

edge of Thetford Forest,” he declared, feeling the spark of magic pass from himself to the Potions Master. Snape raised an eyebrow.

“Fidelius, on top of the Unplottable wards?” Harry nodded. “Good. Now get somewhere public before someone comes looking for you.”

Harry wasn’t bothered by the abrupt ejection from Snape’s rooms. He had other places to be, after all; he used the Map to seek out Theo, finding him out on the grounds by himself.

“Hey,” Harry greeted quietly, warding the area as soon as he approached the Slytherin. Theo was sat on a bench not far from the greenhouses. “I have news for you.”

Harry sat beside him and leaned in, whispering the secret into Theo’s ear. Moss-green eyes widened. “It’s still Unplottable,” Harry warned him, “I’ll give you a portkey on the train.”

“Thank you, Harry.” Theo’s quiet whisper was hoarse, and Harry looked closer and realised the boy’s eyes were red-rimmed. A sudden realisation hit him.

“Theo, I— your dad wasn’t at the Ministry, was he?”

Theo’s mouth twisted in a sneer. “No. He was one of the Death Eaters torturing muggles up outside Manchester,” he revealed hatefully. Harry winced. “Along with Cassius’ uncles and cousins.”

“Fuck.” Harry wished Cassius would accept the offer of sanctuary.

“You’ve saved my life doing this, you know,” Theo told him matter-of-factly. Harry clasped his shoulder.

“I’m glad I could help. And I’m glad you made the choice to let me.” It couldn’t be easy, going against a father like Theo’s. He’d seen a similar struggle in Draco over the years, and that was with the support of his mother. Theo had no one, until recently.

Harry left the Slytherin boy to his solitude — or perhaps not quite that, for he passed Susan on his way back into the castle — and spent a pleasant afternoon avoiding Dumbledore by lazing in front of the fire in the Gryffindor common room. Everyone seemed to have recognised that the interesting bits of the story of the Ministry had already been said; now people just wanted to know what the fall-out would be. And that was nothing Harry could control.

He did, however, use Dobby to get a message to Blaise, telling him to get any kids whose families needed sanctuary to the Room of Requirement at seven.

Blaise didn’t disappoint. He met Harry at the Room at six fifty-five, and within ten minutes there were eight Slytherin kids of various ages in there with them. Harry vaguely recognised some, but most were students he’d never interacted with in his life.

“Okay, here’s the plan,” he began without delay. “I have an Unplottable, Fidelius-protected building that I will be setting up as a sanctuary for anyone who needs to avoid persecution from either side of this war. I won’t question yours or your family’s right to use it, but only