

sympathetic. Cassius remembered her, now — she was the daughter of the disowned Black sister. Recently re-instated, if he recalled correctly.

She probably was a friend of Harry's then.

"Do I need to do anything? Testify, or... claim the body?" His voice cracked, just a little. Tonks shook her head.

"No; Mr Yaxley's father is being notified as we speak, and we expect him to deal with those affairs. And... testimony isn't needed, not after what they were caught doing." There was a look of disgust in the auror's eyes, and Cassius grimaced. He didn't want to know. "I'm just here to inform you; you're Lord Warrington's heir, according to our records... Minister Scrimgeour wants a quick trial — I'm afraid there won't be time for you to see your uncle or cousin before they're sentenced and transferred. It'll all be done by Monday." Her gaze grew pointed. "So if there's any family business you need to attend to, once that happens..."

She trailed off, and Cassius' chest tightened.

Family business. Heir.

As soon as his uncle was sentenced, he could become Lord Warrington.

"I— thank you, Auror Tonks, for letting me know." He cleared his throat, trying to regain some kind of composure, even as the gathering swell of emotion inside him clawed its way up his chest. "I don't want to see them. Or give them a message. Or— or anything." He could tell them to rot in hell, but that was hardly polite to pass through a member of law enforcement.

"Good to know." Auror Tonks nodded decisively. "I'll leave you to your weekend, then, Mr Warrington. I'm sorry for disturbing you." She headed for the door, and paused on the threshold, concern colouring her gaze. "I— you should contact someone. If you can. And stay safe." She frowned slightly. "You-Know-Who won't like losing that kind of power. Be careful. You know where you can go, if you need help?"

Cassius gave a jerky nod. "Harry has it covered." He didn't care if he was giving away too much — this auror was practically Harry's cousin, and she certainly didn't seem surprised to hear it.

"Good." She nodded again. "I'll see myself out."

She did, and as soon as the door shut behind her, there was a flicker of magic and Oliver appeared at Cassius' side, his face wary. "Cass, love?" he broached tentatively, one hand coming to rest on Cassius' back. "Are you... okay?"

Cassius sucked in a deep breath. And then another. And another. "I—" He shook his head, and suddenly he was laughing. Laughing and crying all at once, and then he was swept up in Oliver's wonderful, muscular arms, cradled against his big chest, and Cassius wept.