

“Nothing we can’t heal. And it’s almost over. Kingsley tried to summon the on-call aurors but of course they’re bloody useless. The Death Eaters seem to be clearing out soon enough. Now, Sirius, what was that message about? Frightened the bloody life out of me! Where’s Harry?”

“The raid was a diversion,” Sirius relayed. “Harry had a vision. Voldemort’s going for the Ministry, tonight.”

The colour drained from Remus’ face. “Harry’s going after him, isn’t he?” His voice was knowing.

Sirius nodded grimly. “Yup. So you’d better get back to the Order and tell them to hurry the fuck up if they want to save this damned country.”

He had a lot of faith in his godson, but there was only so much one teenage boy could do. Still, he called Harry’s name into the two-way mirror, hoping to confirm his godson was safe while he waited for back-up.

There was no response.

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It took far too long in Sirius’ opinion for the Order to gather at Grimmauld Place. It wasn’t even the full contingent; Dumbledore was off farting around somewhere or another, not that Sirius really gave a fuck, but he’d taken Vance and Moody with him.

That turned out to be a pretty good thing, actually; there was far less arguing without the three of them around.

“Harry and some students have gone. I don’t know who,” he added at the look of horror on every Weasley face in the room. “And I don’t know how many. But I promised we’d send back-up as soon as possible.”

“I don’t understand how they got into the Ministry to begin with,” Arthur Weasley murmured, and Kingsley let out a bitter chuckle. He had blood on his robes, betraying his earlier battle; all of them looked a little worse for wear, honestly. Sirius hoped they were up for another.

“They’ve been worming their way in for months, Arthur. Bloody Malfoy greasing palms all over the place. But I’ll admit, I didn’t think they were at quite this stage.”

“They’ve blind-sided us all,” Remus cut in bluntly. “But that doesn’t matter. We need to get to the Ministry, fast.”

“Shouldn’t we have some sort of plan?” Hestia Jones asked. Sirius glared at her.

“Can’t plan for what we don’t know,” he pointed out. “We’ve no idea of numbers, but with Harry involved there’s a high chance Voldemort himself will be there.” Several people flinched.