

Sirius handed over four tickets at the gate, and each of them was given a wristband, Harry's red to show he was underage. The crowd thinned out once they got through the barriers, and Harry saw a line of smaller stalls selling food and merchandise and such. "Open air concerts are always better than something in a venue," Sirius declared, his arm still across Harry's shoulders. "There's more space, it's not as smoky, and the music sounds better too."

The song ended, and a wave of applause rose up. The lead singer said something Harry couldn't quite make out, then the next song started up. Sirius steered him around a corner, and he could finally see the stage. The concert seemed to be pretty family-orientated; there was a huge cluster of people at the very front, but further back people were more spread out, many people with blankets and picnics spread about them. Sirius found a good spot that wasn't too close to the crush up front, and offered Harry a grin. "Can you see alright, pup?"

"Yeah," he assured, having to speak loudly over the music. "Sirius, this is amazing!" He'd never seen any kind of live music before. He could feel the bass guitar rumbling in his chest, the drum pounding in his ears like a heartbeat. Sirius beamed.

"You're gonna love it, kiddo!"

Harry glanced back at Remus and Snape, who were stood close to each other but not touching; it was the muggle world, after all, and you could never be too careful. They still curved into each other, just a little bit, like they couldn't help themselves. They probably didn't even notice they were doing it. Snape didn't always come with them on their weekend trips, but Harry liked it when he did. Remus was happier when he did. The werewolf was smiling faintly, his head bobbing along to the music.

Sirius spun Harry around, grabbing the boy's hands in his much larger ones and lifting them over his head, waving them in time with the music along with the rest of the crowd. Harry laughed, leaning back against his godfather's chest, hearing the man sing along with his slightly husky baritone.

Best summer *ever*.

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Sprawled out on the living room sofa in front of a crackling fire, Padfoot wedged between him and the back of the sofa and demanding head-scratches every few seconds, Remus could hardly believe how much his life had turned around in the last two months. He had his best friend, his pack cub, and the love of his life all under one roof, with nothing to disturb them until school began. *And* he was connecting with his inner wolf in ways he never had before. Transformations were easier than ever, and he felt ten years younger. If not for Harry's age and the lack of Lily and James, it would almost be like none of the last thirteen years had happened.

Padfoot let out a loud doggy snore, and Remus snickered, adjusting to make himself more comfortable. Sirius was getting much better, but he still often spent time in his animal form; after practically living as a dog for twelve years, it was hard for him to adjust to being human sometimes.