

“Do you, ah, know how your father is taking... everything?” Harry breached uncertainly, watching pain flash across Theo’s face for a brief moment.

“I haven’t felt the family magic rip from my body, if that’s what you mean,” he replied dryly. “He can’t disinherit me; I’m the last of both lines. He’d still rather see the magic live on in a blood traitor than let it die entirely. But past that, I’ve no idea. If I never see him again, I’ll be content.”

Considering the war ahead of them, that was an entirely likely possibility.

“Cub.” Remus approached, brows furrowed. “We should get going. Unless there’s more you need to do here?” He glanced briefly to Theo. Harry shook his head.

“No, no, we’re fine.” He turned, shaking Theo’s hand. “I’ll be in touch soon. And I’ll let Susan know you’re safe.”

“Thanks, Harry.” A brief, devious smile. “And thanks for giving me a room to myself.”

Harry laughed, winking. “Friendship privileges,” he joked. Then, bidding goodbye to the rest of the group, Harry let Remus apparate him back home.

That was one burden off his shoulders, at least.

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At around the same time Harry was welcoming his first guest to the Pottery, Draco was being shaken awake unexpectedly.

Considering the type of people currently in his house, Draco jolted upright immediately, wand in hand. But familiar fingers brushed over his forehead, and his bleary gaze met his mother’s keen grey eyes. His heart stopped. “Mum? What’s wrong?” Was it the Dark Lord? Were they in trouble?

Narcissa’s gaze softened, and she leaned in to kiss his forehead. “Get dressed, darling. Quickly, now. The others will be up soon.”

Pulse still racing even as confusion swam in his rapidly-awakening brain, Draco did as bid, not asking any questions until he was shoving his feet into his boots. “Do we need to run?” Already he had a packing list in his head, prioritised by how much time he might have to grab what he needed.

A cold, vindictive smile slid onto his mother’s regal face. “Draco, darling, this is our home. We will never run from this place.”

She held out her hand, and Draco took it.

Silently, they crept through the halls. Draco wasn’t sure where she was taking him — still didn’t know what they were doing, in all honesty. But he followed her down the stairs and through the dining room, until she was stood in front of a bookshelf. To his astonishment, she reached out and tapped a book with her finger, and the shelf swung open.