

against him. Harry wasn't worried about them falling — Draco could turn into an owl, and he was pretty sure his own connection to Hogwarts would make him bounce or something equally ridiculous.

So they cuddled together on the lip of the tower, the grounds spread out below them. "Have you been looking for me long?" Apology seeped into Harry's tone. Draco rubbed Harry's shoulder.

"Not really. Checked the obvious places, then went and asked Hannah. Thought you might be down in the Chamber."

Harry forgot that Hannah was still in her private room in the Hospital Wing. All other patients with long-term injuries from the battle had been moved to St Mungo's, but between the delicate state of her back and the unknown quantity of her connection to Hogwarts, it was decided she would recover best in the castle. A specialist in dark curses had come to see her, removing the last of the magic from her body; now it was just a matter of time while the potions regrew her bones and nerves and muscles. As much as they could manage, at least.

Terry Boot was in a holding cell, soon to be in Azkaban, having surrendered at the end of the battle. Harry hoped he rotted there.

"Want to tell me what's got you so worried?" Draco asked knowingly, tangling Harry's hand with his own. Harry sighed, slumping heavy against his warm boyfriend.

"Dumbledore," he admitted. "No one's heard even a whisper of him since January. I would've thought he'd have popped his head up by now, if only to try and say Voldemort's still not dead and I've got to be murdered to save the world." His lips twisted in a grimace, and he felt Draco tense.

"He's probably just gone and died somewhere from that curse on his arm," Draco said diplomatically, thumb running soothingly over the back of Harry's hand. "Uncle Sev did say he wouldn't have much more than a year left."

Harry wanted to believe that, he really did, but he couldn't shake the worry that something deeper was in the works. Dumbledore still had the Hallows, after all. Could he even die, with a power like that?

It made him sick to his stomach just to contemplate.

Lips pressed against the back of his neck. "Stop worrying about things that will likely never happen," Draco insisted, the soft nuzzle of his nose against the base of Harry's skull slowly turning him to goo inside. "If he's not dead, he probably will be soon. And if he does show up — you're the most powerful wizard in the country, and he's an old man on his last legs. I doubt he'll be much of a challenge for you."

The unquestioning confidence in Draco's voice made Harry smile. He made a fair point.

Surely if Dumbledore had some sort of mystical Death powers, he would have come for Harry by now? He would have revealed himself, tried to encourage the wizarding world to