

“I’m just glad to see you happy.” His hazel eyes turned mischievous. “You, uh, might want to learn some glamour charms, though.”

Harry’s cheeks burned as he slapped a hand to his neck, where he was sure there were several love bites. Damn it, Draco! Neville snickered.

The dormitory door slammed open, and Ron came stomping in with a dark look on his face. “Where have you been?” he asked Harry rudely. Harry resisted the urge to glare.

“None of your business,” he replied automatically, his good mood deflating instantly. “I’m going to bed.”

He didn’t blame Dean and Seamus for hardly ever being in the dorm these days, if this was what Ron was like all the time. Hopefully things would get better after Christmas.