

Harry made a mental note to speak to the Slytherin. He needed sanctuary perhaps as much as Theo did — more, if Harry's suspicion about the seventh year's mysterious boyfriend was correct. His father would kill him if he found out.

"I've told Blaise I'll have a safehouse ready by summer," he said. "I'm going to see if there's a Potter property I can use. The goblins can't legally give me the deed 'til I'm of age, but if I can find it, I can take on the blood wards without technically owning the place."

"So your idea of sanctuary is squatting in your own ancestral home?" Draco drawled. Harry snorted.

"Well, when you put it that way... any better ideas?"

Sadly, Draco was all out.

"If needs must, I'll have Sirius kick the Order out of his house and we can use that instead," Harry said with a shrug.

"You're so sure you'll be on the outs with Dumbledore by the end of the year?"

"The only reason he hasn't figured me out is that he thinks I've got Voldemort in my head," Harry retorted. "Once he gets over that fear, it's all over." He was fairly confident that there were no major moves Dumbledore could make against him without drawing the ire of the wizarding world — not yet, anyway — so he didn't mind the man discovering Harry had lost the blocks on his magic. He had a bigger secret, now; Voldemort's horcruxes. Particularly, the one in his scar.

"At least that will mean he can't try and send you back to those muggles in the summer," Draco muttered. "Or to the Weasleys. You can actually go home."

"He couldn't send me to the Dursleys even I wanted him to," Harry revealed, a bitter smile crossing his lips. "They've moved away. Not sure where to." The information had come from Kingsley — who, unbeknownst to Harry, had been monitoring the Dursleys ever since the dementor attack. Apparently they couldn't cope with living in a house surrounded by memories of Dudley; in late October they'd packed up, and never looked back. The blood wards around the house were shattered.

"Good riddance," Draco said. He let out an exaggerated sigh, shifting Harry out of his slump against the blond's shoulder. "Now, enough of these depressing topics. It's been an awfully *lonely* three weeks without you." His grey eyes darkened.

Harry reached out eagerly, pulse picking up. It had been very lonely indeed.

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Six o'clock on Monday evening found Harry headed down to the dungeons, for once not covered by his invisibility cloak. Only Draco knew the truth of the matter; even Neville, usually privy to Harry's secrets, believed he was headed for Remedial Potions lessons. He and plenty of others knew Harry already knew Occlumency; to have them aware that Snape