

“Yes; ten people on a rotating schedule, to watch you all hours of the day. You got lucky; Albus almost put Moody on the rotation, but then I suppose he found another job for him,” Remus said. Harry winced; Moody and his magical eye would’ve made it very hard to hide Harry’s absence. “Sadly, he wouldn’t put me in for it. Said it would be unfair to make me watch you when I’m not allowed to speak to you.”

“Basically he can’t trust you not to give the game away,” Harry said ruefully. “He’s not completely daft, then.”

“No, it seems not,” Remus agreed.

Sirius glanced down at his watch and grimaced. “I should probably get back to headquarters; someone usually pops in around five to make sure I’m not up to mischief.”

“They expect a lack of mischief? You really have got them fooled, haven’t you?” Harry grinned. Sirius barked out a laugh.

“For the most part. Twelve years in Azkaban gives me an excuse for all kinds of weird personality quirks.”

“What about the quirks you had before you went to Azkaban?” Snape drawled. “What’s your excuse for those?”

Sirius laughed harder. He leaned over to give Harry a hug, ruffling his hair. “I’ll try and get away again when I can, but use the mirror or send Ceri if you need me urgently.” He bid goodbye to Remus and Snape, then called Ceri to take him back.

“You should go unpack your things, Harry,” Remus suggested. “I think we’ve said about all we can for now.”

Harry obediently left the adults alone and retrieved his trunk from the hallway, levitating it up to his room. He turned his Wireless on to listen to music while he unpacked, a smile on his face at being back in his own bedroom. It was good to be home.

.-..

Harry was ready to dive right into training the next day, but Remus had other ideas. “It’s your first real day of summer, cub,” he insisted over breakfast, “and I know once you start it’ll be all you do. Take today to have fun, get used to being back here. Go fuss over Buckbeak, he’s missed you.” His face softened knowingly. “You haven’t had any real length of peace and quiet to process what happened since the third task, have you?”

Harry’s heart twisted painfully. “That was mostly intentional.” He’d had one evening at the Dursleys, in which he’d read a book to keep himself distracted from the hollowness in his chest.

Remus snorted, shaking his head. “As bad as your mother, you are; she didn’t like facing her grief either. Her dad died right around exam time in sixth year, and she worked right through