

The caretaker's expression turned thunderous. "What?" He scanned Harry suspiciously. "How do I know you aren't hiding it in your pockets?"

Harry turned out the pockets of his jeans, revealing nothing more than a sweet wrapper.

"I saw him send it," Cho declared, meeting Filch's gaze. "It didn't look like an order form, though. Just a normal letter."

The caretaker didn't seem convinced, but he left after a half-muttered threat about blaming Harry for even the slightest hint of dungbomb. When he was gone, Cho shook her head. "That was weird." She paused. "You weren't ordering dungbombs, were you?"

"Of course not. I've got the twins for that."

Cho giggled, then sobered. "I reckon someone wants to read your mail," she remarked. A cold sensation dripped down Harry's spine. There was one person that it would be assumed he was writing to — one person the Ministry wanted very much to get their hands on.

"I think you might be right," he agreed grimly.

He was going to have to be a lot more careful with his post, in future.

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Cho and Harry parted ways at the base of the Owlery stairs, and Harry wandered down to get some breakfast, mentally arranging his day. He was quite happy to leave all the homework he'd been set the day before until Sunday — and was applauding himself for having done all the rest of it during the week, even if it meant a few hours less sleep. His Saturday could be all about enjoyment — Quidditch, time with friends, and if he was lucky an evening with Draco.

Neville was sat alone at the Gryffindor table, which made Harry frown. He scanned the room, eyes landing on a head of long red hair, over at the Ravenclaw table. Ginny was sat with Michael Corner, which wasn't unusual — but they had their hands clasped on the tabletop.

That was new.

It also explained the morose expression on his friend's face. "You alright?" Harry asked, squeezing onto the bench beside Neville. The boy blinked, then followed Harry's gaze.

"I'm fine," he said shortly. "They're dating, now. Officially."

There was no need to ask who 'they' were. Harry winced. "And... how do you feel about that?"

The smile Neville gave in return was almost painful to look at. "I'm fine. Happy for them, even." He stabbed viciously at the yolk of his fried egg, watching it ooze over his plate.

"...Right." Harry continued to watch him warily for a few moments. If Neville didn't want to talk about it, Harry wouldn't force him, but... God, he did not understand what the pair of