

Harry froze — with all the secrets she did know, Harry forgot that Ginny was still mostly unaware of Harry's political standing. She knew that Dumbledore had blocked his family magics, but she didn't know what that meant in the context of the wizarding world. She didn't know anything about what he and Neville were up to with Susan and the other heirs.

"I'll tell you later," he promised; they were getting closer to Mr Weasley's ward. "I think we've got a lot to talk about, anyway." He gave her a pointed look, and she flushed and clenched her jaw.

"Don't know what you're talking about," she lied weakly. Harry let it slide, as they returned to the Llewellyn ward where Mrs Weasley seemed to be done yelling about stitches.

They could talk back at Grimmauld.

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With most of the occupants of Grimmauld Place out at the hospital visiting Arthur, it was the perfect chance for Sirius to go to Seren Du for a bit of fresh air. The Welsh countryside was blanketed in thick snow, and there was nothing he loved more than running through it as Padfoot before coming indoors and warming up by a nice toasty fire. It would have been better with Harry, but he was happy enough alone.

He was in high spirits when he returned to Grimmauld — though they sank immediately when Tonks hurried into the kitchen. "There you are! I've been looking everywhere for you." Her eyes narrowed suspiciously. "You didn't go out, did you?"

Sirius gave her a considering look. His little cousin was proving herself to be a fine member of the Black family — what the family had once been, before the darkness and madness. What Sirius wanted the family to be again. She had kept all his secrets so far... perhaps it was time to trust her with a little more.

"Has your mum ever told you about the Black family summer home?" he asked casually. Tonks looked bewildered.

"You what?"

"The family summer home. We used to spend a lot of time there as children. It's really quite something." He met her eyes, bright purple today, and drew his eyebrows together. "You should really ask her about it sometime. Remind her of the teas we used to have. Four o'clock, every Sunday afternoon." His smile was perfectly innocent, as if he was just reminiscing on a fond childhood memory. But he could tell from the way Tonks' shoulders shifted that she'd caught on.

"I'll do that," she promised. "Sounds like a fun place to be."

Sirius smirked. "It certainly was," he agreed.

Remus might get angry at him for being too hasty, but Sirius knew what Black family loyalty was like. If he could trust Cissa, he could trust Andi.