

meeting, and so Harry found himself squeezed under the invisibility cloak with the two tall redheads that night after curfew.

“This thing is amazing,” George murmured softly, in awe of the cloak. “No wonder you sneak about so much.”

“Can we borrow it sometime?” Fred asked. “This would come in handy for so many things!”

“As long as you’re careful with it,” Harry agreed. “It was my dad’s.” He was pretty sure his dad would like the idea of the twins using his cloak to cause mischief. Sirius certainly would.

They reached the empty Charms classroom and Harry nudged the door open, smiling to see Draco perched on the teacher’s desk inside. The Slytherin was nervous, Harry could tell by the line of his shoulders, but there wasn’t a sign of it on his face. Harry dropped the cloak, greeting Draco with a grin. “Hi,” he said quietly, taking a step forward, then hesitating as the twins appeared behind him. He’d never kissed Draco in front of another person before. Was it okay if he did?

The light in Draco’s eyes dimmed a little when Harry didn’t move towards him, and that made up his mind; he closed the distance between them, pressing their lips together without hesitation, even as his cheeks turned red. One of the twins — he was pretty sure it was George — let out a wolf-whistle.

“Our little boy’s all grown up, kissing Slytherins.” That was definitely George, mock-sniffing and wiping an imaginary tear from the corner of his eye.

“Just following your example,” Harry retorted sweetly, making George freeze.

“What do you know?”

Harry laughed, shaking his head; it had just been a hunch, but that definitely confirmed things. George had kissed at least one Slytherin in the past. He wondered who it was.

Taking Draco’s hand in his, he tugged the blond off the desk and closer to the twins. “Draco,” he started, “this is Fred and George. Don’t worry if you can’t tell which is which, yet.” Harry wasn’t even sure how he could tell anymore, he just *knew*. “Fred, George, this is Draco. My boyfriend.” He couldn’t stop the grin that took over his face at the announcement, and George cooed.

“Look at him, Freddy— about ready to fight us, isn’t he?”

Harry hadn’t realised he’d taken a protective stance, keeping Draco ever so slightly behind him. He blushed, but didn’t move.

“You can relax, Harrikins; this is a peaceful mission,” Fred insisted, holding out a hand towards Draco. Draco shook it, trepidation on his face. “So. Your dad’s a Death Eater.” He said it as if discussing the weather, and Harry flinched.

“*Fred*.” His tone was warning, but Draco’s hand rested briefly on his shoulder.