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On Tuesday evening, Harry and Sirius bid goodbye to the rest of the household and set off for the edge of the wards, planning to apparate to Grimmauld and then floo from there to the Frobishers' house.

When they arrived, Vicky and her parents were waiting in the hall for them; Vicky clearly took more after her father, a tall man with curly dark hair and the same gap-toothed smile. Mrs Frobisher on the other hand was a smiling East-Asian woman with her black hair tied back in a simple ponytail, far more petite than her husband and daughter. "Lord Black, Mr Potter, welcome," she greeted, shaking both their hands. "It's so good to finally meet you both in person. Amelia and Susan just arrived, come on through."

Harry and Sirius both took their shoes off where instructed, then followed the family through to the dining room. Sure enough, Susan and Amelia were both waiting, and Susan hurried forward to hug Harry. Then she offered an open-palmed bow to Sirius. "Well met, Lord Black." She grinned. "Nice to meet you properly."

Sirius laughed. "You, too, Heir Bones. And Madam Bones, I can't thank you enough, for everything." He shook the woman's hand earnestly, and she smiled.

"Your godson saved my life, I think we're even," she remarked. "Thank you, Mr Potter. Without your warning..." She trailed off, squeezing her niece's shoulder. "Well, it's best not to think what might have happened."

"I'm just glad I could help."

Mr Frobisher levitated dinner through, and Harry took a seat between Sirius and Susan. There was a current of anxiety twisting a coil in his belly; for all he'd gotten used to family dinners in the last couple of years, he'd never had a proper dinner *outside* the family before. The closest anything came to it was staying with the Weasleys, but they had always just treated him like an extra kid, so it wasn't nearly the same.

Adding on that this was a business dinner, of sorts... Harry just hoped he didn't make a fool of himself.

*You'll be fine*, murmured a voice in the back of his head that sounded remarkably like Draco.

"I thought we'd save all the work-talk until after we've eaten," Mrs Frobisher said, waving her wand to pour water for everyone. "No need to ruin our appetites!" They laughed, and Harry looked down at his meal; it was a rice and vegetable dish he wasn't familiar with, but it smelled amazing.

"So, Harry — if I might call you Harry," Mr Frobisher began, and Harry nodded in assent, "Vicky was telling us about the defence club you put together last year. It sounded awfully exciting!" He chuckled. "I wish she was that enthusiastic about all her classes."

Further down the table, Vicky blushed.