

eye on Nash for us.” Charlie’s dimples returned with his smile. “You’re a big brother now, don’t forget.”

As if Harry could, when his heart danced every time he thought of his new little siblings.

Snape didn’t *do* hugs, not in public, so from him Harry got a curt nod. Narcissa on the other hand absolutely *did* do hugs, and kissed him on both cheeks for good measure. “Look after each other,” was the only advice she gave him, smiling softly.

Remus hugged him too, even though they’d be seeing each other again in a few hours. “We’re so proud of you, cub,” he whispered, nuzzling Harry’s temple. “I’m glad I’ll be there in person to see you shine, your last year.”

That made Harry’s throat go tight, and he quickly distracted himself by heading over to the Weasley contingency to get mauled by Fred and Angelina all at once. George was too busy holding Blaise like he’d never see him again. “Make sure you leave a good team behind,” Angelina told him, eyes shining. “We have to keep this Gryffindor run going even after you’re out of there.”

Harry, who was fully planning on training an entire reserve team this year and then handing his captain’s badge to Ginny, promised her he’d make it happen.

Hugs from Bill and Fleur were brief but heartfelt, and finally George peeled himself off his boyfriend long enough to say goodbye to Harry. “Give ‘em hell, kid,” he said, grinning mischievously, slipping Merlin only knew what into Harry’s jacket pocket. “If you and Neville don’t use those powers of yours for mischief, we’re disowning both of you.”

“Good to know,” Harry said with a snort. He was sure the two of them and their shared ability to walk through walls would manage to come up with something or other, to pass the time. Keep McGonagall on her toes.

Percy preferred to send him off with a firm handshake and a reminder about the reading for the next Wizengamot meeting, which from Percy was practically a declaration of eternal kinship. Smoothly avoiding Mrs Weasley while she was busy fussing over Hermione, Harry stood before Mr Weasley, unsure.

“Oh, come here,” the man murmured, embracing Harry without hesitation. “I’ve told you before, you’ll always be one of my boys,” he promised. “Now be good, and study hard.” His eyes were twinkling when they parted.

“Yes, sir,” Harry chirped obediently, smiling.

Finally, he faced Sirius. There were no words between them, just a fierce, almost desperate hug. Harry refused to cry *again* that morning, so he held it in admirably, throat aching with the force of it. “You’ve come so far, kiddo,” Sirius whispered. “Just a little bit more to go.” His lips pressed to Harry’s cheek, and his eyes were suspiciously shiny when he loosened his grip. “If I don’t get a letter from McGonagall telling me you’re in trouble at least once per term, I’ll be very disappointed in you,” he mock-scolded, and Harry laughed, hugging him one last time.