

It felt like it was welcoming him home.

There was a click, and then the gates swung open, revealing the house ahead.

It wasn't as big as Seren Du, but it was just as beautiful. A large stone manor, like the old listed houses Aunt Petunia used to sigh over on the telly. The front lawn was a sea of wildflowers, and ivy crept up the front facing wall. To Harry's surprise, it didn't look as dilapidated as he expected after fifteen years of neglect.

That was quickly answered by two quiet pops, and the appearance of a pair of house elves in front of him. They were almost identical, wearing neat white toga-like uniforms, and they stared up at him with tears in their huge brown eyes.

"Master Harry has arrived," the elf on the left breathed in awe. "We has been hoping for many years this day would come."

"Essie? Tinker? Is that you?" Sirius moved to Harry's side, and the elves wailed loudly.

"Master Sirius!" the elf on the right screeched, throwing itself at Sirius' knees and hugging tightly.

"Bloody hell, I didn't realise you two were still around!"

"We is waiting, Master Sirius!" the elf wrapped around Sirius' legs cried. "We is keeping house and we is waiting, hoping we will have family again!"

It took a few minutes to calm their sobs, and Sirius looked up at Harry, beaming. "Pup, this is Essie and Tinker. They've been Potter elves since before your dad was born."

"Oh. It's nice to meet you." Harry hadn't been expecting elves. They both beamed up at him, still crying silently.

"Master Harry is looking so much like his parents!" Tinker crowed delightedly.

"Missy Lily's pretty eyes, just like Master James wanted," Essie agreed. Harry's breath caught in his throat. Beside him, Sirius laughed.

"Even as kids, James would go on forever about how he wanted his and Evans' future kids to have her eyes," he explained fondly. "Creepy little weirdo that he was."

Snorting, Harry looked back at the elves. "I... I can't stay very long. I'm supposed to be at school." Both elves drooped sadly. "But there will be people here again soon. Having you two here is brilliant, actually." With two elves running the place, the sanctuary would go that much smoother — and better protected. "Would you show me to the wardstone, please?"

"Yes, Master Harry, sir!" Tinker chirped, and then they were off.

As they walked up the driveway, Harry explained to the elves what he was planning — they seemed a bit sad that he was planning on living elsewhere for now, but eager to welcome new guests to the manor.