

“Vision,” Harry explained. “Apparently the Dark Lord’s idea of a perfect birthday present is torturing a bunch of innocent muggles on my behalf. No wonder he doesn’t have any friends.”

Draco snorted behind his teacup.

“Oh, pup, no.” Sirius’ face fell. “Are you alright?”

“Fine.” At least, he would be, once he could close his eyes without seeing that little girl’s terrified, bloodied face.

“Well. Moony and I had plans for you boys today, but if you’d rather postpone, that’s completely fine.”

“Plans? What plans?” Draco asked, narrowing his eyes. Sirius and Remus shared a small grin.

“We thought we’d take you to some of our old haunts, in muggle London. Obviously none of the over-eighteens places,” Sirius added quickly, eyes darting towards Narcissa. “But a couple of places we loved when we were your age. They’ve changed a bit, but they’re still worth a visit.”

Harry perked up a little — that sounded like the perfect distraction from the images swimming in his head. The prospect of showing Draco muggle London was bound to cheer him up.

“No, we can do that today,” he insisted. “I want to.”

Sirius brightened up. “Good. We’ll leave at around nine, then.”

Across the table, Snape set down his paper, eyeing Remus flatly. “You’re taking them to Infinite aren’t you,” he said, sounding resigned. Remus’ eyes twinkled.

“We are. Want me to bring you back anything? Or maybe something from the place next door?” he added teasingly.

“That dump is still in business?”

“Oi, watch what you’re calling a dump,” Sirius piped up in mock-offence. “I found some great stuff in that shop. And on second thought, please don’t ever tell me what you and Remus did or saw or bought in there, I don’t need those mental images.”

Harry had no idea what kind of shop they were talking about, but from the look on Sirius’ face, he could make a few good guesses.

Snape turned to Remus, smirking slowly. “I’ll give you a list,” he drawled, and Sirius groaned.

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