

“Are you quite done gaping?” Snape cut in, though his words weren’t quite as harsh as they might have been a year ago. Sirius rolled his eyes.

“Let him stare, Snape. He’s had a shock.” He glanced down to Harry, his expression growing softer, more tentative. “You said, before I had to run again, that you’d like to live with me. If you could. Well... here you are. A new home, if you’d like it.”

“It’s brilliant,” Harry assured, beaming.

Sirius rocked up on his toes, releasing him and Remus and bounding back towards the house. “Come on, I’ll show you inside!”

“It’s like having another child,” Snape muttered. Harry’s eyes widened when Remus elbowed the man gently in the side.

“Leave him be, he’s just excited. He hasn’t had much to be happy about in the last twelve years,” he chided.

Harry followed his godfather up to the manor doors, and into a grand entrance hall. There was a huge dark wood staircase in front of him, the walls painted dark blue and the floors a gleaming white marble. The only portraits hanging were landscapes; no people whatsoever. “We’ll give you the grand tour tomorrow,” Sirius promised. “But Ceri almost has dinner ready.”

With Sirius’ guiding hand on his shoulder, Harry was led into a large kitchen and dining area, with a long wooden table set for four places. At the stove, perched on a stool, was a house elf. The elf wore a little black pinafore dress with a crest on the front that Harry recognised as the Black family crest. She — presumably a girl, going by the dress — turned when they entered, and her face lit up. “Master Harry, sir!” she greeted, bowing so low her nose touched the stool. “Master Sirius be saying he was bringing his godson soon! I is Ceri, young master; the elf of Seren Du. It is being an honour to have you here!”

“It’s, uh, nice to meet you too, Ceri,” Harry replied. His only previous experience of house elves was Dobby, and that had been... a little volatile.

“Such manners, young master!” Ceri muttered approvingly. “Please be sittings for dinner, sirs.”

The four of them sat at the table, and Ceri soon had enormous plates of roast dinner in front of them; beef with all the trimmings, even Yorkshire puddings. Harry, who had barely eaten more than a few slices of bread and some cheese since he’d left Hogwarts, felt his mouth start to water. “This looks amazing, Ceri.”

“Thank you, young master! If yous be needing anything else, just call for Ceri.” With that she disappeared, leaving the four of them to their meal.

“Pass the gravy, would you, Snape?” Sirius asked politely, reaching out for the porcelain gravy boat. Snape did as asked, and Harry goggled. Last he’d known, Sirius and Snape hated