

think I could have this,” he agreed ruefully. “We’re lucky buggers, though, aren’t we?”

Harry’s eyes trailed over his bedroom, with the wardrobe full of clothes that had only ever been his, the shelf full of books, the posters and the comfy bed and the big sunny window; the desk, covered in letters from friends and family. “The luckiest,” he said, voice soft.

Life’s surprises, indeed.

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Narcissa Malfoy was nervous.

It was hard to tell just by looking at her, but Harry knew the tells in her son, so he knew what to look for. The way her fingers were curled ever so slightly at her sides, like she was trying not to clench her hands. The tightness to her jaw. The sharper edge to her comments, not quite sharp enough to actually hurt.

Harry would be nervous, too, in her position.

They were at Grimmauld, watching Ceri set the table for dinner. It was just the group from Seren Du so far, though Harry knew that would change soon.

The fire flared green, and Bill and Fleur stepped out. Narcissa’s shoulders tensed further.

“Harry!” Fleur greeted him delightedly, beckoning him over to kiss him on both cheeks. “My, you have grown!”

He laughed. “Better late than never,” he joked. “Congratulations, by the way,” he added, glancing down at the very impressive engagement ring on her finger. “Blimey, that’s a bit of a rock, isn’t it?”

Fleur beamed, holding it up for his inspection, while Bill flushed at her side. “When you work with goblins, you develop a bit of a high standard for jewellery,” he defended.

“It is beautiful,” Fleur declared, kissing his cheek. “But not more beautiful than the man who gave it to me.”

That made Bill go as red as his hair, and Harry heard Charlie fighting a laugh behind him. Like the dragon tamer hadn’t said soppiest things to Sirius!

“Now I hear you have someone for us to meet, non?” Fleur pressed, turning back to Harry with intrigue dancing in her eyes. “Charlie talked a lot, but he did not say much.”

“Sounds about right,” Sirius piped up, earning an elbow to the ribs from his partner.

Harry was suddenly hit with a wave of nerves of his own; he’d somehow forgotten this part of the evening’s proceedings. “I—” He turned around, looking desperately for platinum blond hair, and reached towards Draco. “I think you’ve technically met, in the past. Fleur, this is Draco Malfoy, my boyfriend. Draco, you remember Fleur, of course. And I don’t know if you’ve met Bill?”