

“We’d better, yeah.” With the four graduates in town, Harry anticipated quite a big cluster gathering throughout the day. Glancing over his shoulder, he saw George and Blaise approaching, bringing Daphne, Luna and Sullivan with them.

“Ginny and Neville are on their way down,” Sully reported cheerfully. “Nev had to check something in the greenhouses. We didn’t ask.”

Harry snorted — that meant they’d be anything from five minutes to over an hour behind. “To the Broomsticks, then,” he declared, hoping there would still be a table free big enough for all of them.

They had to get a bit creative with the seating, squeezing tight into booth seats and dragging another table over for extra space, but Rosmerta didn’t seem to mind, greeting them all with a big smile and a wink at the twins when they began to flirt outrageously. Soon, Harry had a mug of warm butterbeer between his cold hands, Draco pressed close on one side and George on the other.

“How you doing, kid?” the redhead asked quietly, kissing Harry’s temple as he leaned forward to grab his drink.

“Well enough, all things considered,” Harry assured. “How about you? How’s the shop doing?”

“Keeping Diagon’s post office in business single-handed, it feels like, sometimes.” George gave a lopsided smile. “Foot traffic could be better, of course, but we’re still doing just fine. All thanks to you, naturally.”

“Oh, shut it,” Harry said, shaking his head. “I just gave you a boost — the genius is all you two.” A thousand galleons had been a great start, but it wouldn’t have gotten anywhere without the twins’ great ideas and solid business sense. “How’s the family? How... how’s your dad?”

He’d only heard from Arthur Weasley once more since the initial letter after Christmas. The man was still incredibly apologetic for everything, even though absolutely none of it was his fault.

George’s smile faltered. “It’s... difficult. We haven’t been home much since Christmas, but Dad’s come over a couple times. It’s hard for him — he loves Mum still, but he hates what she’s done to you. To all of us.”

“He knows Dumbledore was the driving force behind it, right?” From everything Harry knew about the Weasley matriarch, he doubted she would have gone quite so far in her manipulations of Harry without Dumbledore assuring her it was *for his own good*. Of course, that didn’t mean he was even remotely ready to forgive her for it or trust her again, but he didn’t want to destroy her relationship with her husband and kids. In a way, she’d been a victim of Dumbledore, just like everyone else.

“We’ve told him, yeah. Honestly, I think that made it worse — just made him think he should’ve done more to see what was happening. He’s been feeling guilty ever since he found