

Waiting a while, until Vernon's loud snores drifted from the master bedroom, Harry sat up in bed. "Ceri," he called quietly. The house elf appeared immediately. She had a tea tray in her hands; a cup of tea, two of his favourite chocolate biscuits, and a plate of toast with the cherry jam he liked.

"If Master Harry is wanting a bigger breakfast, Ceri can cook," she began, but Harry waved her off with a smile.

"This is perfect, thanks, Ceri." He doubted he could stomach much more. Guilt coiled in him like acid, making him nauseous every time he thought about Dudley. "Is anyone home, Ceri? Or are they all with the Order?"

"Seren Du is being empty — everyone is at the other house, sir. Mister Remus gave Ceri this to give to Master Harry." She pulled a folded piece of parchment from the pocket of her pinafore dress.

*Cub,*

*The Order is a bit blindsided with this whole mess. Currently trying to figure out the next step. With any luck, they'll agree to move you here soon. Sit tight, I'll be in touch when we know more. We love you.*

*Moony*

He sighed, letting the note flutter to the mattress. More waiting, then. "Thanks, Ceri."

Ceri bowed, then disappeared, leaving Harry alone with his breakfast. He dunked a biscuit in his tea, careful not to let it break.

Hopefully he would be saved soon, whichever way it happened. He couldn't stand being in Privet Drive for long.

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Luckily, Harry only had to wait until early that afternoon — he was just debating with himself whether to risk a bathroom run, when Ceri appeared in his room, bringing Remus with her. The werewolf immediately strode to Harry's side, wrapping him up in a tight hug. "I'm so sorry, cub," he murmured. Harry leaned into the embrace.

"I didn't even like Dudley," he argued feebly. Remus pulled back just enough to shoot him a knowing look.

"That doesn't mean his death doesn't hurt," he replied. Dropping a kiss on Harry's hair, he straightened up. "The Order has been trying to push the Ministry into properly investigating, but it seems to be a lost cause. Since no one magical was harmed, and the dementor has been returned to Azkaban, they seem to be done with the matter." His opinion of that was clear on his face.

"I expected as much. Do we know who did it yet?" He couldn't shake Draco's worry that Lucius was responsible. He'd spoken to his boyfriend again before going to sleep, just to