

Mrs Weasley caught sight of them and sent a glare to Sirius, and the dog animagus rolled his eyes. "I think we're gonna get going. Call me soon," he added to Harry, squeezing Draco's shoulder. "See you both at Yule, if not sooner."

The two boys headed to find a compartment, and Harry smiled when they found Luna, Daphne and Blaise waiting for them in their usual spot. "Morning, gentlemen," Blaise drawled in greeting. "Finally going public, are we?"

"Just as friends," Harry explained, hoisting his trunk up into the rack. Daphne snorted.

"For now, at least," she remarked. Harry didn't have it in him to argue; she wasn't wrong.

They didn't have to wait long for Ginny and Neville to find them, Ginny letting out an exaggerated sigh of relief as she dropped into a seat. "Thank Merlin I can finally spend several months with people who are not Ron," she announced, making Harry laugh.

"I'm sorry I left you to the wolves this summer," he joked, "but at least you had Neville. And Susan."

Ginny glanced at her boyfriend, who blushed faintly. "Yeah, and the twins were always willing to let me hang around, even if Mum went mental at the idea of me being in Diagon with things as they are."

The train started to move, jolting Harry against Draco's side.

"How's Amelia doing anyway, Nev?" he asked, and the other Gryffindor's smile faltered.

"She was awake long enough to say goodbye before we left, but she wasn't up for coming to the station," he relayed. "Gran's called a healer friend of hers to come check on her, though."

That was good; Snape might know a hell of a lot about both Dark Arts and Potions, but he was not a trained professional, and they didn't want to risk missing something.

The questions prompted an explanation to the others about what had happened the night before; they only knew what they'd heard from the *Prophet*.

As with last year, the journey to Hogwarts was interspersed with visitors, several of whom looked taken-aback to see Draco sat so companionably beside Harry. Though truthfully, there weren't many of their friends who didn't know the truth by this point — far too many of them just looked smug at the sight of the pair.

Susan and Theo were some of their first visitors, Susan's face a little drawn. Harry shuffled over, making room for them to sit. "Neville said your aunt woke up?"

Susan nodded. "I hated leaving her like that, but she said she feels okay, just tired. I suppose I have Professor Snape to thank for that."

"I think he'd rather you never mention it again, in all honesty," Draco drawled, making Susan giggle.