

“Yeah, but *I* was the one who insisted people mix up partners. If not for me, you never would have discovered the charms of George Weasley,” he teased. “Or Luna Lovegood,” he added to Daphne. The blonde girl sniffed haughtily.

“Luna is a law unto herself, and I’m sure I would have discovered her charms exactly when she wanted me to, club or no club,” she insisted. There was probably some truth to that, but it didn’t stop Harry grinning.

“I’m surprised you’re even admitting to having emotions, let alone falling for Luna’s charms.”

The faintest blush crept up Daphne’s neck. “She’s interesting,” she bit out defensively. “And she’s not scared of me.”

Harry didn’t think Luna was scared of anything at all. “It’s just nice to see you snakes shedding those stone-cold outer shells,” he joked. “Good to know Slytherins have hearts, too.”

Under the table, Draco kicked him in the shin. “Just because we have enough decorum not to wear them on our sleeves,” he retorted. “It’s called discretion, Potter. Something you seem to be lacking in.”

Harry almost shot back a retort asking where Draco’s *discretion* was when he was leaving the enormous hickey that Harry had needed to heal with Bruise Balm that morning, but he held his tongue.

“You can’t get at them for not sharing about their relationships when you’ve not told a soul about your secret boyfriend, Harry,” Susan piped up from further down the table. Harry’s smirk widened.

“And would you like to share anything about secret boyfriends, Susan, dear?” he asked smoothly. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Theo’s quill pause mid-sentence. Susan tensed, and narrowed her eyes.

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Oh, nothing,” Harry drawled. “Just that you should really be more careful where you choose to stop for a quick snog, especially if you aren’t going to bother putting wards up.”

The Hufflepuff’s face coloured, her jaw dropping in horror. “You— we didn’t— you saw that?”

Harry nodded. “I was doing a bit of sneaking of my own, last night. I’m surprised you didn’t feel the Notice-Me-Not I left to cover you.” A pause, then, “I suppose you were a bit distracted.”

Susan’s wand twitched, and a light Stinging charm caught Harry’s shoulder. “Ow! Rude! I haven’t even said a name,” he groused lightly. He wouldn’t out the two, not if they truly