

They left her to it, parting ways in the corridor as everyone returned to their plans for the day. Harry leaned against Draco, pressing his forehead to the blond's temple and breathing in deeply. "Do you need to lie down?" Draco asked worriedly, but Harry shook his head.

"No. No, I feel a lot better, actually." Susan's task had been just what he needed to kickstart his brain again, remind him that he couldn't start drifting into uselessness now. In some ways, the battle had just begun. "Let's go find Sirius. There's some things I need to get sorted."

Draco frowned, confused, but didn't argue.

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Perhaps Harry may have jumped the gun, just a little bit.

Between him and Sirius, they had a list of Black family properties currently being used as safehouses, and split it evenly between them — many of the people in hiding were not likely to trust a letter, or the *Prophet*. They would not leave until they could be absolutely sure things were safe for them.

So the pair of them left the castle together, and apparated separately to their first destinations. Technically Harry doing so was illegal, but he rather suspected the Ministry had bigger things to worry about.

One by one, he knocked on doors and greeted families, spreading the good news. He was hugged and cried on and thanked profusely, every house full of people whose eyes shone at the news they could finally rejoin the world.

His last stop was the Pottery, and by the time he got there he was somewhat light-headed from all the apparition jumps. Maybe it wasn't the best idea to expend such magical energy the day after nearly emptying his core fighting Voldemort.

But he was almost done now. Just this one, and then home.

As always, stepping through the Pottery wards felt like a warm hug, the whole place welcoming him home. A frisson of excitement ran through him at the possibility of soon making this place his *actual* home. Filling it with all the furniture from the Potter vaults, turning it into a space he could spend the rest of his life in. Build a family in.

There were a few kids running around the garden, making the most of the summer sunshine, and they skidded to a halt at the sight of Harry walking up the driveway.

"Can you round everyone up and come inside?" Harry called, catching Nashira's eye as she was the oldest of the group he could see. "I need to talk to everyone."

He hated the way her face hardened, clearly expecting the worst.

Harry entered the house, and immediately Essie and Tinker were in front of him. "Hi, guys. Could you get everyone in the house to the ballroom, please? Everyone in the tents, too."