

Draco snorted, reluctantly amused. "A little bit of warning would have been nice, at least. *I've got it handled, Draco*."

"I did have it handled!" Harry protested. "Look, I got the egg, I didn't die, I still have all my limbs. I'd say it was a resounding success."

The Slytherin stared at him, looking like he regretted every last one of the life choices that had brought him to that moment. Harry wanted to kiss him again. He wasn't sure if he was allowed. "I have to get to History of Magic," Draco said eventually, leaning back. Harry didn't let him go too far.

"Wait a minute, you can't just *leave*, are we not going to talk about what just happened?" Had he imagined it? Judging by the blush on Draco's cheeks, he definitely hadn't.

"Meet me tonight. Usual time, third floor classroom." Draco dropped his gaze for a moment, then met Harry's eyes. Harry was glad he didn't seem to be the only one whose entire worldview had been rocked in the last five minutes. He thought about pulling him closer, demanding they talk about it now, but they *really* didn't have time. He stepped back, letting Draco smooth down the front of his robes.

"See you tonight, then," he agreed, and with one last lingering look, he was gone.

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Harry was noticeably distracted through the rest of his classes. Luckily, people seemed pretty happy to put it down to the shock of having faced a dragon the day before.

Hermione seemed to know better, by the suspicious looks she kept shooting him. Things like that were just another day in the life of Harry Potter. "What's the matter with you today?" she asked at lunch, and Harry shrugged, wishing his brain could think of anything except the feel of Draco Malfoy's lips on his own. Someone could have walked up to him and given him the solution to the second task, and he probably wouldn't have paid attention.

"Nothing," he lied easily. "Just tired."

The curly-haired girl levelled him with a long, slightly sad look. "I miss the days when you used to tell me things," she said eventually. A tendril of guilt wormed its way around Harry's heart. Should he be trusting her more than he was? What if he'd misjudged things?

He shook it off. If Hermione wanted to be told things, she should have stuck up for him when Ron was being a pillock.

"I don't have to tell you everything about my life, Hermione," he replied, slightly harsher than he'd intended. Hermione flinched, and Harry felt bad about it for a minute.

There was a moment, right there, that Harry would later look back on and wonder if he could have changed things. If he'd just opened up to Hermione, she might have come around. But he was tired, and he'd just faced a dragon, and kissed Draco Malfoy, and he really didn't have