

Harry could imagine him in the future, hosting even bigger dinners than this; Yule, perhaps, with the full family gathered around the enormous table. Big parties in the summer, at the Pottery so everyone could be there, spilling out onto the lawn to play quidditch and enjoy the sunshine.

The mental image made Harry's chest ache with hope — they could have that, if they just survived the war.

Dry lips pressed to his cheek, and he shook the thoughts away, meeting Draco's inquisitive gaze. "You alright, there? You were a million miles away," the blond asked quietly. Harry grinned at him, squeezing his knee.

"Just enjoying the company."

Draco gave him an odd look, but let it lie, though his fingers tangled with Harry's; he only needed one hand to eat his white chocolate parfait.

After dinner they retired to the big parlour, and for once Grimmauld Place actually felt cosy and warm and the right size for the number of occupants; even the previous summer, with the entire Weasley family living there, Harry had always felt like the house was far too big.

Now it felt almost as much like home as Seren Du.

"I must say, Sirius, I love what you've done with the place," Narcissa declared, running a hand over the back of the sofa. "Your mother had *horrendous* taste in interior design."

Sirius' laugh was loud. "Horrendous taste in a lot of things, Cissa," he joked. "Merlin, did you know she left a portrait of herself here? Oh, the old hag used to *scream*—"

Harry tuned him out as he regaled his cousins with the story of the removal of Mrs Black's portrait, though he was sure Andi had heard it before. He was glad Sirius was getting to reconnect with his family. It was good for him to have someone to talk about his childhood memories with; to remind him they weren't all awful and traumatic, and to sympathise with the ones that were. Harry and Remus and Snape might have all had terrible childhoods, but they had never experienced being raised in a Dark pureblood home.

He noticed Bill beckon him over, and slipped across the room towards the redhead. Fleur was over chatting to Tonks, so they went unnoticed.

"I just wanted to let you know, you were onto something with the idea of checking the Death Eater vaults," the curse-breaker said quietly, and Harry's eyes widened.

"You found one?"

Bill nodded. "In Bellatrix Lestrange's vault. A cup; looked like it belonged to Hufflepuff herself. It was a hell of a shame to have to destroy it," he added with a slight frown. "We tried to use the ritual from that book Snape gave me, but that's definitely only for moving horcruxes from one living vessel to another. The team wanted to experiment a bit with the inanimate vessel, but Gorrak and I convinced them it was best to just destroy it and let it lie.