

Chapter 67

Harry looked around the Room of Requirement, watching all the wisps of glittering silver throughout the room. Some had shapes, some did not, but almost every wand in the room was producing something. “This is brilliant,” he declared proudly, amazed at how many of his classmates had a solid, corporeal Patronus. “Once you’ve found your form once, it gets easier, I promise,” he added to those who were still struggling.

A few feet away, Michael Corner almost threw his wand across the room in frustration. “It’s just not happening,” he grumbled, and before Harry could go over to assist Anthony was already on it, carefully talking his friend through the process.

It warmed Harry’s heart to see the co-operation going on in the group, between those who had succeeded in the spell and those who had yet to do so. He might have been the ‘official’ leader of the group, but by this point in the year they were definitely working more as a team than as a class.

He looked up at the clock, surprised to see how much of their usual time had already passed — and then the door opened suddenly. Everyone in the room froze, wands raised at the intruder.

“Draco!” Harry burst out, hurrying towards the blond. Draco’s face was paler than usual, his eyes wide in alarm.

“She knows,” he blurted, sending a shock of fear through Harry. “She knows where you meet, even if she doesn’t know what you’re doing. She’s planning on having a bunch of Slytherin students waiting in the hall outside close to curfew.”

“*Fuck*,” Harry declared emphatically, his voice ringing through the otherwise silent room. When he turned around, half the room were glaring at Draco suspiciously.

“Why should we trust Malfoy?”

“How did he even know we were in here?”

Calls of alarm and distrust began to start up, and Harry shot off a firework from his wand. “That’s not the problem here,” he snapped. “Draco knows where we are because I trust him, and because I’ve been teaching him in here as well. Not everything outside this room is as it seems.” It was too late to shove that particular cat back in the bag, now. “And I’ll remind you all, you’re still under a secrecy contract for everything that happens in here.” Though clearly, someone had broken that contract. He looked around suspiciously — everyone here still had their memories of the HA, so they had not spilled the beans. So who was missing?

He whirled around to look back at Draco, who had taken a half-step behind Harry, putting the Gryffindor firmly between himself and dozens of raised wands. “You said she’s waiting to ambush us at curfew?” he repeated, and Draco nodded.