

“He is safe,” Sirius repeated. “Much safer with only a small handful of people knowing where he is. Forgive me, Albus, but after everything that happened last summer, I’m not going to let you just toss Harry around wherever is most *convenient* for you. He’s at home, and he’ll be staying there all summer.”

“Do you mean you’re not living here, either, Black?” Moody barked. “You’re supposed to be our point of contact. Keeping Headquarters protected.”

“Which goes to prove my point exactly; if I need to be here at all times to *protect* this place, I wouldn’t consider that safe, would you?” Sirius retorted. “As long as the Fidelius holds here, it’ll be safe for meetings. But there’s far too many people coming and going for me to be sure Harry will be alright. And quite frankly, it’s none of your damn business where I house my godson.”

“You are not his legal guardian, Sirius,” Dumbledore reminded.

“Not yet, but I will be as soon as I’m free.” And Sirius wondered how much of the stalling around Pettigrew was secretly Dumbledore’s doing, trying to avoid Sirius getting free and reclaiming his proper place in society.

“I need to speak with Harry,” Dumbledore said again. Sirius stared him down coolly.

“I’ll let him know, and if he wants to meet with you, we can arrange something,” he replied. “Until then, I thought the whole point of the Order was that Harry doesn’t need to be involved. You lot all spent last year telling me he was too young and had to be protected, now you’re angry at me for doing exactly that!”

“If you show me this home of yours, so I can see those protections for myself—“

“No,” Sirius cut the headmaster off bluntly. “I’m allowing you the use of my family house for the Order, Albus, but you’ve got no right to my private home.”

Across the table, he caught the look of warning in Remus’ eyes — they didn’t want to show their hand too early. But there was no way Sirius was allowing Dumbledore anywhere near Seren Du.

“Harry is fine where he is, Albus,” Remus said calmly. “I can attest to that myself. Perhaps we should get back to the matter at hand? Is there anything we can do to help secure the Ministry?”

Kingsley took the topic and ran with it, launching into his own report on the traitors within the auror department, and how things were going in the muggle Prime Minister’s office where he was currently stationed. Sirius leaned back in his chair, knee pressed against Charlie’s under the table. When he looked up, Dumbledore was still frowning at him. Sirius resisted the urge to smirk.

There were more members of the Order on Harry’s side than Dumbledore’s, at this point. The headmaster had best watch his step.