

They apparated to the Pottery, and the gates opened automatically at Harry's presence.

"So this is your house, is it?" Draco asked as they strode up the driveway, his brows raised.

"Oh, yeah, I forgot you haven't been here before." There had never been any need. "Yup, this is it. The Potter family home." *Our home*, he didn't say, though it was clear in the look he gave Draco.

The Slytherin looked up at the house, then nodded, a faint smile on his face. "It'll do," he said, and Harry's heart stuttered.

Thankfully, the house elves had indeed managed to wrangle the four children into readiness. Amy and Tahan were crying already, heartbroken at the prospect of not seeing their big sister until Christmas. Even the excitement of finally moving in with Sirius and Charlie couldn't cheer them up.

"Come on, loves," Charlie soothed, letting them both hug his legs. "We'll send everyone to school and then we'll go home and you can decorate your new rooms, and then we'll play a bit of quidditch, how's that sound?"

Thanks to some very creative spellwork and a little nudging of the Wardstone, Sirius had turned the roof of Grimmauld Place into a garden, big enough at least for junior quidditch. Which had quickly become a favourite pastime of the two children, so that finally stopped the sniffles.

"Everyone ready?" Sirius checked, doing a final headcount. While he was running through Nashira's check list, Harry sidled over to his two house elves.

"Thank you, both, for everything. You've gone above and beyond, this last year." Caring for so many people without a single peep of complaint. The world truly did not deserve house elves. "If there's anything I can do to thank you..."

The two elves shared a look, unused to being thanked by their masters. "We is doing what we is asked to do, Master Harry," Tinker said simply.

"It is nice having the house in use again," Essie agreed, even if she looked quite like she would happily curl up to sleep for the next three weeks. "Is... will Master Harry be back?" Her eyes widened cautiously. Harry's heart ached for them — they had been alone for so long, before he showed up.

"I'm spending Christmas with the Black family," he said, watching the pair deflate slightly, "but after graduation Draco and I plan to move in here. Quidditch depending." They had thought about getting a flat, like they had once dreamed of, but honestly with the number of houses between them and the amount of time they were likely to be out of the house, there seemed little point.

Both elves beamed at the news, bowing to Harry and then disappearing when he bid them goodbye.