

The laugh that Harry let out was cold. “Yeah, because Death Eaters are the only thing that could possibly cause me harm in that house.”

“Harry, really, now—“

He ignored Mrs Weasley, green eyes flashing angrily. “For that matter, where the hell was my *guard* when a dementor was sucking the soul out of my cousin just round the corner?”

There were several people who wouldn’t meet his gaze, then. Kingsley Shacklebolt was one of them. “I’m afraid that was an error on our parts. It was Mundungus’ shift to watch you, and he... neglected to inform his relief that he’d be leaving early for a meeting.”

“Mundungus who?” Harry’s glare searched the group, though he knew everyone at the table. Whoever Mundungus was, he hadn’t stayed past the Order meeting. Probably knew Harry would want to kill him.

“Mundungus Fletcher,” Moody said. “Thief and a scoundrel, but a good set of eyes and ears to have when you’re looking for unsavoury types. Idiot buggered off to see a bloke about counterfeit cauldrons.”

“Meanwhile, my cousin was *dying*,” Harry roared. “Mundungus Fletcher had better bloody hope I don’t meet him any time soon, or the only place he’ll be finding cauldrons is up his arse.”

“Harry!” Mrs Weasley looked scandalised. “Language!”

“You didn’t even like your cousin, what do you care?” Ron complained. “He was a bullying prat.”

“And because of that, he deserved to die, did he?” Harry shot back. “I shouldn’t feel bad that he had his soul sucked out by a monster that was looking for me, just because my cousin was a bully, is that it?”

“He didn’t mean it like that, Harry.” Hermione, always ready to leap to Ron’s defence. “I understand you’re upset, we all do. It’s terrible, what happened to your cousin. But Mundungus didn’t mean any harm, he feels awful about it, really!”

“Oh, that’s alright then!” Harry crowed, getting to his feet and slamming his hands on the table. “Everything’s fine because Mundungus *didn’t mean any harm*. I’ll just pop on back to let my aunt and uncle know, shall I? I’m sure they’d be *delighted* to hear it.”

“Kingsley said you didn’t even tell them about the dementors. They don’t know anything about it,” Ron pointed out.

“Yeah, because they’d bloody kill me if they knew I had something to do with it!” Harry shouted. His scar began to ache, anger coiling in his gut like a snake made of fire. “The amount of injuries I’ve had just from *existing* around them, you think I’d survive telling them that magic killed their precious boy? Worse, that magic aiming to kill *me* did it? They’d do Voldemort a bloody favour!”