

“I love you.”

“I love you, too. I’ll see you soon.” Then, before Sirius could try and talk him out of going, Harry cut the connection. He sank down onto his bed, running a hand through his hair. After one long, shaky breath, he squared his jaw and got to his feet.

He had work to do.

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Harry wasn’t expecting to be grabbed by Neville as soon as he stepped out of the portrait hole. “What? Nev, where are we going?” Harry had places to be!

Neville ignored him, dragging him down the corridor and into the Room of Requirement, where Harry’s jaw dropped at the sight of the entire group of heirs, plus Ginny. “What the hell?”

“What did you see, Harry?” Ginny asked, brown eyes intent. Harry was taken-aback.

“I— you know I had a vision?”

Blaise scoffed. “Please, everyone knows what it means when you start screaming and clawing at your scar like it’s trying to murder you,” he pointed out. “What is it? What’s he up to?”

Harry swallowed hard. “He’s planning to take the Ministry. Tonight.” They didn’t need to know about the fake torture of Sirius.

Gasps rang through the room.

“There’s something he wants there, something he needs me for. But I’m just the icing on the cake. He’s been putting his people in place, and with Dumbledore out of the way he thinks he can take the Ministry tonight.”

“So we’re going to stop them, right?” To Harry’s surprise it was Neville who spoke, hand clenched around his wand.

“I don’t expect anyone to come with me. But I wouldn’t say no to some assistance.” Harry saw the uneasy glances passed around several of the heirs; it was one thing to train for some vague ‘future fight’, and another thing entirely to actively seek out Death Eaters. “I should be getting back-up, but I don’t know how long it’ll take them to be notified.”

Neville and Ginny shared a look, then stepped forward. “We’re coming,” Ginny told him, her face daring him to argue.

“I’m coming, too,” Luna agreed, kissing Daphne’s cheek and moving to stand beside Ginny.

When Harry looked to the rest of the group, he saw Draco step forward. “No,” Harry said immediately. “I’m not letting you fight your father.”