

Blaise smirked. “Draco said you were up to something fun, needed a helping hand. I had nothing better to do tonight.”

Harry stared at him, surprised, then nodded after a few moments. “Yeah, alright then.” He wouldn’t turn down an assistant. “Come on.” To his credit, Blaise didn’t blink at talking to a floating disembodied head as they made their way down to the Great Hall. Any time someone came nearby, Harry put his hood back up; while Blaise wasn’t a member of the Inquisitorial Squad, Slytherins could practically do what they wanted these days. Even Slytherins who were dating Weasleys, apparently.

“So what’s the plan?” the Italian boy asked eagerly, once they were in the Great Hall. It was eerily silent so late at night, the stars twinkling overhead. Harry shed the cloak properly, stuffing it in his bag.

“First thing’s first,” he declared, striding up to the head table. Reaching the headmistress’ chair, he quickly Vanished the seat, then put up a glamour to make it look like it was perfectly ordinary. Umbridge would fall right through when she sat down for her breakfast.

Blaise snorted at the sight of it. “Good, but a little... tame,” he drawled. Harry straightened up, setting his bag on the table and pulling out several egg-shaped objects.

“This is the main plan. That was just for my own amusement,” he admitted. “I need these eggs hidden up in the rafters; they’re already enchanted. Whenever Umbridge says the word ‘detention’, one will fall down, splatter whatever it lands on with slime, and hatch an origami toad that’ll follow her around and repeats everything she says back at her.” Umbridge couldn’t go five minutes without screaming for some person or another to be put in detention, so Harry was confident all the eggs would hatch before the end of breakfast. She’d be hearing her own voice echoed twenty times over all day. “Also I wanted to hex the table to dump her food in her lap.” It was a classic, after all.

Blaise stared at him, reluctantly impressed. “You devious little bastard,” he remarked. “I’m in. Where do you want me?”

Between the two of them, setting up the eggs went much faster than they would have with Harry alone. When they were finished, they stood at the doors and surveyed their work, all hidden under careful Disillusionment charms.

“Should make for an interesting morning,” Harry declared in satisfaction.

“George will be sad to have missed this,” Blaise mused wistfully. Harry glanced at him.

“Yeah, but you know he’ll be crazy proud once he hears you were involved,” he said, watching the boy blush through his smile. “Hey, I can sneak letters to him, if you want to write,” he offered; Blaise would be missing the twins plenty, he deserved the same as Angelina and Lee.

The Slytherin’s eyebrows rose. “Umbridge is monitoring every letter that crosses the wards.”

“She certainly thinks she is,” Harry agreed mischievously.