

have absolutely no intention of letting Umbridge enjoy her new position,” he added with a devilish smirk.

“And if we leave, at least we know you’re here to look out for Ginny. And Ron, too, I suppose,” George said.

“I’ll do what I can,” Harry promised. “For Blaise, too.” George’s face softened; Harry knew how much the redhead worried about the dangerous line his Slytherin boyfriend was walking.

“He told me about the sanctuary offer,” George revealed. “You bleeding heart, Potter.”

Harry just grinned. “You know me; saving people is what I do,” he joked. “The offer is open to you, too, y’know. If anything happens — with your mum, or Dumbledore, or if Death Eaters come after you. I’ll always have somewhere safe for you to go.”

Each of them laid a hand on one of his shoulders, squeezing gently. “We know, little brother,” Fred assured. “But don’t you worry about us. We’ve got more than just silly little tricks up our sleeves.” He winked, and then they were gone, halfway across the common room before Harry could even blink.

There were only two and a half months left of term. Harry wondered what the twins had planned, that they didn’t think they could last that much longer.

He couldn’t wait to find out.

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Charlie straightened his robe nervously, and Bill slapped his hand away for the dozenth time. “You’re making it worse,” the eldest Weasley boy said, shooting his brother a look. “Calm down. It’ll be fine.”

This was, perhaps, not the best timing to be doing this. Then again, as Bill had pointed out the night before, the timing was only going to get *worse*. With Dumbledore out of Hogwarts, Fudge would only get more vehement in his desire to stamp out Dumbledore supporters within the Ministry.

But Dumbledore leaving the school had been of benefit to them, as it meant their dad had been able to sit down with the headmaster and discuss the possibility of his two eldest sons taking up their civic responsibilities. Dumbledore, believing Bill and Charlie to be just as dedicated to him as their father was, had given his blessing on the matter.

So now, they were here. Waiting outside the Wizengamot chambers for the door to open, Charlie feeling like he was going to overheat in the stuffy dress robe Bill had forced him into. Merlin, he *hated* formalwear.

At last, the door clicked ajar, beckoning their entry. Charlie took a deep breath, steadied himself, and fell into stride behind his brother.

The Wizengamot chamber was intimidating to say the least. Even with barely half the seats full thanks to the number of proxies between Lucius Malfoy and Albus Dumbledore, seeing