

It took a moment for Harry to fight past the sudden haze of lust and remember his original point. “I mean, we *can* do that, too,” he assured, fighting a smile, “but also... I’ve finally got permission, to make some introductions. If you’re interested.”

The blond stared at him in confusion for a few seconds, until it all clicked. Then, he gaped. “You mean...?”

Harry nodded. “Salazar is happy to welcome you into his office.” The founder had loosened up a little once he’d seen how much care Severus had taken in his office, and Harry privately thought he was a little sad about the idea that Harry was the last true Slytherin heir left.

Draco’s jaw dropped, eyes going wide. “I— yes, of course! You couldn’t have warned me sooner?” he yelped, looking down at his slightly ruffled school uniform. Harry laughed, kissing him.

“And let you get all worked up about it?” he teased, heading towards the hidden office. Draco seemed to freeze once the door was open, and Harry had to gently nudge him through the doorway. Salazar surveyed them with intrigued dark eyes, a flicker of a smile beneath his short beard.

“Good evening, Harry, my lad. This is your better half, then, is it?” he greeted, thankfully speaking English. Harry grinned at him, while Draco’s cheeks went pink.

“Yup,” he said proudly, arm around Draco’s waist. “This is him. Draco, love, this is Salazar.”

Draco took a hesitant step closer. “I— it is truly an *honour*, Lord Slytherin,” he said reverently, and Salazar chuckled.

“Welcome to my office, young Heir Malfoy. It’s a pleasure to meet you; Harry speaks very highly of you indeed.”

It was Harry’s turn to blush, as Draco whipped around to narrow his gaze at the Gryffindor. “I’m just gonna...” Harry trailed off, gesturing vaguely towards the bookshelves. “You two can talk.”

Draco floundered slightly at that, but Harry urged him to sit on the sofa, and Salazar — no doubt sensing the teen’s nerves — happily asked him about the state of Slytherin house from a student’s perspective. That was all it took, and before long Draco was chatting away with the founder as if they’d been friends for months, hardly paying any attention to Harry as he browsed the shelves for anything that might be useful.

Like Severus, Harry had no doubt that once the shock of meeting Salzar Slytherin himself wore off, Draco would be voraciously going through the bookshelves himself, but until then Harry was happy to peruse them at his own pace. All the while, a tiny voice laughed in the back of his head, imagining what Voldemort might say if he knew how close he’d come to meeting his beloved ancestor — and how much that ancestor would have absolutely *hated* him.

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