

Harry's last night in the castle found him wandering the halls past curfew, safe under his invisibility cloak, enjoying it much more now he didn't have to worry about a mass-murderer coming after him. He glanced down at the crumpled paper in his hand, checking he was in the right place, then snuck into the classroom to his left.

For once, Draco was already in there. He jumped when the door opened, and Harry shrugged the cloak off, revealing himself. The blond's eyes went wide. "You have an invisibility cloak," he realised. "Suddenly a lot of things are making sense."

"It definitely comes in handy," Harry replied, grinning.

Draco shook his head, gesturing for Harry to pull up a chair. "No wonder you're always getting into trouble. I bet you had something to do with Black's little adventure, too — I heard you were in the hospital wing that night."

Biting his lip, Harry met suspicious grey eyes. "Maybe," he admitted eventually. "Sirius Black is innocent, Draco. It's a long story, but he never worked for Voldemort. Peter Pettigrew did. He framed Sirius and faked his own death."

Draco stared at him incredulously. Eventually, he scoffed. "One day, you'll tell me that long story."

"You believe me?" Harry hadn't expected it to be that easy.

"You have no reason to lie to me about something like that," Draco pointed out. "I'll expect an explanation in future. But for now, your word is enough."

It amazed Harry how far they'd come from the year before, where they could barely stand to look at each other without wanting to hex each other. He much preferred this.

"So what are your plans for the summer?" he asked curiously, bringing the conversation round to lighter topics. Draco shrugged.

"I might go with Blaise and his mother to Italy for a while. And Mother wants to spend some time at the family home in France. Father never comes with us, there. He's got too much work to do to take a holiday." Harry imagined spending a week or two without Lucius Malfoy was the highlight of Draco's summer. "Do you... do you think we'll be able to write? Or will Dumbledore find out?"

Brow furrowed, Harry hummed thoughtfully. "I don't know. If I'm back at the Dursleys, I might not be able to write to anyone, let alone you." He'd be lucky if they let him have Hedwig out. Hell, after the way he left, he'd be lucky if they didn't lock him back in his cupboard all summer. "I wonder if I can get away with another bout of 'accidental' magic. Give me an excuse to run to Diagon for the summer again. That was nice." He doubted he'd be allowed to get away with it twice, but it was a nice thought.

"Whatever you do, just be careful," Draco replied. "I know it's hard for you, Potter, but do try and stay out of any life-or-death situations for at least two months." His tone was mocking, but the concern was real, and it warmed Harry's heart.