

The Potions Master levelled the most dry, deadpan stare he could muster at his godson. “You have not graduated yet.”

At the other end of the table, Narcissa hid a giggle behind her napkin. “Well, I think that all sounds like a marvellous idea,” she agreed. “Just let me know what time to be home — I’m having tea with Miss Ashford this morning, to discuss her further education.”

“That’s the new Rosier heir, right?” Draco checked.

“Indeed. Poor dear has no idea what to expect from such things, raised as a muggleborn. Hogwarts teaches nothing about pureblood culture, it’s disgraceful.”

“Yeah, we’re working on that,” Harry assured. “It’s on Susan’s list.”

Narcissa’s lips quirked in amusement. “Lady Bones has quite the list indeed.”

That was an understatement if Harry had ever heard one.

“Well, Mother, I’m sure you’ll enjoy having a young lady to teach about etiquette and comportment and all the family gossip and what not,” Draco sighed, eyes flashing in jest. “You always did wish for a daughter.”

“I wished for a child that might sit still long enough to listen,” Narcissa chided playfully. “Instead I got a boy who spent all his lessons staring at the fireplace waiting for Uncle Severus to come teach him Potions.”

Both Draco and Snape went pink across the cheeks, though a pleased smile flickered across the Potions Master’s face.

“That’s adorable,” Harry declared, grinning at the pair of them. “Draco and I are going to play quidditch this morning, if that’s alright?”

“We’ll be around,” Remus confirmed. “Though with the way Draco’s healing magic is coming along, perhaps you don’t need us in case of emergency.”

“We will if the emergency is Draco crashing into the ground,” Harry reasoned wryly.

“Such faith in my flying skills.”

“I have faith in your flying. I have less faith in your ability to recognise that you’re not going to outlast me in a dive.”

Draco jabbed him in the side, then stole his last bite of pancake. “You’re going to regret that comment, Potter.”

“Oh, Merlin,” Sirius muttered, “out come the last names. Quit flirting and bugger off outside, I’ve had enough of watching the pair of you make eyes at each other.”

Harry laughed, refraining from pointing out what a hypocrite his godfather was, as he and Charlie were the biggest flirts of them all.