

“I do,” he said firmly, ignoring the way several sets of eyebrows rose incredulously. “And he trusts Bulstrode and Parkinson. That’s three heirs we could really do with having on our side.”

“I still think you’ve lost it,” Blaise muttered. “But alright, we’ll bring them. On your head be it.”

Harry grinned, even as his stomach churned at the prospect of bringing three more Slytherins into the fold. He was excited to connect Draco with the other heirs, but... the two girls might take a little convincing.

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That night, when Harry snuck out to meet Draco, he told him about what he’d said to Blaise and the others. “So don’t be surprised if you and Bulstrode and Parkinson get approached sometime next week,” he finished, sitting back to let Draco process it all. The blond stared at him, his expression unreadable.

“You’ve never had a civil conversation with Pansy or Millie,” Draco pointed out. Harry shrugged.

“I’ve done study group with Bulstrode a few times; she seems alright. And you trust them.”

“That’s good enough for you, is it?”

“Why shouldn’t it be?”

Draco stared at Harry for a long moment, then leaned in to kiss him, lips curling in a reluctant smile. “Sodding Gryffindor,” he muttered against Harry’s mouth. “You’re lucky I’m not taking advantage of you.”

“Mm, feel free to take advantage of me whenever you like,” Harry retorted cheekily. “I’ve a feeling I might enjoy it.”

Draco rolled his eyes with a huff, nipping at Harry’s lower lip. “Are we telling them about this, then?”

Harry leaned back, needing his head a little clearer for his next thought to form properly. “I think we can admit we’re friends,” he said slowly. “But not... anything more. I trust them, but they’re keeping enough secrets for me as it is, and this is none of their business.” He paused, wondering if he’d failed some sort of test. “Unless you want to tell them, of course?”

“I don’t need a bunch of heirs nosing into my private life,” Draco said haughtily. “It’ll be bad enough if my father finds out I’m friends with you, let alone anything else.” His expression softened. “Maybe in the future, when things are more dire. When I need to take a stand to be with you. But until then, we’ll keep it quiet.”

“I’d never make you take a stand to be with me,” Harry insisted. “I just want you to be happy and safe.”