

“Depends,” Charlie drawled. “What’s in it for us?”

Sirius hated the way that voice sent prickles of electricity across his skin. “You mean other than a free meal and the pleasure of my company?” he returned, trying to gather his best flirtatious voice, rusty as he was.

He had no idea *why* Charlie Weasley seemed so keen to flirt with him, but he was happy to rise to the challenge.

“I’ll let you join me in the delight of setting fire to Mum’s portrait, once it’s off the wall.”

“I’m in,” Tonks said immediately, beaming.

“Sounds fun,” Bill agreed, levitating a plate of sandwiches over. Charlie, evidently happy with Tonks’ health, leaned back in his chair, sparkling blue eyes meeting Sirius’.

“I never turn down a chance to play with fire,” he murmured, voice edged with challenge.

Sirius swallowed thickly.

That man was going to be the death of him.

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If Harry had thought that the first couple of weeks of term were the teachers trying to scare them with an enormous workload into taking their OWLs seriously, he was sorely disappointed — it was edging closer to December, and the homework load had only gotten *worse*. Between quidditch practice, the HA, heirs meetings, and visiting Salazar, Harry was beginning to feel like an overstretched elastic band.

Draco, being the absolutely incredible boyfriend and paragon of all things wonderful that he was, had rectified this by outright kidnapping him from a corridor on his way back from dinner, yanking him into an empty classroom and warding the door. “It feels like it has been *weeks* since I last had a civil conversation with you that didn’t revolve around Defence practice or the Wizengamot,” he declared in irritation, casting Cushioning charms on the floor and manhandling Harry down. “I’m sick and tired of having to talk shit about you in public, and for once I don’t have prefect duties, and you’ve got a free evening, so we are going to stay in here until bloody curfew and pretend the rest of the world doesn’t exist.” The more he spoke, the more his anger drained into exhaustion, until he was on his knees and staring at Harry with plaintive grey eyes. “Please?”

Harry pulled him forward, cuddling him against his side, running a hand through the blond’s soft hair. “That sounds amazing.” It was wearing on him, too, only being able to speak to Draco if they were insulting each other. “Fuck, fifth year is hard.”

“It is,” Draco agreed, voice muffled by Harry’s jumper. “But it’d probably be easier if you weren’t moonlighting as a Defence teacher and attempting to bring down the Ministry.”

“Probably.” Harry kept playing with Draco’s hair. “Are prefect duties really getting to you?”