

But it wasn't enough. Slytherin were as ruthless as always, skirting the edges of acceptable conduct and gaining a steady lead — a lead that only grew larger when Draco's hand clamped around the snitch, to thunderous applause from roughly half of the stadium. Harry cheered and whooped right with them, blowing a cheeky kiss to his boyfriend when he caught the Slytherin's eye on his way to landing. Draco held his gaze, tilting his head ever so slightly in the direction of the changing rooms, question in his eyes. Harry smirked, nodding just barely enough for the Slytherin to catch it. A quick smirk was his only answer, and then Draco was headed off the pitch with his team.

Harry wasn't going to dress up and pretend it was another Gryffindor match, but he would quite happily sneak into the changing rooms and drop to his knees for his boyfriend. There were only a few more chances for that, after all.

He did some mental math on the way down — as it stood, Gryffindor would have to beat Ravenclaw by at least 180 points in order to take the cup. That was going to be a tall order — but he could manage it. His team could manage it.

If only to wipe that smug look off Draco's pretty face.

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Putting a somewhat premature end to Slytherin's quidditch celebrations — though Draco assured him that most of their post-match celebrations were much more *refined* than Gryffindor's, unless it was for an actual cup victory — all of the older students found their way to the Great Hall a half hour before dinner, eyeing their headmistress warily.

After the year they'd had, it could be anything.

They didn't sit like they were going to have a meal; with so few, it felt ridiculous to spread out over the tables. Instead they huddled in close to McGonagall, some perching on the edge of the platform the staff table sat on, others sat straddling the ends of benches or even on the floor. Harry sat on the end of the Gryffindor table, Draco sat on the bench leaning back against his legs, Susan at his side with an anxious hold on Theo's hand. "Any idea what this is about?" she asked under her breath, and Harry shook his head.

"Not a clue."

Once everyone had arrived, McGonagall cleared her throat. "Thank you all for coming. This won't take long, but it seemed like more information than would be fair to give you in a common room notice."

Harry leaned forward a little, concerned. Was it bad? Had someone else died?

Was the school closing?

"As I'm sure you are all aware, exam season is approaching. Ordinarily, I would be encouraging you all to put your best foot forward and begin your studying efforts — however, that is not the case this year, I'm afraid." Her lips pursed, her eyes trailing over her gathered students. "Considering the current political climate, we have come to the difficult