

Chapter 90

Chapter Notes

Warning for non-graphic discussion of sexual assault (RE Amortentia use)

All through Tuesday, Harry wished he could find a chance to tell Draco about the previous evening's events. He trusted Snape would get word back to the crowd at Seren Du, to Bill and his team investigating the matter. Draco was the only other person in the school who knew about horcruxes — except Salazar, of course. But the founder's portrait had already admitted he didn't know of a way to track existing horcruxes, and he would probably agree with Snape's sensible logic about seven soul pieces.

It just seemed too easy. Too neat, the way Harry had found all the horcruxes — and Dumbledore had found the one he would have struggled to hunt down. Perhaps it was a sign of Voldemort's arrogance, to have such obvious hiding places for his precious treasures. He certainly hadn't shown good sense in giving one to *Lucius Malfoy* to keep safe.

Could he really be so close to ending it all for good?

He tried to force the subject from his mind, especially when Dumbledore was around. He couldn't risk the headmaster catching even the tiniest fragment of a stray thought from him, not about that. And Dumbledore was getting less and less discreet about his dislike of Harry.

It wasn't just Harry he had problems with, either. Whether he believed Hermione's idea that Harry and the other Wizengamot heirs were planning the next stages of pureblood supremacy within the Ministry, or he just didn't like the idea that soon this group of teenagers would have more political power than he could even dream of, he was starting to get terse with the rest of the heirs to the point where even the other students had begun to notice.

Of course, it was nothing drastic — nothing that could lead to people thinking the *esteemed* Albus Dumbledore was bullying a bunch of schoolchildren. But he would stare at them through mealtimes, frowning; he would take points from them for ridiculous reasons, and scold them for no real reason at all.

The rumour mill was working furiously with each new incident, and Harry was happy to add fuel to that particular fire.

"You should start spreading it around that he tried to give me a detention just to force me to spend time with him," Harry suggested to Parvati in their heir's meeting that afternoon. The Gryffindor girl raised an eyebrow.

"When did he do that?"