

Chapter 29

Chapter Notes

Probably gonna update the tags on this soon for some future events. Not sure how far ahead I want to tag for, toeing the line between spoilers and necessary tagging. How do y'all feel about some future pairing tags?

The morning after the Yule Ball started at approximately 11:45 for Harry, which was when Neville shoved his drapes aside and poked him hard in the shoulder. “Before the news gets up to you, I promise that I wasn’t the one who said anything.”

Harry groaned, blinking bleary-eyed at the boy sat on the edge of his mattress. “What?”

Neville handed him his glasses, and the other Gryffindor’s apologetic face came into sharper view. “The whole school is talking about how you snogged someone at the ball last night. No one knows who, but everyone knows it happened. I mean, you did come back looking a bit... ravished.” Neville’s cheeks were pink, and Harry let out another groan, burying his face in his pillow.

“Fuck,” he muttered. Snape was going to have a *field day*. ‘Discretion, Potter’. Ugh, he was the worst. Maybe Harry could persuade Remus to hex him. “How bad is it?”

“On a scale of one to thinking you’re trying to kill all the muggleborns in the school, it’s pretty minor,” Neville told him. Harry hated that *that* was a legitimate scale of measuring the school’s general opinion of him. “Everyone’s just curious about who it was. A few girls are insisting it was them, but no one believes them. I think the top three are Hermione, Ginny, or Fleur.”

“...There are people in this castle who think I could pull *Fleur Delacour*? Are they blind?”

Neville snorted, shaking his head. “They’re just hoping for a scandal, I think. Other names floating around are of course Susan — but not many think it’s her because she laughed pretty hard when someone asked her, and she was on the dance floor all night — and I’ve heard Padma Patil, Daphne Greengrass, Cho Chang, and George Weasley.”

Harry rolled the list of names over in his head. “Well. That’s... varied.” He reluctantly sat up, reaching for the water on his bedside table. He hadn’t had more than a mouthful of alcohol, but he still felt hungover just from all the noise and dancing. “Just the one bloke on the list?”

“So far. I did hear someone suggest Blaise Zabini, but I’m pretty sure that was a joke.”

Neville shrugged. “If it helps, I think it’ll all fade out in a few days. There’s bound to be other