

Harry looked up at him, beaming, and hugged him tightly round the shoulders. “Draco, that’s brilliant! Well done!”

“I would’ve liked to do better in Transfiguration,” the Slytherin said, frowning slightly. “But I knew I didn’t fully manage the animate to inanimate transfiguration, so it’s not really a surprise.” He let his mother take the results, and Harry kissed the corner of his mouth as the pair of them watched the adults react to the results. Sirius was beaming widely, Charlie’s chin propped on his shoulder so he could read as well, while Remus leaned in to get a look. Narcissa and Snape had their heads bent together over Draco’s, and when they looked up, both had approval clear on their faces.

“Well done, darling,” Narcissa said, reaching out to squeeze his hand. “Wonderful results!”

“You have done yourself a credit, Draco,” Snape agreed. Harry could feel the way Draco’s shoulders straightened at the man’s words, delight crossing his features — all he had ever wanted was to make Severus Snape proud of him.

“Sounds like you’re both nerds, to me!” Sirius declared playfully. “Oi, Snape, trade you.” He held out Harry’s results, his other hand reaching expectantly for Draco’s. Snape obligingly traded, and then Narcissa’s warm smile was directed at Harry.

“Congratulations, Harry, dear. You should be very pleased.”

“I am,” he assured, nodding hard. “Merlin, I can’t believe I got an E in Divination!” He definitely owed Parvati and Lavender something nice.

“Shame about History of Magic,” Charlie said. “But I guess you did sort of get a vision in the middle and everything.”

Harry snorted; yes, considering the circumstances, he was just glad to have passed that one.

“And I suppose I can let the Astronomy grade slide,” Sirius said with mock-dismay, “since there was a bit of an interruption. Although *Draco* still managed to uphold the Black family pride.” He was clearly teasing, and Harry laughed.

“Well done, both of you.” Remus smiled, amber eyes bright. “We’ll have to do something to celebrate. Certainly cake for dinner.”

“You just want cake,” Sirius teased, elbowing his friend. “You boys mind if I keep these for a bit? Cissa and I are having lunch with Andi after our Wizengamot meeting, it’s only fair if we do a bit of bragging.”

Harry didn’t mind at all; he wasn’t likely to forget any of those grades in a hurry.

“Should we write and see what the others got, or just wait until my birthday?” Harry asked, directing the question at Draco. Harry’s birthday was a little over a week away, and he knew he’d be seeing most of his friends then.

“Well I’m writing to the girls,” Draco told him, “but I’m going to wait on the rest.”