

“What’s *he* doing at a Gryffindor party?” The sneering voice cut through Harry’s effervescent joy, bringing a sour curl to his stomach. Ron was nearby, having clearly just been to the snack table, and he glared at Draco.

“Celebrating, Weasley,” Draco replied evenly. “My boyfriend caught the snitch, in case you missed it.”

Those bubbles of joy returned to Harry’s belly at the pride and possessiveness in Draco’s voice.

“This is the Gryffindor common room. You shouldn’t be in here,” Ron argued.

“I can always take him up to the dorm, if you’d prefer?” Harry suggested, tone full of innuendo. A chorus of ‘*oooohhh*’s and whistling met his statement, while Ron blushed as red as the flag draped around his shoulders.

“Walk away, Ron,” Dean suggested, appearing at his back. With a mildly apologetic look in Harry’s direction, the dark-skinned Gryffindor tugged Ron back into the crowd, over to the other side of the room.

“I hope one of those biscuits he had stacked up has a prank in it,” Ginny muttered, glaring after her brother. “Would serve him right.”

“Ahh, don’t worry about him,” Harry dismissed, not wanting Ron to ruin his happy buzz. “Although…” he drawled, hand on Draco’s stomach, pressing his hips forward just enough for the blond to feel it, “going up to the dorm isn’t a bad shout, now that I think about it.”

“You’ve had enough of being worshipped then, have you?” Draco asked. Harry bit his earlobe playfully.

“Not hardly,” he murmured. “But I’ve a different kind of worship in mind.”

“Oh for fuck’s sake — you’re still in public, boys,” Ginny reminded pointedly.

“No, don’t stop them,” Parvati protested, flapping a hand in Ginny’s direction. Harry laughed, cocking his head towards Neville.

“You mind, Nev?” The only one of his dorm mates whose opinion Harry actually cared about. Neville rolled his eyes.

“Go on, then. I doubt the others’ll be up any time soon, but just in case, please lock the door.”

It would almost be worth the interruption to see the horror in Ron’s eyes if he did catch them fucking in the dorm, but Harry decided that would be too much of a mood killer.

He slipped his hand into Draco’s, wandlessly transfiguring his empty butterbeer bottle into a bright red rose. “Shall we?” he offered, holding the rose in Draco’s direction. Draco snorted, reluctantly impressed.