

Harry gave a thumbs up, and was out before anyone could argue, making a bee-line for the Room of Requirements. It took the form of his bedroom at Seren Du, and the sight of it tore a quiet groan from his chest.

“Ceri,” he called, and in an instant the elf had appeared. She looked Harry over with concern in her large brown eyes.

“Master Harry is hurt!”

“I’m fine, Ceri,” he assured. “Can you— would you take a message to Draco for me, please? If he’s alone. Tell him I’m back, and I’m up here.”

Ceri nodded and vanished, then returned a few moments later. “Master Draco is on the way. And Ceri brought Master Harry’s pyjamas.” She held out the bundle of fabric, making Harry grin weakly.

“Thanks, Ceri.”

The elf smiled and disappeared, leaving Harry alone.

The Room could have provided a shower, but Harry was too exhausted to even think about taking one. A weak Cleaning charm rippled sluggishly over his skin once he’d peeled off his school uniform, but the clean pyjamas felt good enough. He sighed in relief as he rolled onto the bed, not even pulling back the duvet.

There were a million and one things floating around his mind — he had to check on Sirius and Remus and the rest of the Order; he had to figure out exactly what the ever-loving fuck had happened in the school while he was gone; he had to deal with Dumbledore and whatever the man had told Fudge had happened.

But all that could wait until the morning. The only thing that couldn’t was Draco. Harry needed to tell him about his father before the rumours started.

The door opened quietly, and Harry looked up to see Draco slip in. The blond was visibly relieved to see Harry, and made straight for the bed, pulling Harry into a tight hug. Finally, the knot in Harry’s chest began to unravel itself — he was safe, he was with Draco. It was over.

But he still had to deliver the bad news.

“Thank fuck you’re safe, I was so worried,” Draco breathed, scattering kisses across Harry’s cheeks. “The school has been madness while you were gone, you’ll never believe some of the shit they pulled, but that hag is never going to come back to this castle after tonight, I swear,” he said with a smirk. Then he paused, took a proper look at Harry’s drawn face, and faltered. “What happened? What’s wrong?”

There was no easy way to say it. “Draco,” Harry sighed, fingers clenching around the Slytherin’s shirt. “It’s... your father died, at the Ministry. It... it was my fault. I’m sorry.”