

Either way, Harry assured his friend that they would be fine, and he didn't need to feel pressured into doing anything he didn't want to do, but at the same time he shouldn't expect anything in particular from Ginny. Not that Harry thought he would — Neville was a gentleman to the point of reserve. Any progress in that relationship would almost definitely be at Ginny's urging.

Or manhandling, demanding and just outright taking matters into her own hands — that was more Ginny's style.

As he wrote his response, Harry couldn't help but look back at the letter and chuckle to himself; it was bizarre, going from one letter about political manipulations to another about normal teenage relationship woes. Sometimes he forgot he wasn't even sixteen yet himself, still just a teenager. It was nice, to be reminded of that. Harry had quiet hopes that he might be able to do a few more normal teenage things, over the summer.

Both with Draco, and with his friends.

Finishing off his letter for Neville and adding it to the stack to all be delivered to Longbottom Manor, Harry reached for the next correspondence; a three page letter from Viktor, mostly detailing his adventures with the Bulgarian quidditch team. It never failed to amaze Harry, how much the quidditch player could write, now they were more comfortable with each other. Viktor might not be much of a talker, but once he got going with a quill...

Then again, Harry remembered Viktor being quite chatty in his native tongue, with the other Durmstrang students and the small handful of others who spoke Bulgarian. Considering he strongly suspected Viktor wrote with a Translation charm, Harry was sure the man's 'quiet, reserved nature' was actually just a lack of confidence with the English language.

And probably a fair dose of feigned aloofness to keep the fans at bay. Harry could relate to that.

It made him smile to read his friend's eager recounting of some antics he and his teammates got up to at their training camp, and he happily returned the favour with a story of a prank he and Draco had pulled on Sirius and Charlie a few days before.

There was a knock on his bedroom door, and Harry looked up, grinning at his godfather. "Hey, Padfoot. What's up?"

"Just letting you know we're headed to Grimmauld for dinner. Yourself included," the dog animagus replied, and Harry made a face.

"Order meeting?" he assumed, wondering if his blissful Dumbledore-free time was coming to an end. But Sirius just smiled at him, eyes sparkling.

"Nope. Family dinner." Harry cocked his head in confusion. "Charlie arranged it with Bill and Fleur; you'll get to congratulate them in person. And, ah, the Tonks' will be there. Bringing Kingsley, if he can get off work in time."