

The animagus had stripped the wallpaper from Harry's room while he was away, but the rest he had waited for Harry to help with. At first, Harry had considered using the same decorating scheme as his room back at Seren Du, but that just made him miss his real home even more. So instead he changed it to a muted red and gold decor, liking the way it made Sirius light up with glee, to see such a Gryffindor room in his family's house.

That evening after dinner, Harry went up to his room to write a letter for Draco, apologising for not being able to say goodbye. He didn't write too much about his vision, just in case, but he wished the blond a good Christmas and promised to write again soon when he could. Signing the letter '*love, Harry*' made his stomach flutter. Next time he saw Remus, he would give him the letter to give to Snape; with luck, it would make it to Hogwarts before Christmas Day. Along with it, he passed on the green-wrapped stack of trashy wizarding romance novels he'd had George owl-order for him, wishing he could watch Draco's face when he opened that particular Christmas present.

It took an entire day of hanging around Grimmauld Place, stringing tinsel from every possible surface, before Harry remembered the *enormous* surprise he had for his godfathers. A devious grin crossed his face. That would cheer them up, for sure!

He managed to get them both to come up to his room without alerting Mrs Weasley, who never liked Harry spending too much time with Sirius. When the door was shut, Sirius eyed him worriedly. "What's the matter, pup? Did you have another vision?"

Harry shook his head, beaming. "No, nothing like that. I need to show you something." Then, without hesitation, he closed his eyes and became a fox.

He'd practiced a lot since the first transformation, and it was much easier now; he still couldn't change mid-stride like Sirius, but it didn't take ten minutes of meditation anymore.

Both men gasped, and Harry cocked his head, sitting on his haunches and watching their faces fill with pride. "Little Red!" Sirius cooed, and Harry hissed at the nickname. They were *not* calling him that!

Suddenly, Sirius was a huge shaggy dog. Harry's initial fox instinct was to run, but he pushed past it, bounding over to his canine godfather. They bumped noses, sniffing each other, and then Harry was treated to the delight of a big doggy tongue licking right across his muzzle, all the way up to his ear. He glared, feeling the slobber stick to his fur, and swiped out halfheartedly with a paw. Above them, Remus chuckled.

"That's amazing, Harry." Knees cracking with the effort, Remus sank down to sit cross-legged on the floor, holding his arms out expectantly. Harry bounded over, getting right in the man's lap so Remus could study his form. The werewolf smelled different to his keen fox senses, the predator in him obvious — but then he started scratching behind Harry's ear, and Harry *melted*.

"Gets them every time." Sirius had become human again, and was watching in amusement. "Pretty little thing, aren't you, pup? Let's get a proper look at you."