

“Well we’re on track for having sanctuary by summer,” he confirmed, brightening up a little. “I heard back from Farlig; Potter Manor is still under an Unplottable charm, but otherwise there’s nothing physically stopping me from going there and taking the wards even without the deed. And they’re definitely blood wards.” With blood wards, even if Dumbledore tried to claim he was Harry’s legal guardian, he wouldn’t be able to get in without Harry’s consent. He didn’t have a single drop of Potter blood.

“But it’s Unplottable,” Draco pointed out, frowning. “You’ve never been there.”

“I haven’t, but Sirius and Remus have,” Harry said. “I’ve asked Sirius, and he remembers it. He’ll take me once exams are over and I can take the wards, then it’ll be ready as soon as people leave the train.” He wasn’t sure how many people would need it that desperately, but at the very least Theo needed a place to go. Harry would be ready.

He could feel the stress ease from Draco’s narrow shoulders at the assurance, and he tucked the blond into his side, kissing his head. “I’ll take care of it,” he promised. “I’ll keep as many of them as I can safe.”

“I just hope they’ll be able to get there in time,” Draco replied quietly. “My last letter from Father... he’s far too pleased with himself these days.”

Harry gritted his teeth. What he wouldn’t give to knock Lucius Malfoy off his high horse.

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Their little heirs’ study groups were getting fewer and further between, and entirely devoted to actual studying as exams grew closer. No one seemed to mind; not even Susan, who admitted there was little she could do in the way of revolution until after she had passed her OWLs.

Still, they gathered when they could; Harry liked it that little bit more, now that everyone in the room knew about his relationship with Draco. He hadn’t realised how much he had been yearning to do such simple things like hold his hand or kiss his cheek, or even just watch him while he studied. Little things the rest of Hogwarts wouldn’t even have to think about before doing in front of others. If it made his friends complain about how nauseating they were, that only made it better, as far as he was concerned.

Besides; Susan and Theo were worse, in his opinion.

As he unrolled his half-written Potions essay, turning hopeful green eyes on his boyfriend, the classroom door suddenly opened and every single one of them froze in horror.

Then, Luna drifted in, smiling like she had barely even noticed they were there, and sat down in a chair next to Daphne. “Hello,” she greeted. Daphne stared.

“Uh... hi, Lu,” she responded hesitantly. None of them moved. “What... what are you doing here?” The unspoken *how did you find us* ringing in the air. Luna just smiled brighter.