

help. I can offer it to you, too. And Oliver, if you're worried about him. He's still my Captain." Always would be, as far as Harry was concerned. Harry hadn't written to Oliver since the summer because of his worries about his mail being read, but he always told Charlie to send his regards, and kept up with what the keeper was doing that way.

"As if Oliver would go into hiding when there's quidditch to be played," said Cassius dryly, and Harry laughed. Fair point.

"For you, then. He can visit whenever. Your family never have to know about the connection between the two of you."

He could tell by the look on Cassius' face that the boy was considering the idea. "If I leave the family, they'll cut me from the tree. I'm not like Theo — he's the last of his line, for both Nott and Avery. They can't disinherit him or both those lines die out for good. The family magic might've rejected my brother, but I've got two cousins and an uncle who are still eligible. I can't risk the family seat going into their hands."

Harry bit his lip; that was all perfectly good reasoning. He knew he was lucky that Sirius hadn't been properly, magically disinherited by his parents. But he hated the idea of Cassius staying with them, "I won't force you to make any decisions," he said eventually, wishing there was more he could do. "But you'll always have a place of safety as long as I'm alive to offer it to you. If things get bad — if they force you into the Mark, or they find out about Ollie — you come straight to me alright? Don't risk your life just to keep that fucking Wizengamot seat. It's not worth it, yeah?" he finished passionately. Cassius looked up at him, and after a beat of silence, cracked a small but genuine smile.

"I've got too much Slytherin self-preservation instinct in me to let them kill me over a single vote," he remarked. Still, he looked like a weight had been lifted off his shoulders. "Thank you, Harry. It's... it's good to know I have options. And that Ollie has someone looking out for him." He shook his head in fond exasperation. "Damned fool would take a beater's bat to my whole family if I let him."

"Sounds about right," Harry agreed, amused. "I'll kill Voldemort as quickly as I can," he promised, ignoring the boy's flinch at the name. "I can't say how long it'll take, but know that I'm trying my best."

"Never doubted it for a second," Cassius assured.

"Good. So you just leave that to me, and keep yourself safe, and tell Oliver you'll marry him when you can." Harry grinned, heart aching fiercely. "Because that is a wedding I *desperately* want to attend."

Cassius grinned back. "It'll be fucking quidditch-themed if he has his way," he warned, and Harry laughed.

A wedding to look forward to at the end of all this was exactly what he needed. A quidditch-themed wedding sounded even better.

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