

George broke away from his family as soon as he spotted them, barrelling over and immediately sweeping Blaise into a kiss that wouldn't have been out of place in a muggle romance film. Ginny made an exaggerated noise of disgust.

"Caro mio, it warms my heart to see you have found a man so expressive." Immediately the two boys pulled apart, Blaise breaking out into a wide smile while George went a little paler.

"Mama," Blaise greeted, holding out a hand to an incredibly gorgeous woman who could only be his mother. Her skin was a few shades lighter but she had the same nose and mouth as Blaise, her green eyes almost as bright as Harry's. "This is George; I told you about him."

"It's nice to meet you Lady Zabini," George croaked, offering a somewhat clumsy bow. Blaise's mother laughed, the sound like a chorus of bells.

"He is charming, Blaise," she declared, patting George's hand. "You must join us in Italy for a while, if you can. My son tells me you are quite the young entrepreneur." Her smile was warm and welcoming. Nothing like Blaise's cold Slytherin facade. "Come, caro, say goodbye to your friends. You will see them soon, I'm sure."

Her gaze drifted briefly over to Harry, and she nodded ever so slightly, understanding passing between them. She would do whatever she could to protect Blaise, and Harry would do what he could to help her.

Blaise shook Harry and Neville's hands, kissed Ginny's cheek, then gave George a sweet kiss and murmured something in Italian, before heading off with his mother.

At last, Harry made it over to Remus and Tonks, laughing as Tonks hugged him so hard his feet left the ground. "Wotcher, Harry!" she greeted brightly, ruffling his hair.

"Hi, Tonks. You're obviously feeling better." He was glad to see it. Remus hugged him next, much more gently.

"Hello, cub. You ready?"

"One moment." Harry turned to the Weasleys, where Neville was being greeted a little frostily by Mrs Weasley. Harry had heard about her explosion over Sirius and Charlie, which had apparently been made worse by the news of Bill's engagement; it seemed she was less than impressed by all her children's choices in partner, now.

Ginny just glared at her mum, pulling Neville into a kiss and promising to write soon. Then Neville looked to Harry, and the two boys shared a tight hug. "Let me know how your plans go," Neville urged, hazel eyes meeting green. "If I can help, I want to."

"I know." It was a little overwhelming, sometimes, the depth of Neville's loyalty to Harry, but it was something he would never take for granted.

With a little wave to the rest of the group, Neville disappeared to find his gran. Mrs Weasley turned to Harry, kissing both his cheeks with a slight frown still on her lips. "Are you sure you don't want to come with us, Harry, dear? There's plenty of room, these days."