

‘Everything else’ was a very broad way of referring to the absolute shitshow that was the Ministry currently. There was no sign of a new Minister yet, and everyone was reeling from the discovery of just how many influential Ministry employees were actually Death Eaters and now either dead or in Azkaban thanks to Harry and his friends. The whole thing was a mess, and it infuriated Harry watching known Dumbledore sycophants try and fill the gaps, praising the headmaster for seeing off Voldemort’s attack like he’d been in any way useful for more than about five minutes.

“You say that, but *everything else* will just have me sat here waiting for the rest of you to get home,” Harry pointed out mulishly. He knew it made sense, but that didn’t mean he had to like being kept out of the fight when he’d been training so hard for just that. Remus sighed.

“Considering you’re still underage, yes, it will. I don’t know who the new Minister will be, but if it’s another Fudge, you’ll have to be even more careful than before,” he warned, making Harry scowl.

“So what else *can* I do this summer?” he asked, not wanting to upset himself with the prospect of another incompetent Minister.

“You can rest,” came Remus’ immediate response. “Harry, cub, you’ve had a hell of a year. You need to take some time to relax and recover from it, while you’re safe.”

“Voldemort isn’t *relaxing*,” Harry snapped.

“Perhaps not, but he certainly isn’t trying to do everything himself,” Remus retorted without missing a beat. “He’s got his minions for that.”

A pause, then Harry snorted. “Are you saying you lot are my minions?”

Remus’ lips twitched amusedly. “I’m saying that you need to give yourself a break. But honestly, minion isn’t far off,” he teased, and Harry aimed a half-hearted scowl his way.

It wasn’t that he didn’t want to relax. He did, *desperately*, after Umbridge and OWLs and the battle at the Ministry. But he couldn’t shake that feeling that as soon as he let himself rest for ten minutes, the whole world would fall to shit.

“Summer is the only time I can actually learn useful things without having to sneak around to learn them, Moony,” he insisted. “I need to take advantage of it while I can.”

“Oh, it’s that time of year again, is it?” The voice had Harry scrambling out of his chair, beaming at the dark-haired figure in the doorway.

“Sirius!” He hurried forward, wrapping his godfather in a tight hug. He’d been at Grimmauld since Harry had left school.

Sirius hugged him, kissing his hair. “Good to see you, pup.”

When Harry stepped back, he saw the shock of red hair just past Sirius’ shoulder. “Hi, Charlie.”