

them were doing.

He wasn't sure he could sit back and watch Draco date someone else, no matter how much he loved him, how many promises that he'd come back to Harry at the end of it. But of course, this was Neville, so he'd never say anything. He still hadn't quite figured out how to stand up for himself.

Harry sighed, and reached for the bacon. It wasn't his business, he reminded himself. If they wanted his opinion, they'd ask for it.

"What are you up to today?" he asked, wishing Neville had sat on the other side of the table, so they weren't staring directly at the Ravenclaw table.

"Meeting with Susan and the rest after breakfast. If you're up for it," Neville added, eyebrows drawn together.

"Sounds perfect."

"Great. Then homework, I guess. Though Professor Sprout was telling me about this new delivery of these hybrid venomous tentacula plants she just got — they sound really interesting — so I might go down and have a look, if she'll let me." Neville brightened at the idea of spending time in the greenhouses, and Harry smiled; just the thing to take his mind off Ginny.

"I've got quidditch practice at two. Suppose I'll do homework after."

"How about I go to the greenhouses while you're at quidditch, then we meet back up to do homework together? If— if you want to, that is." Neville looked hesitant, and Harry wondered how long it was going to take the other boy to realise that he was Harry's *best friend*, of course he wanted to do homework together.

"Sounds like a plan to me." He leaned in closer, dropping his voice. "I'll probably be, ah, *out* this evening, though, if you know what I mean." He hadn't checked with Draco yet, but he couldn't see his boyfriend having objections.

Neville looked confused for a moment, then grinned with the realisation, wiggling his eyebrows. "*All night?*" he asked softly. Harry choked on his toast.

"No!" he hissed, blushing brightly. "Not— we aren't there yet." He was *not* going to get into that with Neville, certainly not in the middle of the Great Hall. "An hour or two after curfew, tops." As much as he loved Draco, he was still severely lacking in sleep, and didn't want to be out too late.

Neville was still smirking, but he didn't say anything more on the subject. Not even when they left breakfast to go to the empty classroom Susan had told Neville to meet at, and Draco was already there. Harry smiled at him, hoping he wasn't blushing as he dropped into the seat beside the blond. "Morning."