

“We’re just glad you’re happy, pup,” Sirius said, eyes wide with feigned innocence. “After all those nights you spent gushing about Draco to me before you got together, pretending you only liked him as a friend, wondering if he would ever like you back—” He stopped talking abruptly; mostly due to his nose turning into a bright green teapot. “Oi! Little blighter!”

“Excellent wandless transfiguration, Harry. Well done,” Remus complimented. “Though if you think it’s going to stop him talking, you’ll have to try a lot harder, I’m afraid.”

“Narcissa, did I ever tell you about when Harry told me of his first kiss?” Sirius continued loudly, voice a little nasal thanks to the crockery on his face.

“We’re leaving!” Harry declared, jumping to his feet. With a wide-eyed look at Draco, he grabbed the blond’s hand.

“Oh, but you haven’t finished your cake!” Narcissa protested, admirably stifling her laughter. Harry reached to snatch his plate, Draco’s half-eaten cake levitating over to rest next to his.

“We’re going upstairs.” Cake in one hand and boyfriend in the other, Harry made for the door, his blush starting to feel permanent.

“Keep the door open!” Sirius called in their wake, cackling gleefully. Harry groaned, picking up his pace. Why had he thought it was a good idea to have Draco over with Sirius around??

He couldn’t bear to look the Slytherin in the eye until they were far away from the kitchen, almost to Harry’s room. Then he was blushing for an entirely different reason, Sirius’ parting words echoing in his head. What would Draco think, Harry dragging him up to his bedroom?

“I’m sorry,” he stuttered, skidding to a halt. “We can go to the other sitting room, or somewhere — we can’t eat cake in the library, but I—” He was cut off by a kiss, Draco smiling against his mouth. They were both still blushing when they parted.

“It’s fine.” Draco pushed the door to Harry’s room open, taking the cake from the Gryffindor’s grasp. “You couldn’t have picked up some forks on your way out?”

Harry rolled his eyes, transfiguring a pair of forks from a couple of quills on his desk. “I was a little busy trying to escape before Sirius said something that made me want to crawl in a hole and die.”

The two boys made themselves comfortable on the bed, plate of cake between them. “I should’ve known he would pull something like that. He’s been teasing me about you for ages,” Harry grouched.

“You can’t help it that you’re blinded by my good looks,” Draco reassured airily. “You’re only human.”

“Oh, don’t you start,” the Gryffindor muttered. “You’re just as bad as I am.” He refused to be embarrassed about fancying his boyfriend, but Sirius’ teasing was on a whole other level.

Draco grinned, shuffling over, careful to avoid knocking the empty cake plate. “I am,” he agreed shamelessly. “I’m absolutely awful about how much I’ve missed you this summer.