

Draco sighed. "It's a nice thought, but we couldn't hide forever. Father always gets his way." He swept some blond hair out of his eyes. "I thought you were showing me your bedroom, anyway? Hurry up!"

Harry blushed, his brain flashing to some *other* context Draco might want to see his bedroom. He told his brain to sod off and stop being ridiculous. As if he and Draco would be — like that!

Still, as he nudged open the door, the thought stayed lodged in the corner of his mind. It wouldn't be so bad, maybe. If they were.

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Sirius looked across the living room at the two teenage boys sprawled in front of the fire, playing some sort of card game the Malfoy boy had apparently learned in France. His mind still boggled at the sight of a Potter and a Malfoy being so friendly. The blond wasn't that bad, considering his upbringing. Narcissa had done alright with him there.

And Narcissa, well — Sirius hadn't expected it to be so easy to see his cousin again. In the years before the fall of Voldemort, he'd thought her truly lost to her awful husband. She'd been haughty and cruel and gotten sucked in to all the talk of blood purity and war against muggles. He wasn't sure what had changed, but he was glad. She was more and more like the little girl he'd grown up alongside, who would do anything for her family and just wanted those she loved to be safe and happy. She still clearly had a lot of firm opinions about blood status, but they were much more similar to Sirius' opinions; muggleborns were quite welcome, as long as the wizarding traditions weren't lost in amongst their muggle customs.

"They really don't have any idea?" Narcissa asked quietly, her eyes cast over at her son and Sirius' godson. Remus smirked.

"Not a clue. Not that Harry's told me, at least. Astonishing, isn't it?"

"It's disgusting," Snape drawled. Sirius laughed quietly.

"I think it's sweet." He watched as Harry stole a card from Draco's hand, making some sort of remark that had Draco's cheeks turning pink. "They're so innocent."

"Hopefully we can keep them that way for a while longer," Remus sighed. "Merlin, they're worse than Severus and I ever were. At least we *knew* we were flirting."

Across the room, Harry laughed, rolling away as Draco tried to snatch one of his cards. Sirius sighed to himself; did Harry have to choose a *Malfoy*?

That was unfair, he supposed. Draco was a nice enough kid, for a Slytherin. He'd heard something from Harry over the weeks about the role the boy had to play in public, and it sounded like it would wear on anyone.

"I'm betting they'll figure it out by Christmas," Sirius declared under his breath. "Harry's a bit thick sometimes, but he's not that dense. He'll have a quick little sexuality crisis, then