

“Cheers, mate!” Fred beamed.

“What do you need Hedwig for?” Ron asked suspiciously. Both twins rolled their eyes.

“George wants to take her to the Yule Ball,” Fred deadpanned. “We’re sending a letter, you thick git. And no, we’re not telling you who. It’s none of your business.”

Harry wondered if it was anything he might know about. He’d have to ask later.

“Speaking of the Yule Ball, Harry, are you really going with Susan Bones?” Hermione asked curiously.

“Yeah,” Harry said, shrugging. “Why is it such a big deal?”

“You’re a champion,” Fred reminded him. “You breathing is a big deal.”

“You got a date yet, ickle Ronnikins?” George cooed. Ron’s ears went red.

“No,” he admitted begrudgingly.

“Better hurry up,” Fred advised. “All the good ones will be gone soon.”

“Who are you going with?” Ron tried to turn the tables on his brother. Harry rolled his eyes. Had he missed Fred disappearing off with Angelina every other day?

“Angelina,” Fred replied, grinning.

“You actually got round to asking her, then?” Harry asked with raised eyebrows. Fred kept promising to do it, and then forgetting — too busy snogging, George insisted.

“Oh yeah,” Fred realised. He glanced across the common room, where the three chasers were sat by the fire. “Oi, Angelina!” She looked up. “Wanna go to the ball with me?”

“Well that’s romantic,” Alicia muttered with a roll of her eyes. Katie giggled.

“Yeah, alright then,” Angelina agreed, a smile tugging at her lips when she turned back to the other girls. Fred looked back at his brother, smug.

“See? Easy. Hop to it, Ronnie, or you’ll have to go solo.”

The twins left, no doubt headed to the Owlery, and Ron groaned, leaning back against the arm of the sofa. “I’m doomed,” he declared. Harry snorted, sharing a look with Hermione.

“You’ll figure it out,” was his best attempt at being a supportive friend.

“So is Susan the reason you’ve been disappearing so much lately?” Hermione asked impishly. Harry looked at her curiously. “Ron said you’ve been out late a lot.” Harry wondered what Ron was doing, to be noticing that. “Is she your secret girlfriend?”

“I don’t have a secret girlfriend,” Harry grouched. “I don’t have any sort of girlfriend.” He desperately tried to keep the grin off his face. Draco was certainly not a girl, even if Harry