

“Even Cassius?” Harry asked, brow furrowing. Draco nodded.

“Yes, but we’ll have to step up our acting game. No civility outside of study group, unless it’s Blaise or Daphne. We’re working on things within the house,” he added in assurance. “Keep us in the loop, alright? And do try not to be offended by anything we may do or say in public.” He glanced askance, including Neville in that. Harry just grinned.

“When have I *ever* been offended by something you did or said?” he teased, laughing when Draco just stared at him. “Don’t worry, it’ll be fine. We’ve kept things hidden this long, after all.” Kept some things hidden even from their inner friend group. “But if you hex me, I’ll hex you back.”

Draco’s gaze met his, and heat flared for just long enough to send a frisson of electricity through Harry’s body. “Challenge accepted, Potter.” He straightened out his uniform, which already had the shiny prefect badge pinned to the lapel. “Just remember, I can give detentions.”

There were a dozen things Harry could say to that, and none of them were appropriate for present company. “I’d like to see you try,” he joked instead, green eyes burning into silver.

There was a long pause, then Neville coughed pointedly.

“I’d better go,” Draco remarked. Then he paused, digging into his trouser pocket and pulling out the two-way mirror. “Here, you can have that back. Thank you for lending it to me.”

Harry quickly stashed it away, smiling. “Glad you got some use out of it.” So very, very glad — he would’ve worried himself sick all summer without that means of communication.

He wished he could speak plainly, but he wasn’t quite ready to out them to Ginny and Luna yet. Instead he met Draco’s gaze pointedly as the blond stood to leave. “We’ll catch up properly soon, yeah?”

“Once things settle down,” Draco promised. He straightened up, nodding to the compartment at large. “Longbottom. Weasley. Lovegood. Enjoy the rest of the journey.”

And then he was gone.

Silence stretched between them.

“You have a whole lot of explaining to do,” Ginny declared. “*Both* of you,” she turned her glare on Neville, who gulped.

“It’s a long story, Gin,” Harry sighed, checking his watch. “Let’s get changed and then I’ll tell you, yeah?”

She was already in on so many of his secrets, Draco’s loyalty was one more she could handle.

As for their relationship — she’d have to remain oblivious to that, for now.