

As ten o'clock drew closer, Sirius turned into Padfoot to stop himself spoiling the surprise, and Harry retaliated by sending various mostly-harmless jinxes at the dog, who jumped all over the entrance hall to avoid them, barking happily. "Just tell me!" the teen pleaded. Padfoot growled playfully, shaking his head.

The clock struck ten.

Sirius was back on two feet in an instant, and grabbed Harry around the shoulders. "Come on!" He led him towards the front doors, practically skipping. Was his surprise a place? Were they going somewhere? Stepping out into the driveway, Harry gaped.

Walking towards the house were two figures, one taller than the other, both with the sun shining off their white-blond hair. "*Draco!*" Harry's eyes were wide in astonishment, and he whipped around to look at his godfather. "But he's— how did you— I don't understand!"

"Remus mentioned the two of you had become close," Sirius said, still grinning smugly. "I thought it'd be nice for you to have company your own age for the day."

Draco and his mother made it up to the house, and Narcissa Malfoy leaned in to press a brief kiss to Sirius' cheek. "You're looking well, cousin," she greeted. "Freedom clearly agrees with you."

"It definitely does. You should try it sometime," Sirius replied wryly.

"Cousin?" Harry echoed. Sirius rested a hand on Harry's shoulder.

"Narcissa Black-Malfoy," Sirius introduced. "Daughter of my father's sister. Cissa, dear, I don't believe you've been formally introduced; Harry Potter, my heir."

Narcissa offered a hand, and Harry knew he was supposed to kiss the back of it. "Well met, Heir Black."

"Well met, Lady Malfoy," Harry replied. He glanced between the two adults. "Wait, if you two are cousins, and I'm your heir, does that make Draco my cousin too?" For some reason, that made him feel weird.

Sirius and Narcissa shared an amused glance. "Not to worry, pup," Sirius assured, chuckling. "You're my heir in name, not blood."

"Sirius, allow me to introduce my son, Draco," Narcissa said primly, nudging Draco forward. He bowed.

"Well met, Lord Black."

"Well met, Heir Malfoy," Sirius returned. "Salazar, Cissa, he's certainly got the Black cheekbones. Not much of Lucius in him, is there?"

"Less and less every day, I believe," she said, running an affectionate hand over her son's hair. Draco preened.