

“I think so.” He had a few things he wanted to go over, but for the most part he was confident. “I’m going to go over Runes and Arithmancy with Draco at the weekend, just to check I’m up to standard.” Remus and Sirius had taught him well, but it had also been twenty years since they had taken their exams, and Harry wanted to be absolutely sure he hadn’t missed anything on the curriculum.

“Good lad,” Sirius approved, then smirked. “Just don’t get too side-tracked, yeah?” he wiggled his eyebrows, but Harry just rolled his eyes.

“As if Draco would let me. He’s in study-mode now, it’s all business.” There was a touch of annoyance to his tone, but he couldn’t help it; his boyfriend wouldn’t let anything more than light kissing happen, not wanting to be *distracted* so close to such important exams.

Though he had promised something great to make it up to Harry, after. But Sirius didn’t need to know that.

They chatted a little about inconsequential things, and Harry slowly began to notice that his godfather seemed... out of sorts. “Is everything alright, Sirius?”

Sirius blinked like a deer in headlights. “What? Yeah, yeah. I just... I need to tell you something, actually.”

Cold fear gripped Harry. “Who’s been hurt? Is it Voldemort?”

Sirius’ eyes widened. “What? No! Nothing like that,” he assured quickly, and Harry slumped in relief. “Probably should’ve prefaced that it’s nothing life-threatening or alarming.”

“Yeah, probably,” Harry agreed, trying to calm his racing heart. “What’s up, then?”

Sirius bit his lip, and Harry watched him, perplexed. What was happening that was so difficult to say?

“Well, see, it’s like this,” Sirius began haltingly. “You might hear something, from someone else, and I want to make sure you know before any... rumours might get to you. Because I’m not trying to keep secrets. I just— you’ve had a lot on your plate lately, and I didn’t want to add to that with my drama, mundane though it may be. But things are changing and I just don’t want you thinking I was trying to hide it from you.”

“Padfoot, just spit it out,” Harry urged, wondering what could have his godfather so tied up in knots.

“I’m dating Charlie,” came the blurted response. Harry blinked. And blinked again.

“Charlie Weasley?” he echoed. Sirius nodded. “Oh. Wow. Okay, then.” That was unexpected. “And that’s... a new thing, then?”

“Sort-of. Not really. It’s complicated.” Sirius ran a hand through his hair. “But for various secret reasons I’m not allowed to tell you yet, he might end up moving in with me here at Grimmauld, which means Molly will probably find out soon, and I wanted you to know