

They reappeared in the designated spot on Platform 9 & 3/4, and Draco glared lightly at him. Harry just kissed him on the nose — just in time for Charlie and Tahan to appear, and the little boy to groan loudly at the gesture. “You two are gross,” Tahan told them matter-of-factly.

With a laugh, Harry stepped out of the way of oncoming apparition, keeping his arms wrapped tight around Draco’s waist, kissing him sloppily on the cheek. “Yup,” he agreed proudly. “So gross.”

“Don’t you two *ever* stop?”

That was Ginny, her hair freshly shaved and a new earring in that had a little gold chain connecting the top piercing with the lobe piercing. She led the way for the rest of the Weasley/Granger contingency — the whole clan had come out to see their youngest off to Hogwarts, Hermione’s parents bringing up the rear.

“You lived with us for a month, you know we don’t,” Harry joked, mostly just to watch the scandalised blush cross Mrs Weasley’s face.

The platform was a riot of noise and colour and energy — a far cry from how it had been this time last year. Harry was buoyed just by being there, his melancholy finally making way for excitement.

All down the platform he saw his friends, saying goodbye to their families and saying hello to each other, as if they hadn’t all been drinking and dancing together not two nights ago to celebrate Amelia’s win. The Minister herself was there, hugging Susan like she didn’t ever want to let her go. When she did, it was to grab a surprised Theo in an equally tight hug, holding it until the Slytherin relaxed enough to put a tentative arm around her back.

Harry grinned to himself, turning back to his own farewell party. His own family.

They were all here, every single one of them. Well, except the Tonks contingency, but someone had to hold down the fort at the Ministry so that Amelia and Percy could be part of the Hogwarts run.

Normally Remus and Snape would have gone ahead to the castle, but both men wanted to be there to see Harry and Draco off for the last time. Plus, Snape wanted to fool the students into thinking that because he was at the platform, the curse of the Defence position had struck again and he would no longer be teaching them.

“Come on,” Sirius announced. “Let’s start the hugs now, or you’ll never make the train on time.” He held his arms open to Nashira, who jumped into them eagerly.

Harry started with Charlie, mock-grimacing when the redhead ruffled his hair affectionately. “Enjoy yourself, kid,” he said. “And slow down for once, yeah? Swear to Merlin you’re always going a thousand miles a minute, all the plates you’re spinning. Just... slow it down. Make the most of it. Trust me, you’ll regret it if you don’t.” He looked at the train a little wistfully, and Harry wondered if he had regrets about his time at Hogwarts. “Also, keep an