

Thinking back, Harry realised the man was right; it had been at least a week since his last vision. In his determination to be prepared for school to return, he hadn't noticed; merely been thankful for getting decent amounts of sleep.

"I... what does that mean?" Harry asked helplessly. Voldemort had known about the connection between them since he had used the false vision to try and lure Harry to the Ministry — had it taken him this long to realise that Harry could see into his mind even when uninvited? Was he using the same methods as Harry, now, to keep his side of the connection closed?

Did he know what the connection meant?

"It means I need to call Bill," Charlie declared, blue eyes daring Harry to argue with him. "We're taking you to Gringotts. Tonight."

Harry opened his mouth to protest, but his words quickly died; if Voldemort was going to block him out so thoroughly, what was the use in maintaining the link?

"Charlie's right, cub," Remus said, squeezing his shoulder. "If he knows how to block you, he might figure out the rest. We can't have that. Best to cut the link now to avoid the risk." He looked at Harry knowingly. "You couldn't help anyone anyway, if he's blocking you out now. The only things you'll see are things he wants you to see."

Harry's shoulders slumped; they were right, and he knew it, but it still felt like a failure to admit it. His visions had been the one thing that made him feel like he wasn't completely useless in this fight, tucked away behind the wards of Seren Du.

"I'm not going to ask what you're talking about," Kingsley cut in, frowning slightly. "It's not my business. But if you need to talk to Bill, you'd best move quickly; Merlin only knows what Albus will ask of the Order in the wake of all this."

Charlie nodded. "Perce, have you got somewhere safe to go?"

"I have my flat," Percy started, but Charlie shook his head.

"You live alone, that won't slide with me, kid. Come on, you can crash with Bill and Fleur for the night."

Charlie hauled his younger brother up to his feet, and the pair of them left the living room; a few moments later, Harry heard the whoosh of the floo.

There was silence, and then Kingsley let out a long sigh, sinking down into a nearby armchair. "Well, I think it's safe to say I won't be going in to work tomorrow," he remarked, and Harry let out a snort, even as fear tangled in his belly.

Voldemort finally had control of the Ministry. Where did they go from there?

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