

girl I barely even talk to, well, I can at least correct her on that. Then hopefully no one will get any more bubotuber pus in the mail.” He hadn’t seen Hermione since the incident, though he’d been assured she was out of the hospital wing.

“Harry, that’s... are you sure?”

“It’s bound to come out — heh — sooner or later. At least this way I can control what’s said about me. Do it on my terms.” He wasn’t blind; despite what George said about the wizarding world being accepting of it, there weren’t many people out and proud at Hogwarts. People were still talking about George and Boris going to the ball together. Whether it was the muggle attitudes influencing everyone, or something else... if he was going to make waves in the media, he’d rather it be with the truth than with Skeeter’s lies.

“Wow. Well, as long as it’s your decision.” Neville bumped their shoulders together supportively. “You’ve got me in your corner. And all the others, too. Besides, if anyone’s awful to you about it, you can always set the twins on them.” Harry grinned at that; Fred and George would certainly be happy to correct some viewpoints if Harry asked.

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Luna managed to give him three days warning of the article’s release, and Harry decided he should probably give some people advanced warning. He told Draco first, the first chance they were alone together. The Slytherin gaped at him. “Are you sure?”

“Bit late now if I’m not, isn’t it?” he said wryly, though he knew Luna’s dad would pull the article in a heartbeat if Harry said he’d changed his mind. “I’m sure. People will want to know eventually, and I refuse to hide such a big part of who I am. I just... I imagined my life going forward if I didn’t say anything, listening to people in the papers speculate about which girl I was dating — having people ask me when I was going to get a girlfriend, or if I fancied this girl or the other, and it just felt... awful. I have to pretend about so much, Draco. I’m not pretending about this.”

Draco stared at him for a long moment, then leaned in and kissed Harry breathless. “You noble, attractive bastard,” he muttered when they eventually parted, silver eyes dancing. “You’ll be a role model, y’know. There hasn’t been an out gay wizard of your social standing since Dumbledore came out.”

“Dumbledore’s gay?” Harry asked.

“Yes, but that’s not the point. He didn’t come out until he was old enough that no one wanted to speculate on his sex life anyway. You’re fourteen — young, gorgeous, your whole life ahead of you, and right in the public eye. It’s going to be huge.”

“Yeah, maybe. But I’m used to the papers talking shit about me. I’ll have the people who matter on my side.” Harry dropped a kiss on Draco’s lips, smiling. “I’ll have you on my side.”

That made Draco go a little pink, a reluctant smile taking over. “I can’t let you do it all by yourself. You’re barely civilised.”