

The twins stood, and George ruffled Harry's hair fondly. "You were right," he declared. "He's not as much of a prat as he likes to pretend he is."

Draco made a vaguely offended face, but Harry ignored him, grinning up at the older boy. "So I can keep him, then?" he asked in a falsely casual tone. Fred snickered.

"As long as you remember to feed him, and walk him, and don't let him piddle on the carpet," he replied, earning a bark of laughter. He clapped Harry on the shoulder. "We'll see you in the morning. Don't stay up too late."

"Remember the spells in the book," George added, making Harry splutter. As if they were anywhere *close* to needing those spells!

"We'll see you around, Draco," Fred said to the Slytherin, nodding. Draco nodded back, and Harry felt like he was missing something.

"If you have any more Potions questions, write them down and send them with Harry," the blond instructed. "I'll do what I can."

The twins grinned, then disappeared from the classroom, leaving Harry's invisibility cloak pooled on the floor in the doorway. They'd been sneaking around the castle long enough not to need it. Harry didn't really need it either these days, but he brought it out of habit.

There was a beat of silence, then Harry let out a long breath. "That was alright, wasn't it?" he asked worriedly. "They were okay?"

Draco's hands rested on Harry's hips, and the smallest smile curved at his mouth. "I expected more hexing," he admitted. "Possibly a bit of yelling. Certainly not... that."

Harry smiled faintly. "Yeah, they'll surprise you." He hadn't realised how nervous he'd been about the whole meeting until it was over, and his heart was thudding in his chest. "I'd say it went better than either of us expected. They like you." If they didn't, they wouldn't have left Harry behind.

Draco leaned in, lips brushing against Harry's in a way that had the Gryffindor following when he pulled back. "Let's stop talking about Weasleys, shall we?" he drawled, hand sliding around to the small of Harry's back.

There wasn't much talking about anything for a while after that.

.-.-.-.

It was starting to become a thing, Harry thought to himself, entering the common room to see Ron and Hermione sat on the sofa by the fire and staring at him intently. He reluctantly veered in their direction, raising an eyebrow expectantly. "We had something we wanted to say," Hermione said by way of greeting. Harry snorted, perching on the arm of the chair opposite.

"I can see that," he muttered to himself. "Go on, then."