

Without even thinking about it, he fumbled a hand into his pocket, closing his fingers around the cold surface of the two-way mirror. He could call Sirius, see what was going on.

Wait, no. Sirius was no longer holding the mirror's partner.

He swallowed thickly. Usually he let Draco call him; it was safer that way. But... it was late, Draco would likely be in his room. Surely he could risk it? If he wasn't alone, he just wouldn't answer.

"Draco Malfoy," he whispered, bringing the mirror up to stare at it. He held his breath, not daring to blink, until staring back at him were worried grey eyes and a faint frown.

"Harry? I wasn't expecting your call, is everything alright? Where are you?" Draco's blond brows furrowed, and he tried to peer past Harry's head to figure out his surroundings.

"Draco," Harry choked out, watching his boyfriend grow alarmed.

"What's wrong?"

"My cousin. There was—he's—" Harry sucked in a sharp breath, and when he exhaled the whole story came spilling out. Draco listened, eyes getting wider and wider in horror.

"Sweet Salazar," he swore when Harry was finished. "Well. Thank fuck you weren't there."

"But if I had been, I could've saved him! I could've cast a Patronus!" Harry argued, the guilt welling within him.

"And been expelled for underage magic!" Draco retorted sharply. "If someone has enough clout in the Ministry to send a *dementor* after you, I bet they could easily make sure you were punished for defending yourself." A strange look flashed across his face. "I bet it was my father. He's got Fudge in his pocket, he could arrange something like this easily."

"Draco, no," Harry insisted. "Don't go down that road. There's plenty of people who want me dead, not just your dad." But he couldn't help the part of him that agreed; it would be very easy for Lucius Malfoy to have done this.

"I'll keep an ear out for any mention of it. If it was him, or one of his *friends*, no doubt they'll be upset to hear you're okay." Draco's face softened. "You are okay, aren't you? I mean, it's awful, but... your cousin was a terrible person. You weren't exactly close."

"Doesn't mean I wanted him dead," Harry spat.

"Of course not!" Draco agreed quickly. "I'm just saying, I'd rather him than you. And for all he's your blood family, it's not like it was Longbottom or the twins or anything."

Harry's heart twisted at the thought of any of his friends being in Dudley's position. No, Draco was right — while he wouldn't wish the dementor's kiss on his worst enemy, let alone his brute of a cousin, part of him was selfishly glad that no one he truly cared about had been harmed.