

and passed it to Ernie and Hannah. Harry could see at least three copies on the Ravenclaw table, and two more on the Slytherin table.

Everyone was whispering, but no one was jeering. Not yet.

Harry looked up at the staff table, amused to see a copy of the *Quibbler* passing from Sprout to McGonagall. His gaze landed on Dumbledore, and his smile widened. The man looked *furios*. He was hiding it well, but he clearly wasn't impressed. Harry didn't really understand why, but he was happy to be responsible for anything that made the headmaster mad.

.-.-. .

Within a day, everyone in the school had read the *Quibbler* article. Within two, it seemed like everyone in wizarding Britain had read it. Harry had eyes following him everywhere he went — which honestly wasn't that much different from a regular day, except for how some of those eyes had turned speculative. Suddenly, guys he'd never even spoken to before were stopping him in hallways, complimenting him on the article, or his shirt, or his hair. It took Neville pointing it out to him for Harry to realise they were hitting on him. It was worse than when the Yule Ball had been announced!

“Daddy says we've sold more issues of this *Quibbler* than any in the past,” Luna told him one lunchtime, smiling dreamily. “I suppose the article about the Blibbering Humdingers is very popular.”

“Oh, definitely,” Harry agreed, stifling a chuckle. “I'm glad it's doing well, Luna. Thanks again for publishing it.”

“The truth is an important tool,” Luna said, and then walked away. Harry watched her go, wondering if he would ever understand her. He doubted it.

Harry had honestly been expecting a little more resistance from his schoolmates. The flurry of owls that greeted him every morning was expected — the letters of support in amongst the hate were actually a pleasant surprise — but so far, none of the other students had dared be openly rude or derisive about his sexuality. Perhaps because there were just enough people in positions of power who weren't straight that the rest of them kept their mouth shut. Draco had bumped into him on the way to Care of Magical Creatures the morning the article went out, just muttering a ‘nice article, Potter’ and walking away. It was the closest the blond could get to a public show of support, and Harry appreciated it. Even if in private, Draco wasn't quite so thrilled about the whole thing.

“I don't like the way that Ravenclaw sixth year was looking at you at lunch,” he said with a scowl the first time Harry got him alone. “Or that Hufflepuff boy in the year below.”

“I'm not interested in them,” Harry pointed out, kissing the grumpy look off the blond's face. “For some godforsaken reason, I've thrown my lot in with you, and I intend to keep it that way. No matter how many blokes *look at me* during lunchtime.” He couldn't help but smile, finding Draco's jealousy adorable. That just made Draco scowl harder.