

So for one night, all of them could just be stupid teenagers, dancing and drinking butterbeer — and firewhiskey, which Charlie had in a charmed flask and passed around quite liberally — chatting about school and having fun without a single mention of Dark Lords or Dumbledore or the Ministry. It was perfect.

Naturally, with the twins in attendance, there were fireworks. Longbottom Manor didn't have any neighbours for a four mile radius, so they didn't have to worry about being seen; the Weasleys' Whizbangs were in fine form, filling the air with elaborate displays of light and colour — several of which they recognised from the prank against Umbridge, and whooped at the sight of. They all stopped dancing to watch the fireworks, and Harry leaned back against Draco's chest, the blond's hands on his hips. He could feel Draco's breath catch with every loud bang or particularly impressive firework.

"That was amazing, guys," Harry enthused when the display was over, and the twins gave elaborate bows in response to the applause.

"Only the best for our favourite birthday boys!" George replied, tipping an imaginary hat to Harry.

"Even if *one of you* did wait until after we left school to put his paws all over our little sister," Fred continued, elbowing Neville gently with a smirk.

"Oh, leave him alone," Ginny grumbled.

"Anyone who was in that common room can attest that it was definitely Ginny doing the pawing, don't worry!" Parvati piped up boldly, and there was a loud chorus of 'oooohhh's at her words. Ginny just grinned unashamedly, sliding her arms around Neville's waist.

"Can you blame me?" she remarked, making her already blushing boyfriend turn even redder when she patted him on the backside. "Had to get my claim in there first."

"Our little sister's all grown up and pawing at boys," Fred wailed in mock-despair, looking at Bill.

"With the examples we all gave her, are you surprised?" Bill joked, giving a pointed look to Charlie, who was wrapped around Sirius like an octopus 'to ward off the chill'.

"On the contrary, I couldn't be prouder," George cut in, offering Ginny a thumbs up, his other hand in the back pocket of Blaise's jeans. "You get 'em, sis!"

As Ginny kissed Neville passionately to a cacophony of wolf-whistles, the music was turned back up and the party continued.

It was almost midnight by the time things finally started to wind down — Amelia had gone to bed, Remus and Narcissa went home, and even Bill and Fleur were calling it a night. Meanwhile, half the couples had buggered off to go and snog in a dark corner somewhere. Harry and Draco were one of those couples, briefly, but then they'd been found by Tonks who demanded they both dance with her to her favourite song.