

Harry snorted; wasn't that the truth!

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With a plan in place, the heirs began to disperse, wanting to get on with the rest of their afternoon. Draco had promised to study with Theo and Ernie, so Harry kissed him goodbye and headed towards Gryffindor with Neville.

"Hey, Harry," Neville began, and when Harry glanced at him he stopped in his tracks, seeing how anxious the taller boy looked. "Can we— can I talk to you about something?" A blush crept all the way up to Neville's ears. "It's... kind of private."

"I— yeah, sure." Harry frowned — he thought he heard footsteps, and when he turned his head he could've *sworn* he saw the tail of bright purple robes. "Come on." Heading for the nearest Parseltongue passage, Harry hissed to open it. "Doesn't get much more private than this," he joked, once they were safely inside. Neville chuckled half-heartedly. "So, what's up?"

"I... you and Draco have been together for a while now, yeah?" Neville started. Harry blinked at him.

"...Yes?" What did that have to do with anything?

"And you... you and him, have you... y'know..." Neville stuttered, helplessly flustered, and it took a few minutes before Harry got the gist of his insinuation.

"Are you asking if we've had sex?" he asked, raising a bewildered eyebrow. Neville's face grew impossibly redder.

"I— maybe?" The blond boy covered his face with his hands. "It's none of my business, I know, but..."

"Look, Nev," Harry said, patting him awkwardly on the shoulder. "You're my best friend, and I love you, but... if you're having some sort of sexuality crisis, I don't think I'm the person to talk to about that." Ginny surely needed to know before Harry did.

Neville's head snapped up, his eyes wide. "What? No! I'm not— not that there's anything wrong with it! But I'm straight," he insisted. Harry's frown returned — if not that, then what?

Finally, Neville let out a long, unsteady breath. "I... I think Ginny wants to have sex. With me."

"*Oh.*" Harry was the one blushing, now.

"I mean, we've done... *stuff*," Neville continued, and Harry desperately wished he didn't get the mental image of said *stuff*. "And it's great, really! But she keeps dropping all these hints, and I just— I think she wants to, y'know. Do it."

"Do you not?" Harry asked, wondering if he needed to have a conversation with his pseudo-sister about consent and pressure in a relationship. Surely Fred and George had covered that