It was like a plug had been pulled in the room, the tension draining visibly. "Thank Merlin," Charlie said hoarsely. Then he pushed his chair back, eyes a little too wide. "Breakfast, then? I'll get the eggs on." He reached for the frying pan on the stove, fumbling and nearly dropping it. In an instant, Sirius was up beside him, hands on the redhead's shoulders.

"Let me take care of it," the animagus said, voice soft. "Go hug your mum."

Charlie looked back at his mum and siblings, nodding jerkily. "If you're sure."

Harry eagerly approached the stove to help, desperate to have something to do that wasn't sitting in the miasma of grief and relief that surrounded the Weasley family. They might call him their brother, but he was not one of them. And with his feelings still very mixed regarding Mrs Weasley, he didn't want to intrude.

Between the pair of them, he and Sirius managed to cook enough breakfast for everyone. But when Harry went to get plates to dish it all up, he found himself wrapped in a rib-crushing embrace. "Thank you, Harry," Mrs Weasley breathed emphatically. "If not for you, they might not have found Arthur for hours. By then… well, I don't like to think what would've happened."

His stomach squirmed guiltily — even now, he wanted to yell at the woman, to ask if this too was a lie, to demand why she had stolen from his vaults and helped Dumbledore manipulate him and whatever else she might know. But at the same time he wanted to sink into her hug, overjoyed that Mr Weasley was going to be okay, that he'd managed to help.

"I'm just glad he's alright," he said wearily, stepping awkwardly out of her embrace. "I— I need to get the plates."

He wasn't even that hungry, nor was he particularly in the mood to celebrate, but everyone else was so high on relief and lack of sleep that Harry couldn't get away. So he sat there, picking at his eggs, trying to rid himself of the taste of blood in his mouth.

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Harry had never been to St Mungo's before.

He had expected the wizarding hospital to be somewhere by Diagon Alley, but instead it was just past Bond Street station. Seeing the bustling crowd of muggles out Christmas shopping was jarring, and Harry stopped for a moment just to stare — until Moody grabbed him firmly by the shoulder and shoved him forward.

He'd managed to sleep, some; with visiting hours not until the afternoon, Sirius had suggested everyone get some rest. Harry hadn't expected to be able to do so after the vision he'd had, but as soon as he was in his bed in his room surrounded by familiar things, he dropped off quite quickly. Luckily, Voldemort had not disturbed him further.

So now he was with the cluster of redheads, as well as Tonks and Moody, headed for St Mungo's. They turned a corner, stopping outside a run-down department store that all the muggles were walking straight past. Harry was only a little surprised when the mannequin