

kills, Harry,” Draco murmured, hand running soothingly through Harry’s hair. “Thinking like that won’t get you anywhere.”

“I’m the only one who can kill him,” Harry retorted, and Draco glared.

“But his followers are doing most of the work, and you’re not bound to them at all,” he argued. “You may be a key player, but this war is bigger than you. Hell, if you want someone to blame, blame bloody Dumbledore.”

Harry snorted, guilt faltering ever so slightly. It was true; Dumbledore’s insistence on making the wizarding world worship him as everything *light* and *good* was what had caused the shadows to grow so dangerous. He had upset the balance long before Harry had been born.

But Harry was the one who would right the balance, and he wasn’t moving fast enough. How many more people would die before he could fulfil his destiny?

Seemingly able to sense the turn of his thoughts, Draco held Harry tighter, kissing his forehead. “The Order are doing what they can. Kingsley and Tonks, your godfathers, my mother — all of them are doing their best to help people survive. Nothing can be done until you turn seventeen and have your full magic; no amount of hating yourself is going to change that, you ridiculous lion.” He smiled against Harry’s scar, and Harry leaned into him, a lump rising in his throat.

“I should be doing more,” he rasped. Draco shook his head.

“You’re doing so much already. You don’t even realise it,” he insisted. “Let the rest of us share your burden, alright?” He pulled back, meeting Harry’s eyes, a faint smile at his lips. “Honestly, Potter — I’m supposed to be the selfish one in this relationship. Stop thinking everything is about you.”

His tone was teasing, and a startled laugh slipped from Harry’s lips. Reluctantly, he relaxed into the embrace, trying to shed the guilt that was weighing down his shoulders and filling his chest. He took a deep breath — his boyfriend was right, of course, as always. Harry couldn’t make time go any faster. Couldn’t summon the remaining horcruxes with a click of his fingers.

It was war, and people died. He couldn’t take that personally.

That wouldn’t stop him having nightmares about it, though. Wouldn’t stop him wondering when the day would come that a black envelope arrived for someone he knew, someone he loved.

It was only a matter of time.