

“Would you send him the Potter and Peverell holdings, too?” Harry requested. “He can look at them, right? Since he’s my guardian?” If Sirius could get the deed to the Pottery, that would make their sanctuary even more secure.

“It will be done,” Farlig assured. “Is there anything else we can do for you, Lord Black?”

“There should be a pensieve, in the Potter vaults,” Sirius said. “Would you have it brought up, please? With Harry’s permission.”

“Yes,” Harry blurted immediately. “Please.” He flushed, but Farlig just smiled and nodded, writing a note which vanished immediately.

“I know I said we’d go through the whole vault together, pup,” Sirius said, squeezing his shoulder. “But I don’t think today’s the day for it, yeah? We’ll come back another time.”

Harry wasn’t about to make Sirius spend his first day of freedom holed up in a Gringotts vault underground. They had plenty of time for that, in future.

“Sounds good,” he agreed.

While they waited for the pensieve to be delivered, Sirius got set up with a new bank card and money purse, and was able to authorise them for Harry, too. “Don’t spend it all in one place,” he said teasingly when Harry pocketed his card, as if it would be possible to spend the whole Potter fortune in one *lifetime*, let alone one place.

The pensieve brought up from the vaults was a beautiful piece of carved obsidian, and Harry was surprised when a small wooden box was placed beside it. “The note on the pensieve instructed these to be used together,” the goblin messenger who had brought them up explained. Sirius reached for the box, and he sucked in a sharp breath when he opened it.

“Oh, Monty,” he breathed. Remus froze.

“Monty?”

“He left memories,” Sirius explained quietly. “For James and Lily. For us.”

“...Oh.” The two Marauders stared at each other for a long moment, and no one else spoke; there was nothing they could say. Then Remus cleared his throat, wiping hastily at his eyes. “Well, then. We can look through those later. Thank you,” he added to the messenger, who bowed and retreated at Farlig’s hand gesture.

“I think that’s everything, then,” Sirius said, voice a little hoarse. “Thank you, Farlig. You’ve been a friend to my godson, and I hope our relationship is long and prosperous.”

“I am glad to guard your family’s wealth, Lord Black,” Farlig replied firmly.

Harry bid both goblins goodbye and the five of them left the bank, Sirius getting goggled at once more.