

Harry nodded, checked his watch again, then turned back to the front door. “Great. I’ll, uh, leave you to it, then.”

He hurried down the driveway, headed for the gates. All the portkeys were set to land there, and he needed to be ready for the first.

It was a bit of a convoluted plan, but it had to be, for safety purposes. Snape had enchanted a collection of portkeys to random locations, where the families would then find someone who had their own portkey to the Pottery. If things were safe, they would come to Harry, who would tell them the secret and send them inside. No one wanted to risk accidentally portkeying a Death Eater directly into the sanctuary house, so the multiple steps were necessary.

Charlie was the first to arrive. With him he had a family of four; the youngest daughter wasn’t even Hogwarts age yet, while the elder was a third year Slytherin. All four of them looked warily at Harry, who smiled. “No trouble?” he asked, directing the question to the redhead, who gave him a thumbs up.

“All clear,” he promised. “I’m off to pick up my next lot, then.” And then he stepped back, and apparated away.

With Charlie’s assurance that the family had no tracers, glamours or other suspicious magic on them, Harry beckoned them forward, and quietly told them the location of the Pottery. As one, they gasped, the large house suddenly revealing itself to them. “If you go inside, Remus Lupin and Theo Nott are in there with the house elves, they’ll show you around,” Harry relayed. Both parents flinched at the name Nott, and Harry gave what he hoped was a reassuring look. “Theo’s here for the same reason you are. I trust him.”

“We can trust Harry, Mum,” the third year girl — Juliette, Harry was sure her name was — said firmly, tugging on her mum’s robe. “Come on.”

Warily, the family started up the driveway, and Harry felt the warmth of their magic in his awareness of the wards. It was a strange feeling, knowing instinctually where on the property everyone was. But he didn’t have much time to think about it, as Tonks appeared with the next family. This was a smaller group; just a father and son, who both looked exhausted. “They’re clear,” Tonks reported. “Been hiding all night, poor sods.”

The father took a step forward, clasping Harry’s hands. “Thank you, Mr Potter,” he gasped earnestly. “I— I can never repay this kindness you’ve shown me, or my family.”

“You don’t have to, Mr Whiddon,” Harry assured him. “Head on inside, there are people who will get you both settled.”

With a wink, Tonks disappeared again, and Harry shared the secret so the pair could go in and get some rest and food. Right on schedule, Fred showed up with the next family; a group of four kids and five adults, all squeezed around a length of rope.

And so it went on like that through the morning, families arriving one by one. Truly, there weren’t that many; a lot of neutral or Dark-leaning families had put failsafes and escape plans