

drooling over the Bulgarian seeker?”

“Maybe that’s why Viktor likes her,” Harry reasoned, ignoring the Dumbledore comment. “She doesn’t care about his career.”

Draco hummed, unconvinced, and played a card that won him the round. Harry cursed, and the Slytherin smirked, leaning in to steal a kiss. “You might be getting better, but you’re still no match for me in strategy,” he teased playfully.

“Why don’t we play Coup le Chat instead?” Harry retorted, preferring the more luck-based game. Draco huffed, but obligingly dealt out six cards each.

Distracted by the talk of Viktor and Hermione, Harry almost forgot to tell Draco the real reason he’d asked for them to meet that night. Well, other than to kiss him. He’d never get enough of kissing his boyfriend. “Hey, Draco? Who are you going to the Yule Ball with?”

Draco stiffened, his fingers fumbling with the card he’d just drawn. “We can’t go together,” he said immediately. Harry scoffed.

“I’m not *that* much of an idiot,” he agreed. “Though, for the record, I definitely would if I could. But that’s why I asked; who are you going with?”

“I was planning to ask Pansy,” Draco replied, shrugging. “Our parents will expect it, and she’ll be fairly decent company.”

“Just make sure she keeps her hands to herself,” Harry said with a scowl, not liking the idea of Pansy Parkinson hanging off Draco’s arm all night. Draco scoffed.

“Pansy’s not interested in anything like that,” he dismissed. He bumped his knee against Harry’s. “Are you taking anyone, or just going to lurk in the corner with Longbottom all night?”

“I have to take someone,” Harry informed him. “The champions are supposed to open the dancing with their partners. I asked Susan Bones this morning.”

Draco’s grey eyes were amused. “Bones? A Hufflepuff? Clever; showing support of Cedric and his house, branching out from Gryffindor, and allying with Amelia Bones’ heir. No one will ever complain about a sweet little Hufflepuff like her.” There was a faint twist to his lips, and it took Harry a minute to figure out what it was.

“Don’t be jealous,” he soothed, placing a hand over Draco’s on the table. “She knows we’re going as just friends. She’s doing it for her image as much as I’m doing it for mine. I’ve been told I just need to be her arm candy,” he added with a grin. That softened Draco a little.

“Malfoys don’t share,” he said eventually, turning his hand over to lace their fingers together. “Even if no one else knows it, you’re mine. The thought of her getting to dance with you in front of all those people, when I can’t even look at you without having to make sure I look like I hate you...” Harry pushed a lock of blond hair out of Draco’s eyes, tilting his head forward to press their foreheads together for a brief second.