

taking his chance while he can, but... if Voldemort comes after him expecting him to be Marked and fall in line, he needs a place to take cover.”

The two Wizengamot members shared a grim look. “We’ll slip him a portkey once he’s confirmed his seat,” Sirius assured. “Let him know who his allies are.”

“Thank you.” With any luck, that would keep both Cassius and Oliver safe. He turned back to Draco, offering a slight smile. “Be my date to their wedding? Whenever it is.” Whenever the war ended, by the looks of it.

Draco eyed him over, eyes sparkling. “I suppose I can stand to be seen with you,” he agreed, making Sirius snort.

“He doesn’t clean up too badly,” he defended. “Shame there’s little be done with that hair of his, Even Sleakeasy’s doesn’t work — best thing old Monty ever invented, and it’s still not enough to tame the famous Potter mop.” He ruffled Harry’s hair pointedly, then raised an eyebrow. “A mop that looks to be due a trim, quite honestly.”

“Ginny usually does it before school lets out,” Harry said, running a hand through the messy locks. “With everything that happened, I forgot to ask her.”

“Moony’ll cut it,” Sirius offered. “He used to do Prongsy’s, never turned out too badly.”

“One of these days I’ll get you to a proper hairdresser,” Draco declared imperiously. As he did so, Remus and Snape walked through the door. Remus raised an eyebrow at the blond.

“You do that and they’ll weep,” he warned. “We never found one brave enough to tackle James’.”

“Is it part of the family magic?” Harry asked, slightly astounded that his hair was apparently that historically problematic. Aunt Petunia had always just cut it as short as she dared while still keeping his scar covered, no matter how strange or unkempt it looked.

“We were never really sure if it was magic or a weird genetic quirk,” Sirius mused, sitting down to lunch. “Once James tried to see if growing it out would help, but that just made it worse. He broke three hair brushes in a month with that attempt.”

“It will be very interesting to see which genetics come out on top,” Narcissa remarked, eyeing Harry and Draco in consideration. “Every Malfoy since Henry VIII has been as blonde as a veela.”

The boys looked at each other, blushing deeply at the insinuation. “Mother!” Draco protested in embarrassment. Narcissa just laughed, stroking her son’s hair.

Harry stared down at his lunch with bright red cheeks — but, when he thought no one else was looking, he glanced up at Draco’s pale hair in curiosity.

He was keen to see how those genetics would mix, too. One day.

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