

enough for him to know. Snape had told him to keep his head down and look out for anything suspicious. How was that possible, when *everything* could be suspicious? Ron and Hermione not looking remotely bothered by Harry's disappearance was suspicious. Lisa Turpin and Tracey Davies laughing about it was suspicious. The continuation of daily Hogwarts life was suspicious.

How could they all be expected to just keep going to classes as if nothing was wrong??

Finally, it was lunch time, and Neville immediately went to Hannah at the Hufflepuff table. Luna was there too, and half their friends, all with anxious and drawn faces. "Still no sign of him?" Susan asked Neville, and he shook his head.

"There's people on the case. Outside the school. The usual crowd," he told her, not willing to use names in such a public space. Susan nodded, brow furrowing.

"That's good. Merlin... how could this happen? Harry's usually so *careful*. You've seen what his reflexes are like!"

Indeed, it had become a bit of a game for a while in the HA, trying to catch Harry off guard. Sending spells at all moments, from all angles — every time, Harry was too quick on the draw with a shield or just ducking out of the way. Neville knew he'd trained for it — now, thanks to Draco, he knew it was Snape who'd done most of the training — but that meant it had to have taken a hell of a lot of power to take him down in one spell.

"He was a bit preoccupied," Neville did point out; Draco had admitted that they'd both been sleepy and satisfied when they'd parted ways, that Harry might not have been at his most alert.

But Neville had seen Harry go from dead asleep to awake and fighting within seconds before. With the castle's awareness around him, even being addle-brained from orgasms wouldn't leave him that unguarded.

Then again, this was Dumbledore they were talking about. Even with the heirs taking the wards, he was still headmaster of Hogwarts, still connected to the castle. And he had been doing shady business around the school for longer than all four of the heirs had been alive.

"Have you Seen anything, Luna?" he asked in an undertone, but the Ravenclaw shook her head sadly.

"There's too many wrackspurts," she told him. "Things are so shrouded. So many paths it could take."

That, more than anything else, made Neville feel sick. A future so uncertain... it didn't bode well for Harry at all.

"Budge up." He turned — it was Ginny, and she had Draco with her, the blond's face drawn. "You need to eat something. Both of you."