

“Forgive me for thinking you were old enough to figure it out,” Euphemia replied dryly.

“Are you thinking what I’m thinking, Prongsy?” Sirius asked, and with a wave of his wand his kilt became a pair of tartan wool trousers, tucking themselves into his biker boots.

“I’m *always* thinking what you’re thinking, Padfoot,” James retorted in a very Weasley-twins-esque way. Lily snorted.

“I hope not, or I’ve got a lot of questions about your feelings towards Polly Ashton,” she joked, and James wrapped her in a bear hug.

“You know I only have eyes for you, my love.”

While this was going on, Remus and Sirius were summoning and transfiguring hats and scarves, covering themselves in warming charms. After a solid fifteen seconds of watching James and Lily stare into each other’s eyes, Sirius tossed a balled up pair of gloves at James’ head. “Oi, lovebirds, are we making snowmen or what?”

James and Lily looked at each other, gaining identical competitive grins. “You’re on,” Lily declared in challenge.

The memory continued through the four of them rushing outside, first building snowmen together — James and Lily versus Sirius and Remus — then, when Sirius declared Lily too good at snowmen and body-slammed their effort, into the vicious snowball fight that followed — James and Sirius versus Remus and Lily, when Remus agreed that Sirius had cheated in the snowman contest and James had jumped to defend his best friend’s honour.

It only ended when a voice called them in for dinner, and Harry could hardly see through his tears as he finally got his first glimpse of Fleamont Potter. If possible, Harry saw more of himself in his grandfather than his father; Fleamont was lithe like Harry, while James was a bit broader in the shoulders. Sirius was indeed taller than the Potter patriarch, though he still glowed with delight when Fleamont ruffled his hair on his way past him when setting the table.

James was on his best behaviour; there wasn’t a trace of the arrogant boy who had flipped Severus Snape upside down after their OWL exam. He was funny, and still a little big-headed, but Lily happily deflated his ego when necessary. Sirius, too, was more mature, more like the Sirius Harry knew. Remus was ever the same, watching it all with fond eyes and an indulgent smile, occasionally piping up with a quip that had the whole table in fits of laughter.

And through it all, James and Lily stared at each other like there was no better sight in the whole world.

Harry was crying when the memory finally ended, and he hugged Sirius tightly, smiling against the man’s shoulder. “Thank you,” he breathed, his heart so full he felt like it might burst. It hurt, knowing that he had missed out on family dinners like that, with his grandparents and parents and Sirius and Remus around. But just to see them like that to begin with, together and *happy*... it was more than Harry ever could have dreamed of.