

They would probably enjoy the ten months of respite, after the year they'd had.

As the group began to walk out to apparate away, Harry jogged a little to catch up, just behind Frankie and Remus. He didn't *mean* to eavesdrop, but when he heard them talking...

"Severus and I are getting married," Remus said, looking incredibly pleased by the concept. Frankie blinked, and his jaw set in that impassive Slytherin way of bottling up your emotions.

"Oh," he replied. "...Are you going to have a baby soon, then?"

A cough spluttered out of Remus, his eyes widening. "I— well, we, ah— that's a bit more of a complicated process with two men, you know. We— it's something we're certainly considering."

"Oh," Frankie said again.

"But," Remus continued tentatively, "any theoretical future babies we do have... they could do with a big brother."

Frankie's jaw tightened further. "Harry's doing well so far."

Harry's heart jolted happily.

"He is," the werewolf agreed. "But we were also thinking that you seem rather good at it, yourself."

Frankie's only reaction was a sharp intake of breath, the slightest widening of his eyes, a half-step of hesitation.

"You've got the whole school year to decide," Remus told him evenly. "And you can come talk to us whenever you like. You can spend Yule at the castle, or come spend it with Nash and the rest. And by summer, if you'd like, Severus and I can foster you."

"Foster?" Frankie asked warily, eyes guarded. "Not adopt?"

Now Remus was the one looking a touch surprised.

"We didn't know if you'd want adoption," he admitted. "But we'd certainly like to." An old hand at gently teasing emotions out of recalcitrant Slytherins, Remus patted him on the shoulder. "You don't need to decide now. Think about it."

As they reached the gates, Frankie was pensive and quiet.

"Hold on tight, kids," Sirius warned, making sure each child was securely latched to an adult. He had Amy, and she scrunched her face up tight in preparation for the uncomfortable feeling of apparition.

Harry grinned, snagging Draco around the waist and reeling him in close. "Hold on tight," he breathed into the blond's ear, and then apparated them away.