

technically just very advanced wandless magic. Harry just thought he was finally getting used to having *all* of his core available to him.

He started going through everything he could remember from second year Charms — he'd already nailed all his first year spells. The Freezing charm and the Engorgement charm came easy, but the Shrinking charm stuck a little bit for some reason. He glared at the rubber chicken (a remnant fake wand) that was currently the size of a small dog, lying on his bed. He nudged at his magic. The chicken began to shrink.

He was distracted by the sound of the front door opening, and leapt off the bed, hurrying down to see Remus in the hall. He deflated. "Harry, is everything alright?" Remus asked, not used to such an eager greeting. "Where's Severus?"

"He got Called," Harry explained. "I was hoping you were him."

Remus' smile faltered, and he cursed softly. "How long has he been gone?"

Harry checked his watch. "About an hour and a half," he replied. Remus relaxed a little.

"Good. We're not allowed to worry until it's been at least four hours, that's the rule," he insisted. Harry wondered how many times Remus had panicked before they'd had to implement that rule. How often he still worried, regardless.

"How was the Order meeting? And dinner? How is everyone?"

Remus hung his cloak up on the hook, walking with Harry up to the living room. Ceri had hot chocolate waiting when they arrived. "The meeting was fine; Arthur and Kingsley are a little worried about the movement of some of the known Voldemort supporters within the Ministry, but they haven't done anything overt yet. Dinner was as it always is."

"Loud and chaotic?" Harry said knowingly, earning a brief grin.

"Quite that, yes. Tonks sent a whole block of knives flying, it was just Kingsley's quick reflexes that saved it all. Bill nearly lost an eye in the process," Remus added, making Harry snort. He was so curious about the other members of the Order, the ones he didn't know. As much as he loved being at Seren Du and never wanted to leave, part of him wanted Dumbledore to make the decision to move him to headquarters, just so he could meet all these people. And see the Weasleys again, of course.

As they drank their hot chocolate, Remus told him about some new products the twins were working on, and how furious Mrs Weasley was about it all. Harry let him talk; it was better than sitting waiting in anxious silence for Snape to come home.

Harry scar began to ache a little bit, but in the way it did when Voldemort was happy. A few moments later, the front door opened. Remus spilled a little of his hot chocolate. They both jumped up and headed for the stairs.

Snape didn't look hurt, and Harry let out a quiet sigh of relief, watching Remus run towards the man and run hands over his shoulders. His nostrils flared, trying to sniff out any hidden