

“Good.” Harry looked to Draco, frowning. “And you’re sure I can’t convince you to come home with me?” He wanted Draco and his mother in Seren Du, where they would be safe.

“Mother is now the Lady of Malfoy Manor,” Draco pointed out quietly, smirking. “Somehow I don’t think she will be chased out of her own home quite so easily.”

From what Harry knew, Narcissa was playing the dutiful mourning wife and Death Eater, and would continue to do so until her son was home. She was being remarkably evasive about what her plans were past that point.

“Just be careful,” Harry fretted, pushing Draco’s hair out of his eyes. Draco’s gaze softened.

“We’re Slytherins, remember? Not reckless Gryffindor fools. We will be just fine, and I’ll see you soon.”

Soon was too vague, in Harry’s opinion. “You lot, close your eyes,” he warned, then pressed his lips to Draco’s, breathing in the scent of him, wanting to make the most of their kiss before they were separated for Merlin knew how long.

The kiss went on for a while, until eventually one of the others got fed up and drenched them with an Aguamenti. Harry spluttered, breaking away from Draco, and turned to glare at an unrepentant Pansy.

A quick spell had them dried off, and Harry gave Draco one last kiss before getting to his feet. “Fine, fine, I’m going,” he mock-grumbled. “Stay in touch, all of you.”

He Disillusioned himself, removed the ward from the door, and left the compartment, finally heading back to his own. He was satisfied, for now.

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By the time the train was pulling into the platform, Harry was half asleep sprawled over the bench seat with his head in Ginny’s lap and his legs in Neville’s. He groaned as the train rocked to a halt, dragging himself into a sitting position. “Oh, I can’t wait to finally be able to *relax*,” he declared vehemently, getting several noises of agreement. Between Dumbledore, Umbridge, and everything else, Harry didn’t feel like he’d truly relaxed since Christmas.

“I’ll write soon,” Daphne promised, leaning over to kiss both him and Neville on the cheek before tugging Luna’s hand. “Come on, honey, I want to introduce you to my uncle.”

Luna hugged them all, and then she and Daphne left. Harry helped Ginny get her trunk down from the rack, and the four of them shuffled their way off the train. Harry looked around the platform, eyes lingering on several Slytherins, all approaching family members who looked a little too panicked to be comfortable. All of them held portkeys — they just had to last until the morning.

Mrs Weasley and the twins were easy to spot, the twins dressed in identical lurid purple dragonhide suits. Beside them were Remus and Tonks, the latter with bright Gryffindor-red-and-gold chin length hair.