

turning pink beneath his freckles. “But the important ones. People need to know the information is there.”

Harry remembered the excruciatingly painful assembly last year, in which the entire third year class had spent an hour listening to Madam Pomfrey talk about hormones and birth control and ‘the changes of the body’. Not one word had been said about relationships that weren’t between a man and a woman.

“So, while we’re in a sharing mood,” George perked up, smirking once more. “*Do* you have a thing for my big brother, Harrikins? Any of them. Well, not Percy. Please, Merlin, not Percy.”

Harry made a face at the prospect. “I *don’t* fancy your brother!” he insisted. “Any of them. I told you! And I don’t fancy Cedric Diggory either,” he added hastily, when George made to open his mouth again.

“Really? I do a little bit,” George admitted shamelessly. “He’s proper fit. A bit too nice, though. And straight. Mad for that Ravenclaw girl, what’s her name, the seeker. Chang.” He shook his head mock-sadly. “Can’t win ‘em all. So is there anyone? What sort of wizard gets your wand going?” He cackled at the mortified expression on Harry’s face. “Come on, Harrikins! If the other boys can talk about which girl’s boobs they want to touch, I’m pretty sure you and I can talk about blokes. No? Too soon?”

“Draco Malfoy,” Harry blurted, eyes shut. He couldn’t help himself. It was the truth, he could finally own up to that. He had feelings for Draco Malfoy.

George stared at him. “So, like, you hate him but he’s pretty so you want to snog him, or...?”

“We’ve been friends since last year, in secret.” If he was trusting George with all his other secrets, he could trust him with this. “I... I really like him, George. Genuinely.” A lot more than he probably should. He didn’t dare look at George, wondering if that was a step too far. Liking boys was one thing; liking Slytherins was another.

“I mean, I don’t really see it, personally,” George said eventually. “But I guess you have always been a bit obsessed with him. And he is quite pretty, objectively. Too pretty for my tastes, but to each their own. Blimey, Harry, you’re not making it easy on yourself, are you? Does he know?” He shook his head. “Of course he doesn’t, you said you’ve not told anyone but me. I think you’re in luck, though, mate — no boy who cares that much about his appearance is completely straight.”

Harry blinked, sure he was imagining things. George grinned at him. “What, you think I haven’t had my fair share of crushes on snakes? Not all of them are evil. And sometimes even the evil ones are frustratingly attractive. I’m more surprised by you two being secretly friends than the fact that you fancy him.” He shuffled around until he was lying on his stomach on the bed, head propped in his hands and feet kicking in the air, fluttering his eyelashes over-dramatically. “Tell me *everything*, Harry,” he gushed, as if they were at a pre-teen sleepover or something. Harry laughed.

And he did.