

“I’ll keep that in mind,” Harry promised seriously. All of the boys were skilled duellists after their time in the HA, and Harry would be happy to fight with them any time.

Cho hugged him, kissing his cheek. “Write me this summer, if you can?”

“I will, yeah.” He wouldn’t have any restrictions on his mail this time, and he was very much looking forward to that.

Harry carried on his way, stopping briefly to look in to a compartment full of Slytherins — namely Draco, Theo, Pansy, Millicent, and Cassius. Checking the corridor, Harry slipped in quickly, warding the door so no one could see through it.

“Oh, it’s you,” Pansy sighed, and Harry snorted.

“Nice to see you, too,” he said dryly. He turned to Draco. “Where are Dumb and Dumber?”

“Bathroom,” Draco explained. “So you’ve got a bit of time.” He reached for Harry, unceremoniously pulling the Gryffindor into his lap and kissing him firmly.

“Draco, must you?” Millicent sighed. Harry felt Draco raise a hand, and was certain his boyfriend had just flipped her off.

Reluctantly, Harry pulled back. “I didn’t actually come here for that,” he said, though he certainly wasn’t complaining. “Just wanted to check you’re all okay going home.” He knew Pansy’s father was one of the Death Eaters arrested at the ministry, though unfortunately Theo’s father was not. But all of them still had active Death Eaters in the family.

“We’ll be fine, Potter,” Pansy assured. “And if we’re not, we know where to go.” Harry had told all of them the floo address for Remus’ cottage that he hardly ever used, just in case they needed a fast escape.

“Cassius?” Harry checked, still feeling uneasy about letting the now-graduated Slytherin go back to his uncle and brother.

“I’ll stay as long as I can last,” the dark-haired boy said. “I told my uncle I got a flat, so I shouldn’t need to put up with them too much. I’ll be able to be at Ollie’s.” He looked relieved at the prospect of seeing his boyfriend again.

“Good. But if they start talking about Marking...” Harry trailed off, and Cassius nodded sharply.

After the fiasco at the Ministry, Voldemort was likely to be looking to refill his ranks. Cassius might not be able to think up excuses for long enough.

“Theo, got your portkey?”

Theo nodded, patting his pocket. He would be heading to meet Charlie straight off the train, who would take him to the Pottery. He wouldn’t be alone for too long.