

“Knew I liked you for a reason, Longbottom,” Draco remarked. Neville snorted.

“While I merely put up with you for Harry’s sake,” he lied cheerfully. “Will I see you back at the dorm, Harry?”

“I think it’ll piss Ron off more if I’m not,” Harry said. It was too good an opportunity to pass up. No one argued the point, and Harry offered a smile to the group. “Good night, then. Thanks for making this evening surprisingly entertaining. And if I don’t see you before we leave, Merry Yule,” he added, mostly to Blaise and Daphne, who returned the sentiment.

With that sorted, the two boys slipped away from the party, hand in hand. Harry was just a touch bubbly from the champagne, and he leaned into Draco’s side as they walked away, grinning to himself. “This time tomorrow, we’ll be back home, and the whole damned castle will know I’m in love with you,” he declared happily. Draco smirked at him, eyes fond.

“Whatever shall we do until then?” he drawled, voice turning a little husky, sending shivers of arousal through Harry’s body.

“I can think of a few ideas.” He stopped abruptly, shoving Draco back against the wall and devouring his mouth, fingers sliding into the blond’s perfectly parted hair, messing it up in a very satisfying way.

He could do this, now; snog his boyfriend in the middle of corridors, without having to worry about someone walking across them and telling the whole school. And *God*, it felt good.

“Let’s go somewhere more private,” Draco urged, breaking the kiss and taking him by the hand. “Put a few of your ideas to the test.”

Harry didn’t need asking twice, and the castle obliged by pulling a passage to the seventh floor into the space behind a nearby tapestry.

It had been one of Harry’s smarter ideas, making sure the rest of the HA didn’t know how to access the Room of Requirement outside of meetings. It meant the place was almost guaranteed to be empty when he wanted to use it to fuck his boyfriend in peace.

It was certainly more comfortable than the Chamber, at any rate.

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Despite what he’d said to Neville, Harry and Draco did eventually return to their dorms; they might want to make a statement, but *not* the kind of statement made by turning up to breakfast in last night’s dress robes. They parted ways long after their dorm mates would have gone to sleep, and in the morning Harry made sure to be out of Gryffindor Tower well before Ron awoke, his trunk packed and shrunk in his pocket. He wanted to avoid that particular meltdown as long as possible.

As he strolled leisurely down to breakfast by himself, he wondered how long it would take for word to properly spread. Already it had clearly reached a few people — several of the