

“Only if you hear him talk about keeping information away from me,” he said, unconcerned. “It has always been this way; I am his Potions Master, and his informant on Dumbledore — my position is too valuable to be risked with meaningless raids. Similarly, he believes me to reside at the castle over the summer, and I cannot be seen walking back and forth to the gates every night. I am summoned when I am needed, and do not involve myself with the rest.” A sneer tugged at his lips. “A fact that would have those such as Alastor Moody convinced that I am more of a burden than an asset.”

Harry scowled. “You’re more of an asset than he is; he’s bloody retired.”

The sneer turned into a smirk. “Quite.” He turned the page, then gave up on the paper entirely; he rarely had the patience for the whole *Prophet* before his first cup of coffee. “If anything is said that sounds like the Dark Lord is doubting me, then we shall make preparations. But until then, I can assure you this is entirely normal — under the circumstances, at least.”

Beside him, Remus was frowning, much as he did any time Snape described working for Voldemort as any semblance of ‘normal’.

“The only person who doubts you is Bellatrix, and she’s not exactly been herself lately,” Harry added with a flicker of amusement. Ever since Sirius had removed her from the Black family tree, Bellatrix seemed to have lost what little sanity she had left. Harry was amazed Voldemort put up with her raving and screeching — though she was very good at torturing, still, he supposed. After many late-night visions, he could attest to that personally.

“I’m more worried about how many meetings *you’re* getting invited to, intentionally or not,” Draco groused, his grey eyes surveying Harry fretfully. The Malfoys had only been living at Seren Du for a few days, but already it felt like they’d always lived there. “You’re barely getting three hours of sleep a night!”

“I’m fine,” Harry insisted, offering a smile. “I never slept much before, anyway.”

“Do I want to know how you’re aware of what sleep Harry is or isn’t getting, Draco, darling?” Narcissa asked with raised eyebrows, her face unmoving as her son blushed.

“I can hear him walk past my room to get a cup of tea in the middle of the night,” he explained defensively. Narcissa’s lips pursed, but she said nothing further. Harry thought he could see a glimmer of amusement in her gaze.

“There’s nothing I can do about the visions,” Harry pointed out with a shrug. “I keep my Occlumency barriers up, but it doesn’t stop me getting dragged into his mind. And sleeping potions aren’t a long term solution.” He was used to it, at this point. Used to functioning on very little sleep after years at the Dursleys’. Sure, it would be nice to sleep the whole night through every night, but honestly at this point Harry would probably wake up at four in the morning anyway, just out of habit.

Draco didn’t look convinced. Harry reached over to squeeze his hand with what he hoped was a reassuring smile. He could handle it. And if his visions helped save lives, he’d put up with them even if they were making him struggle.