

“Yes, my Lord. It is Amelia Bones’ flat, for certain. I— I Imperiused the floo guard for that area, her entry wards should be down.”

“Should?” Harry hissed pointedly, fingering his wand.

“Will! Will be down, my Lord,” Rookwood corrected.

*Satisfaction bloomed in Harry’s chest, but he cast a Cruciatus curse anyway; Rookwood would learn to deal in certainties around Lord Voldemort. “Then we strike tonight,” he declared. “I will handle this one myself.” Rage burned within him. “That insolent **blood traitor** will regret attempting to stand up to Lord Voldemort!”*

Cheers erupted from the small crowd, and Harry got to his feet, eager for bloodshed. Yes, Amelia Bones would learn that those who supported the Potter brat got exactly what they deserved.

Harry awoke with a gasp, skin crawling from the feel of being inside Voldemort’s mind. Panic gripped his heart — immediately, his wand was in his hand. “Expecto Patronum!”

The room lit up with an eerie silver glow as Prongs burst from his wand. “Go to Amelia Bones. Tell her; he’s coming for you. Your wards are down. Run, now.”

Prongs set off immediately, seemingly sending the urgency in Harry’s voice. Harry checked the clock; it was almost midnight. Hopefully Amelia wouldn’t sleep through his warning.

Harry launched himself out of bed — there was no way he was getting back to sleep after that. He paced his room, thinking over every second of the vision, trying to see if he’d missed anything; was the *strike* Voldemort referred to just on the Bones’, or were they going after others, too? Did he just mean that he was taking back-up with him?

There was a knock on the door, and Harry whirled around to see Sirius nudge it open, stood there in a dressing gown, concern in his sleep-hazed eyes. “Ceri said you had a nightmare.”

“Vision,” Harry corrected, watching Sirius perk up in alarm. “He’s going after Amelia Bones. I sent her a Patronus, but...” His stomach lurched; what if his warning didn’t make it to her? What if he was too late?

Sirius swore, hurrying to wrap Harry in a hug. “You did what you could, pup.”

“He’s going himself, Sirius,” Harry said, voice cracking. “Susan’s a great fighter, and I’m sure her aunt is too, but... against Voldemort himself?” Those were not good odds.

Sirius held him tighter, smoothing down his hair. “Don’t write them off yet,” he insisted soothingly. “Come on. Let’s go get you a drink, yeah?”

Harry suddenly felt his cheeks heat, embarrassment rising. “You don’t need to stay up with me, Padfoot,” he muttered. “I’ll be fine. Go back to bed. Charlie’ll be worried.”

Sirius just rolled his eyes. “Charlie knows where I am, I told him to go back to sleep,” he said. “I’m not leaving you to yourself when you’ve just come out of his head, not until you