

That made Draco whip his head around to look at Harry, almost— surprised? Harry just shrugged unrepentantly at both of them.

“Why are you ogling me, I’m not even *doing* anything,” Draco muttered, rolling his eyes, a faint flush rising in his cheeks. Harry winked.

“You’re pretty, I can’t help myself. And you’ve got your sleeves rolled up. You know how I feel about that.”

“His sleeves?” Susan snorted. “What are you, a Victorian maiden, going faint at the sight of bare skin?”

“Look, I can appreciate a man with great forearms, alright?” Harry defended. “Let me stare at my boyfriend in peace, honestly. Give that over.” He held out a hand for the parchment they’d been using, brow furrowing as he read through what they’d written so far.

“I think this ought to do it.” Any more detail and they risked exposing one of the many things Harry would prefer to keep hidden. “God, this is weird. We spent so long trying to hide this stuff...”

“Feels strange to just put it all in the open like that,” Susan agreed. “But Dumbledore kind of forced your hand.”

“Understatement,” Draco muttered derisively. “You’re happy with it, though, Harry?” His face was earnest, concerned. “None of that has to go public if you don’t want it to. I’m sure Amelia has plenty of other things to pin on him once the Wizengamot can safely reconvene.” He placed a hand — the hand Harry had just been daydreaming about — on Harry’s knee, squeezing gently.

Much like his previous articles for the *Quibbler*, Harry knew he just had to say the word and the whole idea would be scrapped. No one was going to force him to air his personal trauma for public consumption.

He shook his head. “Dumbledore might have targeted me, but his actions impacted all of us. I don’t want to risk even the chance that he might worm his way out of this one — and that means piling as much shit on him as possible.” Amelia might be able to find plenty more to bury Dumbledore with, but Harry doubted much of it would be quite so cut and dry as what had been done to him, nor half as impactful. Especially once he killed Voldemort and became the darling of the wizarding world once more.

Giving the statement one last scan over, he set it back on the table. “I’m happy with it if you two are.” He paused, smirking. “And I’m not just saying that so I can go back to ogling my boyfriend.” As he spoke he twined his fingers with Draco’s, bringing the blond’s hand to his lips. Susan just huffed.

“One day the two of you will get over this honeymoon phase thing you’ve got going, and the rest of us will be able to spend time with you without wanting to vomit,” she declared bluntly, making Harry laugh.