

“Good. With any luck, that’ll keep Umbridge out of it. And Dumbledore.” The headmaster would probably be a fan of going against the Ministry, but he wouldn’t like the Slytherin inclusion — nor would he like that Harry was in charge. Another rebellion from his Golden Boy, after all.

“Dumbledore has hardly even looked at me all term,” Harry remarked with a shrug. “Starting to wonder if he’s actually feeling threatened by Umbridge.” After the way Harry had acted in the summer, and his continued spurning of Ron and Hermione, Harry thought for sure the headmaster would try and lure him back onto the ‘correct’ path sometime soon. But, on the contrary, the old man was practically ignoring Harry!

“Don’t look a gift horse in the mouth,” Draco said, and Harry hummed in agreement. “So who showed up? How many Slytherins did you have?” He gently shoved Harry into a chair as he peppered him with questions, and Harry chuckled.

“Way more people than I expected. And again, more than expected. Blaise and Daphne were the only ones from our year, but there were some younger ones.” None of the sixth or seventh year Slytherins were secure enough to do something as bold as support Harry Potter, even if they might have wanted to.

“What are you going to teach them first?”

“Disarming charms, and Shield charms. Start with the basics,” Harry said. His first lesson curriculum was already mostly-planned in his head. He didn’t want to start out with anything too intimidating or difficult, especially since there were third years in the mix. Besides, for all Umbridge’s hateful poison, she was right about one thing; their DADA education had been inconsistent at best. Knowledge was likely to be patchy, and Harry wanted to see where everyone was at before he started delving into the more dangerous magic.

“Oh. That’s boring,” Draco pouted. Harry couldn’t resist kissing the pushed-out lip, nipping at it playfully.

“Sorry I’m not going straight into teaching them spell-chains,” he teased. “Got to make sure they won’t curse their own eyebrows off, first.”

Draco hummed, shuffling his chair closer. “You’ll let me know when you start on the more... interesting magic, of course?”

“Promise,” Harry assured, squeezing his knee. “You might not be able to come to meetings, but I’ll keep you in the loop.” Green eyes darkened. “Just means I’ll have to go over it with you, privately.”

“Ooh, one-on-one lessons,” Draco drawled, leaning forward with dancing eyes. “Will there be rewards for hard work, *Professor*?”

The breathy purr sent a pulse of want straight through Harry’s core, and he swallowed as his throat suddenly became dry. “You’re the prefect, of the two of us,” he pointed out, a little hoarse. “You’re the one who can give house points. I suppose I’ll have to think up something else, instead.”