

Chapter 94

Finishing up a rather late breakfast — after Charlie had gone to work, Sirius had decided he needed ‘five more minutes’, which turned into almost an hour — Sirius was just considering his options for the day, when he felt something warm vibrating in his robe pocket. He frowned — what could Harry want at this time of the morning? Surely he was in class... he racked his brain, trying to remember if his pup had a free period first thing on a Wednesday. His stomach churned uneasily as he dug out the mirror, hoping it was just a friendly chat and not an emergency.

Only, the face that appeared in the mirror’s glass was not his godson’s. “Neville?” Sirius greeted, surprised — the churning of his stomach grew fiercer. The Longbottom heir was pale-faced and anxious.

“Lord Black,” he replied, only a hint of a waver to his tone. Sirius had told the boy to call him by his first name a dozen times, but he didn’t think this was the time for another reprimand. “Sir. I think Harry’s missing.”

Sirius’ heart sank. “What do you mean?”

“He wasn’t in the dorm when I woke up this morning,” Neville told him. “And he didn’t show up to breakfast.”

“And you’re sure he didn’t just sleep over with Draco and decide to have a romantic breakfast in the kitchens together?” The hope in Sirius’ voice was plain, but Neville shook his head.

“Draco was at breakfast. I asked him, he said he hasn’t seen Harry since last night. And, the castle — the castle isn’t happy. It feels... wrong.”

“Fuck.” The panic began to rise, and Sirius shoved it down. Freaking out wouldn’t help anyone. “Fuck. Oh, Merlin. I— where’s Dumbledore?”

“He was at breakfast, didn’t even seem to notice Harry was missing.” Neville looked as suspicious of that as Sirius felt. From the amount of attention the headmaster had paid to Harry lately, him *not noticing* was a tell in itself.

“Neville, do you know about the Marauder’s Map?” Sirius pressed, relief hitting him when the boy nodded. “Do you know where Harry keeps it?”

“I— he usually has it on him, honestly,” Neville said, face falling. He disappeared for a second, and Sirius heard rummaging. “It’s not in his nightstand. Nor is the cloak.”

“*Bollocks*,” Sirius hissed. Of course, the one time it would be useful for Harry *not* to have those things on him, they were shit out of luck. “Neville, listen to me.” There was only one option left, now.