

He turned, seeing Charlie grin, cheeks dimpling. “I’d love to.” He kissed Sirius quickly. “You get the brooms, I’ll get our coats.” His blue eyes softened. “Don’t want you catching a chill out there.”

Sirius smiled, watching him go — as if that were possible, when he had Charlie around, warming every single inch of him from the inside out.

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Dinner that evening was a raucous affair; the whole family was at Seren Du to celebrate the start of the holidays, even the Tonks family and Kingsley were there. Harry couldn’t be happier, surrounded by his loved ones, eating delicious food and cheerfully regaling them all with the story of his and Draco’s coming out right before they had left the school.

“I just wish we’d been able to see Dumbledore’s face, but he wasn’t at breakfast,” he said, shaking his head. “Ah well; I’m sure he’ll have something to say about it when we go back.”

“And I’m sure he’ll soon realise that hardly anyone gives a damn what he thinks anymore,” Tonks declared with a grin. Sirius barked a laugh at her side.

“Too right! You should’ve seen how many letters I had after the love potion incident; parents whose kids had written home about it, wanting to tell me they’d support our family if we wanted to pressure Albus into expelling the girl.”

“Really?” Harry asked, surprised.

“Amortentia is serious business, cub. She’s lucky she’s underage, or it would be an automatic Azkaban sentence,” Remus explained.

“Horace is the lucky one,” Snape sneered. “It’s bad enough brewing Amortentia to show to students, but leaving it unsupervised long enough for a *fourth year* to steal some! He’s fortunate he’s ancient enough that the International Society of Potions Masters can’t be bothered to properly reprimand him for it.”

“I didn’t realise they regulated that sort of thing,” Harry mused, and Snape nodded.

“He’s lost his license to brew it, after this incident. Not an enormous loss — I can’t see him brewing it often, even for demonstration purposes. But now that’s on his record he’ll lose his Mastery if he’s caught in possession of it again. Or if any students of his are caught with it.”

“Do you think anyone else managed to steal some?” Draco asked.

“Highly unlikely,” Snape assured. “He’s an idiot, but he’s not *that* incompetent. And after the spectacle the Vane girl made of herself, anyone who might have some will think twice about using it.”

“Good,” Harry declared vehemently, stabbing a roast potato. Under the table, Draco squeezed his knee sympathetically.