

Assuming that was the end of the meeting, Harry made as if to stand, but McGonagall cleared her throat. "One more thing, Potter." She rummaged through her desk, pulling out a small stack of paperwork. "I expect to see this properly dealt with before the beginning of the school year. From *both* of you."

She handed it over; across the top of the parchment were the words *Animagus Registration Forms*. Sure enough, there were two sets. Harry laughed, tucking them into his pocket.

"We will," he vowed. There was no need to keep it secret now, after all.

"Good lad." This time she didn't stop him when he stood, Vanishing biscuit crumbs from his jeans. "I know better than to expect a complete absence of mischief from you, Mr Potter," McGonagall said with a hint of exasperation. "But *please*, do try not to make me want to retire after my first year in office."

Harry grinned, offering an elaborate salute. "Aye-aye, Headmistress."

Then, just to be a brat, he walked straight through the wall and out of her office.

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With booklists came book shopping, and Harry and Draco knew they couldn't avoid it. It was almost a rite of passage, at this point, to go to Diagon Alley the day the lists arrived and wrestle through the crowds to get their supplies for another school year. Truly, they didn't need much — once again Snape had seen to their Potions supplies, and all of the books Remus had set were ones they owned anyway. But Harry needed a copy of Snape's approved NEWT level Potions text — the man still eyed *Advanced Potion Making* with contempt — and they both had a few extra books to pick up for their final year of Ancient Runes.

But, they insisted, they were old enough to go by themselves. Sirius, Remus and Charlie were taking Nashira and Frankie later in the afternoon, and Harry didn't want to intrude on that. The pair apparated to London, planning to get in and out of the alley in good time, so Harry could take Draco clothes shopping in the muggle world. The blond was quite excited by the prospect, and Harry couldn't argue with the need to update his own wardrobe.

It was as busy as expected, and Harry tangled his fingers with Draco's so they didn't get lost in the crowd. There were several familiar faces about, and Harry waved cheerfully to the friends he would soon see back at school.

He wondered if they found it as strange as he did, to be readying their school robes and their house ties as if they hadn't fought a war less than a month ago in the very castle they were to return to.

They would get used to it, in time.

With books acquired, Draco begged to go into Slug and Jigger's for non-class-related supplies, and while Harry was happy to let him he also very much did not want to join him there. "I'll go sit at Fortescue's, wait for you there. We can have an ice cream before we leave." Harry still had a soft spot for Florian Fortescue, after the weeks spent doing his