

He released the snitch, and the pair of them circled for a count of fifteen, then shot off.

It was easier to focus, with the distraction of playing against another person. By the time they'd played five rounds — four of which had gone to Harry — he had something of a smile on his face.

"Feel better?" Charlie asked, drifting up beside him. Harry let out a long breath, pocketing the snitch once it was securely in its box.

"A little." Harry tipped his face into the breeze, wishing it would blow away his troubles along with it. "I just... I had another letter come back from Draco, this morning. Unanswered."

"Malfoy Manor's war wards are likely to deflect any form of contact," Charlie pointed out. "Just in case. I'm sure he's fine."

"But what if he's not," Harry argued. "What if the wards failed and Voldemort got him!"

"Snape's been Called twice since Mrs Malfoy kicked the Death Eaters out." Charlie's voice was frustratingly calm. "You really think You-Know-Who wouldn't brag to all of them if he'd captured the Malfoys?"

He had a point, and it eased Harry's worry just a little. "I just need to know he's okay." It had been hard enough saying goodbye on the train, knowing the death of his father still weighed heavily on Draco's mind.

"I'm sure you'll hear from him soon," Charlie assured. "Once it's safe. From what Sirius tells me, he's probably just as worried about you in return."

"What *has* Sirius told you?" Harry asked with raised eyebrows, wondering how much his godfather had been gossiping about him. Charlie blushed faintly.

"Not much," he said quickly. "Just that Draco's a good kid, considering his father. And that Narcissa's probably got the wedding colours picked out already," he added teasingly, and it was Harry's turn to blush.

He couldn't even deny that. Narcissa had probably picked them out *months* ago.

"Have you tried sending a letter with Ceri?" Charlie asked. Harry nodded morosely; the Malfoy wards even kept elves out. "Damn. Well. Have you asked Sirius for ideas? Narcissa's his cousin, he might know something."

"He's got enough to worry about, with the trial," Harry insisted, shaking his head. For some reason, that made Charlie smile.

"Like he wouldn't drop it all for you in a heartbeat," the redhead retorted. "He's worried about you, Harry. He... I've tried telling him there's too much evidence to have him locked away again. And even if the worse does happen, we won't let Dumbledore get his hands on you. But in all his fears about the trial, none of it is about going back to Azkaban for himself. He's just terrified of leaving you."