

the lies that hit the hardest.” The money was pocket change for Harry. The broken trust was not.

“Right. Then... tell him I’m sorry, and I will deal with Molly, and I love him. He’s still family, no matter what.” Arthur’s blue eyes softened behind his glasses. “*You’re* still family, Charlie. Albus Dumbledore can go hang — *nothing* will get between a Weasley and his kids.”

Charlie grinned, pulling his dad into a tight hug, a few tears sneaking from his eyes. “I love you, Dad,” he murmured. He felt lips press to his hair, arms squeezing around him.

“I love you too, son. Always will.” When he pulled back, Arthur was grinning. “And between you and me, I think Sirius is brilliant, and I’m delighted you two have found happiness together. I always thought about writing to him, but I didn’t want to upset Molly.”

That was his father’s only flaw — not wanting to upset his wife. Maybe now he might realise what he stood to lose by standing by her like that.

“You should. Write, that is. To Sirius. And to Harry. He’d like to hear from you.” Harry had never said it, but Charlie could tell how terrified the kid was that Arthur knew about his wife’s duplicity, that he supported it. Harry was so quick to believe that anyone who appeared to care for him had an ulterior motive.

With his track record, Charlie couldn’t blame him.

“I’ll do that, then,” Arthur assured with a decisive nod. “Don’t be a stranger, Charlie. Even if you need me to meet you somewhere. I’m only an owl away.”

“I’ll remember that. See you, Dad.”

With one last squeeze to the shoulder, Arthur let his son go, and Charlie trudged back out to the edge of the wards.

He couldn’t go home yet. Not after that. He couldn’t disrupt two family Christmases with that sort of drama.

An idea sparked in his mind — there was one other sibling missing from the Weasley family table. One sibling who was probably working on something, but would be happy to let him sit and bitch about their fucked up family.

He was going to visit Percy.

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Draco’s fingers were running through Harry’s hair, and Harry was hard pressed not to fall asleep from the sensation.

This had definitely been the best Christmas he could ever remember having. Not that he had that many to compare it to, but even so.