

Ginny darling, don't you worry," she said softly, though in the utter silence of the kitchen it carried just fine.

"I don't fancy Harry, Mum!" Ginny protested angrily. "I wouldn't want to date him even if he was straight, *which he's not*."

Harry didn't stick around for anything else Ginny might have said — as glad as he was that she was sticking up for him, he was too tired to sit and listen to Mrs Weasley try and talk him out of his own sexuality. A knot formed in his chest; why did she have such a problem with it? Not just for Harry, but for her sons, too? Was it truly just about wanting them to have children?

He shook his head, bumping his bedroom door open with his hip. It didn't really matter anymore; long gone were the days where he hoped for Molly Weasley's approval.

God, he couldn't *wait* for school to start.

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After that fateful afternoon in the kitchen, Mrs Weasley had stayed conspicuously silent, though the approving smiles she gave Harry and Ginny every time they so much as *looked* at each other were beginning to grate. While Harry wasn't one to involve himself in other peoples' relationships, part of him hoped Ginny would soon agree to get together with Neville, just so he didn't have to deal with being shoved her way every five minutes.

On top of her stubborn insistence on Harry and Ginny making a wonderful couple, Mrs Weasley seemed utterly oblivious to the tension between Ron and Hermione and the rest of the household. It was at the point where Harry was beginning to wonder if she was under some sort of Confundus charm — only for Remus to assure him that Snape had discreetly checked every member of the Order, and sadly her actions were entirely her own.

The confirmation that Mrs Weasley had been taking money from his vaults of her own volition hardened something within Harry — he no longer felt bad about snapping at her when she got too overbearing.

He kept to himself the best he could, each day making him miss Seren Du more and more. He couldn't even be distracted with the Order meetings happening regularly; they took great care to keep him very firmly away from any Order business, though Sirius and Remus would tell him anything he needed to know. From the sounds of things, Dumbledore's *elite* group were fairly stalled in their plans to deal with the rise of Voldemort and his followers.

Harry wondered if Dumbledore might ever tell them about horcruxes. He didn't have any doubt that the man knew about them — though he clearly hadn't had any idea about the one residing under his very nose, in the locket.

Harry was relieved when Bill pulled him aside one afternoon, when anyone who might be suspicious of such things was distracted elsewhere. "I wanted to try something. Do you mind...?" He held up his wand, gesturing with his free hand towards Harry's scar.