

Remover; he has some that works well even on years-old scars. But don't you dare think for a second that they bother me."

"Only because I try not to let you see them," Harry muttered. Draco poked him hard in the chest.

"I've seen enough to think about you naked, and when I do, the scars are still there," he said bluntly. Harry's cheeks flamed.

"I—" Draco cut him off with a firm kiss.

"Trust me," he said, "the scars don't make you any less attractive. But even if you were hideous I'd still probably fancy you."

"Only probably?" Harry teased, ignoring the rest of the declaration before he dissolved from the embarrassment. Draco gave him a look that said he knew exactly what Harry was doing, and let it slide.

"Honestly, Potter, you should worry more about that *hair* of yours than the scars, I mean *really*, it's like you've never even seen a brush," he muttered, though he happily buried his hands in the tangled black mess. Harry snorted, pushing up and back until he was the one lying half on Draco, pillowed on the blond's narrow chest.

"Don't deserve you," he murmured, feeling those deft fingers scratching gently at his scalp.

"I'm a gift," Draco agreed breezily. A quiet laugh huffed out of Harry; truer words had never been spoken.

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When over half the members of the Hogwarts Alliance showed up with bleeding hands, Harry mentally revised his lesson plan. He waved his wand, rearranging the cushions on the floor until they were in a rough circle.

"Everyone take a seat," he requested. "If you'd be more comfortable in a proper chair, let me know, I'll conjure one."

They all seemed fine with the cushions, settling down and watching Harry curiously. He sat on a cushion of his own, glad to see that people hadn't automatically sat by their housemates and friends. His insistence on constantly mixing up partnerships was working.

"How many of you have had detention with Umbridge so far?" he asked, dread heavy in his voice.

Silence, in which many people shared uneasy glances. Then, slowly, hands began to rise. Harry cursed. Even little Dennis Creevey, the youngest person in the room, had his hand up. "That bitch," he muttered, then shook his head. "Okay. Today I'm going to teach you all a few spells. Some of you might know them — either because I've taught you, or someone else did," he looked at Cho, whose jaw was clenched, and she nodded shortly. She had shared the spells with the Ravenclaws. Good.