

“Harry!” The exclamation came from Sirius, who by this point was absolutely plastered. Harry couldn’t really blame him; the war was over, their family was alive, and his godfather had an excellent future ahead.

“Harry!” Sirius grabbed him by the shoulders, shaking him slightly. “You— you’re the best, y’know? I told Prongs, I told him when you were born — this kid is gonna be *brilliant*. And I was right!” He beamed widely. “If him and Lily could see you now! They’d be so bloody proud of you. *I’m* so bloody proud of you. My godson, defeater of Voldemort!” he shouted, and a cheer went up around the hall. Harry blushed, even as he smiled. “I love you so much, pup. You’re my son! Not, not *really* my son — I never ever touched Jamie’s girl, not ever, I swear it! — but, but, you’re my son *in here*.” He thumped his chest, over his heart. Over his godfather’s shoulder, Harry saw Remus stifling his helpless laughter in Snape’s shoulder.

“I love you too, Padfoot. And— you’re my dad, in here, too,” he added, putting a hand to his own chest, refusing to admit to the tears welling in his eyes.

Sirius blinked rapidly, his own eyes getting misty — then he leaned in and pressed a big wet kiss to Harry’s forehead. “Hey, hey Harry,” he pestered again, grabbing Harry’s wrist, stepping back. “Y’know Charlie?” He pointed at the dragon tamer, who was much better at holding his alcohol, sat on the edge of the table and watching his drunk boyfriend with an indulgent expression.

“Yeah, I know him,” Harry confirmed, trying not to laugh. Sirius’ eyes sparkled, looking between the two. Then he let go of Harry’s wrist, and stood right in the middle of their little circle of people.

“I am gonna marry that man,” he declared firmly, pointing his finger vehemently at Charlie. He stumbled closer to his boyfriend, poking him in the chest. “I am. I’m gonna marry you.”

Charlie’s smile widened, bringing out the dimples in full force. “Are you, now?” he drawled, raising one red eyebrow. “Well, I have to say it — that was a shit proposal, sweetheart. You’re gonna have to do better.”

All of them laughed at Sirius’ exaggerated pout. “I will,” he promised, falling against Charlie’s chest, the redhead’s arm automatically steadying him around the waist. “I’ll do better. I love you!”

“I love you, too, Sirius,” Charlie assured fondly, kissing the taller man’s jaw. The smile that stretched across Sirius’ face was the biggest one of them all, and Harry couldn’t help but grin widely in response.

“I need another drink!” Sirius declared, straightening up and swaying as he did so.

“I really don’t think you do,” Tonks replied with a laugh. Sirius whipped around to her, pointing an accusing finger.

“That’s what a sober person would say!” he accused. “*You* need another drink. Or any drink. I haven’t seen you drink! Why aren’t you drinking?”