

Just because Harry didn't know what he was doing didn't mean he wasn't keen to learn.

From what all the boys in his dorm had said, kissing was something that just... came naturally. Harry had always been skeptical, sure that if it ever came to it he wouldn't know what to do and would make a fool of himself, but Draco didn't seem to be complaining. Harry was too busy enjoying himself to over-analyse every little movement, though having someone else's tongue in his mouth was a bit weird. Good weird, though.

Eventually they had to breathe, and Draco leaned back on one hand, looking up at Harry with hooded eyes. "So you like me, then." His tone was unbearably smug. Harry poked him in the thigh.

"You're not a total prat," he returned cheekily. "And... you like me?"

"Despite my best efforts not to," Draco sighed. He reached out with his free hand, capturing one of Harry's and threading his fingers together. "The Boy-Who-Lived and the son of a Death Eater. What *will* the *Prophet* say?"

"I don't care," Harry whispered fiercely, wanting to get one thing clear right from the start. "I know it's not safe to be open about... this, not for either of us. But I don't care what people will say when they find out. They don't matter."

Some of the tension seemed to fall from Draco's shoulders. "Good. That's— good." His lips quirked. "I suppose that means I can take the hit to my reputation that will come from being known to fraternise with a *Gryffindor*."

They stayed there for a minute, holding hands and grinning at each other like idiots.

"So are we, like, boyfriends now, then, or...?" Harry trailed off expectantly, unsure how that sort of thing went. Draco gave an ungainly snort.

"*Disaster*," he declared affectionately. He leaned forward, pressing his lips to Harry's once more. "Yeah, alright, Scarhead," he agreed, breath whispering across Harry's skin. "I'll be your boyfriend."

If nothing else came from the Triwizard Tournament — and he was still alive by the end of it — at least it had given him this, sort of.

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Sirius ended the conversation and watched his godson's beaming face fade from the surface of the mirror, then let out a quiet cheer of success. He bounded out of bed, hurrying to the living room and hoping the lovebirds hadn't gone to bed yet. Severus didn't get many chances to get away from Hogwarts, and when he did they tended to lock themselves away in their room for half of it. "Oi, Snape!" he called, finding the pair on the sofa by the fire, both reading. Remus had his bare feet wedged under Severus' thigh. "Our family ties just got closer than ever!"