

Chapter 93

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

On New Year's Eve, all those in Harry's trusted circle who weren't staying at the castle for the holidays made their way to Longbottom Manor, which was decorated as elegantly as one might expect from Augusta Longbottom.

Harry bowed to the elderly woman, then offered up the bottle of sherry he'd brought with him. "Happy holidays," he greeted. "Thank you for inviting us into your home."

"Your family is always welcome with mine, Heir Potter," she assured, a hint of a smile on her stern face. "Posy will show you to the parlour." At her word, a house elf appeared at her side, smiling bright up at Harry and his family.

"Guests be following Posy, please," she chirped, leading the way.

Harry was much less anxious on this visit to Longbottom Manor — unlike his birthday party, people weren't here specifically to see *him*. Also, he wasn't going to be psyching himself out about having sex with Draco this time. That ship had well and truly sailed, many times over.

So he was relaxed as he followed the house elf to the parlour, which was already full of people, a second house elf fluttering around with a tray of drinks.

"Harry!" Neville strode over, grinning. "Good to see you, mate." He glanced back at the rest of the group. "No Professor Lupin tonight?"

"Too close to the moon," Sirius explained. "But he sends his regards."

Harry rather thought it was less about the full moon the night before and more about wanting to ring in the new year with Snape, but he wasn't going to say anything.

Off to the side, Harry saw Amelia Bones stood with a glass of water in hand, and he waved to her, heading over. "I'm glad to see you back on your feet," he said by way of greeting.

"Thank you. I'm fully recovered, thanks to Augusta's friend. And, so I'm told, the efforts of Severus Snape." Her eyes narrowed expectantly, and Harry shrugged.

"There's little I can say without giving away what isn't mine to share," he told her. "But I trust Professor Snape with my life."

"Good to know," she replied. "Now, I won't take up your whole evening talking business; that would be far too rude of both of us." She chuckled. "Go, spend time with your friends."

Harry grinned at her, obligingly heading to greet the rest of his friends, wondering how many more would make it. To his surprise, Percy Weasley was there, chatting with Bill and Fleur. "Hi, Percy. Wasn't expecting to see you here."