A Well Lived in Home

by sheankelor

Summary

Every one of her children have left a mark on the Burrow, all but Harry. Molly is curious what his mark will be. She is also wondering who Percy is bringing to lunch, a special one that he requested the entire family to be at. A OS that came into being because Schattengestalt infested me with a bunny. EWE HP/SS

Notes

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A conversation lead to a bunny attack. This one is from Schattengestalt instead of Yen.

Molly Weasley stood in her garden as she peered about, taking in the collection of tables that were clustered at one end. The banner was strung through the trees, high enough to avoid people catching their heads but low enough that the fireworks that George was certain to set off would miss it. Turning about, she surveyed the building behind her.

A slow smile curled her lips. This was her home, a wacky and out of the ordinary place, just like its inhabitants. Her mind raced backwards, showing her the three room place that she and Arthur had found when they had collected enough money to purchase a place to call their own.
Aunt Muriel had scoffed at it, declaring the place no better than a pigpen. Even now, she didn't visit the place, instead they went to Muriel's home when they wanted to see her. 'Arthur named this place the Burrow after Muriel dismissed it. He said we were Weasleys, so would never live in a pigpen. Weasels live in burrows under the ground.'

Shaking her head slightly, Molly headed into the kitchen to check on the food that was cooking. 'He had some idea of digging into the ground and expanding the space that way if we needed to.' Stirring the pot of stew, she checked on the bread in the oven. It was coming along nicely.

Pouring a cup of tea, she settled at the kitchen table, one that had once been her preparation table. She remembers a time that they ate at a small table that sat here and this table had been up against the wall. That was long ago, when the sitting room was their bedroom, long before Bill had come into the world.

Their plans to create a burrow were changed very quickly after Bill was born. Molly remembered the effort it had taken to move the stones carefully from the floor in the scullery. It was the first time either of them had attempted to do that. The digging spells worked just like they were supposed to, and Molly had been certain that they were going to finish the new level in just a few days. *That lasted all of one day. We didn't take into account that the water table was as high as it is. By the end of the first day, water was flooding the tiny room we had created. Arthur cast a number of well preservation charms on it, and then we added indoor plumbing to the kitchen and made that room the washroom. Since we couldn't go down, we had to figure out how to grow up.*

Looking out the window, she could still hear her brothers explaining the spells needed to attach the rooms that they wanted to the upstairs. They had put in a flight of stairs and built two rooms about their current place. The top of the house was popped off and the rooms were inserted between the bottom layer and it. The larger of the two rooms became hers and Arthur's, and the smaller one was Bill's. Their old bedroom became the sitting room.

*'The third floor came into being when I wanted an indoor bathroom. I was tired of running about to wash the kids. By that time Bill, Charlie and Percy had come along.' She shook her head as she remembered the bedroom shuffle that they had played until they eventually settled into their room on the fourth floor. They had given up their room to Bill and let Charlie have Bill's old one, and at the time the third floor was created, they were using the room that had eventually become the twins room. It had been the birth of Fred and George that had prompted the building of their current room.

When Ron had come along, Arthur had declared that he wanted a space that was solely theirs, and added the small room above their just for the youngest member of the household. When Ginny was conceived, Molly had just raised an eyebrow at him. She had told him that they should have made the latest addition larger. It took Arthur no time to summarily declare that Ginny would take Charlie's room and that Bill and Charlie, who were living in dorms at Hogwarts by that time, could share the largest room.

Finishing the last dredges of her tea, Molly headed up to the third floor to get the linens for the tables. As she passed the twins old room, she smiled. People who visited always wanted to know how the Burrow had withstood those two. They had never realized just what this place had actually handled. The Twins creations had been some of the most volatile, but not the worst that had happened in these walls.

Heading back down the stairs, linens in her arms, she caught sight of the curse scar that covered the wall. Most people who saw it thought it was the wood grain or paint. Not one of them seemed to think that it was just what it appeared to be. Touching it lightly, she shook her head. Bill was coming home later today, and would be bringing his family with him. She wondered if any of them had
'That was a day. I was in the kitchen getting lunch together. It was summer break after Bill's fifth year. Percy had come scampering down the stairs, calling for me at the top of his lungs. I knew then that it was serious. Percy was always the calmest of the lot. When I made it up here, Charlie and Bill were doing their level best to put out the fire. No one knows what was cast. Ron had run into Bill as he was attempting to cast a basic curse-breaking spell, and his pronunciation became all garbled. Whatever it was, I was able to put the fire out, but the mark won't leave. Bill has tried for years to banish it, and it still remains.'

