

each other. Snape had reluctantly agreed to hear him out the night of Pettigrew's escape, but there was definitely no love lost between the pair. What had changed?

Harry's eyes turned to Remus, who was sat beside Snape, happily stealing the man's parsnips in exchange for his own carrots. He'd bet his Firebolt the werewolf had something to do with it.

"So you've been here since you escaped, have you?" Harry asked, once he'd sated his immediate hunger. He had to eat slowly, or he'd make himself sick. "Where's Buckbeak?"

"In the stables, out back. Loves it out here, he does; free run of the woods, as long as he's home by nightfall," Sirius said, looking pleased. Harry was glad; Buckbeak deserved some freedom, after being cooped up in Hagrid's hut for so long. "I stopped off long enough to find that owl and get a letter to you, then took a quick jaunt down to Norfolk to let some muggles see me, before heading this way. I hadn't been here since I was about thirteen, but I found it in the end."

"This place is incredible," Harry muttered, looking around. It was old-fashioned, but very clean, and surprisingly well decorated for a house that apparently hadn't seen people in two decades.

"Ceri kept it in good nick, waiting for the day the family would come use it again," Sirius agreed. "Just wait 'til you see the rest of it. I loved it as a kid — it's for family only, not visitors, so it's not nearly as stuffy and pretentious as the rest of the Black properties. Closest thing to home I had, except Hogwarts." He smiled, as if thinking of fond memories.

"Anyway, as soon as Remus left the school he wrote me to see where I was, and I went and picked him up outside of Aberystwyth. He brought Snape with him a week or so later when the term ended."

"Wait, you live here too?" Harry blurted, turning to Snape. The dark-haired man nodded.

"Not permanently. I have a role to play back at Hogwarts, and the headmaster expects certain things of me. But I plan to spend much of my summer here." For some reason, that made Remus grin into his roast potatoes, and Sirius roll his eyes.

"Lucky me," he muttered under his breath, then cursed. Harry got the feeling Remus had just kicked him under the table. "*Anyway*," he continued, turning back to Harry, "when Remus told me you'd been living with Lily's harpy of a sister, we knew we couldn't let that slide. So I had Ceri clear a room for you, and Snape was kind enough to play chaperone. Was it everything you dreamed of?" That was directed at the Potions Master, who smirked, eyes flashing.

"Seeing Petunia again was quite satisfying, thank you."

"She looked like she'd seen a ghost," Harry said, laughing. "How do you know her, Professor?" If Sirius was making an effort to be nice to Snape, then he supposed he could as well. The man had just rescued him, after all.