

“I love you, too, but if you tell me Longbottom gets his Patronus before I do, I’m leaving you,” he deadpanned. Harry just laughed.

“To be honest, I kind of assumed you would teach yourself the spell when you knew I was learning it, back in third year. You always were a competitive little shit,” he added fondly. Once again, Draco huffed in frustration.

“I did. I couldn’t get it, so I gave up.”

Harry moved closer, wrapping his arms around Draco from behind, propping his chin on his boyfriend’s shoulder. “Well, now you’ve got happier memories,” he pointed out, kissing the shell of his ear. “Come on. You’re almost there.”

He felt the shiver that prickled down Draco’s body. “Not helping,” the blond muttered, though he made no move to dislodge his barnacle boyfriend. He raised his wand, took a deep breath, and tried again.

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“Part of me just wants this year to be over,” Draco admitted, when they had finished the Patronus work and cuddled up together on the sofa Harry had conjured in the corner — conjuring a bed had seemed a bit too forward, even for him. “But then I remember what I have to go home to, and I never want it to end.”

Harry ran a hand through the blond’s hair. They were well into March, now; only a couple of months away from the dreaded OWL exams, and then summer.

A couple of months away from the time that Harry’s school year usually went to hell in a handbasket.

“We’ll figure it out,” he promised, holding Draco a little bit closer. “How are the Slytherins doing?” Harry felt like he hardly saw anyone in silver and green outside of classes and meals, these days. The entire house had gone to ground, even those who supported Voldemort — they could tell something was brewing, and with all that self-preservation instinct, most of them were waiting to see how things would fall.

“Your little article put quite the bee in everyone’s bonnets,” Draco informed him. “Half the house has had a letter from their parents warning them one way or another. Either they know what’s coming and they aren’t sure they can stand against Him, or they know what’s coming and they don’t want their kids to get too cocky until the Ministry has been taken.”

It made Harry’s blood run cold, to hear how inevitable the fall of the Ministry seemed to be in everyone’s minds. Not that it surprised him in the slightest.

“Any whispers about what he’s up to?” Harry asked hopefully, but Draco shook his head.

“Anyone who knows isn’t going to put it in writing, not with Umbridge around. She might be an awful pureblood supremacist hag, but she’s not a Death Eater.”

Harry scowled; sometimes, he felt like she may as well be.