

The boy's hazel eyes were alert as they met Sirius'.

"I need you to go to Professor Snape," Sirius told him, watching him gape. "I promise you, he's not what you think he is. He's on our side."

Neville bit his lip, visibly conflicted. "I... I heard Amelia say he saved her life, when the Ministry fell."

"He did. He's the only damn adult I trust at that school these days — and if you knew what we were like as students, you'd know how big a deal that is," Sirius added with a bitter twist of his lips. "Go to Snape. Tell him about Harry. If anyone there can help you, it's him. I'll... I'll raise the alarm here." He'd figure it out, somehow. They would figure it out.

Harry wouldn't be missing for long, not on his watch.

"Keep the mirror with you!" he added, before Neville could cut the connection. "Be safe, kid."

Neville nodded, and the mirror went blank.

Sirius barely resisted the urge to throw the fucking thing across the room.

He hurried into the main hall, heart pounding in his chest. "Remus!" he yelled, pushing magic in his voice to carry through the whole house, tugging at the wards in his mind to track the man down. Was he even home? He could have gone out. Narcissa was out, he knew that much — over at the Manor, dealing with her secret stash of refugees. Was Remus at the Pottery?

How long had Harry been gone?

"Remus!" he called again, more urgently this time. He started up the stairs, and halted when he saw the werewolf come out of the library.

"Padfoot, what's the matter?"

"Harry's missing." Sirius explained the conversation he'd just had, watching the blood drain from his best friend's face.

"Neville's an heir, same as Harry is," Remus pointed out. "If Harry's still in the castle, he'll find him."

Sirius wondered which of them the werewolf was trying to reassure. "And if he's not in the castle?"

Remus' face hardened. "Then it's up to us." His eyes flashed gold for the briefest moment. "Call Tonks and Kingsley. I'll go talk to the twins, see if they might have anything to help."

Sirius nodded, but before he could turn away Remus had him bundled in a crushing hug. "*We will not lose him, Sirius,*" he declared strongly. Sirius gripped him tight in return, just for a moment, hoping desperately that could be true.