

Bill grimaced, nodding in agreement. “You and me both, mate.” He ran a hand through his hair, which was loose for once. “Well, if that Potter luck holds, maybe you’ll stumble across a couple more on your adventures,” he remarked wryly. Harry snorted.

“You never know.” He wasn’t sure just how far the Potter luck would extend. “At least that’s two of them out of the way, for sure.” Hopefully, soon, they could add the third to the list. “Are... have you figured anything else out, with my scar?”

The redhead looked apologetic, which was an answer in itself. “We’re working on it. I promise you, we’ll figure something out. Gorrak’s got Gringotts’ best and brightest on the case — and me,” he added, smiling bashfully. Harry elbowed him in the side, rolling his eyes.

“Gorrak told me you’re one of the best they’ve got, don’t get humble on me now,” he teased. Bill nudged Harry away, blushing.

“Either way, we’ll get it sorted. You just focus on the three hundred other things you seem to have going on in your life,” he teased.

Considering Bill was only privy to about half of Harry’s secret plans, that felt like an understatement. The curse-breaker ruffled Harry’s hair, signalling an end to the conversation, and they stepped out of the room they’d holed up in — opening the door directly in Tonks’ face. She stumbled to a halt, looking between the pair with raised eyebrows. “Something I should know about, you two?” she asked, innuendo heavy in her voice. Harry blushed brightly. Bill, on the other hand, just laughed.

“As if I wouldn’t be taking the opportunity to piss Mum off with that, if it were the case,” he teased, hand resting on Harry’s shoulder. “Besides, Tonks, you already know where my interest lies.”

“Ah, yes,” Tonks drawled, looking devious. “Pretty veela intern girl.”

Harry’s eyes went wide. “Intern girl?” He whipped around, looking up at Bill. “Is Fleur interning at Gringotts?” He couldn’t think of another veela girl they might have been talking about, not after the way Bill had behaved at the third task. And Harry knew from his last letter from Fleur that she’d been looking into Gringotts jobs in England, though he’d been moved to Grimmauld before she could tell him any more.

“Shit, I forgot you two were friends,” Bill muttered, cheeks going pink. Tonks lit up.

“Harry, you know the girl Bill fancies?” she asked excitedly. Harry grinned.

“She was the Beauxbatons champion. She’s great.” He glanced to Bill. “I’d ask her out sharpish if I were you. She’s not impressed by a man who waits around.” She would say yes, Harry was sure of it.

Bill’s blush brightened, while Tonks cackled. “That’s you told, Weasley,” she teased. “Now, off with you; I need to talk to Harry here.”