Molly set the linens onto the kitchen table and checked the stew once again. It was almost time to baste the roast and start the other vegetables. She caught sight of the deep gouges on the scullery room's floor and sighed. This was one she never bothered to repair, but maybe she should. She wondered how Percy's guest would handle knowing that the youngest member of the family had thrown a temper-tantrum so long and hard that Ginny had literally carved the floor with accidental magic. 'She didn't want to go to Aunt Muriel's for the weekend and had locked herself in the scullery. I was sure that they could hear her fit all the way to the market.' Holding her wand for just a moment, Molly decided against repairing it. She used those marks to help her find her way about that room in the dark now.

Picking back up the linens, she headed to the outdoor tables. It took her no time to cover them and use a sticking spell to make sure that they didn't blow off in the summer breeze.

A rustle in the undergrowth had her looking about, trying to catch sight of whatever was coming through the overgrown garden. Spotting the pointed ears with tufts on them, Molly crossed her arms and glared at the bright eyes that were peeking out through the bean poles. "Leave the tables alone. Yes, Charlie is coming, but you are not to be visiting the rest of the guests. You can see him when everyone else is occupied. You've been told time and again that if you are discovered the Ministry will take you away. Percy has a guest coming and I am not sure who it is."

The tufted ears drooped slightly and the bright eyes blinked before the creature scampered away.

Molly watched to make sure that the cat made it to its small burrow near the shed. She distinctly remembered Charlie bringing the creature home. It had caused a major ruckus about the house. Percy had researched for weeks to find out what it was while Charlie tended to it and found out the answers to Percy's questions. Bill had attempted to befriend it as had the rest of the children. Eventually, Percy had told them during supper that it was an Iberian Lynx, and that there weren't a lot left around.

Arthur and Molly told Charlie to show them where he had found it. They were thinking of having the little kit returned. It was then that they discovered the illegal exotic species market. A few quiet words in the right ears had the Muggle Ministry shutting down the business and the animals shipped home.

All but their lynx, who refused to leave. The children had succeeded in their attempts to befriend it. It was about two years later that Charlie had brought home a male of the species, who had set up a territory in the orchard edges. He swore he had found it the same way he had found the first one.

Sweeping her eyes across the grounds, she looked for the rest of the family. Not spotting them, Molly headed in to finish with the food.

A flick of her wand had the table covered with vegetables, and another had knives cutting them up, paring them, and layering them in pans. Taking a moment, she basted the roast.
'I wonder what Harry is going to do to the house? He is only one who hasn't left his mark. The Twins' room has stains that won't come up, Ronald – he destroyed the broom shed and it has never been the same.' Closing the oven, she walked over to the window and looked at the crooked shed that was leaning haphazardly against Arthur's storage shed. It used to be upright, looking stronger than anything else on the property. When Ron was five he had followed his older brothers out to the shed. Bill and Charlie were teaching the Twins how to fly and Ron hadn't wanted to be left out. Percy had tried to calm Ron down, even taking his little brother over to the Quidditch pitch and explained the game to him. 'He thought the crisis was over and let Ron head back home. I still think Percy blames himself for the shed. I know he blames himself for Ron's injuries. Not that he would have been able to do anything to stop his younger brother from releasing the bludgers and mounting the broom. At least he got there fast enough to get the bludgers back into the box and then get me.'

Turning back around, she focused on the meal cooking merrily away. "Just who is Percy bringing tonight? I wish he would tell us. He wouldn't even tell me what their favorite dish is."

Percy had stopped by last week out of the blue. That was the first clue that this was important. Percy never did anything just out of the blue. Stirring the beans, Molly remembered the conversation.

"m-m-m-m-m"

"Mum!" Percy strode into the kitchen, a smile on his face.

Molly looked closer, noting the glint in his eyes that reminded her that this child was once the Twins co-conspirator. The Twins had picked on him incessantly when he had started becoming the straight-laced person most people knew Percy to be. Part of her believed that he was helping George once again. "Percy, I wasn't expecting you today."

Shrugging, Percy handed her a packet of biscuits and reached for one of her rolls. "I didn't expect to swing by or I would have warned you."

Molly pulled out some cold cuts, made him a sandwich and poured a mug of milk. "If you are going to eat, do it right." She smiled when he dropped to his place at the table and dug in. "What do you need?"

