

“Yes, I’m sure you know far more spells than the seventh years,” Harry agreed sarcastically, earning a glare. “You’ll have to sit back and let someone else have the glory, I know it’ll be very difficult for you.”

Draco gave a haughty sniff, turning to his pumpkin juice. “With any luck, the Hogwarts champion will be a Slytherin. Or a Ravenclaw.” He sent a glance to Harry. “As long as it’s not a *Gryffindor*.”

“I bet a Gryffindor champion could win,” Harry argued. He didn’t know the Gryffindor seventh years very well, but they all seemed competent enough.

“I’m sure if Dumbledore has his way, it’ll be a lion,” Draco muttered with a grimace. “More glory to the house of red and gold.” All three Slytherins in the room rolled their eyes in unison. Harry couldn’t even debate the point; he didn’t doubt Dumbledore *would* put a Gryffindor in the spotlight if he could.

“Well, we’ll find out soon enough,” Sirius declared. “Now, who’s for cake? Go on, birthday boy.”

Harry was glad there was no singing and candle-blowing; at Dudley’s birthday parties it always looked excruciatingly awful. Instead Harry was handed an enormous knife, and carefully cut a slice for each person at the table. The cake was moist and fluffy, with a thick layer of cream and ganache in the middle. It was *heaven*.

“Oh, that reminds me,” Draco said suddenly. He reached down into his mother’s handbag, pulling out a gift wrapped in Slytherin green paper. “Happy birthday.”

Harry blinked, surprised. He’d thought Draco’s visit was the present. He said as much, and the blond gave him an exasperated look. “Of course I got you something, you daft lion. Go on, open it.”

Harry tore into the paper, a beaming smile crossing his face at what lay inside. A brand new pair of quidditch goggles, brown leather with gold edging and buckles. According to the accompanying scroll of parchment, they were charmed unbreakable, anti-glare, waterproof and fog-proof, as well as prescription-adjusting; he wouldn’t need to wear his glasses underneath them.

“You mentioned your current pair pinch your new glasses by your ears,” Draco muttered, his pale cheeks turning rosy. “I don’t want you to have any excuses when I kick your arse next year.”

Harry laughed, Draco ducking his head when his mother scolded him for his language.

“You’ve got high hopes,” the Gryffindor teased. His pulse was racing, his stomach squirming far more than it should over a birthday present. He couldn’t even remember making that complaint; for Draco to not only have been listening, but remembered enough to think about it when picking out Harry’s present... it made his face heat, though he wasn’t sure why. “They’re brilliant, Draco. Thank you so much!”