

He pulled a quill and parchment from his bag, leaning in to share Blaise's textbook since he hadn't brought his own. As the girls started discussing the use of marigold stems in healing potions, Blaise's dark eyes flicked up to Harry. "You were busy fighting dragons, so we started the study group without you," he said under his breath, keeping his expression neutral, as if he was just explaining potions to him. "As you can see, it's going well so far. We'll explain more on Tuesday." That was their next scheduled get-together. Harry grinned; he *loved* when plans came together without his involvement. It was the best.

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Practically sprinting up to the Transfiguration corridor as soon as all his dorm-mates were fast asleep, Harry grinned when he slipped inside the unused classroom. "We have got to figure out a regular meeting spot," he said by way of greeting. "I'm starting to lose track of the classroom rotation."

For safety's sake, they never met in the same place twice in a row, keeping up a schedule running through five different unused classrooms. Draco merely rolled his eyes at him. "Find somewhere you can be sure no one will catch on to, and I'll think about it." They'd been incredibly lucky so far — other than Remus catching them that one time last year, they hadn't been caught yet. But since their change in relationship, they'd started meeting up more and more, and it was just a matter of time.

Letting his schoolbag drop to the floor, Harry walked over to meet Draco at the desk he'd cleared off, leaning down to greet the Slytherin with a firm kiss. It still sent a thrill down his spine to know that he could do that; just go over to Draco and kiss him, whenever he liked. Well, as long as they were in private.

He sunk into the chair Draco had set out for him, their knees pressed together under the desk. Draco pulled his deck of cards from his pocket, shuffling. "Busy day?" Harry asked, and the blond shrugged.

"No more than usual. Uncle Severus had me help him top up the Hospital Wing stock after class." Harry was glad that wasn't his job anymore; being responsible for potions that he knew students would be taking had made Harry far too anxious. He was competent now, thanks to the extra lessons, but he was by no means excelling. Draco, on the other hand, was probably top of their year. "Dare I ask what you've been up to?"

"The usual chaos and mayhem," Harry replied, grinning. "Oh, you'll never guess what I saw in the library today." He told Draco about Viktor and Hermione, and the blond made a face.

"I thought Viktor had better taste than that," he complained. Harry nudged him scoldingly.

"Hermione's fine! What's wrong with her?" he argued, worried Draco was going to make a disparaging remark about her heritage. He was better about it in private, but every now and then some of Lucius Malfoy's childhood lessons slipped through. The older Draco got, the more he was learning to think for himself.

"Other than the fact that she could be selling you out to Dumbledore?" Draco pointed out, one pale eyebrow raised. "She doesn't know the first thing about quidditch, why is she