

Remus almost asked if Harry was sure, but he held his tongue. Amelia Bones was a savvy woman, and if anyone could secretly start building a case against Albus Dumbledore, it was her. “Would you want to deal with him before or after Voldemort?”

“Ideally, after,” Harry replied. “As much as I hate him, he’s a useful person to have around in a fight, and so are his connections. But I wouldn’t want it to be long after; I don’t want to risk him getting hold of the Ministry. And there’s a fairly good chance I won’t be able to wait that long — I don’t know how long it’s going to take to get rid of Voldemort, and it’s only a matter of time before Dumbledore realises I’m onto him. I want to be ready, just in case.”

“That’s smart.” Dumbledore no doubt had several backup plans and contingencies in place. You didn’t get to where he was without being very crafty, and very paranoid. “Is there anything I can do to help?” Remus could hardly believe how natural it felt to defer to Harry on matters of politics and war — he was *fourteen*. James and Lily’s boy! But he knew what he was doing, and he was far more capable than Albus Dumbledore had any idea of.

Looking at Harry, working so hard in so many different ways, and still finding time to worry about those he cared about, Remus felt a wave of confidence overtake him, his faith sinking into his bones. They would win this war, and Harry would be the one to do it.

They just had to get him there, first.