

knew a lot more than either of them about political machinations and how best to uncover them.

Between the three of them, they managed to write out a fairly large exposé of Albus Dumbledore's true crimes, as they pertained to one Harry James Potter — with the note that a full legal case against the ex-headmaster, including *other* crimes, was being assembled by Harry's lawyer and Amelia Bones.

"Will your aunt appreciate us naming her like this?" Harry asked warily. Susan gave a sharklike grin in response.

"Oh, she'd kill me if we didn't," came her cheerful reply. "She's safe as houses at the Longbottom's, and it'll be one hell of a feather in her cap once we're back to having a Ministry that actually cares about these sorts of things. She'll want to be at the head of the whole affair." She reached in with her quill, correcting a sentence regarding Dumbledore's belief that Harry had evil in him due to his brush with the Dark Lord. Harry was most wary of including that part — he didn't want Voldemort to catch wind of it and start making assumptions. Even though there was no longer a horcrux in Harry's scar, if Voldemort grew concerned... he might decide to go and check on the rest of his precious treasures.

Much better to paint it as the ramblings of an old man who decided to condemn a toddler to death before he reached maturity, just because he'd decided that was the way the world must be.

"Your lawyer is already in hiding, isn't she?" Draco checked, a small frown worrying at his lips. Harry nodded.

"Called Sirius about it just before Yule." It was the reason Vicky had stayed at school over Christmas — not that she seemed to have minded, considering how close her and Colin had grown over the break. Mr and Mrs Frobisher were safely at one of the smaller Black properties, a cottage off the coast of Devon. There were one or two others hiding out there with them, as far as he knew. With their known connection to Harry from the Rita Skeeter debacle, no one had wanted to risk them.

"Good. Then go ahead and name them, it'll give it more clout."

Harry's eyes were drawn to the cobalt blue tail of Draco's quill, resting lightly against the swell of his lower lip. It would be so tempting to knock it out of the way, replace that touch with his own mouth. As Draco leaned in to write something else, Harry's gaze trailed lower, down to where the sleeves of his green silk shirt were rolled up to his elbows, revealing porcelain-pale forearms dusted lightly with fine blond hair. His right hand held his quill, his left splayed on the table beside it, and for a while Harry fantasised about the ring in his room back home, how it might look sat on that fine-boned hand.

"—rry. Harry?" He snapped back to attention, blushing slightly under Susan's knowing gaze. "Come on, Harry. We just need to finish this up, then you can ogle your boyfriend all you like."