

Snape's scowl softened, as much as a man like that could soften for anyone that wasn't Remus. "We're done here," he confirmed. "Be careful when you return to your dorm — Weasley has been released from the Hospital Wing, and he may blame you for his predicament."

Harry grimaced — he hadn't even thought about that. "I'll be on my guard," he promised, heading over to hiss to the passage that would let the professor back out in his office. Harry walked him back up to the school proper, opening the passage at the other end for him, then bid him goodnight and hurried to take a passage up to the Room. As the castle had promised, Draco was there waiting for him, and the blond slumped in relief when Harry entered.

"I wasn't sure you'd know I was here."

"Hogwarts told me," Harry assured, happily sinking into Draco's arms. A sofa appeared beside them, and the pair made themselves comfortable, Harry burying his face in Draco's neck.

"I want to kill her," Draco muttered, fingers tangling in Harry's hair.

"Not this time," Harry chided. "If she tries again, she's all yours." Draco snorted, and Harry felt lips press to the crown of his head. For the first time all day, Harry properly relaxed, stopped pretending he was unbothered by what had almost happened. Let himself shudder and cry in Draco's arms.

Later, when he was done crying, he would kiss his boyfriend hard, tug impatiently at his shirt, beg for a reminder that Romilda hadn't succeeded — that his body was his own, and his love was Draco's, and nothing in the world would change that. Draco would give him that reminder, whispering his own words of love, his hands on Harry's skin proof that nothing would tear them apart.

But even after that, sleep would be hard to come by.