

The werewolf's face softened, and he dropped a quick kiss to Harry's forehead. "I'm glad you think so, cub. I wish he could be here too, but he's got Slytherins to take care of. He's with Draco." Harry was glad for that; glad his boyfriend had his godfather with him.

"Are you going to see him later?" Remus had been living at Grimmauld since Harry had returned.

"Tomorrow, I think. We'll both be busy today. I want to give that poor fellow in the ward with Arthur a bit of company."

Harry knew the one; the recently turned werewolf, who never said a word but always watched the family gather around Mr Weasley with sad, yearning eyes. Harry had never seen him have a visitor. "That'll be nice." Perhaps Remus could put him in touch with one of the packs.

Christmas lunch was exactly the chaos he expected, with the twins trying to sneak pranks into the food, aided by Sirius — and Charlie, though Mrs Weasley didn't seem to notice that child of hers getting involved. Harry ate until he was fit to burst, and regretted that slightly when he found himself clambering into the back of a magically-expanded car between Remus and Ginny. He was grateful when Remus discreetly slipped a vial of Stomach-Settling potion his way, labelled with Snape's spidery handwriting.

St Mungo's was appropriately festive when they arrived, heading straight for the Llewellyn ward. Mr Weasley accepted his pile of gifts with a bright smile — that quickly faltered under the keen eye of his wife, when she began to question his off-schedule bandage change.

The rest of them sensed the brewing argument, and Harry began to wonder if he could slip off and join Remus by the werewolf man's bedside, when Ginny gripped him by the wrist. "Let's go for a walk, yeah?" she hissed, dragging him backwards out of the ward.

"Where are we going?" Harry asked, once they were safely out of Mrs Weasley's explosion radius. Ginny shrugged.

"Bill said something about a drink. Should we go find the tearoom?"

It was as good a suggestion as any, so they set off for the stairs. "Neville's around here, somewhere," Ginny commented offhandedly. Harry's stride faltered.

"Yeah?" Harry knew only one reason why his blond friend would be in the hospital on Christmas.

"His gran doesn't let him visit too often. But they come every year on Christmas Day." Ginny sounded sad. Harry, very much out of his depth with this sort of thing, cleared his throat awkwardly.

"He's, uh, told you a bit about his parents, then?" He knew Ginny and Neville hung out when he wasn't around — sometimes with Luna, sometimes not — but he had absolutely no clue what they talked about, considering Ginny was dating Michael Corner and Neville was pretending to be fine with that. It sounded unbearably awkward to him, but whenever he was