

“Even in the shadows, I don’t see darkness looming that large.” Of course, that could mean any number of things. But Luna liked to think it meant that Voldemort would fall, somehow, when the battle came. “What worries me more is who we might lose along the way.” Every dream was the same, yet every dream was different. A thousand permutations of possible events, endless tiny actions that could sway things one way or another, knock little choices into bigger ones into even bigger ones that had the whole thing falling apart. She had seen all her friends die in a hundred ways, by now. Seen herself die more than a few times. At this point, she wasn’t sure what was Seeing and what was her own nightmares. Her dreams were never trustworthy — it was the Seeing she did while awake that mattered most, but that Sight was frustratingly murky these days.

“Are...” Daphne’s heavy sigh brushed Luna’s neck. “Are there any futures where we all make it out alive? Everyone we care about?”

“Yes,” Luna replied, eating a spoonful of ice cream. The cold helped clear things, a little bit, but mostly she just liked the flavour. “Not many, but some.” She hadn’t Seen a future in which nobody on their side died, but she had Seen ones in which the only deaths were people who weren’t attached to her.

“Focus on those ones, then,” Daphne urged softly, squeezing Luna’s hand. “Try and See those ones. Maybe then, they’ll come true.”

That wasn’t how that worked and they both knew it, and even to try felt enormously selfish — those deaths might not be her loved ones, but they were someone’s loved ones, someone’s family — but Luna closed her eyes and leaned against her girlfriend and tried not to let the weight of the future carry her away, and she imagined those futures. Imagined the warmth and light and laughter that came with all her friends, all her family, making it through these next few weeks.

She ate another spoonful of ice cream, and offered the next to Daphne. Felt her girlfriend’s warmth, her heartbeat, her magic twining lazily with Luna’s own. Felt her love, so clear, so strong Luna could hardly stand it.

It was hard, for a Seer, to live in the now. But it was much, much easier with Daphne by her side.

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The HA was training, once again. Though Harry couldn’t really call it a HA session anymore — it had expanded to include far more than just his group of rebellious Hogwarts students, now.

The whole Great Hall was full of people, spellfire flashing all over the room. Harry was glad he wasn’t the only one roaming the groups to keep an eye on things; Kingsley and Tonks, as the only qualified aurors in their little group, were doing the same. It still baffled Harry that these people put him, a boy who wasn’t even seventeen yet, on the same level of authority as someone like Kingsley Shacklebolt.