

“Since, like, Christmas,” Susan dismissed, waving a hand. “Like Hannah said, you’re not subtle. And you’ve got your reasons to keep it quiet, so we never said anything.” Then she smirked, entirely too smug. “But we know.”

Harry turned to Neville, who shrugged helplessly. “I never exactly *confirmed* it.”

The green-eyed Gryffindor looked to his boyfriend, who looked offended that his emotions had been read so plainly. “This is all your fault, Potter,” he muttered, making Harry grin.

“What, for melting that *Ice Prince* persona of yours,” he teased. “Can’t say I’m sorry. You’re a lot more fun without that stick up your arse.”

“I’ll show you *stick up your arse*,” Draco muttered, and Blaise’s lips twitched.

“Not in public, if you please,” he said drily.

“Oh, shut up, you’re dating a Weasley,” Draco retorted, as if that settled the argument.

“What’s wrong with Weasleys?” Neville said, daring him to argue. Rolling his eyes, Harry got up, moving around the table to sit beside Draco.

“Don’t answer that,” he advised, leaning in to kiss his cheek. “Quit being all pouty that our friends know. Now you’ll just have to get used to being nice to me in front of people.”

“And you’ll have to learn that being an annoying little pest to those around you often comes back to bite you on the arse,” Draco said immediately, though he twined his fingers with Harry’s on the tabletop. “Now, help me with this Transfiguration homework, since you were bragging about conjuring an entire hedgehog the other day.”

“I wasn’t *bragging*, I just mentioned it.” Harry elbowed Draco playfully. “You’d figure it out if you weren’t so set on just *demanding* things into existence. Sometimes asking nicely gets better results, y’know?”

What followed was a muttered conversation of half innuendo and half comments on Draco being a spoiled little brat; meanwhile, the rest of the group watched the exchange in dawning horror.

“Oh, Merlin,” Susan groaned quietly. “This is *worse*.”

“I did warn you,” came Neville’s sage response.

Harry and Draco ignored them all, too busy arguing, while Draco’s thumb stroked lovingly over the back of Harry’s hand.

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His next lesson with Snape started out as it often did, with the pair of them heading down to the Chamber of Secrets through the passage in Snape’s office. When they got there, however, Harry paused at the threshold. “I need to show you something,” he said, wringing his hands nervously. Snape looked at him shrewdly.