

“Well,” Harry said, after a beat of silence. “I figured anything that Uncle Vernon says is bad has to be alright, yeah? As long as you’re happy.” He was more stuck on the fact of it being *Snape* than the two of them being men, but he didn’t think that would go down well.

Remus perked up like a weight had been lifted off his shoulders, and Sirius let out an impatient whine. “Yes, we’re here, we’re queer, hallelujah — can I show Harry his room now, please?”

A laugh bubbled from Remus’ lips. “Alright, Padfoot. I think we’re going to go back to the living room. Goodnight, Harry.”

“Goodnight, Remus. Professor,” he added, and Snape nodded at him in reply. When the pair left, they didn’t hold hands or anything, but their strides matched and their elbows touched. It seemed obvious, now Harry knew.

“Now, if you don’t like it, we can change just about anything,” Sirius told him, sounding nervous as he pushed the door open. Harry’s breath caught in his throat.

His room was three times the size of his old one back at the Dursleys’, with honey-coloured wood flooring and a fluffy looking grey rug in the centre. The walls were painted a soft grey-blue, with one wall taken up entirely by bookshelves waiting to be filled. He had his own fireplace, and a desk with a black leather chair. The wardrobe and dresser matched the enormous four-poster bed, all beautiful dark wood, detailed with some kind of intricate bird carving. Directly opposite the door was a huge window, overlooking the back garden and the woods beyond. “It’s perfect.”

“You like it?” Sirius brightened. “Really?”

“Sirius, I love it.” Harry walked over to the bed, running a hand over the soft grey duvet cover. He’d been half expecting some Gryffindor explosion of red and gold; this was much more his style.

“Good.” Sirius stood in the doorway, clearly unsure what to do with himself now. “I’ll, uh, leave you to it, then. Nearest bathroom is directly opposite, by the way. You’ll be the only one using it.” He crossed the distance between them in three long strides, wrapping wiry arms around Harry. “It’s really good to have you here, pup.”

“It’s good to be here,” Sirius,” Harry returned with a smile. He was so happy he could cast an army of Patroni, he was sure.

It was going to be the best summer ever.

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Remus looked up when Sirius slipped back into the living room, sinking down onto the sofa. “Harry likes his room?”

“Yeah,” Sirius replied, grinning. “Thanks for helping me with it, Moons.”

“My pleasure.”