

drama from last night — you're just an easy target for gossip." He looked sorry as soon as he said it, but Harry shook his head; Neville was right.

"No one's suggesting... y'know?" He didn't dare say Draco's name, not without a ward up. Neville shook his head, and Harry's shoulders relaxed a little.

"No, I've not heard that anywhere," Neville assured.

With a sigh, Harry dragged his aching legs over the edge of the bed. "Well, nothing to be done about it, I suppose. Anything else to report?"

"Nothing major. I guess Lavender got caught giving Seamus a blowjob. By *Snape*." Neville shuddered, wide-eyed, and Harry burst out laughing.

"How many points did we lose for that?"

"Eighty, I think. But everyone's practically in the negative after last night, Snape was on a roll."

"That's not so bad, then." Harry yawned, rolling his shoulders back. "I'm gonna take a shower, then I'll meet you for lunch?" He was *starving*.

"Sounds good," Neville agreed, getting to his feet. "Oh, also Ron's in a bit of a mood, so you might want to avoid him a bit. Especially if he thinks you've been kissing Hermione."

Harry grimaced as he stood. "Fantastic." Well, Ron had been in a mood all term, it wasn't like that changed much.

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He felt much more human after a shower, and with his stomach rumbling Harry jogged down the stairs to the common room, where Neville was stood talking to Ginny and Hermione. "Hiya, Harry," Ginny greeted cheerfully. "Loads of people think we snogged, so I've been telling people you're crap at it."

"Thanks, Ginny. I appreciate it," he replied flatly, and she giggled.

"Always happy to help!"

"I haven't said anything about the rumours," Hermione said primly. "Hopefully they'll go away soon once people realise it's all a load of rubbish."

"It's not though, is it," Harry said, stretching up with a yawn. Hermione gawked at him.

"You *were* snogging someone? I thought you were joking!"

"Yeah. I mean, it obviously wasn't you, or Ginny, or Fleur," he said with a roll of his eyes. "But the way I looked I don't think I can even bother denying what I was doing." Before he'd passed out, he'd forced himself to go brush his teeth, and one glance in the mirror made it pretty evident what he'd been up to. There was also a pretty large lovebite on his throat that