

“Well, I can’t say much for what happened after the Ministry got involved,” Remus said, shrugging. “I got Sirius out of there as soon as we got notice that aurors were on the way. Kingsley took care of the whole situation, from what I’ve heard. Made sure to send aurors he trusted to sweep the whole department for any stray Death Eaters you lot had left trussed up like turkeys.” He gave Harry a teasing glance.

“Hey, you’re the ones who taught me to disarm and incapacitate as quickly as possible,” Harry defended. “I just passed that information along.”

“There’s going to be an Order meeting this evening,” Snape cut in. “To discuss the impact of last night, and how to move forward. Already we are hearing reports of neutral families fleeing the country, now that the Dark Lord’s return is public.”

Harry’s amusement died quickly. “We need to get the sanctuary plan in motion,” he said, and Remus nodded.

“Sirius is going to come here in the morning and take you to the Pottery,” he relayed. “It shouldn’t take long for you to claim the blood wards. We can go from there.”

“Will it be safe, for me to leave?”

“Have you seen the state of the school, Potter?” Snape pointed out. “Albus will have far more important things on his mind.”

“He wants to talk to me, alone,” Harry said with a grim look. “Avoiding him for the rest of the week is going to be a pain in the arse.” If he could manage it, if he could just make it to summer, he would be in the clear.

“You’re no longer hiding your magic,” Remus said, “or your knowledge. Do whatever you can; he won’t want to risk making a move in front of the rest of the school.”

“You have the staff singing your praises, that should help keep him out of your hair,” Snape added, eyeing Harry shrewdly. “Apparently since you burned the secrecy contract, members of your little club have been quite proudly telling their teachers who taught them the advanced magic they’ve been using to help clean up Umbridge’s mess.”

Harry’s cheeks went hot. “Oh.”

“You’re beginning to gain a reputation,” the Slytherin informed him. “I’m sure Albus is *thrilled*.”

That made both Remus and Harry snort. “Well, as long as I’m allowed to piss him off, now; might as well do it properly,” Harry remarked dryly. “Oh, that reminds me.” He reached into his pocket and pulled out the Prophecy orb. Both men froze.

“You said that was smashed,” Remus breathed.

“Did I?” Harry’s expression was entirely Slytherin. “How silly of me.”