"Can we have a family dinner this weekend?" Percy took a swig of the milk before continuing. "Have everyone that is easy to get here here. Harry has to be invited as well. It is a pity Charlie can't be here, but he'll have to hear later."

Molly's eyes widened. What did Percy want to tell them? "Charlie was planning on visiting this weekend. I received his letter this morning."

She stared as her calmest child whooped, thrusting his sandwich into the air.

"That means everyone will be here. Perfect!"

Molly stared into bright blue eyes and started to worry. "What is going on, Percy?"

She watched as the wheels turned in his head while he finished his snack. It was obvious to her that he was looking at something from all angles.

"An early dinner on Saturday, and I am bringing a guest. Okay, Mum?" The words rushed out as Percy placed his dishes into the sink. "You'll find out what it is with everyone else."

Molly searched the grinning face and nodded. She knew her worry was easy to see when Percy patted her arm.
"It is good news, Mum. Don't worry."

"Don't worry. That is all I've done since he said that. When Percy says not to worry..." She remembered the last time she had heard that line in that particular tone. It had been during the time when Percy and the Twins were working together. Percy had sat back and watched as the two younger ones mixed several things together in a rusty cauldron in the front lawn. Percy had told her not to worry, that nothing that they were working with would hurt them.

The Twins hadn't been hurt that day, but the entire front lawn had become a disaster area. Fred and George had been covered in a gooey green mess that had taken weeks to wash out of their hair, and their skin had been speckled with green spots for months. Percy, who had had an umbrella, didn't get a drop on him.

Molly walked out the front door to see if anyone was arriving yet. The blown up cauldron caught her attention. "Sure, don't worry."

Shaking her head, she resumed looking for her guests. There, coming down the hill, was everyone except Percy and his mysterious guest.

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Percy folded his arms as he leaned against the wall. "It will be fine. Mum is cooking, everyone will be there."

Snape ran a hand down the front of his robe, brushing off an unseen piece of lint. "And Molly is expecting me?"

Percy kept his face serious. "She knows I am bringing a guest, but I haven't said who is coming."

Snape raised an eyebrow. He knew that Molly was the least of his worries, but it would be a large asset to have her on his side from the get go. "And you didn't think that it would be prudent to let her know?"

Shaking his head, Percy walked out of the room. His answer floated back over his shoulder. "Why not take them all by surprise? I made sure Harry was going to be there as well."

Snape paused for a moment before following the architect of this plan. Of course, Harry was going to be there - this wouldn't work if he wasn't. "Does Harry know that I am going to be there?"

Percy laughed before he Apparated away.

Severus stared at the spot, wondering if this was a wise idea. 'I sometimes wonder if Percy has been possessed by Fred.' Shaking his head slightly, he considered his options. He could just not go and then destroy months of planning, or he could go and see what happens. 'If I was truly that worried about Harry knowing, I should have told him. But if I had, Harry would have been over anxious and most likely would not have come.'

Gathering the courage that Albus always said he had, Severus decided to continue with the plan. He trusted that Percy knew his family better than he did. With a quick turn he Apparated to the Burrow.

Percy watched as Snape appeared next to him. "Come on, everyone else is here. Mum is on the porch watching for us."
Waving to his Mum, Percy started for the house, knowing that Snape was following him. He tried not to laugh at the shock on Mum's face when she spotted his guest.

Molly watched as Percy brought Severus Snape to the house. Her mind was running about looking for a reason that she could reconcile with her son. She could think of nothing by the time they made it to the door. "Welcome, Severus. Thank you for coming."

She meet Severus' eyes for just a moment and had the impression that something was about to happen.

"Percy, Severus, come on - dinner is out back." Turning on her heel, she headed through the house towards the back door. As she passed through the kitchen, she picked up the roast. "Percy, bring out the mash potatoes with you."

Percy picked up the large bowl and followed his Mum.

Snape followed them into the collection of Weasleys. Looking at the gathering he noticed that the sea of red was now dotted with brunettes and blondes. One brunette in particular caught his eye, and he felt a slight bit of trepidation. If this didn't work, then nothing would.

"Percy and his guest have finally made it." Molly set the roast onto the main table as she announced the late arrivals.

The family focused on the latecomers, their eyes widening when they spotted Snape. Severus could see different levels of uncertainty in those faces. Harry's was filling with sadness and trepidation. He was not surprised when Ronald and Hermione moved to stand on either side of their best friend. Severus could see the hurt and uncertainty in the depths of Harry's eyes. Percy's hand steered him towards his seat, keeping him from going to Harry.

