

But there would be more chances, after. He was sure of it. He had to believe.

Suddenly, a slow smile crept across his face. “Would you like to see something cool, Professor?” he asked. McGonagall blinked at him, bewildered.

“I— pardon?” Harry just grinned wider, awaiting an answer. “I get the feeling you will show me regardless, Potter.” She looked to Draco, as if expecting an explanation, but the blond was equally baffled.

Harry stepped back, and where he once stood, there was suddenly a fox on the floor. He jumped up onto the end of the Gryffindor table, standing proud for his professor to see. She gasped sharply. “Oh, my.” Harry yipped happily, turning a circle to show off his beautiful tail. “Well, then,” McGonagall murmured, and if Harry wasn’t mistaken she was a little misty-eyed. “I suppose that’s Sirius Black’s doing, is it?” Harry yipped again, giving a fox grin. “Indeed. You do your parents proud, Potter. Even if you’re more trouble than all the Weasleys combined.” Harry barked in a laugh, then began running down the Gryffindor table, headed towards the doors. He stopped halfway, looking over his shoulder at Draco, barking pointedly.

Draco sighed. “So demanding,” he muttered, rolling his eyes. “Have a good night, Professor.”

And then he turned, transforming mid-stride, and a snowy owl soared across the room, gliding gracefully between the floating candles, hooting as the fox began running once more.

McGonagall could do nothing but stare at the animals, watching them disappear from the hall. Then, once she was alone, she laughed.

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None of Harry’s friends were leaving. When they packed up, it was only to relocate, and they didn’t have to bother with goodbyes in the morning. Most of them were prefects, so they took on the job of making sure the students got to their portkeys on time, and organising the ones remaining down in the Hufflepuff dorms.

Harry was not a prefect, and therefore had more pressing matters to attend to.

“Sirius!” He hugged his godfather crushingly tight before the man could even let go of Ceri’s hand.

“Hello, pup.” Sirius held him for a long moment, nose buried in the wild Potter hair. “Let me look at you.” He studied Harry at arms length, as if checking him over for injuries, then winked. “Handsome bugger, just like your dad.”

Harry laughed, wriggling out of Sirius’ gentle grip and hugging Charlie, who ruffled his hair. “Good to see you, Harry. Where’s Draco at?”

“We’re not attached at the hip y’know,” Harry muttered indignantly. Two sets of eyebrows rose, as if to say *‘oh really?’* “He’s prefect-ing. Moving kids into the Hufflepuff dorms.”

“Ahh, of course. Where have you ended up, then?”