

“You weren’t quidditch captain either,” Harry said, raising an eyebrow, and Sirius winked.

“No, but Robin Waters was Ravenclaw captain, and he was *very* generous with the password. For the right price.”

“Spare me the details,” Harry said, mock-gagging and making Charlie snicker.

“Quidditch captain is definitely less work than prefect,” he said, then grinned cheekily. “I would know, I was both.”

“Ooh, alright, show-off,” Sirius teased, grey eyes sparkling.

Across the room, Harry saw Ron glance his way — all afternoon, the redhead had been waiting for Harry to do something, or say something; any kind of sign of jealousy. It had to be eating him up inside that Harry genuinely didn’t care about badges.

Tonks slipped away to go talk to Kingsley about something, and Harry left Charlie and Sirius playfully sniping at each other in order to go and get more food. When he turned back to the crowd, he jumped — Mad-Eye Moody was right at his shoulder, electric blue eye fixed on Harry. “Alright, Potter. I’ve got something to show you.”

Harry knew this wasn’t the same man who had hounded him all of the year previous, but that didn’t make him any less uneasy — all through the summer, it had become clear that Moody was Dumbledore’s man through and through, and Harry didn’t trust him for a second. Nevertheless, he let the man lead the way to a couple of empty chairs at the kitchen table, and watched as a folded photograph was pulled from his pocket.

He had no idea why that was something Moody thought he might enjoy. Staring at all the people who had been part of the original Order, so many of them now dead or worse — seeing Neville’s smiling parents, stood not far from his own. So many other too-young faces, with no idea what was in store for them.

He wasn’t hungry anymore.

“Yeah, thanks, Moody,” he muttered, handing the picture back and making a quick escape. He didn’t get far — Mrs Weasley called a toast to the two prefects, her cheeks rosy and her arm around a squirming Ron, a beaming Hermione on her other side.

In another life, Harry might have felt something seeing that; envy, or pride, or something. Mostly he was just bored.

Charlie had cracked open a bottle of firewhiskey — keeping it carefully hidden from his parents as it was passed around Bill and Tonks and even Kingsley. As tempting as it was to stay and watch them get tipsy, Harry knew nothing truly interesting would happen with Mrs Weasley around. Instead, he snuck over to the twins, who were daring Ginny to eat increasingly suspect Bertie Botts Beans.

“Want to go upstairs?” he asked quietly, eyes darting towards the door.