Percy tried to give Ron and Hermione a reassuring smile, but he could tell that they weren't paying attention. With a sigh, he met George's gaze and shrugged.

"Let's eat everyone." Molly gestured for everyone to take their seat at the table.

George and Percy flanked Snape and Harry sat at the far end of the table. Severus' watched as Ron and Hermione sat on either side of Harry. He tried to make eye contact with the green-eyed man, but failed.

George leaned close to Snape. "After dinner. Let him see that I have no problems with you and that the family is fine with you here."

Snape shot a quick accessing look at Percy before focusing on George. "You have no problem with me? I did cut off your ear. And are you sure that your family is fine with me here, they seem nonplussed."

George met Snape's gaze as he answered. "It was war, and the choice was my ear or my life. I accept it was my ear. Now that they see that I am fine with you here, they will be okay."

"What about Ginerva? She also suffered at my hand." Severus darted a quick look at the former Miss Weasley. Harry had said that she had married Quidditch fan two years ago, a Reginald Roberts. The blond next her must be him.

Percy poured them both a drink. "She's over it now. I pointed out how you were helping the best you
could when she was going on about that final year not long after your trial. Told her that there was more to forgive me for than you. She grumbled, groused, and complained, but accepted."

"So, Professor, relax. We know our family; we've got this in hand." George filled his plate, making sure that it was enough that Mum wouldn't complain that Snape wasn't eating.

Severus was not reassured by that statement. Looking at the amount of food on his plate, he was positive that he wouldn't eat a thing. 'If I don't eat, then Molly will be insulted. That would not be good. I've done worse things than force myself to eat excellent cooking.' Picking up his fork he started in. When this was over, he hoped Harry would realize just how much he had been at his wits end to accept Percy's help.

Arthur looked between George and Percy trying to figure out what they were planning. Molly said that Percy had good news to tell them, but he couldn't come up with anything that would be good news that dealt with Severus. Nothing romantic like Molly thought. George was seeing Angelina Johnson, and he knew that Percy was not looking at Severus as a potential partner. His third son had started paying court to a young lady named Audrey Little two months ago. He hadn't brought it up to Molly yet, he knew that she would be full of questions that might have ended the tentative relationship. Now he wasn't sure if he should have. He could see the consideration in her eyes.

Taking a bite of the roast, Arthur watched Severus for a moment before deciding to wait. He would find out soon enough what mischief his boys were up to.

Harry did his best not to let his hands shake. He would escape this meal as fast as he could. He knew that Severus was getting antsy in their relationship. For that last several weeks the Potions Master would disappear for days at a time and never gave a reason for the disappearance. *That explains the nice dinners out when he returned, and the attention he paid to me. He was feeling guilty of whatever he was doing. But how could he be cheating behind my back with Percy!? I know that Percy is smart and capable of holding an intelligent conversation. One that would challenge him to think, but... it is Percy!*

Blinking back his tears, Harry tried to force the food down. Hermione's hand on his arm and Ron's on his shoulder were the only things keeping him at that table.

Severus looked down the table to where Harry was. He could see Hermione's and Ron's hands on his lover and from what he could see of Harry's face, he could tell that Harry was ready to bolt at any moment. Clenching his fingers around the handle of his fork, he felt the food settle like a stone in his stomach. This wasn't going to work. He was destroying one of the few good things in his life, all because he wanted more.

The meal wound down, and Molly leaned back in her seat. "Percy, you said that you had good news?"

Her eyes darted between Severus and her son as she waited.

Harry tried to leave the table, but found himself stuck. He shot a glare at Ron. "Let me go. I can't stay here."

"I am not doing anything." Ron looked around Harry. "Hermione?"

Hermione shook her head no and cast a *finite* to no avail. "I don't know what has you stuck there Harry."

She shifted in her seat to see if she could move only to discover that she was stuck as well.
When Ron checked, he was likewise attached to his seat.

Percy stood up and let his gaze travel the table, taking a moment to rest on Ron, Hermione, and Harry. He was going to have to thank George later for making sure that no one could leave the table but them and Severus.

Focusing back on Mum and Dad, he started. "The Weasleys don't hold grudges when they don't need to be, and some of us have been holding one against Severus Snape for the injuries that he has caused our family. We need to stop."

Bill snorted and folded his arms. "He nearly killed George!"

Charlie chimed in. "And how he treated Ginny just can't be excused."

"I would hate to know how he would have treated Ron and Harry if they had gone their final year instead of going camping to avoid the Death Eaters." Fleur joined in, her glare resting solely on the Potions Master.

