

me when we're *alone*?" she drawled, wiggling her eyebrows. Harry blushed furiously, shaking his head.

"No!" he spluttered, making her laugh. "I just— it seemed a bit—" He didn't want to say weird, though clearly from the look on Tonks' face he didn't need to. She wasn't offended, though, and her smile softened.

"Not everyone needs pet names to know they're loved," she pointed out. "Him calling me by the name I choose is way better than any nickname either of us could think of, anyway." Her pale green eyes shone with adoration for a moment, and then she shook her head, blushing. "Merlin, listen to me, I sound like a besotted little third year."

Harry smirked at her. "Well, you *did* invite him here..." he started, yelping and ducking when Tonks sent a Stinging hex his way.

"We are *not* making a big deal out of that," she said pointedly, glaring even as her blush brightened. "Besides, it's Sirius and Charlie you should be teasing about that; moving the bloke in here after two months together."

Harry groaned, shaking his head. "Merlin, have you seen them, though? They're *disgustingly* happy together. And I thought Draco and I were bad!" Sirius and Charlie were the polar opposite of Remus and Snape, and having the two couples living under the same roof was wildly jarring at times.

"I've seen Charlie obsessed with boyfriends in the past, but it's *never* been like this," Tonks agreed. She shook her head fondly. "They're meant to be, I suppose."

Harry nodded vehemently; if ever there was an example of true love forming quickly, it was those two. "I'm just glad Sirius has someone. He was alone for so long..." Compared to the man he had been at the end of Harry's third year, Sirius was practically a whole new person. Even compared to how he had been in the weeks before Charlie had returned from Romania, there was a significant change.

"Yeah, takes the fun out of teasing them a bit, doesn't it?" Tonks said in mock-annoyance. "He's had so much shit, he deserves good things. Even if watching them together does make me nauseous."

Harry laughed; he could certainly agree with that, on both counts.

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At last, the day had arrived.

OWL results.

Both the boys were surprised by the delivery over breakfast, too busy bickering about the plot of a muggle book Harry had made Draco read. They didn't even notice them, until Narcissa plucked two identical envelopes from the pile of post Ceri brought in. "Well, I've been waiting for these to arrive," she said, loud enough to cut over their argument. She held out