

“Not properly,” Draco replied, offering an open-palmed bow. “Well met, Lord Prewett.” Then he turned to Fleur, with his most charming smile, kissing the back of her hand. “Miss Delacour, it’s a pleasure. Congratulations on your engagement.”

“Merci.” Fleur looked back to Harry. “He is charming.”

“Too charming for his own good,” Harry agreed wryly. He was about to say something else, but the fire flared green again, and Draco went stock-still beside him.

The Tonks family had arrived.

Harry hadn’t met Ted Tonks before, and he was quietly surprised by the kind-faced, slightly rotund man stood at Andromeda’s side. He wasn’t sure what he’d expected of the man Andromeda had been so in love with she’d abandoned her entire family, but... not someone who looked like a muggle green-grocer.

Still, he knew better than to take people at face value, and judging by the set of the man’s shoulders as he faced his wife’s estranged sister, there was certainly more to Ted Tonks than met the eye.

“Cissy,” Andi murmured, voice choked with emotion.

“Andi,” Narcissa replied, in the same sort of tone. “I... you’re looking well, sister.”

Andi cracked a smile. “A few more grey hairs since last you saw me. Entirely down to raising this one, I assure you,” she added with a gesture to Tonks, earning an offended look — which was quickly turned on Kingsley when he snickered quietly. “You, on the other hand, haven’t aged a day.”

Narcissa’s laugh only sounded slightly strained. “That isn’t true, but I appreciate you saying so. I... this is your child, then? I’ve been told you prefer to be called Tonks.” She turned to Tonks, who blinked, taken-aback.

“I... yes.”

“You’re welcome to call me Cissa,” Narcissa offered. “Or... even Aunt Cissa, if you like. Though it may take some time to get there.” She tittered quietly. Then she turned, and before she’d even said anything Draco stepped forward as if in a trance. “This is your cousin, Draco. Andi, I... I’d like you to meet my son.”

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Mrs Tonks,” Draco responded, every inch the polite young pureblood he’d been raised to be. Andi smiled as Draco kissed her hand.

“The pleasure is all mine, I assure you.” She studied him carefully, and Harry could see his boyfriend trying very hard not to fidget. “I’m very much looking forward to getting to know you, Draco,” Andi said warmly, then her gaze travelled back up to her sister. “We have a lot of catching up to do.”

There was a beat of silence, and then Sirius clapped his hands together. “I think dinner is ready, now we’re all here?”