

Harry couldn't imagine what those twelve years were like for them, when Sirius was in Azkaban and Snape and Remus were apart and all of them were so, so lonely in so many ways. They had been hard enough for Harry, as a child. The adults had all kinds of other problems.

He couldn't imagine having to spend twelve years pretending he didn't feel the way he did about Draco.

"I hope you get to be open about it, soon," he said instead. Remus smiled, squeezing his shoulder.

"You and me both, cub." He glanced up at the clock. "I'll take my leave, if you don't mind? I think you've been in here long enough for the others to think you're done sulking."

Harry grimaced; he was amazed they hadn't been interrupted already. "Yeah, probably. See you tomorrow?"

Remus hugged him, kissing the top of his head. If Harry grew much more, he'd have to bend down a little for the werewolf to do that, and it made him grin. "Bright and early. Have a good night, cub. Sleep well."

"You, too."

Remus stepped back, and in the blink of an eye he was gone. Harry's stomach clenched enviously — Snape and Remus got to go back to Seren Du and be alone together.

One day, he would get to be back there, with Draco, and with his family. He just had to hold on until then.

.-.-.

The weekend brought with it a buzz of excitement, and a storm of baking courtesy of Mrs Weasley.

Charlie was home.

As promised, he came for dinner the day he returned from Romania, a still-red burn on his forearm that he hadn't even bothered to try and hide from his mother's disapproving gaze. He showed up with Bill, immediately catching Ginny as she threw herself at her older brother. "Oof, watch your elbows, there, Gin," he joked, mock-winded even as he lifted her off her feet in a hug. The rest of his siblings crowded him, full of questions about the Welsh reserve and what Charlie would be doing there. Harry hung back, though Charlie still managed to wade through the sea of redheads to give Harry a hug.

"Good to see you, kid," he enthused, then his eyes darkened. "I'm sorry about Diggory. And your cousin."

Harry's heart clenched. "Yeah. Thanks. Welcome back, though."