

On his desk, the letter from Draco was open, having been re-read a dozen times the evening before; the Slytherin boy was absolutely fine, but they were just laying low while Narcissa sorted out some legal business leftover from Lucius' death. He promised Harry he'd visit soon, and Harry could hardly wait.

When he returned to the entrance hall, the three adults were dressed in robes. Sirius was in fine form, his hair silky and tied back in a low ponytail, looking every bit the Pureblood Lord he was. His eyes were shining in a way that made Harry's heart swell with happiness for him.

"Let's go!" he declared brightly, practically dragging Charlie towards the door. Remus and Harry followed at a much more sedate pace, though Harry could see mischief hiding in Remus' amber gaze; he was looking forward to shocking the public just as much as the rest of them.

Indeed, when Sirius apparated into Diagon Alley, there was a small burst of screams. Then people remembered the *Prophet* headline, and just stared at the four of them, wide-eyed.

Sirius didn't falter for a second at the scrutiny, and to his credit, neither did Charlie. The redhead tangled his fingers with Sirius', offering his partner a sunny smile. "Where to first, sweetheart?"

"Gringotts, I think," Sirius declared. "Make sure the accounts are all in order."

They were given a wide berth up the alley, people stopping to stare and whisper as soon as they saw them. It was weird, for Harry, being the centre of attention due to someone else's presence. Was this what his friends felt like?

They all paused at the sight of the lurid purple building declaring itself to be Weasley's Wizard Wheezes. "Fucking brilliant," Sirius declared proudly. "Oh, we're definitely going there next. But I need money first."

They hurried to the white marble building at the end of the alley, and Harry spotted a familiar head of red hair waiting outside. Bill waved at them, reaching out to clap Sirius on the shoulder. "How does it feel?"

"Incredible," Sirius declared vehemently, beaming. "I need to check my accounts."

"I thought you might; I set up a meeting for you," Bill told him. "With Farlig; he's the goblin Harry put in charge of all his accounts, which included the Black accounts at the time. He wants to know if you'd prefer to switch back to your old account manager."

"Nah; if Harry likes him, that's good enough for me," Sirius assured, to Harry's quiet relief. They passed by the goblins guarding the bank and into the main entrance hall. Bill led them straight through to one of the offices, flashing a Gringotts pass as he walked.

Harry was only partially surprised to see Gorrak in the office as well as Farlig; both goblins bowed, and Harry bowed back, offering the customary greetings.