

**now you've come along**

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# now you've come along

by [xslytherclawx](#)

## Summary

Rolf had celebrated Chanukah with Luna before, of course. They'd been together for years; this was hardly their first time. The living together aspect, though, was new. It wasn't as if they both didn't spend most of their time in the field, but they'd made the decision that it made sense for her to move her things into his flat in London rather than going back to her father's house every time they were back in England.

## Notes

This is a companion to [now you're here \(with me\)](#), focusing on Rolf and Luna. This was originally written as an extension of my [Ravenclaw Regulus AU](#), but that AU has since diverged from this; that said, characters from that AU (as well as a former Ravenclaw Regulus) may make an appearance. It's not necessary to read that to understand this.

This fic takes place over Chanukah in 2005, and will have several chapters!

Title comes from Perma's "Two of a Crime"

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

- Inspired by [now you're here \(with me\)](#) by [xslytherclawx](#)

# Chapter 1

He'd celebrated Chanukah with Luna before, of course. They'd been together for years; this was hardly their first time. The living together aspect, though, was new. It wasn't as if they both didn't spend most of their time in the field, but they'd made the decision that it made *sense* for her to move her things into his flat in London rather than going back to her father's house every time they were back in England.

So she had, which had involved a lot of careful organizing. Luna had insisted on painting the walls of their bedroom – and Rolf thought it was a fantastic idea, although he convinced her to paint her friends in the study. He didn't much fancy the idea of the likeness of Neville Longbottom looking at him as Rolf shagged Neville's ex-girlfriend (or, really, the likeness of anyone they knew looking at them as they shagged; he really didn't mind that she was still friends with Neville – after all, *he* was still friends with Charlie). Their bedroom, then, was painted with images of creatures and landmarks, and Rolf absolutely loved it.

He said as much to Charlie, over lunch one day in June after Luna had finished the paintings. Charlie laughed and said, "Rolf, I really don't think you should ever let her go."

"I don't intend to," Rolf said. "I actually – rather thought about proposing to her. Marriage, I mean."

Charlie whistled. "Finally settling down?"

"It's not as if I've ever been *opposed* to settling down in the – monogamous aspect. Spending my life with one other person. I did always sort of figure it'd be another wizard, though, but Luna is – absolutely lovely. And she loves travelling as much as I do – London's meant to be our home base, of sorts, but we both absolutely plan to – do as much research and travel as much as possible."

"I think you should," Charlie said. "Marry her, I mean."

"*You* think I should?" Rolf asked.

"Yeah," Charlie said. "I haven't seen you this happy since, well – us."

"I don't think I've been this happy since us," Rolf said.

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He proposed to Luna on an expedition in Iceland. It wasn't what he'd planned, but she'd looked so beautiful with her hair in plaits and her lime green and orange dress, and he'd had the ring for weeks.

She said yes, and they immediately started planning the wedding.

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They were back in London over Chanukah, and spent the first night celebrating Christmas with her father outside of Ottery St. Catchpole (Rolf wasn't sure how much of the strangeness was because it was the Lovegoods and how much was Christmas itself, but he found he didn't mind). On the second night, they went to his parents' house in London, and broke the news there.

Truthfully, he didn't think his parents would take issue with it – his Uncle Max had married a goy, after all, and he knew more than anything that his family wanted him to be happy, and they'd met Luna before, and adored her – but he still felt a bit nervous.

His sister was out of town, but she'd be back for their family party at their grandparents' house on Friday night, so Rolf didn't feel too bad.

He'd planned on waiting until dinner to tell them, but his mother made some fussing remark about how, "it seems like just yesterday that you were born, and now, at your age, ahava shelli, your father and I were married with two children."

Luna was the one who said it, "We did just get engaged, Mrs. Bendayan-Scamander."

"We did," Rolf agreed. "When we were just in Iceland."

His mother brushed some of his hair out of his eyes. "Well, I'm happy for you," she said, "but I think you need a haircut, or something to pin your hair back."

Rolf looked from his mother to his father. "Luna's not Jewish."

"It's not as if I set out to marry another Jew," his father said. "You know neither of us particularly care about that."

"As long as your children – if you have any – will be raised Jewish," his mother said.

Rolf looked to Luna, who looked radiant. "Oh, they will be, I think," Luna said.

"What about halacha?" Rolf asked.

"Neither of us are rabbis," his mother said.

"Ask Isaac if you've got any questions. He's in town, and I'm sure he'd be happy to help."

And that, it seemed, was that. His parents were fine with it; they adored Luna, and thought that they made a good couple.

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Neville insisted on meeting them for lunch the next day, which was actually fairly normal for when they were both in town. What was abnormal, though, was Neville's insistence that they have lunch at Rolf and Luna's flat.

They agreed, of course, and he and Luna were just finishing up lunch when Neville Flooded in right on time.

He wasted no time getting into why he was there. “I think I have a problem.”

“Is this about Hannah?” Luna asked. “Or did something happen on Christmas?”

