

“Do you have any idea what you’re getting into tomorrow?” Draco asked. Harry grinned at him.

“I do, actually. It’s going to be great.” If he didn’t die. He was pretty sure he could do it and not die. Like, at least seventy percent sure.

Draco was not amused. “Will Prof— Remus be there?” Draco still struggled to call the werewolf by his first name. Harry shook his head.

“We don’t want Dumbledore to know that I’m still in contact with him,” he said. “And they don’t want him knowing they’re in touch with each other.” Dumbledore didn’t like it when any adult got too close to Harry — except Mrs Weasley. That there should’ve been Harry’s first sign that something wasn’t right. “I promised to call him and Sirius tomorrow night, if I can.”

“If you’re not dead, you mean,” Draco snapped.

“If I’m not too busy celebrating,” Harry corrected, smiling. “Relax, will you? I’ve got it handled. I’ve done worse, you know I have. I’ll be fine.”

“Promise me you won’t do anything stupid and Gryffindor.” Draco’s voice was quiet, raw in a way that made Harry’s chest clench. The dark-haired boy moved closer, offering a hesitantly apologetic smile.

“Everything I do is stupid and Gryffindor. I can’t promise that.” That drew a faint laugh from the Slytherin. Draco placed both hands on Harry’s shoulders, meeting his gaze square on.

“Then just promise me you’ll do your best to just get through this task alive.”

Harry stared into silver-grey eyes, losing his breath for a minute. “I promise,” he whispered, once he was capable of words. It would be so easy to just lean forward, to bridge the gap between them and press their lips together. But he couldn’t. His friendship with Draco was still so tentative in many ways, he didn’t want to risk screwing it up with his stupid feelings. He pulled away, grinning once more. “I’m gonna put on one hell of a show, though, you can count on that!”

Draco looked at him, blinking away a look Harry couldn’t place and gaining a resigned expression. “It’s going to give me a heart attack, isn’t it?” he asked flatly. Harry just laughed.

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It all went by so fast.

Walking down to the tent, picking their dragons out, avoiding Bagman when the man tried to speak to him privately; before Harry knew it, he was facing a dragon with just his wand in his hand. “*Accio Firebolt!*” He’d spelled open the dorm window to make sure nothing would be in his way, and to his great relief, the broom came zooming across the lawn towards him. Then he was off.