

“A spy.” There was a small smile on Remus’ lips; he was enjoying drawing this out far too much. “You know him, actually.”

Harry watched the clues slowly come together, and Charlie’s eyes go comically wide. “You... you don’t mean Snape, do you?” There was a hint of nervousness to his tone. Remus’ smile widened, and he nodded. “Oh.” Charlie’s voice came out a bit strangled.

“He’s not as bad as you think he is,” Harry offered supportively. “I mean. Well. He *is*. He’s not a totally different person when he’s in private.” A quiet snort was all Remus had to say about that. “But it’s less mean and more funny. Sort-of.” It was hard, trying to explain Severus Snape.

“I thought the two of you hated each other?” Charlie asked Sirius, who shrugged.

“Oh, we absolutely did. But Moony stopped giving a fuck about that about the time we graduated school, so we learned to get along. Eventually. For the most part.” He froze suddenly, head cocked slightly. “Speak of the devil.”

Remus jumped to his feet. “He’s back?” Sirius nodded, and the werewolf was gone.

“Well, we won’t see those two for a few hours,” Sirius mused, squeezing Charlie’s knee. “Don’t worry, love; Severus really isn’t terrible to live with. You’ll get used to him.” He glanced to Harry. “What are you up to for the rest of the evening, pup?”

“I should probably finish unpacking,” Harry admitted with a shrug. He had been too tired to bother by the time he and Remus and Tonks finished dinner the night before, and hadn’t had time this morning.

“Solid plan. I’m gonna give Charlie the tour of the place.” The dog animagus got to his feet, tugging Charlie up by the hand. “See you at dinner, kiddo.”

Harry watched them go, faintly bemused. There was a spring in Sirius’ step that he’d never seen before, a light in his eyes he only recognised from pictures of him before Azkaban.

If Charlie was the one bringing that out, then Harry was glad he was around.

But that wouldn’t stop him teasing the pair of them as much as possible.

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Harry was in bed early, that night; Remus and Snape missed dinner, and Sirius and Charlie were making eyes at each other that Harry did not want to contemplate too closely. Besides, he’d had a long day, and he was exhausted.

The exhaustion fled the instant his head hit the pillow.

*A stone room, torches sending long shadows across the small crowd gathered in front of him. Harry sat in his throne, sneering down at the man kneeling at his feet. “You are certain of the address, Rookwood?” he said softly, voice cold. The man nodded.*