

“I dunno, Sooz — it’s been over two years. I think this might just be us forever,” he said, only half-joking. The Hufflepuff’s only response was a despairing groan, and her chair scraping stone as she got to her feet.

“If we’re done with the article, I’m out,” she said, throwing her hands in the air. “Don’t forget to take that to Luna, alright?”

Harry murmured an affirmation, gaze fixed on Draco’s — only once the redhead was out of the room did the two boys start laughing.

“We’re not *that* bad, are we?” Harry asked. Draco’s answering look was fond.

“Darling, we’re *exactly* that bad,” he informed his boyfriend.

“Oh. Well, I’m not sorry. You’re gorgeous and I like looking at you.”

The blond boy preened, smirking in satisfaction. “You’re not so bad yourself,” he returned magnanimously, leaning in for a languid kiss. “Besides, Susan’s just jealous. The only kind of PDA Theo understands is offering to murder her enemies for her.”

Harry snickered — the quiet Slytherin wasn’t *that* reserved, just a bit... aggressively bloodthirsty, sometimes.

Theo and Susan were alike in many ways, except she preferred to go for the metaphorical jugular while he went right for the literal one. Harry felt very sorry for any politician that dared attempt to stand in their way.

And very sorry for any of his friends that were hoping he and Draco were going to get less sappy in future — Harry had *zero* intentions of reeling that in, and with a role model like Sirius Black, he was fairly certain he couldn’t even if he tried.

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Since he’d promised his friends and family that he would take it easy in the wake of his kidnapping and near-death, Harry declined the afternoon invitation from some of the quidditch team to go flying with them, instead lying on the sofa in Snape’s private quarters, working on plans for the HA while Snape and Draco brewed together. Then, an hour before dinner, he promised both of them he would do his level best to not get kidnapped again, and set off to find Luna.

With the castle pointing the way — the heirs were always the easiest to find — Harry discovered the blonde girl out by the edge of the lake, her bare feet dug in the muddy bank despite the fact that it was still January and there was snow on the ground. “If you get frostbite, Daphne is going to kill me before Voldemort can,” he said, and Luna giggled.

“I put on a Warming charm,” she assured. “Sometimes I just like to feel the earth between my toes.”

“If you like.” Harry shrugged, then held out an envelope containing the article he and Susan and Draco had spent all morning working on. “It’s all in there. Your dad can tweak it a bit if