

Percy looked mildly offended that his brother was somehow on first name terms with Amelia Bones. Nonetheless, he reached into a pocket of his robe, pulling out a stack of shrunken files. "I hope I didn't bleed on them," he fretted, setting them aside to resize. His hands shook violently, crumpling the parchment. "They're in a shorthand form I created. I'll have to translate."

"You can do that later," Charlie scolded with a smile, ruffling Percy's short curls. "Once you've had some sleep. Hey, Harry, can you see if there's a Blood Replenisher in Severus' bag?"

Harry hurried to kneel by the bag, digging through for the familiar crimson potion without disturbing Snape's actions.

"Why did Severus come with you, anyway?" Kingsley asked, eyeing the man as he finally lowered his wand, flexing his shoulders. "I thought you were all at home."

Harry froze, meeting Charlie's panicked gaze. "He's Draco's godfather," he blurted, thinking quickly. "He came to have dinner before school starts back up."

Kingsley frowned slightly, but nodded.

"She will live," Snape declared, sitting back on his heels. "She will be weak for the next few days, and should avoid doing too much magic. But she will live."

Kingsley visibly relaxed. "Thank Merlin. We can't lose Amelia, not after losing Scrimgeour too. Thank you, Severus."

Snape just nodded. "Mr Weasley, do you have any other injuries?"

Percy became a deer in the headlights under Snape's gaze, but he shook his head. "Uh, no, sir."

"Good." The Potions Master got to his feet, picking up his satchel. "I should get to Headquarters. Albus will want to know why I was not *informed* of this development," he said with a sneer, giving Remus a quick glance that spoke volumes before he squeezed past Kingsley and left the room.

His words triggered something in Harry's mind — or, rather, pointed out the glaring *lack* of something. "I didn't feel it," he realised, heart sinking. "This whole time — I didn't have a vision or anything. And I can't feel his emotions." Voldemort would be happy — happier than he was even when he had broken his most loyal out of Azkaban. And yet there was no overwhelming feeling of triumph in Harry's chest, not even a buzz of satisfaction. His scar didn't ache, his head wasn't pounding, his vision wasn't blurring like he was about to drop into a vision at any time.

Nothing.

"Perhaps he's finally started blocking you?" Remus suggested, mouth a thin line. "You haven't had any sort of vision in a while, now, have you?"