“No, no, nothing like that,” Neville said. He looked to Rolf, then. “You’re bi, right? And you’ve dated – men?”

“Yes and yes,” Rolf said. “Mostly dated men, really.”

Neville ran a hand through his hair. “I’m – I think I’m bi.”

“Oh, we know, Nev,” Luna said. “You don’t need to pretend with us.”

Neville looked at Luna like she had three heads, as Rolf had noticed he sometimes did. “I made shakshuka,” Rolf said. “My mum’s recipe.” He didn’t say that he’d severely restricted his use of spices to make it more palatable for Neville.

“You’re not even making this an issue,” Neville said. “I’m bisexual. I want to – be with other wizards, too.”

“Do you want us to make it an issue?” Rolf asked as he and Luna portioned out lunch and set the table.

“No. Yes. I don’t know. I’ve never properly told anyone before.”

“Why don’t you sit down?” Luna asked. “I’ve known you were bi for as long as I’ve known you.”

“You’ve – what?” Neville asked.

“It wasn’t as if you were very subtle about how you fancied Harry,” she said. “It’s okay. I fancied Ginny at the time.”

There was something strange about Luna admitting to have fancied Charlie’s little sister, as if in an alternate universe they could have wound up siblings-in-law rather than engaged to be married, but a bigger part of Rolf knew that there was just something special about the Weasleys, and such things just happen.

“Is this about Anthony?” Rolf asked. He was never quite sure how to categorize his relationship to Anthony; he knew they were something like fourth or fifth cousins, but that didn’t account for their uncles having been best mates since before Hogwarts, or his summers spent babysitting Anthony’s actual first cousins – and Anthony, too, at times.

Neville blushed and ducked his head. “We’re roommates, and we’ve been friends for a decade.”

“Neville, it’s us,” Luna said. “You know that neither of us will judge you.”

“He’s bi, too, you know,” Rolf said.

“I know,” Neville said. “And he’s dated other wizards, and I – I *haven’t*. ”

“I don’t think that’ll matter too much to him,” Rolf said.

“He dated Justin for *years*. ”

“If you’re worried about sex,” Rolf said, “I think you’re getting a bit ahead of yourself, but I really doubt Anthony would mind.”

Neville was now bright red, “I– it’s – I’m not – thinking about – sex – with him. He’s my *friend*. ”

“Rolf and I were friends before we dated,” Luna said, “and I definitely thought about having sex with him when we were friends.”

Rolf felt momentarily glad that he and Luna hadn’t met until *after* she and Neville had broken up (and after the last time he’d slept with Charlie), because for a supposed war hero, Neville was certainly insecure about most things. It was strange; his great-uncle Theseus and his gran and grandad were all war heroes, and none of them seemed so insecure as Neville Longbottom.

“It seems like – I’m violating his trust,” Neville said.

“You’re not violating his trust,” Rolf said. He knew Anthony too well to believe that, and surely Neville must have known that, too. “How’d you feel if you found out he thought about having sex with you? Would you think that would be violating your trust?”

“No, of course not,” Neville said.

“Then wouldn’t it make sense that you’re not violating his trust?” Luna asked. “Anthony *adores* you, Neville, you know.” Rolf nodded in agreement.

“I can’t,” Neville said.

“Why not?” Luna asked.

“Because we’re friends, and I’m not spoiling that friendship. Just because he’s interested in wizards doesn’t mean he’s interested in me. I live with him! We’re roommates! And – I’m still *newsworthy*, apparently!”

“What’s that got to do with anything?” Rolf asked.

“I’m sure it’d look fantastic if War Hero Neville Longbottom fucked another man.”

“Unless you’re going at it in public – which I’d advise against, in your position – how would they know that?”

“Fine,” Neville said, “then War Hero Neville Longbottom, who just broke up with his perfectly kind and decent and respectable girlfriend, seeking solace in the arms of another wizard. I can see the bloody headlines.”

“You’re worrying too much,” Luna said. “Would you really let a potential headline get in the way of your happiness?”

“He’s invited me to spend Chanukah with his family on Friday,” Neville said.

“With – with his parents, or with his entire family?” Rolf asked.

“I dunno,” Neville said. “His family, I think. He mentioned his uncles. He’s got – gay uncles.”

“You should go!” Luna said. “And tell us how it goes! And tell him how you feel!”

“I’m sure it’s a moot point,” Neville said. “I really don’t see how he could feel the same.”

Rolf exchanged a look with Luna. Neville wasn’t his type, per se, but it was impossible to deny that the man was attractive. Luna had, after all, dated him for over a year. Rolf wasn’t entirely sure what Anthony’s type actually *was*, but he was a bisexual man with working eyes. He didn’t think Neville had anything to worry about.

## Chapter 2

### Chapter Summary

Rolf and Luna visit the Scamanders for Chanukah

### Chapter Notes

This chapter is the one with spoilers for the ending of my main Ravenclaw AU series, just in case that's something you're worried about.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Friday night, he and Luna went down to Dorset to visit his grandparents. The entire family would be there, but Rolf didn't feel too nervous. His grandparents adored Luna, and so did his Uncle Max (and as for his Uncle Reg – well, he was always very nice to Luna, even if he did clearly think she was a bit odd). He didn't have any cousins to worry about, not on that side, and Gina would probably just be surprised that it had taken him so long.

