

“Don’t be a tosser, Smith,” Fred complained. “We’ve got to have one person able to talk about the group, as a failsafe.”

“In case someone hexes your scrawny arse to smithereens and we need to ask Pomfrey to put you back together again,” George added, eyes alight. Smith paled, gulping.

“Right. Of course. Yeah.”

No one else seemed to have a problem, so Harry pocketed the contract, planning on getting it somewhere safe as soon as possible. “Great. First meeting will be Thursday at seven. Meet on the seventh floor, the door opposite the tapestry of the trolls doing ballet.”

Several people exchanged dubious glances. “Harry, there isn’t a door opposite that tapestry,” Cho pointed out in her quiet Scottish burr. Harry smirked.

“There will be.”

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The meeting ended without fanfare, everyone keen to get down to Hogsmeade and enjoy the remainder of their weekend. Harry walked along the forest’s edge with Neville and Luna, headed in the direction of the village.

“That went well, I think,” he said, once they were out of earshot of the rest.

“You were great, Harry,” Neville enthused, clapping him on the back. “I can’t wait to see this room of yours.”

Harry hadn’t taken Neville to the Room of Requirement yet, wanting his friend to be as surprised as everyone else. “It’s brilliant, you’ll love it.” And that reminded him. “Thanks for the tip, by the way, Luna.”

She smiled back dreamily, bobbing her head. “Glad I could help.”

Neville looked at them both in confusion, but didn’t question it. Perhaps he’d forgotten about that conversation, weeks ago now. Or perhaps he, too, knew what it was like to feel the castle’s magic.

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That evening after curfew, Harry was slipping into an empty classroom on the third floor — empty, that was, aside from a lone Slytherin.

Draco smiled at him, beckoning him over for a kiss. “How did your secret rebellion meeting go, then?” he asked, only a little mulish. Harry kissed him a second time.

“Don’t be jealous,” he teased. “It went well, actually. Everyone who showed up signed the contract.” Draco was the only one who knew the truth of the contract; even Neville didn’t know what it would do, just that it was enchanted.