

Chapter 72

Chapter Notes

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Sirius, as soon as he got off the mirror with Harry, scrambled for his wand.

He wasn't sure if this would work, but he was willing to give it a try.

It took a minute to pull together a happy memory enough for a Patronus, but with his heart full of red hair and laughing blue eyes, it came far quicker than expected. And took form, which was something it hadn't done since he was twenty years old. Sirius gaped at the large silver bear in front of him, waiting patiently.

Oh, Charlie, he thought to himself, heart clenching. He couldn't remember what it had been before, but it hadn't been a bear.

He pushed the realisation away, remembering his original intent. "Go to Remus Lupin," he told the bear. "Tell him; end your fight now, a bigger one is coming. It involves our pup."

The bear nodded, then gambolled off through the wall, and Sirius tried to send as much of his love and happiness with it as possible, hoping it would make it to wherever Remus was. Wherever the Order was.

Then he could do nothing but wait. He killed some time, changing out of his muggle clothes and into some duelling robes. He tied his hair back, then loosened it, then re-tied it again. He made a sandwich. He paced up and down the kitchen while eating said sandwich.

The clock on the wall ticked away, and every minute felt like *days*.

More than ever, Sirius hated his criminal status. It was bad enough seeing the Order go out and save lives and having to just stay home, but to know his *pup* was heading into danger with no more than just a few of his school friends to aid him... it was almost enough to send Sirius to the Ministry, with or without assistance. But that wouldn't help Harry. One man against however many Death Eaters, possibly Voldemort himself, would not help Harry.

Sirius took a steadying breath, reminding himself that Harry was surprisingly well-trained for a fifteen year old, that his friends had been practicing defensive magic all year.

Just as he was gearing up to send another Patronus, the crack of apparition rang through the hall. Sirius turned, seeing Remus come running into the kitchen, eyes glowing gold. The moon had only been the night before, and the wolf was closer to the surface than ever. "What's happening with Harry?" he asked urgently.

"Where's the rest of the Order?"

Remus shook his head. "Still fighting. There were more Death Eaters than we anticipated, it turned into a bit of a shitshow. Everyone's alright," he added at the alarm on Sirius' face.