

together on the floor of the Transfiguration classroom, a Cushioning charm making the stone surprisingly comfortable. Harry's head was in Draco's lap, the Slytherin's narrow fingers running through his hair, a frown at his lips. "I don't like this," he said eventually. "It's hard enough keeping all your secrets in order when no one is looking at you, let alone with Weasley and Granger sniffing around."

"Someone's always looking at me," Harry insisted. "At least if I know they're looking I can direct them elsewhere." Barely a week into their renewed friendship and Ron and Hermione were already pestering him to open up to them; Ron in the guise of wanting gossip about who he was snogging, Hermione pretending to be concerned about Sirius. Harry wondered if Dumbledore was frustrated at not knowing where the dog animagus was hiding.

"That doesn't mean you should let them look so closely."

"I'll feed them enough lies to get Dumbledore off my back, then wait for Ron to be a prick again and stop talking to them," Harry promised. He'd already managed to get them to believe that Sirius was hiding in Central America, hence the lack of frequent letters. He'd also told Hermione that the people at the Yule Ball were mostly Susan's friends, and he'd just pretended to hang out with them to keep her happy. Susan was fine with that misdirection, happy for Dumbledore to be aware that she was bridging the gaps between houses.

Draco looked doubtful, and Harry sat up enough to kiss the frown off his face, sneaking his tongue between the Slytherin's lips. Draco moaned softly, pulling Harry into his lap. "You're trying to distract me," he declared with an annoyed look. Harry smirked.

"I am, and it's working," he retorted knowingly, trailing a finger up Draco's bicep and across his chest, leaning in for another kiss. "Just relax, and trust me."

Draco's head tipped back against the stone wall, and Harry used the movement to kiss down his jaw to his throat, teasing the sensitive spot below his ear that made Draco grip him tighter and hiss with pleasure.

"You're too damn Slytherin for your own good sometimes," Draco muttered, his hand up the front of Harry's shirt. Harry's green eyes flashed playfully.

"That's why you like me so much." He nipped at Draco's earlobe, rocking forward in his lap a little. They still hadn't gone any further than rutting up against each other, but that was more than enough for Harry. He was getting pretty good at Cleaning charms these days.

Draco's mouth was too busy for him to argue back for several minutes after that, and by the time it was free he was too dazed to remember his objections. Harry was only a little bit smug about that, but it was enough to have Draco scowling at him when they said their goodbyes. "I still don't like it," the Slytherin insisted. Harry kissed him.

"I know. I'm not thrilled about it either," he admitted. "But it won't be forever, and if I'm too resistant to them, Dumbledore will start asking questions." He doubted he'd have to wait long for one or the other to screw up and get angry with him. They didn't like the person he'd become, that much was abundantly clear. Hermione had been biting her tongue all week, and she would only last so long. If Ron didn't explode first, of course.