

I caught up to Sirius as he walked down the street. I could see him glancing around nervously, looking down at Harry occasionally as if afraid he would turn into a bundle of empty blankets. Eventually, he turned a corner and was out of sight for a moment as I jogged to catch up.

"Sirius, hold on!" I called out, spotting him as he started to climb on his flying motorcycle.

"What?" He responded, his wand suddenly in his hand, pointing at me.

To be fair, he lowered it almost immediately.

"What? What do you want?" He asked, clearly a man on the edge of breaking down, desperately trying to stay afloat.

"I need to come with you," I explained. "My mission isn't over yet."

I stopped a dozen or so feet away from him, doing my best to sound non-threatening. He was quiet for a long moment, staring me down, trying to figure out what my deal was.

"...Look, it's not that I don't appreciate what you've done," He eventually responded. "But how do I know I can trust you?"

I frowned, looking around for a moment before noticing we were next to a slightly wooded area. I tried to put a hesitant look on my face before seeming to come to a conclusion. I turned away from Sirius and pulled out the wooden dowel in my back pocket, chucking it into the woods before turning back to face him.

"There, no wand means I'm at your mercy," I said, trying not to smirk at the absolutely stunned face he was making.

"Did... What... Did you seriously just throw your wand into the woods?"

"I can come back and get it later, but now I'm useless, right?" I pointed out. "I need to come with you. Dumbledore isn't going to just give up, and a child is more important than my wand."

Sirius scowled at the mention of the old wizard, but seemed to consider my offer. After a few seconds, he nodded.

"Fine, but at the first sign of you being untrustworthy, I'm hexing you to next week," He said, and I nodded, crossing the last bit of distance.

I climbed into the sidecar, thankful I had lost a good bit of pudge around my stomach from Sally's optimization. I also seemed to be a bit more flexible if how easily I shifted and got

comfortable in the cramped sidecar was any sign. When I was in, Sirius carefully handed me Harry.

"I cast a warming charm on the blanket, and the sidecar is protected from the elements when moving," He explained. "He will be safer in the sidecar with you anyway."

His tone was still thick with emotion, but as I carefully took the poor child from him, the warning in his voice came through clearly.

I nodded and carefully held little Harry against my chest before ensuring the blanket covered him completely. When I was sure he would stay warm, I looked up to Sirius to ask how long the trip would take, only to barely hold back a shout when he kickstarted the motorcycle, which roared for a moment before petering out to a steady rumble. He looked at me, and I nodded, the wizard revving the engine.

The almost normal-looking motorcycle rolled forward, pulling back into the street from where it was parked, rumbling down the road. We had crossed almost half the long road before I realized we had already lifted off and were now flying three or four feet off the ground. Before we were even close to the end of the road, we were effortlessly passing over buildings, trees, and anything else that might be in the way. It was an incredible sight, the trees and buildings below us whipping under us as we flew.

As we passed over buildings and streets, I did my best to keep myself from flipping out, keenly aware that I needed to be relatively blasé about flying like this. The motorcycle was probably somewhat unique, but the fact that even school kids flew on brooms meant that this should be an interesting twist to a wizard, not a mind-boggling event.

The journey was surprisingly short, only about twenty minutes of flying in the crisp Halloween air and then another five on the ground. When we finally rolled to a stop, we were in front of a small home in a heavy suburban area. The house was a decent size, two stories, and built from bricks, with a nice pleasant garden on either side of the front door. As we climbed off the motorcycle, Sirius shrank with a quiet "Reducio," before casually picking it up and sliding it into his pocket.

With a monumental effort, I managed to hold my tongue and keep from gaping at my first real look at cast magic. After a moment, I forced myself to look away, following Sirius as he walked up the front walk. I stood behind him as he knocked, nervously looking behind him to scan the street. When no one came to the door, he knocked again, and this time, we could hear footsteps coming to the door. It opened a moment later, revealing a woman in casual but conservative clothes. She was beautiful, maybe a few years older than me, with striking features that shared a general familial shape with Helena Bonham Carter, who played Bellatrix in the movies.