After all, he *was* thirty. Nearly thirty-one, really.

They arrived by Floo, and the house was all decked out for the holiday. Rolf suspected his Uncle Max, who was sitting on the sofa, reading a book.

"It's not normally this blue, is it?" Luna asked, looking around.

"No," Uncle Max said, looking up from his book. "That was me. I was a Ravenclaw; I can't help but go all out with the blue." He marked his page and set the book on the side table before going to hug Rolf. "Rolf, Luna, it's great to see you!"

"It's great to see you, too, Uncle Max," Rolf said. "Is everyone else in the kitchen?"

"Of course," Uncle Max said. He turned to Luna, "How are you, Luna?"

"I'm well!" Luna said. "I enjoyed your latest book!"

"I'm – going to go say hi to Gran and Granddad," Rolf said, because he really didn't want to hear his fiancée talk about his uncle's romance novels. He knew she read them, of course, but hearing them discuss it was far too strange. Luna kissed him on the cheek, and Rolf went into the kitchen.



It was, predictably, full of people; his parents, grandparents, and his Uncle Reg were all cooking. “Happy Chanukah,” he said. “Luna’s in the living room talking to Uncle Max.”

“Wonderful,” Uncle Reg said, “are they talking about Max’s books or about something from the Quibbler?”

“The books, when I left them,” Rolf said.

“At least it’ll keep him out of the kitchen for a while,” Rolf’s dad said.

“Rolf, love, would you mind checking the eggs?” his gran asked.

He should have known that he’d be roped in to help. “Sure,” he said, rolling up his sleeves.

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Chanukah with his entire family was one of Rolf’s favorite times of year. His sister arrived with her wife about an hour after he and Luna had – just in time to not have to help cook but still be able to light the candles.

The benefit of his grandparents hosting was that there were enough chanukiot in the house for every Jewish person there to light candles. They said the blessings together, and stumbled through Maoz Tzur (which Rolf didn’t *quite* remember the lyrics to – and neither did Uncle Max, it seemed), and then sat down to eat a delicious dairy spread featuring probably too much fried food to be entirely healthy.

Luna and Rolf’s uncle Max were deep in conversation about some creature that may or may not actually exist, his sister discussed her latest conservation efforts with their mother and grandfather, his sister-in-law was talking to his uncle Reg about the upcoming European Quidditch Cup, and Rolf talked to his father and grandmother about his and Luna’s latest research trip.

“Well, actually,” Rolf said, and touched Luna gently on the arm to get her attention. “When we were in Iceland last month... I proposed to Luna.”

“And I said yes, of course,” Luna said, beaming.

“You got engaged *last month* and you’re just now telling us?” Uncle Max asked.

“We wanted to tell you in person,” Rolf said.

“We live less than a mile away, *and* we’re connected to the Floo.”

“Max,” his Uncle Reg said, putting a hand on his shoulder.

“I told *everyone* when you proposed to me! Everyone! I Flooed my whole family that night!”

“In the middle of the first war, mind,” Rolf’s dad said. “Nearly gave us a heart attack, getting Floo in the middle of the night.”

“I’d just gotten engaged to my *soulmate*, ” Uncle Max said. “Not all of us propose while living abroad and then elope on a research trip.”

“Don’t get any ideas about that,” Uncle Reg said. “Max would be inconsolable if that happened to him twice.”

“We won’t,” Rolf said.

“Oh, we want you all to be part of the wedding,” Luna said. “Just be sure to wear yellow for good luck. And I thought we could ask Anthony’s uncle Isaac to officiate – he was Rolf’s bar mitzvah rabbi, wasn’t he?”

“He was,” Rolf said.

“Oh, he officiated our wedding!” Uncle Max said. “Isaac is *lovely*, really, and he’ll make it *very* romantic. I didn’t expect him to, truthfully. He’s always been rather – well, serious. But he’s very good at it, *especially* since he met Dan.”

“I’m sure he’ll be delighted,” Uncle Reg said.

“Hopefully by then Anthony and Neville will have sorted out their issues,” Luna said.

“Issues?” Rolf’s dad asked.

“Neville still has trouble living for himself, and Anthony’s too kind and respectful to make a move when Neville and Hannah broke up only a few months ago,” Luna said, “but they’re both very clearly invested.”

“Neville’s come to ask for our advice on occasion,” Rolf said. “He really has no idea how he affects people.”

Uncle Max grinned slyly. “I’ve known people like that.”

“Oh, like you weren’t every bit as bad?” Uncle Reg asked. “Isaac *told me* how you used to go to him and dramatically complain about how terrified you were that I would *never* see that we were soulmates.”

