

## Chapter 60

Even with the minor upset of Percy Weasley's returned Christmas present, and the still-stewing anger of Ron and Hermione, Harry still managed to have an excellent Christmas morning. The pile of presents at the end of his bed was even larger than it had been the year before — and somehow, someone had snuck in his present from Draco, which was a gorgeous blown-glass fox figurine that made his heart ache fondly. He wondered how the blond was doing, back at Hogwarts.

At least he wasn't at home, with Voldemort.

Harry hoped Narcissa Malfoy was doing okay.

"Merry Christmas, Harry!" Ginny called as he headed down the stairs. "Thanks for the book!" He had given her a book all about the best female quidditch players in history, most of whom were Harpies players. Harry grinned at her, returning the sentiment.

"Merry Christmas, kiddo!" Sirius beamed, wrapping him in a tight hug. He'd been acting odd the last couple of days, but he seemed to be fine now, and Harry hugged him back.

"Thanks for everything. Merry Christmas." Harry had been truly spoiled by his godfather — both of them, in fact.

With Mrs Weasley commandeering the kitchen for an enormous Christmas lunch, they were all kicked out of the basement room; except Bill, who was trusted enough to help with the preparations.

Instead, they gathered in the bigger living room; Fred and George had a new board game from Bill, one that spewed brightly coloured smoke every time a player made a bad move, and they were delighting in playing that with Ginny, Charlie and Ron — the redhead couldn't be properly furious on Christmas, so he was just avoiding Harry. Hermione was sat nearby, reading one of her new books.

Harry made himself comfortable on the sofa between Sirius and Remus, relishing in the joy of being with his family at Christmas.

If only he could have all of them there. Next year, perhaps.

He wriggled round on the sofa, leaning his head on Remus' shoulder and peering at the pages of the book the man was reading. "I wish Snape could be here," he murmured quietly. Remus looked down at him, shocked.

"I— really?"

"Of course. He's family." He might be a grouchy bastard, but the worst of that was for show. Remus deserved to spend Christmas with the man he loved.