

Bracing himself with a hand on the headboard, Draco locked eyes with that vivid green stare, sinking into the hot wet welcome of Harry's eager mouth.

Best birthday *ever*.

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If the world was normal, Ginny would be taking her first OWL exam in the morning.

Instead, she would be going to class just like normal, teachers going over things they'd already learned — the staff were just as adrift as the students, with these extra two weeks to come up with lesson plans for. She couldn't even adjust her schedule to prepare for when she *would* take her exams; none of them had any idea how long it would be before that was even possible.

"I thought I'd be a lot happier about not having to do exams than I actually am," she sighed, curling a lock of hair around her finger.

Neville, knelt nearby over a raised bed filled with more plants than Ginny could remember the names of, looked back over his shoulder with concern in his hazel eyes. "It's weird, isn't it?" he agreed. "Last time they were cancelled was, well, y'know."

Ginny grimaced — exams had been cancelled after the whole Chamber of Secrets situation, but she had been in no fit state to notice or care by that point.

"Didn't really matter as much back then. Second year exams and all," Neville finished, shrugging. Ginny hummed in agreement.

"I just... I just want to get them over with. Do my OWLs, get my results, start working on the next things. I don't want to waste my first term of sixth year having to revise everything all over again." That would just leave her behind in her NEWT studies, which would make her last two years of Hogwarts that little bit more gruelling. Ginny wasn't a swot, but she still wanted decent grades, and having such disruption felt supremely unfair.

"It probably won't be the whole first term," Neville said. "Just the first month or so. I can't see it taking that long to get everything back up and running."

Ginny's gaze darkened sadly. "Depends how bad things are over the summer. There might not be a school to come back to for a while." She wasn't stupid, she could see Harry and her older friends and all the professors quietly preparing for war. She was part of the HA, she felt how their training became more and more serious as time went on. And there was no way Harry was with Draco *every* time he was out past curfew. Those boys were insatiable, to be sure, but they weren't that bad.

"Don't talk like that, Gin," Neville protested. "Everything's going to be fine."

There was such confidence to his voice, such utter faith in his best friend. Ginny had faith in Harry, too, but that didn't stop her worrying. Even a battle won could do irreparable damage.