

Of all of Harry's secrets, the one where he was still in contact with his escaped convict godfather was probably the most inflammatory for him and the people he cared about, so Harry made sure he only ever spoke to Sirius at night, in bed, with the curtains warded with about everything he could think of.

"It's starting to make my head spin, Sirius," Harry admitted late one night, looking into his godfather's sympathetic grey eyes. "I've got so much going on — the tournament, the study group, Draco, you, *Dumbledore* — I'm losing track of who knows what, and trying to keep it all from Skeeter..."

"You've got far more on your shoulders than anyone should at your age, pup," Sirius agreed. "I wish I could help you with it — I wish I wasn't just adding to it."

"You're not," Harry insisted quickly. "I don't know how I'd cope without you and the others."

"It doesn't change that we're just another pile of secrets for you to keep," Sirius said knowingly. "Look, Harry; just focus on what you can control for now. The tournament — you're working on getting the egg figured out. Ask Remus about it next time he's with Snape, he might have an idea. Everything else is beyond your hands. The study group seems to be mostly taking care of itself. Draco's a smart boy, and he'll understand if you need to ease off a little bit while you're so busy. As for Dumbledore, he's clearly willing to just sit back and see what happens with this whole tournament situation, so I don't think you have much to worry about there. He doesn't suspect anything, does he?"

"I don't think so." Harry honestly hadn't seen much of Dumbledore, lately. The man was probably busy dealing with all the behind-the-scenes stuff for the tournament. "He doesn't like that the students are mingling so much these days, but I don't think he can trace it back to me. If anything I think he thinks it's Susan's fault." She was honestly more in charge of the study group than he was, and with her Chief Warlock ambitions all the heirs seemed to gravitate to her anyway.

"She seems very much like her aunt, from what you've told me," Sirius complimented. "I'm sure she can handle it. So there you have it — the only things you *really* need to worry about right now are the egg and your boyfriend. And from what I've heard, I don't think you even need to worry about your boyfriend. He's pretty keen on you, I'd say." Sirius wiggled his eyebrows, and Harry blushed.

"Snape's been gossiping again, hasn't he?" he groused. He still hadn't forgiven the Potions Master for telling Sirius and Remus about finding Harry at the Yule Ball. Sirius had teased him about it for *days*.

"Severus? Gossip? *Never*," Sirius mock-gasped, before laughing. "It's not like he needs to; I can see it all over your face when you talk about your boy. It's very sweet." Sirius laughed harder as Harry squirmed in embarrassment.

"You just wait til you start dating again," Harry muttered. "I'll get you back for all of this."