

They were due to practice apparating again with Sirius, who thankfully seemed in much better spirits than the day before. So, after breakfast, the three of them went out into their usual spot in the woods; both Harry and Draco had managed to apparate at least once, with the circles so close together, and today Sirius was going to move them a little further apart. Harry just hoped his godfather was right about it getting easier after the first time.

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By lunch time, they had succeeded in apparating three more times each without anyone getting splinched, and Sirius promised to start them on destinations they couldn't see next time they practiced. So it was on a high that Harry returned to the house, and Remus floated a letter his way when he walked into the kitchen. "This came for you, about half an hour ago."

Harry frowned, tearing the envelope open. "It's from Cassius."

Draco appeared at his shoulder with concern, leaning in to read the letter as well.

*Dear Harry,*

*I'm sure you've seen the paper. I don't know if your friend Tonks told you, but my uncle and cousin were two of the Death Eaters convicted in the group that escaped. My other cousin died in the attack. I'm the last eligible heir to the Warrington seat.*

*There's a Wizengamot meeting in a week. I'm going to claim my seat. If I do that, they can't take it away from me, no matter what happens. But I am not nearly as politically powerful as Lady Malfoy, so I fear I cannot do this without bringing quite a high level of wrath down on myself.*

*That isn't going to stop me, but I may need sanctuary. I'll do my best to convince the Dark Lord I am aligned with his views, though I will continue to avoid the Mark for as long as I can. With any luck, I can toe the line, but I'll be honest I don't see it lasting long.*

*I just wanted to prepare you — and if you happen to get one of those handy visions of yours in time to tell me to run, a warning would be greatly appreciated.*

*See you soon, but hopefully not too soon,*

*Cassius*

*P.S. Oliver sends his love, and says to hurry up and end the war so he can have the quidditch pitch wedding of his dreams. I asked him, he said yes.*

Harry was grinning by the end of the letter, even though the rest of the contents was slightly alarming. "Sirius, Narcissa?" he started, looking up at the pair, "you two are going to be at the Wizengamot meeting next week, right?"

"We were certainly planning on it," Narcissa confirmed. "Is there a reason we shouldn't?"

"No, no — a reason you should, actually. Cassius Warrington is going to take his seat — apparently his uncle and cousin are two of the Azkaban escapees from this morning. So he's