“But I always knew that we *were* soulmates,” Uncle Max said. “You were surprised that a boy even fancied you. Hell, you were surprised that *girls* fancied you. Like you haven’t always been gorgeous and athletic and brilliant and kind and wonderful.”

“And we’re *eating*,” Gina said.

“Neville has always struggled with his self-confidence,” Luna said. “We’ve all been trying to help him for decades, but I think – first he had his parents’ legacy to live up to, and his gran never let him forget it, and then – he really didn’t think that what he did during the war was – impressive. He thinks anyone else could have done it.”

“Frank was the same, you know,” Rolf’s dad said. “We – were classmates. At Hogwarts. I don’t think I’ve ever met Neville, not properly, and certainly not as an adult – but – his father

and I were – friends, and... has he actually... spoken with anyone who knew his father well, besides his family?"

Luna shook her head. "I don't think so. Were you and Neville's father friends like Harry Potter and I are friends, or were you friends like Rolf and Charlie are friends?"

Rolf wasn't sure that he'd ever seen his father turn quite so pink, but it was his uncle Max who said, "I think they were friends like Isaac Goldstein and Jacob were friends."

"He's not even here to defend himself, Max," Uncle Reg said.

"Wait, what about Isaac?" Rolf's dad asked.

"He fancied you for a good fifteen years, at least," Uncle Max said. "From the time he met you until... a bit after he met Dan, I think."

"What?"

"It was obvious," Uncle Max said.

"Even I knew that, Dad," Rolf said.

Rolf's dad turned to his wife at his side, "Did *you* know?"

"It was a schoolboy crush," Rolf's mother said. "I didn't think it was my place to say anything. It wasn't my secret to tell."

"I had no idea," Rolf's dad said.

"Oh, we know," Uncle Max said.

"He's going to kill you," Uncle Reg said, "and I'm not sure I'll stop him."

"Well, either you stop him, or you end up a widower with your oldest friend in Azkaban. The choice is yours."

"Anyway," Gina said, "do you two have a date for your wedding yet?"

"Not yet," Luna said. "We still need to tell everyone that we're engaged. Daddy said he'll run an announcement in the *Quibbler*, but I want to tell all of our friends in person. It's just better that way."

"Well," Gina said, gracefully overlooking the *Quibbler* comment, "telling everyone important in person is a good idea, I think."

Luna nodded in agreement. "It is difficult to get everyone together. I don't quite understand why so many of them still work as Aurors – none of them seem to enjoy it very much, and the war's been over for eight years. Ginny and I were the only ones to actually pursue what we wanted to do. Though... I suppose Harry *had* wanted to be an Auror, but we all agree that

he's much better suited to teaching. I've tried to tell him, but – it's surprisingly difficult trying to convince Harry Potter that he doesn't need to constantly save the world.”

It was fortunate, Rolf thought, that he came from the family he did. His grandparents were no stranger to fame, nor his parents, come to think of it. His Uncle Reg was still recognised as the star Seeker he'd been when he was younger, and his Uncle Max's books were constantly on the bestseller list. None of them had ever seemed very fazed by Luna's casual mentions of her close personal friendship with Harry Potter, and all mentioning Ginny Potter had done was endear her to Uncle Reg and given the two of them something to talk about.

He knew, really, that Luna's name was often listed alongside her Gryffindor friends', and she still did get stopped in public for her actions during the war as often as she did for her achievements in Magizoology or relationship to the Quibbler. Rolf had never had that kind of fame, but he understood it as well as anyone who *hadn't* had it could, growing up in a family like his.

He was grateful that even now there didn't seem to be any real discussion about what it was like to know Harry Potter – the farthest they'd ever gotten was his uncles confirming that Harry was more like his mother in personality than his father, and that had just been because they'd been in school with Harry's parents.

Rolf wrapped his free arm around Luna's shoulder as she discussed her friends, and thought about how lucky he was to be marrying her.

## Chapter End Notes

tried really hard not to let Max and Reg steal the show but i'm not sure i succeeded

## Chapter 3

### Chapter Summary

Neville stops by again.

Saturday morning, Rolf woke to find an owl waiting patiently outside his bedroom window. He let it in and recognized it then as Neville's owl. He remembered, dimly, that Neville had said that Anthony had invited him to celebrate Chanukah with all of the Goldsteins the night before. This was probably related, then. He looked at the envelope as he fed the owl a treat.

It was addressed to the both of them, and in Neville's handwriting, so he didn't feel bad about opening it.

*Dear Luna and Rolf,*

*Do you mind if I stop by this afternoon on my lunch break? Just for a few minutes.  
Something happened last night, and I think it'd be a good idea if I talk it over with you.*

*Neville*

Rolf wrote back without even thinking about it.

*Neville,*

*Yeah, no problem! We'll be here!*

*Rolf*

He'd tell Luna when she woke up. In the meantime, he felt like he had too much energy to go back to bed, so he set out to make Luna breakfast.

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Rolf knew that part of his ceaseless energy that morning was due to having stayed in London for too long; he was itching to travel, but it was New Year's Eve, and they'd be leaving for Mongolia in a week. He could stand another week, and London wasn't nearly as bad as Dorset – there were things to do and places to go.

