

“More than I thought possible, after... everything,” Sirius admitted in a whisper. “He’s far too good for me. But he made it very clear he’s made his mind up, and at this point I’m in too deep to let him go.”

Harry bumped their shoulders together gently, smiling. “I’m happy for you, Padfoot,” he said earnestly. “Y’know, you promised you’d tell me the full story. And... I think we could both use the distraction, right now.”

“Alright, then, you nosy sod,” Sirius teased. When they reached the kitchen, two cups of steaming peppermint tea were already waiting at the table, though Ceri was nowhere to be seen. “Sit down, I’ll start from the beginning.”

So he did, telling Harry all about Charlie’s harmless flirting, which had gotten gradually less harmless as time went on, both of them falling for each other even though Sirius was determined not to. To Harry’s relief, his godfather glossed over the more... *intimate details*, but it warmed his heart to hear how insistent Charlie was that Sirius deserved love in his life.

He knew he liked Charlie Weasley for a reason.

So captivated in the story, Harry almost forgot what they’d been waiting for — until the window opened suddenly, and a small brown owl he recognised as Susan’s careened into the kitchen, dropping a letter on the table in front of him. Harry reached for it, tearing it open.

*Harry,*

*You saved our lives. Your Patronus arrived a minute before the ward alarm went off — enough time for Aunt Amelia to grab some essentials and summon the emergency portkey. You-Know-Who showed up, but he was too late.*

*We’re with the Longbottoms, now. Neville’s gran has said we can stay for the summer; their wards are the strongest we know that aren’t under a Fidelius or anything complicated. Aunt Amelia isn’t going to let this force her out of the public eye. The flat is probably trashed, though. We’ll go back and check it tomorrow with some aurors.*

*I don’t know what kind of vision you had, but thank you. If you hadn’t warned us, I know Aunt Amelia would have stayed behind to fight so I could escape. I can’t lose her, Harry. She’s all I’ve got left.*

*Talk soon,*

*Susan*

Harry let the tension bleed out of him, reading the letter over a few times just to reassure himself everyone was fine.

“That’s alright, then,” Sirius declared, reading over his shoulder. “Augusta won’t let them come to any harm. Terrifying woman, she is.”

Harry snorted; that was certainly one way of describing Neville’s grandmother.