

The lynx faded, leaving behind a horrified silence. Then, Snape stood.

“I’ll get my kit,” he declared. “Charlie, Remus, I’ll need you two with me.”

“I need to go to the Manor,” Narcissa said, frowning. “Draco, darling, you too — we may have some new arrivals and I could use an extra wand.”

Draco nodded, following his mother without hesitation.

“I’ll go to Grimmauld; the Order is bound to gather once they realise what’s happened,” Sirius decided. “Sorry, Ceri; looks like cake will have to wait.”

The house elf’s ears drooped slightly.

“Remus, I’m coming with you guys,” Harry insisted, turning plaintive eyes on the werewolf. “I’m not sitting here all alone. I can be useful.” Kingsley had said *we*, but not said how many that counted. Or how many were in need of medical care.

Remus frowned at him, then gave a short nod. “Fine, I don’t have time to argue with you. But if it looks like there’s going to be *any* danger, you apparate back here, okay? I know you’re capable of it.”

Harry nodded; he wasn’t stupid.

Snape didn’t look completely surprised to find Harry striding out of the house alongside them, merely adjusting his satchel on his shoulder and disapparating as soon as he hit the ward boundary. Remus grabbed Harry for the trip — Harry had never actually been to the Den.

It was the name they used for Remus’ cottage, not that the werewolf had lived there for quite some time now. But it was a good stopping point for people who did not know the secret of Grimmauld or the Pottery, and could not be trusted to Seren Du. Though Harry wasn’t sure why they’d gone there instead of Longbottom Manor. Susan would want to know her aunt was safe.

Harry’s stomach churned as he hurried down the path behind Snape, unsure what they might find in there.

Kingsley met them at the door, looking grim. “This way,” he directed, heading straight into a cosy living room. Harry walked straight into Charlie’s back as the dragon tamer stopped dead in the doorway.

“Percy!”

Wide-eyed, Harry peered past Charlie; sure enough, Percy Weasley was lying on the floor, dangerously pale and holding a blood-soaked rag to his side. Beside him, Amelia Bones was unconscious, with strange black marks like veins stretching across her face and neck. Snape swore, going straight to the woman, opening his satchel. Remus went to his side, waiting for instruction, and the movement jolted Charlie out of his stupor — he hurried to kneel at his brother’s side.