

sorry about missing tryouts.”

“It’s fine,” Angelina waved him off. “We’ve got practice at two tomorrow, so you can make it up to me then.”

“Deal.” Harry grinned at her, then turned his gaze longingly towards the dormitory staircase. If he could go to bed now, it would be the first time all week he’d slept before midnight.

“Go on. You look knackered,” Angelina said, giving him a gentle shove towards the stairs. “I want you on top form tomorrow!”

“Aye, captain!”

Dean and Seamus were the only ones in the room, and Seamus eyed Harry suspiciously. Harry ignored him, grabbing his pyjamas and heading to the bathroom, determined to take a nice long shower and then pass out.

Chapter End Notes

So many comments screaming at Harry for not telling anyone. Friends, have a little faith in me :P