

When he curled up between the dog and the wolf, fluffy tail tucked in close to his body, he caught the pair of them sharing a heavy gaze, and then Moony tipped his head to the sky and howled. A howl of welcome, for their newest pack member; a howl of mourning, for the one they had lost. The one who should have been there, antlers raised proudly at the introduction of his pup to the fold.

As he raised his gaze, Mischief caught a flicker of movement out of the corner of his eye — it was probably just his imagination, but for a moment he thought he'd seen the shadowy outline of a stag, lurking in the trees, watching them.

Then he blinked, and the shadow was gone.

The human soul ached within the fox's heart, and Mischief turned back to his godfathers; they were looking at the trees, too. Maybe he hadn't imagined the stag after all.

A full moon held a magic all of its own, everyone knew that. Perhaps that magic was enough to bring the echo of Prongs to life, just for a moment. Just enough to offer his blessing to his old pack, to his son's new animal form.

It made something settle in Harry's mind, an ache he hadn't realised he still held.

He was so grateful to Sirius and Remus, for so many things. But for this, for giving him this connection to his father in such a *visceral*, soul-deep way... Harry would never be able to thank them enough.