

The Slytherin knew that all too well — a Hogwarts DADA education was patchy at best, had been since his own school days, since the position had originally been cursed by a young Tom Riddle before Severus was even born. It showed in their Ministry, in their culture, in the way they had been so easily decimated by the Dark Lord's forces; death on both sides, because neither truly had the advantage.

Severus might only have a year in the position, but he be damned if he wasn't going to cram as much useful information into their teenage heads as physically possible in that year.

"Classes aside," he drawled, before Remus could tease him further about having positive emotions towards students, "I'm concerned about Albus. He's planning something." The headmaster had been absent more days than not since school had begun, and on the days he was present he spent far too much time watching Harry at mealtimes for Severus to be comfortable.

"Has he mentioned anything to you about it?" Remus asked, and Severus shook his head.

"No, which is all the more worrying." Albus still believed Severus was his man through and through. If there was something the headmaster wasn't telling him, thought that even *he* might not approve of... it couldn't be good.

Remus' fingers slid into his hair, blunt nails scratching gently at his scalp. "All we can do is wait, love," he pointed out softly. "Whatever he's planning, we'll face it as it comes. But your position is too precarious for you to go snooping."

Remus was right and they both knew it, but that didn't make it any easier for Severus to hear.

It was hell, working for two masters and trusting neither of them. Severus desperately hoped Harry's plans worked out, that they were able to find all the horcruxes and destroy them, destroy the Dark Lord as soon as the boy turned seventeen. He wasn't sure he could bear this burden much longer, not now he had a life worth living outside the shadows.

He was so fucking *tired*.

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Harry hadn't been able to take Draco down to the Chamber yet this school year, but the chance finally arose when Snape headed home for the weekend and told them to entertain themselves.

He tugged on his boyfriend's hand as they walked down the narrow stone passageway — Draco didn't know it, but Harry's heart was fluttering anxiously. "So, I know I said we could come down here and train," he started, pausing to hiss the command for the other end of the passage to open, revealing the Chamber itself. "And we can still do that, if you want to."

Draco pulled him closer, his silver eyes knowing, his mouth curled in amusement. "I suppose you've got better ideas, do you?" he drawled, his free hand slipping down to the small of Harry's back.