

human emotion *inappropriate*, for Harry had seen her take points from two people just stood close together.

At least there were no headache-inducing decorations, as the colour pink had been ruined for everyone over the last six months.

Still, even Umbridge's wrath couldn't dampen the joy of celebrating the love-filled holiday with a Hogsmeade weekend, and as Harry went down to breakfast that morning he was surprised to see just how many couples were lined up to leave the castle, holding hands and grinning at each other.

He felt a pang in his chest, briefly wishing he could be one of those students; but even if there wasn't the danger of Lucius Malfoy involved, Harry wasn't sure he'd want to be gawped at all day as he knew he would for taking Draco Malfoy on a date.

One day.

Not wanting to pass up the excuse to get out of the castle, Harry lined up by himself, ignoring the number of eyes fixed firmly on him. Ever since his admission in the face of Ron's ridiculous accusation, half the school seemed dead set on sleuthing out who his mystery boyfriend was. There was even a betting pool going around, which Harry found utterly ridiculous.

Mainly because the top name on the list was George Weasley. As if there would be *any* reason to hide such a relationship; the Weasleys had made themselves targets for the Dark long before Harry was around.

The second name was Blaise Zabini, which was a little closer, but it still made him laugh that Draco's name was way down the bottom with astronomical odds. One person had put a bet on him.

Harry suspected that may have been Draco himself, but the blond would never tell.

Entering the village, Harry let a smile take over him as he watched the students go about their morning — it was so nice to see people so *happy*, so carefree. In all his training in various forms, his battle of wills against Umbridge, Harry sometimes forgot that things weren't all doom and gloom just yet. There was plenty of time for his fellow students to just be normal teenagers.

If Harry had his way, there always would be.

His smile widened at the sight of two heads of blonde hair, one much darker than the other; Luna and Daphne were strolling along the main street, holding hands while Luna gestured wildly with her free one, chattering away about some creature or another with earnestly wide eyes. Daphne looked fond, and a bit bewildered — like she couldn't quite understand how she'd ended up there, but she was very happy to be there all the same.

Harry still didn't understand that one.