

The stare Snape gave him was utterly unimpressed.

“Explain.”

Harry told him about Blaise and Susan’s idea, and the secret room the castle had shown him. “I’m just worried about people talking about it too much and letting it slip to someone they shouldn’t. Both the group itself, and the room in particular. They need to stay secret.”

Snape looked like he would very much like to go and investigate the Room of Requirement for himself. “Will any Slytherins be involved?”

“Some will,” Harry assured. “Some would like to but can’t, like Draco. But hopefully enough will join that they can take what they learn and teach it to those who can’t.” Blaise and Daphne would be able to pass on information to those who couldn’t be seen so publicly on Harry’s side.

The Slytherin’s lips pursed, something like approval in his eyes. “This is reckless, and very likely to get you expelled,” he pointed out evenly.

“I know, but I’m willing to take that risk.” If he could teach even a handful of students enough to protect themselves before Umbridge shut him down, it would be worth it.

“Just like your bloody mother,” Snape grumbled, making Harry beam. That was the biggest compliment the man could offer him, and they both knew it. “There’s a spell — more of a ritual, really. A combination of incantation and potion, soaked into a piece of parchment; it’s borderline dark, used by old families to keep contracts secure. Anyone who signs the parchment will not be able to discuss the contents of the parchment with anyone whose name is not also present.”

“What will it do to them if they try?” Harry asked warily, not wanting to cause any pain or potential disfigurement. He’d heard all sorts of horror stories from Sirius about magical contract breach.

“Wipe their memory of everything related to the terms of the contract. They won’t remember what they signed, who else signed it, any of the details — if yours is regarding your meetings, they won’t remember attending any once they break their oath.”

Harry shuddered, imagining having a huge chunk of his memory just *gone*. “Bit drastic.”

“Need I remind you what you are risking?” Snape pointed out sharply. “I believe that is far more reasonable a consequence than what Umbridge will do to you if you are discovered.”

“Fair point,” Harry conceded. “And I suppose if everyone’s trustworthy, it won’t be a problem.” If Snape was suggesting it, it was likely the best option. “Is it magic I can do under school wards?” The last thing he wanted was Dumbledore finding out.

“No. Give me ten days to brew the potion, and I’ll do the magic for you at home. The contract will need to be written before it’s soaked, so make sure you have *everything* covered.”