

“Right, yeah, of course,” Sirius agreed, nodding absently, his mind already on the prospect of buying quidditch supplies for the kids.

“And you should get something for Frankie, too.” Harry smirked. “Or maybe Moony and Sev can get him something.”

Sirius finally looked away from the shop, turning to Harry with a knowing sparkle in his eyes. “You noticed that too, then?”

The entire family dinner, Frankie had been utterly enraptured by the Slytherin half of the family, but more specifically Snape — and Remus along with him. And far from being as stand-offish as he usually was with students, Snape had quite happily talked Potions with the boy most of the night, meeting all of Frankie’s snide remarks with equally cutting quips of his own.

Harry had a sneaking suspicion it would not be as difficult to find a foster family for the boy as they had feared. Nor would Nashira have to worry about losing her best friend.

“Remus had that look on his face, and you know Severus is a total pushover for him,” he added, amused. No one would ever believe such a thing, but it was true, no matter how much the Potions Master denied it. Remus Lupin was his sun, moon and stars, and he would do whatever it took to make him happy. Even adopt a cynical, fourteen year-old Slytherin orphan.

Harry suspected, having seen the pair interact, that Snape wouldn’t need all that much convincing.

They were starting to get noticed for sure, now; whispers of both their names trickling through the crowd. Sirius was almost as famous as Harry these days — the Pureblood Lord, the last bastion of the oldest family in magical Britain, abandoned by the justice system for so long and finally reintroduced to the world. Sirius had been free for a year now, but it hadn’t exactly been a year for shopping sprees and social outings.

The pair of them together were quite the sight. Maybe Harry should’ve brought Charlie, instead.

But Sirius was remarkably good at letting all the mutters and exclamations slide right off his back, chatting to Harry about the pros and cons of the Cleansweep 9 as a good starter broom for Nashira, trying to persuade him that they absolutely needed tiny adorable matching quidditch uniforms for the twins.

“No house colours until they’re Sorted,” Harry insisted firmly, shaking his head at the child-sized Gryffindor uniforms. “You don’t want to pressure them.” Then he smirked. “Besides, you know Ollie will have Puddlemere kit for the lot of them sent over the moment Charlie tells him the good news. That man is just *waiting* for a load of kids to spoil rotten. He’s already sent a bunch of quidditch-themed onesies to Tonks.” Oliver Wood, despite his intimidating stature and professional quidditch career, was the textbook definition of *broody* these days, and Harry wondered how long Cassius would hold him off before seeking out a surrogate.