

“We’ll just have to make sure Amelia lives to the end of the war, when we can have an actual, proper vote,” he muttered to himself.

“That’s the spirit, pup,” Sirius enthused. “And here, this’ll cheer you up.” He waved a letter in his hand, grinning broadly. “It’s from Amelia. My trial is set for three days time; the first Wizengamot meeting of the summer.”

Harry’s head snapped up, a beaming smile stretching across his face. Soon, Sirius would be free!

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With the trial in the books, it felt like the whole house had been hit with a sense of urgency. Sirius could hardly sit still, bouncing wildly between exuberant joy at his impending freedom and intense melancholy at the prospect of Dumbledore interfering and getting him locked up again. The rest of them tried their best to ease him out of those down swings, though Charlie seemed to be the only one with any real success.

Harry, meanwhile, was writing frantically back and forth with Susan and her aunt, making sure their case for the trial was as air-tight as possible.

Anything to stop him from worrying about Draco.

He hadn’t heard anything from the Malfoys since Snape had told them Narcissa locked down the Manor; any letters with Hedwig came back unanswered, and Harry hadn’t had the chance to give Draco the other mirror before they left school. The uncertainty gnawed at his gut, filling his head with all sorts of horrible scenarios whenever he took a moment to breathe.

It would have been in the papers if they were dead, he kept telling himself, but it wasn’t as reassuring as he’d hoped.

But with Sirius so stressed about his upcoming trial, Harry didn’t want to add more of a burden to his shoulders, or anyone else’s. So, when the worry became too much, Harry grabbed his Firebolt and headed outside.

It felt glorious to be back in the air. Umbridge might have only banned him from quidditch for a couple of months, but he’d still missed flying intensely. He let his practice snitch go, doing laps of the half-pitch while it fluttered around. But even flying couldn’t entirely rid him of the anxiety bubbling in his gut, the tiny voice in the back of his head insisting that Draco was in danger.

He turned, intending to dive for the snitch, only to come up short at the sight of a redhead zooming towards it.

Charlie plucked the snitch from the air, offering Harry a gentle smile. There was worry in his eyes nonetheless. “Best two out of three?” he suggested lightly.

“That one doesn’t count,” Harry insisted, and Charlie laughed.

“Yeah, okay, fair.”