

Harry slipped back into the group, the music still blasting. “Where’ve you been?” Susan demanded, eyeing him over critically. “Nope, nope, changed my mind, don’t want to know. You’re a disgrace, Potter.” Her eyes were teasing, and she took him by the hand to pull him into a dance.

Some time after, there was a loud groan when the band announced the next one would be the final song, but as much as Harry didn’t want the night to end, he was also desperate to go to bed. He was going to ache *so much* in the morning.

At last the music came to an end, and Harry’s ears rang in the silence that followed. “Alright, you lot,” Cedric declared, his arm around Cho’s waist. “Get to bed. Prefect’s orders.” He winked.

“Yeah, yeah, whatever. Are you in Ravenclaw or Hufflepuff tonight?” Susan asked. Cedric’s cheeks reddened, but after a glance at Cho, he looked back at the fourth year.

“Hufflepuff. Come on, we’ll walk you back. Goodnight, everyone.”

At Cedric’s lead, everyone started saying their goodnights, Susan pecking Harry on the cheek and thanking him for a great evening before hurrying off after the Hufflepuff champion. Harry belatedly realised that neither of the twins, nor their dates, could be found — they must have disappeared after sending Harry to Draco.

Harry, Neville and Ginny waited by the doors for Hermione to say goodbye to Viktor in private; when she finally joined them, her lipstick was smudged and she looked a lot happier than she had been when Harry had dragged her back in the hall. He was glad; she didn’t deserve to have her night end on a low point like that because of Ron.

The four of them dragged their weary bodies up to Gryffindor Tower, Ginny’s high heels in Neville’s hand and his too-big shoes on her feet, while he walked in just his socks. It made Harry smile; ever the gentleman. “That was fun,” Ginny said with a smile, shoulder brushing Neville’s as she walked. “Thanks for inviting me.”

“Thanks for saying yes,” Neville returned, blushing. “I— I had a really good time.”

“I’d say tonight was a resounding success,” Harry remarked. The only thing that could’ve made it better was more time with Draco.

“It’ll only be a success if you tell me who you disappeared off to snog,” Ginny teased, dropping back to shoot him a grin, laughing when he blushed.

“That is none of your business,” he said haughtily.

“So *that’s* what you were doing outside,” Hermione realised, eyebrows raised. “Who is she?”

“I told you, none of your business. I don’t kiss and tell.”

“You’re no fun, Potter,” Ginny declared. They reached the portrait hole, and the boys bid the girls goodnight, starting up the stairs. Before they reached the dorm, Neville put a hand on Harry’s arm, biting his lip hesitantly.