

He looked across the room at Ginny, whose eyes were already bright with glee. “It’s the *worst* person, I’m really sorry, Susan,” she said sympathetically. “It’s going to be such a chore dealing with him.”

Susan’s eye landed on her in shock. “You know who it is?” Her face filled with dismay. “Oh, does that mean it *is* Ron?”

Ginny’s solemn expression cracked at the corners. “Worse than Ron,” she said with a sad shake of her head. “You’re going to have to put up with Harry.”

All eyes were on the Gryffindor boy, who grinned sheepishly. “Uh. Surprise?”

“*HARRY!*” Susan practically threw herself at him, Tonks only barely managing to dive out of the way in time. “Why didn’t you tell me, you git! Oh, this is going to be brilliant! I was so worried it would be someone shit, but it’s *you*, that’s great!”

He laughed, steadying her before she could fall off his lap. She was still working on the depth perception thing.

“If it makes you feel better, Sooz, I didn’t tell anyone. Until Ginny, like, ten minutes ago.”

“He didn’t even tell *me*,” Draco cut in, glaring lightly at his fiancé. Harry winced, and both sets of twins ‘*ooh*’ed in the background.

“Honestly I sort of forgot,” he admitted, giving the blond a pointed look. In the face of his other news, his Head Boy badge had rather slipped his mind.

Draco softened slightly, but still didn’t look impressed.

“You’re going to have to make it up to me, Potter,” he muttered, once Susan had left Harry’s lap and decided a dance party was in order while they waited for Amelia and Percy to get home and celebrate with them.

Harry looked up, eyes smouldering. “Head Boy gets a private room,” he pointed out in a sultry murmur, tugging Draco half over the back of the sofa. “I’m sure that can be arranged.”

Draco’s eyes darkened, and as Harry yanked him the rest of the way into his lap, no one really cared that the two of them were snogging like there was no tomorrow, left alone on the sofa in the corner.

They were all used to it by now, after all.

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Packing up for school was decidedly weird, this time around.

Not only was Harry viscerally aware that this was the last time he would ever pack his trunk for a year at Hogwarts, but he was also having to pack up the majority of his bedroom at Seren Du, as well.