

“When has anything been *too much*? I’m a Black,” he said proudly, making Harry laugh.

“Good. I know next year your birthday is gonna be a bit mad with NEWTs and everything, so I thought... well, this year is a special one. You deserve to make a big deal out of it.” He looked bashful, and Draco kissed him again, hand at the small of Harry’s back, loving the way the shorter boy just *melted* against him.

“Are you two gonna suck face this entire time, or would you like to join the rest of the party?” That was Susan, grinning far too devilishly for a Hufflepuff, a pair of drinks in her hands that were bright coloured and very likely alcoholic. She thrust them towards the two boys. “Come on. You’ve got plenty of time for that later,” she added with a suggestive wink.

Harry looked a little confused by that, glancing at Draco, who just smirked and sipped his new drink. *Definitely* alcoholic. “I’ve got the Slytherin dorm to myself tonight,” he whispered in Harry’s ear, leaning in close enough to brush his lips against the delicate skin. “Thought you might like to join me. Let me repay all your *hospitality* up in the Gryffindor dorms.”

He watched Harry’s eyes darken, and lust flared hot within him, tangling up in the rush of the new magic in his system. Everything felt that much more intense, and Draco couldn’t *wait* to see how that translated to getting Harry’s hands on his skin.

But he had a party to enjoy, first.

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They were very lucky that Harry was the heir of Slytherin — they likely never would have made it down to the Slytherin common room without getting caught otherwise, as tipsy as they were. Neither of them had wanted to get too drunk, very aware of their evening plans. But Draco was buzzing, with alcohol and magic and sweet sharp arousal simmering below the surface, rearing up every time his gaze caught on the line of Harry’s neck or the sliver of skin below the hem of his t-shirt that flashed tauntingly when he danced.

The party ended just before midnight, the Room providing safe passage back to common rooms, though with the number of couples involved Draco doubted everyone would be returning to their own beds, or even beds at all. He didn’t care, as long as Blaise and Theo found other places to be.

Harry was handsy as they crept towards the entrance to the common room — he hadn’t been drunk often, and wasn’t truly drunk now, but he was an affectionate little sop at the best of times and with his inhibitions lowered that just made him all the more eager to press himself against Draco and whisper sweet nothings in his ear, all while grinding a huge erection against his hip.

It was a miracle they didn’t fuck right there in the corridor. But the desire to have Harry in his dormitory bed — and the fear of possibly getting caught by his godfather — had Draco pressing on, murmuring the password, feeling Harry’s magic trickle over both of them as the stone archway revealed itself. That shouldn’t have been such a turn on, knowing that even drunk and half-blind with lust Harry was still capable of a Dissillusionment charm to cover