George rolled his eyes as he stood up. Leaning forward to give Bill, Charlie and Fleur his complete focus he started in. "Bill, Charlie, you might not know Snape as well as I do, I doubt you irritated him as often. If Snape intended to kill me, I would have been dead."

The younger members of the family nodded even at they looked between the three conspirators trying to figure out where this was going.

Harry's gaze stayed glued to Severus' face, hoping for something that would tell him what was happening. All he saw was worry and a bit of fear in those eyes.

George continued. "He had a clear shot. I've watched that particular fight in a pensive multiple times. Instead of killing me, he shot blocked another Death Eaters from getting me. I lost an ear. I can still hear and I can cover the scar with my hair. As for Harry and Ron -"

Harry cut George off. He might not understand what was going on with Severus, but he wasn't going to listen to Fleur disparage the man for doing his duty. "He would have had to turn us into Voldemort, that would have been his only recourse. He did everything he could to keep the students at the school alive. There was no such thing as safe, how can there be when Voldemort was running the show. There was no such thing as safe anywhere in Wizarding world at that time, at least not in the UK. Maybe if France or somewhere else on the continent, but how long would have that lasted? Severus was the one that brought us the sword, he was the one that made sure that I knew what I had to do -"

Severus cut in. Harry didn't need to defend him to his family and possible break a connection that he treasured. "It doesn't matter, Harry. They hold the view that many do. I am a monster that allowed their friends and children to come to harm. I didn't stand fully in the light, so I am not worth their consideration."

Harry tried to stand once again, but ended up leaning as far forward as he could to see Severus. "Yes you are worth the consideration! You're worth more than that. And Severus, you not a monster! Stop calling yourself that."

Percy jumped in before anyone else could join into the fray. "This is what I am talking about." He turned to Ginny as he continued. "Ginny, you were at the school, did Snape go out of his way to cause students harm? Did he deliberately hurt a single student?"

Ginny looked surprised at being put on the spot. "No. The Carrows did it, not Snape. As you said,
you had more need of forgiveness than Snape ever did. He did what he had to do to get us out of that war."

Molly narrowed her eyes as she studied the way that Harry and Severus had yet to break eye contact. The use of each others given names had not gone unnoticed either. Percy was trying to wake up the family to make them see that Severus needed a place that was safe. A place that would accept him and Harry, and the Burrow was always a safe place, at least for family.

Molly decided that it was time to step into the conversation. "As Ginny and Harry said, Severus did what had to be done. No one here should think any differently. If you do, then you need to search your heart and mind. During that war, we each did things that were needed. None quite as dark or as hard as Severus, but we each had to make decisions that would affect the world that we are now in."

Arthur looked between Harry and Severus before nodding. "This is a moot point. Severus was exonerated, peace is here and we are with family. Percy, thank you for showing that we still have people in our own family who need to understand that the world is not black and white, but made of shades of gray. We shall endeavor to work on this. Now, why did you wish to bring this out today? Your Mum said it was good news."

Percy took a settling breath. This had to work. Harry deserved this chance at happiness. "This inability to understand what was necessary has prevented a good event in the family to be shared with everyone."

Harry's hands clenched, wishing with all his might that he could be swallowed by the ground, bench and all. He didn't want to hear Percy say that he was with Severus. It would just show how much he had screwed up his life, that he was no good at loving anyone, that Severus wasn't as happy as he had seemed since they had been together.

Percy kept his eyes trained on Mum and Dad. He didn't want to see what the rest of the table thought yet. His parents were the most important opinion. If he could win them over, then the rest would follow. "Snape has been in a relationship with Harry for over four years now, but Harry didn't think it was possible to tell anyone else because of what we would think."

Percy searched his parents' face and was glad to see relief and acceptance written there. Taking a breath, he was about to continue when he felt a hand on his arm distracting him.

In the stunned silence, Severus stood and walked down the table. He couldn't abide the fear and hurt that was radiating from his partner a moment longer. He had to explain. Pulling Harry's chair out, Severus turned it to face him before he started. "I have waited to come out of the shadows. I told you I was ready to face their censorship, but you were unsure. I know that you informed Hermione and Ronald, but I also know that you needed the acceptance of the rest of the family. When Percy found me and informed me that he knew about us, we talked about our options. He devised this plan. He assured me that he could get the Weasleys to understand." Taking a deep breath, he search the green eyes, trying to see what was going on in Harry's head without resorting to Legilimency. In the barest whisper, he continued. "If this has ended us, tell me now."

