

“And yet I’m entirely unsurprised by you shoving your opinions on people before you even know enough about the subject to properly understand it,” he replied evenly, turning away and heading for the stairs to the dorms.

Let that start circulating for a while — his reputation couldn’t get much worse amongst those who were already thinking poorly of him, after all.

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It was unsettling to hear so many voices at Seren Du, Severus thought as he let go of Ceri’s hand and looked around the entrance hall. For so long it had just been him and Remus and Sirius — Harry during the summer, but otherwise, quiet. Hell, for half of the year before, he and Remus had often been the only ones in the enormous house.

Now, Narcissa lived there full time, and Charlie Weasley, and the Tonks family were over so often it sometimes felt like they lived there. Indeed, they were there now; Andromeda and Narcissa and Sirius having tea in the kitchen like he was sure none of them imagined they ever would when they were teenagers. Out in the garden he could hear Charlie, Tonks and Kingsley — it sounded like they were duelling, the aurors putting the dragon tamer through his paces.

“Severus!” Narcissa greeted brightly when he entered. “We weren’t expecting you home.”

It still baffled him just a little bit to call this place home, let alone to have people there who might be *expecting* him in it. People other than Remus.

“For once, I don’t have any miscreants in detention today.” Something he’d done purposefully — he hadn’t spent more than an hour with his partner since school had picked back up.

Sirius barked out a laugh. “Our godsons are otherwise occupied, then?” he joked — another baffling thing, joking around with Sirius Black. “Moony’s up in the library, I think.”

Severus tried his best not to blush as both women smiled behind their teacups — it had proven fruitless, over the summer, to try and keep his and Remus’ relationship secret from those who frequented the manor, though as far as he knew Kingsley hadn’t yet figured it out. He would, soon; it hardly made any sense for Severus to be living there just as Draco’s godfather. He was still spying for both sides, he had no reason to be hiding, not like Narcissa.

And, as Remus kept reminding him, they were *family* now.

“Ceri will be sending up tea for Master Snape,” the house elf chirped from her stool at the counter where she was rolling dough for what looked like scones.

“Thank you, Ceri.” Severus nodded at her, then cast his gaze over the trio of Blacks. “Enjoy your afternoon tea. I’m sure I’ll see you all at dinner.” None of the Tonks’ would pass up a free meal from Ceri, and if Ted Tonks finished work at a decent hour he was more likely to join them than expect his wife and child home.