

He kept the letter in hand as he shuffled down to breakfast, where all three adults were already up. "Morning, cub," Remus greeted, then frowned. "Why the long face?"

Harry held up the letter. "Ron's dad got tickets to the Quidditch Cup. They're going to come pick me up from the Dursleys on Sunday evening."

"That's brilliant! International quidditch, I'm so jealous!" Sirius' enthusiasm was dampened by a confused expression. "Why do you look like you need a Cheering charm?"

"No, it's great!" Harry insisted. "I just... I like it here. I thought I'd have all summer with you." Ron had talked about the Cup, but Harry hadn't truly expected Mr Weasley to actually be able to get enough tickets for all of them.

"Pup, go to Ron's house. Have fun with your friends. Go see the Cup," Sirius urged softly. "I love having you, but you can't stay cooped up in here forever. You deserve to spend time with your friends, not us three old farts."

"Oi, speak for yourself there, Grandpa," Remus said in mock-annoyance.

"Only one of us is going grey, Moony dearest, and it sure as hell isn't me," Sirius replied sweetly. "Anyway, pup. What I'm saying is, this place is your home now, it will be as long as you want it. But you're young, you should be out having fun with kids your own age. Besides," he added, screwing his nose up. "How will it look to the rest of them if you suddenly decide you love being at your relatives' place so much you don't want to leave them to go see *quidditch*? They'll think you've been possessed."

Harry grimaced. That would certainly give the game away. "I suppose." He glanced down at the letter. If the Weasleys were coming on Sunday, that only gave him two more days at Seren Du.

"We'll figure out a way to keep in touch while you're in school. It'll be fine." Sirius reached over to squeeze Harry's shoulder. "Chin up, kiddo. We knew this was coming sooner or later."

"Yeah, but I thought it'd be later," Harry muttered, frowning into his porridge.

"It'll be good for you to see your friends again, Harry," Remus said, offering him a smile. "We'll have to take you back to the Dursleys' Sunday lunchtime, let you get picked up from there. It's a good thing we already got your school supplies." Instead of going to Diagon Alley, Harry and Remus had gone to Margin Alley in Cardiff, where it was quieter. Sirius wanted to come, but apparently there were anti-animagus wards in the area.

"I'm sure my relatives will be thrilled to see me again," he replied dryly. At least he wouldn't have to spend long with them.