

quick detour to the bathroom so Harry could wash his face in an attempt to feel more human, they went downstairs to the common room. To Harry's surprise, Fleur was up, curled in an armchair by the fire. She smiled widely at the sight of them. "Harry!" she greeted, quiet but excited. "It is good to see you well. You too, Draco."

"Same to you," Harry said vehemently, feeling a rush of relief at the sight of her. "You're okay? And— and all the family?"

"All Weasleys present and accounted for," she confirmed, grin playing at her lips. "Percy lost a few fingers, and Arthur will need to rest for a few days — Bludgeoning 'ex to the ribs," she elaborated. "But everyone is alive. Blaise and Angelina and Sirius are alive. And my parents, though Papa is in the 'ospital Wing. He lost a lot of blood." At Harry's look of concern, she shook her head. "No, no, he is fine. I think he enjoys the chance for Maman's attention," she added teasingly.

"Well that's alright, then," Harry said with a chuckle. "That's... that's really good." An enormous weight off his chest, to hear the family made it through relatively unscathed. There were so many of them, he had worried it was too much to ask for everyone to survive... but they had trained well, and had a hell of a lot to live for. They were fighters.

They left Fleur to her quiet morning, the summer sun already mostly risen. There weren't many people in the corridors at such an hour, but the few they did pass grinned widely at Harry, nodding their heads in respect.

In the kitchens, the elves cried joyously at the sight of them, and then cried even more when Harry thanked them. Dobby wailed about how great a wizard Harry Potter sir was, and obligingly fetched them tea and toast and fruit — nothing too heavy, not on Harry's already confused system.

After that, Harry knew there was one more place he had to go.

The Great Hall was no longer a makeshift mausoleum. The bodies had been moved — where to he wasn't sure — and the house tables had been reset. A surprising number of people were up and about, and the moment Harry walked through the door, they were on their feet and applauding.

Harry froze like a deer in headlights, hand clamping down on Draco's, entirely unsure how to respond. Why were they applauding him? They had all fought too! They had worked just as hard! Just because he'd been the one to get Voldemort in the end...

Thankfully, Harry spotted Sirius and Charlie at the Gryffindor table, and hurried towards them as the applause died down. Sirius beamed at him, opening his arms to wrap Harry in a hug once he sat down.

"I'm surprised to see you two up," Draco commented, and Charlie shrugged.

"Woke up a little after five, couldn't get back to sleep. Our schedules are gonna be a bit wonky for the next few days anyway." He sipped at what smelled like very strong coffee.