

“I don’t think that’s necessary.” Sirius couldn’t feel any other magic on there; if Dumbledore had any other trackers, they were nothing he’d ever seen before, and he’d seen a *lot*. “Besides, look at that thing.” He glanced down at the envelope, a proud grin sliding across his face. “If I’m not mistaken, there’s a badge in there.”

Charlie’s eyes widened, and he leaned in to get a better look, his body warm against Sirius’ back. “You think— quidditch captain?” he asked excitedly.

“Unless they’ve rescinded your brother’s prefect badge,” Sirius replied with a snort. He pecked Charlie on the cheek, picked up the envelope, and held out a hand. “Let’s go give this to Harry so we can find out, yeah?”

Charlie grinned at him, fingers twining together, and together they apparated home.

Sirius didn’t feel any alarm from the wards as they stepped through — not like he had at Grimmauld with those tracking spells triggering all sorts of warnings — so he assumed he’d managed to get rid of everything. He smirked to himself; take that, Dumbledore.

The sound of laughter and splashing ringing through the air made them pause in their stride, and the pair turned away from the path to the front door, heading around the back to the pool. It seemed the boys were taking advantage of the glorious sunshine, though Sirius would bet Draco had a strong Sunblock charm on that fair skin of his. Narcissa was out there too, sprawled gracefully in a sun lounger at the edge of the pool, wearing a swimsuit and reading a book while the boys tossed a beach ball back and forth.

“Well this looks like much more fun than we were having at Grimmauld,” he drawled by way of greeting, smirking at the trio. “Remus and Severus not joining you?”

Sn— Severus is brewing,” Harry informed him, still tripping over the man’s first name. Sirius could understand that; he still forgot half the time himself. “Moony said he might be out in a bit, but he’s going down to the lab for a while first.” Harry made a slight face, which made Sirius fight a smile. His poor pup, struggling with the active sex lives of the adults in his life.

To be fair, Sirius had struggled with the concept of Moony and Snape for a while, but after living with the pair for this long — not to mention all the teenage years living with Remus and learning *far* too much about his sexual preferences while drunk — he was just happy to see his friend happy, and equally happy that they kept their antics to spaces Sirius didn’t frequent anyway.

Which was more than he could say for his godson and Draco, getting handsy all over the bloody house. Teenagers!

“Well, I’ve got a present for you, pup,” he announced, brandishing the envelope dramatically. “Mayhem, did your booklist arrive?”

Draco made a face at the nickname, which he still wasn’t sold on. “This morning,” he confirmed, frowning slightly. “Nothing for Harry, though; it was strange.”