Perhaps it had been because he'd grown up with his time split between London and Jerusalem (and, later, Hogwarts, too), but Rolf wasn't sure if he'd ever be able to settle down in one place. It had brought him a lot of loneliness in the past, and for nearly a decade after fifth year, he'd been convinced that it had ruined his relationship with the one person he'd been meant to be with – but now he knew that that wasn't true.

He didn't like to compare loves, let alone the two who were doubtlessly the two great loves of his life, but he thought that if anyone on this earth was his soulmate, it would be Luna, who was brilliant and kind and able to see connections that so many others missed (and some that Rolf knew he'd missed, himself). They both had a passion for travel and adventure, and creatures above all. Luna was just as content as he was to pack up at any moment to go on a research trip.

Because he couldn't sit still, he'd cleaned the entire living room, kitchen, and bathroom, and had just started on organizing the study when Luna woke up.

"Good morning," he said when he noticed her. He stopped what he was doing and darted over to kiss her. "Neville wrote to say he wants to stop by for lunch."

"That'll be lovely," Luna said. "Hopefully he and Anthony have sorted everything out."

"Hopefully," Rolf said.

Luna surveyed the room. "You look like you were in the middle of something – shall I make breakfast?"

They typically cooked together, but not always. And at the moment, Rolf didn't think it was a good idea to leave the study alone until he'd finished. "That'd be wonderful, Luna," he said. "Thank you."

"Of course," Luna said. She kissed his cheek and left the room.

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By noon, the study was organized, and he was finishing up cooking lunch. Luna was going over some of her research notes when Neville came in through the Floo, still in his Auror robes.

"What happened last night?" Rolf called. "Lunch is nearly ready."

Luna put her notes to the side and turned her attention to Neville. "It must have been very urgent."

"Anthony introduced me to his whole family, which is apparently something the Goldsteins don't do unless they intend to *marry them*."

"I'm sure that's an exaggeration," Rolf said. "I think they all met Justin, and I don't think either of them seriously intended on marrying each other."

"He *did* take Justin to his uncles' Muggle wedding, though," Luna said.

"Er...?" Neville asked.

Rolf plated their lunch and set it on the table. "They live in America, Anthony's uncles do. Have ever since – since the summer of ninety-five."

"They believed Harry enough to flee the country?" Neville asked.

“Isaac, Anthony’s uncle – and my rabbi, you know, well – my former rabbi, now, I suppose, but he’s the one I really grew up with – he went to school with my uncles, and they were in similar circles to – a lot of people who died in the First War. And my dad – his only friends at the time were Edgar Bones and – your father, apparently.”

“My dad?” Neville asked.

“I’ve just found that out myself,” Rolf said. “I know about Edgar Bones, because he was the one my dad was in love with and followed to Israel where he met my mum.”

“Oh,” Neville said.

“But my uncles and Anthony’s both knew – how the war could be. I’m pretty sure they had connections in the Order – I’m not convinced no one in my family did behind-the-scenes work, to be honest, given my dad’s friends, and my grandparents’ involvement in the Global Wizarding War. But one of their best friends – my uncles’ and Isaac’s – was Emmeline Vance, and I think she was in the Order, wasn’t she? And we’re all Jewish, and Rabbi Isaac’s husband, Dan, is a Muggleborn, so they left. Just like I stayed abroad, as I could.”

“Your uncles left, too?” Neville asked.

“Just until the war was over,” Rolf said. “My uncle Reg came from a really nasty family, and though he’d been disowned, he was fairly convinced that there was a target on his back. So they left that summer, all four of them, and Anthony’s cousins, and Anthony’s uncles and cousins still live there. And like I said, his uncle Dan is a Muggleborn, and they were both really involved in the Muggle gay community, so they had a lot of friends who they couldn’t exactly tell they were *properly* married, because apparently Muggles have got laws *against* it.”

“Against marriage?” Neville asked. “That sounds rather ridiculous.”

“Against marriage between two men or two women,” Rolf said. “So apparently – it was just two years ago that some state over there legalised it, so they thought they’d make a holiday of it last summer when the kids were on break. I didn’t go, but my uncles did. And apparently Anthony brought Justin.”

“To *America*?” Neville asked.

“I think most of them made a holiday of it. You know, see America, all that. We’ve already seen America, and we’d had a research trip planned for Madagascar, so neither Luna nor I went.”

“What Rolf is saying is that there’s no need to jump to the conclusion that Anthony wants to *marry* you.”

Neville seemed to deflate slightly at that. “Oh.”

“Oh, not like that,” Rolf said. “Marriage is just rather serious, is all. I don’t think he’d think about that until *after* he gets the nerve to ask you to be his boyfriend. Or you ask him.”

