draco pulled his boyfriend into a toe-curling kiss, their friends whooping and whistling when it dragged on far too long. Harry's mouth was swollen when Draco let him go, hair even more wild than usual, green eyes bright behind his glasses. He was gorgeous, and he was *Draco's*, and this was the best birthday ever.

"Let's get this party started, then!" Fred announced, letting off another firework and starting up the record player in the corner, filling the room with fast-paced muggle music Draco vaguely recognised. Draco couldn't stop looking at Harry, wondering what in the world he had done to deserve this life he now lead.

"Not too much? Harry fretted. Draco scoffed.