

“Not by themselves,” Draco sighed. “But with everything else — the politics in Slytherin right now...” He trailed off, and Harry squeezed him tight for a minute. “I got another letter from Father today. Checking up on me, making sure I’m applying myself and *forging the right connections*.”

“Arsehole,” Harry muttered, kissing Draco’s hair. The blond hummed.

“Good news is, he’s agreed to let me stay for Yule.”

That was good news, though Harry knew it would just leave Draco in the castle worrying about his mother all of break.

“I think I’m just gonna sleep the whole three weeks,” Harry declared mutinously. “Here or at the Burrow or where Sirius is, I don’t care. As soon as classes are over, just point me to a bed, and wake me up when spring term starts.”

Draco craned his neck up, looking amused. “You’re not a bear, Potter. And foxes don’t hibernate.”

“This one could,” Harry insisted.

It was a moot point, of course. Whether he was at Hogwarts or Grimmauld, he had far too much to do to sleep the whole break away. Still, he could dream.

The pair lay together for a while, the only sound in the classroom their steady breathing. Harry began to wonder if Draco had fallen asleep, until he felt the Slytherin’s hand reach for his own, tangling their fingers together. Harry frowned when Draco’s thumb started to run over the ridged flesh of the scar from Umbridge’s detentions. Even with Snape’s help, it had left a permanent mark.

“Don’t,” he murmured, pulling his hand away.

“Does it still hurt?” Draco’s voice was worried. Harry shook his head.

“No, I just—” He huffed, looking down at the pale marks on his skin. “You shouldn’t have to look at my scars.”

Draco propped himself up, one hand on Harry’s chest. His blond brows knitted together. “Your scars don’t bother me,” he insisted. “I mean, they *do*, because I want to pull that hag’s intestines out through her own mouth for inflicting that kind of pain on you,” his eyes flashed dangerously, “but I don’t think any less of you for it. Or any of the rest.” He looked at Harry earnestly. “Does that still bother you? Even now?”

Harry squirmed, unable to meet his boyfriend’s eyes. “I know they’re not pretty to look at,” he mumbled. It was easy for Draco to ignore them, when they met in dimly lit classrooms. It was easy for Harry to pretend they weren’t there.

“How many times to I have to tell you you’re gorgeous before you’ll believe me, Potter,” Draco sighed. He grabbed Harry’s hand again, bringing it up to press a kiss to the scarred words. “Scars and all. If they upset you that much, you should ask Uncle Sev for some Scar