

“Was I too harsh, Pads?” he asked, once they were strolling across the lawn of Seren Du in blissful quiet. Sirius scoffed.

“If anything, you were far more polite than they deserved,” he muttered, scowling. “Clearly there’s not quite enough Black in you to hold a proper grudge,” he teased with a wink.

“I don’t want to cause problems with the family,” Harry insisted. He knew it was going to be awkward, that it would take a long time before any of the Weasley kids were truly comfortable around their mum and youngest brother. But Harry wasn’t going to be the one to force them to cut out their own family, not for his sake.

He could be polite, and put up with them at family gatherings. He’d prefer if he never had to waste a single thought on them again, but... that was family, he supposed. There were always a few you wished you didn’t have to deal with.

“It’s not gonna be easy,” Sirius agreed, loosening his ponytail and shaking out his hair. “Charlie... he doesn’t know how to feel about his mum, really. She still doesn’t like me. Doesn’t like us together. Not sure she ever will,” he said, shrugging. “But that’s her problem, not ours. She’s the one who needs to decide if her hurt feelings are worth losing her son over.”

Sirius pulled him into a rough half-hug, kissing his temple. “We’ll figure it out, in time. Maybe they’ll get their heads out of their arses, maybe they won’t. Either way, there’s plenty of other people around who love you, kiddo. You don’t need them.”

He was right. Harry had so much family; *real*, honest family. And it was growing bigger and bigger even still. He didn’t need to latch on to the first people to show him any sort of attention or affection, anymore.

“Hey, Sirius,” he said, slowing to a halt. Sirius cocked his head, looking much like his canine counterpart. “I don’t know if I ever said it, but... thank you, so much. For bringing me here after third year, for giving me somewhere safe, somewhere I could figure out who I really was. Giving me a home. Giving me *everything*.” If he hadn’t had Seren Du, he very likely would not have lasted this long.

Sirius’ face softened, his hands resting on Harry’s shoulders. “Oh, kiddo. You never need to thank me, not for that.” He wrapped his arms around Harry, embracing him tightly. “That’s what godfathers are for, you silly fox.”

There were tears welling up in Harry’s eyes. Merlin, he’d been crying so much lately. He hoped that stopped soon. “I love you, Padfoot. *Dad*.” He felt the hitch in the taller man’s breath. “You’re gonna be an amazing parent to those kids. *Any* kids.” Harry knew he and Charlie would have at least one baby, eventually.

Sirius sniffled, looking Harry in the eye. “And they couldn’t ask for a better big brother,” he replied, pressing their foreheads together. “Now come on, how about you and I put all this away and go for a fly, yeah? If I’m gonna be teaching my kids to play quidditch, I’ll have to dust off my skills a bit!”