“But that’s just the thing,” Neville said. “I’ve *met* friends’ families before, and I’ve met girlfriends’ families before, too. I’ve met the *Weasleys*, and even with how welcoming they are – I never was under the impression that anyone thought there was anything between me and any of their kids. But this was – a lot more like... meeting Xeno or Hannah’s family. And I know I’m probably being – ridiculous about it, but his aunt is Healer Strout, from the – from the ward. You know. And I *didn’t* know and I told my parents about him, and I – I don’t know if she *told* anyone, but...”

“Neville,” Luna began, “have you told *Anthony* that you’re bisexual?”

Neville blushed and shook his head. “I can’t work out the words.”

“He’s probably not going to ask you out if he thinks you’re straight,” Rolf said.

“I *really* like him,” Neville said.

“If he’s inviting you to meet his family, I’m sure he really likes you,” Rolf said. “But again: it might help if you at least tell him that you’re interested in men.”

“You know,” Luna said. “Rolf’s dad was in love with yours all through school.”

“What?” Neville asked. He looked to Rolf, who shrugged.

“I just found out last night. Luna mentioned your name in passing, and my dad mentioned that he’d been friends with your father. Luna asked what he meant by friends – like she is with Harry, or like I am with Charlie – and my uncle Max said it was – unrequited. I’m sure – my dad would be happy to talk to you about your parents, if you want.”

Neville didn’t say anything for a few seconds. “I – I think that’d be – really kind of him.”

“He probably knows other people who went to school with them, too,” Rolf said. “He lives just in Golders Green, not too far from Anthony’s parents, actually. I’m sure he’d love it if the four of us were to come over for dinner one night.”

“The four of us?” Neville asked.

“Well, Luna and I, and you and Anthony.”

Neville blushed. “I dunno about Anthony. I’m no good at making a move.”

“You made a move on me,” Luna said.

“Immediately in the aftermath of the Battle of Hogwarts,” Neville said. “It was the adrenaline – without it, I’d have probably kept it to myself forever. And Hannah asked *me* out.”

Luna hummed. “If you’d like, I can ask him for you.”

“No,” Neville said. “It’s got to be me. But – I dunno, knowing he probably *likes* me makes me sort of – more nervous? Like, before, I could just shrug it off as a stupid unrequited crush,



but he's had me over to meet his whole family, and they *all* treated me like his new boyfriend, and that adds a sort of – reality to it.”

“But it also means he's that much more likely to say he's just as mad for you,” Rolf said.

“He is,” Luna said. “But if he doesn't know you're bi, then he might not say anything.”

Neville buried his face in his hands. “Why is this so stressful?”

Luna patted his back. “I don't know, but I do know that the longer you wait, the more stressful it'll be.”

“That's not reassuring,” Neville said.

“Well,” Rolf said, “why don't you both come over for Chanukah dinner tomorrow night? We weren't planning on doing anything special, but we'll be here, and everything here's sort of kosher by default, anyway.”

“Huh?” Neville asked.

“Kosher means it's following Jewish dietary laws,” Rolf said.

“No, I know that,” Neville said. “Anthony explained that when I moved in. But what do you mean ‘kosher by default’?”

“I don't eat meat at all, and we don't keep it in the flat, and most of – the Jewish dietary laws have to do with meat” Rolf said. “Haven't you noticed?”

Neville frowned slightly. “Actually, I haven't.”

“Well, now you know,” Rolf said. “And I dunno how strictly Anthony keeps over, but he's got nothing to worry about here. So invite him over tomorrow night, and if you still haven't done anything, we'll try to help.”

“All right,” Neville said. “But I think it's still sort of hopeless.”

“It's not,” Luna said. “Anthony adores you. You'll see.”

# Chapter 4

## Chapter Summary

Anthony and Neville come over for the last night of Chanukah

## Chapter Notes

this is way late (but not as late as the last chapter of the newtina modern au which i promise is coming!!), and tu bishivat is in two days so like..... we're officially past chanukah season, but at least i've finished it.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“I really hope they’ve sorted everything out,” Luna said as she helped Rolf cook dinner. She had a smudge of something on her cheek, and Rolf reached out to brush it off with his thumb.

“Flour from the latkes, I think,” he said.

“Do you think they have?” she asked.

Rolf considered what he knew of Anthony and Neville. “All Neville needs to do is indicate in some way that he’s bi, and Anthony will at least approach him about it.”

“That’s the problem, isn’t it?” Luna asked.

“Yeah,” Rolf said. “You have no idea how happy I am that you were straightforward in your intentions. You always are, of course.”

“As are you,” Luna said. “It certainly makes things easier. I don’t think we’d be here now if either of us had behaved like they are.”

“Definitely not,” Rolf agreed.

“Neville said once that he’d wanted to ask me out for two years before he actually did.”

“We can’t let this go on that long,” Rolf said, suddenly feeling nervous. “I’m not saying we should *out* him, or anything, but surely there’s something we could do to at least nudge *Anthony* along if Neville won’t.”

“Probably,” Luna agreed. “Or else we could get Ginny involved, and she won’t rest until it’s resolved.”

