

Draco swallowed tightly, squeezing her hand. “I’m just glad you’re alright.”

“It was a close one,” Daphne agreed. Her sister whimpered softly. “Tori, I’m okay. Draco patched me up, yeah? Good as new. Don’t even need to tell Uncle about it.”

Astoria’s eyes narrowed. “Oh, I’m telling him,” the fourth year insisted. “Daph, you almost *died*. In Hogsmeade! What if next time—“ She cut herself off, shaking her head defiantly.

“The war will be done by the new school year,” Luna said suddenly, confidently, *knowingly*. Harry’s spine straightened.

“You See it?” he asked, and she nodded.

“By summer’s end, the fighting will be done,” she said in that same Other sort of voice.

“Don’t suppose you See us winning, do you, hun?” Daphne asked. Luna shook her head apologetically.

“There are too many paths, too many wrackspurts. The outcome is unclear.”

Ignoring the ache in his hip, Harry slithered an arm around Draco’s waist, hugging the blond to his side. That was good news, of a sort.

But it still made his stomach churn with unease, imagining the battle to come.