

“I think that ship might’ve sailed, pup,” Sirius agreed dryly. “And to be honest, I think you might want to start making preparations for the whole thing to go under. I don’t know how long playing dumb is going to work for you.”

It was nothing Harry hadn’t thought himself, but it still made his stomach squirm anxiously.

“Snape says I should hold out to the end of the year,” he said. Sirius hummed.

“I think if you can manage it, that’d certainly be ideal. Only a couple months left now. But he’s going to figure out sooner or later that you’re throwing his charm on purpose, and then it’s just a matter of time before he learns you’ve lost the block.”

“If I can make it through fifth year, it’ll be a miracle,” Harry agreed sourly. “I know it’s coming, Sirius. I’m hoping I won’t have to deal with it for a while, but I’m aware it could happen any day now.” He’d like to get a little closer to being able to claim his Wizengamot seat before having to expose Dumbledore as the manipulative old man he was, but things rarely worked in Harry’s favour.

“Just be careful, pup,” Sirius said. “You’ve got a good crowd around you there, but that’ll be for nothing if Dumbledore gets to you first.”

“I know. I will,” Harry promised. “I just want to focus on getting through the tournament right now.”

He had enough on his plate without adding Dumbledore to the mix.