

“Quite.” Narcissa’s lips twitched in the barest of smiles. She held out an envelope to Harry, who immediately recognised the handwriting on the outside, his heart lurching. “My son sends his regards, Mr Potter,” Narcissa said, watching Harry carefully tuck the letter away. “Good afternoon, gentlemen.”

Then she swept away, apparating from the chamber at the threshold. Harry was practically skipping by the time they reached their two redheaded companions.

“Lord Prewett, Lord Weasley,” Sirius greeted with an unnecessarily pompous bow. Charlie smirked.

“Lord Black,” he returned, offering his arm with a flourish. “Shall we?”

And so with Charlie on one side and Harry on the other, Sirius Black walked out of the Wizengamot chamber, a free man at last.