

Don't want to risk doing something we can't reverse." His face turned grim, and Harry nodded. That was a dangerous road to go down.

"So another one's been destroyed?" Bill nodded. Relief flooded Harry's veins. "Blimey." Including Harry's scar, and assuming the ring Dumbledore nearly died over was indeed a horcrux, that was six of the damned things — with only his scar and the snake remaining. "Surely there can't be many more?"

"No more than three," Bill assured. "We're close, Harry. We're getting there."

Harry grinned up at him; there was light at the end of the tunnel.

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It was an exhausted group of six that apparated back to Seren Du, the balmy summer evening perfect for the short stroll up to the house.

"Thank you, Sirius," Narcissa murmured, linking arms with her cousin. "That was delightful." They all knew she was talking about more than just the dinner, and Sirius grinned at her, patting her hand.

"There'll be plenty more to look forward to," he promised. "The Black family used to dominate the social calendar, back in the day. I think it's about time we brought it back to that — though with better company, this time, preferably."

Narcissa's laugh chimed through the garden. "Charlie, dear, I hope you know what you're getting into with this one," she teased lightly. "A more social creature you'll never find."

"He lets me keep my dragons, I can put up with parties," Charlie replied, grinning. "I like the idea of a full house."

The couple shared a heavy look, and Harry felt like a voyeur just for being present.

They parted ways inside, each heading to their own bedrooms. Harry prayed he would get to sleep through the whole night for once, with no Voldemort-based interruptions. He just wanted one night to bask in the feeling of family.

Dragging himself to bed, he tugged the duvet up to his shoulders — and froze when his door creaked open. His wand jumped to his hand, but he needn't have bothered; it was just Draco, the moonlight shining off his pale hair.

"What's the matter?" Harry asked, reaching for his glasses. Draco was in a matching set of silver silk pyjamas, and Harry was only briefly distracted by the play of the material across his thighs. "Not that I object to a late night visit, but I'm a bit too tired for anything fun tonight." He grinned lopsidedly, and Draco rolled his eyes.

"I overheard you and Bill talking, in the parlour," he declared, and Harry froze. "What the hell are horcruxes?"

Harry sat up properly, and patted the mattress beside him. "That's... kind of a long story."