

“Long enough!” Sirius shouted back cheerfully. “Nice speech, kiddo!”

Harry’s face burned. “How did you even know about this?” He’d hardly told *anyone*! He hadn’t even mentioned it to Narcissa, just telling her he wanted to take Draco on a date.

Charlie’s laugh was loudest of all, and Harry saw him reach out and ruffle the long side of Ginny’s hair. “Our little sister can’t keep a secret for shit, Potter! You should know that by now!”

Ginny waved, unrepentant, and Harry groaned. At his side, Draco laughed, letting the Gryffindor bury his face in his neck. “Think of it this way,” he consoled, running a hand through Harry’s hair, his huge smile pressing into Harry’s temple, “at least now we don’t have to send a notice out.”

Harry snorted, inhaling the scent of wood polish and spice and the faint hint of sweat — the scent of his Amortentia. The smell of the person he loved most in the world.

He couldn’t be mad at the unexpected audience, not really.

He was too damn happy that Draco had said yes.