

Chapter 59

Chapter Notes

I hope this makes up for last week's cliffhanger, pals ;)

They appeared in the dimly-lit kitchen at Twelve Grimmauld Place, Harry's knees buckling the second he touched down. The only reason he didn't fall right to the floor was through a quick save by Fred, whose strong arm wrapped around his middle. "Easy does it, kid," the tall redhead murmured, keeping Harry upright.

"Harry."

The next thing Harry knew he was bundled against a familiar-smelling chest, large hands pressing at his shoulders. *Sirius*. He choked back a sob, leaning into his godfather's embrace.

"What happened? Phineas Nigellus said Arthur's been injured." Sirius' question was directed at the Weasley children.

"*He* had some sort of mad vision, woke up screaming, saying Dad had been attacked by a snake," Ron declared viciously.

When Harry looked up, all eyes were on him.

"Harry, what happened?" Ginny asked gently. Harry sighed.

"I'll make some tea," Sirius announced, depositing Harry on one of the kitchen chairs and hurrying towards the kettle. "You can explain everything then."

Harry didn't wait for the tea to be ready; with his gaze firmly on the wooden tabletop, he relayed the events of his dream.

At some point while he was talking, Bill and Charlie arrived. Harry wasn't sure who sent word to them, but he was glad when they appeared, Bill immediately gathering Ginny in a hug, turning his anxious blue gaze on Harry.

Harry thought about altering his story, about telling them he watched from outside the snake rather than from within; not letting on that he had felt the way the fangs had sunk into warm flesh. But he'd already said it to Dumbledore, and he trusted all of them — except Ron, but at this point Harry couldn't give a fuck about Ron Weasley's opinions.

"Does Mum know?" Charlie asked urgently. Sirius approached the table with a tray covered in cups of tea, and he squeezed Charlie's shoulder gently.