

And that was just on the ground floor.

Harry was whizzed through another sitting room, a playroom, at least eight bedrooms, a nursery, four bathrooms, a library — where they found Remus absorbed in a book — the big study and the small study, the music room, another playroom, the Owlery, a bathroom with a bath the size of a small swimming pool, a dressing room, a drawing room, and then all the way down to the basement to see the wine cellar, the wardstone and ritual room, the safe room and the door to the potions lab.

“I won’t knock, Snape’ll bite our heads off,” Sirius said at that one, gently steering Harry past it. Harry was out of breath, and didn’t understand how Sirius was still talking a mile a minute as they returned to the entrance hall.

“This place is enormous!” Harry remarked, and Sirius laughed.

“One day I’ll take you to the Black family manor, down in Cornwall. It makes this place look like a dollhouse.” Harry stared at him incredulously. “Come on, I’ll show you around the grounds.”

It was a glorious sunny day outside, and Sirius tipped his head back with a grin, basking in the sun for a minute. “Still not used to that,” he murmured to himself. Harry’s heart twisted; there wasn’t any sun in Azkaban. Sirius shook it off though, cheerfully marching onwards. “The treeline is the property line, so don’t ever go past it unless one of us is with you.” The woods circled the whole house; even the driveway just led into the trees. “All the fun stuff is around the back, come on.”

Their first stop was the stables; five stalls, only one of which was occupied. “Buckbeak!” Harry greeted cheerfully, offering the hippogriff a bow. Buckbeak bowed in return, then butted his head into Harry’s chest, demanding to be petted. When they left, Buckbeak followed them, occasionally nudging Sirius’ shoulder fondly with his beak.

“There’s a greenhouse over there, it’s a bit wild at the minute. Ceri wasn’t sure what to do with it all these years. I think Snape plans to grow some potions ingredients in it, but I don’t know how much of a green thumb he has. If you want to get stuck in, take one of us with you; we’re not entirely sure what’s growing in there right now. Something might bite your head off.” Harry laughed, but a glance at Sirius’ face made him realise the man was completely serious. He thought of some of the plants in the restricted greenhouses at school, for seventh year study only, and grimaced.

“Is that a swimming pool?” Harry gaped, seeing the stone-edged pool sunk into the ground.

“Yup,” Sirius replied proudly. “Got it up and running on Saturday. Feel free to take a dip whenever. If you’re drowning, yell for Ceri.” That *was* a joke, and Sirius winked. “Also, look over there.”

Harry looked in the direction Sirius was pointing, only for the man to tilt his chin until Harry was looking up. He gasped. “A quidditch pitch!”