

As the piles of unwrapped gifts grew higher and the shreds of wrapping paper began to take over the remaining floor space, Sirius set a record of muggle Christmas songs on the player, declaring it was time for eggnog.

Apparently even in the Black family traditions it was standard to start getting drunk before noon.

Harry looked over his own pile, feeling a small pang in his chest at one glaring absence. He glanced over at Charlie — he, too, was missing the annual Weasley jumper. The redhead caught Harry's eye, blue gaze turning knowing, smile tightening at the corners. Getting to his feet, Harry moved to claim Sirius' vacated seat beside the redhead, squeezing him around the waist. "I'm sorry."

Charlie's huge arm slung across Harry's shoulders. "Not your fault, kid," he insisted. "She'll come around." He gave a short, somewhat hollow laugh. "Merlin, she sent a jumper to Percy even when he told the whole damn family to go fuck themselves in favour of the Ministry. Nice to know where we stand, eh?" He ruffled Harry's hair, then stood up. "Don't worry about it, Harry. No need to let her being petty ruin our day, yeah?"

As the dragon tamer wandered over to assist Sirius in pouring eggnog, tugging him into a playful dance as soon as he was done, Harry smiled to himself. Charlie was right — there was way too much happiness around him to let Mrs Weasley spoil it. He was spending Christmas with Draco — more importantly, Draco and Narcissa *didn't* have to spend it with Lucius and a bunch of Death Eaters. Remus and Snape could spend the whole day together, and he could be with them and Sirius. The Tonks' would be over for dinner later. And he'd see his friends and the rest of the Weasleys he cared about at New Year's.

He laughed as Sirius dipped Charlie exaggeratedly, both of them almost spilling their eggnog.

They'd never have *everyone* with them for Christmas, not the way their family had grown. But this was a damn good start.

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Dinner itself, starting at precisely one in the afternoon under Ceri's keen eye, was a loud and cheerful affair. Different to a Weasley Christmas dinner, but no less full of love and laughter. Especially not with Tonks at the table — there was no way Charlie could get properly maudlin with his best friend sat beside him, making far too many jokes and almost spilling the entire gravy boat over herself.

By the end of it, his belly was full to bursting and his heart was the same, a wide grin on his face as he watched Harry try and trap Remus and Severus under enchanted mistletoe.

"You're gonna end up with detentions if you're not careful," Tonks teased, making Harry snort.

"I already have regular detentions with him," he pointed out.