

Chapter 65

The only person who seemed to be aware that Harry had snuck back into the Gryffindor dorms at the crack of dawn was Neville, who kept alternating between smirking at him and looking vaguely ill when he started to think too hard about what Harry and Draco might have gotten up to. He didn't know where they'd been, just that Harry had planned a surprise for his boyfriend.

"Went well, then?" he asked under his breath when they eventually went down to breakfast on Sunday morning. Harry's beaming grin was enough of a response. "Spare me the details," Neville said, laughing. Harry stuck his tongue out at his friend.

"Planned on it." What had happened between him and Draco down in the Chamber was just for them.

And maybe George Weasley, once Harry was done teasing him to high hell.

Speaking of which; the twins were sat at the Gryffindor table already, and Harry slid in beside George with a smirk. "Good morning," he greeted in a quiet drawl. "You've been holding out on me, Weasley." George looked at him, raising an eyebrow. "I saw you and Blaise in Hogsmeade yesterday."

"Oh." A faint flush dusted the redhead's freckled cheeks. "Yeah. So I was gonna tell you..."

"*Sure*," Harry agreed sarcastically. He eyed the redhead over, grinning. "You look positively *smitten*, my friend." It was true; he was happy in a way that for once had nothing to do with mischief-making, his brown eyes bright, his gaze occasionally darting towards the Slytherin table. "How long has that been going on, then?"

"Few weeks," George confessed. "We paired up in HA, when we started learning the Impediment jinx." Harry's eyes widened; that was *ages* ago! "Turns out when he's frustrated that cool-and-collected mask of his tends to slip a bit. It was *very* fun making that happen," he added lightly, and there was the mischief again. "Didn't realise I'd been going out of my way to pair with him til we left for Christmas and I missed him. So, ah, I did something about it."

"Always knew you had a thing for snakes," Harry commented, making George cackle.

"Like you can talk."

Harry couldn't argue that one. "You two had a good time yesterday?" That made George blush brighter.

"A gentleman doesn't kiss and tell."

"Good thing you've never been a gentleman," came Harry's instant retort. George laughed, running a hand through his hair.