

about the place. The lake seemed murkier, too, and Harry did a double-take at seeing a tentacle breach the surface of the water holding what looked like a troll leg.

At least the squid was having fun.

“It’s nothing that can’t be fixed,” Narcissa said gently, following his gaze across the bare expanse of earth. “I believe Professor Sprout and your friend Neville are already discussing the best ways to return the grass to its former glory. There was even discussion of a flower garden, as a memorial.”

Harry swallowed thickly. He’d like that a lot.

“While I have you to myself, darling, I wanted to thank you.” Harry looked oddly at the blonde woman.

“What for?”

She let out an airy chuckle. “What for, he asks! Harry, my son is alive, my family is *safe*, and I am not facing persecution as a Death Eater. None of that would have happened had you not been involved.”

“I didn’t do all of that,” Harry argued. “You stood up against the Death Eaters after Lucius died. You helped keep everyone safe, too.”

“But I was only able to do so with the knowledge that I had Harry Potter in my corner. Your name carries a lot of weight, you know.”

He blushed, uncomfortable with the reminder. “All I did was fall in love with Draco,” he muttered abashedly. “The rest sort of just happened, after that.”

Narcissa giggled, squeezing his arm, resting her head on his shoulder for just a moment. “Indeed. Then may I just say I am very, very glad you did so. And not just because it led to my own safety.” She looked up at Harry, grey eyes softening, creasing at the corners. “I have never seen my son happier than when he is with you. It is all I ever wanted for him in the world, and more; to be loved as fiercely as he offers his own love. We Blacks can be rather... intense, with our emotions.” Harry snorted; that was putting it lightly.

“He deserves all that love, and more. He deserves everything.” Everything Harry could give him, and then some.

“As do you,” Narcissa said, and his chest tightened. “You are family, Harry, and I will do everything I can to aid you and my son in building the future you have worked so hard to reach. However that future may look; you have my support.”

A lump rose in Harry’s throat, his heart filling with an unexpected burst of warmth. “I have a ring,” he blurted before he could help himself. “From the Potter vaults. I... he thinks he’s going to be the one to propose, but I...”

Narcissa chuckled, mischief flashing in her eyes. “Yes, I daresay that will ruffle his feathers a bit, getting beaten to the punch.” Harry held his breath, stopping in his tracks, as Narcissa