

“I’ll see you at the ball tomorrow, Professor,” he said eventually, assuming the man would be going back to Seren Du as well. He and Remus hadn’t exchanged gifts; they were probably going to do their own private Christmas. Harry didn’t want to think about it too much.

“Thanks for hosting this.”

“I don’t believe I was given a choice,” Snape replied, though he didn’t look too upset by it. “Enjoy the rest of your day, Potter.”

“You could at least *try* and call me Harry, y’know,” Harry replied cheekily, shouldering his bag. “It might not kill you.”

“Get out of here, brat.” Harry laughed, swinging the invisibility cloak over his shoulders and leaving the man’s private quarters.

Harry moved as quickly as he dared under the cloak, heading straight for the Potions room. The door was locked, but a quick *Alohomora* made easy work of it. When Harry slipped in, he let out a quiet gasp.

The room had been utterly transformed. All the desks and chairs had been pushed to the sides of the room, and in the space in the centre was a dark green blanket laid out on the floor, a tiny little Christmas tree in the centre. Floating all around the room were multicoloured little fairy lights, twinkling softly. In the midst of it all, smiling as Harry removed his cloak, was Draco. “I was wondering when you would show up,” the Slytherin greeted, sat on the blanket.

“Draco,” Harry breathed, looking around in wonder. “This is amazing!”

“Uncle Severus said as long as it’s all back to normal by morning, we can stay in here as long as we like,” Draco relayed. He wrinkled his nose. “He also said several other things that I wish I could Obliviate from my mind, but I won’t traumatise you by repeating them.”

Harry snorted, even as his stomach turned a little bit at the thought of Snape contemplating any part of his potential sex life. He hadn’t had a talk from Sirius or Remus yet — he’d managed to avoid that for now by telling Sirius about the book George had given him. With any luck, it would stay that way.

He left his cloak in a pile by the door and joined Draco on the blanket, leaning in for a kiss. “What’s all this for?”

“There’s no way the two of us are going to get any time alone in all of tomorrow’s chaos,” Draco said. “I just wanted to see you. When Severus told me what Remus was planning for today, I thought I’d jump in off the back of it, since you’d already be down in the dungeons.” He smiled shyly, running a thumb over Harry’s cheekbone. “I have to take my opportunities where I can. Once school starts back up, you’ll be in a dozen places at once again.”

“I’ll still have time for you,” Harry insisted.

“But will you have time for this?” Draco retorted, gesturing to the room at large. “We don’t have to be anywhere or do anything until curfew. No one but Severus knows we’re in here.”