She looked understandably upset for a moment, no doubt about to berate us for knocking on her door so late, before realizing it was Sirius. Her face softened, but she still had her wand at the ready.

Sirius froze for a moment before suddenly realizing what was wrong.

"Little 'Dora spilled apple juice on me last time I was here," He said, and her face softened even further though she gave me a cautious look.

"Sirius, what's wrong?" She asked as she opened the door a bit more. "Who is this, and-"

"He killed them Andy," He said, his tenuous grasp on his grief cracking. "The wanker killed James and Lily. Harry... Harry survived."

Andy reached out and pulled Sirius into a tight hug, a sob breaking through. Sirius wrapped his sister in a similar hug, clinging to her tightly. After a long hug, Sirius pulled back and gestured to me.

"This Aiden Corlan, a MACUSA wizard," He explained. "He... is a Seer, came to stop me from... from making a huge mistake."

"And you trust him?"

"...enough to let him hold Harry on the ride here," He admitted, and Andromeda looked at me.

"Well... He can come in, but I'll have him leave his wand at the door," She said, now focused fully on me. "I apologize, but times are... difficult."

"He already got rid of it," Sirius explained. "I didn't want to let him come at first, so he chucked it into the woods to convince me he was serious."

"Oh, my heavens... well, come in then, please."

"Andy, please, can you give Harry a check-up?" Sirius said, taking the baby from me and holding him out gently to his sister. "He survived a curse from you-know-who... but it left a mark."

The woman's demeanor shifted immediately from a worried sibling to what I could clearly tell was a trained professional. She accepted Harry from Sirius and nodded, looking behind her.

"Honey, come take Mr. Corlan to the kitchen, please," She said, a wizard stepping around the corner at her words.

He was, again, a bit older than me and had a wand in his hand. He had dirty blond hair and a beer belly that somehow didn't look too bad on him. His face was kind, despite the fact that he was hiding in preparation to ambush us if we had been there for nefarious reasons. As Sirius and Andromeda stepped away to a different part of the house, Ted gestured to follow him.

"Would you like some tea? Or Coffee? I believe Americans prefer the latter?"

"If you have some, no need to put a pot on for me," I said with a nod.

"I have a feeling tonight will be a night that requires extra tea," He said, gesturing to a table while he put a kettle on the stove. "So... what's your stake in this? I heard Sirius say you stopped him from making a mistake?"

"Well... grief makes people do stupid things sometimes," I said, sitting down at a table. "Had I not been there, Sirius would have been convinced to hand Harry over to someone working for Dumbledore, and the old ba-... uh, man, would have forced him to live with his aunt and uncle, and would not have had a pleasant life."

"Truely... and you saw all of that?" He said, looking at me with wide eyes. "Divination was never my strong suit, but that seems... extreme."

"I'm... a bit of an aberration, but if you require proof... Has your daughter started showing signs of being a metamorphmagus yet?"

"...She has," He admitted. "But we haven't kept that a secret, really. The Daily Prophet even did an article on it."

"Hmm... how does she feel about her name?" I ask. "Has she started going by just Tonks yet?"

"Not going by Tonks, but she does insist we call her Dora," He responded.

"And Andromeda refuses to call her anything but Nymphadora?"

"Alright, alright, I suppose that is enough proof for now," He said with a chuckle, putting down a cup of coffee in front of me.

I was adding some sugar to my coffee when Sirius and Andromeda returned, this time with no sign of Harry. Sirius seems to have calmed down as well, which was surprising until he put a glass flask clearly labeled "Calming Draught" on the side.

"How is he, dear?" Ted asked as both Sirius and Andromeda joined us at the table.

"He is still sleeping, but he has a nasty cut on his forehead that is deeply dark," Andromeda admitted, shaking her head. "I've stabilized it for the moment, but first thing tomorrow, I will bring him to St. Mungo's. I would take him now, but the specialist won't arrive for several hours."

"Your friend here was telling me that Dumbledore wanted to see Harry... maybe it was so he could help with that?"

