

“He’s a lot funnier than most people expect from him,” he said eventually, smiling like an absolute sap. Harry, familiar with Blaise’s particularly dry sense of humour, nodded. “Hell of a snog, too,” George added lasciviously.

“So it’s official, then?” Harry asked, watching the redhead’s face soften as he nodded.

“We can’t exactly hide it now we’ve been all over Hogsmeade together,” George pointed out. “He says he’s happy to call me his boyfriend, even to the other Slytherins.” There was a wistful note to his tone, and Harry made a mental note to have a chat with Blaise about breaking his big brother’s heart. Then again, anyone who tangled with a Weasley knew full well what they were getting into.

Michael Corner’s quills had been regularly exploding ink on him since January.

“Oi, you two,” Fred barked, tossing a satsuma at Harry, who caught it instinctively. “Save your little gossip session for later, yeah? My brother and I were having a *conversation* before you rudely interrupted.” He was grinning, and Harry tossed the fruit back.

“My apologies,” he teased. “Did you want me to ask how your date with Angelina went, too?”

Fred’s face turned positively filthy. “Harrikins, I’m quite certain you don’t want to know.”

Harry made a face of disgust, turning back to Neville, who had been listening to the whole exchange in amusement.

“George and Blaise?” he asked in an undertone, and Harry nodded. “Blimey. Good for them.”

“Did you see Luna and Daphne, too?”

That made Neville’s eyes go wide, and Harry reached for the strawberry jam, settling in to tell his friend that particular tale.

Really, from the number of couples that seemed to be sprouting from the HA, Harry could start offering his services as a matchmaker.

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While Harry did have a large pile of homework to do that afternoon, he wasn’t remotely interested in working on it when the heirs study group gathered in an empty classroom. Not all of them were there — a few had gone down to Hogsmeade, now it was slightly less full of loved-up couples — but Blaise and Daphne were.

“I’m offended, you know,” he said to the pair, entirely too smug. “Both of you found romance through my defence club, and I don’t even get a single thank you!”

“Technically, the club was my idea to begin with,” Blaise retorted without missing a beat. Harry scoffed.