

Harry's cheeks burned. "I know. And I'm not saying I'll do it now, or even soon. But... I want to look." Now that he'd started thinking about it he couldn't stop — though really, if he was being completely honest, he'd been thinking about it ever since his birthday party, seeing that ring on Oliver's finger and how happy it made him and Cassius both. Thinking how perfect Draco's narrow fingers would look with a band of silver there.

He fully expected Sirius to tell him they were far too young for all that, that he needed to shelve that thought for at least a couple of years. So he was surprised when the dog animagus pressed a kiss to his temple, humming quietly. "You know, pup — everything else, you're your mother's son, no doubt about it. But when it comes to romance? You're Jamie's boy, through and through." He chuckled. "You little sop."

Harry grinned. "So you'll take me?" he asked, hoping Sirius was as willing to indulge his romantic nature as he had been his father's.

"Alright, then," Sirius agreed. "I'll figure out a good time to sneak off and let you know. And I won't tell anyone. Not even Moony," he promised, winking.

"I— really?"

"Like I said, I don't think he's gonna change his mind any time soon," Sirius repeated with a smirk. He nudged Harry's shoulder, urging him in the direction of the door. "Go on, go snuggle up with your boy. Dream about putting a ring on his finger next Christmas," he teased, making Harry's blush brighten.

"Only if you do the same," he challenged. Sirius faltered, then laughed, his gaze getting a little wistful.

"Y'know what, I just might," he retorted, sticking his tongue out. "Sweet dreams, pup. Love you."

"Love you, too." Harry rocked up on his toes, pressing a kiss to Sirius' stubbled cheek, then left the room, heading for his bedroom.

Maybe he would have those dreams. If he did, it certainly wouldn't be the first time.