

“You’ve known that for years, and yet here you are.”

The hall was getting busier now, more people coming down from breakfast — anyone who hadn’t heard the news about Harry and Draco was quickly informed, their eyes swivelling straight to the pair at the Gryffindor table. Harry and Draco both tried not to react overmuch, but they didn’t hide themselves either. Harry still swiped Draco’s toast with a jam-sticky kiss to the blond’s lips, and Draco didn’t shy away from getting right into Harry’s personal space as more people joined them at the table, many of their friends pretending to be surprised by the revelation.

“So who won the betting pool, then?” Harry asked, and suddenly the group went silent.

“What betting pool?” Ginny queried, just a touch too innocent. Draco snorted.

“Daphne won it, of course,” he revealed. “Really, all of you should know better than to let someone dating *Luna* enter a betting pool.”

“What! But she’s your friend, she wasn’t supposed to enter!” Susan blurted in protest.

“No one told me not to,” Daphne said breezily, appearing as if summoned. “You’ve made me a very rich lady, boys.”

“Buy us something nice for Yule and we’ll call it even,” Draco retorted instantly.

Several people didn’t look impressed, but none of them could say anything without admitting that the reason they hadn’t entered the pool themselves was because they already knew who Harry was dating. Clearly, Daphne had no such morals holding her back.

“Bloody Slytherins,” Ernie muttered, rolling his eyes.

Harry glanced down at his watch, then frowned, seeing Snape striding away from the head table. “We’d better get moving, love. Portkey to catch,” he reminded.

“Don’t want to be late,” Draco agreed, neatly setting his cutlery down on his plate. “We’ll see you all in the new year, then. Happy holidays.”

The table rang with well-wishes returned, and the two boys stood to leave, heading for the doors. As they passed behind Ron, the redhead jerked his elbow back, catching Harry in the leg. He glared up at his ex-best friend. “You really ditched *us* for *him*?”

“I didn’t ditch you *for* him,” Harry retorted icily. “I ditched you *and* found him. Entirely unconnected. But honestly, Ron — you sound awfully jealous. Is that something Hermione should worry about?”

And with that bombshell, he practically skipped from the hall, Draco’s hand in his.

Their break was off to an *excellent* start.

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