

All three of them goggled at him, now; even the Patil twins didn't know how long the relationship had been going on, they'd just known about it for longer than Lavender.

"More than a year?" Parvati pressed keenly. "Was it the summer before last year?"

Harry had kept them in suspense long enough. "Fourth year, day after the first task," he revealed, smile going a little goofy just at the memory. The girls gaped at him.

"*Never!*" Padma gasped, stunned. "All that time and no one knew?"

"Almost no one," Harry confirmed. "Fred and George knew almost from the beginning, and Neville figured it out after the Yule Ball. Apparently I spent half the night staring at Draco's arse. Good thing no one else saw me, to be honest."

"You've spent most of the last three years staring at my arse, Potter; I'm sure no one noticed the difference."

Harry brightened immediately, looking up at his boyfriend; he hadn't heard Draco approach — nor had he noticed the entire hall go hushed at the Slytherin's walk towards the Gryffindor table. Harry didn't pay them any mind, urging Draco to sit by him and leaning in for a kiss, heart thumping hard and smile threatening to take over his entire face. "Good morning," he greeted, whole body going warm at Draco's fond gaze.

"Good morning, love. Ladies," Draco added, nodding to the three awestruck girls. "I suppose you're grilling him for details, then? If he's talking about my arse."

"You know me; any excuse," Harry said, winking. He reached for the teapot, pouring Draco a cup without needing to ask.

"You've been waiting for this moment for ages, haven't you, Harry?" Lavender said knowingly, her lips curling smugly. "Merlin, you're practically *glowing*."

"Wouldn't you be?"

"It's like something out of a romance novel," Parvati sighed. "Star-crossed lovers from opposite houses, having to hide their love for their own safety. *Oh*." She practically swooned, and Harry caught Draco's eye, trying not to blush as he thought about the *other* type of romance novel he had once compared their relationship to.

"Oh, Merlin, I'll never escape it now," Neville groaned as he sank into the seat beside Padma, glaring tiredly at Harry and Draco. "Gone are the days where you two could only be disgustingly adorable in private."

"Yup," Harry declared proudly, kissing Draco's cheek. "Sorry about it."

"No you're not."

"No, I'm not," Harry agreed, unrepentant. Draco sighed.

"You're going to ruin my reputation," he despaired, making Harry grin all the wider.