Rolf had met Ginny multiple times by now, and while he wasn't sure that it would ever *not* be weird that his fiancée's best friend (that she hadn't slept with) was *his* ex-boyfriend's (and best friend's) younger sister, he'd gotten used to it.

"Ginny's a force of nature," Rolf said. "We should probably avoid getting her involved unless it's a last resort."

"He'd better get it together by the time the baby is born," Luna said.

Rolf stopped what he was doing. "What baby?" Surely if Luna were pregnant, this wouldn't be how she'd tell him, right?

"Ginny's," Luna said. "And, well, Harry's, I suppose, although to be honest, I'm still surprised that they've managed to have sex enough times for her to get pregnant twice. It's obvious that she's not attracted to him."

Rolf felt a large amount of tension melt off of his shoulders. She was talking about Ginny. Of course. He and Luna were using contraceptive potions, both of them, so there really wasn't much of a chance of that, anyway. He didn't know why that had been his first thought.

"Neville's to be the godfather, isn't he?" Rolf asked.

Luna nodded. "Yes, and I think he'll be quite good at it. I know he does want children, eventually, but – for now..."

"Luna," Rolf began, "we haven't really discussed children, have we?"

"Your mother wants us to raise them Jewishly, which I'd be happy to. But I don't think I want a lot. Maybe just one or two. But not now – and I don't think you do, either."

"No," Rolf agreed. "I – well, I liked having a sister, so I sort of thought – two or three?"

"Then two," Luna said. "And we'll talk to a rabbi about making sure they're accepted as Jewish, too. I don't think I'd mind converting, but I can't honestly say my heart is in it, so I don't think that's right. But we can discuss that later."

Rolf kissed her. "I love you. I don't think that I tell you that nearly enough."

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Neville Flooded in first, right on time. He went immediately to hug Luna and kiss her on the cheek. "I did it!"

"You had sex with Anthony?" Luna asked.

Neville blushed a bright red and let go of her. "No! Not – not yet, anyway. But I told him! A- and he feels the same, so I *kissed* him, and this afternoon, we had lunch with his family."

"Congratulations!" Luna said, hugging him quickly.

"Yes, congratulations!" Rolf said. "I told you that it would all work out, didn't I?"

“Yeah,” Neville said. “You did. And thank you both, so much. I dunno how I’ll ever manage to – thank you.”

Rolf opened his mouth to say that there was no need for any of that when Luna said, “Just promise us right now that you’ll be a godparent when Rolf and I have children.”

Neville looked from Luna to Rolf and back to Luna – and then down to her belly. “Are you pregnant?”

“Oh, no,” Luna said. “But we’re going to have children eventually, and I can’t think of better godparents than you and Charlie.”

“Charlie?” Rolf asked.

“He’s your best friend.”

“Well, yes,” Rolf agreed. “But don’t you think it’d be a bit weird if our children’s godparents were – our exes?” And not just exes; Charlie and Neville had been, respectively, the first people Rolf and Luna had dated, or slept with.

“You don’t have to pick Charlie,” Luna said, “But I pick Neville.”

“Pick Neville for what?” Anthony asked, coming out of the Floo and over to stand beside Neville. He laced their hands together, and Rolf noticed that Neville went a bit pink.

“Godparent,” Luna said.

“Eventually,” Neville amended. “Not any time soon.”

“Of course not,” Luna agreed. “And it’s so good to see you, Anthony! We’re asking your uncle to officiate our wedding.”

Anthony looked a bit confused, but said, “Well, Uncle Isaac’s a good choice. And he’s known Rolf his whole life.”

“And he fancied Rolf’s dad,” Luna said. “Rolf’s Uncle Max said so.”

“I knew that,” Anthony said, “but he doesn’t, anymore. He’s *very* happily married.”

“Yeah,” Rolf agreed.

“He *was* concerned that I might fancy *Rolf* when I was a teenager,” Anthony said. “But I’ve never gone for older guys.”

“Never?” Neville asked.

“Never,” Anthony said. “Technically, you, Justin, *and* Zach are all younger than me. Not that I think Rolf and I are suited to anything more than friends, anyway.”

“Oh, no,” Rolf agreed. “You like living in London far too much, and you don’t know enough about creatures.”

“And you don’t follow Ashkenazi minhag, *and* you can’t stay in one place for more than a month.”

“I did make mostly Ashkenazi food tonight, though,” Rolf said. “My dad’s Ashkenazi, after all.”

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Rolf lit the candles with Anthony and said the blessings while Luna and Neville watched. “What d’you reckon Menachem Goldstein’d have to say about us both being with goyim?” Anthony asked under his breath.

Rolf laughed. “I really don’t think I care, to be honest. What would he say about us being bisexual? Or my mum being from Egypt? Or *your* mum being a Pureblood? My parents don’t mind, and – honestly, even if they did, it’s my life, not theirs.”

“That’s a good way to look at it,” Anthony said.

“There’s a healthy medium between honoring their memories and remembering that we live in a completely different time. He’d be – what, over a hundred and eighty today? What was the world even like when he was our age?”

“Well,” Anthony said, “He lived in a shtetl in Galicia, so... completely different.”

