

“Great. Now all that boring stuff’s out of the way, any questions?”

“Am I allowed to write to my friends? Will their owls be able to find this place?” If the house was Unplottable, did that mean owls couldn’t get there?

“Owl magic is different; they’ll be able to find you anywhere. You’re perfectly welcome to write to your friends, as long as you don’t tell them where you are or who you’re with, of course.” Harry shot his godfather a ‘duh’ look. “There’s a little Owlery upstairs, I’ll show you it later.”

“There’s an owl up there that I use when I need something more... anonymous than my usual owl,” Snape piped up. “Her name is Artemis, she’s the tawny owl. You’re welcome to use her should you have need to write to anyone that would raise questions should Hedwig be seen visiting. Snowy owls are quite distinctive.”

Harry’s mind immediately flashed to Draco. And some of the other heirs, too. “Oh. Thank you, Professor. I appreciate that.” How long would it take him to get used to Snape being nice to him?

After breakfast, Snape was the first one to get to his feet. “I have potions to brew,” he declared. Remus glanced up from the paper.

“Don’t blow the house up,” he said with a fond smile. Snape made a faintly offended noise, and left the room. “What do you fancy doing today, Harry? After the grand tour, of course.”

“I don’t know.” Harry had never been allowed to do whatever he liked before. “I might go flying.”

“How about I show you around, and then you can decide,” Sirius said, looking eager to give Harry the tour. Harry looked down at himself.

“Give me ten minutes to take a shower and get dressed, and I’ll meet you in the entrance hall,” he agreed. Sirius beamed.

Harry’s bathroom was much nicer than anything he was used to; with both a shower and a huge claw-foot bathtub, everything decorated in black and white marble tiles with silver accents. There was also a full-length mirror, and Harry took the opportunity to see how bad the bruises on his back were. Not as awful as he expected. He’d certainly had worse. Nonetheless, he grabbed Snape’s Bruise Balm to apply after his shower. No need to look a gift horse in the mouth.

Sirius was dressed too when Harry met him, in loose jeans with a hole in the knee and a worn-looking muggle band t-shirt that might have actually come from the 1970s. “Perfect! Come on!” Sirius grabbed him by the hand, tugging him over to a room he hadn’t yet been in, and the tour began.

There was the parlour, the smoking room, the downstairs bedroom suite, the pantry — of course the kitchen, where Ceri waved while cracking several eggs into a bowl — the formal dining room, and the duelling room.