

Then Tonks came over too, claiming the ‘proper adults’ were less fun, and soon everyone was spread out and chatting.

At one point, the twins put on a record player with music both wizarding and muggle, and there was a little makeshift dance floor space cleared. For the first time in his life, Harry had the experience of standing awkwardly while a crowd sang Happy Birthday to him — but Neville was stood right beside him, looking equally uncomfortable, so it wasn’t as bad. They were free once they cut the cake, and Harry warily eyed the twins before taking a bite. There hadn’t been any surprises in the food yet, but he didn’t entirely trust the pair to be on their best behaviour, even after Blaise’s promise that they weren’t going to mess with his birthday party.

The sun started to set and the fairy lights glowed brighter, some of them dancing wildly when Luna came over to whisper to the little creatures, and then she was dancing too, Daphne watching on with a fond smile curling at her mouth. The music got turned up, and Harry managed to drag Draco out to dance with him. “Think of it as payback for ignoring me at the Yule Ball,” he teased, playfully shimmying beside the blond in an effort to get him to loosen up.

“I wasn’t *ignoring* you at the Yule Ball,” Draco retorted archly. “I just couldn’t go over and dance with you. Believe me, I was staring at you all night.”

Harry laughed, and kissed him, then moved to dance beside Susan and Hannah. Most of Draco’s reluctance was just for show; soon he was dancing quite happily with Harry, hands wandering a little too inappropriately on occasion. It was a constant reminder of what they had planned for *after* the party, and it was slowly driving Harry to the edge of frustration.

But there was so much else going on, he couldn’t spend too much time thinking about being alone with Draco later — his friends were there, and he wanted to enjoy spending time with them all, because he didn’t know when they would next be able to gather like this. Especially with half of them graduated now.

And with so many of them in difficult positions due to the war, but Harry tried not to think too hard on that.

Neville’s gran retired for the evening not long after the sun set, assuring that anyone who wished to stay the night was welcome to. Kingsley went home around the same time, though Tonks stayed, waving goodbye to her partner and promising to see him bright and early at work in the morning, with a wink that was so heavy-handed Harry wondered how many glasses of wine she’d had.

It seemed those two were the only ones deemed ‘real adults’, as the party got a little bit wilder after that. Considering Sirius was right in the mix exchanging prank spells with the twins, he certainly wasn’t looked on as adult supervision, and even though Remus had taught many of them he thoroughly lost the air of maturity when Sirius egged him into sharing some of his own pranking secrets. All the while, Amelia and Narcissa stood in their own corner with ever-full glasses of wine, ignoring the party entirely and occasionally startling the gathering with a burst of laughter. Wisely, no one dared interrupt to ask what the two women were talking about.