

Season's greetings were exchanged, and the congregation was moved to the living room, where the staggering pile of presents beneath the elaborately decorated Christmas tree awaited. Sirius and Narcissa had gone all out — the two of them left unsupervised were a dangerously competent team.

"Go on, boys," Narcissa prompted, smiling indulgently and gesturing to the tree. Harry and Draco didn't need telling twice — they hurried to kneel by the pile, levitating presents to their recipients.

The next half hour was a riot of wrapping paper and sounds of delight. Harry goggled at his own pile of presents; books and clothes and sweets and all sorts of things he'd never even anticipated. "One of these days you're going to run out of things to buy me," he told his godfathers laughingly, opening another box from the pair of them, this one containing an Astronomy globe — a device that would project the stars of any given day up on the walls of the room he put it in. Sirius would never let him live down that E in Astronomy!

"Not possible," Sirius assured him, beaming. "We'll just have to get more creative as you get older."

Harry almost made a joke about Sirius soon having his own kids to spoil rotten instead of Harry, but he held his tongue — he knew Charlie was a bit sensitive on the subject of family these days, and he didn't want to put his foot in it.

He saw Draco open a patchwork quilt from Andromeda much like the one she'd made for Harry himself, except this one was in shades of green rather than black and grey. "Oh, good, I can have my blanket back now," he teased, kissing the blond's cheek. Ever since Harry had brought it to Draco when he was unwell, it had stayed in the blond's dormitory. Harry didn't really mind, glad it could bring some comfort to his boyfriend.

Suddenly, Remus let out a loud gale of laughter, and all of them turned to see Snape holding a wooden sign on a ribbon — '*Brewing in Progress; intruders will be diced and used as ingredients*'. There was even a little cartoon cauldron beneath it, with a human leg sticking out of it.

"Where the hell did Tonks find that?" Remus crowed delightedly. Snape wasn't nearly so impressed, though Harry thought he could see a flicker of amusement in those dark eyes.

"I bet Ted made it," Sirius offered, grinning. "He does all kinds of woodwork and stuff."

"Perhaps this will mean I actually get some *privacy* in this house," Snape drawled, making Narcissa scoff.

"There is only one person in this house who dares interrupt your brewing without good reason, and I would like to see you turn *him* into ingredients." Her gaze landed pointedly on Remus, and a pale flush rose on Snape's cheeks.

"Not many potions call for werewolf parts," Remus assured cheerfully, winking.