

The two boys sat, grinning and blushing at each other — completely unaware of the looks the adults were exchanging over their heads.

“Have you shown Draco your room yet, Harry?” Remus asked, and Harry shook his head.

“Not yet. We’ve been too busy flying.” He glanced over at his blond friend. “I can show you after lunch, if you’d like?” He’d never had a bedroom he was proud to show a friend before. “Oh, I should show you the library, too. It’s huge!”

“You’re getting worse than Granger,” Draco muttered, barely any malice in his tone. Harry stuck his tongue out. “And here I thought you were starting to be civilised.”

“You can only get so far with Gryffindors, Draco,” Snape told him. Remus snorted.

“May we be excused?” Harry asked, once he and Draco had both finished their cake. Draco could only stay until five, and Harry wanted to make the most of his time. They probably wouldn’t see each other again until school started, and then they’d have to pretend to be enemies again.

“Go ahead, pup.” Sirius ruffled Harry’s hair, and the two boys left the kitchen, Harry leading the way, carrying his present from Draco securely.

“Come on, it’s up here.” He turned off the stairs towards his room, slowing down so Draco could look around curiously.

“There’s no portraits,” he remarked. Harry shrugged.

“Sirius said it’s better that way. No chance of being spied on. I guess the Black family liked their secrecy.”

“Malfoy Manor has dozens of portraits. I can’t get away with *anything*,” Draco groused.

“There’s a couple that like me, but most of them just go straight to Father if I’m doing something I shouldn’t be.”

“Why doesn’t your mother just... leave? Get a divorce, or something?” Harry asked. Meeting Narcissa, hearing the way she spoke of her husband, it was clear she didn’t want to be married to him.

“It’s not that simple in the wizarding world. Divorce needs a good reason, and it needs to be approved by the head of the slighted party’s house. Unfortunately, the Black family doesn’t have one of those at the minute, legally. Besides, we’ve got nowhere to go. You don’t just say no to a man like Lucius Malfoy.” The twist of Draco’s lips was bitter, and Harry squeezed his arm sympathetically.

“We’ll find Pettigrew, and get Sirius’ name cleared. Then he can approve the divorce. I bet he’d even let you move in here, if you needed somewhere safe to live.” Harry couldn’t see Sirius letting Narcissa stay with such an awful husband if he could help it. He was always telling Harry how important family was to the Blacks.