

“I suppose we have been a bit remiss on your pureblood etiquette lessons, all things considered,” Draco mused. “Once things are quieter, we’ll have to pick that back up. You’ll need to know how to handle people like Slughorn going forward.”

Harry groaned quietly — he’d been perfectly happy with those lessons being abandoned in favour of more important things, like how to kill Dark Lords. Draco laughed fondly. “Chin up, love. I’m sure I’ll find a way to make it fun for you.” His grey eyes darkened, and Harry couldn’t help but kiss him, even as it set off a wave of gasps and whispers throughout the room.

“Having fun, are we?” Daphne and Blaise appeared beside them, both looking far too amused by the whole affair. “I thought Becky Arncliffe was going to cry when she saw you two walk in together.”

Harry frowned, looking over at the seventh year Ravenclaw girl. “I’ve never spoken to her in my life.”

“No, but she’s had a crush on Draco for *forever* now,” Daphne told him smugly. Harry blinked, surprised by the sudden flare of jealousy within him.

That was unexpected. He hadn’t had to worry about that before; none of Draco’s admirers were as bold as his own. But of course, there were people who fancied his boyfriend; Draco was gorgeous and the perfect pureblood and obnoxiously wealthy and the epitome of Slytherin. It made more sense for people to fancy him than Harry.

He liked the idea of those admirers being disappointed at the news that Draco was taken, a lot more than he thought he would. He’d never taken himself to be the possessive type.

It seems he was learning all sorts of new things, tonight.

Ginny and Neville sidled over, both holding flutes of what looked like champagne. “Have you seen Hermione’s face? She looks like she’s going to *explode*,” Ginny said gleefully. “Also, Daphne, you look offensively gorgeous tonight, those robes are amazing.”

“Thank you,” Daphne replied, quietly delighted. “You two are a very stunning couple. You should get a picture to send to your grandmother, Neville; let her show off her handsome grandson to her Bluff club.”

“I’m not even going to ask how you know about my gran’s Bluff club,” Neville said, shaking his head. All of a sudden, Harry remembered a conversation from half a lifetime ago now; sat in an abandoned classroom with Draco Malfoy, their friendship still fragile, being told never to play Warlock’s Bluff with Daphne Greengrass or she would rob him of everything he owned. His insistence that he would never be in a position to play cards with her in the first place.

How naive he’d been.

Trying his best to be discreet, Harry looked over at Hermione and Ron, now they had escaped Slughorn’s grasp. Hermione did indeed look like she would explode — or perhaps like she’d