

he hadn't glamourised away, though the collar of his shirt had mostly hidden it. Draco was a possessive little bastard sometimes.

"So who was it, then?" Hermione asked. Harry snorted.

"Like I said last night, none of your business. Can we go get food now or what?"

Hermione's lips pursed. "I don't like this, Harry. First you're off dancing with all those people last night, now you're kissing some mystery girl. It's not like you to keep so many secrets."

"How is dancing with people keeping secrets? They're my friends."

"Exactly! Since when were you friends with Daphne Greengrass? Or Cassius Warrington? For that matter, how long have you been friends with Susan Bones?"

"I'm sorry I've been branching out, Hermione, but with you and Ron ignoring me for half the year I've had to look elsewhere for social interaction. Or are you just pissed because they're not Gryffindors?" Harry glared at her, shaking his head. "I thought you were better than that."

"It's got nothing to do with what house they're in!" Hermione insisted, but the slightly screechy tone of her voice betrayed that she was lying. "It just seems awfully sudden that you're so chummy with all these people."

"I've been friends with most of them since last year," Harry told her. "You just haven't been paying attention. And I'm sorry you're jealous that I've got more friends than just you and Ron, but I like them, so you'll just have to suck it up and deal with it." He'd thought they were possibly fixing things, last night. With her on Viktor's arm and dancing with Harry and the others and having a great time, he'd thought there were scraps of their friendship he could salvage. Now he was starting to think he was wrong.

He looked up at Neville and Ginny, who were watching the whole argument uneasily.

"Lunch?" he suggested, turning away from Hermione and heading for the portrait hole. They followed after him, leaving Hermione fuming in the common room, and when they were out of earshot Ginny let out a low whistle.

"Well, that was awkward," she muttered, sounding remarkably like her twin brothers. Harry snorted.

"She's been off with me all year, going hot and cold depending on whether Ron thinks he can stomach me or not. I'm sick of it." Hermione was, at her heart, an introvert. She nagged Ron and Harry to study, but always preferred to study alone. She kept her intelligence around her like a shield, warding people off even if they were actually smart enough to hold a conversation with her. She hated being in crowds — last night had been highly unusual for her. She was happy extending the olive branch to Ron and Harry, and then to the rest of the Weasley family, but she had her limits. Evidently Harry's casual friendship with half their year and several people in other years was too much for her to handle.