

Chapter 47

Chapter Notes

Little later than usual, sorry, I am having A Day :)))) However I'm very glad to see that after the last chapter y'all are on board with one particular direction this fic is going~ Enjoy!

When he woke up, he knew the fast-fading dream had not been his own.

There was a certain *feeling*, to a Voldemort dream. A slick, oily sensation, much like the feel of foreign magic stuck to his own. But more than that, it was the same endless corridor with the same locked door. His head ached even as he shook it off, but he already knew he wasn't going to tell anyone. Especially not Sirius. No point in worrying him right before they said goodbye.

Harry found out about the whole boggart debacle once he made it downstairs. Guilt squirmed in his stomach — apparently, it had initially appeared as Bill's dead body, and since the curse-breaker was up in Harry's room, Mrs Weasley hadn't realised it was a boggart at first. But it wasn't his fault Bill was upstairs, and they'd all sorted it in the end. Mrs Weasley was fine, if a little pale.

It certainly didn't stop her shouting up and down the stairs all morning, herding her children through the pre-Hogwarts routine. Everyone had given up trying to close the drapes on Mrs Black, and after stealing some breakfast Harry avoided the chaos the best he could — his trunk was packed, Hedwig's empty cage resting on top of it, and she would meet him at school once she'd retrieved his owl-order of school books.

“Alright, pup?” Sirius snuck in, wincing from the volume of the chaos in the hall. “You about ready?”

“As I'll ever be,” he confirmed. “The others aren't, I take it.”

Sirius gave him a lopsided grin. “What gave you that idea?” He snickered, shaking his head. “Y'know, I thought about coming with you — as Padfoot, of course. But Moony pointed out that bloody Wormtail has probably given all our secrets away to his *master*,” he sneered viciously. “Last thing I need is to be recognised by Death Eaters. So, ah, I'll have to say goodbye here.”

Harry strode across the room, hugging him tight. “I wish you could come see me off.” Every year, he watched kids hugging their parents before boarding the train, heart aching with envy. The Weasleys just weren't the same as having people there only for him.