

attitude to get worse once Black became involved in his care.”

That set Sirius off again, and really, those two had far too much fun picking at each other.

“Why don’t I walk you out,” Remus said, pitching his voice loud enough to be heard over Sirius’ scathing tone. “Molly, thank you for dinner, it was lovely.” He turned the disappointed face back to Harry. “Cub, I expected better of you. Professor Snape is a guest here, and even in the summer he is still your teacher.”

Even knowing it was just a front, the tone still sent a squirm of guilt through Harry’s gut. But he went full throttle into teenage-angst, scoffing and shoving his chair back. “Whatever,” he muttered. “I’ll be in the library.”

He stalked from the kitchen, managing to make it all the way up to the privacy of the library before bursting into laughter. He didn’t have to wait long before the door opened, Remus and Snape slipping in and warding the door behind them.

“Brat,” Snape accused without heat, and Harry grinned at him.

“Don’t tell me you didn’t enjoy that.”

A flicker of a smile was the only answer the tall man gave.

“Yes, yes, very funny, both of you,” Remus said, rolling his eyes. “Honestly, I thought you were going to give Molly a heart attack, the way you two were carrying on. Sirius, too!” He eyed them both exasperatedly. “Sometimes I think I made a mistake in getting you all to befriend each other.”

“Too late,” Harry chirped, grinning. “Also, like the two of you can talk — frankly I’m astounded no one has realised the truth, all that flirting going on.”

That brought a blush to both their faces. “People see what they want to see,” Remus said, shrugging. “And no offence, Severus, but no one in that room wants to see even a hint of you having a sex life, let alone with me.”

Snape gave his partner a quick smirk, eyes burning. “Their loss.”

“Uh, hello, I’m still here, please stop,” Harry begged, knowing this was his punishment for being a sassy little shit in front of half the Order. “Back to business, please? Professor, did you manage to test them?”

The pair grew serious, Snape turning back to Harry. “Neither Mr Weasley nor Miss Granger are under any spells, compulsion or otherwise,” he confirmed quietly. Harry’s jaw tightened — the tiny fragment of hope he’d kept alive in his chest died.

“Right. Everything— that’s all them, then. They’re working for Dumbledore of their own will.”

“Likely he’s manipulated them into believing they’re helping you. Or, at the very least, helping the wizarding world at large,” Snape said. It made Harry feel a little better, but his