

Both teenagers did a remarkable job of not blushing their way through dinner; even though they'd healed the impressive number of bite marks on Draco's fair skin, Harry could still just *tell* that the adults around the table knew what they'd been up to.

Or, at least, they were assuming, and they weren't entirely wrong.

"Severus tells me you want to move in here, darling," Narcissa remarked, neatly cutting her lamb shank into smaller pieces. "To work on your duelling with Harry."

"Uncle Sev is the best person to teach me," Draco pointed out. "Along with everyone else who helps out with Harry's training. It won't be easy to learn what I need to know at school; this summer is the best chance for that."

Narcissa frowned thoughtfully, and Harry silently prayed to any deity that might listen. "I suppose the Manor is getting rather crowded, as of late."

"So you have been sheltering people?" Harry blurted, then flushed sheepishly. "Sorry, I— Blaise mentioned he'd heard rumours. He, uh, has some names, if you're able to take any more."

Far from offended, Narcissa just looked amused. "That boy takes after his mother entirely too much," she said fondly. "Not a whisper that woman doesn't hear about. Yes, I've invited a few acquaintances to reside at the Manor, to get some space from their... difficult home life. I can certainly look into any names Mr Zabini has provided you." Her lips curved into a knowing smile. "And I suppose Draco and I can move our things over in the morning. If that suits you well, *Lord Black*?" There was just a hint of teasing to her voice, and Sirius laughed.

"I've been trying to get the pair of you to move in for months, Cissa; Ceri already has your rooms picked out," he assured brightly. Harry and Draco beamed at each other across the table.

This summer was looking better and better by the minute.

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They were officially at war.

The announcement had come in the *Prophet* in the middle of July, which quite frankly Harry thought was about three weeks too late. But it seemed the wizarding world was very reluctant to admit such a thing; only now they had no choice. The Death Eaters were no longer worried about keeping a low profile, attacking light-sided and muggleborn families almost every night of the week. Harry could hardly sleep for the visions that plagued him; more than once he had woken up with his wand in hand, sending a Patronus straight to Kingsley to mobilise either the aurors or the Order.

"Should we be worried about how many meetings he's having that you're not invited to?" Harry asked Snape one morning over breakfast. The Potions Master looked up from the paper.