

Draco sighed, pushing Harry's fringe back off his forehead. "I wish I could have your optimism, Scarhead."

Harry grinned, leaning up to steal a kiss. "I'm a Gryffindor, it's what we do," he joked. "Just trust me. Do you really think I'd let you end up like your dad?" *Do you really think I'd love you if I thought you could be?*

The words were on the tip of his tongue, but he held them in. He didn't want the first time he said it to be during such a grim conversation.

Besides, he felt like Draco knew anyway.

The blond settled under Harry's body. "Promise me you won't," he pleaded. "Promise me you'll stop me becoming like him."

In the back of his mind, Harry's memory flashed back to earlier in the summer, sitting distraught on the kitchen floor and looking up at Remus and Snape. *Promise me you won't let me become like him.*

"Easiest promise I'll ever keep," he rasped, echoing Remus' words with his heart thudding against his ribs.

Maybe between the lot of them, all those promises would be kept.