

“If you don’t know it now, you never will,” he insisted, wandlessly banishing Draco’s Arithmancy book across the room.

“Easy for you to say, Mr Powerhouse,” Draco grouched, watching after his book. Harry smirked, kissing him chastely.

“You’re the brainbox of the two of us and we both know it. I’ve just got enough raw magic to get away with being sloppy.” Draco raised an eyebrow.

“I’m sorry, but if you’re trying to call me a nerd I will have to insist on holding up a mirror,” he retorted. “You started doing Rune circles *for fun* the other week.”

“It was more fun than memorising Potion ingredients!” Harry retorted. Then he shook his head. “Look, never mind; I don’t want to spend the next hour arguing with you.” As much as they both usually enjoyed arguing. “Come on, lie down with me. You haven’t been sleeping,” he accused knowingly. He could see the dark circles beneath Draco’s eyes, no matter how many face creams and glamour charms the Slytherin used.

“I’m fine,” Draco insisted, though he let Harry manhandle him to lie down on the sofa, the blond cradled between Harry’s body and the back cushions. “I just... I really need to do well in these exams.”

“You will,” Harry assured, kissing his temple, tangling their legs together. “You’ll do brilliantly. Your mum will be prouder than ever, and your father can go fuck himself regardless.”

Draco snorted, arching his neck for a kiss. “No manners in you,” he teased, making Harry grin.

“None at all,” he agreed. “But I’m right and we both know it. So just relax, take a nap with me. I’ve got an alarm on my wand to wake us for lunch.”

“Hmm,” Draco murmured, though Harry could already feel him relaxing, inch by inch. “I suppose we can take a short break. I have all afternoon to study with Theo and the girls, after all.”

“Exactly.” Harry tucked his face into the warm hollow of Draco’s neck, inhaling the faintly spicy scent of the boy’s aftershave. Not that Draco needed to shave all that often, with such a baby-face and his pale blond hair. Not like Harry, whose chin-fuzz now needed taming at least three times a week to avoid embarrassingly patchy scruff all over his jaw.

“Do you know what you’re doing for the summer yet?” Draco asked quietly. Harry hummed.

“Not a clue.” They were mostly waiting to see what happened with Dumbledore and the Ministry. “You? Have you convinced your mum to move to Seren Du yet?”

“I wrote to her, but Umbridge is screening even our mail these days,” Draco sighed. “I’ll try again when I get home.” His hand moved up to tangle in Harry’s hair, stroking gently at the base of his skull. “It might be too dangerous to split so publicly from Father like that.”