

shouldn't. Once she'd almost walked in on him and Severus kissing, in their fourth year. Only Severus' quick thinking with a Dissillusionment charm had saved them.

"I suspect Voldemort could be resurrected right in front of Fudge's face and he'd still deny it," Remus mused. "Merlin help us if he ends up being our wartime Minister. We'd be doomed."

"He's exactly who Dumbledore wants in power at a time like this," Sirius pointed out. "A useless moron with all the courage of a flobberworm. No chance of him mobilising any useful defence force. Just sit back and wait for Albus Dumbledore to save the day." He made a faint noise of disgust. "How is the old coot, anyway?"

Remus grinned at that. Sirius was going to *love* this. "Harry and his new friends seem to be pushing his buttons in all the wrong ways," he said, perking up. "Severus said they've all started mixing houses at mealtimes. Apparently you can hardly tell which house table is which, these days."

Sirius barked out a laugh. "Brilliant! There's nothing he can do about that, not without looking like he's stunting progress. All of them are mixing? Even the Slytherins?"

"Even the Slytherins," Remus confirmed. "Mostly with Ravenclaws, but they're branching out to Hufflepuff and even Gryffindor in some cases. Severus said he once saw Cassius Warrington and Adrian Pucey discussing quidditch strategy with the Weasley twins and Angelina Johnson."

"Wow." Sirius looked duly impressed. "It'll be a whole different school by the time Harry leaves, if he's done this much in just a few months."

"I think that's what he's hoping for." Remus reached for his tea, taking a long gulp. "Our boy is definitely up to something. He says it's just study groups and friendships, but I know that look in his eye. That's a Lily Evans Vs The World kind of look." James always used to call it that, when Lily decided there was some injustice she absolutely couldn't stand for, and would plot ruthlessly until it was righted. If Harry was taking on that look in the face of Dumbledore... the headmaster had better watch out.

"Merlin, imagine if Prongsy and Lils could see him now," Sirius sighed, smiling faintly. Remus grinned back, the ache in his chest still present, but less raw. Every day it got easier to talk about them, now he had someone to remember them with. "They'd be so bloody proud."

"Severus said his grades are improving in spades," Remus couldn't help but brag. "Minerva was raving in the staff room about an essay of his that could've come from a sixth year, and Filius said he's picking things up even faster than Miss Granger. Moody's the only one who doesn't seem to be impressed by him."

Sirius scowled at the man's name. "Yeah, well he's in Dumbledore's pocket, isn't he? Never gonna be happy about Harry getting too strong. Pup needs to be more careful; if Dumbledore thinks he's broken the Compulsion charm, he might start looking into things."