

“It’s good to see you, Harry. You’re looking well.” Hermione’s voice was cautious — she clearly knew better than to expect a warm welcome. Harry clenched his jaw.

“Hermione.” He nodded in her direction.

Mrs Weasley looked perplexed by the stilted interaction, but breezed through it regardless.

“Sit, sit, dinner will be ready in a few. Do you want a drink, Harry, dear?”

When she offered him a glass of pumpkin juice, she set it in front of the seat beside Hermione. Harry moved it to claim the free space between Ginny and Sirius. Ginny squeezed his knee under the table.

“Have you met Tonks yet, Harry?” she asked, gesturing to the pink-haired auror on her other side. “She’s great!”

“Briefly. Hi.” Harry waved, making Tonks grin.

“Hiya. Finally got your land legs back?” she teased.

“Just about, yeah. You’re an auror, right? I remember you from the Rita Skeeter thing.”

“Ahh, that was a good day,” Tonks sighed, a satisfied look on her face. “Yup, that was me! Kingsley — Shackbolt, the other auror there, I think you met him the other night — he’s in the Order too.” She gestured further down the table, where the bald auror was sat talking to Mr Weasley. He looked up at the sound of his name, smiling.

“It’s nice to meet you properly, Mr Potter. I’m truly sorry for the previous circumstances.” He looked it, too. Harry just nodded a little stiffly.

“Tonks is also my cousin,” Sirius cut in, leaning an arm across the back of Harry’s chair. “I don’t know if I mentioned that. Her mum’s mum was my dad’s sister.”

“Mum was disowned when she married Dad, though,” Tonks informed him cheerfully. “So we’re not technically part of the Black family anymore.”

“Count yourselves lucky,” Sirius said, rolling his eyes. “Not exactly a great club to be part of.”

“Tonks is a metamorphmagus!” Ginny enthused, before the conversation could get soured by talk of Sirius’ relatives. Harry’s eyebrows shot up.

“That’s supposed to be really rare, isn’t it?” He’d read about the trait in the Black family grimoire. Tonks smiled, her nose becoming long and narrow like the old Disney cartoon of Pinocchio.

“Rarer every generation!” she confirmed. “I’m the only one in Britain, as far as we know. There’s a fair few in Europe though, and in the States. Came in handy for the disguises part of my auror training!”