

Kingsley stepped even closer, one hand pressing gently against Tonks' stomach. *Much* closer than a co-worker would get, or even a friend. "A baby?"

"A baby." A cautious smile tugged at Tonks' lips. "Is that... okay?"

Kingsley's only response was to hug her tightly, lifting her off her feet and spinning her around, kissing her like his life depended on it. As he pulled back and set her down, there was a beaming smile on his face, wider than Harry had ever seen from the stoic man. "It's *fantastic*," he declared firmly.

"So *that's* why you didn't want the Head Auror job," Amelia said in realisation, brows drawing together amusedly.

Arms still around Tonks, Kingsley looked over to her, sheepish. "Um. Yes. Well. About that."

Harry laughed loudly, and all of a sudden Tonks was swarmed with people, all wanting to ask about the baby and Kingsley and how long they'd been keeping that one hidden.

George looked around at the unsurprised faces of everyone he stood with; Harry, Sirius and Charlie, Remus and Snape. "You knew," he said, "you all knew!"

"Tonks is family," Harry replied, an admission in itself.

"You'll soon come to learn, Georgie boy, that the Black family are very fond of their secrets," Charlie told his brother, squeezing Sirius around the waist with a conspiratorial grin. "I don't think I've had even a fraction of them! Hell, I probably never will. But there's a lot these little buggers have been keeping under all our noses for the last few years."

George looked almost put out by the knowledge that there was plotting and secrets going on without him. Harry patted him on the shoulder. "I'll tell you what I can some other time," he promised consolingly. He wasn't even looking at George — his gaze had been caught by movement across the room, a toss of shining blond hair and a careless push of shirtsleeves up to elbows. The heat in his belly returned. "Look, George, I'll see you later. In the morning. Yeah?"

He didn't wait for the bewildered reply, stalking across the hall and draping himself across a lithe back, kissing a pale cheek. "Hi," he greeted, wrapping his arms around Draco from behind. He canted his hips subtly, making Draco aware of the half-hard erection growing in his trousers. "Having fun?"

"I was," Draco confirmed, craning his neck to meet Harry's eye. "Did you need me for something?"

Harry grinned wolfishly. "That's a very loaded question," he replied. Several of the Slytherins around them snickered.

Draco didn't look remotely embarrassed by this clear — and fairly sloppy — attempt at seduction. Harry had never been more in love with him in his life. "At least let me pretend we