Summary

When Walburga Black dies, Azkaban inmate Sirius Black inherits all. As a prisoner, it’s immediately passed onto his heir - but for Harry to inherit the vast sums of money from the Black estate, he has to visit the wizarding prison in person.

Notes

*Very detailed prompt*: After Walburga's death, Harry is considered the Black heir, as he is Sirius' next of kin. He may or may not know about magic at this point (pre-book one, or book one before his first year at Hogwarts). He is offered the chance to go visit his godfather in Azkaban and he jumps at it - because, family who's not the Dursley's, why not!? (What follows is bonding, Harry coming to consider Sirius to be family, maybe Sirius even confesses his innocence, tells him how to contact Remus, they break him out, etc.)

It’s a good day in Azkaban.

And by ‘good day’, Sirius means that the Dementors have moved away from his cell. Most of them roam the halls, dark drifting phantoms that seek out any spark of hope and life left in the prisoners, but the high security section gets the worst of them. *Sirius* gets the worst of them, one or two outside his cell nearly constantly.

But not today.

The lingering chill never fades but he can think clearly.
The Dementors don’t leave for no reason. The only people who have the power to make them are the human guards, who don’t do that for no reason. Sirius can’t really imagine many reasons why they would.

It seems most likely that people who don’t want to be exposed to Dementors are coming to the high security wing. And the most likely reason people would come to Azkaban would be to bring new prisoners.

Had the same thing happened when the Aurors had brought in Bellatrix and the others? He can’t really remember – it had been shortly after his own incarceration and he hadn’t yet learnt to feel the nuances of the Dementor’s effects.

It’s not exciting news per se, but so little happens in Azkaban that the sheer novelty value of it is enough to latch onto. Maybe – before the Dementors return and they’re reduced to a screaming mess – the new prisoner will be able to tell him things about the outside world.

Around midday – maybe, Sirius has no way to truly tell the time – footsteps echo down the corridor.

Two Auror stalk into view, wands out and ready. They take up positions in the middle of the corridor, far enough from the bars of his cell that he couldn’t reach them if he tried.

With them is a brown haired woman that he recognises in a vague, undefined way. Maybe someone who had been at Hogwarts in another year than his, or from some other big, dark family? She’s dressed in muggle clothes, clutching a small rectangular bag in one hand and the wrist of a small dark haired child in the other.

They stop in front of his cell and look at him. As if expecting something. As if they came here to talk to him.

Sirius looks back, frowning in confusion.

“Hello?” the boy says, tentative and afraid. He blinks up at Sirius with bright green eyes.

Sirius knows those eyes. “Harry?” he croaks. How old is he? How long has it been? Not Hogwarts age, but no longer a toddler. Maybe five, or six, or somewhere in that range. (Really. Has it been so long?)

But that means the woman must be… Lily’s muggle sister. Tulip? No. Primula? Peony?

“You… brought him to Azkaban?” He asks her. “Are you mad?”

One of the Aurors gives a little cough, and yes Sirius is mad, he’s insane, but he’s not the one that thought it was a good idea to bring a child here.

Petunia – that’s it – goes white. Her lips thin. “Your government said it was necessary,” she hisses. “That you had to… to do something to pass on his inheritance.”

Sirius frowns. Inheritance? Harry should have received that from Lily and James the moment-

Well. He might be Harry’s godfather, but that wouldn’t have interfered with an inheritance.

The second Auror says, “Walburga Black has passed on. She named you her sole heir but no prisoner of Azkaban is entitled to hold property. The heir you named prior to incarceration was Harry James Potter.”
“The old bag is dead?” Sirius says, surprised. He’d thought his mother would outlive them all. She had the spite for it. He’s surprised too, that she’d named him heir. He’d thought he’d been blasted off the family tapestry the day he’d left for James’ place.

Then again, maybe she hadn’t had much choice. Reggie is dead. Andy is in even more disfavour. Bellatrix is here in Azkaban too. And she’d hardly have wanted any of her things to go to the Malfoys.

She’d hardly have wanted them to go to the Potters, either, but she’d probably believed that Sirius had betrayed them in the end. She’d probably been ecstatic.

“Good riddance,” he mutters, more to himself than them. Part of him is just disgusted that Petunia would drag Harry here for money of all things but part of him… is drinking in the sight of Harry. It’s too painful a feeling to be described as happy but he hoards it all the same.

Sirius eases himself down to sit by the bars, puts himself closer to Harry’s height. The Aurors train their wands on him in warning, but Sirius ignores them.

“Hello, Harry,” he says. Softly, softly. For the first time in years he’s aware of how filthy he is, how dirty and dishevelled. He wishes he were cleaner. Less terrifying. “How are you?”

“Fine,” Harry says, clearly automatic. He looks pale. Drawn. “Who is the lady that keeps screaming?”

Sirius can’t hear anything. Maybe he’s just tuning her out. “Bellatrix, probably,” he says. “Don’t pay her any mind, okay?”

“She keeps saying my name,” Harry says. His voice is pleading, like he wants an explanation. “Not Harry, not Harry, please not Harry.”

It feels like the entire bottom of the world falls out. Sirius makes a choked wheezing noise. Even Petunia goes a shade whiter.

Oh, Lily. He can’t draw this out. Can’t keep Harry here, not if it means Harry is hearing that. No matter how much the thought of Harry leaving makes him die inside, will join his endless parade of nightmares.

“One of you needs to bind the oath,” he says to the guards without looking at them. He reaches one skinny, dirty hand through the bars. “Harry. Put your hand in mine, okay? I’ll say the oath, then you say ‘I accept’ and then it’ll all belong to you.”

Harry does, brave little thing that he is. One of the Aurors taps their hands and a thick magic binding cord wraps around them. “No funny business,” the Auror warns, showing he clearly doesn’t know Sirius Black at all.

Sirius licks his lips and thinks about the wording. He’ll get one chance and he has to use it to maximum effect.

“I, Sirius Orion Black,” he begins, “Head of the Noble and Most Ancient House of Black of the Sacred Twenty Eight, do abdicate my position and pass all worldly possessions and titles to my godson and heir, Harry James Potter, and appoint Remus John Lupin as his trustee.” He rushes through the last part, getting it out before the Aurors can cancel the magical binding, if they were so inclined.

“I accept?” Harry says, like he was told to. The cord around their hands tightens then dissolves,
He’s a good kid. Sirius hopes no one else takes advantage of that. Remus won't, Remus will look after him. And maybe, maybe, Remus will see something in the fact that Sirius sent Harry to him.

“He’s not having contact with more of your kind,” Petunia says frigidly. She seems to have recovered from the shock of her sister’s last words.

Sirius even manages to give her a lazy, toothy grin. “How else did you think you’d get your hands on the money, ‘tuney?” he mocks. “It’s not in a muggle bank.”

He leans back and laughs. He’s exhausted but for the first time in years he has something. Maybe it's hope. Maybe it's ambition. Maybe it's a plan.

Whatever it is, the Dementors can't take it from him.

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