

“To go home.”

Harry’s breath caught in his throat, and then Sirius had grabbed him by the hand, and he was being squeezed by the familiar sensation of side-along apparition.

They appeared on the snow-covered lawn of Seren Du, and Harry grinned so wide his cheeks hurt.

“Sirius!” he exclaimed happily. “What if we get found out?”

“I told you, the twins have us covered. They didn’t ask questions.” The animagus smirked. “Marauder privilege.”

Harry laughed; of course Fred and George would bend over backwards to help their idol in mischief-making.

“Brilliant. Why today? Or did you just want someone to throw your toy for you,” he teased. A bark of laughter escaped Sirius’ lips.

“Maybe later, if there’s time. We’re actually waiting on someone.”

Harry paused — he wouldn’t sound so nervous if it was just Remus or Snape. Perhaps... Narcissa, maybe?

A crack of apparition sounded, and Harry turned to look. It was not Narcissa Malfoy, though the resemblance was certainly there. This woman was equally tall and graceful, with long, wavy dark hair and familiar high cheekbones and grey eyes. The bright, open smile on her face was much more like Sirius than Narcissa, though.

Beside her was Tonks — but different. A boy version of Tonks, with spiky bright white hair. Tonks, who took one look at Harry and cursed, going wide eyed and immediately beginning to shift into a more feminine figure. “Didn’t realise Harry would be here!”

“It’s fine,” Harry insisted. “I— Sirius explained. About your boy days. You can— you don’t have to change back because I’m here.” The explanation had been a bit confusing, but as per usual, Remus had been more helpful and informative, explaining that not everyone felt their insides matched their outsides, and for some people what they felt like inside changed from day to day, or didn’t fit with what would usually be considered ‘male’ or ‘female’. He had also given Harry a rather dog-eared book that was definitely of muggle origin, detailing the spectrum of gender and the many ways in which people lived on that spectrum.

If, some days, Tonks felt more like a boy than a girl, Harry certainly wasn’t going to kick up a fuss.

Hesitantly, Tonks transformed back into the form he’d arrived in, and Harry grinned at him, offering a thumbs up. “You look like Sirius,” he commented, and Tonks laughed.

“Don’t know if I’m flattered or insulted.” Then he looked up at the house ahead of them, and let out a low whistle. “Blimey. Bit flash, eh?”