

werewolf's shoulders. Shoulders that, once the moon rose that night, would break and twist and reform into something most would consider monstrous.

They only had a few hours, before Sirius would come home and the pair would retreat off to play outside in the moonlight.

Remus' hand tightened around his, tugging him towards the bathroom. They had best make the most of those few hours.

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The spring term began to earn its name, as January's chill started to thaw out into the first blossoms of a fairly mild February. The students got into a good routine, the staff banding together to help McGonagall run the school while still maintaining her positions as Head of Gryffindor and Transfiguration Professor. With secrecy no longer as vital, and the whole school shocked at their ex-headmaster's blatant move against Harry, more and more people begged to join the HA — so many that Harry eventually decided to hold weekly sessions in the Great Hall, for anyone who wanted to join. He still kept training with the smaller group, and many of them would help him out with the larger sessions, teaching students of all ages the basics of Stunning, Disarming and Shielding, as well as a few healing charms for good measure.

Despite all that, Harry was left feeling horribly guilty, as his fellow sixth years complained about how they would normally be learning to apparate at this point in their educations, ready to get their licenses as soon as they turned seventeen.

With the way things were at the Ministry, it was not safe to invite the usual apparition instructor into the castle. Nor was it safe to adjust the wards so the students could practice inside the castle.

"We are truly sorry," Professor Flitwick sighed for the dozenth time. "We can, of course, teach you all the theory of it. But I'm afraid the practical will have to wait."

Draco and Harry shared secretive grins, amongst the disappointed groans of their peers.

Still, the upset didn't last for too long, not with the arrival of the next quidditch match of the year. Slytherin versus Ravenclaw, with most of the school rallying behind the eagles.

But not Harry, who showed up to breakfast the morning of the match wearing a deep green hoodie with *Slytherin Quidditch Team* on the front and *Malfoy* emblazoned across the back, a green and silver scarf draped around his shoulders. Several of his friends booed and hissed playfully at the sight of him.

"How long have you been wanting to wear that in public?" Neville asked knowingly, and Harry grinned.

"Long enough." The hoodie was a little big for him, and it still smelled of Draco's aftershave. "I don't think he's getting it back."