“Exactly,” Rolf said. “So, really, who cares what he’d have to say about anything we do?”

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“I’ve got some sour cream for the latkes, if you prefer them that way,” Rolf said. “I like applesauce.”

“More than sour cream?” Anthony asked, dolloping sour cream onto his latkes.

“Absolutely,” Rolf said. “Applesauce is light and sweet – sour cream is *far* too heavy.”

“I like ketchup on them,” Luna said.

Anthony looked like he didn’t know how to respond to that. And, well, truthfully, Rolf had found it strange at first, too, but he’d gotten used to it.

“I tried it once,” Rolf said. “It wasn’t something I’d really... make a habit of, personally, but it’s really not as bad as it sounds.”

“It doesn’t sound bad,” Neville said. “They’re potatoes, right? You can eat chips or croquettes with ketchup, so it... makes sense?”

“You’re just saying that because you haven’t had them with sour cream,” Anthony said.

“Maybe,” Neville agreed.

“What if Neville tries all of them?” Luna suggested. “Since he’s never really had latkes before – he could try all three toppings and see what he prefers.”

“I could do that,” Neville agreed.

So Luna fixed him a plate of three latkes, and topped one with sour cream, one with applesauce, and one with ketchup, and passed it to Neville.

Neville tried each one in turn, and then sat back in his chair. Rolf thought he was probably deliberating, but then, after a moment, Neville kissed Anthony’s cheek. “Sorry, Anth.”

Anthony kissed him. “Just tell me you don’t prefer ketchup.”

“Actually...” Neville said, “I sort of think I like them best without anything on them. They’re really good.”

“As long as we don’t get into a discussion on *who* makes the best latkes.”

“Oh, definitely not,” Rolf agreed. “We’re all friends here, and I think I speak for all of us when I say we want to keep it that way.”

“So you two sort of – grew up together?” Neville asked.

“Sort of,” Anthony said. “Like I said: our uncles are best friends. And we did both grow up about a block away from each other.”

“I used to babysit him,” Rolf said.

“Did you?” Neville asked. “I think Anthony’s neglected to mention that.”

Anthony blushed. “It’s not like he’s old enough to have babysat me when I was an *actual* baby.”

“Well, that and my parents took us to Israel when things got really bad with the war,” Rolf said. “So I didn’t come back to England until Anthony was nearly two.”

“That, too,” Anthony said.

“Not that I’d embarrass him with any stories,” Rolf said.

“My parents have more than got that covered,” Anthony said.

“I heard you two went to lunch with them today?” Rolf asked.

“Yeah,” Anthony said. “My parents, Uncle Isaac, Uncle Dan, Noami, and Jonathan. They all loved Neville, of course.”

“Who wouldn’t?” Luna asked. “Neville is *very* lovable.”

Neville blushed. “I think Anthony’s told his uncle to convince me to quit my job.”

“I haven’t,” Anthony said. “That’s all you. And him. It’s not as if it’s not immediately obvious that you hate your job and dread going to work every day, Nev. Every time the subject comes up, you get visibly uncomfortable. And, well, I think Uncle Isaac can relate to that.”

“What would you rather be doing?” Rolf asked.

“I, er, I dunno,” Neville said, in a tone that suggested he *did* know, but didn’t want to discuss it.

“You’ve always loved Herbology, haven’t you?” Luna asked. “Why not try to become a Herbologist?”

“I can’t just quit my job,” Neville said.

“Why not?” Anthony asked. “Ron did it, didn’t he? He’s much happier now.”

“Ron quit after two years, not six. And – people will talk. And I can’t just quit without something lined up; I’ve got to pay rent.”

“I mean, you haven’t, really,” Anthony said. “It wouldn’t be any problem for me to cover the whole rent if you quit your job to look for one you actually *like*. And besides, haven’t you got a family vault at Gringotts? Most of those old Pureblood families have, haven’t they?”

“And properties, usually, too,” Rolf said. “My uncle Reg inherited about a dozen when his parents died, as well as the flat he lives in with his husband.”

“My *gran* has got properties out in the countryside – nothing in London, and they all need loads of work, and they’re all far too big for just me, besides. And yes, I’ve got a family vault, but –”

“We just want you to be happy,” Luna said. “And I think dating Anthony is a wonderful start, but if you’re miserable at your job, then that’s no good.”

“I’m not making you pay the entire rent,” Neville said to Anthony. “Or moving into one of the family properties. But I’ll consider it.”

“That’s all we ask,” Anthony said. He kissed Neville’s cheek, and Neville blushed.

“I think it’s time for dessert,” Rolf said. “Luna and I made – well, quite a lot, really.”

It was nice, Rolf thought, celebrating with friends. He still couldn’t see himself staying in London year-round, but Luna made a fantastic travelling companion and overall partner, and it was always good to know that they’d have friends whenever they did decide to come back.

I don't think this is the last we'll see of these four, but that's it for this fic! thank you to everyone who's left kudos and comments!  
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End Notes

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