

“What do you mean? You were right in the middle of everything!” The Ravenclaw’s gaze turned to panic.

“Wait. Which time are you talking about?” they asked, and Harry’s eyebrows shot up to his hairline.

“I meant at the wedding. How many times have there been?” he asked interestedly. Sully cursed under their breath.

“Enough,” they bit out succinctly.

“Enough to confirm the rumours?” Harry pressed salaciously. Sullivan let out a tiny ‘meep’, then anxiously tugged at their short ponytail.

“Maybe. Okay. Yes. There’s been many times. And— and hopefully will be many more times.” A beat, then they smirked, ever so slightly. “And if anything, the rumours were understating.”

Harry wolf-whistled quietly under his breath, clapping the Ravenclaw’s shoulder. “Get in, Sully,” he teased, earning a quiet groan.

“Don’t tell anyone?” they pleaded. “I— we’re still figuring things out.”

It sounded like they had *plenty* figured out, but Harry wasn’t going to butt his nose in, not that much.

“Secret’s safe with me,” he promised. Sully’s eyes flashed in relief.

By the time they reached the compartments, there was no sign of the conversation on either of their faces.

Harry hadn’t realised how many people in the lower years he was friends with, or his other friends were friends with, until they all started swinging by to say hello. Sure, it helped that they had Ginny and Luna and Sullivan with them, but plenty were there for other people.

A lot were HA members, who almost seemed *disappointed* that the end of the war meant no more need to train.

“We can still do a study group,” Harry assured everyone who asked. “But I know this year’s Defence professor, and honestly, you’re not going to need my help.”

When pressed further, he remained tight-lipped on the subject, even to his closest friends. He wasn’t going to spoil Remus’ fun.

Changing into their robes got a little awkward with so many of them shoved into a small space, but they managed it with magic. The seventh years all turned quiet after that, and their three sixth years did the same in sympathy.

“Cheer up,” Ginny said eventually, perched comfortably on Neville’s lap and looking around at all their solemn faces. “At least this time you can have a totally normal year at Hogwarts.”