

“It’s only been a few days yet,” Harry said doubtfully. People wouldn’t buy the grieving excuse for much more than a week or two, surely?

“I didn’t manage to speak to the twins, but now they’re living at headquarters it should be easier. They seemed surprised to see Sirius there; I think they thought he’d be with you,” Remus added.

“They know I wasn’t at the Dursleys’ last summer. They probably assumed I’d be more with Sirius than you; they know Sirius is my godfather, they don’t know you’re practically my other godfather.” That proclamation made a brief smile flicker across the werewolf’s face.

“Well, if you want to send a message to them, let us know and we’ll find a way to get it to them.”

“You should tell them you’re the Marauders,” Harry suggested with a grin. “They’d do anything for you, then.”

“We’ll save that for when we really need a favour,” Remus returned. “Or when Sirius starts going stir-crazy and needs a distraction.”

“Merlin help us all if those three ever team up,” Snape sighed. “It’s a small mercy that I only have to survive one more year of them at school.”

“It’ll be quiet without the twins around,” Harry agreed, though Snape was probably happier about that than he was. “So. I can start my training tomorrow, right? What’s first?” Taking the day to relax had been good, and sorely needed, but he was eager to start doing things.

“You’ll find out in the morning,” Remus said, shaking his head with an indulgent smile. “If we tell you now, you’ll spend the rest of the night reading up on the subject and pestering us to start early.”

“Well, *yeah*. What else am I supposed to do all evening? You forbid me from doing homework.” Snape raised an eyebrow at that, and Remus flushed.

“Stop making me sound like a monster for wanting you to enjoy your summer freedom,” he argued, rolling his eyes. “If you’re that desperate to write an essay, I won’t stop you.”

Harry shrugged; he didn’t *actually* want to do his homework yet. “I’m open to suggestions.”

“You’re a brat, is what you are,” Remus growled playfully. “You can play chess with me, and tell me how things have been going with Draco. Getting second-hand information from Sirius probably isn’t as accurate as I’d like it to be.”

Harry couldn’t help but smile at the mention of his boyfriend, though it was lessened by the fact that he hadn’t managed to spend time with him in the last week of term. He was desperate to write to him. He’d do that in the morning, if it was safe.

“Must I be present for that conversation?” Snape asked despairingly. Remus smirked.