

rest of the team. At one point, he noticed Ron and Hermione kissing in a corner, and he stared with a wide-eyed sort of fascination.

“Looks like he’s eating her face, doesn’t it,” Ginny remarked. “But I guess everyone has to start somewhere.”

“Hasn’t he spent most of the last year and a half giving you shit for kissing in public?” Vicky asked, brows raised, and Ginny nodded.

“Yup,” she agreed, popping the ‘p’. “Maybe this is him trying to get back at me for it. Or he’s just a big ‘ol hypocrite who’s just trying to brag about finally getting someone to kiss him.” She watched the pair keep going, looking increasingly disturbed. “Really, though, there’s no way watching me snog Nev is more gross than *that*.”

Harry, who wasn’t particularly inclined to enjoy watching *either* snogging session, still had to agree.

“Well, on that note,” he declared, patting his thigh and getting to his feet. “I’m out. I’ll catch you all later.”

There were several disappointed groans. “Oh, come on, Harry! Don’t let them put you off your party!” Demelza insisted.

“Oh, he’s not,” Ginny cut in smugly, “he’s just heading off for a private party of his own. Aren’t you?” Her brown eyes met his challengingly, and he raised his hands in a ‘you got me’ gesture.

“Maybe I am, maybe I’m not,” he drawled, winking.

“Don’t keep him up too late,” Neville called. “Both of you need your rest! You’ve classes in the morning.”

Harry barked out a laugh, merely waving goodbye, squeezing his way through the crowd. He had to go and grab his invisibility cloak from his dorm, first.

“Hi, Harry!”

He resisted the urge to groan as Romilda Vane stepped in front of him, blocking his path. “Hi, Romilda. Excuse me, sorry, I need to go upstairs.”

“Want some company?” she asked, giggling flirtatiously. Harry levelled her with a flat look.

“I’m going to take a piss, so no,” he returned evenly, getting a small spark of satisfaction when she blushed.

“Oh. I, uh— I got these for you!” She held out a thin rectangular package. “As a congratulations. For winning the match. You’re a really great captain, Harry.” She giggled again. Harry looked down at the box of chocolate cauldrons she’d forced into his hands.