

of her magically regrown ear, which had earned her mother's ire but was a great decoy to draw away from the bar through her left nipple, which Mrs Weasley definitely did not know about.

"Not too bad; healing spells are a marvel." Ginny grinned at him, wiggling her eyebrows. "How about you?"

"Hardly even feel it." His new tattoo, a golden snitch fluttering just at the base of the right side of his ribs, was fully healed and moving already.

"And how does *Draco* like it?" Ginny leered, wiggling her eyebrows.

"Wouldn't you like to know," he joked in the same tone. Draco was definitely a big fan of the tattoo, even if he did roll his eyes at the seeker puns Harry made. "How does Nev like yours? Has he seen it yet?" He still remembered the shade of red Neville had turned when they discussed it.

"Not yet. I mean, he knows it's there, obviously," Ginny said, running a finger gently over her new earring. "But he hasn't seen it." Then she smirked wolfishly. "But I'm staying the night here, so..."

Harry laughed, rubbing the fuzz on the side of her head. She wasn't growing it out, even though there were potions that would do it in an instant. Harry was glad; he liked this new look on her. She looked older, and with another Weasley growth spurt and her muscles from playing quidditch, she looked like a girl you didn't want to mess with.

"Y'know, I'm gonna kind of miss our little dorm arrangement from the summer," he confessed. "Though I won't miss hearing you and Neville when you forget your Silencing charms."

Ginny cackled, unrepentant. "I know what you mean," she agreed, curling into him slightly. "It was nice. Our little escape from the world. Miles better than my usual dorm mates." She made a disgruntled face; due to her solid friendships with most of the year above, Ginny wasn't very close to the other Gryffindor girls in her year. They were jealous of her friendship with Harry, for one.

"Tell me about it." Dean and Seamus hadn't been *too* bad, but Ron had been a nightmare to live with before he'd figured out Silencing charms, his snores vibrating the whole room.

Harry wouldn't have to deal with that anymore, though. "Between you and me," he said, dropping his voice, "I'm not gonna have that problem this year."

Ginny raised a suspicious brow. "You're not moving down to the Chamber, are you?"

Harry snorted. "Not quite. Though I might have, if not for this." Since he could walk through the castle walls, it wouldn't even be an inconvenience. "Think about it." He'd kept it secret since McGonagall had given him the badge, but so close to returning to school he didn't mind if Ginny let it slip.