"He wanted to put Harry with the *Dursleys!*" Sirius said, shaking his head. "The only people who have made me question my beliefs about muggles! They are horrendous people, and according to Aiden, they would have treated Harry like a house elf."

Andromeda let out a gasp, her hand covering her mouth, and I nodded, making her eyes water a bit.

"It's why I'm here, to keep that from happening," I explained. "I couldn't stay away."

"Do you think he will come here looking for him?" Ted asked with a deep frown.

"Yes, most likely after Hagrid explains what happened," I answered, purposely sounding confident like I knew it for a fact. "As far as I've seen, he and McGonagall are waiting for Hagrid in front of the Dursley house right now."

"Minerva is involved?" Sirius asked incredulously. "She is like a surrogate grandmother to Harry! She knew Lily never got along with her sister!"

"The entire British magical community has a severe issue with questioning the actions of Albus Dumbledore," I said, taking a sip from my coffee. "Hagrid, McGonagall, Remus. Hell, even James and Lily. Did you know that James let Dumbledore borrow his invisibility cloak? While they were in hiding, James gave Dumbledore the world's most stable and efficient invisibility cloak."

"Why on earth would he do that?" Andromeda asked, her eyes wide. "Why would he even ask for it?"

"I don't know. I haven't seen everything. There are a lot of blank spaces. But what I do know is that Dumbledore thinks he knows what's best," I explained. "He will-"

Two successive snaps, the first like a muffled cracking whip and the second like a muffled, distant backfiring car, echoed around the house. All three of the magic users looked at me, most likely seeing my earlier statement as a prediction that had just come true. Just a second later, there was a knock on the door. Andromeda stood up first, with Ted nodding, getting into the same position he had been in as well. Sirius and I stood as well, hiding in the kitchen across the hall from Ted. A second or two later, Andromeda opened the door.

"Ah, Headmaster, Professor. We were expecting you," She admitted, keeping the door mostly closed. "But, these are troubled times, so...?"

"Ah, I seem to remember lending you a book about the struggles of raising a metamorphmagus?" Dumbledore said though I couldn't make out more than his arm.

"And I believe you would remember the time I looked the other way after finding you and your husband-"

"Yes! Thank you, please, come in," She said, opening the door fully, giving my first look at Dumbledore and McGonagall.

They both stepped in as all three of us in the hall stepped out of hiding. McGonagall seemed surprised, as if not expecting a stranger, while Dumbledore clearly recognized me as the Seer Hagrid would have certainly mentioned.

"Thank you, Andromeda, I apologize for arriving so late," Dumbledore says, stepping inside. "I'm afraid I come with bad news..."

"I've already told them, Dumbledore," Sirius said, shaking his head. "And you are not taking Harry. James and Lily made me his godfather, which means he is my responsibility."

"Sirius, I have my own questions about what happened," Dumbledore said, his hand on his wand. "You were the Secret Keeper, how-"

"I wasn't! We made Pettigrew the secret keeper, thinking it would make things more difficult," Sirius answered, cutting him off. "And then the rat betrayed them!"

"That is good to hear Sirius, but until we can be certain-"

"Why are you here, Dumbledore?" I asked, cutting through his preamble. "You have no right to be here, to claim anything for Harry. You aren't an Auror. Why are you doing their job?"

"You must be Aiden Corlan." The old wizard said. "I find it interesting that you have shown up when you have, claiming to be a Seer."

"Claiming?" I asked, rolling my eyes before continuing. "'Either must die at the hand of the other-'"

"STOP!" He shouted, cutting me off. "What are you doing? Do you have any idea how dangerous spreading that around could be? Surely as a Seer-"

"If there is anything a Seer would know, it's how important a prophecy can be," I assured him before continuing. I also know how *detrimental* obsessing over one can be."

For a long moment, the house was silent before Dumbledore made his wand, which I had missed entirely, disappear back to wherever he had been keeping it.

"Perhaps we could sit down and talk this through?" He said, trying to bring back his grandfatherly appearance. "I understand that it may seem as if I am demanding something unreasonable, but I assure you I only have Harry's best interests at heart."