

Scrimgeour had no choice but to slam down his gavel. “Sirius Black is cleared of all charges,” he announced, scowling. Immediately, the chains around Sirius’ limbs dropped. Harry jumped to his feet, throwing himself into his godfather’s arms.

“We did it!” he breathed, his chest so full of joy and relief he could hardly breathe. Sirius smacked a kiss on his head, then straightened up, arm still around Harry’s shoulders.

“Before the Wizengamot is dismissed; I, Sirius Orion Black, do hereby claim the Black seat of my birthright.” The seat glowed brightly, and a lordship ring formed on Sirius’ hand. “I also claim, with permission, proxy guardianship of both the Potter and Peverell seats, until such time that my godson, Harry Potter, comes of age and desires them himself.”

Two seats glowed softly, and Harry felt a warmth in his own chest. “I give my permission,” he said aloud, not sure if he needed to but not wanting any hint of doubt.

The glow brightened, and then there was a hum of magic in the chamber. It was done.

Dumbledore looked *furios*.

“Wizengamot dismissed!” Scrimgeour barked, before any other changes could be made. At once, everyone’s purple robes transformed back into the outfits they had arrived in. The group began to disperse, and Dumbledore — now wearing a blindingly bright lemon-yellow robe — came towards them. Sirius’ hand tightened on Harry’s shoulder.

“Congratulations, my boy,” the headmaster said, smiling. His eyes were devoid of their twinkle, and it made Harry grin. “You understand, of course, that Amelia’s evidence regarding the wills is circumstantial at best? Of course I would have done everything I could to keep you out of prison, but my priority had to be Harry’s safety, and by the time that was secured it was too late for me to interfere.”

“Oh, I understand completely, Headmaster,” Sirius assured evenly. Dumbledore’s smile widened.

“Glad to hear it. Harry, it is good to see you looking so well,” he added, finally addressing his student. “Might I have a word, if you are not too busy?”

“Sorry, Professor, but Remus is waiting for us at home,” Harry said with the best apologetic smile he could muster. “They wouldn’t let him in because of the whole werewolf thing, y’know. But he’ll be really pleased to hear the good news. Another time, perhaps?”

“I— of course, of course. Enjoy your celebrations.”

Harry and Sirius didn’t wait for the man to apparate away, already headed to the doors where Bill and Charlie were waiting. They stopped at the approach of a blonde head of hair.

“Congratulations, cousin,” Narcissa drawled, and Sirius grinned.

“Thank you, Cissa, dear. My condolences for the loss of your husband,” he added drolly.

“Though I hear you have been doing some... spring cleaning, to work through your grief.”