

“You... Just from me...?” Harry nodded. “Wow. Okay.” The Gryffindor ducked his head, but Draco caught him by the chin, kissing him again. “I’ll just have to do you next time, then.” Those words sent a shiver down Harry’s spine, his teenage libido making a valiant attempt at starting a second go already.

“Only if you want to,” he insisted all the same. “I did that because I wanted it, not because I expected anything in return.”

“Yes, but seeing as you *enjoyed* it so much,” Draco drawled, gaze intent, “I’d quite like to see what all the fuss is about.”

“Oh.” Well. That was alright, then.

As sticky became unpleasant, Harry did a Cleaning charm on the pair of them, helping Draco right his clothing. They stayed where they were, sprawled on the floor, Harry gazing up adoringly at Draco. But the moment was gone, and both of them burst into giggles.

“Can’t believe we broke the fucking *chair*,” Harry spluttered, laughing into the curve of Draco’s throat. The blond snorted in a very undignified manner that he’d never allow in front of anyone other than Harry.

“Thank Merlin for Silencing charms, is all I can say,” he replied. “That crash would’ve woken half the castle.”

Harry winced — yes, thank Merlin for Silencing charms, indeed.

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Harry hated Mondays.

Not only because his class schedule on a Monday was positively soul destroying, but Umbridge always seemed to drop a new bombshell on a Monday morning. This was no exception; a new Educational Decree was posted on the notice board in every common room, declaring that all extra-curricular clubs, teams and societies required permission from the High Inquisitor to continue. Reading it made Harry’s heart stop.

“She knows,” he murmured, dread filling his voice. Ginny shook her head.

“She can’t. It’s too soon.” Harry raised a pointed brow. “Maybe she overheard someone talking about the meeting in the forest; someone who didn’t go. Not everyone who was told about the idea actually showed up.”

Harry could hardly fathom there being *more* people who might have liked the idea, but he would take Ginny’s word for it.

“We’ll see.” If someone who had signed the contract had talked, he would know soon.

A few people sent him worried looks at breakfast, their questions clear, but Harry just tilted his head in the barest of nods; they were still on. Umbridge might have banned them, but she couldn’t catch them.