

“I think that is enough for today,” Dumbledore declared over the chaos, waiting for silence to fall. “As difficult as it is to trust Harry’s visions, knowing where they come from, we must continue to take advantage of this information — at least for now, while it appears to be accurate.”

Sirius snarled silently; was he implying that Harry may start giving them false information, soon?

With the meeting dismissed, everyone started to go their separate ways. Sirius turned to Charlie, ready to leave — only to hear his name called in that infuriating too-calm voice.

“Yes, Albus?” he asked through gritted teeth, turning to smile at the elderly headmaster. Dumbledore reached into a pocket of his robes, pulling out a thick envelope.

“I’m afraid I had some trouble addressing young Harry’s booklist, and I thought it might be easier to just hand it over in person.” He chuckled quietly. “Or as close to it, with you keeping Harry tucked away so safely all summer! Here,” he handed over the letter, “I trust you will make sure this gets to him in time. Please do send him my regards, won’t you?”

Sirius took the letter, fingers tingling from the magic seeped into the parchment. He fought back a scowl. “I’ll pass it on,” he confirmed. Dumbledore smiled genially, clasping his hands together.

“Wonderful. Well, I shall see you at the next meeting, then.”

He left, not even bothering to ask Sirius for a meeting with Harry, which was even more suspicious. Charlie was lingering in the doorway with concern in his eyes, and Sirius jerked his head towards the stairs — he wasn’t going anywhere until he’d taken a proper look at that letter.

“Trouble addressing it my arse,” he muttered, once they were shut away securely in the drawing room. “Trouble *seeing* the address, more like.” Harry had no trouble getting post from anyone else; even his OWL results had made it fine. The only way Dumbledore would have had trouble was if he was trying to glean the address of the Unplottable building from the magic involved in addressing and sending school letters.

“Do I need to call Bill back?” Charlie asked, but Sirius shook his head, drawing his own wand.

“Nah, I think I know what this is.” He grew up with incredibly paranoid parents; Sirius knew what tracking charms felt like.

Sure enough, a few diagnostic spells revealed at least four different trackers embedded in the letter, and with a growl Sirius dismantled them all.

Charlie edged closer, chest pressing against Sirius’ shoulder as he eyed the parchment warily. “Should we open it and copy it for Harry, or...?”