

dark eyes met his, surprisingly confident.

“Trust that Narcissa has been planning her actions for a long time, now. She will not take unnecessary risks.”

Harry hoped he was right.

“Cheer up, pup,” Sirius crowed, “if it gets dire, they’ll just move in here; old Snake-Face would never find them then.” He winked playfully. “You’ll get your boyfriend back earlier than you thought.”

Rolling his eyes, Harry threw a blueberry at him. It would be nice to have Draco around, sure, but not at the expense of Voldemort wanting him dead!

“I suppose no one’s going to duel with me today, then?” he sighed, reaching for the jug of orange juice. “Since you all seem to think I need *rest* or something.” As if to reinforce the point, a huge yawn escaped him, and Remus snorted. “Shut up, Moony,” Harry grumbled weakly.

“You’re taking it easy today, kid. We’ve got an Order meeting back at Grimmauld this evening, anyway.”

Harry smirked at Sirius’ words. “You’re leaving me behind for that, yeah? Dumbledore wants to talk to me; he was trying to get hold of me at school but I dodged him, and before I got the train home he said he’d see me at headquarters.”

“Then you’re definitely not going,” Sirius agreed.

“On that note, I’ve got dragons to see,” Charlie declared, pushing back from the table. As he stood, he ducked to kiss Sirius’ cheek. “I’ll see you all at the meeting. And you after, I suppose,” he added to Harry. His gaze swept the table, pausing awkwardly on Snape, who stared back impassively. Then Charlie coughed, and headed for the door.

“Have fun,” Sirius called after him. When they heard the front door shut, Remus elbowed Snape gently.

“You could at least *try* and be less intimidating.”

“Why bother?” Snape drawled in reply.

Harry ducked his head to hide his smile in a mouthful of pancake.

It was good to be home.

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Sirius was the first to arrive at Grimmauld Place ahead of the Order meeting; Remus was reading, and promised to follow shortly. The animagus half expected to find Molly Weasley banging around his kitchen, until he remembered delightedly that he’d banned her from the wards. His brain drifted happily back to the events of that morning — or, more specifically,