

His stomach squirmed uncomfortably. He didn't know how many of the Weasleys would take his side, or how many were loyal to Dumbledore. He already had a strong feeling that if he pushed Ron much further, it would make him snap.

"This summer should be enough to get you prepared," Remus told him. "Between the three of us, we should be able to give you a fairly good crash course in everything you'll need to know. Secrecy, defence, wizarding society; I know studying during the summer isn't the most fun, but Harry—"

"I want to learn," Harry cut him off with a wave of his hand. "Please, I want to learn everything I can." He'd be bored stiff if he couldn't do anything, and learning magic was great when it wasn't accompanied by three-foot-long essays.

"We'll discuss that more in the morning," Sirius suggested. "Figure out what you need to know, where you're at with everything. It's getting late."

The clock on the mantle said it was past eleven, and Harry suddenly realised how tired he was. It had been a hell of a day. He couldn't stifle the jaw-cracking yawn that escaped him. "Definitely bedtime," Sirius said with a grin, ruffling Harry's hair. "Come on, I'll show you your room. Where's your things?"

Snape held out Harry's shrunken trunk and owl cage, and Sirius resized them with a wave of his wand. They bobbed along behind the four as Sirius showed him up to the third floor of the house. "This is your room," he said, tapping on a door to his left. "I'm in that one at the end of the hall, and Moony's three doors down and to your right. Grab either of us, or Ceri, if you need anything."

"Where does Professor Snape sleep?" Harry asked curiously.

Sirius about doubled over laughing, and Remus' face turned a shocking shade of pink. Snape's pale cheeks went faintly red, and he coughed.

"Severus, ah— Severus is in with me, Harry," Remus volunteered, looking like he'd quite happily sink through the floor.

For a minute, Harry furrowed his brow — in a house that big, surely there were plenty of bedrooms? Then it dawned on him. A dim memory flickered through his brain, from back in the Shrieking Shack; *We didn't trust Moony 'cause of his boyfriend. Sorry, Moons.*

"Oh. *Oh!*" Harry felt his own cheeks heat up. "That— that's okay, in the wizarding world, then?" He'd heard more than a few rants from Uncle Vernon about *those people*, and heard all sorts of things about it on the telly. Then again, Vernon thought he was a freak too, yet he was perfectly normal in the wizarding world.

"People don't care about gender, much," Remus confirmed. Harry noticed now how close he was standing to Snape, their shoulders brushing ever so slightly. "Blood purity is more their issue. Society will care more that I'm a werewolf than that we're both men." He paused, glancing at the floor. "Is it... okay with you?"