

“I have no idea what you’re blabbering about,” Severus sighed, looking unimpressed. Sitting down on the coffee table to face them, Sirius grinned.

“Our godsons are snogging,” he announced proudly. He’d had his doubts about the Malfoy kid at first, but he was far more Black than Malfoy, and Harry could probably do worse.

The slight uptick of Severus’ eyebrow was all the sign he gave of acknowledgment. Remus actually put his book down.

“Don’t you think that’s information Draco would have liked to bring to me in his own time?” Severus drawled. Sirius shrugged unrepentantly.

“You’re a spy, you can fake being surprised.”

“As if any of us would be surprised by that turn of events,” Remus said dryly, putting his book down. “It’s been coming for months.”

“Well, the moment has finally arrived. From the sounds of things, seeing Harry put himself in mortal danger made Draco feel all sorts of impulsive, Gryffindorish feelings. He cornered Harry behind that tapestry of Chief Bragge by the Charms room and planted one on him while telling him off at the same time.”

Remus gave Severus a look that made Sirius want to vomit a little bit. “Ah, that sounds familiar,” he sighed fondly.

“I don’t recall you risking your neck nearly half as often as Potter does,” Severus retorted evenly. Sirius snickered.

“Yeah, Draco will have to get a handle on that whole ‘wanting to snog him every time he does something reckless’ thing. He’ll be found out in a week.” Sirius loved his godson, but Harry’s regard for his own personal safety was... not fantastic.

“They’ll both have to be careful,” Remus said, sobering up. The three of them shared an uneasy look. These were dangerous times for a Potter and a Malfoy to be dating.

“We’ll protect them the best we can,” Sirius vowed, before grinning again. “Oh, Cissa will be thrilled! Harry’s got four houses to his name, you don’t get much more pureblood than that.” Regardless of the muggle side of his family, that was a sort of status boost that even Lucius Malfoy wouldn’t turn his nose up at. If not for the whole ‘being Harry Potter’ part, of course.

“Don’t you dare tell Narcissa before Draco can,” Remus scolded. “That’s his news to share.”

Sirius pouted, but nodded, knowing it wouldn’t be fair on Draco to spoil that moment for him. He’d just eagerly await his cousin’s owl once she heard the news.

.-..

It was the worst thing in the world, being on cloud nine and not being able to tell anyone about it. The secret was filling Harry’s chest, desperate to burst through his lungs and declare to the world that Draco Malfoy was his boyfriend. But he couldn’t.