

boyfriend.

“Are you trying to get me drunk?” he drawled, watching as Draco’s smirk widened, his eyes darkening.

“A drink or two won’t hurt.” His tone was even, but there was no mistaking the spark of lust in that quicksilver gaze. Harry leaned in, nuzzling his temple.

“If you want me to fuck you against the wall again, you don’t need to get me soused,” he breathed huskily. “Or d’you just want me getting all handsy with you so everyone in this room knows I’m taken?” Like they weren’t already well aware.

Under the table, Draco squeezed his thigh. “Why can’t it be both?” he asked innocently. “Slytherin dorms have all been emptied. I checked with the elves.”

Heat pooled in Harry’s gut. “Later, then,” he promised, kissing his cheek and then pulling back, taking another swallow of alcohol. There was no need to leave the party early — they could keep it in their pants for another few hours.

As the food cleared from the tables and more and more alcohol appeared from seemingly nowhere — seriously, this was a *school*, where was it all coming from?? — Harry let himself finally relax, joining in with the festivities.

Fred and George, being Fred and George, produced a whole bunch of their indoor fireworks, which caused McGonagall to just sigh exasperatedly and loudly declare how grateful she was that they had graduated.

They all got up from the tables, mingling freely; adults and students alike, all levelled by their experiences, all revelling in the possibilities of the new future that awaited them. Across the hall, Susan and Justin were loudly expounding on their plans for the Wizengamot to a group of slightly terrified looking HA members, while Theo stood at Susan’s side with a smile that said he was very proud of his girlfriend but also would be happy to murder anyone who stood in her way. Not far from that, Luna seemed to have started a dance party with no music, joined by a handful of people drunk enough to join in enthusiastically. Mrs Weasley was stood with her husband and a few other ex-Ministry workers, sending increasingly concerned glances at her daughter, who seemed to have challenged Viktor Krum to a drinking match. Ginny had a dismayed Neville on one side and a surprisingly enthusiastic Hagrid on the other, the half-giant cheering her on as she downed cider at a rate that had Harry goggling.

On the one hand, he could see what the Weasley matriarch was worried about. On the other, he figured Ginny had earned it. And Hagrid was supervising! She’d be fine.

Laughing to himself, he turned back to the group he was with, shoulder pressing against George. Draco and Blaise had wandered off to talk to Cassius and some others about Slytherin things — or possibly wedding things, Harry wasn’t sure — so their two Gryffindor boyfriends had banded together.