

That was not going to stop the twins, who pulled a pair of Extendable Ears from their pockets, and set up to listen.

*“Dumbledore seems to have been waiting for Harry to see something like this...”*

*“...Always been something funny about that Potter lad...”*

*“—Well, if You-Know-Who’s possessing him—”*

Harry pulled out his own Extendable Ear, but the damage had been done; the rest of them were looking at him with wary, alarmed gazes.

Harry looked at the twins and Ginny, trying to silently assure them that he knew what was going on. Ron, on the other hand, was staring at Harry like he was Voldemort himself.

They didn’t get a chance to talk further — Mr Weasley needed his bandages checked, and Mrs Weasley decided that was enough for one day. Charlie stayed with his dad, but the rest of them were shuffled off back to Grimmauld. Harry was silent for the whole journey, to the point where even Mrs Weasley noticed.

“Why don’t you all go up to the small drawing room?” she suggested once they were inside the house. In the light of day, Sirius’ renovation efforts were entirely visible; the entrance hall was now a bright, welcoming place, with no screaming portraits or creepy taxidermied house elves in sight. “Or perhaps get a few more hours sleep — especially you, Harry dear, you look like you could use it.”

He nodded, but when he went upstairs he didn’t go to his room. He went with the others to the small drawing room; now a cosy little living room, with squashy sofas and a landscape painting of a forest on the wall above the mantle.

“So are you going to tell us what the hell that was all about, then?” Ron spat, and Harry should’ve known he wouldn’t be able to hold it in much longer.

“I’ve already told you what happened,” Harry sighed, running a hand through his hair. “If Dumbledore knows something about it, that’s news to me.” But wasn’t it telling that the headmaster had apparently been *expecting* such a thing, even with Harry keeping his previous visions a secret.

“You heard what Moody said,” Ron retorted. “What if You-Know-Who really is possessing you? Are we supposed to just get on with things, let him see all our secrets through your eyes?”

“Don’t think Old Voldie cares much about your secrets, Ronnikins,” Fred remarked wryly.

“Besides, Harry’s not possessed.” Ginny’s voice was sharp. “As the only person in this room who has *been* possessed by You-Know-Who, I can assure you of that.” She turned to Harry, one red eyebrow raised. “You’re not missing chunks of time, are you? Finding yourself somewhere with no idea how you got there?”

“No.”