Harry tried once again to stand. Growling, he slammed his hands into the chair sear. "Let me free!"

A hand landed on his shoulder, and he looked up into George's face. "This is your doing?"

George quirked a smile. "Who else? You promise not to run away?"

Harry looked at Ron and Hermione. There was assurance in their face. Searching Severus' he came to a decision. "I won't run."
George grinned and tapped the underside of the seat. "You're free."

Standing up, Harry sighed lightly. "So, this is because of me. I should have been brave enough to tell them." He looked up into Severus' face before he continued. "This isn't what will end us, Severus. No, the thing that has that potential is what you've been doing for the last several months. You just disappear - no word, no explanation - for days on end. Why?"

Severus cast a nervous look over the assembled family before resting back on Harry. "I've been looking into your wish for a house in a quiet town. You said that you wanted it to be close to Hogwarts so that you could visit whenever you wanted."

Harry nodded. "I wanted a place that what I did wouldn't make it to the news as often." He took a step closer to Severus, trying to forget that the entire Weasley clan was watching this. "I also want us to be together as much as possible. It is hard when we are so far apart."

Severus clutched his fingers on the cuff of his robe as he continued. "I've found such a place. Just a tiny town near the school, but they have agreed to keep your being there quiet and not spread anything about you to the news. I've been putting together the house, which is now finished. It is yours no matter the outcome of today."

Harry swallowed hard. Could that really have been all that was going on? "You found a place for us, you built us a house, our house, the one we've talked about for a while now, and you are just now telling me?"

Severus quirked up one side of his mouth. "I wanted it to be a surprise."

Harry snorted a laugh. "And was this part of that surprise?"

Shaking his head, Severus took in the clan that was watching them before looking back at Harry. "No, Percy found me as I working on the house, and that meeting led to this."

Harry shot a questioning look over at Percy.

"I have eyes Harry, and am used to seeing behind and between the lines." Percy leaned against the table and smiled. "I knew you were seeing someone and finally put the pieces together. I was glad for the opportunity to confront Snape. Between George and myself, we devised this plan to get you two out in the open. I swear Snape was ready to walk just so you would stop feeling guilty for hiding your relationship. Now, you need to answer the man. He has put a lot of trust in me, and George – though he didn't know that George was involved."

Harry rested a hand against Severus' chest and peered up into his face. "This is not the end, this is a beginning."

Tension melted out of Severus shoulders as he pulled Harry into his arms. "A beginning it is, especially if you will do me the honor of marrying me. Hogwarts rules allow married couples to share quarters at the school even if one of them is not a member of the staff."

Harry jerked back enough to see Severus' face again, his eyes wide. "If I say yes, I can stay with you always?"

Severus eyes glittered as he smirked. "Married couples tend to, if they married the right person."

"Yes! I will happily marry you, Severus." Harry pulled Severus into a kiss, totally forgetting his audience.
George and Percy's cheers and whistles broke the silence that was reigning over the tables. Ron and Hermione jumped in, saying it was about time. Soon enough the rest of the Weasley family added their voices.

Letting Severus go, Harry spun about and grinned, his hand wrapped tightly around his husband-to-be's. "So, what is for dessert?"

"When George will let us free, I can get it from the kitchen." Molly dropped her smile to cast a meaningful look at her fourth son.

With an unabashed grin, George freed them.

Molly served the pudding while the rest of the family surrounded Harry to question him about his and Severus' relationship. They were leaving Severus' alone. Placing a plate in front of Severus, she smiled. "When can I come see the house?"

Severus let his gaze rest on her for a long moment, taking in the acceptance that was there. "Give us a week, Harry has some final touches to do."

Looking back at her house, Molly had a knowing look on her face. "Final touches are never final."

A loud screech caused Molly, Arthur and Severus to spin about. All three broke into laughter as they saw Harry running towards the orchard with a hoard of redheads and one brown following after him. Most of the spouses were staring at Molly's brood in disbelief.

Harry spun about and threw a portable swamp onto the path. "Everyone didn't need to know! Severus and I were happy enough."

Ron stopped on the edge of the swamp and shook his head. "Not! This is the happiest I've seen you in a while, mate." He then gestured to the swamp. "And don't think this is going to stop us from turning you blue. You know the saying, something old, something new, something borrowed and something blue. Well you are going to be the something blue."

Molly watched as the group ran about the edges of the swamp. 'Well, Harry has certainly left a mark. I wonder what it will take to clean that up.'

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